Theodore Schroeder

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WHEN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH MADE THE LAWS.

Notes and Clippings.

THE smuggling of liquor across the Maine border from Canada is being carried on more extensivly this season than ever before.

THE duke of Torlonia, syndic of Rome, has been dismissed from his post by royal decree for having presented to the pope the congratulations of the Roman municipality.

THE earthquake of last year left deep pits in the land between Charleston and Summerville, and on the margins of these was white sand, such as is seldom found except near the seashore. On this sand has sprung up a dense growth of seaweeds, and it is conjectured that the seeds whence sprung this growth had been buried at a great depth for many centuries.

IT appears that special attention is being paid in France and England to a more general substitution of iron and steel for wood, whereever practicable, in manufactured articles, such for instance as building materials, boxes and packing cases, barrels or casks, carriages, carts and other vehicles, furniture, fencing, railway work, sheds, signal boxes, telegraph poles, etc. In France there hav recently come into use hollow iron window-frames and doors, which are said to be light and strong, and of far greater durability than could ever be assumed of wood. There is no reason, too, it is thought, why corrugated barrels of iron or steel should not be used for liquors, since milk and preserved fruits and other articles are kept in cans. Steel is finding much favor among carriage-builders, but there is still much prejudice against the metal being used in the manufacture of furniture. The general adoption of steel sleepers is warmly advocated by some, as is also the employment of iron and steel in the construction of railway cars, and the erection of wooden sheds, signal boxes, etc., by railway companies, as at present, might, it is urged, be profitably and economically substituted with steel.

GEO. C. SEIBS, of Brisbane, Australia, writes to the Melbourne *Liberator:* "Freethinkers in this city hav for the last week or two been rather put upon their mettle, the authorities having refused a license to the lessees of the Gaity Theater unless the Sunday lectures were stopped. This action necessitated their finding some other place of meeting, which fortunately they did. It is believed to be but the forerunner of a series of prosecutions on the part of the Christians which hav been brewing for some time. One thing is certain, let come what may, Freethinkers of Brisbane hav determined to fight it out to the bitter end. The outcome, it is hoped, will tend to the adoption of urgent measures with regard to the early erection of a suitable hall."

THE Rev. E. Walpole Warren, says *Life*, should take Anthony Comstock and go to some oasis in the Desert of Sahara, as he sees the same objections to dancing that Anthony sees in works of art. Go home, Rev. E. Walpole Warren, commands *Life*. You hav no business here anyhow; you were an assisted emigrant, reverend and suggestiv sir, and in coming here you made a lawbreaker of your whole congregation. Go home and make room for some poor devil of an Italian who, while he may be more or less of a bandit, and fitted for nothing but work on the subway, is, nevertheless, nothing of a hypocrit, and has a mind which never reverts to unholy thoughts when he sees a young man and young woman tripping the light fantastic toe.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the temperance evangelist, is meeting with considerable opposition from the ministers of Pittsburgh, Pa. Since he began his meetings there two weeks ago, not one minister has rendered him any assistance or even given him the moral influence of his presence. An effort was made to secure one of the churches for the meetings, but this was also opposed, and he is holding forth at the old city hall.

THE European Correspondence Company, Paris, issues a sheet of "views of prominent Englishmen concerning the proposed treaty of arbitration between England and America." Charles Bradlaugh is quoted as saying: "I hav always been strongly in favor of the decision of international differences by international arbitration, and of making preparation for this by formal treaty before any difference arises. I think this would especially apply to two great peoples speaking the same language and sharing the same conditions. If the governments of the United States and Great Britain could be induced to set to the world the example of pledging themselvs to the peaceful solution of all disputes arising between them, it would be at least an encouragement to those who, despite the disheartening growth of military expenditure, are protesting in Europe against the fearful waste of men and money, which, besides the crime and demoralization of its wars during the last twenty-five years, has converted Europe even in its peace periods into almost an armed camp. The shocking condition of things in Europe, with so many hundreds of thousands of men always under arms, non-producers to be supported by the overburdened wage-earners, must—unless it can be alleviated by disarmament—culminate on the continent either in a very terrible war or equally terrible revolution."

THE *Secular Thought*, of Toronto, says: "The time appears to be in sight in this country when we shall be naming our children Praise-God-Barebones and Devil-overcomer David, and be imposing stringent penalties for non-attendance at God's meeting-house, for laughing, for walking out on the Lord's day, or for kissing one's wife, and such like unbecoming conduct. Seriously, the climax of religious or rather superstitious absurdity has almost been reached among a certain class here, and unfortunately the reins of the city government hav been seized by them, and they hav now the power to impress their will to an extent probably not fully realized by the large proportion of our citizens. Fancy the chief officer of a great city in this age of the world's history issuing souvenir cards with scripture verses like the following: 'Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain,' etc. Bagdad a thousand years ago is about the only parallel to Toronto I can recall at present. In the former case, however, the verses were from a different source, just as veracious, the Koran. It is to be hoped that in the interests of decency and good sense the electors of Toronto will soon take action to effectually stamp out all of this tomfoolery, which is fast bringing the Queen City into contempt and causing it to be a laughing-stock to the rest of the world."

Communications.

The Distribution of Wealth.

Why must some be poor and others rich? Some ignorant and others learned? For ignorance is only mental poverty. Why must some be diseased and others healthy—for what is disease but bodily poverty, or health but bodily wealth? Why does one die in the bud, another in the blossom, and another after the full harvest of all his powers has ripened and been gathered—for what are the children's graves but proofs of poverty in those resources that bring long life? Why are some ugly and others beautiful—for what makes ugliness but poverty in the things that please? And why are some vicious—for what is vice but moral poverty? Why, if—as our Declaration of Independence affirms—all men are created equal, is it impossible to find any two men who are in fact equal in any respect?

First, there is the aristocracy of muscle. Go into a glass-works or an iron foundry. See those twenty glass-blowers at once, wielding singly with herculean arms at the end of rods ten feet in length those great pliant cylinders of molten glass, now so soft, red, and yielding under their weight that they must be kept moving like an orator's thought or prima donna's song, or like the blazing stars that rush through space as if to pause were ruin. All the workmen move in rhythmic harmony, every muscle keeping time, time, time in a sort of runic rhyme, like the arms of violinists in an orchestra, since all are inbent on producing the same result, each movement deftly timed to catch the pliant effect of the escaping heat while yet the red glass bends under the molding power of the stalwart artist's lungs as he literally breathes into the dull sand and clay a form, life, and being not their own. The strength of Richard Cœur de Lion and the grace of Saladin combine to shape the fading cylinder of frozen fire, which other hands will soon lay out in plates of crystal, one of the myriad miracles of toil. Thus the man shapes the work. But meanwhile the work shapes also the man. He might stand as a model to the chief of sculptors for a statue of the king of men. His thews are iron, his knuckles brass. Neither blouse, dust, soot, nor grime conceal his manly beauty from the eye of art. The esthetic Greeks would hav said to him, "We must hav you in marble for our Pantheon. By birth you were a peasant, but toil has made you a god." It is from the blood and lineage of such, when their offspring marry up, as it is called, into families made weak by wealth and puny by successful trade, that the fainting vigor of an emasculated nobility will borrow the privilege of good digestion and red blood. Thus those who through trade and profit mount up with wings as eagles must return to earth again or die, as Hercules could only renew his strength when, thrown upon the ground, he kissed his mother. The highest price the successful pay for their success, and the dearest cost at which civilization emerges from barbarism, is this descent, this fall, which the successful, with few exceptions, make from the aristocracy of muscle—a perfect physical manhood—consenting to become crippled, wheezy, dyspeptic, nervous, sleepless, gouty, puny; to liv between the doctor and the confessor, with absolution on the right and life insurance on the left, and potions in front and plasters behind; starving as A. T. Stewart starved, because nothing he could eat would digest—a debtor daily fleeing from the duns of death. Who will venture to assert that life has any magic in its gift which will lift the wasted merchant into equality with the glass-blower?

Again, there is the kindred but not identical aristocracy of health and good nature—that superabundance of life and soul in one man which by its genial overflow attracts all others and makes us say to them, "Yea, though thou swindle me, yet will I trust in thee." Some of these men hav an actual overflow of brain power, and to know or even to meet them is like stopping twenty minutes to take a university education on the half-shell. Others are dull as a lottery in which you may invest all your life and still draw blanks. Some of them are fat, and some are spare. Some are very orthodox, like Beecher, Blaine, Spurgeon, Bismarck, Gladstone, Moody, and Jo Cook. Others are equally heterodox, like Ingersoll, Bradlaugh, Victor Hugo, Gambetta, Garibaldi, and Bakounine. But both are equally jolly. If they labor, they are strong; if they doubt, they are stronger. If they pray and are patriotic, they grow fat. If they labor to abolish both God and the state, as Bakounine, of Russia, has done, they grow fatter. Wine or abstinence, poverty or wealth, exposure or sedentary habits, alike agree with them.

Compare with these privileged classes the large mass of constitutional invalids to whom achievement is impossible, to whom the gates even of self-support and ordinary utility are closed; whom the least struggle to be self-supporting consigns to an early grave, and the tenure of whose existence depends on the humanity of their friends or of the state. How bitter a sarcasm are such facts upon the text, "All men are created equal!"

Need I speak of the several aristocracies of learning, intellect, or culture; of piety, reverence, and virtue; of philosophy, logic, and reason; of art, invention, and beauty; of morals and ethics, of honesty, of courage, of domestic purity and fidelity? Society is a continual assertion of the vast inequalities among men in all these respects. Newton was born with such an instinctiv knowledge of mathematics that he leaped beyond Euclid without reading it, and when urged by his preceptor to read it, scanned it like a novel, finding nothing in it that required study; while Voltaire confesses that, after devoting years of preparation to the effort to study Newton's "Principia," he could not even study it. Everett read Greek at five, and graduated from Harvard at sixteen. Beaconsfield mastered three worlds—the social, the literary, and the political—all without leaving his father's library. Every church spire in the world is a standing attestation of mankind's belief that men are unequal in goodness, virtue, piety; and every sermon is an effort to build up an aristocracy of right living on a basis of theological belief. Let him who thinks there is no aristocracy of logic, philosophy, or reason dare criticise Plato or Lucretius, Sir William Hamilton, Spencer, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Emerson, or Von Hartmann to a student of either of those teachers. How speedily will he be told that he is a plebeian, and must not upset the vested monopoly of these intellectual aristocrats! So in muscle, in health, in learning, in piety, in philosophy, men recognize, not equality, but quality; not mediocrity, but merit; not widows' mites, but monopolists' hoards; not want, but worth; not veal, but value. None of the great goods of life, least of all the intellectual, distribute equally. And yet each produces what the other needs. The glass-blower's physique would be an impediment to Sir Isaac Newton; for, with so much muscle, he would hav to lead a muscular life, or the great tides of blood would center on his brain and stop his sleep. And Newton's nerve development, his surplus of brain over muscle, gave him a sensitivness and irritability of organization which even in his high position involved him in quarrels with his nearest friends as well as with his rivals, made his social life a torment which not even his acknowledged ascendency could alleviate, caused him to insult his admirers one day and apologize to them the next, subjected him to the charge of insanity—in short, made of him socially a man whom a healthy glass-blower, strong in the love of wife and child, might pity. And yet the glass-blower's art furnished Newton with those lenses which were among the hourly objects of his solicitude and conditions of his fame. Newton was absolutely dependent on the glass-maker for the ability to perform all his labors. And the glass-maker learned from Newton both the nature of light and the laws of attraction. Thus, out of their inequalities grew their reciprocal abilities.

But you will say I am setting up a man of straw. All that is meant by the doctrin of political equality is that all men shall start with equal political rights and opportunities, not that they shall continue through life with equal political powers. If this be all that is meant by it, then the boasted doctrin of political equality conflicts with no doctrin of absolutism, monarchy, aristocracy, or divine right. For even William of Germany would not deny that at birth, or, at least, as a fœtus in the womb, he had no more actual political power than a peasant. The doctrin implies a delusion, viz., that, by the democratic machinery of universal suffrage and making all offices electiv, all men may be made substantially equal in political power. All men may be given a free scramble for political power, just as all men may be given a free scramble for wealth. But the organization of society in republics implies as great an inequality in the possession and exercise of political power as in a monarchy or aristocracy, and the reorganization of a republic from its present form into a Socialistic state would only change the form of the inequality, but would not lessen its amount. What power has the man who merely votes compared with the man who manipulates primaries, stacks and piles up the votes together by means of party conventions, platforms, and campaigns? How much did you do toward making Cleveland president compared with what Daniel Manning did? If the distribution of wealth could be made Socialistic—*i.e.*, dependent on votes—the vote-stacker would still hav the advantage of the mere vote-caster. The man who votes is to the man who stacks votes as the silver dollar on the banker's counter is to the banker who owns it. If you hav merely voted twenty-five years, can you point to any officer you hav ever elected—to any election that would not hav resulted in the same way without your vote as with it? In politics votes are chips. Demagogs are the players. The power is not in the chip, but in the player. The demagog becomes a monopolist of votes as Vanderbilt is of railroads, or the Astors of land. Thus, even the most democratic machinery, invented on purpose to equalize men—the ballot, universal suffrage, popular elections—only givs rise to a new order of noblemen and monopolists, substituting often canal contractors for dukes of Bedford, gamblers for earls of Derby, lottery-dealers for marquises, and saloonists for country squires.

Even in the Nihilist organization, men so sick of government that they seek to abolish the state will bind themselvs by solemn oaths into a new and secret state so much more despotic than that against which they war that if it order them to certain death they put on their new and heavier yoke with joy.

Trades unions, formed expressly to free their members from the domination of capital and the arrogance of employers, forthwith frame limitations on the freedom of their members of a far more minute and exacting character. So, again, in crime those who disobey the laws come into a new bond, by which they obey their own lawless leaders. Thus, in every phase of human thought and effort, out of the very womb of the most radical assertions of democracy an aristocracy evolves; with every effort at mutiny or insubordination against rank the rebels choose a leader, submit to his despotic will, and confess inequality. Privileged classes spring out of the compost heap of universal suffrage, and a democratic republic culminates in an autocratic president who has more real power than a czar.

The inequality in society finds its autotype in nature. The stars, the flowers, the mountains, know no equality. They are so like man that when we look at the Alps we think of the Cæsars and Napoleons. In this spirit Byron says:

> He who ascends the mountain tops shall find
> The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
> He who surpasses or subdues mankind
> Must look down on the hate of those below.
> Though high above the sun of glory glow
> And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
> Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
> Contending tempests on his naked head,
> And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

The Andes and the Alps, Mount Blanc and Chimborazo, seem to many a child, savage, or peasant to be vast wastes of wealth, a mere accumulation of building-stone in an inaccessible place. So the political concentration of power in Cæsar or Napoleon, and the like concentration of wealth in the Rothschilds, Girard, Astor, or Vanderbilt, seems to many seers, prophets, mystics, and moralists who do not base their ethics on economics, but on emotions merely, to be an unnatural and unrighteous waste.

These religious and moral advocates of equality in the distribution of wealth hav lately been reinforced by a school of revolutionists headed by Karl Marx and Lasalle in Germany and by Hyndman in England and Henry George in America, who make certain alleged doctrins of political economy their basis. Their argument is brief. It is thus:

1. Does not labor create all wealth? Ans. It does.
2. Are we not labor? Ans. We are.
3. Do we not, then, create all wealth? Ans. We do.
4. Do you ever see labor owning wealth? Ans. Never, for whoever owns wealth ceases to labor.
5. Then those who create wealth never own it? Ans. Never.
6. But ought not those who create wealth always to own it? Ans. They ought.
7. Then is not every man who is without wealth robbed? Ans. He is.
8. And is not every man who possesses wealth a robber? Ans. He is.
9. And is any duty plainer than that the robbed ought to kill the robber and enter into possession of his own? Ans. No duty is plainer.
10. Then is it not the duty of every man who has got nothing to dynamite every man who has got something? Ans. Certainly.

Thus a theory of thugism is deduced from an economic mistake. The fallacy lies in the first proposition. The word labor, among wage-workers, has come to be applied exclusivly to themselvs. Hence the phrase, "Does not labor create all wealth?" means for them, "Do not wage-workers create all wealth?" But the first condition to a man being a wage-worker is that he shall be without the means of working, except as some man employs him. For no man will work for others' profit who has *all* the means of working for his own profit. Now, to say that a man who in himself has no power to work except as another employs him; whose work is, in fact, itself created and caused to exist by his employer; who has to be furnished with subsistence, tools, workshop, and job at another's cost, enterprise, and risk—to say that he is an original creator of the commodity he turns out, is palpably false, because his labor has to be created or caused by his employer. Suppose it to be brick that he is making to-day by hand, and to-morrow a machine is substituted which supersedes his work, can the machine say to the brick, "I made you?" It would hav the same right to say so as the man would hav whose work is produced, caused, and controled by the same enterprise as caused the machine. When the word labor, therefore, has by usage been reduced to designate merely wage-workers, it is no longer true that this labor creates the commodity which the enterprise and capital of an employer causes it to turn out. In such a case, the employer is the sole creator of the commodity, and all that labor creates is the distribution of a

certain sum in wages to itself. Defining its creativ power in this manner, it gets exactly all that it creates, and the alleged superstructure of injustice on which it was sought to plant the cannon of mutual assassination and confiscation tumbles into the dead level of stern economic necessity and justice.

VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Contemporary Religious Opinions of the Abolitionists.

Quoted by Ell Thayer in the Sun.

N. Y. Independent, Jan. 3, 1856.—Of the converts to Spiritualism, almost all of them were Infidels, and some of them, like Garrison, of the most degraded class.

N. Y. Evening Mirror, May, 1855.—At the Free Will Baptist church, Sullivan street, yesterday, most extravagant and fanatical speeches were made by a motley set of speakers—male and female, black and white. Garrison, Abby Kelly Foster, C. C. Burleigh, were the ranters *par excellence*. Senators Sumner and Wilson, Gerritt Smith, were denounced as half-way antislavery men.

The New York Daily News, May, 1855, calls the disunionists "an Abolition conclave of fiends." "One side of this circle of fiends were, like Moloch, for open war against the Union and the Constitution.

> "Their sentence was for open war:
> Of wiles more unexpert they boast not.

"The Constitution was to be trodden under foot as a polluted thing, and the Union assailed by their Tartarean fire and violence. Garrison was the leader in this savage, violent form of parricide. Garrison, the English emissary, and who came hither with Thompson to play a more mischievous part than Arbuthnot and Ambrister, the English spies that Jackson hung in Florida. . . . We pity and despise them; the fiends that follow Garrison will not destroy the paradise of this Union. They dash themselvs in vain, foaming in their impotent rage, against the breakwater of the Constitution."

New York Observer, May, 1855.—A CLEAN SWEEP.—At a meeting of the American Antislavery Society held last week in this city the following resolution was supported by Mr. Garrison, from the business committtee, and, we presume, was unanimously adopted. If there is anything else in heaven or earth which these fanatics are disposed to denounce, it would be gratifying to know what and where it is:

Resolved, That the following religious organizations, viz., the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Home Missionary Society, the American Bible Society, the American Bible Union, the American Tract Society, the American Sunday-school Union, the American and Foreign Christian Union, the American and Foreign Bible Society, the American Baptist Publication Society, the American Baptist Missionary Union, the American Baptist Home Mission Society, the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, the Missionary Societies of the Protestant Methodists, Episcopal Methodists, Protestant Episcopal, and Moravian bodies respectivly, being in league and fellowship with the slaveholders of the South, utterly dumb in regard to the slave system, and inflexibly hostil to the antislavery movement, are not only wholly undeserving of any pecuniary aid or public countenance at the North, but cannot be supported without conniving at all the wrongs and outrages by which chattel slavery is characterized, and therefore ought to be instantly abandoned by everyone claiming to be the friend of liberty and a disciple of Christ the redeemer.

This resolution is submitted and supported by a man publishing a newspaper in which he allows such blasphemy to be published from week to week as makes the blood run cold to read. In a recent number one of his correspondents says: "If God has the power to abolish slavery and does not, he is a very scoundrel." From this we infer readily that there is no God at all.

We suppose that among all the supporters of the resolution we hav copied above there are very few who believe in the existence of the God of the Bible. The society which they represent is now the only American antislavery society having any vitality whatever. In thus planting itself in defiant opposition to the entire body of Christian philanthropists in the United States and boldly proclaiming its hostility to the church and to all the institutions of Christian benevolence, it discloses its true character and reveals the natural result of unregulated and unscriptural measures of reform. . . . Strike out of being the societies enumerated in the damnatory resolution given above, and what would be left in the matter of philanthropy and benevolence? Separate the clergy from the asylums and other charitable houses of relief for the poor and distressed, and how long would they be sustained? Infidelity makes a great outcry about its philanthropy, but religion does the work.

The Whisky Tax.

Mr. Blaine wants to keep up the tax on whisky because it promotes temperance. Colonel Ingersoll, on the contrary, thinks that if the Mississippi river should flow with free whisky there would be no more intemperance than now. The Prohibitionists are inclined to disagree with Mr. Blaine; but if they should find the Mississippi river flowing with whisky they would be sure to dam it.

BURR.

SEP 11 '41 Alexander Selkirk

The American Secular Union.

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The Romish Lion's Jubilee.

To-morrow 275,000,000 of people pay homage to the present Roman pontiff, Leo XIII., on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. Surpassing in point of magnificence all previous displays of pomp, and wealth, and power are the gorgeous presents to be bestowed, all wrung by the despotic sway of superstition from among the most wretched of earth's toiling creatures. Crowned heads who, in many instances, are merely his marionets, congratulate in person or by special envoy; Protestant queens and princes vie with each other to show their sycophantic fawning, their complete servility. The mass to be performed for the representativ of "him who had not where to lay his head" will cost $200,000, and this follower of the somewhat mythical tramp of Jerusalem will wear a tiara studded with priceless gems. No longer king of Rome, yet his adroit tactics as a predatory politician hav made the pope once more all-powerful in the council of the Eternal City, his recent order to his followers to participate in the elections resulting in a complete victory for the Vatican. *O tempora! O mores!* The party of liberty and progress was swept away as though with the hot breath of a simoon.

A Chicago morning paper closes a six-column illustrated panegyric on the pope with these words:

> From all parts of the world presents will go to the spiritual ruler of "the only empire upon which the sun not only never sets, but on which the sun will never set until it is turned into darkness."

This shows the papal power is not confined to Rome, but permeates our entire republic. Last Sunday seventy-five hundred devotees paraded the streets of Pittsburgh and passed in review before a bishop, and many more will doubtless follow that example to-morrow in honor of this all-powerful perennial potentate. We are told that Leo loves America and her institutions. Yes, this Romish lion, seeking whom he may devour, in answer to the questions of the American bishops replied as follows:

> The civil laws are binding only when conformable to the superior rights of the church. . . . Atheism of the state consists in the exclusion from the civil government of all religious influences—above all, that of the religion of Jesus Christ. In other words, the separation of church and state.

"Oh, how he loves!" Yet newspapers giv six-column articles in praise, thousands parade our streets in his honor, and, I presume, the president will send his congratulations for all of us to this mitered scoundrel who is scheming to destroy what has been our boast and pride as a republic for a century —the very fundamental principle of American liberty —the absolute separation of church and state.

These indications prove that manhood is oozing out of our national life, when the hydra-headed monster of Romanism meets with no demonstration of disapproval; that we are willing to wallow at the feet of representativs of the papal power; that politicians, lost to all sense of honor or duty, are liable to trade the liberties of the people for a political favor from the pope. When presidential aspirants send daughters to nunneries and hav sons marry into the Romish religion it shows that the man of the Vatican is the greatest "vote-monger" in the world.

Nice business, truly, for loyal American citizens to be engaged in—celebrating the anniversary of the greatest despot on earth, who openly declares hostility to the fundamental American idea, and who is activly engaged in undermining it; who declares that the government founded by a Jefferson, a Franklin, and a Washington must be made to "conform to the superior rights of the church"—a despot who even claims infallibility. Cardinal Gibbons already holds the loaded dice of destiny—a million and a half of Roman Catholic votes, which presages that the day of liberty's doom may not be far distant.

Under the "mad dog" cry of Anarchism, we are assured that Roman Catholics are not Anarchists, but that all Anarchists are Infidels, with a suspicious intimation that all Infidels are Anarchists, and therefore should be exterminated, so for the time being we find a wonderful agreement between Catholic and Protestant clergy that all must stand together to crush out Freethought and heresy. This is just what all leading Freethinkers hav for years prophetically foreseen, but they were not prepared for the Romish cunning which could so readily enrage the entire populace against every Infidel in the land.

How well we should heed the warning words of Lafayette, "If ever the liberty of the American republic is destroyed, it will be the work of the Roman Catholic priests!"

There are said to be over two hundred thousand Freethinkers in the United States—people emancipated from orthodox dogmas. I almost hope this is not so, for as Freethinkers we are the natural defenders and protectors of that priceless boon, religious freedom, and if that strong numerically we stand condemned as being very derelict in our duty. Alas! the little band who annually giv liberally, nobly, generously, toward the only three agencies which can possibly perpetuate and extend that religious freedom are very few in number. Those three agencies, the Freethinkers' trinity, are the Freethought press, the American Secular Union, and the propaganda by our lectures, which every Liberal should feel it his bounden duty to maintain. What are all the rest doing? Some of these pretended Liberals are paying their money to support the church. Intellectually they don't believe in orthodox dogmas, but industrially or commercially they are slaves. Continually concealing their true aspirations makes them apologists for the church, especially if their patrons are largely of that class, and readily join the hue and cry against every brave and honest Infidel who dares to enter the brunt of the battle. The orthodox counterpart of these crawling creatures is those who are coerced through fear of hell. Well, we hav no place of future torment with which to frighten Freethinkers, but they are liable to receive a hell of a reception right here in the near future if they neglect to assist those who are battling on the outposts for universal freedom. Then, to our shame and sorrow, there is another contingent of professed Liberals who act like cowardly, Jesuitical malcontents more determined to destroy our efforts than to sustain them; ever ready to spread slander and suspicion on the acts and character of those prominent in proclaiming universal mental liberty. Then, there is the finical Freethinker who picks every flaw on this pretext or that, or on no pretext at all; who considers the movement too uncultured for his esthetic aspirations. He wants to wait till "sawciety" accepts it. And he waits.

The Liberal who is deterred from doing his duty on account of some personal pique is not so much of a Liberal as he ought to be. The principles at stake are too far beyond and far reaching in their effect to allow of desertion from the ranks in the hour of danger. Just as in a political contest we don't care to inquire into the character or chronology of every person who votes our ticket, but we giv them credit for doing one good deed, now let the spirit of harmony, amity, and action pervade the entire Liberal host during the year 1888, and let us each endeavor to make it a memorable year in the progress of Freethought and Secular principles.

I wish all a glad New Year.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

P.S.—By some fatality, Harry Hoover's name, which I am informed was regularly reported at the recent Congress, as one of its vice-presidents, although it was either illegible or obliterated on the list handed me, has thus far not been properly acknowledged. When I heard of it, I notified a party to see that the correction was made, but so far, I believe, it has been neglected. I hope that my friend Harry will not imagin that there was any intentional slight or neglect. I think he is too old a worker for that.

E. A. S.

The Chicago Secular Union.

I am the committee of one who arranges the lectures for the Chicago Secular Union. In the absence of the president, Mr. Stevens, I presided at the meeting referred to in "Liberal's" letter of Dec. 5, 1887. I regret the necessity that compels me to refer to that letter, and to assure the writer and the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER that his fears are groundless.

We distribute each month several thousand circulars containing program for the month, and also setting forth the manner of conducting our meetings and the objects for which the Union was organized. Let me quote from the circular:

> The lecturer selects his subject, and the society is in no way responsible for his views or his manner of handling it.
>
> The Chicago Secular Union is subordinate to the American Secular Union, which is organized on the basis of the Nine Demands of Secularism. It is a Free Thought organization, and offers an absolutely free platform. All who can work on the basis of the Nine Demands are invited to coöperate.

On the back of these circulars are printed the Nine Demands and Ingersoll's definition of Secularism.

Since the first lecture of this course (first Sunday in September) some twelve thousand of these circulars hav been distributed. If "Liberal" will call on our secretary, that functionary will supply him with a bundle of those circulars and point out the passages that I hav quoted. "Liberal" will then be expected to place the circulars where they will do most good, and further vindicate his right to the honored name he assumes by making a handsome donation to the Chicago Union's pledge.

So much for the documentary evidence in regard to Anarchism in our local organization, but I am not content to let the case rest there. As a rule, at our meetings, after the lecture of the evening, the presiding officer, in placing the lecture before the house for criticism, speaks (however, in varying formula) something like this: "In order that there may be a full

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and fair discussion of the lecturer's subject, an especial invitation is extended to those who may desire to traverse the statements or antagonize the arguments of the lecturer. This is the only organization in this city where open adverse criticism is allowed, and the religionist as well as the Freethinker is assured a courteous hearing and respectful consideration."

In response to such an invitation we hav had Catholic apologies and orthodox exhortations. We hav also had lectures defending Spiritualism. Why does not "Liberal" raise a warning voice against our Catholic, Protestant, and Spiritualistic tendencies?

We sometimes hav heated, inconsiderate, silly speeches on all sides of a question, but the Union is in no way responsible for the senseless utterances of debaters, whether the topic be ethics or economics. I wish it understood that I am not apologizing for, or justifying, nor censuring the language quoted by "Liberal." I hav endeavored to establish conclusivly that the Nine Demands constitute the working platform of the Chicago Secular Union—that the Union is not responsible for the opinions of anyone who occupies its free platform, or the vagaries of any critic who accepts our invitation to take part in the exercises, and, finally, that we are conscious of sufficient strength to withstand and even invite hostil criticism. While not questioning "Liberal's" right to speak on this matter to THE TRUTH SEEKER'S large constituency, my ideas of propriety would suggest that the place "to enter a vigorous protest against the teaching and preaching of Anarchism in the rooms of the Chicago Secular Union" is, on the very spot, *i.e.*, in the rooms and at the meetings of the Chicago Secular Union. Accepting "Liberal's" statement as to what Anarchism has already done, and disregarding his prediction as to what it will do in certain contingencies, I make my best bow to Anarchism for its services in puncturing that economic wind-bag, Henry George, and in opening the eyes of Pope Powderly's dupes.

Chicago, Dec. 26th. EDWARD S. MCLEOD.

Address

To the Liberals of the United States by the Board of Directors of the American Secular Union.

We take it for granted that the Secular Union has the sympathies of all the Liberals of the country, that its platform appeals to their reason, and that they would favor more practical means for carrying out its objects. For such work the first essential is an organization; the second, the necessary financial support. We desire that the organization shall be strengthened, and so conducted that all the Liberals of the country shall be sufficiently interested to coöperate in carrying out its purpose. This is a large country, and probably its extent has more to do than many of us imagin with interfering with the success of the Union. The members of our organization cannot afford to meet together in large numbers, if for no other reason than the cost of traveling expenses. There is, however, a small body of speakers moving among the Liberals, promoting Freethought and Secular principles by eloquent lectures, who find their support in the audiences that attend. Our plan is to invite the earnest support of all these lecturers in a way that will bind them and the people in the fraternal bonds of the American Secular Union, giving them whatever prestige may arise from the fact of their being special agents of the American Secular Union. That such special agents shall endeavor to enlist the coöperation, moral and financial support, of the Liberals individually and collectivly wherever they may hav appointments. It is presumed that there are a great many Liberals throughout the land who would gladly make donations annually or oftener to the general fund of the Union, but who might put it off from day to day, and possibly entirely neglect, owing to the trouble of writing and sending a safe remittance by mail. Liberals will thus find a convenient way to do what they would wish for the general fund, while at the same time contributing as much as they otherwise would to the lecturer.

The plan which has received the approval of the board of directors, and which will be communicated to each lecturer in detail by the secretary, has the merit of placing all Liberal lecturers on the same footing in the Union, and affords an arrangement which should be agreeable to all, besides affording a practical plan for insuring a sufficient treasury fund. The funds thus obtained are to be used for the maintenance of an activ secretary and home office, and for the printing and purchasing of such literature, tracts, or pamphlets as are approved by the board of directors for distribution to contributors to the fund, provided the income is sufficient, and for the assistance of the lecturers. The secretary, where possible, will assist the lecturers to procure appointments and render them all the aid in his power. It is fair to presume that those who adopt this arrangement with the Union would not be contributing any portion of their own earnings, but that, being authorized agents, they will receive a much larger subscription than they otherwise would, besides building up a universal interest, and maintaining an activ, vigorous national organization for the furtherance of Freethought and their own protection.

S. P. PUTNAM, President.
E. A. STEVENS, Secretary.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treasurer.
EDGAR BEALL, Chair. Fin. Com.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., New York City	$25.00
N. C. Dahl, Chicago, Ill.	25.00
A. K. Olds (per Mrs. M. J. Olds), McMinnville, Or.	25.00
J. J. McCabe, Albany, N. Y.	5.00
I. P. Martin,* Princeton, Kan.	3.00
Mrs. C. Palm, Lawrence, Kan.	2.50
O. H. Palmer, Boston, Mass. (annual membership per Brother Putnam),	1.00
Geo. N. Hill, Boston, Mass. " "	1.00
Mr. Smith, " " "	1.00
Mrs. Jane Kendall, Roxbury, Mass. "	50

* $1 for annual membership, $1 for C. B. Reynolds, and $1 for Defense Fund.

A letter from Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., casually refers to paying "my annual contribution, $25." You do-nothing-but-talk Liberals, think of that—a life-membership fee every year. A few more Footes and what a grand organization we could hav! The Footes, being engaged in the laudable task of enlightening the race to preserve health of body and strength of mind, might, if so disposed, plead exemption from assisting the American Secular Union, as they are carrying on such needed reforms in their own way, but they remain in the front rank of aggressiv reforms both as thinkers and contributors. As to their professional acumen I can safely testify, for the junior has diagnosed our trouble (financial flatulence) exactly, and furnished the most potent prescription. In agravated instances, such as ours, we are willing to "take" allopathic doses of the same formula. Are there no more physicians here to provide the necessary balm? If so, wake up. We are perfectly impartial as to what school. May the young doctor liv to see bigotry and superstition laid under foot, with a big F.

N. C. Dahl is a member of our Chicago society, who never makes the eagle on a dollar squeal by squeezing it, when contemplating a contribution. Mr. Dahl is a Dane, who traveled through Germany, Saxony, Sweden, and Norway while quite young, and at twenty years was engaged in this city in a scheme to colonize his countrymen in Kansas, which was a good investment for those who went on the land, but its promoter did not get rich out of it. He is a radical Freethinker and Socialist, and his word is worth one hundred cents on the dollar every time, and he is so far removed from the "shiftlessness" of the Socialists, which, we are informed, is their proverbial characteristic, that he has built up a considerable wholesale fish business. But there is nothing "fishy" about his Liberalism. It is of the robust order. He is contemplating another colony scheme, by which he can do something to help those who are willing to help themselvs, and his desire to do good for others wreathes his hearty, generous countenance into a perpetual sunbeam sort of a smile.

In Dahl's market, loaded with years and infirmities, is "old Mr. Johnson," so honest that he is out of fashion—one of the pioneer Freethinkers of England, who loves to tell of Holyoake, Bradlaugh, and of others who antedated them, for Bradlaugh was but a youngster when Johnson knew of him, for he is seventy-three, and rheumatism is getting too tight a hold for his comfort. He mourns that he cannot attend our meetings, but the enjoyment of THE TRUTH SEEKER is still left to him. His family are all married and out West, and hav been brought up by their father to hav faith only in facts. He made the writer promis to see that no canting minister played the repentant-Infidel dodge over his bones, but that such remarks as comport with the life of a consistent Freethinker be made.

Mrs. M. J. Olds, of McMinnville, Or., is one of my activ correspondents, full of enthusiasm for Freethought, every letter containing some good, practical suggestions. Recently she wrote that "if we Liberals cannot succeed in raising money as well as the church, because we hav no hell to scare them with, can't we scare them by showing they will hav a hell here if they do not hold in check the powers that be?" Under date of December 21st she writes:

> I inclose you post-office order for $25 for the purpose of making my husband, A. R. Olds, a life-member of the American Secular Union. This is what old Santa is doing for him; only wish he would do the same for many others.
>
> Yours for the truth, M. J. OLDS.

Am sorry the certificate of life-membership will not even arrive with the new year, as I hav to get the names inscribed by a pen artist. He does the work in old English text, and they look well.

J. J. McCabe, of Albany, N. Y., is one who believes in freedom—emancipation, mental and physical—and labors zealously and intelligently to accomplish that *desideratum*. He writes:

> DEAR MR. STEVENS: Please find inclosed $5 to be applied to the Secular Union fund. The work which the Secular Union has undertaken ought to be continued under all circumstances, and I hope that the new administration may be more successful than any of its predecessors. I wish I were in a condition to contribute a larger amount.
>
> Yours truly, J. J. MCCABE.

Brother McCabe can be assured that we reëcho every desire he has expressed, and shall do what in us lies to realize them.

Notwithstanding recent severe reverses, Mrs. C. Palm, of Lawrence, Kan., incloses $2.50 for the Campaign Fund, with the regret that her residence here has grown "to be such a wicked place" that she never wants to return where they murder innocent men. Mrs. Palm is one of the few brave, intelligent, sympathetic women who comprehend the mission of Freethought.

I. P. Martin, of Princeton, Franklin Co., Kan., takes an annual passage, donates $1 to the Defense Fund, and the same amount to C. B. Reynolds and his tent, with the remark that orthodoxy prevented his being heard from sooner. He says:

> Allow me to congratulate you and all Freethinkers on your being made secretary. Had made great calculations of being with you at the convention, but, as I said before, was cruelly disappointed. Sincerely yours, I. P. MARTIN.

The contributions of Messrs. Geo. N. Hill, O. H. Palmer, Mr. Smith, and Mrs. Kendall, sent by Brother Putnam, are already acknowledged, and certificates sent. May they feel proud in the future of the aid they hav given and the work it has helped accomplish.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

The Freethought University.

The Freethought University at Liberal, Mo., is an established fact. Under the most trying and adverse circumstances Prof. M. D. Leahy has conducted the university, and by his extraordinary tact, energy, and self-sacrifice made it self-sustaining.

With unbounded confidence in the onward march of the great cause of humanity; yet with a realizing sense of the herculean task before him, and warned of the unreliability of many who should be zealous in aiding him, with the glowing enthusiasm of his young manhood he threw himself into the breach—turned his back on the lucrativ positions offered him, and risked his fame and fortune on success in leading what at best was a dismally forlorn hope. And he has triumphed; gained victory, where even many of the best friends of the cause could only prophesy inevitable defeat. Without one dollar of endowment; with wretched, dilapidated, old, barn-like buildings; with the scantiest necessities, and those of the very poorest and meanest description; lacking many essentials, this young hero Leahy gathered around him talented, educated, and trustworthy assistants, to whom he imparted his own indomitable spirit of hope, zeal, and courage, and on September 6, 1886, the Freethought University was inaugurated.

Through dark clouds of discouragement, hissing sneers of distrust, jagged rocks of opposition, sandbanks of poverty, and the dispiriting calms of apathy resolutely has the young hero stood at the helm, steering the frail bark through every peril of its first two years' voyage, and has piloted her to the glad haven of safety.

Prof. M. D. Leahy has done what has never before been accomplished, he has inaugurated and successfully conducted a university for two years, and made it from the start self-sustaining.

The institution began with thirteen students, and during the first year enrolled thirty-six. The second year is still better, and will reach fifty. The orations of the sophomore class at commencement, June 30, 1887, evinced deep study and ability unsurpassed by any commencement exercises of any college in the United States.

Prof. M. D. Leahy and his able assistants not alone win the confidence and respect, but the dear affection of the students. Prof. Leahy possesses the most happy faculty of imparting to each of the students his own spirit of ambition to conquer every difficulty and to excel in whatever they attempt. I was greatly pleased with the classes at my recent visit. The students did not simply recite the words of the lesson-book, nor listen to prosy lectures of old fossil professors. The students each and all discussed the lesson, defended their own opinions, spurred on, excited to redoubled efforts by the occasional suggestions or apt questions of the professor; and when unity was not reached or false ideas gained ascendency, the professor, by a question or a diagram on the blackboard, caused all to at once detect the error or sophism. Thus the facts were indelibly impressed on every mind. Such disciplin is invaluable. The professors act only as guides, directors; the students themselvs dig out the facts, thus giving intense interest to every study, all learning from each other. Glorious, untrammeled exercise of Freethought!

Shall the Freethought University receive such prompt, generous aid and encouragement as will enable it to accomplish its most grand and glorious mission? Shall we hav an Infidel college fully in accord with the spirit of advanced civilization, that shall furnish the students the best possible conditions for development of Freethought, the only true basis of mental development; a university where all systems, creeds, and isms shall be studied from a strictly neutral standpoint, and a spirit of perfect independence encouraged in all lovers of truth? Do we need a university that shall each year giv to our

ranks young men and women of cultured intelligence, thoroughly disciplined minds, in strong, healthy bodies, who shall go forth as exponents of the ennobling principles of Liberalism—scholarly, able, efficient lecturers who shall demolish the creeds, expose the sophisms, and defeat the subtle wiles of priestcraft; able lecturers to fill the places and carry on the work of those who, like myself, are in the sere and yellow leaf, and so soon must cease to be? We do not wish to hav the university sustained or run solely by millionaires. Grateful for the help of all, we should all, each and every genuin Liberal of the United States and Canada, hav part in this enterprise. Let each and all do all they can in its behalf. Shares in the Freethought University are only $1 each. Let all contribute as their means will permit. Send by registered letter or post-office order addressed, George Baldwin, Liberal, Barton county, Mo., and shares will be sent by return mail.

The Freethought University owns about seventy acres of land at Liberal, the finest site of southwest Missouri. There is abundance of most desirable, handsome building-stone in the vicinity. The stone will be got out this winter, and the erection of the building (at least of a center, with wings to be added as means are furnished) will be commenced at earliest possible date in the spring. Having become a shareholder, then use every influence to induce parents of children, who hav completed study and evinced ability at public school, to send them to the university to complete their education. Send for catalogs, and keep some on hand for distribution.

Let the ladies of every local Liberal society form a "Woman's Educational Society," solicit contributions, get up festivals, suppers, dances, and excursions, and devote the proceeds to paying the tuition at the Freethought University of able, deserving youths whose parents are unable to bear the expense.

The success of the institution is beyond all peradventure. The question is, Shall all genuin Liberals take activ interest and expedite its reaching that condition of usefulness that shall enable Liberals with commendable pride to call attention to our Freethought University—thorough, practical, progressiv, and liberal—the only institution of learning absolutely free from superstition? C. B. Reynolds.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

Verona, Mo., Dec. 14th.—Dr. Z. C. Denney, of Mt. Vernon, is the war-horse of Lawrence county. Generous-hearted, affable, and jolly, a physician of skill and great ability, he has won the kind regard and respect of all sorts of people despite his being a "dreadful Infidel." He arranged for me to lecture at Verona, Mt. Vernon, and Phelps.

Colonel Miller and his stalwart sons comprise about all the enterprise of Verona. A Disciple revival was in full blast, but the popularity of Colonel Miller secured me a hall full of attentiv listeners. I had some conversation with one of the converts of the revival, whom I found in his shop reading the New Testament to his companions. I offered to giv him $25 for his minister to distribute among the poor and destitute of the place if he, or his, or any minister, or other person, could find even a piece of a verse in Old or New Testament that taught or demanded observance of Sunday as the Sabbath. I also offered to giv him $1 if his minister would be present at the lecture that evening and publicly declare, while looking me in the face, that he really believed in a literal, burning hell. How the poor fellow and his brother-converts did enthuse! They were all quite sure of earning that $26. "Why, there were dozens of texts teaching Sunday-keeping! Their minister was an awful smart man—knew the Bible backwards." And away they started in pursuit of their minister, pledging to hav texts and minister at the hall. They felt as sure of success as they did of the existence of their God. But, alas! the parson was obdurate. He could not giv them the desired texts, and would not accompany them to the hall. But he did warn them to keep off the devil's ground, and if they did not want to lose their poor souls not to go near or venture to listen to that "vile, dangerous man." I was sorry his reverence failed to appear at the hall, but I incline to the impression the lecture afforded texts and conundrums enough to check the revival, and keep the poor parson on the ragged edge of despair all winter, vainly striving to reconcile the irreconcilable, and make his doctrin and his Bible harmonize.

Mt. Vernon, Mo., Dec. 15th, 16th.—In the morning I took stage for Mt. Vernon, and found the "sunny South" a delusion and a mockery; suffered severely from cold. It snowed, and blowed, and chilled me through, but the glad greeting of Dr. Denney and warm hospitality of Percy Gaither, of the hotel, soon restored my circulation and equanimity. Percy Gaither is a young man of great natural ability, and a devoted, energetic Liberal. If he could be induced to cultivate his ability as a caricaturist, he would soon rival our favorit, Watson Heston. The whole family of the Gaithers are natural musicians. The sisters, thanks to the lectures, are now in full harmony with their stanch Liberal brothers, leaving the dear old mother alone in her very mild Christian predilection.

Mt. Vernon is a rabid local option town. I was, therefore, more annoyed than surprised to find so much of drunkenness. Some half-dozen boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years, and one young man of about twenty-five, were insanely drunk on the evening of my first lecture. The young man at first amused himself, and the poor, drunken Sunday-school boys (I learned they were all children of devoutly pious parents and regular attendants at Sunday-school and church), by standing in the road during the early part of my lecture, repeatedly firing off his revolver at the hall windows; growing tired of this, admission being free, they came up into the hall, and soon became so noisy I had to request them to be silent or leave; finally, finding all appeals in vain, I descended from the rostrum myself to eject them, but the sheriff assured me he would remove them, which, after a little delay, he succeeded in doing. The drunken young man was the son of a very wealthy and devoutly pious widow, and the sheriff lacked backbone to arrest him, but coaxed him down-stairs, and the poor, half-crazed, drunken boys slunk out, and order was restored. There were some threats of terrible vengeance on me the next day, but the Christians themselvs were ashamed and apologized. It seems the boys had purchased pint-bottles of common alcohol at the drug-store and thus became wildly drunk. There was large attendance, with a good number of ladies, and perfect order, the next night. On Saturday, December 16th, Dr. Denney took me over to Phelps, Mo., for one lecture; had large audience, and much of real interest evinced. Sold considerable Liberal literature. Here I met S. P. Wood, of Red Oak, a most earnest, hard-working Liberal. On Sunday morning I accompanied him to Fairview, about two miles and a half from Red Oak, for it appears the Christians were too subtle for friend Wood, and defeated all his endeavors to secure hall or school-house in the village, basely violating their promises, ignoring their pledges. Wood foolishly had some trust that even a most pious Christian would keep his pledged word. But he has bought them cheap enough. He knows them now, and just what their promises amount to.

I delivered three lectures at the school-house in John Blain's neighborhood. A very intelligent Liberal, sound to the core, a deep thinker, and good conversationalist is John Blain, and I greatly enjoyed my visit at his kind, hospitable home. The attendance on Sunday afternoon and evening was surprisingly large, considering that all had to come from considerable distance. Monday evening a severe blizzard set in—snow and rain, fierce wind and dense darkness, roads horrid—consequently attendance slim; yet even here, under adverse circumstances, I had evidence that the effort was not in vain. Not alone did some weakly ones become strengthened, so as to dare declare their convictions, but many were induced to think, to read, to investigate. I was much pleased to meet J. H. Dishler, of Bower's Mills, a fearless, honest-hearted, open-handed Liberal, whose word is ever good as his bond. What a contrast to some Christians of Red Oak!

Early Tuesday morning I started on a fourteen miles' journey in open stage. A blizzard was raging, and the thermometer declared it to be several degrees below zero. This trip made me fully appreciate the delights of coming south, and thus escaping the severe cold and storms of western New York. How I reveled in the balmy zephyrs of the ever genial sunny south! When I reached the railroad, and once more saw the ties and rails, I could hav shouted with delight, only my mustache was frozen to my coat collar. The once considered discordant shriek of the locomotiv was most sweet melody, and certainly was a most soothing lullaby compared to the howling of the marrow-freezing wind roaring over the dismal, barren prairie.

December 21st.—En route via railroad to Galena, Kan. I am not yet certain how many weeks I shall remain in Utah. I shall reach there February 18th, and make but very few stops in Nevada (applications for lectures in Nevada should, to insure attention, be made at once; address me care of Truth Seeker office); thence to California, down to San Diego; then return via the Pacific coast, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Canada, home. C. B. Reynolds.

The Fanaticism of Temperance.

The Temperance Christian Alliance fanatics hav held some three or four meetings in this city at one of the Presbyterian churches, elected officers, and resolved that Uncle Sam should, with a club in his hand big enough to smash things generally, stop the running of all railway trains and the carrying of the mails on Sunday, the opening of the post-offices, the publication of newspapers, the sale of them by the poor little newsboys, and the reading of them on Sundays, the priests' grasshopper day.

The rascally fellows are worse than the Anarchists. They hav no regard for the feelings, privileges, and rights of others. They are not satisfied with the same privileges that all hav of argument and persuasion, but demand harsh laws by which they can worry by fines and imprisonment all those whom they cannot deter by fear.

They do not seem to gain any knowledge by the experience of the past. This matter of attempting to convince by force has repeatedly failed, yet is again as blindly called for by those who are unwilling to use argument and await the results of education.

Truth never fears argument, investigation. It is the fanatic who meets logic with a club.

These Sunday fanatics tear their hair and predict dire calamities on account of what they term Sabbath desecration by the saloon men and baseball players. They blubber and cry, because people prefer and do go to the saloons, attend picnics and baseball grounds, on Sundays instead of going to the cowards' castles where those hirelings do all the talking, blaspheme the universe, libel the memories of the dead humanitarians and patriots, and slander the living women and men, whose shoes they are not worthy to polish. These everlasting priestly beggars stated in their meeting that the baseball playing must be stopped on Sundays, because it was drawing more people away from the churches than the saloons!

Is it possible that a baseball club of nine is more powerful than the Christian's God? If the priests tell the truth, it is. But herein lies their inconsistency, unfairness, and fraudulent pretensions and barefaced hypocrisy. They base their action on the impiety and great sin, crime, of Sabbath-breaking, when it is a well-known fact that these hypocritical grasshoppers violate the Sunday laws more persistently than any other profession or class of people in the state and nation.

It is well known to everyone that every one of them works for salary, hire, wages, every Sunday in the year, unless sick or off on a frolic. The Sundays are thrown into confusion in the mornings, afternoons, and evenings by the discordant jamming and clanging of their miserable old bells. Then the hired men clean up horses and carriages and drive the "unco guid" down to the workshops and remain outside in the cold, rain, or heat, as it may be, with the poor horses' noses drawn up higher in the air in an unnatural and painful position, while the organ-grinder, the musician, and choir and priest all work at the various parts assigned them for pay, for thus much gold—all on hired, stated salaries. All of them, under an honest, just, equitable construction of these statutes, are violators of the laws of the land and are criminally guilty, and should be proceeded against and punished to the full extent of the law. They prate so much and so glibly about the majesty and enforcement of the laws—let them be brought into court as defendants, convicted, fined, and imprisoned, and then see how much they would love and extol these infamous Sunday laws. It will be tried on sooner than they anticipate. P. V. Wise.

St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 18, 1887.

The Mauvaises Terres.

'Mid the curling grasses' woven tangle
Where the flowing mists are softly blue,
Our tents awake in a starry spangle
And the morning dreams are coming true.
Hark! the noisy call of prairie chickens,
A thrumming song of the lower lines,
And the stir of wings the red blood quickens
Are gray-white geese from a land of pines.

A broken wave from a far-off summer
Where lilies be not white lies that seem
They caught the song of a silver hammer
Whose golden nail was a waking dream.
Along the land to the western ocean
A swath of steel on the mountains laid;
The drifting tide is a pulsing motion,
And the mad world leaps a fleet decade.

Here the buffalo and deer scarce linger
And the tattered teepee hurrying on,
The mauvaises terres bide the clangor,
Amid faded ruins lost and lone.
The powdered sands of the ages glisten
Where a sea once sang a joyful strain;
Now only winds in the canyons listen,
Only echoes of the waves remain—

Echoes that wail around wasting columns
That mark the buried centuries there,
And gray rocks leave their lettered volumes
Through the under-world all strangely fair;
And the dead yet wait in halls of splendor,
And bones are wrapped in a marble guise,
'Till the men of earth, with passion tender,
Unveil the dusk of the closéd eyes.

'Neath the dim arcades, in beauty sleeping,
Are glittering woodlands pale and dead,
And song is hushed, and the branches keeping
Their tryst, though the summer gladness fled.
A crystal sheen on the frosty arches,
And the iridescent pendant leaves,
In a wonderland of mournful marches,
Where death laid down his shimmering sheaves.

Here the mighty ages' brooding slumbers
Wrought icy chains on the summer hours,
And a haunting siren sang her numbers
O'er the whispering grass and summer flowers.
Unknown abodes! what spectral regions
Thrill their "lost chords" on these silent lands,
Where a cold enchantress sways her legions
With a scepter in her dead white hands!

Frenchtown, Neb. Mary Baird-Finch.

A Story of Real Folks.

Preface to "For Her Daily Bread."

I hav read this story, this fragment of a life mingled with fragments of other lives, and hav been pleased, interested, and instructed. It is filled with the pathos of truth, and has in it the humor that accompanies actual experience. It has but little to do with the world of imagination; certain feelings are not attributed to persons born of fancy, but it is the history of a heart and brain interested in the common things of life. There are no kings, no lords, no titled ladies, but there are real people, the people of the shop and street whom every reader knows, and there are lines intense and beautiful, and scenes that touch the heart. You will find no theories of government, no hazy outlines of reform, nothing but facts and folks as they hav been, as they are, and probably will be for many centuries to come. If you read this book you will be convinced that men and women are good or bad, charitable or heartless, by reason of something within, and not by virtue of any name they bear, of any trade or profession they follow, or of any creed they may accept. You will also find that men sometimes are honest and mean; that women may be very virtuous and very cruel; that good, generous, and sympathetic men are often disreputable, and that some exceedingly worthy citizens are extremely mean and uncomfortable neighbors.

It takes a great deal of genius and a good deal of self-denial to be very bad or to be very good. Few people understand the amount of energy, industry, and self-denial it requires to be consistently vicious. People who hav a pride in being good and fail, and those who hav a pride in being bad and fail, in order to make their records consistent generally rely upon hypocrisy. The people that liv, and hope, and fear in this book are much like the people who liv, and hope, and fear in the actual world. The professor is much like the professor in the ordinary college. You will find the conscientious, half-paid teacher, the hopeful poor, the anxious rich, the true lover, the stingy philanthropist, who cares for people only in the aggregate, the individual atom being too small to attract his notice or to enlist his heart; the sympathetic man who loves himself, and givs, not for the sake of the beggar, but for the sake of getting rid of the beggar, and you will also find the man generous to a fault—with the money of others. And the reader will find these people described naturally, truthfully, and without exaggeration, and he will feel certain that all these people hav really lived.

The reader of this story will get some idea as to what is encountered by a girl in an honest effort to gain her daily bread. He will find how steep, how devious, and how difficult is the path she treads.

There are so few occupations open to woman, so few things in which she can hope for independence, that to be thrown upon her own resources is almost equivalent to being cast away. Besides, she is an object of continual suspicion, watched not only by men but by women. If she does anything that other women are not doing she is at once suspected, her reputation is touched, and other women, for fear of being stained themselvs, withdraw not only the hand of help but the smile of recognition. A young woman cannot defend herself without telling the charge that has been made against her. This, of itself, givs a kind of currency to slander. To speak of the suspicion that has crawled across her path is to plant the seeds of doubt in other minds; to even deny it admits that it exists. To be suspected, that is enough. There is no way of destroying this suspicion. There is no court in which suspicions are tried; no juries that can render verdicts of not guilty. Most women are driven at last to the needle, and this does not allow them to liv; it simply keeps them from dying.

It is hard to appreciate the dangers and difficulties that lie in wait for woman. Even in this Christian country of ours no girl is safe in the streets of any city after the sun has gone down. After all, the sun is the only god that has ever protected woman. In the darkness she has been the prey of the wild beast in man.

Nearly all charitable people, so called, imagin that nothing is easier than to obtain work. They really feel that anybody, no matter what his circumstances may be, can get work enough to do if he is only willing to do the work. They cannot understand why any healthy human being should lack food or clothes. Meeting the unfortunate and the wretched in the streets of the great city they ask them, in a kind of wondering way, why they do not go to the West, why they do not cultivate the soil, and why they are so foolish, stupid, and reckless as to remain in the town. It would be just as sensible to ask a beggar why he does not start a bank, or a line of steamships, as to ask him why he does not cultivate the soil, or why he does not go to the West. The man has no money to pay his fare, and if his fare were paid he would be, when he landed in the West, in precisely the same condition as he was when he left the East. Societies, and institutions, and individuals supply the immediate wants of the hungry and the ragged, but they afford only the relief of the moment.

Articles by the thousand hav been written for the purpose of showing that women should become servants in houses, and the writers of these articles are filled with astonishment that any girl should hesitate to enter domestic service. They tell us that nearly every family needs a good cook, a good chambermaid, a good sweeper of floors and washer of dishes, a good stout girl to carry the baby and draw the wagon, and these good people express the greatest astonishment that all girls are not anxious to become domestics. They tell them that they will be supplied with good food, that they will hav comfortable beds and warm clothing, and they ask, "What more do you want?" These people hav not, however, solved the problem. If girls as a rule keep away from kitchens and chambers, if they hate to be controled by other women, there must be a reason. When we see a young woman prefer a clerkship in a store, a business which keeps her upon her feet all day, and sends her to her lonely room filled with weariness and despair, and when we see other girls who are willing to sew for a few cents a day rather than become the maid of "my lady," there must be some reason, and this reason must be deemed sufficient by the persons who are actuated by it. What is it?

Every human being imagins that the future has something in store for him. It is natural to build these castles in Spain. It is natural for a girl to dream of being loved by the noble, by the superb, and it is natural for the young man to dream of success, of a home, of a good, a beautiful, and loving wife. These dreams are the solace of poverty; they keep back the tears in the eyes of the young and hungry. To engage in any labor that degrades, in any work that leaves a stain, in any business the mention of which is liable to redden the cheek, seems to be a destruction of the foundation of hope, a destruction of the future; it seems to be a crucifixion of his or her better self. It assassinates the ideal.

It may be said that labor is noble, that work is a kind of religion, and whoever says this tells the truth. But after all, what has the truth to do with this question? What is the opinion of society? what is the result? It cures no wound to say that it was wrongfully inflicted. The opinion of sensible people is one way, the action of society is inconsistent with that opinion. Domestic servants are treated as though their employment was and is a degradation. Bankers, merchants, professional men, ministers of the gospel, do not want their sons to become the husbands of chambermaids and cooks. Small hands are beautiful, they do not tell of labor.

I hav given one reason; there is another. The work of a domestic is never done. She is liable to be called at any moment, day or night. She has no time that she can call her own. A woman who works by the piece can take a little rest; if she is clerk she has certain hours of labor, and the rest of the day is her own.

And there is still another reason that I almost hate to giv, and that is this: As a rule, woman is exacting with woman. As a rule, woman does not treat woman as well as man treats man, or as well as man treats woman. There are many other reasons, but I hav given enough.

For many years women hav been seeking employment other than that of domestic service. They hav so hated this occupation that they hav sought in every possible direction for other ways to win their bread. At last hundreds of employments are open to them, and, as a consequence domestic servants are those who can get nothing else to do.

In the olden time servants sat at the table with the family; they were treated something like human beings, harshly enough to be sure, but in many cases almost as equals. Now the kitchen is far away from the parlor. It is another world, occupied by individuals of a different race. There is no bond of sympathy—no common ground. This is especially true in a republic. In the Old World, people occupying menial places account for their positions by calling attention to the laws—to the hereditary nobility and the universal spirit of caste. Here there are no such excuses. All are supposed to hav equal opportunities, and those who are compelled to labor for their daily bread in avocations that require only bodily strength, are regarded as failures. It is this fact that stabs like a knife. And yet in the conclusion drawn there is but little truth. Some of the noblest and best pass their lives in daily drudgery and unremunerativ toil—while many of the mean, vicious, and stupid reach place and power.

This story is filled with sympathy for the destitute, for the struggling, and tends to keep the star of hope above the horizon of the unfortunate. After all, we know but little of the world, and hav but a faint conception of the burdens that are borne and of the courage and heroism displayed by the unregarded poor. Let the rich read these pages, they will hav a kinder feeling toward those who toil; let the workers read them, and they will think better of themselvs.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

What the Bible Says.

"Oh, Mrs. Bogus! hav you heard that Elder Tuttle's wife has come into another fortune?"

"Well no, but I kind o' 'spected it. You know what the Bible says—'Them that has gits.'"

Free Trade and the Workingman.

There is an article under this title and signed, "A Briton," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 24th, stating that "the working class all over England is suffering starvation," etc. There is certainly much more pauperism there than here, but it is largely due to the burden of land monopoly, the large standing army, the established church, and the royal family. Much poverty is also caused in England, as well as America, by intemperance, indolence, and extravagance. What I wish especially to insist upon is that, according to impartial specialists, the British poor are about twice as well off as they were forty years ago. Wages rose 50 per cent on the average between 1833 and 1883, and there was a great fall in prices of clothing and rent, as well as of groceries and other articles of food. The number of depositors in savings banks was ten times as great in 1881 as in 1833. The population increased from about 16,000,000 in 1841 to about 26,000,000 in 1881. The number of paupers decreased from 1,119,528, in 1842, to 797,614, and that of criminals convicted, from 23,791 to 11,699. In other words, the number of paupers was more than twice as great, in proportion to the population, at the time of the first important reduction in the tariff, as it was forty years later, and the number of criminals more than three times as great. The average income of men who had less than £150 a year was £53 in 1850, and £83 in 1880; and between these two dates the number of taxpayers, with incomes between £150 and £300 per year, quadrupled, while the whole population increased but 33 per cent. These facts should be kept in mind to offset all vague assertions that the poor are growing poorer in England or anywhere else, or that any harm has been done to Great Britain, or any other country, by any reduction of tariffs.

The benefits to British commerce and manufactures of the repeal of protection forty years ago hav been so great that there has been no attempt in all that time of any importance to rebuild the fallen barriers. The British protectionists are so few and weak that they do not even dare to call themselvs by their real names, but disguise their sentiments under the title of fair traders. There is much less hostility to them among the Conservativs than among the Liberals; but all the recent victories of their friends hav not given them courage enough to make any show in Parliament. In fact, they are of no more importance in British politics than those dudes are in American politics who want to turn our republic into a monarchy and themselvs into a peerage. There is about as much chance of England's going back to hand-looms and stage-coaches as of her going back to protectiv tariffs. I only wish that our workingmen understood their own interest as well as hers do.

As regards this point, I wish to giv a few statistics to meet some statements in an article recently sent me by the author, a workingman in Cleveland, O., Mr. George F. Moore, who shows such a laudable desire to hav the question discussed fairly and intelligently that it is a great pleasure to reply to him. He speaks "of the utter stagnation of business under free trade leading which occurred at three different periods in this country." Perhaps the first of these periods, in his opinion, is that preceding the first establishment of our tariff in 1789. But at that time there was so little need of protection that the average rate of duties was fixed at less than one-fifth of what it is at present. In 1824 Daniel Webster spoke in Congress in opposition to the protectionists and in conformity with resolutions passed four years previously by Abbot Lawrence and other leading Bostonians in Faneuil Hall, thus: "There is a country, not undistinguished among the nations, in which the progress of manufactures has been far more rapid than in any other, and yet unaided by prohibitions or unnatural restrictions. That country, the happiest which the sun shines on, is our own." As there were high tariffs from 1824 to 1863, there was, at all events, no injury done by free trade to American manufacturers before the latter date.

Mr. Moore's second period I suppose to be that of the gradual reductions between 1833 and 1842. One-tenth of every excess of duties above twenty per cent was taken off annually until 1841, when it was three-tenths; while the free list included coarse wool, linens, silks, worsteds, copper, indigo, fruits, nuts, and other useful articles now taxed.

Our condition in 1834, 1835, and 1836 was carefully observed by three visitors from Europe, Harriet Martineau, Michel Chevalier, who thus began a great work for the railroads of France, and Dr. N. H. Julius, who was already distinguished as a champion of prison reform in Germany. Miss Martineau, who was with us from September, 1834, to August, 1836, and met most of our leading men, says in "Society in America" that the advantage of free trade "is now very generally acknowledged," and that "there is in America a smaller amount of crime, poverty, and mutual injury of every kind than has ever been known in any society." Chevalier was here from the beginning of 1834 until late in 1835, and his first letters speak of "the aspect of universal prosperity."

"While all European society is gangrened with pauperism, there is none here, at least in the North." "Nothing is easier than to liv by labor and liv well." In New York every day seemed a Sunday, because all the men wore warm overcoats, and all the women were dressed in the latest French fashions. The physical welfare of women was a characteristic of the United States; and in Lowell he found the factory girls still laying up money, despite a slight check to its prosperity from the new tariff. He found no proletariat in the Northern states, which he calls the laborer's "*pays de bénédiction.*" Dr. Julius came over with Miss Martineau, and found only "solitary and transitory" cases of pauperism. His elaborate work quotes with full approval the remark published by Fanny Kemble in 1832, "There are no poor. I say that there are none; there need be none. . . . None need be born to vice, for none are condemned to abject poverty." An abler observer than any of these, the great geologist Lyell, noticed just before the end of gradual reduction "such entire absence of want and poverty." "We hav met with no beggars, witnessed no signs of want, but seen everywhere the most unequivocal proofs of prosperity and rapid progress." The traveler who visits Lowell might "go away with the idea that he had been seeing a set of gentlemen and ladies playing at factory for their own amusement."

The population of Lowell increased from 17,370 in 1836 to 20,796 in 1840; and in the latter year the factory girls showed how elevated their condition was, in every respect, by beginning to publish the Lowell *Offering*. The number of cotton factories in the United States rose from 795 in 1831 to 1.240 in 1840; the amount of cloth made from 230,461,990 yards to 398,507.568, and the capital invested from $40,614,984 to $51,102.359. Our exports of manufactures are valued at $5,086,890 for 1831 and $9,872,900 for 1840. The production of pig iron was nearly five times as great in 1842 as in 1830 in Pennsylvania; and the population of Pittsburgh rose from 16,988 in 1830 to 38,931 in 1840, about one-third of this gain having been made since 1836. More than seven times as many miles of railroads were in use in 1842 as in 1833; and the increase has never ceased since the first construction in 1827. The surplus revenue became so great that $30,000,000 were given, in 1837, to the several states. Our national prosperity was really greater than ever, despite transitory panics.

The third period of "business under free trade leading" is that from 1846, when rates were lowered almost to one-half of the present average, to 1861. There was a second reduction in 1857, in which year a book was published called, "Pittsburgh As It Is," and stating that "skilled labor in all the branches of manufacturing carried on in this city finds ready employment."

The protectionist historian of our manufactures, Bishop, acknowledges their "wonderful expansion" between 1840 and 1860 "in spite of temporary checks and adverse legislation." Between 1850 and 1860 our percentage of increase of population was less than 36; but that of our operativs was more than 46, or 10 per cent more rapid; and one-third of our people depended for support on manufacturing in 1860. The annual value of factory products increased, as Bishop admits, fully 86 per cent in these ten years, or more than twice as fast as the population. Our general wealth increased nearly four times as fast according to the census; and we sold nearly four times as many dollars' worth of manufactured goods to foreign customers in 1860 as in 1847.

Thus, experience teaches that neither a gradual nor a sudden reduction of duties, nor an addition to the number of free raw materials, is likely to destroy our manufactures, which could, in the opinion of many leading men engaged therein, be benefited in no way more surely than by letting wool and other supplies for our factories come as free of duty as they did in the prosperous periods we hav been looking at. What could be better for workingmen than to hav the employer enabled to enlarge his market and export his goods? But this is precisely what he is now kept from doing by the artificially high prices which our tariff forces him to keep up.

F. M. HOLLAND.

My Home Town—Monte Vista, Col.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* My old friend Powell undertakes to correct me in my statement that there are not many Liberals in San Luis Park, and before he wrote a dozen lines agreed with me. He says (Nov. 19th), "Like most other places where there hav been no Liberal lectures, full-fledged and outspoken Liberals are scarce." That is just what I said. When I was asked the question, I answered truly, without stopping to explain why they are "scarce." As I hav spent most of my life traveling, and mingling with Liberals, it does not take me long to find whether they are "almost as thick as jack-rabbits" or "scarce" as hen's teeth. I did not intimate that there are no Liberals.

As to friend Powell himself, a more outspoken, fearless Liberal does not exist. The church hates him because he is an uncompromising foe to priestcraft, cant, hypocrisy in all its forms. His sons are "chips of the old block." Nicholas and Millard, quiet business men, are earnest workers in our cause; and their young wives are their willing helpers, fearing not the church's frown, which is just "awfully awful" in Monte Vista town.

Well, under Brother Powell's management, I had the honor of giving the first course of Freethought lectures in the history of the village; six in all, night after night, and one on Sunday afternoon. To say that the prim, puritanic little town was "shocked," is drawing the picture with a subdued, dim, religous light. It was horrified, scandalized, scared. As the little wife and self drove into the burg, one of Christ's shepherds was driving out. It was only a coincidence. No harm done. He left his curses. He told friend Powell that he had "no use for me," and supposed I had not for him. Although he is my neighbor, his farm being near mine, I never entertained one unkind thought toward him. Of course, he is a Methodist minister. That is his misfortune. It makes him distrustful of an "Infidel lecturer" who settled in the Park and attended strictly to his own business the livelong summer through, and then concluded to "preach" some himself. But the parson was free to confess that a man who teaches such doctrins as I do must be a very bad man.

The sweet, sisterly saints of this sanctified town went about advising the people to keep away from "those Infidel lectures." The clergyman who remained, the "home guard," visited business men and admonished. How strikingly this conduct calls to mind the good old colonial days, two hundred years ago, when, a lecturer of whom the Puritan preacher did not approve appearing in a New England town, the holy man would walk up one side of the street and down the other, cautioning all to remain away from the lecture of the imp of Satan! And not one dared to disobey. Monte Vista is almost like that. It is, oh, such a godly town! It prides itself upon being as totally abstinent as the Infidel town of Liberal, Mo. I am still studying the question, Why is a person who mixes total abstinence with religion always a bigot? I admit that I never knew an exception.

Monte Vista, however, so devout, believing in the Bible injunction, "Giv strong drink unto him that is ready to perish," keeps the "medicin" in her drug stores. At least, one of her citizens publicly twitted her assembled people with the unwholesome fact, and not one had the hardihood to deny it. Yet in this pretty mountain villa there are four preachers quartered on the one hundred families. They are expected to support these four lazy leeches, with the exception of a little help from Eastern churches. Monte Vista has a heavy load to carry—literally "infested" with preachers. And yet the farce goes on in these Western towns that building churches will build the town and make its people moral. To this end vapid Liberals will contribute. They will promis my friend Powell to attend Liberal lectures, and never appear. But this unflinching Infidel, like a Revolutionary hero, never quailed. He has the courage of his convictions. With the help of such as Mr. Manson, a square-headed Freethinker, our lectures were made financially successful. Brave Liberals, like Nicholas Powell, doubled their "V" subscriptions. In point of attendance the success was not brilliant. The churches united on Sunday at the same hours our lectures were appointed, although in the summer they were quarreling over cash receipts. Blessed Liberalism, how it does make Christians love one another!

W. F. JAMIESON.

Monte Vista, Col.

Around the Circle and Back to Henry George.

At the convention of the National Secular Union of 1886, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll delivered to that body an address in the course of which he remarked that the social questions which are facing the philosophers of the nineteenth century can be removed only as we grow more intelligent; that the world has not yet produced a mind great and grand enough to grapple with these questions of the hour, and that, consequently, by education only may we hope to solve the problem and rescue the millions from misery. When I say that I agree with him, I do not wish the reader to understand me as attempting to draw myself to a level with Colonel Ingersoll's intellectual hight, for many as humble a man as I has agreed with that eminent gentleman on hundreds of occasions.

I do not believe that there are many that would take exception to Mr. Ingersoll's statement, and, accepting that education is our only salvation, it would seem to me as the duty of mankind to at once set about and supply the lacking intelligence. When Mr. Ingersoll referred to education, I assume that he spoke of it in its broadest sense, and education, in the broadest sense of the word, is what we should set out to procure. The object of this paper is to giv an outline of what should constitute this education.

The placing of an effectual restraint upon the spread and growth of sexual vices appears to the writer the most important. Men and women by the hundreds and thousands, at the age when they should be in the prime of life, are physical wrecks, unfit for the marriage state; but, though unfit as they are, no intelligent hand warns them that their offspring will be a generation of weaklings; others, ere the age of twenty or twenty-five, find themselvs without the energy and self-possession adequate to carry them to the end of their miserable existence; and many a mother's pride has reached womanhood only to find that her life had been dashed against the fatal rocks of sexual vice to be a physical and moral wreck, who ekes out a living by the sale of virtue and honor, and thus has an existence to which slavery holds no comparison. Education on the laws of nature should be provided to prevent the spread of sexual vice; the mysteries of our physical structure should be imparted to the young, so that they may know when they are violating nature's laws. We would see the fruit of our endeavors in the second and third generations. The teaching of a good moral code should also not be neglected in this connection.

Over-indulgence in liquor has an alleged remedy in Prohibition. This alleged remedy, aside from what effect it may hav (and the good character of its effect is very questionable, to say the least), being an encroachment on personal liberty, and thus being ruled out, education is left to solve the problem. The pupil should be taught chemistry, that he may know what he forces down his throat in after years; also, be made acquainted with temperance and moderation.

In the matter of sanitation, it should be impressed upon the youthful mind that the time-worn proverb, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," is all wrong; cleanliness is next to nothing—it should be always first. The young should be introduced, at an early age, to the fact that in the neglect of sanitation alone many a disease has its origin. The maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," applies nowhere better than here.

Our libraries should contain all the advanced ideas on marriage. Books treating on this subject in all its bearings should be within the reach of all young people of both sexes.

Gymnasiums should be established in connection with all schools, as they are with colleges. A course or two of calisthenics should belong to the exercises of a school-room. When gymnasiums are half as numerous—aye, one-tenth as numerous—as the saloon is to-day, we will be able to boast of a race not unlike that of the ancient Greeks, instead of a race of consumptiv and dyspeptic weaklings. Developed muscles will make our men brave and strong; our women healthy, and better able to face the winds and storms of life.

One great obstacle in our larger cities to bringing about what I hav above suggested is poverty. "There is land enough to provide work enough to produce enough so that all may eat enough; and yet, with all these 'enoughs,' why is it that there are thousands who do not know to-day if they will eat to-morrow?" So I heard a local philosopher discourse to me the other day. It is my firm and settled opinion that Henry George can answer the query. And, without further argument, assuming that Henry George has the key that opens the gates to prosperity, let us thank him for it. And, with prosperity assured to all, and an education such as I hav above attempted to describe, a heaven would not be a more peaceful and happier spot to reside in than here.

HERMAN TIEDJENS.

Jefferson and Small.

From the Independent Pulpit.

During the Prohibition campaign last summer, Dr. B. H. Carroll endeavored to make the impression that Dr. William Small, of William and Mary College, was a preacher. In his Corsicana speech, Dr. Carroll made Jefferson say that "to this preacher" he owed the destinies of his life. In Jefferson's autobiography mention is made of two preachers, but it is not said that Small was one. The liberty taken by Dr. Carroll was rebuked by an editorial in the Waco *Examiner*, and Mr. William Edmonds had his (Carroll's) attention called to it privately by a mutual friend, but the wily preacher took no notice of it.

Intent on finding out the truth, Mr. Edmonds wrote to Governor Lee, with the following result:

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, GOVERNOR'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., Sept. 26, 1887.

WILLIAM EDMONDS, ESQ., Waco, Texas, *Dear Sir:* The governor directs me to say, in reply to your letter of inquiry of August 26th, that, from the best information he can get, he is satisfied that Dr. Small was either an M.D., or scientist, which would entitle him to the degree of doctor.

Mr. Jefferson was a Freethinker, and, as there is no record of Dr. Small ever having a church in Virginia, the natural conclusion is that the Dr. Small was of the same belief. John Randolph claims to hav imbibed some of his skeptical ideas from a Dr. Small.

Yours very truly,
J. E. WALLER, Secretary.

It seems as if the preachers are going to canonize Jefferson in spite of history. Nothing shows the weakness of their cause more than this disposition to bolster it up with the names of illustrious men.

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When the Christian Church Made the Laws.

WHEN Mathew Hopkins was witchfinder-general of England, about the middle of the seventeenth century, he hanged many hundreds for witchcraft, and got twenty shillings per head. As an example of the usual lack of reason in the mind of the Christian we quote: "When other evidences of guilt were wanting, Hopkins adopted the trial by water, which had been suggested by King James I., who said that, 'As some persons hav renounced their baptism by water, so water refuses to receive them.' Those accused of diabolical practices were thrown into a pond. If they floated or swam they were guilty, and were taken out and burnt or hanged. If they were *innocent, they sunk and were only drowned.*" To be accused by the Christians meant death. "The old, the ignorant, and indigent—such as could neither plead their own cause, nor hire an advocate—were the wretched victims of credulity, avarice, and spleen."

Some of Colonel Ingersoll's Opinions.

A short time ago a happy call of business took THE TRUTH SEEKER Editor to the office of Colonel Ingersoll, and it occurred to us to imitate the local reporter and ask that gentleman some questions. We wanted to know what he thinks of a minister who could denounce a good and pure woman as a painted courtesan simply because she sang in operas; what he thinks of the six-million-dollar-cathedral scheme of the Episcopalians, by which they propose to advance "Christian unity;" what he thinks of "Christian charity" and "fatherhood of God" as an economic polity for abolishing poverty; what he thinks of the policy of the Roman Catholic church on school matters; what he thinks of the trial and execution of the Chicago Anarchists; how his health is, and in what light he regards the rash ministers and lecturers who are forever sending him "challenges" to debate.

It will be noticed that the questions cover a wide range, but they did not appal Colonel Ingersoll in the least. He answered every one, and Mr. I. N. Baker, his secretary, wrote the answers down in shorthand for the benefit of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and next week we shall print the interview.

Each one of the queries formed a text upon which Colonel Ingersoll preached a sermon in his happiest style, and we value ourself highly upon having been the "humble instrument," as the preachers say, through which English literature has been enriched. It is not likely that the Methodist minister of Nashville, nor his denomination, nor the gentlemen who busy themselvs "answering" the colonel, will appreciate our labor, but the rest of mankind will; and, after all, the people who are not Methodists and Presbyterians form the larger part of the world.

We wish every preacher in the country could read what Colonel Ingersoll says of the comparativ merits of the stage and the pulpit. We imagin they would be less conceited and less inclined to denounce their superiors, the actors and actresses.

The Blasphemy Trial.

The presses of Peter Eckler are at last at work upon Colonel Ingersoll's defense of C. B. Reynolds, indicted for blasphemy by the New Jersey authorities. The argument makes about one hundred pages of type, and the book will be sold in paper covers for 25 cents; in cloth binding for 50 cents. Those who heard the speech know its quality; to the millions who did not hear it, we may say that it is the greatest plea for liberty of speech of the century. Daniel Webster and the other great orators of the bar are simply nowhere. And that Jersey jury achieved an immortality of idiocy by convicting Mr. Reynolds after hearing it. We hope there are not twelve other men in the country who are their equals in dumbness.

This speech ought to be circulated in great numbers. For this purpose we will sell five copies for $1; and twelve copies for $2, paper covers.

Preserving Sunday.

The bigots hav broken loose again in this city. The president and secretary of the Architectural League hav been arrested for keeping the doors to their annual exhibition open on Sunday. The exhibition consists of original architectural designs of churches, towers, mansions, and country houses contributed by members, models of noted buildings, and pictures of famous English churches.

Besides the officers of this League, the bigots hav hauled into court the managers of a sacred concert, the managers of a wax-works exhibition, the exhibitors of Munkacsy's "Christ on Calvary" and Makart's "Five Senses," the proprietor of the Fleetwood park toboggan slide, and the managers of two Bowery museums, all charged with violations of the Sunday laws.

These arrests are at the instigation of a lot of Christians who desire to preserve the sacred character of the Lord's day, and to make it as interesting and enjoyable a period of time as it used to be in the days of the Massachusetts Puritans.

The Pay of Evangelists.

The Rev. Mr. Pentecost, professional soul-saver—otherwise known as an evangelist—rises to explain, in the *Independent* of last week, that he and his ilk do not "work for money," and are in fact but impecunious apostles, who go about doing good, depending on charity for their food and lodging. To the charges to the contrary, often made by ungodly journalists, Mr. Pentecost replies that it has been his policy to treat them with dignified silence. But he wishes to state now that, as a class, evangelists are a poorly recompensed body of men. And the *Independent* says: "Ministers do not get paid any too well, and we could tell a case in which an able evangelist, after more than a month's service in a small city, after grand work had been done, and the greatest gratification had been expressed, found that when he had deducted the necessary expenses he had to meet for traveling, hotel, and singing, he had left for himself only a dollar a day, out of which to support his family and carry him through the summer."

This may all be true. But it is not always the case. Only last week we received a letter from a correspondent in a Southern state, in which he incidentally alludes to a perambulating preacher who has been afflicting his section of the country. Our friend writes: "For two weeks' service in Charlotte, N. C., Rev. Mr. Pearson, evangelist, received $800 and free board for self and wife. In Salesbury, for two weeks, $560 and free board for self and wife. In Raleigh, for three weeks, $1,000 and free board for self and wife. In Concord, for one week, $225 and free board for self and wife." Our correspondent adds: "Saving souls is a profitable as well as pleasant and agreeable pastime. Can the evangelists find scripture for so avariciously taxing the credulous and defrauding poor women and children who are sufferers for food, raiment, and fuel?"

The *American Nonconformist*, published at Winfield, Kan., says that the "Rev. Wilson, evangelist, who has been dealing out the gospel in this city for some time past at the reasonable figure of $100 a week, and throwing in a good supply of slack for the city free gratis, was presented with a bill for $25 by the local authorities as license for selling books, and promptly cashed the same."

It will be seen from the foregoing that the Rev. Mr. Pentecost and his editorial apologist are either mistaken, or Messrs. Pearson and Wilson are exceptionally lucky evangelists. Which it is, is not for an unhallowed layman like THE TRUTH SEEKER Editor to say.

A Freethought Library for Metamora, O.

As an instance of the determined opposition of Christians to the spread of general intelligence, we may note the fight the Kahle family, of Metamora, O., aided by a Christian probate judge, is making to prevent the carrying out of the provision of Daniel Kahle's will which establishes a public secular and scientific library in Metamora.

Daniel Kahle was one of a large family, and, with the exception of a brother, the only one with a mind broad enough to reject the superstition of Christianity. For many years he has been a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and on various occasions has engaged Liberal lecturers to talk to the people of Metamora. He was an energetic and enthusiastic Freethinker. By frugality and industry he gathered together a few thousand dollars, a part of which he desired to leave for the benefit of his town.

Mr. Kahle died last October, and his will was found to provide substantially for his sister, by leaving her his house and lot in Metamora; to his Freethinking brother tokens of esteem, and the residue to equip a secular and scientific library, the books to be selected by the Truth Seeker Company, and the library to be managed by the brother mentioned and Victor Burg, his friend. Mr. Burg is the postmaster of the little town, and a Freethinker. He owns a plot of ground next to the post-office, which he is willing to giv to build the library upon, and a gentleman living near has signified his willingness to erect the structure, thus leaving Mr. Kahle's bequest free to purchase books. Metamora is a small town, and the library will be a great benefit to it when opened, and ample for its present needs.

But Mr. Kahle's brothers and sisters do not desire the library. They would much rather hav the two or three hundred dollars each they would receive if the will could be broken and the property distributed as the law provides; and by promising the sister her house in any event, she engaged to keep quiet while the will was set aside. The Freethinking brother who was to help manage the library seems also to possess the itching palm of Judas, and he made no opposition to the proceedings of his family. When, therefore, the will was offered for probate, the whole Kahle family interfered and accused their deceased brother of having been crazy. They could introduce no evidence showing this, but the probate judge was equal to the occasion. A Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson were witnesses to the will, and of Mr. Sanderson the judge inquired:

Q. Were you intimately acquainted with Mr. Kahle? A. I was not intimately acquainted with him, but met him as often as once a month. I hav done business with and for him.

Q. Was he of sound mind and memory at the time of making this will? A. I do not think I am a competent judge of that matter. To every appearance at the time he was of sound mind; that is my belief.

Q. Will you say positivly that at the time of executing this will he was of sound mind and memory? A. I cannot now so say.

Q. Was he under any restraint? A. Not to my knowledge.

Q. Had there not been undue influence? A. I do not know.

Mrs. Sanderson testified:

BY THE JUDGE: Q. Was Mr. Kahle of sound mind and memory at the time of making this will? A. I could not say as to that. I was not acquainted with him.

Q. Was he under restraint or influence to cause him to make a will of the peculiar provisions of this will? A. Not to my knowledge. I know nothing on this subject.

Q. Was he of lawful age? A. Yes.

That was all. Not a word of testimony to show that Mr. Kahle was crazy; no evidence that he had ever done or said anything peculiar; no proof that

he was mentally deficient in any way. Yet the judge, Mr. L. W. Brown, filed this astounding decision:

"The court finds that the said will was duly executed and attested; that the testator was of lawful age, under no restraint, but *from the evidence* the court does not find that the testator was of sound mind and memory. The probate of said will is therefore refused, and said application dismissed, and costs of these proceedings ordered paid by administrator of deceased out of the estate of said deceased."

When the Kahle family had got so far in their charitable intention to the memory of their dead brother, we were notified of the proceedings. Previous to this we had no knowledge of Mr. Kahle's design to found a library. By the terms of the will choosing the Truth Seeker Company to select the books we are made a party in interest, along with Victor Burg and the Freethinking brother who is to assist in the management of the library. But as this brother prefers a few dollars in his pocket to a library in his town, Mr. Burg and THE TRUTH SEEKER are the only ones to protect Mr. Kahle's will from the Christians. Through attorneys at Wauseon, the county-seat of Fulton county, notice of appeal from the probate judge's decision was filed. The attorney for the heirs denied our right to appeal, but this was settled in our favor, and the case will be tried next March. There is but very little doubt in the minds of good lawyers that Metamora will finally hav a good Secular and scientific library, despite the efforts of the Kahle family and Christian Mr. Brown, probate judge.

A Jesuit's Lecture.

Hav the readers of the THE TRUTH SEEKER noticed the general advance all along the line of the Roman Catholic force in its attack upon the public schools? Since the Baltimore Council the priests, in every parish whose inhabitants can possibly bear the expense, hav been busy erecting parochial schools, until now these abortiv institutions are nearly as numerous as Roman Catholic churches, and equally worthless. But having got their schools, such as they are, the church authorities are devoting their energies to getting the children into them, and the taxes off them. The first is done by force, and is generally successful. The second is a more difficult matter, but it has succeeded here in at least one instance, as a sufficiently pliable judge has been found who has decided that parochial schools, being religious and charitable institutions, come under the exemption law. A public sentiment is also being aroused which shall permit the distribution, *pro rata*, of the school funds. This is being done by means of the Catholic journals and by lectures. Puritan Massachusetts even does not escape, though somehow we fancy it will be a long time before the descendents of the Catholic-hating Puritans will consent to allow the state to subsidize Roman Catholic schools. The temper of the Roman church, however, may be inferred from a speech made last week by a member of the Jesuit Society at the dedication of a new parochial school. The speaker, who stands high in the church, said:

"They talk about this being an American and national institution. It's a national fraud. What makes it a national institution? How long has it been a national institution? Until the beginning of this century there was no such thing as public schools in the sense in which we call them now. There were common schools, indeed, but the church, religion, undertook to control that. What makes this a national institution? In what is it a national institution? Because the schools are built and supported, the teachers are paid, from the moneys that are levied upon all the citizens at large, and that is all that makes it a national institution. But if it be contrary to the common weal, if it be against the interest of the citizens, then it cannot be a national institution any longer; it must cease to exist, and the day will come when it will cease to exist. There are some eight millions of Catholics in the United States now. They protest against this institution, and their protest is enough to make it evident that this legal system of education is illegal. A law—and this is a general principle—that is not for the welfare of the commonwealth, is no law at all. In order that it may be a law, in order that it may be binding on the conscience, it must be for the common weal. But, as I hav shown, it is not for the common weal. It is subversiv of the rights of the individual, subversiv of the rights of the family, subversiv of the rights of religion, subversiv of the divine rights of God himself.

"But, perhaps, this is is simply my opinion! Dearly beloved, I did not come here to giv my opinion. I came here to giv the teaching of the Catholic church. What is the teaching of the Catholic church? That parents may not send their children to godless schools unless a certain necessity arises. If they hav other schools to send them to where they can receive a fitting education, and they send them to godless schools, schools where no religion is taught, schools from which religion is banished, they are guilty of mortal sin. If compelled, for the want of other schools in which their children can receive an education, to send them to those schools, they are to look into the teachers for their moral character, they are to look into the text-books that are taught there, they must do everything in their power to prevent their children from being exposed to the danger of losing their faith, and unless they can make this danger to their faith remote, they are guilty of mortal sin by sending them to such a place. Allow me to read a few passages from a work by Father Connolly, of the Society of Jesus: The Sacred Congregation of the Inquisition, in a detailed instruction to the bishops of the United States concerning the public schools, June 30, 1876, after quoting the last sentence of the above citation, adds the following words: These words, inasmuch as they are based on the natural and divine law, enunciate a general principle which holds universally, and refers to all places where this most destructiv system has been unfortunately introduced. It is, therefore, necessary that the illustrious prelates should by all possible means keep the flock intrusted to their charge aloof from the corrupting influences of the public schools. In the opinion of all, nothing is so necessary for this end as that Catholics should everywhere hav their own schools, and these not inferior to the public schools. Every effort must, therefore, be made to erect Catholic schools where such do not exist, or to enlarge them and make them more useful and efficient that in the course and method of training they may be in no sense inferior to the public schools. The Sacred Congregation grants that there may be circumstances in which Catholic parents may in conscience send their children to American public schools, namely, when no Catholic school is at hand, or when that which is at hand is not fit to giv the children an education suited to their station and conformable to their age. It is to be remembered, however, that the frequenting of the public schools can be permitted even in these cases, according to the declaration of the Sacred Congregation, only when the danger of perversion can be rendered remote. On that the decision is left to the bishop, and not to the parents of the children. So that even in the circumstance that I hav described, even where there is no Catholic school at hand, it is not lawful for Catholic parents to send their children to these public schools unless they can and unless they will make the danger of perversion, from being approximate, become remote. And when there is a doubt at all with regard to the matter, the judge in this case is not to be the parent, he is not to be the child, but the bishop of the diocese.

"Now, in order to show you that this legislation extends to the whole country, and that it extends to this part of the country, I may mention a fact that ought to hav a great deal of weight with you Catholics of the diocese of Boston. In the synod which was held within the past year and a half in this diocese, the archbishop expressly declared that in all parishes Catholic schools were to be built; that they were to be built as soon as possible; that they were to be under way, at all events, within two years, and that a pastor having the ability to build such schools and failing to do it would giv sufficient canonical cause for his removal from that parish. This is the utterance of the highest ecclesiastical authority in this state of Massachusetts.

"Now, dearly beloved, here is the sense of the Catholic church. Here is her teaching from the pope and the councils-general down to the bishops and to the priests—that Catholic schools are to be built, Catholic schools are to be supported, that the children of Catholics are to be sent to these schools and to no other, that religion must be taught in schools, that religion and education must go hand in hand, that there is no education worthy of the name without the teaching of religion, and this must be done without any let or hindrance on the part of anyone whatsoever."

These are statements sufficiently explicit to alarm the supporters of our public schools when they consider the enormous political power wielded by the Roman Catholic church. Perhaps not in New England, but certainly in the Middle and Northwestern states, the Roman church can get about anything it wants from legislatures and city governments. Both parties make open bids for the Irish vote, which is a vote controled by prejudice, superstition, and slavish obedience to ecclesiastical authority. The bidding for this vote is more noticeable now than ever before, and is done boldly and as a smart trick in politics. Can the ecclesiastical authorities be expected to do otherwise than to trade votes for legislation—franchises for money for the church and the church's schools?

Editorial Notes.

THE following is from the Washington *Post*:

"It is learned from an official source that President Cleveland's gift of a copy of the Constitution of the United States to Pope Leo XIII. on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his ordination as a priest was suggested indirectly by the holy father himself. When Cardinal Gibbons returned from Rome last summer, he brought a very cordial and congratulatory message to President Cleveland from the pope on the success of his administration and well wishes for him personally. The pope, in his interviews with Cardinal Gibbons, expressed much satisfaction with our Constitution and great interest in its operation. This suggested to the president the character of the gift. No letter was sent with it, but on the fly-leaf, in the president's handwriting, is the inscription presenting the book to the pope on the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the priesthood."

Grover Cleveland, of Washington, has the undoubted right to present to Mr. Pecci, of Rome, Italy, as many copies of the Constitution of the United States as he can pay for. But the president of the United States has no business to be negotiating with the pope. However, there are a good many thousands of Irish Catholic votes in New York and other cities, and the politicians want them.

THE Christmas services in Sing Sing prison were unusually earnest in religious tone, and show that institution to be preëminently Christian in character and habitants. The following hymn, composed by an inmate, is an illustrativ example of the power of Christ up the Hudson:

"Rejoice and be glad!
The redeemer has come!
Go look on his cradle,
His cross, and his tomb.

"Sound his praises, tell the story
Of him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again."

THE editor of a Unitarian paper sent a copy of his journal to a Western gentleman, and received the following reply, which he frankly prints:

"Nov. 23, 1887.

"MR. J. L. DOUTHIT, *Dear Sir:* A copy of your 'Best Words' arrived by to-day's mail, and, like a correspondent on the third page of said paper, I, too, think if those are your 'best words,' prolonged silence would excel them very much, and I can struggle along without any further copies of 'Best Words.'

"Why, in the name of sense and reason, are you sending forth such vapid utterances about nothing as are contained in that diminutiv sheet? Hav you any particular object in talking about nonentities and gushing over religion, that damnable curse of the world? By nonentities I mean your God and Jesus, both of whom are myths, and exist only in weak minds and unreliable records called, when compiled, the Bible. Humanity has been cursed long enough with these things, and it is high time for a change. It is as nauseating to a man who possesses reason, to hear or read of Jesus Christ and the Bible God, as it is to take an emetic, and the world is gradually reaching that condition of enlightenment where it has no use for either. What do you *know* about any God, or what evidence hav you that such a person ever lived as Jesus Christ, who came to save this world, and met with a cold reception, if the Bible *is* true as a biography? Contemporaneous history does not mention his name only in cases where forgeries hav been interpolated, and those who write about him in the New Testament disagree, so the impression prevails that they were all liars and not to be depended on. But, supposing he did liv, he had his day, paid the debt of nature, and went—where? I hav no need of a dead man to regulate my actions in life, and as I am an individual, I don't copy after some one else, but try to be myself. This would be a hell of a world if everybody thought and acted like the fabled Jesus, and we would all be tramps too, as he was. No, I hav no use for Jesus, God, or *Best Words*, and you made a mistake when you sent that senseless sheet to ——.

"P.S.—If you obtain the impression I am not a Christian, you won't be much in error."

Letters like that must be discouraging to the cause of Christ.

ON another page will be found some philosophical observations by Colonel Ingersoll, being the preface to a nineteenth-century novel written by a deserving young girl with a good big amount of literary talent. "For Her Daily Bread," is the story of two young girls and a younger brother who were left parentless, with ninety-three dollars, fair education, and much courage, to make their way through the world by going to Chicago. There is some love in the work—no one would write a novel without it—but it is, in the main, the narrativ of a working girl's life and experience in the city of Chicago among bluff business men, kind-hearted forks, and disreputable hypocrits. The story is well told, lively and humorous when things went well with the heroin, and the reverse when otherwise. The one who picks the book up will find it difficult to lay it down till he knows how the affairs of the girls come out. It is just such a book, full of human life, as we should expect Colonel Ingersoll to be interested in; and whatever he admires and appreciates is sure to be worth the attention of the humane people of the world. We recommend the novel to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The price is 25 cents.

COPIES of the *North American Review*, containing the articles of Messrs. Ingersoll and Field, may be obtained at this office. Price, 50 cents.

Thank You, Mr. Bradley.

From the Warren, Ark., News.

Last week we received by mail a publication from New York called THE TRUTH SEEKER, an Infidel paper of the blackest dye. It is a contemptible, villainous sheet, full of the basest falsehoods, blasphemy, and libelous attacks on the Christian religion—it spares no church or sect. We hav no respect whatever for such a sheet, but with pride we hold the publisher in supreme contempt—not because he is a non-believer, no, for we do hav a personal respect for respectable Infidels and Atheists—but not for him whose tongue is ever ready to slander or belie Christian men and women because of their true and earnest devotion to God and the church. Its whole aim is to ridicule the church and slander the ministers and members, and to this end directs all of its energies. We are willing to risk the assertion that the author of the publication owes whatever degree of intelligence he has to a pious mother or father—and in this manner repays them. He at least owes the protection of his life and liberty to the institutions of a government founded by Christian patriots. Thus he seeks to destroy the roof under which he was reared—the one that has so often sheltered his defenseless head from the beating and pitiless storm. If the churches with their religions are so repugnant to the sensitiv and refined author, let him go to the interior of the "dark continent," China, or the uncivilized borders of the Far West, where neither the chimes of the church-bell nor the melody of hymns are heard, and there rest his tired soul in everlasting peace.

Freethinkers

Who are desirous of advancing the cause, cannot do it more effectually than by assisting THE TRUTH SEEKER to extend its circulation. A liberal cash commission will be paid to those devoting their time to obtaining new subscribers. For terms, address THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY, 28 Lafayette place, New York.

Letters from Friends.

RUSH, PA., Dec. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: On the expiration of my paid subscription to the old TRUTH SEEKER, Jan. 1, 1888, you will please discontinue sending the paper to me. I may again subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER, but it will be when you take less pains to defend the Anarchists. If they are Infidels, they are such as we do not need; and it is best to import no more of them, and to export as many as possible.

I would say that the illustrations detract from the usefulness of the paper. Yours truly, M. G. SHOEMAKER.

BOULDER, COL., Dec. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I send you $3 25—$3 to be credited on my subscription and 25 cents for the ANNUAL for 1888. I do not know positivly when my subscription expires—but no matter when; I'm sure you are welcome to the use of the money in advance, and I want to be sure of the paper. I do not wish to miss a number. I am especially pleased with the cartoons. If you had to double the price of your paper in order to retain the services of Heston, I should willingly stand the extra tax.

I am sorry to notice so often, in your "Letters from Friends," the fact that your subscribers allow themselvs to take the paper on credit. This is all wrong. Freethinkers should pay for such a paper promptly in advance. Both the cause and the paper are worth it many times over.

JOS. WOLFF.

FALL BROOK, CAL., Dec. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to ask Mr. F. K. Phenix, who has a letter in your issue of December 3d, how he expects to reform a "frightfully unprofitable" church by giving the ballot to the women, its stanchest adherents.

The clergy and the women combined will be such obstinate "defenders of the faith" that the church will obtain everything it asks, gain new light and energy; and Mr. E. A. Stevens's idea of knocking the God of hosts clean out of the laws of our land will never be realized, but very likely the other members of the heavenly firm will be added, as well as certain saints and saintesses to keep them company.

Female suffrage will be more than likely to bring back upon us the intolerable tyranny of the old Blue laws, and the oppression of King George that caused the Revolution will be but a flea-bite in comparison. Better hasten slowly in this matter. M. H. SHEPPARD, M.D.

HOME CITY, KAN., Dec. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: There are but few genuin Liberals here, and they are not working at it much, but mossbacks and cranks are as thick as meal in a sack. Yea, they are as full of spite as hell is of brimstone. Some of the Christians are red-hot of late because three or four of our best Liberals hav succeeded in stopping them from using the school-house to hav divine service in. I think if they want a joss-house to fight old Splitfoot in, let them build one of their own; and while they are praying to their God they might get him to build one, as they say there is nothing impossible with him. They say he brought this wonderful world into existence in six days; if he did, it would only be a short job to fix up a church for them. They even want to use the school-house and the coal that belongs there for nothing. But, then, I suppose they think that all right, as they say, "Jesus paid it all." He must hav settled their coal bill, too, in advance. It doesn't look to me as if their Jesus had been doing much for them lately. Perhaps he got tired and is taking a rest for his health. WM. MOMORRAN.

PRINCETON, MO., Dec. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Some time since I received a letter from J. E. Remsburg, wishing to speak in Princeton, Mo. I hied away on foot to Princeton, and worked for two days; succeeded in getting enough money to secure one lecture, minus $3, which I paid myself. Then I wrote to him to come. He set the time, and was on hand. I had it published in both county papers. But it was only one day, and thus notice was too short, and it rained that night; but we had about one hundred intelligent people to listen to the lecture, which was on "Sabbath-Breaking." I wish we could boil down and skim off this holy or sacred idea of Sabbath, and make it a legal holiday. Then the time would soon roll around when the clergy would hav to earn their bread and butter some other way than begging money from poor women, and the weaker class, on Sunday. Remsburg made a good speech, the first Freethought speech ever delivered in the town, and when he got through there was no Sunday left for the poor Christian.

I hav been trying to get some subscribers for the best paper in the world, and hav succeeded in getting two; may get more. T. W. LEMMAX.

PARIS, ILL., Dec. 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for many years, and until lately hav always obtained much pleasure from a perusal of the paper. In it I hav read hundreds of letters from men who entertain various views in politics and religion, and though of course differing in opinion from many of the writers, could always tolerate their views with due equanimity and make no remarks; but when it comes to tolerating Anarchy under red flags, black flags, or in any way it can be put, I feel compelled to speak and say, Down with it!

Some time ago I read the following sentence in your paper: "Repeal all law—we want none" (Herr Most). I was surprised at the time that you would giv such a sentence a place in THE TRUTH SEEKER. And since those unreasonable instigators of murder and riot in Chicago hav paid the outraged law its due, I am more surprised that you hav so much sympathy to pour out for them. I hope that it will be after my allotted time on earth that this country will reach the time when it has no law; and the man who livs to see the Anarchists' ideas carried out will certainly see hell without going to the domain of Satan.

I stand for law and order. And if laws need reform or repeal I want it done in a peaceful and constitutional way, and not according to the method of John Most. If his teachings are carried out, New York will soon find that she has as much need of hemp as had Chicago.

If THE TRUTH SEEKER has for publication more letters or editorials brimming over with sympathy for the Chicago Anarchists, please giv the space occupied by them in my copy a smear with printer's ink, and I will not inquire the meaning of the blur.

Yours for law and order, J. CRETORS.

GREELEY, COL., Dec. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Upon the evenings of December 6th and 7th the Liberals of this community were met by Dr. J. L. York and wife, and well and truly were they entertained by the doctor upon the subjects of "Revelation or Inspiration; or, How God Speaks to Man," and "The Science of Life; or, How to Be Happy." Each lecture drew a generous and select audience.

The doctor expressed himself complimented by the attendance of the largest gathering ever given a Liberal lecturer in Greeley, and particularly was he impressed by the presence of so many ladies, whose interest was manifest and marked; and in return he gave to them, and all, the doctrin of a strong and cheerful mind so well stored with hope, and truth, and love, and logic. He is importuned to come again, and promises when summer comes. The presence of so strong and good a man in such a noble cause inspires us here with courage and with hope, and we think that we can see a little nearer now the battlements of liberty and truth.

L. L. PUTNAM.

ONEIDA, KAN., Dec. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The cartoon on the front page of your paper of Dec. 10, 1887, illustrates the way our undesirable immigrants are creeping into this country most vividly, with them moving their masks that cover their heads, each ornamented with a cross on his spinal column, in hot pursuit of our public schools. If Mr. Heston is not the means of calling the attention of the people to the fact that the crosses they wear on their backbones are a precursor to the attempt by the old man on the other side of the Tiber to place the cross over the dome at the White House at Washington, they must be very dull of apprehension. Octopus-like he is reaching out his arms, it is evident, and closing up around and crushing out the freedom of this country.

On the 1st of this month one of his embassadors was armed and equipped at Nashville, Tenn., by about fourteen others, with the credentials of a full-fledged bishop, and his headquarters or palace is to be at Concordia, Kan.

When will the people of this land wake up and withhold their encouragement from such a formidable enemy to this country and beat back the undesirable immigrants as shown in the cartoon? Echo answers, When? AMERICA.

ORANGE, MASS., Dec. 12, 287 A.S.

MR. EDITOR: Here is a field of superstition badly in need of a sower of the seeds of truth. Orthodoxy is considered the highest virtue, and conformity the only test required for a full and free entrance into our best society, so called.

The weeds of superstition actually flourish in the middle of our streets, and passers-by dare not even brush aside their leaves to facilitate their progress. Intellectual or scientific advancement is discouraged. Huxley, Darwin, and Spencer are known (information imparted, of course, through the pulpit) only as propagators of insane ideas. It is no wonder that the church can hold its dupes under such perfect control when they are required to devote not only every seventh day entirely to its service, but also three nights in the week besides.

Social ostracism, the last weapon of torture that Liberalism has as yet been unable to wrest from the grasp of fanatics, is wielded with great effect, and the continued possession of its power has rendered them almost invincible.

We hav had no Liberal lecturers here since Professor Danton—three or four years ago or more.

I should like very much to correspond with a young lady of Secular principles, if you hav any such among your subscribers, for I do assure you that they are as scarce *par ici* as superstitious ideas in Ingersoll's head. One capable of writing French preferred. H. W. HAMMOND.

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to acknowledge my satisfaction with the stand you so courageously held, and still hold, regarding the Chicago Anarchists murdered and imprisoned. I often wondered and felt disappointed, when I read your correspondence, to find that intelligent men, striving for universal mental liberty, should become so unreasonable as to condemn without proof their true friends for mental liberty, and uphold that very class that clogs every move to elevate the enslaved masses, from whatever standpoint it may be viewed, for this reason—to allow the money power to rule and rob.

In my judgment no man can be a Liberal who wishes to grow fat and liv in ease by those immoral industrial methods carried on at the expense of others. How can I, economically enslaved, be mentally free? Impossible. It was economical freedom those noble men died for, and not a crime committed; for whoever will read the evidence, if fair-minded, will conclude so. I am not an Anarchist, because I do not understand it; but I followed the evidence in the trial—I know the character of the Chicago police—the hatred of capitalists and press, assisted by office-seeking politicians.

While Liberals rely more upon the press, not their own, they assuredly will make slow progress, if any, for they will lack the moral courage so much needed. and so nobly practiced by your secretary, E. A. Stevens. Considering all these little prejudices, which not only affect a man's principles, but more so his material welfare, you, Mr. Editor, had a hard task—*i.e.*, to make a financial success and uphold what you thought was right.

Inclosed please find $3 for another year's subscription that I, too, may become a pioneer in the cause of human liberty.

Yours fraternally, JOHN F. PAULSEN.

ITHAOA, MICH., Nov. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: My paper of November 5th, containing Colonel Ingersoll's Reply to the Rev. Mr. Field, did not come. It is the first number I hav not received since I commenced taking the paper. Will you please send me the number containing said Reply? I would not miss that number for the price of the paper a year. THE TRUTH SEEKER grows better and better. Those sniveling priests hav had their feelings hurt again by that terrible Ingersoll. What a pity—they are so tender of the feelings of Ingersoll and all other Liberals! I giv them fits every chance I get, and that is quite often. I had it rough-and-tumble this summer with the Methodist minister of our place. He made the statement that he would rather his boys would learn to steal than learn to swear. I asked him why he made such a statement. I told him I had two boys that I was interested in, and if they must do either I would rather they would swear than steal. He said it was a greater crime in the opinion of the almighty to swear than to steal. I asked him what he knew about the opinion of the almighty—if he had ever seen him and got his opinion. He seemed indignant, and wanted to know if I ever made a profession of history. I told him, Yes, I had been a Methodist a good many years. He then wanted me to attend his meetings and let him dig me out. I told him I would attend his meetings and he might dig at me to his heart's content, if he would let me hav half the time to dig at him and his theory, but he declined. They are very valiant behind the cowards' castle. ISAAO GABRION.

ADRIAN, MICH., Dec. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to say a few things concerning Anarchy. It is an unreasonable hypothesis to suppose that industry should share with indolence or laziness. Even equal distribution of land would not satisfy Anarchy or Socialism. It would not be agreed to by those who seek to liv on, or off, free plunder. I, being a man, through frugality and industry hav accumulated a competency, and would not be willing to pool my earnings with lazy cut-throats and thieves. Neither would I allow people from other climes, who could not liv in peace in their nativ land, to come here and seek to break up the best government on earth. We hav no room for bomb or other missil throwers. Wild, turbulent devils, who try to incite murder and undermine our institutions, should be hanged on the first post or gateway as a warning to evil-doers.

I'll bet $1,000 the man who would say, Hats off, to those men who were hung at Chicago, is an Anarchist. Giv him five hundred acres of government land and he would not work a foot of it in an agricultural way, but if he could strike a rich mine that would net him millions, he would load up his shot-gun and shoot the first poor countryman of his who attempted to share with him, though he now shouts, Equal distribution! There are thousands of such men. They will not work themselvs, and will advise others to be of the same ilk. Giv him $1,000 to go West with and purchase a farm; he would not do it, but would go into riotous living in some free-and-easy resort until he spent it all, and then try to kick up a row for another instalment. This country has no room for wild-eyed, murderous missil-slingers. Roust mit em! This is a magnificent government, and should not harbor such elements. O. S. BARRETT.

MYRTLE CREEK, OR., Dec. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The Methodist South and the old-school Presbyterians are holding a union meeting and an insane theatrical display here. It has been going on for over a week. A Presbyterian priest from Portland takes the lead. He has the other priests under his control, on account of his ability and magnetic influence. He commands order and obedience by the young by the same means and through fear. He is a muscular man of middle age, and is possessed of the nervous, bilious, and abdominal temperaments, combined with the cephalio-magnetic. His appeals and influence destroy or paralyze reason in the credulous and unlearned. It appears as though many people hav become partially insane. They cry and shout and plead with others.

Several hav joined the rank and file of superstition, and hav prostrated their reason at the shrine of ignorance and intellectual slavery. Some of them know no more about the Bible than they know about the arts and sciences. This Portland man votes the people quite often to see who are upon the "Lord's side," and who will come to Jesus and escape a fearful hell, etc. On one occasion he said, "If any one is present who does not expect to be saved from his sins by the blood of Christ, rise to your feet." Two of us arose. He said that he never knew it to fail that such characters were converted before the close of the meeting. I told some of them that the happiest experience for me is since my emancipation from the church; that I now hav more regard for everything that livs and feels.

The speaker from Portland recommended the burning of Freethought literature. He said that it was not fit to stop rat-holes with. He recommended social ostracism, and said that we had no right to know the opposit of religion or the Bible. He added that the time to convert people to Christianity is in their infancy, but what is still better is to begin with the mother before the child is born.

Some of the joiners hav done what would not be prudent to publish in the way of deceiving and robbing their fellow-

man, yet they show no disposition to make restitution, for "Christ has canceled all." It appears that they are yet ignorant of the consequence of sin. I hav been preaching the gospel of universal liberty in conjunction with the distribution of Freethought literature. What would the clergy and their slaves do with me if they had the power?

L. C. HILL.

GYMPIE, QUEENSLAND, AUS., Oct. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: This is the first time I hav written to your valuable paper, as I am a very poor scholar, but I hav a little thinking power left in me after all the humdrum of theology I had pounded into me from the time I can remember, and there is plenty to do yet for the Liberals and truth-seeking men. For some still persist, and rant, and rave that God rules all things well; but for my part, I know nothing of him. All I hav to say is, I would like to see him rule a little as he used to do in the old times, according to the Bible; and likewise the Virgin Mary's son—if a son he could be, but that Holy Ghost trick I cannot swallow. As a miner I work underground, and some of my fellow-workingmen hav different views from what I hold, and one said to me the other day if he believed as I did, that there was no hell, he would throw himself down the shaft and make an end of himself. So I told him, it didn't belong to me to do that, but if I was one of their faith-men I would do it. For my part, I think they should do a few of those tricks as well as talk so much about them, and come off victorious just to show that we Infidels are on the wrong track.

I inclose subscription for another year's TRUTH SEEKER, as I think it is the best paper I ever read, and the cartoons are grand. I hav tried to get you more subscribers. They think it is too far away. We hav a small association of Freethinkers here, formed at the time Dr. York was here. There are about fifty members. I am glad to see he is still working hard for liberty and truth, and so many others besides who want to knock the religion and superstitions out of the people, and make room for more humanity. C. FORMAN.

MT. PLEASANT, TEX., Dec. 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am trying to shake off the superstition that has clothed me for so many years (not so many, perhaps, as I am now only twenty-four), but whichever way I turn I still see a fluttering fragment. I so long for the time when I shall be able to hear our great Freethought lecturers, all of them. My brother is the only Freethinker with whom I am personally acquainted.

I am a Communist, and should be glad to hear from any interested that way.

I hav been a member of three churches. When I was seven years old I joined the Methodists. Several of my young friends were already members, and they assured me that I ought to join also. I said that I had rather be a Baptist. But the last night of the revival came, and I was so worked up and nervous about my sins that I half yielded. My friends, seeing that I wavered, fairly pushed me up front, and I found myself sitting beside one of the most dissipated wretches in town. He had joined the church I don't know how many times. I glanced at him timidly, half frightened to find myself so near him. But we were both sinners together. But I still wanted to be a Baptist, as my mother was a member of that church. So, at the age of thirteen, I joined the Baptists. I attended church and prayer-meeting regularly, and wept very much over my sins. I remember going to see an old lady who had read her Bible through three times on her knees. I thought her perfect, so I tried reading mine that way. But youth rebelled. Three times on my knees sufficed. But for a long time I would not go to bed without reading a chapter. Later on I joined the Unitarian church, and liked their liberal teachings. Not liberal enough, however, and I hope by reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, and other Freethought literature, to become a true Liberal, and to help brighten the light that must soon illumin the world.

At first I was a little afraid of THE TRUTH SEEKER, but now I welcome it before any other paper. Long liv its worthy Editor, and all its good contributors.

Yours for liberty, A. H. PARK.

MATERIALISM VERSUS ORTHODOX HEAVEN.

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The query presents itself: How great losers are Materialists for not believing in, and relying on, the Christian heaven?

To me, that latter place, as described by its advocates, is a contemptible burlesque, acceptable only to the drunkard, the indolent, and the heartless. To the many who desire naught but free drinks and idleness, the Christian heaven must be the acme of their hopes and ambitions.

But how loathsome, in cruelty and selfishness, it appears to an exalted, divine manhood imbued with a tender love for all kind, a sympathetic, responsiv nature, and withal an ever-increasing and intense desire for greater and greater mental accomplishments aud lofty attainments! To such a one, what temptation is held forth by the promis of a harp and opportunity eternal to sit at the feet and worship a religious fanatic named Jesus, with just enough brimstone odor to assure him that mother, children, and innumerable loved and loving ones are suffering eternal torture?

What hideous mockery! Only words that would "writhe and hiss" could do justice to such a heaven, and to those who recommend it as a just reward for well-doing. All hail to the day which has dawned wherein such abominations of creed and doctrin are being swept away as chaff before the wind!

Materialism is a holy calm and rest compared to such a place. But is there no choice between those two—Materialism and the Bible heaven? To me, it is easier to believe in a future life without the Bible than with it; and though many may wail forth to Brother Reynolds that he is taking from them their "blessed Bible and faith in the Lord Jesus," I would assure them that when they loosen their rigid hold on the abnormal and monstrous they will find a peace and aspiration for righteousness which will surprise them and make them aglow with enthusiasm for the truth, for the natural, for the consistent, and harmonious. I would say to all, Welcome the physician, whoever he may be, that will eliminate the abnormal; the normal will then establish itself, and the beauty and symmetry of its outlines will be discernible at once.

Reason and divine intuition assure me that the result of this life is a higher and more perfect state of existence, where progression is continuous and all the divine chords of our being are attuned to greater tenderness and harmony; where all love-ties are eternally united; where, besides mental attainments incomprehensible to man, is that perfect joy of doing good unto others, ministering tenderly unto those who are in a darker and inferior stage of development, owing to an erroneous—unspiritual—earth career, and where the most degraded among us will ultimately attain unto perfect peace and happiness, not by shifting their sins upon another, but by undoing by slow and careful erasures and atonements the results of their ignoble and selfish ill-doing.

FANNY DE VILLO.

PORTLAND, ORE., Nov. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: An invitation to be present and address the people at the dedication of the Freethought Hall at Silverton, Oregon, was the first I had heard of this enterprise, and I was too glad to be with these noble co-workers in their hour of triumph. Silverton is fifty miles from Portland and twelve miles east of Salem, the capital of Oregon. The time was Friday, next day after Thanksgiving. The day before, I was at the depot by noon and found myself in the hands of a committee of safety and in the possession of a home with S. Ames, Esq., one of the enterprising business men of the place. The Hall is on the most prominent lot in town, and is a massiv brick building, two stories, 32 by 70 feet. It is the result of Mr. Putnam's labors, who spoke there the last of June.

High above it floats a large American flag, and one old orthodox brother said, "If they had placed it on the outside of town, I would not hav keered, but they went and put it right sock in the center."

In the hall I found a score of ladies and gentlemen ornamenting and placing the furniture in position, which cost several hundred dollars.

By 10 o'clock Friday morning, farmers with their families came rolling into town, and by 1 from five to six hundred persons were in and about the hall. The Silverton brass band took their position on the left—all intelligent, bright-looking Liberals; the Secular Union choir had the center of the stage, and a musical club from Salem, six in number, occupied the right, looking like young princes. And never was music better or more heartily enjoyed.

Dr. ——, whose name I hav forgotten, opened the meeting with a short, logical speech, which was a gem. As president of Secular Union No. 307, he will be a success.

Professor McLary, of Stayton, gave the opening address, which was a Radical cyclone. The forests seemed to bend before it. This young man's oratory, logic, and power are of the highest order; so much so that none of the exponents of superstition will meet him in debate.

R. D. Allen, Esq., secretary, read a poem from Mr. Putnam, written for the occasion, which we all hope to see in print. R. D. Allen is a farmer of fine business and administrativ abilities. He is as modest as a lady, good-looking—yes, and good too, so good you would take him to be a Liberal at sight.

C. Beal next delivered an address of twenty minutes on "The Head, Heart, and Hand of Liberalism."

Dr. ——, of Aumsville, closed.

At night the six young men from Salem gave a musical concert of two hours, and then played for the dance till broad daylight in the morning. Supper all night at the hotel; everybody happy and good behavior everywhere; only one saloon in the place—meek as Moses.

To be brief, Liberal emigrants can't do better than settle on these rich lands about Silverton and commune with these intelligent people. Let us make this place the head-center for our cause on this northwest coast.

Write your name on a book or journal and send it to their library. Lecturers, pass that way.

Direct letters, books, and the like to R. D. Allen, Esq.

CORNELIUS BEAL.

BARCELONA, SPAIN, Nov. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: This beautiful Sabbath—Saturday—morning finds me seated at the table in the salon on board the Spanish steamer Miguel M. Pinillos, at anchor in the bay of Palma, Isla de Mallorca, about one hundred miles southeast of Barcelona, Spain. We embarked at New York on the 29th ult., and steamed directly for Cadiz, at which port we arrived on the 12th inst. Palma is one of the most salubrious cities extant, except that it is befogged with twenty-eight monuments to superstition of the malignant type, viz., Roman Catholic. The majority of the people here are mere machines (especially the women), wound up occasionally by the priests, and run down to the tune of faith, hope, and ignorance.

I hold that those Anarchists at Chicago had a constitutional right to express their silly views in regard to Anarchy from the rostrum, or from whatsoever public place they might desire to do so, just so long as they did not practice Anarchy. Just as the New York *Herald* of Jan. 22, 1887, p. 28, editorial relativ to polygamy, said: "If the adherents to the Mormon faith want to preach polygamy, they are free to do so; that is a matter of belief, etc. But to practice it is a crime." From their earliest infancy the minds of the people are so much deluded and distorted by and through false teachings, ideas, and doctrins that it is almost impossible to find a person whose mind is qualified to occupy a position in the jury-box, or upon the judge's bench, and while there to render a fair, impartial, and just verdict or decision. For instance, I will refer to the person who, by and through teaching and training, believes—or tries to believe, for it seems impossible that a rational human mind could be taught to believe it—that a veritably just, benignant, and merciful God made man, poor, frail, erring creature that he is, scarcely able to distinguish between right and wrong, and whose mind is susceptible of being taught to believe that barbarism, even cannibalism, is right and just, and capable of being seduced in every conceivable manner, and then made a hell of fire and brimstone in which that man must writhe and burn not for a few millions of ages, that thereby he might be purified and prepared for a higher position of rectitude and perfect holiness and bliss, but to writhe and burn in that hell throughout all the ceaseless ages of eternity; and that, too, for a crime that was committed by his ancestors hundreds of generations prior to his birth. The mind that veritably believes such barbarous nonsense as that would, in the eyes of rationality, be about as well qualified to render a just decision or verdict as the Christian's hell would be fit for a powder-house. If the Christian's idea of a God, a hell, a devil, and eternal punishment is in conformity with justice, then why not establish justice in our courts? And if it can be established and proven beyond doubt—the Christians hav not done this—that anybody's great-great-great-grandfather or other ancestor stole anything, if even so insignificant as an apple, why, of course, arrest him, the offender's descendant, and, upon the establishment of the fact that he is the descendant of him who stole the apple or other little thing, skin him alive, little by little, a shoestring at a time, once a day, and from head to foot. Even then you would fall far short of doing him veritable justice according to the Christian's standard. And it must be remembered that, when Adam and Eve disobeyed the law of the Christian's God, they did not in the least know right from wrong, good from evil, till after they had violated the law; and still, the poor. debased simpleton believes it is just to hold even their posterity for thousands of generations down responsible for it, and under the most severe punishment conceivable to the human mind. Well, my gawky Christian friends, if you will agree that the punishment shall be meted out to the descendants of your Adam and Eve in this world, just so soon as they may hav attained to the age of majority, or at any time thereafter, I will join hands with you. But, be it remembered, that I and all of mine are descendants from the brother of Cain's wife, whom he found in the land of Nod. Adam and Eve are no ancestors to me. It seems to me that the gawky Christian is not aware of the barbarous condition of his own benighted mind. The Feejee, while he is killing, cooking. and eating his fellow-man, does not know that he is practiciug a horrid barbarity; like the Christian, he has been taught from his earliest infancy.

The man who is endowed with a nature so obdurate and void of justice as to be able to sit down and witness the horrid spectacle, the various shocking injustices, of a very Christian Spanish bull-fight, and enjoy it, experiencing veritable pleasure and enjoyment at the sight of it, probably, does not know that himself is endowed with a very fiendish nature, and the same may be said of the man possessed of over a million dollars' worth of other people's labor converted into various kinds of wealth, and who goes about among his poor fellow-men, beholding them writhing in hard labor and in the uttermost depths of hunger, rags, and want, without disbursing among them at least every cent of the net income that he may derive from his wealth. All such people may not know that they are veritable fiends, endowed with diseased minds; but, if I know anything of justice, I know it, and it enables me to behold a little justice in death I think that much of the injustice, fiendishness, of the human minds that are thus distorted is the result of their having been taught and imbued with the barbarous idea that there possibly could be any justice, or anything else than fiendishness—utter fiendishness—in the creation or establishment of the Christian's hell; and, if such a hell does not exist, then out falls the bottom of all Christianity. No wonder that our judges and jurors are so barbarously craving the blood of innocent men and lunatics, such as were the Chicago Anarchists and Charles J. Guiteau. They are first made barbarians by being stuffed full of barbarism by the preachers, priests, and editors, and then placed in the jury-box and upon the judge's bench to display that barbarism; and hence the anarchy, injustice, in and before our courts.

When a lawyer, being a rationalist, goes into one of our courts and gains a case in favor of iniquity and crime, and obtains the acquittal of a veritable culprit, as is often done, it must be remembered that the rationalist shyster is playing the game—eucher, for instance—that the Christians hav spread upon the board, and, if he happens to hold a good hand, such as ability to thwart the path of justice—both bowers, ace, king, and queen—he plays it alone and wins the game, and gains his case according to the rules of the game, the rules of practice in and before our courts, our machines, our inquisitions. If the jurors chance to be muddle-minded Christians, accustomed to being driven hither and thither from one false premis to another by the absurd oratory of eloquent priests and preachers, why, any eloquent shyster can, by means of a short spurt of oratory, so distort their minds as to obtain the acquittal of even a Star Route swindler, or the conviction of seven innocent Anarchists. Just pause for a moment, and behold what Christian barbarity has done and is now doing in the land of Lafayette, of Paine, and of Washington, at the sides of the deathbeds of whom no priest or preacher was permitted to practice mummery.

Oh, that the rationalists could but hav one state in our Union entirely to themselvs! I feel sure that in one short generation they would show to the world a great difference between rationalism and barbarism, and that the latter would soon forever die. Anarchy would not exist then in our courts as it now does, and the people of the world would be far more just and happy than they now are.

GEORGE NEWTON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

If Ingersoll Is Right.

What if Ingersoll is right?
Shall all of good go out in night?
Will mothers cease their babes to love?
From white to black must change the dove?
Will Cupid all his arrows break,
And drown himself in Lethe's lake?
Will people lose their power to dine?
Can fiery Sol forget to shine?
Or optic nerve not sense a sight
Because one Ingersoll is right?

What if Ingersoll is right?
Why, pious lies shall perish quite,
And canting cut-throats sneak away,
While decent men make safe the day.
The fagot will refuse to flame
To roast who honor Reason's name;
And dungeon cells cannot doom such
As saints suppose may think too much;
But all who walk in Science's light
Know Colonel Ingersoll is right.

What if Ingersoll is right?
Is therefore all of life a blight?
What though dude Zion's bell be broke,
If we smell not Gehenna's smoke?
Why should the songs of heaven swell
For chorus to the sighs from hell?
Fond hope that all forever sleep!
Huge fear that one should wake to weep!
We shall be free from Satan's might
If Robert Ingersoll is right.

What if Ingersoll is right?
Hav then a reason for the right,
Not curse and kill men for the cause
That they interpret nature's laws.
Pure Truth will for herself be praised
When hoodoo temples hav been razed.
When ghostly Gods shall cease to reign,
And spooks not vex our minds in vain,
Then man shall rise to virtue's hight,
Because our Ingersoll is right.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

Prize Essay.

WHY I AM A LIBERAL.

I believe my own conscience to be a better udge of right and wrong than a book written two thousand years ago to govern the barbarians of that time.

I cannot find the beauty in a religion whose essential is faith in one's own sins being transferred to another's shoulders.

I see all days alike—parts of our lives, hours that can never come back again, to be filled with efforts to make others happy, to work blessed miracles in bringing smiles to sad faces, lightening others' burdens, and changing tears to laughter, and I think there should be no "day of rest" from our life-work, for there is not a day nor an hour to spare.

In nature is the true religion.

Every flower in the field and every stone in the brook preaches a sermon, a beautiful sermon, whose every word is truth.

A man who is to benefit this world of ours must liv here in mind as well as body, with a kind heart, a free mind, and a pair of hands whose glory is in their good and noble work.

Is it not true that he will liv a second life in the spirit his good deeds hav excited?

I do not believe that there are two people in all the world who can hav precisely the same belief, so when we see thousands of the same church, and professing the same creed, what can we think but, "The nineteenth century, with all the brave men and women who hav made it what it is, has wrought for them no benefit?"

Slavery, we say, does not exist on our continent, yet we hav millions of slaves here, mind-slaves, and in fetters of their own forging.

I cannot believe in the absolute truth of a book which has been handed down from generation to generation, revised, and translated from tongue to tongue.

Luther, while engaged in the translation of this very book, threw his inkstand at the head of a devil, which he thought stood tempting and persuading him from his task; and the stain on the wall still remains, a monument to excited imagination.

All acknowledge the superiority of our mode of life over that of the people who lived so long ago.

And why should not these improvements giv birth to a newer and better religion?

And so I am a Liberal.

Let us not giv our thoughts to a God of whom we do and can know nothing, but let each man liv for the good of the world and his fellow-man, and his interest will be their love and respect, and let Liberty be goddess of the world.

LAURA PRICE STEWART (age 15 years).
Denver, Col.
[Winning prize of $1.—ED. C. C.]

The Stompoodle Christmas Reception;

OR, HOW YAWCOB PATRICK STOMPOODLE RECEIVED HIS NAME.

Old man Stompoodle, of Greensburg, was of German descent, and was the proprietor of the Stompoodle Tippling House.

Old woman Stompoodle was old man Stompoodle's consort, and had been this for the last five-and-twenty years; her ancestral land was Erin.

Old man and woman Stompoodle were blessed with four-and-ten children, the youngest of which (a boy) was aged three months, and as yet was destitute of a name—the cause being that Bridget (old woman) disapproved Teutonic "set-offs," as she termed names, and approved Irish ones, while Fritz Yohannes insisted that appellations like Pater, Yawcob, and Karl took the lager and sauer-krout every time. Bridget and Fritz Yohannes, finding they could come to no conclusion in regard to naming their young son, resolved, as Christmas was near, to giv a Christmas reception, and allow their guests to discuss, and some one (who was to act as judge) decide from the arguments, what type of name should be best.

The 25th of December finally came. By Christmas evening, the Stompocdles had completed their German and Irish preparations for their invited Irish and German guests. The German and Irish reception and dining rooms had been Irishly and Germanly decorated; German and Irish musicians had been engaged, and the table was well supplied with Irish and German favorit dishes—sauer-krout and potatoes constituting a big part.

The guests began to appear at about 8 o'clock, and by 8:30 they were all present. The Irish guests, headed by old woman Stompoodle, immediately convened. The German guests, headed by their host, did likewise.

Bridget bribed her party, by promising them each three swallows of good Irish whisky if they won the evening by securing her son an Irish name. Fritz Yohannes had likewise bribed his party, by promising each of them more sauer-krout than they could eat (which meant no less than two gallons apiece), if they won the evening by securing a German name for his son.

After conversing a short while, all the visitors and Stompoodles assembled in the reception room, both parties being confident of victory. The Irish orators, with old woman Stompoodle, gathered on one side of the room; the German speakers, with old man Stompoodle, congregated on the other side. Between them, or in the center of the room, sat Stompoodle's eldest daughter, who was to act as judge of the occasion.

After the judge had called order, the contest opened with Terry McGinnis's address. It ran thus:

"Ledies an' gintlemean: Es Oi've bin keld opon to ravale tha apinyen of me moind on this gret palitical metter, it's me wish to compla without father saromonies.

"Now, ledies and gintlemean, its ferr me perrt that I praferr Moike and Pat to eny names inder tha sun; an' its rasons ferr it Oi hev too.

"In the ferst pless, it's becase it's somethin' ramentic they hav about them, which sartinly trims thar oners off; and becase it's selid to tha backbone they arr; an' shure an' it's prode it max its oner; but me princapel rason is becase it's strong they max one, ferr arr not meny of the praize-ring min named Moike and Pat? Then it's 'cess the young min in an Indian bettle gits, which he's very laible to do; it's but an' Oi'm Pat or Moike he's to haller, and his brick-calered intagenists will flay at the icho of his voice. Now, ledies an' gintlemean, aftaire having all thase substantial rasons, if it's not Pat or Moike the child is keld, it's meself, by jabers, who'll jimp through Terry McGinnis's stove paipe." (Takes his seat.)

Much applause follows this eloquent address, and the orator is made the recipient of many bouquets of choice flowers. The next speaker was Yoseph Stopenbrakes. His oration was in this shape:

"Mens und vimens: In recards dot battle Inshens-pisness, does Yawcob not shignifies supplanter? Und if de poy's name was hav been Yawcob, he voot endoutevly hav exhploded dem red-colored brick consagenists before dot Mike or Patrick was gets his sphyglass to his neck to see vere dem red-colored brick consagenists vas. Und anoder tings, I would likes to spheaks of—Mike und Patrick so much like onions zounds, und disagreeables like dot vas nuting else." (Takes his seat.)

Wild cheers and mild bouquets follow this short but racy speech.

The next person on the list was Mrs. Flanagan (Stompoodles called her Flannel-cakes), the substance of whose oration was that Patricks and Mikes, of late, had all turned out to be great and brave; she then referred to Patrick Henry, and, to evince how brave he was, said: "He was found of liberty and death." She concluded her oration by asking to be excused for not giving any more examples of celebrated Patricks and Mikes, on the grounds of not wishing to waste time. (Bouquets.)

Next came Hans Flopenbecker, who was an amateur, and was unprepared for the occasion; but he anyhow succeeded in stammering out:

"Mine Peoples: Very much I likes Yawcob and Pater, but very much I don't likes Patrick and Mike." (Takes his seat amidst applause and bouquets.)

A dozen or more speeches were indulged in by both parties, but the last one will only be repeated. It was by Robert McBernon, a noble, learned, and honored gentleman. It was as follows:

"Ledies and Gints: Tha rason ferr me prefarin our pertie's names, is in cess the young gint enjoys no schoolin', he will enyhow be abble to spill Moike or Pat, for averybody can spill them—M-u-k-k-e, Mike, end P-r-x-t, Pat. Anether good rason, is in cess the young gint hes a poor mimory, he'll niver forgit Pat or Moike; for if he cen't think of Moike he's but to ramember spike, end that will ramind him o' Moike; end if he forgits Pat he's but to ramem-ramem-ramember—ah!—ah!—fat, end that will ramind o' Pat; so let the name be Moike or Pat." (Takes his seat.) Much applause follows, but no bouquets, as they were exhausted.

Next was the judge's or Miss Stompoodle's decision to come, as to which side had won. Silence reigned for a time, both parties still being confident of victory.

The judge arose at last. All cast their eyes upon her admiringly. Indeed, the judge was not a bad-looking nor ignorant girl. Her words which followed were the only well-spoken ones of the evening. They were these: "The only way I see to adjust this matter properly is, to bestow upon my brother a middle as well as Christian name; one to be of a German and the other of an Irish type. I am of the opinion that Yawcob Patrick would make as good a combination as any, so let his name be Yawcob Patrick Stompoodle." (Takes her seat amidst deafening applause.)

As if by magic the Irish party cry in concert the question, "Who is that gairl?" and in the same manner the German party reply, "She vas all right."

The orchestra then immediately struck up a German and Irish march, while everybody, Irishly and Germanly, promenaded into the dining-room, and as they did they sang, "Long Liv Yawcob Patrick Stompoodle." At the same time old Kris, who was on his homeward journey, sang as he passed by, "They won't get home till morning."

HERMAN S. TAUSIG.

Chats With Correspondents.

LILLY.—Yes, dear, we hav always loved children. They are the sunlight of the world, the innocent angels that make living in a world of shadows endurable.

DANA L.—It may be that everything is for the best, as you say, but it is not easy always to think so. We hav to learn to bear what is with as much composure as possible.

MARGARET, OLIVER, AND ANNIE.—Thanks for your beautiful pictures. They are a lovely addition to our gallery of TRUTH SEEKER children. Thanks, also, for the souvenir from "bonnie Scotland."

J. H. B.—Many thanks for your kind remembrance. No; do not learn to smoke. It is a needless and expensiv luxury. With cigar money buy useful books. Send to Truth Seeker Company for catalog. The works you inquire for may be found in the office there.

JESSIE BREWSTER.—Your article received, and will appear as soon as we hav room for it. Your contributions are always welcome. We thank you for your kind interest, and we shall always strive to deserve the good opinion of the friends of the Children's Corner. No, we hav certainly not discontinued for good the Science stories. We realize their importance, but ill-health has prevented their appearance of late, as we hav not felt able to write a great deal in these days, but hope to be well again soon.

LEWIS.—Chewing gum is injurious in several ways. It is neither a wholesome nor beautiful habit. A boy who chews gum might some time chew tobacco. We don't like to think of our bright boys and girls as being addicted to any such habit. It is said that a million dollars is spent every year in the United States for chewing gum. There are large factories engaged in its manufacture, but, none the less, its use is not in good taste, nor is it conduciv to good health.

A FRIEND writes, in a private note, and she will please pardon us for making it public, of the Science Column: "It not only interests the children, but instructs older people who during their early lives were denied such advantages. You know there are many grown people, with undeveloped minds, who would not hav understood those matters as they are treated in scientific works; but, simplified and stripped of their technicalities as you treat them, they are read with an intelligent understanding by some of my Western acquaintances, and I feel sure the Science Column does more good than you know." We are glad to know our efforts are appreciated, but we fall very short of our ideal; still we do the best we can, and shall resume the Science chapters soon as health permits.

J. K. P. B.—Thanks for puzzles. You are very kind and thoughtful; indeed, I think no one has better and truer friends than the

EDITOR OF THE CORNER.

Correspondence.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 11, 287.

MISS WIXON: Comfort is the first factor of life. The only worthy contentment is being contented with doing our best, and making the best of what we hav while it lasts. I do not know of anything better to do than to keep the children clear of those baneful illusions and invasions, God and gin, Bible and beer, so I send you another cargo of rhymes for the Corner. One piece is an answer to some slurs in a recitation-book, claiming that everything worth having will go to the condemned canines if Ingersoll is right. If those who pretend to so much piety about what they know nothing of would do one-quarter as well as Colonel Ingersoll, and be a fourth as pleasant as his family, no one would be kept awake by senseless barking or hurt by biting. Death is as natural as birth, and it is only the howling of hypocrits that makes it seem a terror.

JOHN R. GUILD.

GRANTFORK, ILL., Dec. 20, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav never seen any letter from this part of the country, I thought that I would write a few lines. I am a boy, fifteen years old. I am not going to school this term. I would go, but my father is postmaster, and he needs me at home, for I am assistant. Our town is situated about (by public road) thirty miles from the city of St. Louis. Father is the only person that takes your valuable paper. I like to read it very much. I would like to correspond with some boy. I would like to see more boys write letters. Hoping you will see fit to publish my letter, I remain,

Your friend, NICHOLAS J. KRAFT.

[We would like to see more letters from the boys, too. As it is now, the girls hav the larger part of the correspondence column. But the boys who do write for the Corner are able and capable, and we are pleased to add the name of Nicholas, the young assistant-postmaster, to the list. Who knows that he may not be some time a postmaster-general?—ED. C. C.]

OMAHA, NEB., Dec. 18, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I beg to inform you that I hav received your letter containing $2, being the second prize for essay entitled, "Why I am a Liberal," and I wish to tender Mr. Marlett and yourself my most sincere thanks for awarding me the prize.

I want to get your books entitled, "Apples of Gold" and "All In a Lifetime." The "Story Hour" I already hav.

Inclosed find money order for the sum of $3, to pay for "Apples of Gold," "All In a Lifetime," and "Liberal Song Book."

I will also inclose likenesses of my three-year-old brother, Oliver, my ten-year-old sister, Annie, and myself. I would like to hav your photograph, if convenient. Please send me books which contain your portrait, if you hav them. When I write another essay will you select the subject, or shall I select one myself? I will now close.

From your friend,

MARGARET S. COLVIN.

P.S.—I will not send the money order in this letter, but will send it in an envelope by itself. I will mail them both at the same time.

M. S. C.

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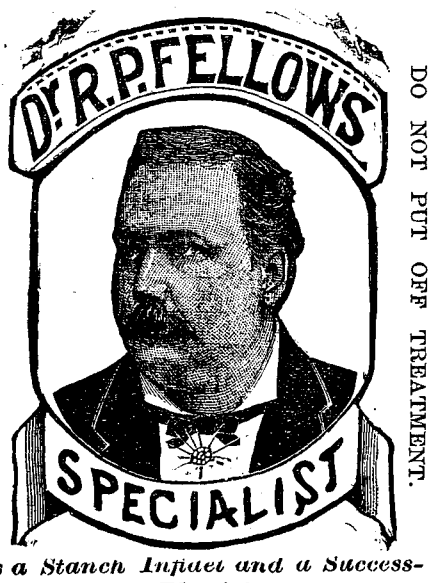
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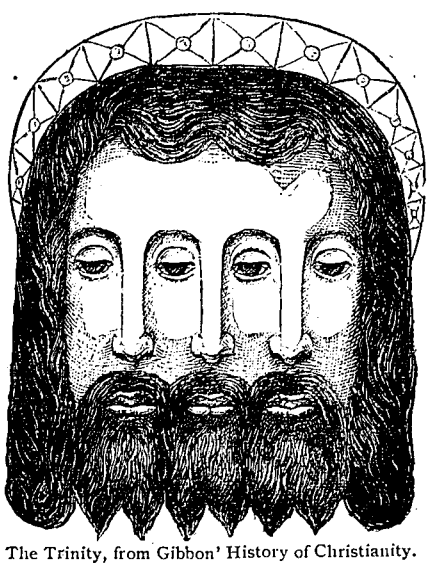
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Thou hast surely come to free me
From my care.
When afar off thou didst track me,
Fearing that thou wouldst attack me
Caused despair.

Then thou wert a grim annoyer;
Now thou art a dear destroyer
Of my pain.
With thy frigid hands and fingers
Chill the fever that still lingers
In my brain.

Fainter grow my heart's pulsations,
And my indistinct sensations
Seem to cease.
Boldly, Death, at last I face thee;
Benefactor, oh, embrace me—
This is peace.

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Church and Mammon.

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes.
When a man is down, giv him a thrust;
Trample the beggar under the dust.

Presumptuous poverty is quite appalling.
When a man is down, kick him for falling;
When he is up, lift him up higher.
His life is for sale, but who is the buyer?

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes.
I knew a poor but honest man
Who tried to liv on the Christian plan;

But poor he is and poor he'll be;
A despised and wretched thing is he.
At home he meets a starving wife;
Abroad he leads a leper's life.

Join the church, and ne'er forsake her;
Learn to cant, and insult your maker;
Be hypocrit, liar, knave, or fool—
But don't be poor. Remember the rule:
Dollars and dimes, dollars and dimes;
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes.

Difficulties Encountered in Evangelizing Harvard Students.

From the Omaha Herald.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 19th.—They do say that a movement is contemplated at Harvard, the object of which is to evangelize, in some measure, this notoriously heathen university. It must not be supposed that the devil has obtained undisputed possession of the college. On the contrary, I hav reason to know that not a few young men of exceptional godliness are numbered upon its roll of undergraduates. Among themselvs these pious guzzlers at the Pierian spring hav a society, the object of which is the propagation of the faith within Alma Mater's classic precincts. As a rule, the members of this prayerful sodality are unusually poverty-stricken. I cannot imagin why it is, but I hav never met a fairly well-to-do student who entertained a prepossession in favor of the catechism and the hymn-book. The solution of this enigma I modestly refer to wiser thinkers.

Upheld by that consciousness of moral rectitude which distinguishes the seeker after religious truth, the devout sophomore employs his personal influence to spiritually educate his unregenerate classmates. He does not hesitate to call upon the especially unsanctified in their rooms and to giv them all sorts of valuable suggestions regarding the mending of their ways. Suppose, for example, he finds that dissipated youth, Splasher, engaged playing draw-poker with a few equally dissipated acquaintances. So absorbing is the game that they do not hear his timid knock. But the jackpot winds up at length, and the summons elicits a tardy response.

"Toddle in, my blooming," says the hospitable Mr. Splasher, opening the door. "You're just in time to make a sixth hand in the game."

"You are very kind," replies the visitor, "but I hav not any acquaintance with these soul-destroying pastimes."

"That's all right," responds the genial host. "If you won't join us, pray take a seat and look on."

So the evangelical amateur balances himself on the extreme edge of a chair, and eyes the proceedings with an air of grieved disapprobation. Presently one of the players deposits in the middle of the table a small white disk of celluloid. "May I ask what that is?" says the missionary apologetically, evidently inspired to investigate this curious form of iniquity.

"That's the ante," explains one of Mr. Splasher's friends politely.

"But what is an ante?"

"Five cents."

"What! You don't mean to say that you are gambling for money?"

"Well, we should rather smile! You don't suppose we're playing this for gum drops?"

"Gentlemen!" exclaims the advocate of salvation, with ill-dissembled horror, "I am inexpressibly distressed to discover such immorality among my fellow-students. Before taking my departure, however, I may as well scatter a few seeds of holiness upon this barren ground." And with this he distributes among those present a handful of tracts, demonstrating the uselessness of trying to be happy in this world, and recommending various ways of making oneself utterly wretched with a view to future reward. Then taking up his shabby hat he says good-bye, and trips down the stairway of the dormitory, while a howl of impious hilarity awakens the echoes of the apartment he has just left, and Mr. Splasher, with his friends, executes a frantic war-dance about the corridor.

Some trifling rebuffs hav no discouraging effect, however, upon the godly-minded, who are simply inspired thereby to additional efforts in their soul-saving task. At their hands especially hopeless cases receive exceptional attention, and undergraduates whose depravity is unusually notorious are sent a dozen invitations for every prayer-meeting held in the college yard. But now it is understood that a very determined assault is to be made upon the fortifications behind which the evil one has intrenched himself. A corps of "Christian brethren" has been organized for the purpose of visiting the iniquitous in their rooms, and praying for them. The members of this pious association do not expect to be welcomed with much enthusiasm by those upon whom they call. On the contrary, they are prepared to be kicked out of every other door they enter upon this merciful errand. They are prepared, if necessary, to kneel in the hallways and howl such spiritual songs as are most appropriate outside the closed portals of the unevangelized. Then to pass a few copies of scripture texts through a crack beneath, and away to invoke divine intercession in behalf of another castaway upon the desert shore of unbelief. Oh, you may be very sure that the life of an university missionary is an activ if not a very merry one.

How the Methodists Intend to Hustle the Baptists and Episcopalians.

While we were camped on the edge of a little Nebraska town a man came over and sat down on the wagon tongue and began to praise up the place, mentioning among other improvements a new steeple that was going up on a church near at hand.

"Isn't that steeple just a little high for the size of the church?" suggested Briar.

"There, struck it the first whack! I told 'em that was the way it would go! Now, I'll tell you," he went on confidentially, "'bout that steeple. It's a 'Piscopal church; they put it up 'bout a year ago with jes' an ord'nary steeple stickin' upon it. Then what did the Baptists do but up an' build a church over here an' r'ar up a steeple on their's ten feet higher. This nat'rally galled the 'Piscopals some, an' this spring up they socked their steeple fifteen feet higher! It ran along till July, an' all the time the Baptists was gittin' hotter 'n hotter an' one day jes' after the Fourth what should they do but put some carpenters to work on their steeple and shove her up 'nother ten feet? Then they went round town steppin' high, an' the 'Piscopals began to sweat again. It run along till day before yesterday, when they seen the Baptists an' are goin' 'em ten better! An', do you know, I'll be snaked if I don't b'lieve the Baptists 'll raise 'em 'fore winter? Oh, we're game in this town ev'ry time!"

"Er—well, which one do you belong to?" Briar inquired.

"Neither; I'm a Methodist. That's our church over there on the hill."

"Well, you're getting left entirely, aren't you—no steeple at all?"

"S-sh! That's all right—we know our play! We let on we don't b'lieve in steeples, an' go 'round blowin' 'bout our big bell an' the scolloped shingles on the side of the buildin'. 'Bout next June you'll see these Baptists' and 'Piscopals' steeples blow over, an' then jes' watch us Meth'dists shack to the front an' r'ar a long, slim steeple up into the air so high that they'll be too sick to ever build again! Us Meth'dists may be laggin' a little jes' at present, but you wait till the proper time comes an' we'll make some o' these lightweight denominations think the brick court house has fell on 'em!"—*Fred. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

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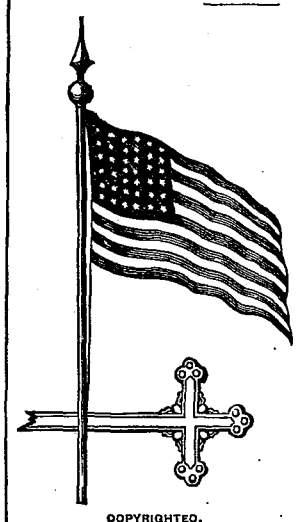
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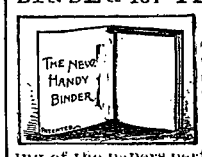
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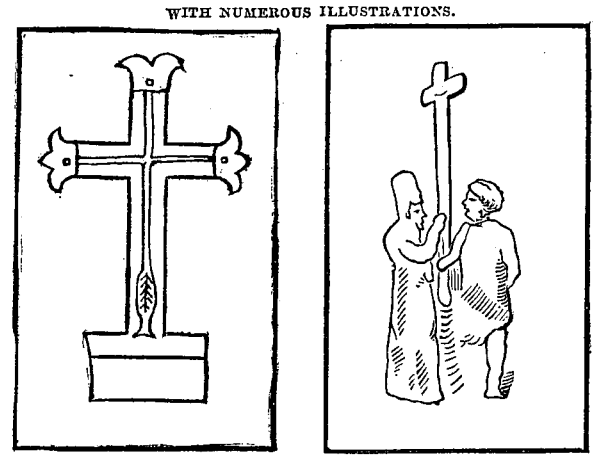
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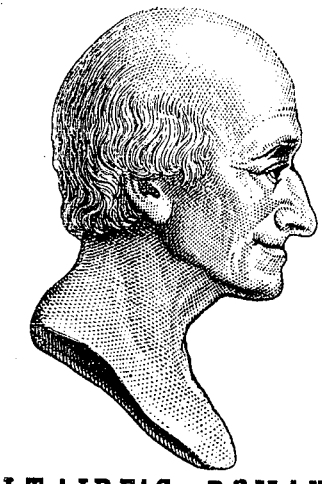
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News of the Week.

THE latest of the "combinations," "corporations," "companies," or "syndicates" that are lately formed for the purpose of making the commodity they are to buy cheaper, and that which they are to sell higher, is one in lard.

HERBERT SPENCER is in very poor health, and suffers from insomnia.

AN order for the reduction of judicial rents in Ireland creates great rage among the landlords.

AT Killybearn, Ireland, a desperate battle between Catholics and Orangemen occurred on the 26th ult.

A PROPOSAL of a Russian government commission to allow Jews to reside in that country has been rejected by higher authority.

THE railway conductors' association is to present to Congress a bill requiring the licensing of conductors on all railways in the United States.

AT Newmarket, Ireland, on the 30th ult., five men were sentenced to three months' imprisonment at hard labor for attending a meeting of the National League. An appeal was taken in each case.

RUSSIA continues to make stealthy advances toward the Asiatic countries that she covets, and givs great anxiety to the other European powers, who fear to interfere.

THE pope is preparing autograph letters to all the sovereigns that wrote to him on his jubilee day.

COMPLICATED strikes and threats of strikes of Pennsylvania miners and Reading railroad employees continue.

SUICIDES are unusually numerous lately in the big cities. The two chief causes seem to be intemperance, and poverty and failure to get employment.

CIGARMAKERS are indignant at an attempt of the manufacturers to reduce their wages, and to revive the tenement house system.

THE Italian papers say that Mr. Gladstone will treat with the Vatican for its support in the efforts being made to obtain autonomy for Ireland, Mgr. Persico having begun the negotiations.

THE empress of Russia, on her fortieth birthday, November 27th, received an emerald necklace composed of forty stones, which had been collected during the past two years at an immense expense.

THE Liverpool *Journal of Commerce* says that "one of the most startling and important inventions of the day" for propelling vessels by steam is now being considered, and £100,000 hav been offered for the patent.

THE book and job printers' strike at Chicago has ended and the defeated strikers are returning to work. The non-union men are being discharged as fast as the strikers return, notwithstanding most of the employing printers swore that not a man who came to their aid should be discharged to make room for a striker.

IN the midst of revolting daily reports of the cruelest oppressions of the Russian government, and wholesale barbarous punishment of all the patriots who attempt resistance or revolution, and even of their families, distant relativs, and all suspected of possible connection with them, our government maintains the most warm and respectful relations with that power, condoles with it at the removal of a czar, and now fashionable American society has entered upon a furore of admiration of everything Russian—Russian literature, Russian fashions, Russian names; and prazdniks, or Russian fêtes, with profuse decorations of interblended Russian and American flags, are "all the rage."

THE ORDER OF CREATION.

A Discussion Between

Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, Linton, Reville.

On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

CONTENTS:

I. Dawn of Creation and of Worship. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
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III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
V. Dawn of Creation. An Answer to Mr. Gladstone. By Albert Reville, D.D.
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Gems of Thought.

IT seems to be thought of a thousand times more importance to instruct the people how to dress a kid in its mother's milk, in what fashion the priests should cut them open, and how they should sprinkle the blood of bullocks and rams on their right thumbs, their right big toes, on the tips of their ears and all over their garments, than to tell how to construct good carriage-roads, or how to build comfortable dwellings.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE outside of Socrates was that of a satyr and buffoon, but his soul was all virtue, and from within him came such divine and pathetic things as pierced the heart, and drew tears from the hearers.—*Plato.*

IF the judges be unable to giv a just judgment about the causes that come before them (which case is not unfrequent in human affairs), let them send the causes undetermined to the holy city, and then let the high priest, the prophet, and the sanhedrim determin as it shall seem good to them. But let not a single witness be credited, but let them be three, or two at the least, and those such whose testimony is confirmed by their good lives. But let not the testimony of a woman be admitted, on account of the laxity and boldness of their sex: nor let servants [slaves, bond slaves?] be admitted to giv testimony, on account of the ignobility of their soul; since it is probable that they may not speak truth, either out of hope of gain or fear of punishment. But if anyone be believed to hav borne false witness, let him, when he is convicted, suffer all the same punishments which he against whom he bore witness was to hav suffered.—*Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews.*



JOSEPH MEETETH HIS FATHER.

And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen, and presented himself unto him; and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while.—Gen. xlvi, 29.

Odds and Ends.

IT is easy enough to pay fifteen cents a drink for whisky; but when it comes to buying shoes for the baby and that sort of thing, it beats all how the money slips away.

THERE are certain ties that knit us together in one common humanity. We believe that Herbert Spencer would take a real red-hot human interest in chucking bean-bags at a hole in a board, if a reasonably pretty girl undertook to teach him the game.

THE satirist makes no fun of the father-in-law. He can't. The subject's attitude is too sympathetic. The father-in-law meets the young man on the threshold of matrimony and welcomes him into the family with a weary wink; and as the years go on they understand one another better and better.

ONE day Gracie and auntie were speaking of an uncle who had died before Gracie was born. "Uncle John loved little children dearly," said auntie. "If he were alive he would be very kind to you. He would giv you ever so many playthings." "Well, never mind, auntie, if he is dead I shall see him when I get to heaven. We've got him saved up down in the cemetery, havn't we?"

"WELL, my son, what did you learn at Sunday-school to-day?" asked Johnny's mamma. "O mamma! sich lots of things the teacher told us. She told us about a man who preached so long the people went to sleep and one of them fell out the window and broke his neck, and they went and gathered up the fragments, and they were twelve baskets full! and—and—they fed 'em to a herd of swine that ran violently—that ran away!"

HARRY is frequently so sleepy at nights that it is hard work for him to say his prayers. On one or two occasions his mother had felt obliged to spur him on to greater energy by telling him to speak up so that "God and she could hear him." She was recently somewhat shocked after one of her repeated admonitions to hear him say, straightening himself up in bed, "O mother, you and God just make me tired!"

PATRICK (landed by shipwreck on a strange isle): "Phat sort of government hav yez here?" Nativ: "We hav no government at all." P.: "Phat sort of religions hav yez?" N.: "None." P.: "No Orangemen?" N.: "Not one." P.: "Yez hav landlords maybe?" N.: "Not one." P.: "No rints?" N.: "Every man owns the place he livs on." P.: "Man, man! Would yez be afther runnin' in Sunday on a poor, iggerant fellow-craitchure sivin days in the wake? Sure whin do the nixt shtamer be lavin'? This is no place for the loikes of me!"

YOUNG doctor: "You workingmen are not the only ones who require sympathy. Look at our case. We are half of us starving." Labor leader: "What's the matter?" Young doctor: "In the first place, there are too many of us." Labor leader: "Well, get a law passed limiting the number of students at the colleges." Young doctor: "But that isn't all. The fashionable people hav taken to walking for their health, and now our patients never get sick." Labor leader: "That's an outrage. Get a law passed to prohibit aristocrats from walking."

A SPECIMEN of Katie's faith in the efficacy of prayer shows that she believes in faith with works. She and a little companion had got locked into the bath-room, and after long and fruitless efforts to unlock the door, Katie proposed a prayer for deliverance, which she immediately began, but after first directing her little fellow-captiv to make, while the prayer was under way, a vigorous and industrious use of a screw-driver, which they had got hold of. "The door come wide open," said Katie. "But why didn't you use the screw-driver and let Mary do the praying?" "Cos she can't pray 's well 's I can—and she can use screw-drivers."

A LARGE number of Chicago girls met one evening last week for the purpose of forming a "ladies' anti-slang society." The meeting was called to order and Miss Sadie de Pork elected president. Before taking her seat she said in a clear, calm, well-modulated voice: "Really, girls, I'm too badly rattled by the honor conferred upon me to giv you much of my guff. It's the first time I ever tumbled to anything of this sort and I hardly know just how to catch on. However, I'll try to be sufficiently up to snuff not to let any flies light on me while doing the president-of-this-society-act. I'm with you in this move and don't any of you forget it. All over our land slang words and phrases are multiplying like fleas in sorghum time, and it is our duty to help knock this crying evil as silly as possible. Let our motto be, 'Shoot the slangist.'"

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CHRISTIANITY teaches that woman is man's inferior, and enjoins submission on her part. Both the Old and New Testaments teach this. The New Testament teaches that as the church is subject to Christ, so should wives be subject to their husbands in everything (Eph. v, 22, 23); that the husband is head of the woman as Christ is head of the church; that a woman should not be permitted to speak in public, but to be under obedience, as also saith the law; that a woman should not be permitted to teach, but to learn in silence, with all subjection, for the reason that "Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression" (1 Timothy ii, 11-15). Materialists, on the other hand, rejecting the teachings of Moses and Paul, say that woman is man's equal and companion, and that there should be no feeling of superiority or inferiority on account of sex.—*Underwood's Materialism and Christianity.*

AMONG those who hav been obliged to abandon not only the Trinitarian conception of Jesus, but the supernatural conception of him, even in the mildest form, I often notice what I think Dr. Channing would call "a swollen way of talking about Jesus," if he were with us now. It is the talk of men who do not wish to be left behind by supernaturalists in their verbal homage of Jesus. So they reiterate that Jesus was the greatest of mankind. They call him the ideal man, the perfect man, and so on. Now, if there is anything that I despise, it is the disposition which many persons manifest to disparage greatness. For myself, I love to believe in greatness and to rejoice in it. But I cannot see that our knowledge of Jesus and of all other men is so exhaustiv that we hav a right to predicate his absolute superiority over all other men. I see that, in the evolution of history, his is the most commanding position and the most stupendous influence ever exerted by one man, but concerning his moral perfectness I do not care to dogmatize. I know that if the record is trustworthy, he did not consider himself perfect. He was baptized in Jordan, confessing his sins. [And, again, did he not challenge the propriety of the epithet "good" as applied to himself?] "Why callest thou me good?"—*Chadwick.* [NOTE.—The record nowhere asserts that Jesus confessed his sins on the occasion of his baptism. The remark is a general one, but not specially applied to the individual. As to Christ's repudiation of the epithet "good" much might be said. On the assumption that he was "very God of very good,' the rejection of the young man's compliment is inexplicable and capricious, and even on the supposition that he was a mere man—and that is all that Chadwick claims for him—it was a case of captiousness or affectation. As to Christ's being "without sin," there can be no doubt of the orthodoxy of the sentiment. It goes without saying that if he was not "without sin," he could not make atonement for the sins of others. Besides, do we not read that he was free from all sin, in Hebrews iv, 14? That ought to settle the point with those who believe that the scripture, etc., and that the Hebrews are scripture; but the discussion is a useless one, and I shall let it drop. If Jesus was God, of course he was without sin; if a man, he must hav had a man's infirmities, weaknesses, and sins.—*Hylax.*]

To argue with a man who has renounced the use and authority of reason, is like administering medicin to the dead.—*Thomas Paine.*

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CATHOLICISM

Notes and Clippings.

THE Cincinnati Musicians' Protective Union has decided that no member shall play in an orchestra with women under penalty of expulsion, and a fine of $100 if he applies for reinstatement.

IT is recorded as a remarkable fact that the Rev. Dr. Dewitt Talmage dictates his sermons to his secretary at the rate of 150 words a minute. This is nothing, says the *World*, to the activity he disp ays when delivering a sermon. He can, at a crisis, make 238 gestures a minute and never turn a hair.

THE intelligence of the colored guardian of hats at the door of a Washington hotel during the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance attracted the attention of a minister. "How did you know," asked the wondering delegate, as he received his hat on coming out of the dining-room, "that this was my hat?" "I didn't know it wuz your hat," was the quick response; "I only knows it wuz de hat you gub me."

THE announcement that the gigantic Lick telescope on Mount Hamilton, in California, is at last ready for its work of exploring the heavens will interest many people besides the astronomers. This is the greatest refracting telescope in the world, and now that its maker, Alvan Clark, is dead, there is very little probability that it will ever hav a rival, unless some unexpected discovery should greatly advance the art of telescope-making It is to be hoped that this wonderful glass will be used to better purpose than most great telescopes serve to-day. If Mr. Lick's money could hav provided a new Herschel as well as a mighty telescope, we should now expect to hear interesting news from the sky.—*Sun*.

THE Flatonia *Argus* is glad to see that the Galveston *News* commends the action of Attorney-General Hogg relativ to the enforcement of the Sunday laws in San Antonio, and adds: "It is not a question whether Sunday laws are right or wrong, or whether they infringe on the liberty of the individual, or whether they are constitutional or not, but simply they are laws, and it is the duty of the attorney-general of the state to see them enforced. When the people object to the laws, they hav the power, through their legislativ servants, to repeal them."

WE find this quoted in the Galveston *Daily News* from the Lufkin *Leader*: "Texas needs a legislature that will repeal about half the laws now existing and pass a few practical, common-sense laws in their stead. What is the use of having laws that are never enforced? If the Sunday law cannot be enforced in Texas, it ought to be repealed. We can hardly see the use of a Sunday law, anyway. The man who will not respect the divine laws which forbid the breaking of the Sabbath cannot be expected to regard a human law, when the crime is not punishable beyond a small fine."

A PARIS Socialist the other day went into the office of the mayor of the Eleventh arrondissement and asked to see the register of births. He had just been made the happy father of a daughter. To the usual question as to the name of the child he declared she was to be called "Egalite." The clerk said that by the law of the French capital that name was illegal. A lively conversation ensued, during which the Socialist declared he had taken a triple oath to the effect that if he had three daughters, their names should be Liberte, Egalite, and Fraternite, respectivly. Liberte had been born and christened in the provinces, and now Egalite had come.

WRITING of a beatific vision said to hav been seen recently by the worshipers in a Catholic church, a correspondent of the *Home Journal* recalls the story of the old Roman Catholic, Bishop Milner, to whom a lady devotee recounted certain wonderful visions she was wont to see, winding up with the apostrophe, "O father! aren't they blessed, aren't they wonderful, isn't it a great privilege to be so favored?" Whereupon the bishop replied: "Very beautiful, very blessed, and, as you say, it is a great privilege to be so favored; but, my dear child, don't you think you had better take a little blue pill?"

ALL the French printers in Quebec are on strike for nine hours per day and increased wages. They are backed by the Knights of Labor. Some of the French papers hav temporarily suspended publication, and the others print half-sheets only. The publishers are determined to stand out, and they hav the sympathy and encouragement of the Catholic church authorities. The strike has given rise to fierce attacks upon Cardinal Gibbons's advocacy of the Knights of Labor in the French papers, which are regarded as the principal organs of Cardinal Taschereau. The *Canadian* says: "What is now going on here proves how right Cardinal Taschereau was in executing the orders of the court of Rome. He condemned the organization of the Knights of Labor in Canada. Other influences temporarily prevailed. Cardinal Gibbons feared the consequences of a difference with the Irish Catholics of the United States, and his representations were heard at the Vatican. He has rendered a sad service to Canada and to America."

THE following list of a clergyman's duties is given by a church paper: "An average of, at least, five hours a day hard study; three to four hours visiting; attending from thirty to one hundred and fifty funerals per annum, each requiring visits upon the family before and after service; the service itself, with the preparation, requiring the greater part of an afternoon, with subsequent visits to the afflicted; attention to from ten to fifty interruptions in the course of a day; two discourses on the holy Sabbath; the visit to the Sabbath-school, with an address, and in many cases teaching of a Bible class; attendance upon thirty to sixty business meetings per annum; the burden of remembering the names of the entire flock, from the infant in arms to the most aged, remote, and infrequent attendant, and of keeping a correct record of their places of residence; to be ready to speak upon all kinds of philanthropic subjects; to confer with the agents of every benevolent cause; to be adviser-general of strangers and young people; to listen to the tales of all who are in distress; to compose feuds; to prevent misunderstandings; to suggest new departures." The editor, who is also a preacher, concludes that all this makes up a pretty hard life. He does not suggest, as he might hav done, that the clergy could avoid this laborious life by entering upon some useful calling.

The Stage and the Pulpit.

AN INTERVIEW WITH COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, IN WHICH HE GIVES HIS OPINION OF THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF THE STAGE AND THE PULPIT, OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, OF THE TRIAL OF THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS, AND OF OTHER INTERESTING THINGS

Question. What do you think of the Methodist minister at Nashville, Tenn., who, from his pulpit, denounced the theatrical profession, without exception, as vicious, and of the congregation which passed resolutions condemning Miss Emma Abbott for rising in church and contradicting him, and of the Methodist bishop who likened her to a "painted courtesan," and invoked the aid of the law "for the protection of public worship" against "strolling players?"

Answer. The Methodist minister of whom you speak without doubt uttered his real sentiments. The church has always regarded the stage as a rival, and all its utterances have been as malicious as untrue. It has always felt that the money given to the stage was in some way taken from the pulpit. It is on this principle that the pulpit wishes everything, except the church, shut up on Sunday. It knows that it cannot stand free and open competition.

All well-educated ministers know that the Bible suffers by a comparison with Shakespeare. They know that there is nothing within the lids of what they call "the sacred book" that can for one moment stand side by side with "Lear," or "Hamlet," or "Julius Cæsar," or "Antony and Cleopatra," or with any other play written by the immortal man. They know what a poor figure the Davids, and the Abrahams, and the Jeremiahs, and the Lots, the Jonahs, the Jobs, and the Noahs cut when on the stage with the great characters of Shakespeare. For these reasons, among others, the pulpit is malicious and hateful when it thinks of the glories of the stage. What minister is there now living who could command the prices commanded by Edwin Booth or Joseph Jefferson; and what two clergymen, by making a combination, could contend successfully with Robson and Crane? How many clergymen would it take to command, at regular prices, the audiences that attend the presentation of Wagner's operas?

It is very easy to see why the pulpit attacks the stage. Nothing could have been in more wretched taste than for the minister to condemn Miss Emma Abbott for rising in church and defending not only herself, but other good women who are doing honest work for an honest living. Of course, no minister wishes to be answered; no minister wishes to have any one in the congregation call for the proof. A few questions would break up all the theology in the world. Ministers can succeed only when congregations keep silent. Where superstition succeeds, doubt must be dumb.

The Methodist bishop who attacked Miss Abbott simply repeated the language of several centuries ago. In the laws of England actors were described as "sturdy vagrants," and this bishop calls them "strolling players." If we only had some strolling preachers like Garrick, like Edwin Forrest, or Booth and Barrett, or Haworth, or some crusade sisters like Mrs. Siddons, or Madam Ristori, or Charlotte Cushman, or Madam Modjeska, how fortunate the church would be!

Question. What is your opinion of the relative merits of the pulpit and the stage, preachers and actors?

Answer. We must remember that the stage presents an ideal life. It is a world controlled by the imagination—a world in which the justice delayed in real life may be done, and in which that may happen which, according to the highest ideal, should happen. It is a world, for the most part, in which evil does not succeed, in which the vicious are foiled, in which the right, the honest, the sincere, and the good prevail. It cultivates the imagination, and in this respect is far better than the pulpit. The mission of the pulpit is to narrow and shrivel the human mind. The pulpit denounces the freedom of thought and of expression; but on the stage the mind is free, and for thousands of years the poor, the oppressed, the enslaved, have been permitted to witness plays wherein the slave was freed, wherein the oppressed became the victor, and where the downtrodden rose supreme.

And there is another thing. The stage has always laughed at the spirit of caste. The low-born lass has loved the prince. All human distinctions in this ideal world have for the moment vanished, while honesty and love have triumphed. The stage lightens the cares of life. The pulpit increases the tears and groans of man. There is this difference: the pretense of honesty and the honesty of pretense.

Question. How do you view the Episcopalian scheme of building a six-million-dollar untaxed cathedral in this city for the purpose of "uniting the sects," and, when that is accomplished, "unifying the world in the love of Christ," and thereby abolishing misery?

Answer. I regard the building of an Episcopalian cathedral simply as a piece of religious folly. The world will never be converted by Christian palaces and temples. Every dollar used in its construction will be wasted. It will have no tendency to unite the various sects; on the contrary, it will excite the envy and jealousy of every other sect. It will widen the gulf between the Episcopalian and the Methodist, between the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian, and this hatred will continue until the other sects build a cathedral just a little larger, and then the envy and the hatred will be on the other side.

Religion will never unify the world, and never will give peace to mankind. There has been more war in the last 1800 years than during any similar period within historic times. War will be abolished, if it ever is abolished, not by religion, but by intelligence. It will be abolished when the poor people of Germany, of France, of Spain, of England, and other countries find that they have no interest in war. When those who pay, and those who do the fighting, find that they are simply destroying their own interests, wars will cease.

There ought to be a national court to decide national difficulties. We consider a community civilized when the individuals of that community submit their differences to a legal tribunal; but there being no national court, nations now sustain, as to each other, the relation of savages—that is to say, each one must defend its rights by brute force. The establishment of a national court civilizes nations, and tends to do away with war.

Christianity caused so much war, so much bloodshed, that Christians were forced to interpolate a passage to account for their history, and the interpolated passage is, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." Suppose that all the money wasted in cathedrals in the Middle Ages had been used for the construction of school-houses, academies, and universities, how much better the world would have been! Suppose that instead of supporting hundreds of thousands of idle priests, the money had been given to men of science for the purpose of finding out something of benefit to the human race here in this world.

Question. What is your opinion of "Christian charity" and the "fatherhood of God" as an economic polity for abolishing poverty and misery?

Answer. Of course, the world is not to be civilized, and clothed, and fed through charity. Ordinary charity creates more want than it alleviates. The greatest possible charity is the greatest possible justice. When proper wages are paid, when every one is as willing to give what a thing is worth as he is now willing to get it for less, the world will be fed and clothed.

I believe in helping people to help themselves. I believe that corporations, and successful men, and superior men intellectually, should do all within their power to keep from robbing their fellow-men. The superior man should protect the inferior. The powerful should be the shield of the weak. To-day it is, for the most part, exactly the other way. The failures among men become the food of success.

The world is to grow better and better through intelligence, through a development of the brain, through taking advantage of the forces of nature, through science, through chemistry, and through the arts. Religion can do nothing except to sow the seeds of discord between men and nations. Commerce, manufactures, and the arts tend to peace and the well-being of the world. What is known as religion—that is to say, a system by which this world is wasted in preparation for another—a system in which the duties of man are greater to God than to his fellow-men—a system that denies the liberty of thought and expression—tends only to discord and retrogression. Of course, I know that religious people cling to the Bible on account of the good that is in it, and in spite of the bad, and I know that Freethinkers throw away the Bible on account of the bad that is in it, in spite of the good. I hope the time will come when that book will be treated like other books, and will be judged upon its merits, apart from the fiction of inspiration. The church has no right to speak of charity, because it is an object of charity itself. It gives nothing; all it can do is to receive. At best, it is only a respectable beggar. I never cared to hear one who receives alms pay a tribute to charity. The one who gives alms should pay this tribute. The amount of money expended upon churches, and priests, and all the paraphernalia of superstition, is more than enough to drive the wolves from the doors of the world.

Question. Have you noticed the progress Catholics are making in the Northwest, discontinuing public schools, and forcing people to send their children to the parochial schools; also, at Pittsburgh, Pa., a Roman Catholic priest has been elected principal of a public school, and he has appointed nuns as assistant teachers?

Sectarian schools ought not to be supported by public taxation. It is the very essence of religious tyranny to compel a Methodist to support a Catholic school, or to compel a Catholic to support a Baptist academy. Nothing should be taught in the public schools that the teachers do not know. Nothing should be taught about any religion, and nothing should be taught that can, in any way, be called sectarian. The sciences are not religious. There is no such thing as Methodist mathematics or Baptist botany. In other words, no religion has anything to do with facts. The facts are all secular; the sciences are all of this world. If Catholics wish to establish their own schools for the purpose of preserving their ignorance, they have the right to do so; so has any other denomination. But in this country, the State has no right to teach any form of religion whatever. Persons of all religions have the right to become citizens, and citizens have the right to advocate and defend any religion in which they believe, or they have the right to denounce all religions. If the Catholics establish parochial schools, let them support such schools; and if they do, they will simply lessen or shorten the longevity of that particular superstition. It has often been said that nothing will repeal a bad law as quickly as its enforcement. So, in my judgment, nothing will destroy any church as certainly, and as rapidly, as for the members of that church to live squarely up to the creed. The church is indebted to its hypocrisy to-day for its life. No orthodox church in the United States dare meet for the purpose of revising the creed. They know that the whole thing would fall in pieces.

Nothing could be more absurd than for a Roman Catholic priest to teach a public school, assisted by nuns. The Catholic church is the enemy of human progress; it teaches every man to throw away his reason, to deny his observation and experience.

Question. Your opinions have frequently been quoted with regard to the Anarchists—with regard to their trial and execution. Have you any objection to stating your real opinion in regard to the matter?

Not the least. I am perfectly willing that all civilized people should know my opinions on any question in which others than myself can have any interest.

I was anxious, in the first place, that the Anarchists have a fair and impartial trial. The worst form of anarchy is when a judge violates his conscience and bows to a popular demand. A court should care nothing for public opinion. An honest judge decides the law, not as it ought to be, but as it is, and the state of the public mind throws no light upon the question of what the law then is.

I thought that some of the rulings on the trial of the Anarchists were contrary to law. I think so still. I have read the opinion of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and while the conclusion reached by that tribunal is the law of that case, I was not satisfied with the reasons given, and do not regard the opinion as good law. There is no place for an Anarchist in the United States. There is no excuse for any resort to force; and it is impossible to use language too

harsh or too bitter in denouncing the spirit of Anarchy in this country. But, no matter how bad a man is, he has the right to be fairly tried; and if he cannot be fairly tried, then there is anarchy on the bench. So I was opposed to the execution of those men. I thought it would have been far better to commute the punishment to imprisonment, and I said so; and I not only said so, but I wrote a letter to Governor Oglesby, in which I urged the commutation of the death sentence. In my judgment, a great mistake was made. I am on the side of mercy, and if I ever make mistakes, I hope they will all be made on that side. I have not the slightest sympathy with the feeling for revenge. Neither have I ever admitted, and I never shall, that every citizen has not the right to give his opinion on all that may be done by any servant of the people, by any judge, or by any court, by any officer—however small or however great. Each man in the United States is a sovereign, and a king can freely speak his mind.

Words were put in my mouth that I never uttered with regard to the Anarchists. I never said that they were saints, or that they would be martyrs. What I said was, that they would be regarded as saints and martyrs by many people if they were executed, and that has happened which I said would happen. I am, so far as I know, on the side of the right. I wish, above all things, for the preservation of human liberty. This government is the best, and we should not lose confidence in liberty. Property is of very little value in comparison with freedom. A civilization that rests on slavery is utterly worthless. I do not believe in sacrificing all there is of value in the human heart, or in the human brain, for the preservation of what is called property, or rather, on account of the fear that what is called "property" may perish. Property is in no danger while man is free. It is the freedom of man that gives value to property. It is the happiness of the human race that creates what we call value. If we preserve liberty, the spirit of progress, the conditions of develment, property will take care of itself.

Question. The Christian press during the past few months has been very solicitous as to your health, and has reported you weak and feeble physically, and not only so, but asserts that there is a growing disposition on your part to lay down your arms, and even to join the church.

Answer. I do not think the Christian press has been very solicitous about my *health*. Neither do I think that my health will ever add to theirs. The fact is, I am exceedingly well, and my throat is better than it has been for many years. Any one who imagines that I am disposed to lay down my arms can read my Reply to Dr. Field in the November number of the *North American Review*. I see no particular difference in myself, except this: that my hatred of superstition becomes a little more and more intense; on the other hand, I see more clearly, that all the superstitions were naturally produced, and I am now satisfied that every man does as he must, including priests and editors of religious papers.

This gives me hope for the future. We find that certain soil, with a certain amount of moisture and heat, produces good corn, and we find when the soil is poor, or when the ground is too wet, or too dry, that no amount of care can, by any possibility, produce good corn. In other words, we find that the fruit, that is to say, the result, whatever it may be, depends absolutely upon the conditions. This being so, we will in time find out the conditions that produce good, intelligent, honest men. This is the hope for the future. We will know better than to rely on what is called reformation, or regeneration, or a resolution born of ignorant excitement. We will rely, then, on the eternal foundation—the fact in nature—that like causes produce like results, and that good conditions will produce good people.

Question. Every now and then some one challenges you to a discussion, and nearly every one who delivers lectures, or speeches, attacking you, or your views, says that you are afraid to publicly debate these questions. Why do you not meet these men, and why do you not answer these attacks?

In the first place, it would be a physical impossibility to reply to all the attacks that have been made—to all the "answers." I receive these attacks, and these answers, and these lectures almost every day. Hundreds of them are delivered every year. A great many are put in pamphlet form, and, of course, copies are received by me. Some of them I read, at least I look them over, and I have never yet received one worthy of the slightest notice, never one in which the writer showed the slightest appreciation of the questions under discussion. All these pamphlets are about the same, and they could, for that matter, have all been produced by one person. They are impudent, shallow, abusive, illogical, and in most respects ignorant. So far as the lecturers are concerned, I know of no one who has yet said anything that challenges a reply. I do not think a single paragraph has been produced by any of the gentlemen who have replied to me in public, that is now remembered by reason of its logic or its beauty. I do not feel called upon to answer any argument that does not at least appear to be of value. Whenever any article appears worthy of an answer, written in a kind and candid spirit, it gives me pleasure to reply.

I would like to meet some one who speaks by authority, some one who really understands his creed, but I cannot afford to waste time on little priests, or obscure parsons, or ignorant laymen.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

If cleanliness be not exactly godliness, a familiar proverb makes these two qualities very nearly akin. A "dirty saint" is an anomaly and a contradiction of terms. The present inhabitants of the "Holy Land," if we may believe the reports of modern travelers, are not remarkable for the virtue of cleanliness. On the contrary, ophthalmia, leprosy, and other skin diseases abound there as in former times. We read that Naaman the Syrian was a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper. He was also a rich man, but he had an unwholesome dread of soap and water. When he sent to Elisha for relief, the prophet's simple prescription was, "Go and wash," and to insure the operation being thoroughly performed, he was to do it seven times over. The remedy was effectual, the most marvelous part of it being that Naaman had never thought of or tried it before. It is usual in the present day to consult all kinds of doctors before following the dictates of common sense. I hav consulted no other doctor for more than forty years, and during the whole of that time hav never had an ailment! The translators of the New Testament adopted the words "baptism" and "baptist" from the original Greek, because they supposed they had no English equivalent. This was a mistake, and it has led to a number of errors and malpractices. "John the Washerman" would hav been literally correct, but if they had said, "John the Sanitary Reformer," it would hav been more elegant and equally appropriate. When a pauper is admitted to the casual ward of a London workhouse, the first thing done is to administer a bath. He is literally baptized by immersion, which, if it does not wash away his sins, at least removes some of the impurities of his body. The effect of this, no doubt, on some, is to produce a "heavenly" feeling of cleanliness and comfort; but it is a fraud and fatal mistake to suppose that this heavenly feeling will remain, or that, being once washed, the effect will last through a lifetime. It is best to repeat the dose every twenty-four hours, and never to neglect it even in the coldest of weather. *Crede experto.* I hav tried it, can speak from experience; and laugh the doctors to scorn.

John the Baptist was an eccentric, as most reformers are, but he inaugurated a good work, which the Christians hav travestied and explained away. They hav converted baptism into a religious rite, and the priests are the only qualified washermen. This would be all very well if the priests did their duty, but they do not. In most of the churches, if a dirty person goes to be baptized they merely sprinkle a few drops of water on his face, and say the thing is done. This would be manifestly insufficient even if it were repeated every day, which it is not. One such a farce is sufficient for a lifetime, and common sense tells us it is one too many.

About forty years ago, an English gentleman, having more money than wit, offered a prize of a thousand pounds for the best picture representing the baptism of Christ in Jordan. He thought so handsome a sum would induce first-class artists to enter into the competition, but was disappointed. The figures of naked men are not so attractiv as those of naked women. A few big canvases were sent in, but one and all were pronounced to be miserable failures. I saw the one supposed to be the best, but it did not gain the prize. It was a Protestant version of a papal altar-piece. The heads of the disciples looking on were evidently models from deacons and pastors of some Baptist or Congregational church—smug, smooth-shaven, and sanctimonious. Spurgeon was young and unknown at the time, or he would probably hav posed for John the Baptist, who in this case bore some resemblance to Moffat the missionary. As for Jesus—an imbecil-looking young man, with the brain capacity of a dude, his hands folded meekly over his breast, standing knee-deep in the water, whilst John is pouring it on from a small and shallow basin. If that was the way John baptized, he did not half do it. Perhaps the artist meant to imply that Jesus, being of course a clean subject, required only mild treatment; but most of John's converts must hav required a good scrubbing and plenty of water.

John's baptism was no doubt well intended and useful as far as it went, but it did not go far enough. Like a modern religious revival, the effect soon went off—"the dog returned to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." In a few weeks, at most, John's converts were as dirty as ever. He foresaw this, and warned them that his successor would baptize them with fire. "I indeed baptize you with water." John used cold water as a detergent, but if that did not suffice, Jesus would make it hot for them. If correctly reported, Jesus talked a great deal about fire and brimstone, but did not use it. His bark was worse than his bite. The baptism of fire was not administered by his disciples until many years after his death, perhaps not until the invention of gunpowder. But they have been using it ever since.

OUTIS.

To the Sabbatarians.

From the New York Star.

A scene was enacted in the Jefferson market police court on Wednesday which was a disgrace to the intelligence and civilization of New York.

Five citizens were arraigned for violation of the Sunday law, that ridiculous relic of Blue-nosed barbarism.

The first case called was that of the proprietor of the Eden Musee, who was charged with exhibiting wax figures of great historical value and considerable artistic merit, and of permitting a first-class orchestra to play on the premises. The policeman who made the complaint testified that there was a large number of well-dressed and respectable people present who enjoyed the entertainment in a highly decorous manner.

Of course there was. What more rational way of spending a Sunday afternoon with one's wife and children than in familiarizing them with the great men and good music of all countries? And bravo! policeman, for keeping your eyes open and testifying in the interests of the people. Complaint dismissed.

The next "case" related to Munkacsy's "Christ on Calvary," exhibited for a small fee in a house of worship. Here again the policeman "saw nothing to offend good taste or decency"—God save the mark!—and the visitors to the Tabernacle were also respectable and well-behaved. There was no music. Complaint dismissed.

Complaint No. 3 alleged that a man played the "Cujus Animam" and an "Ave Maria" on a cornet at Koster & Bial's. He stood on a platform which had no stage accessories. The listeners were orderly and edified. Complaint dismissed.

Case four was against the Architectural League of New York for exhibiting drawings, sketches, plans, and specifications. A few very respectable people were present, who seemed capable of restraining their hilarity, and were probably the families of the very eminent gentlemen who compose the League. Complaint dismissed.

The last "violation" of law passed upon had reference to Makart's celebrated painting, the "Five Senses." As no judge in his seven senses could consider such a complaint, this one also was promptly dismissed.

Now, what is all this worth? What are you Sabbatarians aiming at that you instigate an espionage of the very proper and innocent pleasures of our wives and children, and lay information against respectable citizens which brings them within the nauseating atmosphere of the police court, and puts them to great inconvenience and expense?

What good do you hope to accomplish? Which sin do you combat, which virtue typify, when you busy yourself with the Sunday recreations of your neighbor?

You must be perfectly well aware that you are doing infinitly more harm than good. You are arousing an intense feeling of hostility to even what is good in your convictions and precepts. You are straining the relations of the police to the cause of order and good public morals, and are bringing the administration of justice into ridicule and contempt. It does not giv the citizen a more exalted view of his relations to God and man to hav you hound him because he will not say "Ay, ay," and "No, no," when you do.

It does not sanctify the Lord's day to make the community laugh and chaff at your bigoted schemes to keep it holy. And it surely does serious injury to the efficiency of the police to cause them to make arrests which they know cannot be sustained in court.

If this town, with its thousands of churches and Sunday-schools, and the few innocent Sunday amusements that are left to it, is too vicious, too rowdy, too noisy, too irreligious for you so-called Sabbatarians, then, in the name of the mercy you lack, leave it. You hav finally tired us to death.

Church and Czar in Russia.

A Russian doing business on Broadway, New York, the other day laughed while reading a cable dispatch from London that "public opinion in Russia is in favor of peace." "Why," said he, "there is no such thing in Russia as public opinion, and we Russians laugh at the ignorance which can speak of it. There may be a thousand men in all the Russian empire who are permitted to form a few opinions on some political question, but they are the official or military servants of the czar, and echo his opinions. I find it a great luxury in this country to be an element of public opinion."

HERE is further testimony to the efficacy of the faith-cure, brought to our notice by the *Tribune:* "Not long ago a man in Wisconsin got up before a large audience and claimed to hav had eyesight restored to an eye which had been put out in his youth. The story was the talk of the day in the region where it was told, but the sequel was not so widely published. The man was sent to a lunatic asylum within three months, and at the time he made his statement was undoubtedly the victim of hallucination."

Gone West.

DEAR GENE: I presume it is not necessary for me to apprise you that I hav left New York. You remember the 16th of December; the handshake all around with the boys in the office; the little dinner at Mouquin's, where you, and Mr. Putnam, and Counselor Sherman, and Harry Thomas sat down, and Captain Smith of the Gil Blas dropped in to say good luck. Then the hurried skip to the cars, the last grasp and shake of the hand, and good-bye to New York.

My companion on this trip is Mr. Putnam—the genial Samuel P.—and if he had not been along with me I do not believe I should hav had half so much fun. Our destination was San Francisco, Cal., and as we boarded the cars I noticed that Mr. Putnam escorted a valise far disproportionate to his stature, and having lifted it I agreed at once that he should hav all the enjoyment to be derived from carrying it all the way. With this arrangement we got along first-rate for a while. But I may as well say here, that at Chicago he invested me with a satchel of books weighing about one hundred pounds, and after that our friendly relations were somewhat strained, particularly at the elbow joints.

The cars that run by night on the Ontario and Western railroad are provided with seats that go down behind and rise up in front like a dentist's chair, so that the passenger, if he is sufficiently exhausted, may drop from consciousness to nightmare without the expense of a berth in a sleeping car. The chair I captured did not fit me, and as the condnctor would not allow my feet to occupy the seat forward of me, my slumber was not sweet. Putnam, being of shorter build, fared better, and composing his countenance into a cherubic smile, he slept the sleep that knows no waking except the call of incense-breathing morn, or the conductor looking for tickets. A night and a day found us at Niagara. I was prepared to be astonished at the marvels of that place, but after I had paid sixty cents for a plate of corned beef and beans, I grew callous and learned not to be astonished at anything. I would advise all persons visiting the falls to look at the scenery before entering into any financial transactions with the nativs. The price of corned beef and beans at that place throws all the natural wonders into the blank of commonplace.

We crossed the Niagara river on a suspension bridge, one end of which rests on Canadian soil. The first conspicuous foreigner we noted was an aged Briton on a roaring spree. This gentleman drew expressions of sympathy from the passengers when he related that he had left his nativ soil in England and traveled three thousand miles to see the falls, and upon arriving there found himself so blind drunk that he couldn't see a demd thing. Likewise he had licked a minister without knowing it, and it augmented his grief and helped to spoil the pleasure of his trip to feel that he had lifted his hand against a preacher of the gospel.

The next event on our route was Chicago. E. A. Stevens got up early Sunday morning to meet us at the depot and to show us the places where we would fare the best. Chicago is a great city, and is aware of that fact. What there is of it is just as big as a portion of New York of the same size. Upon inquiring for a bath-room at the barber shop in the depot, I was shown one and assured that Chicago had the reputation of providing the best plain baths to be found in this country. How one mixture of hot and cold water could surpass another save in cleanliness I did not inquire, but took the bath and went to breakfast. I do not remember the name of the restaurant, but Mr. Stevens told me it was the finest in the country, and I guess he was right. The day being Sunday, we went to the Opera House and heard Mr. Salter discourse before the Ethical Society on the recent discussion between Colonel Ingersoll and the Rev. Mr. Field. The audience was not so large a one as the house would accommodate, and the sermon was less exciting than I expected to hear. Mr. Salter is a learned, polished, and cultured gentleman, and givs evidence of having been expensivly educated. His deportment on the platform is good, and he never so far loses control of himself as to become eloquent. He recited what he termed Dr. Field's strong points, and also what in the light of ethical culture were his weak ones. Then he performed the same service for the colonel, and summed up for both disputants. I think the audience would hav been more edified if Mr. Salter had confined himself to reading the discussion and let his hearers judge for themselvs as to the relativ merits of Presbyterianism and Freethought. I received no new light, and if I had never read the discussion I should not hav had the slightest notion what it was all about. Mr. Putnam awoke much refreshed in season to receive the benediction.

During the day we met Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. Mr. Freeman is a steady, reliable, and useful worker. Mrs. Freeman is a bright and engaging lady, full of enthusiasm. She is shortly to go out upon a lecturing tour, and I should think everybody would want to see and hear her. She is secretary of the Chicago League. And here is a good place to say that we attended a meeting of this League. Mr. Stevens presided, and Mrs. Freeman read the Nine Demands and the minutes of the previous meeting. There was vocal and instrumental music, and a Mr. Zimmerman read a paper on the fallacies of Socialism. The lecture was criticised at the close after the fashion set by the Manhattan Liberal Club. The critics complained that Mr. Zimmerman had failed to inform himself what Socialism was, and therefore was incompetent to discuss it either one way or the other. Professor Orchardson went so far as to say that between him and the lecturer there was a first-class idiot, and he wasn't ready to confess himself one. Mr. Zimmerman bore the adverse remarks with complacency, and if he had been worsted he certainly betrayed no consciousness of it. At this meeting I met Prof. W. S. Bell. I also had a long conversation with a lady believer in Dr. Cyrus Romulus Remus R. Teed. The doctor is printing a magazine in Chicago, and conducts a College of Life with numerous students. I expect that he is a humbug.

If you ever go to Chicago, don't fail to go and see Mr. A. D. O'Neil. If you don't find him at home, wait for him or hunt him up. He took us in his carriage and showed us the glories of the Garden City, for he, like other residents of Chicago, takes pride in the great central metropolis of this country, and I don't wonder at it. Until I reached San Francisco I thought Chicago, next to New York, the finest place in the Union.

The traveler going west from Chicago for the first time naturally looks with some impatience for the Father of Waters, and when he finally crosses a big stream he settles himself back in his seat and says he is west of the Mississippi at last. But he isn't. That big stream is the Illinois river, and the Mississippi is miles away. When he once sees it he can make no mistake. There is but one Mississippi, and it is a fresh-water ocean flowing down to the sea. All other streams are rivulets.

Before we reached Kansas City, Mo., we received an introduction to a blizzard. The storms of the East are summer blows compared with a blizzard. It took just one hour to snow in a freight train just ahead, and for six more hours we waited, while the engin took a few cars at a time and plowed its way to the next station. It was fifteen hours that day between meals.

Kansas City received us one cold, cold night at 12 o'clock—snow to a man's knees, and the thermometer at zero. Across the way from the depot is a hotel. The first thing that greeted us here was a sign reading, "Relief for Kansas sufferers put up in bottles. Take one along." Not being from Kansas, we passed up-stairs. Putnam grabbed the pen to register. The pen fetched the ink-bottle with it, being frozen in, and we scrawled our names with a pencil. In the room assigned us there was a hoary beard around the keyhole, the pitcher was solid ice, and the washbowl a skating rink. We partially undressed, slid between the icy sheets on the bed, and froze up until a slave built a fire in the room next morning and thawed us out. The train was advertised to go at 10 o'clock A.M. At 4 P.M. it went, and all the way across Kansas we had the blizzard with us. If you hav read the news from the West you hav learned that that was the worst storm Kansas ever had. Passengers getting on the train at way stations had stories to tell of men and cattle found in the snow frozen stiff.

The topic of discussion in Kansas is Prohibition. I heard an argument on the subject between a resident and a stranger. The resident had a bottle, which he shared with the stranger, and he got the best both of the bottle and the argument. He was a Prohibitionist, he said, from principle. He had drank Prohibition whisky for fifty-seven years, and it never had hurt him, while a quart he got in Missouri made him sick for a week. Therefore he was in favor of Prohibition, and wished election day came once a month, so he could vote as he prayed, early and often. My observation leads me to conclude that the remark of the governor of North Carolina to the governor of the adjoining state is never heard in Kansas.

The stranger above mentioned was a journalist on his way to southwestern Kansas to start a local paper, and the resident belonged to that part of the state. The latter stated that they had one editor in his locality, but his lot was not an enviable one. He was about as fat as a gray wolf, and had to giv up wearing a watch-chain because it rattled against his backbone. He managed to enjoy one meal a day and get kicked twice, and he counted the kicks for the two other meals.

After we left Kansas and passed through the corner of Colorado into New Mexico, the weather grew warmer, although the altitude was high and the snow-storm still prevailed. At Raton (which is called Ratoon), N. M., we were 6,688 feet above sea level. Then we went down a couple of thousand feet to a plateau. This is the land of fire. The country appears to hav been toyed with by earthquakes and melted by volcanoes until the life was burnt and shaken out of it. Some Indians manage to liv there in their adobe huts. At several villages where we stopped the squaws came scampering up to the train with specimens of volcanic glass, colored stones, and bits of pottery for sale. I saw no Minnehahas among these tan-colored damsels. They were squatty of figure, dull-faced, coarse-haired, greasy, and dirty. When not bare-legged, they wore the male trousers of civilization stuck in moccasins, shirts open from the throat nearly to the waist, and old blankets slung over one shoulder and belted around them. Some of the squaws had babies wrapped up and strapped to a board. It cost five cents to get a good look at the dirty little villains; a smell of them cost nothing, and could not very well be avoided, except by keeping at a distance. Others of these Indian girls trick out in gay-colored finery, and look quite gorgeous, but the railroad men gave me to understand that they were bad squaws. I admire the climate of New Mexico and Arizona, and if a man could subsist on a salubrious atmosphere, that would be a good place to liv, but nothing grows there. It is Gehenna.

Arizona has the same beautiful climate and the same arid soil. It was while going through this territory that I encountered my first cowboy. Four or five men got on the cars at a station called Angell. At Flagstaff they got off and drank bad whisky, until only two were able to board the train. One of these got into a seat across the aisle from mine. He was in a wicked state of mind and stared about him insolently. A few moments after the train got in motion, he stretched himself and observed that it was about time for a little hip-pocket work. He addressed me as "pard" and asked if I wanted to fight. I ignored his inquiry as long as possible, and then said, No. He was equally unsuccessful with several other passengers, some of whom he offered to shoot. Then he returned and lounged across the arm of Putnam's seat facing me. He entreated me to go out and enjoy a little "gun-play" with him. I declined. An offer to enter into a sparring contest met with a similar reception. Then he wanted me to take my valise off Putnam's seat and let him sit down. I wouldn't do it. He followed with requests for a drink, for a feed out of a lunch-basket on my seat, and for the loan of four bits. He got neither. He said perhaps I didn't know what happened to folks who failed to "pungle up" at the request of one of his class of people. I replied that I hadn't the slightest idea. About this time he called me a chub and a tenderfoot. I thought he was growing a trifle fresh and may hav indicated that I was getting weary of his society. He soon left the car. I am a man of peace and dislike violence, but, to tell the truth, I had steeled my heart and resolved to thump him on the nose if he stayed where he was. He saved his nose by going away. I subsequently ascertained that he was a bogus cowboy—that is, he was not a cowboy at all, but the foreman of a gang of section hands on the Santa Fé road. The conductor told me that "tenderfoot" is a fighting word in Arizona, so I kept watch for the cowboy's return, resolved to show him no mercy. I tremble for the result if he had come back. But he didn't. I saw him on the track at Williams, so drunk that he couldn't walk between the rails, and I was satisfied to let tanglefoot avenge the tenderfoot. I met some genuin cowboys. Hale and hearty fellows they were, well dressed, well behaved, and picturesque. It is the bogus cowboy, in a cheap sombrero and full of whisky, that givs the fraternity a bad name.

About the toughest place we struck on our journey was Barstow, in the southern part of this state. Here a bad man, a burly miner he looked like, went strolling up and down the platform of the depot swinging his arms and howling for a fight. A rather slight young fellow dressed in the uniform of the G. A. R. stepped off the palace car and asked what the nativ desired. The nativ said he was offering $50 to any man who would hit him. He was immediately accommodated. The young fellow's fist took him in the chin and he sat down with all his weight. The crowd hooted, and the nativ picked his person off the ground and went away with the look of a man trying to get rid of himself. The victor jumped thrice in the air, emitted a howl of triumph, and retired. I heard that on the other side of the train another nativ was similarly laid out by a passenger to the joy of all beholders.

I reached San Francisco December 26th. It is a great city, a beautiful city. I hav seen little of it, but the seen givs me a good opinion of the unseen. And I am now reminded that I hav so far omitted to tell why I left New York and came West. The truth need not be concealed. I hav embarked in journalism. Mr. Putnam and myself hav begun the publication of a Liberal paper called *Freethought*. We chose the West, not necessarily because we deemed the East effete, but because there is no Freethought paper on the coast. Besides, we did not want to take all your subscribers away from you. Mr. Putnam will go ringing the word of truth up and down this coast, and I shall edit the paper during his absence. This is quite an important step, but it was not taken without some signs of encouragement. Several of my friends in the East hav promised to read the paper if I will send it to them and pay the postage; and out in Chicago a man said if I ever wanted to return I might call on him and he would

giv me a hundred dollars to stay here. Under such conditions it seems to me success is assured. When you come to San Francisco, drop in and see us. We are in the heart of the city—504 Kearny, corner of California street, up two flights, front. If you hav a brother's regard for me you will subscribe for *Freethought*, a twelve-page paper printed in nice plain type, $2 per annum. All Liberals under whose eye these words may fall are invited to call on us. They may not be able to note the convolutions of the editorial brain, but they can get acquainted. We are always at home.

I remain your affectionate brother,

GEO. E. MACDONALD.

504 *Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal.*

Inspiration and Revelation.

Science is classified knowledge. It is only by classifying and comparing phenomena that we can arrive at the truth. "He who knows but one language," says Goethe, "knows none." To this Max Muller adds, "He who knows but one religion, knows none." We cannot tell where religious ideas and doctrins emanate without searching the past, for Christianity is a comparativly modern religion. Others were gray with age ere Christianity was born. The great ethnic or race religions represent man's effort to formulate and enforce the moral law, and all originated in ages when our methods of study were unknown and the sum of human knowledge limited. This earth was supposed to be the center and all-important part of the universe; the sun, moon, and stars, greater or lesser lights hung in the sky. We now know through the teachings of astronomy that all the fixed stars are suns, centers of planetary systems, and that our earth is one of the smaller planets of one of the smaller sun stars—one of millions, and an infinitesimal atom in a universe so grand that the human intellect fails to grasp its immensity—and that this universe is one, governed to its remotest bounds, in its minutest as well as grandest operations, by immutable law. The oldest by far of the great religions of the earth and the grandest in its conceptions is the Brahman or ancient religion of the Hindoos. Here originated the belief in the supreme being, the doctrin of the trinity, the incarnation of the second person of the trinity, the immortality of the soul (which they believed to be the life-spirit, not the mind), inspiration and revelation, good and evil spirits, heaven and hell. Here we hav the foundation and groundwork of all the succeeding religions laid down by those whom we in our ignorance hav been pleased to designate as the "benighted heathen."

The doctrin of inspiration and revelation was first applied to the Rig-veda, the oldest of known books. This, the first of the sacred books of the Brahmans, is a collection of Mantras, or hymns, composed by the Rishis, or seers, under the shadow of the Himalayas in prehistoric times, transmitted by memory until the art of writing was invented, then fixed in the ancient Sanscrit text, and now acessible in good translations. They represent religion in its rudimentary stage when the human intellect was in the infancy of its development. Some of the hymns bear a resemblance to certain psalms in the collection known as David's Psalms. Later the Yagur and Sama-vedas were added, and last of all the Atharva-veda. The Institutes, or laws of Menu, the two great epic poems which contain the descriptions of the incarnation of Vishnu as Rama and Krishna, and other books constitute the Brahman Bible, held by them in the greatest reverence as a divine revelation.

The origin of a religion is always followed by a flood of religious literature by its devotees. It was so with Buddhism, which originated from the teachings of Sakyamuni about five hundred years before our era. A council of the Buddhist church, called after the death of its founder, formed the canon of scripture constituting the Tripitaka, the Buddhist Bible, revered as an inspired revelation. The Persians had their Bible, the Zend-Avesta; the Jews theirs; the Christians theirs, selected by a church council from a mass of pious literature, now mostly lost—gospels, acts, and epistles without number. The Mohammedans hav their Koran, and the Mormons the book of Mormon; the followers of Swedenborg, the Arcana Cœlestea.

The law of inspiration that produced all these books still exists and is in operation. These books were all written by men, and hav a certain family resemblance. Some are the meditations of sages. Some are codes of laws. Some are biographies conveying moral lessons of great beauty in a cloud of myth, miracle, and fiction. This was a favorit style with oriental writers, whose perception of the importance of truth was as yet very feeble, and who frequently forged the names of elder sages to their books to giv them greater weight, as the Wisdom of Solomon, book of Enoch, apocryphal writings.

Some are the visions of epileptics, who soar on fancy's wing to the highest heaven, and amid agitated stars and flashes of lightning behold the throne of God, the ancient of days, the son of man, surrounded by angels and archangels and all the company of heaven. These visions, recorded as revelations from on high, hav produced a profound impression in all ages and been embodied in all religious beliefs.

Inspired writings are what a man is impelled to write by an impulse which he does not understand. Thousands of clouds pass overhead unheeded, but from the cloud surcharged with electricity the lightning flashes and the thunder rolls. So from the mind of the sage or the scholar flash forth those revelations which enlighten the world; so from the mind of the poet that combination of music, wisdom, and beauty, that "sweet fruit upon the poisonous tree of life," which we call poetry; so from the seer those moral and religious lessons which hav been the guide of humanity, now, as ever, struggling toward the light. Such is inspiration, and every new truth is a revelation to those who receive it.

P. ROOSEVELT JOHNSON, M.D.

A Voice from the Tomb.

A correspondent sends the *Evening Post* the following extract from a fast day sermon delivered in the Presbyterian church of Columbia, S. C., by the Rev. James H. Thornwell, D.D., just one month before the secession of the state of South Carolina.

Dr. Thornwell was in his day looked upon as a bright ornament of the Presbyterian church. He was elected a moderator of its general assembly in 1847, and from 1852 to 1855 was president of the South Carolina college, doing duty as college chaplain and as professor of moral philosophy. He was a man of great learning, and of his wonderful eloquence many who heard him preach, both North and South, still liv to testify. During the latter part of the career of John C. Calhoun, Dr. Thornwell, who was his bosom friend, wielded in South Carolina an influence scarcely less than that of the father of secession himself, and would, in all probability, but for his calling, hav succeeded the celebrated South Carolinian in the Senate of the United States.

The extract referred to is as follows:

Having adverted to the sins which belong to us as members of the confederacy, let us turn to those that belong to us as a particular commonwealth. I shall restrict myself to our dealings with the institution which has produced the present convulsion of the country and brought us to the verge of ruin. That the relation betwixt the slave and his master is not inconsistent with the word of God, we hav long since settled. Our consciences are not troubled, and we hav no reason to be troubled, on this score. We do not hold our slaves in bondage from remorseless considerations of interest. If I know the character of our people, I think I can safely say that if they were persuaded of the essential immorality of slavery, they would not be backward in adopting measures for the ultimate abatement of the evil. We cherish the institution, not from avarice, but from principle. We look upon it as an element of strength, and not of weakness, and confidently anticipate the time when the nations that now revile us would gladly change places with us.

In its last analysis, slavery is nothing but an organization of labor, and an organization by virtue of which labor and capital are made to coincide. Under this scheme labor can never be without employment, and the wealth of the country is pledged to feed and clothe it. Where labor is free, and the laborer not a part of the capital of the country, there are two causes constantly at work which, in the excessiv contrasts which they produce, must end in agrarian revolutions and intolerable distress.

The first is the tendency of capital to accumulate. Where it does not include the laborer as a part, it will employ only that labor which will yield the largest returns. It looks to itself, and not to the interest of the laborer.

The other is the tendency of population to outstrip the demands for employment. The multiplication of laborers not only reduces wages to the lowest point, but leaves multitudes wholly unemployed.

While the capitalist is accumulating his hoards, rolling in affluence and splendor, thousands who would work if they had the opportunity are doomed to perish of hunger. The most astonishing contrasts of poverty and riches are constantly increasing. Society is divided between princes and beggars. If labor is left free, how is this condition of things to be obviated? The government must either make provision to support people in idleness, or it must arrest the law of population and keep them from being born, or it must organize labor. Human beings cannot be expected to starve. There is a point at which they will rise in desperation against a social order which dooms them to nakedness and famin, while their lordly neighbor is clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day. They will scorn the logic which makes it their duty to perish in the midst of plenty. Bread they must hav, and bread they will hav, though all the distinctions of property hav to be abolished to provide it. The government, therefore, must support them, or an agrarian revolution is inevitable. But shall it support them in idleness? Will the poor, who hav to work for their living, consent to see others as stout and able as themselvs clothed and fed like the lilies of the field, while they toil not neither do they spin? Will not this be to giv a premium to idleness?

The government, then, must find them employment; but how shall this be done? On what principle shall labor be organized so as to make it certain that the laborer shall never be without employment, and employment adequate for his support?

The only way in which it can be done, as a permanent arrangement, is by converting the laborer into capital—that is, by giving the employer a right of property in the labor employed; in other words, by slavery. The master must always find work for his slave, as well as food and raiment. The capital of the country, under this system, must always feed and clothe the country. There can be no pauperism, and no temptations to agrarianism. That non-slaveholding states will eventually hav to organize labor, and to introduce something so like slavery that it will be impossible to discriminate between them, or to suffer from the most violent and disastrous insurrections against the system which creates and perpetuates their misery, seems to be as certain as the tendencies in the laws of capital and population to produce the extremes of poverty and wealth. We do not envy them their social condition. With sanctimonious complacency they may affect to despise us, and to shun our society as they would shun the infection of a plague. They may say to us, "Stand by—we are holier than thou!" but the day of reckoning must come. As long as the demand for labor transcends the supply, all is well; capital and labor are mutual friends, and the country grows with mushroom rapidity. But when it is no longer capital asking for labor, but labor asking for capital—when it is no longer work seeking men, but men seeking work—then the tables are turned, and unemployed labor and selfish capital staud face to face in deadly hostility.

We desire to see no such state of things among ourselvs, and we accept as a good and merciful constitution the organization of labor which providence has given us in slavery. Like every human arrangement, it is liable to abuse; but in its idea, and in its ultimate influence upon the social system, it is wise and beneficent. We see in it a security for the rights of property and a safeguard against pauperism and idleness, which our traducers may yet liv to wish had been engrafted upon their own institutions. The idle declamation about degrading men to the condition of chattels, and treating them as cows, oxen, or swine; the idea that they are regarded as tools and instruments, and not as beings possessed of immortal souls, betray gross ignorance of the real nature of the relation. Slavery givs one man the right of property in the labor of another. The property of man in man is only the property of man in human toil. The laborer becomes capital, not because he is a thing, but because he is the exponent of a presumed amount of labor. This is the radical notion of the system, and all legislation upon it should be regulated by this fundamental idea.

Business Notes.

If any of our readers has copies of Mr. Green's *Freethinkers' Magazine* of March and August, 1887, that they do not want, they can find a purchaser at this office.

The price of "Christian Paradoxes," by Francis Bacon, printed so elegantly by Peter Eckler, is 10 cents. It is a good pamphlet to hand to your orthodox neighbor.

Freethinkers residing in New South Wales can find copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER for sale at the book-store of W. Willis, 715 Haymarket, Sydney. Mr. Willis will fill mail orders, if postage is sent him.

People possessing sufficient decency to despise Anthony Comstock and his society will find Lum Smith's *Agent's Herald* for December congenial reading. Mr. Smith seems to hav had wide experience with Comstock and his backers, and to appreciate them at their proper value. His address is 706 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Coarse Baptist.

From Life.

A certain reverend gentleman, at the recent conference of Baptist ministers, advised Mr. Anthony Comstock to proceed against this journal for the indecency of its cover, and said, "Those dancing figures on the title-page of *Life* are lewd pictures, and they suggest lewd thoughts."

Now, this is a confession that reflects rather seriously upon our reverend friend. We hav been laboring under the impression that Mr. Anthony Comstock possessed the nastiest mind in New York, but for imaginativ licentiousness, so to speak, the Rev. Dr. W. F. Taylor is a close competitor. If the title-page of this journal suggests such a wealth of lewdness to this gentleman's most receptiv mind, he had better change his diet or subscribe to some other periodical. As for the high priest of suggestion, Mr. Anthony Comstock, we are ready for his "proceeding" at any time he may select, and shall enjoy nothing better than a larger share of his attention. If we fail to stir this gentleman up a little when the ball begins, or to strike one or two square blows for art and honest decency, we promis to get some trousers for the "lewd figures" that decorate our cover. These men do much to make a thing indecent when once they open the sluiceways of their minds upon it.

From Puck.

The Rev. Dr. W. F. Taylor, at a recent conference of Baptist ministers, made complaint of the "dancing figures" on the title-page of our esteemed contemporary, *Life*, on the ground that they "are lewd pictures, and they suggest lewd thoughts." The figures on the title-page of our E C. are not lewd; they are delicate, pretty, artistic, and full of the pure, wholesome grace of childhood. We are not prepared to deny that they suggest lewd thoughts—to the Rev. W. F. Taylor. But if he is that sort of a man, he acts most unwisely in advertising the fact.

THE Methodist conference at Danville, Va., held recently, passed resolutions condemning theater-going. The Richmond *State* remarks that "camp-meeting" instead of "theater" would hav been more reasonable, and certainly would hav resulted much more beneficially to the country."

THIS is the way the Galveston *News* records an event of great interest to Tennessee congregations: "'Sucker No. 82' was the name applied by New York swindlers to Deacon Allen Gilliland, of Tennessee, to whom they sold $10,000 of 'green goods' for $650 of the deacon's hard-earned money. And when the deacon prosecuted them he failed to secure a conviction, and the judge told him to go back to Tennessee and pose as a horrible example to the congregation."

SAYS the *Christian Advocate*, organ of the Methodist church: "Never upon earth will there be an organic unity of all Christians. If there should be, causes similar to those which hav produced the present divisions would at once begin to operate, and neither the iron heel of a sacerdotal despotism, nor the remorseless ukase of Peter the Great, nor the indifference of opulent piety, nor the quiet assumptions of universal scholarship, could prevent, but would rather stimulate, departures from the common type, whatever it might be. The composit photograph, whether in individuals or churches, will forever remain 'the impossible she.'" That is plain talk, right out from the shoulder, and is the truest thing we hav found in a Christian journal for a long time.

Communications.

The Distribution of Wealth.

If Long's Peak and Pike's Peak did not split the sky with their wastes of ice and granit in Colorado; if there were no Rocky mountains and no Sierras west of the Mississippi, no rains would fall in Illinois, no descending thunders would send up their smoke at White Niagara. The Mississippi valley would be another Desert of Sahara. If there were no Alps nor Pyrenees, there would hav been no Roman empire, no modern European civilization. The spring that trickles by a farmer's door is caused to be by the mountain-chain one thousand miles west, attracting the snowy fleets of heaven from the seas two thousand miles eastward. These same fleets of clouds were launched in air by the attractiv and distributing power of a vast, seething furnace of burning capital, a sordid monopoly of combustion, placed ninety-six million miles away, the sun, compared with whose dimensions Milton's hell would be like a lighted cigaret. At what a vast seeming waste of matter and of space does nature bring about comparativ equality of fertility and capacity for production over the whole earth! That is because nature has plenty of space, plenty of time, and plenty of patience, and withal has a far greater taste for variety than for excellence, as we should judge of things.

In the social world the relation between the great seeming wastes of capital and the activity of production are even less apparent, and by most are altogether denied. If in nature, in the upheaval of continents and the gathering of oceans in their beds, vast apparent wastes of matter, or, at all events, prodigious cheap accumulations of it, do help to promote fertility, productivity, and equality of enjoyment over the whole earth, is it in like manner true in society that inequality in the distribution of wealth, and of all intellectual and moral powers, all of which are but forms of wealth, is essential to the largest activity and most equalized enjoyment of all? I hold that it is; that inequality in the distribution of wealth of every kind is essential to the highest rapidity in its production, the greatest economy in its use, and the largest enjoyment in its consumption; in short, that some must be rich and others poor, in order that mankind may liv at all, and that, instead of the poor being made poorer by the contrast with the wealth of the rich, it is only because of the involuntary services rendered to them by the wealth they do not own that the poor can liv at all. To prove this, let us first consider what would befall society if the really impossible hypothesis that all men were rich could be realized.

Second, what would befall society if the destructiv hypothesis that all wealth were equally diffused could be realized.

And, thirdly, let us consider analytically in what ways and for what reasons society at large achieves results through the unequal distribution of wealth and power which could not be obtained at all except upon the basis of universal inequality.

First. To suppose all men rich is to suppose all men relieved from the necessity of performing any of those services whose performance is essential to the daily and hourly maintenance of life. It is to suppose ourselvs living in a world wherein we could get no other services performed for ourselvs by anybody than we could now get performed for us by Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, or the Rothschilds, by the use of such inducements as we could to-day employ toward either of those persons.

For argument's sake, we will suppose we begin our day to-morrow with all men thus rich. Fortunately for us, the sun rises in the morning without the help of toil. Therefore it is sunrise and day. Fortunately, also, the provision made during previous days leaves us in a position to rise, bathe, and put on our attire. For the builders, artists, and manufacturers who constructed our abode, the furniture of our room, and our clothing, even to the bedstead and bedding; the maid who brought the water yesterday and left pitcher, washbowl, and towel in their accustomed place, were not then as rich as they desired to be—none of them had "enough." It was because they worked with the specter of want stalking behind them under the old capitalistic order of things that all these things are here ready for us to rise, put on our attire, and go down as if to breakfast.

There, however, the game is up. Yesterday's work will not get this morning's breakfast, which must be placed before us, if at all, by somebody who is rich. No fire in the dining-room grate, none in the kitchen range, no dishes on the breakfast table, no coffee or chocolate, no steak, potatoes, hash, or sardines—nothing but a dreary recollection of former breakfasts in that now blank and hungry room.

"What's all this?" we ask. "What's the matter with Bridget? Is she married, paralyzed, dead, or gone to a ball?"

The folding doors open slightly, and through those a female voice answers:

"Bridget is rich! As rich as Jay Gould! No lady worth $80,000,000 ever gets a gentleman his breakfast!"

With that the door closes in perfect independence. Nothing more to be made out of me.

Whew!

Nothing left for us but to go out, get our own steak, bring it home and cook it—an elegant start indeed for a man just entered on the enjoyment of his $80,000,000.

At the front door we find no morning paper.

"Ah!" we sigh. "The carrier rich, too, poor fellow. No Jay Gould ever delivers morning papers. Strange effect of universal wealth. Cooks and morning papers both abolished before 8 o'clock."

At the sidewalk. No car in sight either way. No! rich men don't drive horse-cars or punch tickets. Always heretofore it has been that "them that's rich could ride in chaises," but somehow, now that all are rich there seems to be nobody to drive: therefore all must walk—which has the effect of making all poor, despite their riches.

We walk to the butcher's. The thought occurs to us that at the corner, having got our $80,000,000, we'll just giv a cool hundred to the beggar who usually sits there. Nobody there! Sure enough—he's got his $80,000,000, too. Why, money is like universal suffrage—when everybody's got it it's good for nothing, not even for alms. As you walk the street you note that everybody is hungry, sallow, mad, and idle. Nobody has had his breakfast. Neighbors look at you as butchers look at an ox to take the measure of his meat. Long before you hav reached the butcher's, you feel like a fat man on a polar expedition, as if your fat were tempting the appetites of your friends. At the butcher's the shutters are up, and a brief notice, thus:

> Being notified by the central committee of the new Socialistic state, T. B. Wakeman, secretary, that I am worth $80,000,000, I feel that I hav got enough. I will therefore sell no more meat.

At the market, the bakery, grocery, and dry goods, hardware, and crockery stores all is the same. The courts are all closed. No man acts as judge or lawyer after he has got "enough." Railroads stop running. The late busy city is as silent as if Lady Godiva were to ride abroad. But it is not she—it is Famin, Pestilence, nothing less than the disappearance of the human race. The wheels of society all stop under the test of universal wealth as the wheels of the factory stop when all hands strike.

In social science the conception of universal wealth is as impossible, as unthinkable, as self-annihilating, as in physical science would be the conception of illimitable light without darkness, life without death, levity without gravity, or heat without cold.

When every man is lifted above the inducement to render service to his fellow-men, every man would be sunk below the power to obtain service from his fellow-man. When no man wants anything, all men will lack everything. Hence, to make wealth universal is to annihilate it, and those who desire this consummation rightly and logically call themselvs Nihilists and Anarchists, not Socialists.

But, secondly, suppose all wealth equally diffused, which is the doctrin of the Communist. If this equalization were applied throughout the world, each person living would hav probably $250. If applied to the United States only, each would hav about $1,000. Dividing our entire land in equal areas, each would get 43 acres. Dividing our cultivated farms, each would get 10 acres. Dividing it in equal values, each would get $600 worth of land, $400 worth of personal property. Suppose the division effected as to the United States, so that every person in the country has $1,000, and no one has more. In our present system of industry, organized by large capitals, one might buy with it a building lot and shanty in a by-street, a butcher stall, small grocer's stock, truck and team of horses, or the like, because of the use and value which would belong to these things by reason of their position relativly to the great population around us. These values in turn are dependent on the 4,008,907 outlying farms of the country, having an average value of $3,000 including land and live stock; the great railroads, banks, factories, and means of production and transportation. The average capital invested in each of the 54 railways reporting to the Illinois railway commissioners is $23,000,000. The average capital invested in the 253,852 manufacturing establishments enumerated in the census of 1880 is $11,068. In agriculture every $1,500 employs or supports a human being. In railroading every $8,000 of capital employs a man. In manufactures every $1,000 of capital employs a worker. Now, while all this organization of labor by means of capital exists, a man may do a few things with a thousand dollars, besides stopping wark and consuming it, though not many.

He hardly dare buy $1,000 worth of stock in these great railways, for he cannot find out enough about their management and means of income to know whether the stock is a safe one to buy. But, if he buys intelligently, he does so because he knows one, two, or three great capitalists who, as owners of the majority of the stock, giv it stability. He would not be one of a mob of 23,000 holders, each holding $1,000 each in a railway; for the most Socialistic worshiper of the democratic idea could not be made to believe that any railway or other productiv investment could be run at a profit by a roaring, ranting, howling, cozening, bribing, hell-e-to-split democracy of 23,000 members. Every man suddenly turns traitor to democratic principles, and shows his confidence in the superiority of the aristocratic principle over the democratic, when he goes to invest his money in a stock company, by inquiring, not whether it maintains equality among its members, but whether it has any men of known quality, any good men and strong men—in a word, any impregnable monopolists of wealth—in it. Every expression of a preference for good men for any purpose is an aristocracy. Pure democracy recognizes no distinction among men as being good or bad.

In England a few cooperativ concerns hav been able to run, notwithstanding their large membership, but evidently these are the late flowers of a capitalized soil. The ground was prepared for them by the industries conducted by capitalists, and they had but to imitate the operations of capital.

Suppose our owner of $1,000 invests in four teams or "trucks," with which to haul merchandise in a great city from the depots to their points of delivery. His investment derives its whole value from three facts: First, the non-ownership of teams by the persons whose goods are to be hauled; second, the existence of the railways, which could not exist but as large capitals; and, third, the existence of three laborers, without capital and without means of living, except by work, and who are therefore willing to drive his teams. Hence, without riches on the one side of him and poverty on the other, he could make no profitable use of his money in this form. The same is true of every possible investment that can be made of any sum. Wealth could hav no definition and no value without want, as being only the means of relieving want. When want disappears, wealth, great or small, is abolished. Hence, it is evident that to equalize wealth would be to abolish it.

And now, thirdly, wherein and why does society make this stupendous economic gain through the unequal possession of wealth, insomuch that without this inequality progress does not begin, and the intensity, rapidity, and power of the progress are measured often and usually by the ever-increasing disparity in the conditions of men as custodians of capital? I assert as matter of historic fact that wherever all the members of a given society hav remained comparativly equal in wealth, as among the Bushmen of Africa, the nomadic Arabs of the desert, the Tartars, North American Indians, Chinese, ancient Jews, and comparativly among our colonial forefathers during the century and a half from 1670 to 1790, progress has been slow and painful, and the mental development has been, perhaps, independent and self-denying, but narrow, bigoted, and barren. Meanwhile the creativ civilizations of the world, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Venetian, Dutch, French, British, American, and German—the periods in which the great originating and commanding types of men hav run their careers of progress, invention, and enterprise in useful and fine art; in legislation, eloquence, philosophy, and freedom; in science, research, and mental emancipation and highest social order—hav been periods of great differentiation of ranks, grades, and classes among men, periods when the organization of society was most intensely aristocratic, and when public thought emphasized dignity of character and capacity of achievement, by acknowledging, gratefully, proudly, and without envy, all the actual inequalities that exist among men.

Why is it, then, that periods and peoples of most unequal distribution of wealth, intellect, rank, and honor are periods and peoples of most progress in wealth and in civilization? I will try to answer this question candidly. All wealth, *i. e.*, everything that has value, or will sell for a price of any kind, is either enjoyable or reproductiv, *i. e.*, its value consists either in the use we make of it when we consume it for our comfort, support, or pleasure, or in the use we make of it when by its use we produce something to be consumed or enjoyed by others. The motiv with which we use enjoyable wealth is pleasure. The motiv with which we use reproductiv wealth is profit, *i. e*, the obtaining presently of the means of securing future pleasure. The function of enjoyable wealth is to be consumed by ourselvs—it is egoistic. The function of reproductiv wealth is to forward, or create, or furnish some form of enjoyable wealth for others. It is altroistic. Food, shelter, clothing, ornament, amusement, instruction, worship, association of man with his fellowmen, and social position, esteem, honor, or fame, are prominent forms of consumable wealth. Land, buildings for rental, capital for employing labor, machinery, implements, or stocks and shares representing them, railways, and means of transformation, transportation, or transfer, the ship, mine, furnace, factory, and every edifice used to earn an income in, are all reproductiv wealth.

To make a thing wealth, either enjoyable or reproductiv, it need not be a physical commodity nor exchangeable. For in the end all that a commodity

can do is to produce a pleasurable sensation, and all sensations are imponderable and mental. An emotional satisfaction is, therefore, the last and highest form of wealth. For wealth is that which relieves want and givs pleasure. If it comes to relieve our own want, it is enjoyable wealth, be it a salad, a sealskin, a solitaire, a song, or a sermon. If we make a profit out of it by using it to relieve the wants of others, it is to us reproductiv wealth, be it a plow or a farm, a loom or a factory, a bank note or a bank.

VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Age of Man on the Earth.

Before commencing my argument on this subject, I will notice the following from Professor Moss, viz., "That the investigations of oriental scholars hav added immensely to our knowledge I am not prepared to dispute, but I deny that they corroborate what Mr. Grabill calls the brief allusions of the Bible. What brief allusions? What could oriental scholars corroborate in reference to the Mosaic account of the origin of man by reference to monuments, inscriptions, or fragmentary remains? Certainly not that man was less than six thousand years old, and most assuredly not that he was of one type and one race? What, then? Let Mr. Grabill reply."

As to the type and race of man, that has been fully answered, and it is with great confidence in the strength of my position that, in reply to the remainder of this quotation, I affirm that, waiving the question of the inspiration of the scripture records, and viewing them simply as a mass of documents, subject to the laws and to be judged by the principles of historical criticism, their authenticity is vindicated.

The evidence shows that we possess in the scripture records, not only the most authentic account of ancient times that has come down to us, but a history absolutely and in every respect correct. It is a treasure of wisdom and knowledge; a history as important to the historical inquirer as to the theologian. There may be obscurities; there may be occasionally, in names and numbers, accidental corruptions of the text; there may be a few interpolations, glosses which hav crept in from the margin, but upon the whole it must be pronounced a genuin and authentic work, and one which—even were it not inspired—would be, for the times and countries whereof it treats, the leading and paramount authority; and let me assure the professor that, after a careful and candid consideration of all the evidencebearing upon this subject, he will be convinced that those who resist the scripture records, by impugning their veracity, like Jannes and Jambres of old resist the truth.

There are a few other statements which are not only beside the question, but unworthy of notice, and I will pass them and take up the subject under discussion, viz., "The Age of Man on the Earth," or, The length of the human period as given by Moses in the ancient Hebrew scriptures and science are reconcilable.

The professor (considering the weakness of his cause) made an able effort to refute my argument on this question by presenting us with what he calls "historical evidence," and what may be justly termed geological and paleontological speculation; now I will proceed to examin those branches of evidence which he has produced, not in a partisan spirit or manner, but to present our readers with what I believe to be the truth.

He commences his argument with this statement, "That the Chinese might be found in a highly civilized condition, with a monarchy and a government, as far back as 2500 B.C., while, according to such eminent authorities as Lepsius and Bunsen, the Egyptians hav a history that carries us back more than four thousand years B.C."

Now, in respect to Egypt, he asserts that "the sculptures of the fourth dynasty, the earliest extant, show that the arts of that day (some 3500 B.C., date of Menes; more than 3400 B.C., Humboldt; 3643 B.C., Bunsen; 3892 B.C., Kenrick; 3893 B.C., Lepsius; 3895 B.C., Hincks—in each case more than a thousand years before the Usherian date of the deluge) had already arrived at a perfection little inferior to that of the eighteenth dynasty, which until lately was regarded as her Augustan age."

The professor supposes this quotation from Nott's "Types of Man" to settle the question as to "the vast antiquity of man," and he would hav us believe that architectural history began at one of these periods ranging from 3500 to 3895 B.C., for he plainly says in the same connection that "her tombs, her temples, her pyramids, her manners, customs, and arts—all betoken a full-grown nation;" but again he admits "that, in connection with Egyptian history and tradition, there are a number of religious fables, such as we find associated with the early history and tradition of all other nations;" consequently he could not, with the least shadow of success, affirm that there is any source of history of those ancient people "that carries us back" to either of the dates given, but he simply givs the quotation with the dates, and leaves his readers to separate the true from the mythical as best they can.

I will just here remind the professor that one important fact we must bear in mind is, that modern criticism no longer accepts primitiv tradition, venal eulogiums, partisan pamphlets, and highly-wrought romances, as equal and trustworthy evidence, merely because of their age, but is teaching us to sift the testimony of ancient authors, and to discern the special aims which may determin the light in which their works should be viewed. The researches of oriental scholars hav thrown a flood of new light upon ancient events; and, above all, the inscriptions discovered and deciphered within half a century hav set before us the great actors of ancient times, speaking in their own persons from the walls of palaces and tombs; therefore I will present the facts as taught by these histories, written in the light and with the advantages of the latest discoveries.

Now, the statement I made in my first paper I still maintain, viz.: "That those ancient nations are known to us by four kinds of evidence: (1) written records; (2) architectural monuments; (3) fragmentary remains; (4) tradition.

"Of these, the first only can be considered as a true source of history, though the others afford its most interesting and valuable illustrations." Moreover, I affirm that those ancient nations hav no true source of history that "carries us back" so far as the Mosaic records.

Constance Manasses says that the Egyptian monarchy was founded about 2125 B.C. Durviage, in his Cyclopedia of History, says that Menes was the first king of Egypt, and that the dynasty of the shepherd-kings commenced about 2048 B.C.; this would giv us for the founding of the empire by Menes about 2200 B.C.

In Willard's Universal History we are told that Menes, or Misraim, founded the first Egyptian monarchy about 2188 B.C.

According to Thalheimer, Egypt commenced its existence not as a united kingdom, but with a number of scattered *nomes*, or families. One historian mentions fifty-three, and another thirty-six, of these *nomes*, and as one became more powerful, it swallowed up its neighbors, and thus grew into a united kingdom, with Menes as the first king. About seven kings in regular descent formed this dynasty, of which little is known; it belongs rather to tradition than to ascertained history.

Monumental history began about 2440 B.C. Egypt at this time was governed by three dynasties which reigned simultaneously in upper, middle, and lower Egypt. Proofs of this are found in the vast architectural monuments and fragmentary remains which overspread Egypt (Thalheimer's Ancient History, pp. 51, 52).

It appears that Professor Moss is accustomed to assert that "according to Lepsius and Bunsen, the Egyptians hav a history that carries us back more than four thousand years B.C.," and Professor Thalheimer says that his work "is a brief though accurate outline of the results of the labors of Niebuhr, Bunsen, Lepsius, Arnold, Mommsen, Rawlinson, and others;" that he is confident of the justice of his aim; and that on the authority of these learned oriental scholars he can only trace the Egyptian history back to about 2440 B.C., with an addition of a short period of the reign of the first dynasty of about seven kings.

Now, it is evident that either Professor Moss or Professor Thalheimer, the learned historian, is mistaken as to the teachings of these eminent scholars. Though the theory of Professor Moss seems to be supported by the quotation from Nott's "Types of Man," yet this support is found only to be apparent when Nott's work is properly examined.

Professor Ridpath, another eminent historian, informs us in the preface to his great work that he "freely availed himself of the best and most recent authorities," and givs the names of Wilkinson, Brugsch, Bunsen, Ebers, Duncher, Rawlinson, Smith, Curtis, Grote, Niebuhr, Falke, and Mommsen as the sources which he most relied upon.

After discussing the chronology of the earlier ages of Egyptian history, stating that the sources from which the dates are taken are in many parts obscure, and in some conflicting, owing to the widely different estimates of ancient writers, he says that the historian Brugsch has fixed upon 4400 B.C. as the true date of the founding of the Egyptian monarchy by Menes; that Professor Lepsius set the era of Menes at the year 3892 B.C.; that Duncker accepted the date of Lepsius only as the best approximation in the present state of historical researches, though Bunsen stoutly maintains that the Lepsian date ought to be reduced to the year 3643 B.C.

Of all the eminent scholars which Professor Ridpath mentions in his preface, it is strange indeed that he only givs the dates fixed upon by three of them for the epoch of Menes; and of these three he does not adopt either as true, but only as an approximation (Ridpath's Cyclopedia of Universal History, pp. 43–46).

The authorities mentioned in Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia in relation to the antiquities and chronology of Egypt are Bunsen, Champollion, Lepsius, Wilkinson, Sharpe, and Poole, who differ widely in their computations.

Menes was the founder of the Egyptian monarchy. His accession as fixed by Bunsen and Lepsius is the same as given by Ridpath, while Professor Poole estimates his epoch at 2717 B.C.

The estimates made by the other authorities are not given, but it is known that the dates fixed by Rawlinson, Wilkinson, and other eminent authorities are substantially the same as that set by Professor Poole.

Thus we find that while Professor Moss quotes a few eminent authorities who make up chronologies of Egypt which suit his side of the question, there are a large majority of the most celebrated scholars and eminent authorities who reason differently and who estimate chronologies of Egypt which are found to be reconcilable with the Mosaic records.

It is a fact that Egyptologists differ widely in their estimations, for the sources from which the dates are taken are in many parts obscure, and in some, corrupt. No period of ancient history is more obscure or uncertain than that of the first kings of Egypt. This proud nation, fondly conceited of its antiquity and nobility, thought it glorious to lose itself in the abyss of infinit ages, which seemed to carry its pretensions backward into eternity. According to its own historians, first gods, next demigods, and then spirits, heroes, etc., governed it successivly through a period of more than 20,000 years.

Manetho, a nativ historian, who lived in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about 286 B.C., wrote a history of Egypt. Erasthenes, a historian of Cyrene, who was invited to Alexandria by the next succeeding king, made a list of thirty-eight kings of Thebes, all different from those of Manetho, and this list was afterward completed by Apollodorus, who added the names of 53 additional Theban kings, making 91 in all. Herodotus traveled in Egypt about 450 B.C., made an estimate of the antiquity and chronology of Egypt. Four centuries after the time of Herodotus, Diodorus traveled in Egypt, and wrote a history giving the chronology of the Egyptians; and also in the works of Syncellus is to be found a list of Egyptian kings.

According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, another great authority, some of the Egyptian dynasties are represented by monuments from which these lists can be verified; others hav left little or no record. Thus, there are no monuments of the period of dynasties 1–3; then a blank follows without a monument that can be assigned to dynasties 7, 8, 9, and 10. Under dynasty 13 they become scanty, and of dynasties 14, 15, 16, 17, there are but a few, which may be of 15, 16, or 17. Therefore we hav in the monumental history of Egypt three blank periods—the period before known monuments, the long periods between dynasties 7–10, and that between dynasties 13–17.

With all these difficult problems to solve, the writer does not pretend to giv "a definit chronological system for the period before the synchronism of Egyptian and Hebrew history, about 980 B.C., and that approximativ chronology becomes possible about 1591 B.C."

"It is significant that, whereas M. Mariette's estimate exceeds that of Professor Lepsius 1,112 years in the whole sum of the dynasties before the second Persian conquest, the excess is 966 years in the sums of dynasties 7–10 and 13–17. Such difference between two such great authorities is a proof of the want of even probability for solving this part of the problem" (Encyclopedia Britannica on Egypt).

J. W. GRABILL.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Almanacs.

A correspondent in the *Investigator* of December 21st inquires whether the birthday of Thomas Paine is mentioned in the almanac, the same as the birthday of other great men. I would like him and all Liberals to know we hav one almanac that has been regularly issued since 1884 that givs the honors to all great men and women alike, be they pagan, Christian, or Infidel. It is published by the Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette Place, New York, at twenty-five cents a copy, and it is really worth $1, for it is an encyclopedia of Liberalism as well as an almanac. I file my copies regularly, and they are very handy as a reference.

Every Liberal should secure the yearly issue of this truly valuable publication. It is a terrible waste of time to hav the names of old pietists, whom one knows nothing about, or knows something worse than nothing about, meet one each time one opens the almanac, while if you had one devoted to the true history of great people it would be a continual teacher and educator.

I wish some capable Liberal would get up a regular farmer's almanac—even embodying the old signs and weather-guessings, if desirable—and rub out all those "saints'" names, and substitute true, useful, historical names and events, as is done in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL; but get it up for the average country farmer and mechanic, at the usual price, ten cents a copy, so all can afford one. The ALMANAC is next to the school-book.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

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Ready.

Those who hav ordered the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1888 will, ere this reaches them, hav received their copies. Those who hav not ordered them will, we venture to say, do well to do so at once.

The contents of this issue of the ANNUAL are varied and useful. The calendar has been corrected to date; the Freethought work of 1887 is succinctly summed up; the progress of Freethought, both at home and abroad, is noted, and the picture gallery of Freethinkers and scientists is enlarged by twenty-four portraits. The contributions are humorous, philosophical, descriptiv, and critical. The contributors are such able writers as Capt. R C. Adams, E. J. Bowtell, F. M. Holland, L. K. Washburn, J. E. Remsburg, and George E. Macdonald—the latter contributing twelve short Bible stories describing incidents from holy writ, illustrated by Watson Heston. Mr. Adams is the theologian of the issue; Mr. Washburn, the philosopher; Mr. Bowtell, the revealer of monkish secrets; Mr. Holland, the political advocate of Liberalism, and J. E. Remsburg and the Editor, the biblical critics. The table of contents includes: Calendar for 1888; Freethought in the United States for 1887; Bible Studies; Deism and Atheism; Life in a Trappist Monastery; The Secular Union and the International Freethought Congress; Sunday Amusements; The Blasphemy Case; How the Layman is Deceived; A Horrible Man; an inquiry into the chronology of Jehoshaphat's death, and brief biographies of the subjects of illustrations. The pictures are of the old Hall of Science in this city, a Baptist church purchased by Frances Wright in 1829 and converted into a Freethought hall; portraits of Theodore Parker, Benjamin Franklin, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Abraham Lincoln, Frances Wright, Ethan Allen, Thomas Jefferson, Robert Dale Owen, John Adams, Peter Cooper, James Lick, E. L. Youmans, Charles Sumner, Thomas Paine, Abner Kneeland, Horace Greeley, Abby Kelly Foster, Wm. Denton, George Washington, Stephen Girard, Gilbert Vale, Lydia Maria Child, Gerritt Smith, and John W. Draper, and thirteen scenes from scripture.

The ANNUAL is printed in the same elegant shape as previous issues, and sells for twenty-five cents.

Freethinkers

Who are desirous of advancing the cause, cannot do it more effectually than by assisting THE TRUTH SEEKER to extend its circulation. A liberal cash commission will be paid to those devoting their time to obtaining new subscribers. For terms, address THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY, 28 Lafayette place, New York.

Christianity's Carnival in Connecticut.

The appended four paragraphs are from the *Evening Sun* of January 5th:

"A young man until recently highly respected and an enthusiastic worker in church and Sunday-school, was on Tuesday sentenced to the Connecticut state prison for a long term.

"He had pleaded guilty to a charge of dishonest management of a bank.

"The district attorney, in moving for sentence, made this astoundin; assertion. He said that within the past ten years there had been lost by dishonest management over $5,000,000 in Connecticut.

"Every cent of this was stolen by men who had stood high in the community, and in nearly every instance been prominent, and in some cases peculiarly zealous, in church matters. No wonder District-attorney Stanton intimated his doubt as to the teachings of the churches of which these men were members."

What are we to think of this but that the doctrins of Christianity are not a moral force sufficiently strong to restrain men from evil? Indeed, the fundamental idea of evangelical Christianity, that, no matter what a man has done, if he but repents and *believes* in Christ as his divine redeemer, he can get to heaven even at the last moment, is a direct premium on crime, placing a repenting rascal, in the estimation of the Lord, above an honest man, who has done no wrong, but who cannot believe the claims made for Christ. The query with which the editor of the *Evening Sun* follows the foregoing, whether the immorality of Connecticut is not due to widespread unbelief, "hypocritically concealed," has no facts back of it to make it worth the asking. A man who squares his conduct by the utilitarian morality of Liberalism will not steal other people's property. He knows better; and he knows, also, that the consequences which will follow are too dear to be bought at any price.

No, it is not unbelief—there is little of that in Connecticut—but it is the evil tendency in human nature which no false religion can overcome. We must hav a morality based on human experience and utilitarian worth—a practical, up and down, every-day honesty and justice—to insure the community against repetitions of Connecticut's crimes. Morality which has its source in the supposed dictum of a supposed personal deity never has been, and in the nature of things never can be, a positiv force for good, or even a negativ restraining power of much value.

What Good?

Wednesday night of last week was devoted by the Catholics of this city to jubilating over the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Pecci's ordination to the priesthood. Mr. Pecci is now pope, under the name of Leo XIII. Cooper Union was crowded to the walls, and the corridors were filled by a mass of men and women unable to get farther into the hall. Archbishop Corrigan was there, and all the prominent Catholic laymen of the city.

The object of the meeting seems to hav been two-fold—religious and political. The religious part, of course, consisted in eulogizing the Roman Catholic church and the pope. The political part was a condemnation of Dr. McGlynn and an attempt, but ill concealed, by a Democratic politician to swing the Catholic voters back into the Tammany Hall ranks. Resolutions were adopted declaring that the Catholics of the metropolis unite in cordial congratulations to the pope on having happily celebrated his jubilee, praying that there be granted to him many years of health, strength, and activity to devote to the guidance of the church, and assuring him of the faithful allegiance of "Catholics who are proud of their American citizenship." This submission of his servants was not wholly unexpected by Mr. Pecci, for this economical telegram from him, which must hav started early in the evening, was read:

"ROME, Jan. 4.

"Holy Father grateful; willingly grants apostolic benediction. CARDINAL RAMPOLLO, Secretary of State."

Now, what we want to know is, What good is that apostolic benediction to any one of that audience? Will it feed him? Will it clothe him? Will it relieve his sickness? Will it giv him employment? Will it make the winter's cold less icy, or temper the wind to the coalless Irishman? Did it, or will it, do anything but excite the cheers of ignorance and help the wolfish priesthood to get a tighter grip on their flocks?

The political effort of the jubilants will probably prove more successful. Congressman Bourke Cockran's eulogy of the pope, which moved many priests to tears, and his praise of Archbishop Corrigan as a "shepherd tender and gentle, but firm and prudent," will undoubtedly help the penitents who cheered the sentiments to reconcile themselvs to deserting Dr. McGlynn and going back to the church. Catholicism is nothing but sentiment backed by imposture, and people are easily moved who hav been trained slaves and drudges in a groove centuries deep.

But then, supposing the Catholic voters who hav followed Dr. McGlynn do go back to the church and obey her orders, what good is that to the rest of this country?

Good for St. Stephen's Parishioners.

Following the jubilee meeting described in the preceding article came a gathering of St. Stephen's parishioners, numbering several hundreds. The speakers seemed to easily read the political significance of the jubilee gathering, and they also paid their respects, amid round after round of applause, to "my lord" Preston, who had said in his sermon on the previous Sunday that, "If any man will say, 'I will take my faith from Peter, but I will not take my politics from Peter,' he is not a true Catholic." The author of this statement was characterized as a liar, and then the following resolutions were adopted by a howl of yeas and a tornado of Irish cheers, with cries of, "We'll kick Mgr. Preston out of the Catholic church! Let the renegade go back to Protestantism! He's no Catholic!"

"WHEREAS, In a political harang, delivered in his church on Sunday last, Mgr. Preston grossly misrepresented the principles and outraged the citizenship of American Catholics by the declaration that, 'If any man will say, "I will take my faith from Peter, but I will not take my politics from Peter," he is not a true Catholic:'

"*Resolved*, That we denounce this proposition as an insult to all Catholics, and we reject and repudiate it with all the emphasis and indignation of which we are capable; and,

"*Resolved*, That we reiterate our refusal to recognize that the pope has any claim or title whatever to allegiance or obedience from Catholics in political affairs; and,

"*Resolved*, That we indorse and adopt the principles emphasized by Daniel O'Connell in his declaration that he would as soon take his politics from the sultan of Turkey as from the pope; and,

"*Resolved*, That as citizens and within the domain of politics we will render neither allegiance nor obedience to any authority other than the Constitution and laws of our country."

This is good. We like it. It shows independence and a determination by each parishioner to be at least a part of an individual. By and by he may conclude to be another part, and take his religion as he takes his politics, and render obedience to no authority but his own reason. What a magnificent world this will be when every human male is a Man, every female a Woman, and the children's minds are not warped by the pernicious teachings of superstition!

The Saturday Half Holiday.

During the past year the workers of this state, and especially of this city, obtained through their trade organizations a great many concessions from the employers, and through their political organization several laws benefiting themselvs in various ways. Chief of these laws was that making a legal holiday of every Saturday afternoon. It is a good law in the main. The laborers need all the rest they can get, and by shortening the hours of work the law also operated to giv employment to many more artisans, which was another good thing. Now this is all in danger of being overturned by the action of the bankers, who are supported by a considerable portion of the press.

On the second day of the legislativ session a bill was introduced repealing the Saturday half-holiday law. An intimation was made that perhaps during the months of July and August the custom might be observed, but during the rest of the year the weekly grind must be continued as of old. This bill and these bankers should be looked after by the gentlemen who procured the passage of the holiday law. The effectivness of the law should be permanently kept at five months at least—May, June, July, August, September. During the other seven it might well be suspended, as indeed it generally is by consent of both workmen and employers. But there are many reasons why the thousands upon thousands of clerks and mechanics of the great cities should hav a chance in the spring to get out of doors, get some good air in their lungs, and get their backs straight.

ened up. A long winter's close application to work has a tendency to make narrow chests, pale faces, and debilitated systems. When the warm winds of May begin to blow and windows are raised for the first time since the previous fall, the desire to wander away from the stone pavements and brick walls to the soft ground and wooded fields possesses everyone. "Spring fever" is an insidious disease, and the opportunity to cure it by a few hours' wandering out of doors each week should not be taken away. July and August even the most grasping employer admits to be months unfit for human beings to slave through. But if these months are from necessity periods of relaxation, September should be counted in for pleasure. In these latitudes September is the great month for out-of-door sports.

The plea of the bankers that the half-holiday injures the business of New York and givs Chicago and Boston and other cities which do not observe it an advantage over the metropolis is scarcely worth considering, because it is not proved. No facts are adduced to support it; no figures are paraded for the mystification of the unlearned. And we venture to say that the dollars lost by a few shopkeepers are more than balanced by the money paid to additional workmen. Besides, who are the "business men," that their interests must be paramount to all others? But if it were true, what of it? Business is not all there is of life; money is not the only thing worth living for. Good health is above trade and dicker. An afternoon spent with the birds and flowers is worth more than a dollar. It is an investment that will pay large interest when the threescore years hav been rolled off. For these reasons, and others too numerous to mention, the Saturday half-holiday should *not* go.

However, it looks very much as though it would go, if the employees of the city do not stir themselvs.

The S. S. V. and the S. S. W.

Justice Kilbreth has the case of Knoedler & Co., arrested by Anthony Comstock for selling photographic copies of well-known paintings, under consideration, and will probably giv his decision some time this week. Among the photographs seized are copies of "La Baigneuse," the original of which was viewed by hundreds of thousands at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition; "The Two Servants," illustrativ of one of La Fontaine's fables; and the Paris Salon pictures (which were selected by a jury of forty eminent French artists and prominent men), "Borgia s'Amusé," "Floreal," "Coquette," and "Le Printemps." Mr. William Beecher, son of the late Henry Ward Beecher, was counsel for the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The substance of his argument was that the viciousness of the photographs is a question of fact and not of opinion, motiv, or intent. The rule laid down by the law and decided in the higher courts is that if the tendencies are pernicious they must be checked. The Venus of Milo in the Louvre may not be indecent when seen only by people of cultivated tastes, because their morals will not be affected; but when cheap photographs of this subject are scattered broadcast among the youth of the land, the influence is immoral.

In connection with the doings of Mr. Colgate's agent in this city, the subjoined account of the proceedings of the Society for the Suppression of Worldliness is not without more than local interest. It is forwarded by our correspondent, Mr. F. L. O., from a Western city, where the theaters are open on Sunday and worldliness generally disports itself to the consternation of the pious:

"At the recommendation of their efficient general agent, Prof. St. Augustine Stockom, the Society for the Suppression of Worldliness has decided to publish the following injunctions and resolutions:

"1. The Committee on Plastic Immoralities will charter a special cruiser for the pursuit and capture of vessels infringing the provisions of the act regulating the exhibition of mermaids, tritons, and similar pagan emblems.

"2. Ornamental stoves, gates, metal sign-boards, and other castings, representing mythological nudities, will be confiscated and destroyed, unless the proprietors should prefer to remove the salacious portions and replace them by devices recommended by the Committee on the Distribution of Moral Mottoes.

"3. Private Detectiv J. G. M'Sniffen, having reported the discovery, in the park adjoining the residence of Dr. C. D. Casella, of a statue described as a 'naked governor of the gods,' the report is adopted and referred to the immediate attention of the Committee on the Surveillance of Private Pleasure-grounds.

"4. The purchasers of bath-tubs will hereafter be required to prove the possession of proper bathing-suits, or furnish security for the observance of paragraph 212 of the act for the enforcement of domestic morality.

"5. Circus proprietors and the managers and owners of public or private menageries are hereby warned to avoid the exhibition of nude baboons, especially of the varieties known as *Cynocephalus Anubis* and *C. Porcarius*. Nude individuals of the species named will hereafter be confiscated and turned over to the agent of the society's private reformatory, unless the proprietors should prefer to invest the hairless parts of the animals specified in decent and durable raiment of the pattern recommended in the last annual report of the Committee on Dress Reform.

"6. Unclad individuals of the species of dogs known as hairless terriers will be prosecuted in accordance with the provisions of the act for the enforcement of personal decency.

"7. Parents or servants in charge of nurseries will be held strictly accountable for any future neglect in the enforcement of the act for the suppression of dancing on the Sabbath day. On the day named, children in leading-strings must be carefully prevented from romping, capering, and all similar manifestations of frivolous propensities; and the evolutions of the equivocal toys known as 'jumping jacks' must be limited to decorous movements of the upper extremities.

"8. The nocturnal conventions of carnal-minded he-cats must be promptly dispersed during the nights preceding and following the Sabbath day; and house-owners will adopt special precautions to prevent the female cats of their families and servants from visiting such assemblies.

"9. On the Sabbath day, soda-water fountains, ice-cream freezers, and similar temptations to worldly enjoyments must hereafter be left in the custody of our special agents, and the proprietors of the mineral spas known as soda springs will be required to employ special constables to guard the approaches of such springs from Saturday evening to Monday morning.

"10. Lumber-dealers, and the owners of saw-mills and ship-yards, will modify their advertisments in accordance with the provisions of the act for the suppression of impure literature, and carefully abstain from the use of the immodest term describing unplaned boards as undressed lumber.

"11. The removal of bed covers and underclothing during the warmer nights of the year can be permitted only under the restrictions of paragraph 342 of the act for the suppression of domestic immorality. An observance of the provisions named will hereafter be enforced by domiciliary visits under the supervision of our private detectivs."

We are glad to be able to call public attention to this last-named society, as it is undertaking a work of no less importance than Mr. Comstock's, and Mr. Stockom should be as zealously supported as the former agent. We appeal to the churches everywhere to do this, confident that when the purity of our back-yards, parks, and natural histories, and soda-water fountains, and other high moral agencies is imperiled, the mothers and fathers of the nation, and all those who love Jesus and do his work, will cheerfully respond. Our children must be protected from the evil influences of the things whose tendency is to deprave the minds of those who view them, and to excite suggestions of a lewd and libidinous character. As Chief-justice Cockburn said in the case of the Queen against Hecklin, "the matter need not be absolutely against morals, as a soda-water fountain when seen in the Louvre is not, but the test of worldliness must always be coupled with 'test' or 'tendency.'" And, as the eloquent Mr. Comstock said to the Baptist ministers, better, a thousand times, that the mermaids, the ornamental stoves, the naked governors of gods, the owners of private menageries, the servants of nurseries, the soda-water fountains, and lumber-dealers take a back seat than that your children be debauched.

We understand that the Society for the Suppression of Worldliness will at once apply to Congress and the state legislatures for laws to enforce their resolutions.

Mr. Foster, Religious Politician.

The Rev. J. M. Foster, of Brooklyn, has been engaged by the National Reform Association, which is the corporate title of the God-in-the-Constitution party, to stump his city in the interests of "national reformation." Two Sundays ago he obtained access to the pulpit of the Reid avenue Methodist church, and chose for his text, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." The substance of the sermon, as reported by the *Tribune* of this city, was as follows:

"God meant this land to be the home of civil and religious liberty—it was settled by Christian men with Christian ends in view. A Christian nation ought to hav a Christian government, because the character of the government ultimately determins the character of the nation. Under the influence of a secular constitution, our nation is fast becoming secularized. The liquor traffic is dominant; the Sabbath is ignored; polygamy and Anarchism threaten the land. We hav planted the tree of our civil and religious liberties in the vase of a secular Constitution. Shall the Constitution giv way, or the tree perish? The state is a moral being subject to God's law the same as an individual. The lesson of history is that a nation righteous in character and upright in conduct will enjoy the divine favor, while ungodly and wicked nations are obnoxious to the divine judgments."

Now, the Rev. J. M. Foster may be deep in the secrets of the Lord, and know just what was meant when this government was established, but we prefer to rely for our information upon the intentions of its human founders, as expressed in various public documents. For instance, when George Washington said that "this is in no sense a Christian government," we think we discern therein a more reliable statement of what this government was meant to be than we do in Mr. Foster's interpretation of the Lord's desire. Washington's plain affirmation that this is not a Christian government carries with it the further affirmation that it is a government under which all people hav equal rights; for under every Christian government that the world has known the people hav lived and thought only as the churchmen dictated. And it was to remove the incubus of Christianity under which the country had suffered that a purely secular charter was adopted by the brave men who freed us from England's domination.

When this country was settled by Christian men, they at once, of course, adopted a Christian government. The theocracy of New England was alleged to be divine. Its rules were biblical; its officers were of the church, and its acts prompted by a Christian spirit. What it did is a leaf of history—the most infamous page of the whole book. Whipping, hanging, murders—cruelty almost unbounded—were the daily records of the church of that God who "meant this land to be the home of civil and religious liberty." By the church of this God chattel slavery, the worst form that human meanness can take, was established, and millions of men and women made wretched for life. There was no real liberty in the land when the Christians who settled it had their own way, "with Christian ends in view," and it was because of this fact that a secular constitution was adopted. To adopt now a Christian constitution is to go back indefinitly into the Dark Ages.

Mr. Foster's further statements that the state is a "moral being," and that good states enjoy God's favor, while bad states are held in less esteem by him, is a piece of clerical claptrap. In the first place, Mr. Foster knows nothing whatever about divinity or its favor. But if there is a divinity such as Mr. Foster asserts, it is a matter of easy proof that the nations which hav been most favored by him are the ones which hav suffered most and gone to pieces most quickly. Christianity, which Mr. Foster means by righteousness, has been an injury to every nation to just the extent to which it has controled it.

We do not know just how much progress the National Reform Association has made in influencing voters, but if it gets all the churches started in its support there is a big fight on hand for the preservation of the government and such freedom as we still enjoy. The church is the embodiment of tyranny, and when she controls the state, bigotry has her own way and liberty is an outcast.

It behooves the Liberals of the land, who are the only true Americans, to wake up, or their rights will be gone before they know it.

A VERY mean man in Massachusetts has been righteously rebuked. He was the administrator of the estate of a man who before his death had employed a barber to shave him. Fifty-two shaves were given on Sunday, and when the barber sued for his pay the administrator asked the court to rule that because the shaving was done on Sunday the plaintiff could not recover. But the supreme court decides that a man must pay for being shaved on Sunday, and that, under certain circumstances, shaving on Sunday "is essential to his health and cleanliness."

SINCE our intimation that George Macdonald and Samuel P. Putnam had gone to San Francisco to start a Freethought paper, we hav received many letters expressing regret at our loss. We assure our friends that we feel as badly as they do; but then, New York's loss is San Francisco's gain. On another page we print an account of the two adventurers' journey across the continent. They are located at 504 Kearny street, San Francisco, and the title of their paper will be *Freethought*. In the first number our brother promises to print the story which the cowboy insisted upon *our* covering up with black advertisments of the ANNUAL for 1888 and the "Story Hour." We trust no casualty will result therefrom. We assure Messrs. Putnam and Macdonald that the heartiest good wishes of all Infidel New Yorkers go with them.

WRITING of the people at the theater one night last week a reporter of the *Sun* put in this felicitous paragraph: "Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll sat in a box that same evening. By his side was a madonna-faced girl, in whose lustrous, modest eyes could be read the gift of intellect. On her head was a tiny little gray hat, matching the braided gray cashmere that robed the graceful person. This was the hat of Eva Ingersoll, and the roc's-egg head of her famous father made a contrast. Eva's hat was like herself, unobtrusiv, a hat that interfered with no one's vision. There may hav been a bunch of English violets lurking beneath the brim, for that odor exuded from its locality, but a little bow of heavenly blue ribbon rested like a shred of a June day on her dark hair, and a dash of it was in a bit of a knot under her chin. Colonel Ingersoll has voiced some of the prettiest thoughts, but the most poetical thing he ever fathered was that girl in the gray hat."

Letters from Friends.

MILLSVILLE, N. S., Dec. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Washington got a monument that is 592 feet in hight, and that cost $1,187,710; weight 81,000 tons. And those gentlemen that were hanged in Chicago should hav a good monument, and it is hoped that their friends will get them one with a good marble statue on the top of the monument. JOHN SILLARS ARTHUR.

CORSICANA, TEX., Dec. 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5 for one new subscriber and myself. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from the first copy, and would like to know how many subscribers you hav that hav taken it from the first to the last. There are plenty of Liberals here, but it is hard to get them to subscribe for any Liberal paper. T. P. VAUGHAN.

NUNDA, Dec. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find money order, for the renewal of my subscription and the ANNUAL for 1888. Will not inflict any of my likes and dislikes as to the matter found in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER upon you, but can truly say I find much to commend, as well as to condemn; but am glad that all can be heard. It is the truth I'm after, so please continue to send my Sunday paper.

Yours for truth, J. E. BECKLEY.

TALMER, KAN., Dec. 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I take the liberty to inform you we hav had lectures at Talmer for four days, by O. A. Phelps, of Colorado, closing December 5th with good results. Most all the orthodox attended, and I hav good reason to believe converts were made—not by the Holy Ghost, but by the able advocate of Freethought. We think seed has been sown that cannot be easily obliterated by any church-bound sectarian creed. You may set Talmer down hereafter as a Liberal town.

Yours respectfully, GEORGE E. SMITH.

MASON, MICH., Dec. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been asked the question several times: If the people of the United States were all like R. G. Ingersoll, what would be the result? In reply I would say, We would hav a heaven on earth. County jails would go to the ground. There would be no more use for state prisons, Pinkerton's detectivs, and country justices. We would need no more. Saloons and hell-holes would be closed, and our asylums, that are filled with people that hav gone insane over the hell-fire doctrin, would be closed. I thank God, if there is one, for such a man as R. G. Ingersoll. Every fireside will become a heaven when we do our own thinking and stop paying priests to think for us, and the flames of hell will die out. H. N. WIXSON.

WEST MCHENRY, ILL., Dec. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $10 in payment for renewal of my subscription and four new subscribers. I want to see THE TRUTH SEEKER prosper, and I believe it is doing much good in the world by helping our people out of the ruts of superstition, which engenders hatred, cruelty, and tyranny. The encroachments of priestcraft upon the rights of the people every day become more and more manifest, and the activ, thinking man has no rights that the vicegerents of the omnipotent are bound to respect. I cannot but feel that the greatest danger to our political institution is in the church control of the state. There is an aggressiv, determined effort in that direction, and every year brings forth new revelations of legislativ and judicial infamy to secure this end. These facts are made manifest by recent developments in our high courts. GEO. GAGE.

OTTAWA, O., Dec. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find within my renewal of life ($5), with kindest regards to Watson Heston. Heston is a host, and is doing an immense amount of good.

My dear Editor, does it not strike you, from the many letters received at your office, that the Liberal ranks are made up from the poorer class, or they are great pessimists? Is it not humiliating to see the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER filled from week to week by letters from A to Z, informing its readers of their poverty, etc.? Would it not be better for each to bear the ills of life alone than to be eternally spreading them before a non-sympathizing world? Let our friends try it, and I am sure they will feel as well, if not better, at the end of each year. Those who achieve greatness, and merit the same, do not herald it to the world themselvs, but leave that to others. OHIO.

ARMSTRONG, IA., Dec. 20, E.M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: I like Mr. Heston's pictures, and would not hav them left out for the price of the paper. I only regret that there are not more of them. You will see by your list that I am the only person in this place who takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. There are several Liberals here, but they are not enthusiastic enough to suit my taste. However, if you want to send some of those sample copies, I will send you a list of names.

This summer the Methodist Episcopals started a revival in my neighborhood, and as I was school director, they came to me for the key of the school-house and invited me to come to their meetings. I thanked them for the invitation, but as time passed and no Peter or family went, they made it a point to call again, two of the black-coats, ostensibly to talk me into attending. I told them that as I looked upon the Christian religion as being one of the greatest curses that had ever befallen the human family, and as I was very conscientious in the matter, I could not accommodate them. They told me I ought to hav my conscience enlightened, whereupon I gave them to understand that that was a question of brains, quality, quantity, and "hereditaments." I quoted the Golden Rule as being a dead letter among them. One of them said if I did not believe in the Bible, I should not quote it. I told him that the Bible should hav quotation marks around that sentence, the Golden Rule, as it was taught many hundred years before the Christian era. He sat in his buggy and made no reply. Perhaps the poor fellow never knew that before. I kindly invited them to go and hear J. E. Remsburg, as we were going to hav him in the same school-house in about one week. He came. They vacated the school-house, but carried their revivals to another, which to me was proof that they never calculate to "do unto others as they would that others should do unto them." One Christian lady was induced to come out and hear Remsburg, and said "that one thing she could say for him, anyway, was that he is a gentleman and a scholar." So you see even in this benighted place the good work goes slowly on.

PETER H. BURT.

DAYTON, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I appreciate and applaud the moral courage you exhibit and the method you use in the great battle for mental liberty—freedom of thought, speech, and press. It is a source of gratification to know that you are not to be "bulldozed" from the rational and logical stand you hav taken on the firm rock of justice and natural rights by either so-called friends or foes. So long as you advocate exact justice between man and man, in whatever station, and the right of each to think his own thought and express his honest conviction, on any and every subject, you will merit the approbation and receive the support of all who hav outgrown the pharisaical bigotry of "I am holier than thou."

It is pitiable that people who claim to be Liberals and to hav evoluted beyond the narrowness of barbarism should yet be so *illiberal* as to favor hanging those who are so unfortunate as to hold and express opinions differing from their own, in matters political, religious, social, or industrial. They may be mistaken in their views and methods—and some must be—but, if all of us were to be hung for our mistakes, gibbets would be in great demand.

I am sorry to learn that the "man with the badge-pin" has left THE TRUTH SEEKER office. His racy articles were very enjoyable, especially his reports of the Manhattan Liberal Club. N. HOWLAND.

SALISBURY, Mo., Jan. 1, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: I will say a few words on duty, as it suggests itself to me.

The demoralizing doctrin of hell is either true or false. The Christian claims to believe it. Therefore, he cannot warn his children too often of it. We believe it to be an infamous lie, got up in the interest of priestcraft, to frighten the people out of their earnings. Repentance and forgivness were invented to giv the priest another pull at the poor, deluded victim's pocketbook. Hence: "God will bless the cheerful giver."

The Bible says, "There were giants in those days." I believe it. They were intellectual giants, who denounced those frauds as bitterly as do the giants of to-day. One, whose name was Zimri, told Moses that he was a fraud and an impostor; that he pretended to hav authority from God to enslave the people—to destroy liberty; that if justice had her dues he (Moses) would hav long since been a victim, and better deserved punishment than any other; that he was harder on the Hebrews than were the Egyptians themselvs, as pretending to punish according to his laws; that he (Zimri) thought it right to come at truth by inquiring of many people, and not like one that livs under tyranny, to suffer the whole hope of his life to depend upon one man; that no one should find cause to rejoice who assumed to hav more authority over his actions than himself. Moses, not willing to hav his insolence further exposed before the public, or to openly contend with Zimri, lest many should imitate Zimri and his power over the ignorant masses be broken, had Zimri promptly and foully murdered by the magnanimous Phineas (Josephus, Antiq., chap. iv, sec. 11, 12).

Christians believe, or pretend to believe, the silly story that Moses smote the rock and got water, but the fact of the business is that the water was discovered by jackasses after Moses had told his people to giv up all faith in God (Tacitus, Hist. of the Jews, Book V, chap. iii).

They abstained from swine's flesh because the hogs had given them the mange during a period in which they lived in the most profligate and unclean manner, and then pretended that it was a special command of God (Ibid, chap. iv).

In like manner all the pious frauds and myths of the Jewish and Christian mythology can be exposed if space would permit. It is a shame that it is our painful duty to call attention to the truths of history, when tons and tons of truthful literature are within the reach of all.

We occasionally run across a pretended Liberal who says: "John, it won't do to deny there being a hell, for you don't know but what there is. You should not giv your children any instruction about these things; you might be wrong." Such men are real Christians, and believe the Christian dogmas just as strongly as any Christian outside the insane asylum.

Many years ago a heathen died and uttered this prayer: "O God! if there be a God, please save my soul, if I hav a soul, from hell, if there be a hell."

Such men can never be induced to giv a dollar for lectures, but can always be depended upon to discourage the efforts of those who take the lead in getting them up. Then after the apostle of liberty mounts the stage you will see the man who straddles the fence, in a reserved seat, smilingly rubbing his hands, soliloquizing, "His blood be upon your hands." If you would squeeze the pith out of a horsehair and place such a man's soul inside, you could hear it rattle. Such men hav no convictions or ideas. Honest Liberals hav no fears to denounce the dogma of hell to their children with great bitterness, as well as all else which they believe to be infamous lies. JOHN TRUEBLOOD.

SNOHOMISH CITY, WASH. TERR., Dec. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: After carefully reading much that has been written concerning the so-called "federal obscenity laws," and the abuses arising from the way they hav been enforced by Anthony Comstock and his associates, I am still under the necessity of asking why the Liberals, and others who hav suffered from his unjust way of enforcing these laws, hav not taken the necessary steps to hav such amendments made as would most effectually prevent such abuses hereafter. Although Comstock may be prejudiced, and a single judge in New York city may be severe, yet, certainly, the Congress of the United States are not of the same frame of mind. It seems to me that most of the provisions of these so-called laws are eminently just and proper, and that most of the abuses arising under their enforcement hav occurred in the United States district court sitting in New York city. Now, if amendments had only been made providing for an appeal in such cases, defining the term "obscene," and somewhat restricting the action of these laws, there would be nothing left to complain of, and nothing that could be greatly abused. Now, why is it that such amendments hav not been procured? It seems to me that no great effort need hav been made to hav secured, long ago, the proper legislation in this matter.

Yours, etc., ELDRIDGE MORSE.

MARSHFIELD, OR., Dec. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send you fifty cents in stamps, for which please send us two of your ANNUAL ALMANACS. I hav not seen any letter from anyone in this county to THE TRUTH SEEKER since my last one to you, therefore I will mention a word about Liberals here. They do not seem to organize at Marshfield, and I fear Mr. Putnam will hav to come again and do his work over. One reason, I suppose, why they do not get in working order is because so few that put their names down when he was here liv in Marshfield; they are scattered over so many portions of the county that it is inconvenient for them to get together often.

Why is there so much inharmonious feeling among Liberals? Our neighbor takes the *Ironclad Age*, and in that and in several sample copies of Liberal sheets sent to me venomous words are used. If we are truly trying to liv to promote happiness in this world, we should do it good-naturedly. This would be showing love for the human being, and this is what I understand Freethought to be—love and good for humanity, leaving out the dogmas of Christianity.

Mr. James Oliver died last April. I believe he took the first TRUTH SEEKER that ever came to Marshfield. He educated my husband as well as many others in Freethought. We hav now of his books "A Truth Seeker Around the World," four volumes; Colonel Kelso's "Bible Analyzed" and his "Devil's Defense," Mr. Oswald's "Secret of the East," Paine's "Age of Reason," Waite's "History of the Christian Religion," and two years' numbers of the *Popular Science Monthly*. I do not say I hav read all of these yet. I am reading "A Truth Seeker Around the World" now. Poor Mr. Bennett—where is he now? I think I like him best of all. Very truly yours, E. A. HILBORN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. A. D. Swan having turned the light of his lamp upon the Chicago infamy and the social problem, I will reciprocate the favor by picking his wick a little. His allusion to "the land of the free and home of the brave" will hardly apply, where the people are subjected to robbery, slavery, and rapine. He appears to be ignorant of the self-evident fact that primarily, by the law of our being, the earth was a common possession of the whole human race, but private ownership has confiscated the possessions of four-fifths of the people, and subjected them to slavery for the use and benefit of others. Hence it is not confiscation, but restitution, that Mr. Swan objects to.

There are but few mechanics and laborers who can sit with their wives and little ones and feel that they hav something that they can call their own. For private ownership compels them to pay a hundred per cent more for commodities than the entire labor cost of procuring and distributing them. Hence it appears that private ownership compels us to divide our earnings with others, to support them in the idleness and extravagant luxury that Mr. Swan loves so well to see them enjoy. Does he really think that the resources of our planet are so entirely inadequate to meet the wants of its populations that no common level is possible but the lowest? If so, he is evidently not well posted on the logical import of facts.

He sees many things in religion and politics that to his mind are wrong, and believes in educating the people as fast as possible to remedy such wrongs. That is what those four men were hanged in Chicago for doing; and Mr. Swan regrets that they were not hanged in anticipation of their attempting such an "outrage." I would invite his attention to the fact that nothing but armed rebellion is regarded as treason in this country, and that is not regarded as a capital offense when waged for the perpetuation of slavery. But I should not advise force for the abolition of slavery, unless the force is of a nature that will make resistance impossible. For it seems to my view impolitic that a just cause should be baptized with human blood. None but an unjust cause should call for a sacrifice of human beings in a prolonged struggle to establish and perpetuate it. Such is private ownership of wealth. It compels every individual to look out for himself and let the devil take the hindmost. However excusable such action may be for a herd of buffaloes on a stampede with the hunters and hounds at their heels, or for a vanquished army in full retreat with a victor firing upon their rear, I think it is hardly comportable with an enlightened civilization. If it is democratic individualism, you

may write me down anything but a democratic individualist. I shall prefer the individualism that will secure to every individual the right to liv and to ample means of living, with none to molest nor make afraid. People talk of a dark age as though unconscious of the evident fact that we are now living in mental darkness—in an age of insanity rather than of reason. We appear to hav acquired knowledge enough to make us crazy mad, but not enough to make us wise. We hav intelligence enough to be dangerous, but not enough to be beneficent or just. J. A. TUTTLE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I exceedingly regret to trespass upon your valuable time and the doubtless still more valuable space in your columns. I am led to do so on this occasion, however, by reason of my desire to be placed "straight on the record" in your estimation and that of your readers in the matter of my attendance and utterances at the Labor Lyceum on the evening of Sunday, 4th inst., a report of which appeared in the morning papers of this city on the following morning.

A copy verbatim of such report as it appeared in the New York *Times* is reproduced in your last issue, and in order to correct the erroneous impression, which seems general, that I attended the meeting as an intruder or for the purpose of disturbing its harmony in any degree, I would state that on the preceding Friday evening notice of Mr. Searing's intended lecture was given out from the platform of the Liberal Club, and as he passed out of the door at the close of our meeting we had a brief conversation, in the course of which he invited me to hear his lecture and to take part in the discussion which was to follow, and stated that he would be pleased to hav me do so, assuring me at the same time that it was a "free platform and open to all." I thanked him, and accepted his invitation.

In his lecture he touched upon Socialism, and dwelt at some length upon Anarchism, as did the other speakers who followed him. When I reached the speaker's stand, and commenced to express my opinion in a general way concerning Socialism, the air, especially in my immediate vicinity, at once became thick with the sibilant utterances peculiar to the serpent and to the noble bird included under the generic name, *Anser*. This led to my quotation from "Paradise and the Peri," and the expression of my opinion as to the duty of every man toward the serpent, and had scriptural authority for my remark concerning the bruising of its head. At this point the interruptions and confusion became so marked that, with the remark that I clearly could see what kind of a chance I should hav to express my opinion from that kind of a free platform, I took my notes from the table, and departed, I trust, decently and orderly, even if not in a dignified and graceful manner, and at the door turned and wished the audience a very good night; before I reached there, however, the stream of denunciation spoken of had set in, and the bovine bellowings of the blatherskite reached my ears even in the street.

Now, regarding the charge made by the individual whose asinin attributes are too well known to need comment here, and whom Dr. McGlynn has mildly termed a "great bore," that I hav been a slave-trader, I would say that whether or no I ever hav been such is a matter which at present concerns no one but myself, and was totally foreign to the subject then under discussion, and I would remind those desirous of information upon that point that some people hav become slave-dealers for much the same reasons and from the same motivs that some other people hav become slave-stealers, and as regards the charge of haviug been a pirate, would say that it would be well for anxious inquirers to know just what does and what does not constitute piracy under our laws or those of any other country.

The opinion of Don Bombastes Furioso (Hinton) as to what honest men should do in my case is expressed in language fitting the source from which it emanated. But will he as an honest man set the example for other honest men of his own peculiar kidney to follow? His remarks call to mind that fable of Æsop of the convention of rats, whereat it was unanimously resolved that a bell should be placed about the neck of a cat which had made its appearance in the vicinity of their depredations, in order that the tintinnabulations of the bell should giv due warning of the approach of the destroyer, but when inquiry was made for ambitious rats desirous of distinguishing themselvs by performing the interesting and somewhat delicate operation of belling the cat—none was found.

Moral: This fable teaches that talk is cheap, but that it requires more nerve and less gall than is possessed by Hinton to prompt a man to place himself in such position as would secure prompt chastisement for temerity.

It would afford me infinit pleasure to test the quality of this fellow's metal, but infringing the law of the land and encountering the pains and penalties attached thereto are among the "dangers ahead" which I consider it prudent to avoid, and against which I must continually guard myself. In any of those countries, however, in which a large portion of my life has been spent, I am quite confident that he would "sing small," and that instead of flaunting the red flag of the Communist or the black flag of the Socialist, he would immediately display the white flag or the white feather of the coward and poltroon, when held responsible for his ideas of the liberty of free speech. BENJ. F. CLARK.

GOSPER CO., NEB., Dec. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER comes regularly, and I could not do without it. Professor Oswald's articles are scholarly and philosophic. They alone are worth the price of the paper. I wish every Christian could read Mr. Robert Ingersoll's reply to Mr. Field. We hav been entertained with two revivals in this locality. The first was conducted by a reverend Mr. Decapus, of the missionary Baptist persuasion, hailing from Haldridge. He was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Deacon Matthews, and others. After four evenings of earnest effort, in which he labored hard to prove that the Bible was true, he brought his meeting to a close without obtaining a single convert. He informed us that we might build a column of morality as high as heaven, but without faith in the Lord Jesus we were eternally lost.

Next came Rev. Mr. Oshaen, without any better success. He wanted to know if they were going to wait for an earthquake to bring them to Jesus. A part of the Christian's stock-in-trade out here is the old, exploded, and worn-out contemptible lies about the deathbed of Thomas Paine, Mr. Beecher flooring Ingersoll, etc.

Rev. Mr. Decapus thought that Infidelity had got too strong a hold here for him to do any good.

The fact is, hell has lost its terrors, and people are more concerned about their welfare in this world than their soul's salvation in the next.

It is surprising how religion excites the prejudices of the professed followers of him who taught to love your enemies—even so they are barely on speaking terms with their Infidel neighbors. It does not seem possible for a Christian to act in a mannerly way toward an opponent to his religion. It makes no difference how diligent a man may be in minding his own business; how upright he may be in his dealings with his fellow-man—in fact, he may be a model of perfection as far as possible—if he does not believe the rib story; that the destiny of the human race was influenced by that little incident in the garden of Eden; that God drowned the world because man was wicked; that Lot's wife was turned into salt (and his daughters ought to hav been); together with the stories about Samson and that jaw-bone, and foxes, gates, and posts, with the whole conglomeration of absurdities—if he does not believe all these to be inspired by an allwise, omnipotent being, he is looked upon with feelings akin to pity and contempt, and accused of being insincere, with the consoling information that, "You'll find out some day," as a wind-up.

Is it not a pity to see Christians with their brains locked against investigation, for fear they might discover a new truth, or find that other systems of religion hav just as valid evidence of being true as their own? We need such papers as THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I hope it may liv to hoist its flag over the last million-dollar cathedral and see the day when priests will hav to make an honest living, instead of playiug upon the fears of their fellow-beings. H. J. O.

Dec. 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of November 5th you publish an article written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox upon Ingersoll, aud in the same issue you publish a severe criticism of Mrs. Wilcox's article, in which you, as it seems to me, do not show much of the spirit of toleration which recommends truth to the understanding of men. As I read and understand her article, it is a splendid tribute to that great man. The deductions she makes from the facts she states may not be warranted, but she givs the facts and makes her deductions. Others may draw entirely different conclusions from her facts. That many vicious men profess to be followers of Ingersoll is true. It is equally true that many vicious men profess to be followers of Jesus Christ. So that if Ingersoll has done much harm, so has Christ. This conclusion follows from Mrs. Wilcox's mode of reasoning. She discloses her way of reasoning, but givs the facts upon which she founds her conclusion. This is fair and is Freethought, which is certainly allowable. To my mind her article does not call for the kind of criticism in which you indulged. Take her article in its scope and effect and it is highly complimentary to Mr. Ingersoll, and is a powerful rebuke to those who condemn him because of his views on religious questions. You say, "Dr. Field made the most strenuous exertion to be courteous to Colonel Ingersoll, and in the sincerity of his Christian stupidity thought he had succeeded."

Are you still entirely satisfied with that sentence? This means that Dr. Field made all the exertion he was capable of making. Who can do more? Is there no such thiug as honest error in matters of belief or judgment? If not, the human mind must be infallible, and every difference of opinion must prove a want of sincerity. I confess to that degree of stupidity which makes me oblivious to what you choose to call the "miserable little flings" at Ingersoll which you say are contained in Mrs. Wilcox's article. She expresses her opinion, and givs the facts from which she forms that opinion. If she is doing wrong in expressing adverse opinions of Ingersoll, how are we sure she does right in expressing opinions favorable to him?

Then you suppose that you proceed as "idiotically" as Mrs. Wilcox did, and do proceed and giv some quotations from her "Poems of Passion," with very severe comments between them. Well, if she proceeded "idiotically," why do you lower the standard of your intelligence to that plane? That she proceeded illogically and erroneously, I admit, but she showed no symptoms of mental imbecility, but on the other hand shows refreshing mental vigor. Had you proceeded in your criticism as she proceeded in her article on Ingersoll, you would hav quoted "Response," "The Creed," "Progress," "Show Me the Way," "Resolve," and perhaps some other poems from the same author, and drawn from them conclusions of tenfold more force for the cause of intellectual freedom than your criticism carries. Intolerance is as hurtful to the cause of freedom and to the spread of truth when displayed by a Freethinker as when practiced by the pope—if not, in fact, more so. Mrs. Wilcox's opinion of Ingersoll and of the effects of his teachings do not tarnish his great name, nor detract one particle from the fascination of his truths or the power of his eloquence. He may be right in all things, as he is honest in all things, yet if one who looks upon him as a wonderful, great, and good man, and who looks up to him as a teacher, cannot believe all he teaches, can he not hav the liberty to say so and giv the facts upon which he grounds his dissent? I hope so.

It seems to me that such criticisms as this to which I refer breathe too much of the spirit which you attribute to Dr. Field and Mrs. Wilcox. In this I may be wrong, but am well grounded in the belief that I am right. I know it is a saying that "if you fight the devil you must use fire," but as I am not engaged in that business, and you should not be, I do not see the use of resorting to application of that element. Let us Freethinkers leave that fight to those whose belief is that they are soldiers engaged in a constant warfare with his satanic majesty, while we go on our peaceful way spreading great and wholesome truths among mankind. If we find a friend who is more than half-way right, let us lend her a helping hand to lead her farther on in the right way, instead of doing aught which may retard her steps. Let us giv to such that which each of us needs so much—charity. M.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In a communication published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 26th on the thirty-six Newburgh Infidels, etc., for "Eager's" History read "Ruttenber's" History—which contains the full account, occupying three full pages, with extracts, references, and commeuts. As it had been nearly ten years since reading those books, I thought I saw it in Eager's—but it was in the "History of Orange County" all the same. Yet I am extremely anxious to be accurate in such matters, so, having the History now before me, and as you may not hav it handy for reference, and some extracts from the account may be of interest to you, I will copy from pp. 164–167:

"In September, 1797, the publication of the *Mirror*, the second newspaper published in Newburgh, was commenced by Philip Van Home, and in 1797 passed into the hands of Joseph W. Barber. In 1798 the New Windsor *Gazette* was published in New Windsor by Jacob Schultz. . . . afterward removed to Newburgh and called the Orange County *Gazette*. This paper was subsequently sold to David Denniston, the name being changed to the *Citizen*. It was afterward merged in the *Rights of Man*, a paper established by Elias Winfield. The *Mirror* gave place to the *Recorder of the Times*, and later to the *Political Index*.

"These papers are named in their order to introduce the facts in the religious history of the town which led to their publication. . . . But besides these *debates* there were other and mightier agencies operating in the direction of skepticism. Voltaire and his friends had already begun the work of unsettling the religious faith of Europe. They shook, as it were, the very pillars of the church, and desolated France with the terrible revolution of 1789. The doctrins taught by Voltaire and Paine were accepted by many prominent and able men in the United States, but in no place did these anti-religious sentiments prevail to a greater extent than in Newburgh. The *Citizen* first, and then the *Rights of Man*, hoisted the Infidel flag. There was a regularly organized society of Infidels, and a blind man (Elihu Palmer) visited the village weekly and delivered lectures in opposition to the Bible.

"Besides the above-named newspapers, Paine's 'Age of Reason,' Tyndale's 'Christianity as Old as the Creation,' and works of similar character were republished by the society, and circulated with all diligence.

"That there was organized Infidelity (says Dr. Johnston) I hav no reason to doubt. I hav my information from one who was a member of the Druid Society, a branch of the Illuminati society at the head of which was Weishaupt, of Germany, the leading object of which was the destruction of all organized governments, civil and divine. . . . I hav a number of facts, dates, and particulars on this subject which would help posterity to know more of the sad effects of Infidelity in Newburgh.

"A clergyman informed me that after preaching here he was attacked by a fierce dog set on by several members of the Druid Society.

"I presume many hav heard it stated (and I hav never heard it contradicted) that in the afternoon or evening of the day in which the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was dispensed by our officiating clergyman a mock administration was performed at a spring by formally presenting to a little dog a cracker and a small quantity of water, using the words of our blessed redeemer when he instituted the holy supper. It ought to be known, continues Dr. Johnston, that the principal actor in this impious transaction did not long survive. On the following Sabbath evening he was found in his room with the door locked, in a fit, and died without being able to utter a word. . . . For a time it seemed as 'if these infatuated men had determined that there should not remain in Newburgh and vicinity a vestige of Christianity.'

"Dr. Johnston's account comes to us somewhat colored, perhaps, by religious prejudice, but the main facts are generally conceded to hav been as he states them. Mr. James Donnally, a member, for a short time, of the Druids, and Mr. Jacob Schultz, editor of the first anti-Infidel paper—the last living witnesses of these events—agree that the accounts given by Dr. Johnston and Abner Cunningham were exaggerated, especially in reference to the deaths of several of the members.

"Mr. Donnally stated that the Druids first organized as a debating society, then changed into an Infidel club. He regarded it as a great mistake to assert that all the members were bad men and came to violent deaths. Mr. Schultz stated that Dr. Phineas Hedges, whose sudden death Dr. Johnston refers to, 'it was always understood died in a fit brought on by nervous excitement.' The circumstauces were these: I printed an article in my *Gazette* in which Dr. Hedges and the Infidels were severely handled. The doctor was very much excited over it and came down to New Windsor to ask the privilege of a reply. I told him that I must see his reply before I would agree to print it, but that if it was couched in proper terms he might expect its publication. The next day I heard that the doctor had died in a fit. Some of the ardent anti-Infidels said it was the visitation of God, but this was not generally believed. The discussions of that period will always be remembered by me, and after a lapse of sixty years I hav come to regard the acts of my contemporaries in a softer light than that in which I then looked upon them.

"While these corrections are due to the memory of the dead, the files of the *Rights of Man*, etc., giv ample evidence of the violence of the discussions, and the efforts made to overthrow all religious worship.

"These efforts gradually subsided after the close of the century." Yours truly, H. SPENCER CLARKE.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Playing School.

Two little tots on the carpet at play
Tired of their usual games one day.
Said one to the other: "Let's play stool;
I'll be teacher, and don't you fool,
But sit up nice, like a sure 'nough stolar;
You'll miss your lesson, I'll bet you a lace tollar."
Casting about for a word to spell,
Blue eyes on puss and her kitten fell;
As an object lesson they pose with grace,
The mamma washing her baby's face.
"Spell tat," the teacher grandly gives out;
"Quick, now, mind what you're about."
The "scholar" failing, with ignominy,
Is sorely shaken and dubbed a ninny;
The word repeated, again she fails,
When the scene on the rug again avails,
And the teacher relents, conscience-smitten—
"If you can't spell *tat*, why, just spell *titten!*"

Hail, and Good Speed!

[To my lifelong friend and teacher, Prof. J. H. Cook, now of Snohomish, Wash. Terr., these lines are fraternally inscribed by the writer.]

I pray you, sweet friends, wherever you be,
Or whence or whither your going,
Be kind to the friend departing from me
Sing low to him, sweet waters flowing.
Oh, strengthen his footsteps—his thin locks are gray.
Fruits, bring him the joys of your burden;
Wave preludes, O pine-trees! above his lone way;
Men, giv him humanity's guerdon.

His tender heart, lured by the wealth of its love,
Was a harp 'neath the hand of the siren.
All cheer him, ye zephyrs that dreamily rove,
And charm him with peaceful environ.
His lot has been cast 'mid the sorrows of earth,
And fortune has left him so lonely;
The serpent concealed in the cup of his mirth;
The world was his stepmother only.

Remember the friend who is lonely and gray;
Chant softly, ye bright Western waters;
Such storms hav encompassed his wearisome way!
Oh, aid him, humanity's daughters!
With true hands he planted fair Liberty's tree,
And bared to the dark storm his bosom;
Oh! build him a home by the Westerland sea,
And crown him with every sweet blossom.

Frenchtown, Neb MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

Why I Am a Liberal.

When we look backward into the pages of history and see what a grand civilization preceded the dark ages into which Christianity plunged the whole of Europe by the burning of the great library at Alexandria, and by destroying all other institutions of learning throughout the Roman empire, that alone is enough to secure its condemnation by any fair-minded person. If the Christian church had simply destroyed the learning of the Roman empire, that would not hav been so bad, but, worse than that, after destroying everything that tended toward the education of humanity, they now claim to hav fostered education during what they themselvs class as the Dark Ages, which, in reality, was the lightest age for the church. This was the age when the church held absolute control over everything, whether temporal or spiritual; so that our Christian friends cannot deny the fact that Christianity was the cause of the Dark Ages. The church would plunge humanity into the same darkness to-day if it had the chance. I am a Liberal because Liberalism looks forward and continues to work for a glorious future for the human race. I am a Liberal because Liberalism teaches natural morality rather than artificial morality and immorality. I am a Liberal because Liberalism is not headed by one of those old-time gods noted for their infamy, cruelty, and tyranny, created by man to resemble the people of the nation to whom they belong, or by one of the sixteen dead saviors, all of which are represented as haters of mankind. I am a Liberal because Liberalism teaches humanitarian doctrins, while the Bible teaches that the followers of Christ should hate father, mother, brother, and sister, and all others with whom they come in contact not of their faith. I am a Liberal because Liberalism teaches harmony, while Christianity teaches discord. I am a Liberal because Liberalism advocates universal mental liberty. I am a Liberal because Liberalism does not persecute others for their opinions or for knowing more than their persecutors. Liberalism is not founded on myth, ignorance, or superstition, but on science and what is known to be fact. Liberalism never burnt a Bruno or a Servetus for thinking in advance of his time. It never laid a Galileo in the dungeon for inventing the telescope, and proving that Jupiter and earth were not round, but in the shape of a spheroid. It never owned a Luther that could say no more of Copernicus than that he was a fool. I am a Liberal because Liberalism does not sanction the twenty different vices and crimes that the Bible sanctions. I am a Liberal because Liberalism does not teach that he that believeth on the Lord Jesus shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be damned. Liberalism does not teach, as Christianity does, that a man or woman can commit murder and accept Christ the night before execution and swing from the gallows into heaven, while the murdered one, unprepared for death, sinks into the infernal regions. I believe in doubting the existence of a God, if it seems reasonable to do so. If there is a God, he must be a being of goodness and wisdom, and as such he must delight in reason rather than blind faith, ignorance, and superstition. Let any fair-minded person compare the fable of Genesis with the sciences geology and evolution, and I'll warrant you that the verdict will be in favor of science. I don't believe that the earth was made in a week. I am a Liberal because Liberalism is glorious. Wherever you see a Liberal he walks with the majesty of a king, while the Christian generally appears to be ashamed of himself. I am a Liberal because Liberalism advocates equal rights and impartial liberty. We hav the advantage over our Christian friends—we read both sides of the question; they read but one. They think it criminal to think outside of the channel marked out some eighteen hundred years ago; we think it is glorious to be continually advancing. Our Christian friends say that there is nothing glorious about Liberalism, but they can't say that it has done nothing for science, literature, or charity. They can't say that Bacon, Haeckel, Spencer, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Draper, Max Muller, Humboldt, Franklin, Smithson, Lick, Ingersoll, Remsburg, hav done nothing for science. They can't say that Shakspere, George Eliot, Burns, Byron, Longfellow, Bennett, Watts, Goethe, Ingersoll, Remsburg, Putnam, Draper, Walt Whitman, hav done nothing for literature. They can not say that Girard, Lick, or Ingersoll hav done nothing for charity. When we look around us and see the glory of other causes, we hav to admit that they are ahead of us in some respects. But when we think of the grandeur, beauty, and truthfulness of our principles; when we look at our glory and our platform, and see how far we are in advance of orthodoxy, it cannot help but inspire us with a lover's enthusiasm for our cause.

EDWARD O. MORSE [aged fifteen].

Snohomish, W. T.

A New Club.

It is very fashionable just now to belong to a club.

What is a club?

You will tell me it admits of two principal definitions—a heavy and large piece of wood used for fighting purposes generally, and it is, also, the name for an association of people for some common purpose—for amusement, instruction in science, politics, literature; for friendship, for benevolent ends, and, sometimes, for gambling purposes.

Some clubs hav wealth enough to build and furnish elegant establishments in which to meet, and where the members sometimes giv royal banquets to their friends.

Most societies may be reckoned as clubs, under different names.

Among the number of clubs, organized for various purposes, may be mentioned a society which originated in England, and which is called the "Speak-no-evil Society."

All will agree that the title indicates a desire to refrain from one of the most common habits in the world—that of speaking evil of people. It is not always intended as evil, but it is so, all the same. People whose resources of conversation are small are too apt to discuss their neighbors and associates, especially to relate little trivial matters concerning them, reflecting on their general conduct, their habits, what they do and what they say, construing many things in an evil way, conveying wrong meanings by insinuation, by a nod of the head or a wink of the eye. Gossips make much mischief in the world, not meaning to do so; but they want something to talk about, and nothing is easier than to discuss one's neighbors and friends. If one would remember to speak only *good* words of those he knows, or does not know, it would be all right; but good words and works do not claim attention as do the chances to speak evil.

Now, the Speak-no-Evil club will not permit its members to retail gossip or speak any evil until they hav asked themselvs three questions: "Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary?"

Sometimes it may be the greatest kindness to point out evil, but it should be done in the kindest possible spirit, and with a view to the general good.

Now, let us organize a Speak-no-evil Society, and let all the children who read this, boys and girls, and big folks, too, if they wish, consider themselvs members of this novel club. Let it be our aim, instead of speaking of all the bad or evil actions or words of an individual, to try to find the good, that which is noble and pleasing; and, if we can find nothing of that kind, let us say nothing at all.

The beginning of the new year is a good time to organize such a club, although any time is good for that purpose.

Everyone desirous of belonging to the S. N. E. club will please send their names to the editor of the Children's Corner, who will act as recording secretary *pro tem.*, and she will place their names in a book which will be used for that purpose.

Remember, the rule is to speak no evil of anyone until after asking the three questions above stated.

If we are placing too much confidence in an evil-minded, bad person, it would be necessary, of course, to know it, and kind to inform us of it.

For speaking evil without a just cause there should be some forfeit; and, if no one objects, we will make the penalty ten cents, which shall be forwarded to the treasurer of the society, and, when the sum is large enough, it shall be applied as a subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, to be sent to some person not able to pay for it, but who is desirous of receiving the paper.

It will be in order for you to select names for a president, secretary, and treasurer, who will attend to their respectiv duties.

Some one seems to say, "How are you going to know when we speak evil and when we don't?" The whole matter will be left entirely with your conscience, and it is believed that the principles that hav been inculcated in this Corner will make each member of the S. N. E. club feel morally responsible for all he says or does, and, also, if he does wrong, to frankly acknowledge it.

Let us see how many members we shall hav to append their names to the following:

We, the undersigned, hereby declare that we will speak no evil of anyone until we hav first asked ourselvs these three questions: Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary?

In place of evil, we will substitute all the good we can, and, as conduct is the greatest test of character, we will endeavor to make our own conduct exemplary at all times and upon all occasions.

ED. C. C.

Little Edith.

Edith is quite sensible for one of her age—nearly four years. She went to her grandma's one baking-day, and was given permission to make a pie in a very little tin plate. She made it and baked it. The next day she called again. "Well, grandma," said she, "how did the pie go—was it good?"

"I hav not eaten it yet, but it is splendid," said the grandma.

"Did grandpa eat any of it?"

"No, but it is a very good pie, just the same."

"How do you *know* that?" inquired Edith sternly, "when you hav not tasted it? I thought grown-up folks knew better than to tell stories," and she walked indignantly out of the room.

Edith goes to Sunday-school occasionally.

"What do you learn in Sunday-school?" she was asked one day.

"Oh, not much; it isn't much account anyway," was her reply.

"But what do they talk about there?"

"Oh, they talked about a fellow named Jesus. He wanted to be president, and they killed him instead of 'lecting him. I guess he was kinder crazy. They sing, an' they read, an' strut 'round, an' make all the chillens giv a penny, and then say good-bye and go home. I don't think, for my part, it 'mounts to much, and I take more comfort, 'nough sight, at home."

LITTLE Jack had a tremendous fall from a high fence-post, but escaped without other injury than a little hurt to his pride. "Well, you lost your balance, didn't you?" said a neighbor, patronizingly. "No, I didn't. I didn't lose my balance at all. I didn't lose nuffin'," and he turned his pockets inside out to prove it.

Correspondence.

BENNINGTON, VT., Dec. 21. 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines to you. I enjoy reading the Corner very much, and, as we hav the *Investigator* and THE TRUTH SEEKER, I hav two Corners each week. We hav all of your books, and like them very much, especially "Apples of Gold." I am at present reading about sponges in "Life and Her Children." I hav attended school all the fall until now, but do not intend to go any until spring. The snow is quite deep, and it is splendid sleighing, but not very cold. I think I hav written enough for this time, so wishing you and the children of the Corner a merry Christmas and happy New Year, I remain,

Yours sincerely, MABEL R. LYON.

MOODY, TEX., Dec. 23, 1887.

MISS WIXON: I saw in THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 17th a letter from Laura Price Stewart, telling what kind of books she had to pass away the long winter evenings, and you said you wished more boys and girls would write to tell what kind of books they had to read. I thought I would tell how I came to be interested in reading about four years ago. Ma, in paying for a new year's subscription of THE TRUTH SEEKER, sent for several pamphlets, of which "Orthodoxy," a lecture by Mr. Ingersoll, was one, and "What Must We Do to be Saved?" three of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUALS, and several others, which I read, and became interested in reading. After that I sent for "Moses Before the Court," in which it is shown that Moses was not the author of the books ascribed to him, and that he had been dead long before they were written, and that they were written by priests and monks who wished to fill the world with ignorance. I hav been for two years a subscriber to the *Independent Pulpit*, which furnishes reading second to none. Mr. Shaw's work, "The Bible—What Is it?" is a good one. It shows the Bible to be full of ignorance and fraud. Mr. Shaw's sermon, "The Divinity of Christ," is the best one of the kind I ever read. I hav Paine's "Age of Reason," which is so much talked about by the clergy. It is as good a book as I hav—his sound reasoning showing that Christ could not be a savior of the world without dying five or six times. I hav seven volumes of D. M. Bennett's works—"A Truth Seeker in Europe;" "Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism;" "The Semitic God and the Bible;" "The Teed-Bennett Discussion;" "The Bennett-Mair Discussion: What Objections to Christianity?" "Christianity and Infidelity: The Humphrey-Bennett Discussion;" "Thirty Discussions, Bible Stories, and Essays." All by D. M. Bennett, the man who was put in jail for teaching a religion of humanity, for trying to make the world better, and for expressing his honest thoughts. They imprisoned him for the same purpose that the priests of Salem banished Roger Williams, for teaching that no man, or body of men, has the right to control the religious belief of man.

I hav heard bishops of the churches say that they had read secular papers till they became so interested that they would nearly forget the Lord. They would think of their souls; they would throw away the secular paper, and go read the Bible and forget all worldly thoughts. I prefer to read something that teaches the son and daughter to love father and mother, rather than worship a God who says: Take no thought for to-morrow. Forsake father, mother, sister, and brother for the sake of Jesus. Think not that I came to send peace, but rather a sword. A man's foes shall be they of his own household.

I would rather like being called an Infidel than advocate a doctrin that teaches that ninety-nine of the human family are going to be doomed to a hell of fire and brimstone that burneth for ever and ever. I rather prefer being called an Infidel, and being with an honest devil, who is the first school-teacher of man. All invention is said to be the product of the devil. I would rather be in hell with those who sought to liv for their fellow-men than to be in a heaven that has golden streets and is filled with such men as Joshua—stopping the sun to wage bloody war against his fellow-men; when any school-boy knows that if he did stop the sun that didn't stop the earth from revolving on its axis, which is the cause of night and day, and to stop the sun would not make the day any longer. Christians say if you fail to believe in such nonsense as this, you shall be cast into hell, burning with fire and brimstone. How will an honest Christian feel when in heaven should he look over to hell and see a sister in the flame that ascendeth up forever and ever? How would he feel if he should happen to see a mother in perdition who was all his love and care for life, and who would die herself rather than part from a child? She shall be cast into hell because she fails to believe that there were two days and nights before there was any sun to make light. I will close, for fear I tire your patience.

Yours truly, JOHN M. SIMMONS.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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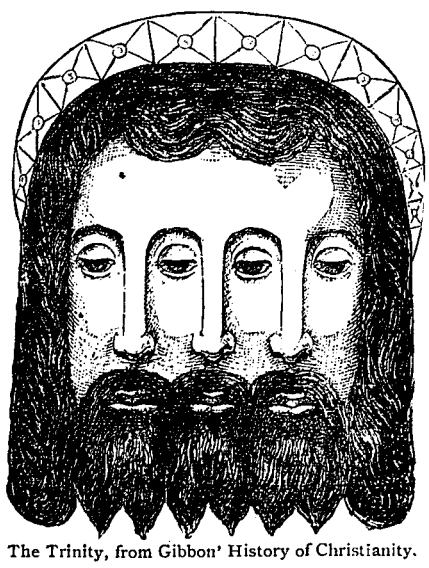
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Past description, past all name,
Where the damned must roast eternal,
In that lurid brimstone flame.

Hell of late, though, 's getting shorter;
Cooling off, too—beats the deuce.
Likewise brimstone, once so plenty,
Now is nearly out of use.

Hell of yore once swarmed with infants,
Damned to burn by God's decree,
Just because old Eve ate apples
Off the devil's knowledge tree.

Later, though, divines went searching
Hell all through with anxious care,
Gave the hunt up quite discouraged—
Not the first damned infant there.

Hell is now a grand old humbug;
Poor old Satan's most played out;
Orthodoxy's out of brimstone;
Hell's fast going up the spout.

Obituary.

MRS. DELIA BURGE.

Five miles from Gouverneur, St. Lawrence county, in the state of New York, resides Mr. Marcelus W. Bacon, a large farmer, and a most worthy man and stanch Freethinker, and who is and has been for many years a subscriber and admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER. And not only himself, but his admirable wife and intelligent children, are also independent thinkers. The subject of this notice, Mrs. Delia Burge, is Mr. and Mrs. Bacon's oldest daughter, and the wife of Mr. Martin V. Burge. She was stricken down with consumption some three years ago, and has since then been slowly wasting away, and on the 20th day of December passed away. Mrs. Burge was a most exemplary woman, and highly esteemed by all who knew her on account of her intelligence, amiable disposition, and benevolence, which was recognized in whatever society she moved. Notwithstanding that she knew her end was surely approaching, she never murmured or complained, but bore her affliction with more than "Christian courage." Hers was the courage of a brave woman and a philosopher. She had no fear of death. She realized that, if there was no future existence, she was only to pass into a painless, unconscious sleep; and, if there was a life beyond the grave, she was prepared for it, never having intentionally wronged anyone, and always having tried to do all the good she could while here on earth. As death approached, she met it as her friend and not an enemy—a friend that had come to release her from her long years of physical suffering. She made all the arrangements for her funeral, even to the most minute particulars, and everything was carried out as she had requested.

Some time before her death the writer was invited to attend and deliver a short address at her funeral. And after her death, it having been announced that the writer was to speak, the word went out that an Infidel was to deliver the funeral "sermon," which announcement, with the well-known reputation of the deceased and her worthy parents, drew together a very large concourse of people. And it certainly was the most pleasant occasion of the kind we ever attended. It had more of the appearance of a friendly social gathering than of a funeral as we usually, with our early orthodox education, think of these meetings, or, more properly, partings, of the living and the dead. There was nothing of that sad, despondent expression of countenance that we see at funerals conducted in the old orthodox style, where the preacher and everybody present try to make each other feel as uncomfortable as possible.

The subject of our discourse was "The Religion of Humanity." We spoke for nearly an hour to the most attentiv, and, to all appearance, the most interested audience that we ever addressed. We could perceive that our ideas were new and somewhat startling to many present. But one Liberal speaker had ever spoken in the town before. George Chainey lectured there a few years before.

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After the services, the people present were all invited into the large dining-room, where refreshments were served to all who would partake, and for an hour a most interesting social meeting was enjoyed. We were glad to take by the hand many of the Freethinkers of the northern part of the state that we had seldom or never met before. It was a gathering long to be remembered by all who were present. H. L. GREEN.

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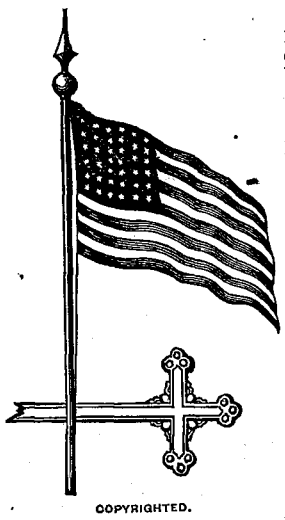
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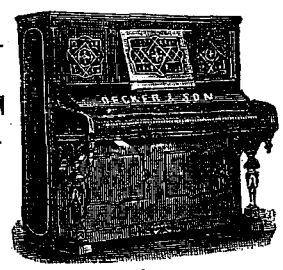
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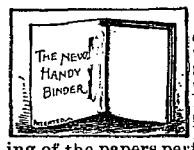
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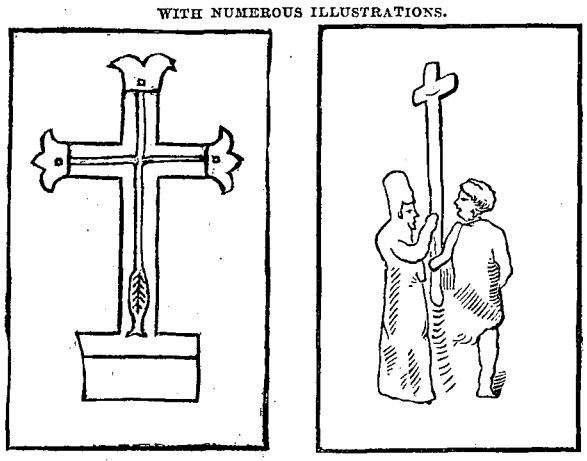
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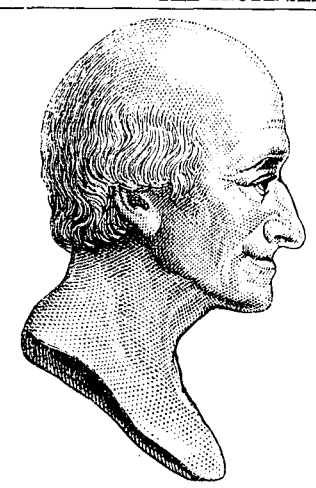


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News of the Week.

MR. POWDERLY is dangerously ill.

THE pope received 2,000 Spanish pilgrims on the 8th.

THE first satisfactory observation through the Lick telescope was made on the 7th at 9 P.M.

TRUCKER, Cal., recently celebrated the second anniversary of the expulsion of the Chinese from the place.

KNIGHTS of Labor claim that the reports of the disintegration of their order are false, and that it is prosperous and numbers 500,000 members.

IT is believed in Canada that Cardinal Taschereau is about to reissue the sentence of condemnation that he pronounced against the Knights of Labor, and afterward suspended.

STATISTICS contrasting the industrial conditions of the South under slave and under free labor show great progress. South Carolina's manufactures hav increased 91 per cent in seven years.

FRANK MCGUIRE, of Erie, Pa., who was made insane two years ago by the ex-priest James Maloney, the alleged miracle-worker, in an outbreak of violence on the 6th endeavored to kill Maloney.

FIVE men and three women, convicted of Nihilism, were hanged at St. Petersburg on the 2d. There had been discovered in their home boxes of dynamite and copies of the revolutionary paper, *The People's Will.*

REV. MR. PENTECOST, who had to leave his pastorate for championing the cause of the poor, has established congregations of his own views in Newark, Brooklyn, and New York, and intends starting open meetings for the study of political economy.

WITHIN a month four trains on the New York city elevated railroad hav left the track, and by the merest chance escaped falling to the street. The millionaire managers are criminally reckless, and with money and influence resist all attempts at reform.

ON the 6th the pope opened to public exhibition his jubilee presents, and entered the hall and ascended his throne with grand ceremonies, attended by forty-eight cardinals, the full pontifical court, and diplomats from nearly every European power.

THE National Divorce Reform League has closed its eighth annual meeting at Boston, making acknowledgment of "the work for social purity done by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and also of the educational work on the family relations done by the Catholic church."

THE Rev. Heber Newton desires America and England to agree to submit all future differences that may arise between them to arbitration. He hopes that this may be a first step leading toward the establishment of a universal court of international arbitration, and the abolition of war.

"YOU'RE indicted for exhibiting monkeys on Sunday," was the announcement made by Clerk Hall in the general sessions court, New York, on the 6th, when Nathan Morris, one of the Bowery dime museum keepers, came to the bar. "I am not guilty," said Morris. Then he walked out of the court on bail.

WM. SHELBY, of Rutland, Vt., an enthusiastic member of the Salvation Army, the other day suddenly became insane, stabbed his seven-year-old daughter in the back with a jackknife, had a hard tussle with his ten-year-old boy, whom he tramped on and hurt severely, and then rushed into the street and began singing and praying.

THE equipment of soldiers demanded by the new military bill in the German parliament will require a vote of $20,000,000. Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, continues to denounce all war measures, claiming that they mean more oppression to the people within the empire, and spoliation of the people of other countries, for the benefit solely of the military and bureaucratic classes.

THE third annual report of the national bureau of labor statistics is expected with interest. It will treat of the strikes and lockouts from 1881 to 1886, and will present figures, collected with great care, showing the number of these that hav occurred, the number of employees concerned, the amount lost to the employees and to the employers, and the number of men taken on in consequence of strikes.



WHAT THAT MONKEY IS FOR!

Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool.
(Repeat.)
She took him out, gave him some clothes,
And then she sent him to school.

—Ancient ditty founded on Exodus, second chapter.

Odds and Ends.

"DEATH'S door" is opened with a skeleton key?

MR. WALDO (at a dinner party): "May I pass you the cheese, Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy (daintily): "Thanks, a small hunk, please."

"Is a double wedding unlucky?" asks a Western exchange. "Well, we should say that it is, especially if wife No. 1 finds ont where wife No. 2 livs."

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that Mr. Comstock arrested Mr. Knoedler because he was informed that the picture-dealer pronounced his name Nude-ler.

"PAPA, why do they always call a railroad train 'she?'" "Because it takes three or four men to manage her, my son," replied Mr. Dawdle, glaring toward his wife.

WIFE: "I see that the poet Whittier, in his eightieth year, mourns that he never got married." Husband: "Yes, some people never do know when they are well off."

MRS. MULCIBER (reading a newspaper): "George, what is this Reading strike?" Mr. Mulciber (who seldom reads a paper): "Oh, I guess they are boycotting some author."

A PERSON of our acquaintance asked another how old he thought Mrs. R——, of Harlem, was. "I do not know her age exactly," he replied; "she varies from seventeen to thirty-five."

TEMPERANCE lecturer (lowering his voice impressivly): "Go into our American gin-palaces, and what do you find?" Husky voice (promptly): "Somebody willing to drink with you."

MISS ETHEL: "And so you are really engaged to Mr. Sampson, Clara?" Miss Clara (blushing): "Yes, it all happened last evening, Ethel." Miss Ethel: "What a blessing leap year is, dear!"

"WHAT did the ladies do for you this year?" asked a churchman of Parson Surplus Eel. The parson, who had been a stock speculator before he was converted, replied, "I am long on slippers and bookmarks, but rather short on suspenders."

SUSAN B. ANTHONY says that "if a young man spends two hours with a young lady every night and her 'old folks' don't make any fuss about it, and his 'old folks' don't make any fuss about it, the two young folks may be said to be engaged." Clearly.

AN Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a good many men in that section hav done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely proposing to marry, without going any further. A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found in company with another man's wife.

ENGLISHMAN: "The only question in England now is the Irish problem." American: "Same way here." Englishman: "Here? You are not trying to get the Irish down, are you?" American: "No, they've got us down and we're trying to get up."

A FRENCHMAN claims to be able to prove that fish can hear a man talking in an ordinary voice half a mile away. How far a pickerel can hear the tones of a man who has bobbed from some old wharf for half a day without a nibble, this Frenchman doesn't figure on, and is not asked to.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "People who think that Christmas is a season of 'peace on earth and good-will toward men' probably never saw a man skirmishing around at five o'clock on Christmas eve with a perturbed mind and a five-dollar bill buying presents for a wife and nine dearly beloved children."

COUNTRYMAN (in a Bowery picture gallery): "The cows is all right, an' the trees look kinder natural, but the river there behind 'em is painted mighty poor." Dealer: "If you are up in art at all, my friend, you will know it is impossible to make water and oil mix well." Countryman is convinced and buys the picture.

"ALL is over between us, Mr. Sampson," she said, coldly. "The presents you hav given me will be returned to-morrow." He stood there proudly, but his face was ashen. "Everything shall be returned," she went on, with a queenly sweep of her rounded arm, "with the exception, of course, of the caramels and ice cream." And thus they parted.

A GOOD story of old days in Massachusetts has recently been published. In one of the churches in the eastern part of the state a bass viol was procured to help the choir. One summer Sunday, while the parson was in the middle of the sermon, a big bull got out of his pasture and came swaggering down the road, growling as he came. The minister heard the low bellow, and looking up toward the singers' seats with a grave face, he said: "I would thank the musicians not to tune during service time; it annoys me very much." The choir was surprised, but nothing was said. Pretty soon the bull gave another grumble, and then the parson was mad. He stopped short, and, looking directly at the bass-viol player, said: "I now particularly request Mr. L—— that he will not tune his instrument while I am preaching." This was more than the fiddler could stand. Popping up in his seat he snapped out, "It isn't me, parson, it isn't me. It's that d—d—darned old town bull!"

Gems of Thought.

I MADE up my mind to two things, first, that "the game is not worth the candle," or, in other words, that the saving of souls from the virgin and giving them to the son, or taking them from Mohammed and giving them to Jesus, costs more than it comes to. Second, that this people and this country are suffering more for other things than for Christianity. They need a good government, to know how to make good roads, build good plows, make carts, till the land better, erect good houses, and to learn to lead pleasant, useful lives.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IT is popularly supposed that belief in a personal deity givs a certain exaltation, serenity, fortitude, hope, and even joy in hours of darkness and calamity, and holds us to high aims; and that, under any cosmic theory, society would sink into barbarism and bestiality. The claim, in my judgment, cannot be maintained. At all events, the sentiment of the legend of Abou Ben Adhem is truer. "The gracious motivs of the soul are purely socia products, are born of communion with actual and idealized human beings, and not with superhuman; and they will flourish and decay, as respect for human rights increases and declines." As well fear that the denial of the old conception of light as a separate entity will involve the world in darkness, and the assertion that heat is only molecular motion will bring an Arctic climate, or at least make the comforts of the fireside forever impossible to the denier of caloric and phlogiston.—*E. D. Stark.*

A SOLDIER dying in the hospital was asked by a superserviceable agent of the Christian commission if he had found the Lord Jesus. "Oh, I did not know that Jesus was lost," was the reply—innocent or sarcastic we need not inquire. But what the dying soldier did not know is the most patent fact of Christian history. Nothing is surer than that Jesus has been lost for more than eighteen centuries. The myth of his transfiguration is the type of his historical transformation. It says, "There came a cloud and overshadowed him." There did indeed; a cloud of legend and myth, and fancy and exaggeration; of speculativ mist, of ecclesiastical smoke, the breath of incense; but on this account no more transparent. It says, "He feared when he entered the cloud.' He might well hav done so, if he had known how it would falsify his human nature till men should say, "It is a god, it is a god."—*Chadwick's Man Jesus.*

IT has been frequently stated or implied that Secularists wish to destroy morality. But this is a most absurd slander. No sane man ever dreams of such a policy. Destroying virtues—real, useful virtues—from among mankind in order to make men happier, would, indeed, be the maddest of follies; though a folly, by the way, of which Christianity is far from being guiltless, as witness its systematic repression of intellect and self-reliance, and its fundamental advocacy of the passiv virtues, or rather vices ("other-worldliness," covetous prayerfulness, reckless improvidence, submission to wrong, and tyranny, and so forth), as contrasted with its condemnation or neglect of courageous, thoughtful, prudent, activ virtues, so highly valued among the hardy and enterprising gentile races. . . . The word Christianity is often thoughtlessly used as a synonym for moral excellence. Men teach moral goodness and call it Christianity, when it is nothing of the kind. Their moral judgment shapes their Christianity, more than Christianity shapes their moral judgment.—*Religion in Schools.*

OH, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come;
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And the end is known. —*Shakspere.*

THE moral maxims of the New Testament hav become in many instances obsolete, and the development of society is evolving new rules of conduct. Another table of commandments is in preparation, and will be given by men to God as truly as were the first. They will very likely find utterance in the "resolutions" of a convention, composed of the wisest and best men of the world. Perhaps the new table will embrace such laws as these: 1. Thou shalt giv women equal rights with men. 2. Thou shalt giv a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, and the laborer shall share with the capitalist in the profits of their enterprises. 3. Thou shalt not protect one industry at the expense of another, and thou shalt not refuse free trade with other nations. 4. Thou shalt tax all property alike, religious or secular. 5. Thou shalt not giv religious instruction in public schools, nor force any to pay for the support of religious practices which they do not approve. 6. Thou shalt not advance the price of merchandise by "corners." 7. Thou shalt lay up treasure upon earth, but thou shalt use it for the benefit of man.—*Robert C. Adams.* [NOTE.—And all the people shall say: Lord, hav mercy upon us, and write all these laws—but especially the fourth—in our hearts, we beseech thee.—*Hylax.*]

THE Materialist subjects the Bible to the same canons of evidence, and judges as to its historical authenticity and its value by the same rules of criticism, that he employs when he reads Tacitus or Livy, Thucydides or Xenophon. He accepts as probable what seems natural and reasonable, while he rejects without fear or hesitation everything miraculous or plainly fabulous. "It is an absolute rule of criticism," says Renan, "to exclude from history every event of a miraculous character."—*Underwood's Materialism and Christianity.*

MEAN though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

—Pope's Universal Prayer.

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A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

THE *Herald-Times*, the leading Republican paper of Gouverneur, N. Y., in commenting upon the assertion of a speaker before the Evangelical Alliance that our public school system and the press are dangerous agencies for promoting social vice, takes the occasion to remark: "The men who, under the impulsion of religious duty, oppose our public school system are reinforced by others from less commendable motivs. Many are actuated by their interest in the various sectarian theological schools. Then it is only natural that the clergy should regard with suspicion any power which they hav been led to believe is responsible for the waning influence of the pulpit. The press and popular education are closely associated with the live thought of the day. They are identified with our civilization. If they must be overpowered and suppressed as a condition to the revival of pulpit influence, the prospect of that revival is not encouraging. The wheels of progress will roll on. Those who would not be left behind, clergy or laity, must wake up. The truth is that the pulpit needs life. Its voice does not reach more than a third of the American population. Much of the world has moved away from it. Half of the clergy are practically dead. They belong to another age. They can not comprehend the conditions of to-day and the certainties of the future."

THE Philadelphia *North American* says that the United States senators stay in the lobby while the $900 chaplain offers prayer, giving as an excuse that they don't need to be prayed for. The probability, however, is that they regard the chaplain as a perfunctory nuisance and his prayer as wasted wind. The chaplain should go. The United States government has no business teaching religion.

FOR some weeks past an unusually large quantity of potatoes has been exported from Irish ports for America. At present the potatoes are being rapidly bought up in the north of Ireland for that purpose. From Belfast potatoes are being extensivly forwarded to various ports for shipments.

THE weekly pay-roll of the Singer Sewing Machine Company at Elizabeth, N. J., amounts to $35,000, and that at Glasgow, where one-third more people are employed, to $18,000. While the employees of Elizabeth earn nearly $13 a week, the Glasgow employee earns $5 for the same labor.

IN Breslau, Germany, a chimney fifty-four feet in hight has been constructed entirely of solid blocks of paper firmly compressed together, the blocks being placed carefully one on the top of the other and joined together with a special cement. The chimney is non-inflammable, and by the nature of the material quite secure from lightning. Experiments are being made to prepare paper in such form as to supersede many metals.

COL. ZEB WARD, of Little Rock, Ark., thinks that he was the last man to pay for a negro slave in this country. A negro woman, who had been in his possession for several years while a suit regarding her ownership was pending, afterward brought suit against him for services, and gained a verdict. When Colonel Ward made out a check, he worded it: "To pay for the last negro that will ever be paid for in this country."

A MAN named Percell, recently arrested for perjury in his divorce suit in Kansas City, blames his attorney for his trouble, and says that the lawyer fixed up the schedule of questions and answers, and that he followed his directions in swearing. His reasons for getting a divorce were that he and his wife could not liv pleasantly together, and that when they went to church they could not keep step with each other.



From St. Mary's Messenger.

AN OFFERING OF THE BLOOD OF THE SPOTLESS LAMB FOR THE RELIEF OF SOULS IN PURGATORY.

THE watch without hands which has recently been brought before the public is simply a watch with ordinary wheelwork, in which the intermediate teeth are wanting, and which gear every minute and hour only. The contrivance, though admitted to possess some inconveniences, is, on the other hand, claimed to present some genuin preferences over the ordinary make. Thus, the construction not only allows the reading to be accurate, but also admits of estimating the time that separates each passing minute. There is not only an optical signal given, but also an acoustic one, since at every change of figure the ear perceives a slight sound, and consequently it becomes useless for one to examin his watch in order to measure a given interval of time—a feature of special value to engineers, physicians, officers, travelers, and observers. The experimenter is thus enabled to tell exactly when a minute begins and ends.

SOME interesting particulars are given in the "Catholic Directory" for 1888, just published by Messrs. Burns & Oates, regarding the progress of Catholicism in England. While the number of bishops remains the same, that of priests has been increased by 49, and reaches a total of 2,648. The number of churches and chapels is 1,631, showing an increase of 21 during the year just closed. Of the secular clergy ordained priests for England and Wales during the past twelve months the number was 47. The "Directory" contains much information concerning Catholicism in the British empire, within which there are now 25 archiepiscopal and 96 episcopal sees, 19 vicariates apostolic, and 10 prefectures apostolic—in all 150 sees, seven of which are vacant. The Catholic population of England is estimated at 1,354,000; of Scotland at 326,000; of Ireland at 3,961,000: total, 5,641,000. In the colonies there are 175,000; in Asia. 980,000; in America, 2,183,000; in Australasia, 568,000 Catholic British subjects. As queen and empress her majesty reigns over 9,682,000 Catholics. They are represented in the imperial Parliament by 32 peers, and by 5 English and 75 Irish members. There are 9 Catholics in the privy council, and there are 40 Catholic peers, 51 baronets, and 20 lords with courtesy titles.

DR. HURST writes to *Harper's Magazine* that there are six hundred nativ newspapers in India, all of which, with the exception of about half-a-dozen, are bitterly opposed to Christianity. Societies are now being organized for the dissemination of the skeptical writings of England and America. An important one is in operation from Labore, as a center, while another has its headquarters in Benares. The picture of the gods best known in the Hindoo pantheon are even lithographed in Germany and England and sold in Calcutta. Nativ rajahs interest themselvs in circulating Hindoo tracts, and hav adopted shrewd methods to carry on their work. One rajah is printing just now, at his own expense, 200,000 Hindoo tracts, and intends to distribute them at the large fairs of north India.

Communications.

The Distribution of Wealth.

It would be impossible for omnipotence to conceive a happier method of existence than that by which action should be made essential to the maintenance of existence, and rest should intervene periodically for the restoration of the power exhausted by action. Only in this way can man enjoy the duplicate happiness derived from the antipodal sources of action and rest. If a man could enjoy ceaselessly the pleasures of action, the pleasures of rest, contemplation and reflection, which are action in another form, would be unknown to him. So if he could enjoy inaction ceaselessly, he would miss the pleasures of action, correspondence of day and night with action and rest. On this thread constitutionally all our beads are strung. Our lives, that we may really liv, must alternate between action and rest. To do so there must be motivs for both, as the pendulum of a clock finds in its spring its motiv to action and in gravity its motiv to rest. So the soul finds in the daily need of nutriment, shelter, and clothing its motiv for action, and in its need of recuperation from the exhaustion induced by action its motiv for rest, reflection, and thought. Hence man's soul swings like a pendulum, with want as its gravity and wealth as its spring, by the law, written in all his members, arteries, and nerves, that action shall produce both exhaustion in those members and supplies of nutrition for them, and that rest shall intervene action, in order that leisure, intellect, and reflection may exist, and the pleasure of life may be doubled. No man can quarrel, therefore, with that fundamental article in the constitution of man, that he shall liv by alternations of action and rest, and if he fails in the action or fails in the rest he shall die. The action essential to liv we call production. If he who carries it on does so at his own cost, *i. e.*, furnishes his own implements, capital, and means of subsistence, he is a producer. If he has to hav the capital and means of subsistence furnished to him, and, like a horse or steam engin, has to be set to work by the exterior force of an employer, whether the inducement be force or wages, he is a mere worker, on a level with a horse or steam engin for the time being, while his employer and not he is the producer, because his employer produces his work. When labor is defined or conceived as the act of working for wages without capital, it cannot be said to be a producer of anything but its own wages. Suppose John Smith to be the worker and the product to be ten yards of carpeting daily. He says: "I produce these ten yards daily. If I stop work, they will stop coming." He stops; but lo! the ten yards daily do not cease coming. Why? Because the same force, want and wages, whereby the employer caused him to produce them, now cause Richard Roe to produce them. Hence all that Smith produced was the diversion of his weekly wages from others to himself. Wage-work is not a producer of any other wealth than that which the wage-worker saves. It is not an independent productiv agent at all. It is like a loom, a plow, or an anvil—a mere implement that has to be set to work, and fed, clothed, and housed while working. Both employer and employee work with want before them, but the employer is laboring to relieve his own wants by serving his customers, the employee by serving his employers.

When the fabric is woven, the loom cannot say, I wove it; neither can the loom-tender. The only producer is he who combined the capital, labor, and raw materials, risking his own means on the chance that the price of the fabric would exceed its cost and taking the difference as his profit. Hence the enterpriser and profit-maker is the moving producer. The wage-worker produces nothing but his wages. In the work of production he figures merely as an implement, or as raw material which has to be bought and paid for at its market value, like pig iron, or coal, or horse-power. In his capacity as a man he is entitled to be treated as a man, but in his capacity as vendor of a commodity he is entitled only to the competitiv value of that commodity, precisely the same as his employer is with the product of his labor. When the Socialists get together, therefore, and resolve that labor, meaning thereby the helpless laborer that works for wages, produces all wealth, they start with a self-evident error of fact, as it is wealth, and the wealth of others, too, that produces this kind of labor. Employed labor cannot be a first cause of anything, since it implies an employer who is its own cause.

Production, therefore, and not mere labor, causes wealth, and, by means of wealth, supports mankind. Production consists either in bringing into existence something which mankind will enjoy, or in forwarding that which already exists to the use, place, and person most in need of it, either by change in its form, change in its place, or change in its ownership.

Economic law causes the production of wealth to go on under the operation of two forces, viz., decline in value and rise in value. Decline in value is due to the fact that every man's power of consumption is extremely limited compared with his capacity, either singly or in association with others, to produce wealth. Advance in value is due to the fact that whatever we produce above what we consume, gains value only as we get it into the hands of those who need it and do not produce it.

For instance, the grower of wheat can himself consume but six bushels of wheat per year, but he can produce, say 1,000 bushels; the other 994 bushels hav no intrinsic value to him. Their highest value will be found only in dividing them among 165 persons and getting their return services. To one man and in one place they are worthless; to another in another place they are priceless. The wheat needs two changes of form, viz.: first into flour, and then into bread; twenty changes of ownership, and 1,000 to 4,000 miles of change of place, to bring it to the point where it is most needed for consumption. At each stage of these needed changes, the wheat undergoes a rise of price slightly exceeding the cost of making the change. This excess of rise in price over cost of making the change is the profit, which is the moving-spring in causing every change the wheat passes through between Dakota and Boston, because the profit is proportionate to the demand, and the demand is the measure of the want.

The profit does not come as a necessity, or as a compensation for service rendered, but the service is rendered because the profit is foreseen; for if the profit-maker calculates unwisely, he may make a loss. He may so grind the wheat that it will net him less in flour than it was worth as wheat, or less in bread than it was worth as flour, or it may be worth less in Boston than it was worth in New York, and so the last change of place may be made at a loss. Hence the profit-maker is the grand steerer of this whole system of exchange which feeds mankind daily by its standing miracle. He makes profits when he steers industry from where it is less needed to where it is more needed and gathers up as wrecks the losses of those who try to steer industry where there is no sailing room.

This law of advancing value as the commodity approaches the point, form, and person, in greatest need, and declining value on all surplus not so forwarded, affects also every person with whom the wheat-producer exchanges, the producer of other foods, clothing, metals, ornament, shelter, amusement, education, worship, ostentation, association, and social position. The preacher's sermon declines peremptorily and sharply in value if he can get no congregation of sinners still in their sins. The lawyer's plea shrivels into worthless words unless he can find some just client unjustly charged. The doctor's pill loses its financial potency to fill his purse except as invalids wait to be lifted by it down into Siloam's healing pool.

So the law of declining value attacks like moths last year's clothing, last month's books, the house growing old, and even the labor that machinery supersedes, while the law of advancing values goes before mankind a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, now guiding them to California or Dakota, to-day sending corn up and wheat down, to-morrow adding half a cent to Lackawanna stock or taking off two points more from Wabash, but ever controling the investment of all the capital of mankind and directing it by the single motiv of profit, as in vegetation the growth of every leaf and twig is guided by the single motiv, light.

Obviously, in a humane point of view it is to the supreme interest of all mankind that those forms of wealth capable of being enjoyed and consumed should be distributed among all men as equally as possible, so that all shall enjoy as nearly alike as their capacities for enjoyment admit, while those forms of wealth which cannot be enjoyed by anybody, but merely used in forwarding the means of enjoyment to those who need them, such as railroads, ships, banks, land, buildings, machinery, should be so owned that mankind shall get their use of them at the lowest cost. The two kinds of wealth, consumable and reproductiv, sustain toward each other the same relation as water or gas pipes in a city sustain to the people. The pipes may be owned by a private monopoly, or by the city, or each man may own so much of them as are on his own premises, or all these three plans may be combined, the question, Who owns the pipes? being subordinate to the question, By which mode of ownership will they bring the water supply most certainly, cheaply, and cleanly to all?

So the question, Who owns the land, mines, furnaces, factories, railroads, indeed, all roads and all the machinery of industry, is subordinate to the question, Under what mode of ownership, whether in common and equal or massed into large fortunes in private hands, do we find that men and women attain to the most general, abundant, and equal enjoyment of consumable values?

Now, the cheapest mode, in the first instance, in which society can get the benefits arising from their use is for society at large not to invest anything in or risk anything upon their construction whatever, but to let those who hav saved means or made profits out of previous undertakings create and build them wholly at their own risk and cost for the profit they can make out of them. This is exactly what society at large does. It gets all its mines opened without risking anything on the question whether they are worth opening; all its railroads built without risking a dollar on the question whether they will get traffic enough to run them; all its stores built and filled with goods without any public risk; and finally even gets all labor employed by private capital without the acknowledgment of any *droit du travail* or right to be employed on the part of the laborer as against the state. Inasmuch as the aggregate society gets all this in the first instance for absolutely nothing, neither paying a dollar nor risking a dollar for any forward step in the march of enterprise and industry, but allowing private capitalists to go to rack and ruin by thousands in the task, it would seem that at least in the first instance society gets its industries set in motion at the lowest possible cost and on the most economical terms, for that which costs us nothing, but is worth everything, is ordinarily accounted cheap.

If, therefore, society loses at any point by the mode in which its reproductiv wealth, its mines, factories, ships, banks, lands, buildings, and railways are held, it must be through the economic law which masses their ownership into the hands of the profit-makers in large blocks, one profit-maker obtaining the ownership and control of a disproportionately and unprofitably large quantity of reproductiv wealth.

Here, however, we find ourselvs met by another economic law as peremptory as that which limits consumption; prevents a man wearing more than one, two, or three coats at a time, or eating more than three meals a day, or sleeping in more than one room at the same time—viz., that the larger the accumulation of reproductiv capital in a single hand, the lower the charge per cent it exacts from the community for its service.

The newsboy, with $1 of capital, buys 100 papers for one cent each, and sells them for two, making 100 per cent in half a day. With $6, he will hire five boys to sell for him at the halves, and make $2.50 on their earnings, thus increasing his actual earnings to $3.50, but reducing his rate per cent to 50 per cent per day. With $100 capital he sets up a news-stand, and is happy if he makes $5, or 5 per cent a day. With $1,000 he falls to 100 per cent a year. With $10,000 he is content to rise to an income of $3,000 a year, though his rate per cent sinks from 100 to 30. With $100,000 he makes, perhaps, $10,000 net, and on a cool million he is glad to net 4 per cent, his income now rising to $40,000. With the increase in his principal he gets a continual absolute increase of yearly income, but the community get the service rendered to it by his capital at a continually lessening rate of compensation.

This holds as to all modes of investment in reproductiv wealth. Hence, no fact can be plainer than that the social aggregate makes a great economic saving, by concentrating the ownership of its reproductiv wealth in the hands of a few large capitalists, over what it could make by dispersing its ownership among many small ones. Even the concentration of land estates under the English land system makes rents cheap, for the larger the landlord the lower and more liberally he rents his land. Though the aggregate wealth of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is one-sixth greater than the wealth of France, yet the total value of land in England is to that of land in France only as 9 to 14, thus showing that the system of small owners practiced in France makes land dear, while the English system of large owners makes it cheap. Rents of like property are a third cheaper in England than in America, and both in England and America are cheaper at the hands of the large than of the small landlords. So the large capitals carry cheaper on railways than the small, manufacture cheaper, mine cheaper, raise wheat cheaper in Dakota, and cattle cheaper in New Mexico. Everywhere, in short, the community, considered as consumers of the products of reproductiv capital, get those products cheaper by reason of the large capitals, and pay a lower rate per cent of compensation to the large capitalist than to the small. If the same law holds in all cases—and only time is needed to show that it does—this proves that neither in the first instance, nor in the long run, do the aggregate of society make anything but a gain by the concentration into few hands of the capitals invested in reproductiv industry.

Much, if not all, of the difference between barbarism and slavery as they exist in Africa, on the Congo, and in the Soudan, and civilization as it exists in Europe and America, consists in differences of conduct which grow out of the presence of capital in civilization and its absence on the Congo. In civilization all industry and labor are organized into an industrial army that moves harmoniously to its common work, through the inducements of profit to the officers or captains, and wages to the privates or workmen, from among whom the officers are being continually chosen. On the Congo, Niger, and Soudan force is the sole organizer of labor, and slavery reigns. In London and New York, under the influence of motivs of profit, thousands of bankers are

daily cashing the drafts of men they never saw for sums that in Africa would buy a kingdom.

On the Congo, Stanley found that strangers, who never saw him before, burnt with a sudden passion to kill and eat him. Yet the savage on the Congo eats a stranger from precisely the same motiv as the banker on the Thames cashes his certified draft, viz., to better his own condition. The difference consists wholly in the existence in England of an organization of industry through capital, and in Africa of its absence.

You know that if even 50,000 men come together, as on the Potomac in 1861, to coöperate toward a common purpose, so long as they are equals and no one man has authority over another they are a useless, disorganized mob, a terror to their friends and a scorn to their enemies. In what does their organization consist? Simply in recognizing or creating inequalities of rank and grade among them, placing the sergeant over the private; the lieutenants over the sergeants; the captains over the lieutenants; the majors over the captains, and so on up through adjutants, lieutenant colonels, colonels, brigadiers, major-generals, and generals to the commander-in-chief; and in differentiating them into squads, companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, corps, and armies, and assigning some to artillery, cavalry, infantry, skirmishing, scouting, sappers and miners, commissary, quartermaster, surgeons, and care of prisoners. So long as all men in the army were equals, the army was a useless mob. When it is brought to its highest stage of organization and efficiency and has fought twenty battles, no two men in it are quite equal, but each always knows when to giv way to the other. This subordination, from intelligent motivs, constitutes military effectivness. It is not arbitrary. The colonels average a higher efficiency than the privates as a rule, and the generals are apt to be more efficient than the colonels.

In civilization, this organization of workers is effected through capital. Every capitalist is limited in the number of workers he can command only by his possession of the means to keep them productivly employed and the sagacity to so employ them with reference to the demand of society for their product that such product shall always sell for enough more than it costs him to produce it to keep his waste of capital renewed, and to leave a constant increase to its volume. If he does not do this, he loses his capital and returns to the wage-workers. As a man may become a great soldier without being great in any other respect, and as he generally is without eloquence, or poetic genius, or fine artistic sense, so a man may be a great accumulator of wealth without being an able man in any other way. A great commander must, however, hav strong fighting sense —*i. e.*, marked capacity to know how one force of men can be overcome by another. So a great capitalist must hav the value sense—*i. e.*, must keenly feel every waste, perceive every economy, and know every time what will sell for more to-morrow than it is worth to-day. For, as we hav already proved that the interests of society require that reproductiv wealth shall be concentrated, just as power in an army is concentrated upon its officers, yet that those officers shall hav the qualities that constitute the fighting sense—viz., courage, coolness, indomitable will, sagacity to see the enemy's weak point, and untiring vigilance—so must the capitalist hav the value sense. When Stephen Girard was going through a market and saw a poor man buying some chickens for breeding, he stopped. "Not the right bargain for you," said he; "too many roosters there for the pullets." On another occasion, when a broker was trying to insure some ships for him and he was holding the broker off at arm's length waiting for news, he discovered that what the broker really meant was to find out that the vessels were safe before he insured them. Girard got the news first that the vessels were lost, and sent the following word to the broker: "If the policies are not yet issued, don't send them. I hav heard from all the ships." The broker replied: "I greatly regret, but the policies were all issued yesterday, and the bearer will call on you for the premium." So Girard paid the premium, and shortly after collected the insurance. Girard thus made a handsome profit out of the dishonesty that was trying to cheat him.

VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Age of Man on the Earth.

It is seen that the problem presented to modern research is this: Laying side by side the lists of kings given by Herodotus; the lists of kings given by Manetho; the lists of kings given by Erastosthenes, and afterward carried out and completed by Apollodorus; the lists of kings given in what is known as the Turin papyrus (of a period somewhere between 1000 and 1500 B.C.); the lists of kings as deciphered from the existing monuments of Egypt—to determin by comparison and equation of dates the true chronology for the period.

One chief difficulty is this—whether any, or a few, or many of the kings belonging to the dynasties commencing with Menes and ending with the subjugation of Egypt by the Persians were contemporaneous—that is, reigning in different parts of the country at the same time; or whether all the dynasties were consecutiv—that is, succeeding each other in chronological order from first to last. A comparison of one list with another always shows discrepancies and absurdities, and some archeologists and historians hav decided the question in one way and some in another.

Another insuperable difficulty is the want of evidence before dynasty 18 from which those lists can be verified. Some hav proposed, where there are blanks in the evidence, to construct chronologies on the genealogical method, while others maintain that "if this method of computing by genealogies fails where we hav a genealogical list, obviously it cannot be applied to dynastic lists which we do not know to be genealogical. The average length of reigns is usually different from, and less than, that of generations, and we cannot tell the average length of reigns without knowing the law of succession of the country and its political conditions in the period under consideration. It is, therefore, especially hazardous thus to measure the Egyptian chronology before dynasty 18, at which time ascending genealogical evidence fails us."

Such is the difficult and fabulous aspect of the question. No wonder Durviage says, "The accounts which ancient writers giv of the early history of Egypt are so contradictory and improbable that it is needless to allude to them in a work which professes to deal with matters of fact."

Therefore, it may be assumed that approximativ chronology of Egypt begins with the epoch of dynasty 18, about 1591 B.C. From that time forward the lists of kings given by ancient writers can be verified by architectural monuments and fragmentary remains; and a more definit chronology begins with the synchronism of Egyptian and Hebrew history at the accession of dynasty 22, about 980 B.C.

It is, indeed, surprising that anyone will attempt to resist the Mosaic records, by impugning their veracity, when the evidence by which their falsity is to be proven are chronologies constructed from lists contradictory and impossible, and which cannot be verified by either monumental evidence or genealogical lists prior to the accession of the 18th dynasty; their verification during the long blank periods, when there were no monuments, being the result of conjecture and hypothesis.

Now I will take up the question of the antiquity of the Chinese and briefly examin it. First, we are given this quotation from Meadows, taken from the duke of Argyll's "Primitiv Man," as follows: "There is another civilization which appears to be almost as ancient as that of Egypt and which has been far more enduring. The authentic records of the Chinese empire are said to begin 2400 B.C., three hundred years before Abraham. They begin, too, apparently, with a kingdom already established, with a capital city and with a settled government."

The professor forgot to giv any part of the duke's argument upon this question, but next asserted that, "according to Bunsen, another great authority, it took five thousand years to form the Chinese language, which was begun about 20,000 B.C."

As to the first. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, also a very great authority, the "Chinese history begins by describing the nucleus of the nation as a little horde of wanderers roving among the forests of Shan-se, without houses, without clothing, without fire to cook their victuals, and subsisting on the spoils of the chase, eked out with roots and insects."

As to the origin of the Chinese race, "investigation has proved beyond a doubt that these wanderers were no indigenous sons of the soil, but were strangers and pilgrims from other lands, and that they established small colonies on the fertil soil of the modern province of Shan-se. Though these immigrants were for the moment wanderers, and notwithstanding the apparent evidence in favor of their having been originally a nomadic rather than an agricultural people, it becomes abundantly evident, from the earliest records they possess, that, at all events, immediately on their arrival in China, they settled down as agriculturists. They cultivated grain for their sustenance, and flax, which they wove into garments. They knew the value of silk-worms and planted the mulberry-tree; they developed trade and established fairs at certain centers of their districts. Neither were they destitute of the elements of intellectual culture, and in all probability they brought with them an acquaintanceship with hieroglyphic writing."

Johnson's Universal Cyclopedia, another work of great authority, says that "the historical period, according to most authorities, begins with the year 2207 B.C., though some dates previous to that time are given with tolerable certainty. Bunsen, however, states that systematic Chinese history hardly goes farther back than 1991 B.C., the date of the accession of the great emperor Yu, the Charlemagne of the East who extended the sway of the Shan-se dynasty to southern China." Then we may assume with a reasonable degree of certainty, allowing the professor about two hundred years of traditional history, that the Chinese empire was founded about 2400 B.C. Then, according to his own figures, the Chinese empire was founded more than seven hundred years after the Septuagint date for the deluge, a period of sufficient length for immigrants to settle the country and found a great empire.

In the next place, Professor Moss's quotation, in respect to the Chinese language, is manifestly an absurdity. The fact is this, it is the leading member of the group of monosyllabic languages which are found in southeastern Asia, and is described as monosyllabic. This monosyllabism is not a state to which it has been reduced by a process of phonetic decay, but manifestly a primitiv condition. It is a language in its most ancient form, and represents a stage out of which all other languages hav passed, from which they hav all been formed or developed.

Chinese words are hardly parts of speech in the sense in which we use the term, being to a great extent in the root state. They are altogether destitute of inflection, or even agglutination. The substantivs are indeclinable, and the verbs cannot be conjugated.

The language is destitute of an alphabet, and is expressed on paper in thousands of distinct symbols. Therefore it is a language of monosyllabic roots, every root a word, and every word a root, which as regards its written character has been arrested in its development, and crystallized in its most ancient form, by the early occurrence of a period of great literary activity. (See Encyclopedia Britannica and Johnson's Cyclopedia on Chinese Language.)

It is, therefore, manifestly plain, that the single assertion that "it took 5,000 years to form the Chinese language," when, in fact, it never was formed, or developed beyond the root stage, is an utter absurdity; then, with all these indisputable facts before us, substantiated as they are by a large majority of the most eminent authorities, we are forced to the conclusion that this entire quotation from Bunsen is a gross misstatement of historical evidence.

I would suggest to the professor that he turn his attention to some other fields, for thus far we find the scripture records fully vindicated.

As this article is longer than it ought to be, I will answer his geological speculations in the next.

J. W. GRABILL.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Literally a kingdom of air and emptiness. The poor man's only inheritance. We cannot liv very well without it, but unfortunately we cannot liv upon it. Jesus frankly told his disciples that it was not meat and drink, yet advises them to giv up all that represented meat and drink for the sake of enjoying it. No wonder the rich young man declined the exchange, although he felt sorry to do so. Perhaps he had learned by experience that it is impossible to fill an empty stomach with the "bare imagination of a feast." Most inheritors of the kingdom of heaven would gladly barter their birthright for a few acres of solid land, or even, like Esau, for a bowl of porridge. When we are young and enthusiastic we sometimes fancy we hav secured the inheritance without complying with the conditions. We enter into our kingdom of air and begin to build castles in it. Youth, wealth, and high spirits are favorable conditions under which to "follow Jesus," but then they do not last. And even whilst they do last, these qualifications produce wants and desires the gratification of which is incompatible with a life of celibacy and poverty. The union of true youthful saints is a hopeless affair unless one of them turns out to be a devil in disguise. And then we find that whilst the saint is luxuriating in the possession of a fanciful kingdom, it is the fire of the devil's kindling that keeps the pot boiling.

We cannot get on without the devil anyhow. Even Jesus, who may be supposed to be a good judge of character, chose one devil among the twelve, who was appointed treasurer and general business manager. A kingdom without an exchequer cannot stand, even if it be the kingdom of heaven. And thus we find to the present day that the churches of Christ are always requiring funds, and they employ devils to collect them. A minister can no more get on without a devil than can a printer. Even John the Baptist, who invented the kingdom of heaven, who ministered in the open air, had no pew rents to collect, and apparently lived without eating and drinking, was said to hav a devil, who found him in locusts and wild honey. Jesus made no pretense to asceticism, and was not even a total abstainer, but he undoubtedly had a devil, who kept him at one time for forty days without food, and tauntingly asked him if he could make bread out of stones. And when the devil was tired of teasing Jesus, he went and got him something to eat. It is said that angels ministered to him. Our estimation of good and evil, of angels and devils, is greatly influenced by the state of the stomach. We are obliged to come down from our fanciful kingdom when the dinner hour is long overdue. And when we are very sharp set, we

do not too curiously inquire who is the caterer or who the cook.

The disciples of Jesus soon found out the unsubstantial nature of their inheritance as far as this world is concerned, and contrived to convert it into an imaginary *post-obit*. We shall enter into heaven, they say, when we die. But do we? The dying person, whether saint or sinner, does not evaporate into thin air, but remains where he is; and the holiest person that ever lived will stink and become a nuisance if not decently interred. Even if we believe the outrageous fiction that Jesus was seen walking about after the crucifixion with a hole in his side big enough to thrust a man's hand into, how do we account for the fact that such a phenomenon is unique? And where is the heaven located into which he was said to ascend? Those who go up in a balloon say the higher you ascend the colder it becomes, and the less habitable the air; and there is nothing to eat except what you carry up from below. Of the two habitations, I should prefer the Christian hell. It is at least warm there, and we may as well burn as freeze. As to burning forever and ever, that is about as reasonable as to liv forever and ever on air.

OUTIS.

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Chicago Correspondence.

The first lecture of the new year and the last lecture of the old, at the Chicago Secular Union, were memorable occasions. Christmas night, Mrs. Freeman was, as usual, put on the list as a house-drawing attraction, on account of the festiv season. And in this respect our anticipations were fully realized; besides, in her handling of her subject, "Orthodox Problems," she seemed to surpass all previous efforts. The Biblical conundrums she hurled at its professed believers will take them several ages to solve, and she showed up Noah's ark's architectural absurdities in a manner that brought forth peals of laughter and rounds of applause. That her expected tour will be one of triumph, that she will go on from conquering but to conquer the bigotry and superstition of our time, and that she will receive the recognition and encouragement that her talents so richly deserve, is the heartfelt wish of every member of the Chicago society and all others.

The New Year's chimes, "Ring out the Old, Ring in the New," were well performed by Prof. W. S. Bell, who gave his first lecture before our society on the first day of the year, appropriately choosing as his subject those fundamental bases of human society, "Liberty and Morality"—a good topic for a New Year's discourse. Mr. Bell's lecture was a profound presentation of the philosophy of the individualistic school, interspersed with sufficient facetious allusions to retain the attention of the average audience while placing before them abstractions of philosophy. Those who in the discussion disagreed with Mr. Bell acknowledged the ability with which he had presented his theory of "Liberty and Morality." The telling points were frequently applauded, and Mr. Bell feels that he scored a success before as critical an audience as assembles between Chicago and New York. It was my intention to send you a synopsis of his lecture, but, having lost my notes, I must prepare, like the Battle Creek Adventists, for the End—for which your readers will doubtless be duly grateful.

Rev. Bird Wilkins, for twelve years pastor of the Bethesda Methodist church, has for months past been unable to harmonize the promptings of his reason with the requirements of the theology of his denomination, and, being an advanced thinker and a cultured gentleman, has refrained from doing violence to his conscience by compromising his convictions. His sermons or lectures hav for some time back been quite undenominational; in fact, the flavor of orthodoxy was conspicuous by its absence. These were relished by the intelligent portion of his colored congregation, among whom are many persons of education and means.

In September or October, Mr. Wilkins gave a radical discourse on the condemned Anarchists, comparing the agitation of these social reformers to the work which Christ attempted to inaugurate. The preacher conclusivly proved the Communistic character of Christ's teachings. It was a remarkable discourse, being copied largely into the daily press, and creating quite a sensation. That sermon seems to hav been the culminating point, and shortly after Mr. Wilkins resigned his pastorate, cut adrift from orthodox moorings, and avowed himself a Freethinker, taking the influential portion of his flock with him.

The ex-reverend, during December, paid a visit to the Chicago Secular Union the night of Professor Orchardson's stinging sarcasm on the "Immorality of Christian Teachers," and, being invited to criticise, informed the audience that he was neither shocked nor surprised, and had been giving expression to similar sentiments. This astounded his auditors, and they gave the new apostle of mental freedom a hearty welcome.

A few days later Mr. Wilkins called on the writer in exuberant spirits and exhibited a paper sent him by several gentleman admirers who subscribed $100 each for the erection of a Liberal Temple for an anti-slavery-of-the-mind society among his race.

Mr. Wilkins had been holding independent meetings, where portions of Ingersoll's works were read and discussed by his audience, in a hall hired for that purpose at 2,906 State street. He has received numerous threatening letters, warning him to discontinue his unorthodox ministrations, or dire consequences would follow, to which, however, he paid no attention. Last Sunday evening, while conducting services at the above number, he was informed that his house was on fire, and on arriving at his residence, 2,910 Dearborn street, he found his home practically ruined and his furniture destroyed. Surmising that it might be the work of enemies, but having no proofs, Mr. Wilkins said nothing, but on Thursday he was the recipient of the following letter:

CITY, Jan. 5, 1888.

MR. WILKINS: We hav warned you that you cannot preach against orthodox religion. We believe you are teaching a religion from the devil, and we set your house afire in three places, but it burnt in only one. We will kill you before you shall hurt us with your new religion. Our white orthodox churches tell us to run you out of this town, and you hav got to go. If you stay you will do so at the risk of your life. We tell you in time. This is our last warning. We don't want to hurt you, but you must leave this place. Now get out as quick as you can. AN ORTHODOX.

Mr. Wilkins proposes to hold the fort, and if the police and fire department cannot protect him, he will furnish his orthodox fire-fiends with a foretaste of the place they hav prepared for the devil and his angels.

E. A. STEVENS.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

GALENA, KAN., Dec. 21st, 22d, 23d.—This was my first entrance into bleeding Kansas, and looking over Galena, with its little derricks, and innumerable holes from two to ten feet wide and from eight inches to several hundred feet deep, one is convinced she certainly had wounds enough, had been bled enough. No wonder she has now gone dry!

Galena is a thriving lead and zinc mining town. Hard workers are the miners, and profitable customers to the town of Joplin, Mo. (Joplin is not local option). The requirements of the miners to establish their independence, and keep a supply of what a fanatical law denies them, results in two jug-trains a day from Joplin to Galena.

Here I found a warm welcome from that young and enthusiastic worker for human progress, Will. E. Gault, the noble son of a right noble sire—Elias H. Gault, of Kalamazoo, Mich. Willie when only a youth evinced an investigativ spirit, and insisted on answers to his, Why? He obtained a copy of Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." His parents—then most devout Methodists—were much horrified to find him in possession of such a "dreadful wicked book," but he coaxed his mother to read a little of it, and she in turn coaxed her husband to listen to her reading of it, and the result was the Methodist church lost two of its best and most highly esteemed members.

Under the enthusiasm of W. E. Gault and that sturdy son of Vulcan, H. I. Forgey, the Liberal friends rallied and arrangements were completed for me to deliver three lectures. The first evening's attendance was only very moderate; the second, the hall was filled, and very great interest was awakened; the third evening the house was packed—standing-room even was at a premium. I sold large quantities of Liberal literature and obtained a number of subscribers to periodicals. There was a general desire to hav me lecture again on Christmas day, but I needed a rest, and had long counted on spending the holiday with Mr. Gault and his wife; and then, too, I was doubtful of the extra jug-train—feared the additional exhilaration might make the attendance more demonstrativ than attentiv. My fears did injustice to the miners of Galena. I did not see a drunken person in the audience either evening. It was not possible to hav better order and attention, and on Christmas day and night, despite the abundance of jugs and beer-kegs imported from Joplin, I saw no signs of any drunkenness, except in the case of a rabid fanatic named Wood, the old 'bus-driver, who was full of spirits of some kind. I was advertised for Liberal, Monday evening, so on Sunday night I accompanied Mr. Gault to the express stables, and found the old imbecil who claims to run the concern. He promised to call for me and my baggage and hav all over to the depot in the morning in good season; he never came near. Monday morning I waited and waited until a quarter of an hour of train time, then I seized my grip, weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds, left word to forward my trunk, and rushed frantically across lots, in hope to reach the depot in time—to rush across holes of all sizes and uncertain depths, with little heaps, large heaps, and young mountains of loose refuse, sand, and rock in every direction, with rivulets of muddy water running between, forming ditches of from six inches to four feet wide. To jump, skip, stumble, scramble along, gasping for breath, the grip seeming to double in weight at every ten rods—to hear the shrill whistle of the locomotiv—to make one more desperate, frenzied spurt, only to find yourself rapidly descending a big mound of debris, and suddenly and unwillingly sit down in a shallow mud puddle, with a very impressiv but irregular bottom, composed of jagged pieces of rock—to find your plug hat flying into a ditch in pursuit of a drink, and your grip suddenly disappear, gone prospecting down an abandoned shaft—then at this moment to see the train dash up to the depot, one hundred yards ahead of you, and ere you can regain your perpendicular or regain your voice, to see the train move off, and know there is no other train till the next day—I may be rash in jumping to conclusions, but I really think this fills the sum of human misery in "getting left." I certainly was badly left, and I felt it sorely, very sorely, especially when, later on, I attempted to sit down. On reaching the depot I met the old idiot Wood, on his 'bus returning; he had maliciously and wilfully left me. That the poor, miserable wretch still lives, speaks volumes for the restraining grace and magnanimity that Liberalism inculcates. I telegraphed friends at Liberal I would arrive next day.

LIBERAL, Mo., Dec. 27th.—A bitter cold rain-storm, and the disappointment of night before, resulted in only small attendance at the lecture, but all who did attend seemed to enjoy it hugely.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Yale, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Umbrite, and good old friend Fritz of the hotel.

I failed to meet G. H. Walser. Mr. Walser has from the first been most generous, alike in donating land, money, and time to the Freethought University. When nearly all else were indifferent or opposed, Mr. Walser strove in every way, despite his own private troubles and financial embarrassments, to hold up the hands of Professor Leahy in establishing the University.

Mr. Walser is an impulsiv, generous-hearted man, intense in his likes and dislikes, prone to yield to the influence of those he thinks, at the moment, are his friends. He has large credulity, and is easily deceived—believing all who flatter him are what they seem. Passionate of nature, he is quick to resent, and very fierce in his denunciation of anything that jars on his sense of right, and is apt to be rashly severe and vindictiv to those who oppose or in any way offend him, although he never wearies of doing favors for those who please him. That his heart is in the work of human progress, and that he is ever desirous to advance the interests of Liberal, his whole life bears testimony; yet, beyond question, if he would absent himself from Liberal for a few years he would be better appreciated; the citizens would become more self-reliant, and on his return he would be surprised and delighted at the progress the town had made.

There is great need of a new hotel—the old building is unsuitable. A really able, live hotel-keeper, who would erect and run a really first-class hotel, would be sure of grand success.

There is a good opening for a competent barber. The gentleman who now officiates as tonsorial artist is not a success. He handles the heads of his customers as gently as an express baggage-man slings a refractory trunk. As trainer for John Sullivan, as a cannon-ball performer, or as a blacksmith's helper he would find more congenial exercise for his energy and surplus muscle.

A coöperativ general store, the stock owned by the Liberals of Liberal, would be of immense advantage and secure the profits of the trade of the town and the surrounding country, which is now mainly monopolized by Christians.

W. S. Allison, the partner and associate editor with Professor Leahy, of the *American Idea*, is a young man of modesty, great ability, and sturdy independence, yet having a tender, sympathetic, loving nature. He has a very clear and full sense of the high and ennobling principles of Liberalism, and well deserves the support of all lovers of the cause. Let all who can afford to do so send $1, subscription price for one year, to the *American Idea*, the organ of the Freethought University, and thus help themselvs and also a self-sacrificing worker, and aid to establish a really excellent and needed paper.

If the people of Liberal will earnestly unite in the establishing of some manufacturing industry, nothing can now prevent the rapid growth and permanent prosperity of this town. But without mechanical industry, without employment for the working classes, they will hav a long and dreary, if not hopeless, struggle.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

THE English religious paper called the *Rock* reports that "at the Baptist chapel, Salcombe, a free tea was given recently to old people, irrespectiv of their religious belief. Among the number were Episcopalians, Plymouth Brethren, Wesleyans, Baptists, and Infidels." No comments.

Our London Letter.

A retrospect of the year, now at its close, is anything but discouraging to the Freethought party, which must not be judged solely by the numbers added to this or that society. The principles themselvs hav, to my own knowledge, been practically adopted by many who hav no intention of attaching themselvs to any particular association. There is still sufficient bigotry in existence to favor persecution wherever it can be applied, and even in the present days of comparativ enlightenment, it is not always safe to openly avow heterodox opinions. If perfect freedom in this respect were permitted, it would greatly astonish many of the clergy to find how many of the congregations had no faith whatever in the religious nostrums supplied to them.

The dissensions in the Christian sects are fast hastening the dissolution of supernaturali m. It is not only the distinct sects that quarrel with one another, but the members of each sect are at loggerheads. There is scarcely one of them in which there is not decided difference of opinion leading to acrimonious disputes and consequent divisions. The whole thing is rotten to the core, with simply the shell standing, and the end must inevitably come, no one can say how soon.

Christianity has had splendid opportunities, but unfortunately for itself it has terribly abused them, perhaps more so than any other historic religion. Had it adopted the humanitarian side of the doctrin attributed to its putativ founder, it might hav so deeply rooted itself into the hearts of mankind as to hav been deemed eternal, but the continual greed for tangible wealth and power has caused the revulsion of feeling among the more thoughtful, that only in these latter days can be so openly expressed.

It will perhaps be better for the majority that Christianity does not expire too rapidly; there are as yet comparativly few who are able to adopt Secularism pure and simple, and it will take a long course of education and some few generations must run their course and pass away before the many are ready to receive what we consider to be the truth, and divest themselvs of the ideas so long current as to the why and wherefore of human life. It is not flattering to our vanity to think we are but links in nature's chain, and of no more importance than any other organism. Arrogance was the basis of the doctrin of immortality, and the humility engendered by scientific knowledge has shown the fallacy of any such belief.

J. D.

London, Dec. 31, 1887.

Review of the Year in England.

Charles Bradlaugh in National Reformer.

The long-drawn out oath struggle has had this year some new phases. The bill for giving the option of affirmation in all cases and under all circumstances where an oath is, or may be, lawfully required was reintroduced on the first day of the session, and has only been prevented from passing the House of Commons by persistent blocking on the part of some half-dozen obstructivs. It has, however, in two important divisions at the close of an all-night sitting, secured the support of a very substantial majority of the House, so that even Mr. Hubbard withdrew his opposition to the second reading, and the bill has ceased to be treated as a pure party question, the Conservativ solicitor-general having spoken and voted in favor of the measure, and a considerable section of the Conservativs being now pledged to support it, including Lord Randolph Churchill, who has publicly declared this in writing.

In the high court of justice the judges hav declined to allow persons without religious belief to affirm as jurors. Some of the judges hav treated the Freethinking juror as if his unbelief were a crime, and, while refusing his affirmation, hav compelled him to remain in idle attendance in court to the close of the sittings. Other judges hav more courteously and considerately excused the juror who was ready to perform duty, but was disabled by law from either taking the oath or affirming.

In the coroners' courts, county courts, magistrates' courts, there has been the most curious blundering as to the law on affirmation, and the most extraordinary confusion as to the practice.

Some magistrates, coroners, and county court judges hav illegally refused to take the affirmation of non-Christian witnesses. In all such cases, immediate action has been taken either by question in the House of Commons or otherwise, with useful results in getting the law accurately explained and upheld.

Many coroners—courteously enough, but quite illegally—hav this year allowed persons without religious belief to affirm as jurors, and in some sessions cases the same practice has been followed without legal authority.

Now that the heat of the Parliamentary phase of the oath question has abated, less interest has been manifested by the general public, and the energy of the Freethought party itself has not been so marked in petitioning Parliament for change in the law. A considerable number of very useful resolutions in favor of the Oaths bill were, however, passed by branches of the National Secular Society, workmen's clubs, and Liberal and Radical associations.

I regret to record that the Liberal Federation at Nottingham took no action and expressed no opinion on the matter. The National Reform Union, Manchester, gave considerable aid in urging the question on its branches and their Parliamentary representativs.

The Guild of St. Matthew, of which the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam and Mr. Verinder are the activ and earnest representativs, has given very efficient help in pressing for support to the Oaths bill.

If the Affirmation bill is to be carried in the coming session, as I trust it will at least be through the House of Commons, the most activ coöperation of outside friends will be necessary. Every branch of the National Secular Society should send up a resolution in favor of the bill to its local M.P. and to the leader of the House of Commons. Workmen's clubs and Liberal and Radical associations should be earnestly pressed to pass similar resolutions. All such resolutions should be at once reported to me, and should be sent for insertion to the local press. Every Freethinker summoned as a witness, or as a juror, can, and ought to, obtain printed instructions for his guidance in court by sending to me, or to Mr. R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter street, E.C., a stamped and directed envelope. Every person summoned as a juror should at once carefully report to me what transpires in court, so that I may use each instance in the House of Commons.

The movement for the repeal of the Blasphemy laws has made but little progress during the past year. The bill for abolition of prosecutions for expression of opinions on matters of religion, introduced by Mr. Courtney Kenny, did not even come on for debate on its second reading, in consequence of the whole time of the house being taken by the government. Unfortunately, the introduction—practically from the Indian penal code—of a clause deemed objectionable by the Unitarians, by many Protestants, and by a majority of the Freethought party, checked any enthusiasm in favor of Mr. Kenny's really well-meant measure. Petitions for the repeal of the Blasphemy laws were fewer than for many years. It is worthy note that several religious bodies petitioned against Mr. Kenny's bill on the ground that it was likely to limit free discussion. The need for the repeal and abrogation of the disabling statute and common law has been specially marked in a case recently pending in the vice-chancellor's court of the county palatinate of Lancaster.

This year a well-attended and thoroughly successful International Conference of Freethinkers was held in London, convened under the auspices of the National Secular Society by the authority of the general council of the International Federation of Freethinkers.

Limits of Organization, and Urgent Facts.

The number of branches well included in a definitly defined organization may depend on its peculiarities. Considerations on this point are now forced before believers in radical labor for the sustaining of our nation. It is clearly shown by open assertions, as well as despotic aspects and executions, that fast rising tyrannies must be stayed by countervailing action, or hierarchies, uniting with other financial monopolies, will soon command the remnant of individual and state liberties. What shall the action be? what denominated? who will advance it, and how many sustain its incipiency? are first questions. Be it remembered that present unions, seeking relief from extortions, are methods to modify special effects, and reach not to causes continually depleting and controling the main population. A union pruning the root of the universal infection is requisit to vivify the people to the ability for secularization, as their firm spirit and reasoning voice must become paramount to party craft. The National Secular Union long ago resolved, and now repeats, that it can only labor for its Demands in the line of general lectures, and admits the necessity of other labor by other organizations. I hav argued that labor to remold and empower the wide population was a need from the first Secular formula; am glad an admission is publicly called out, and hope suggestions by many will be published. And respectful criticism should be no offense, while Freethinkers are weighing the value of local clubs (or lyceums) on the condition of the scattered people against the value of eloquent annual conventions of a few hundred stylish people. In the past twenty years Secular labor has simply reached advancing adults, who hav in small degree influenced surrounding adults; has extended auxiliaries to a few hundred which partially support the National; has employed a few itinerant speakers who enlist rational thought, and held annual Congresses which aimed to be grandly popular. The Nine Demands are unanswered, and the basis of each one has been reinvaded by a trebly strengthened grasp, while legislation and administration has become so corrupt that justice is not expected of them. Popularity has long been the voice of oppressiv compacts—a lure to be scorned by justice seekers. Persons and societies yielding to it giv their power to the compacts, and become slaves; for, if claiming another standard, they are helpless to uphold it. Large numbers, acting under its guise, sell their characters, their country, and with them the brave who strive for the liberation of all. These facts are so recklessly ignored that very few Secularists assume independent attitudes. Since alarm at legal usurpation appeared, despotic adventure has tested its skill on the weakness of our government, and cruel persecutions are revolting results.

Scientific journals, clubs, reforms, and discussions hav mended opinions of readers and thinkers, while luxury and excess hav nullified the improvement in many of them, and no measures but the common school, which is mostly spurious, hav been in operation to inform, encourage, and raise to self-protection uncultivated classes, ignorant acceptors of sordid delusions and stale prejudice, of vitiating stimulants, nostrums, and countless depraving articles, making them crushed minions of enticing powers; nor to round to poise and patriotism the large numbers of clever, unconscious traitors who cheer the good principles of Ingersoll and Remsburg, but contribute to the new village church and buy an annual pew in the old one, just to appease the social and business boycott, seeming not to see that they are empowering emperors and popes, building cathedrals for cardinals and kings, and huts, cells, and scaffolds for their own children. Such compliance in our land is ample to support a movement to transform the stupidity to self-sufficiency, to banish sloth, poverty, ignorance, and cowardice from these convulsed states. This leaving the human fields to the culture of skilled craft and callous treachery, both of the petty and the mighty, must now be seen a vast omission, a sore neglect, by able men. Women hav apologies in civil and social limits; are mainly reckless in sacrificing what they might acquire to the insidious Moloch *ton*, a fit probation for degrees in old and new Jerusalems. But they know better, and, I believe, are not so dead as to tamely assent to the fastening of statute bondage on their abject sons and daughters, but will revive and coöperate with men for general safety when given opportunity. Whatever extent dangers may reach, it is evident that counteraction should check, ameliorate, and finally supersede forceful wrongs. Such action bespeaks another union with measures amid present acting causes, and points to habits and customs that train the child, youth, and adult in policies and precedents selfishly guiding leaders hav established. A mere glance sees these customs unnatural, these policies betraying, the characters they mold dwarfed from the start, and the warping accelerated by mothers physically deformed, systematically deranged, fancifully vain, and piously frail. Hence, rectifying methods are to be laid in natural laws for life's best uses—in education, in a knowledge of these laws and their application to physical soundness, and through that to mental strength and all functional powers, passional, ethical, and esthetical. Integral Culture College is an appropriate title for such effort, but appears too pretentious for these times; and I suggest that of Sanitary Union or Sanitary Lyceum, which has a quiet sound, invites no suspicion, and includes branches beyond mere hygiene; science, industry, sociology, commerce, and, justly enough, government come within its scope.

There is abundance of wealth outside the tyrannous schemers, and its wise sharers should feel that portions are better used in justice's cause than in erecting more prisons, asylums, monasteries, and Protestant dens for traduced victims. People from childhood to old age should come into the culture, each for self and for all, and those who now hav it for all who hav it not. Are the humane men evolved to see this, the saving work of the crisis, and inaugurate it? If so, it is "what can be done." The many barbarisms running through the usages must fall out as right is practiced. The various unions would doubtless fraternize and welcome this. "Education, beginning at the physical basis," is becoming a general phrase with thoughtful Liberals. Professor Oswald, who knows the forces that hav nursed and ushered our dilemmas, believes such education the means for dispelling the demoralizations, for giving wholesome prosperity and a secular state.

But there must be conferring, deciding, and beginning. All knowledge will avail nothing if not made practicable by patient, conscientious action. In this century the maxim, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," has been oft repeated, but has been worse than a dead letter—is responsible for knowing its duty, while allowing invasions of living bondage. Must Vigilance longer doze in life's breezy poppy bowers, and hear the riot charge on innocence, the dungeon keys ring torture for the truth, the martyr's last farewells throttled, while the millions moan under cruel wrongs; or will the people be educated in the knowledge of the truth till they hav bodies, souls, and voices potent to command themselvs? Are any awake to call sleepers from out the moony dews?

M. E. Tillotson.

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Bible Myths and Evolution.

We hav seen how completely antagonistic are the teachings of the Bible to the demonstrated facts of modern science; and many of the ancient stories concerning the origin of man and of his supposed early history are no less opposed to common sense and the well-attested evidence which is open to every student of science and ancient history.

Indeed, by the study of comparativ religions and "folk lore" in connection with early races of mankind, we are able to trace many of the absurd stories in the Bible to a much more ancient and, in some cases, original source.

Most Christians believe the story of the "fall of man," as narrated in the second chapter, as literally true. And they are perfectly consistent in so doing; for, if the story of the "fall" be merely a myth, upon what ground can they rest their belief in the atonement? If Adam did not sin, why should Christ die?

But the Christian who believes that Adam and Eve were tempted in the garden of Eden about six thousand years ago can hav heard very little about similar stories to be found in Persian, Greek, or Chinese literature, or must be so obtuse of understanding as to imagin that the later productions of the Hebrews contained the true statement of affairs, while earlier books were merely copies.

Take the Persian myth as given by Kalisch. It runs thus: "The first couple, Meshia and Meshiana, lived originally in purity and innocence. Perpetual happiness was promised to them by Ormuzd, the creator of every good gift, if they persevered in their virtue. But an evil demon (Dev) was sent to them by Ahriman, the representativ of everything noxious and sinful. He appeared unexpectedly in the form of a serpent, and gave them the fruit of a wonderful tree, Hom, which imparted immortality, and had the power of restoring the dead to life. Thus evil inclinations entered their hearts; all their moral excellence was destroyed. Ahriman himself appeared under the form of the same reptil and completed the work of seduction. They acknowledged him instead of Ormuzd as the creator of everything good, and the consequence was that they forfeited forever the internal happiness for which they were destined. They killed beasts and clothed themselvs in their skins; they built houses, but paid not the debt of gratitude to the deity. The evil demons thus obtained still more perfect power over their minds, and called forth envy, hatred, discord, and rebellion, which raged in the bosom of the families" (Zenda vesta, Klenker's edition, ii, 217, 286; iii, 62. 84, 85).

Edward Clodd tells us in his admirable work entitled, "The Childhood of Religions" (page 45), that, "The Tibetans and Mongolians believe that the first human beings were as gods, but desiring a certain sweet herb, they ate of it, and lower feelings were thus aroused within them; their wings dropped off; their beauty faded; and the years of their life were made few and filled with bitterness. Passing by any full account of the Hindoo story of a tree of life on a mountain, ever bathed in sunshine, where no sin could enter, and where dreadful dragons kept the way to the heavenly plants and fruits, and also of the Greek belief that far away there were the islands of the blessed, with a garden full of golden apples, guarded by an unsleeping serpent, we hav the Greek myth, which tells us that the first men were happy and without work, but with a desire to assert their power and withal defy or mock the gods. Then Prometheus shaped a human form out of clay, and stole forbidden fire from heaven wherewith to giv it life. This made Zeus angry, and he laid a plan by which the evils that mankind dreaded, and which were sealed within a box, guarded by Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus, should be let loose. He ordered the lord of fire to fashion the first woman, who by her charms should bring misery to man.

"Then the gods enriched her with beauty, cunning, and fair speech, naming her Pandora, or all-gifted, and Zeus took her to Epimetheus, who, contrary to the advice of his brother to accept nothing from the gods, made her his wife, so smitten was he with her beautiful face and so beguiled by her smooth words. She had not been long with him before she opened the box, from whence came forth strife, and sickness, and all other ills that afflict mankind, and then hastily closing it, she shut up hope within, so that no comfort was given to men."

Go farther, we see that other religions can boast of their stories of the "fall of man," and each accounts for the entrance of original sin into the world in the same childish and irrational fashion. In the pages of the Bible there is a great deal of the mythical mixed up with the semi-historical, as well as the purely fabulous. The stories of the flood and the confusion of tongues, however, do not fall in this category. The writers of these stories believed in their ignorance that they were recording historical truths. They did not know that all the water in all the oceans, seas, rivers, and lakes would hav been insufficient to cover the earth to the hight of the mountain of Ararat. They were quite ignorant of the fact that other nations of the earth had their stories of floods, and that in point of fact each nation that was visited by an inundation regarded it in the light of a universal deluge.

In respect to the confusion of tongues, the writer was so supremely ignorant and stupid that he did not perceive that men speaking a new language for the first time would not only not be able to understand each other, but that each would not be able to understand himself. They did not know that language was only to be acquired by experience—that it is a growth. No sensible person would hav expected them to know these things, if it had not been claimed for them that they were divinely inspired. But they ought to hav known a myth from a true story, just as modern writers know their fictions are not facts. It would require a man to a very practiced liar before he could induce himself to believe in his own lies. It is possible to come across such a person occasionally, but surely deity would not be likely to select such a one as amanuensis. But to return to the Bible myths. The story of Samson slaying the Philistines is decidedly mythical. Samson is a sun god. With his great strength he overcomes the evil monsters of darkness and cruelty.

The story of Jonah's interesting visit to Nineveh and his three nights' lodging in a whale's interior is also a tale built upon a sun myth—a myth describing the phenomena of night devouring the sun. There are numerous other myths in the Bible, and many of them hav an interesting story cleverly interwoven with them.

It may be observed, however, that the mythical period, the age when such stories had their beauty and utility, has long passed; it was, indeed, a very remote period in the world's history—in fact, the "babyhood of the world."

Then everything bore a mythical aspect. The sun was regarded as a living being; so was the moon, and the stars were considered to be the children of the sun, which he only allowed to be seen at night.

Many of the nursery stories of to-day hav their origin in ancient myths; and at Christmas time, when our children are being amused at the theater in witnessing that which is ever welcome to the child-mind, viz., a pantomime, they little know that their favorit stories of "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper," "Little Red Riding Hood," upon which the burlesque part of the pantomime is built, are but old Aryan, Chinese, and Greek myths, which hav been clothed in manifold forms in the various nations of the earth.

And just as in youth we outgrow these simple, childish stories and in manhood require something more real—more true to nature, even in the world of fiction—so in the world of religion and in the world of fact mature mind rejects the puerilities which satisfied it in earlier days and requires more substantial food, which can only be found by a diligent study of nature. And experience has shown that the application of such knowledge has built up a world more wonderful and beautiful than was ever depicted even in the myths and fables of old.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

Lewis Masquerier.

Lewis Masquerier died Saturday morning, January 7th, in his home at 99 Java street, Greenpoint. He was eighty-five years and nine months old. He was buried at 2 P.M. on Monday alongside of the curious monument in Cypress Hills cemetery that he himself dedicated on June 5th. He was one of the oldest inhabitants of Greenpoint. When he went there, nearly fifty years ago, his house was one of but very few. Previous to moving there he had for years a printing office in this city on the site of the present *Tribune* building. He established the Greenpoint *Gazette*, in the columns of which, from the first, he promulgated his peculiar views. He became the center of a group of land reformers, and in 1845 he was the Land Reform candidate for governor of New York. He amassed considerable money, chiefly from increase of land values in Greenpoint, where he owned property, and for many years he has lived upon his income, devoting all his time to the furtherance of his plans for the reconstruction of society. His idea of land reform was to divide the earth into equal parts, allotting a part to each family. He carried his scheme to such minute analysis that the divisions of the plots or homesteads, the site of each building upon them, and the plan of the house was established. This plan of the ideal homestead he had engraved on his tombstone, together with schemes of other reforms, including a phonetic alphabet.

About twenty-five friends gathered at the funeral, and two or three made brief addresses. There were no religious ceremonies either at the house or at the grave. Mr. Masquerier's religious opinions were similar to those of D. M. Bennett, and he believed in immortality, though rejecting Christianity. Of the seven survivors of a band of twenty-five co-workers who were photographed in a group together with Mr. Masquerier, in 1872, five were present—Col. Henry Beeney, F. N. Smith, Charles Guimand, A.W. Day, and David Kilmer. Colonel Beeney said:

For forty-five years I hav worked with him for the good of mankind. In my whole life I never knew him to commit an act to call a blush to his cheek. His whole soul was for the advancement of humanity and the realization of the principles of Christ.

Dr. C. S. Weeks said:

He seemed to think there was so much for him to do in this life that he had not time to consider what might come after. He devoted his whole thought to the good of his fellow-men.

Mr. John Nason, who had charge of the funeral, read a short sketch of Mr. Masquerier's life. The body was then taken to the cemetery. Shortly before his death, Mr. Masquerier dictated to a friend the following notes of his life:

Mr. Masquerier, in his eighty-sixth year, last of his name, and of Huguenot descent on his father's side, and on his mother's of a hero of the war of Independence, who commanded a company and fought through the whole of it up to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Speaker Carlisle is a grandson of his great-uncle George Carlisle, of Woodford county, Kentucky, brother to his grandmother. Thomas Hicklin, his grandfather, was a noble hero. He received two wounds in the war of Independence, and at the close he declined pay or pension, saying that he did not fight for wages, but for liberty and independence. His father's brother, John James Masquerier, made a colossal sketch of Napoleon and his army during a grand review at Paris in 1799, in which the commanding form of the great general was majestically draped in a military cloak, which appeared on all portraits of Napoleon by artists of distinction in after years. This picture was exhibited in London and Paris, and brought in to the painter over £5,000.

In 1877, Mr. Masquerier published at this office a volume of miscellanies, containing essays setting forth his views on various reforms, sketches of fellow-workers, a number of short poems, and the beginning of a long poem entitled, "The Sataniad." It is incribed to Mrs. E. D. Slenker and Robert G. Ingersoll. It was to hav been in six books, but only the first book and about a dozen lines of the second appear in this volume. The preface says: "Satan has been represented by Milton as rebelling in heaven, instead of Jehovah, who usurped its entire government, and then sent his armies to war against him." The argument to Book I. is as follows:

How that Jehovah, his son Jesus Christ, and his grandson the Holy Ghost, bribed and corrupted two-thirds of the angels in favor of a monarchical government of a single trinity of Gods, instead of the aristocratic government of all the Gods reigning in triads. How that Jehovah and his son Jesus conspired against his father Jupiter, his grandfather Orus, and brothers Ormuzd and Brahma, his uncle Neptune, his great-uncle Osiris, his nephews Mithra, Chrishna, and Vishnu, and his cousin Satan.

The book closes with the building of a new heaven by Satan and one-third of the angels, and the sending by Jehovah of Michael and his angels to war upon them. The poem is written in rhymed couplets.

It has been understood that Mr. Masquerier would leave his property to be used for propagating his doctrins. Mr. John Nason said recently that the will had not yet been opened, but that Mr. Masquerier's property, amounting to about $4,000, had been bequeathed to him, with the understanding that it was to be applied to the promulgation of Mr. Masquerier's social theories.

California Letter.

MR. EDITOR AND READERS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: I write simply to wish you all a thrice happy New Year, and wish I could present you all a bouquet of beautiful flowers from this sunlit land where our flowers never sleep—they only languish a brief period to come forth with renewed vigor and matchless splendor.

I am only too glad to be at home in the Garden City once more and to note the progress of various great improvements which promise to make our San José the gem and brightest of them all.

He laughs best who laughs last—of course, people laugh well when they reach Los Angeles after battling with ice and snow; but they laugh better, and much more of it, if they defer the purchase of real estate until they hav feasted their eyes on the rich and beautiful valley of Santa Clara, the banner county of the Golden State.

Of course, I am full of the good things which the new year has brought, and of visiting friends and trying to catch on where I left off last spring, making my head fairly swim.

But, after a little rest, I hope to favor our friends with a brief *resumé* of our Eastern trip and journey toward the setting sun.

Suffice it to say at this writing, that my long-felt desire to see my early home and to enjoy the friendly greetings of Liberals in the East has been most fully realized. I hav done my level best to see and be seen. I hav no regrets to bring home; and with many thanks to all who deserve thanks, I am quite happy enough for one man in the opening of this new year.

And, while I wish you all a happy new year of peace and prosperity, I may also hope that each and all who claim the high name of Liberal will do what they can to advance the cause of truth. One subscriber secured by each present subscriber to our papers will double the present working force of reason against superstition and bigotry, and more than that, it will gladden the hearts of our standard-bearers and brace up to renewed life and zeal in our noble cause. And I hope and trust that THE TRUTH

SEEKER, Boston *Investigator*, *Ironclad Age*, and H. L. Green's *Magazine* may double their circulation during the present year, and to this end, I will do what I can.

Our cause is not dead, but on the move; and whatever may come of feeble and faulty organizations of Secularism or Liberalism, our cause cannot be materially effected by their ups and downs, as it livs in the hearts of the people and is not dependent upon any prescribed method or organization for success, and only needs the personal effort of those who love truth. Each in his own town or neighborhood must take papers, and when read don't pile them away, but send them out on their true mission to spread the truth.

To my friends in the West, who hav so kindly helped me to do my work in the past years of my labors among you, let me say, I hav not forgotten you, and hope to visit again all of the prominent points in California and our great Northwest, and with your help to kindle anew the fires of Freethought and natural religion upon the altars of your hearts.

Our fellow-worker C. B. Reynolds will soon pay us a visit, and I hav no need to say that your latchstrings are out, and that he is sure to receive a welcome and the hospitality for which our free, wide West is celebrated.

Our fields are ripe to the harvest and wide enough, in the West, for every good speaker in the field; and should Brother Reynolds come the southern route, he will find not a speaker in his way, and his vigorous work duly appreciated as it deserves. I trust I shall meet him at some point in his Western tour.

Our line of duty and engagement for the next four months is at Salt Lake, and we will take this occasion to say to the Liberals of Utah: Get yourselvs ready, with oil in your lamps, for the winter campaign of Utah, beginning at Walker's Opera House, Salt Lake, on January 22d, and on the 29th a Paine celebration, to which all are invited. Come up to the feast, and bring your friends, and thus carry your lighted torches to the outside towns of your benighted territory.

There is no cure for Mormonism, and, like Romanism, it needs killing. And the only antidote for this mental disease is Secular thought, red-hot and well laid on.

Our Sunday nights during the winter will be devoted to Salt Lake, and we will speak week nights at any points contiguous to Salt Lake where the Liberals will open the door. DR. J. L. YORK.

San José, Cal., Jan. 3, 1888.

The Episcopal Cathedral.

H. M. T. in Real Estate Record and Guide.

I hav read with much interest the remarks of "Agnostic" in a recent number of your paper with reference to the proposed cathedral near Morningside park.

It is undoubtedly true, as he intimated, that Protestantism has no distinctiv architecture, and that the cathedral (if built) will quite likely be a "jumble of the Greek, Byzantine and Gothic." It is also true, as he further suggests, that there is more need of a "Temple of Humanity," a building "devoted to science and art" and "where deeds, not creeds," should be taught; and less need of perpetuating dogmatic theology, orthodoxy, ecclesiasticism, or, to quote again from your correspondent, "of keeping up the traditions of a religion which is vanishing."

This undoubtedly expresses the thought of the day. It is "in the air." It is manifest in the newspapers, in the magazines, and in the general literature of the times in which we liv. As the Rev. James B. Wasson, in the *North American Review* for this month, says, "The old sanctions of ecclesiasticism are losing their force with thinking people."

The popular rector of the Anthon Memorial church tells us that "the growth of knowledge has intensified the decay of ecclesiasticism." The Rev. Dr. Rylance says: "The spirit and methods of medievalism are gone—a fact which our church rulers should appreciate. Ecclesiasticism is of much less consequence in the thought and work of the world than it once was."

Dr. McGlynn says: "Religion is losing its hold on men." Froude says: "Along the whole line the defending forces of orthodoxy are falling back, not knowing where to make a stand."

John Fiske says: "Religion is now called upon to show why it should any longer claim our allegiance."

Rev. John W. Chadwick says: "I hav not the least idea that our popular Christianity is going to be the religion of the future."

With this tendency of modern thought with regard to religion, is not the contemplated expenditure of ten millions of dollars to perpetuate the ideas of past centuries—to imitate what was symbolized in the Middle Ages—most inappropriate at this time? Is not the erection of a structure that is monarchic and autocratic in its significance and association—*Un*-American? "Cathedral," the dictionary informs us. "is so called from possessing the Episcopal *throne*." This is an age in which the "throne" is being laid aside (like the stage-coach) for the more "modern improvements," and it is certainly very much out of place under a democratic government. And therefore it is, so much the more, a noticeable fact that, while both Protestantism and Romanism hav ceased building cathedrals in Europe, we hav just begun their construction in this country.

In the conception of this grand cathedral, was not there something of the mental condition known as "Anglomania," which is becoming so alarmingly prevalent among portions of our community?

The cathedrals of England, as well as those of the Continent of Europe—Protestant as well as Catholic—were the product of the very ignorant, superstitious thought of the age prior to the seventeenth century, when the dictum of the king or bishop, especially the latter, was undisputed law. But, be it remembered that this is the age of philosophic, scientific, and rational thought, that this is the closing part of the nineteenth century, and that ours is a government founded on law framed by the will of the people themselvs.

There is one phase of this matter that has probably occured to but very few. It is that under our present system of exempting from taxation—not temples of humanity, of art, of science, of ethics, but—structures where theology is dispensed, the state will derive no revenue from this cathedral property—which it would do were the same amount expended for buildings for other purposes. Every piece of property exempt from taxation becomes a burden, to the extent of such exemption, upon those who are required to pay taxes. In this way taxpayers are compelled by law to contribute to the support of institutions where certain creeds are taught, whether said taxpayers are believers in such creeds or not. And when so colossal an ecclesiastical institution as that of the proposed cathedral thus calls upon the people at large (perhaps not five per cent of whom hold to its tenets) to support it, this matter assumes a most serious aspect and its rank injustice becomes the more strikingly apparent.

Are the citizens of New York aware that, by the system of exemption alluded to. they will be required to contribute at least $200,000 annually toward the maintenance of this cathedral, when completed?

Personnel of the Lick Observatory Staff.

From the San Francisco Call.

Edward Singleton Holden, a nativ of Missouri, passed his youth in St. Louis, where his unusual gifts of character and intelligence attracted the notice of Chauvenet, who was by general consent the first of American mathematicians, with perhaps a single exception. He entered Washington University, of which his distinguished teacher was then chancellor, and in 1866 graduated from its scientific department as B.S., with the highest distinction. During the period of some five or more years that he passed in study at this institution. he also did an important portion of the work in the classical course. His unusual powers and attainments in mathematics at this early period—he was only eighteen when he graduated—gave bright promis of the success that he has since achieved. With the purpose of making a mathematical career, he secured an appointment as cadet in the United States Military Academy. Here he graduated in the foremost rank in 1870. The exceptional extent of his preparation for the West Point course enabled him to devote an unusual amount of time outside of his class routine to the private study of mathematics. Upon graduating from the Point he was gazetted second lieutenant of the Fourth Artillery, and in 1872 he was transferred to a second lieutenancy in the United States Corps of Engineers. His reputation as a scholar was already so firmly established that he was not called upon to serve either with his regiment or his corps, but was detailed shortly after graduation as assistant professor of natural and experimental philosophy at West Point. and held this position until 1872, when he was made instructor in practical military engineering. In 1873 he resigned from the army to accept a commission as professor of mathematics in the United States navy, and was at once appointed astronomer of the Naval Observatory at Washington. While there he had charge of the twenty-six-inch equatorial, and his abilities as an astronomer and the value of his work soon became recognized in all quarters of the scientific world. His investigations upon comets and their constitution are regarded as having exceptional value, and among other astronomical researches in which he has been engaged with noticeable success, are the distribution of the stars and the rectification.

In the former of the last two mentioned he has carried on laborious observations and reductions in correction or reversal of the long-accepted hypothesis of the elder Herschel, that star distribution, taking the celestial regions as a whole, is quite uniform. Professor Holden's results tend, on the contrary, to show the decided non-uniformity of the general distribution. In 1883 he conducted the government expedition to Caroline Island, in the Southern Pacific, to observe the transit of Venus. The work and results of this expedition are regarded as of the highest character. A similar quality is recognized in those of the government party, also in his charge, sent to Colorado in 1878, to observe the total eclipse of the sun, with a view particularly to ascertain the nature of the corona. Professor Holden in 1881 resigned his naval commission to accept the dual position of professor of astronomy in the University of Wisconsin and director of the Washington observatory at Madison in that state. These positions he held until 1886, fulfilling the duties with marked ability, adding alike to his own reputation and to the honor of the institutions he served. On June 30th of the year last mentioned Mr. Holden was inaugurated president of the University of California, a position which he accepted with express stipulation that he should be allowed to resign the presidency as soon as the Lick Observatory was ready for his occupancy as director. Of all the available astronomers in the United States he had been selected as the proper man to direct the operations of the observatory; and now, after his very successful administration of the university affairs, he is still eager to replace the presidential gown with the jacket of the astronomer. It is his chosen field of work, and if preparation, former success, and keen ambition count for anything, it is safe to prophesy that during his administration of the observatory Professor Holden will add many leaves to the laurels he has already gathered.

S. W. Burnham, a New Englander, and a graduate of old Dartmouth, is the most famous observer of double stars that ever lived. Leaving his nativ state, Mr. Burnham determined to make his home in Chicago, and subsequently became official reporter of the United States Circuit Court in that city. In 1865, while holding the above position, he first became interested in astronomy. This interest soon developed into the absorbing object of his life, and as genius was fortunately married to liking, the result was the production of an astronomer whose name is now a household word wherever that science is studied. In 1870 he bought from Clark an excellent six-inch telescope, and with that little instrument devoted the greater part of his attention to the discovery of double stars. His successful refutation of certain long-established theories need not be dwelt upon here. The wonderful fact must be told, however, that between the years 1870 and 1880 Professor Burnham discovered something over one thousand double stars—and made all those discoveries with his six-inch glass; subsequently substantiating them through the telescopes at Dartmouth and Washington. In 1880 he went to the Washburn Observatory as assistant to Professor Holden, and while there did excellent work. He seems to be a man of infinit ingenuity, and capable of doing anything well that requires delicacy of touch and sight. Taking up photography, he soon became a master of the art, and last year, when the National Association of Photographers met in Chicago, his work was awarded the gold medal. In securing the services of Professor Burnham, the Lick Observatory has been fortunate.

Prof. J. M. Schaeberle began life in Michigan as an apprentice in a machine-shop, and had learned his trade thoroughly before he matriculated in the freshman class at Ann Arbor. Graduating with distinction in 1874, he was at once appointed assistant professor of astronomy in that university and assistant astronomer at Ann Arbor Observatory. Since then he has discovered a number of comets and proved himself an adept in all the branches of practical astronomy. At the Lick Observatory Professor Schaeberle will be placed in charge of the meridian circle.

Prof. J. C. Keeler is a graduate of the John Hopkins University, and was an assistant to Professor Holden upon the eclipse expedition in 1878. He graduated in 1879, and in 1881 served as an assistant to Langley on the Mount Wintney expedition. He then went to Europe and studied for some time under Helmholtz in Berlin and Bunsen in Heidelberg. Returning to this country, he was appointed assistant astronomer in the Alleghany City Observatory, and since then has helped Professer Langley in all his more delicate operations. Mr. Keeler has made a name as a spectroscopist and physicist, and has lately designed what is acknowledged to be the finest spectroscope in the world. This instrument he will himself handle at our observatory.

Prof. E. S. Barnard made his start as a photographer's apprentice in Nashville, Tenn. As a lad he developed a taste for astronomy, but lacked means to gratify it. After years of work and economy, he scraped enough coin together to purchase a small telescope, and with that instrument discovered no less than ten comets. He also succeeded in acquiring a general education, and finally graduated with honors from the Nashville University. Immediately thereafter he was appointed instructor of astronomy.

Mr. C. B. Hill, who will be secretary and librarian of the observatory, is a graduate of the San Francisco high school. and for some time past has been an assistant to Professor Davidson and one of the observers at the Chabot Observatory in Oakland. Mr. Hill is anxious to become a master astronomer, and he will materially assist in the minor observations from Mt. Hamilton.

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THE picture we print on the first page of THE TRUTH SEEKER this week is *not* drawn by the skeptical Mr. Heston as a caricature or burlesque on the theological scheme by which the "blood of the l amb" is supposed to "wash away the sins of the world," but it is an exact reproduction from a Roman Catholic paper, *St. Mary's Messenger*, published by ecclesiastical authority in the diocese of Trenton, N. J., and largely for the financial interest of St. Mary's Catholic Orphan Asylum, New Brunswick. It is printed by Stephen Mearns, a Catholic printer, at 73 Barclay street, this city. Mr. Mearns also "prints and keeps in stock a large variety of devotional leaflets, especially of the Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin, and St. Joseph." This "offering of the blood of the spotless lamb for the relief of souls in purgatory" is in strict accord with the theology of Rome, whose dupes are taught by such pictures to understand the plan of their salvation. Protestants will call this picture materialistic blasphemy; but we beg to remind them that it is designed, printed, and circulated by the mother of their church, and not by Infidels, to whom it is horribly repugnant and shocking. As the plain, matter-of-fact expression of Roman Catholic ideas it is instructiv; but one must be very devout, and familiar with "holy" things, to look at it without the shudder that involuntarily creeps over one who has been compelled to visit a butcher's slaughter-house. Literally and metaphorically, it is beastly.

The McGlynn Revolt.

All New York is talking about Dr. McGlynn's lecture on the Pope in Politics. The hands of the orthodox Catholics are in the air with horror; the Protestants exclaim, A second Luther! and the Freethinkers say, I told you so! Dr. McGlynn's chance of being restored to the priesthood is entirely gone. He has burnt all his bridges, and henceforth must remain a hopeless reformer. The only man in the city who cannot see in the speech a determined defiance, not only of ecclesiastical authority in secular matters but to the pope as a church officer, is Henry George, who regards it as a vindication of Catholic faith which will be read with especial pleasure by Catholics. But such sentiments as these surely never came from the lips of a real Catholic:

"'We are bound to take our religion from Peter.' Yes, properly understood and only with very great reservations. What does theology say? That the pope simply is the representativ, the successor, of Peter in defining the faith, the dogmas, most of which must be pretty well defined after these nineteen centuries, so that surely there can remain but little more to be defined. And it must be something that is already commonly accepted, and as good as defined, and taught in the general deposit or teaching of the church, or it would not be capable of definition at all. With that exception, we are told in our theology that the pope is as fallible as anybody else. We are perfectly free as Catholics to believe—we know by painful experience—that he is capable of the most egregious blunders and crimes. We know that one pope will criticise and deplore the improvidences, the imperfections, the crimes, of his predecessors, by which whole nations hav been lost to the Catholic faith.

"'The pope has a right to rule the flock of Christ.' How much? In what way? In things that common sense would suggest to be his business. But these flatterers of the pope, these adulators, these men ignorant of theology, who flatter the human vanity of the pope, the natural love of power in the pope, just as natural and as great as in any other man, these men are making of the pope a kind of divinity, are making of the pope such a power as the world must simply reject with loathing and with unspeakable indignation. 'All you subjects of the pope are bound to obey him.' Are we? In what? In things that belong to his office, surely, and nothing else. Has he a right to send a telegram to one of us, saying, 'Come over here to Rome; I want to talk to you about something? I shall not exactly tell you what, nor say how long I shall keep you here.' And in the good old times he might hav stuck you into jail and kept you there for life by virtue of his kingly power as the temporal as well as the spiritual ruler of Rome. Has he a right to do that? I say, No. This power is necessarily limited by the very nature of the case that every man's conscience is the final arbiter for him how far he is bound to obey the pope or anyone else."

This doctrin of individual judgment, we say, never came from a true Catholic. The subjects of the pope are not to question why, whether they understand the theology of Rome or not; neither are they to accept her teachings with reservations. It is the doctrin of the church, plainly stated scores of times, that she has the right, as keeper of morality, to advise her subjects as to their conduct in civil affairs, and even to direct how they shall vote. There is not a Catholic theologian in the world who does not know better than to say "that every man's conscience is the final arbiter for him how far he is bound to obey the pope." When a man follows that course logically and completely it lands him in Infidelity.

Further, Dr. McGlynn's political utterances were as heretical as his doctrinal expositions. We quote, as before, from the official report of his speech:

"'The beneficence of the pope's influence in politics!' It is the curse of nearly every nation. It has been the curse of Italy, France, Spain, Germany, England, Ireland. God forbid! God forbid that the hated thing should hav an ill-omened revival. There is a sort of revival just now, but I am glad to believe—in fact, I think I know—that it is a sort of opera bouffe revival. One of the greatest humorists of the age, Prince Bismarck, thought he might as well amuse himself by capturing a few rocks away out in the Pacific ocean, a portion of the Caroline islands upon which some German settler had built a shanty, and Bismarck thought he might as well take those islands. The Spanish hidalgos got their blood up about this, and Bismarck, the humorist, thought it too huge a joke to hav a war with Spain over such a trifle; and, only too glad to get any kind of half-way decent way of backing out of such a comic opera situation, sent somebody to Rome to ask his holiness, the pope, to kindly consent to be arbitrator in this very unpleasant controversy that had arisen between Germany and Spain.

"We here are just beginning to get a taste of it in the alliances of corrupt political factions with the ecclesiastical machine. We hav had a taste of it here in the recent election. We had a taste of it seventeen years ago in the not very secret alliance, offensiv and defensiv, between the Tweed Tammany ring and a clique of Catholic priests, ratified by a clandestin meeting one Sunday evening in the back room of the episcopal residence in Mulberry street between Peter B. Sweeney and Archbishop McCloskey. And the object of that alliance between that infamously corrupt political faction and this ecclesiastical machine was to rob the public treasury; it was by clandestin arts, not by open persuasion, but by the clandestin arts of Peter B. Sweeney, by inserting clauses in the acts of the legislature that the legislators themselvs would not understand, to secure public money for Catholic schools.

"And one chief reason of this alliance to-day between these two corrupt machines is that the corrupt Democratic machine expects to get and does get Catholic votes through the influence of the confessional, and the pulpit, and all the arts of which the ecclesiastical machine is master. And the object of the ecclesiastical machine is, by the aid of that corrupt political faction, to retain the enormous appropriations that are given every year, not by new legislation, but by old legislation, at the rate of a hundred dollars and sometimes a hundred and ten dollars a head for every person committed to these Catholic institutions. So that out of your treasury to-day that ecclesiastical machine is practically receiving well on to a million dollars yearly, though it may be a surprise to most of you to hear it to-night from this platform for the first time.

"And one of these institutions, the so-called Catholic Protectory, not satisfied with the between three and four hundred thousand dollars a year that it must be receiving from your treasury, has been a perfect nuisance at the doors of the legislature at Albany, constantly begging for additional appropriations, and bedeviling the politics of our city with its promises and its threats, with the implied promis that politicians good to that institution would not be forgotten at the polls, and that the politicians who should refuse would not be forgotten either.

"This infallible pope, who can never say anything wrong or do anything unwise—this infallible, impeccable pope, whom it would seem as if it were the duty of everybody to consider impeccable—has time and again bedeviled the politics of nations as to-day he does the politics of Italy.

"The pope in politics! Infallible! Most fallible of men. He can scarcely take a step but what he is sure to make a blunder worse than a crime, because he has no business in politics. It is his business to preach the gospel to everyone, and every man should stick to his own trade, and the ecclesiastical cobbler, like every other cobbler, should stick to his last."

The Philosophical Manuals of the Catholic church teach that the constitution of the Catholic church is that of an absolute monarchy; that temporal power, being material and less than spiritual, is subordinate to ecclesiastical; and this teaching has been emphasized and made plain by the practice of the church in all ages. Victims of the Inquisition were turned over to the civil power as a murderer is handed to the hangman by the judge. A republic, electing its rulers instead of receiving them by divine right, is denounced by the Roman church. The pope considers himself superior to all earthly rulers, even to emperors, as he is, beside being a temporal sovereign, the vicar of God. It is absurd for Dr. McGlynn to cling to Catholicism, and deny the right of the pope to enter politics and to control his subjects. It is one of the basic principles of the Roman religion that liberty of conscience, considered in itself, is absolutely impious; and this applies to politics as well as to religion.

These inconsistencies of the good McGlynn are apparent to all; and we point them out not to detract from the splendid work he is doing by his revolt, but that the uninitiated may not for a moment imagin that the Catholic theology has anything good about it. Catholicism is an unmitigated evil. It cannot be reformed; it must be destroyed, or it will destroy this country.

The Decline of the Clergy.

A writer in the *Independent* givs the following list of reasons why the prestige of the ministry is declining, and why young men are not entering it:

1. The prevalent disposition to resent the assertion of authority in matters of belief.

2. Greater mental acquirements necessary to maintain former relativ position. Average intelligence of congregation greater.

3. Because the fact of being a clergyman is no longer *ipso facto* an assurance of recognition by the highest society. Social rank lower. Plutocracy gaining ascendency.

4. The deference formerly paid to opinions of clergymen in all matters, whether temporal or eternal, now wanting.

5. Small and inadequate salaries.

6. Materialistic tendencies of the age.

7. All educational institutions are no longer centers of religious life and power. The "American college" is compelled to compete with a non-sectarian, non-religious "state university."

8. False standards as to qualifications for the calling exist.

9. Concessions too often made by ministers in the presentation and enforcement of revealed truth.

10. The multiplying and magnifying of lay agencies and activities, to the depreciation of the clergy.

11. Sensationalism. "Every pulpit buffoon is a fearful incubus."

These reasons, it seems to us, are good ones, but what a confession they are! When a man thinks for himself, when he refuses to accept the guesswork of other men, it is bad for the minister. Good. When the pews know as much as the pulpit, that also is bad for the religion! What a confession! Again, the people hav found out that a minister is not always a gentleman, that he possesses no supernatural knowledge, and truckles to the rich, that he is only a man, with small and mean ambitions, and they repudiate him. It speaks well for the people, for in former times a minister was a little deity, and independence of the flock was unknown. When Sir Oracle spoke no dog dared bark. To-day, when a clergyman opens his mouth, he usually puts his foot in it, and the ungodly laugh.

Naturally following the first four reasons, is the fifth. When the world did not know how false were the pretensions of the clergy, they were paid more than they were worth. Now they get salaries based on merit, just as the price of theater-tickets is governed by the attraction on the stage. Commerce,

not the ignorance of the congregation, fixes the price of the preacher. This is, of course, owing to the materialistic spirit of the times, and a most hopeful sign it is.

But what do the clergy desire to do with unsectarian colleges, "false standards," and "concessions?" Shall we hav laws that colleges *must* be religious? Shall the state set up a ministerial standard? Shall the preachers be prohibited from conceding that science has overturned Genesis, and rectified the blunders of the past? We doubt if that can be done in this country now. It was once; but the people are wiser.

Mr. Talmage should enter a libel suit against the *Independent* for printing that "every pulpit buffoon is a fearful incubus."

Presbyterianism.

The Presbyterians propose to celebrate this year as the centennial of their church in this country. Presbyterianism was first organized here in 1705–6, though isolated churches existed as early as 1619. In 1717 the synod of Philadelphia was established, which in 1788 embraced New York, New Jersey, Virginia, and the Carolinas. The first general assembly was held in 1789. The distinguishing feature of the centennial will be the raising of a fund of one million dollars for the care and maintenance of superannuated preachers.

We heartily commend this scheme, but suggest that the fund be greatly enlarged. There are in this country something under nine thousand Presbyterian ministers, and if any more of them engage in debates with Colonel Ingersoll they will all be on the town for support, for the result of the Rev. Henry M. Field's discussion with that gentleman is that but little real Presbyterianism is left us. The Westminster Confession is being extensivly repudiated, and the Presbyterians are turning Unitarians in sentiment, though clinging to the forms of Calvinism.

The fund should be multiplied at least one thousand times, and if another should be raised to rehabilitate the superannuated creed, it would require about all the money in the world.

Parochial Schools In New England.

The question of the future of the public schools, considered in connection with the energy of the Catholic church in establishing parochial schools, is becoming one of great importance in New England. In Massachusetts the matter is being discussed quite generally, finding a place not only in the public press but in the governor's message to the assembling legislature. Commenting on the probable outcome so far as legislation in that state is concerned, a correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* offers as a possible remedy the improvement of the public school. He says: "It is believed that it would be most unwise to attempt to meet the evil directly by compulsory laws, but that the true way is to make the most of the natural helps which are at hand. The Roman Catholic parishioners are not by any means united in favor of the parochial schools, and many of them, even those who are high in rank, are favorable to the public school system. Now it is proposed to solve the problem by making the public schools as good as possible. That will emphasize the difference between them and the parochial schools, and will tend to bring more and more of the Roman Catholic children into the public schools."

The writer of that knows very little about the Roman Catholic church if he thinks she cares much for the quality of the secular instruction given the children. A poor parochial school, with Catholicism taught by nuns, suits her a thousand times better than the best public schools of the country. The church wants converts; she wants the children of Roman Catholics educated as Catholics, and she also wants all the children of Protestant parents taught Catholicism. Parochial schools are with her a weapon both of defense and of offense. She places religion above education, and between a child's knowledge of the catechism and his arithmetic she would choose the catechism. The church policy of parochial schools will be carried out if every public school in the land is made a model of educational facility. And wherever the church controls a sufficient number of votes in a town she will discontinue the public schools and leave Protestant parents no choice but to maintain private schools or send their offspring to the priest's institution.

The state has no right to say to a Catholic parent that he shall not patronize the parochial school, but the state has the right, and it is its duty, to maintain good public schools, if there is only one child to take advantage of them.

Senatorial Chaplains.

The foolishness of employing chaplains in legislativ bodies was heavily emphasized in the senate of this state at the organization of that body. The salary of a senate chaplain is five hundred dollars. To obtain this prize, there was a race between a Saratoga preacher and an Albany pulpit-pounder. Both were, of course, Republicans, as the senate is Republican; both were admitted to hav equal influence with God, and each a happy way of directing omnipotence as to the course he should pursue. The only difference between them lay in the fact that one was a Prohibitionist and the other a high license advocate.

The race was fast and furious, and if report does no injustice to the reverend gentlemen their log-rolling for the position would do credit to accomplished and wicked lobbyists. In saying mean things of each other they excelled the politicians scrambling for secular offices; in fact, they so disgusted the senators that neither obtained the job, and the senate gets its prayers by the piece—five dollars each pray. Before the senate adjourns, it will probably hav thrown a few dollars' worth of patronage to all the pulpits in the neighborhood of Albany.

Leaving out of consideration for the moment the fact that legislativ employment of chaplains is a barefaced steal and imposition upon the taxpayers, the unseemly conduct of the men of God is sufficient reason why they should be pitched neck and heels down the Capitol steps. They are public nuisances.

Mr. Grabill's Authorities.

In this week's issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER Mr. Grabill finishes the first part of his rejoinder to a reply by Mr. A. B. Moss to some previous statements of his own. It is now Mr. Moss's turn to be heard from. While we are disposed to leave Mr. Grabill exclusivly in the hands of Mr. Moss, we cannot forbear remarking that unless Mr. Grabill deserts his present authorities—the Britannica and Johnson cyclopedias—he will get himself into controversial difficulties. In the latter work the writer of the article Man quotes approvingly from the preface to the Oxford Chronological Table, which says "that the scriptures were written for nobler and more exalted purposes than the mere transmission of dates or the gratification of antiquarian curiosity; and hence we must not be surprised if, on topics connected with chronology, we fail to meet with the information we desire," which is a Christian way of letting the Bible down easy. The Speaker's Commentary is also referred to as affording "conclusiv evidence" that the best scholars of the Church of England fully recognize the difficulty of determining the age of man from the Hebrew scriptures. Investigations, says Mr. Grabill's loved authority, hav led a large majority of scientific men to conclude that geological evidence points to a much higher antiquity for man than has been commonly assumed.

Mr. Grabill's other authority, the Britannica cyclopedia, is even yet more emphatic in denying the truth of Mr. Grabill's somewhat awkwardly stated proposition that "the length of the human period as given by Moses in the ancient Hebrew scriptures and science are reconcilable." It is no longer necessary, says this eminent authority, to discuss these chronologies (Usher's and others), "inasmuch as new evidence has so changed the aspect of the subject that the *quasi*-historical schemes of the last century would now be hardly maintained by any competent authority of any school. Geology, notwithstanding the imperfections of its results, has made it manifest that our earth must hav been the seat of vegetable and animal life for an immense period of time; while the first appearance of man, though comparativly recent, is positivly so remote that an estimate between twenty and a hundred thousand years may fairly be taken as a minimum."

The same authority further states that the evidence is now generally accepted by geologists which carries back the age of man to the Quaternary or Post-glacial Drift period, tens of thousands of years ago. This hypothesis is supported by numberless facts, and the time between this period and the period of historical antiquity is bridged by relics of various civilizations, found in Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and other countries. And "chronicles and documentary records, taken in connection with archeological relics of the historical period, carry back into distant ages the starting-point of actual history, beyond which lies the evidently vast period only known by inferences from the relations of languages and the stage of development of civilization." Egypt, Babylon, and China are quoted as affording a basis for computations of great antiquity, for the evident fact that the civilization of the world has been gradually developed from an original Stone-age culture necessitates adding to the four or five thousand years, to which the civilization of those places dates back, a probably much greater length of time, during which the knowledge, arts, and institutions of those countries attained to their remarkably high level. Comparativ philology corroborates this judgment, and the farthest date to which documentary record extends is now generally regarded by anthropologists as but the earliest distinctly visible point of the historic period, beyond which stretches back a vast, indefinit series of prehistoric ages.

So much for Mr. Grabill's authorities. He evidently studies with one eye closed, and the other open to only that which he desires to see. We are amply content, however, to leave him to the mercy of Mr. Moss, who has truth on his side and will not find it necessary to make the strongest part of his argument assertions that hav now been known to be false for about twenty-five years. Indeed, we had imagined that this straw had been so completely threshed that to pound it again would be waste of energy.

Editorial Notes.

MONCURE D. CONWAY'S old church, the South Place Religious Society, has changed its name to South Place Ethical Society. Only two members voted against the motion.

THE Christian *Leader*, talking of Plymouth church, says: "Those who worshiped Beecher will never drop down to anything so commonplace as the worship of God." A little harmless sarcasm is good for the brethren. It sharpens their wit.

MR. NEWTON WHITEHEAD, of this city, is entitled to the choicest blessings of those who enjoy THE TRUTH SEEKER pictures for a donation of $4.50 toward the expense of the same. Mr. Whitehead's nature partakes of the color described by the first half of his last name.

FOR the information of Mr. W. E. Farr, we state that the hatred of the Christians for their rival sect, the Mormons, was the inspiring cause of the passage of the law by Congress that no church shall hold in the territories more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of property, and it is under this law that the confiscation of the Mormon property is going on.

"MIRACLES and Miracle Workers," by John Peck, is another one of a series of essays which ran through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER last winter, and has now been reprinted in a neat pamphlet. The title explains the work, but conveys little idea of the essay, which must be read "to be appreciated." Mr. Peck never penned a dull sentence, and "Miracles and Miracle Workers" abounds in logic, wit, and unanswerable argument. As a missionary document it is invaluable, and that Liberals may scatter it widely, we hav placed the price at ten cents each, and seventy-five cents per dozen.

MR. HENRY KLEINMAN is informed that there are somewhere between six and eight millions of Roman Catholics in the United States; but as that sect's methods of computation are open to suspicion, the exact number is uncertain. Friend Kleinman is also informed that the King James translation of the Bible and the Douay version are essentially different, as the Douay version includes as canonical the books of the Apocrypha, which the Protestants reject. Further, Mr. Kleinman will find in studying the history of the Bible that in ancient days the early Christians had a bewildering multiplicity of sacred books, and that it took centuries of sifting God's writing to get the manuscripts which form our present Bible. The rejected manuscripts were of equal authority with the accepted manuscripts, and the councils rendered their decisions on no ground but their own will. If Mr. Kleinman will peruse Bronson Keeler's "Short History of the Bible" (which he can purchase at this office for fifty cents), he will find the titles of scores of books which some Christians once regarded as inspired, but which their numerically stronger brethren pronounced to be the work of men alone. The lotteries of Trent and Westminster decided the two present canons.

FRIENDSHIP Liberal League, of Philadelphia, will commemorate the 151st anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, in Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets, afternoon and evening, on Sunday, January 29, 1888. Good speakers and good music to interest the audiences hav been secured. The Liberal public are cordially invited. Admission free.

Letters from Friends.

WOODSTOCK, Jan. 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $10, to be invested as follows—two copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, two ALMANACS, Ingersoll's speech to the jury in the suit against the telegraph company, and $3 for the benefit of Watson Heston and his pictures. These pictures must be kept a-going anyway. I take one copy of the paper to bind into a book; the other, to send out where I think it will do the most good.

JOHN D. POWERS.

WHEELING, W. VA., Dec. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Would it were our fate to hav association with and the friendship of such minds as Ingersoll, and the authors of such books as "Men, Women, and Gods" and thousands that you hav! Then "life would be all happiness and misery but a name." We hav plenty of thinkers here in our city, and you would be surprised to know the number of good, solid people who think just as we do, but hav but little chance to express themselvs.

Respectfully, T. A. MORRIS & Co.

ORCHARD, IA., Dec. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 to renew my subscription for the best weekly journal printed in the United States or anywhere else, THE TRUTH SEEKER. It comes regularly every week, and is a very welcome visitor. We could not think of doing without it at any price. Some of the pictures are splendid. I hope Heston will keep on doing his level best. I would like to get some new subscribers, but it is hard times here for that. By the way, don't forget I hav a dime at your office waiting for Ingersoll's address to those fools in defense of C. B. Reynolds. C. B. DOUGLAS.

CORDOVA, ILL., Dec. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please discontinue sending THE TRUTH SEEKER to my address until you receive further notice. I hav no fault to find with the conduct of the paper, except the illustrations. They are to me so repugnant that I want no more of them. They may tickle the fancy of iconoclasts, but they certainly do not help to educate the ignorant out of the slough of superstition in which centuries of wrong teaching hav involved them. They inspire hate in that class of persons, which frame of mind is not well suited to receive lessons of common-sense teaching. This is how it appears to me. I may be wrong, however; but, if I am, I cannot help it. Yours truly, J. HOKE.

HANNIBAL, MO., Dec. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As secretary of the Society of Agnostic Moralists of Hannibal, Mo., I hav received letters asking for our views in regard to the Secular Union. We are in full sympathy with the movement. All we ask of our members is to be moral men and women of the highest type, free from superstition, free love, Spiritualism, Anarchy, and so forth. Our society is growing rapidly. Eighty names hav been enrolled from twenty-two states and territories, some of the most prominent leaders of the cause among that number, in six weeks. On receipt of five cents in postage stamps the constitution will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada. F. H. RAU, Secretary.

LAGONA, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav taken your excellent paper but a short time, but I must say that it is the best I hav ever seen, and I hav read a great many papers of Freethought and reform.

This is a hotbed of religious fanatics, and there are but a few persons in this place that hav mind enough of their own—a mind that is not swayed by the religious cranks who are roaming about in this section "seeking whom they may devour"—to think and read on this great and glorious subject of reform.

What few there are of us are going to start a Liberal Union. We are growing daily, and we think that by a little exertion on our part we can swell our ranks to a legion.

May you ever prosper in your great and glorious work, is the wish of your friend and fellow-worker,

GEO. SKINNER.

POMEROY, W. T., Dec. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We must be excused for not being more faithful, but, as you know, we farmers in the far West hav been driven into the muzzle of a steel-loaded cannon, and we had to be patient and wait to get blown out, and that with just life enough to feel that we only had the bare threads of life, for we hav had no markets for our produce this fall.

We are highly delighted with Mr. Heston's pictures. And Mr. Ingersoll's Reply lately to Rev. so forth was beautiful. The world cannot refute it.

We wish you all merry Christmas and merry New Year, and hope that our bands of seekers of love and truth shall treble our strength this coming year. We hav a dark stream to cross here, but we hav bulwarks sufficient to stand the storms of superstition.

We also want Mr. Putnam to giv us a call the first opportunity, and we will make him happy and well satisfied, and I think he will do a great deal of good to our cause.

HENRY HINDER.

PLAINVILLE, KAN., Dec. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, which will insure me and a new subscriber THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year. I hav been the only subscriber to your valuable paper at this place for several years, perhaps always, but now you will hav another, who, I think, will be a permanent one from this time on. I got this new subscriber by circulating Ingersoll's reply to Field's letter. I hav kept it going until it has unearthed a number of Freethinkers. This is a church-going and priest-ridden community, composed of Catholics and Protestants alike.

The time is coming, and not far distant, when we will be able to get some able speakers to come to our town to giv us a few lectures on Freethought, for we expect to hav the cars running to our town inside of a year. Last July myself, wife, and son went fifteen miles to hear J. E. Remsburg speak on "False Claims" and "Thomas Paine." We were well paid, for there was a goodly number of us.

Yours truly, S. I. CLEAVELAND.

MINNESOTA LAKE, MINN., Dec. 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Happy New Year to the Truth Seeker Company! I venture to say THE TRUTH SEEKER is the best paper printed in the world.

I am unable to write with my poor pen the love which I hav for the United States and her Constitution. I say, giv the people of every country liberty and freedom of thought.

I can well judge the superiority of our freedom here to the condition of things in Russia and other Eastern countries, where I lost my best youth under tyranny and soldiers' disciplin. There I had to obey like a slave negro, wear a lock on my mouth, and say Yes or No. Here a man can say, "I am a free man!" without any fear of being arrested and sent off.

It will take centuries to bring Russia, cursed with its priesthood and czarhood, up to the level of North America. We are hoping for the time of civilization, and, with the help of other nations, will fight for liberty and truth to the last drop of blood. Then we can say that we are white men!

I am sorry that the weather will prevent my paper's coming in time. E. S. GLICK.

NORTH PARMA, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your circular received. I think you hav arrived at a sensible conclusion, *i. e.*, to publish your paper only on a cash basis. As I am not in arrears for THE TRUTH SEEKER, you may stop sending it to me. I am heartily tired of the sympathetic tendency shown in its columns, both editorially and by contributors, toward Anarchists, misrule, and free whisky. I love my country and its welfare too much to giv any countenance or support to those who would tear down and subvert all that has been built up with untold blood, tears, and treasure.

You sneer at everything that is being done for the suppression of the sale of alcoholic drinks. I am willing to join hands with any and every one who is intelligently striving to wipe out the damnable traffic. You seem to carry the idea that there are none outside of the church who are Prohibitionists. But for the efforts of an out-and-out Infidel the sale of whisky in this town would not hav been stopped. Nearly every Freethinker and Infidel in this vicinity is a temperance man or woman. If Liberalism and Infidelity are to prosper, they must array themselvs upon the side of good government, the cause of temperance, and whatever else has a tendency toward the upbuilding and sustaining of law and order and the good of society.

Kindly yours, JOHN TOMPKINS.

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I happened to notice the picture, "Coming Events Cast their Shadows Before," while in a book-store in this city. The picture attracted my attention at once. At a glance I conceived the character of the paper. I took it from the counter and read: "THE TRUTH SEEKER." "That's exactly what I took it for," thought I; then paid for the paper and took it home. Since then I hav been getting THE TRUTH SEEKER regularly. I love to read this paper, although I find nothing new in it for myself; but therefore many of my friends and acquaintances like to borrow it from me, and then they come and tell me, "It is very good—splendid—delightful," etc. This givs me all the satisfaction I can expect in this city. But, as far as I know Atlanta, it seems to me that a few good speeches of a good Liberal orator would cause the organization of a Liberal club. And, in a city such as Atlanta is, Liberalism is more apt to develop rapidly than in a large Northern city. Atlanta is a peculiar city; nothing new passes unnoticed, as the case is very often in a large city North. I do not doubt that Freethought will be much opposed, but I am also confident that there will be a good many sympathizers with it, as a good many Atlantians are well prepared for Freethought and reform. I know that a good many Atlantians are tired of being sent to hell every Sunday.

May your noble work of seeking the truth be crowned with success, and may the rays of truth penetrate into the darkness of every thinking person's heart, that he may reject superstition as a thing of no use, and adopt truth and enlightenment as the only guide in his life. AFAR.

HILLSBORO, D. T., Dec. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Although I am not a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER, I hav read it for two years, and I can safely say it is the most truthful journal I hav read. I had a talk with a fellow the other day, and when our conversation drifted in on the subject of religion I asked him, "Why did God create man when he knew before that he could not stand the proof in paradise?" He said that God could not reward man with any higher glory before he had gone through a proof. "But if God never had created man, there would be none to reward, or did God create man especially to be rewarded?" I asked. "God created man to an image of himself," he answered. Says I, "That proves that God was enamored of himself. He thought he was such a great, good God, that he had to hav something to be able to see his own features. But I don't see any use in creating a man to be able to hav a look at himself. God, you say, is all-wise. He saw that fifty or sixty centuries ahead looking-glasses, mirrors, etc., would be manufactured; why did he not make some and save himself all the trouble of creating man, angels, devils, and a place of everlasting torment?" He said he did not know, and that is not for us to know; all we hav to do is to believe. Blindly believe, without reason or mind, as every Christian seems to do.

Some of our great Liberal champions ought to take a lecture trip through the Red river valley. There is a vast field of work to be done, and much good for the cause of liberty could be accomplished here.

Hoping you will continue to make THE TRUTH SEEKER a shining star in the darkness of superstition, I remain,

Cordially yours, JOHN E. WELIN.

OLYMPIA, W. T., Dec. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In reading the many "Letters from Friends," the writer fails to see any from this place. There are a few stanch Liberals here, also six "monuments of superstition." Though a young man born and reared amid the surroundings of the church, without ever an opportunity for learning Freethought principles, after reading Thalheimer's "General History of the World," I said, when I read how ignorant and superstitious people hav been, it is no wonder that they believe in inspiration and talking with God, and rejected the idea that a just God would punish an innocent being for a guilty one. During the past five years the writer has been an outspoken Freethinker and talked with many Christians, also listened to many sermons and lectures in various states, but can say I hav never heard a single argument that would stand the test of reason. They always misrepresent history and refer us to the ruin and bloodshed of the French Revolution as the result of Infidelity, but never teach their people of the Inquisition, the persecution of witches, and also of the religious wars and wholesale slaughter of innocent people. On these they are as silent as the grave. They argue that because all savage and low people hav religion there must be a true principle of divinity; but does not this very fact prove that it is a relic of barbarism? Allow me to ask anyone, Where were our souls when this earth was a molten mass?

I regard Christianity as a mythical bubble that floats in the atmosphere of superstition and fades at the first touch of reason. I agree with Colonel Ingersoll when he said, "When we see the nations that hav passed away, the things that hav died in an hour, the religions that are dust, we should at least hav the modesty of mortality." BENJ. TROYER.

BARRE, MASS., Nov. 27, 287.

MR. EDITOR: To "The Age of Miracles—Has It Passed Away?" in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 27th, I should answer—No age of miracles ever existed.

However, I was deeply interested in "Ononon's" proposition under this heading, and will venture to make two or three suggestions.

Would it not be an improvement on "Ononon's" proposition, instead of having the test confined to five hundred or one thousand praying Christians, to engage all Christians all over the globe to unitedly put up their petitions for one month; and, instead of a rock weighing five tons being moved across the Alleghany river, stipulate that there be two days with no night between, or thirty-six or forty-eight hours of uninterrupted daylight, which is equivalent to the sun and moon standing still (see Josh. x, 12-18) or the sun going back on the dial (see Isaiah xxxviii, 7, 8)?

This lengthened day would be cognizable to the whole world, and its miraculous cause; and would it not be a far stronger proof of the efficacy of prayer and miracle-working than a rock inclosed in a building as a reminder of the stupendous fact?

I fancy, however, that even with "Ononon's" prospectiv one million of dollars promised, the whole Christian world will not undertake the job either of us propose, plainly proving that they hav no confidence in the promises in God's word, since, as there stated, mountains can be and were removed by faith and prayer, as in the case when the sun went back ten degrees on the dial, and not only one rock weighing five tons moved the distance across the Alleghany river, but all the rocks on the globe, and the globe, also, moved a far greater distance, in obedience to a miracle wrought by Isaiah, as a sign to King Hezekiah that his life should be lengthened fifteen years.

"He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi, 16).

ELLA E. GIBSON.

DENVER, IA., Jan. 1, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Another happy new year to you, and here's $5 to help to make it such, and to carry my subscription to 1890. I hav been a subscriber to this paper ever since D. M. Bennett started it in Illinois, and hav approved in main its management from that day to this. I indorse fully the Nine Demands of Liberalism, which, when carried out, will giv to all religious freedom and equality; yet I must say that he who has no other principles, and no feelings of sympathy for the oppressed and downtrodden toiling millions, whatever may be his profession, is a fit subject for Edwards's heaven, where "the joys of the blessed are increased by witnessing the torments of the damned in hell." He that stoppeth his ears at the cries of the poor ought to cry himself and not be heard. If this sentiment is in the Bible, neither the clergy nor other aristocrats giv any heed to it.

I make this remark in consequence of the condemnation you hav received from some professed Liberals for the just and manly position you took in regard to the so-called Anarchists in Chicago. The time is coming when, if they liv long enough and acquire sense enough, they will feel heartily ashamed of such condemnation.

The time once was when a slaveholding aristocracy—and a slaveholding aristocracy is ever the sworn enemy of human liberty—required the death of any man who preached the gospel of freedom and deliverance to the slaves. $5,000 was offered for the head of William Lloyd Garrison; and John Brown fell a martyr to this bloody requirement. Yet John

Brown went "marching on" till every chattel slave was free.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty;" and while freedom slumbered, a moneyed and monopolistic aristocracy, with governmental aid, fastened its manacles upon many millions more, with the same bloody requirement, death to any who should preach the gospel of freedom and deliverence to them. Yet brave and heroic men stood up boldly in defense of human rights and human liberty, till, through judicial murder, they fell martyrs, like John Brown and the fabled Jesus Christ; and, while eleven millions cried for mercy, an oppressiv aristocracy and a tyrannic priesthood shouted, "Crucify them! crucify them!" But the blood of martyrs is the seed of reformation or revolution; and they too will go "marching on," until "the right comes uppermost," and liberty and justice are triumphant

Where'er the sun
Does his successiv courses run.

Yours for the right, M. FARRINGTON.

STONE BLUFFS, IND., Dec. 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We see by THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 24th that the "restless Jesuits" and St. Cleveland hav had a matinee. We wish to say that we heartily commend every word of THE TRUTH SEEKER in regard to the aforesaid white-chokered parasites. We hav been watching the sly, slimy movements of this particular set of religious rascals ever since two hundred of them visited General Grant in June, 1862. Thanks to General Grant, the sacred two hundred departed with cold comfort. If there is anything we Spiritualists and Freethinkers in this old county of Fountain pride ourselvs on, it is that we hav been, and always are, ready to air through our county press, and otherwise, these same "restless Jesuits." The consequence is they are mighty scarce hereabouts. We write to our Congressmen, and send petition after petition up to headquarters whenever our newspapers so suggest.

We watch the ministers of the gospel here, and hav corrected about two for God-in-the-Constitution gabble. Let every Freethinking man, woman, and child watch the white-livered sky-pilots, who, with all their Falstafflan boasting of being ever ready to defend Christ, are never ready to defend their claims. Truth was, and is, too strong for these liars and lying claims, so they propose bolstering their superstition constitutionally, which means "national support," and that means support out of the United States treasury, to spread the kind of sense that thought slavery was a "divine institution," until nearly four hundred thousand Union lives and three billions of money were sacrificed, to rid ourselvs of one grand Christian lie, upheld by Christian liars and Christian thieves. "Oh," they say, "they are not Christians." We answer, "If they are not, why don't you kick them out of your churches and thus purify your church?" Christians are so used to reasoning from a false basis that every time their mouth is opened they are knocked down with their own boomerang. Heston's cartoon where the chief noise-maker fell, and ran his head into his drum, is exactly the picture for cowardly Christian ministers. So let the inimitable Heston giv St. Cleveland and the shivering, white-livered rascals another send-off.

We wish to say it is impossible to even hint at all the good things in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I am showing them to everybody that comes to our house, and will get some subscribers before I die. W. E. CRANE.

CONCORD, N. C., Dec. 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Concord at this time is afflicted with a polished religious tramp, religiously known as an evangelist. I learn that he preaches to full houses of sinners and galvanized Christians of both sexes and colors. Man by nature seeks excitement and takes to it as a duck does to water. It is his element, and he is not at home unless he has something to excite him. Again, man is said to be an animal endowed with reason. How he can bury reason and be converted to such doctrins as are taught by these preachers—taught from the Bible—is more than any sane man can comprehend. If Mr. Scratch would come to my house offering a United States map for $10 and I should find several gross errors in it, such as the Mississippi river separating Alabama and Georgia, I would be an idiot to buy his map. There is just about as much reason in my buying Mr. Scratch's map and paying him $10 as there is in my believing the teachings of this evangelistic tramp, as taught from the Bible; yet he gets his $250 per week and free board in the best of families, the upper tens. He never looks for a poor man's boarding-house when out chasing the devil from the doors of the churches. This follower of the meek and lowly Jesus travels to and from the post-office in a fine two-horse turn-out—in King Solomon or Queen Victoria style—while those who bow the knee to him plod through the mud on foot.

One of the evangelist high privates interviewed me, and was very anxious to know the reason why I did not attend church. A short dialog was the result, which ran thus: H. P.: "Why do you not go to hear Rev. M., evangelist?" Sinner: "Because I take no stock in such a racket." H. P.: "No racket, but it may be the saving of your soul." S.: "Why is it that you and your church are so anxious about the salvation of my soul, when you and your religious friends three years ago did all you could to prevent me from getting an office so I could support myself and family, but piled your votes high on a man who had held a lucrativ office six years, and could count his dollars by the thousands?" H. P.: "I know you were treated badly, but Mr. ——— was the nominee of the party, and I always vote with my party." S.: "I do the same. I stick to my faith, and would be doing violence to my conscience were I to go to hear a man preach a doctrin I believe to be untrue." H. P.: "Do you not believe the Bible, Old and New Testament, to be of divine origin and written by divine inspiration?" S.: "I do not." I then quoted to him the views of Senator Cowan, of Pennsylvania, than which I do believe man never uttered a more sublime sentence.

Let me here tell my views of heaven and hell. Heaven is prosperity; hell is adversity. The reverend evangelist is in heaven, with a throng of angels (human angels) ministering unto him. Hell being adversity, all poor people will hav these same angels administering unto them kicks and blows. These Christians must practice what they preach and teach, and in doing so, they delight in such consoling texts as found in Mark iv, 23. This has been my experience with them. J. W. MEHAFFEY.

ONEIDA, KAN., Dec. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: There seem to be at least five forces, or parasites, as it were, preying upon the vitality of this government.

The first one is the increase in population by miscegenation in the Southern states, the colored population having increased from 4,000,000 to about 8,000,000 since the liberation of slaves, producing a grade of intelligence not by any means conduciv to the building up of the present generation either morally or intellectually.

Then the liquor traffic, which costs this nation for domestic liquors, beer, etc., $980.000,000, and by adding enough to that amount for imported liquors, wines, beer, etc., you hav the cost to this country for intoxicants that go down the throats of the people of this nation. That is a thousand times worse than wasted, for what is received in return? Devastation, destruction, poverty, death, misery, ignorance, rags, and crime almost inconceivable.

Then the concentration of capital, resulting in making the rich richer and the poor poorer, which is an evil fed by the poorer classes of all nations.

Then Mormonism, which is the most complete system for proselytizing the ignorant of the land that ever was inaugurated on this continent. Out of a population of less than 200,000, all told, in Utah, Montana, Idaho, and Arizona, and with headquarters at Salt Lake City, they hav 28,840 bishops, Latter Day Saints, scattered all over this country as well as Europe, gathering up all the ignorant, superstitious creatures and shipping them to this country—not by any means an element compatible with good morals or government. The leaders are in deadly opposition to this nation.

We notice some of our leading newspapers are becoming exercised over the probability of the territory of Utah being admitted as a state under the existing circumstances out there, which would giv us what we never had before, a state ecclesiastical hierarchy, which, under the Constitution, this government could not prevent. Hence, it would be found that a matter that has been so difficult to deal with in a territory would be most difficult of solution in a state.

But why so concerned about Mormonism to the almost entire neglect of an element so formidable comparativly which has been clamoring for ecclesiastical despotism almost ever since this has become a nation? We allude to Ultramontanism, or, speaking so as to be more plainly understood, Romanism and Jesuitism, which are gaining so rapidly in this country.

The church of Rome is gaining ground very rapidly here, and is to-day the most potent political power or "machine" in the United States. Everyone knows about all of our cities of any importance are municipally ruled by Romanism. Lafayette said—and he a Roman Catholic at the time—"that if ever this government is destroyed, it will be by Romish priests."

The sorriest sight is to see Protestants aiding in building Catholic cathedrals, churches, parochial schools, monasteries, convents, and nunneries, on the one hand, while on the other erecting bronze statues to the memory and celebrating the birthday of Martin Luther. Of course, that propaganda university at Washington will be built largely by Protestants, who will be drawn upon in every conceivable manner or device. There certainly is a want of consistency in the matter. Remember, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

We notice that Cleveland has presented Papa Leo with a copy of our American Constitution, and papa is seemingly well pleased with the document. It seems to be ringing in our ears that Pope Gregory XVI. said about half a century ago, "Out of the Roman States there is no country where I am pope except the United States." Perhaps Papa Leo has been keeping an eye Americanward for some time, and no doubt would think a cross on top of the dome of the White House would be very ornamental. The old man is liable to be attacked with almost any kind of a hallucination, it seems. AMERICA.

COALTON, KY., Dec. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Since I hav discarded the Bible and hav read somewhat of the evolution theories, they appear to my mind the most reasonable account, or rather supposition, of the creation of this world, as well as all others. There is no living thing, from the most minute blade of grass, flower, herb, or tree; from the most minute animalcule to the most wonderful mastodon that has in the knowledge of man been born into the world, that has been born in the fulness of its size and stature at the first peep of its existence. All materials, and all life, whether vegetable or animal, seem to be the productions of time. Especially does the animal life seem to owe its existence entirely to other materials, vegetable life, and time.

Just how far such absurdities as the belief in the instantaneous creation of the world and all forms of life hav taken possession of the minds of men cannot be ascertained by the number of pretended followers.

If Jesus Christ had been born into this world in some large city and then and there begun to preach his gospel of "peace on earth and good-will to men," saying: "This is the day of my birth on earth. There shall be no more famin, and hunger shall nevermore gnaw at the vitals of innocent babes, neither of women, nor of men. And no more pestilence, no more wars, shall lay waste and devastate the habitations of men. The earth shall yield tenfold the amount of grain that it has yielded to the same amount of labor from this date and forever. The flowers shall bloom more beautiful, neither shall their odors contain any poisonous exhalations. The birds shall possess a more beautiful plumage, and shall sing more joyously than ever before, and no flower shall be cut down by an untimely frost. And no flower, beast, bird, or man shall be born into this world in a deformed appearance, blind, halt, deaf, imbecil, or weak. Neither shall there arise from the earth any poisonous malarious breezes. Both man and beast shall enjoy life and be at peace forever. I am your redeemer from all evil and danger. After this date there shall be no fears of death among the children of men, for if death visit mankind, it shall be without pain. It shall be a falling to sleep, and a transportation to the heaven of rest"—if, after all those sayings, the truth of his assertions had been verified by the changes throughout all nature, then there would hav been just and reasonable ground for believing him to be the son of a God, for it would hav been equally as consistent to cause the changes throughout all of nature as to cause the change of its laws in a single instance, as claimed by miracle-believers. But, instead of those changes and teachings, which would hav brought such great blessings to mankind, and to the animal kingdom as well, what are his teachings, and the teachings of this book called the Bible, the word of God?

This son of God—as claimed to be by the churches to-day—if he ever lived, might hav had the best of wishes for mankind in general, but he exhibited in many instances an angry temper like other men. When he spoke of God's chosen people, in one instance he called them a generation of vipers. I hav no doubt that he was like the gospel racket men of to-day, who believe that every man that does not believe as they do is vile, base, and having the temper aud poison of a viper. I asked a sky-pilot the other day by whose authority the angels proclaimed "peace on earth and good-will to men" on the morning of Christ's birth. "Why," said he, "by God's authority, of course." I asked again, "Then by whose did Jesus Christ say (Matt. x, 34,35), 'Think not that I come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, aud the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law?'"

The Christian presents his Bible, with its gross absurdities and foolish tales, and says it is the word of God, and he is absurd enough to think that we are in duty bound to believe it, and even though we be ever so honest in our disbelief G-a-u-d will not hav any respect for our honesty, but will damn us eternally. This is glad tidings of great joy.

I am often asked by Christians what we Infidels would do if we could succeed in the destruction of faith in the Bible and God. I answer, We would giv you more wholesome civil laws. They say, Would not mankind become reckless, having no faith, and no God to fear? I say, He is now reckless, malicious, murderous, deceitful, and dishonest, and it is not the restraining influences of the Bible and faith in God that govern in the kingdom of men, but laws made by man, the abolition of which human laws would prove a greater disaster to men than the imagination can picture. On the other hand, if your Bible and your faith in God were abolished, our laws would prove as efficient as they now do.

Again, we think that if the erroneous beliefs of Gods and Bibles were abolished, mankind would find more time to study the arts and sciences, and the laws that govern health, by which he could avoid disease. I hav thought it not impossible for science to discover the very elements of life and to be able by that knowledge to substitute health for disease, and strength for weakness, and I think that the science of physics has, as it were, only begun to make discoveries that will lead us to the knowledge of minerals and herbs that may supply the very fountains of life to such an extent that life may be prolonged for hundreds of years.

The teachings of the Bible hav no doubt been a great stumbling-block to science on every hand, for superstition and science can never go hand in hand. But generation after generation the minds of the human family are evoluting in to a better knowledge of this world and its affairs, and it seems that man will eventually release himself from popes, priests, and superstitions. The great masses in this country are now studying more thoughtfully than ever before their social and economic affairs, and the evolution of thought will eventually bring about a panacea for all social inequalities. Man has discovered to some extent the laws of evolution and applied them to his benefit in the vegetable and animal kingdom, but he is compelled to walk by steps, and his thinking faculty does not seem to be much faster in some directions.

The following is clipped from the Springfield *Republican:*

WHAT THEY SING IN SALT LAKE.

Here is the sort of stuff juvenil Mormons sing at their Sunday-schools. It is, however, only one degree worse than some of the hymns sung in Sunday-schools all over the land:

I'll be a little Mormon,
And seek to know the ways
That God has taught his people
In these latter days.
Though I am young and little,
I, too, may learn forthwith
To love the precious gospel
Revealed to Joseph Smith.

With Jesus for the standard,
A sure and perfect guide,
And Joseph's wise example,
What can I need beside?
I'll strive from every evil
To keep my heart and tongue;
I'll be a little Mormon,
And follow Brigham Young.

S. P. HERRON, P.M.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

My Dog.

This dog of mine, his name is Guy;
Two friends we are, my dog and I;
He finds no fault with aught I do;
Where'er I go he goeth too;
Whate'er my wish, whate'er my whim,
'Tis law and gospel all to him;
Our tastes are similar, you see,
So I love him, and he loves me.

We both are fond of half-day jaunts
In quail resorts and partridge haunts;
We know the woods in every nook,
We know the course of every brook;
Going or coming, still we say
We both prefer the longer way;
Our tastes are similar, you see,
So I love him, and he loves me.

We are not lazy, he or I,
Yet well enjoy full length to lie
Where mosses kind a couch hav spread,
And leaves are lisping overhead;
Not lazy, no, but, like the rest,
We like to do what suits us best;
Our tastes are similar, you see,
So I love him, and he loves me.

Good company is Guy; it seems
He knows the worth of thoughts and dreams;
Though all so dumb and absent I,
He ne'er complains or asks me why,
Nor counts it in the least absurd
To walk a mile without a word;
Our tastes are similar, you see,
So I love him, and he loves me.

"The happy are the wise;" so said
Some great philosopher, I've read;
We like that creed, and as we can
We practice on it, dog and man;
Both Guy and I believe it best
To take the good and leave the rest;
Our tastes are similar, you see,
So I love him, and he loves me.

Why I Am a Liberal.

Most of my neighbors are Christians, and send their children to Sunday-school. Some of them do not like me because I do not go to Sunday-school as they do.

I hav heard that the Christians used to put people to death for believing differently from themselvs. I don't believe that was right. Everybody ought to think as he pleases and yet be safe.

The Liberals are all friendly to everybody. They will let everybody think and believe as he pleases. This I like much better.

These are the reasons why I am a Liberal.

Clélie James [8 years old].

Zaleski, O.

Intelligence of Animals.

I am very glad that the intelligent little readers of this Corner hav such excellent opportunities afforded them in these latter days of building their education upon the strong and solid foundation of truth. This will certainly be a great advantage to you, and you are really commencing where many of us older people are leaving off. You will hav so little to unlearn, and can go right along through a long and beautiful life, reading, observing, learning, and storing up knowledge that will be a source of comfort and pleasure to you all your lives. How much better that is than to be trammeled and held back by some degrading superstition, to be taught that it is wrong to investigate or inquire into this or that matter, because such investigation might unsettle some foregone conclusion, some dogma or belief that must be held at all hazards! Many of us hav labored under this disadvantage all our early lives, reading forbidden books with an uneasy conscience and a quaking fear lest some dreadful judgment be visited upon us for our presumption in prying into those things which we were emphatically told were far beyond human ken.

Well-meaning but mistaken people took great pains to impress upon the mind of the young that man was created by a God who created every other living creature for his use and with especial reference to him. We, the children of twenty-five years ago, in view of this fact were much impressed by our own importance, so much so that many grand and beautiful truths were overlooked or rejected because they were incompatible with that idea. As we grew older, however, we became a little wiser, and it soon commenced to dawn upon us that many traits, feelings, and emotions we had always thought peculiar to man were manifested by other animals far below him. A little study soon convinced us that the close similarity of our anatomy with that of the brute creation could not be the result of accident. How could we hold out when we were shown that no bone or muscle in our bodies but could be matched with like bone or muscle in the body of a horse? And not only that, but we were shown by those indefatigable truth seekers that some muscles present in the body of a horse, which we do not now possess in good working order, are still present in our bodies in a rudimentary condition. They are of no earthly use to us, but there they are, mute witnesses of our lowly origin.

It is not so very long ago that we began to see the mistakes that were made in our early training. We commenced to realize that, although we are immensely superior to any other animal, yet the difference is not nearly so great as we at first thought. We could not help seeing that many of the lower animals displayed something very nearly like reason. Classing their intelligent actions under the vague term "instinct" did not explain the matter at all. We could not help seeing, when our attention was called to the matter, that a dog enjoys a joke, aside from his love of play and fun. Hav you not seen him, when you had thrown a stick for him, take it and run away with it for some distance, and then, placing it on the ground in front of him, wait for you to come and pick it up, and just as you got near enough to do so, snatch it up in his mouth and scamper off with it, evidently enjoying the joke he had played upon you? This maneuver he will repeat with the greatest relish as long as you care to play with him.

I recently read of a tame night-heron owned by a gentleman in England. This bird knew a trick which he dearly loved to play upon his enemy the cat. When he sees puss approaching, he will hide behind a bush or some convenient object until she gets near enough to him to suit his purpose; at that moment he will start up with a most appalling screech, and, if he only could laugh, I hav no doubt he would do so, as, perched upon a limb, he watches her terrified flight. This is a well-authenticated fact, and looks as if the bird must hav reasoned about the matter very much as we would hav done. I do not think it can be "instinct," do you?

Ornithologists, or persons who study the habits of birds, tell us that many birds hav the same kind of love for the beautiful, both of sight and sound, that we hav. At certain seasons, when they wish to make themselvs particularly agreeable, they will take the greatest pains to display their beautiful feathers, or whatever other ornaments they may possess, to the very best advantage. Great numbers of a certain kind of birds in India will assemble at a meeting-place. They will clear a space four or five feet in diameter of every blade of grass and stone. One bird at a time will walk out into this ring and "show off" to the others. He will spread his beautiful tail like an immense fan, throw out first one wing, then another, to display the brilliant hues of the feathers; then, as the bright feathers are upon the under part of the wing, he must needs stick his head through to see what kind of an impression he is making upon the spectators. He does this so often that the feathers are worn quite bare at the loophole he has made for the purpose. Then he will strut up and down with great dignity, occasionally varying the performance by capering round and dancing. When quite fatigued by these antics he will retire with a self-satisfied air, while another bird takes the ground to go through the same performance, while their lady friends look on with evident admiration; and the birds who perform the best, finding favor in their eyes, are accepted as mates for the season. Sometimes it happens that a bird who thinks he has performed his part very acceptably and done himself credit in the general exhibition of charms, will pay his addresses to the bird of his choice, and is rejected with every evidence of repugnance on her part. She will hav nothing whatever to do with him, while she may enter into partnership with another bird of more modest pretensions, build her nest, hatch her little speckled eggs, and liv very happily with him all summer. Other birds are very pugnacious. The warrior who can whip his adversary most effectually is most admired by the lady birds of his acquaintance.

The bower-birds of Australia hav a very peculiar habit of constructing bowers or playhouses, where they meet to play and amuse themselvs in a most fantastic manner. They build a platform of sticks upon the ground, and tall grasses are arranged so that the tops meet overhead. Round stones are used to keep the stems in their proper places, and to make divergent paths that lead to their bowers. The bower-birds display a decided taste for the beautiful in decorating their bowers with gay-colored materials, bits of colored cloth, shells, leaves, and feathers. Young shoots of plants of a pinkish color are arranged at the entrance and along the sides very prettily. These ornaments they will carry about, arranging and rearranging them to suit their tastes. They will chase each other in and out, up and down through these halls, which are five or six feet long and eighteen inches high, playing, and amusing themselvs like so many happy little children.

Other birds, such as the thrush, linnet, canary, etc., develop great nausical talents; and it is consistent with the economy of nature that these gifted little vocalists seldom are provided with splendid coats. Enough for them that they can sit in a swaying bough and charm the very hearts from the little brown breasts of the lady birds by their sweet songs, which they make a point of doing, and go about it in a very methodical and business-like manner. The critical little lady chooses the mate whose song pleased her best, and pairing with him, immediately they fly away together to build their home. And very kind and attentiv he is to her as she sits through the long summer day, patiently awaiting the gawky little birdies which she knows will soon come to their home, taking his turn upon the nest while she goes out for an airing, or in quest of food, which he often brings to her, like the little gentleman that he is.

The traits of character of different birds vary quite as much as do those of the human species. Some are very fickle in their affections, not being so constant to their chosen mates as one would expect such well regulated little creatures to be. A very melancholy instance of this kind is related by a bird fancier, Mr. Hewitt. A couple of mallard ducks had been tamed by him and had lived together very happily for two seasons, until a gay young pintail was introduced on their pond. The mallard duck immediately fell in love with the stranger and shook off her own mate. The pintail did not approve of this proceeding for a long time, but finally succumbed to her blandishments, while the poor mallard was obliged to get him another mate.

Parrots sometimes become so deeply attached to each other that they pine for a long time when separated, and sometimes even die of grief. An English gentleman owned a pair of beautiful Chinese ducks, one of which was stolen. For three weeks the other pined and would not be consoled. Although another mate was procured for her, she would not notice him, remaining apart until the stolen drake was restored, when they recognized each other with extravagant manifestations of joy.

Birds are also capable of benevolent feelings, as is shown in the case of a blind pelican found in Utah, who was very fat, and must hav been well fed by the others. They will also, as Mr. Darwin states, feed the young deserted birds of other species.

So you see, children, by all this, that we are not the only intelligent animals in the world, although undoubtedly other animals are guided by instinct in a great deal of what they do. Yet they do appear to exercise some reason also, and I do not think we should be at all ashamed to acknowledge that all our boasted superiority of intellect over lower orders is simply a difference of degree, and not of kind.

Jessie Brewster.

Correspondence.

Oak Mills, Kan., Jan. 3, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: I am going to write my first letter to the Children's Corner. I am twelve years old. I go to school and am trying to learn. I study arithmetic, geography, grammar, physiology, and history. My teacher's name is Miss Eva Sparks. She is a good teacher, and boards with us.

Your friend, Chas. B. Remsburg.

[We hope all these "first letters" will be followed by others, each an improvement on the previous one.—Ed. C. C.]

Dec. 23, 1887.

Dear Miss Wixon: I once more try to write to the Corner. I am eleven years old. I am going to school. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, and history; our teacher has from fourteen down to say the Lord's prayer, but ma says if she wants us to know the Lord's prayer, she can teach it to us at home. We liv a mile and a half from the schoolhouse. Mrs. Ella Wheeler W. Wilcox and her brethren are sorry about something. I would like for some little Liberal to write to me. Yours, Dessie L. Simmons.

Muskegon, Mich., Jan. 2, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: I am a little girl ten years old. I am an only child, and pa has taken The Truth Seeker ever since I was a little girl. I hav just had the measles and cannot go to school, so I will spend my time writing for the Children's Corner. This is my first letter, and I should like to see it in print ever so much. I will close now, for fear I will write too much for the first time.

I remain, Yours truly,

Ada Vanderlinde.

Wonervoc, Wis., Jan. 1, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: I read so many letters written in the Children's Corner of The Truth Seeker by little girls no older than myself that I feel a desire to write one, too. I am nearly ten years old. My papa, who livs at Fish Creek, Wis., takes The Truth Seeker, and my Uncle Willie takes it here, and it is the only one that comes to this village. He is a Spiritualist, but he likes The Truth Seeker.

I am staying with my grandpa and grandma this winter and going to school. I am in the B grade in the Intermediate room. Some of my school-mates go to Sunday-school, and sometimes talk about God. I told two of them the other day that I did not believe there was any God. They said there was; that he created this world. I asked them who made him, and they said, "He made himself." I asked them where he lived and what he lived on before he made this earth. They could not tell, and I suppose they will think me a bad girl, but I shall be good to them all the same, that they may know that I like them if they do believe such things.

Now I must close for this time, wishing a happy New Year to you and all your little truth seekers.

Eva M. Hill.

Sunday-school teacher to pupil: "Now, my little man, can you explain to us the cause of Adam's fall?" Little man (emphatically): "Yes, sir; 'cause he hadn't any ashes to throw on the sidewalk!"

"Tommy," said his aunt, "I hear your grandmother gave you a watch on your birthday. Was it a hunting-case watch?" "No," replied Tommy, who is seven years old, "it was a barefaced watch."

Mamma had dressed Charley, five years old, to go to walk, and then took Susie, three years old, in hand. Mamma was tired, and so was Susie. Mamma, somewhat irritated, said, "Do stand still, for gracious's sake!" to which Susie gravely responded, "Amen!"

A father was very much annoyed by the foolish questions of his little son. "Johnny, you are a great source of annoyance to me." "What's the matter, pa?" "You ask so many foolish questions. I wasn't a big donkey when I was of your age." "No, pa, but you've growed a heap since."

Mother (to Bobby): "I'm shocked to hear that Willie Waffles whipped the poor cat, Bobby. My little boy wouldn't do such a thing." Bobby (with conscious moral superiority): "No, indeed, ma." Mother: "Why didn't you stop him, Bobby?" Bobby: "I couldn't, ma; I was holding the cat."

How Katie's father said grace.—A South End little girl was taking supper with a playmate a few evenings ago. After the pater familias had said grace with due solemnity, the little hostess turned to her guest asking, "Does your papa say grace at supper, Katie?" "No," replied Katie, with a charming candor, "but he says something else." This answer, of course, aroused the interest of the older persons. "What does he say?" was asked the little visitor. "Good Lord! what a supper!" was the calm response.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

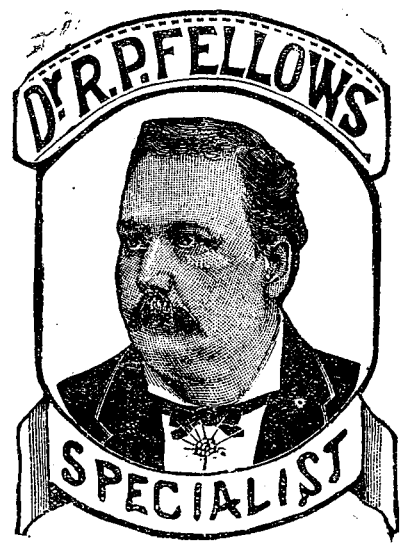
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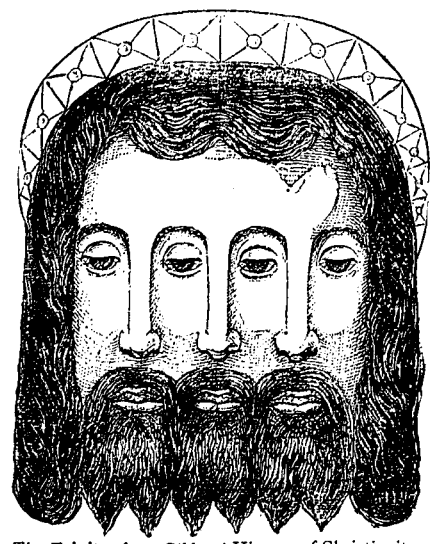
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Thou art my savior, my god, and my king;
'Tis for thee that I preach and for thee that I pray,
And make a collection twice each Sabbath day.

I hav candles and all sorts of dresses to buy,
For I wish you to know that my church is called high;
I don't mean in structure of steeple and wall,
But so high that the Lord cannot reach it at all.

I've some poor in my parish who need some relief;
I preach to their poverty and pray for their grief,
And send my box round to them morning and night,
And I hope they'll remember the poor widow's mite.

I gather my knowledge from wisdom's great tree,
And the whole of my trinity is £ s. d.;
Pounds, shillings, and pence are all that I crave
From my first step on earth to the brink of the grave.

And when I am laid low and my body's at rest,
Place a box in my grave, 'tis my latest request,
That my friends may all know who come for reflection
That I can't rest in peace without a collection.

For, as money's my creed, I'll not pray without it;
My heaven is closed against all those who doubt it;
For this is the essence of parsons' religion—
Come regular to church and be plucked like a pigeon.

My pay may be hundreds or thousands a year;
Double it, treble it, still I am there,
With my box or my bags, collecting your brass—
I can't do as Jesus did, ride on an ass.

I'll hav carriages, horses, and servants, and all;
I'm not going to foot it like Peter and Paul,
Neither, like John, liv on locusts and honey,
So out with your purses and down with your money.

Foolish people will ask what I do with the money—
They may as well ask the bees what they do with their honey;
But I'll answer them all with a wink and a nod,
I keep three-thirds myself and the rest giv to God.

In the cold, silent grave I shall soon be laid low,
To rest with the loved ones who hav gone long ago;
I shall rest there in peace till the great resurrection,
Then be first on my feet to make a collection,

—*Unknown Author.*

The Story of a Converted Russian Prince.

The following story is told by L. C. M. in the *Youth's Companion* of December 22d. To avoid the use of needless space the narrativ is abridged, but is otherwise given in just the language and order of the author:

"A Russian prince, a thorough scholar, a vigorous writer, and a man of power in every direction, with the rest of his modern learning had become imbued with skepticism. Like the fool, this man—wise in the wisdom of this world—said in his heart, 'There is no God.'

"At last he wrote an essay to prove the absurdity of the idea of a divine creator. He read it over with a glow of satisfaction; surely no one *could* refute it. Suddenly a voice seemed to say to him: 'Yes, you hav reasoned powerfully; it will hav its effect. If there is no God, it is all very well; but if there is a God, where are *you?*'

"It came again and again, 'If there is a God, where are *you?* If there is a God, where are *you?*' till at last it frightened him; and he could resist no longer. Throwing himself on his knees he cried out passionately, as one who would not be refused—'O God! if any God there be, show me thy truth. Now, this night, this very night, reveal thyself to me if thou art God indeed!'

"All night long his strong cry went up to heaven, but with the dawn came into his soul a light brighter than the dawn, the knowledge of God. He tore up the essay and burnt it to white ashes. 'There goes my past life,' he said to himself, as it burnt. There, indeed, went the plans, purposes, and ambitions that had been his life hitherto."

In conclusion, L. C. M. assures us "this is a true story, with no coloring nor exaggeration. Precisely thus was wrought the change that turned a prince, second in power to the czar only, into Christ's soldier."

Let me remind L. C. M. that we are living pretty well along in the nineteenth century, and that anyone who tells such stories as this, and uses such cant in telling them, will be considered even by the average Sunday-school scholars of the infant class as a poor pious prevaricator. I do not recognize the hero of *his story* in any history at my command, either because he is not there, or the story is not told *quite that way*. In his eagerness not to giv "color to or exaggerate" the circumstances he seems to tell us of a miracle; but if he were questioned, I am quite sure L. C. M. would confess that he does not think there was anything extraordinary in the conversion of his Russian prince. Nothing but an every-day, old, orthodox conversion. They all get it the same way. The studious conclusions of a sober lifetime are abandoned *instantly*. This Russian prince could not answer his own arguments. So, in the "precise, uncolored, and unexaggerated" twaddle of L. C. M., "he tore up the essay and burnt it to white ashes." How graphic! He not only *tore* it *up*, but he also "*burnt* it;" and, mark you, and don't forget, he not only *burnt* it, but he burnt it to "ashes," "*white* ashes." If ashes make *leys*, don't "*white* ashes" make white—perish the pun! But the essay could not be answered, so, as I would simply state it, it was destroyed. I can find much historical mention of this method of disposing of heretical persons as well as heretical writings. Christians hav always been prone to play with fire. The atmosphere is scarcely yet cleared of its murkiness from the burnings for witchcraft. It is far easier to burn Infidel books and Infidels themselvs than to refute them. However, the fashion changes a little even with the immutable church, and her engins of rage today are not just what they were when Bruno and Servetus were burnt.

This Russian prince, according to the story, instantly threw away the hoarded observations, experiences, and conclusions of a lifetime, for no *reason* at all—simply because "he became frightened"—got into a panic! Oh, what a precious set "Christ's soldiers" are! Every one of them ought to be pensioned as being a mental and moral invalid, wrecked in the service of Christ. Frightened at a voice that seemed to say, "If there is a God, where are *you?*" These supernatural voice stories are getting to hav rather a chestnutty flavor! From the time when the first pair are said to hav "heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day," no voice has been able to make itself distinctly heard without a mouth. A voice that has legs might, so to speak, run on all-fours in a sort of unintelligible rustle; but any voice without a mouth must only "seem to say." Miss Joan d'Arc had her little confabs with the voices—and, let me see—did it not end in some sort of cremation? But I will giv my own testimony to the verity of this part of the story, for I hav heard a voice, too, uttering the same conundrum in the same misleading words.

As this "voice" was no "handwriting on the wall," I would like to ask L. C. M., or whoever first gave this "voice" written expression, *Why* is the word "God" capitalized? If there should be *a god* benevolent enough not to damn a poor, ignorant wretch for honestly confessing his ignorance or frankly speaking his doubts, it is not that infinitly egotistic "I am" that begins his name with a capital "G." The followers of *any* god that damns all the "other fellows" can use that conundrum in all its beautiful effectivness. The more the god is addicted to *damning*, the more fearful becomes that "where-are-*you*" clause. Does L. C. M. mean that the Christian God, or Jewish Jehovah, is the *only* deity that denounces curses on honest doubt?

The argument raised by this only half-expressed question ought to bring the blush of shame to the face of a heathen idolator. It is the coolest effrontery in the whole wide field of religious pretension. There are some Christians, like the Universalists, who hav the sense to perceive and feel its shame, and they reject it. So this is what frightened this Russian prince into instant submission, so that, right or wrong, he might be *safe*. Yet this prince is commended as a proper soldier of Christ—"Christ's soldier." "He became frightened"—got into a *panic*. At once he did from choice what an idiot does from necessity; ceased to regulate his own conduct by his own judgment; ceased to reason; ceased even to remember that he ever had reasoned; drew the eraser of religious submission across the tablets of his intellect, and became a "blanked fool."

One who abandons himself in this way, who ignores the guidance of reason, who listens to "a voice that seems to say," is not a safe man to exercise the secular functions of a judge or juryman. The Pocasset tragedy shows that he is not even a safe citizen. If he follow his whimsicalities and voices only in his other-worldliness, it would not matter; but, strive all he may, he cannot follow two masters going in opposit directions. The early Christians recognized this fact; and, if they were not anarchists to all secular government, they at least acknowledged themselvs to be "strangers and aliens." Their citizenship here they felt to be incompatible with their citizenship in "a kingdom not of this world." A union of church and state is a strange medley. Either the church swallows up the state, or the state subverts the church, or they mutually destroy each other and introduce anarchy. I might hav some confidence in that eminent jurist who said that he prayed for refreshment, but studied for information; but if he had transposed the objects of his exercises, and had only prayed for knowledge and studied as a recreation, I could not trust him as a secular judge.

We hav taken the *Companion* now about ten years, and hav found its matter mostly of a high literary character, both instructiv and entertaining, and in the main evincing good sense as well as exquisit taste. I do not know who L. C. M. is, but I should not wonder if he is the "gospel sharp" of the editorial corps. If it were the intention to ruin the *Companion*, there can be found no more effectual way than to load it with such nonsense as this.

J. K. P. Baker.

England and America.

A CONTRAST, BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

This Christmas I purchased a few little "penny books" for the children, thinking they were good enough to "break up." I read them and reread them to the little folks, until a five-year-old preached me a short sermon. He had been taught that "it is wrong to lie," and that "a lie is something said which is not true." I noticed that the children became somewhat horror-stricken by some of the stories. I endeavored to offset this by telling them, "These are only *stories;* it wasn't really so." "Papa," said the little preacher, "isn't it wrong to tell lies? You said a lie was something wasn't so." This was a short sermon, but one of the weightiest to which I hav ever listened.

One of the books to which I hav referred represents St. Nicholas foaming with rage for some little trifling offense of boys. Another presents a bad boy trampling a magpie to death, and then shows how the bird, after it was buried, rose again, this time a monstrous bird, and chases the boy around the garden, picks all the hair out of his head, etc.

The powerful sermon to which I had listened led me to reflect on the grave responsibilities resting on those who hav the training of a child's mind.

On observation, I found these books were English productions. Ordinarily, they would not be looked upon as having an evil tendency, because they teach good morals.

The religion of a country often determins its form of government; conversely, the form of government will characterize its religion. Hence, in England, God is always represented by the priesthood as a king, and you hear about "the wrath of an angry God," etc. The people living under that monarchical form of government comprehend what kind of a person Jehovah is. A king commands; his subjects obey. They hav one text there that never wears out—namely, "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of rams." The substance of the whole business of the state church in England is to make good subjects for royalty. Even the nursery books are fraught with this scarecrow teaching.

How different in America! Here morals are taught in a different manner. I hav before me a "Lesson to Little Folks." A little girl cannot stop crying; her papa takes a looking-glass and lets her see her face; she laughs to see such an object.

A little boy is going to take his auntie boat-riding; he starts too quickly, and auntie falls into the water; she gets out, laughs, changes her clothes, and gets into the boat, has her ride, and Charlie learns a lesson to be "careful." This contrast is found running all through the teaching for the young in the two countries.

But the question arises, Why introduce this "scarecrow" teaching from England? Certain American citizens for years hav vied with each other in seeing who could make himself the biggest fool in aping England. All the Old World is interested in America. The pope, undoubtedly, figures on this country as his headquarters. Some dukes, earls, and such like, of Britain, already hav vast estates here, and the money-kings of Columbia are on the most intimate terms with the "nobility" of England. Land in America is going into the hands of a few, and the masses are becoming dissatisfied. A storm is coming, and there are preparations to establish a monarchy on the ruins of the republic. But the people must be prepared for the change; hence Rome is busily establishing parochial schools, in order to destroy knowledge, and the country is flooded with these English books, which play their part in laying the foundation for superstition in the child's mind. This may be a trifle in the eyes of ninety-nine out of a hundred, but Rome understands that when she has formed the mind of the child, she has virtually secured her ends.

You nativ-born Americans do not believe that monarchy is at your doors, but it is, nevertheless, true. I speak not as a prophet, but from logical deductions. I may attempt to demonstrate this in the near future.

Kent, O. John Davey.

Edgar M. Sellon.

Edgar M. Sellon died at Omaha on the 23d of December, 1887. He was a stanch Freethinker, and readers of The Truth Seeker will remember the verses he frequently wrote for these columns.

The services and funeral were under the auspices of Denver Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F. At the grave the introduction to the burial services of the order of Odd Fellows was read, after which Mr. Mills read the following, which had been prepared by the deceased and was re-dated at Omaha on the 23d instant. The copy was in type-writer manuscript, and had originally been dated Leadville, April 30th:

SERVICE FOR THE DEAD.

Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-flying meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

Our life is but the shadow of a cloud passing before the midday sun. We can travel the road but once; every golden hour misspent is forever lost. We should ever do deeds of kindness, so as we are passing toward the sunset of our lives it may be said the world is better for our having lived. We encounter superstition at the dawn of our existence, and we are more or less influenced by it along the uncertain path of life to the grave. A few years ago we were not—today we exist—the past a dream, the present a mystery, the future a doubt. In a few days we will hav unraveled the enigma of death and joined the endless procession to the shore of the great ocean of eternity, over whose dark waters no voyager's bark is seen returning, and where those who hav crossed, even if they do exist, are forbid by backward look or sign to divulge the secrets of the coffin and the shroud. Every form of life returns to dust. The very particles of dust under our feet were once what we are now, and are now what we will soon be. Bud, blossom, and flower, are the epitaphs of the loved dead. Truly it has been quoted, "Beyond nature we cannot see, above nature we cannot rise, and below nature we cannot fall." All nature is tending to a final doom. The great clock of time, whose seconds tick centuries, whose minutes are ages and hours are eternities, is running down, and every second its pendulum stops one beat nearer the center of eternal rest, and will until the whole universe returns to the primeval firemist from where it so vainly emerged. Then why should frail man alone expect an existence perpetual which has never been proved and is against the fate of all universal death? At the various mile-posts along the path of life we should leave a record of at least one kind act, one kind charity, and one kind word, passing them all, not on bended knees and in useless supplication, but honorable and erect, and when at the last mile-post we falter and lie down in our final sleep, let us hope that some good angel of mercy may meet us, holding in her hands the sacred scales of justice, wherein may be weighed our actions at the gate of eternity.

BENEDICTION.

And now into the arms of Nature, our universal mother and our final home, we consign thee; forever past the trials of life, forever free from the tears of sorrow and pain—rest, oblivion forever, in thy windowless tomb under the blue canopy of space and sky; in moonlight, sunlight, starlight; summer's golden dawn, autumn's chilling frost, and winter's shroud of snow, rest, sweet rest, sleep, eternal sleep, whose dust knows no awakening, and whose repose dreams of no future—again, peace, quiet, and rest; a last, long farewell. Edgar M. Sellon.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 23, 1887.

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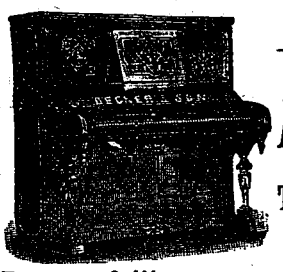
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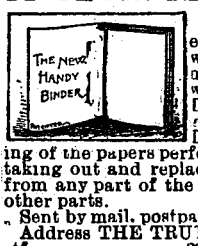
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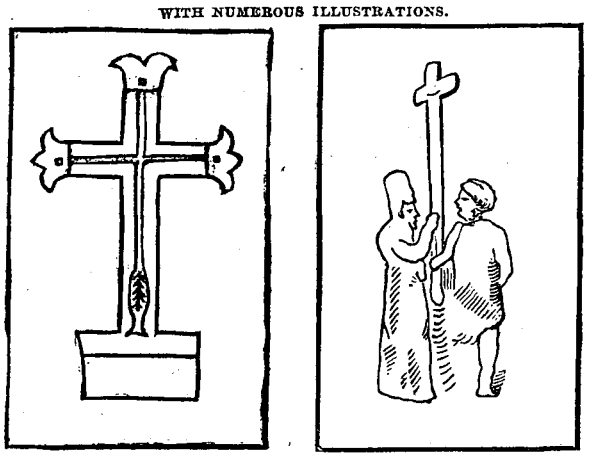
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News of the Week.

THE Canadian paper that is regarded as the organ of Cardinal Taschereau says: "Some hav said that the Knights of Labor are approved. This is false. The sentence pronounced against them has been simply suspended."

DISCOVERY is made of a plot to assassinate the German crown prince.

A GREAT international exhibition is to be held in Paris in 1889.

A PLOT for the death of the czar has been discovered just in time to prevent its execution.

THE value of the presents received by the pope at his jubilee is variously estimated at from $4,000,000 upward.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are being circulated to obtain funds for the erection of a grand Catholic University at Washington, to cost several millions.

AN indictment found against a Spiritualistic medium for obtaining money by trickery has been quashed by the Massachusetts superior court.

THE non-naturalized British subjects resident in this country, who are estimated at 500,000, are procuring naturalization and organizing for political ends, partly to oppose Irish Catholicism and partly from general anti-Irish feeling and race hatred.

THE Knights of Labor are busily preparing their monster petitions to Congress for the establishment of a national telegraph system.

SUITS hav been begun against the government for the recovery of 300,000 acres of Michigan land that it has fraudulently granted to railroad corporations.

ON the 16th was held the dedication of the Catholic Church of the Blessed Sacrament, built on 71st street, New York, on lots just bought at a cost of $160,000.

INDIGNATION is excited by discovery of the disgraceful and dangerous state of administration of quarantine measures in New York harbor, produced by corrupt politics.

THE late blizzard in the Northwest was the severest known. In the blizzard of 1873 70 persons perished, while reports thus far show the lives lost in the present one to number over 100.

THE capitalists and military officers of Germany, who want war, denounce the Socialists, who ask for international peace, for their "display of anti-German spirit under the guise of universal humanitarianism."

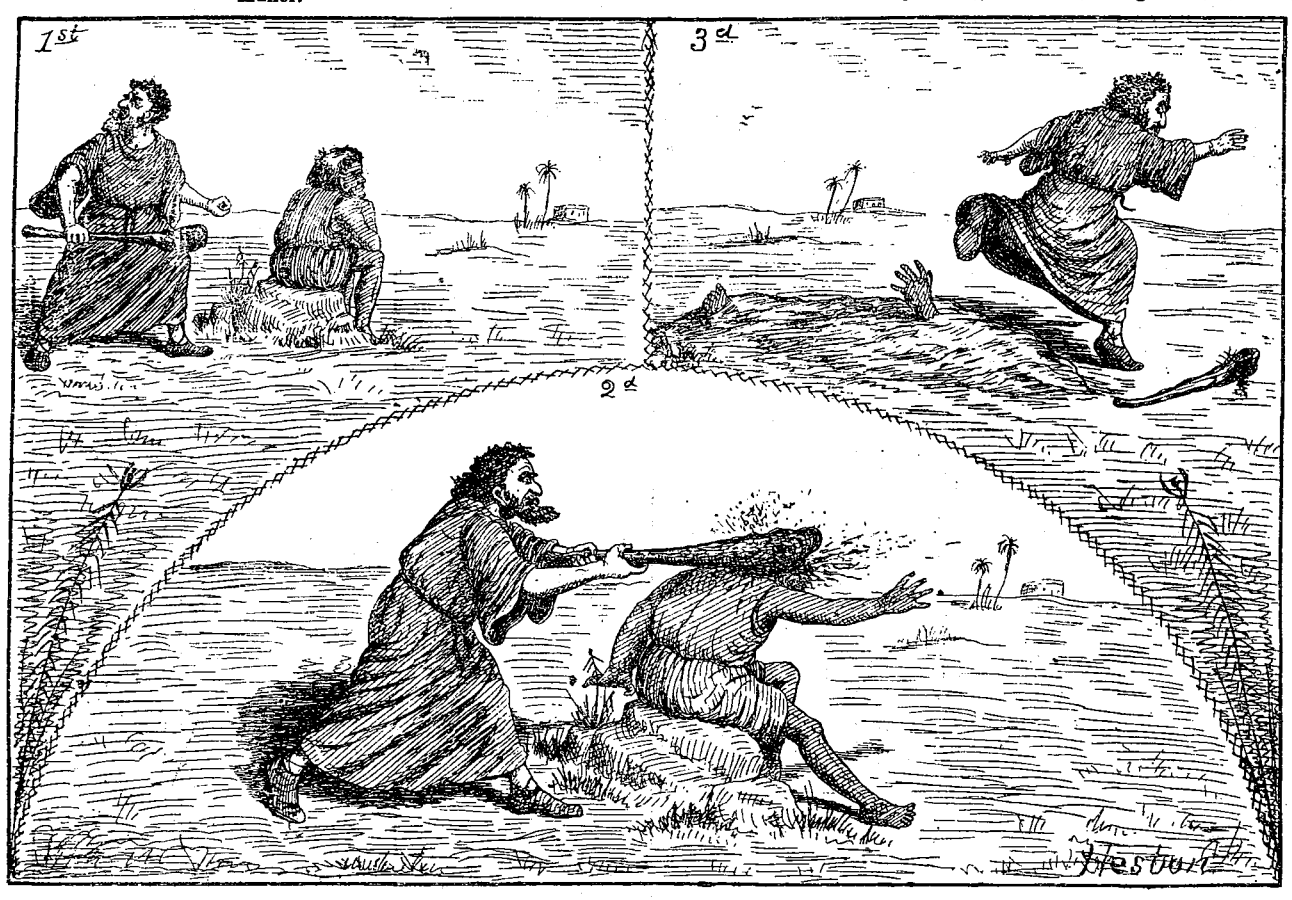
THE czar is shamelessly adopting wholesale reactionary courses. Even the slight educational measures adopted by predecessors are revoked, and a late ukase renders ineligible to any civil office all but the nobility.

AMONG the numerous cranks here and there founding new churches, the latest is Rev. Samuel Smith, of St. Paul, Minn., who has just discovered the Apostles' creed to be the only correct thing in the way of creeds, and has left the Methodist church and started the People's church, to be guided by that document.

APPLICATIONS for copies of the third annual report of the bureau of labor statistics hav been filed by a great number of labor organizations, laboring men, and manufacturers. The bound copies will be issued by the public printer within two months, and can be obtained through members of Congress, or by direct application to the labor bureau.

OPINIONS on the significance of the magnificent universal pageant by which the pope has been honored, together with his surprising activity and success in politics, are that Leo XIII. is destined to be classed with Gregory VII. and Innocent III., in the roll of great pontiffs who hav made and unmade kings, nations, and the destinies of peoples.

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And he looked this way and that way, and, when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand.—Ex. ii, 12.

Odds and Ends.

WHY don't women get bald? Because they don't hav any anxiety whatever to occupy the front seats of a variety theater, that's why.

MAUD (awakening suddenly at 3 A.M.): "Mother, there's a man trying to break into the house." "Hush, my child; it's your father. He's afraid to ring the bell."

SHE: "Before we were married you promised to fulfill every wish you read in my eyes. But I don't find it so at all." He: "Yes, since that time I hav grown very near-sighted."

NEWSDEALER: "I havn't the change; you can pay me to-morrow." Gentleman: "But suppose I should be killed to-day?" Newsdealer: "Oh, it wouldn't be a very great loss."

"WHEN I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" "Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious." "Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

AN old lady who has had extensiv experience as a boarding-house keeper defines a genius as "a man who knows more'n he can find out, spills vittles on his clothes, and doesn't pay his board regularly."

JUDGE: "How comes it that you dared to break into this gentleman's house in the dead of night?" Prisoner: "Why, your lordship, the other time you reproached me for stealing in broad daylight. Am I not to be allowed to work at all?"

"So you were a slave before the war?" "Yes, massa." "Had a hard time in life, eh?" "Spec's I has, massa." "Ever sold?" "Golly, yes, massa. Some feller put a half-dollar on de sidewalk only dis mawnin', sah; I was sold by dat."

AN eastern Oregon man married a Portland widow not long ago. During their bridal tour East he asked her sentimentally: "Darling, do you love me better than your first husband?" "Oh, certainly," she replied; "he's dead!"

DAKOTA lady (to bride of a year): "I understand, Mrs. Pullquick, that your husband has reformed somewhat since his marriage." Mrs. Pullquick: "Oh, my, yes; John drinks as hard as ever, but he doesn't shoot as many people as he used to."

MAGISTRATE (to Uncle Rastus): "I am sorry to see you here, Uncle Rastus. Only a week ago you experienced religion, and now you are up for chicken-stealing." Uncle Rastus: "Yes, yo' honah, but it 'quires mo'n er week, sah, fo' ter git to be much ob a saint."

"THERE is fear," observed the parson, "of this brook overflowing our garden." "Oh, dam it!" suggested little Tommy, whose practical mind was bent on blocking the channel with earthworks. "I'll teach you to swear," cried the astonished father, as with pious energy he boxed Tommy's ears.

A GENTLEMAN once saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so the pursuer changed his tactics. "Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft, flute-like voice, with counterfeited friendliness; "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something." "Not yet," replied the recipient; "little boys like me don't need to know everything."

HER NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

My lover is a bashful youth,
And though he loves me well,
Hope long delayed makes me afraid
His love he'll never tell.

Now I've resolved that, once for all,
This sort of thing must stop,
The glad leap year is almost here,
And I am going to pop!

RECENTLY in a Washington horse-car a colored dude was seated among the passengers. A young woman of his own color entered, and he immediately rose and offered her his seat. She gracefully demurred and said: "I do not like to deprive you, sir, of your seat." "Oh, no depravity, miss," was his reply, "no depravity at all; I prefer to stand."

BUT DON'T YOU TELL.

Dear Mrs. Jones, I'm glad you called!
I hoped you'd come to-day.
Now, hav you heard what awful things
They tell of Elder Gray?
You havn't! Why, I heard last night
That some one heard in town
He went to see the "Black Crook" show,
Along with Deacon Brown.
But don't you tell—I'm sure you won't—
Perhaps it isn't so;
But, really, that is what they say—
I don't pretend to know.

Now, Mrs. Jones, do you suppose
That Mr. Smith would cheat?
I'm told by those who ought to know,
He swindles on his meat.
Two ounces short a pound, they say,
And just the same on tea;
And he a member in the church,
Along with you and me!
But don't you tell—I'm sure you won't—
Perhaps it isn't so;
But, really, that is what they say—
I don't pretend to know.

They say that Thompson and his wife
Just quarrel night and day.
He's jealous. Well, perhaps there's cause—
That's not for me to say.
The way that woman puts on airs—
New hat and diamond ring,
And gad, gad, gadding all the time,
With beaux upon her string.
But don't you tell—I'm sure you won't—
Perhaps it isn't so;
But, really, that is what they say—
I don't pretend to know.

They say that Mrs. Johnson's got
A new silk dress, and she
Don't pay her washing bill, I'm told—
It came quite straight to me.
It's hinted that her husband drinks
And gambles on the sly;
But then folks gossip so, you know,
But, thank my stars, not I!
Now, don't you tell—I'm sure you won't—
These things may not be so;
But, really, that is what they say—
I don't pretend to know.

Gems of Thought.

IT is not to be denied that some Christians were put to death in the first two centuries of the existence of the church, but they hav abundantly paid the debt. For every Christian that was put to death by unbelievers, the Christians hav put to death in the most cruel manner not less than five hundred poor victims for not entertaining the right sort of belief.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THAT is a sad and degrading dogma which teaches that, without immortality, there is no difference between virtue and vice. "If I must die like a dog," says Robertson, of Brighton, "I will liv like a dog," and if he could say that, it is not strange that lesser men put it more coarsely. "If it was not for immortality," says one of the most popular preachers in New York [H. W. Beecher?], "I would hav my fling." That is what I call the language of irreverence. The man who can say such a thing as that, and mean it, has had his fling already in his heart. But there is still another way of holding the faith in immortality with irreverence. It is to hold it garrulously, to dogmatize about it, to pretend to know all about it, as if you had been there and come back. Better a great "hope" than such a dead and rotten certainty. — *J. W. Chadwick's Higher Reverence.*

THE miracles performed by Jesus exceed thirty in number; that is to say, thirty of them are recorded, and these are only a small sample or specimen of his numerous acts of supernatural goodness. Many of them were wrought before a great multitude of people—friends and enemies—in the open day and where there was no possibility of deception. And it really requires more faith to believe that such a multitude could he so often deceived by one of the most blameless of men that ever lived on the face of the earth than it requires to believe the miracles themselvs.—*Bible Cyclopedia, by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D.* [NOTE.—Thus we are taught to believe that, after all, the hard-hearted Infidel, who holds all miracles, whether done by Moses or Christ, are mere bosh—"mere shoe-leather and prunella"—shows more faith than the sound believer, who takes down whatever is set before him. After studying Dr. Eadie's special plea for a manifest absurdity with what patience the reader can command, he will not fail to appreciate the manly and straightforward deliverance of "honest David." So here goes.—*Hylax.*]

Look you here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
—*Hamlet.*

THERE is not to be found, in all history, any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men, of such unquestioned good sense, education, and learning, as to secure us against all delusion in themselvs; of such undoubted integrity, as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others; of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind, as to hav a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood; and, at the same time, attesting facts performed in such a public manner, and in so celebrated a part of the world, as to render detection unavoidable; all which circumstances are requisit to giv us a full assurance in the testimony of men.—*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

If the wild filly, Progress, thou wouldst ride,
Hav young companions ever at thy side;
But wouldst thou stride the stancher mare, Success,
Go with thine elders, though they please the less.
—*Schiller* [?].

MEN are continually mourning over heresy who are cheating widows out of their inheritance and making business men bankrupts by their selfishness. All our fine scholarship and philosophy will not avail much, unless they teach men to pay one hundred cents on the dollar and to produce a dividend here and now. Talk as we please about the superficiality of some men who seem to ignore poetry and ideality in the interest of simple good works, they will assert their right to be heard as teachers and even iconoclasts, until we can show some practical result of our fine idealizing in common, every-day honesty. Even morality in the lowest sense will be a broader principle than ever religion has been, if it touches the every-day miseries and wants of needy men and women.—*S. J. Stewart.*

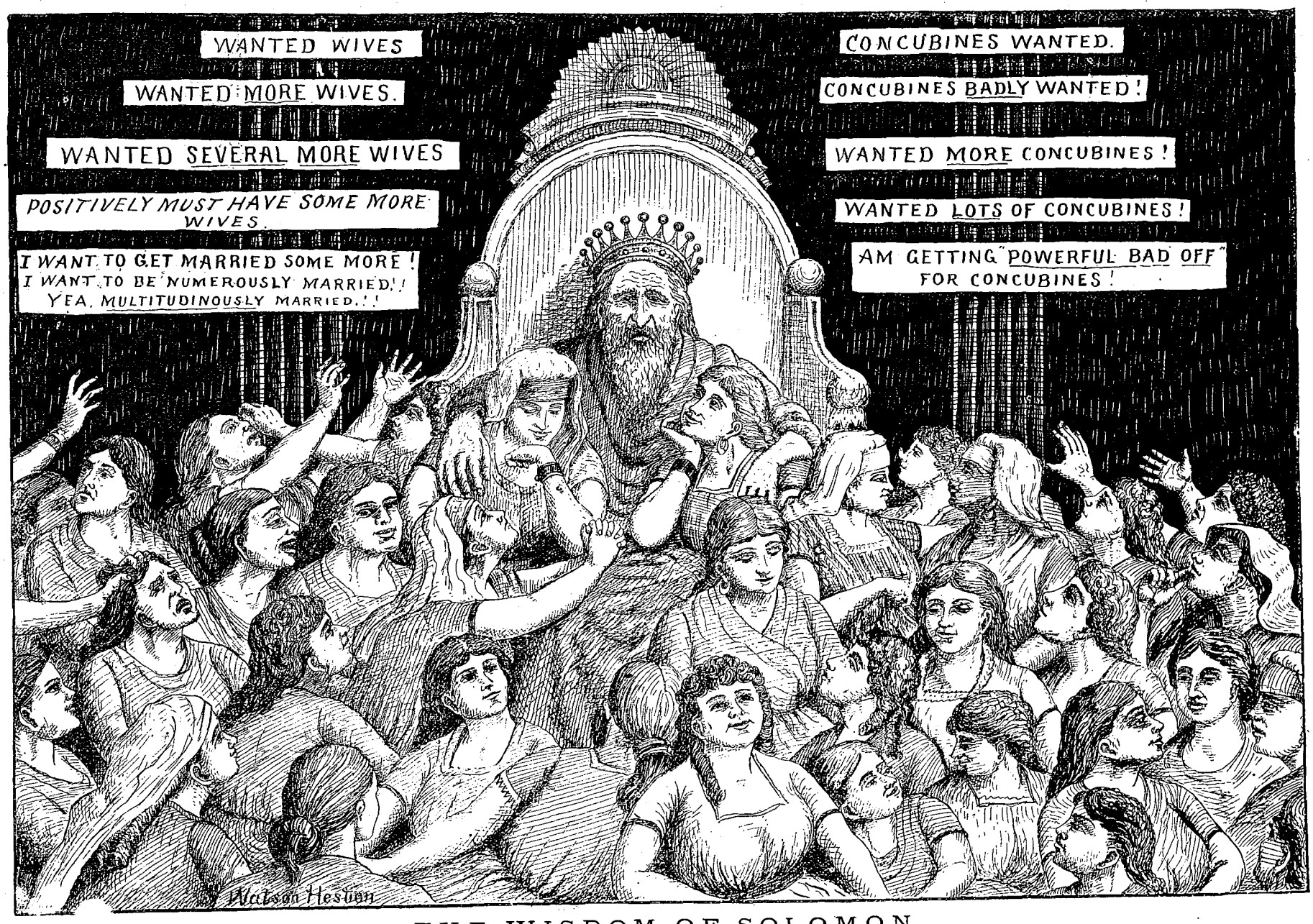
"A PIN a day is a groat a year." "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselvs." Both these maxims, taken in their true spirit, are admirable prudential rules for the whole of our housekeeping through life. Nor is their usefulness limited to the purse. That still more valuable portion of our property, time, stands equally in need of good husbandry. It is only by making much of our minutes that we can make much of our days and years. Every stitch that is let down may force us to unravel a seam. A minute may be a minute portion of time, but every moment is of moment.—*Hare's Guesses at Truth.*

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THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

Notes and Clippings.

An Illinois editor writes: "Never judge by appearances. A shabby coat may contain an editor, while a man wearing a high-toned plug hat and sporting a dude cane may be a delinquent subscriber."

Wesley Merks, a Baptist preacher at Sower, ten miles from Shelbyville, Ind., was dragged out of bed one night last week by White Caps, and flogged, because he did not do enough preaching to support his family.

Governor Foraker says in his message: "Next after God it is our duty to take care of America." This is delicious. The idea of the governor of Ohio taking care of deity is a museum idea that ought to be stuffed.—*Alta Californian.*

Subjects of the queen in Canada hav to respect the English flags whether or no. A citizen of Toronto found this out the other day, when he was arrested and fined for displaying in front of his store a union jack bearing an advertisment of the bargains in clothing to be found inside.

The Adventists of Battle Creek, Mich., are in a state of great religious excitement. They believe that the final consummation of earthly matters is close at hand. They hav discarded all their jewelry. Recently at a meeting $3,000 was turned into the church in cash, and $2,000 in jewelry. The latter will be sold to the ungodly, and the money given to the establishing of missions in Switzerland, Norway, England, South Africa, and Australia. On several occasions before these people hav sold their homes for trifling sums and given the money to the church, with all other personal property. The craze bids fair to go to as great an extent as hav previous ones.

Half a dozen book agents were arraigned before a Pennsylvania judge for obtaining money through false pretenses. The judge held that they had done no more than to tell falsehoods in order to sell their goods, and that the law would not warrant him in imprisoning them for plain, ordinary lying.

Speaking of Alaska in a recent lecture in Washington, Prof. J. W. Chickering said that the great obstacle to enjoying a summer there is the vast number of large and bloodthirsty musketoes. Dogs are killed by them, and men preserve their lives only by covering their faces with thick cloths and wearing gloves.

A bill is now before the New York legislature authorizing Felix Adler to celebrate marriages. As long as ministers hav this power, the ethical preachers should be invested with it. But a better way would be to allow none but civil officers to perform the ceremony. Marriage is not a sacrament, but a civil contract.

A Philadelphia family, living near the church of St. Alphonsus, own a very bright parrot. Every evening the bells of the church ring the Angelus, and recently one of the little girls of the family was taught to recite the appropriate prayer at the sound of the bells. The parrot watched her carefully, and the other evening, at the first sound of the chimes, dropped to the bottom of the cage, put down his head, and said the first few words of the prayer. He has kept this up ever since, and is adding other words of the prayer as the little girl teaches them to him. And of such as this parrot is the kingdom of heaven!

Fashionable rector (to little girl): "So you love to go to church, Flossie, and be a good little girl?" Flossie: "Yes, indeed, Mr. Whitechoker." Rector: "Do you know many of the little girls who belong to the church?" Flossie: "No, sir; not very many. I only care to know those who sit in the middle aisle."

It has been decided recently by the court of common pleas of Berks county, Pa., that it is a violation of the law to charge an admission fee to camp-meetings on Sunday. The case was that of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania against Weidner, on the complaint of the Rev. T. A. Fernley, and the law under which the decision was made is an act of April 22, 1794.

Joseph Cook, the Boston sensational preacher, caught a Tartar on Sunday afternoon in New York, where he was holding a Prohibition meeting. The pious Joseph said that Sunday papers were as bad as Sunday saloons, and insisted that the latter should not be closed until the newspapers were. When he got through questions were solicited from the audience, whereupon a Mr. Lewis arose and asked Mr. Cook what was the difference between running a political Prohibition meeting on Sunday and issuing a newspaper on Sunday, and when he received no answer he continued: "You stand on that platform a self-confessed hypocrit; you and all the others on that platform are running a political party to make as much money as possible." This plain talk made the whole crowd sick, but they had to take it.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

The bank clerks are greatly disgusted with the turn of public opinion against the perpetuation of the Saturday half-holiday. They hav already grown very fond of it, and it is now possible to hear the same kind of talk about grasping greed and conscienceless capital inside the banks that used to be heard among workingmen, who imagin that a place in a bank is the next thing to a happy hereafter.

The Rev. Mr. Pentecost, assigned Newark clergyman, is growing heretical. In his sermon last Sunday he said: "Those who believe in the Bible may hav no difficulty in believing the record of Jesus, and it's not for me to sneer at them. That Jesus could turn stones into bread, that he was whisked through the air to the top of the temple, or that he was on a mountain top from which he could see all the kingdoms of the earth, is impossible for me to believe. Neither are there any good reasons why I should believe in a personal devil. The devil was of Persian origin, and he was imported by the Hebrews into Palestine. I can't believe in the existence of an almighty God and at the same time of an almighty devil. Say what you will, in the popular conception of religion the devil is smart enough to get the best of God, at least for a season; and if Calvinism is true, the devil has more power to destroy than God to save. Neither do I believe the writer of St. Matthew's gospel knew anything more about angels than I do, and I don't know anything about them. The only angels I know are women and children."

Communications.

The Distribution of Wealth.

But some are saying: We do not object to the wealth that man creates being distributed upon the principles you suggest. What we object to is that land, which no man creates, shall be so distributed.

I answer: 1. No man creates anything, personal or real. All he can do is to make a profitable and serviceable use of something that nature creates or that naturally exists. Man does not create a chair or watch; he only fashions the wood and metals in such forms and shapes as fit them for use. He does the same with land when he fences it, fells its trees, drains its swamps, plows, harrows, and hoes it, puts habitations on it, and does whatever work upon it makes it fit for use and a source of profit. In parts of New York state you can to-day buy hundreds of thousands of acres of land as fertil as the sun ever shone upon for taxes or 50 cents an acre. Why don't you go and buy it? Not because you havn't the means, for every person here has the means. It is because you don't want it at the prices at which it is offered. But suppose one only of all your number says, "But I do want it," and givs up the attractions of city life, goes up to the north woods, buys his farm of 200 acres with $50, puts up his log-house, and twenty years from now the change of values raises that of his farm to $20,000, is that any reason why society should take his farm away from him and giv it to the state? You say the value in his farm depends on its location with reference to society's aggregated movement, and is, therefore, the product of society's aggregated labor. I reply, the aggregated movement of society creates all values of goods as well as of land, for nothing has value except as it is demanded; and what determins the degree in which it shall be demanded except its nearness to the aggregate social movement? Time and toil depend for their value on demand; hence, on the societary movement, as truly as land does. Hence, if the fact that society creates all values entitles it to take all values, it entitles it to take goods and labor as well as land. Again, if in the twenty years when this land was rising in value you preferred to take the higher wages you could get in town to the poorer fare of the woods, having drawn upon the social movement for your higher wages and better fare for twenty years, can you now turn around in fairness and seize also the land which, when it was cheap, you declined to take as a gift? Both of you were dependent—you for higher wages for your work, and he for the higher ultimate value of his land, upon the aggregate societary movement. But you draw on that societary movement every day for value which you enjoy or spend, retaining nothing, while he waits twenty years, deriving little from the societary movement, and then draws it in increased value. Having eaken the whole of your cake, what entitles you to half of his?

Now, all titles to land begin by occupation while the land is worthless, and when it is a sacrifice of society to become its possessor. Nobody has ever heard of the Lispenards, Schuylers, Livingstons, Roosevelts, Astors, Schermerhorns, Van Cortlands, or Vanderbilts who clung to good wages and city life in Holland and Germany, but only of those who forsook these for the cheap lands and poor fare which could hav been had in 1630 to 1670 on Manhattan island. You can all make the same venture now on Puget sound or Borneo.

Whether land is cheap or dear, the only terms on which any man can obtain or hold it are that he will either pay or forego more enjoyable wealth for its possession than any other man living thinks it worth while to pay or forego. All titles are at all times virtually and momently at auction to the highest bidder. If you are out of possession and want to buy, you pay enjoyable values—money or its representativ. If you are in possession and want to hold, you forego receiving enjoyable values which you might at any moment get. Therefore, all land is virtually under a perpetual process of distribution and redistribution, and always goes to him who will either pay or forego the largest sum in enjoyable wealth to get or keep it. Can any allotment be fairer in principle than this? Organize your state Socialistically or nationalize your land, and could you arrive at any more perfect basis of distribution than to giv to each one in proportion as he was able to pay for it in return service to society at large? Would you not hav to hold each allotment open to competition, to be carried off by him who would pay most, at least control most votes, to sanction his possession—and is not that exactly where we stand now?

2. The function of rent of land is to drive men from the centers toward the circumference of the societary movement. That is a humane function, for it is intrinsically unhealthy for men to liv too close together or under too permanent conditions. Rent is the centrifugal force which drives men from industrial centers, as wages, interest, dividends, and other forms of earnings are the centripetal force which draws them toward these centers.

It is a good thing that men should be driven from the great centers, because high profits only arise under new conditions. Profits are migratory, and their function is to invite investments forward into new fields of enterprise, in order that all resources may be developed, and all men and all forms of talent employed.

£100 in England easily buys 3 acres of land; $500 in Iowa easily buys 10 acres of land; $500 in Dakota easily buys 50 acres of land.

3 English acres produce 100 bu., which, at $1.25, bring $125; 10 Iowa acres produce 150 bu., which, at 80 cents, bring $120; 50 Dakota acres produce 1,000 bu., which, at 30 cents, bring $300.

3 English acres pay £5 cash rent, leaving from $125, $50; 10 Iowa acres pay 10 per cent interest on $500, $50, leaving from $120, $75; 100 Dakota acres pay 20 per cent interest on $500, $100, leaving from $300, $200.

Dakota farmer pays transporter 95 cents per bu. on 100 bu., $95; Iowa farmer pays transporter 45 cents per bu. on 150 bu., $67.50; English farmer pays rent, 75 cents per bu. on 100 bu., $75.

The opponents of private title to land assert that it produces all poverty, and that to relieve poverty the land must be owned by all, either communistically, tribally, or nationally. In Russia the land is held by communes, yet the poverty there is severe, and wages one-fifth what they are here. Among the American Indians and nativ Africans, and by nearly all savages, land is held by the tribe in common, yet even at this moment all our philanthropists are pointing out the need of getting away from a tribal to an individual ownership to prevent the Indians from starving. In India the land is nationalized, but wages are nowhere else so low. Hence, neither communal, tribal, nor national ownership of the land is a cure for poverty; nor ought they to be, for to cure poverty is to stop work. "But," says the Peter the Hermit of this new crusade, "I would only nationalize land by taxing it up to the value of its ground rent." This would be virtually transferring the control of all capital and of all production from the enterprisers to the demagogs; for, as nobody could get the rise in value of real estate, nobody would want to own it, buy it, hold it, or improve it, but all would want to throw it upon the state and let the state become the only producer and distributor, and, necessarily, the sole employer of labor. Exchange and profits would be at an end. Money, hitherto the emancipator of labor, would hav no value, but all society would be resolved back into an army—coercion would take the place of wages, and despotism of individualism. How kind the state would be as an employer, let the lash of the Pharaohs answer. How economical the system would be, let the cost of all armies prove. In 1862–5, with less than 1,000,000 in the field, our government expended $4,000,000 a day in the distribution of wealth to that army. It cost the taxpayers $4 a day, or Hoffman House rates, for every man in the field, and they got bean coffee and decayed cow to eat. How pure a distribution of wealth through majorities and votes would be, let the corruptions of Tammany Hall and of all politics everywhere answer. How equal it would be, let the New York street department answer, where recently for shoveling sand one man drew $1.10 per yard and another $11 per yard. Consider, also, how it would affect us in our international competitions. England does not tax land or capital at all. Our most formidable difficulty in competing with her in manufactures is that all our state, city, and local taxation rests on land and capital first of all. Thus we are handicapped in our race, but Henry George proposes to change our load from a pound or two to a ton.

The shortest step toward such a fulfilment would desolate our land and send our capitalists and laborers fleeing to South America and Africa. Anything like its complete fulfilment would strike the earth like a universal epidemic of insanity. The notion that the millennium is to be brought in by taxing all values up to the point which destroys all value, is on a level with that held two centuries ago by the peasantry of England, that the revelation of a burning hell for nearly everybody is glad tidings of great joy.

Moreover, we are told by many of the devotees of this gospel that it is to come in with the crash of war and revolution. Now, successful war is the most capitalistic of all enterprises.

The North suppressed the Southern rebellion only with capital. England defeated Napoleon with capital. A social revolution in this country could not be begun on any considerably less scale of expenditure than $1,000,000 a day. This would mean that the revolutionary committee would issue bonds, as Jeff Davis's Confederacy did, and undertake to negotiate them. They go with them, hat in hand, to Jay Gould, for instance, and beg to know at what rate he will buy them. Says Mr. Gould: "What is your collateral?"

Committee: "We pledge to you all the lands in the country, whose titles and values it is the object of our revolution to destroy, and the collectiv honor of an organization of men and women bound together by one common tie of sympathy, viz., the incapacity to acquire wealth, or to use money profitably. We pledge you the collectiv energies of the millions whom our revolution will exempt from the necessity of ever again doing anything whatever for anybody, and the hidden stores of precious metals which our revolution will relieve the present downtrodden miners from the toil of bringing to the surface."

"And what interest will you pay?" asks Mr. Gould.

"Sir," replies the committee's chairman, "it is the object of our revolution to abolish interest, as among the medieval relics of darkness."

"And when will you pay the principal?" inquires Gould.

"All collections of debt," replies the chairman, "will, under our new system, be abolished. We will pay it whenever it is demonstrated to us that it is easier for the debtor to pay than not to pay."

"But," replies Gould, "all my wealth is in new and pioneer railroads, most of them paying no dividends. If you inaugurate revolution, these roads will be the first to be torn up and destroyed."

"Yes," responds the chairman; "and if we succeed, the state will take all these roads, and you will be left free to build new ones."

"And what assurance am I to hav," replies Gould, "that all this is to lead to a better state of things, or that you will run my railroads better than I do?"

"How can you doubt," replies the chairman, "when you consider that our entire finance system is to be under the control of men who hav never known the value of money?" The assumption is that Gould would say:

"Pray, for what sum shall I draw my check?"

In contending that the men who hav the value sense large must, perforce of natural law, control the organization of society and the employment of labor, as men who hav the military sense control in war, I admit that society does not get the economics connected with this system without cost. All great values cost. Success in war costs. The private soldier bows and bends under such a yoke of despotism that the element of private will and judgment is reduced to zero, in order that his army may win. As in America and Great Britain, the war which man is waging against nature and for wealth is more intense and activ than it has ever been before, or is elsewhere, it is possible that right here where man claims to be freest, the greatest subordination of the private will, judgment, and even rectitude and conscience, are, or seem often to be, essential to success. More than half of all the enterprise that controls capital and employs labor in both countries is corporate enterprise. You know how strict the disciplin of corporations is. They are seldom humane in positiv intent. Yet who denies that, for the very reason that they are the most economic employers of labor, they are also the most successful, and hence the most beneficial to labor.

We must distinguish between the intent to do others good and the actual beneficence which is accomplished. In the arrangement of the world, much the greater amount of actual good to all is accomplished indirectly through the working of selfish or business motivs. This is the major key to which the economic harmonies of society are pitched. But there is also a minor key, which is subordinate in function and in fact; which receives most of the praise, but accomplishes least of the practical good which is done among men. This minor key is altruism, benevolence, or philanthropy. The total good obtainable through philanthropy is extremely small compared with the involuntary good arising out of industrial pursuits conducted from a selfish motiv. It is like the utility of the flowers compared with that of the grasses, vegetables, and trees—highly ornamental, fragrant, and attractiv, seldom useful, and occasionally poisonous. Occasionally altruistic acts do good. When Charles O'Conor, the best lawyer America has ever produced, had just been admitted to the bar, he was without a library, but had found a law library which he could buy for $300. A friend suggested to him that he go to a Mr. Pardow, whom he knew slightly, but who was under no obligations to assist him, and ask him to indorse O'Conor's note for the sum required. O'Conor did so. Mr. Pardow listened, without intimating whether he would make the loan or not, and without indicating whether the request pleased, or annoyed, or was indifferent to him. He simply made no reply. A week after, he sent word to O'Conor that he would indorse the note. O'Conor, with tears flowing in his bright, large eyes, went, note in hand, to the bookseller and brought away his prize, 150 volumes of law-books, which became the basis of his subsequently large library.

Sixty years later, when O'Conor had retired to his island home in Nantucket, he narrated this incident to a friend after dinner.

"And what has become of the family of your benefactor?" asked his friend.

"That young lady in the other room," said O'Conor, "whom I now call my adopted daughter, is Mr. Pardow's great-granddaughter."

As such acts of beneficence are priceless, money cannot measure the coin in which the truly noble will repay them. The loan of $300 was repaid when it fell due by O'Conor to Pardow in person. But sixty years afterward the kindness which dictated the loan came back to the good man's great-granddaughter in years of the nurturing fatherhood of a

good and great mind toward an orphan girl, ending at its close in the whole of his princely estate. Moreover, such had been the effect of this man's act on O'Conor's mind that he made it a rule through life never to deny a person asking charity.

Charity, to be such, must be unorganized and personal. All organized charities degenerate into modes of egoism, instead of remaining altroistic in any sense; they become modes of business, but are inferior to business in their complete unproductivness. They cultivate also the kind of want they endeavor to relieve. When, under the English poor laws, a weekly allowance was made to unmarried women who gave birth to children, and also to the child, the object and intent was to discourage abortion and child-murder. The effect was that young unmarried shameless girls would boast of their superiority over married couples, for the latter got no allowance unless in pinching want, while the former got a weekly allowance merely for and in proportion to their depravity. Most organized charities breed the evils they aim to remedy. Charity, therefore, must be subordinated to selfishness; benevolence must be made secondary to business, or the world would speedily be destroyed by the disasters that would follow. In this respect, the actual constitution of human nature is more nearly *aplomb* to the true interests of society than the dreams of philanthropic visionaries are, who would remodel human nature on the false basis of subordinating self-love to the love of others. Fortunately, human nature is so obstinately and indestructibly firm and true to itself that, while altroistic systems can perpetually be preached, they can never be practiced.

VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Colonel Ingersoll's Extensiv Constituency.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav copied the above heading from the New York *Evangelist*, one of the leading weekly papers of the Presbyterian church, owned and edited by Henry M. Field, the writer of some letters, recently, to the colonel, in the *North American Review*. It is very evident that the colonel's letters to Editor Field hav caused no little consternation in the orthodox ranks. There is never such a fluttering in the flock unless some one has been hit. Many clergymen hav been so disturbed by the influence of the colonel's letters that they feel impelled to write to the editor and unbosom their poignant grief. Some of the more zealous Presbyterian fossils, who hav no ideas beyond the pale of the church, urge Editor Field to write a book on "Ingersoll Infidelity," to which Mr. Field replies, in his *Evangelist*, as follows: "We shall never find the time, nor strength, to write a book in reply to Colonel Ingersoll. Nor does it seem to us quite so necessary as the writer thinks. We had an edition of a thousand copies of my letters to Colonel Ingersoll, printed on thick paper, in the style of the *North American Review*, for which we paid $85. As the postage is two cents per copy, if we could sell them all, we should not get our money back. Any subscriber to the *Evangelist* can hav a copy for nothing, by calling for it. Colonel Ingersoll's work is done by lectures printed in the cheapest form, and sold on news-stands at five cents apiece. In this, he shows admirable sagacity. He knows that a minie bullet will kill a man as effectivly as a cannon ball. So he aims with that which is sharp and keenly pointed, wit, which accounts for his immense popularity."

An eminent theologist wrote: "Many copies of your letters in pamphlet form hav been circulated among the thinking and reading young men, and professional business men, of the community. To you, it may not be a surprise; but to me, it was, to find that nearly every one of these men had procured the *North American Review* for the sake of reading those letters of the colonel's, while they had not read your letters, nor made any effort to procure them. On the table of a retired New Yorker, who loves horses far better than most men do theological discussions, I met with the *North American Review*, which had been purchased solely for Colonel Ingersoll's letters. For this, I confess, I was not prepared. But the numbers in which your letters were published were not procured. This fiery assailant of the orthodox faith has a constituency the range of which, I am now sure, is wider and higher than many of us believed. I hav never so much as mentioned his name in any sermon or address. My eyes are opening to the fact that multitudes of intelligent and thinking people are reading but one side. Until I had made inquiry, I did not know how many read everything Colonel Ingersoll has to say, but will read nothing on the other side. The conviction grows upon me that our churches are tinged with these secret innings of the enemy far beyond our knowledge or conjecture. There are grave doubts and a growing distrust of our teaching concerning God and the hereafter."

I hav a good orthodox sister who wrote me that she had tried to induce her neighbors to read Editor Field's letters in her copy of the *Evangelist*, but they will read only one side, she wrote, for the reason that the other side hav nothing to offer only Jesus and Jerusalem, and, "We are tired of it," they all say.

I trust that the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will be amused at the constituency of Colonel Ingersoll in certain commercial circles in New York city and in the cities and villages round about the great metropolis. A wealthy firm of tobacconists, L. Miller & Sons, 155 Chambers street, New York city, hav been to the enormous expense of printing several thousand splendid chromos of Colonel Ingersoll, larger than life size, which are as perfect as any painted portrait. These beautiful chromos are put in costly frames, about four feet long and nearly a yard wide (as I estimated), covered with glass, and one of these splendid "show-pictures" is delivered to every purchaser of tobacco of this firm. Above the head are the large letters in gilt, "Our Bob." Beneath the chromo is the attractiv word, "Cigars." The frame is hung in a conspicuous place, to induce purchasers to buy cigars of this particular stamp. I must confess that it is not at all pleasing to my notions of propriety to see Colonel Ingersoll's life-size portrait appealing to smokers to purchase "Our Bob Cigars," as I am a thorough anti-tobacco advocate. But the fact illustrates the wide constituency of the great reformer.

VERITAS.

Religion in France, Italy, and Spain.

Philip Schaff, D.D., in the Independent.

FRANCE.—France has lived since 1789 under eight constitutions (1791, 1793, 1795, 1799, 1814, 1830, 1848, 1852, 1875). The charter of August 14, 1830, signed by King Louis Philippe and his prime minister Guizot (a Protestant), provides that "each one may profess his religion with equal liberty and shall receive for his religious worship the same protection" (Article V), and that "the ministers of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, professed by the majority of the French, and those of other Christian worship, shall receive stipends from the public treasury" (Article VI). The constitution of the second republic of 1848 guarantees that "everyone may freely profess his own religion, and shall receive from the state equal protection in the exercise of his worship. The ministers of the religions at present recognized by law, as well as those which may be hereafter recognized, hav a right to receive an allowance from the state" (Ch. II, Art. 7). The present constitution, adopted February 25, 1875, says nothing on the subject of religion. Since the reign of Napoleon I., who wished to keep all the churches under his control, the French government has not only recognized and protected, but also supported the Roman Catholic, national Reformed (Calvinistic), and Lutheran churches; since 1841 also the Jewish synagog, and, in Algiers, the Mohammedan religion. This state aid diminishes their internal independence. The government does not even permit the national Reformed church to hold an official synod; those which hav been held since 1872 are "unofficial" and hav no legislativ force. Other denominations, as the Free church of France, the Episcopalians, Wesleyans, Baptists, etc., are tolerated under restrictions.

The spirit of the French republic is strongly anticlerical and tends toward a separation of church and state, from hostility to rather than respect for religion. We may add from the "Statesman's Year Book" for 1887 (pp. 66, 67), the following additional information:

The population of France at the census of December, 1881, consisted of 29,201,703 Roman Catholics, being 78.50 per cent of the total population; of 692,800 Protestants, or 1.8 per cent of the population, as compared with 584,757 in 1872; of 53,446 Jews, and 7,684,906 persons "who declined to make any declaration of religious belief." This was the first census at which "non-professants" were registered as such. On former occasions it had been customary to class all who had refused to state what their religion was, or who denied having any religion, as Roman Catholics. The number of persons set down as belonging to "various creeds" was 33,042.

All religions are equal by law, and any sect which numbers 100,000 adherents is entitled to a grant; but at present only the Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and Mussulmans (Algeria, etc.), hav state allowances. In the budget for 1887 these grants were as follows:

	Francs.
Administration	275,800
Roman Catholic worship, etc	44,327,123
Protestant worship, etc	1,551,600
Jewish, etc	180,000
Protestant and Jewish places of worship	40,000
Mussulman worship	216,340
Total	46,573,763

ITALY.—The year 1848 forms a turning-point in the history of Italy. The constitution of Sardinia, proclaimed by King Charles Albert, Turin, March 4, 1848, declares the Roman Catholic church to be the only state religion, but grants toleration to other existing forms of worship within the laws. This fundamental statute (*statute fondamentale del regno*) extends over the whole kingdom since its unification, with Rome as the capital, in 1870. Since that time the legislature by several acts has diminished the power of the church and clergy, and subordinated them to the authority of the civil government.

Cavour, the statesman; Mazzini, the dreamer; Garibaldi, the hero; and Victor Emanuel, the king, of regenerated Italy, were in favor of full religious liberty, though more from indifference than from positiv faith. A large number of educated men in Italy, as in all the Latin races, are indifferent and skeptical; but, knowing only the Roman religion and wishing to be on the safe side in the other world, they usually send for the priest on their deathbed.

Although toleration is a poor concession, it marks a great advance beyond the former state of disgraceful intolerance when, as late as 1852, the innocent Madiai family were imprisoned in Florence for no other crime than holding prayer-meetings and reading the scriptures in the vernacular, when the Bible could not pass the custom house in the pope's dominions, and when the foreign Protestant residents of Rome were not allowed to worship God except in strict privacy or in a house behind a barn outside of the city walls. Since 1870 there hav been organized at least a dozen Protestant congregations in the city of Rome, which represent the Waldensian, the Free Italian church (*Chiesa Libera*), the English and American Episcopal, the Scotch Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist, the German Evangelical, and the French Reformed denominations. Such a variety is very confusing to the mind of an Italian Catholic discontented with Romanism and yet used to the idea of the visible unity of the church. The total number of Protestants in Italy at the census of 1881 amounted to 62,000, of whom 22,000 belonged to the Waldensian church of Piedmont, and 30,000 to foreign Protestant bodies.

The kingdom of Italy sustains a peculiar relation to the papacy. It has destroyed its temporal power and broken the backbone of hierarchical state churchism. It conquered the papal territory, made the papal capital its own capital, and thereby incurred the curses of the Vatican, which will forever protest against the robbery of the patrimony of St. Peter. But by a decree of December 31, 1870, and May 13, 1871, Italy guarantees to the supreme pontiff the dignity, inviolability, and all the personal prerogativs of a sovereign; untrammeled correspondence with the Catholic hierarchy throughout the world; the perpetual possession of the Vatican and Lateran palaces and Castel-Gandolfo, with all the edifices, museums, libraries, and gardens belonging thereto; freedom from taxation, and an irrevocable dotation of 3,225,000 lire or francs from the public treasury. The pope has refused the salary, and prefers to liv on the Peter's penny and other voluntary contributions of the two hundred millions of Romanists throughout the world.

The political regeneration and unification of Italy has not materially changed the ruling religion of Italy, but has established a separation between the civil and spiritual powers, and confined the papacy to the latter. Practically the modern Italians are Protestants and disobey the pope in temporal matters; religiously they are Catholics and serve him as the head of the church.

SPAIN.—The land of the Inquisition, of somber cathedrals and bloody bull-rings, is more intensely Roman Catholic than Italy, and owing to its comparativ isolation is less influenced by modern ideas of progress. Under the reign of Queen Isabel II., Matamoras, Carasco, and their friends, converted Bible readers at Malaga, were thrown into prison and condemned to the galleys for professing Protestantism and assembling for religious devotion; in consequence of a strong protest of an international deputation of the Evangelical Alliance the sentence of penal servitude was changed into exile (1863). The misgovernment and immorality of the queen resulted in her expulsion from the throne (1868), and in a succession of civil wars.

The constitution of 1869 declares, in Article 21, the Catholic Apostolic Roman religion to be the religion of the state, and imposes upon the nation the obligation of maintaining its worship and its ministers. This is old Spanish. The second clause grants, for the first time, toleration to non-Catholics in these words: "No person shall be molested in the territory of Spain for his religious opinions, nor for the exercise of his particular religious worship, saving the respect due to Christian morality." Very good so far as it goes. But during the reaction under Alfonso XII, the constitution was modified, June 30, 1876, and the concession of toleration virtually nullified by the addition: "Nevertheless, no other ceremonies nor manifestations in public will be permitted than those of the religion of state." Thus the constitution of 1876 restricts the liberty of non-Catholic worship to private houses. No church or chapel looking like a house of God, no tower, no bell, no procession, no public announcement, is suffered by law, and Protestant preachers and evangelists depend altogether upon the tender mercies of the local magistrate, priests, and people. Notwithstanding, the Protestants continue to labor, under these disadvantages, in about fifty humble places of worship in Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, San Sebastian, and other cities where more liberality prevails than in ignorant and bigoted country districts. At the census of 1877 it was found that sixty per cent of the population could not read.

On the other hand, the Spanish government has greatly diminished the material resources of the state

church. By two decrees of the Cortes, passed July 23, 1835, and March 9, 1836, all monastic establishments were suppressed, and their property confiscated for the benefit of the nation.

Portugal knows and tolerates no other religion besides the Roman Catholic, except among foreign residents, who may worship privately in their houses, but not in a church.

The American Secular Union.

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The Work of Redeeming the World.

Christian papers are glorifying over missionary reports and the speedy redemption of the world, and point to the thirty-five missionary societies at work in Africa, claiming that its 225,000,000 inhabitants "are practically under the influence and control of Christianity." We will make a few excerpts from the speech of Rev. Canon Taylor at the Church Congress recently held at Wolverhampton, England, and let the reader judge where the first-class prevaricator lies:

The faith of Islam is spreading over Africa with giant strides. . . . Christianity is receding before Islam, while attempts to proselyte Mohammedans are notoriously unsuccessful. We not only fail to gain ground, but even fail to hold our own. . . . An African tribe, once converted to Islam, never returns to paganism, and never embraces Christianity. . . . When Mohammedanism is embraced by a negro tribe, devil-worship, fetichism, cannibalism, human sacrifice, infanticide, witchcraft, at once disappear. Filth is replaced by cleanliness, and they acquire personal dignity and self-respect. Hospitality becomes a religious duty, drunkenness rare, gambling is forbidden. A feeling of humanity, benevolence, and brotherhood is inculcated. Islam, above all, is the most powerful total abstinence association in the world; whereas, the extension of European trade means the extension of drunkenness and vice, and the degradation of the people. Islam introduces a knowledge of reading and writing, decent clothing, personal cleanliness, veracity, and self-respect. Its restraining and civilizing effects are marvelous. How little hav we to show for the vast sums of money and precious lives lavished upon Africa! Christian converts are reckoned by thousands; Moslem converts by millions. . . . The strictly regulated polygamy of Moslem lands is infinitly less degrading to women, and less injurious to men, than the promiscuous polyandry which is the curse of Christian cities, and which is absolutely unknown in Islam. The polyandrous English are not entitled to cast stones at polygamous Moslems.

Do the above quotations furnish the impression that Christianity has Africa within her grasp? This unusually candid canon practically admits that Christianity can only demoralize the Africans, as dealings with the European traders (all Christian products) means their demoralization and degradation. What glorious work this spreading the gospel is, to be sure! Africa is safe from contamination, however, as the reverend gentleman avers that "European teachers will never Christianize Africa. The experiment has been tried and failed."

Not content with attempting to demoralize Africa, these meddlesome missionaries are pegging away at China, where thirty-three societies are trying to turn its 350,000,000 from the religious reverence they cherish toward their progenitors—a duty that makes it almost sacrilege for a son to neglect his parents—for one which declares: "If any man come to me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and sister, and brother, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

"Blow ye the gospel trumpet," and let the heathen realize the depths of depravity he has attained in following such fallacious teachers as Confucius, who first gave the Golden Rule in a direct and positiv form: "Never do to others what you would not hav them do to you;" who with singular perversity places *duty* above *faith* in his code: "Fix thy thoughts on duty; practice without ceasing the virtue of humanity; and, if you hav time, cultivate the arts."

O thou sinful, sallow-colored, pig-tailed heathen! knowest thou not that to fulfill the glorious gospel of Christ the son must turn against his father, the daughter against her mother, and the mother-in-law must bring up the rear of the circus? Ye philosophical mandarins, who pretend to follow the unsanctified Confucius, realize the insufficiency of your simple creed: "Adore heaven and be just." You need dousing very deep in a fountain filled with blood. That's what's the matter.

We are also apprised that Christian missionaries hav established schools throughout India, and are preparing to bulldoze and boycott the nativs from their adherence to Brahma and Buddha; and, as the British Christian government controls the resources of life in India, many nativs are induced to play the hypocrit to be on the right side of the powers that be, just as is the case in America. Buddha laid particular stress on purity of mind and expression; what can the Hindoos think of the sacred book of the Christians, which contains some two hundred passages from which no preacher would venture to select a text? There's no accounting for taste, you know. A cardinal principle of the benighted Hindoo is that of kindness, especially toward dumb brutes. "He that heedlessly treadeth on a worm is darkly alienate to God," is their manner of expressing it. Yet the Lord God of Israel, when he "got on his ear," as the gamins say, commanded men to "slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." Truly thy "ways are ways of pleasantness and all thy paths are peace;" and if the Hindoo heathen don't believe it, let them turn to thy approval of Samuel's humorous sport in hewing "Agag in pieces before the Lord." Thy command to "slay every man his neighbor" may hav had a salient effect on the followers of Nana Sahib about the time of the Cawnpore massacre, for those nativ troops had considerable knowledge of Christianity, and that passage possibly gave them the necessary inspiration. The Lord moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. Yes; his ways are far above man's ways, and the farther the better for the inhabitants of India.

The cheering statement is also at hand that all the Feejeeans hav been converted to Christianity—"that in no part of the world has Christianity been so successful, and there is not now an avowed heathen on the island." If this be true—and we are willing to take the assertion as it stands—possibly the instinct of heredity can account for this religion of the tender morsel. Doubtless the missionary who did this "converting" held forth such special inducements as are found in the Old Testament, presenting the extraordinary bill of fare of the Israelitish *restauranteur*—"and they shall eat every one the flesh of his friends." The Feejean free-lunchers then devoutly sang, "How amiable are thy ways, O Lord God almighty!"

We are further informed that schools and missions are filling up Turkey, Japan, and Persia; that the jaw-smiths of the Jewish Jehovah are in possession, and "that the grandest day of opportunity for the kingdom of God that the earth has ever seen has fully dawned." Well, we hope the almighty duly appreciates this golden "opportunity," and we advise him to seize it with alacrity and not let it slip through his fingers. This may be his first and last chance.

But seriously, it is disgusting and disheartening to think that D. K. Pearson, of this city, gave $50,000 each to two theological tread-mills where they turn out students prepared to teach this brutal blasphemy (mixed, of course, with some humanity), only a short time ago. Think of it! $100,000 to spread the story of endless torment—that our dearest friends, if they can't believe this gospel of blind faith and blood, are elected to everlastingly broil! What a consolation even to those who imagin they hav received their O K mark!

Last week, Dr. Tolman Wheeler, of Chicago, a decrepit old man of eighty-six, blind, deaf, and irrational of course, was wheedled into adding property of $150,000 value to his former gifts to the Episcopalian theological seminary, which totals his endowments to that institution alone $280,000. Church beggars are around him like flies around a candle, and he has willed $75 000 more to similar institutions. What a munificent gift to permeate people's minds with such monstrous rubbish—to consign human beings either to happiness or endless misery, with all the chances in favor of the latter, the road to happiness being a narrow little moss-grown towpath, where one's feet are almost sure to slip, while the other has to hav broad-gage double tracks for its enormous traffic to its terminus, the great Sulphur Springs!

The American Secular Union needs at least $2,000 additional, and it needs it now. With this we can publish facts about the justice and necessity of sustaining Secular principles. This preliminary work devolves upon Freethinkers, as the natural defenders of Secular government—the heirs of Paine, Jefferson, and Washington. These things would tend to elevate, instead of degrading, humanity; they would make a paradise of earth, instead of waiting for one in the heavens; they would teach mankind that the time to be happy is now, and the place to be happy is here. If every Liberal would respond according to his financial ability, this could easily be accomplished.

If you will not sustain Freethought and Secular principles, you certainly are not entitled to masquerade under the title of Liberals. So, Liberals, learn to giv. A little financial forethought on behalf of Secular Freethought would soon establish Secular principles.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Hell and Presbyterianism Going.

The New York *Evangelist*, Henry M. Field, editor, recently published the following letter from a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST, *Dear Sir:* I hav read with interest the letter in the *Evangelist* of September 15th quoting the Confession of Faith, and likewise your reply to it. Very few will be disposed to take issue with Dr. Field in his statement that he "never heard of any Christian teacher who said that the creator brought beings into the world to destroy them." But the Confession of Faith, if I understand the English language, *states just that;* and I fail to comprehend how you can speak of "a possible interpretation" or "a construction" of such plain, unequivocal words. Just as soon, it seems to me, might you speak of the *fact* of two and two making four as possibly bearing *some other construction*. No, "we are not called upon to justify every doctrin taught or every form of expression used long before we came into the world;" but I think we *are* called upon not to sail under false colors. Is it not reasonable for a person to turn to the Confession of Faith to see what Presbyterians believe; and can we find fault with Ingersoll or anyone else who brings this up against us? The Confession of Faith is a hindrance to the cause of Christ, and a stumbling-block to many a one. That so many are indolent or indifferent enough to be ignorant of what it teaches does not alter the case. We ought not to be hampered by a Confession of a past generation, teaching doctrins which we, basing our faith on God's word, cannot believe.

I know of some good Christian brethren who hav been deterred from accepting the office of elder because they could not hold office conscientiously under the teachings of such doctrins. When called to the eldership myself, I made similar objections, and my pastor overcame my scruples by saying that, as I accepted the *general* teaching of the Confession, I need not be considered as accepting every part. But I confess I don't like to be in such a position. A friend, upon union with the church, had a copy of the Confession placed in his hands; it was a great hindrance in his Christian life.

Let us hav a Confession of what we believe in this day, not what the Westminster divines believed.

If the Westminster Confession goes, Presbyterianism goes, and Colonel Ingersoll can congratulate himself upon having driven hell and John Calvin out of the creed of the church.

Open Letter to the Proscriptionists.

Ever since the issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 7th I hav been trying to get time to say a few words to Brother Shoemaker. If his letter were the only one of the kind, I should not hav noticed it; but first and last there hav been hundreds of the same proscriptiv character. In the same issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER there are two or three others bearing the earmark of bigotry and intolerance. And through Brother Shoemaker I wish to speak to all the rest.

I hav no disposition to dispute with or enter into controversy with my brother Liberals. If there were but few who take the same position, and these marching in single file and a respectable distance apart, I should hav remained silent.

But when they come mounted, and two abreast, and two on a horse, and charge the gallant old TRUTH SEEKER, then you may expect to hear the clang of my old rusty sword. I do but draw it mildly when I say that the cannonading of THE TRUTH SEEKER during its existence has done as much to batter down the walls of superstition and secularize the country as any other paper. I do not say that it is the best Freethought paper in the country, but I do say of it, as Billy Cowper said of England: "With all thy faults, I love thee still."

Our complaining brother may be a good shoemaker, but I do not like the style of the shoe he makes. He virtually says that I shall not enjoy the visits of THE TRUTH SEEKER from week to week.

If the question should be submitted to Brother Shoemaker whether THE TRUTH SEEKER should be blotted out of existence or continue on in its grand career, I think he would tremble at the thought of hearing the death knell of the gallant old flag-bearer.

And yet, perhaps, without knowing it, his decree has gone forth that THE TRUTH SEEKER shall die, and that thousands of hearts shall no more be made glad by perusing its instructiv pages. Because, if all should follow the example of Brother Shoemaker and order the paper stopped, what would become of the grand old lighthouse of Freethought?

What has caused this great commotion? Why, the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has allowed certain individuals to say that justice was not meted out to the Anarchists who were hanged at Chicago, and hence these intolerant fault-finders infer that all who hav expressed sympathy for them and complained of the injustice done to them, including the Editor, are Anarchists. Although the Editor has said many times that he was not an Anarchist, and notwithstanding the fact that he has written quite long editorials to show the unreasonableness and impracticability of Anarchy, yet, like Beecher's dog Noble, they still keep barking at the hole in the wall.

The most that the Editor has ever intimated in regard to the Anarchists to my knowledge, was that the hanging was not justifiable from the evidence adduced in the court. So say I, and so say thousands all over the country.

Do you know that there are a great many wise and good men in the country who are Anarchists? Are these men to forfeit all their rights because you and some others disagree with them?

Mr. Palmer said that they were hanged because they were Anarchists, more than because they committed murder. Had he not a right to say that?

You say the Anarchists ought to be exported out of the country. I may think otherwise, but would it not be the rankest bigotry in me to order THE TRUTH SEEKER stopped because the Editor allowed you to express an opinion adverse to my belief?

Few realize that nearly all the newspapers of the country are under the control of capitalists. Nearly all the people read these papers and take their cue really from what the capitalists say or dictate to be said. The Anarchists championed the cause of the

bread-winners, and in doing so they exposed the corruption, and oppression, and injustice of the tyrannical capitalistic barons of the country, and a subsidized press cried aloud for their blood, and in obedience to its clamor and at the behest of the capitalists the victims were sacrificed. I may be mistaken in all this, but will some one order his paper stopped on account of what I say? O my friends! this spirit of intolerance will never do. Are we no better than our Christian brethren? It was this spirit which breathed the breath of life into the Inquisition—which drove the Jews and Moors out of Spain—which actuated the witch-hunters and woman whippers of New England. It has kindled the fires of torture in hell and on earth, and brought thousands to the stake and the gibbet.

I hav admired the open-heartedness, the magnanimous and Liberal spirit, which the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has manifested. What I admire Brother Shoemaker and others condemn. Has he not dealt Liberally with you? Has he not published your adverse criticism, though damaging to himself? Has he not bared his breast to the poisoned arrows of your complaints and those of others, himself not complaining? Materialists complain because Spiritualists are allowed a hearing, and Spiritualists cry out against articles written by Materialists; but all get a hearing in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Some inveigh against Heston's cartoons; others declare them the grandest feature of the paper. All are allowed to express their thoughts. Should not all good men be interested in keeping up a paper in which every thought can find expression? Who shall be shut out? Who shall say that the thoughts of one shall find expression and those of another be smothered down? Suppose the Editor should run the paper to suit the Materialists, or the Spiritualists, or Agnostics, or Deists, what would become of THE TRUTH SEEKER? Is it not a thousand times better to hav a paper free to all? What right has a man to say that I shall not eat a certain kind of food because he does not like it? I, for one, am glad that the Editor proposes to keep a free table, where everyone is allowed to eat what to him may be the most palatable. None but a selfish bigot will find fault with the arrangement.

Let us put away this selfishness, and leave those who differ from us in the full enjoyment of all the rights and privileges which we claim for ourselvs.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see.
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Naples, N. Y., Jan. 15. 1888. JOHN PECK.

Books and Periodicals.

"Miracles and Miracle Workers" and "Christian Absurdities," by John Peck, ought to hav a big circulation. The price of the first is 10 cents, or 75 cents per dozen; of the second, 20 cents, or six copies for $1. John Peck is one of the most convincing and entertaining writers in the country.

We hav received the thirty-fifth annual report of the Children's Aid Society, whose office is at 24 St. Mark's place, this city. The society is doing a splendid work in helping the waifs and strays, "the flotsam and jetsam on the wild, rude sea of life," to grow up useful citizens, and should be encouraged. By and by, when justice prevails, there will be no need of charity, but that time seems afar off, and generous actions should be appreciated.

Colonel Ingersoll's argument at Mr. Reynolds's trial for blasphemy makes an exceedingly neat appearance under the skilful workmanship of Mr. Eckler. We make an extract from the argument on another page, and may perhaps quote other gems therefrom, but the pamphlet is too bulky to wholly reprint in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Send 25 cents for a copy, or $2 for a dozen copies to distribute, and get one of the 50-cent, cloth-bound copies to put in your library.

The "Woman Publishing Co.," 122 Nassau street, this city, began in December last the publication of a monthly magazine named *Woman*. It is the usual magazine size, is illustrated, well printed, contains nearly a hundred pages, sells for 25 cents per number, with yearly rates of $2.75, and the contents are good and interesting. The writers are well-known literary men and women, and the magazine contains many departments such as we naturally look for in a woman's journal.

The trouble the Rev. John C. Kimball of Hartford, Conn., got into by condemning the execution of the Chicago Anarchists will be remembered by our readers. The sermon which caused the trouble has been printed by the Plimpton Manufacturing Co., of Hartford, and 10 cents will probably pay for a copy, though no price is marked upon the one sent us. Mr. Kimball does not understand Anarchy very well, but he has a tender heart and courage to speak its sentiments. He also clearly recognizes that the Chicago Anarchists did not hav a fair trial.

The proper thing to say in Volapük, when you meet a companion, is, "Liko stadols?" and if your friend is all right, he will answer, "Stadob benüno." If it is early in the morning and he looks hungry, you should say, "Li-vilols göledön koobs?" which is the melodious invitation Mr. Schleyer, author of Volapük, extends to him he desires to see at his breakfast table. In the twenty-four-page "Abridged Grammar of Volapük," which I. Schick, of Chicago, sends us, there are many more phrases equally as plain as these, and the boys and girls can get more than 20 cents' worth of fun from it. The Grammar contains also an account of the origin of Volapük and the reasons why a new universal language is desirable. It is worth the investigation of all scholars. Those more familiar with the German than with the English language can obtain "Die Weltsprache Volapük in drei Lectionen," at the same price.

The *Workmen's Advocate*, New Haven, Conn., says: "The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1888 is out. A frontispiece picture of Science Hall, on Broome street, New York, as it appeared in 1829, givs the volume a venerable and historical tone, which is, however, fully counterbalanced by Watson Heston's quaint pen drawings of biblio-legendary subjects. A review of the Free-thought movement in the United States and twenty-four portraits of distinguished American Freethinkers, scientists, and philosophers make the Almanac a valuable addition to the library table. Price, 25 cents."

James Caleb McIntosh, Exeter, Ont., Can., has published "The Eventful Chronicle and Bible Advocate and Expositor," and sent a copy to this office, though wherefore we fail to see. Mr. McIntosh is another one of a somewhat numerous class of gentlemen who kindly undertake to expound divine mysteries for the benefit of the unenlightened. He says: "Reader, do you wish salvation? If so, you cannot get it in any of the sectarian churches. They are blind, and will feed you with chaff in place of the finest of the wheat. Come out of Babylon or sectarian creeds; the number of the beast at the appearing of Christ shall be 666 (see Rev. xiii, 18)." The author closes by saying that he is still *compos mentis*, a statement we take the liberty to doubt. We should judge that 25 cents, remitted to the author, would be ample compensation for the book.

The difficulty of starting a new paper and getting it out on time is very humorously described by George Macdonald in a communication which we shall print next week. But, we may say in advance, considering the trouble that he and Mr. Putnam had, they succeeded well. We hav received two issues of *Freethought*, and find it about what we expected—a splendid journal. It is full of the earnest enthusiam of Mr. Putnam and the no less earnest but more witty attacks upon superstition of "our brother," who is something of a Voltaire in his way. We agree with the *Investigator* that *Freethought* "makes a handsome appearance, is well filled;" and, with Mr. Seaver, "we hope it may prove successful and endure for generations to come." The Pacific coast needs an Infidel journal, and we know of no men more competent to conduct one than the editors of *Freethought*.

To save the Editor the trouble of reading "A Half Century of Science," the publishers send along with the pamphlet the following notice:

"The progress made by science within the last fifty years is the most noteworthy phenomenon of recent history. In the work before us that momentous episode finds adequate record and exposition, one of the authors, Professor Huxley, being the foremost biologist of our time as well as a recognized leader of scientific thought; and the other, Mr. Grant Allen, one of the most successful popularizers of the results of scientific research. It forms No. 96 of the Humboldt Library of Popular Science—a series containing many of the scientific works which hav in our day revolutionized the intellectual and moral world. Such works must command the attention of every intelligent man who would understand the mind of the age in which we liv."

In spite of the kindness of Mr. Fitzgerald, we hav read the work, and can conscientiously recommend others to send 15 cents to this office and get a copy.

Fowler & Wells, publishers of "How to Succeed as a Stenographer and Typewriter," price 25 cents, sold at this office, hav sent this to us: "This practical manual for the shorthand student and writer considers among other things the advisability of learning shorthand, the time and practice required; the percentage of failures; the choice of system; the average of speed required, and the advantages to be derived from its study; also where to seek a situation; the reporting of evidence; the rates charged, etc.; the reporting of meetings, lectures, etc., with a great deal of information of interest to every shorthand writer and student; also a department on typewriting, the qualifications necessary; speed, rules for the use of capital letters and punctuation, how to get business, salaries, etc.; a chapter on newspaper reporting will be found especially interesting. It is well worth the price, 25 cents, even to a man who does no shorthand work." We doubt the last assertion, but will let it go, as Fowler & Wells are friends of ours, though they are Christian.

Lucy E. Parsons, wife of the late Albert R. Parsons, deceased Anarchist, has opened a bookstore in Room 35, 169 Washington street, Chicago, and laid in a stock of social and economic works. She has also published in handsome shape her husband's book, written in prison and finished but a short time before his execution, on "Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Scientific Basis." The first part of this work—we quote the words of its author—givs a historical outline of the period prior to the Revolution of 1776 up to the present time in the United States. It also traces the origin and development of the wage system in Europe from the fourteenth century, and contains copious extracts from Karl Marx's "Capital" on the economic law of wages. The second part is devoted to extracts from the speeches of the eight condemned Anarchists on the subject of Anarchy, which were delivered before the court in reply to the question why sentence should not be pronounced. Also to articles defining Anarchy by Peter Krapotkin, Elisee Reclus, C. L. James, and other Anarchists. Mr. Parsons was an intelligent compiler, a vigorous writer, and owing to the peculiar circumstances under which the book was produced it will no doubt find a large sale, as it should, to help the widow and the orphans of the wrongfully executed author. We do not agree with the philosophy of the author, nor with his conclusions that the abolition of government is possible, and we hav no space to enter into controversy on the point. We hav already done that in opposition to Mr. Tucker. But we love justice, which Mr. Parsons did not receive, and we sympathize with his family. The price of the book is $1, and we advise those who can spare that sum to send to Mrs. Parsons for a copy, whether they read it or not.

Some time ago we mentioned that the *Investigator* was printing a serial from the pen of Wm. McDonnell, author of "Exeter Hall," "Heathens of the Heath," "Beautiful Snow," and so forth, entitled, "Reminiscences of a Preacher." This serial is now completed, and published in handsome book form by Mr. Mendum. The following outline of the story we copy from the *Investigator*:

"The author makes England the scene of his story, and an itinerant preacher the hero. This hero is the only son of a widow, who is not only poor but pious—for in a strictly orthodox family piety and poverty go together. The widow intends her son to be a preacher of 'the living word.'

"In the first chapter of the story, while yet a boy, the son receives his first theological impression. He, with a male companion near his own age, is caught in a thunder-storm, and while seeking shelter under a tree his companion is killed by the lightning. He thought it a singular 'providence' that preserved him, but destroyed his companion.

"When about nineteen years old he left home, after a quarrel with his mother. He entered a saloon, drank some gin, and enlisted in the English army. He was in the famous battle of Waterloo, where he was wounded. While in the army he became acquainted with a young man who had deserted his betrothed on the wedding-day, and who confided the story of his treachery and the name of the betrayed girl to his keeping. The young man was killed in battle. Our hero left the army upon his return to England. Remorse of his harsh treatment of his mother drove him back to his old home, but she was no longer there. He sought her in various places, and at last found her just as she was being laid at rest in the grave. Without friends, without a home, and without an occupation, he obtained a license to preach, with the resolve to atone by the future for the past. He was assigned a district in a mining region especially noted for its desperate characters. Having met with considerable opposition in his new field, he at last overawes it, and in the rough and wild country, and living with these uncouth men and women, he finds a young woman by the name of Mary Edgar, who proves to be the deserted betrothed of his army friend. He falls in love with her, hears her sad story from her own lips, but renews his offer of marriage, and goes away expecting on his return to be her accepted lover.

"He comes back in a few weeks to find her sick, and his love goes with her to the grave and not to the altar. She leaves her little child to his care, but in a few years he buries her beside her mother. This ends the romance, and the story is told in an interesting way.

"The last few chapters of the book leave the hero out entirely, and are devoted to the discussion of 'Capital Punishment,' 'Eternal Punishment,' 'Clergymen,' and general religious topics. The author in these last chapters deals the church and the Christian superstitions some telling blows."

The story is used by Mr. McDonnell to teach Freethought, to remove superstition from the minds of those who would not read a polemical essay, and to urge facts against the various churches, believing which their supporters will desert them. The book is an argument as well as a novel, but the serious predicaments of the hero are skilfully used to lure the reader along, and induce him to take the antidote to theological poisoning without knowing it. Mr. McDonnell writes effectivly and convincingly, and always braces his romances with facts on one side and figures on the other. Those who hav read his previous works need not be advised to purchase this; they will probably do so at once. Those who hav not, can begin on this one and go backward. The price is 75 cents, in cloth; 50 cents, in paper covers. We hav it for sale.

Lectures and Meetings.

JOHN E. REMSBURG lectured in the city hall at Brunswick, Mo., January 13th. On the following day, in the same hall, J. C. Talmage, a cousin of the Brooklyn divine, was arraigned for murder.

FRIDAY evening, January 27th, Benjamin R. Tucker, of Boston, will address the Manhattan Liberal Club upon the subject of "Socialism and Anarchy: How Far They Agree, and Wherein They Differ." The club meets at 220 East Fifteenth street.

MR. FRED. MAY HOLLAND, of Concord, Mass., is to lecture at Montreal before the Pioneer Freethought Club, on Sunday evening, January 29th, on "The Millennium As It Was; or, How the Saints Ruled the Earth Between 400 and 1400 A.D." He is preparing a lecture entitled, "Christus *vs.* Cosmos."

THE twentieth annual convention of the New England Labor Reform League meets in Codman Hall, 176 Tremont street, Boston, Sunday and Monday, January 29th and 30th, three sessions daily. Rev. J. M. L. Babcock, Rev. A. A. Miner, D.D., John Orvis, Joseph P. Sheafe, Carl Fredi, N. E. Chase, E. H. Heywood, and other speakers are expected.

SUNDAY, February 5th, Charles Watts will lecture for Friendship Liberal League, of Philadelphia, in Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets. Subject, at 2.30 P.M., "The Devil: His Birth, Reign, and Death;" at 7:30 P.M., "Confucius, Buddha, and Christ: Their Merits and Demerits." Liberals throughout the vicinity are cordially invited to coöperate to make these lectures a grand success. Admission free.

Another Minister Renounces Presbyterian Doctrin.

From the New York Sun.

Few people outside the Calvinistic denominations realize how far their recognized leaders are from accepting the old-time doctrin of election and predestination in all its rigidity. The Rev. A. E. Kittridge, who, though he is pastor of the Madison Avenue Reformed church, at Fifty-seventh street, calls himself a Presbyterian, said in last Sunday evening's sermon that he did not believe there was a single soul now in heaven because he was one of the favored few, or a single soul in hell because he was left out of the favored few. He could not and would not believe such a thing.

Communications.

The Middle Ages in the Nineteeth Century.

The Middle Ages in the nineteenth century! The millennium of inhumanity in the most humane age! The devil's spirit in an angel's body! Queer, is it not? Is such a thing possible? Suppose I tell you that I intend to write about dry water, hot ice, and cold fire—would not you say that I hav a very poor opinion of my readers if I want them to read such nonsense, or that my mind is diseased if I am in earnest? But I tell you, my kind reader, the Middle Ages are not a thing of the past yet. Their evil spirit is still among us; their sword, besmeared with the blood of millions of human beings, has not got rusty yet, and when you are acquainted with the facts that I am about to relate, you will agree with me that the Middle Ages are still in robust health and probably the present generation will never attend their funeral.

It is a sad story; a story of inhumanity, cruelty, and murder, and that inhumanity, cruelty, and murder done in the name of law and order, progress and civilization—of course, Christian civilization. The name of the land where these things happen is Russia.

"Ring the bell, and let the curtain drop!" some one may say; "what delight do you find in turning over these pages?" Very little indeed. But it is by no means a pleasure to look at a wounded body; nevertheless you do occasionally. My story will not gladden your heart. It was not written for amusement. Still, it may interest some one, it may fill some one's heart with sympathy for oppressed people.

Two years ago, when the Bear and the Lion were so anxious to kill each other, the New York *Herald* used to sing very sweet odes in honor of the Russian government. It has gone so far as to say that by robbing some Asiatic nations of their land Russia is doing a blessed thing—those poor barbarians, being conquered by Russia, are getting civilized. O Civilization! what has become of thee? Think of a barbarian being civilized by the sword of another barbarian!

While reading such nonsense in a paper which claims to hav the largest circulation in the United States, I said to myself: Is the editor of the *Herald* so ignorant that he really thinks that Russia desires to civilize some Asiatic barbarians? What is Russia doing for the civilization of her own people? Is it trying to enlighten them? By no means. There was a time when the government wanted to educate the people. But that time has gone. Now the government is doing its best—or its worst—to suppress knowledge. Why? Because it came to the conclusion that so long as the people are ignorant they consider the czar as a superhuman being. But as soon as they get some knowledge, they begin to ask, What right has one man, who is by no means wiser or better than any other man, to make millions work for him? Such a question cannot be tolerated in Russia. Only think, what would become of the drones, called the "czar's family," if all the people became troubled with that question? What will become of the czar's servants, called ministers, senators, governors, etc.? What will become of the nobles—people with noble blood (can you tell, my dear reader, what is noble blood?) who liv on the labor of poor people without a drop of noble blood in their veins? Do you really expect them to make an honest living? Do you want them to handle an ax, to follow a plow, to run a machine? What nonsense! You might as well expect to see a lion playing with a lamb. Well, something must be done to make people forget such impious questions. And, taking into consideration that any means are just for that purpose, the government said: "Away with the school! Blessed be ignorance!" Only a few weeks ago Count Tolstoy, a true servant of the czar, issued a proclamation to the directors of the gymnasiums and universities prohibiting their accepting as pupils children of farmers, tradesmen, shopkeepers, peasants, etc.

But what is to be done with the people who are so enlightened that they can't forget the first lesson of humanity? What is to be done with that class who are so wicked that they desire to think without the permission of the policeman and priest? What is to be done with that revolutionary element, with those "terrible Nihilists," who not only do their own thinking, but dare to convert others to their views by issuing books and papers, and sending missionaries to the peasants? In the Middle Ages of the past they would hav been burnt at the stake. In the Middle Ages of the present—that is to say, in Russia—such a barbarous act could not be done? Think of burning a man in a "civilized" country! The Russian so-called heretics and traitors are not burnt, but sent to Siberia, an everlasting hell; where they hav no chance of becoming better, supposing them to be bad; where they hav no right to call themselvs human beings. Still they may congratulate themselvs and thank Mother Nature for her blessed gift—death. After all, their misery won't last for ever. When their hearts, filled with love for mankind, will cease to beat, when their eyes will be closed, they will find rest in their graves.

By saying that the Russian government does not burn its antagonists, I did not mean to say that their lives are always spared. Now and then a poor victim is secretly tortured to death in some terrible prison, and then they print in the *Pravitelstvenny Vestnik* (the official organ of the government) a little note saying that such and such a prisoner died of such and such a sickness. That is not an imaginary story, my reader, but a real fact.

The best and the greatest men and women are now in Siberia, and if there is in Russia a place which will soon be civilized, Siberia is the place. Even Tchernychewsky is there. Tchernychewsky is one of the greatest men of our age. As a writer on the subject of political economy he ranks very high, and in his great romance, "What is to Be Done?" he gave to the world a gospel of egoism, but such a noble egoism that if all men and women could cultivate an egoism of that kind the earth would become a heaven. There was no man in Russia, unless it be the late Pisareff, the great Realist critic, always in agreement with our martyr-hero, so capable of having an influence upon the mind of the young generation as Tchernychewsky. The Rakhmetoffs, Lopukhoffs, Kirsanoffs, and Vera Pavlovnas—the heroes and heroins of "What is to Be Done?"—will always be dear to the Russian youth as representativs of their own secret thoughts and dreams. Tchernychewsky, being in prison, dreamed and prophesied about a bright future. His enthusiastic disciples are still dreaming and hoping; they are willing to sacrifice their lives for the ideas of their great teacher. Alas, friends! You are sincere, honest and generous; you are not hypocrits, but real friends of the human race. Maybe in the future you will be canonized as saints. But *you* will never see the sun of righteousness enlightening the world.

What crime has Tchernychewsky done, that he was banished? Why, he is a dangerous man! He wouldn't support the government, he wouldn't applaud its robberies, its crimes, its murders. Is such a man to be at liberty? No! Down with him!

Do you know what would become of our great Ingersoll had he lived in Russia? He would share the fate of Tchernychewsky or would be under the sod long ago. Which is the best, I hardly know. "Giv me liberty or giv me death." The pure teachings of the Ingersolls and the Tchernychewskys are vicious doctrins in Russia.

But my intention is not to describe all the beautiful flowers of humanity which grow on the Russian soil. Perhaps I will do it in the future. At present I wish to say a few words about a poor little sheep which is so wicked that it dares to disagree with the Bear on some mathematical question. The Bear says: "Three times one makes one." The sheep says: "I beg your pardon, sir; three times one makes three." What right hav you, foolish little sheep, to contradict the Bear? It is impossible for you to rival him in strength, and in an open fight with his majesty you will be conquered and your head will be bruised. Why, then, be so stiff-necked? I'll tell you, my friend, what to do. Fall upon your knees, plead for mercy; say that you were mistaken; that after careful consideration you discovered that the Bear is the greatest mathematician that ever lived on the globe, and then he will treat you as an equal. But you won't take my advice—you are too honest to tell a lie? All right! Be true to yourself, dear innocence! But you will hav to suffer the consequences of your honesty. Prepare to meet your fate. And the poor sheep does suffer.

Kind reader, expose yourself to feel what the wretched sheep feels. The unhappy creature in question is a Jew—a being commonly called man—but the Russian law-makers hav not found out yet what species he belongs to, notwithstanding the fact that the Jews hav lived in Russia for many centuries. We all know that many of the greatest and best men of the world were Jews. The most illustrious poets, philosophers, sculptors, statesmen, etc., belong to that able race. Remember Spinoza, Heine, Börne, Lassalle, Marx, Beaconsfield, Mendelssohn, Rubenstein, Antokolsky, Rachel Felix, Sarah Bernhardt, and a host of others. And I hope none of you will deny that a Jew, as a rule, is not worse, if no better, than a Christian. *Homo sum et nihil humani alienum puto.*

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian? if you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?

Three centuries hav gone since Shakspere wrote these immortal words. So Shakspere, though he lived in a barbarous age, understood very well the feeling of a Jewish heart, but to the Russian government it is still Greek. I venture to say that a Jew is treated worse than a dog. You cannot be too cruel to a dog, for there is a society for protection to animals, but there is no society for protection to Jews. A dog can migrate from one government to another without any difficulty; a Jew cannot. Almost all the Jews—with a very few exceptions—are obliged to liv in a penitentiary—that is, the northwestern part of Russia—at the gate of which are placed cherubim with flaming swords in their hands to keep the way of the tree of life, central Russia. Think of such an order of things! A Jew can liv and build a house in the government of Vilna, but he cannot do the same in the government of Pskoff. Is not that an infinit absurdity? But the government looks upon the Jews as upon some kind of a disease. It says to them: "It is bad enough to keep you where you are, but you must be kept at a far distance from healthy people, lest they get exposed to your disease. Your morality is very low; your honesty is very doubtful, and unless you put your trust in Christ we cannot tolerate you in our community."

Now, I do not mean to say that the Russian Jews are the salt of the earth. I am willing to admit that they are far from being perfect. But in the name of common sense I ask you, How can they be perfect? They are allowed to liv only in a few governments. If a Jew cannot make a living in his penitentiary, he must still be there, even if he starves to death. They cannot own land (I presume our dear old Mother Earth would get demoralized under their influence). All the paths of civil life, all the liberal professions, are closed to them. What, then, ought a Jew to do? Commit suicide? That is possible for an individual, but not for a whole nation.

Supposing, for argument's sake, the Jews to be vicious people, we can find an excuse for them; we should not forget they are followers of Jehovah, a cruel and revengeful god. But the Christians claim to follow the meek Christ, who told them to love their enemies. Are they models of perfection? How do the Christians of Russia treat the Jews, who are by no means their enemies? Only a few years ago in many cities they destroyed their houses and everything there was in them. Those worshipers of a loving and merciful God hav thrust daggers into the breasts of men and women. What hav those victims done? Oh, they committed the most terrible crime—they were Jews! The Christian love could not forbear punishing that. What else hav the gentle and moral Christians done? They hav violated mothers and daughters; they hav . . . but enough; their crimes are innumerable.

Do you wish to know how the government and the press hav styled these heartless crimes? "Anti-Jewish disorders." What a splendid expression! Hundreds of men killed and wounded; hundreds of houses destroyed; hundreds of families left without bread and shelter—and highly cultivated men call it "disorder." Oh, human degradation! Count Ignatyeff, then minister of interior, in his famous circular, printed in the *Pravitelstvenny Vestnik*, instead of explaining to the Christian people that destruction, murder, and adultery are not the bud and the blossom of civilization, rebuked the Jews for their unheard-of pretensions. What did they ask? Did the widows and the orphans ask the government to bring to life their husbands and fathers, murdered by the loving hands of a Christian mob? Did they ask it to take care of their sick, to build and repair their houses? No, they demanded justice; as subjects of the Russian government, they demanded protection of the law. Is not that, indeed, unheard-of pretension?

The common opinion is that in ancient times the Jews hav been persecuted for their religion. But now, in our progressiv age, they are persecuted for some "political and economical reasons." This I deny. Let us see.

The hypocrits of the Middle Ages of the past said: "Burn the Jew! He is an Infidel; he crucified our God." The Jew was burnt or banished, *and his property confiscated.* Now, if the Jew was put to death only for being a Jew, *why not burn his property, too?* But that has never been done. The king and the priest fraternally divided the Jew's property. O Shame! where was thy blush?

The hypocrits of the Middle Ages of the present say: "Throttle the Jew! We don't persecute him for his religious opinions. But he is a dangerous man; he is dishonest, immoral. Those are the reasons why we don't tolerate him."

Thus so long as the Jew remains a Jew—that is to say, so long as he is true to his honest opinion—he is an immoral wretch. But so soon as he is "converted" to Christianity—that is to say, so soon as he is willing to tell a lie in order to keep himself and his family from starvation—he becomes virtuous and the equal of any man. O Absurdity, thy name is Christianity! If a Jew is to be regarded as a monster an hour before his "conversion," how can he be a sinless angel an hour after his "conversion?"

Says Börne: "Admitting the Jews to be criminals, we should not forget that their crimes are, after all, human crimes, and the Christians may not be entirely faultless. Now, if human rights are not natural things, but rewards for virtues, why should bad Christians possess all the rights?"

You will find in the Russian code a number of laws allowing the Jews to exercise certain half-privileges. Is it not foolish, or at least useless, to *allow* a man something which is his natural right? But the Christian framers of the Russian laws took the ground

that a Jew has no natural rights; *ergo* everything which is not *allowed* by the law is prohibited. Does it not mean that Jews are not human beings? If a Jew is a man, he should hav human rights. A man without human rights is no more a reasonable conception than a living being without a head. If a Jew is not a man, what is he, then? Won't some scientific men be so kind as to investigate that subject and find out what kind of an animal a Jew is? Try it, gentlemen, and if you succeed, science and humanity will be under everlasting obligation to you.

Such are the religion of love and the age of humanity.

How long will men find delight in torturing their fellow-men? Will the Middle Ages never fade away? Is there no hand to dig a grave for them? Alas! I cannot answer these questions. Nevertheless, let us wait and hope for the best. Let us hope that some time in the future a monument will be erected to their memory with the following inscription: "The Demon of Inhumanity. Killed by the Goddess of Liberty and Human Rights. Peace to his ashes!"

CLEMENS P. BERYLSON.

Purdy Station, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1887.

Blasphemy.

Extract from Colonel Ingersoll's Argument in the Reynolds case.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: I regard this as one of the most important cases that can be submitted to a jury. It is not a case that involves a little property, neither is it one that involves simply the liberty of one man. It involves the freedom of speech, the intellectual liberty of every citizen of New Jersey.

The question to be tried by you is whether a man has the right to express his honest thought; and for that reason there can be no case of greater importance submitted to a jury. And it may be well enough for me, at the outset, to admit that there could be no case in which I could take a greater—a deeper interest. For my part, I would not wish to liv in a world where I could not express my honest opinions. Men who deny to others the right of speech are not fit to liv with honest men.

I deny the right of any man, of any number of men, of any church, of any state, to put a padlock on the lips—to make the tongue a convict. I passionately deny the right of the Herod of authority to kill the children of the brain.

A man has a right to work with his hands, to plow the earth, to sow the seed, and that man has a right to reap the harvest. If we hav not that right, then all are slaves except those who take these rights from their fellow-men. If you hav the right to work with your hands and to gather the harvest for yourself and your children, hav you not a right to cultivate your brain? Hav you not the right to read, to observe, to investigate—and when you hav so read and so investigated, hav you not the right to reap that field? And what is it to reap that field? It is simply to express what you hav ascertained—simply to giv your thoughts to your fellow-men.

If there is one subject in this world worthy of being discussed, worthy of being understood, it is the question of intellectual liberty. Without that, we are simply painted clay; without that, we are poor miserable serfs and slaves. If you hav not the right to express your opinions, if the defendant has not this right, then no man ever walked beneath the blue of heaven that had the right to express his thought. If others claim the right, where did they get it? How did they happen to hav it, and how did you happen to be deprived of it? Where did a church or a nation get that right?

Are we not all children of the same mother? Are we not all compelled to think, whether we wish to or not? Can you help thinking as you do? When you look out upon the woods, the fields—when you look at the solemn splendors of the night—these things produce certain thoughts in your mind, and they produce them necessarily. No man can think as he desires. No man controls the action of his brain, any more than he controls the action of his heart. The blood pursues its old accustomed ways in spite of you. The eyes see, if you open them, in spite of you. The ears hear, if they are unstopped, without asking your permission. And the brain thinks, in spite of you. Should you express that thought? Certainly you should, if others express theirs. You hav exactly the same right. He who takes it from you is a robber.

For thousands of years people hav been trying to force other people to think their way. Did they succeed? No. Will they succeed? No. Why? Because brute force is not an argument. You can stand with the lash over a man, or you can stand by the prison door, or beneath the gallows, or by the stake, and say to this man: "Recant, or the lash descends, the prison door is locked upon you, the rope is put about your neck, or the torch is given to the fagot." And so the man recants. Is he convinced? Not at all. Hav you produced a new argument? Not the slightest. And yet the ignorant bigots of this world hav been trying for thousands of years to rule the minds of men by brute force. They hav endeavored to improve the mind by torturing the flesh—to spread religion with the sword and torch. They hav tried to convince their brothers by putting their feet in iron boots, by putting fathers, mothers, patriots, philosophers, and philanthropists in dungeons. And what has been the result? Are we any nearer thinking alike to-day than we were then?

No orthodox church ever had power that it did not endeavor to make people think its way by force and flame. And yet every church that ever was established commenced in the minority, and while it was in the minority advocated free speech—every one. John Calvin, the founder of the Presbyterian church, while he lived in France, wrote a book on religious toleration in order to show that all men had an equal right to think; and yet that man afterward, clothed in a little authority, forgot all his sentiments about religious liberty, and had poor Servetus burnt at the stake, for differing with him on a question that neither of them knew anything about. In the minority, Calvin advocated toleration—in the majority, he practiced murder.

I want you to understand what has been done in the world to force men to think alike. It seems to me that if there is some infinit being who wants us to think alike, he would hav made us alike. Why did he not do so? Why did he make your brain so that you could not by any possibility be a Methodist? Why did he make yours so that you could not be a Catholic? And why did he make the brain of another so that he is an unbeliever—why the brain of another so that he became a Mohammedan—if he wanted us all to believe alike?

After all, maybe Nature is good enough, and grand enough, and broad enough to giv us the diversity born of liberty. Maybe after all, it would not be best for us all to be just the same. What a stupid world, if everybody said Yes to everything that everybody else might say!

The most important thing in this world is liberty. More important than food or clothes—more important than gold or houses or lands—more important than art or science—more important than all religions, is the liberty of man.

If civilization tends to do away with liberty. then I agree with Mr. Buckle that civilization is a curse. Gladly would I giv up the splendors of the nineteenth century—gladly would I forget every invention that has leaped from the brain of man—gladly would I see all books ashes, all works of art destroyed, all statues broken, and all the triumphs of the world lost—gladly, joyously would I go back to the abodes and dens of savagery, if that is necessary to preserve the inestimable gem of human liberty. So would every man who has a heart and brain.

How has the church in every age, when in authority, defended itself? Always by a statute against blasphemy, against argument, against free speech. And there never was such a statute that did not stain the book that it was in, and that did not certify to the savagery of the men who passed it. Never. By making a statute and by defining blasphemy, the church sought to prevent discussion—sought to prevent argument—sought to prevent a man giving his honest opinion. Certainly a tenet, a dogma, a doctrin is safe when hedged about by a statute that prevents your speaking against it. In the silence of slavery it exists. It livs because lips are locked. It livs because men are slaves.

If I understand myself, I advocate only the doctrins that, in my judgment, will make this world happier and better. If I know myself, I advocate only those things that will make a man a better citizen, a better father, a kinder husband; that will make a woman a better wife, a better mother—doctrins that will fill every home with sunshine and with joy. And if I believed that anything I should say to-day would hav any other possible tendency, I would stop. I am a believer in liberty. That is my religion—to giv to every other human being every right that I claim for myself, and I grant to every other human being, not the right—because it his right—but instead of granting, I declare that it is his right to attack every doctrin that I maintain; to answer every argument that I may urge—in other words, he must hav absolute freedom of speech.

I am a believer in what I call "intellectual hospitality." A man comes to your door. If you are a gentleman and he appears to be a good man, you receive him with a smile. You ask after his health. You say: "Take a chair; are you thirsty, are you hungry; will you not break bread with me?" That is what a hospitable, good man does—he does not set the dog on him. Now, how should we treat a new thought? I say that the brain should be hospitable and say to the new thought: "Come in; sit down; I want to cross-examin you; I want to find whether you are good or bad; if good, stay; if bad, I don't want to hurt you—probably you think you are all right—but your room is better than your company, and I will take another idea in your place." Why not? Can any man hav the egotism to say that he has found it all out? No. Every man who has thought, knows not only how little he knows, but how little every other human being knows, and how ignorant, after all, the world must be!

There was a time in Europe when the Catholic church had power. And I want it distinctly understood with this jury, that while I am opposed to Catholicism I am not opposed to Catholics; while I am opposed to Presbyterianism I am not opposed to Presbyterians. I do not fight people; I fight ideas; I fight principles, and I never go into personalities. As I said, I do not hate Presbyterians, but Presbyterianism—that is, I am opposed to their doctrin. I do not hate a man that has the rheumatism; I hate the rheumatism when it has a man. So I attack certain principles because I think they are wrong, but I always want it understood that I hav nothing against persons—nothing against victims.

There was a time when the Catholic church was in power in the Old World. All at once there arose a man called Martin Luther, and what did the dear old Catholics think? "Oh," they said, "that man and all his followers are going to hell." But they did not go. They were very good people. They may hav been mistaken—I do not know. I think they were right in their opposition to Catholicism—but I hav just as much objection to the religion they founded as I hav to the church they left. But they thought they were right, and they made very good citizens, and it turned out that their differing from the mother church did not hurt them. And then after awhile they began to divide, and there arose Baptists, and the other gentlemen, who believed in this law that is now in New Jersey, began cutting off their ears so that they could hear better; they began putting them in prison so that they would hav a chance to think. But the Baptists turned out to be good folks—first rate—good husbands, good fathers, good citizens. And in a little while, in England, the people turned to be Episcopalians, on account of a little war that Henry the Eighth had with the pope—and I always sided with the pope in that war—but it made no difference; and in a little while the Episcopalians turned out to be just about like other folks—no worse—not as I know of, any better.

After awhile arose the Puritan, and the Episcopalian said: "We don't want anything of him—he is a bad man;" and they finally drove some of them away and they settled in New England, and there were among them Quakers, than whom there never were never better people on the earth—industrious, frugal, gentle, kind, and loving—and yet these Puritans began hanging them. They said: "They are corrupting our children; if this thing goes on, everybody will believe in being kind and gentle and good, and what will become of us?" They were honest about it. So they went to cutting off ears. But the Quakers were good people and none of the prophecies were fulfilled.

In a little while there came some Unitarians and they said, "The world is going to ruin, sure;"—but the world went on as usual, and the Unitarians produced men like Channing—one of the tenderest spirits that ever lived—they produced men like Theodore Parker—one of the greatest brained and greatest hearted men produced upon this continent—a good man—and yet they thought he was a blasphemer—they even prayed for his death—on their bended knees they asked their God to take time to kill him. Well, they were mistaken. Honest, probably.

After awhile came the Universalists, who said: "God is good. He will not damn anybody always, just for a little mistake he made here. This is a very short life; the path we travel is very dim, and a great many shadows fall in the way, and if a man happens to stub his toe, God will not burn him forever." And then all the rest of the sects cried out, "Why, if you do away with hell, everybody will murder just for pastime—everybody will go to stealing just to enjoy themselvs." But they did not. The Universalists were good people—just as good as any others. Most of them much better. None of the prophecies were fulfilled, and yet the differences existed.

And so we go on until we find people who do not believe the Bible at all, and when they say they do not, they come within this statute.

A Growing Young Man.

From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Congressman John Wise, of Virginia, tells a good story on John E. Lamb, of Indiana, for whom he spoke during the late contest of the latter in his state. Wise did not know how popular Lamb was at home. He was on the cars going to Terre Haute, when a short Roman-nosed German turned about and said bluntly: "Be you a drummer?" "No," replied Wise. "Be you a traveler?" "No." "So," rejoined the German. "Then what be you?"

"I am here," answered Mr. Wise, "in a Democratic district, to speak in favor of the Republican candidate."

"You don't tell me you're going down to Terre Haute to make a speech against Schon Lamb?"

"Yes," said Wise, "I am."

"Mine friend, you make one mistake. Schon Lamb is one of the greatest men in the country."

"What!" replied Wise, with a smile, "is he greater than General Grant?"

"Yes, mine friend, he is greater as four Sheneral Grants."

"Not greater than Garfield?"

"Garfield was not a circumstance to Schon Lamb. Mine friend, Schon Lamb is the greatest man that ever lived."

"No!" said Wise; "you don't mean to say that he is a greater man than Solomon?"

"Ah! mine friend," rejoined the German, with enthusiasm, "I don't say that Schon Lamb is now a bigger man than Solomon"—and here he leaned over toward Wise and shook his finger solemnly in his face—"but, mine friend, Schon Lamb vas young yet."

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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Some Questions for Christians.

How can two different genealogies of a man be both true, and how can they affect his son when he is not his son's father?

How can the infinit be limited, and the immortal die?

Are the people to blame who do not see omnipotence in a man put to death for sedition? Is he the embodiment of love who brings not peace on earth but a sword?

Would a respectable minister nowadays, even a priest of Quebec, kill a man and his wife who refused to deliver up all their property? If not right now, why was it right in the days of the apostles?

Why is it that four men inspired by God to write the same thing should write four different stories? Who is to blame, God or the scribes, and why should we believe any of them? If our salvation depends upon believing the right thing, who is responsible for our damnation?

If Jesus wished to establish Christianity, why did he not devise its rules and establish the rites? Why did he not say that baptism and the Lord's supper, confirmation, penance, and extreme unction were necessary to the future enjoyment of heaven? Why did he not tell us whether, as the Protestants hold, faith is necessary to the efficacy of the sacraments, or whether, as the Catholics claim, the sacrament works independently of the state of the recipient's mind? Is it possible for a priest to go into a bread shop and turn all the loaves into the body, blood, soul, and divinity of Christ by saying over them, *Hoc est enim corpus meum?* Did Jesus authorize this to be done?

What did Dr. Luke mean by saying that his generation should not pass away till Christ should come in great glory in a cloud? Has not that generation gone, or has Jesus come and no one found it out? Why did Paul tell the Thessalonians that the Lord would come down from heaven and that those which were alive should be caught up in the clouds? Did this ever happen in Paul's time or since?

Is it necessary to establish the truth of a religion to say, 'Believe or be damned?' Would a mathematician expect to convince a man of the truth of a proposition by such means? And is God less powerful in argument than a mathematician? Can the truth of anything be shown by burning a man forever?

If being born of a virgin constitutes divinity, why is not Christna as divine as Christ? If the belief of a certain number of people that Christ raised the dead, that he was crucified, descended into hell, rose again, and ascended into heaven, whence he will come again at the last day—if all these prove Jesus to hav been the son of God, why does not the same belief by more people prove Christna to hav been the son of God also?

When Jesus said that he would make his apostles fishers of men, did he prophesy that they would be priests?

Why did not Mark corroborate Matthew as to the miraculous birth of Jesus? as to Peter's casting himself into the sea? as to the promis of the keys of heaven to Peter? as to the resurrection of the saints? as to the earthquake at the crucifixion? Was it because the writer of Mark did not believe the writer of Matthew, and did not expect to be believed if he related these trifling incidents? Did the authors of the gospels, like the theologians of to-day, lose confidence in each other as they became acquainted?

Why were several hundred gospels, each as good as the others, permitted by the Lord to delude people? Did he not know which he inspired? And how could a majority vote in a council decide divine authorship? If fewer bishops had voted for Luke's gospel, would that hav proved it *un*inspired?

If the Bible is revised every few centuries, and is essentially changed at every revision, without injury to the revisers, what is the use of the nineteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Revelation?

If Christians are sincere in adopting the teachings of Christ, why do they hav savings banks? Why do they take thought for the morrow? Why are civil engineers and laborers with pick-ax and shovel necessary to move mountains? Is there no church member with faith as big as a mustard-seed? Where do we find the Christian who will eat arsenic, or drink prussic acid, or handle rattlesnakes?

Why are the churches always on the side of the powerful? and how many votes does President Cleveland expect to get by his present to the pope?

If the first and simon-pure Christians had everything in common, why was Dr. McGlynn excommunicated from the church for preaching common property in land?

When these queries are answered, we hav some more to ask.

Dr. Schaff and His Concealments.

The statements of the Rev. Philip Schaff upon the comparativ extent of religious liberty allowed in France, Italy, and Spain are instructiv, but in the cases of France and Italy somewhat misleading. Mr. Schaff has achieved fame as a painstaking student of historical theology, and was for that reason made president of the American committee for the revision of the New Testament. We do not think that he would wilfully misstate facts, but when he condenses the story of present France, as to her attitude toward religion, into twenty-six words—"the spirit of the French republic is strongly anti-clerical, and tends toward a separation of church and state from hostility to, rather than respect for, religion"—he is guilty of concealing much more than he reveals.

It is true that the spirit of the French republic is Atheistic, and it is true that its rulers are hostil to religion. But this attitude springs solely from the misconduct of the church herself. The church was responsible for the French Revolution, and it is more than doubtful if the Reformation would hav stayed it, so miserable was the population under the misrule of the priests and the aristocracy. Since that period the effort of France has been to reduce the power of the church. The effort has sometimes been apparently suspended, only to be resumed under republican government. The rulers of France are imbued with the spirit of the Encyclopedists, the geniuses of the eighteenth century who stirred the people of two continents to demand freedom. The last third of the last century was a period when the aspirations for real liberty took tangible form. The debt this country owes to France for our Revolution is still unacknowledged. Certain it is that to Paine and Jefferson we owe our comparativ immunity from theological rule, and who knows how much they were inspired by the thought of French heretics of the time? France is thoroughly skeptical to-day, so far as she is educated. The governing classes are radicals, and subsidize the churches simply that they may be controled. By that means a hold upon the ecclesiastics is maintained, for churchmen will submit to much for a little money in hand.

The true state of Italy, too, is concealed by Mr. Schaff. The statesmen to whom he pays tribute were not only indifferent to religion, but were hostil to it, and desired, so far as they could, to replace the states of the church and the political divisions of Italy by a nation with a secular government. Protestantism has but little hold upon the Italian people, and the government policy toward the Catholic church is that of a conqueror to his foes. When the Italian people leave the religion of their childhood, they generally become Rationalists, and there are many Freethought societies in Italy. As in France, a large proportion of the educated and wealthy classes are Infidels.

The condition of religious affairs in France is as satisfactory as can be expected, considering that one hundred years ago the church had the nation by the throat, and considering, too, that slaves but slowly learn to use their freedom aright. Italy is also doing well. One or two decades is too short a period to exhibit startling changes. The lives of nations are longer than the lives of individuals, and twenty years is not much. Italy is growing.

Spain and Portugal are not civilized countries, and never will be till they lose about nine-tenths of their religion.

Is There No Repression?

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Ironclad Age*, announces its editorial policy in these words:

"It ought to be known by this time that the *Ironclad Age* denies the existence of legal restrictions upon legitimate free speech in the United States of America. Every man is a million times free to preach and print in decent language whatever he believes. The man who believes there is restriction upon free speech in this country should leave it of his own volition or be made to on the double quick. Nor are there any restrictions upon the mails that cripple the freedom of publication. No decent loyal man can justly say that restrictions are placed upon the freedom of his speech or publication. He may rail daily in the streets against the government and the laws and all its officials, from constable to president, and he may print detraction and slander against the government by the wagon-load and the government itself will freely dispense the rubbish to the uttermost limits. The people are free; speech is free; the mails are free. Hence it is useless to send articles here lamenting the slavery of the people, the muzzling of free speech and the press, and the tyrannical restrictions upon the mails. Such articles are not in accord with the purposes of this journal, and they are false, pernicious, and infamous."

We wonder if these statements are true? We wonder if C. B. Reynolds will agree with Dr. Monroe? We wonder if Mr. Reynolds was not mobbed and arrested at Boonton for saying that the Bible is untrue? We wonder if his trial at Morristown never occurred? We wonder if Colonel Ingersoll's argument against prosecutions for blasphemy is all wasted words? It makes a very substantial pamphlet, but perhaps it is not real after all. It can't possibly be, if "every man is a million times free to preach and print in decent language whatever he believes." Are there no restrictions upon free speech in this country?

Was D. M. Bennett's arrest and imprisonment a myth? To us it seems very real, and we hav Dr. Monroe's own words for saying that it was cruel and without cause. Are there no restrictions upon the mail, when for putting a pamphlet into the post-office a man is sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment in a penitentiary?

Are the people free when men are imprisoned for working on Sunday, or when a man cannot get justice in a court because he does not think as the Christians do? Ask James Percy, of Bloomfield, N. J., against whom a verdict was rendered only three weeks ago, because his testimony was refused for the reason that he does not believe in future rewards and punishments—ask him if the people are free! Ask the tailors who were fined by police judges of this city last summer for working between Saturday night and Monday morning if the people are free!

Ask Dr. E. B. Foote if the mails are free! Ask E. H. Heywood—and remember that Dr. Monroe certified to the purity of "Cupid's Yokes"—if the mails are free! Look over the blasphemy laws of the various states of this Union and then say, if you can, that "legal restrictions upon legitimate free speech in the United States of America" do not exist! Must the man who reads those infamous and savage statutes be made to leave the country on the "double quick?" Read the Sunday laws, count the dollars forced from their violators, and then say, if you can, that the people are free! Read of the legal disabilities placed upon Atheists in about half the states of the Union, and then say, Dr. Monroe, that the people are free. Can Colonel Ingersoll lecture in Delaware on Sunday without paying a fine? Is speech free in that state?

Oh, yes! The people are free—if they do what the Christians desire. Speech is free—if you pay your

fines for talking, and the judge is afraid to imprison you. The mails are free—if you hav $3,500 in your pocket, or don't mind a year or two in jail. And hence, of course, certainly there need be no protests against blasphemy laws, against Sunday laws, nor against Comstock laws! Such protests are wasted and are false, pernicious, and infamous! And those who don't think so should leave the country on the double quick.

But what a pity it is that Colonel Ingersoll should hav wasted four or five hours talking to a Jersey jury when there could hav been nobody on trial—for speech is not restricted in the United States, where every man is a million times free to preach and print in decent language whatever he believes!

The Tremendous Difficulty.

In a recent Sunday issue a daily paper of this city considers the problem of education and religion, and finds it of "tremendous difficulty," which appears the greater the more it is discussed. The position of the Roman Catholic church in regard to it is well-known, and our contemporary finds that the Protestants are gradually adopting the same views. President Seelye, of Amherst, the late Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, and other Protestant theologians of distinction are cited as condemning the divorce of religion and education, and the late actions of Protestant bodies are quoted. In October last a committee of the Presbyterian synod considered a resolution urging "the incorporation with the course of state and national instruction of the following religious truths as a groundwork of national morality:

"1. The existence of a personal God.

"2. The responsibility of every human soul to God.

"3. The deathlessness of the human soul as made in the image of God, after the power of an endless life.

"4. The reality of a future spiritual state beyond the grave, in which every soul shall giv account of itself before God, and shall reap that which it has sown."

The committee's report—which we commented upon at the time—recommended "the inculcation of such principles of dependence upon God and obligation to him as are essential to sound learning, safe character, and wholesome citizenship." In 1882 the evangelical ministers of Boston appointed a committee to consider the same subject, and in 1886 the Presbyterian synod of Illinois adopted resolutions declaring that "the teaching of Agnosticism or Atheism in our public schools, directly or indirectly, is as truly the teaching of a creed as the teaching of Deism or Christianity," and that the "studious ignoring of the Christian religion in the text-books of our public schools, and the practical Agnosticism of the same, is untrue to the origin of our school system and inconsistent with its history," and "dangerous to the morals as well as the faith of our children, and ought no longer to be tolerated by the people of our states."

All this our contemporary finds to be identical with the claims of Romanism, and the impossibility of reconciling the two great sects, or even the minor sects of Protestantism, constitutes the tremendous difficulty visible to its eye. Besides, "there is a large and increasing part of the public who do not want to hav their children instructed in even the fundamental articles of religion common to Catholics and Protestants, and who would rather prefer that, as in the Paris public schools, even the very name of God should be excluded." And in a country like this, it adds, where there is no state church, and where not even Christianity is recognized as a state religion, it seems to be impossible to logically and justly enforce any sort of religious teaching in schools supported by general taxation. If, therefore, the different churches regard such teaching as an imperativ necessity, apparently the only course for them to take is to set up schools of their own. But then would come up among Protestants also, the question which has been raised by the Catholics, as to whether the state can rightly compel people to contribute to the support of schools of whose instruction they disapprove; and the permanence of the whole public school system would be endangered.

The bugbear which is thus conjured up is more apparent than real. There is actually no tremendous difficulty about the problem at all. The state can maintain strictly secular schools for the benefit of those who choose to take advantage of them. Those who do not so choose can support schools for themselvs. To divide the school funds among the different sects would be to go back instead of ahead. Education, when controled by religion, never amounted to much. The most ignorant periods of the world hav been its most religious periods.

Let the public schools be devoted to secular instruction, and religion be left to the parents. That removes the tremendous difficulty of the education problem.

The Woman Suffrage Council.

The National Woman Suffrage Association has called an International Council of women for March 25th to April 1st, inclusiv, to be held in Albaugh's Opera House, Washington, D. C. This council is in part to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the "first public demand for equal educational, industrial, professional, and political rights for women" made at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848. The object of the council will be an interchange of opinions on the great questions now agitating the world, by which it is hoped to rouse women to new thought, intensify their love of liberty, and giv them a realizing sense of the power of combination.

This is well, and we wish the ladies good luck. Women do not now hav the influence in state affairs to which they are entitled. They are taxed, but hav no voice in expending the money taken from them. They are ruled, but hav no choice of rulers. They must submit to law, but can say nothing as to what the law shall be. The most ignorant male Roman Catholic in the country, who has lived here five years, can help elect our officers, while the most magnificent examples of female intelligence must remain dumb. The coarse and brutal African, with hundreds of years of slavery and ignorance darkening his mind, can vote for the man he desires to tax and rule him, but the queens of literature, the mothers of heroes, the tender teachers of love and benevolence, are powerless to help make their own government. Yet they are persons, individuals, as independently as men. They are not side issues, or worthless sprouts growing at the root of masculinity. They hav brains and hearts, intelligence and love, and can govern themselvs as well as men. Their right to do so is as natural and inalienable as is the masculin right.

We hope, however, that this council will not allow itself to be dominated by priests. We hav no respect for the victim who persists in licking the hand of his master. The influence of the church has kept woman in her subordinate position more than any other one agency. She has been its support and its slave; its stanchest friend, and its most trifling plaything. And until she breaks loose from it she will stay where she is. Many of the leaders of the suffrage movement already recognize this, and the idea is growing in the minds of the rank and file. Realizing this fact, and dreading the loss of their most submissiv victim, the ministerial leeches hav fastened upon the movement, and seek to control it. The last public assemblage of woman suffragists in this city was so permeated with piety that many Freethinking supporters of the movement—who could remember when a woman suffragist was held by the church to be as infamous as an Infidel or Abolitionist—were forced to leave the hall, or stuff handkerchiefs into their mouths to keep from laughing at the silly orators. Imagin Helen Gardener or Elizabeth Cady Stanton under the infliction of prayer by some little minister just fitted to take the infant class in a Sunday-school!

We wish the woman suffragists good luck! Even and exact justice demands the enfranchisment of their sex. But it will be too bad if, after masculin government has crawled from under the pulpit, it is to be seized and thrust back again by those who hav suffered most from its rule.

The Brutal Society.

Anthony Comstock's society held its annual meeting on the evening of the 17th instant, at the Young Men's Christian Association hall. The usual number of ministers were upon the platform, and after the usual prayer Comstock read his usual report. He growled the usual growl at the authorities who would not do as he requested; denounced, as usual, the people who thwarted his legislativ projects; paraded the usual number of tons of obscene literature seized, and gave the audience the usual speech on the viciousness of art and the depravity of mankind in general.

However, the meeting was enlivened by the presence of Lum Smith, who, when Comstock denounced him as a notorious liar, jumped up and shouted back, "I'll denounce you, you villain!" Comstock angrily called upon Police Superintendent Murray, who was upon the platform, to arrest Smith, but Mr. Murray merely told that gentleman to keep quiet. Mr. Smith at once subsided, but when the meeting adjourned he was found upon the sidewalk distributing copies of his *Herald* containing matter derogatory to the character of Comstock as a gentleman and a Christian. Britton, the little red-headed Jew employed by the society, ordered Mr. Smith to consider himself under arrest, but that individual declined to so shape his thoughts, and asked for the authoritativ warrant. Britton caught Mr. Smith by the collar, but was pushed off, when the crowd, which was thoroughly in sympathy with Comstock, having been selected with that view, threatened to duck Smith in the snow. But a big policeman happening along, the ducking scheme fell through, and Smith escaped from the pious supporters of Saint Anthony.

Every year Comstock's society is getting more and more into disrepute, and it requires strenuous effort to obtain sufficient funds to support it. At this last meeting Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, the wobble-jawed treasurer, made a pathetic appeal for cash, as did Samuel Colgate, the soap-boiling president. Comstock deplored the fact that thirty-one artists of the city had signed a petition praying for the suppression of himself, and pathetically remarked that "our enemies are numerous." The National Defense Association seemed to be the thorn that penetrated his side most deeply, and he called its members "ex-convicts, abortionists, and Freethinkers." Comstock can hold a successful annual meeting only by distributing his tickets to superannuated rakes who hav joined the church, bigots like Colgate who desire to superintend the morality of the city, and hypocritical young Christians who cover up their deviltry with pretensions of piety. The Men of the city despise him; the press ridicules him, and public sentiment condemns him. If he will only continue his career of tyranny and interference with reputable professions a year or two longer, he will be effectually sat upon, and the charter of his society will be in imminent danger.

Editorial Notes.

THE ministers of Columbia, S. C., hav denounced the Columbia City Club as a "gambling hell." Among the members of the club are Governor Richardson, Senators Hampton and Butler, and many other eminent public men.

THE Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, who resigned from his church in Newark recently because he is no longer a Congregationalist, says: "The doctrin of the brotherhood of man is dead in the churches. I mean the church as an institution. The church recognizes the aristocracy of money and of birth. It caters to wealth, and culture, and distinction. The work that the church is doing will, if it is persevered in, break down the notion of the brotherhood of man, and some fine morning some man will run a blue pencil through the Declaration of Independence. Already we hav college professors who declare that all men are not created equal."

THE fifth anniversary of Mr. Shaw's society at Waco, Texas, reveals a very satisfactory state of affairs. The society is constantly growing in numbers and influence, and without any disciplinary authority, without any arbitrary plan of assessments, and entirely free from all credal environments, the association has maintained its individuality, its independence, and progressed morally, socially, and intellectually in the same ratio as other and much older organizations. The deluded people, says Mr. Shaw, who believe that the worship of God and Christ, as preached by a hireling clergy, is necessary to good morals and a correct social status, are puzzled to account for the progress made by this creedless association. The only thing that Mr. Shaw regrets is that the movement has confined itself so strictly to one locality, whereas there ought to be hundreds of similar organizations throughout the state. He hopes that by the end of another five years there will be many sister associations to celebrate their progress in this rational reform.

THE *Baptist Weekly* regards the Sunday newspaper "as the most effectual foe the pulpit has to contend with," and thinks that "the pastor who can secure the pledges of his congregation to shut out the Sunday press and all sensational secular reading on God's day and secure the time heretofore worse than wasted for edifying reading, will add immeasurably to the power of his Sabbath ministry." But the Rev. A. F. Hewitt writes in the *Catholic World* that "at present heresy and rationalistic philosophy are not the most formidable antagonists to be encountered. The really dangerous foe is a form of unbelief which professes to be science, though it springs from, and conducts to, by the avowal of its adepts, nescience; is in principle Agnostic, and leaves to the intellect nothing but a bewildered, despairing stare at the unknowable. The dangerous importance of this enemy of all Theism and all Christianity is to be measured, not by that which it really is in itself, but by that which it appears to be in the apprehension of a multitude who are attracted or overawed by its pretensions."

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free to any address upon application.

Letters from Friends.

McCune, Kan., Jan. 2, 1888.

Mr. Editor: I want to say to my Liberal friends, Let us all try to pay up promptly and keep the banner of Free-thought in the air. I say, Long liv The Truth Seeker; long liv Watson Heston. Those pictures are worth volumes, and I think they get better all the time. We hav our share of Christians here with us, but lately one of the leaders in the Christian church forged the names of several of his friends and church brethren to notes, drew on several banks to the amount of $3,000, and has skipped; and a Presbyterian that is very religious (in his way) drew money on forged paper, but the matter drifts along smoothly. Wishing all the noble Liberal workers a long and happy life, I am,

Yours in the cause of truth, M. S. Gowin.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 22, 1887.

Mr. Editor: Inclosed find twenty-five cents in stamps, for which please send me a Truth Seeker Almanac of 1888, which I observe in the last issue of The Truth Seeker is completed. I am a constant reader of The Truth Seeker, and am delighted to say that it is the best paper in the country for the object in view.

The cartoons especially serve as a teacher. If seen by any orthodox, they cannot help realizing at once that they and their teachings are far behind the true teachings of to-day. The pictures, though without words, take hold and shake a man up pretty badly, but by seeing them again and again, any man will realize that the truth, and nothing but the truth, is represented in both pictures and the columns of the valuable paper. A man who once starts to read The Truth Seeker cannot help but leave the dark dungeons of the church and follow the new light until he becomes a Liberal.

Yours very respectfully, A. F. Lange.

Adrian, Mich., Jan. 6, 1888.

Mr. Editor: It is not possible that finite man can giv the true solution of the origin and destiny of humanity. The man or woman who does not believe in a future existence has no right to say to those who think they hav an immortality that they are wrong. The fallacy of orthodox futurity is very apparent to the mind not trammeled with superstition and the orthodox nightmare. It is a more agreeable thought that when the body becomes unfit or incompetent to retain the mind and dissolution takes place, the part called thought still livs, than the uninspiring belief that death ends all. The best disseminators of Secularism say they don't know. Neither do we know that we liv in the future, but the thought is more agreeable and ennobling. One writer says thought is simply a production of the physical impression upon the brain. In my opinion that is too absurd to be entertained for a moment. It is not worthy of notice.

I think monstrous the theory of equality advocated by some writers, that I, being a thrifty, industrious citizen, must share with my neighbor, who may be a shiftless, lazy, good-for-nothing character, and that should I refuse he may burn my property or do mortal injury to myself and dear ones who compose my household—that he may become an incendiary or a murderer to carry out the equal distribution theory.

Another writer says it is time—speaking of the condition of Secularism—to reach out for the control of government affairs; in fact, to nominate a man for president who will carry out the principles of our sect. Does the writer know creeping comes before walking? If government affairs were conducted by any one sect, where would the rights of outsiders come in? It is right as it is. It is governed by no sect or religious body. If controled by any one single dogma, all others would be wrong and would hav to take a back seat. It is conducted for the interest of all as it is now carried on. Be content; you cannot better it, except it might be a little more Liberal in some respects. There are a class who would not acknowledge any government but brute force. There are many of this element who would not hesitate to cut your throat or mine for a dollar, and think nothing of it, only to get the dollar. Happily there is a petard to hoist all such scum who go about with inflammatory designs to stir up deviltry.

Freethought is a grand thing, and its ethical teachings are humane and philanthropic. The old orthodox devil will be obliged to disappear under the persevering dissemination of Freethought and Liberalism. O. S. Barrett.

INFORMATION WANTED ABOUT JOHN WESLEY.

Oleander, Dec. 17, 1887.

Mr. Editor: One of The Truth Seeker correspondents, in a letter published in The Truth Seeker two weeks since, spoke of "the adulterous John Wesley." As I had been brought up a Methodist and had not learned that trait of his character, I wrote to this correspondent (Geo. H. Bethard, of Burlington, Kan.—formerly a Methodist preacher). He informs me that the fact is quite extensivly known in Georgia, where Wesley was missionary for a time, and suggests that, if asked, The Truth Seeker would look up the facts and giv us reliable information. Mr. Bethard states that while traveling in Georgia he learned—the fact is freely talked of there—that John Wesley was indicted for adultery, and that the judge tried to bring him to trial, but that Wesley evaded a trial and went back to England.

It seems ungracious to inquire about the errors of so distinguished a man as John Wesley so long after his death; but if he is to be named as an adulterer in the columns of The Truth Seeker, the readers of The Truth Seeker would like to know whether this is an unfounded slander or veritable truth. As he was in Georgia in colonial times, the indictment and record, if it exists, would probably be at the state capital.

D. M. Bennett, in his "Champions of the Church," does not mention Wesley. He mentions Luther at considerable length, and severely, but does not mention the fact given in Michelet's Life of Luther, and in his own words, that the year before Luther's marriage he had "three spouses," etc. See Michelet's Life of Luther, chap. v, p. 131. When the evangelical sects were organizing in New York not long ago to rear a statue to Luther's memory, it occurred to me that that fact should be inscribed on the pedestal. When we are called on to worship the heroes of the church we hav a right to ask about their real characters.

I often see Luther's "Table Talk" quoted (Bennett quotes it), and I hav tried to obtain a copy of it, but when I get it it proves to be an expurgated edition.

I would like to obtain one unabridged. If you hav it, or can get it conveniently, please send it to me.

Yours very truly, N. J. W.

Williamson, Dec. 29, 1887.

Mr. Editor: Find inclosed $5 to pay my subscription for another year, also for one new subscriber. I hav been trying to work up another or more subscribers to the best paper extant. The Truth Seeker is a terror to churches and priests, and, in fine, to all the cohorts of bigotry and superstition.

I was born of honest parents and in poverty; reared in iniquity, because I was reared in the church. When I was a boy old Satan came around, and, after a long pettifogging scheme concocted by the church and its cohorts, I was seduced into the church at the age of eighteen years. Walked with the members, cheek and jowl, for two years, when, as the Dutchman says, I begins to smell a mouse. First, one of the deacons closed a chattel mortgage on a poor man's cow; sold it from a poor man, woman, and three helpless children.

That stuck in my crop, and I asked my father if that was all right according to religion? The old gent says, "I guess not." Next there was a complaint against the preacher that he had been a little too familiar with some of his congregation. All this time I was acting as second to the poor slimy cuss—blowing and striking for him through the revival. After a little, things began to develop.

Gossip became plenty, and I, with a few others, became somewhat *seldom*. The deacons came to visit me, and said if I would return to the fold that I could just as well become a preacher as not. I was somewhat like the fellow that was a-going to be hung; and when the sheriff asked him if he had anything to say, his reply was, "I prefer it not." When we had to pay the preacher from fifty to one hundred dollars per annum, feed from one to five every day in a year on yaller-legged chickens, cream biscuit and honey, baked potatoes, and all the other varieties that a good woman could think of, and support church-meetings, donations, revivals, and missionary meetings, I began to think of something else besides religion.

My! Mr. Editor, I hav raked buttons enough off my vest, etc., driving roosters from under the barn to feed preachers on, to stock a respectable tailor shop, and all we got for it was a few questions in relation to our souls; read a chapter, then get down and tell the Lord what a good meal they had been the happy recipients of, and then ask the blessings of the Lord direct upon us all, and close the scene by lying, saying it is all for Christ's sake, when they had the whole benefit. Two years' experience in any church is enough for any thinking person, and many are leaving in this vicinity. The churches, preachers, evangelists, and all others that can do anything to keep the cheat alive are at it; still, the sensible people are leaving, and the cause of mental liberty is coming very fast. A. G. Austin, M.D.

Block, Kan., Jan. 1, 1888.

Mr. Editor: I feel as though a few lines from this country would not be out of place in The Truth Seeker. It is very seldom I see anything in it from these parts.

I feel as though I had been going to school for seven years, but when I think, the school has been coming to me once a week, in the shape of The Truth Seeker, as I hav been a subscriber for that length of time.

I hav closely watched all the articles in the paper, and must say that some of the writers are a little fanatical, but the most of the communications are good. I am of the opinion that no person able to read can help being bettered by a careful perusal of The Truth Seeker.

I particularly admire the articles under the editorial head, but must say that I believe Mr. Jamieson is right in regard to debating with Braden. While I do not in the least doubt that Braden is a rascal, I believe the Christians generally indorse him, and him whom they indorse it is our duty, I believe, to meet in debate, even if we would not hav a thing to do with him in any other way. I had the pleasure of listening to part of the debate between Mr. Jamieson and Braden at Paola, and must agree with Mr. Jamieson that Braden is more brainy than either Cook or Talmage.

It is the men of intellect our lecturers want to meet in debate. Why do we want to put such men as Messrs. Jamieson, Underwood, Ingersoll, and a host of others against a hollow-headed preacher or set of preachers? Even if their morality is good, what would we gain? I say, let our lecturers meet Braden in debate every time they hav an opportunity, and do as Mr. Jamieson did, charge only half as much as Braden does, so as to enable the few Liberals around each little burgh to employ a debater every time such a sky-pilot as Braden or any of his ilk comes around, and in time the lecturers will reap their reward. If the Liberals around Paola—and, for that matter, every other city of its size—were able to hire a good debater twice a year and hav such a debate as the Jamieson and Braden debate, they would soon grow till they would be able to hav regular lecturers and debates. And until our debaters say, "Collect what you can; I will be there to debate with Braden or the devil," we will make slow progress, from the fact that some of the Liberals are not very liberal and others are very poor.

I want to say, Keep right on publishing every letter or communication that has a good idea or moral in it. Do all you can to enlighten mankind. Don't think that nothing is being done in these parts, for we are every day adding to our lists, but money is very scarce. We hav failed raising crops till some of us are about to choke down with debt.

Yours truly, W. A. Lowe.

Ford Co., Kan., Jan. 1, 1888.

Mr. Editor: Inclosed please find $6 for two copies—one to Thomas B. Van Voorhis, Spearville, Kan., the other to your humble servant. I will take this opportunity to say that there are a few good Liberal, thinking people in this county, and especially in Dodge City. There are a goodly number there, but orthodoxy is in a large majority. But they seem to feel safer by having a Liberal in their council, knowing he will do what he can to keep the others straight. But it will keep him busy. The people of the county hav elected a Liberal for one of their commissioners, who will do all he can to hav the business attended to properly. The people feel safer by having a few of them mixed in, rather than trust so much to those Christian people who are reared on the flesh and blood of the innocent beasts, and at the Lord's Supper are made to believe that their bread and wine is the blood and flesh of their Lord and savior Jesus Christ. They are made to believe by that Christian doctrin that they may rob Smith, kill Jones, and seduce their neighbors' wives, and receive forgivness by asking some person whose flesh they hav eaten and whose blood they hav drunk to cancel their sins from the record. Oh, what cannibals! And all cannot be told in one lifetime. We hav a young red-headed rooster who has been preaching the Howling Methodists' doctrin, and by his infamous statements dethroned reason from the brain of several of his hearers. What can't be done by the devil?—or perhaps that's too good a name for the sky-pilot. There was a time when it was thought to be a credit to be a church-member, but that day has passed and gone, and the day of church-building is near its end. The time is near at hand when we shall see them turned into school-houses and temples of education and science where pure truth, good-fellowship, and the person doing the most good for his fellow-man will be the most honored and respected. That's my doctrin. When each one shall be rewarded in this world for the good he does, let the next world look after itself; in other words, let the dead bury the dead.

I would like to find The Truth Seeker in every house.

H. B. Van Voorhis.

Lathrop, Mo., Jan. 2, 1888.

Mr. Editor: Inclosed please find $4—$3 to renew my subscription, and for the remaining $1 please send me a Truth Seeker binder.

Now, if the court please—excuse this blunder—the Lord willing; *i. e.*, if the Hon. Editor and his satanic majesty (the first school-master, see Gen. iii, 5) hav no objections—we would like to speek in meeten, and tell what the Lord—as above—has done for us. It—The Truth Seeker—has taken our mud-hooks from the horibel pit and miery clay of orthodoxy and set them upon the rock of ages—of reason and common sense—yet to come. We feel, brotheren—hallelujah!—like congratulating ourself on making our escape from the horrid nightmair and spuke-jungle of heathen—Christian—superstition.

A sojourn of upward of six months in this city enables us to say that perhaps this is the most fanatically religious community the sun ever shone upon—excepting, however, Messrs. Loeb and Mandelstein, who are intelligent Liberals. All others are, notwithstanding the illuminating rays of science, reason, and common sense, wallowing in the quagmire, hog-wallow, and filthy old goose-pond of superstition. Hence they think of little else but to run to the joss-house, day and night, week in and week out, and month after month—no let up. Therefore one hears men, women, and children (especially the latter), at home, in the highways and byways, singing pious songs, Sunday-school slop, for Christ's sake, which forms a mammoth Salvation Army, and, with the doleful clanging ding-dong of the church bells, is very annoying to us and demoralizing to the people, but must be endured, seeing it's all for Jesus, who commands his followers to swap shirts for a sword (Luke xxii, 36).

We are happy to inform you that we hav made the acquaintance of Dr. Toothcarpenter, a very promising young man—*i. e.*, promises to yank teeth from the hash receptacle of the people and shekels from their pockets—but wofully gone on spookism, hence he believes that joss-houses and Bible-thumpers are good to hav around and in the family. We also had the honor of making the acquaintance of Professor Woodbutcher, a dealer in wooden overcoats. He had the kindness to inform us that we were unfit for his holiness to converse with, from our non-stockholding propensities in his mythical God and other hobgoblins. Therefore it behooves us, whilst meandering the intervening space from the club-room to our humble domicil, to keep an eye oblique, lest some pious devotee of the Gods, under cover of the darkness, should treat us to an eggnogg of stale hen-berries and soil our raiment.

When we take into consideration the *modus operandi* of educating the young, this aversion to the so-called Infidel is to be expected. For instance, the pious mother brings her child upon its knees; directs its eyes to heaven—wherever that may be—and has it mumble the so-called Lord's prayer. Then, as soon as it can toddle, it lies away to the Sunday-school, where it receives from its sanctimonious teacher a

more substantial diet—such as the bear story, the fish tale, the snake yarn, etc. Then the parson, with the clerical force-pump, crams into the young student the entire contents of the Jewish and Christian pill-bags, when the victim becomes a graduated intolerant bigot and liar for the glory of God (Rom. iii, 7). Hence it becomes impossible to eradicate it from the minds of the unreasoning, ill-informed masses.

In conclusion, we would suggest giving especial attention to the source of this evil; make a specialty of the mental slaveholders, the drones in the human hive.

Fraternally yours, L. CHUTE.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Jan. 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: *Mundus vult decipi*, etc. This was a forcible suggestion to your correspondent on witnessing the procession or parade of the faithful adherents to the Catholic church in this city on Sunday afternoon last. You probably hav had your share of the same in your cosmopolitan city, where probably different elements and manifold nationalities are represented. This being the case in the Alamo City, it was but natural that the procession was unique in its formation and make-up. Immediately after noon-time the main plaza in front of the Spanish cathedral was thronged with spectators of all ages, conditions, and nationalities, while marshals were busily engaged in locating and placing in position the manifold organizations. The caravan started at last at 3 P.M. from the bishop's residence. It consisted of the greatest mixture or conglomerated make-up ever beheld in this city, of religious societies of the various churches, Celtic, Czechic, Slavic, Spanish, Italian, German, Mexican, and a large number of the "to-the-manor-born" American element, not to speak of the numerous smaller representations. The procession consumed twenty-five minutes in passing any one point. It was a curious sight to see the brass band of the S. A. Fashion Theater, a variety show, do duty in the parade. However, "the cause sanctifies the means." Wherever the carriage of the right reverend bishop passed he was seen to make the sign of the cross as a benediction, his lips moving. Who can tell but that he uttered the words at the head of this article?

We are about to start a club of science-loving people here, the name of which has not been determined yet, and for this purpose I would ask you or some club in your city to send me a copy of a constitution and by-laws for guidance in organizing. Your correspondent is a proscribed character, owing to his plain, outspoken ideas against Bible, religion, and their whole immense fraudulent make-up in duplicity and falsehood.

As is well known, the Prohibition question was defeated in this state by a large majority some time ago. But many counties hav local option within their lines. Among them is Bee county; on the day preceding Christmas only one hundred and fifty jugs went to Beeville on the train. They all were sealed and contained soda and mineral waters. Is not this hypocrisy personified? H. BREUSING.

LEXINGTON, KY., Dec. 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to inquire into the nature and origin of the power which our president possesses of appointing individuals to fill certain offices. But my object at present is to observe that the state calls loudly for a humane officer to remedy all defects which the law fails to provide for, and this in the way of progress, perfecting and even constructing faculties for those who govern, suggesting modes of action to suit the meanest of living beings. There is nothing to hinder the president from offering $4,000 to a competent person whose duty it shall be to look after the interests of poor children, attending to their education, support, and moral condition. Guardians should be appointed in every town to see that this design is faithfully carried out. A wealthy man should be disgraced who passes by a suffering child on the street without attempting to improve its condition.

Great efforts are now being made to raise money for the heathen. It is said that one cent paid by a Christian will convert a heathen child, while twenty-five will bring a civilized man into the church. How much will it take to restore liberty and prosperity to the poor, degraded Sandwich islander, whose lauds were taken, whose trade was destroyed, by the pretended reformer? Who will raise poor Africa from her enslaved condition? Why are not intelligent artisans, and business-like teachers, sent out by this government to aid the heathen, who would gladly enter into their plans? Let presidents and queens travel about to do some good, instead of playing the fool and wasting the substance of the people on their own luxury.

Taxes should not be reduced on whisky and tobacco, but on the necessaries of life, and perhaps a wholesome fear of the elements which now assert themselvs as factors in politics will giv a new character to this question. Perhaps now the poor will obtain a hearing, and their rights will be respected. Earnest-hearted Anarchists hav possibly gone too far. Who can blame such men, who resemble St. Columban standing in the presence of a king, alone and fearless, lifting his emaciated arm and denouncing him for his cruelty, shameful neglect of duty, prodigality, selfishness, and indifference to the wants of his subjects?

The following are facts in the United States: Loads of provisions are sent to families who are not really destitute, while the helpless poor are ordered to go to work. These persons are then left in their misery, called tramps and beggars, while their children are degraded, and kept at work without education or encouragement.

I heard Professor Fluno lecture last night on the faith cure and kindred topics. He traces everything good, first principles and all, to a Gothic chieftain, called God, a magician, who dwells in the seventh story of the universe. This chief praised himself for a long time, and being weary of this, spoke into existence a lovely giantess, called Nature. She raised her delicious eyelids, and with sweet glances, awoke beauty and harmony everywhere. God then went to sleep. But Nature never missed him; she has evidently a mind of her own, for, in sunshine and storm, beauty and calamity, immensity of force or tenderness of sympathy, she asks no favors of anyone. The sleeping God is nothing but a ghost, and if he created anything, it must hav been the devil, for an adverse influence sometimes mars Nature's delightful plans, and this was the origin of evil, no doubt. But the lecturer made no such admissions, though it is plain that God is a thief, and silently steals his powers from Nature. He said: "There is no strength in a muscle, no feeling in a nerve, but by God." So, then, the brain is a wheel, and prayer is the energy which brings a force to move and affect it. This is the jargon which finds favor with gullible simpletons.

And with regard to Mayor Hewitt, who is no doubt an honorable man, he sees now the difference between sowing and reaping. Nature's causes will hav their way, though rocks are rent, and governments scattered to the winds.

ALHAZA.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., Jan. 7, A.S. 288.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed stamps, and send me the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 288. I hav at last become the happy possessor of a this year's miracle, for which I am hopelessly indebted to Christian science. Doubtless you know that here, in this military home, there are hundreds of arms and legs wanting. Now, a Christian scientist from away back—God knows where—appeared like the morning star in Milwaukee last week. The news of his arrival spread rapidly. Now, one of our fellows minus a leg—shot off above the knee—had wanted it back for nearly a quarter of a century; and, being aggressivly pious and having faith equal to a ton of mustard seed, mounted his crutches and sped for the scene of action. We found the professor in a large hall, fitted up expressly for Christian scientific purposes. High seats were arranged along the walls for the afflicted, while the multitude stood in the midst and looked on. The professor had his coat off, and, reeking with sweat, had rolled his shirt-sleeves up to his shoulders, in open defiance of the Comstock law. He was healing the wounded, curing the sick, giving sight to the blind, and with lightning speed, while the halt and lame jumped for joy at this marvelous sight. He had restored over ten thousand within half an hour, saying to each, "Take up thyself and walk."

At last it came my friend's turn, and it seemed to me that this new-leg business would require extraordinary attention; but it didn't, for the spirit of the Lord came mightily to the aid of the professor, and he spoke as one having authority. He asked my friend, in thunder tones, this question: "Do you believe that there is anything impossible with our Lord and savior Jesus Christ?" The man answered, "I believe," and added, "Lord, help thou mine unbelief." Hereupon the professor grabbed the cripple's crutches, broke them into slivers, and consigned them to the flames in the stove. In an instant, like a meteor, the man shot from his perch, and landed upon his feet in the midst of the awe-stricken multitude. There he stood firm as a rock; he had recovered his leg and foot.

Now, just as he had finished rolling up his pants as far as he could, to convince himself and those who had known him since the war, and, just as the professor was charging him with the old charge, "Tell no man," Comstock broke in the door, and arrested them both in their shameful nudity of arms and legs.

Thus ended one of the grandest and most holy shows known to Christian civilization. It beats Talmage's petrified man, and is equaled only by God's youngest son while engaged in the liquor monopoly in that gay little city, Cana in Galilee. Yours truly, NELSON HUNT.

BAVARIA, KAN., Jan. 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been thinking about writing to you for a long time and letting our Liberal friends know we are alive and doing well.

Since writing before we hav had Brother Remsburg here two or three different times, and he is a host in himself for the cause of Freethought; any of our friends wanting a Liberal speaker that surprises the orthodox hearers will do well to send for him, as he is good and sound.

The Methodists hav been holding meetings here for about six weeks, and I hav not heard them boasting about their success. They hav caught a few suckers, but I do not think they hav caught any jayhawkers. What they hav got so far hav never been very bad. A majority of their converts were of very tender age and of Christian parents. But they all count for Christ. Some hav been members before, and others experienced religion—as often as their beloved minister shakes hell before them they are taken with the power, and that lasts as long as it takes them to get it.

Several hav been sick on account of the excitement, but they are a heap better now, as one of them expressed it to me the other night, and he 'lowed there was a right smart chance for the minister to do a powerful sight of good here if they would only keep that Remsburg away.

The Methodists are going to build a church here to cost $1,300, and they hav it all raised now but $1,175, so you see they are doing well.

Friend Remsburg spoke here November 11th and our school-house was crowded, although the minister told them to keep away and had a prayer-meeting that night so as to keep them away. They were obliged to adjourn their meetings that night so we could hav the house. A large number of our Liberal friends were here from Salina; among them our old Liberals Judge Osborn, Dr. Hauser, J. M. Itten, W. Kesler, and Mr. Sawin, of the *Journal*. Come again, friends, and may you hav better success next time in starting a Secular Union in Salina.

Our number has been broken by death for the first time in the death of Sister Mott, one of our charter members, who died November 21, 1887. She left here to go to Iowa to visit her mother, and left in good health, but was taken sick as soon as she got home and never left her bed after that, and what seemed must be all pleasure to her proved her death. She leaves one child and her husband, besides her many friends, to mourn her loss. Friend Putnam will remember and sympathize with Brother Mott, as he made their home his while here.

The Bavaria Secular Union met on the evening of January 1st and passed resolutions in regard to the death of Mrs. Mott. Yours fraternally,

T. H. TERRY, Secretary Bavaria Secular Union.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to hav some learned theologian answer for me one question, which is always a Chinese Wall between me and his God. The question is as follows:

The preachers say they know that some almighty created this world; further they say that if a person doesn't obey the laws of that almighty creator, that person will be punished in the hereafter for violating the laws of his maker; now, where under the sun did they get that knowledge?

"From his book that he gave to his chosen children on Mount Sinai we know him," they say.

But who or what will testify to the validity of that book?

"The greatness, the divinity, of the Bible show that it was inspired by God," they assert.

If this assertion is good proof to anybody, it doesn't prove anything to me. In fact, that book looks to me so defectiv, so one-sided, that if really God is the author of it I would ask him to retire from his throne and let some wiser and more just being manage the affairs of this world. Besides that, is it wise or good policy to depend entirely on the testimony of so interested a thing as the Bible is in its own cause?

"Oh, yes! There are a good many witnesses who will testify to the holiness and godly work of the Bible; Moses, the prophets, and the apostles testify to it and command us to believe so."

But who is Moses? Who are the prophets and apostles, if not the very authors of that Bible? And does it not look rather suspicious that the book testifies of the authority of its author and the author testifies to the validity of his work?

It looks to me altogether a put-up job. The priesthood endeavors to force upon the ignorant the belief in a book which, in return, upholds the authority of the priests on the believers; and I hardly believe that any sane judge and sound-minded jury would giv much credit to such kind of evidence in a civil or criminal case.

True, some sharp lawyer may, by using some sophistry, force upon a simple-minded judge and ignorant jury that kind of worthless testimony, and make them believe in the existence of a supreme being, who inspired the authors of the Bible; but what of punishment? Where is the consistency of a great God and punishment? Is God a perfect being? Of course he is. Does he know what is going to happen in the future? Of course he does. If his prophets knew what would happen after centuries, he must necessarily know what is going to happen after thousands of years. He would not be perfect if he did not. Correct. Now, then, did God know before I was born that I would be born on such and such a year, month, day, hour, minute, and second? Of course he did. Did he know that I would be so poor as I am, or so rich as I am? Did he know what my occupation would be? Most assuredly. Could I alter anything in this line of his knowledge? Could I become a statesman if he knew before I was born that I would be a shoemaker? Of course not. Does not that mean that his previous knowledge of my becoming a shoemaker will keep me in a shoemaker shop working at that trade notwithstanding my earnest desire to sit in the White House and make laws for the people? Yes, it does. Well, did he know before I came to this world that I would not believe in the teachings of his preachers? Of course he did. Could I alter that knowledge of his? Can I be a good, religious man if he knew before I was born that I was going to be wicked? Of course not. Now, I ask, in the name of common sense, why should I be punished for my actions which I could not alter, even if I had a desire to? Is it not cruel and unjust to create a person to be wicked and then to punish him for not being virtuous?

The truth is, you can't make God and hell work together, for if a man is to be punished for his actions he must be set at liberty to do as he pleases, and if a man is a free agent you must admit that God did not know what that man is going to do, and if you take away from him that knowledge he cannot be perfect. If he is not perfect, he is no God.

On the other hand, if he is perfect and knows everything, then a man is not a free agent, but must act as it is prescribed to him by the perfect knowledge of his great creator, and as a matter of course there is no cause for punishing him.

This dilemma is always a barrier between me and religion, and I earnestly ask all the preachers, priests, and rabbis who are preaching God and hell to their simple-minded flocks to try to solve this dilemma for me.

If they will answer this question to the satisfaction of sound logic, I will bow down my Infidel head and will try to be saved. If they will not answer it, I will remain in my belief—that they know about God and hell just as much as I do; and that it is a pity we hav not a good, substantial hell, for it would be the fittest place for all parasites and impostors. INFIDEL.

Freethinkers

Who are desirous of advancing the cause, cannot do it more effectually than by assisting THE TRUTH SEEKER to extend its circulation. A liberal cash commission will be paid to those devoting their time to obtaining new subscribers. For terms, address THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY, 28 Lafayette place, New York.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Farmer John.

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound.
His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him;
"Well, well, old Bay!
Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I am away?"

"You have't a rib," says Farmer John;
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
We'll wean the calf next week."
Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you, and pat you, while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray:
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"

"For, after all," said Farmer John,
"The best of the journey is getting home!
I've seen great sights—but would I giv
This spot, and the peaceful life I liv,
For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels, all bustle and glare;
Land all houses, and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
Would you, old Bay?
Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away?"

"There money is king," says Farmer John;
"And fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer
To see how, sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
"You see, old Bay—
You see, old Gray—
I'm wiser than when I went away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John—
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasures and days of worry;
And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent,
But in simple ways and sweet content;
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends;
Some lands to till, and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray!
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John—
Oh, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree;
The large, kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you too—
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray!
Next time I travel so far away!"

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

Why I Am a Liberal.

I hav read much in THE TRUTH SEEKER for the last three years of the thoughts or writings of many people on the subject of Freethought or Liberalism; then I hav attended Sunday-schools and hav had my lessons; then listened to the explanations of the teachers and superintendents. I could, in many places, see a different meaning attached to the same words, or verse, which set my mind to work. I soon felt a doubt as to the truth of much we were being taught. Then in comparing the lives of the apostles in the Bible and Christians generally with the lives of good, kind men who claimed to be Liberals, I could see a great difference. Those who claimed to be Christians on Sundays and at Sunday-schools seemed to be grasping for money and using all sorts of little foolish devices to get us small boys and girls to go among the people to beg for five or ten cents, etc. It lookcd as though they, the leaders, were ashamed to do as we were asked to do. I got disgusted with the plan and had to tell my teacher why. I did not want to go on the streets with small jugs, etc., begging for pennies. I was told that my heart was full of pride, and that was very sinful. I thought I was not alone, for many were very richly dressed and it seemed to us as if pride filled a greater part of the hearts of those present. Then I would read some of the chapters and verses I found in THE TRUTH SEEKER, which made me feel happy and manly; I found many verses in the Bible that made me ashamed to read to read to my parents or to my grandparents, with whom I liv; I learn by the example set by the first that it is better to show love and kindness to those who are here on earth with us than to be always trying to make a good bargain with Christ or God and try to get to heaven ahead of some who are just as good as they, and more human. By reasoning and by reading I seem to feel that the churches are a sham—there are so many sorts. There is a warfare between them. That tells the story plainly. I can see the church is a sort of popu'ar place to spend an hour or so in; to visit and show off. I see I shall never be contented with them. I am looking for something more in harmony with nature as we see it in the beasts and birds and with the children; we love them all and sympathize with the human family when sickness or death overtakes them, or their friends. I like to do to others as I would like to hav them do to me under the same circumstances. I feel to be right and just, and it shows a spirit of Liberality. A passage which seems to me far from inspiration is the fourth chapter of Ezekiel, verses 11, 12. And then to think of the stories that the folks try to make the children believe about Jonah and the whale, Noah's ark, Elisha and the bears eating forty-two children, and similar silly tales! I don't believe that they are true.

FRANCIS B. CORNWALL.

Correspondence.

DENVER, COL., Dec. 30, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I wish to thank you very much for your remark under my very "bookish" letter, and shall try very, very hard to deserve it.

I send a short article on "The Brain," which I shall like very much to see in our Corner.

I am sure there are a great many of us who know a great deal more than I do on this very interesting subject, but I am also quite sure that there are a few who may learn a little by reading this sketch. With much love, LAURA PRICE STEWART.

[Thanks for the article. It is so well written we hav placed it in the Science Column.—ED. C. C.]

MONTEZUMA, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav seen so many little girls and boys writing to you in THE TRUTH SEEKER, that I hav wanted to write you for a long time. You seem like an acquaintance to me. I hav one brother seven years old. We go to school every school day, but not to Sunday-school, for pa says we should learn facts, not fables. So we spend our Sundays riding on the ice, or with whatever we can find to amuse ourselvs.

I will bid you good-bye for this time, hoping to see my little simple letter in print. I also hope to meet you face to face some day, and if the Christian religion is true (which I think is horrible), what a nice little school you will hav when we meet in those fiery domains! I will stop now by sending my love to you and all the little truth seekers.

Yours truly, MABEL M. TRAVER.

OHIO, Jan. 5, 1888.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Madam:* As I saw my last letter in print, I thought I would try my hand again. If you had had all the letters that I made effort to write, you would hav a letter every week, and sometimes two. I hav the "Story Hour" and the "Little Lessons for Little Folks." I read the Children's Corner and think very much of it. I know you must be very sorry on account of your mother's death, because a boy's best friend is his mother; and I think it is a girl's best friend, too. I go to school every day, and we hav a good teacher. His name is Clem Fox; but I am not afraid of him, for I am not a chicken.

Dear Miss Wixon, this card is for your New Year's gift.

Though dogs delight to bark and bite,
We only wish your New Year bright.

Yours truly, EDITH BROWN.

[Edith has our thanks for the pretty card. —ED. C. C.]

CANON CITY, COL., Dec. 29, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Since so many hav written to the Children's Corner, I thought I would try. I am nine years old. I go to school; like my teacher, and like to go to school.

Mr. Jamieson, Dr. York, and Mr. Putnam hav lectured here. We expect Mr. Reynolds in about three weeks. I was sick when Mr. Putnam was here, so my mother, my sister Dena, and myself didn't hear him lecture. I liked them all better than any preacher I hav ever seen.

I am a Liberal because I think it is the best plan. I think no one knows anything about God or heaven, although the girls at school claim to know all about him.

My five-year-old sister Dena wants to know who took care of the first baby. Can any of the little boys or girls tell her?

One day she and one of my older sisters were at the home of a Methodist preacher who livs near us. My oldest sister and one of the girls were talking of a railroad that was to be built through here, and something was said about its going through certain houses and land. Dena said: "Yes, and if it would go right through our house people would say, 'That is just good enough for those old Infidels!'" She got excited because I wrote that; she says she doesn't want Miss Wixon to know about it.*

Grandpa Pickard is the oldest Freethinker here. He is almost eighty-eight years old. He used to be a Methodist preacher. We laugh a good deal about Mr. Heston's pictures.

I will now close, wishing all of the friends a happy New Year. Good-bye.

Your friend, LULA LOCKE.

* It is all right, Dena. Probably that is just what they would say.—ED. C. C.

BRUNSWICK, GA., Jan. 4, 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: At the beginning of a new year I hav made it a rule to think of the past one, which is gone never more to return—to think what I hav seen, learned, suffered. and enjoyed. Most naturally I also think of the friends of mine who fifty-two times visited me during the year—THE TRUTH SEEKER with its Children's Corner. I also think of those who giv their time and labor for the best paper in the Union. You, Miss Wixon, do not the least to bring it to my mind heartily. I wish to thank you for the many pleasant hours you hav given me and for all the good you hav done to myself as well as to the large number of children who weekly read your columns with delight and interest, both for their educational as well as their moral improvement, and as long as your present friends will liv, they will never forget the good you so unselfishly hav done them. May you continue to edit our Corner and be rewarded by a happy and bright new year.

As you hav been so kind to publish my last letter, I think that also this time my lines will be fit to be published. Although I do not exactly belong to the children, I think that we never cease to learn, and as long as we are young belong to your Column.

Brunswick is a small town of about eight thousand inhabitants, of which about half are colored. It has the usual per cent of churches and Sunday-schools; and in addition a Youug Men's Christian Association was started here a few weeks ago. Not very far from the city one can see the grand Atlantic in all its glory, and many a pretty shell its rolling waves will throw on the sandy shore. Two islands are guarding the harbor. On the first there is a lighthouse and a large saw-mill, and the last is the property of a wealthy New York club, who hav made a paradise for hunters out of it; and deer, quail, partridges, and ducks are in abundance. The harbor is formed by the Turtle river, and considered very good. From all parts of the world vessels come here and carry away the surplus of rosin, spirits of turpentine, and pine lumber, to those places which are in need of it. One sometimes can see Spanish, English, Norwegian, German, and American flags at the same time; and all languages nearly are spoken here. Pine lumber goes mostly to Buenos Ayres, and rosin and turpentine to Europe. We also ship cotton from here to England, and just at present two large steamers are loading about ten thousand bales of cotton for Liverpool. The main streets are Bay, Monk, and Newcastle streets. The principal attraction is the Oglethorpe hotel, which will be opened in about two weeks from date, and which was built at a cost of some $100,000,. The people hav the best hope for a grand boom, and I should not be surprised if they should get it. Hoping that my letter is not too long, nor unsuitable, for the Corner, I remain,

Your and the children's friend,
FRED L. HOFFMAN.

[We thank our friend for kind wishes and his interest in the Corner, where he is always welcome.—ED. C. C.]

With a Moral.

"What's a fool-killer, ma?" asked little Johnny.

"Go and ask your father, my dear," she replied with a sneering intonation. "He knows everything."

"A fool-killer, my boy," returned old Brown, glancing slyly under his paper at his wife, "is a little thing called a cigaret."—*Judge.*

A Brighter Prospect.

"Ah, my little man," said the benevolent-looking old gentleman, "I see you hav been busy at the blackboard."

"How d'ye know?"

"I see chalk on your fingers, and I am glad to see it. It shows that you are coming up in the right way."

"You bet I am. I ain't got quite 'nough muscle to roll the big balls fur ten-pins yet, but I'm a daisy with the little ones at nine-pins."

JOHNNY: "Mamma, make Minnie put some c'lo'ne on my handkerchief, too." Minnie: "No, mamma; it is full of holes and ain't worth a cent."

Science Column.

The Brain.

"What curious substance hav you in that vessel?" asked Society, meeting a stranger coming out of the dissecting-room. "Brains," replied Truth. "Brains which I hav just taken from a poor dead scholar." "Let me look at them," said Society eagerly. "I never saw any before. Let me look at them; how are they worn?" "In the head," replied Truth. "Out of sight?" asked Society. "Entirely." "Take them away; I hav no use for such ornaments." And so Truth went on into the college with her brains, and Society went on her way without any.

The foregoing is a fable from THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 24th. And now let us follow Truth into the college and examin the student's brain also, while Society may go her way.

We shall see that it is composed of two parts—the cerebrum, or "big brain," and cerebellum, or "little brain." And there are also several smaller organs.

This brain substance is quite soft, so that the protection afforded by the skull and hair is readily appreciated.

It is also enveloped in several membranes, which also protect it, and by which it is furnished with nutriment.

There are but two animals whose brains are larger than man's—the whale and elephant.

The brain of man averages fifty ounces, although Cuvier, the great naturalist's, weighed sixty-four and a half ounces.

Now let us examin the cerebellum, which occupies the front part of the head.

It is divided by a sort of cleft into two parts, called hemispheres.

These hemispheres consist of "gray matter" on the outside and "white" on the inside, and are in turn divided into crooked furrows called convolutions, by means of which, while occupying a small space, a greater surface is obtained.

It is quite wonderful that, were it not for these convolutions, the brain would cover four square feet.

The deeper the convolutions are, the more gray matter there is, and therefore the greater brain power.

In the lowest animals and very young children the convolutions are very shallow, and scarcely visible; but, as the child grows older and thinks and sees, the gray matter increases and forces itself down into the white.

And now we will examin the cerebellum, which occupies the back part of the head, and is composed also of gray and white matter.

It differs, however, in its mode of arrangement, for the furrows are not crooked, but parallel, and the gray matter, forcing itself into the white, givs this part a branch-like appearance – hence, "tree of life."

And now we must discover the use of each of these parts.

The cerebrum is the most important, as it is the organ by means of which we see, feel, hear, taste, and smell, and also the "seat of the mind."

The nerves are cleverly compared to telegraph lines, which carry all sensations to the brain.

The sole use of the cerebellum is to control the muscles, for it was found that when this portion of the brain is diseased, one's movements are uncertain as those of an intoxicated person.

And now we will leave the college, and when we meet Society and tell her the Truth's brains were very wonderful and interesting, I wonder if she will not join us in another visit to the college some other day.

LAURA PRICE STEWART.

QUESTIONS.—Of how many parts is the brain composed? What serves as protection to the brain? How is the brain nourished? The brain of what animals are larger than man's brain? What is the average weight of the human brain? Describe the cerebrum. Tell all you can of the cerebellum. State the uses of each.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

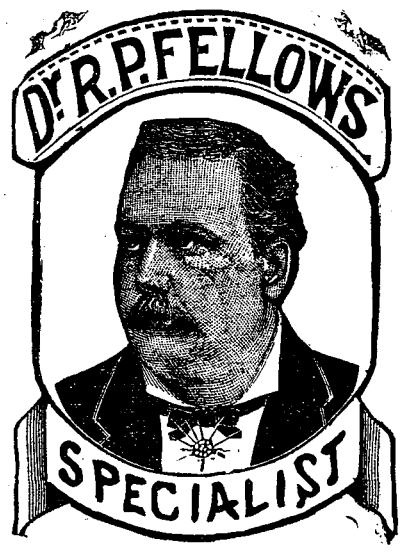
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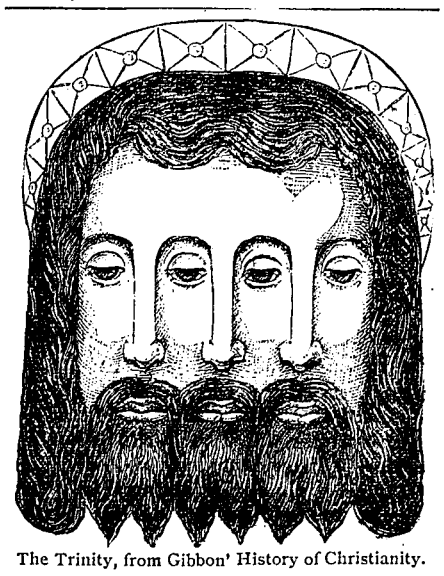
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"Whoso believeth not shall be damned."

My reverend frieud, if what you teach be true,
Bless Herod, who so many children slew.
Yes, canonize him, as far more divine
Than all the saints that in church history shine.
Hang no one who shall free an infant's ghost,
But giv a prize to him who murders most.
Let Freeman, of Pocasset, who did slay
His child, the Lord's dread prompting to obey,
Beyond all Christian fathers honored be,
Till one kill more of his own babes than he.
Let mothers fear no offspring's hellward slide,
But cheat the devil by infanticide;
For children that grow up, depart then hence,
Must all be damned if blest with common sense.

Windon, Kan. N. S.

Is the Cathedral Possible?

From the Real Estate Record and Guide.

There are so many "level-headed" men interested in the project to build the Protestant cathedral that one is forced to hesitate before concluding that they hav embarked on an impossible enterprise. They are not the men who would foster a chimerical undertaking. They must hav carefully calculated what means there are to the end in view, and those means they must consider adequate.

And yet a great many architects can't help doubting the possibility of carrying out Bishop Potter's magnificent plan, as outlined in his letter to the public, and further indicated by the site recently purchased. It seems to belong more to the realm of things devoutly to be wished for than likely to be accomplished.

In the site at Morningside park we hav data for calculations. The committee purchased a plot of land there, 614.6 and 696.6 feet on the avenues, and 782 and 599 feet on the streets. Presumably the intention is to cover this adequately, for so expensiv a piece of ground was not purchased for a parish church. The "fitness of things" will require an edifice of dimensions not much less than 200x400 feet. A building of this size, treated with some magnificence and built honestly, without the numerous shams which architecturally disgrace the Fifth avenue cathedral, cannot be erected for less than $10,000,000. This is simply a minimum estimate, leaving the true figures to be as much greater as they may be. They will depend upon the sort of building determined upon. A hundred millions might be spent, and yet the structure would be inferior in magnificence to many of the eastern cathedrals; but for less than ten millions we would hav merely a large church something like St. Patrick's—a cathedral in name only. If what Bishop Potter has said means anything, this is not exactly what the Episcopalians are striving for.

Now, where is this minimum of ten millions to come from? The chief hope seems to be fixed on the pocket-books of half a dozen or more of New York's richest men. Many think that William W. Astor's donation of $100,000 will not be greatly exceeded, if at all, by that of any other individual, and I believe that at the *very most* the equivalent of twelve such subscriptions, or less than $1,500,000, will represent the contribution of Dives to the Protestant cathedral. And the remaining $8,500,000——? Doesn't it seem hopeless? The first half million or more might come easily enough, but the millions at the tail end would hav to be drawn from the "millions"—from the "public," who hav taken nearly a century to erect the monument to Washington, and who, in spite of strong appeals, are not moving any faster in the matter of the Grant memorial. In these cases only a few thousand dollars are required; with the cathedral, millions. Moreover, there is nothing to warrant us in supposing that an appeal in the name of religion will be more successful than one in the name of patriotism and the memory of the dead. The soul within religion to-day is not faith, but doubt. The fervid, *activ* belief that animated men in the cathedral ages exists no longer; whatever there is really vital in religion at present is the element that doubts and wavers—that clings to the old because it is not sure of the new. There is nothing in this to insure a spontaneous reply to an appeal for a vast sum of money.

In company with myself, a great many architects think that Bishop Potter will be forced to do one of two things—sell part of the plot purchased and greatly diminish the size and splendor of the cathedral, or, having laid the foundation stone and perhaps built the chancel, leave the rest to posterity and time. Architects, possibly more than any other body of men, recognize that the building of a great cathedral would be one of the chiefest glories in the history of New York. But to wish for a thing ardently doesn't make it possible; though it often raises the imagination to a point where facts are no longer seen in their true dimensions. ARCHITECT.

The Religious Destiny of America.

From the American Catholic News.

A Prostestant journal of Boston winds up a long and calumnious article on the Catholic church in the United States in the following language: "It is time for us as liberty-loving men and women to awaken to a full sense of the impending danger to our free America. The time may not be far distant when, wearied with endeavors to conciliate the Catholic church, we may at length draw the sword and repress by uncompromising measures the men who, under the cloak of religion, would disturb the peace of the world."

The admission that an attempt has been made to "conciliate" the Catholic church is a confession of weakness and decay, and an acknowledgment of the strength and growth of the church. As for drawing the sword itself, the Catholic church is not afraid. It is built upon and is the embodiment of truth, and truth is powerful and will prevail. We would kindly inform all agencies of evil and untruth that this country was designed by God for a great Catholic people. Catholics discovered it and Catholics explored it, and if we were to adopt the style of reasoning of Protestant publicists and preachers—which we do not—we would say that the sects are interlopers and like people who come in the night.

Tares grow among wheat and a great lesson is taught thereby. The weed points out by comparison the soundness and life-saving properties of the wholesome grain. So the weeds of heresy point out all the more clearly and forcibly the true and soul-saving principles and doctrins of the Catholic church.

The ten million of good and faithful Catholics of this country are fully alive to the importance of the mission before them, and they mean to carry it out with intelligence, zeal, and courage which springs from a consciousness of the right and holiness of their cause.

Already has Protestantism in this land proved itself a miserable failure and a soulless creed. It is a gilded corpse, and the gilt is supplied by men and women who want an easy code of morality. The stern, uncompromising code of virtue and honesty would be uncomfortable to them. Deacon Gilliland, who visited New York to purchase the counterfeit money with which to cheat his rustic neighbors, was a fair representativ of the hypocrit which false creeds produce.

The public schools, like Protestantism, hav also proved an utter failure. Not alone hav they taught no morality, but they hav not taught at all, for the census shows that there is a larger percentage of ignorance among nativ-born persons than among the immigrants who are so detested and maligned in certain quarters, and against whom the Congress of this alleged free and enlightened republic is now engaged in making proscriptiv and penal laws.

The conditions and requirements for Catholic teaching, secular and religious, are here, and it is here that the Catholic church will hav its fullest and most beautiful development. The intention of God in this matter is clear to any observant mind, and we would advise our sectarian friends not to fly in the face of God's omnipotent will.

A Cowboy Felled by Lightning After Rebuking a Blasphemer.

From the Kansas City Times.

"The average cowboy," said a cattle-dealer last night at the St. James Hotel, "does not bother himself about religion. The creeds and isms that worry civilization are as a sealed book to the ranger, who is distinctivly a fatalist. He believes that when the time comes for him to go over the range nothing can stand death off, and no matter what danger he faces previous to that time no deadly harm can come. The arch destroyer of the boys is lightning. More cowboys meet death from this source than from any other.

"One night, when a party of us were driving a herd across the Staked Plains, we had hardly made camp when a fierce storm, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning, settled overhead. The crashes of thunder fairly shook the earth, and lightning seemed to dance from the tips of the cattle's horns. You see, when the cattle become wet, the steam arising from them forms a body of superheated air that rises upward two or three hundred feet. In the absence of a tree, mountain, or any better conductor, the lightning runs down this column of heated air. It is then almost sure to be attracted by the steel guns and trappings carried by the cowboys.

"Well, that wild night the whole gang were kept busy preventing a stampede. One of the party was Woods, as good a man as ever saddled a broncho. Jim had a premonition that his end was near at hand. All day he had been talking about his old mother back in the East and the girl he used to go with. It was a sure sign that Jim had the blues. Well, when the storm broke, Jim went about his work with a white face and listless manner. In the gang, and stationed next to Jim, was a young Texan, loud-mouthed and blasphemous. Every time a loud peal of thunder sounded and the lightning flashed unusually bright, the young bravado raised his clenched fist to the sky and muttered a volley of oaths.

"'Go on, yer old pelter, ye can't hit us. We're thunderproof, we air.'

"As quick as thought Jim pulled up alongside the sacrilegious scamp, and, pulling a six-shooter, shoved it into the blasphemer's face. His face was white as chalk as he screeched: 'Git around on the other side, ye miserable skunk, er I'll shoot ye full of lead. Ye can't include me in none of your defis. My time's comin' soon enuf without 'speshully invitin' it. Now stampede.'

"The Texan fairly flew, and not a second too soon, for the flash of lightning and the thunder crash that followed took the soul of Jim Woods along with it. One of the boys hurried to the spot, and found Jim and his pony stiff and dead."

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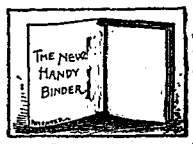
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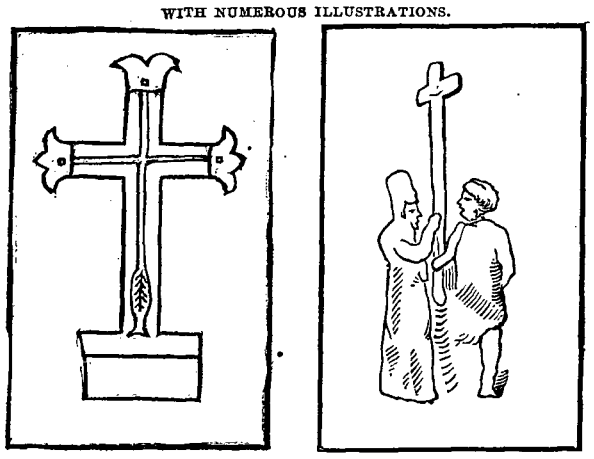
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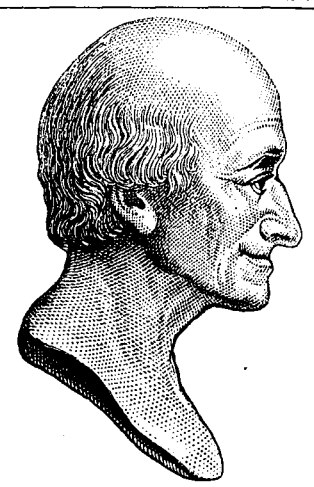
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News of the Week.

CLEVELAND and Hill seem likely to be the contestants for the Democratic presidential nomination.

SPAIN follows the example of the other powers by ordering new military supplies for 25,000 men.

THE Massachusetts legislature has passed a resolution to submit Prohibition to a popular vote in 1889.

LATER reports from Dakota and adjoining states place the number of lives lost in the late blizzard at 1,000.

LAST Sunday Socialists attempting to hold a meeting in Trafalgar square, London, were arrested by the police.

THE troops occupying the frontier provinces of Austria number 38,000; of Germany, 98,000, and of Russia, 315,000.

ENGLISH literary and other societies giv as a reason for neglecting to celebrate Byron's late centenary "his immorality as a man and as a poet."

OUR pensions excite bitter controversy, some clamoring for enlargements and some for reductions. They now require $80,000,000 yearly.

RUSSIA is projecting vast schemes for the development of her Asian territory, including the building of several railroads to and into China.

TEMPERANCE speakers affirm that "every respectable man has been driven out of the liquor traffic, which is now carried on by the lawless class."

MAYOR HEWITT in his official message to the New York aldermen exposes and denounces the extensiv corruption of police courts and political wire-pulling police justices.

THE number of New York saloonkeepers who did not pay money enough to the police in their negotiations for exemption from the excise law, and therefore were arrested last Sunday, was 96.

DISOLOSURE is made of a partnership between the contractors and storekeepers of the New York aqueduct now being constructed, for the purpose of oppressing and swindling the wretched employees.

MR. O'BRIEN says that "the action of the English government in prosecuting priests shows that the hope of muzzling them in their National League advocacy by means of intrigues at Rome has failed."

A DAUGHTER of Commodore Vanderbilt, Mrs. La Bau, who is a Spiritualist, denies the report that she has been swindled by two fraudulent Boston mediums, to whom she was reported to pay $1,000 a seance.

To celebrate the release of Mr. O'Brien, the imprisoned member of the Irish National League, meetings and bonfires were held throughout Ireland. At Kilrush the government proclamation prohibiting the meeting was publicly burnt.

AGITATION and violence prevail among the Scotch crofters, who are suffering destitution from overcrowding on their scanty holdings of land, and ask that part of the lands reserved for deer forests and sheep walks shall be leased to them for cultivation.

NATHAN MORRIS, proprietor of the museum at 21 Bowery, New York, on the 17th pleaded guilty before Recorder Smyth in the general sessions court to breaking the Sabbath by exhibiting monkeys on Sunday, and was fined $50. His monkeys will hereafter work six days a week.

EUROPEAN news of the day consists principally of a pleasing class of intelligence of which these may serve as samples: Russian troops are massing in Galicia; British cavalry, among recent new disciplin, are directed in the future to "cheer while charging;" Krupp is making some guns to be bigger than any present big guns—and so on *ad infinitum*.

A BILL introduced in the Kentucky legislature in the interests of heredity, well intended but loosely and unpractically designed, prohibits "marriages with an idiot, lunatic, paralytic, pauper, vagrant, tramp, drunkard, gambler, felon, feeble-minded person, or anyone rendered physically helpless and unfit for the marriage relation, any person with violent temper, or who has for one year previous been a frequenter of any immoral house, or has been divorced for such causes."

Odds and Ends.

IT isn't necessary for a man to know enough to go in when it rains, if he has an umbrella.

PULLING weeds is not so unpleasant work, particularly when they grow on a pretty little widow's bonnet.

"DAN, what wud yez call a man who stole a gallon av whisky and drank it, and got the jim jams?" "Begorra, I think I'd call him a snake-thief."

HE (in a Chicago restaurant): "Why do you say rawr oystahs, my dear, for raw oysters?" She (who has been visiting friends in New York): "So that people will take me for a New Yorker."

"LET'S play mind cure," said little Tom Bigbee the other day. "What's that?" inquired little Jack Plane, his playmate. "Why, I butt you in the mouth and you make believe it doesn't hurt."

MORNING COMPLIMENTS.

A light little zephyr came flitting,
Just breaking the morning repose.
The rose made a bow to the lily,
The lily she bowed to the rose.

And then, in a soft little whisper,
As faint as a perfume that blows:
"You are brighter than I," said the lily;
"You are fairer than I," said the rose.

"No," said the deacon, when he got back to Beanville after his New York trip; "you folks up here seem to hev got a wrong impression altogether. I might 'a' said I wuz goin' down to York arter green goods, but garden seeds wuz what I hed refrunce to. And that there house o' detention, why, that's a sorter public hotel, ez it were, where they put straugers so's't designin' people can't git at 'em. Them noospaper fellers do git things mixed up dreffle. Noo York's a mighty wicked place, Brother Sawbuck!"

HIS chum came in and found him slipping a lock of hair into an envelope—not furtivly, or surreptitiously, or hurriedly, but just jabbing it under cover in a calm, business-like way. "Hello!" said the visitor, "what's up?" "Nothing," he answered; "I'm only sending back Miss Hamilton-Highlow's hair, that's all." "Engagement off again?" "Yep." "How many times does this make?" "Five. It's final this time, though, one way or the other." "Does she say so?" "Oh, she always says it's final. *I'm* fixing things just now. It's on forever, or cards out before Lent!" "How do you do it?" "Little scheme of my own. You know the color of her hair, don't you?" "Sorter brown, isn't it?" "Warm brown, with a little raw umber in it." "Well?" "Well, this sample of hair I'm doing up is red—good, regular, standard red. I tell you, we're going to get down to hard-pan emotion this trip. She'll know whether she loves me or not; and if she does, she'll walk me in by the ear and go gunning for white horses."

A LITTLE girl had the misfortune to dearly love a cat which was not altogether esteemed in her household, and which a cruel joint decree of the little girl's parents had condemned to death. One morning the child's father took the cat out to the river to drown it, unknown, as he supposed, to the little girl; but he discovered, to his regret, that the child's watchful eyes had followed him, and that she had seen the murder perpetrated. She was inconsolable and could not understand it; and that evening, when her mother was putting her to bed, she insisted upon fixing her thoughts upon the cat's hereafter. "Hasn't kitty gone to heaven?" she asked her mother. The mother thought that here was a suggestion, perhaps, for the little girl's consolation. "Yes, my dear," she said; "no doubt kitty has gone to heaven." The child was silent for a few moments. Then she asked: "How did she get up to heaven out of the river, mamma?" Here was a puzzler. But the mother was in for it, and she replied: "I suppose God took her up, my dear." "Well," said the child, after another moment of reflection, "I guess he got his coat-sleeve pretty wet when he did it!"

WATER—A WAIL.

Water is Dame Nature's most characteristic blunder. It is a thoroughly feminin creation. As a fluid, it is unnecessarily wet; as a solid, it is perniciously slippery; and as a vapor, it is unreasonably explosiv.

But Nature is proud of it, and revenges herself for any slight upon it. The antediluvians refused to believe in it, and were nearly all drowned. And ever since that time, the bad weather has been 99 per cent water.

Man has sought out many inventions to mitigate the evils of water. He has tried wine, but never gets it dry enough. He adopted milk. She invented milkmen. He built houses to protect himself from the obnoxious element. She follows him up with plumbers.

She lies in wait for him with it. The sunshiny and seductiv cucumber, which doubles him up, and the melancholy watermelon, which flattens him out, are made almost wholly of water.

When a boy, she tempts him to go swimming, and he gets flogged; when a man, he goes sailing for pleasure and she makes him seasick. She lures him into the exasperating occupation of fishing, and straightway he destroys his moral character with fish stories.

Each season torments him with a watery woe of its own. In beautiful spring the freshet sweeps away his property; in summer, the tornado blows him from the face of the earth; in winter, he sits down hard upon the ice.

He digs himself a well, and his neighbors become a visitation upon him. He makes a cellar beneath his house, and the floods prevail against it.

He comes into the world—to be washed; he goes through life carrying an umbrella; and when, disgusted, he dies, his friends think it necessary to weep more water over him before he is left to sleep with his fathers.

Verily, all is vanity and—water.—*W. W. Warner, in Texas Siftings.*

Gems of Thought.

"THERE are plenty of happy faces here," said Dorothy. "Your own the happiest," said Josslyn, earnestly; "yet, even you hav had sad hours, I fear. I often think," he went on, not aware of her effort to look a negativ to his last surmise, "of that caliph who was blessed with heaven's choicest gifts—riches, pleasures, friendship, success—all that men desire—yet had counted the days on which he had been happy, and, through fifty years, they had been fourteen."—*Dorothy's Venture, by Mary Cecil Hay.*

MATERIALISM [Secularism and every form of Freethought, etc.] teaches: that man should attend to the affairs of this world, and, contrary to the notion of Jesus, should take "thought for the morrow;" that evil is due to natural causes, and that man can gradually remove the evils that afflict him by becoming acquainted with his nature, relations, and surroundings. Jesus, we are disposed to believe, was a reformer, a come-outer, an "Infidel" of his time. We can esteem him a benefactor without worshiping him as a God. Materialism, finally, teaches that the present is better than the past, and the golden age of the world is in the future.—*Underwood.*

Now, there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works—a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew ever to him both many of the Jews and many of the gentiles. He was *the* Christ; and when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross those that loved him at the first did not forsake him, for he appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him; and the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day.—*Josephus's Antiquities.*

THE literature of Judaism, or of paganism, will not help us here [*i. e.*, as to the real facts of the life of Jesus Christ]. We hav contemporary Jewish writings of great interest, but they are as oblivious of the work, and even the existence of Jesus, as we are to-day of the great poets, statesmen, thinkers, who in the corners of the world are gathering up their strength in silence and obscurity, one day to mold the future with it after their hearts' desire. A passage in Josephus [that, I presume, given in the above extract], which for centuries was cherished as the unwilling attestation of a cultured Jew to the miraculous character of Jesus, turns out to be a miserable interpolation, one of a thousand and ten thousand [here I fear, Mr. Chadwick falls into Josephus's "swollen and stilparty" mode of setting down numbers!] instances of mendacious piety in the first Christian centuries, and not confined to these.—*Chadwick's Man Jesus.*

THE influence of Greek philosophy and learning is visible in all Josephus's writings, and, as far as biblical history is concerned, infused into it a tone of "rationalism." He speaks of Moses as a human, rather than as a divinely inspired, legislator; he doubts the miracle in the crossing of the Red sea; the swallowing of Jonah by the whale; and, generally speaking, whatever is calculated to teach that there was a special miraculous providence at work on behalf of the chosen people.—*Chambers' Encyclopedia.*

As for myself, I hav delivered every part of this history [of Moses, and particularly his passage through the Red sea] as I found it in the sacred books; nor let anyone wonder at the strangeness of the narration, if a way were discovered to these men of old, who were free from the wickedness of the modern ages, whether it happened by the will of God, or whether it happened by its own accord; while for the sake of those that accompanied Alexander, king of Macedonia, who yet lived comparativly but a little while ago, the Pamphylian sea retired and afforded them a passage through itself, when they had no other way to go—I mean, when it was the will of God to destroy the monarchy of the Persians; and this is confessed to be true by all that hav written about the actions of Alexander; but as to these events [*i. e.*, the passage of Moses through the Red sea, and the passage of Alexander through the Pamphylian sea—both equally] let everyone determin as he pleases.—*Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews.*

"IT is strange," a judicious reader is apt to say, upon perusal of these wonderful histories, "that such prodigious events never happen in our days." But it is not strange, I hope, that men should *lie* in all ages. You surely hav seen instances enough of that frailty. You hav yourself heard many such marvelous relations started, which, being treated with scorn by all the wise and judicious, hav at last been abandoned even by the vulgar. Be assured that those renounced lies, which hav spread and flourished to such a monstrous hight, rose from like beginnings; but, being sown in a most proper soil, shot up at last into prodigies almost equal to those which they relate.—*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

THE proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors hav informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselvs to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life; he that hopes to look hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.—*Dr. Johnson.*

IT is a pity one had not twenty minds and forty hands; double pity one did not faithfully employ the mind and hands one has. The sweat of the brow is not a curse, but the wholesomest blessing in life.—*Carlyle.*

REASON must be our last guide and judge in everything.—*John Locke.*

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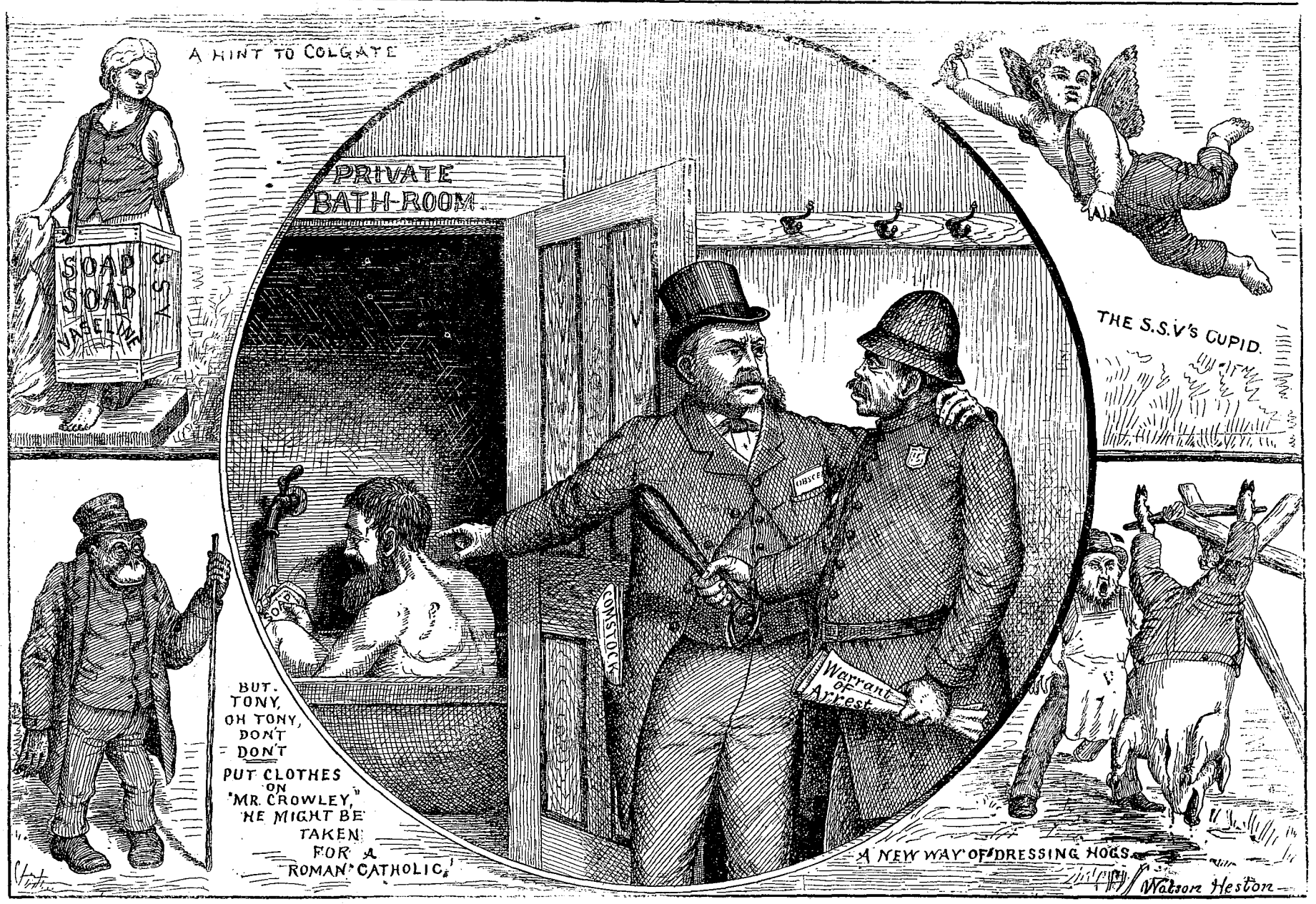
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SUGGESTIONS FOR COMSTOCK.

Notes and Clippings.

STATISTICS show a striking decrease in the number of marriages in Europe and America.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of Pittsburgh declares that no professional base-ball players shall enjoy the comforts of their institution.

IT is reported from Kansas that workmen sinking a coal shaft near Belleville came upon a petrified buffalo in a remarkably good state of preservation and completeness.

THE *Electrical Review* says that the lightning rod is a relic of superstition, and that the day will come when a lightning rod on a house will be regarded in the same light as a horseshoe over a door.

PROF. E. STONE WIGGINS, the earthquake sharp, has been heard from again. He says that a great earthquake period in North America will begin in 1904—on August 19th, to be exact. Meanwhile, he will not bother with small shakes, like those which hav taken place recently, which are merely "the negativ or reflex action of an earthquake, the position being located south of Cape Horn."

A BOSTONIAN D.D. has written a book endeavoring to show "Why Priests Should Marry." We don't think priests should marry, and the church is quite right in discouraging it. The church might discourage some other things, too. No; priests should not marry, for it is bad enough for the poor, deluded people to hav to support the priests without the additional burden of supporting their wives. The church is a sufficient bride. —*Workingmen's Advocate.*

OMAHA girl: "I notice many references in the papers to Anthony Comstock, of your city, and——" New York girl: "Horrors! Don't mention him." "Is he so very bad?" "Awful! In polite society it is considered inexcusably vulgar to refer to that creature's diseased imgination."

MRS. HELEN M. GOUGAR, says the Chicago *Tribune*, has developed the most elaborate case of mugwumpery on record. She says that in Kansas and Iowa she is a Republican, in Georgia a Democrat, in Indiana a third party Prohibitionist, and in religious matters she is an admirer of Charles Bradlaugh, the English Atheist orator.

THE *Episcopal Recorder* remarks: "That the cathedral is not needed is well known, as St. Thomas's and Grace church are the only two churches of the Protestant Episcopal denomination that are full, while nearly all the others are poorly attended, except on high days and occasionally on Sunday morning." The *Episcopal Recorder* is "Reformed Episcopal," and opposed to the regulars.

THE young people who are warned at this revival season against theaters and balls as ungodly are having lots of fun in coasting down the hills and holding on to one another. The girls of the Willett Street Methodist church coast down the steep hill in Willett street, between Grand and Delancey, and the damsels who sit under the elocutionary gyrations of Parson Talmage, in Brooklyn, go coasting down Fort Greene hill held in close embrace by the stalwart young men of the congregation. The sport is good and the spills are many, and the amount of hugging accomplished by the lads and lasses is appalling. But hugging and kissing in the name of the Lord is a very different thing from going to the wicked theater and the immoral dance.

IN consequence of a fight in the Republican caucus on the nomination of a chaplain for the legislature, different clergymen are invited by members with a "pull" to open the proceedings with prayer. Some of these gentlemen are paid three dollars and some five. By what gage the prayers are valued is not made known, but the clergy are anxious to know, because they all want to earn the biggest price.

"MY beloved brethren," said a Western minister, "it fills my heart with joy to inform you that the mayor of our little city has experienced a change of heart, and hereafter will labor with us in advancing our great and glorious cause." Murmurs of approval among the congregation. "And as a mark of the respect and esteem we hold for him, and the high confidence we repose in our new brother, the taking up of the collection will be intrusted to his care on this blessed Sabbath morn."

Is it left for a Boston man to discover and announce the sacred antiquities of Chicago? Edward Everett Hale writes to *Unity*: "Is it a matter of common talk in Chicago that La Salle called the Chicago river the divine river? His text is, '*Pour aller vers la rivière divine, appelé par les sauvages Chicagou*'—in order to approach the divine river which the savages called Chicagu." We fear that the Chicagoans are not fully alive to the sacred traditions of their local Jordan; but in this respect they are not much different from their fellows in other parts of the world. It is high spirituality that discovers the sanctities of things near.

THE *Freeman's Journal* says: "An afternoon spent near Calvary cemetery on any day when the funeral trains come pouring in will fill any Christian man with unspeakable shame and indignation. Perhaps the flask plays as prominent a part in the funeral trains that go to Greenwood. It may, but that does not concern us just now. Before we fling stones at our neighbors, we may as well put a strong roof over our own glass walls. And we can best do that by reforming funeral customs unworthy of pagans."

PROF. E. P. GOULD says in the Andover *Review*: "Anyone familiar with the rural communities of New England knows that a marked feature of them is the meagerness and poverty of the churches. And the cause is not far to seek. The effect is as natural and inevitable as in any case of overcrowding and excessiv competition. You cannot hav six stores in such a place, and for the same reason you ought not to hav a church for each of the leading sects. A large community may afford the luxury of denominations with churches to correspond. For a division into congregations for purposes of worship is necessary in any such community. And this division may be on denominational lines as well as otherwise on merely economical grounds. But in a small community, such as a country village, no division is possible consistently with prosperity, and consequently the present state of things—several churches instead of one—is a sacrifice of Christianity to denominationalism. Denominationalism is itself a crime, but this sacrifice on its altar is worse—it is a blunder."

Communications.

The Distribution of Wealth.

Among the costs of being dominated by the value sense or wealth-getting faculty in the degree that conduces to the highest success must be noted the frequent loss of friends, loss of respect, loss of love, loss of sympathy, and loss of character, which grow out of the chicaneries, knaveries, cheats, ingratitudes, and frauds which men of this kind who hav perhaps grown up together from youth will practice on each other when a crisis in their lives comes at which the choice lies between wealth and knavery on the one hand, and honest poverty on the other. I hav in mind the case of a wealthy man who is accounted liberal in his own way, who has, out of his own purse, sent missionaries to foreign lands, but the supreme court of his state solemnly certifies in its judicial reports that the basis of his now ample fortune was laid in the falsification of the books of account between him and the benefactor who has given him his start in life. Think of the damning burden of scorn which goes with such a record, and how impossible it is by any acts whatever to wipe out its reproach. Before you account any man blessed through his wealth, therefore, find out whether he holds the esteem of his early associates, benefactors, and partners. If he has slaughtered these on his way up to wealth, our faith in the doctrin that the universe means rectitude compels us to hope that he has but climbed the craggy mountains of success to get nearer to the avenging lightnings of retribution.

Other costs of getting wealth, the fever of the gambling mania which is inseparable from its constant losses of value and fluctuations, the frequent loss of the wealth itself whereby poverty is made more painful by contrast with recent riches, loss of health, and a thousand other costs are familiar as household words. Not even these evils, nor any flaws or frauds in the title by which wealth is got, can lessen the utility of its effects on society. They can only mar the enjoyment of its possessor.

All that portion of society who are in any close relations to a capitalist, as his employees, associates, customers, and neighbors, are interested in having him devote the largest possible portion of his income to reproductiv purposes, for the more rapid the growth of his reproductiv means, the more useful is he to all these persons. Those close and self-denying, or, as his enemies will always say, those mean and sordid qualities which cause a man, whatever his wages, or however small his income may be, to make his consumption so much less as to insure him very speedily a capital to work with, are as essential to the future wealth of the poor man, as obedience in the private soldier is to his rising from the ranks. Hence the class who are dominated by animalism, love of fun, love of learning, generosity, ostentation, religion, or the desire to help their friends, can never become capitalists. Very few persons who, from twelve to twenty-two years of age, are diverted from money-making to classical studies, theology, vice, philosophy, or who like learning for its own sake, or art for its sake, or beauty or religion supremely, can ever after, by any possibility, make money. For all these divide the worship, teach a contempt of money, inculcate habits of dispersion and not of accumulation. A little stock of learning, and a trifling stock of piety, just enough to make a man feel satisfied in his own mind, so as to stop his thinking about it, and to bring him into outward harmony with the powerful corporate organizations formed ostensibly to promote piety, are favorable to a man as a money-getter. But to win success most surely his worship must be undividedly directed all the time toward money.

The great money-making qualities are meanness and sagacity, the capacity to button up one's pocket against indulgence, charity, learning, religion, art, beauty, and enjoyment, and open it only to a good investment. This reserves from consumption the largest possible portion of capital, and devotes it to reproducing wealth. The more persons of this kind there are in a country, the sooner and faster it gets rich, the higher the wages it pays, even to the improvident, the insubordinate, the intractable, the incompetent, and those who lack health, temperance, or economic sagacity. But no system the wit of man can devise can ever make capitalists out of men whose thoughts are preoccupied with religion, or vice, or philosophy, or learning, or field-sports, or amusements, or indulgence, or with trying to help their friends, or to lift up all mankind at once, or to revolutionize society, or to relieve the poor, or reform crime, or master the fine arts, or any other absorbing passion but that of gain. Whoever goes off on these other shutes will stop short on the road to capital, and will work for wages for life. At present, so large a portion of the wage-working classes are dominated by these obstacles to their emergence from the wage-working condition that, though it is theoretically possible for them all, and one as much as another, to become capitalists and self-employers, it is practically impossible to the mass. Still, wage-workers hav no right to lose sight of the fact that from among their ranks the enterprisers and capitalists are always emerging and must emerge to the end. For nothing is so difficult as to create a successful enterpriser or capitalist by inheritance, or to make wealth last to the grandchildren of the first successful fortune-maker. Very few who inherit wealth hav a tithe of the skill of the man who arose out of the wage-working class and first created it. As a rule, no man can handle more wealth than he has himself accumulated. All the great capitalists America has produced, with a very few exceptions, began as wage-workers. The first Vanderbilt rowed a ferry-boat between Staten Island and New York. A. T. Stewart was a school-teacher, and only by accident found out that he had the gifts of a trader. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, worth $20,000,000, was a blacksmith. And so of all the others. Two pernicious falsehoods hav poisoned the minds of many wage-workers, and caused them to abandon the hope of ever getting ahead in the world. One is the teaching that, in past times, when industries were in their infancy, men could emerge from the wage working class into the self-employing or labor-employing class, but that this epoch has gone by, and that in the future this will not recur. It is recurring at this moment as often as it ever was, but in some new phase of enterprise. Profits migrate into new employments, and men migrate in pursuit of them. Anyone who knows New York well could enumerate hundreds of the first capitalists of New York who, twenty-five years ago, were wage-workers without capital. The woods are full of them! Every group of workingmen contains them. It will not do, therefore, to tell American workingmen that any legal, or social, or artificial bar, or any bar outside the qualities of their own character, has been erected between them and fortune. It is not true.

Another false notion was started by Malthus, and has been undergoing repetition by nearly every English economist, and is now made the basis of the complaint against the existing order of society which is made by Karl Marx, Lassalle, and the Socialists and Anarchists. I quote it as I find it, briefly and cogently stated, by Edouard Von Hartmann, in his "Philosophy of the Unconscious." He says:

> This increase of national wealth is essentially to the advantage of the possessors of capital alone, since that part of it which falls to the working classes is immediately followed by a numerical increase of the laboring classes, which in the redistribution always keeps the share falling to each individual at the level of the usual indispensable minimum for maintaining life.

This is not true theoretically, because the share of profit that comes to the capitalist is under the same laws of competition as the share of wages that comes to the laborer, *i. e.*, there is the same tendency of outside capital to rush into every profitable business, and reduce profits of capital in that business to the minimum which will sustain the plant, or works, or machinery, or stock, and support the family of the capitalist, as there is of outside labor to rush in and reduce wages to the minimum which will support the worker. The competition of competing capitals is as severe as that of competing wage-workers.

Nor practically, in a specific instance, is it true that at the moment when Cornelius Vanderbilt, or John Roach, or A. T. Stewart got into a position where they could save money, so as to emerge from the wages class into the capitalist class, the families of each of these workers forthwith increased so rapidly that the share of their income falling to each member of their family was kept at the lowest point that would maintain life. The so-called economists who hav palmed off such nonsense on the world as economic law hav not stopped to think. Its original author, Malthus, was a clergyman of the English church, and had eleven children. Possibly his salary may hav been graded according to the increase in his family. But any business man who should be told that no benefit could come to him from an increase of income, for forthwith his wife would bear children at a rate which would always keep the *per capita* income down to the lowest point at which life could be maintained in the children, would be sent to an asylum. It is idle, therefore, to inveigh against that economic law which confines the accumulation of capital to those who possess the economic virtues. It is better for society that it is so. For it is this mean force, this force of abstinence, that resolutely resists indulgence and luxury, which builds up the great accumulations of reproductiv wealth wherein Britain and America differ from Africa.

Stanley found, when on the Congo, that Portuguese muskets, exchanging for ivory, from fair to fair, each two fairs a few days and miles apart, would travel from the mouth of the Congo to Stanley Falls, fifteen hundred miles up the river, in three and a half years. There there was no wealth but the consumable, no large fortunes of reproductiv capital, no railroads, no banks, no factories, no monopolists, boards of trade or of stocks, no private ownership of land, no rents, no interest on money, no money, no capitalists, except as one man owned his fellow-men in less or greater numbers. There was none of the mental power essential to the reign of capital. There was no power of abstinence. They could not understand how a man having whisky could abstain from staying drunk till it was gone; how a man having power to get ten wives could stop at nine; how a man meeting a stranger could abstain from eating him. There was no credit; no power to comprehend the notion that a man would not lie, when by a lie he could make a better story; no power to avoid stealing, except from fear and so on. Notice now the power of capital. Stanley came with only three English friends and two bulldogs, but with a trading capital of about $200,000, and with this he carried a force, varying from 240 to 100 men, holding them together three years and eight months, paying their way even where they had to fight for leave to trade, but bearing them finally through from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo. A sufficient capital would organize even Africa into civilization.

But the quality of character which makes capital prolific in utilities to the neighborhood and country in which it is employed is the hoarding quality—which reserves it from consumption and devotes it to constantly more and more reproductiv uses, and the enterprise and courage which sees new channels of profit, and dares to employ it in them while yet their profitableness is in doubt. For profits are not stationary, but migratory, ever going out of the old art into the new, at the same place, or out of the old place into the new, in the same art. A. T. Stewart made his fortune by bringing twenty new arts into merchandising, all of which made the business more honest, and sold the goods more equally to poor and rich. He introduced the checks on the cash and goods which stop stealings. He stopped the drumming system, which demoralizes clerks and debauches buyers, and makes sales expensiv. He stopped lying at all his counters, forbade his clerks to praise his goods at all, and required them to point out the defects in the goods if they were inquired for, and even if they were not. He saved the commissions other employers paid their salesmen for the trade they commanded, and commanded his own trade, so that his clerks, in order to sell goods, did not need to become steering committees for houses of assignation. By these new arts in trade he rose to the command of forty five factories and twelve leading commercial houses. To his last hour he could not see workmen pile brick without stopping to show them how they could save time and labor.

When reproductiv investment has done its benefits to a somewhat larger number, every block the capitalist erects lowers rents to those who cannot own, every competing railroad cheapens fares. But these benefits are near. Wealth cannot be economically sent to Alaska, except by buying a sealskin sacque, or to Ceylon except by buying pearls, or to the central celestial flowery country, which western barbarians call China, without buying silks, teas, and ginseng; or to Java without buying coffee, to Peruvian mountaineers and Parisian cutters without buying diamonds, to Timbuctoo and Quango without buying ostrich feathers, to the peasantry of the Apennines without buying Spanish wines, to the needlewomen of Paris without buying fine lace, to Mexicans without purchasing costly dyes and colors; to Bulgaria without buying ottar of roses. Luxury and ostentation are the bent bow which speeds the arrow of fortune, barbed with a price but feathered with a charity, upon its highest and farthest flight. Those who draw the bow never see the quarry, and those who stand where the feathered arrow falls know not whence it comes. For the great charities which bless the poor without insulting them hav to travel incognito under the name of Luxury, as the great utilities which enrich mankind all put on the garb of sordidness.

I hav endeavored to show that human society, as now organized, is the product of an all-pervading will, which, whether unconscious or conscious, is humane in all its parts. It would extend my theme too far were I to attempt to show that even where men and women prefer the methods of barbarism, crime, and vice to those of civilization, the limitations on their development being such that they can prefer no other, natural law or society's unconscious will makes use even of barbarism, vice, and crime to carry financial relief from the fortunate to the unfortunate, and from the more successful in civilization to those that fail except as they resort to vicious and barbarous methods. Throughout society sensibilities are so adapted to condition that the actual enjoyment of happiness by all men is like their daily consumption of food and wear of clothing—nearly equal. The attempt to prove oneself peculiarly miserable soon degenerates into hypocrisy, and the attempt to prove oneself extraordinarily happy is never believed by any listener. All men believe in the democratic equality of the happiness that exists in the world, however fiercely they may denounce the aristocratic inequality in the distribution of the means.

I hav not covered the whole field, and cannot hope to do so in this essay. I hand you these few pebbles of unfertil thought as I find them washed up to my feet by the vast heaving, unfathomable ocean of human industry, economic interchange, and mutual toil. If they seem hard, it is because they were coined in the smelting furnace of experience, and cannot escape the seal of their igneous origin.

If they seem smooth and cold, it is because they are worn by long attrition with facts that would not yield. If they glisten with something faintly, like the momentary richness of gems, but which will soon dry off and leave them lusterless, it is because they are still wet with those surging billows of human sympathy and endeavor from which they came, and part of which they are, and in which, if you cast them back, they will shine again.

VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

WARRENSBURG, Mo., Dec. 29th, 30th.—The very disagreeable weather and the strenuous efforts of the Christians who united in the "stay-away argument" resulted in the Opera House being only about two-thirds full the first night; but on the next, although the weather was even more unpropitious, there was a much larger attendance to hear on "The Bible in the Public Schools." I exposed the subtle schemes, not alone of the Roman Catholics, but also of the Protestants, to destroy our public school system, the sole bulwark of our republican institutions, and how each and all indorse the declaration of the bishops of the Episcopal church in their pastoral letter of 1886 "that, with the enlargement of knowledge, scientific discoveries, and activity of the press, it is no marvel that unbelief should be rife and widespread. Whatever others may do, the church cannot, without protest and resistance, allow the salt of Christ's gospel to be cast out, little by little, from the education of the children of this land. The task set before us, as a part of the church of Jesus Christ, is to extend his reign over this fair, broad land, and to make this American republic submissiv to his sway."

I had the satisfaction of being assured by many intelligent persons that my lecture had aroused them to a sense of the danger and the need to heed the admonition of Washington, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

That sturdy old hero, A. T. Bolton, and his son, O. C. (Chris.), are made the especial targets for the fiery and malicious darts of the devoutly pious. The dear Christians set such a noble example of believing the Bible and obeying the precepts of Jesus, "Love your enemies; do good to them which hate you" (Luke vi, 27)! But the lectures hav opened many eyes to the fallacies of the Bible, and many mollusks are gaining courage to avow their convictions.

OLATHE, KAN., Jan. 1st, 2d, 3d.—Kansas is a beautiful state—speaking after the manner of Paul (Rom. iii, 7). It is unsurpassed in booms and blizzards. Suffering some from asthma, the sudden, intense, marrow-searching winds gave me severe cold, and the atmosphere, poisoned with the accumulated filth of the streets and the dirt of the hotels, added to the ever-prevalent malaria abounding in Kansas, resulted in my spending the greater part of New Year's day in bed. I was very sick; toward evening, I determined to remove to the other hotel. Olathe has two best hotels, unequaled on earth, save by each other for dirt and shiftlessness. I would offer daily petitions to the throne of grace, or any other fellow, for the speedy release of my worst enemy doomed to remain in either of them. Olathe is a city of paradoxes. The suburbs are neat, picturesque, with broad avenues and handsome residences; the business part abounds in banks and muck; one side of the public square looks like a row of abandoned pigstys. So much for the bad; but there is much of good in Olathe. They hav a most magnificent brick building—the coöperativ store of the Grangers; immense stores for every department, supplying every need from a shoe-lace to Brussels carpet, carpet tacks to mince-meat. In the second story is a very fine, commodious opera house and a large, handsome Grange lodge-room, where I delivered the lectures. And I hav never had the honor of addressing more intelligent and attentiv audiences. It was only will-power that enabled me to keep my appointment, but the interest evinced gave me strength. New Year's night the attendance was not large, but the two succeeding nights standing room was at a premium—even the ante-rooms was crowded with eager listeners trying to peep over each other's shoulders.

I had the pleasure of meeting many right royal Liberals. Good old Dr. Peter Julien, friend Everitt, and young N. M. Dewees, are in the lead and shoulder the responsibilities.

The State Deaf and Dumb Asylum is located at Olathe; they are erecting a center building between the two buildings first erected; they will be wings to the main building. The whole, when finished, will make a very large and imposing structure. There are about one hundred and fifty male and sixty female pupils, varying in age from eight years to twenty.

Oh, how piteous their affliction! One bright little fellow about nine years old, with the finger language asked one of the teachers, "O sir! do please tell me why, oh, why did God make me deaf and dumb?" Think of the joy, the delusion of happiness to the poor afflicted ones; think of the delight naught else could equal that the parents and relativs would experience, if those poor unfortunates could go home able to hear and talk. Who, that by any possibility could, would not gladly giv them power of speech and hearing?

The Christians say their God could. Their God could, but will not. The teachers spend hours each day teaching those poor deaf-mutes to be grateful to God. "God is love." "God is all-powerful." "God is a tender, loving father." And all the poor deaf-mutes are made to worship him. Instead of the motto, "God is love," why not hav, in the same large type, the pet text of the Presbyterians, Isa. lxiii, 3: "I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment, for the day of vengeance is on mine heart?" This would enable the poor deaf-mutes to at least realize the consistency and harmony of the character of the Christian God.

O that Liberalism would fulfill its mission, and in every neighborhood establish science schools on Sunday, so that young and old alike might learn the truth: God did not make us; we are just what our parents or grandparents hav made us, and every so-called affliction, every malformation of brain or body, is the consequence of violation of nature's law, from the dread penalty of which no vicarious atonement can save us or our children!

BURLINGTON, KAN., Jan. 4th, 5th, 6th.—This is quite a pretentious village (city, in Kansas). Those who sold out three years ago did wisely. The place, like almost every little huddle in the state, has been boomed, and now suffers the inevitable consequent paralysis.

I wish it distinctly understood that no amount of good or ill treatment will induce me to swerve from the truth in my account of places I visit. I giv facts, without fear or favor—"nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

TRUTH SEEKER readers are anxious to learn the actual condition of things, and this it is impossible to obtain from interested parties, many of whom are unscrupulous in misrepresentation. And then, too, it is quite possible to giv glowing descriptions of Kansas, its climate and products, and, while speaking the truth, yet grossly deceive.

The climate of Kansas is execrable; intense heat and cold, with sudden changes from one extreme to the other. Kansas is situate about the center of the United States, and it has all the disagreeables of every section. Old settlers, who hav no interest in real estate booms, admit that in thirty years past Kansas has only averaged one crop in three years. Two failures to one success, but the malaria is always a full crop. I am informed that by taking whisky and quinine enough, one gets so he doesn't mind it much, only in cold, damp, foggy weather.

Kansas produces mammoth corn, pumpkins, and cabbage semi-occasionally, and acres and acres of sunflowers that grow very large, rank, and strong; this tiresome pest is always a dead-sure crop.

Kansas land is all ready for the plow. You can go right on and put in your crops. There are no trees to fell, no stumps in the way. Oh, no! it is open, bleak prairie; a dreary wilderness of dismal sameness, where the blizzards hav full sweep, and are as pitiless as the railroads. Hard coal costs $15 to $17 per ton; soft coal, $5. Burning wood is out of the question; it is unattainable.

It would be a good country for hogs, only the cholera kills them off oftener than the drouth does vegetation. Despite the frequent cruel blizzards, ten to twenty degrees below zero, barns are rarities, very few and far between. I at first supposed it was cruel indifference to the terrible suffering of stock that left them with nothing but wilted cornstalks for shelter. But I did the people injustice; they would gladly put up barns if they could, but poverty prevents. There is scarcely a farm in Kansas without its mortgage, and the interest is from twelve to thirty per cent. In great cities the pawnbrokers' shops are found in the most squalid, poverty-stricken neighborhoods; they could do no business only for the helpless poverty of the people in their vicinity. In every place in Kansas I hav visited there are everywhere staring you in the face large signs, "Money to loan." Every such sign tells of blighted hopes, failure, poverty, and ruin.

Why people pass through Missouri to settle in bleeding Kansas can only be explained on the principle of intelligent persons clinging to the Christian religion; one fool leads the way, and all, like sheep, blindly follow their leader. It is easier to go with the unthinking crowd—so much less trouble to take the say-so of others than to investigate.

Burlington is fortunate in that she has a noble band of truth seekers—men and women of intelligence, genuin Liberals. I had a glorious good time, large attendance, and real, earnest interest at all three lectures, and organized the Burlington Liberal Union: president, C. K. Lefering; vice-president, Mrs. E. Storrs; secretary, O. E. Sandford; treasurer, John Hollywood; vigilance committee, Guy Watt, O. C. Horton, and H. W. Anderson; educational committee, W. H. Bear, R. P. Douglass, and Mrs. Guy Watt; social committee, John Hollywood and wife, Guy Watt and wife, C. K. Lefering and wife, and O. E. Sandford and wife.

FALL RIVER, KAN., Jan. 7th, 8th.—I arrived at this place Saturday at 5 o'clock P.M. Blizzard was in full blast. Thermometer indicated seven degrees below zero and rapidly falling. I took up my abode in the pigsty they called a hotel. It is run by a biped. A sense of justice to the swine prevents my grossly libeling them by calling him by their name.

At 7 o'clock I repaired to the Opera House, a very large, handsome building, stores below, Opera House above—a fine, large hall, high ceiling, large stage. Behind the curtain the walls were unplastered, windows broken out, so gentle Boreas swept in. There was but one stove, fire just started, and the entry-doors would not shut close. I lectured with my overshoes, overcoat, and muffler on, and suffered terribly from the cold, and contracted neuralgia that will last me to my grave. Many of my audience sat with overcoat collars up and heads shrunk down, breathing on their benumbed fingers to keep them from freezing. That so many stayed in such misery, for the sake of hearing what Liberalism taught, was the reason I delivered the lecture despite severe suffering. Promises were made me that the fire should be started at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the stove be kept red-hot till the lecture at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On Sunday, a few minutes before 3, one of the friends called on me, and asked me if "I had not better go light the fire in the hall." At half-past 3 I arrived at the Opera House and found a small boy trying to start a fire. Ten degrees below zero, and a gentle Kansas zephyr, with a velocity of sixty miles an hour, fanned the brow of those who ventured into the streets. I bribed two small boys to keep fetching coal and fill the stove. I would hav hired some men to clean the floor, but it had not been even swept in some years and pick-axes and shovels were frozen up. At 4 o'clock I delivered my lecture—stood near the stove, so only the rear half of me froze.

Sunday night attendance was not larger than at the first lecture. It was slim; people had been frozen twice, and declined to risk consequences a third time. A parson preaching hell-fire for sinners in that hall under the circumstances would hav induced even good Liberals to become wicked, in hopes he spoke the truth and that they might eventually get warm.

With the exception of good friend Hall, a more shiftless set I never had the misfortune to meet than the Fall Riverites. From all such places and such Liberals, in the future, I pray kind Fortune to deliver me.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

That Voice From the Tomb.

In a late number of THE TRUTH SEEKER is an article entitled, "A Voice From the Tomb." It givs a short life-sketch of the Rev. James H. Thornwell, D.D., of South Carolina, and an extract from a sermon delivered by him in Columbia just one month before the secession of the state.

The subject is, or rather was, slavery then; but it is broader now even in the North. It always was a broad subject in the South, and was not considered in the narrow limits and spiteful style peculiar to the North. The subject now is forced upon us under various heads—Anarchism, Communism, labor organizations, Anti-Poverty unions, etc.

The complaints about the lash and bloodhounds are only twisted a little, and duplicated into cries against the wounds and sores made by capital. The Rev. Mr. Thornwell said the North was blind. Was it not? Who admits that his sermon is now a "Voice From the Tomb?"

I would hav been glad to hav read your opinion on it—on this manifold subject which some fools—a good many fools—hav thought the war settled. What frankness and clearness in language! what logic! what comprehension and thought! It is so like the great Carolinian who was his close friend!

Our Ingersoll has answered Black, and left a little of the Rev. Mr. Field. He never omits a chance to run a tilt against the form of slavery peculiar to the South a few years ago. The Rev. Mr. Thornwell has not challenged Ingersoll, or sought to dethrone him in the view of his friends. But he has left a record—a few texts briefly written, containing his own views about slavery, labor, and capital, etc., which show evidence of a powerful and masterly intellect.

I would be glad to read what Mr. Ingersoll may feel disposed to say concerning the positions of this Carolinian. By the way, they vary only in form of expression from those entertained by Hammond, Calhoun, and others of that state. If he can refute them as completely, and in as knightly a spirit, as he has answered his assailants in the *North American Review*, I will forgiv him for the many ungenerous things he has said heretofore about the men of the South.

Aurora, O., Dec. 16, 1887. N. EGGLESTON.

The Faith Cure Cured Him.

From the Binghamton Republican.

Smith: "Do you believe in the faith cure?"
Brown: "It cured me."
"Of what?"
"Faith."

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
EDGAR C. BEALL, Chair. Fin. Com., - - 27 Arcade, Cincinnati.

Refused Communication.

J. R. MONROE, M.D., Editor *Ironclad Age*, *Dear Sir:* By request of a majority of the board of directors, I am instructed to forward you the following communication, with the understanding that I retain the original, and they respectfully ask that you giv the same publicity to this that you did to the accusations. Fraternally,

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. Board of Directors.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Ironclad Age:* As there has been more or less correspondence in your paper as to the financial relations between the former secretary (now president), Mr. S. P. Putnam, and the American Secular Union, we deem it necessary and honorable to Mr. Putnam to make the following statement:

We first affirm that Mr. Putnam has been in all ways strictly fair and generous in regard to compensation for his services to the Union, and no one who understands the matter can view it otherwise.

Last year Mr. Putnam surrendered his rightful and legal claim to $600, due him by the Union for services performed during 1885–6. In view of this and the uncertain financial prospects for the year of 1886–7, the board of directors did not guarantee a fixed salary. It was, however, mutually agreed by them and Mr. Putnam—the treasurer, Mr. Eckhard, cordially coinciding—that Mr. Putnam should take the lecture field as the representativ of the Union, and that all moneys received by him he should retain in payment of his services; also that he should be entitled to all such money as might remain in the treasury after all the liabilities should be paid.

In accordance with this understanding Mr. Putnam has received during the last year about $2,137. Out of this sum he has paid nearly $700 for traveling expenses, leaving him for that year's work, in lieu of his fixed salary which he had relinquished, something over $1,400, according to the report of the treasurer. Of this $2,137, $1,887 was collected by Mr. Putnam as lecture fees for services in the field, and this amount would hav been justly his due under any circumstances, because it was received in payment of services performed, and not as a donation to the Secular Union general fund. Out of the actual donations to the general fund, Mr. Putnam has received only $250 for two months' legitimate office work performed in New York city, and for his services as secretary of the Union in connection with his ten months' labor in the lecture field.

The donations to the Secular Union general fund amounted to about $625, and besides the amount paid to Mr. Putnam $175 had been paid for debts contracted for the exclusiv benefit of Chas. Watts. The balance has been used for necessary expenses—books bought and distributed, and donations to other lecturers. It would not hav been fair to hav taken the money earned by Mr. Putnam to pay other speakers who hav undoubtedly received their regular fees. In order to avoid misapprehension the treasurer should hav stated in his report the understanding that Mr. Putnam should retain the $1,887 collected as lecture fees. The only possible question, then, that can arise is as to the payment of $250 to Mr. Putnam for office work as secretary, which payment makes the actual amount received, when expenses are deducted, less than the fixed salary the Union had agreed to pay Mr. Putnam for the two preceding years. All other amounts were his own earnings, as per agreement with the board of directors, and the only reason they had to be accounted for by the treasurer was that the Union had to hav a representativ secretary and such funds collected by that representativ necessarily needed to be acknowledged by some one. Therefore it was thought best for Mr. Putnam to account for his lecture fees as contributions to the Union. All misapprehension would hav been avoided had the treasurer stated this in his report and distinguished between "lecture fees" and "donations to the general fund by friends."

In reporting the payment of certain sums to the Truth Seeker Company, C. P. Farrell, and other parties the treasurer entirely exceeded his duties. These payments had nothing whatever to do with the American Secular Union. They were Mr. Putnam's private and personal matters. As treasurer, Mr. Eckhard accounted for Mr. Putnam's salary (or what was accepted as such). This was all that concerned the Union. When Mr. Putnam gave Mr. Eckhard vouchers for salary, the treasurer should merely hav acknowledged the voucher. Mr. Putnam asked Mr. Eckhard as a friend—not as treasurer—to pay part of his salary to certain parties. It was an error on the part of the treasurer to include these private transactions in his public report.

It was not understood by the board of directors that Mr. Putnam sold books for the benefit of the general fund, except those donated for that purpose. It would hav required the services of a clerk to hav traveled with Mr. Putnam in order to hav kept a strict account of the sales, with postage, freight, and excess rates; books lost, stolen, injured, etc. As Mr. Putnam took the entire responsibility for payment and care of books, he certainly was entitled to whatever profit might accrue. Any other payment would hav been oppressiv and unjust.

The charge, therefore, that Mr. Putnam has in any case taken what does not rightfully and fairly belong to him falls to the ground. He acted in good faith with the board of directors and in accordance with their agreement. He has worked hard, and has been paid no more than is justly his due. He has taken nothing from others, and it is hoped that, hereafter, no friend of the Union will help defeat the cause by creating groundless suspicions against its officers.

The board of directors unanimously agreed that Mr. Putnam should hav all he could earn, and also agreed, if possible, to pay the $600 he gave the Union. This has not been paid; but Mr. Putnam is as enthusiastic for the Union as ever. In view of his generous and self-sacrificing spirit, we cannot but regard the recent accusations and insinuations in your paper against Mr. Putnam as cruelly unjust.

COURTLANDT PALMER.
[Signed.] EUGENE M. MACDONALD.
E. B. FOOTE, JR.

NOTE.—Not being a member of the board at the time of the aforesaid arrangement with the board of directors and Mr. Putnam, but being elected to the chairmanship of the finance committee shortly after, I hav all along understood that such an agreement as above outlined was then made, and so far as I am aware Mr. Putnam has faithfully adhered to the same. E. A. STEVENS, Ex-Chairman Fin. Com.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a transcript of the document forwarded me to copy, with the request that I retain the original and attach the seal of the Union to this copy.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary A. S. U.

Mayor Roche's Moral Reform.

The political accident, of large body and abbreviated intellect, who holds down the executiv chair of this corporation for his political bosses, the two Georges, was afflicted with an acute spasm of moral "rheumatics" a few days ago, and he revoked the license of the only bill-posting firm in the city, renewing it next day, however, on condition that certain "objectionable" posters should be covered inside of twenty-four hours; the occasion for this sudden rush of righteousness to the brain being the posting of bills for a novelty company playing at the Casino—a company which has performed in Chicago at least four times since Roche has been proxy-mayor of the city, and displayed the same posters. The bills are no more indecent, immodest, or objectionable than scores of performances of that class, and probably not so much so. They represent girls dancing in the ballet, the chief point about their dress being that they hav none to speak of. However, they had plenty of tights, but were not rigged out to brave a regular Dakota blizzard, by any means—ballet girls seldom are. Several old deacons observed these statuesque figures defying the elements, as it were, and I presume the sight of their unseasonable attire set their shins a-shaking and their teeth a-chattering at the management's apparent cruelty to animals in producing such an exhibition in below-zero weather, and sympathetically wished it suppressed. However, evil-disposed persons do say that what scandalized the deacons and excited their ire was the representation of a long array of the bald-headed fraternity anxiously trying to obtain admission to the theater to witness Alice Montague's performance of the "Little Devil's Ravels," and they did not like to be "given away" quite so freely; so they sought out Roche—John A. Roche—Mayor John A. Roche, I mean—and as a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, he compassionately complied by, so to speak, placing his No. 13's on the posters.

The Lily Clay company hav thereby gained some valuable advertising, but this has not deterred our doughty Chicago "cock" Roche from declaring that he is going to make this a "clean city." If he will only remove the heaps of filth from the alleys he will do a worthy work, but it seems as though he imagins that morals is his mission, not sanitation. There he is likely to make a great mistake. Now understand that Roche is busily engaged in perusing Anthony Comstock's latest attempt at literary fame, "Morals *vs.* Art," with the end in view of becoming an accomplished moral scavenger. Possibly his presence in New York is to get a few more "pointers" from Saint Anthony. If Anthony Comstock will only keep on writing books, his reign will be brief indeed. For his enemies, he has selected a most fortunate title, "Morals *vs.* Art," which at once places these two agencies in direct antagonism, and at once suggests that the writer is an idiot. Keep on writing books, Tony, for they show your conceptions of art to be those of a low-bred, vulgar minded egotist who discovers in pictures

An amount of vigorous salacious pith
That your writings hav not.
They're the cussedest rot
You could bore an editor with.

If the above specimen of municipal interference is not quite an illustration of orthodoxy in the state, it shows the disposition of orthodoxy to become the moral censor of the community; and it is one of the duties of the American Secular Union to stop the onward march of this sort of dictation; and I am pleased that our energetic and enthusiastic president, Samuel P. Putnam, has chosen as his subjects for this year, first, "Universal Mental Liberty," "The Dangers Ahead," "American Democracy," "The Bible," and, as a contrast, "The Glory of Infidelity," and "Priest, King, and People." Mr. Putnam will flash the torch of freedom during February and March through southern California. It is hoped that our friends in San Diego, Del Mar, San Jacinto, Los Angeles, Santa Ana, Anaheim, San Bernardino, and the points where lectures are not yet arranged, will speedily make engagements.

Dispatches from Indianapolis state that the Christian community is greatly agitated over a clerical scandal. Rev. D. R. Buskirk of the Third church is alleged to hav been very sweet on the wife of another divine (?), Rev. C. W. Mertz. As the trial is being pushed forward by members of each of their congregations, and as it is expected to be sensational, it will be secret. Mr. Mertz seems to be a philosopher. He doesn't worry about a little thing like that, and isn't taking any hand in the prosecution. Possibly he knows how it is himself.

Several Freemasons, who had aroused the religious ire of the bigoted clericals in the state of Pueblo, Mexico, hav been foully murdered by the fanatical followers of Rome, and they promis to murder every Mason. If the Masonic order is worth a rap, it will help to destroy the influence everywhere of the teachings of this gospel according to blood, instead of catering to it, for it will certainly be put in practice whenever an opportunity presents itself.

Judge Ermentrout, of Pennsylvania, has affirmed the decision of the lower court fining the gate-keeper of a camp-meeting association for taking money on the Sabbath. This prosecution was brought by the Philadelphia Sabbath Association. Good! When Christians get fighting among themselvs over laws they hav put on the statute books, there is a good time coming for the rest of the people. We can afford to wait a little longer.

The Chicago Secular Union will suitably celebrate the author-hero's natal day. Dr. Juliet H. Severance will, on Sunday evening, make the oration at our regular meeting, and will be followed by an original poem by Prof. Wm. C. Wilson, and speeches by Gen. M. M. Trumbull, Mrs. Freeman, Dr. E. S. McLeod, Prof. W. S. Bell, C. Orchardson, and others. A splendid entertainment is arranged for Monday evening. A chorus of twenty voices of one of the German singing societies; some leading vocalists; organ, cornet, and zither soloists; an original poem by Dr. Severance, and a short address by the writer will constitute the first part of the program, and we shall then trip the light fantastic till early in the morning.

E. A. STEVENS.

All About John Wesley.

The "information wanted about John Wesley" will be found in Vol. II., pp. 602–5, of Lecky's last work, "England in the Eighteenth Century." It was printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER in 1880. Wesley was not indicted in Georgia for adultery. He was then a High churchman of a very narrow type. He insisted on baptism by immersion, and refused to baptize a child whose parents objected to that form. He would not permit a non-communicant to become a sponsor; repelled one of the holiest men from the communion table because he was a Dissenter; refused, for the same reason, to read the burial service over another, and succeeded in inducing Oglethorpe to issue an order forbidding any colonist from throwing a line or firing a gun on Sunday. His sermons were all satires on particular persons. He insisted upon weekly communions, desired to rebaptize Dissenters who abandoned their non-conformity, and exercised his pastoral duties in such a manner that he was accused of meddling in every quarrel and prying into every family.

A connection, which was at first purely religious, between himself and a young lady of his congregation, led to a proposal for marriage, but its consummation was forbidden by the Moravian church, whose judgment he accepted as the command of God. The lady soon married a Mr. Wilkinson, who was disliked by Wesley. The pastoral visits were kept up; he forced himself repeatedly into her presence in spite of her husband's express command, and ended by expelling her from the communion.

It was said among his followers that she made the first overtures to him, and feigned a greater devotion than was real in order to attract him; but the only specific charge alleged against her was that she had not communicated more than three times in three months, and had not intimated her intention to the clergyman before coming to the sacred table. Her

incensed husband brought an action against Wesley for defaming her character.

The grand jury were divided in their opinions, but the majority pronounced his conduct wholly unjustifiable, and took the opportunity of censuring the ritualistic innovations and severities he had introduced. A trial was impending, and, in spite of his desire to meet it, was repeatedly postponed. At last, by the advice of friends, he fled to England.

This was in 1738, when Thomas Paine was one year old. In less than four months after his return to England, Wesley got converted to Christ through the instrumentality of a Moravian priest. Therefore, all that he did in Georgia was the work of an impenitent sinner.

It is perhaps unjust to stigmatize John Wesley as an adulterer. Doubtless, like most pastors, he was tempted, but let us hope that he withstood the temptation better than the average preacher.

But, in spite of the grace of God, John Wesley was a bitter Tory. He wrote a pamphlet against the complaints of the American colonists, entitled, "A Calm Address." This was reviewed by Thomas Paine, as "Casca," in the English *Crisis*, No. LXII. of March 23, 1776. In that review Paine said, "Governments are instituted, not for the sake of the governors, but of the governed"—a sentiment that is repeated almost verbatim in the Declaration of Independence. This, said Paine, is "an eternal truth," but "Wesley is not ashamed to assert the contrary." BURR.

Advice to Workingmen.

Stand by the tariff! It was framed for you by your best friends, who are always on the lookout for a chance to raise your wages. Congress has made tariff after tariff at the precise figures which were asked for by your employers. They did all the lobbying; but it was entirely for your good. They were not trying to protect themselvs. Oh, no! All they wanted was to protect you against British books, blankets, carpets, hardware, stockings, flannel, and woolen cloth. How shocking it would be for you to hav to buy such articles for one-half the prices you are paying now! How kind it is of your employers to keep any such temptation at a safe distance! This is so great a blessing that your getting no protection against the competition of laborers from Europe and Canada in your own homes is not worth talking about. Your guardian angel, James G. Blaine himself, said, while secretary of the treasury, in his report to Congress, that "undoubtedly the inequality in the wages of English and American operativs is more than equalized by the greater efficiency of the latter, and their longer hours of labor." You hav the word of Truthful James himself for believing that a lower tariff would giv you just as much money for the same amount of work. There would, at all events, be no fall of wages to offset the certainty that your money would go twice as far. How could you stand having the surplus taken out of Uncle Sam's pockets and put into yours? You don't want that, of course. You would much rather let the tariff be raised higher and higher by millionaires and monopolists, until it protects your wages way up to what they are in protectionist Germany, where the highly protected workingman earns about one-half as much as in free-trade England, and is actually able to eat black bread every day, and meat once a week. That is the protectionist millennium!

How kind it is of the wealthy philanthropists, who now tax your clothing twice as high as their own, to offer to hasten the coming of this golden age, by giving you cheap tobacco and whisky! Believe all these saintly men tell you. Hav full faith that all your prosperity before the war, and the whole nation's, is due to the tariff which was arranged to suit the protectionists between 1824 and 1833, and again between 1842 and 1846, though it did not even then reach its present hight. Feel sure that your present prosperity, with which every one of you is perfectly satisfied, is all owing to the tariff, and that none of it is due to our free institutions, or to your own skill and vigor. It is not of the least consequence how much you are ahead of men in other lands. The only point of superiority worth talking about is our high duties on almost every necessary of life which we can import. Great is the tariff of your masters. The tariff was made for man, and man was made for the tariff.

* * *

Colonel Ingersoll in Court.

From the Evening Sun.

Colonel Ingersoll is a big man wherever he goes, but he has seldom been such "a big toad in the puddle" as at the little shire town of Dedham, Mass., the past week. He was the leading counsel for Alley, the defendant in the suit to recover $150,000, the value of one hundred and fifty bonds of the Postal Telegraph Company, which the plaintiff claimed had been given to Mr. Alley upon conditions which the latter failed to carry out. The news that Colonel Ingersoll was at the court house spread rapidly through the country town and crowds flocked to the place. So great was the rush that deputy-sheriffs were sent to guard the stairways and prevent accident. All eyes were centered upon "Bob." He sat in an armchair, and his ample proportions completely filled it. His smooth-shaven, round face was continually wreathed in smiles, and he frequently joined in the laugh that followed his witticisms. He thought he made a good impression on the jury, and he kept it up. At one time he was quizzing Mr. Snow in regard to the condition of his finances at a certain date. Mr. Snow tried to explain, but was interrupted by Colonel Ingersoll, who said: "I asked you if you were not substantially out of money. I hav a friendly feeling for you on that account, because I hav often been in that condition myself." Mr. Snow looked embarrassed.

Later in the trial Mr. Snow testified that on a certain Sunday he had remained at home and had not gone to church. Colonel Ingersoll ejaculated, "Well, you were a sensible man for once in your life." Several old ladies who were in the court-room looked horrified and glared severely at the noted Agnostic. The younger ladies joined in the laugh that followed, and even Judge Pitman's face broadened into a smile.

The next incident that broke the monotonous course of the trial was when Mr. Snow testified that Mr. Alley had a tremendous influence with great men, "both living and dead."

"What's that?" promptly asked Colonel Ingersoll, who was conducting the cross-examination. "How many bonds did you giv Mr. Alley on the strength of those dead men? How many cemetery considerations did you issue?"

Mr. Snow shifted his position and remained silent.

"He thought he'd look a little bigger perched upon the tombstone of a friend, did he?" sneered the colonel.

Colonel Ingersoll enjoys a joke, even if it is turned against himself. On the first day of the trial the colonel left the court house by the rear door and undertook to find the restaurant. He had never before tried that route, and soon noticed that he was walking away from his dinner. Meeting a lad who had spent the morning in the court house, he asked, "I say, young man, where in —— is that eating-house?"

The lad was equal to the occasion. "Why, Mr. Ingersoll, I thought you didn't believe in a hell?" he responded.

Colonel Ingersoll laughed heartily. "Well, that's a good one on me. But where is it, anyway?"

He followed the direction pointed out by the lad, and in a short time he was placing himself outside of a juicy piece of steak.

An evening *Sun* correspondent sat at the table with him and found the great lawyer one of the most congenial companions. He threw off the cares of the case which he was conducting and was the life of the little company. As he entered the room he exclaimed: "Hello! here are the reporters. If we keep by them we'll get the best there is."

During the dinner, the conversation turned upon pugilism, and Colonel Ingersoll remarked: "I've always been dead set against boxing, or sparring—or fighting, for that's what it really means. It's brutal and low-lived. If a man wants exercise, he can get it in a more respectable manner. It's a disgusting sport."

"The English don't seem to think so," remarked one man.

"Humph! Sullivan finds himself in congenial company," snorted Mr. Ingersoll. "I never thought much of the prince of Wales and all the lords and dukes over there, and I don't think any more of them now."

Two gentlemen began to talk about a little game of poker on the preceding evening, and the conversation became general. Colonel Ingersoll said: "I think that poker is one of the most interesting games in existence. The ministers talk about the sin of gambling, but in all that they say, the sin is always in the losing. Now, in my opinion, the sin of gambling is in the winning. It's no sin to lose money. If I'm such a fool as to lose my money, where is the sin? It's mine, and I can do what I like with it. But when you come to win, that's a different thing. If I play with, and win money from, a man who cannot afford to lose it, I am doing wrong. But if I should win a million of dollars from Mr. Vanderbilt there would be nothing wrong in it. He could afford to lose it, and I'd collect it, too, if there was any power to make him pay it."

Dr. McGlynn on the Church Machine.

From his speech before the Anti-Poverty Society, January 22d.

Our quarrel is not with the church, for we wish to preserve it in its purity for those who are to come after us, but with the abuses of the ecclesiastical machine, and we oppose that machine chiefly because its abuse must always injure the cause of true religion. The priest or bishop who will refer the most trivial questions to Rome for settlement, as whether gas can be burnt in church, is the most certain of advancement, and so toadying of all kinds is developed. The remedy for many abuses arising out of such toadying is to decentralize, and to allow the church to elect its own bishops. There is a serious danger that in this country a man to become a Catholic must become almost a foreigner—just like that monsignor whose ancestors came to this country two hundred years ago, and yet who recently denounced as no true Catholic a man who would refuse to take his politics, as well as his religion, from Rome. Why, it has gone so far that a parent cannot remove his child even from one Catholic school to another without the consent of the bishop, and it has actually been declared that it is better that a child should hav no education at all than go to the accursed public school. If this country should ever become entirely Catholic, the parents of the country would then hav no voice whatever in deciding upon what sort of a school their children should attend. They would make the very ministry of Christ subordinate to their wretched schools. And to bolster up that false doctrin, they are bedeviling the politics of the country to secure what they call "their share" of the school taxes, to be expended without the people having any say as to how it is done. Why, it has come to be that the chief qualification of bishops is that they are "good financiers," not piety or godliness.

Through so-called charities, another danger threatens the state, for many of these charities are really supported by the state. It has actually become profitable for certain religious orders to establish these charities. For the support of these institutions, corrupt political bargains hav been made, especially with the Democratic party, and more particularly with that most ill-smelling portion of that party, Tammany hall.

A number of years ago, a number of priests determined that they would get the support for their parochial schools from the state. They were warned that such a course would bring the church into discredit. And at Archbishop McCloskey's palace a bargain was made with Peter B. Sweeny, and at the next election the fearfully corrupt Tammany machine held its power through the assistance of the ecclesiastical machines. The Sunday before the election, many priests exhorted their flock that they should vote for those who would help the church. I am glad to say that the agent of the machine did not visit the pastor of St. Stephen's. Even to-day it is not well for a priest to be unfriendly to that same Tammany machine. To get money for their schools, they were willing to enter into an alliance with that infamously corrupt ring. And years afterward, when Tweed was in prison, a high ecclesiastical dignitary regretted his fate, because he was "our friend." It is lucky that there was not a brass tablet in the new cathedral giving the names of some of those who gave money for it, for there you would find the names of Tweed and the rest.

But the ecclesiastical machine was willing to condone the thieveries of the most gigantic band of public swindlers that ever, perhaps, existed, because those swindlers befriended this machine. Through them the Catholic Protectory has been endowed by the state, and weak institutions hav been made prosperous by similar endowments. It has become a matter of business, not of charity.

The vow of poverty has become a very comfortable thing. It means that so long as you liv you shall hav three square meals a day and a good bed and comfortable home. Those who take the vow of poverty never suffer real poverty. And it is a very pleasant thing for monks and nuns to hav the treasury of the state of New York to rely upon. Because Governor Cleveland vetoed a further appropriation to the Catholic Protectory he was fought by the ecclesiastical machine in 1884. Mr. Cleveland is a wise man, is a statesman, but he is also learning to become a practical politician, and so he sent a present to the pope, and one of the papers of this city said that was an especially wise thing to do, in view of the fact that the pope had some 8,000,000 subjects in this country—"subjects," mind you. And a year ago the head of the machine here had the hardihood to write to me forbidding me to attend any more political meetings without the consent of the Propaganda.

The ecclesiastical machine, whether in Rome or America, favors authority, aristocracy, even monarchy, as against liberty, democracy, republicanism. The public maintenance of Catholic charities has but begun, and if permitted to go on, there will be a union of church and state that will result in the destruction of both church and state. What business is it of that old man way off there in Rome to tell whether certain property shall be mortgaged off in Tacoma? This foreign control has almost destroyed the initiativ of the church and made children of the men and women in it. The test of Christianity is no longer piety, but submissivness to the authorities of the church.

A Pious Industry.

From the London Truth.

Are clergymen of the Church of England really unable to write their sermons themselvs? That many cannot do this is to be presumed, otherwise it would pay no one to send round circulars offeriug sermons. Here are some which hav just been received by a clergyman. The ten per cent commission on persuasiv charity sermons, with two men to collect the money, is, I think, a new feature in this business:

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Name of deceased.....
Age of do.....
Sex.....
Date of decease.....
Characteristics.....
Other information.....
Applicant's name in full.....
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Sermon—Length required.....
When wanted.....
Other remarks.....

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Communications.

Sunday Laws.

Sunday laws are founded upon these assertions in the Bible: "And on the seventh day God ended the works which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because that in it he had rested from all his work which he had created and made." On the sixth day God created the first man, Adam. By tracing down the descendants of Adam, theologians clearly proved that the world was about eight thousand years old. Early in this century geologists, after studying the earth, came to the conclusion that the world was millions of years old, and published articles to that effect. These articles excited the indignant wrath of preachers in every land. They declared that geologists were Infidels, and that geology should not be studied in our schools and colleges. They laughed and sneered at the geologist. "The idea," they said, "of a puny man setting up his insignificant wisdom against the wisdom of God as revealed in his holy book!" Geologists, however, went quietly on their way, and paid no attention whatever to the preachers. They piled fact upon fact, proof upon proof, and argument upon argument until they convinced all intelligent men that they were right in their conclusions. What, then, did the preachers do? They opened their Bibles and made a wonderful discovery. They found out that a day does not mean a day at all, but means millions of years. But the Bible itself defines the meaning of the term, day. It says, "The evening and the morning were the first day." How can this definition apply to millions of years? Ordinary days are distinguished from each other by the rising and the setting of the sun. How were these long days marked out or separated from each other? When did the first day end and the second day commence? On the third day the earth brought forth grass and herbs yielding seeds and trees yielding fruit, and on the fourth day God made the sun and the moon. Are we to be seriously told that the earth was bright and beautiful, and adorned with countless trees and plants, for millions of years before it started out upon its first annual journey around the sun? The idea is perfectly absurd. Our preachers jump from the frying-pan into the fire, and, by saying that a day means millions of years, get into a worst predicament than when they maintained that God created the world in six ordinary days.

When Jesus was crucified, according to the New Testament, he arose from the dead and ascended into heaven. The people then believed that the earth was perfectly flat and that heaven was arched over the earth only a few miles high. Consequently, they could easily believe in the ascension of Jesus. We now, however, know that the earth is a globe, and that it revolves around the sun at a distance of many millions of miles. Hence it is hard for us to believe that a material body weighing a hundred and fifty pounds or more ever ascended up from this earth. Where, in the name of astronomy, did it go? What possible use can Jesus hav in heaven for the mouth and stomach, heart and lungs, arms and legs, and organs of generation of a man? Christians for about one hundred years observed two days—Saturday, because they were commanded to do so by the Old Testament; and Sunday, in memory of the resurrection and ascension of Jesus. In the course of time, however, they concluded to observe only Sunday. Our Sunday laws, then, are founded upon two propositions: that God made the world in six days, and rested on the seventh, and that Jesus was resurrected and ascended into heaven. The great majority of intelligent men throughout the world now believe both these propositions to be false. These fables cannot bear exposure to the light of the intelligence of the nineteenth century. Our Sunday laws, then, are founded upon false ideas, upon two absurd old fables, and are not entitled to the least consideration on the supposition that they are holy and divine, and hav been established by the almighty. We should regard them exactly and precisely as we regard all other human institutions.

In a republic, every man should be allowed, as far as practicable, to pursue happiness in his own way—in other words, he should hav the right to do anything he wants to do, anything he may think calculated to promote his happiness, provided he has due regard for the rights of other people. This seems to be a self-evident proposition. The advocates of Sunday laws, however, do not seem willing for us, who do not think as they do, to pursue happiness in our own way. They want to compel us to regulate our lives by their ideas of what is right or wrong. We naturally resent this interference on their part. We are perfectly willing to let them regulate their lives to suit themselvs, so long as they do not interfere with us, and we merely ask them to let us regulate our lives to suit ourselvs, so long as we do not interfere with them. This seems to be a very modest request on the part of some republican citizens to ask of others. Let us keep hands off each other; let them attend to their business, and we will attend to ours. We do not propose to interfere with them, and we are not willing for them to interfere with us. We are perfectly willing to let them spend Sunday to suit themselvs, and we merely ask them to let us spend Sunday to suit ourselvs. If they wish on a Sunday to listen to a Calvinist minister, who will prove to their satisfaction that they hav been selected by the almighty to be perfectly happy in heaven while untold millions of their fellow-creatures—their brothers and sisters—are suffering the torments of the damned in hell, we hav no objection. We do not propose to prevent them. We merely wonder how they can take any pleasure or satisfaction in listening to such a detestable, inhuman, blasphemous doctrin. If they choose to listen to a Methodist parson, as he tells them that their only chance to get to heaven is to wash themselvs clean in the blood of Jesus; that they must not depend for their future happiness upon leading clean, honest, useful lives, but must depend exclusivly upon the merits and atonement of their crucified savior, we are perfectly willing for them to do so. If Baptists wish to go to heaven by being dipped completely under water, let them be dipped and dip others to their hearts' content. If Catholics choose to go to church and bow down and cross themselvs when their master, the priest, shows them a little image and mutters a few Latin words which none of them understand, it is none of our business. If, on the other hand, we wish to go to a beer-garden and listen to a band of music and drink a glass or two of beer, or go to a theater, we ought to hav the right to do so. They hav no more right to dictate to us how we shall spend one-seventh of our time than we hav to dictate to them how they shall spend one-seventh of their time.

A great many advocates of Sunday laws pride themselvs upon their Puritanical descent. For my part, I hav very little use for Puritans. They are very apt to be narrow-minded, conceited, and bigoted. It is almost impossible to get the idea into their head that other people may be as intelligent and religious as themselvs. They came to this country to avoid persecution, and ever since hav shown a desire to persecute others who do not think as they do. They seem to be the lineal descendants of the priests, scribes, and Pharisees who persecuted and crucified Jesus because he was, as they said, a wine-bibber and gluttonous man, a friend of publicans and sinners, and a Sabbath-breaker. If the priests and Pharisees had not accused Jesus of being a Sabbath-breaker, they could not hav excited the multitude against him. The Jews were in the habit of stoning Sabbath-breakers to death, hence this particular charge greatly excited and enraged them. History teaches that there should be a separation of religion from government. All educated men know about the reign of Bloody Mary, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, of the tens of thousands of people who were tortured to death by the Inquisition, and of the hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children who were butchered by Charles the Fifth of Spain. There is still a close connection between the government and the church of England, and it is attended with great and obvious evils. When the prince of Wales becomes king he will be at the head of the church. He is a nice man to be at the head of a church, is he not? A certain nobleman is so contemptible that he has been expelled from the race-track by his fellow-gamblers, still he has at his disposal eleven livings in the church of England. We should profit by the lessons of history and the experience of other countries, and sever completely and forever this connection between government and religion.

In consequence of our Sunday laws, young men, mechanics, and clerks, after working hard all the week, are often compelled to spend their day of rest in a dull, gloomy manner in their rooms or in their cheap, unattractiv boarding-houses. I once heard a young man sadly exclaim, "A fellow can spend two weeks in Philadelphia any Sunday afternoon." A wealthy advocate of Sunday laws, after eating a luxurious dinner—to provide him with a rich, hot, luxurious dinner is of course an act of necessity—goes to his parlor, takes a nap, and then reads his paper, magazine, or novel, and so passes his time quite pleasantly. But young men, whose blood flows rapidly in their veins, need, and after a week's hard work are entitled to, more lively amusement. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Our preachers want Jack to work hard all the week, and then on Sunday to come to church and hear them preach dull, prosy sermons in favor of a doctrin which for the last fifty years has been rejected by the most intelligent men of the world. "Every dog has its day," and the day of the orthodox Calvinist preacher is nearly over. The bright star of Socialism is rising in the East, and the preachers of the future will be Socialists, and will not worry themselvs about life to come, but will greatly concern themselvs about the earthly happiness of their fellow-men.

The advocates of Sunday laws predict great evils for our cities if these laws are modified. Are they justified by the experience of European cities in making these predictions? Paris is more than twice as large as Philadelphia. It is universally admitted to be the finest city in the world. Its citizens are noted for their intelligence and refinement. Medical students go from all parts of the world to study under the learned professors of that city. If you wish to find the most illustrious of painters, sculptors, and architects, you look for them in Paris. Where liv the most famous philosophers, lawyers, historians, novelists, dramatists, and actors? Where is the largest and best managed store in the world? What city can begin to compare with Paris in the beauty and brilliancy of its streets, the magnificence of its buildings, and the exquisit taste displayed in the squares and public gardens? Wealthy men and women travel thousands of miles to visit this charming city. Even our preachers who advocate so strenuously Sunday laws cross the ocean to luxuriate for a month or more in its beauties and pleasures. Are the Sunday laws as strict in Paris as they are in this country? Not at all. On the contrary, Sunday is the happiest and merriest day of the week. What nonsense, then, it is for the goody-goodies to predict the ruin of our cities if Sunday laws are modified, when Paris without any Sunday laws is the richest, most delightful, and most wonderful city in the world!

What is true of Paris is also true, in some degree, of Vienna and Berlin. Although these great and prosperous cities are not in a republic, they do not interfere with the happiness of their citizens by obnoxious and disagreeable Sunday laws. A German merchant on a Sunday will take his wife and children to a beer-garden and drink a glass or two of wine or beer, and never dream that he is committing a sin against his creator, and on a Monday will go to his store and be as honorable in his mercantil transactions as the great majority of the Puritans who shed tears over the desecration of the Sabbath. Indeed, there is many a man who shrieks and howls for Sunday laws whom I would not like to giv a chance to swindle me out of ten dollars on a Monday.

Advocates of Sunday laws tell us that nations that observe these laws prosper, and they exultingly point to the United States. It is time we are prosperous. But think of our resources; think of our expanse of country extending from ocean to ocean and from Maine to Florida; of our rolling hills and fertil valleys, our river bottoms, our immense forests, our vast prairies, and our incalculable wealth buried in the earth in the shape of gold, silver, iron, coal, and other minerals. With all these vast resources, how could we help being a rich and prosperous people? The idea, then, of attributing our prosperity to Sunday laws is not worthy of further notice.

Nations hav grown wealthy and powerful and prospered for centuries that never heard of a Sunday. Greece, under the rule of pagans, was a wonderful country, and produced many remarkable men. We hav no such men as Cymon, Pericles, Themistocles, Alcibiades, Aristides, Demosthenes, and a host of others whose lives hav been written by Plutarch, and we hav no such writers as Plutarch himself. The descendants of these illustrious pagans, after they hav enjoyed for centuries the blessings of the Catholic religion and the advantages of the Sabbath, are almost objects of contempt to the travelers who visit them. Look also at the republic of Rome. It started with a handful of men and conquered the whole civilized world. No Sabbath-observing country has ever produced more wonderful men than Scipio, Pompey the Great, Marius, Metellus, Cato, Cicero, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus Cæsar, to say nothing of Virgil and Horace, Sallust and Tacitus, whose works will last longer than the pyramids of Egypt. This great republic, it is true, became wealthy and corrupt, and was converted into an empire, but its decline was much more rapid after Constantine became converted and the Christian religion with its Sabbath was established. The Chinese occupy a country not as large as the United States and number 3,800,000,000, and their government has lasted for four thousand years. Forty million Japanese dwell upon a number of beautiful islands. They know and care nothing about Sunday, but are a quiet, peaceable, industrious, affectionate, and contented people, and for my part I think they are quite as religious and good as we Americans. These ancient and modern nations show that it is possible for people to liv, prosper, and be happy in complete ignorance of Sunday and its laws.

A day is caused by the revolution of this earth upon its axis. When we reflect upon the teachings of astronomy, and realize that all the stars are suns, many of them much larger than our sun, and that the number of the worlds in the universe is simply infinit, does it not seem absurd in our theologists to tell us that the ruler of all these worlds cares any more for the seventh revolution of this little planet upon its axis than he does for the other six? All nature works on a Sunday. The wind blows, it rains and it snows, water flows, trees grow, and animals become hungry and eat on that day. The sun is the source of all heat, life, and motion on this earth, and, I suppose, upon the other planets. It is the sun which makes steam-engins, wind-wheels, and water-wheels work. Coal, the motiv power of steam-en-

gins, was once wood which grew under the influence of the rays of the sun. The sun makes the wind blow and raises the water from the ocean. The sun does more work in one day than the whole human race could do in centuries. The sun works right along, day after day, and does not care a tinker's damn for Sunday. Perhaps our theologians will tell us that the almighty makes the sun work six days, and that the devil steps in and makes it work on the Sabbath. The fact that nature has no regard for the seventh day practically givs the lie to the spirit that animates Sunday laws.

The Bible tells us that God rested upon the seventh day. This is evidently a human and not a divine idea. The idea of the creator resting and rejoicing in his day of rest, like a poor, weak, tired man, is not only absurd, but really blasphemous. Besides, the universe is not yet created. Matter is continually changing its form, and for all that human reason can see to the contrary, it will continue to change its form for all eternity.

Are Sunday laws just? Do they not infringe upon the religious rights of many citizens? There are a great many Jews in this country and a number of Seventh Day Baptists. They think Saturday is the day which the almighty requires them to keep sacred and holy, and that he absolutely commands them to work on Sunday and the other five days. Sunday laws prevent them from doing what their religion requires them to do, namely, to work on Sunday, and practically compels them to violate Saturday, which is their Sabbath. In these days of competition a Jewish merchant or manufacturer cannot afford to lose two days in the week, when his Christian competitor loses only one. The Constitution guarantees to every citizen the right to worship his creator in his own way, hence our Sunday laws violate the spirit of the Constitution, because they practically prevent Jews from worshiping their Jehovah as they would like to worship him. Admitting that the majority must rule, I still maintain that the minority hav some rights which the majority should respect. If the majority are not animated by the spirit of justice, they can be as cruel and tyrannical as a Nero or a Caligula. I read some months since a sad story of a Seventh Day Baptist. He was a young man, and had a young and delicate wife and a little baby. He went to Arkansas and bought a small farm, as he was quite poor. As his religion required him to do, he plowed his field on a Sunday. This act excited the holy wrath and pious indignation of his neighbors, who were good orthodox Methodists and Presbyterians. They had the young man arrested and thrown into jail, and the sheriff sold his only horse and cow to pay his fine. The poor young wife, being delicate and in a land of strangers, wept and lamented until the angel of death came to her relief, and her baby also died. When the young man came out of jail he sold his little farm for what he could get for it, and moved away to dwell, it is to be hoped, among people who had a little less religion and a little more charity. W. H. Bensen.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

JESUS CHRIST.

Such extraordinary stories hav been handed down to us respecting this remarkable individual that, if I were requested to believe them with the alternativ of being damned, I should unhesitatingly reject the whole as fabulous. As it is, I am inclined to admit that there is a thin substratum of fact in the story given in the New Testament, and the fiction originated in an attempt on the part of the biographers of Jesus to explain and prove what he said and predicted, the result being a fable so utterly repugnant to common sense as to throw grave discredit on the story altogether. It cannot even be proved that these biographers were contemporaries and eye-witnesses, like Plato to Socrates, or Boswell to Dr. Johnson. The oldest MSS. known date two or three centuries after the events recorded, and it is strange that the church of Rome, who has carefully and religiously preserved sundry bones and pieces of wood that prove nothing, cannot produce a single scrap of the original handwriting of the Holy Ghost, which would at once settle the question of authenticity. We cannot admit the assumed testimony of Josephus to be genuin, for it evidently refutes itself. If Josephus had considered Jesus to be an impostor, he would not hav said that he was the messiah. If he had believed him to be the messiah, it is not likely that he would hav been dumped in a short paragraph and damned with faint praise.

When Jesus proclaimed himself to be the son of God and equal to his father, he quoted scripture warrant for the assertion, and it is impossible to disprove it. If we admit that Jesus was a legitimate son of Joseph, and not a byblow of the Holy Ghost, as generally believed, we read that Joseph was the son of so and so, which was the son of so and so, "which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God!" Now, if the first man recorded in history was a son of God, he was necessarily a God himself, for all living beings beget and produce after their own kind. It is said, moreover, that "God made man after his own image." The infant son of a Freethinker, a bright and intelligent boy of four years, whose religious education had been sadly neglected, was once asked by a pious maiden lady, "Can you tell me, child, who made you?" The proper reply, according to Dr. Watts, would hav been, "The great God who made heaven and earth." The parents of the child had been too discreet to tell him the truth, and too conscientious to teach him a falsehood, but he innocently blurted out, "Papa and mamma!" to the great confusion of his catechiser. It was evident the child knew intuitivly as much about the matter as she did, if not more. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," etc. When I was myself a child, among my playmates was a half-witted boy, several years older than myself, who served as a perpetual butt for practical jokes. "Tom, what are your eyes made of?" I asked him one day. Tom reverently lifted the pupils and lowered the lids of the organs in question (he was a very pious boy), and gravely answered, "Dust." Now, if the scriptures be true, Tom's answer was correct, and it was considered a remarkable answer for an idiot, but, superstition apart, none but an idiot would hav made it.

If the biographers of Jesus had confined themselvs to a record of his sayings and doings, their work had been more respectable, for there is much in his conversation and behavior that commands the admiration and respect even of those who do not care to imitate him. But they unfortunately attempted a pedigree, and tried to prove too much. Here they failed, it may be said, ludicrously. The two genealogies do not agree, either in the number of generations or in the names of their representativs. And having taken the trouble to trace the presumed father of Jesus back to Adam, they gravely tell us that Joseph was not the real father of Jesus after all, but that the latter was "conceived of the Holy Ghost." Such a story would not do in the present day to account for the *faux pas* of a female saint. I hav known it tried on in more than one instance, but it did not succeed. It usually givs rise to scandal affecting the saint's spiritual director, and is not unfrequently brought home to him. I am inclined to think that Mary was a respectable woman, and did not originate the story herself, but that it was invented for the purpose of supporting an absurd theory, and borrowed from pagan mythology. But the pagan Jupiter was more discreet in his amours than the God of the Jews. He did not, as a rule, make cuckolds of his worshipers or meddle with married women. It is worthy of note that the Hebrew Jehovah broke two of his own laws, adultery and bestiality being punishable with death by stoning and burning. Jupiter assumed the form of a swan, but Jehovah that of a pigeon. The result of the amour was a lamb! It was high time there was a change in the breed of gods. Jesus, at any rate, had something human about him, but a more inhuman God than Jehovah never was known. He created the world for his own pleasure on purpose to damn it; repented that he had made man, and drowned nearly the whole of the human race in a fit of spleen. Ultimately, he chose a favored race, because their ancestor was willing to commit an unnatural crime at his bidding, and found in the long run that they turned out worse than the peoples he had dispossessed for their sakes.

The humanity of "God the son" was conspicuous from the first. He repealed the inhuman laws of God-the father, and his treatment of the case of the woman taken in adultery is the brightest chapter in his history. John the Baptist is reported to have said, "Behold the lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." This is, however, a mistranslation, as I will readily prove. It has been already shown that the serpent is a Hebrew idiom signifying common sense. The lamb is a Hebrew idiom signifying harmlessness. Whether John spoke in Hebrew or in Greek it is not our purpose to inquire. The Greek word given by the New Testament is an evident abbreviation of the word in that language signifying weakness, gentleness, and general harmlessness. John was no stranger to Jesus. They had met and talked the matter over before. What he said amounted to this: "Here is a harmless God, a friend of sinners, who promises to forgiv and forget the past if you will turn over a new leaf." The anthropophagical followers of Jesus chose rather to animalize their God and convert him into something good to eat. He was the antitype of the paschal lamb. "Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast." Outis.

The Duty of The Truth Seeker Family.

One of my most valued possessions is a complete file of The Truth Seeker from the time of the attack upon Mr. Bennett. I first subscribed when Mr. Bennett was in prison, but I procured the prior numbers extending back to the "beginning of strife." I often look over these old numbers with interest and advantage, and a recent examination of them has shown me that Mr. E. C. Walker, one of the editors of *Lucifer*, was in those dark days a stanch and constant friend of Mr. Bennett's. Many a good letter from him and many evidences of his zealous effort are to be found in those old columns.

Mr. Walker and his associate editors of *Lucifer* are now attacked in the same way that Mr. Bennett was, by the same infamous gang, under the same infamous law, with as little fairness and reason, and for the same covert purpose. The object is to silence *Lucifer* now, just the same as it was the object to silence The Truth Seeker then. Had it not been for the fidelity of such men as Mr. Walker it is just possible that the designs of The Truth Seeker's enemies might hav succeeded.

I therefore ask you to call upon each faithful member of The Truth Seeker family to put forth some individual effort on behalf of the editors now assailed. "Those who make and stand the brunt of the test cases of liberty must never be deserted when under fire." If there be any such sentiment as gratitude left in the human heart, The Truth Seeker family ought now to prove their gratitude by returning with ample accumulation ten thousand fold the good will and good work that Mr. Walker generously and freely bestowed upon The Truth Seeker in its hour of peril. Ed. W. Chamberlain.

Lewis Masquerier.

Honor to him who, self-complete, alone,
Carves to the grave a pathway all his own,
And heeding not what men may think or say,
Asks but himself, if doubtful of the way.

One by one the aged reformers pass into the bygone eternity and leave us. All along the road by which we hav come lie the graves of the good and the true—none better or truer than our aged brother Lewis Masquerier. None hav ever worked more faithfully and unselfishly for the good of their kind.

To repeat, even in brief, all that he has done would take too much space. So I will merely say his special works were devoted to three ends. First, the idea of dividing the whole world up into farmsteads that should be inalienable, thus securing homes and food for every one of earth's children. His next great work was inventing what he called "the only perfect alphabet and key of all languages;" and then comes in his "Code of Rights and Wrongs." Probably the last will prove, in the long run, the most practicable of the three.

Like myself, he was interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and about as skeptical as regards the idea of a future or continued existence, so when he heard I was going North on a trip of investigation, he offered me a home with himself and Patience, and did all he could toward helping me find what proved to us unfindable—some real phenomena that should speak of the shadowy summer-land of souls; but we found nothing at all.

Yet I found a grand and noble woman in Patience, and a kind, good, honest, wise, and truly benevolent man in Lewis Masquerier, and he, too, must hav been favorably impressed with Elmina, as he proposed to make me his heir if I would bind myself to carry out his plans and wishes.

But I was lacking in comprehension, or there were flaws in the plans; for I would not feel that I was qualified to do justice to his generous offer.

I am truly glad his mantle has fallen upon friend Lant, who will doubtless prove a worthy successor, and will revere the memory of the good old man by working out conscientiously all that is practicable in those plans that were so near and dear to his heart.

Few hav lived so long, so pure, so blameless, and witbal so useful a life as Lewis Masquerier.

He was as guileless, innocent, and trusting as a child, and yet he was a shrewd, sharp, and philosophical thinker.

"An honest man has gone to rest," leaving the immortality of a good life and good works behind him.

In the romance of his farmsteads realized, we dream of Emerson's beautiful picture of

Green orchard boughs
Fended from the heat,
Where the statesman plows
Furrow for the wheat.
When the church is social worth,
When the state house is the hearth,
Then the perfect state is come,
The republican at home.

Elmina Drake Slenker.

[In the notice of the death of Lewis Masquerier printed recently an error of statement occurred. Mr. Masquerier left his real estate to John A. Lant, presenting him with a deed of it before his death. His personal property amounted to but little more than sufficient to pay the funeral expenses. Mr. Lant has for many years been Mr. Masquerier's closest friend. He is the publisher of the *Record of the Times* at Tarrytown, N. Y., and will be remembered as one of Comstock's victims.—Ed. T. S.]

Freethinkers

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Education in Massachusetts.

Massachusetts, according to the Boston correspondent of the New York *Herald*, will get this winter, on the floors of House and Senate, such a rustling of her dry bones as she has not had since Butler ran for governor. The fight will be on the school question, precipitated by the legislativ committee on child labor, which, after recommending the passage of an act prohibiting the employment in shops of children under twelve years of age, and recommending their compulsory attendance at school, says:

"Either we must abandon our theory of compulsory education up to a prescribed standard, or we must determin, through our educational authorities, whether private schools come up to this standard, and must giv such authorities all necessary powers, and impose upon them all necessary duties, for the full accomplishment of this end. After full consideration the committee therefore recommends:

"1. That all private schools be required to register and return lists of their pupils, with a record of their attendance.

"2. That the school committee be required to visit and examin personally or by agent all such private schools, to pass a vote annually approving or refusing to approve each one.

"3. That after September 1, 1889, no such private school be approved unless taught by teachers holding certificates of qualification obtained from the school committee, as is required of teachers in the public schools."

The Protestants aver that in this third section is seen the trail of the Jesuit serpent. If teachers in parochial schools, they say, must hav certificates from the school boards, the state thus places its stamp of approval on what is taught in the Catholic schools, and it is but a short step from that to the granting of state aid to sectarian institutions. It is claimed that the Catholic opposition to the measure is hypocritical, and that the wily Jesuits hav made their first open move for the recognition of their religion by the state.

On the other hand, the Catholic legislators denounce the proposed bill as a blow aimed at parochial schools, for although parochial schools are not mentioned, it is asserted they are meant by the words "private schools." They urge that it would be an indignity not to be tolerated to force the nuns and sisters of charity to come publicly forward to be examined by the school boards—"something entirely opposed to their modest and retiring habits."

To an outsider it looks as though both may be right about the ultimate effect of the bill. If the state supervises parochial schools, and insists upon efficient instruction, the maintainers of the school may with some plausibility ask for financial aid to build the school up to the level demanded. The church will say that both she and the parents are satisfied with the minimum of secular instruction, and if the rest of the world desire more, why, the rest of the world can pay for it. And here, too, is where the bill hurts the parochial schools, for if the teachers are to be examined, and none but competent ones employed, the nuns and sisters of charity will hav to go. They hav, says Dr. McGlynn, no qualification but their garb; but a black dress and bonnet are not considered by most people a sufficient certificate of competency to teach school.

Neither ecclesiastics nor laymen would tell the reporter what they thought of the bill, and he concluded that this reticence "may or may not be significant." But certain it is that the school question is up for discussion in Massachusetts this winter, and it has come up almost entirely because of the universal action of the priests in carrying out the orders of the Baltimore Catholic council to establish parochial schools, which in very many instances hav had the effect of withdrawing a majority of the scholars from the public institutions. In this discussion there will be four parties—(1) the orthodox Roman Catholics; (2) the heterodox Catholics, who know the public schools to be good, and the parochial schools to be poor, and who desire their children to hav a real education; (3) the Protestant and Infidel upholders of the public schools, who wish to not only sustain the present mode of education, but to improve it by abolishing all religious instruction; and (4) the reactionary Protestants who follow the late Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, and consider that "education involves the training of the whole man and of all his faculties, of the conscience and of the affections as well as of the intellect," and "that it is absolutely impossible to separate religious ideas from the great mass of human knowledge," and therefore "every school must of necessity be either Christian or unchristian, and that there is no such thing as a neutral education. To be neutral in religion it must be imperfect and faulty—indeed, no education at all." This is essentially the orthodox Roman Catholic creed for schools, and the church insists upon the right to teach the children of the church, as religion is of superior importance to secular education.

The objects of the second and third parties are sufficiently plain. The first and fourth classes are in a muddle. The Catholics hav attempted to get out of the muddle by establishing parochial schools, but the expense of maintaining them is so great that they will never cease their efforts to accomplish their purpose through another method, which is outlined in a recent number of the *Catholic World* as follows:

"A plan by which religion could be introduced into the schools is the same which now is in use in the asylums, etc., the denomination starting and managing the school, and the state paying for results in the secular branches. If the state wishes to regulate the secular studies, another plan of compromise, although not as suitable, might be accepted by us. Let the state appoint Catholic teachers for Catholic children, and Protestant teachers for Protestant children, prescribing the present neutral system of education for certain hours of the school day, and giving also a fixed hour or hours for daily religious instruction. To do this the state need not recognize any church, but can and should take cognizance of the preferences of the parents. By doing it, it is not 'illogical or unjust,' since in other matters it does it continually. It is by the influence of somebody that teachers are now appointed.

"According to the plan in use in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the teachers are Catholics in public schools Nos. 11 and 12, just as they are Protestants in the other schools under the same board. The following is the order of the daily exercises:

"8:45.—Morning prayers.
"9 to 12.—Regular secular course as in other schools.
"12.—Short prayer; then recess.
"1 P.M.—Religious instruction.
"1:30.—Regular secular course.
"3.—Closing religious exercises.

"The state school hours are from 9 to 12 and 1:30 to 3, and no child is *compelled* to be at the religious exercises unless by its own parents' desire. If a Protestant wishes to send his child to the Catholic public school he may do so, and it is taught in precisely the same way as it is now in the ordinary public school. There is no interference with it. At the same time the Catholic children hav teachers who are able to giv them the religious instruction and influence which their parents desire them to receive, and which they do receive outside of state school hours. In Poughkeepsie the way this has been managed was by the church letting buildings owned by itself to the board of education for their school hours only. Where the school-houses belong to the churches this could be done generally, so that the state may be exempted from all expense for religious instruction. Where, on the other hand, the state owns the school-house, the church could pay rent for its use, as for a furnished room, during the hours appointed for religious instruction only. The vital point is the teacher. A child is like plastic clay in the hands of a teacher, and learns its lesson not only with its ears but with its eyes also; what the teacher does it will do; what she omits to do it will omit; what she has no belief in or respect for the child will not believe in or reverence; or it will try to serve two masters, the parent and the teacher, and, serving neither, will emerge an Infidel from this unnatural process of training. For it will not regard as truth to be accepted and acted upon a doctrin about which two such great authorities disagree."

The principles of Dr. Hodge and his followers are much more briefly stated. They are that "the system of public schools must be held, in their sphere, true to the claims of Christianity, or they must go, with all other enemies of Christ, to the wall." Dr. Hodge held, and the Catholic church authorities now hold, that the people of the United States are going straight to the devil through the public school system. Dr. Hodge said:

"The infinit evils resulting from the exclusion of religion from the schools cannot be corrected by the supplementary agencies of the Christian home, the Sabbath-school, and the church. This follows not only because the activities of the public school are universal, and that of all the other agencies partial, but chiefly because the Sabbath-school and church cannot teach history and science, and therefore cannot rectify the antichristian history and science taught by the public schools. And, if they could, a Christian history and science on the one hand cannot coalesce with and counteract an Atheistic history and science on the other. Poison and its antidote together never constitute nutritious food. And it is madness to attempt the universal distribution of poison on the ground that other parties are endeavoring to furnish a partial distribution of an imperfect antidote."

The *Catholic World* concludes its account of the "Poughkeepsie plan" with these words:

"At present the people of the United States, Catholic and non-Catholic, are, no doubt unintentionally, lavishly spending their money in aid of indifferentism and Freethinking, and if it goes on much longer it must soon break up this free republic, which, founded by Christians, can only be perpetuated by Christians."

The reactionary Protestants and the Catholics would break up our public school system—as indeed the latter hav already done in many places—unless religion is taught in the schools. Both are, therefore, deadly enemies of the republic, and should be so recognized. If Massachusetts is destined to be the first state to face this danger and to attempt a settlement of the question, let us hope there is enough patriotism and wisdom among her lawmakers to pursue the right course, and to neither infringe personal liberty nor yield to ecclesiastical clamor because it is backed by the suffrages of ignorance.

Comstock Squelched.

It givs us unqualified pleasure to be able to report that Anthony Comstock has been sat down upon hard by a Philadelphia court. It seems that in January, 1887, after the Mueller conviction in this city, the Philadelphia Society for the Suppression of Vice sent for Comstock to visit that city and do some suppressing. He went. Pretending to be an artist, and giving the dealers an envelope with an artist's card upon it, he purchased several dozen copies of photographs, which he placed before a grand jury, who found indictments against several art-dealers. The cases were called last week before Judge Biddle. Comstock was the principal witness in each case. One man was discharged because he was an employee and not responsible for the sales of the indicted firm. As the next case was progressing, the prosecutor interrupted the proceedings to say: "I hav not had time to consult with the district attorney in this case, but I think I will be justified in not pressing it. I am here to perform a duty, and I am a moral coward if I refuse to do it, but it cannot be the wish of the state to destroy art. I believe in the Bible and God, and I know he made nothing imperfect. He made man in his own image, and by the fall of man alone came indecency. However, I cannot reconcile my mind that the pictures before me are indecent. They are of the highest state of art, and the man who says they are obscene ought to go to a less civilized community than Philadelphia. I cannot press the case, but will leave the matter in the hands of the court."

To this pretty plain intimation of the prosecutor that the cases were of a kind with which he wanted nothing more to do, Judge Biddle responded: "It is not very easy to define actually what the terms 'nude and obscene' mean. In every Catholic house in the country there is a nude representation of Christ, and the pictures of Adam and Eve are familiar to all. Nude pictures are not necessarily lewd or indecent. Where there is an intention to corrupt the public by the sale of indecent pictures there ought to be severe punishment, but this is not a case of that kind. It won't do and it seems absurd for New York detectivs to come over here and try to demonstrate that recognized works of art are obscene."

The jury found a verdict of not guilty, and Com-

stock arose in wrath. "I want to say," he went on, "that after the pictures were obtained they were submitted to the district attorney, and that under his advice, and in the discharge of my sacred duty, I had the indictments found. I will also add that these pictures are the same which the New York Court of Errors and Appeals decided to be obscene." Three more cases were called, two of which were dismissed without any testimony at all. The other defendant was discharged for irresponsibility for the sales made to Comstock.

The "New York detectiv" came back to this city a sadder but not a wiser man. He will never learn that he is an anachronism, a survival of puritanism, and if he could hav his way the scenes depicted by Mr. Heston in our first page would be realities.

Utah and India.

In the United States, as everybody knows, the Protestant church desires to punish polygamy by imprisonment. To do this it has caused laws of great severity of penalty to be passed, and scores of polygamous Mormons are now in jail expiating their religious offense against morality and their Christian brethren. It is no odds to the Protestant church that the man's wives are left destitute; that they are old and helpless; that they do not object to the plural partner; that the putting away of the subsequent editions of matrimonial joys would be rank injustice and cruelty—no excuse, in short, is accepted by the Protestant church which is now prosecuting the Mormons.

But how is it with these Paulists in other lands? Are they as rigidly moral in India as in Utah? The answer is given by the Rev. Edward A. Laurence in the *Andover Review*, in considering "what shall be the treatment of converted polygamists." He says:

"The opinion of missionaries on this subject is much divided and the matter has been discussed at various conferences. An excellent statement of both sides of the question is made in the *Indian Evangelical Review* of April, 1886, by the Rev. J. J. Lucas, who has taken pains to inform himself of the opinions of many leading missionaries. My own impression, formed from conversation with a large number, is that a majority of the missionaries in India, especially of those longest in the field, would decline to advise a man to dismiss one of two wives, and that many of them would baptize him in that state, while protesting against polygamy as unchristian.

"To more than sixty representativs of different missions Mr. Lucas sent the question: 'Would you, under any circumstances, baptize a convert with more than one wife, allowing him to retain his wives?' From the great majority there came back an answer in the affirmativ. Some of these *hav* baptized such converts; others hav been deterred only by the rules of their societies. Here is one case: A man professing to be a Christian requested baptism. He was deemed worthy to be received into the church. He had, however, two wives. His first wife, then an old woman, had no children. She, I believe, had urged her husband to take a second wife. By this last marriage he had five or six children. The first wife seemed as fond of the children as their own mother. Which of these wives, then, should be put away? We did not require him to dismiss either of them.

"The Rev. Dr. Bissell, of Ahmednagar, reports: 'The reason for taking the second wife is, in the majority of cases, because the first wife is barren, or her children are girls, or they hav died in childhood. In view of these difficulties I began to doubt whether I had a right to insist that a man should send away his second wife and all his children as a condition of baptism. To do this would be in effect a refusal to receive him to the church. I hav in two instances baptized men with two wives, doing this with instructions as to the nature of this relation and what is required by the teaching of Christ, so that it is understood that we only allow it under protest. Mr. Lucas himself opposes baptism in such a case, because of the apparent sanction given to polygamy, the temptation laid in the way of inquirers, the formation of two classes of Christians within the church, and the injury done to the church itself. Yet he would not ask the husband to put away either wife, but would say, 'Wait. Your first outward step toward Christ must not be marred by a cruel wrong and flagrant injustice. Wait, holding fast your faith, and time will bring a change.' Yet, as Mr. Lucas admits, the majority of missionaries, if left free to act, would go further than this, though leaving much to be determined by the circumstances of the case."

Here we see the duplicity of that religion which is all things to all men and catches you with guile. In Utah polygamists must go to jail. In India they must come into the church. Would the Protestants receive into communion all the Mormons if they would join the Presbyterian church? No doubt the Mormons can giv as good reasons for taking the second wife as can the Indians. But when did childlessness become in the Christian church a justification for polygamy? We read of these things in the Old Testament, and it is upon that book that the Mormons base their religious institutions. But if we recollect slightly, the Sarahs of old had little compassion for the Hagars, and the Abrahams were less kind than the heathen converts. There is scripture justification for the course of the missionaries, but the scheme did not work well enough to make its continuance desirable.

But the gist of the matter lies elsewhere. To refuse baptism to a polygamist would be to keep him out of the church. The heathen was not mean enough to thrust out upon the world a weak and helpless woman; he would rather go to hell with those he loved than gain heaven by another's suffering. The heathen has a heart. But the missionary had to hav a convert. He was paid for getting converts. His bread and butter was at stake. His salary depended upon a lot of spectacled old gentlemen of Massachusetts who demanded saved souls in return. It was the case of the boy and the woodchuck when the preacher was coming to dinner over again. The little wall of prejudice against polygamy came down, and the missionary counts another soul upon whose "conversion" he gets the regular commission. Not only one, but two—as many as come—and this is the practice of not only one missionary, but of a majority of them; and not only of one sect, but of all sects. Competition among purchasers makes prices high; among common carriers to heaven it makes rates low and accommodation easy.

It has been the boast of Christians that no wrongdoer could get to heaven till he repented and made such reparation as he could. Now, polygamy is either right or wrong; the convert's repentance must be shown by his work; the method of his reparation is plain. But there is no repentance, no reparation, and the man is assured of eternal salvation. The "under protest" clause may salve the conscience of the missionary, but what will the court of appeal say? How will it render its decision? Do the precedents of the Old Testament saints constitute a common law of sufficient power to pull the heathen through, or will the more recent rulings be a bar to his entrance upon the joys of the blest? These are questions which we do not see how the missionaries or the Andover Board can answer, any more than they can settle the second probation question.

But what we want to know is, why should the polygamists of Utah be put in jail and the polygamists of India received into the church? Is it because the Mormon has got the best of the biblical argument with the Protestants, or is it because the church needs some converts with which to draw money from the pockets of believers?

Editorial Notes.

THE strike at the Clark thread works, near Newark, whereby some two hundred girls were out of employment, has been settled by the interference of the Catholic priest of the parish, who said that his efforts were made in the interest of his church, to which the operativs and their friends employed in other factories contributed $25,000 annually. Without work they could not giv; therefore he advised his people to accept the employers' terms. Unselfish priest!

A PETITION was got up recently by a stockholder of the Fifth avenue stage line against the running of stages on Sunday. It was signed by clergymen and wealthy people who own carriages, and consequently do not need to use the stages. The directors of the company, however, hav decided to try the experiment. The stages will be run on Sundays as on week-days—as long as it proves profitable. The employees of the company are all in favor of Sunday work.

THE *Jewish Messenger* grows sarcastic and says: "A Boston correspondent of the *Evangelist*, in a kindly notice of the proposed Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews in that city, refers to the gift of an estate by Hon. Leopold Morse for that purpose, and then adds: 'Blessed be the helping hand of Christianity, in whatever form it may bestow its heaven-sent gifts.' We fail to see what 'the helping hand of Christianity' has to do with the matter. Mr. Morse is glad to acknowledge that he is a Hebrew."

HELEN GARDENER was telling a funny story to a party of friends, a few days ago, and while the laughter was at its loudest, a rather prim lady, on the shady side of fifty, who is the wife of a clergyman, joined the group and asked what they were all laughing at. One of the gentlemen said: "Oh, at one of Miss Gardener's irresistibly comical yarns about the burning need for a revised theology." The lady braced herself, and with the air of a conqueror, looked Miss Gardener directly in the eyes and made the following crushing argument: "Miss Gardener had much better let theology alone. It was revised to a nicety and settled, *finally*, long before she was born." "So was slavery," retorted Miss Gardener, with her merriest twinkle. "I fail to see the application," said Mrs. Clergyman. "Really?" interrogated Miss Gardener; "then the case is hopeless. But let us talk of something else—something that *has* changed or improved since I was born—something that has a present and a future; for if you are right, theology is absolutely the only topic known to man that is in that pathetically hopeless condition when it has *only* a past. I did not know it was so sad as that. Let us talk of something more cheerful. How do you like the new monument——?" But a shout of laughter drowned the rest of it, and the subject was dextrously changed.

IN Garibaldi's Memoirs, which will soon appear in English, occurs this opinion of the priests: "The priest is the real scourge of God in Italy. He keeps a cowardly government in the most humiliating degradation, and strengthens himself amidst the corruption and misery of the people. In France he urges that unhappy nation to war, and in Spain, worse still, he spurs on toward civil war the leading bands of fanatics, and is spreading extermination everywhere."

THE *Independent* wants to know what the *Churchman* means by describing Dr. Field, in writing of his open letter to Colonel Ingersoll, as "the doctor with a heredity of Calvinistic background for his theogony." It means, dear *Independent*, that all the Calvinism there is about Dr. Field is a slight trace of ancestral fear of John Calvin's God. On his own account, Dr. Field is not a Presbyterian. If he had known as fully six months ago where he stands, we do not believe he would hav written that open letter. And if the Presbyterian church had at the time known the result of the controversy he began as well as it knows it now, we believe that the doctor would somehow hav been induced to remain silent.

THE wonderful ingenuity of biblical exegetists is shown in the following inquiry sent to the *Christian Advocate:*

"Is it certain that the words, 'Drink no longer water, but drink a little wine,' are properly translated as of literal water and of literal wine? Are there not places in the Bible where 'milk' and 'wine' do not mean literal milk and literal wine? And, as in this place Paul was speaking to Timothy to instruct him in the necessity of caution in the selection of church officers, why might it not be supposed that he used 'wine' and 'water' in the spiritual sense, and that the 'wine' meant to get persons of an energetic and vigorous character?"

Dr. Buckley declines, however, to get out of a bad hole in that way. He says that if Paul's advice to Timothy was not literal then no one can form any idea of anything in the Bible. How Paul's advice consists with his own Prohibition principles he fails to state.

THE *Tribune*, of this city, is responsible for the following: "A copy of the Bible always lies on the office desk of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. The reason of this is that he prepares his lectures and newspaper articles at his office, and this is the only work of reference which he keeps at hand. He dictates to a stenographer when preparing a lecture or article, stopping occasionally to think, frequently going back to change or correct a phrase, or again talking impetuously and rapidly. After the stenographer has put his dictation into type-written manuscript, the colonel goes over it with the utmost care and painstaking, making numerous corrections and emendations. Then he has it all rewritten on the typewriter, when he goes over it a second time with equal care. Sometimes three or four manuscripts are thus prepared for him before he is satisfied. A stenographer who has done a great deal of work for Colonel Ingersoll says that outside the Bible he uses no reference books or memoranda. Whatever he desires to say, even to quotations, is stored away in his great head. Many persons take it upon themselvs to attempt to convert Colonel Ingersoll from his Atheism. They make their efforts both in person and by mail, in letters and pamphlets. The other day the colonel received a pamphlet entitled, "Sure Cure for Atheists." He replied to the sender by returning the book with the comment that it was as full of errors as the book it sought to defend, and that he could not think of retaining it, because a single perusal was sufficient assurance that its only earthly object was to minister to the vanity of its author. Several times women of severe garb and countenance hav besieged Colonel Ingersoll's office intent on bringing him into the Christian fold. These are generally put off by the office boy, who has come to know unerringly all such visitors. One pretty little Salvation Army woman in a poke bonnet pleaded earnestly once to gain the colonel's presence, declaring pathetically that she knew she could convert him if she could only be allowed to pray with him."

Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. REMSBURG will lecture in Texas during the remainder of the winter. He has engagements at Galveston, San Antonio, Austin, Dallas, Fort Worth, Waco, Sherman, Gainesville, Paris, Bowie, Henrietta, Brownwood, Graham, Desdemona, Burnett, San Angelo, Goldthwaite, Moody, Mansfield, Kerens, Mount Pleasant, Marquez, Hempstead, Columbus, and Victoria.

Obituary.

Mr. F. F. Follet died January 4th, in Chicago, after an illness of one week. The immediate cause of his taking-off was pneumonia. He was in his sixty-fifth year, although one would hav taken him, from his decrepit appearance, to hav been much older. He was aware that his life was rapidly drawing to a close, but he did not recant, but passed away as tranquilly as a babe falls asleep in its mother's arms. He was a Liberal Spiritualist, nay, more, he was an Anarchist, and was ready and capable at all times to defend the principles of Anarchy. The Liberals of Illinois will remember the three years he spent in traveling over this state organizing Liberal Leagues and distributing Freethought literature, all at his own expense. In this work he exhausted his limited resources, and four years ago came to Chicago to liv. He started a small business in the book trade, and built up quite a business in that time. He left a will in favor of Mr. A. F Hart, of Rockford, Ill., who came on after his death an took his body to Rockford to be laid by the side of his wife He was buried without a funeral. Not a word was said a his grave, and no obituary notice has appeared from th hands of those to whom he left his little all. Another instance of how Christians bury Infidels. W. S. BELL.

Letters from Friends.

SHARON, KAN., Jan. 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to say to you that I agree with all those that indorse the stand you hav taken for liberty and the right. I think the pictures a good way to reach the young folks, and lots of the old ones as well. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER better every day. As I hav informed you before, I saw it first about the time Mr. Bennett was tried by Benedict, and hav been a constant reader of it ever since. I now consider it the best paper I ever saw. J. D. FAIR.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Jan. 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Will you please send me a copy of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, for which please find inclosed 25 cents?

I am glad you speak well of those noble heroes who were hanged at Chicago. Of course, they should hav a monument, as Mr. J. S. Arthur says. It is to be hoped their friends will get them one. They were true men of the people, and died bravely. Every true Liberal should honor them. I would like them to hav a monument, like that of Washington, 592 feet in hight, at a cost of $1,187,710; weight, 81.000 tons. They deserve it. They died for humanity. Yours for the glorious cause of liberty,

J. E. WELCH.

DELAVAN, MINN., Jan. 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav delayed longer than I ought in sending in my amount for the next year, trying to get another name to send along with mine. I hav made it a point the last four times I hav renewed my subscription to send you a new name for your subscription books each time. I think nearly every reader of your paper could do as well, with a little effort, and in the aggregate the result would be highly satisfactory to the publishers as well as the readers of the greatest Freethought journal of the world.

Regarding the course of your paper no Freethinker can hav other than words of commendation. The illustrations are as necessary now to complete the paper as the noble sayings of Colonel Ingersoll.

Inclosed please find $6.50, to be applied as directed.

JAMES GEDDES.

LEON, KAN., Jan. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: According to your notice of the 4th inst., my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER will expire on the 6th of next month, at which time we will bid the once best Freethought journal published good-bye. I and my family hav perused its pages in all about three years; were taking it during the travel of the great apostle of Freethought around the world, and must confess that we hav had great pleasure in reading its contributions from the ablest and best men the world ever produced. But we think of late its pages are too much occupied in defense of Communism and Anarchism. Too much government is better for the people than no government at all. I also think the man who holds the plow is entitled to as much credit as the beasts that pull it. What would labor be without intellect and capital?

Yours for the right, L. D. HENRY.

ELKHORN, MONT., Jan. 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Your paper I greatly respect and appreciate, because of its just and upright tenor and its bold independence, being yet respectful and considerate alike of the opinions of friend or foe, which desirable course, we must admit, is foreign to many of our popular journals. In the columns of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER we find contributions of a threefold nature—practical, theoretical, and scientific—all uniting in a harmonious whole, constituting a splendid volume, a valuable treatis, furnishing a means by which the gloom and darkness of a false belief are dissipated, and instead the masses, from a world of error, delusion, and ignorance, are ushered into a grand and lofty sphere, where the radiance of a brightening day, illumed by the ascending orb of reason, shall forever dispel the insidious approach of delusion and priestcraft.

Respectfully, W. H. BANTA.

SALISBURY, MO., Jan. 18, E. M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: On the evening of the 11th inst. I boarded the express train at this place, *en route* for Brunswick to hear Mr. Remsburg lecture on "Sabbath Breaking and Sabbath Breakers." He spoke in the city hall to a small audience, that is, to the brains of the town. There was not a fool in the house. The lecturer was introduced by Captain Beneka, a prominent lawyer of that place. Among the audience might hav been seen such splendid faces as Isaac H. Kinley, the editor of the *Brunswicker*, and Chas. R. Luster, editor of the Brunswick *News*, who, by the way, told me that night that he was just reading Thomas Paine's works, with which he was delighted. It givs me pleasure to say that Kinley, Luster, and Beneka are the three grand pillars of that town—its compass, its judge by the rule of three, and its reason and safety. The lecturer was applauded whenever opportunity offered. At 10 o'clock I bid Mr. Remsburg good-night, and took the train for Salisbury. I felt a little skittish to see a cumbersome freight pull out about twenty minutes ahead of our train. I did not know but perhaps the finger of Providence was fumbling around, and was going to make a "stumbling-stone" out of that freight, but he didn't. It certainly vanished into air as we flew over the rails. I then got to thinking how Jehovah had become civilized since he raised the mischief with Jonah and his gourd vine.

Well, Mr. Remsburg was at our town and lectured the next night. I had the honor of introducing the distinguished gentleman to our audience. Several small jugs were soon filled and floated out to slander the man, hoping thereby to "hide a multitude of sins." All honor to the Loeb brothers, A. Straub, A. Wisler, Jim Greene, and D. W. Benjamin, who helped us most generously in a financial way. Come again, Mr. Remsburg! JOHN TRUEBLOOD.

ANDOVER, O., Jan. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I write to present the obituary: Died, in Andover, O., Dec. 31, 1887, Eliza J., wife of E. W. Morley, in the fifty-fifth year of her age. She was a confirmed Spiritualist, and had been a great sufferer for years. She looked forward to the change with pleasure. Her mind was clear to the last. She said she had "no more fear of dying than of stepping into the next room." She gave directions for her funeral, and did not wish to be carried into any church, but wanted a quiet funeral at home, a few pieces sung, and speaking if the friends desired. As there was no Spiritual or Liberal speaker within miles of here, I knew not what to do. Not wishing to submit to the custom, as most Liberals do on such occasions, of thinking that any orthodox preacher will do, I commenced looking around, and as we hav a young lawyer holding the office of justice of the peace who is an outspoken Infidel of character and ability, I got him to make a few remarks. He did splendidly, and was a great surprise to the church people, and as he would not take pay for his services I herewith inclose $5 for THE TRUTH SEEKER to be sent him. J. W. Roberts is his name.

E. W. MORLEY.

LAWRENCE, KAN., Jan. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find a clipping from the Lawrence *Tribune*. I myself, an Agnostic Infidel, living here in God's country, under God's kind care and protection, hav many ups and downs in life, but am always ready to fire hot shot back when the Christian leaders try to teach me how to liv a just and righteous life. Lawrence has passed a law respecting the unknown being. All places of business, except churches, must be closed on Sundays. Churches are allowed to make as many holy dollars as they can. One poor man, by the name of Miller, that kept an eating-stand open on Sunday, was fined five dollars. A leading Methodist minister jumped out of bed one Sunday morning and married a couple of folks for a "V." That was all right; giving to ministers is giving to God.

A sad case of Christianity came to my notice here in this town. A Mrs. Solt became converted and received a commandment from God to fast. She fasted, and died drinking water and quoting scripture. Death relieved her of her transgressions of the laws of nature. She believed the infant at her breast was a new Christ. O for an Ingersoll to preach the funeral address of those that hav died for Jesus's sake!

Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER everlasting prosperity, I remain, Yours for truth, A. L. WILLIAMS.

WELLAND, ONT., Jan. 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: At the age of eighty-two years, I, John Ray, find my health and faculties generally are fast failing me, and at the rate I am failing my time here cannot be long. I now hav little to look forward to but an early dissolution. I shall not be taken by surprise; am endeavoring to meet that event with what fortitude I can command. Having lost faith in the Christians' religious creed, and all other religious creeds, except the religion of humanity, my dependence is upon natural law, for of anything supernatural or outside of nature I know not. I had no choice in being brought into existence in this life, and a train of circumstances not at my command or of my choosing has resulted in making me what I am and as I find myself to-day. It has not been in my power to be otherwise than as I am.

If faith or a belief has anything to do with our existence in a life after this, I cannot, nor can anyone in reality, believe that which is contrary to the evidence of the senses, be the consequence what it may. My faith is in accordance with my best judgment; to profess differently would be hypocrisy, and that is what honesty could not approve. It has taken a long time, and much thought, to overcome my early teaching, which was the Christians' theory or theology. But, having arrived at my present conclusions, I cannot be otherwise than faithful to my honest convictions of what appears to me to be the truth. No one can be expected to do better than he knows. But I hold it to be the duty of all to do as well as they know. Anything short of this would be a neglect of known duty. JOHN RAY.

DULUTH, MINN., Jan. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $3, for which please send me your paper for six months. Having seen several numbers of it, I am much pleased with it, though I do not agree with all the sentiments expressed in it, and am not at all pleased with the treatment which Henry George receives from you, as well as from some of your correspondents. Why do you persistently represent his ideas as Socialism or Communism? You know, as well as I do, that George is as far from those ideas as it is possible for him to be. One of your correspondents, on December 24th, over the signature of "Liberal," mixes up George's name with Anarchism, and "I brand that as an infamous lie"—see his article. The man who has read George's works and does not see and acknowledge the difference between his teachings and Anarchism, Socialism, or Communism is either a fool or something worse, but wishing to be charitable, I would rather suppose that "Liberal" has not read George's works, and has formed his opinion on what he has seen in the general secular and religious press, which never would adopt a new idea or progressiv movement in morals until the former saw that it would not affect their pockets injuriously, and the latter until a public sentiment, gradually growing up to righteousness, compelled the clergy to giv in. Instance slavery and temperance. You know, also, that they held on to the fagot and thumb-screw until clear-eyed Science moved the world out of their power. They still exercise ostracism to the damaging of Liberals, but, thank God, that is slipping from them, before the influence of such bright and glorious characters as Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and, last but not least, our own contemporary, glorious "Bob," as the infidels to decency and good manners designate him. Some time ago I had a paper of some kind in which there was an article from the pen of a Chinese educated in English, which declared that in all China, containing nearly four hundred millions of people, there was not in a given year as much violence, outrage, and disorder as in the state of New York. The paper has been lost; and if you can procure me one I will be very thankful. Please let me know the lowest price of Bennett's travels "Around the World," for I would like to hav them, if not too costly. J. SCOTT.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Jan. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: At last I hav had to come down. As Crockett said to the coon, so it has been said to me, and I hav to giv up that which I hav had the pleasure of reading for seven years, namely, the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, because I can't pay for it. I owe for one year's subscription, and to save my life I can't pay it, and must tell you to discontinue mailing it to me any longer, until I can pay, if I ever can. I don't know nor you cannot understand my condition or circumstances. The truth is, I hav talked too much. I was brought up a Presbyterian, with all its horrible teachings, and not till I was forty-eight years old, some fourteen years ago, had I ever read or heard a Freethought lecture, when an argument with a good, intelligent Liberal made me think. I was induced to read Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." Nothing had so interested me ever before. Then his "Common Sense;" then came Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses" and "Skulls," and I first heard that great, noble man lecture in Jamestown and Buffalo, N. Y., in 1879. It has been my pleasure to hear him deliver four, among them "What Must I Do to Be Saved?"

I was a subscriber to D. M. Bennett's travels "Around the World," which no man or woman who wants to advance in truth and knowledge can afford to be without. I hav never seen the person who has read those books that does not say they are the most valuable history they had ever seen. I hav loaned mine many times. Is it any wonder I should talk? Could I help being disgusted with my former faith? But it cost me many a dollar. I kept hotel from 1880 to 1886 in Erie, Pa., that priest-ridden city, and while there entertained such blasphemers as J. H. Burnham, C. B. Reynolds, Charles Watts, J. E. Remsburg, and many others. It was known as Infidel headquarters, and notwithstanding I had the name of keeping a first-class hotel, I had the ill-will of the local people, and they did me all the harm they could—quite enough to keep me from succeeding.

I inclose ten cents for the next issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I want to read Colonel Ingersoll's answers to your questions, and just as soon as I can, if that time shall ever come, I will pay you the balance I owe you, and resume my place again.

Trusting that by the combined efforts of Liberals all or any of the Christian Gods may be kept out of our Constitution, I am, Most respectfully, C. L. HAWES.

A NIGHT AT BETHEL.

MR. EDITOR: One Sunday morning in June, while taking my usual constitutional, I noticed across the street a plain, unpretentious building, of decidedly moral tone, embellished with a large black sign, on which was painted, "B-e-t-h-e-l." I looked at it and wondered at the strange name—for, mark ye, I am a stranger and a pilgrim in this land of yours—when a tall, lantern-jawed individual, clad in a suit of cast-off undertaker's garb, with bony hands clasped together, and a wild, yearning look in his eyes, came to the door and gazed long and earnestly at me, then said, in a holy-living-and-dying voice, "Brother, step aside from the world and drink at the font of the water of life." As I never hav refused a drink when offered in so unprejudiced a fashion, I merely replied in my huskiest tones, "Why, cet'nly, brother," and bounded up the stairs with a smile upon my lips.

Calmly and most unimpassionately my sable guide conducted me inside, and I seated myself beside a gentleman of so Elishaic—pardon the expression—appearance that I instantly looked around for the children and the two bears.

As soon as I had arranged my coat-tails I looked eagerly around for the font, but nothing in the shape of that vessel could I see. Slowly I arrived at the truth that I had been—sold. The font was symbolical, not a welcome—to me—reality. Ah, how I sighed for the sacrament! Mournfully I turned my eyes toward my guide, who was guardian angel of the collection-box. I had almost murmured, "Brother, you are a li——," when I saw that, with his eyes upturned, with a happy vinegar expression on his face, he was in communion with spirits unseen, and naturally could not attend to my spiritual wants.

On a platform at one end of the room stood the double of my guide, swinging his arms and making horrible facial contortions. He was simply reminding his hearers—"dwellers in this oasis in the great desert of life" who yet "travailed in this vale of tears"— that on account of so many sinners going down the hell side-track the faithful would require to donate more freely to the Lord, in order to keep up steam in the engin on the uptown grade; that he—the parson—knew all his hearers would giv, as the Lord"— etc.

This oration finished, he sat down, and the old man at my elbow began to groan in a manner so horrible that I, fearing the worst, instantly reminded him of the efficacy of brandy and ginger; but the old ingrate, turning his inflamed eyes upon me, howled out loud enough for all to hear, "Lord, save this poor mis-er-able sin-ner! Do, Lord, do-o-o!" which refrain was instantly taken up by the whole crowd and bellowed to the Lord, poor soul!

But as the Lord, keeping silent, refused to meddle with the affair, the Rev. Singletext called upon Sister Shanks to lead

in prayer. Sister Shanks, pious and prim, Roman nose embellished with spectacles and hands clasped together, poured forth her soul to the Lord in a cracked treble. After enumerating all the gifts she had received from on high, she casually mentioned to the Lord that there was a hardened old sinner in the back seat whose soul, blackened with sin, she would like to see purified by his holy fire, his hardened heart riven in twain, etc. Others then telephoned heavenward in like terms, until I fancied that the poor dear Lord must be nigh distracted with all the conflicting messages he was that night receiving from all the Christian church. But "his ways are not our ways"—and, Lord knows, I do not want them so to be.

Having thus tormented their "elder brother" to their best ability, they concluded by singing, "Washed in the blood of the lamb," and, by the appearance of some of them, I thought that a good-sized bath would make them think that the kingdom of heaven was at hand. At least, their continued presence on earth would be more desirable.

While the audience were thus expressing to the Lord their intention of getting washed, a genteelly snub-nosed sister, with weatherbeaten features—they say it was the weather—and strongly smelling breath, ill concealed by peppermint, urged me to come and rest in somebody's "busum," but I firmly declined, muttered that I was a married man, seized my hat, and fled with their howlings ringing in my ear. I hear them yet—in my dreams I see Sister Shanks, Roman nose, spectacles, and wings, accompanied by the snub-nosed genius, flitting before me, and feel her incense-like breath (ach—chee!) until my nerves giv way, just as I am being roughly dragged to that "one's busum," and I awake in a cold sweat.

O heaven! where is thy victory? O sheol! where is thy sting? Thanks be to the Lord who givest us sheol, for its comforts pass all Christian understanding.

LANDY BRITON.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I was surprised to see a letter from one Benj. F. Clark, dated December 16th, in your issue of January 14th. Why you should let snch personal ribaldry and abuse into your columns surprises me. If you deem such things fair, I can only wonder still more. If you published a false or one-sided report from a daily paper, it was of your own motion, not to be offset by this attack on me. "Two wrongs never make one right."

The Clark letter is like its author. Both are vulgar and abusiv. I can hav no controversy with a person who openly stated on the Liberal Club platform that he had been an African slave-trader, and therefore was, under international law and treaties, a pirate. Sometimes I may hav doubted the truth of his own confession, as the same sort of morbid vanity which prompted it might also prompt a falsehood. In either case the utterer is unworthy of respect.

At the meeting referred to in the vulgar communication you publish, the person who signs it took the floor unimpeded in any way. Within two minutes he commenced a tirade of abuse, both vulgar and profane in character, for which some one hissed him. I believe that it was the librarian. Then he left incontinently. As he fled I made the mistake, perhaps, of telling him that as a self-confessed trader in human beings, he did well in retiring from among honest people. Certainly I cannot imagin them willingly associating with a character self-brand·d as infamous.

Personally, for this person's abuse I care nothing. Had it not appeared in a respectable journal, I would not hav noticed it. On the physical matter, in closing, I desire to say that such allusions belong only to bullies. My response is silent contempt and the suggestion that I am perfectly able to take care of myself against even a man of courage, let alone a coward. Respectfully, R. J. HINTON.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The New York *Sun* on Sundays presents a column or two of "questions by *Sun* correspondents," with answers thereto, except now and then in case of a poser which the editor can't answer. Sunday, the 22d of January, appeared four questions by "Ajax," three of which interested me not a little, and I hoped to be greatly edified by the answers. The first question, relating to unpensioned soldiers, the editor couldn't answer and said so, "like a little man;" the three others were utterly ignored, to my very great surprise. These were: 2. "Is the existence of God a matter of clear and demonstrable proof?" 3. "Does the philosophy of Atheism produce criminals?" 4. "Are there any records to show that the adherents of Christianity furnish fewer criminals than the Jews?"

To be charitable would be to suppose that the editor overlooked these three questions. Let us be charitable, for the first of the three was an easy one for any Christian. The editor might hav said something like this: "If you are not a benighted heathen—it looks as if you were—you would find in every wrinkle of the face of nature, and in the wondrous view of the illimitable firmament, studded with innumerable worlds, clear and demonstrable proof of the existence of God." Wishing to elaborate, he might hav rung in the human soul, declaring that the inner consciousness of said soul is as conscious of the existence of God as of itself; and, if a betting "inner consciousness," would bet dollars to doughnuts on the existence of God, when "Ajax" would hav felt very cheap and wished he hadn't asked such a foolish question.

The second of the three ignored questions he should hav answered with a flat-footed "Yes!" as any iron-clad Christian would hav done, leaving "Ajax" to prove to the contrary, which he could easily do, but the printing of which the editor could "decline with (or without) thanks."

The last of the three ignored questions the editor could not hav answered so flat-footedly, as "Ajax" calls for "records," which would overslaugh the editor, so to speak. But he could hav crawfished with fairly good grace in some such manner as this: "We are not posted with regard to criminal records in so far as these relate to religious tenets or beliefs, or the desirability of pork as food. Read Job for comfort."

Now, whether or not the correspondence editor of the *Sun* overlooked those three vital questions, purposely ignored them, or declined to answer them because he could not truthfully do so without giving God and Christianity a setback, so to speak, he is manifestly not the right man in the right place to minister to the craving minds of many "anxious inquirers," and should giv place to one who can.

SI SLOKUM.

WAYLAND, MICH., Dec. 31, 287.

DEAR MACDONALD: I am again in distress on account of the recent sickness of my wife, and my own continued poor health. I am not able nor in circumstances to permit my going from home to canvass for work, and here (at a relativ's), in Maryland, I cannot get much of anything to do, as it is only a small station on the G. R. & I. railway. Now, what I would like to say to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER is that on and after January 1, 288, I will make this offer to Freethinkers: I will make crayon portraits from any style of small picture sent me, in the following sizes, at prices stated opposit the sizes, if cash remitted with the order, and will pay the postage or express on the crayon when it goes to the owner.

Size of paper.	Length of head.	Price.
16x20	6½ to 7 inches	$6 00.
18x22	7 " 7½ "	7.00.
20x24	7½ " 8 "	8.00.
22x27	full life size	10.00.

Will furnish excellent appropriate frames for $2.50, $3.50, $5.00, and $7.00 each extra in the respectiv sizes, but where frames are furnished, the parties ordering must pay express charges. For a guarantee as to my work and ability I will send to those writing to me indorsements from those whom I hav made portraits for, and those that hav seen my work. I might offer here the names of Mr. Watts and Putnam, and Mr. A. P. Urey, Sandy Lake, Pa. I am making one for Otto Wettstein. Now, friends, you hav a chance to get a good crayon for a small amount of money. I can make changes, such as clothing or hair, to suit, but changes will be charged some extra for. Let me know what you want and I will tell you how much, if any, extra will be charged.

Giv Heston my unconditional compliments. He is improving very much on his drawing, and especially in his perspectiv. His lessons hit hard. Long liv Heston, and THE TRUTH SEEKER and its able editor. F. E. STURGIS.

HOLDEN, Mo., Jan. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I asked Rev. D. C. Williams if he would publicly debate, and affirm his cardinal doctrins. He declined, but afterward announced that he would answer questions handed in before a given time.

I wrote and presented the following: "Did not the church (both Protestant and Catholic) hav its most rapid growth, and greatest influence over the people, from the third to the sixteenth century, inclusiv? Was not that period noted for ignorance and bloodshed? Was not the ignorance the cause, and the bloodshed the result, of the influence and growth of the church?"

He answered my question, or rather attempted to answer it, from his pulpit in public. He said there were no Protestants during that period. Whether he did not know that my question covered the sixteenth century, or wanted to evade it, I do not know, but he contended that the question extended only to the beginning of the sixteenth century. I had no copy of the question with me, but had a copy on my desk, and when I returned and examined, I found the question did not contain a mistake, but clearly covers the sixteenth century, as shown by the verbatim copy given above.

But he said there were no Protestants, and I *think* he said there were no Christians, in that period. He admitted that ignorance and bloodshed prevailed in those times—dumped it all off on the Catholics, just as if they were not Christians. I cannot undertake to settle the dispute between the Protestants and Catholics, but they are both ardent Christians, and both darkened Europe and appalled humanity for the last eighty years of the sixteenth century. Buckle says, however, that the Protestants revolted, claiming the right of private judgment, but afterward became more intolerant than the Catholics. The same author says in vol. i, p. 407, that in France, in the reign of Henry IV., the Protestants would not, for many years, permit the Catholics to worship at mass, and that they seized the property of the Catholic clergy and employed it in support of their own churches.

"On one occasion, in the reign of the Arian emperor Valens, no less than eighty Catholic ecclesiastics were imprisoned in a ship at sea, and treacherously burnt" (Lecky, vol. ii, p. 22).

Luther delivered an address to the German noblemen in 1520, and that was the kernel of the Reformation. So we see there were myriads of both Protestant and Catholic Christians through most of the sixteenth century.

I hav no word against the better things taught in Christianity. Indeed, if it were wronged, I would defend it with might and main; but I am neither called upon by duty nor inclination to indorse its errors nor palliate its crimes, or rather those growing out of it.

Friend Williams has little to say to my direct question, but dwelt statistically upon the growth of the church in this country, but failed to say that it could not work the mischief it has in the past centuries, for here it is kept in check by our growing enlightenment, and cannot grasp and wield the civil power.

Nor do I perceive that the number of its communicants is in ratio to our developed civilization and increased population.

He intimated that the Liberals are Anarchists or Socialists, or hav such leanings. Shades of Moses! That calls for an investigation aside from the text. Let us start out for facts on the orthodox route. I hav seen a statement that I think is more reliable than the authority he quoted, that thirteen and seven-tenths per cent of the seventy thousand preachers and priests in the United States are criminals. Of seven hundred convicts in the Kansas penitentiary a few years ago, all were reported to be orthodox but one. It is beyond doubt that John Calvin found out the hiding-place of the noble Servetus, and used his influence to hav him brought into Geneva and burnt to death in October, 1553. (See American Cyclopedia.) Luther believed in witchcraft, and recommended that a child be thrown into the river to rid the house of a devil (Lecky, vol. i, p. 84). In the spring of 1545 the leading Protestant nobles formed a conspiracy to assassinate Archbishop Beaton, and in 1546 he was murdered in St. Andrews. John Knox said to sanction it (Buckle, vol. ii, p. 176). Most murderers who expiate their crimes with their lives die Christians, and make a bee-line from the gallows to heaven.

Now let us return by the Liberal route. This brings us in harmony with the good and the great—the founders of American Independence and the guardians of civil and religious liberty—Washington, Jefferson, Franklin. Not one of these was a church-member—not one was orthodox. Further along we find Lincoln and Grant; their reason was never clouded by superstition, nor will their names be lost in oblivion.

In everyday life and in every community, we find Liberal men and women, generally, reliable, truthful, upright, and honorable in all the affairs of life; besides, they are generally above mediocrity in intellect and learning. With their minds free from all superstition, they better enjoy this life, and hav as good a chance in another, if there should be another, as their orthodox friends. They do not rely upon faith, fuss, and fiction to save them, but save themselvs from the effects of wrong-doing by not doing wrong. The Christian expects to be saved by believing in a batch of absurd superstitions, and by praying out of sins, if need be, seven times seventy times. *Ergo*, no wonder the facts favor the Liberals.

My friend Williams was long and loud on the growth of the church in this country, and the large amount of money contributed for foreign missions. I want to show that much of their money is obtained by a species of "boycotting." It is their custom to send sweet women to every business man—generally customers of the man in business come and plead for money, insinuating a reminder that they are good customers, and he must "shell out." Other unfair and adroit methods are making festivals, inviting the public, and putting their guests under very embarrassing circumstances, so they must make generous, but reluctant, contributions.

Next, the money is spent in fat living for missionaries engaged in trying to convert pagans and Mohammedans to Christianity, or rather to get them to throw off one lot of superstitions for another lot of superstitions. And how are they getting along at that? My friend says he can eat statistics. I will serve him from a speech made recently at a church congress by Dr. Isaac Taylor, D.D.—a good authority. He said: "In Asia and Africa, Islam, as a missionary religion, is more successful than Christianity, and our efforts to convert the Mohammedans hav failed." He said, too, "The increase of the Mohammedan population in India, between the census of 1871 and that of 1881, amounts to 9,239,062, an increase of about twenty-five per cent. Making ample allowance for the natural increase due to the excess of births over deaths, the conversion of heathens and Christians to Mohammedanism must be at the rate of at least six hundred thousand per annum." Gracious! there is plenty of good eating here. I will now giv him some dessert.

Dr. Taylor again said: "Taking the four missionary fields of Persia, Palestine, Arabia, and Egypt, I find that the Church Missionary Society employs 109 missionaries and nativ agents at a cost of £11,804, and last year only one adult convert was baptized."

Plenty more such facts, but I must hasten, merely suggesting that, if pagans and Mohammedans cannot be induced to believe in his religion, certainly enlightened people cannot believe in it.

Christianity is on the wane. It has not suffered a *demotious lapsus*, but it is *in articulo mortis*. It declines slowly but surely as science advances. The clergy get shorter salaries, and giv shorter sermons and shorter prayers; fewer people, according to population, attend church; and still fewer take an activ interest in the forms of worship. True, the dull monotony is sometimes broken, as here now, by new and novel modes of excitement—it is a strong and concerted effort to push the bright nineteenth century back into the dark sixteenth century.

On such occasions effort is made to excite the people with a gush of appeals to their sympathies, by reminding them of dead friends, and a mythical place called heaven, till they are willing to act as puppets, and respond to some person's imperativ demand to stand up or hold up their hands, as in the play, "Simon says wig-wag." This is called a religious revival.

Decline is further seen in the vast increase in Liberal periodicals and publications, and in the abandonment of cardinal doctrins by learned and leading preachers, from Beecher down to ordinary. Spurgeon has just retired from the pulpit on account of the last revision and the concessions made all along the line.

For the most rapid growth of the church, see the reign of Constantine, in the fourth century, and on through the Dark Ages. For ignorance and bloodshed at the same time, too, see Buckle, Lecky, Rebold, Renan, Gibbon, American Encyclopedia, and Library of Universal Knowledge.

C. L. CARTER, M.D.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Death.

At morn, at noon, at sunset eve,
At midnight dark and cold,
Death comes with glist'ning sword in hand,
And slays both young and old.

He stops not for the rugged oak,
Nor for the tender vine,
But both are victims of his sword,
They yield to him supine.

The beasts and fowls of nature's flock
Fall lifeless at his feet;
Whether at home or far abroad,
His face they hav to meet.

Everthing that has a life
Must give it up when due;
And even little flowers,
Why, they must perish too.

So let us while we do liv
Shun error as a foe,
That when death calls upon us
We'll be content to go.

GEORGE J. REMSBURG.

Golden Keys.

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.

"Good morning," that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "Good-night" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends giv anything to me,
I'll use the little "Thank you" key.

"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With "Forgiv me" I'll be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind,
This is its motto: "Be ye kind."

I'll often use each golden key,
And so a happy child I'll be.

Why I Am a Liberal.

I see a prize offered by B. H. Marlett, of Chicago, in THE TRUTH SEEKER for the best essay on "Why I Am a Liberal."

I am a Liberal because I believe in free speech and Freethought. The Bible teaches us that we hav to obey all of the Commandments, but Moses was the first one to break them. The stories in the Bible do not seem reasonable to me, such as the whale swallowing Jonah and Samson overturning a house with three thousand people in it. I am a Liberal because I like to giv my candid opinions and to listen to the candid opinions of others. And I would accord the same right to others that I would like accorded to me.

[Age 13.] GEORGE DOWNER.
Perry, Ill.

I am twelve years old, and I am going to tell you why I am a Liberal. I of course do not expect to get the $3, but as Mr. Marlett wants all the children to write I will try. I go to Sunday-school and get papers and nice cards, but I can't see any sense to them. They tell me things at Sunday-school that I don't understand, and when I come home papa asks me so many questions about things the teacher said that I am ashamed because I went. My papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the pictures which Mr. Heston makes make me feel ashamed of the Sunday-school. I like to go to Sunday-school because all the boys and girls go there, but think I would like it better if we could hav a Sunday-school that would teach the boys and girls some good, sensible ideas, and not talk so much about God, and hell, and heaven. I am a Liberal because my papa is, and I know he has good reasons for it. And I don't think any boy can be anything else unless some preacher drives it into him.

[Age 12.] MASTER WALTER PENFIELD.
Lebo, Kan.

Polly and The Mouse.

A young lady living not far from Boston has an extremely tame and clever parrot, which she prizes very highly. Every morning Polly makes a tour of the house, perched on the shoulder of her mistress, who talks to her much in this strain:

"Come take a walk. Do take a walk. Fine day for a walk."

One afternoon Polly's mistress heard a noise in the room where the parrot is kept; and, upon entering it, she saw Polly had scrambled down from her roost, and was gazing with great earnestness under a large bureau, repeating at intervals in the most persuasiv manner:

"Come take a walk. Do take a walk. Fine day for a walk." Interested to learn who it was that Polly was so urgently inviting to a walk, the young lady proceeded to investigate, and soon found the object of Polly's invitation to be a small mouse.

Not on an Empty Stomach.

Anxious Arkansaw mother: "Tommy, is that a green persimmon you are eating?"

"Yes, maw."

"Don't you know it ain't healthy to eat green persimmons on an empty stomach?"

"I ain't eatin' this green persimmon on an empty stomach. I ate a peck of 'em before I tackled this one."

Correspondence.

SNOHOMISH, WASH., Jan. 4, 1887.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Madam:* I send you the accompanying statement to Charles Corbett, which, if you so please, you may print following this letter. I read those "Counsels" from the Hon. Horace Mann forty-five years ago, I think, having been myself an educator fifty-one years. I do not believe in plagiarism. Perhaps all the rest of your readers believe those "Counsels" to be original with Charles Corbett.

Bless you ever. PROF. J. H. COOK.

SNOHOMISH, WASH., Jan. 4, 1887.

TO CHARLES CORBETT, Nat Moore, N. C.:

Dear Sir: In the department of the Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER for December 24th I read an article over your signature as though it was original from you, entitled, "Counsels to the Young." Those "Counsels" are from the Hon. Horace Mann, "the great educator," and came from his lips forty-five years ago. How you should hav sent them to THE TRUTH SEEKER as your own is for you to explain. It would hav been honest to put quotation marks to them.

PROF. J. H. COOK.

JACKSON, MICH., Jan. 11, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav never written to THE TRUTH SEEKER before.

My father does not take THE TRUTH SEEKER, but it is sent to our house for Mr. Feldpaush, and we all read it.

Although my folks are not Liberal, they all, with one exception, like your paper very much.

I go to school in a first-class public school. I am eleven years old, and am in the seventh grade.

My teacher's name is Miss Germain; she is very kind and considerate.

I must close, as I would like to see my letter in print, and am afraid if I make it too long you will not print it.

I would like correspondents of about my age. Respectfully yours,

214 *N. Jackson Street.* GEO. A. SMITH.

955 LAKE WEST ST.

DEAR MISS WIXON: If Adam and Eve were the first man and woman made, how could Satan get made himself and come and tempt Adam and Eve? Please tell me, if you can. I am a little girl only nine years old, and I do not know, and I thought you could tell me. ELLA ROBERTS.

[Adam, Eve, and Satan are imaginary beings, like Santa Claus, Jack the Giant Killer, etc. The stories about them are unsupported by reliable testimony, and they take their places with the old-fashioned myths. We would advise Ella not to bother her little head over such matters, but learn all she can of the wonderful world in which we liv, and the people who hav made it brighter and better for us all.—ED. C. C.]

OAK MILLS, KAN., Jan. 6, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: It has been a long time since I last wrote you. yet I think none the less of you. You are in the midst of a great work, laboring for a great cause, and doing your best to make the young folks happy. I know the young Liberal folks love you, and feel kindly toward you for editing the Children's Corner, and giving them the benefit of it. I know I do, and heartily thank you for your earnest labors.

You and Aunt Elmina are doing a noble and a needed work. I hav been reading a book called, "Self-Help," and think all young folks should read it and take it for their guide.

I hav also read "The Bible of Bibles," by K. Graves, and pronounce it an unanswerable work—a credit to its author. I request all Christians to read it, and throw aside the dogmatic literature. Yet the period is approaching when Freethought literature will find a welcome place in every home. Go to almost any public library, and there, beside the works of Calvin, Luther, Wesley, and Edwards, you find the works of Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, and Tyndall.

The eloquence of Ingersoll in unsurpassed. The poetical and descriptiv writings of S. P. Putnam are beautiful; and the unanswerable arguments of our great workers, with Eugene Macdonald at the head, are fast bringing us to the front. And now, wishing you and the Corner success, and again thanking you for your labors, I remain,

Faithfully, G. J. REMSBURG.

[Such letters as the above are an inspiration, and make us feel we are doing a little for the elevation and welfare of those who are advancing to fill the places of their e'ders. George will please accept our hearty thanks for his kindly feelings, and the assurance that we can never grow weary in our work as long as we retain the regard of our many TRUTH SEEKER boys and girls, not the least among whom we count George J. Remsburg. In manhood may he more than fulfill the promis of his youth.—ED. C. C.]

OSCEOLA, IOWA, Jan. 18, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I think it is a very nice paper. I went to school some of this winter, but it got so cold, and the snow was so deep, we could not get there. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, language, writing, and physiology. I hav two brothers, but no sisters. Their names are Pearl and Willie. Pearl is seven years old, and reads in the second reader. Willie is twenty-two months old. Pearl and I go to school, when we can get there. I am eight years old, and read in the fourth reader. I read all the letters in the Children's Corner. Papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for nearly two years, and he thinks it is a very nice paper. I tried to get papa to tell me what to write, and he told me to write what I knew and use no deceptions.

I think this is long enough for the first time, so good-bye.

Yours truly, JENNIE GIGRAY.

[Jennie has written a good letter, and without help. That is the way. Rely on yourself. Talk well, and write as you would talk, easily and naturally.—ED. C. C.]

BAKER'S CORNER, IND, Jan. 7, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines for THE TRUTH SEEKER. My little brother died three months ago; he was over six years old; he had just started to go to school; his name was Otto Clyde. We are all lonely without him. We can sympathize with you; it is so sad to lose a friend.

We hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since the Children's Corner commenced.

I like to go to school. We had a Christmas tree at the school-house. I got several presents.

This is a small village, but there is one church here. They had a revival, but did not get any to join, so they quit.

I wrote a private letter to Pearl Dewy over a month ago, but hav not yet received an answer.

As my letter is too long, I must stop. I will soon be thirteen years old, and would like to hav some correspondents about my own age. From your friend, ESTELLA BAKER.

[We sincerely sympathise with Estella and all her family in the loss of dear little Otto. We know all the sorrow of such a loss. But Otto will never suffer any more. This is one consolation. And we must try to bear our griefs and burdens with courage and patience. —ED. C. C.]

LOCUST BAYOU, ARK., Dec. 30, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Please excuse the liberty I hav taken in writing to you. I was so much pleased with your sketch of the life of that inestimable lady, Frances Wright, that I must inform you that she remained in my father's house ten days, when she delivered a course of lectures in Baltimore. That was in 1829. I was an awkward boy of sixteen years. The house was thronged with company from morning until night. She made the purchase of the "Chickasaw Bluff," and invested $15,000 in slaves in order to educate them, and after she started the thing she had to return to Europe, and the thing fell through. When she returned she liberated them. She told my father it cost her half her fortune.

She entered the room one morning and said: "Mr. Haslam, I must tell you what a compliment President Jefferson paid me." (She stayed with him ten days.) "He told me he had a work—a small work—in his library, and he prized it above all others. I inquired what it was, and could I procure it. He replied, 'A Few Days in Athens.'"

It was said at that time, I distinctly remember, that she was one of the most intellectual women that ever lived. Anything relating to that grand philanthropist interests me. The Liberals ought to keep her memory green. I hav her portrait to adorn my room, with this sentence: "Human kind is but one family; the education of its youth should be equal and universal."

Wishing you and the Corner great success, I remain,

Your unknown friend, J. H. HASLAM.

[We thank our unknown friend for the item in regard to Frances Wright, and agree with him that her memory should be kept green and fragrant. We know of her only through her works, and through the friends who had the honor and pleasure of her acquaintance and friendship, but our admiration and respect for her great mind and many noble qualities will remain with us always. Would there were more like her.—ED. C. C.]

Science Column.

Snow.

See how it snows! How soft, and white, and fleecy the snow is! What delicate, feathery, floating flakes! How lightly and gracefully they float and fall, covering the frozen ground like a mantle of ermin! Beautiful snow! Let us see what it is. Watch the swiftly descending flakes and you will notice that they are perfectly formed into lovely shapes, crystals and prisms, and each perfect to itself. Well, these vast number of shapes reflect the different rays of light in their colors—north, south, east, and west. Away up in the sky these varied colors come together. We cannot see them do this, because it is done beyond seeing distance; but this union it is that makes the snow so pure and white when it falls to the ground. It is the uniting of all colors that makes white.

Salt and sugar are formed by a similar process—the union of little crystals, etc. But what is snow? Why, it is only frozen air, or rather the vapor which is in the air, which is made dense or thick by currents of of cold air passing through it and freezing the same. It might snow in summer if the earth was not so warm and giving out so much heat, which rises and melts any speck of snow that might be in the atmosphere before it touches the earth. Snow remains on the mountain-tops all the year round. Why is that?

Because the high mountain-tops are so far above the earth that snow falling there can not be melted by warmth that rises from lower levels; and then, mountain air is more rarefied or light, and not dense, and so keeps a good deal of heat in a latent state.

Snow is very warm, as you may know by observing how green the grass will become when it is covered a long time by the snows of winter. The little crystals of snow are all mixed or mingled with air, and a substance called carbonic acid is given out by the snow, and this substance settles slowly into the fields and valleys under the snow, keeping them moist and warm, so when the spring-time comes they are prepared for the upspringing of the beautiful grasses, herbs, and flowers. The heat of the earth that, were it not for the snow, would be thrown off into the atmosphere, is kept under the snow and feeds the earth.

Why does the snow not melt quicker?

Look up at the sun now. Do you not see how slantwise it shines? In that way, its rays cannot heat the earth as it does in summer, and the surface being frozen, it cannot radiate heat; consequently the snow cannot melt away quickly.

We can hav a great deal of fun with the snow—snow-balling, sliding down-hill on our swiftly gliding sleds, tobogganing, and making snow-huts and snow-men. Some children work, oh, so hard! to get a snow wigwam made, and then it is so nice and warm inside. But it generally happens that, just as they begin to enjoy the playing in the snow-house, a thaw commences and melts it all away like a castle built in the air.

Lots of children hav made ice-cream with snow mixed with cream and sugar. I hav made it myself, and I am sure it is very nice.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—Of what shapes is snow composed? Why cannot we see snow reflecting the rays of light? Why is snow white? What is white? What of salt and sugar? What is snow? Why does it not snow in summer? Why does snow remain on the tops of mountains so long? Is snow warm, and why? How does it keep the earth warm? Can you tell why it does not melt sooner? Name some of the games that children hav with snow.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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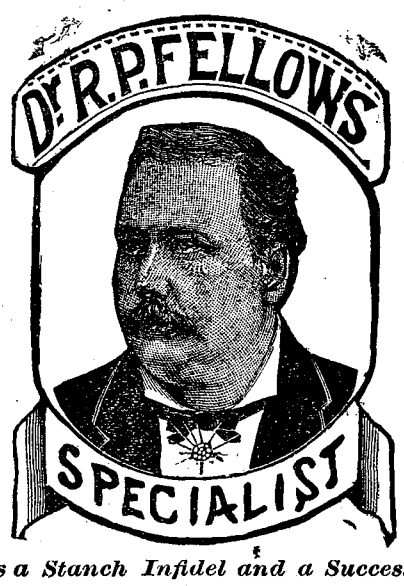
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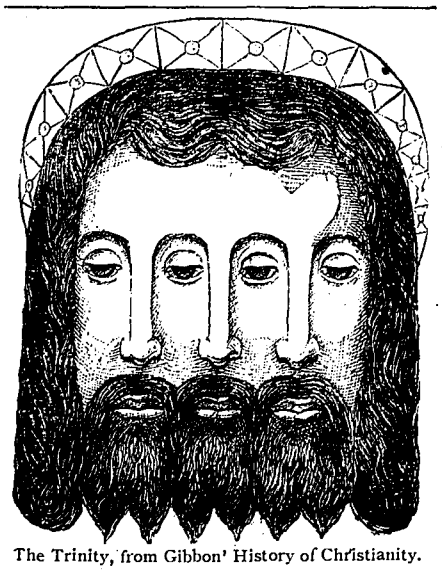
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Current Thought

AS REPRESENTED IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

A class of literature worthy of some attention from Freethinkers is that consisting of the numerous first-class magazines of this country and England. Students of the social forces of the times may perhaps do well, besides giving their main attention to their own special fields, to keep informed on the general progress of modern thought among other classes than their own. A profitable opportunity to do this is presented by this class of literature, which has of late so increased in numbers and circulation as almost to supplant books, and circulates extensivly among certain classes—those of wealth and leisure. Perhaps a brief *résumé* of the contents of the January magazines may not be without use.

In the sphere of Politics and Economics there is of late unusual activity and earnestness of discussion. The momentous revolutionary doctrins and movements are subjects of determined and bitter controversy. In England the large landholders, peers, and public functionaries argue profusely that their land should not and shall not be taken; that Marx is an imbecil, George a thief, and that Socialism would be the end of the world. Messrs. Hyndman and Morris, the two leading English Socialists, reply in language equally subdued. DeLancey Nicoll, a New York politician of comparativ integrity, in the North American Review closes a startling detailed presentation of the corruption and bribery in our politics with the words: "In a few short weeks, when the legislatures of our state and cities convene, despite the solemn lessons of the past, the Constitution will again be defied and spat upon by the very people who helped to make it, and whose official lives serve to illustrate how vain and impotent after all are even its strong sections to stem the tide of corruption which, unchecked, must ultimately submerge our free institutions." The tariff question is attracting unprecedented attention. To the statement of Henry Watterson (Harper's) that "to the average understanding no word connected with government presents, in proportion to its significance, so slight a meaning as the word 'tariff,'" exception may be taken by those readers believing, with certain labor reformers, that it is not of importance to workers which way the affair is decided, and that the tariff is but a device of certain manufacturers to enrich themselvs through political manipulation, and a sham issue for demagogs to cry up to laborers to divert their attention from their real interests. Henry C. Adams, in showing "The Dangers of Surplus Revenue" (Princeton Review), quotes Mr. Carlisle's statement that "a large surplus in the treasury constitutes the most dangerous corruption fund that can possibly menace the integrity of legislation," and says: "Income from taxes over and above expenditures means a decrease in the amount of money in circulation; decrease means falling prices; falling prices means certainly commercial depression, perhaps commercial disaster." Prof. David A. Wells thinks (Popular Science Monthly) that the establishment of the tariff 'has been progress backward—progress in the direction of that sentiment of the Middle Ages which held that, as commerce could benefit one country only as it injured some other, it was the duty of every country to impose the most harassing restrictions on its commercial intercourse. Or, in other words, increased knowledge respecting the forces of nature and a wonderful subordination and use of the same having greatly increased the abundance of all desirable things, the world's legislators hav seemed to consider it incumbent upon them to neutralize and defeat the beneficent results of such abundance. And the most comforting assurance that progress will not indefinitly continue to be made in this same direction is to be found not so much in the intelligence of the masses or their rulers as in the circumstance that existing restrictions on commerce cannot be much further augmented without such an impairment of international trade as would be destructiv of civilization." In Harper's is a discussion of Mayor Hewitt's recent denunciation of the average "newspaper boss"—meaning the editor—as a despotic and dangerous force in our public life, worse than the political boss, appealing to and fostering prejudice and ignorance. English reviews lately teem with schemes by property-owners for removing or appeasing those huge mobs of unemployed and starving that are becoming, especially in London, so alarming a menace to property and law. Whatever may be the differences of the writers on other subjects, they all concur in denouncing all radical substitutes for our present economic system. Francis Peek, after presenting in the Contemporary Review the particular device that he prefers among the multitudinous schemes of public works, free soup-houses, local boards for supervision of the poor, relief funds, free dinners, work-houses, lodging-work-houses, almsgiviug, night refuges, casual wards, cultivation of waste lands, etc., says: "Such an idea [Socialism] will appear the perfection of folly to all who know the incapability of any elected government, from its very constitution, to control properly or work economically even its own manufacturing establishments. . . . A fallacy is constantly propounded on popular platforms which ought not to be passed over without contradiction, namely, that all wealth is created by the working classes. In fact, it is very largely the result of the enterprise of the merchants; . . . the greater portion of the wealth of England has been created by its capitalists. . . . At Socialistic demonstrations it is the fashion to rail against the extravagance of the wealthy, the speakers ignoring or being totally ignorant of the fact that at least nine-tenths of this expenditure, directly or indirectly, provides work and wages." Cardinal Manning, who has been busily securing popularity among the poor by activity among the projectors and associations for the relief of these English homeless, presents his views in the Fortnightly. Of a series of articles commenced in the Forum in which the subject, "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" is to be treated from many points of view, the first is by Rev. M. J. Savage. He disapproves of the proposal to giv a higher course of training, ending with the university, because, first, it would be unjust to tax a man to fit his neighbor's son for a profession, the acquirement of which, passing that rudimentary instruction necessary to the public welfare, would mainly redound to the student's private good, and the public good is the only permissible object of the expenditure of public funds; and, second, because it would be impracticable from many causes. He thinks that of the three branches of instruction essential to be taught, the first is that "each child should be trained into fitness for honest self-support. Next, since in our republic every man is an activ part of the governing power, he should be trained into an ability to use this power intelligently." And in the third place, he should be taught morality. The first end, self-support, is to be secured by industrial training. On the second he says that it is imperativ that "every child hav imparted to him so much intelligence as shall make it safe for him to become a citizen. Such a thing as an ignorant vote ought to be an impossibility. Most vices and all crimes are punishable by law, and yet no one of them, not even all of them taken together, are so dangerous to a republic such as ours as is an ignorant ballot. Ignorance is the ready tool in the hands of designing villainy. There is no injustice in the disfranchisment of ignorance; it is simply asking that a man fit himself for the grand work of sharing in the governing power before it shall be intrusted to him. One of two things, therefore, ought to be done. Either the ballot should be taken from the hands of ignorance, or immediate measures should be taken for compulsory, universal education. This is a matter in which the national safety is concerned." The subject of moral instruction introduces the religious question, on which Mr. Savage says: "The people of this country ought clearly, and at once, to understand how much and just what is involved in the relation of religious instruction to our public school. The great danger is that the matter will somehow go by default. Some step involving disastrous consequences may be taken, either through the thoughtless, the indifferent, or the ignorant consent of the voting majority; and then, when too late, it may be found that a consent once given is not easily taken back." He urges that the present Protestant ceremonies in our schools be removed, so that the Catholic may be defeated by the main ground of his complaint being taken away. Showing that morality does not depend on religion as its basis, the writer remarks: "But if religion is absolutely essential to morality, we cannot leave the matter all in the air; we must go on to ask what religion—whose religion? It might indeed be possible to teach the science of comparativ religions; to instruct pupils in the historical origin and development of the different religions; but this is not what the religionists want, and it would not satisfy any of them. Of course all Christians would make short work of the claims of any religion not Christian. And, equally of course, the Protestants would make short work in disposing of the Romanist's claim, and the Romanist of the Protestant's. The use of a very little common sense and common observation makes it perfectly plain that, as a matter of fact, there are moral Buddhists, moral Mohammedans, moral followers of Confucius, moral Romanists, moral Protestants, moral Agnostics, and even moral Atheists. And it is a trifle absurd to be arguing the impossibility of what is standing palpably before one's eyes. And if the different religions were to arrange a competitiv examination for the purpose of determining under which one the least amount of immorality would be found, he would be a rash man indeed who did not act on the advice of Hosea Bigelow: 'Don't never prophesy onless ye know.' . . . The most superficial study of the facts of human progress makes it perfectly clear that religious contention is one of the bloodiest factors of history. It has perpetually been at work undermining and overthrowing the civil order."

In the domain of Religious and Anti-religious controversy perhaps the church defender who attracts most notice of late is W. H. Mallock, the bitter and ingenious enemy of the modern Agnostic school of scientists, and of the English group headed by Tyndall and Huxley in particular. He is probably known to some of our readers by his work, "Is Life Worth Living?" an attack on the Agnostic morality and a defense of the Catholic church of much brilliance and subtlety. In each month's magazines attention is attracted by this writer's venomous and sophistical onslaughts upon natural morality. Recent books and lectures in England by R. Bosworth Smith on Mohammedanism in Africa, and other causes directing attention toward it, hav called forth articles on that subject by church dignitaries, in which the superiority of Mohammedanism over Christianity in beneficent effects in that region, being so palpable that it cannot be denied, is ungracefully admitted, but uniformly supplemented by the declaration that, for some mysterious reason not given, Islam should be supplanted there by the creed of the writers. Matthew Arnold (Fortnightly Review) comments on the recent sad piece of business done by the great Russian novelist, Count Leo Tolstoi (who is not to be confounded with Count Tolstoi the statesman) in retiring from literature to the humble, secluded life of a peasant and the trade of a cobbler, in obedience to a sudden burst of religious fanaticism, a desire to "liv the life of Jesus." Tolstoi's admirers among literary circles in every country hav always been so numerous and enthusiastic, and his present confessions of faith and religious appeals are so eloquent, that his example is exercising a great and regrettable influence. He has discovered that what Christ intended us to hav for a creed is embodied in the Sermon on the Mount, and may be extracted thus: We must never allow ourselvs to feel anger; there must be no libertinage and no divorce; no oaths are to be taken; we are to resist not evil; nationality to be renounced for universal love. Mr. Arnold says: "Christianity cannot be packed into any set of commandments. Christianity is a *source;* no one supply of water and refreshment that comes from it can be called the sum of Christianity. It is a mistake, and may lead to much error, to exhibit any series of maxims, even those of the Sermon on the Mount, as the ultimate sum and formula into which Christianity may be run up. And the reason mainly lies in the character of the founder of Christianity and in the nature of his utterances. Not less important than the teachings given by Jesus is the *temper* of their giver, his temper of sweetness and reasonableness. Goethe calls him a *Schwärmer*, a fanatic; he may much more rightly be called an opportunist." An extract from advance sheets of Professor Le Conte's forthcoming work on "Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought" is given in the Popular Science Monthly. Stating "the law of evolution to be thoroughly established," he inquires, "What is to be its effect on religious belief, and therefore on moral conduct?" and proceeds with his share of the modern Sisyphean labor of the reconcilement of the Bible and science. Enumerating all our great scientific discoveries that hav contradicted scripture and yet forced themselvs into Christian recognition, he inquires: If, after recognizing the truth of the heliocentric theory of the planetary system, contradicting our belief in a firm, central, and all-important earth; the theory of the universality and inflexibility of law, destroying the conception of a providence, and the theory of the antiquity of the earth and of man, Christians find their belief unshaken, can they not also find it so after embracing this seemingly dangerous theory of evolution? No doubt they can, we should say; most people who can hold a belief after it has been shaken in the way the aforementioned discoveries shook it will no doubt go right on holding it no matter how it is shaken by anything. Professor Huxley, perhaps the foremost Agnostic leader in the sciento-religious warfare, after dissecting some absurdities of theological pseudo-science in "Science and the Bishops" (Popular Science Monthly), remarks: "That this Christianity is doomed to fall is, to my mind, beyond a doubt, but its fall will be neither sudden nor speedy. . . . It is probable that there is as much sheer fetichism among the Roman populace now as there was eighteen hundred years ago. . . . No one who considers the present state of even the most developed countries can doubt that the scientific light that has come into the world will for a long time hav to shine in the midst of darkness. The urban population, driven into contact with science by trade and manufacture, will more and more receive it, while the *pagani* will lag behind. Let us hope that no Julian may arise among them to head a forlorn hope against the inevitable." W. S. Lilly, the able second of Mr. Mallock in his arguments that merely human morality has no foundation, and if left unsupported by supernatural would fail, and ruin mankind, presents at great length in "Right and Wrong" (Fortnightly) his view that "only in the Self-Existent can be found a base for ethical ideas." "I had occasion, not long ago," he says, "to cite the well-known dictum, 'The rights of man are in a middle.' The printers were good enough to make of it, 'The rights of man are in a muddle.' In a muddle indeed!"—made so, he explains, by "the uncouth shibboleths of a sect of physicists," which must be removed. "Physical force says, 'Given such and such antecedents, and such and such consequences follow.' Moral law says, 'From such circumstances such action ought to follow.' Physical law declares, 'This is how things are.' Moral law declares, 'This is how things ought to be.' You cannot get that *ought* from a universe of observed facts, from an infinit series of experiences. 'The word *ought*,' as Kant observes, 'expresses a species of necessity which nature does not and cannot present to the mind of man. The word, when we consider the course of nature, has neither application nor meaning.'" Frederick W. H. Myers writes (Fortnightly) of "Charles Darwin and Agnosticism"—of the theories of that great man, and their relation to religion, morality, and Agnosticism; and of his serene and beautiful life. "He seems," says Mr. Myers, "to be the exemplar of a new ideal, a man as well adapted to human life, on the hypothesis that this earth is all that we can know, as a John or a Paul were adapted to human life on the hypothesis that our citizenship is in heaven. How, then, we ask ourselvs, does the new ideal bear comparison with the old as regards the virtue or the happiness which that old ideal aimed at securing? On the moral side there is certainly no perceptible decline. . . . And linked with this peace of conscience there is a boyish yet a stedfast happiness." A passage quoted from Darwin's "Life and Letters," recently published, giving his own description of his loss of Christian belief, may be reproduced: "I was very unwilling to giv up my belief. I feel sure of this, for I can well remember often and often inventing day-dreams of old letters between distinguished Romans and manuscripts being discovered at Pompeii or elsewhere which confirmed in the most striking manner all that was written in the gospels. But I found it more and more difficult, with free scope given to my imagination, to invent evidence which would suffice to convince me. Thus disbelief crept over me at a very slow rate, but was at last complete. The rate was so slow that I felt no distress." In "The Higher Life: How Is It to be Sustained?" (Fortnightly) Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies combats Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer with as near an approach to sanity of reason as can be expected of theologians. One of his paragraphs may be given as a sample of the whole class of the comparativly modest and decent arguments to which intelligent Christianity has at last been forced to confine itself, and which form the body of late scholarly Christian polemics: "It is a mysterious condition of our human existence that our understanding is brought up against insuperable difficulties, like the invisible wall which stopped Balaam's ass. Any scheme of philosophy which professes to evade contradictions or to solve them convicts itself of superficiality. But it is a boast made on behalf of science that its truths never conflict with one another. Mr. Cotter Morison," says our author, Mr. Davies, "writes as follows: 'Not less marked in another respect is the difference between the truths derived from religion and those derived from science. The truths of science are found to be in complete harmony with one another. Where this harmony is wanting, it is at once felt that error has crept in.' But our intellect gets unceremoniously buffeted by contradictions whenever it makes excursions into the world behind the senses. If, for example, there is one thing which the principle of evolution seems to make evident, it is that there is no beginning of things; it is, indeed, impossible for us to conceive an absolute beginning. But it is equally, or almost equally, impossible for us to imagin an absence of beginning. And evolutionists, quite naturally, however unscientifically, talk of the primordial atoms of the universe. It is not merely that we are made aware of things beyond our knowledge, but that contradictory conclusions seem forced upon our understandings. Space and time ought, one might hav imagined, to be simple things, but the consideration of them leads us into insoluble problems. . . . St. Paul held that human conceptions of things beyond the sense-world are no better than the mental attempts of young children. The frank apprehension of the inadequacy of our conceptions, and of their transitional character, will render it easier to us to acquiesce in traditional religious terms or statements which may not be quite to our mind, as well as in formally contradictory propositions. When we try to discover a purpose in this perplexing disciplin, we are led to the conclusion that we are intended to learn a distrust of our reasoning faculties, as of instruments, useful and necessary indeed, but stamped with inferiority and inadequacy. We follow our best Christian teachers in holding that, with regard to the greater things of life, the mind or spirit which trusts and loves and hopes is the superior organ of knowledge, and that human beings are put to the test whether they will be guided by the superior organ or the inferior." Prof. J. Peter Lesley, the eminent scientist, in the Forum makes, under the title of "Shall

We call Him Master?" an essay at "comparativ religion," "scientific theology." A tribute he pays to science may be repeated for its beauty: "Science has always been the knowledge of the true, the real, the explained and comprehended. The love of science is a worship of the truth, heartfelt, ritualized, inspired; an admiration of the truth for the sake of its mere goodness; adoration of it for the benefits it must bestow; invocation of it against deceits of all kinds and the ills sure to flow from them. The thinker caresses science as his own special and particular bosom friend, as a man kisses the mother of his children." Of the four great religion-founders—Confucius, Gautama, Mohammed, and Christ—he admires Confucius, with his "religion of plain, virtuous, common sense, which has worked well three thousand years; where characteristic feature has been social contentment, and whose fruits are sobriety, thrift, politeness, and common helpfulness;" condemns Gautama and his religion of self-abnegation and renunciation of desire, which has not worked well, but has destroyed the home and turned the public school into a society for the suppression of cruelty to animals; and bestows high praise on Mohammed's "religion of enthusiasm, the worship of one God, unknown, undescribed, incomprehensible. . . . It is essentially a religion of temperance, truth, and justice; also, in a wide sense, a religion of human brotherhood. 'It has abolished drunkenness, prostitution, and gambling, the three curses of Christian lands.' It enforces successfully the social virtues: temperance, cleanliness, justice, fortitude, benevolence, hospitality, veracity, and resignation to the inevitable. It is the religion of all others best applicable to savage and degraded races; the most missionary and the only successful missionary religion; the antidote to both heathen and Christian superstition." Very good so far; but when the professor proceeds to affirm that Christianity is even better than all this, and insists upon "worshiping Jesus of Nazareth," not, indeed, as a God, but "as the ideal man, and therefore king of men," his reasonings may not seem so well founded. Arthur Tappan Pierson insists in the Forum that as "Socialism and Anarchy threaten, in these days, even the foundations of the social structure, the only hope is to get the Christian churches once more into close contact with the common people," for "whatever men may think of religion, the historic fact is that, in proportion as the institutions of Christianity lose their hold upon the multitudes, the fabric of society is in peril."

Among miscellaneous treatises, that of the eminent scientist George J. Romanes "Concerning Women" is a valuable one. He adduces physiological and anatomical evidence—among other testimony, the fact that the average brain-weight of civilized woman is five ounces less than that of civilized man—which he judges to disprove the claim made by a large section of the woman's movement that "naturally, or originally, there is no assignable difference between the intellectual capacities of the two sexes, and that the only reason why women hav not hitherto performed the intellectual work of men is that they hav been artificially excluded from fair competition." But, between the diverse gifts of the two sexes, he "cannot see that those which hav fallen to the masculin mind are intrinsically superior or more estimable than those which hav fallen to the feminin. If strength alone is to be regarded as the one criterion of excellence, then is a horse better than a man. No human being, I suppose, could seriously maintain this as regards bodily strength; and no more, in my opinion, could it be maintained as regards mental. Among all the wonderful excellences which the human mind displays, sheer force, even in the direction of creativ thought, is only one, and, rightly viewed, not the chief. Those qualities of mind which belong by nature to the woman, and which, generally speaking, are distinctivly characteristic of female excellency, are at least as great and admirable as any of those which belong by nature to the man." Professor Romanes advocates the higher education of woman, stating as reasons: (1) Nothing is so conduciv to brilliancy in a man as to meet with it in a woman, and *vice versa;* how immeasurably, therefore, would the pleasures of social intercourse be enhanced if both sexes were more generally able to meet on common grounds as regards culture; (2) the importance to a cultivated man whether his wife is or is not cultivated is immeasurable; (3) the importance to a family whether or not their mother is a cultured woman is more so; and many other considerations.

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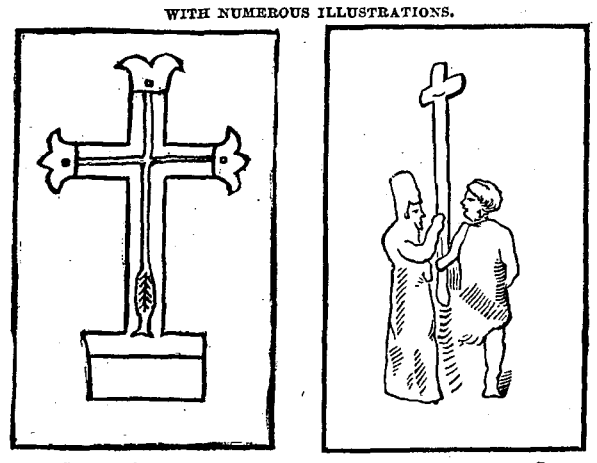
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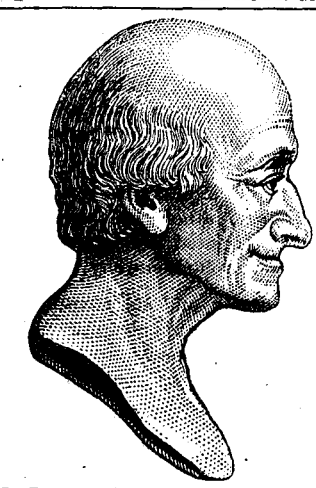
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News of the Week.

DAVID WHITNER, the last one of the three "witnesses to the truth" of the book Mormon, aged eighty-three years, is dying at Richmond, Mo., where he has long resided, having left the Mormon church when it allowed polygamy.

ON the 27th ult. the Lord burnt his $15,000 church at Erie, Pa.

AT the recent annual sale of pews in Talmage's Tabernacle the prices ran from $750 down.

THE Methodist preachers of Baltimore hav adopted resolutions disapproving of President Cleveland's jubilee gift to the pope.

IN the Pennsylvania strike many thousands of men are idle, and their families suffering from hunger and cold, all by the obstinacy of a few wealthy men, whose income from these industries is each year a fortune.

LETTERS sent to the ill crown prince of Germany by his wife are full of slush about "God's watch over him," and about the loving anxiety of the people—which people, as a matter of fact, are being only by the greatest endeavors suppressed in their struggles to overthrow the throne.

THE desperado classes so numerous in Kentucky and West Virginia are creating great trouble.

MANUFACTURERS of all kinds now clamor in the papers on the tariff, each to hav it taken off the others and left for himself. May the best purse win.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN has resigned as trustee of the new Catholic university, as the result, it is rumored, of grave dissensions among the Catholic hierarchy.

AUSTRIAN war officials suspect that the czar is strategizing to entrap them into sending the bulk of their forces into Galicia while he attacks those points left exposed.

ON the 28th ult. the Hon. Jos. Cox, M.P., charged with addressing prohibited branches of the Irish National League, was convicted and sentenced to four months at hard labor.

THE English correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes: "The navy and the war office administrations are rotten to the core. We spend over a half millon of pounds a year in salaries for clerks in these two departments; the work could be better done for one-quarter the money."

IN England those that hav no work are busily engaged in freezing, starving, and suffering miscellaneously; those that hav it rush about after John L. Sullivan; the wealthy men, and those aiming at wealth, are prosecuting their business called Parliament. A few brave men struggle for the rights of the poor and a few for religious liberty.

THE pope has written an autograph letter to the czar, thanking him for the expression of good-will contained in the address the czar sent him on the occasion of his jubilee. In his congratulatory telegram the czar said that he desired to assure the interests of his Catholic subjects, and hoped that his holiness would aid him in harmonizing the needs of the Roman church in Russia with the fundamental principles of his empire.

IN New York city the masses, having neglected education, labor reform, and every condition of progress and fit end of government for "politics," liquor, and superstition, and brought forth that fine specimen of what they can turn out in the way of citizens when they try, Dan Driscoll, leader of the Whyo gang of toughs, now for reading matter devour the pages the newspapers giv to detailed accounts of his prison life, hanging for murder, conferences with his priest, religious views, etc.

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MOSES EMBARKS IN THE CONJURING BUSINESS.

And Moses took his wife and his sons, and set them upon an ass, and he returned to the land of Egypt. And Moses took the rod of God in his hand.—Ex. iv, 20.

Odds and Ends.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the post-office publishes its "gross postal receipts," Anthony Comstock has not yet attempted to arrest it.

WHEN the weather becomes so cold that the sneak thief freezes to your ulster, that is the time that the coal literally melts away.

MRS. WILCOX says that Ouida's novels convey defectiv morals. It looks as though Ouida might hav been reading Ella Wheeler's poems; doesn't it?

MOTHER: "You ought to be kinder to Mr. Goodey, Clara. He is very well off, and, as regards habits, is a model in every way." "That's just the trouble, mamma. He hasn't a single redeeming vice."

WE do not credit the rumor that Anthony Comstock is about to publish an expurgated edition of Webster, from which such sinful words as "naked" and "bare" shall be omitted.—*Life.*

OLD MR. BENTLY: "I hear that the Cadwalladers pay a thousand dollars a year for their pew in the church of the Holy St. Swell." Old Mrs. Bently: "Goodness! They must be very religious folks."

THIS English apings's hardly right,
In fact it's grown absurd;
We hear too much of Outall, Knight,
And of the Earl E. Bird.

"MAMMA," inquired a little Kentucky boy, "what was Adam's full name?" "He only had one name, my dear; simply Adam." "And did Eve call him Adam?" "Certainly. What could she call him?" "She might hav called him colonel."

EVERYTHING has been serene and peaceful recentiy, so far as riots are concerned, in Ireland. It should be remembered, however, that just at present the earth is frozen so stiff that stones and bricks cannot be lifted therefrom.—*Puck.*

MR. TOM BIGBIE: "What do you expect for your New Year's—the earth?" Mr. Will Getthere: "Well, no, not exactly the whole earth; but I can tell you it'll be a pretty cold day if I don't get some of the fulness thereof before I wind up."

A STRANGER was caught in the recent Montana blizzard, snowed under for four days, and was about giving up hope, when a rescuing party dug down on him. As the first shovel struck through the roof of his tomb, he moaned: "Excuse, me, gentlemen; but if we drink in celebration of this event, I move that we make it a Dutch treat." And the sturdy Northmen, as they covered him up again, remarked in a chorus: "Pack him down hard, boys. He's from Boston."

A NORWICH primary teacher, to test the knowledge of her little pupils upon the Golden Rule, inquired how many of them could repeat it. Several hands went up, and a little boy noted for his activity and brightness was permitted to answer, which he did thus: "Do to others as others do to you." He was told that he was wrong, and a precise little miss of a mild and clever disposition was next invited to repeat it. She said sweetly: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." The girl sat down in triumph, but the boy, who had missed, with a look of disgust rarely shown by one so young, said: "I guess not That won't work."

LIFE is short—only four letters in it. Three quarters of it a "lie," and half of it an "if."

"I'm sorry, Clara," he quietly said,
"Yet I fear it would not do;"
And added, as lowly she bowed her head,
"But I'll be a brother to you."

SOME one has discovered that the new Servian ministry is composed of "ics," viz., "Guics, Franzsovics, Velimirovics, Vogics, Papovics and Gerbics." New York city can "see" Servia and go her one better. The Empire City is governed largely by "Mics."—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Chicago *News* tells this story about the Rev. Mr. Manton, who was a barber before he became a preacher. The *News* says that one of his first duties after he was ordained was to baptize a child. Wetting his hand in the water bowl, he laid it on the child's head, and then, his mind reverting to his old calling, he began rubbing the head vigorously, and, turning to the astonished mother, said: "Shampoo?"

"THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall hav snow,
And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing?"
Well, if Robin's a bird
Not wholly absurd,
He'll pack up his duds and go South until spring.
If he deigns to accept
The advice so inept,
To stand in a barn as the poet suggested,
With head 'neath his wing,
And his leg in a sling,
He will die with his red breast congested.

"I MUST leave you now," the girl said lightly, as she rose from her chair. "I hav got to go to the missionary society rooms and do some sewing for the heathens." "There's a heathen around in a Twenty-third street boarding-house," casually observed the young man, looking vacantly over her head, "third-story hall-bedroom, front, who has three buttons off his cutaway, a rip in the elbow of his dress-suit, and a choice collection of socks that look like cullenders. Does he come in on this missionary deal?" "He does, George," she whispered softly, as she tucked in her eyelids, "if he needs a missionary all to himself."

THE teacher, a lesson be taught;
The preacher, a sermon he praught;
The stealer, he stole;
The heeler, he hole;
And the screecher, he awfully scraught.

The long-winded speaker, he spoke;
The poor office-seeker, he soke;
The runner, he ran;
The dunner, he dan;
And the shrieker, he horribly shroke.

The flyer, to Canada flew;
The buyer, on credit he bew;
The doer, he did;
The suer, he sid;
And the liar (a fisherman) lew.

The writer, this nonsense he wrote;
The fighter (an editor) fote;
The swimmer, he swam;
The skimmer, he skam;
And the biter was hungry and bote.

—*Woman.*

Gems of Thought.

"ELISHA, giving leave to the young prophets to enlarge their dwellings, causeth the iron to swim." So we find it written in the head-piece to the following story: "Elisha went with them, and when they came to Jordan they cut down wood. But as one was felling a beam, the ax-head fell into the water, and he cried and said, Alas! master, for it was borrowed. And the man of God said, Where fell it? And he showed him the place. And he cut down a stick and cast it in thither, and the iron did swim. Therefore said he, Take it up to thee; and he put out his hand and took it.—2 *Kings* vi, 4-7. [I rather think the simplest reader will, without any aid from German or other rationalistic commentators, be able to paint this scene to himself and be able to recover the ax out of the river by the aid of the stick referred to; but if he don't see through it, let him study the following extract.—*Hylax*].

A MIRACLE is a work beyond man's power to perform. He who performs it [in this case Elisha, the man of God] does so by the assistance of God. And if God giv his power to a man, it must be for some great and extraordinary reason [such as the recovery of a lost ax]. . . . The working of a miracle proves that the man who performs it is God's messenger and speaks God's truth, for God works by him, and would not so lend his power to an impostor.—*Biblical Cyclopedia, by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D.*

PLINY the Elder, who sacrificed his life to his curiosity, being suffocated by the dust and asbes of the eruption that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii, was an omnivorous reader; and even when he was so occupied that he could not read himself, he had himself read to. His example is not worthy of imitation. If he had read less and thought more, he would hav served mankind better. He well remarked that he never found a book so bad but he was able to get some good out of it; and both Milton and Gibbon hav said the same, a remark that I most cordially indorse. Amid much inferior matter, Pliny now and then surprises us by the acuteness of his remarks. He bad the boldness to deny that "God could either endow man with immortality or recall the dead." Pliny, you may rely on it, was no fool.—*Hylax.*

THERE hav been, and there may be again, great individual thinkers in a general atmosphere of intellectual slavery. But there never bas been, or ever will be, in that atmosphere an intellectually activ people. When any people has made a temporary approach to such a character, it has been because the dread of heterodox speculation was for a time suspended. Where there is a tacit convention that *principles* are not to be disputed; where the discussion of the greatest questions which can occupy humanity is considered to be closed, we cannot hope to find that generally high scale of mental activity which has made some periods of history so remarkable. Never when controversy avoided the subjects which are large and important enough to kindle enthusiasm, was the mind of a people stirred up from its foundations, and the impulses given which raised even persons of the most ordinary intellect to some of the dignity of thinking beings.—*Mill's Liberty.*

THAT many good men hav believed this strange fable [the temptation of Mother Eve by the devil, the fall of man, etc.], and lived very good lives under that belief (for credulity is not a crime), is what I hav no doubt of. In the first place, they were educated to believe. There are also many who hav been so enthusiastically enraptured by what they conceived to be the infinit love of God to man, in making a sacrifice of himself, that the vehemence of the idea has forbidden and deterred them from examining into the absurdity and profaneness of the story. The more unnatural anything is, the more is it capable of becoming the object of dismal admiration.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

WISDOM strengtheneth the wise more than ten mighty men which are in the city. For there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not. Also take no heed unto all words that are spoken, lest thou hear thy servant curse thee. For oftentimes also thine own heart knoweth that thou thyself likewise hast cursed others.—*Ecclesiastes* vii, 19-22.

LITTLE do men perceive what solitude is and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.—*Bacon's Essays.*

SOCRATES says that he knows nothing, except, the one fact that he is ignorant; and that he is superior to others in this particular, that they believe that they do know what they do not know, while he knows this one thing alone—that he knows nothing. And it is on that account that he imagins he was pronounced by Apollo to be the wisest of all men, because this alone is the whole of wisdom, for a man not to think that he knows what he does not know.—*Cicero.*

CHANGE and progress are the universal law We can stand still in nothing.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE WAY CHURCH DEBTS ARE LIFTED.

Notes and Clippings.

FIRST Omaha dame: "Do you mean to say you went to church last Sunday? Why, the weather was perfectly awful." Second Omaha dame: "Yes, I went; but I arrived there more dead than alive." "What was the sermon about?" "Oh, the minister scolded us for three hours because the rest of you didn't come."

A LITTLE girl of Metz, fourteen years old, named Louise Fuchs, has just been condemned to eight days' imprisonment for having insulted the emperor of Germany. The insult consisted in writing a private letter to one of her little friends, in which there was something disrespectful to his majesty. Such sentences are said to be quite common in Alsace-Lorraine, and they can add no strength to the popular love for the conquerors.

IN some remarkable mathematical observations by M. Hermite concerning the number of stars, he shows that the total number visible to the naked eye of an observer of average visual power does not exceed six thousand, and of these the southern hemisphere contains somewhat the larger number. In order to see this number of stars the night must be moonless, the sky cloudless, and the atmosphere pure, and here the power of the unaided eye stops; an opera glass will bring out twenty thousand, while a small telescope will bring out at least one hundred and fifty thousand, and the most powerful telescopes yet constructed will show more than one hundred millions. M. Hermite concludes from his various observations that the light emitted by all the stars upon the whole surface of the globe is equal to one-tenth of the light of the full moon.

A FAR Western newspaper announces the postponement of a wedding "owing to the fact that the groom is too busily engaged in a poker game at the Silver Starch club rooms." The paper further explains that the clergyman who was engaged to perform the ceremony also got interested and took a hand, and "as we go to press is kicking like an elephant because there is a limit to the game."

A CATECHISM lately issued by the Roman Catholic authorities in Mexico, for the circulation of which the civil authorities of the state of Guanajuato caused a priest to be punished, directs Catholics not to lend or hire houses to Protestants for services; not to erect or repair churches for Protestants, nor to make or sell furniture for such churches, nor to attend Protestant services, under penalty of excommunication. The civil authorities interfered with this religious boycott on the ground that it was "subversiv of the public well-being."

"THE war of the Rebellion," said Gen. Daniel E. Sickles the other evening, "was really a Whisky war. Yes, whisky caused the Rebellion! I was in the Congress preceding the war. It was whisky in the morning—the morning cocktail—a Congress of whisky-drinkers. Then whisky all day; whisky and gambling all night. Drinks before Congress opened its morning session; drinks before it adjourned. Scarcely a committee room without its demijohn of whisky, and the clink of the glasses could be heard in the Capitol corridors. The fights—the angry speeches—were whisky. The atmosphere was redolent with whisky—nervous excitement seeking relief in whisky, and whisky adding to nervous excitement. Yes, the Rebellion was launched in whisky. If the French Assembly were to drink some morning one-half the whisky consumed in any one day by that Congress, France would declare war against Germany in twenty minutes." It seems to be a good thing that Frenchmen drink mild wine.

IN a leading uptown church, reports the *Tribune*, where a lecture was given to a class of young people who were about to become members, there were seven lads and one man to forty-three of the other sex, only three or four of whom were full-grown women, the remainder being girls. The male population of New York is not given very largely either to church-going or religion. Ministers say that the proportion of female communicants to male is becoming larger every year. One of the oldest pastors of the city, commenting on this state of things, said with a half-sigh: "However, it is a great step to bring the women into the fold, for in the end they will bring the men with them."

ELIZA LYNN LINTON was one of the twelve children of the vicar of Crosthwaite in the lake region. There she was accustomed to see Robert Southey, whom, she says, she remembers "with his eagle's beak and small, retreating chin, spare frame, and dark eyes full of fire. He preferred long, solitary rambles to our primitiv society. But Harriet, duchess of St. Albans, was more sociable, and when journeying northward used to invite the vicar to spend the evening with her at the Royal Oak. My father's fellow-parsons were a very queer lot. Some drank and fought in public-houses, others were little better than honest day-laborers, and it was not uncommon to hear the officiating clergyman exclaim, when his Sunday ministrations were over, 'Gosh! that job's jobbed!'" Mrs. Linton has for years been a pronounced Freethinker.

DR. MCGLYNN and THE TRUTH SEEKER hold the same opinion regarding the Catholic church and the workingmen. Two weeks ago, at one of his Sunday night meetings, the ex-priest said: "The labor party must expect to find everywhere the enmity of the ecclesiastical machine. And what has this machine done for the labor movement here, or in England, or anywhere? It has ever been on the side of despotism instead of on the side of freedom. The ecclesiastical machine was opposed to secret societies. It was opposed at the outset to the Knights of Labor, and suggested the forming of a confraternity of trades. The machine would hav an Order of Consecrated Car-Drivers and the Holy Guild of Plasterers, under the guidance of the parish priests. The church is opposed to any labor movement, and I am sorry to be able to say that Grand Master-Workman Powderly went to Cardinal Gibbons, and, not satisfied with that, sent an embassador to Rome and paid the expenses out of the funds of the Knights of Labor. And I should not be at all surprised some day to learn that part of that money was expended in buying up one of the underlings, and not so much of an underling after all. If it were not somewhat indelicate, I could tell you the name of the embassador." Powderly denies this statement; but Dr. McGlynn reiterates it, and says his informants were men high in the councils of the Knights of Labor.

Communications.

Blue Laws of New England.

The virtues of the Pilgrim fathers hav been sung by poets and extolled by historians. Orators hav painted their characters in glowing colors. The belief that they sought an asylum in the wilds of America for the oppressed, that they were lovers of liberty, and that they were the real founders of our free institutions, is the reason why the founders of New England hav been so revered. But historical criticism has reduced them to their proper level, and we now see their characters in their true light—not as we were once taught to view them, but almost the reverse.

It must be admitted that the Pilgrims had many virtues. They were a sturdy, honest, industrious, chaste people. It must also be admitted that they had many faults. They were superstitious, narrow-minded, fanatical, bigoted. But there were two things in which the Pilgrim fathers certainly excelled —hunting heretics and hanging witches. It would be supposed that the Pilgrims, having been persecuted for opinion's sake in England, would hav granted liberty of conscience to those who sought a home in their colony. But their much-desired haven, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, was intended only as a refuge for those subscribing to the Calvinistic creed. The thought never occurred to them that other sects held their belief just as sacred as they did theirs; that it is impossible to prevent the human mind from overpassing the limits of any prescribed boundary; that it is the hight of cruelty to persecute their fellow-men for opinion's sake. Their creed was the only one that was right; and as those who denied it were in danger of perdition, it was but just and merciful that they should force others to accept that which was necessary for the salvation of their souls.

Social and political disadvantages were placed upon those outside the church. But woe to him who chanced to be unorthodox; he was sure to become the victim of a heartless and relentless persecution; and if he escaped without a flogging, with unharmed ears, or an unbored tongue, or even with his life, he was very fortunate. If the luckless wizard dared wave his magic wand, or if the toothless, haggard, old witch mounted her broomstick and ventured to perform her aerial evolutions—"to sweep the cobwebs from the sky"—they were placed entirely without the pale of society; no more mercy was shown then than as though they were the very imps of satan, who, it was piously believed, bodily inhabited their persons. Having been reared in the school of persecution, our forefathers were not slow in proving themselvs proficient in the art. They therefore employed their leisure time in flogging, banishing, or hanging Catholics, Quakers, and Baptists, for daring to abuse the liberty of thought. There was, of course, nothing more clearly proven than the right to think for one's self, provided he thought right, and as the Puritans had the only standard of right-thinking, it very necessarily followed that whoever differed from them thought wrong, and whoever persisted in wrong-thinking was a wilful violator of the liberty of conscience, and must either renounce his heresies or be cut off as a corrupt and dangerous member of society.

It is not positivly known why these enactments against heretics and witches, and Sunday laws, hav been called "Blue laws." It is possible that they were so named by having been first published in a blue-covered book. But I am of the opinion that it was because the laws themselvs were intrinsically blue.

In the enactment of Blue laws the premium must be awarded to Connecticut, but in the punishment of Quakers and witches the superiority must be conceded to Massachusetts. The latter colony was altogether too holy a place for anyone but Puritans, as Massachusetts was a place "especially devoted unto the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ above all the rest of the world." The Puritan colonies could not therefore be tainted with the pernicious doctrins of Catholics, Quakers, and Baptists, and other "pestilent heretiques;" and consequently those who held opinions that were unorthodox had either to suffer torture or seek an asylum among the savages, and receive from them that protection they had vainly hoped for from their Christian brethren.

Thus it was in the case of Roger Williams, who, for entertaining dangerous opinions, was driven from the Salem colony in the dead of winter to perish from cold and hunger, or to find shelter and food among the wild men of the forest.

And the principal offense for which Roger Williams was banished was that he denied the right of the civil magistrate to punish for mere religious delinquencies. He simply reasserted the right of liberty of conscience—the very principle the Puritans themselvs braved the dangers of an unknown ocean and the hardships of a wilderness to establish. The Puritans affirmed the right of a union of church and state; Roger Williams denied it. The Puritans claimed the right of the state to enforce religious conformity, and Roger Williams protested against it. The Puritans triumphed, and drove him into exile; but he succeeded in founding a colony which was the first place in Christendom where a law was enacted tolerating and protecting alike the Christian, the Jew, or the Mohammedan.

The Blue laws were particularly severe on the inoffensiv Quakers, and it was really against them that the laws were directed.

The Quakers were deprived of civil rights, whipped, branded, had their ears cut off, their tongues bored with hot irons, were banished, and even executed upon the gallows.

Here is what Christian wisdom and charity giv us in the form of a law: "No Quaker or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion shall be allowed to giv a vote for the election of magistrates or other officers." The law also expressly forbade bringing Quakers to the colony. "It is ordered by the court, that in case any shall bring in any Quaker, ranter, or other notorious heretic, either by land or water, into any part of this government, he shall forthwith, upon order from any one magistrate, return them to the place from whence they came, or clear the government of them, on penalty of paying the fine of twenty shillings for every week that they shall stay in the government after warning." It would hav saved much trouble if the faith of passengers had been inquired into when they went on shipboard, seeking refuge in the "asylum for the oppressed." It might also hav been policy for the landlord to hav done the same with his lodgers; for it was further "enacted by the court and authority thereof, that no Quaker or person commonly so called, be entertained by any person or persons within this government under penalty of five pounds for every such default, or be whipped; and in any case anyone shall entertain any such person ignorantly, if he shall testify on his oath that he knew not them to be such, he shall be freed of the aforesaid penalty, provided he, upon his first discerning them to be such, do discover them to the constable or his deputy."

Oct. 6, 1657, an order was passed banishing Humphrey Norton, a Quaker, from the colony, and on the 14th of October this additional law was enacted against Quakers, and for atrocious cruelty it is surpassed by few documents of its kind on record. It is the essence of Christian bigotry double distilled: "As an addition to the late order in reference to the coming or bringing in of the cursed sect of Quakers into this jurisdiction, it is ordered that whosoever shall henceforth bring, or cause to be brought, directly or indirectly, any known Quaker or Quakers, or other blasphemous heretics, into this jurisdiction, every such person shall forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds to the country, and shall by warrant from any magistrate be committed to prison, there to remain till penalty be satisfied and paid; and if any person or persons within this jurisdiction shall henceforth entertain and conceal any such Quaker or Quakers, or other blasphemous heretics (knowing them so to be), every such person shall forfeit to the country forty shillings for every hour's entertainment and concealment of any such Quaker or Quakers as aforesaid, and shall be committed to prison as aforesaid, until the forfeitures be fully satisfied and paid; and it is further ordered, that if any Quaker or Quakers shall presume after they hav once suffered what the law requireth, to come into this jurisdiction, every such male Quaker shall, for the first offense, hav one of his ears cut off, and be kept at work in the house of correction till he can be sent away at his own charge; and for the second offense he shall hav the other ear cut off and be kept at the house of correction as aforesaid. And every woman Quaker that hath suffered the law here, that shall presume to come into this jurisdiction, shall be severely whipped and kept at the house of correction at work till she be sent away at her own charge, and also for coming again she shall be alike used as aforesaid. And for every Quaker, he or she, that shall a third time herein again offend, they shall hav their tongues bored through with a hot iron and be kept at the house of correction close at work till they be sent away at their own charge."

A Quaker was not allowed to buy a horse, or if one brought a horse into the colony the horse was confiscated to the use of the country. "Whereas, we find that of late time the Quakers hav been furnished with horses, and thereby they hav not only more speedy passage from place to place, to the poisoning of the inhabitants with their cursed tenets, but also thereby hav escaped the hands of the officers that might otherwise hav apprehended them. It is therefore enacted by the court and authority thereof, that if any person or persons whatsoever in this government doth or shall furnish any of them with horse or horse kind, the same shall be forfeited and seized on for the use of the government; or any horse they shall bring into the government, or shall be brought in for them and they make use of, shall be forfeited as aforesaid, and it shall be lawful for any inhabitant to make seizure of any such horse and deliver him to the constable or treasurer for the use of the country."

And it was yet further "enacted by the court and authority thereof, that if any person or persons commonly called Quakers, or other such like vagabonds, shall come into any town of this government, the marshal or constable shall apprehend him or them, and upon examination so appearing, he shall whip them, or cause them to be whipped with rods."

Alas! what tender mercies our Pilgrim fathers showed! The Quakers hav ever been remarkable for their steady habits—for being inoffensiv and law-abiding citizens. They, too, were flocking to America for the sake of liberty of conscience. They no doubt thought that the Puritans, having had the lash of persecution applied to themselvs, would be slow in applying it to the backs of others; but in this they were sadly mistaken. But the Puritans did what they could to save the stiff-necked Quakers. Did they not say their prayers through their noses for the salvation of the Quakers' souls? Did they not repeat passages of scripture to convince the Quakers that they were receiving a just punishment? Does not God's word say: "Though an angel from heaven preach any other doctrin than that ye hav received, let him be accursed;" "depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;" "if any come unto you and bring not this doctrin, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed, for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds?"

If our forefathers hated Quakers, they loved Catholics but little more, for among these saintly laws we find the following: "No priest shall abide in this dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return." "Priests may be seized by anyone without a warrant." Gloomy and morose, they forbade any engaging in sinful pleasures, or observing any customs that they thought were tinctured with Catholicism. "No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and jewsharp." From this it would seem that the Pilgrims were great lovers of music, but unwilling to minister to any of the sinful pleasures of this vain world. They directed their musical talents so that, by a series of consecutiv steps, they would be prepared to twang the strings of their celestial harp in the "world to come." The Pilgrims also held the use of the ring at marriages to be a "relique of popery, and a diabolical circle for the devell to daunce in."

The custom of some ancient and half-civilized nations in putting to death a stubborn and rebellious son, and selling a debtor to make satisfaction to his creditor, has been justly characterized by modern Christians as the basest of crimes. But are not these customs justified by the Bible? And hav not Christians justified the same by statute law? They certainly did in New England. For we find a law which says: If a man hav a sixteen-year-old son, who, after being chastened, proves rebellious and stubborn, the parents are to take him to the magistrate and "such a son shall be put to death." And also one which says: "A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold to make satisfaction." Charitable in them to let him out before he was sold.

Not content with meddling in religious matters, they must regulate the manner of dress and the cost of the trimming on their clothes; and even went to the extent of saying how one's hair should be cut and dressed. "Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace, above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender three hundred pounds." Men were not allowed to wear their hair below their ears, nor women to wear their hair cut above their ears. "Every male shall hav his hair cut round according to a cap." That is, he must hav a cap drawn over his head for a gage by which to cut his hair. For a woman to allow her hair to "hang loose" was a grievous sin.

"If any woman shall not hav her hair tied up, but shall allow it to hang loose and be cut as men's hair, she shall pay five shillings. If any man shall wear long hair, he shall pay five shillings."

In all capital causes concerning life or banishment, if there was no express law, the judgment should be rendered according to the barbarities of the Mosaic code.

GEO. H. DAWES.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Matters and Things.

The New York Central railroad's classification requires that gall in large quantities shall be transported by freight.—*Chicago Mail.*

It is not stated what kind of gall it is, but we feel doubly assured in stating that it is Christian gall that is meant. We know of no other gall to be had in such large quantities, and that exists all over the country and is in constant use. It is the real "gall of bitterness," and it is so apt to "flow" that railroads will carry it only as freight—it is dirty and smells bad.

A venerable Methodist minister is authority for the statement that no camp-meeting can be successful in a location where there is fishing.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

It is intended by the above to convey the idea that

where there is fishing, fishers fall into the habit of telling such large fish stories that they easily slide away from grace. We do not look at the matter in the same way. The best camp-meeting revivalists we know of preach and believe the biggest fish story on record—that of Jonah.

William Dillsbury, a post-office clerk at Elgin, will sever his connection with the post-office service to prepare himself for the ministry.—*Chicago Times.*

We presume William has proved a failure as a useful clerk. There is nothing so handy for the runt of the family as the ministry. It requires so little practical knowledge of this world. A lingo of dogmas formulated by leaders, with a smiling, pleasant, "taking look," is about all that is required to start out saving souls. Of course it is better to be a dapper ladies' man—one who can say pleasant little nothings with wisdom's air and manner, and giv advice about the life beyond, of which he knows nothing. The knowledge required is so meager that it is no wonder that so many are seized with such a desire to save sinners. SAGE WINTERSET.

Shakspere and Christ.

No man on the earth loves the writings of the immortal Shakspere more than I, and no man is less capable of appreciating him, and knowing from the evidence at hand that the Bard of Avon wrote the immortal plays.

That Donnelly should attempt to prove that Lord Bacon wrote the plays of Shakspere, with the evidence against him, shows one thing very clearly, at least, and that is, upon what slender threads hang everlasting things.

I shall examin briefly the evidence that Shakspere wrote Shakspere, and then the evidence that Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount and taught the doctrin of the New Testament canon, that nobody follows and few believe.

It is conceded by everybody that there was such a man as William Shakspere, and the evidence that he was John Shakspere's son has never been questioned, and that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon and was baptized and christened on the 26th of April, 1564. This is shown by the parish register of births at Stratford. We know that he grew up in Stratford and attended the Stratford grammar school; from Nashe we learn that Shakspere was trained a law clerk or noverint, and Lord Chief-Justice Campbell said if the case was brought before him in court, he would hav to so decide upon the evidence.

From Aubrey, the earliest of all his biographers, we learn that young Shakspere was addicted to poetry and the stage, and left Stratford at about the age of eighteen for London. There are many guesses why he went and whether he took Annie, his wife, with him or not; but we find him at the Blackfriars Theater, according to Greene, a Johannes Factotum, in 1592. In his warning to his three friends, Greene, on his dying bed, says:

Yes, trust them not, for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart, wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.

Greene here meant that Shakspere had claimed plays that belonged to others. Chettle, who published Greene's statement, investigated the matter, and published an apology to the upstart crow within a year, and said he was as sorry as if the offense had been his own, for he found Shakspere to be honorable in his dealing and to write with a facetious grace.

There were three wonderful writers for the stage at that time besides Shakspere—namely, Greene, Peele, and Christopher Marlowe—and how a poor young man from Stratford could come to London, get employment in the Blackfriars Theater, and enter the lists with such men, is the wonder of the world, and there is but one solution, and that is that the wells of eternal poetry were springing up into everlasting life in Shakspere's brain. He could not hav become a fixture in the theater otherwise. Marlowe was, in my judgment, the equal of Shakspere so far as he went, but he was killed in 1594, and Greene had been dead for two years, leaving the field to Shakspere and Peele. Five of Greene's plays hav come down to us. They are infinitly beneath any play of Shakspere. Marlowe's writings hav come down to us also, and there are passages equal to anything Shakspere wrote, but his plays and writings, as a whole, lack the smooth perennial flow of Shakspere.

At Stationer's hall, London, all the plays of Shakspere were entered, when published, in his name as the author, and the company to which Shakspere belonged. He was not the manager, as Donnelly says, but stood No. 12. Burbage was No. 1, and the manager traveled all over England and Scotland, playing everywhere. Handbills were posted up in the cities, of which the following is one of many:

By the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlain, his Servants,
AT THE GLOBE THEATER AT BANKSIDE, THIS DAY,
Being Tuesday, July 11, 1600, will be acted
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
Written by William Shakspere.

For twenty-five years Wm. Shakspere wrote for the theater, and associated with sixteen managers of the Blackfriars—with such men as Burbage, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Thomas Green, the greatest of all theatrical clowns, and with such men as the inimitable Ben Jonson, who criticised Shakspere's plays; and in all that quarter of a century, those most intimate associates never discovered or dreamed that Lord Bacon was the author of the plays. Greene claimed that he, Marlowe, and Peele were Shakspere's feathers. Who were Shakspere's feathers after 1594, when Greene and Marlowe were dead? The best plays were written after that year. Where in all the world was there a better school of learning, a better college in which to study human nature, than the theater? And Shakspere, for twenty-five years, was so connected, and it was the age when men depended on the memory; it was the age of the reformation, when human liberty was unchained, and the state was divorced from the church. Before Shakspere there were thousands of church-plays; every scene in the Bible was the subject of a play. The church authorities dramatized "Adam and Eve," and they appeared as they were created. What a chance Comstock lost by not being there! But that was the age when smothered human thought burst forth in a perennial stream of human glory, and Shakspere gathered the golden sheaves of fifteen centuries and bound them bundles of Hamlets, Macbeths, Lears, Othellos, King Johns, etc. Green's charge against Shakspere sets one question at rest forever, and that is that Shakspere was a writer for the theater as early as 1590. According to this he was twenty-five years writing forty plays, or 180,000 lines of the most wonderfully grand smooth poetry ever written.

Lord Chief-Justice Campbell says that Shakspere wrote his own will, and I wish to notice and compare the will with Shakspere's poetry. My opinion is that the man who wrote the plays wrote the will. The will and the plays breathe the same air. They are both in the same style. Compare the following from his will:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my savior, to be partaker of life everlasting; *and my body to the earth, whereof it is made.*

With the following from the Sonnets:

But be contented; when that fell arrest
Without all fail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can hav but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me.
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead.

And in Hamlet's soliloquy, the same sharp antithesis is drawn between the body and the soul, or spirit:

To be or not to be, that is the question—
When we hav shuffled off this mortal coil——

The plays and the will hav the same text, that is, the mind, the soul, the spirit—three names for one part of man, that is, the immortal part—belongs not to the grave, but the body does, "where it is made." Says Shakspere in "Measure for Measure:"

But ah, to die and go we know not where!

Upon the above text or theme all the plays of Shakspere are built. Shakspere died in 1616, about a month after his old friends and fellow-actors had paid him a visit at his home in Stratford. They were Ben Jonson and Drayton, and of that meeting a preacher—a saint—as usual, smelling carrion, forty-six years afterward wrote: "Shakspere, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakspere died of a fever there contracted." Shakspere was buried at Stratford-upon-Avon, his nativ town, from which, tradition said, he had to flee from the prosecutions of Sir Thomas Lucy, whom he afterward immortalized in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." A monument was placed over his grave and inscriptions placed on it that he was richer than the cost of the tomb:

Since all it he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

Nobody at Stratford questioned the authorship of the immortal plays, and when Shakspere's "Hamlet" appeared, a citizen of Stratford sneeringly said: "It is the fashion nowadays for a noverint [law clerk] to leave the trade whereto they were secured and go to the theater and write 'Hamlets,' wherein Seneca afforded whole 'Hamlets' if you entreated him kindly of a frosty morning." His idea was that "Hamlet" did not amount to anything, and young Shakspere got it out of Seneca.

Donnelly says Shakspere never claimed the plays. The fact is, he publicly claimed them for twenty-five years and the most of them were published in his lifetime in his own name, and so great had become his fame that certain publishers, Wm. Jaggard among them, in 1599 published a lot of rot and hogwash poems and love ditties, and one very pretty love song of Marlowe's, and gave Wm. Shakspere as the author, whereupon Shakspere made him correct it by taking his name off and out of the book. Thomas Heywood interfered also to the same effect.

Seven years after Shakspere's death, two of his fellow-actors, Hemings and Condell, whom he mentioned in his will, gathered his writings together from the Shakspere company, assisted by Ben Jonson, who had played and written with Shakspere, and published all in a folio volume in 1623 under Bacon's nose, as the works of William Shakspere, for the benefit of his orphans, Mrs. Shakspere having recently died. And Ben Jonson wrote under the portrait of Shakspere which adorned the folio the following words:

The figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspere cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life.
Oh, could he but hav drawn his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass;
But, since he cannot, reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his booke.

Was Jonson mistaken? Did Bacon stand afar off and laugh at college graduates and lifelong friends of Shakspere publishing a folio volume of Bacon's plays in William Shakspere's name? What fun it must hav been to Bacon to fool the world of literary men, whose associations with Shakspere must hav told them whether he could write such plays as were published in his name! Donnelly says that the plays were written by a master scholar well versed in Latin, French, and Greek. Now, I hav read the entire plays of Shakspere, and in the whole one hundred and eighty thousand lines there is not as much Latin, Greek, and French quotation as I hav heard a school-boy quote in one essay in my school-boy days.

The plays of Shakspere are immortal, because they are bristling full of thought, full and running over of nature, full of common sense; everything is natural—nothing is strained. The world has always conceded Shakspere the author on the evidence, and always will.

I hav read Donnelly's Bacon cipher. I am not mathematician enough to understand it, but we know that the cipher Bacon claims he invented in his boyhood in Paris was published when Bacon was only three years old; and if Bacon put said cipher in "King Henry IV., Parts I and II," it was done to plagiarize Shakspere's plays. If the testimony in favor of Jesus of Nazareth being the son of God, the messiah, or Christ was as strong as that Shakspere wrote Shakspere's plays, I should join church to-day, and be a Christian, and join Gideon's band, Sam Jones's, Sam Small's, or some other hallelujah crowd.

But I feel like weeping over the fact that no historian even mentions Christ's name. We do not know even the year he was born, the day, nor the month. Some church historians place his birth in August, five years before the Christian era; others place his birth four years earlier. None are agreed. But all are agreed that none of his friends ever wrote anything we hav about Jesus.

It is certain Jesus never wrote anything himself, for Luke says he could not write—that he never learned even to read. The Talmud is the only book outside of the New Testament that mentions Jesus's name. It tells of a Jesus who was hanged and stoned about seventy years before the Christian era, and who had for disciples Paul, and Peter, and Stephen. I am inclined to think that this is true, and that the hanged-and-stoned Jesus is the Jesus of the gospels. My opinion is that the day is not far off when it will be conceded that no such being as Christ ever existed. A Roman governor crucified him, yet made no report of the fact to Rome, thus committing treason in not reporting such an event.

If there is any grand saying in the New Testament, I hav failed to find it. But in Shakspere's plays the whole thought is lofty and grand. I can pick out one chapter in the Bible that contains more filth than can be found in all the plays of Shakspere. He is immortality itself. GEO. H. BETHARD.

Burlington, Kan.

Miracles.

There is a reason in favor of the amendment proposed by Miss Gibson, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 21st, to the proposition of "Ononon," that ought not to be overlooked, if we are to hav a miracle that will be worth anything. If a five-ton rock were to be carried across the Alleghany river, it would not be five years before a party would spring up declaring that it had always been on that side. Such a miracle would hav no more weight than the miracles of former days, resting upon the credibility or credulity of individuals. But if the sun, instead of sinking in the west, will change its course for one night, so as not to set at all, but make two revolutions before it sets, the whole world will know it when it occurs, and it will be recorded in scientific and historical annals, beyond all possible controversy. All that we should then need would be sufficient evidence of the actual existence of the prayers; for unless that were made certain, they would be disputed

in a century or two. The very fact of the difficulty in preparing a miracle that would be beyond dispute, is one of the strongest evidences that no age of miracles ever existed. H. M. P.

New York, Jan. 29, 1888.

Paine Celebrations.

New York.

The Society of Humanity was the only organization in New York which honored in a proper manner the 151st anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine. The celebration included recitations, music, a speech, and a dance. Mr. Auckatel, Miss Louis, and Frederick Cyrus Leubuscher were the individual entertainers, and the audience did the dancing. Mr. Leubuscher will be recollected as the late candidate of the Henry George party for a judgeship of this city, and his address was an effort to show that Paine would hav voted for him had he lived till last fall, and been able to go to the polls. Mr. Leubuscher said:

There is one of the manifestations of the genius of this many-sided man which I hav not yet touched upon, and which has not been noticed by Ingersoll nor by any of Paine's biographers. I refer to his economic writings. He lived at a time when Adam Smith wrote the "Wealth of Nations." Adam Smith's dicta on economics were generally looked upon almost in the light of axioms; yet Paine dared to disagree with him. Thus the "Wealth of Nations" classifies land as capital. Paine, in an article entitled, "Agrarian Justice," clearly shows that private property cannot be predicated of land. He says:

"It is a position not to be controverted that the earth, in its natural, uncultivated state, was, and ever would hav continued to be, the common property of the human race. In that state every man would hav been born to property. He would hav been a joint life proprietor with the rest in the property of the soil, and in all its natural productions, vegetable and animal.

"There could be no such thing as landed property originally. Man did not make the earth, and though he had a natural right to occupy it, he had no right to locate as his property in perpetuity any part of it; neither did the creator of the earth open a land-office from whence the first title deeds should issue. Whence, then, arose the idea of landed property? I answer that, when cultivation began, the idea of landed property began with it, from the impossibility of separating the improvement made by cultivation from the earth itself upon which that improvement is made. The value of the improvement so far exceeded the value of the natural earth at that time as to absorb it, till in the end the common right of all became confounded in the cultivated right of the individual. But they are, nevertheless, distinct species of rights, and will continue to be, so long as the earth endures."

You will notice that this sounds very like Herbert Spencer and Henry George. Paine goes on to show how poverty arose from this merging of the ownership of land into the ownership of the improvements on the land; but he says that it is impossible to separate the two. Henry George, however, has shown that this can be done, and in fact is being done every day in this city by the owners of large estates, such as Trinity church, which exacts ground-rents from tenants, while the tenants own the buildings on the leasehold.

In reading this short pamphlet, "Agrarian Justice," I hav come to the conclusion that Henry George must hav read it before writing "Progress and Poverty." Just listen to this, and see if it does not hav the same ring as the opening pages of Mr. George's great work:

"Whether that state that is proudly, perhaps erroneously, called civilization, has most promoted or most injured the general happiness of man, is a question that may be strongly contested. On one side, the spectator is dazzled by splendid appearances; on the other, he is shocked by extremes of wretchedness; both of which he has erected. The most affluent and the most miserable of the human race are to be found in the countries that are called civilized. . . . Poverty, therefore, is a thing created by that which is called civilized life."

There is another most curious coincidence between Paine, the Infidel, and the Anti-Poverty Society, the high priest of which is Dr. McGlynn, a Roman Catholic priest. The Anti-Poverty Society scouts the idea that when Jesus said, "The poor ye hav always with you," he meant, "The poor ye *should* hav always with you." So Paine states that the occasion for the publication of the pamphlet, "Agrarian Justice," was a sermon preached by Watson, bishop of Llandaff, entitled, "The Wisdom and Goodness of God in having made both Rich and Poor:" and he says, "The error contained in the title of this sermon determincd me to publish my 'Agrarian Justice.' It is wrong to say that God made rich and poor; he made only male and female, and he gave them the earth for their inheritance."

Henry George has conclusivly demonstrated that mere alms-giving charities, however numerous and however noble, cannot abolish poverty, but that their effect too often is to aggravate it. About one hundred years ago, Thomas Paine saw this clearly when he wrote:

"There are in every country some magnificent charities established by individuals. It is, however, but little that any individual can do, when the whole extent of the misery to be relieved is considered. He may satisfy his conscience, but not his heart. It is only by organizing civilization upon such principles as to act like a system of pulleys, that the whole weight of misery can be removed. It is the practice to make provision for persons becoming poor only at the time they become so. Would it not, as a matter of economy, be far better to devise means to prevent their becoming poor?"

Is it not remarkable how this man, living at a time when views of political economy diametrically opposed to those enunciated in "Agrarian Justice" were generally received as true, could hav had the temerity to advocate doctrins which must hav seemed almost as heretical as his views on the Bible?

He even has glimmerings of the single-tax solution of the economic problem, for he says, "Every proprietor, therefore, of cultivated land owes to the community a ground-rent—for I know of no better term to express the idea by—for the land which he holds."

It is only when Paine suggests a means by which this unearned increment, the ground-rent, can be restored to its rightful owners, the people, that he is weak. Like a great many others who hav recognized the evil, the remedy suggested is inadequate. The Socialists in the late political campaign in this city admitted that no one has ever excelled Mr. George in depicting the terrible misery which seems to be a concomitant of civilization and progress; but they declared, unjustly as I believe, that his land-tax remedy is ridiculous. To my mind it is a most philosophical deduction from the fundamental principles of political economy. Whether it be or not, you will all agree, I think, in condemning Paine's proposed remedy.

It was to create a national fund, out of which there shall be paid to every person when arrived at the age of twenty-one years, the sum of fifteen pounds sterling, as a compensation in part for the loss of his or her natural inheritance by the introduction of the system of landed property. And also the sum of ten pounds per annum, during life, to every person now living of the age of fifty years, and to all others as they shall arrive at that age. The French Revolution had engendered in men's minds a fanatical hatred of the rich and titled. But Paine, though one of the principal actors in that tragedy, had a philosophical mind which would not allow prejudice to swerve it from a scientific conclusion. In his proposed plan he therefore would make these payments to every person, rich or poor. He says that "it is right it should be so, because it is in lieu of the national inheritance which, as a right, belongs to every man over and above the property he may hav created or inherited from those who did."

His proposed national fund would be created as follows: At the death of any person, one-tenth of all his property in value must be paid to the state. He calculates from statistics of mortality and so forth that the wealth of a given country changes hands completely, by inheritance and bequests, every thirty years. Thus, if the whole wealth of a nation, real and personal, be one billion, one-thirtieth of that would revolve every year. Under his plan one-tenth of this one-thirtieth, or about three millions, would be taken for the national fund.

You readily see that this is a most arbitrary and hence unscientific method. He admits that the fund will be inadequate for some years; but in order to demonstrate his sincerity, Paine, having no property of his own in England and France, offered to pay five hundred dollars in England, and a similar amount in France, into the fund as soon as it should be adopted. Unlike the majority of the preachers, he was ready to practice what he preached.

His plan is unscientific, because it is founded on a general average and not on scientific principles of taxation. He suggests a taxation of one-tenth of all property revolving in one year, because he calculates that that will represent the unearned increment. This will result in a confiscation of the realty of the small landowners, while the great monopolizers of land would go practically Scott free.

Paine stumbled on the true remedy when he wrote that every landowner owed the comunity a ground-rent. When he wrote this, he was so close to the single-tax doctrin that, as the Germans say, "if it had been a dog it would hav bitten him." If such a ground-rent is owing to the government, why not take it for the purpose of government, and thus relieve the real products of labor from the burdens of taxation?

The improvement and amelioration of the condition of his fellow-creatures was the end and aim which Thomas Paine ever had in view. This was as true when he wrote the "Age of Reason" as when he wrote "Agrarian Justice," as true when he suffered imprisonment for begging for the French king's life as when he reaped fame in denouncing the oppressions of George III. If the birthday of Washington is observed as a national holiday, it is meet that at least this small fraction of the American people should assemble once a year to glorify Thomas Paine, for whom Washington had the highest regard.

During Paine's imprisonment in France the Americans then resident in Paris petitioned the government for his release; and in their petition they described him as "Thomas Paine, the apostle of liberty in America, a profound and valuable philosopher, a virtuous and esteemed citizen." I can not bring this brief tribute to a more fitting close than by repeating the words of these patriotic Americans of one hundred years ago.

Paine's Memory in Chicago.

The rooms of the Chicago Secular Union were filled to suffocation on Sunday evening, January 29th, and the many persons who stood during the entire program seemed to be amply repaid for so doing. The exercises consisted of musical and vocal selections by Mrs. and Miss Piper and Mr. Card; oration by Dr. Juliet Severance, and short speeches from Mrs. Freeman, Professor Orchardson, and Dr. Henry, concluding by a telling speech from Prof. W. S. Bell. Dr. Severance's oration was a strong, stinging, grand eulogium on Thomas Paine, and the audience unmistakably testified their unqualified approval of the speaker's sentiments.

I will let the Chicago *Times* tell of the public celebration on Monday night:

There was a blaze of light in Kimball Hall last night; there was a singing society on the platform; there was an orchestra of seven pieces stowed away in the corner; there were decorations on every hand; there were pretty girls there by the score—pretty girls who sang; pretty girls who danced; pretty girls who played piano solos; pretty girls who apostrophized Liberty in pretty little speeches. There was even a zither solo to "Liberty."

The Chicago Secular Union was celebrating the 151st anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine. The Chicago Secular Union is organized for "Secularization of state and Freethought propaganda"—that is what the programs said; in other words, it is a society of professed Infidels. It has about one hundred and fifty members. There were nearly three hundred people there last night. One might expect a gathering of Infidels to differ in some way from a gathering of Christians—to hav some of the supposed earmarks of Infidelity. But it might hav been a Sunday-school soiree so far as outside appearances went. There were little children there who might be Sunday-school pupils; there were modest young ladies there who might be Sunday-school teachers; there were grave and gray-bearded men there who might be Sunday-school superintendents—men bald enough to be entitled to seats in the front row when the ballet is on. First, there were literary and musical exercises for two hours; then there was a ball which lasted till nearly daylight. The literary exercises included an oration by the president, E. A. Stevens, on "Thomas Paine, Revolutionary Hero, Patriot, Statesman, and Philosopher." There would hav been an original pôem on the same subject by Dr. Juliet H. Severance, only that Mrs. Severance accidentally left the poem behind her on her dressing-table at home. It was a narrow escape. Mrs. Severance filled in her place in the program, however, by reciting a piece called, "A Woman's Conclusion." The woman concluded in favor of the other fellow. It is usually that way.

Mr. Stevens's oration was the chief feature of the earlier exercises. A platform had been erected for Mr. Stevens and the singing society. The walls adjacent to the platform were ablaze with flags and mottoes:

"Ye that dare oppose not only tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth.—*Paine.*"

"The world is my country; to do good is my religion.—*Paine.*"

"In vain would hav been the sword of Washington, worthy as he was, but for the pen of Paine.—*John Adams.*"

These are specimens of the mottoes. To Mr. Stevens's right on the platform, there was a frame designed with pictures of the father of the republic and a copy of the Declaration of Independence. To his left there was a framed parchment on which were inscribed the "Nine Demands of Secularism." On a small table before him was a plaster cast of "Thomas Paine writing his 'Age of Reason.'" There were national flags everywhere around.

Mr. Stevens wore the badge of the society—"The flag above the cross." It is a gay white satin badge, with a picture of the Union flag floating over a prostrate cross. All the officers of the society wore similar badges.

Mr. Stevens's effort was a brilliant oration and well spoken.

After the oration, there was music, interspersed with recitations. Then the chairs were cleared away, the orchestra tuned up its instruments, and the dancing began. There were fourteen numbers on the program, and each number was named in honor of some prominent Infidel, or the work of some prominent Infidel. Altogether, it was quite a successful celebration.

E. A. Stevens, Sec. A. S. U.

Illinois.

A few of us here in Strasburg, who love liberty, thought we might as well as not hav a meeting Sunday evening to perpetuate the memory of the birth of Thomas Paine.

We met at the school-house and found above the rostrum the motto: "The world is my country; to do good, my religion.—*Thomas Paine.*"

The house was full by 7 P.M. The music consisted of a violin and organ. The house was called to order by the president (modesty forbids that I should name him), and the object of the meeting stated. Music—"Yankee Doodle."

The president said: "Even the music goes back to 1776." The next piece was a waltz, and while it was played, three women left the room, one of them taking her little boy—a youth of twenty—with her.

W. W. Beals was next introduced to the audience, and spoke for an hour; next, music; a school-teacher, J. M. Tull, read an essay, "Thomas Paine;" music; reading from Paine; a talk by our miller, Mr. Henry Bernhard; reading from the "Age of Reason," by W. W. Beals; music; closing remarks by the president.

This will giv you some idea of our first effort. The husband of the woman that took her boy home draws $12 a month pension, and said anyone who thought anything of himself would not go to such a place. When a man loves his country well enough to fight for it, and then loves God too well to celebrate the birthday of its founders, he is too good to liv among a free people. He sees the beauties of a pension here, but condemns the man who, more than any other, made it possible for him to be a pensioner, Thomas Paine. He is looking to be an eternal pensioner in heaven. His application is in the hands of the Methodists, and he is preparing for the final examination as to his disability. I do not know just what it is. Injury of the brain, probably.

A. York.

Wisconsin.

I wish to say to the readers of The Truth Seeker that we celebrated the birth of Thomas Paine here in Milwaukee on the 29th. In the forenoon we met and had two speeches, one in English and the other in German. Professor Lockwood, of Ripon, Wis., gave the one in English and Professor Gaubran the one in German.

The meeting was largely attended. In the evening there was a meeting at Fraternity Hall, where, with music, recitations, and speeches from different ones, they celebrated the occasion in a fitting manner that gave universal satisfaction. Dr. Juliet was engaged in Chicago for the same purpose.

I consider it an honor to anyone to take part in celebrating the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, the grandest man that ever lived in America. And yet at this time there are but few that hav any comprehension of his work and what he has done toward mental liberty for our country. And it looks now as if it would take another hundred years before the masses of the people will be far enough along to accept his teaching.

For to-day we need a Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin as much as we ever did. The colonies did not hav as much reason to rebel against old King George as we now hav to rebel against King Monopoly. They hanged witches and burnt Quakers in the early

days of New England. They strangle men to-day for opinion's sake, but call them Anarchists.

Church and state try as hard to suppress Freethought as ever they did, and we do not know but they will yet succeed. All they want is the power. The disposition is just as good. And if the Prohibition party should ever become the dominant party, they will then hav the power. For then they would hav God in the Constitution (for that is what they are working for), and say so publicly. And I am very much surprised when I see Liberals that are working for mental liberty affiliate with this party.

But I want to thank you, Mr. Editor, for the broad and Liberal stand you take in giving us a paper that is free to all sides to discuss our differences of opinion.

And I am also surprised to see persons so narrow-minded as to want you to not put this or that in your paper. For instance, some thought you ought not to put anything in your paper in favor of the Anarchists, showing their intolerance as much as any class, and this from professed Liberals.

But ignorance is at the bottom or corner of all bigotry and intolerance, and they that oppose Anarchy, Spiritualism, or Materialism are generally the most ignorant of those subjects, for when we thoroughly understand any subject we are not afraid of it, and are willing to discuss it in a candid manner.

Liberalism is increasing in our city, in consequence of labor organizations. Our working people are well organized, and they often find that to be true to their church doctrins they would be untrue to their labor interest and right economics and government. So by agitating and discussing all questions the people become more Liberal and enlightened.

PROF. A. B. SEVERANCE.

Paine Day in San Francisco.

The Liberals of San Francisco held on Sunday evening, Jan. 29th, one of the most entertaining and successful Paine anniversary meetings, probably, that this country has ever seen. Irving Hall, on Post street, was filled with an audience who had come to listen, to be pleased, and to keep the room ringing with applause. Not less than six hundred were present. Mr. H. W. Faust, through whose activity the assemblage was brought together, appointed Capt. A. F. Scott to the chair. The captain is an old timer—patriotic and eloquent—in whom the spirit of the Revolution still survives. His opening speech warmed up the enthusiasm, and the following speakers did not suffer it to cool.

The principal address of the evening was delivered by Samuel P. Putnam, president of the American Secular Union, who held the undivided, uninterrupted, and enthusiastic attention of the audience for half an hour. "We do not gather here," he said, "to consecrate the memory of this man simply because he was Thomas Paine, but because Thomas Paine was the American Revolution. He was the first one to declare independence. He pronounced first the fateful words: 'The free and independent states of America.' Therefore, when we honor him we honor the old flag itself and all that that flag represents. He was born of the people, he understood the people, he realized all that was throbbing in their hearts one hundred years ago; he declared for the new republic and was the author-hero of the Revolution. The prince was no more to him than the peasant, because he saw the man and not the tinsel with which he was hidden. And this thought of Paine was a democratic thought. He was the grandest of patriots, for he loved his country. His country was not simply his nativ soil, for Paine declared, 'The world is my country; to do good my religion.' Where there was anything in the world to be accomplished for liberty, there was his heart. Where there was any struggle for liberty, there was his church and his altar. Faithful indeed he was to this grand idea. Upon two continents he labored for liberty, and surrendered everything in order to be true to his own convictions. If the word 'religion' means a devotion to principle, Thomas Paine was one of the most intensely religious men that ever lived."

Other addresses were made by Mr. Geo. T. Bruce, who is the Ed King of this coast, except that he pays more attention to Freethought and temperance than to labor questions; and by Professor Seymour, a Freethinker, who regards D. M. Bennett as the greatest writer, and THE TRUTH SEEKER as the greatest paper, this country has ever been blessed with. There was also music, instrumental and vocal. Such an occasion, such an audience, and such speakers will not come together again in this city for a year.

Let met add that the cause of Freethought on the coast has experienced a boom.

GEO. E. MACDONALD.

504 *Kearny st., San Francisco.*

Freethinkers

Who are desirous of advancing the cause, cannot do it more effectually than by assisting THE TRUTH SEEKER to extend its circulation. A liberal cash commission will be paid to those devoting their time to obtaining new subscribers. For terms, address THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY, 28 Lafayette place, New York.

The Roll of Honor.

Jas. Tuttle, Atlantic, Ill	$25.00
Photius Fisk, Boston	25.00
Wm. Case, Lafayette, Ind	10 00
Carl Hyldahl, Fort Thomas, Ariz	5.00
Wm. Redfield, Stanley, Ia	5 00
Wm. Reynolds, Wanship, Utah	2.50
E. R. Evans, Durand, Ill	2 00
J. S. Vilt, Union, Franklin county, Mo	1 00
Edward Ross, Montezuma, Clay county, N. Y	1.00
A. H. Graff, Linesville, Pa. (per Miss V. de Cleyre)	1.00
Miss Catherine Blair, Hartstown, Pa. (per Miss V. de Cleyre)	1 00
J. M. Smead, M. W. Durham, and M. F. Dean (50 cents each)	1.50

First on the Roll of Honor for January stands the name of James Tuttle, of Atlanta, Ill., who attended the last Congress, and pledged $25 for the Campaign Fund by taking a life membership. This contribution would hav reached the secretary much sooner had he not been laboring under the delusion that Mr. Tuttle lived at "Atlantic," instead of Atlanta. James Tuttle is not much of a talker, but as a worker and giver is entitled to take high rank among the noblest and best Liberals of our time, as his frequent labors and contributions amply testify. It is sad, however, to contemplate that our younger men do not more often show ardent love for the Liberal cause, when they see these old apostles who, besides having borne the brunt of the battle as pioneers of Freethought, still hav to sustain the struggle financially, even when weighted down with the burden of eighty years, as is our venerable friend Tuttle. If possible, I shall soon take a trip through Illinois, and will then tell your readers more of Mr. Tuttle.

Photius Fisk is another to whom the cause of freedom—mental and physical—is profoundly indebted for his unflagging generosity, which will be the subject of peans of praise in coming time. Ever ready to assist, Mr. Fisk has just paid another $25 into the treasury of the Union, but again there is a tinge of sadness to think that in his enfeebled condition—unable to walk, read, or write—we hav to appeal to such afflicted Liberals, because we know that despite their decrepitude their hearts are still sound to the core. As it is "more blessed to giv than to receive," may Mr. Fisk be abundantly repaid by a knowledge of worthy work being well done. Mr. Fisk's thought for many years has been concentrated on the well-being of others, and, though denied the dearest boon of the student and thinker, the faculty to read or write, whate'er betide himself, he has ever been foremost in sustaining the battle for mental freedom, which is grandly commendable of his qualities of mind and heart. It is hard to realize how much is the debt of gratitude we owe such moral heroes as Photius Fisk. It is perhaps idle to hope that he will be fully restored to vigor at his advanced age, but if there were any virtue in mental healing, his complete restoration would soon be an accomplished fact, for that doubtless is the desire of every true Secularist in the land who knows the name of Photius Fisk. Many Liberals of means and robust health should blush to be reminded of their indifference by these acts of earnest old heroes.

Another veteran soldier fn the battle against religious bigotry is William Case, of Lafayette, Ind., who sends $10 to keep the flag of freedom flying. As Brother Case intends doing something better before he dies, we shall hereafter make special mention of him.

William Redfield, of Stanley, Iowa, is a sterling soldier intent on elevating "our flag above the cross," and who, with Brother Risk and others, makes it exceedingly interesting for the foes of mental freedom, by distributing literature and engaging lecturers in his neighborhood. Brother Redfield attended the last Congress and knows something of the importance of the work to be done, and is also anxious that the next Congress shall be held in this city.

Carl Hyldahl, of Fort Thomas, Ariz., is introduced to us through the *Investigator*, and sends $5 for the good of the Union. In his communication, replying to letter and certificate (which evidences that he is a gentleman of culture), Brother Hyldahl says he is "glad and proud to be a member of the Union." May he be fully able to hold the Secular fort in Arizona till mental freedom is secured.

William Reynolds, of Wanship, Utah, is not a Latter Day Saint by a large majority, but is an activ, energetic, intelligent Liberal, so he sends his "tithing" to the temple of common sense, as represented by the American Secular Union, instead of the church of Zion, with regrets that a couple of ciphers cannot add value to the above figures. The secretary, following the phrase of a distinguished senator, says, "Me, too." Brother Reynolds is secretary of the Utah Secular Union, which is shaking up things, and it doesn't look as though the Mormon saints were likely to "reign immortal" in Utah—not while Brother Reynolds is around.

E. R. Evans, of Durand, Ill., attended the Congress at Chicago, and pledged $2, which he forwards with the wish it were multiplied about a hundredfold, for the purpose of spreading the light of universal mental liberty. Thanks, Brother Evans.

Brother Vitt's contribution came also through the *Investigator*. The rest, with the exception of Mr. Ross's donation, are all the work of Miss Voltairine de Cleyre's energy in the very first place where she solicited contributions to aid the American Secular Union, and there are more of them that hav not reached me yet.

This establishes the fact that if the American Secular Union does not become a flourishing organization it will be owing largely to the indifference of lecturers. With their assistance it can be built up and made a power in the land; without their aid, or the activ energetic work of agents who go among the people to rouse them to the importance of the fight, it is liable to wane and die. It is the desire of the board of directors to engage the services of the Liberal lecturers as special agents of the Union, upon certain conditions, and either pay them a liberal commission or a specified sum out of the treasury at the end of the month or year. There has been complaint in the past than only a few persons were benefited by the American Secular Union, and for the future we propose to diversify its advantages as well as its labors, and it is hoped that those lecturers who are willing to act as such special agents will receive the aid and encouragement of all Liberals who believe in the work of secularization of state. As some splendidly equipped men and women are likely to enter the lecture field in our behalf, it looks as though we were likely to succeed.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

French, English, and Latin.

The following couplet in French was submitted to the readers of a daily paper some years ago for translation:

Pas de lieu
Rhone que nous.

It is impossible to make any meaning out of it; but, reading it by sound, you hav:

Paddle your own canoe.

Here is a verse in hog Latin which every reader can understand, when told that it is about three foolish brothers:

Tres fratres stolidi
Took a boat for Niagri;
Roarum, foamum, surgebat,
Boatum overturnebat,
Et omnes tres drowndiderunt,
Qui swimaway non potuerunt.

And here is another not quite so intelligible, owing to the imperfect knowledge of the boy who made it. For laughing in school he was compelled to compose a verse without a dictionary, so he attempted to describe what made him laugh, as follows:

Mus cucurrit
Plenum sed
Contra meum
Magnum ad.

Sed (but) and *ad* (to) the boy made to mean "butt" and "toe," so that the verse read: "A mouse ran full butt against my big toe." BURR.

The S. S. V. Spy.

Rev. C. A. Bartol in February Forum.

There is among us a legal agency, appointed with a large salary, supported and empowered for the praiseworthy purpose of hindering or visiting with condign penalty the circulation of obscene pictures and books. One of the methods, perhaps the chief one, employed to this end, and which court and Congress connive at or shut their eyes to, is the agent's hypocritical ordering, under an assumed name, of a print or volume which he pretends to want, with no object but the obtaining of evidence against the publisher and shop. The officer plays the part of a decoy-duck to bring the shy and secretiv offenders within reach of his law-loaded gun. But for what recompense could one consent to be an informant in ambush, on terms recognized in no Hebrew, Christian, or accepted pagan code? Something of his manhood is always sold by the spy. Part of his remuneration, if it be not blood-money, is a bribe for his sly adventure and a sop to his shame. "Will ye speak deceitfully for God?" says Job. The devil, whipped round a stump, leaps on our backs from behind. As in the Cossack tale Lord Byron founds his poem on, the reformer who sacrifices to his zeal the honor which is the soul of reform, is borne, like Mazeppa, to his overthrow on the unmanageable steed he mounts. We cannot educate in others the nobleness we violate in ourselvs. Indecency in all its forms, for the sake of ourselvs and our children, let us discourage and suppress in every honest way, and drive it out of stores and galleries, and from our manners and our mails; yet not in ways underhand, but with courage and strengths unstained by public opinion, aboveboard. Let us free our minds from the hurtful cant that detectivs must be sinners who, by breaking the eighth, and ninth, and tenth commandments, can please God or serve the commonwealth. Such incentivs in hunting down iniquity blind us as to the nature and track of what we pursue. Culture of falsehoods yields a baleful crop. Besides, it puts the hunter on a wrong scent. Not the lines in a picture nor language in a book, but the intent of the canvas or composition, must determin whether it be impure. Nude art is not live nudity. The marbles of Greece and Italy, like Adam and Eve in the garden, are naked and not ashamed. We speak of the holy Bible; but how unholy in many a passage, were it not redeemed by its aim.

W. F. JAMIESON has just closed six lectures in the Academy, Salida, Col., and will giv a second course of three lectures in Alamosa, Col. He declines any more calls until late next fall.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free to any address upon application.

What Is Evolution?

Everybody nowadays talks about evolution. Like electricity, the cholera germ, woman's rights, and the great mining boom, it is "in the air." It pervades society everywhere with its subtle essence; it infects small talk with its familiar catchwords and its slang phrases. Everybody believes he knows all about it. Everybody is aware, in a dim and nebulous semi-conscious fashion, that it was all invented by the late Mr. Darwin, and reduced to a system by Herbert Spencer. It is generally understood in the best-informed circles that evolutionism consists for the most part in a belief about nature at large essentially similar to that applied by Topsy to her own origin and early history. It is conceived, in short, that most things "growed." Especially is it known that in the opinion of the evolutionists as a body we are all of us ultimately descended from men with tails, who were the final offspring and improved edition of the common gorilla. That, very briefly put, is the popular conception of the various points in the great modern evolutionary program.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the intelligent reader, who of course differs fundamentally from that inferior class of human beings known to all of us in our own minds as "other people," that almost every point in the catalog thus briefly enumerated is a popular fallacy of the wildest description. Mr. Darwin did not invent évolution any more than George Stephenson invented the steam-engin, or Mr. Edison the electric telegraph. We are not descended from men with tails any more than we are descended from Indian elephants. There is no evidence that we hav anything in particular more than the remotest fiftieth cousinship with our poor relation the west African gorilla. Science is not in search of a "missing link;" few links are anywhere missing, and those are for the most part wholly unimportant ones.

But a more serious error than all these pervades what we may call the drawing-room view of the evolutionist theory. So far as Society with a big initial is concerned, evolutionism first began to be talked about, and therefore known, when Darwin published his "Origin of Species." That great book consisted simply of a theory as to the causes which led to the distinctions of kind between plants and animals. With evolution at large it had nothing to do; it took for granted the origin of sun, moon, and stars, planets and comets, the earth and all that in it is, the sea and the dry land, the mountains and the valleys—nay, even life itself in the crude form—everything, in fact, save the one point of the various types and species of living beings.

It was in the last century that the science of evolution really began to take form and shape in the separate conceptions of Kant, Laplace, Lamarck, and Erasmus Darwin. Kant and Laplace came first in time, as astronomy came first in logical order. Stars and suns, and planets and satellites, necessarily precede in development plants and animals. You can hav no cabbages without a world to grow them in. The science of the stars was therefore reduced to comparativ system and order, while the science of life, and mind, and matter were still a hopeless and inextricable muddle. It was no wonder, then, that the evolution of the heavenly bodies should hav been clearly apprehended and definitly formulated while the evolution of the earth's crust was still imperfectly understood, and the evolution of living beings was only tentativly and hypothetically hinted at in a timid whisper.

In the beginning, say the astronomical evolutionists, not only this world, but all the other worlds in the universe, existed potentially, as the poet justly remarks, in "a haze of fluid light," a vast nebula of enormous extent and almost inconceivable material thinness. The world arose out of a sort of primitiv world-gruel. The matter of which it was composed was gas, of such an extraordinary and unimaginable gasiness that millions of cubic miles of it might easily be compressed into a common anti-bilious pill-box. The pill-box itself, in fact, is the net result of a prolonged secular condensation of myriads of such enormous cubes of this primeval matter. Slowly setting around common centers, however, in anticipation of Sir Isaac Newton's gravitation theories, the fluid haze gradually collected into suns and stars, whose light and heat is presumedly due to the clashing together of their component atoms as they fall perpetually toward the central mass. Just as in a burning candle the impact of the oxygen atoms in the air against the carbon and hydrogen atoms in the melted and rarefied wax or tallow produces the light and heat of the flame, so in nebula or sun the impact of the various gravitating atoms, one against the other, produces the light and heat by whose aid we are enabled to see and know those distant bodies. The universe, according to this now fashionable nebula theory, began as a single vast ocean of matter of immense tenuity, spread all alike over all space as far as nowhere, and comparativly little different within itself when looked at side by side with its own final historical outcome. In Mr. Spencer's perspicuous phrase, evolution in this aspect is a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; from the incoherent to the coherent, and from the indefinit to the definit condition. Difficult words at first to apprehend, no doubt, and therefore to many people, as to Mr. Matthew Arnold, very repellent, but full of meaning, lucidity, and suggestivness, if only we once take the trouble fairly and squarely to understand them.

Every sun and every star thus formed is forever gathering in the hem of its outer robe upon itself, forever radiating off its light and heat into surrounding space, and forever growing denser and colder as it sets slowly toward its center of gravity. Our own sun and solar system may be taken as good typical working examples of how the stars thus constantly shrink into smaller and ever smaller dimensions around their own fixed center. Naturally we know more about our own solar system than about any other in our own universe, and it also possesses for us a greater practical and personal interest than any outside portion of the galaxy. Nobody can pretend to be profoundly immersed in the internal affairs of Sirius or of Alpha Centauri. A fiery revolution in the belt of Orion would affect us less than a passing finger-ache in a certain single terrestrial baby of our own household. Therefore I shall not apologize in any way for leaving the remainder of the sidereal universe to its own fate, and concentrating my attention mainly on the affairs of that solitary little, out-of-the-way, second-rate system whereof we form an inappreciable portion. The matter which now composes the sun and its attendant bodies (the satellites included) was once spread out, according to Laplace, to at least the farthest orbit of the outermost planet—that is to say, so far as our present knowledge goes, the planet Neptune. Of course, when it was expanded to that immense distance, it must hav been very thin indeed—thinner than our clumsy human senses can even conceive of. From the orbit of Neptune, or something outside it, the faint and cloud-like mass which bore within it Cæsar and his fortunes, not to mention the remainder of the earth and the solar system, began to converge and gather itself in, growing denser and denser but smaller and smaller as it gradually neared its existing dimensions. How long a time it took to do it is for our present purpose relativly unimportant; the cruel physicists will only let us hav a beggarly hundred million years or so for the process, while the grasping and evolutionary geologists beg with tears for at least double or even ten times that limited period. But at any rate it has taken a long while, and, as far as most of us are personally concerned, the difference of one or two hundred millions, if it comes to that, is not really at all an appreciable one.

As it condensed and lessened toward its central core, revolving rapidly on its great axis, the solar mist left behind at irregular intervals concentric rings or belts of cloud-like matter, cast off from its equator; which belts, once more undergoing a similar evolution on their own account, hav hardened round their private centers of gravity into Jupiter or Saturn, the earth or Venus. And round these again, minor belts or rings hav sometimes been formed, as in Saturn's girdle of petty satellites; or subsidiary planets, thrown out into space, hav circled round their own primaries, as the moon does around this sublunary world of ours. Meanwhile, the main central mass of all, retreating ever inward as it dropped behind it these occasional little reminders of its temporary stoppages, formed at last the sun itself, the main luminary of our entire system. Now, I won't deny that this primitiv Kantian and Laplacian evolutionism, this nebular theory of such exquisit concinnity, here reduced to its simplest terms and most elementary dimensions, has received many hard knocks from later astronomers, and has been a good deal bowled over, both on mathematical and astronomical grounds, by recent investigators of nebulæ and meteors. Observations on comets and on the sun's surface hav lately shown that it contains in all likelihood a very considerable fanciful admixture. It isn't more than half true; and even the half totters in places. Still, as a vehicle of popular exposition the crude nebular hypothesis in its rawest form serves a great deal better than the truth, so far as yet known, on the good old Greek principle of the half being often more than the whole. The great point which it impresses on the mind is the cardinal idea of the sun and planets, with their attendant satellites, not as turned out like manufactured articles, ready made, at measured intervals, in a vast and deliberate celestial orrery, but as due to the slow and gradual working of natural laws, in accordance with which each has assumed by force of circumstances its existing place, weight, orbit, and motion.

The grand conception of a gradual becoming, instead of a sudden making, which Kant and Laplace thus applied to the component bodies of the universe at large, was further applied by Lyell and his school to the outer crust of this one particular petty planet of ours. While the astronomers went in for the evolution of suns, stars, and worlds, Lyell and his geological brethren went in for the evolution of the earth's surface. As theirs was stellar, so his was mundane. If the world began by being a red-hot mass of planetary matter in a high state of internal excitement, boiling and dancing with the heat of its emotions, it gradually cooled down with age and experience, for growing old is growing cold, as every one of us in time, alas, discovers. As it passed from its fiery and volcanic youth to its staider and soberer middle age, a solid crust began to form in filmy fashion upon its cooling surface. The aqueous vapor that had floated at first as steam around its heated mass condensed with time into a wide ocean over the now hardened shell. Gradually this ocean shifted its bulk into two or three main bodies that sank into hollows of the viscid crust, the precursors of Atlantic, Pacific, and the Indian seas. Wrinklings of the crusts, produced by the cooling and consequent contraction, gave rise at first to baby mountain ranges, and afterward to the earliest rough drafts of the still very vague and sketchy continents. The world grew daily more complex and more diverse; it progressed, in accordance with the Spencerian law, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, and so forth, as aforesaid, with delightful regularity.

At last, by long and graduated changes, seas and lands, peninsulas and islands, lakes and rivers, were wrought out by internal or external energies on the crust thus generally fashioned. Evaporations from the oceans gave rise to clouds and rain and hail-storms; the water that fell upon the mountain tops cut out the valleys and river basins; rills gathered into brooks, brooks into streams, streams into primeval Niles, and Amazons, and Mississippis. Volcanic forces uplifted here an Alpine chain, or depressed there a deep sea hollow. Sediment washed from the hills and plains, or formed from countless skeletons of marine creatures, gathered on the sinking bed of the ocean as soft ooze, or crumbling sand, or thick mud, or gravel and conglomerate. Now upheaved into an elevated table-land, now slowly carved again by rain and rill into valley and water-shed, and now worn down once more into the mere degraded stump of a plateau, the crust underwent innumerable changes, but almost all of them exactly the same in kind, and mostly in degree, as those we still see at work imperceptibly in the world around us. Rain washing down the soil; weather crumbling the solid rock; waves dashing at the foot of the cliffs; rivers forming deltas at their barred mouths; shingle gathering on the low spits; floods sweeping before them the countryside; ice grinding ceaselessly at the mountain top; peat filling up the shallow lake—these are the chief factors which hav gone to make the physical world as we now actually know it. Land and sea, coast and contour, hill and valley, dale and gorge, earth-sculpture generally—all are due to the ceaseless interaction of these separately small and unnoticeable causes, aided or retarded by the slow effects of elevation or depression from the earth's shrinkage toward its own center. Geology, in short, has shown us that the world is what it is, not by virtue of a single sudden creativ act, nor by virtue of successiv terrible and recurrent cataclysms, but by virtue of the slow, continuous action of causes still always equally operativ.

Evolution in geology leads up naturally to evolution in the science of life. If the world itself grew, why not also the animals and plants that inhabit it? Already in the eager, activ eighteenth century this obvious idea had struck in the germ a large number of zoölogists and botanists, and in the hands of Lamarck and Erasmus Darwin it took form as a distinct and elaborate system of organic evolution. Buffon had been the first to hint at the truth; but Buffon was an eminently respectable nobleman in the dubious days of the tottering monarchy, and he did not care personally for the bastile, viewed as a place of permanent residence. In Louis Quinze's France, indeed, as things then went, a man who offended the orthodoxy of the Sorbonne was prone to find himself shortly ensconced in free quarters, and kept there for the term of his natural existence without expense to his heirs or executors. So Buffon did not venture to say outright that he thought all animals and plants were descended one from the other with slight modifications; that would hav been wicked, and the Sorbonne would hav proved its wickedness to him in a most conclusiv fashion by promptly getting him imprisoned or silenced. It is so easy to confute your opponent when you are a hundred strong and he is one weak unit. Buffon merely said, therefore, that if we didn't know the contrary to be the case by sure warrant, we might easily hav concluded (so fallible is our reason) that animals always varied slightly, and that such variations, indefinitly accumulated, would suffice to account for almost any amount of ultimate difference. A donkey might thus hav grown into a horse, and a bird might hav developed from a primitiv lizard. Only we know it was quite otherwise. A quiet hint from Buffon was as good as a declaration from many less knowing or suggestiv people. All over Europe the wise took Buffon's hint for what he meant it; and the unwise blandly passed it by as a mere passing little foolish vagary of that great ironical writer and thinker.

Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of his grandson, was no fool; on the contrary, he was the most far-sighted man of his day in England; he saw at once what Buffon was driving at, and he worked out "Mr.

Buffon's" half-concealed hint to all its natural and its legitimate conclusions. The great count was always plain Mr. Buffon to his English contemporary. Life, said Erasmus Darwin, nearly a century since, began in very minute marine forms, which gradually acquired fresh powers and larger bodies, so as imperceptibly to transform themselvs into different creatures. Man, he remarked, anticipating his descendant, takes rabbits or pigeons and alters them almost to his own fancy by immensely changing their shapes and colors. If man can make a pouter or a fantail out of the common sort; if he can produce a piebald lopear from the brown wild rabbit; if he can transform Dorkings into Black Spanish, why cannot nature, with longer time to work in, and endless lives to try with, produce all the varieties of vertebrate animals out of one single common ancestor?

It was a bold idea of the Lichfield doctor—bold, at least, for the times he lived in—when Sam Johnson was held a mighty sage and physical speculation was regarded askance as having in it a dangerous ouch of the devil. But the Darwins were always a bo'd folk, and had the courage of their opinions more than most men. So even in Lichfield, cathedral city as it was, and in the politely somnolent eighteenth century, Erasmus Darwin ventured to point out the probability that quadrupeds, birds, reptils, and men were all mere divergent descendants of a single similar original form, and even that "one and the same kind of living filament is and has been the beginning of organic life."

The evolutionary idea is briefly this: that plants and animals hav all a natural origin from a single primitiv living creature, which itself was the product of light and heat acting on the special chemical constituents of an ancient ocean. Starting from that single early form, they hav gone on developing ever since, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, assuming ever more varied shapes, till at last they hav reached their present enormous variety of tree and shrub, and herb and sea-weed, of beast and bird, and fish and creeping insect. Evolution throughout has been one and continuous, from nebula to sun; from gas-cloud to planet; from early jelly-speck to man or elephant. So at least evolutionists say—and of course they ought to know most about it.

But evolution, according to the evolutionists, does not even stop there. Psychology as well as biology has also its evolutionary explanation; mind is concerned as truly as matter. If the bodies of animals are evolved, their minds must be evolved likewise. Herbert Spencer and his followers hav been mainly instrumental in elucidating this aspect of the case. They hav shown, or they hav tried to show (for I don't want to dogmatize on the subject), how mind is gradually built up from the simplest raw elements of sense and feeling; how emotions and intellect slowly arise; how the action of the environment on the organism begets a nervous system of ever greater and greater complexity, culminating at last in the brain of a Newton, a Shakspere, or a Mendelssohn. Step by step, nerves hav built themselvs up out of the soft tissues as channels of communication between part and part. Sense-organs of extreme simplicity hav first been formed on the outside of the body, where it comes most into contact with external nature. Use and want hav fashioned them through long ages into organs of taste and smell and touch; pigment spots, sensitiv to light or shade, hav grown by infinit gradations into the human eye, or into the myriad facets of bee and beetle; tremulous nerve-ends, responsiv sympathetically to waves of sound, hav turned themselvs at last into a perfect gamut in the developed ear of men and mammals. Meanwhile corresponding percipient centers hav grown up in the brain, so that the colored picture flashed by an external scene upon the eye is telegraphed from the sensitiv mirror of the retina, through the many-stranded cable of the optic nerve, straight up to the appropriate headquarters in the thinking brain. Stage by stage the continuous process has gone on unceasingly, from the jelly-fish with its tiny black specks of eyes, through infinit steps of progression, induced by ever-widening intercourse with the outer world, to the final outcome in the senses and the emotions, the intellect and the will, of civilized man. Mind begins as a vague consciousness of touch or pressure on the part of some primitiv, shapeless, soft creature; it ends as an organized and co-ordinated reflection of the entire physical and psychical universe on the part of a great cosmical philosopher.

Last of all, like diners-out at dessert, the evolutionists take to politics. Having shown us entirely to their own satisfaction the growth of suns, and systems, and worlds, and continents, and oceans, and plants, and animals, and minds, they proceed to show us the exactly analogous and parallel growth of communities, and nations, and languages, and religions, and customs, and arts, and institutions, and literatures. Man, the evolving savage, as Tylor, Lubbock, and others hav proved for us, slowly putting off his brute aspect derived from his early ape like ancestors, learned by infinitesimal degrees the use of fire, the mode of manufacturing stone hatchets and flint arrow-heads, the earliest beginnings of the art of pottery. With drill or flint he became the Prometheus to his own small heap of sticks and dry leaves among the Tertiary forests. By his nightly camp fire he beat out gradually his excited gesture language and his oral speech. He tamed the dog, the horse, the cow, the camel. He taught himself to hew small clearings in the woodland, and to plant the banana, the yam, the bread-fruit, and the cocoa-nut. He picked and improved the seeds of his wild cereals till he made himself from grass-like grains his barley, his oats, his wheat, his Indian corn.

In time he dug out ore from mines, and learned the use first of gold, next of silver, then of copper, tin, bronze, and iron. Side by side with these long secular changes, he evolved the family, communal or patriarchal, polygamic or monogamous. He built the hut, the house, and the palace. He clothed or adorned himself first in skins and leaves and feathers; next in woven wool and fiber; last of all in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. He gathered into hordes, tribes, and nations; he chose himself a king, gave himself laws, and built up great empires in Egypt, Assyria, China, and Peru. He raised him altars, Stonehenges, and Karnaks. His picture-writing grew into hieroglyphs and cuneiforms, and finally emerged, by imperceptible steps, into alphabetic symbols, the raw material of the art of printing. His dug-out canoe culminates in the iron-clad and the Great Eastern; his boomerang and sling-stone in the Krupp gun; his boiling pipkin and his wheeled car in the locomotiv engin; his picture-message in the telephone and the Atlantic cable.

The grand conception of the uniform origin and development of all things, earthly or sidereal, thus summed up for us in the one word evolution, belongs by right neither to Charles Darwin nor to any other single thinker. It is the joint product of innumerable workers, all working up, though some of them unconsciously, toward a grand final unified philosophy of the cosmos. In astronomy, Kant, Laplace, and the Herschels; in geology, Hutton, Lyell, and the Geikies; in biology, Buffon, Lamarck, the Darwins, Huxley, and Spencer; in psychology, Spencer, Romanes, Sully, and Ribot; in sociology, Spencer, Tylor, Lubbock, and De Mortillet—these hav been the chief evolutionary teachers and discoverers. But the use of the word evolution itself, and the establishment of the general evolutionary theory as a system of philosophy applicable to the entire universe, we owe to one man alone—Herbert Spencer.

Very many other minds—from Galileo and Copernicus, from Kepler and Newton, from Linnæus and Tournefort, from D'Alembert and Diderot, nay, even, in a sense, from Aristotle and Lucretius—had been piling up together the vast collection of raw material from which that great and stately superstructure was to be finally edified. But the architect who placed each block in its proper niche, who planned and designed the whole elevation, who planted the building firmly on the rock and poised the coping-stone on the topmost pinnacle, was the author of the "System of Synthetic Philosophy," and none other.—*Home Journal.*

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

LEON, KAN., Jan. 9th, 10th, 11th.—From hades to paradise, was my thought, as I remembered the horrors of Fall River, when ushered into the cosy, comfortable, happy home of Jerry Benninghoff, one of the most highly respected and enterprising men of Kansas—a practical, earnest Liberal, the loved and honored leader of a valiant host of fearless truth seekers.

Leon is a live town, and is struggling heroically to survive the stagnation resulting from having been "boomed." There are a goodly number of ungodly women in Leon, who are models of all that is estimable and praiseworthy; they rival the men in their zeal and devotion to Freethought. The weather was intensely cold, nights dark and tempestuous, yet quite a number came six miles to attend the lectures. Leon only needs its Liberals organized, a Sunday science-school and social advantages inaugurated, and it would become the banner town of Liberalism in Kansas.

ANDOVER, KAN., Jan. 12th.—The Wolf brothers are the worthy standard-bearers, and hav a hard battle to wage. The majority of the inhabitants of the little town are deplorably ignorant, and consequently rabidly pious; but the logical arguments are powerful, and even more potent are the good, consistent lives of probity and benevolence of the two Wolf brothers and their families. I lectured on "Life's Duties," at the school-house. It took considerable courage to face the terrific blizzard, but about forty, and among them three ladies, were present. One old gentleman, friend Hoxie, walked two miles to hear the Boonton blasphemer.

BENTON, KAN., Jan. 13th, 14th, 15th.—I rode across country to Benton, about seven miles. No abatement of the severe cold. Wind cut like a knife. Delivered lecture in a large unoccupied store; only about twenty-five ventured out. The stove was kept red-hot, so the temperature was comfortable, and considerable interest was awakened.

Saturday the blizzard was on the war-path, increasing in potency; at dusk it was 12° below zero and rapidly growing colder—even the indomitable E. K. Robinson failed to venture out. About 7 o'clock the stalwart Clark Henry decided the weather was too severe, and that it was useless to attempt a lecture, so he started for home, but soon returned. He had met some friends who had come nearly three miles, and must not be disappointed; so we decided I should lecture in his (Clark Henry's) store. A big fire having been kept going all day, it was somewhat comfortable as to temperature, and they could improvise seats. Thirty-five were present, and we had a really happy, and I believe a profitable, time.

That night the mercury fell to 20° below zero. I slept in a room without fire, but with thorough ventilation. I could scrape with my finger-nail the thick frost on my pillow, and the moisture of my breath actually formed ice and froze my mustache to the bed-clothes. Oh, the sunny, balmy zephyrs of Kansas! Beautiful climate! Go West, young man! Go West!

Sunday afternoon the weather moderated to only a few degrees below zero. We had a good time at the afternoon lecture. The evening lecture was well attended. I had a delightsome visit with the sturdy old veteran Liberals, Joseph Henry and wife—far down the stream of life beyond the average, yet vigorous, jolly, retaining all their faculties, rejoicing to labor for the spread of Freethought. When I left Benton on Monday the whole town was discussing the lectures, and earnestly debating whether the teachings of Liberalism would not prove more productiv of happiness than Christianity.

DODGE CITY, KAN., Jan. 18th, 19th, 20th.—W. F. Dean, Morris Collar, and Clarence Petty are the blessed and most effectiv trinity of Dodge. They never dodge responsibility or self-sacrifice needed to aid the cause of Freethought. Three lectures were advertised at the court-house; first night, good attendance; second night, court-house crowded, big interest. I urged all to ask the ministers why they denounced Liberals for doubting some statements in the Bible, while they proved each week they did not believe God, Christ, or the declarations of the Holy Ghost, or the apostles; for they taught violation of the Sabbath and worship of the pope of Rome, by keeping Sunday, without even a piece of a text to justify them. The poor seven ministers, despite the assured help of heaven and the angels, got scared out of their senses by one little, gray-headed, fat man. They rushed round town frantic, imploring everyone they thought had any influence to go see the sheriff and county clerk and insist on their shutting me out of the court-house—already by my two lectures I had undone all their united labors of the past year—if allowed to continue I should destroy all veneration for the Bible and bring religion into contempt.

And the parsons succeeded in bulldozing the officials. They obeyed the orders of the clergy and closed the court-house against me. We only learned of the pitiful servility of the sheriff, his deputy (made so by Infidel interest), and the county clerk late in the afternoon. Poor, abject lickspittles! The contemptible sycophants abjectly crawled like whipped hounds at the feet of their masters and whined their sorrow for having displeased the parsons. At once the friends secured the Opera House. The notice of change was very short. The Opera House was objectionable in such cold weather, on account of the impossibility of warming it, yet we had a large attendance, and great interest and enthusiasm. Nothing the poor, silly clergy could hav done could hav better helped our cause. It awoke a spirit of inquiry and interest among many who, but for this act of injustice toward us, might never hav cared to investigate.

One of the best and most respected business men of Dodge City, a good, outspoken Liberal, named Zimmerman, died the night before I left. The church, with its usual love of truth, justice, and honesty, wrought on the feelings of the grief-demented wife to allow the funeral to be held in the church. In health, the parsons all declared Zimmerman would be cast into hell for his Infidelity. In death, finding he was generally loved and lamented, they preached him into heaven for his wealth, and now claim all his benevolent acts are the evidences of his devout Christianity.

When will Liberals learn to deposit, with tried and trusted friends, proper legal authority for Liberal friends to take charge of their bodies at death, and prevent parsons insulting their memory?

As Dr. York has special engagements at Salt Lake City, and required the rest of Utah for week-day night lectures, and my engagements would interfere, I hav withdrawn all Utah appointments. I shall return from Delta back to Pueblo, thence south to New Mexico and Arizona, and shall reach southern California at the beginning of March. Will the friends of southern California and the coast take due notice and govern themselvs accordingly?

C. B. REYNOLDS.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free to any address upon application.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D M. BENNETT.

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Practical Endowment of the Church.

The advances being made by the church in America toward a more complete union with the state—or at least toward such a union as shall burden the state with a large share of the church's expenses—leads naturally to the consideration of the effect of such union in other countries. It is a fact which some may regard as curious that, while other countries are throwing off the yoke of ecclesiastical rule, this country, having once thrown it off, is now putting it on again. This is being done by piecemeal, a little here and a little there, but the progress is steady, and must be as satisfactory to the churchmen as it is unsatisfactory to the taxpayer.

The advocates of the Church of England, like the religious people here, deny that there is any pecuniary union of church and state in Great Britain. They assert that the church receives no grants of money, has had no state funds or property given her, and owes nothing to Parliament or the British taxpayer. This is by no means true, though the payment of the item for church rates in the tax bills has been made optional with the ratepayer. The Church of England is connected with the state by what is called the royal supremacy, constituting the reigning monarch the head of the church; by the right of the bishops and archbishops to a seat in the House of Lords, and by national endowments, which amount annually to £9,500,000. The capitalized value of the property held by the church is over £220,000,000. Until 1868, the church rates realized £400,000 per annum for the church, and compulsory Easter offerings and oblations brought the spouse of Christ some £80,000 more.

According to the Act of Settlement, the wearer of England's crown is required to "join in the communion of the Church of England, as by law established;" and many of Victoria's good Protestant subjects think that by her recent visits to Roman Catholic churches the throne has become vacant. But she is not likely to abdicate on this account, nor should her Church of England friends find too much fault with her, for she has also joined in the Presbyterian communion—the established religion of Scotland—without evoking adverse comment. Catholicism is rather more absurd, but no more cruel and barbaric, than Presbyterianism. But the queen does not count heavily in the government of Great Britain, and her communion with one church or another is not of great importance. Widely different is it with the "spiritual lords," however. The hindrance to material progress and to liberty of a union of church and state finds hundreds of facts in proof in the unwise aws which giv a man devoted to "God" power to control actions affecting the people. Macaulay wrote that the Church of England has been for more than one hundred and fifty years the steady enemy of public liberty. The votes of the bishops in the House of Lords hav fully justified Macaulay's words. They voted against the bill rendering Roman Catholics eligible to Parliament; against the bill removing the political disabilities of Jews; against the bill abolishing ecclesiastical tests and restrictions upon entrance to the universities; against the bill abolishing the oath which bound all officials to do nothing against the peace and welfare of the Protestant church, or the bishops and clergy of said church, or their rights and privileges. Of course they voted against the abolition of compulsory church rates in the tax bill. On all other questions affecting the freedom of the people they were found on the side of the oppressor. And we of this country found the clergy, when clothed with power, always retrogressiv, mean, and tyrannical. They are so to-day. Every new movement encounters their opposition. They possess no toleration, no humanity. Their spirit is narrow, jealous, selfish. If they succeed in their attempts to obtain power through legislation in the interests of religion, we shall find them, like the English spiritual lords, a constant and persistent obstructiv force.

In Scotland, the state church costs the country about £380,019 per annum. In Wales the church receives the income of property worth £300,000 a year, making £10,180,019—nearly fifty million dollars—as the annual contribution of Great Britain to the Episcopal church. This, of course, represents but a fraction of the income of the church, as its private endowments and benefactions amount to colossal sums.

Now, if it costs the state fifty millions of dollars a year to dispense the gospel in a compact country like Great Britain, with only some thirty-five millions of inhabitants, what would it cost in this great nation, several states of which are bigger than all Great Britain, with sixty odd millions of people? Yet a union of church and state, which will mean here what it means in England, is being slowly brought about by the churches. Only a few months ago the churches of Brooklyn, N. Y., made a clean steal of over a million dollars, by a law passed exempting them from paying their assessments for street improvements—a most unjust law, which throws the whole burden of taxation upon the secular taxpayers. With disendowment of the Church of England a leading question in England, here in this country we are practically endowing the various sects by governmental aid reaching millions of dollars. The trouble is, our legislators are not statesmen, but politicians who care only for momentary success for their party, no matter how obtained.

Breaking Fetters.

We hav often said that the Mormon problem will be best settled by Freethought. The church cannot do it, and the persecution of the Mormons by the Protestants leads to revolt, resistance, and war. The imprisonment of a few polygamists will never make Utah civilized. Polygamy will go when the religion goes, and under the influence of the Freethought propagandism of the sturdy heretics of Salt Lake City the religion is going.

It was remarked of the Paine meeting held at the Opera House in Salt Lake on the 29th ult., that the great audience was composed of "Mormon apostates or Mormons weak in the faith." Lawyer Bennett, who presided, said the faces were almost entirely strange to him. The *Tribune* accounts for this phenomenon by saying that "as thinking Mormons comprehend the utter groundlessness of their creed, and the hypocrisy and hollowness of the church hierarchy, they are gradually falling away, until within a few years the entire rotten fabric of Utah Mormonism is bound to collapse with a crash that will set people to wondering how it was that they were duped so long by such a soap-bubble. Infidelity, Atheism, Agnosticism, and Freethought are spreading rapidly right under the noses of those upper silurian fossils, the Mormon bishops, and will reap a tremendous harvest ere long." And not only did these Mormons turn out in large numbers to listen to Dr. York's tribute to Thomas Paine, but they loudly applauded his eloquent denunciations of the Christian religion, which has for so many years calumniated the character of Paine, covering his grave deep with slanderous filth. And when Dr. York turned his oratorical battery upon Mormon orthodoxy, referring to it as spiritual slavery, the audience also agreed with him. The *Tribune* says if the enthusiasm over Freethought continues, a crusade will be begun against orthodoxy and for Liberal ideas.

Here, then, is the potential force that shall destroy the surviving "twin relic." Freethought, education, a knowledge that no supernatural religion is true, and that all such are bad guides and governors of men, this is the revival needed in Utah more than legal measures. It appears to us that Utah is a good field for the Freethought missionary. The Mormons of intelligence hav been through the mill of Protestantism and therefore will not return to that, but look to something higher and better, which they will find in Liberalism, the religion of humanity. Materially, as well as spiritually, the Mormons will benefit by their emancipation, and if the prediction of the Salt Lake *Tribune* is based on truth the future of Utah is bright. From slavery to the most ignoble of superstitions to the limitless air of freedom is a stupendous change. Yet we hope to see the Mormons make it through the efforts of the heretic lecturers and workers of the West.

Trouble in Toronto.

Mr. Charles Watts and his friends in Toronto desired to incorporate a stock company for the purpose of publishing *Secular Thought* and Secular books and pamphlets, and made due and regular application to the authorities for a charter. This has been refused by the Ontario government, for the reason "that Christianity is a part of the law of the land," and the government can giv no sanction "to the incorporation of any company known or considered to be in opposition to Christianity."

Of course, this decision of the government will in no way interfere with the regular publication of *Secular Thought*, but Mr. Watts and his friends do not propose to submit to even this petty amount of persecution. The case has been placed in legal hands, and the paper comes out squarely for a fight. The conduct of the government, says Mr. Watts, in refusing the charter is an attempt to prevent the circulation of Freethought literature throughout the Dominion. The majority of the ministers and the masses of the people of Ontario, proclaims the editor of *Secular Thought*, are so wedded to the traditions of bygone ages, and are so incrusted in despotism and bigotry, that they are slow to grasp the conception that, as time rolls on, newer and more enlarged ideas and rules of life are required to regulate the intellectual and societarian conduct of the human race.

This is undoubtedly true, and the wonder is that the bigots hav let the Freethinkers of Toronto alone so long, and that they confine their suppressiv efforts to the attempt to deprive the Secular company of a charter. When Mr. Watts said he proposed to locate in Canada we encouraged him by remarking that as soon as the Christians found out he was there they would put him in jail. He said, "All right, me boy," and at once hired a house in Toronto. The Christians hav not yet placed him behind the bars, but they would enjoy doing so, and the stronger *Secular Thought* becomes the stronger will be the efforts of the Christians to suppress it. The action of the government is no doubt instigated by the clergy of Toronto, who will not be content with this little turn of the rack. Canada is a good way behind the rest of North America, bringing up the rear of a not very respectable procession of religious beliefs, and her clerical rulers will not willingly submit to the overthrow of their cherished dogmas. This attempt to suppress the heretic is not a very serious matter, but it shows plainly what the authorities will do when opportunity offers. And if no further chance occurs, we should not be surprised if the government made one. Like Jonathan Edwards, the Canadian Christians can tolerate an Atheist only when he keeps quiet.

Errors of Statement.

In response to our criticism of his assertion that in the United States "the people are free; speech is free; the mails are free," Dr. Monroe, the jovial and optimistic editor of the *Ironclad Age*, says:

"A very small provocation will make an Anarchist organ slop over. We didn't hav this fact sufficiently in view last week. Yet it was hardly supposable that anyone not swollen with unappeasable hate would fail to see that our remarks on the liberty of speech and the press referred only to political liberty. Religious liberty is quite a different thing. You may plot against the government openly and freely, but once conspire against God and you are gone. They who want to pile the world's goods and money into a heap from which every loafer may take according to his needs, and to which every industrious man shall contribute

according to his ability, can go into New Jersey and Delaware openly preaching bombs and the blowing up of Congress and the courts; but if they touch on God to deny him, or his son, or his book, to jail they will go instanter."

Wrong again, good doctor. Hav you forgotten that the police of Hoboken and Jersey City, New Jersey, broke up the meetings of those fellows who want to pile the world's goods and money into a heap? The authorities positivly refused to let them preach bombs and the blowing up of Congress. The New York authorities are of the same mind, and several Anarchist gatherings hav been forcibly suppressed, and the Anarchists who preached bombs and the blowing up of Congress sent to jail. Did you hav these facts sufficiently well in view when you wrote this rejoinder?

Again. There is no record that New Jersey ever sent a man to jail for preaching against God. New Jersey fines such preachers twenty-five dollars and costs.

Once more. THE TRUTH SEEKER is not an Anarchist organ. Not one word in favor of Anarchy did the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER ever write. Per contra, he has written thousands against it. Did you hav this fact sufficiently well in mind last week?

Fourthly. No one, swollen or otherwise, could possibly construe your remarks into meaning anything but that you maintain that there is positivly no restriction in this country upon speech or publication. You said that "every man is a million times free to preach and print in decent language whatever he believes," and charitably added that "the man who *believes* there is restriction upon free speech in this country should leave it of his own volition, or be made to on the double quick." Is it consistent, dear doctor, for a Freethinker to advocate the expulsion of men from the land because of belief? Would you expel Mr. Reynolds because he not only believes but knows that such restriction exists? Would you expel everyone who believes that the advocates of bombs and the blowing up of Congress hav been suppressed?

Did you hav those facts sufficiently well in view last week?

Counting the Sheep and the Goats.

The Rev. D. Dorchester, who is publishing through the Methodist Book Concern a volume on "Christianity in the United States From the First Settlements to the Present Time," givs in the last *Advocate* an advance column of figures showing the number of evangelical Protestant churches, ministers, and communicants in this country. He admits that the statistics are imperfect, but claims that his quotations and estimates are not far from accurate. His figures are:

DENOMINATIONS.	Churches or Congregations.	Ministers.	Communicants.
I. ADVENTISTS:			
1 Original Evange'l Adventists	91	107	11.000
2. "Advent Christians"	2,500	1,000	75,000
3. Seventh-Day Adventists	787	199	22.357
4. "Life and Advent Union"	.....	.....	10,000
5. "Age-to-Come Adventists"	100	.....	10,000
6. Barbourites	.....	.....	5,000
7. Christadelphians	14	15	1,200
Total Adventists	3,492	1,321	134,577
II. BAPTISTS:			
1. Regular Baptists, North	7,348	6,273	681,585
2. " " South	14,346	7,542	1,065,170
3. " " Colored	8,828	5,562	985,815
Total Regular Baptists	30,522	19,377	2,732,570
4 Free-will Baptists	1,542	1,291	82,323
5. Cumberland Free Baptists	.....	.....	1,000
6. Other Free Baptist Assoc'ns	.....	.....	13,190
7. General Baptists	2,200	500	13,000
8. Seventh-Day Baptists	108	120	8,733
9 Seventh-Day German Baptists	.....	.....	3,500
10. Anti-Mission Baptists	900	400	45,000
11. Separate Baptists	.....	.....	6,329
12 United Baptists	.....	.....	1,400
13. Six Principle Baptists	17	15	2,200
Kindred Bodies.			
1. Disciples	5,800	3,500	615,500
2. Tunkers	450	1,900	75,000
3. Winebrennarians, or Ch. of God.	300	400	30,000
4. Mennonites	550	500	100,000
Total Baptist and Kindred Bodies	42,389	28,003	3,729,745
III CHRISTIANS:			
1. Northern Convention	1,755	1,344	122,000
2. Southern Convention			20,000
Total Christians	1,755	13,44	142,000
IV. CHRISTIAN UNION CHURCHES	1,500	1,200	125,000
V. CONGREGATIONALISTS	4,277	4,090	436,379
VI. EPISCOPALIANS:			
1. Protestant Episcopal	3,450	3,850	415,605
2. Reformed Episcopal	76	65	8,000
Total Episcopalians	3,526	3,915	423,605
VII. FRIENDS:			
1. "Orthodox" Friends	600	500	70,000
2. "Wilburite"	.....	.....	12,000
Total Friends	600	500	82,000
VIII. GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH UNION	553	689	60,000
IX. LUTHERANS:			
1. General Synod	1,449	910	138,988
2. United Synod, South	360	180	29.683
3. General Council	1,835	993	258,403
4. Synodical Conference	2,006	1,094	297,631
5. Independent Synods	1,923	813	206,120
Total Lutherans	7,573	3,990	930,830

	Church Edifices.	Ministers.	Local Preachers.	Communicants.
X. METHODISTS:				
1. Methodist Episcopal	12,013	12,075	12,815	2,002,452
2. " South	10,951	4,434	5,989	1,066,377
3. " African	.....	1,882	9,760	475,000
4. " African Zion	.....	2,000	2,750	350,000
5. " Colored	.....	1,729	4,024	166,729
6. " African Un'n	150	60	50	21,000
Total Meth. Episcopal.	23,114	22,180	35,388	4,081,558
7. Protestant Methodist	1,713	1,570	.....	128,709
8. Congregational Meth't.	275	200	.....	8,000
9. Independent Methodist	35	30	.....	5.000
10. Free Methodist church	.....	514	488	16,826
11. Wesleyan Methodist	495	280	.....	18,260
12. Primitiv Methodist	93	53	.....	5.002
13. Reformed Methodist	60	50	.....	2 500
Kindred Bodies.				
1. United Brethren	4,332	1,378	890	185.103
2. Evangelical Associat'n	1,808	1,069	613	132,508
3. Moravians	61	94	.....	10.250
4. Bible Christians	85	115	.....	7 700
Total Methodist and Kindred Bodies	32,071	27,542	37,379	4,601,416

	Churches or Congregations.	Ministers.	Communicants.
XI. PRESBYTERIANS:			
1. General Assembly	6,436	5,654	696.767
2. General Assembly, South	2,236	1,116	150,398
3. United Presbyterian church of North America	885	736	94,641
4. Cumberland Presbyterian	2,540	1,563	145,146
5. Cumberland Presbyterian, Col'd	.....	200	15,000
6. Reformed Presbyterian	119	103	10,833
7. General Synod of Reformed Presbyterian	54	32	6,800
8. Associate Reformed Synod of South	116	86	7,015
9. Welsh Presbyterian	175	84	9,563
10. Several other small bodies	400	300	25,000
Kindred Bodies.			
1. Reformed (late Dutch) church	547	547	85,54
2. True Reformed Dutch Ch.	13	8	564
3. Reformed (late German) church	1,481	802	183,980
Total Presbyterian and Kindred Bodies	15,002	11,241	1,431,249
XII. SCHWENKFELDERS	6	10	850
XIII. OTHER SMALL BODIES: Bible Union, River Brethren, Colored Methodist, Protestants, etc., estimated	.....	.....	35,000
Aggregate	112,744	83,845	12,132,651

If we giv the Roman Catholics seven millions, and the Unitarians and Universalists and other sects not considered evangelical a few score thousand, we shall still find that two-thirds of the population of the United States do not belong to any church at all.

The great unchurched multitude can be divided into saints and sinners in any numbers agreeable to the divider. We hav no means whatever of knowing how many Infidels there are in the country, but if we should estimate the number of up-and-down, outspoken, unterrified Freethinkers—men who always put in a word for liberty whenever the opportunity occurs—at one hundred thousand, we think it would be high enough. The number of real Infidels in the country who for one consideration or another conceal their thoughts on religious questions will undoubtedly run up into millions.

Messrs. Harman and Walker.

There is danger, owing to their isolated position, that the Messrs. Harman and Walker will be over looked by the great mass of liberty-lovers of the country, and left to contend single-handed with the Christian bigots who hav undertaken their ruin. The two or three months intervening before the trial will soon be gone, and we judge by the reports published in *Lucifer* that the defense is not yet prepared, and that funds are lacking to pay counsel.

It seems anomalous that a Freethinker, when talking to Freethinkers, must preface a plea for justice with a denial of any sympathy for the opinions of the victim; but such a procedure is necessary, and we desire it distinctly understood, at the outset, and once for all, that in helping the gentlemen connected with *Lucifer*, and in asking others to help them, we do not advocate Anarchy, free love, or the common employment in newspapers of the language for which they are indicted. We simply desire that justice shall be given to all men.

The case of the two Harmans and E. C. Walker is something like that of D. M. Bennett. They hav circulated another person's ideas, expressed in print, and that the Christians are using as a pretext to suppress *Lucifer*. Mr. Bennett circulated Mr. Heywood's ideas, and the Christians used that to suppress THE TRUTH SEEKER, which they did not succeed in doing. They did, however, succeed in getting Mr. Bennett into prison. Let us hope the *Lucifer* people will not hav that cruel experience to endure. The few words which Heywood wrote in bad taste, the small, coarse paragraph which *Lucifer* published, were and are nothing to the church folks; it was and is the paper that they desire to squelch. To hav Christianity attacked, riddled by argument, and covered with ridicule makes the good pietists mad to their very heels. But they cannot answer us—they could not answer Mr. Bennett; they never try to answer Mr. Walker—and they reach out for the club of the law. That club they know well how to wield. Persecution has become to them a familiar plaything. They are skilled in its use. There is no instrument of cruelty, from the flame-charred stake to the agony wrought by a drop of water, from the rack to the prison, from the gallows to a simple legal fine, there is no method of torture with which the pious Christians are not acquainted. It is their best argument, and they hav brought it to bear upon three men in Kansas, in the endeavor to convert them. But it will not work.

What the *Lucifer* people need, and need speedily, is a favorable expression of public opinion, backed by funds with which to hire lawyers. Not an expressed agreement with their ideas, but a good word for themselvs individually, and a stern demand upon the courts of Kansas that justice be done, and not persecution. Money is equally necessary, for justice comes high. Court fees and lawyers' wages eat up much cash. It cost over a thousand dollars to clear Mrs. Slenker, which was compassed then by an accident, a technical slip of the prosecution which Mr. Chamberlain's sharp eyes discovered. Everyone who feels interested in having justice done should make this fight his own, because it is not, as Colonel Ingersoll said of Mr. Reynolds's case, a question of a little property, neither is it one involving simply the liberty of three men. It is a question whether the church shall use the machinery of law to crush out an opponent it cannot answer. No matter how much we may dislike the opinions of the defendants, it is the duty of those who desire justice to put in their word where it will do the most good.

A Great Work.

From the Industrial Appeal.

We last week received a package of pamphlets from THE TRUTH SEEKER office, among which was the TRUTH SEEKER ALMANAC. This ALMANAC is something unique and original—it is good for saint or sinner. The pictures or cartoons that adorn its pages illustrate prominent occurrences in the Bible. Christians should hav this ALMANAC by all means, as it will lead them to search the scriptures for the purpose of comparing the text with the illustrations, and Liberals and Agnostics should hav it for the edification and amusement it contains. Children, big and little, cry for this little book. Price twenty-five cents. You can order at this office.

From San Francisco Freethought.

The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1888 is now at hand. It contains 117 pages, with twenty-four finely executed portraits of distinguished American Freethinkers, scientists, and philosophers; also thirteen of Heston's Bible sketches. The latter are accompanied by commentaries such as were never before made, written by George E. Macdonald. A page of calendar is devoted to the chronology of each month, telling the dates of the births and deeds and deaths of great men who hav made their days luminous. At the foot of each calendar page is some sentiment or bit of philosophy that is worth remembering. The history of 1887, by the editor, reviews the past and points out the indications of progress or retrogression. It is an able article. Robert C. Adams contributes a paper on "Theism and Atheism." E. J. Bowtell, after making his bow, tells of his daily life in a Trappist monastery; the American Secular Union is written of by Samuel P. Putnam; there is an account of the International Freethought Congress in London; an article on "Sunday Amusements," by Frederic May Holland; "The Blasphemy Case;" "How the Layman is Deceived," by E. M. Macdonald; "A Horrible Man," by L. K. Washburn; and "When Did Jehoshaphat Die?" is considered by J. E. Remsburg, wherein the writer shows from biblical authority that Jehoshaphat died at sixteen different times. Besides these contributions, the ANNUAL contains numerous poetical selections, making a volume as large as the *North American Review*, all for two bits. The work is on sale at the office of *Freethought*.

Mr. Comstock's Progress in Modesty.

We hav it from an artist of this city that since he was thrown out of a Philadelphia court Anthony Comstock, in pursuance of his sacred duty, has grown so modest that he will not retire at night until the *Christian Observer* is removed from the table. When about to change his mind, also, he goes into another room.

It has been usually thought that the female sex is the more modest of the two, but the young lady who would not disrobe till a picture of her father hanging in her bedroom had been turned to the wall must yield the blush to Anthony.

Letters from Friends.

161 W. 128TH ST., NEW YORK, Jan. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In the last edition of THE TRUTH SEEKER, Jan. 28, 1888, Mr. Van Buren Denslow asserts that good land can be bought for fifty cents per acre in New York state. Will Mr. Van Buren Denslow inform a subscriber where and how such land can be procured, and if a clear title can be got for less than the cost of the land? An answer to this will oblige a subscriber. WILLIAM BROADBELT.

NEWARK, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for six or eight years, and still hold fast to the good old paper. I should like to hav C. B. Reynolds giv a lecture here some time this spring or summer, as we hav a few Liberals here, and it may be we can do some good, as we hav thirteen churches here.

I hav heard R. G. Ingersoll lecture twice. He is a noble, good man, if I am any judge of human nature.

WM. H. H. STEBBINS.

GORE BAY, ALGOMA, MANITOULIN ISLAND, Dec. 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find the sum of $5 for subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the "Story Hour," and the ANNUAL for 1888. I want the "Story Hour" for my little girl. Freethought, or Secularism, is making great headway, for since I espoused the cause, which was in 1879, I can notice great changes. In Hamilton, at that time, we could not get the bill-poster to put up our bills, and I was one of four that went around at night and posted them for B. F. Underwood's lecture. There are a few stanch Secularists in Hamilton, and many that hav not the courage of their convictions. Poor fellows! It is not by such weaklings that we enjoy the liberty that we hav to-day. E. L. BRAZENOR.

HAMMONTON, N. J., Jan. 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Does not Mrs. Severance speak plainly and truthfully? Also J. K. Magie? Well done, Ingersoll! Has he not about shown up all the inconsistencies of the doctor's "Presbyterianism?" I wish both those Replies could be circulated amongst the creed-bound everywhere, and maybe there are some who would get light.

Those pictures in the paper—what a power to show up the absurdities of the Bible and the encroachments of the would-be holy religions! That shadow across the United States and into Canada—how significant and suggestiv of what the country is coming to!

Well, I am glad there are those who are capable of showing how our institutions are being perverted from the original as intended by the framers of the United States Constitution.

D. R. WOLLISON.

DANA, ILL., Jan. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I noticed in last week's issue a strong appeal for help to advance the cause of Freethought and the secularization of our government, by Secretary E. A. Stevens. Now, it seems to me that for a few to contribute to the Secular fund does not amount to much. Now, if there are two thousand Liberals in the United States, a very little from each one would amount to considerable, but when a few hav got to do all of the work it doesn't seem fair. One's freedom and religious liberty are just as valuable to one as another's are to him.

I hav a suggestion to make, which is as follows: The secretary to prepare a pamphlet defining the object of the American Secular Union, and the Nine Demands of Liberalism, and mail it in a letter to each Liberal, with a pamphlet particularly urging upon him the necessity of prompt action. If every Liberal had assurance that everyone would contribute, he would giv a small sum, which would amount to considerable.

Find inclosed twenty-five cents for the FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1888. Yours for truth, WM. STRAUN.

NORTH PLEASUREVILLE, Jan. 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It is with pleasure that I am permitted to write you a few lines for the first time. I am living in Henry county, Ky., forty-five miles from Louisville. This is a flourishing country, and full of plenty. Myself and uncle are the only men taking your important paper here. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER now over a year. I am well pleased with it. I hope you may prosper and that it may grow in the future. I am glad to get it every week. It has learned me what human nature is. I heard an old Methodist say, the other day, he didn't want a TRUTH SEEKER in his house; I told him it was better than to hav so many bankrupt notices to pay his honest debts with. I am fifty-four years old, and never joined a church, yet I am a poor man. But if I had plenty of money I could tear up stumps. Our little town has a plenty of churches—old Baptist and new Campbellites, and so on, with a negro Methodist at the head. I hope you will excuse my plain talk. I am a plain talker, what little I know. You hav some of the smartest writers I ever read after, and the best letters. I was at a water-mill the other day. The miller was a Baptist. I asked him if he didn't want a paper to read. He said Yes, if was a moral paper. I told him I would not read any other kind myself. I told him it was THE TRUTH SEEKER. Said he, "I believe that doctrin will carry some day, for the people are getting so bad that their churches are going down." I told him there were two sides to every subject, it mattered not what. "Oh," he said, "but one side to serve God on!" I told him it didn't look like it to look at the cupolas pointing up to heaven—all different ones, some round, and some square, and some flat, and some iron, and some wood; it depends on the money and the lady members.

Oh, what a thing human nature is! There are a good many men who like to read your valuable paper but are afraid somebody will say they are reading Infidel sermons. Anyhow, I can't accommodate all of them with THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Editor, giv it to them; they need it. I would be glad to hear a lecture from some of the Freethinkers, but if I don't soon I will hav to fall back on THE TRUTH SEEKER to giv me lectures; that will do as well. The representations Heston givs can't be beat, and they are true. They tally with the Bible precisely. People look at them first and then read next. People are learning fast that there are two sides to a case. They tell me, "Aren't you afraid those papers will ruin you?" "Why, no; there is no soft place in my head. I hope I am a Freethinker." And I am a Republican, if I am by myself in Kentucky. I hav always been this, and always expect to be. I distribute your paper in our neighborhood, so they may know and learn what it is. They say, "I would take that paper but I am too poor." They will after awhile. They tell me, "Can't you let me hav a TRUTH SEEKER this week?" "Yes, just as soon as I look over it I will."

I notice in your paper that you hav a faithful writer from our state, that is, from Lexington, Ky. He is a good one. I will say your paper comes as true as a clock every Saturday morning, rain or shine—never fails. The postmaster told me the other day he wanted to read one of them. I told him, All right, he should hav one. A. A. DUNNAVAN.

OSHKOSH, WIS., Jan. 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1, for which please send me the inclosed list of books. I hav kept them constantly loaned out until they are completely worn out, and I wish to keep them in circulation.

I am working very slowly, but am just beginning to wake up some of the people here, and I think about March I will be able to send you one or two new subscribers from this city. If we could hav a few lectures here, I think it would help your paper very much, but all of our lecturers seem to steer clear of this place, and we need the Holy Ghost, or some other ghost, here worse than anywhere in this country.

I heard one Methodist preacher here telling his flock that when the children of Israel were in bondage in Egypt they became so enraged that one of them drew his revolver to shoot his taskmaster, and I asked one of the members if they were not just a little short of revolvers at that time. "I guess not," said he. Now, with that kind of stock in the pulpit, I think our cause is perfectly safe. GEO. M. HARE.

BALSTON SPA, N. Y., Jan. 15, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me six copies of "Christian Absurdities," by John Peck, and one copy of "For Her Daily Bread." I was a little struck with the letter from Brother "Ohio" in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 14th. He complains of the poor in the Infidel ranks making their wants known to the non-sympathizing world. We hav lots of poor in our ranks, it is true, but is it a crime to be poor? Are Infidels non-sympathizing? I think not. It is our duty to hav sympathy for our fellow-man, and do what good we can. I am a poor man, and toil and spin hard every day, but it has cost me $150 the year past in the way of help to my fellow-men. And behold, they know not whence it came, but it has done my old heart good to see them enjoy it, and no doubt thanking almighty God for it, not knowing that the "God" that sent it is a poor horseshoer. If every Infidel in the land (those who are able) would pay $1 a year to help the needy of our ranks, it seems to me that it would do a great amount of good. Say, brother Infidels, let us hav a fund for that purpose. I would like to hear from friends on the question. Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER family.

HARRIET AND WM. THORPE.

SMITHVILLE FLATS, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $12, $5 of which please hand to Charles Eckhard, secretary of the American Secular Union, and the remaining $7 is for yourself—$3 for my subscription for another year and $4 for two new ones, which I donate as usual to pay for the illustrations, which are immense. I also inclose ten cents in stamps for another of John E. Burton's pamphlets on the "Birth and Death of Religions." I am doing better missionary work with that than any other book, because he is well known in this part of the state—married his wife near us. I suppose you know he has been the iron-king of Wisconsin during three or four years past. My son Gage E. Tarbell, a young lawyer of thirty summers, of Milwaukee, Wis., has been in company with him. Both being well known here makes people seize this little book and read with avidity when they otherwise would not touch it. I hope you still hav some of them.

I wish you and your brother George the greatest success. Will some day take his paper. MRS. M. M. TARBELL.

HANNIBAL, MO., Jan. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: About three months ago, a few of us concluded that we would try what could be done in the way of increasing the membership of our Brotherhood of Agnostic Moralists by sending out through the mails at our own expense copies of our constitution and blank applications for membership. In less than ninety days, with an outlay not exceeding ten dollars, we hav enrolled ninety members from twenty-four states and territories, many of whom are prominent in the Liberal ranks. Encouraged by this result, our society, at the regular business meeting, Jan. 1, 1888, appointed a special committee to continue the good work for the ensuing year, which cannot be done without aid. The committee consists of A. E. Trabue, William Gatts, and F. H. Rau. All of these (excepting myself) are stanch business men of unquestioned integrity, as may be verified by reference to any bank or business house in this city. Their names guarantee the honest and judicious use of all funds placed in their hands, and it is to be hoped that the members of the Brotherhood and the friends of the cause everywhere will not fail to respond to this call at once, so that the committee may not be trammeled in their work. All contributions for this purpose should be sent to the treasurer, A. E. Trabue, at Hannibal, Mo., who will acknowledge the same through any Liberal paper or magazine in the United States that may be designated. The committee is required to make quarterly reports of their work, which will be sent to all the leading Liberal papers for publication.

F. H. RAU, Secretary.

NEW WINDSOR, ILL., Jan. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: One of our clergymen having asked the question, "What is a preacher?" I will partly answer it.

A preacher is a cinder in the eye of reason.

A clock running backward.

A pilot in a fog moving in a circle.

A quack doctor putting a plaster on an imaginary sore.

A cupboard with nothing in but an old bill of fare.

A person who claims to be only half a man when he is buying a railroad ticket.

An undertaker screwing a coffin-lid down on a fact.

A smoke-stack of hell.

A tailor patching a creed.

A bear on the paradise market.

A cooper who makes nothing but the bung-holes.

A banker who givs you a draft on heaven for cash in hand.

A miller grinding souls for toll.

A traitor swearing allegiance to the United States and trying to seat King Jehovah on a throne.

A student blindfolded.

A poultryman with a fine eye for young ducks.

The great and original anesthetic.

A dealer in "puts and calls" who "puts" the money in his pocket and "calls" the other fellow "dear brother."

A preacher, dear friends, is a fine pair of whiskers and a fashionable suit of clothes which the dear sisters call, "Our minister." W. S. FLEHARDY.

LIBERAL, MO., Jan. 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: A young cyclone in the form of C. B. Reynolds struck the town of Liberal in the early part of December, and such a shaking up as he gave the cranks—I among them—we hav never had before, and never will again until he returns, which he has promised to do when he comes back from the West. He gave us something to think about besides slandering each other, and indeed it is about all we hav done since the town started. He is one of the most entertaining speakers it has ever been my lot to listen to—grand, poetical, earnest, honest, eloquent, and in fact everything that makes a good speaker. I used to hav but one god, Ingersoll, but now I hav two. He seemed much pleased with us, and left hosts of admirers and friends behind him when he went away, although some of our *best* "Liberals" had business that called them away, afraid to meet a *true* Liberal.

We hav a splendid idea. It is the *American Idea*, published in the interest of the Freethought University, and suffering humanity, edited by Leahy and Allison, two of the most earnest workers in the Liberal ranks I hav ever met. There has been a movement on foot by a few good "Liberals" to crush the *Idea* because it is not run in the interest of monopoly, but with the help of true Liberals they will "ride safely over the billows," and in time publish one of the best Freethought papers in the world. Mr. Leahy is one of the grandest men in the world. He is doing a great work in the university, and if it does not succeed it will be the fault of the Liberals, not him. If all our people were like him and Mr. Allison, our town would be different.

I am, for the simple reason that I cannot liv without the dear old TRUTH SEEKER, A SUBSCRIBER.

MORRISTOWN, MINN., Jan. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I write to report the organization of a Liberal association under the name of the Rice county Scientific, Moral, and Reformatory Association; the objects and purposes of which, as set forth in our constitution, are: The investigation and development of the occult sciences and forces of nature; to adopt the most efficient means to procure female suffrage; to prevent illiberal class legislation; to promote the temperance cause; to work for the most equitable settlement of the conflict between labor and capital, and to obtain a more equitable system of taxation. The following officers were elected, to hold office until our first anuual meeting, to be held in June next: Mrs. S. J. Lenont, president; Mrs. Hathaway and Mr. Charles Grant, vice-presidents; Mrs. Laura A. Grant, recording secretary; Mr. J. C. Mathews, treasurer; Messrs. G. Lenont, N. Travis, and Charles Purrintin, executiv committee; Mr. D. Birdsall, correspondiug secretary. The associa ion is composed of circles or clubs, not to exceed seven, located in different localities in the county, to hold weekly meetings; the association to hold monthly meetings; and the by-laws provide that part of the funds shall be appropriated to employ a developing agent, whose duty shall be to visit all the club meetings and monthly meetings, and the association has employed Dr. S. C. Trowbridge to perform the duties of said ageut. The doctor is doing a good work, and is very competent both as a lecturer and as an improvisor of poems and songs, always inviting his audiences to select subjects for both lectures and songs. At our meetings, at which, on account of the extremely cold storm, there were but few convened, we raised by voluntary contribution the sum of $116. But now what we want is Liberal papers, pamphlets, and literature, to educate the masses to a proper understanding of the importance of united work, and that if united we can by the ballot-box settle all the evils that are convulsing our nation, without resorting to Anarchy; and I now solicit donations from all Liberalists of Liberal papers and pamphlets that they may hav accumulated on their hands that they do not

care to keep. They can by so doing do much good in sowing the seeds of Liberal ideas, and showing the important necessity of immediate action to prevent all efforts to unite church and state. Our association is purely Secular and scientific, and all Liberal donations will be gratefully received. All large packages of Liberal papers please send by express to my address, and small donations by mail, and if the donors want the postage remitted, I will do so if they send me a postal card requesting it.

I send inclosed a postal note for $1.25, seventy-five cents of which is to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER for three months to Dr. S. C. Trowbridge, Morristown, Minn.; and for the balance, please send me just as many back numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER as you can afford to for distribution in our clubs, and I will try to increase your subscription list, and so will the doctor.

Direct all donations, either by mail or express, to

D. BIRDSALL, Corresponding Secretary.

GREEN HILL, O., Jan. 9, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I see that Mr. Shoemaker, of Rush, Pa., says, "Stop my paper," in consequence of what little you said in regard to those Anarchists in Chicago. And I think those cartoons hurt a little. I think Mr. Shoemaker is rather easily foundered. I think it would be well for him to clear out another little patch in the wilderness of his brains just large enough to plant one grain of common sense, and cultivate well and partake freely. It will be good for what ails him. You never said one word in justification of Anarchy that I remember. You only condemned their trial and execution, and so do I. Mr. Magie, of Duluth, speaks my mind exactly (Nov. 22d). There was no evidence that one of those men had anything to do with throwing the bomb, that I could find. I see another one of those rigidly righteous and unco guid from Paris, Ill., has squealed. He says if you hav any more sympathetic editorials or communications to publish, not to put them in his paper, but smear the place with printer's ink and he will be satisfied. Now, don't you serve my paper that way. I tell you emphatically, don't you do it. I do not want a black spot to appear on the face of my paper to represent a correspondingly black spot on the inside of my skull. No, sir, I want light, not darkness.

ENOCH WICKERSHAM.

PERRINGER, W. VA., Jan. 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It seems that coöperation is coming uppermost as one of the easiest and most practicable solutions of the labor question, without a change of political parties and principles. As many of your readers are, no doubt, believers in coöperation, some of whom, perhaps, would like to hav the opportunity of uniting with others on some equitable plan of associativ life, I would like to call their attention to the Clay County Coöperativ Colony now being organized in this state, for the purpose of engaging in farming, mining, timbering, etc. The Colony is to settle on a 1,300-acre tract of valuable coal and timber land lying on the Elk river in Clay county, and, if possible, begin operations next spring. The plan of coöperation is one of the most equitable and practicable ever devised for securing to its members the full fruits of their toil, besides affording them social enjoyments and educational advantages not possible under the competitiv system that now prevails. Nearly all the organizers of this colony scheme are Liberals, and it is this class of coöperators that we especially desire to hav unite with us. Those who feel interested in our project and wish to better their condition in life can obtain further particulars by addressing A. Allen Noe, secretary, Parkersburg, W. Va., or the undersigned.

C. BURSEE.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a constant reader of the old TRUTH SEEKER for six years. During that time I hav loaned every copy of the paper to some one to whom I thought it would do the most good, and some of them to four or five persons. I succeeded in getting a newsdealer to keep them for sale, and hav got several customers for them with good result. I find the most of the Jews of this city are Liberally inclined. I hav talked to thousands of people of Kansas City, including a good many of the clergy, and hav failed to find any real backbone in any of them concerning what they know. When you run them to their hole they say you must hav the evidence of the Christian religion to understand the meaning of the Bible, which I think a cowardly retreat. As long as I hav breath and strength I calculate to talk against the ignorance of those church-loving people, and the "cunning" of preachers who preach on Sunday and break the law, and idle away their time in the week.

There are thousands of Liberals in Kansas City, and some of the best men of this city are Liberals, but they never say anything for fear of injuring their business, but it has never impaired mine in the least, and everyone who knows A. B. Fox knows my religious opinion, and they well know that I hate a hypocrit in anything.

I hav been very much disappointed in Grover Cleveland's orthodox standpoint. Am disappointed that he even gave a copy of the Constitution to the pope, the greatest tyrant on earth or in heaven or hell.

The Rev. Sam Jones has been holding forth here for two weeks, and has been reinforced by Sam Small and Brother Joseph Jones. They say they hav come to battle the devil, but, instead, he has been abusing the church-members, calling them fools and idiots, bunch-worms, and saying they are not as good as a good devil. But those old preacher-lovers will take any kind of abuse from Sam, because he has license to abuse people; besides, they think they deserve it (and so do I).

Sam Jones has created quite as much excitement as we expected, but not any more than Barnum does when he comes. Both carry lots of cash, and both are large hypocrits. Barnum says he is a humbug; Jones denies it. And so wags the world!

Long may the old TRUTH SEEKER liv to espouse the cause of Freethought and reform. Those pictures of Heston's are simply immense. I hav a scrap-book from last year's pictures; this year I intend to make a book of the paper for future reference. I would be pleased to hear that Robert G. Ingersoll was billed here for another lecture, as there is a large majority here who appreciate his lectures; he always draws a large house. May he liv to see the fruits of his work mature!

I see that C. B. Reynolds has been lecturing all around us. At Kansas City he would do well to come here for a few evenings. May success and prosperity attend THE TRUTH SEEKER, and her banner ever be unfurled to all truth seekers of the world.

A. B. FOX.

WELLAND, ONT., Jan. 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In last week's TRUTH SEEKER I noticed an account of the doings of the Kahle family in regard to their brother Daniel. I used to be acquainted with this same Daniel Kahle. He stopped at our place awhile in the winter and spring of 1865, when I was a small boy. After he left we never heard from him until, last summer, C. B. Reynolds in his travels spoke of him. I think he stopped at his residence. We were anxious to know if this was the same Mr. Kahle that we knew of old, so my brother addressed a letter to him at Metamora, asking him if he was the same Daniel Kahle that was at our place in 1865. His answer was, "Yes, I am the same Daniel Kahle;" and he wrote quite an interesting letter, without the shadow of a sign of craziness about it. My brother answered his letter some time afterward, but did not hear from him again. He must hav died about the time the letter arrived. We had not heard of his death until we read it in THE TRUTH SEEKER of last week.

My brother in his letter asked him how he came to be a Freethinker. He said he was a Freethinker before he was at our place, but not so radical as now. At that time our family were all members of the Society of Friends, and knew nothing about Freethought, so of course there was nothing said on the subject. His brother George was with him while here. I do not know if he is the Freethinking brother spoken of, or not.

It is certainly too bad that the Christian bigots should be allowed to hav full sway in the settling up of Mr. Kahle's affairs. It seems the average Christian has no respect for the wishes of dying Infidels. The case of Dr. T. L. Brown is a striking example of this. A more solid Materialistic Infidel than he could scarcely be found, but how shamefully they disobeyed his wishes and instructions in the management of his funeral!

In regard to Mr. Kahle being crazy, I consider that a ruse to prevent his bequest for the Freethought library from being made use of as he intended, as I firmly believe his mental faculties were all right, and I will also say that when I knew him he was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, but did not know at that time that he was a Freethinker.

Yours in friendship, E. CHANTLER.

ROCKFORD, W. VA., Jan. 16, 288.

MR. EDITOR: As I see nothing in your paper from this part of the Little Mountain State, I seize this opportune time for contributing a few notes to the sea of Freethought. Freethinkers are numerous in this community, but outspoken Liberals are scarce. The Christian regards the Infidel as an outlaw, to be exterminated by abuse and persecution. Let us thank the god of Nature that persecutions only make us the stronger. Let us persevere in our noble efforts to break the gyves of superstition and set free the human soul. Let us march under the banner of this truth: He that converteth a Christian from the error of his views shall save a soul from superstition and cover a multitude of shams.

The Christian religion is being shaken from center to circumference by a mighty earthquake of scientific forces escaping from the unjust restraints of society. Reason, the most puissant and exalted of human faculties, is the weapon of Liberalism. Dogmatical assertion is the weapon of priestcraft. Science has been established by the pen. Religious might has been established by the sword. If "the pen is mightier than the sword," science must and will ultimately prevail over the Christian "philosophy," whose deadly foe it is in spite of all the bigoted assertions of theologians that "every discovery of science adds new proof of the truth of the Bible."

Two would-be revivals recently terminated here unsuccessfully, to the great discomfiture and chagrin of two eloquent Bible-pounders. Score another victory for the triumph of science over superstition. These two worthies labored night and day two weeks with all the zeal of "wrinkled fanaticism" and bigoted ignorance, without a single convert to their faith.

One of these "sky-pilots," an ex-evangelist from New York, made some very remarkable statements in his theological disquisitions, some of which I will reproduce for the benefit of my brother readers:

"It is impossible for God to save a man unless he wants to be saved." Indeed! Is man more powerful than God?

"Bob Ingersoll is utterly destitute of the power to reason." Brother Macdonald, do you hav any doubt in regard to the truth of this minister's modest declaration? Poor "Bob!" I pity the poor, benighted soul, wandering hopelessly in the somber valley of intellectual darkness.

Here is another: "The Bible was not made to teach astronomy." Please notify the board of revisers, so they can strike out such passages as Gen. i, 6, 7; Josh. x, 12, 15, etc.

He also stated that he "would rather be the means of converting one soul to God than be president of the United States eight years." I hav as much confidence in the truth of that statement as I hav in the Baptist preacher's who said he would never consent to hold political office while in God's ministry. A month after making this statement he was a candidate for public office, and "got left."

Yet another: "Every Infidel has on his deathbed called upon the God of the Christians to hav mercy upon his soul, without a single exception"—"unless drugged into insensibility," he ingeniously added. Is this true?

One more: "Infidels are made, not born." Ha, ha, ha! Who made them?

While hurling one of these seedy thunderbolts at the audience, our worthy divine demolished the Bible-stand with his lever of adipose tissue, depositing it and the word of God on the floor.

I take pleasure in complying with your request in your paper by sending the names of all my friends who will, I think, be greatly interested in the invaluable contents of its columns, and likely to subscribe.

WILL FIGHTUM.

GRATTAN, MICH., Dec. 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav taken your paper many years, read it carefully, and, on the whole, am well pleased with it. It is said that readers often think they are better judges of what periodicals should or should not contain than those who conduct them. I do not expect yours or any other paper to conform in all things to my personal opinions. One year ago I wrote you a private letter in regard to the Anarchy question, and also a short one that was published, asking you and your correspondents if it were not better to "call a halt" in the discussion of that question. My opinion then was, and still is, that it is not one that properly belongs to a discussion of the principles of Liberals as embraced in the Nine Demands, or the resolutions passed at the last annual convention. As I understand those documents, their whole tone, temper, and spirit indicate that as Liberals, or Secularists, we are in favor of obedience to national and state constitutions and laws. But if questions arise in regard to change or amendment, we are in favor of doing it in a legal manner, and in a full and free discussion of the same.

The principles of Anarchy involve the utter disregard and destruction of all laws; and in regard to Socialism, I cannot easily determin the dividing line where the latter leaves off and the former begins. Of course, Secularists are entitled each and all to their personal opinions in regard to these and all other questions.

But once again I wish to say, let us call a halt in regard to the discussion of these questions to so great an extent in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I say this, because I believe their discussion tends to divide Liberals into factions that disturb and destroy the harmony that should exist, and lead us astray from the legitimate principles that should govern and control all Liberals in words and deeds for the benefit of mankind, as opposed to the intolerant dogmas of Christianity and the efforts of its followers to deal unjustly toward those who do not subscribe to their peculiar opinions. We want harmony in our councils, justice in our demands, adherence to our Constitution and laws in the spirit of the fathers of our government; and if a change is needed, advocate it and make it in a lawful manner.

I never hav, and do not now, intend to express an opinion as to the justice or injustice of the conviction and punishment of the seven Chicago Anarchists. But I will say that the judge who presided at the court, and the jury who pronounced them guilty, were in a position to know more and better in regard to the guilt or innocence of those men than any or all of those who think and talk mercly as impulse or preconceived opinions dictate.

And then, when their appeal for a new trial went to the supreme court of the state of Illinois, shall we assume that the judges composing that court were actuated or governed by any motiv not in accordance with justice under the laws, and with a preference for mercy?

And finally, when the great high court of last resort in our nation took the matter of a new trial under advisement and decided against it, it seems the hight of egotistical presumption for irresponsible individuals to say that it is all wrong.

I find that very few, if any, who express their opinions through THE TRUTH SEEKER are ready to uphold the principles of Anarchists; but with many there seems a strong leaning that way, that should not appear with those who are good, honorable citizens and mean to uphold and sustain our laws and help preserve good order in society. Little straws show which way the wind blows, and I believe it wrong to show in a small way a leaning toward such principles as Anarchists advocate.

Liberal friends, let us not imperil the success of our cause or dishonor ourselvs personally by expressing any undue sympathy for those whom our highest authority pronounces criminals.

We hav boasted, and rightly too, that America was and is an asylum for the oppressed of all lands. But in view of recent events, it may be necessary to modify that expression, when men who flee from oppression in the Old World come here and while yet aliens proclaim their intention to destroy our Constitution and laws, and to do it by revolution that shall drench our land in blood. No, friends, to quote a phrase often used by Mr. Ingersoll, "it will not do." By all the honor we owe to the men, wise in council and brave in war, who imperiled their lives, their homes, and all they held dear to establish our government, which now we claim to be the best on earth, it will not do.

Then, as true friends of humanity, who claim to be engaged in a good work that shall remove and blot out all injustice, let us all endeavor in kindness, charity, and justice to help sustain and built up a world-wide sentiment that will do away with the old spirit of bigotry, intolerance, and hate that has so long and largely controled the world. In order to be consistent all those, of whatever name they may be called, who honestly wish to make this life enjoyable by teaching a better way, should constantly and kindly unite in trying to find it.

CONVERSE CLOSE.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

If There Be a God, Where Are You?

With all his arguments cut down,
The parson shook his head,
And, with a sad, reproaching frown,
In substance thus he said:
"Ah, yes! if there no God should be,
I know 'tis very well;
But if there *be* a God, you see,
Your unbelief means *hell!*"

Then, parson, search the pantheon
Of all the gods in state,
And him that wears the angriest frown
We all must venerate.
Of him who threatens direst plague
On others' devotees
Must terror-smitten mortals beg
Forgivness on their knees.

A jealous god or jealous spouse
Can make a hell below;
I scorn a creed and shun a house
That's built on hate and woe.
With bliss my heart tumultuous beats,
When reason bids me find
That all the gods in all their seats
Are figments of man's mind.

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

Baby and the Soldiers.

Rough and ready the troopers ride,
Great bearded men with swords by side;
They hav ridden long, they hav ridden hard,
They are travel-stained and battle-scarred;
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp,
And coarse is the laugh of the men of the camp.

They reach a spot where a mother stands,
With a baby clapping its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the fight.
The captain laughs out, "I'll giv you this,
A handful of gold, your baby to kiss."

Smiles the mother, "A kiss can't be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts up the babe with a manly grace,
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy cheeks and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms

"Not all for the captain," the soldiers call;
"The baby, we know, has a kiss for all."
To the soldiers' breasts the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and by turns caressed;
And louder it laughs, and the mother fair
Smiles with mute joy as the kisses they share.

"Just such a kiss," cries one trooper grim,
"When I left my boy I gave to him;"
"And just such a kiss on the parting day
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of the soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist as the kiss they gave.

—*Chicago Ledger.*

Why I Am a Liberal.

DEAR SUSAN: It's not nice to say, "I can't," till I try, and I am going to try.

Knowledge and reason teach me. I hav studied that great word, "Liberal," many times—it runs through my mind. To be Liberal means to be kind and true, to think for myself, and be the same thing all the time—not one thing in one place and another in another place. I don't think one can be a true Liberal when he acts thus. I want to liv happily, and do all I can to make others happy.

That great word Liberal keeps me thinking we all ought to be kind, gentle, and thoughtful for the welfare of others. Oh, think deep down of that great word Liberal—what it does truly mean! How pleasantly we feel when we think what kind and true Liberals we are trying to be! Oh, would I not like to speak to the whole world, and say, "I am a true, full-blooded Liberal?"

I wonder how many girls are thinking of being a genuin Liberal, as I am trying to be. If the people were all Liberals, everything would rejoice and be glad. I will close for this time. Wishing you success in the Corner, I remain,

Your true friend, SALLIE REMSBURG.

Daleville, Ind., Nov. 14, 1887.

This is a great subject with which to combat, but I will try and express a few feeble ideas.

I am a Liberal because fanatics try to make the Bible a mystery. If the Bible will not stand criticism, let it be discarded like all other faulty productions. A belief in the Bible is simply a belief in the unknown. My reasoning powers tell me that all known facts belong to science.

I am a Liberal because of the freedom allowed in the ranks of Liberals. All people are free to a certain extent, yet nine-tenths of this great country are chained by the links of superstition and priestcraft.

I am a Liberal because of the absurdity of the Bible. Let me cite a case to illustrate my idea. Two boys, Jones and Smith, are playmates together; when manhood arrives they go out into the world together. At last, after committing all the crimes known except murder (he must not murder if he wants to go to heaven—how inconsistent!), Jones is brought to his deathbed. Then he repents. How nicely Jones, the criminal, is saved!

Smith is a kind husband and father. He delights to help his fellow-men, care for the orphans, cheer the sick; but he doesn't "repent." His fate is to burn in everlasting hell. I would rather be a Liberal and go with Smith.

All Liberals hav heard preachers tell about the intuition of savages in regard to their after life; and there is another intuition savages hav—that is, to scalp a white man regardless of his religion.

Hoping that I hav not taxed your patience too long, I will leave this subject for some greater mind. WILL. J. MICKEL.

Ionia, Mich., Nov. 12, 1887.

The Death of Little Mate.

DEAR LITTLE READERS OF THE CORNER: Come up close beside my chair; you may call me Aunt Kate, if you like. I wish to tell you about my dear little daughter who died March 6, 1886. She was eleven years, eleven months, and twenty-one days of age at the time of her death. Like you, she was a little Freethinker, and a reader of the Children's Corner. She was large of her age, with flaxen hair, very large, truthful, gray eyes, broad, high forehead, and bright red cheeks. She reminded me of a maiden-blush rose. She was very loving and affectionate—would kiss my hand and say, "My *good* mother!" It is so hard to giv her up. I thought I would write something about her for you children to read, and thus build a monument in your minds sacred to the memory of the dear little girl that is gone. When she was small she had a quaint, old-fashioned way, and always disliked to wear red dresses, because they were so gay, liking gray best of all. When she was about five years old, grandpa, one day at dinner, told a funny story at which we all laughed heartily except Mate. I glanced at her and saw the muscles around her mouth quivering, but she looked very solemn as she remarked, "That came pretty near making me laugh!" At another time, I was preparing toast for sick grandma; she said, "Wouldn't it be nice if I were sick and you were fixing that for me?" She was very fond of pets, especially young lambs; she once had two, and her father wished to sell them with the other sheep. When the time came to drive the sheep away, Mate and her lambs were nowhere to be found; she had taken her darlings and gone to a safe hiding-place, where she remained until the danger was over.

One day, after looking in the Bible at the picture of a lamb burning on an altar, she, with a look of great concern on her face, inquired of me what it meant. With all possible dignity, I informed her that they were burning the lamb so that God could smell the smoke, to make him pleased. I wish that I could hav painted the look of utter disgust and contempt that came over her face; it would hav been a rebuke, for all time, to those who believe that such heathenish customs could ever hav pleased a God! Her name was Mary Vermilia. There is a little brown bird on this coast different from any I hav seen in the Eastern states; it has a peculiarly soft voice and only sings early in the morning and at evening. We imagined it said, "Ma, Mary; Ver, Vermilia, Milia, Milia." So she called it her bird. One day she came in with her eyes shining like the stars, to tell me that, finding a fish-worm, she had thrown it toward one of her birds, and that the little creature had taken the worm to a pool of water and washed it before eating it. She was very studious at school, and spent her spare moments in reading. It is now nearly two years since we laid our darling down to rest on the quiet hillside, and I hav waited all this time to gather courage to write this little tribute to her memory. I am afraid you will think this a strange obituary, but I believe in making even death as cheerful as possible. To the memory of our beloved child this is lovingly dedicated.

MR. AND MRS. COPE.

[We are all sorry for the death of one of our number. We know how lonely must be the home without her gentle presence. But the dear little girl will never suffer pain or know a pang of sorrow. Let us be glad that she made sunshine in her home for a little while, and now that she has gone, sweet memories of her may be cherished, and life may receive an added luster because she lived her brief, bright years of joy and gladness.—ED. C. C.]

Sayings of Little Ones.

One day at dinner, one quail was cooked for sick grandma. Little two-and-one-half-years-old, Dot, refused to eat such as the others had, and complained of being sick. I inquired where she was sick. She replied, "In the quail!" You may be sure she had some of that quail. One day after Puppy Judy had been fed a large feeding of milk, six-year-old Bennie remarked that "she looked as though she had been blown up with a gospel-stuffer." I am usually very cheerful. One morning, when I was feeling sorrowful, little four-year-old Creet missed my singing as I went about my work, and said, "Ma, tell a joke!" One day, on coming into the kitchen, I found my seven-year-old Mate holding up a very large old rat; she had his neck pinched between her thumb and finger. I said, "How is it he did not bite you?" She replied, "I hurried up and pinched his neck." After eating griddle cakes, Ral remarked that he had made a square meal. Little four-year-old said, "I should call it a round one!" Little Ben, looking at the picture of the devil at the cross-roads, said, "I shouldn't think they need to be afraid of the debble, when they look so much like debbles themselvs!"

MRS. KATE COPE.

Correspondence.

RED CANON, WYO., Jan. 6, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for two years, and I am much pleased with the pictures. I read the Correspondence in the Corner, and see that there are quite a number of boys and girls that write to you, so I thought I would try. I go to school and am in the highest studies. I hav four sisters, but I am the only boy of the family, and I think that I am the only Liberal one in my country. I hope that you will find a place in the Corner for this. It is my first letter. Good-bye, for this time.

Yours truly, THOS. W. MACDONALD.

NEVINSVILLE, IA., Jan. 15, 1888.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON: I hav been thinking about writing a letter to you for a long time. To-day is Sunday and it is a sunny day. I see you hav requested the readers of the Children's Corner to write and tell what they hav been reading. I hav lately finished reading the History of Napoleon Bonaparte, and I am now reading aloud to ma the History of Ancient Greece—that is, before Christ—and, of course, it is uncertain. You must not think that I do not read stories, for I hav the "Story Hour," "Apples of Gold," and will inclose money for "All in a Lifetime." I hav read books by Aunt Elmina, viz., "Little Lessons for Little Folks" (which is very interesting, and I think all little folks ought to hav it to read), "The Darwins," "John's Way," and the "Infidel School-teacher; or, Mary Jones." They are all nice stories, and contain much that might instruct older people.

My uncle, F. I. Green, takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, *Ironclad Age*, *Freethinkers' Magazine*, and the *Independent Pulpit*. I read them all. I am going to school now, and study Fifth Reader, arithmetic, grammar, history, spelling, and geography, and the teachers are compelled to hav the scholars read physiology aloud.

Our teacher is a lady. She does not say the Lord's prayer or read in the Bible in the morning. Sometimes the scholars sing a song.

The picture of your little niece in front of the "Story Hour" is very pretty, and I hav been thinking about getting a frame for it.

There are two churches in this place—the Congregationalist and the Methodist; but the first named has been closed about three years; the other had a revival and got twenty-two members.

The population numbers 250. You remember the pictures of American Freethinkers that came in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL of 1885—we hav arranged them in a frame, 18x22 inches, with D. M. Bennett's monument in the center and the pictures of Haeckel and Spencer at the sides. It contains thirty-four likenesses. Folks hav thought that it was all printed on one paper. We also hav Ingersoll's and Paine's pictures, life size. Altogether, they make a goodly array of Freethinkers, and we hav also a picture of "The Modern Balaam" framed (one of Watson Heston's pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER).

I think my letter is long enough for this time, so will close, with best wishes for Liberalism. CAROLINE A. TRUMAN.

[Caroline is a model Freethinker, and we hope to hear from her again soon.—ED. C. C.]

TO COMMUNISTS.

I would like to hear from the Communistic readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, especially my old friends who were intending to join the L. M. and S. S., two years since. We want $5.000 to be subscribed in the next three months, making a capital of $10,000 to start a society in Kansas.

Respectfully, E. E. PARK,
Mt. Pleasant, Tex.

Science Column.

All About Coffee.

Coffee is the seeds of a plant, or, more properly speaking, a tree that flourishes in the tropics. If left to grow naturally, the tree would run up thirty or forty feet, but it is usually kept pruned down in order to facilitate the gathering of its berries. Its flowers are a clear white and resemble orange blossoms; its leaves are a thick, dark green, remaining so the entire year. The fruit is a rich red, changing to dark purple, and resembles somewhat a cherry, and is very nice to eat. Buds, blossoms, and fruit in all stages of development may be seen upon the same tree at all seasons. Each berry has two seeds.

Coffee makes a very palatable drink, and is an important article of commerce. It contains in its raw state aromatic oils, fat, cane sugar, and a substance called caffeic acid, which is called its most important principle.

There are several different kinds of coffee, and its use is known all over the civilized world as a beverage. It also has medicinal qualities, and is given sometimes to stop sickness at the stomach, vomiting, etc. It is an antidote for some kinds of poison, such as opium, and it is useful in destroying bad odors. Therefore it is often used in sick rooms as a sort of disinfectant. It produces a fragrant and particularly agreeable scent when burnt where there are noxious vapors.

Its action upon some people is harmful and injurious, for it tends to increase the action of the heart, producing palpitation and impairing digestion; but it is agreeable to almost everyone, and is in general use in countries wherever it is known.

Of course, you know how the beverage called coffee is made, so we need not go into detail about that. Most people use milk and sugar with it, but nativ Turks, it is said, drink it clear.

Arabian writers first mention coffee, and the word is derived from Kaffa, the name of a place south of Abyssinia, where, in a wild state, it grows in great profusion, and where it was used a long, long time ago. The Turks call it *kahve*. In a place called Aden, in the fifteenth century, it was a popular drink among the studious, and those whose business or pleasure kept them much awake at night.

There is a pretty legend concerning its discovery that runs in this wise: A poor Arab was wandering one time, about the middle of the fifteenth century, down through Abyssinia, and one day, being greatly fatigued, he sat down to rest at the edge of a shady grove. He thought he would make a fire and boil some rice, for he was faint and hungry. So he cut some shrubs and sticks with which to build a fire. Some branches that he cut he noticed were covered with dried berries, and after he had cooked his rice and was eating it, he began to notice a fragrant, spicy odor arising from the burning berries. He examined the berries, crushing them, and some slipped from his hand into the jar upon the fire that contained boiling water. The weary traveler thought he would taste it, and the drink seemed to strengthen and revive him wonderfully.

"This is excellent," he said; "I will carry some away with me."

He gathered a quantity of the berries, and took them to Aden, whither he was going, and, on his arrival, presented some of them to the mufti, and told that personage that, crushed and put in boiling water, the berries made a most delightful drink.

The old mufti had smoked so much opium in his life that he had become a chronic invalid. His hands trembled and his nerves were in a sad state. He commanded that a beverage should be prepared from the berries, which was done at once.

He pronounced it delicious, and ordered his slaves to go and procure more berries for his use. He began to recover his strength, and was so charmed with the new drink that, in great thankfulness to the tree, he called it *cabnah*, which in Arabic means "force."

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—What is coffee? How high does the coffee-tree grow? Describe the flowers and fruit. What are the qualities of coffee? What is its action upon some temperaments? Who first mentioned coffee? From what is the word derived? What do the Turks call it? Relate the legend of the discovery of coffee.

MATRIMONIAL.

Should there be an elderly Liberal lady within the reading circle of THE TRUTH SEEKER possessed of some means, and willing to correspond with an elderly gentleman, a pronounced Freethinker, having also a moderate income, with a view to matrimony, she will please address BOX 13, Ithaca, Mich., giving full name and address. Those only who mean business need write.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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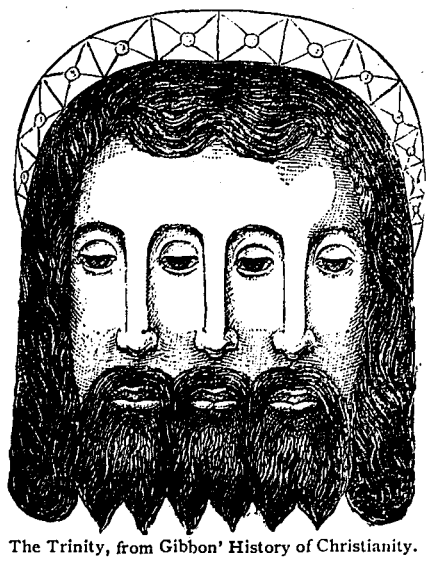
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"Please, mum, where did God get the dirt to make the world of?"

"He created it, James—there was nothing, and he made everything!"

"Cracky! wouldn't old Snooks, who owns half the village, like to make villages and farms out of nothin'? Where was God, mum, when there wasn't no heaven for him to liv in?"

"I don't know, James; and nobody must ask such questions."

"Why not, mum?"

"Because they hav no business to, my son."

"Don't God want us to know where he hung out 'fore he made heaven, mum?"

"Sh! child! you mustn't talk so."

"No'm. What's the spirit of God, mum?"

"I can't explain so you will understand, James."

"No'm. Is it like a boat, a fish, or a duck, mum?"

"Heavens! what a question!"

"Yes'm. Didn't you read that it moved on the waters, mum?"

"The Bible reads so, and that's enough, without any questions, you boy."

"Yes'm. What made God make the world in the dark, mum? Why didn't he hav a light in the first place?"

"That's what no one can tell, you wretched boy! And you just stop!"

"Yes'm. Was it 'lectric light, mum?"

"Yes, that's just what it was."

"Who put up the poles and wires, mum?"

"James Badger, I shall send you home."

"No'm—please. Why didn't God hav it light all the time and no dark, mum?"

"He made night for sleep, child."

"Huh! there wasn't nobody to sleep when he made the world, mum."

"But he knew there would be, dear."

"Yes'm. How'd he know, mum?"

"Because he knew everything, you boy."

"Yes'm. Did he know your pop and ma would git married, and you'd be here, mum?"

"You Badger boy, you stop!"

"Yes'm. Did God make the sun out of fire, mum?"

"Yes, he did." [This was an easy one, and the teacher "got there" readily.]

"Do you s'pose it's kerosene, mum?"

[No response, but James didn't appear to be hurt in his feelings, and asked:]

"Please, mum, did God make the moon of green cheese? Pop says it's green cheese, mum."

"James Madison Badger, I don't know what to make of you; and your father is awful to talk so to his little son."

"Huh! I'm made already, mum. You ain't God, and can't make nothing of me. [This was a bald-headed, naked fact—Comstock would hav gloated over it could he hav caught it on the fly—but the teacher looked as though she wished she was God for about two seconds, if no longer, when J. M. B. would hav been "made nothing of," or looks are to be largely discounted.] But you didn't tell me, mum, if the moon was made of green cheese—is it, mum?"

"No, it isn't, you ridiculous boy."

"Pop says it is, and I guess——"

"He's a wicked man to tell you so; and don't you mention such a thing again."

"Please, mum, what did God make the moon to grow big and then grow little for; then go all out and then come again?"

"I don't know, child; but for a good purpose, of course."

"How do you know, mum?"

"Oh! do stop, will you?"

"Yes'm. Do you cut your corns, mum, after the moon's full, so they'll go 'way with the moon? Ma does."

"Dear me, James Badger, do go home."

"Please, mum, don't make me go. I'll be good. When God made the big whales, mum, where did he get the lamp-oil to put in 'em?"

"James Badger, you'll drive me distracted."

"That's what ma allus says when I ask questions. Is all women driv distracted, mum?"

"They would be, I'm sure, if they all had boys like you." [Tartly spoken.]

"You hain't got no little boy like me, hav you, mum?"

"No, I hav'nt, thank the Lord!"

"Be you married, mum?"

"No, I ain't; and now you stop. I'm just tired out with you."

"Do you thank the Lord 'cos you ain't married, mum? You didn't say so."

"Yes, I—no—er—that is—will you ever stop asking ridiculous questions?"

"Yes'm. Did God make devil's darnin' needles—them long, slim, flyin' things?"

"To be sure he did, James. All such questions I am happy to answer."

"Does the devil darn his stockings with 'em, mum?"

"There you go again, from the sublime to the ridiculous in one step."

"What's the sublime, mum?"

"God is sublime."

"What's ridiculous, mum?"

"Why, the idea of the devil darning his stockings with young beetles, you young heathen."

"Why don't the devil darn his stockin's, mum? Don't you, when there's big holes in the heels o' yourn? Ma says she's seen the holes in 'em when——"

"There, now, you James Madison Badger, you go right straight home. I won't put up with you another minute. You are the wickedest boy I ever saw! The class is dismissed!"

Thus to an end came the "creation" seance.

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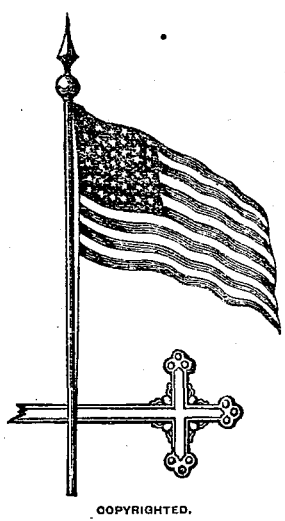
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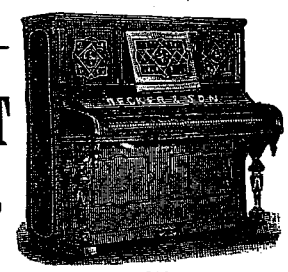
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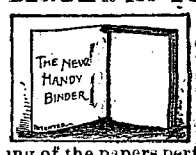
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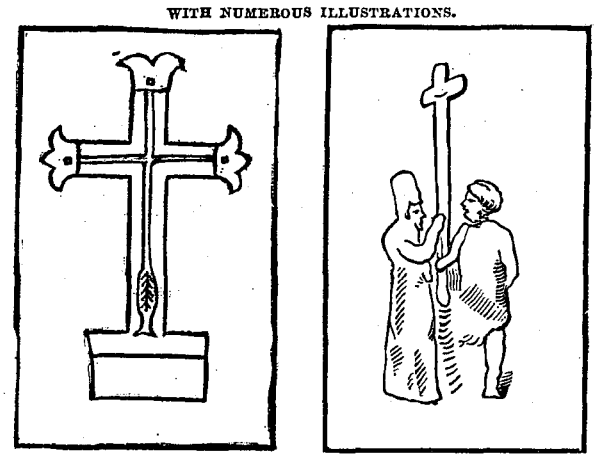
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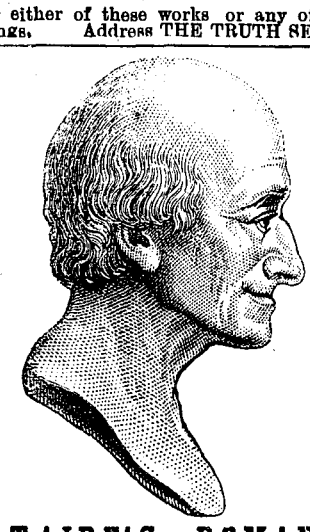
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News of the Week.

THE Wisconsin supreme court decided on the 31st ult. that the contested law passed in 1885 extends the suffrage to women only in school matters. The case was that of a Racine lady against election inspectors for a refusal to receive her vote.

JEFFERSON DAVIS continues to receive the most eminent honors throughout the South.

AUSTRIA is about to appropriate 120,000,000 florins for the first expenses of mobilization of troops.

THE anti-Chinese parties of New York state hav brought before the legislature a bill making the use of the English language in laundries compulsory.

THE Senate is considering a treaty with England providing for the extradition of embezzlers and dynamiters. It is aimed at Canadian refugee defaulters and Irish political offenders.

IT having been observed that the *Congressional Record* has a small circulation, owing to the high prices its publishers charge, Congress is considering the selling of it at a nominal price.

IN jubilee presents to the pope, the United States has surpassed every other country in cash donations. New York city sent $43,000 in cash.

A CONGRESSIONAL committee is considering a radical change of land laws.

THE late czar is to hav a monument in the Kremlin costing $650,000.

RUSSIA has just sentenced seven Nihilists to death; Germany, eight Socialists to penal servitude.

THE German government is progressing still farther in its outrageous violations of the freedom of meeting and speech.

THE Diocesan Union of the Catholic Total Abstinence Societies has adopted resolutions thanking President Cleveland for his present to the pope.

SOME leading men of New York are taking steps toward bringing before the grand jury facts showing Russell Sage and Jay Gould guilty of embezzlement.

THE observations made of the eclipse of the moon on the 28th ult. by recently perfected instruments are very valuable and gratifying to astronomers.

MORE profitable than most of the contents of our newspapers is a discussion lately started in them on "What is the best way to do good with $50,000?"

A SALE has just been closed of 500,000 acres of land in the state of Coahuila, Mexico, to an English syndicate already owning 2,000,000 acres in that state. English capitalists now own one-quarter of the state of Coahuila.

THE Federation of Labor has joined the Knights in their boycott of the Milwaukee brewers, who, "after amassing colossal fortunes out of their business, refuse to pay living wages, and insist that the workmen shall work Sundays and shall sever their connection with their union."

MR. IHMSEN, an agent of the bureau of labor statistics, is about completing an exhaustiv compilation of divorce statistics, with the object of persuading Congress and the people of the necessity of national marriage and divorce laws, and the amendment of the Constitution to that effect.

THAT sad absurdity in the sphere of human unreason, race hatred, continues as fierce as ever throughout Europe. A German named Brandt recently forced his way into the office of the Paris *La France* and tried to shoot the editor. He says his object was to avenge the attacks made by that paper on Germany.

THE
ORDER OF CREATION.

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN
GLADSTONE, HUXLEY, MULLER, LINTON, REVILLE.

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DID MOSES HAV DELIRIUM TREMENS?

And the Lord said unto him, What is that in thy hand? And he said, A rod. And he said, Cast it on the ground. And he cast it on the ground, and it becam a serpent; and Moses fled from before it.—Ex. iv, 2, 3.

Odds and Ends.

JAKE: "The present year will be the longest on record." Pete: "How so?" Jake: "Why, it is 1 and three 8s already."

"WHATEVER is is write," said the weary editor of a country newspaper, whose patent outside had failed to appear on time.

STRANGER: "Excuse me, sir; but are you the sporting editor?" Editor (with indignation): "Not by a blankety-blank sight. I'm the religious editor!"

"YOU may bring me," said the Boston girl, "a small portion of Celtic disturbance." "A which, is it?" said the waiter. "Irish stew, you stupid," answered she.

"Is this Mr. Comstark?" asked a caller at the art censor's office. But there was no answer. The indecency of the name had reduced its owner to a shapeless mass.

JIGGS: "Miss D'Bonair has grown considerably since I saw her last winter." Wiggs: "How so?" Jiggs: "When I saw her then her dress came way up to her neck."

THE Greeks used to consider, as I hav been told,
The bow and the arrow as father and son;
If such be the case, a fact equally cold
Is that a bullet's the son of a gun.

MISS SMYTHE: "I hear that Mr. Flush proposed to you last night." Miss Van Dyke: "Yes, the forward thing!" Miss S.: "I don't see anything very bad about that." Miss V. D.: "Why, this is leap year!"

MR. WALDO (in the supper room): "May I hav the pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy (of Chicago): "Thanks, Mr. Waldo; I believe I will take one more look at the ceiling."

"I WON'T make way for a fool!" cried an envious scribbler, on meeting Saphir in a narrow passage, where at first neither seemed disposed to giv place. "Oh, I will, with pleasure," replied Saphir, stepping aside and bowing courteously.

IN olden times Mars ruled the fights;
And, full arrayed, the doughty knights
Went forth to conquer with the blade,
In tabards gay and arms displayed.

In modern times how changed the plight!
'Tis Cupid rules, and dames that fight.
In scant array, with nature's charms,
They win—in their display of arms!

MISS VAN EMERSON (of Boston): "Madame Junot's 'Memoirs of Bonaparte' are very interesting. Don't you think so, Mr. De Sappy?" De Sappy (seized with a desire to show the extent of his reading): "Ya-as. And w-what a bully chance it was f-for Juno to get a whack in on P-Paris for giving Venus the aw-apple, don-cher-know!"

THERE was once great consternation in the office of *Zion's Herald* when the writer of an obituary article upon a mother in Israel having said in pious phrase that she died and "claimed the promises," the paper was made to aver that she had died "and cleared the premises." And it was out at Worcester, Mass., where, the Rev. George H. Hepworth having declared in a public address, "I am not a free lance," the sedate *Spy* gave him fame by printing the sentence, "I want a free lunch."—*Boston Transcript.*

AN Irish girl, looking at a large picture of the "Cherubs," asked her mistress, "And what is that?" "Those, Mary, are the Cherubs from the foot of the Throne in the Madonna St. Sistine." "There now!" says Mary, "And here was Bridget declairin' they wus hens—but I sez they wus bats."

"HERE, what are you doing?" asked the janitor of the Potter building of a wild-eyed Granger, who was rushing across the roof to the copings on the edge. "By ginger, that's queer!" was the astonished reply. "I stepped inter a little office when I come in, and the hull buildin' begin to sink. Fust thing I knowed, she stopped; and now, when I git out, I find m'self up 'n the air 'bout four mile. Queer place, this York."

THAT APPLE PROBLEM SOLVED.

One truth discovered is immortal and entitles its author to be so.—*Hazlitt.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center [of an apple].—*Shakspere.*

How many apples did Adam and Eve
Eat in the garden, their dear Lord to grieve?
Not more than one into two equals cut;
Would barely one apple their Eden shut?

Then Eve ate one surely, and Adam two;
This makes them three, "if the 'rithmetic's true;"
Aye, Eve 81, and Adam 1,2,
Which makes ninety-three, whatever you do.

We mean simply that Eve 814 herself,
And old Adam, 2,814 himself;
To please his dear wife, he 814 Eve,
And Eve, 2,814 Adam; perceive?

So count (either way as you may) they've consumed up to date
Of apples three thousand six hundred and twenty-eight;
But, "What do I mean?" you ask in surprise,
As if I had sought my words to disguise.

Why, 'twas "the cool of the Eve" when she took her tea,
And 8140 only; this paradox see?
WhileAdam, tied tight to the apron string "sorter,"
At tea-time, though hungry, but 81,2,40.

Which is simply to say, these apples hav been
Multiplied on the scale of "original sin;"
They crunched thus, by figures, which stack up so weighty,
Just eighty-nine thousand three hundred and eighty
"Apples of paradise!" ZOA TOPSIS.

JUST OUT.

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Gems of Thought.

IT is indubitable that persons of piety, who are anxiously desirous of the knowledge of divine truth, are aided by the spirit of God in searching out the meaning of scripture, particularly in such subjects as hav an especial reference to faith and religious practice.—*Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures.* [Whenever an orthodox expounder of scripture, lay or clerical, clerical or lay, begins a paragraph as Horne begins the extract given above, every judicious and practiced reader looks out for most doubtful assertions, and he often finds silly twaddle, if not downright bouncers. I am not anxious to take up the discussion, and I shall therefore leave it to our dearly beloved cousin, Mr. Chadwick, to answer the venerable English divine, which he does with his accustomed neatness and perspicacity. Messrs. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, and not less Mr. Savage, of Boston, are always straightforward and direct, and while I do not follow them in all things, I admire their candor, the clearness of the exposition of their views, and the fairness with which they deal with other men's views, whether they lean to orthodoxy or to what they sometimes call Liberal Christianity—though the phrase has of late years fallen into disfavor—or whether they are dealing with radical philosophers and popular expounders of Infidelity. No truth seeker, Secularist, or Agnostic should fail to read what they say—but now for the counterblast against the aforesaid flourish.—*Hylax.*]

CERTAINLY, if the Bible is such a revelation as men claim, it has egregiously failed to answer the purpose for which it was intended, seeing that men equally able, earnest, and sincere differ among themselvs radically and hopelessly.—*Chadwick's Higher Reverence.*

IN ecclesiastical history we see Christians denouncing and excommunicating one another for supposed error, and every denomination has been pronounced accursed—anathema maranatha—by some portion of the Christian world; so that, were the curses of men to prevail, not one human being would enter heaven.—*Dr. Channing.*

THERE'S a knowing little proverb,
From the sunny land of Spain,
But in northland as in southland
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Lock it up within your heart,
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true.
In a fight without a foe,
Pray, what could you do?
If this wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth,
And the strife begun.
If one voice shall cry for peace,
Soon it will be done.
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.

NOAH, when, after the deluge, the earth was resettled in its former condition, set about its cultivation; and when he had planted it with vines, and when the fruit was ripe, and he had gathered the grapes in their season, and the wine was ready for use, he offered sacrifice and feasted, and being drunk, he fell asleep and lay naked [and having no fear of Comstock before his eyes] in an unseemly manner. When his youngest son saw this, he came laughing and showed him to his brothers, but they covered their father's nakedness. And when Noah was made sensible of what had been done, he prayed for prosperity to his other sons; but for Ham, he did not curse him, by reason of his nearness of blood, but cursed his posterity. And, when the rest of them escaped that curse, God inflicted it on the children of Canaan. But, as to these matters, we shall speak more hereafter.—*Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews*

COME, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigor,
How graceless Ham leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger:
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
Wi' w——e-abhorring rigor;
Or Zipporah, the scaulding jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger.
—*Burns's Ordination.*

THE divorce between church and state ought to be absolute. It ought to be so absolute that no church property anywhere, in any state or in the nation, should be exempt from equal taxation; for, if you exempt the property of any church organization, to that extent you impose a church-tax upon the whole community.—*President Garfield.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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THE REVIVAL AND ITS PROTOTYPE.

Notes and Clippings.

A BILL prohibiting the growing of any crop from which intoxicating drink can be made has been introduced into the New Jersey assembly.

A CITIZEN of Muncie, Ind., went to a religious meeting the other evening and read a newspaper most of the time. He was arrested, charged with "disturbing a religious meeting," tried, and acquitted.

THEY are paraphrasing the conversation between the governors of North Carolina and South Carolina in the following way: Said the governor of Dakota to the governor of Minnesota: "It is a short time between blizzards."

CONGRESSMAN WHITING will receive a national blessing if he succeeds in putting through his bill authorizing the issue of fractional currency, for the convenience of persons sending small remittances by mail. Members of both the Senate and the House hav received petitions for such a law, but Mr. Whiting is the first to formulate a bill.—*Springfield Union.*

THE first crematory in New England is likely to go up at Worcester. Some Boston folks tried to get up a company, but the Hub wasn't ready to burn its dead, and so its leading cremationists hav united with the Worcester association, which is incorporated as the Massachusetts Cremation Society, and they are raising $10,000. Worcester has given $4,000; Boston, $2,000; Springfield, $1,000; and Providence and other New England cities will doubtless add the rest.

THE opponents of a universal language used to say it was impossible. Now that it is not impossible, it is said to be unnatural. Who ever heard of a language being invented? they ask. But all their arguments, says the Galveston *News*, are set down in a written language every character of which was invented, and the spelling of which is about as clumsily arbitrary as any that could be contrived.

THE despotism of the "trusts" is reaching such an intolerable hight that all classes are now joining in a storm of indignation against it. Within a few weeks the leading sugar refiners of the country hav combined, shut down some works and thrown hundreds of men out of employment in the middle of winter, to make sugar scarce, and raised its price 1½ cents. This increase on the sugar used here annually amounts to $46,000,000, to be transferred to the millionaires' pockets.

AT precisely 10 o'clock on the evening of the 10th the Chinese merchants and shopkeepers closed their shops for the last day of their old year, the 5,777th in their calendar, and began preparing for their annual celebration, which consists in treating their famous Joss to many oriental delicacies that would giv cholera morbus to a Christian. The first sacrificial offerings were clear of all kinds of meats; even the bean extracts were fried in peanut oils. Candied fruits and vegetables in almost endless varieties were heaped upon the altars of Joss long before the celebrants had got their last annual ablutions and donned their New Year's apparel. When "Koto," or prostration, hour arrived the devotees confessed their numerous sins, which were written out in full by one of their most eloquent amateur prayer-writers and sold at the rate of twelve cents a yard. To save time, these were burnt the moment the sinner knelt before his Joss, who received the petition in a volume of smoke mingled with other incense paper. When a crooked fan-tan player burns ten yards of such prayers, he is said to hav his sins washed away for the next year.

A CAPE COLONIST who had been guilty of indiscreet remarks publishes this card in a local South African newspaper: "I, the undersigned, A. C. du Plessis, C. son, retract hereby everything I hav said against the innocent Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout, calling myself an infamous liar, and striking my mouth with the exclamation: 'You mendacious mouth, why did you lie so?' I declare further that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout. I call myself, besides, a genuin liar of the first class."

IT was not until last year that the Moors would permit any examination of the cliff dwellings which hav long been known to exist some days' journey southwest of the city of Morocco. This strange city of the cave-dwellers is almost exactly like some of those in New Mexico and other territories which archeologists hav explored. The dwellings were dug out of the solid rock, and many of them are over two hundred feet above the bottom of the valley. The face of the cliff is in places perpendicular, and it is believed that the troglodytes could hav reached their dwellings only with the aid of rope ladders. Some of the dwellings contain three rooms, the largest of which is about seventeen by seven feet, and the walls of the larger rooms are generally pierced by windows. Nothing is known as to who these cave-dwellers were.

THE Rochester *Union and Advertiser* is fearful that Anthony Comstock will visit that town, and prints this warning: "Anthony Comstock is a man who overflows with modesty, and is generally standing around in its slop, as the late Sydney Smith once remarked. He put his interfering injunctions on some Philadelphia pictures a short time ago, and the judge told him to keep in his own bailiwick, or words to that effect. Mr. Comstock is a regular traveling menagerie of meddlesomeness, however, and there is no telling how soon he may descend on Rochester. The possibility of such a visitation has probably struck some of our business men. I was in a nursery the other day and noticed that most of the trees had a petticoat of straw tied around their naked limbs, and the flower beds of a seed-house were well covered up from the gaze of the public. A number of laundresses in various parts of the city, however, leave their lines out in the back-yard frequently and without a stitch of clothing on them. He might proceed against these people. Then, there is the statue of the Venus of Milo out on East avenue, who actually hasn't a rag to her back. If Anthony comes this way, he will probably find something like the things we hav mentioned to get some notoriety out of. The idea of a horse chestnut tree being attired like a ballet dancer is bound to shock his finely attuned bump of grand foolishness, and when he comes to expose the naked truth regarding the toilettes worn at our Turkish baths, he will be worked up into a fine state of bodily perspiration and legal sweat."

Communications.

Blue Laws of New England.

When I started to write this article, I intended to giv quite an extensiv account of the trials and punishment of witches; but the record is too sickening and cruel. Many of those old laws and customs excite our mirth, but here the proceedings are so vindictiv, so heartless, that mirth givs way to pity for the unfortunate victims and disgust for the perpetrators of those wicked deeds. So, lest the reader grows as weary in perusing this article as I hav in gathering the evidences, I will giv this cursed blot upon our nation's history but a passing notice. How anyone could hav believed the absurd and monstrous tales that were sworn to in court, which convicted the witches, is more than we can understand, unless we accept Mr. Burnham's explanation of religion—that it is a species of insanity.

Barnes's Popular History says: "The delusion of witchcraft broke out in the family of Mr. Parish, a minister of Salem, where a company of girls had been in the habit of meeting with two West Indian slaves to study the 'black art.' Suddenly they began to be mysteriously contorted, to bark like dogs, purr like cats, and scream at some unseen thing which was sticking pins in their bodies. They accused an old Indian servant of bewitching them.

"On being scourged, she acknowledged the crime. A fast day was proclaimed. Cotton Mather, a distinguished minister of Boston, and a firm believer in the delusion, came to investigate the case. The excitement spread. Impeachments multiplied. A special court was formed to try the accused. The jails rapidly filled. Magistrates were busy. On the most foolish charges—as being seen flying through the air on a broom—respectable people were condemned to death. It was dangerous to express doubt of a prisoner's guilt. Fifty-five persons suffered torture and twenty were executed. All might hav escaped if they had confessed themselvs guilty, but, with noble heroism, they chose death rather than falsehood."

The afflicted persons would be severely scalded, pinched black and blue, haunted by abusiv specters; prodigious demons would ever, now and then, cover the "most corporeal things in the world with a fascinating mist of invisibility." And "there wanted not the oaths of good, credible people to these particulars."

At the trial of George Burroughs, a preacher, the bewitched persons pretended to be dumb. "Who hinders these witnesses," says the deputy-governor, "from testifying?" "I suppose the devil," answered Burroughs. The chief judge retorted: "How comes the devil so loath to hav any testimony borne against you?" And the question was decisiv. Besides, Burroughs had given proofs of great, if not "preternatural, strength." Cotton Mather calls the evidence "enough"—the verdict is guilty.

At the execution of Burroughs, Cotton Mather gave one of the most heartless and fiendish speeches that ever fell from human lips. He exults over the imminent damnation of the convicted wizard.

Another preacher named Noyes, on seeing eight persons hanged up together as witches, had the Christian charity to exclaim: "There hang eight firebrands of hell!"

While this delusion lasted, the clergy were its most earnest supporters.

The English government finally interfered, and the "craze" subsided; and when those very devout old Pilgrims came to their senses, they found that they were punishing innocent persons. Many persons in custody waiting trial were set free; but what could be done for those who had suffered torture or been executed? They first hanged the witches, and then found out they were innocent. Shrewd jurists they! But the magistrates atoned for their deep crimes—by casting all their sins upon Jesus. Judge Sewell was so deeply penitent that he observed a day of fasting each year, and on general fast day, in his place in the Old South church of Boston, in the presence of the congregation, handed to the pulpit a written confession acknowledging his error, and praying

> That the sin of his ignorance, sorely rued,
> Might be washed away in the mingled flood
> Of his human sorrow and Christ's dear blood!

These were good old days which no doubt modern theologians sigh for. They were palmy days for ecclesiastics. "Every rateable person who refuses to pay his proportion to the minister of the town or parish, shall be fined by the court two pounds, and four pounds every quarter, until he or she pay the rate to the minister." To laugh at one of God's chosen servants was an insult to the most high; and to charge the minister with being in error was to "openly contemn God's holy ordinances," and a violation of the laws of the realm, and the offender must pay a penalty of ten shillings. A person could neither vote, hold office, nor claim the protection of the law, unless he were a member of the approved church of New England.

We are principally indebted to the Puritans for our diabolical Sunday laws; and now, after a lapse of two and a half centuries, such has been their influence that Sunday is the most miserable and gloomy day of the week. After the laborer has spent six days in arduous toil, the law yet forbids his taking any healthful recreation on the seventh, and he must either stay close at home, or, what is yet worse, attend church, and listen to stale prayers and dull sermons. Though the law no longer forces people to attend church, yet it has practically that effect, for it closes all places of amusement and instruction on Sunday; and being unable to find entertainment or edification at church, it is no wonder that so many people hav endeavored to find relief from this dreary, gloomy day in the excesses of intoxication.

There are no longer taxes levied for the support of the clergy, yet they still hold a monopoly of Sunday, in that way making a good fat living, by working one day of the week, while the great mass of the people eke out a miserable existence by drudging through the other six. The Sunday laws are an insult to the intelligence of the age—they are the strategic point of our Secular movement. For the sooner the Sunday laws can be repealed and that day a holiday—a day in which one can do as he pleases, and engage in such recreations and pleasures as suit his taste, so long as he does not interfere in the rights of others—the better will it be for the moral and intellectual welfare of our people.

I know of no state in the Union but has enacted Sunday laws; but the older Eastern states are more heavily burdened with these obnoxious laws than the Western states. If we can rely upon a statement made by the New York *School Journal* about a year ago, the old Puritanical Sunday laws of Massachusetts yet remain unrepealed. And among these laws we find that people were compelled to attend church on Sunday or be fined. The Sabbath-breaker was to be "put to death or grievously punished at the discretion of the court." "The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday."

"No one shall run on the Sabbath, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church." "No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day."

They even struck at the sacredness of the family ties. The only day of the week when people, released from toil, could enjoy the company of their own household; the only day of the week when father, mother, brothers, sisters, could become acquainted; the only day of the week when the laborer could go with his family on pleasure excursions to the hills and groves, and listen to the babbling brooks, the music of the leaves, and the sweet caroling of woodland songsters, was denied them. If the mother on Sunday wished to clasp her offspring to her bosom and caress it, this diabolical statute, like a shaft poisoned with orthodox venom, was shot into her loving heart: "No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day."

If the husband and wife would embrace each other on Sunday, it was a grievous sin, and this double-edged Christian dagger gleamed between them: "If any man shall kiss his wife, or wife her husband, on the Lord's day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the court of magistrates." And if we may trust tradition, this law was not a dead letter, for it says that a gentleman of New Haven, having been absent from home several months, returned home on Sunday, and, meeting his wife at his door, kissed her, and for his temerity in violating this sacred law was arraigned before the court of magistrates and fined.

Is it possible that the Puritans knew the meaning of that soul-thrilling word, liberty? If they were the founders of our free institutions, then every liberty-loving person should, at least once in his life, make a pilgrimage to Plymouth and kiss "Forefathers' Rock"—the blarney stone of New England.

It seems almost impossible that such laws could hav been enacted, or that such crimes could hav been committed in the name of justice. But with the Puritans, their faith was a living reality; it was their daily guide, their rule of action. Their burning zeal fired their fanaticism into a deadly activity. The fault, however, was not in the nature of the men, as men, placed under the same circumstances, will think and act alike; the fault lies in that system of religion that urged them on to such acts of extreme violence. It was the cursed doctrin of infallibility that lies at the basis of all religious persecutions. For any to believe that they hav absolute truth, and to sincerely believe that it is necessary for the welfare of mankind here, and the only way in which men can be saved from perdition hereafter is to accept that truth, naturally compels kind-hearted and well-meaning men to be cruel. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles; neither can such wicked acts spring from true principles. Any system of religion that urges men on to such fiendish acts must be false.

At the present time a wave of Puritanism is sweeping over the country; the orthodox party are making desperate attempts to continue their power by enforcing the Sunday laws, and re-enacting others. There are, in fact, organizations springing up like fungi, all over the nation, whose express purpose is to get their God in the Constitution of the United States; Jesus Christ recognized as the ruler of nations; compel the use of the Bible as a text-book in the public schools, and enforce the "observance of the Lord's day." And this party is gaining political power far more rapidly than is commonly supposed. They hav the advantage of drawing around their standard the illiterate, the fanatical, and selfish politicians seeking power; and, what is yet to their greater advantage, they are forced ahead by the momentum of eighteen hundred years.

The only organization opposing this fanatical "Reform party" is the National Secular Union, composed of many good and heroic souls who are bravely battling for the rights of their fellow-men, regardless of popular applause or their financial interests. They hav not so much to fear from the activ opposition of Christians as from the supine indifference of the Liberals. If our hosts were properly organized, there would be no reason why we should not succeed, for we certainly hav the brightest intellects of the age with us, and, what is yet better, our principles are founded on equality and justice. But as a class, Liberals are content with theoretical advantages, and consequently the orthodox reap all practical benefits.

There are too many professed Liberals who giv no support to Freethought propaganda—they buy no books; read no papers; contribute to no lectures—their whole energy is bent to the acquisition of wealth, disregarding those noble principles which, if carried into effect, would contribute to the welfare and happiness of themselvs and their fellow-men.

There are others who will contribute to the support of the church and a system they know to be false and who in the privacy of their closets will whisper in your ear that they, too, are Freethinkers, but as Christianity is popular it is policy to countenance it—it would ruin their business to oppose it. Such as these are found among our business men, but most particularly among politicians who are seeking notoriety through some petty office. They must pander to popular prejudice; sordidly selfish, they are willing to sacrifice principle for profit, preferring the ephemeral praise of their "constituency" to the lasting plaudits of a grateful posterity. Such men as these, wherever found, are cumberers of the ground; they are stumbling-blocks in the path of progress; they are to be feared, for they are treacherous friends and dangerous foes.

For the sake of popularity they are willing to outwardly conform to the ceremonies of any religion. For the sake of wealth or power they would uphold the cross or kneel before the crescent; they would sacrifice to Brahma, or worship in a temple to the sun.

I do not wish to be understood that I would like to see Liberals raise a clamor on every street corner, or thrust their religious opinions in the face of every passer-by; I would not hav any Liberal make a nuisance of himself. But it is necessary that we be stanch and true to principle; never afraid to stand for the truth.

We should ever be ready and willing to help along a cause we believe is right; ever ready to lend a hand, helping our fellow-man to a higher plane of right living, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselvs and to our posterity. But we must not forget that liberty can only be secured by a struggle, and maintained at the price of eternal vigilance. Let us press this intellectual contest on bravely, firmly, courteously. To falter now would be to giv up the fruits of a long and weary struggle; the scenes of that thousand years of midnight darkness would be acted once again, and the battles for freedom would hav to be fought once more.

GEO. H. DAWES.

Pittsville, Wis.

The World's Advance.

In one of Colonel Ingersoll's splendid lectures there is one thought which struck me so forcibly as to invite further consideration. It is the idea that, no matter how bitter the enmity to Liberal opinions, just as fast and just as far as this spirit of Liberality has gained ground, the church has been advancing with it. Is not this the case? A glance at the annals of history for the past few hundred years provides convincing proof of the truth of this assertion.

Four hundred years ago the Ptolemaic theories respecting the earth and heavenly bodies were as yet still in their prime. Those who advanced any new astronomical or scientific discoveries were denounced as heretics and blasphemers against God and against religion. The history of Galileo, Copernicus, Bruno, and others who preferred the martyrdom of ostracism and torture, if not of death, to the favor of the church, is too well known to be repeated.

In their day those brave pioneers of thought and scientific inquiry were ridiculed and scorned. But as the years passed by their theories came to gain a hold upon the masses, and finally what had been so universally despised was accepted by the church and reconciled with their religion.

Time went on; men tried by force to make others

think as they did. Education was confined almost entirely to the priesthood, and the tyranny of the church and the bondage of the masses seemed complete. Those who dared to defy the religious superstitions of that day were put to death in the most cruel manner.

Others who were quite as religious, but held different views respecting religious matters from those of the majority, were likewise subjected to persecution and to torture.

But a new world had been discovered where tyranny and persecution could not go. It was attempted by our Puritan fathers when they banished Ann Hutchinson, the Quakeress, and Roger Williams; but America was broad enough for all, and Roger Williams in his exile erected the first great monument to freedom and religious liberty. This country became the haven for fugitivs and refugees from other lands, and when the tide of emigration began to flow westward the religious tyrants saw that their day of power was over. The rack, the stocks, and the Inquisition were relics of a barbaric past, and the church lived and prospered under a more liberal dispensation.

But the institutions of learning, the schools, were still on the side of the most orthodox religion. Only about a hundred years ago, in our own country, Harvard would not allow the use of Gibbon's History on account of the skeptical opinions of the author. Harvard College is to-day a respectable and religious institution, but what would Cotton Mather, or even our Revolutionary fathers, hav said if they had witnessed the recent celebration in honor of the great boon of optional chapel, which has been granted to students of that college over twenty-one years of age?

Text-books far more liberal in their tendencies than Gibbon are now in common use in nearly every college in the country, and the church, without making complaint, seems even to encourage them. One hundred years ago the frightful dogma of a burning lake of fire and brimstone and eternal torture for the damned was universally preached. Sinners were continually warned what they would surely come to if they failed to meet the requirements of the church. But there were a few who dared to think and express their honest thoughts. In religious as well as in political matters men began to exclaim, like Patrick Henry, "Giv me liberty or giv me death." It was a land of liberty, and the day of the rack and persecution had long since passed by. Men began to throw off the bonds of creed and the shackles of such a faith as this. They revolted against this frightful nightmare of theology. Now the preacher does not exist who in a civilized community dares to preach or believe in such a hideous theory.

Baxter's "Saint's Rest" is now read only as an ancient curiosity.

Those few who believe in, or profess to believe in, eternal punishment for the wicked acknowledge their inability to describe it or its whereabouts except as a loss of heaven and eternal happiness, and if there is any real, positiv punishment it will be everlasting consciousness of having done wrong. This is a tame theory compared with those which were in vogue a hundred years ago, but it is as much as the ordinary church-goer, or even church-member, will tolerate to-day.

Aside from the Universalist and Unitarian churches, which hav prospered to a certain extent under Miner, Channing, and Savage, a new church known as the Independent Congregational church is the latest acquisition to the liberal ranks. With a creed scarcely less elastic than those just named, this church is rapidly growing in favor and promises to do much in the great work of religious reformation.

But what a change in public sentiment has taken place! The Unitarians were scarcely tolerated fifty or seventy-five years ago. The orthodox church would hav nothing to do with them. Their creed was much stricter then than now, but the prejudice against them has largely died away. They are not now considered as monsters or dangerous to society, and yet their creed, according to Minot J. Savage, renounces belief in the inspiration of any book, belief in hell and eternal torture for anyone, and even denies a faith in prayer as now understood and practiced by the praying world. Indeed, they are fully as liberal as Thomas Paine, whose "Age of Reason" and Infidelity created so much excitement a century ago.

The Bible has been read out of a large number, if not a majority, of our public schools. Sectarian text-books and those which teach our dependence on an infinit creator are carefully eschewed in many parts of our country. Does the church permit this because it approves? No, but because it cannot help it, and they see that silence will be more for their advantage than open opposition.

Many of the leaders in the church are still bigoted and narrow in their views, but the majority see that their star is waning and that in order to keep in sight of the leaders of progress and of thought they must make concessions, and their retreat from fortification to fortification as they are successivly dislodged presents a pitiful contrast with their former arrogance and power. Once they led and dictated to science and the schools. Now science leads, and falteringly but surely do they obey her dictation and follow on behind. They cannot stay for a moment the onrush of progress.

Only a few years ago the cause of the missionaries was presented with fervor and received with enthusiasm. To-day there is growing up a formidable opposition to such enterprises. Men and women within the pales of the church are everywhere denouncing the policy of sending money to India to convert the heathen when there are so many thousands in direful want and actually starving in our own cities.

This sentiment grows stronger every year, and especially since the Andover controversy men are thinking more than ever about it; especially when they realize that the dying heathen learn of the doubtful beauties of religion and the positiv evils of intemperance at precisely the same time. For every missionary that goes to foreign lands, there goes with him a large quantity of American or English rum.

We do not seek to discourage commerce, but on such a hypocritical basis as this the effect cannot be other than demoralizing.

But above all is the increased freedom of speech and right to express one's honest thought.

Agnostics and Infidels were once decried with horror, and pious voices, on every hand, were raised in bitter denunciation and abuse. The Darwinian theory, the investigations of Tyndall and Humboldt, the philosophical speculations and theories of Spencer, hav sown their seed, and we are beginning to reap the fruit. Both in and out of the church their influence is deeply felt.

Formerly, the young man who professed a doubt in regard to the doctrins of his fathers was shunned and ostracized. That day is practically over. The childish fables of the Bible are not attractiv to the youth of this generation, and they are not blamed so much after all for their skepticism and indifference. In fact, the reliability of a great portion of the Old Testament has been held in suspicion for years, and there are many who are now inclined to speak of it as a series of beautiful and mysterious allegories. But, until recently, the New Testament has been accepted practically intact. Even this is crumbling now. Professor Proctor has, this winter, dealt the foolish tale about the Star of Bethlehem a telling blow, and other signs of decay are ominous. How long will this go on? Forever. It is in the minds of some to be more or less superstitious. The immortality of man, around which so many poisonous vines hav twined, will, perhaps, never be disproved. Therefore, some will always liv and die in a faith that is not content with this life alone but reaches out into the realm of the unseen.

The childish superstitions of the Bible, or of any so-called inspired book, may die in time, but the battle will be a long one yet. Men are disposed to be conservativ on all matters pertaining to religion. As civilization advances, the church is bound to occupy higher and more Liberal grounds. This will be the natural result of general culture and of education.

The future seems full of hope and promis now. The air of freedom pervades every body politic and all religious sects. We need not fear that there will be any steps backward. The work has gone too far. The Rubicon is passed. The tendrils of charity and liberty for all men are reaching steadily upward, and our posterity, if not we ourselvs, shall see at last a world where peace and order reign, when bigotry and selfishness shall be unknown, and all that is, or ever will be, shall rest upon the corner-stone of justice.

GEO. A. CHAPIN.

Huntsville, N. J., Jan. 29, 1888.

The Story of a Calamity.

It has been my intention, from the first, to prepare for publication for THE TRUTH SEEKER an account, somewhat in detail, of the great storm that swept over this portion of Dakota on the 12th day of January, 1888. That intention has been strengthened from noticing as well the gross misrepresentations of facts contained in the great Eastern dailies as the meager and disingenuous reports of the Dakota press. I am an old Dakotan; hav witnessed several of these great storms, and since 1872 hav been caught away from home, and nearly always on the bleak prairie, at their commencement, and hav a right to believe that my judgment is cool and level in regard to them. Few old Dakotans lost their lives in the storm of January 12th. The event had those well-defined premonitory symptoms that experience has made familiar to the old resident. For twenty-four hours preceding the storm the wind had been blowing furiously from the southeast. It was of that peculiarly intermittent nature designated as coming in "puffs," and which always points unequivocally to a fierce storm from the opposit direction. An average depth of eighteen inches of snow was lying upon the ground. This had, however, been badly drifted, and had become packed and hardened by partial thaws and subsequent freezes. During the 10th, 11th, and the forenoon of the 12th, fresh snow had fallen to the depth of two inches, and this lay loosely upon the hard foundation of the previously fallen snow. About noon on the 12th, here in Bon Homme county, the wind from the southeast suddenly ceased, and five minutes afterward the storm came down upon us in unspeakable fury from a point between northwest and west. The two inches of loose snow that had recently fallen was instantly lifted from the hard underlying foundation, triturated into almost impalpable powder, and whirled madly in spiral columns through the air, completely blotting out all vision. At a distance of six inches from one's nose there was an impenetrable wall of white. The hand held up directly in front of the face was invisible. The wind that givs rise to this condition has usually a velocity of about thirty miles an hour, and descends, or "dips," at an angle of forty-five degrees. On many pleasant days in this country we hav winds of greater velocity, but without the "dipping" characteristic. The present storm was of duration, compared with some preceding storms since 1870, quite brief. Usually they endure for sixty hours, becoming very cold at the last. The present storm lasted only fourteen hours; but from the first the mercury fell rapidly—from thirty degrees at noon to minus eight degrees at nightfall, and minus twenty-four degrees at midnight, and minus thirty degrees at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 13th. The loss of life, with few exceptions, occurred within the first five hours after the commencement of the storm. There were few frames so hardy as to bear up under the terrors of such a tempest for more than two or three hours. There was, in very truth, the blast of death in it. Despite the extreme frigidity of the atmosphere, the moment the fine snow-dust struck the face it became changed into solid ice that clung tenaciously to the skin. It required constant and systematic effort upon the part of the poor storm-beaten wretch to prevent suffocation from the masses of ice deposited upon his face. I hav seen several cases of men, women, and children where death came from suffocation. Entire herds of cattle, and sheep, and hogs perished in the same way. It was a slow and gradual, or more rapid, shutting out from the lungs of air, and consequent fatal carbonization of the blood, the steps toward the fatal ending seldom, perhaps, noticed in the wild excitement of this fierce conflict with the elements. In such a storm one has no aid from the special senses. With the wind moving thirty miles per hour, it is with difficulty he can determin its direction. Surrounded by a dense wall of whirling, revolving white, he moves through the tempest bewildered and lost in a degree to which no one was ever lost or bewildered in the densest fog or darkest night. Add to this the constant imminency of freezing, or suffocation, or exhaustion, or all three combined, and the reader may form some poor estimate of one of our Dakota blizzards. To be caught out in such a storm is inevitably to become lost; and to become lost, except by merest accident, means death. To lose one's self-possession and self-confidence, is to leave all hope behind. One might as well be three miles distant from any objectiv point as thirty yards from it. I am speaking from personal experience, having been caught in the blizzard of the 8th, 9th, and 10th of January, 1873, as well as in this one. But I am not relating anyone's personal experience here. These storms are clearly of seismic origin. In every case they hav been contemporaneous with earthquake shocks, whose general movements were in the same direction. A "Reverend" Bradley of an adjoining county, in a published sermon says "the blizzard was sent to teach mankind a lesson." So you see we hav lunatics also out West. According to these superstitious fanatics, the best use we poor Dakotans can be put to is to destroy our lives as a valuable lesson to the rest of mankind. The loss of human life in Dakota is not in excess of two hundred. In Bon Homme county, the capital of which is my town, Tyndall, the loss is nineteen, four of whom, however, were not residents. The loss of cattle, and other domestic stock, is equal to one-third of the entire number in the county before the storm. The actual number cannot fall short of two thousand. Is it singular that, while our local papers giv, with close accuracy, the loss of human life, they are careful to reduce the loss of live stock to a percentage of what it really is? Nothing strange about it, when it is borne in mind how cheap is human life, and how valuable is brute life, the last representing dollars and cents. It would hurt Dakota a great deal more to hav a bad reputation as a stock-growing country than to be an unsafe one for human life. Everything is made subservient to the cause of immigration, particularly by those who hav town lots for sale. These are generally pious Christians. So far as I present figures, I hav the proof of their correctness at command.

This is a good country in some respects and a bad one in others. Its merits hav been much exaggerated, and its drawbacks, perhaps, too lightly colored. It is not the climate of the south half of Dakota that offers the most serious objection. The soil is

not surely productiv except in favored localities near large water-courses. Agriculture has never been remunerativ generally. Ninety per cent of the farms, and fully the same proportion of live stock and other personality, is heavily encumbered by mortgage, with an accruing interest of from 8 to 40 per cent. Add to this the fact that the rate of taxation, including the school tax, is $3.50 per hundred of valuation, and that valuation closely approaching the market value of the property, and the disadvantages of our situation are clearly seen. The streets of Tyndall yesterday were thronged with people who came to town to pay their taxes—delinquent the first Monday in February next, under heavy penalties—and fully one-half of these taxpayers had to borrow money at from 24 to 40 per cent in order to meet their enforced tribute to the public. The grasshopper invasions from 1869 to 1878 and the drouth periods from 1884 to 1888 are responsible mainly for this condition of affairs. Still, we all believe that Dakota will eventually come out all right.

The climate is not unhealthy, and the country is magnificent in spring and summer, and the autumns are delicious. Yet it is true that a large proportion of our present population intend removing to Washington territory, Oregon, and California next spring; and I think that if they could sell out, three-fourths of our people would soon cease to be residents of Dakota forever. It is not the blizzards; it is not the severity of the winters; it is nothing in the climate that brings about this dissatisfaction. It is the general unproductivness of the soil, except in a few naturally favored localities; it is the enormous rate of taxation—greater than anywhere else in the United States except in Nevada. But there are some of us, myself among the number, who would not leave Dakota even under the most flattering conditions. We are in love with these beautiful prairies, and will remain until frozen to death in the blizzard, or starved to death by the drouth or the tax-gatherer.

O. Richmond, M.D.

A Visionary Foundation.

The idea of a god or gods is the root of every religion. Worship is the first religious act. If we accept the authority of the Bible, we must admit that both Jews and Christians worship their God in consequence of a dream.

The ancestors of Abraham, including his father Terah, served other gods (Josh. xxiv, 2). They dwelt on "the other side of the flood," which appears at that time to hav been the rightful territory of the other gods. When Abraham changed his residence and went to liv in Canaan, he abandoned his father's divinities, and adopted that of his forefather Noah. Years afterward his grandson Jacob, flying from his brother Esau, whom by a mean trick he had defrauded, came to a certain place where he slept in the open air with stones for his pillow. It was not a comfortable resting-place, and, his sleep being somewhat broken, he naturally dreamed. He beheld a "ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold, the Lord stood above it, and said: I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac" (Gen. xxviii, 12, 13). Then Jacob made a bargain with this God, and promised that on certain conditions he should be retained in the family. "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in the way that I go, and will giv me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God" (20, 21).

From this we learn that the God worshiped in every Christian church and Jewish synagog was chosen from among many others by Jacob on account of a dream. Besides this, the faith in Jesus as savior and messiah can be traced to a similar foundation. "Now, the birth of Jesus Christ was in this wise: when as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph before they came together she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. Then Joseph, her husband, being a just man and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily. But while he thought on these things, behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sons. Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son" (Matt. i, 18–22). It was by no means strange that Joseph should dream of a matter which greatly occupied his thoughts, or that in the visions of his sleep his own affairs should be connected with a familiar prophecy. Nevertheless, all who place their trust in Jesus as their savior, and who believe in his divine origin and the virginal maternity of Mary, must admit that, according to the gospel narrativ, their faith is founded on a dream.

So Christians worship a God because Jacob dreamed he saw him on top of a ladder, and hav faith in a redeemer because Joseph dreamed that an angel told him a pregnant woman was a virgin.

But this God they adore was, at one time, the God of the children of Israel only. The gentiles had no share in his favors. He commanded his followers to observe many ceremonial laws, and to abstain from various articles of food. Jesus said to the woman of Canaan who besought his help, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Matt. xv, 24), and, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs" (26). He observed the law of Moses throughout his life, and his disciples continued to observe it for some time after his death. Yet but a very small proportion of Christians to-day are of Hebrew descent, and not one of them professes to be guided by the Mosaic law. To effect this change required, it appears, another dream: "Peter went up upon the housetop to pray about the sixth hour: And he became very hungry and would hav eaten; but while they made ready he fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, let down to the earth; wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air, and there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter, kill and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord, for I hav never eaten anything that is common or unclean. And the voice spake unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed that call not thou common. This was done thrice, and the vessel was received up again into heaven" (Acts x, 9–16). In consequence of this vision, Peter received Cornelius, the centurion, a gentile, into fellowship with the other disciples. The barriers of ceremonial law were broken down; meats, clean and unclean, were alike eaten. Gentiles and Hebrews were admitted to equal religious privileges, and the followers of Jesus ceased to be a Jewish sect. And all this because a hungry man dreamed of food.

The man who would be guided in the affairs of this life by visions which appeared to him in his slumbers, would be esteemed a lunatic. Yet here we hav a religion which claims to hav become known to mankind through dreams, each capable of a perfectly natural explanation. Bible believers, who affirm that "all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrin, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness" (2 Tim. iii, 16), should realize the visionary character of the foundation on which their faith depends. Dreams belong to a time of darkness, and as the light of truth breaks upon the world, the phantoms of the night of ignorance take flight. A ray of light penetrates the obscurity of a Christian's mind. Will he keep closed the shutters of superstition, and draw around him the curtains of blind credulity, or will he throw open the windows of his understanding and welcome the coming day? There is a passage in his Bible which seems to suit his case, and it says, "Now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light" (Rom. xiii, 11, 12).

E. J. Bowtell.

Our London Letter.

The week of universal prayer does not appear to hav had a very exhilarating effect upon some of those more activly engaged in it. Mark Guy Pearse, of the Wesleyan connection, took a very gloomy view of the present state of Christendom. He told his hearers that Christianity had become a poor, shriveled, miserable selfishness, and asked, if England was a fair example of Christianity, was it worth while to train men and send them to the ends of the earth to convert other nations? Every man was seeking the salvation of his own little soul and only sighing over the world. Strange that he and men of his class should only now be finding out what Freethinkers hav always known and been persecuted for saying in public. Although he plainly sees that there is no power for good in the religion he professes, he still supports and preaches its doctrins, never taking the trouble to look round for some other system to take the place of such a miserable failure as his precious gospel has been.

With all the misery continually increasing, it is extremely difficult to find a remedy that will meet all cases. Socialism is considered by some a panacea for most human ills, but those who advocate this are not able at present to unite on a fixed plan to enable them to carry their theories into practice. Mrs. Besant is a firm adherent, and has thrown her heart thoroughly into the scheme. With a few more similarly determined leaders, much might be done. Other prominent Freethinkers are strongly opposed, believing that Socialism will by no means meet the exigencies of the case. There is certainly one very strong argument in its favor, and that is, the opposition of the large majority of the clergy. A missionary of the London city mission has given his opinion, based on a visitation at the East End for three weeks. He is righteously indignant at the complaints of the poor, nearly starved folks among whom he went. In his report he states that he was allowed to occupy the Socialist platform, and "in the kindliest, most friendly, and most unprovocativ manner" he more than once "criticised unsparingly their airy, bombastic, unrighteous program, with the result, I am certain, of making the ignorant and the more easily gulled portion of the audiences to see that the whole thing was only a vision, an unrighteous vision, impossible of realization." This last sentence is a very fine piece of unconscious satire, for it is only the ignorant and more easily gulled who will believe the rubbish talked by these servants of the Lord. It is really a wonder that these well-fed and well-dressed impostors can safely go amongst people nearly driven mad by hunger and wretchedness, and be allowed to abuse them for their discontent, and then go away with a whole skin. The patience of the poor is marvelous, but they cannot be induced to believe that trust and faith in a beneficent creator, who does nothing to assist his creatures, is of any good to them, and this fact has been so thoroughly impressed on the clergy that, in despair, they hav pitched their tents in the West End, with the avowed object of evangelizing the wealthy, or in other words, they think where there is most money their chances of grabbing a goodly share are better.

J. D.

London, Jan. 31, 1888.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

Canon City, Col., Jan. 22d, 23d.—I hav been delighted more and more each day since reaching "Wonderland." The glorious mountains, with their crowns of snow—to gaze upon them, to realize their stupendous grandeur, raises the spirits and inspires one with noble desires. I am glad, yet not surprised, to find the people of Colorado intelligent, wide awake, warm-hearted, and hospitable. I met a joyous welcome at Canon City, and enjoyed every moment of my sojourn there. Canon City is situated in quite an extensiv opening in the valley, surrounded by majestic mountains, which, like grim sentinels, seem to guard the charming, thrifty, prosperous town. The lectures were delivered at Armory Hall. The first lecture, on Sunday afternoon, was fairly attended and very enthusiastically received. Sunday evening, in spite of crowding in all the chairs possible, only about half the crowd could be accommodated. Monday evening the attendance was overwhelming; standing-room was unattainable a few moments after opening the doors, and the interest and enthusiasm were of the highest. I had a very large sale of Liberal publications.

It is quite a consolation when worn, weary, and heart-sad with homesickness, yearning for sight of dear loved ones so far away, to hav persons come to you and express gratitude for the light imparted by your lectures, and to hear their earnest declarations that they will investigate, and henceforth think for themselvs. Many valuable additions to the Liberal ranks were made by the lectures at Canon City. John Locke is the acknowledged and loved leader in the good work here. Most unfortunately his good wife, and ever faithful co-worker, was suffering from severe sickness, so I had little opportunity to visit with him; but that stanch old veteran Geo. Towers, his good wife and noble young son Frank, forming one of the happiest of Infidel families; Tom Stafford, the energetic, typical Western man, of magnificent physique, with a heart as large and as full of kindly impulse as the mountains of precious ore, and a whole host of jolly good Liberals made my life glad and my work a very labor of love.

I had the pleasure of an interview with the noble old warhorse Father Picard, a pioneer of Liberalism and a contributor to The Truth Seeker, to whose outspoken Infidelity and untiring efforts in disseminating the light of Freethought Canon City is greatly indebted for its noble army of Liberal men and women. I found him very sick, confined to his bed, but his mind clear and vigorous. Despite his sickness, he was preparing an article for The Truth Seeker on "Why I Left the Pulpit," he having been for many years a zealous minister.

On Monday morning friend Stafford hitched up his powerful team and took me up the mountain to the ranch of M. P. Felch, of the United States geological survey. He is a genuin Liberal—how could he be otherwise, living on the mountains, with nature's great book ever open before him? He showed me fossils of reptils that had been exhumed from under one thousand five hundred feet of rock, and in the vicinity of these petrified bones were found turtle and sea shells, proving the monster reptils (extinct thousands and thousands of years ago) must hav roamed on the seashore; and the foundations of the very mountains on which I stood had once formed the bed of the ocean. Thus geology exposes the absurdities of Genesis. Genesis locates fish, birds, and whales on the fifth day, and declares reptils (creeping things) were not created till the sixth day, while nature with the iron pen of truth has engraved upon the everlasting rocks the fact that fish were developed ages and ages before birds and whales.

(Hundreds and thousands of years elapsed before the development of each of these orders of animals.) Fish were among the earliest animal productions, birds only appearing in the Triassic period, and whales in the Cretaceous. Reptils, instead of being created after birds, preceded them, forming the link between fish and birds. These truths are impressed upon the mind with wondrous power, standing on the mountains hundreds and hundreds of feet above the level of the sea with an experienced scientist like M. P. Felch to point out the various parts of the skeletons of petrified anima's imbedded in the rock.

ELIZABETH, COL., Jan. 25th, 26th, 27th.—Thanks to the enterprise and public spirit of such stanch Liberals as Fred Folster, his business partner, the jolly F. J. Huber, and the gentle, genial Henry Greve, Elizabeth has made wonderful progress. They hav a handsome, spacious hall, devoted to lectures, dances, and general public purposes, and a number of comfortable, pretty dwelling-houses. It did seem to me, though, when looking over the village, like a very small place to expect to obtain anything like an audience; yet I had nearly one hundred ladies and gentlemen at the first lecture, and nearly three times as many at the last, the first Liberal lectures ever delivered in this section. After the last lecture, on Friday night, the friends had a grand dance, and festivities were continued till near sunrise. I had heard a great deal about rough Western folks, the wild West, and so forth. The fair ladies were as intelligent, courtly, and dressed as prettily, and many quite up to the style of their more favored sisters of New York, Boston, and Chicago. And as to the cowboys and ranchmen, they are much more lithe and stout of limb, yet quite as gentle and gallant, if not as conceited and affected, as the *bon ton* of our Eastern cities. Quite a large delegation of friends came from a distance—from Kiowa, a village six miles east, and from Elbert, a village ten miles south. John Pace, the pioneer Liberal, who did valiant service in the Confederate ranks (being a nativ of the Sunny South), came from his ranch ten miles away, and remained at Elizabeth to attend all the lectures. He is the tried and trusted friend of George Aux, of Elbert, a thorough Union man, one of the most successful and enterprising ranchmen of Colorado. Both unite in earnest, self-sacrificing endeavors to advance the cause of Freethought. The leading Liberals present at the lectures were Fred Folster, John Pace, E. P. Clark, Fred Miller, F. J. Huber, Judge Geo. Fahrion (county judge), Henry Greve, Joseph Marden, H. Willard, I. Canada, and Geo. Aux. An able physician, who would open a first-class drug-store, would find this an extraordinarily good place to locate. A speedy competency awaits the right man. Surrounded by very rich farming and well-watered grazing country, rapidly being settled by most intelligent and enterprising people, Elizabeth is insured an immense trade. An enterprising merchant, who would purchase all produce offered (the railroad facilities for shipment to Denver are unsurpassed), and sell at reasonable rates all the groceries, clothing, merchandise, and agricultural implements the farmers and ranchers desire or need, would be sure of an immensely large, profitable, and constantly increasing business. I hav not, in all my travels thus far, found a more desirable location, or one that offers so many inducements and advantages to earnest, thrifty workers to make a home and insure a good living. Elizabeth is a Liberal town, with a brilliant future before it. I sold a large quantity of Liberal publications, and secured several subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

ERIE, COL., Jan. 29th, 30th.—So named, I presume, because in every conceivable particular it is as unlike Erie, N. Y., as possible. Erie is a mining camp, pure and simple. Place and people rough but jolly, enterprising and progressiv. A religious sect, aptly calling themselvs "the Ranters," had possession of the town hall on Sundays, but were induced to giv way. Their services concluded at a quarter before 3 P.M. on Sunday, and enabled friends to fetch in more seats and be ready for lecture at 3. Four team-loads came from Longmont, the present abode of that radical, outspoken veteran of Freethought, Colonel Kelso. I rejoiced to meet this brave old warrior for freedom and Freethought. This was the birthday of Thomas Paine, and the Longmont friends had purposed to hold a celebration, but concluded they could not better advance the cause than by attending the lectures. Sunday afternoon, house fairly filled; great enthusiasm. Sunday evening, house crowded to suffocation; Monday evening, additional seats were crowded in. Half-hour before time announced for lecture every possible available place was utilized; even the little platform was densely crowded. I could not move or make a gesture without danger to some one's nose or toes. The entire town was deeply interested. Griff Lloyd and Evan S. Davis are the main leaders and burden-bearers. H. B. Williams, a veteran Liberal, keeps a miners' home or hotel, and he and his good wife and daughter, Mrs. Anna Montague, know how to keep a hotel and make a pleasant, comfortable home for all who sojourn with them. About a score of stalwart, jolly miners board at Williams's all winter, working in the coal-mines, most of them prospecting or working in gold or silver mines up the mountains during spring and summer.

Erie is a town of Liberals, composed of miners; it is the exception to find a miner who is not intelligent, and consequently Liberal. Familiar with the wondrous formations of strata, fossil, and mineral ores; delving into the very heart of the monster mountains, and wresting from Nature's stronghold her hidden treasures, they every day hav evidence of the gross absurdities of the Mosaic account of creation, and being intelligent men, they logically and correctly conclude, since the Mosaic account of the creation and fall is allegorical, the New Testament account of the redemption is farcical.

I am anxious to secure lecture engagements in New Mexico and Arizona during the last of February and early part of March; then I expect to enter and lecture all through southern California, reaching San Francisco in May; from thence to Sacramento, on to Oregon, Washington, dropping down to Utah about last of July, then up into Montana, thence east to Dakota, Minnesota, etc. Address me care of TRUTH SEEKER.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

Blasphemy and Worship.

Extract from Colonel Ingersoll's Argument in the Reynolds Case.

What is blasphemy? I will giv you a definition; I will giv you my thought upon this subject. What is real blasphemy?

To liv on the unpaid labor of other men—that is blasphemy.

To enslave your fellow-man, to put chains upon his body—that is blasphemy.

To enslave the minds of men, to put manacles upon the brain, padlocks upon the lips—that is blasphemy.

To deny what you believe to be true, to admit to be true what you believe to be a lie—that is blasphemy.

To strike the weak and unprotected, in order that you may gain the applause of the ignorant and superstitious mob—that is blasphemy.

To persecute the intelligent few, at the command of the ignorant many—that is blasphemy.

To forge chains, to build dungeons, for your honest fellow-men—that is blasphemy.

To pollute the souls of children with the dogma of eternal pain—that is blasphemy.

To violate your conscience—that is blasphemy.

The jury that givs an unjust verdict, and the judge who pronounces an unjust sentence, are blasphemers.

The man who bows to public opinion against his better judgment and against his honest conviction, is a blasphemer.

Why should we fear our fellow-men? Why should not each human being hav the right, so far as thought and its expression are concerned, of all the world? What harm can come from an honest interchange of thought?

I hav given you my definition of blasphemy, and now the question arises, What is worship? Who is a worshiper? What is prayer? What is real religion? Let me answer these questions.

Good, honest, faithful work is worship. The man who plows the fields and fells the forests; the man who works in mines, the man who battles with the winds and waves out on the wide sea, controling the commerce of the world—these men are worshipers. The man who goes into the forest, leading his wife by the hand, who builds him a cabin, who makes a home in the wilderness, who helps to people and civilize and cultivate a continent, is a worshiper.

Labor is the only prayer that nature answers; it is the only prayer that deserves an answer—good, honest, noble work.

A woman whose husband has gone down to the gutter, gone down to degradation and filth; the woman who follows him and lifts him out of the mire and presses him to her noble heart, until he becomes a man once more—this woman is a worshiper. Her act is worship.

The poor man and the poor woman who work night and day, in order that they may giv education to their children, so that they may hav a better life than their father and mother had; the parents who deny themselvs the comforts of life, that they may lay up something to help their children to a higher place—they are worshipers; and the children who, after they reap the benefit of this worship, become ashamed of their parents, are blasphemers.

The man who sits by the bed of his invalid wife—a wife prematurely old and gray—the husband who sits by her bed and holds her thin, wan hand in his as lovingly, and kisses it as rapturously, as passionately, as when it was dimpled—that is worship; that man is a worshiper; that is real religion.

Whoever increases the sum of human joy is a worshiper.

He who adds to the sum of human misery is a blasphemer.

Gentlemen, you can never make me believe—no statute can ever convince me—that there is any infinit being in this universe who hates an honest man. It is impossible to satisfy me that there is any God, or can be any God, who holds in abhorrence a soul that has the courage to express its thought. Neither can the whole world convince me that any man should be punished, either in this world or the next, for being candid with his fellow-men. If you send men to the penitentiary for speaking their thoughts, for endeavoring to enlighten their fellows, then the penitentiary will become a place of honor, and the victim will step from it—not stained, not disgraced, but clad in robes of glory.

Let us take one more step.

What is holy? What is sacred? I reply that human happiness is holy, human rights are holy. The body and soul of man—these are sacred. The liberty of man is of far more importance than any book—the rights of man more sacred than any religion, than any scriptures, whether inspired or not.

What we want is the truth, and does anyone suppose that all of the truth is confined in one book—that the mysteries of the whole world are explained by one volume?

All that is—all that conveys information to man—all that has been produced by the past—all that now exists—should be considered by an intelligent man. All the known truths of this world—all the philosophy, all the poems, all the pictures, all the statues, all the entrancing music—the prattle of babes, the lullaby of mothers, the words of honest men, the trumpet calls to duty—all these make up the bible of the world—everything that is noble and true and free you will find in this great book.

If we wish to be true to ourselvs—if we wish to benefit our fellow-men—if we wish to liv honorable lives—we will giv to every other human being every right that we claim for ourselvs.

Report on Mrs. Slenker's Defense Fund.

E. W. Chamberlain, treasurer, in account with National Defense Association account of special fund for Elmina's defense:

Dr.

Subscriptions received by treasurer at various times, and acknowledged in the *Health Monthly* and TRUTH SEEKER	$75.00
Received through TRUTH SEEKER	98.35
" " *Health Monthly*	144 05
" " *Investigator*	260 30
" " Elmina	303 32
Received through TRUTH SEEKER, not heretofore acknowledged: J. N. Moore, 25 cents; Joseph Schuhart, 75 cents; Mrs. Susan Reichart, 50 cents	1.50
Received through the *Health Monthly*, not acknowledged: R. L. Bush, 10 cents; E. B. Copley, $1.	1.10
Special contribution from an anonymous friend to make up deficiency	215.95
	$1,099.57

Cr.

Fee to Holbrook & Thomas, attorneys at Wytheville, Va	$10.00
Printing, stationery, document, etc	35.97
Expenses of Diana and E. W. C. to Abingdon	127 05
Hotel bill at Abingdon for Mr. and Mrs. Slenker, E. W. C., and Diana	46 00
Paid Ronald & Heermans, attorneys, at Blacksburgh, Va	337.00
Paid Elmina for disbursements made by her for witnesses, etc	43 55
Counsel fee to E. W. C	500.00
	$1,099.57

This leaves intact the balance in the treasury to the credit of the general fund previously reported of $63.62. Certain contributions are in the hands of various members of the executiv committee, to be applied to the general fund, which will be acknowledged in due time.

E. W. CHAMBERLAIN, Treasurer.

Every Christian and Infidel Should Hav It.

From the Ottumwa, Iowa, Industrial Appeal.

We last week received a package of pamphlets from the TRUTH SEEKER office, among which was the TRUTH SEEKER ALMANAC. This ALMANAC is something unique and original—it is good for saint or sinner. The pictures or cartoons that adorn its pages illustrate prominent occurrences in the Bible. Christians should hav this ALMANAC by all means, as it will lead them to search the scriptures for the purpose of comparing the text with the illustrations, and Liberals and Agnostics should hav it for the edification and amusement it contains. Children, big and little, cry for this book.

AN ARTISTIC CURIO.

From the San Francisco Jewish Times.

The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1888, from the press of the New York Truth Seeker Company, is one of the neatest works of the kind we hav seen. It has a characteristic calendar of its own, and its contents are full of interest to those for whom the work is intended. In addition there are twenty-four portraits of eminent American Freethinkers, scientists, and philosophers, and numerous other engravings to divert the minds of the ungodly. The price of the ALMANAC is twenty-five cents, and as a literary and artistic curio combined it is certainly worth it.

MR. HESTON'S IRREPRESSIBLE PICTURES.

From J. D. Shaw's Independent Pulpit.

The ANNUAL (which fully sustains the reputation achieved by its predecessors) contains several excellent articles by noted writers, also twenty-four portraits of distinguished American Freethinkers, scientists, and philosophers. Those irrepressible Bible pictures by Heston, which appear in its pages, we do not think add to its dignity, although they afford a great deal of amusement to many. Price twenty-five cents.

Communications.

Bible History and Evolution.

In the introductory chapter to his searching examination of the Pentateuch Bishop Colenso writes these very significant words: "The result of my inquiry is this, that I hav arrived at the conviction—as painful to myself at first as it may be to my reader, though painful now no longer under the clear, shining light of truth—that the Pentateuch, as a whole, cannot possibly hav been written by Moses or by anyone acquainted personally with the facts which it professes to describe, and further that the (so-called) Mosaic narrativ, by whomsoever written, and though imparting to us, as I fully believe it does, revelations of the divine will and character, cannot be regarded as historically true." In our previous articles we hav shown that, whatever "revelations" the Bible imparts, it cannot be regarded as scientifically true.

Is it historically true? Colenso says not. A more competent authority could not be named. If the Bible history had been at all reliable or even plausible, who more ready to accept it than the late bishop of Natal? Surely none. Yet to this brave divine truth was of more importance than fiction, even though it bore the stamp of alleged divine authority.

History, forsooth! Who that has cast away the spectacles of faith, and opened wide the eyes of reason, can consider for a single moment that the Bible is historically true? History means—if it means anything at all—a faithful narrativ of events that hav happened, stated exactly in the order in which they hav occurred, without any fictitious adornments to make them pleasant, interesting, or palatable reading.

No doubt the writers of Genesis believed that God made man in his own image a few thousand years ago, but their belief did not make it a fact. And if God did not create man, as man, but imparted the potency and power of all forms of life to masses of protoplasm, then, in this respect, Genesis is wrong and unhistoric. On the other hand, if God made man perfect, it is folly to talk of a perfect man doing something that showed him to be imperfect.

Nor can it be regarded as historically true that Adam lived for nine hundred and thirty years, or Methuselah for nine hundred and sixty-nine years, without the supposition that *years* did not mean, in those days, so long a period of time as they do now, or that human beings had a materially different kind of organization from ours—suppositions for which there is not the slightest warranty in fact.

Then, how could we regard it as historically true that Cain went into the land of Nod and married a woman who was not his mother, when there was no other woman in existence? The story of the flood, whether regarded as universal or local, is too ludicrously absurd to be seriously discussed, since there is not enough water in all the oceans, seas, rivers, and lakes in the world to cover the whole face of the earth, much less the mountain of Ararat.

Nor need the story of "the tower of Babel," with an omniscient God coming down to see if information, seemingly made known to him surreptitiously, was true, and who, finding it reliable, was so wroth that he confused the tongues of the people in order to prevent them from doing what he must hav known was an impossibility, that is, building a tower that should reach to heaven—wherever that may be—be gravely considered, for it bears, on the face of it, all the characteristics of a silly legend which was, probably, believed by an ignorant and barbarous people.

The lives of the saints—such as Messrs. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob—are purely mythical, founded, for the most part, upon astrological phenomena.

The story of Abraham preparing to plunge a dagger into the heart of his only son, to demonstrate his faith in Jahveh; and the fascinating narrativ of Joseph's treatment by his brethren, and his subsequent triumph over them in Egypt, may be regarded in the light of primitiv dramas; they are certainly not historical truths.

When we come to Exodus we are confounded with even more extraordinary narrativs than those in Genesis. The poor Egyptians, who, in their history, suffered the most appalling injustice from various nations, happily for them, never suffered the infliction of the horrible plagues said to hav been wrought by Moses at the express desire of Jehovah.

It may be safely affirmed that the heart of Pharaoh—stony as it may hav been—was never hard enough to suffer all the land of Egypt to be covered with lice, and then, in order that his magicians might show their power, call upon them to produce more.

It would be equally safe to assert that the plagues of Egypt did not kill the same cattle many times over, or that, when the sheep had been slain several times, the blood of young lambs, the children of the defunct sheep, was sprinkled on the door-posts, so that the angel of the Lord might know the houses to pass over in his work of destruction.

These things are not historically true. It would be difficult indeed to say what in Exodus is historically true.

It is quite within the range of probability that a few priests might by constant practice hav been able to devour a large number of pigeons; but when in addition to the pigeons they were required to eat an ox or two apiece, we may respectfully object that, however capacious the stomachs of priests were in those days, our capacity for belief is not quite so large.

To record all the unhistoric statements in the Old Testament would require a volume almost as large as the holy book itself. I must be satisfied, therefore, to name a few events which, I think, may fairly come under the above category,

Let me state here frankly that I do not think it is historically true that Jehovah had a wrangle with Moses, and in a paroxysm of passion begged of the holy man to "let me alone that my wrath may wax hot against them" [the Israelites] (Ex. xxxii, 10), nor that Moses spoke to God "face to face as a man speaketh to his friend" (Ex. xxxiii, 11), or even that he was privileged to hav a back view of deity (Ex. xxiv, 9, 10). Leviticus I pass over; its injunctions are simply atrocious, whether historical or otherwise.

In Numbers we come across the story of Balaam and the intelligent quadruped that saw an angel. It has been said that asses are the only creatures that ever hav seen an angel—but no matter.

Balaam's ass not only saw an angel but admonished a prophet.

If the holy scribe who contributed this story to the book of Numbers had but enlightened us on one or two points, we might hav been stupid enough to hav believed it also.

For example, he might hav told us in what language the ass spoke; in what dialect, at what school he acquired it, and what theological ass taught him.

In the absence of such details I feel bound to pronounce this story as unhistoric, though I dare declare that I hav myself heard many a theological ass speak.

The thirty-first chapter I sincerely hope does not record historical facts; the "revelations of divine will and character" which it makes manifest are anything but pleasing. Of Joshua I need only say that, when he called upon the sun to stand still, he did what any other fool might hav done with as good a result.

It is not historically true that Samson slew a thousand people with the jawbone of an ass. The revised version concedes that this is poetry. It was, therefore, a poetical jawbone that overcame the multitude.

It is not even true that Samson at his death pulled down the house upon the heads of the Philistines, except in a poetical sense. Samson "brought down the house" in the same way as the actor or vocalist—with laughter or applause. Nothing more.

As to how much, or how little, of such books as Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles is literally true, it is impossible to tell, but it will be obvious after a careful perusal of them that they are largely diluted with the fabulous. Such dramatic and poetical writings as Job, Isaiah, and Proverbs will be dealt with hereafter; though there is little to be said in reference to their historical value. But in the light of evolution the whole of these books or pamphlets, and others which are comprised within the covers of the Bible, like the sacred books of all other nations, hav great value to the seeker after truth.

The book of Genesis is a pueril production if compared with the scientific and historical works of today. Exodus is full of fictions and follies if regarded as divinely inspired. Joshua and Judges are ludicrous and barbarous if taken as revelations from God. But if these productions are regarded, as they should be by all sensible men, as the earnest guesses after truth by our early ancestors, they contain for us much that is valuable, much that is bright and even beautiful. They contain, indeed, the stepping-stones to knowledge upon which philosophers and scientists in subsequent ages planted their feet, and which helped to those notable successes which hav done so much to brighten the lives and enrich the minds of mankind in their struggling pilgrimage through the world.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

"The Distribution of Wealth."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: Mr. Denslow, in continuing the subject of the "Distribution of Wealth" in your issue of January 28th, covers almost a page with reasoning and sophism to prove that the "concentration of wealth into the hands of the few is the best and cheapest," and as such, has aided to the higher civilization. Is it true? Most assuredly not. He who reads history aright will only hav to take a glance back in the dim distance to ancient India and he will see her grandest achievements, her better civilization, was at the time when her wealth was more equally divided; that her downfall began coequal with the concentration of the wealth into the hands of the few. Class and caste kept unequal pace, and Imperial India fell.

Egypt once had a name grand and glorious as any written in the bright ages of the past. Egypt's greatness became on the wane. Why? Her wealth was in the hands of the few. One per cent owned nearly all; ninety-nine were serfs and slaves. Egypt died, and her death-dirge rings in the ear of the world: "Concentration of wealth did it."

"Then came golden Babylon, an 'empire of glory,' and the grandest city the sun ever shone upon; matchless in beauty and wondrous in extent; sixty miles around; battlements three hundred feet high; fifteen hundred streets crossing at right angles; laughing fountains amid enchanting vistas. There towered up to the blue above minaret, shaft, and obelisk, and there looked down, like sylphs of the empyrean, upon the Gherric lake and Aranan walls. Thus Babylon stood transcendent in ravishments—the city of the globe."

Her glory was the price of blood. Concentration of wealth did it. Four per cent of her people owned all, and ninety-six per cent were tenants, paupers, and slaves.

Medo-Persia, next to follow in the grand train, outstripped in ravishing beauty those that had gone before. Plato says: "Luxury to madness, on one side, and wretched poverty and abject servitude, on the other." The "concentration of wealth," Mr. Denslow, that you so treacherously advocate, was the cause that placed in the hands of less than one per cent all; more than ninety-nine per cent were driven to vagabondism, serfdom, and slavery. A beautiful system you are teaching.

Greece is another example. It first became great among the nations of earth by putting in practice the principles that all men are created equal and with rights that should not be infringed. "The love of labor removed the vices and the passions which generally occasion the ruin of states. They led a laborious life, intent upon the cultivation of their land and the arts, and not excluding the husbandman nor the artificer from the first dignities of the state, preserving between all the citizens and members of the state a great equality, void of pomp, luxury, and ostentation. He who had commanded the army for one year fought for the next in the ranks as a private soldier," proving conclusivly the fact that men are equal in emergencies under similar circumstances and conditions, and while thus preserving their equality grand old Greece prospered; but, sad to tell, a Denslow appeared, and by "bribes conveyed into the hands of foreigners the substance of Greece, and her liberty was lost." America's grandeur is beginning to die as did that of noble old Greece, and by the same traitorous hands. Monopoly did it to Greece. "The bread-winners sank beneath a burden of woe, down, down, down, till tears baptized the land, and the cry of the poor filled the air." Concentration of wealth was the death-warrant, for four per cent owned all the land, and ninety-six per cent of the people owned none—"were tenants, serfs, and slaves."

Rome's richest achievement was when eighty-five per cent of her people had title in land; then indeed did she prosper; then no earthly powers did she fear; her foundation was solid rock. But here a treacherous Denslow appeared, to deceive the people; make them believe that it would be better to let their wealth go into the hands of the few; that the equality that had built up a powerful nation was a fraud, a lie; that there was no equality; that they must hav captains, lieutenants, and so on up to chieftain, to manage their affairs, when anyone out of his forty thousand was as capable to fill an office as the one they put there. And thus through villainy were the eighty-five per cent robbed of their possessions through the concentration of wealth into the hands of the few. The masses were driven into pauperism and slavery, and mighty Rome, who failed to profit by the lessons of the past, went down to an ignominious death. A few Denslows, greedy for self, and who think they hav no equality with other men, are steering the grand old ship United States on an air line direct for the same reefs that all the others went to pieces on, and unless they change their course soon, the brightest star of all will sink to rise no more. Talk about equality! Why, Mr. Denslow, I can go into a million hovels blindfold and put my hand on the head of your equal, and millions more that will not manifest the sordid selfishness that you hav in the production you hav offered as a panacea to suffering humanity.

It is said, however, that history repeats itself, and we are destined to go as all others hav gone before. The masses are too confiding, *i. e.*, they do not suspect the dishonesty of the few who are concentrating the wealth till too late, and thus when the reaction comes it brings ruin, and the nation is lost.

Helena, Neb. W. P. BROOKS, M.D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: I submit the following, versus Mr. Denslow's "Distribution of Wealth" in your issue of January 28, 1888. Mr. Denslow supposes a case in which a man givs up the attractions of city life, goes up to the north woods, buys a farm of two hundred acres for $50, and twenty years after the change of values raises that of

his farm to $20,000. He supposes, also, another man, who prefers to take the higher wages he can get in town to the poorer fare of the woods. Mr. Denslow inquires: "Can he, after living on such higher wages and better fare for twenty years, then turn round and seize also the land which he refused as a gift twenty years before? Having eaten all his own cake, what entitles him to half of another's?"

Now, we think Mr. Denslow's summing up of this case incomplete. Let us suppose both men die and leave each a son. Helpless Labor, the son of him who ate his cake, goes to Value Sense, the son of him who ate not, and says: "Sir, I hav no means of support. Can you not giv me work and wages, that my distress be relieved?" Value Sense replies: "My friend, I cannot do it. My overseer has all the labor he needs. In fact, as I hav recently converted one-half my agricultural lands into a deer park, I shall be obliged to discharge one-half of them."

"But," says Helpless Labor, "will you not allow me to cultivate even an acre of your deer park, that I may remain in my nativ country, and not be obliged to ask for or accept charity?" "No," replies Value Sense. "I will not do it. I acknowledge that I enjoy a large rent roll, and that I could furnish you with land whereby you might employ yourself without reducing my income one penny. But, sir, charities generally breed the evils they are aimed to cure. You are afflicted with enforced idleness, and land would only aggravate your condition. It is your want, sir, that makes my land valuable. It is not to my interest to supply your want. Besides, it is against the principles of our Noble Order of Concentrated Capitalists for the Suppression of Altruism. Therefore, my good man, move on, or I will invoke the aid of the tramp act."

Now, let us balance the accounts, and see which of the first two men is the debtor to society. The mechanic probably livs on as poor fare and low wages while learning his trade, as does the farmer while subduing his land; thus far they are even. At the end of twenty years the mechanic has drawn $20,000 and the farmer can get $20,000 for his land. Even again, do you say? Let us see. Twenty years of farming and washing by freshets has reduced the productiv power of the land thirty-three and a third per cent; five hundred thousand feet of lumber destroyed in clearing the land. The land is worth for agriculture $10,000 less than if it had never been touched. In addition to this is the $10,000 worth of lumber that would hav remained but for his occupation of the land for agricultural purposes. Society has paid him the market price for his labor in the shape of produce for twenty years. In addition to this, Mr. Denslow would reward him for his destruction of natural agents, and for his ability to "steer" other men off his land. To be brief, Mr. Denslow wishes to pay men for their ability to create want. He says: "Organize your state Socialistically and nationalize your land, and you would then stand exactly where you now do." In the next column he assures us that such nationalization would "strike the earth like a universal epidemic of insanity." In this instance unlike causes produce like effects, with slight variations. Does he really believe the peasantry of Ireland would flee to South America if the landlord industry were abolished? He refers us to the lash of the Messrs. Pharaoh for an explanation of the state's kindness as an employer. We would suggest the United States postal service as being equally illustrativ of the same. Would individual interest conduct a more perfect or economical system? Would private capitalists hav gone to "rack and ruin" in an endeavor to establish an agricultural department? Would private capitalists, actuated by selfish individual interest, hav built up our public school system? Does not Mr. Denslow tremble at the corruptions of the system, and the power of the demagogs who can compel the thrifty and provident to furnish to the offspring of shiftlessness the tree of knowledge? Does this gigantic governmental charity breed the evils it is aimed to destroy? Has this "short step" toward Socialism desolated our land?

After conveying the impression that the Socialist is a bloodthirsty wretch, he grows pathetic over the dear capitalist, who, after satisfying himself that the collateral is good, is then filled with a patriotic desire to double his money by putting down the Rebellion.

One man, subordinating self-love to the love of others, believing that the greatest good to the greatest number is a principle dear to the hearts of all true men, believing that human slavery cannot exist in a land of the free, voluntarily submits to military despotism, for what? That his commander may be emancipated? Or is it that the mutual rights of men shall be equal?

Another, whose father did not possess the value sense very large, is born into the world a "helpless laborer." He involuntarily submits to hav his "will power reduced to zero," subordinates his rectitude and conscience, and why? Simply that his employer be relieved of the necessity of labor, and his own helplessness made more sure. Mr. Denslow can see no reason for any difference in the mental state of those two men to affect in the methods by which their superiors maintain command; none in the motivs actuating them, or in the ultimate objects both are seeking to attain.

He further says: "Corporations are seldom human; hence, the most beneficial labor. Involuntary good arises out of industrial pursuits conducted from a selfish motiv." For instance, when the mine-owners get together and decide to put their men on half-time, the men are "involuntarily benefited" by being relieved of half their labor, half their wages, and none of their wants; the railroads are benefited by being relieved of half their business and profits in moving coal; and the consumer is relieved of a fire half the time, his fire for the other half costing him as much as it would for all the time if the men in the mines were running full time. The great "steerers," in this case, are a millstone around the neck of industry. (We suppose it is a case in which "great values cost.")

The citizens of Nebraska hav decided that without the people the railroads would be valueless; without the railroads the people's produce would be valueless; that it is "intrinsically unhealthy" for the railroads to reduce the said citizens' will power to zero; that the "involuntary good" resulting from such reduction is not as acceptable as the cash; and, finally, that the success of the railroads is of no more importance than the success of an equal amount of capital and labor engaged in other industries. We hav, therefore, established a commission, the "actual constitution" of whose nature has, up to date, remained exactly "*aplomb*" to the true interests of society. If their natures get out of plumb, they can easily be replaced by men whose natures are "*aplomb*."

Our commission was established by a "selfish" majority, and its whole business is to work for the selfish interests of its constituency. Hav we not pitched it on the right key, Brother Denslow?

Human nature was once "obstinately and indestructibly firm" to the creeds of the Catholic church; the "actual constitution of human nature" was once *aplomb* to the practice of human slavery; "individual selfish interest," or "business motivs," fed an army of patriots on "decayed cow and bean coffee." Four years of bloody war and two hundred thousand of the flower of American youth sacrificed, and Mr. Denslow givs all the glory to the man who furnished the money—on good collateral—for the sake of "profits."

He alludes to a gratitude which lived sixty years, and then asserts that the gratitude of the helpless laborer to the state for acts of "priceless beneficence" will not survive from one election to another. Mr. Denslow's deductions are:

1. Human wants must be gratified.
2. In order to gratify human wants, humans must want.

The worst predicament he can conceive of is that of the millionaire who could oblige no one to cook him a breakfast.

Hoping Mr. Denslow may succeed in smoothing the millionaire's path (by compelling some helpless laborer to walk in it and carry him), I will close.

L. BRADEN.

Our Surplus.

Wealth comes to a nation just as it comes to an individual, namely, through the profitable exchange of the annual surplus produced.

If one man gets a surplus of anything and cannot sell or trade it for other things he wants, he is no richer. If a farmer cannot dispose of his surplus grain, it were better for him that it had not been produced. So with everybody, no matter what may be his calling. Now, the state is only a collection of many individuals.

The United States for some twenty-five years hav not been getting rid of their surplus to other nations to any great extent. Our increase of wealth has come almost entirely through immigration to this country and the wealth developed by that increased population. The surplus made has been principally consumed at home. It can be shown that but for the wealth brought here by immigrants and developed by the spread of new populations over new lands we had stood still.

Yet other nations, like England for instance, while sending to us millions of their wealth-producing population, hav been growing rich all the time, notwithstanding such depletion. It is true that some individuals here hav accumulated great fortunes, but their wealth has come to them by being appropriated. Labor has made their wealth, and grown poorer while so doing. Hence the strikes, riots, and general discouragement among the workmen of towns and the farmers. A small community cannot grow richer by trading their annual surplus with each other. Say a community is composed of farmers, manufacturers, and mechanics, and each one every year produces a thousand dollars' worth of surplus in his line. As soon as all shall hav as good houses and other improvements as they want, by exchanging with each other, what shall each do with his surplus which no one else wants? Unless there comes a demand from outside of that community, they are at a standstill. They must open up trade with other communities.

Every restriction upon trade is but a hindrance to the disposal of the surplus, and the surplus that can not be disposed of for something we want is worse than nothing. We can only burn it as fuel, as our farmers did their corn.

As nations make their own money, they do not sell and buy like individuals. And, even were they to do so, it never pays to run vessels or vehicles loaded one way and empty another in competition with a trade that permits full cargoes both ways. Our American trade has suffered wonderfully on this account. We hav put heavy restrictions on thousands of articles in order to build up a dozen or so great industries like steel rails and sugar. Some great nativ American industries that ought to hav expanded enormously hav been blighted and limited mostly to the home demand. Several productions and manufactures that began about 1850 and grew so amazingly hav stood still or withered away. Several, like the export of fresh beef, that started up years ago with great promis, hav soon dwindled because the ships had to come back empty.

The exercise of common sense on the subject will convince anyone capable of reasoning that for a new people like our own to restrict imports by law is preposterous. No imports, no exports. The probability is that but for our debt we could not export anything. And yet we ought to export four times more cotton, ten times more tobacco, and immensely more grain and beef than we do. Look at the census of 1860 and see. We hav now three times more people than we had in the middle of that decade. Yet the reader will be astounded to see that we do not produce for export in the same proportion.

Why? Simply because we are restricted in the disposition of our surplus. HOLT.

Faith, Frescoes, and Furnaces.

My brother writes me from Vermont that "they hav overhauled the old church, frescoed it, and put in a furnace, thus making it very popular." "But," he says, "they dare not let any religion get in, for fear of losing the popularity; so, you see, times change."

Well, I am reconciled to hav it thus. Popularity is preferable to religion any time. Popularity is peppermint essence, but religion is blue-mass. When religion itself was popular, humanity had to stay out—not out in the cold, exactly, but out of reach of both justice and mercy, and trembling beneath the thundered threatenings of eternal torment. So the new fashion in churches, of frescoes and furnaces, is a happy improvement on the orthodox pattern shown in the Westminster catechism—holy faith and hell-fire; and besides, the modern music serves to awaken attention to an occasionally sensible remark from such preachers as, though they know little enough, may know better than to decry all science as foolishness, whilst our sires endured the pulpit-pounders of the past through ability to go to sleep amid the description of universal cataclysm.

Perhaps some Post Mills people will say I hav forgotten my early training. I hav forgotten many things not worth remembering, but memory will hav to be a total wreck before I shall forget the outrageous threat, from one whose religion outranked the firmest natural ties, that the devil would pick my bones as I would pick a chicken, and that as fast as he picked the flesh off me God would make more meat grow on, and when all the fuel to roast me should be consumed God would create more pitch and brimstone—all for saying God ought to obey his own laws.

I am rejoiced to see such piety played out as that which "peopled earth with demons, hell with men, and heaven with slaves." When religion ruled Europe, the springs of learning dried up and the fires of persecution flowed. When religion bossed America, gallows-building was a regular trade, and machine-shops were not. When God was supposed to rave around like a lunatic monarch, the priests were in their glory, and the world in an uproar. Now that God has been relegated to some far corner of the universe, there is a chance for peace on earth, and the priests hav to be content with what they can get.

The gospel once cast its glamor over hall and hut, and the requisits to earthly comfort were neglected for the sake of salvation from the wrath of the maker of poor wretches hereafter. Now we hear nothing of gospel ginger except in the sickly songs of Sankey and the mawkish twaddle of such men as Moody; and the Salvation Army is simply a circus where all the performers are clowns. If the church will taboo religion, it has my leave to substitute anything but liquor.

Yes, the church has become popular, but by dropping its holy hideousness and putting on some of the second-hand garments of civil society. When it shall hav done with its mimicry of old superstition and become entirely a place of quiet amusement and logical instruction in good behavior, its popularity will be of a sort not to be despised.

Philadelphia, Pa. JOHN PEERY ST CLAIR.

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Good News.

We hav received from C. P. Farrell the following card:

"February 10, 1888.

"The Ingersoll-Field discussion is now in the binder's hands, and will be out very soon. Price in paper, 50 cents; in cloth, $1."

Orders therefor may be sent in at once, to be filled as soon as the book is received, probably by the time this reaches our readers.

Girard College.

It has been well known to the Liberals of the country for many years that the magnificent bequest to humanity made by Stephen Girard has been captured by the church, and the funds left in trust for the secular benefit of the orphans perverted to religious uses. The matter has now been reviewed and plainly put by Judge Westbrook, of Philadelphia, in a volume entitled, "Girard's Will and Girard College Theology," in which he intimates, also, that the courts may soon be asked to interfere.

Mr. Girard left to the orphans' home and school $2,000,000, forty-five acres of land where the college now stands, and the residue of a portion of his estate, which has proved immensely valuable. The report for 1886 puts the Girard college estate at $10,684,580.22, and the superintendent assured Judge Westbrook that it was worth fully $20,000,000. The college grounds and buildings are said to be worth $10,000,000. Besides the main college hall, there are now nearly a score of auxiliary buildings and a costly church edifice on the grounds. The present annual income of the college is over $500,000.

In making his will devising this charity to Philadelphia Girard said:

"I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college. In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatsoever; but, as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrins and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce; my desire is, that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into activ life they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

On account of this provision, attempts were made to break the will, on the ground that the foundation of the college upon the principles and exclusions prescribed by the testator is derogatory and hostil to the Christian religion, and so is void, as being against the common law and public policy of Pennsylvania; and this for two reasons: first, because of the exclusion of all ecclesiastics, missionaries, and ministers of any sect from holding or exercising any station or duty in the college, or even visiting the same; and secondly, because it limits the instruction to be given to the scholars to pure morality and general benevolence, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, thereby excluding by implication all instruction in the Christian religion.

The final argument was heard at the January, 1844, term of the United States Supreme Court, a Mr. Jones and Daniel Webster appearing for the plaintiffs, and Horace Binney and John Sergeant for the city and executors. The will was sustained.

The next question for Girard's executors is, What did he mean by these provisions? That he had the right to make them is forever settled, and it only remains to put in force his will or intention. The evidence is conclusiv that Girard was a Freethinker, believing only in practical religion. The books in his library, the names of his ships, his heroic efforts to relieve sickness and distress, all testify this fact. In the life of Girard, written immediately after Girard's death, Stephen Simpson says: "The names of those vessels bespeak with sufficient accuracy the bent of his mind and the nation of his birth. The Montesquieu, Helvetius, Voltaire, Rousseau, show the combination of philosopher and merchant, and indicate the high respect and reverence which he cherished for those illustrious names, their imperishable works, and their beautiful but dangerous doctrins. . . . That Girard had no religion, and looked upon its professors with no friendly eye, I well know." And in his will he makes his desire clear that *no* religion should be taught in the college. He says: "My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into activ life they may from inclination and habit evince benevolence toward their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer." This is plain as need be. The boys were to be taught the purest principles of morality, and left to choose their religious tenets as their matured reason should prefer *when they came to enter into life.* Girard separated morality and religion. The first was to be positivly taught the inmates of the college; the second left to their discretion when they should leave the institution. Girard also contemplated that this instruction should be given by the regular teachers and instructors *in* the college, and not by outside preachers in a building erected on the grounds called a chapel. This cannot be doubted.

How hav these intentions and provisions been carried out? The first thing, says Judge Westbrook, that strikes our attention as we look over the college grounds is an imposing edifice, called a chapel, of a most elaborate and approved style of ecclesiastical architecture. The building has a marked ritualistic form, and at once suggests "high church." Here, every Sunday, missionaries from orthodox churches, and especially from the Young Men's Christian Association, are admitted, and from the pulpit are openly taught the distinctiv dogmas of orthodoxy. The Protestant Bible is not only read, but it is expounded according to the evangelical creeds. Visitors pronounce these sermons equal in piety and sectarianism to sermons ordinarily delivered by ordained pastors in outside churches. Recently a preacher there not only delivered an orthodox sermon, but openly ridiculed Thomas Paine, a man whom Girard strongly admired, and with whom he probably agreed on religious questions. Another preacher at the chapel admitted to the scholars in his opening remarks "that the founder of the college *never contemplated* nor *intended* such a service as then and there engaged their attention." He knew Girard's trust was being perverted, and threw the responsibility for the perversion upon the Lord, by thrice quoting in a significant tone, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Other missionaries, says Judge Westbrook, hav justified the defeat of Girard's intentions by quoting, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee," meaning that Girard had been outwitted and his benefaction applied to what he did not intend—the promotion of Christian dogmas, when he only thought to promote the purest principles of morality.

When the scholars enter the pews of this chapel, they find there for their use "A Manual for the Chapel of Girard College." This Manual contains liturgical selections for morning and afternoon, for every day in the month, besides special services for Sundays, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, and other holy days. It also contains numerous forms of prayer, consisting of excerpts from the "Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church." In addition to the prayers and litanies the Manual contains nearly two hundred hymns. The prayers are distinctly evangelical, one for the sick and dying asking that the departing soul "may be cleansed in the blood of Christ." A responsiv hymn, addressed to "the everlasting son of the father," thus informs Christ: "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a virgin." On the same page this declaration of belief is found: "We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge." The hymns, selections from which Judge Westbrook givs, reek with sectarian piety. The fourth hymn has this line:

"The God incarnate! Man divine!"

The eighth hymn pictures "thousands of children in heaven," and tells how they got there:

"Because the savior shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean."

The first verse of the sixty-ninth hymn is:

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity."

Hymn 189 is a doxology:

"Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, three in one."

Hymn 193 is similar. Hymn 73 is:

"In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ and crucified."

Hymn 74:

"Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary."

In hymn 75 occurs this verse:

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains."

The chorus of hymn 82 is:

"Sing, O sing of my redeemer;
With his blood he purchased me;
On the cross he sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free."

Hymn 134 is devoted to frightening the children with hell:

"Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day."

These hymns are the childish twaddle of Methodism, though the Manual is principally an Episcopal compilation. But no sectarianism to be found in the evangelical creeds is slighted. The Manual teaches, says Judge Westbrook, the orthodox dogmas of the fallen, lost, and helpless state of the human race, the incarnation of God himself through birth of a virgin mother, to atone for man's sin, and to wash away his guilt in the sacrificial blood of the God-man, thereby securing to believers eternal salvation through the grace of "God in three persons, blessed trinity." In short, the orphans are taught the narrowest kind of sectarian Christianity. The question then resolves itself to this:

Girard left his property to found a college to be completely non-religious. He had the right to do this. His trust was accepted by the city of Philadelphia. But the directors, the majority of whom are appointed for life by the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, hav perverted this trust, and not only teach religion openly, but sectarianism as well. In this they violently antagonize the expressed intention of Girard and violate a most sacred trust. What shall be done with them?

The directors admit that they ought to keep to the purpose of Girard, but they say that the first directors knew better than they what that purpose was, and that, as the first directors provided for religious

services, they feel "*sure* that it is quite within the purpose of Mr. Girard that the principles of our common Christianity should be taught to his pupils." The directors disclaim that sectarianism is taught, but Judge Westbrook points to the Manual, and to the fact that no preachers but evangelical ones are ever admitted to the pulpit of the chapel, and the directors are silent. They hav perverted a magnificent trust, and they know it. When endeavoring to break the will, Webster argued that Girard intended to exclude the teaching of any and all religious tenets. "Is not the teaching of laymen as sectarian as the preaching of clergymen?" asked that great lawyer. "According to my experience, a layman is just as likely to launch out into sectarian views and to advance clashing doctrins and violent, bigoted prejudices as a professional preacher." Webster was right, but the court decided that Girard had the legal right to exclude all religious teaching. By Christian dishonesty, however, the directors hav done what Webster could not do, practically broken the will. "If the courts do not interfere in this matter," says Judge Westbrook, "and by mandamus or other judicial proceeding compel the directors to execute the trust committed to them in accordance with the provisions of Girard's Will, there is no use in having courts and no use in making a will. The question is one that interests the whole world, and the time will certainly come when another 'notable case' will be heard in the Supreme Court of the United States—not to break Girard's Will, but to determin whether the present directors are not shamefully betraying a sacred trust in teaching sectarian, religious tenets in spite of Girard's requirements and the decision of the court in eighteen hundred and forty-four."

The Churches and the Indian Schools.

The *Independent* charges that the national administration is, for political purposes, favoring the Roman Catholic church by giving it an unfair share of the public funds devoted to educating the Indians.

The Catholics maintain an Indian Mission bureau at Washington, and through this bureau, says the *Independent*, not only the contract schools, but the government schools, supported wholly by the government, are also rapidly passing into the control of this bureau by the appointment of Catholic teachers, even where the Indians are all Protestant. For contract boarding-schools, carried on by missionary and other bodies, where the government pays a certain amount per annum for each Indian scholar's support, the United States government expended last year the sum of $308,299.98. Of this sum the Catholics got $168,959.13, and all others, including Hampton and Lincoln, got $139,340 85. For contract day schools the government expended $9,847.27. Of this the Catholics got $7,632.92, and all others got $2,-214.35. Summing them together, the government paid for the education of Indian youth in contract schools the sum of $318,147.25; of which $176,-592.15 went to Catholic schools, and $141,555.20 to all other schools.

The *Independent* argues that as the Catholics of the country number only from one-sixth to one-tenth of the whole population, and the Protestants from five-sixths to nine-tenths, this giving the former fifty-five and one-half per cent of the money expended on the education of the Indians, and putting the latter off with forty-four and one-half per cent, is unfair.

If we look at it in that light—that the Indians and other heathen are fair prey for the Christian sects, to be divided *pro rata* and the government robbed according to averages—we agree with the *Independent*. But our religious contemporary should look out. If it asks for a *pro rata* division of the government funds for Protestant Indian schools, how can it refuse to accede to the Jesuits' *pro rata* demands for their parochial schools? It seems to make a world of difference to Protestants whose ox is gored, for in regard to the Catholic Protectory bill providing that that institution shall hav a share of the public school fund, the *Independent* says:

"If any religious sect not satisfied with these schools chooses to establish private schools and teach its own peculiar religious tenets in the same, then it has a perfect right to do so. Nobody denies this right, or objects to its exercise. But when any sect asks the general public to help it in this work of religious propagandism, then a very different question is raised. The people as citizens and property-holders hav no objection to being taxed for the support of non-sectarian public schools, in which they all hav a common interest; but they do decidedly object to such taxation for the support, either in whole or in part, of sectarian private schools. Let those who want such schools hav them to their heart's content, provided always that they are content to pay the bills."

Why not apply these words to the Indian schools, and hold them up before both Catholic and Protestant?

The Congo Mission.

The row over one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries to the Congo develops points not very creditable to any of the parties thereto. Bishop Taylor is the gentleman who, with more zeal than sense, has started to Christianize Africa and make the Dark Continent tributary to the Methodist church. In furtherance of this scheme he begged money enough to build in sections a steamer to ply on Stanley Pool, and Mr. J. C. Waller volunteered to go as cook on the boat, expecting to get thereby his own living, the living for his wife and children, and a chance to make money by trading with the nativs. When he got to Africa, his wife and children grew sick, he became discouraged, and returned. The family arrived in this city, homeless and penniless, and Mr. Waller asked the committee which sent them out for temporary relief. He was refused any aid, and had it not been for a kind-hearted saloon-keeper on West street the family would hav been left on the street to freeze and starve. The newspapers heard of Mr. Waller, investigated the matter, and published his statements. Mr. Waller, it appears, is one of those good but ignorant Christians who obey the "voice of God." He heard this voice say, "Go to Africa," and he went. Whether the voice told him to trade with nativs he does not say. At any rate, he desired to be a missionary on the Congo, which desire was fulfilled. Bishop Taylor received him and set him to work chopping wood, carrying water, and doing other divine things. The steamer on which he was to be cook and commissary, and by means of which he was to trade with the nativs, lay on the banks of the Congo in the original packages in which she was shipped to Africa. Before the trading opportunity could come Mr. Waller was obliged to return to this city to save the lives of his family. The story of his return is thus told by a writer in the *Christian Advocate:*

"When he arrived in New York penniless, with his sick wife and children, it was by the Wisconsin, of the Guion line, on Friday morning, December 23d, and it was noon before the baggage was passed by the revenue officers. In all the great city there were but two men with whom Mr. Waller had any acquaintance, or on whom he felt at liberty to call. These were the Rev. Asbury Lowrey, D.D., editor of the *Divine Life*, vice-president, and Richard Grant, Esq., treasurer of the Taylor Transit and Building Fund Society. He went immediately to the office of the treasurer at 181 Hudson street, and made himself known. Mr. Grant was out, but the clerks seemed to understand his case, and referred him to Dr. Lowrey, on Second avenue, near Fourteenth street, and thither, after some misgivings, he went, only to learn from the servant-girl that the doctor was out. He then returned to the office in Hudson street, where he was told that nothing could be done for him there, and that the vice-president was the only man who could do anything for him, and to him he must apply. Again he wended his weary way to Second avenue and back, with the same result as before. In vain he pleaded with the clerks at the treasurer's office that he was a stranger, without money to buy food and shelter for his sick family; in vain he complained of his weary, fruitless journeys. With a cruelty inexplicable, they insisted on his retracing his steps once again over those weary miles, with the encouragement: 'The doctor must be in by this time;' and the poor man went again, finishing his third trip of four miles each with no better success than before.

"Here was this wretched man. Night coming on, offices closing, exhausted, disheartened, penniless, his loved ones sick and alone on the great steamer, no hospitable door open to them, the only ones to whom he had dared to appeal for aid had 'shut up their bowels of compassion from him!' He turned his weary feet toward the steamer, reflecting, as the hot tears coursed down his cheeks: 'Do they count me their enemy because I come home to save my family alive?' Even so. On the steamer the fires were out, the doors were open, the winter wind blew cold through the saloons; the young mother, her eyes red with weeping, with her little ones huddled in a state-room, was vainly striving, with her scanty wraps, to shield their wax-like forms, from which the African fever had burnt the red blood. Little Harry, looking out at the great city over which the shades of night were slowly settling, and shivering with cold that December night, asked, plaintivly: 'Mamma, ain't there any warm houses in New York?'"

Finally, he made his wants known to a hotel and saloon keeper in West street, who took him in and kept him till some men who did not edit *Divine Lifes* raised funds for him to get back to his old home at Burlington, Vt.

The explanation of the committee in charge of the cis-Atlantic end of Bishop Taylor's "mission" is a curious one. They say in substance that Mr. Waller ought to hav stayed in Africa and died, after burying his family. For sending missionaries into a country where white men cannot hope to liv, they hav no apologies to offer. They say:

"We meant to do it, we hav done it, with our eyes open. Bishop Taylor and the committee hav told every candidate that we only wanted such as would go with their minds made up to suffer and die and be buried in Africa for its redemption. If any come back and complain, as Mr. Waller does, of disappointment, we are in no way responsible. It is the result of their own insincerity, their cowardice, or their want of consecration. Nor do we repent for what we hav done. If this be sin, make the most of it; we are incorrigible. We propose to repeat the offense; we call now for a thousand men and women, and money to transport them to Africa, within the next four years; we expect to get both, and we will send this army into the jaws of death, if it be the will of God, in the interest of Africa."

And this is Christ's work, as understood by the Methodists! This is the result of the African mission work, the "opening of the Congo to civilization," about which we heard so much a few months since. Was there ever a more cruel scheme of fanaticism, greed, and ignorance?

It is pretty generally understood by the common-sense world that missions to the heathen are humbugs, spiritually and materially. The converts are bribed or bought; they are from the lowest class of nativs, the more intelligent looking with contempt upon the theology of the missionaries; and the trading spirit manifested is alone sufficient to disgust the heathen with the emissaries of the new religion. Mr. Waller affirms that even in the Congo state "the missionaries as a class, in consequence of their poverty, their lack of becoming self-respect, and their trafficking habits, are held in contempt by the nativs and by the local government." The good done by these missions is generally good done to the missionaries themselvs; but, to a land like Africa, it is little less than murder to send white men. A fanatic like Bishop Taylor may take his life in his hand, and liv there; but that an organization should exist to coax men ignorant of the conditions of the country to go there to die is monstrous. The whole business is a disgrace to the church which supports it.

Editorial Notes.

JOHN H. KEYSER, the stove-merchant philanthropist who has been feeding the poor of New York, has had to stop, owing to the great number of applicants for aid and the shortness of his own purse. Speaking of the opposition his enterprise encountered from the churches and professional charity organizations, Mr. Keyser told this story: "There is a church across the street from the eating-room, but never even offered the men a cup of cold water. One of the deacons did say that we were doing 'nice work,' and that if we would send the men over to the church they might be converted." Mr. Keyser is a heretic.

HENRY GEORGE is now charged by Dr. McGlynn with treason to his party. At a meeting at Pythagoras Hall last week the ex-priest said: "Henry George has practically declared himself for Cleveland, and some of the editorial writers on his paper, the *Standard*, hav tried to side-track our party. We will not be side-tracked nor will we be a wretched bit of a tail to a Democratic kite. If Cleveland is defeated, we will not put crape on our hats. If Henry George does not see fit to be our candidate or support our candidate, we hav plenty of good material without him. Mr. George will hav to take a very humble position among us if he persists in supporting Cleveland. Now I hav opened my mind to you. If he did consent to run, I doubt very much if he would get much of a showing from our party." The way of the political reformer in this city is not only hard, but its deviousness is like the purposes of God—past finding out.

STORIES having been lately revived that Dr. McGlynn contemplated going to Rome to ask for rehabilitation as a priest, the land reformer made the following declaration last Sunday night before the Anti-Poverty Society: "Without a moral revolution, I shall never preach in St. Stephen's church, or in any Catholic church, again. The machine won't send me back, and now let me end the matter—I don't want to go back. I can't go back without retracting all I hav said here, and I will never take back one jot or tittle of that. will never, never, never allow any man or men to supervise my doings among my fellow-men. The first letter which I shall send to Rome on this business—and one which I shall send speedily—will be one disavowing the actions of kind friends who hav sought, with my tacit consent, to reopen my case there. Hav no fear for me. I defy the malignity of Rome. I giv them warning now that if they attempt to hound me with the arts of which they are such masters, I will expose them. I hav only told things which politicians and well-informed people hav known in the past, but I giv them warning that I am full of knowledge of events the tale of which will make the country too hot to hold them. They had better let me alone."

Letters from Friends.

HARVARD, ILL., Dec. 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Let me say those two letters of R. G. Ingersoll's to Mr. Field are worth one year's subscription to the paper; he reasons so grandly.

Please send me the "Nine Demands of Liberalism." I want to hav it framed and hung up in my house. Also send E. C. Walker's little book on "Bible Temperance."

I see that some people think Heston's pictures are injurious to the paper. If such is the case, those people had better throw away their old Bibles, for all are taken from their old Jew book. Yours truly, ABRAM CARMACK.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., Jan. 1, A.S. 288.

MR. EDITOR: Now, as Congress will soon adjourn their annual debauch, we may rest assured that they will

Take physic, prompt;
And expose themselvs to feel what wretches feel.

And in this condition of mind there will be nothing to hinder them from shaking the "superflux" with lavish hand and in unsparing profusion among our much maligned and downtrodden aristocracy. If the tale be true that history repeats itself, and also that no lawyer living can possibly do anything without a precedent, what is to hinder Congress from legislating specially for our millionaire aristocracy? They can't help it; they must do something to kill time besides drawing their salaries, and if there has ever been a law enacted in Congress exclusivly in the interest of the people at large, your humble servant has failed to find it out.

Yours truly, NELSON HUNT.

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The Christian temperance advocates hav revived their enthusiasm by a grand rally here recently; and it must hav struck the consistent ones in attendance as somewhat ludicrous to see emblazoned above the rostrum, in letters which seemed ready to burst with a sense of their own absurdity, "In God we trust," while upon the rostrum stood the shining lights of theology, begging with tears in their eyes, imploring in attitude and eloquence, for just one more addition to their treasured and most potent power, the almighty dollar. Most effectivly did they beg, for thousands of dollars were contributed.

Their shrewdness far outmeasures their consistency; otherwise they could not be theological adherents. How strange that men, endowed with reason, as all are, should cling, as though, forsooth, life and morality depended upon them, to the foolish assertions, inconsistent traditions, and monstrous iniquities which are portrayed in the Bible?

Suspect a man continually, and sooner or later he will fall; but let him know of reposed confidence, and how exalted he becomes in the great majority of cases! Man can be taught to do right, because it means his own good and happiness for time and eternity. It appeals to his reason, to his sense of justice, to his love for all those about him, of which not one is entirely void. But get up and wildly threaten a man; tell him to "believe as I do or be damned, conform with the customs of this church or be visited by the most monstrous and unending injustice which an almighty mind can conceive"—can such blasphemy lead to the well of an undeveloped soul? I trow not! It has caused many to hastily don the sheep's clothing, and is the very essence and source of hypocrisy. FANNY DE VILLO.

BEARDSTOWN, ILL., Jan. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The following is a sample *par excellence* of the stuff to which the Methodist church is resorting for drumming up recruits:

The greatest investment of the age at the Methodist Episcopal church! Opportunity to invest day and night. Hours of business at 2 o'clock every afternoon and 7 o'clock every evening. Come, everyone, and take stock in the wonderful enterprise!

When such claptrap as the above is harnessed in to do service in the name of religion, no honest man can hav one particle of respect for such religion. And "the pillars in the church" exercise no more forethought than the preacher in permitting their "holy religion" thus to be hawked before the public as does a charcoal-man or a peanut-vender his goods. The latter hav the advantage in the fact that the one can warm the cold, the other feed the hungry; while "the greatest investment of the age" is the quickest way of enriching only its blatant advertiser, the preacher.

This advertisment, in flaming bills, has been scattered over the city, and appears in all the stores. And the majority call it a "shrewd, businesslike scheme!" To our certain knowledge, we remember that when, not long since, a lecture on Freethought topics was announced in dignified terms, by similar means, the bills were cautiously and scrupulously, or otherwise, gathered and chucked into the fire. They were even torn down from the fences and buildings. But when anything of a church nature is started, however demoralizing in its nature and tendency, as these "revivals" undoubtedly are, the thought of shielding their children from its baleful influence never rises as an issue. The preacher's public plea is that it will help the young man in business if he comes to Jesus and joins the church. "Godliness is profitable," when one is fit for no better religion. ZOA TOPSIS.

BEAR CITY, ARK., Jan. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send you herewith $1 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, as long as that will pay for it, for James L. Berry, Crystal Springs, Ark.—a whole-souled Liberal, and one of our future millionaires, and I promis you he will be a permanent subscriber, and will remit again before the present subscription expires. I most heartily indorse THE TRUTH SEEKER, pictures and all. I hav never found an editorial in it to which I could not say, "Them's my sentiments, better than I could express them."

I want no Anarchism or Communism in mine, but free speech, a free press, and a free country; the greatest possible individual freedom compatible with everybody else's having the same privilege—in fact, perfect freedom to do right, but no license to do wrong. We must hav government in order to secure justice, but want very little of it—just as few laws as possible, and those only the best.

The mines of Arkansas are all right, and in a few months we will be shipping bullion by the carload, both gold and silver—gold predominating—and people will be astonished to learn that Arkansas is the richest mining field on earth; but it is the plain, unvarnished truth.

And we hav a number of broad-gage Liberals here who will soon be classed among the wealthy ones of earth, and will know how to use their wealth for the good of mankind, the Secular Union, and Liberalism generally, including the Nine Demands. Hold your grip, Brother Stevens, a few months longer, and we will strengthen your hands. I hav had Jamieson and Remsburg lecture in my home town in Missouri, and hav been born again free from superstition and error, with an everlasting salvation, world without end—Amen!

You may see me in your sanctum when the leaves begin to turn—I mean next fall—if the mines pan out so soon. Always for truth, Yours, JOHN Q. CARTER.

BRUNSWICK, GA., Jan. 1, A.S. 288.

MR. EDITOR: At the beginning of another year we mostly think more of the course of life than on any other day. Thoughts of that kind are crossing my brain, and as they are mostly related to the cause THE TRUTH SEEKER so grandly advocates and expresses, I think I had better tell you about my New Year's conclusion. Before me lies the last copy of the most valuable and Liberal paper I know of, and if I am an Infidel to-day, I can honestly declare that THE TRUTH SEEKER has done the most to make me one, and if I go to hell—it is THE TRUTH SEEKER's fault.

Another year has to-day made its appearance. What it will bring us no one knows. Who at the beginning of 1886 thought of a Haymarket riot, and who on the morning of the year just passed had an idea of the fivefold murder committed on November 11th? Nobody. And so we are standing again before another short space of time. We do not know how much good it may bring us, and at least we hav hope that it will turn out good instead of bad. Let us hope the best for the sake of universal mental liberty.

Now, I do not think it very proper for me to go into a lengthy argument with Mr. Swan, of Kent, O., but simply refer him to Sister Maggie Hope Graham's letter from far-off Washington territory in defense of Anarchism. She says: "What fools you are to think you can hang an idea!" And right she is. You cannot hang an idea, nor put it out of existence by force nor punishment, but simply and only by solid argument or by removing the cause that creates the idea or effect. "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you now strangle to death"—the dying words of the leader of the Anarchists—will remain in the history of the struggle for liberty forever. The time will come, though we may not liv long enough to participate in it, when people will think otherwise of those five than they do now—at least, the majority.

I do not think that I hav to be an Anarchist to respect those men. Why? You yourself, Mr. Swan, make the remark that there are many good men who believe in the Bible stories, and that we are bound to respect them. Why not those Anarchists? Judge by the cause that made the men Anarchists; I look on the question from the side of humanity. Their purpose was to free the working class from those who are gradually murdering them. Did they themselvs in the least benefit by it? Does anyone dare to say that their purpose was the expectation of personal gain? I am not an Anarchist, but there is much good ethics in Anarchism which "we are bound to respect," as you would express yourself. I again repeat my words that there is no limit to free speech, and I ask anyone to correct me.

Perhaps a world with free speech is only imaginary, because I myself think that at least it will take a long course of time to prepare people for this Utopia of liberty. But maybe I am wrong. I believe in the truth of the human character, which is not naturally bad and mean, but which has evolved this way in the struggle for life and existence. I am not an Anarchist; nor do I believe in the destruction of property, because this would mean a loss to the community; nor hav I the idea that there can be a world where each one has just as much as the other one. My whole religion is based on justice and equal rights. No one should possess what he or she has not earned by his or her labor. One should hav the same chance for making a living as another. The soil should belong to all, and no one should own more than he or she can use for a livelihood. I further think that a person should work from twenty to fifty years by gradual decrease of working hours; and also advocate that each and every worker should receive what he produces, and am opposed to having things so that if a woman sews a shirt for a merchant, it costing him perhaps twenty cents and he selling at seventy-five cents, making fifty-five cents, the seamstress gets three to five cents for hard work, and he eleven times the amount for doing little or nothing. That is mainly the religion the Anarchists advocate, and I see no wrong in it. I refer you respectfully to Mr. Ingersoll's second letter to Field, and his definition of right and wrong and good and evil. Mr. Ingersoll says a person making a living by religion is despicable, and also I say that any person making his living by the missteps and wrong interpretation of the law, or the violation of the law, above all others is detestable.

I trust in the honor of man, in the voice of conscience that will tell everyone what is right or wrong. O Mr. Swan! don't think that it always takes a policeman to keep up virtue, but think that people will worship virtue for the reward of virtue in itself. From your standpoint you must indeed think very low of human character—that no one would be honest and virtuous if a man with a club doesn't watch him. Isn't it just the principle of doing good for good itself that has made us Freethinkers?

Hoping the best for the cause of humanity for the coming year, I am, Yours, FRED. L. HOFFMAN.

KENT, O., Jan. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: There seems to be a great strife at this present time between Christian religion and scientific Infidelity. The one is founded on faith in something unseen, unknown, and undemonstrable by any known process of reasoning or scientific proof. The other, whether true or false, is the outgrowth of investigation by those who for centuries hav stood at the head of what we call Naturalists, and who hav ferreted out and deciphered many of the difficult problems of nature's mystery. They hav learned of the great laws by which nature is governed. These laws govern both organic and inorganic nature. The first-mentioned place behind this what they call God, and ascribe to him the same principles and attributes as found in man. He is said to be vicious, full of jealousy, hatred, revenge, and to be guilty of bringing into existence a portion of the human family on purpose to glorify his name, the rest to show his infinit goodness in casting them off and punishing them in unquenchable fire throughout eternity. With these bad qualities they ascribe to him the power of love, affection, forgivness, etc., making a being that is on the whole worthy of our love and esteem and one to be adored. The Infidel (which simply means "an unbeliever in the other faith") seems to doubt the existence of such a deity, but places "behind the scenes" a being of infinit greatness, of whom he has little or no knowledge, as his real worth is so great that the mind of man can hav of it no conception. They demonstrate to a certainty that he does all by a great and unchangeable law, and asks not the council or advice of his subjects. While the Christian believes that God has violated his own law at sundry times and performed miracles on earth, and is ever ready, when earnestly called on through supplications in faith from his faithful followers, to show his all-wise and supreme power to further the end of belief in his own existence; on the other hand, the unbelievers claim that all the fervent prayers of heaven and earth united would not remove one grain of sand on the seacoast. They claim that all such prayers could not put out one little fire in an Indian's wigwam when fed by good fuel and the conditions of burning kept perfect. I do not wish to ask, Why this difference of opinion? but ask, Why not either prove or disprove the truth in everything as far as possible? If the Bible God will do as his followers and teachers claim, why not test the question and learn the facts? Certainly there are those who love to pray and who claim an unbounded measure of faith. Then why not call for a day to be set aside for devout, fervent prayer by the millions, and ask his majesty to perform some noble and miraculous deed to prove the truth of his infinit greatness? Could he not say to the nations of unbelievers, "Assemble at such a place, at such a time, and witness the burning of a live coal beneath the briny deep, or look ye and see the mighty oak come forth in full size and vigor in a day that I usually grow by my natural laws in a few hundred years?" This would be convincing proof to many, although Theosophists tell us that many pagan Hindoos can do all this from their knowledge and control of the natural forces. Would not such a demonstration of power from the great all-wise creator described by the D.D.'s of our land settle the matter for all time to come?

For centuries past these ideas, the superstitious and the scientific, hav lived side by side like the thistle and lily, but unfortunately the former has been skilfully husbanded and made to grow, while the latter has been forced to submission, and only allowed to grow where it was unknown and unnoticed. But truth and virtue will prevail, and the great law of growth has forced new life into the subdued and enfeebled roots of the beautiful, and now the petals of reality begin to show their colors of truth, undaunted and fearless of the powers of superstition. How long, I ask, will this condition of affairs continue to exist? How long will the poor man be found dropping into the coffers of the clerical hat the hard-earned coin that is needed to enhance the comforts of his own family? How long will the poor widow be compelled to sew until midnight to pay the tax on her own little home while the millionaire's cathedral goes untaxed? How long will those mighty spires continue to look down in disdain upon the humble cot of the poor man who by economy and hard work has gained a shelter for his wife and little ones to protect them from the wintry blasts? How long shall the female domestic continue to pay to her priest the price of the shackles that bind her to superstition and her will to his? May I ask, How long will Ignorauce hold the torch that furnishes light for him to be robbed of all the comforts in this life, only to be prepared for a life we know not of? The Infidel's God speaks in thundering tones and says: "One world at a time. Do as you would be done by in this. Liv to enjoy home and friends in this world and you will be prepared for the next when it comes. Where can heaven be found better than on earth?" But I must answer, not here as long as superstition and bigotry reign supreme.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in a late sermon in Brooklyn said the fact is that "about all the brain and the business genius is on the side of religion. Infidelity is incipient insanity. All Infidels are cranks." Such are the words of him who asks you in the name of his God to love your enemies and your neighbor as yourself. O thou falsifier of the truth! you would keep in ignorance your fellow-man, that you may liv off the sweat of his brow instead of your own. You care not to speak the truth, only as it suits you; by the errors

of the past, and dare not for one moment listen to the trumpet of science that would so justly condemn your oft-repeated fables to the regions of the deep. How can you wrench from your fellow-man that liberty and freeborn thought that speak a solace of happiness, and would make his breast heave with inspired love for all the blessings he could obtain, only to pacify your love for notoriety and financial support, when you know you cannot sustain by actual truth one word you say? You hav not the excuse of a criminal lawyer who pleads for the acquittal of his client whom he knows is guilty, and works hard to show his ability to disprove the truth. If you had one excuse for your hypocrisy, the more honest might excuse you. I again ask, When, oh, when will the truth prevail and the ashes of the terrible monster, Superstition, act as a fertilizer to make grow the great truths that it is man's privilege to obtain? A. D. SWAN.

GOLDTHWAITE, TEX., Jan. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The pioneer of Liberalism here in this place informs me that the money is made up by subscription to procure J. E. Remsburg to pay us a visit in the near future and deliver three lectures in our town on Liberalism. The above event is looked forward to with anticipated pleasure, and, as the Methodists say, we hope that great good will be accomplished in this part of the moral vinyard.

Several counties in this part of Texas hav suffered severely for two years past with drouth, crops being almost a total failure, causing hundreds of people to leave the country and considerably weakening in the minds of those remaining the belief in the old passage of scripture, "Once I was young, but now am old, yet never did I see the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." If any of our ancestors were righteous, the above quotation is certainly exploded in these parts. It may yet hold good in Brooklyn or New York, but won't do in western Texas in a drouth like the past. However, we liv in hope.

The minds of our people are tending toward Liberalism. Several hav subscribed openly to the above fund. Others say to Friend Lewis: "Yes, I will subscribe something toward the lectures, but don't put my name down on the list." Now, the above indicates a strong tendency toward Freethought, and we expect a good time here if we can hav a succession of Liberal lectures at this place the coming year. The shackles of fanaticism and superstition are weakening with us.

The question whether Ingersoll has beheaded Dr. Field, amputated his tail, or pierced his heart remains an unsettled question. But all admit that Field is dead, killed by his own medicin, upon the gory field of superstition, and that he is wrapped in the mantle of conviction ready for theological interment. And our proposition is that a tombstone be erected over Field's tomb bearing the following inscription: "Hurrah for the colonel!" GEO. WHITAKER.

BELVIDERE, ILL., Jan. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot imagin how Mr. Shoemaker and Mr. Cretors can be so unreasonable as to charge you with sympathy with Anarchy. In all your editorials on the subject I hav never seen one word in which you favor or defend it. Before those gentlemen make the charges, it would be better for them to point out the editorial in question. It is your opinion that the Chicago Anarchists did not hav a fair trial. That is Robert Ingersoll's opinion. And my opinion exactly coincides with yours and his. Ingersoll and yourself hav felt free to speak your mind. All honor to you for it. What is THE TRUTH SEEKER for, if not for the purpose of Freethinkers' expressing their candid views? If it is not for the purpose of Freethinkers' expressing their free thoughts, then I do not see what purpose it is for. It had better be discontinued, and let us all take the New York *Observer*, or some other religious paper that forbids the voice of Freethought. Because you hav given your opinion of the Chicago trial, Mr. Shoemaker stops his paper, and Mr. Cretors tells you to smear it over with printers' ink. He finds fault with you for printing six words of Herr Most's opinions. Why, great Scott! you hav printed columns and columns of Christians' opinions, and they hav butchered millions and millions of the human race, while the Anarchists are only supposed to hav killed seven people.

That supposition is the only question in dispute. You thought that there was a link lacking in the chain of evidence, and you said so. Mr. Ingersoll thinks so, and says so. And there are thousands who think so, and say so. And again, there are thousands who think so, but are too timid to say so, for fear of being called Anarchists.

O. S. Barrett, one of your correspondents, wants to bet $1,000 that the man who says "Hats off" to the men who were hung in Chicago is himself an Anarchist. I'll take the bet. I say "Hats off" to those men—not because they were Anarchists, but because I think they were well-meaning—though mistaken—men; men who were slain, not because a case was proved against them, but because public clamor cried out for revenge. To appease this cry, they were made victims. The wretch who committed the crime was unknown. The motiv that prompted him or her to commit it is unknown; for how can his or her motiv be known if the criminal is unknown? But those who hanged the men supposed that the unknown one was prompted to do so by the teachings of those men. Justice and law would never consent to hang them upon any such supposition, but blind revenge and popular clamor would. When I heard of their deaths I mourned for them. My heart ached with a heartfelt sorrow. I sympathized with them on account of the injustice dealt out to them. When I think of this injustice, in the fulness of my sorrow I reverently doff my hat and say to those who see this injustice: In the name of Jesus Christ, Bruno, Galileo, Servetus, and all who hav fallen victims to revenge and public clamor, instead of justice, Hats off, gentlemen! those men are worthy of our reverence and respect.

Now, I do not believe in either Anarchy or Socialism, but I incline to free trade Democracy. Years ago I voted the Republican ticket. Now, the fact there are ten Republicans to one Democrat here does not deter me from speaking my political views. The same in regard to religion. I was once a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. I held an office in the Sabbath-school; I changed my views; I expressed them in the Bible class, and got kicked out of the church in consequence. The minister came out to my place and begged me to conceal my views, for my family's sake, for my reputation's sake, that I might not lose caste in society, etc. I told him I would not play the hypocrit to please him, or my family, or my friends, or for the sake of my character. I did not care if Mrs. Grundy thought I was the greatest rascal in the world. I meant to be honest with my conscience, no matter what was the consequence. Now, if I was convinced that Anarchy was right I would brave all public opinion and say so, but I do not think it is right, and I say so. Now, will Mr. Barrett go to work and prove that I am an Anarchist? I am worth about $8,000; if I was in the habit of betting I would not be probably worth as much, but on a dead-sure game like this I am quite willing to stake $1,000.

I believe in hanging men who murder their fellow-men, but if a Digger Indian, or a papist, or even a Presbyterian was hanged under the same rulings, I would feel equally indignant and grieved at the injustice shown.

ROBERT SWAIL.

BURLINGTON, KAN., Jan. 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Once again we are made happy by the return of John Peck to the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Peck's "Absurdities of Christianity" are some of the most convincing arguments I hav ever read, and it is with real pleasure that I see they hav been issued in pamphlet form. They should be read by every Christian in the world. I am glad to say that this part of the world is not so badly priest-ridden as it used to be, although there are a good many churches. It is just the opposit here from what it is in Ohio, where I was raised. There it is big church and small school-house, and here it is big school-house and small church—and still smaller congregation, unless some gospel foghorn comes along and stirs them up a little, just enough to get a good collection, and then leaves them in the rut of superstition as deep as ever.

We can boast of more and better school-houses than any other state in the Union. Our school-children are bright and intelligent, and a very noticeable feature in our schools is the absence of the Bible. A great many of our school boards are composed of men who do not wish such nonsense and vulgarity taught their children as is found in the Bible, and a very noticeable feature in church is the absence of the old-fashioned hell-fire sermon of some years ago. And another new departure of the churches of this place is the taking down of their tall steeples—all except the Presbyterians—which the preachers used to tell us pointed to heaven and everlasting happiness, but now they are somewhat at a loss to locate heaven, harp, golden streets, etc., and consequently down come their pointers.

Burlington is taking a great deal of interest in Freethought work. In the past year, we hav had several good lectures here. J. E. Remsburg has been here twice, and given us four lectures: "False Claims," "Sabbath Breaking," "The Apostle of Liberty," and "Bible Morals." "Bible Morals" brought the house down with applause. "The Apostle of Liberty" went right to the heart of the vast audience and brought tears to many an old veteran's cheek. His appeal to the better man was tender and touching, and every heart sent forth a thrill of joy as he pronounced his eulogy on the grand old hero, Thomas Paine.

The Hon. Wm. Cunback rendered his "Invisible Some People" to a crowded house, and opened the eyes of the credulous very wide. He was not advertised as a Liberal, and consequently the good sisters and brethren came out in full force.

And now we hav had our almost-crucified Reynolds, and again we are at the pinnacle of happiness. Mr. Reynolds is more than fluent; he is eloquent, logical, and truthful. We can now boast of an organization, thanks to Mr. Reynolds.

C. K. LEVERING.

PURDY'S STATION, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. John R. Kelso, in a very interesting letter, some months ago published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, wanted to know if there is any such thing as Liberalism, and if there is, what it is. My answer is, Liberalism as an abstract matter does exist, but people who call themselvs Liberals are not always worth that name. Some Christians may be true Liberals, and some Freethinkers may be bigoted. Ingersoll's definition of Liberalism is the best I ever heard. Says the colonel: "By the word Liberal I mean not only free, not only one who thinks for himself, not only one who has escaped from the prisons of custom and creed, but one who is candid, intelligent, and kind—that is to say, Liberal toward others." Nothing can be clearer than this. To allow every human being to think, to investigate for himself, to express his opinion—this is Liberalism. To allow every man to liv, work, and act according to his own wish and fancy, so long as his actions are not calculated to limit our happiness—this is Liberalism. Not to condemn any theory before you hav investigated it thoroughly—this is Liberalism. The trouble with many people is, they haste to applaud or to condemn things without having any knowledge as to the meaning of those things, and the less they know of any subject the more they talk of it. I am acquainted with many Christians, or at least, people that call themselvs Christians, who know so much of their religion that they consider Bible-reading an unnecessary luxury. Some of them hardly ever hav read twenty chapters in the holy book. They "know" that the Bible is God's word; that it is a book superior to any book written by human genius; that to giv up that book is to giv up our civilization, charity, and every good thing which makes life worth living. More than that, they "know" that the Bible is written by a ghost through the aid of human secretaries, and if you hav courage to inquire the authority of that book, you are in danger of losing your soul. And yet they do not take pains to examin the book for themselvs, to find out what kind of matter they are obliged to believe. The parson told them there is no book in the world which can be compared with the Bible, and that is enough for them. Ask those people why they don't buy any books; they will tell you they cannot afford to spend money on useless books—they hav one book, the Bible, which is the beginning and the end of wisdom. The parson told them the Bible is a book of perfect harmony; that almost in every chapter of the Old Testament, from the first historical statement in Genesis to the last prophecy in Malachi (or, as Ingersoll would say, from the first mistake of Moses to the last curse of Malachi), you will find prophecies concerning Christ. That is enough for them. I am almost inclined to think that the reasou why there are so many Christians is because they do not know what the Bible really is. Let them read the Bible for themselvs; they will discover that it is a book full of absurd and even disgusting stories; that its moral teachings are by no means perfect. They will find out that the Bible God, the divine being whom they worship, has a human character of the most cruel kind, and if they only hav any respect for themselvs as men and women, they will be ashamed of bowing their heads before such a being.

In the town where I liv I heard some people condemning the land theories of Henry George, and yet they are unable to tell you what is the meaning of Mr. George's theories. Some people think so: "My neighbor So-and-so is an honest man and he votes the Democratic ticket. Now, if the Democratic party is good for him, why shouldn't it be good for me?" Other people say: "My father is a good and sensible man, and he is a devout Christian. Doesn't it prove that Christianity is a religion of goodness and wisdom?" I know an old gentleman, a steady reader of a New York daily paper, who does not know the difference between Socialism and Anarchism, and yet he condemns both theories alike. Some time ago I asked a Christian lady who, according to her opinion, is the worst, Paine or Ingersoll. "The latter," she answered; "so far as I understand Ingersoll, he is not only an Infidel, but a Socialist also." One might think that before pronouncing on him, she would become at least a little acquainted with his writings. No, she has never read a page of Ingersoll's works. The same lady regards THE TRUTH SEEKER as a "curse to the country," notwithstanding the fact that she is acquainted with THE TRUTH SEEKER just as much as with the writings of Ingersoll.

Still, I must admit that some Christians are "candid, intelligent, and kind—that is to say, Liberal toward others." Among my acquaintances there is an excellent Christian lady whom I hold in the highest esteem. She believes in the existence of God, in the inspiration of the Bible, in a future reward and punishment. Yet she knows that many passages in the Bible are unfit to read, that many things of the holy writ are absurd, that a man ought not to be held responsible for his opinion, that the doctrin of eternal punishment is cruel. Nevertheless, she clings to the Bible. It givs her pain to think that the whole Christian business is an illusion and fraud. But she is intelligent enough to hear both sides, candid enough to listen to an argument without making a wry face, and in many respects she is better than the minister, who told me that Infidels ought to be imprisoned.

It givs me pain to state here that some Freethinkers are no less intolerant than Christians. Some readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER objected to Mrs. Lucy N. Colman's articles. One of them even gave up reading them. Now, if her statements are not true, anyone has the right to correct them. But not to do so, and then to say to the Editor, "Please don't print those articles, they are incorrect—or, they hurt my feelings"—is anything but Liberal. Some of the *Investigator* readers "stopped their paper" because its editor does not share their Anarchistic tendencies, and some of THE TRUTH SEEKER readers discontinued their subscription because they think the Editor to be an Anarchist. Mr. A. D. Swan, of Kent, O., says the editorial in THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 24th headed, "Bloodthirsty Chicago," is a shame. Another gentleman of Paris, Ill., wants the Editor to "giv the space occupied by them [letters or editorials in favor of the Chicago Anarchists] in his copy a smear with printer's ink." Now, let it be understood that the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has no sympathy with Anarchy as a political doctrin, nor with the Chicago Anarchists as believers in abolition of government as a polity for abolishing all our miseries. But he is true to his honest conviction. He believed that the Anarchists hav not had a fair trial, and he said so. It was not only his right, but his duty, to protest against the execution of men whom he believed to be innocent. Of course, he may be mistaken in his opinion; he does not expect you to tell him, "Thy name is infallible," but he should expect people that call themselvs Liberals not to make such wry faces because they cannot agree with him on some point.

Brother Liberals, let reason be your guide. Do not haste to denounce any opinion as a useless, infamous, or dangerous thing simply because it is in disagreement with your thinking. Do not follow the example of Christians, who are in the habit of condemning Freethinkers simply because they are "terrible Infidels." CLEMENS P. BRYSON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Boys We Need.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."

—*Golden Days.*

Why Am I a Liberal?

First, I will giv the meaning of the word Liberal. It means free by birth, gentle in manner, befitting a free man, woman, or child; bestowing a free hand in all humanity; educating greater freedom of speech, especially in religious or political matters.

1. The reason I am a Liberal is because it is practical to be so in life. To those who practice its principles the world owes its greatest gratitude. If it were not for what little Liberalism there is in the world, it certainly would not be worth living in.

2. All the greatest men and women of the past, as well as present, were, and are, Liberals; their writings and sayings are the best the world ever produced.

3. True Liberalism does not require any penitentiaries.

4. Where true Liberalism is practiced, repentance is not necessary.

5. To be Liberal is to differ from the hyena, the hog, and the church bigot.

6. I am a Liberal because I like the territory the word covers.

[Age ten years.] ELLA HUNTER.

I send my essay, "Why I Am a Liberal." It is my first attempt of anything of the kind. I am eleven years of age.

My first reason is because I like Liberality in all things, and I cannot see any in religion. Another thing, I think, if there is a God who knows and controls everything, why does he let such dreadful accidents occur? The Christians say it is to punish you for your sins. There are many innocent babes who lose their lives, as well as adults, in those accidents. I do not think they hav any sins to answer for. It seems to me, if God can govern all things, he could govern this also; that is, if he knows all things. I hav read a little in the Bible, and I do not think that it agrees as other histories agree, for I do not think it is anything but a history. In one place it says, "The earth was without form." Now, I never heard that anything as bulky as an earth could be made without some form or another. In another place it says, "Let us make man in our image." I thought that God was alone, but from what it says it seems not. There are many other reasons why I am a Liberal, but think I hav said enough, so will close. ANNIE RYAN.

Orange, N. J., Oct. 10, 1887.

Where We Went and What We Saw.

Come, sit you down and listen while I tell you about our visit to Greenwich. You don't know where Greenwich is?

Well, we didn't until a few days since. But we found it, Mona and I, miles away on a line out of Boston, nestled among the snow-clad hills, with groups of spicy pines and cedars dotting the landscape here and there like bits of emerald set on frosted silver. Ravines, long and narrow, wooded paths, and graceful little winding streams went in and out amid the valleys under the hills.

Mt. Lizzie is a real mountain, and appears for all the world like an immense sugar-loaf, with the sunbeams rippling on her snowy crest; and Mt. Pomeroy, not far away, seems as if forever giving an invitation to everybody to "Come up higher." Mona and I thought we would like to climb those hights in summer time, and from the summit I know one might gather fresh inspiration and a more glorious understanding of the love and fellowship of Nature with her children.

Greenwich is a pretty spot, even when robed in the snowy mantle of the winter. The country is always beautiful. There you feel like expanding your lungs and taking a good long breath. You know in cities one feels—at least I do—cramped, stifled, crowded amid the high roofs and compact buildings, with only a dot of sky now and then to see. But in the great wide fields of the country we get broad and wonderful views, not glimpses merely, of the vast domain overhead decked with floating, fleecy, feathery clouds, sailing on and on, like ships at sea. And such deep, sweet draughts of pure, untainted air as one may hav among the hills and vales! There is nothing like it in the city—such trees and rocks, with plenty of room to grow and expand.

I shall not soon forget one big elm in Greenwich, with its wide-reaching, all-caressing branches, that seemed like a father among trees. Some one has said: "Of trees, it is only the elm that has a soul." Perhaps so, but all trees hav hearts, and they shelter many birds from the pitiless storms of winter and invite them to nest-building in summer, as you know.

But enough of this. Now let me tell you how on a Sunday morning, when the snow was crisp and sparkling, a double sleigh was sent out in that town of Greenwich, Eugene driving, and picked up the little ones and those who lived afar off, and right merrily they rode. Where? Well, to meeting, of course. Where else on a Sunday morning? Then the same sleigh came and took Mr. Smith, Helen (I am not sure that is her name, but we will let it go so), Susie, Mona, and me, and carried us to the same destination. Now, that little Gothic chapel, with its windows of stained glass and lovely frescoed walls and ceiling—I want to tell you about that.

It is not just like any church you ever saw, for it is independent in character, broad and Liberal in its teaching. It stands like a beautiful jewel, radiating far and near such bright, effulgent light and glory as must some day make this old world a better place for man to dwell in, because lighted by sincerity and truth.

Many appropriate mottoes are on the walls, each one a lesson in itself. "Wisdom," "Truth," and "Love" are represented by three stars, forming a most holy trinity, the holiest of the holy; while "Liberty," "Justice," and "Fraternity" make a grand and glowing link, uniting all in the great brotherhood of the human race. When you enter the building you immediately notice a picture of the sun rising from an ocean of billowy, floating, misty clouds, at the extreme end of the chapel, above the wide rostrum, the real sun shining through the gayly colored windows, lighting the painting with a thousand dancing sprays of light and loveliness. At the opposit end of this unique temple is an inscription in Latin: "*Mors janua vitæ*," which means, "Death is the gateway of life."

Up in the belfry is a bell, bearing on one side this inscription: "I ring for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Washington, Lincoln, Garrison, Phillips." On the other side of it is inscribed this: "Presented by the friends of humanity."

They hav meetings in this quaint jewel of a chapel Sundays, but on this particular Sunday of which I am telling, the speaker who should hav been present was not there, but there was some speaking and sweet music, too, at the appointed hour.

And then, at noon, there was a picnic!

Wait, now—don't be in a hurry—and I'll tell you.

The people that make up the audience there come from several miles round about, and to stay all day, must bring with them a lunch, of course.

Under the room I hav briefly described is another apartment, which I should call the children's room. In the rear of that is a cosy kitchen or dining-room. Around a table there we all gathered, little folks and big folks, like one big family, with a goodly supply of bread and butter, pie, cake, coffee, etc., upon the table.

Didn't I think of you all, my darlings, and wish you were all there? You would all hav thought it very nice, indeed.

Well, after the lunch, there was another meeting—a session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. There was music again, readings and recitations by young ladies and dear little flaxen-haired, blue-eyed boys and girls—Laura, Bessie, Dena, Mabel, and others, but little Cretie was not there that day, and some others were absent. Readings, responses, and more music made the time pass very pleasantly; then there was marching with banners, symbols, and beautiful badges, and I thought these young soldiers the noblest and bravest I had seen for many a day. There was an introduction of a visitor, who is always a dear lover of children, a brief address, and the exercises closed by singing and a distribution of candy and fruit by the conductor, who is also the builder and owner of the lovely little church among the hills.

I had almost forgotten to tell you there was a library there of good and entertaining books. Now, what do you suppose was the chief charm of all this, to me? What, except that no error, no falsehood, no superstition, mingled with the teaching there; but the children are taught the truths of science instead of the tangles of false systems of bigotry and superstitious fancies?

Would you like to know the name of the one who has set this shining light in Greenwich and made the old town historic—who has builded even better, far better, than he knew or thought—who has planted a little seed that is growing to a lofty tree that shall bud, blossom, and bear rich fruitage that yet shall bless the world with the blessing of universal mental liberty?

His name will go ringing down the centuries as that of one who fought a good fight and won a great victory, and who opened a way for vaster issues and grander possibilities for the humanity we all love so well. And when you hear people speak of Henry W. Smith, you may know it is the name of the founder of the Independent Liberal church in Greenwich, Mass., who has glorified the term "Liberal" by good and gracious works, and who has made the world better by living in it.

Correspondence.

NEWPORT, ME., Feb. 5, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I will try and write a few lines to the Corner. This is my first time, so I will not write much. I hav no dogs, dolls, or kittens to write about, as I am not a silly little boy. I go to school. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, physiology, and geography. My father is an Infidel. I hav three sisters and three brothers. I think I hav written about enough this time, so I will close. Yours truly, LESLIE NASON.

LOUP CITY, NEB., Jan. 27, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav got the mumps and cannot go to school, so I thought I would write a letter to the Children's Corner. I will be seven years old the 13th of February. I study reading, writing, and arithmetic. I like to hav mamma read the Children's Corner to me. Sometimes I learn a piece there to speak in school. I am too sleepy to write any more. HARRY BELL.

PATCH GROVE, Jan. 17, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a few lines. I enjoy reading the Corner very much, and also looking at the pictures. I am a little girl about thirteen years old. I would like to belong to the Speak No Evil Society. I think it will be a good thing. I hope there will be a good many join. We liv on a farm about three miles from town. I will close for this time. I remain, Your friend, GLENNIE BAILEY.

[Glennie's name heads the list of members of our Speak No Evil Society. We hope to receive many more names, all of which will be printed in the Corner.—ED. C. C.]

GRANTFORK, ILL., Feb. 3, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As you hav been so kind as to publish my first letter, I hope you will see fit to publish this too. I take a great delight in reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, and especially the Children's Corner. Through your valuable paper I received numerous papers on Freethought and liberty, and I hope Freethought and liberty will remain forever. I am reading the book of "Ingersoll's Forty-Three Lectures," and I think that every Freethinker, that can afford, ought to hav that book. I would like to correspond with Fred L. Hoffman, if he should happen to see this. I would like for him to reply through the Children's Corner whether he would like to correspond with me or not. Hoping that you will see fit to publish my letter, I remain,

Yours and the children's friend,
NICHOLAS S. KRAFT.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

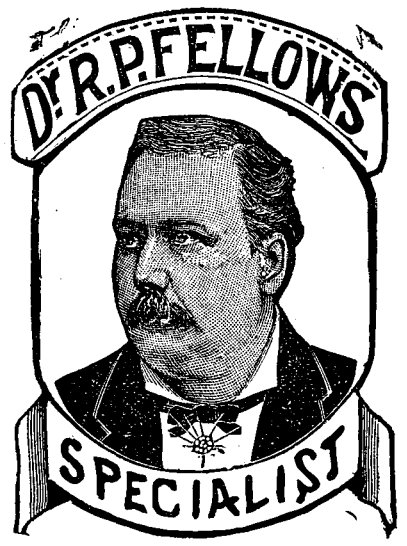
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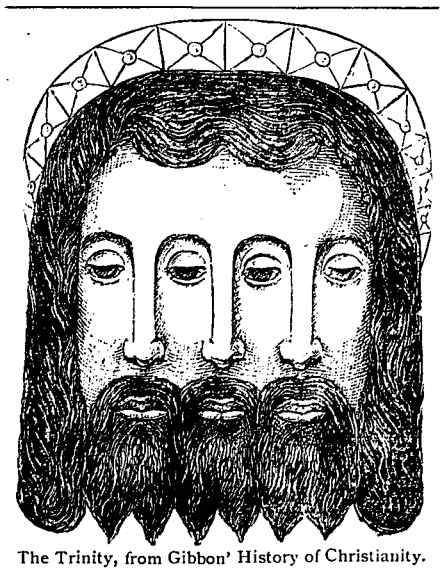
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Where buzzing insects hum a cheerful lay,
And joyous nature celebrates the day!

I hate the pent-up city's somber walls!
I hate the strife of editorial halls!
I hate the frantic rush for paltry gold—
The place where men for cash are bought and sold!

Oh, giv me back my farm—that little plot—
My prattling children and my rural cot;
The trees I planted, vines, and shrubs, and flowers,
The garden, warbling birds, and shady bowers.

I hate the tumult of the noisy throng,
Nocturnal revels and the midnight song!
I hate commercial contests, and the tricks
Of artful combinations, rings, and cliques!

Oh, giv me back my sturdy team and plow,
The lambs with snow-white wool, and gentle cow;
The little children that were wont to ride
"On papa's shoulder," with delight and pride.

I hate the watered milk and addled eggs!
I hate the pork and tainted mutton-legs!
Detest the "tinkered" butter, white-oak cheese,
The shriveled corn, and beans, and dried-up peas.

I was a prince among my flocks and herds;
The feathered tribes were glad and joyful birds
At my return. If absent but a day,
The cattle mooed and horses whinnied "Neigh."

But in the peopled city I'm alone,
At busy marts of traffic quite unknown!
No solitude is like the crowded street,
Where walls re-echo to the tramp of feet.

My faithful dog and cat, and cooing dove,
Which taught me lessons of paternal love,
Watched, till the twilight, round the cottage gate
For my return, where anxious children wait.

But mortals here may die and turn to dust
(As everyone, or soon or later, must),
Unknown, unmissed (whate'er may be their lot),
Unmourned, unwept, entombed, and, aye, forgot!

Oh, giv me back my rural cottage home,
Where thieves and pilfering cormorants never come!
Where sympathy and love each bosom swell,
And confidence in every creature dwells.

Restore the spots that my young manhood knew,
The rural sounds and scenes I loved to view;
Giv back the babbling brook, the pond and coves,
The wild old woods, the glens and shady groves.

Familiar friends and neighbors true and kind
(For in the city these we seldom find),
And requiem of zephyrs soft and low—
I ask no other paradise below.

Then, when they come to stretch me for the last
Beneath the coffin-lid, and all is past,
How cheering is the thought that 'round my grave,
Shall guileless children play, and tall grass wave—

Above my sleeping dust, that every spring
The birds shall teach their fledglings here to sing,
And age and youth shall pause and drop a tear
O'er ashes once by throbbing hearts held dear!

Seasons and times shall come and pass away;
Years shall revolve, and night succeed to day;
The sun in splendor shall go down and rise,
The silver moon shall journey through the skies—

Unnumbered millions liv and fade away;
Convulsions shake the earth; nations decay;
But naught shall more disturb that last repose,
Than summer evening sigh that shuts the rose!

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Literature of the Day.

"THE SECRET OF THE EAST."

Among the writers for periodicals of the better class of late years whose papers hav attracted considerable attention, Felix L. Oswald is by no means the least conspicuous. Sometimes—speaking from general recollection—he has wandered into channels of thought where men with any sober, conservativ tendency hav hesitated—often refused—to follow. But in all cases, whether supporting positions held in common with a majority of thinkers, or making raids—if one may so describe them—into fields of thought which but yesterday were wholly forbidden, his writing has always been characterized by vigor, boldness—absolute fearlessness, indeed—a crisp clearness that leaves no possibility of mistaking the writer's meaning—but along with these characteristics a rather too combativ tendency—pugnacious, indeed—a way of stating things that, to a reader of an opposing bent of mind—the reader who, of all readers, needs to be persuaded, not antagonized—conveys an impression of aggressiv and extreme views. However clearly a cool reader may see the vigor and incisiv pungency of the style and treatment, when the probable effect on minds not in full accord with that of the writer is considered, there rises up in the mind, unbidden, that line in the old school-reader rhyme, "Vinegar never catches flies."

This kind of impression is left by reading his "Secret of the East," a duodecimo of one hundred and forty-two pages recently published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York. The secondary title of the volume is, 'The Origin of the Christian Religion, and the Significance of Its Rise and Decline," and it is dedicated "to the memory of Jordanus Bruno." One need scarcely be told anything more to feel sure that the book is an attack on the Christian system of religion. But one gets from the title an idea of the truculent fierceness of the assault—an assault in which "no quarter" is asked or given.

The book begins with a brief but vivid word-picture of conditions at three periods of history, the culmination of the Greco-Roman civilization, the night of the Dark Ages, and the birth of modern civilization. The reason most commonly given for this latter is that it is the outgrowth of Christianity. This Professor Oswald denies, and presents seven objections, which, he says, cannot be overlooked, and to transcribe which will giv a fair idea of the book as to both style and significance. "1. That the rise of the Christian faith coincides with the sunset of the great south European civilization. 2. That the zenith of its power coincides with the midnight of medieval barbarism. 3. That the decline of its influence coincides with the sunrise of a north European civilization. 4. That all the principal victories of freedom and science hav been achieved in spite of the church, in spite of her utmost efforts to thwart or diminish their triumph; that only in consequence of the futility of these efforts the heresies of one age hav become the truisms of the next, so that Christianity has always marched in the rear of civilization. 5. That the exponents of the Christian dogmas persist in their hostility to the progress of a reform which they recognize, only by condescending to share the fruits of its former victories. 6. That the worse enemies of political and intellectual liberty were firm believers in the dogmas of the New Testament, while the direct or indirect repudiation of those dogmas has been the fundamental tenet of nearly every great thinker, scholar, or statesman, till the degree of *Protestantism* has become the chief test of intellectual sanity. 7. That among the contemporary nations of the Christian world the most skeptical are the most civilized, while the most orthodox are the most backward in freedom, industry, and general intelligence."

This voices the general position, and following this comes the reason why all this is true, in the author's opinion, which is in substance that Christianity is an offshoot of Buddhism, to fortify which the author compares the two systems from various points of view. Both, he says, are forms of pessimism, alike in countless matters of detail, but most essentially so in their disdain of this life and all its aspects, in what he calls their nature-hating character. In this connection, after pointing out some of the parallels between them, he says that to suppose Buddhism borrowed anything from Christianity, as some hav supposed, is as absurd as it would be to suppose that Homer took the idea of his great poem from the Iliad of Alexander Pope. The author charges, in rhetoric that is well-nigh lurid with invectiv, that Christianity has postponed the progress of the race at least fifteen hundred years, and he displays great wealth of learning in sustaining this theory, and also in arranging the parallelisms between it and Buddhism. Many of his pages are startling in their boldness, but the curious reader must be left to satisfy his curiosity from the book itself.

Two reflections will arise in the mind of the reader. One is that the author has omitted wholly to allude to a modern fact which leans toward supporting his theory of kinship before named between Buddhism and Christianity. That is the curious growth of late years of Buddhistic philosophy in the favor of Christian writers and thinkers. He does not fail to point out that while the two systems are like each other, both are utterly unlike any other religion, but he does not speak of the lately manifested tendency of the advanced philosophies of both to coalesce, the force of which, in his general view, it would seem should be obvious.

The other reflection is that his notion that Christianity has been, as regards the progress of the race, a wholly obstructiv force, does not at all fall in with prevailing theories of evolution. Not that there are not eddies and backward-flowing currents in the tidal movement called evolution, but that one of such magnitude and duration and force as he postulates of Christianity is too colossal for a mere eddy, and, if a necessary attendant of the great movement as a whole, it cannot be fairly stigmatized as obstructiv. There is much in this truculent and acrid indictment which deserves attention and respectful thought from "the champions of the faith," but if one stands outside and looks calmly on, it seems that the author does not, as he should, distinguish between the responsibility that attaches to the church as a system of human construction and that which attaches to the essence of the religion, whereon the ecclesiastical system has been built, as a motiv of human living. For all that, however, there is great force in his objection that Christianity has too much degraded the life that now is in favor of a dogmatic assumption to fix the form of a life that is to be. In any event, the book is one of singular boldness and force, and not at all one whose facts and arguments can be disposed of by the convenient, but generally meaningless, stigma of "blasphemy," to urge which is simply to beg the whole question.—*Chicago Times.*

House-Girls and House-Wives.

"Why can't we get good house help?"

The question still brews; girls still sit in sunless rooms sewing from dawn till midnight for sums less than sufficient to purchase the nourishing food they need; and girls continue to loudly declare they will drudge at any independent home work, no matter how small the pay, rather than submit to the tyrannies of the average mistress.

That's it; the duties of house service are too slavish. I do not wish to be understood that all ladies are tyrannical to their servants. I know of a few who make their home duties no more than are just, and I also know those ladies hav rarely any trouble about keeping good help.

A few years ago I heard a physician vituperating because girls insisted on ruining their health in factories, rather than share a comfortable home and help do the work in it. He wanted a girl in house badly. He rarely kept one longer than from six to ten months, though paying first-class wages. Why? I will explain. His wife was an amiable lady who would drive no one; his daughter, however, liked to be waited on; so did his son. Expecting wife and daughter to help some, he hired but the one girl. The result was that both his women shirked—they had too much fashionable twaddle to attend to—and all the work of a large house, and fastidious family, fell on the shoulders of one girl. I knew several of these girls—mostly daughters of independent farmers—and I also know they all went into his house in robust health, to quit, in less than a year, utterly broken down. One girl contracted consumption working there part of a winter season, and in less than two years from the day of her entrance—a healthy country lass of nineteen—into his family, she lay an emaciated corpse in her coffin.

Thousands of such families are crying out because they can't find good house-girls. They are not vicious people, but they shirk—sometimes unconsciously of the wrong of it—the obligations which especially belong to mistress and family, thrusting all on the "girl." General housework is the hardest life in the catalog; and I, for one, do not marvel that all sensible girls and women object to situations where they are more than liable to be driven to their death—driven, too, under purposed humiliations oftentimes.

Her room is poorest—hottest in summer, coldest in winter. The furnishings all poorest quality, even scanty in most families. Yet she must be the first one up in the morning, the last one to retire, as a rule. Sickness in the family or any want calls her from her bed at any hour. When the house is "red up" she must do the mending, the plain sewing, tend babies, chase into attic or cellar according to some whim of the mistress, who hates to quit a comfortable posture. Alas! I hav seen more of this house-girl slavery than I like to remember—seen it in the homes, too, of my most amiable friends. They would be shocked if told they were tyrannical with their girls. But they were, they are. As house service now stands, it is the custom to be tyrannical. Aud the custom is so old, it is hardly realized by anyone save the unhappy victim—who is flesh and blood, unfortunately. And let me say that until there are framed some laws or regulations respecting house service, good help will continue to be difficult to obtain.

The factory girl, shop girl, school-teacher, governess, etc., hav certain hours in which to labor; these over, the remaining hours are for their own independent use. The gaunt-eyed seamstress works no harder than the "hired girl," and feels comparativly free. The house-girl has no such sense. The twenty-four hours of every day of her servil existence are subject to the family employing her. She may not even speak to a member of the family in a familiar tone. She must serve humbly or expect an ignominious discharge. Now, what is the remedy for this state of affairs? To me it looks evident. Frame a code of laws for house-girls to observe, and you'll hav no further trouble in obtaining help. "Indefinit obligations" is not an inviting text, except it be to lovers. Who wants to serve anybody where the duties are "indefinit?" I would sooner tramp the streets and beg my bread. I would rather pick up chips by the bushel. I blame no girl for shunning the house service which represents an indefinit amount of work—varied work. Let me advance a plan for honest housewives to adopt who can afford but one or two servants at most. Write out a list of obligations for the servant. Demand them done inside of a certain number of hours—hours that will correspond with the duties and purposes of your establishment and shall be convenient for you. When these hours are worked out, giv a loose rein. Hav no more to say or do with the girl than as if she hired a room in your house and her work was independent of you. Honest, quiet conduct is all you need expect of one who hires a room of you. Yes, let her feel an independent lady after she has dutifully done the day's work you set her. And in the mean time do not shirk your obligations. They will be light. They should be methodical as well. When once you fall into these regular methods you will enjoy them—find it easier to observe than to neglect them. Let the children, also, hav their daily tasks about the house. See that they are executed, and do not let them fret the "girl" beyond the prescribed amount. All this is easily, gracefully accomplished, without lowering the dignity of mistressship. Respecting the rights of a servant is a long way from "serving the servant." A true lady will be just, keep up her dignity, and not infringe on her laws a hair's breadth. M. E. C. FARWELL.

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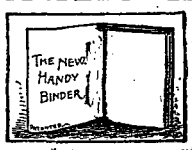
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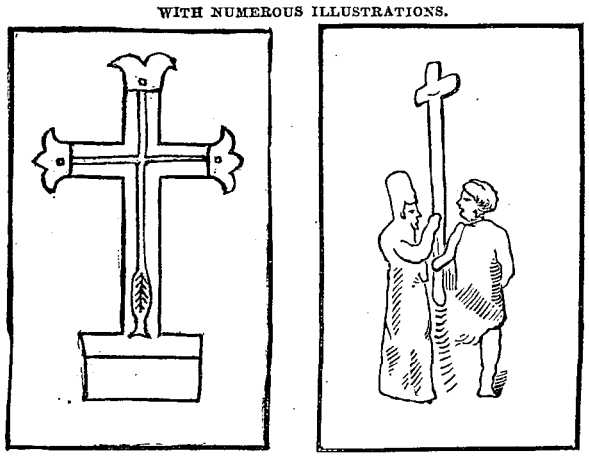
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News of the Week.

RUSSIA continues to harass Bulgaria in every way short of declared war.

THE new high license law will reduce the number of saloons in Philadelphia from 6,000 to 2,500.

CHINA has now been forced to appropriate 2,000,000 taels to fortify its frontier against Christian Russia.

PORTIONS of the striking miners of Pennsylvania seem to be breaking ranks, conquered by starvation and cold.

THERE is a deplorable increase of drunkenness among Englishwomen, which is attributed to "grocers' licenses."

THE anti-foreign craze in France grows. The minister of agriculture has directed his subordinates to employ none but Frenchmen.

THE Indiana war monument, for which the legislature appropriated $200,000, to be used with other funds, is soon to be erected.

THE dynamite air gun, just perfected at Sandy Hook, is the latest boon produced by Christian civilization for a suffering humanity.

ELECTRICAL motors are to be introduced on the London underground railroads. A street railway company of St. Louis is also adopting electricity as a motiv power.

THERE is to be a grand international exhibition in Berlin next May of hunting trophies—of all sorts of game, ancient and modern arms, and implements used in hunting.

THE government of Morocco, at the suggestion of the Spanish government, has sent a special deputation to Rome to congratulate the pope on the occasion of his jubilee.

INVESTIGATORS of the advisability of the government's owning the railways declare the present profits to be enormous, and allege that people can be carried across the continent for less than $6 each.

A RECENT inquiry into the condition of the Vienna poor attending school discloses that 4,000 are suffering severely from hunger, many on the verge of starvation, and several now actually dying from inanition.

MAYOR HEWITT of New York in his message to the board of aldermen proposes that the city take charge of all its lines of transportation, which are now run in such a costly and unsatisfactory manner by corporations.

BROOKLYN has formed a powerful Evangelical Alliance, allied with the national Evangelical Alliance, with the object of reaching the non-church-going masses, studying social problems, and applying to their solution the principles of the gospel.

IT is reported that at last the Chinese representativ at Washington has announced himself in favor of the utter exclusion of Chinese from this country. Perhaps he has at length concluded from what he has seen that his countrymen can manage pretty well to dispense with Christendom.

AMONG the church rows of the week is one in the First Presbyterian church of Albany, N. Y., between cliques supporting and opposing the Rev. Mr. Nicholas. This gentleman is described as "quite wealthy on his wife's side, owning a steam yacht, and one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen in the state."

RUSSIA is endeavoring to establish extradition with the United States. Had the fathers of a hundred years ago received this proposal to arrest and return their co-patriots seeking to combat despotism in other lands, their answer is easily imagined; what the answer given to-day will be, is not to be looked forward to with as much confidence.

THE Irish societies of the Fenians and Invincibles met on the 13th at New York and decided that "Irish mothers must teach their children that it is no murder to kill English officials in Ireland; that all such coming there must be killed, and that it is no crime to apply the torch to English towns." The Irish societies are composed of Roman Catholics.

DURING the reign of Queen Victoria $100,000,000 has been paid to her, $25,000,000 to the rest of the royal family, and $50,000,000 more expended on residences, parks, packets, and other conveniences. There hav been supported in the higher offices of the public service 520 relations of dukes, 626 relations of marquises, 3,390 relations of earls, 963 relations of viscounts, 2,492 relations of barons, or 7,971 relations in all.



ONE OF MOSES'S FIRST MISTAKES.

And it came to pass, by the way in the inn, that the Lord met him, and sought to kill him.—Ex. iv, 24.

Odds and Ends.

THE clergyman who is vio'ently opposed to men working on Sunday looks through the papers on Monday, and feels sore and grievously offended if his sermon is not reviewed.

VISITING minister: "That's a fine rocking-horse you hav, my little man. Papa buy it?" Charley: "No; I won it at a lottery." Minister: "Ah, don't you know it's naughty to gamble or take chances?" Charley: "Why, it was at your own church fair, Mr. Broadbrim."

HE (with deep passion): "O Geraldine, my darling, I love you so—I love you so. Be mine, dearest, be mine." She (with suppressed emotion): "O Harold, you are so sudden; I must hav time to——" He (unguardedly): "Don't mention it, darling. Time is nothing; money's the thing, and you've got plenty."

GENTLEMAN: "What do you mean, Uncle Rastus, by going to my wife with the story that I said she must assist you? When you came to me to-day, I told you that charity began at home." Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah, an' I s'posed yo' meant dat I was to go to Mrs. Smif. I may be ingnerunt, Mistah Smif, but I'se hones'; 'deed I is."

THAT big "bucket shop," the stock exchange,
Where options from hundreds to thousands range;
Where the pious deacon can join the roll
Without the least fear for his saintly soul;
And even the "dominie" takes a chance
When he gets a "tip" on a sure advance—
From one of his flock
Of a certain stock
That is going on like the hands of the clock—
Is trade, not a game.
Why, fie, for shame——!
These goody, goody ones gamble, man? Pshaw!
They hav the right, and they break no law.

But the wee little bucket shop over the way,
Where the clerk goes in for a lighter play—
Instead of thousands, a ten or a five
He puts on some stock to see it thrive—
Why, that is an outrage against all law!
Between thousands and tens there's a line to draw—
A moneyed line,
Which a big "combine"
Can draw where it pleases, and not too fine.
As when one O'Neil
Made his appeal—
Then later came Sharp with his dollars, and won,
While Jaehne went up like a shot from a gun.

The car-driver breaks every "Sabbath" day,
Yet the Christian rides to church that way;
That sinner, the cook, will roast the meat,
And the prayerful churchman will surely eat;
Except in church, it is wrong to sing,
And yet quite right for the bells to ring.
To preach and pray—
That must be play;
For, surely, no parson would work that day!
What is labor for one,
For another is none—
And it's queer such a difference there should be
Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

CLEOPATRA'S FAREWELL.

"We are dyeing Egypt—dyeing
Her a deep and ruddy hue—
'Tony, in thine arms thus lying,
Let me liv and die with you.

"'Tony, drink and let thy sorrow
Drown in floods of rosy wine;
Drink! we may be dead to-morrow—
I will take a pearl in mine.

"Drink again; fill up the glasses;
Drain the draught that fires the brain—
Water is for swine and asses—
Ho, there, slaves! bring more champagne."

Thus spake Cleo., radiant, dusky,
Egypt's regent, 'Tony's mash,
Suddenly her voice grew husky,
And her features pale as ash.

"'Tony, tell me," trembling spake she,
"Is yon serpent but for me?"
And she pointed to the snake she
Saw, but 'Tony did not see.

"Are those rats? here on my forehead
Are those buzzing objects, flies?
Yonder frog? Oh, this is horrid!
Are these real or fantasies?

"Did the waters blue of Nilus,
Or my fevered, heated brain,
Yield that dreadful crocodilus?
That pink mouse! there it is again!

"'Tony, 'Tony, hasten hither;
Take the horrid beasts from hence!
Tell me quickly, truly, whether
I'm indeed bereft of sense?

"Nothing see'st thou? art quite certain?
Then my ailment is d. t.
Leave me, 'Tony; draw the curtain:
Send my poisoned asp to me.

. . . . . .

"I am dying, Egypt, dying
From the snakebite of an asp;
And my spirit, upward flying,
Bears away my final gasp.

"May it be a hint to 'Tony,
When he sees me lying dead,
Not to start out with a crony
To adorn the land with red!

"Is this death, this sudden freezing?
Must I die thus all alone?
'Tony! Egypt! hear me wheezing;
I am going—going—gone!"

—*Arthur Lucas.*

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Gems of Thought.

A MIRACLE is a violation of the laws of nature; and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle, from the very nature of the fact, is as entire as any argument from experience that can possibly be imagined. Why is it more than probable that all men must die; that lead cannot of itself remain suspended in the air; that fire consumes wood and is extinguished by water, unless it be that these events are found agreeable to the laws of nature and there is required a violation of these laws, or, in other words, a miracle, to prevent them? Nothing is esteemed a miracle if it ever happen in the common course of nature. It is no miracle that a man seemingly in good health should die on a sudden, because such a kind of death, though more unusual than any other, has yet been frequently observed to happen. But it is a miracle that a *dead* man should come to life, because that has never been observed in any age or country. There must, therefore, be a uniform experience against every miraculous event, otherwise the event would not merit that appellation. And as a uniform experience amounts to a proof, there is here a direct and full proof, from the nature of the fact, against the existence of any miracle; nor can such a proof be destroyed, or the miracle rendered credible, but by an opposit proof which is superior.—*Hume's Essay on Miracles.* [NOTE.—We hav in this extract the gist, the sum and substance, of Hume's celebrated "Essay on Miracles" and against it all the waves of controversy hav raged in vain for a hundred years. Dr. George Campbell was the first oppouent that appeared against the Essay; but for many years every young man of talent that aspired to a leading pulpit in Scotland, or to a bishopric in England, did not fail to pitch into Hume and to "let him hav it 'ot." The controversy has now practically ceased. Archbishop Trench is, I presume, the last of the giants that will hav a tilt with "honest David," and henceforth sucking curates and other small fry will hav the field to themselvs. The Essay is now to be had for ten cents, and I earnestly recommend it to anyone who wishes to test his appreciation of a logical argument. The Essay is one of the completest and most irrefragable pieces of argumentation that the English language can boast of, and I wish every young man to "read, chew, and thoroughly digest it."—*Hylax.*]

It isn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will;
To silver-scour a pewter cup—
It will be pewter still;
For e'en old Solomon,
Who said, "Train up a child,"
If I mistake not, had a son
Proved rattle-brained and wild.

A man of mark who fain would pass
For lord of sea and land,
May hav the training of a son,
And bring him up full grand;
May giv him all the wealth of lore,
Of college and of school,
Yet, after all, make him no more
Than just a decent fool.

Another raised by penury,
Upon his bitter bread,
Whose road to knowledge is like that
That the good to heaven must tread;
He's got a spark of nature's light—
He'll fan it to a flame,
Till in its burning letters bright
The world may read his name.

If it were all in "bringing up,"
In counsel and restraint,
Some rascals had been honest men;
I'd been myself a saint.
Oh, it isn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will;
Neglect may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still.

JACOB had four wives—Leah, Rachel, Bilhah, and Zilpah—and the abundance of his wives, as well as of his children and cattle, is spoken of as proof of the divine favor, just as it would be to-day in Utah. The element of the crime of David [the man after God's own heart!], which Nathan rebuked, is not the polygamy, but the manners, in robbing Uriah of his wife, when Uriah, instead of an opulent flock of women, had only "one little ewe lamb." But it is "the Lord God of Israel" who says to David, "I delivered thee out of the hand of Saul, and I gave thee thy master's house and thy master's wives into thy bosom." It is needless to cite a single further text to prove that the God of the Old Testament directly sanctioned polygamy.—*V. B. Denslow, LL.D.*

LITTLE do men perceive what solitude is and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.—*Bacon's Essays.*

IN the darkest hour through which a human being can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain: If there be no God and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be brave than to be a coward.—*F. W. Robertson.*

TRUE, Sterling had his "religion" to seek and painfully shape together for himself, out of the abysses of conflicting disbelief and sham-belief and bedlam delusions now filling the world, as all men of reflection hav to do.—*Carlyle.*

THE superior worth of simplicity of life, the enervating and demoralizing effect of the trammels and hypocrisies of artificial society, are ideas which hav never been entirely absent from cultivated minds since Rousseau wrote; and they will in time produce their due effect, though at present needing to be asserted as much as ever, and to be asserted by deeds; for words, on this subject, hav nearly exhausted their power.—*Mill's Liberty.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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OUR PRESIDENT'S FLIRTATION.

Notes and Clippings.

An Anglican curate performed the marriage ceremony for a child eleven years old in Kensington, England, recently.

Minister (dining with the family): "You were a nice little boy in church this morning, Bobby. I noticed you kept very quiet and still." Bobby: "Yes, sir; I was afraid of waking pa up."

A New England church fair had as its prime attraction two side-shows, in one of which two young women were seen sawing wood, and in the other two young men piecing patchwork.

Thinking of Anthony Comstock, *Life* says: "Philadelphia may be slower than a lame snail in a molasses jug, but in the matter of throwing humbug moralists out of court the Quaker City is a marvel of celerity."

New York dame: "Who is at the door?" Daughter: "A strange gentleman wishes to see you. He says his name is Comstock." "Horrors! Your great-grandmother's illustrated Bible is on the parlor table. Hustle it to the dark closet."

A bill has been introduced into the Maryland legislature to compel all registered voters to cast their ballots at each election under penalty of a fine. The bill requires the registers to furnish a list of all the registered voters to the state's attorney in the cities and counties. It is made the duty of the judges of election to furnish after the election to the same officers a list of all persons who voted. Then the state's attorney is required to compare the two lists, and to summon before the criminal court all persons whose names were on the registry who had not voted, when, upon conviction of not having voted, they are liable to a fine of $5 or thirty days in jail.

A citizen of Winterville, Ga., having broken the knob of one of his doors, put on in its place a coffin handle which he happened to hav in the house. It is said that there is not a negro in the place that will open that door. If this is true, why wouldn't coffin handles work first-rate on smoke-house doors?

A murderer, in jail in England, wrote this letter to his relativs: "I am glad to tell you that I am more happy in my mind, and I felled mor comfortable in my sold, for I hav learn my duty towards my God, as wall as my neighbor. I am ever so much better since I been at Herford, and prais God for given me his help."

A farmer in Clinton county, Mo., who learned that the grand jury was trying to haul him up for working on Sunday, at once had his four sons summoned to appear before the jury as witnesses against him. He was fined $1 and costs, a total of $5. His sons' fees and mileage amounted to $2.60 each, a total of $10.40.

At Worcester sessions, England, last week, Magistrate Willis Bund passed sentence on a boy named Joseph Slatter, who was convicted of stealing three eggs, value threepence, of fourteen days' hard labor and five years' confinement in a reformatory. The boy bore a good character, and the jury who tried the case were scandalized, but the magistrate refused to change the sentence.

"And a little child shall lead them."—She declined for two or three nights to say her prayers. One night her papa covered his face with his hands, and said: "It makes papa feel sick to think Margaret won't say her prayers." "Papa feel sick?" "Yes, dear." "Papa better take casser (castor) oil." The subject of prayer was no longer discussed that night.

There are certain clergymen, says the Denison, Texas, *Gazetteer*, in every community who are continually preaching about the evils of dancing, and picturing in strong colors the immoralities that result (in their lively imaginations) from attendance upon the ballroom. But did you ever notice that you see in the newspapers mention of a dozen clerical scandals where you see one allusion to a woman who has gone wrong on account of a ballroom acquaintance? Bear this in mind in your daily reading and see if it is not so.

It appears from a search of the county records that about 1,800 divorces hav been granted in Hennepin county, Minnesota, since 1853. The first divorce granted was in 1855. Two divorces were granted in 1855. In 1856 there were none; in 1857, three; in 1858, eight; in 1859, two; in 1860, three; in 1861, six; in 1866, seventeen; and in 1871, seventeen. In 1886 there were one hundred and seven divorces, the most granted in any one year. There were one hundred and sixty divorces asked in 1887, and some of these cases are still pending. Of the whole number of divorces thirty-five per cent were by reason of cruel and inhuman treatment; twenty-five per cent for desertion; fifteen per cent for drunkenness; fifteen per cent for adultery, and ten per cent for other causes. About sixty per cent of these divorces were granted to Americans. On an average from year to year there has been a divorce for every ten marriages.

A Denver minister, in a sermon on the immorality of men, said: "I was in Pueblo when the police made a raid on the houses, and I never saw such a commotion as there was in the police court the next morning. There were Baptist deacons, Presbyterian deacons, and Methodist deacons in the gang. It seems that when night comes then mankind goes out to commit devilment." The Rocky Mountain *Herald* adds that if the houses of ill-repute in Denver were raided the same proportion of church officers would be found.

The solons who make the laws of the little commune near Mons, in Belgium, hav passed a law making it a serious offense to be palpably drunk in Belgium. These local wise men concluded that the law was too severe, and that they would content themselvs with making drunkards useful and diminishing drunkenness at the same time. When drunkards appear on the streets of this village the garde champetre takes them politely home. The next morning he goes to the houses of all those whom he had found drunk the night before, and presents to each a broom for sweeping the streets. The drunkard is allowed to choose between working for the commune for one day and being prosecuted for drunkenness. He invariably elects to sweep the streets. The village streets are in consequence marvelously clean, and the sweepers, after swallowing more than their natural share of dust, pass mental resolutions of sobriety, and keep them.

Communications.

The Old and the New.

Two antagonistic doctrins or theories in regard to man's origin, purpose on earth, and final destiny prevail in the world. The oldest of these rival philosophies may be appropriately termed the "blue Monday" or "black Friday" theology. It has afflicted mankind for hundreds of years. It is a melancholy doctrin, teaching that man is all wrong. It is Calvinism boiled down.

The idea that man is born into the world totally depraved is the corner-stone of Calvinism. It was this thought that made Paul say, "The carnal mind is enmity against God." John, too, was imbued with this soul-cramping notion when he said, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world."

It is a doctrin that runs up-stream; it "goes against the grain." It teaches that man has two natures, opposed to each other.

It teaches us to crucify all the nobler sentiments, all the finer feelings, all the purer affections, and liv a life of seclusion and asceticism.

It was this gloomy thought that dictated the unfeeling words, "Let the dead bury their dead." It is this moping, morbid theology that teaches us to forsake father and mother, wife and children, the pure love of the fireside, the sweet influence of home and kindred, to abjure every human pleasure, in order to please God.

It is a non-progressiv faith; it moves only in a circle. In the past, its greatest delight was to strangle the aspirations of science.

This narrow, selfish creed entered largely into the speculations of Plato. It is believed in by one-third of our race to-day, being the groundwork of Buddhism. Gautama taught his followers that all evil flows from men's desires; that to suppress their desires was to insure salvation.

This philosophy would hav us quench the spirit of aspiration, the yearning for knowledge, the love of discovery, the search after truth. It has rested on the face of improvement like a deadly incubus. It imprisoned a Galileo, and fettered a Columbus with chains in a felon's cell.

It tells us every natural impulse is evil; that we must hate what we ought to love, and love what we care nothing for.

Out of it has grown the unpleasant muddle of predestination, sanctification, and endless punishment of which Jonathan Edwards was the New England exponent. It is the basis of the doctrin of "conversion" in all Protestant churches to-day.

It portrays God as the sum of all good, but pictures man as a malignant viper.

According to this faith, the saints are "spirits of just men made perfect;" they were "sanctified" on earth, were purified by death, and become holier throughout the eons of eternity in heaven; while the sinner, having been given over to "a hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind" in life, increases in malignancy and cussedness forever in hell.

This religion makes a man a hypocrit, inasmuch as it makes him think he is better than his neighbor.

Its tenets are the wild vagaries of a past and ignorant age. It is founded on dreams.

Its ancient exemplars were steeped in crime and fraud. No offense known in the annals of man was too heinous for them to commit in order to propagate this "holy faith."

Its votaries sought the royal road to happiness, but finding none, were duped by a designing and salaried priesthood, who pretended to stand between land and sea and declare the mysteries of fate.

All the operations of nature were attributed by them to a supernatural power residing somewhere beyond the cognizance of human senses, which was called God.

All the operations of the human mind that were unusual were attributed to an origin in a world peopled with spirits who once lived on earth.

These views were the burden of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," which are a burden to any sensible man to read.

This old faith grew in the infancy of our race. It was of pagan origin; it was the stepping-stone to the Nirvana of the Buddhist heaven. It has come to us as a legacy from the past. It had its inception from the brain of man as he was emerging from an era of sensualism which was but a remove from the beast of the jungle.

Its original form was a kind of fetichism. Man began to observe the phenomena of nature. Sometimes the chase was successful, sometimes not.

Moonlight hunts were better than those of daylight; here originated the belief in the signs of the moon.

Man in his early simplicity and ignorance sought to appease or propitiate the powers or Gods of nature, and thus secure good seasons for hunting and fishing.

But as men learned more they began to discard many of their preconceived notions. The world was then thought to be flat. One old book taught that it had "four corners."

To these simple-minded denizens of forest and plain, this world of ours was the *big thing;* the stars were but to ornament the night as gems. The sun and his starry retinue revolved around the earth as a center every twenty-four hours as a kind of a panorama for them to gaze upon.

In process of time science made her advent. The mists of superstition and old notions began to fade before the dawning light.

Astronomy, with its mathematical eye, began to radiate its dazzling brilliancy on the morning darkness. It revealed to earth's worshipers a universe in space beyond this speck of a world. It extended men's knowledge of space, as geology increased their knowledge of time.

Chemistry demonstrated the wonderful precision of the assimilation and union of elements and substances. The original four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, were found to be inadequate to solve all the phenomena observed.

An increase of elements, or powers, required an increase of gods. Polytheism now appeared on the scene.

Motion was, to the old observers, the work, the effect, of an invisible agent—an action without a visible actor. The motion of the stars, the flowing of streams, the reverberating of thunder along heaven's archway, the moaning of the winds, were all supposed to be produced by invisible beings who could wing their way through space.

Thus originated the doctrin of a plurality of gods; every force observed was supposed to be a god.

Every planet had its ruling god, and the sun was the chief of the gods because he opened the portals of day and dispensed the ever-recurring change of seasons.

This led the way to the ancient Sabean or solar worship, traces of which are to be found even now in the Christian system. Example: Deity is from *deus*, traceable to *dies*, a day—a period of time measured by the sun.

Astrology was the forerunner of astronomy, and alchemy was merged into the nobler title of chemistry.

The alchemists sought for the origin of things in fire; hence fire worship.

Under the old *régime* it was supposed that Gautama was the creator of all things. He was triune: the creator, preserver, and redeemer of those who followed him.

Later on, a similar trinity, the God of all worlds, died on a cross in an obscure country to remove the stigma of depravity which he himself had placed on man's brow.

The reader can easily perceive the transition from the pagan to the Christian faith; the latter is a new but not an improved edition of the former.

Polytheism has been discarded in name, but not in fact. It is evident that the writers of the Christian's Bible believed in a plurality of Gods.

"Let *us* make man," is an example.

The pagan trinity accepted and adopted by Christians postulates a plurality of Gods as much as does the Hindoo theology or the Grecian Pantheon.

True, Christians claim their triad of Gods are one; in the same sense the Hindoos claim their thousand gods are one. Indeed, Hindoo worship is science beside Christian jargon, because the former prays only to one supreme ruler, while Christians pray indiscriminately, synonymously, and obfuscatedly to the father, the son, and the Holy Ghost.

All this worship is idolatry; the image is in the mind, if not carved out of wood or stone. The God of the Christian Bible is represented as possessing all the organs and passions of a man; in fact, a man-made God in every detail. Jesus Christ was a perfect embodiment of this idea; he was a visible representativ of the invisible—indeed, a demi-God, a man with God-like attributes, or a God with human organs and perceptions.

To summarize: the Christian's father God is invisible; the son was once visible, but now invisible; and the Holy Ghost was once visible in the form of a dove, but now invisible—defunct.

So with the other leading religions, Buddhism and Mohammedanism. Their personified gods, principles, or heroes, as you please to call them, were once incarnated in human form, but are now presiding beyond the clouds.

All these vagaries were prevalent up to a period less than three hundred years ago. They assumed a violent dogmatic form. Their devotees failed not to mete out dire punishment on the heads of all who dared to doubt the genuinness of their claim to infallible truth.

The feeble rays of science were struggling to penetrate and disperse the gloom of ignorance and superstition.

About this time Bruno with sublime enthusiasm consecrated his life to the cause of science. The church burnt him at the stake for daring to assert its truths. Copernicus, when about to die, lost all fear of persecution and published his discoveries, but the church suppressed his works. Even Luther, the so-called great Protestant reformer, called Copernicus a fool.

Galileo had the temerity to assert in the teeth of the church that the world moved. He paid the penalty by being thrust into a dungeon's gloom. Kepler, the founder of astronomy, was deposed from the university where he had so long been honored, because its teachings did not harmonize with Genesis. Bacon, Newton, Descartes, Laplace, Leibnitz, and Humboldt, all grand heroes of science, suffered from the venomed shafts of Christian ridicule hurled by an enraged priesthood.

But the Rubicon had been passed. Science had reared her pure white banner of blessing, nevermore to trail in the dust. The noble souls who suffered martyrdom at its shrine only added brilliancy to its increasing light. Every effort of the church to trail its fair flag in the dust only the more fully unfolded its starry folds higher aloft before the gaze of an unwilling but an astonished world. Up to this period, say the year A.D. 1600, Christendom literally clanked with the manacles and chains fastened on all who dared to say the religion of the church was not true, or who had the boldness to declare a scientific fact which did not harmonize with the teachings of the Bible. The Bible had been the only authority allowed as a guide to men's actions or faith. Church leaders were not only dogmatic, but fanatic. But men began to dare to think for themselvs, and to doubt the infallibility of the book and its self-styled expounders. These daring men were denounced and anathematized as Infidels. They cared not for church bulls when shorn of the power to punish on the rack or twist the thumbscrew. A new theory of man's origin and purpose on earth and final destiny began to prevail. In this new theory it is considered that man is equally good with all other things; that man is not naturally mean and vile, but is what circumstances, training, and education make him; that it is not wrong to desire wealth and the good-will of our fellows, or to aspire to honor or worldly fame.

The new theory teaches further that man needs no reversal of his natural motivs; that he was not made wrong-end foremost; that his heart is naturally in the right place; that he does not need any other.

According to the new, no dire calamity has been entailed by a blunder made thousands of years ago by an original pair dumped in Eden. According to it there is no royal road to happiness, and no standard or guide for conduct other, or better, than human experience.

And human experience teaches that there are a great many things in the world we naturally desire to do which are injurious, and which we cannot indulge in excessivly with impunity.

It teaches us that there are many fruits pleasing to the senses which turn to ashes and bitterness when eaten. It is experience only that teaches us to "let alone severely" this "Dead Sea fruit," and choose that which elevates and purifies without leaving the sting of sorrow behind.

Too much nectar cloys and satiates the appetite. Too much study overworks the brain. Too much exercise weakens, instead of strengthening, the muscles. Too much food is repulsiv to the stomach. Too much light injures the eye. Too much drink, even of cold water, floods and vitiates the natural processes of life.

In short, too much enjoyment of any kind destroys the capacity to enjoy.

Too much concentration of thought on one subject incapacitates the mind for study on any subject. Too much religious excitement is as harmful as the excessiv use of any other faculty or organ.

Experience teaches us that we may "overdo" the work necessary and throw life out of proportion, producing results contrary to those desired, or those which are best.

To this new channel of thought the world is indebted for the blaze of civilization which sheds its halo of blessing on the toiling masses. To it are we indebted for all the discoveries in science, the improvements in the arts, and elevation of ethical culture.

It is the star of hope to redeem the race from the thraldom of superstition, and sever the chains of ignorance which the religious intolerance and dogmatism of past ages hav entwined around the consciences of men.

It has been the beacon of progress to open nature's avenues of wealth and happiness; the unfailing fountain at which thirsty humanity could quench the desire for knowledge. Its mystic charm has led inventiv genius to explore unknown seas of thought and action. By its signal pioneer thinkers hav traversed the trackless waste of old ocean.

Its magical symbols, reduced to mechanical precision of rack and pinion, steam and lever, hav made all nations akin, and linked distant shores together with the golden chains of commerce. Its tendency is to fraternize the races. While it has given us the fearful Krupp gun instead of the war-club, it has also introduced the arbitrament of the pen instead of the sword. It offers the olive-branch of arbitration instead of the old-time policy that "might makes right."

It recognizes man as a rational being, instead of an incarnate devil. It recognizes nothing supernatural or divine, discarding all else but the universal economy of nature in the distribution of the affairs and fate of men.

No whimsical gods or fiendish devils enter the formula of the new and brighter dawn.

The propitiation of ghosts or angels is no longer deemed of as much importance as improved machinery and better methods of agriculture. We are impressed to liv in accordance with the laws of physiology and hygiene, instead of trying to comply with mythical, unmeaning rites. A positiv life of innocent enjoyment is taught, instead of a lethargic self-denial. Life is to be made worth living; death has been robbed of its terrors by classing the fear of eternal pain with other unknown problems. It is enough to prepare for living—death will take care of itself when the human clock has run down and we hav nothing else to do but to die.

The new common-sense view of death learns us not to dogmatize where we do not know. It teaches us that death, instead of being an accident entailed by original sin, is as much the result of law as birth, life, or any other phenomena of nature.

By the inspiration of the new view of the possibilities of life and motivs to human action, the puff of the locomotiv now breaks the silence of the mountain-side, and its whistle shrieks over the plain.

The sickle has been discarded for the automatic steel-twine binder. The ring of the scythe has given way to the rattle of the mower. The hickory flail of our boyhood days has been superseded by the steam traction thresher. White-winged hope now cheers where the dummies of despair once ruled men's hearts. We need not brood any more over whether man has a soul that will survive the body. It is enough to know that we are here *now*. Let other and future worlds, if there be such, take care of themselvs. If they do not or cannot, they will not compare favorably with this one.

Relegate all unsolvable problems to the unknown, and there let them rest.

What man can utilize of nature's mysteries, let him hasten to discover and apply. Let him not only chain the lightning and compel it to do his bidding, but learn more of its possibilities than ever before. Let him explore the distant regions of space with the lens of science, and learn of the laws and mathematical precision of the far-away orbs.

Man has already learned that the universe is governed by law, and not by a whimsical God. When he penetrates the bowels of the earth to secure the vast mineral wealth hoarded there, he learns of the stupendous changes which hav taken place in the earth's crust during the ages of the dim past.

This book givs the best account extant of man's origin and purpose on earth; but as to his final destiny, it is as silent as the grave.

Experience has taught man that the practice of virtue brings its own reward of joy, while the commission of crime entails pain and sorrow as naturally as the shadow follows the substance, and that correct living insures correct death.

The new era ushered in the printing-press with its countless pages of knowledge fluttering on the breeze to every shore and every clime. By its enlightening influence the world is becoming civilized. The angularities of men's passions are becoming rounded off by the constant interchange of ideas.

Superstition fades away into its original gloom before the radiant light of a free press. Its mission is world-wide, going forth conquering and to conquer the darkness of intolerance and bigotry.

No more will a designing priesthood be allowed to dictate to freemen what to think. True manhood is to be valued at its worth; woman is to be recognized and honored as never before.

Paul's simpering about woman's inferiority is now known to hav been pious cant. If anything in nature is divine, it is a pure, good woman.

The new era portends the ushering in of the true millennial times. The wide domain of nature is being surveyed with a scientific accuracy, instead of a "thus saith the Lord."

Nature is now known to hav evolved the universe as we behold it by inherent powers and processes of its own.

The Mosaic cosmogony has been relegated back to the ignorance of the infancy of the race. We hav outgrown the swaddling clothes of the past. The uncertain and vacillating notions of youth hav been discarded for the wisdom of riper years. The food of infants is not suitable pabulum for men and women. Away with the theological milk of babes; giv us the meat of knowledge that may be utilized.

The future is pregnant with the possibilities of nature's resources wrought upon by man's genius freed from fear.

Research, unhedged by priestly persecution, knows no bounds.

All hail to the grand era of science, of man and woman, when the world will be redeemed from the thraldom of the old bigotry and bathed in the new and pure light of universal mental liberty!

Stockton, Tenn. W. N. SIMPSON.

Mr. Denslow's Economy.

It is very evident that we need a radically new system of political economy. A Chicago sky-pilot, preaching against the Anarchists, recently made the remarkable admission that Adam Smith and Ricardo were the real founders of Anarchism, and Miss Gertrude B. Kelly judiciously suggested that since no better could be done, it might be well to dig up what remains of Smith and Ricardo and set their skulls on pikes as a warning to economists of the old school who may be unconsciously buttressing the foundations of Anarchistic Socialism. But I think now that I know a trick worth two of that. Let Mr. Van Buren Denslow leave off writing articles and compose a systematic treatis on this branch of science. There is no question that he will demolish the fundamental dogmas on which Marx and Proudhon built, but which Smith and Ricardo invented.

As an old-time disciple of Smith and Ricardo, I had been in the habit of supposing that a man's motiv in working was always the want of something which labor produces—such as food, clothes, shelter, whisky, cigars, preaching (hem!), books, music, fast horses, etc. I further learned from Smith and Ricardo that the object of every man in producing more than he needs of a particular commodity is to exchange the surplus for that of another man who is producing something else. And these misleaders of youth were also so perverse as to teach me that money (I do not mean coin, which from another point of view may be regarded as bullion and therefore a commodity, but coin and its representativs when used as money) was only a medium of exchange, sought after by no one but monomaniacs except as a means of more conveniently exchanging one's own commodities for another's.

We hav changed all that. Mr. Denslow, in his second paper on the "Distribution of Wealth," distinctly shows that no man works, or sells, with a view to getting anything else than money, so that the whole world would stop working and selling if everyone had enough money—say $800,000,000. Mr. Denslow clearly sees that this would be inconvenient for buyers and employers—that it would be disagreeable, even for people with $800,000,000 apiece, to abstain from food, go ragged, sleep in unmade beds, sit by cold hearths, and attend no more theaters, tabernacles, or Salvation shows; and only less awkward for each man to raise, kill, and cook his own ox, make his own clothes, shake up his own mattress, lug his own coal home on his back, and practice the can-can for his own amusement before the looking-glass. But he does not quite fully explain why all this should be any less disagreeable for the sellers and employees. The corner grocery man, suddenly become an eight-hundred millionaire, would, I should think, find it tiresome to lug his own coal on his back. Why, then, should he not deign to furnish the coal baron groceries on condition that the coal baron should furnish him coal? Bad habits, you know, are not eradicated in a moment. I am evidently backsliding into the heresies of Smith and Ricardo. To prevent such accidents for the future, I beseech Mr. Denslow to treat this question with fulness and precision. Either people do not desire food and clothes if they only hav money enough, and the king whose touch turned everything to gold should hav been a supremely happy man; or else, if Midas might hav starved to death with his mouth full of gold, then, no matter how rich people became, if they all became rich together, they would still produce and exchange. Then it is only the man who is rich, while others are poor, who can afford to loaf; and the unequal distribution of wealth, instead of causing industry and production, is the very thing which causes idleness and non-production. Let us hope Mr. Denslow will make this clearer in his coming work.

In his third paper Mr. Denslow lays the ax to another root of the existing political economy, viz., that all wealth is produced by labor. From the somewhat evident postulate that it is produced by production, he draws the rather questionable conclusion that it is produced primarily by previously existing capital. But how about the first wealth that ever was produced? Did the Lord supply the first man with the first capital? Or did the first man produce it, perhaps, by knocking over a bear and making a bow out of his bones and sinews? In the latter case it would seem as if labor did primarily produce all wealth. This is another point which we must wait for Mr. Denslow, in his forthcoming volume, to make clear.

Mr. Denslow, in the present imperfect state of my knowledge, appears to me too brash in his attacks on Socialists. Socialists, he says, get together and resolve that labor, "meaning the helpless laborer that works for wages," produces all wealth. Now, if there are any Socialists who say anything so absurd—if there is a Socialist in the world who denies that the projector, organizer, and manager of an enterprise is a laborer and a producer, I hope Mr. Denslow's book will not lack a portrait of this remarkable Socialist, or at least a pen-picture, giving his name, birthplace, the titles of his works and their publisher. For I solemnly declare that to me he is as unknown as the Abolitionist who wanted to marry a nigger, or the other famous Socialist who wants "all wealth equally divided."

But is not Mr. Denslow a little out in his relation of cause and effect, when he declares that the larger the accumulation of capital in a single hand, the lower the charge per cent it exacts of the community for its service? The sharper competition becomes in any particular line, the lower the charge per cent will be. But what is the aim of competition? Is it not monopoly? And is not monopoly obtained in theory and practice by the accumulation of as much capital as possible in a single hand? And are monopolies noted for rendering their services to the public at low rates? The obsolete school of Smith and Ricardo used to divide profits into wages of superintendence, assurance against loss, and interest. The profits of a very small capitalist, as a newsboy, which are high in proportion to his investment, are, they taught, mostly wages. As his investment increases, the ratio of profit to investment falls, because most of the wages are distributed among his employees. But the rate of interest does not fall in this way. It falls because the competition of capitalists compels them to undersell each other, which they are enabled to do by investing on a continually increasing scale. But if the final result of their competition be the victory of the biggest, resulting in monopoly, the public will get no benefit out of that.

Mr. Denslow's criticism on Henry George I shall not answer, but I wish George would. A battle between two such masters of sophistry would be better than a free seat in Plymouth church.

It is remarkable that Mr. Denslow begins to agree with my old masters, Smith and Ricardo, just where I begin to differ with them. They taught, as he does, that capital is acquired by what, with refreshing candor, he calls meanness. I always had a sneaking notion that it was acquired by invention. I do not expect Mr. Denslow to waste time in setting me right here; but I hope in his book he will select a happier instance than A. T. Stewart, whose wealth, he takes pains to show, was acquired by invention and not by "meanness." Neither will the work be any the worse for leaving out such historical misstatements as that Malthus had eleven children, and such confusions of thought as that the average increase of a whole people will not keep up with the means of subsistence because one man's wife does not go to breeding like a rabbit as soon as her husband grows rich.

But there is one point on which Mr. Denslow agrees with Smith and Ricardo, which it would be greatly to the advantage of his cause to hav cleared up. He says, and so do they, that production is induced by luxury. He says, and so do they, that capital is the mainspring of production, and that capital is acquired by parsimony. How can these propositions be made to pull in the same yoke? My own theory, which I believe to be original, that capital is acquired by invention, harmonizes perfectly with the idea that luxury increases wealth. But the idea that capital is amassed by parsimony, it appears to me, does not.

Mr. Denslow has doubtless plenty more new ideas. But to sum up those which he has published, it should be made clear (1) that people work for money, not for commodities; (2) that wealth is, or can possibly be, produced otherwise than by labor; (3) that competition does not eventuate in monopoly; (4) that capital can be produced by parsimony and at the same time by luxury. C. L. JAMES.

No Censorship of the Press.

From the New York Sun.

A bill is now in the hands of the post-office committee of the House of Representativs proposing to exclude from the mails any newspapers or periodicals in which any letter, circular, or writing concerning any lottery, gift enterprise, or scheme for the distribution of money or property by lot, chance, or hazard of any kind shall be published; and any person who shall deposit such paper or periodical in any post-office, or shall mail any letter or package containing such a paper or periodical, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five thousand, or imprisoned for not less than thirty days nor more than two years, or both, at the discretion of the court.

This is paternal government with a vengeance.

We respectfully invite the attention of any statesmen who may be engaged in the promotion of this sort of government to that provision of the Constitution of the United States which declares that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of the press. Nowhere is authority lodged to establish a censorship. Yet the proposed bill will convert every postmaster into a censor of the press, and confer upon each one of these modest officers the right to examin any publication and to determin, without jury or trial, whether it is of the kind which seems suitable to him or not, and to admit to the mails or exclude therefrom any publication which does not meet with his approval.

Where and how does the Constitution confer the power to establish such a censorship; and why should the right of free printing thus be brought into question? If any newspaper is libelous, it can be dealt with by the courts of the state in which it is published. If any periodical is scandalous, its editors and publishers can be held to answer by the same courts. But such a power as this bill arrogates for the minor officials of the United States is not only contrary to the guarantees of the Constitution, but its creation would be unwise and unjustifiable.

The American Secular Union.

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Friends of Freedom.

In pursuance of the inquisitorial purposes and the meddlesome efforts of the Society for the Suppression of Vice to stamp out Freethought in this country, another Liberal paper has been singled out for its vengeance.

Messrs. Harman and Walker, editors of *Lucifer*, at Valley Falls, Kan., hav been indicted on a vague charge of "obscenity"—the same charge which Christian hypocrits raised against Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant in England, and D. M. Bennett, Dr. Foote, and hosts of other reformers in this country—"obscenity" being one of those mud-slinging epithets which is sure to frighten weak-kneed Liberals from the performance of their duty, and seemingly placing in a compromising attitude any who are compelled to defend themselvs against such an imputation.

It is impossible, I understand, for the defendants to ascertain from the indictment what the specific act is with which they are charged. They disclaim any intent to publish anything obscene and any knowledge that they hav done so. I hav been a reader of *Lucifer* for some years, and do not remember reading anything in that paper which could possibly be construed as obscene, although far from agreeing with its philosophy outside its advocacy of Freethought. Messrs. Harman and Walker hav been prominently known as able, earnest workers for the spread of Freethought, for the advancement of humanity, and hav ever valiantly opposed church and state encroachments. Their prominence has invited this attack of the suppressors, which is, without doubt, instigated by the same motivs and contemplates the same ulterior purposes that were so glaringly manifest in the prosecution of D. M. Bennett.

It is as apparent in this as it was in Bennett's case that the attack upon Messrs. Harman and Walker is a violation of the principle laid down in the eighth Demand of Liberalism, viz.: "That all laws looking to the enforcement of Christian morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty."

I therefore urge upon all who hav at heart the stability of our institutions, the perpetuity of free speech, and the permanence of freedom in this country to aid, in the various ways open to them, in the defeat of the efforts to silence the editors of *Lucifer* by the slimy creature Comstock, under the pretense of "enforcing Christian morality."

The National Defense Association hav interested themselvs in this case, and are soliciting subscriptions and the activ aid of all workers.

You will be advancing the cause of progress if you can, in any way, coöperate with them, and I am confident you will make no mistake in so doing.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Romanism Reigns in Chicago Courts.

Another instance was added Saturday—if any additions were necessary—to prove the persistent, dangerous, and successful encroachments of the Romish church in the state of Illinois, and especially in Cook county, by Judge Tuthill's decision. During the previous week a bitter battle was waged in our county court on the question whether the state shall limit the Catholic church or the Romish church control the state.

County Attorney Bliss bravely blew a trumpet-blast of defiance and warning to machinations of the papal power in our midst, while priestly vampires hav secured another decision from a servil judge to sustain their raid on the county treasury and continue their brain-benumbing schemes, so that obedient children of the church can be manufactured at public expense.

For years the maintenance of "dependent" girls has been the bugbear of the county board, the former commissioners refusing to pay bills aggregating $19,585 rendered by the Chicago Industrial School for Girls, for the maintenance and tuition of females, under eighteen years, committed to its care by the county courts. And the present finance committee of the county board, prominent among whom is a good friend of the Chicago Secular Union, refused to recognize the bill submitted for payment and instructed the county attorney to resist their fraudulent claim. It was the clearest case of sectarian education that ever came into our courts, but in it the church of Rome has, for the time being, proved itself more powerful than the law, and, by the decision of this truckling judge, and the indifference of the people to the greatest of all educational questions, separation of church and state, is once more triumphant.

The pretense of the plaintiff was that, being duly incorporated by the general law of the state, the Industrial School provided homes and proper training for such girls as were committed to its custody so that they might become good and useful women, and that it admitted girls irrespectiv of "race, creed, or color;" that it was supported by voluntary contributions and by means of such moneys as it may be entitled to under the law.

How philanthropic and innocent, to be sure, especially when we find that the archbishop presided over its meeting of incorporation; that all of its nine incorporators were Catholics, and seven of them were nuns; that, having no buildings of its own, this mythical Chicago Industrial School simply transferred its girls to the keeping of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum and the House of the Good Shepherd, both avowed Roman Catholic institutions! The president of the Chicago Industrial School for Girls, by some fortuitous circumstance, was also the mother superior of the House of the Good Shepherd, while the assistant superior, by the same strange coincidence, was also the recording secretary of the corporation that never corporated—that is, there is nothing to show that it ever did anything in a corporate capacity, except to draw pay from the county; that it was merely a Jesuitical trick to gain control of these girls and make the public pay for it. The most scandalous part of this Romish trickery was the habit the mother superior had of collecting all the young girls possible, sending them down to the county court, before a Catholic judge, and having them pronounced "dependents" committed to her care as president of the Industrial School, and by her placed in the House of the Good Shepherd, or the St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, while she, *volente deo*, evades the express prohibitory clause of the state constitution which forbids public funds to be granted to "any educational institution of a sectarian character." The Industrial School, St. Joseph's Orphanage, and House of the Good Shepherd were emblematic of the holy trinity, I presume. What true reverence those frisky Chicago girls must feel for such a noble mission as the nuns are engaged in! What glimpses of heavenly light they must obtain while slowly intoning, in the solitude of their cells, the sacramental benediction, "*Bella premunt hostitia!*"

County Attorney Bliss ably extracted the milk from the cocoanut, by showing the absurdity of the claim that Mary Cleary, president of the Chicago Industrial School, employed herself as mother superior of the House of the Good Shepherd to look after the girls.

The incontrovertible facts which the county attorney proved I will briefly summarize: That this incorporation was but a mere scheme to evade the laws of the state; that the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Joseph's Orphanage were controled by the Roman Catholic church; that the nine incorporators of the Industrial School were all Catholics, and seven of them nuns who had taken solemn vows and obligations to teach and preach the dogmas of the Catholic church to the exclusion of all other creeds; that these nuns were subject to the superior powers of their order and to the superior authorities of the Roman Catholic church; that the head of the Catholic church in Chicago presided at the incorporation meeting; that after the incorporation the Chicago Industrial School soon dropped out of sight and everything was done in the name of the order of the Good Shepherd; that the Industrial School exists only on paper since its incorporation in November, 1885; that it has no habitation, no place of abode, and it has installed itself in the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Joseph's Orphanage, and thus came within the prohibitory clause of the statute; that from the manner in which this corporation had evaded the law these girls had been incarcerated illegally, the county courts having no more jurisdiction to commit those girls to the House of the Good Shepherd, and thus dump them on the taxpayers of the county, than it had to commit them to the county jail; from a legal point of view, their commitments were nothing but waste paper.

Notwithstanding this array of evidence, which Mr. Bliss proved beyond cavil, the court maintained that, the service having been rendered, the county was liable. Judge Tuthill's lengthy decision strikes one as the advertisment of a shameless political pettifogger rather than that of an upright, impartial jurist. He holds that:

> The mere fact that members of a particular church predominate in or constitute the entire membership of a corporation does not fix a sectarian character upon it. No more does the fact that the teacher of a district school belongs to a particular church make her school sectarian. Neither where there are several teachers will the fact that all are members of the same church make that school "sectarian." There is surely nothing of sectarianism in the character of the work for which this school was organized. . . . This corporation, having no house of its own, and no means with which to build one, as unquestionably, it seems to me, it might hav done with any private person, hotel, or boarding-house, made a contract with two other corporations existing by virtue of the laws of the state, having facilities to render the desired service which they undertook, and, in fact, hav temporarily housed, bedded, and clothed the children committed to its care. But the plaintiff itself, and no other, has, through its officers and teachers, constantly had actual legal charge of, taught, managed, and controled them.

In conclusion, the decision holds that, while the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum are connected with and exist under the sanction of the Roman Catholic church, their work is in no way sectarian. "O wise young judge!" Truly, "Dick" Tuthill, thou art much older in "tricks" than thy looks.

The mainspring of this *exposé* was possibly the work of the Chicago Secular Union, and as the secretary of the American Secular Union has had frequent interviews with a certain member of the finance committee, this battle for separation of church and state was precipitated, and the end is not yet, as the case will be carried to the supreme court.

In introducing the resolutions on the subject Sunday night, Dr. E. S. McLeod created no little merriment by his facetious allusions to the judicial "dicker" between the two "Dicks"—"Dick" Tuthill, who renders the decision to support "Dick" Prendergast, who is the papal tool who performs the commitment part of the program. After some discussion by Gen. M. M. Trumbull, Geo. Collins, and Dr. Henry, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we commend the wise and patriotic action of County Attorney Bliss in the Industrial School suit, and trust that the higher courts will maintain the letter and spirit of our constitution, and the secular traditions of our government.

Resolved, That judges are placed in office to define and protect legal rights, not to perpetrate a wrong or shield a wrong-doer, and we condemn the action of Judge Tuthill in the Industrial School suit as a direct violation of a plain constitutional provision, and denounce his misinterpretation of law which diverts public money from legitimate governmental uses to the support of a religious sect.

Resolved, That the sentiments expressed in the foregoing resolutions are emphasized and intensified by the recollection of the manipulations of a disgraceful New York political ring in favor of a more disgraceful ecclesiastical machine, and it is pertinent to bear in mind that the beneficiary in New York, and the proposed beneficiary in Chicago, belong to the same church.

Resolved, That we believe that an ecclesiastical organization, or corporation, has an equal right with any other organization or corporation to acquire property, and an equal right to governmental protection of its property, and we further declare that an ecclesiastical organization, or corporation, has an equal right and duty with every other organization, or corporation, or individual possessor, to pay its just share by taxation for the protection which the state at present bestows as a charity.

The above resolutions were not published, and while a good many columns of the reports of the proceedings in court were given in the daily prints, not one dared to say anything editorially about this outrage on the taxpayers.

Liberals, is there not great need for, and a vast work before, the American Secular Union? Will you sustain it? Let us see.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Bacon, Shakspere, Ingersoll, and Others.

I was introduced to Colonel Ingersoll ten years ago by his brother, whom I knew as a member of Congress. In the course of conversation, Colonel Ingersoll alluded to Shakspere. "You mean Bacon," I playfully remarked. "No, I mean Shakspere," said he. Presently I put this question to him: "How do you account for the fact that no letter written by Shakspere was ever found?" The answer was: "I account for it by the great fire in London." I then dropped the subject, saying that I did not profess to be well informed on that question. And yet I had examined it sufficiently to be convinced that Shakspere was not the writer of the plays. Colonel Ingersoll, I know, still thinks otherwise, and I hav often said that I take more pleasure in differing with him than with any other human being. His answer to my question was, perhaps, the best that could be invented. The great fire in London was in 1666. Shakspere died at Stratford fifty years before the fire, and Bacon died in London forty years before it. We hav a multitude of Bacon's letters, but not one of Shakspere's!

Before Colonel Ingersoll left Washington, there was a celebration of Shakspere's birthday at his house, and he made a little speech, in which he said that Shakspere, as a poet, never had, and never would hav, his equal. On that question I am happy to differ with him, and I venture to say that, in my humble judgment, Shakspere, or whoever wrote the works attributed to him, was not superior, as a poet, to Robert G. Ingersoll. Not that I dispute the consensus of the competent as to the merits of Shakspere, or deny that he is the greatest of the world's poets up to our time; but I find in his works much that is dull and insipid, which I fail to find in any writing of Colonel Ingersoll. And I do not believe that the writer of Shakspere's plays could hav produced a funeral oration equal in poetic sentiment to one written by the Agnostic Ingersoll.

I knew the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly as a member of Congress from 1865 to 1869, when, as one of the corps of stenographers, I reported his speeches among the rest. Mr. Donnelly visited Washington in 1885, and I called on him to learn about the Bacon cipher. He opened his fac-simile of the folio of 1623, with pages full of his own marginal figures,

and showed me enough to leave little doubt on my mind that there was a cipher there. He read to me Ben Jonson's lines opposit the title-page, praising the likeness of Shakspere,

> Wherein the Graver had a strife
> With Nature to out-doo the life,

and as he read it he smiled, saying that it was evidently ironical. That likeness is so wretched that Shaksperean scholars are ashamed of it, and it has been called "an abominable libel on humanity."

In the same year, 1623, we first hear of the Shakspere bust on the monument at Stratford; and that is another libel on humanity. There is little resemblance between the picture and the bust. The engraved likeness would answer for an idiot, and the bust for a buffoon. No original of the engraving has ever been found, and what now passes for the likeness of Shakspere is an unauthenticated portrait, which has been painted over by a later hand, and bears little resemblance to the picture in the folio or the bust at Stratford.

Ben Jonson made another poetical contribution to the folio in praise of the author, in which occurs this line:

> And though thou hadst small Latine and lesse Greeke.

Jonson was an ardent admirer of Lord Bacon, and helped him translate some of his works into Latin. In enumerating sixteen of the greatest wits of his day, Jonson does not name Shakspere, but says of Bacon:

> It is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred to *insolent Greece or haughty Rome.*

Turn now to Jonson's tribute in the folio to the memory of the author of the plays, and you find the very words of his encomium on Bacon applied to Shakspere:

> Of all that *insolent Greece or haughtie Rome*
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

In my interview with Mr. Donnelly I told him I had discovered sixteen or more short poems, published between 1589 and 1600, signed "Ignoto," all of which I had identified as Bacon's. But I said there was a mystery about one of them which required further light to explain. In Jaggard's publication of a collection of Shakspere's poems in 1599, entitled, "The Passionate Pilgrim," there was a song the first stanza of which was this:

> Liv with me and be my love,
> And we will all the pleasures prove
> That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
> And all the craggy mountains yields.

This song was published, with slight variation and two additional stanzas, in the next year, 1600, signed, "Chr. Marlowe;" and another detached stanza following the song in Jaggard's collection was enlarged to six stanzas in 1600 and signed, "Ignoto." Mr. Donnelly at once solved that mystery. He said: "I hav no doubt you will find that 'Ignoto' was Bacon, and that he wrote that song, which is partially repeated in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' by Sir Hugh Evans. And in regard to its being credited to Marlowe, I hav discovered in the cipher this sentence:

> "Ever since Marlowe was killed,
> Shakspere has been my mask."

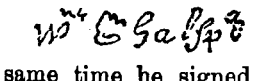
Marlowe was buried, as I afterward ascertained, June 1, 1593. In the same year Shakspere's first publication appeared, "Venus and Adonis," dedicated to the earl of Southampton, a youth of twenty. In the following year another poem, "Lucrece," was dedicated to the same young lord. Up to this time many of the Shakspere plays had been written and put upon the stage, and two or three were printed, all anonymous. Three or four more were printed during the next four years, but still anonymous, and it was not until 1598 that the authorship of any play was claimed by Shakspere. Then appeared "Richard II." and "Richard III.," both second editions, and "Love's Labor Lost," the only edition in Shakspere's lifetime—all three by "William Shakespeare." "Venus and Adonis" had gone through three editions, and "Lucrece" two; but "Henry IV.," second edition, in 1598 was still anonymous.

This was one year after the publication of Bacon's first acknowledged work, the "Essays," whose popularity has continued unabated down to this day. In the above-named play Mr. Donnelly first discovered the cipher, and in the two parts of "Henry IV." he finds his richest placers. The third edition of "Henry IV.," in 1599, has Shakspere's name on the title-page. But "Henry V." went through three editions, all anonymous, in Shakspere's lifetime. Likewise "Titus Andronicus," the first of the printed plays, the poorest, and yet one of the most popular, first edition, 1594; third, 1611. "Romeo and Juliet," first printed anonymously in 1597, was not credited to Shakspere until 1611, fifth edition; and when the folio of 1623 was published, being the first collection of the plays, eighteen of the thirty-seven had never before been printed, and nine never heard of.

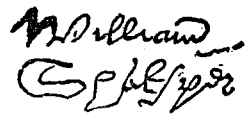
For two years past I hav had lying in my drawer a nearly completed manuscript of the parallel lives of Bacon and Shakspere, and therefore ought to know the essential facts of the two lives.

The evidence of Shakspere's being an actor is rather shadowy. Long after his death, somebody remembered seeing him act the part of Adam in "As You Like It," and the ghost in "Hamlet." There is no evidence that Shakspere ever communicated with the earl of Southampton beyond the printed dedications of the two poems. There is no evidence that Shakspere was a clerk or student in a law office, or that he was ever at school, or even that he ever learned to write.

In January, 1884, I first saw the engraved facsimiles of the only handwriting of Shakspere ever found—to wit, five autographs. The first was his signature to a mortgage, March 11, 1613, when he was nearly forty-nine years old. He wrote it thus:

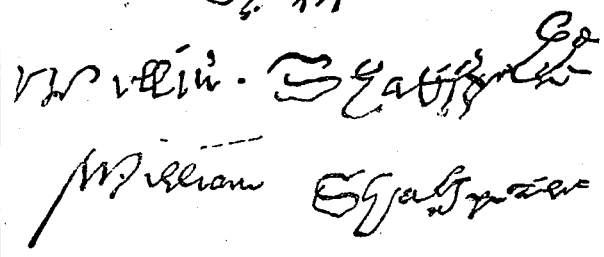


About the same time he signed a deed growing out of the same transaction, dated March 10th, in this queer way:



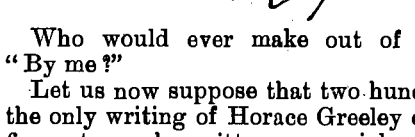
In both these deeds his name was spelled repeatedly Shakespeare.

Three years later, when he made his will, he signed his name to three sheets of it successivly, as follows:



The reader will observe that in none of these five signatures is there an *e* in the first syllable or an *a* in the last, as the name had always been spelled in the printed plays. And in the will the name is twice written Shackspeare.

Prefixed to the last of the three signatures is this scrawl:



Who would ever make out of that the words "By me?"

Let us now suppose that two hundred years hence the only writing of Horace Greeley extant should be five autographs written successivly, as follows:

1. H. Grele, with an *a* over the final *e*.
2. Horace written over Grely.
3. The same, three years later.
4. Hor. Grel, ending with a frightful scrawl.
5. Horace Grely, tolerably plain.

But more; Greeley, like Shakspere, had two daughters and a son. Both sons died in childhood, but the daughters grew up. Now, suppose it should appear that one of Greeley's daughters had to make her mark, and the other was so illiterate that she insisted that certain writing in a book was by her deceased husband, when it was apparent to anybody who knew the man's handwriting that it was not his. Such was the fact in regard to Shakspere's two daughters.

But enough. It is not easy in our time to realize how perilous in the past it has been to be known as an author, except as a rigid conservativ. Bacon, Voltaire, and Paine were wise in doing much, if not most, of their work in secret. Fifty years ago our Ingersoll could not hav dared to speak as he now does; and had he lived in the days of John Calvin and ventured to speak half as boldly as he now does, he would probably hav been burnt at the stake like Servetus.

WILLIAM HENRY BURR.

Men, Women, and Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It has been my pleasure of late to attend the Sunday afternoon meetings of the Brooklyn (E. D.) Philosophical Society, held at a hall on South Eighth street, near Bedford avenue. It has also been my pleasure to listen to a course of three lectures on the Hebrew Testament, by Thaddeus B. Wakeman, a cultured and scholarly Liberal, together with the general debate which followed each lecture. The result of these lectures was to set aside all historical data for much that is given in the Bible as having occurred; to deny that such a person as Jesus of Nazareth ever lived, and to attribute such a character to the gradual growth in the minds of men of the teachings of various races and ages; to offer in place of the Bible a collection of books made up of Bain's "Logic" as the foundation, then upon that astronomy, geology, chemistry, physics, and social science—in fact, to put exact science in place of revealed religion—and, finally, to approach the grave, which he symbolized as a great hole with the sides and bottom knocked out, through which he peered in vain to see anything beyond. In reaching such a point and in peering through such a hole, he stands where learning has brought many a man; and he stands upon very firm ground to take an honest look into that vast spiritual field of research which lies beyond the hole—beyond the grave. Such a mind wants facts—facts which go gradually to prove the existence of a hereafter, and to build up in that mind a knowledge of what is seemingly unreal, because unseen.

Woman, having the intuitiv faculty larger than man, is more closely allied to this invisible world, and more readily accepts on faith what he takes much more time to accept through reason. Woman jumps at it, drinks it in, and accepts it as a lien on immortality, but man must understand it. Spiritualism, now nearly forty years old since its modern inception, is building up gradually the only real spiritual science that shall serve as a crown or capstone for all science. It is the "stone that the builders rejected" over and over again, but this time it has come to stay; for its mediums, being permitted to liv in this enlightened age, will keep furnishing facts until an exact science of spiritual things has been deduced therefrom.

With the physical facts go the inspired teachings of our public speakers, until, between the two, we stand upon an eminence where we view two worlds, as it were, spread out before our gaze—a material and a spiritual.

To all who, having reached this hole where Liberalism leaves them, desire to peer through and beyond into the great unknown, we say, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," "Seek and ye shall find," "Ask and ye shall receive."

It may be only a tiny rap—a Hydesville rap—that shall answer you at first; but that much, little as it seems, has satisfied a great many, and led them from the letter *A* of our Spiritual alphabet to that of *Z*, which is full-form materialization, where the so-called dead stand before you and you are in the presence of a denizen of another world—a world of spirit that lies about you and begins where this leaves off—a world that lies so close that it touches this, and embraces it in a love that strives only to lift it higher in the scale of human progress.

"Eyes ye hav, but ye see not; ears ye hav, but ye hear not." Only those fine, sensitiv souls whose interior powers are unfolded beyond the power of matter to keep them in can see and hear the things of the spirit. Others must hav hard facts to convince and satisfy them, which we offer.

The cause of Spiritualism is growing in power and in character. Out from a dark background—out from a Nazareth of dishonesty and immorality—is coming the light that shall illumin the world, and aid largely in harmonizing all religions.

Brooklyn, Feb., 1888. W. J. CUSHING.

A Philosophical Observation.

From San Francisco Freethought.

Men who hav been unable to raise themselvs to a satisfactory distinction by efforts in their own behalf may often gain a temporary notoriety by defaming somebody who is more successful. In this way they make themselvs known to many people who would not otherwise be aware of their existence.

UNDER the voluntary morning prayer and chapel system the attendance of the Harvard students has fallen from eight or nine hundred to one hundred and fifty or less. A few goody-good students are now beseeching their comrades to come up and be saved, but the unregenerate young sinners mock them with scorn.

ARGUING for the repeal of the Saturday half-holiday bill last week, Senator Vedder quoted from a Bible he had sent for to refresh his memory, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," and said that the Saturday half-holiday was in opposition to the divine command. If this is the best the senator can do, but little attention will be paid to him. The people are not much afraid of divinity.

AMONG the petitions introduced in the United States Senate this session is one presented by Senator Ingalls by request, upon which was printed this statement: "Believing the charges alleged against the priesthood because of the practice of auricular confession are true and deserve investigation, we do humbly petition your august body to appoint a commission having full power to demand the production of persons and papers competent in evidence to declare whether such confessional is calculated to pollute the morals of the people and undermine the foundations of our republican institutions." The Catholics allege that this is an attempt to use the Senate to advertise Fulton's book, "Why Priests Should Wed."

THE Presbyterians of this city hav drawn up the following document to be presented to the legislature of this state:

"First: That our national vigor and permanence are guaranteed only by a religiously grounded morality.

"Second: That, without claiming it to be the province of the state to teach religion for religion's sake, the general assembly should yet confess its belief that, in order to the state's own interest, there should be in every school maintained by the state the inculcation of such principles of dependence upon God and application to him as are essential to sound learning, safe character, and wholesome citizenship.

"Third: That the general assembly should encourage the appointment of such teachers as shall be in accord with the spirit of the second section of this overture, and bring the entire weight of its influence to bear against whatever statement or suggestion shall antagonize the claims of the God upon whom we depend and to whom we owe application.

"Fourth: That the general assembly should instruct its ministers publicly to recognize the difficulties in which the case is involved, and to bring those difficulties to bear as an argument for more thorough intelligence and faithful religious instruction on the part of the family, Sabbath-school, and church."

The Presbyterians hav queer ideas of the province of the general assembly if they think it can interfere with the family, the Sunday-school, and the church.

Communications.

Is That Spirit We Call God a Tangible Personal Being?

Christian leading thinkers universally consider God as the great first cause of all created things, himself being self-existent from all eternity of the past to all eternity of the future.

According to the Bible of the Hebrews, or the Mosaic dispensation, "God is the same yesterday, today, and forever, without a shadow of turning."

In all the writing of the Old and New Testaments God is viewed as having identity, personality, or individuality. By all professed Christians he is spoken of as "our father in heaven," and prayed to in full belief of his personality. Favors are asked of God in the same manner and faith in which children ask favors of their parents.

Yet one of the great attributes ascribed to God's fulness of perfection is omnipresence. But if, as is universally believed by all educated, reasoning minds of men, there is no possible limitation to space, and throughout all space millions of worlds exist like unto our planetary system of sun, moon, earth, etc.—if God be everywhere present throughout all the incomprehensible expanse of the universe as a whole, how can that diffusiv spirit called God exist as an identical personality? That what is called God is a spirit having personal identity we see was taught by Jesus Christ, who taught that he, or it, "must be worshiped in spirit and in truth;" yet Jesus himself did not teach men that said spirit was omnipresent, though he declared himself to be the father when he said to Philip, "If ye hav seen me ye hav seen the father also." Yet Jesus evidently considered himself as an omnipresent personality, or rather, spirit, since he did teach that "where two or three were gathered together in his name, there would he be in their midst." It is an indisputable fact that throughout all Christendom it must often occur that not only one company of two or three are together in his name, but several thousands of twos and threes are gathered together in all Christian communities throughout the nations where his church exists, and it is therefore evident that he, Jesus Christ, is either a diffusiv spirit or else his own saying is false. One of his disciples declares that "as he [Jesus] is, so are ye," meaning all those who follow him; therefore if he is God, one with the father, as he said to Philip, and they who truly follow him are "as he is," then they must be Gods also. If God, then omnipresent! A high claim indeed, to be everywhere present, in and through everything. But such must even be the case; every true follower of Jesus must either become a God by becoming a genuin disciple of Jesus, else the New Testament doctrins are, so far, false.

If his followers do the works that he did, and even "greater," as he declared they should do, then can it be wrong to claim to be his equal? If his equal, then, as he claims to be one with the father God, it logically follows that, as before stated, all his true disciples also are real Gods! But was Jesus Christ really one with the divine spirit, called God? In one instance he claims to be God, by declaring that they who had seen him had seen the father God also; and adding further, "I and the father am one." Yet, strange it is that in another place in the Testament he plainly declares thus, "I come not to do my own will, but the will of him [God] who sent me!" Here let me ask, how can a personality, claiming to be one with God, hav a will of his own? It is beyond the scope of my reason to reconcile such flat contradiction of terms as coming from any truly intelligent being. Evolution of thought and the spirit of progress do, in my estimation, set all such incongruities of talk aside, while I conclude there is no personal God, but only a universal, all-pervading spirit, or directing power, in and through all nature, from the smallest pebble on the seashore to the most mighty worlds, or globes, in the universe of space.

This plain and simple belief sets aside the greater part, if not the entire category, of Bible myths, false doctrins, contradictions, etc., about a definit God, or thinking creator, who, as the Bible says, made this earth, and the great central luminary of our solar system, as well as all the stars, in six days, and then became so exhausted and tired out as to stand still, or sit down, or, it may be, lie down all day Sunday, and, perhaps, be amazed at his own handiworks, for he declared that all the great works *he* had accompliched, or made, were very good—not even excepting the woman, which superior creature he found himself obliged to make out of a bone on the seventh day, or Sunday, so that he, the myth God, was somewhat broken of his rest after all.

But here I would ask: How did God come to know just how to make a helpmeet for the man Adam, and build her so nearly like man, and yet in some respects quite different? It appears that he had no borrowed pattern to follow, so he was pleased to follow his own self-existing pattern or image. Now it came to pass that when God had got all ready to make man, as the Mosaic Bible says, he spoke to some God or body and said, "Let *us* make man in *our* image." I suppose that whoever he spoke to readily assented to the grand proposition, though the Mosaic account of it is quite mum on this point; at all events, God rolled up his sleeves, we will suppose, and at it he went with a will equal to the purpose, and the result was, man was made there and then. Yes, suddenly made in a full-grown, "very good" condition. But note this thing—according to the Bible account, man was not perfect after all, nor could he be complete until he had a "helpmeet," who was, as we believe, a creature of vital importance in the economy of human life; said completion of man being a female, who, as well as Adam, was made after the likeness, or "in the image, of God," who also surely must be both male and female, or else man was not made as God intended, *i. e.*, in the image of God.

Who did God speak to when he said, "Let *us* make man?" And then after man was made, God declared that he was made in God's image, male and female, as above noted. It is evident that the Mosaic or Bible God was not a Darwinian, evoluting man up to the "very good" condition in which we find him when placed in the garden of Eden, since according to Bible lore it did not take his maker over forty-eight hours to make both him and Eve. In fact, it must not hav taken even that short space of time, because we read that during said time God discovered himself to be tired and took a rest. Now, according to Professor Darwin's theory—not the infallible, so-called, Bible God—through long and sure-working decades of nature man has been evoluted from a very low, crude, and ignorant state of both animal and mental life to his present high degree of perfection, and still we see there is not only great need, but in answer to that need a true possibility, of onward and upward progress in the line of perfection.

I hav no doubt but that every man, woman, and child who at this time are sailing under the great showy flag of the various Christian denominations—though nine-tenths of them are infidel to their profession—will brand me as being an Infidel, and very presumptuous to express myself so frankly in regard to their infallible Bible God, and to the great works ascribed to him. But here let me state that so long as it can be shown by their works that more than nine-tenths of those who profess to belong to the Christian church are absolutely infidel to their profession, I opine they hav no stones to throw at me so long as I liv up to what I profess to believe is true and good both in the religion of science and healthy morality, acknowledging the equity and justice of the great Golden Rule—to do unto others in all things as I would hav others do unto me.

Said Golden Rule was a spontaneous outbirth of the unerring religion of nature's moral science or law of right against wrong, hundreds, if not thousands, of years before the historical birth of Jesus of Nazareth. And there never existed, nor can there ever exist, any religion worth a straw that does not accept and teach its members to liv up faithfully to said Golden Rule. All I ask of those who are infidel to their high church or Christian profession is not to pass judgment on me as being an Infidel until they hav first carefully, honestly, and truthfully looked into their own hearts, scanning the secret motiv or propelling power of their every action, word, and thought. When this is sincerely done, I think there will be very few who will feel at liberty to brand me or any other progressiv Liberal thinker as Infidel. So long as a man or woman professes to believe in any code of religious laws and usages and does liv up to the same fully and conscientiously, such person cannot truthfully be called an Infidel, whether he claims to be a Christian, a Mohammedan, or a Naturalist, Liberalist, or Freethinker. The law of love teaches man that "to liv and let liv" is right; that all hav or may hav opinions and beliefs of their own, and that equal rights and privileges of enjoying the same are as dear, and as highly cherished, and as valuable to one man as to another.

If a Christian professor discovers any good works, of whatever name or nature, in his non-Christian-professing brother or neighbor, he will, if he be governed by the Golden Rule, be just as ready to extend a hand, a look, or word of approval as though said brother, or neighbor, was a member of the same confraternity of brotherhood with himself. Anything short of that Liberality bespeaks clannishness, egotism, snobbery, and bigotry.

Christians hav much to say about the "great day of judgment;" and about the great judge of both the living and the dead, sitting on a great white throne, before whose august being souls shall be judged of all the deeds done in the body. Such a belief may hav answered the purpose to compel many to do right through fear of being sent pell-mell down the smoky lane to sheol! But let me be joined to that better company of souls who do right through the principle of "it is right to do right," and an inbred love of heaven instead of a fear of hell, or sheol.

The truth is, if my belief is correct, no soul of man now living, none that ever did liv in humanity's form, and none that ever will be so encased, will ever be arraigned in the courts of any spiritual tribunal, only the unerring judge of self-consciousness. Before that seat, or in that seat, every soul of man will feel obliged to arraign himself for approval of good works, and for self-condemnation of evil works, if of the latter he finds he is guilty.

A great deal is said about heaven and hell, the two opposing conditions. But few people, comparativly speaking, understand the real meaning of the words. I contend, as do many others, that heaven is not some far-off, identical, local place where spirits and angels only dwell. Oh, no; not anything of that sort. Heaven is a condition, ever within and surrounding that soul of man, whether in the mortal body or out of it, whose good works develop and deserve it. On the other hand, every man may, and often does, by evil, wicked works develop in and around his own soul the fearful condition called hell. Thus we find that thousands of people whose souls or spirits are partly good and partly evil are partly in heaven and partly in hell at the same time.

With such, the disposition to do right and the disposition to do wrong are at war with each other, each striving for the mastery; nor can complete heaven ever be realized by any soul until the good principle gains a full and final victory over every evil disposition with which it may hav to contend.

Every soul or spirit has a right to seek help of any other soul or spirit in whom it can place confidence as an ally to help it fight its natural enemy. And any sympathetic soul or spirit will, or does, hav a perfect right to assist an applicant in said warfare.

Not any judge of an ecclesiastical church or society, nor yet any number of such non infallible functionaries, can be accepted by any non-infallible self to lead directly, or even counsel me what to do or what not to do, as looking to the weal or woe of present and future states of existence, save by my individual consent or request. I must be my own judge, even though I may first seek the counsel of others, as to what I shall do to secure the greatest amount of happiness I may be capable of enjoying here and hereafter.* Yet, after all, though I may hav found the counsel of other men to coincide with my own sense of right, experience will, in many ways, teach me that a wrong course of action has been leading away from the goal sought, rather than to it.

If the race for happiness were limited to the short space of time allotted to the life of man in his earthly form, there might be a great temptation to "throw up the sponge," and despair of ever realizing the coveted prize; but since the treasure, and the possibility of winning it, is not confined to our transitory passage through time, but is to be carried forward to a future, and, as I believe, a more exalted state of existence, it ought to inspire every soul of man to persevere, and never for a moment succumb to an embarrassing, futil spirit of discouragement. But if we fail in our attempts to secure perfect happiness in one, two, three, yes, in a thousand attempts, let us foster "hope, which keeps the heart whole," and "try, try again," until victory shall reward our untiring struggles, and the great desire of our souls, true happiness, be ours.

E. D. Blakeman.

*Such application for help will usually be made by a weaker to a stronger power; and in that light it may be considered prayer, but it is praying to identified beings, rather than to an all-pervading force that is ever omnipresent in and through everything, "expanded through all immensity of space, yet undivided," as Pope has it.

Requested to Leave Home.

An oily request to expatriate one's self from home, friends, and associates, by a learned and polite gentleman, is quite an improvement on the brusque orders of banishment, torture, and death so often resorted to in those days of papal supremacy when faith was the star of hope and pretense the bulwark of safety. To appreciate is but to experience the ban.

A consanguineous spirit of that old custom has fallen upon us. It may be observed peeping through that veil of fulsome flattery in a communication of ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds on his Western tour in the Truth Seeker issue of January 21st, in which he says: "Beyond question, if he [G. H. Walser] would absent himself from Liberal for a few years, he would be better appreciated, the citizens would become more self-reliant, and on his return he would be surprised and delighted at the progress the town had made."

For seven long years, with the exception of one year on business in Kansas, we hav devoted our time, best energies, and thousands of dollars in trying to build up the cause of Liberalism in this vicinity. That we hav been faithful to the task we hope no one will cast the shadow of a doubt. That we hav made mistakes is not to be denied nor wondered at. Who would not? To associate together a town of Atheists, Deists, Materialists, Agnostics, Christian Spiritualists and Atheistical Spiritualists, Republicans, Democrats, and Anarchists, and not get damned black and blue, is to signify that you are a cipher and not worth a damn. I hav succeeded admirably in the damns.

The work of constructiv Liberalism is much more difficult than the scavenger work of throwing mud at God, the Bible, and religion. Anyone can throw a stone at an old carcass; but to take an old broken-down crowbait of an animal and resuscitate him into a spiritual charger is a different work.

Our belief that Liberalism did not point to a lower standard of manhood, as contended by the church, and that it was susceptible of constructiv work to demonstrate these facts and build a school where the young mind could be led out into a field of intellectual development, without the hindering veil of any creed, sect, or ism, induced us, with a few friends, to penetrate in this then heart of a prairie, undisturbed save by the breath of heaven and now and then the hungry howl of some prowling wolf, to plant the standard of Freethought, that there might be one place on earth where mental and moral worth, not faith, should be the measure of man. Now how changed! Those broad prairies hav been subdued, the haunts of the wolf supplanted by lowing herds and fields of golden grain; farms hav been opened, orchards planted, homes made happy, and a Freethought town of eight hundred people challenging the world for a better example of noble manhood than is to be found here.

The honor of this grand success is not due to us, but to those brave men and women who came and endured privations and difficulties that the enterprise might succeed—we doing what little we could to assist. Whatever may befall us, our heart will ever go back, with grateful memory and love, to those broad-minded, pure-thinking, noble men and women who joined fortunes, for weal or woe, with us here.

We hoped to see a Freethought community, where we could spend our declining days among a people congenial to one who loves peace, order and harmony. But that is not to be. We are told by a sagacious gentleman that it would be better that we "absent ourself for a few years." Of course, his judgment should be respected—not that he is personally acquainted with all the surroundings, but because his acute discernment enables his broad and comprehensiv mind to drink in at a glance the whole situation, which has taken others years to acquire, and at once prescribe duties to citizens here. We hav had many such before, but they were not so learned and so recently from the church as this gentleman, and we paid but little attention to them. In fact, there is not an Anarchist in town that has any use for us, unless they want a favor or something to eat. We hav always found advice a very plentiful commodity—in fact, it is so abundant that some can not husband it all, and hav hit upon the expedient of giving the surplus away. It is not difficult to find men by the score who can tell how to make Liberal grow into a grand metropolis without poverty, want, or labor, where the men will all be rich, women wingless angels, and the babies double-dimpled. They know how to run the government, abolish taxes, get free rent, free trade, big wages, little work; how to destroy enterprises, tear down monopolies, and enjoy their benefits at the same time. In short, they know how to do everything except to make a decent living for themselvs and families. We received much church opposition. There seemed to be not a slander, falsehood, or epithet of abuse known to the language but what has been plied to us in some form by the unscrupulous of the church people. This we could endure, but when our friends, who ought to hav assisted us, take up the warfare with renewed vigor and fury, we feel quite willing to quit the work and yield the field to wiser and more competent heads. In giving up the work, we will ask but one favor: In your criticisms, do us justice, by admitting that "we did our level best."

We hav spent our money in this work. We can not well "absent" ourself, and go out upon the cold charities of the world, penniless and homeless, with our family. We hope Mr. Reynolds will buy our property, or assist us in disposing of it, which we will gladly sell at thirty per cent off the present cash value. Now that we will leave the work, we hope Mr. Reynolds will take it up where we quit off, that we may "return in a few years, and be surprised and delighted at the progress the town has made." We were absent last year, and must confess we were very much surprised on our return. Instead of a temperance town, a licensed saloon was in full blast, and the keeper a member of the town council. We frankly confess that we never believed that Liberalism looked well through the eyes of rum, Anarchy, and their concomitants, and in this lies our offending.

We believe in that Liberalism which ennobles the mind, subdues the passions, softens the heart, and awakens a chord of sympathy through the flow of humanity; that Liberalism that glows on the cheek, laughs in the eyes, lingers on the lips, and livs in the heart; that Liberalism that rests on justice, pleads through mercy, blossoms in friendship, and fruits in love; that Liberalism that blesses the home, and makes good and happy fathers, mothers, and children; that makes life a pleasurable journey, earth a heaven, and the grave a peaceful couch, every man his own savior, and every life a victory. Armed with the spirit of friendship, benevolence, and truth, Liberalism should go on conquering and to conquer, until the whole world is taught to speak one word, and that word Fraternity.

We hav not lost faith in Liberalism, nor do we love it less. But at times we doubt the wisdom of the course of some of its leaders, especially when they use their power to wound the feelings of a co-worker, or strive to lead the cause to a lower plane.

In the past there has been no sacrifice too great for us that the cause might succeed, and the sacrifice we are making now is for the great work before us. It is "beyond question" best for the cause of Liberalism that we withdraw, Mr. Reynolds has told the world. We will do so; but we hope the world will note the fact that we hav at this time one of the best Freethought societies in the country, with a school fairly on its feet, with a bright prospect before it, which will need care, money, and attention to make it a success. If it fails, it will be your failure; if it is a success, may all honor attend you. We hope that you will receive better support than we hav, and the curses heaped upon our head may change to blessings for you. We assure you that we will never throw a stone through your window, or wound your feelings, and bring pain to the heart of your family, by publishing to the world a harsh mandate concerning you.

We look forward to a season of rest in the enjoyment of wife and home, free from the perplexities that hav attended us for years incident to the efforts to build up a better condition for our fellow-man.

In leaving the field we must say to Brother Reynolds that he did not correctly diagnose the case of the people of Liberal when he says that "they will become more self-reliant if we would absent ourself." There are no people more self-reliant than those of Liberal. Every man is an oak; every woman a Minerva, and every lad an intellectual athlete. When you try to mold them into building material, you will find it a more difficult task than that of making faces at religion. Good-bye. G. H. WALSER.

Liberal, Mo., Feb. 12, 1888.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

A pious young lady of my acquaintance to whom I once communicated my intention of writing a Gospel according to Common Sense naïvely exclaimed, "But religion is one thing and common sense another!" "Exactly so," I replied. "That is what I am going to prove. You hav put the case in a nutshell."

If any person doubts the truth of this proposition, let him read the Sermon on the Mount, and say if he ever knew a professed Christian in any condition of life who acted according to it, or if he ever knew a parson of any denomination who did not explain it away and say it was not to be understood literally.

The sermon contains many excellent precepts and some splendid promises, the only objection to them being that the first are for the most part impractical, and the last hav never as yet been fulfilled. As an example—"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." If they do inherit the earth, the possession changes their natures, and most of them are veritable Tartars to their tenants unless they pay the rent. Moses was a meek man but he did not enter into the promised land. Joshua was a fighting man and he did. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." I hope that is true, for I was always a merciful man myself. And the disciples of Jesus hav no mercy upon me. They say I am an Infidel and consign me to eternal torment.

"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." That has been my case for a very long time, but I hav never had a bellyful yet. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and say all manner of evil of you falsely," etc. No, I'm damned if we are! "Take no thought for the morrow." I would not if I could help it. But how is this to be reconciled with the other biblical maxim, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise?"

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." Yes, but then they can liv upon earth and rain-water, a species of food and drink that does not agree with my digestion or my taste. And then their clothing—it lasts but a few days at most, and in winter they die. "Love your enemies, and pray for those who despitefully use you." How many of us could do that if we would, or would do it if we could?

"If smitten on one cheek, turn the other." "You hav behaved like a Christian, William," I said to a poor man who suffered without apparent resentment some rough usage from a half-drunk bully. "Yes," said William, "I knowed I should get the worst of it if I hit back, but I will lay him out when I hav the chance." There was more of discretion than of Christianity in William's behavior. If I had been in his place, I fear I should hav hit back regardless of the consequences.

"Always speak the truth," said the canny Scotchman to his son, "unless the truth wanna stand." The modern preacher says, "Always obey the commandments of Christ as long as they are consistent with your worldly interest." Jesus said, "He that shall break the least of my commandments and teach men so, the same shall be least in the kingdom of heaven." How much of that kingdom will the Christian minister get who breaks them all, and justifies himself by the doctrin of expedience?

"Swear not at all." The English Parliament lately objected to Mr. Bradlaugh taking an unchristian oath, because he was not a Christian. He could not be admitted without breaking one of the commandments of Jesus, and they would not allow him to do that because he did not believe in Jesus. So little account is taken of the commandments of Jesus by his professed teachers and preachers that their principal aim seems to be to teach their hearers how *not* to do them, or how they may be evaded with impunity. This would be the less inexcusable were it not for the shameless effrontery with which they say in effect that Jesus did not expect his precepts to be obeyed—that he did all those things himself and that his obedience is imputed to all believers, *i.e.*, to all who can believe so monstrous an absurdity.

"Except a man forsake all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." This is a sufficient answer to those who suppose that true Christianity is compatible with the enjoyment of an assured and comfortable income. We do not read that in any case Jesus sent round a hat. He lived from hand to mouth, and expected his disciples to do the same. He professed to hav meat to eat that his disciples knew nothing about, and at one time fed a large multitude from his private store supplemented with a few loaves and fishes. We must believe this story—if we can. In another place he says, "He that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also." The only inference we can draw from this is that nobody as yet has thoroughly believed in him, *i. e.*, they hav not really believed in their own belief! OUTIS.

The Christian Church in the United States.

Juliet H. Severance to the Chicago Secular Union.

Wherever you find any church—I care not under what name it exists, if it be Catholic or Protestant—there you find an enemy to liberty.

Every reform movement of our times it has bitterly opposed. Slavery was held to be a divine institution and upheld by the church, and only by the courageous works of such "Infidels" as Garrison, Phillips, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelley, and others, in spite of church opposition and persecution, was this foul blot upon our national honor shown to the people and wiped out.

Woman has ever found in the church her worst enemy and oppressor. In the Bible she is taught that her creation was an afterthought in the creator, and that she was made solely for man's convenience. Moses legalized the sale of daughters. Christ spurned a mother's love and shared that of a Magdalen. Paul's contemptible doctrins in regard to woman hav been used as chains to bind her in her degradation, and to-day the control of the people by the church is held mainly through the subjugation of woman in our marriage system, which is one of slavery, wherein the man owns the woman, instead of being, as it should, a mutual partnership of equal rights, privileges, and responsibilities. From this enslavement of mothers a race of slaves are born.

Let a liberty-loving woman utter a protest against this outrage, or a cry of anguish for the fate of her sex, her voice is silenced by the church's jeers and taunts, and "Let your women keep silence, for it is not permitted unto them to speak," rises from a thousand pulpits to drown the cry. But women do speak, and will continue to speak until above the grave of their present mistress—the church—they will one day sing a song of deliverance.

Through this church influence our secular government is being more and more corrupted. Who pays no taxes on $800,000,000 worth of property that the nation must protect, and thus saddles that extra burden upon other taxpayers? The church. And more; in some states it has so influenced legislation that this infamous law is established: A man may be robbed of all he possesses, see his wife and children murdered before his eyes, and yet not be allowed to testify in court against the criminal, while the word of a thief or murderer is taken if he be willing to testify that he believes in a God! And most criminals do so believe. Then, in many states, a man may be arrested for even splitting a little kindling-wood in his own back-yard on Sunday, as a friend of mine was recently in Pineland.

We hav blasphemy laws to shut the mouths of irreligious Infidels; Comstock laws to interfere with the dissemination of unorthodox teachings in regard to the laws of heredity, empowering this miserable specimen of the *genus homo* to interfere with the citizen's rights, the safe, unmolested transit of mails; and victims of his tyranny—under church rulings—are scattered over the country, while others hav been hounded to their graves.

And this under a government whose Constitution declares that free speech, a free press, and the right of peaceable assemblage shall not be abridged, and that no act of Congress shall hav power to make laws interfering therewith. Yet ignorant policemen, Pinkerton thugs, and private detectivs arrogate to themselvs these powers and authority denied the Congress of the United States, and the people submit to such usurpation of power.

So long as such laws and usages exist the Declaration of Independence is an empty lie, and your shouts of liberty but the roarings of fools.

Every Denomination a Tyrant.

Rev Hugh O. Pentecost in Christian Union.

The church does not allow, much less encourage, freedom of thought. She permits you to think as you like, but not within her communion—that is, if you happen to be a minister. You may think what you like, Roger Williams, but not in Massachusetts. This is not freedom of thought. In taking this position the church becomes the enemy of truth, the enemy of the mind. There is not a distinctiv denomination in Christendom that does not put an imperativ check on the mind at some point.

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New Tracts for Distribution.

The interview with Colonel Ingersoll on the "Stage and the Pulpit," and other topics, recently published in these columns, and widely copied by the press of the country, has been put in pamphlet form. Orders are filled at the rate of 3 cents each, or 30 cents per dozen. When a preacher abuses the actors, or denounces the stage; when some little priest, or obscure parson, or ignorant layman complains that "Ingersoll won't answer me!" he should be presented with this tract. When a zealous Christian shoves a subscription paper for a new church or a Christian charity at an Infidel, the Infidel should hand back this pamphlet. When the Christian papers say that Colonel Ingersoll is stricken in health by a visitation of divine providence, and that he is an Anarchist, anyway, the editor should be obliged to read this interview. It is a complete and authoritativ answer to all these dishonest and ignorant assertions.

The demand for Charles Stephenson's poem, "Our Father in Heaven," has necessitated another edition, which is now ready. No argument on the uselessness of prayer of many times its length is so conclusiv and convincing as this poem. Professor Tyndall's famous prayer-gage is no more effectiv. Liberals should keep it on hand to giv to their neighbors. One cent a copy; 50 cents a hundred; $3 a thousand.

A School For Robbing a County.

The Chicago fight between the state and the church reported this week by the secretary of the American Secular Union is of special interest. The case is that of the Chicago Industrial School for Girls against Cook county, the school suing for various sums for the care and maintenance of girls committed by the county court to the institution, and the county refusing payment. The trial occurred week before last.

The county's defense was that the industrial school system was unconstitutional; that the Chicago Industrial School for Girls was an institution existing on paper for the benefit of two sectarian institutions—the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum; that the county had no right to pay money to institutions controled by any church, and that a number of commitments by the county court were not legally made. For the church its attorney submitted the act incorporating the school, the approval of the governor, the record-book kept at the House of the Good Shepherd, duplicate warrants for the committal of the girls, and warrants for supplies.

When the evidence was submitted, the following facts were shown: That the Industrial School had no real existence; that it was organized in the parlor of the House of the Good Shepherd; that girls committed to the Industrial School were to be turned over to the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Joseph's Home; that in fact the Industrial School was in these two institutions, and nowhere else; that they were Roman Catholic charities, and derived a revenue from laundry work performed by abandoned women who temporarily lodged there; that no portion of the buildings of the House of the Good Shepherd or St. Joseph's Home was set apart for the Industrial School; that, the Industrial School having no location, its supposititious inmates were mixed with the inmates of the two institutions, and that the managers of the House of the Good Shepherd were also the managers of the Industrial School. The state claimed that the Industrial School was a swindle.

The church set up that the two institutions, though identical in all things, were public charities, as much as the Illinois Industrial School, conducted by Protestant women; that the religious training and education of the children in the Chicago school was merely incidental, the main object of the institution being to reform them. The church admitted that if this religious instruction was made the main object of the institution, then, and only then, would it be the duty of the state to inquire into the matter.

Judge Tuthill, before whom the case was tried, held that the commitments made by the county court were legal; that the article of the state constitution which says that no public funds shall be used for sectarian purposes has not been violated; that the Industrial School was duly incorporated, officers elected, and reports made from time to time, and the fact that the members of a particular church predominated in its management made no difference. There was nothing of sectarianism in the character of the work for which the school was organized, and the fact that it had, by contract, turned over its pupils to the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Joseph's Home was a good thing rather than otherwise, as the children were well cared for. The county must, therefore, pay the Industrial School the $19,585 asked for. The attorney for the county gave notice of an appeal to the supreme court.

The trick in this matter is very plain. The House of the Good Shepherd was too sectarian an institution to get all the inmates it desired, the Protestant Illinois Industrial School was a dangerous rival, and a scheme must be concocted to benefit the church. The managers of the House of the Good Shepherd thereupon resolved themselvs into another incorporated body, the Chicago Industrial School, whose title did not smack so loudly of sectarianism; made a contract with themselvs to let and keep the unfortunates who might get into their clutches, and in that way the House of the Good Shepherd, with an occasional bone thrown to the St. Joseph's Home, obtained all the money given to two ostensible charities. The representativ Roman Catholic journal published in Chicago recognizes that this trick will be seen, and warns the church to beware. "Any descent," says the *Pilot*, "to the tricks of politicians is beneath the dignity of the Catholic church and will only bring unjust suspicion on any institution in any way identified with her teachings. To turn over to other institutions pupils nominally committed to the Chicago Industrial School, however well such pupils may be taught and cared for, has the appearance of a trick which cannot fail to injure the cause of Catholic education in the long run."

That is to say, when the public find the church out, the supplies will be withheld, and the cause of Catholic education—or in other words, the finances of the church—will be injured. The *Pilot* sees clearly.

The Protestants of Chicago, particularly the managers of the Illinois Industrial School, are greatly interested in this contest. If the supreme court shall decide that schools, organized ostensibly for charity, but really for sectarian purposes, are constitutionally prohibited from receiving state aid, thousands of dollars will be lost to them. But if the court decides that a school which farms its inmates out by contract can draw support from the treasury of the county in which it is located, then the religious charity business will flourish apace, and the pious deadbeats, who cannot earn an honest living, will become human commission merchants. The non-sectarians of Chicago are also watching the progress of the case with curiosity and hope. They desire, of course, to see public charities put on a non-religious basis, and the separation of church and state made complete.

This swindle, however, is only one of thousands, of one kind or another, that the religious organizations are perpetrating all over the country, with the connivance of dishonest and self-seeking politicians, and rendered safe and easy by the indifference of the people.

A Request Declined.

The Rev. M. W. Montgomery, of Minneapolis, Minn., is a zealous man and militant. He is an earnest Christian, and a hater of those close followers of the Bible called Mormons. So furious is his denominationalism, and so intense his anger at the other sect, that he has induced the editor of the *Congregationalist* to issue a supplement containing his, the Reverend Montgomery's, eight-column indictment of the Latter Day Saints, which he is now sending to the editors of the country, with the modest request that they reprint it, to the end that Congress may be influenced in the disposition of legislation now pending.

While we do not yield to the Reverend Montgomery in detestation of the superstition and "heathenish" practices of the Mormons, we cannot aid him in this raid upon a rival religion unless he will agree to visit upon all sects the same penalties for the same offenses. In that event, however, he can count us in.

The object of Mr. Montgomery's paper is, as he states it, to show (1) that Mormonism has ever been a monstrous evil; (2) that it is the same to-day, and (3) that in its growing strength it now seeks at the hands of Congress permanent intrenchment behind the bulwarks of statehood. On all these propositions we vote, Aye. But if Protestantism or Catholicism were substituted for Mormonism we should still be obliged to vote Aye. And in the catalog of vices and false doctrins which Mr. Montgomery prints, we find none which may not be paralleled in absurdity, cruelty, tyranny, and falseness in one of the two other Christian sects named. For let it be steadfastly borne in mind that Mormonism is more Christian than Christianity, inasmuch as the Latter Day Saints follow the Bible more literally and exactly than any Christian church of to-day, and that their laws and practices are more biblical than any other code enacted since the Puritans put the Mosaic laws upon their statute books.

Mr. Montgomery objects to the Mormons that they teach that the air is full of spirits anxiously waiting to be born into the flesh, and consequently they hold it to be a duty to marry and multiply; that the Mormons hold that all the world except themselvs will be lost, but that Mormons may yet save their dead ancestors by being immersed for them. These, it occurs to us, are queer objections for an orthodox Christian to make. Do not the Catholics teach that the world contains spirits, evil spirits who come back and trouble the living? and does not Romanism thus account for the phenomena of Spiritualism? And does not the Bible, the very foundation of Christianity, command us to multiply and replenish the earth? Do not Presbyterians, of which sect we judge Mr. Montgomery to be an honored member, teach that only the elect—meaning themselvs—can be saved? Does not the church which is the mother of Mr. Montgomery's sect teach that prayers and masses and money paid to the priests will get dead ancestors out of purgatory? Why, then, does he object to a poor devil of a Mormon paying two dollars to a neighbor to be immersed for the benefit of his, the poor devil's, five ancestors, when Catholic priests make a regular business of rescuing unsaved, but deceased, relativs? Go to, Mr. Montgomery, you are not logical.

Another reason, in Mr. Montgomery's opinion, why the Mormons should be persecuted and deprived of all civil rights, is that they "teach that marriage is not a civil contract; that only those marriages are valid and binding whose ceremonies are performed by Mormon priests; that all non-Mormon marriages are void, and the children of such marriages are lost." This, too, is Christian doctrin—the doctrin of the first, the largest numerically, and the most powerful of the Christian churches. Catholics forbid intermarriage with Protestants, refusing sacraments to the Catholic parent and baptism to the children, thus damning them all. Why not jump upon Rome in an eight-column article as well as upon the Mormons? Again, polygamy comes under the ban, and rightly, of course. But why condemn Brigham Young and glorify Solomon, the reputed ancestor of Christ? Why make an outcast of George Q. Cannon and a saint of King David? Why waste all the invectiv of the language on the Mormon with two wives and praise the Christian prince who has a "morganatic" wife and a legitimate wife? Are similar laws immoral in Utah and moral in Europe? If cohabitation with more than one woman should be punished by dis-

franchisment in Utah, why not in Washington, New York, and all the other places where good Protestants support and cohabit with several women? Are the first wives of Mormondom more unhappy than the first wives of these Protestant rakes?

Mr. Montgomery tells this story to illustrate the depravity of the Saints: "At one time, at a largely attended public meeting of male members only of the Mormon priesthood in Salt Lake City, Brigham Young, after pharisaically denouncing sin, said: 'All you who hav been guilty of committing adultery stand up.' More than three-fourths of those present rose to their feet. These were men only." This is a good or a bad story, but it can be matched. Once upon a time—Mr. Montgomery will know when—the Catholic church ordered that all the ladies in Spain who had been seduced by their confessors should forward an account of the circumstances, with the name of the priest, to the bishops. This was done, and the bishops received so many communications that scarcely a priest in Spain was unreported, and the scandals affected so many "respectable" ladies that the matter was incontinently dropped by the church. Excommunication for the offense would hav alienated about all the female parishioners and unfrocked all the priests.

The morals of Utah to-day will compare favorably with the morals of any city and of many rural communities. Are there no marriages necessitated by previous immorality outside of Utah? How about Congregational New England, the inheritor of Scottish courting customs? How about Presbyterian Scotland itself? Why not make a crusade against Presbyterianism and its offspring Congregationalism? Let us be fair. The Mormons are bad, we admit, but if their immorality is sufficient justification for a persecution, why not persecute *all* immoral folks?

Another charge is that Mormons are untruthful when the interests of Mormonism are involved. The evidence adduced by Mr. Montgomery is that the revelation of polygamy as an article of faith was given in 1843, but publicly denied for nine years after; and the allegations that their missionary system is a fraud, and that the Mormon leaders lie about Mormon affairs. No doubt this is all so; we do not care to dispute it. But think of the years the revelations of Christianity were bandied about, denied by some, corrupted by others, and used by unprincipled men to subjugate their neighbors! And the leaders of Mormondom will lie! Too bad; but is there a Jesuit in this or any other country who will not do the same? Was Joseph Smith a more notorious liar than Eusebius and the rest of the "Christian fathers?" Do not Protestants sometimes deviate from the truth? Will Trinity corporation giv a more honest account of its wealth and revenues than the Mormon church? If so, the people of New York would like to see it. As for fraud in missionary work, let not those who liv in glass houses throw stones. The Chinese and Japanese missions of the Christian church reek with fraud; the Jewish missionary associations are fraud from top to bottom; the Congo mission is a most cruel imposition, and the Indian missions and Christian charities are but schemes to get government subsidies. If disfranchisment followed fraud, there is not a member of a Christian mission society in the country who could vote.

It is very easy for one sect to draw up accusations against another, but the scripture somewhere mentions that the beam in one's own eye should be removed ere too much attention is paid to the mote in the neighbor's. The Mormons are as loyal as the Catholics, and their vows to the head of the church are not more binding. They hav not plotted against the state more than the Jesuits, and their organization is not more inimical to a free government. The Danites are nothing compared with the Inquisition. The Mountain Meadows massacre pales before St. Bartholomew's Day. No Mormon saint ever sacrificed his daughter in accordance with his vow; and the Pocasset tragedy never had its parallel or its prototype in Utah. The power of Mormonism springs from the same source as the power of Protestantism or Catholicism—the ignorance and superstition of the people, and the hypocrisy and designing craft of the priesthood. The organization, the missionary system, the financial methods of the Catholic church are stronger and more dishonest than of the Mormon church. A Mormon givs a tenth of his income to the church. So do the Adventists, and so did all Christians before they had common sense. The established church of England once derived its revenue largely from this source. In Quebec the Catholic church to-day can force a farmer to mortgage his farm to pay his tithes. The Mormon church borrowed its iniquitous system of finance from Christianity, and the Catholic church in the three cities at the mouth of the Hudson river has stolen more public money and property than the whole territory of Utah is worth. Let us hav laws against the one if we do against the other.

We assert that Mormonism has ever been a monstrous evil, but we as stoutly assert that Christianity has been the same. Christianity has filled the world with bloodshed and cruelty; her holy wars, and her persecutions, and her Inquisitions are the horror of the present civilization. The sixty years of dishonor for Mormonism stretch into sixteen hundred years of infamy for Christianity. And to-day there is not a crime against the state, an outrage against the person, or a tyrannical act of any sort committed by the Mormon hierarchy that is not duplicated and made worse, because of larger interests involved, by the Catholic or the Protestant church. Why should we belabor the Mormons for desiring "permanent intrenchment behind the bulwarks of statehood" and giv godspeed to the Protestant association which desires to ambush its God in our national Constitution, and make submission to its creed and respect for its ceremonies and holy days a condition of citizenship? Tell us that, O wise man of Minneapolis! Explain, please, why it is all wrong for the Mormons to maintain religious schools at their own expense and all right for the Catholics. Tell us how a commandment is broken when the Mormons build a three-million-dollar church, and how it is repaired when the Catholics or Episcopalians erect a ten-million-dollar cathedral. Tell us why Congress should interfere with churches in the territories and the legislatures let them alone in the states. Tell us why we should kill off the Mormons because their percentage of increase is greater than that of the population and let the Catholics liv and flourish. Is there any reason except sectarian hatred and the indisposition—gratifying though it be to see it—to hav the real biblical religion lived out in this country?

We must decline to use our influence in the direction indicated by Mr. Montgomery. Not that we fear the ambition of Cæsar less, but we fear the designs of Rome more. And not alone Rome, but her offspring as well. In proportion to its numbers, as two hundred thousand is to twenty millions, so is the power of Mormonism as dangerous to the welfare of the country as is the Christian church. Every sect, if it had the power, would do what the Mormons hav done, what the Catholic hierarchy has done, and what the Protestants are willing and trying to do. Let us turn a little of our righteous indignation toward the greater thieves, and apply our laws equally to the rich and poor, to the powerful as to the weak, and to one set of Bible idolators as well as to another. If the United States government is going to set up in the religious business, it has sufficient capital to engage in it at wholesale instead of opening up a dirty little shop away off in one corner of the country.

A Resurrection in Sullivan County.

Mr. M. A. Smith, assemblyman from Sullivan county, ought to be canonized by both the Protestant and Catholic churches. He is one of the most zealous of Christians or stupid of ecclesiastical tools ever found in the state, and saints are usually made of just such stuff.

A week ago yesterday Mr. Smith introduced a bill in the assembly exempting from taxation the property of every minister or priest who is permanently disabled by impaired health from performing the activ duties of his calling, and of every such minister or priest who has attained the age of seventy-five years.

Property owned by clergymen and priests is already exempted in this state to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars, which is just fifteen hundred dollars too much, unless the property of every person be exempted to that amount. This attempt to exalt the clergy by making them privileged above other mortals is a relic of the days when the priests of the Christian religion, like the medicin men of the fetich worshipers, were the chief persons in the community. Mr. M. A. Smith, of Sullivan county, should hav been allowed to remain in his grave. The voters who dug him up ought to be ashamed of themselvs.

Besides, the ministers should recollect that the man they follow, who had not where to lay his head, commanded them to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and that this command had direct reference to tax-paying.

A Lively Campaign in Prospect.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* is authority for the public statement that Dr. McGlynn is going to run for president of the United States on a platform composed of labor planks, and a great big beam with which to assault the Roman Catholic church. The correspondent's authority is the same person who told in advance of the rupture between the ex-priest and the prophet of land reform.

The chasm between Dr. McGlynn and Henry George is deep and wide. The issue is that Dr. McGlynn desires to make the free trade issue subordinate, and run a labor candidate for the presidency on the Syracuse platform of the United Labor party, making the campaign in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, the doubtful states in a presidential contest. Henry George, on the other hand, desires to pitch in and help Cleveland, in case he should run, if—and Mr. George prints this *if* in capital letters—"Mr. Cleveland stands for the free trade side of the tariff issue." Mr. George now regards "the general discussion of the tariff question as involving greater possibilities of popular economic education than anything else." Mr. George also accuses Dr. McGlynn and the executiv committee of the Anti-Poverty Society of planning "to make a mergement of what they would call the United Labor party with the Union Labor party, the Socialists, and all the other so-called 'labor elements, upon some sort of a hodge-podge platform, giving if necessary the presidential candidate to the Union Labor party, but of course retaining the position of secretary—one of much greater practical importance in a party when anything might befall the presidential candidate except that he should get an electoral vote." Mr. George holds that such a campaign would be "the same ignominious death-trap into which Butler led the Greenback-Labor party," and refuses to hav anything to do with it. Dr. McGlynn, however, explains his position thus: "I am irrevocably for an independent labor canvass, with a presidential candidate of our own, and with no possibility of fusion with either the Democratic or Republican party. I can only assure you that there will be a national convention for that purpose, and that I hope it will contain representativs from every state in the Union. It will be for that body to say whom the workingmen shall vote for, and there will be no prior wire-pulling or caucusing. The choice will not be made till then and there."

We hope Dr. McGlynn will run for president, at least here in New York, on a platform of opposition to Catholicism in politics. In New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken the Roman Catholic machine is supreme. Dr. McGlynn knows of the tricks of the church, of the trades and dickers made with politicians, and the men who make them. Let him come out and expose the villainy of the ecclesiastics and the political tricksters, and he will deserve well at the hands of the voters. He has already publicly indorsed the Nine Demands of Liberalism; a detailed *exposé* of the frauds of the church, with names and dates, will show him to be thoroughly in earnest in his allegiance to American principles.

Lazy Senate Officers.

Our senators at Albany are feeling the need of a chaplain, they say. They hav been subsisting on picked-up divinity long enough, and now want a regular prayer-maker, which, owing to the fight over the position at the opening of the session, they hav not had.

This desire, to some, might argue that the senate is a body of good men. But the disputant who maintained that position would be defeated in debate. The determination to hav a regular chaplain proceeds from the indisposition of the senate officers to scurry around for a minister before every session. The senators themselvs do not often enter the chamber till the prayer is over.

Legislativ chaplains are a fraud and an imposition on the taxpayer.

Letters from Friends.

LINCOLN, ILL., Jan. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send you a club of five. Each one wants to be counted in the place of that qualmish brother who quit on account of the pictures. Bring on some more tenderfoots—we will fill their places with good, sturdy subscribers who mean business. SAGE WINTERSETT.

CHARLES CITY, IOWA, Jan. 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send you an account of the death of an old friend of THE TRUTH SEEKER—Lewis Tucker, at Charles City, Iowa, Jan. 10, 1888, at the age of eighty-six. He used to be a subscriber till he got so blind he could not see to read the paper. He was a stanch Materialist for the last twenty-five years, to my knowledge, and an honest, good, kind-hearted man. He had the use of his mind and knew all that went on up till he left life. His son and daughter were with him, and took care of him till his death. They are of the same faith as their father, and in as high standing as he for truth and good conduct. JOHN MAHARA.

CREAMERY, MONT., Jan. 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am in possession of a work called, "Old and New London," which I am desirous of exchanging for other books, Freethought preferred. It is "A Narrativ of its History, its People, and its Places." Illustrated with numerous engravings from the most authentic sources. Cassell, Petter & Galpin: London, Paris, and New York. Six volumes, size 10x7x1½ ins., with over 150 illustrations in each volume. Bound in cloth. A handsome work, and almost new. They cost me $18. I will trade for $10 worth of new or old books in good preservation.

Respectfully, F. LATUS.

HOLDEN, MO., Jan. 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It is the custom to put children in Sunday-school and teach them superstitions before the reason is developed. Thus do deluded parents wrong their children. Parents rather Liberally inclined disclaim their right and ignore their duty to teach their children such facts as they may know concerning religion. It is as much the duty of parents to teach their children facts in religion as in arithmetic, history, or any other branch of education. I teach my children the cardinal principles on which orthodox theology rests, and point out the fallacies disclosed by facts in science and history.

Liberals can also do much by exemplary lives and sound reasoning to induce their neighbors to exercise reason, investigate dogmas, and abandon superstition.

Good Liberal books and periodicals in the hands of the people are silent but effectiv monitors.

C. L. CARTER, M.D.

WICHITA, KAN., Jan. 31, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Though not a subscriber to your valuable paper, yet through kindness of my father-in-law, Theo. Clapp, Fremont, Ohio, I am a regular reader of it.

Sometimes one hears remarks that sound curious and perhaps strange. Possibly through your paper many, as well as myself, can be enlightened upon the following:

It was remarked in my hearing that statistics would prove that more Methodist churches suffered from the effects of a cyclone than any other denomination, and it was not given that possibly they might outnumber others where cyclones came, but that it had been proved beyond a doubt that other churches had been turned from in order to destroy the Methodist. Now, if you can produce figures showing same, I would like to learn such facts. J. W. P.

BANGOR, Jan. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $4 50 for Ingersoll's "Prose Poems and Selections." The ANNUAL came all right. I like it very much.

I shall be glad when all those bigots that claim to be Liberals get their papers stopped. A man who is so narrow-minded that he cannot read a paper because the Editor differs with him on some point, or the pictures don't suit him, had better go and join the church. That is the place for him. One man wants his paper smeared if you cannot print to please him. That man had better hav his paper stopped, for of course you cannot take the trouble to smear all of his papers. I don't want mine smeared. I want good, plain print so I can read it all. The pictures are splendid. I think they add very much to the interest of the paper. I hope we shall hear often from your Brother George; his letters are always welcome. SARA E. GOULD.

PORTLAND, ORE., Jan. 22, A.S. 288.

MR. EDITOR: A late device for subduing dangerously rough waters at sea, by oil, recently invented and patented, has suggested to my mind the question: Where is the orthodox God, and where has he kept himself for the past ages that he has not before this time invented some plan by which he could save his children from shipwreck and death on the high seas, instead of waiting for poor, feeble man to solve this great problem for himself, when if he (God) had furnished his children with plenty of oil and invented for them a suitable rocket, how many millions of lives and an untold amount of suffering to widows, orphans, and friends he might hav saved?

I hav for a long time been a constant reader of the glorious old TRUTH SEEKER, as well as of the Boston *Investigator*. I hav not been a subscriber, but hav obtained them regularly from a dealer in Liberal literature, and hav done missionary work by passing the papers around among our orthodox friends, many of whom are beginning to think in earnest, which will certainly save them from the slavery of superstition imposed on them by priestcraft.

I expect to be in San Francisco before long, when I shall call at the office of *Freethought*, where I hope to meet Mr. Putnam, whom I had the pleasure of meeting and listening to in Portland, and make the acquaintance of George E. Macdonald.

The cartoons are splendid—a volume in each one.

Yours for truth, W. A. LEWIS.

ODESSA, MO., Jan. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Liberalism is plainly on the increase here, and it is very plain to see that the church is becoming more and more alarmed about it. I know several Freethinkers who always until lately hav kept mum that are now outspoken. A great many people in this country hav never been allowed to come out from behind the battlements of the church far enough to receive a ray of light from Freethought's batteries. The first arrows from her quiver, though they be ever so well soaked in the pool of kindness and friendship, stun them. They are not prepared to receive them. They are like men just coming out of a dungeon into the blazing light of the sun. We cannot expect such people to readily accept the benign truths of nature, though they be made ever so easy and palatable by science. It will take time. We must be patient. Let us do our duty, and eventually the victory is for the hater of superstition and the lover of truth—for the lover of liberty and the hater of oppression and tyranny.

Yours forever in the great cause, WM. L. WORLEY.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The ministerial association of this city some months ago began seriously to consider the spiritual wants of this Sodom of iniquity. They sang, prayed, and resoluted to get Moody. One poor little parson ventured to object, remarking that "the very fact of our being embassadors of Christ ought to giv us power to fill our churches." He was promptly informed that Moody had faith and they "didn't hav a drop in the house," and they must hav Moody and get a corner on faith. So they went to work with a will and got up a monster tabernacle, three to five thousand capacity, costing $10,000; Professor Case, of Cleveland, to lead a choir of three or four hundred, and Moody at $100 per day. The city papers gave the scheme a generous support, but so far it has proved a gigantic fizzle. A few days ago Moody took the liberty to attack his friends, the Sunday papers, fiercely. They made Moody, and I took the liberty, through the *Commercial*, to remind him of some things in a little bit of doggerel that I inclose below.

"TO BROTHER MOODY.

"All hail the power of Moody's name!
(Our useless preachers bawl).
He has that mustard-seed of faith,
And we hav none at all.

"That mustard-seed of faith will move
A mountain or a tree,
As Moody is prepared to prove,
And plant them in the sea.

"When Garfield lay awaiting death,
We loud on God did call
For just a mustard-seed of faith,
But Guiteau had it all.

"When folks believed that God made man,
The souls were thick about;
Since Darwin's evolution plan
They've kind o' petered out.

"A legion devils laugh their fill
To hear us rave and shout;
If Moody has that little pill,
We'll turn the rascals out.

"That vile Pandora's box of ill,
Fount of our every woe,
The Sunday paper, dreads the pill
In Moody's mammoth show.

"They teach but demonstrated fact;
No myth these wretches fear;
And taught the masses bold to act,
And pass us with a sneer."

Yours truly, WM. E. RENWICK.

WALNUT GROVE, KAN., Jan. 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I promised you that I would send you another subscriber, but times are so hard here that it is almost impossible for me to fill my promis, unless the good, pious, praying people of this burg will keep up their protracted meetings a little longer to disgust our friends that will take the trouble to stop and think for themselvs. We hav one of the most religious settlements in Kansas. We hav been having revival meetings all around us for two months past, and for about three weeks past our burg has been besieged with the epidemic, and they hav been hammering away at the members of the churches to get the harness on so that they can work them, so that they would show off to better advantage at the inspection at church dress parade. One of the speakers said that they were an army of the Lord; that each member was a soldier to fight for his God, and they dare insist on the members drilling all the time until next year at about this time, when the church will hav its annual dress parade again. After nearly four weeks of praying and howling, and preaching the funeral sermons of all the terrible Infidels in the whole country, telling the terrible deaths of Thomas Paine and such, they now aver that D. M. Bennett's daughter when on her deathbed asked her father which she should believe, his or her mother's religion, and Mr. Bennett told her to believe her mother, for he did not know but that her mother was right after all. Several doubted the statement and hav asked me for the truth of it, and now I will ask the mother for the answer, if the Editor will do us the favor to reply. I asserted that I believed the statement false. The preacher that made the statement is one of the most able ones of the Methodist Episcopal church. He hails from Illinois. He said the other night that there was more wickedness out here in Kansas in the two years that he had lived here than he had ever known back in Illinois—that Infidelity was ripe through the whole breadth of the land. I went to hear him one night. They succeeded in getting two of the old Presbyterians, one of ten years' standing, warmed over so that they both promised to be on hand at the annual dress parade next winter, and I got one subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER six months.

Those pictures are terrible things to a churchman; they tell more than their space could in print, and all hav to see them, too. Yours truly, W. H. NOAH.

[D. M. Bennett never had a daughter. The story is an old one originally told of Ethan Allen. It is a lie.—ED. T. S.]

SILEX, ARK., Jan. 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find order for your excellent paper, also list of pamphlets, together with cash for same. This makes my third subscription. I like the paper better every number. The pictures are too good to be without. "Oh, that grindstone—that tells it all at once! That makes me scratch my head!" was the remark of a gentleman who happened to be at my house when I received the number containing that picture. He is one of those who hav furnished the nose for several years. It was the first time he had seen himself as others see him. I hope you will continue the pictures.

There are a good many Liberals in this county. They fear the efforts that are being made by the church for the amalgamation of church and state. If that is ever accomplished, farewell to liberty. Of course this will hav to be done slowly and stealthily, for the reason that there are plenty of good church people that would oppose such a thing. But the chances are good for them to be made to help bring it about without being aware of it, for the preacher has the average church-member in about the same condition in which Simon Suggs had his mother. He said he could put his finger in the old lady's eye and if he said it was not there she would say so, too.

I wish we could hav a real, live Liberal lecturer in this county. He would be opposed, of course, but he would get to say his say. Yours respectfully, J. J. BROWN.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Feb. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In accordance with a well-established and worthy custom among Liberal bodies, and especially this one, the Pittsburgh Secular Society has just completed the celebration of the 151st anniversary of the birth of the Author-Hero of the revolution, Thomas Paine, with more than usual brilliancy. The exercises commenced on Sunday afternoon, the 29th inst., by a lecture delivered on the subject of Secular education by Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, of Grand Rapids, Mich., followed by a short address on the life of Thomas Paine by Prof. William Seymour, of Philadelphia. On this occasion, the professor fully came up to what Pittsburgh Liberals expected of him; for they hav been in the habit of listening to his powerful, ringing voice and his clear, cutting logic for many years past. But the audience were more than surprised with the opening effort of Miss De Cleyre as she stood before them, sparkling with youth and beauty, grappling with one of the greatest questions of the day—education of the rising generation. She made a strong appeal for early Secular training by parents before the child entered upon its regular schooling career, and urged upon her audience the necessity of more thorough organization to guard against the encroachments of the church—both Catholic and Protestant—upon our educational institutions. She concluded her lecture by the recitation of an original poem, which was received with rapturous applause.

The lecture gave the people a good foretaste of what they might expect on Monday night, as she was billed to giv the oration on Thomas Paine on that occasion. On Monday night, the program opened with an overture by Gernert and Gerenther's band. Professor Seymour, chairman, followed with a neat and well-timed address; after which he introduced Miss De Cleyre, the speaker of the evening, who delivered her great oration on the immortality of the life of Thomas Paine. It has been been so much our habit, as a Liberal for many years past, to listen to and read addresses and lectures on the life of Thomas Paine, that we had just about made up our mind what to expect, knowing, as we did, that most of those delivered in the past run in the same ruts. But on this occasion we were treated to a change of intellectual diet; and, for originality of thought and beauty of expression, it surpassed anything we hav ever listened to.

She dwelt at great length upon the enduring influence of a noble life spent in the cause of humanity, showing such was the life of Paine—that though dead he yet liveth, and would continue to liv and bloom in the hearts of the people, shedding his benign influence over posterity through all future generations. The oration, as a whole, was a grand production, and one that will long be remembered by the Liberals of these two cities. Mr. Joseph Tate followed with two comic songs, which had the effect of throwing the audience into convulsions of laughter.

The literary exercises were then brought to a close by the recitation of an original poem, accompanied by a tableau, by Miss De Cleyre, in which she depicts the deathbed of a fallen woman, who, after being persecuted and neglected through life, robbed of husband and child by death, and driven into the street without shelter, rejects the offers of Christ through a Christian minister on her deathbed, because, as she said, he had refused to answer her prayers when she was enjoying health and virtue. When she had

appealed to him to save her husband from a drunkard's grave and herself and child from starvation; when she needed Christ's help, it was withheld, and now she was dying she did not need it. The poem was recited with great ability and was well received. The celebration wound up with a ball, which was kept up until two o'clock in the morning.

The general verdict is that this has been the most successful Paine celebration ever held in this section.

Hoping that these annual celebrations may grow more and more popular as the years roll on, I am,

Yours for freedom, ANTHONY BARKER.

NAPAVINE, WASH. TERR., Jan. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: If possible, I will add one or two new names to your list. I must state that there is some difficulty in finding subscribers for a Liberal paper like yours in this vicinity, for Napavine—small and seldom found on general maps—is a religious place, composed of Catholics and Protestants, the Catholics predominating—no school-house, one Methodist church, and soon to hav a big Catholic edifice erected in which to spread the light of the gospel and St. Mary. This is a hard class to introduce Liberal literature among. I hav handed THE TRUTH SEEKER to several persons here, who are so badly steeped in orthodoxy that they can only pronounce three words, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," and after a tirade of abuse and the cooling process had subsided, they agreed to take them home and read them, "just to show me that they dared read them," and I am waiting the result. One man, a Catholic, refused even to look at a copy, saying he had two of them dom things sent to him, and, begobs, they insulted his religion so, he burnt them up; THE TRUTH SEEKER was dom bodly named, and no decent mon would hav them in his house, etc.

You see logic and common sense are entirely out of place in such cases. I shall, nevertheless, continue trying to do what I feel is the duty of all, to try and loosen the scales from the eyes of the blind and show them the beauties of truth and reason. I feel deeply indebted to THE TRUTH SEEKER and to its founder, D. M. Bennett, for to him I owe my present enlightenment, and should fortune ever favor me in the future, I shall spend a few dollars toward furthering his cause. I read a little book written by him not long since, and it completely revolutionized my religious opinion—so much so that I feel mad to think I hav spent so many years reading that old book of nonsense and fables. When I think of the prayers I hav uttered, and the tears I hav shed, all in the name of Jesus, lest the master should come in the night and find me asleep, oh, it is too bad! How much better to hav spent those years studying Spencer, Darwin, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and other sensible works! I can hardly forgiv myself for such conduct, or the ministers for inculcating such lies into my brain. But it is too late to cry over spilt milk, and as I am safe over the bridge now, and can look back on my past with a sigh of relief, I can't help but exclaim, What a fool I've been, and what a pack of fools there is in this world! Success to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and long may you liv to wield the pen in defense of truth. I cannot find words to express the gratitude I feel toward you, but will desist from further monopolizing of your valuable time.

Yours for truth, U. P. HADLEY.

BELLEVUE, IDA., Jan. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Your issue of January 7th, the first number of Vol. XV, is one of the best I ever read. Those ringing truths are grand which Colonel Ingersoll has given in his preface to the "story of real folks," "For Her Daily Bread"—such plain, unvarnished facts of the real condition of working girls that they seem a revelation of the secrets of their inner life, showing to obtuse minds that girls who are compelled by circumstances, as well as the natural desire of being industrious, to toil, hav aims and aspirations far above the menial services by which they earn their daily bread. Yet all labor should be considered honorable, and those working for others ought not to be treated as subordinates on that account, but to receive the respect and attention their intelligence and character entitle them to, irrespectiv of wealth or position. This rock of offense and long-seated prejudice must be removed out of the way of the laboring classes, both men and women. My nature always rebelled against this subordination of "domestics," so called. When a young girl, I used sometimes to "work out," and more than once I hav slammed the dishcloth down and walked off when I was made to feel an inferiority that my nature revolted at. It was a strike on a small scale; the first time being when I was not more than seven years old, staying at a neighbor's during the absence of my parents on a visit to some relativs. I was given a bowl of bread and milk, and I placed it on the table where the family were eating, but was bid, in no gentle tones, by the man of the house to "go away and sit on the floor and eat it." I felt then the first of those blows upon my heart that I was yet to know, with their pain and degradation, in the years to come, and, with tears in my eyes and my voice trembling with emotion, I turned and left the house, though it was nearly dark, and ran like a frightened fawn to a house near by, where I was kindly welcomed and my little grievance alleviated by kind words to myself, but the opposit of the man who had treated me in that conventional manner. It is by seeds sown in youth that our lives are ripened up, whether of evil or of good. Even the bitter buds of our childhood may ripen to beautiful flowers and fruits along the ways of life.

Several other good articles shine out on its pages with the white light of truth as found, not merely as sought after.

Yes, Henry George—"Mr." belittles a great name—no doubt has the key that can unlock the door of poverty and let in the sunlight of thrift and plenty that comes of liberty to work for one's self and to feel the true manhood and womanhood of independence, the full significance of which the world has never realized.

Let the cry go forth from every heart and life that feels oppression: Freedom and pursuit of happiness for all!

LUNA HUTCHINSON.

FOSSIL, ORE., Jan. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: While I cannot conscientiously take issue with THE TRUTH SEEKER concerning supernatural and spiritual matters, I can sympathize with all who are honestly and earnestly seeking after the truth, and I sincerely hope that all such may receive a just reward for their labors.

Born of unbelieving parents, and taught from earliest childhood the principles upon which the doctrins of Infidelity and Atheism are founded, I, too, scoffed at religion. Not until I had arrived at the age of mature thought and study did I begin to realize that possibly there might be two sides to this great question. Previously, I had thought myself completely surrounded by a wall of logic strong enough to withstand all attacks of the opposing party, but, as it afterward appeared, there were several weak points which, owing to a mistaken confidence in the superiority of my position, I had overlooked. Finding myself fairly beaten, I quietly yielded, and hav never had occasion since to feel sorry for it.

I am a Liberal in the true sense of the word—that is, I believe in Freethought and free speech as long as this freedom does not threaten our government, or interfere with the welfare of our country as a nation.

It is the inalienable right of every American citizen to think and talk intelligently. Ignorance is *not* "the only entrance to the gates of paradise." For had not the dark curtains of ignorance and error been parted sufficiently for me to obtain a view of the Christian religion in its purity, I should hav been an unbeliever to-day.

To those who are desirous of eliminating faith and substituting science in its stead, let me suggest that faith is the foundation-stone of science. Science is knowledge systematized. But if the parts of nature were not arranged after a plan, the knowledge of them could not be formed into a system. A state of confusion is incomprehensible to the human intellect. Our minds are so constituted that we naturally anticipate order and regularity before we begin to investigate, and without this fundamental faith in order and regularity, cause and effect, science would be rarely sought after. If it indeed be true that "when faith is in sense is out," then are we all fools, for there is not a human being living that has not a share of it. We liv by faith. The dearest interests and most important concerns of this life depend upon faith. It is faith that bids the farmer sow, there being no scientific certainty that he shall reap; and so it is with the various occupations in life. We sow in faith, not knowing that we shall liv to reap the reward of our labors. Compared with faith, science is but the child of yesterday. We may liv and love without it, but not without faith. This is the tie that binds the family, the state, the nation, and is the source of all the happiness we may know on earth. Moreover, it has come within the range of my experience that Infidelity and Atheism demand as much of my faith as does Christianity; for example, reason points out to me the defectivness of Darwin's theory of development, and shows me that in order to accept that theory as truth, I must draw as largely from my stock of faith as I do when I accept the Bible account of man's origin.

I will not attempt to set forth in this letter any of the reasons why I was led to change my views regarding this subject. If this letter is accepted, I may come again, for I believe every lover of truth realizes the fact that, in order to form an intelligent opinion about any subject, we must hear both sides of the question. MRS. H. A. RITCHEY.

HELENA, NEB., Jan. 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Many times I hav felt like giving some fellow fits for things said that to me appeared absurd, malicious and sometimes even false. Editorially, the grand old TRUTH SEEKER is, in my judgment, superior to anything that has ever met my eye. But I do want to hit Van Buren Denslow one on the lower jaw bad. I was stirred up mightily over his articles which appeared some time ago, but "The Distribution of Wealth" is really more than I can stand, so I hope you will giv me a chance at him.

He starts out with: "Why must some be poor and others rich? Some ignorant and others learned?" etc., closing the sentence with the grand and noble query: "Why, if—as our Declaration of Independence affirms—all men are created equal, is it impossible to find any two men who are in fact equal in any respect?" Why, Mr. Denslow, is it impossible to find such? Hav you, Mr. Denslow, a right, natural, that every other individual is not created with and equal to? You surely do not possess a right to air, sunlight, water, and in fact every other natural product, in which every other created being does not stand your equal. Your "aristocracy" givs you, my dear sir, no unequal advantage over any poor cuss, though your "muscle" may be much more elastic or powerful. Yes, you hav indeed set up a man of straw, for who ever thought of such an absurd idea before as that all men hav figure, weight, complexion, appetite, disposition, length, breadth, hair, eyes, intellect, or general make-up equal in every respect? Neither did the fathers declare any such thing. But they did declare that they possessed certain rights. And the fact that a range of "mountains" west of the Missouri river was the aristocrat that forced a "spring" to burst out a thousand miles away is no reason why Mr. Denslow, with his aristocracy of muscle, should stand by said spring with uplifted arm ready to strike down all others who attempt to quench their thirst from its sparkling waters. Is it not true that the bully who usurped the exclusiv right to the waters of the spring has been the cause of making "some poor" and himself rich? The only logical conclusion that can be drawn from Mr. Denslow's argument is that no one had muscle enough to get water from the spring while he stood over it, and those who wished to use its waters must pay him tribute, and thus by so doing he becomes master of capital that he never produced. He now has discovered a scheme by which he can accumulate wealth without labor. But after a while some fellow turns up who possesses an "aristocracy" of intellect, and before Mr. Denslow is aware of the fact, Intellect has possession of the spring, and when Mr. Denslow wishes to use of the waters, he, too, is made to disgorge some of the wealth he had robbed others of. Now, Intellect, to protect himself against Muscle, institutes governments. And to make of Muscle a good and obedient subject, Intellect and Muscle compromise. Muscle has the spring returned to him, and Intellect makes the laws by which the distribution shall be made. Here, now, we hav arrived at that point where the law takes the place of muscle, or force, and is it true, Mr. Denslow, that "the doctrin implies a delusion," as to giviug one man the same right before the law as it does to another one? Are not all men equal before the law? If not, why not? Is there anything delusiv in the Declaration? If all men are not equal before the law, is it the fault of the principle laid down in the Declaration that all men are thus created equal? Or rather is it not the fault of such men as Van Buren Denslow, who, by their sophism, hav bedeviled the law-makers until they hav made laws on the basis of muscle and intellect instead of justice and equality? And will not this explain the fact of some being poor and others rich?

Before the time of legal values there was no such inequality in wealth. If a man produced something that was of any use, he possessed it until he exchanged it for something else of use to him that some one else had produced, or else he was robbed of it by Mr. Denslow; and unless he was robbed, whether he still held possession of his own product, or, by the exchange, the product of the other, he was in either case a possessor of wealth. But if he had never produced anything of use to some one, he could hav never possessed wealth except by gift or theft. So, after all, the statement is not so very far from the truth that "labor creates all wealth."

What follows in Mr. Denslow's questions and answers is in most part another man of straw, and no man, unless he be grossly ignorant or basely dishonest, could or would hav written such nonsense. No man that ever advocated the cause of labor ever used language that could possibly be tortured into any such meaning as that "wage-workers" produced all wealth. And I would respectfully suggest to Mr. Denslow that before he writes any more on the subject he had better know something of what he is trying to write about. Mr. Denslow ought to know, if he does not already know it, that the past twenty-five years, through unjust laws, hav produced more millionaires and more paupers than any other period in the history of the world, and precisely the same cause that has made the rich and poor in this period has done the same in all times past. Mr. Denslow says: "Why is it, then, that periods and peoples of most unequal distribution of wealth, intellect, rank, and honor are periods and peoples of most progress in wealth and in civilization?" He then says: "I will try to answer this question candidly." Hav you not been candid before? Did you really do your best in making answer to the question? Really, now, hav intellect and civilization made such rapid strides in the past twenty-five years that the unequal distribution of wealth in this period was not equaled by any century in the past? Is it not possible, though you were to be ever so candid, that your answers possess hardly a shadow of the truth or the true cause of the unequal distribution of wealth? Just prior to the period in which wealth made such a rapid change of ownership, the wealth-producers owned considerably more than one-half of all the wealth of the nation, whilst to-day they own less than one-fifth. Now, sir, Mr. Denslow, if your intellect has kept pace with the "progress" of "civilization" that has made this enormous change in the distribution of wealth in so short a time, you know very well that your "candid" answer does not giv the true reason of the present distribution of wealth or the absorbing of the wealth produced by the laborer into the coffers of those who do not produce wealth. You know, or ought to know, that those who use reproductiv wealth, or profit, for the purpose of adding more capital to that that they already possess are not the class that become millionaires, as a rule, nor is it that class that bears down so heavily on the wage-workers. But it is that class, by force muscular or legal, that has presumed to hav the sole right to the waters of the spring. A few years ago the spring developed a large amount of silver, and the appropriators concocted a scheme by which at four different times they put into circulation the trade dollar at one hundred cents each. Then after they had got into the hands of the laborer—the simple trick of Presto, change! and they passed out of the hands of labor for eighty cents, robbing labor of twenty cents. Now, sir, you may call this devilish swindle "aristocracy" of "muscle" or "intellect," but all honest men will call it damned rascality—a civilized system of brigandage, and a system that is as foreign from the principles of the Declaration that all men are born equal, with certain rights that are as sacred to one as to the other, as anything possibly can be.

Nor is it good common sense to say that because some men hav more muscle and others more intellect, the law should not giv everyone the same chance, that is, equal justice to all. This being true, it seems that it is possible for men to be equal in some respect, at least.

Now, in closing, I would suggest that you read up a little on economic literature a few such writers as Professor Jevons, Professor Colwell, Charles Morgan, John Maguire, John Stuart Mill, Professor Kellogg, etc.

Respectfully, W. P. BROOKS, M.D.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Geraldine and Little Jo.

A summer-time of mingled tunes,
And crimson clouds are in the west;
And twilight swings her silver moons,
With bees and blossoms all at rest.
We gather in the portico,
My Geraldine and little Jo,
To sing the song* they both love best,
Of babe upon its "mother's breast,"
Sung by a poet long ago.

What sweeter song was ever heard
Than this one by the singer old?
So tender is each rhythmic word,
'Twill liv in letters wrought of gold;
And every child rocked to and fro
As Geraldine and little Jo,
Will bless the poet who has told
Of "dying moon" so lightly rolled
Whence soft, sweet winds may "breathe and blow."

How often hav I held my own
And dreaming, swaying to and fro,
Though far away from every moan
Of ocean winds that come and go,
My little Jo and Geraldine
'Neath summer dews of silv'ry sheen,
I loved them just the same, I know,
My Geraldine and little Jo—
No fairer babes were ever seen!

O little Jo, and Geraldine!
To spin again my snow-white threads
When all the prairie lands are green
With sunlight on your golden heads.
Sing at my wheel of "western seas,"
'Mid hazel dells and hickory trees,
With lilies on the river-meads,
And sweet babes safe in cradle-beds,
And peaceful song like murm'ring bees.

MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Frenchtown, Neb., Jan. 31, 1888.

*This song will be found in Tennyson's "Princess." It begins:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western sea."

Freedom.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Why Am I a Liberal?

First, I suppose I am a Liberal because I was raised one. Then, Freethought teaches us to be happy now. Freethinkers are intelligent, while most Christians are weak-minded. I am not selfish, and I try to do unto others as I would be done by, and I always vote for the under dog. When we had Mr. Jamieson here lecturing, there were none of the Christians out. I think they had such little faith they were afraid the lecture would lessen it if they went. I am a Liberal that I may be happy. I never was to church but once. Then they all stared at me as though I ought not to be there, so I concluded I would not bother them again. I am a Liberal so that I may be taught to be ever on the search for knowledge. I am a Liberal and think freely. Science is the Christian's worst enemy, while it is the Freethinker's best friend. I think all children should be taught science, that they may grow up to be Freethinkers, for the mind is more easily bent while young.

Giv us the freedom of speech and the press;
A jury impartial selected to try us if laws we transgress;
Giv us a union of peaceful souls blending,
Whose millions of hearts throb as one,
The rights of our fathers defending,
To throttle the freedom of none.

ESTELLE WHITNEY.

I am a Liberal for the following reasons:

1. I hav read considerable of the Bible, and there are so many impossibilities and lies in it that it made me laugh many times.

2. I do not believe in going to church and paying a minister for a week's work when he only talks about one hour and a half, and that does no one any good.

3. I know it to be impossible for a God to be in heaven when there can possibly be no such place, as commonly reported, because the farther you get up the farther you can see, and you might keep going up forever and a day and not reach heaven then.

4. I am sure there can be no such place as hell, as they say it is a bottomless pit like a length of stovepipe, so when the devil, as they call him, puts a person in, he will fall out at the bottom, and for a person to burn for ever and ever is an impossibility, because nothing can burn any longer than till it has lost all its inflammable parts.

I am fourteen years old.

With kindest regards to the friends of the Corner, and yourself, I remain,

Your Freethinker friend,

Fonthill, Ont., Can. RAYMOND J. COLE.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would try my hand on the essay. I cannot do more than try.

My first reason for being a Liberal is that my mamma and papa hav always taught me that Liberalism is truth, and I think truth ought always to be loved and looked up to. Besides, Liberalism teaches us to giv everyone the same privilege that we take ourselvs. Mamma says Liberalism means a great many privileges. I could not be an orthodox if I wanted to. I cannot see how any can be so foolish as to think they can right a wrong by praying to some angry being. Now, I never could be an orthodox. I am a Liberal, because Liberalism's principles are truth and justice. CLAUDE SMITH.

Bradford, O.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—ENIGMA.

I've sixty wings of gleaming gold,
And sixty feathers in each I hold.
I've eleven brothers as the day is bright,
I hav twelve others as black as night.
And while you strive to solve my rhyme
I'm passing with the flight of time.
If you will use us for all we are worth
We'll giv you all you need on earth.

JOHN P. GUILD.

2.—LETTER REBUS.

N
N T T

It has no head, nor body, nor legs;
It is neither born nor is hatched from eggs.
It is not round, nor square, nor flat;
And it is no liquid, I'll tell you that.
A little of it is as large as all,
And all is more small than the smallest small.
It dwells in the vacuous halls of night,
That night that was never dispelled by light—
Those halls that had never floor, roof, nor walls,
Foundationless, too, these most ancient halls.
And here the creator's hand unknown
Leaves absolute solitude all alone
It's "In the beginning," not yet begun,
The first creativ act undone!
Here absolute nothing—think of it, man—
Waits, as did all things, the deity's plan!
Awful, sublime, and as clear as mud!
And it's poetry, too, O Lud, Lud, Lud!

OLD BOY.

3.—ANDOVERIAN DEAD BIRDS.

Decapitating *pagans* neat,
Command them *female birds to eat.*
Your headsman cleaves again in vain,
Still *at these birds* our guests remain;
The *capital of Greece*, in fact,
Seems gathered there in mass compact.
This capital decapitate,
What then must be its awful fate?
Yes, *then, and then* alas! these *thens*
Resist our swords or mightier pens.
The next decapitation shows
These birds untouched by friends or foes.
But these beheaded "death *ends* all,"
For ENS—I—FORM fate's final fall;
And *Ense petit placidam*
Sub libertate quietem.
(This must be *cockney* Latin, too,
If rightly I the text construe
As "Little hens in place I dam,
'Neath liberty, to quiet them.")
This Gordian knot requires, I feel,
Some "Alick" with the keenest steel
To slash the slang, pun, Latin, too,
And to disclose its worth to view.

REKAB SEMAJ, THE TURK.

Correspondence.

OAK MILLS, KAN., Jan. 29, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav nothing to do this evening, I thought I would write a letter to the Children's Corner. As this is my second letter, I will try and write more than before. I was glad to see my letter in print. I hav four brothers and one sister; my youngest brother's name is Claude; he is five years old. And my sister's name is Laura; she is nine years old. I like to look at the pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER very much. I think the "Story Hour" is as good a book for the children as I ever read. I like to read Ingersoll's, Bell's, Bennett's, Paine's, Watts's, Mrs. Slenker's, Putnam's, Bradlaugh's, H. E. Gardner's, Kersey Graves's, Kelso's, and your own good works. Christians claim that they do not curse, but I think it isn't the truth. There are Christians in our neighborhood who go to the church in the forenoon, and burn bush in the afternoon. I remain,

Your true Infidel friend,

C. B. REMSBURG.

DAVENPORT, WASH. TERR., Feb. 1, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Two months ago I broke my leg, and I cannot walk much, so I thought I would spend my time writing for the Children's Corner. My father reads THE TRUTH SEEKER, and thinks it a valuable paper. Most all the people out here are Freethinkers. We do not go to school in winter, but during the summer we hav school. For fear of making my letter too long for the first time, I will close. Wishing success to the Corner,

Your little Freethinker friend,

NELSON SELDE.

OMAHA, NEB., Feb. 5, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am going to try and write a little letter for the Corner. I am ten years of age, and I attend a public school. I am in the fourth grade. I learn arithmetic, geography, drawing, spelling, writing, and reading. The school-house is only about three blocks from where we liv, which is very good for stormy weather. You will see from some pieces of newspapers which I send you that we had a great storm there last month. But the weather for the last eight or nine days has been mild and warm, but last night and to-day it is a little colder.

I hav been reading some of the pretty stories in "Apples of Gold," and I think they are very good. Little Nancy was a very good girl and took good care of her little baby brother. She went out on cold days, without shoes or stockings on her feet, to get something for her sisters' and brothers' supper.

Jimmy Jennings was a good boy, who went and drove an old red tin-cart to support his mother and sisters after his father died, and he soon afterward became a rich man.

Richard Allen was a good man, although Hope Stanley thought he was an awful bad man, and it makes me laugh when I read about him falling down-stairs with all the toys and picture-books, and the music-box playing music while resting on his head, which scared and alarmed all the neighbors.

The sun is shining brightly here to-day, and the snow that fell last month is nearly all melted. The Omaha papers say that there hav been great snow-storms in the Eastern states. ANNIE S. COLVIN.

KIRKLIN, TENN., Feb. 2, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: My two little children, Hoza, aged eleven, and Lora, seven, were very much interested in the Children's Corner of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and especially in the Puzzle department. Then came a number without any puzzles, which caused quite a surprise to the little ones. How anxiously they waited for the next number! It was a long week to them. At length it came, but no Children's Corner, no puzzle, and they wondered why.

Then came the sad news of your mother's sudden death, and we all sorrowed with you. How vividly it brought to me the memory of my own dear mother! At the time of her death I had not seen her for fifteen years, but had kept the fire of filial affection warm by frequent correspondence, and the cherished hope that "next year I will visit mother." I was in southern Missouri and she in Sacramento, Cal. I had written her a long and loving letter and was beginning to look for her reply, when there came a letter from Sacramento in a strange handwriting, containing my photograph, my last letter, and the sad news that mother had passed away after a very brief attack of pneumonia.

It shocked me almost as if she had been stricken down before my eyes. My mother dead, and I had not seen her for so many years! It was indeed a sorry thought. No one can estimate the value of his mother. The loss of a mother is a loss beyond computation.

I believe the average young man does not begin to realize a mother's priceless value until he is twenty-five to forty years of age, and then he has no mother left to prize.

I am now fifty-four years old, and now in my days of despondence I know not what I would not giv to lay my head on mother's knee, and hav her lay her hand on my head, and listen to her gentle voice again. There are times when the balm of her presence would be a refreshing and strengthening solace. But the order of nature has to be fulfilled, and we take up again the burden of life's duties, with what self reliance we can command. Still the sad heart will yearn for the mother's words of hope and comfort. Activ duties sometimes quench it for a time, but years cannot blot it out.

Very truly, L. L. GOODWIN.

A Little Girl at the Table.

A gentleman who had a little daughter of a very inquisitiv turn of mind invited a friend to dine with him. It chanced that the friend had just been divorced from his wife, and little Annie, who had heard something about it, was curious to hear more. "Why didn't you bring your wife with you, Mr. Todd?" asked Annie when they were seated at the table. The guest blushed and stammered, and said that he hadn't any now. Then Annie, in spite of admonitory scowls from papa and mamma, continued: "What did you get divorced from her for?" "Well, Annie, don't you think it is better," asked Mr. Todd, "when two people can't liv happily together that they should separate?" "No, I don't," answered the child. "I think it is better to fight it out; that's the way my papa and mamma do."

The King and the Child.

King Frederick VI. of Denmark, while traveling through Jutland, one day entered a village school and found the children lively and intelligent, and quite ready to answer his questions.

"Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?"

With one accord they cried out: "Canute the Great, Waldemar, and Christian IV."

Just then a little girl, to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something, stood up and raised her hand.

"Do you know another?" asked the king.

"Yes; Frederick VI."

"What great act did he perform?"

The girl hung her head and stammered out: "I don't know."

"Be comforted, my child," said the king. "I don't know, either."

A True Nobleman.

Every school-boy remembers the story of Sir Philip Sidney, wounded on the field of Zutphen, refusing to quench his burning thirst till he had offered his canteen to a poor bleeding soldier. In a noble character one ruling trait is consideration of others, and the military chiefs of history best deserve the praise of greatness who hav been most thoughtful of their soldiers' comfort. Another example of the real nobleman was the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, of whom it is related that when mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir he was carried in a litter on board the Foudroyant, and to ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from which he experienced considerable relief. He asked what it was. "It's only a soldier's blanket," was the reply. "Whose blanket is it?" said he, half lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is." "It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night." Even to ease his dying agony, the general would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.

Baby's First Shoes.

The first baby when she needs her first pair of shoes hears this from her proud and happy father:

"And does it want some 'ittle shoes-um for its 'ittle feet-ums? Well, papa shall get it all the 'ittle shoes-ums it wants, so he shall."

When the order for the second pair comes he seems a little surprised, and says:

"What! Has papa's little girl worn out its pretty new shoes so soon? She is a little rogue, so she is, to kick out her shoes so."

Before the child is a month older her toes are to be seen through her third pair of shoes.

"What!" cries papa, when he is informed of the fact. "Well, I'd just like to know how in thunderation that youngster kicks out her shoes so fast. She wears out more shoes than I do. She'd break up a bank president at this rate."

And when the order for the fifth pair comes, papa observes:

"Well, if this don't beat the Jews! I'd like to know if I've got to get that young one a new pair of shoes every day of her life. I'm tired to death of this thing, Clara. If she wants another pair of shoes this month she can take the pennies out of her bank and buy 'em. I won't."

Poor papa!

"GRANDPA, dear, we hav come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma says if you giv us each a dollar we are not to lose it on our way home."

THE grandmamma of two little boys was once obliged to reprove the younger brother. "My dear," said she solemnly, "if you tell lies, God will not love you, and when you die your soul will not go to heaven." "What ith my thoul?" inquired Johnny, pleasantly. "Your soul?" grandmamma was overheard to exclaim. "Your soul, my child, is—I am surprised that a child of your age does not know what his soul is. It is—is it possible that you do not know? Well, then—ahem! Pick up grandmamma's specs, Johnny. There, now, you may run out and play, my dear."

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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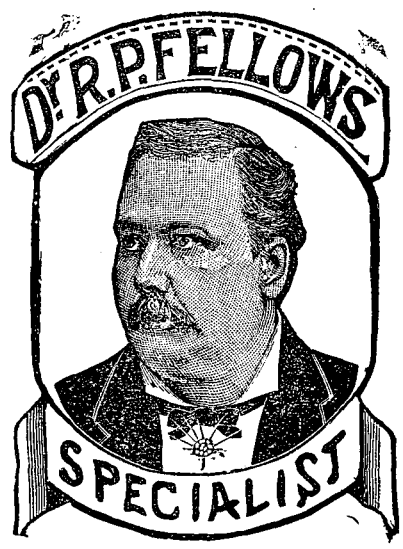
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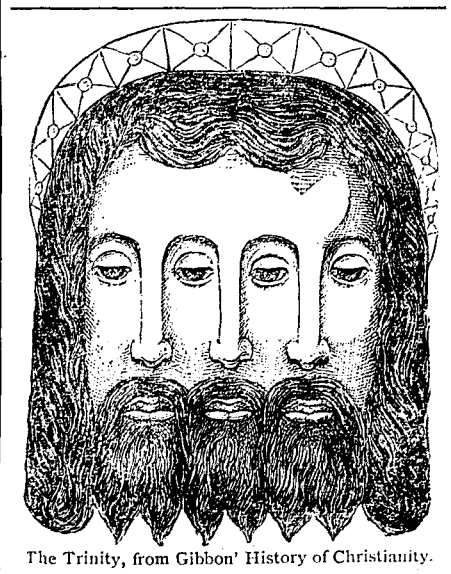
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That Badger Boy at Sunday-School.

THE LESSON OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

"Now, my dear children, I will read to you of the beautiful garden of Eden, and how it was lost to Adam and Eve." Finishing the story of creation, with that of man, the teacher read the old-time fable so dear to the Christian heart, that boy James then coming to the front, as it were.

"Was monkeys made 'fore man was, mum?"

"Yes, dear; all the animals were made before man."

"Why didn't God make man out of a monkey, which is almost a man, and not out of dust, mum?"

"James Badger, I don't know why, and you needn't ask any such questions."

"No'm. Why didn't God make woman out of dust, and not out of man's rib, mum?"

"Because she was just too nice to be made out of dust, boy."

"Does men turn to dust when they die, mum?"

"Of course they do. From dust they came and to dust they shall return, says the Good Book."

"Which is the good book, mum?—'Rabi'n Nights?'"

"No, you wretched little heathen!—the Bible."

"Does women turn to dust, mum, when they die, same's men does?" (The boy's eyes twinkled, betokening a stroke of fine work, but the teacher dropped not to the significance of the twinkle.)

"Of course they do, child. What a stupid question!"

"Why don't they turn to ribs, mum? From ribs they come and to ribs they shall return."

"James Madison Badger, I've as good mind to send you right home as ever I had to eat."

"Don't, mum. I'll be good. Did God make man in a mold, same's men does plaster angels, mum?"

"No, he didn't, and don't you ask any more such wicked questions."

James was silent a moment while the shepherdess communed with the more receptiv lambs of her flock, and then, striking the fabled "garden," queried:

"Did the garden of Eden hav a nice iron fence, with big gates and brass lions, like Mr. Bondholder's garden, mum?"

"No, it didn't." (Tartly snapped out.)

"What did God put a pizen river into the garden for, mum?"

"He didn't put any 'pizen' river, as you mean for poison, into it, you little wretch. The name of the river—one of the four—was Pison—P-i-s-o-n, you wicked little Philistine!"

"Oh! Did God make the snake that talked and come the bounce on the Eve woman, mum?"

"Of course God made the snake that talked, you wretched little piece of perversity. I don't know what you mean by that ungodly word, 'bounce.'" (Evidently James didn't care, for he continued to get in his fine work.)

"Did God want to bounce Adam and Eve out of the garden, mum?"

"If you mean put them out, by that horrid vulgar word you used, I say No. He wanted them to stay there and be happy."

"Why didn't he drive that talkin' snake into a hole then, so it couldn't a worked the soft sodder racket onto the woman, mum?"

"There's no answering your wicked questions, boy."

"Honest Injin, now, mum, didn't the snake git the bulge on God?"

"You horrid boy! I'll scream for the superintendent."

"Please don't, mum. He's a chump, and ain't half so nice as you." (This taffy mollified the teacher, and she smirked slightly.)

"Good people never ask any questions about what is in the Bible, James."

"That's what ma says, mum, and pop says the blamed fools swaller it whole, like sick folks do pills."

"Your father should not talk so, James." (The oil of the taffy yet held out to burn.)

"Would you climb a tree, mum, to git an apple, if a talkin' snake——"

"Mercy! no, James. The snake would scare me to death, I'm sure!"

"Is there any talkin' snakes now, mum?"

"No, James."

"Why isn't there, mum?"

"I don't know, James, unless God decided that only man should talk."

"Huh! women can break men all up in a talkin' match, mum."

"No woman can beat you talking, you impudence."

"Wouldn't old Comstock hav run Adam and Eve in, if he'd a caught 'em naked, mum?"

"Now you just stop, will you?"

"Yes'm. Why wasn't they ashamed, mum?"

"Because they were pure, and had not sinned, you little heathen, you!"

"When they eat the apple they sinned and was ashamed, wasn't they, mum?"

"Yes, boy."

"They must a took more stock in the snake than in God, didn't they, mum, and so eat the apple?"

"It was the devil in them that made them rebel against God, you awful boy, you."

"Who put the devil in 'em, mum?"

"James Badger, I'll——"

"Yes'm; I'll stop. You wouldn't hav eat the apple, mum, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't, there, now!"

"I'm sorry God didn't make you for Eve, mum, then Adam and you wouldn't a been bounced, and we should all of us lived in that big garden, and had nice times, wouldn't we, mum?"

"Yes, er—well—er—that is—er—now, James, I think you are good at heart—real good—and—er—I'll dismiss the class, now, James. Come next Sunday, that's a good boy." And the Eden seance terminated mellifluously, like the flow of golden honey, as it were.

SI SLOKUM.

Free Speech.

From the Sag Harbor, L. I. (N Y), Corrector.

It is the boast of Americans that they enjoy free speech and the liberty of the press. This is true in part. The right is guaranteed to all citizens by our laws and institutions, but sadly interfered with by individuals and associations. In 1874 a man removed from Illinois to New York, and established a newspaper of Freethought called THE TRUTH SEEKER. Its general tone was offensiv to Christianity, but no one was compelled to read it, and its circulation was limited. A conspiracy was formed to suppress that paper. The editor acted also as book agent. A medico-physiological work was ordered, and sent by him through the mails. He was then arrested on a charge of sending obscene literature through the mails. Portions of this book were read to the jury, who decided the passages came under that head, and the editor was found guilty, and sent to the Albany penitentiary for thirteen months, though the Bible contains some two hundred passages from which no preacher would venture to select a text. He came out broken in health and soon died. They killed the editor, but not THE TRUTH SEEKER. It now occupies a fine building in Lafayette place, New York; the size of the paper and its circulation hav increased; connected with it is a book-store for the dissemination of Freethought documents, and its power for evil or good, as the case may be, is greater than before.

Not long ago, during a period of strikes, a police captain of Chicago charged with his men upon a meeting of the working classes who were listening to the speeches of their leaders. These leaders belonged to a small party called Anarchists, who believe that government is best which governs least, and whose theories are impracticable. Some one up an alley threw a dynamite bomb, which exploded, killing and wounding a number of the police. The guilty party skipped, and has never been found, but five Anarchists were arrested, tried, and hanged for exercising the same right of speech which had been granted them for years—a right Germans value—of blowing off the effects of their potations of beer in blood-and-thunder speeches. Those martyrs of free speech are silent now, but that silence speaks louder than their voices when living. There has been a great increase in Anarchist literature, a pamphlet, "The Facts Concerning the Eight Condemned Leaders," having been published on the east end of Long Island, and a small and insignificant faction elevated into notoriety. Even in Paris the Anarchists are unmolested, and publish their paper, *La Revolte*, weekly.

There is a class of readers who, when they see an article that does not coincide with their own ideas, jump on the author with savage criticism, attack his religion, or threaten the editor of the paper with loss of patronage if he continues to publish such articles. They would suppress Whittier or Emerson if they could. Thus the liberty of the press is restricted and interfered with. Let these persons consider how much they could assist the overworked editor by selecting, compiling, condensing, or writing an article occasionally and sending it in. We hav contributed in this way to papers in Boston, New York, and other places nearly five hundred, and though occasionally attacked by those who do not understand the progress of the age, the result has been in the main gratifying. If our ideas are somewhat in advance of the age, it will soon catch up. Many of our orthodox clergy preach sermons to-day for which they would hav been expelled from the ministry forty years ago, and the tendency is to greater freedom in speech and writing. And this is as it should be. Truth cannot be suppressed, and error is much more easily refuted when it shows up in print. A newspaper article may contain suggestions worthy of consideration without being a ground for vituperation or personal disputation. Hear all sides, and then decide.

P. ROOSEVELT JOHNSON, M.D.

They Posted the New Pastor.

From the New York Sun.

During the recent blizzard a knot of snowed-in travelers sat around the fireplace in a little hotel up the Penobscot river and discussed politics, the bear crop, and religion. At length they discussed the interesting phases of a dissension which arose of late in a neighboring country congregation, when one of the party remarked that it was all foolishness—that the church committee didn't know how to run the institution. Then he said:

"Speaking of church news, gentlemen, I belonged to a church in Oldtown once that was always in a stew. Some crank was always kicking against something the parson had said in his sermon, and we shifted ministers so often none of them ever stayed long enough to get used to the pulpit. Finally, they appointed a new committee to look for a new parson, and I was one of the committee. Well, we nosed around, and finally hit one that we considered a good man, and sent for him. When he arrived, we went to the parsonage to meet him and kind o' giv him the lay of the land. After speaking of the various rows we'd had in the church, Squire Stover Rines, of the committee, said to the new parson:

"Now, Elder Merrill, we think you'll do first-rate. Here's a good house to liv in, and there's a church to preach in. Your salary is no object, but take my advice and never mention religion or politics in that pulpit."

"Well, and how did that parson come out?" asked some one.

"Come out? He didn't come out at all. He's there yet."

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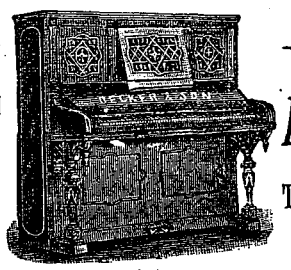
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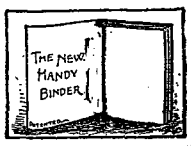
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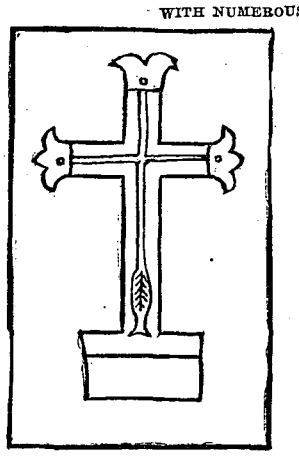
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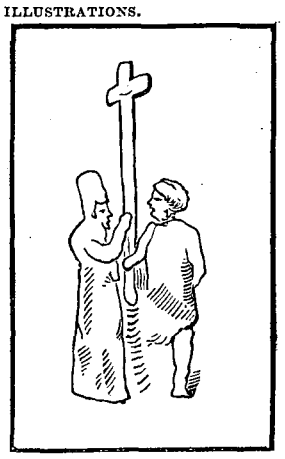
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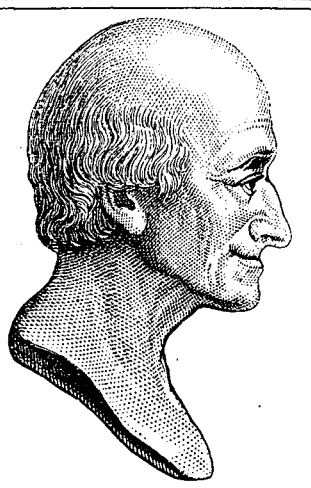
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News of the Week.

THE yearly immigration of Jews to this country is about 27,000.

IT is thought doubtful that Canada will long continue a part of the British empire.

A SYNDICATE of French capitalists has been formed to monopolize the copper output of the world.

THE Reading, Pa., miners' strike is estimated to hav cost the men and the company $4,000,000.

THE fortieth anniversary of the organization of modern Spiritualism will be celebrated next month.

INDIANS in the Lake LaBeche region, Canadian Northwest territory, are starving, and raiding the settlers.

THE Rev. S. H. Cole, a Methodist minister of Chattanooga, Tenn., committed suicide by poisoning on the 18th.

THE sultan of Turkey has ordered 500,000 rifles, but has yet obtained only 200 of them, from lack of ability to pay.

PROFESSOR SMYTH, of Andover, is now in a very un-Christlike manner fighting at law to keep his position in that institution.

TRICHINOSIS has caused the death of one member of a family named Hovis at Camden, N. J., and two others are reported dying.

THE aid of the pope is being solicited with increasing anxiety both by the side for and by the side against the Irish National League.

A CHICAGO inventor proposes aerial navigation by a steel balloon, 654 feet long and 144 feet in diameter, to be floated by exhausting the air.

A CYCLONE on the 21st destroyed part of the city of Mount Vernon, Ill., killed 30 or 40 persons, injured over 100, and rendered 1,000 homeless.

A GREAT supper was given by the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association to 600 delegates to the Young Men's Christian Association convention, on the 18th.

AMONG the many Chinese in New York city, hardly one has fallen into the liquor habit, and a policeman patroling their quarter says he has never seen a drunken Chinaman.

THE Russian government has discovered an old law forbidding Jews from acting in certain provinces, and in consequence several actors hav been compelled to cancel their engagements.

THE question agitating the British government is whether to make Parliamentary provision for the prince of Wales's daughters, who are marriageable, or wait until they are engaged to be married.

A NUMBER of crofters of the Isle of Lewis, Scotland, starving because their land has been taken to support deer for the sport of the nobility, killed the deer and salted them for food, and are now on trial.

A SENATE committee is hearing arguments for and against a bill to prohibit the manufacture or sale of liquor in the district of Columbia from the Women's Christian Temperance Union, ministers, editors, and others.

CHICAGO, St. Paul, and Minneapolis railroad men are planning a railroad via Bismarck, British Columbia, and Alaska to Pekin, in China, and Irkutsk, in Siberia. Behring strait, which is dotted with islands, will be bridged. Russia is already building to Irkutsk a line which will meet the American road.

THE statement of Mr. Corbin, head of the Reading Coal and Iron Company, that from 1876 to 1888 that company had paid out $57,000,000 and received but $44,800,000, losing over $12,000,000, is declared to be a lie by investigators, who assert its proceeds to hav been $86,624,000, with a profit of $29,000,000.

TRUSTEE MCMURRAY and Rector Windeyer of the Emanuel Reformed Episcopal church of Jersey City Heights, N. J., hav got into court. The former is accused by his pastor of carrying a revolver and being pugnacious, and retorts of his rector that "the old fellow has outlived his usefulness. He is in his dotage. He must go."

THE Rev. Heber Newton in predicting the use that woman will make of her coming citizenship thinks that "her vote will be cast solid against all economic 'cranks;'" that she will extinguish "that crowning barbarism, war," and that she will preserve morals and "compel the state to a higher function than that of policing property—she will police manhood and womanhood."

Gems of Thought.

"SEARCH the scriptures" (John v, 39). In the Roman Catholic version it is—"Ye search the scriptures;" and as the Greek verb is the same in the indicativ as in the imperativ mood, they may be warranted in this translation; though I conceive it makes no difference, for the passage even in the indicativ implies divine acquiescence in the propriety of the practice. Either way it proves the duty of searching the scriptures. Cyril of Alexandria agrees with the church of Rome in considering that the passage is declarativ and does not contain a command to search the scriptures; but Chrysostom maintains that it does. Chrysostom says, "John did not say, 'Read the scriptures,' but 'Search the scriptures,'" since the things that are said require much research. For this reason he commands them to search with diligence, that they discover the things that lie deep. —*Dr. Cumming's Romanism.*

IF we are sometimes inclined to regret that our lot is cast in these unhappy days, let us remember how much more fortunate we are than those who lived a few centuries ago. The workingman enjoys more luxuries to-day than the king of England in Anglo-Saxon times; and at his command are intellectual delights which, but a little while ago, the most learned in the land could not obtain. All this we owe to the labor of other men (John iv, 38). Let us, therefore, remember them with gratitude; let us follow their glorious example by adding something new to the knowledge of mankind; let us pay to the future the debt which we owe to the past. All men, indeed, can not be poets, inventors, or philanthropists; but all men can join in that gigantic and God-like work, the progress of creation. Whoever improves his own nature improves the universe of which he is part. He who strives to subdue his evil passions—vile remnants of the old four-footed life—and who cultivates the social affections; he who endeavors to better his condition, and to make his children wiser and happier than himself, whatever may be his motivs, he will not hav lived in vain.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

"DELIVER us from evil." Gregory Nyssa, Cyril, Chrysostom, Theophylact, and all the Greek fathers hold that this means, Deliver us from Satan; but Cyprian and Augustine, and all the Latin fathers, hold that it means, Deliver us from evil in general.—*Dr. Cumming's Lectures on Romanism.* [NOTE.—As far as the Greek text goes, there is nothing to settle the dispute, and it is mere impudent dogmatism to cast aside as inadmissible either of the interpretations. Jesus Christ had full belief in the personality of his satanic majesty, and as he had a long ride through the air with that power of the air, it is probable that he meant what the revisers hav given out as, "Deliver us from the evil one." But the old "authorized" translation, "Deliver us from evil," is much more in accordance with the modern style of thought, and if any of my readers make daily use of the Lord's prayer, I advise them to stick to the translation and let the devil alone. Carlyle tells us that he had not repeated the Lord's prayer, or even thought of it, for forty years, when, one night, it flashed on him that "after this manner prayer was worthy of a serious Amen."—*Hylax.*]

THE peculiarity of the evidence of mathematical truths, is that all the evidence is on one side. There are no objections and no answers to objections. But on every subject in which difference of opinion is possible, the truth depends on a balance to be struck between two sets of conflicting reasons. Even in natural philosophy, there is always some other explanation possible of the same facts; some geocentric theory instead of heliocentric, some phlogiston instead of oxygen; and it has to be shown, and until we know how it is shown, we do not understand the grounds of our opinion.—*Mill's Liberty.*

SUPPOSE I were to say that when I sat down to write this book, a hand presented itself in the air, took up the pen, and wrote every word that is herein written; would anybody believe me? Certainly they would not. Since, then, a real miracle, were it to happen, would be subject to the same fate as the falsehood, the inconsistency becomes the greater of supposing that the almighty would make use of means that would not answer the purpose for which they were intended, even if they were real.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

"YOU forget," said my Catholic opponent who was advocating the worship of the Virgin Mary, "that there is a peculiar blessedness ascribed to the Virgin Mary; for it is written of her, 'Blessed art thou *among* women;' Mary being obviously selected as the object of peculiar and distinguishing blessedness." I replied that, if this was the principle upon which he acted, I would prove it the duty of the Roman Catholic church to take down every statue and picture of the Virgin, and put up the picture of another woman in its place, for I read in Judges v, 24, "Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, be." If Mary is to be worshiped because she is pronounced to be "blessed *among* women," *a fortiori* (so much the more) should Jael be worshiped, for she is blessed *above* women.—*Dr. Cumming's Romanism.*—[NOTE.—And yet this Jael is one of the most infamous and detestable wretches that we read of in all history, sacred or profane. Nana Sahib was a scoundrel—Guiteau was—I cannot say how base; but neither of them is fit to hold a candle to Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite.—*Hylax.*]

DECAYING and moribund religions are, as in this vile persecution of the Jews in Russia and Germany, betaking themselvs to their last resources; they hav lost everything but their myths, once the illusion of the childhood of humanity, but now the scorn of its maturity; once accepted by ignorance, but now contradicted by science; leaving to the clinging believer, whose eyes are closed and ears stopped, no other refuge than the frightful and absurd creed, *Credo quia absurdum* (I believe because it is absurd).—*Victor Hugo.*

Odds and Ends.

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BOBBY: "Ma, wasn't there anybody left in the garden of Eden after Adam and Eve were turned out?" Mother: "No, Bobby." Bobby (after thought): "Well, who fed the animals?"

CUSTOMER (to coal-dealer): "I want to get a ton of coal." Dealer: "Yes, sir; what size?" Customer (timidly): "Well, if it isn't asking too much, sir, I would like a two-thousand-pound ton."

OLD lady (to small boy who is smoking): "Don't you know that smoking isn't good for little boys?" Little boy: "Yes'm. Dis stub (puff) was makin' me little brudder sick (puff), an' I took it from him."

"Do yez belave in our war-cry, 'Ireland for th' Irish?'" shouted the agitator. "By all means," was the reply of the member of the Society of the Cincinnati on the rear seat; "it sort of lets America out, don't you know."

FIRST social sport: "Didn't they hav anything to drink at the Brookline assemblies?" Second social sport: "Oh, yes; lemonade." First social sport: "Nothing stronger than that?" Second social sport: "Well, yes; ice-water."

YOUNG lady (to florist): "I am very particular that only the freshest roses are used. Will you see to it personally, please?" Florist: "Yes, miss. To what address shall I send the bouquet?" Young lady: "Just 'Billy, Murderers' Row, Tombs.'"

NEW YORKER (in Boston): "Can you direct me to Salem street?" Officer: "Cert'. You go through Province court to Washington street, skin through Cornhill until you come to the straight part, circle 'round Scollay square 'till you find an outlet, and inquire again. That's as far as my beat goes."

WESTERN real estate agent (in drug-store): "Oh, yes, we are quite civilized out here now." Eastern speculator (to drug clerk): "You may giv me a little spiritus frumenti." Drug clerk: "Waal, now, look a-here, stranger, if you want plain whisky you kin hav it, but we don't keep any edicated stuff here."

CHEERFUL citizen: "Well, Mr. Iceman, you won't hav much excuse for putting up the price of ice on us this year." Gloomy and sad iceman: "Don't know about that—the ice is in a very bad condition." "How so? It looks remarkably clear and solid." "So it does; but, you see, this last cold snap has frozen all the life out of it."

"OUR country is being overrun by foreigners," remarked a man in an uptown bar-room the other day, "and a nativ-born American is becoming a rarity. I am proud to say that I am one." "And so am I," said an individual at his elbow, "and I am glad to know you, sir. Your name——?" "McFadden. And yours is——?" "Schweitzer."

"WHY, yes, I hav seen a good deal of Tom Bigbee recently. Fact is, he's one of the most entertaining men I ever met. Really, I didn't know there was so much in him. He's positivly brilliant when you get him talking. Most delightful companion, and so hospitable and——" "I see. Which of Bigbee's sisters is it—the little one with the black hair, or the tall blonde one?" "It's the little one with black hair."

THE trustees of Adelbert College, at Cleveland, hav decided that co-education is a failure. They neglect to explain whether the sophomore sisters were real mean to the freshmen and positivly rude to the freshwomen, or whether their interest in base-ball or poker interfered with their studies. So far as we hav observed, they do not specify whether the offense was hazing or hard cider, but it must hav been something desperate or leap year would hav bridged it over.

THERE was a card over the bell-handle with the ominous inscription: "Come in; please do not ring." Opening the unlatched door she hastened in with a beating heart, prepared to hear of the critical illness of a member of her friend's family. In the hall the mistress of the household met her, tiptoeing across the hard-wood floor, with finger on her lips. "What is the matter?" gasped the visitor, thoroughly mystified. "Sh!" whispered the other, "it is a meeting of the Browning Club."

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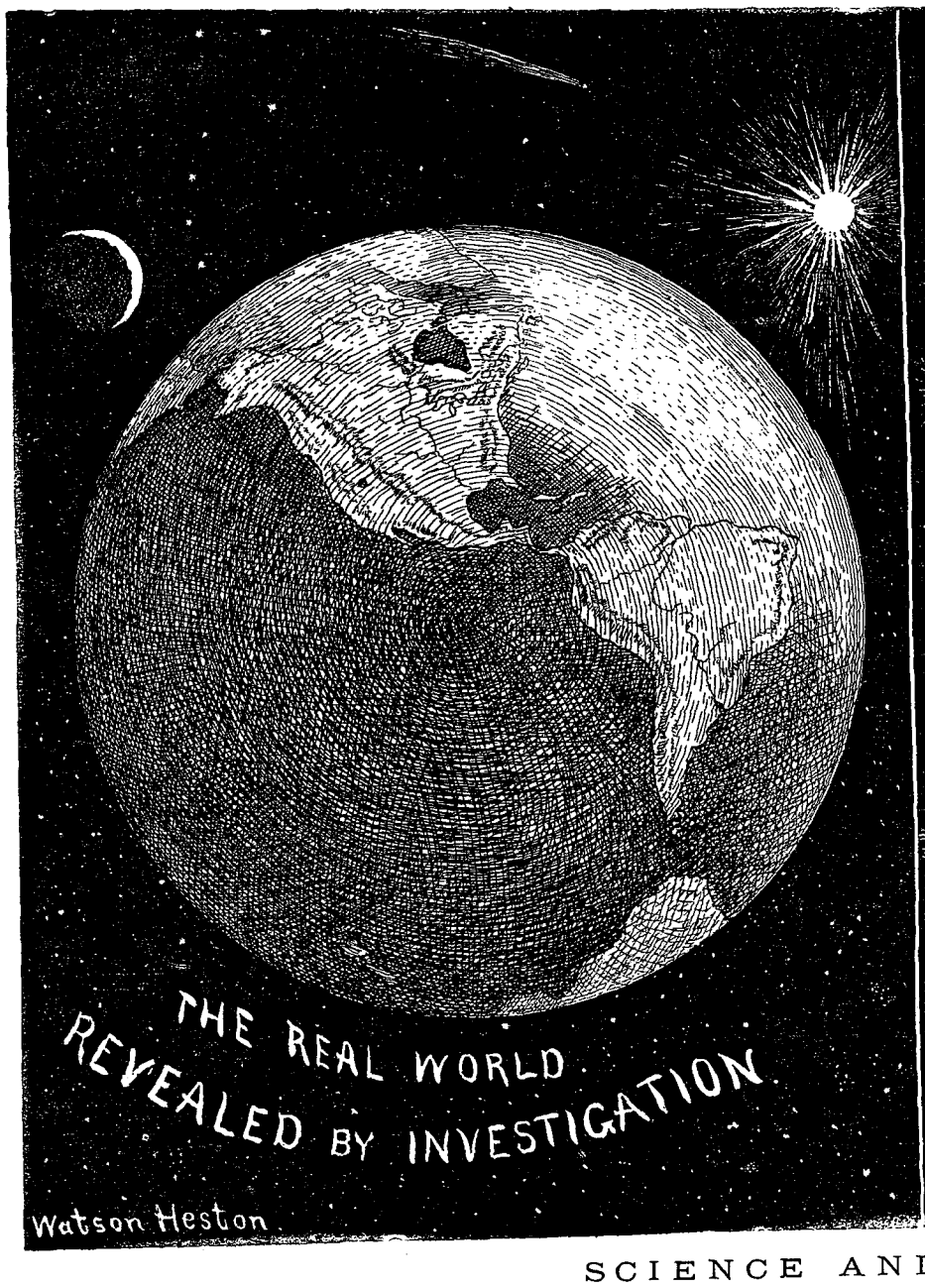
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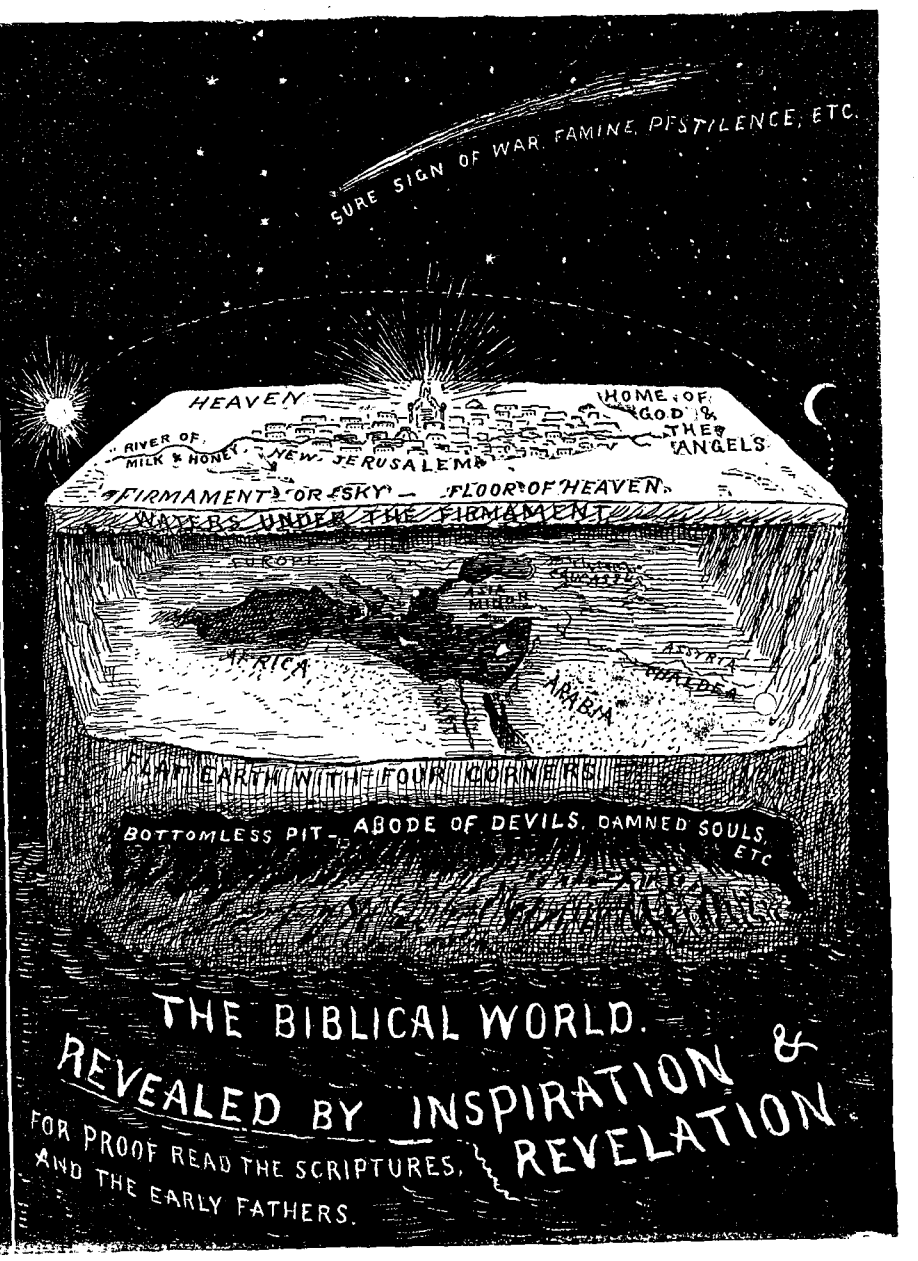
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SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Notes and Clippings.

An action has been brought against Rev. Reassure, the "Cowboy Preacher," holding revival meetings in Kansas City, for fraud and swindling.

A Bridgeton, N. J., tomato-grower says he can raise from ten to fifteen tons of tomatoes to the acre, which, at $5.50 per ton, would yield from $55 to $88. Wheat yields but about twenty-five bushels to an acre, at $1, bringing only $25.

Young Prince Barclay was dismissed from the Russian army because his youngest son was christened in the Lutheran faith. His father, the well-known general, was severely reprimanded for not having prevented it, and recently delegates from the holy synod, accompanied by the police, visited the young prince's house and announced that the child would be taken from the mother, as she opposed the fresh christening of her son according to the orthodox rite.

The *Christian Leader* (Univ.) says: "The *Critic* suggests that one way in which the Sunday papers may render themselvs at the same time less harmful and more useful, is by giving up a large part of that space to summaries of religious intelligence and opinion, gleaned from the journals—or from other sources—of all the denominations. The suggestion, like many another made to the workers of mischief, is quite too good to be acted on. A Sunday paper made up in the way the *Critic* contemplates would indeed be a harmless affair. It would also be a very flat business failure. It would not sell."

John Jesus, of Owingsville, Ky., has just been fined for whipping his wife, and Chas. Christ, of Leavenworth, Kan., was hauled into court for keeping a disorderly house. They may be good Christians for all that. But they ought to be in partnership—"Jesus & Christ, Wife-whippers and Hell-raisers."

Of his quarrel with Dr. McGlynn Henry George writes in the last *Standard:* "So long as it takes two to make a quarrel there shall be no quarrel between me and one who has rendered such service to the good cause, and who is yet, I trust, so capable of rendering further service, as Dr. McGlynn. If, owing to personal idiosyncrasies or divergent views of policy, we cannot work together, we shall at least accomplish some good by working separately, each in his own way, for the same great end."

A number of nuns hav escaped from the Ursuline convent at Pittsburgh, Pa. The trouble arose from a number of French sisters who rebelled against the Roman Catholic church for interfering in their temporal affairs. They claimed the right to conduct the convent as they saw proper, and said the church had no right to interfere. The result was the election of a new mother superior and the silencing of the rebellious nuns. It now appears that they are fleeing from the convent and are making their way to Rome or France. The superiors hav been on the alert, but the sisters hav succeeded in eluding their vigilance, and a number hav escaped. Shortly after their departure another sister was seen walking through the depot. She said she was the mother superior, and she was looking for two of the sisters who had escaped from the Ursuline home at Oakland. The bishop had been previously consulted, and his orders were emphatic that they must be found at any cost and be taken back to the home.

Blue ribbonism is becoming rampant in Scotland, so much so that it is expected that at the next general election candidates for Parliament will be required to pledge themselvs to bring in a bill excluding all persons who partake of spirituous liquors from membership in any religious denomination. A short time ago a brewer left £70,000 to the Free and United Presbyterian church, and the strongest efforts were made to induce those in power to refuse the money. It turned out, however, that there was one characteristic of the Scotch more powerful than their hatred of intemperance, and the money was accepted. Meanwhile, Scotland continues to produce and to consume good whisky in frightful quantities.

The Roman Catholic *Freeman's Journal* says: "It is astonishing what an amount of sympathy has been wasted by well-meaning people on Mr. Anthony Comstock. An excellent gentleman asks in an expostulatory note: 'Why does the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* sneer at Anthony Comstock?' The *Freeman's Journal* never sneers at anybody. It holds that Anthony Comstock ought to be investigated and stopped short. A man in sympathy with the notorious Fulton ought not to be tolerated in the society of decent men. And Mr. Comstock is—or was on December 15, 1887—in sympathy with the infamous calumniator of our priests and of our religion. We do not sneer at Anthony Comstock. If he meant well, much could be pardoned to him. We simply say that when these two Americanisms, the 'fraud' and the 'crank,' are united, the combination writes letters like that of Anthony Comstock on Fulton's book."

In Guayaquil, Ecuador, recently, a public meeting was held against the wishes of the Roman Catholic clergy, who ordered out the soldiers, and commanded them to shoot into the crowd. Five men fell. The funerals of the victims were attended by almost the whole populace, who are indignant at the clergy and demand their expulsion. The *Globo* says: "No well organized and educated society can remain blind to the culpable and scandalous actions of an ignorant clergy, who are expected to be the teachers of virtue and Christian sobriety. Neither can such a society resign itself patiently to look on at the weakness and debility of authorities who allow all ideas of social and public life to be undermined. Away, then, with those who are culpable. Let no hesitation be shown, because, before everything, public order and the well-being of the community must be considered. Away with the bishop who does not know how to fulfill his duties, and who abandons his flock to the guardianship of a madman at the moment when it most requires pure sacerdotal advice. Away with those pretended pious priests, who now suddenly find in them their most deadly enemies. Thus the government would prove that it loves and respects the populace, whose guardian it is, and the honor of Catholicism, which it must also treat with respect. Cut the evil up by the roots. This bishop and these priests must not remain here if peace is to be restored."

Communications.

Hav Men Souls?

Generation after generation, men hav been taught that they are of a dual nature, composed of two parts, a body and soul. The idea has been impressed so early upon their minds that they hav accepted it upon authority, without questioning its foundation. And if in after years doubts hav arisen, the first impression has been so deeply rooted that it has prevailed against their better judgments, and they hav clung to the belief with unreasoning tenacity. Yet this, the foundation of modern religions, rests upon no evidence at all.

I say of modern religions, for when men first worshiped gods they had no expectation of reward in another life, but merely hoped to win temporal blessings, or avert earthly evils. Even the authors of the Old Testament, to whom those of the New constantly appeal for evidence of the soundness of their own doctrin, seem not to hav taken the subject into their consideration. At least, if they admitted the existence of spirit or soul in man as distinct from his corporal nature, it was only an infusion of the divine life, the breath of God's nostrils, sufficient to animate the senseless clay for a time, but perishing or returning to its original source when the man died. In all the 929 chapters, from the first of Genesis to the last of Malachi, there is just one little passage, and that in one of the later prophets, which asserts the immortality of the soul. "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt" (Dan. xii, 2). Even that passage speaks only of many, and not of all or most. It seems rather to imply that, for special reasons, some, for their good or for their ill, shall be excepted from the great majority, who will be left to "sleep in the dust of the earth" in eternal, unbroken oblivion.

Only in one other instance is mention made of any existence after death. It is that of Samuel raised at Saul's request by the witch of Endor. But in that case, although the spirit becomes visible and speaks, there is no allusion to its immortality. It appears as it was in life, not glorified or changed. It does not descend from the skies, but comes up out of the earth in which it was buried. It rises in the form of an old man covered with a mantle, and as if roused from slumber, pettishly inquires, "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up" (1 Sam. xxviii, 15)? According to the teaching of Christians, the soul, essentially immortal, being released from the confines of the body, can no more be affected by earthly things, but must eternally enjoy the perfection of bliss, or suffer forever unutterable woe, under entirely new conditions. Samuel is represented as a spirit at a modern séance. He appears as he was in life, clothed "in his habit as he lived," and still "of the earth earthy." He has no resemblance to a Christian saint in glory. He carries no harp, and wears no white robe or golden crown. He utters no word concerning everlasting life, but murmurs at being roused from eternal oblivion.

It is certain, then, that, with the possible exception of Daniel, the Old Testament writers had no expectation of an existence hereafter. They record many promises made by God to his people, and a still greater number of threats, but all had reference to this world only. In Exodus xx we hav ten commandments given by Jehovah for the moral guidance of his worshipers, and to the observance of one of them is attached a reward. It is a reward, however, to be received in this life, and even postpones an entrance into a future state of bliss, if any such there be. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." If anywhere in the Hebrew scriptures there were an assurance of a future life, we might expect to meet with it in Ecclesiastes. There we find the Preacher handing down to us words of real wisdom, the fruit, if not of divine inspiration, of that which is much better—actual human experience. He is drawing near the close of a long and prosperous life. Power, wealth, and knowledge hav all been his, and he is known as the "wisest of men." He passes judgment upon all the good and evil things there are upon the earth, and his judgment is this: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity" (Eccl. i, 2). He does not say that, this life of vanity over, another and a better existence is beyond. He laments the injustice "that all things are alike to all; there is one event to the righteous and the wicked; to the good and to the clean and to the unclean" (ix, 2). Another world, where all this shall be rectified, is always the refuge of the modern preacher when this subject is brought before him. But the "wisest of men" knew nothing of it. He left the justice of God unvindicated, and continued: "After that they go to the dead" (3); they are carried to the silent grave. They are hidden in the bosom of the earth. Others take their places. They, too, will laugh and weep, feast and fast, grow rich or poor in their turns, each in his own brief span, and then they, too, will "go to the dead." But from this death will they ever awake to know fresh joys or sorrows? Not so, according to the Preacher. "The dead know not anything, neither hav they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten" (5). "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they hav all one breath; so that a man hath no preëminence above a beast: for all is vanity" (iii, 19).

The idea of the immortality of the soul is no part of either the Jewish or Christian so-called revelation. By the former it was ignored; in the latter it was assumed. It arose in the minds of speculativ philosophers, who sought to reconcile the inequalities of human life with the principle of divine justice. It was gladly received by the poor and suffering, who, finding little joy in this world, were willing to hope for a better. It was eagerly seized on by priests, who saw the increase of power they could derive from its adoption. Not originally a part of any religion, it has become the base upon which the faith of each individual believer has been raised.

Before advancing knowledge gods retired till they passed beyond the limits of this world. They no longer govern the elements, nor direct the affairs of men. Times of prayer and thanksgiving for temporal blessings are sometimes appointed. Nations feast and make sport when these days come round, and but few even remember that they are monuments to a dead superstition. We know that storm and sunshine, heat and cold, come each in its due course, obeying natural laws, neither hastened nor impeded by petition and sacrifice. No intercession will stay the lightning or roll back the flood. No prayer will cause the rain to descend upon the earth, or the harvest to ripen for the sickle. Man has no interest in gods, in any matter of which he possesses knowledge. Take away the unknown hereafter, and the occupation of priests and ministers is forever gone.

Has man, then, an immortal soul? Revelation, whether it be real or false, has never declared it. In the Old Testament it is denied; and in the New Testament, where immortality is spoken of, it is associated with the resurrection of the body. "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised; and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain" (1 Cor. xv, 16, 17). Science owns it to be beyond her sphere, at least so far as she has at present extended it. It remains a merely speculativ matter, which each may guess at for himself, but none in this life can ever know. But, in guessing, the use of reason is not excluded. We cannot prove, but we can examin the evidence on both sides, and judge which has the greater value.

What is the soul, the spirit, the mind? What is that part of us, if any, which is distinct from the body, and which we hav been taught livs on when that is crumbled into dust? It is beyond the cognizance of our senses. We cannot see it, hear it, taste it, smell it, or feel it. Yet it is through our senses that we acquire all the knowledge we hav. It is said to be immaterial, but we hav no experience of any substance distinct from matter, and are unable to conceive the existence of such. We attribute to it certain powers—the memory, the understanding, and the will. But these are qualities of our physical nature. They had no existence before we were born. Why should we suppose that they will liv on after we are dead? They did not even come into being with us, but made their appearance after the senses had furnished them with objects on which to operate. We saw and heard; then after a while we began to remember what we saw and heard. Later on we understood that some objects were associated with pleasurable and others with painful sensations. Then our wills came into play, and we learned to "refuse the evil and to choose the good." Had we been born without senses, we should hav had no memory, no understanding, and no will. What were our souls a century ago? We had no will, memory, or understanding then, and our souls, if they existed, were dull blocks of empty, formless spirit. If they did not exist, we hav no reason to suppose that, having no being so short a time since, they will liv on forever. We hav no just cause to conclude that a substance, material or immaterial, distinct from the body, but which only acts through the body, and of which we know nothing, has any reality at all.

It is the way of ignorance, seeking extrication from one difficulty, to create another as great, or greater. Atlas bore the earth upon his shoulders, but who or what supported Atlas? Jehovah made the world, but who made Jehovah? We know not in what manner man exercises certain powers, intellectual, moral, and religious, so we create in fancy a soul to exercise them for him. But if that soul did not exist before life began in the body, why suppose that it continues after the body's death? And if we know not how the powers we attribute to the soul operate, but know that their operation is in and by the body, why should we go beyond the body, of which we hav knowledge, and imagin a soul, of which we hav none?

To those who contend that the soul is immortal, I would say, first prove that there is a soul, or at least giv reasonable grounds for believing it.

The immaterial can never be known to us, as all our knowledge is built upon experience, acquired through our senses, which are exercised through material organs, and take cognizance only of matter. Therefore it is equally absurd to assert or deny the existence of anything distinct from matter. But those powers which we call mental or spiritual are so intimately connected with the body that, although the manner of their action is as yet unknown, it is much more natural to think that they are corporal than it is to imagin a soul for the purpose of attributing to it their exercise. And this more especially as the manner in which the imagined soul exercises them can be no more intelligible to us than that of the real body. Having come into existence after our birth, they grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength. They decay also with the outward frame, but, in most cases, somewhat later, as they developed later. In sickness they are disordered together with the body. Memory givs birth to fantastic forms in delirium. The understanding becomes clouded. The will weakens and grows perverted. Accident may destroy any or all of these powers. A blow on the head may make the wisest man an idiot, or deprive him altogether of consciousness, yet he may liv on. His soul, if he hav any, has not fled. Disease may impair, and medicin restore, these powers. Narcotics will suspend them. That which will affect the brain or nerves will affect the mental condition, and even sometimes completely change the moral nature. It seems more reasonable to conclude that these powers belong to the body than to attribute them to a fancied soul, distinct from it, but affected simultaneously with it.

It may be urged that since it is admitted that nothing can be absolutely known on either side, the subject is not worth discussion. I cannot agree with this opinion. Although religious belief, in the history of the world, preceded the idea of immortality or even that of duality in man, it is certain that in these days the creed of each individual believer is erected substantially upon these notions. How much time, energy, and substance wasted might be saved, how many greedy paupers, feeding on the industrious poor, compelled to earn their bread honestly by the sweat of their own brows, were these creeds swept away! With ignorant or knavish bigots howling round us, exhorting men and women to neglect the world they are in and save their souls for another, it may be worth while to ask their dupes sometimes to pause and consider what it will profit a man to lose the whole world in the hope of saving his soul, if he hav no soul to save.

E. J. Bowtell.

The Kansas Outrage.

Must the battle for free speech and free press be fought over and over again in a land whose Constitution makes this right a basic principle, and denies to Congress the power to enact any law abridging it?

How strange that, in this nineteenth century, more than a hundred years after the adoption of the federal Constitution, we must see Liberals arrested and imprisoned because, forsooth, they are Infidel to the church, which is determined to stop all discussion of the most vital of all subjects, that of the subjugation of woman to man in marriage!

It is for daring to defend the natural right of women "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," her right to the ownership and control of her own person, the most sacred of all rights, and without which no other rights can be maintained, that Walker and Harman hav been arrested, and are likely to be imprisoned, under the ridiculous charge of obscenity. Is it any more obscene to expose the villainy of rape inside of marriage than outside, that they should be set upon by the bloodhounds of the law, while every paper in the country would cry out as one man against such an outrage outside of the "sacred institution?" How can the statement of such outrages be obscene in the one case and not in the other?

The reason of their persecution is this—the church knows perfectly well that she holds her power over the people by virtue of woman's subjugation and ignorance, and so long as she keeps her in terror lest she lose her good name as a wife, so long as she can keep her willing and satisfied to be, as now, the property of her husband, as is his horse or dog, with the difference only of right of transfer, so long she can count on a servil, cringing race of sycophants, hypocrits, and religious bigots, who will do all in their power to perpetuate the infamy called religion, that is always ready to persecute, in every possible manner, any and all who will not bow down and worship at her blood-stained shrine.

I am amazed that there can be a Freethinker so obtuse that he cannot see the true animus of all these persecutions of the bravest and best in our ranks.

The question is not whether we believe in the same doctrins that do Walker and Harman. It is, Do we believe we hav a right to express our opinions and send them through the mails? If we demand that as our right, then, if we hav any conception of the meaning of justice, we must demand it for every other person, no matter what may be his opinions. Anything less than this is tyranny.

If this agent of the church, Comstock, and his pals, prosecute with intent to stop their work, as in the case of these brave, logical, and chaste writers, whose lives are consecrated to the work of educating and elevating the masses out of the ruts of superstition, whether found in church or state, every Liberal should feel that it is his or her own liberty that is being invaded, for we sink or swim together, and rush to the rescue with voice, pen, and purse, until this caricature upon manhood, and the dark minions that back him, shall be compelled to retire within their own domain, leaving the track of progress open to be traveled in peace by an intelligent, growing people. JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M.D.

Milwaukee, Feb 16, 1888.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

GEORGETOWN, COL., Feb. 1st, 2d, 3d.—The journey from Denver to Georgetown on the Union Pacific railroad is one succession of wonders and scenes of wild, romantic interest. The railroad track is through a cañon so narrow in many places that the stupendous mountains of rock, towering hundreds and hundreds of feet high, almost touch the cars on each side. The train winds in and out in serpentine course, now creeping up the mountain side, now along the splashing, roaring waters of the ravine, affording a succession of surprises, till the arrival at Georgetown, a wonderful city, wedged in by mountains on every side, perhaps the surprise of all. Georgetown is a flourishing mining camp, although much shorn of its pristin glory. The rush and wild excitement over the first prospecting and consequent speculation in the wondrous gold and silver deposits in the adjacent mountains some time since subsided, and now all are getting down to solid, practical work.

I had three very large and deeply interested audiences; as usual, at the last lecture the largest number, testing to the utmost the seating capacity of the Opera House. I sold a large quantity of Liberal books and pamphlets, secured a number of subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and was made glad by the testimony of several that they had been benefited by the lectures. A number of worthy, intelligent persons were added to the Liberal ranks.

In Georgetown, as in every place I hav visited in Colorado, there is very great need of organization. If the Liberals of Colorado were thoroughly organized, they would be a mighty power for good, and compose the largest, most intelligent, and influential society in the state. If the American Secular Union would only prepare leaflets, "How to organize a local Secular Union and insure success alike educational and social," and "How to inaugurate and conduct a science school successfully without a professor or experienced teacher," it would be doing something toward fulfilling its mission, and there would then be little difficulty in forming local Unions, with science schools on Sundays, and social advantages that would insure their becoming a power for good; and, as they grew in influence and numbers, they would in turn help sustain the American Secular Union. But to simply hav a number of Liberals enroll their names, elect officers, pay for a charter, and then be left to struggle along, without aid, instruction, or encouragement from the parent society, is worse than useless; it tends to discourage instead of help. Let the American Secular Union prepare such leaflets as above mentioned, and if they are up to the requirement there will be no lack of funds to hav such leaflets printed and effectually distributed.

If the lecturers are not enthusiastic in soliciting donations to the American Secular Union, it is because the American Secular Union indulges only in ambiguous generalizations of vague, undefined future good intentions, instead of real, practical, immediate work.

If the American Secular Union will propose some feasible, practical plan of work that will commend itself to those desirous to aid the progress of Freethought, the lecturers will enthusiastically respond, solicit contributions, and neither ask, need, nor accept bribes or commissions for so doing.

I enjoyed the hospitality of those dear old veterans, Wm. Haywood and wife; the sterling worker, T. S. Old, and his noble wife, who is his faithful helpmate in every good work; the beloved J. Forrest; the postmaster, Robert G. Old, the Colorado pioneer miner, and the genial, handsome, young, model boniface Louis Dupuy, of the Hotel de Paris, who keeps the very best hotel in Colorado, has the finest library, the happiest disposition, and is one of the best read men and earnest thinkers of the Liberal ranks. Space forbids mention of all the noble band of Liberal men and women at Georgetown. What a splendid Liberal society they would make!

On Saturday, in company with friend R. O. Old, I took the trip round the marvelous Loop on the Union Pacific railroad, from Georgetown to Silver Plume. This piece of railroad is a marvel of engineering skill, a triumph of human genius over the seeming impossible. The train leaving Georgetown climbs up round the side of one of the mountains, then turns a half-circle, crossing the roaring waters of the ravine, back up the side of the other mountain, climbing higher and higher; then makes another half-circle, crossing the ravine and its own track upon a high trestle bridge, thus going around a perfect loop, then on to Silver Plume.

Near Silver Plume is Sherman mountain. At its base is the ranch of friend Robert Old. In the mountain, a tremendous mass of granit towering twelve to fifteen hundred feet above the ranch, which is itself hundreds of feet above Georgetown, is the celebrated Mendota mine, and the great Victoria tunnel, now owned solely by friend Old.

Donning a miner's coat and hat, and armed with a stout staff and lighted candle, I entered the tunnel, which is bored and blasted out of the solid rock—a passage-way eight feet square and extending 1,280 feet into the very heart of the mountain. There were side tunnels, one east 260 feet long and one west 594 feet. There were a number of shafts hundreds of feet up—openings from sides of the mountain—down which the valuable ore, mined away up the mountain, is dumped, caught in cars, and run out to the mouth of the mine on a rail-track that extended the length of the tunnel, thus saving the expense of carrying the ore mined above down the mountain on jacks. These are little donkeys, small as baby calves, very large-headed and sure-footed. They are driven fifteen or twenty together. The ore is packed in small bags containing about 150 pounds each, and these little creatures carry one on each side. At first it seems incredible that such little creatures could ever bring down the steep mountains five or six railroad cars of ore, but with them it is a thing of custom.

The Mendota mine shows a strong crevice carrying between well-defined walls an ore vein truly massiv. The great Victoria tunnel in continuing its present course through Sherman mountain is cutting one of the finest groups of fissure lodes known. Some idea of the wealth of the mine may be formed from the fact that eleven tons of its ore yeilded 759 ounces of silver and 11,730 pounds of lead.

Away up the mountains, 2,000 feet skyward, I scarcely expected much from the promis of lunch at the ranch, occupied by Foreman Griffiths and family, but I was surprised to find, on our exit from the mine, a most elegant luncheon, excellently cooked and tastefully served; after which I returned to Georgetown. A delegation of friends were awaiting me at the depot, to whom bidding kind farewell, I reëntered the cars and sped on to Leadville.

LEADVILLE, COL., Feb. 5th.—I received an invitation to visit this celebrated mining camp, now a flourishing city, from that right royal, generous-hearted gentleman, Joseph Henry. Unfortunately the Opera House could not be secured, and even the Turner's Hall could be had on Sunday only. That enterprising Liberal, Mr. Fred Hobert, took the management and all responsibility. I expected very slim attendance when I found the out-of-the-way location of the hall, but when I discovered the admission fee was fifty cents and no half-price I was sure I had found the place in Colorado where I should lecture to empty seats. Yet, despite all this, I had good attendance. On Sunday afternoon I had the pleasure to see and receive the hearty hand-shake of that doughty champion of Freethought and free speech, Moses Hull. I deeply regret my engagements at Delta prevented the possibility of staying over to cultivate his acquaintance and that of the many earnest Liberals at Leadville.

The evening attendance was larger than that of the afternoon, and there is a general desire that I should return, and friends will secure the Opera House for me to deliver a whole course of lectures.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

Lincoln and Liquor.

I desire THE TRUTH SEEKER to be illumined with these lucid and piercing sentences from one whom every lover of country, honesty, and liberty cannot help but hold in highest esteem. They are the burning words of Abraham Lincoln on the banefulness of alcoholic liquor, and entitle his name to lead the list of "intemperate temperance advocates" which should be on the calendar of the apologists of the drink curse:

Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it, more of want supplied, more disease healed, and more sorrow assuaged. By it no orphans starving, no widows weeping; by it none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest—even the dram-maker and dram-seller will hav glided into other occupations so gradually as never to hav felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness. . . . And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall hav ended in that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall hav planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species!

These are noble words, and they honor the head and heart of the author of the Emancipation proclamation, and until tyranny indorses his Gettysburg address the rumocrats will not quote this irrefutable indictment of their slavery-producing traffic. So, as rascals hav for ages forged utterances of the gods, to manufacture a religion to cover their infamy, now lying, forgery, and fraud are the reeking characteristics of the black-blooded royalty of rumdom, and the fiends hav not scrupled to commit the sacrilege of attributing to our martyred president and total abstainer the ensuing clap-trap of the tap-room:

Prohibition will work great evil to the cause of temperance. It is a species of intemperance within itself, for it goes beyond the bounds of reason in that it attempts to control a man's appetite by legislation and in making crimes out of things that are not crimes. A prohibitory law strikes a blow at the very principles on which our government was founded. I hav always been found laboring to protect the weaker classes from the stronger, and I can never giv my consent to such a law as you propose to enact. Until my tongue be silenced in death, I will continue to fight for the rights of man.

And this rubbish, too, on a cartoon of Lincoln with an emancipated slave kneeling before him in the act of kissing the hand of the great shackle-smasher. The abomination was got up by the genius of the rum barons of Atlanta, Ga., and thus they gained their villainous victory.

It is a disgrace to our institutions, a blot on our civilization, a shame for our magistrates, that pernicious men should be permitted to deceive the ignorant colored people in this way. I join with all the sober-minded in protest against such mockery.

Philadelphia, Pa. JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

Religious Mania.

Not long ago, the Chicago *Evening Journal* said:

Every teacher of Infidelity, of a Christless civilization and culture, of contempt for religion and its divine truths, of disbelief in a Christian gospel, is an Anarchist in his heart, and his teachings lead to such scenes as those of the Reign of Terror in France and of the dynamite tragedy in Chicago. From Voltaire down to Bob Ingersoll, every public teacher who has taught disbelief in God, in the Bible, in a future life, and in human accountability, is responsible for the blood that has been shed in war against social law and in atonement for crimes against society and its law.

There are men whose daily lives are possibly more impure than those of the Anarchist teachers—who violate moral law, the law of home, the law of business, and the laws of propriety. But they are not, like the Anarchists, the enemies of society. They are opposed to lawlessness and ruin. The Anarchist, however pure his private life, is an enemy of order. He would overturn and demolish every existing law, every social regulation, every form of faith, and every method of civilized mankind. If society cannot be overturned by peaceful methods, he believes that forceful and bloody methods should be adopted. For this reason, a lawless and immoral man, whose practices, habits, and life are bad, who may even be a criminal as regards property rights or violence, if he has a theoretical belief in God, is a good man and a valuable member of society as compared with the Infidel, who, however pure his life, denies the existence of deity, the truth of divine teachings, and the gospel that was taught by Jesus Christ.

The *Christian Advocate*, Methodist organ of this city, adds:

In the above there is one sentence which might mislead. In showing that the Infidel is an injurious member of society, the writer says that "a lawless and immoral man" is, in comparison with the Infidel, "a good man and a valuable member of society." At that point he was heated by his rhetoric. The best that can be said of the lawless and immoral man is that he is less dangerous to society than the Infidel. Infidelity and Anarchy are closely allied. As the writer above quoted justly says: "Anarchy begins in, Infidelity too begins in, a denial and defiance of God. . . . Irreligion, a denial of Christianity, disbelief in Bible truth, are the pernicious seed from which this pernicious fruit has proceeded."

Let honest Christians think these statements over, and decide if they will support a theology which makes a certain belief, concerning things about which no man has absolute knowledge, worse than the most immoral conduct. According to the Chicago *Journal*, Colonel Ingersoll, for instance, whose every day of life is enriched with some good deed, some quiet aid to human distress—he is worse than the lecherous priest, the thieving cashier, or the murderer of men! According to the *Advocate*, he is more dangerous to society!

From such a religion, good Lord, deliver us!

Always On the Side of the Oppressor.

Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost in Christian Union.

The church never was known to attack a vested wrong until popular opinion drove her to it. She dabbles in dilettante reform slightly, more missions, better tenement houses, cooking schools, associated charities (all but the missions begin and end in essays and newspaper articles, for the most part); but let a prophet point out a radical defect in the social system, which must be changed before anything of worth can be accomplished, and the church is as deaf as an adder. She would not see the evil of slavery until everybody else had. She will not even try to see the evils which make and keep the people poor. "As much charity as you like for the worthy poor," says the church, "but talk not of social injustice, else we shall hav to look upon you as one who threatens vested rights. Let the poor be contented, sober, and industrious in this best of countries, and cultivate habits of church-going and Sabbath-keeping, and all will be well. If they suffer, it is their own fault." I believe that history and passing events alike attest the truthfulness of what I say.

Freethinkers

Who are desirous of advancing the cause, cannot do it more effectually than by assisting THE TRUTH SEEKER to extend its circulation. A liberal cash commission will be paid to those devoting their time to obtaining new subscribers. For terms, address THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY, 28 Lafayette place, New York.

The American Secular Union.

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Important Agitation of Secular Principles in Chicago, Detroit, and Quincy.

The secretary made a flying trip to Detroit on the evening of the 7th, supposing that arrangements for a lecture the succeeding night were being perfected. As to the anticipated meeting, however, his mission was a failure, as the party he relied on for the preliminary work couid not devote the requisit time. Nevertheless, I hope soon to return, when the disappointment can only be on the part of the audience. That will be my opportunity for justifiable retribution. While in Detroit my visit was made agreeable by the veteran Freethinker Edward Chope, and his sons, and my friend Carl Sclulenberg. I readily enlisted Mr. Chope as a life member in the American Secular Union and in my next will introduce him to your readers in the "Roll of Honor." A meeting will be arranged in March or April, and we shall hav the pleasure of assisting in stirring up this stronghold of orthodoxy.

During my two days' sojourn the Detroit common council, and the entire community, were shaken from center to circumference, while your correspondent had the ineffable satisfaction of reading the indignant fluttering of the morning papers at what they styled the "insulting resolutions" which had disgraced their council chamber. It was the most sensational session the Detroit common council had held in a long time—for Detroit was formerly my home and I am somewhat familiar with its political picnics. The headlines and the editorials all denounced Alderman Jacobs for "insulting the intelligence and respectability of the city" by offering the following:

WHEREAS, The state law exempts all property owned and occupied for religious, educational, and charitable purposes from taxation; and,

WHEREAS, The value of such property in this city aggregates some $7,000,000, or about 5 per cent of the total assessed valuation of all property assessed for taxation for the year 1887; and,

WHEREAS, They receive all the benefits of municipal government, such as police and fire protection, without contributing anything to the expense thereof; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the committee on license be and they are hereby directed to prepare and present to this council a schedule of license fees to be paid annually by all churches, hospitals, asylums, private or denominational schools, together with all hotels, restaurants, lunch-houses, club-houses, opera houses, public halls, and places of amusement, skating rinks, toboggan slides, baseball and cricket grounds, sporting houses, and all houses of prostitution; also all railroad corporations.

Had a dynamite bomb been thrown into the council chamber, it could scarcely hav created greater consternation, and it took some seconds for the members to draw a breath long enough to reply. When Alderman Burt arose to his feet, he moved that "a committee be appointed to examin into Alderman Jacobs's sanity."

Then there was a chorus, "I think so, too."

A motion was then made to indefinitly postpone the resolution, but Alderman Jacobs's friends did not wish to do that; they wished to hav it aired.

Several city fathers desired to place themselvs right before the church-going community, and protested against coupling churches with houses of prostitution generally in this style.

Alderman Trombly: "I am astonished at such a resolution being brought here. It is preposterous. The resolution ought to be killed right here."

Alderman Jacobs boldly returned to the attack. "I don't believe that Alderman Trombly should tax me for his religion—to support his church. It is the same with railroad property. The firemen run first to railroad property, or to a costly church that doesn't pay a cent of taxes, and let the poor man's cottage burn."

Alderman Gilmore thought church property, charitable institutions, and hospitals should pay taxes, but he did not believe in coupling them with houses of prostitution.

After further discussion, the motion to indefinitly postpone was defeated—16 to 14. Then a motion was adopted by a large majority to "strike out churches, charitable institutions, and hospitals."

So the Secular portion of the resolution is, for the time being, defeated. However, Alderman Jacobs is still in the ring and ready to make it unpleasant for the pious tax-dodgers, even if it is considered an "insult" to their intelligence. All honor to Alderman Jacobs for his manly, though impolitic, resolutions.

This proves that the harvest is ripe for Secular work in the city of Detroit, but the laborers are few and hard to be found. I hope that Alderman Jacobs's fusilade may be the effectiv forerunner to future Secular success, and that soon our declaration of "Justice for all; privileges for none," shall find a stanch band of adherents in the city of Detroit.

OUR CAUSE IN QUINCY, ILL.

Some months ago I was in this city where Romanism holds almost undisputed sway, and sought out some one to take an activ interest in the work of the American Secular Union. I mentioned in my articles to the Freethought press that I had made the acquaintance of Mr. I. S. Lee, whom I found anxious to espouse the cause as lecturer and organizer. Subsequently I commissioned Judge Lee as special agent, and he has proved a splendid worker. He has built up a society, obtained a charter, given lectures in Merrick Hall, and induced a young gentleman, the son of a minister and a student at the college, to take the Liberal platform with him. The society in Quincy numbers some of its leading citizens and solid business men.

For his first lecture, Judge Lee strewed the town with hand-bills on "The Battle for Freethought—State *vs.* Church," and evinces a determination to keep the battle raging till Quincy shall hav as fine an organization as any in Illinois.

W. B. Lewis, the young collegiate Agnostic, was warmly applauded for his lecture last Sunday on "God's Gentlemen: Joshua, David."

Brother Lee has not accomplished his work without opposition, for while obtaining money for the Campaign Fund of the American Secular Union, some of the malicious spirits of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union laid information before the chief of police that he was obtaining money under false pretenses. It happens there are a number of people in Quincy who know the secretary of the American Secular Union, and it did not take long to disprove the insinuation and turn the enemy's flank. However, with usual alacrity, the reporter of the *Whig* got in a little additional misrepresentation to please the pious majority, but I notice that inside of twenty-four hours it published a retraction, a polite apology, and the Nine Demands of the American Secular Union.

Judge Lee is a born doubter, a lover of independence—a Freethinker and Secularist "grounded and rooted in bed-rock granit," as a friend remarks. He is familiar with all the religious philosophies, and is an explorer in the domain of nature, and I hope that the friends of Freethought and Secular justice in southern Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri will furnish him plenty of employment in the near future in the work he loves to perform.

JOTTINGS.

The Chicago Secular Union continues to hav crowded houses, and has engaged a splendid professional quartet for its regular Sunday evening services, which will be under the leadership of Brother M. J. S. Card. There is nothing too good for Chicago.

Clerical scandals hav become epidemic, and the most scandalous of all is the Brushingham case in Chicago—a young girl betrayed, a mother and penniless, while a pitiless congregation profess to believe in the innocence of their shepherd. The frequency of those scandals has taken all the sensation of novelty out of them, and our Freethought friends will doubtless thank me for ignoring the salacious details. Those "divines" are much more devilish than men.

Dr. Severance's address at the Chicago Secular Union on Sunday night, January 29th, is out in pamphlet form, as is also that of the writer at the entertainment the following evening.

The Chicago Union contemplates celebrating Thomas Jefferson's birthday, April 13th—which reminds me that to-day (January 20th) is the birthday of the great epoch-maker of France, Francois Marie Arouet, better known as Voltaire. He who was born one hundred and ninety-four years ago to-day literally crushed old systems of theology, and though his wit and sarcasm twice brought him to the Bastile and exile they finally brought him a deathless fame.

We hav men in our own time, let us not forget, who are making history; who are revolutionizing the thought of the period, and spreading the light of mental liberty in the dark places of orthodoxy, prominent among whom is our president, S. P. Putnam. He is now somewhere in the vicinity of Santa Barbara, and hopes the friends at San José, at Gilroy, and Livermore may greet him the latter part of April. He will speak in San Francisco again in May. From June 13th to 21st, he will labor in Coos county, Ore. June 22d, he will orate at the anniversary of the Silverton Secular Union, in their new Freethought Hall. From thence he will pass on to Molalla, Stayton, McMinnville, Salem, Portland, Vancouver, Forest Grove, and Hillsboro. He will make the national bird scream at Eagle Creek on the "glorious Fourth," and then descend the Columbia to Astoria, Cathlamet, and other places, where our Secular friends will, I hope, make way for the pilgrim of Freethought, and not fail to hav him lecture in places near where he is already announced. His address is 504 Kearny street, San Francisco.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free to any address upon application.

Art and Morality.

From the North American Review.

Art is the highest form of expression, and exists for the sake of expression. Through art thoughts become visible. Back of the forms is the desire, the longing, the brooding, creativ instinct, the maternity of mind, the passion that givs pose and swell, outline and color.

Of course, there is no such thing as absolute beauty or absolute morality. We now clearly perceive that beauty and conduct are relativ. We hav outgrown the provincialism that thought is back of substance, as well as the old Platonic absurdity that ideas existed before the subjects of thought. So far, at least, as man is concerned, his thoughts hav been produced by his surroundings, by the action and interaction of things upon his mind; and so far as man is concerned, things hav preceded thoughts. The impressions that these things make upon us are what we know of them. The absolute is beyond the human mind. Our knowledge is confined to the relations that exist between the totality of things that we call the universe and the effect upon ourselvs.

Actions are deemed right or wrong according to experience and the conclusions of reason. Things are beautiful by the relation that certain forms, colors, and modes of expression bear to us. At the foundation of the beautiful will be found the fact of happiness, the gratification of the senses, the delight of intellectual discovery, and the surprise and thrill of appreciation. That which we call the beautiful wakens into life through the association of ideas, of memories, of experiences—through suggestions of pleasure past and the perception that the prophecies of the ideal hav been fulfilled.

Art cultivates and kindles the imagination, and quickens the conscience. It is by imagination that we put ourselvs in the place of another. When the wings of that faculty are folded, the master does not put himself in the place of the slave; the tyrant is not locked in the dungeon, chained with his victim. The inquisitor did not feel the flames that devoured the martyr. The imaginativ man, giving to the beggar, givs to himself. Those who feel indignant at the perpetration of wrong, feel for the instant that they are the victims; and when they attack the aggressor they feel that they are defending themselvs. Love and pity are the children of the imagination.

A little while ago I heard a discussion in regard to the genius of George Eliot. The gentleman who appeared as her champion took the ground that she was a very great novelist, a most wonderful writer, and gave as a reason that her books were written with a distinct moral purpose; that she was endeavoring to inculcate the value of character, of integrity, of an absolute and utter devotion to duty, to the glory and heroism of self-denial; that she did not create characters for the sake of Art, but that under all, and in all, and over all, was the desire to teach and enforce some moral truth.

Upon this very question George Eliot has given her views with great force and beauty: "On its theoretic and perceptiv side, morality touches science; on its emotional side, art. Now, the products of art are great in proportion as they result from that immediate prompting of innate power which we call genius, and not from labored obedience to a theory or rule; and the presence of genius, or innate prompting, is directly opposed to the perpetual consciousness of a rule. The action of faculty is imperious, and excludes the reflection *why* it should act. In the same way, in proportion as morality is emotional, *i. e.*, has affinity with art, it will exhibit itself in direct sympathetic feeling and action, and not as the recognition of a rule. Love does not say, 'I ought to love;' it loves. Pity does not say, 'It is right to be pitiful;' it pities. Justice does not say, 'I am bound to be just;' it feels justly. It is only where moral emotion is comparativly weak that the contemplation of a rule or theory mingles with its action, and in accordance with this we think experience, both in literature and life, has shown that the minds which are preëminently didactic, which insist on a 'lesson,' and despise everything that will not convey a moral, are deficient in sympathetic emotion. . . . .

"A certain poet is recorded to hav said that he 'wished everything of his burnt that did not impress some moral; even in love-verses it might be flung in by the way.' What poet was it who took this medicinal view of poetry? Dr. Watts, or James Montgomery, or some other singer of spotless life and ardent piety? Not at all. It was Waller. A significant fact in relation to our position, that the predominant didactic tendency proceeds rather from the poet's perception that it is good for other men to be moral, than from any overflow of moral feeling in himself. A man who is perpetually thinking in apothegms, who has an unintermittent flux of admonition, can hav little energy left for simple emotion."

This tendency, this "disposition to see a rebuke or a warning in every natural object," was called by George Eliot the "pedagogic fallacy;" and yet a gentleman well acquainted with her writings givs a reason for the admiration he entertains for her genius

that she would hav repudiated with the greatest warmth.

Nothing to the true artist, to the real genius, is so contemptible as the "medicinal view."

John Quincy Adams had the goodness to write his views about some of the plays of Shakspere. He read "Othello," and read it for the purpose of finding out what lesson Shakspere was endeavoring to teach. Mr. Adams gravely tells us that the play was written for two purposes; first, to impress upon the minds of men and maidens that no one should marry out of his or her blood; and second, that where a girl married contrary to the wishes of her parents she rarely ever came to any good. He regarded Shakspere very much as he did a New England minister, and supposed that he wrote "those plays" for the purpose of inducing children to mind their mothers.

Probably Mr. Adams believed that "Romeo and Juliet" was written for the purpose of bringing vividly before the mind the danger of love at first sight, and that "Lear," the greatest tragedy in human speech, was produced to show that fathers could not safely divide their property among their children.

Our fathers read with great approbation the mechanical sermons in rhyme written by Milton, Young, and Pollok. Those theological poets wrote for the purpose of convincing their readers that the mind of man is diseased, filled with infirmities, and that poetic poultices and plasters tend to purify and strengthen the moral nature of the human race.

Poems were written to prove that the practice of virtue was an investment for another world, and that whoever followed the advice found in those solemn, insincere, and lugubrious rhymes, although he might be exceedingly unhappy in this world, would with great certainty be rewarded in the next. These writers assumed that there was a kind of relation between rhyme and religion, between verse and virtue, and that it was their duty to call the attention of the world to all the snares and pitfalls of pleasure. They wrote with a purpose. They had a distinct moral end in view. They had a plan. They were missionaries, and their object was to show the world how wicked it was, and how good they, the writers, were. They could not conceive of a man being so happy that everything in nature partook of his feeling; that all the birds were singing for him, and singing by reason of his joy; that everything sparkled and shone and moved in the glad rhythm of his heart. They could not appreciate this feeling. They could not think of this joy guiding the artist's hand, seeking expression in form and color. They did not look upon poems, pictures, and statues as results, as children of the brain fathered by sea and sky, by flower and star, by love and light. They were not moved by gladness. They felt the responsibility of perpetual duty. They had a desire to teach, to sermonize, to point out and exaggerate the faults of others, and to describe the virtues practiced by themselvs. Art became a colporteur, a distributor of tracts, a mendicant missionary, whose highest ambition was to suppress all heathen joy.

Happy people were supposed to hav forgotten, in a reckless moment, duty and responsibility. True poetry would call them back to a realization of their meanness and their misery. It was the skeleton at the feast, the rattle of whose bones had a rhythmic sound. It was the forefinger of warning and doom held up in the presence of a smile.

These moral poets taught the unwelcome truths, and by the paths of life put posts on which they painted hands pointing at graves. They loved to see the pallor on the cheek of youth, while they talked, in solemn tones, of age, decrepitude, and lifeless clay.

Before the eyes of love they thrust, with eager hands, the skull of death. They crushed the flowers beneath their feet and plaited crowns of thorns for every brow.

According to these poets, happiness was inconsistent with virtue. The sense of infinit obligation should be perpetually present. They assumed an attitude of superiority. They denounced and calumniated the reader. They enjoyed his confusion when charged with total depravity. They loved to paint the sufferings of the lost, the worthlessness of human life, the littleness of mankind, and the beauties of an unknown world. They knew but little of the heart. They did not know that without passion there is no virtue, and that the really passionate are the virtuous.

Art has nothing to do directly with morality or immorality. It is its own excuse for being; it exists for itself.

The artist who endeavors to enforce a lesson becomes a preacher; and the artist who tries by hint and suggestion to enforce the immoral, becomes a pander.

There is an infinit difference between the nude and the naked, between the natural and the undressed. In the presence of the pure, unconscious nude, nothing can be more contemptible than those forms in which are the hints and suggestions of drapery, the pretense of exposure, and the failure to conceal. The undressed is vulgar, the nude is pure

The old Greek statues, frankly, proudly nude, whose free and perfect limbs hav never known the sacrilege of clothes, were and are as free from taint, as pure, as stainless, as the image of the morning star trembling in a drop of perfumed dew.

Morality is the harmony between act and circumstance. It is the melody of conduct. A wonderful statue is the melody of proportion. A great picture is the melody of form and color. A great statue does not suggest labor; it seems to hav been created as a joy. A great painting suggests no weariness and no effort; the greater, the easier it seems. So a great and splendid life seems to hav been without effort. There is in it no idea of obligation, no idea of responsibility or of duty. The idea of duty changes to a kind of drudgery that which should be, in the perfect man, a perfect pleasure.

The artist, working simply for the sake of enforcing a moral, becomes a laborer. The freedom of genius is lost, and the artist is absorbed in the citizen. The soul of the real artist should be moved by this melody of proportion, as the body is unconsciously swayed by the rhythm of a symphony. No one can imagin that the great men who chiseled the statues of antiquity intended to teach the youth of Greece to be obedient to their parents. We cannot believe that Michael Angelo painted his grotesque and somewhat vulgar "Day of Judgment" for the purpose of reforming Italian thieves. The subject was in all probability selected by his employer, and the treatment was a question of art, without the slightest reference to the moral effect even upon priests. We are perfectly certain that Carot painted those infinitly poetic landscapes, those cottages, those sad poplars, those leafless vines on weather-tinted walls, those quiet pools, those contented cattle, those fields flecked with light, over which bend the skies, tender as the breast of a mother, without once thinking of the Ten Commandments. There is the same difference between moral art and the product of true genius that there is between prudery and virtue.

The novelists who endeavor to enforce what they are pleased to call "moral truths," cease to be artists. They create two kinds of characters—types and caricatures. The first never has lived, and the second never will. The real artist produces neither. In his pages you will find individuals, natural people, who hav the contradictions and inconsistencies inseparable from humanity. The great artists "hold the mirror up to nature," and this mirror reflects with absolute accuracy. The moral and the immoral writers—that is to say, those who hav some object besides that of art—use convex or concave mirrors, or those with uneven surfaces, and the result is that the images are monstrous and deformed. The little novelist and the little artist deal either in the impossible or the exceptional. The men of genius touch the universal. Their words and works throb in unison with the great ebb and flow of things. They write and work for all races and for all time.

It has been the object of thousands of reformers to destroy the passions, to do away with desires; and could this object be accomplished, life would become a burden, with but one desire; that is to say, the desire for extinction. Art in its highest forms increases passion, givs tone and color and zest to life. But, while it increases passion, it refines. It extends the horizon. The bare necessities of life constitute a prison, a dungeon. Under the influence of art the walls expand, the roof rises, and it becomes a temple.

Art is not a sermon, and the artist is not a preacher. Art accomplishes by indirection. The beautiful refines. The perfect in art suggests the perfect in conduct. The harmony in music teaches without intention the lesson of proportion in life. The bird in his song has no moral purpose, and yet the influence is humanizing. The beautiful in nature acts through appreciation and sympathy. It does not browbeat, neither does it humiliate. It is beautiful without regard to you. Roses would be unbearable if in their red and perfumed hearts were mottoes to the effect that bears eat bad boys and that honesty is the best policy.

Art creates an atmosphere in which the proprieties, the amenities, and the virtues unconsciously grow. The rain does not lecture the seed. The light does not make rules for the vine and flower.

The heart is softened by the pathos of the perfect.

The world is a dictionary of the mind, and in this dictionary of things genius discovers analogies, resemblances, and parallels amid opposits, likeness in difference, and corroboration in contradiction. Language is but a multitude of pictures. Nearly every word is a work of art, a picture represented by a sound, and this sound represented by a mark, and this mark givs not only the sound, but the picture of something in the outward world and the picture of something within the mind, and with these words which were once pictures, other pictures are made.

The greatest pictures and the greatest statues, the most wonderful and marvelous groups, hav been painted and chiseled with words. They are as fresh to-day as when they fell from human lips. Penelope still ravels, weaves, and waits; Ulysses's bow is bent, and through the level rings the eager arrow flies; Cordelia's tears are falling now. The greatest gallery of the world is found in Shakspere's book. The pictures and the marbles of the Vatican and Louvre are faded, crumbling things, compared with his, in which perfect color givs to perfect form the glow and movement of passion's highest life.

Everything except the truth wears, and needs to wear, a mask. Little souls are ashamed of nature. Prudery pretends to hav only those passions that it cannot feel. Moral poetry is like a respectable canal that never overflows its banks. It has weirs through which slowly and without damage any excess of feeling is allowed to flow. It makes excuses for nature, and regards love as an interesting convict. Moral art paints or chisels feet, faces, and rags. It regards the body as obscene. It hides with drapery what it has not the genius purely to portray. Mediocrity becomes moral from a necessity which it has the impudence to call virtue. It pretends to regard ignorance as the foundation of purity and insists that virtue seeks the companionship of the blind.

Art creates, combines, and reveals. It is the highest manifestation of thought, of passion, of love, of intuition. It is the highest form of expression, of history, and prophecy. It allows us to look at an unmasked soul, to fathom the abysses of passion, to understand the hights and depths of love.

Compared with what is in the mind of man, the outward world almost ceases to excite our wonder. The impression produced by mountains, seas, and stars is not so great, so thrilling, as the music of Wagner. The constellations themselvs grow small when we read "Troilus and Cressida," "Hamlet," or "Lear." What are seas and stars in the presence of a heroism that holds pain and death as naught? What are seas and stars compared with human hearts? What is the quarry compared with the statue?

Art civilizes because it enlightens, develops, strengthens, and ennobles. It deals with the beautiful, with the passionate, with the ideal. It is the child of the heart. To be great it must deal with the human. It must be in accordance with the experience, with the hopes, with the fears, and with the possibilities of man. No one cares to paint a palace, because there is nothing in such a picture to touch the heart. It tells of responsibility, of the prison of the conventional. It suggests a load, it tells of apprehension, of weariness, and ennui. The picture of a cottage, over which runs a vine, a little home thatched with content, with its simple life, its natural sunshine and shadow, its trees bending with fruit, its hollyhocks and pinks, its happy children, its hum of bees, is a poem—a smile in the desert of this world.

The great lady, in velvet and jewels, makes but a poor picture. There is not freedom enough in her life. She is constrained. She is too far away from the simplicity of happiness. In her thought there is too much of the mathematical. In all art you will find a touch of chaos, of liberty; and there is in all artists a little of the vagabond—that is to say, genius.

The nude in art has rendered holy the beauty of woman. Every Greek statue pleads for mothers and sisters. From these marbles come strains of music. They hav filled the heart of man with tenderness and worship. They hav kindled reverence, admiration, and love. The Venus de Milo, that even mutilation cannot mar, tends only to the elevation of our race. It is a miracle of majesty and beauty, the supreme idea of the supreme woman. It is a melody in marble. All the lines meet in a kind of voluptuous and glad content. The pose is rest itself. The eyes are filled with thoughts of love. The breast seems dreaming of a child.

The prudent is not the poetic; it is the mathematical. Genius is the spirit of abandon; it is joyous, irresponsible. It moves in the swell and curve of billows; it is careless of conduct and consequence. For a moment, the chain of cause and effect seems broken; the soul is free. It givs an account not even to itself. Limitations are forgotten; nature seems obedient to the will; the ideal alone exists; the universe is a symphony.

Every brain is a gallery of art, and every soul is, to a greater or less degree, an artist. The pictures and statues that now enrich and adorn the walls and niches of the world, as well as those that illuminate the pages of its literature, were taken originally from the private galleries of the brain.

The soul—that is to say, the artist—compares the pictures in its own brain with the pictures that hav been taken from the galleries of others and made visible. This soul, this artist, selects that which is nearest perfection in each, takes such parts as it deems perfect, puts them together, forms new pictures, new statues, and in this way creates the ideal.

To express desires, longings, ecstasies, prophecies, and passions in form and color; to put love, hope, heroism, and triumph in marble; to paint dreams and memories with words; to portray the purity of dawn, the intensity and glory of noon, the tenderness of twilight, the splendor and mystery of night, with sounds; to giv the invisible to sight and touch, and to enrich the common things of earth with gems and jewels of the mind—this is Art.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Communications.

Mr. Denslow's Distribution of Wealth.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I trust you will kindly giv this letter the same circulation you gave to Mr. Van Buren Denslow's articles on "The Distribution of Wealth," to which it refers.

Mr. Denslow says, "Why, if—as our Declaration of Independence affirms—all men are created equal, is it impossible to find any two men who are in fact equal in any respect?" I can scarcely believe him serious in asking the above question, for it seems so exceedingly absurd, to say the least. Jefferson, Paine, and Franklin, to whom the world is indebted for the American Declaration of Independence, were no more "equal in any respect" than men are to-day. And I am inclined to believe that those immortal geniuses knew that obvious fact as well as Mr. Denslow does.

> We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

If the language of the above is not plain enough, it is because justice is becoming less and less acceptable to some people. And it must be in the natural course of events, under our present system, that, as millionaires keep on increasing, both in numbers and in millions, our Declaration of Independence, like justice, will become less and less acceptable, if not, indeed, an eyesore, to them and their defenders. I hope, however, that all lovers of justice will cherish that document, not only as the grandest declaration of the equal rights of men, but also as one of the most sublime monuments of honor to human nature.

I hav not read the works of Karl Marx, Lasalle, nor those of Hyndman, and I do not pretend to know anything of their principles, but I read all of Henry George's works more than once. And it is from a George point of view that I write. When Mr. Denslow puts such words as the following in the mouth of Mr. George:

> And is not every man who possesses wealth, a robber? Answer. He is.
>
> And is any duty plainer than that the robbed ought to kill the robber and enter into possession of his own? Answer. No duty is plainer.
>
> Then is it not the duty of every man who has got nothing to dynamite every man who has got something? Answer. Certainly.

he shows that either he has not read Mr. George's works, or he deliberately lies with a coolness that is simply amazing. I defy Mr. Denslow to produce a paragraph or a sentence from Mr. George's works, or from his paper, the *Standard*, to justify the language he attributes to him in the questions and answers quoted. I doubt if the bigoted Christians ever circulated meaner falsehoods about Thomas Paine than the above is about Mr. George.

As Thomas Paine told the French National Assembly that he wanted to abolish monarchy, but, at the same time, save the neck of the monarch, so Henry George tells the landlords of Ireland:

> I apologize to the Irish landlords, and all other landlords, for likening them to thieves and robbers. I trust they will understand that I do not consider them as personally worse than other men, but that I am obliged to use such illustrations because no others will fit the case. *I am concerned not with individuals, but with the system* (The Land Question, p. 35). (The italics are mine.)
>
> Whatever excuse there may be for violence in countries where aristocratic political institutions yet exist, and standing armies prevent expression of the popular will, here, where manhood suffrage prevails, and the people are the source of political power, the ballot is the proper means of protest, *and the only instrument of reform* (George-Hewitt Campaign, p. 11). (The italics are mine.)
>
> The greatest enemy of the people's cause is he who appeals to national passion and excites old hatreds. He is its best friend who does his utmost to bury them out of sight (Land Question, p. 49).

Mr. George denies that land can, in justice, be the private property of individuals, because it is, like air, water and sunshine, the gift of nature to all. But of property produced by human exertion of head or hand, he says:

> Any recognition of the equal right to life and liberty which would deny the right to property—the right of a man to his labor and to the full fruits of his labor—would be a mockery (Social Problems, p. 106).

I would ask the intelligent readers of the brave Truth Seeker, Do these quotations from Mr. George's works indicate that he wants "to dynamite every man who has got something," as Mr. Denslow would hav you believe? I am not writing to defend Mr. George; he needs no defense at my hands. In love of justice, in sympathy with the downtrodden of his fellow-men; with a heart that pulsates to the music of noble and elevated daring; with a mind that grasps and comprehends the gigantic forces which modern inventions hav produced, which must, in the economic world, make for weal or for woe, according to the uses we make of them, he towers so high that Mr. Denslow cannot reach him. I write in the interest of the thousands of readers of The Truth Seeker, that such as may not know Mr. George shall not be deterred from reading his splendid works, if they be so inclined, by the falsehoods I hav nailed above. You, Freethinkers, know better than I can tell you how millions of Americans allowed their prejudices against Thomas Paine to cheat them out of the treasure they would hav found in his great works for the elevation of mankind. And the end is not yet. Let us be more just than they were.

> I hold that inequality in the distribution of wealth of every kind is essential to the highest rapidity in its production, the greatest economy in its use, and the largest enjoyment in its consumption; in short, that some must be rich and others poor, in order that mankind may liv at all, and that, instead of the poor being made poorer by the contrast with the wealth of the rich, it is only because of the involuntary services rendered to them by the wealth they do not own that the poor can liv at all.

This is truly refreshing, considering the abominable rascalities, legal and illegal, by means of which most of the great fortunes were made during the last twenty-five years. Instance the Central Pacific railroad kings.

To prove that things are right as they are, Mr. Denslow sets up men of straw and makes himself believe they are the John L. Sullivans of the reformers and then he knocks them out with great glee.

> If Long's Peak and Pike's Peak did not split the sky with their wastes of ice and granit in Colorado; if there were no Rocky mountains and no Sierras west of the Mississippi, no rains would fall in Illinois, no descending thunders would send up their smoke at White Niagara. The Mississippi valley would be another desert of Sahara. If there were no Alps nor Pyrenees, there would hav been no Roman empire, no modern European civilization.

We are left to infer from his words that, because there are mountains on the earth's surface without which there would be "no descending thunders at White Niagara," there must be mountains of wealth in the hands of the few.

And there is no mistaking the mournful fact that as our mountains of wealth are going up and up in the hands of the few, by means of monopolies which hav the nation at their mercy, the more disgraceful is the "Niagara" of woes unnumbered, of lives blasted on the threshold of existence, of despair and prostitution, of suicides and crimes of all kinds, the reports of which fill the columns of our daily papers.

That men are not equal in capacity, morals, etc., goes without saying, and that there must be differences in wealth is also plain to all, but that our present inequalities in wealth are monstrously and out of all proportion greater than the natural inequalities of men must be patent to everyone.

Let the mountains be. We ought not to imitate them in their heartlessness. Paul Gariepy.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 13, 1888.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

the miracles of jesus.

I had not been many weeks in this country before I was invited to a wedding, which took place (as seems to be the custom here) in the house of the bride's father, and at the latter end of the day. In England such things are generally celebrated at church in the forenoon, and then the party adjourn to the house of the bride's father for the wedding "breakfast," at which champagne flows freely. Although the evening seems to be the fittest time for the exhibition of wine and strong drink, I remarked at the American wedding that it reminded me of the marriage of Cana in Galilee. "There was no wine," but, unlike the marriage of Cana, no miracle was used to produce any.

I will offer no opinion on the merits or demerits of the Prohibition question, other than to express my surprise that the professed followers of one who was reputed a "wine-bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners," who even wrought a miracle to produce the liquor he loved, should decry that liquor as unlawful, and persecute the publicans, or, as they are called here, the saloon-keepers, for venturing to supply the public with that most Christian drink.

Nor will I attempt to explain the *modus operandi* by which the water was turned into wine, for such transmutation is chemically impossible. No doubt Jesus told the folks it was wine, and they believed him. When administering the last supper, he told his disciples that they were eating and drinking his flesh and blood, and they believed that. Similar miracles are performed in the present day by electro-biologists and priests. Such miracles will always be possible as long as the majority of the people are fools and destitute of common sense.

With regard to the casting out of "devils," modern Spiritualism has thrown a light on this subject which was not perceptible to the original translators of the New Testament. The word they hav rendered devils signifies spirits, but not necessarily evil spirits. The revisers hav more properly rendered it demons. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends," said Shakspere. If he had been a Greek, he would with equal propriety hav used that Greek word, for that is the primary signification of the word. Every great man, whether inventor or reformer, has a spirit that prompts him to persevere in spite of all the difficulties and obstacles that beset him. But against every single great man there are a multitude of cranks, whose demons are equally pertinacious. Such appears to hav been the case in the days of Jesus, and some few, perhaps the most harmless of them, he managed to dispossess of their demons—as the Jews rightly inferred, by virtue of the master demon that possessed himself (Matt. ix, 34). Mary Magdalene was evidently a medium as well as a Spiritualist, for she had seven of them. Jesus took all the nonsense out of her—perhaps laughed it out. It is the best way to treat Spiritualists in the present day, for as a rule they cannot stand ridicule.

As regards the healing of the sick, Jesus has been largely outdone by the quacks and patent medicin vendors of the nineteenth century—that is, if we may credit the thousands of testimonials that are spread abroad every day in their advertisments, and the millions of pious people who believe in them. It may be objected that these are *ex parte* statements, but so are the statements in the so-called gospels. If the Christian religion cannot recommend itself to the present generation without referring to the wonders said to be wrought by it so many generations ago, it is surely not worth recommending at all. Outis.

Theology and Science.

The bane of theology, and what is sure to kill it sooner or later, is the irreconcilableness between the origin of man in the deity, and the responsibility of man. Opinion on this point is now in a state of unstable equilibrium. The only way to hold both doctrins in the affirmativ is to decline to compare them, to suppress, to make it absolutely unlawful to look straight at their mutual relations. Theology is actuated by the truest instinct when it entertains a hatred of science. Science brings propositions into line with the laws of reason, or rejects them when it cannot. It will not tolerate flight in the face of consequences resulting from just conclusions. Theology has armed itself with sets of words such as throw a pall of terror over the path at certain points of mental progress. "Thus far," it says, "shalt thou go in thy researches, and no farther; beyond this point it is not lawful to consider, to study, to think." But narrower and narrower grow the confines of terror-stricken fields of investigation. The first questionings of the human mind were just as fatal as any, for they were the first links in a chain which, however long, is unbreakable; and theology did right, from its point of view, in hacking away, by every possible means, however brutal, the daring grasp of humanity upon its links; and the same policy is kept up now, though the tactics are adapted to modern conditions. A very cunning method is now often pursued, which consists in substituting false clues, which make concessions to the spirit of inquiry, while they lead back to the "fold of faith." Thus theology sometimes seems to turn the tables upon science, and by hocus-pocus seems to become the champion of freedom against the "galling bondage" of human reason. But the slave, though dazzled and puzzled for a time, cannot permanently forget the chafing and galling of his fetters. The sophistry passes; the persistent instinct for thought, study, and speculation returns; the foot transgresses the sacred limits, and the falsity of dogmas looms up, more and more, in theology as in geology, astronomy, or any other field. In vain do the high priests, the sanhedrim, dress up a ghost to guard the path from intrusion. They cannot *show* the ghosts, and their work descends to take its place with all other mortal doings and sayings; like all other acts and dicta of past ages, they are reversed as judgments of a merely human court.

The doctrin of the origin of man by a creator, and the doctrin of the right of that creator to wage war on him as an equal, punishing him for being what he himself made him, are mutually destructiv. The only reason theology has not long ago fallen to pieces in attempting to stand on both, is the paralysis of reason produced by theology itself. Look at it! God made man. It cannot giv that up. God has the right to punish his own work. It cannot giv that up. A man can make an imperfect machine. Finding it imperfect, he throws it aside, breaks it up; the machine ends its existence, but it is not punished. The punishment, whatever it is, rests on the maker; he cannot shake it off; he cannot shift the blame; he cannot say: "I was perfectly wise and skilful; the folly was in the machine." Such a statement might be accepted in some inconceivable realm where intelligent mind had no place; but while intelligent mind exists, while the laws of reasoning are what they are, never can such a statement meet with assent.

Does not theology say, All that is good in you is from God? Then why not the evil? Rub away this blot in theology if you can, my theological friend; blink it; hush it up; explain it away; write tomes of sermons and mountains of divinity on it; and when your work is done, and you are weary, yes, when all your tribe is weary, humanity will rise up and say, "Your system is a lie, because the Cause cannot blame the Effect."

Science, the ultimate effort of mind, in the grand evolution of humanity, is slowly but surely mastering the great question of "sin." The old, the barbaric workings of a blindly groping period upon the question, having resulted in naught but an ever-

returning circle of torturing and feverish dreams, in which figured an angry ghost, warring against the clumsy images of his own conception; trying to prove himself perfect by breaking them in pieces in his pueril malice, and afterward by keeping the bits in a big glass-furnace, are giving place, as the ponderous momentum of old opinion decreases, to the cool, level-headed doctrins of the result of untrammeled investigation. We are what we are by inheritance. Remedy is being sought, not vengeance. There may be such a being as a God. There is no such a being as a vindictiv God. There is no such a thing as eternal fire; no eternity of misery; no cutting off from betterment. To assert that there is is worse than Atheism, which but leaves matters to evolve themselvs; for it embodies and personifies wrong. And woe unto him who calls darkness light.

FREEMAN.

When Priests Were in Partnership with Kings.

Extract from Colonel Ingersoll's Argument in the Reynolds Case.

A few years ago almost everything spoken against the grossest possible superstition was considered blasphemous. The altar hedged itself about with the sword; the priest went in partnership with the king. In those days statutes were leveled against all human speech. Men were convicted of blasphemy because they believed in an actual personal God; because they insisted that God had body and parts. Men were convicted of blasphemy because they denied that God had form. They hav been imprisoned for denying the doctrin of transubstantiation, and they hav been torn in pieces for defending that doctrin. There are but few dogmas now believed by any Christian church that hav not at some time been denounced as blasphemous.

When Henry the VIII. put himself at the head of the Episcopal church a creed was made, and in that creed there were five dogmas that must, of necessity, be believed. Anybody who denied any one, was to be punished—for the first offense, with fine, with imprisonment, or branding, and for the second offense, with death. Not one of these five dogmas is now a part of the creed of the Church of England.

So I could go on for days and weeks and months, showing that hundreds and hundreds of religious dogmas, to deny which was death, hav been either changed or abandoned for others nearly as absurd as the old ones were. It may be, however, sufficient to say, that wherever the church has had power it has been a crime for any man to speak his honest thought. No church has ever been willing that any opponent should giv a transcript of his mind. Every church in power has appealed to brute force, to the sword, for the purpose of sustaining its creed, Not one has had the courage to occupy the open field. The church has not been satisfied with calling Infidels and unbelievers blasphemers. Each church has accused nearly every other church of being a blasphemer. Every pioneer has been branded as a criminal. The Catholics called Martin Luther a blasphemer, and Martin Luther called Copernicus a blasphemer. Pious ignorance always regards intelligence as a kind of blasphemy. Some of the greatest men of the world, some of the best, hav been put to death for the crime of blasphemy, that is to say, for the crime of endeavoring to benefit their fellow-men.

As long as the church has the power to close the lips of men, so long, and no longer, will superstition rule this world.

Blasphemy is the word that the majority hisses into the ear of the few.

After every argument of the church has been answered, has been refuted, then the church cries, "Blasphemy!"

Blasphemy is what an old mistake says of a newly discovered truth.

Blasphemy is what a withered last year's leaf says to a this year's bud.

Blasphemy is the bulwark of religious prejudice.

Blasphemy is the breastplate of the heartless.

And let me say now, that the crime of blasphemy, as set out in this statute, is impossible. No man can blaspheme a book. No man can commit blasphemy by telling his honest thought. No man can blaspheme a God, or a Holy Ghost, or a son of God. The infinit cannot be blasphemed.

In the olden time, in the days of savagery and superstition, when some poor man was struck by lightning, or when a blackened mark was left on the breast of a wife and mother, the poor savage supposed that some God, angered by something he had done, had taken his revenge. What else did the savage suppose? He believed that this God had the same feelings, with regard to the loyalty of his subjects, that an earthly chief had, or an earthly king, with regard to the loyalty or treachery of members of his tribe, or citizens of his kingdom. So the savage said, when his country was visited by a calamity, when the flood swept the people away, or the storm scattered their poor houses in fragments: "We hav allowed some Freethinker to liv; some one is in our town or village who has not brought his gift to the priest, his incense to the altar; some man of our tribe or of our country does not respect our God." Then, for the purpose of appeasing the supposed God, for the purpose of again winning a smile from heaven, for the purpose of securing a little sunlight for their fields and homes, they drag the accused man from his home, from his wife and children, and with all the ceremonies of pious brutality, shed his blood. They did it in self-defense; they believed that they were saving their own lives and the lives of their children; they did it to appease their God. Most people are now beyond that point. Now, when disease visits a community, the intelligent do not say the disease came because the people were wicked; when the cholera comes, it is not because of the Methodists, of the Catholics, of the Presbyterians, or of the Infidels. When the wind destroys a town in the far West, it is not because somebody there had spoken his honest thoughts. We are beginning to see that the wind blows and destroys without the slightest reference to man, without the slightest care whether it destroys the good or the bad, the irreligious or the religious. When the lightning leaps from the clouds it is just as likely to strike a good man as a bad man, and when the great serpents of flame climb around the houses of men, they burn just as gladly and just as joyously, the home of virtue, as they do the den and lair of vice.

Then the reason for all these laws has failed. The laws were made on account of a superstition. That superstition has faded from the minds of intelligent men and, as a consequence, the laws based on the superstition ought to fail.

What Jeremiah Hacker Has Done.

I wish you could giv me for a month or two one-fourth as much space as you giv to some others on less important subjects. I could then finish up my life's work and get ready to die, for I begin to feel weary of life and look forth longingly for that quiet rest that "knows no waking," yet am brimful and running over with truths that might benefit the condition of this poverty-stricken and priest-and-ruler-cursed world, if I had the means, or could find a paper to scatter my thoughts among the people. I hav always believed that I delivered the first real Infidel lecture ever delivered in this nation, more than sixty years ago, when there was not a Liberal paper in the country. I think I can prove by files of old papers that I published the first article ever published in this nation against land-robbers and in favor of free land for all. I know that I can prove by the files of the paper I published seventeen years in Maine, and by other papers, that I was the means, without the help of any other paper, of getting a law in Maine to giv every landless man who would cultivate it a farm lot for only fifty cents an acre—all to be paid in labor, making their own roads, the same as free; where, I am now told, scores of families hav good farms who never would hav owned an acre if I had not got that law.

I can prove by the files of my old paper and others that, with no help of any paper but my own, I induced the state of Maine to establish a reform school for juvenil offenders, to which boys are brought, away from the evil influences of old offenders in county prisons, educated, taught good trades, and sent forth honest men. There are usually from one hundred to two hundred boys in that school, and within the last forty years several thousands of boys hav gone forth honest men, who, had it not been for that school, would hav been further corrupted in the county jails and sent out to curse the world.

I can prove by your own columns that I was the means of starting the "Children's Corner" in THE TRUTH SEEKER, which, under the able management of the noble Miss Wixon, has proved so successful. I also hav a letter on file that will prove that I was the means of starting the "Children's Corner" in the Boston *Investigator*, that Elmina has so ably managed. I can also produce a copy of the Nashville (Tenn.) *Liberal* to prove that I introduced the "Children's Corner" into that paper, which the generous-hearted Ella E. Gibson has been conducting on a bed of sickness, robbed of her pension by our "blessed" government, after losing her health while serving as a chaplain and nurse in the army of our "Godless" but priest-ridden nation. These things are only as "drops to a bucketful" of what I hav done in the last sixty-five years, without regard enough for my own comfort to hav a decent suit of clothes or a comfortable home; but I do not mention them boastingly, for I hav done nothing more than my duty to my fellow-men, nor nearly so much as I could hav done if I could hav had sufficient means to work with. But I mention them that people may know who and what I am, and to ask if THE TRUTH SEEKER or any other paper in this nation is willing to giv me space to say what I want to for the good of our race before I die.

I notice that some writers can hav from one to three columns every week in Liberal papers to tell about blue skies, lofty mountains, flowing streams, golden sunsets, and are well paid for it; or about whether the mind or body first existed, or some other nonsense; but if I send an article, intended to show that every man has a natural right to land enough to make a home and raise his food on, it is either thrown into the waste-basket or kept back several weeks, while my lamp of life is fast running out.

We hav been living twenty years in a cottage of rough boards, battened over the cracks, but the cold wind blows through it in winter. Poor Metta, who wore herself out years ago, waiting on ungrateful friends, told me a month ago that she would rather die than liv another winter in so cold a place; so I hav run in debt for money at the risk of losing all, and now we hav a warm, comfortable little home; and, notwithstanding we are in debt, I wish to do something more before I die to help secure to every man his natural right to the land, that he may hav a home. What say you, Mr. TRUTH SEEKER, will you publish this and welcome me to your columns, or must I look for some other paper?

Remember this one thing, viz., that the time is near when there must be a change in our government, a better class of rulers elected, or there will be a more terrible war than this country has ever known; and the papers must be backing the people and lead them through the danger. The time, too, is near when every landless man will demand his birthright to land enough on which to build a home. This question will, ere long, claim as much attention as slavery did before the war, and will shed as much blood if papers do not do their duty.

Berlin, N. J. J. HACKER.

Can the Finite Comprehend the Infinit?

Is it not surprising that men of thought and education should ever giv a negativ reply to this question? But it is even so that many able Freethinkers, when confronted with this question, will drop their heads and hands, and meekly murmur, "No, no, of course, it cannot."

Now, the fact is that the finite *can* comprehend the infinit, and it is surprising that anyone should doubt it. But it is presumable that many hav not given much thought to the subject, and hence hav accepted the ancient idea without suspecting its fallacy. It is commonly defended in this wise: "Comprehension means to take in. That which contains a thing must be larger than the thing contained. A peck measure will not contain a bushel. Therefore the finite cannot contain or comprehend the infinit."

The trouble with the above is that there is no true comparison between taking in physically and taking in or comprehending mentally. For the fact is, we do comprehend things vastly greater than we are, millions of times the size of our heads. There is the infinitly small as well as the infinitly large. The infinit is simply the boundless, the limitless; it may be little or much, and to assert that one cannot comprehend the limitless seems absurd on the face of it. Yet, for the purpose of making it still clearer to some who may not hav thought on the subject, I giv a few illustrations.

Think of a drop of water. Think of it as divided, and one-half of it divided again, and then again, and so on; as long as you hav anything left you can conceive its being divided, and you cannot conceive of division as annihilating matter. You may conceive that when you hav only one molecule of water left the next act of division will convert it into two gases of hydrogen and oxygen, and you can then still conceive of division without limit. Some philosophers claim that every square inch of matter can or may be converted from a solid to a liquid, from a liquid to a gaseous, from a gaseous to an ethereal condition, or to such forces as light, heat, electricity, magnetism, thought, etc. In brief, that matter is condensed force, and that force is but matter etherealized. However this may be, it is evident that our own thoughts can be expanded or divided without limit.

Next, let us consider space. Space is infinit. Can we comprehend it? Nothing is easier. If we think of going to the most distant visible star, we think of space beyond that, and beyond the next, and so on. It is utterly impossible for us to conceive of a limit to the distance we might go. The infinit is but a limitless repetition or division of the finite. So it is with time. It is impossible to conceive of its commencement or of its end. Eternity may seem wonderful, but not mysterious or incomprehensible. An infinit form or number is not conceivable, because forms hav boundaries, and a number is a certain sum. We may properly speak of an infinit numerosity or multitude. It is also a wrong use of words to speak of the infinit as perfect. The perfect must hav limits. Perfection is a limit of itself. Neither can the infinit properly be said to be good or bad, for the infinit, or limitless, can hav no defined condition but that of limitlessness and conditionlessness. The infinit has neither center nor circumference—up nor down. Intelligence, reason, love, hope, thought, feeling, good and bad, are all purely finite attributes, and cannot be applied to the infinit.

Let us be alive to discover all the sophistries of our own arguments, as well as those of our opponents. "If a man fool me once, shame on him; if he fool me twice, shame on me." C. L. HASKELL.

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Going, Going! When Will It Be Gone?

The *Tribune* of this city is a Christian journal on its editorial pages, and its editorials are often written by ministers out of a job. One of these lucubrations upon Christianity and evolution, printed Sunday before last, possesses some significance, therefore, as showing how far religion is surrendering to science. The editorial is made up of admissions as follows:

1. The foremost theologians openly avow their belief in the main theories of evolution.

2. The ministerial opposers of the theory are obscure preachers who do not attract the attention of either the men of science or the leaders of Christian thought.

3. Even Cardinal Gibbons attempts the reconciliation of science and Catholicism.

4. The organ of the English church admits that evolution may fairly claim to be an established doctrin.

5. That to harmonize the theory of natural selection with the Christian doctrin of special creation, it is necessary to throw away the design argument; and this "has already been done everywhere except in some theological seminaries where Paley still reigns supreme."

Another admission made by this writer will fill the reader with amazement. It is that Milton's "Paradise Lost," not the Bible, is responsible for the special creation theory; and that as Milton was only a man, it can be no slur upon God to repudiate it. The writer says: "Science predicates nothing as to the primary origin of life, and religion predicates nothing as to the origin of the present forms of life. Indeed, it may be said that science, though apparently cruel, was really kind in forcing religion to scan more closely its records. For the result has been to show that the essential positions of religion are not endangered by any facts which science has thus far established. For a long time it was supposed that Christianity was irrevocably committed to the theory of special creations, which evolution has swept away. But Christian scholars are now beginning to acknowledge that this theory derived its support not so much from the account of the creation in the Bible as from the account of the creation in 'Paradise Lost.' And to-day this theory, which Milton's great epic did so much to fix upon the consciousness of English Christendom, is not seriously held by the greatest scholars in the English church."

When Professor Huxley, in his lectures upon Evolution in this city, took up the "Miltonic theory" and pierced it with shafts of ridicule, the public laughed at his neat method of opposing the Bible. But the great Agnostic has been outdone by a churchman. John Milton is the theological sinner for whose mistakes the church has suffered the sneers of the intelligent world for the past few years. Milton is now to be thrown overboard, and, presto, change! Genesis is a scientific text-book of wonderful accuracy!

Paraphrasing the words of Mr. Huxley, one who is not a Christian theologian can only stand aside and admire the marvelous flexibility of a religion which admits of so many interpretations, commentations, and explanations, and still remains the same original Jacobs of a faith. The thaumaturgy of Moses becomes the most simple of legerdemain tricks beside the wonderful twistings of Christian "scholars."

One Useless Association.

In April the National Reform Association will hold a national convention in this city. For years this organization has been endeavoring to obtain the aid of prominent men in pressing its absurd, illegal, tyrannical, and un-American claims, but until now it has not met with marked success. The circular calling the present convention, however, bears the signatures of many gentlemen whom we should not expect to find in the company of Joseph Cook, Bishop Coxe, and their fellow-fanatics. Judges Davis and Groo of this city, Professor Seelye of Amherst, and the vice-chancellor of the University of New York will derive no fame from an alliance with the National Reform Association.

The purpose of this convention is to affect the constitutional convention of this state, when convened, and to induce the delegates there to insert in the new constitution "the fundamental principles of Christian morality, since the common law of our state recognizes the Bible as the foundation of our system of jurisprudence." The preamble and moving article of the constitution of the association is as follows:

"Believing that almighty God is the source of all power and authority in civil government, that the Lord Jesus Christ is the ruler of nations, and that the revealed will of God is of supreme authority in civil affairs;

"Remembering that this country was settled by Christian men, with Christian ends in view, and that they gave a distinctly Christian character to the institutions which they established;

"Perceiving the subtle and persevering attempts which are made to prohibit the reading of the Bible in our public schools, to overthrow our Sabbath laws, to corrupt the family, to abolish the oath, prayer in our national and state legislatures, days of fasting and thanksgiving, and other Christian features of our institutions, and so to divorce the American government from all connection with the Christian religion;

"Viewing with grave apprehension the corruption of our politics, the legal sanction of the liquor traffic, and the disregard of moral and religious character in those who are exalted to high places in the nation;

"Believing that a written Constitution ought to contain explicit evidence of the Christian character and purpose of the nation which frames it, and perceiving that the silence of the Constitution of the United States in this respect is used as an argument against all that is Christian in the usage and administration of our government;

"We, citizens of the United States, do associate ourselvs under the following articles, and pledge ourselvs to God, and to one another, to labor, through wise and lawful means, for the ends herein set forth:

"The object of this society shall be to maintain the existing Christian features in the American government, to promote needed reform in the action of the government touching the Sabbath, the institutions of the family, the religious element in education, the oath, and public morality as affected by the liquor traffic and kindred evils, and to secure such an amendment to the Constitution of the United States as will declare the nation's allegiance to Jesus Christ, and its acceptance of the moral laws of the Christian religion, and so indicate that this is a Christian nation, and place all the Christian laws, institutions, and usages of our government on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental law of the land."

Accompanying the circular is also this blank for those voters to sign who think more of a foreign potentate than they do of American principles:

"The undersigned, who has sympathized and acted with the.....party, desires that the future platforms of that party shall not fail to contain an acknowledgment of Almighty God as the source of authority and power in civil government, of Christ as the King of all nations, and of the supreme authority of his moral laws; together with declarations favoring the Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, the Defense of the Sabbath, the Christian features of our Public Education, and a National Marriage and Divorce law in harmony with the law of Christ."

If anyone can conceive of a scheme to more completely revolutionize this government we should like to hear from them. The Anarchists are conservativs compared with the Christians who run this organization, and the old Puritan times unlimited liberty beside the reign of religious terror it would usher in. An Infidel, under these proposed laws, would hav about as much right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as a child in the claws of a tiger.

The National Reform Association is the antithesis of the American Secular Union. The two organizations are political enemies. The one is seeking to more closely unite church and state; the other to more completely divorce them. The National Reform Association is the crystallization of the dishonest spirit which would rob the Atheist, Jew, and pagan for the benefit of the church; the other is the honest protest of true Americans against the domineering and tyrannical religion which, when in power, effectually suppressed all freedom.

There is, however, no call for the existence of the Reform Association. The churches are getting the practical fruits of a united church and state by less open but no less efficient means. Their success as a beggar is greater than it will be as a highway robber. The National Reform Association should not call public attention to pious depredations.

Queer Infidel Writing.

It may be mean to reveal the secrets of the correspondence editor of the New York *World*, but circumstances seem to require his unmasking. In the weekly *World* recently appeared the following:

"*L. A.*—No one can 'make out a good case against the Christian Bible and the Christian religion,' or against any Bible or any religion, for the reason that a negativ cannot be proven. The burden of proof lies upon him who affirms. If you are satisfied with the evidences of Christianity, that should settle the question. Hundreds of books were written in reply to Paine, but none that hav lived, as they were not required. Paine was a very religious and devout man. If living now, he would be considered a very good Christian. He founded the Unitarian church, and the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., was his legitimate successor. The objection to Paine was not to his 'Infidelity,' but to his teaching different theology from that of his day, and to his abuse of the priests of the other denominations. Watson's 'Apology' and Paley's 'Evidences' are the books you should read; although in this day and generation it sounds strange to hear that the quibblings of Paine need refutation. If you will read the Rev. John Chadwick's 'Bible of To-Day,' Matthew Arnold's 'God and the Bible,' 'Supernatural Religion,' Mill's 'Posthumous Essays,' or any of the other 'Infidel' works of the present time, you will see that Paine's objections hav no weight whatever with modern skeptics. Paine, of course, had no special knowledge of the subject, and his objections were surface objections only. Ingersoll is a bird of the same feather—honest, perhaps, but ignorant. The question of the sufficiency of the evidence in favor of Christianity is not one for the uneducated or untrained to discuss, while the question of religion (theology) involves the very highest exercise of the human intellect and the resolution of the most abstruse problem that has ever been presented to the mind of man—the quantification of the predicate, or determination of the law of contradictories and excluded middle—words that convey no meaning to ninety-nine out of a hundred. In this respect religion does not differ from science—the vast majority of mankind must accept the statements of men in whose special knowledge they repose confidence, and not attempt to find out for themselvs. Suppose every person should doubt the almanac and undertake to figure out the eclipses and transits, how much better off would they be?"

As soon as the mail distributed the *World*, indignant Freethinkers began to send this anomalous paragraph to us; and in the last *Investigator* a gentleman occupies a column or so in discussing it as a piece of waggery. Among others who forwarded us a copy was Mr. S. E. Sower, of Michigan, who accompanied it by several pages of "refutation" and argument, with a request also that we forward it to the *World* if it is found unsuitable for our columns. Having a pretty fair idea of the motivs moving the editors of daily papers, and seeing, what every careful reader must see in the paragraph, that the editor wrote it with reservations and double meanings, we thought it scarcely worth while to print the reply sent us; and so sent it forward to the *World*. In reply we received this letter from the author of the libel on Paine and Ingersoll:

"THE WORLD PUBLICATION OFFICE,
"PARK ROW, NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1888.

"*Dear Sir:* Will you kindly return the inclosed letter, article, and clubbing to the writer with my kindest regards and best wishes? If he had what ancient Greeks and modern street Arabs call 'gnous,' he would know that this answer was written by an Infidel and Agnostic. If he could only read between the lines, he would doubtless very readily see, as you hav already observed, that the point is made, or rather assumed, that after eighteen hundred years no one has been able to bring forward a single reason worthy attention why there should be a Christian religion, or any religion. Mr. Sower may be a good man, but he is not a wise one. He reminds me of the man described in Mark iv, 7—the thorns are very apt to choke him when he goes out by the wayside. Yours truly, T. E. WILLSON.

"TRUTH SEEKER,
28 Lafayette place, City."

We are pleased, of course, to learn that Mr. Willson is an Infidel and Agnostic, but at the same time we fail to see what exigencies of even daily journal-

ism demanded that he should reveal that fact in the manner in which he did. His sarcastic references to Christian theology and the evidence obtainable as to its truth do not, it seems to us, require as an offset the slurs upon Paine and Ingersoll. Paine's "Age of Reason" is not quibbling, but a straightforward statement of objections to the Bible, which objections are as forceful now as when first made, and no more easily answered. Evolution, it is true, has since Paine's time furnished modern Infidelity with additional weapons, but as a document to convert church-members from their folly, "The Age of Reason" is to-day more useful than Darwin's "Descent of Man" or one of Spencer's essays. And to call Col. Robert G. Ingersoll ignorant is a work of supererogation, not demanded, we should judge, of even a penny-a-liner on a popular journal. Fealty to an employer, and submission to public superstitions, do not oblige a man to lie about a fellow-Agnostic.

If it was Mr. Willson's object to get an advertisment of the *World*, he has succeeded. If his intention was to intelligibly answer a *bona-fide* question, he has lamentably failed. May he learn wisdom from experience.

Girard College Theology.

In June of last year Mr. S. R. Wetherill, of Jobstown, N. J., engaged the editor of the Philadelphia *Presbyterian* in controversy over the perversion of Girard's bequest. The editor pretended to know little of the matter, but he was ably assisted by Dr. Herman B. Allyn, who has resided at the college for a year or more. He thus describes the religious services of the college:

"There is a chapel service, held twice a day, at which all boys who are not sick are expected to be present. At this service a portion of scripture is read by one of the officers of the college, generally the president or vice-president, while the boys read in concert a psalm or two, and at the after noon service sing a hymn; then a prayer is read by the one who conducts the service. A manual containing the psalms, arranged metrically for every day of the month, and selected hymns and prayers, is placed in the hands of each boy. The service is a simple and a very impressiv one. On Sundays there is in addition a discourse from some layman. No denominational religious instruction of any kind is given, nor are doctrinal points touched upon by the speakers, though in the prayers and hymns could be found some references to them, such as the trinity. These, I am sure, the boys themselvs rarely, if ever, notice.

"In addition to the chapel service, there is reading of the scriptures in the section and school-rooms. The Bible is used so much because, it is to be supposed, it was deemed impossible to instil the purest principles of morality without the Bible as a text-book."

Dr. Allyn's admissions alone will almost make a case for the courts. Two assemblages a day solely to teach religion, when Girard ordered that religion should not be taught; hymns, and prayers, and trinitarian doctrin, when Girard directed that no sectarianism should be allowed; discourses by lay preachers, violating the spirit of Girard's positiv prohibition against the clergy; scriptures in the school-room, when Girard stipulated that morality only should be taught the boys—all these constitute a good case against the trustees of the college. Under the plea of teaching morals they are instilling into the minds of the orphan boys their own peculiar sectarian religion, which has about as much to do with morality as a Methodist minister has to do with virtue.

It is certain that the Girard College management ought to be overhauled in the interest of honesty, and from respect to Stephen Girard's memory. Will not Judge Westbrook set the ball in motion?

Editorial Notes.

THE Mormon church has a membership of five or six thousand in Arizona, with thirty-five churches. They hav taken up all the best lands in that territory, and the Christians round about desire to persecute them.

THE professional charitable societies and the Young Men's Christian Associations are endeavoring to hav the interstate commerce law so amended that their officers and members can receive "courtesies" at the hands of railroad officials, and the Congressional committee is reported as favoring the scheme.

THE *Catholic Union and Times* says: "It would appear from the Roman correspondence of some of our English exchanges that, besides the beautiful copy of the Constitution of the United States, President Cleveland made a personal gift to Leo XIII. on occasion of his golden jubilee. It consisted of an exquisit jeweled card tray, with a plush base richly embroidered by Mrs. Cleveland. The dainty gift was accompanied by a cordial letter, which is said to hav given the holy father singular pleasure." Mr. Cleveland evidently learned a thing or two from Mr. Blaine in the last presidential canvass. He is working the Catholic vote for all it is worth.

MR. FRED. MAY HOLLAND, of Concord, Mass., has just finished a lecture on "Wages and Tariffs," and is ready to make engagements for its delivery, as well as for that of his lectures entitled, "The Medieval Millennium; or, Christianity As It Was," and, "Christus *vs.* Cosmos; or, Christianity As It Is."

THE *Herald* reports that the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Episcopal church, has resigned from the Nineteenth Century Club because Colonel Ingersoll had been invited to address the organization. The Rev. Mr. Rainsford evidently knows it all, and desires no further information.

A BAPTIST minister of Linesville, Pa., denies Canon Taylor's statement that the followers of Mohammed constitute the most powerful temperance society on earth, and says that in fact the Mohammedans are a drunken people. The minister is either ignorant or vicious. The Koran prohibits the use of wine, and the Mohammedans obey it strictly. The Mohammedans hav many sins to answer for, but drunkenness is not one of them.

THE *Advocate*, Methodist organ, quotes ex-Judge Noah Davis as follows: "He who is treacherous to the dead is not fit to associate with the living." The organ adds: "What a history of corrupt executors, defaulting trustees of benevolent institutions, unjustly contested wills, indecently hasty marriages, and dishonored family names the remark suggests!" We hope the trustees of Girard College subscribe for the *Advocate* and will read and ponder these two remarks.

A NOTICE in *Secular Thought* asks those Freethinkers in Toronto who are willing to come together to form a Sunday Association 'for the purpose of endeavoring to remove the present absurd and unjust restrictions placed upon the seventh day by orthodox superstition." To borrow a Boston interrogativ colloquialism, what is the matter with the Toronto Secular Society? It occurs to us that if the Liberal societies already existing in Canada and this country should go into practical work of this sort they would grow in numbers and influence, besides doing incalculable good.

THE Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER rises to remark that the free trade article published in these columns a few weeks since, and widely copied by other journals, was not written by himself, as erroneously charged. He would also explain that Mr. Van Buren Denslow alone is responsible for the sentiments expressed in the essay on the distribution of wealth. We giv all subjects and all sides an impartial hearing, and we never accept or reject a communication because its thought agrees or disagrees with the editorial think. A big paper like THE TRUTH SEEKER with only one thought in it would be monotonous reading.

THE following is the text of the oath bill prepared by Mr. Bradlaugh for the benefit of heretics. It has precedence for the second reading in Parliament on the 14th inst.: "Be it enacted by the queen's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows: '1. Every person, upon objecting to being sworn, shall be permitted to make his solemn affirmation instead of taking an oath, in all places and for all purposes where an oath is or shall be required by law, which affirmation shall be of the same force and effect as if he had taken the oath; and if any person making such affirmation shall willfully, falsely, and corruptly affirm any matter or thing which, if deposed on oath, would hav amounted to willful and corrupt perjury, he shall be liable to prosecution, indictment, sentence, and punishment in all respects as if he had committed willful and corrupt perjury. 2. Every such affirmation shall be as follows: "I A. B., do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm," and then proceed with the words of the oath prescribed by law, omitting any words of imprecation or calling to witness. 3. This act may be cited as the Affirmation act, 1888.'"

MR. CROWLEY, the Central park chimpanzee, has just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia. Mr. Crowley is a natural teetotaler, and if naturalized would probably vote the Prohibition ticket, but under direction of the doctor he took whisky and milk for his infirmity. When he was convalescent, a "Christian Scientist" visited him and asked the superintendent of the arsenal for permission to pray for Mr. Crowley. The disciple of faith-healing was persistent, and though Mr. Conklin had not much confidence in the "science," he thought at any rate it would be a diversion for the patient, and a little praying wouldn't hurt him. So the scientist in all seriousness and faith knelt before the cage and asked heaven's aid in restoring Mr. Crowley to health. Mr. Crowley didn't seem to take any interest in the proceedings. He turned his back sadly on the religious enthusiast and lay down on a meal-sack to hav a snooze. The Christian scientist prayed on for several minutes. In the course of the prayer the kneeling man said, in an earnest, argumentativ manner, "Now, Crowley, you are not sick; I am sure you are not. Crowley, come rise up and show that you are not." At the instant the chimpanzee arose, approached the side of his cage, and offered to shake hands with the gentleman. "What did I tell you? What did I tell you?" enthusiastically exclaimed the faith doctor. "He'll get well now. I won't need to see him again. I'll pray for him at home." Mr. Conklin said: "You would do a thriving business as a horse doctor," and turning to a reporter added: "He will probably claim credit for saving Crowley's life. I wish he had come Sunday night. Crowley wouldn't hav raised up then for the devil." But the "Christian Scientist" is satisfied that he saved the monkey's life.

MR. WALLACE H. MOORE thinks it strange that we should publish Colonel Ingersoll's replies to the Rev. Dr. Field and not publish Dr. Field's letters. For Mr. Moore's information we may say that we printed as much of the controversy as we could, selecting that part which is of the greater interest to our readers. If, in doing this, we were unfair to the Christians, then Mr. Field is unfair to the Infidels in printing his letters in pamphlet form without printing Colonel Ingersoll's replies. We may add, too, that neither THE TRUTH SEEKER nor the *Evangelist* had the legal right to reprint all the controversy. Moreover, the *North American Review* publisher has put the matter into handsome book form—both Dr. Field's and Colonel Ingersoll's articles—and THE TRUTH SEEKER is anxious to help him spread the gospel by selling it.

WE acknowledge the receipt of the following from Helen Gardener:

"NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1888.

"DEAR MR. MACDONALD: That irrepressible brother of yours has just sent me the fourth number of the breezy little paper he and Mr. Putnam hav started in San Francisco.

"I want to say to you—and I am not afraid to say it right to your face—that I think your brother George one of the wittiest writers of the day. He is always interesting and always funny.

"He makes more out of small capital than any humorous writer I know. Given as a subject a twine string two and one-half inches long, he would contrive to say something about the frizzle in the end of it that would make the deacon in the front row relax his prehistoric glare of discontent into the facial gyration which passes in his circle for a smile.

"If I were not too ill to write in a proper and becoming manner, I should seat myself at my desk and make this charge directly to your brother; but since I am compelled to write from the depths of an arm-chair, and trust to providence that the recipient of my pencil-tracks will be able to read the note and keep his reason, I concluded to send this note to you. You hav already proved yourself equal to such a strain. It might be too much for your brother if it were sprung upon him suddenly. If you tell him what I say, break it to him gently, and add that you feel sure I meant well.

"Sincerely, HELEN H. GARDENER."

It givs us pleasure to note that there is no professional jealousy between the heretical humorist of New York and the amateur joker of San Francisco, whose attention is respectfully called to the subjoined document:

"NEW YORK, March 4, 1888.

"*Messrs Putnam and Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco.*

"To THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY, DR.

"To one reading notice (Helen Gardener of G. E. M.). $50.

"Claims for damages must be made within thirty days, or they will not be allowed in final settlement."

MR. SEAVER, in answer to a question, givs the following as a probably correct list of Liberal papers: THE TRUTH SEEKER, the *Investigator*, *Ironclad Age*, *Freethought*, *Public Opinion*, *Secular Thought*, Winsted *Press*, *Standard*, *Independent Pulpit*, and *Fire Fly*. With two of these, *Public Opinion* and *Fire Fly*, we are not acquainted. Henry George's *Standard* is not a Liberal journal, by any means. The Winsted *Press* is only so-so; Mr. Pinney, the editor, is a very able and bright writer, of Liberal tendencies, and the *Press* is probably the best of the patent-outside local journals in Connecticut. But Mr. Seaver overlooked some papers. Messrs. Walker and Harman will be surprised not to see *Lucifer* in the list; Mr. Tucker, of *Liberty*, would undoubtedly deny that his paper is a Christian sheet; and Moses Hull, though inclined to Spiritualism, calls *New Thought* a Liberal paper. The *American Idea* will print heresy when it gets its new press, and the *Progressive Age* is at it now. Lum's *Alarm* is zealously inimical to the church, and the *Open Court* cannot be called a pious paper. The *Banner of Light*, *Foundation Principles*, *Olive Branch*, and the *Better Way* are usually classed among heretical prints, though their specialty is Spiritualism. There are also a score or more of local papers which reach this office whose editors dare speak their minds on religious subjects, and their minds are not in subjection to the church. Besides these, the *North American Review*, the *Forum*, and the *Popular Science Monthly* print a vast deal of good Infidelity; and the daily press is subjected to the abuse of the preachers. England has four or five Atheistic publications, Australia two, and India one. Altogether, the cause of Freethought is well supported by papers; we wish we could say the papers are well supported by Freethinkers.

The Uselessness of the Church.

From the London Table.

I am disposed to take an extreme and sour view, having been moved by the fearless and outspoken statements of a canon of the English church, to question seriously within myself what is the actual and practical good of the professed Christianity of England at this present time. A tree is known by its fruits. What are the fruits of this? We are not particular about making its blessings apparent at home. We liv in a land absolutely seething with want, misery, ignorance, and vice in its most degrading and debasing forms, and for all the adequate efforts we make to cope with these crying evils we might as well profess a frank paganism or sacrifice to Mumbo Jumbo instead of going to church.

But the activity that is spared at home is conspicuously and uselessly displayed abroad. The money that might well be spent in civilizing Britons is lavished in futil efforts to convert Hindoos who do not care to be converted, and, in the generality of cases, undergo a marked moral deterioration after they hav gone through the process. Mohammedanism is, without an effort, making enormous strides in the East; Christianity, with enormous efforts, none at all.

Canon Taylor, quoting from the returns of the Church Missionary Society, says that in India last year 841 missionaries spent £48,000 in making 297 converts. In Ceylon, 374 agents secured 2.7 converts at a cost of £10,138 17s. 6d., and in Persia, Palestine, Arabia, and Egypt together, it required all the efforts of 109 missionaries and nativ agents at a cost of £11,804 9s. 6d. to baptize one person!

It may be argued that the worth of a human soul is not to be estimated in currency. That may be so, and it may be also that the particular Jew, Turk, Infidel, or heretic whose baptismal expenses amounted to £11,804 9s. 6d. is a bargain at the money, but only think how many human English souls could be saved, and how many human English stomachs filled, at a tithe of the expense.

Letters from Friends.

HELENA, NEB., Feb. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs. M. A. Freeman gave three lectures at this place, and I want the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to know that I think that she is considerably above the average of the Liberal lecturers that I hav heretofore listened to. She is eloquent, talented, and logically argumentativ. She ought not to be idle. Brother Liberals, don't giv her any rest—let her voice be heard in our behalf continually.

Truly, W. P. BROOKS, M.D.

LOYSBURG, PA., Jan. 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER arrives on Saturday, and with it for a companion on Sunday, that day is robbed of much of its dulness. Heston's pictures speak volumes, and I cannot understand why any Liberal could not indorse them. For my part, I think the paper in every particular is just what we want.

The life of a truth seeker in this place is not altogether a pleasant one. Some of the arguments used by so-called Christians here in their efforts to convert Infidels are social ostracism, anathemas, and a polite request for the blasphemer to leave town. How convincing such arguments are you can imagin. Some orthodox persons here, who deal honestly only when they are closely watched, will abuse you for saying you do not believe a God ever committed murder or advised his chosen people to steal. Thusly it is in Loysburg. Yours fraternally, W. R. HARTMAN.

DEERSVILLE, O., Jan. 22, 288.

MR. EDITOR: The two combats between Colonel Ingersoll and Rev. Mr. Field are worth a year's subscription. In my view of the case, Field is nowhere. Even some Christians here say the same, while others deny it, and I am compelled to tell the latter that they are either woefully ignorant of language or they are wilful, intelligent liars, which is rather rough, I admit.

Again, the young man you mention (on page 24) who was sent to prison for a long time is a sample of the products of Christianity throughout the world. We hav five bankrupts in our town, and every one of them is a loud-professing Christian, and has sworn lies to cheat his creditors. But by faith in Christ or Santa Claus at the last moment they will all meet in heaven, with their thieves, robbers, and murderers. What a jolly set they will be! They will be so pious that they will all hav their ears stopped up with wool on Sunday to keep them from hearing the dogs barking. But they will hav to remove the wool occasionally to hear each other play on their golden harps. So you see heaven will be filled with those pious characters, while hell will be crammed with honest Freethinkers. So we must prepare for our doom.

A. AULD.

OBITUARY.

January 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: On January, the 9th inst., Mrs. Sarah Goddard, the wife of our esteemed Liberal friend, Thomas Goddard, left this earth-life. Deceased was sixty-six years of age. The family came from England during the late war, and hav been residents of DuQuoin and vicinity for several years. The writer has been acquainted with the family for nearly fourteen years, and never knew a more exemplary woman. She was a benevolent mother and kind, affectionate companion. The same love and affection was reciprocated by her husband and children. During all these years I never heard an unkind word from her, or from anyone directed to her. The family has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER almost from its commencement, and are thorough Liberals. Mrs. Goddard died in the faith in which she had for many years lived. That faith—or rather, a knowledge—was to do all the good she could while living and make those around her as happy as possible, believing if there was a future life she could not make a better preparation to enter it than by such a practice. We, who are left to mourn her loss, will ever remember her noble example. WM. A. THOMPSON.

WORCESTER, MASS., Feb. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: There are a number of subscribers to your admirable paper in this church-ridden city, but it is seldom that I see any letters from friends here, and as we hav a very flourishing society of Liberals I thought you and THE TRUTH SEEKER readers would be interested in our work. The society is called the Worcester Liberal Union, and has a lecture at 5 P.M. every Sunday. When we organized we had but few members and small audiences, but now, although less than a year old, we hav more than doubled in membership, and the audience has increased in a still larger proportion. Last Sunday evening the hall was filled to overflowing to hear Dr. C. L. Haskell lecture on the subject, "Good Reasons for Atheism." The popular doctor appeared in his usual dignified manner, delivering a lecture that elicited hearty applause from the audience every few moments. He began by relating his experience as a Christian, and how he gradually outgrew the absurd dogmas of the church. Then he proceeded to show the impossibility of the existence of the Christian God. It was a most masterly effort and will long be remembered for the clear-cut logic and illustration. The doctor had a blackboard diagram showing in rotation the attributes of the Christian God, and opposit the reasons based on knowledge—on facts.

Dr. Haskell lectures without expectation of profit. In connection with the Union we run a weekly Lyceum, and every month an entertainment, both of which are well patronized. We are advancing the cause of Freethought by strong and hard pulls. The churches are greatly disturbed over our progress, and several of their most bigoted preachers hav delivered sermons against our cause, but we profit by their opposition and hope soon to greet the Liberals of the country with one of the most influential societies engaged in the cause of Freethought. M. A. B.

PIPPIN LAKE FARM, Feb. 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: At our seventieth regular meeting, February 2d, we concluded a course of three lectures, delivered by Chas. Watts, the eminent logician. The respectiv subjects were, "Thomas Paine, the Political and Religious Reformer," "Freethought: What Has It Done for the World?" and "Religion or Morality—Which?" Great audiences greeted the speaker with their plaudits from time to time, as his sharply defined sentences and incisiv logic sounded the coming doom of superstition's power. Each night large audiences evinced the interest aroused, showing that the thoughtful are doubting the dogmas of priestcraft. Our mistake was that we did not hav a five-night course.

The apostle of mysticism, Father Leeming, at the close of the last lecture essayed to answer these brilliant flights of reason. For forty-five minutes he afflicted his intelligent hearers, edified the vicious, and elated the hoodlums with a diatribe of misrepresentation and buffoonery, never once alluding to the subject under discussion, and sat down amid the applause of his mental infants and the disgust of the refined. The patience of the audience was remarkable, for it bravely bore up and waited to see the priest's discomfiture. The time of retribution came, and swift was the onset invited by the priest's low invectivs. Truly he sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind. A few striking sentences of withering sarcasm and telling facts wilted the Christian advocate, and for once, and a wonder, he was compelled to observe the decorum of debate, while Watts unmasked the priest but spared the man. We heard a devout Catholic say, "That Watts, I couldn't understand what he was a-sayin', but didn't the praste giv it to him, though?" Thus we hav another example of the development theory so aptly illustrated by Heston in the development of Orang and O'Rourke. Eighteen hundred years of priestly domination and the consequent suppression of the right of private judgment had, according to the laws of inheritance and adaptation, done their work and left their devotee a mental imbecil. His mind, from lack of use, like the wing of the ostrich, is becoming a "rudimentary organ."

We like THE TRUTH SEEKER binder very much, and Denslow's "Distribution of Wealth" more, but THE TRUTH SEEKER, under its present management, most of all.

MARIUS HEIGHTON, Sec. K. S. U.

FALL RIVER, KAN., Feb. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: We learn by the last TRUTH SEEKER that C. B. Reynolds was in Kansas, and participated in a first-class blizzard. The inference is clear that Mr. Reynolds takes no stock in blizzards. If he is not desirous of a more comprehensiv knowledge of blizzards, he had better pitch his cotton tabernacle in New Jersey, and there abide. Most Eastern folks had read of blizzards before Mr. Reynolds journeyed westward. The more advanced supposed much that was scientific to be embodied in a first-class blizzard. To investigate and giv to the world this much-desired science three self-constituted and self-sacrificing delegates pitched their tents on the top of Mt. Washington to make observations and spend the winter. The last that was heard of these martyrs to science was, "The wind is blowing ninety miles per hour, and the thermometer is sixty degrees below zero." This is all that science got from this adventure. Had Mr. Reynolds remained East, he could hav investigated a first-class blizzard that satisfied all New England's curiosity by spreading itself broadcast at the foot of Mt. Washington and all the region round about. So far, no one has abused New England because the blizzard chose to visit that historic spot.

It is a question as to who is responsible for blizzards. They usually enter Kansas on the northern boundary, and are at once accorded the freedom of the state, as the mayor of London extended the freedom of that city to General Grant. We suppose Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, Minnesota, and all her majesty's Dominion extend the same courtesy when a blizzard invades their corporate limits.

When Mr. Reynolds pitched his cotton tabernacle in New Jersey, he got into trouble for alleged blasphemy. Now, when he visits Kansas, a blizzard overshadows him, and he forthwith commits the "unpardonable sin"—abuses Kansas and her people. A stranger, suffering somewhat with the "asthma," "with a severe cold," and crowned with a blizzard, is not likely to extract much poetry from his surroundings. Mr. Reynolds seems to hav been injected into Kansas on an unfortunate line. Like Job's warhorse, he snuffs malaria afar. No state beneath the blue dome of heaven is less afflicted with malaria than Kansas. As to mud, dirt, and filth, with the ground covered with snow and a first-class blizzard whistling to the tune of sixty miles per hour, and mercury fifteen below zero—all this truly bespeaks a city of paradoxes. As to Burlington we know but little. Never heard of its boom, nor of its pretentious character.

Fall River is only seven years old; has been of slow growth; has never had a boom; has a bank, two hardware stores, three dry goods stores, two weekly newspapers, three churches, an opera hall, two hotels, two livery stables, drug stores, doctors, brass bands, and salt well. The Liberals in and around Fall River will compare favorably with Liberals of other localities. Mr. Reynolds got a wrong start. He failed to materialize on the regular passenger train, and was given up for lost. Late in the day he came in on the local freight, and thus had to escort himself to nearest quarters. We are aware that the proprietor of the hotel where Mr. Reynolds quartered himself is not as far removed from his evoluting center as he should be, yet he keeps a good supply of eatables that are spread without stint and in good shape.

Mr. Reynolds growls because we pay such exorbitant prices for coal. Holyoke, Mass., gets coal from Lehigh, Pa., and pays $8 per ton. This Holyoke is spoken of as a comparativly new town—only forty years old. Kansas has cities less than ten years old with street-cars and electric lights, and puts on all the city airs of Boston.

We cannot but feel that Reynolds made a mistake in writing in the mood he was in. The sympathy for him on account of the "many stripes" he received in New Jersey is all gone. We wish him well in all his efforts to diffuse the gospel of Liberalism, but the days of his usefulness in Kansas are numbered. P. VAN HYATT.

SALISBURY, MO., Feb. 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: When a man says, "Stop my paper; I don't like your views on the Chicago trial, and the social ethics, and those pictures offend the gentle and loving Christian," it seems to us that he puts an Alpha and Omega on the evolution of thought, so far as he is concerned; that his head is full of other people's ideas, with no room for more—the final climax of evolution with him. He seems not to comprehend that evolution applies to thought, as well as to the development of the species. Has such a one read the inspired words of the Hon. Courtlandt Palmer contained in the *Social Science Review* of Jan. 25, 1888, p. 8, published at No. 3 East 14th street, New York? If not, he should send ten cents and get a copy.

Did it ever occur to our puritanic Freethinkers that the term "Infidel" is more degrading in its original meaning than the term "Anarchy?" Infidelity originally meant the opposit of fidelity; in short, a hypocrit. Paine, in his great work, the "Age of Reason," says: "Infidelity does not consist in believing, or in disbelieving, but consists in one professing to believe that which he does not believe." That beats Webster too bad. It may not be altogether irrelevant if we say that, forsooth, many persons hav been mistaken in regard to what they thought they knew; they hav also often been mistaken in what they thought they believed, or in other words, a man does not believe everything which he thinks he believes. Thinking is one thing, and believing is another thing.

We, as unbelievers in the Christian superstition, feel that we hav a mission to perform. We hav no time to waste fighting an imaginary enemy; no time to waste shaking off epithets. Our motivs are pure; our object, to do good; and that epithet will finally blossom a rose to adorn the bosoms of fair women and illustrious men. As Mr. Ingersoll says: "We hav already lived to see certain words change places—to see orthodox become an epithet, and Infidel become a crown of glory—a guarantee of honesty—a title of nobility and distinction." (The colonel will excuse mistakes, as I quote from memory.)

Now, in regard to Anarchy: We hav heard the pious rant and the hypocritical cant. We hav also heard the so-called Anarchists' story, together with the opinion of eminent men. Whatever may be said of the wisdom and daring of their actions, there is no denying that the motivs of those hated men are pure, and, I might venture to say, their object a good one. Possibly, however, the route to their haven may be impracticable. Saying nothing about the deep sympathy which I feel sure those heroic people entertain for the oppressed; the thieving, brutal, savage, and unjust laws passed by irresponsible law-makers, and in the interest of church and greedy monopoly, which those brave men wished to set aside, I do not believe in stoning the prophets and brave thinkers of the age. Where they make a failure and commit folly, it is the part of the brave, generous, and heroic soul to make improvement.

Here in this world men's actions are governed for good or bad by an all-powerful and stupendous impulse. At times this God (impulse) is an angel of mercy; again he is an actual devil. The time will come when men will know that men who commit an act, good or bad, could not hav done otherwise. They will then be enabled to see that this God, this devil, has been the obedient servant of the assassin, as well as of the philanthropist. They will then set about the task of governing their own actions until all men will exclaim: "He that governs himself is mightier than he that controls an army." And for one I want to thank the heroic Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER for even so small an expression as, "The condemned men did not hav a fair trial;" for which he deserves great credit, and by the side of Governor Oglesby—Mrs. Grundy's slave—he is towering in intellect.

Friends, should we not feel proud of Eugene and Somerby, two grand men who own themselvs in spite of heaven or hell? Just think of having an intellectual slave for an editor! For one, I dislike "straight and narrow ways," rather than which I would take to the woods.

JOHN TRUEBLOOD.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Feb. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Will E. J. Bowtell please inform us how he was released from the Trappist monastery, and how long he remained there? I was greatly interested in reading his experience as narrated in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 288, but it needs a supplement to make it satisfactory. It is a grand lesson against wasting all the possibilities of the now in the hope of realizing the baseless fabric of dreams in some impossible future.

I wish all Liberals who are able to do so would heed the request of friends Harriet and Wm. Thorpe in the last TRUTH SEEKER and pay at least $1 a year to help the really needy of our ranks—the aged, sick, and destitute. I hav a case just now that has been a sore thorn in my side for months. All the old truth seekers who, like myself, hav taken the paper from its birth on till now hav read the ringing letters of R. M. Casey, of Seneca, S. C. He is now old and penniless, and, worse than this, is likely to lose his right hand, and possibly his life, from an injury resulting from a large splinter in the wrist. He has suffered worse than death for

many weeks. Dr. Foote and his son, E. B. Foote, Jr., hav sent them $5 apiece, and I hav sent about as much more. This is all the help they had received when I last heard from them, a few days ago. Mrs. Casey is broken down and sick in bed. They are worthy people, but Infidels in a Christian community. Neighbors come in and go out and are asked if the old man is changing in his belief as he is more and more tortured by pain, but not one of them lifts a hand to help. I wish I could place before you the affecting letter of the poor old sick wife, soon, perhaps, to be left a widow. I know you could not resist such an appeal and be human. A God might do so, but not a living, loving man or woman. I will join the dollar list, and send my donation as long as I hav a dollar to spare. It is one of the greatest needs of our institutions. I hope it will be commenced.

One more item—why is it that our Liberal friends do not make more bequests to the cause? Wealthy Infidels pass away one by one and will immense sums here and there, but fail to remember Liberal publishing companies, the National Defense Association, and other worthy objects of need. If we wish to succeed, we must be more effectiv givers.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

BOONVILLE, IND., Jan. 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $3.25; please send the good old TRUTH SEEKER and the ANNUAL for the year. We hav seven churches here and five Sunday-schools, and not one school to study science in. I hav tried to get some to take THE TRUTH SEEKER. I loan mine to them. Excuse me for not sending a subscriber. I still remain your friend. This from the old Atheist, aged sixty-nine, raised an old-school Presbyterian, but who now doesn't believe in God, heaven, or hell, devil, angel, or ghost. JOHN A. REYNOLDS.

PAULINE, ARK., Jan. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL of 1888, as you know I never fail to get one. They contain more valuable and useful information than I hav met with in any other book of the same size. I liv in a hotbed of orthodox superstition. But they all know here how I stand, as I publicly oppose church tyranny and advocate Freethought—while others who call themselvs Freethinkers, in order to curry favor with the church don't like to be known as such. I hav only a few stanch comrades here, and we propose to die in the struggle for liberty.

Respectfully yours, W. K. BACHELOR.

BAKER CITY, ORE., Jan. 29, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I take the liberty to inform you we hav sixty-four Liberals in this place. I am a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hope to become a subscriber in the near future. S. P. Putnam delivered four lectures here last August. He is an able speaker. His lecture on "The Glories of Infidelity" was grand.

I think well of the Nine Demands. I as a Liberal think there should be one more added. That is the right of ballot to the ladies of our land. They are our mothers, sisters, and daughters. They hav climbed the ladder of fame almost to the topmost round. As Liberals, why not consider them our equal? Woman has been oppressed since the earliest dawn of her existence. In the Bible days she was considered as property. R. B. FRISBEY.

OMAHA, Jan. 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad my lot has fallen in the nineteenth century, that my brain is captured by such a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER. Believe me, I work hard to impress on others the worth of so grand a paper. I am well acquainted in Omaha. It hurts Christians when I want them to read some of those grand remarks from our great thinkers which to me are like the honey in the comb. Your paper is too grand for me to say anything. I hav taken your paper either twelve or fourteen years. I am in my seventy-eighth year and I feel that my head is level—life or death to this body. I would love to be with you one half-hour. I once shook hands with the beloved Bennett in Omaha. May prosperity follow you, is my earnest wish. W. L. GRAY.

MONTICELLO, ILL., Jan. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Having made my sister, a young lady stenographer in Chicago, a Christmas present of Miss Gardener's "Men, Women, and Gods," I am greatly pleased to receive a letter from her giving her opinion of the book, from which I quote some extracts. I am sure that if more copies of Miss Gardener's splendid work could be placed in the hands of our intelligent young women, before the influence of the church blights their minds, they would never fall under that influence, but do noble work in the cause of Freethought. My sister writes: "I hav finished my book, 'Men, Women, and Gods,' and I like it very much. It suits my views pretty well, though I did not know before that my way of thinking was Infidel doctrin. I had never quite gone so far as to disbelieve the Bible wholly, and especially the New Testament part of it. Still, it is a great deal easier and more reasonable to look at it as she does. I hav always thought that probably it was a proof of my extreme sinfulness that I could not stretch my faith and credulity up over my reason. I am very glad to hav read this book, for I think it will help me a great deal. I feel now that I can go along and do as nearly right as I can, without worrying my brain over what is to become of me after awhile, if I don't believe things that I cannot believe. One thing she says agrees with my thoughts exactly: 'I believe it is better to build one happy home here than to invest in a thousand churches which deal with a hereafter.' I hav felt a freer feeling since I read that book, and feel that I can do right because it *is* right a good deal easier than because of a fear of something to come hereafter, or from any hope of a home beyond the skies. I read the book 'conscientiously,' as you asked me to, and I hav also read a good deal in the Bible since. I would like to hav a talk with you on this subject. I really had about reached this conclusion from my own reasoning before reading this book, but this has finished the matter, and I fear it will be a long time before I am gathered into the Christian fold; and yet my resolve to liv a good and useful life, and to make those around me as happy as possible, is not lessened by the reading of this 'cleverly blasphemous book.'"

My sister is, I think, a type of thousands of thinking, intelligent young women who are not satisfied with the fruits of faith, but are hungry for the truth, yet know not where to turn for it. To them—for whom the book was written—Miss Gardener's noble work will be the light in the darkness if they can only read it. And to aid them to read it, I would suggest to our Liberal young men that when they wish to make presents to their lady friends they include in the list a copy of "Men, Women, and Gods," for it is a book every young lady should be proud to own. And thus they will spread in the ranks of the sex that needs it most the gospel of reason, humanity, and truth. O. W. MOORE.

OLD RIPLEY, ILL., Jan. 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav once been a preacher of the gospel, and hav been convinced that its doctrins are degrading. I hav given the subject a great deal of thought, and hav written and published a work exposing the dogmas of the Bible. But realizing that all previous attempts hav proved and will prove insufficient for the accomplishment of the work, I hav therefore contrived a picture as an exegesis of true and false theology to serve as an object-lesson. It would prove a most invaluable aid and assistant to all exponents of Liberalism and Freethought. It is my misfortune, however, to be surrounded by orthodox bigots, and I am struggling between poverty and want for the maintenance of a motherless family of five children. I hav traveled several hundred miles for the sole object of getting my design drawn; hav found many who would undertake it, but on finding out what the object was would decline, covering me with abuse. I hav been greatly persecuted; driven out into the storm at all times of day and night, simply for expressing my honest opinion.

I would solicit correspondence with Liberals, whom I will inform of the nature of my proposed picture, and will gratefully receive their opinions as to the best way of publishing it, and any aid they may feel disposed to giv.

Ex-REV. JOSEPH N. MAXEY.

FREEPORT, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: During one of the late cold evenings, a clerical friend of mine went into his snug, warm library to compose a sermon for the following Sunday. When the sermon was finished, he drank another glass of wine, lit a cigar, and began carelessly humming the tune of "John Brown's Body lies Moldering in the Grave." While thus comfortably enjoying himself and listening to the howling of the storm outside, the spirit moved him to adapt some new words to this fine old tune, and he kept right on until he composed five verses. He called them "A Preacher's Soliloquy," and here they are, word for word, just as he gave them to me. I hope some of your readers will commit them to memory, and sing them from one end of the country to the other:

Now every thoughtful citizen, whose head is fairly level,
Rejects those pious stories of Jehovah and the devil,
But we who get our living out of all this foolish drivel
Are marching bravely on.
Glory, glory to the age of false pretense!
Up with holy rigmarole and down with common sense!
If people want religion, they must pay the whole expense,
While we go marching on.

The merchant needs religion his patrons to cajole;
The patrons want religion for the welfare of their souls,
And your wily politician, why, he needs it at the polls,
When he goes marching on.
Glory, glory, etc.

We scare the weak and timid with terrors of damnation;
We wheedle want and poverty with merits of starvation.
Get these to work in concert and our gospel of salvation
Goes booming bravely on.
Glory, glory, etc.

To insure a strict observance and submission to our rules,
We must use our best endeavors to extend the race of fools.
More thunder in the pulpit, more religion in the schools,
Will keep us marching on.
Glory, glory, etc.

Let all this foolish bickering 'twixt Leo, Knox, and Luther
Be amicably settled and adjusted for the future;
We must preach and pull together or else I fear we're euchered,
And our marching's nearly done.
Glory, glory to the age of false pretense!
Alas! what would become of us in times of common sense?
I fear the day is coming when pulpit eloquence
Won't be worth a tinker's dam.

JEREMIAH O'BRIEN.

COALTON, KY., Jan. 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot afford to be without THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is a necessary evil which I feel must visit me at least once a week. And right here let me express my admiration for Mr. Heston's able illustrations. I think they do a good work toward showing up the ignorance of superstition. It seems strange to think of the gross inconsistencies of the people who are almost daily contributors in keeping up the church and foreign missions. How willingly and gladly they contribute to keep up an idle horde of useless men to teach something of another world about which they know nothing, while in their own neighborhood are the untold sufferings of the poor and helpless women and children, whose condition has been made in many cases by the oppression of Christian corporations! We hav one or two corporations headed by Christian gentlemen in our county whose heartlessness is not far from equaling Gesler's.

I think our earth far superior to any world which we hav any account of, much less know of. In beauty, grandeur, reality, and magnificence our earth is far above any description which we hav of the Christian heaven. How much better we should be if we would confine ourselvs to the natural, and liv in this world while we liv! And if death is the portal through which we find another and better world, let us rejoice when we find it to be a reality. Thinking of another world caused me to turn to Burk's Theological Dictionary to see what he said of heaven. I find the following: "Heaven is considered as a place in some remote part of infinit space in which the omnipresent deity is said to afford a nearer and more immediate view of himself, and a more sensible manifestation of his glory, than in other parts of the universe." Further on I find this: "Where this place is, however, cannot be determined." The same author has this about hell: "The place of divine punishment after death. As all religions hav supposed a future state of existence after this life, so all hav their hell, or place of torment in which the wicked are to be punished. Even the heathens had their Tartara; the Mohammedans, we find, believe the eternity of rewards and punishments. It is not, therefore, a sentiment peculiar to Christianity." This author says that Mr. Swinden endeavored to prove that hell was seated in the sun. He says also that Mr. Whiston advanced a new and strange hypothesis. According to him (Whiston), the comets are so many hells, appointed in their orbits alternately to carry the damned to the confines of the sun, there to be scorched by its violent heat, and to return with them beyond the orb of Saturn, there to starve in those cold and dismal regions. But, as Dr. Doddridge observes, we must here confess our ignorance, and shall be much better employed in studying how we may avoid this place of horror than in laboring to discover where it is.

Do not the above quotations seem simple nonsense, and a waste of paper, ink, and time? But such is theology throughout its entire pages, and then it finishes its sentences by saying, "We must here confess our ignorance." Why not say: "We are Agnostics, Atheists"—or something better than hypocrits and pretenders? S. P. HERRON, P.M.

HARDIN, COL., Jan. 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Being an American citizen, hence an interested party, I would like to ask if those articles from Van Buren Denslow voice the opinions of THE TRUTH SEEKER. As you giv them prominence without comment, I conclude you coincide with him in his conclusions. They are certainly an able defense of the existing monopoly, and capitalistic control of nearly everything under the sun. We certainly agree with him in that combined capital can produce more cheaply than individual effort, which fact will doubtless be admitted by about 8,000,000 people in this country who can find nothing to do. What a consolation to a man of family, out of work, and without a cent in his pocket with which to buy food or fuel, to know that these vast accumulations of capital, controling by means of special privileges granted by our government all the benefits of labor-saving machinery, railroads, all our immense coal and oil deposits, and also our circulating medium of exchange, money—for even this, the most important of all functions of the government, is farmed out to, and almost completely at the mercy of, bankers and bondholders—I say, what a consolation to the millions of homeless and penniless, that these immense, greedy, and absolutely conscienceless monopolizers of nearly every resource of the earth, in all civilized (and other) countries, whose motto, as expressed by Wm. H. Vanderbilt, is, "The public be damned," can produce so cheaply, can transport commodities over railroads (built and paid for by the public) so cheaply—and can also (which Mr. Denslow fails to state) make the consumers' ability to pay the limit of the price charged for commodities or for service rendered! The Union Pacific railroad owes our government about $80,000,000, and this debt has been allowed to take second place in favor of other evidences of debt, in shape of fictitious issues of bonds, and has also received as a free gift millions of acres of land, sufficient in value to hav more than built the road, Denslow to the contrary notwithstanding; as witness his assertion that the people get all these things for absolutely nothing.

We would like Mr. Denslow's answers to two questions. If the laborer is not a producer, what was the origin of capital? If, as we contend, capital could not hav existed without labor, is a creation of labor, and of right belongs to its creator, what has he to offer in justification of the undeniable fact that the greater part of all capital and wealth of the civilized world is concentrated into the hands of a few paltry thousands? I would prefer THE TRUTH SEEKER's answers to those of Van Buren Denslow, who considers that the question of *profit* must never be lost sight of, in the foolish consideration of *what is just*. It is not cheap production in particular, but something like equal advantages under the law, and something more than the ghost of a chance for their lives, that people want, rather than such jugglery as this of Van Buren Denslow in justification of the present legalized robberies. Labor-saving inventions hav had the effect to supply the wants (for those who are able to satisfy them) of the people of this country by the employment of only about four-fifths of those who must either work, starve, or become the recipients of charity.

I conceive that truth can result in injustice to no one, and as the present conditions and conduct of things in general, which Mr. Denslow labors hard to justify, unquestionably tend to the greater accumulations of wealth on the one hand and the deeper degradation and poverty on the other, a condition of things which truth and justice can certainly find no justification for, it seems to me that if the name, "TRUTH SEEKER," has any significance, it is inconsistent, to say the least, to publish, without comment, a defense of things which every man who thinks knows outrage every principle of justice. J. D. POTTER.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

" Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Girls We Want.

Hail to the girl who always tries
Her very best to do;
Who will not any task despise
That helps her mother through.

The girl whose head is full of sense,
And trifles not her time;
One who with fashions will dispense
Which soon fade out her prime.

Who keeps good company or none,
And stands erect in frame;
Who to no fickleness is prone—
Makes womanhood her aim.

This kind of girl will surely grow
In head and heart and hand;
And yet will be, we surely know,
A mother in our land.

Then to the girl giv warmest praise
Who guardeth well her youth;
Whose motto in her album says,
" Hold always to the truth!"

JOHN P. GUILD.

Good Counsels.

A verse, by some lover of children written,
Comes to my mind, by which I've been smitten.
The counsel given is so very good,
I would not change it even if I could.
I quote four lines for children's daily use,
As follows, and hope they'll meet no abuse:

" Little children, love one another;
Keep the Golden Rules of heaven,
The faults of others to forgiv,
As ye yourselvs would be forgiven."

And what is heaven? methinks you ask;
To answer which, I'm sure, is no great task.
It is self commend, for being truly good,
And keeping daily in a cheerful mood.
To kindly speak to sister dear and brother,
And to obey father e'er and mother,
Yields heaven on earth. What want we more
While living here upon this mortal shore?
Yes, doing good and being good will insure
A real heaven, which all children may secure.

Naughty children themselvs do fairly hate,
As when they've naughty been unto a mate,
Or coarse and rude, or calling some bad name,
Which ever brings a real sense of shame.
A pilfering child and one who tells a lie
Is seldom happy found. I'll tell you why:
It feels ashamed and guilty all the time,
And thus is punished for its every crime.
I hope my children readers every one,
Each pretty daughter and dutiful son,
Will now unite, and the Children's Corner,
By being good henceforth, will truly honor.
And when these given lines you turn to see,
Remember the writer, Elisha B.

Three Rivers, Mich. E. D. BLAKEMAN.

Why I Am a Liberal.

I thought I would write and tell you why I am a Liberal. I will begin from the first and tell you just how I came to be a Liberal. I used to go to church and sit there as solemn as an owl, and would hardly dare say a word to anybody. I sat there and listened to the minister telling his story. I would go another Sunday and hear him tell the same old story over and over again, till I was getting pretty well sick of it, though I dared not tell my parents; so, after awhile, a man lent my father some Freethought books—though this man was about like the mule, for he still sticks up for the church and makes believe he is a Liberal; but he is not. He only pretends to be, but to pretend to be a Liberal and to be a Liberal are two different things. After this man lent my father these books he left the church and began to see things properly, and turned Liberal, and often used to tell my mother it was no use to go to church; but she said it would be no use to talk, she was going to church, and so went. My parents argued many nights, till at last my mother turned Liberal, and so we stopped going to church. I was no longer afraid of the devil coming and taking me to hell. I very soon became a Liberal, too, and I hav heard my father read a lot of trash from the Bible which was not fit to put in any book; and, after I had left the church, the minister of the Methodist church said one hundred angels could dance on the point of a needle, which I think is impossible. I hav not yet told you the great reason why I am a Liberal, but will now tell you. The reason I am a Liberal is because you don't learn anything by going and sitting in a church, like an owl, as I hav said before. There are some things in the Bible which are not fit for anybody to read. I would rather read one of Colonel Ingersoll's lectures than twelve Bibles. There are some people who go to church just for style, but I do not believe in it. I left the church four years ago. I am eleven years old, and go to school. I read in the fourth book, and we hav a very good teacher and a number of classes. Please excuse all mistakes. FRANK E. COLE.

Fonthill, Ont., Can.

I am a Liberal because Liberals are advocates of liberty for everybody, and also of free speech and a free press.

I am a Liberal because Liberalism aims to free the mind from superstition.

I am a Liberal because Liberalism will, in time, abolish the occupations of several thousand priests.

I am a Liberal because Liberalism is the mother of progress.

I am a Liberal because Liberalism is the friend of science.

I am a Liberal because Liberalism makes parents kind to their children.

I am a Liberal because true Liberals do not commit crime.

I am a Liberal because Liberalism is putting out the fires of hell.

I am a Liberal because Liberals do not persecute for opinion's sake.

I am a Liberal because my father is one, and he is kind and good.

I am a Liberal because I hav read THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal papers and books. JAMES BERRIDGE.

[Aged eleven.]

Sand Lake, Mich.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As this is Thanksgiving day, and I am rather idle, I think that I will giv you a few of the reasons "Why I am a Liberal." In the first place, my father has been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER since 1881, and I hav heard him read it, and hav read it myself; and its teaching, and hearing my father in fireside conversations on the subject of religion, are the prime causes of my being a Liberal. In the next place, when I was not more than ten years old, I used to think that if God made everything, as the Bible teaches, and has all power, then he deserves all the credit for what is good, and, on the same principle, all the blame for what is bad. And then again, I think that it is perfectly impossible for me to love God as well as I do my own father and mother, and the Bible says that I must not only love God, but that I must hate my father and mother before I can be his disciple, and that's enough for me—I can't be his disciple. I must acknowledge that I do not know how to love or hate God. Then again, I can see that it is not just to damn a man for what he believes, or for what he does not believe.

These are some of the reasons why I am a Liberal. I was thirteen years old the 16th of last September. JEROME B. BROWN.

Bronston, Ky.

I am a Liberal because when Mr. Ingersoll lectured here in Port Jervis he said, "Don't whip boys," and the Bible says, "If you spare the rod you will spoil the child," and I believe as Colonel Ingersoll does.

Another reason is because I like to hav other folks be Liberal enough to let me do just as I want to, and to think just as I like to; then I will be Liberal enough to let them hav their own way.

Another reason is, my father and mother are Liberals, and I guess that makes me a born Liberal.

I am twelve years old, and go to school when I don't take the liberty to stay out. The teachers call it "playing truant," but I don't call it so, being a Liberal, and doing as I like to about going to school.

Port Jervis, N. Y. WINTHROP D. MEAD.

Correspondence.

OLD RIPLEY, ILL., Feb. 2, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I read the Corner and like it very much. I am twelve years old, and go to school all the time. Of all the men who hav risen to the pinnacle of fame, many hav been Liberals, and I think they are good men, and hope that the good cause is making progress.

Cordially yours, EDWARD R. MAREY.

ARMSTRONG, IOWA, Feb. 8, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: There is a cold wind from the northwest to-day. The people of this neighborhood hav lyceums here every Friday night; father, brother Robert, and I went to the lyceum last night. Our teacher's name is Miss Florence Curtis. She is the best teacher that ever taught our school. I study reading, penmanship, geography, arithmetic, spelling, and drawing. I was ten years old in December. My uncle Joe, who went to Colorado, has come back; he went there for his health, but it cost too much to liv there. Two hundred people in Dakota and northern Nebraska during recent cold storms froze to death. Hoping to see this in print,

Yours truly, ETHEL BURT.

ELLENSBURGH, W. T., Feb. 6, 1888.

MISS WIXON, *Dear Madam:* I see so many letters in the Children's Corner I thought I would write one too. I am a ten-year-old girl. My studies are arithmetic, geography, reading, spelling, and physiology. I hav four brothers and two sisters. We liv close by the Yokima river. Well, I guess I will close for this time. Hoping to see my letter in print,

LOUISE PARRISH.

PAXICO, KAN., Feb. 7. 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As you published my other letter, I thought I would write again. We are having nice weather now. I am going to school every day that I can. I study arithmetic, spelling, reading, history, writing, grammar, physiology, and geography.

I like to read the stories in the Children's Corner. I think the essays, "Why I Am a Liberal," very good.

I am fourteen years old. I would like some of the Liberals of my age to write to me. Your Infidel friend, ROSA PINGER.

TITUSVILLE, PA., Feb. 12, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav never seen any correspondence from this place, I thought perhaps a few lines might interest my little friends who read the Children's Corner. I am eleven years old. My papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I am very fond of reading the Children's Corner. There are a number of Liberals in this place; they hav a lyceum here which I attend every Sunday, and it is very interesting. I will close for the present. This being my first letter, you will please excuse mistakes.

From your little friend and truth seeker,

ETHEL G. STREETER.

MUSKEGON, MICH., Feb. 9, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am going to write to you and the Children's Corner now. I am well and can go to school; last week I spelled the whole class down. Miss Wixon, do you think it is nice for our teacher to teach us how to pray? Mr. Bell is coming here and going to giv three Liberal lectures. Many of my school-mates go to church and Sunday-school. But I do not care anything about going; I would rather sit on a pumpkin, and hav it all to myself, than go to church and be crowded on a velvet cushion. I will close now, for it is getting late and I must go to bed. I will write again. My regards to all the little truth seekers. I remain,

Yours truly, ADA VANDERLINDE.

[Praying to some unknown power is useless business, and a waste of time that might be more profitably employed.—ED. C. C.]

ELLENSBURGH, WASH., Feb. 6, 1888.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Madam:* As I saw my other letter in print, I will try and write again, and see if this will miss the waste-basket. It has been very cold here, as cold as thirty-seven degrees below zero. There is very little snow here now. It is less than half a foot deep. That is very little for this country; it is four feet deep in the valley and fifteen feet in the mountains sometimes. My studies are as follows: Fourth reader, spelling, arithmetic, physiology, geography, and writing. I am twelve years old. There hav been a great many serious accidents on the Northern Pacific railroad this winter. It is not safe to travel on it at all. When the three-mile tunnel is completed there will be no accidents at all to amount to anything, because the main part of the accidents happen on the switch-back. I will close with good wishes to you, and also to the Corner.

THOMAS W. PARRISH.

THREE RIVERS, MICH., Feb. 14. 1888.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Lady:* You will learn by this paper that the writer was thrown from a sleigh a few days since and had his left arm broken. Being a regular reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER and much interested by your Children's Corner, while unable to work, I hav ventured to write a few rhyming lines for the children, which, if you wish to do so, you can hav published, and welcome, and I shall be pleased to see them laid before the children. It is they who will yet hav to conduct the affairs of this our great nation, and every word wisely given for their best well-being should be carefully done to guide them in the paths of virtue and goodness.

Brother D. M. Bennett and the writer were old-time friends—schoolmates, messmates, etc.; therefore you will not think strange that I am interested in everything published in the grand periodical he started in Paris, Ill. I hav taken it from the first. The Truth Seeker Company published my "Two Hundred Riddles" for children some years since, which you may hav seen. Every one of them was invented by myself, and first written by my hand.

It comes easy for me to write poems, as well as prose, and if I can be any help to you in that line at any future date, please be free to let me know.

Mrs. Blakeman is also interested in reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, and especially the Children's Corner.

With these few lines, accept our best wishes for your health and prosperity.

E. D. BLAKEMAN.

[Our friend Blakeman's contributions are interesting, instructiv, and always welcome in the Children's Corner. We hope the broken arm may soon be as good as new, and trust that both our worthy friends may liv long and be always happy.—ED. C. C.]

The Trick that a Good Little Boy Did Only Once a Day.

Many years ago one of the most famous elephants that traveled in this country was "Old Columbus." During one of his summer trips through Virginia he stopped at the town of D——. In the neighboring town of H—— a boy, familiarly called "Dave" and notorious for leadership in all kinds of mischievous tricks, determined to show off before the other boys at Old Columbus's expense, and invited several of his companions to go with him.

Having come to the elephant's stable, Dave gave him first candy, then cake, and then finally cried, "Now, boys!" and slipped a piece of tobacco in his proboscis, intending to get out of danger and enjoy Old Columbus's disgust and anger.

But before he could move Columbus seized him and whirled him upward through the opening overhead against the roof of the stable.

Unhurt by his very unexpected rise, Dave dropped on the haymow. The other boys below, supposing this to be the "trick" promised them, cried out in admiration:

"Dave, Dave, do that again!"

Dave, comfortably seated out of harm's way, very earnestly answered:

"No, boys; I only do that trick once a day!"

A Bright Little Girl.

We heard the other day of a young minister who was "taken down" very handsomely by a bright little girl. He had been called upon quite unexpectedly to address a Sunday-school, and to giv himself time to collect his thoughts he asked a question. "Children," said he, "what shall I speak about?" A little girl on the front seat, who had herself committed to memory several declamations, held up her hand, and in a shrill voice asked, "What do you know?"

"WHAT kind of boys go to heaven?" asked a Sunday-school superintendent. "Dead boys," yelled the youngest member of the infant class.

Science Column.

About Rocks.

Rocks may be divided into several kinds or classes, but the two grand divisions are stratified and unstratified rocks. Unstratified rocks are those which were once in a melted state from intense heat, and which hav since cooled into a half-crystallized state, the same as water, when growing colder, crystallizes into ice. Ice is rock much the same as granit and sandstone are rock.

Crystallization means those forms in which particles of a liquid arrange themselvs as it hardens into a solid, or in other words, as it freezes. Granit, iron, and marble are frozen substances, for with greater heat they would become liquid. Rock may be changed by heat into a liquid or molten state, as ice is changed by heat to water.

Stratified rocks are not crystallized. Instead of having cooled from a liquid into a solid state, they hav been slowly built up piece by piece, and grain upon grain, into their present form through long ages of the world's history. They are called stratified because they are in themselvs made up of distinct layers, and also because they lie one upon another in layers, much the same as the leaves of a book, or as the bricks of a house are placed. Stratified rocks are also called sedimentary rocks.

The stratified or sedimentary rocks of the present day are made from the sediment first taken from the land by streams and rivers, and then allowed to settle on the sea-bottom, where the different layers are formed, and in this manner a large portion of material is every year taken from the land and given to the sea. Running water can support and carry along sand and earth which in still water would quickly sink to the bottom. The land is continually crumbling away, and fresh land under the ocean is being built up from the same materials which the streams and rivers hav taken from islands and continents. Geologists say that by this method the enormous formations of stratified or sedimentary rocks hav been made.

Omaha, Neb. MARGARET S. COLVIN.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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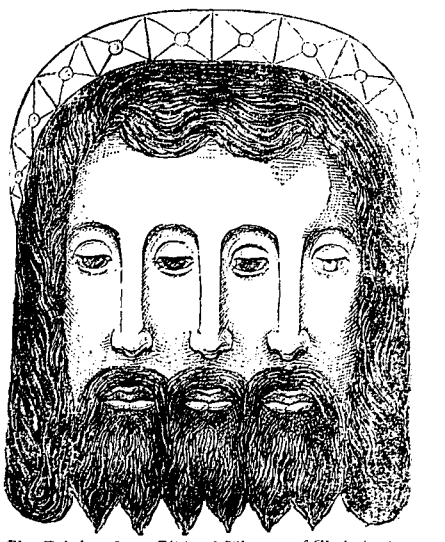
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Literary Notices.

Readers wishing to study Spanish or German are informed that "Spanish Simplified" and "German Simplified," the publications of Augustin Knoflach, New York, are highly recommended. $1.25 each.

Prof. David A. Wells devotes the ninth of his series of articles on "Economic Disturbances," which appears in the *Popular Science Monthly* for March, to the labor question. In the same number Andrew D. White, in one of his "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," describes the era of attempts at compromise between scripture and geology. The price of this magazine per number is 50 cents.

Those searching for proof of continued existence after death will find many arguments based, not upon myths, but upon scientific physical analogies, sensibly presented in "The Evolution of Immortality; or, Suggestions of an Individual Immortality Based upon Our Organic and Life History." The author is C. T. Stockwell. The book is handsomely printed and tastefully bound in cloth. The publishers, Charles H. Kerr & Co., fix the price at 75 cents.

A handsome present to a young person, or to any interested in puzzles, would be a yearly subscription to the *Puzzler*, published monthly by N. D. C. Hodges, New York, at $1.20 yearly, or 10 cents a number. This publication seems peculiarly suitable for a gift, being got up in a handsome manner, printed on heavy paper, with a lithographed cover of much beauty. Each number contains entertaining puzzles and game problems, and the answers to those contained in the preceding issue.

"The National Sin of Literary Piracy," by Henry Van Dyke, D.D., is published by Charles Scribner's Sons at the price of 5 cents. International copyright is a desirable thing, and a commendable first step toward the removal of the present maintenance among nations of "the relations of savages." But it would hav suited us well enough to hav literature-thieving condemned on other grounds than that it is not in accord with the "Ten Commandments," with "righteousness," and with the "Christian church as a guardian of private and public morals." And why not call it a crime, not a "sin?" Yet when the doctor, after describing the "iniquity," queries, "Has the church nothing to do with this?" we cannot maintain quite so firm a dissent. In fact, truth compels us to answer in the affirmativ—the church, reverend doctor, does hav much, ever so much, to do with thievings, piracy, and all those things.

"What I Saw At Cassadaga Lake: A Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report," by A. B. Richmond, a member of the Pennsylvania bar, is published by Colby & Rich. It is an essay at refutation of the conclusions arrived at by the Seybert commission for the investigation of Spiritualism. The author's style is one of keenness and brilliancy. As a specimen of his ability with the weapons of ridicule and sarcasm we may quote: "The true investigator of phenomena does not waste his time in the vain inquiry of why it [spiritual intelligence] did not occur in some other manner. Why does the night-blooming cereus open its beautiful petals only in darkness, when all the other gems of the floral kingdom love the light of the sun? Who knows? save that the spirit life of the plant demands certain conditions which must be obeyed. Environed in the light of day the plant refuses to bloom; enveloped in darkness it obeys the laws of its being, and opens its petals in the midnight air. Why does hydrocyanic acid—a most subtil poison—lose its deadly properties when exposed to the light? Why does the photographer require a 'dark séance' in preparing his plates? Why does light affect his sensitiv chemicals? Who can tell? We only know that it is so, and must be content with that knowledge until nature unfolds her secrets to the investigator. So it is with spirit life. If there is such life, it must, of course, be governed by natural laws; what those laws are the investigator must seek to find, and not become discouraged on the very threshold of investigation because the phenomena are not in accordance with his esthetic tastes. You see, the spirit world was probably created before the Seybert commission, and therefore it was impossible to consult that honorable body as to the most proper manner in which spirit life should make its presence known to the denizens of earth. Of course, this error of the creativ power is to be lamented; but as it is irremediable, the world must be content, and you ought not to be offended, or feel that you were slighted." Price $1.25.

In the February *Forum* Senator Cullom presents an article on "The Government and the Telegraph," the gist of which may be given in a few extracts: "In 1843 Congress appropriated $30,000 'to test the expediency of the telegraph projected by Professor Morse,' and in 1844 the line already referred to was constructed with this appropriation. This line, erected with the people's money, was placed under the charge of the postmaster-general where it properly belonged, and for three years it was operated by the government in connection with the postal service. The government was, therefore, the original promoter of the telegraph in the United States. It demonstrated its practicability, something no capitalists could be induced to undertake, and yet to-day the United States is the only civilized nation in which the telegraph is not under government control. The advocates of a government telegraph are suggesting nothing new. They are simply advocating the policy which prevails in all other leading nations. . . . Some idea of the saving that would hav been effected to the public can be gained from the fact that from 1867 to 1883 (both inclusiv) the shareholders of the Western Union Telegraph Company received $34,000,000 in cash dividends, in addition to stock dividends of $25,817,198. . . . When England found itself in a position similar to that which the United States occupy to-day with respect to the telegraph business, the British government did not long hesitate to act, but bought out the existing lines and assumed control of the business. And this was done, too, although the government was forced to pay extravagant prices for the lines, and to assume a heavy indebtedness in order to buy them. But England has never hesitated to undertake any expenditure, however enormous, that promised to promote the business interests of the nation, a fact which largely accounts for her success in maintaining her commercial supremacy. . . . The results of the purchase of the lines in England afford the best answer to the objections raised against the assumption of the telegraph business by the government of the United States. It is amusing, after this length of time, to read the arguments that were adduced against the absorption of the telegraphs by the state. Every reason has been proved wrong, every prophecy has remained unfulfilled. . . . It is claimed that this plan would practically confiscate the existing telegraph properties by driving the companies out of the business, and would establish a government monopoly; but this objection comes with bad grace from the Western Union Company, which has itself driven more than fifty competing companies out of the business, and confiscated their properties at a fraction of their original cost. The Western Union has never been granted a monopoly of the telegraph business; it has simply acquired it, and has enjoyed enormous profits therefrom. It is not proposed to prevent the Western Union from carrying on its business. It will be free to compete with the government for the patronage of the public. And if it can furnish better service than can be given under a government system, as its advocates insist, it will be assured a profitable business. . . . It is contrary to the genius of our institutions to multiply the functions of government unless some great gain is probable. I do not believe in a paternal form of government, but we are often obliged to choose between two evils, and I do not believe the American people will hesitate long in making a choice as between a government control and a private monopoly of the telegraph." Murat Halstead presents statistics which he claims to prove that the Southern whites are "nullifiers of the Constitution" by intimidation "of the colored citizens from expressing at the ballot-box their preferences in places where they endanger the political supremacy of the Democratic despotism." "Even in Virginia," he represents, "the colored people are embarrassed and cheated by registration regulations prepared to confuse them and keep them from the polls, and the Democrats manage to supervise the counting and returns so as to maintain, on important issues, the solidity of that corner of the South." Mr. Halstead conceives our future prospects to be of this nature: "In 1888, Congress and the Supreme Court will, in all probability, go with the presidency. The whole government is therefore at stake. If the Democrats get it, resting and dependent upon the South made solid by the nullification of the war amendments of the Constitution, what will they do with it? That is the question to which public attention must be directed. We may be sure that those who hav been the self-constituted interpreters of the Constitution, and hav been proud of their relations to that instrument, which they hav regarded as their own platform and political gospel, will find a way to remove from it the portions that were pinned to it with bayonets and that they hav made a dead letter. They are experts in precisely that line, and they hav opened a vast field for the display of their talent. With a Supreme Court of their own they would speedily rid themselvs, under cover of decisions as to former regularity, of the reproach of nullification. The amendments as they stand might be declared to be the fruit of unconstitutional as well as unholy violence. The cry would be raised that the 'old Constitution' was the one stay and support of the country. This would prepare the way for putting the gray upon an equality with the blue in the pension lists. Why not, if the Confederate cause was originally constitutional and always good? Then come the war claims. Are our fellow-citizens from the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, with the law-making power in their hands, to submit forever to outlawry?" Those who hav not had time to pay to Irish affairs sufficient to obtain a clear understanding of just what is the matter over there may find useful a few extracts presenting the substance of an article by the American novelist, Julian Sturgis, on "The Cause of Irish Discontent:" "What is this Ireland? To orators it seems to be a sort of female in distress, asking for equity, or for liberty, or for self-government, or for Grattan's parliament, or for a rise in prices, or for a change of weather. . . . The end which the tenant-farmers of Ireland desire is the settlement of the land question. But what is the settlement which they desire? They wish to become the owners of their farms. They do not wish to buy them; the time of such modest desires has gone by; they wish and they expect to get their farms for nothing, or for next to nothing. They do not wish the government to buy out the landlords. This buying out the landlords would involve a loan; and this loan would involve payment of interest by the tenant-farmers, who would rather pay rent. Indeed, unless the process of developing into landowners were to go on forever, they would hav gradually to pay the principal also. They do not wish that the state should buy out the landlords and assume their place, becoming forever the one landlord of them all. They would rather pay rent to their landlords than to an official collector. . . . That which the tenant-farmers desire is to pay no more rent in any shape or to any people. They wish to become owners of their farms; to pay nothing, or next to nothing, for the acquisition of this ownership; and to cease paying rent from that time forth forever. This they desire, and this they expect. Two lessons are preached daily to them. One lesson is, that it is unfair to remove them from their farms, whether they pay rent or not. The other lesson is, that land in Ireland has ceased to produce rent, *i. e.*, that an Irish farm can produce nothing more than the fair profit of the farmer. Take these two lessons together, and there follows inevitably the practical advice, Pay no rent and stick to your farms. This then, this taking of their property from the landlords without compensation, or with compensation extravagantly inadequate and unfair, is what the tenant-farmers expect from a Dublin parliament. The present government of Great Britain and Ireland hav promised to produce a scheme for buying out the Irish landlords, but no such scheme will now content the Irish tenants. The Parliament of the United Kingdom will go no further, not having yet accepted the doctrin that it is fair to deprive people of their property, even of their property in land, without a fair, or at least a decent, compensation. But a Dublin parliament would be forced to go so far, and to act in accordance with this doctrin. For this very purpose is its existence desired by the Irish peasantry. . . . Causes which modify a people's character are at work in Ireland—the national schools, the books and newspapers, the ideas which come back from the lands whither the emigrants go. Could an Irish parliament increase the strength of these transforming forces? The great majority of its members would be returned by Roman Catholic votes, and any change in the existing educational system of the country would be a change from the present equality of all denominations in the work of education to the endowment by an Irish government of Roman Catholic teaching. Whatever good such teaching may do, it will hardly be said that its chief effect is to make men labor unceasingly that they may lay up treasure in this world." The *Forum* is sold at 50 cents per copy, or $5 a year. This magazine, or any other periodical wished, may be subscribed to through this office.

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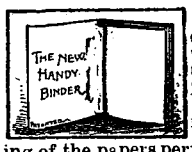
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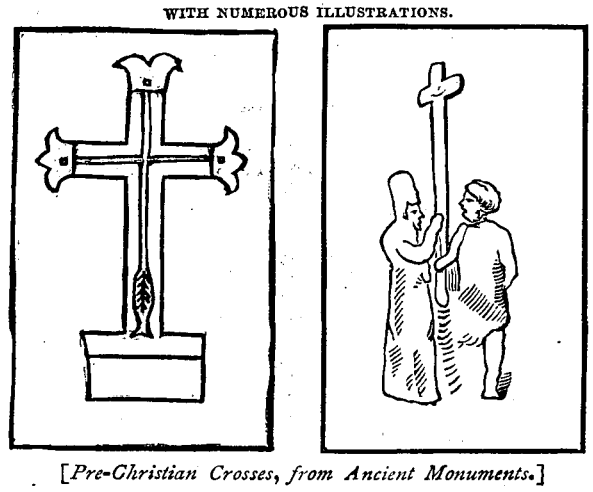
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News of the Week.

AT the discovery of a strange tree growth forming the figures 1888, the white and black population of Tatnal county, Ga., hav been thrown into trepidation, believing it to portend the end of the world or some other dire calamity this year.

CONGRESS is considering a bill for national aid to education.

RUSSIA is moving toward an attempt to wrest territory from China.

DURING the last sixteen years 25,000 British sailors hav been lost at sea.

FOREIGN contract labor is now imported, to a small extent, through Canada.

CHINAMEN complain of the increasing persecutions they suffer from our rowdies.

THE Senate judiciary committee has reported a Constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy.

A PATENT for propelling vehicles by electricity is said to hav been sold in England for £50,000.

THE number of public Spiritualist meetings now held in New York city and suburbs each Sunday is reckoned at fifty-three.

ACCORDING to the appointment of the Centennial committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly, Sunday, the 27th ult., was observed throughout the country as a day for the taking of church and Sunday-school collections for the benefit of the Centennial fund.

AT the celebration, in March, of Emperor William's birthday, a copy of his biography will be presented to every soldier in the German army.

ON the 25th ult. the pope received the Moroccan mission, who presented the sultan's autograph letter, to which Leo made a gracious reply.

PETITIONS in large numbers are coming in from farmers throughout the country urging that no reduction be made in wool and woolen goods duties.

THE Massachusetts House has adopted a Prohibition amendment. The measure now goes over to the 1889 legislature, and may be submitted to the people.

THROUGH a great part of Indiana a secret society called White Caps regulates morals by dragging from bed at night and whipping men and women whose domestic arrangements do not suit them.

DR. MCGLYNN was recently invited to address a Baptist conference on "The Pope in Politics;" but declined, saying he wished to avoid the semblance of discussing the pope from a Protestant standpoint.

ATTENTION has been directed to the fact that the Chinese merchants in this country share their profits with their employees on a coöperativ system which has been in practice in China for thousands of years.

AT Guadalupe, Mexico, there are fears of a revolt among the Indians, who are excited over the temporary removal of a famous picture of the Virgin. They believe the picture to be miraculously produced.

THE Franciscan order in the Roman Catholic church, which for seven centuries has had all the sacred tombs and sanctuaries of the Holy Land in its keeping, is preparing a great pilgrimage of American Catholics to Palestine in 1889.

RESIDENTS of Fifth avenue, New York, whose rest is disturbed by the Sunday stages, are applying for an injunction to hav them stopped, claiming that the Fifth Avenue Transportation Company is acting in direct violation of the Sunday law. The company threatens to hav all other means of Sunday conveyance enjoined on the same ground.

THE ORDER OF CREATION.

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN
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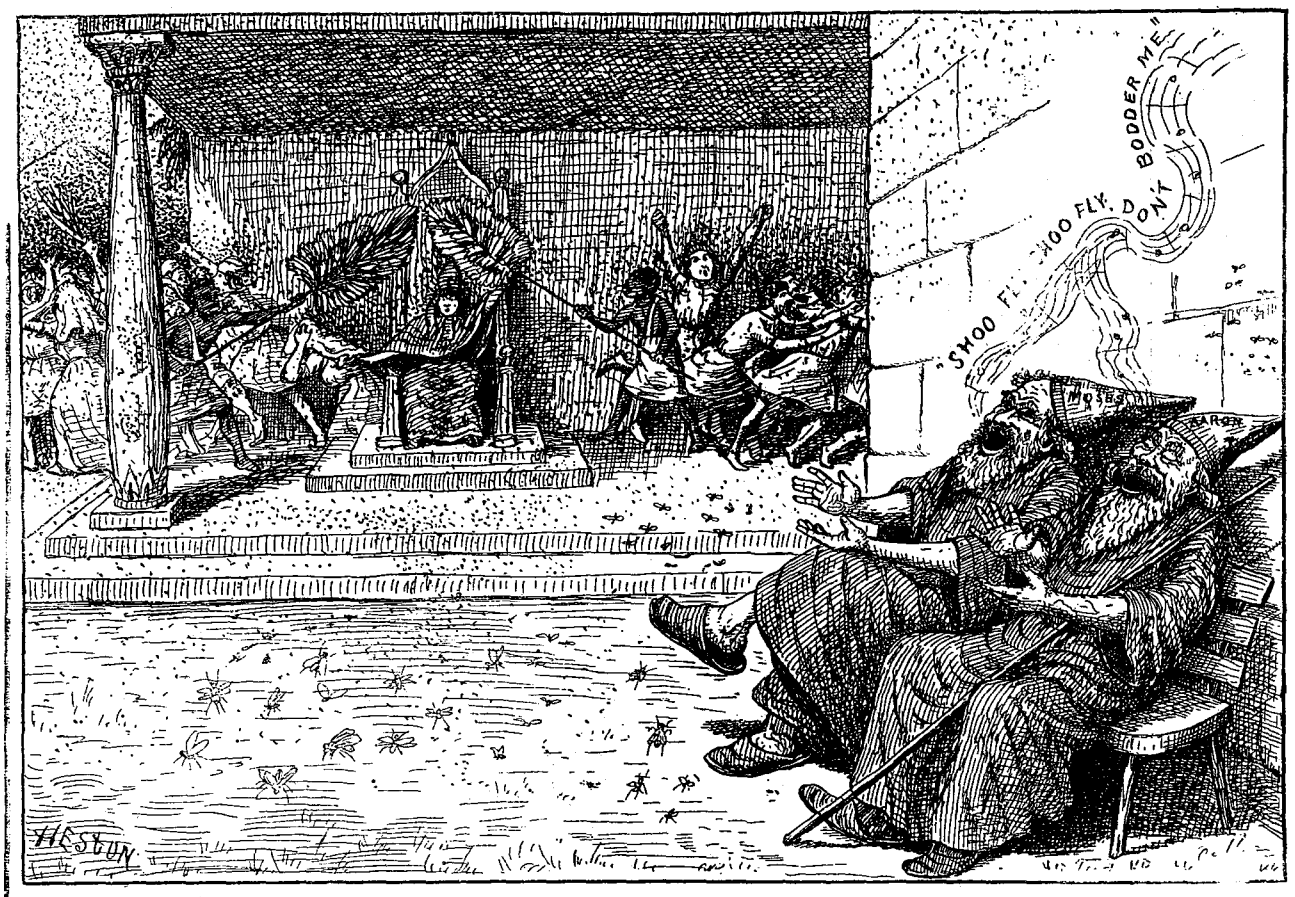
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OVERPRODUCTION OF FLIES.

And the Lord did so: and there came a grievous swarm of flies into the house of Pharaoh, and into his servants' houses, and into all the land of Egypt; the land was corrupted by reason of the swarms of flies.—Ex. viii, 24.

Odds and Ends.

A TUG is the only thing that has its tows behind.

A CORSET made of bamboo is the latest thing out; it's a sort of a waist-basket.

IT makes Dakota people shiver to think of the cold weather New England has been having.

IT is probable that beef-tea was invented about the time Henry VIII. dissolved the papal bull.

A PARIS paper says "the people of St. Louis, D. T., are dying of a disease called the blizzards."

CHICAGO has a Goethe street, but no one would recognize the name when the Chicago *elite* pronounce it.

"ARE you fond of Goethe's writings, Miss Wabash?" asked Miss Gotham. "You are just right," was the reply; "I just dote on *Goatee*."

"THE devil must be in receipt of a very large salary by this time," observed Graves. "I don't know. Why?" asked Byron. "Been raised so often."

"My darling George," it used to be,
When wedded life was new;
His title now is "him" and "he,"
And sometimes "Say there, you!"

MRS. BEACONHILL (of Boston): "Phœbe, you seem intensely interested in the morning paper. Any great literary news?" Phœbe: "Oh, no, mamma; but it's full of dear Mr. Sullivan and Jem Smith."

CONDEMNED man (to his lawyer): "It's a long sentence, sir, to be sent to state prison for life." Lawyer (inclined to a more hopeful view): "Yes, it does seem long, but perhaps you won't liv a great while."

MINISTER (to little boy with a basket of fish): "Little boy, aren't you ashamed to go fishing on the Sabbath day?" Little boy (lifting the cover of the basket with conscious pride): "Ashamed? Look at them?"

"DID you hear that Comstock had arrested Professor Jaysharp for singing an original song at the concert last evening?" asked Briggs. "No," replied Quimby. "Was there anything bad about the song?" "Well, it was a new ditty."

WHEN love is young and love is warm,
And on the stoop you stand;
Her waist encircled by your arm,
In yours her lily hand,

'Tis sweet to hear her murmur low,
As close she clings to you,
"'Tis half-past ten and time to go—
Dear Henry, K. M. Q."

OMAHA brute: "Humph! So you believe all this theosophic nonsense, do you?" Washington lady: "Nonsense, indeed! Can one doubt the evidence of their senses? Did you not see in the papers that while Prof. Elliott Coues, our great leader, was in Chicago he projected his astral body to Washington, and a lady there saw him?" "I did." "I am that lady. I saw him standing before me as plainly as I see you now." "Humph! Did he hav his astral clothes on?" (Lady faints.)

"DO you not think, Miss Smith," he pleaded, "that in time you might learn to love me?" "Possibly," the girl replied. "If you could render me a statement of what you are worth, Mr. Jones, I might learn to love you. I'm very quick at figures."

WHEN the deacon had unwrapped the bundle of supposed counterfeit money, for which he had paid $500 in good bills, and found simply the end of a pine plank, and not even planed at that, he simply remarked, "All a board," and started back to Elmira.

IT is rumored that Mr. Lowell is revising his courtship poem, in which "Zeke peeked thru the winder." This particular line will read: "Ezekial glawnced through the casement, don't cher know?" Mr. Lowell is either in England or will sail for there shortly.

MISS CHATTY LAFITE (showing her library to Boston friend): "Yes, that's Browning. It's awfully good, I suppose; but I don't understand *all* of it. I like something lighter." Boston friend: "And you hav Praed?" Miss Lafite (blushing a little): "Yes, I hav. But it didn't do any good." (Boston friend drops the subject.)

CUSTOMER (to groceryman, Sunday morning): "Can you let me hav a little coffee and sugar?" Groceryman: "Can't, sor. It's afther ten o'clock. Wud yez hav me arristed?" Customer: "But I need them for dinner." Groceryman: "Can't help it, sor; but if a little bottled beer wud do yez, jist shtep behoind the screen to the barkeeper."

"I WONDER why Mr. Green hollers so when he prays?" remarked Mr. Dimdale on Sunday after church. "He has to," piped in the small Dimdale from his perch at the window; "it says so in the Bible." "I should like to know where," suggested Mr. Dimdale. "Don't it say, 'Hollered be thy name?'" answered the small boy with convincing promptness.

JUSTICE of peace: "Had you ever saw this man before?" Witness: "Yes." "Had he came before you had went?" "No." "Is them your eggs what you say was stole?" "Yes." "Would you hav recognized them if you had seen them before they was brung here?" "Yes; I would hav knowed them." "Speak grammatic, young man! It ain't proper to say 'hav knowed;' you should say 'hav knew.'"

COUNSEL: "Now, then, sir, did you, or did you not, threaten to kill the plaintiff?" Witness: "I did——" Counsel: "That will do. The jury will notice the admission." Witness: "But I havn't finished. I was about to say that I did——" Counsel: "Quite right to confess it. You may step down." Witness: "Your honor, I insist upon my right to finish the sentence." Judge: "Well!" Witness: "I did—not."

SHE sat idly watching the empty oyster shells on her plate, while he finished the last morsel of cracker within reach. "Mr. Sampson," she said, with a little blush, "do you think that young ladies are justified in taking advantage of their leap year privileges?" His heart gave one great saddle-rock bound, for she was rich and he was poor, and he loved her with that mad passion so common to this condition of society. He fervently assured her that he did. "Then, Mr. Sampson," she said, shyly, "I think I would like a dozen more on the shell,"

Gems of Thought.

WHEREVER the facts of physical nature and mental life hav been found to disagree with accepted traditions of theory and practice, the traditions hav given way, point by point. And this is as true of those who disclaim any change as of those who advocate an entire making-over of the philosophy of belief and the conduct of life. The "Andover controversy" is but one of a thousand proofs that the Christian system of religion is riddled through and through with unbelief of its ancient dogmas. And, in Judaism and other special religions, the tendency toward giving up the exclusiv beliefs and accepting as fixed only what common experience proves true is no less marked. Even the Brahman caste of India yields to the democracy of facts that rules the intellectual world of to-day. And, although in the Christian, as doubtless in other special, organized religions, the temples are crowded with worshipers, the God they bow before is less often their highest ideal than conventional custom, social enjoyment, and unthinking consolation. Hence, we may say that the "unchurched" include hundreds and thousands of those whose names still remain on the church-books, and whose constant presence at the church-meeting gladdens the heart of the faithful believer, but whose highest thought and deepest devotion of religion are not phrased in the liturgy they repeat. —*Mrs. Anna Spencer.*

THE thought which robs death of its enmity is that, when we are gone, others as full of life as we will swarm into our places. Death is impartial distribution. What it stands for is "the greatest good of the greatest number." Though there should be no other life in store for us, we should be willing to move on and make room for the new-comers. Death the enemy of youth and beauty! Yes, it does sometimes snatch them from our sight and keeping. But it is death alone that makes them possible. "Room for the young, room for the brave, room for the beautiful!" Thanks to thee, O death! there is never any lack of little children in the world; never any lack of boys and girls; never any lack of fresh young minds trying anew to solve the old, old problems; never any lack of fresh young hearts to thrill with the old, old rapture; never any lack of fresh intelligence, curiosity, and will; never any lack of men and women, in their full-orbed maturity, ready and glad to grapple with the tasks and questions of their day. —*Chadwick's Victory Over Death.*

COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Hav vanished quite away.
Ye open the eastern windows
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.
In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.
—*Longfellow's Children.*

IF we are to suppose a miracle to be something so entirely out of the course of what is called Nature that she must go out of that course to accomplish it, and we see an account given of such a miracle by the person who said he saw it, it raises a question in the mind very easily decided, which is, Is it more probable that Nature should go out of her course, or that a man should tell a lie? We hav never seen, in our time, Nature go out of her course; but we hav good reason to believe that millions of lies hav been told in the same time. It is, therefore, at least millions to one that the reporter of a miracle tells a lie.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

THE author of "Ecce Homo" claims that there is something which may properly be called natural Christianity, as distinguished from the supernatural Christianity of the disciples of Christ; and he means by natural Christianity the emotions with which men regard an ideal humanity, when they shape themselvs and endeavor to make their brother-men shape themselvs to a human ideal that is far above the rules and standards of any external law. He is deeply convinced that not only do we throw away a very great reserve of power by branding as Atheists all those who do not confess a personal God, communicating with men and hearing their prayers, but that we waste power by not admitting, as distinctivly Christian, those who are always eager to enlarge and elevate the human ideal of character, and to judge human action rather by the sympathy of genius than by the cut-and-dried code of authoritativ custom.—*London Spectator.*

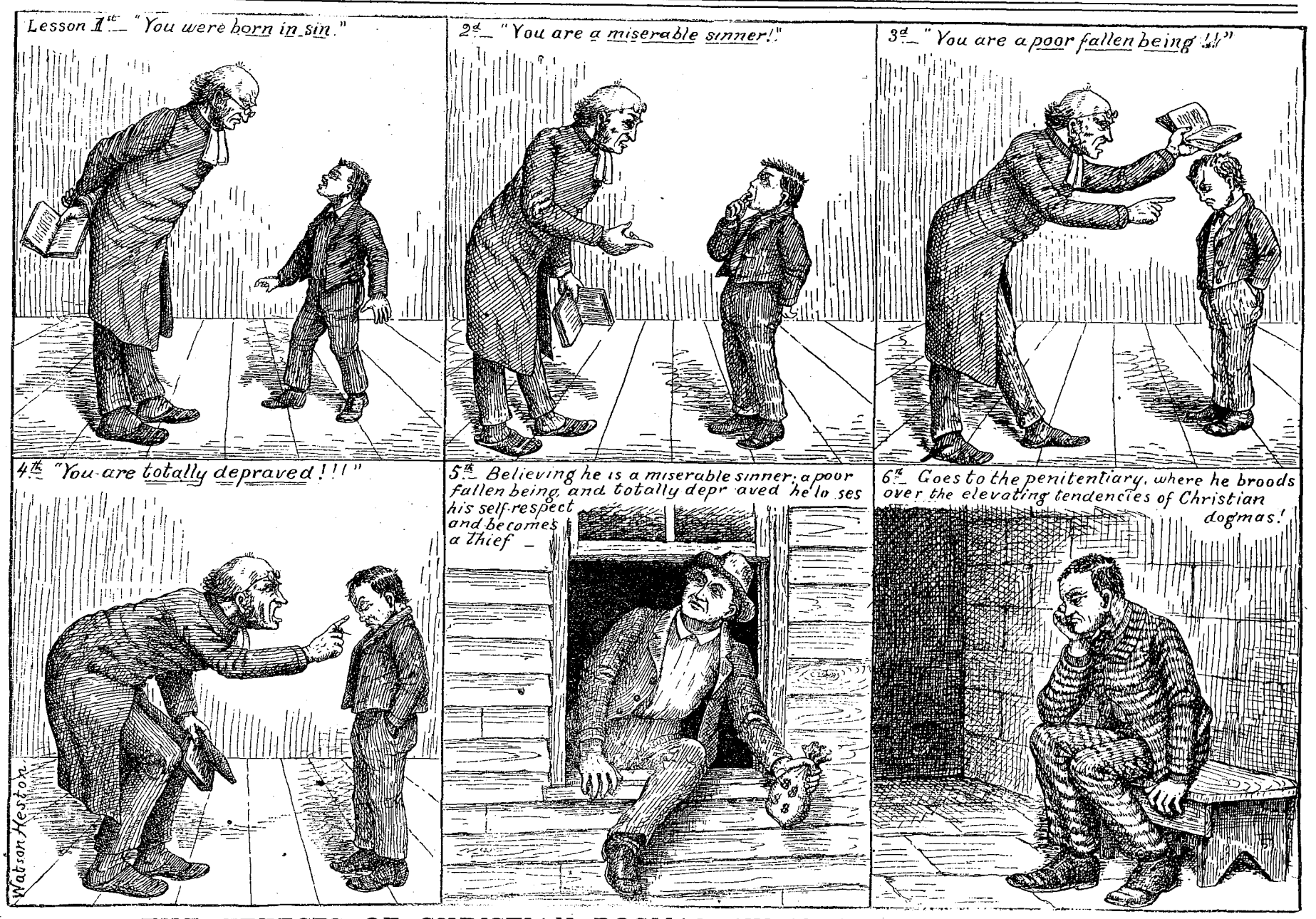
RELIGIONS are subject to the same great law of evolution that everything else is. Change and progress are the universal law. We can stand still in nothing. The ideas, the philosophy, the science, the arts, the religions, of five thousand years ago, of two thousand years ago, of one thousand years ago, are not all that we should search for, not all that we need at the present hour.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE EFFECTS OF CHRISTIAN DOGMAS.—FINAL RESULT NEXT WEEK.

Notes and Clippings.

SOME of the church-members of England are protesting against the everlasting contribution-box in Sunday-schools, on the ground that it drives scholars away to museums and libraries, which are free, and thereby injures the cause of religion.

THE Grand Army post of Bedford, Ia., held their Washington's birthday celebration on the 21st this year, instead of the 22d, because Wednesday was prayer-meeting night. The orators of the occasion were all ministers, who could not forego their weekly pray even to honor George Washington.

THE will of a man who was hanged for poisoning his wife has just been probated in Cork. The murder was committed that he might marry the governess, with whom he had been too intimate, and after he provides financially for the illegitimate issue, he adds: "I trust my children will be brought up in the Protestant faith. The Bible pure and simple is the true religion."

THE negotiations between the Vatican and Russia hav proved fruitless. Russia demanded that Catholic bishops throughout that country should be appointed by the czar; that the Russian language should be exclusivly used in Catholic churches in Russia, both in preaching and in catechising, and that the offspring of mixed marriages should be educated in the orthodox Russian church. Mr. Pecci, of Rome, head of the Latin church, could not see his way clear to grant the demands, and the Greek and Roman Catholic churches will remain enemies for the greater glory of God and Christian brotherhood.

THE Lewiston, Me., *Journal* finds, as the result of an elaborate investigation, that one-third of the churches in Maine are closed on account of lack of support, and that one-half the people of the state are non-church-goers. The returns from the canvass show that out of 1,362 churches in the state, 417 are vacant.

DR. PATTON, the president-elect of Princeton, seems to belong, says *Life*, to the old school of college presidents. "I am a Presbyterian," is Dr. Patton's constitution and by-laws, and the test of the special branch of learning in which he excels lies in the ability to say what a Presbyterian is, and what he is not. As soon as Dr. Patton made a practical demonstration that he knew how to make this distinction, Princeton cried out for him, and added him to her stock of learned men. She has kept him in stock ever since, and now has brought him out promptly and with pride, to put on the shoes of the venerable McCosh.

THE non-sectarian status of our public schools is an absolute necessity, says the *Banner of Light*, if the liberties of this country are to be preserved, and the sooner our people take action in this important matter the better it will be for all concerned. These schools are opened alike to Protestant and Catholic, Jew and gentile. We fully agree with the San Francisco *Argonaut*, wherein it says that the religious training of children should be left to the parents themselvs. School attendance is compulsory by law, and good order, good morals, good habits, and the rudiments of learning are legitimate subjects for public education, while creeds and catechisms, faiths and beliefs, doctrins and dogmas, are questions of personal preference only, and, as such, pertain to the household alone. This is a free country, so free that each man may worship the God of his choice without let or hindrance, and no church organization shall be permitted to proselyte children at the public cost, and under cover of the laws which compel education.

THE Jamaica-ginger drunkard is a product of Prohibition seldom found, except in the Southern states. In the sparsely settled regions of the South liquor is sold, if at all, in the "general stores," and these will not take the risk of losing their general trade by selling liquors surreptitiously when public sentiment has decided in favor of Prohibition. But they can sell Jamaica ginger, and the thirsty toper can become fairly drunk on a half-pint bottle of this mixture of alcohol and essence of ginger. In view of the use of Jamaica ginger as an intoxicating beverage, the town officers of Dawsonville, Ga., hav passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of that tipple within the town limits.

"I ATTENDED a funeral at the home of a Christian science family the other day," said a gentleman of a severely Materialistic turn of mind. "Of course, it was a Christian scientist who preached the funeral sermon. The burden of his remarks was that there is no pain, no death, no suffering, no grief, in this world save that which we imagin. When the service was over the pallbearers carried the coffin down the slippery steps from the door to the walk below, and the minister followed. As he set his foot on the first step his heel flew from under him, his legs went up into the air, and he came on the middle of his back, striking very heavily about five steps down. It must hav all but broken his spinal column. He was helped to his feet, and with his hand on his back he limped around a little circle and groaned in a most piteous manner. He was a very badly hurt man, but if he had been my own brother, and had been killed, I should hav had to laugh when one of the young persons who came down the steps with me afterward gravely but softly said: 'No pain, no suffering, no grief.'"

THE real meaning of the pope's letter to Archbishop Corrigan denouncing Henry George's land theory as false and vicious, is thus defined by a Detroit journal: "The importance of this letter from Rome is not theological or moral, but political. If Catholics could only be persuaded that it is binding upon their consciences, it would prove a potent campaign document for the Democrats in 1888, for it would head off the enormous defection which is now taking place of the Irish-American Catholics from the Cleveland Democracy to the new Labor party. Does not this account, by the way, for the singular zeal of the Democratic press all over the country in trying to persuade American Catholics to heed and reverence the Corrigan letter? The Cleveland organs are unanimous in their opinion. The orthodox utterance among them is that which we quote above from the *Free Press*. It was formulated a week ago by high authority, and has got almost all over the country now. It might be freely translated into the language of American politics as follows: 'Atheists, Jews, Infidels, Agnostics, Protestants, and all others but Roman Catholics may do as they please in 1888, but Roman Catholics must vote the straight ticket. They'll be damned if they don't.'"

Communications.

Science or Religion.

There are in the United States to-day eighty thousand ministers of the gospel. Presuming they deliver one sermon each per week for fifty weeks, the total for the year would be four millions. Quite a large number of sermons.

Let us go further and sum up the sermons delivered in the cause of religion for the last, say one hundred years. What a grand total we get! It is apt to make us wonder, and in thinking it over one naturally asks himself, Why so many sermons to prove a fact true?

When a fact is shown to the world, its truthfulness is established, and for a society to form and go about proclaiming that a fact is a fact becomes unnecessary.

If the cause preached from the pulpit is a truth, it would be, so it seems, an absolute truth; its diaphaneity would be so evident as to dispel all question. The very knowledge of the question would hav been born within us, and would be positivly essential to our life and being. Now, if this cause is truth, why so many millions of sermons to prove it? If a God existed, the fact would be just as apparent as the existence of the sun.

Why not go about preaching the sun's existence? Because the knowledge of it is born within every living thing; and so if a God existed the knowledge would be born, not acquired. Our life would demand it, and the time of thousands of men would not be required to verify its truthfulness. The fact would be apparent to every human mind, every race and color.

Whatever good could arise therefrom would not be limited to a few.

When a person expresses himself in this manner it is termed blasphemous, and he no longer enjoys the open, pleasant smile of welcome that once pervaded his social circle, which, for the want of generosity of thought, a relief from stagnant, cramped, contracted ideas, has shut him out.

But is not speech free, so long as carried on with strict regard for law and order? One person should enjoy the same right to denounce the existence of a God as another to uphold it, and because one wishes to believe in such a thought he should not be banished.

If real truth was sought in a broad, open way, and not by the limited rays of a dark lantern, it might be revealed oftener. The way in which truth in its true sense is walked around, shunned, and covered would lead one to think a few people on this free earth held a right to monopolize the God business. If anyone in the interest of humanity and for the good of mankind says there is a God, I claim the same right to free speech, and say for mankind: Don't be led into any such foolishness, for it cannot be proven. Millions of sermons hav not made the God business clear and plain enough to go henceforth unquestioned. The myth is losing ground, and is being doubted more and more every day.

The cause advocate would say to this, "Pooh!" and naturally he might; for he searches with a dark lantern, and not by broad, open light. If he made use of this, he could learn something by looking at statistics; not the statistics of the wilds, but of large cities that boast of churches and able preachers.

Take New York city, for instance, with a population of 1,300,000. Only half that number is recorded as going to church at all, and that is not the minimum figure, for in 1880 the whole number of churches, chapels, and missions of all kinds was given at 489, with accommodations for only 375,000—less than one-third the entire population at that time, and 100,000 of that number were Catholics.

The whole number of Protestant communicants recorded for 1880 is given at 83,400; quite small, when compared with the entire population, 1,206,577.

These figures are significant. They show that the church is positivly losing ground. And why should it not, when after years and years of preaching it fails to prove anything? What a grand imposition the church is, exempt from taxes, and yet it seems as if nearly all were more or less in debt.

The cause would ask: Would you take away the church and giv nothing in return? Yes, by all means. It has always taught absurdities and fog, and cultivated ignorance and superstition.

As for doing good—never. A drawback to the world's progress it has always been. As the world advances in knowledge, its regard and respect for religion grow less. As the people develop in their knowledge of the sciences, so will they in the same ratio doubt the existence of a God.

The shock would be severe enough to cause faintness to the religious if told that religion had done harm and was a drawback to the world's progress; but such is the case, and it is recognized by many who, for fear of ostracism, would rather hold their peace.

Christianity does not shine forth in the same light as of old. Science is crowding it out. The God business has been talked out, and is no further advanced to-day than it was five thousand years ago.

Religion is no further advanced than when the first edition of that old book of fables, the Bible, was first put on the market.

Does the world owe one debt of any kind to religion, for its progress?

The advancement of the world is due to science, and not to fables shouted down from the pulpit to a sleepy, cramped mind.

Teach a child the sciences and the laws of nature, and after a number of years, sufficient to form an understanding, giv him a copy of the Bible for perusal; could he accept its fables in any other sense than the ludicrous?

Science or religion, one or the other, is truth; both cannot be.

Religion, superstition, and ignorance go hand in hand.

The growth of the Christian religion emanates from the Bible, a book filled with absurdities from one cover to the other. For a body of learned, scientific men to form one clear understanding of its meaning is impossible, and as for acknowledging the book as a basis of law to guide us, it is an absurdity.

The Society for the Suppression of Vice, among other noble doings, prohibits the manufacture and sale of obscene literature—any matter that will tend to corrupt the moral ideas of youth. The society is composed of religion-promoters, yet look—they will send their children to Sunday-school and hav them taught from a book which, if put in any other form, would be rejected from the United States mails, simply because of the vile stuff contained—whole chapters of reading matter unfit to be read at all, to say nothing of putting it up as something to be learned by children.

If the Bible, and all abstracts and writings from it, could be removed—of course, impossible, but we will just suppose the case—would the people be less learned in science, art, and culture? No; but on the other hand, the world would be further progressed if religion was less cultivated.

If these eighty thousand ministers, now living by beggary in edifices exempt from national claim, if they were to divert their mind entirely from religion and giv their entire time and attention to the cultivation of youth's mind in science, unmixed with religion, the world would not go backward, but would progress even faster than it does now with its existing handicap.

An American Voter's Protest.

Things seem to be working admirably for the final sale and delivery of our civil and religious liberties to the tender care and keeping of the pope of Rome; when the old order of things will be revived, and the use of thumbscrews and instruments of torture for "heretics" and non-Catholics will be in better demand than Galileo's telescopes or works of art and schools for useful learning in science and progress. In the corrupt scramble for office, our political bosses are doing their best to sell the best interests of mankind to the highest bid from the Catholic church for political power, when the education of the people will be in the keeping of trained teachers from institutions with ancient moral stench, politely and charitably called "monasteries," "nunneries," "convents," etc. And the people, following the dictation of party and corrupt party leaders, seem to be oblivious of the danger so plainly seen by any careful observer.

What do we see?

Hon. J. G. Blaine, after marrying his family into the Catholic church—posing before the people as a sort of Protestant or non-Catholic—hastens to Rome to honor the pope's jubilee in person, while he is perfectly well aware that the Romish church is seeking by all the arts of Jesuitic intrigue and deception to undermine and destroy our system of government by destroying our American system of free public schools; seeking to substitute parochial schools, under the exclusiv control of Catholic priestcraft, for cramming the rising generation with bigotry and superstition in counting beads, and kneeling and bowing before putty and plaster of paris images, suppressing in their education all historic facts about the black and bloody record of the cruelties, tortures, murders, persecutions, dungeons, inquisitions, and St. Bartholomew massacres that hav been practiced by that church, not to mention the notorious licentiousness, infanticides, and gross immoralities of its former popes, cardinals, bishops, priests, and "religions!"

So much for Blaine and his efforts to secure Catholic influence and votes, in view of again running for president.

Whereupon Grover Cleveland, the moral and political "reformer," elected by Christian voters, discovers the situation, and in view of reëlection by Catholic votes, he stacks the cards, by utilizing his official position in the appointment of spoils-hunters and appropriation of public money for the benefit of the church, to deal himself a royal sequence flush, which beats four aces, and is playing to raise Blaine out of the game, which he is sure to win on the show down, if Blaine has the pluck to "call." Cleveland not only squanders public money and patronage to win the Catholic vote, but he apes monarchical royalty and sends the pope a jubilee present in the name of the American people, without their wish or authority.

By this sycophantic aping he virtually recognizes and indorses the papal claim that the pope is the rightful temporal and spiritual ruler over all kings, potentates, and rulers of all nations of the earth by virtue of his fantastic role as "successor to Peter," holding the keys of both heaven and hell, with "power to loose or bind whom he may"—to forgiv sins and absolve from punishment, as well in temporal as in spiritual things—in short, the august and infallable Pecci.

It does not mitigate this insult to the non-Catholic American people to say that the present was a copy of the Constitution, nor that he did it as an individual citizen, as his secretary of state claims. Would he hav sent it had he remained an obscure inhabitant of Buffalo, running a private institution, instead of the government of the United States? Not much. He sent it because he occupied a high position as president, and would thus be recognized as representing the whole people, and thereby gain favor in the eyes of the pope, and especially the pope's followers—the Catholic voters in the United States.

He sent the present as president and representativ of the whole nation, or Archbishop Ryan and Cardinal Gibbons both lied to the pope in presenting it. Ryan told the pope it was "expressiv of the veneration and felicitation of his 'excellency' the *president of the United States;*" that it was "a tribute paid to your holiness by the *ruler of sixty million people;*" that his holiness had "received recognition from the kings of the world" and now received through "the most worthy president, *the tribute of a free and independent people,*" etc.

Cardinal Gibbons, in his letter to the pope telling how Cleveland had asked him to transmit the gift, is equally gushing, and then the members of the delegation kneel before his holiness and receive the apostolic benediction "for themselvs and for their people," meaning the people of the United States whom they represented in presenting the gift.

Thus Cleveland has virtually prostrated the whole American nation on their bellies at the feet of the papal "throne," crawling and scrambling to get a smack on the pope's big toe. How do they—that is, the Protestant and non-Catholic portion of the people—like the situation in which they find themselvs placed by Grover Cleveland to insure the Catholic vote? Is not the humiliation delightful to enjoy? How long will they consent to be thus used as footballs by the political bosses of the parties for spoils—"for revenue only?" Is it not about time that the patriotic American citizen began to consider the situation, and bolt the track and the program made by the bosses? Since there is but little choice in the leading and ruling elements in the old parties, in this question of eternally selling out to the Catholic church vote, under threat of the priests that they can turn the vote for or against any candidate; and now that the leaders of the Henry George party are ready to traffic in the large vote developed on a single idea, and turn it in where it will most effectually help to second the plots already laid to capture the pope's vote, and humiliate Dr. McGlynn, who appears to be about the only American Catholic with American sentiments and sympathies, and allegiance to the American government before his allegiance to the pope; and since the Prohibition party is the ally of the saloon and whisky traffic against a high license or tax to regulate and diminish the evils of intemperance, is it not the proper time to organize American sentiment and manhood into a party of independent Liberals to maintain free speech and free press, and vote for no one who will not proclaim freedom from Catholic or other sectarian bulldozing, and go for sustaining our public school system—a party for the substance of the Nine Demands—putting its candidates in the field so that those who wish to can vote with a clear conscience? Such a party, with Colonel Ingersoll to lead, would poll votes enough the first time to warn the politicians against trading our birthright for the pope's efforts to destroy this government.

W. S. Wood.

Shawano, Wis.

Notes From the Lecture Field.

There are strange people in this world, and one meets with more of them the farther he gets away from the highways of travel. On the 8th of February I lectured at Farmersville, Ind., to a very enthusiastic audience. It was in this immediate vicinity that I held a joint discussion with Elder T. J. Purvis, one year ago. As he was present at my lecture on the 8th inst., I invited him to reply; but the only reply he ventured to make was that he had not acquired the art of replying to jokes and fun, and would therefore hav to decline the invitation. But this did not suit his friends, and he was urged to challenge me for another debate, which I was only too willing to accept.

In recalling to mind the debate I had with the gentleman, I cannot forget the ostentatious display of one of his friends, who perched himself in a conspicuous place, announcing that he was going to take down in shorthand the entire debate and hav it pub-

lished; but after the discussion was finished, there was no forthcoming published report to be seen. There was no paper that would undertake it, or even giv a synopsis of it. The same thing occurred last November in Salem, Neb., when I held a discussion with Elder T. J. Williamson. The church party there had imported a stenographer to take down the whole debate and publish it as an exterminator of Freethought in that town. The stenographer worked hard and I helped all I could, but it was the same old story—the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse. There was no adequate effort made to hav a complete report, so the whole thing fell through. Hardly a squib of a notice was given in the paper about the debate after it was over, but before it began this same paper was willing to do wonders if thereby it could only hav the debate published in full. I hav noticed that the people of the town where a discussion is held are not so fierce for the publication of the debate after it has been held as they are before it. I hav heard some of them explain that "it would not be favorable to the cause to hav it published." I called Elder Williamson's attention to the fable of the horse and the hen. A hen went into the horse's stall, and prudently suggested to the occupant that if he would not tramp on her feet she would not tramp on his, explaining doubtless that it would not do any good to step on each other's feet—that is, it would not be "favorable" to the general welfare of the hen.

At one place I stopped with a good, honest farmer, but not particularly Liberal. It was bitter cold weather. In the morning I was invited to follow the host and he would show me a place where I could wash; it was on an open porch, in cold, cold water, with snow flying in the air, and no soap. Jerusalem! didn't I get through with my morning ablutions in a hurry? And this was not all. There was poor dog Tray lying upon a coffee-sack shaking as if he would go to pieces. And that was all the bed the poor fellow had. Who would wish to be a dog with such a bed? That's what I regard as cold charity.

In "Egypt," where I hav been traveling for several weeks and during a cold spell of weather, the usual custom is to hav the door open. And the colder the weather, the more conspicuous this habit becomes.

While riding on the steamboats I noticed that most of the whites had a large percentage of negro pronunciation, as for instance, I heard a Kentucky preacher say, "I neber seed dat befoh;" "Gimme chaw terbacah." And among those who rejoice in the claims of a splendid education, the English language is fearfully maimed and mangled. I might giv many illustrations, but one will suffice. The little word "at" plays an important role in the Hoosier's limpid sentences. I heard quite often such uses of it as the following: "Where is he living at?" "Where does he board at," etc., emphasis always on "at."

I gave two lectures in Vevay, Ind., and as the aborigines had not the slightest conception of the waywardness of a Freethought lecture, you can hardly imagin the howl that went up Sunday evening after I had given two lectures. Mr. John Bakes, a man over eighty years old, is the veteran who invited me down into Egypt. I wish the grand old man may hav the pleasure of hearing other Liberal lecturers shake the dry bones of the fossils of Vevay.

I am to return from here to Chicago next week.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 25, 1888. W. S. BELL.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

DELTA, COL., Feb. 7th, 8th, 9th.—I was assured Delta and Hotchkiss were a barren, steril wilderness, but I found this was a mistake of the most gigantic dimensions. Delta has never been boomed, but it is a happy, prosperous little city, surrounded by excellently good ranches. For twenty miles around there are macies (table land on tops of mountains) and rich bottom lands that will yield as bountiful crops as any land that ever lay out of doors. Here, as elsewhere—well, everywhere in Colorado—the one all-important need is water. No vegetation without irrigation. One of the surprises of the mountains is that when you hav ascended ten to fifteen hundred feet to the top of the mountains, you find you hav only got to the base of other mountains just as high. On the summits of the mountains are immense parks of natural grass, the free grazing-ground of the district. But the cows do not at all confine themselvs to the grass-growing places. The sides of the mountains, as well as the cañons and valleys, are spotted with stunted sage brush and occasional cactus, that seems to be making a feeble struggle for existence in a desert of dust or rocks. The cattle wander everywhere. It is surprising to a tenderfoot to see cows and calves breakfast on cactus, and dine on dry sage brush, and yet keep in good condition. But they do it. With Colorado cattle it is but a thing of custom.

Every ranchman that has any amount of stock—from one hundred to two thousand horses and cows—employs regular riders—cowboys—who are engaged the year around, paid $30 a month in winter and $40 a month in summer, with board; the ranchman supplying the horses to ride, and each cowboy needing from three to five. The cowboy rides to the grazing park of the herd each day, and makes, besides, frequent circuits around and over the mountains, looking after strays, and if any are found not doing well they are driven in, kept in the corral, and fed up. Every spring and fall they hav a "round-up." All the cowboys, under a captain appointed by the commissioners of the district, ride over the entire district, and drive in all the cattle and brand all the calves. Each ranchman has his own mark or brand. Calves found with cows are branded the same as the cows. When calves are found without cows, so identity is doubtful, they are generally killed and divided among those who find them, or used to supply the troop of cowboys while out on the round-up. The law is, if any ranchman kills a cow or a calf, he must hang the hide over his fence facing the public road for thirty days.

I enjoyed a happy asylum of peaceful rest in Delta, at the truly hospitable home of that stanch Liberal, J. J. Barker. The testimony of the Christians is, "He is the stanch friend of the poor, the ever ready helper of the needy, the most accommodating of neighbors, the most generous and public-spirited of citizens, the truest of friends, but the most dreadful, horrid, wicked, man in all Delta—he doesn't believe the Bible." And his fair and gentle wife is just like him.

My first lecture was delivered at the school-house, which was too small to accommodate the eager crowd that attended. The next two lectures were delivered at the court house, which, although double the capacity of the school-house, was too small. A very large number could find only standing-room. The demand for Liberal publications exhausted my supply. I obtained a number of new subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

HOTCHKISS, COL., Feb. 10th, 11th, 12th.—The gentle, kindly-hearted Stephen Bailey, who owns the stage route, took me from Delta to Hotchkiss, twenty-five miles over the mountains. Hotchkiss is named after the veteran Liberal and pioneer settler, E. T. Hotchkiss, who has the best ranch, the largest brick barn, the handsomest brick house, the most promising young orchard, and who succeeded in inducing his fellow-ranchmen to erect the nicest brick school-house to be found outside the large cities in all western Colorado.

I delivered four lectures in the new, large, brick school-house. My audiences were seven-tenths cowboys. They came from far and near, many bringing their best girls with them. I do not desire either more intelligent, more interested, or more courteous hearers.

Friend Hotchkiss's house was the general rendezvous. The hospitality of the ranchmen of Colorado is as boundless and extensiv as the mountains. There seems no limit to it. Yet the ordinary house of the ranchmen is a mere cabin, having, like Noah's ark, only one door and one window. It is wonderful how very small a space is really a necessity to accommodate quite a number of people.

Christianity is quite scarce at Hotchkiss and vicinity, and what there is is of the poorest quality, mainly monopolized by the lowest order of ignorant foreigners.

DELTA, Feb. 14th.—I returned to Delta, under the direction of good friend J. J. Barker, who had enlisted my sympathy for a poor widow with three little children, whose health and strength had given out, who found work hard to obtain and poorly paid. And although the Christians had, unsolicited, given her *their prayers*, she ungratefully complained that prayers were unsubstantial diet, and failed even to keep the bare toes of her poor babies from chilling with cold. We decided to deliver a lecture for the sole benefit of the widow and her little ones. Every man, woman, and child paid admission. One Christian poked his head in and remained five minutes, pretending to be fumbling in his pockets for change; hinted at being desirous only just to remain a little while: "Wasn't interested in such irreligious carryings on;" but the stony-hearted doorkeeper was obdurate, and the good Christian had to depart. Another, full of guile and the Holy Ghost, with the help of the Lord did manage to beat Brother Baker out of five cents. So the entire amount of receipts was $24.70, which he paid to the poor widow next morning, making her heart glad and the children jubilant.

The next night, by urgent request, I lectured on "The Heaven of the Bible," to a good audience, and bade farewell to the many dear, kind friends I had made during my very pleasant sojourn at Delta.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

It was a very apposit reply of the Apostle Paul, when some of his disciples asked, "How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come?" "Thou fool!" and then he goes on to explain that it is by sowing the proper seed in the proper soil.

It is noteworthy that, whilst the founders of the Jewish religion, from Abraham downward, were much-married men, and did not confine themselvs to one wife, the founders of the Christian religion, Jesus and Paul, were bachelors. Having no lawful heirs or representativs in the succeeding generations, the question naturally arose how their predictions of a kingdom in perpetuity could be carried out. The absurd theory of the resurrection of their natural bodies was evidently invented to meet the emergency.

The ancient Jews knew nothing of the post-mortem existence of an individual, and the Old Testament says nothing about the matter. On the contrary, we read: "The dead praise not the Lord, neither they that go down into silence" (Ps. cxv, 17). "Man dieth and wasteth away; he giveth up the ghost, and where is he" (Job xiv, 10)? The idea of an incorporeal state of existence was borrowed from the heathen poets and philosophers by the learned Pharisees. It was by no means a comfortable doctrin. The souls of the departed, good or bad, were imprisoned in hades, where, according to the poets, they could think and talk, but could by no means ascend to the upper air. It is easy enough to die, according to Virgil: "*Facilis descensus averni;*" but to come to life again is another matter, and of transcendent difficulty. Jesus evidently paraphrased Virgil when he said: "Broad and easy is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many go in thereat; but strait is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." Virgil invented separate receptacles for departed spirits, distinguishing the bad from the good, but they were both located in hades. Homer knew of no such distinction. The ghost of Achilles says to Ulysses:

> I'd rather be
> The servil hind for hire, and eat the bread
> Of some man scantily himself supplied,
> Than sovereign empire hold o'er all the shades.

Supposing it to be the case—which is supposing an impossibility—that dead people hav a conscious existence, nothing could be more dreary than their fate; to say nothing about the fire and brimstone business, which was invented by the Italian monks either preceding or following Dante, some centuries later.

The ancient philosophers, notably Pythagoras, Plato, and the poet Ovid, took a much more cheerful view of the life to come, though in some cases anomalous and grotesque. There is no question but that carnivorous man by process of digestion and assimilation in some manner transmutes animal into human flesh, but the way by which he again descends into the brute form by becoming grass, and so nourishing the animals destined to supply the larders of his descendants and heirs, is much more complicated and takes a long while about. Yet Ovid pathetically entreats his disciples to abstain from animal food lest they should be guilty of eating their relations! He firmly believed in the metempsychosis or transmigration of individual souls from men to animals, and so back again. The doctrin is an absurd one, but has some kind of basis in natural philosophy. The Christian doctrin of the resurrection is still more absurd, for it has no such basis whatever.

The champions of modern Christianity contend that Jesus was the first who rose from the dead, and that he inaugurated his new doctrin by a practical example. But if Jesus really rose from the dead, where is he? If he died again or "ascended into heaven," *i. e.*, vanished into thin air, immediately after, what was the use, or where is the proof, of his resurrection? It is strange that the unsupported assertion of a few ignorant fanatics should influence the whole civilized world to believe so monstrous an absurdity. Not only has Jesus failed to make an appearance (according to promis) either personally or by proxy, but there has been no repetition of the phenomenon, although the power to work the same miracle was promised to all true believers. "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works shall he do because I go to the father" (John xiv, 12).

It may not be quite orthodox, 'tis true,
  But in my head a notion I hav got
That when a sinner once hath had his due,
  That is, when he is dead and gone to pot,
  'Tis better far to let him lie and rot.
With all his imperfections on his head,
  And from the book of life his name to blot,
Than rake him up again, as has been said,
By a post-mortem resurrection of the dead.

Because what changes must hav come to pass
  By means of that alchemist Father Time—
One part of man converted into grass,
  And one reduced to carbonate of lime;
  The volatil in viewless gas sublime,
The saturnine like metals sunk beneath;
  The victim and the author of the crime,
By which that victim was deprived of breath,
Alike commingled in the charnel-house of death.

For the creator 'twould be endless trouble
  To piece together all the parts disjoined;
Again connect each member with its double,
  The inert body with the activ mind.
  It would be scarcely possible to find
The parts component of each man and brother,
  Without in such way mixing up mankind,
And good and bad confuse with one another.
That to distinguish them would cause no end of bother.

OUTIS.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
EDGAR C. BEALL, Chair. Fin. Com., - - 27 Arcade, Cincinnati.

The Roll of Honor.

Dr. E. B. Foote, New York city	$100.00
Owen Thomas Davis, Brighton, Cal	25.00
E. Chope, Detroit, Mich	25.00
Two Friends, from L. Geiger	20.00
Wm. Whittock, Dushore, Pa	15.00
FROM MISS VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.	
Miss V. DeCleyre, Pittsburgh Secular Union	5.00
Richard Douthitt, " " "	2.00
Roman Staley, " " "	2.00
G. H. Abel, " " "	1.00
Mrs. S. H. Abel, " " "	1.00
Jno. Mingel, " " "	1.00
Mrs. Jas. Wormersley, " " "	1.00
W. S. Douthitt, " " "	1.00
Jas. Clark, " " "	1.00
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Samuel Roessler, " " "	1.00
G. W. Caufield, " " "	1.00
Mr. Carlin, " " "	1.00
Henry Winter, " " "	1.00
Wm. C. Fischer, " " "	.50
M. Morgensky, " " "	.50
W. J. Nesbett, " " "	.50
No Name, " " "	.50
" " " " "	1.00
" " " " "	1.00
" " " " "	1.00
Jas. B. Hassett, Little Rock, Ark	5 00
Carl Hyldahl, Fort Thomas, Arizona	5.00
FROM JUDGE I. S. LEE.	
W. H. Durker, Bros., Quincy (Ill.) Union	5.00
Capt. Steinwedel, " " "	5 00
Ernst Berlschinger, " " "	1.00
W. A. Bader, " " "	1.00
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J. L. Moore, " " "	1.00
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F. Hoens, " " "	.50
Wm. C. Howard, Volo, Ill	2.00
Geo. Maddocks, Hamilton, Canada ($1 for Union, $1 for *Lucifer*)	2.00
Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va	1.00
Thos. G. Rook, Salem, Ia	1.00

Foote stands at the head—that is, head and Foote come into conjunction on this occasion; and that you may not misinterpret this rather anagrammatic expression, let me explain that it is Dr. E. B. Foote who stands at the head of the Roll of Honor, having generously placed in Mr. Eckhard's hands his check for $100. The doctor has contributed liberally, and fought valiantly, for Secularism these many years, and it is to be hoped he will soon see the triumph of the principles he has espoused. Dr. Foote's labor of life has been to free mankind from the slavery and suffering which ignorance of nature's laws invariably imposes, and in his "Plain Home Talk" and *Health Monthly* to learn man that, to conquer nature, he must obey her laws, and to obey must understand them properly. In that honorable sphere he also labored to abolish the narrowness and greed which environed his calling; he has helped, more than any other, to Liberalize the Esculapians and benefit the race. There are many, I know, who feel their indebtedness deeply enough to place on his brow their anadem of gratitude. We repeat with Dickens, "May the doctor liv long and prosper."

Friend Geiger, of Hudson, N. Y., writes:

MY DEAR MR. STEVENS: Something new this time. On reading your appeals for our cause, it occurred to me to try my hand. Met two friends who were willing to put down an "X," on condition that their names should not be published; of course, I agreed. Hope you will agree with me that half a loaf is better than no bread. Shall try again. Please acknowledge the $20 inclosed from two friends from Hudson, N. Y. Yours truly, L. GEIGER.

That's the kind of missionary work, Brother Geiger! There is no half a loaf about that. Convey to the "two friends" our gratitude. Mr. Geiger also informs me that they celebrated Paine's birthday in Hudson. "Oh, what a party!" friend Leonard writes. "Three in number. Wished for you and Mrs. Freeman, but hoped you had a larger company, though you could hav no better. We three, we happy three, we band of brothers"—you know the rest. It is no use thanking Brother Geiger, he will keep right on anyhow, for he has placed in our treasury during and since the Congress $95.

Owen Thomas Davies, of Brighton, Cal., in response to our letter called on Mr. Putnam at the office of *Freethought*, and paid a $25 life-passage, cabin accommodations, in the fast-sailing steamer, American Secular Union. She is a gallant ship, and has successfully weathered many a gale. Mr. Davies is an avowed, outspoken Freethinker, a clear thinker and great debater on Secular subjects.

Edward Chope, of Detroit, one of these hearty, earnest, honest Englishmen who are in the habit of forming their own opinions and affirming them, took a life-membership at my solicitation. He has attained the ripe age of seventy-three, though he would readily pass for twenty years younger, as there is nothing indicativ of "declining years" about his appearance—the result of an Infidel's correct living.

At nineteen Mr. Chope was a poor Devonshire apprentice, but with spirit enough to resist the atrocious treatment of that time, and he left his nativ land. On arriving in America he was not figurativly but absolutely penniless. But with that unconquerable determination for which the Briton is famous, he settled in Detroit in 1837, built up a large business, acquired considerable property, and has practically retired from control of the most famous truck and wagon works in Michigan, leaving his business to his sturdy sons. Mr. Chope is a great admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER, Heston, Putnam, and George.

To the generosity of Wm. Whittock, of Dushore, Pa., the American Secular Union is indebted for a contribution of $15, which will print a good many pamphlets to assist in wiping out the power of orthodoxy, and for which we feel duly grateful. Are there others in Dushore willing to do more?

Mr. Carl Hyldahl, of Fort Thomas, Ariz., duplicates his donation of last month with another check for $5, as a further token of his appreciation of our efforts and as an earnest of his desire for the triumph of Secular principles.

James B. Hassett, of Little Rock, Ark., sends words of encouragement that a new organization is about to be perfected there. That speech of Senator Crockett's should rouse every Liberal and lover of justice in that state to activity until such outrageous laws as are there enacted liv only in memory as relics of barbarism. Mr. Hassett sends $5 for the Campaign Fund. Many thanks.

Miss Voltairine de Cleyre's success at Pittsburgh as lecturer and orator has been something phenomenal. She has also aroused our Pittsburgh friends to noble enthusiasm and efforts in aid of the work of the American Secular Union, and we take this occasion to extend to those whose names appear above our unqualified thanks for their much-needed assistance, and our hope to be enabled to render a satisfactory account of our stewardship. Henry Hoover, in a private letter, wrote: "Miss V. de Cleyre lectured for us in Maltby Hall, Sunday, January 29th, on 'Secular Education,' and on Monday evening, January 30th, she delivered one of the finest Paine orations ever listened to in Pittsburgh or anywhere else. She closed by reciting an original poem entitled, 'An Unchristian Death,' in a style so lifelike and tragic that, had she not read it to me previously, I could not hav sustained the role of clergyman in the tableau. She disarmed all just criticism . . . and captured all hearts." Not only does our brilliant co-worker do grand work for us, but she contributes $5 to the Campaign Fund herself.

Judge I. S. Lee sounds the battle-cry for the Freethought battalions in Quincy, where superstition has ever held almost undisputed sway. A fine society is already organized, among whom the secretary can find several personal friends—Captain Steinwedel, Wm. A. Bader, and Ernst Bertschinger, the latter an old member of our Chicago society. Brother Lee is doing nobly.

Aunt Elmina sends $1 to help the cause. Well, when one who has passed through such a fiery furnace of persecution as she yet, undaunted in spirit, stands forward to continue the fight for others, success ought surely to be near at hand.

Geo. Maddocks, of Hamilton, Ont., whom we hav had the pleasure of meeting in Chicago, forwards $1 to the Campaign Fund "and $1 for our persecuted brother, E. C. Walker. . . . I hope THE TRUTH SEEKER family will help our brother as he did our dead hero, D. M. Bennett, when held by the tools of the church." This being the first dollar received from the Dominion, we rejoice to see that at least Brother Maddocks has not forgotten the American Secular Union.

Wm. C. Howard, of Volo, Ill., attended the last Congress and sends $2 to the fund. As Brother Howard is not overflowing with material wealth, this is quite a liberal donation for him, but he feels glad that he possesses the priceless satisfaction of being one of those whose mental riches hav ennobled our cause.

Thos. G. Rook, of Salem, Ia., is performing splendid pioneer work, sustaining almost alone the standard of Freethought in his vicinity. He writes glowing accounts of the fruit he expects as a result of Mrs. Freeman's grand lecture there.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

The Distribution of Wealth.

In reading Van Buren Denslow's articles on the "Distribution of Wealth," and especially the one where he makes the people all millionaires many times over, and no one willing to work, because all were so immensely wealthy, we—Mr. Slenker and Elmina—had many a talk on the possibilities and probabilities of such an experience. In supposing every person in the world to wake up some morning possessed of $800,000,000, Mr. Slenker made the following calculations, which, being rather of an interesting nature, I copy from his slate for THE TRUTH SEEKER:

If it were all in coin-gold, there would be more gold than all the manufactured iron on the earth. We will make a simple calculation:

A gold dollar weighs 25.8 troy grains; 7,000 grains make an avoirdupois pound; then 1,000,000 gold dollars would weigh 3,685 pounds, omitting the fraction. Allowing gold to be 19 times as heavy as water, it would make a cube of 17½ inches to a side, or 5.363 cubic inches, and 800 times this much would giv to each person 4,290,636 cubic inches of gold; allowing 1,500,000,000 people on the earth, it would make 6,435,954,600,000,000 cubic inches of gold for all the inhabitants of the earth. This would make a cube of 3 miles to a side, lacking 339 ft. 2 in.; or it would make a globe 3 miles 3,392 ft. in diameter. Drawing this cube or globe of gold into the size of ordinary railroad iron track of 23 pounds to the foot, it would make 1,244,518,000 miles of track, and it would be nearly 2½ times as heavy as iron. This would be enough in length to belt the earth 49,741 times. Allowing 5 feet of space between each rail, it would cover a zone 47 miles 545 ft. wide around the earth, enough to reach from here to the sun 14 times.

Now, it must be evident to all that such an immense amount of gold would render this metal entirely useless as a circulating medium, and make it valuable only in the arts, and dog-cheap at that! It would make all who hold land, houses, grain, and other concomitants of necessity or luxury the wealthy classes. The millionaire who has all his riches in bonds, notes, and mortgages would be a pauper, for these could be paid out of the $800,000,000 and the payer hardly miss the gold, while the payee would not be at all the gainer, save in being the possessor of a small addition to his pile of metal.

Until some other medium of exchange was agreed upon, we should be compelled to fall back upon the old barter system of exchanging a bushel of wheat, or corn, or potatoes for dry goods and groceries, and so on through the whole list of wants and supplies. All this proves that the real financial wealth of a people consists in produce, and not in money.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

Snowville, Va., Feb. 28, 288

[Mr. Slenker's calculations are based on error. Mr. Denslow's figures were eighty millions, not eight hundred millions. But the figuring is just as interesting for all that. The average man is just as likely to possess $800,000,000 as $80,000,000.—ED. T. S.]

A Vision of Paradise.

Translated for the San Francisco Argonaut from the French of Ludovic Halevy.

My friend Armand was married day before yesterday at St. Clotilde's church. When I arrived, there was a great crowd, and the ceremony was going forward. I managed to slip in. The priest was finishing his little harang, and wound it up with this sentence:

"Therefore be united on earth till you are eternally united in heaven."

I could not restrain a slight exclamation. Armand's bride was not a young girl—he was marrying the pretty little Countess Jeanne de Charmelieu, the widow of my friend Gaston de Charmelieu.

This charming widow was destined to make my friends happy. After Gaston, Armand. On earth, nothing could be simpler; but above, in heaven, there would be two aspirants for the eternal union! Gaston and Armand, the first and second husbands.

I fell into a brown study. The sentence used by the priest probably appeared in all the short sermons that conclude wedding services. So five years ago, of course, the same promis was made to Gaston; he was told that if he lived and died like a Christian, he would meet his little Jeanne again in paradise, among the angels, the archangels, the principalities and powers. Meantime there was a great stir going on around me. Mass was over. The great organ gave us Mendelssohn's march. I followed the crowd, which bore me to the vestry-room. I shook hands with the bride, and shook hands with the groom, but said not a single word. I was very careful not to speak, for I had a piece of folly at my tongue's end, and if I had spoken at all, I don't think I could hav restrained myself from saying to Armand:

"Did you take in the full meaning of that sentence about the eternal union? There'll be two candidates, my dear fellow, for that eternal union."

I left the church, I made some calls, I rode my horse, I dined at the club, I went to the opera, and still that idiotic perplexity haunted me:

"How will Armand and Gaston settle it some day in another and a better world?"

I went to bed and to sleep, and here the dream begins. A dream, bear that well in mind, nothing but a dream.

. . . . . .

I was in paradise, at the station. Trains were going in and out; the cars started empty, and came back more or less well filled.

St. Thomas was the stationmaster. I chatted with him, and he very civilly explained the working of the system.

"The trains," said he, "start from the earth, touch at hell, touch at purgatory, and hav their terminus in paradise. We are very crowded just at present. The pope has been having rather a bad time of it for

the last few years [this was in 1870, during the occupation of Rome]; and there has been a little atmosphere of persecution surrounding religion, that has braced up the tottering, and confirmed the indifferent. We hav reason to be very well satisfied; for the last few months there has been a constant increase in the number of our passengers for paradise; every day there is a demand for more cars. Small-pox has something to do with it, but the revival of faith has more. You can judge for yourself. Ah, seventeen. The express is due. Yes, we hav an express that comes right through from the earth. Do you hear the whistle? Here's the train. Our company is a large one, which issues shares by public subscription; the bonds are guaranteed by heaven. Our trunk lines are finished, but we are not yet in communication with all the planets. I want you to observe this incoming train. You see, we hav three classes of cars, first, second, and third; a baggage car, and a compartment for dogs. The passengers are alighting; watch them, and observe this: not many people in the second-class cars; we don't recruit much from among the lower middle class—restless, Voltairian, and Freethinking, the lower middle class. In the third-class cars we get crowds; the populace is wholly bad or wholly good; but generally speaking, good. The first-class cars are crowded, too. We must recognize that rich people are admirably facilitated for achieving salvation. Their time is their own, and even admitting that they giv Satan the best part of their existence, they always find an hour here and there, from time to time, to make up their religious negligences. God is not so severe as he is supposed to be. He is satisfied with very little, do you know? Only stay here two or three days, you will see half a hundred trains come in, and there cannot fail to be people that you know in some of them. You'll see how easy it is to win heaven."

St. Thomas is a communicativ saint. He chattered away, but for the last few moments of his discourse I was not listening. My St. Clotilde widow, Gaston's wife, Armand's wife, had come! I had seen her pretty head at the window of a parlor car; then, light and dashing, she sprang out of the car, showing her ankles a little—but then, they were very trim. She ran about in every direction, chirping, "Where's paradise? Where is it? I hav my ticket!"

I remembered seeing her just like that, one day, at the Compèigne station, leaving the special train that brought the empress's guests to the chateau. That day she showed her ankles, too, and that day, too, she fluttered along the embankment, chirping:

"My trunks! Don't let my trunks be forgotten! I hav fourteen."

An officer of the imperial household went to her at the Compèigne station, and said:

"Hav no feârs, madam la comtesse, I will take care of your trunks. I hav the trunks in charge."

And now St. Peter went to her at the paradise station, and said:

"Your ticket, madam? Will you be kind enough to show me your ticket?"

"Here it is, sir."

"Perfectly correct; you may go in. Here are the gates of paradise."

My little friend bowed prettily, and went in. An intense desire possessed me to follow her into paradise. Who could tell? Perhaps Armand was dead, and my widow would find herself confronted by her two husbands.

I asked St. Thomas if he could manage it so that I might go in.

"Easily," he replied.

"Only for an hour, you know," I hastened to add; "I sha'n't be detained—shall I be able to go away again? For you know, however delightful paradise may be, if I hav a few more good years to spend on earth I don't care to miss them. Life is only for a time, and paradise is for all eternity."

"Don't be afraid. They'll let you out. Come with me."

And he led me to St. Peter.

"Make a note of this gentleman," he said to him. "He is a visitor—he only wishes to go in and look about and come out again."

"Pass in, sir; pass in. I shall know you again."

There I was in paradise, and in the nick of time. Armand and Gaston, who had been scanning the passengers as they arrived, had already rushed to *their* wife.

Gaston had taken her right hand, and drew her on that side, saying:

"Jeanne, my dear Jeanne!"

Armand had taken her left hand, and drew her on that side, saying:

"Maud, my dear Maud!"

She had two Christian names, and it had seemed in better taste to her, in the intimacy of married life with her second husband, not to be called by the same name the first had made use of. She was an adorable being, replete with delicacy of feeling. Armand and Gaston meantime showed no intention of giving up.

"Jeanne!"

"Maud!"

"I am your first husband!"

"I am your second husband!"

"My rights are incontestable!"

"Sir, release this lady!"

"I hav nothing to say to you, sir. I do not know you!"

He didn't know him! Why, they were intimate friends on earth when they were alive, called each other by their first names, couldn't liv without each other. Armand, the second husband, almost lived at Gaston's house, so much so that gossips said—but where should we all be if what gossips say were believed?

The quarrel, meantime, was waxing hot between Armand and Gaston. Their voices rose. Existence is sweet in heaven, but slightly monotonous; so the smallest event attracts as much attention as a runaway in a country town. The blessed came trooping up from every direction. Some took sides with the first husband, and others with the second. Jeanne remained passiv; she had freed her hands, and said nothing to either Armand or Gaston.

St. Thomas had come within the gates of paradise when I did.

"This must often occur," I said to him; "a great many women on earth hav two husbands."

"Very true. The novelty is that the husbands should claim their wives. Generally, under these circumstances, the emulation is as to which husband shall not take her."

"How is it when things are reversed, and there are two wives to a husband?"

"Oh, then it's very different; the women always quarrel as to which shall keep the husband. Women are wild to be married, even in heaven. Still, we had rather an odd experience the day Napoleon I. arrived."

"Ah! You hav Napoleon in paradise?"

"Oh, yes! After a little purgatory, you know. Napoleon III. was so nice to Pius IX. that we couldn't, in common decency, leave his uncle in purgatory. Paradise was opened to him, and his first word was, '*How about my two wives?*' He was asked if he had a preference. '*I hav, indeed. I want Josephine.*' A cherub flew and told Josephine: '*Napoleon's there. He's asking for you.*' '*I am exceedingly sorry,*' said Josephine, dryly, '*but after what occurred in* 1809, *never!*' We fell back upon Marie Louise, but she raised the roof. '*I go back to Napoleon! I, who am living so peacefully with the general! Don't talk to me about Napoleon. Let him take back Josephine!*' Neither would change her mind, and there stood Napoleon, all alone, and rather put out, when Madam de Staël came by. '*Giv Napoleon to me,*' she said, '*I'll take care of him.*' And they got on famously."

Right here St. Thomas was interrupted by a loud cry that arose from the ranks of the blessed:

"St. Joseph! St. Joseph!"

It was in fact St. Joseph. He had been attracted by the noise, and came that way.

I must here caution the reader not to forget that all this was a dream.

St. Joseph was entirely the St. Joseph of the Italian school—brown drapery, gray hair and beard, a staff in his hand, and sandals on his feet, plus a very imposing aureole, and an air of prosperous, upper-middle-class benevolence.

He paused, asked what was the matter, and was told how things stood.

"Well," said St. Joseph, "it seems simple enough. The lady is here as a recompense for her religious conduct and Christian feeling. She has a right to happiness of the most peaceful character and largest scope. Let her pronounce, and choose between these gentlemen."

"But," said Gaston, "what is reserved for the one who comes in a bad second?"

Gaston had a very fine stable during his earthly pilgrimage, and his abominable slang slipped out even in the presence of St. Joseph.

"Never fear," said St. Joseph, "I will giv to him who is not chosen one of the unclaimed ladies who literally swarm in paradise. Do not let us lose time, madam. Make your decision. Choose, if you please."

Silent and motionless, Jeanne stood between her two husbands, and both Gaston and Armand alternated like characters in a Greek play, seeking the words that might touch their wife's heart.

"I was so proud of your beauty, Jeanne," said Gaston, "and of the sensation it made in society. Luxury for you was what I lived for. Your diamonds and lace, your carriages, your horses, your liveries. And then your room, Jeanne, your cherry satin room! And then boxes, boxes for all the first nights. Three hundred francs I paid for the first night of 'La Famille Benoiton.'"

"Boxes!" broke in Armand, "he talks of boxes! Even before I was the husband, I always paid for the boxes. The first night of 'Le Petit Faust' cost me four hundred francs, and I gave five hundred, in 1868, for Patti's benefit."

"Dates!" cried Gaston. "He remembers dates! Why, you dined at my table, sir, five days in the week, and you were always loafing in our box at the opera, you who make such an ado about three or four wretched theater-boxes sent to my wife."

"Two or three! Upon my word, such details are too petty."

"I quite agree with you," said St. Joseph, looking bored, and rearranging his aureole. "Be as brief as possible, if you please, gentlemen. Kindly express yourself in favor of one or the other, madam."

Jeanne would not speak, and the two husbands raved on.

"Remember, I gave up my career for you," said Gaston; "I resigned from the army because you didn't like living in a garrison."

"And I joined the Imperialists for you!" cried Armand. "This gentleman had accustomed you to the riot of Second Empire balls, and, rather than that you should giv them up, I scandalized my whole family by showing myself at the Tuileries. I, accepting the hospitality of a Napoleon!"

"No politics!" said St. Joseph firmly. "Above all, nothing derogatory to Napoleon III. Suppose he should withdraw his troops from Rome, what would become of the pope?"

"I shall obey you," said Gaston. "I hav stronger claims than mere political affiliations. Our love, Jeanne! Remember! I was the first, the first! Our walks, on your father's estate. Those shady little paths, when your head sometimes lay on my shoulder; our wedding-day, when we came to my home, *our* home, at midnight, that bitter cold weather. The ground was white with snow, do you remember? What a roaring big fire there was at the château to welcome us! How still the room was, how frightened we both were!"

"Sir," interrupted Armand, "your reminiscences are in execrable taste."

"Very possibly, sir, but I may certainly be allowed to recall my confidence. My confidence was simply unbounded. How many of my friends came to me perfidiously to say, '*Keep an eye on Armand*'—*meaning this gentleman. 'Keep a watchful eye on Armand. He is very fond of you, we all know that, but there's somebody he is fonder of, and that's your wife.*' I disdained their gossip."

"I hav my own record on the grounds of confidence," said Armand proudly. "Later, sir, when in my turn I was the husband, little calumnies were buzzing about. It was Monsieur de Séricourt that they told me to watch, Séricourt, my best friend—how ridiculous!"

I observed that Jeanne could not control a little start when she heard the name of Monsieur de Séricourt. I observed it, but Armand observed nothing, and continued:

"And when Séricourt was killed in Mexico, and you, my dear wife, permitted the unchecked outburst of your natural and proper grief, I received an odious anonymous letter: '*Your wife,*' it said, '*sheds more tears for the friend than she will ever giv the husband.*' I never mentioned the letter to you. Suspect you! Suspect Séricourt!"

"Who is this Séricourt who has got mixed up with all this?" said St. Joseph. "Is Séricourt a third husband? I am very much perplexed."

"Just one word, St. Joseph, just one, but a clincher. The day I married this lady, a priest, an excellent priest, promised me at St. Clotilde's church that our temporary union on earth should be followed by an eternal union in heaven."

"But, St. Joseph," cried Gaston, "the day I was married, at the Madeleine, a bishop—see?—not a priest, a bishop—made me the self-same promis in the self-same terms."

"This is becoming very embarrassing," murmured St. Joseph, "very embarrassing indeed. Our representativs on earth sometimes act very inconsiderately. But come, madam, I revert to my first decision; it is for you to choose. You hav not spoken. Speak!"

Then the little widow, rosy, and much moved, said:

"If you are infinitly good, St. Joseph, you will permit me to rejoin Monsieur de Séricourt, who is over there in that little cloud on the left. He has been beckoning to me for the last quarter of an hour."

I turned my head, and perceived Séricourt, in fact, at the left, in his little cloud, expressing his affection and wishes in highly sentimental pantomime.

Séricourt! Another of my friends! This charming woman was, I repeat, destined to contribute, even to all eternity, in this world and the next, to the happiness of my friends.

"Why didn't you speak at once?" said St. Joseph; "this solves everything. Make your arrangements with Monsieur de Séricourt. What do I wish, myself, except that you may be happy in paradise, since you hav been a good Christian?"

. . . . . .

Whereupon I awoke with a start, this rejoinder struck me as so sprightly on the part of the excellent St. Joseph.

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Communications.

The Bible.

Joseph Parker, D.D., of London, says of the Bible: "Such a book, written under such circumstances, and issuing in and from such an age, has to be accounted for." It is conceded, I believe, that there were two such men as Moses and Jesus Christ, who lived in the world, and that the possible and probable facts in the Bible, those incidents that hav occurred and do occur to individuals and nations, may be true; for such incidents are subjects that require no other than human testimony to establish our belief. It is the divine claims of the Bible that are in dispute. It is claimed, in the Bible, that Moses was an inspired lawgiver of God, and that Jesus Christ was the son of God. These Bible facts are submitted to our reason by human testimony; and it is claimed that miracles were performed as proof of their divine mission.

However, it is thought by some that human testimony is not competent to prove a miracle. The reason for this is based on science and experience, in contrast with the probability that human witnesses may be deceived, or trying to deceive. The matter is parallel to the asking of the question: Could human witnesses convince me that there is a personal God, when I could never discover his existence in nature, science, or experience? If they could not, then how can human testimony convince me that a God, whom they can never prove to exist, worked miracles to prove Moses his lawgiver and Jesus Christ his son? It is a fact, also, that the credibility of human witnesses in regard to any fact grows weaker as time advances from the days of the living witnesses.

It is claimed, also, that the moral teaching of the Bible is no proof of its claims, from the fact that morals all lie in the field of discovery, science, and human experience.

It is also claimed that the Bible contains a history of God's dealings with individuals and nations, and approves usages and conduct that are contrary to every principle of justice, mercy, and the welfare, natural rights, and happiness of the human race.

But, in the further prosecution of the subject, we shall assume the existence of a personal God, who created all things; and that "his power and divinity" are developed in the "things that are made—that the heavens declare his glory and the firmament sheweth his handiwork; that day unto day and night unto night utter this evidence to the reason of mankind."

The question then comes, not, Has he revealed his will to man? but, Can he reveal his will to man outside of reason and human experience? If not, why? And if so, how?

He cannot *impress* his will on the human mind, because it would vitiate man's physical and mental constitution, his free agency and responsibility.

He can, only and alone, express his will to the perceptiv organs of man's body. Reason is the human province and duty. The expression must be in intelligible signs or symbols of ideas. Then the idea is complete. "Faith comes by hearing," and the thing expressed is the thing heard, and the thing heard is the "word of God."

A disembodied expression of words would be a miracle without the idea of its source, and the same would be outside of science, experience, and the common use of man's articulate organs. We presume to state that for God to speak by man, to man, for man, is the most natural and reasonable conclusion. Inspiration to speak is a physical, not a mental, operation, and the choice of adopting a system by the inspiration of witnesses can be compared to the idea of inspiring every man to talk to himself.

The final result of individual inspiration, we apprehend, would end in the idea of natural phenomena, to the destruction of divine control.

We now propose to suspend the pro and con of this subject on one miracle—that Christ either did or did not arise from the grave. The whole system of Bible theology stands or falls on the proof or disproof of this fact.

Let it be understood at the outset that the subject is not submitted as a scientific or moral problem, but above and beyond both. The process of reasoning in this case belongs to jurisprudence, logical reasoning on facts, and this is all suspended on the credibility of the witnesses and their testimony. It is unjust, unjudicial, and illogical to test a matter of fact, submitted to witnesses, by arguments about science and experience without first doing justice to the testimony, since, upon our assumption, that there is a personal God, a miracle might be thought improbable, but by no means impossible. Hence, the nature of a fact does not authorize unfair dealing with testimony. We admit the fact, in this case, is hard to believe, for some doubted with their eyes on Christ after he arose and while he was speaking to them, and Thomas declared he would hav to see and put his fingers in the nail-holes of his hands, and thrust his whole hand into his side, before he would believe it. And even some (we know not how many) of the Corinthian church said, "There is no resurrection of the dead;" and would seem to ask the questions: "How are the dead raised up, and with what [kind of] body do they come?" It is admitted that supernatural facts are the most difficult to be believed, because they contradict our "invariable experience, and, opposing the well-known laws of our corporeal nature, are in themselvs in the highest degree improbable, and require for their belief a testimony so ample and attended by such circumstances as would render its falsehood no less miraculous than the fact attested." This fact lies in the class having internal improbability, which must be overcome by an increased weight of testimony.

But we now notice what are generally conceded to be the qualifications of a credible witness: First, "Sufficient discernment, opportunity, and attention to obtain a clear knowledge of the fact attested. Secondly, Disinterestedness, which, in its full extent, implies the absence of all expectation of advantage or detriment arising from the testimony, either to the witness himself, or to his friends, sect, or party. Thirdly, Integrity. This affords the strongest assurance of a true testimony, inasmuch as it is absolutely inconsistent with any intention to deceive or prevaricate, as well as with a conscious ignorance of the fact attested."

The witnesses to the resurrection of Christ say that after he arose he was forty days with his disciples before he ascended; that they saw him, talked with him, and handled him, and that he showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, speaking things pertaining to the kingdom of God, and that they saw him ascend in a cloud up into heaven, and that his last words were: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." The Jews, however, rejected their testimony, and to-day stand in opposition to the credibility of these witnesses. The witnesses claim, however, that when the chief priests heard the report of his resurrection, they called the elders and took council, and that they bribed the guard they placed at the grave with "large money" to say, "His disciples carried him away while we slept." It would seem that this bribed testimony was not very credible from men who were asleep when the body was taken; and it seems equally strange that all the guard were asleep under a penalty of death for being asleep. We could not expect better, however, from the history of the Jews. The chief priests and elders told the guard that, if they would take the money and tell the lie, if the bribery came to the governor's ear, "we will persuade him and secure you." The Jews, to-day, believe this lie. The witnesses say that an angel, whose countenance was like lightning and raiment as white as snow, rolled the stone back from the grave, while there was a great earthquake, and that the guard, for fear of the angel, "did shake and become as dead men." These are the two tales about *how* the body was taken from the grave, and both agree that the body was missing from the grave.

Now, as to the credibility of the witnesses to this fact, it will hav to be shown that they did not hav sufficient discernment to discover the fact; that their opportunity was not sufficient, and that they did not giv enough attention to obtain a clear knowledge of the fact; that they were too much interested for themselvs, their friends, sect, or party to giv true testimony, and that they had no integrity, and did try to deceive and prevaricate. If this cannot be proven, then they are, and should be, entitled to the full credibility of their testimony. It will not do to admit the witnesses credible, but say they were honestly deceived by false perceptions. This would impeach their physical senses without evidence, and introduce the philosophy of Malebranche, who taught that the visible world had no real existence; that the human senses were given to acquaint us with the power of preserving our animal existence, and not to enable us to discover the essence of things. This makes human perception a deception, and would destroy the credibility of all human testimony about any fact.

We here state that supernatural facts demand supernatural proof to our senses, and if there is any other conceivable way to introduce this proof than by miracles, we should like to learn it.

When the miracle of Christ's resurrection was demonstrated to the perceptiv senses of his witnesses by many infallible proofs, after he arose from the grave, he then taught and the witnesses taught that their testimony could establish the fact to "the uttermost part of the earth," without the continuation of miraculous proof. Christ upbraided the eleven with their unbelief and hardness of heart for not believing witnesses who reported his resurrection to them. Those who said, "There is no resurrection of the dead," were told by an apostle that the evidence of the witnesses was sufficient to prove the fact. Read 1 Cor. xv, where the denial is answered. The idea is that if he was seen by Cephus, James, all the apostles, and five hundred at one time, and, last of all, by Paul, after he arose from the grave, and that the testimony had been preached to them, they should believe the fact. In their denial that there is no resurrection of the dead, the idea is that Christ was not raised from the dead; and, if this be true, it made preaching vain, faith vain, and left them still in their sins. Yes, says the apostle, not only so, but "we are found false witnesses, because we hav testified of God that he raised up Christ, whom he raised not up, if so be the dead rise not."

But here, for the present, we let the curtain fall. We hav great confidence in the fact that the Liberal element is for truth on any subject, regardless of consequences, and that there is no dogmatic creed, sect, or party to confine their investigations. We shall ask at their hands a fair and logical investigation of the foregoing thoughts. We hav long since been of the opinion that the Jews and Christian sects hav no foundation or logical method to do justice to the Bible, and it must not be thought by Liberals that we designedly mean any egotism by asking them to do the Bible justice. Science is science, experience is experience, but theology is theology.

W. Baker, M.D.

Eubanks, Ky.

Balance of Trade.

The balance of trade theory is based on the idea that a community of individuals, or nation, is like a merchant who is selling his goods for cash. If the merchant givs out more goods then he receives back value in cash, he is getting poorer, and therefore it was imagined that if a nation sent out less goods and got back more of other goods it was running in debt; for the idea was that it bought the goods for cash, and must owe for them if their value exceeded the value of the exports. But this opinion was founded on ignorance of the ways of commerce. It will be very easily seen if we will just reflect for a moment. Ships are constantly going and coming with goods, and, although one man may sell his cargo for cash and come home with the money, still some other person loads the ship and leaves more or less money where he buys, and the result, so far as the whole trade is concerned, is a mere exchange of commodities, and not a buying and selling for cash. The surplus product of the nation is taken from its ports and traded for the surplus of other countries. Now, the surplus is utterly worthless at home; even when it happens to be a thing so useful as corn, if it can not be sold it is often burnt. We will suppose a cargo of corn to be carried to Liverpool from New York. It was almost worthless here in the Missouri valley—selling for five cents per bushel. Carried to New York, it stands at twenty cents. Now, when carried to Liverpool it stands, we will say, at thirty cents. All this extra price was put on it because of human labor, care, and risk—cost of carrying and handling, of insurance and commissions. At Liverpool it sells for thirty cents, and is there, in the process of trade, exchanged for a knife, which is carried to the port of New York, where it is worth, at wholesale, forty cents (under our tariff its price is raised to about eighty cents, say). Now, here was five cents increased by commerce to forty cents; here the account at the port of New York reads thus:

Exports, twenty cents; imports, forty cents.

In other words, the true balance of trade is in our favor, and it is clearly seen how absurdly false was the old theory, long ago, as Lord Brougham said in 1830, exploded, so that no man who prizes his reputation for intelligence dare affirm it. Even Henry Clay, in a speech on the compromise tariff made in 1832, says, though he had formerly a different opinion, and "was astonished to hear Webster say our imports should exceed our exports if we prosper:" "Yet, on reflection, I see that they must, at least, equal them." Now take the other view. Suppose a cargo of cotton is exported from New York, valued at $100,000; on the way it takes fire and is so badly damaged that it sells for only $25,000, and in exchange for it a cargo of silk worth that sum, and on the return voyage the silk is also damaged, so that when it reaches New York it is worth only $10,000. Now the account reads:

Exports—$100,000.
Imports—$10,000.
Loss—$90,000.

Yet, according to the ancient muddle-brained theory, we made money. According to that we had only to carry our cargo out and toss it into the sea and bring back nothing. We should then hav

Exports—all.
Imports—none.

McCulloch, a most able writer, early saw this humbug, and he declared boldly that a state grew rich exactly in proportion as her imports exceeded her exports; or as she received more and gave less.

Accordingly, what do the facts of commerce show? England used often to hav less imports than exports; but every year since 1848 her imports hav exceeded her exports by from two to eight hundred million dollars, and her wealth has increased in proportion.

Our exports, with our greater population and opportunities, are often not over one-third as much as England's. And our imports, even with sixty per cent put on by tariff, are less than our exports!

As nations make their own money by law, it would be amazing folly in us to trade what cost labor for what is made by the scratch of the legislativ pen. Greenbackers, of course, would be the very last to want to sell value for their ideal money. Strange to say, however, they often do so. HOLT.

Geology and Scripture.

Andrew White in Popular Science Monthly for March.

The most noted among efforts to keep geology well within the letter of scripture is of recent date. In the year 1885 Mr. Gladstone found time, amid all his labors and cares as the greatest Parliamentary leader in England, to take the field in the struggle for the letter of Genesis against geology.*

On the face of it his effort seemed Quixotic, for he confessed at the outset that in science he was "utterly destitute of that kind of knowledge which carries authority," and his argument soon showed that this confession was entirely true.

But he had some other qualities of which much might be expected—great skill in marshaling words, great shrewdness in adapting the meanings of single words to conflicting necessities in discussion, wonderful power in erecting showy structures of argument upon the smallest basis of fact, and a facility almost preternatural in "explaining away" troublesome realities. So striking was his power in this last respect that a humorous London chronicler once stated that a bigamist had been advised, as his only hope, to induce Mr. Gladstone to "explain away" one of his wives.

At the basis of this theologico-geological structure, Mr. Gladstone placed what he found in the text of Genesis: "A grand fourfold division" of animated nature "set forth in an orderly succession of times," and he arranged this order and succession of creation as follows: "First, the water population; secondly, the air population; thirdly, the land population of animals; fourthly, the land population consummated in man."

His next step was to slide in upon this basis the apparently harmless proposition that this division and sequence "is understood to hav been so affirmed in our time by natural science that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact."

Finally, upon these foundations he proceeded to build an argument out of the coincidences thus secured between the record in the Hebrew sacred books and the truths revealed by science as regards this order and sequence, and he easily arrived at the desired conclusion with which he crowned the whole structure, namely, as regards the writer of Genesis, that "his knowledge was divine."

Such was the skeleton of the structure; it was abundantly decorated with the rhetoric in which Mr. Gladstone is so skilful an artificer, and it towered above "the average man" as a structure beautiful and invincible—like some Chinese fortress in the nineteenth century, faced with porcelain and defended with bows and arrows.

But its strength was soon seen to be unreal. A single shot from a leader in the army of science wrecked it. In an essay admirable in its temper, overwhelming in its facts, and absolutely convincing in its argument, Professor Huxley, late president of the Royal Society, and doubtless the most eminent living authority on the scientific questions concerned, took up the matter.

Mr. Gladstone's first proposition, that the sacred writings giv us a great "fourfold division" created "in an orderly succession of times," Professor Huxley did not presume to gainsay.

But, as to Mr. Gladstone's second proposition, that "this great fourfold division . . . created in an orderly succession of times . . . has been so affirmed in our own time by natural science that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact," Professor Huxley showed that, as a matter of fact, no such "fourfold division" and "orderly succession" exist; that, so far from establishing Mr. Gladstone's assumption that the population of water, air, and land followed each other in the order given, "all the evidence we possess goes to prove that they did not;" that the distribution of fossils through the various strata proves that some land animals originated before sea animals; that there has been a mixing of sea, land, and air "population" utterly destructiv to the "great fourfold division" and the creation "in an orderly succession of times;" that so far is the view presented in the sacred text, as stated by Mr. Gladstone, from having been "so affirmed in our own time by natural science, that it may be taken as a demonstrated conclusion and established fact" that Mr. Gladstone's assertion is "directly contradictory to facts known to everyone who is acquainted with the elements of natural science;" that Mr. Gladstone's only geological authority, Cuvier, had died more than fifty years before, when geological science was in its infancy (and he might hav added, when it was necessary to make every possible concession to the church,) and, finally, he challenged Mr. Gladstone to produce any contemporary authority in geological science who would support his so-called scriptural view. And, when in a rejoinder Mr. Gladstone attempted to support his view on the authority of Professor Dana, Professor Huxley had no difficulty in showing from Professor Dana's works that Mr. Gladstone's inference was utterly unfounded.

Both the scientific and theological world remained silent; there was nothing more to be said.

This being the case, Mr. Gladstone's wonderful fabric of coincidences between the "great fourfold division" in Genesis and the facts ascertained by geology fell of themselvs. Professor Huxley's blow had shattered the central proposition—the key-stone of the supporting arch—and the last great fortress of the opponents of unfettered scientific investigation was in ruins.

*See "Order of Creation," Truth Seeker Company. Price 75 cents.

To Robert G. Ingersoll.

From the World.

When thou wert born, the wanton winds sang low,
And Nature smiled upon her newest toy;
She gave to thee the frankness of a boy;
A great warm heart, a soul and brain aglow
With all the nobler passions that do blow
Great thoughts around the world; and then, in joy,
She gave thee Mirth, and said, "Thou shalt destroy
The weeds that in my children's gardens grow."

And what a faithful gardener thou art here,
The roses growing in our gardens tell;
We look for weeds, but look for them in vain.
The rose of Hope grows in the place of Fear—
The rose of Reason in the place of Hell—
In the wondrous gardens of the human brain!

—*John Ernest McCann.*

Striking at Public Schools.

From the New York Times.

The bill recently introduced at Albany by Senator Ives to allow a number of charitable institutions, both Catholic and Protestant, to secure a share of the school moneys of the city of New York is attracting a great deal of attention. It has not yet become known whether or not the Protestant institutions hav asked for it. The friends of the Catholic Protectory (one of the beneficiaries) claim that the Protectory has been giving education as a gratuity, and that proper compensation has been unjustly withheld for years. Therefore the constantly reviving demand for a part of the school moneys. It is asserted that the Protectory is more desirous of having the state committed to the principle of admitting its right to the money than it is for a large appropriation at the present time. Once this is settled, the door will be opened for back appropriations.

In order to show more clearly whether the institution is sectarian or not it will be necessary to make several quotations from recent reports. The report for the year 1886 contains these statements:

> The proficiency of the children in Christian doctrin continues to be the first and most important care of the heads of both the male and the female departments. The religious instructions given . . . hav had the most satisfactory results, as shown by the large number of children acceptably prepared this year to receive the sacrament of confirmation, which was administered to 540 boys and girls at the chapel of the female department by the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan on June 16th last. . . . The urgent necessity of bringing the work of the New York Catholic Protectory nearer completion should make itself more generally felt, and should be more justly appreciated by the large Catholic population of this archdiocese. The supposition that because the Protectory receives, under state laws, a per capita allowance from the city of New York, the institution should need no other support, is entirely fallacious.

The report for 1887 has the following:

> The best care and most patient attention of both the Christian Brothers and of the Sisters of Charity continue to be given to the scholastic training of the children of both sexes under their course of instruction at the Protectory. The complete curriculum in use in the public schools in New York is also followed by our teachers, and with most certainly quite as good a result. . . . The scholastic teaching imparted to the 20,000 children who hav been cared for the last twenty-four years at the New York Catholic Protectory, and by which almost that entire number of subjects hav had the benefits of a good common-school course, and by which many thousand boys and girls hav been sent out on their life journey possessing the boon of proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic, together with the elementary knowledge of the other items of a common-school course, viz., history and geography—these, with a well-grounded understanding and a daily practice of Christian exercises, hav been all conferred on them without the aid of any part of the public funds yearly applied to the expense of instructing the children of this state or city. The managers of the Protectory hav long felt that children of this institution hav not, during all this time, been placed on an equality with the other children of the state as regards the expense of their schooling, and last year the managers made an effort to hav this inequality removed by asking, in their name, for the same annual per capita share of the educational fund as that applied each year to the expense of schooling of those children of the same class dwelling in other institutions which are of exactly the same legal status as the Catholic Protectory. Lack of time for the study of this claim of our children prevented its taking shape of law last year, but the president hopes that the committee of managers charged with the prosecuting of this important and most equitable claim on the legislature will use all diligence in its pursuit, and there can be no doubt that, on a perfect understanding of their claim to a share of the school moneys for the instruction of the children in the Catholic Protectory, it will be cheerfully recognized and provided for by both branches of the legislature and by the executiv of the state government.

Mr. Hoyt, superintendent of the poor in Westchester county, has endeavored to move from the care of the Protectory such poor children of that county as were committed to us, he having in view the finding of places of adoption for these Catholic children out West, through the ministry of the Children's Aid Society. This risk of proselytizing the poor children of Westchester was successfully avoided by the authorities of the Protectory, and the board of supervisors of that county hav since decided to permit all of the Catholic children in our charge to remain in this institution, and that future commitments be continued thereto, leaving it to our care to procure fitting homes for them.

The present bill by Senator Ives is the same old horse under a new blanket. There was a gap in the appropriations after Tweed's overthrow and down to 1877. The last appropriations for the Protectory, $50,000 in each instance, were signed by Governor Robinson in the supply bills of 1877, 1878, and in 1879. In 1880 an item was inserted in the supply bill, but it was finally removed to another bill which was not signed by Governor Cornell. In 1883 the appropriation of $50,000 for the Protectory appeared for the last time. It was in the supply bill, and Governor Cleveland vetoed the item.

The sectarian attacks upon the public schools of New York city began almost with the very year of their opening, 1842, but they were never successful. About the year 1842 assemblymen were nominated on the issue of sectarian appropriations, but the ticket polled less than three thousand votes. When the Tammany ring began to secure the control of the city more determined efforts were made to capture moneys for sectarian schools, and they were every year opposed with success. The board of education was then attacked by the ring. In 1869, when Tweed was a member of the state senate, he introduced a bill for the distribution of the school moneys to any school in which not less than two hundred children were taught gratuitously. The rate allowed was the same as in the public schools, $8 per head. A committee to further the interests of the bill confessed openly that the object was to take Catholic children from the public schools and to instruct them in the parochial schools. Indeed, one clergyman stated in private conversation that he was opposed to the public school system as then in existence. He further said that if the money could be distributed in the manner called for by the bill, thirty per cent of the children in the public schools would go to the parochial schools, because they were Catholics; that another thirty per cent of Protestants would leave them in order to attend their own church schools, which would be helped by a division of the moneys, and that, as to the remaining forty per cent, it would gradually learn that the public schools could not be sustained. It was conceded by the speaker that, if the bill passed, more than half of the school buildings would be idle, and that the whole of the system of public schools would in the end be destroyed. The bill was referred to the committee on education and not to the committee on charitable and religious institutions, but in spite of this reference the bill was defeated.

Then came a bill which legislated the board of education out of office and authorized the mayor, A. Oakey Hall, to appoint twelve school commissioners. The bill became a law, and a section provided for the tax levy of the city of New York so that an amount equal to twenty per cent of the excise moneys received in 1868 should be distributed by some one to be named by the new school commissioners. Of the twelve commissioners, nine held positions under the Tweed ring. The chairman was Bernard Smyth, and the clerk was William Hitchman. Both of these gentlemen were Catholics, as was also the commissioner who was appointed to distribute the fund, which proved to be $200,000. The first result was that the parochial schools increased, to the great injury of the public schools. For the eight years previous to 1869, the average annual increase in the attendance at the public schools had been about 5,000. The year ending December 31, 1870, showed a decrease of 4,000.

As soon as the facts were realized by the friends of the public schools they combined to strike out the twenty per cent clause and to abolish Mayor Hall's commissioners. A new bill was framed, providing that the board of apportionment should fix the amount that should be expended by the board of education. The board itself was again constituted very much as it had been before the Tweed bill passed. This reform bill became a law during Mayor Havemeyer's term—in April, 1873. He appointed the twenty-one members of the board, which met for the first time in June, 1873. The results of the two systems became apparent within a very few years. During the four years ending with December 31, 1872, there was, under the Tweed law, a falling off in the attendance at the public schools of over 4,000 pupils. There should hav been a gain of over 20,000 during that time. The net loss, therefore, to the public school system was about 24,000. As soon as the law of 1873 began to take effect, a marked increase was shown. This increase grew larger by a kind of arithmetical progression, so that by January, 1880, there were 30,000 more pupils in the public schools than there were seven years before, at the time when the Tweed law ceased to be operativ.

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Nonsense About Sunday.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in his paper on "The Coming Civilization," wrote: "The workingmen of the future will most emphatically protest against medieval methods of government interference with legitimate rewards of industry; as, for instance, by the suppression of public recreation on the only day when about ninety-nine per cent of our laborers find their only chance of leisure." In the *North American Review* for March W. B. Steel takes up the cudgel for the Sabbatarians, and writes a great deal of nonsense. Holding up the example of Germany and France, in which countries he alleges that the secularization of Sunday has forced the workingmen and clerks to labor seven days each week, he says, "Surely in those countries is realized Dr. Oswald's ideal of the workingman's Sunday," and then asks:

"Now, does the American workman propose to follow the example of his French and German brother? It will be a sad day for himself and his country when he does so. Already is there a strong tendency here toward the secularization of the Sunday. Many of our railroad companies run their freight and passenger trains on Sunday, and if their employees refuse to work they are promptly discharged. Other corporations, and even private individuals, are following in the wake of the railroad companies. Nothing would please avaricious capital and grasping monopoly better than to see a complete secularization of the Sunday in the United States, and nothing would tend more toward the degradation and demoralization of our working classes, and through them of the whole country."

We hav heard this cry until its echoes are becoming tiresome. The statement is not true as to what Secularists, like Professor Oswald, require; it is not true as to Germany, nor as to France, and it is decidedly erroneous as to this country. Secularists desire as earnestly as the Christians, and much more honestly than they, to hav one day in seven on which the laborer can rest and amuse himself—that is, one day in each week which belongs to the individual, which he is not bound to giv to his employer, and which his employer cannot require from him. They desire the day to belong absolutely and wholly to the individual, to rest or play, to sing or pray, upon, as his inclination may lead him. Christians, on the other hand, demand the observance of the day because it is their holy day, their fetich, their St. Andrew's day, upon which they collect their tithes, or as nearly the tenth portion of a man's income as they can squeeze from his reluctant pocket. They demand its observance for their own uses, knowing that if the people hav the legal opportunity they will forsake the churches on Sunday, and that means also on other days, and the final result will be the destruction of Christianity and its power. That is why the Protestant churches are such strenuous upholders of the Sunday laws, and that is the reason why they will lie about plain matters of fact. The Catholic church, having a stronger grip upon its followers, has never been afraid to let the people enjoy themselvs on Sundays—after going to church!

Germany is a Protestant nation, with Infidelity in the colleges, and the spirit of Secularism developed in the cities. But the mass of Germans belong to one or the other of the wings of the Christian church, and any abuse of the laborers is not due to Secularism, but to Christian greed. In France the secularization of Sunday is improved by the people for secular enjoyment. Except the Catholics, they do not go to church, and that is the reason for the cry against Sunday as a secular holiday. The business of Paris on Sundays is largely done by the proprietors of small shops, catering to the usual trade of a holiday, and surely they may work when they choose without doing the laborers an injury. Of the Sunday trade of Berlin and other German cities the same statement may be truthfully made.

In this country many manufacturing and railroad interests require constant labor by some one; to provide amusements for the great mass of people many must work on Sunday. But it is almost, if not quite, an invariable rule that those who are on duty on Sunday shall hav a day off during the week. One-seventh of their time they hav to themselvs. Constant Sunday labor on railroads and by other corporations, instead of compelling men to work more constantly, simply givs employment to more people, and is therefore a blessing and not an abuse. The men who work on Sundays in this country are glad of the opportunity to do it.

The question with the Sabbatarians is not one of interest in the workingman at all, else they would pay more attention to facts. The question with them is whether they shall be allowed to control the leisure moments of the people; to force them to observe the day on which Christians hold their prayer-meetings, and to forbid all secular enjoyment that the churches may reap the benefit. Sunday is the round up day of the pious, the churches are their corrals, and the Sunday laws are useful in driving in the herds. Without the laws the preachers are as helpless as a cowboy afoot. Sunday laws are the expression of Christian despotism, evidences of its determination to rule the state, and at the same time a confession of weakness.

When the people possess the legitimate reward of industry in the opportunity to enjoy public recreation on the only day open to ninety-nine per cent of them, they will forsake the churches, and the preachers must earn an honest living. Hence the great interest the preachers manifest in the welfare of the mechanic.

A Peculiar Strike.

Mr. A. Tomlinson, of Carroll, Iowa, calls our attention to a strike now in progress at Des Moines, favorably affecting the religious welfare of the legislature and the pockets of the taxpayers of the state. It is nothing more nor less than a strike of the preachers of Des Moines against the "scab" labor of unorthodox divines, such as Unitarians, and fellows of that kind, who do not belong to the union.

The laws of Iowa provide for chaplains only for the penitentiaries and the militia, but it has long been the custom for the senate and legislature, as it is in other states, to invite preachers to open legislativ sessions daily with prayer, and to recompense them with a five-dollar bill. The expense for prayer for a term of the legislature has usually been about eight hundred dollars. This has been voted without shadow of legal warrant, and has been simply a steal for the benefit of the clergy. The ministers selected by the legislators hav been invariably of the evangelical sort, and the invasion of their prerogativ a few years ago by a "scab" preacher, Unitarian or Universalist, led the ministers of Des Moines to form the "Des Moines Ministerial Association," since which time they hav successfully monopolized the legislativ ear and plucked the plums from the state treasury. "Scab" preachers had no chance against this union.

During the present session, however, some legislators, with more love for fair play than religion, passed a resolution whereby to all preachers, scab and union, Catholics and Mormons, is extended the right to do what Mr. Tomlinson irreverently calls "the devotional act," by turns with the union members. This "ratting" of the legislature, as the printers say, did not meet with the approbation of the union, and the preachers were promptly ordered out. No member of the union is allowed to pray for a member of the legislature for any sum, and the employment of scab labor is resisted in all ways known to trades-unions. The legislature is under a boycott, and the members can all go to sheol for anything the union divines will do to prevent.

For many days, now, the spectacle of a divinely boycotted body of lawmakers has been before the people of Iowa. Not a single prayer has ascended from either senate or representativ chamber. The Lord is kept totally ignorant even of the existence of that body, and he has not been once instructed as to what he should do to merit the approbation of a legislativ chaplain, or on which side he should vote in pending legislation. The members hav been left to depend upon themselvs, and the supporting hand of Divine Providence wholly withdrawn.

The result, however, has been unexpected to the union preachers. The members are all alive, in good health, and the legislature has never been so harmonious, so free from jobbery, and the saving of the preachers' fees is an economy for which the taxpayers will giv them thanks. And when, too, they remember that there is no law providing for this payment, the tranquility given the members' consciences by the knowledge that they are not stealing from the state treasury will probably balance any fear they may hav entertained of displeasing the Lord by snubbing his self-elected agents.

It is a peculiar boycott—this of the preachers of Des Moines, and one which law-abiding citizens will approve. Moreover, it is unique in this, that Christians are not wont to allow any scruples of conscience to interfere with their peculations from public funds. In this state the evangelicals and the Catholics work harmoniously together in their burglarious operations, never stopping to ask if one is a member of the union or is a "scab" or "rat." All labor, so it opens to them the city, county, and state treasuries, is welcome. In our senate at Albany, it is true, the clergy fought over the chaplaincy, but the fight was personal and Prohibitional, not doctrinal.

We trust that both sides in this Iowa fight will stand firm. We would rather see every member of the Iowa legislature in sheol than to know he had helped to steal eight hundred dollars a session of the people's money; and we would rather a preacher never again stepped into the state house than hav his soul burdened with the sinful guilt of having received stolen money. We are fully in sympathy with the legislators in this case, and can heartily say Amen to the preachers. We applaud the sentiment of Mr. Tomlinson, "that there is no more sense in having the daily sessions of the Iowa state senate and house of representativs opened with prayer to God, even if there is a God, than there would be in the use of such a ceremony in opening the sessions of the courts of justice, or those of the boards of supervisors of the various counties; and it is to be hoped that we may be delivered from this abuse for the future."

Stand firm, legislators!
Stand firm, preachers!

Against Deathbed Robbery.

The Court of Appeals of this state has decided that a trust fund left to be expended for masses for the repose of a man's soul is not a valid bequest, the consideration for the cash being altogether too problematical. The case is briefly this: When Thomas Gunning, a resident of Brooklyn, shuffled off this mortal coil, he left a will by which he bequeathed about $20,000 to various relativs. The residue of his estate was left in trust, to be devoted to the purchase of masses for the soul of the testator, the souls of his relations, and the souls of all other persons in purgatory. One of the beneficiaries, residing in Brooklyn, brought an action in the Supreme Court to set aside the will on the ground that the trust for masses was invalid. The trustee interposed a demurrer, but Judge Pratt overruled it, and held that the plaintiff's cause of action was good. The general term of the Supreme Court reversed Judge Pratt's decision and sustained the demurrer, the court, in its opinion, holding that the trust was valid, and that a person could devote his estate to the purchase of masses for either himself or others. The Court of Appeals now reverses the decision of the general term, and sustains Judge Pratt.

This decision cuts off a source of considerable income to the Roman Catholic church, and forces the priests to get their "soul-scat" in advance of the death of the victim. It is a decision in the interests of deathbed decency.

Some Changes Transpiring.

When Dr. Parker, of London, who is a reverend for revenue only, was in this city, he told a friend that while he believed the Bible teaches a posthumous retribution, he did not think there was a single Congregational preacher in England who taught the doctrin of a conscious eternal suffering of the wicked. The Baptist Spurgeon, however, clings to the doctrin, but it is significant that he has had to expel a number of his Sunday-school teachers because they refused to instruct the children to believe in this horrible and infamous dogma.

In New England, as everybody knows, the doctrin of hell has been largely eliminated from the teaching of the Congregationalists, though not from their creed, and the "new theology"—which was invented practically to meet this changed condition of affairs—is rapidly replacing the old puritanism which sent everybody but the Presbyterians to hell. This new theology, which was at first but a path to heaven for the barbarian heathen, is fast becoming a broad highway for the civilized heathen who reject the cruel beliefs of their fathers. It is changing the religion of New England, and will end in making that section of the country a Unitarian, if not Universalist, stronghold.

In New York, indifferentism is the prevailing spirit in religion. In rural places in the state Christianity of various kinds still obtains, and the doctrin of hell for the wicked neighbor finds many advocates. In the cities, however, religion is not much considered. A very small proportion of the population attend church, and the great mass of worldly folks laugh, when they do not sneer, at the zealous Christian who diets weekly on brimstone and sees forks of sulphureous flames playing around the unregenerate. With these indifferentists "hell is now a grand old humbug," and heaven is but a shadowy realm which they hope to reach, but about which they possess the vaguest possible ideas. The farther west from Plymouth Rock one goes, the more heresy one finds; the more distinct and emphatic renunciation of old creeds, particularly the dogma of hell; and a religion broadening out till it becomes but a phantom, a shade, of the old Christianity, a belief without substance or power, an intellectual recreation, and the frail but sufficient bond to maintain churches simply as social organizations. This expansion and weakening is due to the loss of the central force of Christianity—the fear of hell, which has been in Christianity's career the hangman's whip to drive sinners to repentant knees.

This loss has been occasioned by the natural growth of men's minds, the infamous cruelty of the dogma itself, and its revolting results, as portrayed by theologians like Edwards, Ambrose, and others. The public expression of, and rejoicing at, the loss was made easy for the public by the labors of Colonel Ingersoll. It requires much less mental exertion for the average man to say, "I agree with Ingersoll," than to giv his reasons why he did not believe in hell. The greatest oratorical genius of this or any other century has been directed with irresistible force against this dogma of conscious endless suffering, the people were ready for the reform, and the fact is that in the hearts of the good, the gentle, the benevolent—the civilized—the fear of hell is extinct. It is owing to this fact, moreover, that the new theology is spreading in New England, and the eschatological absurdity of Andover finds so many supporters.

This is a great change to take place in the beliefs of a people in but little more than a decade. Reformations of this character are not usually brought about in the lifetime of a single man, though Voltaire lived to see the effect of his herculean work upon the mental status of France. Along with the dogma of hell has gone, too, a half-score or so other equally absurd though less cruel beliefs, which are in reality the pith and marrow of the Christian theological system. The denunciation by Beecher of the vicarious atonement scheme found response in thousands of minds. The dogma of the fall of man, and the responsibility of the present generation for the mythical Adam's beneficent sin, is now scouted as unworthy the thought of intelligence. Lutheranism and Calvinism, to say nothing of the present Christian church, hav scarcely one important dogma left which the great broad world accepts—we may say, in fact, not one. That is a great and hopeful revolution for less than a quarter of a century to accomplish, for when the intellect of the world leaves off spending its force on speculativ superstitions, the probability of the material improvement of the race is very greatly enhanced. If as much thought had been given to the accomplishment of justice on earth as to the evasion of a mythical hell, the squalor and wretchedness now among us might ere this hav been relieved.

Abram Bronson.

Abram Bronson, of San Diego, Cal., died in the early days of last month, at the age of eighty. The first part of his life was spent in Connecticut, where he was born. He removed to California in 1854. He was by profession a physician.

Mr. Bronson was a man of great individuality and force. He believed in liberty. In the antislavery days he was an apostle of freedom, and shared with other heroes the contumely and scorn of the Christian world. Like most of the survivors of that warfare, he became an Infidel. His attacks upon the church, upon secret societies, upon monopolies, and upon governmental oppressions were strong and rancorous. But he had a tender heart, and his efforts to relieve his neighborhood of mistakes and misery were not altogether on paper. Those who knew him say he was good and generous.

The funeral was Secular, as became the dead. H. L. Shaug, of Del Mar, a Freethinker, paid the last tribute to the deceased, and told his virtues to the world. Dr. Bronson's will leaves about $22 000 to build a hall in San Diego, dedicated to liberty, and to be called Freeman's Hall. It is to be managed by trustees.

Editorial Notes.

J. E. REMSBURG was obliged to leave Texas before his work was finished. He made a determined effort to fill his engagements, delivering thirty lectures in three weeks, the last eight with a broken jaw. He finally lost his power of speech, which compelled him to leave the field. He is regaining his health, and will make a tour East this spring.

IN THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 11th we printed a very good article on Evolution, taken from the *Home Journal*. The credit for the article should hav been given to the *Cornhill Magazine*. Another remarkably clear exposition of the evolution theory—we may almost say science—is Robert C. Adams's "Summary of Evidence," a lecture delivered before the Montreal Pioneer Freethought Club some time ago, and of which a new edition is out, with price reduced to fifteen cents.

IN a work on Socialism published in Lovell's Library in 1884 is given a list of Socialistic and semi-Socialistic papers, in the latter of which we find THE TRUTH SEEKER. We should like to know the authors' reasons for thus classifying us. If it is because we print communications upon both sides of economic questions, why should we not be judged the other way as well as this way? If the classification is justified by anything that has appeared on the editorial pages—the only pages which reflect accurately the Editor's opinions—we should like to hav it pointed out.

PRINTED in large type and red ink on the cover of the *North American Review* for March is this announcement:

"The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., will contribute to an early number of the *Review* an article on the religious opinions of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll."

When this occurs, and the heavens remain as they are, we suspect that possibly Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll will contribute an article on the religious opinions of the Right Honorable William Evart Gladstone, member of Parliament, and ex-premier of England. And the first shall be last and the last first, in this discussion, to the end that the scriptures might be fulfilled, which was spoken. Mr. Gladstone is probably the ablest Christian controversialist living, and certainly Colonel Ingersoll is the ablest Infidel on top of the ground. Mr. Gladstone's article will be worth reading—and so will Colonel Ingersoll's.

AN Agnostic broker residing in Brooklyn last week wrote sarcastically to the *Sun* proposing that the Protestant churches should conform to the "spirit of the age" and organize a Religious Trust for the purpose of doing away with sectarian competition. The broker would hav the churches pool their issues so that religion might be furnished in a quantity determined by the directors of a trust, and of a quality in the greatest demand. His plan is to fix the number of churches on a basis of population, and leave to the people of each church district the decision of the question by a majority vote whether it should be a Baptist, an Episcopal, a Methodist, a Presbyterian, or some other kind of church. In carrying out this plan, the directors of the trust would, of course, shut up churches when they were too numerous for the population, under the basis established, and inferentially would regulate the supply of preachers, if not their compensation, the salary paid to a minister being according to the size of his congregation, or so much per head of his converts. This is a great scheme, but one which the daily paper printing it finds impracticable for the reason that the fanaticism of religion unfits its possessors for harmonious work. And for the same reason the *Sun* condemns, as useless, the plan proposed by the Evangelical Alliance in Brooklyn which contemplates the division of the community into districts and the sending out of a supervisor and twelve visitors to every hundred church-members to drum up attendance upon the evangelical churches, so called, without regard to sect, somewhat as children are driven into the schools by the board of education's truancy agents. People of such divergent views as the Christians, insinuates the *Sun*, can never be induced to forego their particular hobbies and labor for the numerical or spiritual benefit of their religious rivals. If this be so, and we cannot gainsay it, it furnishes a good reason for an unconverted person to stay out of all churches till they harmonize their essential doctrins and furnish some safe and sure plan of salvation. Supposing a man should join the wrong church!

ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, of this town, is a rich, penurious, and pious old gentleman. He livs on Fifth avenue, owns some stock in the Fifth Avenue Stage Company, and has religious scruples against the stages running on Sunday. Last week he sought a legal injunction restraining them, and put in a batch of affidavits, setting forth that Fifth avenue is a street of churches and homes, whose quiet is disturbed by the rumble of the heavy vehicles; that the stages do not pay; and that to break the Sabbath is a sacrilege anyway. He forgot to say that other avenues shelter more families than does Fifth avenue; that they hav as good a right to undisturbed quiet as the rich Christians of Fifth avenue; that the private carriages on that avenue make as much noise as the stages, and that no fussy old survivals of Puritanic times hav any more rights than anybody else. But the stage-line managers said it in substance for him, and he has not yet obtained his injunction.

A NEWSPAPER published at Rogers City, Mich., calls upon the trustees of the Rogers school of that place to remove the teacher because he told the children that there is no hell. The teacher, it appears, is an Infidel, and the paper calls this teaching Infidelity, and says "the laws of the land, the school laws of the state, and public opinion will warrant, authorize, and say godspeed" to the trustees in removing the obnoxious instructor. Well! well! It does make a difference to these Christians whose ox is gored! The teacher might hav scared the life out of the children with his pictures of a burning hell, and there would hav been no criticism by the church folks; but let him make the minds of the children easy by assuring them that such bugaboos are but fiction, and the laws of the country are at once violated! If we supposed we could reach the understanding of the raving editor of the Presque Isle *Advance*, we would remind him that what is sauce for the goose is also a good dietetic preparation for her mate, and the way to settle this question is not, as he desires, by teaching Christianity in the school, but by teaching nothing that the teacher doesn't know While this will remove all religious instruction, it will also leave the children's minds free for common sense to work upon.

THE following is a fragment of a discussion between two journalists which took place in the editorial rooms of one of New York's "great" daily papers:

Mr. O.: Why, nearly all the greatest and most learned men that ever lived were Christians.

Mr. F.: Were they? Name one of them.

Mr. O.: Well, there's Washington.

Mr. F.: Washington, eh? Why, he wasn't a learned man. What works did he ever produce with his pen? None at all. He simply obtained a high rank which was thrust upon him by chance. As for him being a Christian, I deny it. He was a slaveholder—a dealer in human flesh—which is now held as a violation of the doctrins of the church. Consequently he was not a Christian, that is, he was not a Christian inwardly. For Beecher once said: "He is not a Christian who is one outwardly, but he is a Christian who is one inwardly." What is true of Christianity is also true of Americanism. He is, therefore, not an American who is one outwardly, but he is an American who is one inwardly. So you see that Washington was not a Christian nor a true American either. For, is not slavery against the principles of Americanism?

Mr. O.: But he professed to be a Christian.

Mr. F.: Well, to propose, and to be, are two different things. You admit, then, that he was not a Christian?

Mr. O.: No, I claim that he was a Christian, but not a perfect one.

Mr. F.: Very well, that will do for Washington. Now name another. But name a perfect one, not a slaveholder.

Mr. O.: What's the matter with Lincoln?

Mr. F.: Why, Lincoln was an Infidel.

Mr. O.: But I say he was not.

Mr. F.: I say he was. So were all the other great antislavery agitators. William Lloyd Garrison, Gerritt Smith, Wendell Phillips, Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, Elizur Wright, Stephen Foster, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Lucretia Mott, all were Infidels.

Mr. O.: Where do you leave Beecher, Channing, and Parker?

Mr. F.: They were men who were denounced by the church a thousand times as being Infidels and heretics. I see it is very difficult for you to giv me the names of great men who were Christians. Let me name you some great men who were Infidels: Humboldt, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Kant, Spinoza, Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, Tyndall, Paine, Sumner, Jefferson, Hume, Servetus, Bruno——

Mr. O. (furiously): Who's Bruno? I know a dog uptown by the name of Bruno!

Mr. F.: You've never studied history, hav you? Who's Tom Paine?

Mr. O.: He's the song-writer that wrote "Home, sweet Home," isn't it?

Mr. F.: You had better study the history of the United States and find out.

After reading the foregoing Freethinkers will not be surprised at the next ridiculous essay on Infidelity and Christianity which appears in some "great" and popular journal.

Letters from Friends.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Jan. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Something that is amusing is the impudence of those claiming to be the real estate agents for heaven. Of course, everyone knows that no heaven or earth can exist without some kind of real estate in it, but no one but a fool is made to believe that a minister of a church is lawfully authorized by some one to dispose of that real estate in heaven, and that for the low price of keeping the Sabbath day and Bible holy. We should no longer permit a minister of a church under such a pretext to act and to be recognized as a man of God, a man of truth, or a person of much benefit to himself or others. He is bold enough to condemn all that is done on Sunday except preaching for a salary per annum; it is a glaring sin for other professional men to follow the example placed before them by the pastor.

AUGUST BUESING.

MONTROSE, IA., Jan. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: My subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER expired on the first of this month, and as I am getting along in years, and not blessed with the amount of this world's goods God intended me to hav, and all my praying to him not answered, I had about made up my mind to let THE TRUTH SEEKER go by. But after taking a review of the past—the length of time I hav been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER (commencing with Vol. I), the benefit derived therefrom, and the satisfaction I hav received—I said to myself, Here goes for another year. I hav been traveling the road I am now on for over forty years, and hav no disposition to leave it and cross over to the narrow path that leads through a sandy desert where they breathe the air of superstition, on either side inhabited by ghosts and devils, and "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," overhead. My Christian friends think those pictures are horrible. How can they expect anything else, when they represent horrible characters, deeds, and actions? The pictures are all right. A. CRANDALL.

ABILENE, KAN., Jan. 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Some time ago I inclosed $5 for books; and now I inclose $5.75 for two years' subscription to the truthful old TRUTH SEEKER, and one dozen of John Peck's (bushel it ought to be) "Miracles and Miracle-Workers," in pamphlet form.

I would also state that I am doing quite a missionary work in a quiet and effectiv way among those that hav been born and raised in religious superstition, the same as myself before I investigated the Bible and Christianity carefully for myself. And I am very thankful indeed, to the Truth Seeker Company and Liberal lecturers, that I got my intellectual eyes opened, and that I now can see clearly the folly of the Bible and Christianity.

I send my best regards and wishes to Heston for cartoons in THE TRUTH SEEKER, as they are good object-lessons, although the hypocrits say it hurts their feelings to look at them.

The Christian bigots tried hard last fall to defeat me—a poor, one-armed young man—in getting a school, but they did not succeed. As I am the only outspoken Infidel in the community, they tell me that if I do not stop expressing my honest opinion about the Bible and hypocrits, I will stand no chance whatever hereafter in getting a school.

J. BEETON WISE.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Feb. 20, 1888.

DEAR FRIENDS: I want to help raise funds for *Lucifer's* defense. I cannot collect any here, as there is not a Freethinker for miles around, so I pen a note to all Liberals, asking them to contribute to my ten-cent list. All ordering books of me, or sending letters of any kind, will please inclose ten cents for the defense fund. I commenced a roll of honor three weeks ago, and see but one name to it yet. This looks disheartening.

I now come where I hav never yet come in vain—to THE TRUTH SEEKER readers and friends. I want your names as standard-bearers of the flag of freedom, as well as the ten cents. Those who can will please collect ten cents of Liberals living near them, and send in registered letter.

To all who order of me "The Infidel School-teacher," "John's Way," "The Darwins," or "Little Lessons," before April 1st, will be credited ten cents on the defense fund (with name or not, as they see fit).

Please do not think I hav given nothing myself. I hav sent $5 in money to Dr. Foote, and given the Echoes Publishing Company all the copies of "The Infidel School-teacher" they can sell between now and the trial. I never appeal to others till I hav done my own level best.

I shall look for responses at once. I trust I'll not be disappointed, as the sums asked are so small, but "many littles make a mickle." ELMINA D. SLENKER.

SEWARD, NEB., Feb. 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps a few lines from this distant part of the vineyard may be of interest to you. There are here in this town and vicinity quite a number who do their own thinking and reasoning on the various theological questions of the day. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Feb. 15th and 16th, we were favored with lectures by Mrs. Mattie A. Freeman, of Chicago; the first lecture treating of "Orthodox Problems," and the second of "His Satanic Majesty." Mrs. Freeman handles her subject very forcibly and logically. She is an able speaker, and all who listened to her were impressed with her graceful manners and candid, earnest eloquence. Mrs. Freeman was greeted by a large audience on her first appearance, and with a packed house on the second evening. She is certainly deserving of the high encomiums that hav been bestowed upon her as a Liberal lecturer. Her lectures stirred up the reverends to no small degree. One of the most prominent, at the close of the last lecture, jumped upon a seat and announced that he would reply to Mrs. Freeman on the next Sunday evening. Although he was favored with a full house, and spoke for two and a half hours, he did not "get there." Failing to meet the arguments presented by Mrs. Freeman, he uncorked the demijohn of clerical vituperation, and poured the bitter gall of the wrath to come on all Liberals, from Voltaire and Paine down to the people of Seward town. In his oratorical flight he certainly let the tail feathers of his argument drag very low in the mud. We hope sincerely that the future may again send Mrs. Freeman to us. H. H. BOYES.

OTTUMWA, IA., Feb. 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Having for a long time been a patron and warm admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER and the doctrins it so ably and zealously advocates, I take the liberty of dropping you a line as to my whereabouts. I hav temporarily left my home in Bradford, Penn., and am now sojourning in Ottumwa, Ia., where I hav the contract for sinking an artesian well for an association of citizens.

Fortunately, I find in this lively Western city very many congenial spirits, thinkers, who take no stock in atonements or bloody sacrifices whereby some think to shuffle off on innocent parties the results of their own misdeeds.

But pardon me—what I set out to write to you about was this: Last Sunday Mrs. Freeman, a winsome and brainy little lady, hailing from Chicago, gave the Liberals of this city two lectures. Her subjects were, "Orthodox Problems" and "His Satanic Majesty."

We learn that Mrs. Freeman is very nearly a beginner in the lecture field. If such is the case, she is one of the liveliest and most promising beginners we ever heard. Her lecture was a most elegant entertainment. She is a ready and fluent talker, pertinent, precise, and forcible in the use of language, and has evidently thoroughly posted herself on the subjects on which she expatiates. P. F. KEARNS.

SATSOP, WASH. TERR., Jan. 31, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I came to this place two years ago a Christian, believing every word of the Bible to be true, but having the good fortune to marry a Liberal for my second husband, and living between two Bible Christian families and reading THE TRUTH SEEKER and Ingersoll's lectures, I can for a truth say I go away a free woman; and truly wish that I could say that my two nearest neighboring women had good, true Infidel husbands, such as Ingersoll, that believe that women hav the same rights that men hav. I hav tried to impress on their minds that reading will do more toward their freedom than praying or mourning.

There was one of our Liberal agents this way canvassing for Liberal books, and he happened to stop at one of my near neighbors', and left one of the little pamphlets to show his good-will; and when the old man found, to his horror, it was an Infidel book, he jumped four ways at once, and as he owed me $1.50, borrowed money, I offered him that for the book, but he did not think Infidel books were legal tender for borrowed money—would rather die owing me than cheat me that way. This is the kind of religion they hav here.

Mr. Heston's illustration of Moses and his club was splendid, and we saw it plainly illustrated in our vicinity last week—one of the most low-down acts on record.

There are only a few outspoken Infidels in our vicinity. There would be more, but they are afraid of their Christian friends. I sometimes wish I conld be their all-wise God for a few days. I would relieve some of my own sex of some of their troubles; at least, force their husbands to love and protect instead of hate and abuse, and force the fathers to giv to their daughters liberty, especially on holidays, and not keep them at home and cause them to curse their parents.

MRS. G. T. MCLAIN.

LEXINGTON, KY., Jan. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I was much charmed by Colonel Ingersoll's late replies to the interviewer. How delightful are the words of men who speak for truth, and not for effect!

We know the fate of the Girondists, because they were too slow for the ardent haste of progressionists. Now hope deferred will create here a swifter party, whose utterances will giv birth to a new idea of freedom. The word "Benevolence" will be inscribed upon their banner. Millions will assemble under this; well-devised plans will lead them to the polls. How quickly the scale will turn! Then where will be the swinish monopolist? Great enthusiasm and an overwhelming vote will be all that can save this country.

Strength and virtue go together. In what place hav men a burning love for freedom? In palaces, surrounded by luxury and splendor? In the home of the sycophant, whose every word is uttered to please a sensual tyrant? No. The man who takes his life in his hand and vows never to sleep peacefully again until the human race are redeemed, he is worthy to be called a patriot. Even Hamilton did not understand the principles of a free government.

I just heard a clergyman remark that Thomas Jefferson was appointed by the Lord to perform a great work, but, not being fit to go to heaven, was left to perish in his sins. He seemed to think that our business in this world was to save our souls. But Leonidas and Washington only remarked, "How sweet for my country to die!" In the power of a tyrant, a hero exclaimed, "Strike, but hear me!" Here was no reference to a future state, no selfishness. Some persons direct human beings to act out nature to the full, that the organization may be perfected. This course would produce superb animals, but there is a more sublime method of salvation. Giv a man—a true man—a difficult task to perform; you know the result. The men who forget themselvs for the sake of the world constitute an aristocracy which is raising our race to a higher level. The individual intellect is lost, and something more godlike grows out of it. Men who generalize habitually are never superstitious, selfish, vulgar, or vain. The soul's health is its salvation; the saved soul is benevolent, just, and pure. Such a soul givs beauty and strength to the body.

I promised a Christian—the only one I hav any faith in—to review John Knox. The reform of the said Knox resembled that of a wild beast in a china store. It was without anything of a refined disintegration. He was secretly the pet tiger of a queen who hated foreign meddlers. ALHAZA.

ATOKEE, C. N., IND. TERR., Jan. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find postal note, for which please to send one ANNUAL, one "Christian Absurdities," and for the balance you may send anything that is good. In order that you may more thoroughly understand my condition, I will try and giv you an outline of the affairs of this place. Atokee is a place of about four hundred inhabitants, the Indians and whites forming about one-half, the balance black—rather mixed. Now the Indians and whites hav joss-houses as follows: one Methodist, one Baptist, one Presbyterian, one Catholic; the negroes, one Methodist and one Baptist. To cap the climax, the white Methodist Episcopals are having what they call a conference, which adds to the permanent ones eighteen or twenty more preachers, and they hav been here a week and, I think, are going to stay a week more. All chickens that hav not been eaten hav left or hid away, and the widow and fatherless hav a male protector in the house, as well as a spiritual adviser. And right here comes to my mind a thought. In traveling about, I hav occasion to change boarding-places, and finding a nice place recommended I apply for board and lodging, and very often I get this answer: "I would like very much to board you, but, as you see, it's impossible to giv you a bed, as I am a widow, and it won't do, as the people will talk." And along comes a thick-necked Methodist preacher and makes her house his home, and no one thinks anything of it. You will understand I don't wish to infer anything, but I cannot help thinking, for these chaps are so bold. You talk about a powwow! We hav got here now solid, double-distilled superstition and blood of the lamb to such an extent that I want you to send an antidote just as soon as you can. I hav tried to get you several subscribers, as there are several that borrow my paper, but as yet I hav not succeeded; but perhaps when I go away and they cannot borrow, they will send on. Respectfully, I. A. VAIL.

NEW CASTLE, WASH. TERR., Jan. 26, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been receiving and reading THE TRUTH SEEKER carefully for more than four months, and I can say that I am more than pleased with its contents. Watson Heston's illustrated chapters of orthodoxy are immense. I cannot express my appreciation of all the splendid writers and contributors who do their best through your valuable paper to uproot ignorance, bigotry, and superstition. I am fully convinced that ignorance is the cradle, the foundation, of superstition, and Freethought its most determined opponent. Scientists shall and will be the instructors of future generations. Parsons must cease to inoculate their obnoxious theological ideas into the brains of our learning and growing generations. Liberals, let us work to that effect with heart, hand, and—pocketbook.

Let us guard our public schools, that grand secular national institution, established for the purpose of making intelligent citizens. All religious sects, Roman Catholicism foremost, are strenuously working to undermine our public school system. Their encroachment is alarmingly successful, and ought to attract the attention of all liberty-loving citizens of this country. Catholics establish parochial schools, taking pupils away from public schools, and through deceit receive appropriations of public money intended and collected through equal taxation for the sustenance of public schools, thereby making the public support sectarian schools. Catholic rascality in Melrose, and Stearns county, Minnesota, as reported in THE TRUTH SEEKER some time ago, is a warning example to those Liberals who imagin that there are no dangers ahead. Protestants want to hav the Bible read in public schools. A persistent and threatening attempt is being made by Prohibition and religious fanatics to put God and the Bible into the Constitution of the United States. What will be next?

TRUTH SEEKER, keep us posted. I am for the emancipation of mental slavery and secular public schools.

Yours respectfully, RICHARD ROESIGER.

OPHIR, CAL., Jan. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I read a letter in the first column of "Letters from Friends" in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 7, 1888, written by M. H. Sheppard, M.D., on female suffrage. His ideas are similar to those of myself, and a great many of my acquaintances also. I do not approve of female suffrage at present. I am not a woman-hater in the least. I prize them above all else. I am a married man with a Freethought wife, and we hav two bright and promising little daughters, and consequently happiness is our lot. I do not think that the female portion of the inhabitants of the United States are far enough advanced in the education peculiar to a Secular government and its principles to sustain the position of citizens and to do this country, themselvs, and their fellow-humans justice at present. There is too much religious tomfoolery and bigoted nonsense contained in the majority of women. They hav been slaves to religion too long to giv them their liberty at once; their minds are not far enough developed to appreciate or know how to use it. They must be educated and learned what liberty, freedom, means first, before they will know how to use or appreciate it. The Catholic portion of them are curbed down as slaves to their church by the priests, and are not allowed to read any literature of a Freethought or scientific nature whatsoever, and they dare not go to reason or they will surely be left, or even do their own thinking. A priest must do that for them,

In short, they must go entirely according to the dictates of these foul-mouthed vicegerents of God, the priests.

The question would naturally rise, What kind of citizens would they make?

My idea is that the Catholic women would be herded in to the polls by the thousands by the herders, the priests, and compelled to vote according to the dictates of said herders, without using their own judgment at all, under a threat of excommunication, and a curse by the God and all the saints and saintesses. And the majority of women of all other denominations are but a little farther advanced, if any, in intelligence. Their creeds keep them checkmated to a great extent, and are simply a stumbling-block to progress. There are exceptions among women, of course, but it is the majority that I am speaking about, and the majority rules. Where you find one like Susan H. Wixon, Miss Gardener, or Mrs. E. D. Slenker, you will find ten thousand duped and humbugged by religion. If the women—the majority of them, at least—were like the above-mentioned three, then I would be one for granting them equal rights at once, but as it is, it would not be safe or prudent to do so at present. They are not prepared or qualified for impartiality, consequently it would not be safe for this republic. Giv us more public schools, and more of a high grade, and schools of science—but not Bible science—and fewer parochial schools and convents. And teach the children, especially the female portion of them, and women, to do their own thinking, and that they own themselvs, and teach them the rudiments of universal mental liberty, and in course of time they will be better qualified for citizens than they are to-day. Female suffrage at present would surely bring back upon us the intolerable cruelty of the Inquisition and the old Blue laws. It is best to go slow in this matter, is my opinion also.

Yours for universal mental liberty, LEWIS KAISER.

OLD RIPLEY, ILL., Jan. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send the names of some who might take your paper on receipt of sample copies.

The idea that there is a personal God, who in his infinit wisdom created and controls everything, is contradicted in everything we behold, because if a being of infinit justice controled, there could be no such thing as evil; and will any hav the hardihood to say that there is not? True, the religionist affirms that all was cursed for man's sake, or because of man's sin; but would that be just, to punish the innocent for the guilty? The Atheist contends that everyone should suffer for his own misdeeds; that this is simply the course of nature. Though, in some instances, the offspring may suffer on account of the mistakes of parents, a high knowledge of justice condemns it; and in this way the Atheist is better prepared to sympathize with and relieve the unfortunate than those who believe in God, and that the ills and misfortunes of life are God's punishments.

But, aside from man, the fact of the whole of animal nature being susceptible of suffering not only, but doomed to suffering, without any possibility of escape or recompense, teaches us plainly that no being of justice has the supervision, for in what manner can the low orders of animals sin against God?

Again, if there is an infinit God, it is his own infinit duty to make his creatures infinitly happy. Is pain, sickness, sorrow, and death, with occasional rays of joy, infinit happiness?

Once more, if such infinit does exist, we know nothing as to his existence, and are not capable either of injuring or of benefiting him.

I am a Liberal because it is to me the only thing that secures justice to all; because any other course would violate my duties and obligations to others, for if I claim the right of private individual judgment, I feel morally bound to accord to all others the same; and because I find in all who are not Liberals the same spirit of persecution that lighted the fagots and built the Inquisition, and trampled on all the rights of man, filling the world with hatred, fear, bigotry, egotism, superstition, witch-belief, ignorance, and tyranny.

I am an Infidel to the church, because it has robbed Thomas Paine of the honors he so richly deserves; because it tries to claim such men as Jefferson, Franklin, Lincoln, and other like characters as its adherents; because it tries to bribe science to subscribe to its ignorant creeds; because in everything it lacks honesty.

I am an Atheist because the Bible claims to be God's word, and says God is an infinit creator and ruler, while the Bible and all nature contradict the claim, as the Bible is full of mistakes, absurdities, immoral commands, and infamous lies, while nature abounds in cruelties, which could not be the case if an infinit ruler presided.

EX-REV. J. N. MAXEY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It may be interesting news to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to know that Friendship Liberal League, of this City of Brotherly Love, commemorated the 151st anniversary of the birth of the Author-hero, Thomas Paine, with appropriate exercises, consisting of short addresses and recitations, vocal and instrumental music, by the members. The principal speaker for the afternoon was J. W. Browne, who gave a splendid oration on the life and services of Paine to the whole world. In the evening Dr. W. H. Benson delivered a glowing eulogy on Paine as a religious reformer. Our hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion by some of the members, of whom, I am proud to say, Mrs. Harker and her daughter were very energetic in tastefully arranging the decorations. Without these two great workers, I really do not know what we should hav done. On the platform stood a huge archway decorated with flags and evergreens. Over the archway was the noble saying of Paine in large letters: "The world is my country; to do good my religion." Underneath hung a large portrait of Paine. Then, underneath stood a pyramid of flowers. Across the platform, in evergreen letters, hung the words: "The 151st anniversary of Thomas Paine." Some of the pictures that adorned the walls were those of Ingersoll, Bennett, Watts, Garfield, and Grant.

The Sunday following, Charles Watts delivered two lectures for the League, which were a treat indeed. The weather being fine, the large hall was packed to suffocation with eager listeners. I regret to say that the hall was not nearly large enough this time to accommodate the public, as many had to stand outside, standing-room being all taken up inside. The subjects of Mr. Watts's discourses were—afternoon, "Science and Freethought;" evening, "Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, and Christ: Their Merits and Demerits." Judging from the frequent applause that Mr. Watts received, the lectures were highly appreciated, and the fact of the subscriptions and the collections being good was further proof that Mr. Watts was highly appreciated here. I hope it is so everywhere he goes, for he is without doubt the best exponent of Freethought in the Liberal field.

It is a pleasure also to state that THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Secular Thought* went off like hot cakes, so to speak, last Sunday, many of the back numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER being taken as readily as new ones, notwithstanding my informing persons that they were old copies.

I would recommend the Liberals everywhere throughout the United States to giv Mr. Watts a hearing, and, my word for it, they will never regret it. GEO. LONGFORD, Sec.

PALMYRA, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: If I should try to make the believers in the Bible think that I believed that white was black, they would be apt to think that I was a fool. Now, what is the difference between that statement and the affirmation that God is good and merciful and yet the author of the sin and misery there are in this world? The difference is, one is a lie and the other a falsehood. Christians tell us that God created all things, and can do all things, and is just and perfect; yet he made man with all his imperfections, and punishes him for what he himself is to blame for. He made man in his own image. Now, why did he not create him perfect and keep him so? I hav never learned that there was anyone around at that interesting occasion to make suggestions, not even Mrs. God, so he must hav had things his own way, and picked out his mud himself.

The believers in the Bible tell us that we are afflicted by God for our own good. Now, as for me, I do not want to get good by having the small-pox, or being struck by lightning, or by other ills of life too numerous to mention. It would be apt to hav a contrary effect on me, and if I wanted a person to love me I should never giv him a licking or push him over a precipice to bring about that state of feeling. Now, if God is good and just, as is claimed, how could it be possible for him to allow so much suffering, and create a devil to make people bad and then punish them for doing what he himself made them do? If God is the author of all things and the Bible account of him is true, then he is a terrible monster, producing wars and telling one nation to destroy another, of his own children. If that is the case, I think more of the devil, for he was not to blame for being appointed superintendent of God's reformatory, called hell. He didn't make himself. I never heard that he was a jealous devil, but God says he is a jealous God. Now, what a delightful place heaven would be, governed by a jealous God! Ask some poor Christian woman that has a jealous husband how she likes a home governed by jealousy, and to be shut up with such a God forever. I want none of it, for supposing I put on a sanctimonious face, make myself miserable, wear out my clothes at the knees, and after a long struggle succeed in reaching heaven to reside permanently with a jealous God, what a fix I would be in if I should happen to pay a little attention to a lady angel!

And I should be liable to if I were a man Christian, for it is characteristic of the Bible-believers; they cannot help it, as it is taught them in the Bible, and God himself gave them a lesson in adultery with a married woman. What better can you expect of the children? It being very disagreeable to me to be around where there are jealous folks, I do not want to get to heaven. And as I should not like to be jealous myself, I would rather, if I were a married man, that my wife kept away from there, unless God has reformed.

It does not seem possible that people, if only possessed of common, ordinary intellect, can believe such absurdities; and I believe that they do not, but only pretend to, because it is the fashion, and they can hav a better standing in society. How they must despise themselvs, to know they hav to talk and act a lie for popularity! And the priests and ministers—if there is no hell, there ought to be one manufactured for their especial benefit, for teaching such foolish absurdities for their bread and butter, when common sense tells them better, if they hav any of that article. It is doubtful about their having any.

Christians tell us it is better to teach people the Bible even if it is a myth, for it will make them better through fear of after punishment; and now another absurdity, for in the same breath they tell them if they only acknowledge Christ and ask God to forgiv them their sins, no matter how bad they hav been, they will be forgiven, even in the eleventh hour. The bill is paid and Christ will wash all their sins away. He must hav a laundry on an immense scale if he does all the washing the believers expect him to do. Now, what a beautiful and accommodating religion that is for rogues! They can pray or giv the priests money and it settles all their bad behavior. That kind of religion was manufactured by designing knaves for their own especial benefit, and it is a heinous crime to teach such infamous doctrins to little, innocent children and fill their minds with terror and fear of their heartless and tyrannical God—send them to school five days in the week, and then crowd out what they hav learned during the week, or part of it, by overloading their heads with superstitious humbugs on Sunday. But one consolation is that heathenish religion is gradually passing away, with its worn-out creeds and superstition, in spite of priests and ministers with their long faces and corrupt hearts; and the light of reason shines brighter and brighter as science and education lead people out of the ruts of a past and dead generation. H. P. MARSH.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Jan. 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Is it not strange that there is so much sympathy expressed by certain parties for the poor, deluded Anarchists who were hanged a few months since in Chicago? Why do people sympathize with such characters, men who are trying to break up the best government that is, or ever was in the known world? What is Anarchism? It is simply to do away with all law and government. When that is done, then what? Why, everyone for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. The fact is, we must hav a government; there must be a head to every nation, state, town, and city, yea, and to every family; and I will go further and say there must be a ruler or governor even in the building of a house, as I know, being an architect. For goodness's sake, what kind of a house would I build if every laborer and mechanic could hav his say about it? So we see this rule applies all through every branch of business. It is absolutely necessary that it should be so, or there could be no business done throughout the land. Knowing this to be so, it is very strange to my mind that anyone can hav any pity or sympathy for the deluded Anarchists, and the sooner they are put down the better it will be for them and the country at large. Mr. Editor, in my opinion, we hav enough to do to put down and cast one side the superstition and myths of the Christian religion without going after these side issues—then hav it thrown back to us that we are all a set of bad men, all Anarchists, robbers, murderers, thieves, and are doing all we can to break up the government. Mr. Editor, that is the way some of the people talk to me after reading some of the Anarchist letters published in THE TRUTH SEEKER not long since—some who had almost made up their mind to subscribe for the paper, but said if that is the kind of doctrin advocated in it, they did not want it. Even Mrs. Juliet H. Severance whines over the execution of the Chicago Anarchists and says there is no more free speech in this boasted free land of America, unless we are hanged for it. For goodness's sake, how free does she wish to be? Was there anything unsaid in her letter published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, Dec. 31, 1887, which she wished to say and did not? Could she hav abused the government and its officers any more than she did, if she had tried to? Yet she has not been molested so far as heard from. Why? Because this is a free government, and the people believe in free speech, when it is not abused. It is not free speech or common sense for anyone to get up in public and advise the crowd, or any one of them, to go out and murder, burn property, tear up railroads, and destroy manufactories, etc. There is nothing free or good about that; it is simply maliciousness and the worst kind of Anarchism, and everyone who does it ought to be arrested and put into a lunatic asylum for safe-keeping. Yet, strange as it may seem, there are some who allow themselvs to be led away by just such fanatics, who hav more gab then brains, who want to destroy all business and sinch all capitalists. They can't bear the idea of one man being richer than another, or themselvs, at least. Mr. Editor, I would like to ask how it can be expected that all will be equally rich, when we know there is only about one man in a thousand that has any capacity for business of any kind. Each of the other men can only do what he is told to do; of course, he never can become wealthy, but he can by economy become a good liver or perhaps even independent. No one can become wealthy unless he has a good business capacity, forethought and good judgment, and withal a strict attention to business, being prompt in all of his engagements. I will state here a little history that came under my own observation about twenty-five years ago. Five merchants of Sacramento, whose combined wealth at that time was probably less than $300,000, formed themselvs into an association, and undertook to build the great Central Pacific railroad over the Sierra Nevada mountains, with this small capital. They commenced and pushed forward that great enterprise to its completion. Where is the Anarchist that dare say that such men should be put down and their property destroyed simply because they made a success of that great undertaking, and are now worth probably ten or twenty millions each? Hav they not well earned every dollar they hav made? And we know that they hav employed and are still employing thousands and thousands of men of all grades, from the lawyer, doctor, mechanic, engineer, laborers of all kinds, all the way down to the grader and track-layer, all of whom get a fair compensation for their services. And still this same company is building roads all through this state; in fact, they hav by their enterprise really made the state what it is, one of the most prosperous in the Union. There may be, probably are, some corporations that are overbearing and want to make it all, but we must remember that these men take desperate chances. Take the company that I hav just spoken of, for instance, had they not succeeded in their undertaking they would hav lost everything and been poor men to-day, as many another has before them, therefore we should not blame corporations too much for being economical and prudent in their business. Many a one has gone to the wall for not being prudent and careful in his, or their, new enterprise.

But, Mr. Editor, I am making this letter too long, so will close here by wishing you and THE TRUTH SEEKER family good luck and prosperity. N. D. GOODELL.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Young Engineer's Soliloquy.

The engineer is in our eyes something more humanizing than the soldier; borne onward by the sublime energy of the thing of his creation; harnessing, so to speak, the very elements to his use, and checking and controling them, as might some magician of a fairy tale, he sweeps from place to place, distributing in his way all the *gentler influences* of civilization, and knitting more firmly together the family of man, by teaching them the strength, the value, and, what is more than all, the abounding peacefulness, of a wise union.—*Douglass Jerrold.*

Life looms up before me;
Fortune's flying o'er me;
Others may deplore me,
I hav no fears.
Though life looks wild with troubles,
Rough with rocks and doubles,
I think them only bubbles
To engineers.

Some say hope is seeming,
That I'm idly dreaming,
Shallow in my scheming
As young in years.
Good comes not by groping;
No name was made by moping;
I'm happy in my hoping—
Glad engineers!

Town to town I'll take me;
Steel railroads I'll make me;
Time shall not forsake me,
Spry as the spheres.
Where swift streams are tossing,
Bridges build I, crossing,
Genius's art engrossing—
Wise engineers!

When enlocked in ledges,
Using chisel, wedges,
Hammer, drill, and sledges,
A tunnel clears.
Diamond and dynamite
Will gouge walls of granit,
And the name imprimate
Of engineers.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

Little Boy Blue.

The soft, woolly sheep are knee-deep in the meadow,
The clumsy old cow's in the corn,
The little lambs bleat,
As they list for your feet,
Boy Blue! Boy Blue!
As they wait for your step in the morn.

The little bird swings on a bough by the window
And chirps to her young in the nest,
And the butterfly's wings
Are the daintiest things,
Boy Blue! Boy Blue!
For he's dressed himself all in his best.

The little brown partridge, so brisk and so saucy,
Calls out to his neighbor, "Bob White,"
And his poor little mate,
Who is sleeping too late,
Boy Blue! Boy Blue!
Answers, "Peas are not ripe—no, not quite!"

Why, even the leaves in the sunlight are dancing,
And loud is the woodpecker's tap;
He shakes his small head
At the wee one in bed,
Boy Blue! Boy Blue!
At the lazy boy taking his nap.

The roses are waiting, the lilies are waiting,
So fresh from their bath in the dew;
Then open your eyes
To the light of the skies,
Boy Blue! Boy Blue!
For the whole world is waiting for you.

—*Mary Riddell Corley, in Boston Transcript.*

Biographical.

ASPASIA.

Aspasia was a beautiful and talented Greek, a nativ of Miletus, having been born in the fifth century B.C. She was wonderfully gifted by nature, and added to her accomplishments much learning and ability to grasp and discuss with great power all political, moral, and philosophical questions. She was one of ten thousand among women—an able, fearless advocate of the rights of humanity.

She witnessed with sorrow the servitude and dependence of her sex, and sought by precept and example to elevate their subordinate condition. She showed that woman was abundantly able to teach, and carried on a school of philosophy and ethics. Among her pupils were such men as Socrates and Pericles, besides many other cultivated and gifted Athenians, for she took up her residence in Athens about the middle of the century in which she was born. Plutarch says "she was a wonderful conversationalist," and all who heard her speak seemed to be charmed by her nativ eloquence and wit.

She was persecuted at one time by Hermippus on the charge of "impiety," but was acquitted, although she was far above the foolish superstitions of the time in which she lived.

She was greatly slandered and abused by the ignorant and unappreciativ, and was called unchaste and a bad woman. This was untrue. The feeling against her arose because of her being wedded to Pericles, who had been married to another woman, but from whom he had separated. The law of Athens would not allow of his legal marriage to Aspasia, she being foreign by birth, and Athens gave no rights to foreigners. But her union with Pericles was as near as the law allowed, and remained the same till death separated them. Barclay, the historian, says: "She was married to Pericles, but the laws of the city refused her as an alien the title of wife. The comedians of her time and since cast many aspersions upon her character, but they were without foundation."

Notwithstanding the malicious attacks of enemies upon her character, she was greatly respected and esteemed by those whose respect and esteem were worth having, and all the great statesmen and rulers in the government, the poets and philosophers, sought her society and her advice in political and philosophic matters. Her rare abilities and gifts of mind are justly celebrated in many of their works. The Athenians called Pericles the Olympian Zeus, and named Aspasia Hera, or Juno.

Aspasia had one son who grew up and became a great general, but he was put to death, together with five others, because they failed to win the battle of Arginusæ.

Aspasia was a wonderful woman, and her mind was the guiding star in the life and teachings of Pericles. It is said, no doubt with truth, that it was she who composed a part of the great funeral oration that Pericles pronounced over the Athenians who were killed in battle.

It is nothing new for ignorant people to attack the character of women who are mentally and morally superior to themselvs, even in our own day. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that Aspasia, who lived in a less enlightened age, in some respects, should hav suffered at the hands of those calumniators, who had neither the mind nor heart to comprehend her rare mental endowments.

Among the antique busts there is one labeled "Aspasia," and it is said to be genuin. Whether it is or not no one at this day can tell, but it represents a very lovely and attractiv woman, as Aspasia is said to hav been, and she was as beautiful mentally as she was acknowledged to be physically.

S. H. W.

Our Puzzle Box.

1.—SUBTRACTION.

From an *agreement, contract,* take
A "cavity in which to bake,"
A sing-song tone or slang it leaves,
The speech of Christians, gypsies, thieves.

OLD BOY.

2.—CHARADE AND SUBTRACTIONS.

A "whetstone" and "a pen for swine,"
As *truth* and *probity*, combine.
From this subtract the *shortest street*,
It leaves us something *sweet to eat.*
Behead the whole, in vain we try,
It puts such swelling in the eye,
To see, although we look again,
More than *one solitary pen;*
Yet here, fenced in on either side,
A *bed for baby birds* is spied.

UNCLE JAMES.

[The following riddles are from Blakeman's "Two Hundred Riddles."]

3.
Black through blue does often look
When reading in an open book.

4.
Round as a goblet, opaque to light,
Black as tar, or the dead of night.

5.
The harder you whip me the faster I go,
I stagger about when running quite slow;
Two ears I possess, but greatly I fear,
Although they are good I never can hear.

6.
Six eyes I hav, but never see,
Pray tell me now just what I be.

7.
No head, no jaws, no teeth, no feet,
And yet the hardest steel I eat.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD girl accompanied her mother to witness a baptism; the next day, arranging her dolls along the edge of the bath-tub, she prepared one of them for immersion. Her mother advanced within listening distance, and heard the following address to the candidate: "I now baptize you in the name of the father, and the son, and into the hole you go."

Correspondence.

BOWLING GREEN, O., Feb. 13, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. I read the Children's Corner every week, and I thought I would write you. I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school in the country. My teacher's name is Simon Hoffman. I study arithmetic and geography, and read in the Fifth Reader. I hav the most head-marks in my class. I hav three brothers and one sister. This is my first letter, and I would like to see it in print. Yours truly,

Little Freethinker, PEARL ELLIOTT.

DILLON, MONT., Feb. 5, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I havn't seen any letters from this town, and so I thought I would write. I read the Children's Corner, and think it is very nice. I hav a little sister two years old; she will laugh at the people when they ask her why she doesn't go to Sunday-school, and say, "We hain't no Christan." Well, I must close. I hope to see my first letter in print.

Your true friend, ALLIE BLIVEN.

P.S.—This card is for you.—A. B.

[Thank you, dear, for the pretty card and your nice little letter.]

CAMERON, MO., Feb. 11, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER about nine years. I think the Children's Corner is splendid. I went to school, but it is out now. I studied language lessons, reading, geography, arithmetic, writing, and spelling. We had a kind of a big dinner on the last day all to us scholars and the teacher. My teacher's name is Lillie Holtzappey. I am nine years old. I would like it if some of the children about my age would write to me. I saw so many girls and boys writing to the Children's Corner I thought I would write. This is my first letter. Please excuse all mistakes.

Yours truly, MARY L. LIVENGOOD.

NORWEGIAN CONSULATE, SALONICA, TURKEY, Jan. 24, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: I was so plcased to get your kind letter! It was so very kind of you to write to a little girl like me. I was very pleased with that day's mail, as I made a new friend in you, and received such a nice present from dear Uncle Fish. He sent me $10, and as I am very fond of reading I am going to send part of it to England to get books. We had such a nice time at Christmas! We made a little Christmas tree and I went to town and bought everything myself and had great fun, and, as mamma was ill, I did it all myself. Charlie has been having holidays, but now he has begun his studies again. A few days ago a letter I wrote to Uncle Fish in July was returned from the Boston post-office. I wonder why! It was addressed all right. I love dear mother very much, and I know how sad you must feel now that your dear mother is gone, but although she cannot come to you you can go to her some day. I hav lost two sisters and one brother, but one day we shall meet again. Now I hav two brothers, Charlie and Henry.

We are looking for a new house, as this one is very cold in winter, but so nice in summer; all the floors are covered with tiles instead of planks. Salonica is a very funny place to liv in; one cannot go out alone anywhere, and there are no nice shops as there are in other countries. Next letter I will tell you all about Turkey. Now I think I hav told you all my news and must say good-bye. My best love to you, and hoping you will write to me soon,

Your affectionate little friend,

DAISY SUTER.

[We thank Daisy for her nice letter, and we shall look forward with much pleasure for her next letter describing the country she livs in.—ED. C. C.]

TALENT, ORE., Feb. 8, 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a little boy eight years old, cannot write good enough to write to you, so my aunt is writing for me. I hav a red horse that I can ride. I hav two cats. One is black and I call it Nigger; the other one is like Joseph's coat, is of many colors; I call it Cotsin. I hav a pet hen; her name is Tommie. I hav an engin that I wind with a key. I made a stump-puller and I pull stumps with it. I go to an Infidel Sunday-school every Sunday. Our teacher is reading E. B. Foote's "Science in Story" to us now. We like to laugh at the monkey's tricks. I like to go there, for we hear something that we can understand, and nothing about Gods, devil, or other silly things. I hav never been to school yet; I hav a blackboard, slate, books, and paper, and am studying at home.

Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and I go to get it; I open it in the post-office and show Heston's pictures to all that are there. Mamma or auntie reads the Children's Corner to me. I like it very much. We also take *Lucifer*, *New Thought*, *Liberty*, *Freethought*, *Foundation Principles*, and Chicago *Express*. Papa has the picture of the five Anarchists; we are going to frame it and hang it in our parlor. We hav Spies's "Autobiography;" we are all Anarchists. I gave ten cents to the ten-cent *Lucifer* defense fund. I bought Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon" with my own money. We had an Infidel Chistmas tree; we all spoke pieces, and no God-talk either. I spoke "The New National Anthem" from THE TRUTH SEEKER of quite awhile ago. The next time we speak I am going to learn "Hell Played Out." With love from a little Infidel, HENRY W. BREESE.

[A genuin little Infidel, sure enough.—ED. C. C.]

PERRYSVILLE, PA., Feb. 10, 1888.

DEAR AUNT SUSIE: As I hav not written to you for more than two years, I thought I would write again.

We were all sorry to read of your mother's death; we think we could not liv without our mamma. I took my "Story Hour" to school and my teacher read it and wrote:

"Dear Effie:
"Bend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human.
Be not Fashion's gilded body;
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman."

We hav old Noah's daughter teaching this winter, and she is a regular crank. One morning Harry and I were late and she was praying; Harry tried to get in and she pushed him out and locked the door. We are the only Freethinkers that go to this school. We get THE TRUTH SEEKER every week; we like to look and laugh at the pictures, and read the Children's Corner. Some time I will tell you about our pets. With love for all, I remain,

Your loving friend, EFFIE JANE PEARCE.

[Aged nine.]

[We are glad to hear from Effie once more after two long years. We hope she will not wait so long before she writes again.—ED. C. C.]

CARROLLTON, MO., Feb. 15. 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines for the Corner. It has been quite a while since I wrote before. You requested us to write and tell you what we hav been reading. I hav not read anything for a long time, but the last thing I read was "Proof That Shakspere Could Not Write." I hav also read "What Shall We do to Be Saved?" and Paine's "Age of Reason," Mr. Ingersoll's great speeches and his gems of thought. I think they all are very good books, but I like the gems of thought best. Well; I thought I would tell you of a man that stopped at our house this week; he was what I call a second-hand preacher. He and pa were sitting in the dining-room talking, and pa took Ingersoll's gems of thought, and, opening it, told him to "read that chapter." The man looked at the book and said, "What kind of a book is this?" Pa said, "That is one of the best books on earth; it's Ingersoll's gems of thought." The man laid the book on the table and said, "I don't want to hav anything to do with such books." Pa laughed, and asked him if he ever read any of Ingersoll's books. The man said No, and he did not want to. Pa said that was the way with these church people, they begin to kick against Ingersoll before they know what they are kicking. Of course, the man got mad. They sat there and talked a long time. I am afraid if I tell you more about the second-hand preacher and Ingersoll you would get tired, but Ingersoll always came out on top. I guess I will close for this time. I remain,

Yours truly, BESSIE ISAACS.

The Origin of Natural Gas.

According to Professor Lesky, the buried bed of vegetation which has become what is now known and used as the Pittsburgh coal bed, twelve feet thick, must hav originally been as much as 150 feet in depth, it having been compressed to its present size, as the coal bed, by the action of heat and the pressure of the strata or layers of sand which were deposited upon it at different times after it was covered with water. As this coal bed is far above the oil sands, it is not thought that the bed of vegetation which it now presents furnished the oil and gas now being found, but that they hav been formed from other beds buried below the oil sands, and which may hav been of even greater depth or thickness than this one. Pressed down by the tremendous weight of the hundreds and thousands of feet of sand, gravel, etc., which now form the rock strata above them, and heated from below by the internal heat of the earth to a very high degree, these beds of vegetation would, as a result of such forces, be changed in part into oil and gas, which would escape upward to where it is now found, the parts not so changed remaining and being changed into beds of coal. It is supposed that in this way the gas has been produced from beds of vegetation buried below the oil sands, and that it has found its way, in company with oil, perhaps, up to the porous sand rocks or oil sands.

A LITTLE girl was sitting at a table opposit a gentleman with a waxed mustache. After gazing at him for awhile, she exclaimed, "My kitty has smellers, too."

"YOU were a nice, quiet little boy in Sunday-school this morning, Bobby," said the minister; "I was very much pleased." "Yes," replied Bobby, "pa said that if I'd behave myself in Sunday-school I needn't go to church."

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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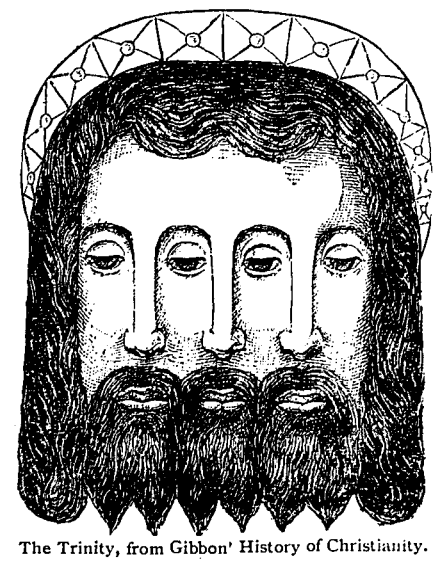
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Literary Notices.

One of the most noticeable inventions of our time, and one which offers great possibilities for exerting a civilizing and fraternizing influence on the nations of the globe, is the new universal language Volapük. The idea of creating a language in common for the whole world, and thereby becoming independent of the diversity of tongues now existing, is not new. The German philosopher Leibnitz, about the year 1700, opened the question by discussing the advantages to be derived from its successful solution, and made some experiments toward its realization. The seemingly insuperable difficulties in the way, however, deterred him from proceeding with the undertaking before he had made any progress worth remembering. Since that time, in the various countries of Europe, over fifty attempts at supplying the deficiency hav been made and published, none of which deserve any special mention. Nearly two hundred years after the idea was first broached, the ceaseless aiming after improvements which characterizes our age has brought to light what appears to be a successful solution of the difficulty in the language constructed by Schleyer, and named by him Volapük (from *vol*, world; in the genitiv form, *vola;* and *pük*, language). It is claimed that in Europe five hundred thousand persons hav acquired it. Messrs. Cooper & Zahn, of Milwaukee, Wis., publish a book of instruction in the language at 50 cents, paper covers; 75 cents, cloth. This work, or any other book wanted, may be ordered through this office.

From a state of confusion into which we were thrown by endeavoring to decipher two mysterious books sent us, we are rescued by the following letter from Mr. N. S. Johnson, Sioux Falls, D. T.: "I hav just got ready for distribution my book, the title of which, translated, is, 'Is the Bible the Word of God?' It is, so far as I know, the only Freethought work written in the Norwegian Danish language. It is very much like Mrs. Slenker's 'Studying the Bible' and Cooper's 'Inquirer's Text-Book.' I also inclose the pamphlet 'Presteskabet,' a short translation from Geo. Chainey's lecture, 'The Clergy.' If THE TRUTH SEEKER and every other Liberal paper will assist me in spreading the books and pamphlets among the Scandinavians, it will hav an effect on the coming generation, if not on this. I hav also translated Ingersoll's Answer to Dr. Field. I consider it the masterpiece of all his works. I expect to publish it as soon as I can afford it. The book sells for $1, or five for $4; the pamphlet for 10 cents, three for 25, eighteen for $1, or one hundred for $5."

Ex-Senator Warren Smith, of Tennessee, has written a pamphlet entitled, "The Workingman's Destiny," which is sold at 15 cents. An idea of the contents may be gathered from an extract or two: "The sovereign people seem to hav forgotten the old war-cry of '76, that 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,' and hav proved faithless to the precious boon of freedom which was confided to their care and keeping. I appeal to every citizen of the commonwealth if it is not a startling fact that our political campaigns hav become so corrupt that the holding of our elections is little better than an empty farce and a mockery. . . . Where are the royal sovereigns of America to-day in whose hands rests the destiny of our great nation and the hope of the world? Do they stand vigilant sentinels on the watch-towers of our republic, jealous of its safety and the perpetuity of its liberties, or are they asleep at their posts while thieves despoil the nation of its integrity? What a humiliating spectacle! From royal sovereigns to degenerate henchmen doing the unhallowed bidding of their political bosses—mercenary tools in the hands of the demagog who traffics in the people's liberty. . . . Politicians and a partisan press do not try to enlighten and educate the masses, but arouse their prejudice and confuse and blind their understanding by the use of falsehood, misrepresentation, and the meanest kind of sophistry; hence, fellow-citizens, for liberty's sake, call a halt under this mercenary leadership, examin and find out just what part of the woods you are in; look well to your bearings, and turn over a new leaf in your political history! It is a maneuver of this kind which alone can save you. Instead of improving and perfecting the government our fathers established, and thus securing still broader liberty for the individual, we hav relaxed our vigilance, placed the helm of government into mercenary hands, and are surely drifting into class legislation and class domination of the most positiv type. . . . Watch with jealous eye the tendency now being exerted to secure a union of church and state, and place the seal of popular condemnation on it."

Mesmerism, a mental phenomenon long neglected and left in the hands of discreditable exponents, has at length received proper scientific development at the hands of Prof. Gilles de la Tourette and Professor Charcot, who now describe "The Wonders of Animal Magnetism" in the February *North American Review*. In the same magazine Rev. Charles Hay, D.D., answering the question, "Why Am I a Lutheran?" says: "The question is not, Why did I become a Lutheran rather than a Presbyterian, Methodist, or some other kind of Protestant Christian? To that question most of us now in any one of these so-called 'orthodox evangelical denominations' would hav to answer, I was born and brought up there. Providential orderings usually hav most to do in fixing our lot religiously, as in other respects." And carrying this reasoning a little farther, and discovering that it is also merely because of the accident of his birthplace that he is a Christian at all and not a Mohammedan, Buddhist, or any other kind of a heathen, and that reason had nothing to do with his choice at all, we conclude that reason has nothing much to do with his article anyway, and will stop right here in it. "Serpent Myths" are strongly objected to in the next article, but in our heavy, unteachable sort of a way we cannot see why serpents are not about as good to worship as most other things that are used for that purpose. Next we learn how on "Sunday in Cherokee Land" the Indians, with "the pitiful pipe and gun and whisky laid aside, are held for one hour to personal responsibility and accountability to a supreme unseen power, to a tribunal of infinit justice and perfect righteousness, to an insight which no sin can escape, and an omniscience which no cunning can evade." Well, let us hope that the effects of said "holding" will differ from those that seem to be produced by it among the palefaces, and that after returning to their pipe and gun and whisky our red brothers will not hav to be "held for an hour to accountability" to a police justice so numerously as some of their white co-believers whom we know. This magazine sells at 50 cents.

The question whether happiness or unhappiness predominates in the world is one much discussed of late. The modern substitution of human happiness, instead of painful duty toward supernatural beings, as the end of life, has naturally contributed to giv the problem prominence. A favorit argument with the more scholarly defenders of faith is that life as Agnostics would make it, robbed of deep spiritual import, would not be worth living, but Freethinkers go right along living and evidently enjoying just the same, stubbornly inattentiv to the argument and absurdly happy. However, the pessimists, or believers in the predominance and permanent unavoidableness of pain, hav gained so considerable an influence of late as to call forth from Sir John Lubbock a reply setting forth "The Pleasures of Life." The work is now published in the Humboldt Science Library, price 15 cents. The author is one of our modern school of scientific thinkers who believe human pain to be not irremediable, but only an effect of ignorance that science is to remove. He quotes from Epictetus the thought that "time alone relieves the foolish from sorrow, but reason the wise," from La Bruyere the expression that "most men spend much of their lives in making the rest miserable," and from Marcus Aurelius the reflection: "We suffer much more from the anger and vexation which we allow acts to rouse in us than we do from the acts themselvs at which we are angry and vexed." "I must die," Epictetus is found to say, "but must I then die sorrowing? I must be put in chains. Must I then also lament? I must go into exile. Can I be prevented from going with cheerfulness and contentment? But I will put you in prison. Man, what are you saying? You can put my body in prison, but my mind not even Zeus himself can overpower." Another noble thought quoted by our well-read author that we must find room to reproduce is this of Emerson: "The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the serenity of solitude." And of Marcus Aurelius: "What, then, is that which is able to conduct a man? One thing and only one—philosophy." Finally in his enumeration of the pleasures of life, the author comes to that happiness which science holds ready to bestow on humanity, and concurs with the affirmation of John Stuart Mill: "A cultivated mind—I do not mean that of a philosopher, but any mind to which the fountains of knowledge hav been opened, and which has been taught in any tolerable degree to exercise its faculties—will find sources of inexhaustible interest in all that surrounds it; in the objects of nature, the achievements of art, the imaginations of poetry, the incidents of history, the ways of mankind past and present, and their prospects in the future. It is possible, indeed, to become indifferent to all this, and that, too, without having exhausted a thousandth part of it; but only when one has had from the beginning no moral or human interest in these things, and has sought in them only the gratification of curiosity." Bacon is adduced to testify that "no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth;" and Mr. Lubbock proceeds: "Those who hav not tried for themselvs can hardly imagin how much science adds to the interest and variety of life. . . . Occasionally, indeed, it may destroy some poetical myth of antiquity, such as the ancient Hindoo explanation of rivers, that 'Indra dug out their beds with his thunderbolts, and sent them forth by long continuous paths.' But the real causes of natural phenomena are far more striking, and contain more real poetry, than those which hav occurred to the untrained imagination of mankind. Mackay justly exclaims:

"'Blessings on Science! When the earth seemed old,
When faith grow doting, and our reason cold,
'Twas she discovered that the world was young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue.'

. . . Gradually we may hope that the love of nature will become to more and more, as already it is to many, a 'faithful and sacred element of human feeling.' Science summons us

"'To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.'

. . . That discoveries, innumerable, marvelous, and fruitful, await the successful explorers of nature no one can doubt. What would one not giv for a science primer of the next century? for, to paraphrase a well-known saying, even the boy at the plow will then know more of science than the wisest of our philosophers do now. Boyle entitled one of his essays, 'Of Man's great Ignorance of the Uses of Natural Things; or that there is no one thing in nature whereof the uses to human life are yet thoroughly understood'—a saying which is still as true now as when it was written. And, lest I should be supposed to be taking too sanguin a view, let me giv the authority of Sir John Herschel, who says: 'Since it cannot be but that innumerable and most important uses remain to be discovered among the materials and objects already known to us, as well as among those which the progress of science must hereafter disclose, we may hence conceive a well-grounded expectation, not only of constant increase in the physical resources of mankind, and the consequent improvement of their condition, but of continual accession to our power of penetrating into the arcana of nature and becoming acquainted with her highest laws.'"

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THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC, 1888 (E. M. 288). With twenty-four portraits of distinguished American Freethinkers, scientists, and philosophers, and numerous other illustrations.

No Freethinker or Liberal can afford to be without the good things served up from year to year in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. Besides the calendar for 1888 and an immense amount of Liberal history such as is hard to find elsewhere condensed into every-day history, it contains a well-written article entitled, "Freethought in the United States," which shows the growth of Freethought sentiments as well as of the opposition. George E. Macdonald givs a series of humorous articles entitled, "Bible Studies." The ANNUAL contains 118 pages of quite as good matter as either of its predecessors.

From Watts's Literary Guide.

The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1888 (London: Watts & Co.; 117 pp., 1s., or by post, 1s. 3d.), issued at New York, is a very considerable improvement upon the last issue. A prominent feature is "Bible Studies," by George E. Macdonald, and illustrated by Watson Heston. The editor contributes a capital paper on "Freethought in the United States, 1887;" Capt. Robert C. Adams writes on "Theism and Atheism;" while Samuel Putnam, J. E. Remsburg, and L. K. Washburn—all well known to English readers—add their mite to the literary treat provided. In addition to twelve full-page cartoons by Watson Heston, there are twenty-four admirable portraits of distinguished American Freethinkers and numerous other illustrations. The get-up of the ANNUAL is, as usual, unexceptionable, and reflects the highest credit upon the indefatigable editor, Mr. E. M. Macdonald.

THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1888.

To say the great excellence of this publication is fully sustained by the issue for 1888, is indeed high encomium. But the many valuable articles and fund of valuable information it contains make its possession by every intelligent Liberal an absolute necessity. The article by E. M. Macdonald, Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, entitled "How the Layman is Deceived," is really worth one hundred times the price of the ANNUAL. It is, beyond question, the best, most able, concise article on the canon and inspiration of the New Testament ever written. Its facts should be committed to memory by every Liberal; those who do so will be enabled to fearlessly meet, and readily confound, the most able, subtle, or scholarly bishop, priest, or parson. Every Liberal owes a duty to the cause, to become as thoroughly posted as possible, so that he can refute error and aid friends to a knowledge of the truth. No article I hav ever read approaches in excellence, or can be used by the most simple with such sure effect, in exposing the false claims of the New Testament to divine inspiration or authenticity: The price is only 25 cents. Those who procure it will, one hundred and twenty-five times within the year, hav good occasion to rejoice in the possession of the knowledge it imparts, and to be thankful to the writer for calling attention to "How the Layman is Deceived," and the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL of 1888.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

Obituary.

DIED.—Jan. 10, 1888, Mr. Robert Phillips, of paralysis, aged 90 years and 7 months.

Robert Phillips was born in Berks county, Pa., June 1, 1797, of Quaker parentage, his mother being a preacher in the Quaker church. He was the last to go of a family of ten. He resigned his connection with the Quakers on account of their intolerance on the questions of temperance and slavery. He followed the occupation of miller in Pennsylvania. He married Naomi Garrison on March 3, 1831, who survives him. He came to Chicago in November, 1847, and to Algonquin, Ill., in April, 1848, where he followed the occupation of farming on the farm where he died. He had a family of six children—three sons and three daughters—four of whom survive him: Dr. E. H. Phillips, of Cape May, N. J.; Willett and Howard, of Algonquin, Ill., and Mrs. E. P. Sortor, of Salt Lake City, Utah. The deceased in his latter years was an earnest Freethinker and Spiritualist, and was ever ready for an argument in support of his belief. He was noted for his integrity, and was a kind and indulgent father, a faithful friend, and a good neighbor.

The funeral services were conducted by Hon. George Gage, of McHenry, Ill.

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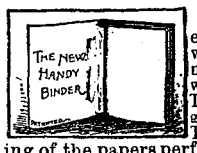
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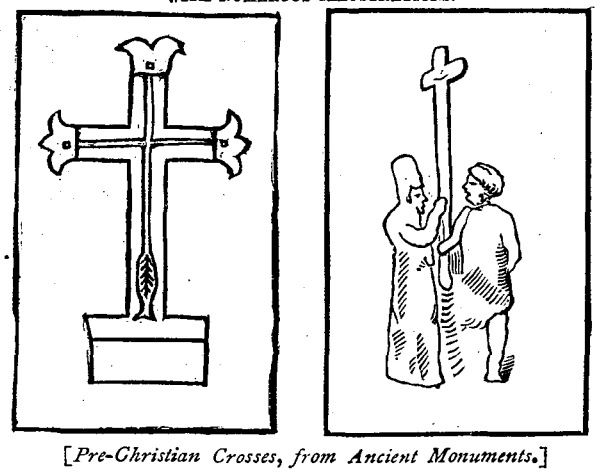
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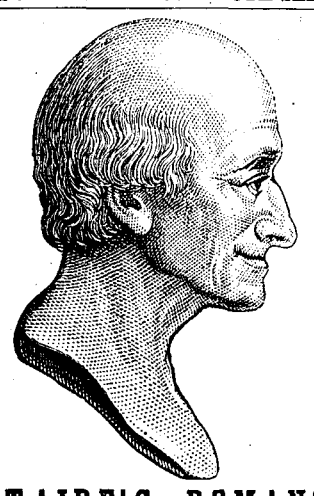
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News of the Week.

A LATE census of Russia places its population at 108,787,235.

THE faith cure insanity grows. It is getting quite a literature, and churches are being founded for it.

STEAMBOATS are refused admittance to central China.

THE English Tory party are attacking the rights of public meeting.

EXPERIMENTERS are trying to devise a way to fire dynamite from powder guns.

DURING the last fifteen years there hav been in Chicago 110,341 marriages and 8,132 divorces.

Two French officials hav been sentenced to imprisonment for trafficking in national decorations of honor.

THE liquor-favoring class of Kansas City hav started a strong organized business boycott of the Prohibitionists.

CONGRESS contemplates an appropriation for an exhibition of the industrial products of the colored race, to be held next fall at Atlanta.

IRISHMEN held services on the 5th commemorating that day as the anniversary of Emmet's death and of the Fenian insurrection of 1867.

THE sultan of Morocco has sent an envoy to request the pope to mediate in certain matters between himself and foreign powers.

GREAT prosperity attends the work of Father Kelly among the Catholic immigrant girls at Castle Garden, New York.

THE New York grand jury hav refused to find an indictment for Gould and Sage for embezzlement, and are censured severely.

A DIVISION seems imminent in the Episcopal church of South Carolina, the contention being over the equality of colored members.

THE latest land swindle exposed is the stealing of 20,000 acres in Mendocino county, Cal., by a conspiracy using fraudulent preemptions.

IT is thought by some that the United States should interfere to protect Venezuela, who suffers from encroachments by English subjects from British Guiana.

SIR PETER COATS, of Scotland, head of the famous thread-manufacturing firm bearing his name, has presented the English-speaking inhabitants of Algiers with a church.

THE International Peace and Liberty League is circulating among prominent men a petition asking a permanent arbitration treaty between France and the United States.

CAPTAIN POLLY BRYAN, who was discharged from the Salvation Army by General Moore for wearing a bustle, has started a branch of her own, in which bustles will be worn.

PARTISANS of the telegraph companies denounce the proposed establishment of a governmental telegraph as "Communistic legislation," and demand "protection of vested rights."

RUSSIA is compelling religious conformity with increasing severity, and the minister of the interior has been authorized to suspend or banish Lutheran pastors without any judicial inquiry.

THE sultan of Turkey has been a little relieved in his financial distress by receiving $1,000,000 from a company for a permit to work a rich copper mine, and is now able to pay Herr Krupp something on account for cannon.

INDIANA Prohibitionists are making preparations to attack the constitutionality of all license laws, supporting their position by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Kansas case that institutions corrupting public morals and health are not fit subjects of franchise.

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And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thy hand toward heaven, that there may be darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness which may be felt.—Ex. x, 21.

Odds and Ends.

CLERGYMAN: "Little boy, I'm sorry to see you with a fishing-pole on Sunday." Urchin: "Why, I'm jest a-goin' to get mammy some stuff to keep Lent on."

THE different kinds of laughs they hav: Dudes: Ha! ha! Farmers: Ho! ho! Teamsters: Haw! haw! Balloonists: Hi! hi! Feed-dealers: Hay! hay! Women: He! he!

LAYMAN (to revivalist): "I hear that several members of the church hav gone crazy over the subject of religion?" Revivalist: "Yes, sir, our revival gatherings are meeting with glorious success."

A GENTLEMAN who recently retired from business has succeeded in winding up all his affairs successfully, with the exception of his Waterbury watch. He is at work on that now, taking only twenty minutes for meals.

A TREASURE still in the possession of the Empress Eugenie is an umbrella the handle of which is a mass of rare jewels. The umbrella was purchased at the cost of two thousand dollars. The empress has not used it since her husband stopped reigning.

REV. DR. CHASUBLE (to only member present): "I am thankful that one member of the church is not afraid to come out in rain as well as in sunshine." Mrs. Pray: "Well, if it hadn't hav stormed, I couldn't hav come, for my new bonnet isn't ready."

OMAHA mamma: "There now, stop chattering and say your prayer." Little son: "Make sister shut up so I can. Say, mamma, can——" "I told you to stop talking." "I know. Can you——" "Say your prayers!" "Yes, I'm goin' to. Now I laymedowntosleep I prayth' Lordmy soultokeepif Ishoulddie before awakeIprayth'Lord me soulto take say, mamma, can you move your ears?"

"YES," said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be so devoted to one another." "Large family! Devoted?" gasped the old gentleman, in amazement. "What on earth do you mean, ma'am?" "Why, yes, indeed," said the principal, beaming through her glasses; "no less than eleven of Gussie's brothers hav been here this winter to take her out sleigh-riding, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes again to-morrow."

THE COLORED PARSON'S TROUBLE.

Dis yer meetin', fr'ens and bredren,
On dis bressed New-Y'ar night,
Am called for var'ous reasons,
Dat ain' plain at fuss sight.
I s'pose yo' sorter callate
Dat yo' know what I will say—
Dat I'll praise yo' an' de good Lawd,
An' shout loud fo' de day.

Dat I'll 'knowledge de great favors
Dat I've had in de pas' y'ar,
An' vow dat I am thankful,
'Til I'll almos' raise yo' ha'r.

If yo' do, yo' ain' got hoss sense,
For I'se gwine to state some fac's
Dat'll make de col' chills hussle
Up an' down yo' lazy backs.

I do dis yer, my bredren,
In a Chrischun sort of way,
'Kase I think de deed am better
Dat am done on a good day.
Now I've stood in dis yer pulpit
An' labored with yo' sins,
'Til ye was filled with sorrow,
Like as if yo'd skun yo' shins.

I hab tried to make yo' soldiers
In de army of de Lawd,
But I 'pine dat yo' deep 'ligion
Am a empty, howlin' fraud.
Whar am you Chrischun speerit?
Whar am yo' pious acks?
What yo' done for me an' Jesus?
Trot out yo' measly fac's.

Yo' ain' done nuffin, bredren,
An' sisteren, yo'm as bad.
Yo've kep' me nuff site poorer
Dan de las' run of June shad.
When I 'cepted dis yer pulpit,
I was sleek an' roun' an' fat.
Now I look like moths had eat me—
Like a mangy, poor church rat.

My coat am thin an' ragged,
My pants ain' pants no mo';
My toes am crunchin' grabbel—
Fru my hat de col' win's blo'.
I habn't had a squar' meal
Since early in de fall,
When the chillun killed de possum,
Down by Johnsing's ole stone wall.

Jus' one donation party
I's had since I's been heah;
Den I got a pair of oberhauls,
A lame duck, an' some beah.
My wife she takes in washin';
My chillun liv on air,
While I preach gospel precep's,
And wish dat I could sw'ar.

I am tired of dis yer foolin'.
You'm a low-down, stingy crowd.
Why! if God asked for a penny,
Dar ain' one would speak out loud.
Yo' would ruther skin de hen-roos'
Of yo' neighbor in de night
Dan git a ton of chickuns
By doin' what was right.

Yo' an' got anuff 'ligion
To save a single soul.
Yo'll all git swamped, my bredren,
Whar de waves of Jordan roll,
While I'll stan' with the angel band,
An' flop my wings an' crow;
"Yo'd all git into heaven,
Ef yo'd done right down below."

—*San Diego, Cal., Union.*

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Gems of Thought.

CHRISTIANITY not being a revelation, but a conception—the gospels not being either inspired or accurate, but fallible and imperfect human records—the practical conclusion from such premises must be obvious to all. Every doctrin and every proposition which the scriptures contain, whether or not we believe it to hav come to us unmutilated and unmarred from the mouth of Christ, is open and must be subjected to the scrutiny of reason. Some tenets we shall at once accept as the most perfect truth that can be received by the human intellect and heart; others we shall reject as contradicting our instincts and offending our understandings; others, again, of a more mixed nature, we shall analyze, that so we may extricate the seed of truth from the trash of error, and elicit, to use the words of Fichte, "the divine idea that lies at the bottom of appearance."—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

[NOTE.—According to Mr. Greg, then, and he is "*auctor haud spernendus*" (an author in nowise to be despised), there are in Christ's sayings, and generally in the scripture, three classes of doctrins or precepts: the first class are self-evidencing and to be joyfully accepted; the second are to be rejected and opposed, and the third are to be sifted, or, in the words of Bacon, are to be "weighed and considered." I shall giv a few specimens of each class—confining myself to the Sermon on the Mount: (1) "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them" (Matt. vii, 2). "Let your communication be, Yea, yea, or Nay, nay, for whatsoever is more cometh of evil" (Matt. v, 37). "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them" (Matt vii, 19, 20). (2) "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil: for whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him hav thy cloak also," etc. (Matt. v, 38-42). "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat?" etc. (Matt. v, 28-32). (3) "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill" (Matt. v, 17-20). "Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication," etc., etc. (Matt. v, 32, 33). "If ye forgiv not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly father forgiv your trespasses" (Matt. 5, 13, 14).]

IT is our privilege and duty to discard all that proves to be unreliable, all unworthy of our confidence, and to accept in its place that which proves true and better adapted to our present needs. When a system of religion is presented to us for acceptance that admits of no change, no advance, no improvement, we may safely conclude it is wrong, that it is not the religion the world needs.—*Bennett.*

WHY should I liv? Do I not know
The life of woman is full of woe?
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking hearts and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the whole,
Not one quite happy—no, not one!
—*Longfellow's Golden Legend.*

WHY died I not from the womb? Why did I not giv up the ghost when I came out of the belly? Why did the knees prevent me? or why the breasts that I should suck? For now I should hav lain still and been quiet; I should hav slept: then had I been at rest.—*Job* iii, 11-13.

THE cross of agony, on which the tears of countless devotees hav dropped, now sparkles in diamond mimicry upon careless fashion-leaders in ball-room revels. The pictured saints, whose devout faces painters toiled over in a solemn consecration of life, torn from their cathedral nooks, now exhibit themselvs, as if in a strange surprise, at the call of self satisfied art-collectors in gay drawing-rooms. Even the church music, born in great travail-pains of passion, which must find voice finer and more subtle than word of poem or sculpture or painting—even the church-music is carried from the temple to the public hall. And, instead of listening, on penitential knees, to the moving tragedy and triumph of the God-man of his professed worship, the Christian, no less than the outside barbarian, attends the "Passion music," or the "Messiah," opera-glass and score in hand, every critical faculty alert, and intent only on esthetic enjoyment.—*Mrs. Anna Spencer.*

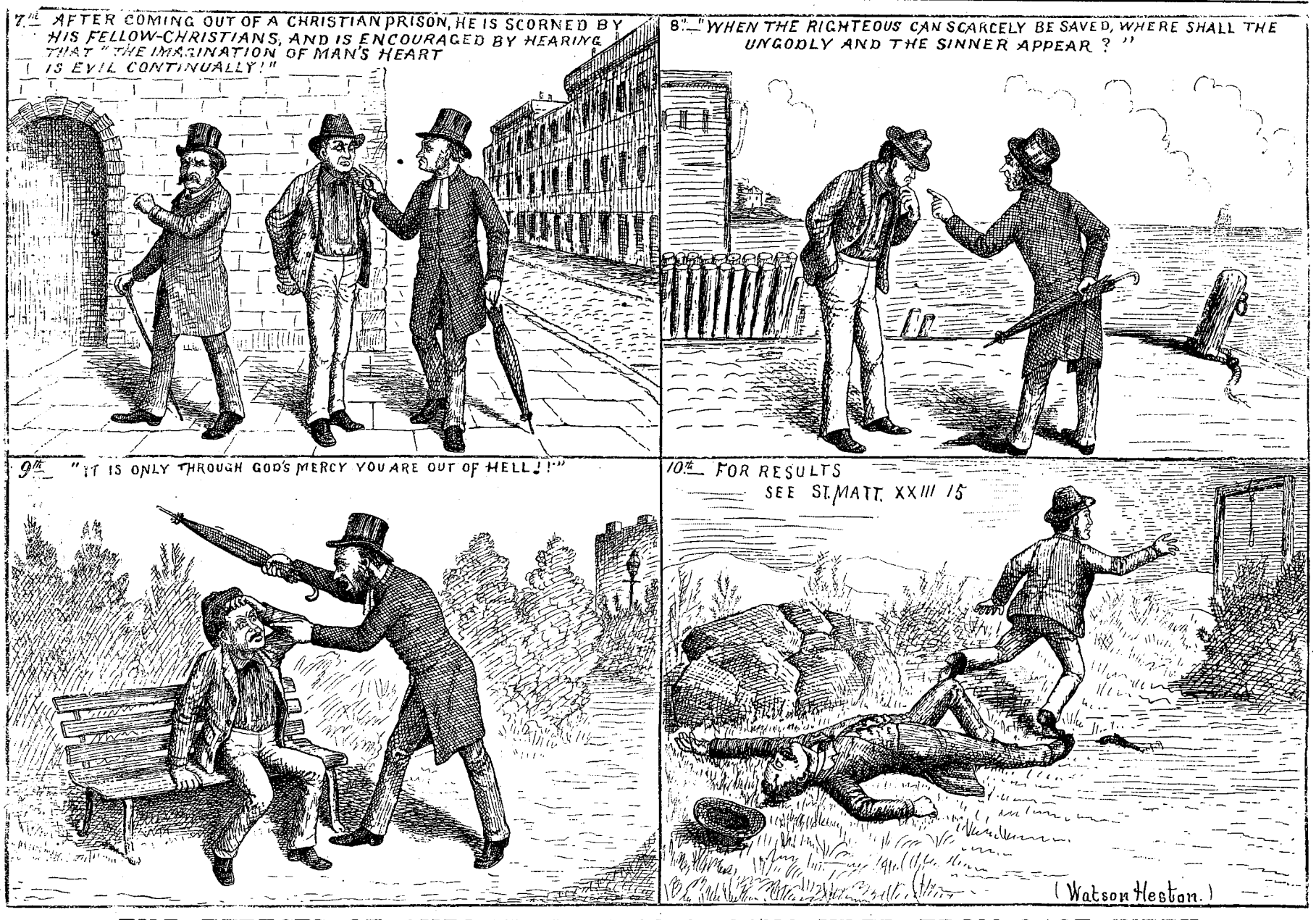
SURELY every human being ought to attain to the dignity of the unit. Surely it is worth something to be one, and to feel that the census of the universe would be incomplete without counting you. Surely there is grandeur in knowing that in the realm of thought, at least, you are without a chain; that you hav the right to explore all hights and all depths; that there are no walls nor fences, nor prohibited places, nor sacred corners in all the vast expanse of thought; that your intellect owes no allegiance to any being, human or divine.—*Ingersoll.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE EFFECTS OF CHRISTIAN DOGMAS.—CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

Notes and Clippings.

JONATHAN M. ROBERTS, formerly editor and publisher of *Mind and Matter*, in Philadelphia, died at Burlington, N. J., on Tuesday, Feb. 28th. Mr. Roberts was in early life a lawyer, and later a manufacturer. He was best known, however, to the public through his journalistic work. The interment occurred in the family ground near Norristown, Pa., March 3d.

THE secretary of the treasury is advised of an organized movement for the emigration of German convicts to this country, and has taken steps to guard against the landing of all such passengers. Two persons of this class are now in custody at New York and will be sent back to Germany at the expense of the steamship which brought them over. Others said to be on their way to this country will not be allowed to land.

EX-JUDGE DALY told the American Geographical Society recently that the ancient cities of the Western territories contain the secrets of a civilization which probably antedates the Egyptian pyramids. He said that it is almost an established fact that what we call the New World was in reality the cradle of the human race, and the indications were that a vast civilization had been destroyed by some sudden convulsion of nature.

THE expulsion of Jews from St. Petersburg and Moscow, and particularly from Livonia and Esthonia, continues with ever-increasing vigor. In direct connection with these cruel proceedings stands the equally growing emigration of Jews from Russia to America, South Africa, and partially also to India. The emigrants, so writes the St. Petersburg correspondent, entertain no delusions as to their future in distant lands, but the expulsions, the exceptional laws, especially those directed against education, compel them to prefer the unknown future to the terrible present.

CREMATION must be quietly striding forward. At the first monthly meeting of the Church of England Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association, presided over by Canon Elwyn, the motion was agreed to: "That in the present condition of the public health it is imperativ that a combined effort should be made on the part of ministers of religion, members of the medical profession, and persons of influence generally, to put a stop to the repulsiv, dangerous, and utterly indefensible practice of storing up in the neighborhood of large populations vast accumulations of human remains in every stage of arrested and prolonged decay."

THE advantages accruing to Chinamen who cultivate the English tongue in Sunday-schools were illustrated in the court of general sessions by the discharge of Mr. Gee Wah, laundryman, accused of assaulting a policeman. Brother Wah's Sunday-school teachers testified to his good character, and that he never geed, so to speak, from the path of virtue. The *Sun* trusts, however, that it is no offense to Mr. Wah's character to point out the sad fact that certain of his countrymen resident in this town hav been detected playing fan-tan on Sunday nights with their Sunday-school books under their arms. All is not Sunday-school that goes to Sunday-school.

THE theological students in the Lexington, Ky., school, who were dealt with because they went to the theater, hav also attracted attention by publishing in their seminary paper the following description of the kind of girls they think they would condescend to marry: "The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn a stocking, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk cows, wrestle with the boys, and be a lady withal in company is just the sort of girl for me, and for any worthy man, to marry."

PROCLAIMS the *Banner of Light:* "The liberties of the people are in danger. When Spiritualists cannot worship God in their own way, without self-appointed censors making raids upon them contrary to law, the same as the Quakers were assaulted in the olden time, and imprisoned, simply because they were Quakers; and when the ancient town of Beverly is attempted to be divided for the benefit of a few Boston financial aristocrats, who want the seashore of the town for their exclusiv use, is it not time for the people to protest with all the energy belonging to a liberty-loving race? We should say so. We fully agree with the Boston *Journal* to the effect that 'it will be a sorry day for the state when such a scheme receives the sanction of a Massachusetts legislature.'"

DOWN in Mississippi, says the Chicago *Times*, they believe innovations are dangerous, and they will not tolerate them. For years and years a citizen of one of the towns in that state has been running a gambling-room and filling a niche which without him would hav been an aching void. So long as he attended to the legitimate and highly reputable business of raking off for three of a kind and redeeming the remaining chips at their established value, he was in the midst of his friends. But there came an evil day when he fell a prey to Christian faith, and he closed his gambling-place and began holding meetings as an evangelist. This was too much for the sensitiv community, so the ever-dutiful officials pounced down on him and arrested him for preaching without a license. Mississippi has her laws and her customs, and she does not propose to sit calmly by and see them violated, not even by a man with a good, loyal past.

THE Rev. Dr. Dorchester, of Boston, recently preached for the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, pastor of the oldest Presbyterian church in Washington, at which place of worship President Cleveland and his wife statedly attend. In a letter to the *Zion Herald* he thus speaks of the president as a listener: "He is a very uniform attendant upon worship, and his entire bearing in the sanctuary is becoming, reverent, and attentiv. He is what we call a good listener. Nothing escapes his attention and his devotedness and dignity are of the quiet, unaffected cast. I felt very soon that he was in sympathy with my theme—that Christianity satisfies the deepest needs of our spiritual being. From the opening to the close of the discourse his attention, so far as I could judge, was not for a moment diverted. At the turning-point of the argument his countenance indicated that he was closely following; and under the appeal at the close to build all we can of ourselvs into the everlasting kingdom of God, he seemed like one who appreciated the truth."

Communications.

Bible Authority.

I observe that many of your correspondents are oblivious to or ignore the fact that the late revisers of the Bible, and especially of the New Testament part of it, hav settled the question of its unhistorical, its uninspired, and fallible character. Their scholarship, qualifications, and authority make their testimony far above and superior to that of any others who hav ever sat in judgment over the "divine word." Scientific study, philological criticism, and historical research hav furnished them in this age with a wealth of resources—the means and power of analysis to solve mysterious problems, to elucidate intricacies, to explain mysticisms, to simplify inexplicable difficulties and contradictions in the text, which heretofore scholarship, skill, and philosophy hav not been able to settle.

It is admitted by every biblical student, everyone at all conversant with the period of intellectual darkness, its great dearth of material and paucity of means, as well as of critical qualification, that Jerome, a crazy monk, a fierce fanatic, a self-immolated, if not insane, anchorite, who lived in the desert as a *solitaire*, starving and torturing himself in body and mind into intellectual idiocy, in the name of religion and for what he and the church said was for Christ's sake, was not at all capable to giv any reliable translation of the Bible. Yet we are told in church history that this poor, credulous, superstitious enthusiast and fanatic was the first translator or reviser of the Bible from the Hebrew and Greek into the Latin tongue. It was near the close of the fourth century.

Catholics and Protestants of all denominations refer to Jerome with reverent emotions and pious delight, with ejaculations of gratitude for his great work for God and the church, in furnishing the Christian world this Latin or Vulgate copy of the Bible.

It was translated by an infatuated bigot for an age enveloped in intellectual darkness, for a people groveling in pagan idolatry, mental hallucination, and an unbounded faith in miracles, ghosts, charms, and relics, whose supernatural powers they believed ruled the world.

This Bible was prepared, kept, and used by the Latin priests because they could not read Greek. The church did not adopt it as a standard for its faith till two hundred years afterward, at a period of darkness when it was prepared to believe anything.

The revisers of the New Testament speak in this frank and honest style of the authorized version which your correspondents quote, discuss, and criticise in such good earnest as though it was of some account as authority. At the time it was prepared "the ancient versions had not been examined; no careful investigation had been made into the testimony to the primitiv text borne by the fathers; textual criticism was still in its infancy; the materials for it had not been gathered; the principles of the science had not been studied, and the labors of Mill, Bentley, Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and other great scholars, to secure the purity of the text of the New Testament, were as yet unheard of, and only to be put forth in the course of many future generations.

"In these circumstances can it be wondered at that a vast multitude of changes will be found in the revised English version owing to an amended text? . . . When we trace the parentage of our English Bible, and when we see on what a slender basis of authority it rests, when we confront with this the enormous wealth of materials for settling the Greek text which we possess at the present day, and the amount of labor which has been expended in applying them, we might well fear that the alterations requiring to be made in the Bible with which we hav all our days been familiar should be of the most revolutionary character."

This foregoing statement is made in the "Companion to the Revised New Testament," by the approbation and authority of the revising committee.

We must remember they spent ten years in finding and verifying these facts, and publish them to the world for our enlightenment. It is simply to notify us that we are not to depend on the book as at all reliable, or as authority.

The committee knew much of this before it engaged in the revision. The revisers were prompted to the task by this knowledge. They knew the reverence that was felt for the book, and the opposition openly avowed by the clergy and the people to all efforts that might destroy the general confidence placed in it as a divine revelation from an infallible inspiration. It was to save the book from the stigma with which science and intelligence were enveloping it, that they undertook to revise it—promising to correct only the gross mistakes, the glaring errors, and not to destroy or disturb the doctrinal teachings—but to gratify the believers, they would leave all these absurdities unchanged.

They hav admitted the book to be entirely unreliable as authority in its teachings, and that they hav not changed it so as "to, in the slightest degree, affect its doctrins." "The Bible remains, for all practical purposes, totally unaffected."

They say it was so defectiv, so inadequately translated, and so uncertain, that it needed a revision, and yet they left it substantially as they found it. Hav we any confidence in their capacity, or can we rely on their testimony? If they were capable of telling the truth, and honest enough to do it, then the authenticity and authority of the Bible, as a divine revelation—as a standard of faith—is denied, overthrown, and settled. If the pious believers admit it, and tell us so, are not the unbelievers willing to accept it also? Why need they be reviving this dead ghost, this phantom, and then spend so much energy, and waste so much logic, in trying to worry, wound, and annihilate it? Its friends hav virtually killed it; then cannot its enemies let it alone? Because it is not buried and out of sight, they seem bound to be mauling and mussing it, as though they wanted to make something important out of its carcass. Do any appreciable numbers of your readers take any interest in this continuous battle and warfare over dead issues? If they were ignorant, unconverted church-members, they might be interested and enlightened by the controversy. But as the latter do not and will not read such lessons, is it not a loss of space and time to fight these battles over and over eternally, merely as a kind of pugilistic entertainment for those given to pugnacity?

If these fighters of dead ghosts had an audience or readers to convert, or to appreciate their heroic efforts, we could all view with placid serenity their valor in this contention with a vanquished error.

Certainly your readers hav been long convinced of the utter untrustworthiness and puerility of the New Testament as a historical record, translated and interpreted as it is by orthodox believers. And now that this high ecclesiastical court of revisers agrees with them substantially, had we not better pass on to the other more practical and present issues? We can preach and practice a better morality and purer religion than the dogmas and doctrins of the church require, or than the priesthood advocate. As truth seekers, all our energies may be engaged in finding it, in teaching and living it, and thus exhibiting our sincerity as reformers.

The revisers hav very nearly sealed the fate of the New Testament. Save some of the practical, moral precepts found there, but very little of it is used in our science lessons or in our best or most popular literature. Modern theology is adapting itself to more advanced rational thought. Thinking people giv but feeble support to the theology of the church, but are using their influence as church-members to improve its morality and extend its enlightenment.

The old terrifying specters for saving souls, the drama and tragedy of the faith, drawn from visions and pictures of the infernal and supernal realms, are fading away among the lost arts. Theologic schools cannot, as they once could, inspire their students with a faith in these phantoms. Science and common sense hav interposed and spoiled that game.

The old fossils in theology feel their occupation is nearly gone. The younger weaklings who are defending it see that it is losing its charm. If we can get light into the mind, faith will take its flight. If we spend our forces in public or private talks with those who need the light and will not read, it is about the only way to make them think and excite an interest in inquiry and a willingness to know the truth.

We are too few and poor to waste our resources on dead issues, or in misdirecting or exhausting our strength in merely entertaining one another with our forensic skill and vigorous logic, or with caricature and sarcasm, in demolishing theories already about being abandoned as unimportant or worthless.

The more intelligent clergy know that even as a foundation for their old creeds and their theologies, the Bible has no longer much hold on the people.

Were it not for the strong and well-organized church organizations, and the great ecclesiastical hierarchy behind them, by which the vast army of the clergy are employed, honored, and supported as spiritual guides and religious leaders for the masses, they could not be kept up. The clergy know that it is only by fighting to keep them up that they can hold their occupations, and secure their pious bread and butter. The profession, to them, is one too holy and honorable to languish.

Faith is really of little consequence. It may die, but the offices and emoluments are too precious and important to be easily surrendered. It is the church property and revenues that mainly keep up the organization. Were it not for the treasures laid up on earth, there would be but very little laid up in heaven.

If a congregation is to liv, it must hav some real estate. Then, to hold it without paying taxes on it produces a pious feeling that keeps up a spiritual unity, a firm front and sternness of purpose against the inroads and assaults of Infidelity.

It is the precious associations that linger around the sacred temple, the house of God, which priestcraft, in its own interest, has developed, and not faith in creeds, that are the strongest bonds of church union. The Bible is valued more as a fetich, an inheritance from the past, than for the infallibility of its contents. It has been proved that it teaches anything and everything that is either good or bad.

It certainly is gratuitous and unwise for intelligent Freethinkers to any longer continue selecting absurd or offensiv texts to criticise and demolish, when the revisers hav exposed the holy secrets, and hav done so much to sweep the whole volume overboard.

When we hav anything to say about this old literature, to disparage it or to break its force as a holy or infallible record, this serious testimony of the reverend revisers will be far more effectiv than the caviling or scoffing of an Infidel. The believer is often sincere and honest in his faith, and should be treated accordingly, if it is our object to enlighten and disabuse his mind of the falsehood and fraud that hav been imposed upon it. Let us then, when we can, use the weapons of his fellow-believers, which are so efficient and formidable.

If the revised version has no appreciable value over the authorized copy, being "substantially the same," we are not sure that the motiv for the revision was not simply a pretext to furnish the committee a justification for issuing the "Companion," for the purpose of exposing to the uneducated public the pious secrets, the craft, the forgeries, the ecclesiastical machinery and mendacity, that hav furnished us our so-called Holy Bible. Knowing, as educated men, what a formidable barrier its supposed teachings hav been to all enlightened progress; how they hav prompted to persecution, to martyrdom, and desolating wars; and how they are still arrayed against science, holding the church and the people in the bonds of superstition, they believed this was the best method of breaking and divulging the secret. Whether meaning to or not, they hav done a good work.

Liberals could not do better than to treat their ill-Liberal friends with copies of this "Companion." Being from a high orthodox source, it will not be Infidel literature, nor objectionable as a text-book for discussions between believer and Infidel. What it reveals ought to be enough to destroy the faith of, if not to convert, the most ardent devotee of the church. When we learn from it that Jesus never performed a miracle; that he is neither a "Lord" nor a "savior," and that the word "Christ" was only a title bestowed on him by strangers, etc., and much more which simplifies his character as only a teacher and reformer, it spoils all the divinity and supernaturalism that hav given his name its despotic charm over the mind.

T. E. LONGSHORE.

Philadelphia, March, 1888.

Another Landmark Gone.

On Monday, February 27th, I left my home to attend the funeral of Isaac Beadle, which occurred in the town of Galen, near the village of Clyde, in Wayne county, N. Y., on the 28th.

Mr. Beadle was eighty-one years old, and the second white child born in the town. Life's lamp went out within a half-mile of the place where he first saw the light.

His life was peaceful and quiet, and spent in the town in which he was born. He died in peace with all who knew him, a true reformer, having the welfare of his kind at heart.

He was naturally skeptical, but at the time of Mr. Bennett's arrest he felt the outrage to be so great that he openly denounced the whole proceeding, and as it was all done in the interest of the church he took a bold stand against the domineering spirit of the church and the priesthood, and took his position among the out-and-out, stand-up-and-be-counted Liberals.

He had no belief in a future state of existence, but believed that all the good which he could accomplish, and all that he could enjoy, must be accomplished and enjoyed in this life.

Nature was his god, and at her shrine he was a devout worshiper. If he had no hope of heaven, he escaped the fear and dread of hell. He viewed death as an endless, peaceful, quiet sleep.

He was too shrewd and practical a man to trade off the good and substantial things of this world for mere guesses about the skies.

He was a practical man, and believed to the fullest extent that all the plowing and sowing must be done on this earth, and that no harvests can be gathered in the skies.

He was not only charitable to those who differed from him in opinion, but he allowed none to want where his benevolent hand could reach. Wherever the poor were found suffering, he was present to help. Even those who had never befriended him he helped with a liberal hand, though never expecting anything in turn.

There is scarcely a man in the neighborhood who will not miss his wise counsels and his helping hand. He was a good farmer and a practical man, and was frequently consulted by his neighbors in regard to the best methods of managing their farms, and frequently helped young men both by his counsels and material aid to start in life.

He spent much time in the distribution of Liberal papers, tracts, and books. When he found a striking

article in THE TRUTH SEEKER, he did not say, "I want you to read that article," but read the article himself, calling particular attention to the most convincing points in the article. A few such earnest workers in every community would soon revolutionize the country.

When the principles of Liberalism were being discussed in his neighborhood, and the orthodox people expressed the opinion that Infidelity had a tendency to lower the state of public morals and that it would lead to vice and crime, the answer was sure to be put in by some one: "Why, look at Mr. Beadle! He is an outspoken Infidel, and he is up to every good work; his code of morals is spotless; and every way he is as pure as the snow which falls from heaven. His word is as good as his bond."

I never saw so many great, big, noble specimens of humanity at a funeral as I saw on that occasion. It would seem that he had breathed a new breath of life into the very elements which surrounded him. Earth and atmosphere must hav partaken of his greatness to produce such noble-looking men.

The friends had taken heads of long, bearded wheat and stripped off the leaves, leaving the golden-yellow stalks, and bound them into a beautiful sheaf and laid it on the casket. *Apropos*, thought I, his life has been bountiful and he has gone down to the grave "like a shock of corn fully ripe." He was not kind and benevolent because he had been taught to be so, or because he considered it his duty, but it was the spontaneous outburst of a noble and generous nature.

In life he was a man, in death he was a hero.

Such are, mainly, the facts in regard to the life of the deceased, as I gathered them from friends and neighbors in my flying visit to the neighborhood where he had spent his life.

He was a child of nature, and in the arms of Mother Nature we leave him. He was born of the elements, and to the elements must return. Earth to earth and dust to dust.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Naples, N. Y., Mar. 3, 1888. JOHN PECK.

Blue Laws.

When Thomas Jefferson built his mansion near the skies, he made a billiard-room in it. But scarcely was the building completed before a law was passed by the general assembly forbidding billiard-playing, both public and private. The billiard-room was then converted into a ball-room.

In regard to the early laws of Connecticut this is what the historian Palfrey says:

The first code of law adopted in Connecticut, December, 1642, related only to capital offenses. Established a year later than the Massachusetts Body of Liberties, it is in great part a verbal copy of that instrument. Neither before nor for several years after the confederation of the colonies had New Haven any body of statutes. During this time the courts were guided in their decisions by what, in their apprehension, were the rules of equity and scripture. The popular story of the "Blue laws" of New Haven is without foundation in fact. It was a fabrication of a dishonest writer of the period of the war of Independence.

After the example of the mother country, orders were made in all the colonies for the regulation of prices of commodities and of labor. Experience proved the futility of such legislation, and in due time it was abandoned. The less objectionable enactments in restraint of extravagance in dress were also no inventions of New England or of Puritanism. They had precedent in the earlier history of England. Not only the support of the ministrations of religion, but of personal attendance upon them, was enforced by law. So it was in Virginia, and so it was in England. In all Christian countries it was understood to belong to the rightful province of law to control the individual, not only for his neighbor's protection, but for his own well-being and improvement. But if the New England founders had not received that theory, probably they would hav originated it.

The Connecticut code, says Palfrey, did not adopt the whole system of Massachusetts; it did not include among capital offenses the striking or reviling of parents or the breaking of the Sabbath. The English law of the time denounced capital punishment against more than thirty offenses. The Body of Liberties reduced the number to ten. As early as 1657, and before the first child born in New Haven had attained its majority, "it was propounded that the court would think of some way to further the setting up of schools for the education of youth." Still earlier the town had "provided that the schoolmaster should be maintained at the public charge, and Milford had made provision in a comfortable way." And imitation of the example, says Palfrey, was by order of the general court enforced on all the towns of the colony.

The fabricated "Blue laws" to which Palfrey refers, I suppose, are contained in a blue-covered pamphlet, recently republished in San Francisco, purporting to hav been first published in 1830, and entitled, "The Code of 1650, being a compilation of the earliest laws and orders of the General Court of Connecticut . . . to which is added some extracts from the laws and judicial proceedings of the New Haven Colony, commonly called Blue Laws." It has a frontispiece representing the arrest of a man for tobacco-chewing, witnessed by a woman with five children. One of the children says, "Mam, dad has catched a man chawing tobacco." The mother replies, "My child, he will hav his deserts." The constable and father, laying hold of the offender, says, "Chaw tobacco, will you?" The fellow arrested replies, "Say nothing; you shall hav some of the tea;" and he spurts the liquid from his mouth into the face of the constable. Below the picture is a reference to the prohibition of tobacco-chewing in the code of 1650.

There appears to be no law in this collection forbidding a man to kiss his wife, or a wife her husband, on the Lord's day, but in the report of trials on the "1st of 1st month, 1643," is the following:

Goodman Hunt and his wife, for keepeing the councells of the said William Harding, bakeing him a pastry and plum cakes, and keeping company with him on the Lord's day, and she suffering Harding to kisse her, they being onely admitted to sojourn in this Plantation upon their good behavior, was ordered to be sent out of this towne within one month after the date hereof; yea, in a shorter time, if any miscarriage be found in them.

The Lord's day was strictly kept in New England, beginning at sunset in conformity to the Levitical law, to wit: "From even to even shall ye celebrate your Sabbath." My father was born in Connecticut, but at the age of four years migrated with a colony to Kingsboro, N. Y. He never joined a church, but was always a rigid Calvinist and an observer of the Sabbath, beginning at sunset, while all the rest of the emigrants gave up the Saturday night observance. When I was twenty-two years of age, I spent six weeks in Meriden, Conn. On Saturday night there was expected a generally attended prayer meeting. And yet I was told by an aged Christian that the observance of Saturday evening was only a custom, it not being regarded as a part of the Sabbath. On Sunday evening there was no religious service—only sometimes a temperance meeting—and it was allowable to go a-courting and indulge in lively social intercourse interspersed with secular music. But when on a bright and balmy Sunday, after the second church service, I took a stroll through the woods and fields, I noticed that nobody else was out, and, on inquiry, I was told that it was unusual for anybody to be seen walking on Sunday except to and from church.

It is possible that the penalty for Sabbath-breaking in Massachusetts was death, as prescribed by the Mosaic law, but if so, it certainly was never enforced. And perhaps the law has never been repealed, just as laws against blasphemy still remain on the statute books of other states. In the District of Columbia, for example, under the old Maryland law, any person who shall deny the holy trinity, or shall utter any profane words against the Father, Son, or Holy Ghost, must, for the first offense, be bored through the tongue and fined twenty pounds sterling, or suffer six months' imprisonment; and, for the third offense, the penalty is death. W. H. BURR.

A Straw that Shows Which Way the Wind Blows.

Yesterday the body of Bartholomew Coggins, a soldier of the late Rebellion, and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, was laid away in the Hollenback Cemetery, this city, by his former comrades, under the following circumstances:

A short time ago another G. A. R. member died, and was taken to the St. Mary's church to be buried by the priest, Father O'Harren. His coffin was wrapped in the American flag, and accompanied by his comrades, who wore the badges usual in such cases, to mourn for their departed friend. This man's name was Mundy; he was a faithful Catholic, and a lover of his country and the army post of which he was a member.

When the Grand Army men marched into the church, with the coffin draped in the flag of his country, as is their custom, this priest, Father O'Harren, became very angry and immediately tore the United States flag from the coffin and dashed it to the floor, and ordered the Grand Army men to remove their badges or leave the church. He acted with all the hatred and venom that an enraged tyrant would exhibit. To such an extent did he carry his priestly antics that the whole congregation was astonished at his insane conduct.

Among the audience was Mr. Coggins, who saw the disgraceful and disrespectful conduct of his pastor in the treatment he gave the flag of freedom and noticed the contempt shown by the manner he tore the old flag from the coffin—the flag under which he had marched and braved the bullets of the enemies of the Union for years. He was not only shocked at it, but pained and grieved to think that the church, to which he belonged, would act so contemptibly. His patriotism was aroused by it at once, and it asserted itself in a way not to be put down. He resolved that when he died no such disgraceful conduct should be enacted over his remains, and instructed his family, as soon as he got home, to that effect.

The poor comrade had not long to wait for the messenger of death, as he was the next one on the list to go, but he reiterated his request on his deathbed, and requested his son to see to it by stating to this priest that if he offered any objections whatever to the G. A. R. men, they should bury him without the priest's offices.

When the son so represented to this bigoted priest, he flatly refused to hav anything to do with him, and told him that his body could not be placed in consecrated ground; whereat the son told the priest that the flag which he despised had shielded and protected his church, and that without its protection it might not fare so well, and that the G. A. R. would bury his father without his offices; and he was buried.

There is no doubt but that the body of Bartholomew Coggins will rest as well in the soldier's grave as it would in that of the church to which it belonged. The burial services were beautiful, tender, and impressiv, and the family hav been highly commended by the general public for the noble stand they took to defend the American flag, and defy a priest who would dare to trample it in the dust. The service was honest, and much more serious, as well as satisfactory, than it possibly could hav been coming from a heart filled with the rancor of a traitor to America's flag.

Only a few years ago—1878—this same Father O'Harren was called on to offer a prayer, as part of a program to celebrate the massacre of Wyoming, and stood by the side of President R. B. Hayes and Hon. John Sherman in our city, where he uncovered his head in the presence of ten thousand people and asked God's blessings on the American flag and its people, and now, in so short a time, we find this non-citizen traitor tearing that same flag from the coffin of a poor soldier, and trampling it into the dust of his feet, casting it away as if it would desecrate the altar of his church, although that same altar would never hav been erected or consecrated without its protection.

Are we not justified, in view of his malicious and contemptuous conduct, in saying that he must be a traitor to that flag, and that all his former words of praise were but the words of hypocrisy?

He had an opportunity to show his respect for that flag and the government it represents, and how did he do it? He might hav shown respect for its defender, the poor soldier whom he was called on to bury, who was taken to the church for such consolations as his people believed he could giv, but instead, this man, who represents that machine in Rome, has the unprincipled audacity to dishonor both the soldier and the flag he so bravely fought under, as well as every one of the brave comrades who wanted to pay the last sad tribute to the departed worth of a dead brother soldier. The result is that the Grand Army can hav nothing less than a supreme contempt for the swaggering traitor who is sworn to be obedient to another and a foreign flag. And may the condemnation of every G. A. R. man rest upon his dishonored head, as it justly should.

We warn you, Father O'Harren, that the time is past when you can treat Americans, and the American flag, with your dirty conduct, and escape the censure of an indignant PUBLIC.

Wilkes Barre, Pa., Feb. 21, 1888.

Astronomical.

H. M. PARKHURST, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* An astronomical question has recently been raised in this community, and it is desired that you settle it by an explanation of the whole matter in THE TRUTH SEEKER. It would seem that after the 21st of December, when the sun has touched the tropic of Capricorn, and commenced his return trip to Cancer, the days ought to be lengthened alike by the earlier rising and later setting of the sun, but we find, on looking into the almanac, that though the sun sets later immediately after the solstice, he rises later also for nearly two weeks, and adds nothing by his earlier rising to the day's length till the 9th of January. And while the later setting of the sun adds thirty-three minutes to the day's length in January, the earlier rising adds only twelve minutes. Why all this? The Astronomical writer in the Toledo *Blade* says the sun entered Aquarius on the 12th of January. We had thought it about the 21st that it entered it. How is it? Please explain, and oblige many truth-seeking friends. Yours truly, W. W. WALKER.

New Bedford, Pa.

REPLY.

In the statement in the Toledo *Blade*, there is evidently an accidental transposition of the figures, for it should hav been the 21st instead of the 12th. The other question needs explanation, not correction. The moment the sun commences the return trip northward from the tropic of Capricorn, the days begin to lengthen. If apparent time is used, they lengthen equally morning and evening. But one month before that time the sun is fourteen minutes fast, and one month after it is twelve minutes slow, making a difference of twenty-six minutes in the two months, which is called the equation of time. In the two months the sun moves four hours twenty-six minutes in right ascension, while mean or average solar time can only allow the average motion of four hours. When the sun is fourteen minutes fast, it rises fourteen minutes earlier, is south fourteen minutes earlier, and sets fourteen minutes earlier, making the forenoon so much longer and the afternoon so much shorter. That is the reason why the sun sets earliest, according to the clock, in the early part of December. When the sun is slow it rises late, is south late, and sets late, making the forenoon shorter, and that is the reason why the sun rises latest, according to the clock, in the early part of January.

HENRY M. PARKHURST.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
EDGAR C. BEALL, Chair. Fin. Com., - - 27 Arcade, Cincinnati.

Captured a Church.

SUCCESS OF THE CHICAGO SECULAR UNION.

In a former article I intimated that the Chicago Secular Union was about to rent, for its regular meetings, the Madison Street Theater, as its present quarters are becoming quite inadequate to the attendance. Well, we hav done better—vastly better—having paid six months' rent in advance and secured the lease for a year of the church formerly occupied by the Universalists, corner Sangamon street and Washington boulevard—the most celebrated drive on the West side. The building is a large frame structure, 50x100 feet, fronting on the boulevard; has recently been decorated and repaired inside, and possesses a fine organ which cost $3 000. The Chicago Union will hav exclusiv control, except one evening each week, and proposes to sublet it for concerts and meetings and thus replenish its treasury.

An office for the secretary of the American Secular Union is to be built in the building, and extensiv alterations made, besides painting the outside (which will probably cost $200), prior to our occupancy on Sunday, April 1st. It will be the largest building occupied by any branch of the American Secular Union, and is an evidence of what patient, earnest, persistent endeavor, coupled with considerable sacrifice of time and money, will eventually accomplish.

Seven years ago, when reorganizing the Liberal League, the writer and others passed this very church, when one of the party remarked: "Don't you wish we had a building like that?" I merely observed that "we would some day," although my experience even then had made me modest in my expectations. The Episcopal cathedral is on a similar corner, just one block below, and in a much poorer location. Though that is a stone structure and ours a frame building, ours is larger and higher and more imposing in appearance. To-day Drs. Henry and McLeod and myself closed the bargain, signed the lease, and concluded that we had accomplished enough for the glory of Secularism in one day, surely. Our motto is, "I X L," or, I should remark, that is the monogram of a club composed of part of our Young People's Society. They hav a social on Friday night. Dr. McLeod is going to giv some biological lectures under their auspices. The writer will furnish them some scientific text-books.

SUCCESS ONLY THROUGH LEAFLETS.

"If the Liberals of Colorado were thoroughly organized," says C. B. Reynolds, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 3d, "they would be a mighty power for good," etc. Then why does not this vice-president of the American Secular Union proceed to rouse their latent energies and demonstrate this "mighty power?" The benefits to be derived from organization are certainly not confined to Colorado, and Mr. Reynolds only takes this occasion to publicly attack those whom he has been urged to assist. But Reynolds's lamentation and excuse is, forsooth, that the American Secular Union has not prepared leaflets on "How to organize a local Secular Union and *insure success.*" Am not aware that Mr. Reynolds has been able to *insure* the *success* of a single Secular Union himself. If he can accomplish that by merely writing a leaflet, I shall only be too happy to publish it, for it will far transcend in importance all the rest of our literature. But, if the experience of some years is worth anything, I can assure him that it will hav to be something different from the crudities he presented at the Cleveland Congress.

Liberals, on the question of organization, are as unlike any other portion of the community as it is possible to imagin. I hav found that it takes something besides leaflets to inspire, uphold, and maintain a successful Secular Union. The Chicago society has donated hundreds of dollars to the national treasury, besides keeping up a continuous agitation at home. Where can Mr. Reynolds point to a more successful organization of Liberals? This was not the result of leaflets. It was the result of *work.* The same work on the part of Mr. Reynolds or anyone else could dot this country with organizations all over.

We are also informed that, if we publish "How to inaugurate and conduct a science school successfully without a professor or experienced teacher," the American Secular Union would, according to Mr. Reynolds, "be doing something toward fulfilling its mission, and there would be little difficulty in forming local Unions, with science schools on Sundays, and social advantages that would insure their becoming a power for good, and as they grew in influence and numbers they would in turn help sustain the American Secular Union." In other words, the child must be born before the parent has matured. Mr. Reynolds should remember that there was but $5 in the treasury when I came into office, and scarcely a thing to work with. Another thing, it appears I hav been all along—even before Mr. Reynolds evoluted out of Adventism—laboring under the delusion that this movement was organized for the separation of church and state. Scientific schools, where possible, are very commendable, but are only remotely related to secularization, and are at least secondary to the practical work for which the American Secular Union was organized. Mr. Reynolds's articles in some of the Liberal papers are headed, "The Blasphemer's Peregrinations," as though the writer particularly courted that distinction. Now, if he is such a conserver of science, would it not be more in keeping with the dignity of his ideas to drop that sort of buffoonery about blasphemy and giv us a little more of science? However, that is his own business.

If Mr. Reynolds could look over my correspondence, he would conclude that the Liberal lecturers as a class were very hard to please. Here is a letter, written March 4th, from one who, in explanation of his dissatisfaction, forwards an eight-page epistle, from which I make this extract: "Anxiety on the part of others to become martyrs. . . . Disgraceful performances under a tent and a cause demoralized. . . . Liberalism fed to a mob of driveling ignorance, and another day some new ephemeralism is in order, and thus it goes on." Another, from a gentleman in Wisconsin who can see no moral obliquity in commissions, says: "Why can he [meaning Mr. Reynolds] not get out leaflets himself?" And a good deal more in a style that Mr. Reynolds would scarcely relish.

The "unkindest cut of all" is that Mr. Reynolds well knew when he penned that article that the secretary had been refused the authority by the board of directors to even draw from the fund held for his salary to print needed documents, as they did not feel authorized to incur additional expense; that he preferred having the printing done to drawing his salary. However, to get over the difficulty, he has drawn his salary and ordered the printing of sixty-five thousand leaflets, two thousand constitutions, and has aided in getting out his pamphlet on "God in the State" at his own risk, trusting that the majority of Liberals will do something more than throw cold-water criticism on the American Secular Union. The leaflets may not suit Mr. Reynolds, but they are what I consider essential to the work of the organization. Dr. Willis, of Koko, Mo., a life-member, is generously assisting in this work. I am having twenty electrotypes made—ten with the Nine Demands, five with Senator Crockett's speech, and five with Putnam's rally for organization. Each one thousand impressions on a large press will make twenty thousand leaflets, and if not ordered in large quantities they come extravagantly high. We can hav other plates made, but the first ten, the "Nine Demands," will always be good. Those will be out next week. Weeks ago I ordered the constitutions, but no sign of them yet. Treasurer Eckhard has got out one thousand "Christian Paradoxes," which will be mailed to contributors to the fund. The illogical part of Mr. Reynolds's criticism is, that the American Secular Union should first do all this, and then there would be no lack of funds. Can he find printers with such firm faith in our "futures" as to accept them in payment? When I took this office, I outlined in "A Word to Liberals Everywhere" what I thought was a practical plan. A portion of that scheme—the book business—I hav not attempted to carry out as yet. Probably I placed too much reliance on proffers and assurances of activ assistance from quarters which, up to the present moment, hav amounted to 0. But when I make and inaugurate a plan which enables me to see my way clearly, Mr. Reynolds rouses from his "masterly inactivity" for the American Secular Union, and screams, "Bribes, commissions." No one prevents Mr. Reynolds from donating all the time and service he will for the pure love of the cause, but some people hav other notions that what is worth doing well is worth paying for. The organizer of a society deserves to be paid as much as a talker, in my humble opinion. Secular Unions do not die of "discouragement" from lack of leaflets, Mr. Reynolds, but from being stabbed in the back by pretended friends.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Is The Statement Correct?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In No. 8 of *Freethought* our indefatigable secretary, E. A. Stevens, makes this statement: "In the city of New York Trinity Episcopal church owns a block of land one-fourth of a mile wide by three-fourths of a mile long, valued at $25,000 000. Taxed equally with other property, it would yield $1,750,000 annually toward supporting the state; but, it being exempt, that amount remains in the church's coffers, and the people of New York, who are taxed the extra amount to make good this deficiency, positivly pay $2.000 per annum for the religious instruction of each attendant at Trinity church."

This startling statement has often been made in the past, and I think I hav seen it contradicted on what seemed to be quite good authority. By ascertaining and publishing the exact facts about this matter, I think you would confer a favor on many Liberals, as well as contribute to general enlightenment.

S. BREWER.

Ithaca, N. Y.

[We do not know upon what authority Mr. Stevens made the statement. Here in New York no one can find out anything about Trinity church property. Even the county officials cannot get the corporation to file maps and information. The corporation has for years been getting closer and closer, until now it is run by an autocratic ring of the church which givs the public and the other members of Trinity church as much information as it pleases, and no more. The legislature ought to investigate it.—ED. T. S.]

Notes From the Lecture Field.

I gave only one lecture in Pittsburgh, and it was a great treat to the speaker to address such a bright and enthusiastic audience. The Union there is strong, and keeps up a constant bombardment of the old fort Zion. It has done and is still doing a grand work. They want the next national Congress of the Secular Union held there, and I think they are entitled to it. Pittsburgh has some veterans in the cause of Freethought, such as Harry Hoover, Roman Staley, Mr. Barker, and others.

Miss Voltairine de Cleyre has done good service there, and is winning golden opinions wherever she goes.

I received no favorable notices from the city press. Several of the dailies reported me as attempting to take the name of God out of the national Constitution.

In this city—Sandusky, O.,—I am having a grand surprise in the good-will shown me by the daily papers, all of which are giving me handsome notices. I am the first here except Ingersoll to advocate Liberalism from the platform. Our principal workers are C. F. Wininger, Isaac Weiler, Chris. Kuebler, and M. Hommel. As it is such an unusual thing for the secular press to say a word in favor of Liberal lectures, I know the Editor will indulge me in appending a few notices given me here yesterday and to-day.

The *Register* said:

Professor Bell, the Liberal orator, of Chicago, lectured to a large and appreciativ audience at Fisher's Hall, last evening. His subject, "Liberty and Morality," is a gem of oratory and humor, as it embraces the fundamental principles of good government. The lecturer at once enlisted the attention of his hearers. The subject throughout was so ably handled and well received that we predict the same well-deserved patronage for his succeeding lectures.

The same paper said of my second lecture:

An intelligent and appreciativ audience again greeted Professor Bell on the occasion of his second lecture at Fisher's Hall, last evening, on "Common Sense *vs.* Superstition." Judging from the look of anxiety depicted upon the countenances of the people as they entered, it was evident that they came with "great expectations," and in this particular they were not disappointed, as the professor fully sustained the impression made by his previous lecture. True to its subject, Professor Bell's lecture was brimful of common sense as well as instructiv and entertaining; and the demoralizing influence of superstition was so vividly portrayed that, if but a single spark of it lingered among his auditors, the object of the lecture must hav been accomplished.

The *Evening Journal* said:

Sunday night's lecture at Fisher's Hall, by Prof. W. S. Bell, on "Liberty and Morality," was fairly attended by an appreciativ audience. The lecture was argumentativ and humorous, delivered in good taste, well illustrated with anecdotes, and adorned with allusions to the Bible and Shakspere as the two most marked and least understood works of this or any age. The professor is as sincere now as when he was preaching for the Methodist church, and affords a very interesting evening's sitting to his auditors.

The *Democrat*, a German paper, said:

The lecture of the Liberal speaker, Prof. W. S. Bell, of Chicago, Sunday evening, at Fisher's Hall, drew an audience largely composed of Germans. Mr. Bell, formerly a Methodist divine, is a splendid speaker, and forcibly reminds his hearers of R. G. Ingersoll. His words were listened to with closest attention.

W. S. BELL.

A Preacher Spoiled.

In writing the article, "Life in a Trappist Monastery," which appeared in the ANNUAL, my object was merely to describe the daily life of a monk in that order. As I related only what I actually saw, it appeared necessary for me to describe the circumstances attending my entrance. Having arrived at the death and burial of the unfortunate devotee, my task seemed to me to be ended. I find, however, from Mrs. Slenker's letter in your issue of the 3d instant, that she considers some account of my release a necessary supplement. It will afford me great pleasure to supply the desired information.

In all religious orders there is a novitiate which must be gone through before vows are taken. This is a time of trial on both sides. The novice may conclude that he has mistaken his vocation, his physical condition may disqualify him from keeping the rule, or he may be cured of a romantic love of solitude and ecstatic devotion, and desire to return to the world. In any of these cases he is perfectly free to go. He informs the abbot of his change of mind, receives back his former clothes, and any other property which he may hav had with him on entering, and departs. On the other hand, the abbot may decide that he is not a fit subject for

a monk, and dismiss him. Should he persevere to the end of his novitiate, which in that order is one year from the date of his clothing, or if he be under twenty-two years of age at that time, when he shall hav attained that age the monks, assembled in chapter, decide by a majority of votes whether he shall be admitted to vows or not.

In my own case, I had passed through eight months of my novitiate without any intention of seceding from the order. In the mean time I had been ordered by the abbot to writ a commentary on the rule of St. Benedict. One or two of the other novices had received a similar command. Unfortunately for my future career as a monk, my composition pleased the reverend father better than the others. In addition to this I had, during my terms of office as reader at meals and in chapter, given some evidence of the possession of a rather powerful voice. It struck our esteemed superior that it was God's will that I should become a preacher. He told me that I could serve the church better in an activ than a cloistered order. He fancied that I could do more good by advocating Christianity from the pulpit than by chanting psalms in the night, and spreading manure on a Leicestershire farm by day. I had no choice in the matter, or I am afraid I should still be engaged in these latter interesting occupations. Poor holy man! Had he been possessed of the gift of prophecy I guess he would hav counseled otherwise. However, I was bound to obedience, and under obedience was transferred to another order.

Right here I begin to fear that I hav not yet furnished the supplement which was to make my article satisfactory. I hav endeavored to explain the particulars of my release from one religious house, and I hav only pictured myself as I stood almost thirty-three years ago on the threshold of another. Of one, too, where I stayed much longer, and where the life, if somewhat less like a romance of the past, had a closer bearing upon our interests as Liberal thinkers of the present. It was one of those institutions where the teachers of illiberal thought are taught. I cannot deal with this subject within the limits of a letter, but if there are any who think that some account of my experience there, and of my final escape from the trammels of religious rule, might be interesting or of any value, I will attempt, as soon as I can find time from present rather pressing business, to send you a little information concerning an order of so modern a date that its founder was still ruling it when I was numbered among its members.

New York, March 6, 1888. E. J. BOWTELL.

Rivalry in Crime.

From the Dublin, Ireland, Christian Advocate.

In a report by Father Nugent, Roman Catholic prison chaplain in Liverpool, it is stated that during the year 1875 13,683 prisoners had passed through the borough jail; of these 9,397 were Roman Catholics, and 4,286 were Protestants. But the Roman Catholics of Liverpool altogether numbered 150,000, whereas the Protestants were 600,000. According to the ratio of population there should hav been four times as many Protestants in jail as Catholics, whereas there were not half as many. The *Catholic Times* of April 17, 1885, tells its readers that of 21,324 committals to the borough prison, 13,676 were Roman Catholics, whereas the Protestants, although so many times more numerous in the population, furnished only 5,130. In other directions the indications are worse. Father Nugent is reported in the *Catholic Times* as having said, in the League Hall, on November 11, 1886, that "nine out of every ten girls which are seen at night along the London road, or Limo street, are Catholics. There is no use in hiding it. The Sisters of Notre Dame had 15,000 of these girls under their charge."

A Parliamentary return for Scotland in 1872 shows 34 182 persons in jail in that country. Of these, 10,748 were Roman Catholics, and 23,434 Protestants; that is, having regard to population, one of every 27 Roman Catholics was in jail, whereas only one in every 132 Protestants had been in prison. Sir Richard Cross, when home secretary, said in Parliament, on July 23, 1877, that "about one-third of all the prisoners in Scotland were Roman Catholics." Were the Romanists in Scotland not more criminal than Protestants, their numbers in prison would be only 2,920, whereas the actual number was 10,748. In England the showing is also damagingly bad for Rome. The Irish in England are not, of course, all Romanists, but those who belong to the criminal classes are nearly so. If the Irish residents in England furnished to the jails in the same ratio as the English, there would be only 3,000 Irish prisoners in England. As it is, there are 22,100. The Catholics of England are 4 3 per cent of the population, but the number of Roman Catholic criminals amounts to from 15 to 40 per cent of the criminals in the country.

In Ireland we hav the following sad facts. There were 5,939 Protestants committed to prison in 1884–5; but in the same year the number of Roman Catholics committed was 31.110. In juvenil reformatories there were, in 1885, 151 Protestant children; but of Roman Catholic children the number was 818. In industrial schools the Roman Catholic children numbered, in 1885, 5,555, whereas the Protestants were 810. But the equally instructiv fact remains to be told: that the total sum received from the treasury and rates in 1885 was 18 383 pounds sterling for Protestants, as compared with 116,212 pounds sterling for Roman Catholics.

If we go to Canada, the case is no better. The population of Ontario in 1881 was 1,923 228, of which 320,839, or 16 per cent, were Roman Catholics. The criminal convictions in the same year were 6,940, of which 3 844, or 59 2 per cent, were Roman Catholics. There were 8.118 commitments to the Central prison, Toronto, between 1873 and 1886, of which 2,802, or 34 66 per cent, were Roman Catholics, and the ratio in the Mercer Reformatory for women during the same period was 35 77 per cent. Thus where the Roman Catholics are only 16 per cent of the population, the proportion of criminals of that persuasion is from 30 to 60 per cent.

In England and Scotland, Roman Catholics number about one-fourteenth of the population; notwithstanding, of the boys and girls committed to reformatories, one-fifth are Roman Catholics. Reconvictions of those who had been in reformatories tell a like tale. Of boys recommitted from Protestant reformatories, the number amounts to 10 per cent, but the number reconvicted from Romanist reformatories amounts to 22 per cent. So in Scotland: the reconvicted boys from reformatories there number 12 per cent of Protestants, but from Romanist reformatories, the reconvicted boys tot up to 33 per cent. The lesson of all this is that the efficiency of reformatory work in Protestant institutions is much greater than in those under Roman Catholic management. Whether in church, school, or the open theater of life, Romanism is shown to be not a healthy system, as compared with that of Protestantism. And yet the aid of the pope is touted for to promote the weal of Ireland! What our rulers hav got to do is their duty in the fear of God. Let them govern firmly, tolerating no vacillation, and showing no partiality; let them stand by law, and enforce it with swift, sure steps; let them, at the same time, leave nothing undone to promote the true prosperity of the country, and trusting in God, leave the pontiff to enjoy its presents in the Vatican.

Editorial Notes.

OWING to the blizzard which struck New York last Monday, completely suspending all trucking business and railway service, this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER leaves the office one day late. How many days late it will be in reaching the subscribers only the all-merciful providence who sent the storm can tell. We trust that our Dakota and other Northwestern friends will restrain somewhat their inclination to advise emigration from New York as being an uninhabitable place, and remember that we hav never joined in the gibes at their region. We hav a profound respect for Dakota products, especially in the matter of climate.

ONE circumstance connected with the blizzard givs us a little joy. The Episcopalian See House across the street from our office was snowed in and up and under to a depth of ten feet or so, while THE TRUTH SEEKER escaped with only so much snow as a dollar and a half expended upon the pauper labor of Italy would remove. The Episcopalians had to pay at least four dollars. Some folks would see in this the large hand of omnipotence, but a close observer would attribute it to the fact that we were on the right side of the street.

IN response to an inquiry as to whether the Roman Catholic is a Christian church, the organ of Methodism in this city says: "The Roman Catholic church is a church. It is not Mohammedan, Jewish, nor pagan. It is classed by all the gazetteers and geographies of the world as a Christian church. It is great. Therefore, it is in that sense one of the great Christian churches of the age. But it is held by Protestants to be a corrupt form of Christianity, having vital errors which justify them in having no fellowship with it." That is to say, the organ can't deny it, but it won't admit it. The unity of the Christian brethren was once an argument for the truth of Christianity.

MRS. SUSAN B. MCKINNEY, of Deadwood, Dak., advertised in a morning paper that she had Chiniquy's "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome" for sale. The next day she received a letter from the Catholic priest of Lead City, Mr. Patrick Rosen, whose parish presumably includes Deadwood, desiring her to discontinue the sale. The priest said:

"The name, and title, and author are enough to be convinced that its contents are of the most slanderous character against the Catholic church. I deem it my duty to warn Catholics against the book. So to avoid any unpleasantness, you will be prudent to drop said book from your list. Our church, as the guardian of truth, has a right to dictate to her members what not to read."

As Mrs. McKinney refuses to giv up her agency of the book, the town of Deadwood is now wondering what unpleasant consequences will be visited upon her.

IT is said, with an occasional supporting instance, that the Lord takes care of his own. This, we take it, is why a fire which burnt a hole in the building in which is located the office of our San Francisco contemporary *Freethought* big enough to drop a load of hay through, did not damage the Infidel establishment a cent's worth. The proprietor of the building is a Christian who told our brother that he wished he could suppress his paper, but we fancy he would hardly set fire to his own building to do it. The Lord's hand is plainly seen in this business, and it looks as though he is more angry with Christians than with heretics.

FORTY thousand Grand Army men are said to hav petitioned for the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Lowell as chaplain of the New York senate. The Grand Army can easily find better business than this in which to engage.

THE cross has no healing power until it is taken up and carried. To the hand that seizes it there is warmth; to the soul that bears it there is strength.—*Unity.*

And there is just as much warmth and strength in the crescent as in the cross, and just as much in any other enthusiasm or fanaticism, of equal development.

Lectures and Meetings.

MR. CHARLES WATTS has just concluded a most successful lecturing tour in the lower provinces of Canada. During April he lectures in Pittsburgh, Kent, O, and adjacent towns, and in May he makes a trip to Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Kansas. Parties requiring lectures in those states from Mr. Watts should write him immediately at 282 Sumach street, Toronto, Canada.

THE following is C. B. Reynolds's list of lecture engagements so far as known:

Florence, Ariz.	March 13, 14, 15.
Tempe, Ariz.	18, 19, 20.
Phœnix, Ariz.	21, 22, 23.
San Bernardino, Cal.	26, 27, 28.
Riverside, Cal.	29.
San Jacinto, Cal.	30, 31. April 1.
Diamond Mines, Cal.	2, 3, 4.
San Diego, Cal.	6, 7, 8.
National City, Cal.	9, 11, 12.
Los Angeles, Cal.	14, 15.
Santa Ana, Cal	17, 18, 19.

California friends desiring lectures should write to Mr. Reynolds at any of the above places so letters will reach two days ahead of dates.

A Fable.

A PIG had been seen to be growing fat faster than ever was known before, and a lean pig asked the cause, also why he seemed subject to continual paroxysms of merriment. The fat pig, stopping in a burst of almost uncontrolable mirth, refused to divulge the secret power by which he was enabled so to laugh and grow fat; but the next day the farmer, who had long surveyed with eager eye his growing flesh, selected him for the knife, and as the victim was being led away he exclaimed: "Alas that I did not share my advanced thought with my fellows, that we might hav fattened abreast, and I not hav fallen into the fate of the first in the paths of progress in all ages! Know, then, brother, that hid under my trough is a copy of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1888, in which you will find the awfully funny pictures of Watson Heston and delicious humorous writings of George Macdonald that hav proved my ruin." Then he was led away, while his shocked brothers commenced forging appropriate accounts of his Infidel deathbed.

MORAL: Pigs being raised for eating, like humans in Boonton, should refrain from laughing at sacred things. Or (2): Buy the ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC, price 25 cents.

The Christians and the Gas.

Wabash, Ind., is just outside the natural gas belt, but the gas is to be conveyed there by pipes, the city council having given a company permission to lay pipes, "providing that said company shall furnish gas free of charge to every church in the city." The ministers evidently hav a strong grip on Wabash.

Some of the Christians of the town hold very intelligent views concerning this gas supply. Two ladies were overheard discussing it the other day.

1st Lady.—"I don't believe it is right to be boring for so much gas."

2d Lady.—"Why?"

1st Lady.—"Well, don't you know God is going to burn up all the wicked? and I believe that the gas is what he is going to do it with, and therefore I think it wrong to use up all the gas, for then he won't hav any left to do it with."

Another equally intelligent resident of the town finds proof in this gas output of the authenticity of the Bible. The man was a lawyer, and he was talking to Arthur C. Everett.

Lawyer.—"Don't you believe in the authenticity of the Bible?"

Mr. Everett.—"Most decidedly not."

Lawyer.—"Why, a gentleman just gave me incontrovertible proof. He says this gas is the grease coming from the animal world that was drowned at the time of the flood."

Current Philosophy.

Never insult a man with large feet.

Never pick a quarrel before it is ripe.

Take along a pair of bellows to blow into your gun with.

No teacher of straight theology should monkey with evolution.

Don't stick your nose too far into the private affairs of a muscular man.

Always approach a buzz-saw with your toes pointing in an opposit direction.

Faith in Prayer.

Bill Nye, in the World.

I will close this letter with a little incident, the story of which may not be so startling, but it is true. It is a story of child faith. Johnny Quinlan, of Evanston, has the most wonderful confidence in the efficacy of prayer, but he thinks that prayer does not succeed unless it is accompanied with considerable physical strength. He believes that adult prayer is a good thing, but doubts the efficacy of juvenil prayer.

He has wanted a Jersey cow for a good while, and tried prayer, but it didn't seem to get to the central office. Last week he went to a neighbor who is a Christian and believer in the efficacy of prayer, also the owner of a Jersey cow.

"Do you believe that prayer will bring me a yaller Jersey cow?" said Johnny.

"Why, yes, of course. Prayer will remove mountains. It will do anything."

"Well, then, suppose you giv me the cow you've got and pray for another one."

Communications.

Miscellaneous Cavils at the All-Wise.

The Bible teaches the existence of a personal God; having the form of which the image is borne by the man whom he made (Gen. i, 27). For proof of this proposition read Gen. iii, 9, 10, where he talked with Adam; Ex. xxiv, 9, 10, 11, where more than seventy people saw him; Ex. xxxii, 30, 31, where Moses went to him; and Ex. xxxiii, 11, 20, 23, where Moses spoke with him face to face, and saw his back parts; and as it teaches that Jesus Christ was God, the proof seems incontrovertible.

It teaches that he is unlimited in power, present in all places at the same time, having knowledge of all things past, present, and future, perfect and infallible. How a personal, individual God or any other being can occupy more than one place at a time is not easy to comprehend.

As to his origin, he had none.

About six thousand years ago he created the heavens and earth out of nothing. Now, he being all-wise, the thought occurs: Why was this not done sooner, if it was a wise conceit?

How things could be created without material is not explained.

In Gen. i, 2, we are informed that "the earth was without form and void." The statement is unintelligible. It affords no information. The idea is unthinkable. Even the clouds hav form. And the word void is defined: unsubstantial, empty space, etc.

Before the creation God was all alone. All was blank space (if even space existed), impenetrable darkness. Then surely he was not a social being, and he must hav loved darkness, or he would hav had light. After the creation of heaven and earth God said, "Let there be light," and there was light (Gen. i, 3). Here is an example in magic, O ye magicians! In verse 4 he says the light was good, and yet we find the darkness was not yet dispelled, for he had to divide the light from the darkness. Where there is good light one might suppose there would be no darkness. On the fourth day he set lights in the heaven "to divide the day from the night . . . and to giv light upon the earth." (See chap. i, 14, 15, 17.) But verse 3 informs us it was already light, and good light, too. Strange these lights were made so much larger than the object to be illuminated, and so many which can scarcely be seen. Would a man build a lamp larger than his house? Science teaches there are stars so distant that it has required millions of years for their light to reach this earth. If this be true, Bible chronology is false.

Verse 17 is a repetition of verse 15 in regard to these lights being made for the purpose of lighting the earth. One might suppose a single statement of a fact by God ought to be sufficient. Other repetitions may be found in this book. The 36th chapter of Genesis from the 31st verse to the end is repeated in 1 Chron. i, 43 to the end.

After all the other things were made, inspected, and found very good, God said, "Let us make man in our image; after our likeness" (Gen. i, 26). We are not told to whom he was speaking, and thus inviting to take part with him in this important work. The other things, it seems, he created without assistance. If he was not speaking to one of his own creatures, is it not evidence of the existence of at least one other who was probably co-etaneous and co-eternal with God? If he was speaking to any of his creatures, it must hav been to some of the animal creation, for man was not yet in existence.

No particularized account of God's personal appearance or apparel is given us. But, if man bears his likeness, he must resemble him very much. In Gen. v, 3, we are told that "Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his own image, and called his name Seth." Here we find the same language employed to express the resemblance between Adam and his son as was used in Gen. i, 26, to show the resemblance between God and Adam. Then hav we not a right to expect as close resemblance in one case as in the other?

Well, man was created not without material, for there is plenty of it now, although it may not seem clear to all how so much dust collected in so short a time after the separation of the land and water, for the dry land appeared not until the third day, and man was created out of dust on the sixth. And although man and woman were made out of different material, there is no perceptible difference in their flesh, blood, or bone. We are not informed of the material out of which other creatures were made.

The man was pronounced good and blessed. And yet, strange to say, he lacked the qualities necessary to protect himself from imposition, else he would not hav yielded to the first temptation. By providing him with sufficient discernment, could not the fall hav been prevented?

Colossians i, 16, shows that God created everything that was created. Does not this include the devil and angels—good and bad? If they were not created, they may be co-eternal with God. They are not any of them particularly mentioned in the story of creation, unless the serpent of Gen. iii, 1, 26, was really the devil, as we are informed in Rev. xx, 2, and xii, 9. If so, does that same serpent exist? If not, is the devil dead? If not dead, is he still traveling on his belly and breakfasting on the dust as directed by God in Gen. iii, 14?

Some Christians tell us that the devil only assumed the form of the serpent in order to deceive the woman, but they never tell us where they obtain their information. If the serpent was impelled, against its will, by the power of the devil, to deceive the woman, why was not the devil called and cursed instead of the serpent? There is no evidence of the devil being cursed at all if that serpent was not the devil.

Rev. iv, 11, shows that all things were created by God for his pleasure. In Gen, vi, 6, we read, "And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." Then there was not so much pleasure in the creation as he anticipated.

In Isaiah xlv, 7, we learn that God created evil. Then why should he grieve at the effect of the evil? Did he not know what the result would be? In Gen. i, 31, we read, "And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good." Did not this include the evil and the devil?

He gave to the man a command, which, knowing all things beforehand, he of course knew would not be observed. "For known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world" (Acts xv, 18); see also John xvi, 30. The very hairs of our heads are numbered (Matt. x, 30). Not a sparrow falls without his notice (Matt. x, 29). Then was this a mere trap set for the man? Why was the command given?

There appears no evidence of the command being given to Eve. The man in his innocence and inexperience transgressed the command, for which he knew not the reason, and of the penalty for which, death, he was of course ignorant, no death having yet occurred. There was no evil in his heart when he ate the apple, for his knowledge was so limited that he knew not good from evil. For this seemingly slight offense, when no principle of right or wrong is at stake, nothing more than disobedience to an arbitrary command of a superior, God pronounces the awful, merciless curse upon the man, the woman, and all their posterity throughout all generations, and extends it to the animal creation, and even to the earth itself. No discrimination made between guilty and innocent. And so we find this almighty, all-wise God of justice and love cursing his own work immediately after it is done. This may be an exhibition of power, but what about the wisdom and justice?

In Gen. iii, 1, we are told that the serpent who beguiled the woman was given more wisdom than any beast of the field. Strange this particular serpent should be endowed with wisdom which was denied to man. That this was so is proved by the information imparted by the serpent to Eve in regard to the result of the eating of the apple (Gen. iii, 4, 5). Had this same amount of knowledge been given to man, the fall might hav been averted.

We are not informed how the man and woman and the serpent acquired the knowledge and skilful use of language at this early period of life; nor as to the serpent's means of locomotion before the fall; nor that its wisdom was in any way lessened by the curse, or that he was deprived of the power of speech.

Gen. iii, 8, reads, "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." This is the first instance on record of a voice walking. If it was intended to say that God walked, then we would say that we hav a right to expect more accuracy in a divinely inspired book.

Now, if God had all power in heaven and earth, he could hav prevented the fall of man. He did not. To say he could not is to deny his omnipotence. And if he would not, having the power, where lies the fault? Why blame the man? He might hav prevented the progress of evil at this point. He did not. Why? His subsequent attempt to do it by flood proved a failure. Would not this hav seemed a more fitting time for the flood? The drowning of Adam, Eve, and the serpent, or, better still, the uprooting of the fatal tree which was allowed to remain in the midst of the garden, might hav accomplished it, and another trial at man-making might hav been attended with better results—provided the evil which God created be suppressed.

Theologians hav told us it was necessary that man should fall in order that he might know good from evil. If this be true, God knew it before they did. Then why should he curse him for what must be? Why forbid the eating of the fruit?

When God made man he expressed his satisfaction and delight in his work by pronouncing him good, very good, and blessing him as he did all the rest of creation (Gen. i, 31). Now, if man was so good without this knowledge, why was the knowledge necessary? Was it to make him bad?

Gen. i, 29, reads: "And God said, Behold, I hav given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." The tree of knowledge is not excepted. In Gen. ii, 17, man is forbidden to eat of the tree of knowledge. Did God change his mind? In Mal. iii, 6, we are informed that God is unchangeable.

God told Adam that on the day he ate of the forbidden fruit he would die. The serpent contradicted this (Gen. iii, 4). This has been called the devil's first lie, but when compared with God's statement it does not prove unfavorable to the devil.

Up to this time there had been no sin; then where did the serpent learn the consequences of sin? It told Eve that when they ate of the fruit their eyes should be opened, and they would be as gods, knowing good and evil (Gen. iii, 4). Did man really become as a god, and that through sin?

Well, Adam ate of the forbidden fruit. Did he die on that day, as God said he would? No. If he had, how would the world hav been peopled? God drove him from the garden that day. To die? Oh, no! We are told that he lived nine hundred and thirty years before he died (Gen. v, 5).

We are not informed whether the animal creation were banished from the garden. Was it a waste of labor when God prepared the garden for man? and was it intended that man should remain forever within the limits of that garden?

In Gen. iii, 22, we learn that if man could hav access to the tree of life standing in the garden, he might liv forever. There is no evidence that the tree has ever been destroyed. Now, if men really believed this story, what could prevent a precipitate scramble for this tree? True, we are told of a flaming sword guarding the way of the tree of life (Gen. iv, 24). But if men will face the cannon's mouth for conquest of the fleeting things of this life, what would they not risk for eternal life and health? Access to that tree would be escape from disease and death. And what can we say of the love and kindness of the God, the father, who thus deliberately bars the way of his creatures to life and health?

In Gen. ii, 11, 12, we are told there are gold and precious stones in the land of Havilah, and that the gold is good. There is no flaming sword to guard the treasure. Where are the gold-hunters? Do not they believe this story?

When God pronounced the curse upon the woman, he said: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee" (Gen. iii, 16). Thus appointing the husband the master, the wife the slave. This passage, to those believing it to be of divine origin, should be a final squelcher upon the doctrin of woman's rights. This same sentiment against the rights of woman is expressed by the writers of the New Testament. See Eph. v, 22–24, where the wives are told to be subject to their husbands in everything. Read Col. iii, 18; 1 Cor. xiv, 35.

In Gen. i, 28, God said to the man and woman, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth;" and in the next chapter, verse 8, he puts them in the garden of Eden. How they were expected to replenish the earth, being confined within the limits of this spot, is not explained.

Notwithstanding the last above-quoted words of God, Paul, his spokesman, in the New Testament advises us not to marry.

Many theories hav been advanced by Bible students in the vain effort to reconcile Genesis with truth and known facts. They hav endeavored to show that a day meant a long period of time, some say a year, others a thousand years, others much more. They never come to an agreement. And yet this book is called God's revelation to man, his guide through life to heaven beyond. If this be true, it ought to be so plain a child could understand it, every chapter so clear there would be no excuse for mistake. A revelation not clear to the understanding is no revelation at all. In Gen. i, 4, we are told that God divided the light from the darkness. Verse 5 says, "He called the light day, and the darkness he called night. And the evening and the morning were the first day." Verse 14 reads, "And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night. And let them be for signs and for seasons and for days and years." If a day here means a year, one thousand years, or more, what does the year mean, and what of the seasons? Imagin a long continuous night of a thousand years' duration or more. Verse 16 says, "And God made two great lights [sun and moon], the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night." If a day meant a long period of time, hav we the correct account of Adam's age in Gen. v, 5? Upon what method was the computation based? If upon the day=year method, he ought to hav been 339,450 years old in such days and years as we now hav. And if a day meant 1,000 years or more, he would hav been at least 339,450,000 years old when he died.

By forbidding man to eat of the fruit of knowledge, it would seem that God intended him to liv forever in ignorance. Is ignorance more desirable than wisdom? In Eccl. i, 18, we read, "For in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." If this be true, then down with the school-houses. Away with the pleasures of

thought. Let us descend as quickly as possible to the level of the beast.

But we find many passages encouraging and enjoining wisdom. Which should be our guide?

If God designed the fall of man, and made him subject to sin, why should he curse him for sinning? If he did not plan the fall, he lacked wisdom to foresee and power to prevent it. If man was made to sin, the fault was not his own, surely. Then why should he be put in disgrace for it? Was it not impossible for him to do otherwise than as God willed he should do? How could Adam sin, or justly be held accountable, not knowing what sin was? Would not justice demand that he be made fully to understand the consequences of his act before he could be held accountable? And how could he understand this in his ignorance of good and evil? A man so ignorant as to be unable to distinguish good from evil would seem to be little, if any, above the brute. Under the law of our land such a man could not be convicted of any crime.

But suppose Adam to hav known good from evil, why should all creatures, both guilty and innocent, alike suffer for the act of one? Does justice seem to demand this? The principle is repugnant to reason and to law. Then are human laws less unjust than the divine?

Has a just God created a creature faulty and then cursed him for that fault? Or has he cursed him without a real fault, or for a fault not his own? Must the creature answer for the fault of his creator? Did not God do his best when he created the man, the earth, the evil, and the devil?

When he cursed everything here, did he curse the heavens also? We learn in Rev. xii, 7, of war in heaven. What? War in heaven, in the very presence of God? Is it possible that this mighty God, who can speak worlds into existence like magic, suffers war to be waged against his authority?

If the story of the fall of man and of angels in heaven be true, what surety has the Christian that the plan of redemption is reliable, or that heaven is a safe place, or that a second devil will never appear, even should the present one be destroyed?

How quickly the controversy between Theism and Atheism might be settled by the personal appearing of God to all! If he appeared to Moses and others, why deny us that favor? We read in the New Testament, in 1 Tim. i, 17; Col. i, 15, and 1 Tim. vi, 16, that God is invisible; that no man has seen or can see him. These are flat contradictions of the statements in the Old Testament above quoted.

Men hav for centuries tried hard and honestly to make the Bible and reason agree, but it is impossible. Sound reason and truth will not disagree. Our sense of justice and of right and wrong, and the law of the land, are all based upon reason, not upon the Bible. For the law itself declares that "what is not reason is not law." L. J. POTTS.

126 *Market st., Camden, N. J.*

Foundationless.

Some Liberal-minded people think that very many of the claims of modern Christianity are so unreasonable and inconsistent as to be altogether unworthy the attention of intelligent persons. But when we bear in mind the fact that it has a vast power and influence in the world, that it controls to a great extent the civil governments of Europe and America, that it imposes wherever and whenever it can disabilities upon people who cannot conscientiously comply with its requirements, no opportunity should be lost to expose its errors and inconsistencies.

Christianity boldly asserts that it is the only system of religion that will save the human race from a life of endless misery, and giv a life of everlasting joy and happiness to all who accept its doctrins and obey its teachings. In fact, it claims to be of divine origin. But it may be said, I think, without fear of successful contradiction, that Christianity is only one form of religion among many to be found in the world claiming to hav a divine origin; consequently, unless it can prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that it was founded by a being or power superior to man, its claims to divinity must fall to the ground.

The teachers of Christianity base the claim for the divine origin of their religion on the alleged relationship that existed between Christ and the Holy Ghost, or what they call the doctrin of the immaculate conception, by which they allege the divinity of Christ is clearly and conclusivly established. But right here the question arises, Is that doctrin true? Let us examin for a moment the evidence upon which it is founded. St. Matthew, the supposed author of the first gospel, records a dream which he says Joseph, the husband of Mary, dreamed in relation to the divinity of Christ; and St. Luke, the alleged author of the third gospel, records an interview which Mary, the mother of Jesus, had with an angel upon the same subject; but how and where those so-called inspired writers obtained their information we are not told. Matthew and Luke knew nothing about the divinity of Christ until they were converted under his teaching; consequently they could hav no personal knowledge of the subject upon which they were speaking or writing. The events which they relate or write of must hav occurred, if they occurred at all, thirty or thirty-five years, at least, prior to the time they were related or written of by them. Now, is it not marvelously strange how Matthew knew what Joseph had dreamed concerning Christ at such a distance of time, and that Luke could relate or write the message of the angel to Mary at a period of time equally distant? If Matthew and Luke were testifying in a court of justice, and the case involved a money consideration only, they certainly would be required to explain to the entire satisfaction of the court all the facts and circumstances in connection with the case before judgment could be rendered, or a correct decision arrived at. Yet modern theologians tell us we must believe, under pain of eternal torment, a very improbable story upon evidence that would not establish a claim to a dollar's worth of property in any part of the civilized world.

The doctrin of Christ's divinity is not only opposed to human reason and observation, but it antagonizes all the operations of nature with which we are acquainted.

And the doctrin of the atonement is so abhorrent to the feelings that nothing but the grossest superstition can support it; reason revolts at the idea of a just and merciful being—which we are told God is—resorting to such a horrible device for the so-called redemption of the world. Where is the justice in punishing the innocent instead of the guilty? Justice, in all cases, demands the punishment of the guilty, and the protection of the innocent. Therefore, if Christ was innocent and put to death for the sins of others, it was a crime of the greatest magnitude against natural justice and morality, because no power or government, however highly exalted, can, with any degree of justice, accept a substitute for a criminal. By so doing, another crime would be added to the one already committed.

Theologians tell us that God is a personal being, that he is everywhere present at the same instant, infinitly extended throughout the realms of boundless space, upholding and sustaining everything that exists. Can the human mind conceive of a being about the size and form of a man existing somewhere in space and controling the boundless universe? If such a being exists, is it not more reasonable to suppose that he, in common with other matter, forms a part of the universe, and must, of necessity, be subject to its laws?

The various churches form creeds and articles of religion which they require their members to believe under pain of excommunication, but we all know that belief does not depend upon the will for its existence, but upon evidence. Evidence will force on the mind conviction which cannot be resisted, and one is therefore compelled to believe. It is utterly inconsistent with the progressiv spirit of the age to confine the inquiring mind of man or woman within the narrow circle of a creed, because when truth not in harmony with such creed has been discovered the mind must either do violence to itself by rejecting the truth thus discovered or do violence to the creed by receiving a truth not contained within the limits of its bounds. Unlike the theologian, the Freethinker attaches very little merit to belief or demerit to unbelief; he considers it no sin to doubt or deny the truth of a statement or proposition when the evidence is insufficient to produce conviction, or to suspend judgment until additional proof is forthcoming either to establish or overthrow the proposition under consideration. But the theologian declares that to doubt is to be damned.

Protestant Christianity is not only divided and subdivided, but is literally broken into fragments by dissensions and strife within its own ranks, each sect upholding and sustaining opposing creeds, while the Catholic church remains united on every point of doctrin, thereby gaining an advantage over her divided and contending rivals. If the churches were what they profess to be, divine institutions, and the expounders of their principles divinely inspired, we would naturally expect that they would be of a kind and gentle disposition, exercising charity and forbearance toward all who could not conscientiously concur in their dogmas and creeds, but, unfortunately for the churches, the sacred pages of history inform us that with cruel hands they hav tortured and put to death in the most horrible manner imaginable the sincere, truth-loving heretic for no other offense than being true to the convictions of his own mind.

The highest ambition of the average Christian is to liv so that, after death, he may obtain a heavenly crown or a golden harp, and escape the awful penalties of hell; but take away heaven with its rewards, and hell with its terrors, and he will tell you that he has no inducement to do good, and nothing to fear for doing evil, consequently such people expect to be rewarded for every good deed done, and are only restrained from wickedness through fear of the punishment that would follow their wicked actions. Burns says:

> The fear of hell's a hangman's whip
> To hold the wretch in order;
> But where ye find your honor grip,
> Let that aye be your border.

A moral person upholds morality for its own sake alone, and not with a view of being rewarded or escaping any justly deserved punishment. We cannot entertain a very exalted opinion of persons that nothing but the penalties of the law will keep in restraint. Besides, it cannot be said that morality is a peculiar feature of Christianity. Our best authors inform us that the highest standard of morals, and the sublimest precepts, were taught by heathen and pagan sages, hundreds of years before Christianity was born. Burns said:

> Ye'll get the best of moral works
> 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks;
> Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
> Wha never heard of orthodoxy.

Christianity may whine and lament over the rapid growth of what it calls Infidelity, but it may as well think to dip the ocean dry with a spoon as to stay the advancing tide of Freethought. Freethought appeals to the reasoning powers of man, and hails with delight the discovery of every new truth; but Christianity binds the mind to a creed and appeals to fears and superstitions only.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 9, 1888. ROBERT S. COLVIN.

Matters and Things.

The publishers of the *Open Court* call our attention to that journal's change of purpose, which now is the conciliation of religion and science.—*Freethought, San Francisco, Cal.*

If we knew what religion is meant, we could probably form an idea as to the practicability of the journalistic venture. When religion is mentioned by writers in our country, we understand that the dominant form that now afflicts the people is meant. If it is the design of the *Open Court* to harmonize the Old and New Testaments with science, we hav reason to believe that the effort must fail, as we hav sixty or seventy thousand men who are engaged at good pay to make the "conciliation" plain and beautiful, and, so far, there has been a sickening failure in every case. Then there must be a change in the religion—science cannot be moved. If we are to hav a new religion, we must hav a new revelation. We hav a new one out in Utah. Why not adopt it? It takes a long time to get a new revelation on top—they all take fire, sword, persecution, expatriation, banishment, confiscation of property, and murder to giv them a boost, and we cannot expect to get along with less work now than was given to boom superstition a few hundred years ago. When a religion gets old in the eyes of one age, the thing to do is to get up something new. Then what shall it be? The sensible thing would be to get up a religion that would quadrate with science at the start, and there would be no "conciliation" needed. The religion of a pure morality and humanity ought to be a drawing card, and if science opens her mysteries and givs her divine light upon the world, all "revealed" religions will wane and sicken in the glorious effulgence—men will try to help each other to bodily liberty and mental freedom. Hail, happy day!

In reading Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," p. 554, we find these words:

> In the long period of twelve hundred years which elapsed between the reign of Constantine and the Reformation of Luther, the worship of saints and relics corrupted the pure and perfect simplicity of the Christian model; and some symptoms of degeneracy may be observed even in the first generations which adopted and cherished this pernicious innovation.
>
> The satisfactory experience that the relics of saints were more valuable than gold or precious stones stimulated the clergy to multiply the treasures of the church. Without much regard for truth or probability, they invented names for skeletons, and actions for names. The fame of the apostles, and of the holy men who had imitated their virtues, was darkened by religious fiction. To the invincible band of genuin and primitiv martyrs they added myriads of imaginary heroes, who had never existed except in the fancy of crafty or credulous legendaries; and there is reason to suspect that Tours might not be the only diocese in which the bones of a malefactor were adored instead of those of a saint. A superstitious practice, which tended to increase the temptations of fraud and credulity, insensibly extinguished the light of history and of reason in the Christian world.

Let Phineas T. Barnum, and all the catering, pandering hosts of humbug, witchery, deceit, and tomfoolery, avaunt! Stand aside, and let the king of all the arts and powers of deception, cupidity, and avaricious mendacity appear! These are some of the words spoken by Gibbon which so enraged the church that his work was viscerated in several editions, causing him to publish a "Vindication." Not one word did he "take back." He reaffirmed the truthfulness of his history, and fortified his proofs. And yet there are sensible people who do not see what a disreputable origin the church had in coming out of paganism! Read the words above of Gibbon again—ponder them—they are rich in food for thought. We would like to write more, but we can not afford to tire the kind and gentle reader. There are so many good things in this grand history that we could write a book on them.

Lincoln, Ill. A. R. CRIHFIELD.

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Mr. Moses as An Author.

The Rev. George Samson, of the Berean Bible College, ought to hav been buried when he died, instead of being allowed to roam around frightening folks with ghostly reminiscences of what the church believed when he was alive.

We are led to make this remark by the receipt of the following letter:

"NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1888.

"E. M. MACDONALD, EDITOR, *Dear Sir:* I hav before me the substance of a lecture, delivered by the Rev. Dr. George Samson, of the Berean Bible College, to which a reply from you would undoubtedly interest a number of your readers.

"The object of his lecture is an attempted answer to Kuenen's assault upon the authority, accuracy, and inspiration of the Old Testament, especially the so-called five books of Moses. Speaking of the Pentateuch, he says that the generally received historical account was that Moses wrote the first four books of the Bible at Mount Sinai in the space of a year, and the fifth book, Deuteronomy, or the Second Law, forty years after, in the valley of the Jordan; which is recognized in all the other books of the Old Testament, and by Christ, who quoted from all the works of Moses; that his authority was also recognized in Grecian and Roman history, particularly by Pliny.

"He says that modern doubts as to the genuinness of the books attributed to Moses only began in the sixteenth century with the criticisms of Spinoza. In regard to the supposition that Moses wrote in Phoenician characters, and Ezra at Babylon copied his writing in Chaldee, he claims that it was nothing more than writing German or Roman in English letters. Moses, in Ex. vi, 3, says that the name Jehovah was not known to Abraham; hence, it is argued that Ezra must hav inserted it in Genesis. His explanation of this is that the word 'know' is peculiar in Hebrew as well as in Greek, and, like the passage in John, where Christ said, 'Ye do not know me,' means comprehend.

"To the assertion that the laws of Exodus were so different from those of Deuteronomy that Moses could not hav written both, he contends that the code in Exodus was written for a pastoral people, while that of Deuteronomy was given forty years later for a settled people, and that Christ quoted from both as the works of Moses he considers sufficient evidence to substantiate the fact that such was the early belief.

"In conclusion, he says that it has been said that Leviticus was a code also written by Ezra for exiles in captivity, to be used by the Levites when they had no civil offices. He says this is absurd, because the captivity began about three hundred years before Ezra wrote a word, and so, as Christ has mentioned Leviticus as having been written by Moses, he thinks he has a pretty good case. What sayest thou?

"Yours very truly, JAMES W. DARE."

The generally received account of the authorship of the Pentateuch is the account which no Christian scholar nowadays accepts, and not the least of those things which provoke the hostility of intelligent men toward the church, says Keeler, is that the clergy will not tell their congregations that this "generally received account" is false in almost every particular. There is absolutely no affirmativ evidence worth a pin that Moses, and Joshua, and Samuel, and David, and Job, and the other Bible heroes wrote the books ascribed to them, while the negativ evidence very readily and conclusivly shows that they did not write them. Especially is this true of Moses and the Pentateuch. Kuenen's position is that tradition alone is responsible for the ascription to Moses of the authorship of the books composing the Pentateuch. In this he has the support of his colleagues and dozens of German and English scholars. One fact alone is sufficient to disprove Mr. Samson's statement that Moses wrote four books in a year, namely, that the Hebrews did not possess the knowledge of manufacturing writing material. Allowing, what some biblical apologists claim on the strength of Herodotus's works, that papyrus, parchment, etc., were known in the Mosaic age, there is little difficulty in showing that the Jews had not sufficiently progressed from nomadic barbarity to avail themselvs of the knowledge. Kuenen shows that in all manners, social, governmental, religious, the Jews of those days were undeveloped barbarians, with a religion as debasing as that of a tribe of African savages. "They worshiped gods whose character is most clearly expressed by the symbol of consuming fire. Bloody sacrifices, too, were the chief part of their worship, circumcision was practiced, and even human sacrifices were not unusual." To say that the chief of a people of this character could find time and material to write four voluminous books in a year is ridiculous. If Moses could write books so readily, and possessed the materials, why did he and the Lord spend forty days writing the Commandments upon stone? Besides, anyone can see that these books were not composed by one author. Ewald finds distinct traces of seven different authors in the Pentateuch. Eichhorn and his followers assert that Genesis alone was composed by several people, and certainly no one can maintain that the two accounts of creation were composed by one author unless that author was crazy. In Genesis, too, reference is made to incidents which did not happen till hundreds of years after Moses. For instance, in Gen. xiv, 14, it says that Abraham pursued his brother's captors "unto Dan"—yet the city of Dan did not exist until Moses had been in his unknown sepulcher some three hundred and thirty years. Gilgal, mentioned in Deut. xi, 30, was not given as the name of that place till *after* the entrance into Canaan. In Gen. xxxvi, 31, the beginning of the reign of the kings is spoken of historically, an event which did not occur before the time of Samuel. The writer of the Pentateuch either wrote after these occurrences or possessed a remarkable gift of foresight. There are many other kindred instances of impossible chronology, proving conclusivly that Moses did not write the accounts. And so far from Deuteronomy having been written forty years later, the evidences, as compiled by Von Bohlen, Vatke, George, and other recent critics, show, from its prophetic character, that, whenever the Pentateuch was put together, Deuteronomy was the oldest of the books collected.

It is true that Christ referred to the Pentateuch, and Howard Crosby, D.D., once wailed agonizingly that the general abandonment of the claims for Moses was an abandonment also of the divinity of Christ. For how, he asked, could a God quote false authors, or fail to know who wrote the books of the Old Testament? But in these days of biblical criticism we may, we hope, be pardoned for suggesting that the authenticity of the New Testament itself is not so indisputable that it overwhelms the criticisms made upon the Old. It does not help the first lie to hav a second told to support it.

The criticism of the Pentateuch began as early as the eleventh century, chiefly among the learned Jews. The Christians were too ignorant to grapple the subject. Heathen authors, like Celsus and Julian, represented the Pentateuch as mythical, and paralleled its stories with pagan mythology. In this respect they were the forerunners of the Christian school of Kuenen, who parallels "the legend of paradise" with a Persian myth, and symbolizes the conquest of Christianity over "heathenism" by the legend of the Drachenfels. After the Reformation Spinoza attacked the origin and date of the Pentateuch, followed by Simon, Le Clerc, and Van Dale. Since then, and especially in this century, innumerable critics hav appeared, notably the Germans, Vater, De Wette, who says the Elohim portions of the books ascribed to Moses were written in the age of Samuel and Saul, the Jehovah portions about the same time, but contradicts other critics and places Deuteronomy later than either; Schumann, who makes Ezra the author of the law; Hartmann, who holds that the books were of slow growth and not at once a completed code; Ammon, who surmises that the Pentateuch may hav been planned by Moses, was gradually continued down to the time of Solomon, entirely forgotten during the period of idolatry, rediscovered in the reign of Josiah, and then rewritten and edited under the name of Moses. Von Bohlen asserts also that the Pentateuch was gradually developed, but not brought to a conclusion till the age of Christ. Coinciding with these and other modern German critics in denying to Moses the honor given him are the biblical scholars of England—Colenso, Robertson, Smith, Davidson, and others. George Smith, of the British Museum, has contributed to our knowledge of this mythological record by showing that the story of the creation and fall was known to the Babylonians at least four thousand years ago. And Draper corroborates this by asserting that these legends became known to the Jews during their Babylonian captivity.

But whatever may hav been the original language of the Pentateuch, supposing any original to hav ever existed in written form, in any age, before the time of Ezra, which is more than doubtful, to this last-named scribe must be given the credit of the work. Dr. Samson cannot impeach Colenso's statements that the books of the Pentateuch are never ascribed to Moses in the inscriptions of Hebrew manuscript, or in printed copies of the Hebrew Bible; and that they are not called the books of Moses in the Septuagint or Vulgate—the old Greek and Latin versions of the Old Testament. Neither do any of Dr. Samson's assertions deprive of a jot of truth Kuenen's statement that strict and impartial investigation has shown that the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch must be given up, that Moses gave us nothing of the law but the Ten Commandments—and even these not in the form in which we find them now—but that if we still call these books by his name, it is only because the Israelites always thought of him as their first and greatest law-giver, and the actual authors grouped all their narrativs and laws around his figure, and associated them with his name. Like the authors of the New Testament, who put into the mouth of Christ words and sentiments which they knew he never could hav uttered or held, so these writers fathered upon Moses laws which he never delivered to the Israelites. They were the work of we know not how many people, but the fact that Deuteronomy was first proclaimed authoritativ in the time of Josiah is sufficient to show that it was not written by the same hand that gave us the laws in Exodus. The first Pentateuchal writer, he who gave us the creation account, was saturated with Persian legends, and we find the explanation of Genesis being a duplicate of a Persian myth in a circumstance which also places the writing at a much later date than Moses. About 725 B.C. the Israelites were conquered by the Assyrians, and many of them carried away captivs. Their places were supplied by Assyrians from Babylon, Persia, and other places, from whom the Pentateuchal writer learned of the creation myth, which he wove into his story, as he and other writers did many other Persian legends. Another book of law appeared about a hundred years later, and this, when made authoritativ by Josiah, was woven into the Pentateuchal writer's story. The second Pentateuchal writer was probably Hilkiah, as it is certain that the third was Ezra, whose writings were published 444 B.C. Dr. Knappert says: "Before the Babylonish captivity Israel had no sacred writings. There were certain laws, prophetic writings, and a few historical books, but no one had ever thought of ascribing binding and divine authority to these documents. Ezra brought the priestly law with him from Babylon, altering it and amalgamating it with the narrativs and laws already in existence, and thus produced the Pentateuch in pretty much the same form (though not quite) as we still hav it." This explains the statement in 2 Esdras that he wrote a history of "all that hath been done in the world since the beginning." The essential stories, such as the creation, deluge, etc., we thus see were borrowed by the Jews; their laws are the handiwork of various writers, and to Ezra belongs the credit of shaping them into the incoherent form in which we now hav them. It is no objection to Ezra's authorship of Leviticus to say that Christ quoted from it, and, therefore, it must hav been written before Ezra's time, for it must be remembered that the New Testament was written many hundreds of years later, which easily explains the matter. The men who wrote and edited the New

Testament had a purpose in view; there were no stenographers in the days of Jesus; that individual never put his ideas on paper; and we know no more of what his exact words were than we do of the form of George Washington's prayer when he went into the bushes at Valley Forge. And even Ezra's work is not as he left it. Nehemiah, and later amenders of the Hebrew canon, changed it freely. They did not consider it inspired, and, says Davidson, seeing what Ezra did, "would naturally follow his example, and would not scruple to revise the text in substance as well as form. They did not refrain from changing what had been written, or inserting fresh matter." Thus books which the "generally received accounts" credit to Moses are the work of a great many irresponsible and uninspired authors, who knew not that they were tampering with holy writ, but simply fixed the law up to suit their times. The work was ascribed to Moses only because he was their great man, the people reverenced him, and his words carried weight. As a negro in this country bows to the name of Lincoln, so the Israelites prostrated themselvs before the name of Moses; and as the scribes and politicians of our time take advantage of the fame of Lincoln, so did the kings and scribes of yore derive from the name of Moses all the value it possessed.

Mr. Samson has a difficult task before him if he proposes to rehabilitate the fame of Moses as an author, and not the least discouragement to such an attempt is the hard, cold fact that when he proves his hero to hav written the Pentateuch, he would only prove that in doing so Moses wrote himself, or the source of his inspiration, down as a stupendous idiot. There is no honor in being shown to be the author of statements that are not true.

Colonel Ingersoll's Religious Opinions.

The comments of the ordinary run of newspapers upon the announcement that the Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone will shortly review the religious opinions of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll are very amusing, and well show the fear and bigotry of the average journalist. One paper says it is killing a musketo with a cannon ball; another that Colonel Ingersoll is not very widely known, anyway, and wonders how Gladstone ever heard of him; another laments that the "grand old man" will giv factitious importance to Infidelity by answering its chief exponent, and so on through the scale of excuses and apologies for Christianity. But, however the Christian sympathizers disguise their sentiments, the fear underlying their expressions is that when Colonel Ingersoll comes to consider Mr. Gladstone's considerations the outcome will be as bad for their pet superstition as the result of his discussion with Dr. Field—which result is the inspiring cause of Mr. Gladstone's chivalric interposition. They evidently remember the fabulist's warning to "those who in quarrels interpose," and desire to save England's chief controversialist from the fate probably in store for him.

Moreover, the derogatory estimates of Colonel Ingersoll are evidently the thought of which the wish is the sterner progenitor, and not the deliberate utterance of the impartial journalist who weighs current history in evenly balanced scales, and sets down naught in malice. For it cannot be denied that upon the theology of the present, no other man, however eminent a theologian, has had so great an influence—wholly for good—as Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. The only one who approaches him is Charles Darwin. No preacher has been listened to by so many people, no writer has had so many readers, no orator and author has left so deep an impression upon the minds of his audiences and students as the champion of civilization against mediëvalism. Thousands upon thousands hav gladly paid to hear the eloquent denunciations of orthodox barbarity, and millions of copies of these lectures hav been sold to eager crowds. The book pirates of this and other countries could, if they would open their ledgers, tell how richly they hav profited by the desire of the people to read in poetic periods the sentiments they desired to hear, and were waiting for some one to voice. Since Martin Luther there has been no man who in a theological dispute had so many unknown disciples and intellectual partners as Mr. Ingersoll. Great artists, says the colonel, hold the mirror up to nature, and the words and works of men of genius throb in unison with the great ebb and flow of things. This is why his deep damnation of theological monstrosities has been echoed back from so many hearts. Let the theologians say what they will of innate and total depravity, there is in every bosom some little love for justice, some small abhorrence of cruelty, finite and infinit, and a few seeds of benevolence, which force their possessor to recoil from the Calvinistic religion. And in his warfare upon this religion, Colonel Ingersoll has "touched the universal," like the great poets and artists, and all men of real genius. Shakspere holds the place he does because of this. His reader is touched to tears and raised to supreme hights of indignation; he is moved to mirth, forced to reason, and to deplore human barbarity—all emotions are aroused. Shakspere touched the universal. "He has the inspiration of nature itself. He represents life." So does Colonel Ingersoll, and because he does is he the power he is. No man's name is oftener in men's mouths. And this, not because he is an errand boy in Congress or a weather-vane in the presidential chair, or has schemed and obtained a seat in some legislature, but because his genius has raised him to an elevation where he is seen of all men. He is a city set on a hill. When you think of Ingersoll, the mind involuntarily pictures justice, square dealing, absolute honor, generosity, courage, goodness, liberty. He is an epoch in himself—the historical period when the world grew better. He is as universal as Shakspere—except that he cannot portray meanness. Over his hearers he has the same influence that Shakspere has upon his readers. The description of the sufferings of the uncrowned king, the tender affection of Cordelia, the loyalty of the antic who had not wit enough to desert his master, the selfishness of eager aspirants for a throne—"the greatest tragedy in human speech"—is not more quick to penetrate the human heart than Colonel Ingersoll's plea for liberty, equality, and love for men and women and children. There is not a man worthy of the name who can read "Lear" and not hate injustice. There is not one who could listen to Colonel Ingersoll's lecture on Liberty and go home and speak harshly to his wife, or repulse the child climbing upon his lap. It is this power over the human heart, probably, that makes it seem necessary to Mr. Gladstone that he should review the religious opinions of its possessor. A man who can stand before five thousand people and set them to crying at the barbarity of their race; who can laugh an opinion, crusted with centuries of sacredness, out of their minds; who can rouse them to anger at the cruelty of irresponsible Omnipotence—such a man's religious opinions are worth considering; and the theologians realize it, if those journalists who never go to church do not.

There can be no dodging it—Colonel Ingersoll is a power, felt everywhere. In England millions hav read his works. There is scarcely a language—not one of civilization—not enriched with the expression of his thought. In India, even, the missionaries find it difficult to explain the beauties of the scheme of endless punishment to the heathen, because they hav read, in their own spider-track print, the lectures of Colonel Ingersoll. Everybody, including the people of New Jersey and Delaware, reads Ingersoll. Perhaps they are shocked—most of them say they are—perhaps they hang back with finger in mouth like a child around the jar of jam—but they finally read him. And to read Ingersoll is an education in itself. Paine picked up the threads of Christianity and broke each one separately. Ingersoll explodes the whole absurd scheme. Hearing him broadens the mind, expands the reasoning power, and exalts men from servil slaves to self-controling sovereigns. Read him and you are at once out in the free air; you are filled with a feeling of your relationship with all there is in the universe of the beautiful and the sublime; the mountain becomes your brother, the sea your friend, and Nature a guiding mother. Under the magic spell of his words every mental shackle breaks, the brain steps forth from bondage—the human race becomes a part of the Infinit. This is genius.

We met a man once at a lecture by Colonel Ingersoll. He was a venerable, prosperous-looking gentleman, and listened intently, applauding very much oftener than did the writer, who agreed with almost every word. One splendid sentiment proved too much for the man. The pressure of appreciation exceeded the strength of his bump of reticence. He had to take somebody into his confidence or burst, and he pitched upon us. "I can't help it," he said; "I admire that man. I hear him every time he lectures in the same state that I am in. I hav traveled two or three hundred miles many times to hear him"—and then, as if he had said too much to a stranger, he added, "Not that I agree with him, but I must hear him." It is the same spirit that at every Sunday night reception crowds Ingersoll's large house with the brains of New York. Authors, artists, actors, judges, statesmen, business men, and some clergymen, in short, everybody whose acquaintance is sufficient to justify a pull at his door-bell, go up there. Why is this? Is it because of his wealth?—he is not so rich as tens of thousands here in New York. Is it because of his power in politics?—he wouldn't accept the presidency. He has no favors to bestow but his presence, no gifts but his genius with which to bribe. And if his fame is so factitious and limited, what we want to know is, why these things are thus, and we shall feel obliged to any journal which givs a reasonable answer.

The real fact is, however, that the heresy of this hind quarter of the nineteenth century is typified by a man of gigantic proportions from whatever point of view you look at him. And we are glad of it—proud of it, and mean to never cease informing the church that in Colonel Ingersoll she has a knightly opponent in whose armor she cannot find a crevice, whose lance she cannot resist, and whose character she cannot assail.

Politic and Pious John Sherman.

The Senate of the United States is struggling with the chaplain-in-the-army problem. Senator Henderson has tried his hand at its solution, and so has John Sherman, in whose bonnet the presidential bee is musically buzzing. The latter's bill ought to insure him the support of the churches and the contempt of those who hold the Constitution to be something better than waste paper. It provides that chaplains shall be recommended by "some official body of the church of which the applicant is a member." Section 2 provides:

"That a chaplain in the army shall perform the religious services at the military post where he is stationed; he shall preach at least one sermon each week, superintend a Sunday-school, visit the sick, and bury the dead. He shall superintend the post-schools, post-library, and reading-room, sit on courts-martial and boards of survey, and shall be a member of the council of administration."

If this is not establishing religion, which Congress is expressly prohibited from doing, then the English language needs revision as badly as did the scriptures. By this section Congress is contracting for and ordering religious services, is establishing Sunday-schools, which are solely for the promotion of religion, and paying for sectarian sermons out of the public treasury. There could be no more flagrant violation of the first amendment to our Constitution, which amendment is certainly binding upon Congress if not upon the legislatures of the states.

John Sherman is too pious to be president.

A Denial of Civil Rights in Missouri.

The Cottage Organ Company, of Chicago, sued Mary E. Willis, of Hannibal, Mo., for fifty-eight dollars, alleged to be due for an instrument. J. Harrison, justice of the peace, presided at the trial, which resulted in a verdict for Mrs. Willis.

One of the witnesses for the defense was Miss Irene D. Willis, who, A. R. Ayres, of the town, assures us, is a lady of spotless character, superior education, and culture as a teacher of music and painting. Miss Willis repudiates the cruel belief in a hell, and the justice, for this, decided that she was incompetent to testify in court. This decision was given in the face of Section 5 of Article 2 of the Missouri constitution, which declares "that no person can, on account of his religious opinions, be rendered ineligible to any office of trust or profit in this state, *nor be disqualified from testifying*, or from serving as a juror; that no human authority can control or interfere with the rights of conscience; that no person ought, by any law, to be molested in his person or estate on account of his religious persuasion or profession."

Truly, it makes little difference to Christians clothed with a little brief authority what the laws are when a heretic is concerned. Their conduct has ever shown that in their eyes an Infidel has no civil rights, and scarcely the right to liv. The Missouri constitution speaks very plainly, the Revised Statutes contain a section expressly devised for those who will not take a superstitious vow, yet both are overruled by a little justice of the peace who has just brains enough to be a Christian, but not enough to comprehend the constitution of his state.

Letters from Friends.

MARIONVILLE, PA., Jan. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am sorry to inform you that Isaac Watson, one of our most respected citizens, died here on December 23d last, at the age of ninety years. He was a great reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and waited anxiously each week for its coming. GEO. G. CRESSEY.

BOSTON, Feb. 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send an anecdote on testing the old precept. A minister who lost his coat at a revival meeting advertised for the assumed owner to come and receive the present of the "cloak also." The man did not accept the bribe—the promised reward for stealing. He lacked faith in Christian integrity. A history written in fraud, blood, and treachery stood in the way of the experiment. JAMES ANDERSON.

ELMO, ARK., Feb. 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: You need not stop my paper unless I get too delinquent, whatever may be the difference of our opinions in regard to the Anarchists notwithstanding. If the courts did deviate from their codes of laws, and rules of justice, they only executed the Anarchists by the mode which they themselvs advocated. By all means let us hav the cartoons. I consider it no more harm to illustrate on paper than on the imagination. On paper we hav the illustrations in the light; in the imagination, we hav them in darkness. We choose light rather than darkness. JOHN HINDMAN.

GLEN CITY, PA., Feb. 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I feel as if I should nominate two honest men for 1888. I think the time has come to lay aside all party spirit, and see that the best men we hav in the United States be nominated this fall; and besides, a Secular candidate should by all means be nominated. So I will name the best man in this world. If he accepts, I am sure he will be elected:

For President,
ROBERT G. INGERSOLL;
For Vice-President,
ROBERT LINCOLN.

G. P. DREISBACH.

CORINTH, ILL., Feb. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In reading "Letters from Friends," I hav failed to see any from this place, so I thought I would tell you something about this part of the moral vineyard. There are several around here who are Liberals in principle really, but hav had no opportunity to develop themselvs, for we hav had no lecturer through here to enlighten the minds of the people in the way of Freethought and reform, and those who are Liberally inclined hav become so in spite of the hell-fire doctrin they were taught to believe. As to myself, I was raised too much of my time on my knees to enjoy my young days, as I was taught to be continually in fear. But I hav outgrown the teachings of the past, and now do my own thinking. I hav been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER but a short time. I like it the best of any paper I ever read. Keep Heston at work; his pictures are splendid.

ISAAC C. ODLE.

AYER, MASS., Feb. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to get my last year's volume of THE TRUTH SEEKER bound, and find I am short of three numbers, viz., October 10th and the last two of December. Please hav the kindness to send them to me—price inclosed. I wish to hav the volume complete. Among the choice literature of to-day, there is not a book that contains such quantity, quality, and variety of intellectual food as does THE TRUTH SEEKER. I would that there were a volume in every library and on every center-table in our land. That "no such book in the world" (and I agree with them, and want no more like it) would soon seek oblivion, and its adherents would say it didn't mean thus and so. But "now that light, reason, is come into the world," the cloak is gone. The patent copyright at the end of the Bible is run out, and the priests and clergy manipulate the Bible with the same nonchalance with which the boys said: "Now bring on your bears." ELIJAH MYRICK.

NORTH LAKE, WIS., Feb. 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose, besides subscription, money for the 1888 ANNUAL and Colonel Ingersoll's Argument in the Reynolds case.

I was in hope that some one besides myself would fall in with me and help to swell the list of subscribers, but so far all hopes hav failed. THE TRUTH SEEKER will hav to be contented with one single one from this corner of the world. The people here are not literate enough. Many like to see and enjoy the pictures. For my part, I hav always thought that to keep on was solely my own benefit.

Knowledge is what we need, and THE TRUTH SEEKER is a great educator. It is independent and paddle-its-own-canoe in principle. It does not place itself as a bait for priests and popes and political game-hunters, or as a tool for capitalistic monopolization. It holds its own special flag, the banner for the liberation of all mental slaves.

It advocates impartial justice, which was made strikingly manifest in the great labor movement, so fresh in memory, which resulted in the bloody tragedy the 11th of November last. I sympathize with THE TRUTH SEEKER in its view that the Anarchists were unjustly prosecuted. Not that I favor Anarchism, or think there is any need of force. Neither is it the proper remedy to accomplish any satisfactory result.

The privilege of liberty is like a plant; if we do not know the proper way to treat it, it will soon die out. We must understand our duty before we can enjoy freedom as it was meant to be by Jefferson and Paine.

The eight-hour labor scale is an honest claim, but are the masses prepared to receive from two to four hours more recreation per day? Are they? Then it is good for them. But are they not? Then they are no better than dogs; the longer the chain the more they will rattle. I fear the bulk of the people are yet ignorant, dependent on priest and sacrament to substitute their sacred enjoyment for a good library and replace by their prayer and hymn book the "Age of Reason." Yours truly, AMBROSE LORENSON.

NEW ERA, ORE., Jan. 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find thirty cents, for which please send your ANNUAL ALMANAC for 1888, also "Ingersoll Catechised." We get THE TRUTH SEEKER every week, also S. P. Putnam's *Freethought*, which is splendid. All of my family are Liberals from the backbone, and cannot help it, for they surely inherit from their parents. My father was an Infidel, but he passed away when I was a child five years old. My mother was a Baptist, so I was raised under the sound of the preacher's voice. I hav three brothers. Two are church-members; one is on my side. I never write to the Christian brothers that I do not giv them a good blessing on the faith of their belief. They do not like it one little bit. I intend not to let them alone as long as I can write to them. They liv in Missouri.

We Liberals think of organizing soon. We want to be in working order against Mr. Putnam comes with us again. We badly need some one to lecture for us here. There are quite a number of Liberals here around. All they need is waking up. Yours truly, MRS. W. W. JESSE.

CHANDLER'S VALLEY, PA., Feb. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Well, the Lord has come again among the people of this place, and is threatening unrepentant sinners and cold-hearted Christians with a bath of burning sulphur, heated seven times hotter than ever before, if they do not get right down to the work of praising and paying his divine subjects, priests, that speak by the mouth of God, telling man that he is totally depraved, with no soundness or goodness in him (what a poor mechanic the maker was!), and that man is cursed by the mouth of the prophets for the poor job God made in his creation of the highest animal.

What a small number in liberty's ranks are on the battle-field defending the flag of human rights as an ensign to mental freedom and moral culture!

Mr. S. P. Putnam is doing a noble work in his Western labor. Mr. C. B. Reynolds and all of the workers are the battering-rams that demolish the walls of superstition. I trust scores of workers will be added monthly to do battle against error. Yours for truth, MRS. E. J. STOUGHTON.

ROCKPORT, MO., Feb. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: A few days ago I had a controversy with a couple of orthodox gentlemen, and they assured me that I was going to hell. I asked them where it was located. I quoted Luke xiv, 26, and the verse where Christ told the young man to sell what he had and giv to the poor, and also where it says it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. I asked them if they ever knew a Christian that hated all his relativs, and his own life also, in order to be a disciple of Christ. I asked them if they ever knew of a man or Christian that sold all he had and gave to the poor in order to be saved. I asked them if they ever knew a rich Christian to unload on account of the rich-man-and-camel business. All these queries are as yet unanswered, but they assured me that I was going straight to hell, and that I had better quit taking and writing for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I told them that the old orthodox institution they were trying to scare me with had no terrors for me, and that I should talk for universal mental liberty as long and much as I could. The fact is, the old dogmas of the Christian religion are played out, and their arguments are threats, nothing less and nothing more.

Yours for the right, G. G. BECK.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Last year I obtained a club of four besides myself and sent you the $10 required. Whether I can get the same four to do the same this year, or any other four, I am unable to say. Of one thing you are probably aware, and that is, the growing sentiment against the liquor traffic and the need of its suppression by law, and one other thing you ought to understand, if you do not, and that is, that the Liberals, or Freethinkers, are in favor of some law for the suppression of this curse of curses, and it will not do, in my opinion, for any association or body of people that desire to hav any doctrin or principle followed to a successful issue to at the same time close their eyes against this growing sentiment; or, which is still worse, treat its promoters with contempt. Your utter contempt of the clergy, as a body, I fully justify you in, as they represent the church, that would, as in the past, I fully believe, persecute, even me, unto death, if clothed with power, and hence I am so jealous of the God-in-the-Constitution party, and of the clerical element in the Prohibition party, that I will not vote, or rather, I never hav voted, for it, and, not being willing to not exercise the franchise, voted the Democratic ticket in 1884 and since, with some exceptions by splitting, as we call it. And now matters are in this shape—no political party dares be honest in the suppression of the rum traffic, except so far as the Prohibition party may be, and I believe they as a body are, except the clergy, and with them it is secondary. Their God is first. I believe in the principle of the Prohibition by law of the sale of alcohol in any form except as other poisons are sold, and so labeled. I like your paper, and shall continue to take it and pay for it, because in the main I fully concur with all the sentiments of the editorials. As for contributors, you accord all generally a hearing through your paper. Do not understand me as dictating, but it seems to me that we as Liberals cannot afford to be indifferent upon this all-important subject, and if we find no other way to express ourselvs, we should form ourselvs into a party with one plank, at least, in favor of the greatest good to humanity, viz., the total Prohibition of the sale of the vile stuff, except as a poison as above suggested. I will try and see if I can get up a club again. The *Freethinkers' Magazine*, edited by H. L. Green, at Buffalo, is taken by some parties who take your paper, and that has taken quite a Liberal view of this subject; and as there are many of our great family uncivilized, we must work and wait for good results. R. BAKER.

FORT WORTH, TEX., Feb. 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I look through "Letters from Friends" every week with the hope of finding the names of some Liberals here, but they seem to be afraid, or hav not the time to write. I heard to-day that an Infidel lecturer would be here soon. We hav three Bible-pounders, one male and two females, who do their decorativ mind-painting from the lofty summit of a dry goods box rolled out in the street, and claim that the Infidel preachers will send more people to hell than the devil can attend to; and then the way they tear up hell and scatter it over the town, one is afraid to go out after dark for fear of being scorched by a little hell. They hav piled hell-fire, brimstone, melted metals, and burning souls up four stories high all over town; but it seems that the heat from the poor Christian's hell does not affect the mud any, nor does it save wood for the Infidels, as I hav a lively fire, and am not overheated either. Perhaps the devil has not learned the secret of penetrating the fireproof coating on an Infidel. He will probably wait till the Christians get through with me; and they hav nearly done this by not giving me their work. I would like to hear from some Liberal where a No. 1 painter is in demand. I can emigrate, but cannot believe ghost-stories; and I never miss a chance to argue with God's agents, as they term themselvs, and when Remsburg comes here, or anyone else, if I cannot help them along with money, I will find a rough meal for them should they desire it, and do what I can to advertise them.

I hav about $14 worth of books, pamphlets, and TRUTH SEEKERS loaned out to the soft-shells. No advice to offer, only keep Heston at work. C. E. ILLSEN.

WARRENSBURG, MO., Feb. 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: As I see nothing from this part of the country, I will try and keep you posted as to what is going on here. I am not a subscriber to your paper, but I hav been getting it through the newsdealer for a year and a half. My father and I had Mr. Reynolds come here and deliver four lectures. We engaged him for three the first time, but the good Christians beat us out of one, so we postponed it until Mr. Reynolds came back, when he gave us two more. The audiences were not large, but gave good attention. The good seed has been sown, and I think the harvest will be good. I will do all I can to keep the ball rolling.

There has been a good deal said pro and con in regard to the Chicago seven. I admire your good sense in taking the unprejudiced view that you did. There are too many men who call themselvs Freethinkers who are as bigoted as the most rabid orthodox. The fact is, they hav only lost their Bible God and are now worshiping at the feet of Mammon. The man who talks about this being a free country is either ignorant of what is going on or is interested in deceiving the people. That the liberties of the people are being undermined, any man can see that is not blind with prejudice. Brother Swan says he does not envy one who has been more fortunate than he has. Neither do I, if he got it honestly; that is, if he does not enjoy at my expense. When a man takes advantage of his fellow-man for his self-aggrandizement, then he is dishonest. Or in other words, if I hav more brains then you hav and I use them to your detriment or to beat you out of what you hav got, then I am at fault. Of course, I do not expect this idea would meet with popular approval, but it does seem to me that a man should use his superiority of intellect to the uplifting of his fellow-man instead of to his degradation.

I hope some one will take Mr. Denslow in hand. He is an able ally of the money power.

I think Watson Heston deserves great credit for showing up the Bible in its true light. G. C. BOLTON.

BELLEVUE, IDA., Feb. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In "Letters from Friends" in your issue of Feb. 11th was one from Harriet and Wm. Thorpe. I had not previously noticed the one from "Ohio," to which they allude. If so be the religion of humanity, the belief held by those who advocate love to man more than love to God, is to ignore the Golden Rule of life, then it is time that we look about us and see where we are drifting.

If the intellect, like a glittering iceberg, is to blind the eyes of pity, and congeal the warm currents of charity, let us turn our thoughts and feelings into the more vital and refreshing streams of the emotional nature, whose warm impulses never turn away from the needy and suffering. For my part, the few kind letters I hav received hav helped me to bear my burdens of life more cheerfully, and hav given me the opportunity of expressing my thanks and good-will to those kind, though stranger, friends; and, if I never meet them, they will liv in my memory forever.

I hav had it thrown up to me that the so-called Liberals were the most il-liberal of people; citing the case of Father Hacker, saying that "the whole of the Liberal Leagues could not support one poor old man." I felt chagrined at the seeming truth of this statement, but was loth to lay the charge to their lack of generosity; but if there are a majority of the friends who think, with "Ohio," that we should not speak to one another of our trials in life, in order that we may hav our burdens made lighter by the kindly assistance of others, then all our ethics and charitable teachings are wrong, and it would be far better to steel the heart against the suffering and unfortunate, and to pass them by as the

Levite did the wounded man in the story of the good Samaritan, than to let go out the grandest impulses of the heart—to lift up and comfort the fallen and unhappy victims of misfortune, a fate that no one is exempt from who livs on this earth, so full of unforeseen changes.

Well has it been symboled that the tree of life is guarded by a flaming sword, and all who approach it are in danger of being wounded by it, though desiring only the good of life and love. I hav been rich in this world's goods, and I can bear its poverty without complaining, if only I can feel and know there are kind hearts beating responsiv to my own, with the universal love of the whole human family, of which we are brothers and sisters—and we should be so, not only in name, but in all this implies. LUNA HUTCHINSON.

GOODWYNSVILLE, VA., Jan. 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Brother Peck's "Open Letter to the Proscriptionists" is the most proscriptiv I hav seen at all. He has outproscribed the most rabid proscriptionists. Our complaining brother may be a good shoemaker, but I do not like the style of shoe he makes. Then I shall stop buying that shoe, or complain to the maker to change the style. If he does not change, then must one keep on wearing the shoe that pinches? Does not Mr. Peck see that he is the proscription master-general? And how about all this foolishness about "capitalists" and "bread-winners?" Are not all of us bread-winners? Are not all of us trying to be capitalists? Is not Gould a bread-winner? Suppose, Mr. Editor, you print a TRUTH SEEKER with all, or nearly all, of its pages filled with Talmage's sermons, and the balance with reports of missions, how long would it take Mr. Peck to write, "Stop?" Now, I would rather pay $10 per year for THE TRUTH SEEKER than not hav it at all, but I came very near stoping my paper while the "Reformer" was giving her "Reminiscences." I should hav taken the paper again after the "Reminiscences" had stopped. If some reformer wants to free all the dogs in Virginia I hav no objection, but I insist on being excused when that reformer wishes to force me to eat and drink with the dogs. We cannot all agree. So let us agree to let each other disagree. What right has Peck to peck at the shoemaker and still make him pay for being pecked at? I hav spent many a happy evening reading Brother Peck's attacks on the Bible, and there he is a barrel instead of a peck; but he ought not to object to any man's not paying for what he does not want. GEO. W. BARNES.

MURRAY, IDA., Feb. 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I now write to inform you that sickness has caused me to fail in remitting you as per agreement. In the latter part of August my faithful wife and loving companion was taken ill, and during October and November I despaired of her ever getting well. It seemed as though death was trying to claim her a victim, and take her hence to the unknown world of eternal sleep or endless happiness. But, thanks to medical skill in removing disease, once more she is permitted to sing a lullaby to her only child, a darling little boy. Our babe is eighteen months old, and was named, in honor of two of the great and noble thinkers of the nineteenth century, Volney Ingersoll. Oh, how can I command words to express my thoughts about that model husband and loving father; the hater of superstition and hypocrisy; the lover of liberty, justice, and truth; that illustrious orator and honored champion of Freethought, whose words of wisdom fire our hearts with freedom, with love, and liberty? O Liberty! Liberty! where wouldst thou be at roll-call without such men as R. G. Ingersoll?

We are surrounded by some of God's saints, who hav slandered and persecuted us on account of our having named our baby after those two ("horrible," God's saints call them) men. They used all their combined efforts to persecute me when my wife was lying on a bed of pain. For several years my health has been in a very poor condition, and it has been all I could do to support my little family, but as long as I liv I shall fight superstition, although poverty stares me in the face. With all my heart I detest, loathe, and abhor all enemies of love, truth, and justice.

Myself and wife dearly love the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, cartoons and all, but I fear that after our time expires we will hav to stop taking it for a while, but it would be very sad and lonely for us to part with the dear old TRUTH SEEKER after having taken it almost three years. But before that time arrives I hope some good angel in human form will smile on us. JOHN W. SMITH.

DAMASCUS, O., Jan. 18, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I like the name of your paper, "THE TRUTH SEEKER." More than fifty years ago, when engaged in teaching, I one day incidentally observed to the class in natural philosophy that nature was always true, and while we were following her laws we need not fear going far astray. A young man, an excellent member of the class, who had recently been "converted," in a very gentlemanly manner took exception to the views advanced, and argued that it was not so taught in the scriptures, etc. He was reminded of the fact that comparativly but a few years ago, the zealous advocates of the Bible put men to death for teaching the truth as it is in nature, but which they, by their interpretation of the Bible, believed to be condemned. Now this, under the advancing light of science, is accepted as the truth of God.

This state of things among mankind has been continually met with by the writer through the whole of his busy life. I hav all along met with good, thinking men, Liberal-minded, disposed to enter the vanguard in the battlefield of reformation and improvements, and yet so wedded to old habits of thought and action that they could not be induced to giv up an old error and tolerate a newly discovered truth. For truth is eternal, and only progressivly discovered.

I herewith send you a copy of a little work on the English language, in which is used, or proposed, a new alphabet, in which there is used a distinct letter for every distinct sound in the language—thirty-nine, upon a careful analysis. These letters always represent the same sounds. I claim it is an untruth to teach a child that *ce* spells *k* or that *go* spells *go*, since *c* and *s* in the alphabet hav the same identical sound, and should therefore hav the same power in spelling, and *g* and *j* represent the same sound in the alphabet, but no one would think that *jo* would spell *go*. *Aitch-o* cannot rationally be forced to spell *ho*, nor can *doubleyou-o* spell *wo*. And so on through the absurd chapter.

And then, the silent letters so frequently used in spelling are an outrage on truth, time, labor, and reason—*e. g.*, tough, though, slough, sight, wright, severally pronounced *tuf*, *tho*, *sluf*, *site*, *rite*. No word on any account should hav more letters in its composition than it contains elementary sounds. We say "hate;" in this the final *e* is redundant, and should be dropped. "Laugh" no one could imagin should be pronounced *laf*, had not some arbitrary or priestish power imposed it on the laity, who implicitly submit to the imposition.

I hav taken this freedom with you because you profess to be truth seekers, and also I noticed occasionally that these "dead-beats," the silent letters, had been left off in your print. J. P. GRUWELL.

WELLAND, ONT., Feb. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: This is a communication—or excommunication—I received from my sister in Troy, through her Jesuitic son William O'Leary, 89 Short 6th st., Troy. They paid me a visit or two. I used them well. They could see by the pictures and books round the house I was removed from their way of thinking. I served twenty-three years in the British army in India, amongst the gods Rama, Juggernaut, etc. I got weaned from perpetual adoration of a bit of bread. I am taking your paper since D. M. Bennett's trial. I remain, Yours, etc., MICHAEL BLAKE.

89 SHORT 6TH ST. TROY, N. Y. Jan. 22.

My dear Mr. Blake: Your communication of the 16th at hand, and am pleased to learn to know that all is prosperous you.

Without a doubt you hav often wondered why we hav'nt written, but when you would giv it a second thought you allways knew. As is our custom we communicated with all our friends and exchanged greetings previous to the holidays. But could not longer see the sence of wishing a Merry Christmas to one, who *would not* know its meaning and could not feel its joy, Mother has for some time wanted to write to you and giv you a most rigerous tongue lashing, but I hav caused her to put it off, from time to time, lest you should think I, the recipient of your hospitality, was most ungratefull. But when-ever I think of you, it is in thoughts of the deepest sorrow too think that *you, my uncle* in such an advanced age, should be in such a miserable, wreatched spiritual condition. Better for you, had you never been born than liv to see the day, when you would hav the audacity, to stand up in a *so called* enlightened council and *deny* the existance of the living *God*. Better for Sodom and Gommarsh than for such as *you*. You, who was born in the isle of saints, given a good Catholic rearing, should denounce the faith of your parents and and ancestors when you became enlightened.

Your only sister who always loved and cherished you, has been in peace of mind, fataly wounded. Her highest ambition for years, was to embrace her only brother from whom she had been seperated for so many years. And to secure herself this most gratifying pleasure, she at a good round age undertook a most tedious journey of 400 miles. There to behold a living monsterous *infidel* of her own flesh and blood, and she has never since been in the better of the shock.

She says you are no longer her brother, she severs all bands of relationship, to remain so as long as you continue in your present condition. But when you will consent to change your abominal creed, for the one you hav purjured, then and not untill than will you be reinstated in your former relation-ship Well do you know the esteem in which the Blakes were held, in their section of the old country, but little do you comprehend the shame and disgrace you hav brought upon that esteemable name.

Why when I (Norah) think that my brother would not allow his own children to say a prayer or bless their Creator and Redeemer I think I must be mad or dreaming, but it is too true too true But I shall hope that their good mother shall hav influense enough with them in after years to bring them to the true light.

I hav stood numerous insults for my religion, but that I should liv to see *my brother* deny his God and the blessed Virgin is too much.

Living in hope I bid you farewell. Fare the well:

NORAH, by her son William.

GIDEON, KAN., Feb., 288.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a reader of your paper several years, and I think you are doing a grand work in freeing the mind of man from old, defunct superstitions. We are blessed—or cursed—in this county with the church, having two Presbyterian, one Congregational, one Catholic, three Methodist, two Baptist, one United Brethren, and other denominations too numerous to mention, all in the city of Lawrence, a town of twelve thousand inhabitants. Lawrence, as you perhaps already know, has revived some of the old Connecticut Blue laws. Last spring the citizens of this "historic" city elected a full Republican ticket, councilmen and all full-fledged. You know we hav municipal suffrage for women in this state, and the Republicans, to elect all their ticket, had every colored woman in the town register and vote. Well, as soon as these goody-goody officers took control, backed by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, they began to pass Blue-law ordinances, until it has become so strict that a person cannot buy candy, a cigar, or a newspaper, or get his boots blacked on Sunday. One young Comstock of the West, belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association, bought five cents' worth of candy from one of our confectioners and had him arrested and fined for selling it on Sunday. What is our great American republic coming to, when a man cannot sell a nickel's worth of candy without some lynx-eyed Comstock having him arrested and fined? Business men are leaving the town, and after a while we shall hav only preachers and cranks left.

Prohibition is another curse to the state. Liquor is shipped into Kansas by the car-load from "poor old Missouri," and of the worst and vilest kind. Christianity, backed by women's influence, is the cause of this condition. Giv woman the ballot and the Liberals of this country will soon be placed behind bars and free speech completely snuffed out. But the sooner the better, for come it will and must. Woman has been kept in ignorance as to the ballot, and the only way out is to giv her complete freedom of speech, press, and the ballot. The outcome will be grand. Man has failed in purifying politics. Woman will purify them in the end, but in her ignorant state at the start will make it worse.

I was raised a Christian, and was taught to believe there was a sheol for nine-tenths of the people born. I hav long since ceased to believe such nonsense just because it was in an old Jew book, written in an age of ignorance and superstition, and am glad to see thousands of my fellow-men coming to the same conclusion.

I sometimes hav hot arguments with some Christian friends, but they never hav time, or are not posted, or something else, for they invariably fly the track and leave the Infidel in peace.

I hav heard a great deal about Spiritualism, but hav failed to see any manifestations from the dead. I hav seen a great many Spiritualists, and they all look queer—hav a far-away look in their eyes. And I think their ism as big a humbug as Christianity, and that they are mentally diseased. What does a sound, healthy man need of a ghost? Let the ghosts and Gods leave this world for man alone, to build up a religion grander than all others, the religion of humanity.

J. W. WATKINS.

PITTSVILLE, WIS., Jan. 28, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $2.75, for which please send me the ANNUAL for 1888, and credit me on subscription for the balance.

Keep up those "horrid pictures," though some of your subscribers do think they hurt the feelings of their Christian neighbors. It is true that some of the pictures on the last page of THE TRUTH SEEKER hav been a little rude, but those on the first page hav been a lecture in themselvs, and the artistic work is constantly improving. How any sensible Liberal can complain about the pictures on the ground that they wound the feelings of their Christian neighbors is difficult to understand. Suppose my Christian neighbor takes a religious journal that has illustrations that are offensiv to me, how foolish it would be in him to cry: "Stop my paper! I am ashamed to show it to my Infidel friends!" We would think him a very unsubstantial Christian, to say the least. You probably hav not Christian subscribers enough that you need consult the wishes of the orthodox how you shall conduct your paper.

Then, there are some who are either very dull of comprehension, or are willfully trying to misrepresent your position in regard to the Chicago Anarchists. When you hav again and again said you did not sympathize with the principles of Anarchy, but were only pleading for a fair trial, it seems as though your patience would be well-nigh exhausted. But in spite of all you hav said in regard to your position in this sad affair, you are still an advocate of "misrule," and some of your subscribers "love their country" so much they can no longer support you. It seems to me as though no fair-minded man could treat you in that manner, as you hav printed letters and arguments against the Anarchists as well as in their favor. I would suggest that you offer some of these chronic kickers space in THE TRUTH SEEKER to prove that the men executed in Chicago, November 11th, had a fair trial. That is something I would like to see proven, and if these grumblers will read understandingly they will see that is the point at issue. Let them either do this or forever hold their peace.

There are some, too, who are very sensitiv on the subject of iconoclasm. They think you are not using the right method in propagating Freethought; that you are destroying more than you build. Now, in mathematics, we say that a proposition is proved true when we prove its contrary to be false. While this cannot strictly apply in polemics or science, yet all rhetoricians agree in stating that when the orator or writer has to deal with ignorance and prejudice that is the most effectiv method of argument. Every one of us who has been engaged in Liberal work knows how useless it is to talk of the relation of man to man on the ground of natural morality until we first show people the falsity of the doctrins of Christianity. It may be that some wealthy Liberals, living in a very Liberally inclined community, and receiving the homage that is always paid to wealth, see no need of iconoclastic work. But let them be poor, and at the same time known to be opposed to orthodoxy, they would soon be convinced that in the most enlightened communities there was much need of image-breaking. Or let them go with me into school-rooms for a few years, where we find children, even in the latter part of the nineteenth century, who hav been taught at home to believe that clocks will frequently stop, to giv warning of the death of some of the family; that ghosts still haunt some rickety house or a graveyard; that if we see a meteor or a shooting star, it is a sign some one of the family will die; that comets are sent by the almighty as a sign that there is to be war, or we will be visited by a pestilence or some terrible calamity, and they would see that Liberalism had a great amount of destructiv work yet to do—hard work for many years to come.

There are a few Liberals in this place, and we want Mr. Reynolds to visit us on his return to the East in the spring. If he will write to me when he can visit us, I will do what I can to secure a hall and raise money to pay him for one or two lectures. Fraternally, GEO. H. DAWES.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Regular Boy.

He was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular,
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped.
He stood upon his head awhile,
And, when he went to bed awhile,
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

He never could keep still a bit;
The lookers-on thought ill of it;
He balanced on his ear the kitchen-broom;
And did some neat trapezing,
Which was wonderfully pleasing,
On every peg in grandpa's harness room.

From absolute inanity,
The cat approached insanity
To see him slide the banisters, so rash;
But once on that mahogany,
While trying to toboggan, he
Upset his calculations with a crash!

And since that sad disaster
He has gone about in plaster—
Not of paris, like a nice Italian toy;
But the kind the doctor uses,
When the bumps and cuts and bruises
Overcome a little regular live boy!

—*George Cooper, in St. Nicholas for March.*

Capture of a Whale.

When I lived in Fall River, Mass., once upon a time, there appeared upon that part of the coast bordering Tiverton, the next town, a good-sized whale and her little one. It was, of course, a great sight, because an unaccustomed one, in those parts. Boats went out in pursuit, and finally secured the baby. The baby's mamma, no doubt, felt keenly the loss of her little one, and, half-frightened to death, she splashed wildly around in the water, until finally she stopped to rest just below the bridge in Tiverton, familiarly known as the "Stone Bridge," about six miles off from Fall River.

Near by lived a man who in other days had been on many whaling voyages, and away up in the attic of his house, stowed away, were an old harpoon and a lance. This man was away from home at the time of which I write, but he had a son about twelve or fifteen years old, who took a notion that he would like to capture the whale that was swimming about in the water, looking for her lost baby.

So Charley, remembering the old harpoon in the attic, and also the stories he had heard his father tell about the way they take whales, soon had the harpoon downstairs, and, with a comrade, started to catch the whale. They first procured all the old pieces of rope they could find and spliced them together, and at one end they attached the rusty harpoon; the other end they made fast to the middle notch of an old bar-post.

It was quite dark before their preparations were completed; but, nothing daunted, the two boys, Charley and Ned, proceeded in their attempt to bring in the whale under the light of the moon that was shining very brightly.

Taking the long rope and harpoon that had done good service in other days into a row-boat, they boldly pushed out into the waters of the bay. Charley stood in the bow of the boat, harpoon in hand, while Ned carefully paddled in the direction of the whale. They went on toward the bridge as cautiously as possible, neither speaking except in whispers.

Soon they were close upon the monster, and so excited that they trembled violently. But Charley had a firm hand and steady aim, and plunged the old harpoon into the body of Mrs. Whale. Instantly the water was lashed into a seething foam; away went the rope, and the bar-post to which it had been secured also, bobbing, jumping, dancing, leaping, as a bar-post never bobbed, jumped, danced, or leaped before, first on one side, then on the other, then end on end, out of sight, and down the bay, almost before the boys had time to say Jack Robinson. The whale was out of sight, too. The boys got home as best they could, very wet, and very much astonished at the great strength of a whale, and rather discomfited at their inability to catch whales, and half afraid that they might get a whale of another kind for their audacity in meddling with the greatest of all marine nimals.

The next morning the father arrived home.

"Well, my son," said he, "I understand you hav been on a whaling expedition in my absence."

"Yes, sir," answered Charley with a sigh.

"You didn't succeed in capturing the whale?"

"No, sir."

"Where's the harpoon?" he inquired.

"In the whale," demurely answered Charley.

The father smiled, but, taking his old lance, he and the two boys rowed down the bay in the direction the boys supposed the animal had gone.

Presently they came upon the bar-post, but no whale was in sight.

Now, the gentleman knew the habits of the creatures one of which he was in pursuit of. He knew that when one was wounded, it would dive under water and swim with great rapidity, fleeing for dear life from its enemy, and would only come to the surface to take breath. This particular whale had become fatigued into a passiv and yielding state by dragging the long bar-post with the harpoon sticking in him, and lay just under the water, excepting that part of the head called the "blow-hole," or nostril, which was only at the edge of the surface.

"Now, Charley," said the father, "I am going to take the post into the boat, or alongside it, and do you row cautiously in the direction the rope leads, and I guess we will succeed in finding the whereabouts of her ladyship."

Charley did as directed, and, together with Ned, they coiled the rope into the boat as they followed its lead, slowly and carefully.

It was not long before they came upon the whale, lying there under the water, all tired out.

"There she blows!" exclaimed Charley's father, and, thrusting the lance into a vital part of her body, the water round about was suffused with her blood, and in a few minutes she was quite dead.

Assistance was procured to tow her ponderous body to the shore, and then the farmers round about came with several yokes of oxen and pulled her up on the beach.

It was a great day when that whale was secured, and people came many miles to see such a "monster of the deep"—for she was nearly fifty feet long—high and dry on the land.

After awhile the whale was dissected, or taken to pieces, the bone and oil disposed of for a handsome sum, and the carcass buried. The teeth were kept as mementoes.

In regard to the whale, modern scientists think that it once had legs and fur like the beaver; but the conditions of its living became so changed that it had no need of either, and hence, by non-use of legs, they first became feebler and smaller, then quite useless, until after the lapse of years they disappeared altogether. And as whales lived more and more in the water, the fur disappeared, too, because it cannot grow when constantly wet in salt water. This shows plainly enough that if we would keep the limbs, muscles, mind, and all our faculties healthy and vigorous, we must not neglect their exercise. In India there are people so imbued with religious frenzy that they think that to please their offended gods they must do something unnatural. And we read of them thrustiug an arm upward and holding it in one position until it becomes withered and stiffened, so that it remains useless ever afterward. These deluded persons think they thus prove their sincerity in a false and degrading superstition, which they call religion, and, worse yet, they then feel that they hav a claim to be supported by their fellow-men on account of thus making themselvs helpless and useless for the rest of their lives.

True religion or genuin goodness never calls for any such foolish sacrifice of health or spirits to a supposed offended deity, but rather it enforces the following of truth and the practice of her precepts as manifested in a healthy mind in a healthy body. To be healthy, happy, and wise is to obey the health laws, and to "follow truth where'er she leads the way."

J. WATERS.

Acute Reasoning.

A Hartford little one was desirous of obtaining something on the sitting-room shelf. Its mother said, quietly but firmly: "You cannot hav it." A few moments after, the mother left the room, and the little one climbed up and got the coveted article. "I thought I told you you couldn't hav it," said her mother as she returned to the room. "I know it; but you didn't say I couldn't get it." The course of reasoning was so very acute that the mother was forced to submit,

Our Puzzle Box.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, FEB. 25, 1888.

1.–An hour. 2.–Nonentity. 3.–Heathens, eat hens, at hens or Athens, thens, hens, ens.

Correspondence.

MOODY, TEX.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines for the Children's Corner. I go to school at Moody. I like the teacher very well. Mr. Remsburg lectured on the Sunday question. I liked the lecture. There are not many Liberals here. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER and like to read the Children's Corner. I like the pictures. So I will close. I remain,

Your Freethinker friend,
WALTER L. RUDASILL.

FONTANA, KAN., Feb. 22, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write to THE TRUTH SEEKER. My papa takes it, and I like it very much. I like to read the Children's Corner. I will be eleven years old the 25th of February. I go to school and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, language, and geography. I hav not any pets but a little bird. My sister has some nice house-plants. My bird's name is Peep. I think I hav written enough for the first time. Hoping to see my letter in print,

Yours truly, LOLA MAY POLHAMUS.

TURIN, IOWA.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I will try to write a few lines to the Corner. This is my first letter, so I will not write much.

I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Wickersham. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, physiology, and grammar.

We liv on a farm five miles from town. I hav a pony that I ride in the summer-time. My father went to Castana, a small town eight miles from Turin, to hear J. E. Remsburg lecture on "False Claims of the Church." Father thinks him a fine speaker.

My brother takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. We think it a splendid paper. We could not keep house without it.

Hoping my letter will find the Corner, I remain, Your and the children's friend,

BERNICE HOADLEY (aged seventeen).

GARDEN GROVE, IA., Feb., 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON, as the children call you—I am no child; I am nearly seventy—I hav been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for eight years. I paid no attention to the Children's Corner for a long time after it started; I thought it was merely for children, but I begin to see so many little letters in it, and especially little girl's letters, that I got interested in it. I read them to see what the little ladies hav to say.

Keep on with your noble work. I am glad to see so many of the rising generation of women will not be priest-ridden.

Yours truly, JOHN CARNAHAN.

[Thank you, friend Carnahan, for your friendly words. We are doing the best we can, aided by many able friends, to hav a new order of things by and by, when our little girls shall hav grown into thoughtful, wide-awake, intelligent, and Liberal women.—ED. C. C.]

FOOTE, IOWA, Feb. 16, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I saw my other letter in print, so I thought I would write again. I do not go to school, but stay at home with mamma. I study arithmetic, geography, and spelling, and read in the Fourth Reader. I like to study. I hav the "Story Hour," and think it a very nice book. I like to read the stories in it. I shall be eight the 26th of June. My brother teaches our school, and has a literary class Monday night, and I belong to it, and hav spoken one declamation from the "Story Hour," "Never Trouble." I read, for a select reading, "Grandfather's Poet-Book," from the "Story Hour." My papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since it came out. I like the pictures, and think the Children's Corner is very nice. I want to get my likeness, so I can send it to you, and get yours. I would like some of the little correspondents of the Children's Corner to write to me. I remain,

Your little Freethinker friend,
LOLA EDNA OLDAKER.

SUGAR RUN, PA., Feb. 18, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write to you again, as I hav seen two of my letters in print.

I think the Children's Corner is improving every week under your careful supervision. Your article on coffee was so interesting, and if it is carefully read, even the smallest readers of your valuable Corner could not fail to profit by it. It was made more interesting by the questions asked at the conclusion of the article, and it would greatly strengthen one's memory to read it carefully and then answer the questions as asked from the bottom of the page.

I hav a piano, and I play a great many pieces.

The poem in the *Youth's Companion*, "After The Concert," written by J. T. Trowbridge in honor of the young pianist, Josef Hofman, is a beautiful creation in verse. I will append a verse or two of it, as all the readers of the paper may not hav read it, if they are not readers of the *Youth's Companion*. It is all so prettily and beautifully written that I can hardly choose from the poem, it is so lovely:

A prodigy of youthful years!
What soul-entrancing melodies
Rained on us from seraphic spheres,
When his small fingers swept the keys!

They leaped, they flew, they flashed through all
The turbulent chords; or dropped in play
As carelessly as petals fall
From cherry-boughs in breezy May.

With much love to the Children's Corner, I remain, Your friend,

FANNY BURNEY MORRISON.

WONEWOC, WIS., Feb. 25, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Seeing you were so kind as to print my first letter, I will try and pen a few lines for the Corner again. Last week was examination week. In arithmetic I stood 42. Arithmetic is very hard for me, but I do the best I can. In language 96, geography 75, spelling 92, reading 80. I am going home after my school is out in June. I hav two brothers and two sisters; one little sister I hav never seen only in her picture, and I do not know what her name is yet. So you may know I will be glad to go home. I hav been away a year in May. Maybe I will come back when my school begins again in September. They hav a good graded school here. I would like to belong to the Speak No Evil Society. I would like to know more about it. I will send you "A Little Girl's Logic." I think it good enough for the Corner. My love to you, and good wishes to those who write for the Corner.

EVA M. HALL.

[The "Little Girl's Logic" has not been received.—ED. C. C.]

J. R. PERRY writes that he has read "All In a Lifetime" for the second time with increased interest and approbation. Of the stories in "Apples of Gold" he says: "They contain a lofty moral tone well calculated to please and instruct at the same time. Taken altogether, the volume is a valuable book that should be read and studied by the youth of our land, and should be found in every library."

OF the cartoons in THE TRUTH SEEKER, J. H. Paine writes: "They are just splendid, and are doing much to lead the mind from a belief in the old Jew Jehovah as being the true God, or author of this and all other worlds. A picture will catch the eye and set one thinking many times more quickly than pages of printed argument."

Profane Jokes.

On the way he inquired: "Mamma, does God make skunks?" "Why, yes, Eddie, I suppose he does," was the hesitating answer. Eddie, after a moment's thought: "Well, if he got a good sniff at one once, I'll bet he'd never make another."

A little girl lately arrived from the East wanted to amuse herself sewing one Sunday. He aunt objected, saying it was the Lord's day. "Why, auntie," said the child, "the Lord can't see me; I'm in California."

There is a teacher in the St. Paul public schools who will hereafter be very careful about asking her pupils scriptural conundrums. She said to them the other day: "Noah had three sons, Japhet, Ham, and Shem. Who was their father?" The children, suspecting a catch, replied variously. One answered Ham, another Japhet, and a third Shem. Finally a precocious little boy shut them all up by inquiring: "Who did Noah suspect?"

A story was told by Judge W. M. Weaver, of Greensboro, illustrativ of the strict construction children sometimes put upon remarks from the pulpit. The judge's little granddaughter, Margie Burke, recently received a large doll as a present. She was delighted with the gift, and named the doll "Gesie," after the donor. Measles broke out in the community, and the little one said her Gesie had the measles, too. On the Sabbath the little one went with her uncle to church, the two taking a seat directly in front of and near to the pulpit. The preacher warmed to his theme and spoke with much earnestness. At last, pointing with his index finger and looking straight toward the little girl, he asked, impressivly, "How stands it with you and Jesus?" Quick as thought she answered, in a clear voice, heard throughout the house, "I am very well, I thank you, but Gesie's got the measles!"—*The Freethinker.*

A LITTLE four-year-old girl, who had questioned her mother as to the omnipresence of God, was left recently to show her bravery by going to sleep alone. Presently she called out in a frightened voice, "Oh! mamma, mamma, come quick and see to God—he's getting into my bed." The mother hurried to the chamber to find the cause of alarm, and discovered the kitten of a neighbor, which had found its way into the house and climbed up beside the little one.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Gitl	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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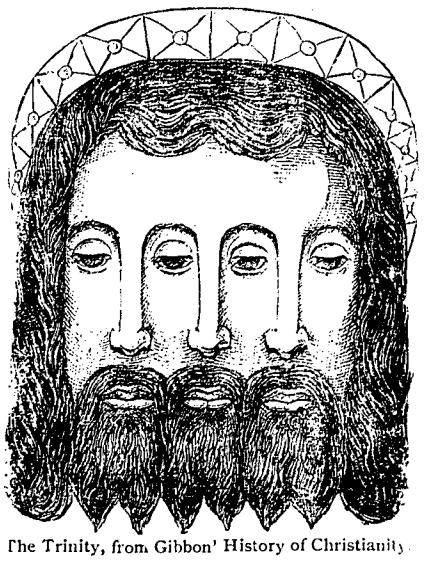
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"Please, mum, why didn't God tell Cain he didn't like the smell of roast pertaters, but liked roast lam', then Cain could a swiped one o' Abel's lam's and pleased the Lord, and wouldn't got mad with Abel and slugged him dead?"

"My dear boy [remembering James's taffy], that we shall never know; and we must never ask."

"Well, 'twarn't no fair shakes to go back on Cain's pertaters, anyhow, mum."

"We mustn't criticise the Lord's acts, James; that is very wicked."

"What's cricketize, mum?"

"You wouldn't understand, James, if I told you. Now be a good boy."

"Yes'm. Why didn't God knock Cain out when he come up to slug Abel, mum?"

"Because, James, he made man a free agent, to act as he saw fit, and take the consequences."

"Men ain't free agents now, is they, mum?"

"Oh, yes, dear. All men are free agents."

"Huh! I guess not, mum. There was a book agent and a lightnin' rod agent at our house yesterday——"

"Oh, that's another thing entirely, James. Let me explain. Now, you can whistle or not, can't you?"

"Yes'm" (whistles).

"Sh! sh! don't do that again, dear. But you was a free agent—understand?"

"'Cos I whistled for nothin', mum?"

"No, no, child; because you chose to."

"Oh! Why didn't God hang Cain, mum?"

"Because he chose to let him liv and bear his load of remorse, James."

"What's remorse, mum?"

"Oh, it's a horrid, awful feeling, James, when you've done wrong."

"Is it wrong to hook mince pie, mum?"

"Why, certainly, James; just as wrong as to hook, as you call it, a turkey."

"Guess I had remorse, then, mum, 'cos I swiped half a mince pie out of the pantry t'other day, and had an offle horrid feelin' in my stummack."

"I'm afraid there was more indigestion than remorse in your stomach, James."

"What's ingestion, mum?"

"Dear me, James! you make me tired. And now, children, remember Cain, and never raise your hands in anger against one another."

"Please, mum, didn't God know where Abel was lyin' knocked out?"

"Of course he did, James; but you mustn't ask questions in such a slangy way."

"Then what made him ask Cain where Abel was, mum?"

"Oh, I don't know, James, I'm sure. Perhaps he wanted to see if Cain would tell the truth."

"If you had a boy, mum, would you call him Cain?"

"James Badger, you are too ridiculous! Now, don't ask any more foolish questions, or I shan't like you."

"No'm. What's raisin' Cain, mum?"

"I guess you know. It's what bad boys are always up to—mischief and torment."

"What mark did God put on Cain, mum?—a criss-cross chalk mark?"

"No, he didn't; he made a black man of him; and if you are not careful——"

"Was Cain the fust moke, mum?"

"Moke? I don't know what you mean, boy."

"Niggers, mum. Warn't it offle 'bout 'Squire Bull's dotter 'lopin' with a moke, mum? Would you 'lope with a moke, mum?"

A flood of indignation overwhelmed the teacher, the waves running mountains high, so to speak; but that boy James was there, and cast, not oil, but sweetest honey, on the troubled waters, and the waves that raged were assuaged.

"I know you wouldn't, mum, 'cos you's too nice and hansome!" This was the taffy that stilled the storm.

"Of course I wouldn't, James. It would be awful!"

"Yes'm. Was Adam and Eve the only folks in the world, mum, 'fore Cain and Abel?"

"Yes, dear; the only pair in the world."

"When Cain done for Abel, then there was only three folks in the world, eh, mum?"

"That's all, James."

"Then how did Cain git a wife in the land of Nod, mum?"

"Well—er—that's one of the—er—mysteries we mustn't ask about, James."

"Why not, mum?"

"Because we mustn't, and that's all there is about it."

"Is Minister Cain any relation of the Cain in the Bible, mum?"

"I should hope not, you inquisitiv little weasel, you. Minister Cain is a dear, good man of God, boy."

"Are you mashed on him, mum? Pop says all the old maids is dead stuck on the sky-pilot, mum."

"You James Badger—you miserable, outrageous boy—you go home right away!"

"No'm—please; I'll be good—It's a corker, ain't it, mum, how Cain got his wife?"

"You wretch—you wicked little wretch—I thought you was going to be good!"

"I be, mum. I'm sure that wasn't wicked. Please, mum, did God make man in his own image?"

"Yes, you boy. That was in the last lesson."

"I know, mum. Was God round-shouldered, squint-eyed, bow-legged, and a wart on his nose, mum?"

It was evident, from the teacher's flushed physiognomy, that James had stepped upon dangerous ground, even upon the brink of a volcano. Her face flushed and paled, her eyes glared, her nose twitched, her teeth set, and her lips quivered; but yet she mastered herself (yearning for more taffy, perhaps), and responded:

"You are dreadful, James; but I don't think you really mean to be. No, my dear, God is nothing like as you ask, but is perfect in every way—perfection itself, James."

"Then he didn't make your pop in his image, did he, mum?"

The tigress and the teacher were one again. Her fingers became claws, and she clutched at the shock-haired, shock-producing youth, as the harpy eagle of finance, Jay Gould, clutches at stray railroads and telegraphs, but not so successfully, the lissome youth avoiding her and retiring with hair intact, the Cain and Abel séance ending then and there.

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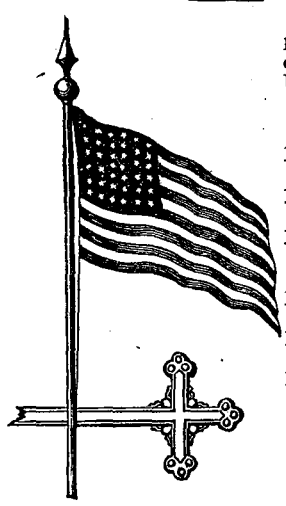
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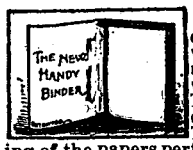
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News of the Week.

RUSSIA'S cavalry equals that of Germany and Austria combined.

HENRY BERGH, the head of the New York Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, died on the 12th.

THE Catholic church is proselytizing South America with great energy.

AGITATION for land reform is growing in Australia, New Zealand, and other remote lands.

THE Pennsylvania miners hav been starved into subjection, and hav declared the strike off.

MORMON proselytizers in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi are meeting rough treatment.

THE first train to reach Bokhara, central Asia, on the Transcaspian railway, arrived on the 10th.

SWITCHMEN and brakemen threaten to join the engineers' strike on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railway.

THE late floods on the Yellow river, China, are officially reported to hav drowned 100,000 and rendered destitute 2,000,000.

CONGRESS is considering a bill for the forfeiture of railway land grants where unearned, amounting to 10,000,000 acres.

A WEEK of prayer preceding the convention of officers of the National Women's Temperance Union will be held in Washington, opening on the 18th inst.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, England, is to establish examinations for commercial certificates.

AFRICA is being penetrated by the civilized nations in all directions, the progress of the British in south Africa being especially rapid.

ON the 8th a bill was introduced in the New Jersey legislature providing that disbelief in a supreme being shall not disqualify witnesses.

ON the 10th Sullivan and Mitchell had a fight in France in which, to the surprise of all, Mitchell stood up three hours, and the decision was a draw.

EXPOSURE is made of a conspiracy by which several men fraudulently gained possession of 20,000 acres of fine timber land in Mendocino county, Cal.

A TERRIFIC snow and wind storm moved across the continent from the West and reached the upper Atlantic coast with culminated severity on the 12th, doing great damage.

ON the 8th the Senate received a petition from 102,670 citizens of 33 states and territories protesting against Utah's admission as a state while a majority of its citizens adhere to Mormonism.

THE attempts of the London authorities to dispose of radical labor agitators by policemen's clubs instead of by arguments are doing much to overthrow the old-time respect for the liberty of the English citizen.

THE emperor of Germany died on the 9th. Many ministers last Sunday preached special sermons of lamentation for the despot who has spent his life repressing democracy. He is succeeded by his son, the ill crown prince.

A CALL for a national conference to meet in Cincinnati on May 15th, "to aid in forming a great national party in view of the near approach of the national contest," is issued by Dr. McGlynn, James Redpath, and other officers of the United Labor party. They call for three delegates from each Congress district, three from each territory, and three from the District of Columbia. Those who are called on to choose the delegates are electors who believe in Henry George's land doctrin, but not in his politics, and believe that the government should issue all money without the intervention of banks, and that railroads and telegraphs should be owned by the people.

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Gems of Thought.

REASON cannot oblige us to receive more than reason can prove.—*Kant.*

Now when Noah had lived three hundred and fifty years after the flood, and all that time happily, he died, having the number of nine hundred and fifty years; but let no one, upon comparing the lives of the ancients with our lives, think that what we hav said of them is false; or make the shortness of our lives at present an argument that neither did they attain to so long a duration of life; for the ancients were beloved of God and were lately made by God himself and because their food was then better for the prolongation of life on account of their virtue and the good use they made of it in astronomical and geometrical discoveries. . . Ephorus and Nicolaus [who were they?] relate that the ancients lived a thousand years. *But as to these matters, let everyone look upon them as he thinks fit.—Josephus.* [As the London showman said to the children who asked, when looking at a picture of the battle of Waterloo, "Which is Napoleon and which the duke of Wellington?" "Take which you please, my little dears, you pays your money and you takes your choice."—*Hylax.*]

WE ought to watch and avoid the love of money; for nothing so truly characterizes a narrow, groveling disposition as to love riches; and nothing is more noble and exalted than to despise riches, if you hav them not, and if you hav them to employ them in beneficence and liberality.—*Cicero.*

GODLINESS with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out. . . For the love of money is the root of all evil.—1 *Timothy* vi, 6-10.

PER CONTRA.

Money, 'tis said, is evil's root,
But justly we may doubt it;
For who can expect good, thriving fruit
From any stock without it? —*Anon.*

AND when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she fell down under Balaam, and Balaam's anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with a staff. And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass; and she said unto Balaam: What hav I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times? And Balaam said unto the ass, etc., etc. And the ass said unto Balaam, etc., etc.—*Num.* xxii, 27-35.

THE miracle by which the dumb ass was enabled to speak with a man's voice has been the frequent subject of cavil and ridicule with unthinking men; but when we consider that the power of God alone gave to any of his creatures the faculty of speech, and might as easily hav given it to the brute as to the human race, we need not wonder that he should—in a single case and for a specific purpose—confer that power on a dumb animal. Certainly we must admit, etc.—*Bible Cyclopedia, by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D., etc.* [NOTE.—To think of a professor of divinity writing such a lame and impotent apology for such a miracle, at this time of day, and that the learned man was the contemporary of J. S. Mill, of Herbert Spencer, of Charles Darwin, and of T.H. Huxley, is enough to sicken a dog. and to make us despair of the progress, if not of the sanity, of mankind; but we will not despair. Let the Eadies of divinity play their fantastic tricks as they will, to please the groundlings of orthodoxy. It is simply another illustration of what was said of old—"And they took the money and did as they were taught." The day of Dr. Eadie and all his numerous gang of asses is about over. They must decrease, while the school of thinkers must increase. Who's afraid?—*Hylax.*]

THOUGH we readily reject any fact which is unusual and incredible in an ordinary degree; yet, in advancing further, the mind observes not always the same rule; but when anything is affirmed utterly absurd and miraculous [and if the story of Balaam and his ass does not come under this head, the words "absurd and miraculous" are without meaning], it rather the more readily admits of such a fact, upon account of that very circumstance which ought to destroy all its authority.—*Hume's Essay on Miracles.*

IT is a standing argument with Christians in favor of the divine approval which their system of religion has received, that it has spread so largely over the world, and that so many millions of human beings hav embraced it. According to this criterion Christianity is no more divine than Mohammedanism or Brahmanism, and far less so than Buddhism. The last two systems named existed many centuries before Christianity commenced, and hav each had far more followers. Of Buddhists alone, it is estimated they hav reached a number ten times as great as all the Christians who hav lived. To-day there are held to be 400,000,000 Buddhists in the world—three times as many as Christians can truthfully claim. If numbers are the test of the divinity and truth of the various systems of the world's great religions, Christianity will hav to stand about fourth in the scale.—*D. M. Bennett.*

Odds and Ends.

MOTTO for an Arab tribe: "Up and Bedouin."

DON'T mind his gibberish and haggard look. He's just begun to study Volapuk.

THERE is probably but one thing which is harder to do than get out of a warm bed in the morning, and that is to get into a cold bed at night.

A PIOUS pork-packer of Chicago has on one wall of his office this motto: "Trust in the Lard," and on the other this one: "The Lard Will Provide."

"NATURE," said a philosopher, "is full of wise provisions." He doubtless referred to potatoes, beets, and other vegetables, and not to mince-pie and welsh rarebits.

IN her remarks to Parliament the queen started off, "My lords and gentlemen." Even the queen is beginning to see that there is a distinction between her lords and gentlemen.

THE arrest of the Grand Army men who were accompanying a corpse to its last resting-place, with appropriate dirges, was due to the laws against music and bier. That law must go.

"MY errand here to-night," said a young lawyer to a damsel on whom he had called, "reminds me of the cry of an owl." "Indeed!" said the maiden; "what is your errand here to-night?" "Courtship. To wit, to woo."

TOBACCONIST customer: "The figure of the Indian is all right, and very true to nature, but I don't understand why you put that bottle of rum in his hand." Sign sculptor: "Reckon you've never seen a live Injun, boss."

MRS. BIGGINS: "Ah, Mrs. Stiggins, it's not every woman who has a husband like yours. They say he is very indulgent." Mrs. Stiggins: "There! I told Joshua that if he kept on indulging on the sly somebody would find it out."

A HEALTH writer says, "The washtub is an excellent gymnasium." But will our young ladies tackle kindly to it? As Mr. Bacon says in Shakspere's works; "Aye, there's the rub." And it is the "rub" that makes the washtub unpopular as a gymnasium.

UNCLE 'RASTUS: 'Why does dey put 'In God we-all trust' on a two-cent piece, and doesn't put it on dese yere ten-dollar bills, Sambo—does yer know?" Sambo: "I dunno, chile; but I 'spects it's cause yer don' hab to ask no one fer trus' when yer hab ten dollars."

ST. PETER (to applicant): "You say you were an editorial writer on a New York newspaper?" Applicant: "Yes, sir." St. Peter: "Step into the elevator, please." Applicant (stepping into the elevator): "How soon does it go up?" St. Peter: "It doesn't go up, it goes down."

"WE wish," says a Colorado editor, "to retract our statement, made last week, that our esteemed fellow-citizen, Hon. Mr. Plumley, never was known to keep his promis. After reading the item in question, Mr. Plumley happened to remember that during the heat of the recent political contest he promised to kick us out to the fair grounds, and he immediately came up to the office and executed his promis. In fact, he has not only kicked us all the way out there, but kept it up most of the way back; and if he had not run out of breath, we think he would hav been kicking us yet. Mr. Plumley is a gentleman of his word, cultured and polished, and can talk like an Asiatic elephant."

BEFORE the wedding day he vows and protests that his dearest care will be her happiness, and that there is no sacrifice too great for him to make to secure her comfort. Three months after they are married she has to tack the blankets to the side of the bed to keep him from rolling himself up in all the clothes.

THE Rev. Mr. Alban Cope (dining, quite *en famille*, of course, at Mrs. Remington de Koi's): "Duck, Miss Angellique, at this season? And you one of the most devoted of our little flock——" Remington de Koi, Jr. (coming gallantly to his sister's defense): "That's all right, sir—Angie's all right. Law was up in Chautauqua county February first, but it's open season everywhere else until May. I'm a Gun-and-Rod man myself, sir, and I wouldn't hav anything crooked at the governor's table for worlds, I assure you."

"THE wife for me," he said, "is the old-fashioned girl—the girl who makes a good house-wife—who has been brought up to sew and to cook and to wash and to iron—the kind of girl that they used to hav before girls went in for fashionable flummery and accomplishments and things." "Yes," said she; "I understand. Well, my ideal of a husband is also of the old-fashioned sort. I want one who will shovel snow, put in coal, split kindlings, put up stoves, dig garden-beds, beat carpets—and do all the things that husbands used to before they went in for silk hats and clubs and four-in-hands and things." There was a thick, glutinous silence for a few moments, while he pondered deeply and broadly. "I wonder," he said at last, "exactly how much of ass I am." "I wonder," she echoed, with a speculativ expression in her eyes.

DAKOTA man (in Boston): "I hav just received a letter from a friend in Blizzardville asking me to engage a school-teacher, and I thought perhaps you——" Boston girl (haughtily): "That will do, sir. Do you suppose any woman of culture and refinement would consent to leave Boston?" "Blizzardville is a lively place in summer." "Thermometer goes to twenty below zero in winter, I suppose." "Yes, in nice weather it gets up to twenty below quite often after Christmas." "'Get's up!' Good, very good—delightful prospect! And no theaters, operas, concerts, or lectures the whole year round?" "Well, Deacon Lunkhead generally gives us a little lecture at the Friday evening prayer meeting." "And you think any woman in her senses will consent to bury herself in such a place? What became of the school-teacher you had before? Did she freeze to death or commit suicide?" "No, indeed. She got married. They get married off so fast we can't keep our schools open." "Oh! The poor little children mustn't be allowed to grow up in ignorance. I'll go."

SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.

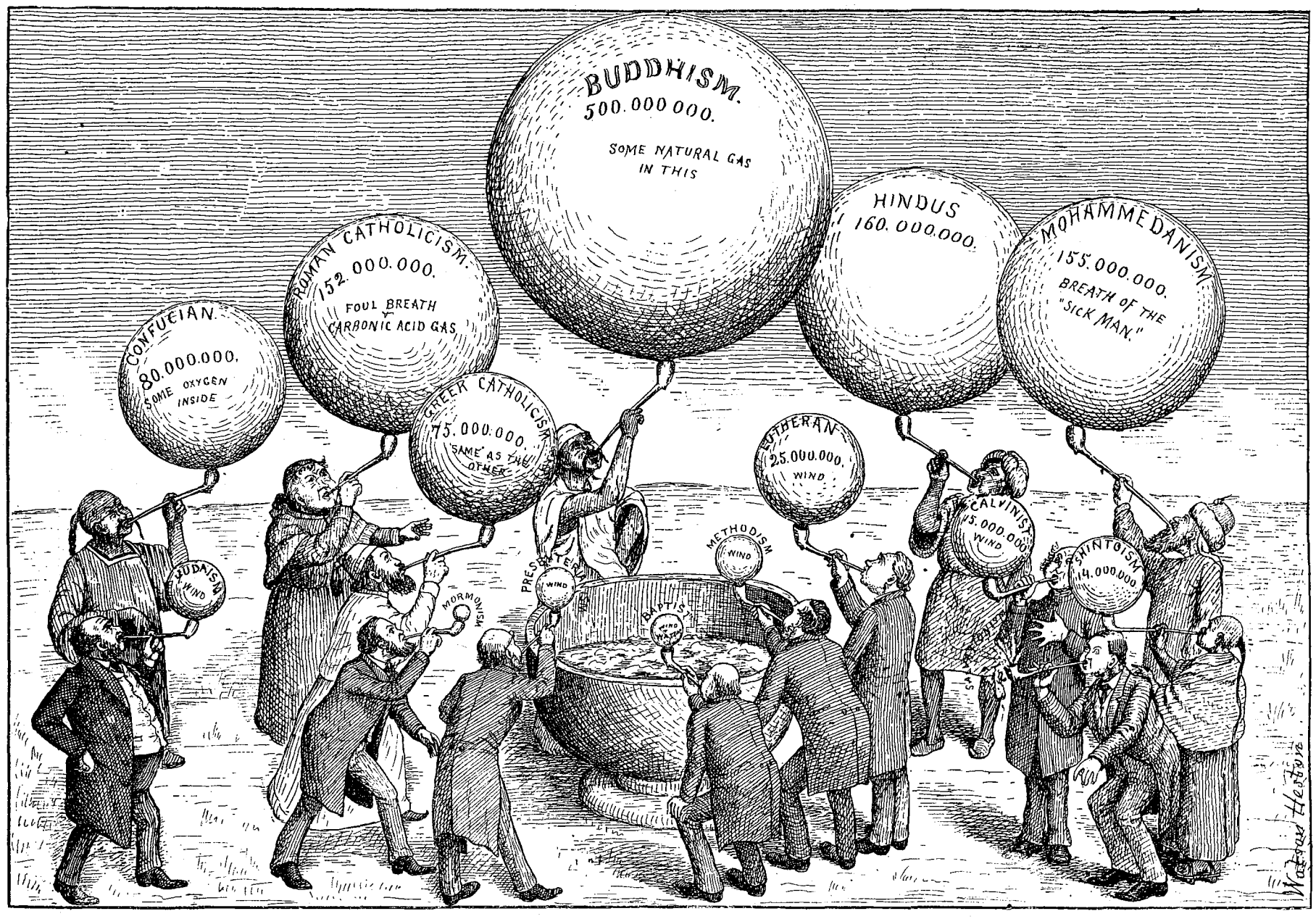
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BUBBLE-BLOWING.—A RELIGIOUS OBJECT-LESSON.

Notes and Clippings.

THE oldest inhabitant of New York has to keep still now. The youngest inhabitant who could get outdoors last week knows just as much about snowstorms in this city as he does.

IN order to cure whooping cough in Warwickshire village, Eng., they cut a piece of hair from the nape of the child's neck, chop it very fine, and spread it on a piece of bread and giv it to a dog. Warwickshire is inhabited by Christians.

HYPOCRISY in the pulpit is thus explained by a deacon who was criticising his pastor: "The trouble is not that our minister isn't orthodox, or that he isn't earnest, but when he is earnest he isn't orthodox, and when he is orthodox he isn't earnest."

MUCH of the so called ivory now in use is simply potato. A good, sound potato washed in diluted sulphuric acid, then boiled in the same solution, and then slowly dried, is all ready to be turned into buttons, poker chips, and innumerable other things that ivory was used for once upon a time.

AT Cottam, a small town across the river from Detroit, the choir of the Methodist Episcopal church undertook to raise money by dramatic and musical performances. The first night was a success, but the minister then attempted to prevent the ladies from going on the stage again, and because they refused to obey him he preached a sermon on Sunday in which he denounced the performances. He threatened to refuse the sacrament to any who took part in or attended the next entertainment. The choir refused to sing the closing hymn, and say they will not sing for the pastor any more. The society is rent in twain.

THE strikers of Galesburg, Ill., hav issued a circular at the close of which they call on the friends of the Rev. J. D. Wyckoff, a clergyman of that city, to boycott him because he wrote an article condemning the despotic tendency of labor organizations.

A MONTREAL newspaper says that a citizen who had agreed to lease a certain house on University street was considerably surprised when he came to sign the lease to find that a clause had been inserted forbidding him to play the piano, play cards, or open the windows on Sunday. He didn't sign.

WRITING of American converts, the Michigan *Catholic* remarks that priests throughout the United States are receiving into the church every year, quietly and without any heralding, a greater number of Protestants than all the proselytes their foreign missionary societies, with large expenditure and much noise, are able to make.

A MAN in Germany has at last found a useful purpose which ministers may subserve. Sausages, cooked or half raw, highly spiced, are an essential of German cookery. In order to prevent the Germans from exposing themselvs to a number of bad diseases incidental to pork, the authorities insist upon the pigs being examined before being offered for sale. A peasant was arrested for evading this law, and upon being asked to explain, said that he had a most accurate method of determining the soundness of pork. The pastor of the district was always hungry, so the peasant always sent him the first sausage made from each pig slaughtered, and a week later called to inquire his health. If it was all right the pork went to the market, and examination fees were saved.

MAYOR HEWITT refused to allow the Irish flag to float from the city hall on the 17th—St. Patrick's day. Mr. Hewitt is an American, and level-headed. What business has the municipality of New York to celebrate the memory of a Roman Catholic saint, who may hav lived fifteen hundred years ago, or who may never hav lived at all?

H. O. PENTECOST hits his brethren like this: "Hear ministers talking among themselvs, and you will find few of them who believe what they preach. They hav become habituated to the transparent subterfuges of the pulpit. But heresy is expensiv. The orthodox minister is paid very well; his position in society is assured; his prospects are exceedingly bright, so long as he conforms to the religious opinions of his day." Mr. Pentecost probably knows. He was a heretic for a long while before he left the church.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON has returned from Europe to preside over the International Congress of Women to be held in Washington this month. In London Mrs. Stanton was honored with a farewell reception tendered by her countrywoman, the American poet, Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustafson, at her residence, 30 Cromwell Grove. A distinguished gathering represented literary and artistic London. Among those present were the Rev. and Venerable Dr. James Martineau, Mr. Rider Haggard and Mrs. Haggard, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton (the novelist), Mrs. George H. Riddell, Bret Harte, Andrew Lang, Oscar Wilde and Mrs. Wilde, Mr. and Mrs. Holman Hunt, Miss Mary Anderson, Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake, Felix and Mme. Moscheles, Oakey Hall, T. P. O'Connor, Mme. Kate Thayer, Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas, Walter Crane and wife, and Mrs. Alexander Hector. Mrs. Gustafson, her countrywoman, sailed on the Aller with Mrs. Stanton, to represent Great Britain as delegate from the executiv committee of the British Women's Temperance Association and the Peace Association of Great Britain.

"WE are compelled to apologize to some of our readers," says the editor of the Arcola (Kan.) *Triumph*, in a recent issue of that journal, "for the absence of our regular column of religious news in this week's paper. But yesterday afternoon, just before going to press, the gentleman who has charge of that department came into our new office over Cy Fairfield's place with as elegant a jag as we ever saw. He insulted everybody about, from the proprietor to the devil, and finally turned his dirty attention to our wife, who had come down to visit us in our new quarters, and with whom, it seems, he had some previous acquaintance. When we got through with him some of the boys carried him over to Girk Hartmeyer's shop, and he's lying there now. We trust to be on deck again with religious news all right next week, and in the mean time would announce that there will be regular services this evening at the Methodist Episcopal chapel on Mansion avenue. Rev. Edward Ashley will preach, while Miss Kit Larrabee will preside at the organ."

Communications.

A Revenue Tariff.

Of the various questions now agitating the public mind, perhaps there is none of more importance than the proposed revision of the tariff. It presents an issue on which the two great political parties of the nation hav already taken sides, and on which the coming presidential campaign is to be fought; and as the welfare and prosperity of the whole people are to be greatly promoted or seriously injured by the decision soon to be made, it is highly essential that the question should receive a full and exhaustiv discussion, in order that the people may be enabled to vote intelligently thereon. While I do not profess to hav mastered the vast subject in all its details, I venture to offer a few suggestions which I hope will be of some value to those who are interested therein. I wish to consider the matter not as a partisan, but as an independent citizen, whose only desire is to arrive at the truth, and to hav such a measure enacted as will best promote the welfare and happiness of the people.

The first question presented for consideration is, What is the primary object and meaning of a tariff? Is it designed for raising a revenue to pay the expenses of the government or for protecting the home manufacturer against the competition of his foreign rivals? Upon this question there has been a difference of opinion among our most eminent statesmen and jurists, and many ingenious arguments hav been advanced on both sides. Neither my time nor space will permit me to present these arguments in detail; but I will remark that both objects cannot hav been contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, because they are mutually inconsistent with each other—as a tariff framed solely for protection can yield little or no revenue to the government, and a tariff designed exclusivly for revenue can afford little or no protection to the manufacturer. There can be no revenue to the government except as foreign goods are allowed to come into the country, and there can be no protection to the manufacturer except as they are excluded therefrom. So far as I know, it has never been claimed that protection is the sole purpose for which the authority to levy a tariff upon foreign importations was conferred upon Congress by the Constitution. On the contrary, it seems to be universally conceded that revenue is the primary end sought to be accomplished thereby, and that protection is only of secondary importance. It is reasonable to suppose that if the framers of the Constitution had intended to confer upon Congress the power to establish a purely protectiv tariff, they would hav made a clear and explicit provision to that effect, thereby removing all doubts as to their meaning, instead of leaving the same to be discovered by inference or implication. So far from thinking that such a policy was contemplated by them, I hav abundant reason to believe that revenue was the principal, if not the sole, object which they had in view; and that if protection was thought of at all, it was considered as only of minor importance. My construction of the Constitution is that taxation is only justifiable for public purposes in which all citizens are equally interested, rather than for the benefit of individuals, or to aid private enterprises, however worthy they may be; and I am happy to state that this construction has been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States at the October term, 1874, in a case entitled, Loan Association *vs.* Topeka, reported in 20 Wallace's Reports, page 655; and here I will quote from page 664 a few sentences from their opinion:

> We hav established, we think, beyond cavil that there can be no lawful tax which is not laid for a public purpose. . . .
>
> To lay with one hand the power of the government on the property of the citizen, and with the other to bestow it upon favored individuals to aid private enterprises and build up private fortunes, is none the less a robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called taxation.

There are only two provisions of the Constitution under which power to establish a protectiv tariff is claimed; and these are the 1st and the 3rd clauses of Section 8 of Article I. Let us consider these clauses in the order therein mentioned. The first one reads as follows: "The Congress shall hav power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises to pay the debts, and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

Perhaps there is no part of the Constitution which has given rise to more controversy than this clause. It has been contended on the one hand that it authorizes Congress to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, and also to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States. In other words, it is asserted that two distinct and independent powers are here granted instead of one. On the other hand, it is held that the power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, is to be exercised only for the purpose of paying the debts and providing for the common defense and general welfare; that is to say, the latter words confer no additional authority, but are used simply to qualify or to limit the former; and instead of two distinct powers only one is herein granted. Which of these two constructions appears to be the more reasonable? If the former be correct, there is no limitation whatever to the power of Congress on the subject of taxation, and they hav ample discretion to levy a tax for any purpose that in their judgment may appear desirable, and there is absolutely no means by which the people may protect themselvs from being completely impoverished and ruined by excessiv taxation. Can it be possible that the makers of the Constitution intended to confer such an extraordinary prerogativ as this upon the Congress of the United States? On the contrary, is it not far more reasonable to believe that they designed to restrict taxation to the specific purpose of raising a revenue for paying the legitimate expenses of the government? Perhaps there is no authority ever exercised by human governments more liable to abuse than that of taxation, and for this reason there is none which should be more carefully guarded and kept within reasonable bounds. We are, therefore, compelled to accept the latter of the two constructions above given, and to consider the power in question as limited to the payment of the debts, and provision for the common defense and general welfare of the United States.

It has been said that even if this construction of the Constitution be the true one, the power to enact a protectiv tariff is included under the words, "To provide for the common defense and general welfare." It must be shown conclusivly that a protectiv tariff does actually promote the general welfare of the country, and that it only can do so, before we are willing to concede that it alone is authorized by the words in question. How can the total wealth of a nation be increased by a law which simply takes a part of that wealth from one portion of its inhabitants and bestows it upon the remainder? For this is exactly what a protectiv tariff actually does, and if made prohibitory is all that it can do. It does not, and cannot, increase the amount of capital invested in business; and it creates nothing but a disturbance. We challenge the students of history to show that any nation on the globe has ever been made wealthy or prosperous simply by taxing its people. As well might it be said that a person may be made strong and healthy by frequent bleeding, as that a nation may become rich and powerful by excessiv taxation. On the contrary, the commercial prosperity of every people is the greatest where the taxes are the lowest, other things being equal, where all classes receive full compensation for their labor or their services, and where unjust discriminations between the citizens are utterly unknown. There is just as good, if not better, reason to believe that the general welfare may be as well secured under free trade as under protection; and if this be true the language here used may be construed to favor the former system as well as the latter. We contend, therefore, that a protectiv tariff is not necessarily the only one contemplated by this clause of the Constitution, but that if a strictly revenue tariff is found to be as well calculated to promote the general welfare, it is equally authorized thereby.

The second clause under which the power to enact a protectiv tariff is claimed, reads as follows: "The Congress shall hav power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states, and with the Indian tribes." Whether this be true or not depends entirely upon the meaning of the word "regulate." The definition of it given by Webster, in his Unabridged Dictionary, is, "To adjust by rule, method, or established mode; to direct by rule or restriction; to subject to governing principles or laws;" and it is fair to presume that the word was used by the framers of the Constitution in its ordinary signification. Nothing is said in that instrument as to the purpose for which this power should be exercised; but it is reasonable to suppose that it was intended to be used in such a manner as to promote or to preserve commerce, rather than to obstruct or to destroy it. Such certainly cannot be the meaning of the words "to regulate;" and yet the present tariff has done more than all other causes combined to check and to injure our commerce with other nations. This it has done in two ways; first, by diminishing both imports and exports, thereby decreasing the demand for ships, and secondly, by taxing many of the materials entering into their construction, thereby making it impossible for our shipbuilders to compete successfully with their foreign rivals; so that at the present time our carrying trade is so small that the American flag is scarcely seen on the ocean; and our limited exports are carried almost exclusivly in foreign vessels. Thus one immense industry of our people has been greatly injured, if not totally annihilated, simply to aid or to protect another. I cannot believe that the power to regulate commerce was intended to hav such an effect as this; and if a protectiv tariff operates in this manner, I contend that it is not authorized by the clause in question.

Whatever may be the true construction of the Constitution on this question, I do not hesitate to declare my profound conviction that a purely protectiv tariff is an injustice and a hardship; and that this is true may be made evident by a single illustration. Let us suppose that an American citizen wants some cloth for a coat, and finding that English cloth is better and cheaper than American, desires to purchase the same. This he could easily do if trade were absolutely free, by paying, let us say, the price of $1 per yard after it has been imported into this country. He finds American cloth of inferior quality selling at $1.50 per yard. Now, in order to prevent him from buying the superior English cloth, and to compel him to purchase the inferior American, the government adds to the price of the former the sum of sixty cents per yard as a duty, which being more than he is able to pay, he takes the latter instead. Now, the party who has received the principal benefit from this arbitrary arrangement is the American manufacturer; as he has been enabled to sell an inferior article at a price that he otherwise could not hav obtained; and the consumer has been directly taxed fifty cents per yard for his exclusiv benefit. In this manner a few manufacturers are constantly obtaining an immense sum of money from the many consumers throughout the country. In other words, the many are taxed for the benefit of the few, and the government derives a comparativly small revenue from the transaction. A more arbitrary and unjust law it would be difficult to imagin, and why such a law should continue in force I leave to the protectionist to explain. No government has the right to tax some of its citizens for the benefit of others, but should treat all alike; and this is an utter impossibility under a strictly protectiv tariff, for the very idea of protection necessarily implies partiality between the citizens. It means that some are to be benefited at the expense of others, and a government adopting and enforcing such a policy as this is not worthy of the respect or the allegiance of its citizens. According to the preamble of the Constitution, the first object after the formation of a more perfect union, for which it was ordained, was "to establish justice," and, as I hav just shown that a protectiv tariff is the quintessence of injustice, I fail to understand how such a tariff can be in accordance with the Constitution.

But it is urged as a reason for a protectiv tariff that it enables the nation adopting it to become independent of other nations. This assumes that this independence is desirable, and a great advantage to the country securing it, but we see no good reason for this assumption. As no human being in a civilized society is or can be absolutely independent of his fellows, so no country in the world can be absolutely independent of all other countries. As the welfare of all men is promoted by a mutual exchange of their several services and productions, so all nations are likewise benefited by a free commerce in their respectiv products. Every country possesses some particular advantage over every other country in certain industries, and where trade is free each one produces those things for which it is best adapted, and the free exchange of their products is for the mutual advantage of all. For instance, France produces excellent silk at a moderate price; but as England has no good soil for the growth of mulberry trees, on which silk-worms feed, she cannot produce a superior quality of silk, and no legislation of either country can alter these facts. England, however, produces the best of cutlery, and, therefore, it is for the mutual benefit of both nations that, at least so far as these articles are concerned, trade should be absolutely free between them. If each country were compelled to produce its own silk and cutlery, England would possess some very dear and inferior silk, and France would possess some very dear and inferior cutlery. Both nations would suffer a loss, and only the protected manufacturers in each would be gainers by a protectiv system.

It is also asserted that a protectiv tariff by raising the price of our manufactured articles enables the manufacturer to pay higher wages to his employees than he otherwise could, and that therefore the laboring man is greatly benefited thereby. If it be true that the American operativ does receive higher wages under the protectiv system than under free trade, it does not not follow that he is benefited thereby, unless it can be shown that his cost of living is not correspondingly increased. It is no advantage to any man to hav his wages doubled if, at the same time, his expenses are also doubled. Now, as the price of nearly every article which he is obliged to use is increased by the protectiv tariff, the additional tax which he is compelled to pay is equal to, and in many instances greater than, the increase of wages which he is paid under protection; and consequently he receives no corresponding benefit therefrom. Besides that, the rate of wages does not depend wholly upon the tariff, but principally upon the law of supply and demand. Every man who employs labor seeks to do so at the lowest possible cost; and, although the advocates of protection profess to be greatly interested in the welfare of the laborer, we hav never heard of a single instance in which the manufacturer has paid him a higher price

for his labor than he was absolutely obliged to pay. If these professions of love for the workingman are sincere, why do not these wealthy capitalists adopt the system of profit-sharing, instead of paying him the lowest wages for which he is able to work? Such a course would be far more consistent with these professions of regard for his welfare than the policy at present pursued by them.

Again, we fail to see how the workingman is protected under the present system, while there is nothing to prevent the manufacturer from discharging all his help at any time and filling their places with the so-called pauper labor of foreign countries, the law against importing labor under contract being practically inoperativ and ineffectual. If there were a provision in our present tariff against the importation of foreign labor, there would be some color of truth in the claim that American operativs are protected thereby; but the simple fact is that the manufacturer supplements his pretended protection by importing the cheap labor of Europe, thus producing a competition which lowers the wages of the unprotected workman below what they could be under the most absolute free trade. Thus the claim that our working classes are benefited by a protectiv tariff turns out, on examination, to be wholly fallacious, and is no longer worthy of serious consideration.

A protectiv tariff works a decided injury to the whole country; for while it secures to our manufacturers the home market, they are restricted to it alone, and are thus shut out from the markets of the world. There was a time in our history when our ax manufacturers exported their products to nearly every country on the globe; but now the excessiv duty laid on some of their raw materials and the materials used in the construction of their machinery, renders it impossible for them to compete successfully with foreign manufacturers; and they are undersold in all other nations; and their trade is limited simply to the United States. Thus, while they are enabled to obtain a higher price for their goods at home than they otherwise could, this gain is more than counterbalanced by the loss of the profits which they might receive if trade were absolutely free, so that they could supply the markets of the world. And what is true of this branch of industry is equally true of many others. In this manner the prosperity of the country is injured far more than it is benefited; and such will continue to be the case so long as this policy prevails.

Before leaving the subject, there is one other reason for the abolition of the so-called protectiv system which I will present, and which I consider of more importance than any above mentioned; and that is that such a policy is entirely beyond the legitimate scope and function of government. If all that has been said in its favor were absolutely true, we would still oppose it, because we do not consider it the duty of government to aid its citizens in conducting their business. The primary, if not the sole, object for which governments are instituted among men is to administer justice to the citizen, to secure to each one the full enjoyment of his natural rights, and to prevent one person from encroaching upon the rights of another. The purpose for which people willingly submit to taxation for the support of government is that they may be made secure in the enjoyment of their personal liberty. Although I am a citizen of the United States, I am also a citizen of the world; and my relations to my fellow-man across the ocean are the same as my relations to my next-door neighbor, and consequently my right to trade with the former is just as sacred as my right to trade with the latter. If this be true, the government under which I liv has no just power to deprive me of that right, or to throw any obstacle in the way of its exercise; and whenever it does so, it reverses its function and itself becomes an aggressor. Thus it appears that all laws which hav for their object the restriction of trade are direct infringements upon the liberty of the individual, and are wholly inconsistent with the purpose for which our government was ordained and established.

For these and other reasons which need not be mentioned here, I am in favor of the immediate repeal of the present protectiv tariff, and the enactment in its place of a tariff so adjusted as to yield a revenue sufficient to pay the expenses of the government economically administered, the interest on the public debt and the principal thereof as it becomes due, and such pensions as hav been or may be hereafter granted. I also favor the immediate abolition of the internal revenue system, as it is altogether unnecessary and a heavy burden upon the industry of the people. After the adoption of these desirable measures, the enormous sum of money now withdrawn from circulation and hoarded in the treasury of the United States might and would be utilized in carrying on the business of the country, and the vast army of idle men in all our cities could be speedily employed at remunerativ wages. Nor do I see how any disastrous results can follow from the proposed legislation; for if the present system be partial and unjust, as I think I hav clearly shown it to be, no permanent good can flow therefrom; but, on the contrary, I contend that the best method of securing the welfare and happiness of the country is to preserve inviolate the rights and the liberties of all our citizens; and this is impossible so long as the protectiv system prevails.

JAMES W. STILLMAN.

Pennsylvania Conventions and Ohio Workers.

After a long, tiresome jolt over that paragon of bad roads, the L. S. & M. S., your correspondent arrived at Girard station on the forenoon of the 24th of January. The day was cold, the station-house was cold, the baggage-master was cold, very cold, as I asked him, in my most persuasiv accents, when the Erie and Pittsburgh train left for Louisville. "Five hours, miss," and he wiped the young and budding icicles from his mustache. Five hours! and only one weary, forlorn passenger with which to while away the time. It looked dubious, but, in sheer desperation, I determined to "face the music," and, marching boldly up to the lady—thanking my stars she was a lady, as I could discuss draperies and plaitings, on a pinch, rather better than the latest Prince Albert style or toothpick-toed pumps—and disclosing my destination, inquired if I was to hav the pleasure of her company during "the wait." She lifted a pair of glorious brown eyes to mine and said, with a smile, that she was going down to report the Linesville Paine celebration. "Aha!" said I to myself, "I'm in luck; I'll get on the right side of the reporter." A few moments' conversation brought out the fact that my new friend was as radical a Liberalist as the country afforded, and as there is always much pleasure in the commerce of kindred ideas, the five hours passed away most agreeably. At Linesville we were met by our good Liberal friend, Mr. E. B. Brooks, who escorted us to the Arnold House, and bade me be ready to greet the audience as soon as possible, since neither of the other speakers had yet arrived.

The evening's address was "Secular Education;" as it has already been printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I need not outline its argument. The audience was as fine an assemblage of intelligent men and women as one often meets, and, perhaps I might add, as sympathetic. Many of them came and shook hands with me, as evidence, I presume, that they held no ill-will against me for punishing them so ruthlessly in the infliction of the address.

The following morning our gifted and merry logician, Charles Watts, arrived, and it was a fine address which the Linesville Liberals heard that morning—finely delivered, and finely received.

The afternoon train brought the *delinquent* Mr. Darrow, together with Dewitt T. Root, the wide-awake president of the Farmdale Secular Union. Our company had now its full complement, and many were the bright flashes of wit, the scorings of repartee, the quaint stories, and real, earnest thoughts and sentiments exchanged during the remainder of our stay.

Mr. Darrow's lecture on "The Industrial Problem" was unique, and as pleasing as it was unexpected. As an orator Mr. Darrow is at first disappointing; he appears strange, diffident. and slightly awkward, but as he warms to his subject, as ideas begin to glow, and daring thoughts gleam across the dome of the mental firmament like meteors, his strangeness becomes almost grandeur, his diffidence melts into a masterful ease, and as the inexorable logic of facts, the mournful eloquence of pitiful lives, grows up and out of the dark statistics of the crimes and sufferings of poverty, his former lack of grace is lost, his very personality seems sunk into the immeasurable profundity, the limitless hight, of the idea of economic liberty he advocates; he ceases to be a man; he becomes a principle.

The lecture met with the unqualified approval of a large audience. Mr. Watts supplemented the discourse by a few well-timed remarks, calling the attention of his listeners to that higher question upon which the settlement of the industrial problem hinges—namely, the necessity of ridding the world of a divine monopolist before the competitiv system on earth can giv place to a better state.

The following morning the same speaker entertained an attentiv audience by a clear and comprehensiv review of the "Evidences of Christianity."

A short intermission was followed by some witty remarks from Mr. Root, which put the audience in good humor with themselvs, and in a mood to listen to the Paine oration, delivered by your humble servant. Its reception proved that there are many true and noble men and women in the Linesville League who revere and honor that generous man who said, "The world is my country, to do good my religion."

The evening lecture, on "Materialism and Spiritualism," given by Mr. Watts, was marked, as usual, by strong logic, elegant periods, and powerful elocution. The festivities were concluded with a ball, much enjoyed by the young people of Linesville; and the general opinion was that this was one of the pleasantest reunions ever held by the League. Five dollars and fifty cents was donated to the Campaign Fund of the national Union, and the subscription list to *Secular Thought* added several names from Linesville and vicinity.

The following morning we bade our generous friends good-bye and separated, on various missions bent. Mine was to clamber aboard the Erie and Pittsburgh train and for more than five weary hours watch fleeting skies and clouds and rocks and mining villages, and streams glassed over with Winter's congealing breath, and winding railroads along which a fiery snake now and then dragged its hissing length. Notwithstanding all this jumbled in upon my sight, and a corresponding jumble of ideas in my brain, there was one very well-determined wonderment, withal, which stood out sharply defined against the horizon of my mental vision. This wonderment assumed gigantic proportions as I approached the city of iron and steel and beheld the grimed and sooted chimneys of monster furnaces standing out like swarthy Vulcans before a giant forge. This wonderment was not poetical, nor profoundly logical, nor was it in regard to anything I hav heretofore mentioned very relevant; but, considering the fact that I had eaten nothing since the evening previous, and God never sheds manna upon the unbeliever, it was nevertheless important. I was hungry, and I wondered whether Pittsburgh people ate dinner in the middle of the afternoon. This thought was in my mind as I stepped upon the plaform at the Union depot, and looked anxiously about for a tall gentleman with a plug hat and long whiskers whom I had last seen at the Chicago Congress. Alas! there were plenty of tall gentlemen, but either the hat or the whiskers, or both, were missing, and the tide of humanity continued to surge around and past me as the swirl of waters on our lakes breaks, and parts, and rushes past a sand-bar on an island.

I consulted a hackman, and, having made my bargain with him before starting, settled down among my valises with an unswerving resolution to storm the fates if need be, but that I would find the fort of liberty garrisoned by the Pittsburgh Secular Union.

Regarding the Paine celebration I need say nothing, as Mr. Barker has already described it better than I am able to do; but of the Pittsburgh Secular Union let me say that I never met a nobler or more generous band of earnest men and women, devoting themselvs with the high enthusiasm of a glorious purpose to that end for which we all are struggling: the complete emancipation of mankind from mental slavery. Persecuted by the remorseless bigotry of Presbyterianism from its very birth, maligned by a subsidized press, misrepresented, misconstrued, misunderstood, it has, with the dauntless courage born of its very sense of right, born of the indomitable desire to overthrow the tyranny of church and state union, born of its glowing, daring, irresistible principle of liberty that will not down, fought the hard battle with a faithfulness that should put to blush those pusillanimous Liberals, of which "the woods are full," who for the fawning flatteries of society eschew their principles, and kiss the popish toe of Solomon's amour! Not one coward in their ranks! Every gunner stands to his piece, every bayonet flashes back the burnished glory of the sun of Freethought, every soldier stands ready to defend his fort, and high over all floats the fair banner of the free—the flag of truth—not one spot upon its folds, that stream out on the breeze so purely. And there may they gleam forever, kissed by the stars and bathed in the sunshine!

During the week following the Paine celebration I visited the Alleghany penitentiary, where 690 men were wearing prison stripes and working at prison tasks. We were shown through the various departments, the clock-work regularity and oppressiv stillness of the place reminding me strongly of the long, tedious years I myself once spent in worse than prison walls. Many of the inmates were engaged in picking oakum, cleaning it, and weaving it into mats; others in tending to the culinary department, and others still watching the huge engins. On visiting the library I glanced through the catalog of books, and, though the list was in some departments excellent, I failed to find any of the advanced works upon new lines of thought. No Darwins, Spencers, or Ingersolls, but plenty of Christs, Gods, and Bibles. The institution is well provided with church accommodations, as there are two chapels, one Presbyterian, the other Catholic. On inquiring if attendance was compulsory, the keeper informed me that it was not, and added nonchalantly, "This chapel [Catholic] is always crowded; you know those who fill these institutions are mostly Catholics"—a remark which I did not fail to utilize in my Sunday lecture on "Convent Life Unveiled." A packed house greeted me, it being the largest meeting the Secular Society has had in three years. Numbers of "good Catholics" were sitting in the best seats, and, with a sovereign contempt for good manners, would hav allowed our Secular ladies to stand, had not the real gentlemen of the society practiced the virtue of courtesy—one on which Christianity was supposed to hav a patent-right, but which evidently ran out some time ago. These minions of the pope were not overly pleased, I fancy, with the discourse; in fact, it was not delivered with that intention, and, to be honest, if it really hurt their pious beliefs in the virtues of mummeries, if it really shocked them to see the veil of Catholic hypocrisy torn asun-

der, I am heartily glad of it, and the more they curse me the better I shall be pleased.

After the lecture a donation of $25 was collected for the benefit of the American Secular Union fund—a substantial indorsement of the present administration and plan of campaign.

There are many interesting features about Pittsburgh, and the lover of mechanics, the dreamer in machineries, whose thoughts revolve like wheels, whose ideas crystallize in iron, will find his ideal world here among its magnificent mills, where a thousand furnaces lick up the gleaming ore with white, hot mouths. Here one may see the glowing stream of gold-red metal dripping over the furnace lips, as if from off its panting lungs had risen a scalding hemorrhage. There one may watch a hissing, glittering ball, which burns upon the retina like rolled-up sheets of imprisoned lightning, borne on a little truck, spitting and fuming as it goes, toward a huge, revolving coffee-mill; once within its jaws there is a rushing, crunching sound, a crash, a slight explosion which sends up a whirl of molten stars, and then a huge red bar comes out and is borne away by a band of men who move with the precision of the very machinery itself. Magnificent men they are to look at—magnificent giants! There stands the master of the furnace, peering with keen eyes down the flaming throat, where the seething metal writhes and quivers in its pain. The glare of its glowing glory strikes up and over him; no tableau fire was ever half so brilliant, and the figure, clad in its rough work-clothes, seems vested with the majesty of self-conscious power at rest, force in repose. Ossian, painting the battle of Fingal and the ghost, might so hav imagined the genius of the storm. A study for Michael Angelo is the master furnace-man!

There are saws with teeth that go singing through the hot metal slabs, and saws without teeth which, whirling at the rate of three hundred and twenty revolutions per minute, close down upon the cold, rolled iron, and by the terrific friction raise the spot beneath the saw to such a degree of heat that it withers and curls like a piece of tissue-paper on the grate; a fine, gleaming iron worm creeps down across the path of the toothless saw, while iron sparks shoot out in all directions. It is an iron place; a village of iron giants, with iron muscles and iron nerves. Each workman is as much a machine as far as precision and unvarying routine go as the machines themselvs; each man is an iron man; and over all, and above all, and through all rings the grand, deep iron music, like waves of a molten sea striking on an iron-bound shore.

The glass-works also form an attraction to the curious sightseer. The "aristocracy of muscle," of which Mr. Van Buren Denslow recently wrote in language as sparkling and scintillating as the great glass bubbles themselvs (and, I may say in an aside, presenting arguments about as fragil), is indeed well represented, but the thing which struck me most forcibly was the immense number of little children, boys under ten years of age, working as hard and faithfully as the blowers themselvs. So deeply was I impressed with the appearance of these white-faced, dirt-begrimed mites that I was moved to inquire where the educational law of the state of Pennsylvania was keeping itself. They informed me that it was on the statute-books at Harrisburg. A good, safe place, by the way, where it is not liable to be disturbed.

I must not, in this description, omit our visit to old Fort Du Quesne. I was quite anxious to see the spot which had so tried my memory and my patience, when, several years ago, I was, with the ardent fervor born of fear of the ferule, committing to memory the exploits of the late lamented George. As my friend Mr. Barker (to whose kind escort I commend all curiosity-eaten sojourners in the smokeless city) was casting about to find which specially muddy alleyway would be most likely to reach the desired locality, a wee, small voice out of a wee, small lad at his feet piped out, "Did you want to see the old fort, mister?" Special providence, you see—"and a little child shall lead them." But, oh, by what dark and devious ways did he conduct us to that monument of a century gone! And what a strange monument it is, half buried in Monongahela mud and smoke, its eight stone faces almost hidden by surrounding buildings, its solid oaken beams pierced here and there by long, narrow portholes, suggesting the eye-sockets in a skull! *En effet*, it is at once a monument and a corpse; a monument to the heroes who defended it, a corpse of an old idea. Talk about evolution; here you see it—there is a deadly evolution, even in deadly things; and if those old doors were lips that could speak, and those sightless windows eyes that could see, oh, how many a solemn thing could the old fort tell of the progress of destruction since first it stood there in the lonely Alleghany forests, and listened to the low lapping of the waters as they met, and kissed, and swept down past the Ohio banks!

Having explored to our satisfaction, we were about to resume our pilgrimage, when the guileless infant with the powerful voice again made himself heard: "Giv me a cent, mister, for showing you?" This youngster is doing well; his charges are not exorbitant at present, but when he has added a few more years' experience to his somewhat limited stock, and read the popular guide-books, etc., I am sure he will develop into a full-fledged "Ferguson." Everything in this part of the city is Du Quesne something. There is Du Quesne Way and Du Quesne Works—I am not sure but there is Du Quesne whisky—and, finally, Du Quesne Heights, up which you are whirled by the Du Quesne Incline Company's cars, six cents per whirl. From this point, it is said, we may on a clear day count thirteen bridges spanning the Alleghany and Monongahela; and talking about bridges reminds me that this magnificent suspension affair, almost beneath your very feet, not content with taking two cents toll from every man, woman, and child who passes over it six days in the week, also exacts the same on Sunday; yet a poor woman in the city, having been prevailed upon to sell a glass of soda-water or some other similar drink to a representativ of Presbyterian piety bent on enforcing the Sunday laws, who worked upon her sympathies by representing himself to be ill and in need of it, was arrested, tried, and heavily fined. The bridge is a rich corporation; the woman was trying to get her living. I hope you perceive the eternal fitness of Christian justice! Yet it is said Christ stole ears of corn on the Sabbath day!

From this point of observation one may also glance down the Ohio, and see there, resting in its arms, Bruno's island, so called in honor of Felix R. Bruno, author of the God-in-the-Constitution scheme. It may be an honor to Bruno, but the compliment to the island is very doubtful. It were better to be named after that other Bruno, martyred by the church because he advocated the use of school-books. Farther away up the distant hights one may catch a glimpse of the Alleghany observatory, half hidden by intervening buildings. The two cities lie spread out like a map before you, and but for the black vomit of the river traffic rolling over and obscuring the nearer view, every object stands out sharply defined against the sunlight and the blue wall of sky—a wonderful cyclorama, built up by the western glory. After all, one cannot wonder at the enthusiasm of these Pittsburgh Secularists; they see so much man-made slavery before their eyes, but nature molded all so gloriously free!

A large house was in attendance at the lecture on the "Rights of Labor," and an animated discussion on the merits of the ballot followed the discourse.

During the following week I spent several days with the Farmdale Liberalists, giving three lectures on "Secular Education," "Convent Life," and one on a subject chosen by the audience. Happily, they selected one which I delight to handle—"Woman's Suffrages." I think the Christian people of that village, if there were any present, must hav had their reverence for Paul and Solomon terribly shocked. I only wish my Teutonian friend, J. G. Hertwig, might hav been there to lead the reply; as it was, that task devolved on Mr. Peter Bethune, who took issue with the speaker on the statement that women were people. Peter assumed that people, being a collectiv noun, could not properly be applied to either men or women distinctivly. It reminded me of a certain occasion when I gravely remarked to my mother that "young Speckle wasn't a chicken; he was a rooster."

The Farmdale League is brisk and means business; no room for laziness in their ranks, and President Root is making it a decidedly aggressiv movement. Two dollars and fifty cents was donated to the American Secular Union fund.

From Farmdale I returned to Pittsburgh, to participate in the social given by the society on Sunday, February 19th. Music, recitations, and short speeches were the order of the day, and a very pleasant shake-hands all around at the conclusion of the exercises.

On Wednesday afternoon I bade adieu to my good friends, Messrs. Staley, Pierce, Barker, Hoover, D'Jones, ex-president of the League, now of Cleveland, Ohio, and all the other brave, tried hearts whose names are indelibly engraved on memory's tablets, and, "spreading out my white wings," set sail for Alliance.

In this lively little place of some six thousand inhabitants there is a very large Liberal element, but owing to divers causes it has heretofore remained unorganized. The morning lecture on "Orthodoxy and Freethought" was devoted chiefly to rousing a sentiment in that direction, and, from the disposition manifested, the writer has reason to hope that her efforts were not in vain; and that through the energy of the three Messrs. Smith, G. W. Thornburg, Messrs. Rockhill, Haynes, and other Liberal Spiritualists and Agnostics, an auxiliary local Union will soon be fairly in working order.

Notwithstanding the fearful weather a very large audience came out in the evening to hear how we lived in convents, and my thanks are especially due them for the respectful attention given to the entire discourse; but the prettiest compliment of all was paid by Miss Flossie Smith, the six-year-old daughter of D. W. Smith, who said to her mamma, "I liked it because she said more words that I knew."

"Here endeth the lesson." Five weeks of a life are here inscribed. Five pleasant weeks! made pleasant by the companionship of genial minds, and broad Liberal hearts, and brave, true, manly and womanly hands—hands the memory of whose touch sends a thrill of gratitude through my being, and calls up the echo of voices which breathed strong, courageous, inspiring words into each fiber of my inner self. It is all past now. I am returned to "Michigan, my Michigan." No more blue, dim hights down which the cloud tears tremble and drip and fall in hard, gleaming crystals; where the sobbings of the rocks are hushed in frozen music; where hill rises over hill in its mad, steep staircase to the stars, and the sun flashes down its cohorts of golden lancers through the jutting teeth, the cavernous hollows, the darting ravines, of the wild Alleghanies. Here, in our broad, fair, level fields of southern Michigan, hemmed in by the sweet-toned thunder of our deep lakes alone, we lose the grandeur of the mountains. But one sublimer peak which caps them all stands out as clear and bright to us and as fair—the hight of science, over whose majestic brow is bursting the glory of the new day, when all shall be truth seekers, when none shall walk blindfold, and knowledge be the savior of mankind. Adieu!

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

Mrs. Freeman's Adventures.

From Salem, where I gave the first lecture on my route, Francis Sheldon writes: "As a result of your visit here, one intelligent young man has begun investigating, and borrowed a number of TRUTH SEEKERS." Already, from various points, words of encouragement are coming to me, expressing satisfaction as to the results of my labor. Mr. Sheldon is the only live Freethinker in Salem. The town is strictly orthodox; the two prominent sects, Quakers. These attended my lecture. Opportunity was given for criticism, but the "spirit" did not move any of the brethren to speak, and the meeting adjourned with significant silence. All seemed pleased, however, with the lecture, and were talking of having me remain another night. Thomas Rook, an activ, intelligent Liberal, came in from the country to attend my lecture. He brought his little family with him, three bright, handsome children, who listened intently to the speaker's every word.

Mr. Sheldon and his wife came out from the Quakers twenty-five years ago. As Mrs. Sheldon said, she admired their honesty, and it must be admitted that, in becoming Liberals, these two hav lost none of the sterling qualities they held when of Quaker faith. Their family consists of eight children—men and women grown—all Freethinkers, strong and large, and never sick a day in their lives. Salem is an old antislavery battle-ground. Here was located one of those wonderful, invisible underground railroads, sustained by loving hands and loyal hearts. Many a poor black wretch fleeing from some Christian owner was hurried away through here toward Canada and liberty.

I hav laughed often at the ludicrous situations in which Charles Reynolds has frequently found himself on his route. He seems to me like a great schoolboy howling at the top of his voice because he had frozen his fingers a little. Brace up, brother. It is better than being a Christian missionary to the Cannibal islands, after all. The Liberals won't eat you, even if they do put you in a cold room to sleep. That's what they hav out West—plenty of good, cool, fresh air. Plenty of Liberality, too; and the farther West you go the more of each you find. New Jersey, you know, is too little and narrow and cramped for either.

I hav laughed sometimes in sympathy with my fellow-laborer. For instance, when waiting at Mount Pleasant for a train to Ottumwa. "She goes at 12," said the station agent; "it's 11 now." I waited patiently. I heard a crazy old engin shrieking up and down a side-track somewhere in the distance, but the train that I was expecting to come dashing in did not put in an appearance. I went again to the station agent. "Isn't it about time?" He looked at me helplessly. I knew there was something wrong. "Time!" he gasped; "that train went fifteen minutes ago." I found, then, that on many of the branch roads one has to ride on freights; that they are not apt to come anywhere near the depot; that one must tug his luggage about a quarter of a mile, and no one ever dreams of notifying the poor traveler that the train is in. There was no help for it, and I waited six long, mortal hours, with a vision before me of Brother Reynolds sitting down somewhere on his route in a mud-puddle, with the train he had hoped to capture growing beautifully less in the distance. Misery likes company, and I was almost sorry that Watson Heston had not made an illustration of this scene in Mr. Reynolds's wanderings for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

At Ottumwa I was met at the depot by Wm. Lindsey, one of the most intelligent Freethinkers of the West. Reads all the Freethought papers. Mr. Lindsey attended the Congress last fall in Chicago. He had found a nice place for me to stop, with the

McCarrolls. Mrs. McCarroll is the daughter of Jacob Millisack, an old antislavery pioneer. At his house hav been entertained Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Frederick Douglass, Abby Kelly Foster, and so on.

I think that every reformer on the road has been entertained by the McCarrolls. And one need not wish for a pleasanter home, more gentlemanly host, or kinder hostess. I found nearly all the Liberal papers here, among them THE TRUTH SEEKER, Mr. McCarroll having taken it for years. I gave two lectures in the court house, speaking Sunday morning and Sunday evening. N. M. Ives, editor of the *Industrial Appeal*, was present, and manifested his approval of my lectures by saying, when I gave opportunity for criticism, "that all were of the same opinion."

Other earnest Liberals here are Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Adler; Mrs. Adler being sister-in-law to that enthusiastic worker, Katie Kehm. Miss Kehm is a school-teacher, and has given several lectures herself. Upon the occasion of Mr. Putnam's visit here she surprised him somewhat by giving his poem, "Why Don't He Lend a Hand?" in excellent style. This bright young girl is no doubt destined to make a place for herself among the Liberal workers in the future. I also met B. G. Bolton, P. F. Kearns, Miss Ellen Armstrong, a remarkably intelligent lady, and Mr. Scott, a brilliant young lawyer.

At Cromwell, Ia, I was met at the depot by Jacob Geier. Mr. Putnam is so great a favorit here that I was made at home at once, because I came as Mr. Putnam's friend. Out in the grove I was shown the spot where Professor Bell had rested from his labors. We in Chicago thought him lecturing. The professor was swinging in a hammock. We will forgiv him this time, but I hav no doubt but that some future summer will find him reclining again under that same vine and fig-tree. The professor hates the heat as badly as Brother Reynolds does the cold.

Mr. F. I. Green came from Nevinville, a distance of twelve miles, to attend my lecture. Mr. Green takes all the Liberal papers. When that is said, it is useless to add that he is intelligent. Mr. Green is a young man of about thirty, and has accomplished much for Freethought throughout his community.

At Helena, Neb., I stopped with Dr. Brooks. The doctor resided formerly at Linesville, Pa., where I met Mrs. Brooks, an intelligent, amiable lady, a year ago last January, when I attended the Paine anniversary held at that place, and where that bright young speaker, Voltairine de Cleyre, Charles Watts, and Mr. Darrows, a young lawyer of Chicago, furnished the speaking last winter. I gave three lectures here, speaking in the school-houses; riding in all, from the farm to the depot, and from the farm to the school-houses, forty miles—sometimes with the doctor in his carriage, and sometimes we all piled into the sled, sitting on the bottom or on the seat just as we preferred. On the morning of the day I got there the thermometer was eighteen degrees below zero. Here I found virgin soil. Here the sound of the Liberal lecturer's voice had never come. Even that indefatigable worker, John Remsburg, had not, in his many wanderings, in his "going to and fro and up and down on the earth," found his way hither. And yet my audience were pleased, laughed and applauded, and were much more amenable to reason and common sense than an older community would hav been. As one gets away from the church-spires he finds himself among a grander, freer, nobler people. "Go West, young man." That advice is as pertinent to-day.

Dr. Brooks is a speaker of considerable note; has devoted a great deal of time to the labor cause; has a book in press on the finance question; had an article recently in THE TRUTH SEEKER in reply to Van Buren Denslow's "Distribution of Wealth;" takes about thirty Liberal papers. This is an intelligent family, an oasis in the desert. And yet one can feel that their residence here will Liberalize the whole community. Even now, in the doctor's vicinity, this effect is felt.

At Seward I was met at the depot by H. L. Boyes. Mr. Boyes is a Liberal of many years' standing, thoroughly honest and outspoken in his views. In fact, he is proud that he is a Freethinker, and stands up as readily for common sense and reason as the believer does for Jesus. Mrs. Boyes is one of the most original thinkers I hav ever met. She has not read much, she said, and yet she kept me constantly wondering at the brightness and quaintness of her ideas. She is a great favorit with the children. She givs them a party every now and then. She told me how last fall a gay crowd had come into her room, and, after singing a May-day song, the youngest of the lot slipped up behind her, and placed over her head a wreath of flowers, and then they all sang laughingly, gladly, "We crown you queen of the May, queen of the May." "And this," she said, "was in October, and think of the bright flowers above my old face! think of me as queen of the May! And yet they were just as happy as though I had been young and beautiful, and the month May instead of October." Every spring these little children bring her a fairy basket, a dainty creation of green moss and flowers woven into shape and beauty by tiny, cunning, childish fingers. And remember, my friends, that this woman, who commands all this love, this veneration, from the community in which she livs, is a Materialist, a Freethinker. She understands that immortality is not so much, only as one may do some good deeds to liv after him. Her gentleness and tenderness will be remembered in all the years to come by the little ones she loves so well to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt, of Seward, are earnest Liberals. Mr. Moffatt is thoroughly outspoken, and there is not a preacher in the town but that has been worsted by him in argument. Mr. Moffatt is always ready to giv a reason for the faith in him. Several years ago they buried their only child, and their elegant home must seem somewhat desolate. Under the evergreens surrounding this residence I was shown another spot where one of our lecturers had swung in a hammock—no less a personage than our then hard-working secretary. I was glad to learn that he did rest once in a while, for I had begun to believe that he, like Mr. John Remsburg, never paused.

A prayer-meeting was held at the Congregationalist church on the night of my first lecture, and, after praying for me, the audience was dismissed, and the pastor and a portion of the flock came to the court house to hear my lecture. The house was full. An opportunity was given for remarks, but no one spoke. On the next evening it was packed, some standing. At the conclusion of the lecture the Congregationalist minister, the Rev. Mr. Dalley, jumped upon a chair and announced that on the next Sunday evening he would reply to Mrs. Freeman in the Opera House. Unfortunately some of the boys, young men nearly, cried: "You can't do it!" "Why don't you do it now?" and "Rats!" The next day the reverend gentleman rushed into print with this, complaining of the impoliteness of the Freethinkers. Cornelius Clark replied to his accusation, assuring him that the Liberals were not responsible, but gently reminding him that it would hav been a good place and opportunity, there and then, to make a protest against the lectures. A friend writes me: "He foamed for two hours on the Sunday evening announced, but used up his time in abusing Voltaire, Thomas Paine, and your ladyship."

Seward contains a good many prominent Liberals: H. H. Boyes, son of H. L. Boyes—this gentleman is thoroughly posted, and has quite a number of valuable books—B. Babsen, Jr.; Judge Lowrey, president of the Secular Union here; Daniel McKillip, eighty years old, strong and well, and never sick a day in his life, he told me; his son Daniel McKillip, a popular young lawyer, and his handsome wife; several teachers from the schools; William Bowers; Cornelius Clark, a writer and speaker; Schuyler Clark, Dr. Reynolds, Dr. Leinhardt, and many more. Among the strangers introducing themselvs was a gentleman from Kansas, a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER and all the Liberal papers, also a friend of all the Liberal lecturers.

I think these people were glad that I came to them. Mrs. Boyes assured me of this at parting, and Mr. Boyes said earnestly: "I shall pass away before many years, and I want no superstitious mummery to be indulged in at my grave. Let me be laid aside quietly. And the next lecturer that comes here, if it isn't until six months later, let him say a few words then in regard to me as a man, as a citizen. I am willing to be judged by the people among whom I hav lived. This is all I ask."

MRS. M. A. FREEMAN.

Riotous Romanists.—Fulton Frightened.

Parading the down-town streets the early part of this week were scores of hungry-looking, blear-eyed tramps, traveling Indian file, book in hand, bedecked in huge straw hats, with somber black bands, on which were inscribed the words, "Why Priests Should Wed." If any possessed matrimonial intentions, they certainly might be excused from inviting these scarecrows to the wedding feast. It was soon ascertained that Rev. Justin Fulton took this sensational style of advertising his lecture. There was a good-sized audience, some richly dressed ladies, and a large representation of the genus "tough" in the galleries. These gentlemen of the "upper circle" were not of the ordinary lecture auditors—they looked like our ward statesmen whose slugging proclivities were the test of their political acumen. The first part of the lecture was listened to, but the reader can obtain a faint idea of the rumpus from the *Herald* report:

After calling Roman Catholics pagans, he said that families were robbed "to recruit the seraglios of the holy fathers;" that a young man had told him that his sister entered a convent, and for "six years was subject to the will of the priests, and during this time a child has been born to her and——"

"That's a lie," "*Nein, nein*," "False, false," rang out from all parts of the church. Hisses and shouts of approval and dissent followed, and a roar like a set-to in a close ward caucus swept over the room. Many ladies left.

"We should do for women what Germany has done," he continued.

"You can't go to a nunnery and converse with your friends."

"There's not a word of truth in that." The shouts became so angry that whole pews were quickly emptied of ladies. Dr. Fulton said: "Don't leave, ladies. There has been a nunnery in Rome which it cost £5,000 to enter."

"What's the name of that nunnery?" "It's money you are after."

"Women are kidnapped to fill convents."

"Another of your lies."

"There's one thing I like about myself. I——"

"Oh, no, you are not George Washington." (Laughter.)

"The Catholic church is under the pope, not our government."

"It's a lie. I'm as good an American citizen as you."

"McGlynn threatens to turn on the church."

"Never." (Cheers and hisses.)

"In New York the body of a young lady found in the river was taken to the morgue. The papers announced it. Eight Catholic mothers went there in the morning searching for lost daughters."

"How do you know?"

"They told me so."

"There are women in Chicago convents who would hail with gladness the appearance of an officer."

"Bet you $500 there ain't."

"Oh, you havn't got a car-fare."

Dr. Fulton made a brief appeal to those interrupting him, which drew this response from the gallery in a jocular tone, "Oh, you love to lie so, sir," and peals of laughter swept over the great assembly.

"Oh, go to work again on the nunneries."

He alluded to another of his books, containing a story which he narrated.

"That's a pretty black story," "Giv us some truth," and similar shouts greeted him. The hisses, applause, and shouts kept growing louder, ladies flocked toward the doors, and the speaker, though he had announced that a song would conclude the exercises, very prudently closed it with the benediction.

During the whole rumpus not a particle of protection was afforded by the police, although it is said they were appealed to, and the foregoing fails to mention the fact that while an usher was attempting to eject a disturber, the latter drew a revolver, and the sudden disappearance of the usher on more important business possibly prevented a tragedy.

Although Dr. Fulton had engaged the church for a series of lectures, he and his audience found themselvs locked out the following evening.

While fully prepared to believe the immoralities which Dr. Fulton has depicted common to the Catholic priesthood, and firmly denouncing this suppression of free speech, I fail to find that Methodist ministers hav made a much more virtuous showing. Furthermore, I question the sincerity of anyone who resorts to such mountebank methods of advertising his show.

It is our pleasure to turn to a more agreeable and certainly more profitable topic—the success which our standard-bearer, Samuel P. Putnam, met with in Fresno, Cal., where he delivered a course of three lectures at this starting-point for his spring campaign. The lectures were highly spoken of by the *Expositor*. Following are its remarks at the conclusion of the course:

The attendance last night at Samuel P. Putnam's third and last lecture was larger than at the two previous lectures, and the interest appeared to increase as the audience had grown numerically. The speaker denied that the Bible was the work of revelation, but added that there was nothing beautiful or moral in that book that Liberals did not as thoroughly adopt as do the orthodox Christians. The supernatural idea of the Bible was rejected by people of the speaker's belief. The lecture was principally devoted to an elaboration of the Nine Demands of the Liberals, the substance of which has already been given in the *Expositor*. He spoke at considerable length, advancing practical ideas on the advantages of a secular system of education over the modern sectarian method. Particular stress was laid on the necessity of sound physical training, and had Froebel been present he would probably hav bowed his thanks for the compliments the speaker paid the kindergarten system of instruction. The educational plank in the Liberal platform is one of the strongest in the structure.

A temporary organization was effected by the election of J. F. Waterhouse as chairman and C. A. Burks as secretary. A committee of five on permanent organization was formed, consisting of the two persons above named, J. W. North, J. F. Lee, and George Church, who are to report at an early day. The intention is to form a branch in Fresno of the American Secular Union, procure a place for holding meetings, hav speaking, and musical and dramatic entertainments; in short, to form a complete organization for the advancement of the principles of Freethought.

The Chicago Secular Union has determined to do work more worthy the headquarters of the National society, and we hav leased the Universalist church for our regular Sunday evening meetings. Our current expenses now are close on to $1,500 per year. Toward this expense Dr. E. S. McLeod has pledged $100 to add dignity and prestige to the society which he has labored so incessantly and intelligently to maintain. As the lecture committee, the doctor has shown fine discrimination in the selection of persons and subjects, and whatever of success the Chicago Union has attained is largely due to the assiduity of E. S. McLeod.

Dr. W. H. Henry, a new-comer, but a veteran Secularist of the British Society, has contributed most generously to our local Union, and given it a splendid impetus by his wise counsel and extended experience. He is thoroughly enterprising and does not believe in doing anything by halves, and brings to the Secular work a well-stored mind and the unconquerable determination of a Briton. As a token of his desire to extend the local work he handed the writer his check for $100 the other day; and that is not his first donation by a large majority.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Communications.

Shakspere and Bacon.

I am aware that sarcasm and fun is not argument, else I should try to write a little fun at the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly's expense.

Of the able writer in THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 25th, who so kindly answers knotty questions, and who so kindly told us some time ago that John Wesley was not indicted in Georgia for adultery—when every Methodist bishop knows to the contrary; and during the Beecher-Tilton trouble Beecher's friends published the fact to the world; and the Cincinnati Methodist *Advocate* explained that the presiding judge in Georgia forced the grand jury to indict Wesley; and every Methodist knows that Wesley's wife followed him here and there and publicly charged him with adultery, which Wesley says he was unable to defend himself against (see Wesley's Works)—of this writer, and of all others that may be interested in the Baconian controversy, I will ask:

1. Though all of Bacon's manuscripts and letters hav come down to us, how is it that none of Shakspere's plays were among them?

2. If Bacon took so much pains to incorporate a cipher in "King Henry IV.," First and Second Parts, why did he not in some of his letters or papers tell us all about the matter? He left all his papers in Constable's care.

3. If Bacon claimed he invented a cipher which was published when Bacon was only three years old, how far was Bacon away from the truth?

4. Why is it that Bacon consumes so much Latin and Greek in "Novum Organum" and his other works, and so little in all the plays, if he wrote them?

5. Why is it that the style of Bacon in all his conceded works is exactly alike and yet his acknowledged style is slow, awkward, clumsy, and as different from the style of the plays as possible?

6. Upon the ground of style, every scholar from Augustine down to the present says that Paul never wrote the letter to the Hebrews, because it is so different from the other Epistles.

7. What object had Bacon, when he was always thirsty for glory, in immortalizing an ignorant butcher's son, by publishing immortal plays in his name, and the worst kind of rot poetry in his own name?

8 How did it come that Bacon could write 180,000 lines of magnificent poetry and never leave even one earmark of his own thought in all those lines?

9. The only mention made of Bacon's connection with the theater is the statement that in the early reign of Elizabeth he wrote some speeches for certain dumb shows, which were failures; and Bacon became disgusted and went into philosophy.

10. Why should Bacon fear to be known as the author of the plays, when the queen heard them and applauded them, and it appears that Shakspere enjoyed wonderful favor among lords, earls, and all the scholars of England?

Donnelly has harped on Shakspere's signature as his stock in trade so long that he has at last convinced himself that Shakspere could not write even his name.

Horace Greeley had to keep a foreman in his office to decipher his writing. I once received a letter from Dr. Joseph Haven, author of "Moral Philosophy" and "Mental Philosophy," which I could not read, not even the name, neither could any of my friends; and how THE TRUTH SEEKER gets up my manuscript with no errors I cannot comprehend.

11. Where are the children of Henry Clay? Who were they? It is a little singular that great men's children are never heard of except in lunatic asylums and dunce-houses, and Shakspere must not be judged by his children; although Susannah married Dr. Hall, and wrote a bold, fine hand. Out of the twenty councilmen of Stratford-upon-Avon, fifteen could not write their names, and made their marks. A man that could write 180,000 lines of poetry against he was forty-nine years of age would not probably write equal to copperplate.

12. In regard to Shakspere's manuscript, it is well known that Shakspere wrote for the company to which he belonged, and the manuscript was in the company's possession, and the most of Shakspere's plays that were not published in his lifetime were not published because the company owned the plays and did not choose to let the public hav them; but in 1623, when appeared the folio, the Shakspere Dramatic Company surrendered Shakspere's manuscript to the printer, and we all know how much is left of a manuscript after the printer is through with it.

13. Bacon was the father of inductiv philosophy in England, and all his works are thoroughly Atheistical. His first publication was in 1597, the "Essays." According to your able correspondent, Mr. Burr, Bacon's works made him wonderfully popular, instead of securing a warm place for him at a log-wood fire.

The plays of Shakspere are not Infidel or Agnostic, but run in the groove of "doubt," "don't know," "hope," and certainly convey a belief that we shall liv again, Jehovah or no Jehovah. If Bacon ran a risk of being burnt for writing Shakspere, had it been known, how did Shakspere escape? He was at least the conceded author, and all England believed him to be the author of the plays; yet he lived in peace, and died at his home honored even by King James I., who licensed his, or rather Burbage's, company. Shakspere owned an interest in the dramatic company to which he belonged, and a house in London, mentioned in his will, where no doubt his books were kept, and probably owned by the company.

At Shakspere's death his plays, manuscript, etc., were at his house in London, which was occupied by the Burbage Dramatic Company, known now as the Shakspere Company. What became of Shakspere's books, manuscript, letters, etc., no one knows. They were probably scattered over the earth, for in 1837 a small volume of Florio's translation of Montaigne was discovered with Shakspere's autograph on it. But Donnelly says this is not Shakspere's signature. How does he know? If Shakspere could not write, according to Donnelly and others, how do they compare signatures?

The French say, "The finer the penmanship, the bigger the fool," but Donnelly and Mr. Burr hav reversed it, and hav satisfactorily "proved" that because Bacon wrote a fine hand, therefore he wrote Shakspere's plays. And because Shakspere was a poor councilman or butcher's son, reared in poverty in the country town of Stratford, therefore he could neither read nor write, and was so ignorant that he had no use for a book. By a parity of reasoning Abraham Lincoln was never president of the United States, and Henry Clay was not secretary of state and a senator. Does Mr. Burr forget that about one-fourth of the kings of England could not write their names?

I am profoundly sorry that such able men as Mr. Burr and Hon. Ignatius Donnelly should stoop to the Christian tactics of scandal, and use the tools of the scavenger to prove that William Shakspere could neither read, write, nor make poetry. The tools of the scavenger are the Christian's stock in trade.

I deny that Thomas Paine, the hero of the Revolution, did his works in secret. He did his work openly and aboveboard in and before the Revolution, and took his life in his hand by so doing. While the only thing that Bacon did in secret was to take bribes from plaintiffs and defendants in lawsuits, and to, while he was counsel-extraordinary, secretly execute Barrow and Greenwood, two religious fanatics called Brownists, corresponding, I presume, to our Salvation Army, after their sentences had been commuted by Queen Elizabeth.

Barrow and Greenwood taught religious liberty, and had to die for so doing. It is well known that Bacon forged affidavits against Essex, and appeared in court, pleaded against him, and helped turn the ax toward Essex's head. But this was some years after, according to Mr. Burr, Bacon's writing the Sonnets to Essex and his bride. Bacon accepted large landed estates from Southampton, and afterward helped imprison him. And yet this is the man that wrote the plays of Shakspere, but was afraid to own them on account of the theater being a despised "weed," and its being dangerous to be known as a dramatic writer; and for reasons of state Bacon palmed them off on an ignorant butcher's son, which did not endanger Shakspere's life, but made him immortal!

I am surprised to learn of the immense power of Donnelly, and how easily he convinces strong-minded people. According to Mr. Burr, Donnelly convinced him in a moment that Bacon was not only Shakspere, but Christopher Marlowe also. Had Donnelly told Mr. Burr that Greene was Bacon's mask before Marlowe was killed, he no doubt would hav been convinced in a moment of that fact, but Greene says he was Shakspere's feathers (or mask).

The fact is, young Shakspere came to the theater in London about 1589, and as a natural poet wrote all of the classical fellows "down and out." Greene had to go, Peele had to take a back seat, and Marlowe changed his mode of verse from the stiff ten-syllable Grecian style and in his last plays adopted the easy, natural style of Shakspere.

Ben Jonson said Shakspere had no art—he had little Latin and less Greek—in other words, Shakspere was not classical; and no wonder Jonson loved Bacon, for they were both college-bred men, and both aped the ancient writers; and yet in 1623, when Shakspere had been dead seven years, and his fame had filled the earth, Jonson wrote the following commendatory lines in the preface to the folio that appeared, and Bacon stood by and saw his works plagiarized and his immortal fame given to a butcher's son. Hear Jonson:

Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspere, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser—or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth liv,
And we hav wits to read, and praise to giv.

And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line;
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage.

Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come,
Triumph, my BRITTAIN! thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe!
He was not of an *age*, but for *all time.*

The above does not describe Bacon. Jonson even in his praise of Shakspere had to be classical—he could not understand how a man could be a poet without patterning after the ancients. Bacon had plenty of Latin and Greek; Shakspere had little. When did Bacon ever shake a stage? Jonson admits that Shakspere is above the ancient writers of poetry, and claims the glory for *Brittain.* According to Donnelly, Greene, Kyd, Marlowe, and Shakspere succeeded each other as Bacon's masks. If this be so, Bacon was the most prolific man in styles that ever lived. And it is strange! passing strange! that nobody discovered this fact for over two hundred years, when the present discussion of the authorship of the immortal plays arose from the "Historical Doubts" of Walpole—almost equal to the divinity of Jesus founded on a dream of Joseph, the stepfather of God!

Ben Jonson conceded the immortality of the plays of Shakspere after he was forced to by the unanimous voice of England, which soon placed Shakspere's plays on the highest pedestal of eternal fame. Jonson was always opposed to Shakspere's style, and said so; he considered his own plays far ahead of Shakspere's, and of this fact no one knows better than Mr. Burr; but when Jonson saw that he could prevail nothing, but that the whole multitude had gone after Shakspere, he gave honor to whom honor is due—to his friend Shakspere.

Here is Bacon's description of a Christian:

The Christian believes three to be one, and one to be three; a father not to be older than his son; a son to be equal with his father; and one proceeding from both to be equal with both; he believing three persons in one in one nature, and two natures in one person.

The following is Shakspere's, in the "Merchant of Venice:"

So may the outward shows be least themselvs;
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward searched, hav livers white as milk?
And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted.

Mr. Burr, do you not think the above describes Bacon excellently as judge and Christian? For Bacon was both; at least, he belonged to the state religion, *i. e.*, popular church. Pray be candid; do you see any difference in the style of the poetry and the prose above? Be careful, for if you do, the fact is fatal to Donnelly's theory that Bacon wrote Shakspere.

The following from Shakspere's Sonnets that Lord Bacon did not write, shall fittingly close this paper:

How heavy I do journey on the way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend;
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes augers threats into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to *me* than *spurring* to his *side:*
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

If Bacon wrote that Sonnet to the earl of Essex and his bride, it certainly was a true prophecy that Bacon should ride Essex into power and not only thrust the spur (ax) in his side but chop his head off, for Bacon was the attorney that pleaded against Essex and Southampton both. Shakspere shows in that Sonnet that it grieved him to spur the poor beast on account of the brute's groans, but perhaps Bacon was at the execution of Essex, and to fulfill his prophecy shed a few crocodile tears. Bacon lived and moved among flowers and wealth and position; he did not hav to plod on a weary way, but Shakspere did.

I hope the bottom facts will come out about the Shakspere authorship.

A word about Shakspere's signature. There are six signatures that are authentic according to the best Shaksperean scholars. Mr. Burr givs only five in THE TRUTH SEEKER, omitting the one on Shakspere's copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne. Shakspere's signatures are about equal to Lord Byron's. They show that he had written a great deal. They are not handsome by any means. Two hundred years from now, no doubt, such men as Walpole,

Judge Holmes, Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, and Mr. Burr will be unable to marry Greeley's writings with his life and signature. They will claim that he was manager of the *Tribune*, but some fellow, kept hid in New York, and for state reasons, used Greeley as a mask.

It was a great accomplishment in his day to be able to write at all. And the fact that Shakspere could write settles the question of his education; besides, all his early biographers, Nash, Aubrey, and tradition, say he was a noverint (law clerk) at Stratford, and had passed through the grammar-school at that place. He must hav passed through some school to learn to write, for his father, John Shakspere, could neither read nor write; neither could Shakspere's mother.

Shakspere's family resided in Stratford, and if his daughter Judith preferred to marry early, instead of educating herself, I do not see that that proves Bacon wrote the plays. Nor does the mistake of Mrs. Hall about her husband's writing prove that Donnelly has not struck a mare's nest. In a future article I wish to giv the authentic pictures of Christ and Shakspere, if I can get the inimitable Watson Heston to draw them. GEO. H. BETHARD

Burlington, Kan.

A Socialist Christian to Our Contributors.

We are reminded that, about a year ago, you were requested to call a halt on the discussion of Anarchism in THE TRUTH SEEKER, because it is not included in the Nine Demands of Liberalism, and Secularists are not unanimous in opinion about it.

I think that smells quite as strong of dogmatic intolerance as anything Christianity has yet offered.

That request is now renewed, and Socialism is added, presumably because the objector does not know the difference between them, or, to use his own words, "he cannot easily determin where the latter leaves off and the other begins."

That is the best reason he could offer for the further discussion of those questions. Those of your readers who are better informed desire to know all that can be said on those questions pro and con. And I think they hav good reason to, if the questions are really of so much importance that men should be hanged on account of them. Moreover, when gentlemen of intelligence volunteer to enlighten us on those and kindred questions, I think it expedient, both as a matter of courtesy, and to encourage further effort, that we should appropriately express our appreciation of favors received. I can think of no more appropriate method of expressing appreciation, with a view to eliciting further information, than by noting important facts and considerations that are overlooked, fallacy that is substituted, and to especially note the amusing absurdities and self-refutations that are sometimes liberally indulged in. I will offer a few "specimen bricks."

We are instructed that all our properties, conditions, and relations are aristocracies, but I think that proposition is made to appear somewhat questionable by the further statement that they are mutually dependent on each other for existence, which should make them a democratic unit, in the aggregate, that will not possibly admit of aristocratic exclusivness. Even great wealth and abject poverty are but positiv and negativ effects of a common cause, and, they being the offspring of a common parentage, their relationship should be somewhat intimate.

It being disputed that all men are born equal, I will suggest the incontrovertible facts that all men are born physically helpless, hav not intelligence enough to distinguish their mother from a she-goat, and will as readily endeavor to extract nutriment from a dry rag as from the paps of either. I think that is being born as nearly equal, physically and intellectually, as can be intelligently conceived of. Unless the law of nature has been amended, which is hardly probable, if possible, the first generation of animate beings who inhabited this planet should hav had a birth and infancy analogous to that we now hav, hence, there could primarily hav been no ownership of anything. Therefore, I think ownership is indisputably usurpation, and usurpation is usually regarded as a synonym of robbery. Ownership of wealth enables thousands to liv in idleness and extravagant luxury by the labor of others, who are thereby despoiled, impoverished, and degraded; therefore it is not only robbery in and of itself at its inception, but is also a continuous repetition of robbery, spoliation, and rapine, causing vice and crime of every name and character. Therefore it is not great wealth, but ownership of wealth, that is the mother of crime and abominations of the earth.

Every expedient that human intelligence is capable of devising appears to hav been resorted to with a view to mitigating the evil that inheres in ownership of wealth. Hence, tribal ownership, agrarian division, state ownership with vassalage of the people, state landlordism, of which the Henry George theory is a synonym, it being obvious that a tax in consideration of occupancy and use is but rent called by another name. Last, though not least, we hav the system that is driving many intelligent, thinking people mad in this and other countries. These devices appear to hav served no purpose better than to practically demonstrate that ownership of wealth is an unmitigable curse to the human race. Hence, a few hav suggested that we should own nothing, but be possessed of all things. That is what I understand to be the fundamental principle of Socialism, and it appears to hav been advocated by Paul and the primitiv church. Paul also suggested that we should prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. I understand that to be the creed and dogma of Freethought. The name Christian was applied to the brethren of the primitiv church in derision, and appears to hav been rejected as an indignity. Hence, when Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," he made the evasiv reply, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." Therefore, I shall recognize Paul and the primitiv church as brother Socialists and Freethinkers, and good enough Infidels for my latitude, for I am not at a white heat on the Infidel question either pro or con.

Socialism evidently contemplates organizing the entire production and distribution of this planet under a common management or board of direction. I think that will be a business enterprise that will require the best business talent that can be found on this planet to organize and put it in successful operation. The kingdom of God, as illustrated by the parable of the ten talents, is also a business enterprise that will require the best business talent of this planet to organize and put it in successful operation. Hence, Socialism and the kingdom of God are synonymous, will be established on this planet if anywhere, and will effect a social resurrection from a social state that passed upon all men as a result of the only known transgression that could possibly hav such effect. Right here I will inquire, By what authority is it asserted that the forbidden fruit was an apple? The word apple occurs but once in the Bible, that I find, and relates to the apple of the eye; but I find no intimation that Adam and Eve ate each other's eyes out. The story is evidently a fable intended to illustrate a philosophy, and that being purely Socialism, I shall accept it and defend it against all comers.

The principle of Anarchism was illustrated by the Harman matrimonial alliance, in which they mutually promised to do by each other, without law, all that the law requires them to do. Therefore, law and government do not appear to be an insurmountable obstruction to the practice of Anarchism; then why should Anarchists make a fuss about law and government? If people do by each other all that the law requires them to, why should they be hanged for it? Viewing the controversy from that standpoint, it appeared like a laughable farce that I could enjoy, until a stupid or vicious court of injustice spoiled my fun by enacting a tragedy. When it came to hanging people for making themselvs ridiculous, I was unable to see clearly where the laugh came in; it suggested the possibility of being hanged myself some day for a like offense.

The distinctiv difference between Socialism and Anarchism will be found in the important facts that Socialism proposes to enforce and establish the practice of just principles by the agency of law and government; Anarchism proposes that we shall practice just principles instinctivly without law and government. Socialism supposes that the average of the human race will require subjection to strict disciplin for several generations to prepare them for that responsibility. Therefore, Anarchism should take a back seat for the present, and not be obtrusiv, for it should necessarily be preceded by the schoolmaster, Socialism. There appears to be no difference between them on the question of principles, but on the method of procuring the practice of them. To "do by others in all things as we would hav others do by us," is a cardinal principle of both. Socialism would procure the practice of the principle by removing the incentiv to do otherwise. Anarchism expects us to practice the principle regardless of adverse incentiv. I think the foregoing should enable your readers to see where Anarchism should begin, but I hardly think that Socialism will "leave off" at that point, but its principles will be practiced on other conditions.

I perceive that some of your correspondents are anxiously desirous that they shall not be suspected of any sympathy with the foregoing principles; nevertheless, I shall claim the honor of having instinctivly advocated them from early youth, am at it yet, and not likely to "down at any man's bidding." They are Bible questions, gentlemen, and I perceive that THE TRUTH SEEKER correspondents make the discussion of Bible questions a specialty; hence, their calling a halt on the discussion of them is suggestiv that they feel beaten, but hav not the fairness to admit the fact. Moreover, in my introductory letter on becoming a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER, I offered to defend Bible philosophy against all comers. I intended that for a standing challenge, and shall think it more honorable for Freethinkers and truth seekers to accept it, and manfully combat those questions on that line, if no other, than to persistently request Mr. Editor to choke the dogs (Socialists) off or "stop my paper." J. A. TUTTLE.

Herbert Spencer a Land Reformer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav been a subscriber to your radical paper for the last ten years, and I am happy to say that I highly appreciate the very useful knowledge I hav acquired from a careful perusal of its pages, which were filled, as a whole, with good mental food so varied in kind and so ample in quantity. I feel sure that I hav received many times the worth of my money. And it givs me pleasure to "spread the light and teach the benighted" that the Gods can take care of themselvs; that we mortals should do all in our power to establish justice among ourselvs. The French National Assembly, in 1789, declared "that ignorance, neglect, or contempt of human rights are the sole causes of public misfortunes and corruption of government." This declaration is as applicable to us now as it was to France then, and is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago. But let us take our own Declaration of Independence. If men are endowed with certain unalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, it must unavoidably follow that they hav unalienable rights to the source and storehouse of all supplies—the land. Here I will let Herbert Spencer speak by quoting the first two paragraphs of the ninth chapter of "Social Statics," bearing upon this question:

1. Given a race of human beings having like claims to pursue the objects of their desires—given a world adapted to the gratification of those desires—a world into which such beings are similarly born, and it unavoidably follows that they hav equal rights to the use of this world. For if each of them "has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other," then each of them is free to use the earth for the satisfaction of his wants, provided he allows all others the same liberty. And conversely, it is manifest that no one, or part of them, may use the earth in such a way as to prevent the rest from similarly using it; seeing that to do this is to assume greater freedom than the rest, and consequently to break the law.

2. Equity, therefore, does not permit property in land. For if *one* portion of the earth's surface may justly become the possession of an individual, and may be held by him for his sole use and benefit, as a thing to which he has an exclusiv right, then *other* portions of the earth's surface may be so held; and eventually the *whole* of the earth's surface may be so held; and our planet may thus lapse altogether into private hands. Observe now the dilemma to which this leads. Supposing the entire habitable globe to be so inclosed, it follows that if the landowners hav a valid right to its surface, all who are not landowners hav no right at all to its surface. Hence, such can exist on the earth by sufferance only. They are all trespassers. Save by the permission of the lords of the soil, they can hav no room for the soles of their feet. Nay, should the others think fit to deny them a resting-place, these landless men might equitably be expelled from the earth altogether. If, then, the assumption that land can be held as property involves that the whole globe may become the private domain of a part of its inhabitants, and if, by consequence, the rest of its inhabitants can then exercise their faculties—can then exist even—only by consent of the landowners; it is manifest that an exclusiv possession of the soil necessitates an infringement of the law of equal freedom. For men who cannot "liv and move and hav their being" without the leave of others cannot be equally free with those others.

The logic of the above is, I think, absolutely irrefutable. But let the readers think and ponder seriously upon this most important question, and then decide for themselvs as to what is right. It ill becomes us who hav adopted the noble name of "Liberals" to condemn the land reformers before we hav given them a hearing. And yet, if one may judge by the letters and comments which appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER during the past year, on or about Henry George and his principles, they show that very thing. We hav not been fair to him or to ourselvs.

We liv in a country capable of supporting a thousand millions of people in comfort, if justice to all and favors to none had an abiding-place among us; but under our present system what do we find? We find amid advancing wealth a still greater increase of want and poverty. Though the power of labor is elevenfold more effectiv than it was fifty years ago, millions of our brothers and sisters are suffering for the necessaries of life.

> For 'tis hard upon the many—
> Hard, unpitied by the few,
> To starve and die for want of work,
> Or liv half-starved with work to do.

It has been estimated that were the houses in New York city containing criminals, and the recipients of charity, set side by side, they would make a street twenty-two miles long. Certainly, in view of such horrible every-day facts, anyone who tries to show the cause of the disease ought to be heard with respectful attention. As reforms cannot be effected until the people are educated in the nobler principles which underlie the same, our work must be the removal of mountains of prejudices, which always cluster around long-established wrongs, whether religious or political. PAUL GARIÉPY.

Cincinnati, O., March 6, 1888.

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The Bible in Texas Schools.

Governor Ross, of Texas, used to be one of J. D. Shaw's parishioners when that able Infidel was a Methodist preacher. But he was never an "amen corner" member of the church. Mr. Shaw thus describes him in answer to a question as to how much religion the governor is afflicted with: "He is quite liberal in so far as we can judge; a quiet, upright, and patriotic citizen, of broad charity and tolerance. We were his pastor four years, and during that time he paid his quarterage promptly, attended church about as regularly as men of his sense and judgment should be expected to, but we hav no recollection of his ever having taken the sacrament, and as to how much he believes or how little, we simply know nothing." Since Mr. Shaw left the pulpit and became a working heretic the governor has met him as kindly and affably as before, and the inference is that the executiv of Texas is not particularly pious.

The secretary of state, however, is a Christian, but the comptroller is not. The secretary believes that our government is founded on the Christian religion, and acts accordingly. This knowledge was elicited by the action of Mr. C. A. Graves, of Fiskville, who is endeavoring to hav the Bible removed from the school which his children attend, and who was referred by the various school authorities to the state board of education, composed of the above-named officials. Mr. Graves is a persistent gentleman, who deeply feels the injury done his children by the corruption of their education with superstitious instruction. He first appealed to the trustees of the school, who first took counsel of the county and state superintendents of education, and then replied that "they had directed a discontinuance of scripture-reading during school hours." This meant only a change in the order of proceedings in the school. The Bible would be read, when the teacher would tap a bell and announce that "school will now begin." This dishonest subterfuge did not satisfy Mr. Graves, and the state board has had his appeal before them for three months; but no action has been taken upon it, and he believes the board is afraid to meet the issue, or prefers to maintain by stealth what it is afraid to take openly. Under the administration of Ireland reading the Bible was left to the discretion of the teacher. But when Roberts ran the state, the Bible was peremptorily ruled out of the schools.

Mr. Graves should hav the support and countenance of every Liberal in the state, for whether he wins or not the agitation will help the next case by familiarizing the public with the question. If a little political pressure were also put upon the officials, it might also help. When Infidels band together and refuse to vote for any man who will not publicly avow his willingness to aid them in obtaining justice, the complete separation of church and state will be much nearer than it is now.

Ancient and Modern Beliefs.

The sacrificial system of the Jews is the foundation of the vicarious atonement scheme of the Christians. That is, the latter is barbarism retrograding, for, as a human life is more valuable than a sheep's life, so is—at least, one would so suppose—a God's life more valuable than a man's. Christ is called the lamb of God, because when John the Baptist so named him, he was speaking as a Jew, to Jews, and employed the language they had been used to in their sacrificial system. A religious paper offers as proof of the divinity of Jesus this regard that John the Baptist, Paul, and Peter had for him as a substitute for the lambs killed by the Jews under the law of Moses. Says the journal in question: "A lamb, under this system, was required to be offered every morning and evening as an atonement or sacrifice for sin. A lamb was the usual and most common victim in the Jewish system of sin-offerings; and when John, himself a Jew, and speaking to Jews, applied this term to Jesus of Nazareth, he clearly meant to say that this Jesus was destined to be the victim in a sin-offering yet to be made. This is the point of the analogy between him and the sacrificial lamb of the Jews, and the reason why the term was applied to him. Isaiah in one of his predictions relating to the messiah said that he would be 'brought as a lamb to the slaughter.' Paul also said: 'For even Christ our passover [paschal lamb] is sacrificed for us.' The Greek word, here translated 'passover,' means the paschal lamb, or the lamb that was slain at the feast of the passover. The apostle spoke of Christ, the lamb, as being 'sacrificed for us.' Peter tells us that our redemption is secured, not with 'corruptible things,' but with 'the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.' One of the songs of heaven is in these words: 'Worthy is the lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.' The names of the redeemed are said to be written 'in the lamb's book of life.' No one familiar with the language and the doctrin of the Bible in regard to Christ will hav any difficulty in seeing the reason why the term 'lamb' is applied to him."

We fail to see the improvement of this new scheme over the old. The Jews were barbarians who offered animals upon their altars to appease the supposed wrath of an imaginary deity. Even human sacrifices were not unknown to them, so barbarous and besotted in brutality were they. But the Christians go beyond them, and sacrifice a man upon a cross, and, if one may believe their theology, a God as well. Now, if heaven's throne is occupied by a good God, a God who loves justice and hates oppression, who admires a man for not shirking the responsibility of his own conduct, and hates a sneak—and a decent God would—how do the Christians think he will view their substitution of sacrifice? Will it please him better to hav a man slain than a sheep? or a God than a man? Is not their barbarity a little deeper and more brutal than that of the Jews?

A few weeks since we printed a horribly materialistic picture taken from a Roman Catholic journal, in which a young sheep was superimposed upon some clouds, with a halo around it, the blood streaming from its fore leg and being caught in chalices by winged angels, who were pouring it upon the heads of the damned in purgatory, who were by means of this blood to be finally rescued and taken up to heaven. The picture was designed by the church authorities to explain to their followers—most of whom cannot read—the plan of salvation. It was a plain, matter-of-fact explanation of Christian theology, expressed in the sensuous manner usual to Romanism. But who can object to that picture and not to this drawn by a Protestant writer in a Congregational paper? In the one case, the artist's pencil tells the story; in the other the pen is employed. Both are literal; both meant to be taken exactly as they appear; both equally beastly. Of Roman Catholicism we expect a good deal in the way of crude and barbaric symbolism, but in Protestantism we look for better things. Yet this writer has not even the excuse that he is a Methodist. Refined and progressiv Congregationalism drew this pen-picture of a man who was at once a sheep and a God, and who was sacrificed on the altar of barbarous ignorance to appease the wrath of another God, to save the world from being destroyed.

In the long-ago our ancestors—the human race—were naked savages, ferocious and almost brainless. They lived in caves, and when hungry crawled forth and with knotted clubs killed snakes for dinner. Their armor was a turtle shell; their musical instruments were tom-toms; their paintings daubs of yellow mud. When they lived near the water, their ships were logs, navigated by sitting astraddle. These people had a religion. Fear was its base; fear of Nature, and a personification of her elements. They believed in thousands of little ghosts, and one big ghost, boss of all the others. This boss ghost had passions, parts, and power, and to placate him our savage ancestors sacrificed animals and human beings upon the rude altars their medicin men had erected. They thought this pleased the boss ghost, who would in consequence restrain his passions and allow them to liv. They sang songs to this boss ghost; they told him how powerful he was; how weak they were, and unworthy to even mention his name; and by and by the medicin men wrote holy books by his inspiration in which he was put over all other ghosts, and those who denied his power were killed, and the world finally acknowledged that he was the real and veritable boss ghost of the universe.

Of course there is no analogy between the religion of our barbarous ancestors and the religion of to-day. The sacrifice of a sheep by a savage was barbarism; the sacrifice of a man upon a cross only is civilization. The savage was a heathen—a low-down, degraded monster—and his great ghost but a figment of his ignorant imagination. Our religion is much superior, and the only true one, because when God sacrifices his son the act is greatly superior to that of the savage, and its being done by God proves at once his divinity, the truth of the Christian religion, and the vast improvement of our morality over that of our ancestors. There is an enormous difference between sacrificing a sheep upon an altar and a God upon a cross. The first is of no use in procuring remission of sins, and is a mark of barbarism; the second is all-powerful, and a mark of civilization.

We trust the reader will readily perceive this stupendous chasm between the religion of our ancestors and our own religion. It is perfectly miraculous. And not the least miraculous aspect of the case is that he who reads of the savagery of our forefathers, and then of the transition of the sacrifice from sheep to God, is enabled to draw this distinction, so necessary to salvation and so ennobling to his moral faculties. Let us thank God that we are not barbarians!

Legal Illegality.

The legal profession of Missouri seems to be rather pious just now. Another witness has been cross-examined as to her religious opinions, contrary to and in violation of the state constitution. This occurred at St. Louis, in a suit between a husband and wife for the custody of their children. Mary Duff, of 1,227 Pine street, was put upon the stand. To impeach her credibility the lawyer on the other side asked her if she believed in any religion, when the following conversation took place:

"I am a Spiritualist," replied the witness.

"Are you a believer in a savior?"

"I do not know what you mean by 'savior;' there are sixteen crucified saviors, as history givs us—which do you mean?"

Mr. Goode: "As I only know of one, I cannot answer your question. Do you belong to any church?"

"I don't see that theology has anything to do with telling the truth," replied the witness.

"Is Spiritualism a religion?" asked Mr. Goode.

The witness: "I am not a doctor of theology."

"Do you believe in God?"

"I don't know what your understanding of God is," said the witness.

"I submit, your honor," said Mr. Goode, "that a witness who does not know any savior, who does not believe in God, and who belongs to no church, is not the proper person to swear to the moral character of any woman."

"Are you a believer in God, and can you tell the truth on the witness-stand?" asked Mr. Goode.

The witness: "I am not required by the law of qualifications to believe in the God of the Christians any more than in the God of the Jews or the god of the Mohammedans. I believe in the sanctity of my oath, as I believe in the obligation of my word; that is, that my word is not less binding upon me because I put it into the form of an oath."

The court: "The witness is not required to believe in any particular god."

After a few more inconsequential queries the witness was allowed to testify. The *Globe-Democrat* reports that she avowed her belief in "God as recognized and accepted by the Christians or the Jews,"

but this Mrs. Duff, in a letter to us, very vigorously denies. But a more important question is, Why do the courts allow these religious inquisitions when the constitution of the state forbids them?

Dr. Dix in Lent.

Each year in Lent Dr. Dix, rector of Trinity church, preaches a series of sermons which he thinks specially adapted to the period. Last year he talked about the women, and his abuse of them, the Pauline style in which he spoke of the female half of the human race, raised a storm of indignation, and avalanches of criticism buried him from public sight. It seems, however, that he has managed to dig his way out in time for this year's period of fasting and mortification of the flesh, and a week ago yesterday evening he rose up in Trinity chapel and preached another Lenten sermon. It was an anchoritish discourse, inspired by impotence, austerity, and puritanical piety. The audience was composed of women mostly, some of whom, say the papers, are leaders in society. Why they sat still under the abuse, is as inexplicable as why they support a church which degrades and enslaves them, and regards their womanhood as a mark of inferiority. These are some of Dr. Dix's slanders:

"When Adam and Eve sinned they were ashamed, for they knew that they were wicked. But men hav become hardened now, and hav set up the lust of the flesh as a special and worthy desire. Schools of philosophy teach this frightful doctrin. Poetry idealizes it. Painters and sculptors delight to picture the nude in lascivious forms. The carnal has been exalted with a cultus called religion. It is a noticeable fact that this sin, which theology has named concupiscence, goes hand in hand with Infidelity. St. Clement of Alexandria has depicted the shameful things of paganism in words which I will not repeat, but which, if I did, would drive you from your seats with horror. The characteristic of paganism has always been licentiousness. The battle which Christ began is still on—the church against the world, against pagan philosophy and habits. Wherever pagan philosophy is its followers adopt the horrid pagan practices as much as they can, and look wistfully back to the panorama of pagan lust and corruption in the old days.

"The devil has a double-headed propaganda on foot to-day—of Infidelity and of impurity. He is at work everywhere. The missionaries of the cross find the heathen naked, indolent, and licentious. And in France we see in this age a political propaganda of Atheism, and a social and literary carnival of indecency. There flourishes a literature which is unequaled for licentiousness in any time or age, and a school of art whose motto is to display the naked human body in every lascivious and filthy attitude. Nowhere is there a more easy field for this devil's propaganda than in America, and the signs of his handiwork are on every side. We see the public journals pandering to an unwholesome appetite by feeding the public mind with the filthy details of criminal and licentious deeds. We see a popular school of fiction the plots of whose books are mostly adultery, murder, seduction, and suicide, whose heroes and heroins lead immoral lives, and make a jest of purity. We see a poetry which seductivly stimulates animal passion; dramas which wet a sensual appetite, and glorify murder and shame; salacious and licentious figures used on every hand as advertisments; and pictures imported from a foreign school, and produced by a growing nativ school, I am ashamed to say, of a shockingly lascivious character.

"And what is the state of the society in which these things are? The poorer classes living in crowded tenement houses in which it is impossible to be decent! Girls among the higher classes taught to cultivate the attractions of their bodies and to lure men by these—young girls, with their lunches of a dozen courses and half a dozen courses of wine—shamefully attired at the opera and fondled there by the hands of careless men, and holding supper parties afterward, where the champagne and the liqueurs flow—listening to broad speeches and filthy gossip and unclean stories, which make them lose all faith in the virtue and manhood of men—when married, so accustomed to flattery and flirtation that their husband comes to occupy a second place in their affections, until separation or divorce follows!

"These are the commonest things to-day. We see men in high social places whom no self-respecting woman ought to admit over the threshold of her home—flirtations carried on by people each of whom has plighted his or her troth, probably, to two or three persons—scandal and disgraceful stories about households, with strange hinting at mysterious and immoral doings in high places the common gossip; married men with the devil's look in their eyes and the adulterers' desire in their hearts running after young girls, and all bidding the men and women hold their tongues who dare to cry out against the horrid business.

"If these are the things in sight in the open day, what in heaven's name are the things out of sight? Think of the sin and shame which one night in New York hides! In the slums and faubourgs, the dance-houses and ball-rooms, the theaters, with naked women on the stage and naked women in the boxes—with men behind the scenes dallying with the actresses—men who invent a story of business and absence for the ears of loving wives and daughters at home; the adulterer stealing forth and saying to himself, 'In the twilight no man shall see me!' I hav said all that I dare to say.

"The drift of the age is toward even greater license and indulgence. There is a school gaining ground which teaches that passion is natural and is to be obeyed. Oh, how great is the need of Christian women! What influence might they wield for the better—some I know who are absent and some whom I see before me! O woman! bethink you of your duty and your power. You know how young women are tempted, what books they read, the gossip they hear, the fool jests of evil-minded men which are poured into their ears while older women stand by as chaperons—the very life they lead, so that one season in society takes the bloom from the face and the modest look from the eye. Oh, will you help to do away with these things?"

Either Dr. Dix associates with some very indecent people, or he possesses an unspeakably foul mind. There is not much use in trying to reason with him. He is a kind of a St. Jerome of the nineteenth century. He ought to go into retreat and contemplate his own toes for a year or two, as he is unfitted for human society by reason of his defectiv organization.

But there are a few serious errors in his statements which may be pointed out. First, the pagans who horrified St. Clement were not so bad as the Christians of his own time and later. The orthodox church accused the schismatics of the most licentious conduct, and the heretics retorted in kind. "And it was confessed on all sides," says Gibbon, "that the most scandalous licentiousness of manners prevailed among great numbers of those who affected the name of Christians." Second. Pagan philosophy is as pure as Christian metaphysics, and the lives of pagan philosophers were chaste as snow beside the lives of Christian holy men. Compare Socrates with Solomon. Third. The morality of the heathen of the east is infinitly superior to that of the Christian of the west. Everyone knows that who knows anything at all of the subject. China, India, Japan, Turkey even—all are better in this regard than England and the United States. Fourth. The only countries where the missionaries can find the nativs naked are in the Polynesian and South Sea Islands; and in these places, all travelers tell us, the nativs liv simply and chastely, or did till the missionaries got among them. Fifth. Although France is more Atheistic to-day than ever before, the moral condition of the people is infinitly higher than when all France was Roman Catholic and Voltaire the "one old man in a wide field, with a whole herd of bulls burning to destroy him." Sixth. As to America, everybody here knows its condition. With the exception of the clergy, the people are moral enough, and growing in that direction all the time. To say that the artists and poets and novelists and journalists of to-day are panderers to licentious vice is the frothing of the crazy ascetic. Dr. Dix should take cooling draughts and put ice upon his head, before his fever takes a dangerous turn.

Editorial Notes.

THE bill for the repeal of the blasphemy law of England will probably be introduced in Parliament by Mr. Courtney Kenney at this session.

THE first Freethought paper ever published in Denmark, Norway, or Sweden has now been established for several months. It is called the *Fritækeren*.

THE Protestant churches of Boston are short on the clerical supply. The Boston *Journal* records thirteen vacant pulpits of various denominations. The trouble seems to be that men of sufficient brain power to suit the Bostonese hav too much to be ministers.

SEVERAL parties in Iowa and Nebraska having written Mr. E. A. Stevens desiring him to lecture for them, he wishes us to state that if a sufficient number of engagements can be made to pay the expenses of the trip he will be glad to make a tour. Let all who can see their way clear for having Liberal lectures in their towns write to Mr. Stevens at 750 West Lake street, Chicago, Ill.

IN the House of Commons on the night of the 14th Mr. Bradlaugh moved the second reading of the Oaths bill, which permits jurors, witnesses, officers of the army and navy, and all officials to affirm, if they so desire. After a hot debate, the bill passed its second reading, by a vote of 250 to 150, amid enthusiastic cheers. The bill will probably pass, and add one more to Mr. Bradlaugh's many victories for Freethought.

ST. GEORGE MIVART, the Catholic scientist who undertakes to reconcile Darwinism with the Bible, is coming to grief in all quarters. Sir James Stephens, an English Freethinker, has whacked him from the heretical side, and the Catholic papers are repudiating him, scolding him out of the church. Between the two, Mr. Mivart's position is uncomfortable, illustrating the old saying about the man trying to occupy two stools.

WE are informed that in a lecture delivered recently at Liberal, Mo., Mr. G. H. Walser stated that he had no fight with the church, and that he was opposed to the American Secular Union because that organization objected to the employment of chaplains in the United States army and navy. Is Mr. Walser contemplating a union with the church? If so, the Liberals of the country ought to know it, that he may not deceive them by posing as the founder of the only Infidel town in the country.

IN the arches court of the province of Canterbury, Lord Penzance decided recently that "the rubrics of the prayer-book were not merely directory, but were in their smallest incidents nothing less than positiv commands of law, strictly to be followed and faithfully obeyed." Mr. Bradlaugh thinks that now the Christians should not accuse him of unfairness when he presses on them quotations from the Book of Common Prayer as binding on all members of the Established Church.

WE congratulate Mr. J. M. Waters on his political victories in the city of Anniston, Ala. Mr. Waters is an outspoken Infidel, and everybody in his town knows it. His fellow-citizens recognized his ability and chose him for alderman, and his fellow-aldermen gave further proof of their esteem by electing him chairman of the committee on police and prisons, on health and hospitals, and, best of all, on public schools. We hope Mr. Waters will giv Anniston good police protection, without brutality or invasion of personal rights; good health and kind treatment of hospital patients, and good public schools without the teachings of superstition.

THE London correspondent of the New York *Sun* says that Sunday observance is rapidly going out of fashion in England. Sabbath-breaking among the mercantil and laboring classes is most observable in warm weather, but the Lord's Day Observance Society has presented a petition to the Upper House of Convocation, plaintivly lamenting that the ways of breaking the Sabbath in the higher grades of society were painfully numerous, including formal dinner parties, comic recitations, smoking concerts, exhibitions of jugglers, coach drives, boxing, lawn tennis, and dances at clubs and private houses. The startled bishops promptly passed a resolution asking the upper classes to stop their goings on. The bishop of London protested that it was no good to ask them to stop, and he was probably right. In England, Sunday is a day of gayety and festivity for everyone who can afford to make it so. It is practically the same as in France, with the exception that public places of amusement are closed, and that the enjoyment of the poor is confined to the hours spent in public-houses. If it were the desire of the Church of England to improve the morality of the people instead of to make them the property of the church on Sunday, that useless institution would see to it that the museums and libraries were opened on Sundays, and cheap out-of-door recreation provided for indoor toilers. But the church does not care for the people; it cares only for itself.

REUBEN DAILY, who made so much fuss over himself when he joined the Liberals some years ago, has gone back to Presbyterianism. Mr. Daily is the editor of a local journal somewhere in Indiana, and had ambitions to shine as a lecturer. Failing in this—not having the gifts—he kept still until an itching for office and notoriety (so says his friend Monroe) inspired him to join the church. Mr. Daily was originally an Englishman. His advent into Liberalism in this country occurred in 1878. He published his views in his own paper, and gave orders to the foreman of his printers to hav God spelt with a small *g*. We cannot regard men who consider that an argument as of very great mental caliber, and the Presbyterian church is welcome to them. Mr. N. Field, a townsman of Mr. Daily, sizes him and his conversion up as follows: "Reuben has several axes to grind, and he expects to make the grindstones by joining a popular church, teaching the greatest amount of error in the city. If he fails in his money-making scheme he will desert again and try something else." The local papers, in commenting upon the "conversion," say that Mr. Daily is a "very moral man," not using profanity or alcoholic beverages. But if Mr. Field's estimate of the new-born Presbyterian is accurate, the encomiums upon his moral character are misplaced. There are more immoral things in this world than profanity and rum, and the innumerable small vices in the average human seem to be consolidated in Mr. Daily's case into a few great ones. Alongside of a hypocrit and self-seeker a hearty but honest swearer is an angel of light.

Lectures and Meetings.

MR. CHAS. WATTS will deliver a four-night lecture course in Kent, Ohio, March 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. Subjects: 1. "The Churches and Modern Thought;" 2. "Bible Morality;" 3. "Philosophy and Theology—A Contrast;" 4. "Roman Catholicism; Its Teachings and Doings."

THE following is C. B. Reynolds's list of lecture engagements so far as known:

San Bernardino, Cal.	March 26, 27, 28.
Riverside, Cal.	29.
San Jacinto, Cal.	30, 31. April 1.
Diamond Mines, Cal.	2, 3, 4.
San Diego, Cal.	6, 7, 8.
National City, Cal.	9, 11, 12.
Los Angeles, Cal.	14, 15.
Santa Ana, Cal.	17, 18, 19.

California friends desiring lectures should write to Mr. Reynolds at any of the above places so letters will reach two days ahead of dates.

Freethinkers

Who are desirous of advancing the cause, cannot do it more effectually than by assisting THE TRUTH SEEKER to extend its circulation. A liberal cash commission will be paid to those devoting their time to obtaining new subscribers. For terms, address THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY, 28 Lafayette place, New York.

Letters from Friends.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Feb. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The Sam Jones & Co. revival has just closed here, with the following results and converts: To Presbyterian church, four; Baptist, two; Methodist, sixteen, and one girl adjudged insane yesterday and sent to the asylum, on account of his preaching so much hell. Collection for the Jones fund a little over $6 000. A collection was taken up on Sunday last amounting to $1.090 to pay some old bills of Sam Small before professing religion—perhaps whisky bills.

Very respectfully yours, A. B. Fox.

HEURELTON. Feb. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:.I write to inform you of the death of my grandfather, Otis C. Jillson, who has been a constant reader of your paper for the last fourteen or fifteen years, and who thought a great deal of the paper. He was taken from us very suddenly. We arose in the morning and found him dead on the floor, his wife being away from home at the time. She has lost a noble, good husband; we, a kind and good grandfather. He was ever ready to help the needy; and also to investigate so-called Spiritualism, and believed a great deal in it. JENNIE L. JILLSON.

CARROLL, IA., Feb. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find fifty cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1888 and Colonel Ingersoll's argument on "Blasphemy," in Reynolds's case, Morristown, N. J.

I had a dispute with a friend of mine as to the correct pronunciation of Ingersoll's name. I say the long sound of the letter *o* is correct; he says not. Please inform me.

Yours cordially, A. S. GOOKLEY, M.D.

[The *o* in Colonel Ingersoll's name is not a long *o*. It is usually pronounced as *u* short and obscure; some giv it the sound of broad *ä*, as in "all."—ED. T. S.]

FT. WORTH, TEX., Feb. 13, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Since my last we hav had the great Remsburg with us. It may hav been intended by the Christians as it was—at any rate, the court house had been engaged for him, but the janitor could not be found, nor anyone else who had a key. Yet we got in about 9 o'clock P.M., and in a remarkably short time we had a fire going and started the ball rolling to a small but very select audience. Doubtless the house would hav been crowded had we been able to effect an entrance at the proper time, as a great many people came and left before 8 o'clock. There were several ladies present, and everybody seemed happy. We will try and arrange to hav Mr. Remsburg with us about March 1st. The evangelists hav left, and the Catholic fair is in full bloom.

Respectfully, C. E. ILLSEN.

HAVANA, CUBA, Feb. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am at a loss to know how, while our United States Constitution provides that Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, and the law provides that the great seal of the United States shall not be affixed to any other than constitutionally legal documents, Mr. Cleveland could dare to affix that great seal, together with his signature (not that of the president of the United States), to a "Thanksgiving" proclamation. The president of the United States, having none other than constitutional powers, cannot do it, though Mr. Cleveland may—and commit murder, too, if you please, though in violation of law and of his oath of office. If Mr. Cleveland cannot be impeached for that act, then he can be impeached for any other illegal act only by a preponderance of influence, just as a great majority of the cases are decided by the judges of our courts throughout the Union. Because of votes cast by silly gawkies, ours is a government of influence. Anarchy! No, you bet, I am not an Anarchist! I've had enough of it. GEORGE NEWTON.

OXFORD, MICH., Feb. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: By inclosed you will see that I hav secured two new subscribers for your valuable paper. I hav sent all the TRUTH SEEKERS that I hav received for the last three years on errands of conversion among the people. Some are received by the clergy, and some by other classes. I think that your light is too bright to be hid under a bushel. It is amusing to me to read the different letters your correspondents write that you print in THE TRUTH SEEKER—to see how positiv some are that there is no life after death, as we generally understand the term, while others are equally certain that we liv in a future state of existence. The Spiritualists are very certain of it, but Uncle Winter is certain that we do not. Now, between the two extremes I reason thus: There are four facts in nature that we can all agree upon, that is, time, space, matter, and life. The four hav always existed. Vegetable life developed out of mineral, and animal life out of vegetable, and man, the highest type of animal life, out of the lower order of animal life. Man we find possessed of more knowledge. Out of knowledge is developed wisdom just in proportion as he becomes Liberal. (I would state right here that some that claim to be Liberal hav hardly outgrown orthodoxy.) When man acquires wisdom enough, he will begin to see harmony in all nature, and the wiser he becomes, the more he will incline to believe that he is a part of the great, stupendous whole. I can see nothing but change in all matter, and that change leads to higher evolutionary forms. Who ever saw a live man? No one, unless it was clairvoyantly. We see the house that he livs in, the body. All the actions of man, no matter of what kind, are the result of spirit manifestation. Where is the man now in the body that can tell what the next fifty years will unfold to the living? In my opinion, we are living in a spiritual age now, but many of us of rather a distant order from that to which at some future time all will be unfolded. No man ever had knowledge enough to destroy one particle of matter; how much less can life become extinct! Who is there that can not see a yoke of cattle in a load of hay?

Please find inclosed one extra dollar, for which send me the ANNUAL for 1888, John Peck's "Absurdities," and the balance in something worthy of reading that I can pass around among friends. O. F. DELANO.

SALEM, IA., Feb. 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I want to tell you and the readers of your valuable paper that on the evening of the 2d of the present month we had the pleasure of listening to a Liberal lecture delivered by Mrs. Freeman, of Chicago. The lecture was listened to by an appreciativ audience, although it was the first lecture of the kind ever delivered in this priest-ridden town. A goodly number turned out, although the roads were very bad, and the weather unfavorable. Her subject was one of deep thought and research. She commenced at the creation of Adam and described the process by which he became a living soul. But the poor woman, who was an afterthought, was not privileged with a similar process for the purpose of becoming a living soul. hence the belief for centuries that women had no soul. No wonder they were so badly treated. At the close she gave an invitation to all or any to ask questions or criticise her lecture. As the ice is now broken, we hope soon to hav another intellectual treat of Freethought. F. D. AND C. SHELDEN.

HURON, DAK., Feb. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I saw a notice in a late number of your valuable paper to the effect that the book by Rev. Justin D. Fulton, entitled, "Rome in America," was a work of such a character that the women compositors had refused to set type on it, as it was obscene. Now, I did not believe one word of the statement, inasmuch as I am skeptical on many things I see in print. I sent for a copy, read it attentivly, and declare I found nothing which could be twisted into obscenity; nothing but an earnest appeal to resist the power of the pope in America, for protection of public schools, and, last but not least, for the conversion of Catholics to Protestantism by the grace of God.

I hav just finished reading "Men, Women, and Gods," by Miss Gardener. This is a work which should be read by every woman in the land. She is a powerful writer, and her arguments are such as to carry confusion into the camp of her opponents.

About a year ago a minister lectured here on "Woman Suffrage," and made the statement that all that woman has or had she owed to the Bible and Christianity. When will women read for themselvs and know when they are lied to?

Yours for the truth, A. H. RISDON.

BAVARIA, KAN., Feb. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The Lord—the God of the Jews—has been vindicated here. It makes no difference if it did take the wages for two months, and one-half of a widow's only support, in the middle of an extraordinarily hard winter—he had to be vindicated. And the only crime consisted in following the example set by the followers of the good and lowly Jesus. Two of our young men laughed in one of their meetings—and, from all accounts, I think they had good reason for doing so. They were arrested, taken to Salina, nine miles—when we had a justice of the peace and other officers here—and fined $50 each and costs; and by the same parties who tried to break up our meetings while Brother Putnam was here. The justice impressed upon their minds very forcibly that they were very lucky to get off at that, and that they could not fool with the Lord.

Now, I do not believe in interrupting their meetings in any way, but they could hav used a little more reason and justice in their examples. But some one must be made an example as to what they would do if they had a chance, and I think we will make a move to hav that justice of the peace put upon the supreme bench of our state.

T. H. TERRY, Sec. Bavaria Secular Union.

TALENT, ORE., Feb. 10, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: The 151st anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine was observed by a few progressiv Liberals and Spiritualists (our mossback Liberals stayed at home) on Sunday, January 29th, in the Universal Mental Liberty Hall. The hall was tastefully decorated with mottoes in evergreen—on one side: "To do Justice to Mankind, Scorn the Priest and Free the Mind;" on the other side: "Reason is our Guide, Truth our Pride;" over the entrance: "In Science we Trust," and back of the stage, "Seek for Truth." The pictures of Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll were decorated in evergreens and everlasting flowers. The exercises consisted of instrumental music and singing by the Universal Mental Liberty choir, short speeches and select reading by the members, and an original poem, by Miss Rosetta Waters, written for this occasion.

And now, Mr. Editor, I hav to say a few words of praise for THE TRUTH SEEKER illustrations and its editorials. I hope you will always publish a Liberal paper. I take a good many Liberal papers, and THE TRUTH SEEKER comes as near as any to being a true Liberal publication. I hope the barking of the intolerant faultfinders in regard to the illustrations, and the fairness you showed to the murdered Anarchists, will not affect the present policy of THE TRUTH SEEKER. From the tone of their letters, I think they compare well with the mossback Liberals of this place. They are more benefit to the church than to the Liberal cause. Those who keep the flag of Freethought flying are those proscribed ones, Anarchists and Spiritualists. In my judgment, THE TRUTH SEEKER has done more than any other Liberal paper in destroying the respectability of the paternalistic church; but in attacking the church you only strike at the effect. The cause lies deeper, and you find it in society, which upholds our paternalistic government. You are afraid of the state, not the church. I, as an Anarchist, know that Anarchy is a mental growth; that there is a continual progress in human society from hierarchy to Anarchy; that Anarchy, or the sovereignty of the individual, is the condition of adult society, and will come from necessity, if we only remove some of our present unnatural social conditions, and by so doing make the way clear for higher social development. If this is treason to some of our "Liberal" sectarians, let them make the most of it.

Hoping THE TRUTH SEEKER will outliv all bigotry and intolerance in Liberals as well as in Christians, I am,

Yours for universal mental liberty, WM. H. BREESE.

FARMERSVILLE, IND., Feb. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to say for the benefit of our many friends that Brother Bell was here the 8th of February, and gave a lecture on "Liberty and Morality" to a full and crowded house. How is it that a Liberal can tell so much truth in so short a time? Two young men in this neighborhood told me that since the lecture they had thrown off the last garb of superstition, and hav put on the full armor of Infidelity. One of the members of the Campbellite church took great pains to hav his preacher here to reply to Mr. Bell, so, what do you think?—when Mr. Bell closed his speech and stepped aside, the little man of God wilted and could not say a word, although he had taken two pages of notes. I think he will reply some day in his pulpit, like all cowards. Here is the way some of the Christians talk since Mr. Bell left here. Some say that he should not be allowed to speak; some say that he ought to be hanged; others say that he ought to be tied to a stake and his books piled around him and burnt. So, you see, hell is in the Christians yet. Ever since God commanded Mose to shed so much blood it has been in the Christians, even to this day. There is quite a strong Liberal element here, and we are going to organize now in a few days. Then we will hear the threats of fire and fagot. If the Christians will keep their hands off we are safe, for we fear not their God. We believe in a good God, while they believe in a bad one. The churches in this place hav the dry rot, and I think when we get organized then it will be safe for Mr. Bell to visit Farmersville; but if you could hear the talk since the lecture, you would think the days of the Inquisition about to return, and that it was to make its headquarters in Farmersville. W. W. BISHOP.

BURLINGTON, KAN., Feb. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I had the pleasure of reading your issue of February 4th. Allow me to say that I am in full sympathy with the objects and aims of your paper, and should be a subscriber if I could do justice to more Liberal papers than I am now taking, viz., two. The reason of my writing this letter is that in C. B. Reynolds's article dated December 29th and 30th he grossly misrepresents Kansas, and I, through your paper, desire to correct his misstatements. He says the climate of Kansas is execrable. This is known to be false in every way. No person of sound mental and physical make-up who had spent twelve months in Kansas can be found who will not giv the lie to this his first insult to us. Lie No. 2: "Old settlers, who hav no interest in real estate booms, admit that in thirty years past Kansas has only averaged one crop in three years—two failures to one success. But the malaria is always a full crop." I hav been a resident of Kansas sixteen years, and there has never been a failure of crop in that time. To be sure, we hav at times light crop years, but in sixteen years' experience we hav not had to exceed four seasons of this kind. I feel sure Brother Reynolds when he penned this article had more malaria in his system than ten average Kansans ever had in their whole lives; also that he must hav had an attack of the "janders" while in Missouri, and hav been still under its influence.

Our city of Burlington feels that we hav worse than thrown away our money in giving it to him, and I venture to say that there is not a Liberal among us who has read this article of his who would giv a cent a lecture to hear him again. Presumably the habit of misstating facts while acting as pulpit-pounder has so firm a hold on him that he can not help doing so yet. I speak not alone my own sentiments in the above, but the sentiments of every reader of your paper that I hav seen. We want Liberal lecturers in Kansas, but we do not want cranks. JOHN I. JONES.

OSHKOSH, WIS., Feb. 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: A couple of weeks ago one of our local preachers made the remark during his discourse that he believed Christ had already made his second appearance on earth, and that he is here now. Well, I got to thinking it over, and I came to the conclusion that he was right. And I think I hav seen him, and he is six feet high without boots. And he came among us under different circumstances this time—better off in this world's goods, I mean, for he does not hav to go into other people's corn-fields and steal corn on Sundays, but is able to hav a good, square dinner at home in the bosom of his family—for I am told he has a family, and a very interesting one at that. And he does not say he comes to bring a sword, but he comes to enlighten the people. I believe he was here in the United States long before many of the people knew it, and do not think he let himself be known very much until about twenty-five years ago. Perhaps he was afraid they would crucify him, as they did before, and not giv him time to get in his work. I think he has improved very much during his vacation, and I think he must hav attended some public school, for he can read and write first-rate now, and as for speaking—why, he is simply immense. When he came among us before he did not marry (but he was only a young man then). But now he believes in it, and I do not blame him, for I am that way myself. And then, again, he is proof against the devil this time, for the devil and all his imps could not carry him up to the top of a mountain unless he wished to go, and although he is not a pugilist, I think he could knock the devil out in

one round. He is not so puny as he used to be, and believes in striking back if anyone hits him. I hav seen him, and know whereof I speak. There is one thing in particular I like him for, and that is, he does not go around boasting that he is the son of any God. He is more modest than he used to be, and this time he claims to hav come into the world naturally. No ghost business about it, you know; and that looks more reasonable to me, for I do not take any stock in ghosts anyway. And then, again, he does not go around raising the dead as he did before, but he givs the living a pretty lively shaking up, and it will do the whole world good before he is done. It is very evident he has evoluted very much, for he does not believe in slavery now, and I think he has done more and is doing more good than all the sixteen crucified saviors ever did. His folks puzzled their brains a good deal to know what to call him, for it would not do to giv him the same name he had before, for it was unlucky, so they concluded to call him Robert G. Ingersoll.

GEO. M. HARE.

P.S.—The books came all right, and are all loaned out. "John's Way" is having a boom here among the Christian ladies. Wish I had more of them. G. M. H.

WELLS, MINN., Feb. 11, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find letter received yesterday morning from one of the faithful. Several letters hav passed between this gentleman—who, by the way, is a reverend, a sky-pilot—and myself. This one is in answer to my last. You see he answers every argument I advance. What a fine thing it is to hav lots of faith to crawl behind! But you may rest assured he will need more faith to crawl behind when he gets the answer to this letter. Too bad we cannot hav the Dark Ages, so our Christian brethren—and our brother herein mentioned in particular—could hav the old way of answering our arguments. W. L. HORTON.

WENTWORTH, DAK., Feb. 3, 1888.

MR. W. L. HORTON: Yours of the 29th inst. came to hand on Monday last. I am sorry you talk as you do, but since it is your choice I will leave it in your full possession, but, *Brother* Horton—I am so used to calling almost everyone whom I write to "brother," so I will not deviate this time, even to you—let me say that I am well acquainted with all you say in a general sense, and, as Job says, "What ye know I also know," and I am not inferior to you in all of your knowledge in relation to this subject. I did not write with the expectation of such a lecture, but it does not offend me in the least. But the day will come when it will try you to the depths of your soul—not only your reason, but ten thousand times above all your reason, judgment, and understanding; and I predict that unless you change your mind from reason to naked faith and belief in the religion of Jesus Christ and his power on earth to forgiv sins and save your soul, the time will not be long when eternity, with all its horrors will so fasten upon you that death itself would be a happy state if it would only end all there. Well, let me tell you some things that I know, and of which you do not know anything, and then I am done. I know these things better than I know that two and two make four. I lived for years a wretched, miserable man. I cared for nobody. My home was not attractiv to myself. My wife—God bless her, as good a woman as ever a man was blessed with—was no satisfaction to me. But there came a time without ever being preached to or prayed for, for I was alone, when all these things you term reason did not amount to so much as rotten pea-straw. I tell you the world by reason or wisdom knew not God, and it is no wiser in these things now than then, and you will see that the wisdom of this world is foolishness to God. And I cried, "O God! save me!" Now I know I am a saved man and washed in the blood of Jesus Christ, the lamb of God, that takes away the sins of the world—not by reason, but by faith, which has become, by obedience to his will, a knowledge above all reason and worldly wisdom; and it is good for the souls in danger, in darkness, and in the deepest sorrow.

Glory to Jesus for this wonderful salvation! My soul is full of it, and I am happy! Amen and amen!

Your friend and well-wisher, A. C. VINE.

PHELPS, Mo., Feb. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Remember me as one of the kind and faithful in Freethought. I am a poor man, of middle age, unmarried, and in the lecturing field, which I hav followed for nine years, and hav delivered over nine hundred lectures in the middle Western states—in all eleven hundred lectures—on phrenology, physiognomy, ethnology, and geology. Of course, studying ethnology, I hav had to study the Bible myths and the origin of man, and I find the birthplace of man seems to hav been in the central part of Asia on the highest plains, just south of the Caspian sea. Eighty thousand years ago the first emigration was made by the Turanian nation. I use Liberal ideas in every lecture, and when I lecture on geology I knock the bottom clear out of the ark or flood theory, and the whale story, the age of man, and all Bible teaching. I even make preachers laugh at some of the absurdities. I take two Freethought papers, or I pay for two. After I read mine I send it to some good Freethinking person in the fourteen states I hav traveled over, and urge him to subscribe for it—which a number hav done. So I want the good work to swell and go on.

I hav had poor health the last year, and up to this date I hav been sick five times since last August. My expenses hav been great for a poor man who depends altogether on his lectures. But THE TRUTH SEEKER, I cannot do without it. And those pictures of Mr. Watson Heston are the very life of the ancient people. I hope he will continue them as long as he livs.

I wear my gold badge that I bought of Brother C. B. Reynolds. Before I was taken sick I prepared the way for him here in this way. I came here to Phelps the 17th of December, and gave a free lecture to a house of one hundred and twenty-five people on the phrenology and the progress of man. I illustrated the superstition and old-fogy ideas of men from the Dark Ages up to the present time, link after link, until I could come to where I could recommend Brother Reynolds very highly as one of superior intelligence who is preparing a way for perpetual freedom of man, so man could liv and enjoy a fountain of highest intelligence. So I told my audience I would not lecture to-morrow night, for I was going to hear this intelligent speaker, and I invited them out. So his hall was crowded, and Brother Reynolds gave a noble lecture, and has converted many to Freethought by it here. There hav been twenty names enrolled as a Freethought society, and will be more. I hav strewn Freethought papers around here, so there will be, I know, many who will subscribe for the paper.

I can safely say one-fourth of the church people to-day are Freethought people. If it were not for women we would not hav churches, as preachers cannot get many men out. Women generally are not so well posted on theology as men, and they think the preachers are telling the truth, and are model men of the day. I say they are the worst criminals of the land, and if there was a hell they would be all there in good time a mile deep for leading millions of people astray. They do not believe what they preach, but do that work because they can liv on chickens and hav a good time.

I want this letter published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, so I can get acquainted with all the writers. They write well, all of them, and I feel proud of them. I feel as though I was a brother to them all; and I am, in Freethought.

PROFESSOR RANDLEMAN, Phrenologist.

JASPER, TENN., Feb. 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In August, 1876, I began to edit and publish the Sequachee *Sun*. In my salutatory I announced that I was a Republican, and that I belonged to the Christian (Campbellite) church. I made it hot for Democracy, and published several lectures for the benefit of penitents. In my travels I ran across a stray copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, the second number containing Heston's Bible illustrations, which struck me very forcibly. I hav been reading THE TRUTH SEEKER every week since, distributing the numbers after reading them among my friends, many of whom enjoy it hugely. My lectures to penitents ceased to put in an appearance shortly after I read the first TRUTH SEEKER, simply because I could not refute the arguments set forth in its columns. Last year I raised Cain, or sheol, or something else by stating that the Mormons had more Bible authority to sustain their creed than the Methodists had for theirs, and that I was opposed to persecuting the Mormons and confiscating their property on account of their faith and practices. Pulpit, press, and many smart Alecks pitched into me indiscriminately, abusing me for what I did not say, misrepresenting my article entirely, causing my subscribers to stop the paper, until I finally sold out my interest in the Sequachee *Sun*, and hav now retired to private life a wiser, if not a better, man. If the preachers and members of the church are to be believed, I am a bad man, not fit for decent society. I do not see that I am any worse than I was before I quit the church and quit donating funds to its support. I still pay my debts when I hav the money or any property that my creditors will take in exchange for what I owe them, and that was all I did while I was a bright and shining light, following in the footsteps of the meek and lowly lamb. I do not think I tell any more lies now than I did before, or that I am less charitable to the suffering and distressed. I hav a pretty large family—ten—dependent on my efforts for subsistence; an aged father eighty-one years old; an invalid sister who is blind and helpless and has not walked for many years, and who requires the constant attention of some able-bodied servant to watch over her night and day. I am afflicted with scrofulous rheumatism myself, and needed the proceeds arising from the publication of the paper to support those dependent on me. I am at present out of a job, with two of my children sick—one with the mumps, and I do not know what ails the other. In the sale of the printing-office I reserved the right to read THE TRUTH SEEKER during the time it continued to come to the Sequachee *Sun*. As it was partially the cause of my failure, like the dog, I licked the hand that struck me. In other words, I shall continue to read the paper that has undone my fortune, unless it fails to put in an appearance.

The other day I was told by a Methodist that I was unfit to liv in decent society. I picked up his Bible and pointed to a few passages in it, and asked his opinion of its decency and morality. He said I was so blinded by sin that I could not understand the meaning of the language used; that he had had a change of heart, and fully comprehended its meaning. I tried to get him to expound it to me, and he answered that I was too far gone to comprehend it, and then the discussion ended.

I think all Liberals who are able ought to chip in to help defend Messrs. Harman and Walker. Do not wait till they are convicted, but act immediately. If I was able I would cheerfully foot the entire bill of their defense for the cause of liberty and free speech. I feel the effects of ostracism and proscription, and can sympathize with all who are persecuted for opinion's sake. If the different denominations of Christians were united, they would force our law-makers to enact another batch of Blue laws for all who failed to throw up their hats and hurrah for their old blackguard Bible. They can shut off my customers, but they cannot shut off my thinking apparatus. I am like Collins's ram—I hav a head of my own and do my own butting; and sometimes, like the ram, I hav butted a stump with a rag on it, yet my head seems to hold its own pretty well. Three cheers and a tiger for Heston and THE TRUTH SEEKER!

AMOS L. GRIFFITH.

ALEXANDRIA, CAN., Feb. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I once heard it said that when France became Infidel it was time a change of some kind should take place, as half of France was owned by the church, and consequently paid no taxes and was in nowise productiv of any material benefit to the people. I fancy it will not be many years before the same state of affairs reveals itself in this Canada, particularly in the province of Quebec, where the clergy rules with an iron arm, and the priests and nuns swallow down everything that has a good taste. It may be interesting to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to hear a couple of instances of my personal experience in this matter. Fifteen or eighteen years ago an aunt of mine was robbed of the biggest portion of her fortune at the death of her husband by a nun—daughter of her husband by his first wife. The greed and dishonesty displayed by the dying man's daughter, and by the other nuns and the priests that assisted her in the shameful work of deceiving her dying father and robbing her brothers and her stepmother, had so scandalized my aunt that for a few years she gave the Roman Catholic church the cold shoulder, but after a time she was brought back to the fold. She spent the last years of her life in a convent, where she died and left the balance of her fortune. At her death presents were sent to all members of the family to remember her by. My portion was an old prayer-book, which I did not keep. My charity being greater than my affection for my aunt, I returned the book with the request that it should be given to some one who had use for it, as I had none.

Three or four years ago an uncle of mine, named Francis Proteau, died, leaving an estate variously estimated from $15,000 to $50,000. My opinion is that it was about $25,000. He had no children, and the whole fortune was left for my aunt to liv on and to dispose of at her death or to leave for the legal heirs, who were the nephews. When I was about sixteen years old, I lived with them one winter, and they had taken a great liking to me. They kept much money, and were constantly in fear of robbers, but they had such a high opinion of my courage that they felt perfectly safe when I was with them. They lived at St. Eustache, a village twenty-five miles west of Montreal. My uncle was a great contractor, and there was no bank in the place; hence the necessity of his keeping a large sum of money in his house. When they got too old to do business and rich enough to liv without work, they moved to Montreal. Eight years ago I also lived in Montreal, and called on the old folks occasionally, and at every encounter the old folks, who were very ignorant and consequently not very delicate of manners, always apostrophized me with a reminder that they were old and must soon die, and the promis that I would be the principal heir. They had never forgot what a brave boy I was when I lived with them. I had twice driven away from the house night prowlers who had undoubtedly come to rob them. Once I told them in the presence of my wife and my son to liv and enjoy their fortune as long as possible; that for my part I preferred their company to their money, and that, indeed, I had no hope of ever touching a cent of it. Oh, but they reiterated their promis, and gave me to understand that they were not in the habit of promising what they did not intend to do. I said: "Yes, I believe you are honest and sincere in what you say, but I also believe I know a few things you hav not thought of. You must hav the visits of priests and nuns pretty often. They will persuade you to g and finish your existence in one of their homes, as they do all old people who hav money, and when you die what money will ever come out of that place will never satiate anybody's cravings for your fortune." They would not believe me, but my prophecy was consummated to a T. As I said before, three or four years ago my uncle died, after which my aunt retired to a convent. About a year ago she died. The first intimation I had of her having been sick was a dispatch informing me of her death. The message was from one of my cousins, who had attended her on her deathbed and was not paid. I was so confident that I had been omitted in the will that I refused to pay for the message, and I did well. I learned by letters from relativs that my cousin who had sent the message had got $500; my two brothers, $150 each; a widowed sister of my uncle, who has a large family to support and is very poor, had received a similarly insignificant gift, and I, the man known by many priests and called by them "Voltaire the Second," was completely omitted in the will. The poor old woman had been persuaded that she could never reach heaven if she gave anything to an Infidel. The balance of the fortune had been distributed to the several religious institutes of Montreal, for which the Catholic Seminary of Montreal is to educate one of the heirs. I am now in receipt of a letter from one of my nephews, an orphan and very poor, informing me that he has been chosen as the recipient of the education, and the letter, apparently written by him, but dictated by an older head, informs me that the institute is obliged to educate him, but not to provide for him in any way, and that consequently such things as clothing, books, etc., he will expect to receive from me and my above-mentioned cousins, we being the only ones in the family able to support him. Two months ago I went to Montreal, and got the following details of the scene that took place at my aunt's deathbed. I do not know how true it is, but it is at least very probable. When the old lady was dying, my cousin and a priest stood by her, and while she was in a fit of agony the priest reached in her pocket and took the key to the box of her treasure. My cousin demanded it, saying he was the rightful guardian of it. The priest refused. My cousin clinched him, and a tussle ensued. The nuns came in and parted the combatants, allowing the priest to retain the key. My cousin went to some lawyer, intending to contest the will on the strength of certain letters and papers in his possession, by which he could prove that my aunt had been intimidated, but subsequently he conferred with the priest, and, finding that he could get more in that way than he would get in the division of the estate between the legal heirs, he gave up the damaging papers and compromised with the clerical rogue.

These are not isolated cases. That kind of hellish work is continually going on. The Roman Catholic clergy of Canada I know to be the biggest lot of unbelievers in the country. Instead of their minds being bent to the saving of souls, their sole occupation is to see where the money is and concoct their diabolical plans to get it. CHAS. LAPEROHE.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight.
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Our Flag.

Roses from the fairies' bowers,
Lilies of the brook sprites' dell,
Twine with violets entrancing,
Wreathed by hands that love them well.
Fluttered by a gentle zephyr,
Each rose captiv holds its hue;
Rustled by the riding breezes,
Still the lilies' color's true;
Shaken by the fiercest ragings,
From no violet fades its blue,
For the crimson, white, and azure
Ever, ever will be new.

'Tis the flag which shields our homesteads
From the thunder of the foe;
'Tis the emblem of our freedom,
Of a one-time tyrant's woe.
As it proudly waves, the sunlight
Golden paints each silken fold,
Fanning to new flame the fires
Of our hearts that, growing cold,
Embered o'er a patriot's virtue,
Turning essence into mold.
May thy mem'ry, glorious beacon,
Never be one moment old. G. H. S.

How to Make Up.

Two little people, who couldn't agree,
Were having a tiff, and were "mad as could be;"
They looked at each other in silence awhile,
Till a sudden glad thought made one of them smile.
Said she: "Say, you ain't *very* mad, are you, Bessie?"
"Well—no," said the other, "nor *you*, are you, Jessie?"
"Then let us make up," little Jessie suggested.
"Well—you be the one to *begin*," Bess requested.
But that didn't suit. So the tiff lingered still,
While both of the children were claiming their will,
When—what do you think brought at last sunny weather?
Just this: they agreed to—*begin both together.*
—*Selected.*

Don't Do It.

Don't use slang expressions. The cant phrases and words of the street do not sound well coming from anybody's lips. And yet how common it is to hear nice-loooking boys and sweet-faced girls utter the silliest nonsense in ordinary conversation, abusing the "king's English" to a most alarming extent upon every occasion!

It certainly is a jar upon the nerves to hear from a high school boy or girl the words: "I'll bet yer!" "Bet your boots!" "Oh, cheese it!" "Great Scott!" or "Great Cæsar!" "Did you ever?" "Shoot the hat!" "Pull down your vest!" "Wipe off your chin!" and many similar expressions.

It certainly is not a mark of refinement to use the slang words of the street at home, in school, or, in fact, anywhere. But insensibly slang creeps everywhere. It is easily acquired, and when once the habit of talking slang is fixed, it is hard to get rid of. The habitual use of extravagant and slangy language makes a person appear coarse and rough. It is better never to acquire a bad habit, and everyone should try to guard against all bad habits, and especially the habit of using extravagant expressions of every kind.

As a nation, the American people are not apt to be over-accurate, and the difference between false statement and exaggerated truth is so slight that one should be continually upon his guard lest he make the fatal mistake of sending out falsehood for truth.

Some think it very smart to rattle off slang words upon every occasion, but it is the reverse of smartness. To be familiar with all the slang of the street brings one into a dangerous proximity to classes who tread a downward path.

Therefore guard well your speech. A word once uttered cannot be recalled. Let the thoughts be clean and the speech be pure, and then there need be no fear for the future.
S. H. W.

FOR the benefit of those who are getting tired of "Truly rural" as a cure for stammering the following is respectfully submitted: Pronounce rapidly, "She sells seashells; shall she sell sea-shells?"

PEDESTRIAN: "Madam, a boy who I am told is your son has just thrown a stone at me, causing a wound that is very painful. What are you going to do about it?" Mother: "I don't know; hav you tried arnica?"

Our Puzzle Box.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 10, 1888.

1.–Covenant (oven, cant). 2.–Honesty. 3.–Black eyes and blue spectacles as used for weak eyes. 4.–A jet-black jug or bottle. 5.–A whip-top. 6.–Indivisibility. 7.–Oil of vitriol (acids).

Correspondence.

BELTON, TEX., Feb. 23, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My father and mother liv on a sheep ranch, and I liv with my grandfather and grandmother and go to school. Grandpa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since it was printed. I like to liv in Texas. I am seven years old. I hav learned the piece in the Corner called the "Golden Keys." I am going to speak it in school. Yours truly, ORIN W. BEVERLY.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 29, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I write for the purpose of proposing my name to your society, Speak No Evil. I think it is a good thing, and hav intended to send my name ever since I read your article. I am corresponding with Lulie De Taylor, of Kansas, who sometimes writes for the Children's Corner. I would like to hav some little girls of the Corner write to me—some one near my own age, eleven years. Hoping that all the rest of the little girls will send their names to your society, I remain,
Your friend, IDA A. BALLOU.

DECATUR CITY, IA., Feb. 25, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I was nine years old the 9th of this month. My mamma has been dead for three years. I lived with my grandpa and grandma for a while, but now I liv with my adopted papa and mamma. Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I read the Children's Corner every week. I like it very much. I like to stay here better than I do at grandpa's, because grandma is very religious, and made me go to Sunday-school. Now I don't hav to go if I don't want to. Papa got me "The Story Hour," and I like it very much. Yours truly, MAUDIE PARRISH.

SODUS, MICH., Feb. 26, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a few lines this very cold day. We left our home in Ohio the 7th of February. It was pleasant weather when we started, but it has been very cold here, with the exception of a few days. I think I will like Michigan, and will be glad when we get to keeping house; we are visiting at my aunt's, and hav a very pleasant time. We do not get our TRUTH SEEKER very regularly now, and do not suppose we will until we find out our future post-office address. I like the Children's Corner and enjoy reading the letters. I am a little girl thirteen years old. I wish to be a member of the Speak No Evil Society. I hope all the boys and girls will join, but they do not seem to be in any hurry about it.
Yours truly, ZELLA FITZPATRICK.

OSCEOLA, IA., March 1, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As you were so kind as to publish my letter, I thought I would try another. We are having rainy weather now, and it is very muddy. School was out last Saturday. Papa is going off this spring to find us a new location in the Southwestern territories or states. Dear Miss Wixon, I can just imagin how you look, and what color your eyes are, and how tall you are, and what kind of a dress you wear. As I can imagin all these, I am anxious to know if I am right. I would like to get your picture. If you will send it, I will put it in a pretty frame and try to keep it nice. If you will be kind enough to send it, answer in the margin of my letter by yes or no. Pearl and I were over to our Uncle Reuben Jones's on Wednesday and stayed all night; we had a nice time playing with our cousins. Well, I will close.
Yours very truly, JENNIE GIGRAY.

[Miss Wixon will try and remember Jennie when she has some new photographs taken.]

WHY I AM A LIBERAL.

BURNS, MINN., Feb. 18, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a Liberal because Liberalism looks forward, and continues to work for a glorious future for the human race. I am a Liberal because Liberalism teaches natural morality rather than artificial morality and immorality. I am a Liberal because Liberalism is not headed by one of those old-time gods noted for their infamy, cruelty, and tyranny, created by man to resemble the people of the nation to whom they belong, or by one of the sixteen dead saviors, all of which are represented as haters of mankind. If the Christian church had simply destroyed the learning of the Roman empire, that would not hav been so bad, but, worse than that, after destroying everything that tended toward the education of humanity, they now claim to hav fostered education during what they, themselvs, class as the Dark Ages, which, in reality, were the lightest ages of the church. Liberalism is not founded on myth, ignorance, or superstition, but on science, and what is known to be fact. The ministers of the gospel to-day will cry, "Down with Thomas Paine!" but he was one of the best men that ever trod American soil, and had it not been that he wrote that little book called the "Age of Reason," that you can buy for twenty-five cents, they would hav extolled him to-day next in comparison to Jesus Christ; but because he wrote that book they hav damned him and sent him to hell ever since. But Thomas Paine was the first man to breathe independence into the hearts of the people; he was the first man to write the words, "Free and independent states of America." I am a Liberal because Liberalism teaches humanitarian doctrins. Well, fearing that I hav taken up too much space, this being my first writing, and hoping to see this in the Children's Corner, I remain,
Your friend, LORA E. RATHBUN.

SOUTH OTSELIC, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a little letter for the Children's Corner. I am twelve years old. I hav a pair of steers that are coming two this spring, and a pair coming one this spring. The big ones' names are Jack and Gill; the little ones' names are Robert G. Ingersoll and Henry Ward Beecher. The big ones do a good deal of work in the course of a year. I broke them myself. I hav also a nice three-year-old colt. I drive her anywhere I want to go. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER very much. Last fall we had about a hundred and fifty hens, but we hav killed them along this winter to sell. I am learning to play the piano and piccolo. I guess I will close now. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain,
A true Freethinker, WALTER B. PECK.

MOODY, TEX., Feb. 24, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: It is with pleasure that I write to the Children's Corner again, for I believe it to be a guiding light in an age of enlightenment; that it is a pleasure to all, both great and small, for I know it is to me. It givs me pleasure to think that the old fable theology is dying out, and the new now is taking its place. The theology of education and science is taking the place of the old heathen mythology, and the old book called the Bible is looked upon no more to be the word of a God of infinit love and mercy, but is giving place for the true doctrin—the doctrin of humanity. It givs me pleasure to think that the enlightened world has begun to see the folly of the four gospels. They bear no evidence of divine inspiration. They did not claim to be inspired. The enlightened hav investigated these matters, and found that what one commands the other condemns.

It givs me pleasure to think that such nonsense is fast passing away; that none but the ignorant and those who are afraid to investigate believe it. The enlightened hav seen the folly of priestcraft. They see that it has ever been in the path of progress; that science and education hav ever been held in darkness by it.

I will now say a few words about the Speak No Evil Society. I don't think that I could belong to it very well, for when the said Christians call me a fool for believing as I do, I can't keep from calling them ignorant and credulous. But I think it would be a good society for all young people and for old. Mr. J. E. Remsburg lectured here in Moody, February 13th, to a very fair audience. His subject was "The Sunday Question." Mr. Remsburg is a good and pleasing orator. I don't think that anyone got offended at him. Several praised him as a good speaker of his honest and candid opinions. I hav written several times to the Corner. I like to know how old the children and older ones are, so I will put my age to my letter this time. It is seventeen.

Hoping for a long continuance of the Corner, JOHN M. SIMMONS.

[We hav been obliged to omit a part of our friend's letter, not because it was not good, for it was all excellent, but on account of its length. We hav not space for lengthy letters. We would say to all: Learn to condense. Be brief, pithy, and to the point. Write with ink, on one side of the paper; spell and punctuate correctly.—ED. C. C.]

SUGAR RUN, PA., March 6, 288 A.S.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I saw in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 3d a very interesting letter from the pen of Father Hacker. I think he must be a man of more than ordinary ability, and he certainly deserves recognition from the ablest Liberals. I think, too, that THE TRUTH SEEKER should giv him the asked-for space to print articles he thinks will do so much for the spreading of Freethought. He, according to his own story—which of course none doubt—has been the means of doing a vast amount of good work in the Liberal field; for this reason he should be doubly respected by all Liberals. Then, too, he shows courage not often seen in men of his advanced age. Think how he has been deprived of his hearing for upward of sixty long years. Yes, it is indeed something to engage the sympathy of all, and many a helping hand should be extended to the brave old man.

Think how in all these years since he has been denied his hearing he has never despaired, and here we find him, at his advanced age, having all his senses but that of hearing and able to write as fine a letter as we so lately read in THE TRUTH SEEKER. His story of lifelong deprivation, how he has so patiently labored, and, at the same time, done all he could for the cause of humanity, is sadly impressiv and should command the attention of all; and how, after living in a rough board dwelling for a lifetime, he at last builds himself and aged wife a comfortable house, but does this at the risk of losing all he possesses—this should certainly induce many Liberals to aid him.

Now, in consequence of these things, I will giv $1 toward establishing a fund for the benefit and relief of Father Hacker. This fund shall be known as the Children's Hacker Relief Fund, and I hope all the children who read THE TRUTH SEEKER will follow my example by contributing what they can, and in this way I am in hopes we can raise a considerable sum to lift the debt from the home of our deserving Liberal friend. Now, children, giv what you can—ten, twenty, and twenty-five cents—and we will see what the children of THE TRUTH SEEKER can do. Let all contributions be addressed to Miss Wixon, who will, I am sure, be only too pleased to be treasurer of this fund, and when we hav contributed the desired amount forward it to our friend.

Hoping my request will be heeded to raise this, our monument to our friend, so as to show our appreciation of him while he still livs, I will close with best wishes to the Children's Corner.
MAUDE MONTAGUE MORRISON.

[Our correspondent is correct in the estimate of the worth, work, and character of our respected and venerable friend, "Father Hacker." We are sure he will feel highly gratified with Maude's kind and noble sentiments. He has indeed done good work for humanity, and still continues in well-doing in his advanced years. We trust Maude's testimonial may be followed by others from appreciativ friends. All sums for such purpose will be duly credited, and forwarded to "Father Hacker."—ED. C. C.]

A Little Girl's Logic.

A little girl six years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with excitement of discovery: "I've found it, grandpa. It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

Babies in Japan.

The babies are strapped to the backs of their mothers, and sisters scarcely larger than themselvs. One often sees a dozen or two boys and girls under ten at all sorts of play, one-half of them having babies on their backs—oftentimes when the little nurses are playing regular romps, the little ones sound asleep, their heads hanging down and flopping from side to side as if their little necks would break. Here in front of this hotel, when the tide was out, I saw hundreds early one morning seeking mussels, mosses, and sea-weed. Little fellows not over ten are seen gathering shell-fish, with babies fastened to them. When they would stoop on hands and knees the baby would almost stand on its head. I can say I hav seen hundreds of those and hav as yet heard but three babies crying. Little ones of two and three sometimes hav dolls strapped to them. Not once hav I seen a doll in the arms.

Little Johnny's Composition.

Gees hisses, but ducks quacks, and wen Franky, that's the baby, is painfle in his lap he hollers, but the lion roars dissant thunder and makes the welkon wring!

Uncle Ned, wich has ben in Injy, and evry were, he says one nite a lion come out of the woods and went to his correl for to eat his cattle. Uncle Ned he got up and looked in the correl thru a crack the lion shode his teeth, and Uncle Ned sed: "The idiot thinks I am a dentist, but I havn't no time for to tend to him. He send for the lion tamer for to quell him with his I."

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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"Oh, I know all about that, mum," broke in that boy James. "It come a rippin' and tearin' down Mill brook and run all over pop's medder, and raised thunder, mum!"

"James, you must not interrupt me. I am going to read of the flood of ages ago, which drowned all the people, except Noah and his family." (Proceeds to read the fiction, at the conclusion of which reading James gets in his work.)

"What made Noer so good, mum?"

"God, my child."

"Who made the other folks so bad, mum?"

"The devil, James. Beware of the devil."

"Who made the devil, mum?"

"God, of course" (forgetting herself).

"What did God make the devil for?"

"James, you mustn't ask such questions."

"Ain't there lots of wicked folks now, mum?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say, James."

"Why don't God drownd 'em, mum?"

"Because he promised Noah he would never flood the world again, my child."

"Does the devil make folks bad now, mum?"

"Yes, James."

"Does God want 'em to be bad, mum?"

"No, dear; he wants 'em to be good."

"Then the devil's got the bulge on God, ain't he, mum?"

"James, you must not talk so wickedly. It is perfectly awful the way you talk!"

"I won't, mum. Did Noah take some snakes in the ark, mum?"

"Yes, dear; a pair of each kind."

"What for, mum?"

"Because God directed him, my son."

"Do you like snakes, mum?"

"Oh!—oh, no! They are perfectly horrid, James!"

"What did God want to save snakes for, mum?"

"James, I don't know; but we mustn't ask."

"Did Noer take some wasps in the ark, mum?"

"Yes, dear; a pair of every living thing, and seven of some kinds."

"Do you like wasps, mum?"

"There, I know what you would say, but don't you say it—it is awful wicked, James."

"Did they hav beds then, mum?"

"I suppose so, of course."

"Then they must had bugs, mum. Did Noer——"

"James" (severely).

"Yes'm. What'll them folks do in heaven, mum, that can't swim?"

"What a ridiculous question, James Badger!"

"Don't see it, mum. If there was water enough up there to drownd the world, it must be offle deep now, mum, when the winders havn't been opened sence that corkin' flood!"

"James, once for all, you mustn't talk so. It is perfectly awful. I should be afraid of being struck by lightning if I talked so."

"Huh! Pop says that's the easiest way to die of all, and says he'd enough sight rather be struck by lightnin' than die of liver complaint. Must hav been dreffle muddy after the flood, mum, and the snakes must had an offle time squirmin' 'round. [No response from the teacher.] Did the lions eat the cows and lambs in the ark, mum?"

"No, they did not" (sharply).

"Why didn't they, mum?"

"Because God was there."

"Is he round now, mum?"

"Yes, he is; he is everywhere, boy."

"But he wasn't in that barn the other night when the lion got out of Barnum's fiery circus and chawed up the heifer, was he, mum?"

"James, I shall send you home."

"No'm—don't. I like it here. Did the monkeys and parrots hav a red-hot time in the ark, mum?"

"I don't know anything about the monkeys and parrots, boy; and you stop asking such wicked questions."

"Yes'm. Was Noer offle good, mum?"

"Yes, he was, James. He walked in God's ways and was blessed of the Lord."

"Who was the Lord, mum? [No response, and James did not persist] But pop says Noer got drunk after the flood, and proved it by readin' in the Bible, and ma got offle mad. Ma's dead stuck on the Bible, you know, but pop don't go a cent onto it. He says its pap for loons, mum."

"James" (austerely).

"Yes'm. Was the pigeon Noer sent out of the ark——"

"It was a dove, James."

"Wall, ain't pigeons doves, and doves pigeons, mum?"

"Well—yes—I suppose so."

"Was there any pouter pigeons in the ark, mum?"

"I don't know what pouter pigeons are, boy; but, of course, there was a pair in the ark."

"Huh! you're away off now, mum, 'cos pop's got some pouter pigeons, and he says—say, mum, how long ago was this offle flood?"

"Four or five thousand years ago, dear."

"Then pop's got yer, 'cos he says there wasn't no pouters three hundred years ago, but has been bred from other kinds sence."

"Well, I don't care. You're an awful, irreligious boy, and I don't want you to come here any more."

"Please, mum, lemme come. It's bully fun, and I'll be good, but pop says Noer did get drunk and lay round naked in the henhouse, and says if old Comstock had got onto him he would a run him in for obscenery of person, or something——"

"Your father is a wicked, outrageous man, and you, too, and the class is dismissed!" snapped the teacher, and the flood séance subsided, as it were.

SI SLOKUM.

Obituary.

Departed from earth-life in Auburn, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1888, Theoda N. Wilkes, wife of Edwin Greenfield, aged 67 years, 6 months, and 28 days.

Mrs. Greenfield was born in Victory, Cayuga county, N. Y., and spent her entire life in said county. About forty-five years ago she was united in marriage with a man whom she respected and loved for his many noble and manly attributes. Together these two joyfully and harmoniously discharged the various duties of life till by the laws of nature, on the 27th of February, a separation took place. One daughter came to add to the joys of the household many blessings and comforts for the parents whom she so much loved and for "the old folks at home." The father, mother, and daughter were Agnostics, lovers and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and were strongly opposed to orthodoxy and priestcraft, to the extent that by the special request of Mrs. Greenfield no minister was to officiate at the burial of her body. The only service held was the sweet rendering by her nephew and niece of the song entitled, "The Old Folks at Home," after which, on the 1st of March, her body was given to Mother Earth, in an attractiv spot on Fort Hill Cemetery, Auburn, N. Y.

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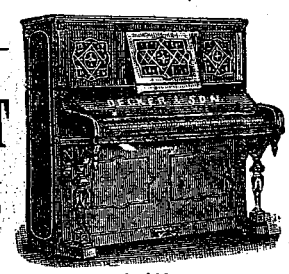
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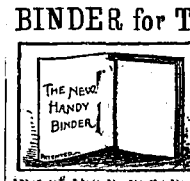
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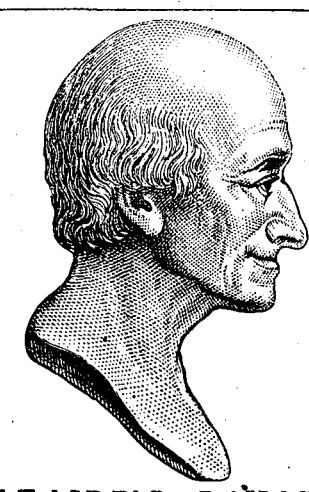
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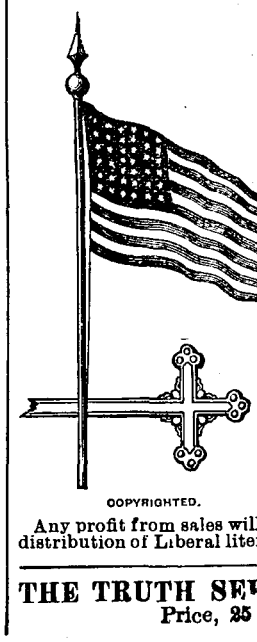
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THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL.

Price, 25 cents.

News of the Week.

MANY perished in the late Eastern blizzard.

FREDERICK III. of Germany seems sinking.

GOVERNOR LOWRY of Mississippi has been detected accepting railway passes, which is a misdemeanor under the state law.

THE parties of George and McGlynn assail each other with ncreasing bitterness.

OF the 35 Michigan counties that hav held elections, 33 hav adopted Prohibition.

SEVERAL states are endeavoring to replace their present evaded education laws with really effectiv ones.

THE New York legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of liquors at state and county fairs.

THE Brotherhood of Engineers seems to be losing its strike on the Burlington and connected railways.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and cabinet members attended the services in memory of Emperor William at the Washington Lutheran church on the 16th.

MATILDA GOYNE died of starvation at Watertown, N. Y., on the 15th, having refused to eat because believing God had forbid her to do so during Lent.

AN effort is being made by Cardinal Taschereau to induce the rural population of France to settle in Canada, and with the assistance of the cardinal and the archbishop of Paris twenty-five colonies will shortly leave.

BLACKSHEAR, Fla., was the scene on the 17th of the greatest railway accident of the week, in which over thirty were killed.

THE empress of Brazil denounces the slaughter of birds for the manufacture of feather trimmings, and refuses to wear such.

OCCASIONALLY in the large cities some trades union withdraws from a federation of unions on the ground that the latter is becoming too Socialistic.

THE Russian police are hunting the author of a pamphlet condemning, in moderate terms, Russia's reactionary course, and predicting internal disaster.

LATE statistics giv the percentage unable to read or write in various countries thus: Mexico, 93; Russia, 91; Spain, 80; Italy, 73; England, 33; France, 30; United States, 20; Germany, 12.

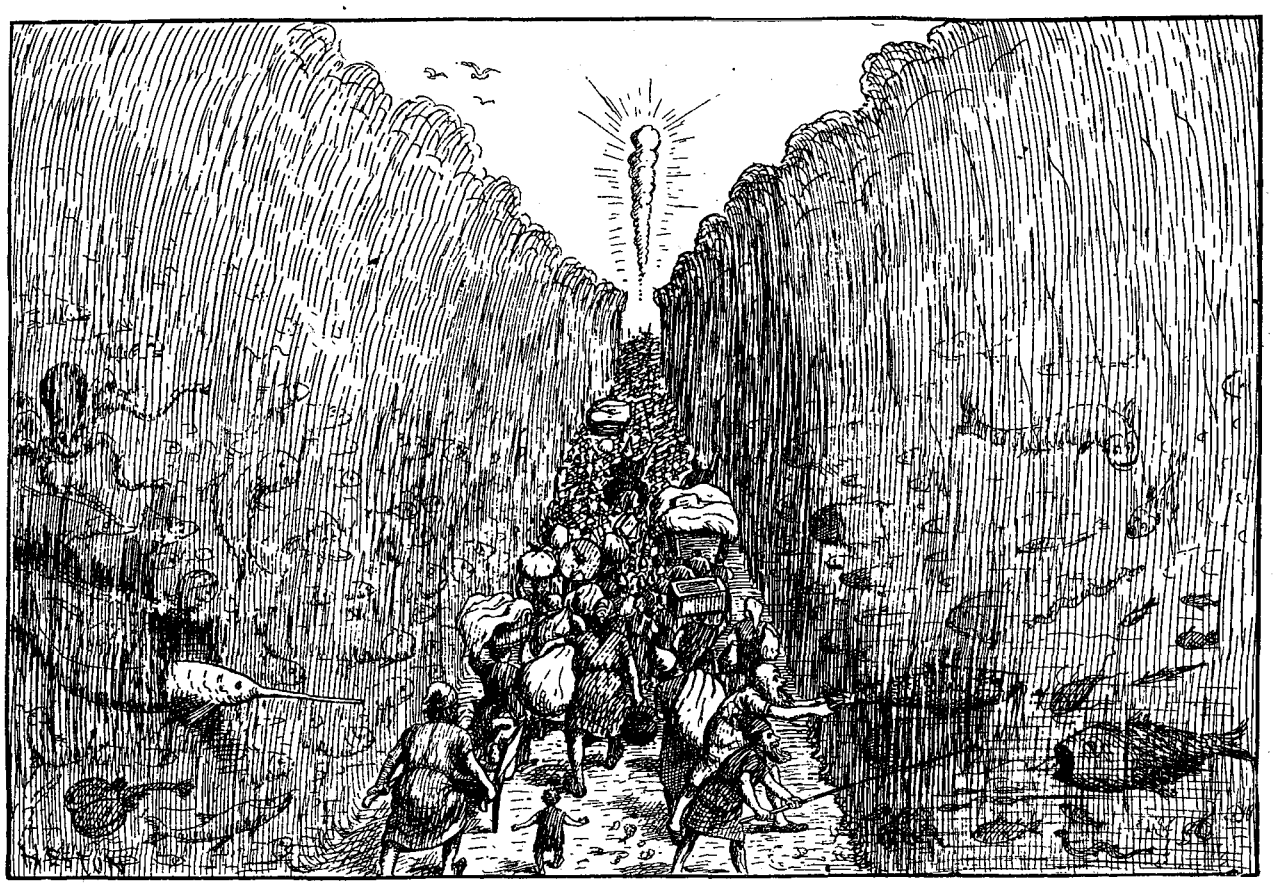
THE Rev. Charles O'Reilly, D.D., national treasurer of the Irish League of America, has received notice of the transmission of $10,000 to the fund from the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, treasurer of the League for the state of Massachusetts.

PROPOSALS to restrict immigration call forth protestations that "it would be as reasonable to require babies to present passports as a legal preliminary to the privilege of being born as to attempt to tamper with the world-wide human right of changing from one place to another."

MANY thinkers, inclined to the doctrin that "cultivation of land is the title to its possession," wish Home Rule for Ireland so her overburdened poor may accomplish land reform; others oppose it through fear that that island would become a dangerous "tower of strength" of the church.

THE fiftieth anniversary of St. Patrick's church, Boston, Mass., was celebrated with magnificent ceremonials on the 11th. In the evening Dr. Dwight, Harvard professor of anatomy, gave a reception to Cardinal Gibbons and other churchmen. Among the invited guests were Governor Ames, Mayor O'Brien, General Walker, Judge Lowell, ex-Governor Rice, ex-Governor Gaston, Judge Chamberlain, Robert Treat Paine, and President Eliot of Harvard and other members of that faculty.

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MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF ISRAEL.

And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left.—Ex. xiv, 22.

Gems of Thought.

IT can matter but little, even from their point of view [*i. e.*, the conservativ and orthodox], whether one mere individual is added to the rank of the unbelieving on the floor of the House of Commons. It matters very much indeed, from every point of view, whether the hands are to be put back on the dial-plate of liberty, and a man's creed to become once more the criterion of his civil rights and liberties. From the standpoint of absolute religious liberty it is impossible to draw a valid distinction between the refusal to permit a duly elected representativ to take the oath because he has, on another occasion, declared himself an Atheist, and the refusal of the same privilege to a whole class because they happen to be Roman Catholics, Jews, or other Dissenters. The wrong and danger in either case consists in assuming for the House of Commons the right to inquire into the personal religious convictions of its members. That is a right which it is impossible for thoughtful lovers of liberty to concede in the year of our Lord 1881.—*Toronto Globe.*

As Emerson makes use of philosophy only to benefit men, and passes it by when it leads to doubtful disputations, so, it must be admitted, he disregards the formal statement of dogmas, and the prescriptiv observances which constitute the popular notion of religion. We should not presume to supply his reasons except as far as they are apparent. But he seems to believe that the whole aim of religion should be to make men devout and moral; and as he regards the end only, he is indifferent toward the doctrins and ceremonies which hav been associated with the simplicity of piety and good conduct.—*Francis H. Underwood.*

Odds and Ends.

IN the case of the assembly of this state (old; but, oh, so thundering true!): *Fiat Justitia, Ruat Ceiling.*

MAMMA (reading): "And the Lord called Samuel——" Tommy (a young American): "What did he hold?"

THE girl of old wore ashes cold
In Lent upon her brow;
The girl of to-day isn't built that way—
It's ashes of roses now.

A WILD rumor, which could not be traced to any reliable source, is to the effect that the two great political parties will make an effort this year to catch the American vote.

"I AM glad I learned to sew on buttons when I was a bachelor," observed Fangle. "Why?" asked Cumso. "I find the accomplishment so useful, now I am married."

MISS CHURCHMAN: "Oh, yes, I always deny myself in Lent. I giv up cards, music, frivolous reading, and unedifying conversation. Now, what do you giv up?" Mr. Mundane (reflectivly): "I think I'll giv up calling here!"

"I KNOW that you love me," she said sentimentally, as he held her to his vest. "I know that you love me," she repeated, "because when I lay my head against your breast your heart beats so loud I can hear it." "That," gasped the poor fellow, as the awful truth dawned upon him, "that is not my heart. That's my Waterbury watch."

"MAY I ask you a question, Miss Dora?" he demanded, with a deep meaning in his voice. "You may, Clarence," she replied wearily; "but if it's the same one you asked Lulu Caldene last week, it may interest you to know that Lulu and I are both in the Matrimonial Trust this year, and the combination is holding together so far."

A SPIRIT, new released from mortal breath,
Soared upward through drear space of sky unknown;
Untraced by chart of continent or zone,
The no-man's land of mystery and death.
Anon this soul arrived in realm of light,
And straightway sought, with eager haste, the gate
Where myriad hapless ghosts their doom await,
Of bliss and day, or never-ending night.
St. Peter paused (ere turned the portal key)
And questioned thus the stranger: "Tell me why
Thou did'st the laws of righteousness defy?
Can'st hope to here escape thy destiny?"
Aghast the spirit cried: "Because—because
My head was not in shape to know these laws!"

"YOU must push matters a little, James," said the druggist to the new boy. "By calling a customer's attention to this article and that article, you can often effect sales." "Yes, sir," responded the new boy, and then he hastened to wait upon an elderly female who wanted a stamp. "Anythin' else, mum?" inquired the ambitious boy politely; "hair dye, cosmetic, face powder, rheumatic drops, belladonna, mole destroyer——" The elderly female licked the stamp viciously, and left the door open as she went out.

LATTER-DAY LYRICS.

I Puritani.

Devoutly devout, and austerely austere,
Was Hew-Them-In-Pieces Sellew.
A Puritan he, with a capital P,
Of seventeen hundred and two.

Of taking a shot at a Quaker on sight
He made a particular boast;
While, given a witch and a barrel of pitch,
He'd manage an excellent roast.

Could such a one, think you, hav fallen from grace?
Then list to this narrativ true.
A maiden one day did the heart steal away,
Of Hew-Them-In-Pieces Sellew.

A stranger was she both to one and to all,
But wondrously, wondrously fair.
She gave but one look, but it brought him to book,
And plunged him in utter despair.

His sad-colored garments he speedily doffed,
Did Hew-Them-In-Pieces Sellew,
For gewgaw and gaud, which he couldn't afford,
Although they improved him to view.

His former amusements forthwith he eschewed.
Nor longer the Quaker did quake,
The witches were merry, and singular, very,
Not one of them went to the stake.

The scandal grew larger; 'twas even averred
By people who certainly knew,
That out on the green there could nightly be seen
A-dancing, good Master Sellew.

The twain to the solemn Assembly were haled,
The trial gave infinit sport.
As one might expect from so plainly select
And rigidly orthodox court—

As, All-The-Day-Roaring Pigwhistleton Pratt,
And Strike-The-Loud-Psaltery Snell,
With Cherubim Cutts, and with Behemoth Butts,
And Howl-Ye-Oh-Kadesh Bedell.

Grim Behemoth Butts was for boiling in oil,
And Cutts recommended the knout,
While death on the wheel, all the rest seemed to feel,
Was nothing too much to giv out.

Then to his right mind was good Master Sellew
Restored, quite uninjured and whole.
But he couldn't forget a snare had been set
For his infinitesimal soul

By Diabolus, the father of mischief, himself.
It *was* a distinction as such.
But when he insisted on not being listed
For taxes, 'twas something too much.

With arrogance swollen beyond all belief
He calmly the bailiffs defied,
And yet what to do with presumptuous Sellew
The court couldn't really decide.

Until, to their infinit joy and relief,
'Twas quite unexpectedly shown,
The horrible schism of Arianism
Had counted him one of its own.

With arrows, and bullets, and missils diverse,
They bored him most thoroughly through.
And so in his pride, most uncomfortably died,
Stern Hew-Them-In-Pieces Sellew.

—*W. G. van Tassel Sutphen.*

TOIL on; but little canst thou do to-day.
The sun is risen. The daylight dims thy shrines.
The age outstrips thee, marching on its way
And overflowing all thy boundary lines.
How art thou fallen, O star! How lurid shines
Thy taper underneath the glowing sky!
How feeble grows thy voice, how lusterless thine eye! —*The Church, by C. P. Cranch.*

MR. INGERSOLL preaches paternal affection, love of home, duty to children, do unto others as you would they should do unto you; and his theory of life is, that man makes his own heaven or his own hell; that it pays best to be a good fellow; that if you get worldly prosperity in a dishonorable way you are sure to be unhappy, whether you believe in God or not; that, in short, honesty is the best policy. "You cannot help God in any way," he said. "He is beyond anything you can possibly do for him; but you can plant a flower daily in the path of your child from its earliest years, until the day comes when you die in that child's arms." There were homely touches of this kind from the beginning to the end of his address, and there were tears in the eyes of many of his hearers as he contrasted with the uncertain bliss of heaven the certain happiness of kindly deeds and domestic duties well fulfilled on earth.—*Hatton's To-day in America.*

OH, call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

And by the brook and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh, while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

YOU do not form your conception of a cup from a broken one, nor that of a book from a torn volume, nor that of an animal from one that is maimed, or mutilated, or distorted, or diseased. In every species the specimen is the best that can be produced. So the conception of a man is not to be taken from stunted souls, or sick souls, or withered souls, but from the healthiest and soundest, the most entire and flourishing, the straightest, the highest, the truest, and the purest.—*Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers.*

THIS was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he (?),
Did that (?) they did, in envy of great Cæsar:
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man."

—*Shakspere.*

IF what is known as the Christian religion is true, nothing can be more wonderful than the fact that Matthew, Mark, and Luke say nothing about "salvation by faith;" that they do not even hint at the doctrin of the atonement, and are as silent as empty tombs as to the necessity of believing anything to secure happiness in this world or any other.—*Ingersoll.*

HAPPY is he who, caring not for pope,
Consul, or king, can sound himself to know
The destiny of man and liv in hope.

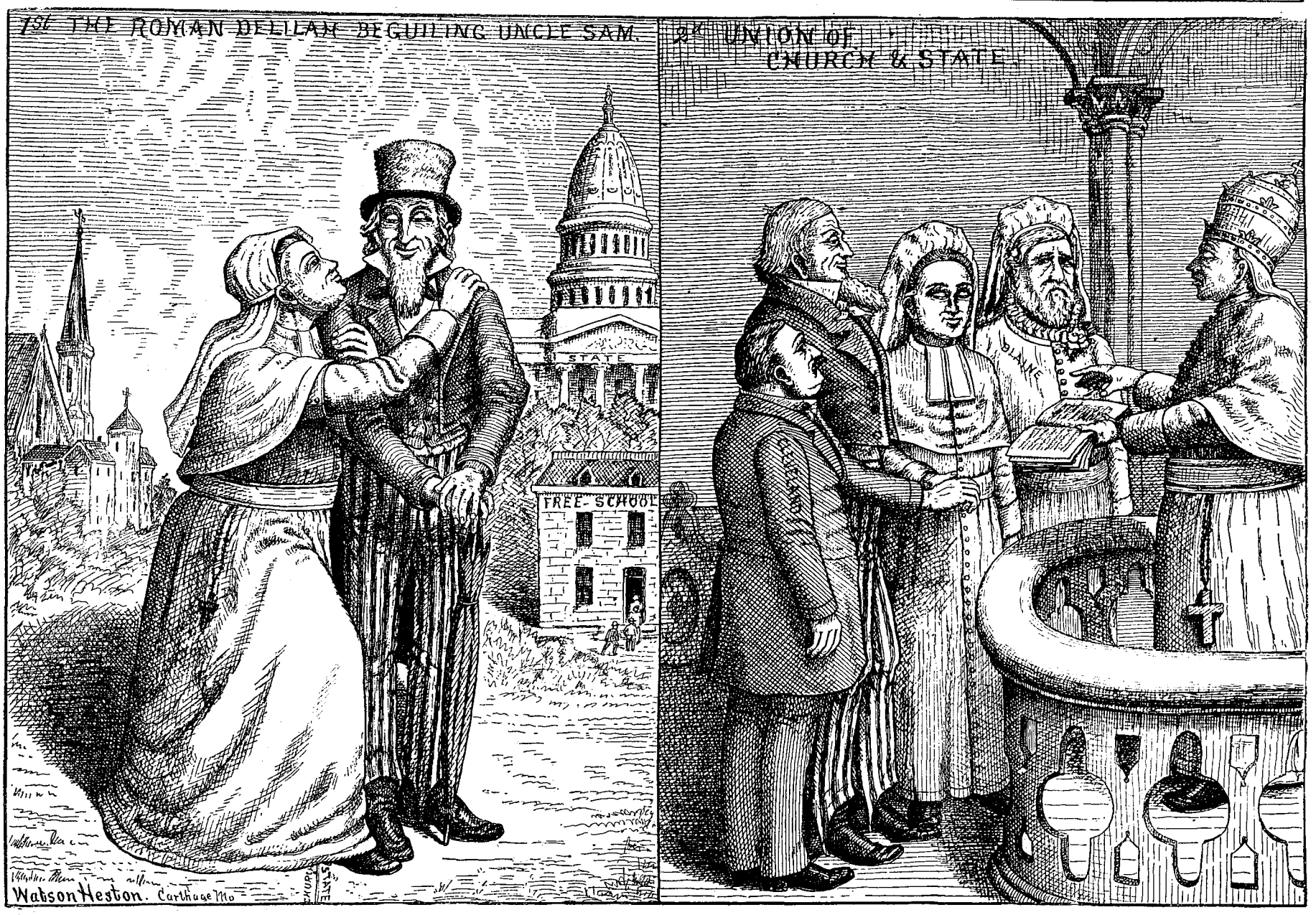
—*Wordsworth.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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ROMANISM AT HER OLD TRICKS.

Notes and Clippings.

THE bill granting the franchise to women had its first reading in the English House of Lords last week.

ONE of the most consistent Prohibitionists in Iowa is a clergyman who refused to marry a couple because the groom-elect was a saloon-keeper.

THE doings of the White Caps, an illegal organization of regulators in Indiana, come back to these shores from England as the doings of the "'White Cap' Indians."

THERE are some really good children in the high school of Tampa, Fla. Their teacher thought that it would be a good thing to celebrate Washington's birthday by giving the pupils a holiday, and put the question to a vote. The pupils voted against it, saying that so much time had been lost by the epidemic that they thought the day would be more profitably spent in the usual routine of study, and in this way they spent it.

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court allowing railroads to carry liquor into Iowa excites much interest there, and the liquor men say it will assist them materially. The Law and Order League admits that the decision will make the work somewhat more difficult, but claims it is not serious. Its attorney says the freight depots and express offices will hav to be more closely watched. A Davenport dispatch says: "In places where the Prohibitory law is enforced the new law will make no difference, as the liquor, if shipped, would be seized and destroyed on arrival."

MINISTER (about starting for church): "I hav been requested by several members of the congregation to pray for rain this morning." Wife (of great faith): "We do need rain badly. Hadn't we better take the umbrella, John?" Minister: "No, I think we will be able to reach home before the storm comes."

SOME of the relativs in Fredericksburg, Md., of the late Barbara Fritchie, recently sent to the poet Whittier, who immortalized the venerable lady in verse, a number of table articles which formerly belonged to Mrs. Fritchie. Mr. Whittier acknowledged the receipt of the articles some days ago, and stated in his letter that he had become convinced that his poem entitled, "Barbara Fritchie," was based upon a supposed incident that had no foundation, but that he was glad to know, nevertheless, that she was a loyal woman.

MAPS of Norway and Sweden hav for some time shown a railroad starting at Lulea, almost on the Arctic circle, running north in the general direction of the North pole, and suddenly breaking off apparently in an Arctic wilderness. The stock of this most northern railroad in the world is probably not quoted on any exchange, but it is said that the road is doing a thriving business carrying iron ore from the rich Gellivara mines, and, unlike our own railroads, it has met no blizzards or other influences hostil to schedule time-tables. The railroad hands are without sunlight for several months in the year, but the Northern Lights supply so excellent a substitute that street-lamps are rarely lighted in Lulea. The snow rarely averages more than a foot in depth.

BENEVOLENT gent: "Your Ladies' Christian Charity Society must be a great blessing to the poor. I suppose you visit the poor creatures quite often." Member L. C. C. S.: "Visit the wretches in their dirty rooms—what a horrid idea! No, indeed. We hav nothing to do with their earthly wants; we save their souls by sending them Sunday-school tracts."

THE Boston *Transcript* prints the following church conversation: "Let's see, where do you attend church now?" "I go now to the Sixteenth Denominational church." "Do you? And how do you like it?" "Ever so much. We hav delightful social parties every week, and then, you should see what a splendid kitchen we hav!" "And what kind of a preacher is Mr. Selah?" "H'm! Well, fact is, I've never heard him preach, but he's a real pleasant man to meet, and a splendid hand at getting up games, amateur theatricals, and such things."

GAYTHORNE NAYLOR, a private in the Salvation Army, was charged at Leeds, Eng., a few weeks since with the manslaughter of his child, he having failed to call in medical aid during its illness. Naylor objected to medical assistance, saying: "I was asked to hav a doctor, but I saw no reason, as it was in God almighty's hand. That was the reason I refused to hav a doctor sent for. I knew of its [the child] having the fall. Our heavenly father is almighty, and none can pass away without his will, and, in that case, I did not think it necessary to call in a doctor to examin it as to the result of the fall. I do not think I hav neglected my duty to my child. I ought to obey the voice of God before that of man." As it could not be proved that a doctor could hav saved the child's life, the prisoner was discharged.

CONGRESSMAN CUMMINGS of New York, by request, has introduced a bill for the repeal of Section 3,893, Revised Statutes (the "Comstock law"), and amendments, relating to the circulation of obscene literaturc. The bill has a long preamble, reciting that it was not the intention of the Constitution to provide for the enforcement of morality by the general government, but that the states hav supreme authority in such matters.

WE judge from the subjoined quotation from its columns that the San Francisco *Argonaut* does not love the Irish: "Abram S. Hewitt, Democratic mayor of New York, son-in-law of Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Institute, a man of high intelligence, great wealth, great independence of character, has had the courage to declare to a delegation of Irish Roman Catholics, who waited upon him with a request that he review the Irish Roman Catholic procession that was to parade on St. Patrick's day, that he would not do it; that the 17th of March was not a legal holiday. He said: 'I may be a candidate next fall for mayor or president, and I may want votes, but I won't get down to the level of reviewing an Irish procession except I am officially required to do so.' Thank God for a brrve man! Thank God for one bold utterance from a person of national standing and reputation! Mr. Hewitt is a Democrat in the very center and hotbed of the pope's Irish. Thank God that there is one man in America who is not ashamed of the country of his birth and not afraid of the political Irish. We nominate him as the candidate of the American party for president of the United States."

Communications.

Bible Morality and Evolution.

With its false science, its inaccurate history, its silly fables, its wonderful and incredible stories, laid bare, one would be disposed to say that such an indictment was strong enough without going further to demonstrate conclusivly the human origin of the Bible.

But proceed one stage further and make an examination into the morality of the Bible. What shall we find? We shall find that, on the assumption that the Bible is God's word, the moral difficulties are a thousandfold more difficult of explanation than all the scientific and historical ones put together.

We hav a God who sanctions and givs encouragement to the most horrible of crimes; who promotes wars against inoffensiv and defenseless peoples; who favors slavery, smiles approval upon polygamy, and connives at atrocities the most abhorrent and revolting that we hav any record of in the history of the world.

Let us look at these charges more closely and state the evidence upon which they rest.

Polygamy. Throughout the Pentateuch the institution of polygamy is not only sanctioned, but is regarded as the embodiment of virtue. For instance, Abraham had a wife and several concubines, and the latter were regarded in the light of "goods and chattels." Soon after Sarai had given birth to Isaac, she appears to hav had a wrangle with her husband concerning Hagar, "a bondwoman," and her child Ishmael, and the result of this little squabble was that Abraham turned Hagar, who was as much his wife as Sarai, and this boy, who was really his own child, adrift into the wilderness to die, and we find that Jahveh not only acquiesced in this conduct, but gave it his distinct approval. Nearly all the great patriarchs were polygamists, and all the writers of the Old Testament appear to hav agreed that this was an inspired institution. Now, can it be possible that an infinit and all-wise ruler of the universe was ever in favor of polygamy? Can it be possible that he ever regarded this as the purest method for the propagation of the human species? Even on scientific grounds he ought to hav known that such an institution was destructiv of the races that adopted it. On the ground of purity he ought to hav vigorously opposed it. But he did not. Why? Because the Jews were in favor of it; and the Jews accepted it as an institution simply because they found other races practiced it before them.

Slavery. Jahveh was in favor of slavery. If he did not originate this institution, he certainly commanded the Jews to practice it toward alien races. Can there be any doubt of this? Let us see. In Lev. xxv, 44–46, we find: "Both thy bondmen, and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt hav, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever."

And again, in Ex. xxi, 2–6: "If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve; and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself: if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master hav given him a wife, and she hav born him sons or daughters; the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself. And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free: then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever."

To-day we revolt at this horrible teaching as much as the poor nativ Zulu who read the passage for the first time when he was assisting the late Bishop Colenso to translate the Bible into the Zulu tongue. But here we hav the inspired word just as it was written by specially selected amanuenses; and there can be no doubt that Jahveh at one time was in favor of slavery.

But why did he sanction this barbarous and brutal institution? Because the Jews were in favor of it. The Pentateuch was written by Jews, and merely expresses the opinions then current among the Hebrews, nothing more.

Witchcraft. That Jahveh believed in witchcraft, if he believed in anything at all, is clear enough from the following passage in Ex. xxii, 18: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv." Under this injunction for ages thousands of poor creatures hav been subjected to the most horrible treatment, nearly a hundred thousand being put to death as witches in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Germany alone, not to mention the thousands in England and Scotland during the same period who were either burnt at the stake or drowned for the same alleged offense. Religious folk, who were the law-makers in all European countries, were careful to keep a law on the statute-book for the punishment of supposed witches. In the first year of the reign of James I. in England, we find an act was passed defining the crime of witchcraft as intelligently as an ordinary religious person can be expected to define anything. It ran thus: "Anyone that shall use, practice, or exercise any invocation of any evil spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any purpose, or take up any dead man, etc., etc., such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death."

If Jahveh was ever in favor of burning witches, he has been singularly silent on the subject since the repeal of those horrible laws. How is this? Can the immutable God change his mind? Can the all-wise make a mistake? Human beings can err in the treatment of their fellows; they can make mistakes in their opinions concerning deity, and it seems to me far more likely that the writers of the Pentateuch made a grievous blunder when they represented that Jahveh was in favor of killing persons who were supposed to be witches, than that any deity could hav ever uttered such a barbarous command.

The Horror of Horrors. In Deut. xx, and Num. xxxi, we find Jahveh commanding the Israelites to perpetrate unparalleled horrors; to go against the Midianites, or any weaker races, slaughter all the men without mercy, and the married women, but to preserve the maidens in order to satisfy the brutal and lustful natures of a horde of soldiers, and, in a parenthesis, Jahveh specially requested that a few maidens should be reserved for him.

What can any man with an elementary knowledge of just principles think of such morality as this?

He must believe either that God is not always good, or that he never gave such atrocious commands. If he is rational, he will believe that this command was the utterance of a bloodthirsty leader of an ignorant and savage race.

In the past the moral sanction in religious matters always consisted of an appeal to "God's word." No matter how bad an act was in itself, it was regarded as virtuous in the highest degree if it could be found to be the alleged command of deity in a so-called holy book.

For an ordinary man to murder his only son would be considered a very heinous offense, and justly so, but if, as in the case of Abraham, he was prepared to do it as the express wish of deity, then the action became the very embodiment of virtue.

The commandments of deity were imperativ injunctions. To disobey them was to be subjected to torture; to obey them was to be crowned with glory. "Thou shalt hav none other gods but me." Why? "For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God," etc.

"Thou shalt not steal." Why? Not because stealing injures our fellow-men, but because it is God's command.

"Honor thy father and thy mother." Why? "That thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Herein we find that in the past the virtue of an act did not consist in the intrinsic merit of the act, or of its effect upon the community. The virtue of it was considered to exist in the fact that it was the supposed command of deity, or of one of his earthly representativs—the priests.

But as the ages hav advanced, and human beings hav become more and more enlightened, we find that their ideas of morality hav improved, until to-day we find that in civilized countries in all the affairs of daily life, and even in our jurisprudence, actions are accounted moral just in proportion as they tend to the general well-being.

A man must not lie, because he injures his fellows, and throws discredit upon all human testimony.

He must not steal, not because it is displeasing in the sight of deity, but because it is injurious to his fellow-man.

He must not murder, because it increases human misery.

The same holds good of every action. Every action that man performs either adds to human misery or promotes human welfare; and as each man's happiness is inextricably bound up with that of his fellows, he cannot injure them without injuring himself. Man obtains happiness, therefore, in proportion as he makes others happy. As Heine says:

> He who bends to himself a joy
> Doth the wingèd life destroy,
> But he who kisses the joy as it flies
> Livs in eternity's sunrise.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

Spirit Prophecy.

A female correspondent of the *Freethinkers' Magazine* for February tries to convince Mr. Wakeman that departed spirits can prophesy. She says that in 1851 or 1852 her uncle put the question to a spirit, "Who will be the next candidate for governor [of New York] nominated on my [Whig] ticket?" and the answer was, "John Hale," a name that "neither had thought of or knew in connection with the state ticket." And she adds that "when the nomination took place John P. Hale *was* the candidate." but she believes "he was not subsequently elected," and says that the middle letter of his name was omitted by the spirit.

Brother Wakeman has doubtless been amused at the lady's effort to convince him of the power of spirits to prophesy what never took place. In 1852 John P. Hale was a distinguished United States senator from New Hampshire, and was nominated for president of the United States by the Free Soil party, as against Winfield Scott nominated by the Whigs, and Franklin Pierce by the Democrats.

At that time I lived in the city of New York, and I voted the straight Whig ticket, except for presidential electors. And when the ballots were counted there were only four votes cast for John P. Hale, one of which was by W. H. BURR.

Tricks of the Churches in Utah.

Realizing that THE TRUTH SEEKER is a champion of education and a stanch supporter of our common schools—the just pride of every American—I take the liberty of trespassing on a portion of your space for the double purpose of showing to your readers, first, that the legislature of the territory of Utah had the hardihood to recently pass a bill providing for the support of private schools; and secondly, to show that, in the person of Caleb W. West, we hav a governor with both the sense and courage to veto such a nefarious measure. The enacting clause of the bill referred to reads as follows:

> A bill for an act providing for the establishment and support of district and private schools, and for other purposes, etc.

To show how it was intended to encourage the establishment of private schools and to contribute to their support out of the public treasury, the following is copied from said bill:

> SEC. 13. All schools organized under the direction of the trustees in the respectiv school districts of this territory shall be known, in law, by the name and title of district schools, and all other schools shall be known as private schools. All schools, both district and private, shall be entitled to a just and equitable apportionment of any public school fund arising from the United States, or from legislativ enactments of this territory. Such apportionment shall be made to said schools by the trustees on the basis of the actual attendance of pupils, and the holding of four terms a year; and all such schools shall receive a distribution of funds in proportion to the number of terms held, and the attendance of pupils. Provided that no apportionment of any such public school fund shall be made to any district or private school, unless such school shall hold at least two full terms during the year.

When this pernicious measure was forwarded to Governor West for his sanction, he promptly and properly returned the same without his signature, or any recommendations for its alteration, and he did it with the following pertinent remarks:

> I herewith return H. F. 47, entitled, "An act providing for the establishment and support of district and private schools," etc., . . . without my approval.
>
> There are many grounds of objection to the enactment of such a law which it is unnecessary to enumerate, as there is one which is insuperable. That is the provision that private or denominational schools shall share in the public school fund.
>
> I can no more giv my assent to such a provision than approve an appropriation from the public treasury for the benefit of any other private interest or individual. I regard such a provision as a blow at the public school system which prevails in every section of our country, and, like our government, is of the people, for the people, and by the people.
>
> Under the proposed law, denominational schools may hav the aid of the civil power, by the means of taxation, to advance the tenets of the church. It seems a surprising fact that such a system should be proposed at this time. None of the reasons which can be urged in support of the general education of the youth of the territory at the public expense can, in my judgment, justify such legislation.
>
> The measure, while providing support for private or denominational schools, provides no means of supervision or control over them, and the probable, if not the certain, result of its becoming a law would be to destroy the imperfect system of district schools already existing.
>
> To attempt to estimate the beneficial results to the people which hav flowed from the public school system would be impracticable at this late hour of the session. I hav not the time to criticise or suggest. I will say, however, that in my opinion it would hav been more to the interest of the people if the assembly, instead of enacting measures which, if approved, would prove destructiv of the public schools, had endeavored to promote their progress and development.
>
> The benefits to be derived from all laws looking to the improvement of the public schools depend primarily upon considerate legislation. The measure before me does not meet this requirement. I am,
>
> Very respectfully, CALEB W. WEST, Governor.
>
> HON. W. W. RITER,
> Speaker of the House.

That the vetoing of such a bill was the wisest thing our governor could do will be fully appreciated by every Secularist in the country, especially when it is learned that there are several ecclesiastical schools in this priestly land where the dogmas of the respectiv churches under whose management they are controled are taught as a part of the daily course of instruction. Brigham Young, before his death, founded two such institutions of superstition, namely, the Brigham Young Academy, of Provo, and the Brigham Young College, of Logan, both of which were established, and are still maintained, for the avowed purpose of "instructing the youth of Israel in the everlasting gospel as revealed by God almighty in these the last days." Since Brigham's

death, the Mormon church has established four other such hot-beds of creed and ignorance, one in this city and three in the southern part of the territory. All of these schools are crowded with Mormon youths, so one can readily see why a Mormon legislature should want such a bill as the one mentioned above to become a law. Besides the Mormon religious schools, the Catholics hav three colleges in Utah, which, by the way, are far in advance of any educational institutions in the territory as regards grounds, buildings, and furnishings. The Protestant churches, not to be behind, hav opened schools in all parts of the territory, which, in nearly every instance, are far better places of learning than are the Mormon district or common schools, none of which are free schools. The church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints has always been opposed to the free school system; the priesthood thereof has openly, from the pulpit, cried it down; and this bill, that the governor so graciously vetoed, was intended to undermine the public school system of Utah, and giv to the church school an advantage and prestige that it does not obtain anywhere else in the United States. Had this un-American bill become a law, the Mormons would simply hav opened, as fast as possible, church schools in every city and town in Utah; the best teachers would hav been engaged with high salaries; the priests would hav ordered their duped followers to send their children to the private schools, where they could be taught, not only all (?) branches of secular knowledge, but also the "principles of the everlasting gospel." Under such an arrangement the common schools would hav been thinned out and neglected; inferior teachers would hav been found therein, and consequently in a short time the public schools in Utah would soon hav fallen into disrespect and contempt among the majority of the people who inhabit these beautiful valleys. Could a scheme hav been more anti-American and dangerous to the commonwealth? Could a law hav been better intended to protect a church and aid in the perpetuity of ecclesiastical power and the shams of a sect which breeds traitors by the thousands?

Well, the American element throughout Utah, and particularly the Freethinkers, honor Governor West for the prompt and decisiv way in which he "set down" on that "educational" bill.

A. B. THOMPSON, Sec. Salt Lake Sec. Union.

Salt Lake City, March 10, 1888.

Those Humbug Missions.

An address before the Columbo, Ceylon, Theosophical Society, by Panait Gopi Nath, reported in the Sarasavisandaresa.

One thing that has surprised me very much during my visit to Ceylon is that I find so many good Buddhists called by purely Christian names. That shows, of course, that Christian influence has been at work among you, and I am informed that it is due chiefly to the tyranny of the Dutch and Portuguese governments of this island. But now, under the English government, this is quite unnecessary, and it should at once be changed. Do not for a moment imagin that you are more respected by the Europeans because you use Christian names or adopt the Christian religion—far from it. Indeed, just the reverse is the fact, and I will relate to you some anecdotes of my personal experience to prove what I say.

The Europeans sometimes denounce our caste system, but it seems to me—and I am speaking from observed facts—that they hav a much worse kind of caste among themselvs. Now, I am a Kashmiri Brahman, and every other Brahman, no matter how poor he may be. or how ragged his clothes are, is my brother, and I could never dream of treating him otherwise; but among Christians this does not appear to be so. At the installation of the maharajah of Kashmir some time ago at Jummoo, I was present, along with many other nativ gentlemen, some few Europeans, and some half-caste or Eurasian men—what you in this country call Burghers. Of course, the officers of the maharajah treated all the guests alike, and set them down to one table, but the Europeans, headed by the resident, refused to eat with the Eurasians, though they were all Christians, and these latter had to be driven away to another table.

I recollect another incident. When I went to the great exhibition at Jeypore, Rajputana, in the year 1883, I, and some other students, went to play cricket in the gardens. After a time a European gentleman came and asked if he might join us, and, of course, we were very glad to allow him to do so; but, after a time, discovering from the name of one of our companions that he was a Christian Eurasian, the European at once left the game, saying that he was perfectly willing to join with Hindoo gentlemen, but would not play with an Eurasian.

I once knew a leading Mohammedan pleader who was favorably impressed by Christianity, and, in fact, was about to become a Christian; but suddenly he broke off all connection with that faith, and retained his own religion. Upon my inquiring his reason for so sudden a revulsion of feeling, he told me that a few days before he had called upon a missionary, and been, as usual, hospitably received and offered an honorable seat. But while he was at the missionary's house an old and reverend-looking Mohammedan gentleman entered; and my friend at once rose to show respect to him and yield him the place of honor; but he was much surprised to see that no seat was offered to the old gentleman, but that he was allowed to sit on the floor among the missionary's dogs! On asking the reason of this unseemly neglect, the missionary carelessly answered, "Oh! he is a Christian!" This opened my friend's eyes, and he understood that the respect paid to him now was only to induce him to become a Christian, and would cease as soon as its object was attained.

Again, in Madras, a few days ago, I entered a Christian church in order to see its services, and took a seat on a chair. An official at once came and drove me away, telling me that the chairs were only for Europeans, and that nativ Christians must sit on mats in another part of the building! You see even in the house of their God they must hav their distinctions; and surely this is worse than anything in our caste system. I say that such a service of such a God is worse than useless.

So you see if you think you will be respected by Europeans for becoming Christians, or adopting Christian names, you are very much mistaken. Quite the contrary; if you abandon your ancestral faith and become a renegade for the sake of gain, they despise you, and they are right in doing so. What would you think of an old servant of twenty years' standing, if you found he was ready at a moment's notice to abandon his old master in order to make a little more money in your service? Of course you would feel that you could place no reliance upon him, since, if it suited him, he would be equally ready to abandon you in turn. No; if you wish to be respected, first respect yourselvs; if you wish men of other religions to respect you, first respect your own religion.

The missionaries often ask us why we should follow or obey our priests, since they possess no supernatural powers; yet we do not hear that the missionaries themselvs possess them, though the founder of their faith specially promised that various wonderful signs should follow all who believed in him. We need never shrink from a comparison between our priests and those of the Christians; at least, the former are not seen living like princes, and being guilty of all kinds of extravagance, as the latter are. In order to make our priests even more useful to us, let us notice those among them who are most learned, and who lead the best lives, and let us specially follow and reverence them. And never be afraid to speak boldly in contradiction to Christian falsehoods and to answer them fairly; remember you are now living under a government which is impartial to us all. A few days ago when I landed at this harbor I met two Christians, who asked me where I was going. I told them that I was coming to the headquarters of the Theosophical Society to see Mr. Leadbetter. They thereupon asked who he was, and when I told them that he had been a Church of England clergyman, but had now embraced Buddhism, they at once said that he must hav had some interested motiv for giving up his old religion—something connected with money matters, perhaps. Knowing how absurdly untrue such a suggestion was, I became annoyed, and replied, "If that be your logic, then every nativ Christian must also hav had interested motivs in giving up *his* old religion." This brought them to their senses, and they admitted that many rich men, to whom money could be no object, had given up Christianity purely for the sake of truth. By this you may see the effect of speaking out boldly to these slandering Christians; if you will but do that, you will soon cause them to moderate their pretensions.

I should like to say a word about the religious education of our ladies, which I consider a most important point. The child is influenced more by its mother than even by its father; if the mother be religious, then the child will be so too. The Christians know that well, and that is why they take so much trouble about their zenana mission, to teach our girls and women. Look at the primers they hav prepared for use in their zenana missions, and you will perpetually find hints as to how cruel the Hindoos are to women, how they treat them like slaves, giv female children fewer ornaments than the male, and so on; in every way endeavoring to make the girls hate their own homes and religion, and become Christians. My last and most special advice to you as your Indian brother is this: Don't trust your ladies, don't trust your children, in the hands of these foreign missionaries. These foreigners do not come here and spend money here for *our* benefit; no—they hav one, and only one, great object always in view, and that is to make proselytes. However fair may be the outward appearance of their work, that design underlies everything they do, like a snake hidden under a floor, and for this object they will hesitate at no misrepresentation of your religion. In conclusion let me heartily thank the Theosophical Society for having given me the pleasure and honor of making your acquaintance and the opportunity of thus addressing you.

Another Comrade for St. George.

It has been caused to be announced that England is about to furnish another saint for the mythological or ecclesiastical calendar, in the person of the Hon. William E. Gladstone, M.P., and disputant-general of the British islands. This time he is to come outside, and to cross the Atlantic, and inquire of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll why he does not correct his opinions as to the Roman Jupiter, the Jewish Jehovah, the Hindoo Brahma, and certain other characters that hav heretofore occupied, and still do occupy, much of the attention of mankind.

Just why he should make himself so much of a foreign missionary is rather difficult to determin. There are in the vast possessions over which he has heretofore been prime minister very many millions of idolators and pagans who entertain a very slight regard for the Church of England and the faith he entertains. If his zeal for the salvation of souls is so intense, why not exhort his own government to greater efforts in behalf of its own subjects? Still again, if these are too far off, or too inconspicuous for his attention, his aggressivness and propagandism, why does he look away from his own limited island? Why overlook the religious views of those two greatest historians of all time, and especially of the times when priests and popes were laying the foundations of the Dark Ages and the Christian system? Their volumes are on his own shelvs, and their names will be growing brighter, while his will fade, in the years of coming truth, not only among Englishmen, but wherever history is read. If Edward Gibbon and David Hume, two of the grandest and most faithful intellects of modern times, are unworthy of the corrections of the new aspirant, and disciple of the St. George who slew the dragon, it will hardly be expected that lesser names connected with blasphemous errors can be forced upon his weapons. But why should that profound and most thorough scholar, and philosopher, Henry Thomas Buckle, be run over, in order to reach a mere lecturer in America? Why not repeal some of the old, ignorant laws and take home again the "Rights of Man" and the other writings of Thomas Paine, the clearest head that ever wore a hat in England? Notwithstanding Bishop Watson's *annihilating* answer to Paine, the whole combined hierarchy of the British empire found it necessary to banish the young reformer, and burn and ostracize everything pertaining to him. We on this side owe to England the most of our unbelief, and thank her for it. Mr. Gladstone ought to stop the source.

But we will not object to the compliment he intends for us. We will not forget his willingness to admit Bradlaugh into Parliament, for we always hav felt a most profound respect for a free lance. If he thinks he will find a more easy victory in the fields of new thought in our country than he would among his own immediate countrymen, let him try it. No embargo will be interposed. We may ask him to withdraw the edicts passed against the works of Thomas Paine in England, and suggest that the influence they might now hav there, if circulated, would aid him greatly in some of his own measures of reform.

N. EGGLESTON.

Lincoln and Temperance.

Of all the writers on the temperance question, none is more severe in his denunciation of the liquor traffic or more zealously in favor of sumptuary laws for its suppression than John Prescott Guild. Whatever we may think of his methods, his earnestness is to be admired.

In a recent article on "Lincoln and Liquor," Mr. Guild endeavors to show that Lincoln also was an advocate of the methods employed by him. But he was not. In the same address from which Mr. Guild quotes, referring to these very methods, Lincoln says:

> Too much denunciation against dram-sellers and dram-drinkers was indulged in. This, I think, was both impolitic and unjust. It was impolitic, because it is not much in the nature of man to be driven to anything, still ess to be driven about that which is exclusivly his own business. . . . When the conduct of men is designed to be influenced, persuasion—kind, unassuming persuasion—should ever be adopted.

This address was delivered by Lincoln in Springfield in 1842, and has been published in the "Lincoln Memorial Album." The passage quoted by Mr. Guild may be found on pages 96 and 97; the words I hav cited appear on pages 86 and 87.

In regard to the passage circulated by the Antiprohibitionists of Atlanta, and attributed to Lincoln, I am not prepared to say whether it is genuin or not. But if not the words, they are the sentiments of Lincoln. Every word of that passage he would hav indorsed.

Abraham Lincoln, like Mr. Guild, was an advocate of temperance; but, unlike Mr. Guild, he was opposed to sumptuary or Prohibitory laws.

TRUTHSEEKER.

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against him voted in favor of him—notably Mr. Councilor Raphael, the Jewish member. Mrs. Besant, Rev. Stewart Headlam, Rev. Arthur Jephson, Rev. Mr. Courtice, Rev. Copeland Bowie, as well as Mr. Conybeare, M.P., and Mr. Edric Bayley, all spoke splendidly on behalf of freedom, and there can be no reasonable doubt that in a few weeks Mr. Moss will be able to return to the work to which he has devoted his life, viz., the glorious work of intellectual emancipation from all kinds of superstition.

The American Secular Union.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 16 Union Park Place, Chicago.
OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treas., - - - - - Rochelle, Ill.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Giordano Bruno.

As a general rule, I seldom favor the tendency of hero-worship as expressed in the desire to erect monuments to those who trod the thorny path of persecution for our welfare, feeling that to carry forward the thought and work of their lives and labors, we would by emulation accord them the highest possible recognition. But as all rules hav exceptions, the most notable exception in history is that of the grand proto-martyr of Freethought, Giordano Bruno. My reasons why Liberal Americans should honor Bruno's memory by contributing to this international fund are:

1. No true recognition has ever been given the bravest hero who ever died to benefit man.

2. The popular mind—especially in America—concedes to Galileo the honors which properly belong to Bruno, as the first public advocate of the plurality of worlds.

3. This monument project embodies the conflict between the papal and Secular power which has been waging in the Eternal City since the pope was stripped of his temporal power, and the erection of this monument will be a mortal offense to the now toothless lion who wags his imbecil jaws in the seat where his predecessors made fuel of Bruno's body to stop Freethought in Italy.

4. It will be a warning to those who desire to transplant the waning Romish power into the more fertil soil of our American republic that we know something of its history and diabolical acts wherever it has held sway.

It is a shame that the name of Galileo—after his inglorious recantation—is yet the most familiar, and attracts greater attention and esteem as the first public advocate of the Copernican system of astronomy than that of the intrepid martyr who preceded him to a terrible but honorable death at the stake—Giordano Bruno.

The sixteenth century was an epoch of marvelous intellectual activity—a rebound from the long-continued mental thralldom which preceded it. Never before had so many fertil brains thrown broadcast their thoughts, but the meteoric figure which now looms up higher than all his contemporaries is that of the fearless young orator, Bruno. He not only was the first during the Christian era to publicly advocate the plurality of worlds and show that the stars were suns shining by their own light, each having its revolving planets, but purposely placed that system in the most obnoxious light before the all-powerful ecclesiastics, by adding the assumption of their habitability and his own philosophical deductions thereon. This knight-errant of the now modern philosophy antedated Galileo over thirty years, and it was charged that the professor of Padua was reviving the heresy for which Bruno was burnt. Bruno anticipated many of the most "advanced" solutions of modern science, and he is still the source from whence several celebrated thinkers draw their inspiration at the present day.

The name of this Freethought champion rises from the sixteenth to illumin the nineteenth century by its unparalleled example of intrepidity. No country or race has afforded a more ennobling illustration of devotion to truth for truth's sake alone.

It was befitting that Bruno was born in the village of Nolau, under the flames and amid the throes and thunder of Vesuvius, for the mere question of erecting a monument to the memory of this astounding linguist, this enchanting, youthful orator, this profound philosopher, satirist, dramatist, and poet, has so agitated the Eternal City that it is now mooted that the holy father may move to Madrid. At last the municipal council of Rome has granted permission for the erection of this long-deferred tribute to the Freethought martyr on the Campo de Fiori, the sacred spot where the noble Bruno was burnt.

As the whole world was benefited by his dauntless life and honored by his heroic death, the monument partakes of an international character, and American Freethinkers are asked to contribute their quota. Let it be done quickly and generously, for the money is needed at once if the work is to be finished in May. Many will remember that the project was started some four or five years ago, but was delayed and additional expense incurred because of the refusal of the municipality to allow the monument to be erected. Among the European contributors were Victor Hugo, Herbert Spencer, Ernst Haeckel, Ernst Renan, Emile Castelar, Professor Büchner, and other eminent individuals in science and letters. The American committee are Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, Daniel G. Thompson, Thos. Davidson. Colonel Ingersoll heads the new subscription with the following sentiment:

LAW OFFICE
ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, } NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1889.
40 WALL STREET,

T. B. WAKEMAN, ESQ., Treasurer of the Bruno Monument Committee,

My Dear Sir: It givs me great pleasure to inclose my check for one hundred dollars ($100).

I shall never be quite satisfied until there is a monument to Bruno higher than the dome of St. Peter's.

Yours very truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

I am informed that the students of Rome had a grand procession on the day the decision was announced that the monument might be erected.

Bruno was a prophet as well as a paladin. At fifteen years he entered a convent of the Dominican order, but soon rebelled against the rules; later on, his imaginativ and speculativ mind began to work, and the walls of his narrow cloister became too circumscribed. He had been a close, indefatigable student; was master of many languages. Finally he began to disbelieve the dogmas of the church, and he found means of escape. He had studied books, now he studied men and nature more. He unlocked hidden treasures of truth, and gave his life rather than relinquish his self-imposed guardianship. Lecturing before universities in Geneva, Toulouse, Lyons, Paris, Berlin, or London, wherever he spoke he was at first greeted with outbursts of applause, but this was generally followed by shouts of fury and maledictions, for he was sure to be followed by the wily officers of the church. Nevertheless, he boldly proclaimed his "impious heresy" on the spot where Servetus was burnt and Vanini met his martyrdom. London was his only place of safety, and there he did the larger portion of his writing, and becoming the fast friend of Sir Philip Sidney, dedicated to him his "Spaccio dell Bestia Triumphante." The intellectual atmosphere of London chilled the fervid Freethinker. It was like planting the most delicate perfumed flower amid a lot of scrubby pines. He wandered back to the continent, was offered the hospitality of a Venetian nobleman (?), and this despicable host, through the manipulations of his priestly confessor, betrayed his guest to the officers of the Inquisition. Bruno was as bold, audacious, and unflinching before his accusers, as he was brilliant in propounding his philosophy. Add to his learning his extraordinary beauty of person, his gallant bearing, his black, kindling eyes as eloquent as his speech, a face of classic delicacy of outline, and what wonder his Romish persecutors dreaded his influence? He must be made to recant—that would be a triumph for the church better than his death. For seven, long, weary years this young, impulsiv, impassioned orator was kept in a dungeon, with no books, no companionship but the regular visits of his tormentors to see if he were ready to say the one word between him and the blue sky—recant. But this damp and death-dealing dungeon could not break or bend the heroic soul of Bruno. When finally brought for the last time before his accusers, while standing chained before them, arguing still on his theories with an impassioned eloquence almost irresistible, he was condemned to that most diabolical of deaths; he only turned with supreme indifference on his executioners, and said: "This sentence givs you more alarm than it givs me." This brilliant young philosopher felt himself at this supreme hour stronger than all the power of Rome. Contemplate such a character if you can without the throb of enthusiasm!

Most men may by circumstances be taught to be valiant, but it is generally when the blood is up and the eye flashes in response to the cannon's roar, the rattle of musketry, and the clash of battle, but to meet a most horrible death with a smile as Bruno did is the concentrated essence of heroism. The Christian martyrs were buoyed up by fond hopes of heavenly rewards. Not so Bruno. He expected nothing, hoped for nothing, and still he met his fate—the most adverse and terrible. This was the year of the Romish jubilee, when the holy city was thronged with pilgrims from all over the world, and the burning of Bruno was one of the attractions for this crowd of worse than cannibal Christians. See this valiant Freethinker, to whom life might mean so much, led to the stake! No consolation of companionship, supported by no followers, gladdened by no approving smile, inspired by no kiss, refreshed by no tear, here is a picture of sublime heroism never equaled in history. Bruno died that truth might liv. Will American Liberals do themselvs and their cause a perpetual honor by aiding this monument? Respond to T. B. Wakeman, 93 Nassau street, New York, or to E. A. Stevens, 16 Union Park place, Chicago.

UNANIMOUSLY REPUDIATED.

At a meeting of District Assembly 24, representing the various branches of the Knights of Labor, a resolution was adopted, unanimously warning the public against the alleged labor organ which attacked the Secular Union some weeks ago, and which, perhaps, had too much prominence given it. One by one the enemies of the Union fall into the soup, as it were. The resolution reads:

WHEREAS, It has become notorious that a certain publication is palming itself upon the public as the official organ of the Knights of Labor and organized labor generally; therefore be it

Resolved, That District Assembly 24 does hereby notify and caution all whom it may concern that the publication known as the *Knights of Labor* published in this city is repudiated, and is not the official organ of the order in this district.

We are becoming great on prophecy, and will venture the prediction that, after the spring election, the paper will die the death of the righteous, and its editor will be looking for a friendly lunch counter.

REFUSED TO OBEY THE COURT.

Mary Angelique, or Mary Clarey, mother superior of the House of the Good Shepherd, showed the animus of Romish influence by defying an order of Judge Tuley on a writ of *habeas corpus*. Notwithstanding that the bailiff explained the consequences likely to follow her refusal to comply with an order of the court, this bride of Christ concluded she would not act in the matter unless so advised by the attorney of the institution. The rest of the story is told by the Chicago *Times*:

Mary Schell, a sixteen-year-old lass from Elgin, Ill., was the party for whom the writ was issued, and William Corwin, the lover, also from the country, was the person who made application to Judge Tuley for the writ. These young people hav become smitten with each other's charms and on divers occasions hav tried their hands at elopements, but were successfully thwarted by the timely action of the girl's parents, who advised the police in Chicago of their movements. The last attempt was made about a week ago, when Mr. Corwin and Miss Schell came to the city. The police were on hand, however, and arrested the young lady, who was taken before Justice R. H. White. By request of Mrs. Schell the would-be bride was sent to the House of the Good Shepherd on a $50 fine. It was said by Mrs. Schell that her daughter had been ruined by young Corwin and she wanted her put out of his way.

The anxious young man remained in the city and worked hard to hav the fine remitted, but in this he was unsuccessful, even though he secured the aid of Ald. John Powers, who signed an appeal from Justice White's decision. Attempts were made to get Miss Schell's signature to the document, but the mother superior refused point-blank to let her charge be seen. Judge Tuley then issued the writ and instructed Attorney Allison to look after the case. Attorney Wolcy, for the institution, succeeded in having the case continued until to-morrow so that Mrs. Schell would hav an opportunity of hearing the proceedings. Judge Prendergast will be applied to by the young woman's parents for an order committing her to some institution.

It is safe to say that Judge Prendergast will do his very best to accommodate the interests of the church. That is what he was put there for.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Equal Taxation.

The organic act of Washington territory provides that "all taxes shall be equal and uniform, and no distinction shall be made in the assessments between different kinds of property, but the assessments shall be according to the value of the property." "No tax shall be imposed upon the property of the United States; nor shall the lands or other property of non-residents be taxed higher than the lands or other property of residents."

Under such an organic law, the exemption of public property from taxation is provided for, but the intent is that all private property shall pay taxes on the value of such property. In 1883 the taxation of church property was agitated, and the legislature submitted to a vote of the people the question. The vote was in favor of the taxation. The legislature of 1886 provided for a limited exemption of such property. The law of 1881 did not exempt it at all. The law of 1886 provided in clause 6, sec. 1: "And 'whereas religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary for good government and the happiness of mankind,' there is further exempted all buildings or institutions of learning, benevolent, charitable, and scientific institutions, and hospitals for the sick and infirm, including the lands upon which such buildings are situated, not to exceed two acres if within a city or town, and not exceeding eighty acres if not within a city or town, and all buildings used exclusivly for public worship and Sabbath-schools, with parsonages, and the lands upon which they are situated, not exceeding one-half of an acre if in a city or town, and not exceeding five acres if not within a city or town. Provided, however, that all such church property, including parsonage property, when valued at more than $5,000, shall pay a tax upon all above that value, and if any part of any building, being a house of public worship, shall be kept or used for any other purpose except for public worship, the part so used shall be assessed and taxed upon the cash valuation thereof. Provided further, that this exemption shall not apply to hospitals used exclusivly for profit."

These exemptions are not authorized by the organic act. The homestead of the mechanic is not used for

profit, and if that principle is made the basis for taxation, it should be exempt if the parsonage of the preacher is to be exempt. The law taxes all homes for the people, because the government is put to expense to protect them. For the same reason all private property should be taxed.

But this law discriminates not only between the home of the poor man and the costly palace of the church, but even between the latter and benevolent institutions and hospitals. If a hospital has one free bed, so as not to be used exclusivly for profit, it is exempt from taxation. A Young Men's Christian Association may own a valuable lot, erect a magnificent building, and rent all but a few rooms at a high rental, and pay no tax. A mutual benevolent insurance company can hav no similar exemption.

Such was the answer of the legislators to the vote of the people.

The revenue article of the new constitution should provide for the equal and uniform taxation of all property according to its value, exempting only public property of the United States and of this state and its municipal subdivisions.

Church property was not always exempt. In the early centuries of English history, the clerical barons were assessed for military purposes, and either furnished their quota of armed men or commuted the service by the payment of money. The bishops and archbishops often led their retainers into battle. Hospitals paid taxes. Chief-Justice Holt decided: "Hospital lands are chargeable to the poor as well as others; for no man, by appropriating his lands to a hospital, can discharge or exempt them from taxes to which they were subject before, and throw a greater burden upon their neighbors" (Salkeld's Reports, p. 517).

An effort will be made by the corporations to tax them upon their gross earnings on the traffic within the state. The railroad attorneys will insist that they are building up the state, and as public benefactors should be favored. When they fix passenger and freight traffic, they do not grant the pioneer or the farmer any favors, though they too are building up the state and its industries. They insist that the fixed charges for dividends on their watered stock must be paid by the excessiv charges on local traffic. They demand all the favors, and claim the absolute right to make their own rates, to insist on such contracts as will free them from their common law liability as carriers, and to pay taxes according to their own returns of property and their own estimate of its value.

The question of equal taxation is one of the most important questions that will come before the constitutional convention, and it should be settled upon principles of justice. W. S. Bush.

Seattle, W. T., March 10, 1889.

Three Months' Lecturing.

I visited Lowell, Neb., where I gave two lectures before small audiences. In fact, there is not interest enough in religion, either pro or con, in Lowell to save a saint or singe a sinner; but wife and I did enjoy that English plum-pudding with our English friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gray and their daughters Amy and Kate. That is the way we celebrated Christmas. On the tree, the evening before, all the children, big and little, were remembered.

Olive Branch school-house, near the home of Jason Bloodgood, was filled with an attentiv audience. This was the first Liberal lecture ever delivered there. Bloodgoods are good-blooded Liberals. I gave my third lecture in Newbold's school-house. The building was packed at this place every time I gave a lecture. I really like to lecture in the country once in awhile, and particularly before such a wholesome, wide-awake audience as always greet me here. Some of the best thinkers liv in the country and try to be independent, and would be more so if the mortgage were lifted.

Newark, Neb.—small attendance, but best greenbacking grace up to that point. Mrs. Jones is postmistress of Newark. She and her husband are activ Freethinkers and splendid people. All along our journeying we met with many such. Mr. and Mrs. Hecox are hearty friends of Liberalism in Newark town. Dr. Hawkins is here, winning friends in her medical practice.

A journey of one hundred miles landed us in Wilber, Neb., where, I believe, I hav had the pleasure of addressing good audiences ten times. Mr. John N. Gouff and wife are very earnest Liberals. His health is not as good as when I saw him two years ago, but he is in earnest. Then there is H. Kilgore, one of nature's noblest men, whom it is always a pleasure to think of, and a joy to converse with. His excellent family, wife, two daughters, and son, reside about three miles in the country.

On to Shenandoah, Ia., where a warm welcome awaited us in the home of S. H. Holcomb and wife. The churches were under a high-pressure revival. I little dreamed that this apostle of heresy would shake those churches over hell, as events proved; and succeed in buying five columns of space in one of the most popular journals of southwest Iowa. O that I were rich! Giv me a thousandth part of the wealth of the churches and I really think I could capture Christianity.

Elder D. R. Dungan, president of Bible College of Drake University, Des Moines, Ia., was sent for to punish me for my Infidel impudence. It agrees with me. Dr. James Vincent was my moderator. During the debate the Opera House was several times full to overflowing.

Dr. Humphrey was called away during the progress of the debate to speak fitting words over the remains of Mrs. Ely, a Liberal lady whom the Christian people were anxious to claim for their side, for she was a noble, intelligent woman. She spoke of "angels" before she breathed her last. This was enough for the church, which was intently waiting to proclaim her renunciation of lifelong Liberal principles. News came with the swiftness of the wind—and like it—that she died a Christian. Mrs. Ely feared the church would claim her, and so she took extra pains to call the attention of her friends to the fact that she died as she lived—a Freethinking Spiritualist, having no use for Christianity, and so Liberal that by her special request Dr. Humphrey, an Agnostic Materialist, gave the funeral address. Beloved by all who knew her, a large concourse assembled. Plainly but kindly the doctor squelched the Christian lie which had already commenced to travel, and many that day listened to the fitly chosen words of the Agnostic. W. F. Jamieson.

Coryell, Col.

Mrs. Slenker to McArthur.

The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths wide open; some
Tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it,
And he that lies most loud is most believed.—*Dryden.*

I am not at all disappointed that McArthur has "thrown up the sponge," though I rather deprecate the unkindly way in which he did it.

It is easy to accuse another of a want of "understanding" and to make a general fling at a woman, simply because she doesn't happen to be of the dominating sex. But the real question is, has McArthur furnished or "found" any actual argument toward proving that when a man dies he livs again, and is able to communicate with those still in the flesh?

He describes incidents of slate-writing and other phenomena, but how can we be sure it is not all sleight-of-hand? True, there is much one cannot explain philosophically, but time may bring the solution, as it has done in many other cases, and I, for one, prefer to continue the study and wait for developments, rather than jump to conclusions as far-fetched as those which would forever and forever keep in continued existence all the countless billions of millions of human beings who hav had birth since our planet was in a condition to generate or develop them.

Our friend did not quite "catch on" to my idea regarding the five wives.

I did not suggest that the husband would be obliged to "liv with them consecutivly or *en masse*," but that there would hav to be five of the husbands, and each of the five would hav to be identical in make-up and mind, so as to fill the bill for each of the five wives, and then each would hav her own. And there would need to be for each pair a separate heaven or home, so they would not get mixed up and create "confusion worse confounded."

You see it would not be heaven to Mary, if Susie and Sallie and Jennie and Lucy each claimed John as her special life-companion "over there."

And, indeed, it does rather look as if there was a multiplication of identities in the summer land, as it is not at all uncommon for some great personage to be at several séances at one time, *i. e.*, if we judge from reports of them here and there. I hope, even if I am only a woman who "ever goes by the worse" in an "argument with men," that I shall be credited with honesty of purpose and a willingness to be taught.

Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain.

My address will hereafter be as of old—Snowville, Pulaski county, Va, and I shall be there before this is in print, and hope to hear from friends far and near. I want my heaven now, and friendship is life's greatest boon. Elmina Drake Slenker.

Rhinebeck, N. Y., March 23, 1889.

Annexation of Canada.

Mr. Cockburn, a member of the Canadian Parliament, ironically advises his fellow-Canucks, who want closer trade relations with the United States, to accept the offer made by the American colonies in 1777 and become one of the states of the Union.

The offer referred to was made by Benjamin Franklin, who was sent on a mission to Canada in the spring of 1776 to endeavor to unite that country to the common cause of liberty. Two papers were printed and circulated extensivly through Canada, but if was found that not more than one person in five hundred could read. So the mission proved a failure, and Dr. Franklin suggested that if another were intended it should be composed of schoolmasters.

Canada is not now as benighted as she was a hundred years ago, and may yet become a part of the United States—perhaps within the lifetime of Mr. Cockburn. Burr.

Lectures and Meetings.

As soon as arrangements can be made W. F. Jamieson will start on a lecturing tour East, although business affairs may detain him for several weeks in Colorado. Address, Coryell, Col.

Mrs. Mattie A. Freeman will lecture during the second week in April at West Union, Maynard, Olwein, and Aurora, Fayette county, Ia. Societies or individuals desiring the services of this talented speaker near these places, or on the way to or from Chicago, will please address her at 324 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

Dates of W. S. Bell's lectures in Oregon: June 20th, Ashland; 21st, Talent; 22d, Jacksonville; 23d, Myrtle Creek; 24th, Roseberry; 26th to July 4th, Coos county; 6th, Coburg; 7th, Lebanon; 8th, Corvallis; 9th, Stayton; 10th, Scott's Mills; 11th, Silverton; 14th, Dayton; 15th, McMinnville; 17th, North Yamhill; 18th, McCoy; 19th, Balston; 20th, Forest Grove; 23d, Hillsboro; 25th, Portland; August 1st, Oregon City; 4th, New Era; 6th, Canby; 7th, Molalla; 9th, Union Mills. Mr. Bell's address is 248 State street, Chicago, Ill.

Samuel P. Putnam's lecture dates are: March 17th, Sacramento; 19th, 20th, 21st, Lemoore; 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, San Jacinto and vicinity; 31st, San Diego; April 2d, 3d, 4th, San Pasqual; 7th, San Diego; 8th, 9th, 10th, National City; 14th, San Diego; 16th, 17th, 18th, Pomona; 21st, Los Angeles; 23d, 24th, Norwalk; 25th, 26th, Anaheim; 28th, Santa Ana; May 1st, 2d, 3d, Oleander and vicinity; 5th, San Francisco; 7th, 8th, 9th, Boulder Creek; 12th, 19th, 26th, San Francisco and vicinity. Mr. Putnam will be at Fresno Flats, Grub Gulch, and vicinity the first week in June. About the middle of June he will begin his Oregon trip, taking in Silverton, Canby, Molalla, Hillsboro, Shed's, etc. About the third week in July he will be in Coos county, Ore. Those desiring lectures will please write at their earliest convenience, addressing him at 504 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Jesuit Oath.

The following is the alleged oath for publishing which the Jesuits of Canada hav sued the Toronto *Mail* for $50,000. The *Mail* copied it from *Le Semeur Franco-Americain*:

"I, N——, now, in the presence of almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael the archangel, the blessed John the Baptist, the holy apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and the saints and sacred hosts of heaven, and to you, my ghostly father, do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that the pope is Christ's vicar-general, and is the true and only head of the universal church throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his holiness by Jesus Christ, he has the power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths, and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may be safely destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrin and his holiness's rights and customs against all usurpers of heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever, especially against the now pretended authority and Church in England, and all adherents, in regard that they be usurped and heretical, opposing the sacred mother church of Rome.

"I do renounce and disown my allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince of state, named Protestant, or to any of their inferior magistrates or affairs. I do further declare the doctrins of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and other Protestants, to be damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of his holiness's agents in any place wherever I be, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant doctrin, and to destroy all their pretended power, legal or otherwise. I do further promis and declare, notwithstanding that I am dispensed with, to assume my religion heretical for the propagation of the mother church interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsel, as they intrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, but execute all which shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me by you my ghostly father, or by any of this convent.

"In testimony whereof I take this most holy and blessed sacrament of the eucharist, and witness the same further with my hand and seal, in the face of this holy convent."

Mr. Seaver Meant the Free Religious Preachers.

From the Investigator.

The *Independent Pulpit* has a long and bigoted attack upon the *Investigator*, which would hardly be worth noticing were it not that its editor misunderstands our remarks to which he takes exceptions. We say *misunderstands*, for we know of no motiv he can hav to quarrel with us, as we hav never spoken disrespectfully of him. His complaint is founded upon the following remarks of ours which we applied to a certain class of ministers:

It appears to be generally the case, however, that when ministers giv up preaching and take to Liberalism, they wish to "construct" the latter as they did the former. This peculiarity of ministers they never seem to outgrow as a class. They must be at the head of every organization, and "construct" to suit their wishes.

Our critic, who has himself been a minister, jumps to the conclusion that we meant *him* and the other friends now in the Liberal ranks who were formerly preachers, and whom he mentions by name. Now, if he had read our remarks more carefully—as he should hav done—he would hav seen that we were speaking of Free Religious ministers, and no others. They are the ones who wish to "construct" Liberalism to suit their views, but we expressed the opinion that every Liberal should "construct" for himself without any religious dictation.

A Wholly Accurate Statement.

From Alexander Longley's Altruist, St. Louis, Mo.

The Truth Seeker is a large sixteen-page weekly paper devoted to Freethought and reform, and every number containing illustrations showing the absurdities of superstition or the follies of society. Three dollars a year. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette place, New York city.

Communications.

Mrs. Freeman's Adventures.

At Rockport, Mo., I was entertained at the home of G. G. Beck. The people of Missouri are honest; they are orthodox, too. At Nebraska City, eastern Nebraska, I lost a fur collar while waiting in the depot. Couldn't be found anywhere. Took the train; changed at a junction; stopped at Phelps at 12 o'clock at night; left in cold, foggy air at 4 o'clock in the morning; rode nearly three hours to reach Rockport, which was only five miles distant, the driver said, in good weather, but with the roads as they were then it was fifteen; and after I had been there a couple of days a little parcel was sent to me by the mail-carrier, coming from the goodness only knows where, and sent by nobody knows whom. And so I say the people of Missouri are honest. They would almost rival the beggars of India. A basket is hung on a nail by the roadside, into which the rich drop pennies for the poor. Each beggar as he comes along takes out one penny. Our Chicago beggars would hav taken basket, nail, and all. And I am sure that a resident of this great city of the Sucker state would never hav been guilty of returning that fur collar.

I liked the people of Rockport. Although it was bad weather, yet they came out—that is, quite a number—to hear my lectures. Mr. Beck, who had been instrumental in getting me here, was very well pleased at the result. In a letter which I hav received from him and his kind wife, he assures me that he thinks considerable good was accomplished. Mr. G. G. Beck does all the hard work for Freethought in this place. Mr. Putnam is a favorit here, as indeed I find Mr. Putnam is a favorit wherever I hav been. If the East finds fault with the officers of the Union, the West does not. I sold quite a number of Mr. Stevens's Paine oration here, which it must be acknowledged is a splendid pamphlet for missionary work—carefully written, concise, and bristling with facts which every American should know. Mr. Stevens is thought well of by the people. They admire his honesty, fearlessness, and manly independence.

Among the Liberals at Rockport are M. N. Klein, O. B. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. John Grieve; Miss May Moore and Miss Vic Moore, two pretty, intelligent young ladies, and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER; E. B. Barker, Dr. Whitmire, Dr. Chamberlain, Dr. C. V. Luja, Wm. Sutter, Charles Volkmann, N. Petry, Herman Seige, Geo. Hatchett, and Joseph Eubanks.

My next place was Graham. I was met at the depot by a wide-awake, well-posted Liberal of Maitland, B. F. Springs, and handed over to H. B. Lang, who was in waiting with his carriage, and driven two miles to Graham. The Liberals of Maitland and Graham join forces, and hav a lecture first in one place and then in the other. Two years ago they had Helen Gardener at Maitland. They assured me that they liked her very much. This last winter they had Mr. Reynolds at Graham. He pronounced it rabidly orthodox. A protracted meeting was in session, and the loving Christians prayed that some intervening providence would keep me away. Providence did not notice me, the heretic, but stupidly went to work and demolished all the churches down in Mount Vernon, Ill., going so far even as to destroy the preacher's house. One never can tell just where providence will strike. He holds the winds in the hollow of his hand, but they get away from him now and then, and when they do, it is just as hard for the saint as the sinner.

Professor Fletcher, of Kansas, happened to be here on a visit, and furnished very fine music, singing a number of Liberal songs, some of them very amusing. The professor also served as chairman, and introduced me to the audience.

The Liberals at this place are young men—"boys" they call themselvs. Nice-looking, intelligent young fellows they are, too. Quite a number take THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Those that I remember are H. B. Lang and G. E. Lang, brothers; E. A. Scheffskey; Joseph Long; E. D. Mursey; A. Kyle, Richard Kyle, and J. W. Kyle, brothers; Jake Ligrand; Jake Greulsh; J. R. Stone; Miss Ida McNeal, the only young lady Freethinker of the place, and her father, Alexander McNeal; also B. F. Springs and Dr. Maxwell, of Maitland.

All seemed to be pleased with my lectures, and wanted me to come again in the near future. A number of these young men take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and since Mr. Reynolds's visit here are following his journeyings with considerable interest.

The work that has been done in Liberalizing the people by those two old Radical papers, THE TRUTH SEEKER and the Boston *Investigator*, is hardly to be estimated. Wherever these are taken, a community is found who are anxious to engage in Liberal work, hav lectures, and so forth. Wherever I went I urged the necessity of distributing Liberal literature and subscribing for the Liberal papers. "It is coming summer," said H. B. Lang, "and it will soon be warm enough so that the boys can steal out behind the haystacks and read their papers." The boys hav often to read by stealth, the wives, mothers, and sisters of this town being absurdly orthodox.

On nearly every train in Iowa and Nebraska I found priests of various persuasions, running up and down on the road, hither and thither, working the temperance question for all that it is worth, so anxious that the women should vote! Something new, that they who hav always preached long and loud that women shall keep silence in the churches should take such a sudden, lively interest in the question of her equality. The acknowledged aim of the Evangelical Alliance solves the problem. The women are to become the vast majority to put God in the Constitution. And so the priests smile placidly, assured that in the near future they will be rewarded with success.

At Shenandoah I was received by that stanch, well-known Liberal, H. S. Holcomb. Here Mr. Putnam and Mr. Remsburg had been before me. I lectured in the Opera House, speaking Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening. It was very cold and windy, but quite a number were present. There are many earnest Liberals in this place: Mr. Holcomb, and his wife, a very intelligent lady, who writes for the papers on various topics, and who made my stay very pleasant at her house; S. A. Thomas and son, who liv at Bingham, but who came to hear the lectures; J. D. Laughlin, J. S. Ross, J. D. Brenk, G. B. Swift, Dr. J. W. Humphrey and wife, Dr. James Vincent and wife, B. Brubaker and wife, Mr. Hedgecock, and E. D. Van Pelt.

Dr. Vincent is a brother of the publisher of the *Nonconformist*, the Liberal, Radical, labor paper, and Dr. Humphrey has a very Radical brother residing at Galesburg, Ill., who has recently published a little work criticising the Christian scientists.

Here, too, at Shenandoah, my lectures were a success, and they want me to come back again.

At Guthrie Center I was met by E. B. Rigler, and taken to the house of James France. Mr. Rigler is a young man, earnest and enthusiastic, taking a great interest in all the reforms of the day, and he must be quite well known to THE TRUTH SEEKER, as he disposes of considerable Freethought literature. His wife is a pretty young woman, Liberal as himself, in perfect accord with his tastes and pursuits. Mr. Rigler does all the work of a Liberal character in this town. It was due to his persistent effort that I was enabled to speak here, which was the first Freethought lecture ever delivered in Guthrie Center.

James France is an old Freethinker, having taken the Boston *Investigator* for years. He came here twenty-eight years ago; owns a fine farm in the country, and an elegant residence in town, where he at present resides. Mrs. France is a woman of considerable independence and ability, and quite an original thinker. Their family of seven children are all Freethinkers. The girls are teachers; the boys farmers, that is, those who are grown. I had a pleasant visit with this family and bade them good-bye with regret.

Other Liberals in Guthrie Center and vicinity are Isaac Ausberry, Samuel Little, M. N. McMellen, Floyd Walters, and Carl Wilson and wife.

At Bassett I spoke in the school-house. I had a good audience, and they seemed to enjoy the lecture very much. Here, I found, Mr. Remsburg had been also. Mr. Brown, of Deerfield, had got him to come, but it was so stormy and the roads so bad that the people from that place could not attend my lecture. I regretted this very much.

Joseph Huffman is the only live, working Liberal at Bassett. He deals in Freethought literature; takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and gets subscribers for it when he can; has lectured on phrenology, receiving very fine notices from the press; is correspondent for several papers, and is fitting himself for an activ, successful future. He is a young man yet, only twenty-six.

From Bassett I came home to Chicago. In every way I regard my tour as a grand success. And in closing this letter, I wish to thank you gratefully, sincerely, kind friends one and all, for your loving, tender care of me in my journeyings.

Chicago, March 13, 1888. MRS. M. A. FREEMAN.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

CANON CITY, COL., Feb. 19th.—Having canceled my Utah engagements, with the promis that on my return via the northern route I would slip down as far, at least, as Salt Lake and vicinity, I returned from Delta to Canon City, where the friends had engaged the Grand Opera House for lectures on Sunday afternoon and evening. Despite the desperate efforts of the parsons, who—for this occasion only—united most lovingly in working the "stay away argument," I had good attendance, and very much interest was manifest. I had a most pleasant interview with noble old Father Pikard. The sturdy old veteran rallied from his sick-bed, came to the Opera House, and sat on the platform by my side during the afternoon lecture. The great ability and irreproachable life of the good Ex-Rev. Mr. Pikard make the Christians very anxious to claim him. During his recent severe sickness, when supposing, from his great age, he could not recover, they circulated the cowardly calumny that he had recanted and desired the ministrations of the clergy. When the brave old hero dies, and cannot propound those logical propositions with which he has in turn silenced each of the parsons, causing them to slink from his presence abashed and confounded, I fear they will induce his relativs—who are devout worshipers of Mrs. Grundy—to hav a fashionable church funeral, and thus afford them an opportunity of getting their revenge by insulting his memory.

I greatly enjoyed my visit with the dear friends, and shall be glad indeed to gratify their very earnest entreaty to return next year and bring Mrs. Reynolds with me, that she may deliver a course of lectures and thus giv renewed impetus to the good work.

LA VETA, COL., Feb. 24th, 25th, 26th.—La Veta is situated on the Cucharas river where the Denver and Rio Grande railroad leaves the valley and turns northwest to commence the ascent of the world-renowned Veta Pass. The country to the south and west of La Veta is considerably broken up by creeks and canons, yet there is much of excellent land for farms or grazing. Oats, I am assured by many reliable persons, hav yielded as high as sixty bushels to the acre, weighing fifty-two pounds to the bushel. Alfalfa is cut three times a year, yielding six tons to the acre. La Veta is a thriving, prosperous town, destined to become one of the most popular, as it will be the most pleasant and health-imparting, of summer resorts. It has a number of highly charged mineral springs, while its great sulphur spring is unrivaled in the cure of rheumatism and kidney troubles. There are now excellent hotel accommodations for all ordinary needs, but arrangements are just completing for the erection of a monster hotel expressly for health-seekers and tourists, where, at most reasonable rates, the very best of accommodations and most perfect *cuisine* will enable the invalid or pleasure-seeker to spend summer and winter in one of the prettiest spots to be found in Colorado.

The school-house is a splendid, commodious, two-story brick structure, one of the best in the state, and is under the superintendence of Fred Pischel. The schools of Huerfano (they call it whaf-a-no) county are fulfilling their glorious mission, and will not hav the time of the teachers or scholars expended in inculcating superstition. D. D. Ryus, one of the most energetic, enterprising business men in the West, and his brave, fair wife take the lead in all that tends to advance the material, social, or moral interests of La Veta. They are devoted Liberals and workers for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I delivered four lectures at the Masonic Hall to steadily increasing interest. I am confident of a glorious future for La Veta, not only as a prosperous and popular watering-place, but as a citadel of Liberalism.

On the train going to Albuquerque I found an unfortunate, poor, demented wreck who had gone crazy on account of the loss of all his property through the infamous trickery of some pretended Spiritualistic medium. Some of my very best and dearest friends are Spiritualists, and I am glad to acknowledge not alone their noble, useful, exemplary lives, but their intelligence and constant endeavors to do all possible to advance human progress. But these are the kind that, as my good friend Elias H. Gault says, are Spiritualists but not darned fools. I do not think Spiritualism should be held responsible for the silly vagaries and absurd course pursued by poor creatures whose overreaching schemes, having failed, hav produced softening of the brain. Yet it must be admitted the tricksters and frauds who, like barnacles, attach themselvs to Spiritualism, calling themselvs mediums, are too often upheld and permitted to work terrible evil on persons of nervous or excitable temperaments.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., March 2d, 3d, 4th.—This city, from its geographical position and surroundings, must inevitably become the great commercial and inter-continental railway center of the plains. Founded in the spring of 1880, it has already developed into a thriving, thoroughly American city of ten thousand inhabitants. It is admirably situated on a level plain of the Rio Grande valley. The city is provided with street railways, gas, electric lights, extensiv water works, and ample hotel accommodations for all classes.

Aside from the fact that the accumulation of capital here to meet the demands of trade givs the city advantages which no other point can command, the people are possessed of the liberal, energetic spirit that prompts hearty and substantial aid to every enterprise which will advance the commercial importance of their city or afford employment to her citizens. They are at all times ready and desirous to afford every facility and bestow most generous subsidy on all reliable persons who will establish manufactories.

There is perhaps no city in the West or Southwest where bright, faithful, industrious women and girls willing to do housework can be so sure of good treatment and big wages. Hired girls receive from

$20 to $40 per month. Here is a most desirable opportunity for the poor, struggling women of the East to quit drudgery and starvation for competence and independence. There is no show for dudes, loafers, the dissipated, or the shiftless. They hav already a full supply of barkeepers and drones. But brain or muscle desiring profitable employment is sure to find it here all the year round. Skilled mechanics are always in demand. The elevation of the country, dryness of the air, and proximity of the mountains produce here the healthiest climate in the United States.

Here extremes meet. Albuquerque has an old and a new town. The old is indeed quaint, antique. The Mexican houses—if houses such little, low, miserable huts can be called, are built of adobe, that is, blocks of mud and straw, and crumbling to pieces in every direction; the windows mere holes about two feet square, few and far between. Progress is a thing beyond the power of the ordinary Mexican mind to comprehend. If he can hav a mess of beans, and a chance to dance and smoke, all his wants are supplied. The women, most of them, are horrible to look upon—dark, swarthy, dirty, wrinkled old beldames. Young women are very scarce. They seem to suddenly jump from girlhood to being wrinkled old crones. Few of them can read or write, but they can tell their beads and say prayers. Notwithstanding this latter proficiency, they are, I am told, like the men, cruel, degraded, treacherous, lazy. No pen could describe the old town. It is situated about two miles from the new; a rambling, disjointed, unsightly huddle of dilapidated, broken mud walls, scarcely fit for pigs. The houses are about six to seven feet high; the roofs perfectly flat, made of mud and straw on rafters that project over the front wall; the rooms always dark, dismal, dreary, and dirty; their average sleeping outfit a dirty bundle of rags upon the floor.

Yet this old town has existed for over a hundred years, and once comprised the ancient city of the haughty Spanish dons. Of course, there is a Catholic church, a dilapidated old rookery with two primitiv little wooden towers or steeples. The priest rigidly exacts his tithes, one-tenth of all his people make or get; but that is not a very large amount.

The contrast between the old town and the new is very great—one all sloth and decay; the other all activity, bustle, progress. Some of the Mexicans of mixed blood evince advancement, and are in a degree Americanized. In the course of a few decades a new and very peculiar type of Americans will be developed. The Norse and Anglo-Saxon race located here in a land having all the characteristics of the home of the Saracen and the Moor, must evolve something of the racial points of those people, and losing the grossness of the Teutons, but retaining their vigor, will make a new race susceptible of the highest conceivable civilization.

New Mexico is a curious land, with a quaint and curious people. One catches glimpses of a strangely marvelous past, of prehistoric times, of a people passing out of existence, their monuments crumbling into dust, only a bare trace or so of former power and existence coming down to us. It is queer to contemplate distinct periods of race-life that here exist side by side—the Navajo just from savagery; the Pueblo with his primitiv village life; the Mexican with his methods of the dim past and profound indifference to progress, always content to leave all work and duties till to-morrow, and the eager, pushing, restless American, anticipating the future, crowding the work and duty of to-morrow into to-day.

Despite the six churches in the new town, there is a very large Liberal element. The very best people of the city are Infidels. I delivered four lectures at the Opera House, and sold a very large amount of Liberal publications. R. H. Greenleaf, one of the most devoted workers for and admirers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, in connection with the genial Colonel Wells, made all the necessary arrangements, and insured the success of my efforts at Albuquerque.

FALL RIVER, KAN.—P. Van Hyatt, who tries to boom Fall River in the letter department of THE TRUTH SEEKER, March 3d, makes an egregious mistake. I can endure "blizzards," but I despise "blowers." It was not the little scrub village of Fall River I objected to, but the miserable shiftlessness of its pretended Liberals. In consideration of their pleading poverty, I delivered three lectures for the price of one; yet, when about to leave, even my board bill was not paid, and the landlord detained my baggage, being for some time unwilling to take the word of Mr. Van Hyatt for the two days' board. Despite imploring me to excuse their shortcomings, and the most solemn pledges to send the balance due me to THE TRUTH SEEKER office, it has never been sent. In my reports I describe persons and places as they appear to me—without fear or favor. I "nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice." If the Fall Riverites will send me the pittance of which they hav defrauded me, I shall hav a better opinion of their common honesty and their claim to Liberalism. It is Christianity to contract debts, to swindle people out of their just dues, and hav "Jesus, or some other myth, to pay all the debt they owe." P. Van Hyatt and Company need evoluting.

My days of usefulness would indeed be numbered if I had to deal with many such shiftless folks as those of Fall River, Kan. C. B. REYNOLDS.

Sectional Differences.

The Missourians and Kansans regard each other with the kindly feelings that existed between the Jews and Samaritans, and for the same reasons. We came here, but Kansans were "assisted emigrants" planted there by "Emigrant Aid Societies," like the Assyrians planted in Samaria. They regard John Brown and his fellows as heroes; we as murderers and as having indistinct ideas about the title to horses. During the war they hauled off nearly every rail in the border counties of Missouri and fenced their treeless prairie farms with them. Their regularly enlisted troops burnt five towns in Missouri. Our irresponsible bushwhackers burnt one in Kansas—the historical sacking of Lawrence. Jim Lane once made a speech in Leavenworth and told about a paradise in this county called "Greenton Valley," and how he found a wicked slaveholder named Hook, and how he stripped him. Some one in the crowd called out, "Where is Hook now?" Lane answered, "In hell. I left him in the hands of the executioner!" I rode up the Missouri on the same boat with Lane, and both his temples were black with huge blisters put on to save him from the effects of his last debauch. I went on to Nebraska City; he got off at Leavenworth. The first paper we got on landing told how he had blown his own brains out. But the best is to come. Hook still livs in this town. He is old. but "fat and sassy," and as jolly as "old King Cole." His slaves hired to him after freedom and are working for him to-day, and, what is almost unparalleled, they all keep the name Hook. Nearly all the other freedmen took new names, to be sure they were not the same old slaves.

My older brother was flagman in a surveying party in Kansas when it was a territory, between Council Grove and Emporia. He kept notes showing the quality of the land, taking the best land in Lafayette county, Mo., as the standard. None of the Kansas land was over third-rate. It causes us to think of "poetical justice" when we see Kansans coming back through Missouri by thousands as they did last fall, many of them begging.

I can tell Mr. Reynolds why people skip Missouri and go to Kansas. The part of Missouri where there is the most room, and where there is still plenty of government land, is the southern one-third part of the state bordering on Arkansas. What is known as "Bald Knobberism" is prevalent there. When a new settler arrives, the old settlers take him out at night and whip him, as they do not want the purity of their community changed by foreign intermixture. This is discouraging to new settlers. If not, they kill them. The Bald Knobbers are a peculiar breed of men. They are the old John A. Murrell stock of people from the Tennessee mountains originally. Before the war they were horse-thieves. During the war they were Union men solely because they hated the rich slaveholders. After the war they became illicit distillers and murderers of United States marshals. The reason the Missouri *Republican* of St. Louis (Democratic) does not expose them is that they are in a Democratic state. The *Globe-Democrat* (Republican in politics) does not expose them because they all vote the Republican ticket. This is why people pass over Missouri into that natural and moral Sodom and Gomorrah, Kansas, and raise only one crop in three years.

I hav heard the theory advanced that the white inhabitants of the United States are becoming much like the Indians in their peculiar characteristics, section for section; for instance, there in Virginia, Carolina, Florida, and other Southern states, the most warlike; in New England the most intelligent, etc. The Konza (Kansas), or Kaws, were by common consent the meanest and most contemptible of all American Indians.

A financial circular of March 10th says that "vast amounts of real estate paper . . . especially in Kansas, are daily going to protest," so Mr. Reynolds is on the right track. Kansas is mortgaged to-day for more than it is worth—farm mortgages, county and municipal bonds, etc. It is now receiving some accessions of population from Missouri. When a Missourian swindles his creditors, he goes to Kansas and settles. "Birds of a feather," etc.

You may drink what you will and as much as you can in Kansas, if you will do it on the "whited sepulcher" plan.

In view of all these facts, when I read Mr. Reynolds's letter I "loffed and loffed" like an Englishman and rested awhile and then "larfed and larfed" like a Yankee. Mr. Reynolds evidently knows a thing when he sees it.

Time at last makes all things even.

Lexington, Mo., March 13, 1888. GEO. WILSON.

Our London Letter.

The necessity for the disestablishment of the Established church in Wales is becoming more apparent every day. The Welsh are, generally speaking, a hard-headed and practical, but, most unfortunately for themselvs, a very religious people; and it is not superstition generally against which they are fighting, but only one form of it. Being for the most part Methodists, they hav a very strong objection to paying tithes to the priests who are placed over them by the patrons of the church livings, few of whom are able to speak the language of the country, and consequently there is no feeling of sympathy between the shepherd and his sheep. Of course the priests represent themselvs as very hardly used beings, and instead of relying upon their deity to supply them with food and raiment, or soften the hearts of the rebels, they invoke the aid of the government, and saddle the country with the cost of collecting the tithes. The childlike faith in God that these hypocritical scoundrels are so fond of preaching is not considered of any practical good when the opportunity arrives for them to show how efficacious it might be, and then they express surprise that Infidelity (so-called) should be spreading so rapidly. If the majority of people would only think a little, and compare the precepts with the practice of the clergy, the Christian religion would be extinct in a very few years. But owing to the result of early education in supernaturalism, they come to the conclusion that the religion they profess is true, and that its paid exponents are in fault.

The bishops in convocation are sorely distressed "that there has of late been a very marked increase of the use of the afternoon and evening of the Lord's day for amusements of various kinds in the upper and fashionable classes of society." The real grievance appears to be, not so much that the rich classes fail to attach any sanctity to Sunday, but that their example is being followed by the poorer classes. For, although the wealthy may fail to trouble about such matters, still they subscribe handsomely to all the little swindles got up by the clergy, and that will fully compensate for their absence from the churches; but when the workers and toilers cease their attendance they also stop subscribing, preferring to spend what little spare cash they may possess on their own comforts, and a few million widows' mites make up a very large sum at the end of the year.

The bishops are graciously willing that the workers shall hav one day in seven to themselvs, but it must not be used for recreation, and consequently a strong feeling obtains that public conveyances should not be allowed to run on the only day on which so many thousands are able to find out that there is such a thing as fresh air. The clergy do not care whether the laity are sanctified, damned, or annihilated after death, but it is a matter of great interest that they should pay to keep them in idleness during life. To the truly pious man there is no god but Mammon, and Christians are his prophets. J. D.

A Fable.

A dog who had ever been remarked to watch all the doings of men with a sly, observing eye, at length was heard one day to exclaim in rapture: "I hav found it at last—the way to gain a dominion over the minds of the silly of one's fellows, and thereafter liv in an agreeable state of very limited work and quite unlimited favor from the females of the flock." He immediately assembled all the dogs of the neighborhood, and, getting on a stump, commenced leaping up and down, yelping madly, tearing out his hair, and flinging his paws about, meanwhile talking in a way from which all the dogs, after some deliberation among the old and sage, were forced to conclude he was mad. At which they all knocked him off the stump, gave him chase, rolled him in the mud, tore his hide, and finally brought him before a grave St. Bernard magistrate and charged him with hydrophobia. The unfortunate animal, now humiliated and fearful, tried to save himself by alleging that what he was doing was simply preaching Christianity, and could not help expressing surprise that its reception was so different from that which, from the observations he had made among their masters, he had had reason to expect. "But," exclaimed the judge with dignity, as he passed sentence of death, "we are dogs, not Presbyterians." "Besides," added several, haughtily, "we hav read the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1888!"

Colonel Ingersoll's Legal Style.

Gossip About Lawyers in New York Tribune.

Colonel Ingersoll is another member of the picturesque school of lawyers, and much resembles Mr. Conkling in oratorical propensitv. There is this difference, however, that no element of self appears in the breezy speeches of the colonel. They are heart and soul for his client. He is at his best when engaged in presenting his facts. His statements are lucid and full, his illustrations dramatic and ingenious, his manner frank and persuasiv. His speeches in court, like his wicked lectures, are full of humor, invectiv, and tenderness. I heard him in a recent case speak of his adversaries as "vultures sitting on the fence of expectancy." He alluded to them also as "lolling around the hole in the ground in which my client was digging, and when his spade unearthed the precious ore, they all with one accord jumped in upon him and attempted to rob him of the fruits of his toil." At this point his client, Edward Stokes, plucked the colonel's sleeve and whispered in his ear. With a genial grin, Mr. Ingersoll turned to the court, saying, "Please, your honor, my client says that my metaphor is beautiful and true except in so far as it represents him as finding anything valuable in the hole!" "Mortgage these wires!" he exclaimed, at another point; "why, you might as well talk of mortgaging the track left by the flight of a flock of geese through the air!"

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Any number over five at the same rate, invariably with one remittance.	

Home Rule for Americans.

Mayor Hewitt of this city has set an exceedingly good example to the other politicians, and one which can be profitably studied in other cities and states, by everybody. The occasion was the receipt by him from the board of aldermen of two resolutions requesting the mayor "to cause the national, state, and municipal flags, and the Irish national flag, to be displayed on the flag-staffs on the city hall, on Saturday, the 17th instant, in honor of the celebration by the Irish civic and military organizations in this city of the anniversary of the natal day of Ireland's patron saint, pursuant to the power vested in him by Section 198 of Article XV of Chapter VIII of the Revised Ordinances of 1880," and "to place at half-staff a flag on flag-staff of the city hall on the day of the funeral of the lamented Kaiser William." The last request was granted by Mr. Hewitt, as the American flag was all the aldermen seemed to require; and he also put up the American colors on St. Patrick's day, but he peremptorily refused to fly the Irish flag. On previous occasions, also, he has refused to display the British, German, French, and Italian symbols when requested by citizens of those nationalities, and in a message to the board of aldermen he now givs his reasons for his patriotism. We cannot help thinking they are sound, and wishing that the revival of Americanism would spread. Mr. Hewitt says:

"This city is a political organization including and representing the interests and sympathies of all its citizens. Its charter does not know or recognize any other than American citizens, and by the law no distinction exists or can be established between those of American and of foreign birth. The whole policy of our political system has been to efface all distinctions between citizens on the ground of birth, and hence even in foreign countries the government of the United States throws the broad shield of its protection over the naturalized citizen who may visit the land of his birth. In 1868, chiefly owing to the able and persistent efforts of Hon. William E. Robinson, then a member of Congress from the city of Brooklyn, the following laws were adopted:

"Section 2,000. All naturalized citizens of the United States, while in foreign countries, are entitled to and shall receive from this government the same protection of persons and property which is accorded to nativ-born citizens.

'Section 2,001. Whenever it is made known to the president that any citizen of the United States has been unjustly deprived of his liberty by or under the authority of any foreign government, it shall be the duty of the president forthwith to demand of that government the reasons of such imprisonment; and if it appears to be wrongful and in violation of the rights of American citizenship, the president shall forthwith demand the release of such citizen, and if the release so demanded is unreasonably delayed or refused, the president shall use such means, not amounting to acts of war, as he may think necessary and proper to obtain or effectuate the release; and all the facts and proceedings relativ thereto shall, as soon as practicable, be communicated by the president to Congress (U. S. Revised Statutes).

"It will thus be seen that this country recognizes no distinction whatever between its nativ and foreign-born citizens. They are all under one flag, and owe allegiance to the same government. It would be a great injury, as it seems to me, to the rights of our citizens of foreign birth if any public officer should, in any official manner, recognize the existence of distinction in the nationality of American citizens. The flag is the symbol of sovereignty. The public buildings are peculiarly the home of that sovereignty. In them only one jurisdiction can be recognized and suffered to prevail. Over them should float only the flag of the country to which they belong. So sacred is this right that the flag of the foreign minister or consul, floating over his domicil in a foreign land, converts it into the soil of the country which he represents. The display of a foreign flag over a public building is, therefore, in direct contradiction of the fundamental principle of 'home rule,' which every intelligent citizen advocates, and which doubtless you intended to emphasize by your resolution."

This, we take it, is sound American doctrin, and appreciated and upheld by none more than by Liberals, whose chief political aim is to enforce American principles. All over the country, but especially in New York, the foreigners are clannish and do not readily assimilate with the American population. Though legal American citizens, their hearts are in allegiance to foreign countries and foreign rulers. Especially is this true of all Catholic people. In the Northwest, the German Catholics preponderate, and they seem to care more for the authorities at Rome than for their state or national officers. In New York the pope is supreme ruler of something like a third of our population. With this message to the aldermen, Mayor Hewitt sent a table showing the proportion of people here who are foreign-born, or of parents one or both of whom are foreigners, to be 80.15 per cent. The nativ-born Americans, with both parents nativs, are only 19.85 per cent.

The pure foreigners number 39.68 per cent. And of nativ-born, with one or both parents foreign, there are 40 47 per cent. The English-speaking people of this city are only 80.624 per cent of its total population, leaving 19.376 per cent who cannot talk the language of the country which protects them. Considering these facts, Mayor Hewitt wisely says:

"What a change has been produced in sixty-five years! The patriotic traditions of the Revolutionary forefathers, by whose labor and sacrifices this country was made the refuge of the oppressed of all lands, are thus preserved as the direct inheritance of less than twenty per cent of the population of this city. Considering that since the time of Monroe 14,000,000 of immigrants hav come to our shores, our power of assimilation is indeed little less than miraculous, but in the presence of this vast tide of foreign influence it is indispensable to erect every safeguard and to preserve every muniment of free institutions. Of these, nothing is more potential than the flag of the country, which is associated with memories altogether American. Its supremacy should never be diluted by any suggestion of divided allegiance. Let it be remembered that fully twenty per cent of our population do not speak the English language, and must necessarily be ignorant of our laws and incapable of understanding the genius of our institutions. To them the flag is the emblem of power, and if the spectacle is habitually presented to their eyes of promiscuous flags floating from our public buildings, they cannot be expected to recognize the fact that the only source of power is the whole people, whose unity and sovereignty are symbolized by the flag of the Union alone.

"It will thus be seen that, if my views are correct, the display of foreign flags on the public buildings appropriated to legislation and to the administration of justice cannot be defended. To their use in the private or public festivities of the nativs of foreign countries there can be no well-founded objection, and so far as they tend to keep alive the ties of family they serve a useful purpose, but whenever it is sought to put them on an equality with the ensign of our common citizenship, the claim must be firmly resisted on the ground of public policy and of true patriotism.

"I observe with regret that my action has been thoughtlessly denounced in some quarters as the outcome of an unfriendly disposition toward the Irish people in their struggle for national independence. A very little reflection will serve to show to these complainants that in my action I hav only been giving effect to the principles upon which their cause is advocated by all lovers of civil liberty, myself among the others, and that if it be right that Ireland should be governed by Irishmen, as France is governed by Frenchmen and Germany by Germans, then it is equally true that America should be governed by Americans, and that so far as the flag is the symbol of home rule, it, and it alone, should float from the seat of sovereignty.

"I invite your careful study of the facts presented, which will serve to show why candidates for office are so anxious to secure the foreign vote, and to prove also that the danger line has been reached, when it must be decided whether American or foreign ideas are to rule in this city. If the warning which I hav been constrained to giv shall hav the effect of arousing public attention to the good, old-fashioned American idea of home rule, homesteads, and home products, I shall feel that I hav not made a mistake in the official action which my sense of duty has required me to take."

To the American the facts presented by New York's mayor are significant and humiliating. They mean that the metropolis of America is under the rule of a population who do not understand the meaning of the word liberty, and who never will until they become free from the domination of the pope. They hav, too, brought to our shores their petty feuds and ridiculous religious customs; they are clannish, and vote for doubtful candidates who are of their own nationality in preference to better candidates who belong to the hopeless American minority. This they do largely at the dictation of their spiritual rulers. Such a course must finally be fatal to our institutions, ending in their surrender to foreign potentates.

Mayor Hewitt's message is the most statesmanlike document that a New York politician has lately evolved.

Facts and Speculations from Italy.

The Rev. Alexander Robertson, writing from San Remo, Italy, upon the religious condition of that country, incidentally divulges a matter of interest to the Freethinkers who subscribed to the proposed monument to Bruno at Rome. It will be recollected that the municipality of Rome, when asked for a site upon which to erect the monument, refused to grant one. It appears that this refusal was due to the opposition of Torlonia, syndic of Rome, helped by other Catholics. It is in connection with this that Mr. Robertson tells an interesting story of retribution. Signor Bonghi was one of the most virulent opponents of the monument project, and aided Torlonia in many ways. Signor Bonghi is professor in the University of Rome, and one morning upon entering his class-room a hundred and fifty students hissed him for over an hour, so that he was unable to deliver his lecture. The explanation of their conduct was that on the day previous he had spoken against the erection of the monument. After some conferences with the university senate and the authorities it was believed that the affair had ended, and that he might resume his lectures. To minimize, however, the importance of the demonstration against him, Professor Bonghi wrote a letter stating that they were not *bona-fide* students who had hissed him, but only a handful of roughs who had gained admittance to the lecture-room for that purpose. The students again showed their patriotism and opposition to clericalism, and disapproved Professor Bonghi's words by hissing him out of countenance a second time. Their action led to other complications, and, says Mr. Robertson, things hav not yet settled down. The university had to be closed altogether for a day or two, whilst the students of other universities throughout the land took up the matter and sent addresses of sympathy and support to their fellow-students at Rome.

Torlonia, the syndic, has been punished also, though not for his action in this matter. In the recent jubilee of the pope, Torlonia presented his homage to Leo, and was promptly dismissed from office therefor by the Italian government. This was done because the government regards the clericals as enemies of the state, and other syndics who signed addresses to the pope shared the same fate. The elections, however, in Rome last year, as was reported to the congress of the English Secular Society last May, resulted in the selection of so many Christians that the desired site for the monument will probably not be obtained at present, though funds for the structure are in hand.

The Rev. Mr. Robertson relates that the relations of the state and church in Italy are more strained since the pope's jubilee than ever before, which must soon, he thinks, inevitably lead to a decisiv contest. That celebration gathered the dignitaries of the church, lay and clerical, round their head. They were thus enabled to consult together, to measure their strength, and to determin on their future course of action. Previous to this they were anything but united. Personal ambition, family differences, and jealousies of various kinds kept them apart. Now there is at least a temporary agreement to sink these petty causes of estrangement and quarrel, and to unite their forces to make a stand and fight for the restitution of the temporal power. The clerical party

has received instructions to take an even more activ part than they hav hitherto done in municipal and senate elections, and to do everything in their power to secure the election of clericals to all public offices. These instructions are already being carried out with a measure of success in various provincial towns and villages, where the people are ignorant and do not know their rights, and where, consequently, the priests are nearly all-powerful. Hitherto the clerical party has been disloyal, now it is rebellious. Friendship with a priest is regarded as almost treason to the state, and anyone seen in company with a clerical is suspected. The pope is denounced as Italy's worst foe; the priests as disloyal to the core; they are accused of being against the king, against the government, against real education, against civil liberty, against all the rights as men and citizens which Italy had fought and bled on many a battle-field to secure. A town councilor of San Remo said to Mr. Robertson: "We shall never make our young men honest and patriotic until we deliver them from the influence of the priests. Any offense against the state the priests not only condone, but often commend."

In many towns in Italy the positions of schoolmaster are held by these disloyal and traitorous Romanists, and a strong effort is being made to remove all priests from the public schools, and to declare that the priesthood, as a body of men, is disqualified to hold the office of government teacher. School-books written by priests are not allowed to be used as text-books in the schools, but the priests hav been in the habit of giving them as prizes. Signor Crispi has just sent out a circular to all the municipalities, and to the principal libraries, and editors of scholastic books, in which he warns them that the ministry cannot longer permit such books to be so used. "Books of this class, so-called religious," he says, "are an offense against liberty of conscience which can no longer be tolerated," and he adds "that henceforth the scholastic provincial councils will examin all books intended for prizes, and that the government will punish any attempt to infringe these regulations."

Mr. Robertson adds that he might multiply these skirmishes, which are regarded in Italy as the forerunners of the actual battle soon to take place there between the church and state. In demanding and intriguing for a restoration of temporal power, the pope has set up as a rival to the king; his success means the downfall of secular government, and the state can no longer refuse to act. Mr. Robertson professes to see in the coming struggle much good for Protestantism; but if he has paid close attention to the history of the Latin races he knows that when they abandon the superstitions of Catholicism they are not apt to acquire those of Protestantism.

Let's All Be Hypocrits.

Judge Kilbreth has rendered his decision in the case of Knoedler, the art dealer, and his clerk. The arrest was made some three months ago by Anthony Comstock, the pictures complained of numbering thirty-five. Judge Kilbreth finds only two of them obnoxious to the charge, and these only technically, owing to the narrow definition of obscenity laid down by the courts. Among those pronounced chaste by Judge Kilbreth are the ones upon which Mueller was convicted, while one of the two adjudged possibly salacious is of clothed figures. The judge said that the question of obscenity was largely a question of training; the defendants were morally guiltless; and that "the minds of the young" and the morals of such men as Dr. Dix would hav to take care of themselvs, for, said the judge, there are many other things to be taken into consideration, and if we conduct ourselvs only with consideration for the minds of the young we wouldn't do a good many things we do.

On Monday Mr. Knoedler and his clerk and Comstock went into court, where the art dealer and his sevant pleaded guilty, were fined fifty dollars each, which they paid, and went out free men.

This disposal of this celebrated case only complicates the situation, and leaves the ordinary individual lost in dumb amazement at the beauty of the scheme which places every art dealer at the mercy of Anthony, a police justice, an old legal definition, and twelve men. The pictures which convicted Mueller are pronounced chaste by Judge Kilbreth, and a clothed picture is declared vicious under the decisions of the courts, though the judge himself could see nothing injurious in it. Some other judge might regard these as all right, and hold an art dealer on copies of the biblical pictures, such as Joseph and Potiphar's wife, exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum; while the right sort of a jury, gathered from a Presbyterian church, would condemn the Venus of Milo and every representation of femininity without its winter wraps on. The only safe and practicable plan, therefore, is for the world to eschew art, grow hideous and deformed, and revive the puritanism of morals of two hundred years ago. It is no longer safe to possess the beautiful.

All we can say is, that if New York likes this sort of thing, it is just the sort of thing New York ought to hav. How a city of a million and a half of hypocrits will shine in the progress of the world!

Two Christians.

Every now and again some fellow comes to the surface with some real old-fashioned ideas, proving that the race of Christians is not yet extinct, and that despite the innovations made in religion by modern science a real Christian, so far as his brain permits, does exist. Two of this kind poked their heads up recently.

The first was Professor Malcomson, of Dallas, Texas. His specialty is astronomy, and in this science he is an ally of the Rev. John Jasper. The present accepted system, he says, is decidedly antagonistic to scripture, as is easily shown. That the earth is a plane, instead of a sphere, agrees with biblical accounts, which plainly indicates that the inspired writers held that view. The sneers of Atheists (so affirms Mr. Malcomson) and the jeers of the scoffers at religion receive a certain force from our present astronomical theories, and the harm so done to Christianity is incalculable. Upon this subject Mr. Malcomson proposes to lecture, and maintain the following points: 1. That the earth is a plane surface; 2. That it is motionless, as regards rotating on an axis or revolving around the sun; 3. That the sun and moon are smaller than the earth; 4. That the moon has a light of her own and does not reflect that of the sun; 5. That eclipses of the moon are not caused by the shadow of the earth. All of which he proves by scripture.

The other Christian is the Rev. A. A. Robinson, pastor of the Franklin avenue Methodist church of Cleveland, Ohio. On the Sunday following the Mt. Vernon, Ind., cyclone, Mr. Robinson preached a sermon in which he considered, scripturally, what the devil has to do with tornadoes. When Satan struck, and was ejected from heaven, he became the prince of the powers of the air. And with him are legions of the fallen, imprisoned in our atmosphere, awaiting the day of judgment. These persons are ceaseless in their activity. They control the air, by permission of God, who, for his own wise purpose, lets them do it, as he lets cyclones of immorality sweep over the land. Instances proving the devil and his legions to be the moving cause of tornadoes are the death of Job's children while feasting, with which Satan was directly connected; the storm on the sea of Galilee, wherein the devil thought to drown all the fishermen while Jesus slept; and the cyclone at Mt. Vernon, which, though full of mystery, becomes clear when the previous two instances are remembered. For when Satan, a free moral agent who has not yet been brought to final judgment, as man has not, operating in a region of greater power and vaster responsibility than man, spurs the wind into a cyclone and by the abuse of the blessing of God wrecks a city, he simply shows the nature which works everywhere in those who abuse the blessings of God.

To find how far the world is to-day from real Christianity we need men and preachers of this sort. They bring the milestones of progress more distinctly into view. "In this age of fact and demonstration it is refreshing to find a man who believes so thoroughly in the monstrous and the miraculous, the impossible and the immoral—who still clings lovingly to the legends of the bib and rattle—who through the bitter experiences of a wicked world has kept the credulity of the cradle, and finds comfort and joy in thinking about" the prince of the powers of the air, and the cyclones he stirs up by God's permission. "How touching when the learned and wise crawl back in cribs and ask to hear the rhymes and fables once again! How charming in these hard and scientific times to see old age in Superstition's lap, with eager lips upon her withered breast!"

Editorial Notes.

"An exchange wants to know 'why it is, with so many negroes dying, nobody every sees a black ghost.' It is for the same reason that, with so many white people dying, nobody ever sees a white ghost."—*Norristown Herald.*

Just wait till Mr. Colby, of the *Banner of Light*, sees this dogmatic declaration of the Norristown *Herald!*

A friend sends us a pretended "death warrant" of Jesus Christ, copied from a Spiritualist paper, which prints it as genuin. The thing is a humbug and forgery, the work of monks, and only the most ignorant can be deceived thereby. The mendacity of superstition is wonderful, but not more so than the credulity of the people.

Why does not Anthony Comstock suppress Dr. Dix? His late Lenten sermon is so obscene that a lady told a writer for the *Evening Post* that she had "hidden all papers having a report of Dr. Dix's late lecture from her daughter;" that she "would not for the world hav such ideas put in the mind of this young girl," adding that "she believed every pure girl who listened to the lecture left the church less pure than when she entered."

Judge Bookstaver has refused to grant an injunction restraining the Fifth avenue stage company from running their vehicles on Sunday. In a sedate and judicial way Judge Bookstaver poked considerable fun at Elliott F. Shepherd, telling him that if he did not want to be identified with the irreligious action of the stage company he should follow the Bible injunction, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins," by selling his stock.

A reverend gentleman who has devoted his life to religious work, but who through all has been more man than minister, writes to us: "I hav worked forty years among rich and poor, an ecclesiastical nondescript. Much of my time has been given to the lowest classes, for whom, outside the churches, I hav had schools and missions, and arrangements for supplying the young and old with work. My regular parishioners in the city hav at the same time been of the rich—'first-class,' foolishly called—and while personally friendly to their pastor, yet regarded my best work as not respectable.' Bishops and clergy hav openly opposed and derided my work." Comment upon these comments is superfluous.

The *National Baptist* says, in an editorial on trusts:

"Of course, the bad pre-eminence in all this matter belongs to the Standard Oil Company. This corporation has, by ability, by boldness, by utter unscrupulousness, by the use of vast capital, managed to control every producer, every carrier, to say nothing of the legislatures and courts."

The *Examiner*, also a Baptist journal, comments:

"The four most prominent men in the Standard Oil Trust are eminent Baptists, who honor their religious obligations, and contribute without stint to the noblest Christian and philanthropic objects. The four leading men in the 'trust' are John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Jabez A. Bostwick, and Charles Pratt, and all of them illustrate in their daily lives their reverence for a living Christianity."

Further remark would seem to be uncalled for, not to say unkind.

One of the St. Johns, Mich., papers just after Christmas, last year, referred to our old friend Babcock this way: "M. Babcock's Christmas-tree this year bore the sunny fruit of charity in the shape of envelopes containing $5 bills for several poor widows of St. Johns, and several dollars for poor boys. Mr. Babcock's theology is not up to the orthodox standard, but when it comes to the solid religion of clothing the widow and feeding the orphan, his record outshines that of many who, neglecting to scatter sunshine in the paths of their less favored fellow-mortals, hope to mount to joys celestial on the clipped wings of creed and dogma." Mr. Babcock is a bright and shining example to the Christians of his neighborhood.

Chuckling over the confiscation of Mormon church property, the *Independent* says: "A fairly successful raid has been made upon church property long held in defiance of federal statutes, such as temples, tithing houses, church farms, and the like, and even upon snug sums invested in stocks and bonds. Thus the sinews of war hav been seriously touched, and as a result, propagandism has been largely paralyzed." So! Supposing the government next tries its hand on the church structures in Washington worth over fifty thousand dollars each; will the *Independent* applaud that? How about that two or three million dollar Catholic university to be built in our national capital, which is subject to the same laws as the territories? Will the *Independent* demand *its* confiscation? If not, why?

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* waxes sarcastic in the following short letter: "*Sir*: With reference to the attempt being made to tax the institutions in charge of the governors of the New York Hospital, I suggest that if these gentlemen had worldly wisdom enough to tack on to these institutions a little religion, to call them Saint Somebody's Retreat, or adopt some name by which they may pass for 'religious institutions,' then our pious legislators would let them alone, on the tax question not only, but make them generous appropriations besides. I make this suggestion by reason of the fact that institutions controled by religious organizations hav not only been free from the operation of our tax laws and from assessments, but appropriations for their support are annually made. True, all this is against the 'spirit of our institutions,' in conflict with the theory of our government, a rank injustice to many, and in open violation of law. But what of that? say those who claim exemption for churches and other religious organizations. Is not religion of more importance than justice, than right, than principle, than obedience to legal enactments? Instead of a civil government, with the church separate from the state, with religion paying its own expenses, we hav 'a theological government, supporting religious creeds and sects.'"

Letters from Friends.

NAPLES, N. Y., March 20, 1888.

GEO. W. BARNES, *Dear Sir:* You are mistaken, sir. I do not ask Brother Shoemaker to wear shoes that pinch his feet. But I do not want him to prohibit from wearing them another whose feet they do fit.

More than all, I do not want him, because he gets a misfit, to kill the shoemaker, and thereby compel us all to go barefoot. Because there is a dish on the table which you do not relish, do not kick over the table. It is not in good taste. Besides, the dish which you dislike may tickle the palate of another. But if you kick the table over, all must go hungry. Do you understand? "Only this and nothing more."

Let Brother Barnes hav his say; it suits me exactly. My ship will steadily pursue its course even though the trade winds blow. "Variety is the spice of life." We naturally look for it to be a little windy about the time of the vernal equinox. JOHN PECK.

ST. PAUL, Feb. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been an occasional reader of your valuable paper for several months past, and I wish to say to you that I am quite pleased with it. I consider it one of the ablest prints that it has ever been my fortune to meet. The cartoons by Mr. Heston, I think, are just immense, and there is in some of them more truth than could be told in a volume. I am satisfied that the pictures can hav no other effect than that of doing good. Those who cannot read print can read the pictures. It is the belief of many that the cartoons in *Harper's Weekly*, which Nast made, had as much to do with the breaking up of the Tweed ring as any other influence, and, perhaps, more than any other. At any rate, we hav "Boss" Tweed's own words to this effect. He said: "I do not care what they print, for my constituents cannot read, but damn those pictures! They can see." By all means continue the cartoons, and as Nast was such a power in breaking up the Tweed ring, so it may be that Heston will be a great power to help break up the Christian superstition. Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER! Long liv Heston! I hope to be a subscriber to your paper in the near future.

Very truly yours, J. MONROE.

FOSTORIA, O., Feb. 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: At the recent plenary council at Baltimore the bishops agreed on regulations for their slaves and dupes in regard to what they shall eat and what they shall drink during the season they call Lent, and they are to be binding for fourteen years. These poor dupes, who are called citizens of the United States, bend the knee and giv up their manhood at the command of a lot of Italian foreigners, headed by the pope of Rome. Ye gods! what a sight to see! American citizens submitting to these foreigners to the extent of receiving their commands when they shall eat eggs, when they shall eat meat, and when they shall fast altogether. The use of white meat is "tolerated" by these foreigners, and the American citizen can use fat to fry with, under the toleration of this foreign element. If the head of the church and these bishops were American citizens, it would not seem quite so bad, but for Americans to suffer and obey such language is too much. Such citizens are not fit to be in this republic, much less enjoy the franchise of freemen. When will Americans see that to giv votes to the dupes of the Roman hierarchy is giving a stab to the very heart of the republic? They cannot be good American citizens and at the same time owe their allegiance to foreigners, to the extent even of allowing these Roman tyrants to dictate even what they shall eat and what they shall drink. O that the eyes of the people may be opened in time to save this glorious republic from becoming a mere tail to the Roman kite, and sunk in ignorance as low as all countries are where this Italian hydra gets into power! J. DOWNES.

SPANISH FORK, UTAH, Feb. 20, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: Thinking it might be interesting to some of the readers of your paper to hav a word from this part of the Lord's vineyard, I write a few lines to say that both saints and gentiles hav enjoyed a rare mental treat by a course of lectures delivered by Dr. York. This county—that is, Utah county, Utah—is the stronghold of the Latter Day kingdom, and although the doctor has been having great success in Salt Lake City, I was afraid that it would be hard for him to make an impression on the Saints in the country towns. However, we hav been gloriously disappointed. The doctor delivered two lectures in Provo City, on the 7th and 8th of February, in the court house. The first night the house was full, and the lecture, "Evolution; or, Are We Man or Monkey—Which?" was delivered by the doctor with such force and eloquence that it was pronounced by all the best lecture ever delivered in this city. The next day the doctor's friends got together and proposed that he should deliver two other lectures, and they would rent the Opera House for the occasion. The doctor giving his consent, Mr. Morwick was delegated to wait upon the managers of the Opera House to see what the house could be got for, and make arrangements for the lectures. The managers being blue-blooded Mormons, Mr. Morwick was informed that we could not hav the house at any price. So much for bigotry. The next night the court-room was full to its uttermost capacity. The doctor gave the managers of the Opera House a little of his mind, and then delivered his lecture: "Inspiration and Revelation; or, How God Speaks to Man." The doctor seemed at his best, and he did shiver the timber of the old ship Zion in fine style. At the close the doctor asked his audience if they wanted him to come again on the 7th and 8th of March and speak to them. Said the doctor: "If you do, please hold up your hands." The vote was unanimous. The doctor has also delivered three lectures at Payson with equal results, and by request he lectures there again on the 29th of March. The doctor delivered one lecture at Springville, and is engaged to deliver two more on the 27th and 28th of March. I was with the doctor at these lectures. I never dreamed of such success. The doctor held his audience spellbound for over two hours every time. Thus the strongholds of Zion are being bombarded by this great champion of Freethought. The doctor is very suitable for this country, and I think it would be wise if the Utah Secular Union could secure the services of the doctor for another term at an early day.

H. S. BROOKS.

ROCKPORT, Mo., Feb. 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs. M. A. Freeman, whose equal is not in the United States, or in Europe either, for that matter, has been here and delivered three lectures in the Opera House—first, "Orthodox Problems;" second, "Men and Their Gods;" third, "His Satanic Majesty." She awakened an interest in Freethought and universal mental liberty that will spread and expand and go on and on.

The logical reasoner and solid, sedate iconoclast, Remsburg, has lectured here; and the poet-laureate and indefatigable lecturer and worker, Mr. Putnam, has lectured here, but the majority decision is that the noble little lady, Mrs. Mattie A. Freeman, is the best Freethought speaker that has lectured in Rockport. We hope Brothers Remsburg and Putnam will share the laurels with Mrs. Freeman, for we think she justly deserves all the praise she gets, and more.

There is another subject I wish to agitate, and I wish all Liberals to take an interest in it, and that is a lecture bureau. Let every Liberal pay into the fund $1 per annum, and hav a treasurer, said treasurer to giv bond and security for the safe-keeping of the funds. With the establishment of such a bureau we would hav funds enough to send our Freethought lecturers to every hamlet in the land.

Agitate, friend Liberals, agitate. Let us start the ball rolling. There is not a true Liberal in the United States who cannot raise one dollar a year for such a grand work.

Yours, as ever, for the right, G. G. BECK.

FORESTPORT, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the books ordered by me. To say I am satisfied with them would only giv you a very inadequate idea of my state of mind at the present moment, in which I hav just finished cutting open the leaves in "Bible Myths." Before long you will receive another order.

Although a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for about a year, I hav not seen among "Letters from Friends" a communication from the backwoods from Black river country. I hav been a resident of Forestport for about two years, and am therefore pretty well enabled to giv an opinion as to the state of mental activity and Freethought in said place. The fact that the people of Forestport—about four hundred—and vicinity support and keep in a prosperous state four churches, two hotels, two saloons, and three restaurants, will suggest to every intelligent human being the supposition that the good people, taken as a whole, are by gracious providence destined to serve as a link in the chain of arguments produced in favor of evolution. We are the only two outspoken Freethinkers here, Mr. Jeremiah O'Brien and your servant, and both of us are looked upon as being God-forsaken cranks. Of skeptics there are quite a number, but these all lack the necessary moral courage to avow their opinions, and are consequently no better, but even worse, than orthodox Christians, who at least are honest. If I cannot promis to secure you any new subscribers, I can at least comfort you by pledging my continued subscription. Even if I cannot always agree with sentiments published in your paper, I am not so "Cretorial" as to wish them smeared over with printer's ink, nor so "Shoemakerial" as to stop my paper. I will close for this time. GUSTAVE NELSON.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Feb. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I see that some of your correspondents are still exercised over Colonel Kelso's question: "Is there any such thing as Liberalism?" Answering for myself, I should say certainly there is; and I wonder that such a question should be asked. According to my view, there are with reference to this but two classes, Liberals and sectarians; and the two are as separate and distinct from each other as day and night. The sectarian adheres to a creed which he believes to be given by divine inspiration, and which hence must be accepted by all mankind. He cannot consistently admit freedom of opinion. He logically denies man's right to investigate. He simply says, "Accept the divine truth revealed in our holy book, or be eternally lost." The Liberal, or Infidel, rejects all so-called divine revelations. He regards human reason as the highest tribunal known to man, and hence holds that every rational being has an inalienable right to investigate and decide for himself all questions pertaining to his present or future welfare. But it must not be inferred that he is a milk-and-water man ready to acquiesce in everybody's views. A Liberal has as good a right to his opinions as any other person, and it is not only his right, but his duty, to advocate that which he believes to be good and true, and oppose that which he believes to be false and pernicious. The term "Liberal," as I understand it, has reference only to the difference between those who assert the authority of so-called revelations and those who advocate the right of Freethought. It has no reference to the moral character of either. As a rule, I hav found outspoken Liberals honorable and benevolent, but there are genuin Liberals who are the personification of dishonesty and villainy.

I believe I am the only subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER in this place. We hav a good many Liberals here, both Agnostic and Spiritual, but only a few of them subscribe for any Liberal paper. The *Independent Pulpit*, *Ironclad Age*, *Investigator*, and *Religio-Philosophical Journal* all hav subscribers here. Our Brotherhood of Agnostic Moralists is growing. We now hav members in nearly every state; and among them a number of prominent Liberal writers and speakers. A. R. AYRES.

VINELAND, N. J., March 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to respond openly to the account of a Liberal organization named the Rice County Scientific, Moral, and Reformatory Association, started at Morristown, Minn. The accounnt is on THE TRUTH SEEKER letter pages of Feb. 11, 1888. Approval on those pages of the effort may call more attention to the nature and plan of work, which appears more practical in these unsettled times than previous attempts at adult improvement; that is, if, as looks probable, the work bases the reformatory sufficiently on physical reform, which it must to be scientific, moral, and durable; and if, to promote temperance, it keeps clear of the church union and Prohibition cause. These points assured, and the integral culture advancing, Minnesota will be the monitor state pointing to the long-delayed practical education that endows body and character with energy and principle to uphold personal justice and national honor. What Rice county can do, other counties in any state, having radical, intelligent, and enterprising citizens, may do; and a general movement of the kind might ere many years perceptibly rectify the features of society, and show favorably on commercial and political affairs. The influence would act on labor and capital as arbitrating leaven, for manufactures must partake of the spirit that actuates any considerable number of inhabitants. Auxiliary Secular Unions might adopt this method of scientific culture in counties, augment their usefulness tenfold in cherishing noble individualities to stanchly face the frauds of the age and act only for the pure in public affairs; possibly might induce many to take worthy positions who now barter their liberty for exemption from ostracism. What rasping bondage! This method will quietly favor truly improving unions; the good in Socialism, autonomy, and majorityism will peacefully favor the method; and tyranny will learn not to assail it. Will liberty-lovers bethink them of the petty, sickly, and stupid masses whose acceptance of frauds reduced them to poverty of purse and principle, subjected them to the respectable scourge, the fashion fiend, the Grundy myth, of the epoch, empowered with the popular verdict and decision? Will they consider the fatal effects on the sanitary, state, and business relations in a nation of a general acceptance of this all-prevailing and everyway betraying and enslaving influence? Affirmativ answer requires clear thinking and fearless examining of results. Are not the summed-up abnormalities, countless oppressions, vices, vanities, cowardice, restraint, desperation, etc., that these constant tyrannies hav wrought on both sexes sufficient to deplete the vast majorities and concentrate the wealth and power? Then, if the thousand little falsenesses in habits and customs aggregate the mighty wants and wrongs, let us commence displacing the defiling and spurious by substituting the sanitary, scientific, and truly ethical. Only this substitution can relieve the submissiv multitudes and cultivate to comfortable soundness their abused functions. The plan here contemplated, this lyceum method of central officers with clubs and agents in a given circuit, appears practical for the present. If counties or towns commence the reformation, states may follow, and insure large benefits and ample success.

I will send packages of literature to distribute, as called for by the pioneer society, as doubtless many others will, wishing it much usefulness and wide imitation.

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

ADRIAN, MICH., Feb. 22, 288 A.S.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Swail says he is not an Anarchist, and is worth $8,000, and will take my bet. Mr. Swail's boodle sizes my pile; I cannot call him. If he is not an Anarchist, I will take his word for it. But it seems to me he is enthusiastic over the fate of those misguided men who were hanged at Chicago. He seems to be honest, and is certainly humorous. His reference to the Christian murders is correct. But those men who were suspended between the firmament above and plane below in my opinion deserved it all, and it is the only way to deal effectually with such creatures. They merited all they got, and more of the same ilk will hav to get a dose of the same. I do not fear Anarchism, or any other ism, and will doff my beaver to the hanging of all such cut-throats. We hav no use for such elements.

Anarchy: synonym, confusion. It is a creed without conscience, promulgated by thieves, robbers, and advocates of equal sharing of honest labor's fruits with non-working thieves, murderers. They are a bad element generally, without any honor or other feeling than for themselvs. Notwithstanding they affect to feel for their copartners, their regard for each other is like that of a gang of wolves; on one becoming wounded, the others tear and rend him. Should one of their members become possessed of more of this world's goods than his neighbor, he must disgorge or lose his blood. No law is recognized except force—the big dog chew the little one. Anarchy is somethiug for nothing, as advocated by these disturbers of all law and order. They know no moral principles; are totally without the finer instincts of humanity. They are strangers to conscience, hav no scruples, and acknowledge no equity. Blood, rapine, plunder, is their motto. They are too cowardly to face their subject, but take a secret course to ply their devilishness.

Anarchy—the word interprets itself, and those who advocate it are disturbers of good government. In a review in the *Freethinkers' Magazine* for November, 1887, by John W. Truesdell, is shown its true inwardness. The Anarchists hav no excuse except a desire to plunder society and undermine our institutions. They hav no moral convictions.

They could not liv in their own country, and thought to disrupt this land with their unreasonable demands. An Anarchist will not fight for the maintenance of his own government, or the land that has adopted him. He is a secret assassin. He reminds one of the story of the farmer and the frozen snake. After being warmed by the farmer's fireside, the snake attempts to bite him. Thus with the viper Anarchist; he would plunge the dagger into the bosom that gave him birth. You cannot trust him; he is treacherous, and would be a murderer. It is all bosh, that those Chicago men had not a fair trial. Anarchists and their admirers will not be satisfied with any verdict except acquittal, no matter what the offense may be. Their trial was impartial, and their punishment just. Such elements must be subject to the influence of a heavy hand of suppression. An honorable foe is entitled to respect for his attitude, but the secret missil-thrower, with vengeance and forethought in the act, is an enemy who is lost to all sense of humanity, and should be classed with the vilest criminals. Good government is maintained by its loyal subjects; disruption is brought about by factions. As to nationalities who immigrate to this country, the Irish are the most loyal. If there is a stratum of Anarchy in their composition, it is incipient. As a rule, they are a large-hearted people, and wish for peace; and at home they ask to inaugurate their own system of government, and that is but just. The more turbulent elements of other nations emigrate to this continent, where they hav more scope for their devilish agitation, or, more plainly speaking, their more congenial practice, murder and arson, accompanied by theft, to appropriate their peaceable neighbors' belongings to their own rascally and unconscionable use. Sooner or later, unless it is throttled, it will assume gigantic proportions, and cause a worse condition of things than the late attempted secession of a portion of the United States. Look to it, ye who are in authority—suppress this hydra-headed parasite, or its insidious coils will cause infinit trouble.

Those people who land in this country who are disaffected expect to jump into a competency on their arrival. They are disappointed in not realizing their dream of wealth, and, being of a non-laboring disposition, commence to show their venom by inciting to equal rights without a particle of merit to their demands. They are chronic disturbers, and nothing but free plunder will satisfy them. To be sure, the wage-worker's lot is arduous, but honest labor is always rewarded in one's mind, if not in plethoric competency. This country is broad, and open to all, with a reasonable assurance of moderate success. There are a plenty of broad acres that can be had by occupancy. With health and a reasonable amount of perseverance, a home for everyone can be carved out. I see no reason for any trouble in this liberal country. Every man can be a prince of a household, with something to call his own, instead of leading a life of wild, disloyal disaffection. My fellow-workingmen, be wise, and show yourselvs men. Factions will never aid you. I hav been a laboring man myself; worked many a day for inferior pay, although a skilled mechanic. I feel for all honest workers. They hav my true sympathy. I passed through the late war crucible and came out scorched. Am a cripple to-day; hav not walked for years, and cannot hope for any more of this life's pleasures. Will soon be summoned to the great roll-call.

I do not fear the future estate. If we hav a conscious future, so much the better. It will not be attended with the orthodox solution for weal or woe, but a grand eternity. If no immortality, then all is well. The hope or fear of the future should not influence our duty to each other or to ourselvs. We should be men and women, whether an orthodox hell or the Liberal future is before us. It is, in my mind, very fallacious to advocate an endless punishment for our unknown appearance here and short probation. We are not to blame for our existence, and not responsible.

O. S. BARRETT.

FOSSIL, ORE., March 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Possibly there are some so-called Liberals who will think that my letters are somewhat out of place in the columns of an Antichristian paper. I can only say to all such—do me the justice to read my letters in the same spirit in which I do yours, always keeping in mind the universal brotherhood of man.

Liberals, who profess to be so much better than their Christian brethren, should practice what they preach. Modern epicureanism should show a decided improvement on that of ancient Greece. History tells us that Epicurus was a man of pure morals. "He recommended virtue for the sake of its happy results, but his doctrins were so perverted by his followers that the word 'epicurean' has become a synonym for loose and luxurious living."

When I was an unbeliever I was not at all backward in declaring my honest convictions, and now I should be a double-dyed coward were I to hold my peace. If at any time you should find that I am wrong in any of my conclusions, explain it to me in a kind and friendly manner, and I will thank you for it. The man who would not thank the physician for restoring to him his eyesight would certainly be an ungrateful being, even though the instruments by which this was accomplished were sharp and cruel.

I shall never cease to thank that grand and noble old man who by dint of kind and patient reasoning led me to see wherein I had been mistaken. The struggle was long and hard, but my better nature conquered. Having once arrived at the conclusion that I had been in the wrong, it did not take me long to acknowledge it. The feelings that prompted me then are the same which actuate me now to expose myself, through the columns of this paper, to the ridicule of those who desire to look only on one side of the question.

My main object in writing this letter is to giv a few of the reasons why I cannot accept the theory of the evolutionists. I do not want to be misunderstood in this matter, for I believe in a process of evolution, which, although in some respects apparently similar, yet, under the microscopic eye of truth, is by no means identical with the theories propounded by Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall Vogt, and others. Before I proceed, however, I would like to ask those who believe in an unintelligent and unthinking nature one question. It is this: Why should an unintelligent nature decree that, whereas the law is everywhere else universal, cold contracts and heat expands, in water this law should be reversed and cold be made to expand? We with our limited human intelligence can see the wisdom and importance of this, but how was it possible for an unthinking nature to do so? This is only one of the many questions we hav a right to ask, but time and space forbid.

As it would be impossible for me to giv in one short letter all the objections I hav to the evolutionary theory as a whole, I shall for the present confine myself to that which lies nearest us, the Darwinian department, leaving the rest for some time in the future.

I find that those who accept this theory must admit that, according to this hypothesis, there was a time when the laws of inheritance as they now exist, by which like produces like, were not in existence; else how could the simple giv birth to the differentiated? How could that which has no spinal column giv birth to the vertebrata? They must also admit that the laws of variation, upon which this theory depends, and of which Darwin himself confesses to be profoundly ignorant, hav ceased to be, for never since man began to observe the works of nature hav any of these laws been found in actual operation. Whereas, none are more emphatic than unbelievers in declaring that the laws of nature are unchangeable.

Further, they must admit that this theory is unsupported by evidence. It is unscientific. When men attempt to revolutionize the world with such theories as this, they ought to be able to furnish evidence that will support them, or at least they ought to be able to prove that science furnishes no facts in opposition to them. The followers of Darwin cannot even do the latter, for science is against them. Unless they would hav us to understand that the laws of nature are not unchangeable, and that during, as Mr. Powell says, "that enormous period of which we are, by the conditions, precluded from knowing anything whatever," certain laws of variation, of which they are profoundly ignorant, were in operation that hav since ceased to exist—unless this is the case, science is against them.

Even Huxley, in his address before the Geological Society, in 1862, says: "Obviously, if the earliest fossiliferous rocks now known are coeval with the commencement of life, and if their contents giv us any just conception of the earliest fauna and flora, the insignificant amount of modification which can be demonstrated to hav taken place in any one group of plants and animals is quite incompatible with the hypothesis that all living forms are the results of a process of necessary progressiv development, entirely comprised within the time represented by the fossiliferous rocks."

I should say it was incompatible when I remember that science teaches us that, instead of the different species being introduced by small and weak beginnings, and with dimly defined and confused distinctions of species, the giants came first and the distinctions were as clear and well defined then as now, and we know they are so well defined now, in the animal kingdom at least, that they are known even to the animals themselvs.

Even if such a thing as a change in the laws of nature could be demonstrated to hav taken place in the remote ages of the past, here would be another question for Atheists to meet. A miracle is a miracle, no matter if it be propounded by Darwin instead of Moses. As to the supposition in which evolutionists take refuge, that such a miracle might hav happened in the unlimited period of time preceding the formation of the earliest fossiliferous rocks, while we might well refuse to discuss "might be's" in the study of science, we must deny them even that privilege, for geologists hav calculated that this earth has not been in a fit state for plants and animals long enough for this hypothetical system of evolution to accomplish its work of development.

It is not necessary for me to go on enumerating the facts which prove the contrary to this hypothesis. Suffice it to say that this theory is unsupported by evidence. On the other hand, as far as my knowledge extends, I find that no fact in nature, rightly seen, is contradictory to any part of Genesis, rightly interpreted.

This reminds me of a statement C. B. Reynolds made in his letter from Colorado, published February 18th. He said: "Thus geology exposes the absurdities of Genesis. Genesis locates fish, birds, and whales on the fifth day, and declares reptils (creeping things) were not created till the sixth." It may be that my Bible is different from anyone else's, but this is what I find: "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life," on the fifth day. Now, unless Mr. Reynolds can prove that reptils do not belong to the class called "moving creatures," I shall consider it my duty to respectfully inform him he is mistaken. Respectfully, MRS. H. A. RITCHEY.

NEW YORK, N. Y., March 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The letter of Converse Close in your issue of February 11th is certainly a very strange production to emanate from the brain of a professed Liberal. At the age of threescore and ten, spent in New England, and always a toiler for my daily bread, I do not know but I may possibly be an Anarchist in the sense I understand it. I think my respected grandfather was one, for he, with others of like stamp, defied the laws of his country, when it included such Anarchists as George Washington, on whose head the government of England set a price. I hav reason to believe my father was one, for, though a lawyer and a magistrate, he defied the Fugitiv Slave bill, which denied him the right to harbor a slave on the road to freedom.

I am inclined to believe the late Wendell Phillips was an Anarchist. I recollect hearing him assert that every Molly Maguire hanged died a martyr for the freedom of labor. He also, long before the seceding of the Southern states, advocated the seceding of the Northern states. The founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER went to prison a violator of the laws, as construed by the powers that be, and died a martyr to disease contracted during confinement. I might go on enumerating, but this is sufficient for my purpose—except to claim that the government itself is Anarchistical when it violates the sanctity of the mails and privacy of homes at the bidding of believers in the supernatural. I do not share Mr. Close's confidence in the integrity of the judges. The judge who presided at the trial of the Chicago victims complimented the jury on rendering their verdict of death against the prisoners "as having done their work well." Certainly it is out of place for one supposed to hold the balance to make a jury compliments. Again, he says: "I never hav expressed, and do not now intend to express, an opinion as to the justice or injustice of the conviction and punishment of the seven Chicago Anarchists. But I will say that the judge who presided at the court, and the jury who pronounced them guilty, were in a position to know more and better in regard to the guilt or innocence of those men than any or all of those who think and talk merely as impulse or preconceived opinions dictate." I think Mr. Close's opinion is expressed in language unmistakable. I feel sure the mayor of Chicago must hav known *something* —when he testified he was at the Haymarket meeting and ordered the police to retire—"that there would be no trouble." I am not writing from impulse—yet I hav a high estimation of that quality.

From Mr. Close's reasoning the verdict of that great jury, the people, is wrong when after the lapse of one hundred years they denounce the verdict of the judge and jury that hanged men and women as witches.

Again: "And then, when their appeal for a new trial went to the supreme court of the state of Illinois, shall we assume that the judges composing that court were actuated or governed by any motiv not in accordance with justice under the laws, and with a preference for mercy?" I know nothing personally of the supreme judges of Illinois, but the late Jim Fisk could, and did, buy the judges of New York; and Daniel Webster in his lifetime claimed that all men could be bought. Their "preference for mercy" is not apparent in the sequel.

"And finally, when the great high court of last resort in our nation took the matter of a new trial under advisement and decided against it, it seems the hight of egotistical presumption for irresponsible individuals to say that it is all wrong." Now, as to "the great high court," what was law at that court in Roger B. Janney's day is not law there at the present time. In view of the fact that one of the judges of the present court was placed there by the money of a prominent capitalist, I cannot share Mr. Close's confidence in that tribunal. "Egotistical, irresponsible, presumptuous individuals," as Mr. Close seems to understand them, constitute a large class at the present time, who are beginning to think for themselvs—hav they that right?

"We hav boasted, and rightly too, that America was and is an asylum for the oppressed of all lands. But in view of recent events, it may be necessary to modify that expression, when men who flee from oppression in the Old World come here and while yet aliens proclaim their intention to destroy our Constitution and laws, and to do it by revolution that shall drench our land in blood." Well, they place themselvs in the same category with Thomas Paine, the apostle of Freethought, who claimed the world as his country, as his countrymen all mankind. Paine was undeniably the real founder of the American government. Is it the ideal government he intended? I think not. Will the ballot change it? We hav worked the ballot one hundred years and not advanced socially.

It does not come with a good grace for anyone to cant about foreigners in a country undiscovered four centuries ago and which has had government but one century, and really at this day has not an identified nationality, excepting Vermont and North Carolina. In the commencement of Anarchism in America foreigners were a convenient necessity, as, for instance, Lafayette, and in the last war for perpetuity they were a still greater necessity, to place in front as substitutes for rich men's sons.

One word for THE TRUTH SEEKER and I am done. I simply wished to cover the objections in Mr. Close's letter. The press of this country has become very debased at the present time, and unreliable. THE TRUTH SEEKER has maintained its supremacy as a lofty, pure, and high minded journal, the medium for the oppressed. The objections of a few to its caricatures I think are not well founded. It is illustrating the ridiculousness of the sublime. Should THE TRUTH SEEKER become a journal of one idea, though that idea should be the breaking up of religious intoleraunce, its tendency would be toward bigotry, and this is to be avoided in a family paper.

Mr. Close speaks of the Nine Demands of Liberalism, which he favors, as do we. The Infidel does not wish to pay all the taxes. He does not believe in paying for prayers, knowing nothing comes of it. He does not believe in charity, but demands justice. He does not wish the Bible in the public schools; neither does the Catholic. Here is where extremes can meet. He demands that Thanksgivings and fasts shall be done away with. I agree to that. He demands no special privileges for anyone. This is democratic.

GEO. M. DAVENPORT.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

My Loom.

I spun my woof of dewy sprays
When prairies were in bloom,
And tried to weave a fairy web
Upon my little loom;
Wild roses in their sheen of leaves
To twine the misty threads,
And, drifting from the summer skies,
Such blue and tender shreds.

The evening rain on prairie grass
Brought chains of crystal gems,
And morning glories in and out
Along their twisted stems,
And birds, and bees, and reaching vines
Between and to and fro,
With every sweet thing near or far
Where summer blossoms blow.

My skeins inwrought with lilies pale
That I had laid away
Were rent by care and toil and pain—
My roses fell to clay;
My pattern floated from my hand
While yet it was so new.
I could not sing the song of rain
Nor stay my scraps of blue.

Along the hills my pattern lies,
Kept green by fleecy snow,
And care is kinder now to me,
And blossoms soon shall blow.
Through crimson bars and gates of gold
The days are growing long,
And some small shred I yet may find
Within my loom of song.

Frenchtown, Neb. Mary Baird Finch.

His Mother's Boy.

A mother once owned just a commonplace boy,
A shock-headed boy,
A freckle faced boy,
But thought he was handsome, and said so with joy;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His eyes were quite small, and he blinked in the sun;
But she said it was done
As a mere piece of fun
And gave an expression of wit to her son;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His nose, one could see, was not Grecian, but pug,
And turned up quite snug,
Like the nose of a jug;
But she said 'twas "piquant," and gave him a hug;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

The carroty lovelocks that covered his head
She never called red,
But auburn instead;
"The color the old masters painted," she said;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

Now, boys, when your mothers talk so, let it pass;
Don't look in the glass
Like a vain, silly lass,
But go tend the baby, pick chips, weed the grass;
Be as good as you're pretty, you know,
Quite so—
As good as you're pretty, you know.

—*Ellen V. Talbot in St. Nicholas.*

An Interesting Letter.

Editor Children's Corner: I would like to say a few words to the little readers of the Corner.

One would hardly think that an old man would be interested in the letters each week in the Corner from the various correspondents, but I read every one of them.

At the longest, my time is short, and at no distant day some of the little writers must take my place. I regard them as a bow of promis, and it does my old heart good to see so much intelligence manifested in those letters from boys and girls so young. They are really bright and spicy, and many of them contain ideas which would be a credit to much older people.

But it must be considered that these bright little pets are mostly children of Freethinkers, and their minds hav been properly directed. And, what is more, they hav not been compelled to spend their time in committing to memory passages from an old obsolete book, nor in answering dull and useless questions asked by the Sunday-school teacher which nobody knows anything about, and which would be of no benefit if one did know.

On the contrary, they hav spent their time in reading good and useful books, and their minds hav not been dwarfed by dogmas and creeds, but left as free as the birds of the air to explore every hight and to descend to every depth in search of truth, and the result is that a brighter lot of little boys and girls are nowhere to be found. I am proud of them, and would not be afraid to pit them against an equal number of boys and girls of the same age who hav been educated in the Sunday-school.

But, my little friends, it is not enough for you to be smart; I want you to be good, and show to the world by your every-day conduct that it is not necessary to build costly churches, and pay indolent priests and ministers vast sums of money every year, to hav the people good.

Every boy and girl who writes such bright letters for the Corner knows that he or she ought to do right. It would grieve me to think there were any among them who would knowingly do wrong. I want to think of them only as bright and pure, like drops of dew which fall from heaven.

"There is a road to goodness, and the aggregate of happiness to the race will mainly depend upon the number who strive to walk therein."

Every morning when you wake from sleep, before you get out of your warm beds, form a resolution that during the day you will do nothing amiss; that you will be kind to all, and obey your parents, and show a proper respect for those older than yourselvs, and treat with tenderness those who are younger and look to you for help and protection. Each night after you lie down, before you go to sleep, think of what you hav done through the day, and if you find that you hav done what you ought not to hav done, or hav neglected to do something which you ought to hav done, promis yourself to do better on the morrow. This will be far better than saying silly prayers, which can effect nothing, and do nobody any good.

Neither let superstitious people impose upon you by telling you that it is wicked to be cheerful, and vivacious, and merry, and that the old black man, or some evil spirit will get you if you indulge in innocent games and pastimes. For the young to engage in innocent sports is but the prompting of nature, and is not wicked or bad. Reasonable people will not expect the young to look as solemn as the grave, and act as if they thought it a duty always to be in mourning.

I used to teach boys and girls to read and write and cipher, and a merry time we had of it. At proper times I would giv them a loose rein, and frequently joined in their sports, but rarely spoke a harsh word to them or punished them. Many a time I hav carried a little boy or girl home from school on my shoulder.

Though many years hav passed by, yet my mind reverts to the happy hours I hav spent with the children by joining in their sports and conversation, and by the cheerful songs we used to sing. It seems that I can almost hear their merry voices while I am writing. It was inspiring in the morning when all voices joined in singing:

Behold, our happy band appears—
Away, away to school!
The shouts of joy now fill our ears—
Away, away to school!

And another, quite a favorit, had the following:

Oh, how swiftly! how swiftly!
The bird flies away
To her nest in the tall forest tree.
Oh, how sweetly! how sweetly!
She sings all the day,
And is happy as happy can be.

Oh, these were golden hours! and they left a lasting impression upon my mind.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care.
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels wear.

Sometimes, while reading the letters in the Corner, my old head turns to a camera, and before I know it I am taking fancy pictures of my little far-away friends. One has golden locks and blue eyes; another is dumpy and rosy; and so, as I read each letter, there is a picture formed in the mind of the one who wrote it.

Sometimes my fancy takes wings, and I imagin myself on some beautiful lawn, surrounded by all the children of the Corner, having a gala day, happy and joyous.

I wish I could induce every little truth seeker to start in the morning of life with a full determination to make the world better by his or her example and influence. And I would hav them understand that goodness is the real foundation of true greatness.

Now, I hav written my little friends quite a long letter—so long that I am afraid that Miss Wixon will think the letter is not worth the space—and I would like to hav each one write to me. Of course I could not find time to answer all of them, but I should be delighted to receive their letters.

Hoping that I may hear from many of my little friends, and that I may be able in the future to giv them many useful hints, I send greeting, my sincere regards, to all the little truth seekers. John Peck.

Naples, N. Y.

[We thank our friend for the noble sentiments contained in the above letter, and trust the readers of the Corner may often hav the benefit of the riches of his mind and experience.—Ed. C. C.]

Correspondence.

Axtell, Tex., March 3, 1888.

Miss Wixon: I am a little girl five years old, and hav been going to school some this and last year; can read some, but can't write. My papa takes The Truth Seeker. I like the pictures, and the letters in the Children's Corner. I am studying spelling, reading, and arithmetic. I hav a little baby brother. You must put this in the Children's Corner, it being my first letter. Your little friend,

Laura Walters.

(Written by her papa.)

Murray, Ida., March 1, 1888.

Dear Madam: Our teacher wants us to write to somebody, so I thought I would write to you. I would like to correspond with some of the children of the Corner about my own age, which is eleven. I go to school every day, and I am in the Fourth Reader. I hav two brothers; one is nineteen years old, and the other is eight. And I hav two sisters, one sixteen years old, and the other will be one year old the 4th of March. The snow is nearly all gone, and we hav had a few sunny days, but to-day has been very windy. There were two dogs poisoned here, and the boys buried them on the hill, and some of the girls went up and sang three songs, but I did not go. For fear I should take up too much space, I will close for this time.

Yours respectfully, Theresa Ervin.

Science Column.

An Hour With the Glass-Blowers.

It was at Madam Rieth's glass-blowing rooms; and the madam herself, a handsome, dark-eyed lady, is an artiste in her line of work. With her dainty fingers she pulled, twisted, and curled strings of glass into many fanciful shapes and images. And Professor Rieth, too, like a Bohemian magician, seemed to change whatever he touched into glass animals, ships, flowers, etc. And so also did the several assistants deftly turn and blow bits of glass into all sorts of pretty and attractiv articles, to the amazement of the lookers-on. I am not sure that the gentlemanly agent of the concern, J. S. Clark, could not, with a twist of his hand, and a Hocus-pocus, presto, change! make a little piece of glass turn into a gazelle, a goblet of wine, or a Cinderella slipper, at a moment's notice.

The children were perfectly delighted with the beautiful doll, all dressed in blue glass, made in the latest style of dressmaking. Her shawl was a marvel of beauty in spun glass, with glass fringe that looked like finest silk. But the greatest attraction was the "Fairy Queen," the largest glass steam-engin in the world, under full headway, puffing and blowing, glittering and gleaming, like some jeweled thing of life.

Now, let us talk a little about glass and glass-making. Glass is in all our homes and in all civilized places. Take a glass salt-cellar or other article in common use—what is it? Why, only a little extra fine sand, some lime, some water, a pinch of soda or some other alkali, all melted together, and fashioned into shape.

We seldom pause to think how much we are indebted to the discovery of glass, or into what general use it has come. It is one of the greatest servants of mankind.

Pliny tells a story about the discovery of glass in this way: Some sailors of Phœnicia were cruising up a river in Palestine one time, and landing, they sought a spot on which to place their dinner-pots, preparatory to cooking dinner. When they had found a suitable place they gathered some white stones, as they supposed, upon which they placed their kettles and made a fire. The white stones proved to be nitrum, or soda, and, fusing with the sand, it produced a running stream, very clear and beautiful. And this was glass. But this tale is not accepted as genuin.

Glass has been in use a long time, and the art of making it was known to the ancients, especially the Egyptians, who were apparently familiar with the art as early as three thousand years before Christ. Pictured upon the ancient tombs at Thebes are men with blow-pipes, very similar to those now used at Madam Rieth's establishment, blowing glass over the representation of a fire. A glass bead was found at Thebes, bearing the name in hieroglyphics of the queen of Thothmes III., and she lived about fifteen hundred years before Christ. The most elegant work was done in glassware painting, gilding, and cutting by the ancients, and we hav discovered among the ruins of Nineveh many lovely designs. The Greeks knew of its manufacture, for many fine specimens of their workmanship hav been found in their old tombs, some of which, taken from the island of Cyprus, may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Glass cups and vases of glass were put in the tombs to hold the tears of surviving friends when they visited the resting-places of their dead. It is not known that glass was generally used for windows until the close of the third century, but St. Jerome says it was not thus used until the end of the fourth century. And at first glass was only used for church windows, and even so late as the sixteenth century in England it was only the very wealthy who could afford to hav glass windows in their houses. It is said, however, that window-glass was found amid the ruins of Pompeii, but the houses there generally had a kind of talc for windows.

It is less than three hundred years since mirrors were made, before that polished metals being the only "looking-glasses" known.

The art of glass-making has been brought to great perfection, as may be seen in the almost numberless articles made with it and now in use. The sciences are greatly indebted to it, and could make little headway without it, more especially in astronomy and chemistry. The lenses in the telescopes bring other worlds to nearer view, which could not be were it not for glass. Indeed, we can scarcely turn any way that we do not see the necessity and great use for glass.

The utensils for making glass are very simple—a blow-pipe, shears, pucellas, a pair of spring tongs, and a battledore, together with compasses, calipers, and a yard-stick.

The finest and purest sand in the world used in the manufacture of glass is found in Massachusetts among the Berkshire hills. It is exported to Europe and is called there "Berkshire white sand." The grains are white and clear like quartz crystal.

There are other ingredients besides those named above added in making the different kinds of glass, but they are all of a simple nature. Lead is used in making flint glass, and black bottles are made from rock salt and sand from the river-bed, with carbonate of lime from the soap works at Newcastle, England.

In ornamental glass, the Bohemians and Venetians take the lead, but America may compete with the older nations in the manufacture of the useful articles of glassware. The lenses for the great Lick observatory in California, the best lenses and most powerful in the world, were made in Cambridge, Mass.

Last summer the writer went through the great glass manufactory in the quaint old town of Sandwich, Mass., and witnessed the process of making glass in all its various stages. It was interesting to see a workman pick up, with a long tube, a lump of melted glass, looking for all the world like a little batch of dough, draw it out of the furnace, pull it, pinch it, work it into shape, and, in less than five minutes, produce a beautiful glass tumbler. The furnaces are heated with oil, and must be very hot to melt the ingredients. In fact, the heat is so great in the large manufactories that men cannot stand it to work there long at a time. In the fancy glass-blowing, as so skilfully done by Madam Rieth's troupe, ordinary burning gas is used, and sand, sulphur, and water are the principal articles used, with some other substances for coloring. S. H. W.

Questions.—Of what is ordinary glass composed? Relate the story that Pliny tells of the discovery of glass. Is it supposed to be correct? What can you say of the use of glass in olden times? How long before Christ was it in use? What of the glass bead found in Thebes? Where is Thebes? Where hav many beautiful designs in glassware been found? What may be found in the Metropolitan Museum in New York? What did the ancients place glass cups and vases in tombs for? When was glass first used for windows? Was it used in Pompeii? Tell what you know of Pompeii and Herculaneum. When were mirrors first made? What answered for mirrors previously? What special sciences are greatly indebted to glass in the pursuance of science? Where were the lenses for the great Lick Observatory made? Name the tools used in making glass. Where is the best sand found for manufacturing glass? What materials are used in flint glass? in black bottles? What nations take the lead in ornamental glass-making? in the useful glass articles? Describe the making of a tumbler. With what are the furnaces heated in glass-making? Must the heat be very great?

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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Poetry.

Song of the Southern Pines.

I stood alone 'neath mountain pines,
Where the mountain air was blowing,
And the mountain pink was a red, red flame,
While the laurel leaves were glowing;

The lone pines singing a choral hymn
Of a lost and silent ocean,
And keeping time in the morning wind
With an almost eager motion;

While the canebrakes waved in the aisles below
And the cactus bells were gleaming.
Only the breeze from the mountain caves
Might awake me from my dreaming.

The pine-tree's harp that swaying sang
Breathed low of the lapsing ages
That intervened while the mountains rose
And wrote their stony pages.

"Out of the heart of an old, old sea
Upborne on the blue waves ringing,
These rocky walls and the leafy glens
Our morning song were bringing.

"The chanting song repeating to-day
Re-echoes the older dirges—
Creation's voice of the wailing dawn
That dwelt in the mountain surges."

Upon the steeps of the mountain wall
White lily-cups were waving.
"Though sweet," I mused, "ye but re-bloom
As of yore 'neath billows laving."

A cluster of pale anemones
Where the woodbines were in blossom,
But reproduced the garden's glow
Once hid in the ocean's bosom.

The ivy twining the cedar hill
Near the mountain's torrent foaming,
Recalled the morn when ocean halls
Were clad in the primal gloaming.

O mighty hills of the Cumberland!
Enthroned on granit bases,
With a crown of pines, and sands of gold,
And a thousand blooming graces—

Your interwoven song reveals
The line* on the lofty mountain,
Divorcing the crest and golden sands
From the granit's lower fountain.

Frenchtown, Neb. MARY BAIRD FINCH.

*The base of the Cumberland mountain is of limestone, extending half-way up the sides, where it joins the sandstone forming the upper half, the two strata making a line as level as though it were two books, one lying on the other. The opinion of geologists is that it has been done by gradual upheaval from some inland sea.

That Badger Boy At Sunday-School.

THE LESSON OF ABRAHAM, WITH SIDE-SHOWS.

The teacher read of the tower of Babel, and of Abraham's bloody intention to sacrifice Isaac, when the Badger boy opened out as usual, his inquiring mind as alert as ever.

"Don't you s'pose, mum, that Ike was offle scart when the old man tied his hands and feet and laid him on the woodpile to burn, and yanked out his cheese-knife to stick him?"

"Undoubtedly, James. But I do wish you wouldn't talk so slangy. I don't suppose you mean bad [she was throwing bait, as it were, for taffy], but it sounds bad, you know."

"Yes'm. How bully he must a felt, mum, when the angel got in and choked the old man off, eh?"

"James, please don't talk of sacred things in such a worldly, coarse way."

"No'm. S'posin' that angel had been late, mum. It would a been all up with Ike, wouldn't it, mum?"

"There is no supposing anything of the kind, James. Angels are never late."

"Don't never get left, do they, mum?"

"No, James, never."

"Golly! wish I was an an—no, I don't, mum. I'd rather be a boy. It's lots more fun, I guess."

"James!"

"Yes'm. Old Abe was a tuff, wasn't he, mum, to get all ready to do up his son by stickin' and burnin' him? If I thought pop wood roast me 'cos God told him to, I'd scoot, you bet!"

"James, don't talk so slangy, please."

"No'm. What made all the generals of Noah liv eight or nine hundred years, mum? Warn't there no doctors then?"

"Because they were good, child. What do you mean about the doctors, James?"

"Why, pop says they kill a dozen where they cure one, mum."

"Oh! Well, I don't know—I hope not."

"Yes'm. Ain't there any good folks now, mum? You're offle good, I know." (The taffy had taken hook, and the teacher gently blushed and sweetly smiled.)

"Oh, yes, James; there are good people now, besides—oh, there are many good people, James."

"Why don't they liv eight or nine hundred years, then? That would be bully, you know. Wouldn't Parson Cain like to liv and mash the girls and old maids eight or nine hundred years?—whew!"

"James—James! You must not talk so."

"No'm. Did them old roosters hav their own teeth and hair, mum?"

"No doubt of it, dear."

"Crackey! that was nice. Do you like false teeth and hair, mum? Ma says yours is——"

"You James Badger—you hateful boy, you—you go home this minute!"

"What for, mum? 'Cos ma says your teeth and hair is nat'ral? [The hectoring little rascal knew what his ma had said, but he 'played policy' for peace, the teacher being mollified at once.] Them's lovely teeth and hair of yourn, mum, and I guess the super thinks so, too, 'cos I seen him lookin' sweet at you, mum." [The teacher perked and smirked, and softly sighed, looking tenderly at the taffy-giver.]

"You are a curious boy, James—a sort of rough diamond."

"Yes'm. Did them duffers that was bildin' that Babel chimney think they could bild it up to heaven, mum?"

"That's what they thought, James."

"They was chumps, 'cos 'fore they'd got up ten miles it would a tumbled. Was God 'fraid they'd git into heaven, mum?"

"Well, it looks—er—that is, the—er—no, I don't think he was, James."

"Why didn't he let the chumps bild it then, and take a tumble, mum?"

"I guess he wanted to spare their lives, and so confounded their speech, and put a stop to their work."

"Then's when he made Irish, Dutch, Chinese, English, French, and all other kinds of talk, wasn't it, mum?"

"Yes, dear."

"It was funny how that old ram got sot in the bushes, wasn't it, mum?"

"No, James; it was God's doing."

"It was ruff on the ram, though—don't yer think so, mum?"

"Oh, we mustn't think anything like that, James."

"Was Beer-sheba, where old Abe and Ike went to liv, a big beer-shop place, mum?"

"Oh, no, James! You mustn't think such things, my dear. There weren't any beer shops in those days, thank the Lord!"

"What do you thank the Lord for, mum? You didn't liv there and hav to pass the shops, did you?"

"Do I look as old as that would make me, dear?"

"No'm—not half so old. [This was equivocal taffy, but she swallowed it, with a wry face.] Wonder if old Abe carried the roast ram home for dinner, mum?"

"Oh, no, dear; it was all burnt up—a burnt offering, you know."

"Did God like the smell of burnt mutton, mum?"

"Oh, I don't know, James! I suppose he—er—don't ask any more such questions."

"No'm. Old Abe's brother, you read, mum, had a conkerbine. What's that, mum? Something like a carbuncle?" (This query overwhelmed the teacher with confusion, but the too curious lad left a precious way out of a hole as deep as a well, and the teacher, leaving truth at the bottom thereof, availed herself of the grateful outlet.)

"I think so, child; but you mustn't speak of Abraham as old Abe, dear. It is unholy!"

"Huh! didn't we hav an 'Old Abe' for president, mum? I'll bet he was a bigger man than that old snoozer——"

"James! James! You mustn't."

"No'm. That old woman, Sarah, was ruff on the gal, Hagar, wasn't she, mum? Would you liked to been Hagar, mum?" (This was too, too much for the teacher.)

"You little, measly wretch of a James Badger! You get out of here, quick! You are the wickedest little wretch living! The class is dismissed now." And thus terminated the Abe and Ike séance. SI SLOKUM.

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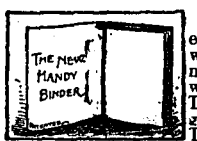
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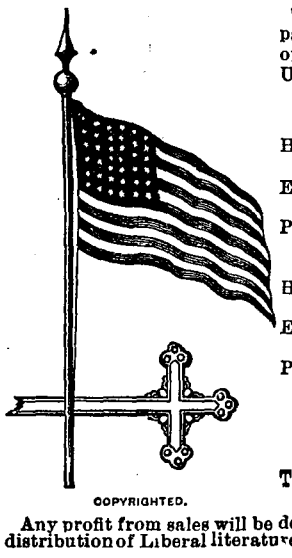
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GERMAN capitalists are developing Mexico.

A THEATER fire at Oporto, Portugal, destroyed 100 lives.

AN English syndicate will construct a railway through Siam.

THE latest monopolistic combination is one in firearms and ammunition.

SWITCHMEN on the Burlington railway hav struck to help the engineers.

THE maintenance of the military of Europe last year cost $1,115,000,000.

SAN FRANCISCO policemen say that they hav never seen a drunken Chinaman.

THE Catholic Benevolent Legion has 14,000 members in the United States.

THE Congo Independent State is meeting great success in civilizing central Africa.

EXPOSURE is made of the theft of large tracts of Oregon public lands by wagon road companies.

THE government steamer Albatross has sailed for southern waters on a scientific mission.

A NATIONAL association of foremen in all industries, called the Foremen's Association, is growing.

THE Catholic church is working, for certain selfish ends, to secure emancipation for Brazilian slaves.

THE New York legislature committee to ascertain the best mode of capital punishment favor electricity.

THE New Jersey M.E. conference demands prohibition of traveling, or the buying of milk or papers, on Sunday.

ON the 21st inst. a special providence destroyed the Baptist and Methodist churches of Calhoun, Ga., by a cyclone.

THE reëstablishment of Fort Duncan, Tex., is thought necessary, considering our rapidly increasing intercourse with Mexico.

SOME German-Americans with republican principles censure as un-American our memorial services for the late emperor.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, the English doctor treating the German emperor, is threatened with violence by the Berlin populace.

SENATOR BLAIR is censured for proposing in Congress that in appointing Southerners wounded Confederates hav preference.

THE Alabama labor organizations, including K. of L., Farmers' Alliance, and Agricultural Wheel, hav nominated a state ticket.

MANY states are adopting, in connection with high license, severe restrictiv regulations which are decreasing the number of saloons.

MANY Parisians expect a revolution—either a reappearance of the Commune or a restoration of the Orleans princes or the Bonapartes.

THE European masses Socialistically inclined are exhorted by Leo XIII. to establish Christian labor guilds on the medieval model.

OCCASIONALLY loss of life at New York fires draws attention to the fraudulent omission of building inspectors to report unsafe buildings.

THE most unique criminal of the week is Dr. Chapin, arrested at Columbus, O., for having ten wives and twenty bogus medical diplomas.

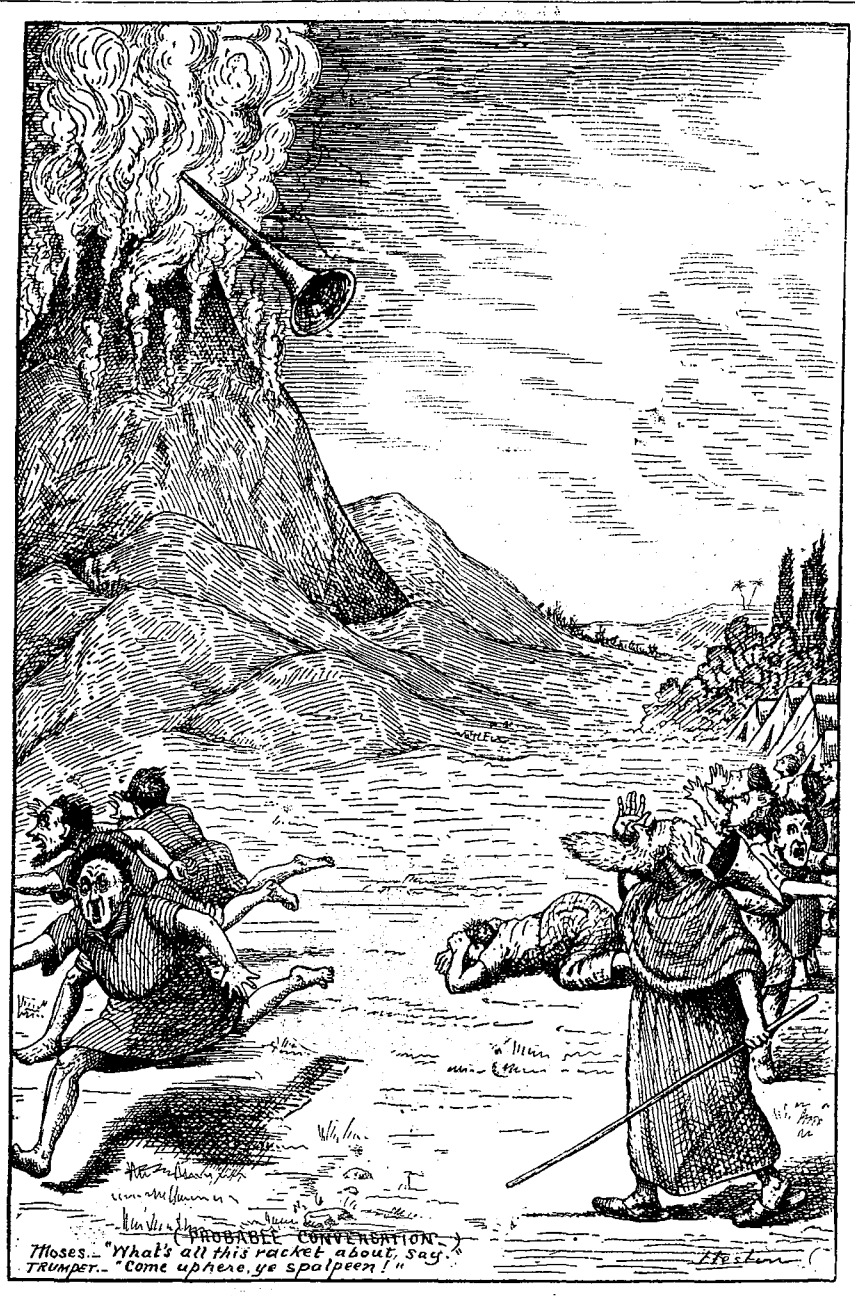
MOST noteworthy among the eloping ministers of the week is one who left his wife, near Manchester, Eng., to fly with a twenty-year-old girl.

THE Moscow *Gazette*, in an article affirming the imminence of international combination, urges the necessity of England's joining France and Russia.

GEORGE WILSON, the wife-murderer awaiting execution at Buffalo, N. Y., discourses thus: "The Lord is on my side, and if every person in Orleans county is against me my soul will be saved."

THE Senate has passed a bill providing for the appointment by the president of a commission of five fully to investigate the liquor traffic in all its relations—economical, political, and moral.

THE nationalities of New York city are estimated thus: Nativ parentage, 299,873; foreign born, 598,337; nativs of foreign parentage, 609,664; Irish born, 248,245; German born, 204,352; non-English speaking, 292,163; total population, 1,507,874.



CONSTERNATION IN CAMP.

And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. And the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, on the top of the mount: and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up.—Ex. xix, 19, 20.

Odds and Ends.

A BREATH of suspicion.—One tainted with the odor of cloves.

A PEN may be driven, but a pencil does the best when it is lead.

No, my boy, the 'fishery treaty does not affect our codfish aristocracy.

MAMMA: "Edith, can you tell me what faith is?" Edith (aged six years): "Oh, yes; it is believing what you know isn't true."

A MAN who sets out to study a woman's disposition can generally learn a great deal, but the price of tuition is apt to be high.

"THEY say man is the stronger sex," exclaimed the elder Dumas; "nonsense! A woman resisted me eighteen months and I was never able to resist a woman more than ten minutes."

VISITOR: "And so, my poor man, you are truly sorry for what brought you here?" Prisoner: "Yes, indeed, ma'm." Visitor (sympathetically): "What was it?" Prisoner: "Gettin' found out, ma'm."

MRS. BJONES: "I hear that young Mr. Sissy is still in search of a wife." Mrs. Jsmith: "Why, I thought he was married!" Mrs. Bjones: "So he was. She's left him. She's the one he's in search of."—*Life.*

THIS is the toast which the modest Irishman drank to the Englishman: "Here's to you as good as you are, and here's to me as bad as I am; but as good as you are, and as bad as I am, I'm as good as you are as bad as I am."

"WHAT do you do for cold feet, doctor?" The doctor, in thoughtful surprise: "Why, I'd go out into the snow barefoot or sleep with my feet out of the window, I suppose. Why do you ask? What do you want cold feet for?"

CRŒSUS: "How much did you say Mr. Newgold was down for?" The minister: "Five hundred dollars, sir." Crœsus: "Put me down for six hundred, then. In a matter of Christian charity I can't stand on a level with an upstart like him."

"Is there a colored man around here who can beat a carpet?" asked a citizen of a whitewasher at the market yesterday. "I reckon dat pusson ober dar kin do it, sah." "Is he a professional?" "Yes, sah. He's beat two groceries, three saloons, and his wife, an' I reckon he kin git away with a carpet."

AN exchange says: "Sandwiches of grated turkey, the bread cut in the form of crosses, were served at a New York reception of a semi-religious character a few days ago." Why not carry out this idea at other entertainments? Sandwiches cut in the form of harps or grand pianos would be appropriate for receptions of a semi-musical character. Sandwiches in the form of bats would be a go for balls of a semi-athletic character. The ordinary ham sandwich will still be served at free lunches of a semi-theatrical character.

A DENVER man says that his servants frequently come into his parlor to help entertain company. He gave a dinner party a few weeks ago and his servants were told to serve wine. One of the guests declined, and the girl expressed her astonishment by saying, "Don't yez want no wine?" The gentleman replied that he did not, when the girl looked at him a moment and said: "What's de matter? Do yez drink hard?"

"ISN'T it wonderful, Jonas," said Mrs. Pudgson to her partner as they sat at their evening meal, "how acute a dog's sense of smell is? Why, Fido can track you all over the house, no matter where you are. I would giv worlds for such a nose. Suppose I wanted to find—you, for instance. Why, I should catch your trail as soon as I struck the street and could track you to any part of the city." Jonas looked thoughtful, and rising, began to put on his overcoat. "If I were you, Maria," he remarked somewhat pettishly, "I'd be content with the talents the Lord had given me." And he jammed on his hat and went down to the "office."

ELDER BERRY had come out of prayer-meeting a little before the close, and the sexton noticed that he had a worried look and a corrugated brow as he fumbled among the few umbrellas that remained in the vestibule. "What's the matter, elder?" he inquired, sympathetically; "cain't find yer parryshoot?" "No, I cain't, Jim," said the elder, somewhat testily; "who's been here takin' other folks' umberellers?" "There ain't no one come aout sence you went in," replied the sexton, "'ceptin' Deacon Graves, f'm up your way, 'n he got his'n all right, I know, fer I seen his name outer th' handle." "Sho!" said the elder, as he straightened up stiffly from his search; and the puzzled look, slipping from his face, was succeeded by one of deeper speculativ gloom. "Sho! Wall, I swow, I hadn't no idee thet the deacon was comin' ter meetin' to-day. Sho! Jim, ain't it most time you went daoun an' seen to them furnaces? The haouse ain't more'n half het up."

ROMANISM,
OR
DANGER AHEAD.

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Gems of Thought.

Do not suffer yourself to be hurried away by the impetuosity of your passions, but, in all your pursuits, hav a regard to justice, and, in all your speculations, let truth be your aim. Whatever is agreeable and consonant to thy system, O universe, is so to me. Nothing is either premature or too late, in my apprehension of things, which is seasonable to nature and conduciv to the good of the whole.—*M. A. Antoninus.*

YET be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which time leads me, and the will of heaven;
All is, if I hav grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.—*Milton.*

IT is graceful in a man to think or to speak with propriety, to act with deliberation, and, in every occurrence of life, to find out the truth and to stick to it. On the other hand, to be imposed upon, to mistake, to falter, and to be deceived, is as ungraceful as to rave and to be insane. Thus, whatever is just, is graceful; whatever is unjust, is as ungraceful as it is criminal.—*Cicero.*

I HAV made up my mind that, if there is a God, he will be merciful to the merciful: upon that rock I stand! That he will forgiv the forgiving: upon that rock I stand! That every man shonld be true to himself, and that there is no world, no star, in which honesty is a crime; and upon that rock I stand! The honest man; the good, kind, sweet woman; the happy child, hav nothing to fear, neither in this world nor in the world to come; and upon that rock I stand!—*Ingersoll.* [Ingersoll is, I think, safe and immovable on his "rock," and yet he does not surpass, if he comes up to, the sublime dignity of the old heathen philosopher Cleanthes (b. 300 B.C.), who stood and prayed thus: "O God! be merciful to the wicked, for to the *good* thou hast done everything in making them good."—*C. W. C.*]

MY own opinion is, that those whose lives hav been spent in doing good, and endeavoring to make their fellow-mortals happy, will be happy hereafter.—*Thomas Paine.*

GOD will not punish with eternal thirst the man who has put the cup of cold water to the lips of his neighbor. God will not allow to liv in the eternal nakedness of pain the man who has clothed others.—Here is a shipwreck, and here is some brave sailor who stands aside and allows a woman whom he never saw before to take his place in the boat, and he stands there, grand and serene as the wide sea, and goes down. Do you tell me there is any God who will push the lifeboat from the shore when that sailor wishes to step in? Do you tell me that God can be unpitying to the pitiful, that he can be unforgiving to the merciful? I deny it, and from the aspersions of the pulpit I rescue the reputation of the deity. *Ingersoll.*

O WRETCHED old man! who in so long a time of life hast not seen that death is a thing to be despised! Which either ought altogether to be regarded with indifference, if it entirely annihilates the mind, or ought even to be desired, if it leads to a place where it is destined to be immortal. Yet no third alternativ certainly can be found.—*Cicero.*

FOR mystics, as such, there is a surely waning respect. Swedenborg may hav given a sublime system to the world, but for him in his supernatural aspect and for Jacob Boehme, for Fox in his dreaming days and for the hysterical convulsionists who afflict themselvs under certain ministrations of religion, there cannot be a sentiment that rises much above pity. It is true, we are not all intellect. We hav emotions, but it is the part of reason to control them; they are not to control us: otherwise a wayward child, a savage, or a Southern negro at a camp-meeting, would be a better model for imitation than the mystic himself.—*Francis H. Underwood.*

THOUGH love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply—
"'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."
—*Emerson.*

THEOLOGIANS calmly assume that the destruction or radical transformation of the old symbols is equivalent to the destruction of the things symbolized, and the alteration of the human nature which created them. For my part, I cannot even understand the doctrin that the conscience (for instance) was created by a belief in hell and will perish when hell ceases to be credible. It seems to me clear that the conscience created the old hell and will presumably create a new one, sufficient for practical purposes, whenever the ancient mythology decays.—*Leslie Stephen.*

ONE would suppose, from the claims which are frequently made, that there was no morality before the Christian era; that men were entirely wanting in knowledge of what is right, and the disposition to do it; in short, that all were thieves and murderers before knowing Christ.—*Underwood.*

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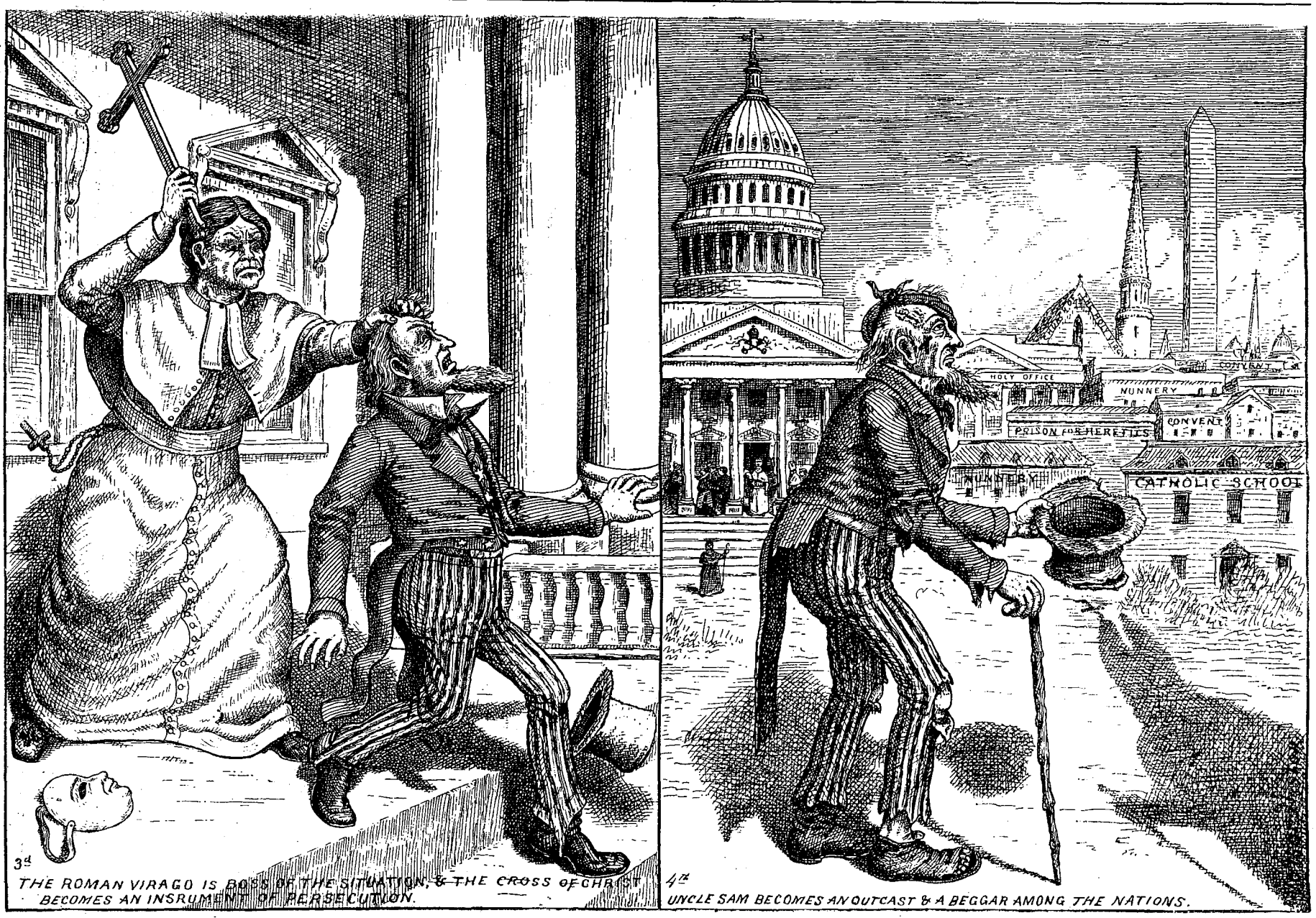
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THE MASK TORN OFF.—CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Notes and Clippings.

A NUMBER of influential citizens of Montreal hav petitioned the council of that city to authorize the erection of a statue of the Virgin Mary in a public square. They think that if the Virgin Mary is thus honored, the city will escape such disasters as floods and small-pox. It doesn't take much to make "an influential citizen" in Montreal.

DR. WILLIAM S. BRYANT, of Boston, completed his course at the Harvard Medical School last year. Young as he is, however, he has made a discovery in anatomy which has profoundly impressed the few scientists who hav heard of it. He has found that in the portal veins of very young infants exist valves which disappear as the child grows in years. These valves are found in the portal veins of the lower animals, but science makes no mention of their existence in children. Dr. Bryant's discovery is important in that it offers one more proof of the truth of the evolution theory.

THE new emperor and empress of Germany are skeptics. The empress, a daughter of Queen Victoria, was a constant friend of Strauss when he was most denounced for impiety. Dr. Parker, the minister for revenue only who lately visited this country, in sermonizing upon the death of Kaiser William remarked that his successor had "proved himself a true Christian." The way he made this out was by adding: "In form, ceremony, and ecclesiastic relation, one need not inquire what he was; but in docility, in resignation, and in cheerful submission to a trying situation, he had surely been an example to all men." The London *Freethinker* thinks this is pretty cool impudence.

Life doesn't know where Dr. Dix got his impressions about the better grade of New York society, but if we were he, we would choose our associates with more care. If he preaches from what he sees he has fallen into very bad company indeed, and if he has preached about what he hasn't seen, some one has been imposing upon him. We almost fear that Dr. Dix has read some of the sensational morning papers.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK has lost all his suits against the Philadelphia newsmen that he had arrested for selling New York *Evening Telegrams* containing copies of some of the pictures Comstock complained of in the Mueller and Knoedler cases. The jury acquitted the men, by recommendation of Judge Reed, without leaving their seats. The seized papers were returned to the dealers, who went out and sold them on the street at twenty-five cents a copy.

THE London correspondent of the *Evening Post* of this city writes to that paper: "The present session of Parliament bids fair to be known in English history as Bradlaugh's session. Not a week has passed since he induced the House to accept his proposal to abolish the religious oath in certain cases, and already he has succeeded in carrying a resolution in favor of reform of the pension list, for which he has striven all his life. It is evident the relations of the two great parties, Tory and Liberal, are in a transition stage. The Tories, since 1884, hav had to appeal really to popular suffrage. This explains why the government accept Bradlaugh's motion about pension abuses, which has powerful support in the country. Mr. Jennings, who seconded it, went further even than Mr. Bradlaugh, and caused much amusement by calling attention to some of the more shameful instances of waste of public money on disreputable or undeserving persons and their descendants, although Jennings is a Tory, and notoriously a strong party man."

THE Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese of Newark has approved a rule of the priests that before any children shall be "confirmed" they must attend a parochial school for two years preceding such confirmation. The reason given for the adoption of this rule is that the parents in the church preferred that their children should attend the public rather than the parochial schools, and it was felt necessary by the church authorities to adopt stringent disciplinary measures to subdue this rebellious spirit.

SAYS the *Sun*: "Mr. Anthony Comstock's attention should be and is hereby called to the sickening and solemn report that the king of the Belgians is going to visit the Hon. Mr. Carnot, of France, for the purpose of getting up a lottery loan in aid of the Congo scheme. Is it not Mr. Comstock's duty, upon the bare mention and exposure of this report, to hie to Paris? It may be difficult to proceed against King Leopold, but Detectiv Comstock should consider the picnic he would hav among the exhibitions of French art."

OF the passage of his Oaths bill Mr. Bradlaugh says: "There was a big House for the division on the Oaths bill on Wednesday. I sent out a whip to all members, without distinction of politics, about three weeks ago, and three days before the debate every member, whether for or against, received an urgent reminder, together with a careful statement of reasons which I had drawn up in favor of the bill. On Tuesday night the government whips sent out a four-line whip to their own men, and Wednesday opened with conflicting rumors, not only as to the line the debate would take but also as to the official action of the government. It was stated that Mr. Smith, and most of the ministers, would vote against me. That proved to be accurate. It was said that the rank and file of the Tories would vote solid against me. That I did not believe. It was said that many of the Irisb members would vote against me. That I could not believe. Then it was told me officially that there were about fourteen of our own Liberals, who were away addressing public meetings, who were unpaired. This was true, and would naturally reduce the majority. Everyone who came to me had some specially pessimistic information. Some even suggested that I should be beaten. When I spoke, about two hundred members were present, the larger portion being Conservativs. On the whole, the debate was very creditable to both sides, although there were one or two exceptions of members who were exceedingly personal, and there were two who were shockingly unfair. The new closure rule came handy—without it the bill would hav been talked out—and, with rare exceptions, even those members who were most opposed to the bill justified and indorsed my action in moving the closure. The grand majority of one hundred givs the bill great authority for the other House." The bill will come up for further action on April 10th.

Communications.

A Protectiv Tariff.

I will commence this article in the words of James W. Stillman, in his article on a "Revenue Tariff" in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 24th: "Of the various questions now agitating the public mind, perhaps there is none of more importance than the proposed revision of the tariff." I will not, however, propose to consider the question as a non-partisan and then giv you a free trade lecture, "in the interest of truth," as that gentleman does, but I will say at the start that I propose to offer a few ideas on the subject for the express purpose of offsetting his partisan views.

He says: "The first question presented for consideration is, What is the primary object and meaning of a tariff?" and then adds that "it is designed to raise a revenue to pay the expenses of government, or for protecting the home manufacturer against the competition of his foreign rivals." We hav a correct definition of the purposes given for which a tariff is raised, and hence can hav no controversy about that, but the difficulty seems to be about what kind of a tariff will best subserve the interest of Americans.

Let me call your particular attention to the fact that not one person in a thousand knows what a revenue tariff is or what a protectiv tariff is.

The usual custom is to argue that a revenue tariff must be so arranged as to consist of low duties, and a protectiv tariff must consist of high duties. There never was a greater mistake in the world than this, and I shall attempt to illustrate this. Suppose that the foreign manufacturer can furnish an article, including cost of carrying to New York, at one dollar, and the market value here is one dollar and fifty cents. By free trade absolutely it would giv him a profit of fifty cents. If an American party cannot produce the same article for less than the market price, one dollar and fifty cents, it is evident that the foreigner will hav an advantage of fifty cents on each article, and can control the market by selling the article at one dollar and forty cents, one dollar and twenty-five cents, or less; but as the government needs money to carry on its expenses, it proposes in accordance with its constitutional provisions to levy a duty upon the foreign article. The proper amount of that duty is the question to determin. The American can furnish it for one dollar and fifty cents and pay his labor and capital. The foreigner can furnish it for one dollar and pay his labor and capital. Hence to place both countries on an exactly equal chance in our markets, the government should levy a duty of fifty cents on the article, and this would giv each country and the labor and capital of both an equal chance, and if the product was equally good, we think each party would sell about half of the required product. This seems clear.

The protectionist says, however, that in order to build up the nativ product and increase the labor of the country, we ought to levy a higher duty than the above difference, and so he succeeds in getting a law to levy a duty of sixty or seventy cents; and what is the result? Why, simply this: The foreigner can only realize a profit of twenty cents or less after paying such a duty and he accordingly will not send an equal amount into our market, thus giving the American product the advantage in the home market.

It will be seen that, while it does this, the higher duty has had the effect at the same time to cut down imports about one-half, while the extra twenty cents has not diminished the amount of duties received into the treasury, but now, in order to diminish the revenue to the actual needs of the government, a still higher duty must be levied, say eighty cents, and that would produce a genuin tariff for revenue only, while it would at the same time afford the best possible protection to the American manufactures, and that, too, without raising the market price one cent If it did, however, hav the effect to raise it, the natural competition would soon bring it to the original price, or below it, as has often been the case. It will be seen, then, that a tariff levied so high that only the necessary expenses of the government would be met by the imposts would at the same time be the best possible tariff for protection.

A revenue tariff, or one for revenue only, may be so arranged that it will afford the best kind of protection, or it may be so low that it would ruin our manufactures, and giv the whole market to other nations, while the amount received by the United States government would be practically the same.

The low revenue tariff would flood the country with goods, and take all our gold out of the country to benefit European labor and capital, while a high revenue tariff would prevent the influx of goods and afford protection to Americans, and at the same time keep all the money in the country, as our present tariff, to some extent, is doing. Who is to be benefited by a low revenue tariff, and what class is to be benefited by a high revenue tariff? These are simple questions. The man who has wealth, and who does not depend on an increase of his capital or labor, wants to buy his fineries at the lowest price, and is the one to be benefited by the low revenue duties and cheapened goods; and the poor man, who has only his labor to sell for the highest price he can get, and the manufacturer who needs to increase his capital and promote labor, they need a high tariff for revenue only. There is no dodging these questions. The influx of foreign labor, and other questions that are usually dragged into the tariff question, hav nothing to do with it, only as they affect the amount of production. It is a fact, however, that the influx at present, as in the past, creates a demand for necessaries that is an equal offset to their increase, and leaves the question as it is. That is, when many immigrants arrive, they bring with them both production and demand, which offset each other. This talk about the surplus held by the government being money kept out of circulation, and thereby destroying trade, is the worst kind of stupidity. The truth is, it is simply the amount of gold that under a low revenue tariff would be circulating in Europe, instead of being held by the government, and it shows that in the main the tariff was not high enough to restrict importations so as to produce the revenue only which was needed, or else the government would not hav it to store away.

Under no circumstances will a low revenue tariff cause a circulation of money in America, as the cost of imported goods, together with all profits, go out of the country. When President Cleveland, in his free trade message, advised the laboring man to work for cheap goods by means of a low tariff, he advised him to quit work and finger the bottoms of his empty pockets for the pennies to buy his necessaries with. But to the wealthy class who need no work, and hav their pockets full, it was a message of great encouragement. The labor of the poor man is his capital. He has no money laid by to purchase Mr. Cleveland's cheap goods; hence, what we want in America is such a tariff as will stimulate labor. We cannot afford to let America's workmen hang out their tongues for food and drink simply to support the aristocracy of Europe. Nor do we want to turn the twenty-five millions of laboring men and merchants into farmers, so as to produce that for which there is no demand. In fact, Americans want something besides bread to liv on. They want houses and clothing, education and home comforts, and so do the farmers.

There is one argument that ought to put every sensible man to rights on this question. We hav never heard clamoring by the free traders for low tariff except when the tariff had made the times good; and the president put his argument on the ground that, "inasmuch as we hav been prosperous, we ought to be willing to share our prosperity with the nations of the earth"—thus begging the whole question.

J. R. PERRY.

Wesley, Paine, Shakspere, and Bacon.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* What I wrote about John Wesley was in response to an inquiry of a correspondent, seconded by yourself in the heading, "Information Wanted About John Wesley." I quoted from a recent work of the historian Lecky to show that Wesley was not indicted for adultery in Georgia, but for defaming a woman's character. If there is documentary proof that Lecky is mistaken, let it be produced.

In regard to Thomas Paine I profess to hav some knowledge, having carefully studied his works and written much about him. Few people are aware how secretiv he was. He was scarcely known as a writer until more than eight years after the close of the Revolutionary war. In 1791, when he was fifty-four years of age, he burst forth like a meteor in the literary and political world by the publication of the "Rights of Man" in answer to Edmund Burke's attack on the French Revolution. All through the American war he signed himself "Common Sense," and his only open publication prior to his return to England was a "Dissertation on Government, the Affairs of the Bank and Paper Money," in 1786.

His first acknowledged essay was a Plea for the Excisemen, in 1772. This was anonymous, and the officers of the excise all contributed to pay the expense of publishing four thousand copies.

His next known literary work was a few brilliant contributions for the *Pennsylvania Magazine* in the early part of 1775, signed "Atlanticus." A year later he surprised his friend, Dr. Franklin, by the publication of the revolutionary pamphlet, "Common Sense." Its authorship was attributed to various statesmen of the time, and every edition was anonymous. So it was with "The Crisis," sixteen numbers, beginning in December, 1776, and ending December, 1783. They were all signed "Common Sense," and so they stand to-day in "Paine's Political Works."

Until recently no trace of any writing of Paine has been found between March, 1775, and January, 1776. In January, 1775, while Franklin was yet in England, a weekly paper was started in London, called, "The Crisis," the principal object of which was to oppose the British ministry in their conduct of affairs, especially in America. The writers were anonymous and audacious. The principal contributor, beginning April, 1775, was "Casca," who was unknown to the publisher, and was certainly about London from April or May until November or December.

In October, 1880, I first saw in the Congressional Library a bound copy of "The Crisis" of 1775, or rather, an American reprint published in New York in 1776. At once I detected "Casca" as Thomas Paine. Four days later I was happy to find that Librarian Spofford had anticipated me in indentifying "Casca" as Paine, his discovery being based, not on the contents of "The Crisis" of 1775, but on a separate publication of an extra paper in pamphlet form, entitled, "A Crisis Extraordinary," dated August 9, 1775, signed "Casca," and all about General Gage's proclamation of June 12th. Taking a text from Horace, *Projecit ampullas*, the writer gave it a free translation thus:

> On souls, of slavery more than death afraid,
> Gage wastes his pardons and his gasconade.

"The Crisis" was published in London from January 21, 1775, until after the Declaration of Independence. The first number of "The Crisis," by "Common Sense," is dated December 23 1776.

In 1796 a volume was published in England containing all the numbers of the American "Crisis" except two which could not be procured by the printer. And prefixed to these, as "Crisis No. I," was "Casca's" "Crisis Extraordinary," of August, 1775, signed "American C. S," *i. e.*, "Common Sense."

This was such a puzzle to Paine's biographer, Sherwin, in 1819, that he attributed its insertion to the ignorance of the person who furnished the copy.

But Librarian Spofford, having detected "Casca" as Paine, made this marginal note in Sherwin's book:

> It *is* by Paine, but does not belong to the Crisis.

Mr. Spofford was not yet aware that "Casca" (*i. e.*, Paine) was the chief contributor to "The Crisis" of 1775. And it is quite possible that Paine himself, who was in France in 1796, authorized the English publisher of his works to insert that "Crisis Extraordinary" as introductory to his later papers in America, it being specially suited to English readers.

When Paine returned to England in 1787 he immediately published a pamphlet entitled, "Prospects on the War." It was anonymous. Four years later, when he became known as a writer, some critic detected his authorship of that essay, and it was republished as his work.

Paine's success as a pamphleteer was unprecedented, and he now openly acknowledged himself as the writer "Common Sense." But yet he says in Part II of his "Rights of Man:" "Had not Burke urged the controversy I had most probably been a silent man."

Paine continued to write anonymously all his life, frequently signing himself "Common Sense" or "C. S." And shortly after his return to America in 1802 he wrote a series of political articles signed "Plain Sense," which I happened to find republished in an anonymous pamphlet at "Washington City" in 1803. The writer supported Jefferson's administration.

Having proved so much in regard to Paine's secret work, I will only add that his identification as "Casca" removes the last shadow of doubt that Paine was Junius. "Casca," like "Common Sense," was Junius come again pursuant to promis.

In regard to the Bacon Shakspere question, you, Mr. Editor, know that I introduced my late article with an apology for inflicting it upon your readers, which apology you kindly suppressed. There was no allusion in it to the correspondent who now assails me. Out of at least a dozen palpable and important errors in his first communication I corrected only three or four, very gently, in a very few lines, and with no allusion to the writer. He now comes again with so many blunders and repetitions of exploded falsehoods about Shakspere and Bacon that I will not undertake to point out a single one. I will only say that I hav at hand the latest and best biographies of Bacon and Shakspere, and ought to know what is fact and what is fiction concerning them. But to point out and answer the multitude of important mistakes of my assailant would only be a bore to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER and would not improve the temper of my adversary.

I will, however, crave the readers' indulgence while I relate an incident in regard to Mr. Donnelly's work. One of his ablest colleagues in Congress was Judge Shellabarger, of Ohio, now a practicing lawyer in Washington. Judge Shellabarger had Mr. Donnelly at his house to dinner three years ago, and Mr. Donnelly disclosed to him some features of the cipher. The question soon after came up before the Classical Society for discussion. The Shakspereans did most of the talking, and seemed to triumph over the Baconians. Judge Shellabarger, as president, made the final speech, and it was to this effect, as I heard it:

Mr. Donnelly is a man of ability and scholarship, and though it is very difficult to believe that the world has been hoodwinked for nearly three hundred years, yet it is prudent to suspend our judgment until Mr. Donnelly's book comes out. The whole cipher he cannot, of course, disclose in advance, but from what I hav learned of it through him, I would illustrate it in this way: Take the old folio, and on a

particular page the 50th word is, say, "our;" the 100th word, "father;" the 150 h, "which;" the 200th, "art;" the 250th, "in;" the 300th, "heaven." Now, if something like that is the certain result of the cipher, it would be folly to deny that Mr. Donnelly has made a great discovery. W. H. BURR.

Blue Laws.

The People's Cyclopedia says that the term Blue laws was a derisiv name given to the very rigid enactments of the early settlers of New England; that these were recounted in England and some of the other colonies with many laughable exaggerations and some malicious additions. The Blue laws never existed as a code, but the term "Blue laws" has been applied to those portions of the Body of Liberties, the old Body of Laws of 1646, and the decisions of the courts, guided by a rigid interpretation of the scriptures. So much for the non-existence of the Blue laws as a legal code.

The authorities I used in writing my former article on the Blue laws were several brief histories of the United States, Barnes's Popular History of the United States, and Bishop Spaulding, and to this last-named authority I am principally indebted for the quotations of the laws. Coming from so orthodox a source, I should, perhaps, hav made the quotations with some reservation. Though the bishop was Catholic, and wrote with considerable acrimony, I found that he was sustained by other authorities, excepting where he says that a woman was forbidden to kiss her child on the Sabbath, and where the husband and wife were forbidden to kiss each other on the Sabbath, and that the death penalty might be inflicted for striking or reviling parents and Sabbath-breaking. Yet, as the Bible was the supreme authority in matters of law, the courts would hav been justified in inflicting the death penalty on Sabbath-breakers and stubborn and rebellious children, though I know of no instance in which it was done.

Mr. Barr says that the Body of Liberties reduced the number of capital offenses to ten, while Barnes's History says the number of capital offenses was twelve. The Body of Liberties adopted by Massachusetts was substantially adopted by Connecticut. But it is probable that the Connecticut code did not include the striking or reviling of parents or Sabbath-breaking as capital offenses; the number of capital offenses then in Connecticut would be reduced to ten.

As to the laws concerning a husband kissing his wife, or wife her husband, or a mother her child, on the Lord's day, Mr. Spaulding givs Barber for his authority. But the only Barber I can find any reference to in any cyclopedia is in the People's, which merely mentions a Francis Barber, who was an officer under Washington during the Revolution. It might be that Spaulding had in his possession some review of the early colonial laws, by some humorous writer named Barber, which cited the traditionary story about the gentleman of New Haven being fined for kissing his wife on Sunday, which might hav had its origin in the case cited by Mr. Burr, of Goodman Hunt and wife and William Harding.

As to the blue-covered pamphlet recently republished in San Francisco, I never had the slightest knowledge of it until I read Mr. Burr's article. But regardless how the prohibition of the use of tobacco may be caricatured, the fact still remains that the law prohibited anyone under twenty years of age using tobacco, except when a doctor certified that it would "be good for him," and no other person could use it but once a day, and then not within ten miles of any house.

How the Sabbath may hav been observed in Connecticut when Mr. Burr visited there would by no means apply to the time of which I wrote. As strict as they were in the observance of the Sabbath not more than forty or fifty years ago, and even at the present time, we may form some idea of the observance of the Sabbath two and a half centuries ago, when at the tap of the drum on Sunday mornings every house in Plymouth opened, and all the people assembled in front of the captain's house, and there formed in line, marching three abreast to the meeting-house. "The services began with a long prayer, which was followed by reading and expounding of the scriptures, a psalm—lined by one of the ruling elders—from Ainsworth's version, which the colonists brought over with them, and the sermon. Instrumental music was absolutely proscribed, as condemned by the text (Amos v, 23): 'I will not hear the melody of thy viols;' and one tune for each meter was all those good old fathers needed. . . . The approved length of the sermon was one hour." After listening to a very long prayer, expounding scripture, hymns, and a sermon of an hour's length, it must necessarily hav become somewhat fatiguing. But it was an unlucky moment for the youngster, as he was perched upon the pulpit stairway, or in the gallery, if his eyelids drooped in slumber. The watchful constables with their wands, tipped on one extremity with the foot and on the other with the tail of a rabbit, brought the heavier end down upon the little "nodding flaxen head." And if the care-worn matron was betrayed into a like offense, she was gently reminded of her duty by a touch on the forehead with the softer end of the same stick.

Certainly Mr. Burr, or the historian Palfrey, will not contend that the laws and court decisions by which Quakers were flogged, had their ears cut off, tongues bored with hot irons, and were executed on Boston Common, are a mass of fabrication by a dishonest writer. It is no fabrication that Roger Williams was forced to leave the Salem colony, or that witches were imprisoned and hanged. It is no fabrication on the part of historians when they say that the swearer was made to meditate over his sin, standing in a public place, with his tongue in a cleft stick; fined twelvepence, set in the stocks, or imprisoned, "according to the nature and quality of the person." In exaggerated offenses of this kind, the unruly member was bored through with a hot iron. It was hardly a canard on the part of Josselyn, writing of the old Body of Laws of 1646, when he says that scolds were gagged and set at their doors for certain hours for all "comers and goers to gaze at." Ducking in running water is also mentioned as a punishment for this class of offenders. We can hardly say that it was a ludicrous exaggeration when we are told that Philip Ratcliffe was sentenced to be whipped, hav his ears cut off, and be fined forty shillings and banished out of the limits of the jurisdiction for "uttering malicious and scandalous speeches against the government and church of Salem."

It is not likely to be a "malicious addition" when the historian tells us that the "prophanely behaved person, who lingered without dores att the meeting-house on the Lord's daies," to indulge in social chat or even to steal a quiet nap, was "admonished" by the constable; on a second offense "sett in the stockes," and if he was still perverse, he was cited before the court; or when we are informed that "if any man dare interrupt the preacher or falsely charge the minister with error, 'in the open face of the church,' or otherwise make God's wayes contemptible and ridiculous, every such person or persons (what soever censure the church may passe) shall for the first scandall bee convented and reproved openly by the magistrate at some Lecture, and bound to their good behavior. And if the second time they breake forth into the like contemptuous carriages, they shall either pay five pounds to the publique Treasure or stand two hours openly upon a block or stoole four foote high upon a Lecture day, with a paper fixed on his Breast, written with capitalle letters, *An open and obstinate contemner of God's holy ordinances.*"

But the Puritans had one redeeming trait that covered a multitude of sins. Next to their religion they prized education. They established the public schools, which hav an influence for good which, let us hope, will long survive the effects of their founders' evil influence on the country. In Connecticut each family had to giv a peck of corn or a shilling in coin for the maintenance of the teacher, and in villages of a hundred families a grammar school had to be maintained. Thus the Puritans established the very institution that was sure to become an enemy to their superstition and giv the death-blow to their theology. Let this redound to their credit.

Pittsville, Wis. GEO. H. DAWES.

Stopping German Idolatry.

In announcing the death of the emperor William I. to the German Reichstag on the 9th of March, Prince Bismarck closed his speech (according to the cable dispatch of the Associated Press, which was corroborated, two days later, by a special cablegram of the Illinois *Staats Zeitung*) as follows:

I received this very day from New York a telegram of sympathy, showing what confidence the dynasty of the imperial house has acquired among all nations. This is the legacy which the emperor's long reign bequeaths to the German people. The confidence which his dynasty has won will be transferred to the nation, despite anything that may be attempted against it.

I do not remember any statesman in the world who would hav dared so sillily to abuse his own people, a people of fifty millions, ranking among the first in science and art. I do not remember that any statesman could hav dared to say to his people: "You are worth nothing but for the confidence your dynasty has won, which confidence may, perhaps, be transferred to you."

There exists, indeed, among those Germans in America who deserted from their military duty and kindly left to others the mission to be shot or mutilated for the dynastic interests of the Hohenzollern family a belief that the respect in this country to Germans has increased since or in consequence of the German victory over France in 1871. But I never remarked that a nativ of the small republic of Switzerland or a nativ of Denmark had to complain of either "disrespect" or "less" respect on account of his mother country playing only the fifth or tenth fiddle in the European fuss-concert.

That childish belief that we, Germans in America, are enjoying more "respect" the more hundreds of thousands of bayonets and helmets are glittering in the sun of Germany, has become a pet legend among German monarchists on both sides of the Atlantic, and is cultivated with the utmost care by monarchistic editors of some of the most prominent German-American papers.

To this class of German monarchists in America, to those identifying their mother country with the Hohenzollern family, Bismarck's language as quoted above properly may apply. But all Germans who, republicans by innermost convictions, know how to discriminate between the German people and their dynasty voluntarily will renounce all "confidence transferred to them on account of the Hohenzollern dynasty," and so much the more as they solemnly swore having "renounced all allegiance to the emperor of Germany."

As to the German Reichstag, and to the courage of those two hundred representativs, who gratefully accepted, in behalf of the people, that language with which Bismarck graciously treated them, history will never forget that the German people on the 9th of March, 1888, suffered an infamous insult—on account of a dead idol.

[The foregoing lines were written on the 10th of March and sent to the Philadelphia *Press*, but refused admittance to its columns.]

On Sunday, the 25th of March, the German Socialists of Philadelphia held a mass-meeting in the Knights of Labor Hall, and editor Louis Werner, of the Philadelphia *Tageblatt*, the Socialistic daily of Philadelphia, delivered a speech on "William I., his Life and Deeds." The following resolution was offered and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Some German-American citizens, in Philadelphia as in other great cities of the country, hav indulged in noisefully celebrating the memory of the dead Emperor William I; and

WHEREAS, Said memorial celebrations were assisted in by both monarchical German-American newspapers and unscrupulous nativ politicians of this country;

Resolved, 1. We, American citizens, nativs of Germany, republicans, not by chance of birth, but by innermost conviction, and having taken the oath of allegiance to this republic and the Constitution of the United States, and having "absolutely and entirely renounced and abjured all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign potentate, prince, sovereign, or sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly to the emperor of Germany, of whom we were before subjects," denounce any memorial celebration in this republic of any foreign sovereign whatsoever, as contrary to law, to sense, to taste, as hateful to upright republicanism, as insulting to mind and feeling of true citizens of this republic.

2. We love our fatherland, as, by nature, all men do, but we discriminate between Germany and her oppressors; we hold that the honor and dignity, the strength and power, of Germany is represented by the people, not by the bloody Hohenzollern family or their feudal surroundings.

3. We denounce, as a lie in the face of history, that monarchical flattery that Germany was indebted for her unity to William I. The unity of Germany arose not from, but against, the will of the Prussian monarch, who violently resisted for twenty-five years all efforts of the people tending to unity, and who, in 1848 and 1849, had massacred or imprisoned hundreds of the best sons of the fatherland for their mere demanding "the unity of Germany."

4. We remember that in 1849 many scores of popular heroes were executed in Rastatt, Mannheim, Freiburg, and Landau, by order of the "Cartridge Prince," the late Emperor William, he faithlessly rescinding the "parole" by which said heroes were induced to surrender.

5. We suggest that all Germans who enjoy themselvs in displaying in this republic allegiance to the monarchical government of Germany should return at once to the mother country, and serve out their military terms, to which they were bound by duty, but from which they fled.

6. We condemn particularly the action of Mr. Carl Schurz, who delivered in New York the eulogy of the dead emperor; we deem it inconsistent with the duties of a former high officer of this republic to promote monarchical ideas in the United States. We denounce his anti-republican course and the course of those high officers, of the governor, of the mayor, etc., who sent letters of sympathy to that lawless assemblage.

7. We finally invite the people of the United States to check that idolatry in this republic to foreign sovereigns, and to sever their connection from both the monarchical German-American press and the unscrupulous American press that indulge in fostering such idolatry.

Of this resolution a copy was taken by the reporters of the *Press* and the *Ledger*. But the writers of those papers, who supported the William idolatry, refused the publication. The *Press* devoted, however, a few lines to the resolution, and reprinted in full No. 5 only. ADOLF HEPNER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Judiciary Clap-trap.

Amid all the strife for "Jeffersonian simplicity" and "Jacksonian democracy" that we read so much about in the newspapers, there stands, firm as a rock in its conservatism, that bulwark of antiquated tomfoolery, the Supreme Court of the United States.

Think, plain American citizen, of twelve men in their right minds, and, as far as you can perceive, constructed of about the same quality of dust that enters into your own composition, think, I say, of twelve such men going about their public duties clad in black silk—what shall we call them?—yes, sir, by Jove, Mother Hubbard dresses! How dignified! how awe-inspiring!

If the object of these grave clothes is toward impressivness, the judges had better complete the spectacle and wear sun-bonnets.

When the highest tribunal in the land must supplement its dignity by such vulgar clap-trap as it now does, its dignity must indeed be in a bad way.

GEORGE PETERSON.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 144 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
EDGAR C. BEALL, Chair. Fin. Com., - - 27 Arcade, Cincinnati.

The Roll of Honor.

Courtlandt Palmer, New York	$50 00
Chicago Secular Union	50 00
Molalla (Oregon) Secular Union	6 00
Prof. D. G. Crow, Fort Bayard, N. M.	5 00
J. F. Waterhouse, Fresno, Cal. (charter fee)	5.00
W. L. Willis, Kokomo, Ind.	5.00
M. H. Woodbury, Rockport, O.	5 00
F. Zipp, Deadwood, Dak.	2 00
Geo. H. Dawes, Pittsville, Wis.	1 00
A. J. Kraft, Grantfork, Ill.	1 00
FROM I. S. LEE.	
F. Wahl, Quincy, Ill.	5 00
Mr. Fuchs, "	5 00
FROM MISS V. DE CLEYRE	
Mrs. N. E. Farrell, Sandford Cummings, W. D. Cady, Daniel Burns, of Farmdale, and Mr. Cummings, of Andover, O., all 50 cents each	2.50

As is his custom, ex President Palmer presents his check for $50, and will forward the remainder in the fall. It would be obtrusiv in me to reiterate the many obligations the Union is under to Courtlandt Palmer. Suffice to say, it will not be able to redeem them in words, but he will ever hold a warm place in our hearts. Born to be distinguished for possession of wealth, he has gained the grander distinction of being endowed with brains. No *dilettante* of the *literati*, but possessing the aspirations of a sterling reformer, he has labored earnestly and intelligently for the removal of man's most powerful oppressor—ignorance. We can point with pride to the disinterestedness of his motivs. Not for wealth, reputation, nor amusement—all these were within easy reach—nor for the sake of combating popular theories, for he is not of the belligerent mold, but with a strong, altruistic sense of duty which stamps the intellectual and moral hero, he proclaims truth when others who perceive tremble to lend their lips to its utterance. These acts hav become characteristic of his life, and show how well he learned the lesson, *Honos habet onus*. Such duties as concern the right or wrong of institutions, as deal with the formation of character, as forward the welfare of humanity, as substitute for dogmas and creeds social conditions conduciv to self-culture, and which would inaugurate economic arrangements favorable to long-forgotten justice, are the duties to which he earnestly devotes himself. Courtlandt Palmer seeks to abolish the pride, reserve, and contempt for labor and the laborers prevalent among the higher classes, and to displace the envy, hatred, and jealousy of the lower by a system of social equity which, without agrarianism, would demolish class distinctions. When we remember that, reared in the luxurious ease of a favored class, he braves their conservatism, and virtually "carries the war into Africa" by founding the Nineteenth Century Club, where these serious ethical, religious, and philosophical subjects are discussed in the light of reason—where the usual frivolity and debasement of club life is displaced for sober reflection among those of influence in society—we think Courtlandt Palmer has proved a lasting claim to the gratitude of Liberals and reformers and of all who appreciate those who would make this world some better for their having lived in it.

The Chicago Secular Union has undertaken considerable expense, but is not unmindful of its pledge of $100 to maintain the national society, and as an earnest of its good-will for our success in the present struggle liquidates $50 of its indebtedness. In THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 24th our current expenses are placed at $1,500. That would hav been the case had we rented Madison Street Theater, but it is hoped our new quarters will return us a handsome revenue.

From far-off Oregon the desire of the secretary is seconded by the Molalla Secular Union with a donation of $6 "to the campaign literature fund." Its live secretary, Reuben Wright, hopes that "this little mite may help keep the good work going." This is a good example for other Unions to follow.

M. H. Woodbury, an earnest, intelligent, outspoken Liberal of Rockport, Ohio, furnishes $5 for ammunition to demolish the walls of the modern Jericho—assumptions of priestcraft. Rams' horns are no circumstance to Secular leaflets.

My good friend, Dr. W. L. Willis, of Kokomo, Ind., has been an invaluable assistant, and seems as interested in the welfare of the Union as though responsible for its success or failure. His suggestions are eminently practical, and I am more than pleased to hav the benefit of his experience. He offers something more than suggestions, as will be observed by his donation toward the leaflets, and writes: "I hope to be able to increase my work in this direction, revising old and getting up new articles. Keeping things stirring is the only way to defeat the sanctified in their schemes of villainy." With this proposition of Brother Willis the majority of Liberals will fully agree: "Colonel Ingersoll is the man the Union Labor party should nominate for president. The mere fact of his nomination would arouse thousands to thinking. The world is too far advanced to take any permanent backward step, so I look and work for victory."

Prof. D. G. Crow, of Fort Bayard, N. M., sends some reports of illustrated popular astronomical lectures published in the Silverton (N. M.) *Enterprise*. That journal highly commends them editorially "for their simplicity and clearness of style. With the aid of those even a child may locate the heavenly magnates that are now visible." They show the author to be a profound student, a clear, strong, and convincing writer. Professor Crow contemplates entering the Freethought lecture field, having four lectures on Freethought and several on astronomy. As principal for many years of various public schools in Illinois and New Mexico, the professor is well qualified by nativ tact, education, and experience to treat these themes in an able manner.

Brother F. Zipp, who is as brief as his name in his communications, forwards $2 "for humanity" from Deadwood, Dak. Brother Zipp is an old campaigner in the cause of mental freedom, and his heart is in the right place.

Geo. H. Dawes, of Pittsville, Wis., another brilliant, educated school-teacher, will soon take the rostrum in the interest of the Secular Union, science, and reason. We are pleased to add his name to the roll of membership. His terse and pungent articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER hav already attracted wide attention.

Brother Kraft, of Grantfork, is an enthusiastic admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER, an energetic worker in spreading the light of mental liberty. He has all those Liberal mottoes and Mr. Eckhard's design of the Nine Demands framed and hanging in his place of business. In consequence of which a minister recently made a copy of the mottoes and Nine Demands and had them printed and circulated—of course, with the intention of injuring our friend Kraft, but he survived their opposition.

We extend to Messrs. Wahl and Fuchs, of Quincy, Ill., our thanks for their interest, and regret that our activ worker, I. S. Lee, is about to leave, but what is their loss is St. Louis's gain, where Secular work is practically dead, but where Mr. Lee can enlarge his field of usefulness and do as faithful and effectiv work as he did in Quincy.

To the Farmdale friends we extend our gratitude for their donation; and doubtless they will regret with us that Miss De Cleyre is quite ill. It is to be hoped that her brilliance and genius will soon again be employed in the career for which she is so well adapted.

Professor Crow, whom I mentioned above, sends an article setting forth in his own way the claims of the American Secular Union. It is a timely article; read it. E. A. STEVENS.

MR. CROW'S LETTER.

FORT BAYARD, N. M., 1888.

MR. E. A. STEVENS. *Sir:* Through you, as secretary, I desire to pay my regards to the American Secular Union. Being convinced that it is through the American Secular Union that the greatest and most substantial work can be accomplished for Liberalism, I desire to lay my small offering upon the Secular altar and join you in your efforts to make our government and its laws accord with the principles of our Constitution.

I hav watched the progress of this institution with much solicitude, for I felt that its success or its failure would be the turning-point in the Secular crisis which will end in a triumph for Freethought or a victory for the church.

If the management has been unwisely conducted, let us improve it; if wrong, let us right it. Wisely or unwisely, right or wrong, he who has kept pace with its work must surely see that, with the force employed and the amount contributed, a vast field has been opened up, and a quality and quantity of seed planted which is already yielding a most surprising harvest.

You should not expect those who do the hard labor as pioneers, and those who devote their time and energies in the office or at the editor's desk, to show the self-sacrificing, starving spirit of salvationists. The clergy are willing (?) to exchange their pleasures and comforts of this life for the prospects of a better show beyond. Liberals entertain quite a different notion about the economic relations between a present and future life, and it is not at all surprising that they demand their pay as they go. I hope your officers, lecturers, and journalists are well paid for all services rendered to the American Secular Union. If they are not, they should charge it to the want of business sagacity, and make new contracts. If they are overpaid, the cathedral they will build or the monument they will erect with their "ill-gotten gains" will not be likely to excite the jealousy of their more pious contemporaries.

The noble work done by your president on his tours through the West, both with voice and pen, as time wears on will become more and more apparent. The true courage displayed by the secretary and his able colleagues in their recent contest with the wily craftiness of Chicago's saintly parasites, is a precedent for others to follow who are compelled to witness a like outrage of justice in the state being used as an instrument to extract money from public funds for sectarian ends.

The success of the late Paine celebrations forms a most pleasing feature of the Secular movement, and especially so to those old pioneers of Freethought who hav so anxiously waited for the time to come when this could be done without incurring the danger of bodily injury or social ostracism.

The erection of Liberal halls, the organization of Secular societies, the publishing and circulation of Liberal literature, and the cordial reception our lectures are receiving are signs the indication of which requires no schooled prophet to explain. These, together with the cringing fear displayed by the divine expositors of God's word and will, when viewing the "awful desecration of the Sabbath," "the great tendency to Infidelity," and, worse than all, "the empty pews of the churches," are encouragements such as should move every lukewarm Liberal to determined action, and every real worker to greater energy.

The West is as full of Free thinkers in 1888 as the East was of Freesoilers in 1848, and they are as ready to show their colors in behalf of "equal rights and impartial justice."

All they want is to be mustered, trained, encouraged, and given an opportunity to apply their nativ talent in the great struggle against superstition. It is to the West that we must look for our greatest help. The brave, generous, and thrifty sons of the daring pioneers who faced the perils of burning sands and savage foes in search of fortune and freedom, though "Infidel" to Christian faith, possess a fidelity worthy of the noblest of their race.

I do not come, my friends, to criticise or find fault, neither to bring advice, for of these articles I presume you hav a plentiful supply. I desire to encourage you in your noble efforts to baffle the encroachments of the ecclesiastical upon the civil power.

It must be expected that traitors and Tories will abound in every struggle for freedom; but it is a matter of fact that these ingrates lose their influence as the dawn of the success of the cause draws on, and as the tide of free thought, speech, and action rises irresistibly before them.

One masterly effort, such as the American Secular Union is now able to make, would establish a precedent for the Secular cause which no "bull" anathema, nor curse of priest, nor indignant blast from Protestant pulpit or pious press can overthrow or cause to shake.

Now, dear friends, I send you herewith my kindest wishes, which I hope will include many of earth's, if not all of heaven's, choicest blessings. D. G. CROW.

Sham Candor.

At this period of bold inquiry into the foundations of institutions till now exempt from sacrilegious questioning, it becomes necessary to the church that there should be minds who will pose in the attitude of umpires, disinterested investigators, welcomers of free discussion, and so on; but carefully selected by the church, and pledged beforehand to discover just what is wanted and nothing else.

Before this tribunal the Freethinker is invited to appear, as Luther before the Diet of Worms.

In older times, there was no need for concealment, for masks; bigotry stalked abroad and openly crushed whatever insubmissiv head appeared.

But public sentiment, crystallized in laws protectiv of human rights, has put an end to this, so that the servants of the ghost-God hav to submit like anybody else to the authority of the people.

All the ascendency which they are to hav hereafter must therefore be maintained by diplomacy.

The lion has changed into the fox. The spirit of the age must be recognized. The spirit of the age must be catered to; the people must be humbugged, since they are too mighty to be terrorized.

The church must masquerade as a scientist. She must surround herself with geological specimens; she must repudiate past methods. She must mount a pair of great goggles, and having slyly first "salted" the mine, must successfully enact the role of a discoverer of the "salt."

Scientific men (or would-be such, or such as are magnetized by the great church power) are starting up all the time whose candid minds (or candied minds) hav led them to the feet of Christ. They "discover" that the world is only six thousand years old; that the world was the first created of all stars or planets; that geology proves the truth of Genesis; and the church "points with pride," etc.

The church's appeal to force having failed, she has no resource left but the appeal to reason, despised reason! How humiliating! Paine was damned for appealing to reason. But necessity knows no law. After all, our predecessors who condemned human reason were wrong. When any mistake has been made we can always put it off on the fallibility of individuals; the church itself can make no mistake.

So here goes for reason, says the church. Damnation—on paper—bellowings of a priest concealed behind a brass Jehovah hav no effect to keep back the crowd from peeking. Some one must go into the audience and seem to be moved to philosophical speculations. At first he must seem hostil to the church; he must "giv away" a great deal. He must then gently settle down into the class which Jesus—in the early stages of his ambition—referred to when he said, "He that is not against us is for us," and so by imperceptible degrees pave the way to that state of mind in which Jesus found his followers when he uttered the directly opposed statement that "he that is not with us scattereth abroad."

The conjurer's tricks derive all their glory and dazzling effect from the confederate in the crowd, who, while having been carefully subsidized and coached, and his interest enlisted beforehand, is willingly vanquished by the magician's skill.

If the church has the selection of the umpire, she can afford to throw open the gate of free discussion.

But mark the magician. He seems to invite any one in the audience to "come upon the stage," to take the pack, or to hold the handkerchief. But there is a way to do a thing and not to do it. The church knows how to seem to do it and not to do it.

Offer yourself, a perfect stranger to the conjurer,

the great Christian conjurer, to "go upon the stage." Strive to put questions leading to an intimacy of knowledge against which he has drawn the line, and see if you can get in a word edgewise. You will never get his eye; no, no. he knows better! If you could, it would "rattle" the whole show.

No pulpit orator is ever contradicted. He can say anything. The pews hav to take it all in dumb silence. Once a lady whose character was assailed in a sermon felt impelled to "kick" then and there, and the press all over the country combined to condemn her for "interrupting the exercises."

The writer, at that time an honest believer, sent questions to a paper whose editors professed that they desired "candor," "openness," in dealing with religious doubts. This profession, however, was for the ear of the public solely. They admitted to their columns only what they thought proper. The one whose eyes were opened to the hollowness of that profession had no show, no voice. How different the candor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which admits Theistic and Christian articles! In no better way can its earnestness, its honesty—and the impregnability of its positions, too, it may be said—be demonstrated.

Where is there a Christian paper willing to let the truth of its cause be made apparent by printing the other side? Theology is confessedly a muddle. An ex-minister of the true fold is telling tales out of school, saying that not one minister in a hundred believes what he preaches, what he is sworn to preach, what he must preach on peril of seeing his family starve. The church ought to be a unit, and honest seekers after truth should be relieved from false positions. Why, then, not court free discussion? Why not be candid in fact, and not merely seek an unearned reputation for candor? Why? Because—because—it would blow the whole business to where it would never come back.

FREEMAN.

Religious Persecution.

The case which I am about to relate, although known to thousands all over the country. may be new and of interest to many others. Mrs. Elizabeth W. Packard was the wife of Rev. Theophilus Packard, pastor of a Presbyterian church at Manteno, Kankakee county, Ill. She was also the daughter of a clergyman residing in Massachusetts, and was the mother of six children. She was a member of a Bible class in her husband's church, in which biblical questions were discussed. It was here that her mind began to unfold. She had been educated and trained in orthodox methods, and knew nothing of Infidels or Freethought literature except as they were referred to by preachers or in the literature of religious publications. According to the record which has been made in this case, Mrs. Packard disagreed with her Bible teacher, first on the interpretation of scripture, and secondly as to the truth of the scripture itself. On one occasion the class was wrestling with the text that "Godliness is profitable in all things." The teacher went on to show that God would prosper all those who loved him; that if they continued to serve him and worship him in spirit and in truth, they would all get rich. Mrs. Packard's clear and logical mind repudiated this absurd doctrin even from a Bible standpoint, and when it was insisted upon, then Mrs. Packard went into the neighborhood for illustrations that some wicked sinners were raising better crops and getting rich faster than the teacher or even some of the most devout of the congregation. The moment they were beaten in the argument they got mad and declared that Mrs. Packard was a heretic and scoffer, and some of the members complained to the pastor that if Mrs. Packard was not stopped in her mad career she would break up not only the Bible class but the whole church. Mr. Packard in the goodness of his heart would not believe that his wife was a heretic and therefore he kindly suggested that she was insane. She was all this time doing the work of the house and caring for her six children. But it seems a new light was dawning upon the mind of this highly intellectual woman. The expounding and explaining of scripture in the Bible class had awakened in her mind new thoughts and new ideas. She had no disposition to conceal her thoughts. She was inherently honest, and naturally supposed other people, especially church-members, also to be honest, and was willing to talk with them and be reasoned out of her heresy if she were in error. Members of the congregation called in to talk with her, but her reason and her logic were beyond their capacity, and they sided with her husband that she was insane. The law of Illinois then was that if any person was supposed to be insane the natural guardian of such supposed insane person could call in two physicians and upon their certificates such person would be received in the insane asylum. Mr. Packard called in two physicians, both members of his congregation, and they readily gave their certificates, and a sheriff was then called in and Mrs. Packard was torn away from home and children and locked up within the gloomy walls of the Jacksonville insane asylum.

This was about the year 1860. Some three years afterward, her eldest son became of age, and he applied for her release, and she was discharged as incurably insane. She was taken to her home at Manteno, and her husband immediately locked her in a room and began to make preparations to send her to an insane asylum in Massachusetts, her nativ state. When she discovered this design, she managed to attract the attention of a passing neighbor and had him convey to an attorney a letter in which she gave an account of her three years' incarceration in an insane asylum, and that she was now restrained of her liberty by her husband, and that she was not now insane and never had been. This letter reached its destination, and the lawyer, Mr. S. W. Moore, still living at Kankakee, sued out a writ of habeas corpus before the judge of that district, and the sheriff proceeded to bring Mr. and Mrs. Packard into court The trial lasted three days, and crowds were in attendance. Mr. Packard was unable to produce one fact, or even the shadow of any evidence, that his wife was insane, except the fact that she repudiated many of the teachings of the Bible. She had never committed the first act of violence. She could hav broken out of her window and escaped. but she refused to do so because it would be an act of violence, which she was determined to avoid. She was discharged by the judge and a jury of twelve men, with a certificate of her sanity, and from that day never lived again with her husband.

I had vaguely heard of these facts through the newspapers when in January, 1867, I met Mrs. Packard at Springfield, Illinois, the capital of the state. I had been elected a clerk in the legislature. I bought of Mrs. Packard a book giving an account of her three years' imprisonment, with the circumstances preceding and succeeding her incarceration. I don't remember when my indignation was more thoroughly aroused than when I read these facts. I could scarcely believe that they were true. I wondered that those in charge of the insane asylum would permit a lady of Mrs. Packard's kindly and gifted nature to remain there three years as an insane woman, and then to discharge her as incurably insane. But I had not at that time, as I hav since, been brought to realize how Bible beliefs blunt the intellect of man and transform him into a demon.

I became the friend of Mrs. Packard. I discovered that she had a mission to perform. She was in Springfield for the purpose of reforming the laws of the state relating to the insane. Her bills were already prepared, and she wanted them introduced and passed. I knew something of the machinery of legislation, and I rendered her all the aid possible.

Judging from my own feelings, in the simplicity of my mind, I thought the members of the legislature, or a large majority of them, at least, would be glad to recognize Mrs. Packard as an injured woman, and make haste to enact such laws as would prevent a repetition of the wrongs she had suffered. In this view I was mistaken so far as the alacrity of the members was concerned. I discovered a disinclination on the part of many to become her champion, and then I discovered some who declared their belief that she was still an insane woman, basing their belief wholly upon their confidence in the authority by which she had been so declared, and notwithstanding her discharge by a court as a sane person. The superintendent of the insane hospital, Dr. Alexander Macfarlane, was a thoroughgoing Presbyterian, and stood high in the church and in society, and in the confidence of his political friends. Back of him were the trustees and other officers of the hospital, and to espouse the cause of Mrs. Packard was to impugn the honesty and the capacity of these officers, and besides, it had a look of bucking against the church. I induced Mrs. Packard to consent to speak before the members in a room of the capitol building, and I had hard drumming to get twenty-five members out of more than one hundred to attend. There were some who willingly espoused her cause, and the more they saw of her and knew of her case the more earnest they became in efforts to carry forward her bills. At length Dr. Macfarlane and his friends were obliged to put in an appearance to counteract a growing influence in her favor. They seemed to rely wholly upon "influence" and "respectability" to support them, as they showed an unwillingness to grapple with the facts. In conversation with Dr. Macfarlane, I remarked to him that I could discover in Mrs. Packard no symptoms of insanity. His reply was, "She has a very shrewd way of concealing it," and this reply well illustrates what manner of man he was. But Mrs. Packard succeeded. Her bills were passed, and the law governing the examination and commitment of lunatics in Illinois is known as the Packard law. There hav been several attempts to repeal it, but the law still stands. It provides for an examination and trial before a jury of twelve persons in order to commit, and throws other safeguards around a person accused of insanity, especially those who may be friendless.

One of the laws enacted through Mrs. Packard's efforts provided for the examination and trial of every person then confined in the insane hospital. Special efforts were made by Macfarlane's friends to defeat this bill. After it had passed and before the day of trial came, I am informed, not less than thirty inmates were quietly removed to their homes or elsewhere. One of this number was a lady from Kane county who had been imprisoned eleven years, and who had never evinced any other symptom of insanity than a belief that she could see and converse with spirits.

After the passage of the Packard bills, there arose a sentiment in the legislature that Dr. McFarlane was an unfit man to hav charge of an insane hospital. A resolution of inquiry and investigation was adopted, and it resulted finally in his discharge.

I trust I may be pardoned for mentioning that after it was all over I received from Mrs. Packard a very kind letter giving me many thanks for the aid I rendered her. Mrs. Packard is, I think, still living, though quite aged. She has pursued her mission until she has reformed the laws of sixteen states and territories concerning the insane. While she was in Oregon, some six or eight years ago, she wrote a letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER, which was printed among the "Letters from Friends," breathing the pure spirit of Liberalism and referring to her imprisonment in Illinois. About four years ago she was laboring with the Georgia legislature. About two years ago I read in the papers that she had commenced a suit against Dr. Macfarlane for defamation of character in writing letters to the effect that she was an insane woman. In all these years that pious Presbyterian has continued to pursue her with charges of insanity. He still resides at Jacksonville, where he carries on a private insane hospital. I hav been informed that Mrs. Packard's suit had the effect of bringing the haughty doctor to his knees.

Mrs. Packard has written a very interesting work on the treatment of the insane, which I had the pleasure of finding in the Chicago Public Library a few years ago. I met a son of hers in Chicago about the same time, who is a rising young lawyer of that city, and he informed me that his mother had by the sale of her book, and by fortunate investments, acquired considerable property, and had thus been enabled to render aid to the husband who had so ignorantly abused her.

JAS. K. MAGIE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Preachers and the Deluge.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* If you were to attend an orthodox church, under the charge of a well-educated minister, for years, you would never hear the slightest allusion to the deluge. If I were a preacher, and really believed this story, I could not preach a sermon without dwelling upon this terrible instance of God's wrath against a wicked generation. Why, then, do orthodox preachers never refer to this most momentous of all events? Are we not justified in thinking that they know that the whole story is absurd, and that the least said about it the better? The orthodox ice at this point is very thin, and preachers don't like to skate upon it. I sometimes get very much disgusted with preachers, and am inclined to think that a great many of them are hypocrits, and, for selfish considerations, preach what they themselvs do not believe.

W. H. BENSON.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE following is C. B. Reynolds's list of lecture engagements so far as known:

San Diego, Cal.	April 7, 8.
National City, Cal.	9, 11, 12.
Los Angeles, Cal.	14, 15.
Santa Ana, Cal.	17, 18, 19.

California friends desiring lectures should write to Mr. Reynolds at any of the above places so letters will reach two days ahead of dates.

J. E. REMSBURG, a Liberal lecturer, spoke at the court house last night. The rain kept many persons away who would otherwise hav attended, but those who were present were highly entertained. Mr. Remsburg is a captivating talker, both as to manner and matter, and he had the closest attention throughout. He talked about the Sunday law, opposing the measure as an uncalled-for invasion of the personal rights of the citizen.—*Gainsville, Tex., Morning Register.*

Mr. Hammond, M.D., Destroyed.

World's Report of Saturday Evening Session of the Woman's Congress.

This evening's was the shortest session of the week, but it was notable for introducing two pretty girl speakers. The first was Miss Helen Gardener, a really beautiful girl wonderfully gowned in black velvet and an antique drapery made of a red China silk shawl, who discussed the question of "Sex in Brain" in true scientific fashion. Taking Dr. G. A Spitzka, of New York, as the only man on her side, Miss Gardener proceeded to use her fourteen months of scientific research to completely shred the tenets of Dr. Hammond and others.

Correction.

I intended to say, and thought I did say, that there were only four votes cast for John P. Hale in the *eighth ward* of New York city, where I voted in 1852 Three years later the Republican party was born, and I was present at the birth.

BURR.

A Slander Upon the Woman.

Sister Smith: "My dear brother-ah, can you tell me if the bird that Norah sent out of the ark was a male bird or a female bird?" Brother Brown: "My dear sister, it must hav been a male bird; if it had been a female bird, it could not hav kept its mouth shut long enough to bring the fig-leaf back to the ark."

Ancient History for the Benefit of a Modern Pharisee.

On Nov. 12, 1877, D. M. Bennett was arrested for mailing a polemical tract called, "An Open Letter to Jesus Christ," written by himself, and a scientific tract entitled, "How Do Marsupials Propagate?" written by Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Enon Valley, Pa. Previously to this Comstock had arrested E. H. Heywood for mailing "Cupid's Yokes." Mr. Heywood was convicted in January, 1878; while in the same month Mr. Bennett's case was dismissed. In the same month Frank Rivers also was arrested for selling "Fruits of Philosophy," a scientific treatis obnoxious to Comstock principally because Freethinkers sold it. Mr. Mendum, we think, possesses the original plates in this country, and in England the book is issued by Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant.

In Anthony Comstock's report to his society for 1878, issued just after these arrests, on page 7, occur these words:

"*Another class of publications, issued by free-lovers and Freethinkers, is in a fair way of being stamped out. The public generally can scarcely be aware of the extent that blasphemy and filth commingled hav found vent through these varied channels. Under a plausible pretense men who raise a howl about free press, free speech, etc., ruthlessly trample underfoot the most sacred things, breaking down the altars of religion, bursting asunder the ties of home, and seeking to overthrow every social restraint.*"

Comstock also subsequently repeated these threats before an auxiliary ecclesiastical society of Rochester, saying that Infidel publications and Infidel tracts would soon be suppressed. Before another society in Boston he referred to the *Investigator* and *Banner of Light* as publications to which he should soon pay attention, and he made another threat against Freethought literature before his society in St. Louis.

After Mr. Bennett's arrest in 1877, he printed a petition to Congress, written by T. B. Wakeman, asking for the *repeal or modification* of Comstock's law by which he expected to stamp out the publications of Freethinkers. This petition was referred to the committee on revision of the laws of the House, who gave hearing to E. B. Foote, Jr., A. E. Giles, and J. B. Wolff in its favor, and Samuel Colgate and Anthony Comstock against it. On May 1st the committee reported adversely. Before the committee Comstock, on Saturday, April 20, 1878, said that D. M. Bennett published a "villainous and blasphemous sheet," which ought to be suppressed. Mr. Comstock said the same thing to two United States senators, who agreed with him, and agreed also to vote for the retention of the law. Now, if the law did not affect Infidel publications, why this argument and appeal to legislators to retain the law on the statute books? At this time, too, Comstock made a threat to soon hav Mr. Bennett arrested again. Comstock also visited Mr. Bennett's printers, threatening them with arrest if they continued printing THE TRUTH SEEKER. He also asked the American News Company to stop selling it.

The connection of Mr. Ingersoll with this petition is soon explained. Mr. Ingersoll knew of Comstock's attempts to suppress heresy by means of this law, and when called upon by the Washington committee in charge of the petition, he allowed his name to go on the petition for modification, but he told them distinctly and plainly that he was *not* in favor of the *repeal* of the law, as he was willing and anxious that obscenity should be suppressed by all legal means. His sentiments are best expressed by himself in a letter to the *Boston Journal*. He says:

WASHINGTON, March 18, 1878.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOSTON JOURNAL: My attention has been called to the following article that recently appeared in your paper:

"Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, and others, feel aggrieved because Congress, in 1873, enacted a law for the suppression of obscene literature, and, believing it an infringement of the rights of certain citizens, and an effort to muzzle the press and conscience, petition for its repeal. When a man's conscience permits him to spread broadcast obscene literature, it is time that conscience was muzzled. The law is a terror only to evil-doers."

No one wishes the repeal of any law for the suppression of obscene literature. For my part, I wish all such laws rigidly enforced. The only objection that I hav to the law of 1873 is, that it has been construed to include books and pamphlets written against the religion of the day, although containing nothing that can be called obscene or impure. Certain religious fanatics, taking advantage of the word "immoral" in the law, hav claimed that all writings against what they are pleased to call orthodox religion are immoral, and such books hav been seized and their authors arrested. To this, and this only, I object.

Your article does me great injustice, and I ask that you will hav the kindness to publish this note.

From the bottom of my heart I despise the publishers of obscene literature. Below them there is no depth of filth. And I also despise those who, under the pretense of suppressing obscene literature, endeavor to prevent honest and pure men from writing and publishing honest and pure thoughts. Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

This is sufficiently easy of comprehension for even ministers, but of course they misrepresented and lied about the writer. From that day to this he has been accused of favoring the dissemination of obscene literature. That the Iowa Liberals may know just how infamous this is, we will giv a brief history of the repeal *or modification* movement.

In June, 1878, E. H. Heywood was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for mailing "Cupid's Yokes." In August a big indignation meeting was held in Boston to protest. The repeal of the law was demanded. On August 24th, Mr. Bennett, W. S. Bell, and Josephine Tilton were arrested at Watkins for selling the same book. These prosecutions never amoutned to much besides making trouble for the defendants. On October 26th the National Liberal League held its Congress in Syracuse. At this Congress the League left the matter of repeal or modification of the laws open, taking no action as an organization, either way, but elected officers known to be in favor of repeal. On December 10th, Mr. Bennett was again arrested for mailing the book, "Cupid's Yokes." The readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER all know the result. Mr. Bennett was tried, and found guilty; he appealed; the conviction was affirmed, and he was sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment at hard labor.

After the trial Colonel Ingersoll interposed, and endeavored to get a pardon for Mr. Bennett, who was held in Ludlow street jail pending Mr. Hayes's reply. The man who occupied the president's office promised to pardon the Infidel editor; then he went back on his word, and Mr. Bennett served his term of imprisonment.

Then preachers opened the sluiceways of vituperation and billingsgate upon Colonel Ingersoll for having interceded for a man convicted of mailing obscene literature, and the same charges that this Dubuque minister makes were circulated. The charges were as infamously false then as they are now, and to show it, it is only necessary to quote Colonel Ingersoll's words during the year or two succeeding, when the Freethinkers and the Christians were not only opposing each other vigorously, but the Freethinkers themselvs were divided on the question. In 1879, while Mr. Bennett was in prison, a correspondent of the Nashville, Tenn., *Banner* said that the National Liberal League and Colonel Ingersoll were in favor of disseminating obscene literature. To this Colonel Ingersoll replied in a letter to a friend:

1417 G ST., WASHINGTON, Aug. 21, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR: The article in the Nashville *Banner* by "J. L." is utterly and maliciously false.

A petition was sent to Congress praying for the repeal or modification of certain postal laws, to the end that the freedom of conscience and of the press should not be abridged.

Nobody holds in greater contempt than I the writers, publishers, or dealers in obscene literature. One of my objections to the Bible is that it contains hundreds of grossly obscene passages not fit to be read by any decent man; thousands of passages, in my judgment, calculated to corrupt the minds of youth. I hope the time will soon come when the good sense of the American people will demand a Bible with all obscene passages left out.

The only reason a modification of the postal laws is necessary is that at present, under color of those laws, books and pamphlets are excluded from the mails simply because they are considered heterodox and blasphemous. In other words, every man should be allowed to write, publish, and send through the mails his thoughts upon any subject, expressed in a decent and becoming manner. As to the propriety of giving anybody authority to overhaul mails, break seals, and read private correspondence, that is another question.

Every minister and every layman who charges me with directly or indirectly favoring the dissemination of anything that is impure, retails what he knows to be a willful and malicious lie. I remain, Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

Three weeks after this letter was written the National Liberal League held its third annual Congress at Cincinnati. Colonel Ingersoll was chairman of the committee on resolutions and platform and unfinished business of the League. One of the subjects to be dealt with was these Comstock's laws. The following are Colonel Ingersoll's remarks and the resolutions he presented:

It may be proper, before presenting the resolutions of the committee, to say a word in explanation. The committee were charged with the consideration of the unfinished business of the League. It seems that at Syracuse there was a division as to what course should be taken in regard to the postal laws of the United States. These laws were used as an engin of oppression against the free circulation of what we understand to be scientific literature. Every honest man in this country is in favor of allowing every other human being every right that he claims for himself. The majority at Syracuse were at that time simply in favor of the absolute repeal of those laws, believing them to be unconstitutional—not because they were in favor of anything obscene, but because they were opposed to the mails of the United States being under the espionage and bigotry of the church. They therefore demanded an absolute repeal of the law. Others feeling that they might be misunderstood, and knowing that theology can coin the meanest words to act as the vehicle of the lowest lies, they were afraid of being misunderstood, and therefore they said, Let us amend these laws so that our literature shall be upon an equality with that of theology. I know that there is not a Liberal here, nor in the United States, that is in favor of the dissemination of obscene literature. [Cheers.] One of the objections which we hav to the book said to be written by God is that it is obscene. [Cheers, yells, and cheers]

The Liberals of this country believe in purity, and they believe that every fact in nature and in science is as pure as a star. We do not need to ask for any more than we want. We simply want the laws of our country so framed that we are not discriminated against. So, taking that view of the vexed question, we wanted to put the boot upon the other foot. We want to put the charge of obscenity where it belongs, and the committee, of which I hav the honor to be one of the members, hav endeavored to do just that thing. [Cheers.] Men hav no right to talk to me about obscenity who regard the story of Lot and his daughters as a fit thing for men, women, and children to read, and who worship a God in whom the violation of [Cheers drowned the conclusion of this sentence so the reporters could not hear it.] Such a God I hold in infinit contempt. [Redoubled cheers.]

Now I will read you the resolutions recommended by the committee.

RESOLUTIONS.

Your committee hav the honor to submit the following report:

First, As to the unfinished business of the League, your committee submits the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we are in favor of such postal laws as will allow the free transportation through the mails of the United States of all books, pamphlets, and papers, irrespectiv of the religious, irreligious, political, and scientific views they may contain, so that the literature of science may be placed upon an equality with that of superstition.

Resolved, That we are utterly opposed to the dissemination, through the mails or by any other means, of obscene literature, whether "inspired" or uninspired, and hold in measureless contempt its authors and disseminators.

Resolved, That we call upon the Christian world to expunge from the so-called "sacred" Bible every passage that cannot be read without covering the cheek of modesty with the blush of shame; and until such passages are expunged, we demand that the laws against the dissemination of obscene literature be impartially enforced.

During the reading of these resolutions, when he came to the words "obscene literature," Colonel Ingersoll said, "I thank them for that word; we will see who the obscenists are." The Congress also resolved:

That we express the deepest sympathy with D. M. Bennett and his family, for the reason that he has been convicted by religious bigotry and ignorant zeal, and has been imprisoned and is now languishing in the cell of a felon, when in truth and fact he committed no offense whatever against any law of the land.

This ought to hav stopped the ministerial ghouls like this Dubuque Brown, but it did not, for the reason that they did not take the trouble to inform themselvs of the position held by Colonel Ingersoll on the question. Neither did the critics in the Liberal ranks cease their caviling at the League. The discussion over the Comstock laws went on with vigor and acrimony, and the writer of these lines was as acrimonious as anybody else. We believed then, as we believe now, that the Comstock laws are unconstitutional, and should be repealed. We do not believe that Congress has power to legislate on the morality of mailable matter. We believe that the language of the House committee on post-offices of the present Congress in dealing with the bill to exclude newspapers containing lottery advertisments applies to the Comstock laws. The committee says:

In the opinion of the committee the legislation proposed by these bills violates the spirit, if not the letter, of the article of the Constitution which declares that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of the press. If Congress may exclude from the mails a newspaper or a periodical which contains an advertisment of a lottery, it mav make non-mailable all newspapers and periodicals in which are printed advertisments, news reports, or editorials which in its judgment the people should not read. In other words, it may declare what shall and what shall not be printed in every newspaper and periodical in the country which is circulated wholly or in part through the mails.

Another objection to this legislation is that it establishes a censorship of the press. Surely no one will maintain that Congress, if it should pass laws to effect that purpose, would not violate the provision of the Constitution which was intended to protect the liberty of the press. And yet that is what one of these bills, viz., No. 3 320, does. It clothes the postmaster-general with authority to determin what printed matter in any newspaper or periodical is an advertisment of a lottery, making him in that respect a censor of the press. The inevitable result of such legislation is the establishment of a precedent which may be considered in the future an authority for the creation of a censor of the press in all respects.

We believe that lotteries and obscenity should be dealt with by state and municipal legislation, and offenders punished in the county in which they commit their offense. So in those days we argued for the repeal of the Comstock laws, as did dozens of others—James Parton, Elizur Wright, O. B. Frothingham, T. C. Leland, Courtlandt Palmer, and many more whose names we do not recall. *But Colonel Ingersoll did not*, and when the National Liberal League met the next year at Chicago (Sept. 17, 1880), he was opposed to the League's making a pledge to defend every case under the Comstock laws, and he was opposed to a resolution demanding a repeal of those laws. The following is what Colonel Ingersoll said upon the subject:

Mr. Chairman, I wish to offer the following resolution in place and instead of resolutions numbered 5 and 6:

Resolved, That the committee of defense, whenever a person has been indicted for what he claims to hav been an honest exercise of the freedom of thought and expression, shall investigate the case, and if it appears that such person has been guilty of no offense, then it shall be the duty of said committee to defend such person if he is unable to defend himself.

Now allow me one moment to state my reasons. I do not, I hav not, I never shall, accuse or suspect a solitary member of the Liberal League of the United States of being in favor of doing any act under heaven that he is not thoroughly convinced is right. We all claim freedom of speech, and it is the gem of the human soul. We all claim a right to express our honest thoughts. Did it ever occur to any Liberal that he wished to express any thought honestly, truly, and legally he considered immoral? How does it happen that *we* hav any interest in what is known as immoral literature? I deny that the League has any interest in that kind of literature. Whenever we mention it, whenever we speak of it, we put ourselvs in a false position. What do we want? We want to see to it that the church party shall not smother the literature of Liberalism. We want to see to it that the viper of intellectual slavery shall not sting our

cause. We want it so that every honest man, so that every honest woman, can express his or her honest thought upon any subject in the world. And the question, and the only question, as to whether they are amenable to the law, in my mind, is. Were they honest? Was their effort to benefit mankind? Was that their intention? And no man, no woman, should be convicted of any offense that that man or woman did not intend to commit. Now then, suppose some person is arrested, and it is claimed that a work written by him is immoral, is illegal. Then, I say, let our Committee of Defense examin that case, and if our enemies are seeking to trample out Freethought under the name of immorality, and under the cover and shield of our criminal law, then let us defend that man to the last dollar we hav. But we do not wish to put ourselvs in the position of general defenders of all the slush that may be written in this or any other country. You cannot afford to do it. You cannot afford to put into the mouth of theology a perpetual and continual slur. You cannot afford to do it. And this meeting is not the time to go into the question of what authority the United States may hav over the mails. It is a very wide question. It embraces many others. Has the government a right to say what shall go into the mails? Why, in one sense, assuredly. Certainly they hav a right to say that you shall not send a horse and wagon by mail. They hav a right to fix some limit; and the only thing that we want is that the literature of liberty, the literature of real Freethought, shall not be discriminated against. And we know now as well as if it had been perfectly and absolutely demonstrated, that the literature of Freethought will be absolutely pure. We know it. We call upon the Christian world to expunge obscenity from their book, and until that is expunged we demand that the laws against obscene literature shall be executed. And how can we, in the next resolution, say those laws ought all to be repealed? We cannot do that. I hav always been in favor of such an amendment of the law that by no trick, by no device, by no judicial discretion, an honest, high, pure-minded man should be subjected to punishment simply for giving his best and his honest thought. What more do we need? What more can we ask? I am as as much opposed as my friend Mr. Wakeman can be to the assumption of the church that it is the guardian of morality. If our morality is to be guarded by that sentiment alone, then is the end come. The natural instinct of self-defense in mankind and in all organized society is the fortress of the morality in mankind. The church itself was at one time the outgrowth of that same feeling, but now the feeling has outgrown the church. Now, then, we will hav a Committee of Defense. That committee will examin every case. Suppose some man has been indicted, and suppose he is guilty. Suppose he has endeavored to soil the human mind. Suppose he has been willing to make money by pandering to the lowest passions in the human breast. What will that committee do with him then? We will say, "Go on; let the law take its course." [Applause.] But if, upon reading his book, we find that he is all wrong, horribly wrong, idiotically wrong, but make up our minds that he was honest in his error, I will giv as much as any other living man of my means to defend that man. And I believe you will all bear me witness when I say that I hav the cause of intellectual liberty at heart as much as I am capable of having anything at heart. And I know hundreds of others here just the same. I understand that. I understand their motiv. I believe it to be perfectly good, but I truly and honestly think they are mistaken. If we hav an interest in the business, I would fight for it. If our cause was assailed by law, then I say fight; and our cause is assailed, and I say fight. They will not allow me, in many states of this Union, to testify. I say fight until every one of those laws is repealed. They discriminate against a man simply because he is honest. Repeal such laws. The church, if it had the power to-day, would trample out every particle of free literature in this land. And when they endeavor to do that, I say fight. But there is a distinction wide as the Mississippi—yes, wider than the Atlantic, wider than all the oceans—between the literature of immorality and the literature of Freethought. One is a crawling, slimy lizard, and the other an angel with wings of light. Now, let us draw this distinction, let us understand ourselvs, and do not giv to the common enemy a word covered with mire, a word stained with cloaca, to throw at us. We thought we had settled that question a year ago. We buried it then, and I say let it rot.

This question is of great importance. It is the most important one we hav here. I hav fought this question; I am ever going to, and I will not allow anybody to put a stain upon me. This question must be understood if it takes all summer. Here is a case in point. Some lady has written a work which, I am informed, is a good work, and that has nothing wrong about it. Her opinions may be foolish or wise. Let this committee examin that case. If they find that she is a good woman, that she had good intentions, no matter how terrible the work may be, if her intentions are good, she has committed no crime. I want the honest thought. I think I hav always been in favor of it. But we havn't the time to go into all these questions.

Then comes the question for this house to decide in a moment whether these cases should hav been tried in the state or federal court. I want it understood that I hav confidence in the federal courts of the nation. There may be some bad judges, there may be some idiotic jurors. I think there was in that case [of Mr. Bennett]. But the Committee of Defense, if I understand it, supplied means for the defense of that man. They did, but are we ready now to decide in a moment what courts shall hav jurisdiction? Are we ready to say that the federal courts shall be denied jurisdiction in any case arising about the mails? Suppose somebody robs the mail. Before whom shall we try the robber? Try him before a federal judge? Why? Because he has violated a federal law. We hav not any time for such an investigation as this. What we want to do is to defend free speech everywhere. What we want to do is to defend the expression of thought in papers, in pamphlets, in books. What we want to do is to see to it that these books, papers, and pamphlets are on an equality with all other books, papers, and pamphlets in the United States mails. And then the next step we want to take, if any man is indicted under the pretense that he is publishing immoral books, is to hav our Committee of Defense well examin the case; and if we believe the man to be innocent we will help defend him if he is unable to defend himself; and if we find that the law is wrong in that particular, we will go for the amendment of that law. I beg of you to hav some sense in this matter. We must hav it. If we don't, upon that rock we will split—upon that rock we will again divide. Let us not do it. The cause of intellectual liberty is the highest to the human mind. Let us stand by it, and we can help all these people by this resolution. We can do justice everywhere with it, while if we agree to the fifth and sixth resolutions that hav been offered I say we lay ourselvs open to the charge, and it will be hurled against us, no matter how unjustly, that we are in favor of widespread immorality.

Mr. Clarke: We are not afraid of it.

Colonel Ingersoll: You may say we are not afraid. I am not afraid. He only is a fool who rushes into unnecessary danger.

Mr. Clarke: What are you talking about, anyway?

Colonel Ingersoll: I am talking with endeavor to put a little sense into such men as you. [Applause and laughter.] Your very question shows that it was necessary that I should talk. [Applause.] And now I move that my resolution be adopted.

Mr. Wakeman moved that it be added to that portion of the sixth resolution which recommended the constitution of the Committee of Defense.

Colonel Ingersoll: I cannot agree to the sixth resolution. I think nearly every word of it is wrong in principle. I think it binds us to a course of action that we will not be willing to follow; and my resolution covers every possible case. My resolution binds us to defend every honest man in the exercise of his right. I can't be bound to say that the government hasn't control of its morals—that we cannot trust the federal courts—that, under any circumstances, at any time, I am bound to defend, either by word or money, any man who violates the laws of this country.

Mr. Wakeman: We do not say that.

Colonel Ingersoll: I beg of you, I beseech you, not to pass the sixth resolution. If you do, I wouldn't giv that [snapping his fingers] for the platform. A part of the Comstock law authorizes the vilest possible trick. We are all opposed to that.

Mr. Leland: What is the question?

Colonel Ingersoll: Don't let us be silly. Don't let us say we are opposed to what we are not opposed to. If any man here is opposed to putting down the vilest of all possible trash he ought to go home. We are opposed to only a part of the law—opposed to it whenever they endeavor to trample Freethought under foot in the name of immorality. [Applause.]

Afterward, at the same session of the Congress, the following colloquy took place between Colonel Ingersoll and T. B. Wakeman:

Colonel Ingersoll: You know as well as I that there are certain books not fit to go through the mails—books and pictures not fit to be delivered.

Mr. Wakeman: That is so.

Colonel Ingersoll: There is not a man here but what is in favor, when those books and pictures come into the control of the United States, of burning them up when they are manifestly obscene. You don't want any grand jury there.

Mr. Wakeman: Yes, we do.

Colonel Ingersoll: No, we don't. When they are manifestly obscene, burn them up.

A delegate: Who is to be judge of that?

Colonel Ingersoll: There are books that nobody differs about. There are certain things about which we can use discretion. If that discretion is abused, a man has his remedy. We stand for the free thought of this country. We stand for the progressiv spirit of the United States. We can't afford to say that all these laws should be repealed. If we had time to investigate them we could say in what they should be amended. Don't tie us to this nonsense—to the idea that we hav an interest in immoral literature. Let us remember that Mr. Wakeman is sore. He had a case before the federal courts, and he imagins, having lost that case, you cannot depend on them. I hav lost hundreds of cases. I hav as much confidence in the federal courts as in the state courts. I am not to be a party to throwing a slur upon the federal judiciary. All we want is fair play. We want the same chance for our doctrins that others hav for theirs. And how this infernal question of obscenity ever got into the Liberal League I could never understand. If an innocent man is convicted of larceny, should we repeal all the laws on the subject? I don't pretend to be better than other people. It is easy to talk right—so easy to be right that I never care to hav the luxury of being wrong. I am advocating something that we can stand upon. I do not misunderstand Mr. Wakeman's motivs. I believe they are perfectly good—that he is thoroughly honest. Why not just say we will stand by freedom of thought and its expression? Why not say that we are in favor of amending any law that is wrong? But do not make the wholesale statement that all these laws ought to be repealed. They ought not to be repealed. Some of them are good. The law against sending instruments of vice in the mails is good, as is the law against sending obscene books and pictures, and the law against letting ignorant hyenas pray upon sick people, and the law which prevents the getters-up of bogus lotteries sending their letters through the mail.

At the evening session of the Congress, on the same day, Mr. Ingersoll made this speech in opposition to the resolution demanding the repeal of the Comstock laws:

I am not in favor of the repeal of those laws. I hav never been, and I never expect to be. But I do wish that every law providing for the punishment of a criminal offense should distinctly define the offense. That is the objection to this law, that it does not define the offense, so that an American citizen can readily know when he is about to violate it, and consequently the law ought in all probability to be modified in that regard. I am in favor of every law defining with perfect distinctness the offense to be punished, but I cannot, I hav the cause of Freethought too much at heart, to say by wholesale these laws should be repealed. Neither will I consent to the repeal simply because the church is in favor of those laws. In so far as the church agrees with me, I congratulate the church. In so far as superstition is willing to help me, good! I am willing to accept it. I believe, also, that this League is upon a secular basis, and there should be nothing in our platform that would prevent any Christian from acting with us. What is our platform? And we ought to leave it as it is. It needs no amendment. Our platform is for a secular government. Is it improper in a secular government to endeavor to prevent the spread of obscene literature? It is the business of a secular government to do it, but if that government attempts to stamp out Freethought in the name of obscenity, it is then for the friends of Freethought to call for a definition of the word, and such a definition as will allow Freethought to go everywhere through all the mails of the United States. We are also in favor of secular schools. Good. We are in favor of doing away with every law that discriminates against a man on account of his belief. Good. We are in favor of universal education. Good. We are in favor of the taxation of church property. Good—because the experience of the world shows that where you allow superstition to own property without taxing it, it will absorb the net profits. Is it time now that we should throw into the scale, against all these splendid purposes, an effort to repeal some postal laws against obscenity? As well might we turn the League into an engin to do away with all laws against the sale of stale eggs. What hav we to do with those things? Is it possible that Freethought can be charged with being obscene? Is it possible that, if the charge is made, it can be substantiated? Can you not attack any superstition in the world in perfectly pure language? Can you not attack anything you please in perfectly pure language? And where a man intends right, no law should find him guilty; and if the law is weak in that respect, let it be modified. But I say to you that I cannot go with any body of men who demand the unconditional repeal of these laws. [Cheers.] I believe in liberty as much as any man who breathes. I will do as much, according to my ability, as any other man to make this an absolutely free and secular government. I will do as much as any other man of my strength and of my intellectual power to giv every human being every right that I claim for myself. But this obscene law business is a stumbling-block. Had it not been for this, instead of the few people voting here—less than one hundred—we would hav had a Congress numbered by thousands. Had it not been for this business, the Liberal League of the United States would to-night hold in its hand the political destiny of the United States. Instead of that, we hav thrown away our power upon a question in which we are not interested. Instead of that, we hav wasted our resources and our brain for the repeal of a law that we don't want repealed. If we want anything, we simply want a modification. Now, then, don't stain this cause by such a course. And don't understand that I am pretending, or am insinuating, that anyone here is in favor of obscene literature. It is a question, not of principle, but of means, and I beg pardon of this Convention if I hav done anything so horrible as has been described by Mr. Pillsbury. I regret it if I hav ever endeavored to trample upon the rights of this Convention.

There is one thing I hav not done—I hav not endeavored to cast five votes when I didn't hav a solitary vote. Let us be fair; let us be fair. I hav simply given my vote. I wish to trample upon the rights of no one; and when Mr. Pillsbury gave those votes he supposed he had a right to giv them; and if he had a right, the votes would hav been counted. I attribute nothing wrong to him, but I say this: I hav the right to make a motion in this Congress, I hav the right to argue that motion, but I hav no more rights than any other member, and I claim none. But I want to say to you—and I want you to know it and feel it—that I want to act with every Liberal man and woman in this world. I want you to know it and feel it that I want to do everything I can to get every one of these statutes off our books that discriminates against a man because of his religious belief—that I am in favor of a secular government, and of all these rights. But I cannot, and I will not, operate with any organization that asks for the unconditional repeal of those laws. I will stand alone, and I hav stood alone. I can tell my thoughts to my countrymen, and I shall do it, and whatever position you take, whether I am with you or not, you will find me battling everywhere for the absolute freedom of the human mind. You will find me battling everywhere to make this world better and grander; and whatever my personal conduct may be, I shall endeavor to keep my theories right. I beg of you, I implore you, do not pass the resolution No. 6. It is not for our interest; it will do us no good. It will lose us hosts of honest, splendid friends. Do not do it; it will be a mistake; and the only reason I offered the motion was to giv the members time to think this over. I am not pretending to know more than other people. I am perfectly willing to say that in many things I know less. But upon this subject I want you to think. No matter whether you are afraid of your sons, your daughters, your wives, or your husbands, that isn't it—I don't want the splendid prospects of this League put in jeopardy upon such an issue as this. I hav no more to say. But if that resolution is passed, all I hav to say is that, while I shall be for liberty everywhere, I cannot act with this organization, and I will not.

The resolution was finally adopted, and Colonel Ingersoll resigned his office of vice-president in the League, and never acted with it again until the League dropped all side issues, and came back to first principles—the enforcement of the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

A Fable.

A donkey, who had long been remarked for exceptional dulness in the debating society discussions held nightly by his fellow-quadrupeds in their stable, one night, as they commenced their usual canvassing of human affairs, astonished all by a display of brilliancy and information without parallel. And it came to pass that he took his stand in the midst of them that were learned, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and his answers. Whether asked as to the public history of his country for the last year, as to its future prospects, its legislativ problems, or the progress of its enlightened institutions; whether questioned as to national movements abroad, or involved in abstruse inquiries into the spiritual conceptions of their masters, and into their scriptures, his answers still displayed the same inexhaustible knowledge and wisdom. Yet, how soon the downfall of pretenders! for but a few days had passed when an observing ox pulled forth from its position at the bottom of the donkey's manger, where it had been so adjusted as to allow its owner to read off it while pretending to discourse and look around, a copy of the 1888 FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC—opened at "How the Layman is Deceived," and well hoofed at those valuable articles: "Freethought in the United States, 1887;" "Deism and Atheism," "The American Secular Union," "The International Freethought Congress," "Sunday Amusements," and "When Did Jehoshaphat Die?"

MORAL: (1) There is hope even for donkeys in the 1888 ANNUAL; therefore (2), get it and show it to your Methodist neighbors.

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Religious Legislation.

On the 26th of March the Senate committee on territories heard the Rev. M. W. Montgomery, representing the Home Missionary Society of the Congregational church, in opposition to the admission of Utah, and in favor of legislation to suppress the religion of the Latter Day Saints as fraudulent! Mr. Montgomery said (as reported by the daily press) that the eleven million Protestants and six million Roman Catholics of the country are a unit in condemnation of Mormonism. They asked that Congress shall break the delusions under which the Mormon people liv—the delusion that their church is stronger than the United States government—that Christ will himself appear on earth and work a victory in their behalf. He assured the committee that Congress could not legislate intelligently upon this question until it adopted as one of its fundamental principles that Mormonism is a lie and a fraud.

The Protestant church is becoming bold—very bold. But a few years ago, the reason given by Christians for desiring to exterminate Mormonism was solely that polygamy is immoral. Now the desire of the church is to crush the Christianity of Utah because "Mormonism is a lie and a fraud." That is to say, Congress is importuned to stamp out in the territories (for laws on this matter must be general, and general laws will apply to all territories and the District of Columbia) all religions which are untrue. This opens an immense field and givs the United States government a great chance.

Accepting the proposition that the tenets of Mormonism are "a lie and a fraud"—a proposition absolutely impregnable—Congress must then suppress by legislation all sects holding the same beliefs. And to know just what sects will be squelched, it is necessary only to compare the doctrins of the Mormons with the doctrins of other Christian people. Let us see.

1. The Mormons accept the Bible—Old and New Testament. So do all other Christians in the world.

2. The Mormons hav a supplementary revelation. So hav the Shakers, the Adventists, and many other Christian sects besides the Mormons.

3. The Mormons believe in the gift of prophecy. So do all Christians.

4. The Mormons believe in miracles. But where are the other Christians who deny them?

5. The Mormons believe in the near approach of the end of the world. What about the Adventists? And if the Presbyterian Confession of Faith is right in saying that Christ keeps the day of judgment unknown to men that they may be always watchful, and may be ever prepared to say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,' are not the Mormons but asserting what all other sects hope for? It would certainly seem so.

6. The Mormons believe in their own identity with the saints who shall reign with Christ.

"Wherefore they [the predestined elect] be made sons of God by adoption; they be made like the image of his only begotten son Jesus Christ: they walk religiously in good works, and at length, by God's mercy, they attain to everlasting felicity."—*Art. XVII of the Thirty-Nine Articles.*

"All saints that are united to Jesus Christ, their head, by his spirit and by faith, hav fellowship with him in his graces, sufferings, death, resurrection, and glory. Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified, and saved, but the elect only."—*Presbyterian Confession of Faith.*

7. The Mormons believe in the literal resurrection of the body.

"I believe in God, the father almightv, maker of heaven and earth: and in Jesus Christ, his only son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third dav he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the father almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic church, the communion of saints; the forgivness of sins: the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."—*Apostles' Creed, held authoritativ by all orthodox churches.*

"Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature; wherewith he ascended into heaven, and there sitteth, until he return to judge all men at the last day."—*Art. IV of Thirty-Nine Articles.*

"Christ did truly rise again from the dead, and took again his body, with all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature, wherewith he ascended into heaven, and there sitteth until he return to judge all men at the last dav."—*Third Article of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal church.*

"At the last day, such as are found alive shall not die, but be changed: and all the dead shall be raised up with the self-same bodies, and none other."—*Presbyterian Confession of Faith.*

8. The Mormons believe that salvation can be secured only by a belief in Christ's atonement.

"For holy scripture doth set out unto us only the name of Jesus Christ, whereby men must be saved. . . . The offering of Christ once made [upon the cross] is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction, for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is none other satisfaction for sin, but that alone."—*Thirty-Nine Articles.*

"They who, never having heard the gospel, know not Jesus Christ, and believe not in him, cannot be saved, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature, or the laws of that religion which they profess; neither is there salvation in anv other, but in Christ alone, who is the savior only of his body the church."—*Presbyterian Larger Catechism.*

"The offering of Christ once made [upon the cross] is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all sins of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is none other satisfaction for sin but that alone."—*Article XX of the Methodist church.*

9. The Mormons also hold repentance necessary to salvation. We find this also in the creed of every other Christian church.

"Although repentance be not to be rested in as any satisfaction for sin, or any cause of the pardon thereof, which is the act of God's free grace in Christ, yet is it of such necessitv to all sinners, that none may expect pardon without it."—*Confession of Faith.*

"The grant of repentance is not to be denied to such as fall into sin after baptism."—*Article XII of Methodist church, taken from XVI of Thirty-Nine Articles.*

10. Mormon theology maintains also that baptism must be by a Christ-appointed apostle, but in this it has the support of all churches. What to any other Christian is a baptism by an unordained person? Baptism is one of the two Protestant sacraments; the ordination of the person performing it is compulsory, and the churches pretend to trace the authoritativ lineage of their preachers back to Christ. And though the minister himself be an unworthy person, "yet forasmuch as they do not the same in their own name, but in Christ's, and do minister by his commission and authority," the baptism is valid. It is the common doctrin of all the churches.

There are many other minor doctrins held by the Mormons which owe their origin to the older form of Christianity, and there are some divergences, but none more radical than between other different sects. The Mormons do not believe in infant baptism, but for this they hav illustrious authority. They immerse their candidates, while most sects sprinkle them; but the Mormons are not isolated in their form. If we mistake not, there are Baptists and Baptists in the world. So if Mr. Montgomery shall obtain the consent of Congress to suppress all religious doctrins which are a lie and a fraud, he will find that he can by no means confine his persecution to the Latter Day Saints. If their doctrins are a lie and a fraud—which we cheerfully admit—so are all the doctrins of all the Christian churches.

A Reverend's Falsehoods.

We print on another page a condensed history of the efforts made a few years ago for the repeal or modification of the Comstock laws. We do it at this time for the benefit of the Liberal cause in Iowa, where a certain Charles O. Brown, Congregationalist, of Dubuque, has been earning an immortality of infamy by attacking the reputation of Colonel Ingersoll, and through him every Liberal in the country. Mr. Brown is perhaps the most prominent preacher in the state, which fact has given his words wide circulation through the Iowa press. He has also published his sermon in pamphlet form and scattered it broadcast. The Freethinkers of Dubuque and vicinity hav replied, but not being in possession of all the exact facts concerning the matter, hav applied to us. Mr. Brown appeals, also, through the Dubuque *Daily Times*, for funds to spread his sermon, which, with an open letter to Colonel Ingersoll, occupies seven columns of that paper. In the *Times* and other papers the controversy occupies many columns, and has stirred up the heretics of the vicinity to mighty wrath.

Mr. Brown's general charge—we quote from his open letter—is that Colonel Ingersoll "attempted to flood the country with filth." His particular charges are that Colonel Ingersoll (1) signed a petition for the repeal of the Comstock law; (2) that he addressed a Senate committee in favor of the repeal; (3) that Colonel Ingersoll pursued this matter month after month, and then "met his defeat by calling everyone a liar who said he had ever had anything to do with it." Mr. Brown further says that D. M. Bennett was one of those "vile scoundrels who pander to the worst passions, destroyers of childhood, purity, and domestic virtues." He says Mr. Bennett "was imprisoned for unmixed obscenity and moral filth," and that F. E. Abbot, "himself a Liberal!" pronounced the book obscene. These points are all elaborated with malicious untruthfulness, and quotations false in facts and dishonest in sentiment are made from the papers hostil to Liberalism. Then Mr. C. O. Brown wiggles his ears and brays: Behold Me, the man who has put Ingersoll down, and shown Infidelity to be only a desire to spread obscenity.

These assertions about Mr Ingersoll are all shown in the article on another page to be false—infamously false—except the one that he addressed a Senate committee on the repeal of the law. As that assertion is absolutely untrue, of course nothing on the subject could appear in the history of the repeal or modification movement. Mr. Ingersoll was asked to make such an address, but declined for reasons satisfactory to himself. And if, after reading the history of the matter, and what Colonel Ingersoll said and wrote at the time, Mr. Brown still circulates his pamphlet and reiterates his charges, he should be kicked from the society of decent men.

The language used by Mr. Brown of D. M. Bennett is also infamously false. Mr. Bennett was imprisoned for mailing a book called "Cupid's Yokes." Mr. Bennett neither wrote nor published the book, and up to the time of his arrest at Watkins he had not read it. His arrest at that place was compassed in a mean, sly, sneaking manner. He and others had books for sale at the Freethought Convention held there. But he did not hav "Cupid's Yokes." Miss Josephine Tilton was selling it, and her stand for displaying her literature adjoined the stand of Mr. Bennett. One day while she was at lunch, some members of the Young Men's Christian Association (who had been written to by Comstock) asked Mr. Bennett for a copy of the book. He did not hav it on his own stand, but, to oblige the purchaser, went over to Miss Tilton's stand, got a book, put the money for it on her table, and gave the book to the Y. M. C. A. young man. For that he was arrested, which so outraged his sense of justice and right that he announced that he would sell the book at any cost, and see if the church ran this country exclusivly. He did so, with the result known.

In regard to the book: Among decent people there is no question as to its character. It is not obscene. And even Mr. Bennett's enemies said so. Mr. F. E. Abbott, who hated Mr. Bennett with all the venom engendered by envy and spite, said of it:

It is "not of a character to be justly interfered with by law" (*Index*, May 23, 1878, page 247).

Mr. Abbott also defended Mr. Bennett from the charge of obscenity for selling the book. Mr. Abbot was also "in favor of such radical changes in

the existing law as should render it impossible to prosecute any but the vile wretches who make it their sole business to pollute and destroy." (See *Index*, Jan. 17, 1878, page 30.) Mr. Abbott knew and admitted, as did everyone who knew anything at all upon the subject, that the book was not obscene, but was used by Comstock to destroy Freethinkers who believed in free discussion of physiological as well as theological subjects. And not only were Freethinkers persecuted under this law, but publishers of other legitimate works as well. Some of the standard classical literature of the world has been prohibited by the intolerant Christians who run Comstock's society. The "Arabian Nights," the "Heptameron" and "Decameron," Rabelais, Walt Whitman's works, are some that we recollect. The law can refuse the privileges of the mail to dozens of noble books. Shakspere, according to the definition of the courts, is obscene. The Bible, according to any definition, is obscene, and were it not that it is the fetich of the Protestant church, Comstock would hav suppressed it long ago. Medical books hav been suppressed under this law—good, standard, technical medical works—written in the interest of humanity, and for student's use, not clap-trap works built to scare the ignorant out of their money. And it is because of this abuse, as well as its unconstitutionality, that we want the law repealed. And we shall work for that until it is accomplished, or obscenity so defined that no pure work can be touched by the law. But we are free to say that in repealing this law, no aid is expected from Colonel Ingersoll.

And in commenting upon Mr. Heywood's conviction for selling "Cupid's Yokes," Mr. Abbott said:

"The case of Mr. E. H. Heywood, indicted for sending 'obscene' publications through the mails, was tried before the United States circuit court in this city last Thursday and Friday. The verdict of the jury is not known to us at this writing. But Judge Clark's charge to the jury, defining what an 'obscene book' is, and laying down the law on the subject, is (at least as reported in the *Advertiser*) an outrage upon common sense and the freedom of the press: 'A book is obscene that is offensiv to decency. A book to be obscene need not be obscene throughout the whole; whole or in part comes within the meaning of the law. A book is said to be obscene which excites impure or lewd thoughts, or [is] of immoral tendency. A book is obscene that would incite the practice of impure desires, or is unbecoming, unfit to be seen; a book that in its general scope or tendencies, in its pictures or reading matter, in whole or in part, comes under the prohibition of the law.' The whole case turned on the *definition of obscenity* which was to be made the basis of interpreting the law; and the judge should hav been made to realize the enormous responsibility he assumed in establishing one judicially. By the definition he adopted, to send through the mails a copy of the Bible, or of unnumbered works of the highest value to mankind, will be made an indictable offense. *Thus interpreted*, the law can never stand; it ought to be, and it will be, totally swept away, just as soon as the people understand its scope and threatening character. Mr. Heywood ought to hav been acquitted by the jury without leaving their seats; his publications are not obscene in the narrow and jealously-restricted sense that should alone be legally recognized; he ought to be discharged as much as Mr. Bennett. *If the only choice is to lie between the law as Judge Clark expounds it, and the repeal of all legislation on the subject, we certainly favor the latter;* and Judge Clark has struck an infinitly heavier blow at all such legislation than would be struck by a million signatures to the Bennett petition. He has succeeded in *putting the law in the wrong* before the sober judgment of the best friends of purity; he has made it an instrument of infamous oppression; he has done his best to make Mr. Heywood a martyr; and the reaction against his decision, whether Mr. Heywood is or is not convicted, will be tremendous."

Judge Clark's definition of obscenity is the same as Judge Benedict's—the same as all the legal definitions—and comes to us from England. It was first given one or two hundred years ago, and has been followed ever since. It was because of this definition, and the fact that the law could be and was being used to do injustice, that its repeal was desired.

R. B. Hayes, then occupying the presidential chair, said the book was not obscene. He pardoned Heywood for selling it. Charles Devens, attorney-general of the United States, said of the book: "I do not confound it with those obscene publications the effect and object of which is to excite the imagination and inflame the passions." Alfred A. Valentine, one of the jurors who convicted Mr. Bennett, said afterward in the *Herald* that he did not regard the book as "obscene within the strict meaning of the statute." He voted for conviction because he "could not disobey the instructions of the judge," and "as a means to obtain a less sweeping construction of this statute upon appeal, or a change of it by those who made it. *Had the jurors been left to construe and apply it, Mr. Bennett would never hav been convicted.*"

So we could go on and quote pages of testimony from individuals, and columns of press opinions, condemning the prosecution and conviction of Mr. Bennett. In the face of them, what must we think of C. O. Brown for saying that he "was imprisoned for unmixed obscenity and moral filth?" Mr. Bennett was one of the best, kindest, and sincerest of men. He was as honest a man as ever lived. His word was absolutely to be relied upon. He was outrageously used by Comstock and a lot of miserable people who were envious and jealous of him. His imprisonment was cruelty itself.

The facts that we hav given in this matter completely answer the Rev. C. O. Brown, and prove him to be a willful liar and slanderer. The petition upon which he bases his seven columns of falsehood asked for *modification* of the law (which Mr. Brown is too dishonest to show) as much as for the repeal, and that its modification is necessary is shown indisputably by the words and acts of Comstock, whose intention was to stamp out Freethought publishers, as he announced in his annual report, as he told the House committee and two senators, and as he publicly declared in Boston, Rochester, and St. Louis, and we know not how many other places. The fight Mr. Bennett made is the only thing that stopped him. When Mr. Bennett came out of prison he was greeted by three thousand friends, given a banquet, and sent to Europe at the expense of his admirers, and also around the world. Did the Rev. C. O. Brown ever receive such marks of esteem? And Comstock, when he saw this, concluded that stamping out Freethinkers involved too much trouble, and turned his attention to arresting the wicked men who wager money on the weight of hogs in country villages. The book for which Mr. Bennett suffered is being sold to-day by its author and publisher without let or hindrance from Comstock.

To put the Rev. Mr. Brown's lies down categorically, it is only necessary to say that what we hav shown is this:

We hav shown that D. M. Bennett was first arrested for selling one Antichristian and one scientific tract.

We hav shown that, this prosecution having failed, Comstock swore revenge.

We hav shown that the objectiv point of his attack upon Mr. Bennett was THE TRUTH SEEKER.

We hav shown that it is because the paper is a Freethought journal that Comstock desired to suppress it.

We hav shown that Comstock so officially said, on many occasions and to many people.

We hav shown that the repeal or modification of Comstock's law was necessary (and is now), because he desired its retention on the statute books in order to stamp out Freethought publications.

We hav shown that Mr. Ingersoll desired the modification of the law, for the reasons given, but not its repeal.

We hav shown that Mr. Abbot, Mr. Bennett's bitter enemy, and the man from whom Mr. Brown quotes, also desired the modification of the law.

We hav shown that Colonel Ingersoll vigorously opposed a resolution of the National Liberal League demanding the repeal of the law.

We hav shown that six weeks before the House committee reported adversely upon the petition, Colonel Ingersoll wrote to the Boston *Journal* that he did not desire the repeal of the law.

We hav shown that his opinion was the same the next year, and the year after; and we know it is the same to-day.

We hav shown that he never did desire the repeal of the law.

We hav shown that he never addressed a legislativ committee upon the subject.

We hav shown that Colonel Ingersoll detests obscenity, whether inspired or uninspired.

We hav shown that the National Liberal League (now the American Secular Union) despises obscenity, and denounces the Christians who vend it.

We hav shown that "Cupid's Yokes" is not obscene, and we hav shown that the jury which convicted Mr. Bennett would not hav done it had not the judge (before whom, Comstock once boasted, he never lost a case) constrained them.

We hav shown that Mr. Bennett was loved and honored by thousands of people; that his persecution was a martyrdom; that his enemies were actuated by malice.

And now to show what Colonel Ingersoll thinks of the Rev. Charles O. Brown, Congregational preacher of Dubuque, Iowa, we quote his letter to a friend of that city:

"NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1888.

"*My Dear Sir:* I ought to hav answered your letter before, and I would hav done so, only that I hav been exceedingly busy. The statement of Rev. C. O. Brown with regard to my position as to the carrying of obscene matter through the mails is a malicious falsehood. In the first place, I never signed any petition of that kind. I hav no doubt but that I told somebody I was in favor of it, and some one put my name to a petition, but not of a character suggested by Rev. Mr. Brown. The petition was either that the law should be changed so as not to include Infidel books, or what is known as Liberal literature, or if such a change could not be made, that it be repealed. He further states that I went before a committee of the United States Senate and pleaded before the committee for the repeal of that law. This is an unqualified falsehood. Of course the Rev. C. O. Brown knows that I am as much opposed to obscenity as any man in the world. The Rev. C. O. Brown knows that one of my objections to the Bible is that many of its passages are obscene. The Rev. C. O. Brown knew when he made that statement that he was simply telling a lie. The Rev. C. O. Brown knows that he cannot answer my arguments. He knows that there is no possible way to get even with me but one, and that is by becoming a liar. Is it not wonderful that some men imagin that God really requires the services of a liar—that some men think that an infinit God is willing to reward some of his children for telling falsehoods in his behalf? Of course I should not hav thought of answering the Rev. C. O. Brown except for your letter. I hav no time for reply to the poor little reverend dogs who bark at me; but you are at liberty to state, and state publicly, that he was telling a falsehood.

"Yours very truly, R. G. INGERSOLL."

With these facts and that letter before him the Rev. C. O. Brown ought to feel cheap.

The Kind of Officials They Hav in Canada.

The following letter discovers some Canadian customs officials who are still Christians:

"GLENFORD, March 22, 1888.

"DEAR EDITOR: I received the pamphlet, 'Anti-Prohibition,' all right, but the two ANNUALS and Ingersoll's speech in the blasphemy suit I hav not got. Instead, the custom house sent me a postal card saying these works were there, upon which I sent an order for their delivery to a friend. The custom officers refused to let him hav them. I then went after them myself, when, lo and behold! I was told the books had been condemned by the custom inspector for obscenity, blasphemy, and immorality! I demanded the books, but was told they had been sent to Ottawa to the government inspector, and that I was liable to be fined two hundred dollars for importing such stuff.

"JOHN MCCLEMONT."

To know the kind of men these Canadian customs officials are it is only necessary to read the foregoing letter. The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL contains considerable wit at the expense of an old book; it also reveals a few facts in the history of the book, and points out some untruths therein, but there is nothing obscene or immoral or blasphemous between its covers. This cannot truthfully be said of the book criticised. Ingersoll's speech in the blasphemy case is the greatest plea for liberty in the English language, and, of course, is pure. The condemnation of these books shows to what level Christianity will reduce the human mind.

THE *World* says: "An article is announced 'on the religious opinions of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.' It ought to be short, for it is quite well known that the genial, witty, and eloquent colonel has no religious opinions—at least, none to speak of." That may be, but he has a lot of opinions on religion.

WE never had much more confidence in A. S. Barnes than in Comstock's society, as he was one of those mean Christians who would get much public credit for giving large sums to the church, and then reduce the salaries of his employees to meet the bill, but we hope Dr. Foote has diagnosed Mr. Barnes's disease correctly in the following paragraph in *Foote's Health Monthly*. "Mr. A. S. Barnes, the well-known publisher of educational and other works, recently died at an advanced age, leaving a considerable fortune. In his will he made numerous bequests to prominent charitable and religious societies, but the Society for the Suppression of Vice was not remembered. This must be considered a remarkable omission on his part in view of the fact that for many years he was one of the officers of the society. It would seem to indicate that he must hav lost confidence in its executiv officers, and began to doubt the genuinness of their motivs and the policy of their methods. His neglect to remember the Vice Society could hardly be the result of mere forgetfulness; it appears more like a practical vote on the part of Mr. Barnes of lack of confidence."

Letters from Friends.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 26, 1888.

Mr. Editor: Through your valuable paper I should like to caution my fellow-wage-workers in the East to be careful about emigrating to southern California. The bosses sent word over the country last fall stating that mechanics were receiving from $5 to $6 per day here, when, in fact, journeymen carpenters received only from $3 to $4 per day. This winter we receive from $2 50 to $3 50 per day when we can find anything to do. As the building business has been very dull here this winter, many mechanics hav had nothing to do.

It is true we hav a very fine climate and a fertil soil, but there is not rain enough in this part of the state to produce good crops. There are many prayerful men and women here, but the rain-prayer has proved a failure in this part of the country, and many hav resorted to irrigating, with fair success. But the poor cannot well afford to buy water to irrigate with.

The cost of living is much higher here than in most other parts of the country, and poor men with families to support should not come to southern California. Lyman Smith.

Enumclaw, Wash. Terr., Feb. 23, 1888.

Mr. Editor: I see by a letter in The Truth Seeker of February 11th that Converse Close wants to "call a halt" in regard to the Anarchy question. But were The Truth Seeker to do so and place itself in line with the capitalistic press, what would be the use of the paper? The great interest in The Truth Seeker is because we can hear all questions of interest from the different standpoints. Converse Close seems Liberal and reasonable, for the most part, but shows that reverence for courts that savors of much ignorance in regard to their proceedings.

Those, so far as I hav observed, who hav sympathized with the Anarchists on account of their not being supposed to hav had a fair trial, are of that class who investigate and weigh matters for themselvs, and decide in accordance with the evidence as they find it, and, in fact, do not regard judges, juries, or policemen as infallible any more than they do popes or priests, or more capable of judging than any intelligent looker-on or reader on the subject, especially as the latter is not subject to bribery or undue influence. On the other hand, those who hav upheld the verdict and denounced all who sympathized with the condemned hav given us reason to believe that they are ignorant of the whole subject, except as presented through the capitalistic or hireling press, in which the condemned were represented as most brutal murderers, and the impeached evidence of Gilmer and Thompson was given as truth to sustain the verdict. The fact that this class of writers accuse The Truth Seeker of a leaning toward Anarchy shows them not to be investigators, or even close observers of what they read, for The Truth Seeker has been very explicit in its views, and has used much argument against the principles held by Anarchists.

But those ill-Liberal non-investigators seem to think that The Truth Seeker can show opposition to Anarchy only by denouncing its advocates and approving of their hanging, whether they had a fair trial, in the opinion of its Editor, or not.

If The Truth Seeker were to close down on all unpopular subjects, or against the unpopular side, it would shut out all who turn to it to find expression for what they cannot through the popular and less independent press, and leave space only for those who, if they are good writers, can find expression through the latter, and consequently need not monopolize The Truth Seeker. And in order to do this The Truth Seeker would hav to go back entirely on the principles of its founder.

Would Converse Close, for the sake of "harmony," hav The Truth Seeker narrowed to suit those who, not having the disposition or the ability to investigate, cannot tolerate the opinions of those who do, and consequently differ from them? At the risk of being called an Anarchist, I will say that "the principles of Anarchy," as stated by some of its leading advocates and by those whose lives were sacrificed, do not "involve the utter disregard and destruction of all laws," but only such laws and regulations as are in conflict with natural law and the right of self-government; they claim that laws should be discovered, not made.

I hav always understood Liberalism as upholding not only the right of private opinion, but the right to publicly express that opinion.

I believe not one who has expressed sympathy for the condemned Anarchists has manifested a desire to hav the mouths of those who denounced them closed. By this one may judge as to who is most Liberal.

Friend Close, a very large, and the most popular, class believe that in opposing religion you are attacking the very foundation of "good order in society." And it was for this as much as for Anarchy that those men were condemned.

R. B. Ewing.

Hillsboro, Dak., March 9, 288 A.S.

Mr. Editor: Since the publication of my last letter I hav been so overwhelmed with different kinds of Liberal newspapers that I hav hardly had time to read them all. I did not need to read very far in each one to satisfy me as to the superiority of The Truth Seeker. There is more solid, instructiv reading in one copy of The Truth Seeker than in five copies of any other paper. And besides, I think that The Truth Seeker is favored with the best writers in this country, if not in the world.

One idea, however, strikes me as ridiculous—that of an equal distribution of property, which your contributors write so much about. Although they write against monopoly and the money power as they say, they don't suggest any remedy for the same. Mr. Denslow has one remedy, and, as I understand, it is, Let it be as it is, and do not make any robbing-nest out of our country. As I am a laboring man, I would not hav any objections to securing a thousand dollars through an equal distribution. But I cannot see by what right such a distribution could take place. As long as a man has acquired his wealth, be it ten cents or millions of dollars, in accordance with the law, I cannot see why he has not a perfect right to it. But if he has not got his wealth in accordance with the law, he is a thief, and should be punished accordingly. Then it must be the fault of the law if the millionaire has no right to his millions. If it is so, the law-making majority should make such laws as would prohibit monopoly. I wish some of those who want equal distribution to suggest some method of getting the same, or else it will stand just where it now stands.

I cannot see how Mr. Shoemaker should expect you to be able to please everybody. I think that a free paper, as is The Truth Seeker, is the best we can hav. I wonder how it would hav pleased Shoemaker to be excluded from the pages of The Truth Seeker so as not to be able to giv his opinion on different subjects. Hoping those questions will be cleared up in the near future, I am,

Respectfully yours, John E. Welin.

Detroit, Minn., Feb. 12, 1888.

Mr. Editor: In the twenty-fifth chapter of "the gospel according to St. Matthew" Christ describes what an ancient divine has called "the last, eternal judgment of the universe." Before the great judge are gathered all nations—every man, woman, and child that has had being since time began These innumerable millions of human beings are summoned to appear before this dread tribunal to hear and receive a judgment which will irrevocably settle and fix their eternal destinies. A part of this vast multitude is adjudged worthy of an immortality of happiness, while the rest are consigned to everlasting punishment. An awful responsibility this last for a good and just judge to assume, and he naturally feels it incumbent upon him to state the grounds or reasons which warrant his pronouncing so terrible a sentence. This he proceeds to do, and the indictment reads as follows: "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." And when these myriads of lost souls demand to know when or, rather, in effect, how they hav been thus guilty, he sums up and explains by saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Now, it would appear reasonable enough to assume that this infinitly wise and just judge has stated in these charges and in this summing up the real grounds upon which his judgment is based, or, in other words, that when God professes to state the reason for which he is about to damn the greater number of the human race he states the true reason and no other. Yet the seeker after truth might be excused for inquiring, with becoming modesty, how it happens that unbelief is altogether omitted in these charges and that no reference whatever is made to such a crime in assigning the cause of their condemnation. Pressing the inquiry, he will be led to the conclusion that there may be hosts of Freethinkers on the right-hand side of the judge, and millions of baptized believers among the goats. He will then wonder as to what action Christ's apostles and self-accredited ministers will take upon such an arraignment of baptized believers, since they taught these poor, deluded wretches that their final salvation or damnation would be contingent, not upon their deeds, but upon their belief or disbelief in Christ. What will these ghostly counselors do? Will they stand by their clients and demur to the indictment, or will they confess before an assembled universe that they lied to and deceived the world when they preached: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned?" S. J. Offord.

Pittsburgh, Pa., March 1, 1888.

Mr. Editor: If crowded houses are to be taken as evidences of increasing strength, Freethought in Pittsburgh is certainly growing strong, for crowded houses hav been the rule with both Secularist and Spiritualist in this city ever since the present season opened. Last Sunday afternoon Prof. W. S. Bell, of Chicago, lectured before the Secular Society on "Liberty and Morality" to a crowded and appreciativ audience, as was evidenced by their frequent outburst of applause. One of the pleasing features of the audience was the large number of young men and women, many of whom were there for the first time, and the marked attention and hearty response to the many good points made by the lecturer. The lecturer showed very forcibly that so long as the individual was fettered by creeds and conventionalities one could not be truly moral; that to be moral we must be absolutely free to act out our own impulses, hence the absurdity of attempting to legislate people moral. Professor Bell wields a powerful influence over his audience from the opening to the closing sentence of his discourse. As a Freethought lecturer he is capable of doing a great amount of good to the cause, and ought therefore to be kept constantly before the public.

On Sunday evening we went to hear Mrs. Richings, of Boston, deliver her closing lecture to the First Society of Spiritualists, and although I got there fully twenty minutes before the time for opening, the only seat I could find was on the edge of the platform by the side of the speaker's desk. Mrs. Richings is one of the most pleasing and forcible speakers it was ever my pleasure to listen to, and is a credit to the cause she represents. Her subject was, "Hav Spiritualists a Savior?" She took the ground that the elevation of the human race had not been through the merits and sacrifice of any one savior, but through the noble lives and self-sacrifices of the great and good in all the ages of the past and the present.

Between these two wings of Freethought, Materialist and Spiritualist, the dry bones of orthodoxy are getting pretty well shaken up in these two cities. Anthony Barker.

Averill, Mich., March 10, 1888.

Mr. Editor: I saw in The Truth Seeker of February 11th an article on "Evolution," taken from the *Cornhill Magazine*. The writer claims that all the matter of the sun and planets was very thin gas up to a certain time, but at some time in the past the particles of matter began to concentrate into worlds and a sun. That is very easy to tell, but I should like to see him or anyone else prove it. If it could exist in that shape from all eternity down to a certain time, what would cause it to begin to form into worlds and suns? Could one atom of matter begin to attract all the other atoms around, this would go on attracting all the atoms of matter for millions of miles. If the sun had commenced to form first, it would hav attracted every atom of matter of all the planets to it.

And then where would the power come from to set the earth in motion around the sun and revolving on its axis? The motion of the earth around the sun does not increase or diminish a particle, and there is no friction to stop it. Then how could it start and not keep increasing the motion to all eternity? Or did that power instantly cease when it got the earth going at a certain speed? Where was all the attractiv power of the sun all the time it was getting under motion? What hindered it from falling to the sun? What was all this matter doing from all eternity until that time? Why did not all this happen millions of years before it did? Hav there been great changes in the laws of nature at some time that would bring this all about? If there hav, what caused the changes?

There is no man living that can show that the laws of nature hav ever changed. Unless the laws of nature hav changed, all the planets and suns are eternal in the same shape they are now. Anything that is eternal never gets any older. The earth is no older now than it was billions of years ago, nor will it be billions of years hence. If anything that is eternal could grow older, eternity must hav had a beginning. The changes that are going on to-day on the earth under the laws of nature are sufficient in an eternity to bring about all the changes that hav ever happened. We might as well get up a God and hav him make everything out of nothing as to get it up under evolution. According to the theory of evolution, the world is eternal if time, matter, and the laws of nature are eternal. We will grant, for the sake of argument, that the evolution theory is correct—if the earth was formed under the laws of nature, it would commence to form when the conditions were all right; that would be at the commencement of eternity. When would that be? I hope that some one that believes in evolution will try and prove it to be true. I think the subject needs agitating.

Charles Inman.

Orange, Mass., March 4, 1888.

Mr. Editor: Please allow me a few lines to reply to an essay by C. L. Haskell, wherein he makes use of a few obscure assertions to prove that the finite can comprehend the infinit. In all philosophical arguments the greatest attention should be given to allow to every word its proper and full value. Custom regulates this. Every word is the distinct expression of an idea or a portion of an idea, so if its full value is not given, or if it is increased in value by trespassing within the circumference of another word (idea), it is rendered obscure and meaningless to all, except the person who employs it. Herein lies Mr. Haskell's mistake. He confounds comprehension with conception, or rather recognizes no difference between them. They are not synonyms, like understanding and comprehending, but each has a distinct sphere of action, a well-defined meaning, and a positiv but varying value.

Comprehension or understanding is a matter of education, and never extends beyond our surroundings, beyond our experience—it comprises all the knowable; while conception's sphere is beyond this. Conception begins where comprehension ends. We comprehend effects and conceive causes. We comprehend the magnitude of our solar system and that of others. We realize their immense power and distance from us, and there our comprehension ends, and we look about and conceive the causes which hav produced them. To use one of his own illustrations—the drop of water—we can understand its being divided a number of times, but a continued repetition of the division very soon brings us to the end of our comprehensiv power, and conception takes up the process and follows it even to infinity.

It is not necessary to be able to understand in order to recognize certain truths. If so, how did we gain our knowledge of the eternity of time and the limitlessness of space? We cannot understand, or even conceive of, a beginning or an end to consciousness. Why, then, not place consciousness, time, and space in the same category and prove the infinity of the one by the other.

Comprehension is positiv, circumscribed, and limited. Conception is abstract, vague, and suggestiv—it is to imagin or suggest that which lies beyond the limits of the demonstrable. We are finite; we are limited to a certain sphere of action; our intellects are formed within that circle; that which does not come within our scope of thought can never be known. Consequently, built up, as we are, by the finite, how can we possess an infinit faculty of comprehension?

I do not see the meaning to the statement that "perfection is a limit of itself and the perfect must hav limits," and I

will wager considerable that the gentleman himself cannot clearly define it. I supposed that the laws of nature, *i. e.*, universal evolutionary laws, were constantly advancing the universe toward a more perfect state of existence, and as, according to Mr. Haskell, perfection can only be produced by a process of limitation, the result will be that some time the infinit will shrink up, so to speak, and become finite.

The real fact is, there is no finite. Everything is infinit in one direction, at least. At each new discovery the finite becomes larger. Does the infinit correspondingly decrease?

H. W. HAMMOND.

MONROVIA, CAL., March 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps your readers would like to hear from this part of the grand army of Liberals. The two pages in your paper devoted to "Letters from Friends" are by no means waste leaves. They are a valuable auxiliary. They serve as a kind of clincher to hold the family together. We can exchange ideas, tell what progress is being made in our respectiv portions of the country, and drink new confidence and courage from the plucky co-workers. It is a pleasure to read the discussions where a Liberal spirit prevails. It is amusing to read the letters of a few who want free speech for themselvs, but not for others—not even the Editor—and to note their inclination to hamper the ideas of others within the walls of their own notions. It is perfectly proper to persuade others, and, if possible, convince them, but to withdraw one's patronage, or stop the paper, is not a proper means to employ.

This is a "church town," and but a very few Liberals hav unfurled the flag. There may be quite a number here, but they do not come to the surface. They do not think favorably enough of the church to sign its creed and stand up for their "master," nor enough of the Nine Demands and of absolute freedom to declare independence, and practice it. Thousands of good people are nothing, so far as a religious belief is concerned. They are in a position to be pulled and pushed by the exhaustless exhorters. They are saving their nerve till almost everybody else gets to speaking out. If they knew how free a fellow feels after having made a man of himself by talking just what his brain thinks, they would come over and do the same. It is no small item to be thoroughly rid of the systematic solicitors for the church, who are ordered out by the pastor and told to beg for boodle, with which to purchase steeples, stained glass, gilt-bound books, napkins, oysters, etc. They had much rather ask a saloon-keeper than an earnest Infidel for aid. They know that the true Infidel will giv nothing, other than his reasons for not giving. Less than two years ago I was asked by a minister for funds to aid in the building of a church. I answered in a playful manner that "I had better use for my money." He asked, "In the name of common sense, what could it be?" and on being told, "to pay debts and buy clothing for my child," he actually said he could not see it that way, and immediately left.

They are gaining sagacity. They are learning where to ask in order to receive. Why, they do not even pray for rain here during the summer when there is none expected. In order to obtain rain during that season the mountains—the natural obstructions—must first be removed; but that is a roundabout way, and mountains are not so easily moved as of old, so they depend entirely upon man's invention—irrigation. Who knows but they may yet learn that "labor is the only prayer that receives an answer; the only prayer that deserves an answer?"

I hav just read Ingersoll's "Defense of C. B. Reynolds," and regard it as the greatest plea for free speech that has ever been made. Colonel Ingersoll has moved the minds of millions in other efforts and in this one he no doubt caused even the Morristown jury to think a little. The man does not liv that can argue him down. There is not the least doubt that he could hav been president had he been a hypocrit. Long liv Ingersoll, the greatest thinker and orator on earth!

W. A. CHESS.

ERIE, COL., Feb. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 45—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the remainder for the ANNUAL and Peck's "Christian Absurdities."

The struggle for existence gets more and more severe every year in these parts, because the wealth of this region, through outrageous charges by the railroad monopolies, goes to one center to enrich the few and pauperize the many. Think of charging $1 per ton for freighting coal from this place to Denver, only twenty-three miles. If anyone calls attention to this, the capitalist papers and bosses will howl that another agitator, Socialist, or Anarchist is in their midst.

I approve of the stand you took in regard to the Chicago Anarchists. If tyranny has not existed in Chicago since 1878 and 1879, when the poor Socialists had their ballots thrown and kicked on the floor, instead of being counted like other ballots, then tyranny never existed under English rule in Ireland. I wonder when those so-called Liberals, who are among the first to kick when the church power tries to throttle free thought, speech, and press, will grant the same rights to the Socialists and Anarchists.

I am at present perusing the late A. R. Parsons's book on "Anarchism." I think the idea is a grand and noble one. I am afraid we are not perfect enough to liv up to it. We hav evil in nature as well as good; in this age, as well as the past, it seems to predominate. In the vegetable kingdom we hav poisonous plants, and in the animal we hav some organisms that prey on the others, gnaw and eat while their victim is alive. Man slaughters his fellow-man, and even goes further—he will oppress him for the sake of hoarding up wealth over and above the necessities of life, knowing that his fellow-man that produces that wealth cannot hav proper food for himself and struggling family.

Old Jove from the top of Olympia did not cause more consternation among the Hellenic people by hurling his thunderbolts down on them than C. B. Reynolds did among the orthodox of Erie on the noble Paine's birthday. Sunday and Monday night the town hall was crowded. Every available seat was occupied half an hour before the appointed time. Some of our noted church-members were occupying front seats. The three reverends showed the white feather, and failed to show the courage of some of the laymen. One of them said that it was the worst thing that ever struck (cycloned) Erie. That first dawn of light called thought has taken hold of a good many. Two ladies of my acquaintance hav been liberated from mental slavery—one a member of the Primitiv Methodist (ranters') church, and the other of the Methodist Episcopal church. The Methodist Episcopal sky-pilot came to see his wayward sister, and spoke of the error of her ways. The erring sister said that the Infidel quoted the Bible, and that she had found it so. Since, that shepherd and the rest of the flock hav been mourning the fate of that ewe lamb. Liberals everywhere on C. B. Reynolds's route would do well to engage him. He is a trump for the cause.

I am passing my TRUTH SEEKER around to get people to take an interest in it. One promised two weeks ago that he was going to forward the necessary fee for six months.

GRIFF LLOYD.

MT. HEATHY, O., Feb. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I can with all my heart recommend THE TRUTH SEEKER to the Infidel public. It is Liberal to its patrons—a very desirable qualification in an Infidel paper. Infidels are supposed to hav inquiring minds, of course advancing new theories for the advancement of humanity to a higher civilization. Of course, then, there will be many subjects advanced which will not coincide with the Editor's views, or the views of all his patrons. There was a time when it was popular to burn people alive for a difference of opinion on the subject of religion, also to banish Baptists, hang Quakers, and whip their women naked, tied to the tail-end of carts, from town to town. Also to hang witches; in which Illinois is now put on the same plane as old Massachusetts—a scandal that will stick to her as long as history is written. No doubt if some of our pretended Liberal friends had lived at that time, they would hav indorsed hangings and burnings of Quakers and witches, just as they hav cried for the blood of those innocent men, Parsons, Spies, and friends. All the liberty which we possess has been accomplished by Infidels. Any man who fights, writes, or speaks for the natural rights of man is a patriot. John Brown, in fighting for the natural rights of man, killed not less than fifty men in Kansas and Harpers Ferry, defying the state of Kansas and her troops, also the United States troops, committing treason against the United States, and to-day he is more popular than any general who served in the war of the Rebellion, dead or alive, Grant not excepted. And why? Because he sacrificed his life for the natural rights of man.

Man's natural rights are high above all governments, principalities or powers, thrones or dominions, kings or priests. Natural laws are God's laws, if a God exists. They are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. They govern every organization, in all places and all countries alike. We need no other laws. Any statute law that infringes on the rights of man ought not to be obeyed. It is blasphemy to obey them. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," says some writer I cannot recall now. Why do we venerate Washington, Jefferson, Paine, the Fathers of the old Revolution? Because they resisted the tyranny of George III. There were Tories then, just as there are now—traitors to the natural rights of man. All reforms hav originated among the poor. The rich want no reformers. Christ, Mohammed, Confucius, were all poor men. Christ was a friend of the poor. He despised the rich; broke up their swindling banking institutions with whips; called them thieves, as all such institutions are; told the preachers to preach barefoot, the rich to sell what they had and giv to the poor before they could be his disciples. He placed the rich man in hell and the tramp and beggar Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Parsons or Spies never said anything more severe of the rich capitalist than the man Christ. I believe in free thought, free press, free speech, free meetings, minus the ignorant Catholic police. I believe if the people's meetings are to be broken up by a brutal police as they hav been for two years past, it is high time the people should resist such tyranny.

JOEL BROWN.

ITHACA, MICH., March 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Another soldier has dropped out of the Freethought ranks. W. C. Bryant, of North Star, Mich., died Feb. 8, 1888, after several weeks of suffering, aged thirty-seven years. He was a single man and lived with his parents. In his death his parents hav lost a kind and dutiful son, the only child they had left them in their declining years. Mr. and Mrs. Bryant hav the sympathy of all who know them. In the death of Mr. Bryant, the community has lost a good and enterprising citizen and an upright, thorough business man, and Liberalism an outspoken Freethinker and Agnostic. He was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, always social, kind-hearted, and accommodating. He owned and worked a brickyard, and employed quite a number of men. When he became satisfied he could liv but a few days, he made arrangements for his burial, and selected his pall-bearers from the young men under his employ. He requested that there should be no orthodox minister to preach his funeral sermon, but consented to a request of his mother to let a minister make a prayer at the house. When asked by some of his Christian friends if he would like to hav a minister come in and pray for him he said, No; if they wanted to come and see him he was willing, but he did not want them to pray for him. His motto was, One world at a time. He was not afraid to die. He wanted to die as he had lived. I saw his parents and had a talk with them. They say he was conscious to the last and passed away as one going to sleep, and as calm as the setting of the sun on a mild summer eve.

He told a friend a few days before he died: "If the Christians say after I am dead that I requested their prayers, tell them I was crazy and had lost my reason, for it will be when I hav lost my reason that I do that." The Free Methodists got badly left when Mr. Bryant died, for they had often said when he came to die he would call on Christians to pray for him, as all Infidels did; that no Infidel could die in peace. But Mr. Bryant and all honest, intelligent Infidels giv the lie to that assertion.

That Mr. Bryant was an honest, intelligent, outspoken Freethinker and Agnostic is proved by the stand he took in regard to the expulsion of a brother Mason, of King Solomon's Lodge, No. 22, of Toronto, Ont., in 1885, for holding Agnostic views. I herewith inclose an exact copy of Mr. Bryant's letter to the secretary of the Toronto lodge, which led to the expulsion of Mr. Bryant from the Ithaca lodge, together with the comments of the editor of the Gratiot *Journal*. You will see, Mr. Editor, that all Masons are not as honest as was Mr. Bryant, for it is well known by many that the editor of the *Journal* is a Mason and belongs to the Ithaca lodge, and is an Agnostic or Infidel, but has not the moral courage to let it be known publicly for fear of expulsion, and is therefore a mental slave—for he says in his comments it is in direct violation of the spirit of Free Masonry to allow any of its members to entertain the belief expressed in Mr. Bryant's letter, if the fact be known, as no Agnostic or Infidel can be knowingly made a Mason, nor can one retain a place in a lodge should the fact be known that he entertains such views. And he further says Mr. Bryant's position and action is sincerely to be regretted—as much as to say it is sincerely to be regretted that Mr. Bryant was not a hypocrit, that he was not a mental slave, and that he had the moral courage to speak his honest thoughts, or, in other words, that he was an honest man.

Mr. Bryant made more warm friends among our best and most intelligent citizens by his manly and honest course taken and maintained than he would if he had truckled to a few bigoted hypocrits in the Masonic lodge. If all Masons were expelled who hold the same views that Mr. Bryant held, it would thin their ranks mightily, but there are too many moral cowards among them; and I am afraid the editor of the *Journal* is one of them. Here is what appeared in the *Journal:*

"EXPELLED FROM MASONRY.

"Some months ago King Solomon's Lodge, No. 22, of Toronto, Ont., expelled one of its members for holding Agnostic views. The lodge's action in the matter was sustained by the grand master of the province, who cited instances where the same position had been taken by grand lodges elsewhere, notably in New York. The expulsion was commented on quite generally by the press of the country at the time, and attracted the attention of W. C. Bryant, of North Star, a member of Ithaca lodge, who addressed the following letter to the Toronto lodge:

"'NORTH STAR, MICH., April 18, 1885.

"'SECRETARY K. S. LODGE, Toronto, *Dear Sir:* I hav recently seen in the papers an account of the treatment of a Mr. Harrison at the hands of your lodge, and to say that the object of this is to express my indignation at such treatment of any man is a mild way to put it. I hav been a master Mason for fourteen years, and during ten years of that time I hav held to the creed of an Agnostic, or, in other words, that there was no proof or evidence of the existence of a great bugaboo beyond the clouds so many call a God; and I hav never been anyway mealy-mouthed about it either, and my views are well known to all the members of our lodge who hav sense enough to know that man, not creed, is what makes a lodge and a Mason. Now, I know nothing about Mr. Harrison, and never heard of him until I saw his name in the paper. But I do know that if every Mason who holds Agnostic or Infidel opinions should express his contempt by letter to you for the manner in which you plainly said to the world that you think difference of opinion a crime, you would be flooded with such an avalanche of letters as would make some of your intolerant members (who, no doubt, wink at such offenses as drunkenness, wife-beating, vulgar or obscene language) think that they might be much better employed than to be quarreling with members about subjects that admit of proof purely and wholly speculativ. Now, Mr. Secretary, I should advise to get some light reading for your lodge—something that will tell them in plain English and small words that this earth is round, and that it is a long time since they burnt people for being heretics, also that witches are very scarce, and that ghosts hav to be hunted down by telegraph, and with proper education there may be some hopes for your lodge yet. W. C. BRYANT.'

"Soon after the receipt of Mr. Bryant's letter, the worshipful master of King Solomon's Lodge of Toronto sent a copy of the same to the worshipful master of Ithaca lodge, when the necessary machinery was set in motion to try Mr. Bryant for the offense; it being in direct violation of the spirit of Freemasonry to allow any of its members to entertain the belief expressed in Mr. Bryant's letter, if the fact be known, as no Agnostic or Infidel can be knowingly made a Mason, nor can one retain a place in a lodge should the fact be known that he entertains such views. After a duly constituted Masonic trial therefor, Mr. Bryant was found guilty of the charge, viz., that of being an Agnostic and also of the transmission of an insulting letter to a neighboring lodge. He was then expelled from the lodge, and forever after debarred the rights and benefits of Masonry. This is the only case of the kind that ever occurred in the United States, and probably the second expulsion for this cause in the world; each of which will be looked upon as of more than passing importance to all good Masons the world over, it being a cardinal principle of the fraternity that its members must believe in a true God. Mr. Bryant's position and action is sincerely regretted, as he has an excellent record as an honorable and straightforward business man, and is socially above reproach."

ISAAC GARRION.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Slander.

A SHORT SERMON.

Why foolishly squander our time here away
In vain, idle talk and light, silly play?
Why thus displease the good spirit within
By going the way of evil or sin?
Consider well.
Oh, why do we think or so little care
How wicked it is with harsh words to tear
The heart of a neighbor, to others most dear,
With whom we are called to associate here?
Indeed,
Slander's a vile wretch, at the midnight hour
By envy urged on sweet peace to devour.
It drinks deep draughts of the soul's precious part,
As a wild wolf sups the life-blood of the heart.
'Tis a base, ugly coward, in a bright coat of mail,
Who dares every brave and good man assail;
Oft hav I seen this foul demon of souls,
Beating the innocent down with cajoleries,
With a countenance smooth as heaven could make,
And visage serene as an unruffled lake,
With dark hurricanes in the deep world of thought,
For a season pent up, thence forthcoming brought
To bear on some goodly, well-meaning neighbor,
Marring his peace as with a thrust of a sabre!
Again,
A significant smile oft sits on its brow,
As it goes among men and stirs up a row;
Where, like as lightning from a charged thunder-cloud,
It shocks a poor soul, then hides in the crowd.
Alas!
As soon would I dwell with those serpents that rattle
As with their kin, Slander, its lies and foul prattle!

EXHORTATION.

Let us, dearest friends, all read and reflect;
Our duty to other dear souls ne'er neglect,
But strive to be faithful, all duties fulfill,
Be kind unto all, showing love and good-will;
So may we shut out all slandering crime,
And peacefully fill up our short span of time.

Three Rivers, Mich. E D BLAKEMAN.

Correspondence.

DEMPSEYTOWN, PA., March 12, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am going to try and write a letter for the Corner. My grandpa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I like to look at the pictures in it, and read the letters in the Corner. I am eight years old. I studied reading, spelling, drawing, arithmetic, and writing. I hav a little pup; its name is Scotchie. I don't go to school this winter; it is so far, and I would hav to go through the woods and alone. Hoping to see my letter in print, I am,

Your little Freethinker friend,
EMMA WEBER.

ONTARIO, CAL., March 12, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am going to write and tell you of the sorrowful death of my dear father, who suffered a long, patient sickness, and is now at a sweet rest, never more to wake. I miss him very much, and wish he was with me to-day. I hav three brothers. My brother Luther wrote you a letter once, and was glad to see it in print. This is my second letter, and I guess I will close, as I do not wish to take up too much room.

Yours in love and Freethought,
MAY A. JOHNS.

[We can truly sympathize with May in her sad loss. We *know* what it is.—ED. C. C.]

ROSSBURGH, N. Y, March 14, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I will write a few lines for the Children's Corner. My grandpa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. I read the Children's Corner and like it very much. I went to school, but it is out now. I studied reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic, language, and writing. My school was out last Friday; we had an exhibition. My teacher's name was Ama Morrow. I am ten years old. This is my first letter, so I will close. I remain, Yours truly, ETHEL MILLS.

P.S.—This card is for you. E. M.

[Thanks for the neat little card. Write again.—ED. C. C.]

METAMORA, O., March 14, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I like to read the Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am twelve years old. Pa takes the paper. I hav many good pieces in my scrap-book which I cut out of some papers edited by D. M. Bennett. This winter I recited two of them, "Love of Money" and "Prayer and Potatoes." I tell you it made a loud applause. We hav a revival here in the Methodist Episcopal church; the preacher begs for folks to come forward. But not one will go; one night I was there he got somewhat out of patience and said, "If you don't come and accept of this Christian religion, you will all go down to the very depths of hell!" How does he know of any such place? I will not go again—such talk is too silly for me. I hav no time to lose in any such way, but sometimes they occupy our time contrary to our wishes. I am going to a little country school. Our teacher opens school with reading in the Bible, then prayer, and then a good scolding! If she would read to us a piece of history of our country we liv in, it would be beneficial to us.

This, for the first time, comes from the hand and mind of your Liberal sister.

CLARA VICTORIA BURG.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., March 7, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Papa keeps THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I see in it that little girls about my size write to you quite often. We liv in a nice city, and, up to two years ago, it was called the biggest village in the United States. Now it is known to raise the finest celery, and undoubtedly you hav eaten some of it. I am ten years old, and go to school every day. I am in the fifth grade, and hav four brothers and one sister; and, to close, let me tell you something funny: My papa is the baby of his family; my mamma is the baby of her family; and I am the baby of our family.

Yours truly, BLANCHE ROSENBAUM.

McLEAN, ILL., March 14, 1888.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Friend:* I never hav written to the Children's Corner, so I will try once and see how I succeed. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER since it was first published, and he thinks he could not get along without it. I like to look at the pictures and to read the Corner. My brother Lee misses the picture puzzles; he always could read them. I go to school; my teacher's name is Miss Jennie Russum. We hav a nice literary society at our school-house. I will not write any more this time; I hav written too much already.

Your friend, LINCOLN LIVINGSTON.

P.S.—My regards to all the Corner correspondents. L. L.

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., March 12, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am ten years old, and I write this letter on papa's type-writer. Papa is teaching me to write with the type-writer, and sometimes I forget to make spaces between the words and run them together like this. My papa makes photographs, and my mamma keeps a big candy store. I hav all the candy I want; but I don't want enough to make me sick. I like to read the Children's Corner, and would like to hav some of the little girls write to me, and I will send them type-writer letters. We are having the biggest snow-storm I ever saw; the drifts are higher than my head. Auntie went out to look for the pump, and found it nearly covered up in a big snow-bank.

From your friend, ADA E. DEMOTT.

PORT RICHEY, FLA., March 11, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My folks liv in Nebraska. I am spending the winter in Florida. Father sends me THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I am glad to see the Corner so nobly conducted. All are interested in the Corner. Its weekly visits make many happy.

Florida has a splendid climate. I hav traveled over a large portion of the state. I spent two months on the Gulf studying animals and plants, and collecting specimens to take to my home in Salem, Nebraska, to which I shall return in a few days.

Ever success to the Corner and its readers.

T. P. BRINEGAR.

[We would be pleased if our friend would write some brief sketches for the Corner about the different plants and animals he has seen amid the "wilds of Florida."—ED. C. C.]

OSCEOLA, IA., Feb. 24, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines for the Corner. As this is my first letter, I will not write much. My father has been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER for four years; he thinks he could not do without it. I think it the best paper I ever read. I wish that every family could take THE TRUTH SEEKER. I think the world would be a little wiser if everybody would read that paper. I get more truth out of it than all the other papers I ever read. I am fifteen years old. I go to school most of the time. I only missed two and one-half days this winter. I study arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, physiology, spelling, and writing. Our school closed last Friday. We had a nice time. We liv eight miles southwest of Osceola. Well, I guess my letter is long enough for the first. I will close, hoping to see this in the next paper. Yours truly,

MAMIE JONES.

MOUNT HOPE, ONT., March 12, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav read several letters from the Children's Corner, so I thought I would write one too.

Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and we hav good laughs at the pictures. Mamma thinks the last one is a cutter on the preachers. I am nine years old, and go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Lamb. In our class we study arithmetic, reading, grammar, dictation, and geography. Papa lends THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Secular Thought* to our neighbors.

I hav two brothers school-teachers, and one going to high school at Caledonia. When they come home they are always reading the Liberal papers.

As this is my first letter, I guess I won't write any more.

Hoping it is good enough to put in your Corner, I remain, a Liberal,

Yours truly, MINNIE MAY MCCLEMONT.

WEST BOONE, IA., March 13, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As this is my first attempt in writing for the Children's Corner, I thought I would amuse the readers by writing a song entitled, "Building Castles in the Air," which was composed by one of father's friends, and I thought it too good not to be published, and so I thought I would send it to you, and if you think it is good enough I should like to see it in print. My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and we think it is just perfection. We hav THE TRUTH SEEKER of 1886 bound, and father has the year of 1887 ready to be bound, which will be for me. In my next letter I will tell you more of myself.

I will close my letter for this time. Wishing success to the Corner, I remain,

A truth seeker, ETTA KEMBEL.

P.S.—I will send you one of my cards. E. K.

BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR.

This world is all a fleeting show;
Our life is like a dream;
And man is but a little boat
That's floating down the stream.
He tries to guide his little craft
Through darkness and despair,
But his mind is ever busy
Building castles in the air.

He tries his fortune at the wheel,
And on the wide blue sea;
But the "best laid schemes of mice and men"
He finds are "aft aglee."
He seeks for fame in foreign lands,
Where skies are bright and fair;
But at the best his efforts are
But castles in the air.

We are traveling on the plain of life,
And many roads we see;
They hav guideboards without number,
But none of them agree.
Mankind are drifting to and fro,
They are scattered everywhere;
And each one striving hard to build
His castle in the air.

Our churches all hav different creeds,
And each one claims the right;
But when you look for evidence
It's always out of sight.
Men say their faith is firm and sure,
As they depend on prayer;
They are shouting hal-le-lu ja
At some phantom in the air.

They say salvation's free for all,
But that sounds rather flat,
For every Sunday at the church
They are sure to pass the hat.
They say, "Come, sinners, go to heaven—
There will be no sorrow there."
So they climb up Jacob's ladder
To bright castles in the air.

Their preachers vote for Prohibition,
The "members" fall in line;
But at the sacramental board
Each saint must hav his wine.
They say it's emblematic of
The blood of Christ so fair;
Now, isn't their consistency just like
Some castle in the air?

Religion of the present day
Is quite a curious thing;
Our churches all are drifting wild,
Like birds upon the wing;
Their faith in God is all "played out;"
That mustard seed so rare
Has proved to them their faith is but
Some castles in the air.

They hav tried to change the Bible so
That it will suit the times;
An angry God and endless hell
Don't suit their troubled minds.
And Satan, too, that old arch-fiend,
An angel once so fair—
They hav scratched his name, and now he's but
Some castle in the air.

For eighteen hundred years they've howled
To sinners all around:
"Hark, from the tombs, ye wretched souls—
List to the gospel sound.
By Adam's fall God cursed you all,
You are now in dark despair."
Now, don't you think that curse is but
Some castle in the air?

Their ministers are sore distressed,
They hav almost gone insane;
But still they spit their brimstone at
Such men as Thomas Paine.
They say God doomed his soul to hell,
To dwell forever there;
Now, don't such crazy lunatics
Build castles in the air?

Old orthodoxy's losing power;
Her structure soon will fall;
Her creeds are all turned upside-down
By Robert Ingersoll.
They hav found their faith is all a myth,
No answer to their prayer;
Their endless hell is nothing but
Some castle in the air.

When sickness comes upon us,
The doctor takes control;
Perhaps he'll lose the body,
But the priest will save the soul.
He says your sins are many,
And mumbles o'er a prayer;
And you die shouting glory at
Bright castles in the air.

So, now, kind friends, investigate,
And you will plainly see
That science and theology they never can agree.
Your Bible tells you that the sun
Stood still for one whole day,
And thousands of poor human souls
Were killed by Joshua.
Now, don't you think the Lord was tough,
And acted quite unfair?
Or is that Bible story but
Some castle in the air?

The lawyer says: "Good morning, friends.
Your case is very plain;
And for one hundred dollars
Your suit I'll surely gain."
He talks to you quite eloquent,
His plans are laid with care;
But you hav paid your hundred dollars
For some castle in the air.

The politician meets you.
Says he: "I want your vote;
Our nation's retrograding,
And everything's afloat.
The church and state must harmonize,
Or we're left in despair."
But, mind you, that old dude is
Building castles in the air.

Don't worship phantoms in the air;
Be true to truth and man;
Don't put faith in any creed;
Do all the good you can.
Then, when you are called to leave this world,
Your exit will be fair;
You will find that home you're going to,
No castle in the air.

AN INFIDEL.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUS., Jan. 18, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: We are at last in the bosom of our family, and they seem glad, too. We had a very pleasant passage per steamship Zealander from San Francisco to Sydney. We left San Francisco on Saturday, Nov. 19, 1887.

Papa is splendid and well; his trip to America has done wonders for him, for we both did enjoy ourselves very, very much.

After hearing from you, while we were in Boston, we went to New York and stayed at the Rossmore Hotel, and felt very happy. From there we visited Saratoga and Niagara Falls; we were charmed with the former, and overwhelmed with the splendor of the Falls. From there we went back to New York city, and staved a few days before sailing per steamship City of Para on Oct. 1, 1887, for San Francisco. Oh, that was a delightful trip of a month's time! We saw such wonderful things when crossing the isthmus of Panama by train. Then we came on another ship from there along the coast of Mexico to California. We called at a few Mexican ports, where we stared at the pretty nativ girls who were half Spanish, and I collected a few curios. The heat was terrible near Panama, and it got cooler as we neared California. We arrived in San Francisco on Oct. 30, 1887, so we had three very pleasant weeks in that city; for they were our last in America, so we made much of them. Papa was anxious to get home, but I would hav liked to stay another month in dear old America. My mamma was delighted to get us home looking so well. She did not look well when we saw her first; I think she had been very anxious while we were away, but she is very well now. She has been reading your book, "All In a Lifetime," and she is so charmed with it that she quite craves for another, but I tell her that I do not know how to get one. I hav also read it while in America, and I think it just splendid. I quite fell in love with the young man who was thought to be drowned. I did hate that woman who caused so much trouble and sorrow, also Philip.

I hope you will write to me some day.

Melbourne has improved very much since we went away. We see a great difference in some of our friends, also—my baby nephews hav grown into big boys. It is summer here now, and we hav had some very, very hot days—dry, roasting days they are, too. This day is as perfect and cool as a Californian day, so we hav some comfort.

I am sending our photos by this mail. Please send yours to us if you can spare one.

We never shall forget all the kind friends we met during our travels in America, for they were all such nice, kind people. With love, I remain, Your loving friend,

LIZZIE BOWLEY.

Turns the Faucet.

The horse that pulls the ambulance in search of patients for the New York Hospital is a curiosity of its kind, inasmuch as during the whole period of his philanthropic career as an ambulance horse he has never once been given a drink by any of the stable hands. He believes in the maxim that God helps those who help themselves; and helps himself accordingly.

A New York *Telegram* reporter went down to see how he satisfied his thirst recently, and was edified to a degree by the intellectual behavior of the animal.

There is an ordinary faucet with a pail under it in the stable, and to this faucet the horse made a bee-line.

First he dipped his nose in the pail to see if there was any water there, but finding there was none he proceeded to open the valve by turning the handle with his nose. He did not turn it on quite enough at the first attempt, so he gave it another nudge, and held his nose under the spigot while the water poured over it to his apparent immense satisfaction. "But what a lot of water will be wasted when he leaves it running the moment he has had enough!" ejaculated the reporter.

"Wait and see," said the driver.

And there was no water wasted, for the moment the horse had concluded his drink he went at the faucet again with his nose and shut off the flow completely.

"Does he always do that?" again queried the newspaper man.

"Certainly," answered the driver, as he patted his four-footed friend on the shoulder. "As long as I've known him that horse has never had a drink that he did not draw from the tap for himself just as you hav seen him do this time."

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States. 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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The Good Man's Death.

Death! thou mysterious conqueror of form,
Annihilator of the human race,
Smiter of hoary head and newly born,
Both irrespectivly of time and place!

Yet, Death, thou'rt not so grim as thou art painted
By ignorant and undeveloped mind;
Alas! that those who by the creeds are sainted
Make thee so hideous to the human kind

By conjuring up foul images of hell,
With deep, dark pits and molten, sulphurous lake,
Where what they call the damned they there compel
To stay forever with the fabled snake.

The damned! Ah! there's the doubt. Who are the damned?
This the vast problem that these holy men
So vainly try to make us understand
By differing among themselvs, and then

Are so surprised we fail to comprehend
The logic they so lucidly propounded;
Our dulness chide by picturing our end,
When for deficiencies we'll be confounded.

Is omnipotence so inconsistent,
After making man in his own image,
Replete with passion surging to hav vent,
And intellectual gifts that make the sage,

With those great gifts of all supreme,
The spiritual, which mark the man divine,
Giving a sense of right that seems extreme
To those who try but in this world to shine—

Can it indeed be possible that he
Creates a sense of equity and right
In man to make the lagging moments flee,
By tantalizing him with useless sight?

No! 'tis a blasphemous, a barbarous thought,
That's only worthy of an infant creed,
Which blindly in its first convulsions wrought
Those devilish theories that make men bleed.

Doubtless "the mind's the standard of the man,"
And its signboards, theories and labors;
In these we read the power he has to scan
Or correctly analyze his neighbors.

But circumstances circumscribe the mind,
In which the body takes no minor part;
For, if it is the least bit halt or blind,
Its action will appear on mind and heart.

Then local objects that surround our birth,
And occupy succeeding years of youth,
Of our experience often prove the girth,
And basis of the mind's idea of truth.

So when the body is both rough and rude,
And from the animal scarce one remove,
We can account for creeds that are so crude,
And pity those imprisoned in a groove,

Whose minds are bounded by a certain school
Which chains and binds them this world's passage through,
For, lacking skill to gage an old-time rule,
They fail to see the beauty of the new.

And there are those who see, but do not care;
Others who tread ambition's thorny way;
While crowds, seduced by gold's insidious glare,
Waste all their lives in bowing to its sway.

Many are of the type called hypocrit,
Who worship at convention's gilded shrine,
And pride themselvs so much upon their wit,
They laugh at those who truthfully incline

To show the inmost workings of their soul,
Caused by the million different changes
That make life's wheels in a new rut to roll—
Change that all its settled plans and schemes deranges.

These emotional and tender beings
Full often lack the "wisdom of this world,"
And love, sympathy, and kindly feeling
Will very soon hav Mammon's banner furled.

They hav another creed than "might is right,"
And it would hurt their tender souls to rise
When brothers are the steps in that great flight
Upon whose top the golden victory lies.

O Death! such souls need hav no fear of thee,
But clothe thee with a flowery diadem,
And giv a welcome full of childish glee
When with a summons thou dost honor them.

That Badger Boy At Sunday-School.

THE LESSON OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

The story of the incendiary fire that reduced Sodom and her sister city to ashes, which story includes that of the Lot family, had been read, barring the last eight verses of the 19th chapter of Genesis, prudently omitted, when that Badger boy came to the front as usual.

"Do they hav fire 'n' brimstone in heven, mum, same's in hell?"

"Oh, no, dear; oh, no! Heaven is the place of sunshine and flowers, songs and harps, my child."

"Yes'm. How did God rain fire 'n' brimstone on them cities then, mum?"

"Oh, he created it in the clouds for that especial occasion, James."

"Yes'm. Does God make brimstone for hell, mum?"

"James, you must not ask such awful questions as that!"

"No'm. Is it the same kind of brimstone we hav to take in merlasses, mum?"

"Oh, I don't know. Do stop, you boy."

"Yes'm. Will folks hav to take brimstone 'n' merlasses in hell, mum?"

"You horrid boy, shut up!"

"Yes'm. Is there tiger-lilies and honeysuckles in heaven, mum?"

"Yes, dear; and all kinds of beautiful flowers."

"Do they sing 'You Know' in heaven, mum?"

"They sing sweet psalms, James; not the vulgar songs of earth."

"I don't like sams, mum. Does Jews and Italyens go 'round playin' harps in heaven, mum?"

"I suppose so, if they were good on earth."

"Did they hav any steam fire engins in Sodom, mum?"

"No, dear——"

"There's where the Sodumers got left, didn't they, mum?"

"James, when God rains fire and brimstone on wicked cities, steam fire engins are of no earthly use."

"Why didn't the Lord want Lot and his wife to look back, mum?"

"He wanted to spare them the sight of the awful fire, in his great goodness, James."

"Was God in his great goodness, mum, when he set the cities on fire?"

"He was punishing the wicked people, James."

"Was they God's enemies, mum?"

"Yes, dear; his wicked enemies."

"Ma says we must forgiv our enemies, mum; why didn't God forgiv them enemies?"

"We don't know, James. God's ways are not our ways, child."

"Do you forgiv your enemies, mum?" This was a wide-open trap, but the teacher walked right into it.

"Yes, James; I forgiv all my enemies."

"Ain't you better than God, then?" The teacher flushed and stammered, and tried to explain godlike and human conditions without interesting James, who said, "Lot's wife was bound to hav a look back, wasn't she, mum?"

"Yes, and paid dearly for it, James."

"Why didn't Barnum never git onto the piller of salt Lot's wife turned into, I wonder? The sight would a knocked the woolly hoss higher'n a kite, wouldn't it, mum?"

"James, you must not talk so of sacred things."

"Is pillers of salt sacred things, mum?"

"Well, that one was; now stop, James."

"Yes'm. Don't yer 'spose cows come along and licked Lot's wife of salt, mum?"

"James, you are getting wicked."

"Did Lot cry, mum, when his wife turned to salt?"

"Perhaps, James, but the Bible doesn't say."

"Why didn't he take her down to the grocery store and sell her, mum?"

"James Badger, you stop."

"Yes'm. Did they grind her up, mum, for table salt?"

"James!" (very sternly and sententiously).

"Yes'm. Would you like to turn into a piller of salt, mum?"

"James Madison Badger——" (taffy broke her up).

"You'd make an offle butiful statyu, mum."

"Dear me, James, I really don't think you mean to be bad, but are thoughtless. I think you are very appreciativ, James."

"Yes'm. What's 'presheativ, mum?"

"Well—er—you know the—er—beautiful from the—er—commonplace, James."

"Yes'm. Be you commonplace, mum?"

"Do you think I am, James?"

"Yes'm." James perhaps thought he was giving taffy, and the teacher, concluding so, probed him no further, but directed him back to the lesson.

"Did her clothes turn to salt, mum? 'cos if they didn't the cows didn't git a chance to lick only her hands and face, did they, mum? unless she was barefoot."

"I don't know how that was, James."

"Did Lot git married again, mum?"

"The Bible doesn't say, James."

"'Spose the rain melted Lot's wife, didn't it, mum? I guess 'Squire Bates would like his wife to turn to salt, don't you, mum? She's a holy terror, ain't she?"

"Sh! sh! James; you mustn't talk so about the neighbors."

"If she did, I'll bet the 'squire'd pack her off down to the grocery store quicker'n scat, mum!"

"Sh! James—sh!"

"Yes'm. Would you eat any of her salt, mum? I wouldn't."

"James—James!"

"Yes'm. Lot was good, warn't he, mum?"

"Yes, dear; a holy, righteous man, who found favor in the eyes of the Lord."

"Could God turned Lot's wife into gold, mum?"

"Certainly, James, if he had chosen to."

"If he liked Lot so much, why didn't he turn his wife into a piller of gold, then Lot could a come here and had a high old time?"

"James, you must not talk like that."

"No'm. What a nice gold statyu you'd make, mum!"

"Do you think so, James?"

"Yes'm. But I'll bet your pop would cut you up into gold dollars——"

"James Badger! James Badger, you little wretch, now you go right straight home! I hav had just enough of you. The class is dismissed." So ended the Sodom and Gomorrah séance. SI SLOKUM.

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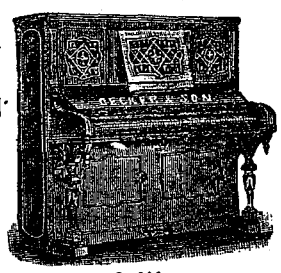
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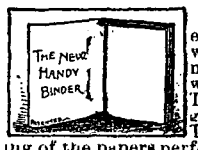
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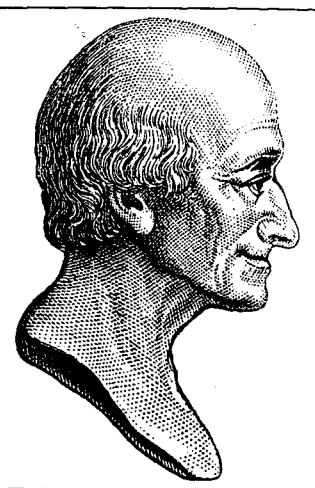
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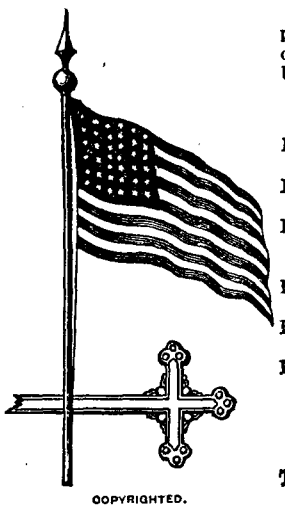
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News of the Week.

ABOUT thirty lives were lost in a Missouri mine explosion on the 29th ult.

ACTIV preparations are being made for the great French national pilgrimage to Rome. The pilgrims will be received by the holy father between the 10th and the 15th of April.

THERE is rioting at Blarney, Ireland.

KENTUOKY state officers are detected in malversation.

NEW YORK city is to hav a faith cure convention.

KANSAS farmers are organizing a farmers' trust.

FLOODS in Germany hav submerged fifteen villages.

DUBLIN societies rage at Mayor Hewitt for not raising their flag.

BOULANGER'S popularity creates fear of an attempted dictatorship.

OPIUM is made in British Columbia for smuggling into this country.

THE Methodist Episcopals continue their efforts against Sunday traveling.

MR. POWDERLY proposes that the coal fields be owned by the government.

THE Burlington railway strikers are creating disturbances at Chicago, and bloodshed is feared.

CONGRESS has passed a bill by which the president will invite the Central and South American nations to a conference to establish arbitration and promote communication and business intercourse with them.

THE Russian ministry is considering a bill prohibiting peasant proprietors from selling their land.

DISSATISFIED California miners recently wrecked a mining establishment and killed several persons.

CONGRESS has appropriated $25,000 for an exhibit in the International Exhibition to be held at Spain in April.

A BILL is being prepared for the English Parliament erasing arrears of rent in Ireland, within certain limits.

BISMAROK concluded his latest speech with the words: "We Germans fear God, but nobody else in the world."

AN old negro of Atlanta, Ga., has applied to the police for protection against a hag who hung a "conjure bag" over his door.

THE most eminent clerical criminal of the week is Rev. Arthur Chester, of a Brooklyn church, convicted of lying, fraud, and forgery.

THE denominations are quarreling with the commissioner of Indian affairs for enlargement of their opportunities of getting control of the Indians.

CATHOLIC bishops are about to buy land in Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and North Carolina to colonize with immigrants from the North and West, and from Europe.

A BILL has been introduced in the Belgian parliament providing for the prosecution of any persons who slander or libel members of sovereign families, or any heads of foreign states.

GOVERNOR JAOKSON of Maryland has pardoned the election officers sentenced to two years' imprisonment last June for election frauds, on the ground that they hav suffered enough.

M. ISVOLSKI has presented to the pope an autograph letter from the czar of Russia, in which the latter expresses a desire for religious peace in Poland, and the restoration of normal relations with the Vatican.

THE Canadian government has presented to Parliament an act practically giving the railway committee of the privy council power to regulate routes, right of way, rates, prevent partiality, and generally to control the railways of the Dominion.

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THERE is, indeed, one true and original law, conformable to reason and nature, diffused over all, invariable, eternal, which calls to the fulfilment of duty and to abstinence from injustice, and which calls with that irresistible voice which is felt in all its authority wherever it is heard. This law cannot be abolished or curtailed, nor affected in its sanctions by any law of man. A whole senate, a whole people, cannot dispense from its paramount obligation. It requires no commentator to render it distinctly intelligible, nor is it different at Rome and at Athens, at the present age and in ages to come; but in all nations and at all times, it is and has been, and will be, one and everlasting—one as that god, its great author and promulgator, who is the common sovereign of all mankind, is himself one. No man can disobey it without flying, as it were, from his own bosom and repudiating his nature, and in this very act will inflict on himself the severest of retributions, even though he escape what is commonly regarded as punishment.—*Cicero.* [Cicero was nothing but a poor heathen, who lived and died before the gospel made its appearance in the world; but if the virtuous Jesus, or the most illustrious of his immediate followers, St. Paul, Tertullian, St. Chrysostom, or those of later times, who spoke in the name of Jesus Christ, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Butler, Robert Hall, Dr. Channing, or even the redoubtable Theodore Parker, saw farther into the riddle of the universe than the heathen philosopher did, I should like to be shown some proof of the fact.—*C. W. C.*]

LET the ghosts go—we will worship them no more! Man is greater than these phantoms. Humanity is grander than all the creeds, than all the books. Humanity is the great sea, and these creeds and books and religions are but the waves of a day. Humanity is the sky, and these religions and dogmas and theories are but the mists and clouds changing continually, destined finally to melt away. Let the ghosts go—we will worship them no more! Let them cover their eyeless sockets with their fleshless hands, and fade forever from the imagination of men.—*Ingersoll.*

THE seeds are planted and the spring is near.
Ages of blight are but a fleeting frost.
Truth circles unto truth. Each mote is dear
To God. No drop of ocean e'er is lost,
No leaf forever dry and tempest-tossed.
Life centers deathless underneath decay,
And no true word or deed can ever pass away.
—*The Church, by C. P. Cranch.*

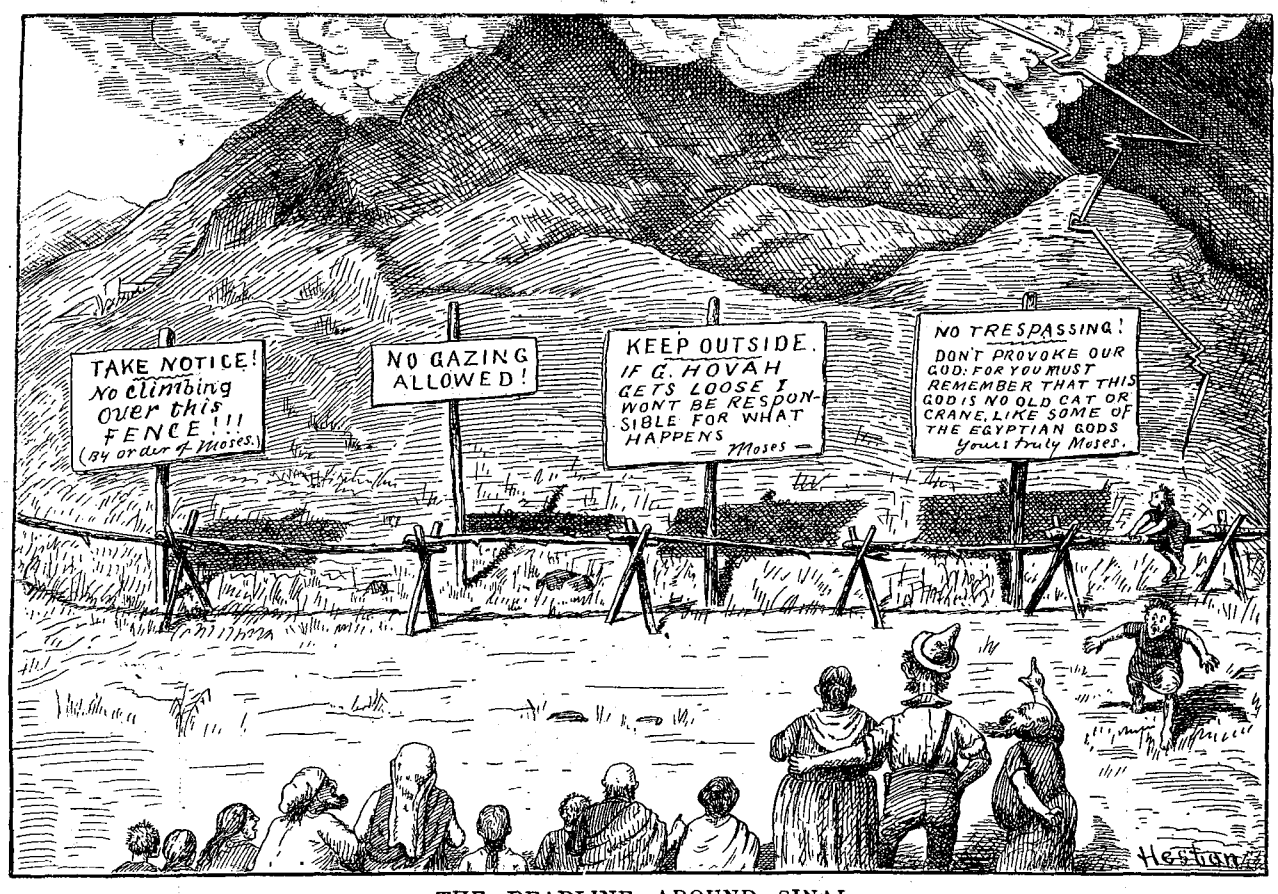
IF it is not an idle optimism to assume that superstition is henceforth impossible, I should at least be glad to know distinctly upon what grounds our security rests. Is it that we individually are so much wiser than our forefathers? I do not wish to underrate modern progress, but surely there is something grotesque in the hypothesis that the average shopkeeper or artisan of the present day is too clever to believe in the creeds of his forefathers. I fancy that no one has yet ascertained that the brain of to-day is more capacious than the brains of the contemporaries of Cæsar or St. Paul. . . . Macaulay prophesied that the Catholic church would endure forever, on the ground that, if Sir Thomas More could believe in the nonsense of transubstantiation, men might always believe in it. If some modern intellects are in advance of More, the great bulk are still far behind him.—*Leslie Stephen's Religion of All Sensible Men.*

THERE are more feelings in common between England and America than between any other two nations; they hav each more reciprocal advantages to offer to the other; they hav the American admiral's reason, that "blood is thicker than water," for mutual fraternization, for mutual confidence and trust; and the closer and more unitedly they march on together in the van of peace, contesting, none the less for their friendship, in an activ rivalry of trade and commerce, of science and art, so much the better will it be for themselvs, so much the better for the world at large.—*Hatton's To day in America.*

WHILE the manners, while the arts,
That mold a nation's soul
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one!" —*Washington Allsten.*

NEITHER is [God] worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath and all things And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth.—*Acts* xvii, 25, 26.

IT is only when digested, in a clear and natural order, that truths make their impression on the mind, and that erroneous opinions can be combated with success.—*Dugald Stewart's Life of Adam Smith.*



THE DEADLINE AROUND SINAI.

And Moses said unto the Lord, The people cannot come up to Mount Sinai: for thou chargedst us, saying, Set bounds about the mount, and sanctify it.—Ex. xix, 23.

Odds and Ends.

NED: "I'm four and you're only two." Bab: "Why ain't I four?" Ned: "'Cause you're only a girl."

IT has been discovered that kisses—love kisses, we mean—are full of electricity. Now we know why old maids hav always described them as shocking.

A FUGUE is a form of music in which the right hand says to the left hand:
If fugue get there before I do,
Tell them I'm a-coming, too.

SHE: "Do you sing, Mr. Basso?" He: "Oh, yes; would you like to hear me?" She: "Thank you. Don't trouble yourself. I'm perfectly willing to take your word for it."

"PHWAT was this country wan hundred years agone?" yelled the agitator from Erin, and a still, quiet voice from the rear of the gallery replied: "America; but it isn't now."

MR. FRANKLIN MILLS: "What do you expect to make of your son when he grows up, Mr. Keague?" Mr. Amos Keague: "Well, if he doesn't develop more robustness than his present appearance indicates, I'm afraid I shall hav to make a minister of him."

ENERGETIC mother: "You should do your best to impress Mr. Featherly, Clara; he is awfully rich, and very, very good." Clara: "I know that, mother; but he is too good. I hate good men." Mother: "Yes; but think, my dear. The good die young."

"WHAT can you tell me about Esau?" queried the pedagog. "Esau," responded the youth, with the glib alacrity of one who feels himself, for once, on safe ground, "Esau was a writer of fables who sold his copyright for a bottle of potash."

"How many souls are there in this house?" asked a Cincinnati census-taker of the woman who answered the bell. She eyed him a minute and then said: "Young man, this is a boarding-house." As he was looking for souls, he fled.

ROBINSON: "Brown says that you owe him fifteen dollars, Dumley." Dumley (indignantly): "I do not owe Brown a cent. I did owe him fifteen dollars, but the debt became outlawed last week. Any man who will lie like he does ought not to be trusted."

'Tis the first day of sprig,
Ad all the birds sig
Their sweet, tedder sogs to the roses;
The lilies will bloob
Od code widter's toob—
Such a tibe we're havig, oh, Boses!

OBADIAH, of Fifth avenue (to Mrs. Obadiah): "Aren't you going to church this morning, my dear?" Mrs. O.: "No; I'm compelled to stay at home. Parker says the footman is sick. Fancy how it would look driving to church without a footman on the box!" Mr. O.: "Why don't you take a stage?" Mrs. O.: "Because I think it is downright wicked that the stages are permitted to run on Sunday."

"You can take the witness," said the prosecuting attorney in a trial before an Arkansas court to the defendant's lawyer. "Judge," exclaimed a young man in the back part of the room, standing up on a seat and waving his hands wildly, "don't let him take her! That witness has been engaged to me for more'n three years!"

HUSBAND (to wife): "I've been out half the day trying to collect money, and I'm mad enough to break the furniture. It beats all how some men will put off and put off. A man who owes money and won't pay it isn't fit to associate——" Servant (opening the door): "The butcher, sorr, is downstairs with his bill." Husband: "Tell him to call again."

A TELEGRAM flashed through the city's cold gloom:
"The roses and heliotropes are in bloom;
The grasses are green and the heavens are blue,
And it's spring where the butterflies scatter the dew."
A bluebird, disconsolate, swung in the sleet
On the wire when this telegram flashed 'neath his feet;
And he lifted his voice, and the first merry note
An icicle melted right out of his throat.

"WHO," inquired Mrs. Placer Maginnis of her husband, the Milesian millionaire from Colorado, "is this Micky Ream that's afther givin' a ball, slap in the middle av the holy season? Av yer meet him in yer pegrinatings in society, Larry, do ye hav ne'er a thing to do wid the blagyard savin' he mends his ways. He's a burning disgress to Ireland."

Lo, somewhere swung in ether free,
The spider sights a nook where he
May dine and sup,
And likewise build a winding stair,
Which flies exploring, unaware,
May tumble up.

Now doth the mute and struggling worm,
Far in his clay deeps, writhe and squirm,
To life recalled,
Wriggle and crawl for all he's worth
To get above the breaking earth
His forehead bald.

Now, in his lone and dark domain,
The cockroach plans his spring campaign
With studious mind;
And to the bearing of a sage
Unites the seeming of great age
And thought refined.

The frog is glad, and tries his voice
Yet softly, for he has no choice
But still to wait
Until the season really opes,
And an engagement crown his hopes
With joy elate.

As for musketoes, wasps, and bees,
And other things, as prompt as these
To bite and sting,
If only kindly Nature would
Forget to waken them, for good—
Thrice welcome, spring!

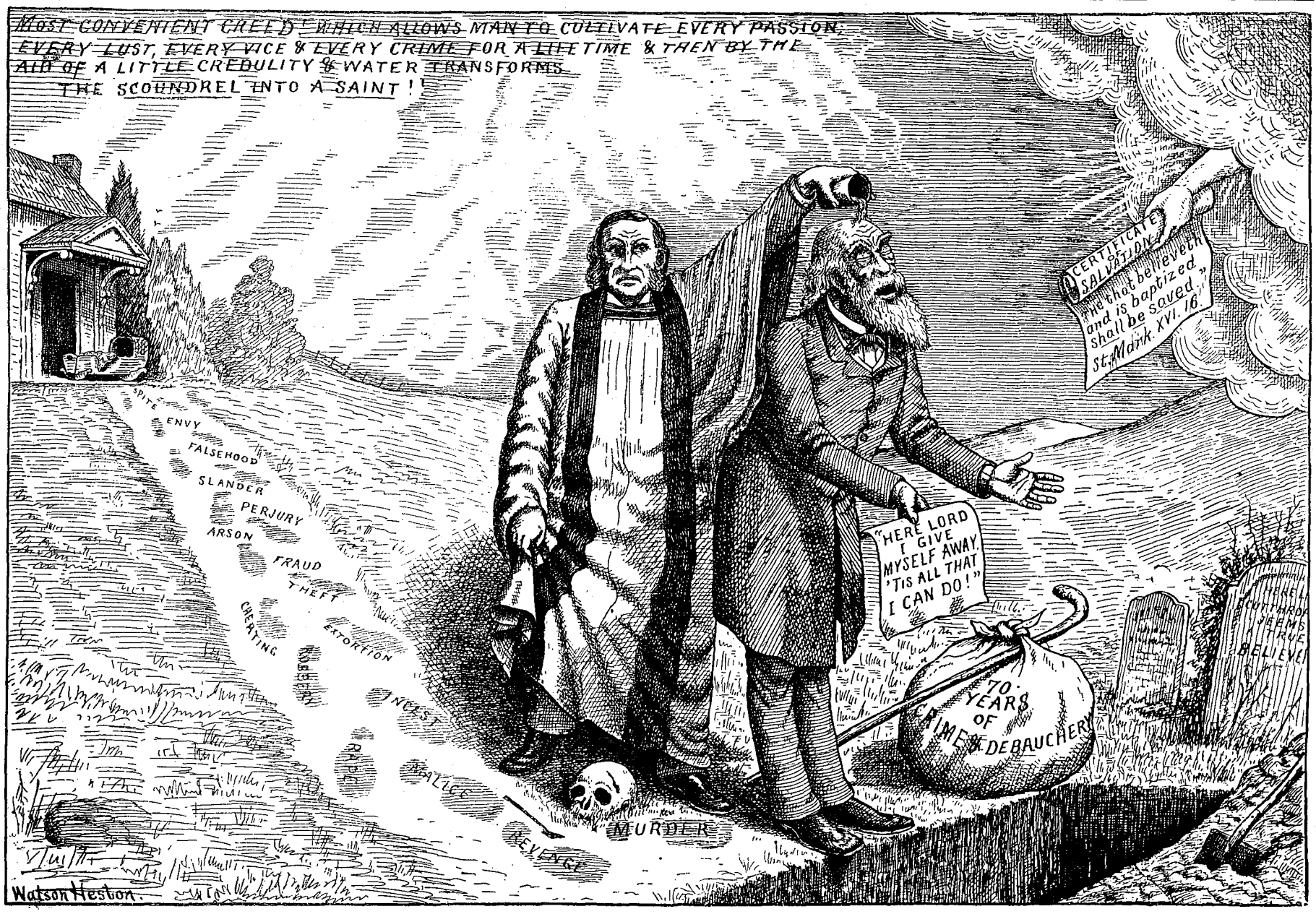
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A CANDIDATE FOR GLORY.—AN OLD SINNER BUT A NEW SAINT.

Notes and Clippings.

MARY HODGES, a habitual smoker for many years, and who admits that her favorit beverage was rum, recently d ed at Elton, Hunts, Eng., in her one hundred and first year, possessing her full faculties.

ONE effect of the late emperor's death is that fully thirty thousand of the Germans resident in England, who evaded the conscription and the call to arms on the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, will be now free to visit the fatherland without incurring the risk of being tried by court-martial as deserters, as their offense is only coeval with the late emperor's reign.

THE Chinese authorities were officially notified of the last eclipse of the moon, and were instructed what to do when the event took place. They were to wear court dress, beat gongs, and save the moon from being swallowed up by the sun, as usual, as long as the moon was above the horizon. When she disappeared they were to make one low obeisance, but need not bother to save her any longer when she was below the horizon.

Two little girls living on Seventh street were quarreling the other day over the possession of a doll. Their struggle in time waxed fierce, and their mother attempted to interpose in a gentle, motherly way. "There, there, little girls, you mustn't quarrel like that; what do you read in your Bible?" "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," was the unexpected response of one of the little belligerents. And the struggle went on.

WE are shocked and grieved at the fact that our religious contemporary, the *Mail and Express*, unblushingly publishes the advertisments of the sale of obscene books and other indecent objects. Col. Elliott F. Shepard may put verses of scripture at the head of his leading columns, but he cannot thus redeem his paper from the reproach which these advertisments bring upon it and on him. If he would leave out the verses on the days when he prints the advertisments, the paper would not look so hypocritical as it now does.—*Sun.*

WE shall watch with interest, says the *Sun* of this city, the administration of public affairs in the Kansas town of Oskaloosa, which is now under control of the mayoress and five councilwomen who were elected to office on the 3d of this month. They are expected to conduct the government of the place in a way that will be a caution to the wicked portion of its 2,000 inhabitants. When they entered upon their duties last Friday it looked as though Mayoress Lowman and Councilwomen Morse, Johnson, Golden, Hamilton, and Balsely were about to adopt what the late Mr. Bristed of this city used to call the "policy of interference," or, in other words, were anxious to regulate things very strictly and exercise a close supervision over the morals, manners, and habits of the people of Oskaloosa, suppressing not only the saloons, but also the pool tables, and so forth. Of course there is danger that excessiv rigor of government will soon prove irksome and intolerable to the inhabitants, and that they will revolt against the iron policy of their female rulers. But we must watch and wait, without feeling uneasy about the novel experiment. It appears that all the new functionaries are women of marked piety. The mayoress is a Presbyterian, four of the councilwomen are Methodists, and one of them is an Episcopalian. As to politics, four of the five councilwomen are Democrats, one is a Republican, and the mayoress is a Republican. At latest accounts the wickedest people of Oskaloosa were in full flight for Topeka.

IN France the commission on the budget in the Chamber of Deputies proposed the unqualified rejection of all votes of credit for public worship, except a sum of thirty million francs for life pensions to ecclesiastics now in office. This significant proposal was too radical for the government, yet it was supported by 180 votes—that is to say, the majority of the Republican party. Large reductions, however, hav been made in the sums allotted to religious purposes, and among other things the moneys granted to the Protestant theological faculties will cease. Dr. Pressensé, despite his professed advocacy of the complete separation of church and state, at some future time when he himself will not feel the blow, is very sore. He calls this "a truly hateful policy," and says that the Conservativ Catholics who agreed to this suppression of the Protestant faculties are sharpening the knife to cut their own throat. So be it!—*London Freethinker.*

THOMAS STEVENS, who rode through Europe and Asia on a bicycle, writes to the *Sun* his impression of the Turks: "The mulishness of the average Mohammedan, for instance, when it comes to being saved, is something appalling to a person who has his eternal welfare in view. The Mohammedan is as stubborn, or stubborner, than the Christian even about forsaking his own religion for another. Few Mohammedans can understand the perverseness of Christians in refusing to come over bodily to Islamism and be saved. On the other hand, it seemed to me that to beard the Mussulman in his own country and try to convince him that any other religion is better than his own must be a good deal like trying to pull a three-hundred-pound pig through a knot-hole. The Mohammedan regards the Christian missionary much as we should regard a Persian mollah who should come over here and proselyte for the religion of the Prophet. As a matter of fact, I think, the mollah would hav the advantage. A Persian mollah, in his flowing robes and big white turban, prostrating toward Mecca and sighing away down into his heels, is a picture not devoid of a certain amount of fascination. I hav seen mollahs in Persia who, if they would only make themselvs up and come over to, say, Boston, and start up a revival, would convert lots of people by the mere magnetism of their appearance and the strange fervor of their devotions. It is a cold fact that among the teeming millions of Asia I discovered twice as many Christians who had embraced Mohammedanism as I did Mussulmans who had entered into the Christian fold—twice as many! To come down to actual statistics, compiled at odd times as I went from country to country, I figured up *one* Mohammedan, who had experienced a change of religion and *two* Christians. There may be more than this in the whole world, perhaps, but these are all I obtained positiv evidence of."

Communications.

Robert G. Ingersoll in Politics.

What might hav been, is, generally speaking, an unprofitable subject for discussion. But those who know Mr. Ingersoll, his remarkable qualities of mind, and his interesting public career, must readily perceive that had he thrown himself into politics and observed the ordinary tactics of politicians, repressing the honest impulses and promptings of his great heart and brain, he would hav been a leader among leaders and would probably hav obtained the high position, or that which was formerly a high position in this government, of president of the United States. But Mr. Ingersoll has done better out of politics than in politics. Were the situation of to-day what it will undoubtedly be in the near future, Mr. Ingersoll would in all probability be recognized as the Moses to lead us into the promised land. The people need a little more education, as yet, before they will be prepared to accept such a man as Mr. Ingersoll as their Moses, but, nevertheless, there is no man in this country to day better qualified to lead the people out of the wilderness which now envelops us than Mr. Ingersoll. A few years later and the people will be ready, but Mr. Ingersoll may then be in his grave; but it is to be hoped that a competent Moses may then be discovered.

I enjoyed the high privilege of an acquaintance with both Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Lincoln when they were participants in the politics of Illinois, and I may say that I hav not been an idle observer of the forces which hav brought these two men prominently to the front. The people in 1860 had become ripe for just such a man as Mr. Lincoln, but two years before he would hav been almost unanimously rejected. In 1858 Mr. Lincoln had no opposition among the Republicans of Illinois for the senatorship, but even then his great genius was unknown or unappreciated except by a few. He devoted the summer of 1858 to the discussion before the people of the immense issues then at stake. It was by or through these speeches made in his great senatorial campaign that Mr. Lincoln was discovered. It was a happy discovery, and much credit is due to his discoverers for their herculean efforts in bringing about his nomination for the presidency in 1860. I was in that movement and know something of the difficulties we had to encounter. The Republican party was made up largely of the old Whig party, and those who had been mere politicians in that party were almost invariably opposed to Lincoln. But at this time there came to the front a new element in politics, caring nothing for office but much for principle. The men composing this element were industrious, persistent, and aggressiv, and the more they studied Lincoln the better they liked him.

Mr. Ingersoll was first known in politics in 1860, when he became a candidate for Congress in the Peoria district on the Democratic ticket. He was then only about twenty-six years of age, and looked and acted like a big overgrown boy. He was a total stranger to such a principle as dignity. He was overflowing with good nature and wit, and his speeches at that time pleased the crowd more than they instructed it. A year or two later, when the war broke upon us, Mr. Ingersoll became more serious and in earnest. Now he began to discover deep thought and impassioned utterances which thrilled and stirred his hearers and carried them to higher and better conceptions of their duties to government and to each other. He espoused the Republican cause, enlisted for the war, was taken prisoner, got home again, concluded that war was not his forte, and resigned. He was in great demand as a speaker during the latter part of the war, and no man in Illinois did more for the cause of the Union than did Mr. Ingersoll.

In 1866, or about that time, Mr. Ingersoll was appointed attorney-general of the state by Governor Oglesby. The law at that time made this office appointiv, but in 1868 it became electiv, and Mr. Ingersoll seemed to hav no opposition for the nomination. For governor, the Republicans of the state with great unanimity looked to Gen. John M. Palmer as their candidate. He had made a good record in the war, and it seemed eminently proper that General Palmer should be made governor. But he persistently declined. This seemed to make his friends determined to nominate and elect him. Then General Palmer communicated to his nearest friends his wish to become a United States senator. It was not suspected at that time, but it has since been discovered that there was a presidential bee in Palmer's bonnet. He wanted to go in national politics rather than in state politics. When he found his party determined to make him governor instead of senator, he thought he would head off the movement by bringing out a candidate for governor on whom the party might unite. He selected Ingersoll, who was then attorney-general, and called him into a council. He urged upon him to become a candidate. He promised him all the aid and influence he possessed. Mr. Ingersoll reluctantly consented, and only upon assurances that Mr. Palmer under no circumstances would accept the nomination. Mr. Ingersoll left Springfield and went home to Peoria and other portions of the state to consult with friends. A boom was immediately started for Mr. Ingersoll for governor.

I was then an editor in central Illinois, and had the honor of writing about the first article which made public mention of him as a candidate. In the convention my county gave a solid vote for Mr. Ingersoll. At that time it was more unpopular to bear the name of Infidel than now, and although Mr. Ingersoll had never given a public lecture upon the subject, yet he was honest enough to avow his convictions, and busybodies were thick, working upon the ignorant prejudices of the delegates against his nomination. In spite of the declaration of General Palmer that he would not accept the nomination, he was nominated and he did accept. An earnest endeavor was made to get Mr. Ingersoll to accept the nomination for attorney-general. They were willing, it seems, to make him attorney-general notwithstanding his Infidelity, but not governor. Mr. Ingersoll replied: "When I say I am a candidate for a particular office I mean it, and when I say I am not a candidate for a particular office I mean that too. When I became a candidate for governor, I renounced my candidacy for attorney-general and other candidates were invited into the field. I would despise myself forever were I now to become a candidate against any of these men whom by my action I hav invited to become candidates." It was thus that he expressed his opinion of John M. Palmer. I do not think he has ever spoken to him from that day to this. This episode so disgusted Mr. Ingersoll with politics that for eight years his voice was not heard upon the hustings. He attended strictly to his law business, except that upon a few rare occasions he lent his voice and presence in commemoration of the birthday of that great and noble man, Thomas Paine.

In 1876 Mr. Ingersoll was elected a delegate to the Republican national convention at Cincinnati. By this time John M. Palmer had got into the Democratic party, but I cannot say whether this, or in fact what influence, induced Mr. Ingersoll to again enter the political arena. But it was in that year that Mr. Ingersoll made his great nominating speech in behalf of the Plumed Knight, which induced thousands who heard him to inquire, "Who is this man?" From that moment his name has gone forth until it is now spoken and printed in almost every language known to man. In that campaign thousands were delighted and instructed by his logic and his eloquence. His friends presented his name to President Hayes for the Berlin mission, but the brethren and sisters of the Methodist church rallied against him, and through Mrs. Hayes prevented his nomination. Since then Mr. Ingersoll has taken no part in party politics, and probably never will again unless there should come a social upheaval calling for the exercise of his peculiar talents.

J. K. Magie.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Mission of Freethinkers.

At a time when skepticism so generally pervades the masses, and the ranks of the Liberals are being continually augmented, it may be well to pause and consider our duty, our mission, in this great work of reform, and the responsibilities which must devolve upon us as reformers.

It is in vain for the church to claim that their cause is not dying at the root, and rotting at the heart. New churches are constantly rising; large additions to their number are constantly received; but among all classes there is a feeling of unrest, a mad and ineffectual effort to reconcile science with religion, and there proceeds from this attempt a spirit of liberality, of actual doubt, a tendency to let every man do his own thinking and to recklessly disobey the dictation of the priesthood. Men are becoming braver, and evince less disposition to conceal their independence; they dread no longer the displeasure of their believing friends, but boldly proclaim their Infidelity, and allegiance to the cause of freedom.

But out of this must come order, not chaos. One of the most alarming features of the present time is a tendency to set all laws or governments at defiance. This will not do. Our freedom must not go too far; it must not be Anarchical or immoral.

When we manifest sympathy with Anarchy, we weaken our cause; and nothing else is so damaging to our prospects as the expressions of sympathy, by some of our number, with the wretched murderers who were executed at Chicago last November.

Let no one call these dastardly criminals martyrs to any cause or any people. The American laborer has wrongs, but they must be righted through the processes of law and not this Anarchy or revolution.

There are some, too, who would strike a blow at the marriage altar. For such we cannot hav too great contempt; we are Agnostics who believe in absolute freedom of thought, but free love, Anarchy, or Socialism we disapprove of and despise. Because they are free from the restraints of the church, these men, failing utterly to distinguish right and wrong, would put an end to all restraint and giv free license to the vicious and the lawless in their indulgence in all the passions which are implanted in the human heart.

With such as these for our allies our task is great. There is more for us to do than simply to tear down the fabric of Christianity. We must trample under foot all superstitions, or beliefs in the supernatural; but the code of morals, promulgated by Christ himself, cannot be improved. While we abhor all creeds and all religions, except the religion of humanity, we must not forget the man Christ, who was one of the greatest reformers and most patient martyrs the world has ever seen.

Our mission is, first, to discourage all missionary enterprises, for, while we concede freedom of thought to every man, we should strive to prevent pious fanatics from robbing the poor and needy of our own land to minister to the imagined spiritual wants of other nations. Secondly, we must be pure ourselvs; we should remember that we are subjected to the strictest surveillance of our Christian critics, and whatever they find amiss in us will at once be pointed out and attributed to our want of, and disregard for, their religion.

We must not be ashamed of our convictions; we should remember that we are no longer rebels to ecclesiastical authority, but armed with the decrees of science.

It is not necessary to be forever sneering at religion, or insulting those who hav faith beyond their understanding; but, when occasion demands, we should be ready to declare our principles and our reasons for believing as we do.

But we must not lose our respect for government. Laws may occasionally be found unjust, but, such as they are, they must be obeyed. However, our laws, our government, our flag, are the best, the grandest, that the world has ever known.

Mindful of the heroes who achieved our independence as a nation, and hav since preserved it in peace and war, in sunshine and in storm, we should let nothing dampen our patriotism or our zeal.

Under our splendid and successful republican government the sons of freedom may win new victories, see their ripened efforts crowned with perfect success, and press on to triumphs yet to be.

Huntsville, N. J. G. A. Chapin.

Instruction Humbly Requested.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I see by an editorial in The Truth Seeker of the 3d inst. that the National Reform Association will hold a national convention in the city of New York next April.

This announcement has been the moving spirit that has moved me to indite a few theological questions, which I respectfully dedicate to the clergy in general, and that portion of them that belong to the National Reform Association in particular. And it would be high treason or rank heresy to deny, or even to doubt, that each and every member of this association does not possess the most perfect knowledge and the most accurate information in regard to the doings, designs, and purposes of their Lord God almighty and his blessed son the Lord Jesus Christ.

I would, therefore, respectfully suggest that the said convention be presented a copy of The Truth Seeker containing the questions referred to. And as these questions hav been presented with no other object in view than that of obtaining correct and reliable information on the subjects to which they refer, I hope that the members of the said convention, and the clergy in particular, will giv these questions due and deliberate consideration, and feel themselvs called upon to giv intelligible and correct answers to the following:

Do you believe that there is a personal God who created from nothing this vast universe, with all it contains?

If God created the human race, are not the human race God's creatures?

Has not the creator power to control the thoughts and actions of the creatures he created?

If the creature can think and act contrary to the will of the creator, would not it prove that the creature had more power than the creator?

If the creature can do nothing contrary to the will of the creator, is not the creator to blame when the creature does wrong?

If God wished and desired the welfare and happiness of the human race, why did he create evil? why did he create the devil?

Did God know before he created Adam and Eve that they would disobey and commit sin?

If God created Adam and Eve, the serpent, the tree, and all the conditions, knowing what the result would be, did he not do wrong in cursing the unborn millions for Adam and Eve doing just what he knew they would do before he created them?

If there was war in heaven, as we read in Rev. xii, and a holy angel became a devil by sinning, did not sin originate in heaven? How, then, could Adam and Eve be the original sinners?

If man possesses an immortal soul or spirit, why

should he be left ignorant in regard to a matter of such extreme importance, if true? Did God know before the creation just who would and who would not be saved?

How was his plan of salvation to help those that he knew would be lost? Is it compatible with infinit goodness that any should be lost?

Can a personal God be omnipresent? How can any organized being or form be omnipresent?

What is God, anyhow? Can anyone tell? Can God be defined or described? If a personal God or any kind of a God exists, why should the world be kept in ignorance of his existence?

If the existence of a personal God cannot be proved, how then can it be proved that God had a son? Is the immaculate conception story a fact or a fiction—which?

Is God infinit? and if so, does not the infinit include everything that exists? Consequently God must either be everything or nothing; and if Christ was God, he, too, was infinit. But we read that Christ was crucified, and that he died. Did the infinit die? Is not the idea of a dead infinit, or of a dead God, the hight of absurdity?

Does an infinit God demand or require the services of an army of priests and preachers? Can the antics and the babbling of those self-appointed ranters change the decrees of the infinit? Can the finite add to or detract from the infinit?

Do the clergy possess more reliable and trustworthy information and a more perfect knowledge than all other men in regard to the supernatural and the incomprehensible? And if so, how and where do they obtain their superior knowledge and information in regard to that of which nothing can be known?

Is what is popularly called religion anything more than the superstitious worship of the supernatural and the incomprehensible, and are not all religions founded on superstitious faith in the supernatural and the incomprehensible, and not upon facts?

If God desired the conversion of the heathen to any other creed than their own, has not he power to convert them without the aid of missionaries, or can missionaries do what God cannot? When a Christian missionary succeeds in converting a heathen, does he do more than induce the heathen to adopt the Christian superstition in the place of his own superstition? Is not superstition superstition anyhow?

Was Christ born at two different times fourteen years apart, or did the other fellow lie? (See Matt. ii, 1; Luke ii, 1–8)

If Christ was God and he once had power to feed five or six thousand people with a few small loaves and fishes, why has he never exercised that power since then in behalf of the multitudes that hav starved? Has he lost his power?

If Christ was God, he must hav known all things past, present, and future. Why, then, did he not impart to the world some useful practical knowledge for the instruction, enlightenment, and civilization of the human race? Why did not he say something about the printing-press; something about astronomy, geology, and chemistry, and how to construct the telescope, microscope, and mariner's compass, and the uses of steam and electricity? Why did not he say the earth is not flat, but round, and the sun does not go round it? Why did not he tell the exact location of heaven and hell? Why did not he tell just exactly what the soul is, and not hav left it to mere conjecture and theological speculation? Why did not he forbid the persecution or punishment of any person whomsoever on account of his religious belief, or his honest convictions or opinions? Why did not he say: About the year 1888 look out for a lot of brainless, hypocritical cranks called the National Reform Association, which said association stands more in need of being reformed than any other association we know of, with the single exception of Anthony Comstock's? Why didn't he? And echo answered, Why didn't he?

The number of questions of like nature and character as the foregoing might be extended almost indefinitly. However, I shall not at this time commit further trespass on valuable space, but anxiously await the replies solicited. THOMAS KNOIT.

Jordan, Minn., March 12, 1888.

The Indian Problem Again.

Having, in a former communication, considered the reservation system politically, I will in this paper briefly glance at the state of morals incident to the system.

Schools hav been established, churches hav been built, money (both public and private) has been lavishly squandered, preachers hav preached, and teachers hav taught, for the purposes of making Indians religious and moral. Not only hav expensiv schools been conducted on reservations, but others hav been established in civilized centers, remote from traditional and tribal influences, and, in addition, some parochial or mission schools are receiving subsidies, from public funds, for teaching Indians.

Little good has been done. Reservation Indians are very immoral, however devout they may be.

Some of the most depraved girls to be found upon reservations can speak, read, and write English.

It was, probably, thought that these favored ones would imbibe enough morality to last them and to impart to their friends at home, but, upon their return to their people, many of them, perhaps the majority, hav thrown off modesty and plunged into the pool of degradation with an *abandon* astonishing to even Indians. However, it must be said that all, or nearly all, are religious. The preachers are successful. Indians are regular in attendance at meeting. On this reservation all cross themselvs before eating; none of them will eat meat on Friday; all fast through Lent; they wear medals having a little Jesus on one side and a little Virgin Mary on the other; but, alas, there are no virgins among them over twelve or thirteen years old.

The males all lie when it suits them, steal when they dare, and get drunk when they can; and the females do exactly the same, and are prostitutes in addition. The most devout ones appear to be most depraved.

The most powerful among the causes of the existing state of affairs is the reservation system itself.

The laws enacted for the purpose of perfecting the system and protecting the Indians are the factors that giv the immorality mentioned, as the logical and inevitable result.

With Indians moral precepts are nothing, but example would be nearly everything.

The laws exclude white people from the reservations, and reputable, law-abiding people obey; but lawless, vicious men, heedless of all restraint, go where they please, and it thus happens that an element is found along the borders and upon reservations, when the officials are not in presence, that sets pernicious examples and carries on the work of demoralization. Thus Indians hav neither examples nor inducements to be moral.

Where they hav abandoned the reservations and established permanent homes among white people they hav, as a rule, compared pretty well with their neighbors.

Under the reservation system Indians are decreasing in numbers. Venereal diseases are quietly but surely carrying them to the "happy hunting ground." Even reservation officials at times become afflicted in this way. Yet a little longer, and the reservations will be inhabited only by salaried partisan pets, a species of the genus national ward, for all of whom the most generous administration finds it difficult to provide.

Idleness, which is an essential feature of the reservation system. is another factor in the prevalent immorality. Necessity for labor has in all ages been the staff upon which civilization has relied to assist her progress. That necessity is being withheld from reservation Indians.

An Indian cannot make a contract without the consent of the Indian agent. He cannot sell anything unless the agent be satisfied with the price. In other words, an Indian is hedged in like a child, and taught that he is not competent to do anything for himself; that the great father at Washington sends good men to tell him what to do and how to do it; that white men outside of the reservation will cheat; and that his only refuge is in the agent, etc. He is likewise told that the great father will provide blankets, hats, cloth, shoes, stockings, cattle for beef, etc. All this, of course, obviates the necessity of troubling himself about anything, except to obtain what money he needs to buy whisky with, seeing that none of that important article is issued by the great father; and, verily, if whisky were issued, few Indians would take the trouble to steal even.

The rational solution of the Indian problem is the dispersion of the tribes and the withdrawal of supplies, so as to make energy and work a necessity.

Fort Colville, W. T., March 2, 1888. V. ARIER.

Lincoln and Anti-Liquor.

If "Truth Seeker" will show himself with his cognizable label on, I will credit him for his compliments. How is it that there are so many truth seekers who are so unsuccessful? Are they akin to those who go about searching for work hoping they won't find any?

My method of antagonizing the damnable industry of drunkard-making is indeed an earnest one, and if I hav not denounced it more strongly than others it is because I do not know how. Had I the wit of Ingersoll, the logic of Watts, the poetry of Putnam, the incisivness of Washburn, the dignity of Wakeman, and the rapidity of Remsburg all superimposed on my own personality, I might then begin to express my sentiments on the temperance subject somewhat as the matter demands. My method is based upon the principle of hitting the nail on the head, and hitting it hard enough to drive it in. And this was the method of President Lincoln, as the intoxicated Confederacy investigated to its cost.

His words were, "With charity for all, with malice toward none," magnanimously uttered after he had fulfilled his purpose to "maintain the dignity of my office, if need be, at the point of the bayonet."

Lincoln said of slavery, in his inaugural address:

I hav no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists. I believe I hav no lawful right to do so, and I hav no intention to do so.

Yet, what Lincoln did do was to bend his back under the pressure of necessity, and, in his practice, break the bonds that a temporizing policy had, for years, welded the stronger. And if those who are so fond of quoting his moderation sayings will only pattern after his actions, I shall be satisfied. His principle of the preservation of the Union at all hazards is justifiable on the postulates that without the Union we cannot maintain anything, and that with and by the Union we can overmaster great wrongs, in time. Turn that "Lincoln Memorial Album" to page 98, and read this:

Finally, I insist that if there is anything which it is the duty of the whole people to never intrust to any hands but their own, that thing is, the preservation and perpetuity of their own liberties and institutions. And if they shall think, as I do, that the extension of slavery endangers them more than any or all other causes, how recreant to themselvs if they submit the question, and with it the fate of their country, to a mere handful of men, bent only on temporary self-interest! If this question of slavery extension were an insignificant one—one having no power to do harm—it might be shuffled aside in this way; but being as it is, the great behemoth of danger, shall the strong gripe of the nation be loosed upon him, to intrust him to the hands of such feeble keepers? I hav done with this mighty argument of self-government. Go, sacred thing! go in peace! Much as I hate slavery, I would consent to the extension of it rather than see the Union dissolved, just as I would consent to any great evil to avoid a greater one. But when I go to Union-saving I must believe, at least, that the means I employ hav some adaptation to the end.—*Peoria Speech*, 1854.

And he did employ such means to their full measure when he went to "Union-saving," and precisely such means will hav to be again employed by some other Lincoln to save the Union from the "behemoth" of intemperance, to which slavery was but a mouse, if not slain before it gets greater with its impudence. It was drunken legislators that hatched secession; it was drunken revelry that weakened the ancient civilizations. It was the insanity of drunkenness that involved Europe in the toils of superstition, denied it every comfort, and set the fires of persecution flaming. And now the unconscionable curse cries out against reason's avengers: "Personal liberty is in danger! Pass no sumptuary laws." If prohibition of the liquor traffic is sumptuary, then licensing it is sumptuary, for the license law is a prohibition on those who do not pay. But I read the dictionary better than to thus misapply the word.

Sumptuary laws or regulations, such as restrain or limit the expenses of citizens in apparel, food, furniture, or the like.—*Webster.*

Is liquor apparel? is it food? is it furniture? is it the like? No, nor nothing like! It is the despoiler of every good, and the producer of none. It is the author and finisher of nakedness, of hunger, of want of every kind. The liquor prohibition law is designed to help procure, and to enhance the people's enjoyment of, apparel, food, furniture, and the like; but, more than all, its direct purpose is to abate the nuisance of drunkenness, and let reason rule the day and peace protect the night.

I giv one more quotation from "an intemperate temperance advocate," not because names are necessary to establish what is patent to all observers, but just to show that I am not singular in my insanity, but hav on my behalf those best qualified to decide:

Intemperance is more devastating than war, famin, and pestilence.—*Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

The principal cause of war, famin, and pestilence, say I; and, if war be necessary to sweep it away, then I would welcome the war, and down those who want personal liberty to poison themselvs or pollute their fellows. I cannot make this stronger, though had I at my disposal the share of THE TRUTH SEEKER that the question deserves, I would make my story longer. Yet I hope "Truth Seeker" will be able to use this short cudgel as a pointer: Are not three-fourths of the laws prohibitory?

Lowell, Mass. JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

A Curious Old Story-Book.

From the Winsted Press.

The Boston *Herald* recently sent out a circular of inquiry to a large number of clergymen and representativ religious thinkers asking them to giv their "strongest proofs and arguments in support of a belief in a life hereafter." Twenty-two replies were received, and the best evidence that the ministers could present was taken from a curious old story-book of uncertain authorship, wherein are found sundry legends of very questionable authenticity respecting the appearance of ghosts on a few extraordinary occasions in very ancient times. One Jesus, whose existence is quite doubtful, is said to hav risen from the dead and so brought immortality to light. But according to the same story-book he was a God, and the Boston *Herald* did not seek proofs in support of a belief in a life hereafter for Gods. Common men like Peter, and James, and Thomas are concerned in the question. They wish to know what evidence there is of a life hereafter for men, and the ministers hav nothing better to offer than a few fabulous stories selected from a book of fables, over which they are in continual wrangle among themselvs. It is no wonder that intelligent men look with contempt upon such proof of immortality as this.

The Opinion of An Expert.

From L. K Washburn's Last Lecture at Paine Hall.

Woman is the fairest dream that ever came from sleep.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
EDGAR C. BEALL, Chair. Fin. Com., - - 27 Arcade, Cincinnati.

The Forum.

Last Sunday the members of the Chicago Secular Union were fully recompensed for years of arduous toil and seemingly thankless efforts by the grand demonstration and deep public interest manifested on the occasion of the dedication of their new building, the Forum, from a sanctuary of superstition to a temple devoted to science and reason. The largest audience was there assembled that ever attended a Liberal meeting—except Ingersoll's lectures—since the writer has lived in Chicago. Every seat was taken before the exercises commenced, standing-room was at a premium, and many were unable to gain entrance. The decorations were unique. As a background for the arch at the rear of the rostrum were grouped appropriate mottoes, fringed with a canopy-like border of American flags. Ranged in front of these, so as not to obscure them, was a floral design about twenty feet in length, "The Forum." Under the flowers on a pale blue satin banner, trimmed with silver fringe, was a most artistic piece of shading executed by Professor Rice, on which was our motto: "Universal Mental Liberty." Overhanging the arch was an American flag and a cross recumbent, symbolic of "Our flag above the cross," while on the rostrum was an immense bouquet of flowers, and some rich and handsome rugs. We are indebted to Mrs. Dr. Henry for the beautiful floral display.

Through the kindness of Dr. E. S. McLeod the Mendelssohn quartet (the leading male quartet of the city) assisted that of the Secular Union, and the local press spoke particularly of the excellence of the music, thanks to our leader, Mr. J. S. Card, and Mr. Huddleston's excellent performance at the organ.

The exercises consisted of an opening address by the president, in which I outlined the necessity of organization to maintain the most distinguished characteristic and priceless boon of American liberty, religious freedom, secured to us by our heroic Freethinking founders, to guard and preserve which was the precious heritage of all who loved mental liberty. After music, Professor Orchardson followed with his stinging sarcasms on the chronology of Christ, and was succeeded by Professor Milleson—well known to the *Investigator* readers—in a similar vein. Then came C. S. Darrow, who, next to General Stiles, is the best extempore speaker of the Chicago bar. Gen. I. N. Stiles is admittedly the leading legal luminary of our city, if not of the West, usually bristling with wit, humor, and sarcasm. His intellectual light shone bright enough, in his parody on Easter sermons, and what we don't know about Christ, to keep the audience in a continuous ripple of laughter. Judge Paige, who is a perfect encyclopedia of science, urged the importance of scientific education, and was proud to place the honor to the credit of the Chicago Union of being the pioneer in this essential work. Prof. W. S. Bell ably replied to one speaker who inferred that had Colonel Ingersoll devoted as much time to science as he had to ridicule much more would hav been accomplished. By request, Mrs. Freeman gave, in her inimitable manner, "The Guardian Angel," which met with uproarious applause, and Prof. Wm. C. Wilson declaimed an original poem called, "Dust," which was well received. At the close of the exercises large additions were made to our membership.

One circumstance of which we may feel justly proud was the fact that on our platform was an aggregation of intellect—men of deserved reputation and celebrity in some department of science or jurisprudence who hav achieved particular distinction, not the least of whom was Dr. S. V. Clevenger, who in the domain of psychology has made discoveries which are claimed to be as important to science as the labors of Darwin. Owing to the lateness of the hour Dr. Clevenger declined to speak, but the announcement was made that he would be willing to contribute his services to the science classes, and we hav put him down for a lecture next month.

Some acknowledgment is due to members who contributed so largely of their time and labor gratuitously to preparing the building for our occupancy, prominent among whom are Mrs. Jas Gruber, Thos. Andrews, John Boch, Alfred Mutz, and Louis Chalavet.

Prof. W. S. Bell, who recently returned from a lecture tour, has begun the compilation of a Freethinkers' hand-book, which will contain some four hundred pages, in which a condensation will be found of all the facts and arguments necessary to refute all the fundamental Christian doctrins. This will be a very valuable addition to Freethought literature, and Mr. Bell's vast experience is, in itself, sufficient guarantee that the work will be well done.

Following is a slight synopsis of Gen. Stiles's address, also that of C. S. Darrow, as reported in the *Times*:

C. S Darrow said: "If I never believed in evolution before, I should firmly believe in it now, when I find that this building has been developed by the process of survival of the fittest from a church into a forum for free discussion. The Christian religion is not a life assurance company, as my friend has said; it is essentially intended for insurance against fire. The religion for which we are struggling and which must prevail in the future is not based upon intuitions of a supreme being, nor upon force, of which we hav had more than enough, but has laid its foundations deep in human reason, and shall be ultimately erected into an edifice standing four-square to every wind that blows by the intelligent action of the individuals who constitute society." The speaker then dwelt upon human happiness and the application of the utilitarian doctrins.

Gen. I. N. Stiles said: "Do you know that this is an anniversary, that these handsome flowers are Easter offerings in honor of a man who, 1,855 years ago, died and was buried? He descended into hell. The third day he rose again from the dead and ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God, and so on. It would take to-night and to-morrow night, the night after, and several other nights in addition to mention all that has been said about this man which is not true, but it would take not more than fifteen minutes to mention all we know, taken from the four evangelists, whose record of the events was not made until forty years after the death of Christ. It is surprising how little we know of the infant Jesus, except that business about the Holy Ghost. There are none of those cunning stories about the child Jesus that we know of in connection with our own children. We don't know what his sensations were over his first pair of shoes, or when cutting his teeth, or when passing through the interesting period of mumps, whooping cough, and measles. But the scene changed when the boy became twelve-year-old. His parents took him up to Jerusalem, and by some strange oversight forgot to carry the little boy Jesus home again. They went back to find him and behold he was confounding the doctors! Now, we know something of precocious children. We can understand what sort of a boy John Stuart Mill was when we know that he was a good Greek scholar at seven years of age. John Hale, the great Baptist preacher, argued forcibly upon abstract and difficult questions before his eleventh year. He was an extraordinary boy, but we can understand it because we hav had proofs. But no one has ever found out the questions with which the little boy Jesus confounded the doctors, and we cannot find out except by the analogy of our own children, who puzzle us often enough with such posers as, 'Who are God's pa and ma?' We hear nothing more of Jesus then until his thirtieth year, when he was an itinerant minister in Palestine. He taught no new truths except, 'Take no thought for to-morrow; remember the sparrows, and the people will take care of you.' His followers ever since hav followed his instructions implicitly! The Sermon on the Mount had been preached hundreds of years before he was born. However, we are glad to know that the common people heard him gladly. The fact of the matter is that Christ was the Ingersoll of his age. He said more bitter things against the priests of his time than Ingersoll has ever said against the priests of the nineteenth century. Leaving out the miracles, Christ did absolutely nothing. He never said one word in favor of industry, temperance, truthfulness or chastity, and was very mild in his attacks upon adultery. He never did a stroke of work in his life, and desired his disciples to follow his example. Anything that was good in what he said had been said long before, and ever so much better. This reminds me of the story of the Oxford man who asked the professor for information about St. George. 'Well,' said the professor, 'in the first place, we don't know much about St. George; in the second place, what we do know is utterly untrustworthy, and in the third place, we are never likely to know anything more about St. George.' In conclusion let me say this: You hav taken possession of the building. I hope you will never cease in your demands that church property shall hav to take its part in bearing the burden of the country's taxation."

General Stiles was highly applauded, and was succeeded by Judge E. R. Paige, who spoke in favor of positiv knowledge, and of teaching children the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Edgar C. Beall, chairman of the finance committee, having resigned on account of inability to attend to the duties, the board of directors of the American Secular Union decided to select some person in Chicago so that the secretary can confer with them without delay. The choice lay between Dr. McLeod and Mrs. Freeman, but as the former declined to be considered as a candidate on account of his professional duties, the unanimous choice is for Mrs. Freeman, so she will be inducted in the duties forthwith, and if she makes as good a record in that capacity as she did as secretary of the Chicago Secular Union, we shall hav no reason to regret the selection.

E. A. STEVENS.

MRS. FREEMAN'S ACCOUNT.

The dedication of the new hall of the Chicago Secular Union, corner of Washington boulevard and Sangamon street, Sunday evening, April 1st, was a grand success. The audience was a magnificent one—the house packed—"standing-room only" greeted the late comers. Every foot was filled, and many had to turn reluctantly away. Gas jets gleamed through the center, lighting the aisles; chandeliers cast a softened shadow over the rostrum, gaily decked and adorned with flags and flowers; the handsome, well-dressed young gentlemen ushers—members of the Union—filled the positions assigned them with dignity and decorum.

A beautiful bouquet of flowers—a magnificent centerpiece of roses and lilies—adorned the table. At the back of the stage the stars and stripes were draped. Here also were placed mottoes from Washington, Garfield, and Grant. At the front floated the "flag above the cross." The "cross," by the way, once pointed proudly heavenward, but iconoclastic hands hav laid it low, and it now hangs at half-mast beneath the red, white, and blue—the emblem of American liberty. Over the center of the stage was a fine floral display, embodying in brilliant colors the name of the hall, "The Forum." Beneath this hung a bright blue satin banner, with silver fringe, bearing the inscription, "Universal Mental Liberty."

On the platform was seated E. A. Stevens, president of the Union, looking happy, proud, and confident—like a general reviewing his army after battle. It had been hard work, how hard only those who did it knew, but out of the chaos of cleaning, scouring, scrubbing, painting, and refitting had come order and victory. So like a great general he sat there resting placidly on his laurels, while Dr. McLeod, at the farther end of the hall, walked about among the people, finding a seat here and there for the tardy, as proud of the success of the Union as Hercules at the accomplishment of his task. Gen. I. N. Stiles, C. S. Darrow, Prof. Chas. Orchardson, Professor Bell, Judge E. R. Paige, Prof. James Milleson, Professor Wilson, and Dr. Clevenger also occupied seats on the rostrum.

In the opening address Mr. Stevens said that we had hoped in this our new hall there would be room for all, but that instead of its being too large, as many had thought, it was even now, at so early a date, proving itself too small. He read the Nine Demands constituting the basis of the society's work, cited the encroachments of the church demonstrating the necessity of our existence, repeated the words of Garfield and Grant foreshadowing the danger of ecclesiastical power, and concluded his address with a graceful allusion to the emblem above him, stating that the object of the American Secular Union is to place "our flag above the cross."

The immense audience responded to this sentiment with enthusiastic applause. Following Mr. Stevens was Prof. James Milleson. The professor is one of the best geologists in the country, and he spoke in regard to the evolution of man. He had seen the storm and lightning, had heard the thunder, and through fear of these had made his "gods." He had crawled into caves, and lived on acorns and roots and chestnuts.

C. S. Darrow, a brilliant young lawyer of Chicago, said that if he had never believed in evolution before he would believe in it now. This edifice, once dedicated to superstition, to night was dedicated to science and reason. Professor Milleson had said that man had formerly lived on chestnuts. That was the reason, probably, that so many orthodox people were fond of chestnuts now!

Professor Orchardson thought the church cruel that it inflicted falsehood upon helpless children. It taught them error, perhaps with the best intentions, but, it must be admitted, with the most deplorable results.

Gen. I. N. Stiles said: "Had Beecher lived a hundred years he could not hav added a single fact to the life of Jesus Christ. We can learn nothing more. Nothing new in regard to him can be discovered."

Judge E. R. Paige considered science the savior of the world. He regretted that Ingersoll had not devoted his magnificent talents to the scientific education of the people. He felt that he might hav accomplished a grand work. If the people were familiar with the facts of science, they would hav no tolerance for the fancies of superstition.

Professor Bell assured the audience that they might dismiss any fear that they might hav in regard to a long speech, as he should ring his bell briefly. He wanted to say one word for Ingersoll, and that was that he had said some of the grandest things of reason, intelligence, love, charity, and all the virtues that had ever been put into human language.

Professor Wilson gave a very fine original poem on "Dust," and the writer a recitation. The Mendelssohn Quartet and the Chicago Secular Union Quartet enlivened the occasion with singing, the accompaniments being played on the pipe-organ, a fixture in Forum Hall. In the midst of the exercises a telegram came from Dr. Henry, sent from Philadelphia, congratulating the Union. The doctor has been most munificent in his gifts. The flowers adorning the platform were presented by his wife, and the name, "The Forum," was suggested by himself, and adopted by the society as a small appreciation of his aid. He expresses himself thus:

To E. A. STEVENS, Pres. Secular Union: Although a thousand miles divide us, my heart is with you in your services to-day, in transforming a temple erected to an unknown God for the enslavement of human intellect to a Forum dedicated to reason and the maintenance of human rights. Every true American should rejoice with you. You this day consecrate a temple whose walls should resound with hosannas to liberty of speech, freedom from superstition, reason, justice, and equal rights to all mankind. May the seed that you sow to-day prove immortal. W. H. HENRY, M.D.

The future success of the society in its new quarters seems assured. It has required long years of patient work to bring it up to its present standard—the most popular Liberal society of Chicago. To the earnest, untiring effort of a few this is due. Mr. Stevens, its president, has been the moving spirit in accomplishing its work. It is owing to his enthusiasm and zeal that the Union has held together

through the many trials and tribulations of the past. Other hands hav loosened their hold and hav fallen away from their task. Mr. Stevens has remained faithful and firm with a tenacity worthy of his cause.

Dr. Ed. S. McLeod, "the lecture committee," has given most earnest and efficient aid. His judicious selection of lecturers, the attractiv programs—these hav had much to do with our present popularity.

To Morris S. Card is due the fact that we hav a choir. This seemed to be about the hardest thing to get, but if long, patient waiting merit a reward, ours is ample, as is enthusiastically testified to by our audiences at the singing furnished by the Union's quartet.

James Howe is doing a good work in disposing of a great many Liberal papers and Liberal books. Among our newer members is H. E. Bartholomew, attractiv, magnetic, with a splendid voice, educated for a minister, and whom we hope to see some time attain brilliant success as a Freethought lecturer. We hav had a number of clerical evolutions. The rostrum is full of recruits from the pulpit. There are many more workers in our society, brave men and women who deserve mention, but space forbids. Our success is not phenomenal; it has been done by work. This report is written to influence Liberals in every locality to marshal their forces, organize, and place themselvs unflinchingly on the side of liberty. "He that is not for us is against us."

Chicago, April 3, 1888. MRS. M. A. FREEMAN.

The Bruno Monument at Rome.

The contributors to the Bruno Monument Fund will remember that a considerable fund for the purpose was raised by the friends of Freethought in Europe and America, to erect a monument over the very place where he was burnt alive on the 17th of February, 1600. This fund was deposited as a guarantee that the designed statue would be erected, if the consent of the city municipality of Rome should be given, and as a motiv for granting it. The committee of students having the matter in charge at Rome believed that this consent would be granted without difficulty. It seems, however, that the consent cannot be obtained without overcoming serious opposition from the clerical and popish party in Italy. This unexpected aspect of the affair may not, however, be wholly regretted. It makes a question of the dead past a very lively one in the living present. That the friends of secular government and Freethought will prevail is merely a question of time. Our friends there hav been so occupied that they hav not kept us fully advised of the progress of the controversy. We expect to receive information soon in reply to letters sent, which we hope will satisfy the interest which the new phase of affairs has naturally excited.

In the mean time the contributions are held safely until the time for proper application arrives.

T. B WAKEMAN, for the Amer. Com.

New York, April 7, 288.

P.S.—This committee consisted of Elizur Wright, Robert G. Ingersoll, and T. B. Wakeman, but Elizur Wright has since died. T. B. W.

The Object of the Christian Obscenists.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Your historical presentation of the way in which the Secular Union has viewed the Comstock laws was well put, but do you suppose it will stop such fellows as Charles O. Brown, of Dubuque, from lying about Bennett and Ingersoll? Look here! Why should Charles O. Brown, or anybody else, break out just at this time in a seven-column howl about Bennett and Colonel Ingersoll's being such "obscene" persons. Colonel Ingersoll has not done anything very recently to excite clerical malignity, and Bennett has been dead for years. Why, when all is serene, should this sudden outburst come? There is no doubt in my mind that the purpose of this overflow of abuse was to excite prejudice throughout the West against Harman and Walker, and thereby insure their conviction. No such case as that now pending against these indicted editors of *Lucifer* was ever allowed to come squarely before the court on its merits. Every effort that dishonesty can employ to secure the conviction of Harman and Walker will undoubtedly be put forth. The original purpose, to "stamp out Freethought literature," has not been lost sight of, and if Harman and Walker's little paper, *Lucifer*, can be broken up, that will fortify the obscenists for the next attack upon some larger and stronger paper. Your historical statement, therefore, is timely and wise. The Liberals of this country cannot afford to let *Lucifer* go down in this whirlpool of prejudice. It is not a question of morals, nor even a question of the good or bad taste of *Lucifer*. The vital and only question is whether there should be any restraint upon the expression of opinion in this country. On this sole ground Freethought owes it to herself to nullify the effect of Mr Brown's misstatements, and to sustain *Lucifer*. *Lucifer* may be in very bad taste. It may be very offensiv, yet it has its right to express its thought freely. If anyone is offended by that freedom, he has abundant remedy—he can throw *Lucifer* in the wastebasket. There is no law in this country yet to compel men to read what they do not want to read. There is, therefore, no occasion for a law to regulate the quality of reading matter.

It is amazing that there are still some Liberals who scare at the cry of obscenity. After having passed through the great and terrible wilderness wherein are dragons, and scorpions, and fiery serpents, and after proving that heresy and blasphemy are only great bogies that will not hurt anybody, set up to frighten the travelers through that wilderness, it is marvelous that there should be such cowardice when "obscenity" is mentioned. These Liberals are like the little boy Mother Goose tells us about who was born in the woods and scared by an owl. Of course, orthodox mendacity will stigmatize Colonel Ingersoll as "obscene." And this Brown, together with Comstock, alias Phillips, and Williams, alias McAffee, are engaged in the holy work of putting obscene people in prison. Well, Liberals will get abused just as long as they quietly endure it. They will get such filth as this Brown has vomited forth just as long as they stand and take it. I am glad you hav struck back so vigorously. ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Some Good Things.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: Let me lay before the general reader some of Voltaire's sarcasms. From the pages of "Pocket Theology" I cull what follows. It is nothing more nor less than a "Bible Dictionary Compiled from Church History, giving the only true meaning of Terms used by the leading speakers and writers in the Christian Fold." Richness of thought and pertinency of application appear in all the definitions. We hope these few will be useful for doctrin. S. W.

CONTROVERSIES.—Important bickerings on contested subjects between theologians of different sects. Carnal men regard such disputes as trifles quite unworthy of occupying the attention of intelligent animals. In reality, all such quarrels are most useful to the church militant to giv her breathing time, and to keep alive the fire of holy animosities, that bring so much honor and profit to the clergy.

CONVERSIONS.—A miraculous change in the human heart due to the grace of the most high, but of which society here below usually reaps the fruits. Conversion compels an old coquet to abandon her rouge-pot, transforms an amiable and lovely woman into a vixen, changes a gentleman and a man of the world into a solemn owl, and finally induces a financier, on his deathbed, to bequeath his possessions to the church for the repose of his own soul, and the salvation of the souls of those he has despoiled, in sheer despair at not being able to take with him into the tomb the fruits of his robberies and rapine.

CORRECTION.—In the Christian religion each one should meddle with the conscience of his neighbor and take a lively interest in his (his neighbor's) soul; should reprimand him for his faults; but, above all, should endeavor to make him renounce his errors. If he show not a proper docility with regard to such efforts, then he should be hated and shunned, or tortured and murdered, if might be on the Christian's side.

COUNCILS.—Solemn gatherings of bishops, assembled together to concert with the holy spirit (who is ever on the side of the stronger) touching the dogmas and all necessary arrangements of the church. Councils are necessary to correct, explain, and alter the holy scripture and the accepted doctrin, and to fix for the time being the articles of faith, without which the human race would be damned.

A Moslem in His Own Behalf.

From the North American Review.

The more the religion of the Moslem is investigated, the more does it claim the respectful homage of those who study its teachings. John Louis Burckhardt, a Swiss Protestant, was one of the first Europeans who made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and after years of study he died a faithful Moslem, and was buried at Cairo. Palgrave, in his "Travels in Arabia," manifests much bigotry regarding Islam, but in his "Essays on Eastern Questions" his views are completely changed. Mr. Bosworth Smith, one of the Christian teachers of the great school at Harrow, studied Islam as a scholar, and is forced to admit that Mohammed is a "very prophet of God." There are not two hundred converts from Islam to Christianity in the whole world, and of the eighty Moslems baptized in Constantinople not one has remained firm in his new faith.

But we are told Islam persecutes! Stay, my Christian brother! I hav visited Smithfield where Christians were burnt by Christians, and I hav stood on Boston Common where Christian Puritans hanged Christian Quakers, and I find in America that religious liberty is not yet extended to the Mormons. Islam has never professed complete religious toleration, but even Christian writers admit that the Saracen Arabs who conquered Jerusalem and Damascus and subdued the whole of Syria and Persia were a brave and generous race, friendly to Christians, content to place them under certain restrictions, and exacting from them a small tribute for protection, *but ever extending to them freedom of worship*. When the Moslem conqueror Walid seized Damascus he even allowed Christians and Moslems to worship in the same church. Islam is called by Christians the "religion of the sword," but there is not a religion on the face of the earth that has not been propagated by conquest and sustained by intolerance. When the Turcomans of central Asia embraced Islam, they conquered and slaughtered the Saracens of Syria long before they threatened the borders of Christendom. Religious liberty is a modern invention unknown to the ancients, and even now it is a question whether the civil magistrate would view with indifference the conversion of Boston to the religion of Mohammed! But it is asserted that Mohammedanism is immoral! That is, the slavery of Egypt is immoral, but not that of Virginia; the divorce of Bagdad is immoral, but not that of Chicago; the polygamy of Bokhara is immoral, but not the drunkenness of London. So immoral is Islam that Mr. Gladstone would drive it "bag and baggage to Bagdad," although it must be admitted that the Christians of Bulgaria are not much better than the Moslems of Constantinople, and that the sober and abstemious legions of the sultan are as reputable, although polygamous, as the British regiments of India with their licensed prostitution. Anti-Moslem literature is always based on the assumption that Moslem countries are so infinitly below Christian countries in morality. It is a pure assumption, as every Moslem can testify after a few weeks' residence in Paris, London, or New York. Uncivilized Moslems are superior to uncivilized Christians in their standard of morality, and if under more civilized conditions of life the natural outcome of Islam has been an unlimited license regarding marriage and divorce, the outcome of the teachings of Christianity has been an unlimited degree of intemperance, with unparalleled prostitution in large centers of population. The Nazarenes should learn the lesson their master taught them, not to cast the stone; or as the holy Koran saith, "O, ye believers, avoid frequent slanders, for slanders are a crime."

Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. BELL writes: "Several persons hav written E. A. Stevens, secretary of the Secular Union, and myself, about having a Liberal lecturer visit Dakota, but as it is so far away, and as there are such magnificent distances for a lecturer to travel from place to place after reaching 'the land of the Dakotahs,' it is necessary for the lecturer to hav his work laid out somewhat before starting, as the railroad conductors are no respecters of persons, and demand spot cash, or its equivalent, from all our sort of preachers. Seeing that the blizzards hav adjourned for the season, I would like to take a trip up there about the end of April. Will the Liberals please write me immediately, and let me know what the outlook is? My address is 302 State street, Chicago, Ill."

THE announcement that J. E. Remsburg would make a trip East this spring had up to the last of March brought him upward of forty engagements, as follows:

Bethany,	Mo.	Mechanicsburg,	O.
Maysville,	"	Greenville,	"
Galesburg,	Ill.	Coolville,	"
Lyndon,	"	Watertown,	"
Arrowsmith,	"	New Salem,	"
Bowen,	"	Elba.	
Strasburg,	"	New Comerstown,	"
Effingham,	"	Canal Dover,	"
Charleston,	"	Massillon,	"
Westfield,	"	Hanoverton,	"
Grandview,	"	Geneva,	"
Vienna.	"	Republic,	"
Richmond,	Ind.	Kalamazoo,	Mich.
Huntington,	"	Augusta,	"
Dresden,	"	Springport,	"
Versailles,	"	Nunica,	"
Dublin,	"	Hastings,	"
Winchester,	"	Pike.	N. Y.
New Haven,	"	Arcadia,	"
Cincinnati,	O.	East Otto,	"
Dayton,	"	Youngsville.	Pa.

THE following is the circular of a revivalist now operating in Montgomery, Ala.:

"Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins.—*Rev.* xviii, 4.

"The Lord being willing, the Samsonites of the church of Jesus Christ will meet for divine service at my residence, 18 Robinson street, Sunday, March 10, 1888, at 3 30 P.M.

"Come out everybody who believes in a plain church and a plain people; a church without devil's bellowses or vanity props, such as organ-playing, horn-blowing, choir singing, pew or seat renting, mite meetings, candy pullings, church fairs, and things of like nature, that evil-minded persons and wicked men and devils hav introduced into the church of Jesus Christ to collect blood money for the Lord, and shame the faces of the poor and humble into silence, and thus rob them of the opportunity of singing in the house of God, thereby driving them out of the church of Jesus Christ into the world.

"These are the visible marks of the beast that you are asked to come out of, and the fruits and signs of the antichrist that you are warned of that was to come into the world.

"I hav the Methodist style of singing, leaving out their devil's bellows proclivities; the Baptists' style or mode of baptizing, leaving out their vanity, accommodation or convenience pools.

"PLAIN BILL ALLRED,
"Samson of the Church of Jesus Christ."

Mr. Allred was at one time the "bad man" of his neighborhood, but recently turned his attention to religion, with the foregoing unique result. It is thought by those who know him that the liquor he formerly consumed and an unduly close attention to the scriptures hav unsettled his mind.

Communications.

Shamgar.

Shamgar! Who, of the multitudinous millions meandering to and fro up and down this mundane sphere, ever heard of Shamgar?

Not one in ten thousand, I venture to say; and yet, from a "knocking out" standpoint, he was a much more redoubtable hero than ever was John L. Sullivan, even in the days of his loudest boasting, now departed, letting him do his level best; and we all know that few could "best" John L. when pursuing the path of vainglory.

Shamgar—who was he, do you ask? Why, Shamgar was a party who moved and made things lively for other parties in very much earlier days than these; in the days when God was an every-day visitor to this sublunary sphere, and stooped to conquer his enemies—those who were not for him, you know, and so reckoned against him and as his enemies, I suppose—by ways that were dark and tricks that were sharp, to say the least, and allying himself offensivly with certain parties he accounted his friends; a mode of proceeding which he long ago renounced, finding it more or less impolitic and decidedly unsatisfactory.

Yes, Shamgar was one of the early birds, and in the Holy Queer receives honorable mention—honorable as honorable goes in that queerest of all queer works—albeit of exceeding brevity, four lines only being devoted to his introduction and history—the volume I own is small and the columns narrow; in one of generous proportions, with wide columns, two lines do the business for Shamgar, probably.

What did Shamgar do, that entitled him to mention in the Holy Queer, while yet he is so multitudinously unknown? Why, bless your soul—whatever that may be—Shamgar was one of the manifold "deliverers of Israel!" No doubt it was an honor, so considered, probably, to be a "deliverer of Israel," but when at this late day we calmly and coldly consider the great number of her "deliverers," the honor seems sliced exceedingly thin that attaches itself to any particular "deliverer." Dark, exceedingly dark must be the day when, turning over the Old Testament, one does not read, wherever his eyes may fall, of the "deliverance of Israel!" So frequent are the records of said "deliverances" that they would seem to hav been almost every-day affairs. No other nation under the sun was ever "in the hole" a tenth part so often as the Hebrew nation, God's pet community! The most multiparous mother of moccasins (*trigono cephalous piscivorous*) I don't believe ever had half so many "deliverances" as had Israel; and so it seems to me that the honor of having been her "deliverer" was a very much divided and diaphanous one.

But it is not on this account that I trot out this very much unknown Shamgar from the slough of oblivion, and seek to make his name somewhat familiar, at least, if not a household word; oh, no, not on that account, for as a "deliverer of Israel" I don't bank on him to the extent of a penny. But let me giv the rise and progress (decline and fall, too, is, I suppose, silently included) of Shamgar, as related in Judges iii, 31:

"And after him [him was one Ehud, another "deliverer of Israel," who, at the outset of his "delivering" career, committed a most disreputable if not diabolical murder with malice prepense, calling to his aid deceit and treachery, dark and dire] was Shamgar the son of Anath, which slew of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox goad; and he also delivered Israel" (Judges iii, 16, 26).

"Slew six hundred men with an ox-goad!" Aha! now you can see why I trotted Shamgar out, and why his name should appear on the roll of famous knockers-out, not far below that of Samson, and away above that of John L. Sullivan—can't you? Shamgar, the champion ox goadist of the world, with a record of six hundred men knocked out with one measly ox-goad! Ha! where are your Sullivans now? Paled are their ineffectual fires, hidden are their diminished heads!—I don't mean to say that their heads will not be, even now, abnormally large o' mornings, but—oh, well, you know what I mean.

What was the "charge of the six hundred" compared with the charge of Shamgar, the slayer of six hundred with a preposterous ox-goad? And to think that Shamgar should hav been, to the vast multitude, an unknown quantity and of unknown quality, hitherto! But the hithertoness now slinks back into the crypt of the past, and the nowness of the is, or isness of the now, it matters little which, under the circumstances, comes to the front on a parabolic curve, as it were.

The brief but thrilling history of Shamgar does not tell us whether the hero of the ox-goad got in his work during one matinee, or a long drawn series of matinees; the inference is, however, that he pitched in, *à la* Samson with the jaw bone of the jackass, and sent the six hundred to sleep with their fathers at one fell swoop, as it were; that is, did the whole business in one inning, you understand. It is not at all likely that he went about for months with that ox goad, prodding here, there, and elsewhere stray Philistines, and keeping tally by notches on the goad—not at all likely! Had he done so, I don't think he would hav got the honorable though brief mention he did get in the Holy Queer, albeit some very questionable specimens of the genus get more or less honorable (?) mention therein.

I now can see the stalwart Shamgar, in that ever memorable, though unmentioned and unknown, engagement, slinging that potent ox-goad with preterhuman force and fury about him, cutting down the Philistines like blades of grass!—see him now with my mind's eye, can't you, reader? See now the veins in his good right arm swell up like knotted whipcords! See now the beaded sweat upon his corrugated brow stand out like liquid pearls, and shimmer in the sun as he goes switching on! See now his mighty breast upheave and fall as do the restless seas in majesty of wrath! See now the luckless Philistines go down like oats before the scythe, as wide the doughty Shamgar cuts his swath! Hear now the swish-whack-swish of Shamgar's trenchant goad, as right-front-left he cuts and plunks and cuts again! Oh, see and hear and quite take in the whole of that ensanguined picnic, redolent of gore—but stop, hold on; shed he so much of gore, or did he slay by mighty whacks the more? Well, there's no knowing, and it doesn't matter. I can see the entire moving panorama, the carnival of slaughter, and that's enough!

But to see and hear the sights and sounds of that wild fray, and think that mighty Shamgar—Shamgar, who laid out cold and stiff six hundred Philistines, and with an ox-goad most contemptible—should get but four paltry lines in the Holy Queer, while that surly, sneaking, snarling, sulking sorehead, Jonah, a fellow who "never set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a battle knew," gets four chapters in a "book" all to himself—to think that such a thing could be, and in a "holy" tome, is enough to make the bile of one with a sense of the eternal, or even temporary, fitness of things, revolt and run wild riot throughout his corporeal system! I say it and stick to it.

What justice was there in giving Jonah, the unmitigated "Snarleyow" with whom God, most unaccountably and inscrutably, was in cahoots; a chump that growled like a bear with a sore head at his mighty patron; who sneaked off in another direction when ordered by said patron to move on a certain place; who killed a gourd by sleeping near it one night, and whom a whale couldn't keep on his stomach, albeit harboring buckets on buckets of lamp oil—what justice was there in giving him a "book" in the Holy Queer, and shunting Shamgar off with a paltry four-line notice? Shamgar the Stalwart! Shamgar the ox-goadist par eminence! Shamgar the slayer of six hundred Philistinic souls at one fell swoop, as it were! Justice! Why, it was bald-headed, bare-faced, sunken-chested, knock-kneed, and splayfooted injustice, and that settles it!

I submit that, in order to keep green the memory of Shamgar, the champion ox-goadist of creation, saying nothing of his being a "deliverer of Israel," which I go not a cent on, the verb "to shamgar," meaning the chousing of one out of his just dues in the field of fame, be introduced and incorporated into our vocabulary without ado. With this I leave Shamgar to his repose, remarking that, if I hav caused a single thrill to thrill through the vesicular thrill gland of any one of my readers, with respect to Shamgar, my aim and object will hav been attained. *Vive* Shamgar! *a bas* Jonah!

SI SLOKUM.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

KINGSTON, N. M., March 6th–11th.—It is a long, tedious stage route from Lake Valley to Kingston, over the mountains and through a very narrow cañon through which, to a tenderfoot, it seems impossible to drive a team. Yet all the merchandise, food, everything in the way of supplies for the vast mining camp, is carried over this road in wagons, with sixteen to eighteen mules as motor to each wagon. When night overtakes these mule trains, the mules are turned out to graze on the mesa, and the teamsters camp by the roadside, and sleep under the wagons as cosy and content as an Eastern man in the best bedroom of a first-class hotel. In this section those acclimated, or to the manor born, seem to hav profound indifference to the style or extent of their sleeping-place, and would as soon throw down their sleeping outfit between the hind wheels of a wagon as in the corner of the adobe house or stately mansion.

Kingston is a wide-awake, flourishing mining camp, situated in a cañon of great beauty, and surrounded by mountains all rich in precious metal. It breathes the very spirit of progress, energy, and success. It has never been cursed by 'a boom,' and so its natural advantages and vast capabilities are only beginning to be appreciated by the capitalist.

Kingston is the great city of the mines in embryo, destined to rival, and far outstrip, Leadville in its rapid growth and brilliant future. The wealth of ore in its adjacent mountains is enormous, having already yielded vast amounts. It is but in the infancy of exploration. The promis of maturity seems fabulous.

Under the care and pilotage of that sturdy and energetic truth seeker, J. C. Burge, the photographic artist, I visited some of the principal mines.

The Caledonia mine has yielded over $30 000 in four months. Within the last month it has yielded the biggest assay of any mine in the world—122 000 ounces of gold, and 7 000 ounces of silver to the ton.

The Comstock—this is the mine that first brought Kingston into prominent notice—has produced $400,000 during the past year. They are now taking out 7 tons of ore a day, yielding from 40 to 400 ounces of silver to the ton. I explored this mine, and stood in the vast chambers from which immense fortunes had been taken out.

The Black Colt is owned and worked by Col. M. G. Gillette, of 2,101 Fifth avenue, New York, a veteran miner, and a stanch, outspoken Liberal, a personal friend of Col. R G. Ingersoll. Although his ability, enterprise, and skill hav given him a competence, and his home in the city is a paradise of luxury and comfort, the sturdy old colonel so loves the mountains that he finds no pleasure in living save in the highest elevations, where he finds all the heaven he ever expects or desires. The past year, working but few men, the mine produced $75,000, but they hav now struck very large veins of exceedingly rich ore that will produce that amount each month.

The Brush Heap. A large body of ore was found last December at a depth of 225 feet, which averaged 187 ounces of silver to the ton. They hav just struck very large and much richer veins. This mine was discovered by two prospectors who were hard up. They are now completing negotiations for its sale for $250 000 spot cash, and it is doubtless really worth three times that amount.

The Ingersoll is a mine, just opened, of very great promis. It was so named and is owned by an Infidel Jew, a gentleman of great ability and enterprise, an ardent admirer of the noblest man of this or any other century, who makes it the study of his life to liv up to the great Liberalist's teachings. I was introduced to a number of miners who were college graduates. At one of my lectures there were five gentlemen present able to read Greek. The ordinary miner receives $3 50 per day, and is in great demand. I discoursed with several wealthy men whose best suit of clothes a few months ago would not hav fetched $2 at auction, and their entire outfit and all their worldly possessions could not exceed $5.

I delivered four lectures at the Grand Army Hall. After the first night the large hall was crowded to suffocation; the saloons were deserted. Half an hour before the time to commence my lecture every seat was filled and standing-room unattainable. By special request, I delivered a lecture to a very large and enthusiastic audience, on Sunday afternoon, at the lumber-yard (specially prepared and seated for the occasion) of that noble, fearless champion of Freethought, John Bennett.

It was an eventful week at Kingston. Theology and Liberalism was the one theme in the mines, in the stores, saloons, homes. I sold over $50 worth of Liberal publications, and obtained a large list of new subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Kingston greatly needs a newspaper. There is a splendid opening for an intelligent, live editor, for there is nothing in the shape of a newspaper published in the county. A dirty, little, blurred smudge, called the weekly *Shaft*, under the charge of an overgrown calf, who acquired his education as property boy to a third-class variety show, is issued semi-occasionally. The few Christians of the place who can read (only about a baker's dozen) take it because its so-called editor has their parson suggest and revise its contents; but the parson, an uneducated, but well-meaning man, who never had an original idea in his life, is unable to do more than cut out the editor's imbecil attempts to enliven the paper with third-class nigger-show nasty chestnuts.

Kingston has a glorious future before her, and with such genuin, generous, and fearless young champions as Harvey Titcomb, such sturdy, ever reliable veterans as Burge, Davis, and Bennett, the cause of Freethought will keep step to her march of progress, and insure her people the highest possible mental development, while attaining the grandest conceivable temporal prosperity.

DEMING N. M., March 12th, 13th, 14th.—It was late when I retired, and I had to be up at 4 o'clock Monday morning to take the stage to Lake Valley, a long, tiresome, weary, thirty mile ride; then rail to Deming. On arrival at Deming I was about used up, and when I found I had to wait at the depot till 4 o'clock P M. and should not reach Cassa Granda till between 3 and 4 the next morning, and then hav a very long, dusty, hard stage travel to Florence, I realized I was not so young as I was twenty years ago, and that age does tell in weakening ambition. I was feeling quite badly, and the prospect of the journey to Florence did not exhilarate, when suddenly I was accosted by Colonel Lockhart,

superintendent of mines at Kingston, who had heard my first lectures there, and C. F. Howell, C. T. Henderson, and Judge Field, as jolly a lot of Infidels as one could wish to meet. They deplored the fatiguing journey before me, advised postponement, secured me most comfortable quarters at a hotel, and then suggested a change of program. They had a spacious Opera House, and would guarantee big attendance; advised me to remain and lecture at Deming, and then, rested and recuperated, go on to Tempe and avoid the long stage route. I yielded, wired Florence, and stayed at Deming and delivered three lectures at the Opera House to large and most enthusiastic audiences, increasing each night—resulting in obtaining many new subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER and the organizing of the Deming Liberal Union: aims and objects—to establish a Liberal and scientific library and reading-room, free to all; to circulate Liberal literature that shall awaken an interest in the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

At a meeting held at Railroad Hotel, Wednesday, March 14, 1888, the following officers were unanimously elected: president, Judge I. Field; secretary, Thomas Brown; Treasurer, S. Lindauer.

$100 was pledged to the society, and it adjourned to meet at the custom house on Sunday next, March 18th, at 4 P.M.

Deming is the City of Windmills, a very neat little town of about 1 800 population, located at the junction of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railway with the Southern Pacific and Texas and Pacific roads, 34 miles north of the Mexico line, 89 miles west of the Texas line, and 800 miles east of Los Angeles. The town is situated in the center of a high mesa 127 by 80 miles in extent, at an altitude of 4 200 feet above the sea, with a dry atmosphere, in which sudden changes of temperature never occur, with an inexhaustible supply of pure water at a depth of 40 to 50 feet.

Deming is the supply-point for all the Mexican country for 250 miles south of the line.

Friend S. Lindauer, treasurer of the Deming Liberal Union and Free Library, is the head of the great house of Lindauer, Wormser & Co. I was shown over their stock of goods, and it was to me astounding—goods exceeding a million and a quarter dollars; not alone immense stores, but a vast inclosure covering several acres, with deep sheds filled with merchandise; cellars, immense vaults, filled with goods, which yet never long remain.

The most wealthy, enterprising, and intelligent citizens are all Liberals. A parson started all the children and women folks to go round and solicit contributions to purchase a church organ; only wanted $100. Liberals started an opposition subscription to build a school-house, and raised $1.200 in the same time. There is no fear for the business or intellectual progress of Deming.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

The True Rallying Cry.

The true rallying cry in the anti-Roman movement is: Roman Catholics must be disfranchised, or they will destroy the republic.

The Abolitionists made but little progress until Elizabeth Heyrick first, and Garrison afterward, demanded "immediate unconditional emancipation, the right of the slave and the duty of the master." This startled the nation from its sleep of indifference to slavery, and secured to the antislavery speakers and writers a hearing which they never could hav gained while standing on the platform of gradualism.

Romanists will smile with complacent derision as long as the fight against them goes on under the white flag of Protestant compromise, amity, Christian recognition, fellowship, and apology. We must declare war in earnest—not hesitate to say in so many direct, hard words: Romanists are necessarily traitors—good Catholics cannot be good citizens—and they must be disfranchised or the republic cannot long survive. The courts of Utah hav refused to naturalize foreign-born Mormons, for the reason that the head of the Mormon church, to Mormons, is bigger than the United States Constitution and laws—that Mormonism is in essence anti-republican. An avowed Anarchist would, no doubt, be refused naturalization for the same reason. A Roman Catholic should not be permitted to become a citizen, because he would avow, if honest, a higher and more binding allegiance to the pope than he could possibly feel or recognize to the Constitution and laws of this country. He is in all of his principles a deadly enemy to all of our institutions. His religion antagonizes every principle of the Constitution and every institution under it, beginning with free schools and ending with free speech, free press, and freedom of conscience in religious as well as civil affairs. If Romanism is anything, it is absolute obedience of every member of the church to the pope in spiritual and temporal things—an absolute surrender of the right to think, speak, and act, except as directed by the head of this great despotism.

All legislativ and judicial power is deposited by God with the pope as against all civil governments on earth, and especially against this so-called godless republic, and godless freedom which it was established to secure.

We must educate the people up to the point of refusing citizenship to foreign-born Catholics, and of disfranchising those who by perjury and fraud hav been permitted to become citizens.

Suppose every German that takes the naturalization oath should hav a well-defined and secret mental reservation that he is nevertheless bound to obey in all things the German emperor, and to vote as Bismarck and his secret paid and commissioned agents and spies, scattered all over this country, should direct, and always in the interests of Germany. In such case would Germans be permitted to vote and hold the balance of political power, state and federal?

Suppose that behind every Englishman's application and oath to become a citizen there existed a conscious, well-defined, secret mental reservation to obey and continue loyal to the queen of England, and to vote solid as the English premier and his appointed subordinates, resident in this country, should direct; what sort of citizens in such case would Englishmen be? Would they not be perjured traitors? Could a man loyal to the queen be a good citizen to this republic? Would not the unanimous voice of the loyal people of this country be that, in such case, Englishmen and Germans should not only be disfranchised, but compelled to leave the country? A stronger case exists for expelling every good Roman Catholic that has taken, or will propose to take, the oath of citizenship. A good Romanist never dreams of renouncing allegiance or relaxing his obedience to the pope while swearing that he will abjure all other allegiance except to the United States government.

The pope is God to the good Catholic, and his oath, if he knows what he is doing, is a conscious perjury, and every Romanist obtains the right to vote by fraud and false swearing. He fully believes in the claim of temporal, as well as spiritual, power of the pope, and his duty to obey him in all things; has sworn to do this, and has never once dreamed of doing otherwise. What, then, is his oath of citizenship in the republic good for? It is not binding on him; he laughs in his sleeve at the simplicity and foolish liberality of our laws and people.

To be a good citizen of this country a man must be a very bad Catholic, if he pretends to be a Catholic at all. To be a good Catholic he must necessarily be not only a very bad citizen, but a traitor, conspirator, and spy. A good Romanist believes in the supreme power of the pope to "absolve from all promissory oaths" whatsoever, whenever he pleases to do so; that is, to release the taker from moral obligation to keep oaths after such release, and also from all penalties, moral and otherwise, for perjury.

He believes it to be his first duty to vote for the interest of his church as directed by his priest at all elections—and the interests of his church antagonize every interest of this republic, from free schools to free representativ government. All Romanists voting under orders from a foreign potentate will vote solid as a unit, as an army marches, with here and there a straggler or deserter. A united minority in a republic is almost as good as a majority. By this obedient, disciplined, and solid minority, the Roman church holds the balance of power at the polls. The Tammany Hall organization has illustrated this fact for years. By this solid minority vote, and by the secret Jesuit and other auxiliary semi-political organizations of the church, Rome has been quietly helping herself up gradual steps to power in this country—helping herself to the public moneys by the million in New York city—and money is power. The pope can now command votes enough to control all elections, state and national—this politicians concede; money enough to maintain a powerful secret lobby at the national capital to guard her interests (Senator Blair stated in his recent speech on the educational bill that "there were nine Jesuits on the floor of the Senate at one time working against the bill"), and also to build and endow the largest college in the nation, which is already well under way in Washington, and by the social and literary influences thus secured to make her lobby all-potent in controling legislation and official appointments in her own behalf.

With two million perjured voters at the polls, to be commanded by the satanic sagacity and cunning of Roman officials at the Vatican, and resident in this country, in behalf of the "king of kings," the "vicegerent of God," how long can this republic survive?

There is, clearly, no salvation for our free institutions but in the speedy disfranchisment of perjured Roman traitors and conspirators.

The right to anything obtained by fraud or false swearing is voidable, if not void, in law, and can be legally, as well as equitably, taken from the person so obtaining it by the courts.

Congress, or the courts, can legally and justly disfranchise Romanists when it is shown that the oath of citizenship they hav taken is insincere, and was taken with the secret intention of not keeping it. Every man who feels that he owes allegiance to a foreign prince or potentate while pretending to be a loyal citizen here, is a traitor at heart, and ought to be disfranchised and driven from the country.

Congress should at once appoint a committee to inquire into the nature of the oath Roman Catholics hav taken of fidelity and obedience to the pope, and also of the good faith of Catholics in taking the oath of citizenship, as to which they deem the most binding, with powers to send for persons and papers to make the most thorough investigation possible. Who is the member of Congress that has the patriotism and the pluck to introduce such a resolution, and properly present the importance of the question? If anyone knows who may be induced to do it, let him be urged to move it at once, and let him be furnished with the necessary facts and documents with which to lay the subject before Congress. Let anti-Catholics, without distinction of sect or party, organize a practical movement to the end suggested, viz., the disfranchisment of all good Roman Catholics, and the expulsion from the country of all Jesuits. The latter hav been, at one time or another, expelled from every civilized country on the globe except this, on account of their diabolical cussedness. It is time to begin to agitate for their expulsion from this country—high time. The fact stated by Senator Blair should alarm the country.

This republic cannot long exist half Roman and half free. The question must be met, and the quicker the better.

Let the subject be at once presented to Congress. Perhaps a memorial had better be prepared, signed, and presented at this session. At any rate, the introduction of the question into Congress would probably do more to overcome public apathy and indifference than years of private agitation. Steps should be taken at once by those who sympathize with the anti-Roman movement to concentrate upon some definit action. I suggest that a national convention be called and a memorial to Congress prepared, discussed, and adopted by the convention, then circulated and signed largely, and then presented to Congress by a committee chosen by the convention.

A. J. GROVER.

The Distribution of Wealth.

Perceiving that Mr. Denslow's critics evince a disposition to ignore the most important points in his essay on the "Distribution of Wealth," I shall generously offer to do him the justice to note two of them myself, for which favor I shall expect him to be duly grateful, though I shall not require him to specially acknowledge the fact, but shall take it for granted without his saying.

When the advocates of ownership perceive that Socialism proposes to compel every individual to earn his living by his own labor, so long as he has the physical and intellectual ability to labor, they call it despotism that will destroy our individuality. Though it will not be difficult to prove that accusation to be false, it is not expedient to take the trouble to do so. For despotism with food and raiment sufficient for us, is preferable to individuality with hunger and nakedness. Evidently feeling sure that they hav frightened us out of asserting that Socialism will enable and compel every individual to earn his living by his own labor, they boldly, though falsely, assert that Socialism will compel those who are industrious to throw the product of their labor into a common heap and permit every idle loafer to help himself. I think we can afford to accept that definition if they can, for it will certainly permit those whose labor procured the product to help themselvs with equal freedom. But ownership enables the "lazy loafers" to usurp an exclusiv right to the product, and will not permit those whose industry procured the products to touch them except on conditions that are hard to comply with at best, and that they cannot always comply with at all. I think that is the most outrageous and uncontrolable despotism conceivable. Therefore it is evident that they do not really object to despotism, but to its being applied for the enforcement of just principles. It is evident that they cannot, even by lying, make Socialism appear half so villainous as private ownership of wealth has practically demonstrated itself to be.

In reply to the ridiculously absurd objection that Socialism, common possession, will tend to destroy our ambition and enterprise, I will suggest that human need, greed, and caprice are the only known incentivs to ambition and enterprise; and they, being inherent properties, and instincts of nature, cannot by any possibility be destroyed. Ownership of wealth compels us to labor knowingly for the enrichment of others rather than of ourselvs. We also know that the more we enrich others, the more we impoverish ourselvs. If that has failed to take the ambition and enterprise out of us, we hav no cause to giv ourselvs any concern about them; for, come what will, they will be perfectly safe and ever activ. Socialism is coöperation by all for the mutual benefit of all; unless that will stimulate the ambition and enterprise of all, nothing will. Hence, Socialism is the *ne plus ultra* of coöperation.

J. A. TUTTLE.

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The Women's Congress.

The International Council of Women which assembled in Washington March 25th, and continued in session for eight days, with several supplementary meetings, including a reception at the White House, a meeting for permanent organization, and the holding of the twentieth annual Convention of the National Suffrage Association, was a great gathering of feminin brains, and a great public success for the organizers of the council. Many of the speeches contained a great deal of common sense, most of them were oratorically superior, and the press reported the meetings at length. Only one little breeze fanned to redness the cheeks of the lady delegates, and that was raised by Helen Taylor, daughter of John Stuart Mill, who refused to attend because Mrs. Ashton Dilke did attend. The reason given was because of Mrs. Dilke's relativs. The real reason, however, was because Helen Taylor is very pious and Mrs. Dilke is an Agnostic with Atheistic tendencies. Elizabeth Cady Stanton attended to Mrs. Taylor, and effectually suppressed her, writing her a letter "which she will never 'orget."

But the council further developed the fact, to which we some time ago called attention, that the movement for woman's rights has been captured by the very religious element which but a few years ago sneered at it, and called its advocates "short-haired," and intimated that they were "no better than they ought to be." Seven female reverends took part in the council, many of whom hav been more than once refused pulpits by the male preachers of the religion which degrades them, and these seven preachers monopolized the whole of the first day of "religious services." All the sessions of the council were opened with religious music, followed by an "invocation," and the arrogance of the pious delegates like Frances Willard was something amazing. They evidently thought that Christianity had had something to do with helping along the woman's rights cause! The piety of the council, one lady who addressed it tells us, was truly comic. Hymns were printed in the official program describing God, and asserting that he was coming with speedy succor; and every Infidel woman orator was asked to suppress her heresy and not wound the feelings of her religious sisters. Nothing was said, however, about the religious sisters not wounding the feelings of their heretical companions. The Golden Rule works only one way with Christians.

The puerility of this conduct of a council may be known from the comments of the auditors. The speeches and papers which were loudest applauded, and pronounced the best, were all, without exception, those of the heretics, like Mrs. Stanton, Helen Gardener, Mrs. Dilke, and others. Susan B. Anthony even, who presided with dignity and businesslike methods, is a good deal more of a heretic than is commonly guessed. As one of her friends expresses it, she is not "half so bilious as she looks." The sophomoric papers and speeches all came from the pious element. This triumph of the heretical brain is, of course, glory for Freethought, but we regret exceedingly to note the religious tone of the council which strikes the public ear. The many noble women there who hav broken their bonds should hav had a chance to lead others to freedom, if the manacled ones were allowed to rattle their chains as an invitation to the world to join them.

The woman's suffrage movement has made great advances within the forty years since its first convention, of which this council was the anniversary. In the West the more practical results are shown, and in the East the sentiment of the people has undergone a transformation. And were it not for the politicians women would hav the franchise very soon. But the doubling of the number of votes cast makes issues too uncertain for much political fooling to be allowed; and our statesmen view the movement as a pleasant joke, but to be frowned upon when the joke is likely to become serious. The meeting at Washington of these earnest women will probably scare them, while it gives them a higher opinion of female business capacity. The God-in-the-Constitution party, the Prohibitionists, and the Liberals are probably the only organizations sincere in desiring to giv woman the ballot; and the two former and the last for widely different reasons. The Liberals desire it because it is right, and also to extend personal liberty. The others desire it in order to take personal liberty away from a large part of the people, and enthrone the Jewish Jehovah as our king. The Washington council has done more for the church than for freedom.

About Untaxed Trinity.

In response to Mr. E. A. Stevens's statement concerning Trinity church corporation, Judge Brewer writes:

"In a note in this week's TRUTH SEEKER Mr. E. A. Stevens says: 'Mr. S Brewer, of Ithaca, N. Y., desires the authority for my statement in reference to Trinity church;' and then proceeds to giv the authority. Mr. Stevens is not quite correct. Giving vent to a doubt, I simply expressed a desire that THE TRUTH SEEKER would find out the exact facts about Trinity's exemption from taxation, and communicate the same to its readers.

"While, as a Liberal rendering a hearty support to the Nine Demands, I am more than willing that Liberalism should avail itself of all facts in controverting our opponents, I do not think that anything is really gained by coining misstatements or by giving currency to those already afloat.

"The remarkable statement about Trinity's exemption, which Mr. Stevens gathered from sources which he was perhaps warranted in considering reliable, seemed, nevertheless, so extravagant that one was almost forced to question its correctness; and even after Mr. Stevens has now divulged the sources of his information, my doubt about the case is not removed.

"It seems impossible that our lawmakers could hav allowed a single religious organization to hold vear after vear real estate to the amount of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars untaxed, without at least calling the attention of the people to so startling a fact.

"Would not our good Liberal friend—and good lawyer as well—Mr. Wakeman, take the trouble to look the matter up, and through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER giv to the community the bottom facts in this matter? I think Brother Wakeman can afford to do that much by way of enhancing the obligation, already very large, which the Liberal cause owes his able pen."

Mr. Stevens's original statement was that Trinity owns a block of untaxed land in this city one-fourth of a mile wide by three-fourths of a mile long, valued at $25 000 000 (afterward written by mistake, in our issue of March 31st, $250 000,000). This information he quoted from a pamphlet prepared in 1881 by Van Buren Denslow, B. F. Underwood, and R. C. Spencer, supposing that these gentlemen were accurate writers In this, it appears, Mr. Stevens is mistaken, though the inaccuracy was not intentional on their part, but the result of carelessness and incomplete search. We think we can explain the matter. In the *Index* of January 3, 1878, Mr. Abbott published some "astounding facts about Trinity church." These alleged facts were as follows:

"Trinity church owns a vast amount of real estate in New York city, lying compactly between Broadway and the North river, and extending nearly two miles in length and from one-fourth to three-fourths of a mile in breadth. The whole district inclosed by a line running eastward from the North river through Cortlandt street to Broadway, thence northward seven squares to Warren street, thence one square westward to Church street, thence eleven squares northward to Canal street, and (continuing on Greene street) seven squares still northward to Amity street, thence six squares westward to Sixth avenue, thence four squares northward to Greenwich avenue, and thence seven squares southwestward on Christopher street, where the line strikes the North river once more—all this immense district, lying in the most valuable part of the city, belongs to Trinity church, together with considerable territory south of Cortlandt street, concerning the exact boundaries of which we are left in some doubt. The value of this enormous amount of real estate is, at a low valuation, fully $70 000 000; and, if we correctly understand our informant, Trinity church pays no tax on the land itself, though the lessees pay taxes on the buildings they hav erected upon it, under long leases.

"Now, it is worth while to inquire how this colossal property earns its exemption from taxation—how it pays to New York city an equivalent in 'good moral influence' for the one and three quarters millions of dollars which it compels the rest of the city to pay as annual taxes in its stead! The great argument urged by all the defenders of church exemption is that, by exempting churches from taxation, the community saves more in diminished expenses for courts and prisons than it relinquishes by remitting the taxes on church property. It is plain, therefore, that Trinity church must exert a prodigious moral influence in repressing drunkenness, licentiousness, etc., in New York, in order to save so vast a sum to the city annually.

"What is the actual fact? This—that Trinity church, by the use it permits to be made of the land it rents to its tenants, is the greatest feeder of vice in the whole city! According to the official records in the offices of the chief of police and the excise commissioners, the real estate of Trinity church supports seven hundred and sixty-four liquor saloons, or 'gin-mills,' and ninety-six known houses of prostitution (ninety-two white and four colored), with many others suspected to be such! Who can estimate the annual expense entailed on the city by all these haunts of vice in its lowest forms? Not we, assuredly; but it must be simply enormous. Yet Trinity church is exempted from taxation, forsooth, because it is a 'bulwark of morality,' and officiates in this capacity by pandering to the most depraved appetites of the worst classes of the city!"

With the exception of contracting the extent of the property from two miles in length to three-quarters of a mile, and leaving off the words, "to three fourths of a mile in breadth," Mr. Abbott's facts are the same as those of the writers of the pamphlet from which Mr. Stevens quoted, though his estimate of the value of the property is much greater. Mr. Abbott derived his information from a friend in New York.

In the *Index* of April 11, 1878, appeared a contradiction from John A. Dix, ex-governor of New York, controler of Trinity corporation, and father of the present rector, Morgan A. Dix. Leaving out Mr. Dix's circumlocution, his statements are: That Trinity owned only seven hundred and fifty lots, instead of the number stated; that these lots do not lie compactly, but are scattered over the territory singly, or in groups; that a high estimate of the value of Trinity's "*productiv property*"—mark these words—was less than seven millions; that the corporation pays taxes on this productiv property; that Trinity leases contain a covenant against liquor-selling on its property; that this covenant was enforced on 483 lots, which Trinity owned exclusivly—but that on 267 lots, let by Trinity for business purposes, but over which it had no control, liquor might be sold, but Mr. Dix did not believe it was, and the police also had no knowledge that such was the fact. Letters from the police and excise departments were also submitted by Mr. Dix in corroboration of his statements.

To this Mr. Abbott replied: "Our immediate informant, whose own name it is unnecessary to giv, even were we authorized to giv it, furnished us with a map of New York city, upon which, he wrote, 'is outlined by the Hon. Clinton Roosevelt (an old and prominent lawyer of that city, who is conversant with every inch of property owned by that corporation) the property owned by the Trinity church corporation. To anyone conversant with the city of New York, there need be no difficulty in forming an estimate of its value. When I stated to Mr. Roosevelt that I had been guilty of making the assertion that the Trinity corporation owned property in the city of New York worth seventy millions of dollars, upon which were situated more houses of prostitution and gin-mills than upon the combined ecclesiastical property of the rest of the city, and I had called upon him to learn whether I had been guilty of misrepresentation, that I might correct my statement, he unhesitatingly declared that I had told the truth, and he would direct me to the facts. The map inclosed is, or was, outlined by that gentleman. Upon his suggestion I employed a detectiv, who had access to the offices of the chief of police and the excise commissioners, and the following is his report, obtained from the records of those offices: From the police department, the number of known houses of prostitution situated upon the property so outlined is ninety-six (ninety-two white and four colored). The

number of known liquor saloons, taken from the office of the excise commissioners, is seven hundred and sixty-four.'"

In the next issue of the *Index*, acknowledging the editor's fairness in printing his letter, Mr. Dix said:

"Mr. Roosevelt ought not to hav made so great a mistake in regard to the extent of the property of this corporation. Its affairs were investigated by the legislature of the state more than twenty years ago, and everything concerning it was a matter of public record. The street number of every lot it possessed was given and the value stated as ascertained by two disinterested persons. The whole number of lots was stated at nine hundred and eighty-five, but many of them were not more than twenty feet front—some less—so that the number of full lots, twenty-five by one hundred, was not far from what it is now. The largest estimate of the value of the property was six millions one hundred and eight thousand one hundred and fifty dollars."

Mr. Dix also sent Mr. Abbott some year-books and pamphlets setting forth the work Trinity was doing, and these books the editor of the *Index* read. He found: "Turning to the Year Book of 1878 to learn how far this general plan is carried into effect, we find that Trinity church to-day contains seven churches—Trinity church, St. Paul's chapel, St. John's chapel, Trinity chapel, St. Chrysostom's chapel, St. Augustine's chapel, and St. Cornelius's chapel; and that it makes annual donations to eighteen other churches, amounting in all for the year ending Aug. 1, 1877, to $47,660.19. It also sustains a multiplicity of educational and charitable organizations, of which the entire activity seems to be directed by strictly ecclesiastical conceptions of 'education' and 'charity.' Provision is made to a certain extent for the temporal wants of the poor, the sick, the aged, though apparently with a large discrimination in favor of members of the various parish organizations. The education of the three hundred boys of the Trinity church parochial school includes 'religious instruction according to the holy scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer;' the girls at St. Paul's chapel parish school 'are thoroughly and assiduously instructed in the principles and doctrins of the church. The child is regarded, all through her school term, as a candidate for confirmation and communion; and, on leaving the school, the effort is made to keep her in connection with the church by placing her in some Bible-class or guild.' In a word, the whole administration of the Trinity church property appears to be devoted, as was indeed to be expected, to the furtherance and propagation of Christianity, according to the strictly Episcopalian form of faith; and whatever secular good is attempted or done appears to be merely subordinate and incidental to this central, dominant purpose.

"There needs to be a much more frank and full statement on this question than any that has been made. Trinity Church Year Book for 1877 says that 'the property, in all probability, is not worth more than from seven to eight millions;' General Dix last week estimated it at seven millions. Accepting this estimate, at a rate of taxation of two and a half per cent (which, we are told, is less than the rate of taxation in New York city), Trinity church ought to pay $175 000; whereas General Dix says that he has paid only $64 107.97 for the current year. Even on the acknowledged value of the productiv part of the property, there seems to be an under-assessment of taxes; which is exemption from taxation precisely to that extent.

"But this estimate of seven millions as the value of the Trinity church property is a very unfair one. If any private taxpayer were to make a tax-return on the principles of the Year Book, he would be exposed to very ugly suspicions. We quote the Trinity Church Year Book of 1877: 'In estimating the value of the property, the calculation ought to be limited to what yields an income. . . . Leaving out of account the unproductiv part of the estate, and estimating that portion only which yields an income, the value of the property is comparativly small; small in comparison with the inflated and erroneous opinions about it. "Sixty millions of dollars" is the stereotyped phrase at present in vogue; the property in all probability is not worth more than from seven to eight millions.'

"*The value of all the exempted part of the estate is here thrown out as valueless!* For instance, the whole block bounded by Broadway, Church, Vesey, and Fulton streets is avowedly counted out as of no value whatever! It is in this way that the immense property is ciphered down to 'seven or eight millions.' The community has a right to demand the *honest figures*, the *actual market value* of all the land and buildings belonging to the corporation. We affirm that such statements as we hav just quoted from Trinity Church Year Book show that the necessity of defending their unjust exemption has demoralized the minds of the corporation—that they here resort to a device for evading criticism which they would blush to use as private men. There is not one of them who would sign and swear to a similar statement of his own property, throwing out the 'unproductiv' portion as of no value; there is not a tax-assessor who would permit such a return. Trinity church, by her own confession, possesses a vastly larger and more valuable estate than she wishes to be the reputed possessor of; and by setting afloat such misleading statements as that she only owns 'seven or eight millions' she knows (or ought to know) that she is deceiving the public at large."

All of this has a bad aspect for Trinity, and conclusivly proves that Mr. Dix indulged in special pleading to cover Trinity's financial sins. That there is a good deal back of the explanation which is not explained is shown by letters from Clinton Roosevelt and a gentleman signing "Justitia" in the *Index* of the following week. Mr. Roosevelt was applied to by the Bogardus heirs to prosecute the corporation. Mr. Roosevelt demanded of Trinity "an answer under the act of 1784, by which they became trustees to the heirs of Bogardus as well as the city of New York." The response to this suit was the publication of what Mr. Roosevelt calls "a most wonderful document, in which Trinity claimed to be not at all responsible for the immoralities committed on the property she holds." Why Trinity is not responsible is then shown by "Justitia." It appears that the property held by Trinity was granted by "royal favor," and consists of what was originally known as "the King's Farm and Garden" and the "Bogardus estate." The boundaries of these lands, as the city is now laid out, commenced near Cortlandt street, running north along the line of Broadway to Reade street; west to South Fifth avenue; north and northwest to Christopher street, thence to the North river, and thence to place of beginning. The dividing line between the King's Farm and Garden and the Bogardus estate was near Chambers street. This is an immense tract, fully as large as described by Messrs. Denslow, Underwood, and Spencer, and quoted by Mr. Stevens. It appears also that to the King's Farm (a small portion only of the ground) Trinity holds undisputed title. It is on a portion of this land that Trinity church and cemetery are situated. The title to the Bogardus property has always been in dispute, the said corporation (we quote from "Justitia's" letter to the *Index*) holding the same originally as trustees for the state of New York and the Bogardus heirs; *and as trustees they never could or can acquire title.* Hence, *long leases were given by them at small rental.* This is the way Trinity evades responsibility for the uses to which this property is put. "Justitia" further charges Trinity with having stifled every attempt at legislativ inquiry into her affairs, denying the right of such examination, or boasting that "they had a political weight that was not to be disregarded." "Whenever any action," he says, "has been brought to test the rights of the respectiv parties, every means has been used to avoid a direct issue of the facts and to crush out the party attempting it." He adds: "A most singular fact is that the press of New York would publish everything to favor the said corporation and nothing from the opposit side." "Justitia" also reminds Mr. Dix that "a fair, honorable, and Christian offer was made to the said corporation, *as a professed Christian body*, through their attorney, the Hon. G. M. Ogden, 'to submit the entire matter in controversy to a referee, so as to avoid scandal and place them forever at rest,' which they positivly declined." The same offer was then again made, in 1878, but Trinity would hav none of it.

A few years after this the New York *Times* gave a list of property owned by the churches of New York and exempted from taxation. Trinity was put down as owning fifteen million dollars' worth of real estate, with about half of it exempt. We hav never seen this statement disputed. About a year ago Henry George was defending his land schemes by showing how rich land corporations bled the people, and he endeavored to find out something about Trinity. His success was stated in these words: "Trinity church conducts its affairs with such absolute secrecy that even those county officers whose business it is to deal with real estate are refused a copy of its maps, and no information whatever concerning the source, extent, or disposition of the enormous revenue of the corporation can be obtained by any individual." We imagin that Mr. Wakeman's success would be no greater than his erstwhile friend George's. The legislature alone possesses the power to pry into Trinity's financial secrets—and a *World* reporter reports upon investigation that lobbyists profess to be able to buy legislators at remarkably reasonable rates—six for a thousand dollars. Trinity church possesses many thousands of dollars.

The only way to reach such corporations, fortressed by wealth and protected by superstition and dishonesty, is a general law taxing every dollar's worth of real estate not owned exclusivly by the state or federal government.

A Chance to Speculate.

An interesting train of thought is started by the recent performance of religious rites over James Redpath, the brilliant lecturer and writer, who is just recovering from a nearly fatal illness. On March 21st Mr. Redpath wrote a letter to John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the Boston *Pilot*, thanking Mr. O'Reilly for the latter's friendship, as shown during Mr. Redpath's illness. Mr. O'Reilly publishes the letter in the *Pilot*. Mr. Redpath wrote that "the last solemn rites of the church for the dying" were administered to him; and he asks the editor of the *Pilot* to thank "the priests and nuns who in widely scattered districts offered up special prayers in his behalf in churches and convents."

Mr. Redpath has always been supposed to be a Rationalist, and certainly the articles he wrote several years ago for THE TRUTH SEEKER would be sufficient ground for the supposition. And to a *Sun* reporter he explained the religious performance as follows: "I think I hav more friends among Roman Catholics and the Catholic clergy than any other Protestant with the exception of Parnell, and I shall join the Roman Catholic church if I ever join any. But I am now what I hav always been, a Rationalist. It is true that the extreme unction of the church was administered to me by Dr. McGlynn and some of the other priests who were here when it was supposed I was dying."

Authorities in the Catholic church now say that Dr. McGlynn had no right to administer the last rites of the church to a dying man unless no other priest could be had, and even then the rites could not be administered unless the dying man repented. So we are left in doubt as to whether Mr. Redpath would hav gone up or down had he died last month. It is certain that he did not repent, for he avows himself still a Rationalist, and it is certain that there are a great many priests in New York besides Dr. McGlynn who could hav been induced to hear Mr. Redpath's confession. And why should Mr. Redpath hav extreme unction administered to himself? Was it another case of

When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he?

Or was it the yielding of a sick man to earnest but misguided friends? As Mr. Redpath has himself publicly spoken of the matter, he cannot blame the public for speculating upon it. But, Rationalist or Catholic, we hope that Mr. Redpath will hav no further use for a priest or "extreme unction" for many years. He knows how to do a great deal of good, and he acts upon his knowledge. May he liv to convert his priestly friend from the error of his ways.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK has a branch society in San Francisco with an agent, but all he has done so far is to write a letter of recommendation of a patent medicin on the society's letter-head, which is being extensivly circulated by the press at the usual rates per inch.

HOWARD county, Tex., ought to be justly governed. The county judge, the county and district clerk, the sheriff, and the county attorney are all Infidels who tell their joys abroad. The postmaster of the county seat is also a joy-spreader. It is seldom that so many eminent citizens of one county possess equal shares of common sense.

THE *Voice* of March 15th says: "A policeman gets drunk in Gardiner, Me., on whisky brought by some wedding guests over the country." That was bad; but it reminds us to ask, Did the *Voice* ever hear how Jesus, once upon a time, thought it worth his while to perform a miracle to furnish intoxicants to some "wedding guests" who had probably neglected to bring a supply from "over the country," but who, nevertheless, were already "well drunk?" St. John (not the ex-governor) lets the cat out.

Letters from Friends.

MINNESOTA LAKE, MINN., Feb. 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I like to read the "Letters from Friends;" they are very interesting. When I read them it seems to me as if I were reading a letter from an intimate friend, because they hav the same ideas as I hav in regard to religion. Religion is only a farce. My father and mother were both very religious when they used to be young. Why? Because their parents forced them to go to church and pray, etc. But, thanks to their common sense, they turned from church-going people to Infidels.

Three cheers for Watson Heston and his pictures. They are immense. Not a bit too radical, as some remark.

I once heard Mr. Jamieson lecture in Mapleton, Minn., and it seemed to me, when I went up to shake hands with him, as if I had found a long-lost friend.

A. B. FRIEDMANN.

FARMDALE, O., March 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send the obituary: Died, March 16, 288. Ethel Thompson, aged 5 months and 2 days, daughter of Elbridge and Carrie Thompson, of Andover, O, both stanch Secularists. In the death of little Ethel we as Liberals hav lost a bright and promising child.

As the parents had no desire to hav an orthodox funeral, Mr. James Roberts, of Andover, conducted the funeral services. His remarks were very appropriate and beautiful. Immortality, he assured us, consisted in the remembrance and continuance of good deeds. He made no reference to Christianity, the Bible, or God, and the Christian neighbors present showed no particular signs of surprise. Perhaps Mr. Roberts's scholarly and dignified bearing was impressiv to them, as that of the theologian. This is the second time Mr. Roberts has taken the place of a minister. A FRIEND.

NEW HARTFORD, IA., Feb. 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav taken the paper from the time it was an infant until now, and for fair dealing toward all men, and women too, it has no equal. Every person can speak his or her honest thought in the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, and that is one great reason why it is the best paper on earth. If a man always agrees with me, I hav no use for him whatever. One can learn nothing from such a man, and you soon look upon him with contempt. And it is the same with a paper.

I see you hav had subscribers who were so opposed to Mr. Heston's illustrations that they stopped their paper, when the one illustration of old reprobate Solomon, with his wives and concubines, will do more good than a dozen such cranks would do in a lifetime. Such men ought to be born again; the old orthodox disease is in them yet, and they can't help honoring the boss book of blood and filth, so would like to hav you print a sort of half-pious paper just to suit their narrow, contracted ideas. MEL PIEROE.

OSAWKEE, KAN., Feb. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find my dues for THE TRUTH SEEKER and for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. Please cancel my name from the subscription list. I am well satisfied with the paper, but unable at present to pay for such a luxury. I hav now suffered two failures in crops from drouths, besides other adversities, one of which is that I cannot, my stubborn brain will not, think to suit the tastes of my pious neighbors. Aside from farming I teach school. Because I did not approve the keeping of an intelligent and good man and a bright, good, and young girl in a dirty, sickening jail for refusing to comply with some minor requirements of law, I must pay the penalties of the crime of being a free lover, whether I indorse the theories of free love or not.

Because I did not hurrah over the Chicago hanging-bee, I am paraded here as being an Anarchist, and that means everything base and criminal in the eyes of most of my Christian neighbors. Though a poor man, my Liberalism costs me from fifty to a hundred dollars per year through ostracism. As soon as good crops favor me again you will receive an order for the renewal of THE TRUTH SEEKER to me.

I hope those who are able will come to the relief of the Harmans and Walker, of Valley Falls. R. S. W.

MIDDLEBURG, IND., Feb. 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and ANNUAL, and Ingersoll's Defense of Reynolds I hav been a subscriber of your paper since its first publication in Illinois. It is impossible to estimate the influence of such a paper. Its influence will last through all the coming ages. O that it could make its weekly visits to every family in our world! O that it could be as thick as the leaves of autumn, or as numerous as the superstitions that still occupy the mind of man!

It should be in every school and in every parlor. The illustrations are better than ever, and we congratulate you in your selection of such a genius for your artist as Brother Heston.

I may be too old to speak, for I am over fourscore, instead of "threescore and ten," as was spoken of old. You will pardon me for saying that I feel like giving you a scrap of my history. I took on the changeable garb of man in the year of 1806. I was nursed, rocked, stewed, and steeped in the corrupt yet dying cradle of superstition, bigotry, priestcraft, and intolerance for the first twenty-three years of my life. Then the sun began to shine. The vapors commenced to scatter. Cloud after cloud passed away. Reason began to assert its supremacy. The scene changes. But just as is the opium-eater who resolves "to turn over a new leaf," atom after atom was my being changed. I finally found myself standing in the light, awakened from the trance which now holds in its poisonous stupor millions of human beings. I hav lived long enough to see a great change. Change is the great law of nature. Light and knowledge are abroad; mankind are beginning not only to think but to reason. The movement and progression of science are as irresistible as the motion of atoms or the revolving of spheres. To stop progress and Freethought would be to exterminate the human race. To hold it stationary is impossible. To let it go on, as it surely must, is to not only slaughter untruth, but to bury it so deep that even its bones shall never again come to the light of the world.

The mystic veil of superstition is wearing threadbare in the glaring sunshine of the nineteenth century. All mankind are tending toward that perfection which all nature has been reaching for since the first vegetable cell existed. I hope that the noble cause of truth may go on uninterrupted, with THE TRUTH SEEKER at its head, until the earth becomes old with age, and is incapable of the lowest forms of life.

Fraternally, ISAAC IVINS.

MINNESOTA LAKE, MINN., March 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish Colonel Ingersoll's Argument in the Blasphemy trial; also the card presenting the Nine Demands, to hang in a frame over my bedstead to keep me awake.

I last month received a letter from my brother in the Caucasus mountains, telling of the new law by which children only of the highest class of Russians are allowed to enter gymnasiums and colleges. O tyrants! statesmen of Russia, burning to get level with Egypt and China! Indeed where will Russia be in one century? O little children of Russia! Run, children of Russia; you are in danger of getting caught in the trap set by your good friends the czar's family. Take your body and brains and get over the line of life and death—that is, the line of the Russian empire. Your government preachers hav dealt deep wounds to your manliness. Do not lift your hands to the sky and cry, Help me! You would better find out who is your friend and who your enemy. It will take centuries for the Russians to find out that, with "Obey" for the first commandment.

Your fricnd for liberty, ELY S. GLICK.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Feb. 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The body of John McGuire, who died suddenly at one of the meetings of Dr. McGlynn, was refused burial in the cemetery in which he had bought a lot by the priest—who had received his money perhaps for years—for the sin of going to hear his favorit priest, who had been excommunicated for the crime of doing what he could to eradicate poverty. They had received his money all along, knowing that he attended these meetings, but he had died so suddenly they had no chance of getting any more from him. Then they showed their cloven foot. With such tyranny staring them in the face, with all the arrogance and impudence of the demands of the Roman tyrants on American citizens, why is it that a sufficient number of priests and laymen do not rebel against these foreigners and start an American Catholic church, and clear themselvs of the charge that they are more loyal to the pope than they are to their country? They certainly would get all American-born Catholics to join them, for they surely must feel mean and despicable when they think to what depth of infamy these Italian despots would hav them go, to obey them whenever the commands and duties to their country conflict with the commands of an Italian despot, and if the opportunity was offered of joining a strictly American church which Father McGlynn and a few talented priests might organize, I cannot doubt that all true Americans born, and true-hearted foreigners who came to become citizens in good faith, would flock to their standard. Then let Father McGlynn eschew politics for the present and bend all his energies to establishing a loyal, independent American Catholic church; for though the whole thing may be founded on superstition, it is certainly better to hav it in the hands of loyal citizens than in the hands of those who owe and acknowledge allegiance to any foreign potentate whatever. J. DOWNES.

GLANFORD, Feb. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.75, which apply as follows: $3 for the paper, and may God bless the reading of the word; fifty cents for two ANNUALS, and twenty-five cents for Colonel Ingersoll's Argument in the Defense of C. B. Reynolds for Blasphemy. I am sorry to say I cannot get a man in this place who will subscribe for your excellent paper. There are only two men in the whole place who will read it. I liv in a village where there never was a Freethought lecture delivered. You may as well look for the grace of God in the highlands as look for Freethought literature here. I see sometimes in "Letters from Friends" there are some that do not like the pictures. I must say I like the pictures. My paper comes very regularly on Saturday at 12 o'clock, and although I smell the dinner, and get called by the family to come on, even when hungry, I will burst the wrapper of THE TRUTH SEEKER just to look at the pictures. My eyes seem to be as hungry as my stomach. Then I scan the "Letters from Friends" to see if there are any I know. Since taking your paper I hav become acquainted with a great many folks that I hav never seen.

I hav been taking a paper printed in Toronto, called *Secular Thought*, edited by Charles Watts—a first-rate Freethought paper. It has been in existence for one year—just long enough to alarm the bigots. Ministers, both spiritual and political, are bound we shall not hav a printing and publishing company of our own. We had applied for incorporation by letters patent to the Ontario government, but the application has been refused on the ground that Christianity is a part of the laws of the land, that the legislature had not hitherto sanctioned the incorporation of any company or society known or considered to be in opposition to Christianity, and the government was of the opinion that no such company should be incorporated by the lieutenant-governor under the Letters Patent act. However, I hav great faith in our leader, Charles Watts, who if properly supported will, like Moses, lead us up to the promised land. I cannot close without telling you how I enjoy a Sabbath devouring the contents of THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Secular Thought*, while the bigots enjoy their three-in-one. JOHN MCCLEMONT.

BAKER'S CORNER, IND., Feb. 27, A.S. 288.

MR. EDITOR: This is my first letter to a Freethought paper. I am not a subscriber, but hav read a few copies. My parents tried to raise me a Hicksite Quaker, but after I commenced to work for myself, and to associate with all classes of people, almost of every religious belief, I concluded that some person must be wrong. Finally I went to the state of Arkansas with a man of the Materialistic type, and hearing him talk, I was won over to his sensible ideas; although before then, even from youth, I never believed the Bible to be divine.

I hav thought that if there was a devil, I could find a great deal of his writing in that holy book, or at least a good deal of it seemed to come from some unholy source. And as for God, I do not believe that he was ever in the book business, but he seems to be in the blizzard or cyclone business this winter, especially in the West.

I believe in no conscious intelligence in nature, outside of nervous organization, and I am now living in the only heaven I ever expect. Not knowing anything before birth, I hav all evidence to believe that I will be in a like condition after death. I do not believe that living a few days or years will giv me immortality. When I was out in Arkansas I was at one meeting when the sky-pilot asked all to rise to their feet that wanted to go to heaven. All arose but me, and I thought that as long as my brain weighs ten ounces, and I measure two inches from ear to ear, I can never use their holy devil or angry God.

I find Liberals are for common sense, and the more sense the better, instead of so much faith-guessing.

If the Christian can scarcely get to heaven with his devil to scare and his God to coax, I may just as well prepare to be made into kindling-wood for that bottomless pit; and I would just as lief be burnt to death as to go to heaven and be frozen (as it gets one degree colder for every three hundred feet we ascend) to death. J. C. GEORGE.

LEWISTOWN, MONT., Feb. 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 to renew my subscription and for a new subscriber. I do not see why the pictures should be any more obnoxious than political cartoons, or as much so, as they are scarcely ever personal, but they seem to disturb our orthodox brethren and some of our esthetic and church-supporting Liberals, who trace the source of all that is moral to the church—more than they do to God, or they would expect he would make an example of you or Mr. Heston, or both. I should suppose they would grow weary espousing the cause of one who seems to take so little interest in his own affairs.

This I think a very good field for a Liberal lecturer. The country is thinly settled, but people generally are Liberal in their views and generous in their heart and purse. Orthodoxy finds few conscientious supporters, and God's agents find it hard rustling to realize enough out of the unlimited number of shares in heaven which they represent to keep themselvs from taking the starvation route to that much advertised locality—which most people find as hard to locate as a blind quartz lead, and they hav no more faith in these shares than they do in those of a wildcat mining scheme.

Now, when we heard that Mr. Reynolds expected to pass through Montana on his Western tour, we corresponded with him, and when we found out the amount of ducats necessary to lure him into our mountain fastness to talk to us, we canvassed the town with a subscription paper and were rewarded with most encouraging results. Every business man in town, with the exception of one, put down his name for from five to ten dollars, and the amount was subscribed with but an hour's rustling. Where can be found another community where such a proportionate amount of Liberal spirit prevails? Of course, we were pleased with our success, and were much disappointed upon learning that he had changed his route and gone west via Kansas. And yet the field he has taken needs weeding much more than this. Ever yours for truth, reason, and justice,

W. H. CULVER.

BERLIN, N. J., March 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am nearing the "border land." A week ago yesterday I returned from my usual morning round to station, store, and post-office feeling rather feeble, as I hav for some months past, and was taken suddenly with excruciating pain in the joint of my left hip, running through and halfway across the lower part of my body, and it seemed to me that if I had been cut half-way in two the agony could not hav been more intense. I could neither lie, stand, nor sit in the same position five minutes at a time from 9 A.M. till 7 P.M., and the perspiration streaming from every pore. At 7 I became easy, but so exhausted and weak that I soon fell asleep and had a good night's rest. In the morning I was so sore I could hardly move, but got along without much suffering until 7 o'clock Monday morning, when I was again taken with the same tormenting pain, which kept me writhing in extreme agony for twelve hours. Since then I hav suffered only from soreness, weakness, faintness, and trembling. I walk about the rooms a little, sit awhile, and then lie awhile on the lounge, and thus the eight days hav passed away. I hav written nothing in the time till now, except a few lines to a fraudulent Methodist Episcopal priest whom I want to show up in some Liberal paper—for all others are closed against me—if I hav strength to before I die.

The prospect now appears to be that the little remnant of my life will be brief. I may linger along some weeks, possibly a few months, or may go suddenly. I hav no more fear

of death nor the accursed hell that priests hav instituted in imagination to frighten, enslave, and rob their credulous dupes than a weary child has of slumber; and, if it was not for poor, feeble Mittie, who is not well enough to liv alone, I would be as willing to pass on to-day as at any other time. She has stood firmly by me nearly half a century, as independent in spirit and as outspoken as I, and all that time has borne the slights, scoffs, jeers, jibes, and contumely of all church people who hav known us, except here and there one whose humanity out-tops his religion, and not because we hav wronged anyone in word or deed, but simply because we are not ignorant and stupid enough to believe in an unjust, partial, wrathful, and angry God, a crafty devil, and a burning hell, and pay money to support the preaching of such blasphemy. I hav been trying some years to keep myself alive till she passes on, but if I must go first I must submit to it. If I pass away before you hear from me again, do not believe any stories that may be told by pious liars about my recantation or death-bed repentance. I hav written this because I cannot write to all my friends who read your paper, and will thank you sincerely if you will giv it an early place in THE TRUTH SEEKER. JEREMIAH HACKER.

NEWBURY, KAN., March 20, 288.

MR. EDITOR: We were lately called upon to pay our last respects to the dust of our brother Liberal John Copp, one of the pioneers of the county. His has been a life of toil and usefulness. A man of energy, ability, and character, ever in earnest, he sought the truth at its fountain-head, nature. Failing to find evidence therein to sustain the claims of creed, he doubted, and had the honesty to say so. Naturally generous, he was no less the friend and champion of the poor and oppressed than a mortal foe of bigotry, ignorance, and superstition. He died as he had lived, the benefactor of mankind. No canting hypocrit chanted his requiem. A few appropriate remarks by a friend and we laid him to rest, beside his faithful wife who had gone before. He leaves a family and a large number of friends to mourn his loss. And now to the bereaved we extend our warmest sympathies, invoking the same from brother Liberals, and though we assume not to proffer Christian assurances, we can conscientiously point them to the glittering star of hope. And even though that should dim, time heals all wounds; and after all, what choice between eternal life and eternal sleep, existence and oblivion? And yet we hope.

WILLIAM H. WINTERS.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., March 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of February 18th I find this item: "Investigators of the advisability of the government's owning the railways declare the present profits to be enormous, and allege that people can be carried across the continent for less than six dollars each." Now, these investigators do not seem to hav gone very deeply into the subject, or they would hav learned from the highest authority on the subject in the United States that the average cost of carrying passengers throughout the United States is only two and a half cents per hundred miles, and that the average cost of hauling freight trains is only one-fifteenth of one mill per ton per mile, or only about one cent per car per mile. Mind you, this is the *average* cost; while on long trains, on long runs, it falls below one cent per hundred miles for carrying passengers. For instance, a good locomotiv will haul 600 passengers from New York to San Francisco, and the entire cost of running the train through, including every possible expense, is $180; which is only 30 cents a head, or less than one cent a hundred miles, for it is 250 miles short of 3,000 miles. So that only $1 each for the 600 passengers would giv $420 profit on one train; which would compare very favorably with all other industries throughout the land; as I know that most of the manufacturers of staple hardware would be glad to be insured ten per cent profit on their year's output. But the long and the short of it is, the railways charge one hundred times the cost for freight and passenger service; so that if our mail service was in the hands of corporations, and they charged at the same rates for that as we are paying for freight and passenger service, we would be paying $2 a letter, instead of two cents. Couple with the above the fact that the railroad corporations hav stolen enough of the public lands to make nine states as large as the state of Ohio, and got it exempted from taxation at that; and consider the fact that four men in the Union Pacific railroad company hav put in their own pockets over $100,000,000 between them; and that one man in the Central Pacific road has made $70,000,000—if you hav a mind that can grasp all the above items, you will begin to get some idea of the lovely workings of Congress the past twenty-five years. With the above facts before you, read Cleveland's quibbling about the pretended investigations into the Pacific railroad, and you will probably hav about the same opinion of the man that I hav, and *you* ought to hav. But why should we not hav the postal service under the control of monopolies, the same as almost everything else that is a public necessity? Is the mail service of so vastly much more importance to the people than the passenger and freight service that it is the only one thing under the government that people are sufficiently interested in to be justified in controling it? If so, will some of our political pettifoggers rise and explain? I can think of no one more competent to make that thing plain to the common understanding than is Van Buren Denslow, whose articles on "The Distribution of Wealth" are so clear and convincing. They are fully equal, in my mind, to the twaddle of the average pulpit-pounder. Only I do not think he has been as exhaustiv as he might hav been. He left out of sight the much better system of "distribution" that prevailed in the Southern states before the war; I mean better for the laborer, for that system involved the care of the laborer, and provided him a home and other advantages that are not enjoyed under the beautiful system Mr. Denslow advocates.

But suppose the Constitution had been as silent on the subject of post-offices and post-roads as it was on the subject of railroads and depots, and the mail service had drifted into the grasp of corporations, and we had all along been paying one hundred times the cost of service, as we are now paying for freight and passenger service; and suppose upon investigation it could be shown that two cents, instead of $2, would pay the cost, and that it was proposed that the government take control of the mail service, and run it at cost of running and repairs, and suppose it was submitted to the popular vote, everyone who has been watching the course of events for the past twenty-five years knows that the villainous press would oppose the measure, and call into play the usual amount of ridicule and blackguardism, which goes much farther with your average voter than reason and logic, and the measure would be defeated. And we would keep right on paying our $2 postage, and blowing over our freedom and independence, and our "best government on earth," and our Fourth of July spread-eagle gush; and toadying after our presidents, and all that sort of stuff which shows how very intelligent we are as a nation. But really, I wish those investigators who ascertained that passengers could be carried across the continent for less than $6 had read "Social Solutions." On page 24 of this little work they will find an article headed: "Across the Continent for $1," by Will D. Southworth, who makes use of some of the figures in the report of the American Society of Civil Engineers in their convention June 25, 1885. Mr. Southworth makes out a strong case; but I think Mr. Denslow could very easily make it clear that people are much better off, especially the wage-workers, to pay at the rate of two and a half dollars a hundred miles for riding on the railways than if they only had to pay two and one-half cents. I think so for the reason that the reasoning of those conservativ political pettifoggers is so clear and convincing, and so consistent with all the surrounding facts and conditions. Very often before wading clear through one of those articles, I had to stop and get a piece of smoked glass to look through, for such dazzling brilliancy was too much for the naked eye. But, at the same time, it is just such swash as takes with the average voter better than plain common sense.

GEO. GEER.

DETROIT, Feb. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Brother E. A. Stevens in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 7th says there are said to be over two hundred thousand Freethinkers in this country, and that Freethinkers are the natural defenders of that priceless boon, religious freedom. Please allow me to say that we never yet hav had the priceless boon, and there is just the foolish mistake of all who call themselvs Freethinkers. Thinking ourselvs free does not make it so; and the continual ranting and railing against those who are opposed to Freethought does us a thousand times more harm than good. Mr. Stevens says: "Alas! the little band who annually giv liberally, nobly, generously toward the three agencies which can possibly perpetuate and extend that religious freedom are very few in number!" Well, without detracting one mite from the noble generosity of those who giv so nobly, I must declare the total waste of all such generosity. The tendency of all means used by Freethinkers is to advertise their opponents, and works just as all persecutions hav always done and always will; for the very slightest examination and thought ought to convince everyone that religious people hav always claimed to be persecuted and do now, and, while it is very pleasant and encouraging to take a lamb from the Christian sheepfold and allow him to feel free from his superstition, yet we are making no progress toward liberty for ourselvs or them until we learn that political liberty is the only foundation of religious liberty. Mr. Stevens says: "Some of these pretended Liberals are paying their money to support the church; intellectually they don't believe in orthodox dogmas, but industrially and commercially they are slaves." This is true of all of us, and we shall make no progress toward liberty of thought until we fully realize this great fact. Mr. Stevens does not believe this as a fact, but only as a mental illusion, and he rakes these poor fellow-slaves over the coals of sheol for acting out the nature of slaves while he, as a slave also, tries to believe he is free. Again, he says: "We hav no place of future torment with which to frighten Freethinkers, but they are liable to receive a hell of a reception right here in the near future if they neglect to assist those who are battling on the outposts for universal freedom." Now, the Freethinkers are nowhere battling for universal freedom. Oh, no; they never mention it. Freethinkers, Mr. Stevens included, stubbornly assert that they liv in a free country under a free government, and are a free people; and just so long as they continue to believe this lie there is more hope for Sodom and Gomorrah than of success to Freethought; and please don't you forget that a Freethinker in as broad a sense as can be found says so. The social and political condition of this country is in a fearful state. If I can remember well, we are in the same condition that we were in twenty-five or thirty years ago, greatly intensified. If anyone will read Anthony Froude's "Cæsar" and note the condition of the people of Rome, he will see a great similarity to this country now; and anyone who will read the history of this country for one hundred and twenty years ought to be able to see that the claim that we liv under a free government any more than do the people of Russia, Austria, or Ireland is all bosh. And if we, as Freethinkers, propose to work and fight for any better conditions, here is the place, and the object to work for.

I hav been trying to get interested in the chat of Mr. Folsom and Mr. Denslow, but they are too silly to hardly be amusement. My sister once asked me to read a book written by a Methodist divine entitled, "A Theodicy," and after reading it nearly through she asked me how I liked it and what I thought of it. I told her it was the most flowery mud-puddle I had ever waded through, and I only wished to know if the writer was still alive after such an effort; and the essays of Mr. Denslow on the subject of "The Distribution of Wealth" hav strongly reminded me of that book, for after occupying about a page a week of THE TRUTH SEEKER since January, he has said nothing of interest to anyone who is earnestly interested in the subject of the distribution of wealth. He jumbles up all the statistics, and political tirades against Socialists and Anarchists, and vague notions about foreign countries to such an extent that it reads like a superannuated old preacher's sermon that reaches way along to the forty-ninthly or thereabout, with the congregation all asleep. He assumes as many false premises and bases as an orthodox disputant; and his whole essay is so filled with fallacies that anyone would get asleep trying to sort them out. Neither Mr. Denslow nor Mr. Folsom has taken the pains to learn what he wants to talk about, and so all their talk and arguments are from a false premis and hav no force. The condition of our country is too serious to waste time or the space in the best and only really free paper we hav to fill it with wind. With seventy-five thousand known criminals in the one state of New York; with thousands of banditti, highwaymen, and a continual guerilla warfare with burglars and thieves; with murders and suicides innumerable, it is most childishly absurd to talk about the laws of economics, the differences between capital and labor, the "laws of trade," etc. Socialism, Communism, Anarchy, or any other nonsense are far more worthy of respectful attention than the man who wanders all over Shakspere's plays and the dictionary to show that thuggism is deduced from an economic mistake. There is one first great truth that Americans must learn: We are slaves. If we are Freethinkers, we must think of this. If, as Mr. Stevens claims, we are battling for universal freedom, it is high time we should learn the first step in the alphabet of liberty. There has been much talk about celebrating the birthday of the liberty-loving Thomas Paine. But Thomas Paine while fighting for liberty as a right and a principle had no conception of liberty as a condition and a fact. The people of this country were slaves to England before the Revolution, and those who advocated a separation from England and who labored for Independence never advocated or proposed any change in the government of the new country differeut from the old government. Slavery by taxation, and taxation, which is slavery, were continued just the same, and by the same methods, and for the same purpose, as before; and so taxation and consequent slavery hav continued and increased daily and hourly year in and year out until vice, crime, and misery predominate and overshadow every spot of land in this country, and the ancient expression, "There is none that doeth good, nay, not one," is more appropriate than ever before. Our daily and weekly papers are filled with accounts of murders, suicides, vice, crime, misery, and corruption. To try to fulfill the hopes and desires of the Freethinkers by any other methods than by laboring for the freedom of the whole people of this country from the slavery of debt is just as hopeless as to amputate our lower extremities to relieve us of rheumatism.

The Editor asks Dr. Monroe, "*Are* the people free when men are imprisoned for working on Sunday?" and yet he, the Editor, in a late edition says the laws are all right; the Constitution is the best in the world. Let the Freethinking readers read C. B. Reynolds's description of Kansas in the issue of February 4th—hard coal $15 to $17 a ton; the people too poor to build barns; scarcely a farm without a mortgage, with interest twelve to thirty per cent. "In great cities the pawnbrokers' shops are found in the most squalid, poverty-stricken neighborhood. They could do no business only for the helpless poverty of the people in their vicinity. In every place in Kansas I hav visited there are everywhere staring you in the face large signs, 'Money to Loan.' Every such sign tells of blighted hopes, failure, poverty, ruin." But Mr. Reynolds has used his eyes to very little effect if he has not found these same signs much more numerous in every city and large town all over this great, free country. A sign, "Small-pox Infection For Sale," would be more appropriate; and if Mr. Reynolds desires to free the people of this country from superstition and misery, he must direct his efforts against this terrible want and deprivation of money, and consequent debt, poverty, want, and crime. And again may be quoted the question of the Editor: "Are the people free?"

Solomon says, "He that getteth, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall die a fool." And Solomon robbed and enslaved his people by taxation, just as has every religious government to this day. Every government that enslaves its people is upheld and supported by the priesthood, and when we can make the government free, priestcraft and religion will die out. They cling to the throne, and glue their fingers to the government that supports them. The world has always been at war with poverty, because governments hav always been controled by money (debt) lenders, and hav refused to put money in circulation sufficient to protect the people from debt and the mortgage shark. Now, if the Freethought lecturers ever do any good for freedom of thought, they must change the order of battle and work for the freedom of our whole country from debt and the debt-lender, for debt is the fruit of taxation, and is the cause of all poverty, war, vice, crime, and misery, and upon these ills has the church been built in all ages. I am opposed to Anarchy, Socialism, and all kindred ideas to relieve the oppressed as clear nonsense. I hav a happy time whenever I can get a chat with a minister or church crank, but deeper and beyond all else I see the real oppressor of the people is the government, that by taxation makes slaves and paupers of them, and then licenses the vampire, debt-lending bankers to rob them.

Fraternally, J. H. WOOD.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight.
When the night is beginning to lower.
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

"I Want to See Summer."

[A little girl, weary of the cold of winter, said, "Oh, how I want to see summer!" Her father took her to Cressbrook greenhouse, where she basked in the bloom and beauty of mid-summer, to her infinit delight, perfectly charmed with the wealth of sweetness around her.]

Dear child! her little heart had pined
For summer's sun and flowers;
For spicy wood and mossy earth,
Aglow with leafy bowers.

Tired out she was with winter's chill,
With all the wintry host
Of piercing winds and leaden skies,
Glare ice and biting frost.

"Sweet summer! Oh, I *long* to see
Its flowers and singing birds!
How I shall greet its dawn," she said,
"I cannot tell in words."

Along the frozen road she sped,
Led by her papa's hand;
When, all at once, she stood transfixed,
By fragrant odors fanned.

Flowers above, below, around,
Pinks, lilies, fronded fern;
Tulips, daisies, violets blue—
Sweet flowers at every turn.

Canaries trilled their mellow notes;
The sky-lark soared aloft;
A parrot, too, from out the green,
Laughed gleefully and oft.

The little maid, with sparkling eyes,
Turned to her father there:
"I did not know—before," she said,
"'Twas summer, anywhere!

"But here the blossoms liv and grow,
In this sweet perfumed air;
The winter's cold is all without,
And here 'tis always fair."

So, though shadows cold and gray
May fall 'mid toil and care;
Though tired the heart, each one may keep
A summer garden there.

Exquisit buds may there unfold
Bright petals, dewy sweet,
Whose breath some traveler may fill
With happiness complete.

Thus shall the tender, loving word,
The sympathetic tear,
The kindly thought, the blessed deed,
Make summer all the year. S. H. W.

Too Hoo Too.

On a sycamore limb sat a solemn cat-owl,
Screaming, "Too hoo too! too hoo too! too hoo too!"
Only watching to catch a mouse or a fowl
With his, "Too hoo too! too hoo too! too hoo too!"
When along that rough region there happened to pass
Something creeping and crawling among the wild grass,
While its croppy ears winked at the echoes, like brass
Ringing, "Too hoo too! too hoo too! too hoo too!"

Quickly swooping adown then, that cattish old owl,
With his, "Too hoo too! too hoo too! too hoo too!"
Fiercely clutched that "small deer" in the lock of a fowl,
Screeching, "Too hoo too! too hoo too! too hoo too!"
And then flying as fast as he could from the place,
All the while putting on his best thanksgiving face,
That grim, pious old owl seemed a-saying his grace,
Chanting, "Too hoo too! too hoo too! too hoo too!"

But the cat-owl had reckoned without his strange host,
Counting, "Two who too? two who too? two who too!"
Oh, they boast the most wisely who latest do boast,
Shouting, "Too hoo too! too hoo too! too hoo too!"
'Twas a weasel he'd pounced, and as lighter he pressed,
His live dinner squirmed round, stuck its tooth in his breast,
The old owl shrieked out like a demon distressed,
A loud, "Too hoo too! too hoo too! too hoo too!"

Lo! the weasel went free; 'twas the cat-owl that died,
Moaning, "Too hoo too! too hoo too! too hoo too!"
Their own threats may befall those who others deride,
Sneering, "Too hoo too! too hoo too! too hoo too!"
So the long condemned gods who the first kindled hell,
When they sought to roast others they soonest there fell;
Let all harsh judges halt or their own fate as well
May be, "Too hoo too! too hoo too! too hoo too!" John P. Guild.

Too Small.

"Jamie, you must giv your little sister half your cake."

"I can't, ma, for there ain't any half to it."

Biographical.

ANDREW JACKSON.

March 14th was the 121st anniversary of the birth of one of America's great benefactors, Andrew Jackson, who rose from poverty and obscurity to the highest place in the gift of the American people, simply by the sheer force of his own character.

Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina, March 14, 1767. His father died before he was born, and the mother was left in poverty. In youth Andrew was brave, passionate; cared little for books, but, like Washington, was very fond of athletic and military sports. His life was one of adventure and peril. It would take many pages to record the dangerous and perilous times connected with his history. When only fourteen years old he was captured by the British, but they offered him his freedom if he would black the commander's boots. Like a true American, he refused. Therefore he was sent to prison with a bad wound. While in this wretched place he contracted the small-pox, and was very sick for some time. Then his mother, the dearest of all to him, passed away while caring for the American prisoners at Charleston. Thus he was left destitute and parentless. Little did he dream of his brilliant future. He worked at various trades, but finally resolved to study law.

In 1796 he was elected to Congress. He was a man of high temper, and would often get into quarrels. The war with the Creek Indians broke out, and young Jackson served gallantly as an officer. For his dashing bravery in the War of 1812 he won a high reputation, which finally resulted in electing him to the presidency. His nomination was at first ridiculed by many; they thought, "whatever might be his military prowess, neither his temper nor his ability recommended him as a statesman." Yet his reëlection proved his great success as president. He was a man of great energy and judgment. He was honest, warm-hearted, and had a horror of debt.

As a patriot and statesman few hav excelled Andrew Jackson. He died at his home near Nashville, Tenn., in 1845. Thus passed away one of America's greatest men—one who helped to shape our Union and make it the most prosperous country in the world. America owes him a debt of gratitude.

March 15, 1888. Geo. J. Remsburg.

Correspondence.

Burnett, Neb., March 19, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: I thought I would write to you. I hav four sisters and three brothers. My father has the book on Anarchism; he likes it very well. I am nine years old. It is a very disagreeable day. I hav five studies: Reading, spelling, arithmetic, writing, and physiology. My father takes The Truth Seeker; he likes it very well.

Yours truly, George Whitney.

Manchester, Ia., March 6, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: This is the second letter that I hav written to you. I am ten years old. My father takes The Truth Seeker. I like to read the Children's Corner. I hav two brothers and one sister. One brother and my sister are at home, and one brother is in Nebraska learning the printer's trade. I hav the "Story Hour," and think it is a really nice book. Please excuse mistakes.

Yours truly, Charlie Mead.

Dillon, Mont., March 14, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: Papa has taken The Truth Seeker about two years. I hav not been to school for a long time. Our teacher is very strict. Her name is Jennie Carter. I was pleased to see my first letter printed, and hope to succeed again. We liv ten miles out of town. I wait anxiously for The Truth Seeker every week. I am twelve years old. Well, I will close, with best wishes to all. I remain, Your little Freethinker.

Allie Bliven.

Goldthwaite, Tex., March 21, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: As I never hav seen any correspondence from this place, I thought perhaps a few lines might interest my little friends who read the Children's Corner. I am sixteen years old. My pa takes The Truth Seeker, and I am very fond of reading the Children's Corner. There are a number of Liberals in this place. I hav three sisters and two brothers, and they all read The Truth Seeker and like it very much.

I will close for the present. This being my first letter, you will please excuse mistakes.

Adelia McPherson.

Langlois, March 11, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon, and Readers of The Children's Corner: A kindly greeting! I am glad to be numbered with Liberal children. I am eleven years old, and liv in the southwestern county of Oregon, near Cape Blanco. Our house is on the left bank of Floras creek, quite a large stream. My papa owns a farm of one hundred acres. I hav a brother and sister older than myself, and a sister and two brothers younger. We hav nice times boat-riding on the creek. Our house is in the midst of a forest filled with birds and squirrels. I suppose you all know how it is in the first of spring, when every living thing is in its merry glee. We hav school here only in the dry season. This is my first attempt to write to the Corner. Dell Cope.

Richmond, Mo., March 25, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: I thought I would write to the Corner. I am eleven years old. I study arithmetic, spelling, and the Fourth Reader. I hav a nice teacher; her name is Miss Mamie Shotwell. She is very kind to us. I hav one brother and one sister. My brother's name is Henry, and sister's name is Maud. Papa takes The Truth Seeker, and I read the Children's Corner. I think it is very nice. I will close, as I hav nothing more to say. This is my first letter. I hope to see it in print.

Yours truly, Clara A. Robinson.

Frenchtown, Neb., March 12, 1888.

My Dear Friend: While I inclose this little poem for the Children's Corner—that is, if it will be acceptable and not too old and prosy—I wish to thank you for your sweet letter to *Freethought*. I am always glad to see the letters of our noble army of women, and only wish there were more who could write stirring appeals to those who yet wear the chains of mental slavery.

I am sure *Freethought* will be a success, and the only mystery to me is why they havn't had such a paper before on that "golden shore."

With best wishes for yourself and the Corner, I am, Your sincere friend,

Mary B. Finch.

Omaha, Neb., March 22, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: I am going to try to write a little letter for the Corner. I came to this country a little over three years ago, and when I first came to Omaha, I began working to support my dear old mother, which I yet do. I worked for a gentleman by the name of R. F. Williams, in the confectionery business. I had to tend store for him, and I had plenty of time to read. I bought a novel and started to read it, but Mr. Williams said I should not read such books. He said if I would quit he would giv me a book to read. He then gave me Colonel Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses." I read said book and found it to be common sense, as Mr. Williams said. And ever since that day I hav read his works, and found them to be as good to read as any books ever published.

Your little Freethinker friend,

Jones Wangberg.

Salem, Ill., March 19, 288.

To dear Mother Wixon and Corner: As I hav been out of the circle for so long, I now intend to see if I can gain admittance again. Although I hav not written, it is no reason that I hav not read.

There are four of our family that attend our lyceum—two sisters and one brother. My youngest sister is only seven years of age. One of my old school-teachers was present on one occasion, and, as it happened, we were all on duty. After we were dismissed he came to my father and spoke in these words: "Does your family run this thing? I heard nothing worth listening to other than theirs"—and I will say that they were all from the grand old Truth Seeker.

We are going to hav an entertainment the last night. My brother is going to speak Colonel Ingersoll's speech at Cincinnati. I intend to speak his oration on the Declaration of Independence.

My kind young friends, we should make use of every opportunity that presents itself to lav these grand speeches before the people.

These are the best of maxims:

"A theory that is afraid of investigation is undeserving a place in the human heart."

"A prayer that must hav a cannon behind it better never be uttered."

"Education is the most radical thing in the world; to build a school-house is to construct a fort."

"Agitate, educate, and investigate."

"Liberty, fraternity, and equality."

"Giv me liberty or giv me death."

Hurrah for Freethought, Miss Wixon, and the Corner. Yours for truth and till the last vestige of superstition is wiped out,

Rufus O. Williams.

P.S.—I wish to tender my thanks to Uncle and Aunt Wollison, of New York. May their life be expanded and made happy.

R. O. W.

Thrashing Her Teacher.

A teacher at Punxsutawney, Pa., gave a school-girl a severe whipping, and then said, "Now, if you think I did wrong in punishing you thus, you may take the rod and serve me in like manner." To his astonishment the girl took him at his word, and gave him a regular thrashing.

A disgusted porker: "Patrick, you were on a bad spree yesterday."

"Yes, Mr. Ellis, I was. Bless me, if I weren't a-layin' in the gutter wid a pig. Father Ryan came along, looked at me, an' says, says he: 'One is known by the company he kapes.'"

"And did you get up, Patrick?"

"No—but the pig did."

A Tax on the Tongue.

A novel club was organized in a town of the Old Nutmeg State last winter, one which would not fail to do good in many other places if its plan of operations was faithfully carried out. It was called the Tongue Guard, and each member pledged herself to pay a penny into the treasury every time she said anything against another person, whether she absolutely knew it to be deserved or took it from some one's "say so." This was done by means of home boxes, and at the end of three months they were carried to headquarters, and the contents utilized for charitable purposes. It would require, of course, a great respect for one's word to keep the pledge, since many pennies collected in the box would stamp one as ill-natured and a gossip, but this mortification was probably prevented by having all of the boxes exactly alike and without mark, so that they could not be identified. The mere matter of being obliged to put a penny in the box when thoughtless remarks were made would be curativ because of its inducing the habit of thinking when speaking.

He Could Not See It.

A lady who is a firm believer in the cure of everything by the mind, or rather in the non-existence of all pains and maladies, has a little boy who complained of a terrible toothache. She took him to a "Christian scientist" to be cured, and remarked to that lady as soon as she had entered the room:

"My boy thinks he has a terrible toothache, Mrs. Scientist, and I hav brought him to you to be cured of it."

Having brought her attention to the case, Mrs. Scientist said:

"Now, my little boy, you must look me right in the eye. [A pause.] Now you havn't any tootbache."

"Yes, I hav, too!" shouted the boy.

The scientist smiled patiently, and tried it over again.

"You must look me right in the eye and try to forget your toothache," she said. Then there was another steadfast pause. "Ah, now you havn't any toothache."

"Yes, I hav, too!" screamed the boy again.

The practitioner went through the process once more with fresh persuasion. The boy seemed inclined to be silent this time.

"Well, I guess you havn't any toothache now, my boy," said she.

"You lie!" said the boy, quietly.

He was taken away, toothache and all.

"Granny, whar you gwine?" "Granny," an immense body, with sable visage, pouting lower lip, and a savage aspect, turned sharply round and confronted the widow's mite. "Whar I gwine? Whar I gwine? I ain't gwine to tell you whar I gwine. You al'ays axin', 'Whare'e gwine? whare'e gwine?' I gwine whar I gwine—dat's whar I gwine. 'Whar'e gwine? whar'e gwine?' al'ays axin', 'Whar'e gwine? whar'e gwine?' I ain't gwine to tell'e whar I gwine."

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States. 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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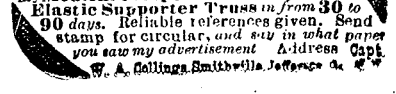
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☞ Mention this paper.

Books, Pamphlets, Periodicals, etc.

In Remsburg's "Bible Morals," p. 42, the words, "Rev. E. D. Simons, professor in Macon College. Georgia," should read, "Rev. E. D. Simms, professor in Randolph-Macon College."

The *Open Court* has reduced the number of its pages, and increased the frequency of its issues. It will now make its appearance weekly. The *Open Court* is a German periodical published in English.

Mr. Gladstone's review of the religious opinions of Colonel Ingersoll will probably appear in the May number of the *North American Review*, to be followed in the next issue by a response by Colonel Ingersoll.

H. L. Green's *Magazine* for April is a very good number. The reading matter is good, and in the execution of his portraits Mr. Green's workmen hav improved greatly. The price of the *Magazine* is 25 cents, and it is sold at this office.

"The Struggle for Existence," by Prof. T. H Huxley, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April, is worth the whole cost of the magazine. which is 50 cents. The other articles, also, are interesting to students of general and technical science.

The *Sarasavisandaresa* is the organ of the Buddhists of Colombo, Ceylon. It generally contains one or two articles in English—one of which we copied recently—but the larger portion of its print is as inexplicable as the hieroglyphics on the obelisk in Central park. Ceylon is a nice country, with only 170,000 Christians in it, but the language is beyond us.

The coarsest part of the pamphlet, "Bible Bestiality, and Filth from the Fathers," is its title. The object of the book is to show that the early Christian fathers exceeded the author of the Bible in "blasphemy, indecency, and obscenity" in their interpretation and applications of the vulgar incidents related in holy writ. The book has an introduction by "Lucianus," and is published in England.

Messrs. Putnam & Macdonald's *Freethought* comes regularly and promptly from San Francisco every week, and we advise those of our friends who say they miss in THE TRUTH SEEKER Mr. Putnam's poetic "News and Notes," and George Macdonald's enjoyable articles, to add the paper to their list of Liberal journals. The paper is worth four dollars a year, but it can be had for two.

Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker insinuates that the Boston *Investigator* is not a Liberal journal. It is our opinion that Mr. Tucker doesn't know a Liberal journal when he sees it. After reading his paper of the 31st ult., we are strongly inclined to agree with the *Workingmen's Advocate*, of New Haven, which says: "There's a paper published in Boston that for skilful manipulation of words, conscienceless misrepresentation, and the aggressiv self-assertion of its editor is remarkable. *Liberty* is its title."

E. A. Stevens, the secretary of the American Secular Union, has issued leaflets containing a list of officers of the Union, the Nine Demands of Liberalism, Colonel Ingersoll's definition of Secularism, and the president's (S. P. Putnam's) plea for organization. Five hundred of these leaflets are mailed to friends of the Union for $1.25, and all are urgently solicited to send orders for them, and circulate them when received. Mr. Stevens proves to be an energetic secretary, and the Union deserves the support of all Liberals who are in favor of doing something besides talk.

Mr. F. A. Pierce and Mr. A. L. Jones hav resuscitated the Pittsburgh *Truth*, and issue it as a monthly at one dollar a year. It has eight pages about the size of *Freethought*, is printed in large type on good paper, and makes a first-rate appearance. The object of *Truth* is: "To secure the enforcement of the Demands of Liberalism, and the placing of all American citizens upon a full equality in our so-called courts of justice, and in the halls of legislation; to be truthful, just, and decent, and to publish the best thought of the day." We do most heartily hope that *Truth* will attain its object.

"'System of Economical Contradictions; or, The Philosophy of Misery.' By P. J. Proudhon. Vol. I. 469 pages octavo. Price, in cloth, $3.50; in full calf, blue, gilt edges, $6 50. Published and sold by Benj. R. Tucker, Box 3,366, Boston, Mass. This constitutes the fourth volume of Proudhon's complete works, and is uniform in style with the first volume, 'What is Property?' The second and third volumes of the complete works hav not yet been published in English. The next volume to appear will be the fifth of the complete works; that is, the second and final volume of the 'Economical Contradictions.' The complete works will comprise about fifty volumes, which are being published in quarterly parts of 64 pages each, as a periodical under the name of the 'Proudhon Library.' A prospectus giving full details of the enterprise may be had by applying to Benj. R. Tucker, Box 3,366, Boston, Mass. As these are subscription books, no discount on them is given to the book trade, but subscribers to the 'Proudhon Library' get them at a saving of about thirty per cent." The foregoing was kindly furnished us by Mr. Tucker when he made us a present of the handsome volume now adorning our library. We invite its careful scrutiny by those who admire Proudhon. We don't.

We hav not the slightest idea why anyone should send us the Boone county, Iowa, *District Quarterly*, published in the interests of Boone county Methodism. The *Methodist Advocate*, edited by the peppery Dr. Buckley, is worth reading for the magnificence of its theologic assurance, but the *District Quarterly* is not even absurd enough to be interesting. The most convincing argument in it is the following touching little verse:

Bring your golden dollars, friends, we want a million more,
The gospel herald everywhere is met with open door,
And God is making bare his arm on every heathen shore,
While we are coming with a million.

"The Trial of the Judgment," is a review by Gen. M. M. Trumbull of the Chicago Anarchist cases. The publisher is W. H. Hale, 225 Dearborn street, Chicago. In forwarding the book Mr. Hale writes: "The unimpeachable character of its author, as well as the importance of the subject he discusses, should, we believe, cause a thorough perusal of his work, and a free and full expression of your opinion." We agree with Mr. Hale in his estimates, but as our opinion of this matter has been pretty freely expressed on previous occasions, we will forbear to say more than that a careful perusal of this book will convince unprejudiced persons that we were right. The price is 25 cents.

The Chicago Secular Union, having captured a fine church in which to hold its Sunday meetings, and rebaptized it the Forum, has now issued, through the generosity of Dr. Henry, a fine membership card entitling the holder to his pew for a year. The card sent the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is a heavy, gilt, beveled-edge affair, gorgeous in blue, and black, and red, with the American flag as natural as genuin bunting floating over the upset cross. The number of our membership is 50, and the seats are 1 and 2. As we cannot attend regularly, we make a present of our privilege to the best-looking young lady in the Union. It's leap year, and she should invite her best young man.

An anonymous publisher has sent us a pamphlet by an anonymous author arguing for the admission of Utah into the union of states. As long as the Catholics are allowed to run New York, and the Protestants most of the other states, we see no good reason why the Mormons shouldn't hav a state to manage instead of a territory. They agree, if admitted, to dispense with polygamy, to separate church and state, and hav no religious tests for voters, officeholders, or witnesses, etc., and make other promises which they will probably violate as soon as admitted, just as all the other Christian sects do in other states. The pamphlet is printed in this city by Hart & Van Arx, and probably distributed gratis as a campaign document.

The contents of the *North American Review* for April are excessivly controversial, including a defense of the prize ring, the tariff, Mohammedanism, the bill repealing the Saturday half-holiday law, and the dead German kaiser. Other articles are: "The Fur-Seal Fishery Dispute," by Frederick Schwatka; the "Burning of Columbia," S. C., by Capt. A. E. Wood; "Gilbert's Fables," by T. C. Martin; a "Perilous Balance," by Rossiter Johnson, and a consideration of General Sherman as a possible president. Considering the prominence of the tariff question just now, the symposium on "The President's Panacea" is likely to be of value to one political party during the coming presidential campaign. Mr. Rice, the editor, has lost sight of his back-end-of-the-dictionary motto, "*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*," and thrown the influence of the *Review* on the Protection side. Single numbers of the *Review* are 50 cents, and may be obtained at this office.

"The Abbess of Jouare," translated from the French of Ernest Renan, is a tale of the French Revolution, in 1793-4, when the people were beheading the aristocrats and the priests for the wrongs done them. The story of the abbess of Jouare is one of the most romantic of those horrible times, for which the church was directly responsible. The abbess and her lover were imprisoned in the college of Plessis, which from an educational institution had been turned into the most gloomy jail in Paris. They were both under sentence of death, and expected the arrival of the death-cart in the morning. Having as they thought but a night to liv, they yielded to their love. But instead of both being called for at dawn, only the lover, who should hav been her husband, was taken, and the abbess was left to bewail her fate, when death would hav been joyous to her, so sweet did she hold the privilege of making the fatal voyage with him—"to follow him upon the bloody platform." A friend who loved her saved her life. and she devoted it to the care of her child (earning the few pence necessary for her existence by doing menial errands) and to repentance for her sin of love. Finally she marries the friend, who hears her story, and concludes that her unique history, her intense passion, her pure life, her strength of character, her expiatory grief, make her "twenty times more admirable than on the terrible day when, for the first time, upon the benches of the revolutionary tribunal, she ravished his heart." All's well that ends well. Renan has told the story simply, purely, poetically; and his translators, Messrs. Georges Delon and J. F. Rhodes, hav put his masterly French into rhythmical English. G. W. Dillingham, of this city, publishes the book, and the price is probably about a dollar.

The *Stockholder*, a journal devoted to the interests of those gentlemen who constitute "the street," and deal in railway stocks and other portable representativs of permanent value, has this to say of Felix L. Oswald's "Secret of the East:" "It is well written, and is a merciless attack on Christianity. So far as we can judge from the book, the Secret of the East is that Christ was a Buddhist missionary, and hence Christianity is, in the words of the author, the daughter creed of Buddha; its pessimism, anti-naturalism, and anti-cosmic tendency are essentially the doctrins preached by Buddha Sakyamuni. In the appendix are given the Indian sources of the New Testament; Concordance of Buddhism and Christianity; Dogmatical Analogies; Ceremonial Analogies; and Historical Value of the New Testament. It is an interesting and readable book." The *Stockholder* is right; the price of the book is a dollar, and THE TRUTH SEEKER has it for sale.

The Alarm Company, of Chicago, hav printed in handsome pamphlet form the address of Juliet H. Severance at the Chicago celebration of Paine's birthday, and sell it for 10 cents. E. A. Stevens has also issued his speech on the same occasion at the same price. There are very few smarter women in this country than Dr. Severance, and her speech is worth reading. It is fiery, blistering to the bigots, and full of the spirit of liberty. When Mr. Stevens sends us a copy of his effort, we will giv him a little praise, too. Another Paine pamphlet is the "Oration and Speeches delivered in Covey Hall, Ogden, Utah, on January 29, 1888." The first address is by Leo Hæfili, the second by John A. Jost, the third by the Hon. Ogden Hiles, with some errata made necessary by a blunder of the printer. Mr. Hiles is a gentleman prominent in the politics of Utah, Mr. Jost a retired merchant, and Mr. Hæfili a working journalist. The combination is strong, and 25 cents sent to the latter will prove it by fetching a copy of the pamphlet to the sender.

Somebody inimical to Messrs. Allison & Leahy some time ago took away the press upon which they printed the *American Idea*, and the paper had to be temporarily suspended. The gentlemen named hav now obtained a new press, and print the *Idea* regularly, though considerably reduced in size. One of the first good uses to which the press is put is to say this: "THE TRUTH SEEKER.—The dear old paper founded by D. M. Bennett, now edited by Eugene Macdonald, New York, comes filled with the richest gems of thought, the brightest, wittiest sayings, and the mirth-provoking cartoons of the irrepressible Watson Heston. THE TRUTH SEEKER furnishes food for an intellectual feast to every thoughtful reader, and by its cheerfulness drives dull care away. Truth! Seek her." Mr. Leahy is president of the Freethought University at Liberal, Mo., and Mr. Allison used to be an occasional contributor to these columns. They print a good little paper, and would print a good big paper if their support were sufficient.

We hav before mentioned the beneficent scheme of Mr. Fitzgerald in sending to the press ready-made notices of additions to the Humboldt Library. The following is the latest to hand: "Among the writings of the late Professor Clifford, the essay on 'Cosmic Emotion' holds a foremost place. It is a study of 'the sum of things,' the universe as it affects the emotions of man, and in particular as it affects the mind and the imagination of the poet. Like every department of knowledge and every field of human endeavor, poesy has necessarily undergone the influence of the scientific spirit. Is the fire of poetic inspiration quenched in our time by the advance of science and the diffusion of knowledge? Or is the universe as science presents it an object that alone can call forth the highest and deepest emotion? The question is one that could not hav occurred in earlier times; it is strictly one of this nineteenth century. And no one so fitted to treat it as Professor Clifford." The price of the subject of this Socratic and non-committal notice is 10 cents, sold at this office.

Professor J. H Cook, well known to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, desires to see in print the subjoined concerning Mrs. Mary Tillotson's new book of Poems: "This book abounds in 'gems to sparkle on the forefinger of all time.' It is replete with truth and humanitarian love. It is brimful of pathetic and maternal philosophy in choice phrase and progressiv tone. It has yearnings and labors for widely improved customs that might yield general happiness and elevated lives, advancing and spiritual, free in every function. I was greatly moved by the poems Tears, Air Line, Sabrina, A Reminiscence, Banyan Tree, Twilight Hours, Progress, Dreams, Realizations, Contemplations, Crisis Culmination, and Era of Science. The brave author, little understood, largely opposed, but firm in the sense of right and duty, actualizes the lessons of experience she is so well able to teach; renders her life placid, joyous, and useful, consistently practicing what she preaches. Reader, send for the book; you will be richer, wiser, happier, and more highly humane. 320 pages, finely bound; merely $1. Address the author, Vineland, N. J."

Charles Watts has just published two new books. "The Teachings of Secularism Compared with Orthodox Christianity" contains eighteen chapters and 95 pages. The headings of the chapters are: Physical Teachings, Intellectual Teachings, Present Condition of Society, Morality, Ethics of Religion, Secularism and the Supernatural, Secularism at the Hour of Death, Secularism in Theory, Secularism in Practice, Secularism more Reasonable than Christianity, Secularism more Noble than Christianity, Secularism more Beneficial than Christianity, Secularism Progressiv; Secularism, its Triumphs; Secularism, its Service to Mankind; Secularism, its Struggles in the Past; Secularism in the Future; Secularism, Summing Up. The work is a very clear exposition of what we may call the doctrinal points of Secularism, and beside them orthodox Christianity shows up small. The price of the book is 25 cents in paper, and 50 cents in cloth. The other book is called "Bible Morality," and shows the Bible to be contradictory and defectiv as an ethical guide. The price of this work is 10 cents. Mr. Watts is one of the ablest writers in the Liberal ranks, and his pamphlets should be read, studied, and circulated. Orders for them may be sent to this office.

Edward Aveling did not leave New York in the most saintly odor of sanctity and disinterestedness with his Socialistic friends, but he has come back upon the country with a book describing his "American Journey" which will no doubt please them greatly. If there is one institution or custom in America which suits the fancy of the royal Mr. Aveling, he forgot to mention it in this book, which is a reprint from correspondence sent to English journals during his fifteen weeks' stay in America. The book is written in the spirit in which a loving father corrects his child, so admirable in itself and so beneficial to the growing sprout. All national faults are cataloged, kindly of course, by Mr. Aveling, and his chastening is moderate though firm. But as the Americans hav suffered from Englishmen in the same way before, we may be likened to the forethoughted youth who when he saw the parental frown went and put a shingle in the place where it would do its most perfect work. Mr. Aveling's book was to be expected from the moment he landed on the pier, notebook and pencil in hand, with a bundle of Socialistic lectures stowed away in his trunk. We are indeed sorry for his disappointment in the United States, for if he had liked them, we thought of buying the country and making him a present of it. Or if he had waited awhile, the faults might be corrected so the country would hav suited him. But it is too late now, and our development and progress are blighted by the adverse opinion of an esthetic gentleman in a collarless shirt and a red necktie about a yard wide. The price of Mr. Aveling's book is 30 cents; it is published by Lovell, and for sale at this office.

W. Stewart Ross, or Saladin, editor of the London *Secular Review*, sends us the first volume of his book on "Woman: Her Glory, Her Shame, and Her God." We hav previously noticed this work as it appeared in sixpenny parts, and always with commendation. The price of the cloth-covered volume is two shillings and ninepence, ordered in London, or a dollar at this office, with duty and freight paid. The book is valuable to show how preposterous is the claim that Christianity has elevated woman, and, being written in a dashing, almost furious spirit, is entertaining beyond most polemical writings. Some of the opinions of the early Christians concerning women, which Saladin has reminded us of in this volume, are unique if not absolutely accurate. Jesus, we know, thought little of his mother, and a man who will slur the woman who bore him is not likely to entertain profound reverence for other men's mothers and sisters. Paul's opinion of women was not high—in fact, it was too low to quote—and Peter thought that woman's mission was to obey her husband. Christ, and Peter, and Paul had worthy successors in the Christian saints. According to St. Bernard, "woman is the organ of the devil." According to St. Anthony she "is the fountain of the arm of the devil; her voice is the hissing of the serpent." St. Bonaventure said that "woman is a scorpion, ever ready to sting. She is the lance of the demon." St. Cyprian thought her to be "the instrument which the devil uses to gain possession of our souls." St. Jerome, whom Dr. Dix so closely resembles in mental attributes, called her "the gate of the devil, the road of iniquity, the sting of the scorpion," and St. John Damascene gave this estimate of his mother: "Woman is a daughter of falsehood, a sentinel of hell, the enemy of peace; through her Adam lost paradise." St. John Chrysostom agreed with Damascene, holding that "through woman the devil has triumphed, through her paradise has been lost; of all wild beasts the most dangerous is woman." St. Gregory the Great declared that "woman has the poison of an asp, the malice of a dragon." To these opin-

ions Saladin, though not a saint, adds his own, and we like it better than the others. It is: "Woman is the nearest to an angel we are ever likely to see." He also adds—and in this most heretics will agree with him—"But in believing that the Bible and Christianity hav been her friends she is the nearest to a fool that it is possible for the mind of man to conceive."

George and Emma Shum, former publishers and editors of the Chicago *Radical*, hav become converts to the clean-printed, Calvinistic creed of philosophical Anarchism of which Benj. R. Tucker is the only prophet, and removed to Boston to edit a German edition of *Liberty*. The new journal will alternate in its fortnightly appearance with the English *Liberty*. The subscription price is $1 a year, and should be sent to B. R. Tucker, box 3,366, Boston, Mass., which town is where the Christians used to hang witches and whip Quakers a few decades since. Mr. and Mrs. Shum are able writers; Mr. Tucker is an able writer; so are they all; all able writers. But they are pursuing an impossible ideal of government—impracticable for more thousands of years than we care to think of—and aside from the interest of mental contortions and intellectual gymnastics displayed in confuting their confuters, we see no good to come of either the German or American edition of *Liberty*. Mr. Tucker is a sort of an Ishmaelite of a reformer, working with no one, and with the pens of almost all his fellow-economists against him. The Anarchy of the Bowery is a subject for police interference; but Boston Anarchy is only a dream. However, if one wants a clear-cut, straightforward champion of a governmental impossibility, he should send for *Liberty*, German or English, as he prefers. As a supplement to the first issue of the foreign edition is issued a photogravure plate containing portraits of "the heroes of the revolution of '71"—the Communists—with such cheerful mottoes in the corners as, "Go on, hyena, feed on our flesh and blood. It is your funeral feast."

Among the Editor's mail last week was a thin tract in a wrapper so red and fiery that we thought the Red Internationals had concluded to take a hand in the reconstruction of society by starting fires in the editorial waste-baskets of the country. But it proved to be only Henry Irving's Personage in Red—"Lucifer to the Archbishop of Canterbury." The argument is Theosophy versus Christianity, one of which it seems to us is as useless and incomprehensible as the other. The idea sought to be conveyed by Lucifer to the modern St. Dunstan who has taken him by the nose, is that Theosophy and Christianity are not enemies but allies. Lucifer says: "It is only through the study of Eastern religions and philosophies that Christians can ever arrive at an understanding of their own beliefs, or see the hidden meaning of the parables and allegories which the Nazarene told to the spiritual cripples of Judea, and by taking which either as matters of fact or as matters of fancy the churches hav brought the teachings themselvs into ridicule and contempt, and Christianity into serious danger of complete collapse, undermined as it is by historical criticism and mythological research, besides being broken by the sledge-hammer of modern science." We might remind Lucifer that when he and Christianity fall out there will be very little remaining of either of them, and the more he throws the glare of his torch upon the church the worse it will be for himself. But the commonsense world will say, Good riddance to all this rubbish. Lucifer is printed by George Redway, 15 York street, Covent Garden, London, England, and Madam Blavatsky, who has removed from India to England, is the presiding genius.

"How Shall the Surplus Labor of the Country Be Employed?" is the economic conundrum John H. Keyser puts to the public in No. 4 of his series of pamphlets on the limitation of wealth and land. His answer is, of course, to limit the wealth a man may possess and the amount of land he can hold. He says: "When the people come to learn how many local forms of limitation already obtain in the country, and their beneficent effect, they should naturally begin to look toward a universal limitation law to supersede the rotten, iniquitous, unrestrained power of acquiring wealth and lands. It is only because an evil system has become so time-honored that men fear to invade it, for they hav learned of no better way. But the hoary injustice of unlimited acquisition must be burnt out of the heart and conscience before suffering humanity can begin to advance in the scale of social and political progress, for human selfishness stands as a great wall to oppose all efforts at social or spiritual advancement in the world. Limitation in degree has been tried in many wholesome laws, and their effects hav proved so eminently beneficial that we point to them with pride and satisfaction as so many beating pulses to indicate what next the people should ask of their legislatures." Mr. Keyser is surely entitled to be heard on these subjects. No man is more earnest, self-sacrificing, and philanthropic than this genial stove-maker and feeder of the poor. He has spent thousands of dollars in this city relieving the distress of the destitute, and if all business men were like him his organization of a "Limitation Association" would be unnecessary. These pamphlets, and also blank petitions to urge legislators to consider this measure, can be obtained at 115 Beekman street, this city. The petitions are free; the pamphlets, 10 cents each.

The "Mayor's Messages to the Common Council," 1888, Documents 1, 2, and 3, is a good book for taxpayers to possess, peruse, and ponder over. Mr. Hewitt points out a good deal of municipal political rottenness, and suggests remedies which the legislature will not heed, because "striking" New York is the chief source of income of many bucolic statesmen. It is a queer fact that a representativ from St. Lawrence county has as much to say as to how New York shall be governed as a representativ from New York itself. And when New York wants to pave Fifth avenue it costs a good deal besides the price of paving-stones.

FAVORABLE OPINIONS OF MRS. SLENKER'S "LITTLE LESSONS."

MRS. NORA FERRALL: "After reading Aunt Elmina's most instructiv and fascinating stories in her last book to the children, I desire to call the attention of the mothers of THE TRUTH SEEKER family to its real merits. By all means send for one for the benefit of your little ones, and see for yourselvs the wealth of information on different subjects it contains for the dear children, 'and us children of older growth also.' Aunt Elmina works so diligently, and with such a high purpose, for children, she is deserving of our highest gratitude and patronage; to giv our children the fruits of her fertil pen is sure to work lasting good to the little ones. For once inspire a love for real knowledge in our little children, and the vices of Christian communities will only fill them with disgust and pity for the victims of such a system of morality as the Christian,' and not prove a snare to them. If mothers desire to see their children virtuous and happy, procure for them good reading, is my advice."

EVA M. WATT: "'Little Lessons' is a gem; and I only wish you had put more of those instructiv lessons between the covers of the book. If I had money to spare I would like to order a copy for each and every one of my little friends."

H. W. FOSS: "Our young folks are delighted with 'Little Lessons for Little Folks,' which grown children might read to advantage. It should, like all of Mrs. Slenker's books, be in the house of every family, Liberal or otherwise."

RICHARD D BRAY: "I cannot speak too highly of 'Little Lessons.' I read them in leisure moments. They are sensible books for the young."

MRS. SLENKER'S OPINION OF THE "LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN."

The more I read and study the wonderful "Life and Letters of Darwin," the more I feel impressed to urge it upon others to read these attractiv and interesting volumes.

I feel pretty sure that few will read them without also reading at least one of his books, "The Origin of Species," and if they hav read it, they will surely desire to reread it after seeing the process by which it was created, and how entirely new the idea of varieties being changed into species was, even to Darwin himself, and how long and through what infinit labor it was that he finally settled the whole question, not only to his own satisfaction, but to that of those whom he cared most about converting, or, as some humorously termed it, "perverting," to his theories and facts.

The "Origin of Species" was published in 1859, and of the book Darwin says: "It is no doubt the chief work of my life. It was from the first highly successful. The first small edition of 1,250 copies was sold on the day of publication." The study and work put into this volume, and the struggle the author had, not only with his own doubts and perplexities, but with the dissents of all outside thinkers, seems to us now, nearly thirty years afterward, to be almost inconceivable, so simple and self-convincing does it all appear that varieties must, in course of time, under favoring circumstances, become distinct and well-defined species. But when we look back a few years and think how comparativly few there were who disbelieved in special providences, in the power of prayer to suborn the will of God, and how more rarely still we found any who could dispense entirely with all Gods, Bibles, and futures, we realize how very hard it is to root out old ideas, and inoculate minds with new ones. But once the new gets a firm foothold, people are apt to say, as was said of this work of Darwin, "The success of the 'Origin' proved that the subject was in the air, and that men's minds were prepared for it."

We read a book that chimes in with our own opinions, and is full of evidences that our belief is the correct one, and we say, "There is enough in this volume to convert the world if they would only read it." But we forget how long it took us to get out of the old into the new, which has now become to us again as the old.

Darwin says: "I sounded not a few naturalists, and never happened to come across a single one who seemed to doubt the permanence of species." Only a mind thoroughly conscientious and in love with its work could hav pursued it year after year, handicapped by miserable health and the knowledge that the united criticism of the pious world would be poured out in vials of wrath upon his head.

Friends, I wish I could bear it in upon your minds how intensely interesting these volumes, picturing the home life, the mental life, and the laborious life of such a man as Darwin, are. How truly kind, charitable, and unselfish he was, and now simple and childlike were his friendships! No novel was ever half so charming as are these entrancing pages, which portray the daily life of one of our best as well as greatest men.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

THE NEW GOD.

BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM,

Secretary of the American Secular Union.

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By M. L. HOLBROOK, M.D.

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OR,

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BY REPORTER.

This is the history of an attempt to found a church without superstition, and its success. Uncle Job Sawyer, the pastor, having established his pulpit, uses it to discuss all the vital questions of human concern, religious, political, and otherwise. The book is written in well-chosen language, and easily understood. There is just sufficient narrativ about it to interest the reader and hold his attention while the truth is being brought to his mind.

For sale at this office. Price, $1.00.

ROMANISM,

OR

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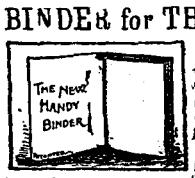
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News of the Week.

A MEETING has been called in Chicago to form a national organization to propagate the land-tax doctrin.

CLEVELAND in a late interview with Bishops Ireland and Keane assured them of his warm sympathy with the projected Catholic University.

IT is rumored that Bismarck will resign.

A PILGRIMAGE to Rome is about leaving Mexico.

SEVENTY per cent of Boston's population are Catholics.

THE total loss caused by the Burlington strike so far is $15,000,000.

ON the 5th 4 000 Irish immigrants sailed from Queenstown for America.

NEW license restrictions will reduce the number of Michigan saloons one-third.

COUNT TOLSTOI, the despotic Russian minister, recently narrowly escaped assassination.

CHRISTIANS estimate their total Sunday-school scholars at 16 447 990, and teachers at 1,952,167.

THE Iowa House has passed a resolution providing for a woman suffrage constitutional amendment.

GOVERNMENTAL labor statistics show that strikes do procure for workingmen better wages and shorter hours.

THE government continues its endeavors to suppress National League meetings in Ireland, the police and soldiers wounding many with batons and bayonets.

FOR wholesale open bribery Rhode Island's state election on the 3d is thought to beat the record.

RECENT changes in German military methods are causing much discussion everywhere on the art of war.

THE duke of Norfolk, it is rumored, will carry to Queen Victoria at Florence an autograph letter from the pope.

THE belief that the government should own railways and telegraphs is spreading rapidly among labor organizations.

THE concession for gambling in Panama has been sold by the government, for a term of three years, for $147,000.

THE third of Talmage's series of sermons "especially to the women of America" exhorts the restriction of divorce.

BULGARIA has asked the porte to explain the presence of Turkish troops at the town of Mustapha Pacha, on the frontier.

HENCEFORTH, Mr. Powderly says, the Knights and the Engineers' Brotherhood will unite in all labor difficulties.

CONGRESS is considering a treaty with England for the extradition of persons committing "malicious injuries by explosivs."

POWDERLY has issued a strong manifesto asserting the futility of strikes, and favoring education of Knights of Labor as a better means of obtaining rights.

OF eight clergymen interviewed by the Charleston, S. C., *News* as to the fate of heathen, four think they may be saved, and four that they are damned.

A FEW of the rascally reverends exposed last week are Rev. B. Hill, of St. Albans, Vt., bigamy; Rev. Henry Baum, New York, grand larceny; Rev. Chas. Millen, Brooklyn, gross immorality.

THE conference to be held between this country and the Central and South American nations will also consider uniform customs and quarantine regulations, the adoption of a common silver coin, and extradition.

DURING February we received 19,547 immigrants, against 14,137 the preceding February. There came from Germany, 4 359; England and Wales, 3,655; Italy, 2 308; Russia, 1,717; Ireland, 1,407; Sweden and Norway, 1,104.

THE
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THE LORD'S WAY OF MARKING SLAVES.

Then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever.—Ex. xxi, 6.

Gems of Thought.

RELIGION does not, and cannot, contemplate man as free. She accepts only the homage of the prostrate, and scorns the offerings of those who stand erect. She cannot tolerate the liberty of thought. The wide and sunny fields belong not to her domain. The star-lit highs of genius and individuality are above and beyond her appreciation and power. Her subjects cringe at her feet, covered with the dust of obedience.—*Ingersoll.*

I UNDERSTAND by the passion of love the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being.—*Gibbon.*

HOW strange it appears that Christians, who are commanded to hope and believe all things favorable to others, should hav such an appetite for discovering unbelief and misbelief even in those who manifest no evil heart or godless temper! It would seem as if some men's faith could not be kept alive and properly exercised unless, like the passionate lord in the play, it were "allowed a carcass to insult on"—the vile body, to wit, of some other man's infidelity and irreligion.—*Coleridge's Biographia Literaria.*

KNOWING is seeing, and if it be so, it is madness to persuade ourselvs that we do so by another man's eyes, let him use never so many words to tell us that what he asserts is very visible. Until we ourselvs see it with our own eyes and perceive it by our own understandings, we are as much in the dark, and as void of knowledge, as before, let us believe any learned author as much as we will.—*Locke's Conduct of the Understanding.*

Odds and Ends.

OLD lady (in grocery store): "Be them dates fresh, boy? They don't look it." Boy: "Yes'm, they're of recent date."

BENEATH a ripe persimmon-tree
Two learned lawyers chanced to be.
"Climb," said the first; "I'll catch—you toss 'em."
But t'other shook his head: "*Non Possum!*"

"YOU hav a very sour look this morning," remarked a cucumber to his neighbor, a dyspeptic strawberry. "Yes," was the tart reply; "one is necessarily unpleasantly affected when compelled to associate with such a seedy party as you are."

"JOHN," said the minister to the sexton: "that pulpit-cushion is worn out. I wish you would see that a new cover is put on it." "Yes, sir," said John, grimly; "I know it's wore out, an' it's the third since last fall. It ain't my place to make remarks, sir, but in my opinion there's such a thing as carryin' religion a leetle *too* far."

"WHAT a glorious season of the year the gladsome springtime is, Mr. Frankfurt!" said Miss Overtheline, of Cincinnati, as the twain seated themselvs in a Vine street restaurant. "The pure, invigorating air, the singing of birds, the fragrance of flowers, and [to waiter] bock beer, all tell us so eloquently that spring indeed is here!"

MR. MOULD (in bookstore): "I want you to get me up an appropriate motto to hang in my undertaking establishment." Dealer: "How would 'Honesty is the best policy' do?" Mr. Mould: "That's too much of a chestnut." Dealer (contemplativly): "H'm, how does 'Is life worth living?' strike you?" Mr. Mould: "Good, that's just the thing!"

"NAW," said the small boy; "I don't go to Sunday-school. I went there one day, and that was all *I* wanted. I tipped the whole bench over, an' when the teacher ast me what I did it for I said 'Rats!' An' he didn't lick me, nor nothin'—didn't so much as swat me alongside of the face. What sort of a school do you call that to go to? Mebbe you think I'm a girl?"

OLD Mrs. Bentley: "Hav you heard how Mrs. Brown is gettin' on?" Old Mr. Bentley: 'She was doin' very well, and although one lung is gone, the doctor said he thought she might liv for some time; but las' week she ketched cold, which developed into pneumonia." Old Mrs. Bentley (with pensiv hopefulness): "Ah, well, if she's only got one lung she can't hav it very bad."

THE Rev. Alban Cope (who has been preaching on the evils of speculation): "What did you think of the sermon this morning, Mr. Stone?" Mr. Kirby Stone (on the "Street"): "Well, since you ask me, parson, I didn't think it was very much of a sermon." The Rev. Alban Cope: "Really? To tell the truth, neither did I But, then, there's no need of our setting up our opinion against that of the entire congregation."

"JOHN," she said sweetly as she glanced at the clock, "do you know anything about baseball?" "Well, I rather guess I do," he answered with pride. "There is a short stop in every nine, isn't there?" "Certainly." "Is there a long stop, too?" "No." "It is a pity." "Why so?" "Because," and she glanced at the clock again, "if there was a long stop you would make money. Every club would be bidding for you."

A TRAMP recently had a plate of hard ice cream given him by a good-natured lady upon whom he called for assistance. He handed back the spoon, with an apology. "Oh, I don't suspect you of wanting to steal the spoon," said the lady "I don't for a moment suppose you do, my dear madam," replied the tramp; "but it is not correct form to eat hard desserts with a spoon; I am from Boston, and should prefer a fork."

FATHER: "Never lie, my son; always tell the truth. Who's that ringing—a dun? Tell him I am not in!" Son: "Wouldn't that be a lie, papa?" Father: "Oh, no, my son, it's a Financial Necessity." Father (next day): "You scamp, if you ate that cake I will whip you! Did you eat it?" Son: "No, sir." Father: 'See here, I saw you, myself. What do you mean telling me that lie?' Son: "Tain't a lie; it's Protectiv Diplomacy!"

NOTED electrician: "I see that you still hav that old notion that a lightning rod is a protection." Nebraska farmer: "I hav." "Well, of course you don't keep up with the electrical progress of the age and can't be expected——" "I take half a dozen newspapers and three magazines, including the *Electrical Review*, sir." "You do? Well, well! Now, sir, if that is the case, will you be kind enough to tell me what you think a lightning rod on your house protects you from?" "Lightning rod agents."

IN the spring the young man's spinal column
seems to fade and wilt;
In the spring the merry school-boy infests the
street with top and stilt;
In the spring the lacteal fluid smacketh somewhat
of the leek;
In the spring unhappy tenants other homesteads
sadly seek;
In the spring the tailor-maiden sports a $90 hat;
In the spring a civelier Irish gathers 'bout the
baseball bat;
In the spring impatient mortals lay aside their
flannels thick,
And the ones that reach not heaven reach the
realms of aged Nick.

"MISS CLARA," he said, hesitatingly, "I want to speak with you upon a subject of great importance to me, and one which has been upon my mind for some time." The girl had told her mother that she thought this was surely the night, and in a low, shy tone she bade him proceed. "I am thinking," he said, "of furnishing bachelor apartments in the Palmer block, and I wish you would tell me the best place to buy carpets." The low, shy tone of voice gave way to one with a harsh business ring in it, as Miss Clara straightened herself up and said: "Certainly, Mr. Sampson, with pleasure. With ready cash, Messrs Veneer, Hardwood and Co. certainly offer the choicest bargains, but as you, of course, will want to buy on the instalment plan, paying, say, two dollars and a half a month, I would suggest that you look over the stock of Messrs. Threeply, Varnish and Co."

PRIESTLY HYPOCRISY PHOTOGRAPHED BY A PRIEST.

I MEAN to say this—that there is many a thing said in many a sermon that, shut the preacher into a room with an intelligent parishioner eye to eye, he daren't stick to . . you know and I know what fudge it is!—*Dean Alford.*

HAV you not heard how it has gone with many a cause before now? First, few men heed it; next, most men condemn it: lastly, all men accept it—and the cause is won!—*William Morris.*

VICE is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first *endure*, then *pity*, then embrace.
—*Pope.*

TO my mind it is simply absurd for any man to answer with the slightest confidence the challenge of the hasty inquirer, What is to be the religion of the future? I hav not the slightest idea. I am perfectly certain of my own ignorance, and I hav a strong impression that almost everyone else is equally ignorant I can see, as everyone else can see, that a vast social and intellectual transformation is taking place—and taking place, probably, with more rapidity now than at almost any historical period. I can dimly guess at some of the main characteristics of the process. I can discover some conditions, both of the social and the speculativ kind, which will probably influence the result. I cannot doubt that some ancient doctrins hav lost their vitality. . . . Doubtless all the elements which the old belief contains will be somehow represented in the new crystallization of opinion; but I envy, or rather I do not envy, the confidence of any man who takes upon himself to define its precise character.—*Leslie Stephen.*

NATURE has not formed us to sport and merriment, but rather to seriousness and to studies that are important and sublime. Sport and merriment are not always to be disallowed; but we are to use them as we use sleep and other kinds of repose, when we hav dispatched our weighty and serious affairs. Nay, our very manner of joking should be neither wanton nor indecent, but ingenuous and noble as well as good-humored. For as we indulge boys not in an unlimited license of sport, but only in that which is not inconsistent with virtuous conduct, so, in our very jokes, there should appear some gleam of a virtuous nature.—*Cicero*

IT is an absurd thing, that those who receive advice, do not feel that annoyance which they ought to feel, but feel that from which they ought to be free; for they are not distressed because they hav done wrong; but take it amiss that they are rebuked; whereas, on the contrary, they ought to be sorry for their misconduct and to be glad at its correction.—*Cicero.*

HE that hath knowledge spareth his words; and a man of understanding is of an excellent spirit. Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.—*Proverbs.*

OUR dispositions will be suitable to that which we most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the color and complexion of its own thoughts.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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HOW THE CLERGY ADD TO THE BURDENS OF LIFE.

We hav burdens enough in the ills that flesh is heir to without being burthened with priestly rubbish.—*Stephen Girard.*

Notes and Clippings.

A NEW ENGLAND constable, who has had great experience with tramps, says that he has never yet seen one with a bald head.

THE papal jubilee turns out to hav been very expensiv. It cost the Vatican about $1,000,000. But it was profitable, the receipts running up to about $20,000,000.

THE lumber export from Ottawa, Canada, to the United States during January, February, and March was valued at $306,902, an increase of 21 per cent over the same months of 1887.

IMMEDIATELY after Emperor Frederick left San Remo the sultan sent him a collar, consisting of nine hazel nuts, with inscriptions from the Koran, over which the dervishes and sheiks of the palace had prayed, and which, the sultan assured the crown prince, would cure him as if by magic.

FROM the Albany *Journal:* "Dressed in the latest mode, Lillie Devereux Blake presented her ever-youthful subject: 'Is it a Crime to be a Woman?' In the course of her address she said: 'Every student in ornithology knows that the American eagle, the national bird, is a hen, the male being inferior in size and looks.'"

SCIENCE has done wonders for meteorology. For instance, it has paraphrased the old saying, "Hills clear, rain near," into, "The presence of a wedge-shaped area of high pressure, accompanied by great atmospheric visibility, is likely to be succeeded by the advance of a disturbance with pluvial accompaniments and southerly winds."

THE Austrian legislature is desirous of diminishing opportunities for drinking, and will hereafter allow only one liquor shop to a commune of less than five hundred people. Anyone who has been convicted of drunkenness three times in one year is to be debarred from entering a public-house, and any publican serving him will be subject to penalties.

QUANTITIES of bears' bones and seven very well preserved skulls were recently discovered in a cave at Rubeland, in the Hartz. A set of stag antlers, fragments of skeletons of hyenas, and some slender bones, which are assigned to the ptarmigan and the lemming, were also discovered. The cave is to be lighted by electricity for the benefit of scientific visitors.

IT is proposed to preserve fish alive by placing them in vessels partly filled with water and hermetically sealed. It is said that fish so confined hav been found alive after three weeks, without either air or water having been changed, while fish in an open jar died in forty-eight hours. If the air in the vessel is compressed, the life of the fish is still further prolonged.

THE building going up on the site of the ruins of the late fireworks fire in Broadway presents a novelty in the shape of lintels of copper. All this work was to hav been done in terra cotta, but the contractor failed in his work, and to save time this experiment was tried. It delights the architect and builder, and all who hav seen it. Dissolved copper treated electrically is deposited on plaster casts, and produces work that is better than that made by casting the molten metal in molds, because it requires no trimming or finishing with edged tools.

"ADVICES from Salt Lake City report that the Mormon brethren are getting ready and anxious to giv up the practice of polygamy. When such good news comes from Utah, even the most pessimistic pessimist has cause to hope that Mormonism may be some time rooted out, even from old Puritan communities like Massachusetts." Now the Congregational brethren may get mad at the *Sun*, which says this.

ONE of our correspondents attended a large union meeting a few Sundays ago in which a somewhat flowery young preacher prayed as follows: "O Lord! we ask that thou wilt bless the Y. M. C. A." This is equal to the colored man's ascription of thanks to the deity for what he had done for the world, "both B.C. and A.D." Such performances strengthen the hands of those who oppose all extempore prayer.—*Christian Advocate.*

WE get this important information by way of the San Francisco *Freethought:* "The Young Men's Christian Association of Princeton recently secured the services of Anthony Comstock as a lecturer on moral purity. Out of respect for Mr. Comstock's modesty the students draped the statue of the Gladiator on the campus with a pair of red flannel undergarments. At last accounts the faculty were debating the question how to remove the ornaments without attracting undesired public attention."

SOME one has been collecting facts about the fathers of United States presidents, with this result: "Grover Cleveland is the only clergyman's son who has ever been elected president, though Arthur's father was a clergyman. He was not, however, elected president. The fathers of the Virginia presidents —Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe—were planters. John Tyler's father was a lawyer and a statesman, and John Adams, the father of John Quincy Adams, was by profession a lawyer. Grant's father was a tanner, Hayes's father a merchant, and the fathers of Garfield, Lincoln, Pierce, Fillmore, Polk, Van Buren, and Jackson were farmers."

HOOK-SWINGING and widow-burning in India hav been abolished, but it is said that in the Nizam's dominions there is a caste in which, when any of the members dies, a flag is attached to a bamboo, and the bamboo given to a man to hold over the corpse of the deceased. Then, having retired to a convenient distance, the men of the caste open fire on the flag, probably by way of showing distress, and of helping the soul of the deceased on its journey to the other world. It sometimes happens that the man holding the flag is shot, and an order has been issued by the government prohibiting firing at the flag in future.

STEAMERS landing at Cabinda, a little port north of the Congo, are often met by a young white man who appears to be in the egg and poultry business. He has spring chickens all the year round, and, as they are plump and tender, he gets a good price for them. This young man is one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries, and when he appears at the landing with his chicken coops he is carrying out the "self-supporting" feature of the bishop's enterprise. He supports himself nicely, but finds that it would take a good deal of capital to start a school at present, as none of the nativs, in their present state of mind, can be induced to send their children to school, unless they are paid for it.

Communications.

Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Whoever reads the "Companion to the Revised New Testament" carefully to get at the discoveries the revisers made in their ten years of search into the origin and authenticity of that book, in tracing its history with such aids as were within their reach in the way of legends, traditions, and fragments of testimony gathered from a number of the early fathers of the church, cannot fail to see how uncertain are much of the teachings contained in that so-called holy record.

This admission and open confession is either avowed, or referred to, or apologized for on almost every page of the "Companion," prepared by the authority of the revisers to explain to scholars and critics the reasons for the many changes made in the revision. For instance, the revisers say that the title of *Lord* should never have been put in the English New Testament, as it, or any Greek word corresponding to it, could not be found in the early manuscripts, as a title given to the Galilean teacher; and on page 83 of the "Companion" they tell us what word should have been used: "Rabbi being a well-known title of respect, it should have been preserved throughout the translation," instead of the word Lord, which is found improperly used in the "authorized version."

So they acknowledge that the *Lord*, the first word in this long and reverential title, is a mistake, an error which should be abandoned. Is it, in reality, anything less than a forgery, in the use that is made of it by the translators, to deceive and mislead the people into an unauthorized belief in the supernatural, to enslave the mind to superstition?

If the title *rabbi* had been adhered to in our English text, instead of having in our system of religion a divinity, a third person in a triune godhead, we would have had only a Jewish priest called a rabbi, or teacher, a plain human being, and we would have been deprived of exercising our faith and our devotion on a son of God.

What a serious damage the truth, honestly told, would have been on the superhuman character of our religion!

There would not have been enough of mystery and miracle in it to hold together. Without this design in a purposely false translation, there would have been no material to construct a creed or a theology for the people to believe and enjoy.

The blood of a Jewish rabbi would hardly have had enough virtue in it to atone for the sins of the world by satisfying the other portions of the godhead.

The revisers tell us that the Hebrew name of the Jewish rabbi was *joshua;* in the Greek it is Jesus.

Joshua was in those days simply a word with a definition. In the Old Testament we read there were a number of joshuas. They were called joshua because they exerted themselves in instructing and thereby trying to save their ignorant people.

The Galilean prophet, or rabbi, was one who received the name of joshua because he was engaged in teaching, and it represented his occupation. These Jewish joshuas, or saviors, were teachers of secular lessons, to save men from ignorance and misery in this world, and if we may believe the revisers, the lessons of the teacher of Galilee were intended to be of this secular kind. The bad translation is what has made him seem to teach otherwise.

So that, according to the Jewish idea of a savior, it does not necessarily require much of a man to be a joshua or savior. A simple Jewish rabbi, an illiterate carpenter, can be a savior. It was in this humble, human, common-sense light that the disciples of this joshua and their successors the Ebionites in Judea for three centuries accepted, taught, and practiced these lessons of their rabbi.

Neither would they listen or give countenance to any of the stories the Greeks manufactured and taught about his miraculous birth and death.

Because these Ebionites would not accept as genuine and historic these speculations of the Greeks about a man they never saw and knew nothing of, these same Greek gospel-writers denounced them as heretics and Gnostics. So to make a deity or divinity out of a man, a teacher of ethics, is another fraud of translators to help them to establish the divine trinity.

See Eusebius, "Ecclesiastical History," Chapter XXVII, "Ebionites," and the testimony of Justin Martyr, and Epiphanius of the second and third centuries; also Gibbon, "History of Christianity," Chapter XIII.

The word Christ, originally, had nothing to do nor any connection with the word or name joshua. The former is a Greek and the latter a Hebrew word. If we can depend on Bible chronology, it was not till about twenty-five years after the death of Joshua that the Greeks, at Antioch, used the term Christos in connection with his name or teachings.

Acts xi, 26: "The disciples were first called Christians at Antioch."

These Greeks pronounced his name, for short, *Jesu*, and in after ages they added *Christi* to this name, a word which Paul distinctly defines to represent the teachings and not the man—1 Cor. i, 24, "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God," or the power of wisdom and goodness, as we speak in our more modern English.

It was through the writings of Paul, or the epistles attributed to him, that this formula of a title originated. It was in his effort to convey to the Greek mind the distinction between the man Joshua and the principles, the teachings, and the moral influence of his example.

The Greek belief in the gods doing everything—even of their secret visits to human beings—and the impressions they made on the mind and feelings, in prompting and instigating their conduct, whether for good or evil, was so universal among the ignorant that it was in his endeavors to destroy this belief and to introduce a theory that these impulses and impressions were spontaneous and originated not with the gods, but with the inherent activities of the brain, and of the nervous system, acting through the organism, that these misunderstandings arose.

The Greeks found it almost impossible to divest their minds of the idea that one of their gods, or a god, was the author and teacher of the new faith taught them by Paul.

Whoever reads carefully these epistles of Paul cannot fail to see what a difficulty he had in teaching them this new mental philosophy—that it was not from any god outside of man, but it was from convictions, or the conscience within him, his life and actions should be guided.

Although he had urged this among them orally in his missionary work, as an "apostle to the gentiles," he was not able to exterminate from their minds the influence of their old mythology. Some received and gave heed to his testimony, but others did not.

This difference caused controversy among them, which he aimed to settle in the epistles he sent to the churches.

The Greek words standing for Joshua, the wise Galilean teacher, were Jesus, the *christos*, and in English we have it printed, Jesus Christ. So the text makes Paul say in one of these epistles, 2 Cor. xiii: "Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is *in you* except ye be reprobates?" "Since ye seek a proof of Christ speaking *in me*." Gal. iv, 19: "Till Christ be formed *in you*." Eph. iii, 17: "That Christ may dwell *in your hearts*." Col. i, 27: "Christ *in you* hope of glory." These and many more passages in these epistles refer to Christ as wisdom or goodness, which are synonyms in this Hebrew, in this rational, impersonal sense. I think there is strong evidence in these epistles that Paul was a philosopher, and never used much of the language the copyists and translators have put in the text of his writings.

Giving this Christ of Paul sex and personality, that we find so much of in our English New Testament, is evidently not Paul's work, but the work of illiterate mythologists, who copied and translated these writings; who did it through the bias of their own prepossessions, and in the interest of their own or the popular religion.

The revisers of the New Testament tell us that the improper use of the articles, the pronouns, and prepositions in translation has in almost innumerable instances so changed the text that it is impossible to tell what was meant by the writers, and it can only be settled by guess, or by leaving it to the decisions of public sentiments, which generally favor an idolatrous and superstious interpretation, agreeing with the darker age of ignorance in which these translations were made.

In preaching this gospel, or the ethics of Joshua, Paul would often use his name in connection with his lessons. Of course, he could do so properly and intelligently, but the translators have, evidently, disregarded the distinction between the teacher and the teachings, and they have indiscriminately and interchangeably mixed them into interminable confusion, so that the text must unavoidably confound the ordinary reader, who is not apprised of the causes of the difficulty, as so fully admitted and set forth by the revisers in this "Companion." It is enough to disgust and to tempt the honest inquirer to cast aside the whole record as a fraud or fable.

It is amusing to see how some doughty Infidels, and pious Christians also, dispose of these spurious and ambiguous, if not incomprehensible and contradictory, passages, which the translators have bequeathed us.

Joshua, Christos, the first a Hebrew and the second a Greek word, each had a distinct and specific meaning in the respective languages, and may be given, the first as *saving*, the last as *wisdom*. So that our Jesus Christ in the Greek—or we may call it English now from long usage—when defined by equivalents in better understood woods, is *saving wisdom*. The Bible writers themselves give us these definitions. The writers of the gospels give us the meaning of Joshua, Paul gives us that of Christ; and the revisers confirm their testimony. What right have we to give these words another definition for the purpose of propping up our inherited, cherished mythology? To say the least, it is a presumptuous outrage and indignity toward our more enlightened and sensible ancestors.

Now, Paul was the author of the first literature containing the word *Christ;* he is the very best authority for knowing and defining it. The ignorant pagan Greeks must have believed in it in a mythical sense, or Paul would not, with such an emphatic interrogatory, have taught them the contrary. He wanted them to believe in a "Lord and savior Jesus Christ" within them; and within everyone who is not a reprobate, a person sunk so low in depravity as to have lost all self-respect.

The Jesus Christ of Paul was the moral sense in man, and in all men, as a birthright inheritance. This was to be their savior. He knew if it did not save sinners, no fabricated idol, no belief in a dead or living man, to whom they had given the name, would be of any service to them. But the idolators then did not believe in Paul, neither do they now.

The word joshua existed and had saved people for centuries before the Galilean had ever heard of or had received it as his name.

It saved people no better or in no other way after he was born than it did before. The fact of its being given to him for a name did not in any way change its efficacy. For wise people are always the best saved and fools are the worst, or the least, saved, and always will be.

The word Christos, meaning wisdom, was always a desirable acquisition. The Greek philosophers had great faith in its benefit to the possessor, as an elevating and refining virtue. Solomon, the wisest old Hebrew, could not exaggerate its excellence, long before it was bestowed upon the prophet Joshua by the Greeks. The fact that it was given to him as a title never affected its original quality.

That Christ, or that power and wisdom, *is in* man and *of man* that is to save him from the thraldom of ignorance and superstition. It was the power and wisdom of that high order, which was supposed to control all goodness, in the works of nature and in man, as established by deity.

It was not, as the Greeks afterward made it, or tried to make it, a personified divinity, to be placed among their gods, and as the writers or translators in many places in the New Testament have made it. The late revisers acknowledge this, and say the word Christ is used so as to improperly represent the original meaning. It was a title given by the Greeks, and should never be used without the article *the* before it, meaning the wise, or the wisdom of Jesus. See "Companion," page 53.

It is the misunderstanding of these terms, this title, out of which a theoretical divinity has been formed, an atoning redeemer and intercessor constructed, that constitutes the great chasm, the irreconcilable and irrepressible conflict, between the church and Infidelity, or between the deluded, infatuated believer and the untrammeled Freethinker. The only way to bridge this chasm is to give the believers a clear view of the history of their religion, the origin of those strange pagan ideas which they so cherish, showing them to be all a human device with which superstition can control the ignorant and credulous, and mislead the confiding into all sorts of folly, cruelty, and crime, in the name of their God, their savior, and their duty. What a bloody, savage record these views have left in their track through nearly twenty centuries! How they are enslaving and degrading us now!

Thus we see that when we come to dissect and analyze this long and divinely imposing title, it is dissipated into a fabrication. We must relegate it to where it belongs, to Greek mythology and to the coddling and nursing process by which it has been fostered and sustained by both Roman and Protestant clergy. There is nothing in it, and there never was anything but a string of words hitched together having an awful sound and supernatural significance—words in themselves, until captured and devoted to the Gods the imagination invented, innocent of these abuses—words that have been ravished by robbers from the human vocabulary and deified into names and titles of the immortals, to fascinate, captivate, to enchant and enslave the minds of mortals, to deliver men into the hands and custody of the Gods.

It is robbing their vocabulary of words expressing simple, honest thought and converting them into props to bolster up our pagan idolatry. There is a meanness, a dishonesty, and religious mendacity in it that every honest man should eschew and despise. If a religion is so barren of any real merit that it needs a resort to such petty theft and duplicity, such ignoble measures, to maintain itself, every one of its devotees and advocates should know it. To the investigator and student the above facts are patent and palpable. But it has always been the policy of the priesthood to withhold them from the public.

Faith does not require they should be known. If they were, religion would suffer and its superstructure be overthrown. The priestly honors and calling would fall into decay.

All intelligent Infidels, Deists, or Atheists most sincerely and honestly believe in the "Lord and

savior Jesus Christ" of Paul. If they repudiate the ancient, ambiguous style of expressing it, they nevertheless cordially accept the fact, and depend on it exclusively as the means of salvation. It is in living up to the spirit and truth of a principle, and not in attaching sacred merits to the words, or the images the words may suggest, that is imparted the saving power; so that the Infidel is really the true disciple, and the self-righteous believer is the hypocrite, the dissembler.

The Infidels will not accept verbiage, however holy, that they cannot understand; and here again they unite with Paul—"Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good"—and let go of all that cannot be proved, for it is not good to be believed or retained.

The Infidels, therefore, are the true Christians—they believe in the *saving wisdom*, and the salvation that it, or the "Lord and savior Jesus Christ" within them, in their own brain, their intellectual powers, and moral sense, will secure to all who possess them.

The believers, or church men, are infidel to this inward Jesus Christ, and trust in an outward, personal Jesus Christ of their own making; so they are the spurious, counterfeit believers, or the real infidels to the true and saving faith, as taught by the great apostle whom they profess and pretend to follow, but whom in reality they discredit and reject. This holy scripture—this compound of ancient truth and superstition—this medley of history and romance, of ethics and mythology, taken with all its errors, mistakes, and perversions—taken and believed in literally by priest and people, has led to all this tergiversation, this confusion and falsification of faith.

Modern Christianity as a faith, a belief, or system of doctrines, is not the religion of the early Christians. It did not originate in Judea nor with the earlier disciples among the gentiles. They knew nothing of it. It was evolved out of Greek and African paganism, centuries later.

It is a forgery, a spurious, concocted theory, that was forced on the world against a strong resistance, by the power of the sword, by a fierce and savage fanaticism.

The spirit of the faith to-day is despotic, arbitrary, intolerant, and uncharitable—anti-Christian toward the original faith; while the spirit, the principles, the belief, and practices of Liberals or Freethinkers are such as to place them properly in substantial harmony and accord with the early Christians.

Having the qualities, virtues, and habits, they are the only class justly entitled to the name; so they are in reality the genuine, practical Christians.

Let no one hastily conclude that the views here presented are a fancy sketch of a dreamer, or an effort to support the theory of an eccentric or religious crank.

Every intelligent clergyman or reader of ancient religious literature, unbiased by prejudice, knows they are a substantial outline of the facts recorded and testimony given by the early Christian writers bearing on this subject. No honest student of history can fail to see it. Modern scholarship is unveiling the facts that have for centuries been kept in the background by a conspiracy of silence among theologians. Modern Christianity is rapidly being unmasked and its fraudulent origin exposed. True Christianity was slaughtered by creed-makers in its infancy, its vestments captured; and its name has been flaunted and desecrated by its gentile descendants and brought to infamy and contempt in the eyes of honest and good men. So that Christianity now is but the synonym of fraud and superstition.

Can we as Liberals laboring to enlighten the people and to release them from their spiritual bondage do better than to unfold to the view the mysteries and the sources of their religion? If the multitudes only knew that the truth only can make them free from the bonds and shackles imposed upon them by a blind superstition, that the truth alone can represent our highest conception of the most exalted type of human beings, or even of the Gods, they certainly would not longer cling to their idols, their fables, and their stupid theologies, spending hundreds of millions wrenched from honest toil to perpetuate them and to secure their own and their children's degradation.

Accept this as a contribution to your Christian readers for the purpose of dispelling these sacred ancient illusions. T. E. LONGSHORE.

Philadelphia, March, 1888.

The Czar and the Protestants.

A Russian in the Independent.

In the *Church News* (*Tzerkovnya Vedomosti*), issued by the holy synod of Russia, the petition of the Evangelical Union to the czar and Russia's reply thereto are published. The reply was written by the chief procureur of the synod.

It will be remembered that the present autocrat of Russia ordered the enforcement in the Baltic provinces of an obsolete religious law, thus inaugurating such a religious persecution as was characteristic of the Dark Ages. The Russian law "once orthodox, forever orthodox, and with all the descendants," has lately brought untold misery to thousands of Lutheran families in the Baltic provinces; and the Evangelical Union found it necessary to intercede in behalf of the Protestant subjects of Russia, reminding the czar that his father, the Liberator, had suspended the law so far as the Protestants of the Baltic provinces are concerned.

The czar could make one of two replies, either that his father was wrong, or that he is wrong himself. As he would not admit either, he charged Mr. Pobedonostzeff, the procureur of the synod, to giv the best answer he could. The procureur has written a letter nearly three times as long as the petition of the Union, and yet he has evaded a direct reply to the question squarely raised by the representativs of the Union. In fact, the old professor has delivered a lecture which in plain English would be headed thus: "For the glory of the orthodox church and the shame of the Catholic and Protestant churches." The procureur starts out with the assertion that the religious interests of the Lutherans are as dear to the czar as those of any other subjects, and that the measures now pursued in the Baltic provinces aim at the restoration of order and peace, which hav been violated there for centuries by the Protestants. The German landowners, he charges, supported by the Lutheran pastors, hav always controled the provinces and hindered the nativs from assimilating with the orthodox people of Russia. This cannot longer be tolerated, for certain historical reasons.

Then the procureur plunges into history. He says that God has imposed on Russia a special historical task—to guard the Christian civilization of western Europe against the semi-barbarian Asiatics. This task Russia has faithfully fulfilled; and she is strong enough to do so chiefly because she has been all orthodox, and has known no religious struggles. Not so has it been in Europe generally. In Europe, religion has ever been mixed up with politics, bringing about religious wars—the bloody "nights" and "evenings." The same spirit has been brought to the western border of Russia. In Poland, Romanism, joining hands with Polonism, led a series of revolutions against the Russian state and church. In the Baltic provinces, too, religion and politics hav had similar aims.

"Helas!" exclaims the procureur. "The Lutheran knights of Livonia hav been pursuing the same political ends as the Catholic nobles in Poland. The Protestant barons and pastors hav directed their energy to the possession of the civil power in the provinces, and to the persecution of everything Russian, religion included. And to this very day the descendants of the old barons, under the disguise of religious zeal, strive to keep the nativs in a state of servitude, and violate freedom of conscience. If Protestant Europe would disregard the false complaints of the Lutherans of the Baltic provinces, and would impartially investigate what, in fact, is going on in the towns and villages of those provinces, then they would realize that the orthodox people do not assail, but defend themselvs from, the Lutherans."

Further on, Mr. Pobedonostzeff affirms that "in no other country of Europe do 'foreign' Christians, and even non-Christians, enjoy such liberty as in Russia," thus intimating that the representativs of the Evangelical Union are laboring under a misunderstanding. In conclusion, the procureur insists that the Union shall follow the advice of Ernest Naville, bring about a union of all Christians and fight against Infidels and Materialists.

The Evangelical Union ought to learn from this reply at least one thing, that religious affairs in Russia are ruled not by the czar, but by his representativ in the holy synod, Mr. Pobedonostzeff. In his reply this gentleman does not hesitate to state that *eighty millions of orthodox* are hard at work defending themselvs against *two millions* of Lutherans. He boldly affirms that Russia has no religious struggles. But how does it happen that to-day in Russia there are over fifteen million souls deprived of all civil rights, solely because they disregard the mandates of the holy synod in matters of conscience? Are there not even special prisons provided for those who dare to leave the orthodox faith? And among those annually exiled to Siberia and the Caucasus are there not hundreds of "heretics?" All these facts, together with the persecution of the Lutherans, plainly prove that regarding religious freedom Russia has yet everything to learn.

Spiritology.

The teachings of spirit phenomena, and the belief of those who witness them, are quite distinct things. The phenomena in every phase prove all religions false, notwithstanding the communicating spirits may be exceedingly pious, having carried their piety with them to spirit life.

From the time that spirit phenomena were first presented to the public to within a few years of the present time, the communicating spirits were mostly Antichristians, Christian spirits only using mediums to destroy their usefulness by telling for truth all manner of lies, instructing people to do many foolish and, sometimes, wicked things, declaring these manifestations to be witchcraft and the works of the devil, all to frighten the religious and superstitious from further investigation of this new, but powerful, enemy of ignorance and religion; but the Christian spirits, failing to destroy spirit communication by the above godly conduct, hav changed their policy, and are now attempting to capture and use spirit phenomena to prove Christianity true. Christian spirits get control of every medium they can and either rule or ruin them—which has been the policy of Christianity throughout all its existence, rule or ruin, expressed very emphatically in "believe or be damned."

Spirit life is a fact, proved by spirit manifestations of a great variety, and denying or ignoring this fact does not prove it untrue.

How much security is there in ignorance? Pious bigotry thinks ignorance is humanity's greatest blessing, and Liberals who write and talk wisely against spirit phenomena, of which they know nothing, are aiding the perpetuation of superstition, and are attempting to deliver this positiv proof of the falsity of all religions into the keeping of the pious savages called Christians, and permit them to whitewash Christianity, which is a complete system of fraud and crime, with spirit phenomena, which, in the hands of honest and intelligent men and women, afford many of the most overwhelming arguments against the assumptions of Christianity and all other religions.

Spirit phenomena has been and is, very improperly, called Spiritualism and Spiritism, as defined by Webster, "a belief," etc., and, as far as I know, the Christian and religious Spiritualists all follow Webster and "believe." I do not; I am not one of the believers. I know spirit life is, as well as I know this is. I am a *knower*, and for the knowledge that spirit phenomena hav brought to me I use the proper scientific term, Spiritology—the science of life, both earth and spirit life. I am a Spiritologist, a student of Spiritology.

To get where I am to-day, I hav traveled the road of progress, beginning with the Methodist, then the Baptist, Campbellite, Dunkard churches, Materialism, Christian Spiritualism, Spiritualism without an adjectiv, Spiritism, and now Spiritology. You may ask, What next? I do not know. I shall go where facts and knowledge lead, and go without fear of ridicule or danger.

My travel to Materialism was attended with much mental distress, for I floundered in the darkness of "belief." I sought truth and knowledge in the Christian's holy Bible, where only fraud and superstition exist. I remained a Materialist for about ten years, when I investigated spirit phenomena, with the intention of knowing them to be a fact or a fraud before I would relinquish my purpose. My unbelief was as absolute, as positiv, as any man's could be. I did not believe in spirit life—and do not now, but by the evidence of facts I *know* it is true.

My friend Reynolds is halting at Materialism, and there he may remain until he passes to spirit life; but, having read this article, when he has got out of his old carcass and looks around himself, he will say, "Well; I believe that fool Willis did know something."

Mr. Reynolds, and many Materialists, ignore and condemn the very knowledge that will do more than anything else yet learned by man to prevent insanity, suicide, and crime. We hav these facts, and is it wisdom to refuse to investigate their cause? You may prevent the perverted use of a power by understanding its mode of operation. The trap of insanity, suicide, or crime may spring upon you by an ignorant touch of the fatal trigger, which, by a little knowledge of spirit life and spirit control, you might safely avoid.

Mr. Reynolds puts great stress on the "gibberings of insanity," apparently forgetting that the talk of a pious fool, while in earth life, is of no value to useful knowledge, and the value of his talk is not increased when he has passed to spirit life. But the fact that he can talk back across the Materialist's and Christian's deadline is of great value to science, and the most deadly blow that ever struck religion, destroying that ignorance which is the foundation of all religions. But Mr. Reynolds refuses to use or even to acknowledge the existence of this weapon of knowledge. He seems to hav formed an idea that there is something Christian, pious, and mysterious about it. His ideas here are all wrong; there is no more kinship between spirit phenomena and Christianity than between truth and falsehood, or light and darkness. The so-called miracles, if they ever occurred, are stolen thunder, stolen from the mediums they murdered for witchcraft; and, as to the mystery, there is no more mystery in spirit phenomena than in the growing of a stalk of corn, and I know as much about one as the other—I know they are facts.

What kind of truth seekers are they who refuse to investigate spirit phenomena, and close their eyes, ears, and reason to this knowledge of spirit life?

Spirit phenomena has, through long ages past, been often witnessed. Their true nature, if known at all, was only known to a few, and kept by them secret from the masses, and used for selfish, tyrannical, and evil purposes; and the honor belongs to America as being the place where the mystery, religion, and superstition hav been taken from these spirit manifestations and the science of Spiritology is being developed, which stands preëminently as the latest and grandest knowledge of facts of the

greatest importance to the future development and progress of humanity.

Spiritology givs knowledge, not belief; establishes the universal brotherhood of man; adds its testimony to the fact that eternal and unchangeable law is the governing power of the universe, and does away with religion and all its myths, Bibles, Gods, saviors, angels, miracles, supernatural, divine, create, heaven, hell, devil, and all the pious and mythical words and language that hav no meaning in fact; and any Materialist who refuses to investigate this science of Spiritology is very much like the pious Christian who refuses to see the self-contradictions, the sanction of vice and crime, and the unscientific teachings in his sacred book. W. L. WILLIS.

Kokomo, Ind., April 6, A.S. (Advent of Spiritology) 41.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

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Anaheim Organized.

Mrs. K. Parker, secretary of the Anaheim Secular Union, in writing for a charter, informs us of the enthusiasm aroused and the organization effected at the conclusion of President Putnam's course of lectures, especially the one on "The Nine Demands," which was largely attended by the best citizens and well received. Anaheim is the occidental Eden, and stands a crowning glory of what in early days a band of German Freethinkers accomplished. It was the single, solitary exception in this country of successful colonization. While the city has outgrown its foundation phase, it has nevertheless attracted to it men and women of brain and bravery, whom the secretary says "will work for the Union and universal mental liberty, and she hopes that "no prejudice will be allowed to creep in the Union, no bickerings, no strife, but that we shall work together for the liberation of the state from the church, and support our glorious bulwark of freedom, the United States Constitution, entire and intact." This breathes the spirit which should animate every true Secularist. Frank Ely is president, and, it is presumed, will keep a vigilant watch on the enemy. President Putnam's labors in Anaheim, San Jacinto, and Fresno prove what a loyal soldier in the Secular cause can accomplish. We wonder that in the midst of incessant labors and the rush and whirl of travel he can sufficiently compose himself to pen such poetic prose, can gather such glittering dewdrops fresh from perfumed flowers, and giv us such glimpses in word-painting of an actual earthly paradise. May his voice and pen find welcome response in golden showers of prosperity and well-earned approbation.

In proof of the adage that "Nothing succeeds like success" is the favorable notice the Chicago Union is receiving from the city press, when the same lectures and lecturers hav been unnoticed for years. Of last Sunday's lecture the *Herald* says:

The Forum, the large and handsome new hall of the Chicago Secular Union, was crowded last night, the occasion being a lecture by Judge E. R. Paige, his subject being, "How Worlds Grow." The hall was elaborately trimmed in the vicinity of the rostrum, the central feature being the United States flag hanging above the cross, the emblem of orthodox religion. The Secularism which is typified by the flag above the cross is the silent protest of the society against ecclesiasticism before the state. All who visited the Forum last night were presented with a circular on which was set forth the Nine Demands of Secularism. The fourth Demand in the list is a key to the others. It is thus phrased:

We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished, and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

The exercises of the evening were commenced by the singing of a patriotic glee by the choir. It was a spirited apostrophe to the flag of the nation. Stafford Bolton, secretary, read the minutes of the preceding meeting, which were approved. Another song by the quartet.

President Stevens then introduced Judge Paige, who was greeted with applause. He told of a clergyman who lost the manuscript of his sermon in an auger-hole, and upon rising said that he had a good sermon if he could get at it. The judge said he had a pretty good lecture if he could get at the illustrations which should go with it, but which were unavoidably absent. The speaker alluded to Energy, which is evidently, in his opinion, the power that creates and controls. He said that the world sprang from vapor. There is nothing we know of that cannot be converted into gas. Every atom of sand and rock and glass is in motion. It is an imitation of the great astronomical action of the universe—an imitation of the solar system. All the so-called "fixed stars" are sweeping around at the rate of thousands of miles a minute. Before the solar system was created there must hav been some normal condition. What was that condition? Was it dark chaos? The speaker thought it was not, for nowhere do we find any matter at rest. Rocks are not Nature at rest. Everything is in motion; therefore we can not believe that the normal condition of the earth was inertia. The Energy that was the normal condition of the earth is what has impelled the countless millions of atoms and formed all the systems we know anything about. The microscope shows that there are minute insects we cannot see, and that these insects "hav other fleas to bite 'em." The naked eye beholds the light of suns that has been 125 years in traveling to us at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. There is no great, no small, no time, no distance, no space, that controls our finite minds. Electricity is nature seeking an equilibrium. Newton calls it the "attraction of gravitation." Modern scientists do not exactly agree with Newton. Matter is elastic. A drop of water can be expanded under heat to cover 20,000,000 acres of land. The world is traveling at the rate of 1,000 miles a minute. We do not realize it, but it is true, and our equilibrium is preserved by the pressure of ether, or matter from the outside. In all creation of the living being the first thing formed is the stomach. The first demand is to eat, to consume something. The spiral nebula is a round cart-wheel whirling through space; the solar system is a great stomach. Neptune was thrown off by the revolution of the spiral nebulæ. Then Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Neptune, the earth, and the moon were thrown off. When thrown off the earth was a molten mass, but gradually cooled. Thus it was that worlds began and grew. Finally a mineral crust was formed around the earth. The speaker thought the earth was solid to the core. It was foolish to think of the center of the earth as a molten mass of fire, and of the volcanoes as the outlet of this molten mass. One might as well believe that the great Chicago fire could hav been ventilated through a clay pipe. Every leaf has a million mouths to eat carbon. The coral polyp eats carbon. The part which carbon has played in the physical creation of worlds was elaborated at length.

A collection was then taken up in the interest of Energy, while the choir sang "Giv Me a Home by the Sea."

Members of the audience then questioned and criticised the lecture of Judge Paige, and the lecturer replied. This gave a spice to the proceedings which was heartily appreciated.

The Union has passed these resolutions:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of the Chicago Secular Union is hereby extended to Dr. W. H. and Mrs. Henry, not only for their munificent generosity financially, but for the activ interest and enthusiasm they hav manifested for the society, and especially do we recognize the far-seeing executiv ability by which the doctor prompted the procuring of a permanent home, his intelligent and successful direction in its preparation, and the prominent part he has taken in the upbuilding of Secularism in Chicago; and be it further

Resolved, That we tender our acknowledgments, esteem, and appreciation to Mrs. Dr. Henry for the beautiful and elaborate floral decorations which (even while absent from the city) she has so graciously donated, furnishing unmistakable evidence of her kindly remembrance and sympathy.

Had Dr. McLeod also been absent, we should hav tried to suitably emphasize our deep obligations for years of generous bounty and incessant labor, but it was no use when he was present.

I am busily packing and forwarding bundles of leaflets and literature to contributors to the Campaign Fund, and find the cost of transmission is quite a serious item. I wish all parties would remit enough postage or expressage, and that would help cover the cost of sending further documents. Individually that would be but a small outlay; to the Union it is a considerable expense.

About these leaflets and literature. Do you Liberals realize how little is known of the American Secular Union? Ask your orthodox neighbors, and nine out of ten never hav heard of it. If you believe in the essence of American freedom, it is your duty to enlighten them that we exist, and what we exist for. A simple leaflet will do that. Now let everyone whose eye this meets commence to coöperate for the common cause. The majority of my correspondents deplore that orthodoxy has got a tight grip on their town. Two or three good Liberal workers ought to set orthodoxy out in the cold in any small community. It cannot be done in a day; it takes time, work, judgment, and a little money. Most Liberals possess the requisits, and should do their duty. They should pattern from the success of orthodoxy, and organize. Become a battalion in the army of aggressiv Secularists. If there is none to organize with you, you can assist the work along somewhere by sending us the sinews of war, and help keep the guns well shotted with effectiv literature to open on the enemy. The God-in-the-state party are marshaling their forces to manacle the human mind with fear and superstition. We are recruiting to counteract their schemes, and keep the watch-fires of freedom burning. Who will respond to the muster roll? This is not a fight for bloody conquest or booty, but to light the world with the torch of reason, and lift the race to higher and nobler conditions. At least, we ask you to sustain the Freethought press and the Secular Union advocates. If Secularization is not accomplished, it will be more through our own indifference than any other cause. Why do we revere the memory of the Freethought heroes? They boldly acted out, openly declared, and generously sustained their ideas before the world against opposition the like of which we now can scarcely conceive. The real reverence we should pay them is only that of emulation. Many professed Freethinkers hide their views as much as possible, or relieve themselvs from responsibility by indolently boasting, "I let everyone think just as he pleases!" How condescending! How heroic! When organized orthodoxy is engaged in strangling our liberty, and proposes to make it a crime to think differently from what it prescribes, and even enforces that in some portions of our land to-day. Still, as surely "as truth ever comes uppermost," success will be the reward of an association which, though weak in point of organization, gathers to the support of its principles such a noble host as year by year sustain the American Secular Union. Contrast the high purposes, the unselfish devotion, the chivalrous conduct of this brave band of stalwart Secularists with the petty frauds, spiteful maligners, and pious slanderers whom we rejoice to call our enemies—enemies also to the Declaration of Independence, to the Constitution, and to natural rights.

Seriously consider this proposition. Do not lay it away for future consideration. Liberals, raise up from your lethargy and strike for mental liberty now. To the work before us we invite the coöperation of all who can rise above personal piques of the past and come into cordial union for constitutional, legitimate Secular work, and we will extend to them the right hand of good-fellowship.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. American Secular Union.
241 *Washington boulevard.*

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

TEMPE, ARIZ., March 18th, 20th.—It is a long, tedious ride of twelve hours from Deming to Maricopa, a dead-alive halting-place, where passengers for Tempe and Phenix hav to lay over seven or eight hours. There is a very neat little depot and a little one-jack hotel. Even the execrable real estate fiend has not yet stuck his stakes at Maricopa to mark off the park, court-house, opera-house, and immensely valuable corner lots. The town is a thing of the "yet to be." At 2:30 P.M. the train started for Tempe, and on arrival here I found the most lovely oasis conceivable; no poet's dream of fairyland could exceed the beautiful realities of this valley. The place was first discovered and settled by that most exemplary and true Infidel gentleman, Chas. Trumbull Hayden, the merchant prince of Arizona. To his untiring pluck, perseverance, and generosity of heart, manifest to all its early settlers, is due the present flourishing condition of Tempe. Mr. Hayden is president of the educational board, and thanks to his influence and untiring zeal the normal school of Arizona is located here, built under his direction, with no stairs to climb; large, well-ventilated rooms, all on the ground floor, with a large piazza all around, keeping the rooms cool and modulating the light, making a splendid model school-building, beautifully situated in a twenty-acre lot.

I found on visiting the school about thirty bright young men and women, diligent students, and the professor a genuin Liberal. No danger of any of the teachers who graduate from the Tempe normal school ever having Bible or any other superstition taught in any schools over which they will preside.

Here I fully realized I was upon the frontier. The *picture-askew* Indians flock in town each day—their village is only two miles off—and the noble sons of the forest engage half a day at a time in the heroic game of marbles. They are mostly in full paint, and are well-*red*—so long as they can get red ocher to daub over their revolting, homely phiz. The noble red man is like Santa Claus, Christ, Jack the Giant-killer, and other myths of the nursery—a myth of wild imagination. And the lovely Indian maiden, the peerless Hiawatha, Laughing Water, she exists here—in your dreams. The genuin aborigines are diabolical, revolting, beastly, dirty blacks. The Mexican half-breed is a swarthy, dirty black, like the Indian, only more so. If they were all immersed in the laughing waters of the beautiful river and left under, there would be no real occasion for briny tears to flow. This sounds horridly unpoetical, but it is hard fact, simple truth.

In company with Mr. Hayden I ascended the Olympian hill, known as Hayden's butte, from which one can view a splendid panorama of the valley for a great distance. Immense fields of alfalfa; orchards of peaches, plums, apricots, and figs; acres and acres of vineyards, with the grape roots just starting their bright green leaves (they cut off all the vines, and each year prune clear to the stumps and let them hav fresh start, and thus no stakes or trellis are needed). In this most lovely and healthful valley investment in a few acres of land cannot fail to insure in a few years a competence. It is not speculation, but certainty. Tempe must become the great distribution-point for lumber, coal, and iron ore (so abundant in the adjacent mountains), both south and east, as well as of all supplies for all the rich gold and silver mines which will soon swarm with sturdy miners. Both commercially, agriculturally, and horticulturally it has promis of all that could be desired. There is an abundant supply of water. I could but regret that poverty barred me from investment here, which would insure such ample provision for old age.

From the Hayden butte, with the aid of a field-glass, I looked over the beautiful valley toward the camp of Frank H. Cushing, of the United States bureau of ethnology, about eight miles to the southwest. Mr. Hayden called my attention to the prayers of the ancient Zuni, engraved on the rocks at the very summit of the mountain—strange hieroglyphics to me, but readily interpreted by the skilled ethnologist Cushing. Of one thing I am certain, those prayers reached nearer heaven than any ever uttered in the vale below us.

The next day Mr. Hayden took me to the Mormon settlement (they are not polygamists). They came into the valley about seven years ago; now they hav beautiful homes, shaded with mammoth cotton-trees, and surrounded by fruit-bearing orchards, oranges, apricots, peaches, figs, and extensiv vineyards. Eight

years ago this lovely garden was a mere sandy desert.

We next drove to the camp of the Hemenway Southwestern archeological expedition, under command of Prof. Frank Cushing, and received most kind and hospitable greeting. The professor and all his assistants are profound scientists, and as a matter of course genuin Infidels. The camp comprises about fifteen tents, and is located in the immediate vicinity of the ruins of the city and great temple of the ancient Zuni. From beneath gravelly knolls, covered with rank growth of mesquite and sage brush, Mr. Cushing's workmen hav exhumed the debris of a large city fully two thousand years old, with its hundreds of houses, sacred temple, irrigating canals and sakies, large quantities of beautiful fabrics, and the stone bobbins used in weaving, earthern vessels, stone axes, hammers, tools, clubs, and other implements of war; finger-rings of sea-shell, some beautifully engraved; many finely-carved ornaments in shell of suggestiv shapes. Shells are abundant, more than twenty marine species having been found.

The priests were buried in the sacred temple, but the common people were cremated; skeletons of the priests hav been found entombed within the precincts of the sacred temple, many skulls with the teeth all in. Death and the dead had no terrors for these people, for mixed in their daily associations were the urns containing the ashes of their relativs and friends, and the adobe sarcophagi of their priests they passed every day in their entrance to and exit from the temple.

To the talented truth seeker, Frank H. Cushing, alone is due the credit of clearing up all doubts; with unflagging zeal he has pushed the exploration until even the domestic customs and many of the temple ceremonies of these ancients hav been brought to light. Ever since the first expedition of Coronado, the ruins of this valley hav been a source of wonder and speculation as to their original inhabitants.

I delivered three lectures at the A. O. U. W. Hall at Tempe, the first Liberal lectures ever delivered in the vicinity, and awoke deep interest. The best comment I can make to describe the interest is the simple statement of the fact that on my urging the formation of a Liberal society, with Liberal and scientific library and reading-room, $170 was promptly subscribed. To Mr. John Martin, an earnest truth seeker, I am under obligations for making all arrangements, and to him is confided the main responsibility of selecting the library. He is a most energetic Liberal, and his work for Freethought is a very labor of love, and it is made a very joy by the prompt alacrity with which the noble band of Liberals here second his efforts. C. B. Reynolds.

E. C. Walker and the Harmans Free.

From advance sheets of Lucifer of April 20th.

The indictment charged that the defendants, Moses Harman, E. C. Walker, and George S. Harman, deposited in the post-office at Valley Falls a certain obscene, lewd, and lascivious paper entitled *Lucifer*, which publication was so obscene, lewd, and lascivious as to dispense with its incorporation in the indictment.

Mr. Clemens opened the argument for the defense on the motion to quash the indictment.

He claimed that the statute under which the defendants were indicted was a penal statute and must be strictly construed—that it must be so construed as to make as few offenses as possible and as to embody in a single offense as many elements of crime as possible. The indictment, he said, set forth more than one offense in the same count, and hence was bad for uncertainty. Also, that as the punishment in this case might be imprisonment in the state prison for ten years, the case came within the provision of the Constitution of the United States which provides that no person shall be called upon to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime except upon indictment by a grand jury. Therefore if the indictment was bad it could be in no wise amended or supplemented; and the indictment was bad because it did not set out the alleged obscene matter, and from its face it could not be ascertained whether the defendants' alleged act amounted to a crime or not.

As a further reason for a strict construction Mr. Clemens insisted that notwithstanding the Supreme Court had held the statute in question constitutional in Jackson's case, 6th Otto, yet that was a lottery case, and so far as that case would apply to the case at bar it was a mere *obiter dictum*, and it was plainly apparent from the reasoning of the court even in that case that the court felt that the statute did to some extent abridge the freedom of the press. Where liberty was at stake, declared Mr. Clemens, all doubts should be resolved in favor of accused.

Mr. Albert Perry, United States district attorney, followed, and claimed that as the indictment designated the paper as *Lucifer* and gave the date of the mailing, the parties were thereby sufficiently apprised of the matter they were called upon to answer, naïvely observing that when the date of mailing was given the defendants knew what paper it was they mailed.

Mr. Overmyer, interrupting, reminded him that they were presumed to be innocent until proven guilty, therefore it was not to be presumed in advance that they had mailed anything, or that they could know anything about the things the prosecution were thinking about. Mr. Perry made no reply to this, but went on to decry and ridicule Mr. Clemens's asseverations of the importance of guarding carefully the liberty of the individual. He said that if the defendants were not sufficiently advised of the matter alleged against them, a bill of particulars could be furnished them.

Mr. Overmyer, for the defense, followed Mr. Perry. He maintained the positions contended for by Mr. Clemens, and in addition thereto he claimed that even if it should be conceded that the alleged obscene matter could in any case be omitted from the indictment, yet the excuse therefore must not, as in this case, be the mere opinion of the grand jury that it might be dispensed with, but should be that the matter alleged as an excuse should be *matter* of *fact* from which the court could judge as matter of law whether the grand jury should hav omitted it or not, and that if even it were possible to frame a valid excuse for not setting out the alleged obscene matter, yet that excuse could only apply to the *very words* of the matter complained of, and there could still be no reason why the substance should not be set out in proper language. He held that unless at least the substance of the matter complained of was set out, the defendant could not know the *nature* and *cause* of the accusation against him, and that this was a sacred right guaranteed by the Constitution. The defendant could not plead either conviction or acquittal in bar of a subsequent prosecution for the same offense. The court could not decide upon the face of the indictment whether an offense had been committed, and no report of the trial would or could advise those who come after us as to what the courts hold to be obscene.

In response to Mr. Perry, he declared that it is just as true now as it ever was that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; that liberty is the dearest thing on earth and cannot be too much talked about; that the man who on all proper occasions stood up for liberty rendered a great service to humanity, and that he (Overmyer) would always be found talking for liberty when the opportunity was afforded. The idea that there is no need of such talk was a fallacy, and there was just as urgent need for it in this country as in any country or in any age. If liberty is to be preserved, it must be as jealously guarded under a government erected by the majority as under one proclaimed by imperial decree. The laws passed by a majority could be made so as to constitute a despotism as bitter and odious as any that ever existed under the rule of any tyrant.

Overmyer also stated that he was individually of the opinion that those thinkers were right who in the formativ stages of our institutions held that the law should utterly ignore all these matters that are considered nasty, for the reason that if any subject is too offensiv to be mentioned in decent society it is too offensiv to injure any pure person, and if anyone can be affected at all by such utter nastiness, such a one has reached the point where nothing can injure him. The law should throw the mantle of silence and oblivion over any matter too offensiv to go on record, and any matter not thus offensiv should not constitute crime.

As to Mr. Perry's suggestions that the government could furnish a bill of particulars respecting the matters wherein the indictment was uncertain, Mr. Overmyer said the thought could not be entertained for a moment, for the plain reason that the district attorney had no power or authority to do such a thing. If the uncertainty was immaterial then no specifications were needed, but if the uncertainty was material then it was fatal to the indictment, and the defendants had a right to stand upon their rights and demand that it be quashed. The Constitution provides for indictment by a *grand jury*, and no other officer or body was empowered to make presentments for infamous crimes as in this case. The district attorney could no more furnish a bill of particulars than he could return an indictment. No one but the grand jury could inform the court as to the facts upon which they based an indictment. And while he and his associate counsel knew that Mr. Perry would not mislead them, yet if this practice were permitted the district attorney could bring any paper he pleased and say, "This is the paper the grand jury had in mind when they preferred this charge." Under this indictment he might produce any paper called *Lucifer*, whether it was published recently and in this country or whether it was published in England centuries ago. To permit such a practice would do away with the grand jury, as the attorney could bring his paper into court and the court could judge of the question of crime upon the face of the paper. But the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that nothing can be added to or taken from an indictment, that an indictment in capital and otherwise infamous offenses is jurisdictional, and if it is not good there is nothing before the court. That the ancient practice, if an indictment showed some defect, was, when the grand jury which returned it was still in session, to return it to them and let them make it good, but no one else can piece it out, no one else can make it good; and as that grand jury is no more there is no alternativ but to quash.

Numerous authorities were cited for the defense from the American and English authorities.

The court promptly sustained the motion to quash upon the ground that as the indictment did not set out the obscene matter it should at least hav described it in some way so as to show the *nature* and *cause* of the accusation, and that it was not competent for the district attorney to furnish a bill of particulars.

A German View of It.

From the Anzeiger des Westens.

The ideas of our American fellow-citizens are to us born Germans, or who hav grown up here in German influences, often thoroughly incomprehensible. Lately the president and cashier of a bank in Raleigh, N. C., fled to Canada, the paradise of dishonest officials—not empty-handed, but with all the bank's money. . . . That these clever rogues, up to the time of the discovery of their crime, were very pious, is perfectly natural. It is to the advantage of people who hav positions of trust to pretend piety if they do not possess it, and that they succeed so often in deceiving the honestly pious lies in the nature of the case, and is no shame to the latter class. But that sneak-thieves like those from Raleigh, after their crime is known to everyone, should still retain the respect of their pious fellow-believers, it is that which to us Germans is incomprehensible. When the thievish cashier, White, returned to Raleigh, a crowd of his church friends visited him in prison, and were greatly edified by his assuring them that during all his trials his religion had held fast to him. Yet this rascal had, when arrested, $25,000 of stolen money in his pockets! His friends returned the assurance that his brethren and sisters in the Lord had never doubted him, and that the young ladies whom he taught in the Sunday-school had sent up to heaven an ardent prayer in his behalf. Now, is not this naked hypocrisy on both sides? It seems so, for none of the pious brethren and sisters offered to go his bail.

Personal Liberty.

As I understand it, the principle upon which our government is founded is that the individual may follow the bent of his will so long as he is not a source of annoyance to his fellows. Very well; now I want to know by what authority, or upon what principle, various laws are enacted which decree what days I shall and what days I shall not open my store, or my theater, or giv my Secular concert.

Are the church and the state separate when the state exempts the church from taxation, or recognizes such a crime as blasphemy? Is it anybody's business if my friends and I wish to bet and gamble, or to commit suicide? George Peterson.

Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. Remsburg's appointments, as far as arranged, are as follows:

Bowen, Ill	Sat., Sun.. April 21, 22.
Strasburg, Ill	Mon., Tues., 23, 24.
Stewardson, Ill	Wed., 25.
Effingham, Ill	Thurs., 26.
Charleston. Ill	Fri., 27.
Westfield, Ill	Sat., Sun., 28, 29.
Grandview, Ill	Mon.. 30.
Dresden, Ind	Tues., Wed., Thurs., May 1, 2, 3.
Worthington, Ind	Fri., 4.
Versailles, Ind	Sat., 5.
Cincinnati, O	Sun., 6.
Richmond, Ind	Mon., 7.
Dublin, Ind	Tues., 8.
Winchester. Ind	Wed., Thurs., 9, 10.
Greenville, O	Fri., 11.
Mechanicsburg, O	Sat., Sun., 12, 13.
Coolville, O	Mon., 14.
Lower Salem, O	Tues., Wed., 15, 16.
Elba, O	Thurs., 17.
New Comerstown, O	Fri., 18.
Canal Dover, O	Sat., Sun., 19, 20.
Massillon, O	Mon., 21.
Hanoverton, O	Tues., 22.
New Bedford. Pa	Wed., 23.
Youngsville, Pa	Thurs., 24.
Pike, N. Y	Fri., 25.
Arcadia, N. Y	Sat., Sun., 26, 27.
East Otto, N. Y	Mon., 28.
Geneva, O	Tues., 29.
Granger, O	Wed., Thurs., Fri., 30, 31, June 1.
Republic, O	Sat., Sun., 2, 3.
New Haven, Ind	Mon., 4.
Huntington, Ind	Tues., 5.
Xenia, Ind	Wed., Thurs., Fri., 6, 7, 8.
Augusta, Mich	Sat., Sun., 9, 10.
Springport, Mich	Mon., 11.
Hastings, Mich	Tues., 12.
Nunica, Mich	Wed., 13.
Kalamazoo, Mich	Thurs., 14.
Monticello, Ill	Fri., 15.
Arrowsmith, Ill	Sat., Sun., 16, 17.
Lyndon, Ill	Mon., 18.
Galesburg, Ill	Tues., 19.
Bethany, Mo	Wed., 20.
New Hampton, Mo	Thurs., 21.
Ridgeway, Mo	Fri., 22.
Maysville, Mo	Sat., 23.

Evolution in Civilized Man.

Report, from Science, of Major J. W. Powell's Address before the Annual Meeting of the Washington Anthropological Society.

Nature givs more lives than she can support; there are more individuals requiring nourishment than there is food. Only those liv that obtain sufficient nutriment, and only those liv that find a habitat. Of the multitude of germs, some perish on the rocks, some languish in the darkness, some are drowned in the waters, and some are devoured by other living beings. A few liv because they fall not upon the rocks, but are implanted in the soils; because they are not buried in the darkness, but are bathed in the sunlight; because they are not overwhelmed by deep waters, but are nourished by gentle rains, or because they are not devoured by the hungry, but dwell among the living. A few liv because they are the favorits of surrounding circumstances. In the more stately phrase of the philosophy of evolution, they are "adapted to the environment." Evolution, or progress in life, is accomplished among animals or plants by killing the weaker—the less favored—and by saving the stronger and more favored. Many must be killed because there are too many, and so the best only are preserved. Those a little above the average are saved, and this is called "natural selection."

Competition among plants and animals is fierce, merciless, and deadly; out of competition fear and pain are born; out of competition come anger and hatred and ferocity. But it must not be forgotten that from this same competition there arise things more beautiful and lovely—the wing of a butterfly, the plumage of the bird, and the fur of the beast; the hum of the honey-bee, the song of the nightingale, and the chatter of the squirrel. So good and evil dwell together.

In civilization, man does not compete with plants for existence. Thorns cannot drive him from fruits, husks cannot hide nutritious seeds from his eye, shells cannot defend sweet nuts from his grasp; but he speedily destroys from the face of the earth the plants which are not of the highest value for his purpose, and he plants those that are of value, and multiplies them in a marvelous manner, and by skilled culture he steadily improves their character, making the sweet sweeter, the rich richer, and the abundant more abundant.

In the higher civilization, man does not compets with the beast for existence. There are no howling wolves or bears on our farms, there are no lions or tigers in civilized lands, and there are no serpents in our cities. All these dwell where civilization has not yet conquered its way. Civilized man has domesticated the animal: he hives the bee for its honey, he coops the bird for its eggs, he pastures the cow for her milk, and he stables the horse that his boy may ride on its back.

In the highest civilization, the world is not crowded with men beyond their ability to procure sustentation; for, if some hunger, it is not because of the lack of the world's food, but because of the imperfect distribution of that food to all. Men are not crowded against plants, men are not crowded against beasts, and men are not crowded against one another. The land is yet broad enough for all. The valleys are not all filled, the hillsides are not all covered. The portion of the earth that is actually cultivated and utilized to supply the wants of man is very small; it compares with all the land as a garden to a plain, an orchard to a forest, a meadow to a prairie. Nature is prodigal of her gifts. The sweet air, as it sweeps from zone to zone, is more than enough to fan every cheek; the pure water that falls from the heavens and refreshes the earth, and is again carried to the heavens on chariots of light, is more than enough to refresh all mankind; the bounteous earth, spread out in great continents, is more than enough to furnish every man a home; and the illimitable sea has wealth for man that yet has not been touched. Thus it is that in human evolution over-population is not a factor, as it is in biotic evolution.

In the highest civilization, man does not compete with man in the struggle for existence, and thus human competition is not biotic competition. In biotic evolution the wolf devours the fawn; but on the average he devours the weakest fawn, and the strongest fawn livs to beget a fleeter race of stags; and the evolution of stag life is accomplished by such means. But when the highwayman waylays the traveler, and there is a struggle for existence which ends in a murder, no step in human evolution is accomplished thereby.

Again, in the higher civilization man does not compete with man in the direct struggle for the means of existence as does the brute. In the struggle for subsistence, one ox gores another to drive him from a blade of grass, one wolf rends another to drive him from a bone. Among the animals the struggle for the means of existence is direct, rapacious, and cruel; but in civilized society man shares with his fellowman; the poor and the unfortunate are fed at the table of charity. A maimed beast is driven from the crib, but men and women will vie with one another to serve a maimed man; and one of the highest aspirations of civilized society is to dispense generous hospitality.

Vestiges of brutal competition still exist in the highest civilization, but they are called crimes; and, to prevent this struggle for existence, penal codes are enacted, prisons are built, and gallowses are erected. Competition in the struggle for existence is the agency by which progress is secured in plant and animal life, but competition in the struggle for existence among men is crime most degrading. Brute struggles with brute for life, and in the eons of time this struggle has wrought that marvelous transformation which we call the evolution of animals; but man struggles with man for existence and murder runs riot—no step in human progress is made.

That struggle for existence between man and man which we hav considered and called crime is a struggle of one individual with another. But there is an organized struggle of bodies of men with bodies of men, which is not characterized as murder, but is designated as warfare. Here, then, we hav man struggling with man on a large scale, and here it is where some of our modern writers on evolution discover the natural law of selection—"the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence." The strongest army survives in the grand average of the wars of the world.

When armies are organized in modern civilization, the very strongest and best are selected, and the soldiers of the world are gathered from their homes in the prime of manhood and lusty health. If there is one deformed, if there is one maimed, if there is one weaker of intellect, he is left at home to continue the stock, while the strong and courageous are selected to be destroyed. In organized warfare the processes of natural selection are reversed: the fittest to liv are killed, the fittest to die are preserved; and in the grand average the weak, physically, mentally, and morally, are selected to become the propagators of the race.

Among bi-sexual animals, one of the agencies of evolution is sexual selection. Brutes fight one another for mates, and in the grand aggregate the weaker are killed, and the stronger are preserved to perpetuate their kind; and various devices are gradually developed for attracting and winning mates, and the forms, colors, and habits of animals are modified thereby. But even in savagery this battle for sexual love is largely avoided, and, that peace may be preserved, marriage institutions are established. It seems at first that men in groups agree to marry women in groups. A group of men holding a group of women in common, defend one another's rights from violation from without, and liv together in peace. On this plan there supervenes another system of institutions for marriage, where a group of men are destined to become husbands of a group of women in severalty, and the selections are not made by the parties themselvs, but by the elders; that is, where marriage is by legal appointment within prescribed groups. Thus marriage institutions change from age to age, and from state of culture to state of culture, until the highest civilization is reached, where the man marries the woman of his choice on the sole condition that he is the man of her choice, and where the man must hav but one wife, and the woman but one husband, and the twain are one in love, in purpose, and in law. But in the course of this evolution of marriage institutions, how many customs hav obtained, how many agreements hav been made, how many laws hav been enacted! And along the entire course of the history of marriage institutions, customs and laws hav disappeared, that new and better customs and laws might take their places; and the struggle for mates existing among the lower animals has been replaced by the endeavor to secure peace and happiness in human society. Thus man has transferred the struggle for existence from himself to his institutions. The marriage ceremony of the beast with its mate is a battle with a rival; the marriage of a man with his mate is a festival of kindred and friends. And wherever any vestige of the beastly struggle remains in human society, there crime is committed, and the course of human evolution is checked. The way from communal marriage to monogamy and personal choice is very long, but every step in it has been taken by man in his endeavor to secure greater happiness.

Comparing animals with men, among the brutes rights and duties are distributed by hoofs and claws and horns and fangs, and by all brutal powers; but among men rights and duties are distributed by institutions.

In this brief review of the growth of institutions, it is observed that forms of government are ever changing, that the constitution of the state is ever changing, and that the laws are ever changing. As these changes proceed, better institutions are selected by men; and thus is secured a "survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence" among institutions. In civilization man does not struggle with man for existence; but by the invention of institutions he emancipates himself from the reign of terror inherent in brutal competition, and transfers the struggle from himself to the institutions of his creation.

All of this statement may be summarized in this manner: man does not compete with plants and animals for existence, for he emancipates himself from that struggle by the invention of arts; and, again, man does not compete with his fellow-man for existence, for he emancipates himself from that brutal struggle by the invention of institutions. Animal evolution arises out of the struggle for existence; human evolution arises out of the endeavor to secure happiness: it is a conscious effort for improvement in condition.

But arts and institutions alone hav not secured the evolution of mankind, for they hav been powerfully aided by two other classes of human invention—namely, linguistics and opinions—and the part which they hav taken must be mentioned.

By human endeavor, man has created speech, by which he may express his thoughts. And out of this endeavor, in all lands and in all time, the unorganized languages of savages hav been developed into the languages of modern civilization; and all this progress, all this evolution, is by human endeavor; and in it natural selection, as that term is understood in biology, has played no part.

Along the course of human progress opinions hav been changing. The cruelty of nature in biotic evolution has been set forth. In this figure of speech, Nature is personified, and, if we still personify Nature, to the savage man Nature was ever a deceiver and a cheat.

Nature tells the savage that the earth is flat, over which the sky is arched as a solid dome; then Nature tells the savage that the sun travels over the flat earth, and under the sky of ice, by day from east to west, and returns again in a cave by night from west to east; then Nature tells the savage that the rain comes from the melting of the ice of the sky. Many, strange, foolish, and false are the stories that Nature tells to the untutored savage. Nature is the Gulliver of Gullivers, the Munchausen of Munchausens. Nature teaches men to believe in wizards and in ghosts. Nature fills the human mind with foolish superstitions and horrible beliefs. The opinions of the natural man fill him with many fears, giv him many pains, and cause him to commit many crimes. Out of all these savage superstitions man has traveled a long way into the light of science. And how shall the opinions of modern civilization be characterized? And who can tell how the knowledge of the highest civilization transcends the knowledge of the lowest savagery? And so opinions hav been changing—old opinions hav died, and new opinions hav been born—and philosophies hav struggled for existence as man has endeavored to learn; and with man forever the struggle to know has been the endeavor to secure happiness, for truth is good, and wisdom is joy.

Through the inventions of mankind his mind has been developed. If we review the history of the human race, and fully comprehend what mental effort has been put forth to invent the arts of civilization and all the arts that hav passed away by being superseded from age to age by better inventions, and fully grasp the mental efforts involved therein, we may comprehend that there is some good reason why the inventor of the electric light is superior to the inventor of the torch, why the inventor of the telegraph is superior to the inventor of the smoke-signal, why the inventor of the machine-shop is superior to the inventor of the flint-factory, why the inventor of the railroad is superior to the inventor of the dog-sled, why the inventor of the newspaper is superior to the inventor of a picture-writing on a bone. It has caused some exercise to bring about all the mental evolution which these differences implied.

Modern industries hav been highly differentiated, or, the political economists would say, in modern industry there is great division of labor. By this division of labor men are made interdependent. No man livs for himself, but every man livs for others.

When a man invents a new thresher, it is not that he may thresh his own grain, but that his neighbors may use it, that all the world may hav it, and they, in return, may contribute to his happiness. If a man invents a new regulation or law, it is not that his own conduct may be regulated thereby, but that some injustice may be removed, or some justice be established, in the relations of the people of the state one to another. The farmer plants a field to raise wheat for his neighbors' bread, the gardener plants the vineyard to raise grapes for his neighbors' wine, the lawyer pleads his neighbors' cause, the physician givs nepenthe to his neighbors' pain, the poet writes for his neighbors' delight, the artist paints for his neighbors' gallery, and the philosopher expounds for his neighbors' instruction.

All honest men are working for other men. If a man works exclusivly for himself, he is a counterfeiter, or a forger, or a swindler, or a sneak-thief, or perchance a highwayman. All love of industry, all love of integrity, all love of kindred, all love of neighbor, all love of country, and all love of humanity, is expressed in labor for others. For this service thus performed a right to a reward is required, and he for whom the service is performed has imposed upon him the duty to render the reward, and the service is rendered in the hope of the reward.

Everywhere in civilized society men are thus working for others. Every man, in all the years of his labor, toils for his fellow-man, and the practice is universal among all honest civilized men, and lasts from generation to generation; and universal practice is gradually becoming crystallized into universal habit. One man is trying to make better houses for his neighbors, another man is trying to make better shoes for his neighbors, another man is trying to make better laws for his neighbors, and another man is trying to make better books for his neighbors. Every man is thus forever dwelling upon the welfare of his neighbors, and making his best endeavor for their good; and thus the habit grows from generation to generation, until at last some men forget that there is reward for service, and labor for their fellow-men because they love their fellow-men.

It has been seen that no man works for himself. The counterpart of this is that every man is dependent upon his fellow-man. That he may hav good and abundant food, he desires the welfare of the farmer; that he may hav good clothing, he desires the welfare of the manufacturer; that his rights may be maintained, he desires the welfare of the statesman, the jurist, and the administrator; that he may hav the truth, he desires the welfare of the author; that he may enjoy poetry, he desires the welfare of the poet; and that he may enjoy art, he enjoys the welfare of the artist. It is thus that man is taught that he who loves the world loves himself, and he who hates the world hates himself. So it is that man toils for others and plans for their welfare, and others toil for him and plan for his welfare; so that every man's good is bound up with every other man's good, and every man's evil is an evil to every other man. And as man forever desires the good of his neighbor for his own sake, from generation to generation the desire for his neighbor's welfare for his own sake gradually becomes the desire for his neighbor's welfare for his neighbor's sake. Thus it is that selfishness is transformed into love, and justice and love are developed into the ethics of mankind. A part of the endeavor of mankind is governed by the principles of political economy, but the greater part is governed by the principles of philanthropy.

Competition is a rivalry among men engaged in the same vocation to render a service to others that the reward may be received. Economic competition has or may hav two factors—emulation and antagonism. By emulation is meant the strife between men for greater excellence—to perform better service for their fellow-men. By antagonism is meant strife in which man endeavors to injure his rival that he may himself succeed. Emulativ competition results in human progress; antagonistic competition results in human retrogression. Generous emulation and all its products are in the line of human progress. But jealousies, unjust criticism, carping detraction, and vile slander lead to no progress among mankind. Every success in art creates among laymen an appreciation and love of art in every way beneficial to the artist himself. The natural man, in his ignorance, spurns all works of art. It is the cultured man that loves art; and the culture which brings appreciation and love of art arises from the ethical training which works of art giv. In art, demand does not create supply, but supply creates demand. It is thus that the broad-minded artist rejoices in the success of his brother.

Among mining, manufacturing, and transporting industries, competition is both emulativ and antagonistic. To avoid the evils of the latter, each class of employers is gradually organizing corporations or trusts; but by these, emulativ competition is also avoided, for the managers of business enterprises no longer compete for business, but distribute business by convention. And in the same manner they repeal the law of competition in the labor market; they seek by convention to establish rates of wages. The employees in these same industries also compete with one another in two ways—by striving to render their labor more efficient by skilled industry, and by offering to labor for smaller wages. The first method of competition is emulativ, the second antagonistic. In all civilized society there is no competition so direful in its results, so degrading to mankind, as that which is produced among the employees of these classes who compete for employment by cheapening labor, for it results in overwork, which is brutalizing, and in want, which is brutalizing; and the abolition of this form of competition is one of the great questions of the day. To avoid the evil, these people organize labor unions, but, while these destroy antagonistic competition, they also result in the destruction of emulativ competition. The great problem in industrial society to-day is to preserve competition, and destroy antagonistic competition. The professional classes hav already solved the problem for themselvs, and they stand aloof and deplore the struggle; but they should learn this lesson from history: that, when wrongs arise in any class of society, those wrongs must ultimately be righted; and, so long as they remain, the conflict must remain; and when the solution comes not by methods of peace, it comes by war.

Injustice is a strange monster. Let any body of people come to see that injustice is done them in some particular, though it may be one which affects their welfare but to a limited degree: they dwell upon it and discuss it, and paint its hideous form one to another until the specter of that injustice covers the heavens, and gradually to that injustice the people will attribute all their evils. If a body of laborers receive unjust reward for their toil, they will dwell upon this evil so long, so often, and kindle their passions to such a hight, that they will at last attribute to the failure of receiving a modicum of reward for their toil all the evils of their own improvidence, all the evils of their own intemperance, all the evils of their own lust; and if fire and flood come, the very evils of unavoidable misfortune will be attributed to the injustice of unrequited toil. Injustice is of such a nature that it must be destroyed by society, or it will destroy society. We dare not contemplate its existence with equanimity, for "behold, what a great fire a little matter kindleth!"

Death Warrant of Jesus Christ.

Literary frauds hav abounded in all ages. Doubtless the chief motiv has been mercenary or mischievous, but in many instances it seems to hav been a desire to uphold or reform some institution or system which the writer believed to be beneficent. In early times, when readers were few and critics fewer, the chances of detection were small; but even now, with all our boasted enlightenment, it is lamentable to see how easily the world is deceived by a clumsy fabrication.

About ten years ago the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* printed a translation of what purported to be the "Death Warrant of Jesus Christ," discovered in the city of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1810, engraved on a copper-plate in Hebrew. The editor announced it as "the most imposing judicial document ever recorded in human annals." Other newspapers hav printed the same document, and generally with an editorial assurance that it is no doubt authentic. The date of its excavation is variously printed 1810, 1820, 1200, and 1280. It is said to hav been preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, inclosed in a box of ebony, where it was found by the commissioners of arts in the French army that invaded Italy in 1859. A fac-simile of the engraved plate is said to hav been made and owned by Lord Howard, who paid 2,930 francs for it. The translations vary considerably, but perhaps the following is as correct as any:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of all the lower province of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius [A.D. 31], on the 24th day of the month of March [the Sabbath], in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas [A.D. 12-21] and Caiaphas [A.D. 23-36], Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment at the presidential seat of the prætor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove:

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He excites the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy to the law.
4. He calls himself the son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the king of Israel.
6. He went into the temple, followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Order from the first centurion, Quirillis Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution. Forbid all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who hav signed the execution of Jesus are: 1, Daniel Robani, Pharisee; 2, John Zorabael; 3, Raphael Robani; 4, Capet.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gates of "Tournes" (or "Irunea" or "Strannus").

On the sides of the plate the following words are said to be engraved:

A similar plate has been sent to each tribe.

No further evidence of the fabrication of this document is needed than the attempt to date the sentence. March 24th, in the seventeenth year of Tiberius (A.D. 31), was the Sabbath day of the Jews, when no trial or execution was allowed by that people. And the four evangelists all say that the dead body of Jesus was in the tomb all the hours of the Sabbath day.

One copy of the pretended document has March 25th, which would be our Sunday, and March 27th, which would be Tuesday, but these are probably typographical errors. If such an engraved brass or copper plate exists, or was ever seen, it is a contemptible fraud, like the golden plates that Joseph Smith pretended to find in 1827.

Another fabricated Death Warrant of Jesus Christ appeared in a German newspaper some twelve or fifteen years ago, of which the following is a translation:

Within a few weeks France has experienced sad losses by fire. As already stated, by the burning of the very ancient Lorraine Museum at Nancy, antiquities which cannot be replaced hav been destroyed. A few days later the archbishop's palace at Bourges was burnt down; and here highly precious manuscript and antiquities perished in the flames, together with a particularly important historical document, the order of the execution against Jesus Christ. This satisfactory and authentically proved document was for hundreds of years in the possession of the family of Latour D'Auvergne, and was preserved as a precious relic in the archbishop's museum. We giv below a verbatim translation from the Latin text:

"Jesus of Nazareth, of the tribe of Judah, found guilty of disturbance and rebellion against the godly power of Tiberius Augustus, emperor of Rome, for this treason condemned to die on cross by the decision of Judge Pontius Pilate, and approved by our master Herod, representativ of the emperor in Judea, shall, early to-morrow, the 23d day of the Ides of March, at the common place of execution, under accompaniment of prætorian guards, suffer death. The so-called king of the Jews shall be taken out by the Strunium gate. Accompanying public officers and subordinates of the emperor are hereby ordered to giv a hand to the carrying out of this judgment. Jerusalem, the 22d day of the Ides of March, in the year [A.U.C.] 783 [A.D. 31 or 32]."

The forgery of this document is betrayed by the expression, "23d day of the Ides of March." There were but eight Ides in a Roman month, and they were reckoned backward, to wit, from the 13th to the 6th in all the months but March, May, July, and October, when they were reckoned from the 15th to the 8th. See table in Bullion's Latin Grammar, Appendix, where the Ides of March begin with the 15th and end with the 8th.

But the crucifixion could not hav occurred before March 26th, the earliest possible day for the Jewish Passover.

It is perhaps needless to add that the forger has made another fatal blunder in dating the death sentence one day before the crucifixion. The arrest of Jesus was on the night before his trial and execution. There was a hearing before the high priest during the night, but he was not brought before Pilate until the morning.

Finally, the date of the crucifixion, A.D. 31 or 32, is wrong according to the early Christian authorities. Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 200) positivly affirms that Jesus suffered in the fifteenth year of Tiberius (A.D. 29); and Tertullian not only says the same, but fixes the day March 25th. But unfortunately for Tertullian, March 25, A.D. 29, though it happened to be Friday, was not a Passover Friday. There was a full moon March 18th, but the Passover never occurred before the 26th of March. The next full moon was April 16th, which was Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, when no trial or execution could take place.

The reason why the year of the crucifixion could never be ascertained is that there was no Christ crucified under Pontius Pilate. The death of Jesus occurred a hundred years earlier; he was stoned and hanged by the Jews some time before their country was taken by the Romans. ANTICHRIST.

Impending Danger.

Is it possible that the people of the United States are in danger from the female suffrage agitation? I hav some fears in that direction. I once advocated the doctrin myself for four or five years before I discovered the feline claws in the meal, which must be as visible to others' eyes as mine. The scheme seems to be gaining ground slowly. Even Liberals, who are and should be on the alert to detect the track of the cloven-footed priest, are frequently advocating it. Does not every intelligent man and woman know that female suffrage at the present time would giv every office, from president to poundmaster, over into the hands of the Romish church? In proof of my assertion, let facts tell.

The Catholic vote now comprises about one-third of the votes cast in the United States; double the Catholic vote and you hav two-thirds of the votes cast. The Romish church is the best organized and disciplined political party in the world. The pope through his bishops and priests has only to giv the word of command and it is done. Every Catholic man and woman in the United States would vote one and the same ticket; the exceptions to the rule would not be worth counting (*vide* the order to establish parochial schools two years ago). The other women not Catholics would antagonize and neutralize each other's vote.

The truckling politicians who seek only to be on the winning side would soon see the point and avail themselvs of the opportunity. Remember the pandering to the papal power of both candidates and both parties at our last presidential election, and the presents made to the pope by our would-be candidate for reëlection. Can anyone say my fears are groundless or my picture overdrawn?

The success of the movement in the West proves the danger possible. Can any woman not a Catholic desire the ballot at such a cost, with the example of Catholic-cursed countries before their eyes, and the history of their rule in the past in their hands?

I well know and appreciate all the arguments in favor of woman suffrage, such as their being more competent than negroes, Indians, and ignorant foreigners, and the degradation of being classed with irresponsible persons, as idiots and insane persons, all of which, when placed in that light, no gentleman denies; but the necessity of voting to secure her rights, legally or otherwise, is not apparent to me, for you would go a long way to find the man that would not make much greater sacrifice to secure the rights or redress the wrongs of his mother, wife, or sister, or even of any other good woman, than he would for himself under the same circumstances.

S. M. BAYARD, M.D.

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Sunday Legislation.

A very timely book has been written by A. H. Lewis, D.D., of Plainfield, N. J., and published by a New York firm. It is entitled, "A Critical History of Sunday Legislation from 321 to 1888 A.D." Mr. Lewis is the author of several other works upon the Sunday question, and though a practicing preacher, takes a broad view of the matter; but rather leaving his readers to form their own conclusions from the facts he presents than having any hobby of his own to advocate. The church, which is now endeavoring in many states to arouse a public opinion which shall insist upon the enforcement of all Sunday laws, will not like the book, for its facts are that such legislation as is demanded has ever sprung and must ever spring from religious feeling, and none knows better than do the clergy that if they make their plea boldly for religion the people will reject it, as savoring too much of the union of church and state which once existed in New England, and which was overcome only after years of struggling against religious persecution.

Sunday legislation, aside from Jewish commandments, is something over fifteen hundred years old, and from its inception has been of religious origin. Constantine's famous edict was issued when he was a pagan, and when the Romans considered religion a department of the state. As pontifex maximus in all religious matters, especially in the appointment of sacred days, the emperor commanded his subjects to venerate the day of the sun. From the date of this edict to the fall of the Roman empire Sunday legislation was a combination of the pagan, Christian, and Jewish religious beliefs. In the Middle Ages the legislation became more Judaistic. The English Reformation introduced a new theory, and the laws of that period were theological treatises as well as civil enactments. Here we meet, says Dr. Lewis, for the first time the doctrin of the transfer of the fourth Commandment to the first day of the week. The Sunday laws of the United States are the direct outgrowth of the Puritan legislation of that time, and notably of the Cromwellian period. Every legislativ enactment on this subject is based on religious grounds, and to say the present Sunday laws do not deal with the day as a religious institution is, emphatically says Dr. Lewis, "to deny every fact in the history of such legislation. The claim that such legislation is not based on these grounds is a shallow subterfuge." It is interesting, then, as well as instructiv, to see to what lengths the piety of our forefathers led them.

The first Sunday—venerable day of the sun—edict had no penalty attached, for which credit should be given the pagans over the Christian Puritans. And under the Roman empire, following Constantine, the central idea of Sunday legislation was not to protect the day as a Christian institution, but was in accordance with the pagan conception of a state church. The term, "Lord's day," did not appear in Roman edicts for sixty-five years after the edict of Constantine. But as the Christians gained in power they utilized the sun's day for their Sunday, and it was kept sacred by law. But Roman legislation always treated it as a pagan institution till after the fall of the empire, and Christians were drawn to pagan practices instead of their elevating the heathen.

In A.D. 538 we arrive at the prototype of our Puritan Sunday legislation. The people were bidden to abstain from plowing, cultivating vines, reaping, mowing, threshing, or clearing their gardens, and the penalty was punishment as the ecclesiastical powers should direct. Forty years afterward the yoking of cattle was prohibited. In 585 the people were forbidden to labor, and commanded to go to church. Charlemagne (813) decreed that servil labor should be abstained from on Sunday, "and, that buying and selling shall be less likely to happen, there shall be no judicial trials, unless concerning capital crimes." Sunday was evidently regarded by him as a holiday upon which it was desirable to rest, but Pope Nicholas I. (858) taught the Burgundians who had just embraced Christianity that it was lawful to do works of necessity upon Sunday—"such as journeying, fighting," etc. But, if necessity did not prevent, Sunday ought to be spent in prayer. His directions involved also other Catholic holy days, and violators were subject to such punishment as the clergy saw fit to impose. But Sunday was no more holy than other sacred days; and this is the position generally maintained by the Continental Romish church, and is the reason that in Catholic countries, after a worshiper has been to church, he is free to amuse himself as best satisfies his tastes. In England, however, the Saxons went beyond the "holy Roman empire" in Sunday legislation, even as early as 725 A.D., and a lord who should force his slave to work on that day was obliged to free him, while a freeman who labored was straightway made a slave. The Saxon law of 901 A.D. was the same, but included other holy holidays as well. The laws were gradually expanded, but never became universally obeyed, as we find that in 1362 it was necessary to plead with the priests and people to honor Sunday and the feast days.

From the Saxon laws, however, the English kings gradually evolved Sabbatic legislation of a stringent nature, and in 1409 Henry IV. ordered that anyone playing unlawful games on Sunday should be imprisoned six days. Elizabeth, though not regarding Sunday as above other religious days, enjoined that in all parishes three or four "discrete men, which tender God's glory," should be appointed to see that the people went to church. They were the forerunners of the Puritan constables who performed the same offices and of the tipstaves who still survive as a relic of barbarism in New Jersey courts. Other laws were passed from time to time, fining Sunday-breakers five shillings, or imposing upon them two hours in the stocks, but the laws generally contained so many exceptions that the people could do pretty nearly as they wished.

The central twenty years of the seventeenth century saw a great change. From 1640 to 1660 the English Puritans strove to make the people religious by law, and prohibited the doing on Sunday of about everything they could think of, and enforced the prohibition by the appointment of special officers and the collection of heavy fines. Disturbers of religious gatherings were imprisoned six months. The following is the legal occupation of the people prescribed by Cromwell's Puritan Parliament in 1644. It is the "directory" from which were copied the forms of Sabbath observance which prevailed in New England in colonial times:

"The Lord's day ought to be so remembered beforehand, as that all worldly business of our ordinary callings may be so ordered, and so timely and seasonably laid aside, as they may not be impediments to the due sanctifying of the day when it comes.

"The whole day is to be celebrated as holy to the Lord, both in public and in private, as being the Christian Sabbath, to which ends it is requisit that there be a holy cessation or resting all the day, from all unnecessary labor, and an abstaining not only from all sports and pastimes, but also from all worldly words and thoughts.

"That the diet on that day be so ordered as that neither servants be unnecessarily detained from the public worship of God, nor any other persons hindered from sanctifying that day.

"That there be private preparation of every person and family by prayer for themselvs, for God's assistance of the minister, and for a blessing upon the ministry, and by such other holy exercises as may further dispose them to a more comfortable communion with God in his public ordinances.

"That all the people meet so timely for public worship that the whole congregation may be present at the beginning, and with one heart solemnly join together in all parts of the public worship, and not depart till after the blessing.

"That what time is vacant, between or after the solemn meetings of the congregation in public, be spent in reading, meditation, repetition of services (especially by calling their families to an account of what they hav heard and catechising of them), holy conferences, prayer for a blessing upon the public ordinances, singing of psalms, visiting the sick, relieving the poor, and such like duties of piety, charity, and mercy, accounting the Sabbath a delight."

Mr. Lewis's research into Scotch history shows that the Sunday laws were but lightly regarded previous to the establishment of Presbyterianism, but that religion dominated the state, the laws being mostly expressions of the theories of the leaders of the church. After the establishment of Calvinism, Parliament passed severe laws enforcing the observance of fast days, and it is significant that the penalties attached were greater than those for the violation of Sunday. Holland, also Protestant and Puritan, possessed Sunday laws of about the same tenor, fining and imprisoning Sabbath-breakers. Ancient Ireland had no Sunday laws, but its people were essentially sun-worshipers, and made Sunday a pagan festival day. The duties of an Irish king were scheduled, each day being devoted to a different pursuit; Sunday was "for drinking ale, for he is not a lawful chief who does not distribute ale on Sunday." English law was first introduced in Ireland in the twelfth century, but it was little obeyed until the latter part of the sixteenth century. In many instances the old pagan laws were in force until the time of James I. Since then the Sunday laws of Ireland are essentially the same as those of England. In Wales no Sunday legislation was known previous to its union with England in 1282 A.D. Both Sunday and Monday were "no days," a fact arising from the people's worship of the sun and moon.

It rested with the Puritans of New England to make of Sunday the most hated day of all the week, and to enforce its religious character by cruel penalties. "The civil government which these men adopted," says Dr. Lewis, "was the direct outgrowth of their religion. The theocracy of the Hebrews furnished the model after which it was patterned. The result was more than a union of church and state—it was a state within a church. Hence the civil laws of those times were the practical expression of orthodox theology; and the execution of those laws was an index to the vitality and power of the prevailing religion."

Taking this view, the progress of the Puritans, and their growth and backsliding in piety, may be known from the following list of penalties attached to Sabbath-breaking:

In June 10, 1650, the general court ordered that offenders against Sunday legislation should be whipped.

In 1651 they should pay ten shillings or be whipped.

In 1658, be fined or sit in the stocks.

In 1661 absentees from church were fined ten shillings.

In 1662 a person who desired to travel on Sunday should procure leave from some man appointed to issue tickets.

In 1665, those who went to sleep in church were put in the stocks.

In 1669, tobacco smokers who used the weed on Sunday within two miles of the meeting-house paid twelve pence.

The foregoing were Plymouth Colony laws. Massachusetts Bay Colony had these statutes:

In 1629 the people were commanded to cease labor at 3 P.M. Saturday, and spend the balance of the day as the ministers ordered. "Catechising and preparations for the Sabbath" were standard occupations.

In 1644 the elders announced that "the gathering of sticks with a high hand on the Sabbath-day may be punished with death, when a lesser punishment might serve for gathering sticks privily."

In the first draught of the laws by Mr. Cotton, revised by Mr. Winthrop, profaning the Lord's day in a careless or scornful neglect or contempt thereof was made a capital offense.

In 1646 absentees from church were fined five shillings.

In 1653 children who played in the streets; strangers who walked abroad, or went on board

ships; youths and maidens who went out of doors, "uncivilly," were fined, and if unable to pay the fine were whipped. This law was posted on every meeting-house door.

In 1658 it was observed "by too sad experience, the sun being set, both every Saturday and on the Lord's day, young people and others take liberty to walk," therefore the court decreed that all such who did not giv a satisfactory account of themselvs should "suffer corporal punishment."

In 1665 those who "contemned God's house" were fined and whipped.

In 1667 tithing-men were appointed to apprehend and commit to prison all Sabbath-breakers. Disturbers of public meetings were to be put in a cage set up in the market-place of Boston.

In the same year constables were ordered to make diligent search for Quaker gatherings, and if denied admittance, to break down the doors and arrest the congregation. Absentees from church who could not swear that they were "necessarily absent by the providence of God" were adjudged guilty "and punished accordingly."

In the same year another law empowered tithing-men to enter private houses to prevent the "profanation of the Sabbath." No one was suffered to leave town after sunset Saturday night.

In 1668 Sabbath-breakers were fined "ten shillings for the first offense, and for every offense after to be doubled; and, in case the offense herein be circumstanced with profaneness or high-handed presumption, the penalty is to be augmented at the discretion of the judge."

After Massachusetts Bay Colony and Plymouth Colony were merged into Massachusetts the substance of these laws was reënacted.

In 1711 twelve hours' imprisonment was one penalty for Sabbath-breaking. A month's continuous absence from church was punished by a fine of twenty shillings and "three hours in the stocks or cage." In 1760 a general amendment condensed these laws into one, to the end that all persons on the Lord's day shall "carefully apply themselvs publicly and privately to religion and piety."

In the New Haven Colony Sunday legislation took much the same form, with additions. The following statute on the "Profanation of the Lord's day" shows the additions:

"Whoever shall profane the Lord's day or any part of it, either by sinful servil work, or by unlawful sport, recreation, or otherwise, whether willfully or in a careless neglect, shall be duly punished by fine, imprisonment, or corporally, according to the nature and measure of the sin and offense. But if the court upon examination, by clear and satisfying evidence, find that the sin was proudly, presumptuously, and with a high hand, committed against the known command and authority of the blessed God, such a person therein despising and reproaching the Lord, SHALL BE PUT TO DEATH, that all others may fear and shun such provoking, rebellious courses. (Numb. 15: from 30 to 36 verse.)"—*New Haven Colony Records*, 1653–1655, p. 605.

In the Colony of Connecticut Sunday was held to be much better or much worse than other days, for in the law against burglary we find this:

"And if any person shall commit [such burglary, or] rob, in the fields or houses on the Lord's day, beside the former punishments, he shall, for the first offense, hav one of his ears cut off; and for the second offense in the same kind, he shall lose his other ear in the same manner, and if he fall into the same offense the third time, he shall be put to death."—*Public Records of the Colony of Connecticut prior to* 1665, p. 514.

The colony also looked after and punished Sabbath-breakers, compelled the people to attend church, catechise their children and servants as to holy things, and maintain regular family prayer. Travelers on Sunday were fined twenty shillings. Staying outside a meeting-house cost a man three shillings; gathering in the street or elsewhere on the evening before or after Sunday, or on the evening after any fast day, subjected the gatherers to a fine of three shillings or two hours in the stocks. Twenty stripes were the penalty for non-payment of a fine.

Rhode Island in the early part of this century punished the second offense of Sabbath-breakers with ten days in jail. New York fined them, or if they were slaves and their masters refused to pay the fine, gave them thirteen lashes. Pennsylvania fined the ungodly, or put them in jail. Virginia ecclesiastics got their revenge on church absentees by fining them from one to fifty pounds of tobacco.

And these laws were not only made, but enforced. Pages could be filled with instances in detail where men, and women, and children, and servants were "admonished," whipped, placed in the stocks, or put in prison for breaking the Sunday laws. We do not find that anyone was put to death, even in the New Haven Colony, but that punishment was inflicted upon blasphemers, witches, and Quakers. The Puritans who left England for Holland, and finally settled at New Plymouth, were fanatics and intolerants of the most wretched kind. It is their descendants who are now trying to take the country back two hundred years by enforcing the Sunday laws which are on the statute books of nearly all the states—survivals of the intolerant reign of Christianity—but now happily dead letters in all well-ordered communities.

The Church in Mexico.

Two hundred and fifty wealthy Mexicans arrived at and left this city in the early part of the week on a pilgrimage to Rome, with presents for the pope, and several large political schemes in hand to which they will endeavor to secure Mr. Pecci's approval. One scheme is, according to Mexican authority, to settle the difficulties between the church in Mexico and the Vatican, the second is to reconcile the differences between the church and government of Mexico, and the third is to obtain the sanction and aid of the pope to the establishment of the Roman Catholic church in that country on a basis akin to that upon which the church rests in the United States. The trouble between the church in Mexico and the Vatican dates back to the earliest times, and is a continuation of troubles which once existed in Spain. The church in Spain was originally independent of the pope of Rome. It had its own liturgy, called the Mozarabic, and the king was the head of the church. In 1085 the Roman liturgy was adopted and the pope recognized as the head of the church, but many Spanish priests still favored a national church. This feeling was transferred to Mexico, and, as far back as 1770, Lorenzano, archbishop of Mexico, had the Mozarabic liturgy republished, and attempted to use it instead of the one recognized by the church of Rome. He was not successful, but there has always been a strong element in Mexico in favor of the national church.

The fight between the Mexican church and the government culminated seriously in 1857, when a Liberal constitution was adopted, and the laws of the *Reforma* were passed. Mexico at that time was in the hands of the church, and suffered as all countries do which are dominated by ecclesiastics. Under the *Reforma* laws all of the churches and church property were confiscated by the government, and all church orders and societies forbidden. Some three hundred church buildings and an immense quantity of wealth passed into the hands of the government. Many of the priests and members of church orders left the country, and Mexico was practically without any church at all, though nine-tenths of the population is besottedly Roman Catholic. Under the few years of Maximilian's rule the church again came into power, but this ended with the restoration of the republic. The laws of the *Reforma* were so rigidly enforced that no one was allowed to appear upon the streets in ecclesiastical garb, and the church, in retaliation, excommunicated any and every one who was in any way connected with the government. Through each succeeding year a bitter fight has been going on between the church and state parties, and it has only been under the administration of President Diaz that any efforts hav been made to conciliate the two factions. The feeling is still very intense on both sides, and in some of the Liberal districts the laws of the *Reforma* are enforced with the greatest severity. At the present time the churches of Mexico are used by the priests under a special permit from President Diaz, but the bans of the church still rest upon everyone connected with the government.

The hope of many of the church people, therefore, is that the pope and President Diaz may come to some agreement, by which the government will allow the church to exist without interference. If this is assured, the future is brilliant for the church. The Mexicans are more ignorant, superstitious, and devoted to the church and her mummeries, if possible, than the French Canadians of Canada. If the government will only remove restrictions upon the amount of property the church may hold, and allow the priests to manipulate the people to the full extent of their power, Roman Catholicism will soon possess the country in fee simple, and the government may dissolve. The result of this pilgrimage must therefore be awaited with interest by Mexico, and also by the United States and England, whose citizens are spending many millions of dollars of capital in building railroads and working the mines of that country. With the church again in absolute control of the republic of revolutions, the little progress toward civilization now being made there would cease at once.

Indictment Quashed.

We heartily congratulate the two Harmans, father and son, and E. C. Walker upon getting out of the clutches of the Comstock crowd in Kansas. The quashing of the indictment by the judge is one of those acts of justice which law sometimes commits. But we feel sure that had Benedict been upon the bench no escape on that plea would hav ensued. Mr. Bennett's indictment was faulty in the same regard, but he was tried, convicted, and the conviction upheld. The technicality, too, which saved Mrs. Slenker would, if shown and allowed, hav saved him. We fancy the United States district judges, with the exception of Benedict, are getting tired of being used as catspaws by the disreputable agents of an ecclesiastical society, and allow its victims to escape by the easiest means possible. We hope it is so, at any rate.

Messrs. Walker and Harman are engaged in advocating and upholding personal and religious liberty. It is a splendid occupation, and ought to be the pursuit of every man and woman in the country. The charge that the language used in *Lucifer* was obscene is ridiculous. The article complained of was unnecessarily coarse, but that was all; and if rough language is a penitentiary offense who shall remain at liberty? In this case the freedom of the press was menaced because the press happened to be Infidel. But the war which Mr. Bennett and his friends maintained in defense of the liberty of printing bids fair to bring forth fruit, and to finally result in victory. People—even Congressmen and judges—are beginning to see, dimly perhaps, but surely, that the laws passed at the request of a gang of ecclesiastics can be used for other than legitimate purposes, supposing Congress could legitimately legislate upon the morality of mail matter.

Again we congratulate our Kansas friends. Their counsel were shrewd, the judge was an adherent to law, and they were lucky. May they always get out of trouble as easily!

THE Catholics of Massachusetts are viciously opposing the proposed law to prevent illiteracy by state inspection of all schools, public and private. The Catholics recognize the undoubted fact that their schools fall far below the moderate standard that the state requires, and they do not want their teachers examined. Before the legislativ committee which has the bill under consideration the Rev. Mr. Maginnis made a speech, in which he contended that the limit of education to be required by the state should be reading and writing; the state had no right to insist upon more. And religion, he maintained, should be taught in the school as well as in the church and the home. This, of course, is good Catholic doctrin. The pupils must be able to read the catechism, and they should also know how to write their names, so that when they grow up they can fill out checks payable to the priest. These two accomplishments attained, the rest of their education may be confined to learning religion. This would put the future population of the country under the feet of priests, and that is where the church wants to see it.

THERE was once a good Christian down in Cuba—and he is probably there now—who had a sick wife. It seems that he loved her, for he went to the church and knelt before the idolatrous representation of his particular saint, praying for her recovery, and promising the saint for his good offices a silver woman. The wife found her health, and the husband redeemed his promis. He gave the saint his silver woman, and the priest who took care of the metallic lady promptly sold it for old silver. Thus the representativ of holiness came into the possession of our friend George Newton (and parenthetically we may state that this is the only way Mr. Newton can ever obtain holiness), who has transferred the *milagro*, or miracle, to the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, whose desk it now ornaments to the great edification of the devil who builds the editorial fire. There are three things peculiar in this transaction, namely, the economy of the husband in fulfilling his promis; the nonchalant promptness of the priest in turning the silver lady over to the iconoclastic jeweler; and the small quantity of woman which it takes to satisfy a saint. If we were a saint and a worshiper promised us a woman, and then brought a small, flat object two inches and a half long by one inch wide in the broadest part, with a cold, metallic glare in its eye, and no ear to speak of, and feet invisible, and a hole in the back-hair to hang her up by, we should not consider that he had filled the contract; and after all, we cannot much blame the priest for casting her into the melting-pot. Mr. Newton complains that the miracle is one of the means by which the priests "gull the gawkies," but it occurs to us that the gawky gulled the saint, "saving his soul and winter pork with the least possible outlay of salt and sanctity"—that is to say, saving his wife with the least possible outlay of silver. In any way you look at it, the transaction is fraudulent.

Letters from Friends.

LA CYGNE, KAN., Feb. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Malachi ii, 11, says: "For Judah has profaned the holiness of the Lord which he loved, and hath married the daughter of a strange god." Who is that strange god, and how many daughters did he hav? Please answer me if you can, and oblige, A subscriber, H. E. BUTTS.

CARIBOU, ME., March 14, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I now propose to write you a few lines upon the subject of Spiritualism. I hav heard and read a good many ghost stories that seemed to me to be well authenticated. Now, what are we going to do about it—believe them, or call everybody a pack of liars? I think we are practically and virtually forced to do one or the other. Or what is the apparition that people see and swear to, if it is not a spirit from the unseen world? Perhaps Mr. Kelso will condescend to respond to the above ideas.

Yours for information, H. H. GILMAN.

NETTLETON, MO., March 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed money for subscription and list of books. I consider THE TRUTH SEEKER the best Liberal paper that is published. It is just what we want—the key for unlocking the doors of superstition. The Christians, as they call themselvs, are afraid to read it for fear it will cause the scales to fall from their eyes, as the following will show: One of my neighbors called in the other day—a good Baptist—I got him interested in Heston's cartoons, etc., and wanted him to take papers home with him to read. But, "No." I asked him his reason for not wanting to read Liberal papers. His answer was that he was afraid he might believe them. Respectfully yours, FRED. PAWSEY.

HAMILTON, ONT., March 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find twenty-five cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL. If there ever was a place under the control of the church, it is this. The population of Hamilton is forty-five thousand. We hav twenty-six churches, five Gospel Temperance Reform Clubs, several Young Men's Christian Associations, and a hell-tearing Salvation Army. Hamilton requires more Secular teachings than any other city in Canada. Mr. Watts sometimes lectures here, but not often enough to do much good. A good lecture once a week would no doubt arouse great interest. The churches of this city fear Mr. Watts as though he was a demon sent from hell. WM. BANGERTH.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., March 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: C. B. Reynolds, the noted Freethinker and lecturer, delivered a series of lectures at Grant's Opera House, this city, on the evenings of March 2d, 3d, and 4th. He was greeted by large, attentiv, and intelligent audiences, who manifested their approval of his logical reasoning and gems of wit by hearty and frequent applause. One of the pleasant and encouraging features of his visit was the vast amount of Liberal literature which he disposed of while in our midst, and he assured the writer that he sold more Liberal works and papers in Albuquerque than in any other town since leaving New York. He has made many friends here who wish him success in his noble undertaking.

J. Q. WILLS.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., March 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER should claim the honor of being father or sponsor to *Freethought*. What a paper it is!—"a perfect gem!" we hear on all sides. Long may they wave, one on the eastern, the other on our western shore. They are the beacon-lights to the orient and to the occident.

The ANNUAL arrived safely. It is perfection itself. Why doesn't Heston issue a book of his pictures? Is he afraid he would immortalize himself? He would, without a doubt. Each one is a volume.

With best wishes for all and for the "white flowers of truth" which they are planting, I am,

Yours for humanity, MARY B. FINCH.

OTO, IOWA, March 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER for some time, and would not do without it. I think it is one of the best papers for the household printed. There is no reading matter that can excel it in aiding comfort, truth, honor, and honesty in the family, and if many of our people that call themselvs Christians would read it and get to understand more about science, and learn that not only a few of their neighbors are Infidels—as they call them, and low, contemptible devils, as is taught in the pulpit—but that our best and smartest men and women are Liberalists, and that every genuin reform and improvement came from that class, it might hav a tendency to soften the hearts of some of the hard-hearted ones until they would use their neighbors better, and perhaps some husbands use their wives and children better. There are plenty that need a little reform in that line. I never yet knew of a person reading your paper that did not become interested, and I shall do what I can to help circulate your paper. E. S. FURGASON.

GRANTFORK, ILL., March 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am a subscriber to your paper, and think it the best in existence for the masses of the people. It should be in every household. Any reader that will giv a fair, impartial judgment of its doctrins cannot help but say it is founded on sound reason and argument, and is killing to superstition and priestcraft. I think I am doing as much for Freethought as any of my size and weight. I hav copies of the paper always on the go; get them back and giv to others. I think there are a lot of former church-members here that will begin to do their own thinking and come to the conclusion that with self-thought, self-reliance, and reason they can see as far into a millstone as any preacher.

Further, Mr. E. A. Stevens, you can consider me a member of the American Secular Union. That is, I cannot do any lecturing, but I can do my part in contributing toward paying for lecturers, and the National Defense Association. You may call on me at any time, and I will respond for the cause all I am able to. ANTON J. KRAFT.

SEWARD, NEB., March 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I suppose you hav the letter of Mr. Boyes, giving you an account of Mrs. Freeman's two very successful lectures, and how well pleased the Liberals were, and also of Rev. Mr. Darley's "reply" to her lectures. As Mr. Boyes was absent last Sunday evening when the Rev. Mr. Presson of the Methodist Episcopal church also replied—if reply it could be called—to Mrs. Freeman, I will let you know he did not make one good point against her, and frankly acknowledged that he did not believe in a personal devil; and I hav been told that he does not believe in any hell, save the hells we hav on this earth. I should suppose that his right place in the line of progress was the Unitarian or Universalist camp. It is a little singular that neither of the preachers has offered a word of testimony to show that the Bible is the "book of God," though they call it so. "The world does move," and little by little superstition and bigotry are dying out; ere long the plain statement of Paul, "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," will be acknowledged as the whole truth of Christianity, and people will find some better way than scolding, cursing, bitter denunciation in the pulpit or out of it, or war to settle their differences of opinion or any other differences. C. M. CLARK.

CENTERVILLE, UTAH, March 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I want another copy of Miss Helen H. Gardener's "Men, Women, and Gods;" also Colonel Ingersoll's Defense of C. B. Reynolds; also an ANNUAL.

I do not like some of the remarks on Mr. Shoemaker. Has not he the right to tell you to stop his paper if he thinks well to do so? I expect he paid honorably for it as long as he took it. Then why should anyone cast any unpleasant insinuations on him or anyone else, because he does not appear to agree with their opinions? As you well know, there are no two of us alike.

The cartoons I still admire. Mr. Heston must hav taken the preachers' advice and searched the scriptures. I hav some London *Freethinkers* sent me by my brother; one has a picture of Shamgar the son of Anath, which slew of the Philistines six hundred men with an ox-goad (Judges iii, 31). By thunder, how he must hav swung that ox-goad around and laid those Philistines out right and left! It was a caution! Just think of it—six hundred men! He must hav carried the belt of Israel at that time.

Well, I cannot say much of our holy Zion. It seems you publish letters but seldom about this infernal, beastly, treasonable Mormon humbug. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

ELKHORN, MONT., Feb. 11, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am at this place the only subscriber to your valuable and interesting paper, which we think one of the grandest reformatory mediums of the present age. But its few supporters here and at all other places where its circulation may be small is largely, if not wholly, due to the indifference or apathy which we as Freethinkers manifest toward our principles and the instrumentalities by which they become generally known and recognized. This I state not theoretically only, but largely from observation and practical tests. For illustration, not long since I gave a lecture, when shortly afterward I had quite a number of calls requesting papers and pamphlets presenting our principles and illustrating our intentions, and as a result I find considerable interest aroused and inquiry prompted. Therefore I ask, Why shall not we, who honor ourselvs as truth seekers according to the glorious privilege of independent thought, and strive to environ our lives with the hallowed influences of resplendent Liberalism, devote more time and attention toward the dissemination of the grandest, purest, and loftiest rules and precepts ever brightened by the eternal orb of endless day? My Liberal friends, I want to ask you a question and from you request a favor. Is it not our duty, a commanding necessity devolving upon us, to spread, defend, and support our claims if we consider them beneficial to humanity? If answered in the affirmativ, then let us unite in sympathy and in effort, that we may more harmoniously perform our work with skill and effect, well knowing that as the legitimate outcome of our teaching we shall be highly appreciated, and duly rewarded for all energies put forth.

REV. H. BANTA.

ODESSA, MO., Feb. 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav concluded to write you a friendly letter frankly stating my views concerning Colonel Ingersoll's late departure; I mean his doctrin, "We do as we must." I confess that I am at a loss to see how a great and good man like Colonel Ingersoll; a man who has said so many beautiful, so many sublime, so many wise and useful things, and has said them so eloquently, could hav wandered off onto such untenable ground, ground so incompatible with freedom and Freethought, and so near akin to his hated doctrin, Presbyterianism. If we always do as we must, then, as he says, man is justified; yes, and that, too, without distinction. The thief, the assassin, the incendiary, the murderer, come in for their equal share of justification. The cannibal, the heathen, the pagan, the Christian, the Infidel, and what not are by this doctrin justified, for none can do otherwise than as he does, none can do better than he does, therefore none can be justly accountable for what he does. It is most evident that all human law is useless, is an imposition; all punishment, human or divine, is gross injustice, in the eye of this doctrin. I confess that I cannot see the difference between this doctrin and downright Anarchism. I can't help feeling sorrow that the colonel has drifted off into this untenable ground. I love the colonel. I am not blaming him. I am inclined to think that in this he did as he must, and I feel that I do as I must in differing with him. But I do not always do as I must. I feel quite confident that I am to a considerable extent a free agent. If we are not such, I say again, all punishment is injustice. If you, or the colonel, or anybody else can make this doctrin reasonable to me, I will feel thankful, for I do not like to differ with my friends. I am ready to admit that in view of the laws of heredity and the science of phrenology we must see that we are to a very great extent the slaves of circumstances and environments; still, I think it is in the power of man to make himself quite a free man.

Please find inclosed stamps for two copies of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1888. W. L. WORLEY.

ROCHESTER, N. H., March 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: My husband just came in with the noble old TRUTH SEEKER, and as I am an invalid, it was thrown in my lap. The first thing of note that met my eye was the Kansas outrage, and when I had read that I was so moved I could hardly control myself. I would like to ask my Freethinking and Liberal-minded brothers and sisters if ignorance and superstition are always going to be uppermost all over our bright and beautiful land, or arc we as Freethinking and Liberal-minded people coming forward to assert our rights? The church will tell us because we are Liberalists and want everybody to hav equal rights we are bloodthirsty Anarchists. God forbid. I saw enough bloodshed in the late Rebellion. All we want is liberty and the right to think and act as we please as long as we do not interfere with other people's rights.

Now, I say let every Liberal-minded person come to the front and express his opinion as every liberty-loving person should, and the churches and Comstock hirelings will soon see we are a people that will not be trodden down.

Brothers and sisters, let us stand by each other and try to encourage one another, for right makes might always, and when any one of you feels discouraged remember you are not alone in the world. Why, bless you, there are people here in Rochester who would take my husband and myself and string us up to the nearest tree if they dared. I would like to hav some good Freethought lectures here to arouse the people to see the error of their ways—as the ministers say. It would be a blessing to society.

The next article that met my eye was: "What Jeremiah Hacker Has Done." If Mr. Hacker has done any good—and I know he has—let him hav a place in THE TRUTH SEEKER and pay him for it; for our good and noble-minded men and women are few, and when they do come to the front let us help them all we can. If I could walk and work as well as I could four weeks ago, I would see what I could do to help Brother Hacker pay for his little home. I will now close, hoping I hav given some discouraged Liberalist a little hope. If there is any sister who would like to correspond with me, I would like to hear from her. MRS. I. A. BROOK.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., Feb. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber of your very valuable and entertaining paper only for four weeks. I am well pleased with it so far. I hav been a Freethinker since boyhood. First I began to doubt the Bible's being written by inspired men. The next thing was to investigate the other side. The result was, I am a confirmed Infidel. I look upon the Bible as being only the work of man, written and dictated by men for the purpose of ruling and moving masses of people through their most weak and universal organs of the brain, called superstition. To illustrate this idea I will take Moses and Joshua for examples. Everyone who is familiar with the scriptures knows Moses had the good fortune to become a member of the king's household when an infant; that he grew up with all the advantages of an Egyptian education, got an insight into state and church matters, and, in fact, developed into a very smart and ambitious man for his day and time. He put up a job on Pharaoh; preyed on the imagination, superstition, and ignorance of his brethren; got them out of bondage, and set up a little kingdom of his own. I say, Well done for Moses! I do not blame him one bit. Anyone would like to be king or monarch. Ambition prompts men to strike for something high in life. My idea is that in this respect human nature has been the same in all ages.

Next to Moses comes Joshua, a regular fire-eater, on the war-path as soon as old Moses was dead. I take it for granted Moses got too old and feeble to fight much along toward the last, and, as war was another one of the Jews' weak points at that time, how natural it was for Joshua to take advantage of it along with their superstition, cross the Jordan, murder, steal, and put to rout the Amorites and Canaanites! A regular Napoleon Bonaparte was Joshua. He made those people believe God commanded him to do those things, otherwise I believe some one would hav said, "Let's don't." If the God of the olden time commanded such things to be done, I am proud to know he has reformed. The Christians all say he is like a father to his children now; doesn't show any partiality either. He doesn't make the sun stand still, or hand down any more laws written on stone, in our day and time. It would be rather annoying in haying-time to hav every farmer in the country yelling up to heaven: "Sun, stand thou still upon America until I get this hay crop gathered!"

Well, enough on this score. My idea is this—the origin of man is a mystery no one can solve. All that has been written on the subject is merely conjecture. In regard to the future state of the human race, to my mind this much is clear: When we die life ceases. Our bodies molder into dust, and become a part of Mother Earth and the natural

forces that control it. This much I can comprehend. For me to view it in any other light is merely guess-work or freaks of fancy. I sometimes hope for immortality of the soul. What evidence hav I? None. I cannot believe in something if I cannot find any evidence on the subject. Who could prove in court there is a heaven or a hell, witnesses all being duly sworn? I fear a close cross-examination wouldn't locate either place. JAMES L. BEERY.

INDIAN GROVE, MO., Feb. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am an avowed Agnostic or Infidel. This has been my creed for the last ten years. I read the *Investigator*, but like THE TRUTH SEEKER best. However, I don't think much of those cartoons. I am opposed to intolerance, Secular as well as orthodox. I stand on the broadest Liberal platform, and am willing to accord to others the privileges claimed for myself. Burlesque, sophistry, sarcasm, invectiv, and social ostracism are the arguments used all along the line of the orthodox ranks. I believe in a truthful, candid, and logical exposition of theological dogmas.

Some time ago I heard a certain Bible-pounder by the name of Bell, of the Methodist persuasion, deliver his first address at the beginning of the conference year. Among other things, he said: "What kind of a man is our preacher? Is he a perfect specimen of moral excellence, an exemplary man in faith and practice? If he is not, he is not a proper man to be a leader of the people." Some time subsequently I heard this same fellow preaching at the same place, where he wished to pose as a leader of the people, and before he had fairly got through his preliminaries, which consisted chiefly in passing the contribution-box, into which the writer cast his mite with the rest, he turned himself loose on Infidels, saying that he would not want an Infidel to come into his house; that an Infidel was not good enough to eat with hogs. From this you see how he would direct the faithful to treat unbelievers. This same Mr. Bell was seen reading THE TRUTH SEEKER in a store at Salisbury, Mo.; and, when asked where he got it, said that he found it. However, it was ascertained upon inquiry that no one of THE TRUTH SEEKER family in Salisbury had lost his paper.

Inclosed find twenty-five cents in stamps for THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1888. W. E. WALTON.

HOTCHKISS, COL., March 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: That sturdy Freethought veteran, C. B. Reynolds, has just favored us with a visit, and the bowels of orthodoxy are troubled in consequence. Heretofore the itinerant pulpit-pounders, of the various Christian creeds, hav made this a favorit winter resort. The ranchmen and cowboys who make up our population are noted for their generosity, and their latchstrings are always on the outside. Black-coated preachers and blue-shirted miners are equally welcome. Such being the case, the former class had secured a preëmption right on this place as a winter feeding-ground. They gave us an occasional sermon for continual grub—spiritual nourishment for physical refreshment, as it were. They had organized a puny church, and from that coign of vantage raided the surrounding country. The chief article of their creed was: "Salvation is free, but you must put up your cash continually to make it free. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, bless his holy name." The advent of Mr. Reynolds was like that of an unbidden guest at the banquet. They didn't hav a seat for him. In fact, they got out of the country like snakes from a burning brush-pile. And during his four lectures here, neither the love of the Lord nor the fear of the devil could get them within a mile of the place of meeting. It is well, perhaps, for their peace of mind that they kept away, for the Infidel handled the clergy without gloves, and his arguments fell like the blows of a broadsword. No sooner had Mr. Reynolds gone his way than the frightened priests crawled from their holes, and met in solemn conclave to devise means to counteract the good work which he had inaugurated. What! do away with the devil, and shut up the gates of hell! That would never do, for we preachers would hav to go to work, or starve. After a long and painful deliberation, it was decided to send for a noted evangelist and start a new revival. This has been done, and at present night is made hideous by the rantings of that idiotic mob.

At our neighboring town of Delta Mr. Reynolds delivered a course of lectures, an admission fee being charged for the last one, the proceeds of which were given to a poor widow. On the following night Judge Gerry delivered a lecture for the benefit of the Presbyterian church, the proceeds of which were to be applied to purchase a new organ for that denomination. The former lecture netted by far the greater amount. Comment is unnecessary. PIONEER.

BOULDER CITY, MONT., Feb. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In the summer of 1881 I fell into possession of a number of books and pamphlets containing discussions of various kinds. About the first volume that I took up for examination happened to be one entitled, "The Humphrey-Bennett Debate." Well, I read the book through quite hurriedly, after which I changed my abiding-place, leaving the books behind, and hav not been able to find them since. I remember, however, a very silly argument adduced by Rev. Mr. Humphrey which I purpose to show the foolishness of. The nonsensical item to which I refer was penned by the clerical fellow when he endeavored to prove the divinity of the Bible. I cannot use his exact language from memory, but will giv the substance of it. He claimed, for instance, that the size of the scriptures was a perfect evidence of its divine origin, "because," said he, "the Bible is not so large that one caunot carry it around in one's pocket, neither is it so very small as not to be able to contain information relativ to the origin of all things, man's duty here below, and be a guide to eternal salvation." Now, if Mr. Humphrey had read the Bible a little more understandingly he should certainly hav noticed that that volume mentions many books which it does not contain, and furthermore that it commands to be read in churches some of the books mentioned but not found in that unique jumble. Here is one: "And when this epistle is read among you, cause that it be read also in the church of the Laodiceans and that ye likewise read the epistle from Laodicea" (Col. iv). That epistle, mark you, is not found in the "saintly pages." Again: "And he took the book of the covenant, and read in the audience of the people, and they said, All that the Lord hath said will we do and be obedient" (Ex. xxiv). Still more: "Wherefore it is said in the book of the wars of the Lord what he did in the Red sea and in the brooks of Arnon" (Num. xxi). Read on: "And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselvs upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher?" (Josh. x).

Humphrey's argument becomes rasher and rasher,
When we inquire, Where, oh, where's the book of Jasher?

Then again: "Now the acts of David the king, first and last, behold, they are written in the book of Samuel the seer, and in the book of Nathan the prophet, and in the book of Gad the seer" (1 Chron. xxix). A few more: "Now the acts of Rehoboam, first and last, are they not written in the book of Shemaiah the prophet and of Iddo the seer, concerning genealogies? And there were wars between Rehoboam and Jeroboam continually" (2 Chron. xii). "Now the rest of the acts of Jehosaphat, first and last, behold they are written in the book of Jehu the son of Hananion who is mentioned in the book of the kings of Israel" (2 Chron. xx). I could cite many more instances to show that if the Bible were all together one could scarcely wheel it around in a wheelbarrow.

Sincerely, M. G. MACAULAY.

WEST UNION, O., Feb. 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I attended church here a short time ago, and heard the Rev. Chas. Luck make and affirm some statements that do not agree with authentic history: 1. That Voltaire's last words were, "Crush the wretch" (meaning Christ); 2. That "all the brainy men were believers in Christ"—meaning Jefferson, Webster, Franklin, and others.

In answer to the first statement I will refer the reader to the American Cyclopedia, Vol. XVI, pp. 406-7, and will quote the exact words: "He [Voltaire] delighted in spending his fortune in the improvement of his property, in constructing better habitations for the poor laborers, in befriending indigent literary men, and in entertaining the host of friends attracted by his fame. Nothing gave him greater celebrity than his efforts in behalf of oppressed Protestants. He even built a church at Ferney, which he dedicated to God, but which the ecclesiastical authorities refused to recognize and consecrate." Page 407: "At Paris his carriage was drawn by the people; his rooms were crowded with the grandees of politics, society, and letters from morning to night, and his visits to the theaters were ovations in which he was crowned with laurels and roses, and all the arts conspired to do him homage. Among his last words were these: 'I die worshiping God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, but detesting superstition.'" In the name of common sense, let me ask, what was wrong with that kind of a life? Will the clergy never stop robbing the great thinkers of their just dues and the grave of its sacred dead?

2. The same authority (American Cyclopedia) says of Franklin (Vol. VII, p. 435): "He had read Shaftesbury and Collins, and becoming a skeptic at the age of sixteen, he applied himself to skilful devices of argumentation gathered from the 'Memorabilia,' practiced them as exercise in conversation, and often defeated antagonists whose cause and understanding were, as he afterward confessed, deserving of the victory." Speaking of Jefferson, the same authority (Vol. IX, p. 595) says: "He carried the order of subjecting everything to the test of abstract reason in matters of religion, venerating the moral character of Christ, but refusing belief in his divine mission." What has been said of Voltaire, Franklin, and Jefferson can truthfully be said of Washington, Lincoln, and many other "brainy men" too numerous to mention in the empyrean of statesmanship; while in the world of science and literature the doubters embrace the majority of the "brainy men." To make this assertion good, we need only refer the reader to Huxley, of England; Max Müller, of Germany; Dr. Réville, of France, and Proctor, of America—the most learned men living in the world to-day. Then, there were Bruno, Galileo, Shakspere, Goethe, Pope, Byron, Burns, Schiller, Darwin, Tyndall, Ingersoll, Bradlaugh. Doubt is the mother of investigation, and honest investigation is the true road to wisdom. When one is confident of a truth, or conscious of a fact, the best proof of sincerity is a cordial invitation to the test. My motto is:

Accept the truth, wherever found,
On heathen or on Christian ground.

On the Tuesday night following the assertions made by the sky-pilot above referred to, after being driven into the last ditch, and finding his little squibs falling harmlessly and fruitlessly to the ground, he attempted to cover his defeat by heaping abuse and contumely on the head of the writer, forgetting that abuse would not fill the place of argument. He exclaimed with terrible emphasis: "By the eternal gods! I am here, and will hold the fort—die or kill somebody!" He abused the writer and others for speaking their sentiments on the street, in the grocery, and also for reading the New York TRUTH SEEKER—just as though I ought to ask him or anyone else what I should read. Where did he get his right to hav his say, and how did I lose mine?

They hav shut themselvs up in their coward's castle and refused to accept challenge after challenge, well knowing the weakness of their position and of their weapons; hence it becomes the duty of all the true soldiers of Secularism to follow them into their castle, drive them to the ramparts, and hurl them from the battlements to a swift destruction.

The grim destroyer of superstition has been found, the great Archimedean lever has been discovered—viz., the printing-press; and the fulcrum on which the lever rests, while it is moving us onward with such giant strides, is the brains of the doubters of the world, living and dead, who hav done so much to redeem us from the fagot, thumbscrew, rack, and dungeon, auxiliaries used by the church with relentless hand while she had the power. And it must be remembered that the church which is claiming to-day to be the salt of the earth, the light of the world, the friend of humanity, and the harbinger of peace to the world, is the very same church that deluged the earth with blood, burnt Bruno at the stake for teaching the rotundity of the earth, persecuted the thinkers of all other beliefs, and where she had the power burnt men and women at the stake for witchcraft, and in her blindness attempted to destroy the printing-press, and said Benjamin Franklin was crazy when he bottled the lightning.

In fine, we are indebted to the church for nothing that tends to make life useful, comfortable, and happy; while, on the other hand, what has been accomplished has been in the teeth of the most bitter opposition and persecution that could be invented by a fanatical and bloodthirsty priesthood. For an example of fiendishness, unequaled even among savages, I will refer the reader to Chitty's Blackstone, Vol. II, Book 4, p. 312—a barbarity which methinks could only be learned from examples laid down in "that holy book called the Bible," Num. xxxi, 17; Judges xxi, 11; Gen. xxxviii and xxxix. I imagin that the priesthood must look back with a longing, yearning desire for the return of the good old days of yore when their word was law, and men were compelled to obey or suffer persecution and death. R. J. WILSON.

ELBA, O., March 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: This community has been afflicted with a disaster in the shape of a Methodist revival. When we received the copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER contaiuing Heston's representation of "howling Methodists," we wondered how he could picture our meeting without seeing it. Were you with us in disguise, Mr. Heston? For a number of years the Methodist preachers sent to this place to preach the beauties of an eternal hell hav been quite commonplace in comparison with the young man here at present, judged, I may add, by their success in producing monomaniacs. Those who hav never witnessed the scenes of a Methodist revival in a rural district, where educational advantages are not the best, caunot form a correct idea of the performance without seeing it. A glance at a "mourners' bench," with a dozen "mourners" kneeling there, with the old women and old fogies of the congregation howling in their ears, and all together making a noise similar to that described by Dr. Sunderland in his Cape Cod experience, would make you laugh, but if you should watch them night after night your sympathy for these misguided beings would bring a cloud of sadness upon you.

It is said that a love of the marvelous is characteristic of the masses, and the imagination is constautly endeavoring to break away from the ties which bind it to reason, yet it is astonishing that such false ideas and illusions wield so great an influence in this day and age of the world. Intelligence and education are obstacles in the path of the revivalist, but superstitious ideas that hav been instilled into people for ages work a silent influence that is difficult to overcome. If we could apply the millions of dollars that are used to propagate error to Secular education and teaching the truths of Liberalism, we could guarantee a higher civilization in the near future. Christian dogmas are degrading in their tendency. Teach a child that he is depraved and that there is no good in him, and he will not feel under obligations to be very good. Teach men that a crime may be atoned for by shifting the burden upon some other being, and they are not apt to be so careful what they do.

Christians tell us that if they are wrong, they are as well off as we are anyway. They do not stop to consider what a paradise we might hav here if their efforts were directed to that end.

A Methodist revival makes one feel that the world is retrograding, but in spite of the vast influence of Christianity the world is advancing. At least, let us hope that Liberal influence will eventually destroy the superstitious ideas of even a Methodist community.

We hav a few outspoken Liberals here now, but it will be slow work for them to substitute the truths of Liberalism for the general superstition. The people must be prepared for it, and the process is that of evolution, which is necessarily slow. The people must first be able to understand that the result of believing and acting a certain way is the same whether what is believed is true or false.

We expect J. E. Remsburg here some time this spring. One of our church-members, who considers himself the leader of the church to which he belongs, told the preacher that a few years ago he and another member, now deceased, were called to the bedside of one of our substantial citizens to offer a prayer to our unchangeable God for the beuefit of this alleged dying man's soul. The preacher mentioned the circumstance from his pulpit as another example of the horribleness of Infidel deathbeds. The citizen heard of the story, brought the parties together, and asked the church-member before the preacher if he had told such a story. He answered, Yes, but acknowledged there was no foundation for the story. At another time the preacher was repeating the story of Ingersoll's daughter joining the Presbyterian church, when he was handed Ingersoll's "Truth of History." You may imagin the effect produced.

When such stories as these are told and believed about people right among us, is it any wonder that people believe such tales about dead men?

We like Heston's pictures. Those in the last TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL are excellent. We will get several new subscribers here, and send their names this month.

Yours truly, AGNOSTIC.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

We Float No Other Flag.

The entire people of this country are under the protection of the government represented by the stars and stripes, and by none other.—*Lowell Morning Mail.*

The flag that floats upon our forts,
That sails upon our seas;
The flag that fights for freemen's rights,
Giv only to the breeze.
That flag protects our ships and ports,
That flag flies o'er our camps and courts,
Before it falsehood flees,
Beneath lie liberties,
Behind, its shadow frees,
Above stream heaven's honest lights.

Chorus:
We float, we float no other flag;
The stars and stripes are freedom's types,
Away, each paltry party rag!
For freedom's types are stars and stripes,
We float no other flag.

Let all who Lincoln's legend quote*
Learn well the sense it bears;
Let all who see our land so free
Throw off all foreign cares.
Let all who cast a freeman's vote,
Let all who note the flag we float,
Before no banner flare;
Behind no other dare;
Beneath, no false-face wear;
Above but heaven's arches be.

Chorus: We float, we float no other flag, etc.

That flag at home spread to the winds,
Unfurl it on our school;
That honored sheet bear through our street,
It marks our manly rule.
That flag ensigns our claim for minds,
That flag to truth and justice binds;
Before it priestcraft fails;
Behind it reason hails;
Beneath it treason quails;
Above, storms on it harmless beat.

Chorus: We float, we float no other flag, etc.

The people's Union stands for all
Who walk Columbia's sod,
The people's vote that Reason wrote,
And Right our only god.
The people's voice a potent call,
The people's flag shall never fall;
Before, giv not a rod;
Behind, our fathers trod;
Beneath is freedom's sod;
Above, the clouds alone shall float.

Chorus:
We float, we float no other flag;
The stars and stripes are freedom's types,
Away, each paltry party rag!
For freedom's types are stars and stripes,
We float no other flag. JOAN P. GUILD.

* To the end that a government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*A. Lincoln.*

My Visit to India.

I had returned from my trip to India, and was comfortably rested after my great fatigue.

One evening the Coleman children came rushing into my study and requested a story.

"A story, auntie," said Charley, "and let it be about India."

"Well, if I must, I must," said I. And to begin at the beginning, I embarked with Captain Sherman in his fast-sailing craft the Mary Ann and set sail for India. The weather was delightful with the exception of one night, when we encountered a brisk gale, but the wind was generally fair, so that we went right along. One evening the captain called me to come on deck, saying he wanted to show me something fine.

"Now, Miss White, just look at the ocean. Did you ever see anything equal to that?" and the captain's eyes sparkled with genuin admiration.

Truly, I never did. As far as the eye could reach, one could see what seemed like wavy flame and fire. I never before saw anything so lovely. The ocean was like a sea of gold, and leaping and dancing jets of yellow light played on every billowy wave.

"What is it, captain?" I inquired.

"I'll tell you, Miss White," and the jolly old man laughed at my look of wonder and admiration. "The inhabitants of the vasty deep are having a high old political jubilee to-night. Yes, ma'am, the fishes are out on a racket, and old Neptune is giving 'em an electric light illumination."

"Science would not say that, captain," said I, quite willing to display my learning. "It is a phosphorescent light coming from big and little fishes and other marine creatures. Only when the atmosphere is in a peculiar condition can this display be seen. Ahem!"

"Yes, madam; no doubt you are right, but the political meeting may be going on all the same, you know." And the captain tucked a huge quid of tobacco inside his cheek, and walked away.

"Do big fishes eat the little ones?" inquired Charley.

"Certainly," replied I; "or else the water would soon be swarming and overstocked, and navigation would be obstructed, for fishes are very prolific and hav large families."

We arrived in Madras, and shortly after we cast anchor, my friends came on board, and were very glad to see me. They were Mr. and Mrs. Preston, and their only child, Annie, about twelve years old. Mr. Preston's bachelor brother, Uncle Alick, and Annie's nurse, Tamsee, came with them. I was glad to set my feet once more on the solid earth, although it was a strange and foreign land. The streets were full of people, busy, gesticulating, and jabbering in a dozen different languages. Just ahead of us was an Arab with a long line of camels laden with valuable goods—silks, spices, drugs, and sandalwood. After getting rid of this merchandise, he will giv his camels all the water, beans, and straw they want, and then he will start for the Mohammedan quarters, where he has friends. Mr. Preston knew this Arab very well. Presently I saw some elephants walking along, sedately enough. It seemed to me all nations were represented. A great many carried parasols of white calico. A little way on I noticed a queer-looking man on his knees in front of a big basket, playing on some sort of instrument like a flute. The man's cheeks were puffed out, his eyes dilated, and the tunes he played reminded one of Freda Frink. Presently he opened the basket, and out popped a dozen serpents. They began dancing and hopping about the man. "Good Lord!" I exclaimed.

"It is a snake-charmer," said Mr. Preston. "Don't be afraid."

I hate snakes, so we hastened on, and soon arrived at Mr. Preston's home, where I removed my hat, and was told to get in a hammock. I did so, and was at once surrounded by Indian servants; one bathed my aching head, while another gently fanned me, and still another brought me a delicious sherbet. Tamsee took little Annie to her own room, and gave her a bath of perfumed water.

The next morning I arose quite refreshed, and took a walk through the gardens. Tamsee went with me. There were pomegranate blossoms, the passion-flower, jessamine, and the largest carnations I ever saw, and beautiful, mellow fruit on all sides.

Tamsee was a ventriloquist, and was not afraid of snakes. She had collected a large number of insects, and Annie had a pretty little museum of curiosities in that line.

"Did you go to Bengal?" inquired Bertha.

"I did not, for they said that is one of the hottest places on earth, and it was hot enough in all conscience at Madras."

In Mr. Preston's house they had what is called a punka. It is like a big fan, whirling round and round, thus keeping the air in motion and cool. They wring sheets out in cold water and stretch them on wires in the rooms, and that makes the air cool and nice. The people eat a good deal of rice, eggs, and fruit. They also eat curry. I don't know how it is made, but it is very hot with red pepper, and the hotter the weather the more red pepper goes into their bodies.

When Annie was twelve years old, which occurred while I was there, she had a grand party.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Correspondence.

GRANTFORK, ILL., March 27, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: You were so kind as to publish my brother's letter; I hope you will see fit to publish this. I would like the girls that appear in the Children's Corner to correspond with me. I am twelve years old. I go to school every day. I like to read the letters from children. My mamma sowed some seeds in the hot-bed and they are up already and are growing nicely. We hav an organ and a guitar. My sister plays the organ and I play the guitar. I hav three brothers and four sisters. My letter is long enough for the first time. I remain,

Yours and the children's friend,
EMMA B. KRAFT.

OAK MILLS, KAN., March 30, 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I was glad to learn that Miss Maude M. Morrison had established a fund for the relief of that brave old worker, Father Hacker. She paid a noble tribute to him, and I agree with her in everything she said of him, and will do my best toward raising the fund. If it is but little, I think it will help some, and I think if everybody follows Miss Maude's example, we can help Father Hacker considerably. He has been a lifelong worker for the advancement of humanity, and now, although an old man, he uses his pen with courage and energy. I hav heard enough of Father Hacker to know that he is an honest, kind, and charitable old man; that his life has been devoted to the advancement of a good cause, and for this he deserves the respect and gratitude of everybody. His life and examples are worthy of imitation by all, and the good work he has done will never be forgotten. Wake up, everybody, and help the good old man all you can; I know he will thank you, and love you till death finally calls him away. With three cheers for Father Hacker, and best wishes to the Children's Corner and its brave editor, I remain, Faithfully, GEO. J. REMSBURG.

STRASBURG, ILL., March 12, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: My papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for seven years. I like to read the Children's Corner, so I thought I would write to you. I am twelve years old. Our school closed last Friday; we intended to hav an exhibition at night, but the Methodists tried to get up a protracted meeting in the school-house, and we gave up to them and practiced our pieces at home and in the blacksmith-shop. Friday morning, the teacher concluded to hav school another week in order to hav the pieces better prepared, not thinking that the school-house would be wanted for church purposes next week; but, about noon, four female "captains" of the Salvation Army came in and wanted to know why school was to continue another week, when they wanted the school-house. The four captains furnished only one scholar. I would like to correspond with some little girl or boy about my own age. As this is my first letter, I will close, hoping to see this in print.

From your friend, PEARL YORK.

S. AOWORTH, N. H., March 18, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav never seen any letters from this part of the country, I thought I would write a few lines. I am eleven years old. I go to school all the time when school keeps. It is not keeping now. School will commence again about the 1st of May. Last year I went to school twenty-four weeks. I had to go two miles and a half, but a new school-house will be built this summer and then I shall hav to go only one mile and a half. I like to read the Children's Corner and the letters from the boys and girls. I hav the "Story Hour" and the four volumes of "A Truth Seeker Around the World." My father has all the rest of D. M. Bennett's books and all of Aunt Elmina's and Colonel Kelso's and Remsburg's, besides several others. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER eight years. I like to look at the pictures; some of them are very funny. We hav just had the most severe snow-storm that was ever known in this part of the country. Nearly three feet of snow fell, and the wind blew a gale; the roads and railroads were all blockaded; no mails were received for four days, though we should hav had three every day. This is my first letter to a paper. If this is worth printing, I will write again some time.

From your friend, JAY C. ALLAN.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 9, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Mr. E. A. Stevens read your letter before the Society at our meeting last Thursday night, and, as a mark of appreciation for your interest in our behalf, we tendered you our hearty vote of thanks, and would like to hav an announcement of our organization made in the Children's Corner of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

It is not likely we will be able to start the Sunday science school for about two weeks, as it will take us till the 1st of May to get our young people's Secular Mutual Improvement Society on a good working basis. We intend to hav a regular Secular debating and musical society, and, to judge by our enthusiasm, it will be a first-class one. We organized on the 1st of April, and hav now a membership of twenty-five, which number, by the 1st of May, will certainly be nearly doubled.

We meet for our debating society every Wednesday evening. Trusting to be able to mail you a copy of our constitution and by-laws in a short time, we are,

Respectfully yours,
341 *Hudson ave.* R. J. MIDGELY, Sec.

[It is with great pleasure we note the opening of the first Secular Mutual Improvement Society of Chicago. It is bound to be a success—of that we may be sure. We extend hearty greetings and earnest congratulation, and shall watch eagerly for the announcement of the first meeting of the Sunday science school, a most important and valuable adjunct to the S. M. I. S.—ED. C. C.]

CATHARINE C.—There is no better or more instructiv book that you can put into the hands of your children than Mrs. Slenker's "Little Lessons." Every page contains valuable information that will remain with the children as long as they liv. Her other books are good and instructiv. "John's Way," "The Handsomest Woman," "The Darwins," are all excellent reading, and entirely free from the taint of superstition.—ED. C. C.

One Thing at a Time.

A little boy while playing fell down the steps and hurt himself severely. His mother scolded him for his carelessness, and he sobbed out: "Mamma, please don't scold me till I get done hurting."

He Appreciated Them.

Little Charlie was visiting at his three old maid aunties, and one night they had damson preserves for supper. As Charlie smacked his lips and passed up his plate for more, he remarked, "I'm very fond of preserved *damsels.*"

The Confectionery of India.

All kinds of India sweetmeats are made of brown sugar, many of them molded into various shapes of birds and beasts. Tubes also are made, filled with honey, and twisted into various forms. Then, there are balls of sugar and clarified butter. These confectioneries are soft and melt in the mouth. Those made by the higher caste differ from those made by the lower, so absolute are the laws of caste.

An African Mocking-bird.

A Kaffir vanished, and groans were heard. He was searched for without result, but on the following night groans were still heard. The search continued, and the man was found murdered. His murderer was arrested and executed, but the groans still continued, to the dismay of their auditors. At last they were traced to a mocking-bird. That bird alone of living things had seen the deed of blood, and now from day to day reproduced the piteous moaning of its victim.

Profane Jokes.

Here is a story about a little lady over three. She is, or rather has been, unwell. "Come, now, you must eat something; what would you like? Tell me and you shall hav it." Says baby, after a pause: "An angel's egg." Near baby's bed there was a picture of a lady with wings.

A teacher in a Sabbath-school was speaking to his class of the miracle of Jonah in the whale's belly. After exciting the wonder of the children by the narrativ, he said, "Could any of you imagin a miracle more wonderful than that?" "Yes, sir," said a precocious little fellow, shaking his head vigorously. "What?" said the teacher. "A whale in Jonah's belly," was the reply.—*The Freethinker.*

IN A PHILADELPHIA SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—Teacher: "Now, children, I am going to tell you about the prophet Daniel, who, though cast into a den of lions——" New scholar (fresh from New York): "Hav you only just got onto that here?"

OLD lady (to grocer's boy): "Don't you know, boy, that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?" Boy: "That's what the boss told me to do, mum." Old lady: "Told you to whistle?" Boy: "Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd hav to whistle for the money."

LITTLE PHILIP'S SCHOLARSHIP.—Philip, who is seven years old, is proud of his standing at school. "Well," said his uncle, who had heard the boy speak rather delightedly about his school triumphs, "what is your relativ rank in your class?"

"I—I don't know what you mean, uncle."

"Why, I mean, where do you stand in your classes?"

"Oh, in the reading class I stand on the crack just in front of the big desk, and in the 'rithmetic class I don't stand at all, 'cos we just sit on the recitation bench."

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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"What's a birthrite, mum? Is it anything like a birthday or birthmark, mum?"

"Anything like a birthmark? Why, you silly boy, no—the idea! A birthright is—is—er—well, a birthright is—er—something you are not old enough to understand, James."

"Yes'm. What did the kid see, mum, that they called him Hesaw for?"

"They didn't call him Hesaw, you stupid, but Esau—E-s-a-u—understand?"

"Yes'm. Was he all over hair, like a gote, mum?"

"Something like, I suppose, dear."

"Yes'm. The old man liked him 'cos he cood shoot bucks and giv the old duffer lots of ven'son, didn't he, mum?"

"James Badger, you must not talk that way of the ever living and saintly Isaac!"

"No'm. Ain't he dead yet, mum—Ike?"

"In the flesh, yes, but not in the spirit, James."

"No'm. But he's too dead to eat ven'son, ain't he, mum?"

"James Badger!"

"Yes'm. The old woman was cute, when she played off that smooth-faced sharp for the hairy-faced hunter, by stickin' gote skin onto him, warn't she, mum?"

"Y-e-s, she—well, you know she was very fond of Jacob——"

"Yes'm. But the old man smelt a mice when the second hairy cuss come in for a blessin', didn't he, mum?"

"Yes; poor, blind Isaac! he thought it strange, James, and no wonder."

"Yes'm. That Jake was a snide for doin' such a mean trick, if the old woman did want him to, warn't he, mum?"

"Oh, you mustn't talk so of dear Jacob, for he was beloved of the Lord!"

"No'm. Did the Lord love skins and sharps, mum—mean cusses and beats, I mean, mum."

"James Badger, you're awful!"

"No'm. Didn't that Jake beat Eser outen his birthrite when he ketched him all done up and hungry for grub, and only giv him a bowl of porrige for it?"

"You boy, Esau was willing to sell it, and Jacob bought it."

"Yes'm. But it was a dead skin, all the same, mum!"

"If you don't stop talking that way I'll send you right home, James Badger!"

"No'm—please don't, 'cos I shoodn't see your lovely obbun hare, mum."

"Oh, you James Badger, you are learning young to flatter!"

"Yes'm. What's flatter, mum? I gess I know, 'cos pop told ma his wallet was flatter'n a pancake, this mornin'."

"Dear me! You are so funny, James."

"Yes'm. How Esar squealed to the old man about Jake's beatin' him outen his birthrite and the old cock's blessin', didn't he, mum? And I don't blame him—I'd a busted the snoozer in the eye, if he was my bruther, you bet!"

"James, James, that's awful talk for Sunday-school! Don't, dear."

"No'm. I don't go much onto the old duffer, Ike, 'cos he'd orter called Jake in and giv him a layin' out, and took back the blessin' and giv it to Eso, 'cos Jake plade it onto him so; don't you think so, mum?"

"Oh, you mustn't ask me, James. Jacob was in God's hands, and grew to be great in the Lord, you know."

"Huh!—what for, mum? 'Cos he was a skin and dead-beat? He makes me tired. How he skinned old Labe, his unc——"

"And served him just right, the idolator!"

"Yes'm. Was them brass gods that one of Jake's wives stole from her pop, mum?"

"Yes, they were—horrid brass idols, dear!"

"Yes'm. Is brass gods N.G., mum?"

"Brass gods are nothing but brass, you boy—images, that's all!"

"Yes'm. How she fooled pop, when he come nosin' round after his lost gods, didn't she, mum?"

"Yes, she did; I glory in her for that!"

"Yes'm. Ain't brass wuth sumthin', mum? And didn't she steal brass?"

"No, she didn't—not when it was made up into horrid gods, you heathen boy, you!"

"No'm. Old Labe was a fly old fake, too, wasn't he, mum? How he fooled Jake on the rong gal, and got seven years more work outen him for the uther—bully for Labe!"

"James Badger, you stop, now!"

"Yes'm. Ain't brass gods, that you can see and feel and know where they are all the time, mum, jest as good as invisible gods that you can't?"

"You James Madison Badger, you blasphemous little wretch——"

"What's blasfimus——"

"You go straight home this minute! You are perfectly shocking! The class is dismissed." And thus terminated the Jacob and Esau séance. SI SLOKUM.

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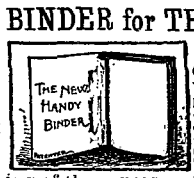
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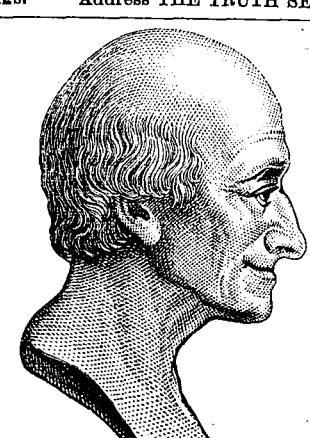
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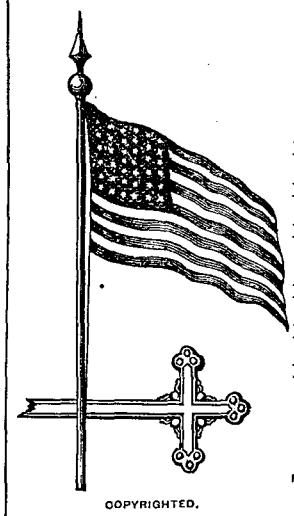
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News of the Week.

BLAINE is suffering from diabetes.

FLOODS in Germany hav left 15,000 persons without shelter.

MATTHEW ARNOLD died suddenly of heart disease on the 15th.

CHICAGO has a strike of bakers, and Missouri of stone-cutters.

A BILL for slave emancipation is being prepared for the Brazilian parliament.

CONCORD, N. H., is in great commotion over the enforcement of Prohibition.

AN extensiv brewers' strike and boycott commenced in New York city on the 16th.

CHIEF ARTHUR has accepted the proposal for harmonious relations made by Powderly.

A RECENT attempt to evict a farmer on the Des Moines river lands was defeated by armed men.

THE government telegraph agitation is growing, under the management of the Knights of Labor.

GRAND Army posts participated with Southern veterans in the late decoration of Confederate graves.

REV. MR. BRUSHINGHAM, of Chicago, is accused of seduction by Eva Parker, a poor young working girl.

A RELIGIOUS authority estimates the Protestants in this country at 11,000,000 and the Catholics at 6,000,000.

THE labor political parties of the country are activly preparing for the coming elections, but seem unable to unite.

WRANGLES between an Episcopal bishop and clergymen at Goshen, N. Y., are being settled by the civil courts.

IT is believed that attempts on the life of the czar hav taken place lately, but that the news has been suppressed.

POLITICIANS are wrangling for or against the admission of states to the Union according to the effect on their parties.

SUBSCRIPTIONS amounting to $150,000 hav been secured in Baltimore and Washington for the new national Catholic University.

A YOUNG woman lately made an eloquent address in a West Virginia court and defeated her father's application for a liquor license.

MAYOR HEWITT of New York continues a spirited controversy with Irish societies attacking him for his anti-foreign-flag decision.

THERE are in the United States 1,390 churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under her various titles, 550 to St. Joseph, and 466 to St. Patrick.

THE prince of Wales recently refused to see Dr. Ganz, an Anarchist leader who called, saying, it is reported, he could tolerate a slugger but not an Anarchist.

GREAT distress exists in the families of the more sturdy supporters of the late Pennsylvania mining strike, who are now blacklisted by the Christian millionaire owners.

GENERAL CRESCO, president of the Venezuelan republic, who erected a church to Our Lady of Lourdes, has, Catholics report, as a reward been cured of a long-standing infirmity.

MR. J. BEECHER MILLS, secretary of the New York Church Club, says that thousands of laymen are interesting themselvs in the proposed campaign for the reunion of Christendom.

THE House committee on rivers and harbors has presented a bill appropriating $19,432,783 for river and harbor improvements, the largest bill of the kind ever reported to Congress.

THE conduct of the uncivil and insulting crowds that surround Barnum's Arabs whenever they walk out in our city streets is such as to render it a confused question who are the barbarians.

THE Catholic church in Germany has, through coöperation with the government in suppressing Socialism, risen from a condition, fifteen years ago, of feebleness and oppression, to great power and favor.

THE Painters' and Decorators' Knights of Labor Assembly in Boston has passed a resolution condemning the action of the Central Labor Union in that city in admitting delegates from a bartenders' union, "on the ground that they are agents of a trade detrimental to organized labor, as well as to society in general."



A CAPITAL OFFENDER AND OBJECT OF GOD'S WRATH.

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv.—Ex. xxii, 18.

Odds and Ends.

A PERSIAN proverb says: "If you enlist in the army, say a prayer; if you go to sea, say two; but if you get married, say three."

AN exchange states that the use of slang among girls is on the increase. Then the girls must get up earlier in the morning and go to bed later in the evening than they used to.

A SLEEPY Boston congregation was suddenly aroused by the minister's words: "He has fought the good fight, he has finished his course." But its normal condition was resumed as soon as the reference became clear.

"HE is very plainly dressed, but from his authoritativ and commanding air I should say that he either has a large bank account, or is a general of the army." "No, you're mistaken; he's an Irish policeman in citizen's clothes."

A WATER rat must be considered very uncanny in esthetic Boston, for a young lady of the Back bay recently alluded to one as the *hydromys chrysogaster* of Tasmania. Why did she not simply call it a non-union compositor on a temperance paper?

AN Everett debating society is discussing the question as to which is the madder—the husband who goes home and finds that dinner isn't ready, or the wife who has dinner ready and whose husband doesn't go home. It is believed that the debate will end in a draw.

"I ALWAYS liked the Episcopal religion best," said Bill, as he eyed a pretty girl with her morocco-bound prayer-book in the horse car. "If you are an Episcopalian, you get credit for going to church not only while you are there, but all the way going and all the way home."

HIS CONDITION IN LIFE.

First flirt: "That handsome man is an acquaintance of yours, I see."

Second flirt: "Yes, I hav known him for some time."

"Is he married or unmarried?"

"He's a drummer."

ARKANSAS judge: "Queer thing, that, about Keyser." Arkansas colonel: "How's that?" Arkansas judge: "Reformed, you know." Arkansas colonel: "Joined the church, eh?" Arkansas judge: "Well, no; he's only on probation now. I heard him arguing last night that it was wrong to kill a man on Sunday."

THE community receives intelligence that a million or more Chinamen hav been killed by an earthquake, and is shocked almost as severely as if an American pugilist had lost a fight with a foreigner. There is altogether too much misery in China for the people of the United States to worry at the loss of a few hundred thousand lives. Sufferers from the Yellow river floods had our sympathy, of course, but not our money. Perhaps it has been spent—and perhaps not ill-spent—in supporting the missionaries of four denominations in remote corners of the earth. What ho! Without there! Sunday-school superintendents for another hundred million Chinamen! Clothing and food, too? Assuredly not. The heathens are trying to swindle us.—*Tid-bits.*

"MY beloved brethern," announced a preacher from his pulpit, "on Sabbath morning next a collection will be taken up for our blessed Feejee mission." "Amen!" rang fervently through the congregation. "And I would add," went on the preacher impressivly, "that 'amens,' however resonant and sincere, make but little rattle in the contribution box."

LADY (to bosom friend): "What's the good of keeping a clock in my bedroom? I always know what time it is when my husband comes home. If he makes a noise, I know it is early yet, say half-past 10 or 11. If he is very friendly and bids me good-night, then it has got rather late, about 12 or half-past. But when he pulls off his boots outside and comes to bed without a light, I am perfectly sure that it has already struck 2 A.M."

GOTHAM sensational preacher: "What bundle is this?" Wife: "It was left here by a messenger boy." "My gracious! It's the essay I wrote for the *Society Monthly* on 'The Disgusting, Degrading, Damning Doings of Society Belles at Five o'Clock Teas.' The publishers hav sent it back. They say if they printed it they'd be arrested by Anthony Comstock." "Too bad! Your work is all lost, isn't it?" "Oh, no; not so bad as that. I can use it for a sermon."

MEG, dear, I'm quite sorry Lent's over,
For I've been having no end of fun.
I havn't missed balls and receptions
One bit since the season was done.
What with luncheons, and teas, and my riding,
The sewing class, study, and dress,
And poker—I've made lots of money!
That devotion was crowned with success.
I've put in a most charming season,
And really I'm sorry it's o'er,
If it were not for the bonnets at Easter,
I shouldn't mind forty days more.
Don't talk about sin, death, and folly—
Such topics are best ones to shun.
Do you know, I think Lent is so jolly,
And sackcloth and ashes *such* fun!

HE had made his declaration of love, and it had been heard with a lowering of the fair head; with a blush on the soft cheek. But he could not help saying something to fill in, while he waited for her answer. "When I say I hav never loved till now," he said, "it is not an empty word. My lips hav never touched the lips of any woman—except my mother's; my hand has never pressed a woman's hand; I do not dance, and my arm——" A look of strange wonderment came over the beautiful face, and the deep eyes grew large as she listened. "Is this true, George?" she asked, with hushed breath. "It is," he answered; "it is literally true." The look of wonderment merged into a glance of icy sternness as she rose to her full hight and confronted him. "Then, for heaven's sake, George," she said, "go somewhere and practice till you get a record."

Gems of Thought.

THE real oppressor, enslaver, and corrupter of the people is the Bible. That book burnt heretics, built dungeons, founded the Inquisition, and trampled upon all the liberties of man. That book spreads the pall of superstition over the colleges and schools. That book puts out the eyes of science, and makes honest investigation a crime. That book fills the world with bigotry, hypocrisy, and fear. How long, Oh, how long! will mankind worship a book? How long will they grovel in the dust before the ignorant legends of the barbaric past?—*Ingersoll.*

How are we to be guided in these troublesome days when rash persons hav insisted upon revealing the open secret, and the esoteric creed of the sensible man has been proclaimed so that they who run may read? On the whole, the sensible man would reply: You had better hold your tongue. We at least, who hav no new gospel to preach, will not set up for prophets. Let us look on as calmly as may be at the huge turmoil of conflicting controversy; smile with equal calmness at the bigots who would damn people for losing their way in the dark; at the pompous dogmatists who would face it out that they can see as clearly in the dark as in broad daylight; at the feather-headed enthusiasts who take the first will-o'-the-wisp for a safe guide, and patch up a new religion out of scraps and tatters of half-understood science; and at the simple-minded philosophers who fancy in all seriousness that men are about to become reasoning animals. —*Leslie Stephen.*

AN act which at first is meritorious as a means, tends inevitably to become meritorious as an end. Moreover, actions frequently repeated for some definit reason, come to be repeated when that reason is absent. Thus, the reading of sacred books, originally a profitable exercise to the mind of the reader, is soon undertaken for its own sake, whether the mind of the reader be concerned in it or not. And the action, having become habitual, is stereotyped as a religious custom, and, therefore, a religious obligation. The words of the holy books are read aloud to a congregation, without effort or intelligence on their part, perhaps in a tongue which they do not comprehend. Even if the vernacular be employed, there is not the pretense of an effort to penetrate the sense of difficult passages. Holy writ has become a charm, to be mechanically read and as mechanically heard, and the notion of merit—arising in the first instance from the high importance of understanding its meaning with a view to practicing its precepts—now attaches to the mere repetition of the consecrated word.—*Viscount Amberley.*

THE priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.
—*Burns.*

IT had been hard for him that spake it, to hav put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god," for it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion toward society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should hav any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation.—*Bacon's Essays.*

HE who must needs hav company, must needs sometimes hav bad company. Be able to be alone; lose not the advantage of solitude and the society of thyself; nor be only content but delighted to be alone and single with Omniency. He who is thus prepared, the day is not uneasy, nor the night black unto him. Darkness may blind his eyes, not his imagination.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

As no man can be happy if he is wicked, foolish, or indolent, so no man can be wretched if he is virtuous, brave, and wise. Glorious is the life of that man whose virtues and practice are praiseworthy; nor, indeed, ought that life to be escaped from which is deserving of praise, though it might well be cut short if it were a wretched one.—*Cicero.*

EVEN so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow and waters roll
Strength to the brave and power and deity,
Yet in themselvs are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them* and said that by the soul
Only the nations shall be great and free.
—*Wordsworth.*

THOUGH, speaking for myself, I admit the possibility of revelation, I totally disbelieve that the almighty ever did communicate anything to man, by any mode of speech, in any language, or by any kind of vision or appearance, or by any means which our senses are capable of receiving, otherwise than by the universal display of himself in the works of creation, and by that repugnance we feel in ourselvs to bad actions, and the disposition to do good ever.—*Thomas Paine.*

INSTEAD of trampling juvenil criminals still lower into the earth, society now adopts the view which Robert Owen was the first to popularize—although not the first to enunciate—that a man is better or worse according to the conditions surrounding the parents previous to the birth of the child, and those which surround the infant itself during its childhood, and accompany the boy or girl during youth. Young criminals are now sought to be made less criminal by being placed for lengthy periods under conditions which shall modify and improve their characters.—*Bradlaugh's Five Dead Men, etc.*

BELIEF in the Phenix was no sign that the early Christians were incapable of receiving a spiritual religion, but surely it is one among a hundred signs that their intellectual development of it might be incorrect; that they had reflected but little on the nature and laws of evidence.—*Coleridge's Biographia Literaria.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE SACRED FIDDLE.

Notes and Clippings.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU gave an Easter Sunday dinner to his parishioners in the jail at Quebec.

MISS BOOTH, the daughter of General Booth of the Salvation Army, is to marry a Hindoo, Fakir Singh. Five shillings admission is to be charged.

JUDGE DUFFY wishes for a law to "compel men to work." What would become of the ministers if such a law were enacted? They toil not, neither can they spin, and it would break them all up to force them to try.

BOSTON has increased her permanent vagrant population twenty-eight per cent in five years. She has accomplished this by increasing her charity fund, and has at length become convinced that the bigger the poor-fund in a city, the greater the number of applicants.

THE prohibition of bull-fighting in the Mexican state of Guanajuato by Governor Gonzales is the latest step of those Mexican reformers who are anxious to lead the Mexican republicans up to the higher civilization. It is to be presumed that Gonzales will not continue to be governor of Guanajuato for any great length of time.

THIRD Assistant-Postmaster-General Harris has stated his qualifications for the job of carrying Balaam in these words: "A paper or magazine already granted the privileges of the mails is hard to deal with, but a new publication is entirely within the power of the department. There is too much printed matter; too many magazines already."

"THAT sermon was the finest effort I ever heard," said a man on his way home from church. "I wouldn't hav missed it for $20." "I'm glad you enjoyed it, John," said his wife. "Yes, I enjoyed it; but there was one thing that annoyed me." "What was that, John?" "I had no change in my pocket less than half a dollar for the contribution box."

ONE hundred years ago the town of Wilton, N. H., passed the following vote: "That the town provide one barrel West India rum, five barrels New England rum, one barrel good brown sugar, half a box good lemons, two loaves of loaf sugar, for framing and raising said meeting-house." That is a very small proportion of sugar for so much rum, and indicates that our forefathers took theirs straight.

THE Rev. Dr. Talmage has buckled on his armor as chaplain of the Thirteenth New York regiment, and one night last week he dined and wined the colonel and officers of the regiment and a few members of the Veteran Association at his home at 1 South Oxford street, Brooklyn. One of the guests said that the menu was an excellent one, and that the four kinds of wine which the chaplain had provided served to enliven the festivities.

THE Detroit, Mich., *Commercial Advertiser* prognosticates: "Slowly but surely a condition of affairs seems approaching that will force the masses into abject submission or determined revolt against the oppression of scheming capitalists. It is a frightful state of affairs to contemplate, but it is folly to assert that events of almost daily occurrence do not point directly to coming peasant slavery or an era of popular revolution in the United States. . . . The working classes are being driven like a great herd of cattle up a slowly narrowing cañon. When they reach the impassable cliffs they will turn, and the history of all race or class oppressions will be repeated."

THE exodus from Ireland has reached such dimensions as to force the British steamship companies to announce that they must refuse to book any more steerage passengers for America. The exodus from Germany is also of unusual proportions, and so is that from other northern countries of Continental Europe. We are likely to see more Italians at our port this year than ever before, and the expulsion of Jews from Russia will enlarge the influx of the Semitic element.

THE government of Spain has introduced a new marriage law negotiated with the Vatican. This enforces all the rules of ecclesiastical law in marriages between Roman Catholics, and allows only the intervention of the civil authorities at the religious ceremony for the purpose of registering the contract, and tolerates the civil marriage only in the case of Spaniards who are not Roman Catholics. The new law is much criticised by Republicans and Liberals, as a fresh evidence of the influence of the Vatican at the court, even under a Liberal cabinet.

THE *Sun* calls a short roll of pulpit philosophers in New York city who are preaching somewhat novel doctrins on Sundays outside of the regular churches. The more prominent of them are Prof. Felix Adler, who preaches in Chickering Hall; Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, who preaches in Masonic Hall; ex-Father McGlynn, who has preached all winter in the Academy of Music, and Rev. Charles McCarthy, who preaches at his quarters uptown. Mr. Adler and Mr. McCarthy hav held their ground for a good many years; Mr. Pentecost and Mr. McGlynn are newcomers in the independent business. One of them preached last Sunday on the tariff; another scolded his enemies, and another attacked the project of building an Episcopalian cathedral in this city. All these independent preachers get hearers who cheer their more sensational utterances.

THE best known of the cannibal tribes on the upper Congo are the Bangala, who yelled, "Meat!" very loudly when they chased Stanley down the river, but who hav conceived the idea that their recent intercourse with the whites has given them considerable polish, and lifted them several points higher in the social scale than the neighboring tribes. For two years past they hav been utilized as Congo state soldiers, steamboat hands, and station laborers. They dress in Manchester cottons, carry guns, and hav acquired a smattering of the French language. They used to make war for cannibal purposes upon the people of Ngombé, and nowadays, when a steamboat draws up at Ngombé with a lot of Bangala on board, the people flock down to the river and heap abuse upon the ancient enemy with all the epithets at their command. To this torrent of Congo billingsgate the Bangala hav only one response. They collect at the prow of the boat and shout: "Savages! savages!" at the top of their lungs. Travelers say it is an interesting spectacle to see these reformed cannibals thus vaunting their superior civilization.

Communications.

Land Reform in 1848 and 1888.

GEORGE HENRY EVANS AND HENRY GEORGE.

The renown gained by the popular writer and agitator, Henry George, has obscured for the time being the memory of a man whose untiring labors and self-denial in efforts to abolish involuntary poverty were heroically displayed long before Mr. George wielded a pen, or was even born. These men, whose names suggest each the other, although conspicuous in the same subject of reform, belonged to wholly separate generations, and differed widely in their views as to the measures required to effect the cure of our monster social and industrial evil—unlimited private control of the land.

They were both Democrats and free traders, but even as early as 1844 Democracy meant either the kid-glove Van Buren politics, or the Slam and Rantoul "locofocoism." Mr. Evans was never, however, a partisan or a politician in the office-seeking sense, but a devoted advocate of principle. He was a printer, and a newspaper man of note—the same as Mr. George.

The question of allotment of land has been one of fundamental importance to every people known to history. At the very inception of national life most peoples hav attempted a solution of it, and nearly always with much discernment and forecast. The plan of the Hebrew lawgiver, for the distribution, management, and periodic *re*-distribution of the land, is too familiar to require particular notice. All primitiv societies hav looked correctly upon its cumulativ dominion under an individual or a class as the one danger to the public good, or to the national life, which demanded effectiv safeguards. The Agrarian law of Rome, so far from being the revolutionary and property-destroying measure which the servil talents and learned ignorance of historians and scholars hav represented, was in fact the fundamental principle of the Roman constitution, which required that every citizen should be a landowner. It was through an encroaching assumption of the state, making the land state property and leasing it to the citizens, that there came, by imperceptible gradations, the large estates in land, and the impoverishment both of the soil and of the cultivator, the decay of Roman citizenship, the suppression of the republic, and, finally, the death of the Roman nationality.

Our country had been colonized from Europe at a time when feudalism was breaking up before the advance of commercialism, which was aiming at the ascendency in all civilized human affairs. The title to the land, by a stupendous legal fiction, under feudalism had been held to be in the monarch, and "every common right had become a right of the crown," and "the bond between the king and lord and vassal was the tenure of land," as shown by the British Encyclopedia, article Government. Land ownership in England to-day has no other legal foundation, and its change to commercial ownership has been made without warrant in law, as it is in logic. When, therefore, it was declared that all power was derived from the people, the title to land not yet passed to private, allodial ownership was assumed to be in the whole people.

Hence the disposal of our public lands became a matter of early interest. Mr. Hamilton, who deemed that whatever belonged to the people was for the use of the government, conceived the idea of realizing a fund for the payment of the "war debt," and other uses, by disposing of the dominion of these lands to a wealthy aristocracy the people had repudiated as political rulers. Hence negotiations were opened with foreign capitalists and nativ land companies, while the actual settler and pioneer, unless able to purchase at least one square mile, were not treated with by the government, under the ruling of the treasury department, of which Hamilton was chief. It was not, I think, till after another treasurer was appointed that this unjust discrimination was reformed. This was done at the instance of General Harrison, who was delegate from the "Northwest Territory," and who eloquently depicted to Congress the inconvenience and suffering to which the actual settlers were subjected by the "land companies" and private land speculators, whose rapacity was tempered with no sentiment of humanity or justice, or even pretense of honesty. By his eloquence and personal influence he obtained the passage of a law requiring the land office to sell in quarter sections (one hundred and sixty acres). But still the forestalling speculators had greatly the advantage of the honest buyer. It was not till the second term of General Jackson that the principle of "limitation to the sale of land" was distinctly made, and which was subsequently carried out, thus putting an end to the traffic by confining sales to one hundred and sixty acres to any person, and to actual settlers. Even at that early date, through the efforts of men some of whom I shall presently notice, the popular mind had been so aroused to the evil of land speculation that General Jackson was sustained in recommending this measure to Congress. The same reformers, among whom Mr. Evans was conspicuous, kept up the agitation for the "free homestead" for a quarter of a century, when at length, in the supreme peril of the nation, a law was passed in 1862. It was but a partial measure, however, leaving the field still open to those corrupt "land grants" which hav stamped our national legislation with everlasting infamy.

But the Homestead act at most was a temporary measure, and its salutary effects hav been quite counterbalanced by the mammoth corporation "steals." This agitation, however, led on directly to the discussion of a higher question, "limitation to private land ownership." I am unable to say positivly who first propounded this plan. It originated, I think, in this country quite fifty years ago. At that time there was much agitation on the labor question. The workingmen had elected a member of Congress, Eli Moore, from the city of New York, and here the "bread riots" had occurred in 1837. The first public utterance connecting land ownership with the subject of labor reform I am able to find is in an address, drawn up by John H. Hunt, for a public meeting held in City Hall park, March 6, 1837, and at which "more than thirty thousand persons were present." The rioters who had raided the flour-store of Eli Hart & Co. had gone from a similar meeting three weeks before, but for that the management of the meeting was shown to be in no manner responsible. In his address at this second meeting Mr. Hunt distinctly raised the question between a monopoly of the land and the low wages of labor and high prices of bread. He did not at that time, however, state any method by which the evil of this monopoly could be prevented. Mr. Evans is regarded as the father of "land limitation," but I am not aware that he claimed to hav originated it. And Mr. George's "sovereign remedy" was in no respect original with him. It was not till Evans commenced the publication of the *Workingman's Advocate* in 1844 that I find "limitation" distinctly enunciated as a political measure, when "Vote yourself a farm," at first sneeringly given as a motto by opposers, was definitly adopted by the reformers.

From 1832 or earlier the labor agitation had been vigorously prosecuted by a number of talented men. I can name only a few of them: Dr. Douglass, Jacob Frieze, Theophilus Fisk, Seth Luther, Jeremiah Hacker, of New England; Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, of Maryland; John Shedden, Geo. Lippard, A. J. H. Duganne, of Philadelphia; Louis A. Hine, John Pickering, of Cincinnati; Geo. H. Evans, H. H. Van Amringe, Wm. Leggett, John Windt, John Commerford, Allan E. Bovay, Thos. A. Devyr, Dr. Sheppard, Mr. Haskett, F. Byrdsall, Moses Jaques, Lewis Masquerier, William Rowe, James McClatchy, Dr. A. D. Wilson, of New York, and numbers of other devoted men, equally worthy of mention, who gave their best efforts to the work. Not all I hav named accepted fully the doctrin of Mr. Evans's "land limitation," but most of them did. A great number of papers were started in different states, advocating the homestead and limitation laws, and the question continued to grow in interest till the fall of 1848, when it was absorbed and swamped in the Van Buren and Adams canvass, which sported a spurious "Free Soil" banner, and seduced the less intelligent from their allegiance to principle, by exciting hopes of some immediate success. Are we to hav a repetition of this consummate asinin stupidity in 1888?

Some of these reformers had been conspicuous in what was called the "Loco Foco" party. They had been largely instrumental in promoting in this state the abolition of "imprisonment for debt," the repeal of the "market monopoly," exemption of the homestead, household goods, and workmen's tools from execution, the passage of laws giving married women control of their property, and also of "mechanics' lien laws." At a meeting called by Mr. Whitney at the Tabernacle they squelched his Pacific railroad project. I mention these things to show that they were the leaders of progressiv thought on the subjects of land and labor of their time. Two of them previous to 1848 had been nominated on the independent ticket for mayor of the city; first Moses Jaques, and then John Commerford, each receiving several thousand votes, when the aggregate vote was only about thirty-five thousand. Mr. Hunt was a brother of Governor Hunt and of Freeman Hunt, founder and editor of the *Merchants' Magazine*. He was the author of the "Slavery of Poverty" and of "The Honest Man's Book." A number were brilliant writers and journalists. James McClatchy subsequently emigrated to California, and made a national reputation as the publisher and editor of the Sacramento *Bee*. John Commerford, on his appearance before a Congressional committee with a petition and address, was highly complimented by John C. Calhoun.

Mr. Evans was a writer of remarkable vigor, though lacking polish, and a good public speaker. He was thoroughly trusted by the workingmen, whose interests he never betrayed. He was approached by the managers of the United States (Biddle's) Bank, at the time the *Courier and Enquirer* went over, and was offered "patronage and money" if he would advocate its claims. He was at this time not only poor, but involved in debt, yet the bank could not buy him. He continued to publish *Young America* and to lead the forlorn hope until his death in 1855, though, for a few years, he had been too poor to issue it regularly. After Mr. Evans's decease the Land Reform Association kept up its organization until the appearance of Mr. George's "Progress and Poverty." It opened correspondence with the Land Tenure Association, and also with the Land League of England, before Mr. George assumed leadership of the agitation for Land Nationalization. It exerted itself in petitioning Congress, sending remonstrances, publishing and circulating speeches, pamphlets, etc. I am not informed whether, since the death of its venerable president, the lamented William Rowe, in 1886, it has held regular meetings. It originated the Brotherhood of the Union, which was absorbed during the war by the Union League. A full quarter of a century before Mr. George's book appeared, Mr. Pickering's "Workingmen's Political Economy" had been published and one of Hunt's two books had been given to the world; also two or more by Mr. Hine. And ere "Progress and Poverty" had been named, Duganne's "Acres and Hands," "Keep it Before the People," "A Billion of Acres of Unsold Lands," and other stirring ballads had thrilled two generations of the people. Now, it was upon a field thus toilfully prepared by the lifelong and devoted labors of earnest and talented men that the semi-pessimistic gospel of "Progress and Poverty" made its advent, and challenged for its author leadership in the movement for land reform. To show how easy it is to overlook the labor of the past:

> Mr. Powderly is now boasting of the great things done by the managers of the Knights of Labor in the days of their power, and especially of their agitation against land monopoly. In the official proclamation which he has just sent out to his followers he says: "To no other organization belongs the credit of calling attention to the ravages of land speculation." As a matter of fact, before Mr. Powderly was born the old land reformers were in that line of business with their land-limitation program; they also had an organization for carrying it on; they likewise kept up an agitation over it; and the Homestead law and other measures were the result of their efforts.—*Sun*, Nov. 26, 1887.

I do not propose to discuss the respectiv claims of George and Evans as authorities on the land question, nor, at any length, the nature of their peculiar plans or schemes; but will state the "measure" of the one, and the "remedy" of the other, briefly, leaving you to judge between them as reason or prejudice may determin. So far as a statement of the pernicious influence of land monopoly is concerned, Mr. George has simply reiterated the arguments and statements of the early reformers, and if in more attractiv phrase, it does not necessarily follow that the influence of his utterances will be more enduring. So far the two men and their eras present no important differences. Only in respect to: "What is to be done?" do they differ. They represent in this not only different eras, but quite different systems of philosophy, social and political. It is true they agree that reform must come through the ballot and through legislation. But Mr. Evans belonged to the school that believes government to be a necessary evil, and that we are to hav as little to do with it as possible. That nature is to be relied on mainly, and that to correct the evils of already existing legislation is the great aim to be sought by the reformer. Thus far he is an optimist. The line of Mr. George's thought is decidedly pessimistic. He accepts the theories of Malthus and Ricardo that rent, that synonym of all subjection and the oppression men suffer from it, is a result of natural law, which can only be eliminated through statecraft and the rule of force, and that the onward march of progress, with its natural adjunct, poverty, can only thus be stayed. He has some way, however, of applying the optimistic rule to interest and profits; at any rate, has never proposed that these should be taxed back for the benefit of the state, although admitting they are equally uncompensated by service, and are as truly "a gratuity of nature" as is the use of land.

J. K. INGALLS.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

Praying Machines Wanted.

The Episcopal bishops are about to go to England and join their brethren there in holding a convocation at Lambeth. Forms of prayer are sent out by the bishops to all their clergy, to be repeated in the churches, asking the Lord to carry out a sectarian program which the bishops in their despair hav already dictated, and in a sacerdotal and official way hav telegraphed to the almighty.

Parry, moving north on his great ice floe, found the floe moving south. The bishops find the churches caught by warm currents, moving with them and melting. It is high time the Lord was jogged, and reminded of his neglect.

The Thibetans fasten their prayers on water-wheels, and so by chronic thumps keep their gods awake with constant reminders. The bishops send theirs to windmills; church fashion requiring this method in celestial diplomacy. There is a power in numbers, so all the praying machines are summoned

to duty, and a call made for additional ones. The bishops are sending out, as autumn leaves, their copper-engraved portraits, furnished at the expense of the missionary societies in New York. The funds collected in the churches throughout the country are supposed to go among the heathen, but there are tithes at the clerical receipt of customs, New York. Saints first, sinners afterward. But is it honest to take the money collected for missions and expend it to furnish the public gratuitously with their pictures, and pay the tourist expenses of bishops and their parasites, while they tell the people this is necessary to carry on the work of the Lord? The public can see through shams. They know what grists the prayer-mills grind. Yesterday some "promises to pay" of bishops were offered in Wall street; the holder had one bid of five cents on a dollar. If the prayer-mills can bring manna and manhood to the "successors of the apostles," multiply the mills.

New York, April 13, 1888. G. E. O.

The Crucifixion, as Reported by Pontius Pilate.

The Rev. W. D. Mahan, of Boonville, Mo., has published a pamphlet entitled, "A Correct Transcript of Pilate's Court, as taken from Tiberius Cæsar's Records in the Vatican, giving a correct account of the apprehension, trial, and crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth." Mr. Mahan first heard of the existence of this document in 1856, from a learned German, who said he had seen it in the Vatican, and who thought a transcript of it might be procured. The German having returned to his nativ country, Mr. Mahan succeeded in obtaining through him the transcript in Latin, made by the chief guardian of the Vatican, at a cost of $62.44, and then he had to pay $10.00 for an English translation. This was in 1859. Twenty years later he published the English translation in a pamphlet, with a preface in which he says:

> Though it is not inspiration, yet the words burnt in my heart as the words of Christ in the hearts of the disciples, and I am satisfied from the spirit it bears that it must be true.

The document purports to be a report made by Pontius Pilate to Tiberius Cæsar. It reads like a sensational story written for a magazine or newspaper. Pilate describes his first sight of Jesus, leaning against a tree and calmly addressing the multitude:

> His golden-colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. Never hav I seen a sweeter or more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beards and tawny complexion!

Pilate, not being able to understand Hebrew, requested his secretary, Manlius, to listen and report the speech to him. Never did any philosopher equal Jesus in wisdom. Despite all the complaints of the scribes and Pharisees whom Jesus denounced as "a race of vipers" and "painted sepulchers," Pilate tolerated him. But the pressure became so strong that he "wrote to Jesus requesting an interview." The golden-haired young man of celestial aspect came, and at the sight of him Pilate "trembled in every limb." But as soon as the procurator could speak, he said:

> Jesus of Nazareth, I hav granted you for the last three years ample freedom of speech, nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage. I know not whether you hav read Socrates or Plato, but this I know, that there is in your discourses a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above these philosophers.

But inasmuch as Pilate had been accused of being indirectly leagued with Jesus for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil power Rome had left them, it was necessary that the young agitator should be more circumspect.

The dialog continues at considerable length. Jesus is stubborn, and Pilate is at last constrained to convert his request into an order. But he allows Jesus the last word, and reports it as follows:

> Prince of the earth, I came not to bring war into the world, but peace and charity. I was born on the same day on which Augustus Cæsar gave peace to the Roman world.

What a pity that this important fact of the date of the birth of Christ should hav been hidden in the archives of his vicegerent at Rome until 1859, when it was disclosed to the Rev. W. D. Mahan, of Missouri, for $72.44! In this document Jesus himself said he was born April 4, five years before Christ! Farewell Christmas!

Pilate goes on to describe the arrest, trial, and crucifixion in grandiloquent style, but carefully avoiding any contradiction of the gospel narrativ, and screening himself from just censure. But when the eloquent, though uninspired, penman comes to the climax of the death scene, he givs himself away by betraying his ignorance of the Roman time-table. He says:

> By degrees the day darkened like a winter twilight, such as had been at the death of the great Julius Cæsar. It was likewise toward the Ides of March.

"Toward the Ides of March" is a fatal blunder. The Ides of March were March 8th to 15th inclusiv, reckoned backward, and the Jewish Passover never occurred earlier than March 26th.

Another proof of forgery is the statement that:

> Dionysius, the Areopagite, is reported to hav exclaimed, "Either the author of nature is suffering, or the universe is falling apart."

When Paul visited Athens, which was at least twenty years after the death of Jesus, Dionysius the Areopagite became one of his converts (Acts. xvii, 34). The same Dionysius is said to hav become the first bishop of Athens; and the Roman Catholics claim that he was the famous St. Denis who converted all France. The Catholic church, doubtless, invented the story of Dionysius, in which it is said that he was in Egypt when the crucifixion happened, and observing the eclipse that accompanied it (half a day before the full moon rose), exclaimed, "Either God himself is suffering, or he sympathizes with some one who is suffering" (Chamb. Enc.). From this fabricated history the forger of the modern Report of Pilate drew the above exclamation, which Pilate is said to hav written down "on the same night that followed the fatal catastrophe"—as if Dionysius was in Jerusalem, or his exclamation had been telegraphed from Egypt!

The Ante Nicene Christian Library, Vol. xvi, published fifteen years ago, contains "Pilate's Letter to Tiberius Cæsar" and "The Report of Pilate" (both quite different from the one palmed off on Mr. Mahan); also "The Death of Pilate," "The Narrativ of Joseph" (of Arimathea), "The Acts of Pilate," etc., all early forgeries.

Several years ago, Mr. Mahan announced in a circular a book ready for publication "by subscription or state rights," containing the foregoing and numerous other ancient documents, found in "the Vatican at Rome and Constantinople." Among these are several Jewish records, "which Constantine carried to Byzantom in 337, and are still preserved at Constantinople," for example: "The Report of Melker, Priest at Bethlehem," "The Report of Gamalial in his interview of Joseph and Mary, in regard to the child Jesus," and "The trial of Ciaphas by the Sanhedoin." (Note the spelling of the circular, Byzantom, Gamalial, and Ciaphas.)

In the preparation of this work Mr. Mahan says he has employed "two experts, the finest scholars in the world, Drs. McIntosh, of Scotland, and Twyman, of England."

And so the Christian forgeries multiply in modern times.

The story of the crucifixion as told by the four evangelists is false. There was no Christ crucified under Pontius Pilate. The real, historical Jesus lived a hundred years before. He practiced magic, and was stoned and hanged for sorcery by the Jews in the reign of Queen Alexandra, 78–69 B.C.

ANTICHRIST.

Our London Letter.

Eight years ago the admittance of an avowed Atheist to Parliament was opposed most strenuously by the combined piety of every description, and now the bill for the abolition of oaths brought before the House by that same Atheist is supported by some of the very men who then denounced him in such unmeasured terms, and did their utmost to prevent him from securing his legal rights. In 1880 it was resolved by a majority of forty-five in the House of Commons that the junior member for Northampton should be not permitted either to make an affirmation or to take the oath, and in 1888 a majority of one hundred carry the second reading of the Oaths bill introduced by him. I should very much doubt if this is owing to any conscientious change of opinion, except, perhaps, in the case of one or two members. The strenuous opposition then was due in a great measure to fear through want of knowledge, as those who are ignorant on the subject look upon an Infidel as synonymous with the orthodox devil, but when they become familiar with him and find he is, on the whole, much like other men, only a little more in earnest, they forget the terror which once inspired them, and are able to listen rationally to what he has to say. It sadly undermines the power of the priest when professed Christians are on friendly terms with Atheists, and the more this exists the quicker will be the decline and fall of Christian and other supernatural religions.

The Baptist Missionary Society does not appear to be in very good spirits, judging by the report given in a provincial paper of a meeting held a few days back. The chairman stated that out of twelve hundred millions of people, there were only something like one hundred millions who even professed any knowledge of Christianity, and an urgent call was made for money to send out more missionaries for the purpose of imparting the blessed gospel to the remainder of the world's population, who, it is stated, are at present "sitting in darkness." The quite unnecessary statement was made that if the funds were forthcoming, there would be plenty of missionaries—though I can never understand why missionaries should want money, when all the outfit required for such a life is only faith and prayer. A colored minister from Jamaica was the chief speaker, but he could not hav been properly instructed by the committee, or else did not carry out his instructions, for he stated that Jamaica did not want any more missionaries, being now in a position to manufacture enough of the article for local requirements, and consequently did not wish to depress prices by flooding the market by the importation of white goods. But he was good enough to recommend his hearers to pay up all the same, as there were plenty of places in other parts of the world where, no doubt, they would be properly appreciated. It will be a good thing for the societies when the North Pole is discovered, as this should be a fine field for missionary enterprise. Of course, not the most enthusiastic evangelists would think of going there; but then, no one does know exactly where they do go, or what they do—it is only necessary for them to keep out of the way of those who know them, and send reports in now and again, dated from some unpronounceable place, and the trick is done. J. D.

The Manhattan Liberal Club.

The organization of the Liberal Club of the city of New York resulted from the action of Mr. D. T. Gardiner and other activ Liberals, and the publication of a circular dated Sept. 14, 1869, proposing an "organization where men of Liberal ideas can meet and exchange their thoughts in an unbiased manner upon these important topics"—literature, positiv science, and social economy—"one in which the welfare of humanity will be the controling influence, and in which the intellectual will be the only standard." Mr. Horace Greeley was for several years its president, and Mr. Gardiner its energetic promoter and secretary. In later years it elected for president Mr. J. Wilson McDonald, Mr. James Parton, and Mr. Simon Sterne. Its meetings were held every Friday evening at Plimpton Hall, 30 Stuyvesant place, until May, 1876, when it moved to Science Hall, 141 Eighth street.

The Club increased in numbers, interest, and influence until toward the time for election of officers in April, 1877, when its elements took on unusual activity, differentiations ensued, fission or spontaneous division naturally eventuated, with the result that the New York Liberal Club took a hall up-town, where it died of inanition in February, 1878, while the Manhattan Liberal Club continued at its old hall, with the following members as officials: James Parton, W. L. Ormsby, Jr., A. L. Rawson, P. H. Vander Weyde, D. T. Gardiner, Porter C. Bliss, Hugh Byron Brown, David S. Plumb, Henry Evans, Courtlandt Palmer, T. B. Wakeman, and John H. Staats. Since 1882 the Manhattan Liberal Club has held its meetings in the pleasant and commodious German Masonic Hall, 220 East Fifteenth street, Mr. T. B. Wakeman presiding until the election of Prof. Van Buren Denslow as president, April, 1887.

The proceedings of the Club generally consist of a lecture of an hour's duration or less, by some member of the Club or invited guest, followed by a debate by members in speeches of ten minutes or less, until 10:15, when the speaker of the evening again takes the platform, and is allotted fifteen minutes to reply to critics. The Club adjourns at 10:30 P.M. The Club continues to be made up mainly of radical, progressiv people interested in reformatory movements, with perhaps more marked differences than similarity of views, but as a Club it is not devoted to any set of opinions, to any "ology" or "ism," except Liberalism, in so far as that means not only a toleration but a cordial welcome of any new, original, or well-presented thought on subjects appropriate for discussion before a mixed audience. Its audiences are appreciativ of profound dissertations on philosophical subjects, but perhaps prefer "popular lectures" on timely topics, and especially delight in lively debates. Its membership fees are small, just enough to cover current expenses, and new members in accord with its objects are desired. There are many silent members who never appear upon the platform in debate, and some who are seen but rarely at its meetings; but all kinds are equally desired, and can by moral and financial support help to sustain and improve the oldest free platform in the city of New York, and an educational institution which has and asks for no other endowment than the voluntary support of liberal, intellectual people having the welfare of humanity at heart. If all such in the city would aid in some manner, the Manhattan Liberal Club would become known far and wide and its utility be greatly multiplied.

Religion In San Francisco.

From Freethought.

Our clergy hav been stirring themselvs to find out how their business stands in this city, and they giv these figures:

Total population	330,000
Seating capacity of churches	45,000
Occasional church-goers	55,000
Steady church-goers	30,000
Wholly indifferent	245,000

Of these wholly indifferent, it is fair to presume that the odd 45,000 are down in the gutter below the Salvation Army. But the other 200,000 hav risen up into the realm of common sense, and do not need clerical advice. The figures are quite encouraging.

HE who would keep up with the progress of the age must not look to general literature, but to science; must not lose time on the antiquities of classical courses of universities, but study science. Progress is the tail of the great comet of science, therefore keep an eye on the comet.—*Social Science Review.*

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
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Dictatorial Deadheads.

Monday morning a mournful assemblage of some three hundred divines held forth at Farwell Hall, representing the Chicago contingent of the Evangelical Alliance. The press referred to it as an "enthusiastic" meeting, but if the exhibition of bile these vendors of glad (?) tidings gave can be so denominated, then perhaps it was a rollicking affair. The gospel-howlers were out of sorts with things in general, and with the people who mind their own business and try to enjoy themselvs on Sunday in particular. This meeting was called to emphasize their abhorrence of these continuous violations of the "holy Sabbath," which they assumed were liable to land us in the demnition bowwows, and they did it in a manner to strengthen the suspicion that their breakfasts did not agree with them, or that their liver was not in good working order.

Dr. Goodwin, chairman, vented himself in a violent philippic against saloons, theaters, mayor, aldermen, and Sunday newspapers.

Dr. Arthur Little deplored that the evils of Sabbath-breaking had become so frequent that church people hav become accustomed to them and make no effort for their abrogation. Among the preponderance of chaff there was a grain of good advice which is as applicable to Liberalism as to Christianity, and much more necessary. It is: "To advance our movement, we must not sleep on it." He related the reply of Senator Benton, when asked how he managed to secure the passage of certain unpopular measures, which was, "By ding-dong;" and urged work as well as talk—that ceaseless work would certainly accomplish their purpose. As usual, the little doctor advised them to part company with truth and "tell the employer that the millions he is accumulating will be at the mercy of the mob in the future unless he and others of his class assist in the work of regeneration. Our part is to make the truth patent to the world, but others must assist in the work if it is to be brought to a successful close. Everybody in this country talks of equal rights and liberty. How can these great factors of happiness be enjoyed by the Christian majority in America if their most sacred privilege, the enjoyment of a quiet Sabbath, be denied them? . . . The people want a clean Sabbath. All Americans want it, and the foreigners who come to us with their ideas molded from European models should not, and will not, be allowed to interfere." This little man of God also urged combination and work for legislation and litigation, as the closing of one saloon was a victory worth showing.

Dr. Ridgway indorsed Little and added another "kink," advising them to "pray hard also." He called this the "Secular period," which proves that he is not altogether demented, but he suddenly slopped over hopelessly in this wise: "The church is the slave of the state, and the great truths of Christianity are blotted and blurred by the apathy and carelessness of the people."

A Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, expressed great commiseration for railroad men, which he proved was entirely unnecessary, for he admitted that out of seven hundred he had questioned only seven objected to working on Sunday.

Dr. Edwards, editor *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, advised them to make haste slowly and not to be so rabid about "enforcement," as more could be accomplished by persuasion than coercion.

Several others consumed ten minutes each in successful attempts to prove that they had nothing to impart, when these resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the moral law summarized in the Ten Commandments is of perpetual obligation.

Resolved, That if the fourth Commandmcnt be denied or disregarded, there is no way of preserving the other portions of that law.

Resolved, That we will present this subject to our congregations, provide for its discussion in our ministerial and ecclesiastical gatherings, and urge the editors of our religious papers to energetically take it up, and that we will continue so to do so long as there may be need of such action.

Resolved, That a committee of fifteen be appointed to prepare and present to our railway officials, newspaper managers, street railroad officers, and all others who employ laborers seven days in the week our protest and petition against this violation of the law of God.

Bishop Fallows, of the Deformed Episcopal church, was elected perpetual chairman of the Chicago branch, and a "committee on persuasion" appointed, consisting of laymen and clergy. Among the former was Victor F. Lawson, publisher of the daily *Noose*. An adjournment was taken till the 27th, when the committee are expected to report.

At the same hour the Chicago presbytery had a session, at which Dr. J. L. Withrow's resolutions were adopted, concerning the liquor question:

The presbytery of Chicago believes the traffic in intoxicating beverages to be the prolific source of an overwhelming proportion of all the crime, poverty, and misery that dishonors and degrades our fair land and city. We therefore rejoice in the rapidly rising power of public sentiment against the further extension of the liquor traffic and in favor of its restriction; and, therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Presbytery, representing ninety-one Presbyterian clergymen, and 280 elders and 12,109 members of our churches in the city of Chicago and its suburbs, urges on the aldermen of Chicago to establish by an ordinance the measures for restricting the sale of liquor which City Collector Onahan has submitted, and which the daily press of the city are unanimous in favoring.

Dr. Withrow was appointed to present the request of the presbytery to the mayor and city council.

Then followed the reading of a memorial to be presented to the general assembly touching the colored question. The reading of this preamble created a profound sensation throughout the assembly. Dr. Gray protested that if such an utterance as that went forth as the deliberate expression of the opinion of a body of Christian ministers a quarter of a century after the closing of the war, it would be most infamous and disgraceful. "It means that we shall go down there with arms," said the venerable clergyman, "and resuscitate all the old issues of a bloody and nearly forgotten war. These two churches alone of all the fighting armies appear inclined to reawaken and perpetuate the conflict. The presbyteries of Florida, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee hav already signified a desire to come over to the reunion, but not a man of them would come in face of such an insult as this. After the soldiers hav united, after the citizens hav united, God forbid that such a wicked crime as this should be fostered and encouraged by the Presbyterian church."

The brethren and sistern are boosting Brother Brushingham, the pastor on trial for wicked doings; they are passing votes of confidence, which may be sadly needed, but are seemingly out of place. The preliminary meeting of the ecclesiastical court foreshadows its purpose to "whitewash," having decided to exclude the testimony of the civil courts, and as the plaintiff nor any of the witnesses for the prosecution are likely to be present, it is hoped to make a jubilee and feast of brotherly love for J. P. Brushingham. We are glad to see that fellow-feeling exhibited which at this juncture the Ada street pastor must feel is wondrous kind.

Chicago, Ill. E. A. STEVENS.

Intolerance, and Error's Fearful Penalty.

It would be amusing, were it not so pitiful, to hear persons who ought to know better expatiate on the good that the Bible and Christianity hav done mankind. For eighteen hundred years Christianity has persistently fostered a spirit of intolerance, hate, persecution, credulity, and fanaticism. It is impossible to conceive of any teaching more pernicious, any spirit more fiendish, than that inculcated by the Bible and the churches.

Study the instructions of the gentle savior, and never again wonder that even avowed Liberals are bigoted and intolerant. It is simply the result of Christ's own teachings, of centuries of heredity. "And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily, I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city" (Matt. x, 14, 15).

If the Jew, reared in monotheism, at the dictation of an ignorant tramp did not at once repudiate the religion of his fathers, ignore the plainest and most positiv declarations of his God; if he did not accept the savior, which his reason, his Bible, and his God reject—"Before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me. I, even I, am the Lord: and beside me there is no savior" (Isa. xliii, 10, 11; read Isa. xlv, 4, 5, and Hosea xiii, 4)—then, says Jesus, he shall be eternally tortured in hell-fire.

The same loving, gentle spirit prompted the savior's declarations: "But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me" (Luke xix, 27); "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burnt" (John xv, 6). These teachings of Christ justified the Inquisition, gave Torquemada Bible authority—gospel authority for the use of the rack, the torture chamber, and the stake.

Nor do we find that the holy comforter had any more gentle means of "bringing all to the unity of the faith in the bonds of peace." "Deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus" (1 Cor. v, 5).

Says the holy Paul: "But though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we hav preached unto you, let him be accursed" (Gal. i, 8). Says the beloved John: "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrin, receive him not into your house, neither bid him Godspeed" (2 John x).

Here is the very essence and spirit of Christianity: Torture, curse, abuse, hate, kill; do not admit to your house, nay, do not wish well, any who differ with you.

Many Christians are troubled that the wicked Infidel is not struck dead. They wonder God does not so deal with him; they would if they were God. Let all such be comforted with the blessed gospel's words of cheer and sweet comfort: "You who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thess. i, 7, 8).

Does not Jesus insist that the most intense and despicable hate is a prerequisit to Christian privileges? "If any man come to me, and hate [Greek *miseo*, to abhor, to loathe, to detest] not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv, 26). Why? Because the loving heavenly father, in the last great day of redemption, declares: "I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in my heart" (Isa. lxiii, 3, 4). Christians are admonished they must cultivate hate. They must learn to hate even their own little children, for we know if the little ones hav dared to doubt, they are surely damned. Unless this lesson of hate were well learned, Christian parents would fail to delight in the sight of God trampling upon their helpless little ones till their blood gushes out.

We are assured the genuin saint shall enjoy this fearful sight. "The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked" (Ps. lviii, 10). How vile and infamous the Infidels who reject such holy teachings!

Liberalism claims that to select the good, and reject the evil, is a right that every man and woman should be allowed honestly to exercise without incurring hate, ostracism, or persecution here or threats of punishment hereafter.

But, alas! Heredity is hard to overcome. Evolution is but a slow process. "We are all poor critters!"

Oppose the opinions, reject the pet hobby, expose the scheme of self-aggrandizement of some avowed Liberals, and how the old leaven at once manifests itself! How they denounce, curse, hate, and seek to injure those who differ from them!

These things ought not to be. If no longer Christians, let us no longer cultivate the Christian spirit of hate and intolerance.

Remember, if we do not award to others the freedom of opinion, the right to differ, we claim for ourselvs, we are developing the curse of Christian heredity, and we and our children will hav to pay error's fearful penalty. Would it not be better in love to reason with than in hate to club those who reject our opinions, projects, or pet hobbies?

C. B. REYNOLDS.

More of Colonel Ingersoll's Opinions.

From a Symposium of "sacred and secular sentiment on the Relations of the Church to the Theater" in the New York Mirror.

I hav come, said the interviewer to Colonel Ingersoll, to talk with you a little about the drama. Hav you any decided opinions on that subject?

Nothing is more natural than imitation. The little child with her doll, telling it stories, putting words in its mouth, attributing to it the feelings of happiness and misery, is the simple tendency toward the drama. Little children always hav plays, they imitate their parents, they put on the clothes of their elders, they hav imaginary parties, carry on conversation with imaginary persons, hav little dishes filled with imaginary food, pour tea and coffee out of invisible pots, receive callers, and repeat what they hav heard their mothers say. This is simply the natural drama, an exercise of the imagination which always has been, and which, probably, always will be, a source of great pleasure. In the early days of the world nothing was more natural than for the people to reënact the history of their country—to represent the great heroes, the great battles, and the most exciting scenes the history of which had been preserved by legend. I believe this tendency to reënact, to bring before the eyes the great, the curious, and pathetic events of history, has been universal. All civilized nations hav delighted in the theater, and the greatest minds in many countries hav been devoted to the drama, and, without doubt, the greatest man about whom we know anything devoted his life to the production of plays.

I would like to ask you why, in your opinion as a student of history, has the Protestant church always been so bitterly opposed to the theater?

I believe that the early Christians expected the destruction of the world. They had no idea of remaining here, in the then condition of things, but for a few days. They expected that Christ would come again, that the world would be purified by fire, that all the unbelievers would be burnt up and that the earth would become a fit habitation for the followers of the savior. Protestantism became as ascetic as the early Christians. It is hard to conceive of anybody

believing in the "Five Points" of John Calvin going to any place of amusement. The creed of Protestantism made life infinitly sad and made man infinitly responsible. According to this creed every man was liable at any moment to be summoned to eternal pain; the most devout Christian was not absolutely sure of salvation. This life was a probationary state. Everybody was considered as waiting on the dock of time, sitting on his trunk, expecting the ship that was to bear him to an eternity of good or evil—probably evil. They were in no state of mind to enjoy burlesque or comedy, and, so far as tragedy was concerned, their own lives and their own creeds were tragic beyond anything that could by any possibility happen in this world. A broken heart was nothing to be compared with a damned soul; the afflictions of a few years, with the flames of eternity. This, to say the least of it, accounts in part for the hatred that Protestantism always bore toward the stage. Of course, the churches hav always regarded the theater as a rival and hav begrudged the money used to support the stage. You know that Macaulay said the Puritans objected to bear-baiting, not because they pitied the bears, but because they hated to see the people enjoy themselvs. There is in this at least a little truth. Orthodox religion has always been, and always will be, the enemy of happiness. This world is not the place for enjoyment. This is the place to suffer. This is the place to practice self-denial, to wear crowns of thorns; the other world is the place for joy, provided you are fortunate enough to travel the narrow, grass-grown path. Of course, wicked people can be happy here. People who care nothing for the good of others, who liv selfish and horrible lives, are supposed by Christians to enjoy themselvs; consequently, they will be punished in another world. But whoever carried the cross of decency, and whoever denied himself to that degree that he neither stole, nor forged, nor murdered, will be paid for this self-denial in another world. And whoever said that he preferred a prayer-meeting with five or six queer old men and two or three very aged women, with one or two candles, and who solemnly affirmed that he enjoyed that far more than he could a play of Shakspere, was expected, with much reason, I think, to be rewarded in another world.

Do you think that church people were justified in their opposition to the drama in the days when Congreve, Wycherley, and Ben Jonson were the popular favorits?

In that time there was a great deal of vulgarity in many of the plays. Many things were said on the stage that the people of this age would not care to hear, and there was not very often enough wit in the saying to redeem it. My principal objection to Congreve, Wycherley, and most of their contemporaries is that the plays were exceedingly poor and had not much in them of real, sterling value. The Puritans, however, did not object on account of the vulgarity; that was not the honest objection. No play was ever put upon the English stage more vulgar than the "Table Talk" of Martin Luther, and many sermons preached in that day were almost unrivaled for vulgarity. The worst passages in the Old Testament were quoted with a kind of unction that showed a love for the vulgar. And, in my judgment, the worst plays were as good as the sermons, and the theater at that time was better calculated to civilize mankind, to soften the human heart, and to make better men and better women than the pulpit of that day. The actors, in my judgment, were better people than the preachers. They had in them more humanity, more real goodness, and more appreciation of beauty, of tenderness, of generosity, and of heroism. Probably no religion was ever more thoroughly hateful than Puritanism. But all religionists who believe in an eternity of pain would naturally be opposed to everything that makes this life better; and, as a matter of fact, orthodox churches hav been the enemies of painting, of sculpture, of music, and of the drama.

What, in your estimation, is the value of the drama as a factor in our social life at the present time?

I believe that the plays of Shakspere are the most valuable things in the possession of the human race. No man can read and understand Shakspere without being an intellectually developed man. If Shakspere could be as widely circulated as the Bible—if all the Bible societies would break the plates they now hav and print Shakspere, and put Shakspere in all the languages of the world, nothing would so raise the intellectual standard of mankind. Think of the different influence on men between reading Deuteronomy and "Hamlet" and "King Lear;" between studying Numbers and the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" between pondering over the murderous crimes and assassinations in Judges and studying "The Tempest" or "As You Like It." Man advances as he develops intellectually. The church teaches obedience. The man who reads Shakspere has his intellectual horizon enlarged. He begins to think for himself, and he enjoys living in a new world. The characters of Shakspere become his acquaintances. He admires the heroes, the philosophers; he laughs with the clowns, and he almost adores the beautiful women—the pure, loving, and heroic women born of Shakspere's heart and brain. The stage has amused and instructed the world. It has added to the happiness of mankind. It has kept alive all arts. It is in partnership with all there is of beauty, of poetry, and expression. It goes hand in hand with music, with painting, with sculpture, with oratory, with philosophy, and history. The stage has humor, it abhors stupidity. It despises hypocrisy. It holds up to laughter the peculiarities, the idiosyncrasies, and the little insanities of mankind. It thrusts the spear of ridicule through the shield of pretense. It laughs at the lugubrious, and has ever taught, and will, in all probability, forever teach that Man is more than a title, and that human love laughs at all barriers, at all the prejudices of society and caste that tend to keep apart two loving hearts.

What is your opinion of the progress of the drama in educating the artistic sense of the community as compared with the progress of the church as an educator of the moral sentiment?

Of course, the stage is not all good, nor is—and I say this with becoming modesty—the pulpit all bad. There hav been bad actors and there hav been good preachers. There has been no improvement in plays since Shakspere wrote. There has been great improvement in theaters, and the tendency seems to me to be toward higher artistic excellence in the presentation of plays. As we become slowly civilized we will constantly demand more artistic excellence. There will always be a class satisfied with the lowest form of dramatic presentation, with coarse wit, with stupid but apparent jokes, and there will always be a class satisfied with almost anything; but the class demanding the highest, the best, will constantly increase in numbers, and the other classes will, in all probability, correspondingly decrease. The church has ceased to be an educator. In an artistic direction it never did anything except in architecture, and that ceased long ago. The followers of to-day are poor copyists. The church has been compelled to be a friend of, or rather to call in the assistance of, music. As a moral teacher the church always has been and always will be a failure. The pulpit, to use the language of Frederick Douglass, has always "echoed the cry of the street." Take our own history. The church was the friend of slavery. That institution was defended in nearly every pulpit. The Bible was the auction-block on which the slave-mother stood while her child was sold from her arms. The church, for hundreds of years, was the friend and defender of the slave trade. I know of no crime that has not been defended by the church, in one form or other. The church is not a pioneer; it accepts a new truth last of all, and only when denial has become useless. The church preaches the doctrin of forgivness. This doctrin sells crime on credit. The idea that there is a God who rewards and punishes, and who can reward, if he so wishes, the meanest and vilest of the human race, so that he will be eternally happy, and can punish the best of the human race, so that he will be eternally miserable, is subversiv of all morality. Happiness ought to be the result of good actions. Happiness ought to spring from the seed a man sows himself. It ought not to be a reward, it ought to be a consequence, and there ought to be no idea that there is any being who can step between action and consequence. To preach that a man can abuse his wife and children, rob his neighbors, slander his fellow-citizens, and yet, a moment or two before he dies, by repentance become a glorified angel, is, in my judgment, immoral. And to preach that a man can be a good man, kind to his wife and children, an honest man, paying his debts, and yet, for the lack of a certain belief, the moment after he is dead be sent to an eternal prison, is also immoral. So that, according to my opinion, while the church teaches men many good things, it also teaches doctrins subversiv of morality. If there were not in the whole world a church, the morality of man, in my judgment, would be the gainer.

What do you think of the treatment of the actor by society in his social relations.

For a good many years the basis of society has been the dollar. Only a few years ago all literary men were ostracized because they had no money; neither did they hav a reading public. If any man produced a book he had to find a patron—some titled donkey, some landed lubber, in whose honor he could print a few well-turned lies on the fly-leaf. If you wish to know the degradation of literature, read the dedication written by Lord Bacon to James I., in which he puts him beyond all kings, living and dead—beyond Cæsar and Marcus Aurelius. In those days the literary man was a servant, a hack. He lived in Grub street. He was only one degree above the sturdy vagrant and the escaped convict. Why was this? He had no money, and he lived in an age when money was the foundation of respectability. Let me giv you another instance. Mozart, whose brain was a fountain of melody, was forced to eat at a table with coachmen, with footmen, and scullions. He was simply a servant who was commanded to make music for a pudding-headed bishop. This same was true of the great painters, and of almost all other men who rendered the world beautiful by art, and who enriched the languages of mankind. The basis of respectability was the dollar. Now that the literary man has an intelligent public, he cares nothing for the ignorant patron. The literary man makes money. The world is becoming civilized, and the literary man stands high. In England, however, if Charles Darwin had been invited to dinner, and there had been present some sprig of nobility, some titled vessel holding the germs of hereditary disease, Darwin would hav been compelled to occupy a place beneath him. But I hav hopes even for England. The same is true of the artist. The man who can now paint a picture for which he receives from $5,000 to $50,000 is necessarily respectable. The actor who may realize from $1,000 to $2,000 a night, or even more, is welcomed in the stupidest and richest society. So with the singers, and with all others who instruct and amuse mankind. Many people imagin that he who amuses them must be lower than they. This, however, is hardly possible. I believe in the aristocracy of brain and heart; in the aristocracy of intelligence and goodness, and not only appreciate but admire the great actor, the great painter, the great sculptor, the marvelous singer. In other words, I admire all people who tend to make this life richer, who giv an additional thought to this poor world.

Do you think this liberal movement, favoring the better class of plays, inaugurated by the Rev. Dr. Abbott, will tend to soften the sentiment of the orthodox churches against the stage?

I hav not read what Dr. Abbott has written on this subject. From your statement of his position, I think he entertains quite a sensible view, and, when we take into consideration that he is a minister, a miraculously sensible view. It is not the business of the dramatist, the actor, the painter, or the sculptor to teach what the church calls morality. The dramatist and the actor ought to be truthful, ought to be natural—that is to say, truthfully and naturally artistic. He should present pictures of life properly chosen, artistically constructed; an exhibition of emotions truthfully done. If vice is presented naturally, no one will fall in love with vice. If the better qualities of the human heart are presented naturally, no one can fail to fall in love with them. But they need not be presented for that purpose. The object of the artist is to present truthfully and artistically. He is not a Sunday-school teacher. He is not to hav the moral effect eternally in his mind; it is enough for him to be truly artistic. Because, as I hav said a great many times, the greatest good is done by indirection. For instance, a man livs a good, noble, honest, and lofty life. The value of that life would be destroyed if he kept calling attention to it—if he said to all who met him, "Look at me!" he would become intolerable. The truly artistic speaks of perfection; that is to say, of harmony not only of conduct, but of harmony and proportion in everything. The pulpit is always afraid of the passions, and really imagins that it has some influence on men and women, keeping them in the path of virtue. No greater mistake was ever made. Eternally talking and harping on that one subject, in my judgment, does harm. Forever keeping it in the mind by reading passages from the Bible, by talking about the "corruption of the human heart," of the "power of temptation," of the scarcity of virtue, of the plentifulness of vice—all these platitudes tend to produce exactly what they are directed against.

I fear, colonel, that I hav surprised you into agreeing with a clergyman. The following are the points made by the Rev. Dr. Abbott in his editorial on the theater, and it seems to me that you and he think very much alike—on *that* subject. The points are these:

1. It is not the function of the drama to teach moral lessons.
2. A moral lesson neither makes nor mars either a drama or novel.
3. The moral quality of a play does not depend upon the result.
4. The real function of the drama is like that of the novel—not to amuse, not to excite; but to portray life, and so to minister to it. And as virtue and vice, goodness and evil, are the great fundamental facts of life, they must, in either serious story or serious play, be portrayed. If they are so portrayed that the vice is alluring and the virtue repugnant, the play or story is immoral; if so portrayed that the vice is repellent and the virtue alluring, the play or story is moral.
5. The church has no occasion to ask the theater to preach; though, if it does preach, we hav a right to demand that its ethical doctrins be pure and high. But we hav a right to demand that in its pictures of life it so portray vice as to make it abhorrent, and so portray virtue as to make it attractiv.

I agree in most of what you hav read, though I must confess that to find a minister agreeing with me, or to find myself agreeing with a minister, makes me a little uncertain. All art, in my judgment, is for the sake of expression—equally true of the drama as of painting and sculpture. No poem touches the human heart unless it touches the universal. It must, at some point, move in unison with the great ebb and flow of things. The same is true of the play, of a piece of music, or a statue. I think that all real artists, in all departments, touch the universal, and when they do the result is good; but the result need not hav been a consideration. There is an old story that at first there was a temple erected upon the earth by God himself; that afterward this temple was shivered into countless pieces and distributed over the whole earth, and that all the rubies and diamonds and precious stones since found are parts of that temple. Now, if we could conceive of a building, or of anything, involving all Art, and that it had been scattered abroad, then I would say that whoever finds and portrays truthfully a thought, an emotion, a truth, has found and restored one of the jewels.

Communications.

The New Editor's Experience.

My Dear Brother: It has been an abnormally protracted period since you hav permitted me to seat myself and pen you a few lines for publication. If you search your memory carefully I am confident you will find among your tender recollections the fact that my last communication was not printed by you. If you do not publish this one I shall withdraw my support from your paper and let the whole establishment drop. I notice of late a tendency among editors to exercise their own judgment about what they shall print instead of taking the advice or dictation of correspondents or other editors. It should be discouraged.

You can hardly imagin how little I hav seen of New York since I came to San Francisco, but this was to be expected, though if I had thought about it perhaps I shouldn't hav come away. I miss the Manhattan Liberal Club greatly. Hav you heard any of the members express the same sentiments in regard to myself? Judge Goodell, one of your subscribers in Sacramento, called on me the other day, and said he feared the Manhattan Liberal Club had been broken up, as he had seen no reports of its meetings since late last fall. He said he wished you would continue the reports of its meetings in the interesting style in which they had been published for some years past. I trust you will look to this matter, as Judge Goodell is a substantial citizen and a great admirer of The Truth Seeker.

One object I hav in writing this letter to you is to draw a little information from the fountain of your experience. You are two years older than myself and hav been an editor much longer, and I presume you hav met many people of diverse views and hav found it necessary to agree mainly with them all. I think I am doing pretty well in that direction myself, but I would like to inquire what course you pursue when your harmonious communings with an anti-smoker hav brought him almost to the subscribing point, and a jovial patron enters and offers you a fifteen-cent cigar. Supposing you hav just agreed with a Prohibitionist that the saloons must go, and a jolly German interrupts the proceedings by inviting you to join him in a glass of beer, "steam oder lager?" You may communicate the information here sought in a letter marked personal, and I will not publish it.

San Francisco, whence I send you this, is a city of considerable religious laxity. Sabbath observance is not compulsory, as in New York, and the theaters present their plays on Sunday evening without the roof falling on the actors, as you hav been taught that it would do. Churches pay taxes. The other day counsel in a law suit inquired of the jury how many attended church, and I believe eleven of the good men and true owned up to never doing such a thing. When I was in Maine a few years ago I met a lady from this state who was a member of a Good Templars' lodge. It was told me that when the committee examined her as to her eligibility for initiation they inquired concerning her knowledge of a deity. She replied that she was recently from California and had not yet formed a thorough acquaintance with Eastern residents. She did not know what they had in the Aroostook in the way of deities, but out here they were scarce when she left. Such is still the case. This reminds me that a pamphlet by Secretary Stevens has just been published called, "God in the State." A man who saw the title bought it at once. He had not previously heard that God was in the state, and he wanted to know what part of it he had located in. He expressed no surprise that the deity had chosen this coast as a residence.

You are probably aware that there are sections of the country where the residents entertain feelings of local pride. You hav doubtless observed conspicuous instances of patriotism. People in many places hav an affection for their home, but you will hav to come West to see the flower of this affection in perennial bloom. It does not manifest itself here as a mere sentiment. It is a sacred Cause, which each individual citizen will raise his voice and his hand to defend. The "glorious climate of Californy" is no joke. It is an institution to be respected like the law and the Constitution. I suppose there are here three hundred days of beautiful weather in every year, two hundred of them, perhaps, in succession. And yet as one cloudless dawn succeeds another with a persistence that would almost suggest monotony, the resident rises to remark to another resident that we are having fine weather and that this is the climate for him. When he sits in his open door and reads of snowstorms and blizzards in the East he is lost in amazement that people should elect to risk their lives by remaining longer in such a dangerous country. And his admiration for local climate is not without reason. The weather is all-pervasiv. You become permeated and impressed with it. It attracts your attention, and you pause to view and contemplate it as though it were a landscape. It asserts itself and will not be overlooked. It is what D. M. Bennett would call a tutelary deity, and it is not surprising that people should ignore any other when this one brings them so many blessings.

There are a great many Freethinkers here. They were born so, I guess. Californians don't need Liberalizing on the religious question so much as they need galvanizing. The religious and ecclesiastical element is here, as in the East; it is reaching out after the same control and the same privileges it has there, and I am afraid that Freethinkers will carry their toleration and their Liberalism to such an extent that they will grant to others rights which they will not take the trouble to claim for themselvs. The San Francisco dailies are as respectful and even truckling to the Catholic church as your New York papers, and the testimony of experience will be contradicted if the people here are not some day forced to eat the bitter fruit of their present indifference.

We hav no Liberal organization here, though the sentiment of all the Freethinkers is in favor of one, and there is a good prospect. Six or eight hundred people came together on the anniversary of Paine's birthday, which is evidence enough that the material is here awaiting the organizer.

If you will allow me to say it, without misconstruing my remarks into an advertisment, there is a Freethought paper here of modest dimensions as yet, but with great expectations as to its ultimate size and circulation. I hav the honor to look after its interests at the office while Mr. Putnam carries the tidings throughout the coast. His "News and Notes" and my own thinklets are presented weekly to a forbearing constituency.

I meet a good many of your subscribers. You send them the paper year after year, but you havn't the pleasure of their personal acquaintance, and so you miss a great deal. One of the latest I hav become acquainted with is Mr. R. H. Bliss, "Dick" Bliss, he says they call him. He is from Camptonville, Yuba county, away back in the Sierras. I take it he is a sort of miner-in-chief there. He is a man of magnificent proportions, measuring something like a fathom around the shoulders, and has that hearty, open way about him that you read of in descriptions of the typical miner. He commissioned me to tell you that if you ever come his way you will find his latchstring where you can get hold of it.

Another is Thomas Beeson Smith. He has spent his life in the mines, and came near losing it there. Injuries he received hav shattered and bent and warped and half paralyzed him, but his brain and heart are in their normal position. Geo. T. Bruce, the temperance man, says he noted a street preacher, not long since, talking to a crowd on a corner, but over on the opposit corner was Thomas Beeson Smith, Truth Seeker in hand, reading and expounding, to a rather larger crowd, the law and gospel of Freethought.

Perhaps I hav lost a good deal of fun this winter by not being in the East to enjoy your roystering blizzards that paint the town white, but I hav seen your papers with two-column scare heads and am satisfied. Your New York journals take advantage of small events to build a sensation upon. We had a nice hair-raising earthquake here two weeks ago and our dailies said nothing about it. When a real estate boom is on, something more than a mere local seismic disturbance is required to divert attention from business.

I am several thousand miles away from The Truth Seeker office, but am often with the boys in the light and bright composing-room, and see the familiar "forms," as it were. I see Stevens tapping around the stone, Colby making eccentric and apparently unnecessary marks on the proofs, Mellis groaning over a "take" of long primer, Blake snatching the type from his case, and looking forward to four figures in Saturday's bill, and the rest with contracted brows studying the quirks and turnings of their manuscript. I attend again the little parties at the Society's parlors and see all the faces there, Dr. Foote head and shoulders above the rest, Brother Eckhard walking through the Virginia reel with stately motion, Philosopher King lost in the wilderness of the Saratoga Lancers—the room full of girls and melody and laughter and light. And sometimes I find myself once more up in your editorial room, resting my elbow upon your desk and stretching out an inky and black-leaded hand for copy. And as the answer sometimes came then, "No more to-night," I take your words to close this long letter with. No more to-night. But yours always,

Geo. E. Macdonald.

504 *Kearny st., San Francisco, Cal.*

[A Secret Imparted.—*Dear Brother:* Trusting to your promis not to print the information I giv you, I will tell you how we manage things here when the dilemma you describe falls upon us. You know that the tendency of industry in this century is toward a division of labor. Formerly, a shoemaker took a hide from the tannery and made a pair of shoes complete, all by himself. Now, some score of workmen are employed on a pair of shoes, each making a part. In the newspaper office, too, where I learned how to wash rollers, set type, and, when the proprietor was out, take subscriptions gracefully, as though I were doing the man a favor by receiving his money, the editor was his own foreman, clerk, stone-hand, proofreader, reporter, cashier, business manager, and occasionally his own typesetter and pressman. You remember Julius Morse, don't you, with his limber knees, large, round spectacles, and piety of the Episcopalian stripe? But times hav changed since then, and, conforming to the stern law of evolution, the printing of even a great moral paper, the biggest and best Liberal journal in the world, is accomplished by a division of labor. Lurking somewhere in the gray matter of your young editorial brain there is doubtless a vision of that printing office up in New Hampshire, where one of the partners is a heretic, takes The Truth Seeker and *Freethought*, holds office among the Odd Fellows and a commission as lieutenant of the militia company, while the other one belongs to the most popular church, teaches a class in Sunday-school, attends church picnics and agrees with the ministers of all denominations. The first gets all the printing of the worldly and wicked ones, while the latter gathers in the patronage of the saints. The scheme works well; I hav admired it often, though the wicked partner, who is your and my friend, assures me that the pious work doesn't pay—the church folks are such professional beggars, he says, that they expect to get their printing done below cost. I hav known them to get a whole edition of a pamphlet for less than The Truth Seeker pays the compositor. But his partner expects to get his reward above, and as the articles of copartnership call for an equal division of profit, I don't see but that the heretic has got to be saved anyway. The treasures these two young men are laying up in unpaid-for job printing for the churches will amount to an enormous sum. Well, that's the way Mr. Somerby and I work it between the Prohibitionists and the anti-tobacco folks, and the jolly souls who follow the example of Old King Cole. I believe there are no two points of political or social economy upon which the Editor and Business Manager of The Truth Seeker agree. But you know how harmoniously we get along, illustrating the ecumenical council motto, In diversity there is unity, or words to that effect. When a Prohibitionist comes in and wants to subscribe on condition that we make the paper an annex to the *Voice*, he is got into a corner by the B. M., who agrees thoroughly with all he says, and then takes his subscription without a wink. I keep out of sight. But if that intending supporter comes in shouting high license, denouncing all sumptuary laws, and swearing he will drink "ein lager" when he pleases, and resist to the death any attempt to circumscribe his personal liberty, he is directed to the editorial sanctum, where he meets a warm welcome, but gets water to drink. The non-smoker, too, tarries below, buys books, and finds a ready response to all his condemnation of the vile weed which picks your pocket, burns your clothes, and makes a chimney of your nose. Parenthetically, I may remark that the poet who penned that must hav meant cigaret-smokers. Who ever knew a cigar-smoker to inhale powdered hydrocarbon gas and exhale it through his nose? But when some merry companion like McArthur sends to this office a bundle of manuscript, laid flat, and express paid, accompanied by a box of Perfectos, Cuban made, the whole *tout ensemblage*, as it were, gets up to the editorial rooms with no hindrance to speak of. The manuscript is carefully laid on a broad window-sill. If you search the inner recesses of your mind you can guess what becomes of the Perfectos.

I advise you to likewise divide your labor with Mr. Putnam. Let him sign the pledge not to use any of the wine so plentiful in California, and solemnly swear not to smoke cigars. Then you can be happy, for all the naughty but good things will fall to you, and you can use them with a clear conscience, knowing how much you are contributing to Mr. Putnam's welfare. The cigars you smoke will not hurt him, and the wine you drink will not make his nose red, while, perhaps, if it is good, it will save you from an attack of dyspepsia. The scheme is a great one, and to put it in successful operation it is only necessary to get the consent of Mr. Putnam. Try it.

Return, please, my thanks to all The Truth Seeker subscribers you meet who send their compliments here. Tell them that if they will come to New York I will take them up to Central park and show them the obelisk.

Yours always, Your Elder Brother.]

Cremation.

In 1874, in the *Contemporary Review*, Sir Henry Thompson wrote an able article in favor of cremation as a sanitary precaution against the propagation of disease. It attracted great attention, and was translated into several languages. He received in six months eight hundred letters asking for information, and showing great interest in the matter. After fourteen years of silence, though not of lessening interest, he again comes forward with another interesting article on the same subject. This time it is published in the *Nineteenth Century*.

But modern reaction in favor of cremation commenced before 1874. It started in Italy as early as 1866, and Gorini, the able engineer who constructed the best furnaces and retorts for effectiv cremation, commenced practical work for carrying out the ideas then being advocated. The French followed next after the Italians, and in 1874 a cremation society was formed in London, of which Sir Henry Thompson was elected president. It was founded upon this declaration: "We disapprove the present custom of burying the dead, and desire to substitute some mode which shall rapidly dissolve the body into its component elements by a process which cannot offend the living, and shall render the remains absolutely innocuous. Until some better method is devised we desire to adopt that usually known as cremation."

Owing, perhaps, largely to questions of its lawfulness, which seem to be absurd, a furnace and apparatus were not completed until 1878. Ridiculous official opposition having confronted the movement in 1880, Sir Spenser Wells laid the subject before the annual meeting of the British Medical Association, and obtained its unqualified approval. Lively agitation was carried on by essays, articles in journals, and lectures. Meanwhile cremation was going on in Dresden, Milan, Lodi, Cremona, Brescia, Padua, Varese, and Rome. At Gotha, Germany, cremation has been largely employed. Cremation societies, some with numerous members, hav been formed in other countries—Denmark, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, and Norway. Besides our own "United States Cremation Company (limited)," here

in New York city, there are many in the United States. In Austria the subject has been brought before the legislature by bill. In Paris a crematory has been constructed under the direction of the municipal council.

Burial of the body means its putrefaction, sometimes protracted for several years, and the inevitable dissemination of innumerable germs of fatal disease. When disease and death hav been caused by bacteria or microbes, the putrefaction does not destroy, but propagates, these pestilential germs. Cremation means the speedy disintegration of the body by a process so rational, philosophic, esthetic, and poetic that it has been said to be actually "fascinating." All germs are absolutely destroyed, the heat of the retorts being 1,500° Fahrenheit.

But this brief article is intended to be historical, so far as it goes, rather than scientific or philosophical. I hav attempted this other way of treating the subject in another place, but still I would suggest that there is philosophy in history for those who are philosophically or rationally inclined, and who will take the pains to find it. History, as well as observation, furnishes us with facts or data for reasoning with, or about, or upon, and "reason superadded to sense" is what makes science or philosophy.

I am largely indebted to Sir Henry Thompson for the matter of this paper. W. M. Boucher.

Jonah.

It would appear from the legend in the Holy Queer that there was trouble in Nineveh, once on a time, that is, there was a "state of things" there not agreeable to the Lord. Brass gods, with other abominations, and high jinks in general prevailed in the "exceeding great city," and the Lord felt inclined to jump on the town and put a stop to all these things, particularly the brass gods, which were an eyesore to him and a maddening inflammation. There was nothing that so upset and roiled the Lord, in those days, as a brass god. What a red rag is to taurus in the bull-ring, a brass god was to the Lord in the days when his chosen people were "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it," a number of years ago.

Why a God of life everlasting and power almighty should hav been so rattled at the sight of a little measly brass god set up in a household for home consumption—I mean home worship—must be utterly incomprehensible to those whose perspicacity is not away above par, which the writer's is not, though when it comes to perspiration in the summer solstice he asks no odds of anyone.

Would the lord of the forest and jungle shake his mane and roar in thunder tones at the sight of a little tin lion on wheels? Would the lord of the air and the crags ruffle his feathers and shriek piercingly in staccato at the sight of even a gilded eagle of size? No, brothers, no; ten thousand times no, and I know it! And yet an almighty God of everlasting life is rattled beyond measure at a little insignificant brass god squatting on a mantel! I am flabbergasted thinking of it, quite so.

Perhaps it was the fact that the deluded people paid their devoirs to these little brass impotencies, their lares and penates, in their own households, choosing to worship therein something tangible, something sensible to feeling as to sight, and which, on occasion, they could hurl at a howling cur or yowling cat that had abruptly broken the chains of slumber gently binding them up to the moment of the horrisonous outbreak, to going to church and listening to the pratings of pampered priests concerning a God they could neither see, nor feel, nor sell for old metal, and be expected to worship the invisible and impalpable one—perhaps it was this, and not the little brass gods *per se*, that so rattled the almighty God—perhaps, I don't know.

Anyhow, the Lord had it in deep for the Ninevens, and had decided to make it interesting for them, unless they packed their brass abominations off to the foundry forthwith-immediately-at-once-without-delay, and rallied *en masse* around the flag of Jahveh, which waved its blood-red folds on holy Zion's mount. But, not wishing to appear brash in the matter, to his credit be it said, the Lord decided to warn the brass god partisans before jumping on their town and squelching it and them.

Not wishing to do this by word of mouth, high in ether over against the center of the city, from which eyrie all could hear, he sought a messenger to carry the warning, and ran across one Jonah somewhere in the rural districts, a fellow of infinit obscurity of place and nothingness of soul, as we learn later, whom nobody ever heard of before, and of whose antecedents there is no mention in the Holy Queer, beyond the statement that he was the son of one Amittai, as if that were quite sufficient.

Unto this yokel he says, "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me." The chump, who must hav been sitting or lolling on the ground, got up, as directed, and—well, he didn't go to Nineveh for a cent, but lit out for Joppa, in an opposit direction, the unmannerly boor, not as much as vouchsafing one word to the Lord, pro or con, but dusting on the instant, the Lord never opening his mouth, but letting him skip.

You all know what followed, who hav read that wonderful story of the gulping of Jonah by the "great fish prepared by the Lord"—it has long been supposed, by thoughtless people, that this "great fish" was a whale, but a whale can't swallow a man or even a twelve-year-old, or anything else of the size, his throat not being built that way. My own opinion is that the "great fish" was an exaggerated cod or sculpin, the swallowing capacity of either of which specimens is most enormous, even in a normal state. However, it doesn't really matter whether it was a whale, cod, or sculpin, Jonah was "swallowed," as we *know*, and that settles it.

Having been so "providentially" saved from a watery grave, and feeling mighty cheap at the thought of the Lord's helping hand having been put forth in his behalf in a moment of extreme peril, and that, too, after the scurvy trick he had played him, Jonah graciously allowed himself to be persuaded by the Lord to go to Nineveh and "cry against it," and went, but transcended the Lord's instructions by giving it out that in forty days the jig would be up, unconditionally, with no rebate for spasms of righteousness previously before, when Jahveh would jump in on them. Think of the gall of him, when the Lord hadn't named any time when he would shut down on the dance, and had not irrevocably decided to do so, being willing to giv the brass gods' constituency a living chance, if they would but melt and recast their brass abominations into kettles, lamps, andirons, and other useful and even ornamental articles, provided the latter were not invested with godlike attributes; and herein, I say, the Lord was square and aboveboard.

Well, you all know what followed Jonah's brash pronunciamento; how the city was rattled from center to circumference; how the people all, from king to cowboy, jumped into coffee sacks and wallowed in ashes; how all the beasts even, from camels to kids, were wrapped in sacks and rolled in ashes; how they fasted, beasts and all, none eating or drinking—for how long a time it doesn't say; how they all, from great to small, beasts included, "cried mightily unto the Lord;" how the latter was touched on the raw, so to speak, and "repented of the evil he intended to do unto them," and called off his dogs, as it were; how the chump, Jonah, getting his back up because the Lord "repented" and didn't get in his work, *à la* Sodom and Gomorrah, lit out of the city for the suburbs and lay down in the sand, madder than a hornet that has lost its sting; and you all remember, of course, the gourd story.

Now, this is the whole story of Jonah in a nutshell, yet he gets an entire "book" in the Holy Queer, while doughty Shamgar, the champion ox-goadist of the world, who slew six hundred full-grown Philistines with his trenchant goad, and who, besides, was a "deliverer of Israel," gets but a paltry four-line notice! Out upon such invidiousness, I say. To be sure, the "book" contains but four chapters, and the chapters are short, but it is a "book" for a' that an' a' that; and but a four-line squib for Shamgar! Such partiality doth make me tired.

In this "book" of Jonah the Lord stands head and shoulders above himself, as stands he in many other "books" of the Holy Queer. He is leniency itself, forgiving as becomes a God of love and mercy, and proves a most stunning surprise party to the reader of the previous "books!" And how gently dealeth he with that duffer, Jonah! Never once doth he "wax wroth" with the chump, with reason enough why he should. In no other "book" does he cut the figure he does in this one. If he was rightfully portrayed in this, he was shamefully libeled in the others! As we find him in this "book," so could we wish to regard him. But as the other "books" are "true," as well as this, we are completely flabbergasted; and what are we going to do about it?

Jonah—and how does Jonah appear to the naked eye in his "book?" As a sneaking, sniveling, snarling sorehead; a surly, sulky, soggy son of a seacook from Seacookville! A fellow of infinit nothingness of soul above fire and brimstone. He was probably a "howling dervish"—perchance a "brooding Buddha"—of the Sam Jones stripe, or the Dr. Dix hue in Lenten seasons, which these do seem to overturn the doctor's spleen, causing him through a glass to darkly look, and view things which from fair to middling run, as black as erebus! This was the sort of chump that Jonah was, no doubt, and, in his going to and fro and up and down the earth, the Lord had seen him, doubtless, and in him taken stock, hence chartered him as messenger.

This "book" of Jonah should be called the "book of God," for nowhere in the "holy" tome does God stick out as in this "book"—I mean as one forgiving, gracious, slow to anger, merciful, and all that sort of thing, you know—and Jonah, too, sticks out, but then as Jonah only, nothing more.

But letting Jonah slide, I am convinced that his "book" was written up with a single eye to the booming of God, Jonah being simply a foil for the setting off of the nobler qualities of his, for the time being, "side pardner," so to speak; and the "inspired" scribe who wrote it should hav been well taken care of—had he been "took," as was Enoch, he had not been overpaid to the extent of a farthing—but what of the "inspired" fellers who wrote the Lord down a monster?

The memory of Jonah is not a fragrant, but decidedly a malodorous one. Nobody wants any Jonah in his, particularly on a fishing excursion. Adieu, Jonah, adieu. Selah! Si Slokum.

Rivalry in Crime.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Your extract, "Rivalry in Crime," from a Dublin "religious" newspaper, professes to argue that Protestantism has a healthier influence on reformatory training and home life than Catholicism. Your appropriate heading suggests that you clip, not to enforce the opinion of the Dublin editor, but to show how these Christians love one another. I hav no concern with the rivalry of tweedledee with tweedledum, but, despite an Anglicized cognomen, I am a man of Gaelic race, so allow me to deal with the instance.

The instance is that of the appalling immorality among the Roman Catholic Irish girls of Liverpool and London. For the purposes of this letter it is conceded to be the truth. As a fact, it is largely the truth, though perhaps not quite so black as the reverend editor paints it. But the worse he paints it the worse he shows his inhuman politico-religious system to be.

Their condition is cited to show that the influence of Protestantism is healthy.

Well, first these awful examples, in their own country.

Statistics compiled by a body of officials adverse in every way to them and interested financially and apologetically in giving them a bad moral character, show that the rate of illegitimacy is lower than anywhere else in what is called "the United Kingdom," if not in all Europe. Next, they encourage early marriages even to the verge of imprudence, so far as prospect of comfort is concerned. Some of their men drink excessivly, but if they had not to resist systematic attempts to beat them out of every cent they hav under the guise of rent, they would hav some inducement to thrift. Just now, as soon as they sell their butter they are given to buying American flour for their children instead of giving every cent to the landlord.

They hav been deprived of their lands because they follow tweedledum and not tweedledee.

As tenants by sufferance they hav had to pay rents in cases three hundred and four hundred per cent in excess of government valuation.

They hav been systematically robbed under form of "law."

Their manufactures hav, at times, been suppressed by "law."

The young people crowded out, not by excess of population but by bad "laws," instead of being able ot go away with savings, as people can from any rightly governed country, however poor, hav barely enough to pay their passage, and that amount often comes from another land.

The girls of the very poorest class are thrown alone, and, in their inexperience on the English shore, with starvation before them, ensnared by touters who bring them into brothels and ruin them.

At home, the clergy of the tweedledum, standing in with the government and political preferment for nephews and relativs, say of the men who work for the improvement of the condition of their fellow-countrymen that "hell is not hot enough to hold them"—Bishop Moriarty on the Fenians.

Abroad, the tweedledee whose land-robbing and fanatic system has worked their bodily ruin and loss of purity and self-respect, not to mention their pangs of conscience, gravely sermonizes at what has come to them because they hav followed tweedledum.

Generations of a race of criminals follow because of man's inhumanity to man under the name of religion.

Precisely the same thing is happening in England and Scotland with the hundreds of thousands who hav been driven into the towns to make way for deer, but, as they understand the wiles of their race better, and happen, with their moralizers, to be tweedledees, they cannot be used to point a moral or adorn a tale. If the clergy who "stand in" with the governing classes were in earnest, they would grapple with the sources of the evil.

The reverend writer you quote from makes his living from the class which is the source of the evil.

Mr. Editor, if there is not a hell, there ought to be, and the people who add insult to oppression should be roasting in it.

The saintly Christians who for six days in the week scheme to get the biggest returns out of the tenement houses of New York and other Eastern cities should also receive public attention. Generally in all new countries the landlord has to improve and he is regulated by competition, but in some of your Eastern cities monopoly begets the vice which on the seventh it sanctimoniously pities in its cushioned churches. Liv and Let Liv.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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Any number over five at the same rate, invariably with one remittance.	

The Methodist Revival.

The Methodists are having a big revival in the Jane street church, this city, and two weeks ago celebrated the one-thousandth conversion very much as the theaters celebrate the one-hundredth performance of a play by gorgeous programs and great display of flowers. The revivalist Harrison, helped by the Rev. Stephen Merritt, is the drummer, or roperin, of the newly made Methodists, and on "jubilee night" he had the aid of J. M. Buckley and a bishop named Andrews. The performance lasted until midnight, and a free lunch was distributed to enable the converted to hold out to the end. With the assistance of a great many pretty women and girls, bright lights, almost unintermitting music, and the personal magnetism of "Boy" Harrison (aet. about fifty) the Jane street church revival has added more members to Methodism than any effort previously made in this city, unless the Salvation Army is near enough akin to shouting Methodism to number its converts in its ranks.

A great deal of self-gratulation over this event is being indulged in by the church, as though a great gain had been made. But we fail to find in the accounts of the revival that anyone has joined the church who did not already believe in Christianity in general and in its peculiar doctrins in particular. No member of the Manhattan Liberal Club, for instance, is missing, to be looked for at Mr. Merritt's sanctuary. The revival has not added one to the cohorts of Christ; the converted ones are those who, as the *Christian Advocate* phrases it, hav been taught their duty, but up to this time hav neglected it. This fact givs us a little light on the character of the Methodist creed.

When the average Methodist is asked if his church holds, like the Catholic, that without its limits there is no salvation, he will look wise and generally admit that the members of some other Protestant church may squeeze by St. Peter. If forced into a corner and made to say whether some good folks who belong to no church, but believe in the Christian religion on general principles, may not also get into heaven, he will look up and down and around and evade the query by professing that he believes so.

This revival, however, dissipates that idea; for if a decent man, believing in God and Christ, and the other articles of creedal furniture, but not "belonging" to any church, can obtain salvation, what is the use of such revivals, and why so much jubilation over the thousand converted? There is no evidence, and no pretense by the church, that these thousand are extraordinarily wicked or heretical, or but just plain, common, every-day folks, most of them young and with rather undeveloped minds, who thought the church the regular and usual thing, and were moved by the music and the magnetic power of the preacher and the crowd to affiliate with it. The rejoicing by official journals and creed-makers over these conversions shows conclusivly that the Methodist church possesses no charity but damns everybody who does not join its organization.

Whether these conversions will be permanent is now an interesting question. The church people pretend to think they will, as many of Harrison's converts hav survived two years without backsliding. The *Evening Sun*, however, proposes a test of their religion which, while not altogether unique, reveals old-fashioned ideas of religion, and has the merit of being practically humanitarian. "Suppose, for example," it says, "that one of them is a retail grocer who has been guilty of evil practices not unknown in that business; it is now his bounden duty to alter his ways. He must refrain from buying or selling adulterated goods; he must not giv short weight; he must not exact undue profit from his customers; he must deal fairly with his employees in the gospel spirit; he must practice the truth in all his business and in all his relations with mankind." These things, the paper holds, are required by true religion even more than praying and singing, and if it be found that this revival is working a change of this kind among the hosts of sinners who are being converted, the facts will soon be known in our town even by the wickedest people.

We suggest that Brother Merritt keep a record in his undertaking shop of all the tradesmen among the converts who are henceforward absolutely honest in all their dealings with their customers. Let the Methodist butchers who hav renounced the practice of slamming meat on the scales and weighing it on the jump come forward. Let the grocers whose sugar and coal is dry set down their names. Let the dry goods men who sell colored cloth that will really wash step up. Let all who hav put away from themselvs and their stores all adulterated things go to Mr. Merritt's coffin shop and hav their names entered in the book of their new life. It is a great test; we hope it will be applied.

Mr. Comstock's Ally.

Anthony Comstock lectured in Washington on the 15th inst., in the Congregational church. As usual, he brought forth the statistics of his seizures of obscene literature, and paid his respects to the National Liberal League. With his figures our readers are already familiar, but we do not think they know why it was that the Comstock law was not repealed. It was because God was with Anthony. Referring to the petition, 2,100 feet long and bearing 70,000 names, introduced by Benjamin Butler for the repeal of his law, he said: "These efforts were so strong that it was only by the hand of God that the law was preserved. Under the opposition of the National Liberal League," he added, "I must hav gone down only for my faith in God." At this point, says the *Post*, Anthony "riveted his eyes upon the ceiling and looked like the picture of a saint until the applause ceased."

Until this week we hav felt chagrined that our national legislators did not clearly see the abuses of the law and repeal it, but now we feel more content. We are not sufficiently presumptuous to imagin that the Liberals, courageous and numerous though they be, can contend with deity. A God who could make this universe out of nothing is certainly powerful enough to twist a few senators and representativs to his will. And before a House committee, with the Lord on one side and young Dr. Foote on the other, we should, with all deference to Dr. Foote, imagin that the Lord would come out ahead. Neither do we think it any disgrace to the doctor to get worsted in such a contest of wits.

If it be not blasphemous, we trust, for Anthony's sake, that the Lord will stand by him in the suit against him by Mr. Hemmens for conspiring to ruin his business, in which Judge Barrett finds sufficient ground to order his arrest and that of his coconspirator, Mr. John N. Stearns, a pious gentleman of Anthony's acquaintance. For the information of his backer, who may not know to what sore straits Mr. Comstock is reduced, we briefly set forth the case, as found in the daily newspapers: John Hemmens, who was dispossessed on April 5th from his restaurant and wine-room at 50 Broadway by John N. Stearns, the owner of the premises, as a result of Hemmens being convicted of permitting gambling in the place, began proceedings in the supreme court on the 18th inst. against Stearns and Anthony Comstock to recover $30,000 damages, on the ground of conspiracy to ruin his business. It is said that Stearns contemplated rebuilding on the site of 50 and 52 Broadway, but John Hemmens and Charles Shirley had a lease with three years to run, and no arrangement could be made with them to vacate. Hemmens claims that Stearns and Comstock conspired together to oust them from the restaurant and deprive them of the lease for the unexpired term. Several gentlemen obtained permission from him on February 25th to use a side-room for amusement purposes, and they got to gambling with cards and chips. Comstock went around on the night of March 9th, caught the party, finding the chips behind the bar, and arrested Hemmens for permitting gambling in the place. Hemmens was bound over in the Tombs police court, and in the general sessions he was convicted and fined $50. He was dispossessed on April 5th before Justice Clancy, in the second judicial district court, and now he claims that this all came about from Stearns's determination to get him out at all hazards. He says that two of the men that played cards in the private room of the premises at 50 Broadway were detectivs, one of whom was in the employ of Comstock's society. Mr. Comstock had to find bail in two thousand dollars.

Such is the brief account of Anthony's present trouble, wherein he will probably need considerable aid. We bespeak it for him from the same personage who saved his law whereby he once hoped to stamp out Freethinkers and Freethought publications.

Up in Montreal.

The two great divisions of the Christian church in Montreal, Canada—a church whose members always turn the other when thumped upon one cheek—are engaged in a family row of large dimensions. The city has been more or less noted for its religious disturbances, in which blood has not infrequently been shed to honor and glorify the "man of peace" and to show how his followers love one another, and the present division will not improbably lead to such results. The fight is over the Virgin Mary, as important a personage, at least, in theological economy, as her reputed son, and it began over the proposal made by a number of leading Catholic citizens, headed by Archbishop Fabre, to the city council asking for a site in the center of Mount Royal park on which to erect a mammoth statue of the Virgin Mary, nearly as large as Bartholdi's masterpiece on Liberty Island, in New York harbor.

The project has called forth vehement protest from the Protestant population, and Sunday before last, in all the churches, stirring references were made to it, and Protestants urged, irrespectiv of denomination, to combat the scheme. After the services petitions to the council not to allow the diversion of the public park to such purposes were signed by many thousands of laymen and clergymen, and a united meeting of the Evangelical Alliance and the Ministerial Association discussed the project in no mild language. The Protestants threaten that if the statue is erected it will be blown up on some dark night. If the city council sanctions the scheme, as it certainly will, an appeal to Queen Victoria is contemplated, the contention of the minority being that, although the Catholics are in a majority in Montreal, they are in a minority in the whole of Canada. If the Orange element continues to predict that the new statue will be destroyed, it would not be surprising if the Nelson monument and the statue to Queen Victoria, which are equally distasteful to the French and Irish elements respectivly, should suffer a like fate.

Such, in brief, are the facts as telegraphed to this city regarding what we must consider a most important step toward Christian unity. The Virgin Mary, we know, is Montreal's patron saintess, and the first name of the place was Ville Maria. But the proposed statue is not commemorativ but religious, and is designed to secure the Virgin's favor and intercession with her son for the present temporal and future spiritual benefit of Montrealers, who are, as a mass, of such great intelligence that they pray to saints in sickness, and carry the host in religious procession to ward off epidemics of contagious diseases.

This keeping alive of the medieval antagonism of race and religion is characteristic of the French Canadians, who are about the lowest specimens, mentally, of the human race inhabiting this continent. The city is Catholic by a large majority, and its political affairs hav always been directed by ecclesiastics. The Protestant element is, however, a respectable minority, sufficient to bother the Catholic church when questions arise not calling for a strict division

on religious lines. But the brains of the city are Agnostics, comprising a hundred or two of the wealthy manufacturers and business and professional men. The two church wings hav usually parceled the offices between them, the Catholics giving the Protestants a few councilmen and officers who could not greatly affect the policy of the city. A few years ago the two factions fell out, neither party would trust the other, and an Infidel was elected to the mayoralty for two terms. Now the Catholics hav recovered their hold, three-quarters of the councilmen being of that faith, enabling their church to do as it pleases in obtaining a site for the colossal statue of the Virgin Mary. The Protestants may vigorously protest, but that appears to be about all the good it will do them. But they hav principally themselvs to blame. They hav never tried to make the government of Montreal Secular, but hav been content to take the crumbs which fall to them from the union of church and state, satisfied to let the Catholics hav millions if they could get thousands, and to see the Romanists rule the city and province if they were only allowed to run a ward or two. In Montreal it is the Protestants who demand the "*pro rata*" subsidies, and complain that in the division of the world which Christians as the Lord's anointed feel to be due them they hav been left. All of which, in our opinion, comes under the head of righteous retribution.

But what an anachronism this whole matter is, and how well it illustrates the deathly blight which adherence to religion must ever cast on human progress! This is the nineteenth century, not the seventeenth or sixteenth, and this is North America, not Spain. Yet here is the populace of a city clamoring for a public idol to ward off another epidemic of small-pox, and stay the devastation of floods! Words are inadequate to describe the anomaly. Evolution givs place to atavism; the world is whirling backward. Excursions to Montreal will yet be organized, and advertised as the great and only chance to see the dead alive, corpses walking, and a buried city on top of the ground.

The lesson to be learned, however, is that the better Christian a man is, the worse citizen is he. Progress comes from heresy.

The President and the Churches.

The department of the interior, which controls the Indian affairs of the country, has issued orders that hereafter in no Indian school supported wholly or in part by the government shall the nativ language of the scholars be used, but English exclusivly. This has aroused the ire of the churches engaged in evangelizing the red men at the expense of the country, as it renders useless the religious works translated into the various Indian languages, and several religious bodies and conferences hav remonstrated with President Cleveland concerning the order, but to no effect. He believes in civilizing the aborigines before evangelizing them, and contends that teaching them the English language is of more importance than teaching them the catechism.

For holding thus, a prominent religious journal, of more or less mugwump tendency, berates him severely in this remarkable way: "He has lowered the tone of the Indian service, and interfered unwarrantably with religious matters in the mission schools among the Indians—*with which matters it is simply impertinent for him to meddle.*"

Now, while we are no particular admirer of Mr. Cleveland, and dislike a great many things he has done, we must admit that he is lawfully and legally the president of the United States, chosen in a proper and constitutional manner, by a majority of the voters of this country. That being the case, we want to know whose business it is to conduct the affairs of the country if not his? How is it impertinent for the interior department, of which Mr. Cleveland has supreme control, and to which the charge of the Indians has been legally committed, to run its own affairs even against the wishes of the religious sects? Do the pietists own the country? Are their desires superior to law? Is a Methodist conference higher in authority than the department of the government and the president? If so, then the action of the secretary of the interior and the president is impertinent, but not otherwise, and the pietists should restrain their anger at having their evangelizing work hindered. They hav too much to say in Indian affairs as it is.

The Indian policy of the government is and has been for years a failure. When General Grant parceled out the tribes among the sects, he began a policy which has ended in almost unlimited robbery of the government, and exceedingly limited benefit to the Indians. They hav not civilized, only taught religion, and to-day their charges are nearly as wild and unkempt, as savage and lazy, as when the first mission school was established. The little improvement they hav undergone is the result of contact with white civilization, and in no wise due to the prayers of the missionaries. That is our belief, founded upon reports of unprejudiced observers living upon the ground.

The church critics of the president are themselvs the impertinent parties. It is his business to administer Indian affairs, and none of theirs.

Indicted Again.

We were a little premature last week in congratulating the editors of *Lucifer* upon their escape from the unprincipled and vindictiv Comstock crowd of their neighborhood. Scarcely was the ink dry upon the advance-sheets of *Lucifer* which were sent out to anxious friends announcing the result of the "trial," when District-Attorney Perry submitted the matter to another grand jury, who returned an indictment, jointly and severally, against the trio of defendants.

Mr. Harman himself seems to hav had a presentiment of this, for in the same issue of *Lucifer* in which he announces the "lifting of the shadow" and returns thanks to those who hav helped him and his relativs, he says: "As to what shall come after, of course it is impossible to say. It is certainly within the power of the government to again indict us; but against such a procedure there is the remonstrance of one hundred and thirty-six of the citizens of Valley Falls and vicinity, including a strong majority of the business and professional men, and two-thirds of the city officials."

This remonstrance failed, and bigotry and defeated spite will try again. It is probable that the new indictment will hold water, and that the case will be tried, and three men's liberty and property be put in peril because they hold radical ideas upon social and religious subjects. Christianity stands at the head and foot of the business, working the legal levers of the modern torture-rack, and the followers of the crucified Judean blasphemer will chuckle and grin to see their victims suffer.

Every Freethinker in the country should interest himself in this case, as it is clear that the prosecution is one of spite and not of justice—of Christianity against liberty—simply an endeavor to choke heresy and force the heretics to keep quiet. Such attempts must be thwarted. The Christians of Kansas must be made to pay too dearly for their whistle, and then they will not purchase any more. Let everyone who reads this send his or her indignant protest against this persecution to Judge Foster of the United States District Court at Topeka, Kan., and District-Attorney Perry of the same place may as well be admonished at the same time.

A Repugnant Suggestion.

At the annual conference of the Zion Methodist church of this city last week, Bishop J. W. Hood, of Fayetteville, N. C., advanced the curious idea that the government of the United States ought to pay for all the liberated slaves. "The evils which the blacks suffer from the hands of the whites," he said, "are largely the results of the mistake made by the government at the close of the war in its failure to pay the slaveholders for their property. This worked a great injustice upon the freedmen, as the slaveholders looked upon the blacks as property stolen from them by the government, and which they had a right to get back to whatever extent they could. Hence they feel justified in getting the freedman's labor as low as possible, and in taking advantage of his ignorance in every way. The government had encouraged the South to believe that slavery was a firmly established institution, and when the slaves were emancipated it should hav been willing to make full restitution. The government should do now what it refused to do at the end of the war. The slaveholders should be reimbursed in full for their losses, even at this late day, which would bring about a much better state of feeling between whites and blacks, while it would be, at the same time, a convenient method of reducing the surplus."

It is fair to presume that Methodism is responsible for this man's fall—Methodism and the Bible. He might as well plead for restoring the blacks to their former owners. It would be as just to do this as to tax the present generation for the benefit of the late slaveholders. Before the war such a proposition might hav been entertained; but remembering all the circumstances connected with the family unpleasantness of 1860–4, the suggestion is repugnant.

The Christian Unionists.

The talk about a "reunion of Christendom" goes merrily on among the churches, and they pretend to think such reunion a possibility. Bishop Coxe, of western New York, has edited a complete translation of the works of the ante-Nicene fathers, and by a series of lectures based on this translation, it is proposed to show that the sectarian differences are really no differences at all, and that by going back to primitiv Christianity—to the Apostle's and the Nicene creeds—all sects can accept one faith and unite in one grand catholic church. It is a beautiful vision.

A week ago Thursday the opening lecture of this program was given in this city. The subject was, "The Pentecostal Age and the Growth of the Church to the Age of St. John, A.D. 100." This was followed last Thursday by an explanation of "Syrian Christianity and the School of Antioch." Next came a lecture on the "North African church," in which the lecturer told about Tertullianism and Montanism, the baptismal controversy and the dispute between Rome and Africa regarding it, Manichæism and St. Augustine, the Pelagian controversy, and the controversy with the Donatists. Next week we shall hav a talk about the School of Alexandria, in which Clement and Origen will be exhibited, and the grounds of difference given between Eastern and Western schools, and the influence of Philo and his Platonic philosophy expounded. Some time in May the last lecture will be delivered, subject, "Rome and Its Influence on Western Christendom," in which the bishop of Springfield will describe the early condition of the Christian church, the molding of the Germanic nations by Roman Christianity, the beneficial influence of the church in the early Middle Ages, the gradual advance of Roman claims and the growth of the idea of the papacy, and, finally, after defining the papacy, its effect on political liberty.

Thus, it is expected, will the differences of the sects be explained away, and a grand love feast of all Christians be brought about, to the end that the Infidels may be stamped out. But it occurs to us to ask, Of what good is all this hair-splitting speculation upon the tenets of the early Christians if the facts upon which their tenets were based are untrue? It does not seem to us that it will do much good to reconcile conflicting theories concerning an event which never happened.

WE hav thought that never could Jo Cook get near enough the truth to agree with THE TRUTH SEEKER. But he has for once. The occasion was a lecture, in Boston, on the Jesuits. He said: "This mighty organization is described as a naked sword, of which the hilt is at Rome and the point everywhere. There are in this country 2,606 parochial schools containing more than 500,000 pupils under exclusivly Roman Catholic instruction. In the archdiocese of Boston there are 42 parochial schools with 22,250 pupils under exclusivly Roman Catholic instruction. New York has 37 schools, with 40,000 pupils. The power of the Catholics has been used to cause misappropriations of money for public purposes. We may soon expect the church to use its power to obtain a division of school funds! The Roman Catholic schools are officered and controled by Jesuits, and by sisters under their influence. The Jesuit order is an ecclesiastical machine, military in its constitution. You are under Jesuit inspection, and so probably am I. We hav a provision in naturalization requiring a man to renounce all foreign allegiance. Now, I assert that no Jesuit can take that oath in good faith. Private schools and their teachers ought to be inspected. I do not deny Roman Catholics their rights to open schools, though I regret that they do this. Finally, it is high time for the benefit of the republic at large, and the Roman Catholics, that you should secure the undivided supremacy of the white pope over the black."

The Faith-Cure in Boston.

From the New York Star.

A sailor was rigging Commodore Hovey's yacht, Fortuna, in Boston the other day. He fell to the deck and suffered a compound fracture of the right thigh. His superstitious messmates carried him off to the Boston branch of the Faith-Cure League, which has accomplished some wonderful cures. His fracture was duly blessed and prayed upon, and the man was told to get up and walk. He did so, and fell and broke his other leg.

"—— —— —— the faith-cure!" exclaimed the sailor-man. "Take me to the Massachusetts General Hospital." And there the poor fellow lies, doing quite well.

Letters from Friends.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Feb. 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Why is the Freethinker called "Infidel?" The appellation, "Infidel," would be more properly applied to preachers, as most of them preach what they do not believe themselvs. J. P. MULLER.

SPARTA, MICH., March 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am a new subscriber to your most valuable paper, and in perusing its columns I find lots of good, valuable reading, such as should be read by everyone. Long life, good health, and lots of happiness to Heston. His cartoons are first-class. I see by the advertisments of books and pamphlets in your paper that some of them must be pretty good reading and food for the mind, so I will try some of them, and if they prove to be what I think they are I will endeavor to send for others at some future time.

L. H. TANNER.

STERLING, ILL., March 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I, like thousands, believe that THE TRUTH SEEKER is the grandest paper published on earth, and cannot do without it hereafter. Heston's pictures hit the nail on the head.

I also agree with hundreds of thousands, like G. P. Dreisbach in the last TRUTH SEEKER, that the Freethinkers of the United States shall nominate the grandest and noblest men now living: For president, R. G. Ingersoll, and for vice-president, Robert Lincoln. I do hope that the Freethought and Secular papers will agitate the question and bring the good qualities of the above parties before the public. Ingersoll's enemies are gradually discovering his noble qualities, and he of all men is, perhaps, best fitted for president of our grand republic. F. C. CRAMER.

GALION, O., March 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: When one finds something good it is quite natural to hav some one to share it, and one has a much better relish for it for telling and sharing. My good find is the lectures of Ingersoll. I know my telling will add nothing to their grandeur, excellence, and beauty, but I would just say to others, Take and eat, for therein is the bread of life. I am proud that I liv in the age of the grandest orator the world ever produced. Ingersoll's works contain the gist of human happiness. No one can read them but he will feel himself a freer, better man, and a better citizen. To say that the family Bible of the future will be chiefly composed of Ingersoll's works will not be saying too much. May he liv to realize that people in these United States will revere and honor the cathedrals of Ingersoll more than they now do the cathedrals of priests. Long may he liv, to the happiness of his family and benefit of his countrymen!

JOHN P. FLICK.

EPHRAIM, WIS., April 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I don't think another Infidel paper comes to this place. When I came into the post-office the other day to get my paper the postmaster said to me, "That is a curious paper." I said, "Why?" He said, "You must be blind that cannot see what kind of paper that is. We see every day that there is a God." Now, he must hav looked in it to know. I told him I was sure I was not blind, but I could not see any such God as the Bible tells of, and if there was, I did not think he was very good. A God that will giv orders to kill men, women, and infants, and save young maidens for the soldiers, and tell his chosen tribe to sell their tainted meat to foreigners, was not an honest God. He said, "That is not in the Bible," and told me to show it to him. I told him I could not remember where it was, and had no time to hunt it up, but would let him know some other time, if he did not find it himself. As a general thing, a Christian will get angry when one speaks against his God, and so did he. There was a good deal more said, but as I am a poor writer I will not undertake to giv an account of it. Now, I would like to hav you, Mr. Editor, inform me on these two Bible questions through your paper. I hav no Bible myself.

Yours for light, JOHN LARSON.

[The texts wanted are Num. xxxi, 17, 18, and Deut. xiv, 21.—ED. T. S.]

GUTHRIE CENTER, IOWA, March 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs. M. A. Freeman delivered a splendid Freethought lecture here March 1st. It was the first Liberal lecture given in this place. Some of the orthodox spouted pretty loudly, but many considered it the best lecture that had ever struck the town, and it will long be remembered, while all the Liberal friends will welcome Mrs. Freeman back whenever it is announced for her to come.

I am sorry not to be able to send you a few subscribers by this time, but I hav some promised; will do my best. I like your paper. The other world has no charms for me until I get through with this one.

Some of your correspondents complain of the way you treat Henry George. I can say your paper was the means of making a Georgeite out of me. It set me to thinking, and studying his works for myself; and I would advise Mr. Denslow to read them before he writes again. I am confident that Henry George is on the road that leads to freedom, and I think that if every Liberal would do all he could to propagate Henry George's doctrin he would be doing a noble work. Still, I must confess that you hav got to drive the ghosts out of the clouds before you can hav a good government. These devilish imps are always a hindrance to any good reform. They call this a Christian country, meanwhile gambling in the natural elements and forcing wages to the starvation-point. I would like to take all the Christians in Christendom and put them off by themselvs and see them trample on one another. Some Liberals are no better than some Christians. I don't mean that they are all opposed to reform, but believe I am safe in saying the most of them are. E. B. RIGLER.

LEON, IA., March 20, 288.

MR. EDITOR: We regret we hav lost a charter-member of our Leon Secular Union, Mrs. A. B. Hall, on March 1st. She was a fearless advocate of Secular principles—one that dared to think, read, and investigate for herself and giv the result of her convictions to her many friends. She lived to a mature age, and was a good citizen, wife, and mother. She was earnest and logical in her advanced views. As a Spiritualist she thought immortality would be the result of natural law. Reason, truth (as she saw it), justice, mercy, and love were her guide, and happiness the end. To do good was her religion. She livs in our memories.

We shall endeavor to hav monthly meetings this summer, with Sunday science schools, lectures, etc.

JOHN W. LONG.

AKRON, O., March 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It is with pleasure that I am permitted to write you for the first time. I am living in a priest-ridden city. Our children are compelled to say the Lord's Prayer. In room No. 4 the teacher bent the young minds of scholars to the Methodists; in No. 5, to the Baptists, and so on through the rest of the rooms. That time should be used in study that would benefit the youth on this earth. Let children choose for themselvs, and the churches would be used for other purposes in less than fifty years. I believe in that time we would be a mass of Freethinkers and free people. My reason for being a Liberal is based on the Bible, and pretending Christians, who are nothing more than genuin hypocrits. They pray long and loud—then beat who they can to pay the pew rent and priests.

I am well pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER. I miss S. P. Putnam's letters very much. I like to read "Letters from Friends." Find inclosed twenty-five cents for the ANNUAL for 1888. Yours for truth, L. D. TRIPLETT.

BASSETT, IA., March 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: We wish to express through THE TRUTH SEEKER our thanks to Mrs. Freeman. We had the rare treat of listening to her splendid elucidation of "His Satanic Majesty" last Sunday evening. Despite icy roads and a very bad snowstorm, a respectable audience was out. Our postmaster, Mr. Dillenbeck, acted as chairman. When Mrs. Freeman dealt in pathos, a deathlike stillness reigned over the audience. Profound attention was awakened by her faultless logic; while her sallies of brilliant wit and cutting sarcasm elicited round after round of laughter and applause. We hav had Remsburg here twice—all honor to him—but as an able speaker and fluent talker Mrs. Freeman is his equal, if not his superior. This heroin iconoclast, by her pleasant, musical voice and sympathetic reasoning, gained the respect and admiration of her more orthodox sisters, and from the liberal sale of pamphlets there is no question that her intellectual shafts were driven home, and that Freethought has received an impetus that will be a lasting momentum as time rolls on. Feeling proud of such a noble champion of Liberalism, We remain, JAS. A. HUFFMAN,
JOHN FRAZER,
BENJ. FRAZER.

OTTAWA, CAN., March 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It affords me much pleasure to send you the name of a new subscriber, while renewing my own subscription. This new acquisition to our cause is an ex-Catholic. It is hard work to rub the sawdust off the eyes of a Catholic, but if you ever succeed, he generally proves a valuable convert to Freethought, as he has to avenge a long mental slavery. He is more aggressiv than old Liberals, and delights in provoking discussions. This one I hope will prove to be a lifelong subscriber to your valuable paper.

We hav had the usual winter revival here. Two Christian actors, Messrs. Crossley and Hunter—the first one a specialist in emotional preaching, the other a professor in "Christian singing"—hav wooed sinners yet unsaved with much pecuniary success—to themselvs.

This revival has had a good effect in that it provoked a discussion in one of the local papers, the *Citizen*, between "Progressiv Thought" and "Christian Thought." Mr. Hunter (the specialist), having in an unguarded moment attacked Liberalism in one of his sermons, was handled without gloves by "Progressiv Thought" in a long and well-written correspondence. The discussion continued during a week, and closed with a letter from "P. T.," who came out of the contest with flying colors. The ease with which this champion of Freethought vanquished "C. T." has been food for reflection to many, and can but hav the effect of Liberalizing the ideas of a number. May our progress increase until truth is the property of the humblest as of the most gifted. L. F. MATHÉ.

NEW BEDFORD, PA., April 12, 288.

MR. EDITOR: We must keep informed of the past doings and present wishes and purposes of that most infernal and brutal of all religious organizations, the Catholic church. If ever the natural and constitutional rights of our citizens are overthrown and crushed out, it will be done by that colossal enemy of human rights, liberty, and progress, assisted by the blind, infatuated bigots who constitute the God-in-the-Constitution party. They hav no correct idea of human rights or human equality. Unfortunately we hav in this vicinity a practical illustration of the state of society we are threatened with under Catholic influence. In the neighboring city of Youngstown, O., there is a valley which used to be called "Smoky Hollow," but is now sometimes called "Hell's Hollow," and sometimes "the Valley of Rascals." Its inhabitants are mainly Irish Catholics. They hav a surfeit of parochial schools and churches. They hav everything their own way—after their own heart. It is a fair sample of a Catholic millennium, and I doubt if there is a community on the face of the earth that can produce more infamous, lying rascals per capita than it can. The boys, backed and encouraged by their parents, will, if they are able, rob you in the street at noonday of everything in your wagon or possession. Many farmers, when doing business or selling produce in that part of the city, deem it necessary to carry their revolvers for protection. And if this is the result here, where the surrounding higher civilization tends to stimulate them to better deeds and a higher morality, what would it be without it? I rejoice in the exposure you make from week to week of this gigantic pious fraud. I wish Mr. McArthur, or some other capable person, would compile from undeniable Catholic authorities proofs of the cruelty, treachery, debauchery, and degrading influence of that church in the past, and its designs against freedom and human advancement in the present and future. Such a document would be invaluable in meeting and crushing these wily and dangerous enemies. If THE TRUTH SEEKER would leave the discussion of tariff, free trade, and other side issues to the political parties, where they seem legitimately to belong, and devote the space to enlightening us as above suggested, I would feel much more benefited. W. W. WALKER.

CORUNNA, IND., March 10, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: The glad tidings gleaned each week from THE TRUTH SEEKER are music in my ear. From afar come mingled voices of rejoicing for the advent of the coming reason's dawn. I rejoice to know that in other places our cause is advancing with gigantic strides, although here and there the slimy tail of that detestable serpent Superstition drags its blighting influence over the land. It is my sad lot to be cast among a community of non-progressiv antediluvians, who, like St. Paul, are determined to know nothing except Jesus Christ and him crucified. Many will perhaps not believe me, but it is a fact that a majority of my neighbors still believe in just such an earth and heaven as pictured by Heston in a recent number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, with the sun going around. So you see that picture just suited them; thus Watson has failed to make a point among this class. I secured the services of J. L. Andrew last winter and managed to get out a goodly audience, but, alas! although he spoke very plain English, scarcely any could comprehend the subject he handled in so masterly a way. I am convinced that lecturing to deadheads is time and energy wasted. If we would Secularize, we must first educate the ignorant masses. I hav striven hard in this unequal battle with a zeal worthy of a better success than has yet crowned my efforts, but with such a beacon light as THE TRUTH SEEKER to guide my course I cannot waver. It behooves me that it is the duty of all Liberals to do all that lies within their power to advance a higher system of education. Teach the people astronomical, geological, and scientific facts. Teach the people that worlds are more plenty than gods, and that real suns outnumber the sons of God a billion to none. Evolution gains no foothold among the unrefined. To them the clay and rib story, so beloved by Mr. Grabill, is plainer and easier than the complicated testimony given in evidence of evolution. Slowly but surely, the world moves on toward a higher plane of human attainment. JOSEPH A. SHADE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 1, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I am not one who thinks Mrs. H. A. Richey's letter in your last paper out of place, for I believe that all sides should be heard, and that is my reason for writing a short reply that I hope will find room in THE TRUTH SEEKER. In the first place, the lady does not seem to hav a clear idea of what the fundamental principles of evolution are, and if she has read the writers she names she must hav done so very carelessly. She seems to guess at what evolutionists believe and then very nicely refutes her wrong guessing. First, no one that I know of claims that an "unintelligent nature has" made any "decrees" whatever, and the reason why water expands with cold has nothing to do with evolution or an intelligent cause. She says she "finds that Darwinians must admit that according to their hypothesis there was a time when the laws of inheritance as they now exist did not exist," and that "they must also admit that the laws of variation upon which the theory depends hav ceased to be." Now, the fact is that we do not admit any such thing, and both laws exist to-day as they always hav existed and always will. No evolutionist will admit that science is against him, and that there is no evidence in favor of the theory. He knows there is, and further that no fact has ever been shown to be inconsistent with the evolution theory. But I will not only correct errors, but respectfully proceed to present the principle of evolution, as, I understand, it is taught by the most advanced minds of the day.

First is the great law of heredity, which is that all things reproduce, similarly, but with slight variations, their own species. Second, the law of the survival of the strongest, which is that those individuals whose variations are favorable to their preservation, such as greater strength in any part or more perfect adaptation to their surroundings, are the most likely to get a living and produce healthy offspring, and this, being continually repeated, gradually produces noticeable variation in species, till the creature, whatever it is, becomes adapted to its environment.

Thousands of facts show these laws to be at work to-day. Change an animal of one climate, one kind of soil, to another climate and soil, where it is with difficulty able to survive, and a few generations will show marked variations toward better adaptation. Example—Southern corn and Northern corn are the same, or will become so, if raised in the same climate. Such things hav been noticed times without number, by many scientists—Darwin, Haeckel, Huxley, and others—and in fact can be seen by any careful, systematic ob-

server. Both Darwin and Haeckel recount their personal experience and success in producing new species by the laws of selection and heredity.

I will not recount a list of what any *must* admit, for I hav no inclination to force anyone to admit anything. I am not a Christian. It is very easy to answer a theory before one has become thoroughly aware of what it is. "Look before you leap," and read before you refute, is my advice to all.

C. L. HASKELL.

GRANTFORK, ILL., March 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I will send you a few names of persons who, I think, would subscribe if they read your valuable paper once. They are all wealthy, honored, and well-known men. I am scattering my papers around this town, but times are hard, or else I think I could get some subscribers. Just keep Mr. Heston working those pictures up, for they hav a world of meaning, and I think they are better than words could bring it out. This is a small town, but is booming. We hav here a famous spring called the Diamond Mineral Springs. The proprietors are just completing a large hotel, and we hav a chance of getting a railroad. Those mottoes I got from you I am very well pleased with, especially the Nine Demands, and the great Freethinkers occupy a conspicuous place in my saloon. ANTON J. KRAFT.

LEXINGTON, KY., March 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs. Z. Wallace has just delivered a lecture here on "Woman's Rights." It seems that American women are expected to prop up our falling country, leaning on the holy clergy, the clergy leaning on God.

The gigantic scheme of Henry George furnishes a remedy for the wrongs of our race. A small tax on every foot of land will secure to every child born into the world protection and support in the hour of trouble, poverty, or sickness. Compulsory education and strict attention to the rules of politeness and morality will do the rest.

It is evident that monopolism must be sure that its power is tottering to its fall before the next golden principle will be embraced. Is there any well-digested scheme which will attract the attention of the greedy capitalist? A moral earthquake, or the dread of one, is all that can save our country at the present crisis. The hard crust which shields the horrors of the ancient régime must burst asunder before a new order of things can be established. Disraeli said: "Alter the tactics of trade and redeem the country." A railroad enterprise once saved England. A great principle, a general understanding, a secret correspondence—these propagated Infidel ideas in the time of Bolingbroke.

I hav no fear that the pope of Rome will ever be master in this country, but I hav no doubt that the mass of the people regard with silent indignation the contemptible weakness of such men as Cleveland and Blaine, flattering, as they did, in a servil manner, a religious tyrant, who seeks the destruction of our noble republic. Dr. McGlynn knows what are the artful designs of this proud dignitary. Why not listen to his voice? We may believe that the old political parties are rotten and ready to fall to pieces when we find that the only method of propping up their decayed carcasses is for delegates to prostrate their shameless bodies (pampered parasites as they are) to a level with the toe of a pope, whose smile is the leer of a basilisk, his breath the poison of the asp, warmed in the heart of freedom. Away with such miscreants! If there is one honest man who can help us in such an emergency (Colonel Ingersoll), entreat him to accept the high position which he deserves.

Rough reforms are not conducted on any wise principle of reconstruction, though a moral earthquake seems often necessary to rend the iron crust of error. Christians ought to love every system of advance which improves the human race by a natural process, but they are not famed for anything of the kind. ALHAZA.

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., April 11, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I send you a remarkable letter from God's vicegerent to "his excellency," the "ruler" of our "*nation*." This letter proves the truth of my prediction in THE TRUTH SEEKER, not long since, that as Blaine had his Burchard in 1884, Cleveland would surely find his in 1888. Of course, he will get the Catholic vote, but only that, and nothing more. Thus we see how apt the newly fledged politician is to monkey with sacred things, even with popes and "sich." No bull that Leo might hav sent thundering over this continent against this Buffalo politician could hav more effectually damned his prospects for reëlection than this marvelous letter. Alas, how frail the modern demagog! In plaintiv strains this mighty "ruler" wrote the modest *Puck* anent the lying newspaper press of the country. Since St. Paul justified lying, and bragged with brazen impudence of his craftiness, and how he caught them with guile, the religious press, at least, has some excuse for keeping the lie up. Nevertheless, hypocrisy and adultery should never be forgiven on earth; though in heaven, by St. Peter, this most blasphemous liar who denied his God, they are doubtless overlooked.

Go for the Mormons, Grover; go for polygamy, and you will cover a multitude of your own sins. NELSON HUNT.

THE LETTER.

"TO OUR BELOVED SON, JAMES GIBBONS, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Baltimore: Well-beloved son, health and benediction. Among the countless congratulations which we hav received from all parts of the world upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of our election to the priesthood, we hav, as was natural, set most store by the evidence of courtesy and regard sent by the rulers of the nations. For by these marks of their good-will toward the head of the church, they manifest, and this we ardently desire, their kindly disposition toward their Catholic subjects. Since, then, the illustrious president of the United States has, through you, our beloved son, seen fit to exhibit a like courtesy, accompanying the expression of the same with a gift of a superb copy of the Constitution of that most powerful republic, he has, in so doing, afforded us a peculiar pleasure and satisfaction. Moreover, as it is fitting that we should return to his excellency the expression of our gratitude, we commit the discharge of that duty to you, both on account of your exalted rank in the hierarchy of the republic, and of the personal esteem in which his excellency holds you.

"In fulfilling this duty we desire that you should assure the president of our admiration for the Constitution of the United States, not only because it has enabled industrious and enterprising citizens to attain so high a degree of prosperity, but also because, under its protection, your Catholic countrymen hav enjoyed a liberty which has so confessedly promoted the astonishing growth of their religion in the past, and will, we trust, enable it in the future to be of the highest advantage to the civil order as well. You will be pleased to add that we will pour forth fervent prayer to God for your country's constant advance in glory and prosperity, and for the health and happiness of the president and his worthy family.

"Finally, to you, beloved son, and to the faithful intrusted to your pastoral care, we lovingly, in the Lord, impart our apostolic benediction.

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 4th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1888, and the tenth of our pontificate.

"LEO, P. P. XIII."

FALL RIVER, KAN., April 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me a word of explanation. Mr. Reynolds still entertains discordant feelings toward the brethren in and around Fall River, Kansas. His prominence in the ranks of Liberalism makes this little episode in his experience a matter of regret. His response to my letter of some weeks ago does not bring him in any closer communion with the brethren. We are sorry that the brother allowed his spleen to get the better of his judgment. States and individuals are not annihilated by a mere stroke of the pen in the hands of a Liberal lecturer, and it is foolishness to presume so. Mr. Reynolds met but few Liberals during his stay in our city. He was sadly out of joint before he reached us. He missed connection with the passenger train, and landed, some three hours afterward, on a freight train. No friendly Liberal met him at the depot to extend to him the welcome he anticipated. He had to seek his own lodging, and was not as fortunate as he would hav been had he materialized on the regular train. Nature was having a spasm, known as a blizzard, and had it bad. But two lectures had been advertised, and Mr. Reynolds forthwith began to clamor for three. At no time could the surroundings hav been more unfavorable. Mr. Somerby, of the *Times*, had done the corresponding, engaged for two lectures, published dates and subjects—then passed the matter to O. W. Bomig, owner of the Opera Hall. Mr. Bomig was to attend to the further details. At the time Mr. Bomig was absent at Howard, having been elected county commissioner for Elk county and this being the time for filing his official bond and being installed into office. In all this jumble of unavoidables, Mr. Reynolds proceeded to deliver one, two, three lectures, and demanded pay. If the brethren of Fall River hav not paid him for all the services contracted, they will do so. This they will do, and nothing more.

Mr. Reynolds reiterates that he writes things as he finds them. The man, P. Van Hyatt, that needs evoluting, and whose word was distrusted by the landlord, when the baggage was being held for board, was not in Fall River during the sojourn of Mr. Reynolds. Van Hyatt livs five miles south of Fall River, and had too much respect for his nasal protuberance to poke it into the face of the blizzard that was then on exhibition. He was not so hungry for the bread of life as to be guilty of any suicidal exposures. Had the elements been propitious, the man Van Hyatt would hav materialized, as is his custom on such occasions. Van Hyatt had nothing to do with any arrangement connected with this episode—is not in any way responsible for any of the unfortunate circumstances that produced a failure. He has a fair knowledge of Liberalism in the West, and knows that the brethren in and around Fall River will compare favorably with those in other localities, the opinion of Mr. Reynolds to the contrary notwithstanding. It is not the purpose of this brief reply to widen the breach by the use of cutting remarks. If Mr. Reynolds desires to evolute Van Hyatt and Company, he must change his tactics. He must anoint his eyes until he no longer sees men as trees walking—anoint his eyes until he no longer sees Van Hyatt stand up and vouch for the payment of a board bill, when Van Hyatt was five miles away, and knew nothing of what was transpiring in Israel. This makes up our case. We will add nothing more. We are not fond of wordy warfare. But little good comes of it. We desired to place ourselvs in a proper light with the brethren. We hav stood up and explained, and are satisfied to abide results. P. VAN HYATT.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I desire to express my thanks for your very generous and extended reply to my letter on Dr. Samson's criticisms of Kuenen. I am to a great extent in sympathy with the present policy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I sincerely regret my omission in not acquainting you with the object I had in view, in addition to the suggestion that a reply made by you would undoubtedly interest a number of your readers. I conclude thus for the reason that a score or more of my most intimate friends hav sent me tender epistles of solicitous regard for my seemingly inexplicable attitude, accompanied by voluminous dissertations on the various points so kindly elucidated by yourself. One correspondent wishes to know whether I am trying to "pose as a supplemental edition of Taxil;" another proposes to "institute a commission of inquiry for the purpose of investigating the effect of blizzards on the intellect;" I hav been consecutivly accused of having a "big head," a "little head," and "no head at all," and although I hav been a Benedict for only about two months, one of my facetious friends had the temerity to insinuate that it was a "clear case of mother-in-law." While this may be a just punishment for my negligence, it also affords me much pleasure in learning that I hav been the cause of so much healthful merriment, and at the same time the means of eliciting one of the ablest and most interesting editorials that hav ever graced the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER. An editor's opinions are more carefully perused, receive more attention from the religious press and other papers holding opposit views, arouse more enthusiasm among their co-laborers, and are a more potent factor in the direction of education. They also stimulate the thought of many who either from lack of time or from indifference seldom evince much interest in the other departments of a large periodical. At all events, I believe that I voice the sentiment of a goodly part of the TRUTH SEEKER readers in saying that its editorials are one of its principal features—and especially is this true of your article on "Mr. Moses as an Author." I am glad, for this reason, that my letter received the prominence you gave it, for although we may feel perfectly free in acknowledging that the generally received account of the authorship of the first five books of the Old Testament is repudiated by all Christian scholars of any note, still, we are compelled to admit that the position occupied by Dr. Samson is as yet a very common one, and is vociferously promulgated by such apostles of religious forgery as Sam Jones, Sam Small, Hastings, Talmage, "Boy Preacher" Harrison, and some fifty thousand other greater or less pulpit lights in this country alone.

I will not deny that Mr. Samson's lecture possesses very little intrinsic merit, but we all know, or should know, that lectures of this character are being continually circulated at the instigation of the clergy, and there is certainly no better way of calling public attention to their pernicious influence than through an editorial, in such form as to be at the same time readily utilized as a missionary document.

The church still thrives on credulity. Superstition is by no means extinct. It is true that the church is not as ready as formerly to defend her doctrins and beliefs in public debate. It is true that she has lost a vast amount of power. But this result has been accomplished only through perpetual agitation.

Despite all this—despite martyrdom; despite the sacrifices of life, home, and position by thousands of brave men and women in the pursuit of knowledge; despite the bloody history of the past—all the religious wars, intrigues, and assassinations—despite the valuable lesson the experiences of nineteen centuries should hav taught the world, persecution has not ceased; efforts are unceasingly made to unite church and state; the importance of securing the Catholic vote is never underrated by the wily politician, and leading dailies frequently devote whole columns to the nauseating emanations from those sewers of intellectual annihilation called Sunday pulpits, while scientific and philosophic questions, with a few exceptions, receive but a passing notice.

These statements furnish their own argument. The only essential for their verification is observation.

Some of my critics are supersensitiv on this point; they are averse to religious discussions. The trouble with them is that they assume too much; they liv in an atmosphere of ideality, and either ignore or are totally oblivious to everyday facts; they forget that Secularism includes, or should include, every phase of human existence, and that its object is to eliminate error, the brutality of superstition, and the chief cause of unhappiness—ignorance.

These critics are fond of falling back on the assertion that nothing new can be said, taking it for granted that every man, woman, and child has not only heard of but thoroughly assimilated the erudite productions of Spinoza, Simon, Leclerc, Vandall, Vater, De Wette, Schumann, Hartmann, Ammon, Von Bohlen, Colenso, Robertson, Smith, Kuenen, and many other eminent biblicists. Well, granted that absolutely nothing new can be said; but what of it? If it were possible to furnish the names of twenty million more writers of equal eminence, the fact nevertheless remains that Young Men's Christian Associations are still in possession of a vast amount of valuable property; there are yet hundreds of partial and unjust laws on our statute books; chaplains are not all dead; sectarian institutions continue to rob public treasuries on the plea of charity; churches wax fat on the non-taxable plan; ministers are, as ever, "called" to preach; history receives an icy bath every time the causes of the Reformation are discussed in our public schools, because the parents of Catholic children giv vent to loud wails of indignation—and each wail portends the eventual suppression of another truth—and the God-in-the-Constitution party are adding to their number daily. And right here kindly allow me to offer a suggestion, and that is that some of these Rip Van Winkles of Freethought take a few Turkish baths or a thorough course of spring medicin; it might materially assist them in getting rid of a superabundance of "innocuous desuetude."

This condition of ideal obliviousness to facts would be a commendable occupation for a consumptiv in a graveyard, but as an element in the emancipation of the masses from the thraldom of priestcraft it has a decidedly dubious aspect.

There is plenty of work for every Freethinker. Investigation will not cease because Charles Darwin was a naturalist, while there are thousands ignorant of his valuable contributions to science. Although Herbert Spencer has written learnedly upon social problems, there is no danger of the millennium arriving until a long time after the North Pole has been secured for a Bowery museum. Ingersoll may be, or is, the greatest orator the world has ever produced, but public speaking will go on after his grand form has been given back to Mother Earth. And so with respect to biblical controversies—they will be necessary just as long as the church continues to preach what she cannot practice and to teach that which she knows to be false.

JAMES W. DARE.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Mule.

A mule was once on Christmas day
Presented with a wisp of hay;
Of which nor leaf nor stem he eats,
But in a hollow stump secretes.
With watchful canine optics wide,
Tray saw the beast his present hide,
And ventured then to ask him why
He thus should lay his fodder by.
"Then you shall know," the mule replied;
"'Tis for my children's use I hide."
"But what if you should hav no child?"
With soft, paternal grace he smiled,
And answered, "Then 'twill do, indeed,
To furnish my grandchildren feed."
This mule, no doubt, was pedigreed
Back to old Balaam's speaking breed;
Such wit and grace, you may depend,
In its beginning or its end,
Is due to some intelligence
That far surpasses human sense.

Irwin, Ia. J. K. P. BAKER.

It Might Be Worse.

There was once a Persian poet,
Long ago,
Who was poor, as poets always are,
You know;
And he thought 'twas very hard
That so excellent a bard
Must go barefoot—trudging, trudging
To and fro.

So he fretted and he grumbled
At his fate,
And some misanthropic verses
Did create;
And he constantly inclined
To be hating all mankind
With a very bitter, bitter
Kind of hate.

But one day, as he was walking,
He did see
One whose feet were amputated
At the knee;
Who in lieu of finished legs
Must go stumping by on pegs,
More afflicted than the poet,
You'll agree.

Said the poet to his conscience:
"I am hit;
Henceforth you'll hear no whining,
Not a bit!"
And contentment from that time
Overflowed in all his rhyme,
And a most delightful, happy,
Jolly wit.

—*Mrs. George Archibald, in Judge.*

My Visit to India.

Tamsee went out in the morning, carrying a tin cup. I asked her if she was going for milk. She replied she was going on a bugging excursion. "Bugs!" said I to myself. "What in the world are they going to do with bugs?"

When Tamsee returned her cup was nearly full. They were fireflies, and every one was sewed on Annie's white dress that she was to wear at her party in the evening. Annie was dressed beautifully, with pearls and diamonds on her brow, tiny silver bells around her wrists and ankles, and bugs on her dress. I had never seen anything so dazzling since the great ocean display. Every motion of her head showed her pearls and diamonds to be of the first water, and the bugs gleamed and snapped at every turn. The party broke up at a late hour, but that very night the house was robbed.

The jewels that Annie had worn were placed in a sandalwood box, but Tamsee, instead of locking them in the safe as she ought to hav done, left them on the top of Annie's bureau. The next morning they were not to be found; neither was Joe, the head cook. A detectiv was put upon his trail, and in the afternoon he was discovered in a gambling den. He told the proprietor that he was intending to sail for Holland on the following day. All the jewels were found upon his person, and Joe was shut up in a prison. When he was there a week I was invited to go and visit him, which I accepted. I had been in the institution perhaps an hour, talking to poor Joe, when all at once I heard the voice of a parrot. It said: "Hullo, Joe! You blasted, copper-colored old thief!"

Her owner was surprised to hear such vigorous language from his pet, but the prisoners had been talking, and Polly had caught their phrases. Her owner reproved her severely, when she screamed out, "I didn't!"

It was visitors' day at the prison. At 4 o'clock the governor came in with great pomp and ceremony. He looked the prisoners over separately, and when he came to Joe, who was last on the list, at that moment Joe was taken with an uncontrolable fit of sneezing. When this was over, Joe left his work, and, rising slowly, made three very low bows, and then, turning around, he spat three times upon the ground, whirled about, turned his eyes upward, slapped his hands, and said in a loud tone, "God bless our noble governor!"

This was in accordance with an ancient custom of the country, and the governor, being Conservativ, was extremely pleased with this mark of respect. He was superstitious, and believed in signs and omens. The fact of Joe's sneezing was to him a sign that he should be pardoned, for, according to the traditions of the country, a sneeze betokened good luck to the sneezer; hence the governor said at once, "Young man, go thy way, and steal no more!"

Joe did not wait for a second bidding, but hastened away toward Mr. Preston's office. That gentleman was surprised to see his offending servant.

"What does this mean?" he questioned.

Joe told him that the governor had generously pardoned him, and he hoped Mr. Preston would do as much, and take him back to his service, and he solemnly promised he would never steal any more, forever.

After some hesitation, Mr. Preston decided to forgiv him and take him back again, so he went to the house and resumed his former occupation. Everyone seemed pleased to get Joe back again, for he was a great favorit with the entire family. Things went on swimmingly after this, only "Uncle Alick" seemed restless and unhappy, and no wonder, for he had no occupation, no work of any kind, and idle people are nearly always unhappy, that is, if they hav any brains to speak of. The poor man grew tired of lounging in the hammock, and really he did not know what to do with himself. One day, it came to him like an inspiration that it would be a fine thing to keep a school. He talked with his sister, and she thought it a good plan, and gave him the use of one of her parlors in which to teach the school. The carpenter came, and soon fixed up the room so that it looked like a real school-room.

S. H. W.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Bunch of Roses.

The Chautauqua Literary and Social Circle hav been wrestling with "The Rose"—each member being requested to furnish a sentence containing the word "rose." I like to help the young folks, so I sent in a whole bouquet of roses, and here they are.

There are various families of roses. For instance, natural, artificial, and otherwise.

No one would suspect any relationship between Rose Early and Early Rose until they saw Rose Early *at* the table and Early Rose *on* the table. The relationship would then be seen to be of the most intim*ate* kind.

Then, Early Rose is such an improvement on the rose of Erin that Paddy would scarcely know it from a potato entirely.

The primrose; why, that's a nice old maid, because nice old maids are always prim—probably the spelling should be prime.

Rose rash is when Rose refuses the offer of a *nose*gay, painted rose color, and resembling an over-ripe strawberry.

I knew a man that painted his nose rose trying to find the bottom of a *tube* rose. He succeeded.

Rose marines are sailors detailed to take care of all young ladies named Rose, when they cross the equator in canoes—the same as horse marines take care of the horses when sailing along the Milky Way.

He*rose* are girls that can get up and build the fire in the morning when the mercury is below zero. Then, while John Frost paints roses of health on their cheeks, a *dam*-ask rose may be seen issuing from between their rosebud lips.

Some fishes hav rows of teeth that you wouldn't like to dally with of a summer evening.

Johnny Rose sat on rows of tacks in a chair; he then arose with a *yell*ow rose beneath his nose, and now, I suppose, he knows something about the rose—thorns.

An ancient maiden lady once prayed, in faith believing, and with all the ardor of her enthusiastic nature, "I request, Father Time, my sweet roses you'll spare." But Father Time heeded not her supplications, so earnestly, beautifully, and sweetly expressed, any more than any other god that the fertil imagination of man has invented has heeded the prayers and entreaties of men. Father Time touched her roses with his frosty wand, and they withered and faded as all roses do.

And that prayer business—why, that's a moss rose, invented by an old mossback, from away back, to dupe and deceive the unwary and unsuspecting.

St. Elmo, Tenn. L. L. GOODWIN.

J. Hacker Fund.

Maude M. Morrison.. ..... $1.00
Ida E. Glenn..... .30

Correspondence.

ONEIDA, ILL., April 8, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I will write a few lines to the Corner. This is my second letter, so I will not write much. I am going to school. I study arithmetic, reading, spelling, geography, and language. We hav a little yellow dog; his name is Tige. I was ten years old January 17th. I will close.

CARRIE A. REES.

BURNETT, NEB., April 1, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines for the Corner. I read the Children's Corner, and like it very much. I laugh at Heston's pictures. I like to read THE TRUTH SEEKER. My papa takes it; he has taken it only about two months. This is my first letter. I wish very much to see it in print. Yours truly,

EMERSON ASHCRAFT (aged twelve).

MONTESANO, WASH., April 6, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a few lines, as I hav never seen a letter to the Children's Corner from this place. This is my first attempt to write a letter. I am going to school here now. I hav not lived here quite a year. Pa and ma are both Infidels and take THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am studying reading, spelling, arithmetic, language, and physiology. I hav a good teacher.

You will please find inclosed thirty cents for Mr. Hacker. Respectfully yours,

IDA E. GLENN.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., April 5, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav often wanted to write to you. My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and we read the Children's Corner every week. I hav five brothers and three sisters younger than I am. I am fifteen. Two brothers and two sisters besides myself go to school every day. We hav a good school. The trustees of our district do not allow the Bible read in school hours. My father and mother want us to think for ourselvs, and not depend on what the ministers and the Bible say altogether.

Yours truly, LEONARD GRISWOLD.

HIGHLAND HOME, CAL., April 2, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: This is the first letter I hav written to the Corner. I hope I shall see it in print as well as the rest of the letters. We liv in the Santa Cruz mountains on a little fruit farm. My brother and sister go to school, and I would if I was well enough. I hav been sick for six weeks. The teacher's name is Mr. Marsh. I hav three little brothers that stay at home; one is the baby, and the other is almost three, and the other four. I would like to go to school if I was well enough. We hav two horses, and one dog, and one cat. I like to read the Children's Corner. This being the first letter, I will quit writing. Your little friend,

JESSIE MAY RODGERS (aged nine).

CROMWELL, IA., April 3, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Here I am again, a Liberal and a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I see a letter from Carrie A. Truman, Nevinville, Iowa; she and I are well acquainted. I am going to see her before long. I was away on a visit to La Porte city to see my grandpa and grandma; it was their golden wedding celebration. My brother George sent to Otto Wettstein for a silver watch, and upon receiving it was very well pleased. He says he will purchase all such things of him. My mamma is going to get a set of silver knives and forks there. I would recommend every Liberal to patronize him.

P.S.—Anyone wishing to exchange flower seeds adapted to this climate, please address,

MINNIE M. GEIER.

GRINNELL, IA., April 20, 1888.

EDITOR CHILDREN'S CORNER: It is now two months since I returned from a business trip to the Argentine republic. No doubt, all the children that can read our bible, THE TRUTH SEEKER, know in what part of the world this sunny, but priest-ridden, country is. To tell you that I was glad to get home after a five months' sojourn there is but feebly expressing my feelings. Ever since my return I hav been thinking that I ought to write sketches of my travels to the Corner, and try and tell the little folks what I saw, heard, and felt, but a fear that I was by education unfitted to do so caused me to desist. But, if our lady, the editress of the Corner, wishes it, I shall try and do the best I can—especially if she will promis to correct my blunders and mistakes, for I am not used to writing for the press. I am a mechanic, and hav had to work hard all my life, and so had little available time to acquire an education. I hav read THE TRUTH SEEKER more than six years and been a subscriber over five, and so hav gathered quite a little fund of knowledge from the many great and able contributors that write for its pages. I hav three children that read the letters in the Corner, as well as the remarkably fine scientific essays so ably written by Miss Wixon; also, the bad "Badger Boy" is eagerly read, and many a hearty laugh is indulged in. I shall not make my first letter very long. If it is thought best that I write a few letters descriptiv of my rambles in South America, I will do so, but knowing that space is scarce in the Corner, I shall await the opinion of the one who so ably manages it. Courteously yours,

W. T. LEINS.

[We shall all be delighted if our kind friend will write some sketches for the Corner, descriptiv of what he has seen and heard in his travels in the Argentine republic. We thank him cordially for his thoughtful interest, and trust ever to deserve his praise and patronage.—ED. C. C.]

Startling Transformation.

A very small boy, who had hitherto only seen his little baby cousin crawling about the floor, on entering her home, very unexpectedly, found her moving around on her feet. "O mother!" he exclaimed, "she's walking on her hind legs."

A Sad State of Things.

There livs in Leominster, on Central street, a rather nervous four-year-old girl, who could never sleep unless the room was dimly lighted. One night recently the lamp became extinguished, and she called loudly for her mother, who asked what was the matter. She said between sobs: "The light is out, and I can't see whether my eyes are open or not."

The Naughty Boy's Penitence.

A little boy had been extremely naughty at dinner, and had been sent away from the table just as his favorit dessert—cabinet pudding, with butter and sugar sauce—was being served. About 9 o'clock that evening, when the other children had gone to bed and his parents were alone in the sitting-room, a tear-stained little face and a white-robed figure appeared at the door. "Mamma," it said, bravely, between sobs, "you told me never to go to sleep when anything wrong had been done until it was all fixed up right, so I came down to tell you that—that—that—I—forgiv you and papa for what you did to me at the dinner-table."

The Whistling-Tree.

In Nubia there are groves of acacia extending over one hundred miles square. "The most conspicuous species," says Dr. Schweinfurth, "is the *acacia fistula*. Its Arabic name is *soffar*, meaning flute or pipe. From the larvæ of insects which hav worked their way into the inside their ivory-white shoots are often distorted in form and swollen out at their base into globular, bladder-like balls about one inch in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole, this thorn-like shoot becomes a sort of musical instrument upon which the wind as it plays produces the regular sound of a flute. On this account the nativs of the Soudan name the acacia the whistling-tree."—*The Coronado.*

FROM A GIRL'S COMPOSITION.—Boys is men that hav not got as big as their papas, and girls is young women that will be young ladies by and by. . . . Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, "Well, I guess I can do better than that if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than he did Adam that there has been more women in the world than men ever since. . . . Boys are a trouble. They are very wearing on everything but soap. . . . If I could hav my way, half the boys in the world would be little girls, and the other half would be dolls.—*Boston Herald.*

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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Poetry.

The Ninkum Land.

From the Florida Alligator.

A thingamajig met a thingamaree
One day in the land where the ninkums be;
And the thingamajig, with a swaggering air,
Gave the thingamaree a well-bred stare;
And the ninkums all gathered around to see
The thingamajig meet the thingamaree.

"Your hands are horny, your clothes are old
And tattered and torn, and I'm even told
That you work for hire! that I can't forgiv;
On my coupons and bonds and rents I liv.
You fellow, how dare you look at me?"
Said the thingamajig to the thingamaree.

Then the 'ree got down on his marrow-bones,
And he abjectly kissed the dusty stones
Where the 'jig had stood, like a slavish thing
Who bows in awe of a tyrant king;
And the ninkums all laughed and jeered to see
The craven looks of the thingamaree.

"We all must work for our daily bread;
Those who will not work may not eat," they said;
"And whether a man, from pride or shame,
Would shrink his duties, we equal blame;
And no greater difference can we see
'Twixt a thingamajig and a thingamaree
Than 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

'Twas a long time ago in a distant land,
Where ninkums lived, you will understand.
We manage things better here, and to-day
Those who work the least get the biggest pay;
And the ninkums are those who the work must do,
Who must toil and slave, and go hungry, too.
And we neither wonder nor laugh to see
A thingamajig or a thingamaree.

That Badger Boy At Sunday-School.

THE LESSON OF JOSEPH, SANS MRS. POTIPHAR'S ESSAY.

It is to be regretted that there is so much in the Bible that will bear omission in reading "before folks," except in hardshell circles, as that which can be omitted in the interest of nativ modesty and purity is very often the most entertaining and piquant portion of the aggregation of fables that are at once the wildest, weirdest, wickedest, most wonderful, startling, thrilling, shocking, ludicrous, and *bizarre* tales that ever emanated from the imaginativ gray matter ensconced in the head of man; but so it is, and it can't be helped, as I see.

The teacher had read the remarkable story of Joseph's life, barring the episode with Mrs. Potiphar, which would require explanations of a delicate nature, if read before very young people, and which the teacher preferred not to make, and that boy James was at the fore with his double-back-action pump, as was his wont.

"Well, I don't care, now; I don't think it's the cheese for a pop to take ever so much more stock into one of his kids than the others, do you, mum?"

"Frankly, James, I don't. I agree with you there." (This was a bald-headed bid for taffy, and no doubt she would get it before the séance ended.) "If one of the kids—dear me, the boys—was ever, ever, so much nicer than——"

"Huh! that Joe warn't. He was a chump, and peached on his brothers. I'm down on a fellow that'll peach. But what a guy he must a been, mum, in that coat of many colors, mustn't he, mum?"

"It must hav been a queer-looking coat, James, I think."

"But his brothers got square when they got him into the hole, didn't they, mum?"

"Don't talk like that, James. It was very wicked of them."

"It was kinder mean, mum; a whole lot of 'em onto one. What was them twenty pieces of silver, mum—dimes, quarters, halves, or dollars?"

"I don't know, James."

"If 'twas dollars, 'twasn't much for a grown-up young feller, was it, mum? Wouldn't you giv more'n that for a nice young feller, mum?"

"James—how you do talk!"

"I'll bet you would, mum!"

"James Badger, you stop, now!"

"Yes'm. But you wouldn't hav to, mum, 'cos you're so pooty, and your teeth shine so." (O taffy, taffy, how grateful to the yearning female heart thou art!)

"Thank you, James. Your lips speak for your eyes, I suppose."

"Yes'm. What did old Potifer jug Joe for, mum?"

"Mrs. Potiphar got vexed at him, and told stories about him, my dear."

"P'r'aps she wanted to mash Joe and he wouldn't hav it, mum." (How strange that the boy should drop like a plummet to the very bottom of the well where truth lay hidden!) "If the Super should want to mash you, mum——"

"James Badger, now you stop this very instant! I won't permit you to talk so."

"No'm. Was Faro the sharp that the card game was named after, mum?"

"It isn't at all likely, you dreadful boy, you! But I know nothing of wicked card games, and you had ought to be ashamed for asking me."

"Yes'm. Did Joe hav a dream-book, mum? Ma's got one—hav you? Pop says all old maids——"

"You James Madison Badger—you horrid little monkey, you—you go right straight home!"

"No'm—don't, please. Pop says all old maids don't hav dream-books, only the homely ones, mum. Course you hain't got one, 'cos yer handsome" (mentally: "So is a hen"). "But Joe was a corker for tellin' dreams, wasn't he, mum?"

"You little slang-bag, God told him what the dreams meant."

"Does God hav a dream-book, mum?"

"Now, you James Badger, you go home!"

"No'm—please. Does God tell folks what dreams mean now, mum?"

"No, he does not."

"'Cos I had a dream t'other night that I was ridin' on a white hoss lickety-split, and all to once was on a neagle way up in the air over the houses, and a ship come up and the cap'n said that was his eagle, and I said, It's your'n if you can ketch him, and giv the eagle a cut with the whip, and the fust thing I knowed I was way up to my neck in a nawful big chicken pie, and had to eat all the crust to get out, but I liked it bully, and then I waked up, mum. D'yer 'spose God could tell what that dream meant, mum?"

"Of course he could, if he wanted to."

"Yes'm. Do fellers look round to see a white hoss, mum, when they see your hair? I guess they don't, 'cos it's obbun, ain't it, mum?"

"Yes, it is auburn" (snapped out viciously).

"Some of them old Patricks in Egypt, mum——"

"Patricks! patriarchs, you monkey, you."

"Yes'm. Some o' them old snoozers had five or six wives, didn't they, mum? Pop says they was regular old Mormons."

"Shut up, you boy!"

"Yes'm. Would you like to been one o' Methusalem's wives when he was nine hundred and ninety-nine years old, mum?"

"Shut up and go home, you outrageous little wretch!"

"Yes'm. I'll bet if you'd been in Egypt King Faro would made you queen, mum! Wouldn't you look bully with a gold crown on?—you bet!" (This hot soft solder melted asperity as with a fervent heat.)

"Do you think so, James?"

"Yes'm" (mental reservation: "In a horn"). "Was old Jake a Sheeny tailor, mum?"

"What are you talking about, boy?"

"Didn't he make that coat of many colors for Joe?"

"Oh—yes; but Jacob wasn't a tailor, dear! He raised flocks and herds."

"Would you walk down Main street with the duffer in that crazy-quilt coat, mum?"

"James Badger, you'll drive me crazy!"

"No'm. Did Faro eat lots of mince pie, mum, that made him dream so?"

"James Badger, you are too ridiculous to liv."

"Yes'm. Joe had a soft snap when he got the bulge on Faro, didn't he, mum?"

"Oh, you slangy little wretch, do go home!"

"No'm—it's fun here. Why don't you go where them Mormon Patricks is that has nine and ten wives apiece, mum, 'cos you might ketch onto——"

"There, you little abomination, you—you go right straight home this minute! I won't put up with you any longer! The class is dismissed." And the séance according to Joseph broke up very suddenly.

SI SLOKUM.

Obituary.

DIED, on Saturday, March 24th, of pneumonia fever, Thos. Allen, a farmer, living near Bethany, Mo.

He was born on Jan. 7, 1822, near Winchester, Va., being sixty-six years old. His parents were Quakers, who moved from Virginia to Belmont, O., when he was a boy, and from there to Jackson county, O.

He settled in Harrison county, Mo., in 1859, where he resided at the time of his death. He met death calmly and philosophically. He had been a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER for ten or twelve years, and was a great admirer of D. M. Bennett. He was an earnest advocate of Liberalism, and did what he could to advance Freethought.

His nature was of the fearless and outspoken kind, and seemed to care very little for the church's hatred or its ostracizing spirit.

The Society of Infidels of this section hav lost a respected brother and a worker in the cause of universal mental liberty. May he rest in peace. WM. H. ALLEN.

Bethany, Mo.

Formally Married.

From the Omaha Bee.

A newly elected justice of the peace, who had been used to drawing up deeds and wills, and little else, was called upon to marry a couple in haste. Removing his hat, he remarked: "Hats off in the presence of the court." All being uncovered, he proceeded: "Hold up yer right hand. You, John Mankin, do yer solemnly swear to the best of yer knowledge an' belief, that yer take this woman to hav an' to hold for yerself, yer heirs, execyrters, administraters, and assigns, for yer and thir use forever?"

"I do," answered the groom, promptly.

"You, Alice Evans, take this year man for yer husband, ter hav and ter hold forever; an' you do solemnly swear that yer lawfully seized in fee simple an' free from all incumbrance, an' hav good right to sell, bargain, an' convey to said grantee, yerself, yer heirs, administrators, an' assigns?"

"I—I do," said the bride, doubtfully.

"Well, that 'er's worth a dollar 'n fifty cents."

"Are we married?" asked the bride.

"Yes. Know all men by these presents, that I, being in good health and of sound mind and disposition, in consideration of a dollar 'n fifty cents to me in hand well an' truly paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do, an' by these presents, hav declared you man an' wife durin' good behavior, an' until otherwise ordered by the court."

The Jesuit Maxim.

From the Lutheran Observer.

An interesting controversy has been going on for some time between Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe and some Jesuit writers in regard to the authenticity of the famous Jesuit maxim, "The end justifies the means."

The following note of Bishop Coxe in the *Churchman* explains the origin of the controversy:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCHMAN: A little more than a year since, I had occasion to quote the Jesuit maxim, 'The end justifies the means.' To answer it, one of the Jesuit fathers in this city inserted the following bravado in one of our local journals of largest circulation:

"'If Bishop Coxe can show from the authentic works of any one of the thousand authors of the Society of Jesus that the Jesuits teach the principle that the end justifies the means, he shall receive the reward of $1,000, payable at Canisius College of this city.'

"This was immediately answered by me, declining the reward, unless they were willing to send it to one of our benevolent institutions, but referring him for proof to the Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. XIII, p. 651, where are to be found textual quotations from three Jesuit writers (Busenbaum, Layman, and Wagemann) fully meeting the challenge. The article quotes from one of them as follows: '*Finis determinat probitatem actus.*' This met the bravado effectually; but, needless to say, the reward was never paid. The Jesuits contented themselvs with replying that this maxim does not mean that 'the end justifies bad means.' (Answer: Good means require no justification.) I had accepted their challenge and given a responsible reference, to which everybody has access. It would be easy to giv other data; but who can bind Proteus? Enough; it illustrates their maxim that they now circulate through the newspaper statements that 'the bishop had never met their challenge.' I write this only to gratify friends who hav inquired of me as to the facts. A. CLEVELAND COXE,
"Bishop of western New York."

Bishop Coxe has also cited other Jesuit authorities in the *Independent* to establish the Jesuit origin of the maxim; but Catholic writers object to this testimony, because they maintain that the authors cited did not mean that the maxim should be applied in general, but only to the particular cases employed as illustrations. One was that of a murderer sentenced to death who escapes from prison, and may thereby bring serious injury upon his jailers. The question is, Has the murderer done wrong in escaping? The answer of the Jesuit Father Voit, in his Moral Theology, is: "He has done no wrong—*cui enim licit finis ei et mediaper missa sunt*" (For to whom the end is lawful, the means to it are also permitted).

Another case cited is that of a man who stole, and gave what he stole to some charity. The question is: Has he done wrong? The Jesuit answer is: "*Finis determinat probitatem actus*" (The end determins the probity of an act).

Now, although the cases cited are particular ones which the Jesuit theologians employed as illustrations of their maxim, they are yet of such a character as to serve also as general illustrations of the maxim that if an end was lawful or allowable, the means to attain it were also lawful or allowable. If the maxim applies to a murderer who, in order to escape punishment, brings the lives of his jailers into danger, and if it applies to a thief who givs alms out of what he has stolen, it is quite evident that it has a pretty wide application to malefactors in general, and we think it more than probable that the Jesuit authors of it intended its application should be general. The objection of Catholic writers, therefore, that the application of the maxim should be limited to the cases employed as illustrations by its authors is not valid, and has in it the viciousness of the maxim itself, and the dialectic evasivness which has ever been a marked characteristic of Jesuit morals and practice.

For example: It is a good end to prevent the exposure of the vicious principles of the Jesuits; therefore the use of evasiv and tricky means of defense are lawful. "The end justifies the means." *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

They Made Joseph Cook Angry.

From the Chicago Herald.

A party of half a dozen or more oil men from Cleveland, New York, and elsewhere were celebrating at a room in the Michigan Exchange, Detroit, last week, the consummation of a big oil deal and the prospectiv completion of other big deals. The celebration consisted of the rendering, with the aid of an occasional glass of mild malt liquor, of sundry recitations by different members of the party. Among the selections given by a talented amateur elocutionist in the company, about 12:15 A.M., was a rather profane, but very patriotic, parody on the Lord's Prayer entitled, "The Soldier's Prayer." He got about halfway through it, when a highly indignant protest at the excessiv noise, and still more excessiv profanity, was heard from the occupant of an adjoining room, into which a door, secured by a lock on each side, opened. The jolly party forthwith unlocked their side of the door, and extended a cordial welcome to the stranger to join the company and hav some beer. "Come in and we'll hav some fun with you," was the hospitable remark made by one of the oleaginous party. In clear, distinct, and still more indignant tones came this cheerful remark from the other chamber, "You go to where the brimstone burns." The stranger, who was a gentleman of striking appearance and large physique, immediately dressed and went down to the hotel office exceedingly wroth. The situation was explained to him, and he was offered another room, but he gathered his gripsacks about him and insisted on leaving the hotel and seeking other quarters. "Maybe you never heard of me," he said, angrily, to the hotel-clerk, as he was going out. "I am the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, the lecturer." The celebrated lecturer had come in on an evening train from Toronto. The oil men continued the celebration, expressing confidence in their ability to "desulphurize" brimstone.

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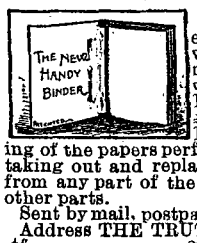
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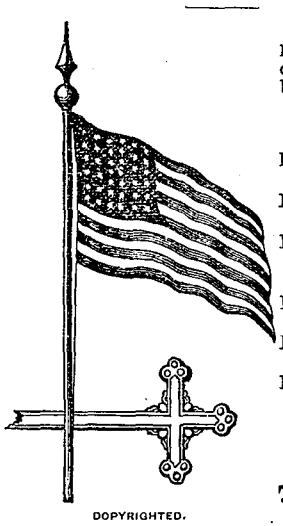
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News of the Week.

THEOSOPHISTS held a convention at Chicago last Sunday.

STARVING workingmen in Italy hav had a bread riot at Rome.

INVESTIGATIONS show extensiv violation of the child-labor law in Chicago.

VON MOLTKE is to be made a prince.

PSYCHIC science is making great progress.

THERE are extensiv labor strikes in Germany.

THE Burlington strike is lost to the engineers.

THE pope received the king of Sweden on the 22d.

MAINE seems having an anti-Prohibitionary reaction.

WOMAN Suffrage has been defeated in the New York senate.

THE negro's church position agitates Charleston Episcopalians.

GERMANY has expelled the publisher and editors of the *Social Democrat*.

THE Galway, Ireland, quarter sessions has issued 400 ejectment decrees.

ROSCOE CONKLING died on the 18th of some imperfectly understood brain inflammation.

THE English are endeavoring to construct roads for a trade-route from India to China.

THE New York senate has passed a bill limiting liquor licenses to 1 for every 300 population.

AN estimate of four drunkards to each saloon in the country givs us 795,120 of that class.

FELIX ADLER objects to the proposed Episcopal cathedral as a piece of untimely medievalism.

FEAR that Boulanger, who has been elected Deputy, aspires to dictatorship, is causing riots in Paris.

CHRISTIANS are endeavoring to convert the kings of the central African regions opened up by Stanley.

ROUMANIAN peasants are rebelling and demanding land grants and a share in the landowners' profits.

THERE is being held a convention for the promotion of Catholic immigration into the Southern states.

MAYOR HEWITT has vetoed the resolution authorizing the New York aldermen to decide what flags to display.

THE Dahomey king has sent the king of Portugal the embarrassing present of six beautiful negro girls.

PHILADELPHIA liquor men will organize to defeat every legislativ candidate refusing repeal of the late liquor laws.

A PHILADELPHIA firm has turned out a dynamite gunboat that will be the most destructiv war engin invented.

THE valuable governmental scientific observations of the Charleston earthquake are ready for the public printer.

THE Indiana White Caps hav whipped and threatened several persons for disobeying commands to leave the state.

THE Knights of Labor and most trades-unions are resolved to continue working for the eight-hour day until they get it.

A PROMINENT Manchester, N. H., politician and prospectiv candidate for Congress, Cyrus Sulloway, has joined the Salvation Army.

CATHOLIC missionaries are about to penetrate a savage tribe of 25,000 aborigines in southern Mexico observing Aztec worship.

MONSIGNOR PRESTON condemns George's land doctrin because "it is contrary to the law of God and the teaching of the Catholic church."

CONGRESS is considering a bill making interstate combinations to limit the production, sale, or price of any article criminal conspiracy.

THE ORDER OF CREATION

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN

GLADSTONE, HUXLEY, MULLER, LINTON, REVILLE.

On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

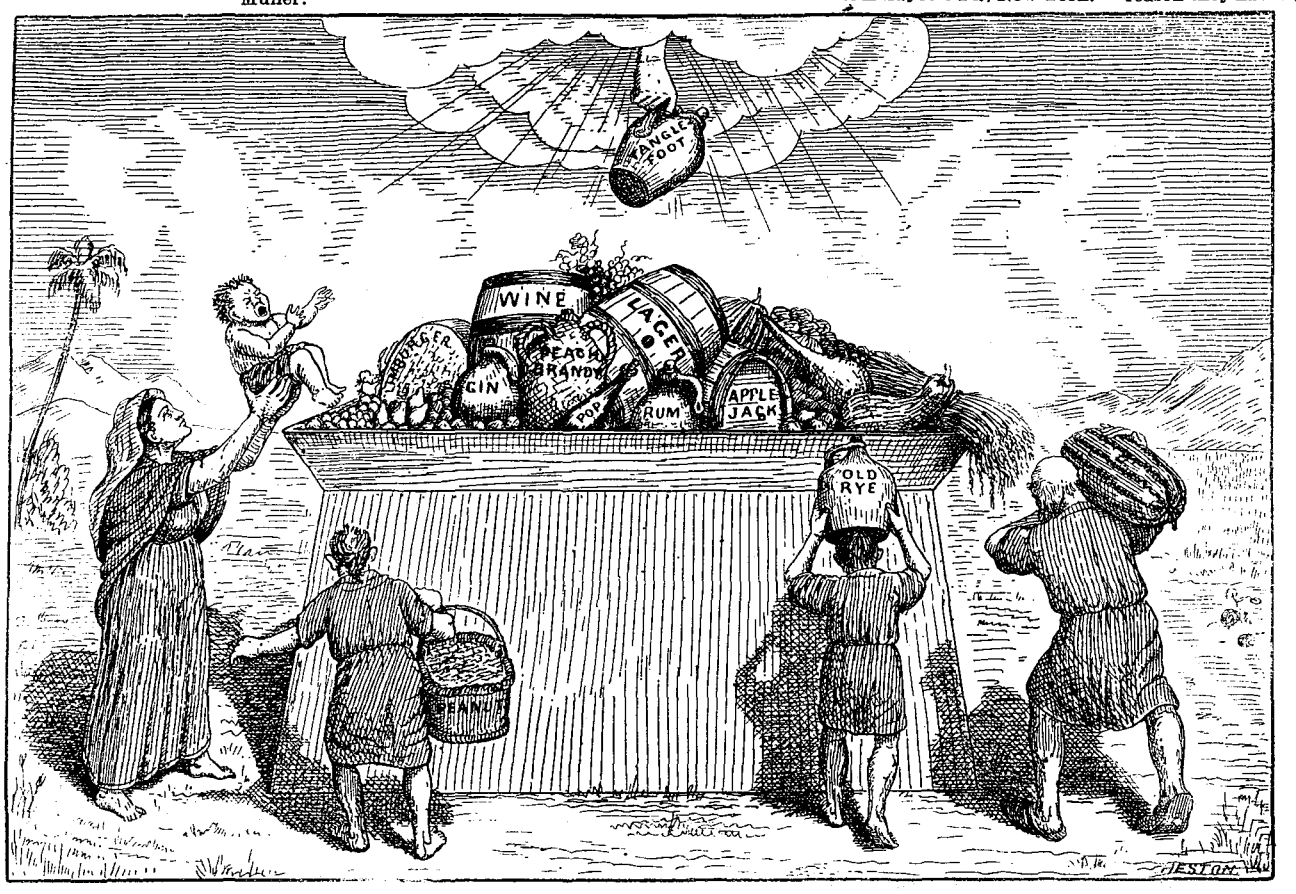
CONTENTS:

I. Dawn of Creation and of Worship. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
II. The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
V. Dawn of Creation. An Answer to Mr. Gladstone. By Albert Reville, D.D.
VI. Mr. Gladstone and Genesis. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
VII. A Protest and a Plea. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

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THE LORD'S SHARE.

Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits, and of thy liquors: the first-born of thy sons shalt thou giv unto me.—Ex. xxii, 29.

THE

FIELD-INGERSOLL

DISCUSSION.

FAITH OR AGNOSTICISM?

—o—

Two Letters from Dr. Field, D.D., editor of the Presbyterian *Evangelist*, to Colonel Ingersoll, and two Replies thereto. Dr. Field is one of the exceedingly few Christians who hav opposed Colonel Ingersoll kindly and courteously, and the Great Agnostic has used him accordingly. Dr. Field's arguments, however, are broken in pieces.

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Odds and Ends.

ARE women angels? Yes, we say,
They are undoubtedly; but that's
No reason why they at the play
Should wear their wings upon their hats.

"YOU are a very large man," said an avenue tailor to a new Congressman, as he took his measure. "Think so, do you?" replied the M C. "I certainly do." "Well, you ought to see me when I'm at home."

STRANGER (on Park Row): "Is this the *Mail and Express* building?" Ecclesiastical reporter: "No, sir. It *was* the *Mail and Express* building, but it is now known among the virtuous as the House of the Good Shepard."

THE Woman Suffrage movement in this country is about forty years old. Ladies will therefore perceive the danger of beginning their speeches with the statement: "I hav been connected with this movement from its infancy."

CHAIRMAN of church sociable executiv committee: "Everything has gone nicely so far, and now I'm going down-town to order the——" Public-spirited deacon (from back seat): "Never mind; I'll contribute that." Chairman: "That what?" Deacon: "That oyster."

SHE stood by the open window, and, as the old man came into the room, with a finger on her lips she bade him hush. Then, as the last notes of a lawn-mower in the adjoining yard died away, she turned with a look of rapture on her face. "Ah, papa," she said, "isn't Wagner simply exquisit?"

SNOOKS: "You needn't poke any more fun at the *Mail and Express*, Brooks. It's pretty nearly up to time now." Brooks: "Eh? Has it got down to the deluge?" Snooks: "Stuff! (reading): 'April 4, 1888. William Henry Harrison, ninth president of the United States, died at Washington, D. C., this day forty-seven years ago.'"

CITY missionary: "Don't you often hear a still, small voice in the depths of your being telling you that something is wrong?" Unregenerate sailor: "C'ose I does, parson; how'd you know?". Missionary: "Never mind. Do you know what that voice is?" Sailor: "Not edzactly." Missionary: "It's conscience!" Sailor: "If I ketch hold of that Liverpool fakir that charged me eleven shillin's fer tellin' me it wor indigestions, I'll massa*cree* him!"

Ho! all ye people far and wide,
Of great or less renown,
Go hide the naked truth at once,
For Comstock's come to town.

Conceal the bare facts everywhere,
And hold the eyelids down
On every naked eye that's here,
For Comstock's come to town.

O lovely woman! fair and sweet,
In silk or satin gown,
Remove your undressed kids in haste,
For Comstock's come to town.

Let all the bare limbs of the trees,
So ugly, rough, and brown,
Pack up their trunks and leave at once,
For Comstock's come to town.

Let every salad, meat, and fowl,
Before you put it down,
Be dressed, according to the rule,
For Comstock's come to town.

And for a time, good people all,
Despite of Fashion's frown,
Do not appear in undress now,
For Comstock's come to town.

—*Washington Critic.*

COLONEL FITZSMITHERS, the editor of the Kentucky *Greased Lightning*, and a member of one of our most prominent families, was baptized and received into the Second Baptist church, last Sunday, under most auspicious circumstances. The colonel and the Rev. Mr. Horntooter had just descended into the water preparatory to immersion, and the minister was repeating those solemn words which begin, "Brother, dost thou promis to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil?" when the colonel, raising his eyes in rapt devotion, happened to espy on the bank above the familiar form of Major Blatherskite, the editor of the *Derringer*. Now, these two gentlemen had had a political discussion, during which the major had published in the columns of the *Derringer* some rather caustic truths in regard to the colonel. This affair had never been satisfactorily arranged, so that when the colonel observed the major, he leaned over until he could catch the ear of the minister without being noticed, and whispered: "Go right along with the sarvice, parson. Don't let any of them critters suspect I'm a-talkin' to you, but I'd be obliged if you could giv me the loan of your shootin'-iron for a moment, as I left mine on the bank." The minister, taking in the situation at a glance, managed to slip his six-shooter into the colonel's hand without being seen by the crowd, and then, by a quick movement, he gained the bank, and the firing began. After three or four shots had been exchanged, with no other result than killing a negro, who was standing on the opposit bank, the colonel happened to get the drop on the major while he was trying to escape, and thus ended the dispute. After this little incident, the minister once more descended into the water, and the ceremony was concluded. Before the assemblage dispersed, however, the major and the negro were buried, and the colonel in a few touching words extolled the virtues of baptism, saying that its effects were to abolish all feelings of violence, and to teach that beautiful precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself!"—*Life.*

Gems of Thought.

VIRTUE is a subordination of the passions to the intellect. It is to act in accordance with your highest convictions. It does not consist in believing, but in doing. This is the sublime truth that the Infidels in all ages hav uttered. They hav handed the torch from one to the other through all the years that hav fled. Upon the altar of reason they hav kept the sacred fire, and through the long midnight of faith they fed the divine flame.—*Ingersoll.*

A MAN who fancies that he can dictate a complete system of religion to the world only shows that he is arrogant to the verge of insanity. Some little may be done by any honest thinker—by anyone who really aims at advancing inquiry, instead of trying to throw dust in people's eyes. He may help, according to the measure of his powers, to stimulate the impulses which are on the side of Freethought, and which are the best guarantee for a healthy instead of a morbid development. It is not merely the right, but the duty, of everyone competent to the task to do what in him lies to strengthen the fitful and uncertain influence of a sound intellect upon the vast and intricate jumble of conflicting opinions in the world at large.—*Leslie Stephen.*

MRS. GENERAL had no opinions. Her way of forming a mind was to prevent it from forming opinions. She had a little circular set of mental grooves or rails on which she started little trains of other people's opinions, which never overtook one another and never got anywhere. Even her propriety could not dispute that there was impropriety in the world; but Mrs. General's way was to put it out of sight and make believe that there was no such thing. This was another of her ways of forming a mind—to cram all articles of difficulty into cupboards, lock them up, and say they had no existence. It was the easiest way and the properest.—*Dickens's Little Dorrit.*

IT was finely said by Socrates that the shortest and most direct road to popularity is "for a man to be the same that he wishes to be taken for." People are egregiously mistaken if they think they ever can attain to permanent popularity by hypocrisy, by mere outside appearances, and by disguising not only their language but their looks. True popularity takes deep root and spreads itself wide; but the false falls away like blossoms; for nothing that is false can be lasting.—*Cicero.*

THAT venerable structure, the Egyptian constitution, had been raised by no human hands. As the gods had appointed certain animals to swim in the water, and others to fly in the air, and others to move upon the earth, so they had decreed that one man should be a priest, and that another should be a soldier, and that another should till the ground. There are times when every man feels discontented with his lot. But it is evident that if men were able to change their occupations whenever they chose, there would be a continual passing to and fro. Nobody would hav patience to learn a trade; nobody would settle down in life. In a short time the land would become a desert, and society would be dissolved. To provide against this the gods had ordained that each man should do his duty in that state of life into which he had been called; and woe be to him that disobeys the gods! Their laws are eternal and can never change; their vengeance is speedy and can never fail.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

THE food of hope
Is meditated action; robbed of this,
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also; for we liv by hope
And by desire; we see by the glad light,
And breathe the sweet air of futurity,
And so we liv, or else we hav no life.
—*Wordsworth.*

I CANNOT call riches better than the baggage of virtue. The Roman word is better, "*impedimenta*" [things that entangle the feet]; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue: it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit; so saith Solomon, "Where much is, there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?"—*Bacon's Essays.*

EXTOL not riches, then—the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare—more apt
To slacken virtue and abate her edge
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
—*Milton.*

WHATEVER it is right to do on any other day of the week, it is right to do on the first day of the week, whether you call it by the heathen name of Sunday or the Jewish name of Sabbath. Morality is in no sense subserved or promoted by "keeping" the pharisaical, puritanical, Scotch, long-faced Sabbath.—*D. M. Bennett.*

WHEN one thinks of the real agony one has gone through in consequence of false teaching, it makes human nature angry with the teachers who hav added to the bitterness of life.—*General Gordon.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE CRY OF COLLARED CHRISTIANS.—"DON'T HURT OUR FEELINGS."

Notes and Clippings.

Two thousand foreign Jews in Odessa hav received notice to quit within one week.

DAMON Y. GILGON, the lawyer and woman's rights advocate, died in Philadelphia last week, aged sixty-one years.

MR. ISAAC PITMAN, the "father of shorthand writing," is now seventy years old. He is almost an ascetic, using no wine, beer, spirits, tobacco, nor animal food of any kind. In religion he is an earnest Swedenborgian.

THE Church Association has protested to the bishop of London against the erection of the new reredos for St. Paul's cathedral. A crucifix and image of the madonna are denounced as "lying images," and their worship as "distinctly Romish."

HERBERT SPENCER is in much better health now, although he is still restrained from the labor of writing. He is able to work three hours a day, and dictates everything to a secretary. His favorit recreation is billiards, and this game has been a source of great benefit to him by its gentle exercise and entertainment.

A CURIOUS case of citizenship is to be decided by the Iowa courts. In one of the towns of the state a Methodist minister appeared as prosecuting witness against a saloonkeeper. At the next election the saloonkeeper challenged the vote of the clergyman on the ground that he was an itinerant Methodist preacher, and, being subject at any time to removal by the bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, could not, therefore, be a citizen of any town, county, or state. The judges of election overruled the challenge, but the plaintiff has carried the case to the supreme court of the state, and it comes on in the May term.

THE *World* says: "Recently the correspondence between the Rev. Henry M. Field and Colonel Ingersoll was being discussed in the presence of the late Roscoe Conkling. Somebody asked the famous lawyer whether he believed in the existence of heaven. 'If there is any place,' Mr. Conkling is said to hav answered, 'where politics never was and never could be heard of, it would deserve that name.'"

THE Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, the London clergyman who was overcome by the vastness of this country, has given $25 to the fund for purchasing an annuity for George Jacob Holyoake, the English reformer. Dr. Parker's generosity is due to the fact that, as he says, whenever Mr. Holyoake has seen a newspaper paragraph favorably referring to Mr. Parker's ministry he has cut it out and sent it to him.

THE Rev. Dr. E. E. Murray doesn't believe in the church fair, and in the last *Presbyterian Quarterly* says so at length, giving reasons for his unbelief. "It seems strange," he says, "that those who would think it beneath them to turn peddlers, restaurant keepers, etc., yet think they are honoring the church in thus degrading her. What a state our poor church must be in when she is forced to take to selling oysters and ice cream for a living! What minister with an atom of self-respect would tolerate a proposal to raise his salary in such a way? With all our dime readings, ice cream festivals, oyster suppers, concerts, etc., every one of the benevolent causes of the church is languishing for the want of a proper support."

THE *Sun* is authority for this: Mr. Gladstone received an honorarium of one hundred guineas for the manuscript of the last brief essay with which he favored an American magazine. The Sage of Hawarden has got higher pay from several American periodicals than they ever gave to any other writer. A few days ago the editor of a monthly arsenal of brains made him an offer which overtops anything yet sent to him. "It is not for his thought," the editor said, in explanation, "but for his name."

AT the banquet in celebration of General Grant's birthday at Delmonico's on the 27th ult., Colonel Ingersoll made a brief speech. He said: "I firmly believe that any nation great enough to produce and appreciate a great and splendid man is great enough to keep his memory green. No man admires Grant and the men who fought under him more than I do, not because they walked to the cannon's mouth, but because they fought for the greatest cause that can be expressed in the English language, the cause of human liberty. And as I listened to General Malone to-night I felt that the North was just as responsible for the war as the South. The South upheld slavery, but so did the North. I find greater excuse for the Southerner who lived on the labor of the slave than for the Northerner who was to hav half the profits of that labor and none of the disgrace. When we consider the matter philosophically, the North was as responsible as the South. So I say, when I remember that here in New York men were mobbed for advocating the abolition of slavery, I can't find it in my heart to lay all the blame on the South. If the war was for conquest, for aggrandizement, I should not feel like placing Grant alongside of the great commanders of history, but when I remember that every blow broke a chain, that the white man was to be civilized at the same time the black man was freed, and that the flag was to be left without a stain on it, I feel like placing him at the head of all the commanders of the world. I do not believe a more merciful man ever drew a sword. All greatness is mercy. All truly great men love to forgiv. All greatly heroic natures are capable of shedding the divine tear of pity. I say, moreover, that the man who is defeated and who sees his error and acknowledges it is a victor, and I say it understandingly that the South is to-day as much a victor as the North. I know the names of Grant's victories and they shine like stars in the heaven of his fame. I admire great and dramatic achievements on the field of war. But the grandest of all his acts was when, on his dying bed, he directed that his body should be laid in no spot where his wife could not lie side by side with him. When General Grant went to England and sat down with her majesty's ministers he conferred an honor upon them. I want to see one change in our diplomatic service. I want to see precedence given at Washington to the representativs of republics. Let us hav some backbone ourselvs. Let ministers of monarchies be No. 2. Let embassadors of despots come the next day. We are at least a civilized people, and upon the pages of our history are to be found names as glorious as those of any land and any age."

Communications.

Sex in Brain.

The political conditions of woman are very greatly influenced to-day by what is taught to her and about her by those two conservativ molders of public opinion, clergymen and physicians.

Our lawmakers hav long since ceased to merely sneer at the simple claim of human rights by one-half of humanity, and for refuge they hav flown to priest and practitioner, who do not fail them in this their hour of great tribulation.

It is true that men, most of whom never enter a church, hav grown somewhat ashamed to press the theological arguments against the equality of the sexes, and to these men the medical argument has become an ever present help in their time of trouble.

In the early days woman was under the absolute sway of club and fist. Then came censer and gown, swinging hell in the perfumed depths of the one, and hiding in the folds of the other thumbscrew and fagot for the woman who dared to think.

At last the theory of the primal curse upon her head has grown weaker. Mankind struggles to be less brutal and more just. Manly men are beginning to blush when they hear repeated the well-worn fable of the fall of man through woman's crime, and her inferiority of position and opportunity justified by priest and pleader because of legends inherited from barbarians—mental deformities worthy of their parentage.

When religious influence and dogma began to close their terrors, legal enactments were slowly modified in woman's favor as hell went out of fashion. Then conservatism, ignorance, and egotism, in dismay and terror, took counsel together and called in medical science, still in its infancy, to aid in staying the march of progress which is inevitable to civilization, and so necessary to anything like a real republic.

Equality of opportunity began to be denied to woman for the first time upon natural and so-called scientific grounds. She was pronounced physically and mentally incapable because of certain anatomical conditions, and she must be prevented, for her own good and that of the race *here*—from competition with her mental and physical superiors.

It was no longer her soul, but her body, that needed saving from herself. Her thirst for knowledge, the clergy declared, had already damned the souls of a very large majority of mankind—in a hereafter known only to them.

The same vicious tendency, the doctors echoed, will be the ruin of the physical bodies of the race in this world, as we are prepared to prove. The case began to look hopeless again.

Opportunity must be denied, these doctors say, because capacity does not exist. Where capacity seems to exist, it is, it must be, at the expense of individual health and future maternal capabilities.

As a person she has no status with these consistent believers in "equal rights to all mankind."

As a potential mother only can she hope for consideration either by religious or medical theorist.

This has been a difficult combination to meet. Few who cared to contest their verdict possessed the bravery to fearlessly face the religious dictators, and fewer still had the anatomical and anthropological information to risk a fight on a field which assumed to be held by those who based all of their arguments upon scientific facts, collected by microscope and scales, and reduced to unanswerable statistics.

The priest, reinforced by the doctor, promised a long and bitter struggle on new grounds to those who fought for simple justice to the individual, aside from her sex relations, who wished for neither malediction nor mercy, claiming only the right of a unit to enjoy the common heritage untrammeled by superstition and artificial difficulties.

They do not ask to be helped—only not to be hindered. They had hailed science as their friend, an ally, and behold, pseudo-science adopted theories, invented statistics, and published personal prejudice as demonstrated fact. All this has done a vast deal of harm.

Educators, theorists, and politicians readily accept the data and statistics of prominent physicians, and, in good faith, make it a basis of action, while the victims of their misinformation hav been helpless.

It is, therefore, very important to learn, if possible, just how far medical science and anthropology hav really discovered demonstrable natural sex differences in the brains of men and women, and how far the usual theories advanced are gratuitous assumptions founded upon legend, and fed by mental habit and personal egotism.

I began an investigation into this matter a little while ago by questioning the arguments and logic of the medical pseudo-scientists from their own basis of facts. I ended by questioning the facts themselvs, upon the evidence furnished me by leading members of the profession, some of whom are known in this country and abroad as leaders in original investigation as brain students and anatomists.

None of these gentlemen knew the aim or motiv of my inquiries, and they gave me all the information to be had on this subject without bias, and quite freely. The specialists and brain students to whom my questions were submitted were of widely different religious beliefs, which, of course, colored their theories as well as their motivs, either consciously or unconsciously.

But the profession has reason to be proud of the ability of most of these men, no less than of their sincerity or willingness to confess to ignorance of facts where proof was lacking. The abler the man the more willing was he to do this.

One or two tried to explain, and, as it seemed to me, to force an agreement between scientific facts which they did possess and their inherited belief in "revelation."

Others, who did not themselvs recognize it, performed the same mental gymnastics from mere force of habit, and gave a black eye to their facts in preserving a blind eye to their faith.

But in the following results are to be found the opinions of eminent medical men, some of whom are Roman Catholic, some Protestant, and some of the negativ systems of religion. So far as I know, not one is a believer in woman suffrage, or even in the more radical measures for her development.

Not one who touched directly upon the subject believed in sex equality in its entirety, or had not personal prejudice and long-cherished sentiments opposed to it, if their reason approved.

By some of them this was frankly stated, even while giving facts in woman's favor. Not more than one, so far as I know, is Agnostic in religion or a believer in evolution in its entirety.

I hav mentioned these latter points, because I found in this line of investigation, as in all others, that a man's religious leanings inevitably color and modify all of his opinions, and govern his entire mental outlook. They even get into his "jalap" and fizz in his "seltzer." If he absolutely believe in the "Garden of Eden" story, he deals with "Adam" as a creature after "God's own heart and in his image," and therefore capable and deserving of all opportunity and development for and because of himself, and to promote his own happiness.

"Eve," of course, receives due attention as a physical, anatomical specimen, "with intuitions"—a mere bone or rib of contention, as it were, between man and man.

The more orthodox the man the bonier the rib. The more literal and consistent his faith the less likely is he to deal with woman as an intellectual being, capable of and entitled to the same, or as liberal, mental, social, and financial opportunities or rights as are universally conceded to be the birthright of all men, and quite beyond further controversy in their case.

Evidence in her favor must be overwhelming indeed, then, which cannot be evaded if an investigator starts out handicapped with the theory of "revelation" as a part of his mental equipment, and with the "sphere of woman" formulated for him by the ancient Hebrews.

I went to the men whom the doctors themselvs told me were the best authority to be found on the subject in hand.

One of these men was referred to by physicians of all schools of practice as undoubtedly the best-informed man in America, and second to none in the world in this branch of the profession. They one and all told me that what he could not tell me himself, or could not tell me where to find, on this subject could not be of the slightest importance.

I hav been asked to tell you just what I started out to learn, and how far I succeeded.

But before I do this it may not be out of place to tell you an anecdote of my experience in this undertaking. I went personally to about twenty of the leading physicians of New York with my questions.

Nearly every one of these, after very kindly telling me what he himself knew and what he believed on the subject, referred me to the same man as the final appeal; but not one of them was willing to introduce me to him.

They would introduce me to anybody and everybody else, but they did not like to risk sending me to him. He was, they said, utterly impatient of ignorance, and might treat me with scant courtesy.

He would very kindly tell me flatly that he could not waste time on so trivial a matter—that I and everybody else ought to know all about "Sex in brain."

Now, this is a secret—I would not hav it get out for a good deal—it took me a good while to get my courage up to go to that man without an introduction, a thing I did not do with any of the others. I finally, with fear and trembling, made up my mind to learn what he knew on this subject or perish in the attempt.

So I took my life in my hands, put on my best gown—I had previously discovered that even brain anatomists are subject to the spell of good clothes—and went!

I fully expected to be reduced to mere pulp before I left; but he listened quite patiently, asked me a few questions as to why I had come to him, told me to read him my questions, and asked me sharply, "Who wrote those questions?" I said, meekly, "I did." He looked at me critically, wrote something on a card, and dismissed me.

I was uncertain whether he had been so kind because he considered me a harmless lunatic or not. Once in the street, I read the card. I was to call again when he could giv me more time!

I went, not once, but many times. I devoted some months to brain anatomy and anthropology. In his laboratory he had brains from those of a mouse to those of the largest whale on record. He showed me the peculiarities of brains as shown by microscope and scales. He looked up points in foreign journals to which I had not access. In short, he did all he could to aid me; and he said that no such investigation as I was trying to learn about had ever yet been made, although no fair record of the difference of sex in brain, of which we hear so much, could possibly be made without it.

He was delightfully frank, earnest, and thoroughly honest. He knew—and, what is better, he was willing to tell—where knowledge stopped and guessing began, a point sadly confused, I found, by even prominent members of the profession.

In short, from him and through him, I collected material that is of intense interest and importance to women in this stage of the movement.

It is only right that I say here that I am of opinion that he does not himself believe in the equality of the sexes, but he is too thoroughly scientific to allow his hereditary bias to color his statements of facts on this or any subject.

In the hands of a man who has arrived at that point of mental poise and dignity, our case is safe, no matter what his sentiments may be.

Such men do not go to their emotions for premises when it comes to a statement of scientific facts. There are writers on this subject who do. And as you all know, any statement calmly and persistently made is reasonably sure to be accepted as true even by its victims. Frequency of iteration passes as proof.

Even thoughtful men, after spending years of time in trying to explain why a thing is true, often end with the discovery that it is not true at all.

We are all familiar with the story of the wrangle of the philosophers as to why a vessel containing water weighed no more with a fish weighing a pound in it than it did after the fish was removed.

After long and acrimonious debate over the principle of philosophy involved, some one bethought him to weigh them, and of course, discovered that no unfamiliar principle was involved, since it was a simple misstatement as to facts.

The assumption of "divine rights" by kings and priests stood as unquestioned facts for centuries by those who were the victims of both.

The "divine right" of men rests still on the same barefaced fraud, and is simply the last of this interesting trinity to die, and it naturally dies hard, as its fellows did.

If a charlatan to-day loudly asserts that he can do a certain thing, no matter how unlikely that thing is, if he insists that he has done it often, he will find many believers, who will spend much time in an attempt to explain *how* he does it, while only the few will think to question first *if* he does it.

Upon this basis of calm assumption on the one side, and credulous acceptance on the other, has grown up a very general belief that there are great and well-defined natural anatomical differences between the brains of the sexes of the human race; that these differences are well known to the medical practitioner or anatomist, and that they plainly indicate inferiority of capacity in the female brain, which is structural, while, strangely enough, no one argues that this is the case in the lower animals.

It therefore occurred to me to question—admitting that the microscope and scales really do show the differences to exist in adults—whether it would not be fair to assume, at least, that they are not natural and necessary *sex* differences, but that they are due to difference of opportunity and environment, and, under like conditions, would be produced between members of the same sex.

I proposed to test this by an appeal to the brains of infants. And my assumption, although not new, appeared to be borne out by the accepted, though unproven, theory that the brains of the men and women are nearer alike the lower we go into the human scale. This assumption is clearly based upon the idea that where the mental opportunities of the men and women are nearer equal the physical results are also similar. Indeed, Tapenard plainly states this fact in his anthropology. He says: "The reason that the brain of woman is lighter than that of man is that she has less cerebral activity to exercise in her sphere of duty." "In former times it was relativly larger in the department of Loziré, because then the woman and man mutually shared the burdens of the daily labor. The truth is that the weight of the brain increases with the use we make of it."

Since women are not given diversified and stimulating mental employment, they cannot be expected to show the results of such training on the brain mass itself.

I was started on my work in this matter by several articles written by the boldest of medical men in this country, who is the leader of the medical party which claims to be opposed to the educational and political advancement of woman because of the inevitable injury to her physical constitution. The writings of such a man, aided by the circulation and prestige of the leading journals of the country, which publish them as authoritativ, must inevitably influence school directors, voters, and legislators and go far to crystallize the belief that facts are well known to the medical profession with which it would be dangerous to trifle, when the truth is that the positiv knowledge on the subject is not sufficient at this moment to form even an intelligent guess upon. In spite of this fact, the well-known physician of whom I speak, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, reiterates in these articles all of the old, and adds one or two new arguments to prove that woman should not be allowed to develop what brain she has, because she possesses very little and that little is of inferior quality.

Professor Romanes, who is said by many to stand second only to Herbert Spencer in his branch of science, has also recently published a very extensiv paper on mental differences of the sexes and the proper education of woman, which is unfortunately, but most probably honestly, based upon this same assumption, under the belief that it was a proven fact. His paper has been very widely copied in spite of its extreme length, and the fact that the same journals "absolutely cannot find space" for even a moderately long one on the other side. They say, "The public is not interested in it," that is—in its correction. I mention these two men not because they are peculiar in, but because they are honored representativs of, the so-called scientific school of objectors to human equality, and claim to base the right of male supremacy upon important scientific facts.

Of course, all this is an old assumption, and as such has been dealt with before. But Dr. Hammond now boldly asserts that these differences are easily discoverable by microscope and scales, and that they are natural, necessary sex differences.

He claims, first, that woman's brain is inferior to man's in size and quality and therefore in possibility.

Second. That these marks of inferiority are natural and potential and not produced by environment.

Third. That they are easily recognizable in the brain mass itself.

Fourth. That in consequence of these natural organic and fundamental differences the female brain is incapable of, first, accuracy; second, sustained or abstract thought; third, unbiased judgment (judicial fairness); fourth, the accomplishment of any real first-class or original work in the fields of science, art, politics, invention, or even literature. He points out the great danger to woman herself, and to the race as her children, of allowing her to attempt those things for which the structure of her brain shows her to be incapacitated.

From this outlook it is easy to see that the non-professional voter, the school director, and the legislator might really feel it to be his duty to protect woman against her own ambition. It is in this way that the assertions of such men can, and do, cause the greatest injury to woman. There are a number of other indictments; but for the present let us examin these: First, in the matter of size, the doctor concedes that the relativ size and weight of the brain in the sexes is about the same, slightly in woman's favor, which he says does not count; although, when he finds this same difference between men, as between higher and lower races, he argues that it does count for a great deal.

But in the dilemma to which this seemed to reduce him in proving his case, he says: "Numerous observations show beyond doubt that the intellectual power does not depend upon the weight of the brain relativ to that of the body so much as it depends upon absolute brain weight." Now, if this were the case, an elephant would out-think any of us, and the whale, whose intellectual achievements hav never been looked upon as absolutely incendiary—if we except Jonah's friend—would outrank the greatest man on record, and hav brain enough left to furnish material for a fair-sized female seminary.

The average human brain is said to weigh from 1,300 to 1,400 grams, and even a very young whale furnishes 2,312 grams of "intellect-producing substance," as the doctor felicitously terms it, while the brain of a large whale weighed in 1883 tipped the beam at 6,700 grams.

Truly, then, if absolute brain weight, and not relativ weight, is the test, here was a "mute inglorious Milton" indeed. Almost any elephant is several Cuviers in disguise, or perhaps an entire medical faculty.

The doctor says "the female brain, however, is not only smaller than that of man, but it is different in structure, and this fact involves much more as regards the character of the mental faculties than does the element of size." Again he says: "Thus accurate measurements show that the anterior portion of the brain, comprising the frontal lobes, in which the highest intellectual faculties reside, is much more developed in man than in woman, and this not only as regards its size but its convolutions also. Now, the part of the brain which is especially concerned in the evolution of mind is the gray matter, and this is increased or diminished in accordance with the number and complexity of the convolutions. The frontal lobes contain a greater amount of gray cortical matter than any other part of the brain, and they are, as we hav seen, larger in man than in woman."

Accepting these sweeping statements for the moment—although many of them are questioned by the highest authority—would it not be fair to test the case as to whether this difference in adults is fundamental and pre-natal, or whether it is the result of outside artificial influences, by an appeal to the brain of infants.

If the brains of one hundred infants (each child weighing ten pounds) were examined, would the brains of the fifty males be distinguishable from those of the fifty females?

In other words, when the weight of the body, the age, and other conditions are the same, as to health, parentage, etc., and before the artificial means of development, educational stimulus, and opportunity are applied to the one and withheld from the other, could the sex be determined by the difference in brain weight, shape, size, quality, or convolutions? That would be the test. It was in pursuance of this idea that I caused the following questions to be submitted to a large number of the leading brain students of America, went myself somewhat into the study of anthropology, and collected certain bits of information as to just how much basis there is for all this cry about the difference in men's and women's brains. Being a matter of heads, I wanted to know how much was "cry" and how much was "wool."

These are the questions submitted to the doctors, brain anatomists, and microscopists at the outset of my task:

1. Is it known to the medical profession whether in infants (of the same age, size, health, and inheritance at birth) the quantity, quality, and specific gravity of the gray matter differs in the sexes? Does the relativ amount of gray matter differ?

2. Do the convolutions? Form? Actual amount of gray matter, differ?

3. Given the brain, only, of a number of infants of the same age, weight, etc., could the sex be determined by the difference in shape, quantity, quality, and convolutions?

4. If so, are the differences more or less marked in infants or adults? Is the frontal region of the brain larger and more developed in male than in female infants? Is the difference as marked as in adults?

5. Does use, training, etc., develop gray matter, change texture, size, shape, etc., of the brain mass, or are these determined and fixed at birth? The same as to convolutions?

6. Does use hav to do with the location of the fissure of Rolando, or is that fixed at birth? In an uneducated man would there be as much of brain in front of this fissure as in a man of trained and developed mind?

7. Does use or development of the mental powers change the specific gravity of the brain matter? Would it be the same in a great scholar as in a common laborer of the same general size and health?

8. Is there unanimity of opinion on these questions? Are the facts known or only conjectured?

9. If ten boys of the same weight, health, and general inheritance were taken in infancy, and five of them subjected for fifty years to the conditions of a street or farm laborer, while the other five received all of the advantages of the life of a scholar, would the ten brains present the same relativ likenesses at death as at birth? Would opportunity and mental exercise make a change in the brains of the five students that would be discoverable by microscope and scales?

In reply to the last question, the universal opinion was that it would be fair to assume that such difference would be perceptible. But one of the replies was that these points must necessarily remain only conjectural, based upon reason and analogy, since we cannot do as the Scotch villager who shows to a wondering public the remains of a famous criminal, with this bit of history: "This is the skull and brain of a man who was hanged, at the age of forty, for murdering his entire family. This is the skull and brain of the same man at the age of seven. You can readily trace in the boy the man that was to be."

Is it not a fair presumption, since reason and analogy lead to this universally accepted theory, as between man and man, that the same causes would produce the same results when applied between man and woman? Strangely enough, this is not held to be the case by these acute reasoners against sex equality in brain.

But to illustrate once more the necessity of questioning facts first and the reasons for them afterward, I am assured by the most profound and capable students of these branches of science that if such differences exist in the brain of infants as are indicated by my questions, it is not known to those who make a specialty of brain study; but, upon the contrary, the differences between individuals of the same sex—in adults, at least—are known to be more marked than any that are known to exist between the sexes.

To illustrate, take the brains of the two poets, Byron and Dante. Byron's weighed 1,807 grms., while Dante's weighed only 1,320 grms., a difference of 487 grms.; or take two statesmen, Cromwell and Gambetta. Cromwell's brain weighed 2,210 grms., which, by the way, is the greatest on record—although Cuvier's is usually quoted as the largest, and a part of the weight of his was due to disease—while Gambetta's was only 1,241 grms., a difference of 969 grms. Surely it would not be held because of this that Gambetta and Dante should hav been denied the educational and other advantages which were the natural right of Byron and Cromwell.

Yet it is upon this very ground that it is proposed to deny women equal advantages and opportunities, although the difference in brain weight between man and woman is only said to be 100 grms., and even this does not allow for difference in body weight, and is based upon a system of averages, which is neither complete nor accurate.

There is then not only no proof that the sex of infants could be distinguished by their brains, but all of the evidence which does exist on this subject is wholly against the assumption.

Up to this point in my investigation I learned only what I had fully expected to learn. At the next step, and in connection with it, I met with information which seems to me to offer an opportunity for reflection upon the matter of mental, not to say verbal, accuracy in the sex which does not wear "bangs." In the papers referred to Dr. Hammond asserted, and no male voice or pen has seen fit to publicly correct him, that "it is only necessary to compare an average male with an average female brain to perceive *at once* how numerous and striking are the differences existing between them." He then submits a formidable list of striking differences, which includes these: "The male brain is larger, its vertical and transverse diameters are greater proportionally, the shape is quite different, the convolutions are more intricate, the sulci deeper, the secondary fissures more numerous, and the gray matter of the corresponding parts of the brain decidedly thicker."

But, as if all these were not enough to enable the merest novice to distinguish the one from the other, even if he were near-sighted, he offers these reinforcements: "It is quite certain, as the observations of the writer show, that the specific gravity of both the white and gray matter of the brain is greater in man than in woman." This would seem to leave woman without a reef to hang to; for, if by chance her brain did not fall short in gray matter, the specific gravity of the rest of it would enable the doctor to ticket her as accurately as though she were to appear with earrings and train in a ball-room. Of this point this is what the leading brain anatomist in America wrote me: "The only article recognized by the profession as important and of recent date which takes this theory as a working basis is by Morselli, and he is compelled to make the sinister admission, while asserting that the specific gravity is less in the female, that with old age and with insanity the specific gravity increases."

If this is the case, I don't know that women need sigh over their shortcoming in the item of specific gravity.

There appear to be two very simple methods open to them by which they may emulate their brothers in the matter of specific gravity if they so desire. One of these is certain, if they liv long enough, and the other—well, there is no protectiv tariff on insanity.

But to finally clinch his argument, Dr. Hammond continues: "The question is, therefore, not so much that of quantity"—which appears to collide with his statement that it was the "absolute brain weight which was the sublime test," and drops my whale into the water again—"as it is of quality. The brain of woman is different from that of man in structure."

Again I applied my test. Did all this difference of structure and quality appear in the infant or only in the adult brains? Since it is held that these very differences are the ones produced by education and properly diversified mental stimulus—as between man and man—is it not fair to assume that like causes produce like results as between man and woman?

Since woman has never had the advantages of these brain-developing processes, is it not fair to assume, if all these differences do exist, that it is less a matter of natural and characteristic inferiority than it is of environment and opportunity, unless it exists in the *same ratio* in infants?

That would be the test as to whether these are natural, necessary, pre-natal *sex* characteristics, or whether they are developed by external circumstances and environment. The physical sex characteristics which are natural are as readily distinguished at birth as at maturity.

But after a woman's waist and brain are put into tight laces and shaped to fit the fashion, it is a rather poor time to judge of her natural figure, either physical or mental. There was but one reply to my questions. It was this: No such test has ever been

made with the brains of infants; and the wildest imagination could only stand appalled at the effort. It would be impossible to distinguish the male from the female child by these "radical, natural, easily discovered differences" in brain. I held, then, that the inference was perfectly legitimate that the great and numerous differences in the brains of adults—in so far as that was not, also, a mere flight of fancy—was not natural, pre-natal, and necessary; but that it was certainly fair to assume it to be producible by outside measures or environment; and that it could be no more natural or desirable for the digestiv organs and the brain of one sex to be decreased and deformed by pressure than it is for those of the other.

But I confess I was wholly unprepared for the final result of my last question and argument. I discovered that these differences are not only not known to exist in infants, but that in spite of all the talk, the pathetic warnings, and the absolute statements to the contrary, in a like number of adults' brains such differences are not only not to be "perceived at once," but that if Dr. Hammond or anybody else will agree to allow me to furnish him with twenty well-preserved adult brains, to be marked in cipher, so that he will not hav his information before he makes his test, he will find that his "numerous, striking, and easily perceived" differences will not appear with any relation to sex, so far as is known at the present time. I made this offer to him through the *Popular Science Monthly* some six months ago. Up to date the twenty brains I offered him to try on hav not been called for.

Upon the contrary, there will be found greater difference between individuals of the same sex than any known to exist between the sexes in any and all of these tests. In the main, since women weigh less than men, it would be pretty safe to guess that most of the lighter brains in one hundred specimens belonged to women, but this test would prove wrong in many cases, and the other tests would fail utterly.

And I will here present the concluding portion of a letter from Dr. E. C. Spitzka, the noted brain specialist, of New York:

> You may hold me responsible for the following declaration: That any statement to the effect that an observer can tell by looking at a brain, or examining it microscopically, whether it belonged to a female or a male subject, is not founded on carefully observed facts. The balance and the compass show slight differences, the weight of the male brain being greater and the angle formed by the fissure of Rolando forming a larger expansion of the frontal lobes; but both these points of difference hav been determined by the method of averages. They do not necessarily apply to the individual brain, and hence cannot be utilized to determin the sex of a single brain, except by those who are willing to take the chances of guessing. The assertion that the microscope reveals definit characteristic points of difference between the male and female brain is utterly incorrect. No such difference has ever been demonstrated, nor do I think it will be by more elaborate methods than those we now possess. Numerous female brains exceed numerous male brains in absolute weight, in complexity of convolutions, and in what brain anatomists would call the nobler proportions. So that he who takes these as his criteria of the male brain may be grievously mistaken in attempting to assert the sex of a brain dogmatically. If I had one hundred female brains and one hundred male brains, I should say that a selection from them containing one hundred of the largest and best-developed brains would probably contain fewer female brains than the remaining one hundred. More than this, no cautious brain anatomist would venture to declare.

I asked them why they did not correct the general impression which men of their profession had given out in this matter. They said they did not see the use of it; what difference did it make, anyhow? And then, it was a good enough "working theory." I said, "But suppose it worked the other way; do you think that you would say that it made no difference, and that a working theory that worked all one way was a safe or an honest one to be put forth as an established fact?" "Well, we are willing to tell you the truth about it," said they; "the fact is, it is all theory yet; there hav not been a sufficient number of tests made to warrant dogmatism in the matter; what more can you ask of us than that?" What, indeed?

I made another discovery; it was this: The brain of no remarkable woman has ever been examined!

Woman is ticketed to fit the hospital subjects and tramps, the unfortunates whose brains fall into the hands of the profession, as it were, by mere accident; while man is represented by the brains of the Cromwells, Cuviers, Byrons, and Spurzheims. By this method the average of men's brains is carried to its highest level; that of women is kept at its lowest, and even then there is only claimed one hundred grams difference.

It is on such statistics as this, it is with such dissimilar material, that they and we are judged.

Finally, I discovered that there is absolutely no definit information on the subject now in the hands or books of the medical profession which can justify the least show of dogmatism in the matter; or, if it were on the other side, it would be explained entirely away in five minutes—and there would not be the least question as to the desirability of the explanation either.

They told me not only that they did not know, but that no one could possibly prove it by means of the statistics and with the instruments in the hands of the profession to-day.

This being the case, perhaps it will be just as well for women to take a hand in the future investigations and statements themselvs, and I sincerely hope that the brains of some of our able women may be preserved and examined by honest brain students, so that we may hereafter hav our Cuviers and Websters and Cromwells. And I think I can tell where some of them can be found without a search warrant—when Miss Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, and a number of other women I hav the honor to know are done with theirs.

Until that is done, no honest or fair comparison is possible.

At present there is too great a desire on the part of these large-brained gentlemen like Dr. Hammond to look upon themselvs and their brains as "infant industries," entitled to and in need of a very high protectiv tariff, to prevent anything like a fair and equal competition with the feminin product.

But the fact is that we hav heard so much on the one side about woman's physical and mental shortcomings, and on the other side, from our Prohibition friends and others, so much of the "moral delinquencies" of men, that it seems to me we are in danger of believing both. And I, for one, am beginning to feel a good deal like Mark Twain's Irishman whenever I hear either one discussed.

He had been having a controversy with another man, and, as a final "clincher" to his side of the argument, said, with emphasis: "Now, I don't want to hear anything more from you on that subject but silence—and mighty little of that!"

HELEN H. GARDENER.

The American Secular Union.

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Matters in Michigan.

That sleepless, subtle, insidious agency, that feeder of the church and perpetuator of its power and influence, the Young Men's Christian Association, has got the whip-hand on the Michigan University. This organization unblushingly boasts that it has perverted that institution to the teaching of Christianity; that it scandalously violates the right of private judgment, and through "strategy," espionage, and ostracism practically forces compliance with its behests. A "memorial" has emanated from their trustees, setting forth that thirty years ago the first College Christian Association in the country was organized at Ann Arbor; that it has grown in power until it is now preëminently the religious organization of the University; that its devotional Sunday morning meetings often average an attendance of four hundred students; that it publishes a monthly religious periodical, and claims that the society has outgrown the rooms which hav been given it in the University building, and, therefore, that the demand for a new building for the Association's use is imperativ, "not simply as a facility for work, great as is its need in that direction, but also to giv dignity and permanence to Christian work in the University," says the memorial. The impression seems to hav been an erroneous one that the state was not furnishing a University and paying its faculty for their religious proclivities, but the memorial claims they are in "activ sympathy with all efforts to advance the Christian religion among the students." That Michigan has its full quota of sectarian colleges no one can deny, and when soliciting appropriations the friends of Ann Arbor hav claimed for it its peculiar advantage as an institution for higher secular education. What astounding impudence, what unmitigated "gall," these exceedingly fresh-men display in their memorial! "Christianity is already a power in the University. The association is not asking for means to plant religion in the University, it is already there."

The professional thief might, with equal propriety, exhibit a purloined pocketbook to the owner, and assure him that he had no thought of theft, for he had secured what he was after. If the perversion of this university to the use of the Young Men's Christian Association is not a case of grand larceny on the people of Michigan, what is it? A census is given of the professing Christians and attendants upon Christian churches, in which the memorial makes a good showing numerically in favor, and we are quite willing to concede the figures if the following be correct: "Of the ninety-two persons comprising the faculties, fifty-nine are members of evangelical churches, at least nineteen more regular attendants and supporters, and seven are members of churches not counted evangelical. Thus the field is open for all religious effort, and every attempt to extend the influence of Christianity among the students will meet with the hearty coöperation of the officers of the University."

That this secular (?) institution is given up to the machinations of the Young Men's Christian Association is conclusivly proved by the following quotation: "The canvassing committee of the Association is organized in every class of every department for the purpose of reaching all the students that can be reached, and of exerting a moral and religious influence upon them. . . . Its work is opening out in every direction, and the possibilities of its influence are bounded only by the number of the students." The memorial then alludes to the attendance at the Michigan State University, showing it was second only to Harvard and held third place in the race with Cornell, and says with Jesuitical force, "It will be seen that here is a mighty center of influence—a strategic point which it would be folly to neglect." How do the Liberals of Michigan enjoy this Christian institution for which they are taxed, and "whose influence is bounded only by the number of students?" Liberals can silently contemplate that of its sixteen hundred students at least five hundred graduate each year with their minds dwarfed and prejudices formed, to take positions of trust and influence, especially in the public schools, where they will doubtless aim to transmit their Young Men's Christian Association impressions to the plastic minds in their charge, will assist in the elimination of science, in the suppression of Freethought, and in the ultimate enthronement of God in the fundamental law of the land—all this furnished by an institution on which they are compelled to pay their quota of taxation. It will ever be thus until Liberals take sufficient interest to aid the American Secular Union or a similar agency. This little local College Young Men's Christian Association asks for contributions to build a $15,000 building on the $3,000 lot which has been presented to it. It is safe enough to say they will get it. That is about three times the sum that the Liberals of the United States hav ever yet raised in one year for the most important work that ever human hand or brain attempted to enforce. Hav Liberals the courage, enthusiasm, and earnestness of their convictions? How many can or will answer in the affirmativ?

Secular principles, I am glad to say, are gaining ground in the city of Detroit, whose common council hav determined, as a preliminary step, to assess taxes on several institutions which hav heretofore successfully claimed exemption under a rather loose general law of the state, as being benevolent or religious institutions. Test cases will be made of these, and if sustained by the courts the council is prepared for further progress in this direction. My friend Judson Grinnel (brother to the most popular pastor of that city), who was in the legislature of 1887, proposed a bill to change the general tax law of the state so as to include church property (although adroitly worded), and that bill came within one vote of receiving the common council's recommendation for its passage—the strongest vote ever given in any Eastern city for impartial taxation.

The assessors are now empowered to levy taxes on the Young Men's Christian Association building and several public halls and private schools which hav shuffled off their responsibility on the benevolent, long-suffering public.

The Young Men's Christian Association building will hav to pay, and can well afford to do that from the rental of its flourishing barber-shop where they shave the heathen for Christ's sake and fifteen cents United States currency.

Hiberman Hall, for instance, has run a saloon in its building for purely benevolent purposes, dispensing drinks, however, at regular schedule rates.

Lafayette Hall is a popular dance-house and beer hall, I believe—and not strikingly benevolent in the size of its glasses, either, I hav heard. It is a little rusty in the style of its religion, also.

The Liggett Home, and the German-American Seminary, both private schools, besides the railroad depot—it being hard to realize whether this comes under the caption of "religious" or "benevolent"—will make the acquaintance of the city treasurer, and a healthy influence is abroad in the land.

Hav had the pleasure of meeting Brother J. H. Burnham, of Saginaw City, and his estimable and amiable better half—who is a perfect type of intelligence and culture. Brother Burnham is a profound thinker and an able lecturer, and was one of the most valued workers in the National Liberal League, having organized the state of Michigan thoroughly, prepared to do valiant battle for the cause; but the unfortunate division as to policy sunk the organization, which was of brightest promis to the state of Michigan, and up to the present it has been unable to reënlist sympathy. But Brother Burnham givs me the warmest assurance of his entire approbation of the present administration, and will do his best to bring his friends, who are numerous in Michigan, into fraternal union. Courtlandt Palmer well said that he knew no other man in our ranks who had made the personal and pecuniary sacrifices for the cause of Liberalism that had Brother Burnham. His Saginaw congregation (while he was a minister), recognizing his talents, lavished everything upon him, built him an elegant and stately edifice, but when he had a conviction he was never swerved by considera-

tions of consequences to his prospects, but struck out boldly, proudly feeling that he could better afford to be a "man" than the best-salaried minister. Though his Liberal advocacy has not by any means brought him wealth, he livs in the same community in which he actually held his pulpit, and commands the respect of the most orthodox.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Colonel Ingersoll on Christianity.

North American Review, May, 1888.

I do not remember ever to hav read a composition, in which the merely local coloring of particular, or even very limited sections of Christianity, was more systematically used as if it had been available and legitimate argument against the whole, than in the Reply before us. Colonel Ingersoll writes with a rare and enviable brilliancy, but also with an impetus which he seems unable to control. Denunciation, sarcasm, and invectiv, may in consequence be said to constitute the staple of his work; and, if argument or some favorable admission here and there peeps out for a moment, the writer soon leaves the dry and barren hights for his favorit and more luxurious galloping grounds beneath. Thus, when the Reply has consecrated a line (*North American Review*, No. 372, p. 473) to the pleasing contemplation of his opponent as "manly, candid, and generous," it immediately devotes more than twelve to a declamatory denunciation of a practice (as if it were his) altogether contrary to generosity and to candor, and reproaches those who expect (*ibid*) "to receive as alms an eternity of joy." I take this as a specimen of the mode of statement which permeates the whole Reply. It is not the statement of an untruth. The Christian receives as alms all whatsoever he receives at all. *Qui salvandos salvas gratis* is his song of thankful praise. But it is the statement of one half of a truth, which livs only in its entirety, and of which the Reply givs us only a mangled and bleeding *frustum*. For the gospel teaches that the faith which saves is a living and energizing faith, and that the most precious part of the alms which we receive lies in an ethical and spiritual process, which partly qualifies for, but also and emphatically composes, this conferred eternity of joy.

. . . . . .

I will giv another instance of the tumultuous method in which the Reply conducts, not, indeed, its argument, but its case. Dr. Field had exhibited an example of what he thought superstition, and had drawn a distinction between superstition and religion. But to the author of the Reply all religion is superstition, and, accordingly, he writes as follows (p. 475):

"You are shocked at the Hindoo mother, when she givs her child to death at the supposed command of her God. What do you think of Abraham? of Jephthah? What is your opinion of Jehovah himself?"

I am aware of no reason why any believer in Christianity should not be free to canvass, regret, condemn the act of Jephthah. So far as the narration which details it is concerned, there is not a word of sanction given to it more than to the falsehood of Abraham in Egypt, or of Jacob and Rebecca in the matter of the hunting (Gen. xx, 1–18, and Gen. xxiii); or to the dissembling of St. Peter in the case of the Judaizing converts (Gal. ii, 11). I am aware of no color of approval given to it elsewhere. But possibly the author of the Reply may hav thought he found such an approval in the famous eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, where the apostle, handling his subject with a discernment and care very different from those of the Reply, writes thus (Heb. xi, 32):

"And what shall I say more? For the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah: of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets."

Jephthah, then, is distinctly held up to us by a canonical writer as an object of praise. But of praise on what account? Why should the Reply assume that it is on account of the sacrifice of his child? The writer of the Reply has given us no reason, and no rag of reason, in support of such a proposition. But this was the very thing he was bound by every consideration to prove, upon making his indictment against the almighty. In my opinion, he could hav one reason only for not giving a reason, and that was that no reason could be found.

The matter, however, is so full of interest, as illustrating both the method of the Reply and that of the apostolic writer, that I shall enter farther into it, and draw attention to the very remarkable structure of this noble chapter, which is to faith what the thirteenth of 1 Cor. is to charity. From the first to the thirty-first verse, it commemorates the achievements of faith in ten persons: Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses (in greater detail than anyone else), and finally Rahab, in whom, I observe in passing, it will hardly be pretended that she appears in this list on account of the profession she had pursued. Then comes the rapid recital (v. 31), without any specification of particulars whatever, of these four names: Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah. Next follows a kind of recommencement, indicated by the word *also;* and the glorious acts and sufferings of the prophets are set forth largely, with a singular power and warmth, headed by the names of David and Samuel, the rest of the sacred band being mentioned only in the mass.

Now, it is surely very remarkable that, in the whole of this recital, the apostle, whose "feet were shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," seems with a tender instinct to avoid anything like stress on the exploits of warriors. Of the twelve persons having a share in the detailed expositions, David is the only warrior, and his character as a man of war is eclipsed by his greater attributes as a prophet, or declarer of the divine counsels. It is yet more noteworthy that Joshua, who had so fair a fame, but who was only a warrior, is never named in the chapter, and we are simply told that "by faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they had been compassed about seven times" (Heb. xi, 30). But the series of four names, which are given without any specification of their title to appear in the list, are all names of distinguished warriors. They had all done great acts of faith and patriotism against the enemies of Israel—Gideon against the Midianites, Barak against the hosts of Syria, Samson against the Philistines, and Jephthah against the children of Ammon. Their title to appear in the list at all is in their acts of war, and the mode of their treatment as men of war is in striking accordance with the analogies of the chapter. All of them had committed errors. Gideon had again and again demanded a sign, and had made a golden ephod, "which thing became a snare unto Gideon and to his house" (Judges viii, 27). Barak had refused to go up against Jabin unless Deborah would join the venture (Judges v, 8). Samson had been in dalliance with Delilah. Last came Jephthah, who had, as we assume, sacrificed his daughter in fulfilment of a rash vow. No one supposes that any of the others are honored by mention in the chapter on account of his sin or error; why should that supposition be made in the case of Jephthah, at the cost of all the rules of orderly interpretation?

Having now answered the challenge as to Jephthah, I proceed to the case of Abraham. It would not be fair to shrink from touching it in its tenderest point. That point is nowhere expressly touched by the commendations bestowed upon Abraham in scripture. I speak now of the special form, of the words that are employed. He is not commended because, being a father, he made all the preparations antecedent to plunging the knife into his son. He is commended (as I read the text) because, having received a glorious promis, a promis that his wife should be a mother of nations, and that kings should be born of her (Gen. xvii, 6), and that by his seed the blessings of redemption should be conveyed to man, and the fulfilment of this promis depending solely upon the life of Isaac, he was, nevertheless, willing that the chain of these promises should be broken by the extinction of that life, because his faith assured him that the almighty would find the wav to giv effect to his own designs (Heb. xi, 17–19). The offering of Isaac is mentioned as a completed offering, and the intended blood-shedding, of which I shall speak presently, is not here brought into view.

The facts, however, which we hav before us, and which are treated in scripture with caution, are grave and startling. A father is commanded to sacrifice his son. Before consummation the sacrifice is interrupted. Yet the intention of obedience had been formed, and certified by a series of acts. It may hav been qualified by a reserve of hope that God would interpose before the final act, but of this we hav no distinct statement, and it can only stand as an allowable conjecture. It may be conceded that the narrativ does not supply us with a complete statement of particulars. That being so, it behooves us to tread cautiously in approaching it. Thus much, however, I think, may further be said: the command was addressed to Abraham under conditions essentially different from those which now determin for us the limits of moral obligation.

For the conditions, both socially and otherwise, were indeed very different. The estimate of human life at the time was different. The position of the father in the family was different: its members were regarded as in some sense his property. There is every reason to suppose that, around Abraham in "the land of Moriah," the practice of human sacrifice as an act of religion was in vigor. But we may look more deeply into the matter. According to the book of Genesis, Adam and Eve were placed under a law, not of consciously perceived right and wrong, but of simple obedience. The tree, of which alone they were forbidden to eat, was the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Duty lay for them in following the command of the most high, before and until they, or their descendants, should become capable of appreciating it by an ethical standard. Their condition was greatly analogous to that of the infant, who has just reached the stage at which he can comprehend that he is ordered to do this or that, but not the nature of the thing so ordered. To the external standard of right and wrong, and to the obligation it entails *per se*, the child is introduced by a process gradually unfolded with the development of his nature, and the opening out of what we term a moral sense. If we pass at once from the epoch of paradise to the period of the prophets, we perceive the important progress that has been made in the education of the race. The almighty, in his mediate intercourse with Israel, deigns to appeal to an independently conceived criterion, as to an arbiter between his people and himself. "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord" (Isa. i, 18). "Yet ye say the way of the Lord is not equal. Hear now, O house of Israel, is not my way equal, are not your ways unequal?" (Ezek. xvii, 25). Between these two epochs how wide a space of moral teaching has been traversed! But Abraham, so far as we may judge from the pages of scripture, belongs essentially to the Adamic period, far more than to the prophetic. The notion of righteousness and sin was not indeed hidden from him: transgression itself had opened that chapter, and it was never to be closed: but as yet they lay wrapped up, so to speak, in divine command and prohibition. And what God commanded, it was for Abraham to believe that he himself would adjust to the harmony of his own character.

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It was an observation of Aristotle that weight attaches to the undemonstrated propositions of those who are able to speak in any given subject matter from experience. The Reply abounds in undemonstrated propositions. They appear, however, to be delivered without any sense of a necessity that either experience or reasoning are required in order to giv them a title to acceptance. Thus, for example, the system of Mr. Darwin is hurled against Christianity as a dart which cannot but be fatal (p. 475).

"His discoveries, carried to their legitimate conclusion, destroy the creeds and sacred scriptures of mankind."

This wide-sweeping proposition is imposed upon us with no exposition of the how or the why; and the whole controversy of belief, one might suppose, is to be determined, as if from St. Petersburgh, by a series of *ukases*. It is only advanced, indeed, to decorate the introduction of Darwin's name in support of the proposition, which I certainly should support and not contest, that error and honesty are compatible.

On what ground, then, and for what reason, is the system of Darwin fatal to scriptures and to creeds? I do not enter into the question whether it has passed from the stage of working hypothesis into that of demonstration, but I assume, for the purposes of the argument, all that, in this respect, the Reply can desire.

It is not possible to discover, from the random language of the Reply, whether the scheme of Darwin is to sweep away all theism, or is to be content with extinguishing revealed religion. If the latter is meant, I should reply that the moral history of man, in its principal stream, has been distinctly an evolution from the first until now; and that the succinct though grand account of the creation in Genesis is singularly accordant with the same idea, but is wider than Darwinism, since it includes in the grand progression the inanimate world as well as the history of organisms. But, as this could not be shown without much detail, the Reply reduces me to the necessity of following its own unsatisfactory example in the bald form of an assertion, that there is no colorable ground for assuming evolution and revelation to be at variance with one another.

If, however, the meaning be that theism is swept away by Darwinism, I observe that, as before, we hav only an unreasoned dogma or dictum to deal with, and, dealing perforce with the unknown, we are in danger of striking at a will of the wisp. Still, I venture on remarking that the doctrin of evolution has acquired both praise and dispraise which it does not deserve. It is lauded in the skeptical camp because it is supposed to get rid of the shocking idea of what are termed sudden acts of creation; and it is as unjustly dispraised, on the opposing side, because it is thought to bridge over the gap between man and the inferior animals, and to giv emphasis to the relationship between them. But long before the day either of Mr. Darwin or his grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, this relationship had been stated, perhaps even more emphatically, by one whom, were it not that I hav small title to deal in undemonstrated assertion, I should venture to call the most cautious, the most robust, and the most comprehensiv of our philosophers. Suppose, says Bishop Butler (Analogy, Part 2, Chap. 2), that it were implied in the natural immortality of brutes, that they must arrive at great attainments, and become (like us) rational and moral agents; even this would be no difficulty, since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endowed with. And if pride causes us to deem it an indignity that our race should hav proceeded by propagation from an ascending scale of inferior organisms, why should it be a more repulsiv idea to hav sprung immediately from something less than man in brain and body, than to hav been fashioned according to the expression in Genesis (Chap. ii, v. 7) "out of the dust of the ground?" There are halls and galleries of introduction in a palace, but none in a cottage; and this arrival of the creativ work at its climax through an ever aspiring preparatory series, rather than by transition at a step from the inanimate mold of earth, may tend rather to magnify than to lower the creation of man on its physical side. But if belief has (as commonly) been premature in its alarms, has non-belief been more reflectiv in its exulting anticipations, and its peans on the assumed disappearance of what are strangely enough termed sudden acts of creation from the sphere of our study and contemplation?

. . . . . .

"Why should God demand a sacrifice from man? Why should the infinit ask anything from the finite? Should the sun beg of the glow-worm, and should the momentary spark excite the envy of the source of light?"

This is one of the cases in which happy or showy illustration is, in the Reply before me, set to carry with a rush the position which argument would hav to approach more laboriously and more slowly. The case of the glow-worm with the sun cannot but move a reader's pity, it seems so very hard. But let us suppose for a moment that the glow-worm was so constituted, and so related to the sun that an interaction between them was a fundamental condition of its health and life; that the glow-worm must, by the law of its nature, like the moon, reflect upon the sun, according to its strength and measure, the light which it receives, and that only by a process involving that reflection its own store of vitality could be upheld? It will be said that this is a very large *petitio* to import into the glow-worm's case. Yes, but it is the very *petitio* which is absolutely requisit in order to make it parallel to the case of the Christian. The argument which the Reply has to destroy is and must be the Christian argument, and not some figure of straw, fabricated at will. It is needless, perhaps, but it is refreshing, to quote the noble Psalm (Ps. l, 10, 12, 14, 15), in which this assumption of the Reply is rebuked. "All the beasts of the forest are mine; and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills. . . . If I be hungry I will not tell thee; for the whole world is mine, and all that is therein. . . . Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most Highest, and call upon Me in the time of trouble; so will I hear thee, and thou shalt praise Me." Let me try my hand at a counter illustration. If the infinit is to make no demand upon the finite, by parity of reasoning the great and strong should scarcely make them on the weak and small. Why then should the father make demands of love, obedience, and sacrifice from his young child? Is there not some flavor of the sun and glow-worm here? But every man does so make them, if he is a man of sense and feeling; and he makes them for the sake and in the interest of the son himself, whose nature, expanding in the warmth of affection and pious care, requires, by an inward law, to return as well as receive. And so God asks of us, in order that what we giv to him may be far more our own than it ever was before the giving, or than it could hav been unless first rendered up to him, to become a part of what the gospel calls our treasure in heaven.

Although the Reply is not careful to supply us with *whys*, it does not hesitate to ask for them (p. 479):

"Why should an infinitly wise and powerful God destroy the good and preserve the vile? Why should he treat all alike here, and in another world make an infinit difference? Why should your God allow his worshipers, his adorers, to be destroyed by his enemies? Why should he allow the honest, the loving, the noble to perish at the stake?"

The upholders of belief or of revelation, from Claudian down to Cardinal Newman (see the very remarkable passage of the *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, pp. 376–78), cannot and do not, seek to deny that the methods of divine government, as they are exhibited by experience, present to us many and varied moral problems, insoluble by our understanding. Their existence may not, and should not, be dissembled. But neither should they be exaggerated. Now, exaggeration by mere suggestion is the fault, the glaring fault, of these queries. One who had no knowledge of mundane affairs beyond the conception they insinuate would assume that, as a rule, evil has the upper hand in the management of the world. Is this the grave philosophical conclusion of a careful observer, or is it a crude, hasty, and careless overstatement?

It is not difficult to conceive how, in times of sadness and of storm, when the suffering soul can discern no light at any point of the horizon, place is found for such an idea of life. It is, of course, opposed to the apostolic declaration that godliness hath the promis of the life that now is (1 Tim. iv, 8), but I am not to expect such a declaration to be accepted as current coin, even of the meanest value, by the author of the Reply. Yet I will offer two observations founded on experience in support of it, one taken from a limited, another from a larger and more open sphere. John Wesley, in the full prime of his mission, warned the converts whom he was making among English laborers of a spiritual danger that lay far ahead. It was that, becoming godly, they would become careful, and, becoming careful, they would become wealthy. It was a just and sober forecast, and it represented with truth the general rule of life, although it be a rule perplexed with exceptions. But, if this be too narrow a sphere of observation, let us take a wider one, the widest of all. It is comprised in the brief statement that Christendom rules the world, and rules it, perhaps it should be added, by the possession of a vast surplus of material as well as moral force. Therefore the assertions carried by implication in the queries of the Reply, which are general, are because general untrue, although they might hav been true within those prudent limitations which the method of this Reply appears especially to eschew.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Communications.

Land Reform in 1848 and 1888.

GEORGE HENRY EVANS AND HENRY GEORGE.

The plan of Mr. Evans was this: By political agitation and control of the legislature to place a limit to the ownership of land. This principle had already been applied to religious and other corporate institutions, and to the patenting of the public lands "only to actual settlers in limited quantities." The maximum had been fixed at one hundred and sixty acres. Mr. Evans suggested this as a limit to private ownership, not as a fixed quantity, but to obtain a recognition of the right of government to so limit it, to be modified as wisdom should direct in the future. He contemplated a peaceful attainment of this object, by wise gradations, invading no "vested rights," yet effectually preventing any further accumulation of landed estates beyond the legal limit, whether by purchase, gift, or inheritance. All of these matters are held to be subjects properly regulativ by statute law. The advocates of land nationalization propose to hav the state resume the title to the land it has once already sold to private parties; to be rented back to those who want and are able to hire. Mr. George simplifies this process by treating land values as simply the amount of rent the land will yield, and taxing it back entire without any disturbance to owners or to occupiers. This may be termed "a short method" of "land nationalization." It means "confiscation of rent."

You hav here substantially the means proposed by the two men, representing different schools and distinct periods, for the reform of a universally admitted evil, the monopolized control of the only passiv factor in production—the home and standing-place and work-room of the whole human family. They are in accord fully as to the nature of the evil to be remedied, and, indeed, as to the necessity of securing political supremacy to accomplish the reform. The great object, as both agree, is justice to labor, the abolition of poverty, and the promotion of the public good. But the measures for which such political power is to be wielded in order to accomplish those ends are wholly incompatible with each other. The one sought equality through limitation of power and restriction of privilege, mutually operativ as to all citizens of a state. The other seeks the annihilation of a class, allodial owners, embracing those whose ownership promotes social prosperity, as well as those which endanger it, and the making of every occupant of the land a tenant of the state, but offers no guarantee whatever against the unlimited control of the land through lease-hold, or the extension of legal privilege to the lordly rule of capital, such leases would giv.

Now, limitation of powers is involved in, and is, indeed, the professed burden of all forms of legislation whatever. Limitation to private ownership of an essential, natural element, indispensable to the life and to the well-being of the individual, is a logical and constitutional means of redress, under any view of law which ever prevailed. It accords with our system of tenure, which assumes that the right of occupancy is in every one of the whole people. "Confiscation of rent," on the other hand, would require an entire subversion of our system of occupancy, and of well-established principles of property; is inconsistent with our Constitution, if we hav one, and being revolutionary in its character should only be resorted to in the last extremity, even were it in itself wise and feasible. This remedy is, doubtless, compatible with the fictions of English law, and of monarchy by "divine right;" but not by any theory of democracy or principles of equity with which I am acquainted. But I think the time for promoting any positiv reform of the land system through political ascendency, and by legislativ preponderance of an honest purpose to effect a public good, has long since passed away, through either Mr. George's or Mr. Evans's schemes. For it is quite apparent now to clear-headed people that the land question, and all other questions of human interest, will take care of themselvs, if governments will let them alone, withdraw their bailiffs, tax-gatherers, detectiv police, and bandit, mercenary soldiery.

Social industry from its primitiv communal organization has passed through three phases of development. In the patriarchal state labor had some degrees of organization, in which the more spontaneous coöperation of the tribe or community became subjected to authority and to the order of an arbitrary will, whose rude directorship effected some approach to the combination and division of labor, more lately established.

Next, in the struggle and as the consequent growth of leadership in their interminable wars and the rise of monarchical rule, the warlike organization of labor was effected, under the militant spirit, and became compulsorily coöperativ, a system characterized by Hobbes as having "selfishness everywhere and unlimited power somewhere." On the decline of the militant spirit and as the rule of law obtained and constitutional governments became established, what may be termed the litigant organization of labor took place and became semi-voluntary in place of wholly involuntary; but of the apparent freedom under this now existing form much is the result of a compulsory assent effected through the various fictions and subtle devices of our transmitted legalities, not less invasiv than the sword of the freebooter or the lash of the slaveholder. In nothing is this so conspicuous and so fatal to social life and progress as in the falseness of the law of property and of the unlimited dominion of the land, under the law of the market.

The inability to defend our land system on any ethical or economic grounds, the agreement of all thinkers that it is incompatible with any rule but one of despotism, and the necessity for a system of organization of labor and coöperation which shall embrace *division* as well as production, indicates a possible future type of labor organization wherein a broader freedom and a clearer sense of mutual help and mutual benefit will secure a more fully developed sustaining system, and one which will promote, not the military, civic, or material aggrandizement of a nation, or of an individual, but the development of higher activities, and the pursuit of nobler aims. It is simply idle to suppose that the dangerous class who aspire to profit by making, interpreting, and enforcing, and also in evading, our system of legal quiddities will ever willingly further any such reform whatever, or propose to aid any salutary cause except for the purpose of betraying it.

A matter of secondary interest seems proper to be noticed. I hav said Mr. Evans did not claim originality. Mr. George's friends, at least, claim it for him, and also the position of leader. Now, some of his economic speculations are doubtless original, and some are true as well, and important; but his "sovereign remedy" is in no respect new, whether true or otherwise. Mr. Thomas Spence wrote his book long before Mr. George was born. Mr. John Stuart Mill discerned the "unearned increment," and his remedy for that is not essentially different from the "confiscation of rent." Mr. George shows that land values are determined by the rent, and the taking of that he calls, "taxing away land values." He quotes Herbert Spencer in "Social Statics," as giving a feasible plan by the assumption of ownership by the state and renting to individuals, but says it is not the best plan, and then says: "What I propose, therefore, as the simple, yet sovereign, remedy, . . . is to appropriate rent by taxation." If this is not specifically a claim to originality, it justifies an inference that he intended it so to be understood.

Now, I hav a book published by B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston, 1851, a reprint of an English publication, termed, "Science of Politics," containing a treatis on "Property in Land" from a philosophical rather than from an economical view, arraigning in a remarkably forcible manner unlimited private ownership of land. The remedy prescribed is this: "By the division of its annual value or rent, that is, by making the rent of the soil the common property of the nation . . . by taking the whole of the taxes out of the rents of the soil, and thereby abolishing all other kinds of taxation whatever. And thus all industry would be absolutely emancipated from every burden, and every man would reap such natural reward as his skill, industry, and enterprise rendered legitimately his, according to the natural law of competition."

Here we hav the same "single tax" and "confiscation of rent" which Mr. George advocates. This writer even anticipates George's argument against "equal division of the land" and the "scheme of limitation." He also anticipates George's hypothesis that land can be taxed without taxing labor. He says: "Where land is taxed *no man* is taxed, nor does the taxation of land interfere in any way whatever with the progress of human industry" (pp. 382–384).

The absurdity of this position, or that anything can be taxed permanently except human labor, I hav not time now to show. The singular coincidence of thought here seen may not prove plagiarism against Mr. George, for ideas are not invented, but grow. It is safe to assume, however, that the later growth is upon the earlier, and not the earlier upon the later. The name of this author is unknown to me. The book itself is evidently a reprint of an English work, and bears evidence of having been written before Mr. George had entered his teens, as early as 1849. It is thus clearly identified with the agitation of 1848. To tax economic rent is merely to confiscate what, from circumstance, one may hav produced more than another.

In conclusion, it seems proper to refer to the meager recognition which Mr. George has vouchsafed to the labors of Mr. Evans and of the men who prepared the way through which his work was rendered possible. He says:

> Nothing can be accomplished by such timid, illogical measures. If we would cure social diseases we must go to the root. There is no use in talking of reserving what there may be left of our public domain to actual settlers. That would be merely locking the stable door after the horse had been stolen, and even if it were not, would avail nothing.
>
> There is no use in talking about restricting the amount of land one man may hold. That, if it were practicable, were idle, and would not meet the difficulty (Social Problems, pp. 275, 276).

This wholesale begging of the question, without even a candid statement of it, indicates a mind dissatisfied with its own relation to the subject. The above, however, is substantially all he has to say of his predecessors in the reform, or of their reasonings upon the subject on which he is at issue with them, in the eight or nine hundred pages which make up his two volumes. The well-intentioned efforts of Mr. Evans and his *confrères* had been pertinaciously followed up for an entire generation. It is true that they looked to political action and legislativ expedients as effectiv agencies of reform, and so in that regard their labors were fruitless. But Mr. George has not learned from their failure, but has repeated their blunders, even if he has not used the reform as a means to political preferment and the advancement of party aims. The land reformers of 1848 who followed the lead of Mr. Evans hav kept alive the embers of the fire that glowed in that early day, and now by placing their reform upon the broad ground of economic and industrial law hav made the scientific consideration of land ownership imperativ. Mr. George's remedy is wholly empirical, and is suggested by no principle of law or fact of economy. In subjecting the question to careful analysis, and to the test of the social good, we hav placed it in the line of positiv settlement, without or in spite of political scheming, caucus dictation, purchased votes, or stuffed ballot-boxes; for nothing can stand before the advance of exact knowledge. There is no rebellion against mathematics; and no demonstrated truth can be suppressed by any despotic rule. In the words of Ruskin: "We liv in an epoch of change, and probably of revolution; thoughts that cannot be put aside are in the minds of all men capable of thought. One principle can, in the end will, close all epochs of revolution—that each man shall possess the ground he can use and no more."

A peaceful evolution of industry and society will then ensue; and the rule of ignorant, arbitrary will of monarch or majority will end, when helpful science and progressiv thought shall free mankind from their superstitious reverence for ecclesiastical dogmas and legal fictions.

J. K. INGALLS.

Institutionalism.

I am by no means anti-religious in belief, but must confess that those who call themselvs Infidels, or are so termed, hav more true Christianity in their hearts than the average church-member. Show me a man noted for his kindness to the poor and for his strict practice of the injunction, "Do as you would be done by," and it is a hundred to one he is a Freethinker, and far from being one of the "unco guid or rigidly righteous."

Priestcraft has perverted the true religion of the Buddhas, Christs, Mohammeds, and other reformers into an accursed phariseeism. People are not logical or capable of drawing correct conclusions from what they read. If they were, the church-members must wonder in their hearts at the inconsistencies of their church practices with the teachings of the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, of Paul, and others.

I wonder how a Presbyterian can attend his church and listen to the half-hour prayers, the doctrins, and observe the practices there without coming to the conclusion that whoever founded his sect was doing exactly contrary to the orders of Christ—was, in fact, copying the very system he so severely denounced when he gave the Lord's Prayer as an example and cursed those long-praying Pharisees and hypocrits.

I heard one of the most narrow and bigoted of this church say to a couple of his brethren only a few days ago: "If I had to raise a fund to aid some poor widow and orphans, upon my word, I would go out among the saloons and the wicked people before I would go to our church!" "Why so?" I asked. "Well, sir, I cannot tell you why. It is a mystery to me. I hav learned it since I hav been in the mercantil business during ten years past. I do know that our church-members are not charitable." He admitted that he was, late in life, getting his eyes open to many facts that are new to him.

For my part, I conclude that those institutions called churches hav served a purpose. Man has worked slowly upward from the beast, and there is much of the ape and tiger in him yet. The religion of men is no better than themselvs. Compare, for instance, the fiendish persecuting spirit of Catholics and Protestants during ages with the very different spirit of liberal Catholic Belgium or liberal Protestant England.

And yet these followers of the man who had not where to lay his head; who was born in a stable, lived as a poor outcast all his life, and died as a condemned malefactor between two thieves; who endured that despised life purposely for an example; whose original followers lived and died in about the same way, and whose greatest apostle, Paul, constantly impressed this lesson of humility, saying, "You all did see that I wrought with mine own hands for an example"—these modern followers build lofty temples, adorn them splendidly, and giv to their chief priests almost infinit annual sums each,

while they compel the real working clergy to endure excruciating poverty. So much does man's selfish, contemptible spirit distort everything right and left.

The plainest, clearest lesson of humility, charity, meekness, and long-suffering has been tortured into a practice the most contrary that can be imagined. Individual greed makes an institution out of it.

And so, likewise, a few honest, earnest, philosophic minds invented a simple form of government for our country, to be conducted on the plainest, cheapest principles. They left the making of the laws to certain servants of the people, without any duty to refer the laws to the people for indorsement. The founders of the affair said that, "As to all matters of police and ten thousand other things connected with daily life, the people must attend to them within their own families, or their own communities, counties, or states." "No free government is possible where details are administered from a center, for such a government will grow with the years, ever creating new places, bureaus, laws, etc."

If, now, so plain a foundation for a religion had, in two centuries, become so reversed as had the religious basis laid by Christ, does anyone believe that the foundation of a plain, cheap government could remain as it was devised, especially when it was left to the greed and selfishness of lawmakers to shape it gradually as they saw fit? Thousands of new laws are proposed at every session of Congress. Hundreds are framed, all to giv excuse for raising more revenue. The very power to tax has been diverted to make business. The most complex and extravagant system of central administration the world has ever seen has grown up out of the simplest formula. The cost of the civil list which has overthrown every government in the past by its secret, malignant, cancerous consumption has been increased sixteen times, or sixteen hundred per cent, since 1842, when three hundred per cent would hav been an enormity.

The ignorant laugh and sneer, but the student of history and of human nature knows that nothing short of force can giv to accumulated wealth more of the earnings of labor than a certain small percentage, and that the force always comes at command of the law's executiv. Where is your free government when he for whom it was created labors under "the protection" of guns? HOLT.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

THE PENITENT THIEF.

I am not going to discuss the question of capital punishment, or say whether or not it is desirable to deprive a brutal murderer of the power to do any further mischief. I leave such questions to those whom it may concern. My present subject is a thief. It is fortunate for some of us that they do not crucify thieves in the present day. It is especially fortunate for myself that they do not crucify blasphemers. That one blasphemer and two thieves suffered capital punishment in the year 1, that is to say, about eighteen hundred years ago, is a matter of history that it does not answer my purpose to dispute. They suffered under the theocratic law promulgated by Moses, which, as I hav said, fortunately for many of us is no longer in force. Yet there is a relic of it remaining—if not in the United States, certainly in England. It is not long since three men were sentenced to imprisonment by a truculent judge under a statute passed in the Dark Ages of medieval bigotry, which ought long since to hav been repealed. Their offense was the publication of a picture ridiculing Jehovah.

It is not with the blasphemer, but with the thief, that we hav to do. For what particular offense the "penitent" thief was executed the scripture does not say. Most likely he was one of the followers of Jesus—a hanger-on and loafer at the "camp-meetings," prowling around for what he could pick up. If they were to hang all such characters in the present day, it would probably be a good riddance, but the authorities would hav to provide an awful amount of rope. Even the Jews did not go to that length, but they hanged the revivalist preacher instead. His following consisting largely of thieves and prostitutes, they hanged a couple of the former by way of example.

Here was an inglorious end of the promised kingdom, which the disciples of Jesus confidently expected to become something more substantial than a kingdom of air. There were evidently office-seekers among them. James and John, the sons of Zebedee, wanted to sit the one on the right side and the other on the left—prime minister and secretary of state. Peter chose to be minister of war, and carried a sword. Judas was already appointed chancellor of the exchequer. As for the rank and file, soured with disappointment, and seeing no further prospect of free feasts, they reviled their former master, and taunted him with, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." The two thieves who were crucified with him cast the same in his teeth. The supposed prayer of the "penitent" one was in reality a sarcasm. In what other sense can such a request be understood, coming at such a time, from such a character? And what does the answer of Jesus amount to but an acknowledgment that they were both in the same fix, and that night they would be lying in the grave together? The term "paradise," to which a fanciful meaning has been given, simply implies an inclosed place or garden, such as cemeteries probably were then, and such as they are in the present day.

This is a common-sense reading of the incident, which, if it be a fact, has been magnified and distorted into a fable by those who profess to see another meaning therein. If, as some suppose, there is a paradise for disembodied spirits in which they retain their individuality and liv forever, it is not a pleasant outlook for those who wish to exchange this "wicked world" for a better one that so many thieves and murderers hav preceded them to the same place. The society there will be, not a little, but a great deal mixed. I hardly know which would be most disagreeable to me, the malefactors or those who furnished them with passports. A deathbed repentance is a very natural conclusion to an ill-spent life, but neither entitles nor qualifies the penitent for a heritage of bliss. Such an outrageous fiction as a place of eternal punishment is now generally exploded by all sane Christians, but they should remember that there is just as much authority for it as for their hypothetical heaven, and if they giv up one they must giv up the other.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

The last recorded act of Jesus previous to his execution was probably the most sensible thing he ever did in his life. He invited his disciples to supper, gave them plenty to eat and drink, and told them if they wished to liv long and see good times they must keep it up in remembrance of what he told them. Jesus was no ascetic. He was neither a vegetarian or a Prohibitionist. On the contrary, he gave them roast lamb (such being the orthodox Passover dish), and finished up by passing the wine cup freely around. Jesus was from the first a striking contrast to his predecessor, John the Baptist. John came neither eating nor drinking, and the people naturally concluded he was mad. He promised them the kingdom of heaven, which, as Paul afterward explained, was not meat and drink. Jesus came eating and drinking, and they said he was "a gluttonous man, a wine-bibber, and a friend of publicans and sinners!" The Jews, like the modern Christians, were difficult to please, but if the example of Jesus means anything, no Prohibitionist or total abstainer can call himself a Christian. Jesus spake in parables to the multitude, and was himself the greatest parable of all. He claimed to be the personification of meat and drink. "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." It was coarsely expressed, and calculated to turn the stomach of any but a born cannibal. What he would hav said, if translated into the language of common sense, amounts to this: "Here are meat and drink, and you cannot liv without them. My body is composed of one and my blood of the other. I am not an unsubstantial spirit, but a man, having the same kind of appetite as yourselvs. Eat, drink, and liv, for in these things alone you will find your salvation as long as the world shall endure." It was a sad but inevitable conclusion to the theory he had been preaching, that man could liv without work. He cannot liv without meat and drink, and to procure these he must work. The game was played out, and the last supper paid for; the exchequer was bare. Judas, the purse-bearer, like a prudent man, thinking to make the best of a bad bargain, went and sold his chief for thirty silver dollars! It was a very mean act, and expressed the utter hopelessness of the position, for what modern deacon would ruin his reputation for so paltry a sum? No doubt, many of them would sell their ministers for less—if they could find a customer. But ministers, if they hav any marketable value, usually forestall the deacons, and sell themselvs.

The savior of the world by his own showing consists of meat and drink. For these things the laborer labors, and the parson preaches. For meat and drink the land is cultivated, the ocean traversed, and the desert reclaimed. The end of the world, so confidently predicted eighteen centuries ago, is to all appearance farther off than ever. What it would hav been had the doctrins of Jesus been carried out in practice, it is impossible to say. Where would the loaves and fishes come from if there were no bakers or fishermen? Several centuries before Jesus, the Greek poet Hesiod complained that the gods had hidden the secrets of nature from mankind to compel us to work for our living, or otherwise we might realize enough food in a day to last throughout the year. Perhaps Jesus discovered the secret, but if so it died with him and has never since been found. At one time he told his disciples that he had meat to eat that they knew nothing about, and referred to the miraculous extension of the loaves and fishes as a case in point. Perhaps it was manna? I use the note of interrogation to express the word properly, for commentators tell us it implies a question equivalent to, "What is it?" Moses tells us it resembled coriander seed, and would not keep for more than a day, so that the Israelites had to liv literally "from hand to mouth." That is much the way poor people liv even in the present day, and excepting that our "daily bread" is sometimes of a doubtful character, there is nothing miraculous in it. The Israelites in the desert got nothing to drink but water, and sometimes not enough of that. Jesus was more liberal with his bill of fare. By precept and example he taught his disciples to drink wine—when they can get it. OUTIS.

Womanhood.

In reading the splendidly enthusing article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 14th headed, "The Forum," I was forcibly struck with the masculinity of the whole thing. Here and there is reference to a woman, but nearly all the persons mentioned are men, and the things done are done by men. References abound to what man has done.

One reason for this male prominence is, men are the great ruling powers at home and in public places, and usually control the purse as well as the time of the women. But the true Liberal should never neglect to note the woman-help wherever it can be brought in. Even Mrs. Freeman, though herself a woman, fails to bring into prominence such workers as Ernestine L. Rose, Frances Wright, Harriet Martineau, Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, Matilda Joslyn Gage, and a host of other Liberal women who hav pushed forward the Liberal car of progress with a success, energy, and vim that few men hav equaled and none surpassed. Were there no mottoes that could hav been quoted from this grand galaxy of women to place side by side with those from Washington, Garfield, and Grant? While I am sure there was no premeditated ignoring of woman's claims at this meeting of great magnates, I still feel that opportunities were neglected of doing a tardy justice to the mothers of reform. With Walt Whitman—

As I see my soul reflected in Nature,
As I see through the mist one with inexpressible completeness, sanity, and beauty,
I see the bent head and arms folded on the breast—
The female form I see.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Mr. Brown's Desire for Information.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I was much interested in reading an article from the pen of W. L. Willis on Spiritology, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 21st. As he *knows* something about this ology, you will perhaps allow me space enough to ask him a few questions regarding the spirit, or soul, or whatever he calls it—and I ask for information, not for argument.

1. What is the spirit?
2. Whence is it?
3. Where was the spirit of a person before that person was born?
4. Does the spirit of a person hav a "beginning" as an individual, personal spirit—*e. g.*, the spirit of Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown—the same as the body?
5. (*a*) If the spirit had such a beginning, will it not cease to exist, at some time, as such an individual, personal spirit (as things which hav beginning must hav ending); and (*b*) if so, why should it not cease to exist when the body does, *i. e.*, at death?
6. At death, the body goes back to the elements, is dis-individualized; is it reasonable to suppose that the force still maintains its individuality?

By giving the above questions space in your interesting paper, you will greatly oblige, and perhaps lead to enlightenment. W. E. BROWN.

For Mr. and Mrs. Casey.

DEAR FRIENDS: I did not think to make another appeal for R. M. Casey and wife, but he was so anxious to earn something himself and not be dependent that he went to work while too weak and fell with his whole weight on his crippled hand and arm; so that, besides suffering the most excruciating pain, he is now once more laid up; and to cap the climax fire broke out in the forest near his little home and destroyed nearly all his wood. In fighting the fire to keep it from burning the house, his poor wife overdid and now lies very sick. I hav lent them a little money and given all I can afford, so once more ask those who feel able to send a little help. It truly seems as if misfortunes never came singly. Address R. M. Casey, Seneca, S. C., or E. D. Slenker, Snowville, Va. MRS. E. D. SLENKER.

Specimen of "Saladin's" Blasphemy.

From "God and His Book."

Your book, O Lord, I once more remind you, is terribly higgledy-piggledy and confused. I presume this results from you yourself being in a chronic state of mental confusion as to what you really are, and who you really are. Your consciousness that you are "without body, parts, or passions" must be a source of constant bewilderment to you. For "without body, parts, or passions" is the best definition of *nothing* divine or human ingenuity is likely to strike upon. And yet you hav a consciousness that you are not *nothing*. Indeed, from sundry expressions of yours I infer that you are of opinion that you are *everything*. Further confusion must arise from the fact of your being "one" with yourself, and the Son, and the Ghost. You will never know clearly whether you are yourself, or whether you are the Son, or whether you are the Ghost, or whether you are all three. The consciousness of this must render you confused; and, naturally enough, the confusion extends to that queer hotchpotch and salmagundi known as your Book.

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Mr. Gladstone's Defense of Christianity.

The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., occupies twenty-eight pages of the current issue of the *North American Review* in considering the opinions of Colonel Ingersoll concerning Christianity. The article is mostly directed against Colonel Ingersoll's Reply to Dr. Field's first letter in the *Review*, the subsequent "Last Word" of Dr. Field and the responsiv letter by Colonel Ingersoll not reaching him until he had made the chief part of his observations. However, Mr. Gladstone does not mind this, and, indeed, it does not impair his argument, which is, so far as it is an argument at all, a general consideration of Christianity.

The essay, we are bound to say—and in this we think everyone who reads it, Christian or heretic, will agree with us—is disappointing. Mr. Gladstone does not finish four pages before we hear the same old whine about hurting the feelings of "us Christians," and the whole essay is more a criticism of Colonel Ingersoll's method, with some incidental apologies for human sacrifice as conducted by Jehovah, than an attempt to show that Christianity is either philosophically or historically worthy of credence. Mr. Gladstone calls the controversy between Colonel Ingersoll and Dr. Field a combat in which the clash of arms is heard across the broad Atlantic, and to which we infer he has listened impatiently, longing to leap to saddle and rush to the aid of his brother Christian, whom he by implication admits has been unhorsed and rolled in the dust. But, to carry Mr. Gladstone's medieval simile a little farther and turn it upon himself, his method of meeting Colonel Ingersoll is as if all the knights who went down before the lance of Ivanhoe in the "Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby" had risen and said: Sir, we admit your good character, but we dislike your style of thrusting with the lance, and we deprecate the force with which you come against us. In fact, you hurt our feelings; we pray you to restrain your impetuous enthusiasm.

And Mr. Gladstone, the Sir Brian de Boisguilbert of these knights, will head the delegation of remonstrance.

Incidentally, Mr. Gladstone reaffirms the positions he maintained against Professor Huxley, "that there is no colorable ground for assuming evolution and revelation to be at variance with one another," but he contents himself with asserting instead of attempting to prove this. In the paragraphs devoted to reason, he follows Butler, and quotes copiously from the "Analogy." Design, too, he rehabilitates and leads forth, but cautiously, as if aware it is but a Rosinante of a battle steed. In fact, there is scarcely anything new in the essay. Apologies for the acts of Jephthah and Abraham, and the admission that divine government (whatever that may be) presents many and varied problems, insoluble by our understanding, hav been made before, and neither satisfy nor acquire new force coming from England's greatest Christian champion. There is also (but this is not new) a little pettifogging, a concealment of distinctions, in some of the arguments scarcely to be looked for from such a source. In his first reply to Dr. Field, Colonel Ingersoll said: "The brain thinks without asking our consent. We believe, or we disbelieve, without an effort of the will. Belief is a result. It is the effect of evidence upon the mind. The scales turn in spite of him who watches. There is no opportunity of being honest or dishonest in the formation of an opinion. The conclusion is entirely independent of desire."

After using three pages and a half to show that free will is possible, in which he follows the usual theological reasoning and falls into the usual errors by stopping short—as the Hindoos do when they come to the turtle which supports the elephant which supports Atlas who supports the world, or as do the Christians in the design argument when they get to God—at the most convenient place in his argument, and not pursuing it to a logical conclusion, Mr. Gladstone givs us these palpable *non sequiturs:*

"The system called Thuggism, represented in the practice of the Thugs, taught that the act, which we describe as murder, was innocent. Was this an honest error? Was it due, in its authors as well as in those who blindly followed them, to an automatic process of thought, in which the will was not consulted, and which accordingly could entail no responsibility? If it was, then it is plain that the whole foundations, not of belief, but of social morality, are broken up. If it was not, then the sweeping doctrin of the present writer on the necessary blamelessness of erroneous conclusions tumbles to the ground like a house of cards at the breath of the child who built it.

"In truth, the pages of the Reply, and the Letter which has more recently followed it, themselvs demonstrate that what the writer has asserted wholesale he overthrows and denies in detail. 'You will admit,' says the Reply (p. 477), 'that he who now persecutes for opinion's sake is infamous.' But why? Suppose he thinks that by persecution he can bring a man from soul-destroying falsehood to soul-saving truth, this opinion may reflect on his intellectual debility—but that is his misfortune, not his fault. His brain has thought without asking his consent; he has believed or disbelieved without an effort of the will (p. 476). Yet the very writer, who has thus established his title to think, is the first to hurl at him an anathema for thinking. And again, in the Letter to Dr. Field (*North American Review*, Vol. cxlvi, p. 33), 'the dogma of eternal pain' is described as 'that infamy of infamies.' I am not about to discuss the subject of future retribution. If I were, it would be my first duty to show that this writer has not adequately considered either the scope of his own arguments (which in no way solve the difficulties he presents) or the meaning of his words; and my second would be to recommend his perusal of what Bishop Butler has suggested on this head. But I am at present on ground altogether different. I am trying another issue. This author says we believe or disbelieve without the action of the will, and, consequently, belief or disbelief is not the proper subject of praise or blame. And yet, according to the very same authority, the dogma of eternal pain is what?—not 'an error of errors,' but an 'infamy of infamies;' and though to hold a negativ may not be a subject of moral reproach, yet to hold the affirmativ may. Truly it may be asked, Is not this a fountain which sends forth at once sweet waters and bitter?"

Mr. Gladstone does not distinguish between thought and action. Even a Thug should not be killed offhand before he has been proven to hav murdered some one. And as for the religious fanatic, no Freethinker denies his right to his belief, but denies only his right to act injuriously toward others. Torquemada was zealous in his acts and honest in belief. He is not anathematized for his thoughts, but condemned for his actions. There are in England to-day many thousands of Tories who conceive that Mr. Gladstone himself should be exterminated for the benefit of the country. If their thought were as reprehensible as action on their thought, and if the thought is entirely within their control, they ought to be proceeded against by law, for the good of society. Colonel Ingersoll does not denounce the men who hold opinions; he denounces the opinion. He does not deny the right to think wrong, but he does deny the right of anyone to interfere with another person because of that person's conformity or nonconformity with his own thought. He distinguishes between thought and action, between a dogma and the man who accepts it. He does not propose to punish the man for accepting it, because the man's mind is so constituted that he can not help his acquiescence in its tenets, but the Infidel would not allow the dogmatist to force by action his belief upon another. Action, not thoughts of action, is what men are responsible for.

We advise everyone to read Mr. Gladstone's essay, and on another page we giv as copious extracts as our space and the copyright law admit. Colonel Ingersoll does not need to write a word to convince any thinking person that Mr. Gladstone is unable to pen even a plausible defense of Christian superstition. And if he cannot, who can?

Spiritualism and Its Investigation.

We are glad to record that the two conspicuous parties in the disgraceful Diss Debar-Marsh sleight-of-hand performance which has occupied so many columns of public print and so many days of a police judge's time, are both Christians, and found their Spiritualism on the Bible. Mr. Luther R. Marsh, the victim, only a year ago read an address before the Historical society in which he took great pains to ridicule the theory of evolution, and he still adheres to Genesis as his guide in science, believes in Spiritualism as a religion, but repudiates any Spiritualism which denies the divinity of Christ, or the divine authority and authenticity of the Old and New Testaments, or revealed religion. Madam Diss Debar, too, is a firm believer in the Bible, and reads it a great deal, as was sworn in court.

In one way, we may say that the Bible and Christianity are responsible for this sleight-of-hand entertainment. Being credulous enough to believe the Bible stories of ghosts and witches, Mr. Marsh was an easy victim of another believer shrewd enough to take advantage of his credulity. If the ghost of Samuel could appear to Saul at the command of the Witch of Endor, why should not other ghosts appear at the command of Madam Diss Debar? If the Holy Ghost could materialize sufficiently to propagate a child, why should not other ghosts materialize sufficiently to paint pictures? It is this belief in ancient fables that prepares the minds of otherwise sensible men to believe the transparent trickery of unprincipled adventuresses to be solid fact. Mr. Marsh ridicules the theory of evolution, which has thousands upon thousands of undisputed facts to support it, a theory which ninety-nine out of every hundred scientific scholars believe in—and yet he possesses the most abject faith in ghosts, in the existence of which not one scholar in a hundred believes, and which alleged existence has not one undisputed fact to support it.

A writer in a daily paper, calling attention to this idiosyncrasy of the human mind, suggests three reasons why some prefer to believe in something irrational in preference to what is rational: 1. Because they reject the simple and sensible advice to "submit every article of faith (or belief) to the test of reason;" 2. Because they refuse to recognize that "vast power which works in the universe in all things by *law* and in *none* by *caprice;*" 3. Because we are "born and bred," or brought up to believe, to a greater or less extent, in superstition; in reverence for tradition; in a literal, rather than figurativ, interpretation of a book that we hav been taught to believe is infallible. The last of these reasons comprehends the other two. Without superstition, without the fetich book—which may be the Bible or may be some other "holy" volume—the human mind would be prepared to reason calmly upon religious questions as upon others. In his law business Mr. Marsh is exceptionally keen. There he has experience, knowledge of the law, and facts to reason from. But if his knowledge of the law had been purely guesswork; if his facts had all proven false, what cases would he hav gained? And if he had applied the same shrewd reasoning to his religion that he does to law, who does not know that the impostor would hav been defeated in her schemes?

We are sorry to see in our esteemed contemporary the *Banner of Light* a certificate that this Diss Debar woman's mediumship has once been genuin, whatever the present exhibition of her peculiar talents may be. The records prove her to hav always been a dishonest and mercenary adventuress, gulling credulous people by tricks of prestidigitation for the money she could make. She has used Spiritualism for her own objects, and it is more than doubtful if she herself believes in what to thousands of others is a religion. Spiritualism was not on trial with her at all, though a great many Spiritualists foolishly defended her. But Spiritualism should not be made a religion. If true, it must be in conformity with the laws of nature, and as such must come in the domain of experimental and demonstrable science. Religion is belief; Spiritualism, if true, can become knowledge. Experiments in it must be made in the same scientific spirit in which experiments are made in chemistry,

Emotion is out of place in seeking facts. Credulity should be held sternly back. Preconceived notions should be laid aside. Hope should not be allowed to see a glittering star unless that star is actually above the horizon. When a fact is thought to be discovered, it should be assailed on all sides. If it is a real fact, a truth, it will stand any test; if it is not, everyone must certainly desire it to go. Demonstrated under such conditions, Spiritualism is no more a religion than the revolutions of the planets. It is simply a fact in nature from which we can derive immeasurable joy, greater in degree, but of the same kind, as the feeling which takes possession of us when a loved one thought dead has been restored to life.

And, speaking of Spiritualism and the investigation of its phenomena, we may add that next week we shall print an account of Mr. William Henry Burr's researches in independent slate-writing, at the conclusion of which he avows that he is "firmly convinced that there must hav been an intelligent force that produced the writing on those slates." Mr. Burr means, of course, an intelligent force apart and not of or from the medium, or any other human being.

The Woman's Congress and the Methodists.

The leading communication in this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER is the very able and altogether admirable paper read by Helen Gardener at the recent Woman's International Council in Washington. Miss Gardener does her sex credit in all that she undertakes, whether polemical or scientific, and not the weakest reason why woman should be enfranchised is the absurd fact that the author of such a paper as "Sex in Brain" is deprived of all right to participate in governmental affairs, while a Roman Catholic male, who probably could not define two words in a hundred of the essay, or comprehend a single one of the many ideas it advances, is allowed as a lord of creation to cast a ballot and hold office and manage the affairs of the state.

In writing of the Woman's Council two weeks ago, we made an error which we are now pleased to correct. Freethought ideas were not entirely suppressed at the congress, and their non-appearance in the reports is due to the exertions of Frances Willard, who captured the reportorial youths, told them Sunday-school stories, and induced them to be good little boys for a while and leave out all the naughty heresy of the Infidel women. Therefore, only the pious orations of the sophomorical young women in graduating dresses were reported. But Miss Gardener's paper is to be printed at the expense of the suffrage organization and distributed as a campaign argument, and the writer can console herself with the knowledge that few other essays were considered of sufficient merit to be so preserved and circulated. At the conclusion of the congress a meeting of Infidel women was called by Mrs. Stanton, Helen Gardener, Mrs. Dilke, and Mrs. Scatchard, and twenty-seven of the brainiest delegates responded, among them Matilda Joslyn Gage, Mrs. Miner, Judge Waite's wife, Mrs. Westendorf, Mrs. and Miss Southworth, Miss Law, and Madam Bogelot, delegate from Paris, which we regard as a cheering indication that in the Woman Suffrage movement there is a Liberal element bound to hav its say. This element defeated Miss Frances Willard's intention to commit the council by resolution to Prohibition, God-in-the-Constitution, and other Christian schemes, and to elect for the next international council officers known and activ as Christian workers. Miss Willard, who openly declared that she would vote only for such, was prevailed upon by Mrs. Scatchard, the ablest of the foreign delegates, to cast her ballot for Mrs. Fassett, of England, an avowed Atheist, for the president of the next international council, which will be held in London three years hence, and Mrs. Stanton peremptorily sat upon the pious resolutions. Helen Gardener, an official visitor and not a delegate, did her share of work for Liberalism, and though the Christians had a majority of votes, they were rendered unable to take advantage of their power. Miss Willard's influence was perceptibly weakened by her declaration that at heart she is not a suffragist, but sees that by woman's vote she can effect the pious and prohibitory legislation she seeks. She counts upon casting the female vote solid for the church, and before all else she is a Methodist of Methodists.

Bearing these things in mind, we hope that she feels proud of the church for which she is working so hard as president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, now that its chief officers and most important official organ are endeavoring with all the skill they possess to keep woman delegates out of the general conference now in session in this city. There are few men in the Methodist church who hav done so much for that sect as Miss Willard. This is well enough, perhaps, for a duplication of Miss Willard's fanaticism, bigotry, intolerance, and general determination to run the country in the interest of religion is not to be desired. But, nevertheless, the ones who do the work, the practical standard-bearers of any cause, are the ones who should be honored by their followers, and whose voices should be heard in its counsels, even if they are so fortunate as to be women. The Methodist clergy, however, are fully convinced that woman is an inferior creature, and being such shall hav no vote as to who shall be her bishop, or preacher, or how the money she has coaxed from her male acquaintances for the church shall be expended. The arguments on the admission of female delegates to the conference are excessivly warm, very one-sided, and as bigoted as one of Miss Willard's own speeches. Their general tenor is that woman has risen about as high in the church as it is safe for the brethren to allow, and to yield her the right to participate in the supreme council of the church would be dangerous to religion. Therefore, let her be subject to her husband in everything, as the church is subject to Christ.

If the women who hav been for years the chief support of the ecclesiastical system known as Methodism would only read and ponder over the treatment they hav invariably and universally received from the ecclesiastical machine, there would hav been many more delegates at the Woman's Congress, and several times twenty-seven at the meeting of the Infidels.

Colonel Billings Convicted.

Most of our readers know that last winter M. E. Billings, of Waverly, Ia., compiler of the "Crimes of Preachers," was lodged in jail charged with shooting W. S. Kingsley, attorney of Bremer county, a former friend of Mr. Billings, and an estimable young man. We hav refrained from saying anything of the case, for while we know from experience with Mr. Billings, both business and in connection with a congress of the American Secular Union, that he is not the honorable gentleman he ought to be, we did not wish to do him any injustice; and though the murder charge and the matters that led to it appeared very dark, we gave him the benefit of the doubt. His trial, which lasted from April 3d to the 25th, is now ended, and the verdict is murder in the second degree.

Colonel Billings is about fifty-two years old; has an enviable war record; is a strong character, but pompous and egotistic, and unscrupulous in his dealing. Some thirteen years ago he quietly, and many think unjustly, divorced his wife, after which he eloped with his present wife, who figures conspicuously and disgracefully in this trouble, then a schoolgirl of some fourteen years of age. Kingsley was a general favorit in Waverly. He bought Billings's property a year ago, and the two men occupied the same office for some time. They fell out, however, although neither would tell the cause of the disagreement. Billings left for Dakota, but came back on the day of the shooting, and, it is said, attempted to extort money from Kingsley. Billings charged Kingsley with intimacy with a young woman named Emma Shaw, and attempted to force Kingsley to deed back his property. Miss Shaw testified to the falsity of the charge.

The story of the tragedy, as told in the *World*, and substantiated by other accounts, is briefly that on the evening of December 21, 1887, at a few minutes before 6 o'clock, two pistol shots were heard in quick succession in the office of the county attorney. Colonel Billings staggered down the stairway with a cry of pain, and called out that he was shot, and that he had the documents in his pocket to show why Kingsley had attempted to kill him. A clerk in the store below, who had passed quickly up the stairs after Billings's exit, announced that Kingsley was dying in his office. The rooms occupied by the county attorney were divided by folding doors, which were swung open, and just within the rear apartment lay the body of the young county attorney, the blood oozing from a bullet-wound over his right eye. A pistol lay by his right side, while tightly grasped in his right hand was an unfinished letter to an old college chum. He died in a few moments without regaining consciousness. Billings was taken to a doctor's office, and his wound examined. A bruise was found in the center of his back, while upon the broken ring of his suspenders was found a flattened bullet. While at the office of the doctor he was arrested and conveyed to jail.

It was at first supposed that Kingsley had committed suicide, thinking he had killed Colonel Billings, but at the coroner's inquest an infamous plot was laid bare. In Colonel Billings's pockets were found papers that showed that he had intended to force Kingsley to become his slave for the rest of his life. Among the papers which he had prepared for Kingsley to sign was a confession on the part of Kingsley that he had been intimate with Billings's wife; forged affidavits of responsible persons that they had witnessed their criminal relations; a confession of the wife herself; a forged information before a justice of the peace charging Kingsley with this crime, and deeds, notes, and mortgages which not only conveyed to Billings the possession of all of Kingsley's earthly possessions at that time, but gave him power to draw Kingsley's salary until the year 1890. The trial developed and emphasized the fact of a conspiracy. At the inquest Colonel Billings was kept in ignorance of the testimony of other witnesses, and when confronted with it contradicted the statements he made after the death of Kingsley. On the trial his wife also changed her story. Upon the witness-stand she told of her alleged intimacy with Kingsley with much particularity of detail, but on the days when she said it occurred it was proved that neither she nor Kingsley were at the house named. One of her letters to Kingsley was found, in which she stated that her husband was away for two days, but that she feared he suspected them. Kingsley's reply, written upon the bottom of the letter, was that of an innocent man. He was puzzled, he said, to know why she wrote him such a letter, and wanted to know what her husband could suspect them of doing. Mrs. Billings testified that after yielding to Kingsley her conscience smote her, and she confessed all to her wronged husband, who was overpowered with grief, though so great was his love for her that he deeded all of his worldly possessions to her, telling her that he himself would go away and become a wanderer upon the face of the earth, while she, if she wished, could marry Kingsley, and perhaps be happy. Of course she remonstrated against this plan, but the next day, strange as it may appear, the ruined husband invited Kingsley to dinner and left him alone with his wife. Billings testified that, having become convinced that Kingsley had been intimate with his wife, he had resolved that Kingsley should bind himself to support her, hence the notes, mortgages, etc., found upon him. He himself intended to go away and commit suicide. The notes were made payable to him as attorney. His wife, he repeatedly averred, knew nothing of the transactions. The hole through the back of Billings's clothing, where the bullet was supposed to hav entered, was shown to hav been made with a sharp instrument, and the bullet itself had been welded on the buckle of his suspenders with a hammer. The ownership of the revolver found in Kingsley's hand has not been traced to Billings, but it was proved that Kingsley had never owned one, while Billings owned several.

Such is the painful story of the downfall of an able man, and one widely known among Liberals. Happily, it is the first of the kind. We hav received letters from some friends alleging that Colonel Billings was being persecuted because of his Infidelity. This we hav not believed. While it seemed incomprehensible that he could commit murder, we do know him capable of forging letters and of unfair business transactions. It is probable that the religious press will taunt the Freethinkers with this conviction, but in our judgment they should keep quiet, for the crime committed by Colonel Billings does not impair the accuracy of the statistics he collected. But it is a sad case, ruining a woman's reputation, destroying a home, and adding to the population of a penitentiary, where few Freethinkers indeed are found. It's too bad, too bad.

C. B. REYNOLDS has postponed his California and Northwestern lecturing engagements to go down to Phenix, Arizona, and debate with some Christians of local notoriety. Corrected outline of his route will be given shortly.

Letters from Friends.

ONTARIO, CAL., April 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I beg to be excused for my delay in sending remittance. It was not for want of appreciation for your paper, as my husband's request in regard to it was, "Take it always, as I want my children to hav a chance to learn for themselvs the truth." My husband died the 29th of December, of lingering consumption, having been ill five years. As long as he was able he read your paper and advocated Freethought, and as long as he was able to listen I read to him. He did all he could, and I ask our Freethought friends to kindly remember us, and if any of you all come to California, I hope to meet you. My house will be free to all speakers or laborers in the good fight. My husband wished to be remembered to the friends who hav heard from him through your columns. AUGUSTA A. JOHNS.

MORRISTOWN, MINN., March 18, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I write to let you know that our Rice county S. M. R. Association is doing a good, successful work, and I would be glad to see all other counties in this and other states organize in the same manner—that is, by local clubs, to meet weekly, and the members of the clubs to meet monthly. We find it an efficient means of cultivating home talent and Liberal ideas, and of raising the necessary funds to carry on the war. We started in by employing a good agent at $30 a month salary, who is kept busy attending each club once a week, by which he has no expense for hotel bills or horse feed, and can do well on small salary. Our call for donations of Liberal papers has been responded to from the north, south, east, and west so liberally that our agent has more than he can distribute. And as it is necessary to support our Liberal press, we believe it will be better for our members to subscribe for Liberal papers than to be supplied with free donations; consequently, we do not want any more packages donated. D. BIRDSALL, Cor. Sec.

COPPERFIELD MINING AND SMELTING CO.,
COPPERFIELD, VT., April 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: This place, you will see by the above, is now called Copperfield—formerly Ely. It has lain in the hands of a receiver since 1883. It was sold at public auction January 12, 1888, for $36,000, to F. M. F. Cazin, of New York, who is now general superintendent and secretary. He has in years past contributed to THE TRUTH SEEKER "Tell-Tale to Freethinkers," and "Was Napoleon a Freethinker?" etc. This copper mine has stood second in this country, and only failed by mismanagement. They are now putting in electric lights so as to run the old dumps to a new concentrator day and night. We expect to see it booming again.

Under the old order the Methodists predominated. From curiosity I attended one of their evening meetings, and of all howlings, screaming, and lowing it was a holy terror—a shame and disgrace to the present civilization. But under the new management we expect to see a school of science, as the Freethinkers appear to predominate.

Respectfully yours, ETHAN DIMOND.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., April 9, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Putnam was here yesterday (Sunday), and spoke in the afternoon on "The American Republic," and in the evening on "The New Heaven and Earth." He made many points against the now existing and further proposed union of church and state, points of vital interest to every man, woman, and child in the land. He proved all that has been said in his praise for eloquence, clearness, and, best of all, solid logic, on the issues of future political and social development, pointing to the dangers and promises that hover over us all, awaiting the judgment of the individual with his vote, who, many times multiplied, finally counts the majority for weal or woe. He aroused our sluggish sense of responsibility to healthy action in the matters of daily life, portraying, by defining the rights and wrongs of the individual, our incapability to at all times know at a mere surface glance whether a word or act applies only to unimportant matters or involves a principle to ignore which is to indirectly do a wrong to all our fellows.

On learning at the evening lecture that the speaker only allowed God equality with other persons, and so entitled only to one vote, a half-dozen or so of the audience, with flashing eyes and angry scowls, left the hall, and also the speaker and the unthrown lamps to giv further light to the more appreciating ones remaining. Yours for more Putnams,

MRS. D. MARIAGER.

OKETO, KAN., April 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: So long as THE TRUTH SEEKER maintains its present unbiased position on all questions, social, political, or ethical, you may count me a subscriber.

I think that Freethought has made gratifying growth in this county the last year.

I see some of our Nebraska Freethinkers take exception to the idea advanced by some that the Prohibition party is a silent partner of the God-in-the Constitution Company. I think if they lived in Kansas they would hold different opinions. During the past year the Women's Christian Temperance Union caused to be published in the county papers their determination to prosecute all violators of the Sunday laws; but their notice called forth so many articles from the Freethinkers of the county that they wisely concluded that they had reckoned without their host, and as yet no prosecutions hav been made, to my knowledge.

I cannot close without offering my thanks to Dr. Brooks for his reply to Professor Denslow. Such articles as the professor's may suit shylocks, coupon-clippers, and Wall street brokers, but such sophisms are not readily assimilated by the sturdy yeomen of the West. I very much regret that such an able Freethinker should use his pen to extenuate or defend the present system of spoliation and robbery whereby ninety-five per cent of the human family are doomed to life-long drudgery and toil that five per cent may revel in luxury. The title, Might is Right, would hav been more appropriate for his essay. JOHN A. MAYHEW.

COALING, ALA., April 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to notice Mrs. H. A. Ritchey's letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 31st. I presume she is orthodox and takes a stand against Freethinkers about evolution. I think it, as well as Genesis, a hypothesis; but I want to ask her, if she had never seen a copy of the New Testament, would she ever infer from the Old that she would ever liv again? Would she not think all the rewards and punishments were to be here? The Pharisees believed only in the transmigration of souls, and the Sadducees thought death ended all. Now, if these sects, and the learning of the nation, too, failed to find a future life in the Old Testament, may we not believe that the New was borrowed from the heathen, as they had their hell and heaven and future life in full blast thousands of years before Christ? Where did they get it? Not from the God of the Hebrews.

I will ask Mrs. Richey to read Num. xxxi, where an industrious, peaceable, and virtuous nation was put to the sword, and the watchword was Booty and beauty.

I distribute my papers and books all round and send my papers as far as one hundred miles. People down here hav never so much as heard of Freethought. If you could get a lecturer to pass South, it would be a good investment. The Christians giv me a dark time. As soon as I get one to subscribe they bring all their influence to bear on him and tell him he won't be allowed his oath, and will ruin his family. Do send a lecturer down so as to agitate and make it general. H. J. WARD.

LAWRENCE, KAN., March 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send a few words in the memory of a friend: In memorial for William J. Christie, who lost his life by drowning in the Columbia river, in April last, age twenty years. He was an activ Freethinker and an ardent reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. He was a most remarkable boy, being born and raised by strict Presbyterian parents, yet having already broken off the shackles of superstition. It is a great calamity when our young soldiers in the Liberal ranks drop away, for their work is not yet ended. But, alas! the brightest star fades the soonest.

LINES ON HIS DEATH.

Sleep on sweetly, kindest William,
In the grave were thou art gone,
For thy work in life is ended,
And thy glory just begun.

In this world of strife and conflict
Thou didst do a noble deed
To emerge from superstition,
In which thou wast born indeed.

Long in memory we shall cherish
All your grand and lofty thoughts.
But, alas! for death did shorten,
Works so true and earnest sought.

Farewell, William, we do miss you,
For we see you here no more;
We shall meet you, we shall greet you,
On that far-off brighter shore.

MRS. CHARLOTTE PALM.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, April 1, 288.

C. B. REYNOLDS, *Dear Friend and Brother:* In my TRUTH SEEKER of March 31st I find a short but pointed article from you. It not only surprised, but saddened me beyond measure—not that your hard, unjust words touched me because I am a Spiritualist, but from the fact that a person who has had the serious experience you hav just passed through with fanatics and bigots in New Jersey would turn around and hurl his barbed shafts of ridicule and sarcasm at a large class of people who are just as honest and conscientious in their lives as you are, and who, when you were in trouble, gave you sympathy, and more, material aid. It seems to me it would be much better policy for us as reformers to stand shoulder to shoulder and back to back, our weapons pointed at our common enemy, ignorance and superstition, instead of, like a blind, vicious mule, kicking without rhyme or reason because 'tis our nature to kick, often hurting our best friends.

Surely your opportunities for studying different grades of Spiritualists must hav been limited, or you could not hav dumped us without reservation into such an indiscriminate "soft-brained" mass; from which I beg leave to crawl, but after I get out I shall not turn and throw dirt into some of my friends' faces because our brains did not happen to be cast in the same mold, or, if they were, hav been touched by the sunshine and shadow of different forces and conditions, and truth has assumed for them, as it does for us all, the form it must.

I most earnestly protest against being classed among that class of Spiritualists or Materialists (and no ist or ism has a monopoly of either "insanity" or fanaticism) who believe in legislating morality or anything else into humanity. I but voice the sentiments of thousands when I say that our belief in immortality makes us better able to cope with the vicissitudes and problems of life. Our aim, like your own, is to try to make the world a little better for our having lived in it. Personally, I liv for this world. I hav never had any use for lawyer, preacher, or doctor in my life; I hav no god but nature, no savior but myself. What fault hav you to find with my creed? I trust you will not resent being so familiarly addressed by one of those poor, deluded creatures upon whom you so freely poured out your pity and contempt. I assure you I do not need either. I would like to think that in the near future you will grow to see that your words to which I refer were unkind and uncalled-for from one who is a champion of toleration, free thought, and free speech. Respectfully your friend, M. M. REED.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., April 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: O. S. Barrett announces himself as a disabled soldier. On this ground, but not otherwise, his letter about the Anarchists is entitled to respectful reading. There is a bee in Barrett's bonnet. Anarchists, he says, are thieves, murderers, robbers, non-workers, a bad element generally, without any honor or other feeling than for themselvs. When one is wounded the others tear and rend him. They believe in the big dog chewing the little dog. Anarchy is something for nothing. They know no moral principles. They are strangers to conscience. Blood, rapine, and plunder is their motto. They are cowards, too, take a secret course, cannot be trusted, are treacherous. I hav not exhausted Barrett's vocabulary, but I respect your space. How does Mr. Barrett know all this? How many Anarchists is he acquainted with? Was it cowardice or want of feeling for any but himself which made the brave Parsons return to Chicago and giv himself up to be hanged with his comrades? Where are the Anarchists who helped to tear and rend him? Was it a secret course to publish the *Alarm* in Chicago? Does the man who bids mortal defiance to our overgrown corporations and the powerful government which they control appear to believe in the big dog chewing the little dog? About all collateral questions Mr. Barrett shows himself either much wiser than many well-informed people, or else unusually ignorant. He says there are plenty of broad acres to be had for the occupancy. Will he please state where? He must hav been asleep for five-and-twenty years. He can see no reason for any trouble in this liberal country. Heywood, Walker, Harman, Lant, Bennett, could. He is sure the Anarchists had an impartial trial. Trumbull, McAllister, Butler, Ingersoll, all lawyers of some eminence, thought differently. But there is one easy explanation of Mr. Barrett's superior information. He reads the *Freethinkers' Magazine!* C. L. JAMES.

CALVERT, TEX., April 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: For the last eight or ten days our little community has been considerably stirred up by a novel and arrogant Baptist revivalist, whose egotistical claim consists in an assumed knowledge that very few, if any at all, of the old Baptists in the world hav any rightful claim to Christianity, because they hav never been baptized in conformity with the teachings of Christ. He warns them to be so baptized without further delay, otherwise their chances to a seat on the heavenly throne will be very hotly contested; and the result of this new discovery has created a perfect consternation among this saintly flock. Men, women, and children against whose claims to Christianity doubting Thomases would hav fared badly are again offering themselvs on the borders of the saintly fount, each claiming precedence for a plunge in its troubled water, lest he be too late to avoid the awful crisis. Wives, whose husbands hav not entirely recovered from this surprise, are found seeking immediate salvation at the hands of this unexpected vicegerent of God, the husband asking in unmistakable tones: "Is it true that my wife has always been on the brink of hell? Is it true that my dear wife, whose Christian claims hav never been questioned, is now found to be ranked among those for whom the fires of damnation are already kindled? May God hav mercy upon us all!"

Such, however, is the teaching of this innovator, and I assure you that his converts are numbered by the scores, and promis to continue till the entire flock is washed anew. A man with such influence over an intelligent people one would naturally suppose was possessed of great brain power and unqualified ability, yet I positivly declare him to be ignorant, self-contradictory, and entirely void of any talent necessary to constitute an ordinary cross-roads preacher. O religion! thou art a jewel!

Liberals are scarce here. Among three thousand souls can be numbered three Liberals, all told. Thus you see churches hav full sway here, and were it not for the constant fight continually waging among themselvs our little number would not last long. But our safety rests in their continual warfare, they thus getting no time to fight Infidelity.

L. A. BERGERON.

NEW CAMBRIA, KAN., March 24, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been up and made a nine weeks' stay with the Concordia folks, canvassing for books, and I hav proof positiv that Mr. J. M. Hagaman has done some valiant work, for when I come in contact with the pious they set up a howl grievous to be heard against the "old man"—his name being among the number that headed my list. And I am sorry to say that some of the Liberals of the place had fallen into the same habit, so I made up my mind I was going to see what terrible thing the "old man" had done. So after that, when they began to tell what a mean man Brother Hagaman was, I would say: "What has he done? Come, tell us all about it." They would begin to stutter and say, "W-h-y, he opposes our church." "Is that all?" "W-h-y, I can't say but what he is a good neighbor and citizen." I said in reply: "Now, you do Mr. Hagaman a very great injustice by leading strangers in your town to believe he is 'an awful wicked man,' when your very next expression upsets your first allegation, which had nothing but assertion for its foundation, and had I been content with your bare statement, it would hav left a bad impression as to Mr. Hagaman, and also would not hav left you in the category of convicting yourself out of your own mouth of a slanderous charge against the character of a citizen, estimable, as you hav already confessed. If a good neighbor and citizen doesn't constitute a good person, pray, what does? The fact is, because Mr. Hagaman has been true to his convictions and opposed the doctrins of your church, which he has a perfect right to do, you hav willfully slandered him."

This is not written in vindication of Mr. Hagaman, but to warn Liberals to be careful how they fall into the habit of denouncing anyone because somebody else has done so. Always investigate first, or hold your tongue. It is also written to show how unprincipled some Christians are.

I did not fail to try and do some work for the old standard-bearer THE TRUTH SEEKER. When I left I had a club of three willing to take it a year, and as there was a fair prospect of getting more, I left the work in the hands of a Mr. Scott.

JOHN W. ABBOTT.

BARRE, MASS., April 23, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to express my unqualified approbation of Major Powell's address on "Evolution in Civilized Man," in your last issue; and also return thanks to the Editor for the pleasure of its perusal.

I cannot forbear particularizing one very fine point on page 246, second column, where the lecturer introduces the marriage institution as a proof that "the highest civilization is reached where man marries the woman of his choice on the sole condition that he is the man of her choice, and where the man must hav but one wife, and the woman but one husband, and the twain are one in love, in purpose, and in law."

The lecturer also shows that the lower evolutions between the sexes, where man fought with man for possession of the female, each tended to elevate him, and the relation of the sexes, into this higher civilization; also, "the way from communal marriage to monogamy and personal choice is very long, but every step in it has been taken by man in his endeavor to secure greater happiness."

Such views as the above, Mr. Editor, are elevating, because truthful, practical, and beneficent in their results on individuals and to communities.

"Nature was ever a deceiver and a cheat," says Major Powell. True, alas, too true, and yet many of our Liberals are ever lauding "good old Mother Nature," as if she did not produce all the devastations and was not responsible for all the evils Christians ascribe to their God.

Permit me, farther, to call attention to T. E. Longshore's article, "Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." The idea, though not new, that Christ was an inward principle—truth—not a person, I consider strictly correct. "Christ *in* you, the hope of glory" (Col. i, 27). This Christ within was to be the savior, not a *person* outside, a man or God, through an atoning sacrifice. So was the Holy Ghost, the Holy Spirit, a condition of the mind, not a person. But thus has priestcraft perverted all truth for the sake of filthy lucre, power, and preferment.

The author of "Spiritology," in the same issue—April 21st—inquires, "What kind of truth seekers are they who refuse to investigate spirit phenomena, and close their eyes, ears, and reason to this knowledge of spirit life?" He then goes on to answer his own question by saying, "Any Materialist who refuses to investigate this science of Spiritology is very much like the pious Christian who refuses to see the self-contradictions, the sanction of vice and crime, and the unscientific teachings in his sacred book."

Mr. Willis must not infer that all who do not believe, or "know," as he affirms he does, "refuse" to investigate Spiritology. As for myself, I hav had this wonderful phenomena accompany me all my life, and, since 1851, hav been subject to nearly every phase of genuin so-called modern mediumship; and yct I am an unbeliever in its spirit origin. But it is not because I am ignorant of its nature, for it has invested me all my life, as before stated, and, as I am never entranced, I claim to hav investigated it, somewhat, in the last thirty-seven years. Now, may not many truth seekers and Materialists hav investigated as honestly as I hav and failed to come into the "knowledge" of which Mr. Willis boasts?

ELLA E. GIBSON.

BOND, KAN., March 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1 for Voltaire's "Romances." I hav not been a subscriber very long yet, but I expect in a short time to send in a small club. I hav found your paper to be both instructiv and interesting reading. Heston's cartoons are excellent object-lessons.

C. B. Reynolds descended on a portion of Kansas at the same time that a full-grown blizzard made itself known. The former left the state and turned it over to the blizzards and the preachers on condition that they raise enough hell-fire to the surface to make it comfortably warm for him when he makes his return trip. No, Mr. Reynolds, Kansas is not a barren desert, but a rich and fertil prairie.

In your issue of March 10th Mr. N. D. Goodell, of Sacramento, Cal., is surprised that so much sympathy is expressed for the poor, deluded Anarchists that were hanged in Chicago, and he feels a stigma on his character because some of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER hav been allowed to express their views in regard to the unjust and defiant position taken by the Illinois courts. Does Mr. Goodell not know that the Illinois courts did not claim that the men who were hanged threw the bomb or knew who threw the bomb? If they did not throw or know who threw the bomb, then they could not hav been hanged for murder or for being parties to a murder. If they were not hanged for murder, which they were not, then they were hanged for expressing their opinions in public, and if hanging does not put a throttle on free speech, then what does? And yet Mr. Goodell says that we hav free speech, if we keep within the limits of the law. The fact that there is limit is proof enough that speech is not absolutely free. All the monarchies in Europe can say as much, even Russia. Mr. Goodell says that those men were Anarchists, and that Anarchy means, to destroy all laws and government. I am not an Anarchist, and do not positivly know what their theories are, but as nearly as I can make out extracts of their code, they believe in a perfect brotherhood connected by ties of blood, and that a government should rule by love instead of force. These doctrins are not bad because they are impracticable under the present civilization. Mr. Goodell says that there is not one man out of a thousand that has a capacity for business, and he wants to know how all can be equally rich. In regard to this I will say that, this being a government of the people, we should enact laws to protect the thousand who hav no business capacity from becoming victims to the one who has a business capacity.

Mr. Goodell cites the five men who formed a corporation with a capital of $300,000 to build the Central Pacific railroad, and says that their business capacity was the secret of their success. He wants to know: "Where is the Anarchist that will say that these men should be put down and their property destroyed, even though they are worth from ten to twenty millions each?" Let us see about it. These men started out twenty-five years ago with $300,000. The interest on this for twenty-five years at twelve per cent would be only $900,000; and this is too high, according to Ingersoll. He says no legitimate business will pay ten per cent on capital invested, except love. Allowing them a salary of $25,000 a year each, which will make a sum of $3,125,000 more, we see that if these men had been engaged in a legitimate business, they would not hav been worth more than $4,025,000 to-day, instead of $75,000,000; which shows that these men hav got over $70,000,000 of the people's money. And yet he advises them to be prudent in their expenditure. The question is, if the law protects one who is physically weak against a big, robust bully, why should not the law protect one who is financially weak against the big financial bully who seeks to destroy him?

F. O. HELLSTROM.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: With your permission, I will make a brief reply to Mrs. H. A. Ritchey's letter which appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 31st.

She asks: "Why should an unintelligent nature decree that, whereas the law is everywhere else universal that cold contracts and heat expands, in water this law should be reversed and cold be made to expand?"

On page 116 of the Humboldt Library (No. 2), Professor Tyndall, in commenting upon what Count Rumford has to say upon "design in nature," says: "We are here warned of the fact, which is too often forgotten, that the pleasure or comfort of a belief, or the warmth and exaltation of feeling which it produces, is no guarantee of its truth. For the whole of Count Rumford's delight and enthusiasm in connection with this subject, and the whole of his ire against those who did not share his opinions, were founded upon an erroneous notion.

"Water is not a solitary exception to an otherwise general law. There are other molecules than those of this liquid which require more room in the solid crystalline state than in the adjacent molten condition. Iron is a case in point. Solid iron floats upon molten iron exactly as ice floats upon water. Bismuth is a still more impressiv case, and we could shiver a bomb as certainly by the solidification of bismuth as by that of water."

On page 92 the professor says: "It is worth pausing to think what wonderful work is going on in the atmosphere during the formation and descent of every snow-shower! What building power is brought into play, and how imperfect seem the productions of human minds and hands when compared with those formed by the blind forces of nature! But who ventures to call the forces of nature blind? In reality, when we speak thus we are describing our own condition. The blindness is ours. But while we thus acknowledge our limits, there is also reason for wonder at the extent to which science has mastered the system of nature. From age to age, and from generation to generation, fact has been added to fact, and law to law, the true method and order of the universe being thereby more and more revealed. In doing this science has encountered and overthrown various forms of superstition and deceit, of credulity and imposture."

In relation to the laws of inheritance and variation of which Mrs. Ritchey speaks, I will say that they hav not ceased to be; they are in full force and operation to-day, and man has been able to detect them to quite an extent. All geologists and those who hav read geology without prejudice admit that vast changes hav taken place upon the surface of this earth since life began. Mrs. Ritchey also says that geologists hav calculated that this earth has not been in a fit state for plants and animals long enough for this hypothetical system of evolution to accomplish its work of development. Professor Huxley in speaking upon this subject says: "It is a matter of fact that the equine forms which I hav described to you occur in the order stated, in the Tertiary formations. But I hav not the slightest means of guessing whether it took a million of years, or ten millions, or a hundred millions, or a thousand millions of years to giv rise to that series of changes. The geologist, considering the rate at which deposits are formed and the rate at which denudation goes on upon the surface of the earth, arrives at more or less justifiable conclusions as to the time which is required for a deposit of a certain thickness of rock, and if he tells me that the Tertiary formations required five hundred millions of years for their deposit, I suppose he has good ground for what he says; and I take that as a measure of the duration of the evolution of the horse from the *Orohippus* up to its present condition. And, if he is right, undoubtedly evolution is a very slow process." He also says that by select breeding structural differences in animals can be produced, as great as those in distinct species. Several kinds of doves, a new kind of dog in England, and the Jersey cow hav all been produced during the historic period. Everything is undergoing continual change; nothing has an absolute existence.

Tyndall says that "life and the conditions of life are in necessary harmony." Two species of animals, the great Irish elk and the dodo, hav disappeared during the historic period; wonder if God is displeased about it; think he will recreate them?

LYMAN SMITH.

EAST RANDOLPH, N. Y., March 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Through the kindness of Mr. O. H. Burt, of this "city between the hills," where two white-necktied shepherds are engaged to watch over the spiritual welfare of their meager flocks, I had the good fortune to be loaned THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I can assure you I enjoyed the intellectual treat tremendously. It was rather amusing to see how some of your able letter-writers handled the white-winged paupers of the skies with gloves off. I hav often listened to Bible-bangers who, with an eloquence equal to a fog-horn, state "that civilization is due to the Bible and the church." But every student of history knows they lie when they make such an unwarrauted statement. The right climate and soil hav had more to do with "civilization" than all the preachers living and dead. We hav often heard "that those nations which hav had the Bible were refined, civilized, and learned." Look at the Egyptian cities; look at Greece, see the proud position she attained to.

Do not forget the fact that it is less than three hundred years since Christianity compelled woman to sell her virtue. Wives in England were bought from the fifth to the eleventh century. "Civilization"—bah! In England as late as the seventeenth century husbands whipped their wives. "Gentlemen" thought it a pleasure to witness the flogging of women at Bridewell. It was not until 1817 that the public whipping of women was abolished in England—where John L. Sullivan got "thumped" a few days ago.

The forced degradation of woman was made a revenue to the church—"Christianity began woman's degradation." Please read Lecky's "History of European Morals." Henry III., bishop of Liege, boasted at a public banquet that in twenty-two months he had fourteen children born to him. One hundred thousand women in England were made dissolute by the clergy (Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe"). Great "civilization," eh?

It is very queer that after the women find out that the church has been their worst enemy, they countenance it, yet seven-eighths of her members are women. Every dollar paid to support lazy sky-pilots degrades women; every cent you invest in "another world" is lost; every moment you spend mooning about heaven and its angels with harps is time lost forever. Attend to business here; we cannot do justice to two worlds at the same time.

Easter Sunday, two choirs and Hall's full orchestra charmed the ears of a large audience in this place at the Union church. Rev. J. J. Hancock was the "biggest cock" of the occasion. "A Visit to the Tomb of Christ," and "Life and Light Through the Resurrection," were his subjects morning and evening—and what the clergyman didn't know is past finding out. Yet, notwithstanding the attendance Sunday, the church and its members are dying of the dry rot, and the brainy members hav given the church the go by.

Do not talk to me about civilization! Shame on you, you should go and hide your head from the gaze of men. Your own history reveals your bloody deeds and awful wrongs committed. Justice is unknown to some of your Christian priests. Before our eyes arises the beautiful and learned Hypatia, dragged naked through the streets of Alexandria and foully murdered by priests. I see the flames enveloping the body of Bruno; Galileo we see crouched upon a dungeon floor; I listen to piteous groans of burning Servetus; and the cries of wives and children cause the sky to weep in sorrow and pity for the wrong done them. If you read "Romanism As It Is," by Rev. Samuel W. Barnum, you will be, I think, convinced that the Christian religion has caused more sorrow than joy. In 1481 298 "new Christians" were burnt alive in the city of Seville, 2,000 burnt in other parts of Andalusia, and 17,000 more subjected to various penalties. Civilization! Let us enter a dungeon, or rather sixty of them. Oh, what sights! Old men and women with their arms fastened tight behind them, weights to their feet; we see them drawn off the damp dungeon floor by means of a pulley; see them suspended for some time, suddenly let down with a jerk, dislocating their joints. This torture was continued just to please the Inquisitors as long as the strength of the sufferer seemed capable to endure. Beautiful girls, pure as light and as stainless as a star, are subjected to all the fiendish tortures a depraved mind can think of. A brisk fire awaits your darling girl. Who, with tender sympathies, can witness what she must suffer? We see her nude; see her stretched upon a cold, damp dungeon floor, her arms and limbs tied together; see the soles of her tender feet rubbed with lard and placed close to the fire; see her tormentors pour vitriol on her white arms; see it eating into her flesh; see her toe-nails pulled out with red-hot pincers, her golden hair pulled out by the roots, and into her bright brown eyes we see boiling lead poured. "Giv her more pain!" shouts a judge, who does not seem satisfied with the doom of his miserable victim. The poor girl, she is dead now! Her agony is ended, but the judges order her thrown into a hot caldron of tar; we see the flesh melt from her bones like snow on the lips of a volcano. Not content with their fiendish work, they order her now fleshless bones thrown into a pit of quicklime. O you fiends! you monsters of our race! you retarders of progress! Can you call this "civilization?" Colonel Lemanouski and his French troops destroyed the Inquisition near Madrid in 1809. He found decaying and decayed bodies still chained, the living, suffering, of every age and of both sexes, from the young man and maiden to those of threescore and ten years, all as naked as when they were born into the world, and the instruments of torture of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. Yet you talk about your "civilization."

R. R. JONES.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Win and Wear.

There's no royal road to greatness—
Men must ever climb to fame;
All the wealth in misers' coffers
Wouldn't buy a deathless name.
Is a noble goal before you?
Would you great achievements dare?
Brother, then be up and doing—
Brother! you must "Win and Wear."

Toil and labor—never stopping
Till you make the prize your own;
For you know 'tis constant dropping
Wears away the hardest stone.
Never slack sublime endeavor,
Nor 'midst cheerlessness despair;
If you'd rise above your fellows,
Brother! you must "Win and Wear."
'Tis the lesson Nature teaches
All throughout her wide domain,
And the text from which she preaches
Is "that labor leads to gain."
Moral worth and honest merit—
Better crowns than monarchs bear—
These you never can inherit—
Brother! these you "Win and Wear."

—*Investigator.*

That's Baby.

One little row of ten little toes,
To go along with a brand-new nose,
Eight new fingers and two new thumbs,
That are just as good as sugar-plums—
That's baby.

One little pair of round new eyes,
Like a little owl's, so old and wise—
One little place they call a mouth,
Without one tooth from north to south—
That's baby.

Two little cheeks to kiss all day,
Two little hands, so in his way,
A brand-new head, not very big,
That seems to need a brand-new wig—
That's baby.

Dear little row of ten little toes,
How much we love them nobody knows;
Ten little kisses on mouth and chin,
What a shame he wasn't a twin—
That's baby.

My Visit to India.

Alick went among his acquaintances, and had no difficulty in securing a number of pupils, all that he could receive. He was a good man and an excellent teacher. One day I visited this school, and was greatly interested. His specialty was astronomy, and he was forever talking of the stellar wonders. He knew the names of all the principal stars and constellations, and who named them. He had looked through the greatest telescope in the world, and he had been up in a balloon three times, though he had never gone so high as to reach a star—of course not. His scholars would sit almost breathless while he would relate his wonderful experiences looking through telescopes and sailing in balloons.

The boys undertook to make a balloon, and, if they did fail in the undertaking, they at least learned to handle tools, as well as the practice of patience and perseverance.

Alick called up a class of little boys, and put them through an exercise.

First, they repeated together this:

The world is round and like a ball—
Seems swinging in the air.
The sky extends around it all,
And stars are shining there.

Then questions were asked concerning planets, morning and evening stars, etc., all of which were answered promptly and correctly.

Like the governor, Alick was inclined to be superstitious, and adhered to many ancient customs, particularly the one relating to sneezing; and he taught his scholars to clap their hands and say, "God bless our noble master," whenever they heard him sneeze. This superstition marred the mind of an otherwise learned man, but the superstition was owing to his early training. This shows how important it is that children should be reared without superstitious fancies.

One day Alick took his scholars to see an old castle that once belonged to his grandfather; for his ancestors always had lived in that country. After they had viewed the ruins Alick told them there was one thing more he wanted to show them. Taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked a door that opened into a small room containing but one article—a large chest of fine workmanship. It was inlaid with many different kinds of wood, all in the Moorish design, for the Moors were the original owners of that chest. And the mosaic work consisted of gods, devils, gorgeous temples, and other fantastic and curious designs in arabesque style.

The old chest was a self-locking concern, with many springs and curious fastenings. While they were examining the old chest, Alick espied a sheet of paper lying at the bottom of the chest. He was short in stature, and while stooping to reach the paper, he lost his balance and fell into the chest. The fall made a great dust, and set him sneezing, which jarred the lid so violently that it fell down with a great bang. The boys were unable to lift the cover, for as it fell it fastened of its own accord. But when their master sneezed, they clapped their hands and cried with tears rolling down their cheeks, "God bless our noble master!" They tried and tried to raise the cover of that chest, but all in vain. Running to a window they chanced to see a man with an ax, and beckoned him to come. The stranger, with a well-directed blow, broke the lid, and let the daylight into the cavernous box. But, alas, it was too late! Alick was quite dead. There was great lamentation when the dead body of the teacher was taken to his home, for everyone liked the good teacher and quiet man and friend to everybody. Annie grieved so for her Uncle Alick that it was feared her health would be affected, and she was sent into the country with Tamsee, on a visit to her three lively cousins.

We had no idea how late it was while talking about my visit to India, but the children were wide awake and anxious to hear more.

"No," I said, "it would be dissipation to prolong this talk. We will retire, and continue our stories of India some other time."

Charley, Lottie, and Bertha thanked me for my kindness, and said, "Good night, Auntie—some other night you will tell us more about India, and what you saw there."

MIRIAM.

The Feast of the Dragon.

San Francisco had the pleasure, on the 23d and 24th of September last, to see a really grand procession, got up entirely by our Chinese residents. It was large, expensiv, gorgeous, and barbarous to the last degree, except that no special cruelty had any part therein. It was intended as an occasion of joy and feasting.

The legend of the occasion was that the great god of China, represented by the material form of a monster dragon, and seen on the national standard, is weary of his confinement in the temple, and must hav a view of his people and a temporary place of residence for one night. On Friday he went on his excursion, and on Saturday returned home for duty till next year.

The dragon, with a monstrous head, had the body and tail of a snake. It was at least sixty-five feet long, made up of wood, paper, brass, spangles, and silk of the most gaudy colors, and supported all along by men who were supposed to be out of sight, but took no pains to support that pleasant illusion.

This leading dragon was followed and supported by another, no less monstrous in appearance, but with a much shorter body. This was the offset to the other. While the first was kind, this was all fury and destruction. A stout warrior, well armed, was ever maintained at its head, to restrain it from wholesale mischief. His prowess, however, always proved equal to the occasion, and no reckless spectator was devoured.

Otherwise the procession had many of the features of our own. There were soldiers, princes, nobles, priests, and fairies. Several lesser divinities were carried in state. Banners abounded, and Chinese bands of what they called music.

To the casual San Franciscan it was all very fine, but very foolish, though there were those who were so intensely anti-celestial as to put these words in another shape, and pronounce it all very foolish and not very fine. It was indeed the barbarism of early dawn of invention before the severest critics of a matured civilization. California is solid, practical, and real, and takes little delight in tinseled gewgaws. It is not capable of being horrified by monsters of paint and paper. Herein our Chinese entertainers were greatly chagrined at the utter failure of all their efforts to inspire fear. When the monsters opened their huge jaws, even our women were more intent on discerning some new kind of trimming for a bonnet than paralyzed by that fierce cavern. To the ordinary observer it was just a thing of beauty that, like a summer flower, fades and is gone forever. But to the scholar, the historian, the antiquary, and the naturalist there was more in this procession than what presented itself to the casual observer. It was a peep at the cradle of human society. These unprogressiv children of Asia, in their simplicity, paraded before us many of the germs of our greatest institutions. We hav modified them, strained them a little to our own taste and purpose, but in that procession we saw the original germ and recognized it at once. China is at the head of the stream of human civilization. None of these chattels has floated up-stream to her. Wherever there is a faint likeness she was the teacher. The fable of the wolf and the lamb illustrates this most beautifully. The lamb, drinking below, could not soil the stream above. So the nations who come after China could not hav given her these fantasies. She gave them to those down-stream. She was the teacher. Whatever was in these mummeries that is like unto our own we got from her. We find their origin in this procession.

Let San Francisco trace its pedigree as a city back through the ages, and it will be found to settle back to China or to that neighborhood. It will read thus: New York, London, Paris, Rome, Greece, Persia, India, and China. China was the first to hav a great monarchy that we know anything about. It was the first to hav a church. In the court there the fashion of dress, the attendant halberdiers, the priests, the form of obeisance before the throne, were all well settled long before our modern civilization had its dawn. The emperor was absolute, and the obeisance profound. The same forms found their way westward. They were modified by a more free and sturdy race. In China they break their noses on the floor. In Iudia they do little less. In Persia the form tapers a little. The manly Greek went on both knees. The Roman much the same. In France and England one knee filled the bill. In Washington a respectful bow is all that the sovereign citizen deigns to giv the president. But it is all, the whole court, its dress, appurtenances, and manners, almost a servil copy of the Chinese.

In church matters the likeness is even more striking. The priests in that procession had imitation metallic breastplates and flowing somber robes. In the joss-house lights and incense burn perpetually. The form of worship is the same—to kneel, to bow, to join the hands with the tips of the fingers up. The images, the altars, are almost an exact copy. Our Protestant churches hav stepped well away from the ancient Chinese forms, but still the germs are there.

The tinkling cymbal, the conch-shell, and the ram's-horn by which the walls of Jericho were blown down were in that procession. And the celestial musician blew as though he thought our San Francisco might yield in the same way.

Our old men and women will remember the time when the morning milkman came with his yoke over his shoulder and his two buckets of milk. The original type was in that procession; not copied from ours, but on a Chinese pattern, manifestly original with them.

Those who hav seen the procession of the lord mayor of London, with the figures of Gog and Magog, in a moment recognized this Chinese procession as its original. Gog is the dragon, and Magog the lesser and evil spirit that is fought at every step by an intrepid warrior.

Nay, St. George himself, the patron saint of England, is only this same warrior, mounted on a good English steed, who kills the dragon outright.

An aged Chinaman, after all had gone by, said to us: "Plenty fool Chinaman! China got two kinds of people. One kind fight that dragon of paper and think he all right. He got no sense. The other he fight the dragon of sin and injustice. He plenty understand. The first he follow Con-fut-see. He talk riddle, paradox, metaphor. He plenty foolee all men. He say, 'You no think! You workee and obey.' This good for all poor men; make him easy to rule. The other, he follow I-am-see. He speak fact; no more. He teach men to govern. 'I-am,' that mean what is, what is true, what is fact. China wise man follow I-am. 'See,' is truth. 'I-am-see,' means I am truth. 'Con-fut-see,' means to mix truth with figures and fables. Con-fut-see (you call him Confucius) said the people were foolish and must not be made wise. The emperor like him, and call him great man, and the coolie worship him. But I-am-see is better, greater, and will in the end be greatest."

So there is wisdom in China. There are those who regard these mummeries as sacred things, and there are others who see them as they are. We who hav sipped at all these fountains of progress of Persia, Greece, Rome, England, and our western States smile at the foibles of old China, though still some dregs remain in our own customs.

We are destined to carry the flag of progress across the Pacific and enlist the cradle of civilization in the march.

Correspondence.

WATERLOO, IND., April 13, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a little boy eight years old. We liv in town, but papa bought a farm one mile from town. We hav a nice horse; his name is Ben. We hav two cows and one little calf. We hav forty-eight big chickens, and a lot of little chickens. I hav two sisters, one named Hattie and one named Gracie. Gracie and I go to school. I study arithmetic, spelling, reading, and writing. My teacher's name is Eva Thomas. Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and he reads the Children's Corner to me. I like to hear it. I like to look at the pictures in it. I guess I will close. From a little Freethinker,

FRANK SALTSMAN.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., April 13, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am twelve years old, and hav a little sister of ten. Our mamma died when we were little girls. My sister, pa, and I kept house in Neligh, Nebraska, last winter, and my sister and I went to school. I was in the fourth room; studied reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, singing, grammar, and drawing. My teacher was Miss Jessie Comstock. My aunt, Mary B. Finch, takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. And I like to read the Children's Corner very much.

I will close now, hoping to see this letter in print, it being my first one.

Your friend, IVA ESTELLA BAIRD.

BOWLING GREEN, O., April 6, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I take the pleasure of writing to the Corner for the first time. We had a nice shower last night, and everything looks very nice to-day, it made the grass look so green. Our school is out now, and we are having a nice time making maple sugar. We hav plenty of natural gas in our town. We furnish the factories with natural gas. We hav five glass factories and one rolling mill. The town has about five thousand inhabitants. I read the Corner every week. I hav lots of fun over Mr. Heston's pictures. I can hardly wait till Saturday night to see the pictures and read the Corner. I took lots of pleasure reading Mr. Peck's letter to the little children, and hope to see another in the Corner from him. We had twelve little chickens hatch out the first of March. We hav two little pet lambs.

I will close, hoping to see my letter in print, this being my first attempt to write.

I remain, Your sincere friend,

MYRTLE ELLIOTT (aged twelve).

TULARE CO., CAL., March 21, 288.

MISS S. H. WIXON: In the interest of the Children's Corner please find inclosed a clipping from the Pacific *Rural Press*, "The Feast of the Dragon," to copy, or from which to write an essay for the Corner. The article is remarkable for the amount of religious history condeused in so small a space, and its acute portrayal of the religious customs and their evolutionary origin.

In this celestial dragon we see the Fenris wolf described by Hesiod, and the Midgard serpent in its giant rage to reach the land, all symbolical of some great event in the world's history, and, with the Christian serpent of paradise, the devil, having one common origin (to wit, Ragnarok).

With a profound appreciation of your kindness to the children through the Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I remain,

Most respectfully, the old wood-chopper,

T. J. CONLEY.

[We are greatly obliged to our friend for the clipping, which we place before the readers of the Corner with pleasure.—ED. C. C.]

FITCHVILLE, O., April 13, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Mr. Peck asked the little boys and girls to write to him, but I don't know where his post-office is. We hav not had THE TRUTH SEEKER long. A kind lady sends it to mamma. I like to read the letters. My brother has been studying physics this winter, and he and I hav experimented some in electricity. I will write some of the experiments so the little folks can try them.

Take a sheet of paper and a board about the same size. Heat both till they are thoroughly dry. While hot lay the paper on the board and rub it with a piece of rubber. The paper and board will cling together. You can electrify the paper by heating it and drawing it under your arm if you hav on a woolen coat, then hold the paper over a person's head if you want to see his hair stand on end. The paper will cling to the wall when thrown against it. There are a great many novel experiments, but I am afraid my letter will be too long if I write any more. I am twelve years old. I wish some of the children would write to me. We liv on a farm. We hav been making maple sugar. I would like to send all of you some in a letter. Brother J. and I went a-fishing last Sunday; we pulled out some big bass, if it was Sunday. We think it is more fun than to go to Sunday-school; but the Badger boy gets some fun out of it, it seems.

BERTIE MARTIN.

[Mr. Peck's address is Naples, N. Y.—ED. C. C.]

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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**** *Col. Ingersoll's reply to Mr. Gladstone will probably appear in the June number of the "Review."*

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Cain's Wife.

Where did he get her?
Who was her brother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a mother?
Was she pre-Adamic—
Born before history—
With her identity
Shrouded in mystery?
Maid of Phœnicia,
Egypt, Arabia,
Africa, India,
Or sun-kissed Suabia?
Who was her father?
Was he a viking,
Cruising about
Just to his liking;
Out of the Whenceness,
Over the water,
Into the Where,
Bringing his daughter?
Nativ of Norway,
Denmark or Sweden?
Lured by the charms
Of the garden of Eden?
Blonde or brunet?
Rounded or slender?
Fiery or frigid?
Haughty or tender?
Why are her graces
Unknown to fame?
Where did Cain meet her?
What was her name?
Whisper it softly—
Say, can it be
The lady we seek
Was R. Haggard's "She?"

Tell me, ye sages,
Students of life,
Answer my query:
Who was Cain's wife?

—*Sam T. Clover in Chicago News.*

Enoch.

In looking through the Holy Queer, you are liable to run across the following mysterious and startling piece of information concerning a party who lived and moved and had his being in antediluvial days, prior to the settlement of Boston and the organization of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, dispute it as the Bostonese may:

"And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him!"

Now, if this is not a paralyzer, what sort of an announcement would be? The first time I read this sentence I was affected as though by an electric shock; the second reading plunged me into a state of coma from which I was relieved only by the opportune arrival of a bottle of "Old Crow," and when I passed to a third reading, Macbeth would not hav remarked, as he did to Banquo's ghost, "There's no speculation in thine eyes," for eyes and head were running over with it, and I hav been "speculating" ever since with regard to that startling and awe-inspiring statement!

"And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him!" Great Jones! if this isn't a caution to the unwary, I don't know what would be. Most assuredly, for one, I am not going to take any chances of being "took" in this unceremonious manner, and don't you forget it! Great Cæsar! suppose a fellow were on the way to a progressiv poker party, and, happening to "walk with God" a piece, should very suddenly be not, God having "took him!" Why, it is enough to make one shake in his boots, his eyes like billiard balls to bulge from their sockets, his each particular hair to stand like bristles on a wild boar's back, and—and—well, all that sort of thing, you know. This is how I looked at it, understand, before formulating a theory in regard to the matter.

"Enoch walked with God," that is, he was a henchman ever found in the ranks of the Solid Muldoons of Faith, God's body guard on earth, and an organization that never patronized brass Jahvehs and other palpable and portable abominations. "And he was not; for God took him." This is all plain enough now, according to my theory. It was simply this: God found, after walking with Enoch three hundred years—this was the length of time, according to a previous portion of the very succinct history of Enoch—that he was altogether too good for this earth, and so "took him" on the spur of the moment, as it were, and, presumably, to Blissville.

It is to be regretted that this startling piece of information was sawed off so abruptly, leaving us really in the dark as to where he "took him." This was not so in Elijah's case, and why in Enoch's? But there, the inference, really a certainty, is, that he "took him" up to Blissville! Where else would he take him, after that "three hundred years' walk?" He wasn't taking people "out," like one friend does another at the theater, between the acts; and the presumption, amounting to certainty, is, that he "took him" to his own place, probably putting him in a glass case to keep him from the dust, and immaculate!

Oh, this most unsatisfactory account of a most remarkable and hair-curling event! "God took him!" Admitted, but how? We all know of the dramatic brilliancy of the "taking" of Elijah, but how, oh, how was Enoch "took?" Had there been a chariot and horses of fire, mention never would hav been omitted, I feel certain. Such a spectacle is too novel, too brilliant, too dramatic, and too sensational, not to say too amazing, to let go by default of mention. No, Enoch was not "took" to Blissville by this mode of conveyance, I feel confident. The probability is that God collared him on the fly, whistled for cherubims for two, in a batter of cloud, as it were, when he and his prize were whisked away through the circumambient like a pair of chickens on the bosom of a wild cyclone!

Whether or not there were any spectators of this marvelous and awe-compelling occurrence, the Holy Queer does not state. None was needed to vouch for the truth of it, as the "inspired" scribe who mentioned it penned from dictation or an "inspiration" that compelled him to pen cold facts! But if there were spectators—and the governor of Blissville dearly loved to show his hand at the superhuman—how their eyes must hav bulged, their teeth chattered, their knees knocked—oh, I guess yes—and the probability is they went prone to the dust under the burden of a great and exceeding fear, no two of them being able to tell the same story of the affair after they recovered.

But this is immaterial; what exercises me is why, Enoch being, presumably, the one prime pomegranate of purity and perfection, ripely righteous and righteously ripe, and altogether worthy of being "took" by God, an extraordinary and most unusual proceeding, we were not favored with a much more extended account of his holy "walk," which must hav been square heel and toe, with never a skip or a shuffle! A mortal who "walked with God three hundred years" was certainly worthy of something more comprehensiv, fitting, and luminous than the brief, ghostly, obscure, lean, lank, starved statement that he "walked with God, and he was not; for God took him"—a mere morsel of mystery, in fact, a miserly measure of mention such as no fair to middling mortal would be content to make anent a "yaller dog," unless the tawny canine belonged to a neighbor not particularly esteemed.

Why was Enoch honored so muchly more in the breach than in the observance of mention? Why was this indubitably truly good man shunted to the narrow-gage siding of obscurity, and Elijah given a long run on the broad-gage track of prominence? I think I hav it. Enoch was, probably, a peacefully pious partisan of the Lord; a deacon, a passer of the plate, a powerful prayer of prayers, a Sunday-school superintendent, etc., and never patronized the wicked theater, or slipped round through the slums on the sly in search of salad for the sinful soul! That was the kind of pokeberry pious Enoch was, undoubtedly, while Elijah was a pushing, prodding, highly pyrotechnical partisan of the Lord, who made things terrifically torrid for the brass god constituency, greatly to the gratification of the God of A., I., and J., who counseled heroic treatment in the false god disease. That was the kind of sky-rocket Elijah was, and so, being a man right after the Lord's own heart, he not only received much mention in the Holy Queer, but was pyrotechnically "took" to Blissville, and not in a mysterious way borne off!

Right here a conundrum opens up to me: Was Enoch a bigger man than Abraham? I mean on the righteous lay, of course. I should hope he did lay over the latter, for he was a beat and a sharp. Now, all three of these parties were especial pets of the Lord, yet not one of them was "took" to Blissville by his patron; neither did the Lord ever drop a word on which either could build hopes of a future life in elysium, much less promis anything of the kind. The very best he had to offer either, when trailing him to and fro and up and down the earth, was that he should liv to a good old age and sleep with his fathers! Now, if these three solid Muldoons were allowed to "perish as the beasts perish," what sort of sanctified symphony must Enoch hav been on that momentous day—to him—when "God took him?" Why, he must hav been a sort of human "holy ghost," as it were, and nothing shorter! As for A., I., and J.—father, son, and grandson—why, everybody *knows* they are roaming the elysian fields, and so it must be that God, keeping dark while having to do with them on earth, intended for the favorit trio a surprise party after death! I can't account for his reticence, while dealing with them here, in any other way.

But our friend Enoch: As I hav intimated, he must hav been a holy terror of holiness, with no rebate! And yet what do we know of his record? Nothing or next to nothing! Beyond the bare, bald statement that he "walked with God three hundred years [this was an awful long walk and one that puts Weston to the blush], and he was not, for God took him," we know nothing! Hold—there was one other thing worth mentioning, perhaps: He was the sire of one who lived to the greatest age known—Methuselah—and it was after the birth of this destined-to-be long-lived son that he took the long "walk with God," meanwhile, however, begetting other sons and daughters, of no account, probably, their names not being given. Yes, Enoch was the sire—dam unknown—of that old stager, Methuselah, who knocked out of time 969 years before sleeping with his fathers, according to the record!

Well, perhaps it would be superfluous to say anything more of a man than that he was the sire of one who got away with nearly a thousand years before passing in his checks—perhaps, I don't know. Anyhow, that is all the record Enoch gets, beyond the barebacked statement that he "walked with God three hundred years, and he was not; for God took him!" Selah!

SI SLOKUM.

Religious Personalities.

Mrs. Mary E. Rawson, of Emporia, Kan., is in the insane asylum, a victim of religious excitement.

Adam Saurs and Mrs. Wm. Stahl, of Fostoria, O., who became insane recently over religious excitement, are both dead.

The Rev. Dr. Winfield, editor of the Arkansas *Methodist*, has had to pay $1,500 and costs of a suit for indulging his slanderous propensities in a libel on Dr. Robinson, of Morrillton, Ark.

Rev. Moffett Neill, Presbyterian of Hayesville, O., languishes in jail because he ran away with the wife of the man with whom he boarded, after making love to and committing adultery with her.

The elevating influence of Christianity failed to keep A. B. Downs, the leading church-member and Sunday-school superintendent at Irvinton, Ill., from burglarizing W. P. Cooper's dry goods store.

Miss Ellen Thompson, of Salem, Ill., has given birth to child. The Rev. Charles L. Dillman, of Odin Christian church, a successful revivalist and skilful church-business man, is alleged to be responsible.

At Hamburg, Germany, Pastor Wannak, the head of a refuge for fallen women, has been arrested for converting the refuge into a harem and filling it with debauchery. Other directors of the refuge are implicated.

Charles Tierson, Hamburg, Ia., recently shot dead two men who were stealing his hogs. Strange to state, deceased are found to be prominent evangelists who hav been conducting a series of revival meetings.

Continual contact with the obscene literature from which he had to preach Sundays has ruined the morals of Rev. William Lord, West Creek, N. J., and he is accused of assaulting a young lady in the parsonage.

Rev. R. Wallace, Chillicothe, O., seems to hav been reading his Old Testament too closely. Starting hotly off in Solomon's track and engaging himself to three fair sisters at once, he has had to be suspended from the ministry.

Rev. J. W. Ashman, of Emanuel Protestant Episcopal church, of Detroit, Mich., admits that he "absorbed unconsciously the language and ideas" of another preacher, and put them forth as his own. He is on trial before his vestry.

William H. Sumner is the name of a zealot who insisted on practicing Bible morals in Housatonic, Mass. Though a prominent churchman and leader of the choir, he had to leave town after being caught in a compromising situation with Mrs. Maria L. Brown.

When we get Christianity made "the supreme law of the land" Deacon M. R. Mitchell, of Topeka, Kan., may justify himself from the Bible in seducing a widow of his church. At present secular parties of that neighborhood are making it uncomfortable for him.

Many are they that trouble the Rev. P. H. Melville, of Dublin: they increase that rise up against him: they prepare against him the instruments of death. This means that he has been beaten twice for insulting ladies, and shot at for seducing the daughter of Capt. John J. Dunne.

Mr. F. H. Parker, the most fervent exhorter in the Castellar Methodist church of Omaha, has been missing for some months, together with some $900 of church funds. Mrs. Maclede mourns his loss as a bogus husband, and also because he took all her jewelry with him.

J. P. Phillips has long been superintendent of the South-side Baptist Sunday-school at Milwaukee, and enjoyed high consideration among the church folks. The consideration has not been enjoyed so much since he made a dishonest failure, raised all possible money and left for Canada.

Rev. Wm. Thomas Abbott West, of Chesterton, Ind., abandoned his family to run away with a girl he had seduced, begged piteously to get back and was forgiven and received by his wife, and again ran away with the girl and poisoned her. Men are scouring the woods for him.

The ecclesiastical trial of Rev. Howard T. Widdemer, of the Protestant Episcopal church of Philadelphia, began in earnest on the 18th ult. The charges against Mr. Widdemer accuse him of immorality and violation of the canon of the church entitled, "Of Marriage and Divorce."

The Rev. Moses H. Harris, of the Zion Methodist church at New Rochelle, has been found guilty of stealing a report from the church, and lying about it under oath, thereby committing perjury. He was fined $15, but could hav been sentenced to a year in the penitentiary and fined $250.

The good folks of Kentland, Ind., say that there can be but two excuses for the beastly conduct, "crimes too foul for print," for which Rev. James Siddall is being tried, and "one excuse is total depravity, the other insanity." Why be surprised at the practical realization of the total depravity doctrin that they teach?

The absurd-looking object seen wandering away from Ligon, a city not far from New Orleans, one morning recently, was the pastor of a colored Baptist church whose enemies had prevailed against him and enveloped him in tar and feathers. They say that nothing else would restrain his affection for their wives and daughters.

"Not until a virgin shall offer herself as a sacrifice upon the altar may ye enter the kingdom of heaven," cried a pretty young woman as she was assisted to alight from the patrol wagon at a Milwaukee jail a few days ago. She was of German descent, by the name of Schroeder, and crazed by religion. She is in the lunatic asylum.

Pastor Staunton, of the Fort Greene Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, N. Y., was deposed from the ministry on the 17th ult. Undue intimacy with a parishioner was the charge that led to his trouble, and though a trial ended in a verdict of not guilty, his brethren who hav not been found out thought he should quit the preaching business.

The Congregationalist minister at Economy, N. S., has been obliged suddenly to deprive that place of his presence. A shy confession was made by a married woman whose husband has been absent in the States a year or two that the twins recently added to the family circle owe their parentage to the spiritual director. Two or three other homes now make similar reports.

The Rev. B. Longley, Bachelor of Arts and pastor of the Queen street Methodist church of Toronto, Ont., being accused of serious indiscretions with some women who were members of his church, and being asked for an explanation by the president of conference, not only resigned the office of pastor of the Queen street church, but also severed his connection with the ministry.

Mrs. McDonald, of Lakeside, O., declares that nothing but a sense of duty could induce her to make charges against the minister who consoled her on the death of her husband, but that he really did bring a woman to her house for immoral purposes. This reverend, Dr. Thompson Hildreth, of the Lorain street, Cleveland, M. E. church, also has charges of a long course of immorality to answer.

The case of the Rev. Robert T. Pearson, pastor at Setauket, N. Y., and Mrs. Elbeson is described by newspapers as one "of a libidinous old hypocrit and a silly, weak-minded woman, obedient to every wish of her spiritual adviser." Mrs. Elbeson eloped with her paramour, was divorced by her husband, and the couple now liv in New Jersey, where Pearson, still unexpelled, holds forth as a Protestant Episcopal clergyman.

Rev. William Hammond, eminent for the high standard of morality and divinity to which he has exhorted his various communi-

ties the last twenty years, is under arrest at Fulton county, Ill. A record now being made of sundry little diversions with which he has enlivened his travels embraces so far lying, arson, theft, fraud, burglary, bigamy, half a dozen seductions, and wife-poisoning twice.

The Chicago *Times* observes: "One thing must be said for Tennessee: They stick to their religion there. Now, only last Sunday a man going to church in Knoxville left his wife at the church door while he stepped across the street to shoot two or three men. He did shoot two of them, and would hav shot the third had the third not run away. The man himself got one bullet through his arm and another ripped up his scalp, but he managed all right to get into meeting in time for the prayer, if not for the collection. They never let anything interfere with their religion down in Tennessee."

Recent murders and poisoning of persons in the interior of Mexico engaged in school-teaching, editing liberal newspapers, etc., are charged by the *Monitor Republicano* on fanatical rural priests. One of the victims was a young Mexican lady, a Protestant, who went to teach in a small village in the state of Tobasco. She was poisoned shortly after opening her school, and though her life was saved her reason is thought to hav been destroyed. Another case was the murder of three Protestants in the state of Guerrero by a mob; and a third case is the recent murder of the editor of a Liberal newspaper in the state of Vera Cruz, who had attacked the church roughly and had been denounced from the pulpit by his priestly enemies.

At Vigo, Spain, Doña Manuela Pas Luz, a young lady of fortune, recently entered a convent, against the wishes of her father, who objected on the ground that she was still a minor, and because she was in very bad health. The severities of the novitiate and religious excitement made her much worse. Two medical men sent by the prefect at the request of the father reported that she was seriously ill, and recommended that she should at once leave the convent. The superior refused to consent, and declined to admit other doctors sent by the prefect. The father then applied for assistance to the bishop of Tuy, but he would not interfere. An order was obtained against the superior directing her to giv up the girl to her father. At 6 o'clock on the morning, however, of the day when she was to be taken home, the sick novice took perpetual vows. The formalities of the canon law having been complied with, the civil authorities could no longer interfere, and the father, who went to the convent, had to leave after a painful scene at the convent gate. On the day when Doña Manuela took the vows as Sister Manuela she became seriously ill and had to be attended by the doctors. Eight days afterward she died, leaving her fortune to the convent. The matter will be brought up in the Chamber by the Republican deputies.

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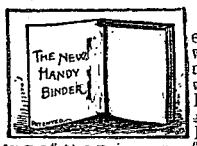
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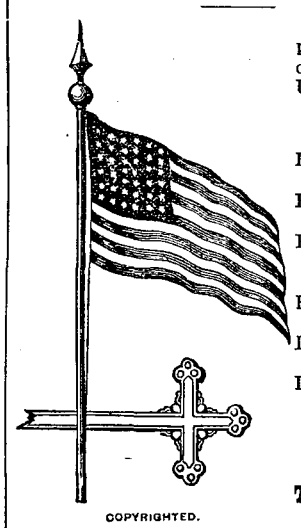
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News of the Week.

RIOTS between Boulanger and anti-Boulanger factions in Paris continue.

THE pope has conferred the title of Roman count on Mr. John Good, Brooklyn.

THE czar and the pope continue to haggle over the terms of their proposed bargain.

NATIONAL LEAGUE riots are frequent.

PANAMA suffers from desperadoes.

CONGRESS may make South Dakota a state.

CELLULOID is being used as armor for vessels.

THE international copyright bill still pends.

IRISH evictions the last quarter number over 4,000.

BOSTON is to hav a new public library at a cost of $1,165,000.

NEW YORK city has over fifty widows worth $1,000,000 to $15,000,000.

REPORTS circulated that Blaine cannot liv two years are now denied.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has begun a rigid enforcement of its Prohibitory laws.

FRANCE contemplates establishing a lottery to complete the Panama canal.

VANDERBILT spent $250.000 in old curiosity shops in Bond street, London.

THE Swiss Bundesrath will create a special secretary of police to watch Anarchists.

HERR KRUPP has been offered a baronetcy for his eminence in making engins of war.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR are preparing to send out lecturers for the education of the order.

THE New York assembly has voted to adopt electricity as a means of capital punishment.

AMERICAN contributions to the National League the last two weeks amount to $10,000.

IT is feared by some that the "trusts" hav now got altogether beyond legislativ control.

THE Union Labor party and United Labor party, it seems, will go into politics separately.

ON the 25th ult. the prince of Wales was installed, for the fifteenth time, as grand master of Masons.

A PITTSBURGH court has issued an injunction restraining the trades assembly from boycotting Brace Bros., a laundry firm.

THE laying of the corner-stone of the Catholic University, May 24th, will be attended by representativ men from all parts of the Union.

MEETINGS of artisans at Berne and Zurich protest against the expulsion from Germany of persons connected with the *Social Democrat*.

A BILL prohibiting foreign flags on public buildings created great indignation in the New York assembly on the 26th ult., and was defeated.

REV. EDGAR HERMANCE shot himself in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church at White Plains, N. Y., last Sunday. His demands for increase of salary had been ignored.

AT a hearing on the New York brewers' strike before the state board of arbitration, the employers urge the objection against their men that they are Anarchists and Socialists.

THE Catholic widow of John McNeil, a deceased New York liquor-dealer, is contesting his will on the ground of insanity, because he made provisions preventing her from rearing their son in the Catholic faith.

RUSSIA continues to scheme, behind many false promises, for Bulgaria, whose possession will giv her the Black sea, Constantinople whenever she chooses to take it; make her mistress of half of Austria—all the southern Slavs as far as the Adriatic—and make Greece her vassal. The other powers, especially England, watch with concern.

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And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite, from before thee.—Ex. xxiii, 28.

Odds and Ends.

A SPRING garment: The wire bustle.

ARTIST: "What is the finest picture of still life you hav ever seen?" Chicago girl: "St. Louis."

IT may be that a man can love but one woman in a lifetime, but how is he going to know unless he tries?

A BASS drum may be a snare and a noisy instrument, but it is not as loud as a girl's hair when it is banged.

A BUFFALO member of the legislature was recently hanged in effigy, and a disgusted political opponent says: "History may well ask: Why in effigy?"

THERE is a Connecticut parson so fond of money that, it is said, after paying a man's bill he walks home with him, so as to be near the money as long as possible.

SAID a Scotchwoman to a physician who was pouring out ten drops of medicin for a child: "Dinna be so mean wi' it, it's for a puir fatherless bairn."

FIRST lady: "Has your husband quit smoking yet?" Second lady (just returned from the far West): "Well, he ought to by this time; he's been dead six months."

WHEN Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed with specious cant,
Oh, what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant!

PHYSICIANS are disputing whether it is possible for a man to commit suicide by holding his breath. There are some who think that perhaps a man could do it, but they are all unanimously agreed that a woman couldn't.

A MAN can master the free lunch route,
And a man can carry the banner,
But he can't sew the rip in his Sunday coat,
Because he isn't built in that manner.

NEAR-SIGHTED hens are not so bad after all. Jones says he had one once that ate a quart of sawdust, supposing that it was meal, and then went off and laid a nestful of bureau knobs. But Jones is near-sighted himself.

"DID you ever go tobogganing, Mr. Winterwheat?" "No," said the old man, "but I once stepped into the elevator well and fell down four stories in three-tenths of a second. That is fast enough for me; I'm getting too old for much excitement."

DUDELY VANDERCLAM: "Mith Bondclipper, I weally believe it ith the mission of woman to make fools of uth men." Miss Bondclipper: "Yes, and you hav no idea, Mr. Vanderclam, how vexed we are to find that nature has so often forestalled us."

FIRST Kansas woman: "Were you at the polls yesterday, Minnie?" Second Kansas woman: "Oh, yes, I was out at the dear little polls. Isn't it just too nice to vote?" "How did you vote?" "Really, dear, I don't remember." "Well, you remember that they had two kinds of tickets—white and red?" "Oh, I remember now. It was the lovely little red ticket that I put on the polls." "Why, I am surprised; that was the opposition ticket." "Well, I didn't ask. I saw that the color of the ticket was a delicate red and that it exactly matched my dress."

VISITOR: "Well, my little man, hav you any brothers?" Freddy: "Yes, I hav one, but my sister Stella has *two*." Visitor: "Why, how can that be?" Freddy (in some astonishment): "Me and my little brother, of course!"

MISS CLARA: "Oh, Ethel, I had my ears pierced to-day!" Miss Ethel: "Weren't you dreadfully frightened?" Miss Clara: "A little at first, but I kept on saying 'solitaire,' 'solitaire,' 'solitaire' to myself, and before I knew it it was all over."

TRAMP (who has been refused a contribution toward a fund for filling his tomato can): "All right, young feller. All right. I jest come in to buy a diamond collar button; but seein' yer so fresh, I'll go some place where they knows how to treat a customer."

OMAHA man: "I see by the papers that a Chicago policeman has gone crazy because the girl he wanted wouldn't hav him." Police captain: "Guess there must be some mistake about that." "Didn't you ever hear of a policeman going crazy?" "I never heard of a girl refusing a policeman."

A PASSENGER on a Missouri train was shot at by a desperado, and was saved by a plug of tobacco which stopped the bullet. This may be offered as an argument in favor of the vile weed, but it should be remembered that a copy of the New Testament in the same pocket would hav had a similar salutary effect.

"THE British are ahead of us in one respect," said the general, after a warm argument with an Anglophobiac on the respectiv merits of England and America. "In what, I should like to know?" demanded the Anglophobiac, incredulously. "Time," replied the general; "it is 7 o'clock in London when it is only 2 here."

RECENT convert: "If a man does me an injury I suppose I ought to reward him, oughtn't I?" Good pastor: "It would show the right spirit." "Making him a little present would do, wouldn't it?" "That would certainly heap coals of fire on his head." "Suppose instead of a man it's an animal?" "It should make no difference." "Well, your dog has been snapping at me every time I pass, and this morning I made him a present of something we've valued for many years. It's a tin kettle. You'll find him somewhere in the next county."

'TWOULD surely tax the mind to dream
A lovelier scene—a picture rarer.
They sat together, eyes abeam—
No gayer youth—no maiden fairer.

He'd told his love. The verdict pleased him;
She thought of veil and wedding kiss,
He smiled to think how long she'd teased him,
Both talked of joy and wedded bliss.

O ardent youth! Would that you knew
The price per pound for ribs of beef.
O maiden fair! Will you not rue
When your first baking comes to grief?

But so goes love, and so goes life.
Fond hearts ofttimes lese sight of purse;
Sweetheart who changes into wife
Oft flies from rhyme to dry, blank verse.

Gems of Thought.

MRS. GENERAL was not to be told of anything shocking. Accidents, miseries, and offenses were never to be mentioned before her. Passion was to go to sleep in the presence of Mrs. General and blood was to change to milk and water. The little that was left in the world, when all these deductions were made, it was Mrs. General's province to varnish. In that formation process of hers, she dipped the smallest of brushes into the largest of pots, and varnished the surface of every object that came under consideration. The more cracked it was, the more Mrs. General varnished it.—*Dickens's Little Dorrit.*

(1) IF any opinion is compelled to silence, that opinion may, for aught we can certainly know, be true. To deny this, is to assume our own infallibility. (2) Though the silenced opinion be an error, it may, and very commonly does, contain a portion of truth; and since the general or prevailing opinion on any subject is rarely or never the whole truth, it is only by the collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied. (3) Even if the received opinion be not only true, but the whole truth, unless it be suffered to be, and actually is, vigorously and earnestly contested, it will, by most of those who receive it, be held in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds. And not only this, but (4) the meaning of the doctrin itself will be in danger of being lost or enfeebled and deprived of its vital effect on the character and conduct; the dogma being a mere formal profession, inefficacious for good, but cumbering the ground and preventing the growth of any real and heartfelt conviction, from reason or personal experience.—*J. S. Mill's Liberty.*

MOST men do not reason at all, and accept their religion as they accept their science—at second-hand.—*Leslie Stephen.*

IT is said in the New Testament, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." And suppose that, after all, death does end all, next to being forever with those we love and those who hav loved us, next to that is to be wrapt in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace.—*Ingersoll.*

IF I must take my choice between the pair
That rule alternately the weary hours,
Night is than day more acceptable;—sleep
Doth, in my estimate of good, appear
A better state than waking; death than sleep;
Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm,
Though under covert of the wormy ground.
—*Wordsworth.*

THEMISTOCLES, who is undoubtedly to be received as an authority, when he was consulted whether a man should marry his daughter to a worthy poor man, or to a rich man of less approved character, said, "I certainly would rather she married a man without money, than money without a man."—*Cicero.*

HE who runs a race ought to make exertions and struggle as much as he can to be victor; but he ought by no means to trip up or push with his hand the person with whom he is contending. Thus in life it is not unjust that every man may and should seek for himself what may pertain to his own advantage—it is not just that he should take from another.—*Chrysippus* (b. 280 B.C).

IT is better to receive an injury than to do one.—*Cicero.*

BLEST are they
Whose sorrow rather is to suffer wrong
Than to do wrong, although themselvs hav erred.
—*Wordsworth.*

WE see some of the philosophers, which were least divine and most immersed in the senses, and denied generally the immortality of the soul, yet came to this point, that whatsoever motions the spirit of man could act and perform, without the organs of the body, they thought might remain after death, which were only those of the understanding and not of the affections; so immortal and incorruptible a thing did knowledge seem unto them to be.—*Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*

THE people are surely perplexed about this "revision" of the word of God and, like Kaspar on the field of Blenheim, cannot make out what it is all about. Meanwhile the sceptic chuckles, and haha's, and derides the perplexed believer because there is no hell, and because the expounders of the scripture strive one with another over verbal distinctions and literal renderings. It cannot be denied that the general effect is damaging. Skepticism is rampant all over the civilized world, and thousands of intelligent men and women are losing their grip upon the things spiritual which they once thought they held fast. The expenditure of thousands of dollars in new renderings of Greek and Hebrew will not stay the tide.—*Toronto Evening News.*

GREEK words and Latin are fine things, but they cannot hide the emptiness and lowness of many who employ them.—*Carlyle.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE SHEPHERDS AND THE SHEEP.

Notes and Clippings.

A COLORED preacher announces to his flock that "there will be no respectable people in heaven." The reason he givs is that God is no respecter of persons.

THE *Banner of Light* grows irreverent. It says: "Chaplains in the army are called 'Holy Joes,' and in the navy 'sky-pilots.' They are subject to retirement in the army at the age of sixty-four years, and at sixty-two in the navy. There are now sixteen 'Holy Joes' on the army retired list, and seven 'sky-pilots' on the retired list of the navy."

THE temperance folks in Florida hav got the liquor license question fairly solved, in a manner that will almost command the respect of a Prohibitionist. A man who wants to go into the business must first get three hundred signatures to his application, and this list must be published in the county newspaper. He then goes before the court, where strict inquiry is made as to his character. If his application is approved, he pays a license fee of $450, which is equally divided by the state, the county, and the town.

THE *Standard* sneers: "The little king of Spain has a birthday this month, which will be celebrated by a *fête* to the Madrid schoolchildren, who will be regaled with meat pies, cakes, oranges, and candy, and hav little medals with the baby king's portrait on them. The grown-up children will be amused with fireworks, bits of ribbon, and parchments entitling them to nicknames of various kinds. Everybody will shout God save the king in Spanish, and a special force of police detectivs will be on the look-out for any symptoms of discontent, and arrest anybody who may be unpatriotic enough to insinuate that things are not as nearly perfect as they can be this side of heaven."

IT has sometimes fallen to the lot of this journal, says *Life*, to make game of Anglomania, and ridicule such of our brethren as seem to us too eagerly imitativ of British manners and customs. The British nobility has had, and has still, its cult among us, but when one hat goes off to the queen, a thousand heads are bare and throats distended in distinguished consideration of the pope of Rome and the Irish vote in America. Anglomania in this country is an amusing freak, but it seems at times as if Celtomania was becoming an infernal bondage.

A PETITION to Governor Oglesby for the pardon of Anarchists Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe is circulating among the Socialists and Anarchists of Chicago. It is said to hav received thousands of signatures. It is intended to submit it soon to a mass-meeting of workingmen for ratification. The text of this petition is almost word for word the same which was circulated a few days before the hanging of Spies, Fischer, Parsons, and Engel. Nobody has been approached with the document who was not believed to be thoroughly in accord with radical principles.

TOM KAIGLER, a colored preacher, living on Sheriff Gilmour's plantation near Atlanta, Ga., has created considerable excitement among the negroes on account of a revelation he claims to hav had. He says that the Lord has revealed to him that on a certain day he will carry all the negroes to Egypt, and that he (Tom) is to be the leader. The day and hour of departure are set. What causes the prophecy to be believed is that the older colored folks say that before the war the same prophet prophesied that the negroes were to be set free, and that the prophecy was literally fulfilled; hence they believe him now, and are getting their clothing and other things in readiness for the departure.

TRUTH SEEKER readers know the lady of whom the *Sun* tells this story: "Mrs. Jennie B. Browne, of New Haven, is a woman of nerve, with no nonsense about her. She was crossing a street the other day, when two runaway horses dashed around a corner, and were upon her before she could possibly get out of their way. She faced them squarely, threw up her arms quickly, and sternly shouted, 'Whoa!' The nearest horse tried to obey, reared on his haunches, and then swerved to one side, carrying his mate with him, and then they dashed by so close that portions of the harness tore the bangles from her hat and the lace from the shoulder of her wrap. Mrs. Browne walked to the sidewalk, and with hardly a change of face said to a friend who had looked on: 'It was a narrow escape. Good afternoon!'"

THE Galveston *News* reports that a large number of Spiritualists assembled in Paris lately to commemorate the anniversary of the death of Allan Kardec, the founder of Spiritual philosophy. Several speeches were delivered alternately by ladies and gentlemen, who developed the precepts of Spiritualism and pointed out the great part it was intended to take in the social transformation of the world. M. Birrmann, the president, made a few remarks on the present state of Spiritualism. Taking as a basis the number of subscribers to the Spiritualistic journals, he estimated that in France there were fifty thousand followers of Allan Kardec, and about two millions altogether in the world. There are in all about one hundred Spiritualist journals. The greater number are in the Spanish language, one is in Hindostani, fourteen in French, of which one is printed in Geneva, four in Belgium, and one at Buenos Ayres. In Paris there are four, three of them organs of the three large Spiritualistic societies in that city.

THE report that a remarkable find of ancient dwellings has been made by railroad builders in Chihuahua reminds the *Sun* that we are continually indebted to purely business enterprises for discoveries of scientific interest. The recent survey of the ocean bottom along the west coast of Africa, conducted by experts of the Challenger commission, was wholly carried out by a cable company. Its results are of the greatest interest, too, showing as they do, among other things, that the ocean floor from the Niger to the Congo, for a long distance out to sea, has been covered deep by the dark mud and sediment brought down by the great rivers. The shore mud off the Congo's mouth was traced to a depth of eighteen thousand feet six hundred miles west of it. It was the investigations preparatory to laying the first Atlantic cable that gave the first impetus to the study of ocean depths, which has now become a distinct branch of scientific research. Thus business enterprises stimulate science, which in its turn is all the while opening new fields for energy and capital.

Communications.

Correlativs.

One of the most faulty of all methods professedly founded upon reason, is that one upon which the entire theological and metaphysical world rests. The unanswerable argument used in these schools is in instituting a comparison between objects when the objects are not known, or rather when one is known and the other is not known; and this, too, confessedly not only when one is unknown but when it is unknowable. Seemingly this is without a parallel in the viciousness of method. With what satisfied assurance, if not impudence, we are informed that the "finite has its correlativ in the infinit!" This measureless statement of folly is founded upon the most absurd assumption. In comparison, a relationship must exist between the objects compared; and this is rigorously excluded unless the objects are known. Ignorance of either vitiates the comparison. *A* and *B* must be known before agreement or disagreement is possible. Affirmation or negation is possible only when both *A* and *B* are known. A knowledge of one, and not of the other, excludes comparison. A finite object or quantity being known, we are enabled to institute a comparison between it and any other object known, and thereby affirm agreement or disagreement. If, however, only one term of the comparison is known, we cannot institute a comparison. As Mr. Spencer very justly says, "A relation cannot be established between something and nothing."

The finite essentially comes within our province. But it denies to us any province outside of itself. And hence to affirm that this, or that, is the correlativ of the finite, it must be stated in the terms of limitation. The finite only being known, fails to giv us any aid to see, feel, or think beyond its own limits. It necessarily denies to us all comparison and all knowledge that does not come to us on the plane of forced limitation.

To say "infinit" is to speak in an unknown tongue, as no idea is conveyed to us only as it comes to us through a metamorphosis which translates it out of its meaningless self into one of limitation; which, being done, stands in evidence of the supreme folly of such a method. The essential terms of our thinking are ever finite, and they being thus, we are excluded from all that does not come to us in the terms of limitation. And therefore to affirm that the finite is the correlativ of the infinit, we having no means of knowing what that term means, is a monstrous absurdity.

This statement is very evident when this word "infinit" is put in the terms of definition; we see at once that the rendering of its definition is done in the terms of limitation. This term, when defined as best it may be, only negativs its use. So in the last analysis this word "infinit" is shown by all attempts to define it to admit of no postulation which the finite is not entitled to.

Hence may we not ask by what law these words are correlativs?

The finite is known through sensation and perception, and the infinit, considered in the light of its definition, is cognized in the same way. If it does not come in this way, how does it come? If it has any meaning to us, it must come through the door of limitation—sensorial reports through groups of nerves to the ganglionic brain center, and thence translated into consciousness, which constitute the source of our information.

There are those who are willing to concede that the finite is given in this manner, but do not thus as to the infinit. But if the infinit—whatever that may mean—comes at all, if it is tenable in any way, it must come through apperception; and in fact, this is really the true theory of these advocates.

But this theory cannot be considered as otherwise than purely imaginary, and, seemingly, called in by one to meet an emergency when pressed to part with all that does not come to us on the line of our human limitation.

Secondly, "infinit space is the correlativ of finite space." This statement is to pass current upon the assumption that it is a statement of fact. Yet nothing can be farther from the truth. We are well informed as to the distances intervening between two objects. There are a certain number of miles between the window behind which I am sitting and the sun whose rays are now falling upon me. I can postulate intelligently limited space, though incompetent to conceive bounds beyond which space is not. This does not, however, confer upon us the ability to postulate of space that it is infinit; for this only forces upon us a palpable contradiction, for I affirm and deny in the same breath. I hav knowledge of space only as limited. I know of space only as I know in the terms of limitation, and hence to speak of it in terms which convey to rational thought no meaning at all. Our conceptions of space are necessarily limited; so long as we who think are assigned limits, so must all of the objects of thought, and of relation, come within the limits which limit us—that is, if they mean anything to us.

We must affirm that that limited space of which we are cognizant is a part of space, and that an addition of limited spaces of equal dimensions is larger than any one of these equal parts. Thus space such as we can cognize is divisible, and hence parts of a whole.

To think meaningly, we are compelled to think of space in these terms.

But infinit space—whatever that is—is not approachable through added increments. It is without body or parts (like the Christian's God); out of relation, and hence is nothing to rational thought. We can utilize space on the basis of limitation, in this, that it is the condition of body, seeing that we know, and can only know, limited body; and hence our conceptions of space are perfectly adequate.

To predicate a relation such as "correlativ" implies is to know the objects related. But we know only limited space, and hence it cannot hav its correlativ in illimitable space—whatever that is—for of such we hav no knowledge at all, because we are locked up within the limited.

Third. "Eternity is the correlativ of time." Here we hav another statement which is open to the same fatal criticism. Our method in the measurement of time is known to all. So many equal portions make one minute, so many one hour, and so many one day, and thus on. Add or multiply as we may, we are ever within the sphere of our limitations; we are only dealing with parts of time. These experts who deal in infinities inform us that time is a part of eternity; that is to say, that all past time is the eternity that is past, and that all time to come is the eternity that is to come. I confess frankly that I fail to extract any meaning at all from these statements.

I find that, in an order of sequence, I hav arrived at consciousness. I note the environment in which I am, and as I attain a knowledge of the same, I find that my inferences as to the past and the future are compelled to rest upon what the present environment suggests. I know myself through succession, constant changes—and hence necessary limitation. This is the language of civilization, expressed in terms which hav a meaning. But "eternity," like the other meaningless terms, fails to convey to consciousness any rational thought. It is impeached when subjected to rational criticism. It is infinit duration expressed in the terms of limitation—and thereby contradicting the postulation, for in expressing it in the terms of addition it becomes a whole; and like the infinit, and infinit space, it is quantitativ. This eternity is made up of parts, showing that the term is void of rational meaning to us. We know only limited time; hence infinit duration conveys no idea to our consciousness. Though we cannot think an end to duration, no more can we think it endless. We think rationally only when we think within our limits. That which transcends our limits is not possible to us.

There is still another fatal objection to this vicious method of reasoning. It is to be seen in the utter impossibility of securing any line of experimentation by which a relationship is found that will disclose these presumable entities named the infinit, absolute, and the unknowable. No additions or mathematical computations can connect these meaningless presumable somethings with the realities of the finite. This in itself is fatal. For if a relationship is found to exist between objects of thought, then they are brought within our limits, and are approachable upon the ground of having quantitativ and qualitativ value, and thus, we see, hav their expression in the terms of limitation, and hence, being thus stated, are necessarily limited. Thus far our definitions go, and under no circumstances can they go farther.

To place these unknowable presumable somethings under the fire of definition is an impeachment of human intelligence, for if defined, as we hav shown, they are limited, for all definitions are necessarily limited, and hence the object of thought defined by force of such definition is also limited. Refuge is sometimes taken in the plea that we know in part. This is one of the methods in common use, and is well calculated to deceive. One moment's reflection will show that this is a false refuge, and in no way lessens the difficulty. If we knew in part, then our knowledge would be increased as our knowledge of parts increased, until our knowledge would be complete in a knowledge of all the parts, and thus limited, made up of added parts, and therefore coming within the formula of limitation. All the advancement we hav made, or will make, must come within the range of our possibilities. We cannot go higher than our highest thought, and that, being limited, informs us of the nature of the objects of thoughts which we think. The thinker being limited, the object thought must also be limited. If we could only bring ourselvs to see this fact as it is, much time now wasted might be rendered useful. Other-worldliness does not serve a purpose which tends to make this life a benefaction. All of the display ever made, or likely to be made, about infinits, absolutes, and the unknowable will hav no tendency to enable the human mind to see things more clearly, or understand the relations of life, and the duties which these relations suggest.

J. H. BURNHAM.

Saginaw City, Mich., April 22, 1888.

Falsehood and Fallacy.

Strange that such remarks as those of the Hon. Mr. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, on the tariff are allowed to go to the public without any attempt to expose the utter falseness of the facts and figures given by him. He begins by uttering the prophecy made by his school in 1843–4: "Destroy the protectiv features of the tariff and national ruin will result." But the free trade tariff of 1846 went into effect. Yet never in all history did our nation make such a splendid progress in manufactures, agriculture, and invention as she did in the following fifteen years. In one decade the wealth of the nation increased 126 per cent, from 1850 to 1860. The number of her manufactories increased by some eighteen thousand (the increase from 1870 to 1880 was but about seventeen hundred), and their product doubled. Protection, when driven to the wall by these figures, murmurs, "Mexican war, new territory acquired, gold in California." But the facts must be admitted. We may ask, if those facts as to new territory and California gold had such effects under free trade, why did not the greater facts of the opening of all the South to free labor and of all the vast, rich prairie region west of the Mississippi river by railways produce equal good effects from 1870 to 1880? It can be shown that our increase of wealth from 1870 to 1880 was in reality no increase *pro rata*—was not commensurate with our natural increase of population and expansion over new prairie soils. Its total was no greater than it was between 1860 and 1870, during the terrible waste of those four years of war and the years succeeding up to 1870.

Now, to-day, we are confronted by a similar prediction. Here is the language of Judge Kelly, as telegraphed to the world:

> Under this baneful law the census of 1890 will announce the overthrow of our manufacturing supremacy, and our commercial reduction to colonial dependence.
>
> Wool on the free list will abolish sheep husbandry, destroy the capital embarked, and impoverish one million men who own flocks or are caring for them, diminish the supply of a cheap and healthful food now furnished.
>
> The law will close a majority of our bituminous coal mines now giving profitable employment to hundreds of thousands of hands North and South.

He then concludes, as reported, with a prophecy of the destruction of the Louisiana sugar-cane industry. He eulogizes this as one of the grandest results of protection. He magnifies and grows magniloquent on this subject, and ends by saying:

> The progress of sugar-making in Louisiana since 1867 might be cited as an illustration of the vitalizing influence of protectiv duties.

So be it, then. When we come to it we are willing to let the whole case stand on that alone. But let us regard these expressions of an "aged statesman," "the father of the House"—statements deliberately written down, studied over, read before the House, and telegraphed to the world, and swallowed, as usual, by the world without inquiry—let us consider them in their order.

First, then, this baneful law will destroy our manufacturing supremacy, and reduce our commercial greatness to colonial dependence.

The commerce of a country is, of course, indicated by its exports and imports, and its supremacy is evinced by the kind of exports it sends out. If a country sends out no manufactures, no agricultural products, or very few, there would be no sense in boasting of its supremacy as a trader at all. Speaking of the commerce of a nation, we must ever hav regard to its population. A country with five million people cannot expect to hav the trade of a country of sixty millions. Consider some few states. Little Belgium, with five million people, leads nearly all the nations that ever hav been on earth. Her exports and imports are about $600,000,000, her imports being some $50,000,000 in excess. Holland, with a smaller population and exports and imports nearly in the same proportion: Imports, $400,000,000; exports, $320,000,000. Then comes Great Britain, with her thirty six millions of people; her annual exports about $1,500,000,000; her imports, $2,000,000,000. Then we hav New Zealand, with a population of half a million, and a commerce of £15,000,000 sterling, or $75,000,000—imports in excess, $10,000,000. Also, New South Wales; population nearly one million. Her trade with the world is nearly $200 000,000; imports in excess some $20,000,000. (England's imports hav exceeded her exports yearly since 1848, sometimes as much as $800,000,000.)

How about the supremacy and mighty independence of the United States? With our sixty millions of people, our commerce has not exceeded about $1,500,000,000, exports and imports included, with an average excess of exports of from $50.000,000 to $100,000,000. Our exports hav been almost exclusivly of agriculture.

Where, then, is the supremacy? Perhaps he meant supremacy of a few people in a limited region on the Atlantic coast over all the vast South and West. If so, he is right; otherwise, this paltry talk of our great wealth, "our supremacy," is sound and fury.

"Wool on the free list will abolish sheep husbandry, make mutton scarce, destroy the business of over a million men." Why should free wool hav

such an effect here? Other lands hav free wool and prosperous sheep husbandry. Free wool means cheap wool. That is what he fears. Not long ago free quinine was to destroy American industry and make quinine dear. Free quinine came at 40 cents per ounce, instead of $5. Still, the poor man uses it, and Kelly's constituents—two firms only in the United States then manufacturing—are at it to-day and making money. Cheap sheep makes cheap mutton, Mr. Kelly, and the poor man will continue to eat it. Perhaps you mean that the rich man will refuse to sell cheap mutton. Then we must look to the poor man to supply us. How fiery men like Delano grow on free wool—as great fire-eaters as their predecessors down South on free wooled men! It is something to President Delano, of the "National Wool Growers," to get five cents per pound more on the wool of his millions of sheep, but why it should so excite the ninety-nine vice-presidents—bullet-headed, bucolical men, who each own, perhaps, half a hundred ragged ewes—is hard to understand. Semi-annually the Hon. Delano assembles them, speechifies them, resolves them, and sends forth the angry protests, signed by himself as president, and the ninety-nine aforesaid bullet-headed, bucolical men. Fifty cents more per sheep is millions to the president; it may be $50 direct to the ninety-nine vice-presidents when they haul their wool to town to sell, but indirectly, with the wool over their eyes, when they go to purchase back the cloth and fifty other things, it is several times $50 the other way. For the woolen, the cotton, the cigar, or other manufacturer is by no means content to hav foreign woolens, cottons, or cigars restricted from coming in here. No; for if quinines, tin plates, and a thousand little articles are imported largely, the trade carries away the raw cotton, raw wool, tobacco, etc. Poor protection to him, if foreigners come here "to deluge our nation with cheap goods," and carry off our cotton, wool, tobacco, etc., "raising the market on us." "Whisper! Between us, my friend, we don't care a d—n about protection direct—about protection against the articles we make—but we want to keep the infernal beggars of foreigners away from our raw material. Keep this to yourself."

Yes, protection aims at the trade; if it cannot prevent the export of raw material it is no good.

As to the million men being impoverished, that is too absurd. The census of 1880 gave the whole number of sheep as forty million. All but some fifteen million are owned in small lots. The million men owning some twenty-five sheep each will not be impoverished, judge. It's the dozen or so companies or individuals owning a million each—these are the objects of protection's tenderest solicitude.

"Hundreds of thousands of men are to be ruined by closing a majority of the bituminous coal mines."

Ninety-six million tons is the total output of all the mines. Half of this is anthracite. The census givs the number of souls engaged in mining of all kinds, for all metals, boring for oil, quarrying rock, blasting, etc., as two hundred and thirty-four thousand. If we allow two hundred thousand of these to be in coal and half of these in anthracite mines, that leaves one hundred thousand in bituminous mines, and as the judge closes only a majority of these, his hundreds of thousands fall to some seventy thousand. But why not close them all? While we are about it, why not make coal so cheap that nobody can afford to mine it or burn it? Do not such questions expose the utter absurdity of the ground you stand on—a basis of falsehoods from bottom to floor?

What you urge seems to be pretty much this: Pass this law and everything will be made so cheap that our great supremacy as manufacturers—which is illustrated in the fact that we hav no exports whatever of them—our great commerce—in which already little Belgium and Holland beat us—will in 1890 be nowhere; our sheep will be so cheap that poor men can no longer hav their cheap and healthful food, mutton, and several men who own millions of sheep will discharge their herdsmen, and several millions of poor men who now hav a few head will be impoverished—being tempted possibly into buying too many yards of cheap woolen goods—while coal will be made so miserably cheap the mines will mostly be closed—people refusing to use cheap coal—and Louisiana with her glorious sugar industry—but stop, let us look at that. "Louisiana's progress is proof of the vitalizing power of protection."

The judge is not quite so bad as our candidates for governor and Congress were some three years ago, each of whom actually wrote out, memorized, delivered, published, and republished speeches beginning, "The wondrous sugar industry of Louisiana, that now employs there a half-million men, and pays some ten millions in wages annually and enables them to consume Missouri's corn and pork," etc. As there were only some half-million souls in Louisiana, men, women, babes, and cripples, outside of New Orleans and some other towns, and as the ten millions in wages, though it was at the time deemed a liberal protection offer, would hardly hav satisfied the babes and cripples, if they did any work, it was so easy to expose this that nothing more was said.

Judge Kelly must hav somewhere read these speeches and received his idea of the greatness of Louisiana's sugar industry. It is true that protection has labored long and hard here; it has, for twenty years and more, done a mighty work of taxation; it has entered every house and home in all our nation, not sparing the poorest cottage or humble dug-out, and swept from the infant's platter a large part of the syrup, the sweet that the poor man's babe so dearly loves, that one thing that givs to the dry, hard crust of poverty even a delicious flavor. The sums thus taken from the masses of the people to encourage this Louisiana sugar industry were infinit; a sum uncountable; and in hardships added to the poor man's and child's lot inconceivable. And yet, with all this protection in Louisiana, she has never been able, to this day, to raise over half as much sugar as she did in 1853, nor any more than she raised forty years ago under free trade with cheaper sugars rolling in upon her from the Indies! Just take the United States census for 1880, in the American Almanac, a most exact authority, and see. She produced 449,000 hogsheads in 1853, and little over 200,000 any year under protection, rarely over 70,000.

Protection is tax and difficulty. Tax hampers labor finally, no matter where you first impose it.

Look at our tobacco tax—a thing ridiculous if for revenue. But monopoly was the object, not revenue. Never was such monstrous folly conceived. Still, men who make such statements may possibly believe their law was a revenue law. It taxed the product some eight times its proper cost! As a result, while in 1859 we produced over four hundred million pounds of tobacco and ought to make now over two billion pounds, we make no more than we did. Every taxed thing grows small or grows stuntedly in proportion. The lower the tax, the higher the revenue, from all popular consumables. And yet these men go on year after year in the same course. HOLT.

Reality Not as Horrid as Fiction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The Rev. Mr. Davidson, a professional revivalist, has just closed a series of meetings in our neighboring city of Rockford, making many converts and pocketing $600. One of his sensational discourses was entitled, "Hell, A Terrible Reality." Quoting freely from Bible texts, he proved—if the Bible is true—that hell is indeed a terrible reality. Another one of his expostulations he headed, "Where Will You Spend Eternity?" in which sermon he insisted that "none but Christians can look forward with hope and happiness."

The following letter was written in reply, and the *Register*, a more than average liberal daily, published about half of it under the title of "A Scientific Denial of Hell," omitting the more aggressiv and radical portions. Knowing your readers not to fear hell unabridged, I submit to you the original.

W.

MR. EDITOR: "Hell!" What nonsense! There is no hell, and I can prove it. I simply deny it. Call upon those affirming for proof. This not being forthcoming absolutely proves the denial.

But there are millions who, having inherited a faith the basis of which is a literal burning hell, will not be convinced that a simple denial extinguishes these miraculous eternal-burning flames. They take for granted the authoritativ character of the Bible and their priests, and fervently believe the monstrous doctrin, not realizing that hell is the priest's stock in trade to paralyze their intellect, enslave their manhood, and rob them of their money.

There is no hell. There never was a hell. There never can be a hell.

I might stop right here, and all thoughtful minds, weighing the evidence submitted to establish a hell, would instantly pronounce the case in my favor, a hell not proven, and consider my simple denial sufficient to prove the negativ, precisely as a simple denial of dragons, mermaids, or centaurs is ample proof that such creatures do not exist, unless, indeed, those affirming supply proof. But even to those demanding proof from those denying a hell (which, however, they inconsistently ignore from those affirming) I think I can prove as plainly as any negativ can be proven—viz., that twice two is not five—that a hell and all it implies is an absolute impossibility.

Language is inadequate to properly define the horrible blight produced throughout the world by this monstrous superstition. It is emphatically the most damnable and most virulent curse infecting humanity. It has haunted millions in the past, and is the terror of the living to-day. It has transformed conditions of content and happiness to one of wretchedness and horror. It has crushed out manhood, dwarfed the intellect, mocked reason, and dragged what might hav been a free and happy people down to the level of wretched slaves. Like a deadly incubus it has stifled them intellectually, wrecked them socially, frightened them religiously, and distressed them financially. Once a slave to this horrible illusion, the victim is every ready to sacrifice his manhood upon the altar of a revengeful God, and to lay his hard-earned cash at the feet of priest or preacher, to save him from his terrible impending doom.

To crush out this monstrous lie, to extirpate this fabulous monstrosity, born of cunning and crime, is the loftiest mission of man.

But the task is an extremely difficult one. The combined influences of the churches energetically oppose this radical reform. Their very existence depends on hell. Exterminate hell and you exterminate Christianity, and priests and preachers would hav to work ten hours a day like other poor men, or beg or starve. "Christ died to save sinners from hell." If there is no hell, his death, of course, was a cruel sacrifice, Christ is not needed, the Bible is a lie, and all churches sad monuments of a hoary superstition.

But, thank fortune! nature is not as cruel as man, reality not as horrid as fiction. There is no hell! There can be no hell! Let us rejoice!

Hell is a logical absurdity, an irrational monstrosity, and a natural impossibility.

Science affirms there is no such place in the earth, on the earth, over the earth, or under the earth. There can be no such place.

Science predicates that there is no proof, direct or indirect, from observation or analogy, from deduction or induction, of such a place or condition anywhere beyond the world, throughout the infinit realms of the universe.

Science also affirms that a human being cannot die and still liv, much less leave this world's atmosphere and survive.

Reason and logic prove there can be no such place. Hell, if it means anything, means an eternal lake or ocean of fire. But fire implies combustion; combustion necessitates a continuous supply of something to consume. If the theory of hell according to the Bible is true, there are already ten millions of centillions of human creatures roasting in hell, the vast majority of which hav been there for centuries! But the fires must be big enough for many times as many more! Where does the necessary fuel come from? Hell and all it implies would necessitate an immense, unthinkable, continuous, eternal supply, or indeed the fires would burn out instantly. Why, the biggest coal trust in the world could not supply fuel sufficient to last a single day!

Hell, if real, would be but a vast crematory furnace, in which no being could possibly liv a moment.

"Hell!" What nonsense! The most hideous, pernicious, and, at the same time, the most ridiculous, phantasmagoria ever concocted in human brain.

Who can believe the grotesque lie, the barbarous folly, when a true conception of the idea in realistic vividness dawns upon his mind? No one.

Beecher, in righteous indignation, from Plymouth pulpit proclaimed, "It is a monstrous doctrin!" and Drs. Thomas, Swing, Savage, and thousands of others of the best minds within the church, though sadly inconsistent, now echo the sentiment, "There is no hell!"

"Where will you spend eternity?"

Why, in precisely the same place and condition where and in which we spent the eternity before we were born.

In precisely the same condition in which the countless millions, not yet born, are to-day.

Life is but a flash between the eternity of beginningless time in the past and the eternity of endless time in the future. All forms are finite—begin and must end. The vast aggregation of cosmic matter alone is infinit and eternal. Nature is like a vast kaleidoscope in perpetual motion—the detail ever changing, the grand whole forever the same. If but one soul were cast into a hell every million of years, there to remain forever, and this process were repeated infinitly in the future, behold! soon, comparativly speaking, there would be no universe, but every atom now composing it would, in the shape of a wretched soul, be roasting in hell forever and ever!

Every atom composing man is but borrowed for a brief period, and the perpetuity of nature depends upon every particle returning to the source whence it came.

Who will affirm that it is a calamity that future generations are not among the living to-day? Who mourns for them? Who, of the many priests, ever dreams of uttering a single prayer in behalf of the salvation of the unborn?

Not one! Why, then, in the name of reason, worry about the dead, who sleep the blessed sleep that knows no awaking to pangs of grief and pain, and whose condition is identical with that of those as yet not born?

Annihilation implies eternal repose, nothing more. To past and future generations alike non-existence is a condition of indifference and negation. They who are not feel not, see not, hear not, remember not. Then, how in the world can death be a condition of dread and horror?

To mourn over the fate of the countless dead implies a desire or a duty likewise to mourn over the countless millions destined to be born hereafter!

What folly!

Did it ever occur to our religious friends that the desire and belief of an immortal life was born of pure egotism? John Brown, and Peter Smith, die and are soon forgotten; maybe you attend their funeral, and, maybe, shed a tear, but soon after go your way rejoicing. Not so much of a calamity after all! But it is only your individual fate you dread above all other. Ah, there is the rub! But, my

friends, please consider that you are no more to your neighbors, and to the world at large, than they were to you, and that when you die the calamity is no greater, and soon the world will go on rejoicing just the same.

"Only Christians can look forward with happiness."

What mockery! Such persons either are not Christians or do not realize what Christianity teaches.

Think of that caravan of doomed ones who are daily rushing, crushing, headlong over that "broad way" into the seething crater of hell into eternal torment, while only here and there "one of the select" scrambles and struggles along that "thorny and narrow path" into heaven! Think of it! Realize the full import of the sentence pronounced upon humanity by their creator, and then tell me if you can liv and die happy believing this! Tell me. No matter what the degree of your piety or goodness during life, what assurance hav you that your capricious God, who first made hell, knowing that a vast majority of his children would there meet their terrible fate, will not, for some trifling cause, consign you to eternal torment also—or, if not you, the wife or children you love, without whose happiness yours would be impossible? Tell me, my friend, do you honestly believe that you could be happy in heaven, even a single moment, knowing those you love to be eternally in hell?

Nonsense! The hope and happiness of the true Christian is a mockery and a farce. He may whistle like the school-boy when crossing a graveyard at night, to keep his courage up, but if he realizes the full intent and meaning of his impending doom, he must be miserable and wretched indeed!

Happiness on earth or in heaven is an utter impossibility as long as the fires of an eternal hell are supposed to scorch the flesh of a single human being.

Away, then, with the shocking burlesque and the infamous lie!

To create men, knowingly subjecting them to a fate like this, would disgrace Satan.

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

Rochelle, Ill., April 22, 1888.

The American Secular Union.

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From the Union Secretary.

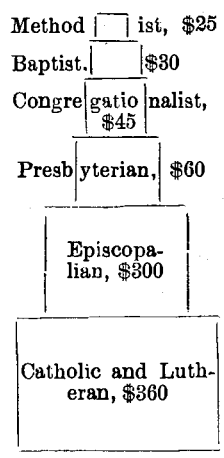
Charles Watts, of Toronto, editor of *Secular Thought*, concluded a course of three lectures for the Chicago Secular Union Monday night. His subject Sunday morning was, "Freethought, its Nature and Influence;" in the evening, "The Church and Modern Thought," and Monday evening he devoted himself to a consideration of the "Christian Evidences." These lectures, for incisiv argument, masterly erudition, ponderous logic, and finished rhetoric, are events long to be remembered in the calends of the Forum. The *Times* gave excellent reports, and the *Tribune* complimentary notices. Several members desired that an evangelical gentleman, Mr. Morgan, who is a regular attendant at our meetings, should be pitted in debate against Mr. Watts, but the society regarded him as no match for the shafts of England's orator and keen debater. On Monday night the gentleman was allowed to reply to the lecturer, but as he did not present even the suspicion of an argument, merely reiterating that old story of a fearful example, and "what Jesus has done for me," I could scarcely anticipate how Mr. Watts was to reply to this vacuity. Mr. Watts, however, made one of the most convincing and crushing retorts ever listened to, in the most amiable and good-natured style imaginable, which was accepted with good grace by Mr. Morgan, who is not a bigot, and whose deportment is always that of the perfect gentleman. Everyone could imagin from that exhibition what Mr. Watts would be capable of with an opponent of greater caliber.

Mr. B. F. Underwood, late editor of the *Open Court*, at present editor of the Chicago *Graphic*, attended two of Mr. Watts's lectures, and on Monday evening was called out during the discussion. In response, Mr. Underwood philosophically considered the mental condition of persons who, to become decent members of society, had to hav "the love of Jesus," or some other peculiar mental aberration, and showed that, in their stage of development, it was not well for Liberals to attempt to suddenly unsettle their primitiv conceptions, assuming that such individuals were not prepared for the altruistic attitude of Liberalism. Mr. Underwood's remarks were heartily applauded.

Mr. Watts informs me that parties in Kansas hav written him for lectures. If other engagements can be arranged, he will be there in June; otherwise he will hav to defer his visit. Let friends in Kansas address him at once.

CASH COST OF A SOUL.

Despite the avowed mission of Christianity to call sinners to repentance, and save their never-dying souls, the practical tendency of this irreverent age is noticeable in thrusting forward the inquiry as to how much this sort of merchandise costs in sordid dollars and cents, and what is its marketable value. To this peculiar inquiry the Chicago evening *News* givs heed—but do not imagin that our pious contemporary would approach this subject with any but the profoundest religious reverence—and to its issue of Wednesday last I am indebted for the figures. What their ulterior object can be in this matter I know not; possibly to get the brethren "to pool their issues" and set up a grand salvation trust company, so that gospel restorativs for penitent thieves and pious murderers may be under proper control, and only divine members of the ordained "racket" be entitled to rebates. But the most singular part of this inquiry is the candor of the pastors, who practically acknowledge that money—"the root of all evil"—is the very basis of their success or failure, not the supposed "power of God's word." To the unprejudiced thinker this would seem satisfactory proof that the almighty appears to "take little stock" in the boom that is based so much on dollars. It may be of interest to THE TRUTH SEEKER readers to know how little filthy lucre is required to rope in the average Chicago sinner to the fold of the Lord. Of course, the churches hav not kept their statistics in such manner as to make "figuring down fine" on souls infallible, but the estimates are furnished by editors of religious papers, preachers, and laymen directly interested in home missionary enterprises. The invariable inquiry presented to them was in substance: "How much does it cost the church to make one convert?" None knew exactly or approximately, but by a comparison of all the answers given the statistical pyramid here given is constructed.



It will be seen that the church working on the cheapest scale—which in trade-union parlance would be the "scab" concern—is the Methodist. Making a calculation, based on the number of adults added to the church each year, and the amount of cash expended in Chicago, it costs but $25 to add one member to the Methodist faith—a faith that requires no facts, which suggests a low state of intelligence in science and ethics. The *per capita* tax on members of this Methodist conference will run over $1 this year, but its peculiar fiscal policy makes it financially very effectiv.

Baptists come a little higher—$5 for bathing or sprinkling is rather steep—but they get there all the same.

Congregationalism spends more than either of the two previously named, but as it is an approach to the cruelties of Calvinism, it takes a little more expenditure of cash to satisfy the cupidity of the people who profess to believe it, so $45 is the average outlay on a convert.

Presbyterians come still higher, as $60 is their quotation. In speaking of this disparity, one of their preachers is quoted as saying: "I believe it is true that it costs three times as much money, if you want to put it that way, to add a member to our church as it does to add one to either the Methodist or the Baptist faith, but you must remember, on the other hand, that when a man becomes a Presbyterian once he stays a Presbyterian. We do the work once for all, while some of our brethren hav to convert their converts three or four times over before the work is really done. That may account for the great difference in the figures to a certain extent." Presbyterianism does not make so many converts in Chicago; our people draw the line at roast pork.

Episcopalian converts are dearly bought, as they figure on $300 for each adult added to the church from the outside, but their growth is, as with the Lutherans and Roman Catholics, more from within than without—that is, their additions are made principally from the children born of church-members rather than from outsiders; hence, the figures for those three faiths are apt to be somewhat misleading, as it is certain the Lutherans and Catholics are growing rapidly in this community, but for additional conversions it is presumed the figures presented are tolerably correct.

Adding up results, and figuring the cost of saving souls down fine, it will be seen that the average Chicago sinner, over whom there must be quite a hubbub in heaven, if the rejoicing is in proportion to his worldly wickedness, just foots up $39.4236—a circumstance which permits of another comparison.

In Smalley's "Cost of the Gospel," it is said, after an exhaustiv comparison of the religious work of the world, the outlay required to bring a convert into one of the reformed Christian churches in each case was:

An African	$14	A Japanese	$ 80
An Italian	42	A Chinese	100
A Spaniard	55	A Jew	2,800
An East Indian	60		

So that Chicagoans, who are guaranteed, all-round sinners, are quite cheap at $40.

It would be much more interesting to the Liberals of this country if the *Daily News* would procure the statistics as to how much these denominations and their charities cost the community at large and estimate how much the public hav to contribute, in exemption of church property, to their propaganda work. If some of our office-holders had kept their promis I should hav had this information for the American Secular Union long ago, but this is presidential year and politicians are afraid to pull a string if thereby they might lose the vote on the other end.

Evangelist Kirkland, who furnishes salvation and free lunch to a large mission of blear-eyed, badly perfumed, and carnation-nosed tramps, claims he can convert at an expenditure of $1 a head. Guess he means they can convert his sandwiches into temporary saints. He admits they are not converted to any special form of creed, but are got away from the gutters and saloons. Let me assure your readers that the odor arising from these sanctified ones is not of the "incense-breathing morn" order, and could be purified by a little of the saloon atmosphere. Others estimate that an average expenditure of $8,000 for undenominational mission work is made in Chicago, and that eleven thousand a year of converts are secured—at any rate, as long as cold weather and free lunches last. Yes, this is cheap, dirt cheap—but rather dear for dirt.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

The Recent Woman's Council.

I hav been a good deal disturbed by the reports of this famous gathering of women at Washington, our nation's capital, and hav several times taken my pen in hand to inquire how it happened that Helen Gardener's essay was entirely ignored in the stenographic reports, though the program had announced her name and subject in as large letters as any of the other expected speakers. I could not think that ill health had prevented the delivery, as we should hav seen a notice of that certainly in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but at last the editorial of May 5th explains the mystery. Miss Gardener is an Infidel, and the Christian, as far as possible, ignores the existence of such persons. I perhaps hav no right to criticise the power which governed that congress of women, nevertheless I must say, as I certainly feel that I should be remiss in my duty to the cause of woman if I did not, that it was the duty of some one in power there to giv a report of that speech to the public as of the other speeches. The prayer (or invocation, as it was called) given at every session was fully reported, and I presume no one protested against it; though to an Infidel's eyes it seemed profane, as the persons uttering those invocations were all professed Christians, and Jesus of Nazareth is reported as expressly forbidding public prayer; and even without that prohibition, would it seem proper to anyone who had ever given a thought to the subject to publish the humble petition of a subject to an infinit being to the world, to be admired or criticised, as the case might be, for its beautiful construction or weak simplicity?

I am glad that Miss Anthony remembered—how could she forget, being a birthright Quaker?—that the good Lucretia Mott did not find it necessary to make a place for audible prayer in the meetings over which she presided. There were certainly a great many good things said for the cause of woman at that meeting, but I am not encouraged by it, as I hoped to be. Superstition is a very large ingredient in our government, and is the cause of many of the cruelties and wrongs which are inflicted upon those who through misfortune or ignorance transgress the laws, and added superstition is not desirable. Nevertheless, I know that suffrage for woman is right, even though it bring added tyranny, as suffrage is right for the emancipated Southern slave, even though his ignorance is greatly in the way of improvement to the government. The manhood with which suffrage has invested him will help to giv him a taste and determination to be in reality a man; so the sex slave will learn through enfranchisment what real, responsible womanhood may become. I thank you, Mr. Editor, that you hav given to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER Miss Gardener's admirable paper, "Sex in Brain." It seems to be as difficult to discover the sex in brain as it is for some Liberal writers to find the time of the birth of the mind or soul; but no doubt our good brothers the medical and physiological teachers will still declare it is there, until the fable shall be entirely forgotten by the scholar.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

Syracuse, N. Y., May 6, 1888.

Good Advice and Accurate Information.

From Saladin's Secular Review.

MINX.—You should read THE TRUTH SEEKER of New York. It is a really excellent Freethought journal. We believe it could be supplied to you by Watts & Co., of 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet street, E.C.

Editorial Notes.

THE Rev. James H. Hoadley, of this city, desires the money spent by church charitable organizations in relieving the physical distress of the poor, disbursed to ministers who shall preach to them instead of feeding them. "What is wanted," he says, "is more gospel and less charity; more spiritual and less temporal help. The gospel is what the poor need to-day more than anything else. It will not always relieve them of their poverty, nor make them rich in temporal things; but it will make them 'rich toward God,' which, after all, is the only true riches." The Rev. Mr. Hoadley seems to be a Christian.

A REV. MR. BOULAND, living in Lafayette place, this city, has withdrawn from the Roman Catholic church, by letter to the pope, and will unite with the Episcopalians. The gaudiness of the marble-fronted building across the street, bought with Catherine Wolfe's cash, was too much for Mr. Bouland, who is a Frenchman, with a Frenchman's love of finery. In closing his letter to the pope, Monsignor Bouland writes these titles after his name: "Honorary Private Chamberlain of his Holiness, Leo XIII.; Honorary Canon of St. Michael Archangelo, Rome; Honorary Canon of the Metropolitan Church of Rheims; Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulcher; Member of the Academie des Arcades, and President General of the Society of the Avocats de St. Pierre in North America." The *Catholic Union and Times* says: "According to the story told by the New York *Catholic News*, 'Mgr.' Bouland is a disreputable adventurer whose titles are as worthless as his character. The Protestant Episcopal Bishop Potter is heartily welcome to the 'accession.'" All we can say is, that it's funny that Mr. Bouland's general disreputableness was not sooner discovered by the church authorities who hav been loading him with shining if unsubstantial honors.

THE following bill has been introduced in the House of Representativs by Amos Cummings, of this city, and referred to the committee on post-offices and post-roads: "Whereas it was not the intention, and the Constitution does not provide for, the enforcement of common morality by the general government within the states; and whereas the states in their severalties hav supreme authority over questions of common morality, and are competent to deal with them; and whereas the exercise of powers not definitly conferred is usurpation, tends to centralization, despotism, and destruction of liberty; and whereas the exercise of such powers tends to encourage disrespect for organic compacts and statutes, and strikes at the foundations of society; and whereas Section 3,893 of Revised Statutes and the amendment of July 12, 1876, are without constitutional authority, are ambiguous in expression, and therefore of doubtful interpretation, hav been greatly abused, are being abused now, and are liable to greater abuse: Therefore, be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representativs of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that Section 3,893 of Revised Statutes, and all the amendments thereto, be, and they are hereby, repealed. Sec. 2. That this act shall take effect from and after its passage."

IN the House of Commons, last week, Mr. Bradlaugh defeated Sir John Lubbock's bill to close the stores in England at 8 o'clock on every night but Saturday, when keeping open till 10 o'clock was to be allowed. Mr. Bradlaugh denounced the bill as absolutely immoral in principle and absurd in detail. He upheld shorter hours of labor for everyone, but if Parliament should set itself to dictate the hours of labor for every industry in the country they would hav legislation of a most terrific character—legislation that would crush personal energy and enterprise, ruin trade, and pervert and weaken individual character. The bill was rejected by a vote of 273 to 95. Mr. Bradlaugh has also used his Parliamentary position to stop the sale of lottery tickets by a church club, and to set the police after the pious lawbreakers. In the *National Reformer* of the 22d ult., the non-oathable member of Parliament sends his greetings to American friends in these words: "I thank both the New York TRUTH SEEKER and the Boston *Investigator* for their very congratulatory notices of my work, and in return send across the Atlantic to them, and to American friends, greetings, which I may never perhaps find the opportunity to renew in person, but which are none the less hearty in that they are sent from afar off."

THE Japanese do not take kindly to Christianity. They are burdened with too soft hearts. A missionary, who evidently is tainted with the Andover heresy, says: "They grieve over the fate of their departed children, parents, and relativs, and often show their grief by tears. They ask us if there is any hope, any way to free them by prayer from that eternal misery, and I am obliged to answer there is absolutely none. Their grief at this affects and torments them wonderfully; they almost pine away with sorrow. They often ask if God cannot take their father out of hell, and why their punishment must never hav an end; and they do not cease to grieve." It requires a hard nature to believe in Calvinistic theology, and we do not think that Japan will ever hang as a trophy at the belt of Protestant warriors, like a scalp on an Indian's leggings. The *Christian Union* admits the sense of disappointment felt at the non-success of Christian missions in the East, and though the *Independent* denies the failure, the prevailing opinion regarding them is that they are so weak, and the missionaries so contemptible in action, that they incur only the contempt of the nativs. And why should they not? The doctrins are infinitly cruel and repugnant to kindly disposed people, are supported at best by guess-work only, and the missionaries who trade for profit as zealously as they pray for sinners are not the sort of men to win respect anywhere. The Christian missionary system is a gigantic fraud.

MR. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, the pious editor who prints each day a text of scripture at the head of his editorial columns, and who desires the Fifth avenue stages to stop running on Sunday, has become the laughing-stock of the town. The latest joke upon him is the appearance of the following in the *Evening Post* and *Commercial Advertiser*. It is directed "To the officers, directors, and stockholders of the Fifth Avenue Transportation Company—Gentlemen: The undersigned take leave to remonstrate against the running of your stages on SATURDAY. It is very disagreeable to many of the residents on that route. It is injurious to the drivers and starters, requiring them to work on the *seventh* day of the week, and it tends to break down the sanctity of the day, which in the Fourth Commandment is appointed to be kept holy, and thus do a great harm to the best interests of the whole community. True, there are many who ride to and from places of worship on that day, and also many who do not believe in the religious observance of that day, who visit the public parks with their wives and little ones for one day's recreation out of seven; still, these facts ought not to weigh against the annoyance of the wealthy residents of the brown stone mansions on the route of these stages, for surely what 'rights' that these residents 'are bound to respect' can those hav who liv elsewhere than on Fifth avenue? The pavements of that avenue 'of churches and of homes' should never be polluted on that sacred day by the tread of horses drawing stages that carry passengers for a five-cent fare, but should be reserved exclusivly for carriages with coachmen and footmen in livery. Nor should the larger number, who do not regard the Sabbath as a sacred day, be allowed to 'injure the feelings' of the pious few who do so regard it. We earnestly call upon you to put a stop to the 'illegal, immoral, and irreligious' practice of running your stages on Saturday. And, further, we venture to suggest that all of your stages be furnished with a fresh text of scripture each day, conspicuously displayed. Signed by forty residents of the 'side' streets."

THE following letter, no matter how obtained, probably fairly represents the aims and hopes of the National Reform Association, or God-in-the-Constitution party: "*Dear Sir:* In reply to your letter asking what the National Reform Association expects to accomplish, I would say, that while there is some difference among the members, some being unwilling to go so far as others, yet I am not without warrant in affirming that the larger number, including most of the leaders, are impressed with the necessity of making this country and nation thoroughly Christ's; by which I mean such, in Constitution and laws, that no one shall dare to dispute a single one of the doctrins of the Nicene creed; while an inner circle hav settled it that when this has been obtained a further step will be attempted and (it is confidently hoped) carried to incorporate in the Constitution the Athanasian creed in a body. We hav seen that there is a sentiment among the well-to-do that it is highly respectable for anyone, as soon as he gets up a little in the world, to hav a pew in some church. This sentiment makes vast numbers support the churches, even when they hav no real faith in what they hear there; they wish to be on the fashionable side and to keep solid with the church people, and so if Mr. Reynolds or Mr. Ingersoll utters such a thought as is opposed to the doctrin of the trinity, for instance, let us say, it is quite easy for Comstock or some other servant of the Lord to get a dozen country clowns to say that he has been guilty of blasphemy and obscenity. It matters not that the words according to the dictionary are about as applicable as if it were called burglary; no one wants to go against the church, you know! To be sure, no one should be punished for freely uttering what he thinks, but—well! this is, or ought to be, a Christian country. Now, it is upon this fact, viz., that there are so many voters who care for no object farther off than an inch beyond their noses, that we base our hopes of being able to shut up the mouths not only of Atheists, but also of Universalists, Unitarians, and all whom we consider unorthodox. And to tell you the truth, I shall never be satisfied until these United States are acknowledgedly and stringently Calvinistic. There may be some tough work, some bloodshed, torturing, and many battles between different religious denominations, but there will be no peace, depend upon it, even after God is put in the Constitution, till Athanasius has triumphed over all. We will use the more moderate, worldly, and rationalistic church people just as far as they will go, and then we will turn our weapons against them as godless heretics, reconcilers of religion and the Bible with science, and rank Freethinkers; we will hav thinking stopped, and faith made compulsory. Then, and not till then, shall the earth be covered with the glory of the Lord (or Athanasius), as the waters cover the sea. Yours in the bonds of Jesus. F. J. C." The reference to Mr. Reynolds's case in the foregoing may be explained by the fact that the letter was written by a Jerseyman, living not a thousand miles from Morristown.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE sixth congress of the German Freethinkers' Union will take place at Cologne on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 26th, 27th, and 28th. Communications should be addressed to Dr. August Specht, Gotha.

CHARLES WATTS begins his last Western tour, for this season, about June 10th. He will go as far west as Kansas, speaking wherever wanted. Those desiring him to visit their towns are earnestly requested to write him at once at 282 Sumach street, Toronto, Ont.

MISS VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE will deliver two lectures Sunday, May 27th, before Friendship Liberal League, Broad and Wood streets, Philadelphia. Her subjects are, "Convent Life Unveiled," and "Justice and Jehovah." The afternoon lecture begins at 2:30; evening lecture at 7:30. Liberals around Philadelphia are cordially invited to attend.

PROF. D. C. SEYMOUR, from San Francisco, will answer calls to lecture anywhere in Oregon or Washington territory, for the next four months. The lectures are Liberal and scientific, and illustrated with a collection of oil paintings, portraits, anatomical plates, skulls, busts, charts, etc. He writes: "Among my subjects are: 'Evolution,' 'Stirpiculture,' 'Hygiene,' 'Hereditary Law,' 'Dietetics,' 'Church and State,' 'Labor,' 'Temperance,' 'Birth, Growth, and Decay of Worlds,' 'Other Worlds than Ours,' 'Is Immortality a Fact?' etc. Twenty years in the lecture field is my recommendation. Let the Liberal friends and TRUTH SEEKER readers everywhere in the Northwest that want their superstitious neighbors 'stirred up,' and can furnish a hall or school-house, grove, etc., write me. I make no terms. 'Jesus [and the audiences] will pay the debt.' Only giv me a call by writing me very soon at 100 South First street, Portland, Or., saying where you liv and how to reach you. Get up grove and camp meetings in every hamlet. Superstition must be throttled, and only work, hard work, will do it."

MR. S. P. PUTNAM, president of the American Secular Union, desires the Liberal public to know that he has made the following route and dates for the summer campaign:

Ashland,	Oregon....June 3	Pasco, Waverly, Colfax, and Spokane Falls, W. T.	August 1–12
Talent,	"..... 4	Walla Walla,	W. T.....14
Jacksonville,	"..... 5, 6	Union,	Or.....15
Myrtle Creek, Roseburg,	"..... 7–10	Baker City,	"..... 16
Coos County,	"..... 11–19	Boise City,	Idaho.....19
Silverton,	"..... 22–24	Ogden,	Utah.....21
Stayton,	"..... 24, 25	Morgan,	"..... 22
Lebanon,	"..... 26–28	Coalville,	"..... 23
Molalla,	"..... 29, 30	Park City,	"..... 26
Eagle Creek,	"..... July 4	Heber,	"...27, 28, 29
Sandy,	"..... 5	Denver,	Col.....Sept. 2
New Era,	"..... 6	Seward,	Neb.....5, 6
McMinnville	"..... 7–9	Fremont,	"..... 9
McCoy, Ballston,	"..... 10, 11	Omaha,	"..... 10
Independence,	"..... 12	Creston,	Iowa..... 11
Forest Grove,	"..... 15	Ottumwa,	"..... 12
Hillsboro,	"..... 16, 17	Salem,	"..... 13
Portland,	"..... 18	West Union,	"..... 16, 17
Astoria,	"..... 22	Dwight,	Ill.....19, 20
Cathlamet,	W. T.....24–26	Chicago,	"..... 23
		Pittsburgh,	Pa.....30

Secular Unions and friends desiring Mr. Putnam's services along this route should address him at 504 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal.

Gladstone's Disappointing Essay.

The *North American Review* for May opens with an elaborate paper from the pen of Mr. Gladstone entitled, "Colonel Ingersoll on Christianity." In one view there is nothing remarkable in the coupling of these two names. Each is beyond question the supreme orator of his country. No American now living can lay claim to an eloquence comparable to that of Colonel Ingersoll, neither can any Englishman now before the public claim comparison with Mr. Gladstone in power to hold au audience. But here the resemblance ceases. The two men are otherwise about as unlike as nature and circumstances could hav made them if conspiring to that end as the main object in view. Mr. Gladstone has been a conspicuous figure in the public life of England for a great many years, and his power is marvelous, but he never relieves the seriousness of discussion with a laugh or anything approaching it. One cannot conceive of him as having a humorous side to his nature. Colonel Ingersoll, on the contrary, is quick to see the ludicrous side of a thing and apt in its characterization. That two men so utterly unlike should agree in anything is hardly to be expected. But apart from natural difference, they occupy irreconcilably opposit positions in their religious views. It is well known in a general way that Mr. Gladstone is a devout man, cherishing special veneration for the Christian religion, while Colonel Ingersoll is a pronounced Agnostic.

Mr. Gladstone's article shows great ability, but it is not a little disappointing. It is devoted to the criticism of detached bits of Ingersoll's reply to Dr. Field, but fails to giv much idea of what Mr. Gladstone's own views are. For example, Ingersoll referred to Shakspere as "by far the greatest of the human race," and Gladstone takes him to task for saying it. "I do not feel entitled to assert that he is not, but how vast and complex a question is here determined for us in this airy manner!" Evidently the writer's main object was to protest against the Ingersoll method rather than idea. He credits the American iconoclast with candor and upright intentions, but he doesn't like what he calls "the flashing coruscations which really compose the shafts of the articles." He finds fault with Ingersoll for not "formulating his animadversions." In another place he calls him a mitrailleuse, and says his writings leave on his mind the impression of a battle-field, when, as he thinks, "controversy ought to be waged after the pattern of those engagements where a chosen champion on either side, in a space carefully limited and reserved, does battle on behalf of each silent and expectant host." Sullivan and Mitchell, rather than Achilles and Hector, would seem to be the Gladstonian patterns for theological debate.

All this is matter of taste and temperament. It is to be regretted that the great English statesman did not dispose of that immaterial phase of the subject in a few sentences, and then giv the public his ideas on Christianity in a succinct and satisfactory manner. As it is, we get nothing except as an incident to criticism. The nearest approach to an exception is in the Darwinian line. Mr. Ingersoll casually remarked that "his (Darwin's) discoveries, carried to their legitimate conclusion, destroy the creeds and sacred scriptures of mankind." That observation brings out several pages of really interesting discussion. Mr. Gladstone does not venture an opinion as to the soundness of Darwin's theory, but he does stoutly maintain that it might be true without impairing the claim of the Bible to be regarded as an inspired volume, which is certainly a material point.

The June number of this magazine is expected to contain a reply from Ingersoll. It is a remarkable fact that these two famous laymen should be engaged in a purely theological discussion. A Chicago clergyman said last Sunday that the Ingersoll-Field discussion was the most important recent event in the religious world; but it is still more notable that the Grand Old Man has been drawn into the great debate. It is earnestly to be hoped that he will not stop until he has passed from criticism of ways and means to the unfolding of his own religious ideas.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Communications.

Slate-Writing.

DEAR MRS. SLENKER: In your last letter to me you said:

No, I can't believe in independent slate-writing. I wish thee would go to a medium and take thy own slates. Mark the frames, and tie them thyself, and keep hold of them all the time. Try and get some slates different from others. I tried that, but Caffray would not use my slates at all. I had to take his or go without any writing. I shall be ever so glad if thee can do this. I don't know who I would better trust to do it, well, honestly, carefully. I'd gladly pay the expense or go myself if I was there. Thee has no idea how this subject interests me. I can't think of anything I'd sooner hav thee do for me.

Yesterday, just three weeks from the date of that letter, I visited Mr. Keeler, the medium. I never saw him but once before, and that was in a public room where he gave a few tests. I was in a remote part of the room, and never would hav recognized him again. It is scarcely possible that he ever saw me before I called on him.

I had bought two slates, washed and marked them. Besides certain marks already on them by which I could identify them, I cut with a knife initial letters of my name on the inner edges of the frames—*i. e.*, W. H. B. on one and W. on the other. These letters could of course be seen on close inspection.

I did not go by appointment. Two women were having a sitting, and I had to wait a few minutes. Mr. Keeler said, "You happen to hav come at a time when I can giv you a sitting." It was near 1 o'clock and he had an appointment at 2. I could hear the two women talking in the back room. They were getting communications. Soon the sliding door opened and they came out into the parlor where I was. One had slates wrapped in a paper. "Was your communication satisfactory?" I inquired. The elder of the two replied, "Oh, perfectly; I would not take a hundred dollars for what I hav got here."

I sat down by a little table. The sun shone in through the south window, and the room was very light. I asked Mr. Keeler if it was right for me to bring the slates. "Certainly," said he. I took off the wrapper, and he made a few passes over them with crumpled paper, as if to rub out any marks that might be there. The slates were never for an instant out of my sight.

Mr. Keeler wrote something on a little piece of paper, which I understood to be the names of spirit messengers. Folding the paper tightly and laying it on the table, he handed me a little tablet, with a request that I write to several spirit friends, male and female. He sat opposit to me, and as I wrote I held my left hand over the tablet so that he could not see my writing. On one slip of paper I addressed Thomas Paine, of whom I made some inquiries, signing my name. This paper I folded up several times, making a wad. On another slip I addressed my sister, Selina S. (Burr) Churchill, and my brother, David M. Burr, asking for a communication, and signing myself, "Your brother." On a third slip I addressed Chs. L. Alexander, signing my name. On a fourth I wrote as follows:

Elmina D. Slenker, I know you don't believe in slate-writing, but being in the body, possibly there is a psychological power in you which you are not aware of.

This I signed with my name, and all four of the closely folded slips I placed on the table before me, with the one put there by Mr. Keeler, and they were mixed up so that I could not tell one from the other.

I waited some time for the influence, conversing with Mr. Keeler, but giving him no clue to names or anything else. Presently he said, "I feel a very strange influence, as if carried far away." Then the door opened, and his wife and little child entered with a telegram. "That telegram," said I, "may cause the strange feeling." "No," said he, after opening and reading it, "it requires no answer." And his wife and child withdrew.

Then he said, "I hav an impression of the letters *s* and *r*." I told him I could not understand that at all. Again he said, "Take up one of the papers." I took one and held it, not knowing which of the five it was. "I hav an impression," said he, "that the last letter of the first name in that paper is *s*, and the last letter of the last name is *r*." I opened the paper, and the name was Charles L. Alexander. I did not read the name aloud, but presently he said, "It is Charles."

Then he took one of my slates and began to write on it, saying, "This is not what you come for, but I am impelled to write." And as he wrote I held, at his request, another of the papers taken up at random. "Hold it tightly," said he, and as he wrote he read to me as follows from the slate, I taking it down in shorthand:

The person whose name he now holds does not seem to be in our condition of life. I am not able to find her in any of the realms I hav passed through. Will look a few minutes more, but do not think the person is with us.

I opened the paper and it was addressed to Elmina D. Slenker. I then told him it was a woman, but never gave him your name. Then he added in writing:

The lady is alive and well, and in the soul.

All this occurred before the slate-writing test, which was as follows:

Nipping off a bit of slate pencil, he gave it to me to hold a few moments. Then he put it between the two slates before my eyes. What he himself had written I saw him rub off before coming to the test. The slates were clear as he put them together. At his request I tied my handkerchief around them, all the time holding in my left hand one of the folded papers. Then we both held the slates elevated a few inches above the table. Presently I could hear faint scratching; then, when the message appeared to be completed, I heard two or three taps, apparently of the bit of slate pencil. But in another moment Mr. Keeler reversed the slates and what appeared to be another message was written; this being completed like the other, only in a bolder manner, judging by the noise of the pencil.

On opening the slates there were two communications written—one from my sister, Selina S. Churchill, and the other from Charles L. Alexander, both in characteristic handwriting—not an exact facsimile, but nearly so. My sister died in 1851, and Mr. Alexander in 1880.

From Thomas Paine I got no communication. I never named him, and was told that the person had been too long dead. I admitted that I did not know him in life, and then Mr. Keeler said, "His name is Paine."

So you see that I got direct answers in writing signed by three of the persons I named, but not from Paine nor from yourself. But what I did get about you is to me the most interesting part of the performance. I apologized to Mr. Keeler for the innocent fraud, and he took it good-naturedly.

Do you ask me if there is not room for fraud in these performances? I answer, not unless my senses deceive me. I know the slate-writing trick is done in public by Harry Kellar, the prestidigitator. But this same Kellar, in a letter to the *Indian Daily News*, dated January 25, 1882, described certain manifestations which he had witnessed at the residence of a private gentleman of Calcutta the evening previous, through the mediumship of Mr. Eglinton, and concluded as follows:

I still remain a skeptic as regards Spiritualism, but I repeat my inability to explain or account for what must hav been an intelligent force that produced the writing on that slate, which, if my senses are to be relied on, was in no way the result of trickery or sleight-of-hand.

Mr. Kellar's slate-writing is acknowledged by him to be a sleight-of-hand performance. Not so Mr. Keeler's. Kellar, the prestidigitator, was unable to discover any trickery or sleight-of-hand in the mediumistic performance of Mr. Eglinton, nor was I able to discover any in that of Mr. Keeler. I am, therefore, firmly convinced that there must hav been an intelligent force that produced the writing on those slates. W. H. BURR.

Washington, D. C., April 19, 1888.

P.S.—April 23d. I find that I was mistaken about having seen Mr. Keeler before. It was another medium that I saw giving tests after a lecture.

W. H. B.

The Dead are Forever Dead.

A friend says: "I think every student of nature must admit there is a better, a nobler, a purer, and more exalted existence for us after this life of toil, of suffering, and disappointment is over. We see the flowers in their beauty droop, fade, and die, yet we *know* that spring's warm breath will bring them back to life again . . . there must be a grand, a glorious, a never-ending life of happiness after this brief existence terminates."

The above ideas are the outgrowth of heredity, environment, and education. A little broader outlook will show us that *all* "students of nature" do not admit that there is a better existence for us in some unknown future. Darwin alone is ample proof of this, and few hav studied nature more closely than this great and good evolutionist did. Then, there are Tyndall and Huxley and a host of lesser lights who discern in life only a continual process or series of changes, of renewed births and deaths, no one identity being eternal and everlasting; no one death being followed by a resurrection of the self-same individual.

I do not deny the suffering and disappointments, the sorrows and crimes, of life, but I say with Darwin that justice, right, goodness, and happiness are the prevailing rule and their opposits are the exceptions.

It is really no argument at all that life is an imperfect or undesirable boon unless it culminates in perfection here or hereafter, for we cannot conceive of any condition where there is a possibility of perfect peace, love, joy, or satisfaction, and indeed some thinkers go so far as to say that perfection must inevitably end in incapacity and worthlessness.

It is the unsatisfied yearnings, strivings, and ambitions that impel us onward and upward into higher and better planes of life.

There is no good without its corresponding evil. There is no one need of the body but must become a *want* before we can enjoy its satisfaction.

We must hunger to enjoy food, tire to enjoy rest, thirst to enjoy drinking, and dislike to enjoy loving.

You may say, Why then battle against wrong, misery, woe, and crime? I answer, Because we must do our best to increase the good and keep in abeyance the evil. Life and happiness depend upon this. To yield submissivly to evil is to finally annihilate the race. The intense love of life insures the war against life's evils. We cannot eliminate them, but we can keep them in the minority, and are compelled to by the law of self-preservation.

The symbol of flowers dying and being brought to life by spring's warm breath is fallacious. No single flower that has ever died has bloomed again. Every death is eternal. The rose of to-day showers its petals upon the ground, perfects its seed, and is forever gone.

The parent bush may grow other sister roses, but not one of them will be the self-same rose of to-day.

The bush itself if killed will be forever dead. Some plants die down to the ground and their root or bulb sleeps till spring, but it is as truly alive as we are when we sleep at night. Dig it up and burn it, and where then is the resurrection? A seed is said to rot in the ground before it sprouts and grows. But it doesn't all rot; the germ is alive. If *that* dies, there will be no plant.

I hav sought earnestly for a long lifetime for barely one proof of a life to come, but hav never found it. I am ready and willing to believe if I can hav evidence.

I love life. It is a priceless blessing. But it is ours only for a time. The race livs, but individuals pass away. ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Snowville, Va., April 20, 288.

Infidelity in Utah.

During the past four months the Secularists of Utah hav been enjoying a regular Freethought revival, a Liberal love-feast, so to speak. The cause has been championed by that radical and magnetic Liberal orator, Dr. J. L. York, of San José, Cal., who, four months ago, under the auspices of the Salt Lake Secular Union, began a series of lectures in this and other cities in Utah. In some respects the campaign has been the most remarkable ever conducted in this territory, if not in America—remarkable for many reasons. Dr. York came to Utah almost wholly unknown to the people, but from his initial lectures he caught the great popular heart of the masses, and, therefore, he has been the most talked-of man in Utah so far this year, his fame and the character of his work having spread to the remotest parts of the territory.

It so happened that the doctor came here in the very nick of time, as a more propitious period for the reception of Freethought teachings has never been since the settlement of the people in these valleys. To show such is the case it is but necessary to say, as regards the Mormon people, that such great changes hav taken place in their church affairs that no longer is the priestly whip held over them as in former times, and the power of the civil law has driven the leaders of this stupendous religious fraud into hiding, or compelled them to seek refuge in foreign lands. Therefore, deserted by their chiefs, whose schemes for the perpetuity of churchism hav been so grossly shameful in their character, the Mormon masses hav had their attention easily enlisted in the interests of Secularism. Another thing that has been favorable to the doctor's work is the fact that the Mormons are natural-born Freethinkers in one sense, at least, and as to all other churches thoroughly Infidel. The Saints' creed disagrees in its dogmas with all other creeds, the Bible not being the basis of its religious structure, and consequently the Mormons are distinctivly different, both in the doctrins they teach and the practices to which they adhere.

On account of these peculiar differences there is no love felt nor manifested by them for the Christian churches, they having all been classed by the Saints as worse than the Infidels. So it transpires that the Protestant and Catholic churches hav made next to no headway in converting the polygamists to their views of the religion of Jesus Christ. No wonder that Dr. York should find a field here, and the result of his labors be crowned with glorious success! Everywhere he has spoken the houses hav been crowded to overflowing, four-fifths of the audiences being of Mormon connection and affiliations. The Infidel's style and the nature of his remarks hav been like unto new revelations to the people, setting them to thinking and discussing the comparativ merits of this and that dogma and practice of the various churches. This thinking and talking one with another has led to differences of opinions and criticism, to doubt and investigation by hundreds, who, for the first time in their lives, began an honest, earnest seach after light and truth. Inspired by the grand old man's radicalism and magnetic force, men and women, varying in age, circumstances, and social conditions, hav, during these sixteen weeks, found courage to step outside the church and dash to earth the chains that so long hav held them captiv to superstition and priestcraft.

That this campaign should hav resulted in so

much good is due not only to the fact that the people were found in favorable conditions for impression, but to Dr. York's manner and method of handling his subjects, which hav covered a field of thought admirably suited to the needs of the people. Loud and strong has his voice been lifted in the defense of universal mental liberty, the rights of the people, and the teachings of Secularism.

Besides the lectures in this city, Dr. York has spoken in the following towns: Provo, Springville, Payson, Murray, Hayward, Ogden, Morgan, Coatsville, Kamas, and Park City, all red-hot Mormon towns, with the exception of the last-named, the foremost mining-camp of the territory.

When the doctor first began his work, the religious people felt disposed to ignore his presence and let him and his work alone. This did not last long, and so various sky-pilots commenced Sunday-evening lectures against Infidelity, but as their methods were simply attacks on Secularists and wild assertions about what Christianity has done for the world—full of hypocrisy and sophistry—they only served to increase the public interest in the Secular movement. Not daring to do so sooner, the Deseret *News*, the Mormon church organ, devoted a column and a half to the doctor, after he had closed his course here. In the same priestly sheet two lay Mormons tried their hands as logicians, and succeeded in showing themselvs either knaves or fools.

Brief mention is made of these things to show that the Christian ministry and the Mormon priesthood hav been riled up beyond endurance.

That these lectures might be supplemented with suitable reading matter, a stock of Freethought literature has been kept on hand and sold by the secretary of the Union.

At the close of the doctor's course here his friends tendered him a grand public benefit and reception. The affair took place at the Opera House, Tuesday evening, April 17th, and was in every particular a most enjoyable and long-to-be-remembered occasion.

ALFRED BRADLAUGH TOMSON,
Cor. Sec. Utah Terr. Secular Union.

Salt Lake City, April 18, 288.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

PHENIX, ARIZ, March 21st, 22d, 23d.—With sighs of regret I bade farewell to beauteous Tempe and to the kind friends, noble devotees of Liberalism, truth seekers, faithful representativs of our cause. Phenix is a wide-awake, prosperous city, with a vast extent of choice land, a fairy garden of luscious fruits and bright alfalfa fields, with thousands of acres of growing grain on every side of it. I was met at the depot by a jolly band of Liberals and escorted to the cosy home of John Burger, a pioneer of Arizona, a successful miner, and an energetic worker for Liberalism. There is a very large Liberal element of the very best material here, and much more that needs vertebral development. The beautiful and commodious Opera House was filled the first night; the second and third nights tested its seating capacity. The genial proprietor himself came to the rescue and carried in extra chairs. It is not often that so earnest a worker for others' comforts is proprietor of hall or opera house. May his shadow never grow less. It was by all conceded that the lectures awoke a very great interest. There was much talk of a discussion between myself and some very able minister who was out of town during my sojourn there. They may not arrange a debate. I expressed my willingness to return.

John Berger, that glorious veteran, I. M. Cotten, and Wm. Jensen are among the most zealous workers and burden-bearers, but all evinced the kindest desire to do everything possible to make my stay a pleasure and my labors a success. I sold a large quantity of Liberal books and pamphlets, and obtained several new subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL, March 25th, 26th, 27th.—A weary ride over hundreds of miles of sandy desert. But ere I reached San Bernardino luxuriant vegetation took the place of the wind-waved sea of sand. In this city I had made the engagement to deliver my first lecture in California. I am under very great obligations to the Liberal Spiritualists of San Bernardino, and especially to the president of their association, Wm. Heap, a pioneer Liberal, an earnest Spiritualist. A more thoroughly generous-hearted, genial, jolly, old soul I never hope to meet. All that it was possible to do to help me in my work he did, and did it with a hearty kindness, as though he was all the time receiving instead of conferring favors.

All the loss and annoyance was negatived by the kind friends I made, whom I shall ever remember with affection and gratitude. Any financial loss was more than made good by that true, earnest, modest worker for reason, right, and truth, Mr. Wm. Macdonald. His name alone was a password to my regard. He takes and pays cash in advance for five copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER. He and his family are harmonious workers for Liberalism. Despite his Infidelity, he is loved and respected by all classes. He took me in his carriage to view San Bernardino and the surrounding country. It is a city of wondrous promis. The business men are among the most public-spirited and energetic, and, independent of its manufactories, it has a wondrously prolific, rich fairyland of grain, fruit, and flowers all around it.

RIVERSIDE, CAL.—I visited this fruit garden. It is luxuriant, but the town is in the grasp of the church, and heaven, if it existed, would hav no charms for me while it was a despotic monarchy, with twelve titled saints sitting on thrones judging all the rest. The ultra-fanatic pious are on the throne at Riverside. There are a few Liberals who, I hope, may yet effect its redemption, but $20 a night for an old barn called a pavilion, to lecture in, proves a protectiv tariff that shuts out free Liberal lectures.

SAN JACINTO, CAL., March 30th, 31st, April 1st.—The railroad deposits passengers for San Jacinto at Perris, a woebegone, sandy desert, with a few disconsolate-looking buildings. The arid waste is laid out in choice town lots by the real estate fiends. It is a wretched place to lay over at. But after a short delay the stage was ready, and at this time of year it is a very pleasant ride through the valley, more beautiful and rich in verdure with every mile of travel toward the enterprising, fast-growing city of San Jacinto. After registering at the hotel, and visiting the post-office (when thousands of miles away from home, on a lonely pilgrimage, how one does appreciate letters from loved ones!), I wandered into the carriage shop of D. W. Perkins, and in sepulchral tones, putting on a most sanctimonious visage, I asked him to "please inform me where I should find the prayer-meeting that evening." The conflicting emotions portrayed on his expressiv phiz were beyond all possibility of description. He was all broken up. His answer utterly lacked that terse diction with which he always so very promptly replies to all inquiries as to his opinions on politics or Prohibition. On making myself known I received a most cordial welcome. Friend Perkins is an earnest, conscientious Liberal, and has the courage of his convictions.

Mrs. F. Reynolds (Florence, not Frances C.) and Isaac C. Crum kindly furnished most inspiring music at each lecture. The lectures were well attended, and created very great and general interest. There are a goodly number of worthy ladies and gentlemen representativs of Liberalism at San Jacinto, and one or two that need evoluting. It does not always follow that because a person gets the God idea out of his head he has love and appreciation of the noble principles of Liberalism in his heart.

DIAMOND VALLEY, April 1st, 2d, 3d.—After the Sunday afternoon lecture Friend Perkins took me in a carriage to the Diamond Valley school-house, eight miles across the mesa. I delivered three lectures there to very small audiences, but in view of the sparse settlement, the long distance all had to come, and the dark, damp nights, larger attendance was not to be expected. The last night I had quite a goodly audience, and sold considerable literature.

I greatly enjoyed my visit at Friend P. A. Clark's. He has the largest, best, and most beautiful farm; the largest body, with still larger heart; the largest and fairest wife; the most interesting family, and the most precocious baby in the entire valley.

DEMING, April 4th.—I delivered a lecture at Deming school-house under the auspices of stanch and sturdy W. D. Clark and that noble, generous-hearted champion of Liberalism, J. S. Deming. There were a number of Christians present, and after the lecture for about two hours I answered questions and refuted false impressions. The ladies took the lead in propounding questions. All manifested interest, and I had the sweet reward of assurance from several that they had been benefited, and would read and investigate.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., April 7th, 8th.—The Liberals and Spiritualists here are united in a most effectiv and prosperous society. They hav captured the Methodist church, a large, handsome, commodious building, and are holding their regular Sunday afternoon meetings and week-night festivals in it. This has been achieved in modest silence, without buncombe or trumpet-blowing; and under the presidency of Ex-Rev. Paul Smith, a pronounced Spiritualist, but a Liberal of the noblest type, the society is growing in numbers and influence every week. President Smith's great natural ability, and culture, unvarying urbanity, and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Liberalism and humanity, giv him immense influence, and he uses it solely for the advancement of the cause of Freethought. He is a grand, glorious singer; to hear him taking the lead in the opening service of song is a great treat, and proves a very great attraction. The San Diego Liberal Society does not rest content with having captured the M. E. church; they hav inaugurated a free Liberal library and reading-room, and under the able and inspiring energy of that indomitable worker, Mary A. White, who acts as librarian, suitable rooms are rented, and quite a large number of books hav been collected, forming the nucleus of a Liberal and scientific library that will speedily become one of the best and most important institutions of San Diego.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

Woman and the Bible.

The most obstinate difficulty to remove in the progress of Freethought is woman's inherent belief in the Bible. I think it doubtful if there be more than one woman in a hundred of her sex that has from her own convictions cut loose from all faith in the old book, and it is quite a rarity to meet with one amongst the many that shows a sign of skepticism. Their belief in holy writ has precluded all thought of investigating the absurdities of the Bible, consequently they scornfully reject even the smallest discussion on the subject. Could they admit Freethought literature in their homes, it might in many cases be the means of bringing over to Liberalism many of our intelligent women. Infidels generally are timid and fearful of consequences should they bring anything home showing signs of Infidelity likely to come under the eyes of an orthodox woman, lest it be consigned to the cook-stove—instances of the kind sometimes take place. The progress of Infidelity will eventually be retarded without the aid of women, and many are the cases where men hav zealously worked for the Liberal cause in getting up clubs and hav miserably failed for the want of women's presence at their meetings.

Men, and young men in particular, are backward in taking up and discussing Liberal and theological questions, and slow in attending Infidel meetings where there is a non-attendance of females. Now the question comes up, How are women to be released from the bondage of priestcraft and from Bible superstition?

It is beyond my ability to lay down a successful scheme to cause women to think and retrace their erroneous conceptions of theology. I can only surmise that as there are a goodly number of ably educated women ready for the lecture field, could they be induced to visit the principal cities of our country, I am most certain they could bring out a larger audience of women and convert more to our Infidel faith than could the same number of men.

There is not an intelligent student of the signs of the times but must plainly see the urgent reasons for such a movement. It is evident that woman suffrage has made rapid strides during the last five years, is now a national question, and inside the coming decade will make its triumph, and the people will say: Amen! woman has gained her rights. But we can well see future results from present causes. We know that the Prohibition cause is almost entirely the work of the church. The reënactment of the puritanical Sunday laws, and, more and worse, the putting of God and Jesus Christ in the Constitution of the nation, these questions are duly concocted and safely placed in the archives of the church, to be brought out when the woman with the ballot appears.

Champlin, Minn. J. KINSER.

Two Tender-Hearted and Brave Women.

From the Sun.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals numbers among its members Miss Eva Ingersoll, the daughter of Robert G. Ingersoll. From the window of her father's residence, 400 Fifth avenue, the other day she saw the driver of a garbage cart beating his horse over the head with a barrel hoop, which had a nail in it. The animal was old and lame, and his body was covered with sores. She ran out and entreated the man to desist, but he continued to thrash the horse. Thinking that if she showed him her membership certificate from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals the driver would be scared, she ran into the house, brought the document out, and again insisted that he should stop beating the horse. The man, whose name was David Muhle, laughed in the young lady's face. Then Miss Ingersoll seized the horse's bridle, at the same time calling the attention of Mrs. Wallace, another member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to the situation. She promptly came to the brave girl's assistance, and the ladies stopped the wagon at Thirty-second street and Fifth avenue. Then Muhle began flogging the horse again, making him fairly drag the ladies along, and threatened to strike them if they did not let go the bridle.

For six blocks the driver swore at the horse and the women before a man was found gallant enough to assume the responsibility of stopping it. He was H. B. Gillingham, of 354 West Twenty-second street. Relieving the ladies of their task, he unharnessed the horse and paid a man to take him to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals stable in Twenty-second street. Muhle had escaped in the crowd that collected and had crossed the river to New Jersey, but it was learned that he was driving the garbage wagon for a man named Christian Altflox, of Weehawken. Young Gillingham went straight to Jefferson Market court and swore out the warrant upon which Muhle was arrested. Muhle was recognized by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as a man they had arrested in January on Fifth avenue for beating an old gray horse. He was taken to Jefferson market court. No one offering bail, he was locked up for a week, and then taken to the special sessions court for trial before Justices Kilbraith, Smith, and Ford. Gillingham left a sick wife to giv his testimony, and Mrs. Thomas Lotos, living at the Murray Hill Hotel, who saw Muhle's brutal conduct, was ready as a witness, but the prisoner pleaded guilty and so got off with a fine of $10. The horse was shot by the society. Miss Ingersoll and Mrs. Wallace were not notified when the case came up for trial, and this week they called at the society's office, and expressed great satisfaction that the driver had been arrested and fined. Mrs. Wallace's name is among the first enrolled as members of the society, while Miss Ingersoll is known as one of its most enthusiastic supporters.

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A Solution of the "Mormon Problem."

While the Freethinkers hav been holding a succession of successful meetings in Salt Lake City, an account of which we print elsewhere, the Christians of that city hav not been idle. An evangelical convention met there April 3d–5th, the object of which was to turn the Mormons from the Mormon church toward the Christian. But so far as we can judge from the reports, little progress was made in this direction. The audiences were not Mormons, but Christians, and one report goes on to say that no signs of any immediate apostacy from the Mormon church were apparent to the members of the convention. They did not see any ground for a hope that the people can be turned at once into the churches. Therefore, the churches must demand legislation to destroy Mormonism, and they indict the religion of Joe Smith in this way: "The Mormon idea of God is that he is 'a great big Mormon.' The Bible is perverted, and by 'continued revelations' its sacredness is destroyed. The priesthood hold absolute control, not only in religious matters, but in political and business affairs as well. Everyone who has encountered these obstacles recognizes them as real, and their magnitude cannot be overstated."

The church could not reach the Mormons at all, "only the apostate element," and as "these are mostly Infidels and Spiritualists" (so the report states), the outlook is not rose-colored for the evangelicals. But they liv in hope, and trust, among other things, to "the general interest of the country and of humanity in our work; the prayers of true souls everywhere; the pressure of outside civilization; the divine element in human nature; the natural operation of time and change; and lastly, the omnipresent spirit of God, the I Am which sent Moses on his mighty mission." The evangelicals do well to incorporate among their remedies for polygamy and adherence to a low superstition "the pressure of outside civilization," and "the operation of time and change." These two are Secular remedies, and the only ones of those proposed of any value at all. The Mormons already possess the rest of the list.

The Freethought meetings, on the other hand, not only were successful for more than three months, instead of three days, but if the Salt Lake papers may be believed they converted many Mormons. The audiences which listened to Dr. York, says the Salt Lake *Tribune*, were largely composed of Mormons. This was so when Mr. Putnam lectured there, laying the foundations for Dr. York's successful visit, and has continued through the fourteen weeks of the latter's teaching.. It is, we should judge, safe to say that not less than a thousand Mormons hav in the last year abandoned superstition for Rationalism, so far as they can comprehend the philosophy of science, and are lost to both the Christian and Mormon churches. And the Liberals hav not asked for restraining legislation, hav evinced no desire to persecute the saints because of their false doctrins, and hav not so much as mentioned the "I Am which sent Moses on his mighty mission." Judging, therefore, from results, and pursuing the inductiv method of philosophizing, the student of political and religious economy will award the laurel of merit to the Freethinkers. They, at least, hav accomplished something toward the civilization of Utah, hav taken some of the bond-slaves from the grasp of the priesthood, and if properly supported could probably revolutionize the theology of the territory within a decade. We respectfully suggest that the churches turn their missionary funds for the conversion of Mormon polygamists over to the American Secular Union to be used to pay the expenses of Liberal lecturers to travel through the territory and civilize the people.

Authority.

The pope has condemned the boycotting campaigns of the Irish Nationalists, and the Irish priests will be obliged to withdraw from the National League. The laymen are undecided whether they will obey his holiness or not, some of them claiming with Dr. McGlynn that the pope has no business with politics, while others are disposed to submit quietly.

But the point raised by the defiant agitators has been settled years ago, and again recently. The Catholic church claims supreme authority in questions of faith and morals. By including politics in "morals" the church maintains her right to direct her people's choice and policy in statecraft. The bishops hav interfered in elections, under this claim, in this country, in Spain, in France, in Germany, in Italy, and elsewhere. The rule is well established, and though the pope has not in recent years officially proclaimed it, his agents hav acted on it without censure. The Irish Nationalists who refuse to obey the pope will find themselvs subject to disciplin.

This question of obeying or not obeying is the paramount issue with the Irishmen at present. All sorts of advice is given: one leader says obey; another says, tell the pope to keep out of politics. The see-saw of defiant and submissiv oratory bids fair to go on indefinitly. The latest weighty opinion given is that of Mr. Parnell, a Protestant. He opposes the pope, but advises the people to submit in all matters of faith and morals, while at the same time insisting on the claim that politically Irish opinion and judgment must be supreme.

To a Freethinker this dispute seems absurd and incomprehensible. Why should one man obey another in political or religious matters? Why should the people of Ireland or America or any other country put their minds in the keeping of any man? Who made the pope the "boss" of anybody? A self-respecting man will tweak the nasal organ of anyone, pope or politician, who sticks that organ into the self-respecting man's business. Why don't the Irishmen ask Mr. Pecci to attend to his own affairs, and let Ireland alone?

This "authority business" is a great deal overdone. It used to be worse, perhaps, but there is too much of it even now. There is a certain class of people, and it is a large one, and not confined exclusivly to the churches, who think their mission in life is to boss somebody, to say what other people shall do or think, in short, to attend to other people's business. No matter how unsuccessful, illogical, stupid, and incapable one of this class may be in his own life, he thinks that he can guide his neighbor's life better than the neighbor can himself. So he wants a law to regulate that neighbor—to say when he shall rest, when he shall go to church, what he shall drink, when he shall listen to music or go to a theater, and when and how he shall do or not do a thousand and one things. The impudence of his claim seems never to occur to him. He assumes to the world the relation of a parent to a child, and calmly makes rules governing the child's conduct. His authority is self-assumed in many instances, but usually he falls back upon divine law, as interpreted by himself, as his support. The worst and most arrogant of these authority fiends is the Catholic church; the Protestant organization is not far behind, and in some places, indeed, is a little ahead; while following on are many who hav somehow rejected church beliefs but not church methods. They cling to their self-appointed mission of bossing other folks, and grieve much that the other folks sometimes object.

All of these wearers of the self-woven garments of authority need to study the doctrin taught in the Declaration of Independence, that all men are born free and equal and endowed with the inalienable right to own their own brains, and vote as they please. Liberty is the greatest of all things, and the one supreme thing worth fighting for. The pope will never understand this until all his subjects rebel. The Protestant clergy will never understand it till they are left without support. And we are sorry to say a good many Infidels will not comprehend it until they learn to reason logically. The constant struggle of the world has been for liberty. Gaining liberty, it has gained all it has of civilization. Without liberty to think and investigate the world would still be in barbarism. Yet to-day we find a nation struggling for political freedom wondering whether or not it shall obey a pope, a pope who is only a man, without a shred of authority more than the meanest and dirtiest human being in the world! It is astonishing how men do like to be chained.

Religion and Real Estate.

The ministers of St. Paul, Minn., recently held a meeting to consider what they should do about getting up a revival. Munhall, the revivalist, was there, and being desirous of a job, he favored the scheme. The St. Paul *Globe* reports him as saying:

"The town needs such a movement as this more than anything else. It'll boom the town so that you'll go ahead of Minneapolis so far that the people of that place can't see you. A great movement such as this promises to be will be better for you than twenty blast furnaces and a dozen railroads."

This used to be Sam Jones's favorit argument in favor of revivals, and the instigators of those at which he performed obtained subscriptions from the tradesmen of the town solely for business reasons. A revival with Sam Jones or Sam Small on the platform ranks with Barnum's circus as an attraction to draw to town the inhabitants of the surrounding country. The circus, however, imparts a little more hilarity to the occasion, and the people spend money a little more liberally than when driving in to attend a revival. Mr. Munhall is a quick absorber of business facts.

But we hav searched the four gospels in vain for any authority for this use of religion. On a few occasions Jesus gathered great multitudes to whom he advanced revolutionary religious ideas, but we find nowhere in his directions to his advance agents, or apostles, as they were called, any suggestion that his coming was to be used as a means of booming real estate. In his sermons there are no indirect allusions to the rise in the price of corner lots in Jerusalem as a result of his advent. But if Munhall had preached the Sermon on the Mount he would first hav staked the ground off, and sold it at auction after the services. Neither in the importunity of the Macedonians for a revivalist do we find any mention of the benefit St. Paul would confer upon the country by attracting immigration. It is doubtful if the committee of invitation thought of the matter from that standpoint. So far as we can learn from the New Testament—which we admit is but an imperfect record—the inventors of the Christian religion were honest but deluded folks, like the investers in Keely motor stock or the makers of perpetual motion machines, who preached their doctrins with no thought of gain to themselvs or town. They had no boards of trade to boom their cities.

The preachers and revivalists of to-day, however, are progressiv men, with progressiv notions, and are not circumscribed and limited by the conventionalities which the son of God and the apostles were bound to observe. Hence their greater success in making converts, and consequently greater emoluments. Christians in the days of Jesus were scarce; now there are hordes of them. Jesus preached for nothing, and picked his neighbors' corn for lunch. The apostles went out with no scrip in their purses, and had hard times to get enough to eat. The revivalists of to-day liv at the best hotels, get about a thousand dollars a week, and are content with nothing of their neighbors' less valuable than their wives. Truly, Christianity has progressed since the apostolic age.

The Indians and the Churches.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 28th, in speaking of the order of the Interior Department that hereafter the language used in teaching the aborigines shall be exclusivly English, we said:

"This has aroused the ire of the churches engaged in evangelizing the red men at the expense of the country, as it

renders useless the religious works translated into the various Indian languages, and several religious bodies and conferences hav remonstrated with President Cleveland concerning the order, but to no effect."

This was written upon the authority of a religious journal, and as usually befalls humanity when depending upon Christian statements, we were led astray. Since writing it we hav received from the Department of the Interior a pamphlet containing the correspondence on "the subject of teaching the vernacular in Indian schools," and the president's letter in reply to a resolution adopted at a session of the Philadelphia annual conference of the Methodist church. The department's order is:

"1. No text-book in the vernacular will be allowed in any school where children are placed under contract, or where the government contributes, in any manner whatever, to the support of the school; no oral instruction in the vernacular will be allowed at such schools. The entire curriculum must be in the English language.

"2. The vernacular may be used in missionary schools, only for oral instruction in morals and religion, where it is deemed to be an auxiliary to the English language in conveying such instruction; and only nativ Indian teachers will be permitted to otherwise teach in any Indian vernacular; and these nativ teachers will only be allowed so to teach in schools not supported in whole or in part by the government, and at remote points, where there are no government or contract schools where the English language is taught. These nativ teachers are only allowed to teach in the vernacular, with a view of reaching those Indians who cannot hav the advantages of instruction in English, and such instruction must giv way to the English-teaching schools as soon as they are established where the Indians can hav access to them.

"3. A limited theological class of Indian young men may be trained in the vernacular at any purely missionary school, supported exclusivly by missionary societies, the object being to prepare them for the ministry, whose subsequent work shall be confined to preaching, unless they are employed as teachers in remote settlements, where English schools are inaccessible.

"4. These rules are not intended to prevent the possession or use by any Indian of the Bible published in the vernacular, but such possession or use shall not interfere with the teaching of the English language to the extent and in the manner hereinbefore directed."

It appears from this order and from Mr. Cleveland's letter, in which he tacitly recommends the reading of a "chapter in the Bible in English, or in Dakota if English could not be understood, at the daily opening of these schools," that the ministers cried out before they were hurt. The churches are to be allowed to maintain mission schools in which to train Indian preachers; they may giv or sell to the Indians Bibles in any vernacular of any tribe; they may prevail upon the teachers of government schools to read the Bible to the Indian youth upon every school-day, and they may teach adult Indians any superstition in any vernacular they choose to use. If the churches desire more than this, they are excessivly greedy. Both the Indian commissioner and the president are nauseatingly complaisant toward the Bible Society, and seem to desire nothing in the world so much as to suit the church organizations.

Mr. Hamilton's Career to Date.

Readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will doubtless recollect that when S. P. Putnam lectured in Ukiah, Cal., last spring he was attacked by two ministers and a man named Hamilton, a city official, lawyer, and college graduate. Mr. Hamilton was so zealous in the cause of Christ that he flung a lighted lamp at Mr. Putnam's head, which passed by and crashed through the window. With shouts of "Damn him, kill him!" Mr. Hamilton seized another, but was taken from the hall before he could throw it. Afterward, he was indicted for murderous assault, but through the sympathy of a Christian court escaped further punishment than the payment of one hundred dollars fine.

Mr. Hamilton has again come before the public, as we learn from the San Francisco *Freethought*. Last fall the citizens of Ukiah got up a scheme to purchase the right of way for a railroad from their town to North Cloverdale, and Hamilton was made secretary of the organization formed to raise money for the purchase. He accepted the position and collected money with assiduous avidity. A month ago he was called on to report progress, but his callers found that just previous to their calling *he* had been called to San Francisco. The sheriff of Mendocino county was appointed a committee of one to make a further call on Mr. Hamilton at his hotel in 'Frisco to inquire why he thus held himself aloof from his Ukiah neighbors. Upon reaching the city the sheriff found that the secretary's affairs had taken him to Australia, and that he had inadvertently carried the funds of the Ukiah and North Cloverdale Railway Extension Company with him. Effort will be made to induce him to return. Ukiah people, says *Freethought*, do not care so much for the loss of the few thousand dollars Hamilton got away with, but they object to losing from among them a man who can arise to the necessities of all occasions and be a burning and a shining light to all the place.

When Mr. Hamilton returns to his own (in care of the proper officer) it will giv THE TRUTH SEEKER great pleasure to chronicle his further efforts to stay the tide of Infidelity now sweeping over California.

Mr. Bradlaugh Loses a Suit.

Shortly after the Trafalgar square riot in London, wherein the unemployed workmen who were making known their grievances were outrageously abused by the police, Mr. Bradlaugh rose in Parliament and charged Mr. Salisbury with having given his check to a Mr. Peters to be used to promote workingmen's meetings and stir them up to riotous demonstrations in order that the government might hav a pretext for taking arbitrary measures to suppress them.

Mr. Peters sued Mr. Bradlaugh for libel, laying damages at five hundred pounds. The suit was tried on the 18th ult. Mr. Salisbury was called as a witness, and admitted that in December, 1883, his secretary forwarded to Mr. Kelly, secretary of the Dock Laborers' Association, a check for £25. The purpose for which it was intended was ~~to~~ provide a free breakfast for the starving poor. He denied that he gave any checks to promote the workingmen's meetings held previously to the riots in Trafalgar square. He also denied that he signed a check in favor of Mr. Peters in connection with any Trafalgar square meetings. Mr. Peters testified that he had never received any money from Lord Salisbury. A coffee house keeper showed that a check for £25 had been given him to provide dinners for unemployed workingmen. Mr. Kelly, the coffee house keeper, testified that he disbursed the money given by Lord Salisbury for charity. He had not used any of it for political purposes.

Mr. Bradlaugh expressed regret that he had charged Lord Salisbury with giving the check to promote the Trafalgar square meetings. He urged that, as other checks had been so applied, his statement was not libelous. A verdict was returned awarding the plaintiff £300 damages. Mr. Bradlaugh's party members in Parliament hav raised the amount by subscription.

This is almost the first important suit in his reform work that Mr. Bradlaugh has lost, and he seems to be more technically than morally at fault even in this. There is no doubt that money has been used by the Tories to excite the rebellious tendency of the unemployed, so that the government would be justified not only in doing nothing for them but in using the police and troops to suppress them. Mr. Bradlaugh picked out the wrong check to follow, and found Salisbury shrewder in covering his tracks than the Northampton member supposed. Politics is a great game and requires much skill when played successfully.

Editorial Notes.

THE Woman Suffrage Association of Washington on the evening of the 3d instant passed this resolution: "*Resolved*, That it is the duty of every woman in the Methodist denomination to withdraw from any church where the pastor upholds the action of the General Conference, now assembled in New York city, in refusing to receive the noble women sent there as lay delegates."

THE Congregational ministers of Chicago, as by this time pretty much all the world knows, hav on hand a boom labeled, "Sabbath Preservation." Twenty-five of them constitute a committee to call on the managers of the different railroads to protest against running trains on Sunday. It has been noticed that these Sabbath Protestants do not hesitate to ride to church on a street-car on Sunday, if they hav any distance to go, and this fact, the secular newspapers think, may rob their protest of a good share of its force.

IN Germany the stupid peasantry are Catholics. The government officials are Protestants. The educated and middle classes are Infidels. A physician who goes to church conceals the fact because the people look with suspicion upon those who should be "naturalists" *par excellence*, yet exhibit leanings toward superstition, as religion is regarded by most of the Germans. The Protestant church is the state church, but its communicants are mostly officials and society folks who attend as a duty in the morning, and go to a concert or theater to enjoy themselvs in the afternoon and evening. There is a vast difference in the depth of piety in a German and in a Puritan.

THE religious journals complain that the evangelization of large cities is made difficult "by the great number of ignorant foreigners who flock to our cities, many of whom are not only irreligious, but activly hostil to Christianity." This is not true. The most ignorant and degraded foreigners who come here are, almost without exception, Roman Catholics, and while it may be difficult to "evangelize" these, they certainly are already Christianized. What they most need is to be civilized.

As a rule, says the *Tribune*, religious papers do not venture to discuss the merits of Spiritualism, possibly because many of their readers are disposed to acknowledge some of its claims. This is true, and why not? If angels—which are mortals who hav put on immortality—exist, why may not they come back to earth? The Catholic church holds that they can, but that only the bad ones do. But if bad ones can and do revisit their haunts, why cannot good ones do so also? In the divine economy of eternity is evil more powerful than good? If so, what is the use of being good? The Badger Boy's Sunday-school teacher will please stand up and reply.

BY an almost unanimous vote Dr. Edward B. Foote, Jr., was elected president of the Manhattan Liberal Club on Friday night, the 27th ult., in place of Van Buren Denslow, who finds it impossible to regularly attend to the duties of the office. Dr. Foote has presided at the larger number of the meetings during the last year, and his promotion is in the line of true civil service reform. He has also devoted much time to the interests of the Club and secured exceptional talent for its platform. The program for the remainder of this month is as follows: May 11th, Charles F. Wingate; May 18th, Helen Gardener; May 25th, Courtlandt Palmer. Every one of these speakers is sure to be interesting. The other officers of the Club are the same as last year, with the exception of Augustus Leavy, added to the list of vice-presidents. Van Buren Denslow and A. L. Rawson were elected honorary members.

COLONEL INGERSOLL received the following dispatch from the New York legislature last week: "You are the unanimous choice of the legislativ committee to deliver the memorial address in the assembly chamber in honor of the late Roscoe Conkling. The legislature will adjourn on May 11th. It is desired to hold the exercises prior to that date. Will you please designate some evening that will best accommodate you for that purpose?" The New York *World* says: "The selection of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll as orator on the occasion of the Conkling memorial exercises at Albany, under the auspices of the legislature, is a most wise one. Colonel Ingersoll knew Mr. Conkling intimately and he was his steadfast friend. His eloquence, his sincerity and his love of truth, eminently qualify him for the role of eulogist on this occasion." Mr. Conkling was an Agnostic; though a quiet one, he never hesitated to avow his opinion when the occasion seemed to him to demand its expression. The religious journals, we note, fail to state this fact in their notice of his death.

MR. D. H. DAVIS, of Almonte, Ont., has won laurels in oratory in defending the rights of the Freethinkers of the place to the use of the town hall, which had been refused them for a lecture by Charles Watts. A local paper says:

"Mr. D. H. Davis, on behalf of the Secularists of Almonte, appeared before the council board to ascertain whether the hall might be obtained for the purpose of Secular lectures, and the eloquence which he poured forth in his appeal to the lovers of 'freedom of speech and the intellectual liberty of every citizen of Almonte,' as he styled it, must hav awakened in the minds of his hearers the fact that among Secularists, as well as other people, there are men of eloquence, who possess hearts that throb to every sympathy of human nature, and whose intellects, though, in our humble opinion, misdirected, are more or less burnished by the learning and advancement of the nineteenth century. Were Mr. Davis to make such efforts in the cause of Christianity, he would inscribe his name on the local tablet of fame, and it would go down to posterity, not, as the poet sings, 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung,' but as that of a man whose life was worthy of example."

The correspondent who sends this to *Secular Thought* quotes the ideas and phraseology of Mr. Davis's speech, and we are not at all astonished that he amazed the unread Christians of the place. His speech was lifted bodily from Colonel Ingersoll's defense of C. B. Reynolds, substituting Almonte for New Jersey.

MR. F. W. BRADLEY, a good friend, of San Diego, Cal., sends us the statement, taken from the Catholic *Monitor*, of "J. McPlarick, acting-sergeant," and "Michael Hession, constable," both presumably of the police force of Knock, Ireland, concerning the cure of "Mrs. Murray, parish of Dunmore, county of Galway," of paralysis, by a visit to the Knock chapel on the night of August 14, 1887, and asks us to notice it in the paper, as he regards it as a "stunner." We should like, for Mr. Bradley's benefit, to make a visit to Ireland and expose the humbuggery of the Knock chapel, but hav at present other and more urgent duties. But we find consolation in the thought that it can be scarcely necessary to kill the dead. Every one of these "miracles," when followed up, proves to be but lying or trickery on the part of the priests and their ignorant dupes like this acting-sergeant and constable. The miserable imposture at Knock has been often exposed. The accounts of miraculous cures there, like the faith cures here, are pure fabrication. And if Mr. Bradley had stopped and pondered a moment over the extract from the *Monitor* sent us, he would hav seen something that might hav bothered the Catholic gentleman to whom he admitted that the cure was a stunner. The letter inclosing the statement of the acting-sergeant and constable also conveyed the news that the archdeacon who celebrates mass in the chapel and has charge of the premises and the mysterious light was slowly dying, hopelessly stricken by disease. Why was he not taken to the chapel and cured?

Letters from Friends.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME,
DAYTON, OHIO, March 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Heston's cartoons are excellent, and, I am certain, add very much to the force of the paper, and much enhance its effect in enlightening the benighted and priest-ridden.

An old newspaper man myself, I assure you that you conduct your journal so well that I do not see how it could be improved. The editorials especially are super-excellent; they are in point of force beyond anything I hav seen elsewhere in Freethought papers during the twenty years that I hav critically read them. Your paper is the peer of any I hav seen, English, Australian, or American.

Your friend, WM. H. MCRAE.

KANAWHA FALLS, W. VA., April 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: This is "April Fools'" and the Lord's day—synonymous terms—a coincidence, you see. I will fool you by sending herewith my check for $4, to apply on my subscription and as otherwise designated. Our village can boast of several outspoken Liberals, and has gained a county reputation of being "a black Infidel hole." We keep them stirred up through the county papers whenever an opportunity presents. Some time since an attack was made on the Secular Union and our Nine Demands in the *Star* (Charlestown). A friend of mine took up the cudgel, and orthodoxy has not had such a raking for a long time. It got so hot for them that the editor said he could "print no more flagrant attacks on the Bible." Yours hastily, W. H. TYREE.

DELAVAN, MINN., March 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I supposed when I came to this place I would stand alone, as at several other places where I hav been, but, lo and behold, I find Brother Jamieson has served the Lord here, and there is a good sprinkling of the right kind of thinkers as a showing. One of our Liberal friends dropped in and had a chat with me a few days ago. He tells me that one of the faithful was heard to say: "Well, I don't like the style of the new agent. He is one of those Ingersoll fellows, and we are getting too many of them." You see I was not at all backward in letting them know how I stood, and I must say I am more than pleased to find so many Liberals here, and I trust and hope we will hav many pleasant chats together, and perhaps do some good for the cause. Yours, etc., W. L. HORTON.

LEADVILLE, COL., April 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER since March, 1887. I subscribed for it with Mr. and Mrs. Akers, two stanch and outspoken Liberals. Although we are young converts, we hav taken a bold stand for the promotion of the glorious cause of universal mental liberty. We receive our papers Tuesdays of each week. I can scarcely wait from one week to the next to get my paper. I think it one of the grandest papers ever read by man—a paper that can not be excelled for comfort, truth, fairness, and honor.

Why is it some of our Liberal lecturers do not visit Leadville? They certainly could do a great work here. I believe that Leadville can produce more Liberals than any other town in Colorado. All they want is a few Liberal lectures to arouse that spirit in them which is essential to make good Freethinkers. Yours truly, D. A. COLLINS.

LAKE MILLS, IA., April 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: How grand, I might say sacred, the words "truth seeker" are to me! My greatest desire is that all mankind were seekers of truth. Superstition of the past ages and the present age is, as it were, a great wall for truth to overthrow, but truth is mighty and will prevail. There is in this little town of five hundred inhabitants quite an underground Liberal feeling that is growing stronger from day to day. I am about the only one that dares to defend the truth as a Freethinker, openly and boldly. If I am called an Infidel it only givs me more strength. All Freethinkers should feel proud of their name, for it means a lover of truth and a despiser of superstition. A truth seeker will not teach that three are one. Those communications that are published from week to week are to me a great source of encouragement. It is like an old-fashioned Methodist conference to read of so many that are seekers after the truth; it givs us strength and courage to still continue in the good cause. S. D. WADSWORTH.

EAU CLAIRE, April 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs. Ritchey, of Fossil—a well-named place—has been misinformed by the "grand and noble old man" who converted her to orthodoxy. Water is not the only substance which expands at its freezing-point, or rather in passing from the liquid to the solid state; for though ice is lighter than ice-cold water, ice-cold water is not lighter than other water, but heavier, as Mrs. Ritchey may immediately prove by pouring some into a kettle of warm water, and testing the top and bottom of the fluid with two thermometers. Bismuth expands in solidifying, and liquid bismuth contains no fish to be preserved by the solid substance becoming lighter. India-rubber contracts with heat and expands with cold, and so do organic solids generally. Let Mrs. Ritchey fry a lean beafsteak in a "spider," and she will find that it contracts materially. Again, it is not true that variations no longer occur. They occur in every individual of every species. Ernst Haeckel has shown that every "good" or true species originates in a "bad" species, that is, a confused assemblage of individuals varying in all directions from that type to which the evolution of the species approximates their descendants. I hav not read the lecture of Huxley's to which Mrs. Ritchey refers, but I suspect the passage she quotes of suffering by isolation. No one doubts that forms of animal and vegetable life may remain almost unchanged for an indefinit period under the same conditions. It is altered conditions, induced principally by the multiplication of a species, and its extension to other climates and other necessities, which secure, by the law of natural selection, the perpetuation of variations favorable to continued existence after the change. C. L. JAMES.

BRONSTON, KY., March 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It does appear to me that the great question to be settled with the intellectual, scientific, and religious world is: Is there a personal God who can and does hear our prayers, and will answer or not according to his own will? In 1 Kings xviii, this very question seems to hav been fairly and squarely settled in the affirmativ. Elijah had King Ahab call all Israel and the prophets of Baal to Mount Carmel, and there, before King Ahab and the whole Israelitish nation, proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that God did answer prayer. A man at this day may be excused if he doubts that the events recorded in 1 Kings xviii ever occurred. I, as an humble citizen of Kentucky, claiming to be honest, call upon Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, or any other priest of the living God, to giv us as fair a test of this question as Elijah did to all Israel on Mount Carmel. God is unchangeable, and willing that all men may come to a knowledge of the truth.

Inclosed find twenty-five cents for the ANNUAL for 1888.

I. N. BROWN.

MIDDLEBURG, IND., March 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find money for "History of Christianity," by Edward Gibbon. I hav just finished Ingergoll's Defense of Reynolds, and think it one of his greatest productions. It is astonishing how any jury could resist such truths. I long to see the day when Ingersoll's Lectures will be in every home in this world. They should be found on every teacher's desk, and in every public library. The world is tending toward this with great rapidity, but there is much yet to do, much ignorance and superstition yet to overcome. We need ten thousand more Ingersolls. I hav, however, seen a great change for the better in the last half of a century.

Freethinkers are numerous. We find twenty now where years ago we could not find one. This is very encouraging to all who are interested in the welfare and advancement of the human race. In my opinion THE TRUTH SEEKER is the greatest aid toward perfection the world has ever seen, and R. G. Ingersoll the true savior of men. Christ, no doubt, helped to improve the world, but he was full of imperfections. But I must close, expressing the wish that you keep the great Heston at the head of the art department.

Fraternally, ISAAC IVINS.

OLATHE, KAN., April 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Absolute Prohibition and strict Sunday laws are a little hard on the wayward Kansan, who has been in the habit of doing as he pleases. I don't object to Prohibition, but when it comes to shutting up ice-cream and lemonade places on the only day of the week that working people can patronize them, I think it a little too pious. It has been so in this city for almost a year that one could not get ice-cream, lemonade, cigars, or tobacco on Sunday. Nothing is to be had but gospel; there is an abundance of that.

In the late city election the church was a little divided. There was no politics to speak of, so it was a good time for the church. One faction supported the present administration, while the other wanted a change. All was quiet till election day came, when the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union went around circulating reports to the effect that all in favor of the change belonged to the whisky ring, and didn't believe in God, hell, or the devil. There was no truth in the report, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union knew it, but they were after their point, and they got it. C. B. Reynolds did lots of good when he was here last winter. Any one of his three lectures was worth the price we paid him for all. He left a good impression on the people, and if he ever comes again he will hav twice as many to hear him as he had then. I heard a man say the other day that he would as lief hear Reynolds as Ingersoll. He had heard them both. N. M. DEWEES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 8, 288.

MR. EDITOR: It is not my intention to occupy your valuable space in discussion to any length, but I wish to defend my argument for the comprehending powers of finite man against my friend Hammond's attack upon them. He thinks I confound conception with comprehension. Not at all, for I claim that man cannot only conceive, but understand, limitlessness or infinity. He says himself that "we cannot understand or even conceive a beginning or an end to consciousness." Then he does understand and conceive the infinity or limitlessness of consciousness, doesn't he? But how absurd his application, when we all experience a beginning and an end to consciousness every time we go to sleep and wake up! Hence consciousness is not, as he says, infinit, and is not to be classed with time and space. Those who contend that the finite cannot comprehend the infinit want an excuse for believing or teaching other people that which they can not explain and which does not in reality exist.

I hav not said that we hav an infinit *faculty* of comprehension. But I do say that as there is no limit to the distance the light of a finite candle will travel, so there is no limit to the comprehending power of the mind. I will admit that there may be some people so weak-minded that they cannot comprehend infinity, but they should not conclude that others are equally helpless with themselvs.

If a perfect thing is not limited, has no limits, what does it hav? Perhaps he can tell how the infinit—that is, the shapeless, boundless, endless, limitless, and indefinit—can be perfect. I confess I cannot.

Infinity is purely a human conception. There are no other beings that hav revealed its existence to us. Man has discovered the infinit; can he, then, not comprehend his own discovery? He sees that certain things are limitless, and he exclaims, "Infinity!" Perfection is something definit; infinity is indefinit. Why believe that "the evolutionary laws are constantly advancing the universe toward a more perfect state of existence" if there is no God, no designer or controler, who is intelligent and beneficent? Was there ever a beginning? If everything ever done was done by the laws of nature, why was not everything always as perfect as at present? C. L. HASKELL.

CHILLICOTHE, MO., April 23, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: We hav invented a machine, an apparatus—patent applied for—by which air and water are condensed, canned, and bottled—somewhat after the *modus operandi* of Yahveh's vialing up his most merciful wrath for greater convenience in pouring out upon the heads of ungodly sinners (Rev. xvi, 1). We propose canvassing this entire continent, and disposing of county and state rights to pious land-grabbers, who hold land at such exorbitant prices that it is next to one of the impossibilities for the poor white trash—of which we are a member in good standing—to procure so much dirt as to make a home upon. Now, this aforesaid invention is what these godly dirt-sharks hav been praying for for many long centuries, who are enjoined by their great teacher, Christ, to "Lay not up for yourselvs treasures upon earth" (Matt. vi, 19). We sincerely hope, however, that these greedy would-be monopolizers of air and water will not be so bereft of humanity as to allow themselvs to exact of infants and old age, the maimed and blind, the deaf and dumb, full rates for these necessary commodities of life, should I, God'lmighty, or anyone else convey to them that right.

Be that as it may, however, we will sweeten this epistle by inclosing $2.50, for which please send me "The Secret of the East," by Felix L. Oswald, and "God and His Book," by Saladin. And, if you hav Prof. R. A. Proctor's astronomical works, you can send them to us, with the cost thereof, and we will remit on receipt of the same. L. CHUTE.

ADRIAN, MICH., April 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In the *Ironclad Age*, March 31st, appears a very elaborate article from the pen of the gifted Grace Greenough, entitled, "The Sixteenth Amendment." I am a vindicator of noble woman. Her sphere is plainly defined, and when she steps aside from her world she takes the initiativ toward her decline. Woman's influence sways either to good or to evil. Many true, loyal-hearted women would ultimately see the fallacy of their aspirations in the direction that a few cranks seek to lead them. Remember, I am not holding up man as a model of justness and purity. Far from it; but he does not like to hav his idol dashed or contaminated. He will sacrifice all, even honor, to the shrine of woman, and you, "O woman!" ought to be satisfied with the situation. You can make your home a desirable abode, or otherwise; it remains with you, fair divinities. If the head of the concern will not behave, you hav your remedy and should enforce it.

Once get power and then, O ye frail woman, with all your privileges you would not know what to do with them, you who cannot throw a stone, except by a motion over your shoulder, and then the missil would not hit a barn though aimed directly at it. What would you do with the vast power vested in you as directors of the mundane world? To dabble in politics will abridge your divine influence toward your co-existing necessity, man. Occupy your sphere with angel-like demeanor. Be good to yourselvs, and try to endure the association of finite man. Woman is a jewel that must not be spoiled in its setting. O. S. BARRETT.

NEW YORK, N. Y., March 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In your last issue I noticed an article written by Mr. Paul Gariepy. This article has startled my reticence, and precipitated an expression from me—one of approbation and of substantiation. I approve of Mr. Gariepy's appeal on strictly moral grounds, as a matter of justice, and as a secondary matter of expediency. I substantiate his article very firmly by declaring that "Progress and Poverty" led me along a silent, but cheerful, highway, and I hav discovered that I am traveling with progress. Are you going to shut the door against me and also the hundreds of thousands that are still lingering on this highway? Is your policy one that courts the "line of greatest resistance" or one that rejects it and adopts the line of least resistance as its direction for intellectual combat? Those people who do not see the relation that political reform bears to religious reform are, to say the least of them, exceedingly narrow-minded, and are people of very shallow perceptions, whether Freethinkers or Roman Catholics by name. If you cannot get men to question the validity of political institutions without ignorance and immovable prejudice, how hard is it, then, to expect men to even dare to question the origin, aim, or ends of an institution whose ship is the ship of ignorance and whose waters are the seas of prejudice?

Therefore, I say, accord this man Mr. Henry George at least justice, something a Liberal cannot deny with consistency. The drift of thought at present is toward investigation of political matters, and this implies religious matters. Religion and politics always maintain a common equilibrium, and progress of the one means the corresponding action of the other; therefore encourage and do not dismay a reformer of any kind. I also will mention the fact that the reform so nobly advocated by Mr. George, if adopted, will deprive the church of fully fifty per cent of its despotic power. That the church acts in all possible manners as his silent but aggressiv enemy, and places itself in his path as an obstruction, is very evident. The church can readily define Georgeism, as it is a

synonym for progress, and it appreciates the fact. Do not let us weigh the religious conceptions of a man, but let us try and comprehend the immense amount of thought involved in his philosophy.

I am highly pleased with the FREETHINKERS' ALMANAO.

Yours truly, AUGUST PETRY.

LEAD CITY, DAK., March 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Being here a lonely Freethinker in a community of church people, I feel it my duty to write a few words concerning this place and its people. Lead City is a mining town in the Black Hills that has grown up in the last nine or ten years, and has now a population of sixteen hundred, with three churches and the fourth to be built. So you see the orthodox element is strong here, and rules the town; but, however strong, it is not without some Liberals. There are a few Liberals here, and many more doubters, with whom I am acquainted. I hav had many a discussion with the Christians on religious subjects, and they generally get the worst of it. I hav also scattered some tracts and copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER among them, which I never saw any more of. It is hard and discouraging work for an Infidel to work for the cause of Liberalism in a Christian community like this.

What is needed here is a lecturer to deliver a course of lectures. A splendid hall here, newly built, called the Odd Fellows' Hall, could be hired at a reasonable price, and if either Mr. Remsburg or some other noted Freethinker would come and lecture a few evenings it would do much good. So far as I know, I am the only one that receives THE TRUTH SEEKER from this post-office. I hav been trying to induce some others to take it, but so far without success.

When we consider the great absurdity of this infamy called the Christian religion, its self-contradictions and irreconcilability with all science, justice, nature, and common sense, especially its stories of the fall of man, the atonement, hell and damnation, and the rest, it strikes me as a wonder that civilized people could so long hav been held in mental bondage by it.

E. PEDERSEN.

STANLEY, IA., Feb. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send money order for which you will send THE TRUTH SEEKER for a new subscriber, and also my own paper. I got the books that were sent all right. I hav read the lecture of John E. Burton on "The Birth and Death of Religions," and must say that it is one of the best lectures I hav ever read. It will do to go along with Ingersoll's. I would recommend every Liberal in the land to send to THE TRUTH SEEKER office and get a copy and read it, and then giv to his neighbor to read, for I think it one of the best books to open the eyes of some of our straightbacks.

I see that the authorities of your city hav arrested some sixty of the members of the Grand Army for marching in your streets on Sunday while going to bury one of their dead comrades that fought to save his country, but had it been a Salvation Army, they might not only march, but could hoot the whole length of Broadway. Anything only so it is for God's sake. But let them pile it on; it is said that it was the last straw that broke the camel's back, and at the rate they are going it won't take long to break the back of almost anything. The same parties that caused that arrest were willing that the army should march on Sunday and fight on Sunday to save our country, and they or their God never said a word, but when they got back and one of their comrades happened to die, then marching became very offensiv to them and their God.

WM. REDFIELD.

SANTA ANA, CAL., April 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: C. B. Reynolds has visited our charming valley, but he came unto his own and his own received him not. Through some misunderstanding, no arrangements had been made for his lectures. When he arrived the best hall was engaged, and there was little time to notify the people. But the few who were so fortunate as to hear this noble, generous, self-sacrificing worker, this eloquent orator and genial man, enjoyed an inestimable treat. I fully agree with the editor of our *Standard* that I "could hav eagerly listened till midnight to the well-dressed words of truth that fell from his lips." Mr. Reynolds should hav a hearty support wherever he goes. He is a gentleman and a scholar. He delivers his ideas in such a manner as to compel the attention and respect of his hearers.

I was very pleasantly disappointed in him. From some of his modes of expression through THE TRUTH SEEKER, I had concluded that he was a sort of intellectual slugger or prize-fighter, but after having him in my family for four days I would call him the Gentle Reynolds. To be sure, he strikes heavy blows when on the rostrum against superstition and hypocrisy, but at the same time he is kind, gentle, forbearing, and highly charitable. For instance, he will say a certain person is a "measley thief," and immediately add, "But he can't help it; it was bred, and born, and educated into him." And those of us who may question some of his methods should extend to him the same charity he givs to others; and that we would like to hav given to us under similar circumstances.

D. EDSON SMITH.

METAMORA, O., April 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I will giv you my history and my experience in my time. I was born in 1809, in Pennsylvania, Lehigh county. I was brought up under the teaching of the church until I was eighteen years old; then I was taken in the church as a good church-member, and before I was of age I was made deacon and trustee in the church, and held close for some twenty years. I think the members and priest held me dearer than I did them, for I meant to be honest with myself and do as I would hav others do unto me, for that, I understood, was Christ-like, but I saw that church and members and preachers were to the contrary. They were, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and I was satisfied that if that was religion, such religion was not Christ-like, but was more adapted to that church devil that they talk of. So I no longer consider myself to belong to that orthodox church, where there is no room for an outsider. And I thank that great Father that I am an outsider, for I hav no faith in an orthodox God or heaven. But I am a full believer in a universal heaven and God, for I know that all creation came from the same creator, and holds all power only as he willeth. For we know that we are limited; I know that all the world is controled by law, and I cannot see how there can be a law without a lawgiver. So I am fully a believer in what we call god—not the name, but in the principle of the name, and that is, the spirit, the great all-in-all.

And we well know that a principle is eternal, yesterday and to-day and forever the same; so you may know that I fully believe that I shall always liv and progress—by natural law and not by the church law that leads to destruction, and misery, and pain. But I rejoice to know that we hav a law of progression that will lead us to love, harmony, peace, and good-will; and I am well satisfied that we will find what we will call heaven, where we will become brothers and sisters, and dwell in the angel sphere where all is beatitude.

PETER HOLBEN.

ORION, ILL., April 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send you money for THE TRUTH SEEKER and the ANNUAL. I will not be without the best paper in America to expose frauds and the shams of Christianity and the rotten practices of many of its priests. Mr. Editor, I am rather surprised that there are men calling themselvs Liberals stopping their papers because you had the manhood to enter a protest against the injustice done to the seven men in Chicago. They were not sentenced according to law and evidence, but according to public opinion manufactured by the monopoly press of Chicago. The most dangerous Anarchy in this country is the Anarchy of the monopolists who with their money influence are corrupting our courts of justice, our legislators, state and national; buying votes; stuffing the ballot-box; buying the press to mislead the people to vote their every right away; setting at defiance law, right, and justice. But these Liberals that are stopping their papers because you advocated justice for these men hav no protest to enter against the Anarchy of monopolists, who are ruining our once glorious country, making it more of a diluted monarchy than a free republic, with all of its worst features and few of its best. One of your correspondents, O. S. Barrett, says, "Anarchy: synonym, confusion." This definition was given by Mr. Webster at a time when all laws were made by the aristocracy and kings, and the people were made subjects and slaves by law. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Paine, and others were considered Anarchists and conspirators by the ruling power of Great Britain. The slaves held in the Southern states were made such by law. Anarchy is not nearly as bad as pictured by Mr. Barrett. He says it is a creed without conscience, promulgated by thieves and robbers, and advocates of equal sharing of honest labor's fruits. The Chicago men never advocated any such thing. They were honest, hard-working men and earned their honest living. Those that knew them say that they were friendly and kind, and were not the kind of men the Chicago press made them out to be. They were grossly misrepresented by the press.

HENRY JOHNSON.

PALMYRA, N. Y., March 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The books and papers were received, and I am well pleased with them all; and especially Miss Gardener's "Men, Women, and Gods," and I sincerely wish all the women in the land could be prevailed upon to read it. It would be apt to open their eyes to the injustice done them by the false teachings of the Bible. I must tell you my experience in reading it. When I saw the picture of that noble and talented lady I put a paper mark there so as to more readily open to it to show to my friends, and the introduction by Robert G. Ingersoll was so interesting that I had to mark that, and then I commenced putting in marks so as to refer to the most interesting parts of the book, and I was marking every page till I was tired of it and pulled them all out, for one part was as good as another all through the book. It is excellent, and I am glad that nature has produced a miracle in one of our noble women who dare assert the rights of her sex and is not afraid of an imaginary God. I hope there will be many more like her; and there undoubtedly would be if they could be persuaded to read her book. I lend the book to those that will read it, and when it is worn out I will get another one. I tried to get one Christian woman to read it, and she read a little and gave it back to me and said she would not read any more of it. She did not think it right to read it and it was a sin to do so, but she used to get a poor orphan girl up at 5 o'clock in the morning so as to hav plenty of time to scold and make her work hard for her board, and make use of money given the child for clothes. She didn't think that was a sin. And her husband, one of God's own pets according to his own story, would not even touch your paper, the grand old TRUTH SEEKER. He was ashamed to, but he was not ashamed to hav that same little girl overworked, and carry pails of water up to the barn in winter and he sit by the stove. How nice to be a Christian and hav the angels take you to heaven without a heart or pity for a poor, friendless orphan! But she was rescued by a miserable Infidel and is happy now, and with her experience with Christians it is just possible she may think there may be a trifle of goodness outside of that heavenly band. Now, if I was a Christian I would close by saying, God bless Helen H. Gardener and Robert G. Ingersoll and others of like stamp. It is not necessary to say that, for they will be blessed by their own thoughts, and they will be happy in knowing that they hav made others happy, and in doing right because it is right, not through the fear of an imaginary tyrant in an imaginary heaven.

H. P. MARSH.

PAINTED POST, N. Y., April 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed money for my subscription; "The Order of Creation," a discussion between Gladstone, Huxley, etc.; "The Secret of the East," by Felix Oswald, and "The Conflict between Christianity and Civilization," by W. S. Bell.

I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER some four years, and I like it very much. I hav not yet seen anything in its editorials that conflicts with my views. I hav now passed the seventieth milestone in my journey through life. I hav lived in this place forty-seven years; hav always been a hard worker at my business (gunsmith); hav read a good deal for one of my class, and thought more. I am the only outspoken Freethinker in this village. I now propose a question I hav asked a number of orthodox, including ministers, and hav not as yet received a satisfactory answer: If there is a being, the creator of the universe, infinit in power and knowledge, could he create a being with a disposition to act contrary to the will of the creator? It looks to me absurd. We read in the Bible that God repented that he had made man because he was so evil—then God did not know the future or what would be the consequences of his acts—and that on account of his evil conduct he concluded to drown the world, with the exception of one righteous family—another blunder. How does that look for an infinit being with knowledge from eternity to eternity?

I would like to see the book spoken of in the Bible as the book of the wars of Yaveh. I think it would be interesting to read of the brave acts done by him when he was a chief or king on earth before he was deified. He was said to be lord of hosts. Nimrod was his mighty hunter. I presume he liked human flesh, for we read that the first-born of his subjects, children or sons, and of their flocks and herds, were his, and after death and deification the sweet smell of burning flesh had a tendency to appease his wrath. I will close with this, that in my opinion all of the Gods are man-made.

I hav tried to get a few subscribers, but cannot. Some few think as I do, but dare not let it be known for fear it would damage their business, or on account of their wives, who are pious.

B. C. WOOD.

HALE, KAN., April 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: S. M. Bayard, M.D., appears to think he has been terribly scratched by "the feline claws" that he imagins he has found "in the meal;" but I think that if he will wash his slate and solve his mathematical problem over again, he may discover that the "claws" are purely imaginary.

He says, "The Catholic vote now comprises one-third of the votes cast in the United States;" then says, "Double that, and we hav two-thirds of the votes cast." Can he not see that, if the Catholic vote is only one-third, the non-Catholic must be two-thirds, and that doubling the vote does not change the ratio in the least? Or is it possible that he thinks the suffrage movement is intended to giv the franchise only to Catholic women?

Of course, we all "remember the pandering to the papal power of both candidates and both parties, and the presents made to the pope" by our president. We also remember that the panderers are men. We hav not heard of a solitary woman in the suffrage ranks truckling to the pope.

Again he says, "I well know and appreciate all the arguments in favor of woman's suffrage;" and then, in enumerating these arguments, he does not touch a single basic principle. The question is not one of expediency, but of what is right. If "taxation without representation is tyranny" when applied to men, does it change in principle when applied to women? If the right to govern must come from the governed when men are the subjects governed, does the principle change when the subjects to be governed are women?

Then he says man will make as great a sacrifice to secure the rights or redress the wrongs of women as for himself. How many men does he think will stand between woman and the sheriff's hammer when, by man-made law, her little home passes from under her control, and she and her children are rendered homeless?

Here, in Kansas, where women hav more rights in regard to property than in any other state in the Union, there are still great wrongs to be redressed; but men are not in a hurry to right them. I will giv a case in point: A man comes here, locates on a piece of government land, has but little means; times are hard, and he cannot raise the money to pay the government for his land; the secretary issues an order that all lands occupied must be deeded by a given date or be forfeited. This compels him to borrow money and giv a mortgage on his farm. Times get worse; money harder than ever to get. It takes everything produced on the place to pay taxes and interest; but he manages to do this, and the mortgage is not foreclosed; and, if the worst comes, he can get his mortgage renewed; but finally the man dies. Then we see the beauty and justice of man's law to women. The wife has additional expenses to pay, in the shape of doctor's bills and funeral charges; interest day comes, and she cannot raise it, neither will the law permit her to remortgage nor even sell the farm; she is simply compelled to let the mortgage company hav it at their own price, and they never giv more than the amount loaned, which never exceeds one-third of the value; and no man stands ready to make good the loss she has sustained by man-made law.

KATIE WILLETT.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Little Polly, Jimmy, and I.

If I could hav an isle in the sea
Where the spicy breezes blow,
And the twittering birds could sing to me
With voices soft and low;
Where every star comes down and dips
Its edge in the sea at night,
And children hail the passing ships
With their little 'kerchiefs white,
And the ocean birds go sailing by
Sweet little Polly, Jimmy, and I.

And no one dwelling on that isle
But children sweet and fair,
Wand'ring many a happy while
'Mong the fruits and flowers there.
To and fro on the shining sands
While the moon comes out o' the sea,
Sending a message to other lands
When the doves come down to me,
And the stars are low in the purple sky—
Dear little Jimmy, Polly, and I.

Such cool, sweet winds from other shores
To fan the flitting wings,
Ere the red sun climbs the eastern stairs,
And the merman sits and sings;
And every little child of ours
Be free to come and go,
Where the fountain-vine* in tangled bowers
Is tinkling faint and low—
Near to the gate o' the sea and sky
My own little Polly, Jimmy, and I.

Frenchtown, Neb. MARY BAIRD FINCH.

*This peculiar vine, which is found in Cuba, is a hollow tube, and contains a cool, delicious fluid which travelers often drink when away from springs or streams of water.

A Romantic History.

Two children in a by-gone day
Lived in a sylvan dell,
Together they did daily play
Around a moss-grown well.
The parents of both girl and boy
Were gratified to see
How well their offspring could enjoy
Each other's company.
Few pleasures did the children lack;
They romped and played at will;
The little urchin's name was Jack;
The young girl's name was Jill.
And oft they climbed the grassy mound—
Full fifty feet in hight—
Whence came the bubbling well-spring's sound
Like music day and night.
It chanced one day—one fatal day—
That little son and daughter
Uphill in gladness went their way
To fill a pail with water.
Their merry laughter filled the air,
Their voices rang with glee,
Youth, innocence, and mirth were there
Blent in sweet harmony.
Ah! little did each guileless heart
Foresee the fearful fate
Which did, with swift, unerring dart,
Their childish steps await.
That little boy had scarcely topped
The hill, when lo! he tripped,
And from his hand the pail he dropped
As down the hill he slipped.
Jill caught the pail—saw Jack's foot fall
As in the grass he stuck it—
Then she herself turned very pale
For fear he'd kick the bucket!
With bosom rent with painful shocks
She watched his downward course,
Until his body struck the rocks
With most terrific force
The truth flashed through her mind exact,
And to herself she said:
"Jack's pericranium is cracked—
My little playmate's dead!
How can I liv? Can I survive
My friend—my more than brother?
I loved him when he was alive,
I ne'er can love another!"
Then she head-foremost down the hill
Fell in her comrade's track,
And thus the corpse of little Jill
Was found with that of Jack.
And so the task I had to do,
With joy I now fulfill,
By giving to the world this true
Account of Jack and Jill.

—*J Armory Knox.*

Told by Carl Dunder.

Vhell, now, shildrens, it vhas once upon a time dot a leedle oldt womans lifs mit der Black Forest in Shermany. I pelief you haf all heard of dot Black Forest. He vhas called black pecause he vhas green, shust like any odder forest. She lifs in a leedle cabin all py herself, und she vhas so poor dot she sometimes haf to eat roots for supper. Maybe her husband runs off to America mit some odder womans, und like enough her sons and daughters goes py der workhouse. I doan' know if dot vhas so, but she vhas all py herself, und she vhas so oldt und poor und lonesome dot it makes you feel badt if you see her. One night vhen dis oldt womans goes to bedt seek somepody knocks on der door,

"Hello! Who vhas dot?"

"Me!"

"Who vhas me?"

"I vhas named Shon Schmidt, und I vhas a traveler in distress. I lose my vhay, und I doan' haf something to eat for two days."

"Vhell, I vhas old und poor, but I let you in und do all I can."

Und vhen she opens der door in walks a leedle chap aboudt two feet high. He vhas smiling all oafer his face, und he rubs his hands together und says:

"Dot vhas all right, I goes by der house of some rich mans, und he tells his dog to bite me. I comes by your house, und der door vhas opened to my call of distress. *Honkey, monkey, beeswax, bim!*"

Und vhen he says like dot der widow's cabin vhas turned into a house so nice dot der governor of Missouri would like to lif in her. Der bushes aroundt der house goes away und some roses und flower-beds come. Den more ash a dozen wagons drive up und take off furniture, clothing, shewelry, und so on, und dot leedle chap takes off his hat und says:

"Ah! there, my shestnut, all dis vhas for you. It pays you for being so good to me. If you doan' open dot door you get nothings. Run oop shtairs und look in der glass."

She goes like she vhas in some dreams, und vhen she looks in der glass she cries oudt mit happiness. She vhas no longer some oldt womans, but a girl again, und so shtylish und handsome dot if she goes along Woodward avenue all der mashers vhas crazy oafer her. In her ears vhas diamonds, und on her fingers vhas rings of pearl and ruby, und vhen she look at her dress it vhas $2 silk und haf a train six feet long.

Vhell, shildren, you may pelief dot gal vhas so happy she doan' shpeak. Dot house und everything belongs to her, und all der weekly payment vhas paid oop. By and by she touches a silver bell on der table, and sixteen hired girls fly oop shtairs and shtand in a row und say:

"O most noble countess, we await thy orders."

Und she touch another bell, und sixteen butlers und coachmen und grooms fly oop shtairs und say:

"O noble lady, please shtep on our necks."

Vhell, shildren, in two weeks dot gal vhas married to a prince, und she vhas happy und lifs to be two hoonered years oldt. It vhas a great lesson for you. If you vhas seek in bedt some dark night und a tramp come along und vhas hungry you must get up und let him in und make some banquet. Maybe he vhas in disguise und all your happiness vhas at shtake. Dot vhas all, und if dis leedle shtory vhas der means of making you all princesses und so happy as nefer vhas, I shall be glad all oafer my boots.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Correspondence.

ARMSTRONG, IA., April 19, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: The Liberal book that I hav read is "Little Lessons for Little Folks." The snow was all gone, and yesterday it started to rain, and then it changed into snow. It all melted away to-day, and the men are working in the field. My brother and I are just getting over an attack of sore eyes.

I would like the children of the Corner to write and describe the country that they liv in. We liv in the northwestern part of Iowa. The climate is very hot in the summer and severely cold in the winter. The east branch of the Desmoines river runs south and west of our place. This part of the country is thickly settled.

I would like to belong to the Speak No Evil Society. It is not right to call the people names when they call you names. It only belittles yourself. I would like to correspond with Ethel G. Streeter, if she should see this letter; she lives in the state I would like to liv in. I send my love to you.

Yours truly, ETHEL BURT.

BARRE, MASS., April 26, 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Can you say a few words in your Children's Corner in commendation of "Belle Long" and its author? She is a very worthy young woman, living in Merrimac, Wis. She published the book just before the *Liberal* was suspended, expecting that paper would advertise it, and is left in the lurch. It would be a great favor if you could say you had read the book, liked it, and it was kept for sale by its author, Adelaide Randall, Merrimac, Wis., price six cents, including postage. I hav no other object in view but to aid her. She wants to get her money back; writes me she would be glad if she could get back as many cents as she has expended dollars.

Please excuse all. I hav been unusually ill for two months, and only took up my pen to oblige and aid Miss Randall.

Yours for truth, ELLA E. GIBSON.

["Belle Long" is a well-told little story, and almost anyone can spare six cents to help a poor girl on and to get her money back. All good Liberal effort should be encouraged.—ED. C. C.]

OMAHA, NEB., April 22, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Inclosed I send you a little book with views of Omaha, which a gentleman gave me at school one day. This book has views which I think are not in the illustrated *Bee*.

The two sample letters mamma told me to clip from the daily *World* and send to you, where you can read all about Omaha.

ANNIE S. COLVIN.

[Annie will please accept thanks for the pretty book of views, and also her mamma has our thanks for the interesting slips. Omaha must be a very stirring place, and her people bright and wide awake. It does one good to read of so much life and energy.—ED. C. C.]

SPRING GROVE, ILL., April 17, 1888.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Madam:* I will again try to write a few lines to your interesting Corner.

My grandpa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for many years, and since the first of this year papa has taken it. I like the pictures very much and am much interested in the Children's Corner. The compositions from the young Liberals are very good. I think that George Remsburg writes very nicely.

I liv on a farm of 321 acres. I hav to go about a mile and three-fourths to school. I study reading, arithmetic, history, grammar, geography, and spelling.

I do not hav many household pets, but I hav two little sisters and two brothers.

We hav an organ, but I hav never taken any lessons yet. I hope to, some time soon.

If this letter appears in print, I will write again some time and try to do better.

With best respects to the Corner, I remain,
Your friend,
GRACE A. STEVENS (aged fourteen).

PRINCETON, MO., April 7, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am not a child, but I hav four children, and they are all genuin little truth seekers. They ask questions that would puzzle a divine. I believe that we are the only avowed Infidel family in Mercer county. I see a letter from Jennie Gigray, of Osceola, Iowa. She livs close to my husband's brother, Joe Graves. They say that Jennie is such a smart little girl. I like to read the little folks' letters—they are so free from guile. I think our next generation will be so much better than the present one on account of the advance of Liberal ideas. I think every little reader of the Children's Corner ought to cut out the piece, "Don't Do It," written in THE TRUTH SEEKER by Miss Wixon, March 24th, and put it where they can read it every morning when they get up. Miss Wixon, go ahead with your good work; you are doing more good than a dozen preachers. Yours truly,

MRS. ELLA M. GRAVES.

[Thanks for the kindly sentiments above. The approval of the readers of the Corner, and the consciousness that we are doing a little good in the world, are incentivs to continue the work in which we are engaged.—ED. C. C.]

An Ant Funeral.

The following incident appears in the "Proceedings of the Linnean Society," having been communicated to that learned body by an observer in Australia. The writer saw a large number of ants surrounding some that he had killed, and determined to watch their proceedings closely. Accordingly he followed four or five that started off from the rest toward a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ant's nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, regularly and slowly, two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants.

In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the body of one of their comrades, then two others, and so on, until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, and then two without a burden, then two others with another dead ant, and so on, until the line was extended to about forty pairs, and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and laying down the dead body it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them, and thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea.

The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, in each of which a dead ant was laid. Then they all fell to and filled up the graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending the insect funeral. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were caught and brought back, when they were at once attacked and killed on the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it.

Fruits of Columbia.

The fruits and vegetables in Columbia are delicious, and grow without culture or care. The plantain is in universal use, and is always served as a vegetable. It is fried and boiled when the skin is yellow, when it is known as "green" plantain, and when it is black and the fruit is considered thoroughly ripe. The banana is never fried in the tropics, but is always served as a fruit. There are many varieties of banana. One of the most delicious species in flavor and fragrance is the little Guinea banana, which is scarcely a finger in length. The red banana is not a different species, but a variety produced by grafting at Baracoa, Spain. All the bananas in Columbia are yellow. The caruba, or passion flower fruit, the custard apple, called by an enthusiastic traveler "the spiritualized strawberry," and the guava are all delicious fruits which never reach our northern markets in perfection.

Four Drinks.

Policeman No. 67 was an older and more thoughtful man than is usually found on the municipal force. He was retained, in spite of his gray hairs, because of his stanch integrity. He was apt, in his leisure moments, to look below the misery and crime which came in his way, to find their cause.

"I was once standing in front of Tuft's saloon," he said, one day, "when the barkeeper set down a blue bottle on the counter, and said, 'There are just four drinks in that.' It occurred to me I'd like to trace up them four drinks—where they went and what they did.

"Well," continued the policeman, "a woman got the first glass. She wasn't an old woman, nor used to whisky; about thirty years old, had been pretty once, and accustomed to having a gay time, I suppose. She was on her way home now from a day's hard work, tired and cold, and the whisky was a temptation. It would take the place of the dance and theater and fun. She turned down into a by-street, and stopped at the door of a snug little house.

"I knew her husband, Crafts, the carpenter, a cheerful, hard-working fellow. He opened the door, and her baby ran out to meet her. She struck it down to the ground with an oath. Her husband looked at her, and fell back as though he, too, had been struck. Then he picked up the child and carried it into the pretty, warm room. I saw the mother lying stretched across the hearth as though she were dead.

"The second drink out of the bottle, the barkeeper told me, was given to old Stacy. He is nigh seventy, and soaked with liquor; blood, stomach, and brain poisoned by it. There's not a healthy atom of flesh left in his body, not a good feeling in his heart, nor a manly thought in his head. The drink only helped, with all the liquor that he has drunk, to kill him surely inch by inch.

"By this time I had got back to the saloon, and in a few minutes I saw a young man named Waters stop for the next. He had been drinking already; I called to him. I used to know Waters, a young clerk, with a good salary; had a nice little home, and pretty wife and babies. He's quarrelsome in drink, and a glass or two upsets him.

"'Waters,' I said, 'don't drink that; you've had enough.'

"But he laughed, took his drink, and went down the street. A few minutes later I heard a row going on and followed him. He had picked a quarrel with one of his friends and shot him dead. Waters was sentenced to ten years; his home is broken up; his wife takes in washing to keep her children from starving.

"There was one drink left in the bottle. An hour later a young lad came in, a bright-faced boy, the son of Dr. Bunker. He's about sixteen now. I've watched him grow up since he was a baby in his pretty lace dresses. I know what he is to his mother. They hav but this one child. I think they never heard of a good or great man that they do not fancy Jim will be like him.

"He tossed off the drink, and went down the street, with a red face and leering, stupid eyes. He is on the same road as Waters and old Stacy. They are a little ahead of him.

"I only traced up those four drinks; but I know there is not a drop of liquor which goes out of Tuft's saloon which does not help to carry discomfort, ill-temper, misery, disease, poverty, and disgrace into some wretched, unfortunate home."—*Youth's Companion.*

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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Mention this paper.

That Badger Boy At Sunday-School.

THE LESSON OF MOSES AND PHARAOH.

"I will read you a portion of the story of Moses and Aaron," said the teacher on this "holy Sabbath" morn, and forthwith proceeded to read the interesting fables relating to the above-named personages, at the conclusion saying to the children—hers was a boys' class—that any of them could ask such questions as the reading prompted, urging them to do so. None had any questions to ask, apparently, and for a wonder that boy James was backward in coming forward, all the others looking at him as though expecting, if not indeed hoping, that he would come to the front as their representativ. Shortly he shied his castor into the ring, figurativly speaking, and, after some light sparring, struck out from the shoulder, as it were, with telling effect.

"I know what Mose and Aaron said to one another, mum. Said Aaron to Moses, let's cut off our noses; said Moses to Aaron, it's the fashion to wear 'em."

This pleased the boys, and the teacher smiled and chided not.

"Some facetious rhymester was the author of those lines, James, and not Moses and Aaron."

"Yes'm. Was Faro a free agent, mum?"

"Certainly, James."

"What did God harden Faro's heart with, mum—glue water or plaster Paris?"

"James Badger, I'm ashamed of you!"

"No'm, don't. Was Faro a free agent then, mum?" (This was the shot from the shoulder, and, in the vernacular of slang, it "knocked the teacher silly." Like the boy who rolled out of bed, she for a moment had nothing to say, but finally shc stammered a response.)

"Er—was Pharaoh—er—a free—I declare, James, you—er—ask such—er—strange questions! I never saw such another boy. When God hardened—er—Pharaoh's heart, Pharaoh was—er [here she received "inspiration"]—well, God didn't want him to be a free agent then, and that's all there was about it." (Alas for the "inspiration!" She had put her foot in it—not in the inspiration, but as understood.)

"Then he done just as God wanted him to, didn't he, mum? So what did God sour onto him for?"

"James Badger, you're just too irreverent for anything, and I shan't answer your wicked questions, there now!"

"Yes'm. There wasn't no bullfrogs in the bulrushes where the woman left the kid, was there, mum?"

"Bullfrogs! How do I know, you little monkey you!—the idea!"

"Huh! you might know well 'nuff, mum, 'cos no woman would wade in where a lot of bullfrogs was—I'll bet you wouldn't, not bare leg——"

"You James Badger, you stop, now!"

"Yes'm. Why didn't Mose turn a whole lot o' sticks into snakes, mum, and open a dime museum?"

"O you wicked little wretch! I wish I could turn you into a ——"

"What—a snake? I bet you don't, mum. I'd scare your liver'n lights out, you bet!"

"You wretched boy!—you go right home this minute."

"No'm—don't. I'll bet you'd knock spots outer Faro's daughter for good looks, mum. I'm offle fond of obbun hair, mum." (This piece of taffy mollified the aged maid.)

"Are you, dear? You don't know how pleased I am to know it, James."

"Yes'm. Was it fair shakes for God to harden Faro's heart, mum? Why didn't he let the duffer play his own hand? as pop says."

"James, we mustn't ask such questions."

"No'm. What made the Lord keep tellin' Mose that he was the Lord all the time? Couldn't Mose remember, mum, or was he shaky 'bout b'lievin'?"

"James, you must not talk so."

"No'm. It was nip and tuck, as pop says, with Mose and Faro's sharps on the magic racket, wasn't it, mum? There wasn't no flies on Mose in that fly time he fetched on, though."

"O you boy! do stop, will you?"

"Yes'm. Would you like to been in Egypt when them lice——"

"O you horrid, horrid boy! Do go home!"

"No'm—don't. Them 'Gypshens was muffs to lend the Sheneys all their jewelry, wasn't they, mum?"

"They couldn't help it, you boy; God made them do so."

"Wasn't it mean for God to put up such a job——"

"You James Badger, I wonder God does not strike you dead this minute!"

"Would he strike a little boy dead, mum? That wouldn't be no fair shakes, mum. He'd better take a fellow of his size. Why don't he knock out the devil—is the devil too many for him, mum?"

"You Badger boy—you awful wretch!—do you want me to call the superintendent?"

"Yes'm. The super's mashed on you, mum. He's just dead gone on your lovely obbun hair, mum."

"James, dear, you mustn't talk so."

"No'm. Why didn't God build a bridge for the Sheneys, mum? Gouldn't he done it?"

"Of course, but he chose to divide the waters, James."

"What was he so sweet on the Sheneys for, mum?"

"You mustn't speak of them in that way, James. They were Hebrews."

"Yes'm. But Hebrews is Sheneys, mum."

"Do stop, you boy, do."

"Yes'm. Where was Mose when the light went out, mum?"

"I won't listen to any more of your wicked questions, you James Badger."

"No'm. Didn't the Lord promis to go with the Sheneys once, mum, and back out?"

"You needn't ask me any such questions."

"No'm. Was the calf solid gold, mum, or plated?"

"Shut up, you wicked boy!"

"Yes'm. Didn't Mose hav the gall, mum, when he told the Lord to repent?" (Severe silence on the teacher's part.) "Them Sheneys had lots o' quail on toast, didn't they, mum?"

"Now, you James Badger, you go home. I won't listen another minute to such a little wretch! The class is dismissed." Thus broke up the séance of Moses and Pharaoh.

SI SLOKUM.

Obituary.

A. Wallace Hughan, for many years a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER, died suddenly at his cigar store in Oakland, Cal., on Saturday, April 14th. He was a member of St. Andrew's Society, and the Presbyterian chaplain of that society, the Rev. Mr. McLean, would hav been employed to officiate at the funeral but for Mr. Hughan's request that Mr. A. H. Shou, a fellow-Freethinker, should say the last words made necessary and appropriate by his death. The Oakland *Enquirer* gave the following account of the services:

The burial of the late A. Wallace Hughan, yesterday, was more devoid of funeral ceremonies, perhaps, than any other interment which has taken place in Mountain View cemetery at which there were friends or relativs to bear the corpse to the grave. There were no religious services of any kind. During the earlier part of the day the body lay in a handsome coffin at Evers's undertaking rooms on Washington street. There were enough white roses and other pale blossoms, which had been sent by friends of the deceased, to almost cover the coffin from view, and several wreaths rested against the supports of the bier. The face of the deceased was natural, and wore a peaceful look.

At 3 o'clock twenty or thirty friends of the deceased, including a delegation from St. Andrew's Society, of which the deceased had been a member, had assembled. The coffin was closed and placed in the hearse, and, attended by the pall-bearers, the procession started for the cemetery. Arrived there, the spot selected for the grave was found to be on a side-hill on the southern side of the cemetery, not far from the first fountain. The pall-bearers, who were H. Youngs, William Collins, J. L. McKay, A. H. Shou, Captain Todd, and John H. Kirk, placed the coffin on the brink of the grave.

Deceased had requested Mr. Samuel Putnam, the well-known orator of the Freethinkers, to make an address at his grave, but Mr. Putnam was unavoidably absent. A. H. Shou, however, came forward and spoke as follows:

"By the will of our friend, and in the absence of Mr. Putnam, I am called upon to say a few words at our friend's grave—a task I hav never heretofore been called upon to perform; still, I must not evade his last request. We are here not to praise our friend; we are here not to blame him; we are here to bury his body. His wish, as expressed in his will, was that his body should be cremated, but in the absence of a crematory in this city or in San Francisco, his friends, the members of the St. Andrew's Society, believed it would be more in accordance with the other request stated in the will, viz., that the funeral should be of the simplest and most inexpensiv kind, to bury the body at Mountain View cemetery, than to go to the expense and trouble of sending the remains to Los Angeles to be cremated. And I, as one of his friends and companions in his Liberal and tolerant view of things, heartily concur in this belief. The opinion of our friend as to cremation being the best way to dispose of the body was not a sentiment, but a sincere conviction; and if his friends should contend for carrying out his wish in this respect, they believe they would err in the other extreme on account of sentiment.

"Now as to our friend as we knew him. He was very humane; he had a kind heart and a conscientious mind; he was tolerant of other men's convictions, and was honest and truthful in his dealings. With regard to creeds he believed that they had an average fitness to the minds of those who professed to believe them, but as these minds were ever in process of changing, the creeds were becoming unfit to represent the progress of the ages, and therefore should be cast off as an old suit of clothes whenever they became outworn, outgrown, or unseemly. With such a mind this man was always tolerant of the opinions of other men and demanded the same tolerance of his own.

"Now, as our friend was always fond of flowers, and as my wife and I often carried him a bouquet, we will for the last time place these blossoms on his casket."

This address being concluded, the casket was lowered into the grave by the undertaker's assistants, the earth was thrown into it, and the circle of friends stood around and watched the labor in sorrow and silence. When it was completed they quietly dispersed.

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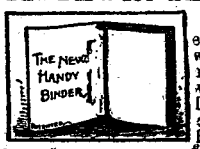
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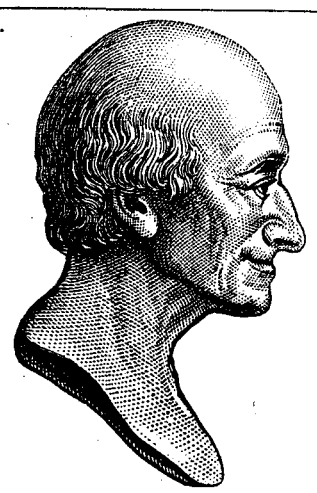
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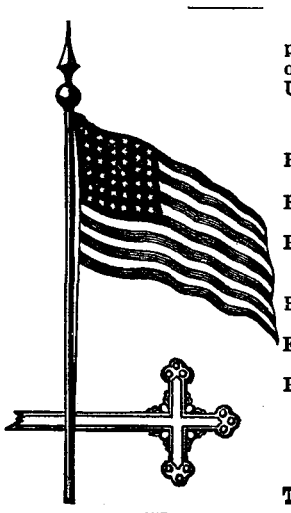
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News of the Week.

GOVERNOR HILL has vetoed the bill repealing the Saturday half-holiday.

DEVOTION to our Lady of Lourdes is spreading in Central and South America.

THERE is a growing tendency of corporations to maintain private detectivs and police.

ON the 4th 7,000 immigrants landed.

THE German emperor fails gradually.

THE monarchist vote in France is increasing.

MINNESOTA and Dakota hav been made a Catholic archbishopric.

THE Salvation Army has been indicted in Quebec as a public nuisance.

THE strikers at Andrew Carnegie's Pennsylvania steel works are defeated.

FRANCE'S army on a war footing numbers 1,392,000; Germany's, 1,492,100.

GENERAL BOULANGER says he is willing to vote to abolish the office of president.

IT is the wrangling office-seekers among their leaders that keep the labor parties from uniting.

THE navy department daily receives resolutions of representativ bodies of citizens anxiously asking the strengthening of our navy.

CLEVELAND, O., has secured a *bona-fide* closing of its saloons Sundays by introducing a penalty of 10 to 30 days' imprisonment.

MEASURES are proposed to stop the criminal negligence of faith-cure lunatics to call medical advice.

PREPARATIONS are making for great accuracy and comprehensivness in taking the 1890 census.

AT New York on the 4th a large mass meeting was held to indorse Mayor Hewitt's anti-foreign-flag decision.

THE trustees of the Evangelical Northwestern College at Naperville, Ill., are quarreling like cats and dogs.

INVESTIGATORS affirm an increase in our death and criminal rates from immigration, which they ask shall be restricted.

THE most sensational crime of the week is a conspiracy concocted by Luther Holman, a Boston broker, to murder his sister.

THE New York assembly has passed an electoral reform bill with poll regulations which it is hoped will prevent bribery.

THE German Socialists hav determined to kill the crown prince. They are showing alarming activity, and revolution is feared.

MILITARY authorities pronounce London in a perilous position, as an enemy landing at Kent would be only four days' march distant.

RUSSIA has expelled from Kief all Jews following wagon-driving, that occupation not being among the trades allowed Jews in that city.

MAX MÜLLER submits a plan for the peace and disarmament of Europe by certain alliances between Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Sweden.

THE national government and the states are solicited to erect at Philadelphia a grand national monument commemorating the adoption of the Constitution.

THE African exploring party headed by the Germans Kund and Tappenbeck hav lost seven lives and all their journals and collections in a fight with the natives.

THE destitution of the Italian working people does not prevent their government from expending fabulous sums on military equipments, stores, fortifications, and salaries.

MR. WARD MCALLISTER, the arbiter of New York society regulations, says: "Millionaires are too common to receive exact deference. A fortune of a million is only respectable poverty."

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Gems of Thought.

OH, but you say I take away immortality. I do not. If we are immortal it is a fact in nature, and we are not indebted to priests for it, nor to Bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief. As long as we love we will hope to liv, and when the one dies that we love, we will say, Oh, that we could meet again! And whether we do or not it will not be the work of theology. It will be a fact in nature.—*Ingersoll.*

THERE are no more characteristic illustrations of the practical leanings of the activ American mind, as it seems to me, than Ingersoll, his lectures and his audiences; and, in face of these examples, nothing puzzles me more than the patience with which this great, busy, practical, freedom-loving race submits to the swindling and tyranny of national corporations. —*Hatton's To-day in America.*

I HAV been in the bright summer-time to a church in the country. I hav there heard the old, false, tyrannous dogmas of man's vileness, his sin, and his redemption by vicarious sacrifice, and the gloomy doctrins of the churches. And what a relief to go forth into the free air, to hear the birds sing, to see the fleecy white clouds, to see the sunlight dance and glisten among the rustling leaves, and breathe in the beauty and peace of nature! So may the world leave the gloomy halls of ignorance and tradition, and step forth into the fields where is taught the peaceful gospel of humanity. The fact of being implies the right to liv and to be happy; but behind the fact of being we cannot go. Let God be known by gods, but humanity by man.—*J. E. Peck.*

THE great distinction between man and the brute lies in this, that the brute is impelled only by instinct, and applies itself solely to that object which is present and before it, with very little sense of the past or the future; but man, because endowed with reason, by which he discerns consequences, looks into the causes of things and their progress, and being acquainted, as it were, with their precedents, he compares their analogies, and adapts and connects the present with the future. It is easy for him to foresee the future direction of all his life, and therefore he prepares whatever is necessary for passing through it.—*Cicero.*

BUT, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain;
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear;
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear.
—*Burns.*

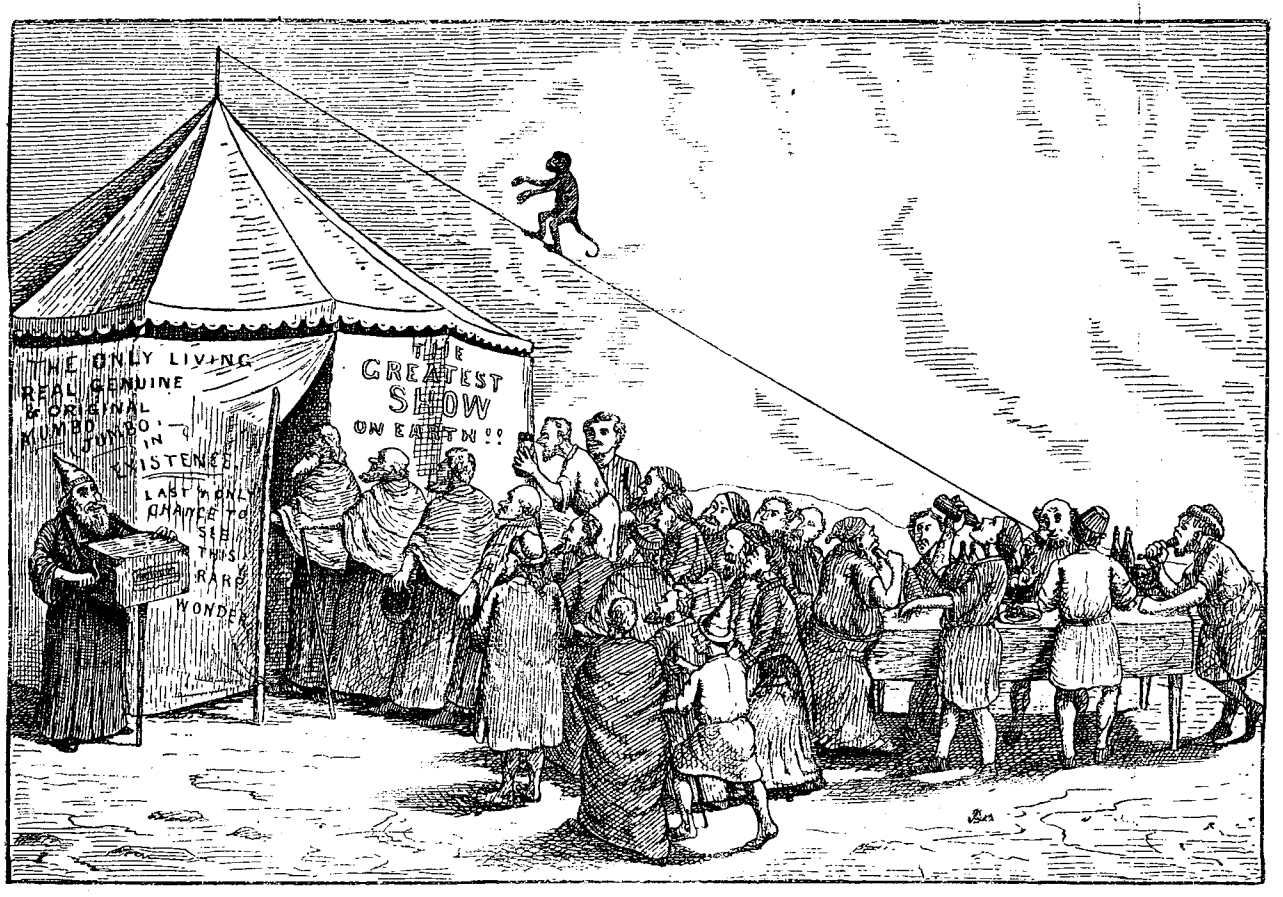
SAY, first, of God above or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why heaven has made us as we are:
But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy forwarding soul
Looked through, or can a part contain the whole?
—*Pope's Essay on Man.*

WE figure society as a machine, and think that mind is opposed to mind as body is to body; whereby two, or, at most, ten little minds must be stronger than one great mind. Notable absurdity! The plain truth, very plain, we think, is that minds are opposed to minds in quite a different way; and one man, that has a hitherto higher wisdom, a hitherto unknown spiritual truth in him, is stronger, not than *ten* men that hav it not, or than *ten thousand*, but than all men that hav it not; and stands among them with a quite ethical, angelic power, as with a sword out of heaven's own armory, sky-tempered, which no buckler and no tower of brass will finally withstand.—*Carlyle.*

No real greatness can long co exist with deceit. The whole faculties of the man must be exerted in order to noble energies, and he who is not earnestly sincere livs in but half his being, self-mutilated and self-paralyzed.—*Coleridge's Friend.*

TOILING, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
—*Longfellow.*

THEOLOGY is a collection of meaningless words about unintelligible chimeras.—*Leslie Stephen.*



A VERY REMARKABLE EXHIBITION.

And they saw the God of Israel. And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid not his hand: also they saw God, and did eat and drink.—Ex. xxiv, 10, 11.

Odds and Ends.

FROM New York to Montreal seems to be the standing jump.

A WEST End tailor has stamped upon his billheads a picture of the forget-me-not.

THE man who livs in the country all winter now has the laugh on the urbanite who has been guying him all winter.

THE man was disappointed who expected to read something sensational in an agricultural paper under the head of "Harrowing."

CARPETS must be made to know their place. They can be put down at once if they rebel, or they may be taken up and shaken.

WE hav no doubt that the "Dead March" in "Saul" is very beautiful; but our entire thanksgiving is reserved just now for the dead March in 1888.

FIRST actor: "The new man they've got at the Star is a regular stuff." Second actor: "Poor actor, is he?" First actor: "Poor? Why, he can't even imitate Irving!"

"MR. SMITH gone abroad?" "Yes; my husband is on the Continent for his health." "I thought he was well enough." "No; there was a weakness in the spinal column of his ledger."

THE candidate's boomlet now bunglingly boometh,
And bashfully buzzeth the beggarly bee;
In the bulge of his bonnet it busily hummeth
A song like the sob of the sad sounding sea.

BOBBY: "Ma, can I stay home from school today?" Mother: "Yes, Bobby; your father wants you to help him to put up the parlor stove." Bobby: "Well, ma, why can't I go to school?"

HE was a baseball player, and he asked a girl to marry him. "Out on first," she said, with a cold, rejectiv smile. "Don't flatter yourself," he replied, as he picked himself up, "it's out on third."

TEACHER: "How do you spell 'coffee?'" First boy: "C-o-f-f-y." Teacher: "Wrong; next." Second boy: "K-o-u-g-h-y." Teacher: "Wrong; next." Third boy: "C-h-i-c-o-r-y." Teacher: "Correct!"

MRS. LARDINE (of Chicago): "Really, Mr. Bigfee, I think that $500 for so simple a matter as a divorce is quite exorbitant!" Mr. Bigfee (firmly but respectfully): "Those are my usual terms, madam." Mrs. Lardine (with hauteur): "Very well, sir, you may write a receipt, but I hav never paid so much before, and I never will again."

"WILLIE," said the good pastor, who was taking dinner with the family, "I suppose you will be a literary man, like your father, when you grow up." "Nope," said the little boy addressed, as he looked at the somewhat meager array of delicacies on the table with lofty scorn, "literary nuthin'! I'm goin' to be a ten-thousand-dollar cook!"

OLD gentleman (getting his boots blacked Sunday morning): "Boy, do you know what the good book says, 'Remember the Sabbath day?'" Bootblack: "Yessir, I allers remembers it." Old gentleman: "Then you go to Sunday-school, do you?" Bootblack: "No, sir; I don't go to Sunday-school, but I charges ten cents fer a shine."

CERTAINLY William Shakspere was unconscious of his high poetic merits, notwithstanding his prophecy of fame in the Sonnets. Does not the great Emerson tell us that "Bill did better than he knew?"

"DID your son take the valedictory in college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her offspring. "No, indeed, he didn't," she replied, with pride, "he didn't take anything. He is the healthiest boy you ever saw."

MORIARTY (just landed): "It's a wondherful foine counthry this is for furriners, Paddy. Here ye've only been over a year, and ye look loike a rale gintleman." O'Houlihan: "Furriners, ye say! The only furriners here are the Chinee haythens, and they've got to git out."

WIFE: "Now, John, tell me candidly why an old baldheaded man like you should want to go to the show to-night?" "Well, I'd like to see the ballet girls, if you must know. But I can't imagin why you should want to go." "You can't? Why, I want to see the handsome old gentlemen who occupy the front seats."

A YOUNG school-girl: "Oh, mamma! please mayn't I read romances? Lucy Jones does, and she isn't a day older than I am. I peeped into her book the other day, and the last two lines read, 'And they were married and lived happily afterward.'" Mamma: "That wasn't a romance, my dear; it was a fairy tale."

GIRLS is queer! I used to think
Emmy didn't care for me,
For, whenever I would try
Any lovin' arts, to see
How she'd take 'em—sweet or sour—
Always, saucy like says she:
"Quit your foolin'!"

Once, agoin' home from church,
Jest to find if it would work,
Round her waist I slipped my arm—
My! you'd ought to seen her jerk,
Spunky? well, she acted so—
And she snapped me up as perk—
"Quit your foolin'!"

Every time 'twas just the same,
Till one night I says, says I—
Chokin' some, I must admit,
Tremblin' some, I don't deny—
"Emmy, seein' as I don't suit,
Guess I'd better say 'good-bye,'
An' quit foolin'."

Girls is queer! She only laughed—
Cheeks all dimplin'; "John," says she,
"Foolin' men that never gits
Real in earnest, ain't for me."
Wa'nt that cute? I took the hint,
An' a chair, an' stayed, an' we
Quit our foolin'.

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IRRESPONSIBILITY OF CHRISTIANS: WHENCE THEY OBTAIN AND WHERE THEY PUT THEIR SINS.

Notes and Clippings.

ONE of the newly elected pages of the Iowa House of Representativs is a ten-year-old girl.

THE Vatican has received a dispatch from the papal nuncio at Paris, stating that the disputes between France and the Vatican hav been satisfactorily settled.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, who is now staying at Bournemouth, England, has been seriously ill during the spring, and he has been ordered to proceed to Switzerland for the benefit of his health as soon as the weather becomes fine and settled.

IN Death Valley, Ariz., there are thousands of acres covered with a deposit of borax two feet thick, and near by immense quantities of salt, lime, and soda. The locality is ninety feet below the level of the sea, and is evidently the bed of a dried-up sea.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, of New York, died suddenly while writing a poem on heaven. He was a Presbyterian.—*Wilmington Star.* This should be a warning to people who write on tariffs, European politics, or any subject of which they know nothing.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

AT the Religious Press Club dinner last week, H. K. Carroll, of the *Independent*, called the attention of the brethren to the decrease in the acrimony of religious editors toward each other in recent years. Twenty years ago, he said, one religious editor called another religious editor "a ravening jackal," and the other religious editor retorted that the first religious editor was "a Christian ignorancer."

A NEW revivalist, the Rev. J. B. Culpepper, has arisen in Georgia. This is the way he preaches: "I would rather be a negro with red eyes, kinky wool, boneless nose, and a hollow of the foot that makes a hole in the ground, than play poker till 1 o'clock in the morning, and go home and deceive my wife about it."

THE Tennessee Supreme Council of the Catholic Knights of America has taken the same course as was taken recently by the Quadrennial Conference of Methodists, in refusing to admit women to membership. For years past women hav been appealing to this Supreme Council; but at last, when the appeal was taken up, it has barred its doors against them.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT spoke at Croydon, England, last week. Referring to the papal rescript, he said that, with all respect to the pope, he would remind his audience that the court of Rome had not been successful in its dealings with temporal politics. It had, in fact, been distinguished for having allied itself with the worst forms of oppressiv government.

JUDGE GREEN, of Oakland, Cal., has recently delivered an opinion on the subject of Spiritualism. It was in the case of Hannah Traver, who claims to be a "sensitiv" medium, examined as to her sanity. The judge said: "The physicians upon their oath decide that Mrs. Traver is not insane, and that she is entitled to her discharge. In this I concur with them. I am not a believer in Spiritualism, so called; I do know, however, that there are a great many people who do believe in it, and many who are considered level-headed. If we were to consider this belief an evidence of insanity, and people were to be committed for it, we would hav to enlarge the insane asylums. In this case I believe that, while this person may be off on this subject, she is not insane."

SOME one has been asking help from the *Christian Union*, of this city, on the great and vital question of whether a Christian should patronize baseball. This is the answer he gets: "There is no reason why baseball should not be redeemed from the evils which are incidental, not essential, to it. But what chance a Christian young man has to withstand these influences and redeem the game from them we will not judge."

AT Salt Lake City recently argument was made in the territorial supreme court to forfeit and escheat to the state some $12,000 worth of alleged Mormon church property. With hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of church property in Washington subject to the same laws as that in Utah, and a three-million-dollar Catholic university about to be built, comments *Freethought*, it is strange that the government should vex itself over the insignificant possessions of a Mormon bishop.

A HISTORICAL incident remembered by *Life:* "In 1868, when Seymour and Grant were running for president, there was a gathering of the Second Adventists, in July, at Milwaukee. These people, it will be remembered, believed that the world was coming to an end in September. One morning one of the clergymen found a Democrat from Kentucky and a Republican discussing the approaching election. He said: 'Gentlemen, there is no use in discussing this question, for before that time the Lord will reign triumphant throughout the world.' The Democrat replied, 'I will bet you $25 he can't carry Kentucky.'"

FROM *Harpers' Weekly:* "The recent squabble in the Senate between Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, and Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, is a national disgrace. The Senate of the United States, we hav been accustomed to think and to say, is the most dignified legislativ body in the world. But its president during a personal altercation says to a fellow-member, 'If this were a police court the senator from Indiana would be sent to the rock pile for being drunk and disorderly;' and the senator from Indiana replies that the president of the Senate is 'a great liar and a dirty dog.' Yet we profess great indignation when Matthew Arnold suggests that our civilization is in some respects open to criticism."

THE *Globe-Democrat* prints a letter from Colonel Ingersoll to Rev. E. P. Powell, an Infidel Christian of this state, giving the reasons why he favors the nomination of Gresham for president by the Republican party. He writes: "I am in favor of Gresham for the following reasons: 1. He is a man of intelligence, well read, mentally trained; 2. His character is good; he is an honest, faithful man; 3. He has filled with honor every position in which he has been; he was a private soldier; he became a general; he did his duty; 4. He was a judge; he decided according to the best of his ability; he was merciful as well as firm; 5. He was a cabinet officer; he was natural, clear-headed, and firm; 6. He is now a judge, and no political ambition has warped or can warp his judgment; 7. His record is clean, and he can be elected."

Communications.

The Sin of Patriotism.

Patriotism has been for ages an unquestioned virtue. "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*" The patriot who distinguishes himself in his country's service has this fact counted to him for righteousness, and by it his name secures such immortality as monuments and historians can bestow, although his private virtues are insignificant and his vices notorious. Few statements are less controverted than that of the copy-book maxim, "Patriotism is a virtue." Our children sing:

> Of all the lands in east or west,
> I love my nativ land the best.

And the poet heaps scorn upon the man,

> With soul so dead,
> Who never to himself has said,
> This is my own, my nativ land!

When one ceases to accept religious dogmas upon authority, and subjects them to the test of reason, this new habit of mind gradually asserts itself, and questionings arise as to the rightfulness of all established institutions and the merit of all current opinions. No regard is paid to the sentiment expressed in the pidgin-English phrase of the Chinaman, "That belong old custom," and no habit or idea, however venerable, is respected unless it is found to be in harmony with the recognized methods of natural law and with those principles of justice to which the heart of advanced humanity assents.

Looked at in this light, is patriotism good and desirable, or is it a survival of savagery, disguised selfishness, injustice to mankind at large, a hindrance to progress, and therefore evil, or, in theological term, a sin?

Patriotism in essence is the desire or effort to advance one's nativ land over all others; to make it the richest, most powerful, largest, and most prosperous of countries. The methods of patriotism in the past, and largely in the present, hav been and are the subjugation of countries by force; the annexing of territory by diplomacy, intrigue, or taking possession; the enactment of prohibitory or protectiv tariffs; bounties for home productions and discriminating taxes against foreign nations, with such various methods of self-assertion and aggrandizement as correspond in spirit to the effort of a barbarian to exalt himself over his fellows.

As far as patriotism is inspired by the desire to advance human welfare by exemplifying the practice of good methods and principles in one's own nation, it is a virtuous sentiment; and as far as its effect is to promote the progress of society its result is admirable; but men need to learn that its only justification is benefit to individuals, and that efforts to enhance the prestige of a nation are no more worthy of respect than are private greed and vanity. There is no ethical reason why the name of a nation should be attached to Arctic wastes or to distant isles. The passion for territorial expansion, exclusiv privileges, grand totals of population and financial statistics, great armies, navies, and trappings of national glory, is only a refinement upon the savage chieftain's pride and adds no more to the welfare of individuals. Nor is there any ethical reason why geographical lines should determin the relationships of men; why a man in Maine should regard his neighbor in New Brunswick as an alien with whom it is undesirable to trade, lest the profit should be shared by a man who has a different-colored strip of bunting flying over his head on festiv occasions. The accidents of birth hav too long affected men's demeanor toward each other. With the disappearance of hereditary legislation, primogeniture, bequeathed title and position, must come also the end of what is commonly understood by the word patriotism.

The natural considerations for intercourse with others are mutual personal advantage and character, not conventional badges, freemasonry, nationality, or race. Even the claim of kinship, beyond that of parent and child, is not in accord with natural morality, and that will be limited if the ideas of state Socialism are realized.

As man has risen socially through the organizations of village, tribe, state, and nation, ever expanding his recognition of his fellows, he is clearly destined to sink national distinctions and regard men as worthy of association according to personal characteristics and the advantages of their connection, irrespectiv of habitat or flag. When the brotherhood of man is recognized all over the world, perhaps we shall hav advanced to communication with other worlds and our self-improving object will then be to outgrow our patriotic pride in the earth and remove all prejudicial hindrances to intercourse with the inhabitants of Venus, and go on to secure the relationship of the universe!

But at present we need consider only our immediate duty, and from the above principles it would appear that national aggrandizement by injury to others is foolish and sinful, and that the duty of all is to expand the enthusiasm of patriotism till with the noted Freethinker they can say, "The world is my country."

Many will say that all this is stale morality; but it is certain that it is not often acted upon, and if any citizen of the United States considers these views correct, it is his immediate duty to use his influence and vote to abolish protectiv tariffs; to repeal the laws that prevent the purchase of foreign-built ships, that levy extra dues on foreign tonnage, and that exclude foreign vessels from the coasting trade; to promote reciprocal trade; to secure uniform international laws relating to arbitration, extradition, weights, measurements, coinage, and all useful harmonies; to reduce armies, navies, and all aggressiv expenditures; and where patriotism does apply to national affairs let it be in the direction of setting an example to the world by successful effort in securing to the people the largest benefits and replacing the present oppressiv system of competition and monopoly by the principle of coöperation and association.

Montreal, Can. ROBERT C. ADAMS

Mrs. Ritchey Set Right.

Mrs. Ritchey, of Fossil, Ore., has a communication in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 31st, in which she rightly recognizes the fact that no person of logical acumen can be an evolutionist and at the same time a Christian. After mature deliberation, she has discarded evolution and accepted the Bible. At least, she thinks she has.

She says: "As far as my knowledge extends I find that no fact in nature, rightly seen, is contradictory to any part of Genesis, rightly interpreted;" and she requests that, if she has come to any wrong conclusions, some of your readers will set her right.

Now, to begin with, we hav a right to know if Mrs. Ritchey really believes the Bible. That phrase, "rightly interpreted," has furnished a foundation for an immense amount of muddled thinking, equivocation, downright dishonesty, and cold-blooded cruelty. No honest person who actually believes the Bible will torture its words out of their obvious and ordinary meaning. Has Mrs. Ritchey ever considered what Bible cosmogony and Bible chronology really are? Here is an epitome of Bible cosmogony from the article Firmament in Smith's Bible Dictionary. Heston's illustration is rational in comparison:

> The Hebrew term *rakia*, so translated, is generally regarded as expressiv of simple expansion, and is so rendered in the margin of the authorized version (Gen. i, 6). The root means, to expand by beating, whether by the hand, the foot, or any instrument. It is especially used of beating out metals into thin plates (Ex. xxxix, 3; Num. xvi, 39). The sense of solidity, therefore, is combined with the idea of expansion and tenuity in the term. The same idea of solidity runs through all references to *rakia*. In Ex. xxiv, 10, it is represented as a solid floor. So again in Ex. i, 22–26, the "firmament" is the floor on which the throne of the most high is placed. Further, the office of the *rakia* in the economy of the world demanded strength and substance. It was to serve as a division between the waters above and the waters below (Gen. i, 7). In keeping with this view the *rakia* was provided with windows (Gen. vii, 11; Isa. xxiv, 18; Mal. iii, 10) and doors (Isa. lxxviii, 23) through which the rain and the snow may descend. A secondary purpose which the *rakia* served was to support the heavenly bodies—sun, moon, and stars—(Gen. i, 14), in which they were driven as nails, and from which, consequently, they might be said to drop off (Isa. xiv, 12; xxxiv, 4; Matt. xxiv, 29).

Does Mrs. Ritchey believe that "in six days the Lord made the heaven and the earth, the sea and all that in them is" (Ex. xx, 11), or has she expanded these days into protracted periods or "good whiles?" What does she mean by referring to Genesis as the work of Moses, in utter disregard of the fact that it contains numerous references, in the past tense, to events hundreds of years later than Moses, and that, as Greg says, the only way in which we can assume that Moses wrote the Pentateuch is to throw out as interpolations all the passages which prove conclusivly that he did not write it? Even Smith (Bible Dictionary, article Pentateuch) admits that,

> As regards any direct and unimpeachable testimony to the composition of the whole work by Moses, we hav it not. Only one book out of the five—Deuteronomy—claims in express terms to be from his hand. And yet, strange to say, this is the very book in which modern criticism refuses most peremptorily to admit the claim.

In regard to Bible chronology, the writer of the article Chronology, in the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, says:

> The chronological elements on which both Jews and Christians found their computations for determining this period (the creation of man) were derived from the Old Testament narrativs, which hav been transmitted to us through three different channels. These are the Hebrew scriptures, the Samaritan text, and the Greek text, known as the Septuagint. In respect to chronology the three accounts are totally irreconcilable with each other, and no conclusiv reason can be given for preferring any one of them to another. We hav no concurrent testimony with which to compare them; nor is it even known which of them was regarded as the most probable by the Jews themselvs when the books of the Old Testament were revised or transcribed by Ezra. The ordinary rules of probability cannot be ascribed to a state of things in which the duration of human life is represented as extending to nearly a thousand years.

And yet on the strength of these absurd, contradictory, anonymous, legendary, and mythical stories (if we believe the Bible) we must believe that the writer of another anonymous compilation ascribed to Luke was able to trace the ancestry of an obscure carpenter of Nazareth, without missing a link, clear back to the first man; a man who was not born, but made out of dust by an imaginary being called God. And we are to believe this in spite of the archeological evidence which proves that man has existed on this earth for at least hundreds of thousands of years; and notwithstanding the two genealogies of the gospels hav furnished Joseph with two distinct and mutually exclusiv sets of ancestors, leaving us to infer that if there had been more inspired genealogists he would hav been supplied with more sets of ancestors.

Mrs. Ritchey wants a solution of this conundrum: "Why should an unintelligent nature decree that, whereas the law is everywhere else universal, cold contracts and heat expands, in water this law should be reversed, and cold be made to expand?"

Who believes that unintelligent nature decrees? It is not a decree unless the theory of creation—the making of something out of nothing—is true. In what imaginable way would a decree affect the contraction or expansion of substances? But is it a fact? Water at 32° Far. is as cold as ice at 32°. When water crystallizes into ice it expands. So it is not reduction of temperature, but crystallization, which causes it to occupy more space.

Chemically, water is the result of the union of oxygen and hydrogen. The ultimate particles of oxygen and hydrogen may be large enough so that if a minute drop of water were magnified to the size of this earth the former might be as large as plums, and the latter the size of peas. Now, if there is any design in the matter, it must relate to each of these ultimate particles. On the theory of creation, God must hav made each of these particles by carrying out his design in its shape, and manifesting his skill in constructing it accurately. And this design and skill, we understand, go back of the very existence of these particles and start at nothing. On the supposition of design in the formation of elemental substances, nothing is the raw material out of which the universe was created. But, as Ingersoll says: "Nothing considered as a raw material is a failure." Think of the ultimate particles of all the elements composing the universe!

But the design argument must not be permitted to stop here just as it was going to solve the problem of existence. Who made this wonderful God? Who provided him with his marvelous attributes? How came *he* to be of the male gender? Was there no design in that, or did it just happen, or is it wicked to ask such questions? If he could exist forever without any creator and without a beginning, why not the universe?

The fact is that the forces of nature are uniform in their operation, and there is nothing but myth and fable to support the notion that any God ever did, or could, interfere with that uniformity.

Does Mrs. Ritchey accept the proposition that "like produces like?" If she believes the Bible, she believes that the whole human race descended from Noah. Noah died two years before the birth of Abraham, and Shem not till about the time of the birth of Jacob and Esau. When Abraham went down into Egypt he found an organized government with a differentiated language. At that time there were negroes in Egypt from Ethiopia, and all the racial distinctions were essentially what they are now, and all descended from Noah during his own lifetime. So competent a comparativ anatomist as Agassiz declared that the so-called races of men were distinct species—so distinct that any theory which would account for the production of one from another would account equally well for the evolution of man from the anthropoid apes. All of this, according to the Bible, took place among the descendants of one man during his own lifetime. Mrs. Ritchey accepts this account, and still insists that "like produces like."

But the statement that "like produces like" is a statement which no scientist admits. All agree that processes which are now going on are sufficient to produce "varieties." But the distinction between varieties and species is indefinable. So far as small variations—which, when aggregated, account for evolution—are concerned, the uniform rule is, that like produces unlike.

Mrs. Ritchey has discovered a passage in a lecture of Professor Huxley's, written twenty-six years ago (only three years after the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species"), which she imagins is unfavorable to the theory of evolution; but she has wholly mistaken the meaning of the sentence quoted. If she had carefully noted the numerous *ifs* which it contained, she would hav seen that there was nothing left excepting the fact that the geological record is very imperfect. Mr. Huxley did not then believe that the earliest fossiliferous rocks then known were coeval with the commencement of life; now he knows they were not. He did not believe that their contents gave a just conception of the earliest flora and fauna, because they were not the earliest. He did not believe in a process of necessary progressiv development, because retrogression is a conspicuous fact. He did not believe the time was entirely com-

prised in that represented by the fossiliferous rocks, because we hav not got the entire series, but hav only fragments.

I will notice one more of Mrs. Ritchey's statements, the correction of which involves a demonstration of the theory of evolution, and quit. It is this: "Science teaches us that, instead of different species being introduced by small and weak beginnings, and with dimly defined and confused distinctions of species, the giants came first, and the distinctions were as clear and defined then as now."

I cannot answer that better than by quoting a few brief sentences from a work entitled, "Geological Studies," by Alexander Winchell, professor of geology and paleontology in the University of Michigan (1886). Every statement which these sentences contain is supported by facts, and is sufficient to show that Mrs. Ritchey's statements are the exact reverse of the truth. These sentences are taken from pages 334 to 356:

It will be remarked that ancient fishes possessed in some respects an embryonic character. . . . The correspondence between the embryos of modern types and the adults of ancient types is a general principle in the history of life.

The limb characters, like the general features of the ichtheosaurus, point clearly to a close relationship with pre-existent fishes. The thoughtful biologist cannot avoid the question how such affinities came to exist.

The air had its reptils—pterosauria, flying saurians—having essentially the structural characteristics of reptils, with some bird-like modifications.

One of the earliest forms of birds was the *Archæopteryx Mocroura*. . . . It has a conspicuously long vertebrated tail, quill-bearing on each side, and Marsh has just shown that it possessed teeth. Whether more bird than reptil, is still a mooted point.

With few exceptions, the Mesozoic mammals are low generalized forms, not a few of them possessing features which point more directly to the insectivoras. From this order true marsupials and insectivoras are probably derived.

In the oldest Eocene deposits in New Mexico are found the remains of a horse-like quadruped, the eohippus, about the size of a fox. It had four functional toes before and three behind. A rudiment (like a "splint bone") remained of the outer or fifth toe. In the middle Eocene of Wyoming existed the orohippus, also the size of a fox. This had four functional toes before and three behind. Later in the Eocene lived the epihippus, which resembled the orohippus in the digits, but differed in its more developed molars.

In the early Miocene lived the mesohippus, a horse-like quadruped of the size of a sheep. Its functional toes had diminished to three before and three behind. In the fore-limb was a large "splint," a remnant of the fifth toe.

In the late Miocene, of Oregon, existed the miohippus, also of the size of a sheep, with three functional toes before and three behind, with the splint of the fifth digit before, but smaller than in the mesohippus. The middle hoof also larger, and the lateral hoofs shrunken.

Coming down to the earlier Pliocene, we find that a horse-like quadruped existed called the protohippus, of the size of an ass. Instead of three serviceable toes it had one, with a dangling hooflet or "dewclaw" on each side.

Next, in the middle Pliocene, existed pliohippus, of the proportions of a moderate-sized horse, in which was only a middle toe, larger than in the protohippus, and with larger splints instead of the dangling hooflets on each side.

Finally, toward the end of the Pliocene, equus, or modern horse, existed in America. It differed from protohippus in a more powerful middle digit, diminished splint bones, and upper molars larger.

Every part and organ of the horse came to be what it is by the same process of minute differentiation. The evolution of the camel, the deer, and other quadrupeds has been traced with almost equal minuteness. Everything that exists came to be what it is by a process of change—evolution.

No one with his eyes open can go amiss for examples of evolution; but creation is a theory unsupported by any fact. I can show Mrs. Ritchey plenty of animals that grew. Let her kindly show me one that was created, and she will hav a basis for her theory. Does not Mrs. Ritchey know that when a physiologist finds the merest fragment of a bone, that fragment implies a whole bone, and that bone a whole skeleton of correlated bones, and these a system of muscles and nerves, and these imply growth and an ancestry. Inferences of this kind are supported by all the facts of the organic world, and when Mrs. Ritchey refuses to consider them, and assumes that the oldest traces of life which hav been found are the oldest that existed, she is simply assuming that our museums contain the bones of all the vertebrates that hav existed on this earth. If her position is correct, she should be able to find all the skeletons of her own ancestors back to the one that was not evoluted but made.

"That grand, noble old man" was probably very kind and patient, but he evidently was ignorant of paleontology, or Mrs. Ritchey was not an apt pupil.

Milwaukee, Ore. D. PRIESTLEY.

Some More Slate-Writing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* A few days after the slate-writing performance described by my husband (THE TRUTH SEEKER, May 12th) I went to see what I could get with the same slates. Before going I wrote questions on five slips of paper, addressed to my father, mother, sister, uncle, and niece, all deceased. I asked Mr. Keeler if these prepared papers would do. "Yes," he said, "provided you hav put in the surnames." Not having done that, I unfolded the papers while his back was turned from me and wrote in all the surnames. He certainly could not hav seen any of my writing, nor did I at any time giv him the slightest clue to the names or anything. I had written. Nor did Mr. Keeler know me, though I had seen him twice, on the preceding two Sunday evenings, giving tests to a large audience after the lecture at the Spiritual Hall. And by the way, out of more than twenty tests given on those two evenings, not more than one or two appeared to be unsuccessful; that is to say, all but one or two were responded to by different persons and admitted to be satisfactory.

My aunt accompanied me to Mr. Keeler's house. She remained at first in the parlor, while I entered his sitting-room back of the parlor. My strongest desire was to get a communication from my mother. No sooner had I set down than Mr. Keeler became agitated and turned pale. He said he saw and felt something which he could not understand, but perhaps I could. He was loth to tell what it was, but I wished him to do so; and I will only say that the manifestation, as he gave it, was such as to convince me that some unseen intelligence, purporting to be the spirit of my mother, was responding to my thoughts and answering my questions.

Presently he said, "I see a big letter *H* over your head, and by the side of it another *H;* but the latter one is still in the body." Harriet was my mother's name, and Harriet, one of my elder sisters, is living with me.

Mr. Keeler then told me to call in my friend, so I tapped on the folding door as a signal for my aunt to come in, but all the time I watched the slates on the table. As my aunt entered Mr. Keeler smilingly addressed her by name, "Sarah," and presently, turning to me, said, "Uncle Charles." And then he gave the full name of my aunt's deceased husband.

Seating himself at the table, Mr. Keeler took one of the slates and wrote a line or two on it, but immediately rubbed it off. The other he did not touch at all. Then he gave us a bit of slate-pencil not larger than a kernel of rye to hold a few moments in our hands. This bit of pencil I myself put between the slates, and I myself tied the slates together with my handkerchief. There was certainly no writing on them then, nor did Mr. Keeler help tie or handle them.

Prior to the tying Mr. Keeler said that his spirit guide, perceiving that most of my prepared papers were addressed to females, requested that I should add two or three addressed to male friends. And Mr. Keeler himself wrote on a slip of paper: "George Christy, come now. Kr." This, and all the other papers I now hav, were all folded up tightly and mingled together on the table. At Mr. Keeler's request I took up one of them, which from its external appearance I supposed to be the one addressed to my mother, and held it a little while.

Then the slates were held by Mr. Keeler, myself, and my aunt—six hands upon them at once, and I put my ear close to the slates to hear the sounds. I could hear the bit of pencil moving from side to side. I could hear it as it returned and began another line. I could hear the dotting of the *i*'s and the crossing of the *t*'s. And I heard the taps indicating the completion of a message.

When the slates were untied one of them contained four messages, each one in a very different handwriting, and the bit of pencil was not there. Apparently it had been all used up in writing the messages.

Three of the four messages were in answer to three of the five questions written out by me before coming to see Mr. Keeler. My mother, my father, and my niece each addressed me appropriately, just as if they were living. They all signed their full names, and the handwriting was apparently theirs. My mother not only answered my questions, but gave the Christian name of my husband. My father named his living son, and spoke of his son's boy who was born five years after my father's death. My niece named her living brother.

The fourth message was this, in large letters: "Good morning. Tell Sarah. Wallace Mentor." No such person is known to any of us. If by "Sarah" was meant my aunt, she herself was present.

Again the slates were put together, but not tied, because I feared that might mar the writing already done. This time Mr. Keeler put in the bit of pencil, and the slates, as before, were held by all three of us, with the already-written messages on the top before our eyes. Again I heard the sound of writing, and in due time the second slate was filled with a message from my uncle, addressed both to my aunt and myself, and signed with his full name. And as before, there was no bit of pencil left.

From my deceased sister I got no answer in writing, but Mr. Keeler gave me the name by which we used to call her, "Caddy," for Caroline. And there was no answer at all from the three other persons to whom I wrote in the presence of Mr. Keeler.

During all this performance Mr. Keeler kept up constant talking, repeating some of the names and giving the substance of the answers that afterward appeared on the slates, and always without mistake.

This is the only slate-writing performance I ever saw. I went determined to discover any possible fraud. I had my senses all the time; I saw every movement in the broad daylight, and I affirm most positivly that there was no deception on the part of Mr. Keeler; he never could hav produced that slate-writing. VICTORIA A. BURR.

Washington, D. C., May 7, 1888.

Why Do Christians Abuse Liberal, Mo.?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* One would suppose, from pulpit professions, that Christians would commend goodness, "good fruits," wherever found. But do they? Do they respect, reverence, an Infidel who is known to be a good man? Or do they not hate the good man because he is an Infidel? Is it not the same with Liberal, Mo.?

The other day I received a letter from my old-time friend, Stephen Decker, Pleasanton, Kan., one of the most level-headed and progressiv merchants of that live Liberal state. Here are golden sentences:

I hav been to Liberal, Mo., where there is no Christ, no God, no Holy Ghost, no Sunday-school, and no Christians.

I must say in behalf of Liberal that I never met a better and more intelligent class of people in my life. The young people are better informed in a general way, as a class, than the young people of any other town that I am acquainted with. They hav excellent schools, and try to excel the young people of other towns in every way.

There is a picture, given by a business man who has traveled across the continent, in which all Liberals in America can feel just pride Contrast it with Christian calumny!

As soon as I can afford the cost we will hav our ten-year-old boy—our youngest—go to Liberal, Mo., away from Christian influence as far as possible, and obtain the benefits of Liberal schools, and finally graduate at Liberal College.

I fear we Liberals hav nearly all been a little too lukewarm concerning that commendable effort at Liberal. The dissensions there hav affected us more than the Liberality. Friend Decker's letter, although not intended for publication, givs us a clearer apprehension of the clear atmosphere of that progressiv town than anything I ever read, even their own papers; a peep into the daily life of Liberal, with which no Christian town can compare.

Monte Vista, Col. W. F. JAMIESON.

Is Professor Leahy Persecuted?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* We now hav for president of the board of trustees of the only Freethought University in the world the Hon. B. A. Bigelow. In his eloquent address to the board he said: "We don't want any more Ingersolls, Websters, or Paines. We don't want our sons taught to be great orators; we want some one to teach them to *plow*. They're the ones that get there. You might teach them manners for a hundred years, and they would be no better off."

Mr. Bigelow is quite right; we do need some one (and we've got him) to teach our boys to "plow"—not to till the soil, but to "plow" the minds of the coming generations. One thing sure, Mr. Bigelow need not fear that his boys will ever become Ingersolls.

Another of our leading Liberals (G. H. Walser) said: "The fact that students love their teacher is no proof that he is a *good* teacher; in fact, it goes to show that he is a *bad* teacher."

It is universally known that the students all love Professor Leahy, and most of them declare that if another teacher is put in his place they will not attend school. Why the people will persecute him is unaccountable. One thing is sure: the day that Professor Leahy is removed from the University, that day it dies; and that day the town of Liberal will begin to go, and keep going down, till at last it will be what all Christians would hav it, an orthodox town. Liberals, must the Freethought University die? ANONYMOUS.

Matthew Arnold.

So Matthew Arnold, a poet with deep and tender insight into the poetic sympathies of the universe, has passed away. Those who can breathe in the higher levels of spiritual exhilaration hav lost the most exqusit lyre that has sounded among the sons of men since the waters of Spezzia closed with their dirge-wail over the remains of Shelley. To this we bear willing testimony, although Arnold was no bard of ours. He had too little in him of the Byron he depreciated, and whom we adore. It was Arnold who, in magnificent because truthful imagery, represented Byron as bearing "from Europe to the Ætolian shore, the pageant of his bleeding heart." But of Arnold himself it can be predicated only that he drove down the neatly graveled pathway of modern letters the gilded landau of literary dandyism.

Are we reminded that Matthew Arnold was a skeptic? Then we remind the reminder that skepticism of the vaguely expressed and mentally inconsequent Arnold type hinders rather than facilitates the dawning of the better day. God-abrogating phrase-mongering about the "stream of tendency not Ourselvs which maketh for Righteousness," allied with the political maintenance of the Church of England, is too paradoxical a type of skepticism ever to blossom into practical effect, or to animate the public conscience with any impulse beyond that of trying to reconcile irreconcilable propositions, and to ravel metaphysical conundrums.—*Secular Review.*

The American Secular Union.

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For Pounding Their Pastor.

As murders and similar mirth-provoking matters are a glut in the news-market of this modern Gomorrah, and as it is as yet an unusual Sunday-morning diversion for leading members of a Christian congregation to pull their pastor out of his pulpit and, by way of further showing their admiration, administer to him a severe threshing, even the filing of the petition in the circuit court amounted to almost a sensation. Not that a little corporeal disciplin isn't frequently deserved by the preachers, but as the law of compensation is generally out of joint, we being more liable to get what we don't deserve, and deserve many good things we don't get, I fear for myself.

The writer is at present officiating in a church, where a pulpit used to be, and he approaches this subject with fear, trembling, and hope that this sort of sociability may not become vulgarly common—at least, that the contagion of its example may not strike the members of the Chicago Secular Union as particularly deserving of emulation.

In his petition, Rev. Leonard C. Koehler, pastor of St. Stephen's (we hav a family affection for this saint, even though he doesn't spell his name right), relates how the church, and its other property, valued at $15,000, became involved, was foreclosed, and finally repurchased with funds raised by the pastor of the German Reformed church—which proves that, if he is not a reformer to any great extent, he is a "hustler" for filthy lucre. The $20,000 he secured from contributions was soon placed at the disposal of twelve of the wealthiest members of his church, who formed a trust. Crowds flocked to hear him, but, as usual, with success came dissension—there cropped out between the pastor and his wealthy trust (whose names I fear to trust to your compositors) a decided difference of opinion. But the twelve apostles stood so well together that they hav held the offices continuously for six years. This clique concluded that they could not "trust" the pastor, so they conspired to dismiss him.

Koehler was not that kind, and the matter was settled in his favor by a vote of his congregation and he concluded the war was over. There is where he counted without his host. We are told that Sunday morning, June 6, 1886, broke calm and clear. No spots were visible on the sun to giv rise to suspicion of treachery. The robins sang merrily their lay, and the lake breeze broze just sufficient to lull the pastor's aspirations into an angelic frame of mind as he journeyed toward the house of God. He felt at peace with all mankind and vainly thought that all mankind was at peace with him, as he blissfully stepped into his pulpit to dispense glad tidings to his people that bright Sabbath morn. Alas! how could they do it? they ought to know they'd rue it. To be brief, rudely awakened from his reverie of loving kindness, and by the hands of the arch conspirators of the trust, this man of God was, in the language of the petition, "actually seized by Hafer, Scheidig, and others, while in the pulpit, and wickedly, unlawfully, violently, maliciously, and brutally dragged down and cruelly beaten." *Mein Gott in himmell!* Can such things be? Must pause to let my indignation evaporate—while taking a Teuton's consolation. To resume the thread of this painful discourse, Rev. Leonard C. Koehler left his pastorate; which was very considerate and commendable, although a rather tardy recognition of an ugly fact—they did not want him. One thing, however, sits heavily on the stomach of the deposed pastor. It is that the self-same "trust" has remained in office ever since, despite that one hundred members of the congregation, as he claims, hav seceded and are drawing in their spiritual consolation from Brother Koehler in Grace church. Moreover, the good pastor avers that the "trust" hav not paid their debts, but, instead, hav spent the money in riotous living for themselvs, and for this he demands an accounting from the time he left the church, and that the money raised by him and wrongfully used be returned; and that, if the court admits the justice of his claim, the money owed him be a lien on the property.

From the lovely Santa Clara valley resound echoes of President Putnam's grand labors for universal mental liberty, and San José marshals another gallant host under the banner of the American Secular Union in response to his rousing lecture on "Dangers Ahead." He is the only Richmond in the field, the only one who, in the West, works everywhere for something more than himself—the cause. From Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, the secretary of the new organization, we hav received a charter fee, and the document is forwarded. May the Secularists of San José wage relentless war against orthodox tyranny, unjust taxation, and ever maintain "privileges for none, justice for all." Those who believe in the Nine Demands, who realize there is something for every Freethinker to do, should bend their energies to make President Putnam's tour, commencing June 3d, one continuous triumphal march over Oregon's mountains and fertil valleys, following the Cascade range to the Olympian hights and beautiful bays of fair Washington territory, through Idaho, Utah, Colorado, Nebraska, and Iowa, till we shake the sturdy Secular soldier's hand in the city of Chicago, where hosts of friends realize the labor he performs purely for the principles he espouses. If there is a date unfilled, or an appointment that can yet be made in addition to those herewith announced, do not fail to write him immediately.

Ashland,	Oregon...June 3	Pasco, Waverly, Colfax, and Spokane Falls, W. T.	August 1-12
Talent,	"....4	Walla Walla, W. T.	14
Jacksonville,	"....5, 6	Union,	Or....15
Myrtle Creek, Roseburg,	"....7-10	Baker City,	"....16
Coos County,	"....11-19	Boise City,	Idaho....19
Silverton,	"....22-24	Ogden,	Utah....21
Stayton,	"....24, 25	Morgan,	"....22
Lebanon,	"....26-28	Coalville,	"....23
Molalla,	"....29, 30	Park City,	"....26
Eagle Creek,	"....July 4	Heber,	"...27, 28, 29
Sandy,	"....5	Denver,	Col....Sept. 2
New Era,	"....6	Seward,	Neb....5, 6
McMinnville,	"....7, 9	Fremont,	"....9
McCoy, Ballston,	"....10, 11	Omaha,	"....10
Independence,	"....11	Creston,	Iowa....11
Forest Grove,	"....15	Ottumwa,	"....12
Hillsboro,	"....16, 17	Salem,	"....13
Portland,	"....18	West Union,	"....16, 17
Astoria,	"....22	Dwight,	Ill....19, 20
Cathlamet,	W. T....24-26	Chicago,	"....23
		Pittsburgh,	Pa....30

Those who are anticipating a visit from the poet, philosopher, and orator of the American Secular Union, who is performing heroic work for the present and future, should see to it that his reception is commensurate with his labors and his worth.

Saturday the Cook county Sunday-school convention closed its session in Farwell Hall. The proceedings would fill THE TRUTH SEEKER, but the secretary's report shows that in this county there are 568 evangelical Sunday-schools, conducted by 11,085 officers, representing 17 denominations, with an attendance of 117.565; the average attendance for the year being 88,817, and the increase over last year 6,994. This influence Secularists, to be successful, must counteract. When will they begin? The Sunday-school literature is so insipid that it helps to make young skeptics, as the Boston *Courier's* poet portrays as follows:

I never hav met,
Yet I cannot forget,
Where'er I may wander, where'er I may be,
The minister's joy,
That dear little boy,
My teachers described as a pattern for me.
I've searched for him oft,
Alow and aloft,
In desert and forest, and cranny and nook,
But never hav met,
Yet I cannot forget,
The good little boy of the Sunday-school book.

A new license ordinance has just been defeated by the city council by a vote of 37 to 17. It provided that no saloon should be located within two hundred feet of any church or parochial school or any other school having an attendance of fifty students; that in residence blocks the written permission of owners of a majority of the frontage on both sides of the street should accompany the petition for license. Tuesday evening the council chamber was packed with a peculiar mixture of interested parties—saloonists and ministers. After a long debate, the saloonists knocked out the ministers. As our proxy mayor, Roche, was run in on the cry of reform, and as he presides over the council and gave decisions favorable to the saloonists, Rev. Drs. Little and Withrow are gnashing their teeth over his treachery. The daily *Noosé* sings him this stanza:

There was a blond party named Roche,
Who posed as *sans peur, sans reproche*,
But this modern Bayard
Made the preachers all tired
By his aid of saloons—and of Roche.

E. A. STEVENS

A Freethought Congress in Africa.

From the National Reformer.

This Freethought, or as our French neighbors prefer to call it, Anticlerical, Congress was held at Oran, Algeria, on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of March last. The sittings were opened at a quarter past 9 on Thursday, the 30th, at the town hall, by an address from M. Eugène Péllissier, vice-president of the Libre Pensée d'Oran, who, after welcoming the assembled delegates, uttered a powerful denunciation of the church.

At the conclusion of M. Pélissier's speech, officers were elected and the delegations were verified. The following societies were represented either by their own delegates or by some member of the Oran society:

The Socialistic Freethought Societies of the 20th and 4th arrondissements of Paris.
The National Secular Society.
The Rouen Freethought Society.
The Freethought Society of Carrières-Saint-Denis.
" " " Meung-sur-Loire.
The United Lodge of True Friends (Avignon).
The Atheistic Group of Boulogne-sur-Seine.
The Freethought Society of Beauvais (Oise).
" " " Saint-Denis-du-Sig (Algeria).
The French Federation of the Socialistic Groups and of Freethought of Paris.
The Freethought Society of Guérigny (Nièvre).
" " " Mostagarem (Algeria).
The 4th Federation of Anticlerical Groups of Belfort.
The Group of Defenders of Liberty, Belfort.
The Freethought Society of La Bourine (Bouches-du-Rhône).
The Freethought Society of Maurs (Cantal).
" " " Maintenon (Eure-et-Loire).
" " " St. Etienne (Loire).
" " " Orléans.
" " " Cette (Hérault).
" " " Bonneville (Haute Savoie).
" " " Limoges.
" " " Algiers.
" " " Saint Florentin (Yonne).
" " League of Rheims.
" " Society of Mont-Louis-sur-Loire.
The Union of Cultivators of Druillat (Ain).
The Freethought Society of Philippeville (Algeria).
" " Italian League of Naples.
" " Society of Mallemort (B'ches-du-Rhône).
The Freethought Society of Chateau-du-Loir (Sarthe).
" " " Annecy (Haute-Savoie).
" " " Auch.
" " Societies of 5th and 17th arrondissements of Paris.
The Freethought Society of St. Nazaire-sur-Loire.
" " " Blidah (Algeria).
" " " Darnetal.
" " " Levallois Perret.
" " " Nevers.
" " " Saintes (Lower Charente).
" " " Toulon.
" " " Guyotville (Algeria).
" " " Bouffarick "
" " " Romilly-sur-Seine.
The Freethought Democratic Society of Montargis.
The Federation of Nevers.

The formalities of verification over, committees were appointed to examin the items placed upon the program. It fell to the first committee to discuss "The necessity of independence in the relations between the state and religions;" to the second, "The influence which the separation of church and state would exercise upon national customs, and upon social and political economy," and to the third, "The serious consequences of celibacy in the religious brotherhoods, and the indispensability of the suppression of convents and the religious orders of men and women." The fourth committee were allotted three points: (1) The general and absolute prohibition of all religious manifestations or signs at weddings, funerals, processions, etc. (2) The suppression of bells. (3) The obligation of imposing upon municipalities the duty of removing from schools all religious emblems and of placing republican ones instead.

On the following day M. Bertuy, on behalf of the first committee, made an eloquent speech in favor of the complete separation of church and state, and M. Vincent, also on behalf of the committee, proposed resolutions to the Congress to that effect. The second committee not then having concluded its labors, the report of the third committee was given by M. Francisco Fernandez, who spoke in Spanish. After his speech had been translated into French, resolutions were passed inviting agitation against celibate societies. On the report of the fourth committee a little discussion on detail ensued, but agitation for the suppression of religious emblems on ceremonial occasions and in schools, and for the suppression of bells, was agreed upon.

When the Congress met on the next day, the 31st of March, the second committee presented three reports on the subject it had been their duty to consider, viz., "The influence which the separation of church and state would exercise upon national customs, and upon social and political economy." The speakers were M. Py, M. Eduarté, and M. Griffon. The report of the last seems to hav been specially elaborate. Each report concluded by asking for the immediate abolition of the *Concordat*. The reports and conclusions were approved; a little formal business, such as fixing the next Congress to take place at Algiers, was disposed of, and then the Congress was thrown open to any who wished to speak. Several deputies availed themselvs of the opportunity, and then the president, M. Arnould, closed what was manifestly a most interesting and successful Congress.

Pretended Descriptions of Jesus Christ.

LETTER OF PUBLIUS LENTULUS.

Geronimo Xavier, a Jesuit missionary, who died in 1617, was the probable fabricator of the following document, first found in his "History of Christ," written in Persic:

Lentulus, Prefect of Jerusalem, to the Senate and People of Rome greeting:

At this time there hath appeared, and still livs, a man endowed with great powers, whose name is Jesus Christ. Men say that he is a mighty prophet; his disciples call him the son of God. He restores the dead to life, and heals the sick from all sorts of ailments and diseases. He is a man of stature, proportionably tall, and his cast of countenance has a certain severity in it, so full of effect as to induce beholders to love, and still to fear him. His hair is of the color of wine, as far as the bottom of his ears, without radiation and

straight; and from the lower part of his ears it is curled, down to his shoulders, and bright, and hangs downward from his shoulders. At the top of his head it is parted after the fashion of the Nazarines. His forehead is smooth and clean, and his face without a pimple, adorned by a certain temperate redness; his countenance gentleman-like and agreeable; his nose and mouth nothing amiss; his beard thick and divided into two branches, of the same color as his hair, his eyes blue, and uncommonly bright. In reproving and rebuking he is formidable, in teaching and exhorting, of a bland agreeable tongue. He has a wonderful grace of person united with seriousness. No one hath ever seen him smile, but weeping they hav. He hath a lengthened stature of body; his hands are straight and turned up; his arms are delectable; in speaking, deliberate and slow, and sparing of his conversation—the most beautiful countenance among the sons of men.

In front of certain manuscripts of the gospels, written in 1504 and preserved in the library at Jena, there is the following later inscription in Latin:

In the time of Octavius Cæsar, Publius Lentulus, proconsul in the parts of Judea and (the territory) of Herod the king, is said to hav written this epistle to the Roman senators, which was afterward found by Eutropius in the annals of the Romans.

Eutropius is manifestly one of the numerous Benedictine forgeries. The epistle of Publius Lentulus, which follows, begins, *In hoc tempore*—"At this time"—that is, in the time of Octavius (Augustus) Cæsar, who died A.D. 14, when the mythical Jesus was a beardless boy, and the real Jesus, the illegiti mate son of Mary by Joseph Pandera, had been dead more than eighty years.

Pontius Pilate had no predecessor named Publius Lentulus, nor was there ever a proconsul in Judea of that name. This fabricated letter has served its purpose, and is now in a state of "innocuous desuetude." But its description of Jesus Christ is retained in the recent forgery of Pilate's letter to Tiberius Cæsar, for example: "His golden-colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. Never hav I seen a sweeter or more serene countenance." (See THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 28th.)

All our pictures of Jesus are after the same model. The Catholic church could not afford to accept Isaiah's prophetic description of the messiah—"His visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." And having not a scrap of pagan or Jewish testimony to the fact of a Christ crucified under Pontius Pilate, the church has palmed off such clumsy forgeries as these upon its ignorant and credulous dupes.

This assertion is more than confirmed by the learned Jesuit Hardouin, who in his posthumous book, published in 1766, maintains that there is no genuin primitiv church literature—that it is all fabricated by Benedictine monks since the middle of the thirteenth century, and that nearly all the Greek and Latin classics are of like modern origin.

ANTICHRIST.

Mr. Gladstone's Essay Dissected.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* It may be presumptuous for one of my caliber to attempt anticipating the reply which Ingersoll will undoubtedly make to Gladstone, but amidst the bray of jubilation which the poor dear Christians will raise during the month, the crude thoughts of ordinary Infidels may hav the charitable effect of letting them down easy. Mr. Gladstone is without doubt the ablest opponent that Ingersoll has ever been called upon to meet—the most learned, the most skilled in debate, the most courteous, and the most celebrated. It is encouraging, therefore, to find his criticism marked all over by that sure sign of weakness, an apologetic tone. His article is not really a vindication of Christianity at all. It is only an arraignment of Ingersoll's logic and rhetoric. Those well-worn fallacies, the *ignoratio eleuctii* and the argument *ad verecundum*, so familiar to the hand of the polemic, but so odious to the ear of the logician, make up the larger part of it. Thus, more than six pages are given to pricking holes in less than four lines of Ingersoll's, which compare the human sacrifices of the Hindoos with those mentioned in the Bible. And what does all this labor amount to, in the most favorable point of view? A demonstration that it is hasty to assume that the human sacrifices offered by Jephthah and Abraham are *as such* approved by Christians. I submit that Ingersoll did not say they were. I submit that it would be quite as easy to dispute the proposition that suttee or that infanticide is sanctioned by the Veda; and that Christian writers hav actually disputed them with quite as much success. The comparison, then, appears to remain legitimate. Human sacrifice is among the deplorable results of superstition in India. So it was in Gilead—and at Pocasset. The Christian pot is not justified in reviling the Hindoo kettle for blackness; which Dr. Field had been doing; and that is all Ingersoll meant to say. But if he had accused the Bible of formally sanctioning such acts as Jephthah's, how poor an excuse it would be to show that there might be a question about it! Does the proof that suttee is not mentioned in the Veda amount to proof that the system founded on the Veda is not tainted with the atrocities of suttee? Those who maintain a different system do not think so. Why is not their argument against one form of superstition as good in the mouth of the Agnostic against any? In another place seven more pages are given to criticising some not very original remarks of Ingersoll to the effect that error is innocent because conviction is not in the power of the will. Mr. Gladstone here is venturing upon rather dangerous ground. The whole question of the will's relation to the judgment was thoroughly threshed out some centuries ago by the schools of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas, with the result of getting the church into a dilemma from which a greater than either of them must come to extricate her. Either faith requires an act of the will or it does not. If it does, then orthodoxy lacks that demonstration of truth or probability which convinces in spite of the will. If it does not, then it has no moral quality either good or bad.

Of the remaining fifteen pages about seven are devoted to criticisms of Ingersoll as little to the main purpose as the above, leaving only eight in all for Mr. Gladstone's direct defense of Christianity. Mr. Gladstone is too sagacious a polemic to imitate what may be considered the fault of his opponent. He has charged Ingersoll with exaggeration, haste, dogmatism, a profusion of mere rhetorical invectiv, the justice of all which accusations is considerably lessened by the fact that Ingersoll was writing as an advocate against a system itself essentially dogmatic, and was not, therefore, required by the laws of debate to prove, but only to raise objections. But Mr. Gladstone has taken care that his indictment shall not be retorted. Nothing can be milder than his way of insinuating that there may be something in Christianity after all. A minute critic upon the careful structure of his argument might perhaps find some such intimation in almost every passage directed against Ingersoll. But there are only three in which Christianity appears to be prominent and Ingersoll secondary. Colonel Ingersoll had said that the discoveries of Darwin "carried to their legitimate conclusion destroy the creeds and sacred scriptures of mankind." Mr. Gladstone asks, why? and in endeavoring to show the contrary, draws a very proper distinction between Christianity and Theism. Availing myself of this distinction, I should say the question why Darwinism destroys a considerable part of the Christian scriptures is hardly worth answering. Sophistry has not yet attempted so hopeless a task as reconciling the statements that man was made out of the dust of the ground, and became sinful and mortal through disobediently eating an apple, with the idea that he was evolved from a previously existing animal form, bringing with him not only mortality but all the savage, greedy, and otherwise brutal instincts which constitute "original sin." With Theism in the widest and most indefinit sense, Darwinism is perhaps not inconsistent. But it is inconsistent with two fundamental ideas of the current Theism, the idea of absolute creation and the idea of intelligent design. Current Theism teaches that matter was made out of nothing. Darwinism, together with all scientific discovery, discredits the idea that anything is made out of nothing. The definit demiurgic act of six thousand years ago is superseded by a process of change which every enlargement of our knowledge givs us better reason for believing to extend from eternity to eternity. And that adaptation of organs to functions upon which the argument from design is built disappears with the design itself, when we learn that the functions precede the organs and are the cause of their existence. The difference between the first two conceptions cannot be minimized into what Mr. Gladstone calls a quantitativ difference. It is qualitativ and insuperable. The difference between the other two cannot be disposed of, as he seeks to dispose of it, by a reference to the necessity for a first cause. It consists in the disappearance of supposed final causes and the establishment of an automatic efficient cause. The idea that God made mice to escape cats and cats to catch mice—an idea sufficiently incongruous in the first place—gets beyond the limits of rational consideration when the cat's claws, eyes, "whiskers," etc., are shown to hav acquired their high mouse-catching quality through the exercise of the cat's own propensities, reinforced by the natural elimination of those specimens in which the advantageous peculiarities were least pronounced; while the quick ear, sharp eye, swift legs, and timid heart of the mouse acquired their cat-escaping powers in the same manner.

In answer to Ingersoll's arraignment of the conventional idea that God allows the wicked (very unnecessarily) to triumph in this life, and then punishes them with unreasonable severity in another, Mr. Gladstone's reply amounts to this, that the righteous, on the whole, hav the best of this life; and his principal case in point is that Christendom now rules the world, through a surplus, he is candid enough to add, of material, as well as moral, force. The illustration furnishes ground for some reflections not altogether cheerful. When Christianity beyond question meant reform, it did not rule the world to any alarming extent. Since the time of Constantine, we may fairly doubt if it has meant reform. Very similar observations might be applied to most other ideas which hav passed from the stage of movement into that of institution. The sad and cynical truth would seem to be about this: Mankind is divisible into knaves, fools, and "cranks," the latter genus including the whole species reformer. Between the knave and fool there is the same happy interaction as between hammer and anvil; but woe betide the "crank" who presumes to get into the intervening space! It is at the expense of his own person that he prevents knave from hammering fool; and it is to little purpose, for knave forthwith moves somewhere else, and fool obediently follows. Thus, as the author of "Ecce Homo" has well said, the latter part of the "crank's" destiny is worse than the first. Could he return to earth, he would find the very class of people who crucified him making his tomb the shrine of a new idolatry, as absurd and pernicious as that which he destroyed, and the chisels and files with which he cut his way out of prison forged into the bolts and bars of a new prison which is called by his own name. He has, indeed, the satisfaction of knowing that he has done his duty; but to affiliate this reward on divine justice it should be eternal, and that appears to involve—on Christian principles it certainly does include—a revolting consequence, even the eternal damnation of those who made his work necessary, repaid him for it by martyrdom, and finally spoiled it by reproducing the old wrong in a new form.

The third point at which Mr. Gladstone attempts to vindicate orthodoxy, is the absence in the much-lauded gospel of any practical moral principle, such as that slavery, or polygamy, or despotism is wrong. The defense is a conventional one. Jesus did not introduce a system, but a spirit, which is the life of the society he founded, and the source of living morality. All this would be a good deal more satisfactory if it were accompanied by some proof that this spirit has the practical effect of making Christians unanimous on any great point of ethics. It is easy to prove from the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon that Socrates laid down, though not in very finished shape, the method which all subsequent logic and science has pursued. It is easy, for a much more modern instance, to show that Saint Simon, in his conversations and his little pamphlets, laid down the common ideas of all modern Socialism. But the discovery of Jesus, as the author of "Ecce Homo" again says, is *himself;* and when we find his authority claimed by the advocates of every conceivable social system, from the Mormons to the Shakers, from the slaveowners to the Anarchists, is there not reason to say that the only peculiarity which his followers hav in common is the excessiv egotism implied in identifying one's own notions with a supposed command from heaven? That this doctrin of absolute unselfishness is a mere oriental platitude; and that its application is anything or nothing, according to the customs of the country and the conceptions of the individual.

C. L. JAMES.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE antagonist selected by the Christians of Phœnix, Ariz., to meet C. B. Reynolds in debate proved to be Clark Braden. Mr. Reynolds promptly and peremptorily declined to meet him. Mr. Reynolds was detained at San Diego, Cal., by the sinking at her wharf—just half an hour before she was to sail—of the steamship Queen of the Pacific.

J. E. REMSBURG recently lectured in three states, Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio, within twenty-four hours. Mr. Remsburg will deliver three lectures at Sherman Opera House, Newark, N. Y., Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening, May 26 and 27, 1888. Subjects: "False Claims," "Sabbath-Breaking," and "The Apostles of Liberty." All are cordially invited to attend, especially the clergy. Admission free. Front seats reserved for ladies, and gentlemen accompanied by ladies.

"To the Spiritualists and Liberals of Minnesota, and other states, greeting: The Rice County, Minn., Scientific, Moral, and Reformatory Association will hold their first annual meeting at Morristown, on the third Sunday in June, 1888, and in connection therewith will be held a Spiritual and Liberal camp-meeting, commencing Wednesday, June 13th, and closing on the Monday following. It being the first Spiritual and Liberal camp-meeting held in this state, we invite and earnestly solicit the attendance and aid of Spiritualists and Liberals of this and other states to help inaugurate and build up a permanent camp-meeting organization at this or some other suitable place in this locality. We also invite Spiritual and Liberal speakers and mediums; suitable rooms for holding séances will be furnished gratis. We wish to employ a good slate-writing medium, who will permit investigators to bring their own closed slates. Such a medium will be the instrument of great good to our cause, besides benefiting himself financially, as phenomena of this order hav never been witnessed or produced in this vicinity. We would ask such mediums to correspond with us at once, that we may make early and permanent arrangements for their coming. Ample means for board and shelter will be made for all who may attend the camp-meeting, at very reduced rates. The lowest reduction on railroad fare will be secured. Conveyance hourly between camp-ground and séance rooms, and to all trains, at a fare not to exceed five cents per trip. Further information can be obtained by corresponding with Mrs. Laura A. Grant, Morristown, Minn."

Colonel Ingersoll at the Nineteenth Century Club.

From the Herald of May 9th.

There was a genuin clash of intellectual arms at the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms last evening between the giants of reason and reasoning—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Frederick R. Coudert, and Gen. Stewart L. Woodford. "The Limitations of Toleration" was the subject of discussion.

There was a large and fashionable audience present when President Courtlandt Palmer introduced Colonel Ingersoll. Mr. Palmer said that Colonel Ingersoll is to his time what Hugo, Voltaire, and Rousseau were to theirs.

The propositions made by Mr. Ingersoll were:

1. That thought is a necessary, natural product—the result of what is called impressions made through the medium of the senses upon the brain, not forgetting the fact of heredity.
2. That no human being is accountable to any being, human or divine, for his thoughts.
3. That human beings hav a certain interest in the thoughts of each other, and one who undertakes to tell his thoughts should be honest.
4. That all hav an equal right to express their thoughts upon all subjects.
5. That for one man to say to another, "I tolerate you," is an assumption of authority—not a disclaimer, but a waiver, of the right to persecute.
6. That each man has the same right to express to the whole world his ideas that the rest of the world hav to express their thoughts to him.

Colonel Ingersoll wanted to know whether the will had any power over thought, and added that if thought is a necessity there follows no responsibility for it. In reading Shakspere one absorbs only in so far as the reader's soul has been developed. Civilization is advanced far enough to know now that the conduct of man is in no way responsible for the phenomena of nature. No man nor nation is wicked enough to bring down the wrath of heaven in bolts of lightning. That the thunderbolt is as likely to strike a good woman as a bad man, and that the ship loaded with pirates is quite as sure to ride out the storm as the vessel loaded with missionaries. And no man is happy who is not good.

"If your neighbor does a wrong thing," said the colonel, "your God can tend to him a thousand times better than you. He's got the time and the means. So you can afford to be tolerant. Now, then, I claim that in the realm of thought there is no democracy in which the majority rules. Do you think a good God would be satisfied with a compulsory worship? The rights of all are absolutely equal. The liberty of thought and the expression of it are of more value than anything else under the sun. Take that word liberty out of the human language and all other words are meaningless. Whoever has spoken against the right to speak has admitted that he denies his own doctrin. I hate that word "toleration." It was in vogue when the thinkers were in the minority, and when the great ignorant majority hated a heretic as a last year's leaf hates a this year's bud; at that time when the autocratic masses got tired of shedding blood and said, 'We'll tolerate you.' Your experience and mine shows that the bigger the man, the greater the heart, and the more excuses he will make for the frailties of humanity. Surely if there is an infinit being he is grander than any man. There is not a new truth that has not been anathematized, and not a step in progress that has not been opposed."

Speaking of the hereafter, Colonel Ingersoll said, pointing upward:

"When I get there I'll giv my honest opinion of that country. And if for that I lose my soul, I shall still possess my self-respect. I am defending your right to differ with me. No man can force my soul upon its knees unless the reason is given. I am going to act out my nature as I understand it. There is no one here who can think except as he must."

Colonel Ingersoll told a story with great effect of how a man wagered with a Methodist, promising to giv the best riding-horse in the county, that he could not say the Lord's Prayer without thinking of something else. The minister closed his eyes, he said, and when he got as far as "giv us this day" suddenly interrupted himself by exclaiming, "I suppose you'll throw in the saddle and bridle, too."

Mr. John D. Kernan had been announced to answer Colonel Ingersoll, but he did not appear, and Mr. Frederic R. Coudert took his place, with an apology for lack of preparation. Mr. Coudert is an orthodox Roman Catholic. He began mildly and waxed warm. He recalled Carlyle's comment upon a certain work as "a comic history of England," and said that he had just heard "a comic history of life." He could hardly believe that what had been said was pronounced in the presence of a nineteenth-century Christian audience, but rather that he was transported to an indissolient congregation of the twenty-third century. He bluntly took issue with Mr. Palmer on the comparison of Ingersoll to Voltaire, Hugo, and Rousseau, saying that these men had fought against wrongs, littleness, and fanaticism, and enriched the literature of the world. They were all men who had built up something.

"But what most ardent admirer will say that Colonel Ingersoll has built up anything?" vociferated Mr. Coudert. "Unfortunately," he added, "Freethought does exist. What man would not put fetters upon the demons of thought? Is it not unworthy of him to teach that thought must be free? Thought is unseen, unhandled, and untouched, and no despot has ever yet been able to fetter it. Is it not liberty of speech that he wants? Destruction, that is so pleasant, is what he aims at. The baby begins with destroying his bib, the older boy his hobby-horse, and the man joins the regiment with the latent instinct that he will hav the opportunity of destroying human life. The dynamiter says, I will giv you liberty to build if you will let me destroy. We hav been through many crises in our short history, and learned that thought is nothing before the law, while a word is an act. Who will say our society could exist if we allowed free speech. Whom would you punish for the murder of Desdemona? Iago's free speech poisoned Othello's mind, but he went scot-free. Is it charity for you to invade my home and teach my children that they are the witlings and fools of the world? Colonel Ingersoll's teaching is but a polite excuse for blasphemy, and by blasphemy I mean bringing into ridicule the things that are sacred—for instance, firing off the Lord's Prayer like a joke from Jo Miller. Christian faith is the ligament that has kept human society together. Think what you like, but do not as Samson did—pull down the temple upon your own head. Wherever liberty of speech has been incompatible with the safety of the state, the former has been compelled to fall back, and cannot be revived by nickel-plated platitudes and profane jokes disguised in purple and tinsel."

General Woodford represented the Protestant faith, and without preface attacked Colonel Ingersoll's logic. He said that Mr. Ingersoll's fatal error was in stating that thought is a necessary, natural product of effect upon the senses.

"Do you think that is thought?" asked he. "The senses make an impression upon your mind, but do not the will, the reason, and the memory take hold? Is thought not based on and assisted by secondary influences? He says no being is responsible to any other being, human or divine. Brandy suggests my thirst. Am I not held responsible as to whether I yield to the debauch or rise to the dignity of self-control? If we admit that there is no control of thought, then we lose the power of regenerating the world. If evil comes into your mind, you either harbor it or cast it out. I am responsible to my neighbor for helping him up or dragging him down. Because there is a creation I believe there is a creator, that if there is force there must be a projector, and that if there is matter there must be spirit."

General Woodford then concisely defined the Protestant doctrin of interpreting the Bible, and Colonel Ingersoll threw off his coat again and took the stand with fire in his eye. The manner of the contending gentlemen had been rather suggestiv of holding him up to an awful future. He said first that every mother wants to see her children soar to higher realms of thought than she had attained; that one cannot honor his father by going around and swearing to his mistakes.

"I hav done one thing," said Colonel Ingersoll grimly. "I hav compelled a Roman Catholic to compliment Voltaire, simply because it was at my expense. And as I think of him I see a plumed knight in mailed armor who rode on to the beleaguered city of Catholicity, who thrust the dagger of assassination into the mother church, making a wound from which she will never recover. The gentleman, too, judging from his talk, has preserved his bib. (Uproarious laughter.) I would be honest at the cradle. The child's brain now is a bastile and its poor little soul a convict. And now for the second gentleman. He is the Protestant who says you may think, but if you draw a wrong conclusion you are lost. Could you help believing the Bible? The Jonah story looks reasonable in Brooklyn [General Woodford's home]. I believe you are responsible to any person you injure. You can't injure an infinit being. All our duties are right here. Giv to every other human being the right you claim for yourself. The only possible good is happiness. The only time and place for it are now and here, and the way to get it is to make everybody else happy. General Woodford says I'll be held accountable. I am ready now, and when I settle no man or woman can say I injured him or her."

Colonel Ingersoll's Tribute to Roscoe Conkling.

From the World of May 10th.

Roscoe Conkling's birthplace to-night paid a most glowing tribute to the memory of the great patriot and statesman. The Academy of Music, the largest building in Albany, was packed an hour before the time for the beginning of the memorial services arranged in his honor. Nearly four thousand admirers, and in some instances close friends of the senator, squeezed into the building, jammed pit, galleries, and stage, and long before 8 o'clock the crush was so tremendous that the doors were closed and fully three thousand turned away. The hall was devoid of decoration except for a large engraving of Mr. Conkling, enveloped with the star-spangled banner, that stood before the speaker's stand. The exercises opened with the reading by Senate Clerk John Kenyon of the resolutions adopted by both branches of the legislature upon the reception of the news of Mr. Conkling's death. Then in graceful manner the lieutenant-governor introduced the orator of the evening, Colonel Ingersoll. He was received with hearty applause on the part of the multitude. In tones of eloquence and pathos rarely equaled, the faithful and tried friend of the great departed began his oration. For over an hour he held the audience spellbound, as, from boyhood to the tomb, he traced the life and public services of Mr. Conkling. Frequently he was interrupted by bursts of applause. When he described the ex-senator as a man who knew his enemies and whose enemies knew him, the politicans in the crowd quickly caught the point, and for a moment the Academy rang with shouts of approval. These demonstrations were repeated when the speaker referred to Mr. Conkling's patience and forbearance during the days he suffered from treachery, abuse, and insult at the hands of his political enemies. Though Colonel Ingersoll read from notes, the beauty, tenderness, and vigor of his oration were not at all marred. He retired amidst most enthusiastic plaudits.

In the course of his eulogy Colonel Ingersoll said:

Roscoe Conkling—a great man, an orator, a statesman, a lawyer, a distinguished citizen of the republic, in the zenith of his fame and power has reached his journey's end; and we are met, here in the city of his birth, to pay our tribute to his worth and work. He earned and held a proud position in the public thought. He stood for independence, for courage, and above all for absolute integrity, and his name was known and honored by many millions of his fellow-men.

The literature of many lands is rich with the tributes that gratitude, admiration, and love hav paid to the great and honored dead. These tributes disclose the character of nations, the ideals of the human race. In them we find the estimates of greatness—the deeds and lives that challenged praise and thrilled the hearts of men.

In the presence of death, the good man judges as he would be judged. He knows that men are only fragments—that the greatest walk in shadow, and that faults and failures mingle with the lives of all.

In the grave should be buried the prejudices and passions born of conflict. Charity should hold the scales in which are weighed the deeds of men. Peculiarities, traits born of locality and surroundings—these are but the dust of the race—these are accidents, drapery, clothes, fashions, that hav nothing to do with the man except to hide his character. They are the clouds that cling to mountains. Time givs us clearer vision. That which was merely local fades away. The words of envy are forgotten, and all there is of sterling worth remains. He who was called a partisan is a patriot. The revolutionist and the outlaw are the founders of nations, and he who was regarded as a scheming, selfish politician becomes a statesman, a philosopher, whose words and deeds shed light.

Fortunate is that nation great enough to know the great. When a great man dies—one who has nobly fought the battle of a life, who has been faithful to every trust, and has uttered his highest, noblest thought—one who has stood proudly by the right in spite of jeer and taunt, neither stopped by foe nor swerved by friend—in honoring him, in speaking words of praise and love above his dust, we pay a tribute to ourselvs.

How poor this world would be without its graves, without the memories of its mighty dead! Only the voiceless speak forever.

Intelligence, integrity, and courage are the great pillars that support the state.

Above all, the citizens of a free nation should honor the brave and independent man—the man of stainless integrity, of will and intellectual force. Such men are the Atlases on whose mighty shoulders rests the great fabric of the republic. Flatterers, cringers, crawlers, time-servers, are the dangerous citizens of a democracy. They who gain applause and power by pandering to the mistakes, the prejudices, and passions of the multitude are the enemies of liberty.

When the intelligent submit to the clamor of the many, anarchy begins, and the republic reaches the edge of chaos. Mediocrity, touched with ambition, flatters the base and calumniates the great, while the true patriot, who will do neither, is often sacrificed.

In a government of the people a leader should be a teacher—he should carry the torch of truth.

Most people are the slaves of habit—followers of custom—believers in the wisdom of the past—and were it not for brave and splendid souls "the dust of antique time would lie unswept, and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer." Custom is a prison, locked and barred by those who long ago were dust, the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead.

Nothing is grander than when a strong, intrepid man breaks chains, levels walls, and breasts the many-

headed mob like some great cliff that meets and mocks the innumerable billows of the sea.

The politician hastens to agree with the majority —insists that their prejudice is patriotism, that their ignorance is wisdom—not that he loves them, but because he loves himself. The statesman, the real reformer, points out the mistakes of the multitude, attacks the prejudices of his countrymen, laughs at their follies, denounces their cruelties, enlightens and enlarges their minds, and educates the conscience—not because he loves himself, but because he loves and serves the right and wishes to make his country great and free.

With him defeat is but a spur to further effort. He who refuses to stoop, who cannot be bribed by the promis of success or the fear of failure—who walks the highway of the right, and in disaster stands erect, is the only victor. Nothing is more despicable than to reach fame by crawling—position by cringing.

When real history shall be written by the truthful and the wise, these men, these kneelers at the shrines of chance and fraud, these brazen idols worshiped once as gods, will be the very food of scorn, while those who bore the burden of defeat, who earned and kept their self-respect, who would not bow to man or men for place or power, will wear upon their brows the laurel mingled with the oak.

Roscoe Conkling was a man of superb courage.

He not only acted without fear, but he had that fortitude of soul that bears the consequences of the course pursued without complaint. He was charged with being proud. The charge was true—he was proud. His knees were as inflexible as the "unwedgeable and the gnarled oak," but he was not vain. Vanity rests on the opinion of others—pride, on our own. The source of vanity is from without—of pride, from within. Vanity is a vane that turns, a willow that bends, with every breeze—pride is the oak that defies the storm. One is cloud—the other rock. One is weakness—the other strength.

This imperious man entered public life in the dawn of the reformation—at a time when the country needed men of pride, of principle, and courage. The institution of slavery had poisoned all the springs of power. Before this crime ambition fell upon its knees—politicians, judges, clergymen, and merchant princes bowed low and humbly, with their hats in their hands. The real friend of man was denounced as the enemy of his country—the real enemy of the human race was called a statesman and a patriot. Slavery was the bond and pledge of peace, of union and national greatness. The temple of American liberty was finished—the auction-block was the corner-stone.

It is hard to conceive of the utter demoralization, of the political blindness and immorality, of the patriotic dishonesty, of the cruelty and degradation, of a people who supplemented the incomparable Declaration of Independence with the Fugitiv Slave law.

Think of the honored statesmen of that ignoble time who wallowed in this mire, and who, decorated with dripping filth, received the plaudits of their fellow-men. The noble, the really patriotic, were the victims of mobs, and the shameless were clad in the robes of office.

But let us speak no word of blame—let us feel that each one acted according to his light—according to his darkness.

At last the conflict came. The hosts of light and darkness prepared to meet upon the fields of war. The question was presented: Shall the republic be slave or free? The Republican party had triumphed at the polls. The greatest man in our history was president-elect. The victors were appalled—they shrank from the great responsibility of success. In the presence of rebellion they hesitated—they offered to return the fruits of victory. Hoping to avert war, they were willing that slavery should become immortal. An amendment to the Constitution was proposed to the effect that no subsequent amendment should ever be made that in any way should interfere with the right of man to steal his fellow-men.

This, the most marvelous proposition ever submitted to a congress of civilized men, received in the House an overwhelming majority, and the necessary two-thirds in the Senate. The Republican party, in the moment of its triumph, deserted every principle for which it had so gallantly contended, and with the trembling hands of fear laid its convictions on the altar of compromise.

The Old Guard, numbering but sixty-five in the House, stood as firm as the three hundred at Thermopylæ. Thaddeus Stevens—as maliciously right as any other man was ever wrong—refused to kneel. Owen Lovejoy, remembering his brother's noble blood, refused to surrender. And on the edge of disunion, in the shadow of civil war, with the air filled with sounds of dreadful preparation, while the Republican party was retracing its steps, Roscoe Conkling voted No. This puts a wreath of glory on his tomb. From that vote to the last moment of his life he was a champion of equal rights, stanch and stalwart.

From that moment he stood in the front rank. He never wavered and he never swerved. By his devotion to principle—his courage, the splendor of his diction—by his varied and profound knowledge, his conscientious devotion to the great cause, and by his intellectual scope and grasp, he won and held the admiration of his fellow-men.

Disasters in the field, reverses at the polls, did not and could not shake his courage or his faith. He knew the ghastly meaning of defeat. He knew that the great ship that slavery sought to strand and wreck was freighted with the world's sublimest hope.

He battled for a nation's life—for the rights of slaves—the dignity of labor and the liberty of all. He guarded with a father's care the rights of the hunted, the hated, and despised. He attacked the savage statutes of the reconstructed states with a torrent of invectiv, scorn, and execration. He was not satisfied until the freedman was an American citizen—clothed with every civil right—until the Constitution was his shield—until the ballot was his sword.

And long after we are dead the colored man in this and other lands will speak his name in reverence and love. Others wavered, but he stood firm; some were false, but he was proudly true—fearlessly faithful unto death.

He gladly, proudly grasped the hands of colored men who stood with him as makers of our laws, and treated them as equals and as friends. The cry of "social equality," coined and uttered by the cruel and the base, was to him the expression of a great and splendid truth. He knew that no man can be the equal of the one he robs—that the intelligent and unjust are not the superiors of the ignorant and honest—and he also felt, and proudly felt, that if he were not too great to reach the hand of help and recognition to the slave, no other senator could rightfully refuse.

We rise by raising others—and he who stoops above the fallen stands erect.

Nothing can be grander than to sow the seeds of noble thoughts and virtuous deeds—to liberate the bodies and the souls of men—to earn the grateful homage of a race—and then, in life's last shadowy hour, to know and feel that the historian of liberty will be compelled to write your name.

There are no words intense enough—with heart enough—to express my admiration for the great and gallant souls who hav in every age and every land upheld the right and who hav lived and died for freedom's sake.

In our lives hav been the grandest years that man has lived, that Time has measured by the flight of worlds.

The history of that great party that let the oppressed go free—that lifted our nation from the depths of savagery to freedom's cloudless hights, and tore with holy hands from every law the words that sanctified the cruelty of man, is the most glorious in the annals of our race. Never before was there such a moral exaltation—never a party with a purpose so pure and high. It was the embodied conscience of a nation, the enthusiasm of a people guided by wisdom, the impersonation of justice; and the sublime victory achieved loaded even the conquered with all the rights that freedom can bestow.

Roscoe Conkling was an absolutely honest man.

Honesty is the oak around which all other virtues cling. Without that they fall and groveling die in weeds and dust. He believed that a nation should discharge its obligations. He knew that a promis could not be made often enough, or emphatic enough, to take the place of payment. He felt that the promis of the government was the promis of every citizen, that a national obligation was a personal debt, and that no possible combination of words and pictures could take the place of coin. He uttered the splendid truth that "the higher obligations among men are not set down in writing, signed and sealed, but reside in honor." He knew that repudiation was the sacrifice of honor—the death of the national soul. He knew that without character, without integrity, there is no wealth, and that below poverty, below bankruptcy, is the rayless abyss of repudiation. He upheld the sacredness of contracts, of plighted national faith, and helped to save and keep the honor of his nativ land. This adds another laurel to his brow.

He was the ideal representativ, faithful and incorruptible. He believed that his constituents and his country were entitled to the fruit of his experience, to his best and highest thought. No man ever held the standard of responsibility higher than he. He voted according to his judgment—his conscience. He made no bargains—he neither bought nor sold.

To correct evils, abolish abuses, and inaugurate reforms, he believed was not only the duty, but the privilege, of a legislator. He neither sold nor mortgaged himself. He was in Congress during the years of vast expenditure, of war and waste—when the credit of the nation was loaned to individuals—when claims were thick as leaves in June, when the amendment of a statute, the change of a single word, meant millions, and when empires were given to corporations. He stood at the summit of his power—peer of the greatest—a leader tried and trusted. He had the tastes of a prince, the fortune of a peasant, and yet he never swerved. No corporation was great enough or rich enough to purchase him. His vote could not be bought "for all the sun sees, or the close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide." His hand was never touched by any bribe, and on his soul there never was a sordid stain. Poverty was his priceless crown.

Above his marvelous intellectual gifts—above all place he ever reached—above the ermin he refused—rises his integrity like some great mountain peak, and there it stands, firm as the earth beneath, pure as the stars above.

He was a great lawyer. He understood the framework, the anatomy, the foundations, of law; was familiar with the great streams and currents and tides of authority.

He knew the history of legislation—the principles that hav been settled upon the fields of war. He knew the maxims—those crystallizations of common sense, those hand-grenades of argument.

He was not a case lawyer—a decision-index or an echo; he was original, thoughtful, and profound. He had breadth and scope, resource, learning, logic, and, above all, a sense of justice.

He was painstaking and conscientious—anxious to know the facts—preparing for every attack, ready for every defense. He rested only when the end was reached. During the contest he neither sent nor received a flag of truce.

He was true to his clients—making their case his. Feeling responsibility, he listened patiently to details, and to his industry there were only the limits of time and strength.

He was a student of the Constitution. He knew the boundaries of state and federal jurisdiction, and no man was more familiar with those great decisions that are the peaks and promontories, the headlands and the beacons, of the law.

He was an orator—earnest, logical, intense, and picturesque. He laid the foundation with care, with accuracy and skill, and rose by "cold gradation and well-balanced form" from the corner-stone of statement to the doomed conclusion. He filled the stage. He satisfied the eye—the audience was his. He had that indefinable thing called presence. Tall, commanding, erect, ample in speech, graceful in compliment, Titanic in denunciation, rich in illustration, prodigal of comparison and metaphor; and his sentences, measured and rhythmical, fell like music on the enraptured throng.

He abhorred the Pharisee and loathed all conscientious fraud. He had a profound aversion for those who insist on putting base motivs back of the good deeds of others. He wore no mask. He knew his friends, his enemies knew him.

He had no patience with pretense, with patriotic reasons for unmanly acts. He did his work and bravely spoke his thought.

Sensitiv to the last degree, he keenly felt the blows and stabs of the envious and obscure, of the smallest, of the weakest; but the greatest could not drive him from conviction's field. He would not stoop to ask or giv an explanation. He left his words and deeds to justify themselvs.

He held in light esteem a friend who heard with half-believing ears the slander of a foe. He walked a highway of his own, and kept the company of his self-respect. He would not turn aside to avoid a foe—to greet or gain a friend.

In his nature there was no compromise. To him there were but two paths—the right and wrong. He was maligned, misrepresented, and misunderstood, but he would not answer. He knew that character speaks louder far than any words. He was as silent then as he is now, and his silence, better than any form of speech, refuted every charge.

He was an American—proud of his country, that was and ever will be proud of him. He did not find perfection only in other lands. He did not grow small and shrunken, withered and apologetic, in the presence of those upon whom greatness had been thrust by chance. He could not be overawed by dukes or lords, nor flattered into vertebrateless subserviency by the patronizing smiles of kings. In the midst of conventionalities he had the feeling of suffocation. He believed in the royalty of man, in the sovereignty of the citizen, and in the matchless greatness of this republic.

He was of the classic mold—a figure from the antique world. He had the pose of the great statues, the pride and bearing of the intellectual Greek, of the conquering Roman, and he stood in the wide free air as though within his veins there flowed the blood of a hundred kings.

And as he lived he died. Proudly he entered the darkness, or the dawn, that we call death. Unshrinkingly he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purple hills, beyond the utmost reach of human harm or help, to that vast realm of silence or of joy where the innumerable dwell, and he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed—the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man, who bowed alone to death.

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"Oh, To be Nothing, Nothing!"

Mr. Heston well illustrates, on the first page, the irresponsibility of "God's creatures" according to the divine scheme. God made the devil to tempt men to sin, and then sent his son to bear the load. The creature is only a bridge between the devil and the deep sea, as it were. While we may admire the ingenuity of the scheme, we can hardly be expected to praise its goodness. If God so loved man that he sent his only begotten son to take his load of sin, it occurs to the ungodly that omnipotent love might hav devised a method of redemption less burdensome to the son—such, for instance, as removing the devil. But, looking at this picture, we can see why the Methodists put their Christian desires into these imploring words:

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing!
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and empty vessel,
For the savior's use made meet."

A Point for Consideration.

Whoever has thought that Roman Catholicism, which is the only logical system of Christianity, is capable of even tolerating, not to say affirming, the freedom of thought and speech, will be undeceived by reading the short extract we are able to giv from Frederic R. Coudert's reply to Colonel Ingersoll at the Nineteenth Century Club. Mr. Coudert is a trained Roman Catholic, one of the ablest lawyers and speakers of this city, but he has not the caution of a trained theologian. A priest would hav hesitated to so boldly avow his opposition to free speech and free thought, but through Mr. Coudert's vehement anger we are enabled to see the true position of his church.

Four hundred years from now, Mr. Coudert thinks, Freethought might exist and be in harmony with the time. But not now. In this, he probably reasons from the past career of the church. Four centuries ago there was no Freethought. The church suppressed it, and Mr. Coudert seems to wish that he lived then, and is a little surprised that he does not. However, he has to admit that Freethought does exist, which he says is unfortunate! If he could hav his way, not only would speech be restrained, but thought, too, if he could devise means of fettering it. This is the true doctrin of Catholicism, and whenever a Catholic argues otherwise he is but using the sophistry of the Jesuits; or, if he be honest, is teaching heresy.

Between Mr. Coudert's bold avowal that free speech should not be allowed and Colonel Ingersoll's unimpeachable definition of true liberty there is a chasm as wide as the universe. The avowal and the definition mark the difference between Christianity and Freethought. Christianity is the very essence of tyrannical despotism; but in the vocabulary of Freethought there is no room for even the word toleration, for "toleration" of one man's thoughts and speech by another implies the right to suppress it if the other sees fit. There is, there can be, no such right. One man possesses all the natural rights of all the other men in the world, no less, no more.

We cannot "tolerate" a man, because he has the absolute right, equal to our own, to think and to speak his thoughts. The emphasis which Colonel Ingersoll has placed upon this should be carefully noted by every Freethinker, for we fear that some hav not sufficiently considered the point.

The Rejection of the Women.

The Methodist conference has refused seats to the five women who were elected delegates to that body. The vote was close, as a change of one ballot would hav seated them. The opposition was led by J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate* of this city, and he was supported by nearly all the ministers. The women's champions were Westerners—men whose lives and ideas hav been broadened by living in a large country. The lay delegates were mostly in favor of admitting the ladies. The question, however, is not settled, but remanded to the annual conferences. If two-thirds of these conferences vote favorably, it will then come before the general conference, in 1892, and the women may expect to vote in the following general conference in 1896. This postponement of the matter was the best that the conservativs could do. The annual conferences in the East will probably vote against the women; in the West, for them.

We believe that this is the first instance of an effort being made by women to hav a voice in the higher counsels of the churches. They are not allowed in the Presbyterian judicatories; the Episcopalians refuse them voice, and the Baptists and Congregationals follow suit. Of course, a woman can hav no vote in high Roman Catholic councils. This is because the churches follow the New Testament in matters of polity, and in their estimation of women. Yet women constitute two-thirds of the membership of all the churches, are their most blind and zealous supporters, and are really responsible for the other third of the membership. If the women left the church, in a decade there would not be a man on the roll. The church would go.

The course of the ministers, then, in refusing them seats in this conference, is clearly short-sighted, though they count, and with apparent reason, on the quiet submission of the excluded delegates. But though this may be the case now, it will not always be so, and when the women get their rights, as in time they must and will, the action of this conference will be a stigma and reproach. It was in this city forty-four years ago that the Methodist church split on the slavery question, though the Northern division, in private sentiment, was by no means unanimous. The present issue, while not involving such grave physical considerations, is one of equal justice. The right of selecting officials who shall rule us is an abstract right, absolutely inalienable. One man can hav no natural authority over another. Choosing rulers is not a privilege to be granted by the rulers to the ruled; the right to choose is natural, and when that right is violated by force or numbers an injustice is committed.

But no other course could be expected from the churchmen. Every right gained in any matter in their control has always had to be fought for, and always will. The church is repressiv, conservativ, tyrannical. It holds women in low esteem. The ministers keep them down in order to keep themselvs up. The women would merit this treatment were it not that, having been in subjection so many centuries, they hav not learned to use their brains to the best advantage.

A Pious Editor as a Sabbatarian and Financier.

Mr. Elliott F. Shepard, the gentleman who so vigorously fights the running of stages on Fifth avenue on Sunday, is a queer character, and as a consequence some of his acts look queer from the standpoint of common, every-day, secular honesty. It turns out that his opposition to the Fifth Avenue Stage Company proceeds from a desire to control the company himself. This he intends to effect by purchasing stock, and to get it cheap he began legal proceedings against Sunday traffic, hoping thereby to diminish the earnings of the company and cheapen the stock. Failing in this, he began bearing the stock in the columns of his paper, publishing statements that the stock was practically worthless, that the directors of the company were selling their holdings for what they could get, and otherwise depreciating the securities, after the manner of all railroad speculators who desire to ruin a road and then buy it low. He had succeeded in purchasing about one-sixth of the stock before his design became known.

Since the disclosure of his scheme, Mr. Shepard finds himself an object of suspicion. It is alleged that should he control the company, he would reorganize it as a street railway, connecting with the Fourth avenue road, which is owned by the Vanderbilts, into which family Mr. Shepard married some years ago, and with whose interests he is closely identified. To relieve himself of this suspicion of hypocrisy, he has procured the writing of a letter to himself by an official of the stage company, asking his intentions. This gives him a chance to fall back on the Sunday question again. His Sabbatical reasoning is unique. He says:

"For more than thirty years stages had run upon the Fifth avenue, without running on Sunday. The ministers of every church on the Fifth avenue, and many others in other parts of the district, besides hundreds of our most orderly, peace-loving, taxpaying, intelligent, liberal-minded citizens, hav petitioned that the stages should not run on Sunday. This on the part of the pastors is substantially their form of advising their respectiv flocks not to use the stages on the Sabbath."

In face of the fact that three-fourths of the Sunday riding is done by church-goers, this is cool. Either members of Fifth avenue churches are very insubordinate, or Mr. Shepard has misconstrued the ministers' motivs in signing his petition.

Our modern crusader then slides from precedent to physiology, and presents this:

"Physicians hav certified that the strain of the noise, excitement, and vibration produced by a procession of over a thousand thunder-producing and earth-shaking omnibuses on the Sabbath is injurious to the health and nervous system of those subjected to it, and the injury will be all the more accentuated now that the period of the year has arrived when it is usual for residents to hav their windows open."

We should like to see these certificates, and learn the reason why a noise on Sunday is worse for the nerves than the same noise on Monday. The certificates, we fancy, would bear a striking resemblance to the certificates of stock Mr. Shepard desires to hold, providing he can get them cheap.

Those who ride to church, Mr. Shepard anathematizes as robbers:

"These people do not remember how much profanation of the holy day has to take place to giv them their rides of inglorious ease. If they would look behind the scenes, they would no sooner spend their money in the encouragement of this great mass of Sabbath-breaking than they would rob God's altar in any other way—for this is one way of robbing him of the service and honor that are justly his due from all his children."

Proceeding, our religious stockholder says:

"Now, as there are many good people who think that some means of Sunday transportation in our great city is a necessity, conceding this to be true, there is ample accommodation for all that in the avenues next to Fifth avenue on each side, where it has long been established by law and custom. These surface lines were established before this generation, and the elevated is only their natural outgrowth and the question of discontinuing them is very distinct and different from that of not commencing a new and wholly unnecessary line, on an avenue which has hitherto enjoyed freedom from the Sunday traffic. Nor am I interested, directly or indirectly, in any of those other lines, nor responsible for what they do or do not. But I am responsible in regard to this new company, together with every Christian and Jew, hat there shall be a substantial compliance with the Fourth Commandment, by cessation of the business of transportation one day in seven along this new line."

That is to say, the people may rob God's altar on other avenues, but not on Fifth avenue, because Mr. Shepard desires to be quiet, and to get the stock of the Stage Company at a low price.

But the most conclusiv argument advanced is this:

"I hav studied the question of Sunday work in our own country, in Canada, England, France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and the Orient, and the fair conclusion is that by rest from labor on Sunday one will make fifty per cent gain, as against a loss of one-seventh, or about fourteen per cent. In other words, the net profit in favor of keeping Sunday is about thirty-six per cent, so that companies which work on Sunday giv up fifty per cent for the sake of making fourteen; and that is bad finance."

If this figuring is accurate, it opens the way to colossal fortunes for all. If the net gain for not running on Sunday is thirty-six per cent, by not running on Saturday the net gain would be doubled, or seventy-six per cent. By discontinuing the stages altogether the company could pay enormous dividends. As a financier, Deacon Shepard goes ahead

of his Yankee brethren. As THE TRUTH SEEKER never expects to own any stock of the Fifth Avenue Stage Company, we shall watch Mr. Shepard's efforts on behalf of himself and the Lord with great interest.

The Archbishops in Politics.

According to Hugh P. McElrone, a gentleman high up in the church, who speaks on the authority of a still more "distinguished ecclesiastic," the Knights of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, and the members of Dr. McGlynn's Anti-Poverty Society will, within the year, be condemned or excommunicated by the Romish church. Thirteen archbishops will meet next month in Baltimore to consider whether the organizations and persons mentioned deserve such a fate, and the conclusion of the "distinguished ecclesiastic" is that they do.

The complaint against the Knights is that their constitution is Socialistic, and that though Mr. Powderly is completely subservient to the church, he cannot control the members of the order, which must inevitably be condemned upon the charges made months ago, and which still lie at the bar of the Holy Office. The attempt of Mr. Powderly and Cardinal Gibbons to bring the order under control of the church is told by Mr. McElrone: The Holy Office was on the point of considering the charges when Mr. Powderly hastened to Baltimore and held a long interview with Mr. Gibbons. Mr. McElrone relates that Mr. Gibbons expressed himself as highly pleased with Mr. Powderly, who had offered to hav expunged from the Knights' constitution any passages which might, in Mr. Gibbons's judgment, be repugnant to the Roman Catholic church. Mr. Gibbons marked a good many passages to which he objected. Mr. Powderly tried to fulfill his promis, but was unable to do so, and could only agree to do in the future all he could to oblige Mr. Gibbons.

Mr. Gibbons was graciously pleased to be pleased with Mr. Powderly, who would hav allowed him to wipe his boots upon him had Mr. Gibbons desired such a door-mat, and prevailed upon the pope, Mr. Gibbons's master, to defer the condemnation of the Knights in the United States, though the order in Canada had been anathematized. But as the Knights hav not changed their constitution, and as Mr. Powderly is not yet the absolute ruler of the organization, the high ecclesiastic who imparts information to Mr. McElrone fears the decision of the coming conclave of archbishops will be unfavorable to the stiff-necked Knights. Undoubtedly

The second subject which the archbishops will consider is Mr. Gompers's American Federation of Labor, composed chiefly of cigarmakers, and the mechanics of kindred trades. As few of the members of the Federation are Catholics, and as "its constitution embraces all the tenets of Communism or Fourierism, such as that so earnestly but vainly preached by Horace Greeley, through the medium of his powerful newspaper, for some ten years before the war," Mr. McElrone is decidedly of the opinion that it will be condemned. Mr. McElrone's high authority fails to state, however, what the membership or non-membership of Catholics in any organization has to do with the accuracy of its principles. If the church is going to hew to the line, it should not stop to consider who will be cut in the chopping operation.

The third point for consideration by the archiepiscopal Star Chamber is Dr. McGlynn. This gentleman, Mr. McElrone confesses, is out of the reach of the church. He is no longer a Catholic, properly speaking, because he has cut entirely loose from the church by refusing to obey his superiors. Neither is the single-tax theory which he advocates one which the church can condemn, because the state has the right to tax the kind of property it pleases. Mr. George's theory therefore "lies in the exclusiv region of politics, and there is nothing morally wrong in advocating it." But Dr. McGlynn has said that if he had the power he "would confiscate every inch of land, without one penny of compensation to the miscalled owners," and he is moreover the head of a political party composed of Catholics. As his doctrin of land-grabbing is Socialistic, and as he himself is an excommunicated priest, the question for the archbishops to decide is what course shall the church pursue toward those Catholics who support him. "Can Catholics," asks the high ecclesiastic, "belong to a party or an association whose avowed platform may be innocuous enough, but whose ex-communicated leader has enunciated rank Socialism, and whose tendency is decidedly in the same direction?" The high ecclesiastic says, No. But still another cause of action against Dr. McGlynn is the alleged fact "that behind him stand powerful and unscrupulous men" who are using him "to destroy society and religion." In this contingency, then, "it becomes the duty of the church to speak, and it is not an uncertain guess to surmise that Catholics will be warned to shun Dr. McGlynn's Anti-Poverty Society."

This is the program laid out for the archbishops, as outlined by high ecclesiastical authority. The decrees will go to Rome, be confirmed, and reach this country just about the time the people are voting for president. Incidentally, the McGlynn voters in this city will be whipped back into the ranks of the Democracy, and the church will get her annual appropriations as usual. The Catholic authorities are singularly free from guile in all their doings, and work only for the benefit of "Mother Church." This advance outline of the purposed condemnation is probably put out to see how the people take it, what the Knights and the others interested will do, and whether the church can carry out the program without losing thousands of paying adherents.

The Society for the Conversion of the Jews.

In the *Hebrew Christian*, a little church paper published by the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, Howard Crosby publishes a letter defending himself for lending his name to the society. He says:

"Is it fair to find fault with us when we endeavor to show the reasons of our belief to our Jewish brethren, that they may rejoice with us in the fulfilment of Jewish prophecies, in which fulfilment is peace to every sinner's soul? Why should our motivs be impugned and our characters slandered? Why should malice and hatred be stirred up in your own hearts? Let us leave to low-minded men all this business of prejudice and contumely, and, as humble believers in the God of Abraham, stand on the ground of brotherly love, according to the scripture which we all revere, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' It is only in that love we long to see you recognizing the glorious messiah who has died for the sin of the world."

The *Hebrew Standard*, an orthodox Jewish paper, retorts:

"Dr. Crosby knows full well that it would be a ridiculous assertion for him to make that we Jews find fault with him for trying to make us see that Christianity is the true Judaism, if by that he means the regular and proper channels of church effort. He should know that we find fault only with the despicable, disgraceful, mercenary convert-mongering of the missionaries whom he and others support and countenance, to the greater shame and discredit of Christianity.

"We find fault with them for utilizing designing and uncultured vagrants for the purpose of trying to convert the Jews, and for not seeing whether ever a Jew was converted to whom some direct or indirect pecuniary, or other material, advantage was not given or offered; whether ever any one of these converts contributed one cent for the support of any church or charity; whether ever any respectable, self-supporting, intelligent Jew was induced to associate himself with the miserable crew of self-seeking conversionists."

The *Independent* comments upon this reply, calling upon the *Standard* to prove the charges. It says:

"The charge is plain. It is that the missionaries of this society for converting Jews to Christianity are designing and uncultured creatures, who depend on bribery to secure their converts. We pay no attention to the rest of the article, which tries to make Dr. Crosby see how badly he would feel if somebody should try to make his son a Catholic, because it is not based on buying but convincing the convert, and this our neighbor has just said is legitimate, and so it contradicts itself. But here is the charge, that the Jewish mission in this city buys its converts, and gets none who are of any character, none but those who accept its teachings for pecuniary reasons.

"This charge it has no right to make unless it can prove it. If true, it can be, it should be, proved by definit evidence or specification. If not, let it be withdrawn. It is simply the money question. Are there no converts to whom the charge of corruption cannot apply, men who hav lost rather than gained by their conversion? Hav the funds of the society been used illegitimately to support the converts? Giv us the analysis of the converts; giv us the analysis of the funds expended. Prove this serious charge or say nothing."

We are glad to see the *Independent* taking up this matter. Mr. A. Benjamin, a Hebrew gentleman who is about as near an Infidel as he is a Jew, has been for months vainly endeavoring to get the Christians who are supporting the Rev. Jacob Freshman, the activ missionary of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, to investigate this matter. He has been to the Rev. Howard Crosby, who is an officer of the society, to Dr. Deems, to the editor of the *Christian Union*, to Dr. William Ward Hayes, editor of the *Independent*, and to the editors of the daily papers, making his charges, and begging for an opportunity to be heard. In THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Herald* he has challenged Mr. Freshman to read the Bible in Hebrew, he has offered to show that his annual reports were false, and by his persistent following of Mr. Freshman he has made that zealous missionary amend them. Mr. Benjamin has been repulsed everywhere but in THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Herald* offices. The clergymen and religious editors hav refused to listen. Even Dr. Ward, when he found that Mr. Benjamin, though not a Jew in religion, is not a Christian, had no use for him.

But now that the ball is opened, let us hav the truth about this Society for the Conversion of Jews. Giv Mr. Benjamin a chance to prove his assertions, or Mr. Freshman the opportunity of exonerating himself. Mr. Benjamin avows his readiness to go before the Christian officers of the society, and show the character of the very few converts, why they were converted, and how unfit Mr. Freshman is to be employed as a missionary to his race. But he must hav the assistance of the officers of the society, and a chance to cross-examin Mr. Freshman and investigate that gentleman's statements and books. The London Society for the Conversion of the Hebrews spends thousands and thousands of dollars with the most miserable results. Is the New York Society cut in the same shape?

Editorial Notes.

LEAPING up in his pulpit last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Talmage shouted: "There are those who treat Infidelity as a joke. If Infidelity and Atheism triumphed, it would imply the complete degradation of woman. Woman is not, perhaps, as yet completely emancipated. She may hav her wrongs. But Christianity has come to her and remained with her as a blessing. In Christian countries only are her rights recognized. In Christian countries only has she freedom, individuality, hope. The second result of the triumph of Atheism and Infidelity, is the complete demoralization of society. What the Infidels hate most of all is retribution. They hate the idea of hell, just as the criminal hates the idea of the prison or the penitentiary. Oh, if they could only get rid of hell what would they not do? They would make a hell upon earth, and they would not be long about it. Every Infidel," he said—and he repeated the statement and emphasized it—"every Infidel dies in stolid indifference or in horror. What hav not Christ and Christianity done for the world? What has Infidelity done? Take a piece of foolscap and write down on the four pages what it has done. Too much space. Take a page. Too much space. Take a leaf of your own note-book. Too much. Take your ten fingers. Take one finger. Nothing—absolutely nothing." At this stage Dr. Talmage literally screamed, "Get out, get out, you miserable pauper; crawl into your hole of everlasting nothing!" At the conclusion of this outburst there was commotion and clapping of hands in the audience. It is superfluous to remark that facts do not bear out the Rev. Mr. Talmage's assertions, which we quote merely as a curiosity of Christian literature and not for the purpose of serious consideration. Mr. Talmage is a joke.

WHEN E. A. Stevens read Helen Gardener's "Sex in Brain" he was hit in his conscience with a brick of contrition. As open confession is good for the soul, we print his letter for the further glory—she has grace enough—of Miss Gardener: "DEAR EUGENE: Intended sending my thanks for that most excellent article—brimful of facts and of utmost import to humanity—by Major Powell on 'Evolution in Civilized Man,' but neglected it; now on reading and rereading 'Sex in Brain,' I cannot longer refrain from expressing my profound appreciation for the quality of mental food you are furnishing us, and my deep sense of gratitude to the author for her clear, conclusiv, and thoroughly scientific and logical defense of woman's mental endowments. It is so spiced with wit and incisiv irony and sarcasm that she adds zest and entertainment to an otherwise profound but somber subject. How Frances Willard must hav squirmed during its delivery! This lecture alone lays her sex under lasting obligations, and wins her the esteem and gratitude of every lover of justice. Do you know, Eugene, that my cheeks fairly burn with humiliation and mortification when I remember my most ungallant attack of some years ago, and I hav felt a deep sense of shame whenever I recalled it. When at the New York Congress waiting the opening, I noticed a bright-eyed, petite, and exceedingly amiable lady trying to get people acquainted and make everyone feel comfortable. When Putnam said he would introduce me to Helen Gardener, I looked around for some austere and severe dowager, but, behold, in a moment I was confronting the polite and considerate little lady whose movements had already attracted my attention. The introduction followed, and she smiled such a good-natured, roguish smile, and said, 'This is the individual who was after my scalp.' Well, I felt like a horse-thief confronted by complete and convincing testimony, and wished that I had been lynched to save myself from further refinement of cruelty. I attempted to stammer out a boobyish apology, but I never was up on those things, and, as I was the most sadly disappointed person imaginable, I completely failed. She, however, heaped coals of fire on my defenseless head by special words of attention to my daughter, and I was unable to express my chagrin during the whole of my stay. Never felt so mean about anything in my life."

Letters from Friends.

CORINTH, ILL., April 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav seen but one letter from this place, so I thought to see another I would write it. Another soldier has dropped out of the Freethought ranks. Mrs. Anna Williams, of this vicinity, died March 29th. She was a true Liberal, and has been ever since I hav known her. Her husband is an outspoken Liberal. There are many Liberals living around here. I hav read several letters from my grandfather in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Yours sincerely in the bonds of friendship,

WM. W. WILLIAMS.

ANNAPOLIS, ILL., April 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to make a suggestion to the effect that some of the writers and contributors of THE TRUTH SEEKER, or the Editor, review from week to week the International Sunday-school Lessons. Each one has its Golden text, Memory verses, Geographical notes, etc. Now, I know that among the many able contributors to THE TRUTH SEEKER there are those that can write an interesting article every week, and not study very hard either.

MARTIN NEWLIN.

SOUTH LOWELL, ALA., May 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I do not see how I can do without THE TRUTH SEEKER. It givs a hearing to all sides on any subject, and appeals to human reason, and not to impulse and fear. I love it for its love of justice in every department of mental activity. In this way we can discover truth, and learn to adapt ourselvs to it. Some peop e will not reason, and such must be shown their folly by the cartoons, and Watson Heston is doing this well. Could he show Nebuchadnezzar eating grass (Dan. iv, 33)? Make a good picture of it and let them see what they believe. J. K. DEARTH.

KINGSTON, April 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: After reading THE TRUTH SEEKER the past year, I will say that I like it better than any other paper I hav ever read. We hav any amount of superstition to contend with. Last fall the Latter Day Saints started a protracted—or distracted—meeting in Kingston. The Methodists, to checkmate them, imported Clark Braden to down them in discussion. Braden wanted to discuss Joe Smith, and the Saints wanted to discuss Methodism. As an outcome they threw mud at each other.

We hav a few independent thinkers here, and plenty of would-be's if not for Mrs. Grundy. We had C. B. Reynolds here last November. He delivered four lectures to small but attentiv audiences. The weather was very unpleasant; otherwise I think more would hav listened to him.

W. A. COLVIN.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., April 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: If you see no adverse reason, I would like to say a word to the "well to do" of THE TRUTH SEEKER family in behalf of Mr. Heston, in the paper he is doing so much to enhance the interest and value of. His cartoons are instructiv and valuable. They abound in good sense, humor, and logic, and, I believe, are very generally appreciated. I see them often commended by the correspondents of the paper. One sensible lady, in the "Letters from Friends," has well said, "We ought to get up a vote of thanks to Mr. Heston." Now, I second that motion, and would suggest that bank-notes be used for ballots in this canvass. And it is in order to "vote early and vote often," for Mr. Heston is poor and in rather embarrassed circumstances, having a mortgage on his little home. I think his labors in the cause of Freethought are equal in value to those of the best lecturers, and ought to be well paid. I hav had the pleasure of casting my vote, and I hope many others who are able will "go and do likewise," for he richly deserves a friendly and favorable recognition from all lovers of truth and progress. The Truth Seeker Company doubtless pay him for his work all they can well afford, and we do not want *our* paper to be overburdened. ALMOND OWEN.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., April 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Reading in your paper that a bill has been introduced to repeal the Comstock law, I wish to call attention to an article in *Lucifer*, March 16th, headed, "Is Sanity Returning?" and the accompanying editorial headed, "Shall They be Repealed?" The first article is suggested by the report of the Congressional committee on the post-office and post-roads upon House bills Nos. 3,320 and 3,324, providing that newspapers and periodicals containing advertisments of lotteries shall be excluded from the mail, and also (in one of them) that the postmaster-general shall hav power to determin what papers come within the law. The committee sanely reported against both bills, on the ground that this one establishes a censorship of the press, and that both assume in Congress a power to abridge the liberty of the press, contrary to the Constitution of the United States. Very clearly these objections lie just as much against the Comstock law. In the editorial *Lucifer* argues that the signs of returning sanity denote that the tide of paternalistic craziness is turning, and that now is the time to push a movement for repeal. I say, Amen, and hope that before the spasm of sense has spent its force the Liberal world may be roused to send in another monster petition for one definit object—the passage of the Cummings bill, whose preamble seems to be right to the point. Let there be no quibbling or halfway work about it—no fool talk about modification, no haggling over the question of state rights. That the states should hav power which the national government has not may be absurd. That they should hav power to interfere with freedom of the press is wrong. But Congress, at all events, has no such power under the Constitution. That should settle the matter of "modification," even if it were possible, which it is not, to frame a definition of obscenity which should exclude Milton, Rabelais, Shakspere, Boccaccio, Horace, Juvenal, and the Bible, and include anything else. C. L. JAMES.

PORTLAND, ORE., April 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: When I wrote you last from Kansas, saying, "Stop my paper," for I was going to be on the wing, I did not know whither I should drift, but, after lecturing in northern California some, I concluded to come into Oregon and get acquainted with our folks—all those that hav got out of the mud of superstition and sail under the banner of Freethought. There seem to be as many Freethinkers as church bigots anywhere upon this coast, and I expect a tidal wave of Freethought to rise on the shores of the mild Pacific, and flow back over mountain and prairie, river and forest, that shall cause the walls of Eastern superstition to crumble and fall worse than the ram's horn did old Babylon.

These steep, grand, evergreen-covered mountains, whose snowy peaks are away above the murky clouds, surround most lovely valleys and canyons awaiting the crowded home-seekers of the East to come and enjoy a climate of mildness and health. We hav very little of pneumonia, typhoid, or other fevers, and no frozen ears or feet, but fruit and flowers everywhere. Plenty of government land, and good, choice, improved farms for $5.50 to $10 per acre; very fine lumber at $8 per thousand. Cattle and horses liv all winter here in Oregon without care or attention. This is emphatically the place for a poor man, if he is able and willing to work, for there is everything in abundance and work plenty. Three to four days will bring anyone in the United States by railroad to this coast. Steam practically annihilates space, so let the homeless Liberals come to the land of big trees and glorious climate. D. C. SEYMOUR.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: What I write upon this subject may possibly hav some tendency to excite the ire of some of the ladies under whose eye it may chance to fall, but I hope not. If the ballot should be placed in the hands of women, the pious women would outvote the Infidel women three to one, and it is plain that every Infidel in the land would be disfranchised. Not a Freethinker in the country would be allowed to hold any office. Hypocrits would be manufactured by the million. God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost would be put into the Constitution forthwith. Yes, the ballot in the hands of woman, so long as she is controled by sky-pilots, would be a curse—not a blessing. We hav bad laws enough now, and if she should hav the ballot there would be a lot of pious laws enacted which might lead to a bloody civil war. There are millions in the country who would not be governed by the thousand laws which the pious would enact in the name of Jehovah.

Sex should hav nothing to do with citizenship or the ballot, the word of Paul to the contrary notwithstanding. Our great Infidel and Paul do not agree at all in this matter. The former says woman has as many rights as man, and one more, which is protection; while Paul says she has no rights at all. Paul will hav to take a back seat in future.

What needs to be done first is to cast the Holy Ghost out of the pious, for so long as he remains there will not be sufficient room for reason, science, and common sense.

I hav much faith in moral suasion, but I should like to see the ballot in the hands of woman now, in order that she might vote upon the liquor question, for I think she would annihilate the liquor business. LYMAN SMITH.

LEXINGTON, April 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I will present a few disconnected reflections.

Many years ago, in France, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a street was packed for a mile with bleeding, wounded, human beings. They loved freedom better than their own life. (Then tell me, is not liberty safe in their hands?) Their blood poured like a river down the street gutters. The Nationalists were trying to crush them. Citizen Delescluze came to redeem a promis and help them. He was murdered, his body picked up and carried away. Gambon was there also, defending a barricade. He who had labored for the republic for thirty years was seized, dragged to a private street, and shot. And so hav men been murdered in the United States for attempting to form some plan for the relief of the poor. I should think that imprisonment was sufficient punishment for violent language uttered in the defense of the weak and helpless. A good writer has lately observed that a discontented beggar has more influence than priests, lawyers, and politicians; and so it is, for the golden dream of Parnell for his country faded when he beheld their rags, destitution, misery, with starved bodies festering in pools.

Some persons suppose that tortures are utilized by God, to bring sinners to repentance. The great Cecil was engaged in writing prayers when his victims were racked in the Tower of London. Our clergyman told us yesterday that we were "daily transformed more and more into the nature of Christ!" and the more diamonds, silks, and laces some people hav, the more does grace abound. "God's flowers are scattered everywhere." I should think the rocks would cry out when these blossoms adorn the pillow of a starved baby! Let "holiness" be written upon the bells of horses," although there are twelve millions in England who cannot be fed. Let God and his followers mock on, and then be not surprised it the day cometh which shall burn as an oven.

A Christian just now inquired how I could know the difference between right and wrong, not being a Christian. I could hav referred him to Socrates, Cicero, and Confucius, whose noble thoughts hav made morality and civilization what they are. Suppose we had been abandoned to the teachings of the bloodthirsty, sensual, and degraded Moses, David, or Hosea, what would we be? A penitentiary would be ashamed to harbor them. Said Ingersoll, "God or no God, murder is crime." John Knox remarked that "God must be obeyed, in defiance of the laws of the land." Warm such a serpent as that in your bosom and take the consequences if you will.

Mrs. Ritchey remarks that evolution requires time for developments which has not been given. But time is not the chief factor in the creation, but power. Behold the Greeks achieving miracles in learning and the arts in the midst of savage nations. Notice the languages of Asia Minor, some of them smooth and expressiv—those of Ionia or Phrygia—the rest a barbarous jargon. Sir Charles Lyell said that "nature givs many a bound."

Society often becomes depraved while civilization advances. The efforts of five or six men occasionally are required to revolutionize the world, and they generally are obliged to wade knee-deep in blood. ALHAZA.

WEST UNION, IA., April 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In this city of professed Liberalism there is nothing by which the stranger could discover anything outside of the old and worn nut of orthodoxy. Here the veil of superstition hangs in heavy folds and givs to the city a godly appearance. In fact, it seems but a little in advance of its neighbor town, Fayette, whose limits, so it is said, are decorated with signboards on which it reads, "None but Methodists allowed." Their advancement here consists in not being partial as to creed, inasmuch as no less than six spires tell the story of Christ, and as many denominations wage war with each other for the privilege of saving what man has not—a soul—from a mythical hell.

This city, which has listened to the eloquence of a Remsburg and the logic of a Watts, has reared no monument in honor of their labor, and since their departure the Secularists hav crept back into their holes, there to lie dormant until another worker comes and rouses them from their lethargy. Since my being here I hav met no Liberalism except my own TRUTH SEEKER, although I know there must be many more of the same mind.

Why is it that, after having thrown off the shackles of dogmas, many Liberals will sit carelessly by and see others bound with the same fetters which they hav burst, and make no effort to relieve them?

I hav always supposed that there were Liberals enough in this town to form a society. If so, why is it not done, so we can continually spread before the public a repast of Liberalism and advancement, instead of silently permitting them to feed on the chaff and husks of retardment?

I should very much enjoy being a member of the congregation of the Forum and under the pastorage of President Stevens.

Of THE TRUTH SEEKER I will say: It suits me. I will never stop my paper because I may differ with some of its correspondents, or Editor either, for that matter.

In his inimitable style, Heston discharges his shafts of ridicule into the receding carcass of theology in such a manner as cannot fail of being effectiv. The cartoons are just what are necessary.

Liberals of West Union, I would be pleased to meet you.

J. W. YEADON.

EUREKA, CAL., April 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10, which please apply as follows: $5 subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for the next two years; giv Mr. Heston $2.50 as a token of my appreciation of his able illustrations of the Bible. I always hav considered the Bible a useless book, but as a subject of illustration in Mr. Heston's light it is of no mean value. Send me "Bible Morality," by C. Watts; "Volapük," and the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, and place the remainder to my credit.

Now, let me tell you something of my opinion in regard to THE TRUTH SEEKER and its correspondents. I am glad you hav given us a rest about the Anarchists. I, like all old Californians, am Anarchistically inclined—that is, I would rather redress my grievances myself than apply to a court of justice—but I never hav had any desire to trample upon other people's rights or tyrannize over them. The Chicago Anarchists were the reverse of that; they wanted a despotism of the meanest kind, provided they themselvs could play the despots. All our actions derive their value from the motivs which cause them, and free speech in word or print derives its value from the same source. Reformers speak and print for the sake of enlightening the public, and the widest possible range ought to be allowed them; agitators speak and print for the sake of inflaming the passions of the people, and when they succeed so far that riot and murder are the consequences of their speeches, the public, through their agents, are compelled by necessity to put a stop to it. Such was the case with the Chicago Anarchists.

You hav a valuable contributor in Mr. Van Buren Denslow. He has Mr. Ingersoll's reflection, if he does lack his poetical talent. Nothing that I hav seen in print on the labor question equals Mr. Denslow's articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I do not judge from theory, as I hav been a wage-worker for more than twenty-five years. I was thrown on my own resources when a little over thirteen years old, and now I am nearly sixty. I hav worked in Germany, in France, in the Middle and Southern states, and in California, and being a mechanic by both trade and nature, and easily adapting myself to new circumstances, I hav worked not only in different positions, but in different trades. My judgment, therefore, ought to be better than the judgment of our average latter-day reformer, who judges everything without knowing anything.

I am sorry to learn that J. Hacker is so full of things not worth knowing. Mr. J. Swinton was full likewise. He started a paper to giv his feelings vent, emptied himself out

and the world is no better off on account of it. Such men deserve pity, but not support. They are honest, but visionary; they harm themselvs, but do not benefit mankind. There is but one lever by which mankind can be raised, and that is intelligence. Men like Hacker, Swinton, Harman, Walker, and a host of others I might mention, can do nothing in the way of reform. Either they launch forth to the world their impracticable schemes, or they work upon the prejudices and passions of the public, neither of which can be of any benefit to mankind. It is true, we are drifting toward a state of excessiv riches and abject poverty; but, if the laboring classes would stop the drift, they must make use of two levers—intelligence and energy—but at present both are neglected.

I am glad your brother and Putnam came to this coast; they are just the men we want. ROBERT GUNTHER.

FREDONIA, N. Y., April 20, 1888.

ESTEEMED FRIENDS OF THE FLAG ABOVE THE CROSS: May your bold and awakening efforts be appreciated as never before as our understandings are more and more aroused to the flag's advancing foes. It ill becomes us to spend any time upon trifling or minor subjects at such times when momentous questions await our timely presentation and solution.

I hav striven in my own mind the last two years when I could well dispense with the expense and time of reading THE TRUTH SEEKER. But the ever-renewed changes of such intense interest to every progressiv mind are such that I hav not yet been able to say, I hav no further need of thee. We must continue to rally around the flag of Freethought as weekly raised aloft to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. As often as we dine at your rich and rare table of Freethought, of sweet liberty to manhood and womanhood, may we appreciate your efforts to procure and prepare those costly viands for the thoughtful mind. PLINY SMITH.

LONGSTREET, GA., April 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: W. L. Worley is really troubled because Colonel Ingersoll has said, "We do as we must," and calls this his "doctrin," "untenable ground," "akin to Presbyterianism," etc.

I do not suppose that the colonel will explain, and you, Mr. Editor, cannot hav the time or inclination to answer all questions. So I will simply say to Brother Worley: I suppose the colonel means that all men are to some extent influenced by circumstances, and sometimes by circumstances we cannot control; that's all. No "doctrin" in that; no "untenable ground;" no touch of Calvinism, or any other ism, but a statement of a universally admitted fact.

He did not mean that man is a machine, to be manipulated by Gods or devils, according to Calvin. Oh, no! Neither do I think he will admit what you claim, "That man has the power to make himself quite free," and hence, independent of circumstances, environments, conditions.

We claim to be Freethinkers, but we find it impossible to do always as we wish. T. N. MASON.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., April 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: C. B. Reynolds has come and gone. Many good wishes go with him. He spoke here three times, and each time the hall was crowded. We hav a society here known as the Coöperativ Spiritual Union, with a broad platform. Many Materialists hav joined with us. As our present speaker, Paul A. Smith, introduced Mr. Reynolds to the audience, he said: "I shall expect you to speak your sentiments. We shall expect you to exercise the right to speak without regard to the difference of opinion that may exist between us." Mr. Reynolds's letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER in which he had given the Spiritualists a rather bad send-off had been received. A few Spiritualists took strong grounds against him. He had been invited by us to speak. Better counsel prevailed, We gave him a cordial welcome and a full house. His lectures were received with applause, and notwithstanding Mr. W. J. Colville occupied the Louis Opera House at the same hours, the old M.E. church was packed to hear Mr. Reynolds, the audience far exceeding that at the Opera House. The Liberal element, including Agnostics, Materialists, Spiritualists, etc., are making their influence felt in this place. I think there is no other place in the United States with as large a percentage of Liberals as here. The Spiritualists far outnumber any other branch of Freethinkers here—in fact, are the only organized branch. It is only fair to say that quite a large minority are Agnostics and Materialists. Great good will come of this. S. P. Putnam occupied our platform while here a few weeks ago. He had crowded houses, and left many friends. W. C. Bowman will speak for us in the month of May, and perhaps longer. Anyway, we shall keep the ball rolling. From time to time I will giv you a report of our progress. H. H. NICHOLS.

MORGAN CITY, UTAH, April 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The indefatigable worker, Dr. J. L. York, who during the last winter has been lecturing in this territory, lectured in this county on the evenings of April 4th and 5th last, and a fine time we had, for the doctor is simply immense. The court house was readily obtained, and, regardless of the fact that the faithful had been dissuaded by the "stake-president" (the highest ecclesiastical authority in the county) from going to the lectures, the house was well filled on both occasions. As usual, the forbidden fruit had to be tasted, and I assure you the doctor gave it in very liberal doses. The audiences consisted mainly of the younger element of the people, and it is impossible but that a lasting impression must hav been made upon their minds. The gospel-befogged brains of the older population seem to be more impenetrable. Laughter and applause of the lecturer's wit and irresistible logic was very frequent. He is giving such death-dealing blows to Christianity, no denomination excepted, that even some Liberals thought him rather hard on our Mormon friends. Dr. York, and lecturers of his kind, will not, nor should they be, soft-soaping and dillydallying with the antiquated falsehoods that for so many centuries hav cursed mankind. Such lecturers should be upheld and sustained in every place, seeing that they, like Thomas Paine, labor to do away with, yes, kill, not prophets, popes, and priests, but the pernicious, absurd, misleading, mind-and-body-destroying principles that all priesthoods still are endeavoring to promulgate. That Brother Putnam, and especially now Dr. York, hav sown such seed in Utah as shall in time spring up and bear much good fruit, is not to be doubted. Well do I remember when Brigham Young said: "Let the Christians send us their priests and missionaries if they wish to convert us. We will all go and hear them!" Now, when Freethinkers propose to advocate their doctrins, it is: "Don't go and listen to them; don't argue with them; leave them to their darkness." O ye saviors on Mount Zion! Why do not you, like the only true messengers of God that you say you are, challenge and meet in public debate and discussion these Infidels that you simulate to so much despise? If God is with you, who can stand against you? One thing more. The Mormons ought never to complain of being excluded from participating in political matters in this country, their government being a kingdom established by God, ours a republic, a government of the people by the people. L. P. EDHOLM.

HAVANA, ILL., April 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, Mr. Worley finds fault with Colonel Ingersoll's doctrin, "We do as we must." He says he is sorry the colonel has drifted off into this untenable ground. I think Friend Worley needs sympathy worse than the colonel. Then he goes on to say that if this doctrin is true, the thief, the murderer, the cannibal, and assassin are all justified. If a man steals, he is not justified for stealing. He is only justified in doing as he must. But you will say, Could he not hav acted differently? No, he could not under the circumstances, because the temptation to steal was greater than the tendency not to steal. This being the case, how could he act otherwise? The murderer may be endowed with a large faculty of destructivness and small benevolence, and these leading traits in his character, with the general surroundings, may force him to kill one of his fellow-men, but he has only done as he must under the circumstances. The cannibal may eat one of his fellow-men, but if he does it will be because his desire for food was stronger than his power to resist. Then if the cannibal does that which he is forced to do, has he not done as he must?

Again, he says: If we do as we must, then law and government are useless. Law and government are not to prevent a person from doing as he must, but to prevent persons from doing those things which are considered wrong. Would Mr. Worley want to do away with insane asylums because insane people act as they must? Certainly not. We need asylums as long as we hav insane people. We need law and government just as long as we hav a class of people who need governing. We need jails and penitentiaries to hold the thief and murderer, not because he has done as he must, but because it is better for the world that he be restrained from stealing and murdering. We can dispense with jails and penitentiaries when all people get so good that they will not commit a crime. We can dispense with insane asylums when all mental diseases are healed.

Again, he says he cannot see any difference between Anarchism and "doing as you must." I understand Anarchy to mean a lawless condition without government. In doing as you must you sometimes do right and sometimes wrong. Now, if doing as you must is Anarchy, then good and bad things are Anarchism, but this, you see, cannot hav anything to do with Anarchism or any other ism. Even if we do as we must, then it is better to hav laws and government. I do not find any fault with a man because he does wrong, but I find fault with those things which cause him to do wrong. And it is Freethought and Rationalism to remove these causes and replace them with causes that will make people do good.

Now, Friend Worley, I hav no doubt you did as you must in opposing the colonel, but when we remove those causes that made you think as you did and replace them with better ones, I think you will agree with the colonel. Hoping you will get on the right track, I am,

Yours truly, J. A. WEABER.

ST. JOHNS, ILL., April 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I find in the last issue, April 14th, a letter from another Religio-Liberal. I mean one who professes to be Liberal. He even heads his article, "The Mission of Freethinkers." He says, "When we manifest sympathy with Anarchy, we weaken our cause." I do not claim to understand the true sense or teaching of those who advocate Anarchy. However, from the little insight I gain from some writers on the theory, I gather the idea that they do not teach the abolition of all laws—as Webster would hav us believe—but to abolish such as debar us from equal rights before the bar of justice. He adds, "Nothing is so damaging to our cause as to express sympathy with those murderers at Chicago." All the information I was able to gain of the Anarchist trial did not evince evidence to me that they committed murder. Thousands of others who probably investigated the case as closely as did Brother Chapin view it as no proof of murder. He also adds, "Let no one call these dastardly criminals martyrs." No one acquainted with the actions of the men hanged, wishing to do them justice, could call them dastards. Who can think a coward would hav come back as Parsons did and given himself up? But, alas! it was similar to the case of Servetus going to Calvin for protection, and walking into the nest of a vulture. And again he says, "We must not be ashamed of our convictions; we should remember that we are no longer rebels to ecclesiastical authority." If that is not confessing submission to the church, I know not the meaning of language. But the next sentence is somewhat ambiguous. He says, "but armed with the decree of science"—as though the decree of science and the ecclesiastical authority were in harmony. Well, I suppose he means Christian science, but many of us Liberals do not accept Christian science. He says, "The code of morals promulgated by Christ cannot be improved." That settles it. We as Liberals all along hav been recreant, inasmuch as we hav not accepted the Bible morals as a code that cannot be improved. There certainly needs to be an improvement on an endless hell—I mean, something worse—for such men as Brother Remsburg for writing the pamphlet, "Bible Morals," and satisfying so many of us poor, deluded Infidels that there can be a better code of morals than that found in the Bible. Mr. Chapin says we must not forget the man Christ. There are many of us who are not likely to after reading, among hundreds of other things, the following, "But those mine enemies which would not that I should reign over them bring hither and slay before me" (Luke xix, 27). He commanded murder; therefore that code of morals cannot be improved. "Whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come" (Matt. xii, 32). Jesus taught endless punishment, consequently it is a good moral doctrin, and of course we as Liberals should accept it or be damned. "For I come to set a man at variance against his father and the daughter against her mother" (Matt. x, 35)—beautiful morals! "If auy man come to me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke xiv, 26). Who can reject such a moral code? None except Infidels.

In conclusion let me say to my friend Chapin that I emerged out of a faith in Christianity to my present status of mind, which is termed Infidelity; reading the Bible did it. I hold that we all form opinions from force of evidence, hence cannot control our belief; consequently I do not condemn you for differing with me. WM. A. THOMPSON.

MT. PLEASANT, TEX., April 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to ask G. A. Chapin to explain his "Mission of Freethinkers," that appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 14th. He says: "We must not be afraid of our convictions; we should remember that we are no longer rebels to ecclesiastical authority, but armed with the decrees of science." Has science decreed that man-made laws are based on justice? Does he not ask those who think we could get along better if nine-tenths of our laws were repealed to be afraid of their convictions when he says, "We must not lose our respect for government?" Does he not virtually say just what church and state despots hav always said, "You can think as you please so long as you think as we do?" "Mindful of the heroes who achieved our independence, we should let nothing dampen our patriotism or our zeal." For what—wrong government? If we are zealous aspirants for the freedom of mankind and the religion of humanity, how can we favor a despotic interference by church or state with the free exercise of our mind and body so long as we do not interfere with the rights of others? "When we manifest sympathy with Anarchy we weaken our cause." Has Freethought, after having struggled so long in the face of opposition, to fear "the powers that be" at this time and begin to court favor at the feet of Mother Grundy? "The American laborer has wrongs, but they must be righted through the processes of law, and not Anarchy and revolution." No doubt some Mr. Chapin said the same of the colonial fathers, but working on the basis that "our freedom must not go too far," or "that laws or governments must not be defied," never achieved the independence of America or any other nation, nor ever will. If Freethought should be afraid of anything, it should be afraid of forming a creed. It should be Liberal; and if I understand Liberalism, it means autonomy—Freethinking. It should not be expected that we can all grow in the same ratio. Some will always be a hundred years ahead, others nearly that far behind, the age in which they liv, especially under our present paternal systems. We should all be Liberal enough to allow all others the right to think and act as they please, so long as they do not interfere with the rights of others, even if it is in direct opposition to our preconceived ideas. Because "we hav the best government," is that any reason why we should not hav a better one, or none at all, if by so doing the happiness and freedom of the individual is enhanced?

Where does government get the right to control a man's actions so long as he does not interfere with some other person or property? Why should not the present marriage system be attacked, if "the decrees of science" tell us that "the marriage altar" and the slavery undergone as its sequel produce crime, misery, and want?

Mr. Chapin, I am afraid it will not be "policy" for Liberals to formulate a creed or to adopt one that has already been formulated. The better way will be to giv to all absolute freedom, and let right triumph, as it always does when it has an open field.

Human nature revolts when you try to control it by force, and it is well that it does, for to that spirit we owe what little freedom we hav. Let us accept the good in all things, not only in the teachings of Christ, but in those of the Anarchists, Socialists, and free lovers also.

May right triumph. E. E. PARK.

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Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower.
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Wearing Out the Carpet.

At a boarding-house one summer lodged a widow and her child,
He a bright-eyed little fellow, full of fun and mischief wild.
Little Charley often wandered through the kitchen and the hall
And the dining-room and parlor, playing with his kite and ball.
He would tramp with heavy footsteps o'er the carpet on the floor,
Playing childlike, full of pleasure, as he roamed the cottage o'er;
But the mistress grew impatient, as in glee he would rejoice;
And she often checked his laughter with a harsh and rending voice.
One bright day the youngster, rambling, gaily passing off the hours,
Saw a butterfly and caught it from among the fragrant flowers.
Quite triumphant, with the captiv quick he ran across the floor,
But the ired landlady met him, as she oft had done before:
"Quit your running on the carpet! Don't you know you'll wear it out
With your heavy footsteps falling as you trample all about?
Go keep quiet, as I tell you! Little boys should not be heard!"
But his mother from her bedroom caught the sound of every word.
"Charley!" called she, feebly, faintly, for she sick and weary lay
In her bed that summer morning; "I hav something I would say."
And he, standing by his mother, heard her accents soft and low.
"Come, be quiet—mother's weary. Would you cause her tears to flow?
Bring your little chair, my boy; place it close beside my bed."
And he softly kissed his mother—"I will do as you hav said."
By her side he meekly cowered, vowing he would do his best.
But as soon as slumber's pinions gave his weary mother rest
He had grown impatient, restless, so he stole into the hall,
And was soon rebounding gaily with his bat and rubber ball.
Charley, can't you mind your elders?" screamed the fierce landlady wild,
As she ran from out the parlor; "What a vexing, noisy child!
Don't you know you'll ruin my carpet? You are such a bother here!"
And with crushed and fallen spirit, Charley wiped away a tear.
Mother, waking from her slumber, heard the words the lady said,
So with deepest grief and anguish soft she crept from out the bed,
And she, too, reproved her boy as she had not done before—
Told him of the pain he caused her with his loud and fierce uproar.
"Go, be seated now in silence," and she noticed with surprise
That the scalding, bitter teardrops trembled in his little eyes.
On his tiptoe little Charley walked in silence through the hall,
And in meek submission heeded to the faintest-echoed call.
On from then he gave no trouble, as he crept across the floor,
And the harsh landlady trembled for her carpet's sake no more.
Still when Charley heard her footsteps he would tremble with affright,
Dodging by the chairs or tables, hiding from her eagle sight.

When the glorious summer's sunshine faded into autumn's ray,
Little Charley, flushed with fever, in a darkened bedroom lay;
And his patient, tired mother, bending o'er him as he slept,
Caught the quick, hot breath of fever, and in silent anguish wept.
Hours and days increased the fever which with such a deadly clasp
Held the little wasting figure in its burning, scorching grasp.
Mother's hope was fading dimmer, mother's eyes were filled with tears,
When she called the same landlady, telling all her inmost fears:
"Come, I beg you, see my darling. He is, oh, so ill to-day!"
And they both stood by the bedside where the fevered victim lay.
Trembling with the keenest anguish, then the pale landlady said,
As she smoothed the rumpled pillow under Charley's burning head:
"I am sorry, oh, so sorry, that my little boy is ill!
How I miss your merry laughter! How I wish that you were well!"
With her sad eyes fixed upon him noticed she a wild surprise,
With a strangely searching luster sparkling in his sunken eyes.
And she bent to hear the whisper which he spoke so firm and slow:
While he gasped for breath to tell it, with his fevered face aglow:
"I shall never try your patience with my merry laugh again,
And I ne'er shall tear the carpet which has caused you so much pain."
Not the deadly, cruel arrow which has pierced the happy birds
Ever gave the thrilling anguish following his looks and words.
As if stung by hidden vipers, low she bowed her throbbing head,
And his pillow soon was dampened with tears that she had shed.
But at last she spoke more plainly, as she checked the falling tear:
"Are you going home to heaven when you leave this earthly sphere?"
"No," he sighed. The cold drops glistened on his brow so smooth and fair.
"Angels, too, will think me noisy, and I cannot enter there."
Like an echo still resounding rang the last faint words he said.
One more struggle and a murmur, and the little boy was dead. DARLINA BELL.

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Correspondence.

MOODY, TEX., April 29, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines, as this is the first time. I went to hear preaching this morning, and the preacher said that the grave was hell, but hell-fire was a lake of fire and brimstone. I am fourteen. The last two weeks of our school was writing and arithmetic. I hav five brothers and four sisters. It rained a hard shower Saturday morning. I will close for this time. Yours truly,

WILLIAM A. SIMMONS.

MOODY, TEX., April 29, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: It has been a long time since I wrote a letter for the Corner. I am twelve years old. I do not go to school now. I study arithmetic and reading. We had an Infidel school-teacher; his name was Meyers. I was down to a Methodist meeting about two weeks ago. I was to see one of my Liberal friends to-day. There are not many Liberals around here. I think the pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER are real nice. I would like to hav some Liberal girl about my age write to me. Your Liberal friend,

DESSIE LEWETTA SIMMONS.

TYNDALL, DAK., April 22, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: THE TRUTH SEEKER has been a weekly visitor to our household for nearly two years. During all that time I hav never once written to the Children's Corner.

I hav never seen that any children write to the Children's Corner from Dakota. I know I am the first one from Tyndall, and I hope I will not be the last. I was very sorry to hear of your affliction; I think it must be very hard to lose one's mother. We all like THE TRUTH SEEKER very much.

One of our horses died last week; one that had served us faithfully for many years. This will be the only obituary the poor thing will hav. Well, I do not wish you to get tired of me the first time, so I will bring my letter to a close.

Trusting that you are in good health, and that THE TRUTH SEEKER may continue to prosper, I remain, Yours truly,

FELICIA B. RICHMOND.

Georgie's Cold.

Georgie comes down to breakfast with a swollen visage. Whereupon mamma says to the four-year-older: "Why, Georgie darling, don't you feel well? Tell mamma what the matter is."

Georgie, full of influenza, replies: "No, I don't feel well. Bofe of my eyes is leakin', and one of my noses don't go."

Henry Bergh.

This was the philanthropist who devoted his life to preventing cruelty to animals. The Omaha *World* has the following bit of pleasantry about him:

St. Peter: "What name?"

New spirit: "Henry Bergh."

"I hav heard of you. You devoted your life to the protection of dumb beasts against human beasts?"

"Yes."

"And you were the first man to do such a thing in a Christian country?"

"It is so."

"This heaven is not a good enough place for you, Henry Bergh; you deserve a better reward than a heavy crown and a twanging harp. Step into the balloon, and ascend to the Elysian fields prepared for the gentle, tender-hearted pagans who never yet voluntarily stepped on an ant-hill."

A YOUNG lady writing about the revision of the New Testament says that the phrase, "purple and fine linen," conveys no idea of luxury to her mind, and she suggests, as an improvement, "sealskin and black velvet."

Science Column.

Quartz, and Other Crystals.

"Crystal" comes from a Greek word, and means ice, because crystals are clear like pure ice. Ice is but a large number of crystals massed into a solid substance. The snow falls in beautiful crystals. The quarries, caverns, and deep, rocky ravines all show many varieties of crystals in cube, prism, and other forms; for all the rocks, the granit, marble, iron, lead, and indeed all the solid parts of the earth, are composed of crystals. Precious jewels are crystalline. The diamond is only pure charcoal that has become, by the forces of nature, crystallized.

We walk above a beautiful wonderland, surpassing in magnificence the stories of the "Arabian Nights" or the marvelous tales of the "city of the New Jerusalem." The dust we tread, the air we breathe, is full of crystal loveliness. We hav but to open our eyes and behold a vast sea of beauty, in form, color, and order, all around us. As a rule, we go blindfold through a world throbbing with life, energy, and pulsing grandeur in many endless forms.

Quartz, or rock crystals, is extremely interesting, and quite common. Of course, you know a crystal is a cluster of particles all of the same shape. You would hardly believe it possible that nature could fashion a crystal so perfect as it is. But it is true. Quartz rock presents a subject for study and research most fascinating. Its crystals are six-sided, ending in as many triangles; that, in geometry, we would call a hexagon, and, when perfect, we would say it has the hexagonal pyramid on either end. When first taken from the earth quartz is dirty-looking, because covered with clay, but when this is removed the crystals are marvels of prismatic clearness. A large number are often bedded together. Some of the clearest are called "California" and "Lake George" diamonds. The people of olden times believed that quartz crystals were clear water that God had made into ice that it was impossible to melt. They called them "krustalles," which means ice, as was mentioned at the beginning of this lesson. Hence the name crystal.

Generally quartz crystals are found in limestone quarries in masses, sometimes regular and at other times irregular in shape. Quartz is very hard, and is used for spectacles, when they are called Brazilian pebbles, from a kind of quartz said to be obtained from Brazil.

Crystals obey a law of their being in form, growth, and change; each little crystal has its own line of development. Thus, the difference between real butter and oleomargarine can always be detected by the difference in formation of their crystals, as oleomargarine cannot take on the form of real butter by any process, in its crystals. Salt and sugar are but masses of crystals.

Heat, light, and chemical change are all necessary in the making of crystals, whether formed artificially or by nature. The crystals in the rocks and metals plainly show the great heat to which the earth was once subjected in process of growth.

You may experiment with crystals and find much amusement by so doing. Take, for instance, crude camphor, melt it by slow heat, and you can see the crystals form in beautiful designs. Under the microscope they present a lovely appearance. Sea water, slowly evaporated, first givs out gypsum, then common salt, and then magnesian salts, all in crystals. By long continued heat, deposits of earth can be changed into gneiss and mica schist.

There is a kind of crystal called "asbestos," or in other words, "mineral wool." Thousands of fine threads are massed in these crystals, which are found in the rocks of the earth. Asbestos will not burn, therefore it is found useful for many purposes. Safes are lined with it and thus made fireproof, and the roofs of buildings are protected by it when it is made into a kind of paint. The Romans were aware of the nature of asbestos, and used it for various purposes, especially for towels and table napkins. It saved washing, for when the napkins and towels required cleaning, they were thrown into the fire and came out of it clean and nice, and ready for use again.

Some one has called crystals the "flowers of the mineral world." The name is appropriate, and the study of these flowers is a real pleasure.

All the domain of nature is a great book from which one may gather many lessons, and always a vast amount of useful information as well as profitable entertainment.

There are indeed "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks," if one would only stop to read them.

Do crystals grow?

Why, yes; we cannot see them grow, but they increase in size and change by various agencies.

Linnæus, the great naturalist, said: "Stones grow; plants grow and feel; animals grow, feel, and move."

Thus is shown the difference between the three great kingdoms of nature. S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—From what is the word crystal derived? Where may be found many varieties of crystals? What is the diamond? Where is Wonderland? What is a crystal? Tell about quartz crystals. What is the "California" and "Lake George" diamond? What did people of old times think about crystals? Where are rock crystals found usually? For what purpose is quartz used? How is the difference between butter and oleomargarine detected? What is salt? sugar? How are crystals formed? How can you experiment with crystals? State what you know of "asbestos." What did the Romans use it for? What are crystals often called? What is the entire domain of nature? Do crystals grow? Who was Linnæus? What did he say of the three kingdoms of nature?

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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FAITH OR AGNOSTICISM?

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Poetry.

Boomtown.

From the Chicago News.

Boom?
Well, I should smile!
Why, mister, just you take a walk around
And see the new improvements going on.
Ef I do say't, ther ain't another town
In the Northwest 'at holds a candle to us.
Steam cars? Oh, no; this is our street-car track.
We put it in last spring, an' I suppose
It's worth a hundred thousand to the town.
Ride? Er—well, no; the mud's so all-fired deep
On the next street that traffic is suspended.
Pay? What, the line? Well, scarcely yet;
But then, you see, the stock is all placed East,
An' as we gin a ten years' franchise with it
They can afford to wait for dividends.
Good water here? Oh, yes, the finest works
West o' St. Paul; cost fifty thousand easy.
Drink it? Well, no; not now. The people here
In some way took a prejudice agin it,
Account o' undertakers bein' kept so busy.
Railroads? Leading center in the West, sir,
With three more roads a-coming in the fall.
'Twere on'y a week ago our board o' trade
Voted 'em fifty thousand dollars each.
Big bonus? Pshaw! Why, we can save
As much again first year, on fuel alone.
Taxes? Well, yes; they are a little steep;
But then to dance you hav to pay the fiddler,
An' boom we must, or else throw up our hands.
Town healthy? Finest in the land, sir!
Good sewerage system? Well, the fact is, mister,
We've been so thundering busy, working booms,
That has been overlooked; an' then, you see,
'Twould cost a tidy sum, an' wouldn't show;
So for a while, I guess, we'll do without.
Let go a road or two? Why, see here, man,
You must be joking. Boomtown couldn't do it!
But there's our public park, just north o' town,
For rest an' recreation, an' we've spent
A pile o' money putting in improvements—
Set out a thousand shade-trees there this spring.
How far? Why, just a mile or so right up that hill,
Near Jenkins's fourth addition to the town.
Old Jenkins was a ripper. He gin the block
To Boomtown for a park, and sold his lots
Soon's the council took it off'n his hands.
But lemme tell you, mister, that ther park
Is bound to be immensely popular
Soon as we get the cable cars to running.
Good water power? Well, now you've struck it sure;
None better in the country, 'cept Niagry, p'raps.
Mills running? Yes—no, not this week;
Water's a trifle low, somehow, this summer,
An' for a week or so the mill's shut down.
Good business done? Well, now you're shouting, mister;
Merchants just drove to death, an' making money
Hand over fist. What's that? That bell?
Oh, yes; I clean forgot. Poor Jones! His stock
Is going off at auction—sheriff closed him up
Two days ago. Fact is, he trusted right and left
An' did a rattling trade, but got no cash;
So when his bills fell due poor Jones lay down.
Hard luck? You bet; but just what he expected.
Eh? What's that? Why don't the people pay
For what they buy? Why, mister, all they hav
And all they get is put in real estate.
Sell out and pay their debts? Yes, mebbe so,
But then, they're waiting for the boom to strike.
What's that you say? You guess you won't invest?
And after all I've showed you of the town?
Well, burn my buttons, but you Eastern chaps
Are mighty cur'os critters. Well, take this map
And read these pamphlets while you're on the train.
Mebbe you'll change your mind. Say, here's my card:
"Augustus Shark, Dealer in Real Estate, Boomtown."
Just drop a line if you conclude to buy. Good day.

A Basket of Chips.

PIOUS AS THE DEVIL.

Yes, and why not pious as the devil?

Did not the devil pray? and did he not earnestly pray? and did he not pray the prayer of faith? and was not his prayer directly answered?

When? Where? How?

When he went into that Jumbo prayer-meeting where the sons of God were assembled before the Lord. Satan came also and besought that he might afflict Job. The devil then got the drop on God and obliged him to go back on his best friend just to show the devil that the poor man had sand. If God had not done that, the devil would hav bothered the blustering old God out of his senses about it.

POPE'S GOD.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul.

Pope makes his God to be the great first cause, and so we must suppose, according to Popeism, that nature, God's body, was exhaled from himself somewhat as the shell is by the snail. This comparison is most appropriate because it took God an eternally long while to work out a body. Nature being made up of distinct materials, portions, and individualities, to complete the analogy, God, the soul, must be also a composit of all spiritual beings, and, therefore, no more a person than is nature, the body.

THE CORRELATION OF ANTAGONISTS.

All the churches are in the same boat, for they are alike in principle, however they may differ in particulars. But that principle is not one of unity, but of discord, as it is the prime tenet of each church that the church itself is the court of doctrin and disciplin, to which the members must yield both sentiment and reason. The claim of submitting to the Bible amounts to nothing, as each church cooks up its Bible to its own taste, and damns the individual as a perverter of God's word who culls and seasons his dish to suit himself. Implicit faith in dogmatic assertion and servil obedience to arbitrary authority is the ecclesiastical requisit to fellowship and salvation.

MUCH MUDDLED.

Genesis says that on the first day of creation "God said, Let there be light, and there was light;" and that "God divided the light from the darkness." What fellowship had the light with the darkness, that it needed to be divided? Where light is, there darkness cannot be. Yet after God got it so nicely separated, and puttered along for three days more raising fish and poultry, Genesis says he on the fourth day made "two great lights, one to rule the day and one to rule the night, and to divide the light from the darkness." How was it that God had to divide the light from the darkness by means of the sun and moon if he had already hocuspocused a divorcement? Until God had completed creation, how was it that the things he had made did not fly to pieces again for want of their supplements?

FAITH AND FUNGUS.

Superstitious faith is the sodden fungus which grows and rots in the swamps of fear.

The sunshine of hope yields fragrant blossom and luscious fruitage in the fields of reason.

Religion is natural, just as any other folly is natural—as disease is natural, as insanity is natural, as crime is natural.

The word religion should be expunged from the Freethinkers' vocabulary. If the word denotes relationship to deity, it is *nil*, as deity is not. God has no definition, and therefore can hav no expressible relativity. If religion is sometimes used to signify anything rational, then supply another word. If we hav no word comprehensiv enough, then make one; religion comprehends too many bad things, too many vague notions and fraudulent pretensions, and is, therefore, not serviceable to name definit facts and honest intentions.

TARIFF TINKERING.

I hav been thinking of hammering some of THE TRUTH SEEKER's tariff deformers, but don't think it worth the trouble. I do not know any reason why a Freethinker should be a consummate fool and commit suicide, and, therefore, cannot see any sense in an American being a free trader and thus abolishing his own occupation. JOHN P. GUILD.

Lowell, Mass.

A Jew's Experience at the Revival Jubilee.

From the Hebrew Standard.

Having been christened among our downtown brethren as an Infidel and *apikoros*, I resolved to try the revivalists to see what they could do for me. Accordingly, last Friday night, after making kidush and partaking of a plateful of stewed pike (hecht), I repaired to the Jane street church. Reaching my destination, I was soon hemmed in by a solid mass of humanity, consisting of sweet-faced young ladies, with still sweeter voices. I began to realize the beauty of conversion, but when pushed by the crowd and suddenly brought face to face with a swarthy daughter of Ham, black as the ace of spades, my chances for conversion were on the ebb. Finally, I was pushed in front of the altar. The surrounding enthusiasm moved me to prayers. I offered up a fervent prayer for more consistency among our rabbis and editors. I also prayed for the increase in circulation of our English Jewish weeklies and the annihilation of our Jargon publications. A special prayer I sent up for the coming chief rabbi. But when attempting to pray for my own salvation I became as dumb as an oyster and not a cent's worth of prayer could I raise. My embarrassment being noticed by one of the elders with a billiard-ball cranium, and hoarse as a cracked church bell, he began:

"My brother, allow me to offer you assistance in your hard struggle. Would you like to be converted?"

"I don't mind if I do."

"Glory, hallelujah!" came from a chorus of hoarse voices, and the signal for prayer was given.

"Hold on, gentlemen. This is not an appropriation bill in the legislature, to be railroaded through. I want to look before I leap."

"Don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Not this eve, some other eve. Besides, you Christian folk hav so many ways to reach heaven that a man is sure to lose his way. A friend of mine, a Catholic by belief, displayed a map which he assured me is the only genuin one in existence, and told me emphatically that the only direct road to that celestial abode is, first, to fix my belief in the infallibility of a certain old gentleman, then to be led by a young lady. Another friend, calling himself Protestant, laughed at the absurdity of a human being's claim to be infallible, and at one's entrusting himself to be guided by a woman. The surest and shortest way is when led by the son of that woman whom he ridiculed. Still another, who is neither Catholic, Protestant, Jew, nor Christian, but a converted paid missionary to the Jews, told me sagely that his method of reaching heaven is patented, and has no equal on earth, *i. e.*, greenbacks. Your way, again, is to regale myself with a piece of jubilee cake, then to contribute to the $100 weekly salary of the boy preacher, Harrison, and I am in heaven already. I therefore reason thus: Since the body is certainly left on earth after death, it should be assigned as the heaven while alive. As for the soul, I entrust it to its spiritual maker, the only one father in heaven—who is single, consequently could hav no son."

"But ain't you a Christian?"

"No."

"Ain't you aware that the Jews crucified Christ?"

"My friend, you certainly hav the advantage over me. I am a full-blooded Jew from head to foot, and am entirely ignorant of the whole proceeding."

"What will become of the prophecies in the New bearing upon those of the Old Testament?"

"You ought to be silent on that point. But since you broached the subject, I will call your attention to the difference existing between the prophecies of the Old and the New Testament. In the former everything was predicted before the event took place. God promised to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to multiply their seed, the same to be enslaved and redeemed. At the thorn-bush scene we read: 'Certainly I will be with thee. And this shall be a token unto thee that I hav sent thee, when thou hast brought out this people from Egypt, ye shall serve God upon this mountain' (Ex. iii, 12). The prophecies of Moses, Joshua, and Samuel, which were predicted centuries ahead of their realization, were verified by undeniable, living proofs. But the fulfilment of the prophecies in the New Testament was just the reverse. Every occurrence from the birth of Christ to the casting of lots about his garments after the crucifixion is attributed to prophecies preceding the events. Even the poor ass was seized upon in accordance with a previous prophecy. Anybody could shape and fit his actions so as to correspond with the doings and sayings of the past. But for argument's sake let us admit that the entire New Testament is bearing upon the prophecies of the Old. If so, I fail to see the reason for the grudge Christians bear toward the Jew for having crucified Christ. To the contrary, it ought to be perpetually jubilant and exalt the Jew for carrying out the predestined will of God so as to cement the Old and the New Bible. Had the Jew failed to carry out God's design and permitted Christ to die of old age, neither the New Testament nor to-night's jubilee would exist."

My friend the elder vainly scratched his head, as not a sign of hair was anywhere visible. Mustering courage, he exclaimed, "How would you account for Israel's dispersion and sufferings ever since the Calvary tragedy?"

"Easily enough. The all-wise father, in order to demonstrate his promis to Father Abraham that through his seed all nations shall be blessed, saw how the confinement to Palestine was too narrow a field for Israel to carry on its mission. Its commonwealth was therefore destroyed, not by Christians, but by the heathens, and the Jew was driven out to the four corners of the earth as missionary to the world. But their small number was inadequate to their task. Therefore providence assigned to them Christianity, as an auxiliary, but instead of acting as an ally, Christianity, like a hungry wolf upon a defenseless sheep, fell upon the Jew, taking a Jewess for a mother and a Jew for a son, appropriating all the dead heroes of Israel as typical Christians. The balance of the live Jews were utilized as kindling-wood for the perpetual fires upon the altar of the Inquisition. The Jew, instead of becoming discouraged, danced to death, proclaiming: You could burn my body, but my spirit lived, livs, and will liv. Its fulfilment need not be portrayed, as it is a living fact.

"Christianity as a last effort deprived the Jew of all legitimate traffic, branded him as a trader who will do anything for money. But was that accusation substantiated? Look how the millions spent for the conversion of the Jew proved to be miserable failures. Never was the Jew more powerful in numbers and influence than he is to-day. In the metropolis of this glorious country, the Christian clergy, catching at a straw, got hold of an ignorant tramp, a self-styled son of a rabbi, who cleans, scours, and makes the old Jewish soul equal to new for so much. With what result? Not only do I scorn his proffered $10 greenback, but I am willing to pay a hundredfold to the treasury of any Christian charity for the privilege of proving the inconsistency of that latter-day St. Paul. But the Christian clergy seem to be rather silent on that point."

My would-be godfather the elder, becoming unnaturally red in the face, blurted out: "You are an unmistakable Infidel. Not only am I satisfied of never making a convert out of you, but I am in danger of being influenced by your poisonous virus."

"My friend, I was under the impression that this revival is for the sole purpose of converting Infidels to Christianity. Pray, how many Infidels are there among the one thousand converts that are now jubileeing?"

"All I hav to say is that you are an Infidel lacking Christian faith."

"My Christian believer, you would better not use the term faith, as I hav something to say about this very faith business. I hav studied the New Testament in Hebrew, Russian, German, and English, and they all agree upon the passage: 'For verily I say unto you, if ye hav faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto the mountain: Remove hence to the yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you.' As a monopolizer of faith, how many mountains hav you ever removed? What makes you lock up your valuables in a burglar-proof safe and not use faith as a substitute? Nay, last Wednesday in the midst of the jubilee over one thousand faithful converts to Christianity, Dr. Harrower, pastor of the church, warned the faithful congregation in the following words: 'If you hav occasion to change your seats, take your wraps, overcoats, and rubber shoes with you. Two overcoats hav been stolen from the very vicinity of the altar.' If such be faith, I will hav none of it. Since you are so proud of your faith, what need hav we for one of the finest police forces? In my lack of faith I observed that when the criminal, who is invariably of the faithful Christian type, is caught by one of the finest, he convinces his man not by faith but by a locust. After conviction, instead of the criminal being sent to a church and left to his faith, he is confined in a padded cell in the penitentiary. Even the boodle aldermen, bank presidents, cashiers, and bribers, all high church dignitaries, who placed too much faith in the almighty dollar, are now converted into faithful laundrymen, shoemakers, minus faithful Christians. But they who eluded the law, instead of trusting to Christianity took refuge in faithless Canada."

"Get thee hence, Satan!" shouted my elder; "not only are you a plain Infidel, but a dangerous one as well."

"My faithful friend," I mildly replied, "I am a Hebrew, and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and dry land. You will find me no missionary trying to proselytize you. To the contrary, we Jews adhere to the last prophet, Malachi: 'Hav we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?' Besides, our sages assert, 'Proselytes to Israel are like leprosy.' But since Christianity teaches you to christen me Infidel, allow me to impart to you an Infidel's advice. Accept the truth, from whomsoever it comes. In order to make your conversion a success, so Jew, gentile, and Infidel will join your forces, endeavor to save the soul through the body, not the body through the soul. Do not convert your church into bedlam. Should Christ himself appear upon this scene, he would repeat the words: 'Father, forgiv them, for they know not what they do.' Convert the ministers into men, not into hypocrits. Convert your own inclination and try to befriend the friendless. Let the ministers of the gospel convert their preaching into action. Convert the money spent upon temperance into educational purposes. Take a lesson from the unconverted Jew who, with

out societies and pledge-signing, knows how to indulge. He uses, but not abuses, his privilege. In short, convert yourself into a rational being, not, as at present, a fit candidate for Bloomingdale."

"Get thee hence, Satan—get!"

And I "got."

OBSERVER, *alias* A. BENJAMIN.

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—o—

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

—o—

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BY

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IN THE

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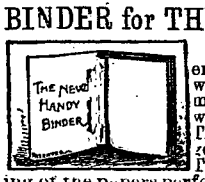
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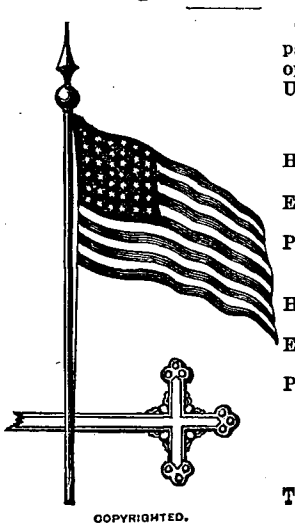
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News of the Week.

BRAZIL seems about to abolish slavery.

THE numerous and extensiv strikes in Germany continue.

EMIN PASHA is now safe, but Stanley is not heard from, and fears for him are entertained.

BERLIN is to hav a new cathedral.

BERLIN has 100,000 avowed Socialists.

JAPAN is building thirty-four railroads.

THE pope's expenses are $1,400,000 a year.

ROSCOE CONKLING leaves about $200,000.

BLAINE seems the favorit for Republican nomination.

THE near end of the French republic is prophesied by many.

THE Union Labor party of Missouri has nominated a state ticket.

A PARTY of Spanish pilgrims were received by Leo XIII. on the 3d.

IN Massachusetts 12,000 children under fourteen are working in shops.

EXPOSURE is made of startling corruption in New Orleans municipal methods.

THE Tories contemplate making Cardinal Manning a life peer of the realm.

ANNISTON, Ala., is developing such great industries that it expects soon to be the first manufacturing city in the United States.

LAST year the Japanese imported 119,000 American and 85,000 English books.

MASSACHUSETTS is following New York in reform of election regulations.

THE influence of Russia in European politics is becoming more and more dominant.

CONGRESS contemplates constructing reservoirs in the arid regions of the United States.

THE recent grafting of a rabbit's cornea upon a human eye in Philadelphia was successful.

A FARMERS' trust has been formed called the Farmers' Federation of the Mississippi Valley.

THE Rev. George McDuffie, colored, was hanged for murder at Greensboro, Ga., on the 11th.

THE British military commander-in-chief, the duke of Cambridge, desires the increase of the army.

NEW ZEALAND and Australia are endeavoring by indirect means to shut out Chinese immigrants.

ANTI-FOREIGN agitators ask the lengthening of the probationary period for citizenship to fifteen years.

STOCK operators hav for four years kept Congress from taking action on the case of the Union Pacific railway.

SUBSCRIPTION papers for the Catholic University are being circulated, with great success, throughout the country.

MR. DILLON, M.P., charged with inciting tenants to refuse to pay rent, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

THE Knights of Labor numbered at the Richmond convention 702,000; at Minneapolis, 483,000, and now number 240,000.

CONGRESS is considering, in place of the Blair Educational bill, the Crain bill, devoting the proceeds of all public land sales to the common schools.

IT being to their interest to hav war, the military officers and capitalists who run the European nations ignore the peace measures proposed by literary and scientific men.

THE New York Senate has passed a bill making it the duty of supreme court judges to suggest to the legislature annually any changes they think needed in the civil or criminal laws.

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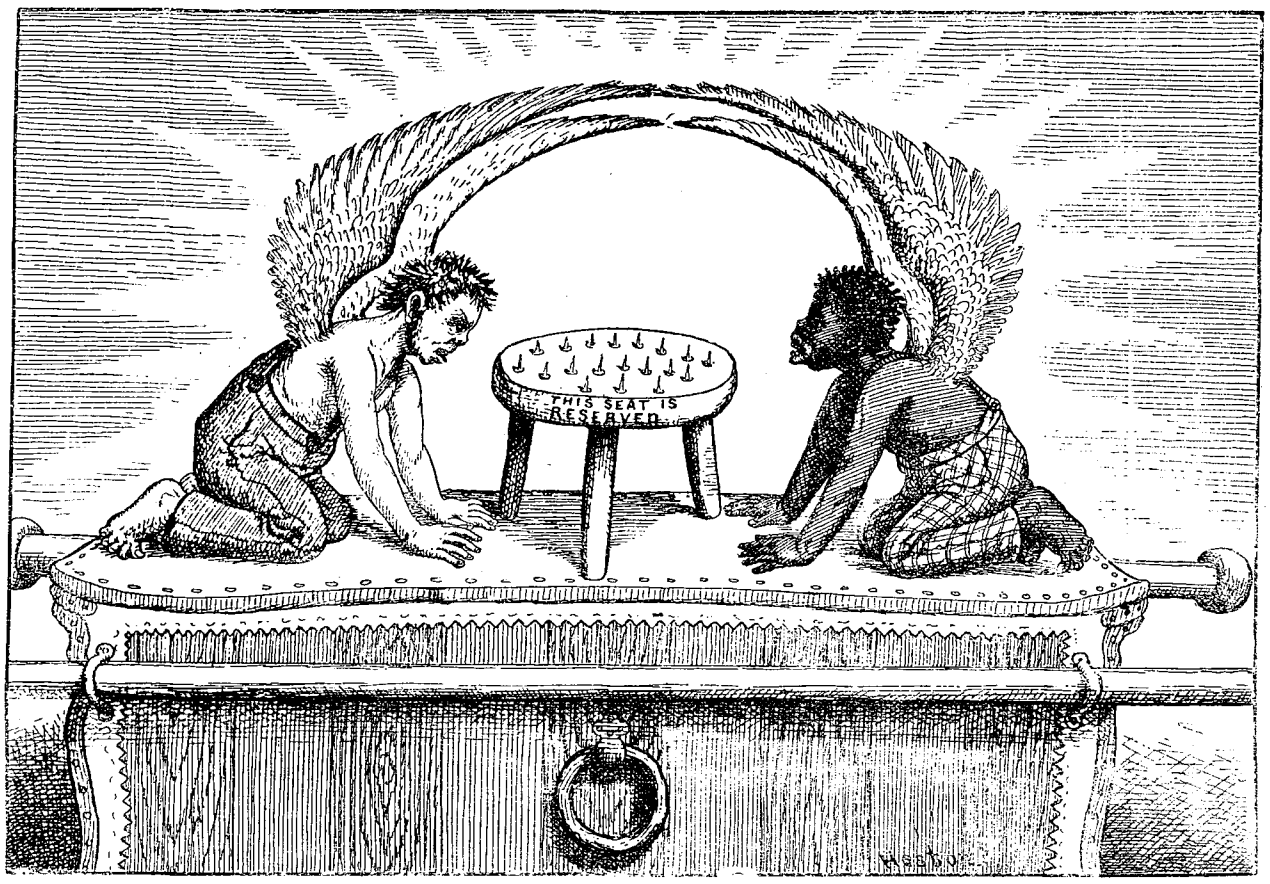
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THE MERCY SEAT.

And the cherubims shall stretch forth their wings on high, covering the mercy-seat with their wings, and their faces shall look one to another; toward the mercy-seat shall the faces of the cherubims be.—Ex. xxv, 20.

Gems of Thought.

FOR the vagaries of the clouds the Infidels propose to substitute the realities of earth; for superstition, the splendid demonstrations and achievements of science; and for theological tyranny, the chainless liberty of thought.—*Ingersoll.*

THE orthodox remedy for evil is so well known that it seems superfluous to state it here. That it is a system built up by the human mind, there is no doubt. It is a direct outcome of the principle of force—of the right of the strong over the weak. Man, a vile creature, is so offensiv to his creator that that creator will punish him in everlasting fire. Those who believe that God's own son satisfied his [God the father's] anger and took the punishment, will be saved, and no other. The preachers coolly tell us that no one will go to hell unless he has a mind to. But common sense tells us that no one will go to hell unless somebody puts him there.—*J. E. Peck.*

THERE is a set of ecclesiastics who will not read a book or newspaper and who will not argue with anyone who does not reflect their own sentiments. They look into the glass and say, "I see every time I look there one who always agrees with me." That is their whole world, and of the rest they are profoundly ignorant.—*Norman Macleod, D.D.*

IT was upon the vote of such as Athanasius that the New Testament was decreed to be "the word of God:" and nothing can present to us a more strange idea than that of decreeing the word of God by vote. Those who rest their faith on such authority put man in the place of God, and hav no foundation for future happiness. Credulity, however, is not a crime, but it becomes criminal by resisting conviction. It is strangling in the womb of the conscience the efforts which it makes to ascertain truth. We should never force belief upon ourselvs in anything.—*Paine.*

To reject a truth is but to defraud ourselvs. If it is truth, it must be God's truth and therefore sacred; and we incur greater danger in rejecting the general verdict of science than by devoutly accepting the same. At all hazards, we must squarely and manfully look the truth in the face and not try to substitute wry faces and hard names for argument, for to know the truth, and the whole truth, is man's most sacred duty and highest religion.—*R. S. Brigham, M.D.*

THE oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell. —*Milton.*

ALL of us are impelled and carried along to the love and knowledge of learning, in which we account it glorious to excel, but consider every slip, mistake, ignorance, and deception to be hurtful and shameful. In this pursuit, which is both natural and virtuous, two faults are to be avoided. The first is the regarding things which we do not know as if they were understood by us and thence rashly giving them our assent. And he that wishes, as every man ought to wish, to avoid this error, must devote both his time and his industry to the study of things. The other fault is that some people bestow too much study and pains on things that are obscure, difficult, and even immaterial in themselvs. When these faults are avoided, all the pains and care a man bestows upon studies that are virtuous in themselvs, and worthy of his knowledge, will be deservedly commended. —*Cicero.*

THE highest perfection of human reason is to know that there is an infinity of truth beyond its reach.—*Pascal.*

MAY we not say that the hour of spiritual enfranchisment is even this? When your ideal world, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed and thrown open; and you discover with amazement enough, like the Lothario in "Wilhelm Meister," "America is here or nowhere." The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, has never yet been occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable, actual life, wherein thou now standest, here or nowhere, is thy ideal: work it out thyself, and, working, believe, liv, and be free.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

THE god *Wish* is not the true god!—*Carlyle.*

WE recognize the importance of correct opinions, and we labor to discover and advance the truth, but we as little think of condemning men for their honest opinions as we do of blaming them for their complexion or their nationality. If wrong opinions lead to acts that are in violation of the law, society, to protect itself, may punish the offender for the acts, but not for his abstract beliefs, whatever they may be.—*B. F. Underwood.*

Odds and Ends.

ONE swallow does not make a summer, but it may hav occurred to you that one grasshopper makes more than a dozen springs.

SHE: "Darling, *do* you love me?" He (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly): "Do I? I wish you were a two-headed girl. That's all I can say!"

MISS A.: "I find your friend quite entertaining—when he forgets himself. Is he an American or an Englishman?" Mr. B.: "Neither. He's a Bostonian."

THE true meaning of the Woman Suffrage movement is very easy to see. Woman wants to be first in war, as well as first in peace and first in the hearts of her countrymen.

ELDER JONES: "Well, Brother Smith, how many hav you in your church?" Elder Smith: "Oh, two hundred and some odd. How many hav you?" Elder Jones: "Two hundred and all odd."

"THE penny's mighty," quoted the tramp, as he pleaded for the price of a night's lodging. "Guess the sward will do you to-night," growled the unpoetic Bobley, as he vanished in the gathering dusk.

THE maiden has doffed her seal sacque,
For the bright days of spring hav come bacque,
And she wants papa's checque,
Her person to decque,
If his funds will sustain the attacque.

REPORTER (to servant): "I want to ask Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes if he intends to present Mr. Sherman's name before the Chicago convention." Servant: "Misther Hayes, sorr, is a-feedin' the chickens, an' can't be disthoorbed."

AN unpopular youth of Cologne
With a pain in his stomach did mogne;
He heaved a great sigh
And said, "I would digh,
But the loss would be only my ogne."

DEACON'S wife (in church, nudging her husband): "John, rouse yourself; the minister has got to the 'one word more and I am done.'" Deacon (in an impatient whisper): "What do you want to disturb me for when the sermon isn't half over?"

"DEAR me!" said the little Boston boy, after intellectual suasion had failed, and they had spanked him for the first time; "if I had had the slightest suspicion that the resultant sensation was so poignant, I should never hav invited the experiment."

REPORTER (to assistant editor): "Can you chip in something toward burying the proofreader? He died without a cent." Assistant editor: "How much do you want me to giv?" "One dollar." "Well, there are two dollars: bury him one dollar's worth deeper."

VISITOR (to convict): "I s'pose they treat you well here, my friend?" Convict: "Yes, sir; I hav no complaints to make; but there is one thing I don't like. Every Sunday mornin' in the chapel, they set me next to one of these 'ere shoutin' Methodists, an' t'ain't pleasant fer a man wot was born an' brought up a 'Piscopalian."

"CHARLES," said his fond wife, as she appeared at the bedside, "aren't you ashamed to lie there at this hour on a Sunday morning?" "Well, my dear," he replied as he very langnidly opened one eye and let it softly close again, "I do feel mortified; but I hope to sleep it off before you get back from church."

WHATEVER a man's personal follies may be, he never succeeds in showing the depths of idiocy to which he can descend until he tries to run the universe for other people. Should this remark hit anybody very hard, he can pitch it at the members of some opposition society, union, or ism. The key fits any watch.

FIRST Irishman: "It's all pinsion, pinsion, nowadays, Moike. The paper says, there's a thousand survivors of the Mexican War, with twelve thousand widdies, afther drawin' pinsions this blessed day!" Second Irishman: "The owld Mormons! Twelve widdies to ivery one o' them! That's pfwhat becomes uv the surplush!"

"AH, my dear brother," said the minister to his unregenerate parishioner, "I hav talked to you many, many times, but to-day I come to ask you directly to be a Christian." "Um—er—er," replied the parishioner, "I'm very sorry, Mr. Textor, but you see, this is house-cleaning week, and really you are asking too much. Come around later."

"Now, parson," remarked the deacon of a Leadville, Col., church to the newly installed minister, "a hint between friends never hurt nobody, and you don't want to forget to remember that your predecessor died of on-wee." "Of *ennui?*" repeated the divine interrogativly. "Yas, of on-wee. It generally sets in, with this congregation, 'long about the end of the first half-hour of the sermon, and the symptoms are mighty sudden. Now go ahead with the ceremonies, and don't you forget that Quarterstretch Jake is holding the time on you in that off corner there under the gallery."

LESSON I.—"Does the man drive fast?" "Yes, very fast." "Why does the man drive fast?" "Because he is a new doctor in town and wants the public to think he has been sent for in a very important case." "And will the public think so?" "No, my son. Everybody has been onto that game for ten years past." LESSON II.—"Do you see the crowd?" "Yes; it is a fine crowd." "Hav these men escaped from state prison?" "Oh, no; they hav met to hold a ward caucus." "And why do they giv that pale-faced man the grand bounce?" "Because he is a crank. He came down from the upper end of the ward intending to vote as he pleased." "And won't they let him?" "Not much! The nomination was all cut and dried a month ago, and anyone who tries to oppose it will get his head punched." "Is this a free country?" "The freest on earth."

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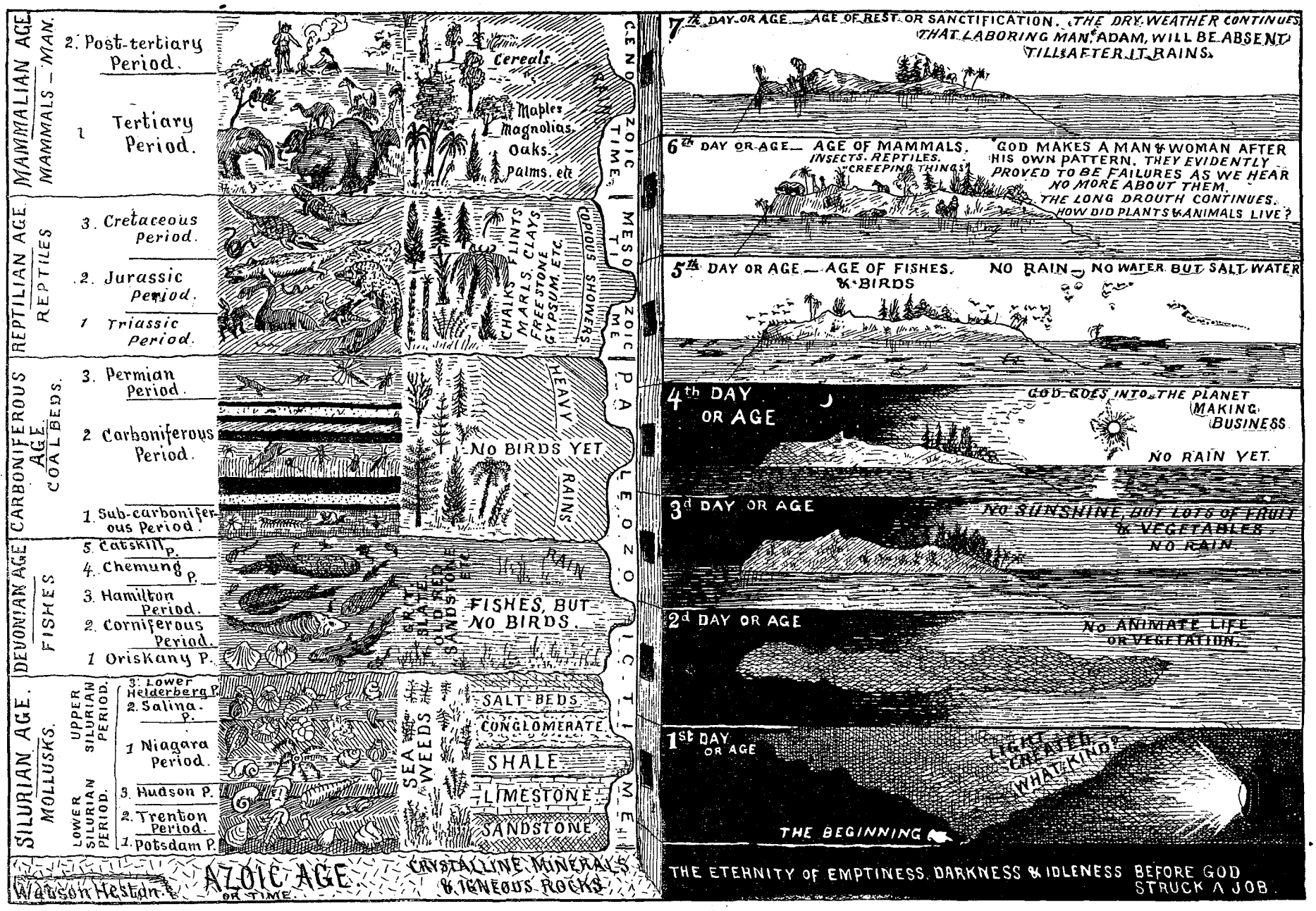
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GEOLOGY AND GENESIS.—A MISFIT IN THE RECORDS.

Notes and Clippings.

NEW YORK had three great political conventions last week—Republican, Democratic, and Methodist.—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

A JERUSALEM correspondent writes that the Holy City is fast becoming again the city of the Jews. In 1880 there were not more than 5,000 Jews there; now there are more than 30,000. Recent Russian persecutions hav led thousands to make their homes there, and although the Turkish government forbids all Jews who are not residents of Jerusalem to remain longer than thirty days, yet a judicious application of bribes enables them to stay there as long as they please without molestation. Wealthy Jews hav built hospitals and founded homes, and many of the refugees who are poor liv from the charity of their brethren.

Two years ago no paper in Massachusetts was so offensiv in its denunciation of Mr. Bradlaugh as the Worcester *Spy*. Now it says: "Only a few years ago Mr. Bradlaugh was contemptuously refused a seat in the British Parliament, and turned over to a policeman when he insisted upon his right to a seat and the right of his constituents, the electors of Northampton, to be represented in the House of Commons. He was generally denounced as a coarse and blatant demagog, more offensiv than other demagogs because he made a trade of blasphemy. By his own resolute tenacity, and the fidelity of his constituents, the House was at last forced to admit him, and he has since compelled respect by the frequent display of his power as a debater." It appears by this that others besides members of Parliament hav been forced to respect Mr. Bradlaugh's ability and courage.

THE Roman Catholic priests of the Argentine Republic are said to be on strike. The government issued an order lowering the rates for masses, marriages, burials, and other ecclesiastical functions, and the priests determined to resist this encroachment upon their income and prerogativs, so the churches all through the republic are closed, and even the ringing of the bells is stopped.

THE Springfield *Republican* in commenting upon the exclusion of the women from the Methodist general conference says: "If it is a bit more illiberal for the South Carolina Episcopalians to object to the admission of negroes to the diocesan convention than for the Methodists to fight against the admission of women to the general conference, the arguments before the latter body do not show it. The logic of the male-clad Methodists is deplorable." The Kansas City *Times* takes a humorous view of the matter, but nevertheless voices a great truth: "While it is decreed that the women may not discuss church matters at conferences, it is understood that they can keep right on doing the greater part of the praying and church-going. Nothing small about men when it comes down to the question, Who shall represent the family at church?" The Morristown *Herald* also sees grave dangers to the church in pursuing its policy of exclusion: "If these Methodist ministers who want to keep women out of their conference in New York were to also exclude the fair sex from their church meetings, what would become of the strawberry festival? And about how many young men would listen to their sermons? Brethren, without women church worship would fall into in——us d——e."

SAM JONES and Sam Small hav just concluded a revival effort at St. Louis. Their sermons were pronounced offensivly slangy, and much indignation was expressed by large numbers of people. The Rev. H. W. Williams, editor of the *Central Baptist*, said: "I hav gone to hear Sam Jones for the last time. When he made that remark about 'loping through hell,' it was all I could do to keep from taking my hat and leaving in mortification and disgust. If the local option cause is going to be run that way, I'm out of it. I can not stand this irreverence and vulgarity. If any man should come into my office and speak as Jones did yesterday, I'd feel like throwing him into the street. I am firmly convinced that if any other preacher than Sam Jones should use such language in St. Louis he would be kicked out of town, and that is what should be done with Jones."

THREE labor parties held national conventions last week at Cincinnati, endeavoring to combine. They were the Union Labor party, the United Labor party, and the Greenback Labor party. After two or three days of disagreement, they failed to combine either upon a platform or a presidential nomination, and there are likely to be three labor candidates set up. The Union Labor party's candidate for president of the United States is Andrew Jackson Streeter, of Illinois, the founder of the Farmers' Alliance, which has a membership of a million and a half. The United Labor party's candidate is Robert H. Cowdry, of Illinois, whose fame is narrower than that of his rival. The Greenback Labor party adjourned without nominating a candidate. The three party conventions could not agree upon a platform any more than upon a candidate, one of them standing for unmingled Greenbackism, another for Henry George's land tax, and the other for various theories. Henry George was with none of them, as he will support Cleveland if that gentleman is nominated by the Democracy.

THE New Jersey court of chancery last week rendered a decision which deprives Henry George, the land agitator, of a bequest of property aggregating in value about $10,000. It had been bequeathed by William Hutchings, who recently died in Camden county. Its object was to aid George in the dissemination of his peculiar land doctrins. The heirs of Hutchings carried this will into court, and the executor asked for a proper construction. The heirs' claim was that the bequest was illegal because it was not for a charitable, benevolent, or educational purpose, such as the law meditated. Vice-Chancellor Bird, in deciding the case to-day, coincided in this view. He said that George's doctrins, if followed out to their logical conclusion, would upset laws of hundreds of years' standing, and create chaos where now are happy homes. In reviewing Mr. George's literary works he classed many of the statements as hallucinations. There is nothing, he added, treasonable, rebellious, or attacking Christianity in the books, but he preaches doctrins at variance with the laws which the courts are every day called upon to uphold. The bequest to George is therefore declared void. New Jersey is a great and Christian state!

Communications.

New Testament Morality, and Evolution.

We hav seen that the morality of the Pentateuch and the other Hebrew writings comprised within the pages of the Bible is of a very low order, embracing as it does such horrible and degrading teachings as the physical and intellectual enslavement of one portion of the community for the special benefit of the other, aggressiv warfare upon inoffensiv and defenseless peoples, polygamy, belief in witchcraft, and a number of other absurdities and barbarities which need only be mentioned to be condemned.

On the assumption that man is an animal who has, by a gradual and painful process, evolved out of barbarism by adjusting himself to the ever-changing conditions of life, it is not difficult to understand how in one age a set of actions would be regarded as moral which in another age would be considered highly immoral; how slavery would be a perfectly natural condition of things in a society composed almost exclusivly of savages, and how superior races could hope to survive in the struggle only by conquering and putting into subjection inferior peoples.

This mode of explanation, however, the Christian prohibits us from adopting, alleging that his Bible contains the highest conceivable morality; a morality proceeding from the highest source, the fountain of all truth in word and deed—in short, that the Bible contains the "beginning and end of all wisdom," and any attempt to improve upon it must end in disastrous failure. Now, if we turn from the Old to the New Testament we shall find a distinct improvement in the character of the teaching, for, amid much that is incongruous, incredible, absurd, and unnatural, we shall find principles enunciated of a loftier, more humane and useful character than anything to be found in the earlier Hebrew writings.

Not that we shall find a perfect code of morals in the teachings of the carpenter of Nazareth. The Freethinker does not expect perfection in anything. Perfection to him is but a relativ term. One thing may be more perfect than another, but absolute perfection is inconceivable. The Christian, however, is bound to believe that the doctrins of Christ are in every respect faultless; that in no stage of the world's progress can they be improved upon. To this declaration the Freethinker givs an emphatic denial. What are the distinctiv moral teachings of Jesus? Without a doubt many of the most important teachings attributed to Jesus, and some of the best among them, can be traced back to a period long anterior to the alleged birth of Christ.

The Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," was taught by Confucius hundreds of years before Jesus commenced his mission among the Jews—assuming for the nonce that the Jesus of the gospels is a historical personage about whose existence there can be no manner of doubt. Many doctrins attributed to Jesus are also attributed to Zoroaster and Buddha, both of whom lived before him. Now, the distinctiv teachings of Jesus are not by any means new, but those of them which are most original appear also to be most harmful in their tendency. Some portion of the Sermon on the Mount may be regarded as very good sentiment, but as moral teaching is quite impracticable in an age of civilization and progress.

Now, the true value of a moral precept is to be seen in this: that it is susceptible of being put into practice in every-day life without injury, but with positiv benefit, to the community. Most of the doctrins of Jesus lack this essential quality. They may hav been very good in such an age as that in which he is alleged to hav lived, but they are quite unsuited to the present condition of society in all the civilized countries of the world.

Passiv submission to insult and ill treatment can not be regarded as good morality. To submit to insult or ill treatment when they can be resisted and prevented, is the sign of weakness or folly. Such conduct givs the ruffian the power to ride rough-shod over his weaker brethren whenever opportunity allows. Yet Jesus said: "Ye hav heard that it hath been said: An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other and let him smite that also. And if any man sue thee at law, and take away thy coat, let him hav thy cloak also. And whoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain" (Matt. v, 38–41). If our ancestors had always adopted this course, we should be slaves to-day. But Jesus gave utterance to a number of very unreasonable doctrins. For example, "Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of God" (Luke vi, 20) When was it blessed to be poor? Not during the nineteenth century, certainly. It is extremely doubtful if poverty is ever a blessing; and "poverty of spirit," which Jesus also advised, is a decided curse.

"Blessed are they that hunger now, for they shall be filled" (Luke vi, 26). When? In the next world, when they will hav no stomachs to fill. That's a little too late; those who starve in this world are not likely to get a front seat in the next.

"But woe unto you that are rich, for ye hav received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep. Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers to the false prophets. But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you. Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak, forbid him not to take thy coat also. Giv to every man that asketh of thee, and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again" (Luke vi, 24–30). What would be the effect of this morality if put into practice in every-day life? Would it not destroy the foundation upon which all society rests?

If the honest man when robbed and smitten by the thief should turn the other cheek, or offer his cloak when his coat had been taken, he would be positivly promoting rascality.

Or how is it possible to love our enemies? It is difficult at times to love one's friends, but our enemies—how can we love them while we know them to be our enemies? Jesus either did not understand human nature with a "wise and learned spirit" or he has been misrepresented or misunderstood by his biographers and followers.

Equally mischievous is the following teaching: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor for your body what ye shall put on. Behold the fowls of the air," etc. (Matt. vi, 25).

The poor man who takes no thought for the morrow in modern times soon finds himself an inmate either of the workhouse or of the jail. Indeed, the civilized man is distinguished from the uncivilized in this—that while the latter is content when he has obtained enough food to satisfy his immediate wants, the former looks ahead and makes provision for months or even years.

"Lay not up for yourselvs treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal" (Matt. vi, 19).

With banks, insurance companies, and provident societies by the score in our midst, how is it possible for Christians to say they practice the above teaching? Moreover, wealthy Christians should always remember that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God" (Matt. xix, 24).

Many of them by their conduct seem to say that they will chance it; or at worst, that "a bird in the hand is worth two in a bush."

Jesus also taught self mutilation. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out; it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, than having two eyes, to be cast into hell." And the same with regard to hands and feet (Matt. xviii, 8, 9).

This doctrin is practiced at times by madmen or religious enthusiasts even to-day, but it was very frequently practiced in the Dark Ages.

But Jesus outraged all the tender feelings of humanity when he declared that "everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or children, or lands for my sake shall receive an hundredfold and shall inherit everlasting life" (Matt. xix, 29).

When to these we add the doctrin of, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi, 16), we hav put into a small compass the distinctiv moral teachings of Jesus. No teaching that I hav any knowledge of has been so productiv of evil as this last. By making belief a virtue and unbelief a vice, it has been the mainspring of persecution for hundreds of years. It has strangled science and throttled progress. Christians to-day pretend to believe in this doctrin, and persecute wherever they hav the power.

The general doctrins of Christianity hav undergone many changes, and in some cases, and among some sects, little except the name survives.

Christianity, like all other religions, has been powerless to resist the ceaseless tendency in nature and in man to change. In practice Christianity to-day is the very antithesis of what it was in the time of Jesus. Christians strive hard to get rich, despite the denunciation of their master; they appeal to the police for assistance when they are smitten, and often before they get the blow; they never part with their cloak when their coat is taken; they hate their enemies as vigorously as any pagan, and they lay up their treasures on earth—and often cheat other people out of theirs—as though they did not believe in another world from which all thieves—except David—will be unceremoniously excluded.

How is this? It is because human thought has grown; because science has increased; because men think more and believe less; because men hav found that the moral doctrins of Jesus mean moral suicide; because the affairs of this world engage their attention, instead of the affairs of the next—in a word, because in the evolution of things so-called Christians hav changed into rational creatures, while still retaining the old name. The evolutionary process affects all things. It is a law of our being that we must grow, must evolve, or decay.

The doctrins of Jesus to-day are regarded as impracticable, for we hav outgrown them; and their existence as religious literature only serves to mark the progress we hav made. ARTHUR B. MOSS.

Nebular Hypothesis.—Development of the Earth.

The conclusions of science respecting the earth and the entire universe are that the matter of which it is composed is eternal; that its time scale corresponds to its space scale; that the earth previously existed in a gaseous condition, and through countless years of time it has passed from stage to stage of development, uninhabited and uninhabitable by any living creature; that in due lapse of time, as physical conditions became favorable, organic series hav arisen; that, as the physical conditions changed, animated forms underwent modification; that out of old and disappearing species new species emerged; that within a period very recent geologically, but very remote historically, man has made his appearance.

The telescopic observations of the first Herschel satisfied him that there are many double stars—not double merely because they appear in the same line of view, but because they are connected physically and revolve around each other—and the revolution of some of these double stars has been computed. The orbital motion of these double suns in ellipses compels us to admit that the law of gravitation holds good throughout the entire universe. As far as the telescope can reach there hav been observed the operations of an immutable law, and by analogy we know that what is beyond our vision must exist by virtue of the same principle.

The following peculiarities demonstrate that the entire solar system is physically connected: All the planets and satellites move in ellipses of such small eccentricity that they are nearly circles. All the planets move in the same direction and nearly in the same plane. The satellites move in the same direction as the planets. The movement of rotation of the sun, planets, and satellites is in the same direction as their orbital motions, and nearly in the same plane. It is evident that so many coincidences could not hav been established had there been no connecting tie among these rotating bodies; that they are only parts of what must hav been a single mass.

If we admit that the substances of which the solar system consists once existed in a nebulous condition and were in rotation—and the very idea of existence implies motion—all the above peculiarities follow as a matter of necessity. Upon this hypothesis the formation of planets, satellites, asteroids—in fact, the entire solar system—is accounted for. We see the reason why the outer planets are larger and the inner ones smaller; why the outer planets hav several satellites and the inner ones few or none; and we conceive the mode of formation of Saturn's rings. But, first, we must hav some substantial evidence of the existence of such a nebulous mass before the admission can be made.

The nebular hypothesis rests principally on the telescopic discoveries made by the first Herschel, that there are scattered in the heavens many pale, gleaming patches of light, some of which are large enough to be visible to the naked eye. Some of these hav been resolved into congeries of stars, but some, as the great nebula of Orion, hav resisted all attempts with the best instruments yet made.

Those who were disposed to reject the nebular hypothesis asserted that the non-resolution was evidently due to imperfections in the telescopes used. In these instruments two functions are indispensably necessary—their light-gathering power and their defining power. Their light-gathering power depends upon the size of their object lens; their defining power, upon the correctness of their structure. Some telescopes, by reason of their great size, may possess the former quality in perfection but the latter very imperfectly, through distortions arising from flextures by reason of their weight, or through want of original configuration. Therefore, a telescope may be adequate in light-gathering power, yet by being imperfect in definition it may fail to decompose a nebula into discrete points.

Fortunately, however, in 1846 Prof. John W. Draper discovered other means for the settlement of this question. He discovered that the spectrum of an ignited solid is continuous, *i. e.*, has neither dark nor bright lines. Fraunhofer had previously made known that the spectrum of ignited gases is discontinuous. Here, then, was a means furnished for determining whether the light emitted by a given nebula comes from an incandescent gas or a congeries of stars. If the spectrum be continuous, it is a congeries of stars; if discontinuous, a true nebula or gas.

Mr. Huggens, in 1864, applied this test in the case of the nebula in the constellation Draco; it proved to be gaseous. Later examinations hav proved that of sixty nebulæ, nineteen gave discontinuous or gaseous spectra, the remainder continuous ones. It may, therefore, be admitted that physical evidence has been obtained proving the existence of vast masses

of matter in a gaseous condition, and in a temperature of incandescence. In such a nebulous mass, cooling by radiation is the necessary incident, and condensation and revolution the inevitable result. There must be a separation of rings all lying in one plane; a generation of planets all rotating alike; a central sun and attendant globes. From such chaos, through the operation of physical laws, an organized system has been produced. A separation of matter into planets and satellites has taken place through a decline in temperature.

If such is the genesis of the planetary worlds, we are forced to extend our view of the dominion of law and recognize its operation in the creation as well as the conservation of the innumerable orbs that throng the universe. We hav daily witnessed the formation of a cloud in the sky. At first but a hazy speck, a mere point barely perceptible, it increases in volume and becomes darker and denser. It assumes fantastic shapes and queer forms; it is borne away by the wind, and as it gradually came it as gradually disappears—melts away to be succeeded by others. The vesicles of which these clouds are composed arose from condensation of vapor preëxisting in the atmosphere. Through a reduction in the temperature we can assign optical reasons for the brightness or darkness of the cloud; explain on mechanical principles its drifting before the wind, and its disappearance on the principles of evaporation. A mist gathers from the sea and is borne onward by the wind until it becomes sufficiently condensed, when it returns again in raindrops, to find its way back to the ocean of which it is a part, to again, countless myriads of times, perform the same operation. In nature there is a continual metamorphosis, an affiliated sequence of events in which the parts stand in connected relation. All these facts we explain upon physical principles. All these phenomena are due to the inherent forces of the substances—properties of matter which perform their operations according to a mathematical necessity—and are not due to an arbitrary fiat.

The universe is but a cloud—a cloud of suns and worlds, formed on a space scale more extensiv, on a time scale less transient, yet, in the presence of eternity, a system of worlds is as fleeting as a mist. If there is a multiplicity of worlds in infinit space, there is also a succession of worlds in infinit time. As cloud replaces cloud in the heavens, so this starry system is the successor of countless others that hav preceded it, and is the predecessor of others that will follow. For a time must come when, through the influence of gravitation of the planets upon each other, perturbations must arise in the orbital and rotary motion of the planets, irregularity and retardation of motion must ensue; then the lesser bodies will be drawn to the greater central body, and through the concussion and pressure they must all be volatilized, and the operation of world formation through a decline of heat will be performed again.

If on physical principles we explain all the minor operations of nature, is it not reasonable that we appeal to the same agency in the origin of worlds? As to those who are disposed to set behind all this a designer and fashioner, would they please point us to where the supernatural ends and the physical begins? We no longer call into operation the power of the almighty in the fashioning of clouds in the sky, but ascribe all its operation to physical law. Why ascribe the one to the operation of law and the other to the arbitrary volition of omnipotence?

Having examined the evidence proving the gaseous condition of much of the matter throughout space, let us descend to our own sphere and examin the facts which further confirm our belief that this and, by analogous reasoning, all other worlds were formed, and are constantly being formed, from nebulous masses.

The interior of the earth is supposed to be in a molten state—a sea of liquid fire. The earth in this condition may be represented by an egg, the inner parts representing the molten mass of the interior of the earth; the shell, the earth's crust, which has been formed through the process of cooling and condensation.

The decline in the temperature of our globe must hav been attended by very many changes of a physical character; her dimensions must hav lessened; her day must hav shortened; her surface must hav frequently collapsed, and ruptures taken place along the line of least resistance. A cloud-like mist of vapor must hav encircled her; as the cooling went on, condensation took place and extensiv seas were formed, which, as further cooling took place, must hav increased in density and decreased in volume. The barometric pressure must hav declined; the constitution of the atmosphere must hav varied, especially in the amount of carbonic acid it contained.

It was shown that the daily variations of temperature—that is, those variations connected with day and night—extend but a few inches below the surface, and the seasonal ones—those variations connected with summer and winter—to only a few feet; but beyond this was discovered a stratum of invariable temperature, beneath which the heat increases one degree for every fifty or sixty feet. The regularity of this increase seemed to imply that at depths quite insignificant a very high temperature must exist. And this is sustained by such facts as that the water rushing up from a depth of nearly eighteen hundred feet has a temperature of eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit, as in the case of the artesian well of Grenelle. The mean temperature of Paris is fifty degrees Fahrenheit. These numbers giv a rate of one degree for every fifty-eight feet. If, then, the increase of heat is one hundred degrees per mile, at a depth of less than ten miles everything must be red-hot; and at a depth of thirty or forty miles the heat must be sufficient to melt all known substances. It is evident that the rise of temperature with the increasing depth is not at all local, from facts furnished by volcanoes, which can no longer be regarded as depending on restricted areas for their supply of melted matter, since they are found all over the earth's surface—on land and under the sea, beneath the equator and in the polar regions, in the interior of continents and near the shore. There are probably more than two thousand ærial and subaqueous eruptions every century. Some volcanoes, as Etna, hav for hundreds of years poured forth streams of molten matter, and still their supply seems inexhaustible. The eruption of Hecla in 1783 must hav had its origin in no superficial strata. The lava issued from a lateral orifice and in forty-two days proceeded a distance of fifty miles, when it then branched into two main streams, one pressing on forty miles, and the other fifty miles farther to the sea. The breadth of this stream of lava was fifteen miles and its depth from six hundred to one thousand feet. The great earthquake of Lisbon which occurred in the eighteenth century furnished further evidence of the high rate of temperature of the interior of the earth. Its origin was certainly deep-seated and covered an extensiv area, as it lifted the whole bed of the north Atlantic ocean; the eruption was felt from Morocco to the extreme north of Europe, and from Egypt to the great lakes of America.

Not only are proofs thus offered of the existence of a high temperature, and consequently of the lapse of enormous periods of time, by the present condition of the globe, but every trace of its former state yields similar conditions, whether considered in the organic or inorganic, in the astronomical or geological world. How could we otherwise interpret the universal occurrence of igneous rocks, some heaved up in enormous mountain ranges, some ejected from beneath, forcing their winding way through the superimposed strata; veins of different mineral constituents, having, as their relations with one another show, their origin in different ages; or those extinct volcanoes which hav lain silent for thousands of years, but which, from the presence of lava beds in their regions, bear evidence of their former activ state, or the many dislocations, subsidences, and elevations of the crust of the earth which every country presents? What other reason could be assigned for all these but a diminution of heat, contraction in diameter, and as a consequence, fractures where the consolidated parts offered the least resistance—all this requiring many ages of time? From the time our globe separated from its present mass and commenced its giddy whirl around the sun proofs are given of the deliberate and gradual process in which Nature has followed her plan of development. There has been a regular succession of events in which the past insensibly blends into the present, and in which the present as gradually blends into the future. Through the ages of eternity nature presents a continual cycle of events.

Celestial bodies are considered as having passed through a course similar to the earth's. In the case of our satellite, at least, which is no matter of speculation, but one of actual observation, its broken surface, its volcanic craters, its high mountains with their lava-clad surfaces glistening in the sunlight, demonstrate a succession of events like those of the earth, and prove a planetary as well as a terrestial geology, and that our moon was formerly in a high state of temperature, which gradually declined, requiring long periods of time.

Let it not be supposed that I am insensible of the many serious objections that are urged against the nebular hypothesis. I will not enter into any discussion of them, but will briefly summarize a few of the most important objections.

We know that, as heat may be produced by friction and pressure, the rise of temperature as we descend beneath the earth's surface is due to friction and pressure sufficient to melt vast masses of matter, furnishing volcanoes their lava, and not to a molten condition of the interior of the earth.

That there are indications that the spheroidal figure of the earth has been produced by the yielding of a solid, instead of a liquid.

That if, as explained by the nebular hypothesis, the earth was once a molten mass, the deposit of metals should be found in strata with the heavier ones below and the lighter ones above, or they should be found in strata according to their specific gravities.

That if the weight of the earth as given by astronomers is little more than six sextillions of tons, then the specific gravity of the earth is 5 1-2, when, if the interior of the earth is in a molten state, the specific gravity of the earth should not be one-half that.

That the earth is constantly growing from meteoric accretion, and in this way grew from collections of star-dust and meteors, instead of from a condensation of nebulæ.

To deny that the earth has been, and is, constantly receiving additions to its mass by meteoric accretion, would be denying the facts of daily observations; still, this would not disprove the existence of vast masses of nebulous matter, or that the earth previously existed in a molten state.

That the present interior heat of the earth may be caused by the enormous pressure to which it must be subjected is also evident, and a solid the size of the earth, in rapid rotation, might yield sufficiently to centrifugal force to produce a bulging at its equatorial diameter and a compression at the poles. The necessity of finding the metals in strata according to their specific gravities is certainly a serious objection, but we cannot expect this to occur so uniformly as that, as the earth's being in such rapid motion would tend to seriously disturb such regular conformity to the principle. For we know that heavier gases will be diffused among lighter ones when in a state of motion, but when confined, or in a state of rest, the heavier gases will settle in layers according to their specific gravities, as carbonic acid in the atmosphere, when confined, as in deep wells, or where there is no current, will settle to the bottom.

The most serious difficulty to overcome, and an objection that would stagger our belief, if not disestablish it altogether, if it were not for spectroscopic analysis, is that of a too great specific gravity of the earth. But these objections do not militate against the theory of a previously attenuated condition of the matter of which the solar system is composed, but the star-dust and meteoric accretion theory goes to confirm it. My own opinion is that the truth will be found in neither one of the theories exclusivly, but in both.

But the discoveries of Fraunhofer and Draper of the spectra of solids and gases giv the preponderance of evidence in support of the nebular hypothesis. By spectrum analysis we learn much of the constitution of the sun and stars, and also of their condition. If we know that iron givs a spectrum of some seventy lines, differing in intensity and relativ length; if we know these lines are bright when iron vapor is burning, and dark when white light is passed through such burning vapor; if we know the substances and conditions of the metal which produces such a spectrum, then, when we find in the solar spectrum a perfect coincidence of seventy dark lines, "line for line and strength for strength," we must conclude that iron is contained in the sun's atmosphere. Many of the metals that are found in the earth are known to exist in the sun or its atmosphere: Sodium, calcium, barium, magnesium, iron, chromium, nickel, zinc, strontium, cadmium, cobalt, hydrogen. Many of the stars are found to contain many of the elements found in the earth. Then the conclusion is irresistible that all the bodies of the solar system once existed in one common mass. But, as remarked on a previous page, many of the spectra prove the nebula to consist of a glowing mass of gases, instead of an intensely heated solid shining through a luminous atmosphere.

How grand, how majestic, is this orderly march of affairs in the genesis of suns and worlds, when compared with the crudities and puerilities of the Mosaic record! How beautiful and simple is the theory advanced by science—so simple a child can comprehend it—and how unlike that cosmogony which even the subtilties of scholastic theology cannot make clear!

GEO. H. DAWES.

Ministerial "Cheek."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* of May 15, 1888, I found the following:

A paper was read in the Methodist Protestant Association yesterday morning by the Rev. William Phipps on the subject, "The Ethical Side of a Protectiv Tariff." The gentleman is a brother of Henry Phipps of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., and argued strongly that a protectiv tariff was a Christian necessity and a duty owed to the laboring men by this country. He stated that the advancement of all our interests was due mainly to the tariff. When he finished his paper a lively debate was engaged in by the members of the Association. Tariff came out on top.

To an observing mind the sublime audacity of these "Christian" ministers is the greatest marvel of the century. Their noses, whether pug or Roman, must be inserted in everything; and their efforts are sometimes most laughable. Just think of it! The Rev. William Phipps tells us a "protectiv tariff is a Christian necessity." Why a "Christian" necessity? Why should Christianity poke its nose into the affairs of state, and seek to curry favor with those who deal in matters belonging exclusivly to this world? There can be only one reason. In spiritual things, in heavenly government, they are complete

failures; and must therefore endeavor to lug into their diatribes any far-fetched views that may interest the mass of humanity, and for this reason we are favored with a "man of God" standing in a pulpit preaching and pounding, not Christ crucified, not the resurrection and the life, not the felicities of the New Jerusalem, but the "ethical side of a protectiv tariff." B. G. M.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

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The Nine Demands of Liberalism.

1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall be no longer exempt from just taxation.
2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in state legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.
3 We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.
4 We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.
5 We demand that the appointment, by the president of the United States or by the governors of the various states, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.
6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.
7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.
8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.
9 We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several states, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made.

Important.

As it is necessary for the secretary to possess the most accurate data relativ to all Liberal Leagues, or auxiliary Secular Unions, which hav been granted charters within the past three years, whether those organizations are now in working order or hav, through any cause, been disbanded or discontinued, I therefore urge upon the president or secretary, or, in the absence of these officers, any members of such society, to forward me at their very earliest convenience the fullest possible answers, consistent with brevity, to the following questions:

1. When was your society organized, and how many members hav you?
2. How often do you meet, if at all?
3. What is, or was, the character of your program at regular meetings?
4. Who are, or were, your last officers?
5 If discontinued, what was the principal cause of disintegration—financial embarrassment, indifference, lack of speakers, or orthodox persecution?
6. Hav any steps been taken to revive your organization?
7. Will you call a meeting for that purpose?
8. Would you like to be represented directly (or by proxy) at the next annual Congress?
9. How many of your members subscribe for Liberal papers?
10. Will you send me the names and present address of members and all others in your vicinity likely to assist?

A word to Freethought friends who reside where no organization has ever been effected:

1. Do you indorse the above Nine Demands?
2. Do you believe in maintaining the most priceless heritage of American liberty, religious freedom, as expressed in these Demands?
3. Is not organization essential to the advancement of any cause?
4. Can you be doing your full duty without endeavoring to perfect such an organization?
5. Hav any Freethought lectures been given in your vicinity, and by whom?
6. Did they bring the purpose and work of the American Secular Union to your notice?
7. If there is no possibility of an organization, will you not help the national society this year financially?
8 If you need leaflets to urge organization, send stamps to me, and I will forward them.

I hav received the following suggestiv letter from Judge North, of California, an old and valiant Abolition worker, to which I desire to call the attention of the Liberals of the country. There is no denying the fact that the Secular Union needs more support numerically and financially than it gets:

OLEANDER, CAL., April 16, 1888.

E. A. STEVENS, ESQ., Secretary American Secular Union, *Dear Sir:* Being myself an old man without either health or money with which to help on the great cause of mental liberty and enlightenment, yet feeling a deep interest in its success, I venture to send you a private letter with a few suggestions. Having had some years' experience in the antislavery field, I naturally think of the methods that were then employed as applicable to our present wants. I hav observed with lively interest your practical methods and the efficiency you display in all that you hav to do. I hav thought that if you could impart your efficiency to all the agencies in the field, it would multiply the results now realized. Now, how can this be done? Following the example of the old antislavery guard, it seems to me it can be done in this way:

First, those who hav wealth, and hav the cause at heart, should confer together and plan Liberal work. They should lay out work that would cost at least $100,000 for the first year.

You may say this is very easy to plan, especially for a man who has no money of his own to giv. But how is it to be accomplished? Let us see. There were men in the antislavery ranks—several of them—that used to subscribe $10,000 each to carry forward that great reform, and this cause is even greater than that, and money is far more abundant now than it was forty years ago. There are plenty of millionaires among Freethinkers, and many of them will study long and hard, when they come to make their wills, to find out what to do with their money. They need to be educated to do good with their money while they liv; and a few of them can be, with proper effort. If even two or three of that class can be got together in each of our large cities, and made to see the danger our country is in from the growing power of bigotry, they would take hold as they did in war times. But the thing must be brought home to them, and urged upon them. If this thing were done with one-quarter of the earnestness and skill that the priests show in their efforts to get money, the work would be done speedily.

And then there is a great army of strong, clear-headed business men of wealth, who are always ten times as liberal, and ten times as useful, as the millionaires; these will be the chief reliance. Having seen what some rich men hav done in the past, I hav great confidence that more will be done by them in the future. The old antislavery champions of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia hav left successors that will follow their example. And as the West outstrips the East, what may we not expect when the West really takes hold in earnest?

Though Mr. Putnam is president of the Secular Union, you are really the general of the army, and a bugle-call from you to our wealthy men that shall put the figures high would not be without results. If Colonel Ingersoll and Courtlandt Palmer would take hold of the matter as Gerrit Smith and the Tappans used to, they would find access to the pockets of men that would raise $100.000 in a week.

But that is only one of the methods that used to be employed. An efficient force of lecturers, with fixed salaries, were sent into the field; and, in addition to the work of lecturing, each lecturer was expected to raise a good sum of money for the cause, besides his own salary. We hav able lecturers now in the field, who are doing good work, but they would not dare to appeal to the people for a large subscription, unless the appeal first came from headquarters. The Secular Union should aim at work that should command the admiration and the liberal support of the millions who agree with it in sentiment. An army of agents should fill the field, each one of whom should, in addition to his own support, bring in financial aid to the Union. In addition to that, they should be more persistent in trying to get every Freethinker to take a Freethought paper. There is nothing that can keep up a living interest in the cause like the fresh lessons of the papers. The value of Freethought literature cannot be overestimated, and it is gratifying to see how eagerly the people seize on it. If there were three times as many lecturers in the field as there are now, there is abundant work for them all. And if they were all agents of the Union, and everyone expected to raise $1,000 more than his salary, we should see a much greater success.

And, while I am making suggestions, permit me to suggest that some of our lecturers need to study skill in presenting truth with a winning aspect. Many of our best Freethinkers do not like to hear a lecturer boast of his "Infidelity." They see no reason for applying the term to themselvs. I am not at all frightened if others call me an "Infidel" or an "Atheist," but I do not call myself such names, and I hav occasion to know that persons who are not yet entirely free are repelled by the unnecessary adoption of that term. Colonel Ingersoll shows rare skill in this particular. I wish all were as skilful.

Another suggestion occurs to me. When the churches were almost a unit on the side of slavery there were a few noble exceptions, and these directed their efforts toward the church itself. This did great good. Lecturers who went to the churches with a letter of commendation from well-known ministers could lecture in the churches and to the congregations where other lecturers could not get a hearing.

Now, there are many in the churches who think as we do about the need of a more complete separation of church and state. They feel as we do about the danger our country is in from the Catholics, and also from the National Reform Association.

If a church movement could be inaugurated against these insidious attacks, and in favor of a completely secular government, it would help us very much.

I am not acquainted with Dr. Thomas or Professor Swing, but from what I hav heard of them it seems to me they should both be in favor of our Nine Demands. Then, there are liberal ministers in Wisconsin and Minnesota. And all the Unitarian ministers should be with us on those points. Now, though they would not agree with all our notions, they could do us great good by lecturing and preaching their own advanced views. If some of them could be induced to take a trip to this coast and lecture on the danger to the country from any union of church and state, and also on the danger from the pope's influence in directing our politics, they would get a wide hearing, and prepare the way grandly for the Secular Union. And by charging an admission fee it would more than pay expenses. It seems to me that some such measure, if skilfully carried out, would be as good as the breaking-plow on the prairies, preparing the soil for better culture.

I must not forget to congratulate you on your great achievement in Chicago in converting a church to a forum. I hope your example may inspire many others to do likewise. Yours for Freethought, J. W. NORTH.

E A STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.
241 *Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.*

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

NATIONAL CITY, CAL., April 9th–12th.—This is one of the most prosperous cities in southern California. Nature has done much for it, and its founders and promoters hav shown an enterprise never excelled on this coast or any other part of the world. National City and the whole San Diego bay region owes its prosperity to the two brothers Frank and Warren Kimball, who came here twenty-two years ago from Concord, N. H., and for $20,000 bought 2,600 acres. They are Liberals, practical business men, who built up the town by fostering manufactures, were always ready to put their money into any enterprise that insured employment to mechanics, and they sacrificed 1,700 acres of their land to secure the Southern California railroad to connect with the city.

National City is but little over two years old and has grown to four thousand population and has a railroad, street-cars, gas, electric light, and the grandest system of water-works in all California. The young city has been singularly fortunate in drawing to itself a most intelligent, energetic, and public spirited class of people. It is worth a trip to the coast to meet such a glorious family of noble Freethinkers as that of Squire Burgess. The second son, Alph. N. Burgess, is a perfect representativ of the genuin Liberal gentleman, full of push and energy, ever ready for any work that will promote human happiness. He possesses the happiest disposition; meets all reverses or disappointments with an honest, hearty laugh that bids defiance to fate, and with buoyant spirit, born of indomitable will, does all possible to repair evils, or renew the conflict till right prevails. In the five happy days I spent in his company, I never saw a shade of sadness on his face or heard a tremor in his voice but once, when he was telling of sickness and sorrow beyond his power to alleviate. Of course, he is a great admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I delivered three lectures at National City under the disadvantage of having a poor hall, yet had good interest and was made glad by the declaration of several that they had been deeply interested and helped by the lectures. One young man, an ordained minister, thanked me for making plain the truth, and said that henceforth he should be an earnest worker for Liberalism. I endeavored to explain the necessity and best plan of practical organization. An earnest effort is making to accomplish it, and success is assured.

LOS ANGELES, April 14th, 15th, 16th.—This is the rendezvous of sharpers and schemers. Even the Liberals, with some few exceptions, seem to hav lost all sense of common honesty, and evince no respect for their word, or agreements made, only as their interest prompts. Los Angeles is a good place for real estate sharks to congregate, and for all decent people to avoid. I did not lecture at Los Angeles; no arrangements were made for me to do so.

SANTA ANA, CAL., April 17th, 18th, 19th.—There is an adipose excrescence, named Chestnut, who claims to be president of the Santa Ana Liberal League, who toadies to the church and talks loud Liberalism when his wife nor any Christians are within hearing. Poor wives! Even if they are fanatics and church devotees, they must love something, hav something to be interested in. When they find the creature they call husband so destitute of all manhood, they are to be pitied, not blamed, for seeking relief in the church.

D. Edson Smith, a Spiritualist, but one of the generous, good, whole-souled, honest-hearted brand, ever ready to do all in his power to advance the cause of Liberalism, a bright, brainy, hard-working, noble man; Noah Smithwick, an octogenarian blacksmith, who despite age is full of vim and zeal for Freethought, and friend Newman, the Infidel harness-maker, a true Liberal of most quiet mien but unfaltering courage and a kindly, generous heart, compose the truth seeker trinity of Santa Ana. Of the lectures the leading paper of the county, the Santa Ana *Standard*, of April 21st, says:

C. B. Reynolds, the great American Freethinker from New York, lectured three nights this week in Neil's hall. Unfortunately his coming was not known, and the public had no knowledge of it and the attendance was light. As a lecturer he ranks high, being a splendid orator and reasoner. His lectures were surpassingly interesting and impressiv, and his enlightened, magnanimous views upon the rights and duties of mankind were an honor to all the creeds and religious ever taught by a hired priesthood. He is a profound scholar, and has been a prominent minister in the church for many years, but believes that humanity to man is the best religion of the world. We hope he may come again.

Some people imagin a Liberal lecturer has nothing but beds of roses and coins money. The three lectures at Santa Ana realized for me seventy cents; railroad fare to and from, $7; balance of cash out of pocket, $6 30. That is nothing. I do not murmur or complain, only I wished to correct the impression that I was amassing a colossal fortune or about to rival the Goulds and Rothschilds.

ORANGE, CAL., April 20th, 21st, 22d.—I came t

this place on the invitation of that whole-souled, honest-hearted Liberal, Charles Baker. There is as great diversity of persons as of places. When thousands of miles from home, dependent on making lecture engagements on the route, and with no way of knowing the people who write you only that they claim to be Liberals, it is not cheering to find no arrangements made after having regular engagements and refusing other offers. I keep an appointment at heavy expense of fare and extra baggage and on arrival at the place find no arrangements made. The parties coolly tell me, or send postal card: "Owing to circumstances cannot arrange as I hoped." I am short of adjectivs to do justice to such excrescences on the Liberal ranks, but, alas! they are not as scarce as, for the cause of humanity, I could wish. Such creatures are to me a mystery profound. How did they ever attain to such a depth of contemptible meanness? Surely, before reaching such a despicableness they must hav had some sleepless nights. How did they refrain from getting up in the night and kicking themselvs to death? Such wretches would make one despair of humanity only that there are so many noble hearts like friend Charles Baker and Jos. Roberts, of Orange. To make the acquaintance and friendship of one such compensates for the meanness of a swarm of pretended Liberals who are really Clark Braden skunks. Mr. Baker could attend only one lecture, and to do so had to drive eighteen miles after the lecture was over, but could take special pains to insure the fulfilment of the agreement. Friend Roberts was revived by the lectures, and from being quiet, inactiv, will henceforth be aggressiv. Very much of interest was awakened; the cause received mighty impetus, and the lectures gave vertebræ to many weak ones; all Liberals felt greatly encouraged, for it was demonstrated there were ten times as many persons of intelligence and influence who were Liberals as anyone supposed.

I had a most pleasant visit at the ranch of Mr. J. Parker. He has the most extensiv and luxuriant fruit farm in this section, and is a sterling Liberal. While there I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. K. Parker, of Anaheim. Mrs. Parker is a woman of very great ability; a practical, earnest worker; enthusiastic, but not content to begin and end in effervescence. She bemoans the lack of by-laws, leaflets of instruction how to carry on a local Union, etc. Like the friends at San Jacinto, they are sadly disappointed, for their expectations were raised as to receiving great help in organization, and none of their expectations hav been realized.

There is very deep interest in Liberalism in Orange and vicinity, and if Col. R. G. Ingersoll could be induced to giv just one lecture at Orange, no pavilion ever erected would hold the people, and it would do immense good; no long rain after a long drouth would be more gratefully appreciated. To secure such a pavilion and do all else necessary would to Mr. Joseph Roberts, Charles Baker, and the great family of Parkers be but a glad labor of love. Would it could be!

San Pasqual, Cal., April 24th, 25th, 26th.—This is a charming valley eight miles from the railroad, and here in a magnificent ranch shut in by mountains I found B. B. Brockwood, one of those grand, earnest, genuin Liberals whom it will be joy, pride, and honor all the rest of my life to call friend. For years he had to liv his principles alone, none even of his own family being in sympathy with him, but by the exercise of a loving, benevolent spirit he has won the respect and kind regard of all. Surrounded by Seventh Day Adventists, any attempt to popularize Liberalism or induce his neighbors to listen to an exponent of our principles, to anyone else would hav seemed utterly hopeless. But, strong in the right, having effected much by the distribution of Liberal literature, he next, expecting to hav to meet the entire expense himself, invited me; and I am happy to know our success was far beyond his most sanguin expectations. Many of the Adventists did attend, and their leader, a very intelligent, fair-minded man, was so favorably impressed that he voluntarily contributed toward the expenses and expressed himself convinced of the correctness of our positions and principles, and said publicly that if there can only be an organization here with a science school on Sunday, and efforts to promote sociability, he will be among the first to join. Quite a number came to the same determination. A committee was appointed to arrange a meeting to organize the San Pasqual Liberal Union.

I had discussion sprung on me at Phenix, Ariz. All arrangements were made, and I was to start for Phenix from San Pasqual. Their own proposition was that their champion should be a courteous gentleman, a minister in good standing in his own denomination. At the last moment my friends discovered this man was the infamous Clark Braden. Of course I would not meet the dirty vilifier, but wrote friends I would meet any other man the church folks would select, with the one provision that their man should be in good standing in his own denomination.

C. B. Reynolds.

Send for catalog of our publications. Sent free.

Jephthah.

Jephthah—a good name for our Anglomaniacs to practice dropping *h*'s with—was a party you know very little about, I venture to say, yet was he one of the manifold "deliverers of Israel." Jeph—for short—was the son of Gilead, if that will help you any, but not by Gilead's wife—strange as it may seem, the old man is credited in the Holy Queer with only one wife—his mother being, according to the H. Q., which doesn't mince matters at all, a harlot.

But that wasn't Jeph's fault, he having had no voice in the matter at all, but the fault of his sire, who ought to hav been ashamed of himself, particularly as he was raising sons in a legitimate manner at home. However, this *affaire d'amour*, this "accident of love," as Sarah Bernhardt would say, may hav occurred before Gil's marriage, which would mend matters some, and so let us hope it did. The H. Q. had ought to hav made the dark light in this case, but it didn't, being very queer about some things, as well as very queer about some other things.

Jeph lived with the old folks—was one of the family, you know—but there came a time when the other boys concluded that he would make one too many when the old man pegged out and the divvy was to be made, and so they bounced him from the old homestead, when he lit out for the land of Tob, where he did a very good business and was content to remain. Some years after he was bounced, trouble sprung up between Israel and the Ammonites—which I wish to remark that it was an exceedingly cold epoch when Israel was not in trouble with some of her neighbors—and the elders of Gilead went out after Jeph, even unto the land of Tob went they out after Jephthah, that he might be their leader in the circus about to open.

The bait was too tempting for Jeph to resist, and he caught on, but not until he had slung at the heads of the elders solid slabs of scorn studded with sardonic stings of serrated "sarkasum;" "and it was *so*," that he then went with the elders to Gilead, whence he had been bounced. Well, he proved a trump card, did Jeph, and the way he wiped the floor of the earth with the Ammonites, slew their soldiery, carried cities, threw down towers and donjon-keeps, was a caution to cats, and a multitude of cats, make no mistake! Overwhelming numbers, walled cities, and strong towers were nothing to him; he got there all the same, and woe was abroad in the land all on account of Jephthah.

Jeph would hav come out of this raid, and the whole business, probably, with flying colors, had it not been for a dreadful tragedy which he brought upon his house by the shooting off of the too fresh mouth he carried about with him. "And it was *so*," that Jahveh was with him, you know, and, elated at the honors that loomed before him, he one day said to Jahveh, "If you carry me through this business straight, I vow a vow that whatsoever first comes out of my house to meet me, when I come marching home victorious, shall be thine for a burnt-offering!" Oh, that big mouth of his! Oh, that freshness for which there was no call! It put him in a terrible hole, and Jahveh wouldn't or couldn't, surely didn't, pull him out!

"See! the conquering hero comes," the bands played as Jephthah wheeled his chariot into the avenue where he lived, to see coming out to meet him, and the first to come from his house, his only daughter, a dear little thing of sweet sixteen, playing a tambourine as she came dancing out! The sight of her, under the circumstances, broke poor Jeph all up, as it would any white man, and he was crushed to earth, as it were! Tearing at his new uniform, he cried out in bitterness of soul, "O my daughter! thou hast knocked me out, for I opened my mouth to the Lord, and I can't go back on myself!"

And the girl, what did she say? Well, with all the coolness, as well as sweetness, that characterize ice cream, she thus or thusly unto her sire responded, "Well, pop, if thou hast opened thy mouth to the Lord, that settles it! [These words, and the tone thereof, show that she knew her sire was liable, when he opened his mouth, to put his foot in it.] Do unto me according to thy vow *malgré* its freshness, but giv me a two months' outing in the mountains previously before the roast," or words to that effect.

And did Jephthah grant the stay? He did. And did the girl come back on time? I grieve to say she was foolish enough to do so! And did Jephthah fulfill his vow and offer her as a burnt-offering to the Lord—did he stick and actually roast her on the altar? According to the returns in the Holy Queer, which returns you can't go back of, you know, he did, it exasperates me to say! We are spared the particulars of this revoltingly horrible scene, but that the vow was made good, the H. Q. positivly states!

Now, where was Jahveh on the occasion of this dreadful roast? Echo answers in thunder tones, Where? Why didn't he call a halt, when he found Jeph was a man of his word, and meant business, as with Abraham? We shall never know, probably, but it looks as though it was because the sacrifice was a daughter and not a son! Feminins were of small account in those days, even in man's eyes, much less in Jahveh's. But it was a horribly outrageous thing for Jahveh to let that roast go on, even if it was only a girl that was to die! If he had been a square up-and-up God at the time Jeph opened his big mouth, he would hav said to the fresh rooster, "I won't hold you to that vow, Jeph, because your daughter will be the first to come out to meet you, as I happen to know." Then, even though wishing to try Jeph, as he did Abe, he might, at the supreme moment, hav opened out his bowels of compassion and spared the innocent girl's life, and Jeph the mental agony he must hav undergone!

But Jeph himself, why didn't he open his big mouth—it was all too small at that terrible moment—and say to this effect: "O Lord, you see I am willing to make good that rash vow of mine; but can't you let up on me, as you did on Abraham?" Had Jeph done this, or even positivly refused, at the last moment, to consummate the diabolical affair, he would stand higher in the community to-day than he does. For one of said community, I myself account him a cold-blooded murderer! Of the two, Jeph and Jael, I consider the first-named the murderer most foul! Jael treacherously murdered an enemy of her people and God; Jeph openly slaughtered his daughter and only child, who worshiped after the manner of his own heart! Jael's was an act of diabolical treachery; Jeph's, diabolical devotion, and the worse of the two, as I view it.

But moreover and howsomever, after all, Jahveh was the prime factor in the deep damnation of Jeph's daughter's taking off, as I look at it. He could hav prevented this damnable butchery, and didn't! He could hav saved that young girl, who might hav become an honored "mother in Israel," but he let her go like a lamb to the slaughter! How interested he was in the eating of that pippin by Eve, and how quickly he arrived on the scene of assimilation! But here a young girl was to be stuck in the jugular, and her soft, white, quivering flesh roasted, aye, burnt to a crisp, and Jahveh, where was he? Very likely off stirring up some other tribe of Israel to slaughter. Anyhow, he was very conspicuously absent when Jephthah's daughter went up *en roast* in flame and smoke! Horrible!

After this private horror of his own, Jeph attended to public business as though nothing had happened, on one memorable occasion getting away with forty thousand Ephraimites at one fell swoop, as it were; shortly after which he "slept with his fathers," after the manner of most of his predecessors. He may be a high pie seraph now in the city of rolled gold set with diamonds, but when I get there I shall giv him the cold shake and show him that I prefer the company of Shamgar, if I can find the doughty ox-goadist! The moral of this story, to followers of Jahveh, is: Beware of a too fresh mouth, for should you open it when enthused too wide, and so put your foot in it, be sure that Jahveh will not pull the latter out. Selah!

Si Slokum.

P.S.—I find I was wrong with regard to the closing part of Jeph's career. He didn't "sleep with his fathers," but simply died and was buried in one of the cities of Gilead. It is well not to distort history, especially "sacred" history, you know.

S. S.

Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. Remsburg has made some changes in his appointments for June. The following is his program:

Republic, O.	Sat., Sun., June 2, 3
N. Baltimore, O.	Mon., 4
Springport, Mich.	Wed., 6
Augusta, Mich.	Thur., Fri., 7, 8
Hastings, Mich.	Sat., Sun., 9, 10
Nunica, Mich.	Mon., 11
Kalamazoo, Mich.	Tues., 12
New Haven, Ind.	Wed., 13
Huntington, Ind.	Thur., Fri., 14, 15
Xenia, Ind.	Sat., Sun., 16, 17
Ekin, Ind.	Mon., 18
Arrowsmith, Ill.	Tues., Wed., Thur., 19, 20, 21
Lyndon, Ill.	Fri., 22
Galesburg, Ill.	Sat., 23
Salem, Ia.	Sun., 24
Bethany, Mo.	Mon, Tues., Wed., 25, 26, 27

Hostility to New Things.

H. G. S. Noble, in the Popular Science Monthly for June.

A universal law of social progress, with which we are all familiar, is that established systems in thought, morals, manners, government, or any department of human activity, struggle to perpetuate themselvs by a fight against all innovations. Whatever is new and progressiv, or represents the requirements of an enlarging field of life, has got to gain its foothold in the face of the powerful opposition of the old and preëstablished. Those more perfected and exact conceptions of nature which we call scientific ideas hav prevailed only after centuries of moral strife with the inherited superstitions and imperfect generalizations of our semi-civilized forefathers. The progressiv and liberal governments of our most advanced nations to-day hav been established in spite of the bitter opposition of their predecessors, and are themselvs fighting tooth and nail the higher forms that will succeed them. In literature and art old schools strive to deny existence to the new; and, even in the little affairs of our daily lives, we are all permitting the things that are, and "hav sufficed to our fathers before us," to keep out the better things that might be.

Communications.

The Woman Suffrage Question Settled.

It is a pity for so much valuable time to be wasted as is wasted in discussions over the relativ brain value of men and women, for it has nothing to do with the voting privilege. The men vote, not because they hav larger brains than women, but because they are always ready to hav their brains knocked out for the common defense. They monopolize the voting because it would be mere child's-play to giv it to the class that could not hold it except by the courtesy and sufferance of men. There are a great many men who still hold to the superstition that a piece of paper can be made to perform the function of money simply by fiat. This is of the same nature as the perpetual motion superstition, that you can get more force out of a thing than there is in it. The woman suffrage superstition is a superstition of the same nature. The believers in it imagin that women by dropping pieces of paper in a ballot-box can somehow or other enforce their will, though they cannot otherwise. Men will never for any length of time allow women to decide by their votes when *they* shall make war. The voting class has always been and always will be the fighting class. In all the councils of our barbarous ancestors the warriors were the ones who decided the questions in the council, and they voted "Aye" by hammering on their shields with their swords—as in the Norse legend of Frithiof it is said, "*Tusen svert hamrade af tusen skolder*" (A thousand swords hammered on a thousand shields).

Our suffrage-seeking sisters beg the whole thing when they claim suffrage as a right. Where does one man get the right to vote his neighbor into the army or vote taxes on his property? Is that a natural right? The analytical method, the following society to its beginning and fountain-head, will show that it is simply an agreement among individual men, and that the family, not the individual, is the unit of society. If the young brave with his one vote was confronted in the council by the warrior with a wife, mother, and mother-in-law, he would decidedly object to having the votes of those three women counted in deciding whether or not he expose himself to getting his brains knocked out in war, whatever fine brain development the three squaws might hav. And the question is exactly the same in our more complicated society, though not as easy for everyone to see.

When, as a member of the first legislature of Wyoming, I consented to the experiment, it was as a doctor makes a small-pox pustule on the arm in order to keep it from invading the whole body.

I read not long ago where a meeting of women declared themselvs in favor of "Prohibition enforced by woman suffrage." Suppose the majority of men don't want Prohibition, who is going to do the "enforcing?" There is superstition worthy of Uncle Remus, that there is "conjur'" in the piece of paper. Men's ballots are potential clubs and cannon.

Furthermore, the suffrage-seekers do not represent their sex.

It would be very hard to commit a greater piece of cowardice than for men to put political burdens on women. And no greater blunder could possibly be committed, especially by Freethinkers. We can hardly find enough Freethinking women for wives; many must go into the ranks of superstition for them. What would become of liberty when the Christian clergy marshaled their women and voted them solid, as they certainly would?

Women are deprived of some of their rights, but they will some day get them all, and by the asking. Frequent asking, no doubt, but still only asking. And they cannot wrest rights from us.

Whatever there is in me of kindness, sympathy, respect, and devotion comes to the surface in presence of a present or prospectiv mother. And if the mothers did not care most for their children and little or nothing for politics there would shortly be no human society left. I, who hav no wife, hav never yet seen the husband who showed his wife what I thought due consideration. The old Norse word for a woman is *quinna*, or queen. They are our queens, and as such I am proud to acknowledge their sway and let the home be their kingdom and love their crown and scepter. But we men will always do the fighting and voting, for which they are unfitted, and they will perform the perilous task of bringing children into the world. For, as Professor Huxley says, if the world is to go on, some persons must be at the trouble of bringing into it annually as many as die out of it.

I think that women hav the natural right to dress as they choose, and it ought to be secured to them. They ought also to be in the pulpit as preachers and the men ought to get out of them.

Look at the skeleton of a man and of a woman. Nature has put her chief work and material on the man's brain-case and the woman's pelvic bones. The mild intellectual effort required in the pulpit would not rob woman's reproductiv district of material. And the pastoral visit, and the parishioner's visit to the dim, religiously lighted room of the pastor, would not be fraught with the same danger.

If women were given the voting privilege, it would then simply be a matter of time when a number of determined men should overthrow the existing government and found another on the basis of restricted suffrage.

GEO. WILSON.

"Men, Women, and Gods" in Court.

One of the most remarkable and "trying" trials in the history of modern jurisprudence occurred at the late term of this (Cass county) circuit court. It was a suit for separate maintenance, brought by a young wife against her "old Infidel husband," for a species of "infidelity" which hitherto the statute was silent upon and the courts hav not before entertained. We let the "strong point" in her bill speak for itself:

As an illustration of the defendant's arbitrary and unnatural treatment of this petitioner, your orator states that, before their said marriage, the defendant knew that your orator was a member of a Christian church, and that she desired to continue her connection in some similar church organization, wherever she might reside; and, in conversing upon the subject of religion before said marriage, the defendant professed to believe in the inspiration of the scriptures (except that he doubted the accuracy of the scriptural account of Christ's miracles), and stated to your orator that he would in no wise interfere with your petitioner's religious beliefs, or hinder her in the performance of what she conceived to be her religious duties; and your orator states that, while thus conversing upon religious topics, the bearing of the defendant was so reverential and sanctimonious that she believed him to be a conscientious and upright man; but your orator avers that, after her said marriage and during all the period of cohabitation, the defendant took every opportunity to dispute the truth of the Bible, to ridicule Christian churches and the members thereof, and altogether by his conduct and language revealed himself to this petitioner as a scoffer and mocker at all things religious. Your orator further states that said defendant commanded and compelled her to read works advocating the doctrins of Infidelity, and refused to permit her the privilege of uniting with the church at Beardstown, Ill., where she and the defendant reside.

For novelty in the legal catalog, this eclipses a New York dime museum. Suffice it to say that not a single assertion in the foregoing bill was sustained, but each was disproved.

The manner in which the undersigned was brought into the case as a witness is as follows. (The specimen of testimony we now furnish shows that the whole affair assumed a pronounced symptom of the seriocomic.) In her direct testimony the claimant stated that I had furnished her husband with Helen Gardener's "Men, Women, and Gods." This was the last straw on the back of the orthodox domestic camel. That he had "commanded and compelled her to read" this and other "works advocating the doctrins of Infidelity." This, of course, invaded her Methodistic proclivities. I was then placed upon the stand to testify to the nature of "Men, Women, and Gods." And, as in past life I hav been more or less intimately associated with all three, I profess to know something about them. While passing to the stand, the sneeringly playful remark passed round, "There goes the old heretic." I replied, "Yes, I knew that my principles would ultimately lead me to the stake, and this would probably prove to be tougher than the one I had the unenviable privilege of testing at dinner in the hotel." My sworn testimony was to the effect that Miss Gardener's book is one which any intelligent woman may well be proud of reading and comprehending, and that some books written against the Bible, Miss Gardener's being one, are undoubtedly good even for women to read. The prosecution was in full sympathy with the orthodox church—one of them a pillar in the Congregational society here. This testimony fired the hearts of these modern Inquisitors. While this pillar in the church confessed, previous to going to trial, that his client had no case, yet he professionally extorted from this "old Infidel" a $75 fee before taking the wife's case into court. But he went forward to the communion table last Sunday.

Really "the nice point" in this case, and one argued with much shrewdness, however little logic, was, how far the expression of anti-Christian views in the family and in the presence of a Christian wife who married for money would go to render her life intolerable, and subject her to "abuse and cruelty." Though in this instance the claimant lost the case, yet it was decided "without prejudice." Hence, upon additional or supposed new evidence, his Christian wife who can marry for money—which an Infidel woman could not do and retain social standing—can again place "the old Infidel" on the financial and legal rack. She can thus repeatedly chain him Prometheus-like to the rock of statutory custom while lawyers religiously orthodox like so many vultures savagely tear out his vitals.

The defendant in this case is a man of unusual intelligence and a physician of over forty years' experience.

The only "Infidel" books found in his house are the *Popular Science Monthly*, the *North American Review*, and, outside the one we loaned him, we might add the Bible, as its own refutation. But woe be to the husband of an orthodox bride if she reads and accidentally understands Helen Gardener's book—or, maybe, doesn't happen to understand it! Unless she love him and the truth more than the church, he may immediately make arrangements before marriage for sustaining a suit for separate maintenance.

Helen Gardener should, on Bible ground, be heralded as a second messiah, for doing what Jesus did. "Suppose ye that I am come to giv peace on earth? I tell you nay; but rather division" (Luke xii, 51). "For I am come to set a man at variance; and a man's foes shall be they of his own household" (Matt. x, 35, 36).

ZOA TOPSIS.

Dark-Circle Materialization.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Two slate-writing séances hav been described in THE TRUTH SEEKER, the first by me, the second by my wife. The questions I addressed in writing to three departed friends were all answered on the slates. The handwriting was generally like theirs, and I know that no eye but mine saw what I wrote. I got no written answer from Thomas Paine, nor from the living spirit of Mrs. Slenker; but what Mr. Keeler wrote on the slate with his own hand about her was, as I hav said, the most interesting part of the performance.

The questions which my wife wrote to five deceased relativs were all answered, four of them on the slate and one verbally. These questions were written out before she went, and all she did in the presence of Mr. Keeler was to add the full names after the words father, mother, etc. This she did when Mr. Keeler's back was turned and he was some distance away from her. Not a word of the contents of these papers was seen by Mr. Keeler, and we now hav them all in our possession. Out of a dozen names written on the slates, most of which were spoken also by Mr. Keeler, there was not a single mistake, and the answers were all responsiv to the written questions.

And now I am going to describe a dark séance which my wife, her aunt, and myself attended. The number present was about twenty, each of whom paid at the conclusion of the séance $1. We were there early and inspected the room, especially the corner behind the curtain. The curtain was attached at one end to the jamb of the door entering the parlor, and at the other end to the sliding door, about a foot from its jamb. This formed a triangle whose sides were about six feet long, and the hypothenuse (*i.e.*, the curtain) eight or nine feet long. The hight of the curtain was about seven feet.

The carpet was firmly tacked all around the inclosed corner. There was no possible opening through the small section of the folding door covered by the curtain. The wall paper in the corner was protected temporarily by a stiff sheet of wood paper so loosely attached that we could see, by turning it up at the bottom and ends, that behind or underneath it was all solid wall. In short, there was positivly no possible place within that inclosure for a confederate to get in.

Mr. Keeler came in shortly after 8 o'clock. One gas burner on the chandelier was lighting the room. Another one, nearest the curtain, with pink tissue paper covering the glass globe, was now lighted, and the other burner turned out. Mr. Keeler seated himself on a stool in the sharp angle next the folding door, behind the curtain. Close by him on the outside sat a gentleman who acted as director or manager. We were told to respond to any call of a name that we recognized, and to come up quickly but gently to the curtain. Two of the nearest spectators were my wife and aunt, seated about seven feet from the curtain, directly in front. I sat a little farther off. The light was turned very low, but yet we could see one another dimly, and anything white was very visible.

The first materialization was a familiar one, answering to "Wash," his whole name being George Washington Eames, a sea captain from Maine, who was said to hav lost his life by drowning. He had considerable to say, and his speech was defectiv, owing to an apparent absence of the pallet. He came out before the curtain, which was divided in the middle, and carried on a dialog with various persons present. He was without a coat. We could distinctly see his shirt-sleeves, and he moved out some distance from the curtain. He reappeared several times during the evening.

The next appearance was a girl called Maud. She also was a familiar spirit, known, when living, to some present, and always recognized by her natural voice. She moved about in the room a few moments and then disappeared.

Then came at the opening of the curtain a white figure, and the director called out, "Selina." My wife's aunt had a sister of that name who died in Paris, but it was pronounced Seleena. She inquired for the surname, but got no answer. I spoke out and said, "I had a sister Selina." Then the response was, "Selina Churchill." I went up to the curtain, but there I met, not a female form, but Captain Wash. "You are not my sister," said I; "you are not in petticoats but pants." "Yes," said he, "but I once had petticoats." "True," I replied, "but that was a long time ago." "And you, too," said he,

"once had petticoats." "Yes," I answered, "but so long ago that I don't remember wearing them." Then I took Wash by the hand; it was large and warm. I tried to see his features, but the light was too dim to make them out clearly, and while I stood looking at him he suddenly vanished. My sister did not come again.

The next spirit announced, as another white form appeared, was "Harriet." My wife asked for the full name. "Harriet Osborn," was the answer. My wife went up and said, "O mother!" and tried to take her hand. "Not yet," said the spirit in a whisper, as she drew back. "Did you think I would come to-night?" said she. "I hoped so, mother," my wife replied. Then the spirit said, "Bring Sarah." So my wife called up her Aunt Sarah, and the same question was repeated, "Did you think I would come to-night?" Again the spirit said, "Tell Mr. Burr that David is here" (my brother David died in 1861). "Mother, are you happy?" inquired my wife. "Yes," was the answer. Presently the spirit grasped with her two hands the hand of my wife and kissed her on her cheek. The face was thin and emaciated, not at all like that of Mr. Keeler. And while holding my wife's hand the spirit form dropped quickly to the floor without a sound, the last vestige of it appearing on the floor like a large pocket-handkerchief.

Mrs. Burr wishes to say that she does not claim to hav recognized, in the darkness, the face of her mother, which appeared to be imperfectly formed, but what the spirit said and did was characteristic of her when in life.

Not less than twelve spirits appeared during the evening, some of them for the first time, and all were recognized. They were old and young, large and small, stout and slender. Mr. Keeler is rather short and stout. One tall, well-dressed male spirit promenaded arm in arm with one of the women. He allowed himself to be closely seen by several of us successivly. I was the last to inspect him. His face was more clearly defined than that of Captain Wash. I could not, however, make out his features very satisfactorily, but when my aunt inspected him she saw him smile. He suddenly vanished as I was looking at his face. He had a full beard.

An old, white-haired man appeared, and was recognized by several as a former resident of Washington. He was small, crooked, and thin. He walked out into the middle of the room and then took a seat near the curtain. Then he beckoned to an old gentleman to come and sit on his knee, which he did. A lady present, who is well known to me, said that she and a gentleman, whom I also well know, once sat together each on one knee of that spirit. The old man's form slowly disappeared as if sinking through the floor, and the last we could see of him was his white head.

At one time two spirits came out at once. One, a female, stood at the end of the curtain farthest from the medium; the other, a male, came out, passed before her, and returned within the curtain.

What do I think of all this? In regard to the slate-writing, I say most positivly that deception was impossible. What, then, produced the writing on the slates? Certainly not Mr. Keeler with his material hands. Further than that what can I say? Only that I know of no solution of the mystery so rational as that our departed friends do sometimes manifest themselvs in this imperfect and unsatisfactory way.

In regard to the dark-circle phenomena, there seems to be no possible trick by which they could be performed, and if they are not a fraud I see no more rational hypothesis to account for them than that the spirits are what they profess and purport to be.

After the performance I spoke to Mr. Keeler. He did not remember me until I said, "I had some slate-writing and one of the questions I wrote was to a living person." "Oh, yes," he replied; "to Elmina;" and seemed to be trying to repeat the rest of the name. But I was satisfied with that. Now, where did he get the impression of the name "Elmina?" I certainly never gave it to him—only wrote it on a slip of paper at the slate-writing séance.

On the next Sunday evening, at the close of a lecture by John B. Wolfe at the Spiritual Hall, Mr. Keeler wrote down sixty-five names and read them off to the audience. Two-thirds of them were recognized and responded to. My wife and aunt were present; I was not. Among the names were those of my brother David and sister Selina. Only two verbal messages were given, and one of them came from my brother, in these words: "Tell him to get out of that Materialistic state; it will be better for him." There was no mistaking that message as intended for me. My brother was a Baptist Sunday-school superintendent.

But in another letter I shall describe even greater wonders, at a light-circle séance. W. H. Burr.

Washington, D. C., May 14, 1888.

The above statement of facts, so far as we were cognizant of them, is true; and we concur in Mr. Burr's judgment in regard to the most rational solution of the mysterious phenomena.

Victoria A. Burr.
Sarah Alexander.

Mrs. E. D. Slenker's Experience.

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

That is, he is not really convinced at all, though he may be bewildered and bothered in mind as to what is the actual truth in the case.

Now, when I asked Mr. Burr to investigate slate-writing, I felt that a man as astute and philosophical as he is would be pretty apt to see fraud and trickery if there should be any.

In the séance, he says, there is no room for fraud unless his senses deceive him. Well, our senses can very easily be made to deceive us under the skilful hands of a thaumaturgist.

Now I will merely mention a few suspicious circumstances. I was at a séance where we wrote in a small pass-book, at the medium's request, names, etc. I did not see how it was possible for the medium to know what we wrote. He desired us to write pretty heavily, so it would be plain; but we each tore out what we wrote and kept it ourselvs. But we got replies tallying with each. After all was over, I learned that there was impression paper placed between the leaves of the book, thus reproducing the writing on another leaf.

Mr. Burr tells us that after the folded slips were written the wife and child of the medium entered. It was just so when I was at Caffray's. The wife came with a message. But I am sure there was collusion and that was part of the play. I think the ballots were read by Keeler or wife. How it was done, of course I can't say. I am sorry Mr. Burr did not see the telegram.

Keeler took one of the slates and wrote on it, and pretending to read it aloud to Mr. Burr, he afterward apparently rubbed it out. How do we know he read what he wrote? Mr. Burr should hav asked to read it himself. It may be that the writing was not rubbed off and was used as the communications.

True, all this is guesswork, but it proves there was immense room for fraud.

Keeler might know Mr. Burr well, as he is a prominent man in Washington, and mediums make it a point to know all about any person who might giv them a call.

Caffray tore up my ballots; was called from the room by his wife; took the scraps of the torn ballots along; was gone long enough to piece them together and write my messages; came back, got more slates and mixed them with mine, and finally the séance closed by giving me three communications, that, I am sure, from all the circumstances, were written while he was out of the room.

I am not fighting straws, but I really am desirous of getting at the naked truth—if Comstock will allow me the expression.

I would like to liv at least a few hundred years, but our wishes will not create their fulfilment.

I do not say there are no real phenomena. It is probable where there is so much smoke there is some fire. But the cause of the fire may be very simple once we get at it.

So I ask one and all to help investigate, and do it fairly and honestly, and with open eyes, asking only for truth, pure and unadulterated.

Sunsday, May 13, 288. Elmina Drake Slenker.

Dr. Slade's Slate-Writing Abilities.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I hav just finished reading an article under the above caption in your last issue of The Truth Seeker, by W. H. Burr, in which he described an interview with a Mr. Keeler, a medium; and as his sitting with Mr. Keeler corresponds so nearly to the one I had with Dr. Slade in Buffalo last week, I thought it best to relate what passed on that occasion.

On learning from a friend that Dr. Slade was in Buffalo, I took the cars on Monday last and traveled a distance of fifty miles to hav a sitting with the above world-renowned independent slate-writer. On reaching Buffalo I stepped into a store and purchased a pair of slates, and went immediately to the doctor's boarding-place, which was at a private house in the city. The doctor when I entered was regaling himself with an after-dinner cigar, and we naturally fell into conversation upon the subject of Spiritualism. He evidently wished, so it seemed to me, to impress me with the idea that he was no fraud, which, I must allow, I readily fell in with.

We soon took seats at the table, the doctor, my friend (who, by the way, is a firm believer in Spiritual manifestations), and myself. As soon as we were seated raps, as they are called, began to be made, as it seemed, on all parts of the table, but from what cause I did not then know, and do not now.

The spirits apparently being willing, like Mr. Barkis, the doctor requested that I should ask a question to some departed friend of mine, which I did on one of the slates, holding it so he could not see the writing made by me. He took the slate, and putting a short piece of pencil on it, covered it with another slate; I heard the scratching going on, and apparently between the slates, and on removing the top slate there was written "Yes," a satisfactory answer to my question.

"Now," says the doctor, "we will let your friend write as he pleases;" and putting the slates together as before, the writing commenced at once, and the slates were put on my left shoulder, and I, resting my ear down on them, could plainly hear what I supposed was the writing going on. When the communication was finished I heard three raps, which the doctor said intimated that the writing was completed. On opening the slates, I found them all written over with a communication addressed to "Dear father," and signed "Willie," a son of mine who died two years ago.

Now, there is a class of reasoners who will hold that I must explain how that writing took place between those closed slates or else I must concede it was done by spirits out of the flesh. Such kind of logic as this is of the most fallacious kind, for it plainly implies that there is no other way by which the communication could possibly come—the loosest kind of reasoning, in which the *ergo* does not follow.

Of course, I do not claim to know how the writing was done, but I am satisfied that I hav more reason to think the doctor wrote the entire communication before the slates were closed than I hav that it was done bv my departed son.

Mr. Burr says: "Then he took my slate and began to write on it, saying, 'This is not what you came for, but I am impelled to write.'" He says further on: "What he himself had written I saw him rub out before coming to the test. The slates were clear as he put them together." Now, here, in my opinion, was just the point where Mr. Burr was most woefully deceived, and I hav no doubt, after due reflection, he will acknowledge the possibility of such an event. If he had followed to the letter the recommendation of Mrs. Slenker, I do not believe he would hav obtained any writing on his slates.

The same thing was played upon me by Dr. Slade. He filled a slate full before he tried the test, and, as I then supposed, rubbed it out; but I am now fully persuaded that the rubbing-out process was all a farce, in which I was gulled. Tie together your slates with a pencil between them before you come into the presence of the medium, and keep them so tied, and you will never get any writing done between them, Mr. Burr. W. F. T.

Spiritualism Considered in the Abstract.

In The Truth Seeker of May 5th, Mr. W. E. Brown requests me to answer several questions. I may not be able to answer a single one of these questions to his satisfaction. I am only a student, an investigator, of these things myself; yet I hav learned to distinguish the difference between knowledge and belief; and I will endeavor to answer his questions, without relating the facts and evidence, in this article, on which my knowledge, in one case, or belief, in another, is founded.

I know spirit life is, by evidence of a variety of facts observed; but because I know spirit life is, is no reason why I should be able to answer any or all of his questions from knowledge.

Truth, or its approximation, as near as possible, should be the object of all research and investigation.

That which givs life to the earth body, and passes out of it in what is called death, retaining all the characteristics manifested while in the earth body, is what is called the spirit of a person; but I am inclined to think that what is called the spirit is the body of the real being, which has always existed in some shape or form, whether conscious or unconscious of life. This preëxistence to me is a matter of speculation, as I hav no knowledge on this subject. Yet it is a field for research. It may be inaccessible to man and it may not, but the fact of life after so-called death has been often demonstrated, and is demonstrable.

There is evidence that the spirit body grows with the earth body. The spirit body may hav had its beginning with the earth body; I do not know. If it had, it will be likely to hav its end, as I hav learned, where I find one end, to look for another; but I know the end extends beyond the decay of the earth body.

I believe these remarks cover the subjects of Mr. Brown's questions. I hav not the time at present to extend this article to giv facts and reasoning for the answers I hav given.

I will be greatly obliged to Mrs. Ella E. Gibson if she will write up for The Truth Seeker the particulars of each phase of the manifestations about her, and how she accounts for these phenomena. What is the cause of them?

I ask no one to believe what I write. My object is to stir up inquiry and investigation.

Now, if Materialists generally will investigate these phenomena from a scientific standpoint, as all facts in nature should be investigated, in a few years the science of Spiritology will be established on facts as well known as those of any other science.

And I here present for the consideration of radical Spiritualists the use of the term Spiritology, instead of Spiritualism, by those who hav progressed beyond the religious idea, and who accept spirit phenomena as establishing a science as free from religious mixture as any other science. W. L. Willis.

Kokomo, Ind.

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What Is the Bible?

A book which the orthodox Christian church will scarcely welcome has just been issued by the Scribners, with the above title. The question has been asked a great many times, and answered in a variety of ways, but the author of this volume, who is a doctor of divinity as well as the professor of philosophy in Yale University, replies from the standpoint of a "liberal Christian"—that is, a man too scientific and well instructed to accept the current Christian notion of the book, but who yet retains a sufficient quantity of the dregs of an early education to desire to hold in his thought a saving clause for the venerable collection of fables. Professor Ladd distinctly announces that he is a Christian, and that his researches and conclusions are not undertaken and formed in antagonism to the Bible, and after this proceeds to tell his brethren what the Bible is, or rather what it is not. It is with the latter phase that we are chiefly concerned, for every man of common sense, when he finds the Bible is not what it pretends to be, will giv up his superstitious belief therein, and value it only as he values other books which hav helped or harmed him.

Professor Ladd's philosophical position, and the fact that he is a Christian and a friend to the church as well as to the Bible, will with Christians giv a weight to his statements of historical and analytical truths that they would refuse to a Freethinker. And if they are capable of forming correct conclusions from undisputed premises, the result of reading this book will not be what the author desires. We propose to epitomize the statements of this professor of philosophy, doctor of divinity, and good Christian, for the benefit of such of his unlearned brethren as may be induced to read them.

First and foremost, he says in reply to the question, What is the Bible? that we can never learn this from the Bible itself, for that book does not undertake to explain itself. Instead of being a coherent, united, and single production of a divine author, it "is really a collection of books separated by centuries of time. Moreover, it was centuries before the collection itself united into a whole by the action and usage of the Christian church. A theory of the inspiration of the Bible in the sense we are accustomed to attach to these words could not originate, therefore, until some time after the Christian era." Philo, who is taken by Mr. Ladd to represent the views prevalent about the time of the Christian era, derived his opinion of inspiration from the Platonic philosophers. This was that every notably wise man is inspired. The inspiration of the council of seventy was, according to him, nothing more than extraordinary wisdom. In early times, in the ignorance of the race, all superiority was given a supernatural origin. With how much truth, the world now knows. Professor Ladd therefore pronounces the theory of prophetic ecstasy as a condition of inspiration, the theory of a divine suggestion of all and particular of the scriptural books, as well as the theory of a special infallible inspiration operating within the minds of a select few, untenable and unsupported by any fact whatever. The plenary inspiration of the Bible, in any sense, must be given up.

Mr. Ladd denies, and emphasizes his denial with italics, that the Bible is the word of God. Dogmatic identification of the Bible and the word of God, he says, has never been attempted except by the post-Reformation theory of biblical inspiration. Where Professor Ladd obtains the "word of God" with which to compare the Bible is not for us to inquire. The Old Testament is as well sustained historically as the New, and he cannot accept the latter and reject the former. Neither can it be claimed that the Bible and science agree. For biblical science, for instance, to tell geology or astronomy what it must discover the rocks or stars to be, because the biblical account of creation means thus and so, is condemned by Professor Ladd as impertinent. The Hebrews shared the ignorance of the methods, conceptions, and conclusions of modern physical science which characterized all the ancient oriental peoples. And as the Hebrews, and not God, wrote the Bible, its ignorance and blunders cannot be laid at God's door. If the authority of the Bible is extended so as to cover matters dealt with by the sciences of nature, it is inevitable that these sciences and the Bible will come into conflict. Throughout the Old Testament the phenomena of the earth and sky are conceived of in the most primitiv fashion, and to interpret these conceptions in any mystical or evasiv fashion is unjustifiable. Science never had any existence among the Hebrews in the Old Testament time. The biblical writers knew no more than others of the order, laws, and resultants of physical causes. There is not an atom of evidence to show that they had any other information concerning the truths of nature than such as belonged to all their contemporaries. The chaos of which Genesis speaks had its counterpart in the cosmogonies of surrounding nations existing long previous to this account. The division of time into weeks or periods of seven days existed for an indefinitly long time before the narrativ originated. The act of creation in six successiv days was a tradition in many nations before the Hebrews claimed it as peculiar to their God. Man is always rated as the last formed creature; most of the traditions recognize his formation from the soil, and some of them also recognize the formation of woman from one of man's bodily members. In none of these features, then, can the Hebrew narrativ be said to be peculiar.

The details of the creation, too, can by no stretch of liberal interpretation be reconciled with modern science, which must be admitted to be accurate. The narrativ of Genesis introduces all the forms of plant-life together in verse 12; all the forms of fishes and birds in verse 20; all the forms of land animals in verse 24 and following; it makes these creatures belong to different, separate periods of time, and to different creativ acts. But such a view is quite at variance with the conclusions of modern science. Nor can modern science admit that all the forms of plant-life were created before the existence of sunlight, or that the separation of all plant-life from all animal life—with an entire period or eon thrown in between—represents the real facts of the case. Genesis also speaks of a mass of raging waters; modern science, of a gaseous fluid. The immense antiquity of the heavenly bodies, too, is one of the firmest conclusions of science. But an age for them beyond the few thousand years allowed by the Bible, disputes the book as clearly as the difference between water and a gaseous fluid. Hence various hypotheses of reconciliation. But, says Professor Ladd, there are special objections to each of these hypotheses upon which each strikes and is broken in pieces. One objection, and one that is insurmountable, and does away with the necessity of others, is the fact that the Hebrew word for day cannot be translated to mean a long period. The word, says Professor Ladd, never means, and cannot mean, an indefinitly long or a vast period of time, such as is absolutely required to constitute one of the geological eras.

Again, Professor Ladd finds—and remember that he is all the time defending the book—that the histories recorded by the Bible are not to be depended upon at all. There no doubt exists, he says, a very natural disinclination on the part of many devout readers of the Bible to admit that any of its statements of historical facts are not strictly accurate. That errors do exist, however, hundreds of them, the professor candidly admits. Even the gospels, which he regards with extreme tenderness, are full of discrepancies and errors. This is owing to the entrance into the Bible of mythical and legendary narrativ. Genesis is nearly all legendary. The *first pair* is a legend widely disseminated among nations of antiquity. The Garden of Eden is a myth. The story of the temptation and fall is also traditionary. Nearly all of the first eleven chapters of Genesis is not only unhistorical but impossible. Of the authorship of these books, and others, we know nothing, and, says Professor Ladd, we shall probably never be able to tell who wrote most of the Hebrew Bible, or at what date most of its books came into existence. For this opinion the professor cites all the scholars of the church as well as the Rationalistic school, as being in agreement.

The New Testament, too, is found to be full of discrepancies, which the professor is too honest to deny, though he is not sufficiently frank to note all the objections raised to the Synoptic gospels. But his desire to conceal that which throws discredit upon the authenticity of the books but emphasizes those admissions wrung reluctantly from him. The Synoptic (first three) gospels are made up, he says, from oral tradition, material from previously written documents, and material "that comes from reflection, or is due to the linguistic and other peculiarities of the author. The order in which they arose is uncertain. As in the case of the Hexateuch [the first six books of the Old Testament] so in the case of these, we shall probably never be able to reconstruct in theory the exact process of oral and written composition which has entered into each."

That is to say, we do not know anything about them. They are the stories of tradition, supplemented with the "reflections" of the scribe who put them on paper we don't know when. Professor Ladd goes on: "Of many of the biblical books we do not know, and never shall know, the authors. The Bible is in reality a collection of writings of a widely diverse origin, with very different characteristics and degrees of value. It is especially true of the Old Testament that no amount of critical and historical study will ever enable the world of scholars to tell in detail how its canon came to be formed. The traditions of the Jews on this subject are made up of untrustworthy stories and myths." The canon of the New Testament is even more muddled and uncertain. The books composing the New Testament were unknown till after the middle of the second century, and at first the work of the so-called scholars was confined to proving their genuinness, a task they could not accomplish. It was not till the close of the century that the present books were received as canonical, and this was an oral tradition, a most unsatisfactory "proof." But even later the equal authority of other books was supported by many of the churchmen. From the time of Augustine "onward for centuries an unhistorical and unscrupulous spirit held almost unbroken sway. The question of the canon and the question what is true biblical teaching, came to be determined by an irrational appeal to the dogmas of the church fathers, without any sincere and thorough attempt to investigate the grounds of a true answer to either of these questions."

There is no room to doubt, says Professor Ladd, as to the general fact that numerous variations and corruptions exist in the present text of the Bible. As far back as we can go in the history of the church it has ever been the same. Of the Old Testament, the oldest manuscripts extant are not older than the thirteenth and twelfth centuries after Christ. The oldest are the Septuagint and the Samaritan Pentateuch; but these vary most from the Masoretic text. The three Greek translations of Aquila, Theodotion, and Symmachus are not concordant. The Syriac, when independent of the Septuagint, differs in places so widely that it seems to be a translation of another form of the Hebrew. It is calculated that the Septuagint differs from the Hebrew and accords with the Samaritan Pentateuch in about one thousand places; that about the same number of reverse cases occur; while in certain other cases the Septuagint stands alone. Of the New Testament, the original manuscripts were never seen. Nobody knows who wrote them; nobody knows how they were written. There are, says Professor Ladd, probably a hundred thousand errors in the text, many of them serious,

and a few very important. Marginal notes hav crept into the text, words hav been omitted, or inserted, or their order varied, and changes in spelling are numerous. Some errors are due to the fact that the eye of the scribe wandered from the end of one to the end of another of two clauses ending with the same words, in such a way as to cause the omission of the intervening words. Vowels and diphthongs having similar sounds are confused, where the writing has apparently been from dictation. No form of words at all approaching a standard of infallible accuracy has been preserved. There is a wide-spread and irremovable uncertainty concerning the text of the Old and New Testaments.

These are indisputable facts, and should set the Christian who slavishly follows the Bible to thinking. Professor Ladd is a prejudiced writer, and he has understated the unhistorical and corrupt character of the scriptures. Leaving aside the doctrinal absurdities and cruelties of the Bible, the legendary and mythical history of the book should deter any honest investigator from placing his faith upon it. It is better not to believe so much than to believe so much that is not so.

Who Are They?

Persistent inquiry from a number of our friends induces us to print these two paragraphs for the purpose of finding out who these men are. It may not be flattering to Messrs. Caldwell and Merriman, but really it appears that their claims to hav once been Infidels is all the distinction they ever achieved. The first paragraph is from the Indianapolis *News* of April 30th:

"PARKERSBURG, W. VA., April 30th.—Hon. Chas. T. Caldwell, until recently known throughout the country as the 'Ingersoll of the West Virginia bar,' from his known Infidelity to the Christian religion, and who was recently converted by the preaching of Evangelist Simons, has taken local ministerial orders. He preached his first sermon yesterday morning in the Methodist Episcopal Church South in this city, to an unusually large and critical audience. The sermon was a masterly effort, abounding in beautiful similes, appeals of touching pathos, and logical deductions. The large congregation, many of whom were old friends and companions of Caldwell in the old life, expressed the utmost astonishment and wonder at his extraordinary talent and ability as a teacher of the gospel. Caldwell will shortly discontinue the practice of law and enter his new field of labor."

The second paragraph is from the Annistown, Ala., *Watchman*, of the same date:

"Rev. James A. Merryman, one of the founders of the Orphans' Home and Reform School, of Birmingham, is in the city for the purpose of lecturing for the benefit of the school. Mr. Merryman for twenty years lived the life of an Infidel and was the intimate friend of Colonel Ingersoll, but about a year ago he reformed, was admitted to the ministry, and has since lived a Christian life. He will lecture to-night in the Salvation Army Barracks. Twenty-five cents admission will be charged. Subject:—Phil. iii, 8."

If anybody ever heard of these gentlemen when they were Infidels, and knows of their ever doing anything for liberty of thought, the information will be thankfully received at this office.

The Parnellites and the Pope.

It is encouraging to note that the Irish political leaders hav spunked up sufficiently to snub his holiness of the Vatican, and to invite him, in polite phrase, to mind his own business. The Irish, or any other nationality, or municipality, are entitled to home rule, and whatever we may think of the methods of the Parnellites or their English opponents, the conduct of the Irish political campaign is no affair of the pope. That the Irish members of Parliament, after thoroughly discussing the papal rescript, should come to this conclusion, and publish their opinion, is encouraging.

The manifesto issued by the Irish members contains three points. The first is that the pope knows nothing about Irish affairs; second, that he is on the side of the oppressors; and third, that in all political matters the Irishmen desire to be let alone. The allegations of fact put forth in the papal rescript, says the manifesto, are not facts at all, and could hav been so considered by his holiness for no other reason than that he obtained them from a source hostil to Irish autonomy. No freedom of contract in land-leasing exists in Ireland, and over one hundred contracts hav been broken by Tory law on the ground that they were one-sided, and therefore contrary to public policy. In boycotting tyrannical landlords the Irish are but using the only means they possess to procure justice.

So say the Parnellites, and they may be right. If the landlords, by virtue of ownership of the soil, take the high and mighty position that they may charge what they like for its occupancy, so may the tenants, by virtue of their ownership of themselvs, refuse to work for, buy of, sell to, or hold intercourse with the landlords. One side has the same natural right to be independent as the other. By his orders to the people, the pope placed himself on the side of wealth, power, conservatism, and tyranny. His action was in harmony with the history of the church, though there may be more behind it than now appears. Leo desires temporal power over the portion of Italy formerly known as the papal states. Perhaps England will help him obtain it if he helps her to subdue the political revolt of her Irish subjects.

It is one thing, however, to sell a people, and another to deliver the goods. An Irishman is sometimes obstinate, and possibly he will refuse to recognize politics as a part of religious morals.

How Is This, Messrs. Buckley and Du Puy?

The *Sun*, of this city, on the 19th inst. alleged:

"In printing a recent edition of the daily *Christian Advocate*, the official organ of the Methodist General Conference, work was performed at the establishment of the Methodist Book Concern in the early hours of the holy Sabbath morning. Yet the printing and sale of Sunday newspapers has been a thorn in the flesh of the Methodist brethren who are now in session at the Metropolitan Opera House. They hav declaimed bitterly against the Sunday press, and urged that it is a strong cause of religious indifference in large cities. Yet the brethren of the Book Concern found it convenient to employ some of the Sabbath's sacred hours for the printing of the *Advocate*. They admit that the work could hav been done Monday morning, but it would hav been a great bother."

The *Advocate* establishment in this city is presided over by J. M. Buckley, editor of the weekly journal, who has as associate editor W. H. Du Puy. Mr. Du Puy is the gentleman upon whom falls the extra editorial work, such as supervising the production of the cyclopedia and looking after the *Advocate* when Mr. Buckley is away. Before the General Conference convened in this city the weekly *Advocate* announced that a daily *Advocate* would appear during the conference, edited by Mr. Du Puy. It has appeared, and now the city is astonished to find that some of the mechanical labor upon it has been performed on Sunday. Perhaps some of the editorial work has also been done upon that day.

This reveals the grossest hypocrisy upon the part of Messrs. Buckley and Du Puy. The Methodists are tremendous sticklers for the "holy Sabbath," the *Advocate* has been an uncompromising foe of even the smallest infraction of the day's "holiness," and Buckley and Du Puy are Methodists of the Methodists in upholding Sabbath observance. Even traveling on Sunday to reach an appointment to preach has been condemned by them.

Yet now, to save a little bother, we find them allowing a daily edition of their paper to be printed on Sunday. Will they ever hav the face to again talk for the sanctity of the day? "Thou hypocrit, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

A United States Sunday Law.

Mr. Henry W. Blair, a survival of New England Puritanism which New Hampshire has sent to the United States Senate, has introduced in that body "a bill to secure to the people the enjoyment of the first day of the week, commonly known as the Lord's day, as a day of rest, and to promote its observance as a day of religious worship." It provides that no person or corporation shall perform or authorize to be performed any secular work, labor, or business to the disturbance of others (works of necessity, mercy, and humanity excepted), nor shall any person engage in any play, game, amusement, or recreation to the disturbance of others, on the Lord's day in any place subject to the exclusiv jurisdiction of the United States. It is made unlawful for any person or corporation to receive pay for labor or service rendered in violation of this provision. Section 2 reads:

"No mails shall hereafter be transported in time of peace over any land postal route, nor shall any mail matter be collected, assorted, handled, or delivered, during the first day of the week; provided that whenever any letter shall relate to a work of necessity or mercy, or shall concern the health, life, or decease of any person, and the fact shall be plainly stated upon the face of the envelope, the postmaster-general shall provide for the transportation of such letters in packages separate from other mail matter, and shall make regulations for the delivery thereof, the same having been received at its place of destination before the first day of the week, during such limited section of the day as shall best suit the public convenience and least interfere with the due observance of the day as one of worship and rest; and provided further that when there shall hav been an interruption in the due and regular transmission of the mails, it shall be lawful to so far examin the same when delivered as to ascertain if there be no such matter therein for lawful delivery on the first day of the week."

Section 3 declares to be unlawful the prosecution of commerce between the states and Indian tribes on Sunday, and provides that all persons violating the provision shall be liable to a fine of from $10 to $1.000.

Section 4 prohibits all military and naval drills and parades in time of peace, except assemblies for religious worship of persons in the military service of the United States on the Lord's day.

An additional section provides that labor or service rendered on the first day of the week in consequence of accident, disaster, or unavoidable delays in making the regular communication upon postal and transportation routes, the preservation of perishable and exposed property, and the regular and necessary transportation and delivery of articles of food in condition for healthy use, and such transportation for short distances from one state into another as by local laws shall be declared to be necessary for the public good, shall not be deemed violations of the act, but shall be construed as far as possible to secure to the whole people rest from toil during the first day of the week.

The reporter forwarding this synopsis says the senators smiled considerably when the title of Mr. Blair's bill was read, and one of them said that it was truly wonderful what an industrious man Mr. Blair is in the interests of humanity and good morals. There is, we should judge, small probability of the bill becoming a law at present, but it serves admirably to show what the churches want, and what they will hav if money, lobbying ability, and church influence can secure it.

Editorial Notes.

SEVERAL months hav elapsed since a religious correspondent has sent an account of the punishment of a blasphemer, but here is one that will probably reappear in every pious paper in the country: "Seneca, Kan., May 6th.—On Thursday afternoon two farmers named Brimley, living north of this place, quarreled with a farm hand named Althaus regarding the taking of the sacrament. Althaus, they assert, made a blasphemous remark, and almost before the words had left his lips went suddenly insane, rushing about the farm with fearful groans. The two farmers endeavored to hold him, but he escaped and ran toward the woods along the banks of the Nenecha river, where he was lost." Some Freethinker in the neighborhood should hunt up the author of this and tell him what a liar he is.

IN the canvass for bishops of the church the Methodist delegates now assembled in general conference hav developed remarkable political ability. They canvass and log-roll just like the members of Congress on a harbor and river appropriation, and they would undoubtedly hold public caucuses if the church practice permitted. As it is, their caucuses are little private affairs, held in delegates' rooms and in the lobby of the Opera House, but these are exceedingly numerous and not a little vicious, if the delegates who are left out are to be believed. Charges are made in open session that the law of the church that bishops shall be elected without preliminary canvassing has been broken by the friends of all the candidates, and the charges are not made in the most kindly spirit. The delegates seem to be about like other men, anxious to hav their own way, and not always particular how they get it. A heathen who should be taken to the hall and told that the assembly was composed of teachers of charity, honor, peace, and love would probably laugh at his informant, and intimate that if this was the best Christianity could do practically he would rest content in his heathen superstition.

THE Infidels of Toronto are hopeful that the Canadian government will rescind its former action in refusing them a charter for their publication company, and arrangements are being made for a hearing at the proper office. Mr. Watts has issued an open letter to the government in which he contends that Christianity is not the law of Canada, and that if it were, the withers of his company are still unwrung, as Secularism is not necessarily opposed to Christianity. We hesitate to take issue with Mr. Watts, but if Canada is not a Christian country, we trust that none will ever appear on the globe. A country whose official dictum is that Ingersoll's defensiv speech in a blasphemy prosecution is *obscene* is, in our opinion, low enough in the scale of intelligence to be rightfully called Christian. And while Secularism, perhaps, does not antagonize a particular church, the attention to the affairs of this world does certainly antagonize, by implication and example, any religion which contends that the chief and highest end of man is to glorify God and fully enjoy him forever, as the catechism has it. So long as Christianity regards a right preparation for heaven as of more importance than a happy existence here, Secularism must necessarily be its open opponent.

Letters from Friends.

STRASBURG, ILL., April 25. 1888.

MR. EDITOR: With joy exceeding that of a Methodist deacon, I write to tell you, it has happened again! Mr. Remsburg gave his two popular lectures, "The Apostle of Liberty" and "Bible Morals," as announced last week. The school-house was filled, standing-room being at a premium each night. A wreath of flowers and thirteen stars swung above the rostrum; beneath them, "U. M. L." The school-children interpreted this to mean: "You Methodists, look out." The Methodists hav undertaken to convert the burg, but gave the people to understand the first night they held meetings here that they did not want to talk to unbelievers, and asked God to forgiv them if they did. Last night as we were about to adjourn a Methodist of the male persuasion elbowed his way to the center of the house, jumped upon a bench, and said, "Be quiet just a minute; there will be preaching here to-morrow night." The clerk went him one better by announcing that Saturday night and Sunday Brother Waginor, of the hardshell Baptists, would preach here. This morning, after paying all expenses, we hav $8.20 on hand.

A. YORK, Clerk.
J. N. STORM, Treas.
W. W. BEALS, Pres.

NEW BEDFORD, PA., April 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Grover is right on the Catholic question. I hav urged the same views for many years. Men who regard their obligations to any other organization, person, or power, foreign or otherwise, as higher than that which they owe this government, even after they hav taken the oath of allegiance, should not be allowed to take the oath. Now, every good Catholic so regards his obligations. With him the church and its authorities stand far above all other governments, principalities, or powers. And he swears with this reservation. Such an oath is a fraud; it is perjury pure and simple. If we still continue to import by the million the dregs of Catholic Europe and clothe them with citizenship they will soon control our whole country, as they now do many of our cities. They will then change our Constitution and laws, abolish our free and establish their parochial schools, etc. Then our liberties are overthrown, or only preserved through blood and carnage. In my youth the Protestant and Catholic churches were bitterly hostil to one another. But it is manifest now, as Liberalism grows, and threatens to become a power of sufficient strength to overthrow their mutually cherished superstitions, many of the Protestant leaders are making peace with Catholicism, and preparing, when the irrepressible conflict culminates, and the great battle between science and superstition is being fought, to stand shoulder to shoulder and fight in the ranks of their former enemy against light, liberty, and Liberalism.

Yours truly, W. W. WALKER.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL., April 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed a copy of the report of Mr. Putnam's work in San José on the 22d instant, as it appears in the *Mercury:*

The afternoon lecture on "Dangers Ahead" was ably handled. I wish every citizen in San José could hav heard it. He proved that as a nation we are not acting in accordance with the Constitution of the United States, and gave numberless reasons for the necessity of organizing auxiliaries to the American Secular Union, whose fundamental basis is the Nine Demands of Liberalism, which demand a total separation of church and state. He quoted from Franklin the following sentiment: "We hold that the only guarantee of religious or civil liberty is the absolute divorce of church and state;" from James A. Garfield, who said, "The divorce between church and state ought to be absolute;" from George Washington, who said, "The government is in no sense founded on the Christian religion;" from Grant, who said, "Keep church and state forever separate." He proved that danger threatens our government and that we should be up and doing. The evening lecture on the "Glory of Infidelity" was a masterly effort. He stated that "the title of Infidel is one that has been bestowed upon us by the Christian world; we do not call ourselvs Infidels, we call ourselvs Freethinkers; but we are willing to accept the title they hav given us," etc. At the close an organization was effected and the following temporary officers were elected: President, Mr. Woodhams, of Santa Clara; secretary, Mrs. R. H. Schwartz; committee on by-laws, Messrs. Magenheimer, Titus, Kappitz, and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Schwartz. All felt that they had spent a profitable day.

The appointed committee of five—viz., temporary president, A. S. Woodhams; secretary, Mrs. R. H. Schwartz; Messrs. Magenheimer, Schwartz, and Pobritz—met Sunday evening, April 29th. Mr. Woodhams being absent, R. H. Schwartz was appointed chairman. It being found necessary to make some addition to the constitution and by-laws, a committee was appointed to attend to that matter. Mr. Vostrowsky, Anna Vostrowsky, and Mr. Scheneman were present. There were ten in all. The money was raised to send for the charter, and will go to Secretary Stevens by the same mail that takes this to you. You will see by this that the Secular Union of San José has made a fair start. I hope to be able to report rapid progress in the near future.

MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ, Temporary Secretary.

TALENT, ORE., May 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: "I still liv," and suffer with and for inherited ailments and early false education and wrong habits. It being too wet in Washington territory, I came here to this beautiful and fruitful valley, where I may conclude to stop. I am alone in a board house, eight hundred feet above and three miles from Talent. The young man, Mr. Herman Stock, who owns the house, very kindly givs me the use of it for a while. On his door it reads, "No preachers admitted except on business." Mr. Breese, Mr. Dean, Mr. Holton, and their wives are very kind to me. They and a few others seem to be pervaded by a spirit of truth, humanity, and help-each-other life. All subjects are discussed, dissected, and criticised in their meetings with a freedom and earnestness that promis much good to the young, and the ignorant and stupid world around them. Over the door on the outside of the meeting-room it reads, "U. M. L. Hall." As a contrast, over the entrance to every orthodox church it might appropriately read, "Universal Mental Slavery." Attached to the hall is a room in which the Sunday-school is taught, and in which for two months past a successful Secular school has been taught. Both of these schools are under the instruction and guidance of Mr. W. J. Dean, a very intelligent, progressiv, and deep Freethinker, and Miss Rosetta Waters, an able musician, a very kind, enthusiastic, and efficient teacher. In both schools the pupils are taught facts of nature, demonstrated as obvious truths, and the creeds and dogmas of Godism, mythology, a false cosmogony, and priestcraft are, as far as possible, kept out of the pupil's mind. The hall is most beautifully, tastefully, and appropriately arranged and decorated. Over the back of the stage it reads, "Seek the truth." Over the front in white letters on blue ground is the word, "Liberty." On one side of the hall it reads: "To do justice to mankind, scorn the priest and free the mind." On the other side it reads, "Reason be your guide, and truth your pride." On the front end it reads, "In science we trust." The pictures of Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll hang upon the walls.

There seems to me, so far, to be more freedom and toleration of speech, and more promis for practical reforms and how to make the most of life, than is to be seen and heard in most halls where the motto is U. M. L. The day for universal mental liberty in all its practical significance has not yet arrived. As a motto and watchword, it is well to adopt and to work for and toward it as fast as possible.

PROF. J. H. COOK.

ANDOVER, KAN., May 2, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Freethought is slow work here, but most people can see a change. Christians do not ask Infidels any more for money, which is quite a change from four or five years ago. At that time we generally leaned that way.

Hav had the pleasure of attending court at Eldorado, as petit juror, there to see justice meted out to anxious penitents; whilst there made some acquaintances. I had several discussions, as the town is generally run by Christians, including the Salvation Army. I made some offers to their clergymen, also to "Captain Adair," that I would place $100 in their banks to their credit if they would prove that there was an entity that lived after the dissolution of the body, and that there was a God to save or damn it. But as yet no one has applied. I am by no means flush with money, but to Salvation people, if they would turn their barracks of ignorance and superstition into a school-house to educate, I would giv $10 to start with, whilst they, for their cause, get from thirty-five to seventy-five cents by hard coaxing and abusing the citizens.

In a conversation with several jurymen, at the National Hotel, to down Infidelity they said that all the occupants in the jail were the kind that made up our crowd, and just then I offered to wager my jury fees that they were either Christians or they believed in the divinity of Christ. And on going to the court house, on information volunteered by Deputy-Sheriff Dodson, the case was decided my way.

In an argument with another gentleman, who believed that the Bible was inspired, every word of it, and believed that those who did not believe were bad men, and that the authorities and citizens of Eldorado would do me justice by putting me in jail, I kindly informed him that if we lived in New Jersey they certainly would; then I asked him many puzzling questions.

C. B. Reynolds's lectures here last winter, on "Life's Duties" and "What Liberalism Teaches," ought to be printed in pamphlet form and distributed throughout the land, sent to every house, and read by every man, woman and child that can read. It would not be long then till the eighty per cent of the American people that can read would be free from superstition, and the other twenty per cent would, of course, be Christians. And then would be produced the greatest funeral homily that the world has ever seen, and that would be to their dead book, the Bible.

I hav promised my friends—jurymen each one—to exchange papers. Hav mailed them some old copies, for which in return I hav got an armful of Christian papers.

Yours very respectfully, A. M. WOLF.

WALNUT GROVE, KAN., April 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am trying to pick up a subscriber wherever I can find one, but times are very hard here, as the failure of our crops makes it much worse than you could imagin. But there are some that I will get as soon as they can spare the stamps to pay for your paper. They like the sentiments of the contributors, and those cartoons are dead shots on theology. The very pious Christians of our place hate those pictures as badly as the devil hates holy water. And the poor sky-pilots like me about the same. I don't take any pains to keep the papers out of sight. I like to talk to the good, pious church-members and get into an argument with them; then I get the holy Bible, God's precious word, and some of those very ridiculous passages found there, and see them stare at me. Then I just let them read for themselvs; I giv them the book, chapter, and verse as a reference to take home to read at their leisure time and reason on with themselvs, and do their own thinking with.

They will hav the preacher at this post as captain to command at the next round-up, as I call their annual dress-parade, next winter; as they hav to muster all their forces once a year, so that they can make a fine display of their troops. But they hav not recruited very fast in the last year. They hav lost some by desertion, and some hav gone to other pastures, so they try and swap around and try to warm over a few of other sects to keep up the rolls, so that they can draw rations for the captains and non-commissioned officers. They squeeze all of the soft members, and then beg the rest from the ungodly sinners. The Methodists are the greatest beggars, especially the preachers and the ladies of the church. The male portion are getting scarce all the time. The members think if I should leave this place they could do something. I was talking of going to Colorado; they often ask me when I am going to Colorado. I tell them that I do not know. They think that it would be a benefit to my health to go West, but I do not know as it would; I think that I will stay with them some time longer and try and send you a subscriber once in a while. I will do all that I can for progress, free speech, free thought, and free press, and THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like the paper, the sentiments and grand principles that it advocates—justice, a fair deal and fair play.

Yours truly, WILLIAM H. NOAH, P.M.

CONCORD, N. C., April 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I had occasion a few weeks since to make inquiry of an acquaintance as to the health of a lady friend, whose husband had died a few days previous, as an absence of a letter from her gave fears that she might be sick. I wrote to the pastor of her church. He replied next day, inflicting on me such bosh as the following: "Our only consolation and comfort is in knowing that God doeth all things well, and that our brother is happier with Christ than with us." For a more absurd, unreasonable sentence, one filled to the brim and running over with silliness, I think a premium should be offered. My friend who died left a widow in rather feeble health, and a son of about twelve years. Now let us analyze the reverend gentleman's sentiments as expressed in that one sentence. He says God did a good act in taking away from a loving wife, who has passed the meridian of life by twenty years, a loving and affectionate husband, and placing him in the cold ground. He says God did a good act in depriving a son, a youth of tender years, surrounded by all the snares and thorns of vice, of a kind and loving father, at a time when that son was most in need of good counsel and a father's protection. This, to the Liberal mind, is strange doctrin, but it is in keeping with the absurd church creeds and church and Bible dogmas. "God doeth all things well."

In the cyclone at Mt. Vernon, Ill., when there was no distinction made between saint and sinner, "God did all things well!" In case of a railroad accident, caused by a drunken engineer or conductor, where scores are killed and crippled, "God doeth all things well." In case of an epidemic of yellow fever, when hundreds die and pass to the mythical hell or heaven, "God doeth all things well." When the torrents of rain descend and fill our rivers to overflowing and submerge towns and cities, destroying lives and property, then, in the opinion of my learned church friend, "God doeth all things well." If the tenet held by this learned D.D. is true, why, oh, why should man contend against pestilence, sickness, the ravages of beasts of prey, and the insects which destroy the crops of the tillers of the soil? Why should we not accept and act on the precepts taught in Matt. vi, 34? If any class or sect of men could act out the teaching of the verse quoted, the pastors who get large salaries for giving nothing for something would be about the only persons who could do it, as their manna is showered down on them every day—not, as the manna of the children of Israel was, by God, but from the pockets of the hard-working members of their churches, who often deny themselvs and their families the comforts of life to pay the preachers for ministering to them one day in holy things. And "God doeth all things well."

J. W. MEHAFFEY.

TUSCOLA, ILL., April 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Ever since Mr. C. B. Reynolds's lectures in this city—last Oct. 9th and 10th—it has been my purpose to write you of my impressions of the man and of his work. He was the first man who ever appeared before a Tuscola audience attacking the superstitions and absurdities which hav so long been the woof and warp of orthodoxy and which for ages hav been the forces that hav driven man to the perpetration of every crime. C. B. Reynolds is a "noble old Roman" in the ranks of Freethought. In private conversation or in the forum, fable and falsity, credulity and superstition, are dealt masterly blows and dethroned from the brain of man. His positions are invulnerable; his logic is a two-edged sword. But one of the most marked, and to me the most pleasing, characteristics of the man is his absolute control of temper. In this respect he is certainly entitled to be ranked as the Socrates of the age. Moving, as he does, upon the exalted plane of universal love and charity, he certainly is fulfilling the noble mission placed in his hands to perform. As to his work here, if there be any truth in the saying that "the worse the hurt, the worse the howl," our orthodox friends came near having spasms. A multitude of punishments adequate to the enormity of his offense were indulged in prospectivly, but as the church and the throne hav been divorced, he was beyond their power to punish. All, then, left for them to do was to vilify and malign, the last and only ammunition in the arsenal of their anthropomorphic God.

But notwithstanding ours is a highly rated Wesleyan and Calvinistic community, there are glorious evidences of the rapid strides of Freethought on every hand. With a population of two thousand, the time has been when our town supported six regular sky-pilots, and there still exist six spires reaching almost as high as the place where heaven was located by Moses. But only three ministers now eke out a livelihood, the support of whom comes largely from the non-religious portion of the people, levied in the shape of poor festivals and snide entertainments, in which both

extortion and robbery are applauded. Mr. Reynolds left us many good ideas, and the seed sown will bear full fruitage.

Last, but not least, is the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, whose readers are always assured of the honest and sincere thought of candid men; thought which, untrammeled and unrestrained, unhampered and undaunted, carries the mind, Mazeppa-like, above and beyond the narrow creeds to the hights of absolute freedom, where it may roam at will and gather the flowers and fruits of noble, virtuous action.

The pictures by Mr. Heston do not shock our minds, but on the contrary help us to more fully realize the exceeding transparency of the account. C. S. GLASSCO.

ADRIAN, MICH., May 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In regard to C. L. James's grandiloquent depreciation of my article on Anarchy which was printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER some time ago: He refers to the *Freethinkers' Magazine;* he indirectly accuses me of plagiarism. I acknowledge that I hav read the journal spoken of, and I think it presents much that would benefit my erratic friend. One does not hav to quote from any other source than his own convictions, if he be loyal, to show the fallacy of Anarchy. In regard to the amount of territory subject to homestead, he has but to refer to our land laws. I do not mean to be understood that the government givs away this land, but the amount required is so small to get a title that any honest man, not tinctured with the free-plunder mania, can become a real estate possessor. As was said in my former article, there are thousands of acres of virgin soil that are not occupied. Loyal men do not complain; it is the lazy, disaffected element who find the fault. A man with ordinary caliber who says those Chicago disturbers did not get their just deserts favors the same principles of those unfortunate men. I deny that Anarchy is favored by Ingersoll and others mentioned, as he would hav us believe. Now, Friend James, I did not get my disability in trying to appropriate my neighbors' belongings. Neither do I ask your sympathy. I am possessed of enough common sense to be loyal to the land that gave me birth.

O. S. BARRETT.

NEW CAMBRIA, KAN., April 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The worthy secretary of the American Secular Union hits the nail right on the head when he says: "Two or three good Liberal workers ought to set orthodoxy out in the cold in any small community." This we know by experience can be done. When I was a boy they used to hold church and Sunday-school almost under my nose, but when I arrived at manhood and began to take an earnest interest in the issues of the day it was quite otherwise. I became full, as it were, and was something like a man from Indiana my father used to tell about that was going into a fight; he said, "Gentlemen, stand back! what I do I shall hav to do quickly, for I'm short-winded." He backed his man out. So it was when we began to open fire on them. We drove them to their fortifications (the town), and out of our range at that time, until their closest point was three miles and a half from us in any direction. Thus I enlarged upon my field until I affected them more or less over the greater portion of Fulton county, Ill. I do not claim all the credit to myself. Alexander Slack, and I don't know how many others, preceded me.

Since we hav come to Kansas, I hav introduced Liberalism over a greater scope of country—Salina, New Cambria, Solomon City, and Concordia, being in three different counties. How hav I done this? Of course, I hav spent some money for pamphlets and tracts; but the greater portion of my introduction of Freethought has been done by sending in the names of those I could recollect to THE TRUTH SEEKER and other papers, that they might send them sample copies.

When we came here we found a church in activ operation within two miles and a half of where we squatted, so you see the orthodox atmosphere was too stifling for one that was not used to it, and I said, "Gentlemen, stand back and giv us a chance to breathe the pure air;" and they had to stand back, and now it is impossible for them to hold regular services, and notwithstanding the church here—Lutheran—is opposed to dancing, they lugged themselvs in with a dancing party and paid for the hall and got up a supper, the church to hav the proceeds of the supper. There were twenty couples out; fifteen went without and five of them took supper. The boys boasted, "That time they made something off the church." The church people's object in this case was "revenue only." In it they failed. Then they fell back on the old plan and started the women out to beg. Where the people had no money they told them they would take eggs, butter, and poultry in lieu thereof; and making quite a collection of the last named, they announced a sale of the above articles. A carpenter they begged of asked them if the minister was sick, and they said No. Said he: "Damn it! let him work for a living, as I do! So there is enough of that!"

As a starter Judge Osborne, Mrs. Abbot, and myself poured hot shot into them in a literary society we held at the New Cambria school-house until they closed the building, which I mentioned a year ago. And I hav given out every Liberal paper that I got hold of ever since.

We learn an anecdote of Judge Osborne at a revival held in a school-house this last winter. They called upon anyone who had a mind to to get up and giv his experience, and as they had not succeeded in getting any converts, and as, as usual, the audience turned their eyes toward the judge as much as to say, That means you—which the judge, from the force of habit, did not doubt in the least—he arose, with a very slow and dignified manner, judge-like, and began to giv his opinion of the revival. The minister said to the judge, "Will you please keep quiet?" "I will not," replied the judge. "This building was built for public instruction; I hav as good a right to instruct the people in this building as you hav. You hav told this congregation what an unprincipled class Infidels are. Now, being an Infidel, I claim the right to tell them what a humbug revivalists are." It is needless to add that they did not get a single convert during the revival. There are two things noticeable in the judge's deportment, viz., he knows when it is a proper time for him to speak, and he is also too well acquainted with forensic methods to be shut off in the way the dominie attempted. He has been too used to ruling the proceedings himself to be shut off in that manner. So there was nothing left for them to do but blow out the lights, which they did.

So I say, with Secretary Stevens, if you believe in the essence of American freedom, it is your duty to inform the orthodox people that we exist, and what we exist for. Do anything and everything that is proper to bring about this desired effect. JOHN W. ABBOTT.

VINELAND, N. J., April 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: One of our local divines, divinely attired, his divine plug wreathed with divine smiles, is going the rounds of our township drumming up converts and a general interest in his particular gospel dispensary. He works one street a day, I believe. Very hard work it must be—almost as hard as canvassing for a less important manufacturer than the one he claims to represent. Now, I liv in such unholy seclusion—among birds and books, and minding my own business generally—I scarcely know the faces of the divine men of this place from those of men not so divinely favored; hence, when my door-bell tinkled—directly after the noonday meal—and the sound of exquisit masculin hilarity reached my (too well-trained) ears, I knew not that something angelic stood without. Glancing at myself in a mirror, I felt the ordeal too tony for my situation. I was rigged in the most dilapidated of my wardrobe, and in untidy familiarity with my aviary of more than 125 birds, whose domain I was engaged in purifying with soap and water. The branches thereof had given my hair a fashionable frizz; the sand thereof had powdered my face not quite so fashionably as to color. The girl who aids me on such occasions had not come yet; I was alone in the house. Ting-a-ling! creak-a-crack! lin-ng! went the bell a second time. "Those beasts will tear that bell down!" I muttered, provoked. "I wonder who they are—perhaps some one I ought to speak with!". Influenced by this possibility, I crossed the front rooms and peered through the blinds. "Humph! canvassers fresh started out! They won't shine like that after a month's vicissitudes! Well, I am glad they hav gone to work; facing honest toilers, twenty or more each day, may rub off some of that snobbery, diminish that air of lofty self-poise, and set them on their feet plain individuals among individuals." Thus my thought. I did not know the two men, but saw what I supposed to be a canvasser's gripsack on the piazza floor at their feet. What else did I see? Shining broadcloth, superfine, such as few of our townsmen can afford to wear; glossy silk hats, superfine; etiolate bosoms representing a good sum for quality of texture, and much labor on the washboard and ironing-slab. I never knew such labor well paid, so when I see a particularly glossy shirt-bosom I feel like pronouncing the wearer indebted for the same, and wonder if the poor girl who manipulated it had muscular strength enough left in her for her stomach to digest essential nourishment afterward, providing she was paid sufficient to procure proper food. But undoubtedly his hired girl, or maybe his wife, shined that bosom, and he growled a few minutes less than a man not so divine would hav done when he thought there might exist a possibility of inciting his inferior servitor to acquire a more super-extra gloss on his future clerical fronts. What so symbolical of super-purity within as a glossy, super-pure, aching-elbow-wrought shirt-front?

By the way, we don't expect generally to make articles etiolate by washing them in blood—not even a lamb's blood—but we don't dispute that the color of *some* people's souls may look comparativly bleached after such a sozzling. And, now we think of it, would not it look a bit more consistent for the blood-washed elect to wear garments thus purified? Gloss-starch and sulphur bleached linen convey no conception to the untutored brain of murder or slaughter or bloody wallowing of any kind. If preachers would go about dragging a slaughtered lamb by its hind legs, we could never mistake them for common canvassers, nor insult them with such indifferent respect as we so often award the not angelic agent. We should know there was brewing a holy desire to wash us down in a lambkin's *sangre azul*, and would smother our sensibilities and cry, "Daub it on!"—I—I—mean we should say: "Generous descendant of the followers of Moses's descendant, approach! wash away!"

I noticed his hands were as daintily cared for as his glistening linen collar; that his fine boots shone equally with his broadcloth; his face was freshly barbered; beard blackened and glossed; teeth as white as dentistry can keep them; and his whole *tout ensemble* far, far beyond anything which the honest mechanics who support the families in my neighborhood can pretend to emulate even in thought. Yea, even in thought, for they work so hard for their small wages, and get so over-weary by the time the home chores are perfected, they find sleep preferable to a play with imagination. Yet do these elegantly attired "angels of grace" go about among the economy-crazed families of these hard laborers soliciting their support! What a phase of human nature! How plainly it illustrates the brass of one class and the worn-in stupidity of another class! Watson Heston's recent pictures on this subject were true to life. The over-cared-for despotic shouter says—by open inference—to the half-starved toiler: "You're poor and needy, but you might be worse off! The Lord has been good to let you learn to work. See, I am a lily of the field whom the Lord wants to liv on the honeys of life. He has taught me how to appeal to his children—how to keep them so at variance with the glories of this world they can find no comfort except in hope—that is, in hoping death will bounce them into more favorable conditions—and if you are good enough to starve yourselvs a little more, or work a little harder, so as to contribute to my support—for if I hav to labor I can't study up dogmas any more than the rest of you—I can assure you those favorable conditions will [soon] be yours to enjoy," etc. And the non-working brain of his over-tried hearer, being incapable of an outflow of strong, honest conviction, accedes to such insidious flattery as the smooth tongue throws in; for if the mental dominion is *non est inventus*, the power of emotion is not. Vanity and ambition each catch revivifying crumbs from the sanctimonious warbler—the exact result he aims for—and he leaves the humble door victoriously, congratulating himself, "They'll squeeze out $5 toward my salary!"

Well, those "divines" yanked my door-bell so it has not been capable of articulation since, but I was not yanked into their sight. If I had realized it was "angels of mission" that were thus yanking and showing their highly scoured teeth, I think I would hav patterned after Mrs. McFane, an Irish gentlewoman I used to know. She, with strong personal reasons, had great enmity for all priestly quality. One day a Baptist minister, out soliciting church attendance, called her from the wash-tub to the front door. She was sweltering with the heat, steam, and exercise of her employment; her gown was old, wet, and pinned back; her sleeves were rolled up, and her feet were encased with rubbers. She did not look refined, nor feel so.

"Do you attend any church, dear madam?" suavely smirked the "good angel."

"Not to-day!" was the grim response.

"To-day? Oh, no! he, he!" with a flattering glance that spoke volumes as to the genteel appearance he knew she was able to make. "Ah—ah—what church do you attend?"

"What's that to you?" gruffly.

"My dear lady, I long to perform the work of my master, and draw all stray sheep from the wildernesses of doubt and indifference to membership in my fold."

"You're a preacher, hey?"

"I hav been appointed a teacher by the master."

"What master?"

"The Lord—my dear Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood has saved us!"

"Where does he liv?"

"Ma'am!"

"What's his business?"

"Surely, dear lady, this is no theme for jokes!"

"What wages does he pay you fellows?"

"Madam, my congregation pay a liberal salary—"

"You said you worked for a master. I knew you lied. There ain't any man pays his help wages to spread round in clothes like you wear! But if you've got a whole congregation of masters, why, you must find it mince work keeping the right side of 'em all. But since it sums up a big income I s'pose it's all right, and if you stick to dead and gone subjects, and don't meddle with present shortcomings, it'll continue to be all right for you, 'specially if you go round every year drumming in new converts to help economize the drain on their purses. Mind you, I ain't a-goin' to help save 'em a dime, not if the church sinks—steeple and all the congregation."

"I—I—excuse me, madam, for considering your tirade uncalled for!"

"Uncalled for? Beg pardon! I thought you had called to interview me on religion."

"Quite correct, my dearest lady." Very sweetly.

"All right. You step in and rest while I get into some decent clothes that I can feel dignified in. If I was dressed equal to you I'd squelch you with my airs in just two seconds. I ain't fond of tailor-got-up beggars. My husband earns his bread; he'd be 'shamed to shout folks crazy and ask 'em to pay for it. If you'd stop your reasonless cant and teach scientific truths from the pulpit 'at would learn one something 'at's useful to know——

"Going? You must be weak-kneed for a disciple! And not seen me dressed up and on my dignity, either! Well, I can only say you ain't so strong in the dignity of good clothes as I am in a wash dress. La, yes, in dignified garments I'd squelched you in less'n one second! But go on and be happy; you'll find most of the women not only off dignity but too 'shamed to retaliate like I do; they're vain and hate to be thought sluttish and ill-bred too. They'll acquiesce to all you propose, and next Sunday appear at church if only to show you how well they can appear in good clothes, and that they hav dignity as well as you. Humph! rooster, seek out subjects for your harem!"

This little episode made Mrs. McFane famous in our village; it made her many enemies, too—just as inditing this may shape enemies for me—but I never knew a nobler-hearted woman, nor a gentler one. Husband never had better wife, nor children a better mother. Without possessing educational advantage, her life was earnest, thoughtful, and sincere. The mound of earth that marks her resting-place is not all that speaks of what she was, for the noble influence of her activ life continues to sway the lives of others, and will long continue, like incense borne on the wings of time, to reach the sensibilities and control the impulses of generations. Death is not terrible when our good deeds are breathed for the glory of the living. Alas! what good works liv behind the man whose life duty consists in the public shout of "Believe on Jesus! Come to the fount and be saved?"

That minister visited every door, annoying the ladies—who were none of them "attired to feel dignified"—calling them from some unfinished duty, to smirk and smile into their flushed faces, and beg their support, the pomposity of his attitude a dampener to whomsoever felt antagonistic, for we hav few Mrs. McFanes. Said one lady—a Liberalist: "He had the best of the situation. I was ironing, and felt so hot and uncomfortable I had no dignity—not a bit!" Were those two men—Mr. Preacher had a brother with him when he worked our street—posted in the effects of this unequal feeling—the advantage it gave them? Why did not they go thus attired to solicit the work-soiled husbands in their shops? Was it that woman's vanity is peculiarly studied, and she is influenced through it to beg of her husband—who is not liable to refuse a petition from her—the stipend he—the angel at the door—was after? "Angel at the door," indeed! Yours fraternally, M. E. C. FARWELL.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Little Ah Me and Ah There.

Little Ah Me was a Chinaman
With a queue as long as his arm,
Whose spirits seemed constantly under a ban,
Though he never did evil or harm;
But he ever inclined to the darker side,
And his life was a failure, and when he died
The mourners were very few.

Little Ah There was another Chinee,
But one of a different sort.
His face a map of the Land of Glee,
And worries he made his sport;
He had his failings, but he was gay;
He had many a little sin,
But he won all hearts by his cheery way,
And they made him a mandarin!

From little Ah Me and from little Ah There
The lesson sublime is learned
That it's better to keep up a semblance fair
Till it's time to be inurned.
It's seldom a whiner may reach his goal,
While a laugher seldom fails;
Strength breeds itself a bantering soul,
While the one that is hopeless quails.

—*Chicago Mail.*

Never Be Ashamed of Labor.

Work ennobles. It is a beautifier. It is a king. It transforms chaos into order, and makes waste places to blossom like the rose. All honest work is honorable. The hard, brown hand, made so by toil, is the only hand entitled to wear diamonds. The idlers are the disgraceful part of humanity. The workers are the crown of life, and every bit of labor accomplished is a jewel in the diadem upon the brow of a world made better, nobler, and greater by labor.

A story is told of a sailor who, landing at Newport, R. I., once upon a time, and having been paid off for his voyage, stepping upon the dock accosted a plainly dressed man, who stood near, in this way: "Here, sir, want a job?"

"I don't care. What is it?"

"Put this trunk on your shoulder, and follow me."

The man smiled, but obligingly lifted the trunk, which was a not over-sized box, to his shoulder, and followed the pompous sailor up Long Wharf to a third-rate boarding-house.

"Here's your pay, sir," and the sailor proffered a piece of silver.

The man smiled, and said, "Oh, I don't want that. You may hav my service for nothing. I was not particularly engaged, and I would as soon do a favor for you as not."

"Are you not in need of money, sir?" inquired the sailor, surveying the plain attire of the man.

"Well, no; not just now," was the reply.

"Are you well enough off to refuse mony?" and the sailor eyed the man suspiciously.

"Well, I can do a favor for a man sometimes without pay. I own that ship on which you hav been sailing!"

The chagrin of the sailor can be better imagined than described.

Robert Adams had occasion to employ a man at one time on some work that was being done about his store. There was a piece of granit to be moved. Mr. Adams desired the man to place it upon a barrow and wheel it a short distance along a principal thoroughfare.

"I can't do it," said the man decidedly.

"Why not? Is it too heavy?"

"Ah, no; that is not the reason."

"Well, what is the reason?" demanded Mr. Adams.

"I'm not going to wheel that barrow round on Main street! I will not do it."

"Too proud, eh? Is that it? Well, we will get the stone on the barrow—you steady it, and I myself will wheel it. I am not too proud to do it, if you are."

So the spectacle was witnessed of a well-known business man wheeling a barrow along the street, while the hired man walked beside him, looking sheepish enough.

It was a good lesson for him, however, and one that he has never forgotten, and, it is but fair to say, he was never afterward afraid or ashamed to put his hands to any honest labor. He frequently refers to the event, and relates how mortified he was to behold the willingness with which Mr. Adams, a man able to command many thousands of dollars, wheeled the barrow along the street, while he, a common laboring man, thought himself too proud to do, as he wrongly supposed, so menial a service.

He made an inward vow at that time that he would never be guilty of so much foolish pride and egotism again. And he never was.

S. H. W.

Correspondence.

OLIVE, CAL., May 3, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As my papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for several years, and likes it very much, I will try and write a short letter for the Children's Corner. I go to school and hav a very good teacher; his name is Mr. Wells. I study the Fourth Reader, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. We hav a nice library in the school, and an organ, and there is a young lady in our school who plays a march, and the scholars march out at recess and at noon, and we do not hav any recess in the afternoon; we go home at half-past 3 every day.

The vineyards in this section of the state are a failure, and my father has some peaches and figs and oranges, but he has had to cut the tops of them off, for the red scales and the smut and things made the oranges so they did not taste as sweet as they used to. We hav plums and prunes, and a new kind of peach; it is called the saucer peach; they are a flat peach. We hav all kinds of flowers; we hav twelve different kinds of roses, and ten kinds of geraniums. We hav two kinds of blue flag and one kind of white flag. My father has had tomato vines three years old, and not frost enough to kill them. I like to liv in California much better than in Kansas, where my parents used to liv. Winters there are always cold, and here they are summer, classing the two different states together.

ETTA MAY SHOEMAKER.

GRANTFORK, ILL., May 8, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I suppose you, and most of the readers of the Children's Corner, hav read of the misfortune of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Casey, Seneca, S. C., for whom Mrs. E. D. Slenker made an appeal which you will find in THE TRUTH SEEKER, May 5th, at the bottom of p. 279. Now, I think it would help Mr. Casey a good deal if all of the readers of the Children's Corner would send to Mrs. E. D. Slenker, Snowville, Va, any sum of money they wish to, for "every little helps." And if Mrs. Slenker wishes, she could print the names of the contributors, and the amount sent, in the Children's Corner. I would like to hav Miss Wixon's opinion about my motion. I hav sent some money already to Mrs. Slenker. I see that you hav got up a J. Hacker fund. Did some misfortune befall him, or what is it? I inclose a circular of the famous Diamond Mineral Spring, which is near here. I must close now, remaining,

Your true Freethought friend,
NICHOLAS J. KRAFT.

[Mr. Hacker has been a brave and lifelong worker in the cause of Liberalism. He has not been able to accumulate enough for his support in old age, and now that the infirmities of years are upon him he is very grateful for any little help that may assist in making smooth the pathway for the feeble steps of himself and aged wife. Mr. Casey's call for aid is also a worthy one, and, as little folks may liv to be aged and poor, it is well to remember, and do as we would be done by under like circumstances.—ED. C. C.]

COIN, WASH., May 5, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: This is my second letter to the Children's Corner. My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and thinks it is a very nice paper.

We liv about half-way between Sprague and Colfax, and about eight miles from Coin post-office. Our nearest railroad station is Endicott, which is about twelve miles from here.

My father is up in Montana working in a quartz mill, and my oldest sister is also up there.

I hav five sisters and four brothers. The youngest is nearly four years old.

I am going to school now. We liv about a quarter of a mile from the school-house. I study writing, arithmetic, grammar, history, physiology, dictionary, and geography. I don't suppose you will think there is very much grammar about my letter, but I am just a new beginner in it and don't know much about it yet. My teacher's name is Miss Whiteline, and I like her real well.

Hav you any of your photographs you will let me hav? If you will let me hav one, I will be greatly pleased.

Won't some of the readers of the Children's Corner please write to me? I mean some of about my own age, which is fifteen years. I would be greatly pleased to hav a Liberal correspondent.

Well, I think this is long enough for the second letter. I will close.

From your Liberal friend,
FLORENCE E. WHITE.

P S.—I will send you one of my cards, and I hope you will think it is pretty. F. W.

[Thanks for the card. It is very pretty indeed.—ED. C. C.]

CAMP WOOD, ARIZ., April 24, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am prompted to write a true story, and would like to see it in the Children's Corner. When I was a child, I lived awhile with one of the best friends to children that I ever knew. He was then, as he is now, a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER. There was no Children's Corner in it then. I hav now grown to womanhood, am married, but still I am girlish, so much so that I sometimes invite several girls, my old associates, to visit our old friend, who has now grown quite aged. His family are all scattered out, with homes for themselvs, except his good wife, whose years are like his, much beyond threescore. We love to visit him, because he so often visited us at our school, and always had words of good cheer every time he came.

He has a beautiful home, made beautiful by his own hands. Twenty years ago he called it "Charming Dale," and truly it is a charming place. Scores of children visit him every summer, and he is never so delighted as when they feast on his plums, cherries, melons, and other fruits. But to show that we appreciated our aged friends more than we did the delicious fruits, we made a visit in early spring. After dinner, Grandpa Rogers—for you must know that is what we all call him—asked us to go with him to the big barn, where he had some men shearing goats. We all went romping to the barn, where we saw in a corral one thousand beautiful Angora goats, with fleeces of long, beautiful mohair hanging nearly to the ground, and as white as snow, bright and lustrous as silk. In one room of the barn were one hundred, shut up for a day's work for the men to shear. Oh, it was such fun to see the men catch them and wrestle them down on a platform, and shear the beautiful bright mohair which fell from them like huge snowflakes!

Grandpa was tying every one separately. He gave me some nice bunches, to make tassels for our scarfs, and I send you a specimen. I wish all the little children could see it, as it is the material from which all our mohair dress goods, braid, etc., are made.

LIZZIE FERGUSON.

[Thanks for the lovely specimen of Angora fleece. It is like silk, it is so soft and fine. Please giv our kind regards to "Grandpa" and "Grandma" Rogers, and best wishes for their future welfare.—ED. C. C.]

She Gave Up His Money.

A WOMAN'S QUICK WIT SAVES A FORTUNE BUT PUZZLES AN ANGRY MAN.

A woman's quick wit makes, when she has the courage to act upon it, a valuable aid in an emergency. Some years ago, in the days when "road agents" abounded in Montana, a woman was traveling by coach to join her husband. One day a fellow-passenger said to her:

"I hav $1,000 in my pocketbook, and feel uneasy about the road agents. Would you mind concealing it in your dress, and returning it to me at the end of your journey? If the highwaymen do stop us they are less liable to search you than me."

She acceded to his request, hid the money in her dress, and the stage drove on without meeting a road agent until toward evening. Then the shout, "Throw up your hands!" was heard. The driver promptly pulled up as four men on horseback, with masked faces, appeared in the road and covered him with their pistols.

Two of the highwaymen then rode to each side of the coach and ordered the passengers to giv up their arms, which they did promptly.

"Now shell out!" said the robbers.

The passengers handed out their pocketbooks; even the man who called in the woman's aid gave up a few dollars.

He was congratulating himself upon his caution, when he heard the woman say in a quiet way:

"I hav got $1,000, but I suppose I must giv it up."

Suiting the action to the word, she handed over the man's roll of greenbacks.

The robbers rode away, and then the man gave expression to his feelings by abusing the lady and accusing her of betraying his trust from sheer fright.

She smiled mysteriously.

"You will see, sir; but I can't explain now."

At the end of the journey she asked him to stay all night at her house, and said that her husband would be glad to see him.

"Yes, ma'am, I will come to your house," he answered in the tone of an injured man; "it's the least you can do, ma'am, seeing that you hav left me without a cent in the world."

At the lady's house he was treated as a distinguished guest, but neither host nor hostess offered him one word of explanation that night, and he went to bed a sad, irritated man.

The next morning as he entered the dining-room the host shook hands with him and said:

"Here is your $1,000, sir, which my wife ventured to borrow in an emergency. She had $20,000 which she was bringing to me concealed in her dress. She thought by giving up at once the $1,000 intrusted to her by you, she would save herself from being searched by the robbers.

"Her quick wit saved me from a heavy loss, and I am much obliged to you for the use of the forced loan."

Breakfast was a far more cheerful meal to the man than the supper of the night before. —*Youth's Companion.*

A Chinese Boy's Composition.

The difficulties which a foreigner meets with in learning the English language are well illustrated in the following composition on the whale, written by a San Francisco Chinese boy:

The whale livs in the sea and ocean of all the country. He is large and strong, plying among of kinds of all the fish and its length reach to 90 foot to 70 foots and its color almost is a dark; and he has a large head. When he swim in the up water he is so large as island, when struck in the water and angry he has so much voice as ring great deal thunder. If he danced make the storm without winds, and also when blow the water he almost lay down fog on the weather. His the form is proper to liv, for his front legs make higher and after legs is not there; the tails is high that open on the up waters. The mouth has no leaves on the head and a narrow beard like thorns. His body is a tough fish; he is not a fish, but a creature. His leaves his names whale-leaves. The men make the everything with it. Every years to seven or eight months, from four to five months, the whale man catch on sea or ocean. He many liv on the sea of the North Sea way or five island of Hirado, on Hingen country in Japan. The tell of the whale is move, but I do not know how to tell at all.

MOTHER (at tea-table): "Jack, who helped you to those three tarts?" Jack (aged seven): "The Lord." Mother: "The Lord? Why, what do you mean, Jack?" Jack: "Well, I helped myself; and father said yesterday the Lord helped those who helped themselvs."

BOY: "Pa! what did the preacher mean by saying 'Jesus after the flesh?'" Father: "Oh, that Jesus was going to the butcher's to fetch a joint, I suppose, for dinner." Boy: "And what did the preacher mean by saying 'Jesus after the spirit?' Was he gone to the pub to fetch a bottle of whisky?" Father: "No doubt."

SERVANT, to the parson, who is very ill indeed: "If you please, sir, the chorister is down-stairs and wants to know if you won't giv him the hymns for next Sunday's service?" Pastor, feebly: "Tell him there will be no service; I expect to be dead next Sunday." Servant, exit and reënter: "If you please, he says then will you be kind enough to send down the hymns you'd like sung at the funeral?" (Parson recovers much more rapidly than chorister.)

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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WAITING FOR THE GIRLS TO DO IT.

From the Better Way.

We heard a gentleman remark the other day that all this agitation on the liquor question would avail nothing. He had lived sixty-five years and seen nothing accomplished yet on the temperance question. *There was no regulating the liquor traffic.* We hav our spy-glass turned westward. We are waiting to see if the women can't regulate it. Don't lose hope, gentlemen.

THE BROOKLYN SIMIAN.

From Moses Hull's New Thought.

Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage never makes a fool of himself; the work was done for him before he got far enough along to hav much to say about it. Nobody ever knows, when he gets up to speak, what he is going to say nor how he is going to say it. If Dean Swift's rule of testing the monkey was a good one, the world would naturally classify him as a member of the *genus simiadæ*. Swift said, when he wanted amusement, he always preferred the performance of monkeys to men. He could generally tell what a man would do next by what he had done, while the actions of a monkey were a continual surprise to him.

THE SOCIETY TO TIP OVER THE THRONE.

From the London Radical for May.

The annual meeting of the Metropolitan Radical Federation, which takes place on the 3d inst., marks the completion of the third year of that body's existence. Seeing that it has as yet hardly emerged from the state of infancy, the record of the Metropolitan Radical Federation is a very creditable one. It would be idle to pretend that the somewhat sanguin hopes of its sponsors hav as yet been realized; but the foundation of a successful and powerful organization has been laid, and there is every reason to hope that, in the future, this truly democratic body will consolidate its position and advance to fresh victories.

THE ALLIANCE, O., FREETHINKERS.

From Bradlaugh's National Reformer.

W. Veness, formerly of Swindon, now settled in Ohio, U. S. A., writes: "We hav a church here (Alliance, O.) which is devoted to the gospel of Freethought. It is one of the finest halls in Alliance, and, as far as I can see at present, has one of the largest congregations. This church was presented to the party here, and endowed with sufficient to provide fuel and light, by a now deceased Atheist. Since we hav been here, the party has joined the American Secular Union. We are not yet enrolled as members of this body, but shall be so. We find that bigotry on religious matters is not so intense in this country as in England, but with respect to politics, it is much more so—that is, between employer and employee."

MINISTERIAL CONDUCT IS THE NAME FOR IT.

From Toronto Secular Thought.

Arsenes en arsesi—the suggestiv phrase of the apostle Paul (see Rom. i, 27)—is brought to mind almost at regular intervals by certain of the police reports of London, the accused being in every instance clergymen of the English church. The subject is one that we dare not specify or particularize; enough for us to say that, as Secularists, we are compelled to ask if there be any propensity or inclination to "do those things which are not convenient" (or, more literally "not proper") fostered by the early training of these men, and by the unguarded use of an unexpurgated Bible? We think it by no means unlikely, should these periodical revelations continue, that some alliterativ reporter will fall into the habit of characterizing this unnatural and unspeakable thing as "the Clerical Crime again."

A TENDENCY OF THE TIME.

From the Ironclad Age.

The God-in-the-Constitution amendment once adopted, and a state religion fixed upon us, the heathen would hav to take to the woods. What the heathen wants is for all people to hav religion that like it, and are willing to pay for it. The heathen does not want any religion for himself, and he does not like the idea of buying any for other people. He does not want to curtail any man's religious privileges, nor does he want to be taxed to support them. The heathen wants the laws so doctored up that he, as a citizen, without an ounce of religion, shall hav the same rights politically and legally that are conceded to the good man with a ton.

There is a growing suspicion that woman suffrage would result in a state religion, with its tests and its tithes. This suspicion will tend to carry the woman suffrage movement inside the church inclosures, and to circumscribe it to them.

TRY IT ON A PREACHER.

From Saladin's Secular Review.

A kind Christian brother writes us that we "should be burnt." We warn him that we are studious and lean, and would not burn well. If he really does want a good blaze, he should apply his match to some stout and lazy parson. We repeat we are lean, and when the very devil himself gets hold of us at last, and hurls us headlong into the blazes, he will not be able to say, "Now the fat's in the fire." Still, of course, we duly appreciate the Christian brother's charitable suggestion. Seeing, however, that he expects we are to hav such an exceedingly long spell of fire by and by, would it not hav been as well for him to hav said a kind word to us while we are here? This Christianity seems to put the rennet of hatred into the milk of human kindness and turn it into gall. We are only a benighted Agnostic; but our whole life would be one long night of misery if we believed that eternal torment was to be the lot of even the humblest sentient creature that ever crawled upon the face of the earth.

LONDON FREETHINKERS MUST FIGHT FOR THEIR RIGHTS.

From G. W. Foote's Freethinker.

Ugly rumors are afloat as to the police and our open-air meetings. It is said that a general attempt will be made to stop our outdoor propaganda. Should this turn out to be true, Freethinkers will hav to show fight. Without violence, rowdyism, or braggadocio, we must show that we are prepared to defend our rights. Unfortunately, however, it will be difficult to make a fight for some stations. At Camberwell Green, for instance, our meetings certainly block what is technically a thoroughfare, and not a very broad one either. Any magistrate would support the police in keeping the road clear. As a matter of fact, there is no actual obstruction, for there is no traffic; but the inhabitants of the neighboring houses are *said* to hav complained, and that would satisfy the bewigged gentleman on the bench. The outcry is, of course, purely fictitious; the police having got up the complaint themselvs. For years these open-air lectures hav been carried on, and no one has suffered. But for all that, if Warren's despotism will hav it so, the station must—at any rate for the present—be relinquished, and our battles must be fought over more convenient spots, such as the parks and broad, open spaces.

But *one* principle must be maintained in *every* case. If the spot is unsuitable, *all* meetings should be prohibited. If *any* are allowed, Freethinkers will insist on equality with others.

A CHALLENGE IN TWO COUNTS.

From Lucifer.

The "unco guid" of Valley Falls, and the Western agents of the New York Vice Society, are trying to "suppress" *Lucifer* and its publishers on the charge of obscenity. The exchanges quoted by the church organ of this place call *Lucifer* the "vile sheet," "that journalistic compost-heap," etc.

Now, to test this matter by a little legitimate comparison we make this offer: Let the editor of the *New Era*, or the ministers, elders, and deacons of Valley Falls, select a dozen sentences or paragraphs from the columns of *Lucifer*. We will select a dozen verses from their text-book, the Bible. Let these be printed, side by side, on the same sheet, for comparison, and let these leaflets be given, one each, to every reader of the *New Era*. Half the expense to be borne by the *New Era* and its friends and half by us. Or let them be sold to all who may wish to compare *Lucifer* with the Bible, at one cent each.

This is offer No. 1. We also renew the offer made to Mr. Robinson's predecessor, viz.: We will giv the editor of the *New Era* $10 if he will print ten verses from the Bible—our selection—in his paper, and send them to all his subscribers. This will be $1 per verse. By so doing Mr. Robinson will be advertising, at our expense, the "word of God," the "book of books," the "holy Bible"—and if holy, then, of course, there can be nothing unholy, unclean, or obscene within its pages.

THE AWFUL HUNGER OF CULTURE.

From the Banner of Light.

"The world is incredulous," says the Boston *Advertiser*, "not because it is unwilling to believe, but because it is unable to believe. The claims are self-contradictory." And then it buttons its coat across its breast, and takes down its shining tile from the peg with thoughts intent on dining. And in this way it supposes it has extinguished Spiritualism. Kindly ask it what it would hav in order to satisfy its exacting wants, and it pompously answers that it will hav some more "Paradise Lost" from John Milton, something real nice from Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon Bonaparte, and George Washington, and good stiff oratory from Demosthenes and Wendell Phillips. It cries out in its paroxysm of intellectual hunger for "profound thought," "brilliant epigram," "poetic imagery," "character creation," and "additions to the world's stock of useful knowledge" In short, like the child, it wants the moon. Then dropping into the patronizing habit, it admits its willingness to believe that all mediums are not consciously fraudulent. Thanks for nothing. It is even willing to allow that "not a few eminent scholars" think that "some hitherto undiscovered natural forces exist, and cause a portion of the strange things which undoubtedly do really happen in connection with those who claim mediumistic powers." Then these phenomena are "strange things," are they? Aha! But how much longer would the world hav had to wait for them if it had depended on these "eminent scholars" to bring them about? Here is where the bottom falls entirely out of the *Advertiser's* tub, and we suggest that it suspend publication until it has attended to its coopering.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWO FAMOUS ANARCHISTS.

B. R. Tucker, in Liberty.

But, after all, it makes verv little difference to Herr Most what a man believes in economics. The test of fellowship with him lies in acceptance of dynamite as a cure-all. Though I should prove that my economic views, if realized, would turn our social system inside out, he would not therefore regard me as a revolutionist. He declares outright that I am no revolutionist, because the thought of the coming revolution (by dynamite, he means) makes my flesh creep. Well, I frankly confess that I take no pleasure in the thought of bloodshed and mutilation and death. At these things my feelings revolt. And if delight in them is a requisit of a revolutionist, then indeed I am no revolutionist. When revolutionist and cannibal become synonyms, count me out, if you please. But, though my feelings revolt, I am not mastered by them or made a coward by them. More than from dynamite and blood do I shrink from the thought of a permanent system of society involving the slow starvation of the most industrious and deserving of its members. If I should ever become convinced that the policy of bloodshed is necessary to end our social system, the loudest of to-day's shriekers for blood would not surpass me in the stoicism with which I would face the inevitable. Indeed, a plumb-liner to the last, I am confident that under such circumstances many who now think me chicken-hearted would condemn the stony-heartedness with which I should favor the utter sacrifice of every feeling of pity to the necessities of the terroristic policy.

MR. SEAVER VANQUISHES A CHRISTIAN.

From the Boston Investigator.

A skeptic and a believer were discussing the uselessness of faith without works, and the following were some of their arguments:

Skeptic: "The Bible is on my side here. It says that 'faith without works is dead, being alone.' Here you perceive faith alone is useless—dead."

Believer: "I admit that; but here faith and works are coupled—the one givs effect to the other."

Skeptic: "But can you show me a passage which says that good works without faith are dead—being alone? Not one; good works are never dead or useless—a good act done by an unbeliever is just as effectual as one done by a believer—a dollar given by an unbeliever to a starving family will buy as much bread as the dollar of a believer will."

Believer: "That is sound reasoning, and I cannot controvert it; the difference must only lie in the motivs which induced each to giv the dollar."

Skeptic: "Suppose that the believer gave his dollar for the glory of God, and the unbeliever his from dictates of humanity, which is most entitled to credit?"

Believer: "I think he who gave it for the glory of God."

Skeptic: "There I differ from you, because he who gave it for the glory of God did an act from an ideal motiv, unless he expected that God would giv him credit, or reward him either here or hereafter, for this act, and this I consider the real motiv; whereas the unbeliever expected no credit or reward from God; all the reward he could expect was the gratitude of those his bounty relieved, and the approbation of his own conscience, in performing an act of kindness to his fellowbeings."

Believer: "I cannot refute that reasoning, and here I must leave you for the present."

JOSEPH SYMES'S LABOR IN AUSTRALIA.

From the Melbourne Liberator.

Mr. Symes has been in Melbourne over four years. He landed on the 10th February, 1884. Nearly the whole of the time he has not only been incessant in his work of lecturing, journalism, science classes, etc., but he has had a world of fighting also. He has been no fewer than ten times before magistrates and judges of the supreme court. And in spite of the most dastardly action of the government, he has managed to keep the *Liberator* going and to keep the Hall of Science open. Nor is that all. The *Liberator* to-day is as efficient as ever, is more respected than ever, is a far greater power than ever; and this too in spite of the commercial depression in Sydney and Adelaide, and in spite of the cowardly attempts of pretended Freethinkers to boycott and damage us. The *Liberator* has earned its title to be considered the Freethought journal of Australasia, the republican paper of the colonies. And what it has been in the past it will continue to be so long as Mr. Symes is at its head. And the Hall of Science—who shall describe it? There you find the same enthusiasm as greeted our editor four years ago—more, if possible—the same hearty mutual respect between audience and lecturer. And those are the most astonishing phenomena in Melbourne life. One man, with not one single learned friend to converse with, the butt of newspaper malice, of pulpit bile, of government spleen and hypocrisy, with nothing but his own ability and honesty of purpose and design to carry him through, carries on a hall and a paper in spite of all the rascaldom of Victoria! And he does this for four years upon the stretch; and shows no signs of flagging or weariness. Verily, the Secularists never had greater cause to rally round their leader; nor was there ever a time when it was more necessary to unite in solid phalanx to resist their foes. The fight is far from being over.

A CONVERTED JEW IN TEXAS.

From J. D. Shaw's Independent Pulpit.

Some time ago there appeared in our city papers a spread-eagle sort of advertisment, prefaced as follows: "Oriental Lectures—Dr. Wad-El-Ward in Waco—High Commendation from our Pastors," and signed by the pastor of the First Baptist church, the pastor of the Methodist church, and the pastors of two Presbyterian churches. In the advertisment referred to, these gentlemen recommended to the confidence and favor of their various flocks, and of the people of Waco, a gentleman by the name of Wad-El-Ward as a Hebrew Christian, the son of a Jerusalem rabbi, lineally descended from Judas Maccabeus. They vouched for him as an accomplished and fluent linguist, speaking thirteen languages, including Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, German, French, and English, and as an honorary member of the alumni of Harvard University. The Baptist church was tendered him, and tickets sold readily at fifty cents admission.

The show came off—a real humbug it proved to be, too, made up of a little preaching, a little lecturing, in poor, broken English, enlivened with some heathen toggery, bad music, and poor dancing. It is said that Dr. Burleson and his college students were on hand, and seemed to enjoy it immensely. The great "convert" was all the talk until the people began to comprehend his little scheme for avoiding the Opera House rent and taxes. It transpires now that there is no such rabbi in Jerusalem as he claims to be the son of, that he was never an honorary member of the alumni of Harvard University, and that he is a very poor Hebrew scholar.

THE "WHISPERERS?"

From San Francisco Freethought.

The twelfth annual Congress of the American Secular Union will be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., in October. Considering the subject, the Pittsburgh *Truth* says:

In *Freethought*, a new Liberal paper, of which President Putnam is one of the editors, there appeared on March 24th a significant editorial in reference to the American Secular Union and what ought to be done at the next Congress. "There is no question," says the editor, "that the great body of Liberals throughout these States desire a union of some kind through which they can, as it were, touch hands, and which will bring them together in national fraternity."

We firmly believe the prominent and influential Liberals of this country would heartily support such a union. But why is it that the American Secular Union does not receive a hearty support from the great body of Liberals, of every shade of opinion? That it does not, no one will deny.

The question, "Why is it that the American Secular Union does not receive a hearty support from the great body of Liberals of every shade of opinion?" is one that is easily answered. It was answered substantially in the article from which *Truth* quotes. The Union is not heartily supported because it has so many supposed-to-be friends who are in fact its enemies. By these persons every device for injuring the organization is resorted to. The public and private character of its officers is attacked in open charges and by innuendo. There are promulgators of confidential circulars. There are schemers and plotters and whisperers who by underhanded methods reach the working Liberals of the country and instil into their minds the poison of suspicion and distrust. These schemers and whisperers cannot be reformed; the nature of them cannot be changed; their malady is chronic or constitutional. If they cannot be induced to make their attacks openly, or to put themselvs in a position to be attacked, the only hope for the Secular Union is that they may pay the debt of nature soon and their deeds die with them. No one can wish for the prolongation of the lives of men who liv only for the injury they can do to others. It is because such men exist, and make the Secular Union the object of their malignity, that the organization does not receive the full confidence of the great body of Liberals, which it deserves, and is not generously supported by them.

We second the motion of *Truth* that the other Liberal papers take a stand in the matter, but we cannot agree that the Union needs fixing up by the Pittsburgh Congress or any other. The Union has a platform—the Nine Demands of Liberalism—that needs no tinkering. Its methods are the most effectiv that can be carried out with small means, and its executiv officers are among the best men in the ranks.

The Congress may possibly find means for furthering the work and giving the Union a new impetus. That will be its chief object. It promises to be a lively gathering, and it is hoped that the whisperers or their representativs will there find the lungs to express themselvs in a voice audible to the public ear.

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—o—

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

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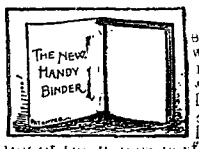
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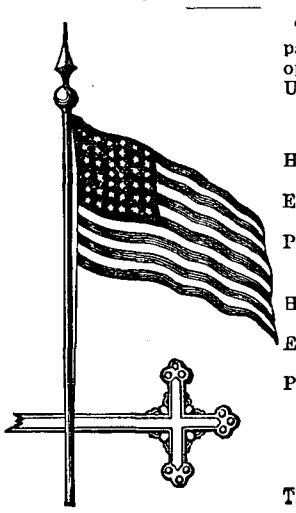
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News of the Week.

A CORPORATION has been formed to extend railways in Brazil.

NEW YORK is adopting electricity as a means of capital punishment.

HIGH license is closing four saloons out of five in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

RUSSIA seems scheming for Persia.

ON the 12th 4,000 immigrants landed.

OUR public school attendance is 7,297,300.

CATHOLIC churches in the Union number 10,300.

SOUTHERN manufactures are growing rapidly.

FRANCE and Italy are engaged in a tariff-raising duel.

AN international copyright bill has passed the Senate.

THE American Tract Society employs 194 colporteurs.

NEW YORK has rejected local option, and also high license.

THE coffee syndicate is arranging to make $5,000,000 a year.

ENGLAND fears that if Boulanger attains power he will attack her.

THE Yale divinity school graduated twenty-nine men on the 16th.

METHODISTS say they hav increased in four years from 1,769,534 to 2,093,935.

THE Spanish government purposes establishing a steamship line to New York.

ABOLITION of slavery in Brazil will be celebrated by three days' festivities.

AT Newcastle, Del., on the 12th, four men were publicly whipped and two pilloried.

GERMAN police hav confiscated thousands of Socialist pamphlets and made many arrests at Breslau.

THE American Sunday-school Union reports for last year 1,502 schools organized, with 54,127 scholars.

A FINE bust of Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, has been contributed to the Capitol and placed in a Senate lobby.

THE New York elevated railways purpose raising fares, to swell their already enormous profits on watered stock.

SIR ANDREW BAROLAY WALKER, formerly mayor of Liverpool, Eng., has offered $1,250,000 toward building a cathedral in that city.

THE colored men want to know what Methodist Bishop Hood means by saying the planters should be paid for their slaves.

THE Ohio Congregational Association advises resistance to government interference with missionary instruction to Indians in the vernacular.

A LARGE number of physicians in giving, by request, their opinion of the effect of smoking, are unanimous that it is injurious and often fatal.

THE biennial convention of the American Turnerbund at Chicago on the 20th declared for Socialism, and desires the abolition of the presidency and the Senate.

IT is rumored, though without much authority, that Vanderbilt furnishes funds for the spread of Boulangerism, aiming to get an interest in the rule of France.

CONGRESS is receiving by the bushel petitions from the Women's Christian Temperance Union in all parts of the country for laws prohibiting Sunday railroading.

THE voting strength of the new British-American movement, organized to combat Irish and Catholic rule, is estimated at 40,000 n Massachusetts and the same in New York.

A PROTESTANT clergyman at Malaga, Spain, has been sentenced to two years and four months' imprisonment for writing against Catholicism, the state religion. The religious liberty law was ignored.

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And for Aaron's sons thou shalt make coats, and thou shalt make for them girdles, and bonnets shalt thou make for them, for glory and for beauty. And thou shalt make them linen breeches to cover their nakedness; from the loins even unto the thighs they shall reach.—Ex. xxviii, 40, 42.

Odds and Ends.

THIS is the time when the wary citizen reads the "Country Board" advertisments in order to decide where not to go.

IN Volapuk "galon" means to rejoice. That is what a young man does when he has a gal-on his knee. Volapuk is no slouch of a language, after all.

THE latest bit of political gossip is to the effect that Belva Lockwood has given up wearing the prevailing style of tournure. If elected president, she proposes to take her seat.

THE California vulture is known as *Pseudoscryphus Californianus*. We always thought the California vulture the man who has building lots for sale in Los Angeles and thereabouts.

"THE cow that givs condensed milk—I suppose you hav one on the place, Farmer Robinson?" inquired his fair city visitor. "Well, no. Ye see, I sold her last year because she would put her foot in the can."

BEFORE taking: "Oh, dear me, George, don't! I think you are just awful!" After taking: "The mean, horrid thing! Did *anybody* ever see such a stupid?" N B.—The only thing that poor George took was his departure.

MR. GOTHAM: "Would you like to see 'Pygmalion' to-night, Miss Porcine?" Miss Porcine (of Cincinnati): "Yes, very much, Mr. Gotham. I believe in encouraging anything connected with the great hog industry."

A PASTOR of a North Carolina church, having graduated from the army to the ministry, recently startled his congregation by announcing the collection with the unusual command: "Attention, company! Present alms!"

"THAT is a dangerous-looking dog you hav there, deacon. Aren't you afraid he will injure somebody?" "Well, yes," replied the deacon, uneasily. "I havn't much confidence in the animal. If you hear of anybody who wants a good dog, let me know, and I'll sell him cheap."

"MY dear," said a sick husband, as he lay with his eyes closed, "I think my time has come at last. I can hear strains of the sweetest music that ever mortal ear——" "That's a little German band on the street, John." "That's so," he said, rousing himself. "Tell 'em to move on!"

AT a prayer-meeting in a Western town the pastor urged the people to ask any question that they would like to hav answered. This prompted an old fellow to get up and remark: "What I want to know is, ef an oath taken on a Bible which hez the fust ten chapters of Gennysis kissed off'n it, is binding."

"WHAT a triumph for justice!" she exclaimed. "You, of course, hav heard of the annex girl who was awarded a prize for a historical essay over a number of Harvard students?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I've heard of it." "Well!" she went on proudly, "do you know that the papers are all talking about it?" And then the brute said calmly, "The papers wouldn't be all talking about it, you know, if it weren't such an unprecedented thing, and almost certain never to happen again."

"JOHN," said the minister to the sexton, "that pulpit cushion is worn out. I wish you would see that a new cover is put on it." "Yes, sir," said John, grimly; "I know it's wore out, an' it's the third this year. It ain't my place to make remarks, sir, but in my opinion there is such a thing as carryin' religion a leetle too far."

DOMINIE (to choir leader): "The collection this morning, Mr. Hotwater, was very small, and I am sorry to say that I think the meagerness was largely due to you." Choir leader: "Largely due to me, sir?" Dominie: "Yes. Hereafter, while the plate is being passed, I wish you would try to make a better selection of music than 'Salvation's Free.'"

"YOUNG man," he asked, solemnly, "do you giv heed to things of a religious nature?" "Well, yes, sir," responded the young man. "Last Sunday, for instance, I caught a glance from a pair of soft brown eyes that were on their way to church, to which I gave considerable heed. There are times, sir, when things of a religious nature are restful and consoling."

DE LARA: "Were you shaking hands with that slugger, wife-beater, and generally bad man, the 'Jersey Bantam?'" De Sniffles: "Why, yes. Wales did it for Mr. Sullivan, and it's quite the thing, don't yer know? The chappies are getting up a reception for John L. You will want some tickets, of course. Five dollars buys one." De Lara: "You may giv me four. And say! Present me to the 'Bantam,' will you?"

SMITHSON: "I saw you at the theater last evening, I believe, Miss Bacon. Did the performance come up to your expectation?" Miss Bacon (who is a member of the Cheyenne Culture Club): "I can hardly say I was wholly satisfied, Mr. Smithson. Why, that hero fatigued me every time he pulled his gun. The slowest cow-puncher on our ranch would pump him full of lead before he could get his hands away from his hip!"

WIFE: "What do you mean by coming home at this time of night, George?" Husband: "'S all your fault, my dear—hic's—all your fault." W. (with a dark frown): "All my fault, sir? All my fault?" H.: "Yes. F'lers wanted me to stay longer. Wouldn't do it. Said a man with a wife's pretty 'n amiable's mine had no s'cuse for staying out any longer. That's reason why—er—I come home so soon." W. (smiling): "Well, you're a great trial to me, George, but I suppose I'll hav to forgiv you."

"PA," said he the other day, "do angels hav wings?" "Yes, son." "Pa, if I'm a good boy, will I be an angel?" "Yes, son." "An' hav wings an' fly away up an' up an' out of sight?" "Yes; if you want to, I suppose you can, son." (After a long pause.) "Say, pa." "Well, what is it, son?" "If you see me flying with wings when you's out hunting, you wouldn't shoot me, would you, pa?" "No; papa wouldn't shoot his little boy." A long pause and then: "Pa, do angels hav feathers on 'em?" "Y-e-s [groping with some hesitation in the dusty theological corner of a world worn brain], I suppose so, son." (Another pause.) "Pa, can you pick an angel?" The fond parent here took refuge in laughter, and the sitting ended in the banishment of the young knowledge-seeker to his little bed.

Gems of Thought.

WHEN women reason, and babes sit in the lap of philosophy, the victory of reason over the shadowy hosts of darkness will be complete.—*Ingersoll.*

THERE are who converse with one sort of men; they read but one sort of books; they will not come in the hearing but of one sort of notions. The truth is, they canton out to themselvs a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them; but the rest of that vast expansure they giv up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it.—*John Locke.*

WHILE the Bible contains many valuable precepts and much that man could heed with profit, the good is so intermixed with chaff and rubbish, with so much that does violence to our reason and common sense, that it is not possible that the whole could hav emanated from a being to whom we ascribe divine perfection.—*Dr. Arter.*

O REMEMBER that my life is wind: mine eye shall no more see good. The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more: thine eyes are upon me and I am not. As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.—*Job* vii, 7-10.

WHAT shall we say of a religion that consigns to hell a Humboldt and Comte, a Paine and Jefferson, a Huxley and Spencer, a Parker and Emerson, a Lydia Maria Child and Harriet Martineau, and promises eternal joy to every robber and assassin, provided they "trust in Jesus" in their dying hour? Is it not true that the Bible contains good and bad principles, and, like all other books, should be read with discrimination?—*B. F. Underwood.*

SUCH members of Parliament as condescend to deal in theological questions hav very much the opinions of ordinary cultivated Englishmen; they are much too respectable to say anything shocking to their clergy or to their wives, but if they are not saturated to the core with the opinions which clergymen denounce as Atheism, my experience must be of a most exceptional nature.—*Leslie Stephen.*

IT is a little singular that the more the Bible is revised, and studied, and discussed, the less people believe of it, and the less influence it seems to exert over their lives. The vast majority of professing Christians hav no knowledge of Greek or Hebrew, and must, therefore, form their estimate of the accuracy of different renderings by the opinions of disputing divines. Tens of thousands of sincere Christians are almost illiterate in their mother tongues, and cannot understand why there should be need for so much revision of the book that their mothers taught them to regard as inspired from cover to cover. They know that this is a good book, by which they hav tried to liv and desire to die, but if it is true, why should learned clergymen change its wording?—*Toronto Evening News.*

THE early Christians felt more and did more than those of the present day, not because they were better men, but because they believed more; and they believed more because they knew less. Doubt is the offspring of knowledge: the savage never doubts at all.—*Winwood Reade.*

YOU take wheat to cast into the earth's bosom: your wheat may be mixed with chaff, chopped straw, barn-sweepings, dust, and all imaginable rubbish; no matter; you cast it into the kind, just earth; she grows the wheat—the whole rubbish she silently absorbs, shrouds it in, says nothing of the rubbish. The yellow wheat is growing then; the good earth is silent about all the rest, has silently turned all the rest to some benefit, too, and makes no complaint about it! So everywhere in Nature! She is true, and not a lie; and yet so great, and just, and motherly in her truth! She requires of a thing only that it be genuin of heart; she will protect it if so; will not if not so. There is a soul of truth in all the things she ever gave harbor to.—*Carlyle's Hero-Worship.*

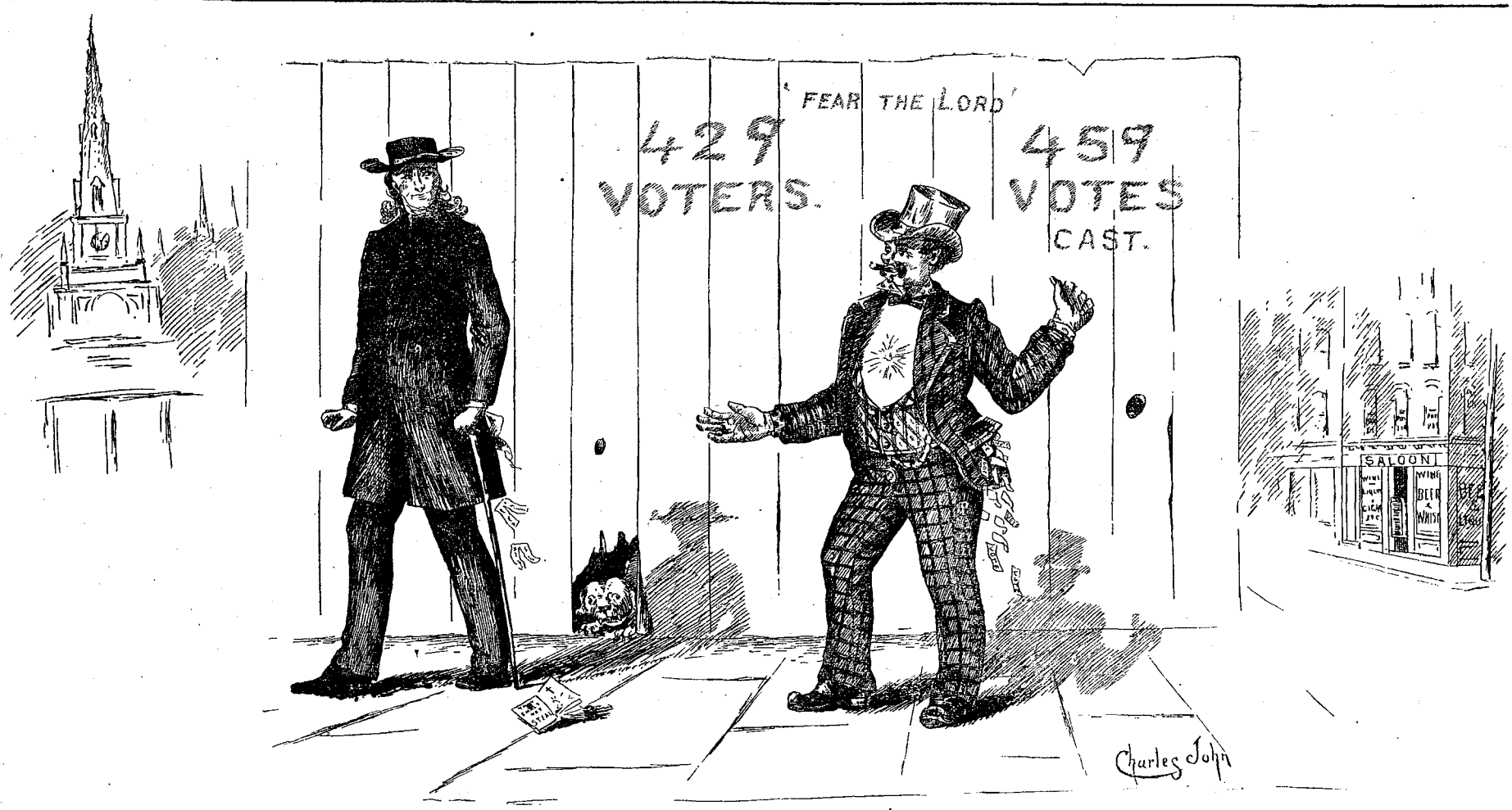
IF instead of the "glad tidings" that there exists a being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a being whose attributes are infinit, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that "the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving" does not sanction them, convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say, in plain terms, that *I will not.* Whatever power such a being may hav over me, there is one thing which he shall not do—he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell [gehenna!] I will go.—*J. S. Mill.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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(Tammany Ward Worker to Methodist Ministerial Delegate:) "SHAKE! OLD MAN; WE'RE ON THE SAME LAY."

Notes and Clippings.

SAN FRANCISCO is to hav a crematory. A company has been formed, which owns a valuable lot, and next month work will be begun upon the furnace and chapel.

CATHOLICS claim the proportion of their population in this country to hav increased as follows: 1770, 1-120; 1790, 1-70; 1800, 1-53; 1810, 1-48; 1830, 1-21; 1850, 2-7; 1888, 1-6.

THE statue of the Virgin to be erected on the mountains beside Montreal will hav a pedestal 200 feet high; it will be hollow, an elevator carrying the public to the head at a 5-cent fare.

A CORRESPONDENT of Hodder and Stoughton's religious *British Weekly* made recently the statement that the Young Men's Christian Association has been at work in London for forty-four years, has about sixty metropolitan and suburban branches, and yet all its members and associations could be comfortably seated in two London theaters.

THE death is announced of a notable member of the Parisian *demi-monde*—to wit, the Madam Adele Bardin, more generally known as Baroness d'Ange. Her trim *voiture*, drawn by a pair of fine steeds of raven blackness, was for many years a well-known feature of the boulevards and the Champs Elysees. She expired in a convent, whither she was taken at her own request.

THE Episcopal mission in Mexico still seems to be in a sadly muddled condition. Several rival agencies are appealing for funds, and no one appears to know which of them is the authorized representativ of the church. A large number of intelligent laymen of the church hav no faith whatever in the mission, and would like to hav it withdrawn. The intelligent laymen should hav their likes gratified.

THE religious statistics contained in latest census returns of India inform us that there are over 40,000,000 Mohammedans and 3 Unitarians in that country. Though the Unitarians can hardly be called an important and influential sect in India, says the *Sun*, they certainly occupy a very conspicuous position among 250,000,000 people. From a statistical point of view the Unitarians of India appear to be Trinitarians.

EMANCIPATION is progressing rapidly in some parts of Brazil. In the province of San Paulo the slaves are being set free at the rate of five hundred and six hundred a day, and the legislature has passed a bill forbidding the use of the prisons for the custody of runaway slaves. Thousands of runaway slaves hav returned to work on being assured that they would be paid wages and not deprived of their liberty. Important liberations are taking place in other provinces, but are less numerous than those of San Paulo.

HERE'S a how-de-do! The *Interior*, of Chicago, declares unreservedly that "Andover is the greatest old squirt of a theological seminary in the world." We should like to see some secular paper with the sacrilegious gall necessary to make such an announcement. And then we should like to observe which dissecting-room of a medical college would enjoy the pleasure of his remains. There is a great field for the clergy which regularly declaims against the iniquity of the ordinary Sunday newspaper to cultivate Christian resignation and religious calm for the especial use of the authorized organs of the church.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

MR. BRADLAUGH moved the following resolution in the House of Commons on the 1st ult.: "That in the opinion of this House, ownership of land should carry with it the duty of cultivation or utilization, and that in all cases where land capable of cultivation or utilization with profit, and not devoted to some purpose of public utility or enjoyment, is held in a vacant, waste, or uncultivated state, the local authorities ought to hav the power to compulsorily acquire such land by payment to the owner of a sum representing the capital agricultural value of such lands, in order that such local authorities may, in their discretion, let the said land to tenant cultivators, with such conditions as to term of tenancy, rent, reclamation, drainage, utilization, and cultivation respectivly as shall afford reasonable encouragement, opportunities, facilities, and security for the due utilization, cultivation, and development of the said lands."

THE *Mercury* says: "The Methodist Conference had a lively time of it in electing the five new bishops, and Parson Newman, ex-court chaplain of the Grant *régime*, had a chance to get in some fine electioneering work. It was a singular canvass all through. At the start nobody had an idea that Dr. Newman had a ghost of a show, and everybody was certain that Dr. James M. King, of this city, would be the first man chosen to the episcopate. But the first day's balloting showed a 'combine,' and the unsuspicious portion of the delegates were roped in by a special lobby of politicians from Washington before they knew it. It was a funny result. Dr. King was defeated, it is said, because John D. Slayback, and other wealthy brokers, were supporting him, and Dr. Newman was elected, it is certain, through the hard work of his political friends in the foyer of the Opera House. However, if the brethren are satisfied so are we—only let us hear no more in the religious press about the wickedness of political nominating conventions."

THE Australian government allows few Chinese in its realm. The excluding bill, passed recently, operates from the first of May. It indemnifies the government for past acts; prohibits the naturalization of Chinamen; allows vessels to bring one Chinaman to every 300 tons (instead of one to 100 tons as heretofore); raises the poll tax from £10 to £100, and fixes the penalty for an evasion of the law at from £10 to £50. Chinamen will be permitted to trade in defined areas, but the number in each of these districts must not exceed five. The bill also imposes restrictions as to residence and trading. Traveling Chinese with passports will not be allowed to engage in mining operations, except by permission of the government. The bill does not affect Chinese who are British subjects. All Chinese must report themselvs and take out an annual license, which shall cost ten shillings, and the governor in council is empowered to make regulations relativ thereto. All Chinese will be preserved in their civil rights. The police hav received strict orders to prevent any molestation of the Chinese.

SAYS the *Herald:* "The daily publication of a verse of holy scripture by Colonel Shepard's *Mail and Express* is beginning to bear good fruit; some of our esteemed contemporaries are already reprinting the quotations as original matter, crediting them to Colonel Shepard's paper. This reminds us of the prominent American editor (name not essential) who, one Sunday night, strayed into a church, all the other places being shut up, heard the preacher read the story of Israel's escape from Egypt, hurried back to the office, had the narrativ put in type, and issued an edition which was bulletined as, 'Extra! Great Naval Engagement on the Red Sea!'"

FROM the *Standard:* "John Most was announced to lecture on Anarchy in Odd Fellows' hall at New Haven last week, but when he arrived the owners of the hall locked him and his audience out. This conduct of the hall-owners will no doubt receive the approval of public sentiment generally, as it did that of the public sentiment of New Haven; nevertheless, repression in cases like this is by no means the better policy. When an obnoxious priest of the Church of England, named Johnson, had been sentenced, in the time of James the Second, to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn, and a Catholic priest pleaded for the victim with James, the king's final reply was: 'Mr. Johnson has the spirit of a martyr and it is fit that he should be one!' A few years later William the Third said of a Jacobite: 'He has set his heart on being a martyr, and I hav set mine on disappointing him!' From these two incidents which Macaulay narrates that historian draws a moral which it would be well to consider with reference to cases like that of Most. 'These two speeches,' said Macaulay, 'would alone suffice to explain the widely different fates of the two princes.'"

Communications.

A Tribute to Religion.

Religion, thou art a metamorphosed maniac-dream, whose horrid face, and bloody hands with drawn sword, hav crossed the chosen Eden of every human being since the time that nature's maw grew sick of thee and spewed thee out. Vile, polluted monster, whose touch and putrid breath hav poisoned every man, woman, and child since the dawn of human life! Humanity's great heart has ever been laboring to attain a destiny commensurate with what it is; but it has ever been checkmated by your foul presence. And long centuries hav gone by while this great heart, bleeding, sorrowful, tearful, and sad, has been forced to pay thee homage in bloody rites, and in slaughtered self-respect, mourning over innocence lost, which all who serve thee feel. Thou infamous deceiver, whose very breath pollution is, thou hast entered the home of innocence and with thy name hast sown the seeds of strife and death! The bloody wars of all history are thine. Prisons, dungeons, and inquisitorial fires and hells are full of thee. Thou hast blistered with the touch of thy bloodstained fingers the cheek of childhood by thy cursed rites, and thy baptismal waters and consecrated bloody wafers which are the symbols of thy reign mean the loss of all that is noble and potential in thy bound victims. Thou vile traducer and robber, thou dost traduce this human nature, and our babes are cursed by thee as soon as born! Thou pronouncest them depraved. Thou sly, insinuating serpent, with what a hideous hiss dost thou accuse the mother, as she rocks the cradle of innocence where smiles a tribute to her pain and sorrow, with being unclean without thy criminal rites because she is a mother! Thy pilfering fingers dally with innocence until that innocence is stolen away by the wily play of hidden deceit. And thus it is that childhood's consecration to thee is a pledge of crippled manhood and womanhood. Once within thine iron grasp, it is hard to gain self-respect on the ground of non-pandering virtues, for thou, wretched thief, dost rob them of reason, self-respect, and the right to think, and thus extinguish every hope which comes to clear the journey of life. And thou, with malicious, black intent, will show thy hideous form as the poor, weary pilgrim stands upon the bank of the river whose waters mean death forever or a peaceful passage across, flashing in his face the fiery tortures of eternal misery, a devil and an angry God, unless the poor, weary pilgrim will still wash and kiss the bloody hands of this vile offspring of nature's filthy offal. Thou ever art the ceaseless, relentless foe of man. Thou hast driven thousands to suicide and the insane asylum. Thou hast frightened into painful torture millions of the sick and dying. Hundreds of millions hav gone to the slaughter at thy bidding. Other hundreds of millions hav gone on bended knees with weeping eyes, and the sobbing cry of distress was heard as these poor, powerless wretches were driven by thee to fulfill thy dreadful decree of penance, in long and weary pilgrimages, maiming, and all painful, horrid, murderous rites. More than the curse of Cain, and all the told and untold crimes of drunkenness, a thousand times more, are thy crimes.

But the cup of human torture which thou hast quaffed has not satisfied thy rapacious thirst for still wider desolation, for thou art even now seeking by thy cunning treachery and immeasurable deep depravity to insinuate thyself into decent society. Thou brutal murderer of all human hopes, how thou art striving to find a footing within the domain of science! Dost thou imagin that thou art needed *here*, with thy record of infamy which has cursed every revelation of science, defiling with thy dirty fingers every moral principle which has felt thy pestilential breath? Science to back thee up and giv thee recognition! The ghosts of all the dead, if such there be, who ever had a scientific thought while here on earth, defend us from this unholy, unreasonable association! Science and religion —O ye gods, what a proposition! When two and two cease to be four; when emptiness is fulness; when to be and not to be, at the same time, is possible; when all the parts of a thing are less than the whole; when all the Christian bankers and cashiers become honest men; when prayer is answered and God is revealed, until then, and not before, can Science afford to take such a monster to its breast. Until then there is not, nor can there be, any support rendered religion by science. Its drooling, slimy utterances make the distance between it and science immeasurable. Adieu, thou vile stench! Murder is in thy every gesture, and side by side dost thou stand with the murderer doing his awful deed of sin, and thou dost encourage him in his foul deed by a promis of forgivness, and when to the gallows he is led thou art still by his side with thy promises and sacred rites to assure him that, as soon as the hanging is done, he goes to heaven to sing the praises of redeeming love, while his victims are in hell. Venomous reptil, how dost thou gloat over the work of horrid deeds, with "forgivness" in thy bony, putrid hands! Adieu, thou deadly cu[illegible] of all the centuries!

J. H. BURNHAM.

Saginaw City, Mich.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

PRIMITIV CHRISTIANITY.

Whether or not Jesus Christ, or, in plain English, Jesus the Anointed, was a real historical character or altogether a myth, is not so certain as that about the time of his supposed advent a great many persons were "anointed," or, as we should say in modern slang, "tarred," with the same brush. The disciples were first called Christians, *i. e.*, anointed ones, at Antioch, evidently as a term of derision. The modern Christian, not knowing the literal meaning of the Greek word, complacently adopts the nickname as a title of honor and distinction. Bruce tells us that the Abyssinian dandy, when he wanted to shine in the eyes of his countrymen and countrywomen, placed a big lump of butter on his head, from whence, being melted by the heat of the sun, it soon flowed over his naked body. The "precious ointment" in a similar manner "ran down on Aaron's beard, even unto the skirts of his raiment" (Ps. cxxxiii, 2). Such a plentiful use of grease seems filthy and objectionable to modern apprehension, but it is evident that before the invention of soap, grease or oil was used as a detergent in all well-regulated households. Guests of distinction were, in Homer's time, lubricated with oil after the preliminary bath. To the Pharisaic host who complained of the waste of ointment used in anointing his feet, Jesus retorted, "My head with oil thou didst not anoint." He was not a guest of distinction, and, except in that solitary case, does not appear to hav been anointed at all. From the context it appears that the woman who administered it was a prostitute, and had probably received the box of ointment as the price of her favors!

Since the invention of Pears's Soap, so highly recommended as a beautifier of the skin, Christianity in its primitiv sense has become obsolete. The Roman Catholics, perhaps, still practice "extreme unction;" and the "peculiar people," when one of their number is sick, instead of sending for a doctor, "pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord" (James v, 14). But these are exceptional cases. The anointing in most cases is entirely figurativ. We still find abundant specimens of the "round, fat, *oily* man of God" in our Methodist churches, but since it has become the fashion to wear the hair short, Rowland's Macassar is never heard of. Calvinistic oil of vitriol is considered too strong for use either internally or externally; and petroleum, suggestiv of universal conflagration, has exploded by spontaneous combustion. And yet unbelievers liv, and laugh at the silly fears they imbibed with their pap!

Enough has been said respecting the etymological meaning of Christianity, and what the "anointed" ones did is a matter of history. We do not find that they did any very great things for two or three centuries, at least. At first they appear to hav practiced Communism, and had a strong objection to half-measures on the part of their converts. The story of Ananias and Sapphira is a case in point. Nothing more diabolical than the evident murder of those two persons is recorded even of Moses. Yet it is construed into an act of that benevolent God who gave his only begotten son for the salvation of sinners! Peter was a coarse, ignorant, brutal savage, who could curse, swear, and tell lies with anybody when it suited his purpose to do so. Yet the church of Rome claims him for her patron saint and founder; and well has she carried out his instructions, supposing them to hav been on a level with his example. But Communistic Christianity was not found to be practicable even then. The Apostle Paul, a man of culture, endowed with a keen intellect and a humane disposition, became infected with the prevailing epidemic. Perhaps it was less objectionable than the strict Judaism to which he had been brought up. At any rate, he made it do. A man's religion is always more or less modified by his character. A good man will make a good Christian, but Christianity will never convert a bad man into a good one. Paul saw at once the fallacy of the Communistic theory, and ordained that if a disciple would not work neither should he eat. He set the best of examples by paying rent for the house he lived in, and working at his trade to supply his necessities. In order that his wants might be few, he remained a bachelor, but did not forbid other men to marry if they felt so inclined. His epistles, on which the creed of Christendom is supposed to be founded, were never understood by those who drew up the creed. They pass the comprehension of any man who is not intellectually on a level with the writer. They for the most part relate to his individual experience alone, and like Samson's riddle are *caviare* to everyone who has not plowed with the same heifer. He may hav met with sympathetic spirits at the time, but it was Peter, and not Paul, who founded a church suited to the vulgar comprehension, of which representativs are to be found in the present day. The modern church owes its existence to imposture, and has not scrupled to maintain it by bloodshed.

OUTIS.

A Grumble From the Pews.

I sit in church and hear things said in sermons which make me boil with anger and shamed out of my self-respect, they are so insulting; and said, too, *at* me, in a place where there is no opportunity given to answer; and said in a galling tone of, "Behold! I am the Lord." And if my views happen to be known, too, why, then I can fancy my fellow-listeners saying, "That settles —— and his Infidel notions; glad the parson sat down on all such Liberal stuff; guess that is pretty conclusiv on Darwin, Huxley, and all such Infidels."

So, as the talk in church, as well as in all religious papers, is all on one side, I guess I'll hav to let off a little steam in some such paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER, for instance, or I shall burst.

In these days the world, or at least a part of it—the *best* part of it—may be allowed to hav learned the lesson of toleration. Not but what there are plenty of murky souls hankering for the fires of Smithfield even now, but they will hav to wait till doomsday, patiently. But the lesson of truth seeking, as a dominant principle, is still but half conned.

Yet it is coming into fashion, there is the mischief of it; people are talking inconveniently much about it; yes, and they are probing and prying, and it is getting to be the style now to "keep the mind open to conviction"—even to the conviction that there are spooks, if good evidence can be brought. There is getting to be an inconveniently large number from whom even their years of early training in the catechism and in church-going, so powerful to bias the views through life, are unable to exclude the fatal question, What is the truth?

Now we know that the only way to get at the truth is by discussion; and we know that the modern mind is getting quite exacting, and that that theory or system which avoids the light which would be thrown on it by allowing a free discussion of its right to be is apt to lose influence in these modern days. Discussion, too, involves freedom to speak not only for but against; and a permit of safe-conduct to and from the diet, as it were; by which I mean that the accuser, contradicter, or opposer shall go scatheless and secure from fear, though, in the exercise of his parliamentary rights, he may say things that are even very offensiv to the ear of the advocates of the system. This is not merely to say that he will not be put to death, or hav his property or civil rights taken from him, but that he must not be made to suffer in any way, must be courteously treated, and be under no ban of any kind.

Hinder, scare, boycott, or affix any sort of stigma under any guise upon one side of a debate, and the value of the conclusions is gone, and confidence in them lost.

Now, the church feels the growing demand of the age for discussion, even of its right to be. At first it was, "Away, I'll not fight with thee!" But when the Freethinker retorts with, "Then liv to be the show and gaze of the time!" it sees how necessary it is to hav "all the modern improvements," including Christian apologetics. Apologies, so called, by writers who condescend to appeal for their faith at the bar of reason are a great concession from "Thus saith the Lord."

So the church takes a turn in science, forgetting that nature's temple must be entered naked and humbly bent into the shape of an interrogation point. The church goes to the door with a defiant summons to open, to surrender; or she tries to purchase by glittering eloquence, or to extort by denunciation, a prearranged response from the oracle.

But, as reason and science are so much in vogue, the church must harness them, or a fair imitation of them, to her chariot. Nay, even that will not do. She must submit to be rediscovered, if she can, by being mined for, not in the dust of the Middle Ages, by cowled monks, but by unfrocked, every-day, hard-headed, practical scientists, in the solid ground of fact.

Ah! but where would that lead to? "Would it be sure to lead to where we want it?" says the church.

Scientific men, who are mad after the exact, real, solid truth, don't care a button where it leads to, so long as they get there—a very great objection to this most unmanageable class. Because why? We don't want to discover the truth, but only to get support for our theories; and, if anything disagreeable turns up, cover it up quickly and say nothing.

That is the reason why the church shies like a horse at a bit of (scientific) paper. She wants to hold science gingerly, so that she can drop it quickly if it gets too hot. It is a jewel which fashion decrees to be worn, but it is a dangerous one for pet theories.

There is a whole literature growing up called Christian science, intended to accomplish the impossible; that is, to approach the religious question in the true spirit of inquiry, and at the same time lead to just the conclusion that is wanted.

For heaven's sake let us hav religious books and devotional rhapsodies which take everything they need for granted, and let us hav scientific truth in books that let polemics alone, but away with all garbling of science to make out a case for a cause which either lies utterly outside of science, or if not,

should, like any other theory, take its chances in cold investigation.

What turns up that is thought to favor the church is hurried into publicity and cheered to the echo by non-critical congregations, while facts of an opposit tendency are glossed over, discredited, and side issues raised to divert attention.

The only safety for the immense vested interest calling itself Christianity is to bar all true research into the grounds of its claims. Again, the only safety for it is to avoid all appearance of doing so.

It makes me indignant again to hear dogmas, abhorrent, disgusting, and senseless, taken up and seriously expounded, that are to me like the tatters on the person of a tramp. We must worship not only the tramp but his rags, and such rags as may or may not belong to him.

Suppose all that is sprang originally from a Big Tramp, then I must take the mass or be damned. There is a book which must hav been written by dictation of the B. T., because he must be good and because the book is so good—though we are often told it must be good *because* it was dictated by the B. T. So this book must be worshiped as one of the appendages of the B. T. One of the characters in this book founded a church, and that church has ever since been manufacturing tail for the great kite which is to raise us all into the air. Once admit the B. T., the extremest rag of the kite-tail follows inevitably. Christianity prevails mainly by tiring out common sense in trying to follow and spot all the innumerable weak and rotten links of question-begged and gratuitously assumed connection between Theism and "calling and election." Feeling as I do that the chain breaks down utterly at every one of the links, how empty of interest seems the mass of dogma that is hung upon it! But is there any recognition of this in my parson's sermon? Oh, no! Why not? Because its rottenness is ineradicable, I conclude. So the plan is to emphasize the necessity of a first cause, and to pass right on to the come-to-Jesus business, as if the far and roundabout mental path between were of no possible consequence.

Reflecting, I conclude that the course of human thought and mental progress is interfered with in this nineteenth century and land of the free by vested interests, for nothing else could oppose such a front to needed improvement and changes in modes of thought. We hav a Levitical caste who, with their dependents, liv from the sale of merchandise which possesses value only for intellects with the proper twist. Like the Western Union, they must suppress the world-overturning though humanity-blessing discoveries of an Edison, if they do not wish to hav their out-of date machinery superseded, and themselvs, perhaps, shelved. HOPEFUL HARDPAN.

Two Light-Circle Seances.

The phenomena exhibited at Mr. Keeler's light-circle séances, as I am about to describe them, will tax the credulity of everybody who has not witnessed the highest phase of spirit manifestation. I might say in advance, as the magician Harry Kellar said after witnessing certain manifestations in Calcutta in 1882:

I do not expect my account of them to gain general credence. Forty-eight hours before, I should not hav believed anyone who described such manifestations under similar circumstances.

The triangular inclosure at the light-circle séance is the same as I described at the dark-circle performance. On two sides there is solid wall, with the exception of a foot of sliding door, making the dimensions of the triangle six feet on two sides, and from eight to nine on the curtained front. The curtain in the light circle is lowered to a hight of four and one-half feet. In the inclosure is placed a small table, on one corner of which is fastened a telegraph instrument. All this is plainly seen before the curtain is fastened across. It is one continuous piece of black muslin, and is attached by rings to a cord tightly drawn, and has a flap about eighteen inches wide at the top. There is no break in this curtain, except sometimes a little tear where a second curtain has to be hooked on, which I will presently describe.

Three chairs are placed side by side closely in front of this dark curtain. Mr. Keeler selects two persons to sit with him. He takes his seat on the right-hand chair. A second curtain, eight or nine feet long, is now fastened at the end where Mr. Keeler sits. The other two sitters take the other two chairs. Mr. Keeler grasps the arm of the second sitter with both his hands. The third sitter takes the right wrist of his companion with his left hand. His right arm is free, and in sight all the time.

The second curtain is now drawn across the whole front, completely covering the three persons except their heads, and the right arm of the third one, which comes out through an arm-hole. The second curtain is fastened by hooks to the first around each sitter's neck. The flap of the first curtain is divided at intervals behind the heads of the sitters.

The light is now turned partly down, but we can all see the features of the three sitters against the dark screen. All keep quiet for a few moments while gentle music is played on the piano or a music-box.

The first person selected by Mr. Keeler to sit with him was my aunt. She was asked to roll up her left sleeve in order to feel more perceptibly the grasp of his two hands. But as she could not conveniently do this, he took her naked wrist in his left hand and her clothed arm in his right. She was told to speak if, at any time, he let go his hold. A gentleman selected by Mr. Keeler took the third seat. He held my aunt's right hand in his left, and all three were covered with the second curtain, from neck to feet, except the right arm of the third sitter.

In a few moments the third sitter said he began to feel himself touched, as if by hands from behind. Then my aunt said she, too, felt the hands—two of them, with all the fingers pressing at once. The pressure began softly, but grew harder. The heads and bodies of the sitters were moved, and my sensitiv aunt feared the spirits would be too violent.

A guitar had been placed on the little table in the inclosure. Pretty soon it began to be thrummed. It was out of tune and the first fret was gone, as I had already noticed, so that no good music could hav been produced on it; nor did the invisible hand at any time attempt to play a tune.

Presently the guitar came rumbling through the chairs of the sitters. It got on the lap of the third one, and there, underneath the outer curtain, we heard it thrummed. It went then upon my aunt's lap, and there it was played upon. It went back into the inclosure, and there continued playing. Again it came out underneath the chairs, and was played at the feet of Mr. Keeler. Once more it returned to the inclosure, and was held up above the curtain, all of it visible but a part of the neck. There it was waved back and forth. It struck each of the two gentlemen on the head. My aunt, whose head is extremely sensitiv, begged that it would not strike her, and it only made feints to hit her head. Sometimes the hand that held the neck of the instrument was seen for a moment above the curtain.

The manager handed a walking-stick to the spirit behind the curtain. It was taken and held upright. Then he took a tambourine and placed it on the top of the stick. The tambourine began to spin on the stick. After spinning some time, it disappeared behind the curtain, and was played on just as George Christy, the minstrel, used to play it. The instrument was then thrown out onto the floor.

Another tambourine without the bells was passed in, together with two broken clothes-pins, for the spirit minstrel to use as drumsticks. A lively tune was played on the piano by one of the spectators, and "George" beat an accompaniment on the tambourine and guitar with those clothes-pins as expertly as any drummer could do.

And now came a performance which few will believe possible—nothing short of a miracle. Mr. Keeler's coat, which he certainly had on when he took his seat, came flying over from behind the curtain, and it fell on the manager's back.

Then the manager handed over the curtain some short lead-pencils and two or three small paper tablets. Presently we could hear the sound of a paper stripped off a tablet, and over the screen came a leaf with a message written upon it in pencil. The manager picked it up, and taking it to the light, read the signature only. One of the spectators recognized it, and the paper was handed to him. In this way everyone present received one message or more. My aunt got one from her husband; my wife one from her mother; and I one from my brother, which, as a specimen, I now transcribe:

Teach me the way to come more fully in rapport with you. You can be used for these works. Sit for us; you will be led. DAVID M. BURR.

A change of sitters was now ordered, and as the three were uncovered Mr. Keeler was in his shirt-sleeves. He put on his coat, and now the two sitters were selected, not by him, but by the spirit guide. The manager pointed to each of us in turn, saying, "This one?" and three raps from behind the curtain indicated the spirit's choice.

The performances were now repeated with some variations. The guitar was played, the tambourine was beaten, and the bells were rung. More messages were written. My aunt requested one in French, and the answer was three raps, meaning yes. Presently there came a paper containing a greeting in good French—four words—signed with her husband's initials.

Most of the messages came over the curtain, but a few of the papers were plainly seen coming right through the unbroken cloth. They came at different points, and were uncrumpled. There was positivly no break in the cloth where such papers, four inches long and two or three quarters wide, could hav come through. I examined the cloth beforehand, and so did my wife.

And now each one of us was in turn invited to come up and get a message written by a visible hand. The hand pointed to each one in turn from over the curtain as a signal to come up. We took a Japanese tray with a paper tablet upon it; this we held up to the curtain just over the shoulders of the sitters, sometimes between Mr. Keeler and the next man and sometimes between the second and third sitters. Out came a hand and naked fore-arm, projecting from the unbroken curtain. It then proceeded to write on the tablet for each one of us a few words, signing them G. C., *i. e.*, George Christy. The writing was generally difficult to read, and my message appeared to be as follows:

Too warm and close here. Until to-morrow. G. C.

I saw the hand and fore-arm coming out of the curtain. Then it was partially covered by the flap, and I saw the ends of the fingers writing the message, the rest of the hand being covered by the flap. When the message was completed, the finger tapped my hand and withdrew. This writing was done between the shoulders of Mr. Keeler and the next man; but some had their messages written between the other two men, where Mr. Keeler's arm could not possibly hav reached. And my aunt got hers written while she held the tray over the head of the middle sitter. We could all see the hand reaching over the top of the curtain as it wrote. And when the message was completed the hand grasped that of my aunt eagerly, and drew it away vigorously before parting.

At the request of the medium or spirit, none of us read his message until the close of the séance, when there was more light. The first one obtained by my aunt was this:

Come up here in a few minutes and let me write a line or two here. I want to grasp your hand once again.

Not until after the grasping of her hand did she know the contents of that first message.

Two evenings later my wife and I attended another light circle. Mr. Keeler selected a gentleman and myself to sit with him. I sat farthest from Mr. Keeler, and held the right hand of the second sitter in my left. Soon he and I felt our backs touched as if by human hands. The other manifestations followed. Mr. Keeler's vest was thrown out upon the floor. How many will believe me when I say that as it fell it was buttoned up? Yet the twenty other spectators will affirm the fact.

A change of sitters was made, and when Mr. Keeler was uncovered he was without a vest, but his coat was on. All present will testify that he had on a vest when he took his seat.

At the second sitting my wife was chosen by the spirit guide to sit beside Mr. Keeler. He had his coat on, but no vest. While she felt his two hands grasping her naked arm there was a jerk and his coat came flying out from behind the curtain.

The guitar performance was repeated, and at one time the instrument was played on while we all saw the large end of it protruding outside of the curtain, between the feet of Mr. Keeler and those of Mrs. Burr, their four feet being also thrust out and visible.

A third change of sitters was made, and this time Mr. Keeler put on his vest, but not his coat, the weather being quite warm. By and by his vest came flying out as before, and when the covering was removed again he was without coat or vest.

I hav spoken of a telegraph instrument attached to the little table behind the screen. This was now used by the invisible spirit. An operator was present, and when a doubt arose about the name signed to a message written by the spirit, the gentleman requested it to be spelled out by the telegraphic alphabet. This was done, and it was followed by a long dialog between the gentleman and George Christy or some other spirit working the instrument. The gentleman would put the question orally, and the spirit would answer by telegraphic ticks. This went on until some of us grew impatient for a continuation of the written messages, and the result was that comparativly few of these were received. But already I had received a written message from my sister, and my wife one from her niece. As before, every message was recognized by the person for whom it was written, there was never a mistake in the signature, and each handwriting was different.

And one remarkable thing was that the telegraph operator got a message written in dots and lines with a pencil. The signature I could read, being in ordinary handwriting, but the message itself, in the Morse alphabet, I got the gentleman to read to me. He said that was his first attendance at a séance, but he had got some slate-writing shortly before in the telegraphic characters.

During the performance a gentleman who had sat with Mr. Keeler requested the privilege of looking over the curtain into the inclosure. The request was granted by the spirit. As he came close to the curtain and looked into the vacant corner the noises ceased. Then he would withdraw a little distance and they would begin. The tambourine would be played on and the bells rung. Again and again he looked over and drew back, with the same result. When the séance was ended that gentleman said: "I hav been investigating these phenomena nine months, attending a séance about twice a month on an average. I hav been a skeptic, but I am now a believer in the spirits. While I was looking over into the vacant corner behind the curtain I saw three hands at one time come out through the curtain—three hands with no body behind them."

One more letter will probably complete all I wish to say on this subject. W. H. BURR.

Washington, D. C., May 20, 1888.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

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A Protege of Ingersoll's.

There is a terrible awakening in Bloomington, Ill., where resides Private Joe Fifer, the brilliant lawyer who has just received the Republican nomination for governor, as it is hinted, yea, it is even asserted, that he and his partner are both admirers of that horrible Ingersoll. It is shocking, perfectly shocking, but Fifer studied law in the office of the great pagan, and imbibed so much of his heresy that he is actually uncertain on the Confession of Faith, and lacks other important requisits for the success of the g. o. p. How Illinois can ever recover from such a calamity is an elongated conundrum. In 1883, Fifer's partner, Mr. Phillips, was nominated for mayor, but was badly knifed by the Republican devotees of the devil, otherwise the God, -fearing element. By the church-going people "Ingersollism," as it is called, is regarded as the incarnation of cussedness. Letters are "pouring in," it is asserted, from "leading" Republicans who affirm that if Fifer is shaky on the Christian faith in any form, shape, or manner, they will not only vote against him but use all their energies to defeat him. Still there are some sappy Liberals who see no necessity for the American Secular Union, not even when the Apostle's Creed is more of a prerequisit to a position of honor than integrity or capacity. It is safe to say that Mr. Fifer will receive some votes in Chicago which he otherwise would not, provided he shows no white feather during the canvass.

It ought to be of interest, and possibly a matter of information, to many American Freethinkers to learn that a powerful German organization of Liberals, whose platform is nearly identical with the Nine Demands, is working to aid us in the work of Secularization of the state, or rather we are aiming to aid them, as, with proverbial forethought, these Teutonic Radicals were the first who realized the necessity for the preservation of religious freedom.

The North Side Turner Hall was profusely decorated Sunday, May 20th, in honor of the thirteenth biennial convention of the North American Turner Bund. As this session was expected to be a memorable one, where the battle between conservatism and radicalism should be fought, the three hundred delegates expressed in form and feature intellectual and physical vigor. Nearly every state and territory was represented by the intellectual athletes who demonstrated the truism of a sound body for a sound mind.

In addition to the usual business several vital questions demanded solution. They were:

1 Should the Bund approve the policy pursued by the editor of the official organ, *Der Amerikanische Turn Zeitung*, during the past two years?

2. Should Turners identify themselvs with a paper which sympathized with the condemned Anarchists, and denounced their hanging as judicial murder?

3. Shall the organ of the Bund be permitted to assail religion, or denounce those who were loyal to European monarchies or mourn the death of a crowned head? And, as the Constitution left everyone free, was not such conduct a violation of the Constitution?

It seems there are persons who do not read the English Freethought papers who are unable to distinguish between an advocate of Anarchy and one who simply demands justice for Anarchists, and that ever since the Haymarket tragedy the Turners hav been considerably torn up on that question, seeing that some of their societies contributed money toward the Anarchists' defense fund, and August Spies was the presiding officer, a few years ago, of the Aurora Turn Verein, and was a delegate to the biennial convention.

During the trial C. Herman Boppe, editor of the *Turn Zeitung* and *Der Freidenker*, of Milwaukee, expressed sympathy with them and boldly denounced their execution as judicial murder, for which he has been bitterly assailed by the conservativs. It was THE TRUTH SEEKER'S experience with German variations—a mixture of misrepresentations, with a prevalence of moral cowardice. No one has assailed Anarchy more earnestly than Editor Boppe—except it might be Editor Macdonald. Still, when pens were silent and mouths were closed through fear, Boppe rose to the attitude of a moral hero, demanding justice for his enemies.

The North Side Turn Gemiende, composed of the wealthiest German Liberals, wanted to be counted in favor of popular prejudice, and from that quarter dissensions in the Bund were largely fermented. Among its membership are many aspiring politicians, whose moral vertebræ is proverbially weak, so they denounced Boppe as an Anarchist, and demanded his deposition and the establishment of a new official organ.

President Dr. Starkloff, of St. Louis, delivered a strong, courageous opening address, showing the injustice of the imputations heaped upon Editor Boppe.

The secretary's report showed a total membership of 29,147—an increase of 2 425; also, that the societies generally had protested against the various bills introduced to restrict immigration; and that they had advocated the formation of personal liberty leagues to fight Prohibition.

The election of Carl Eberhardt, of Boston, as temporary chairman, and subsequently that of Lieber, of New York, to the presidency, demonstrated that the Radicals had a clear majority, to which credit is largely due Frank Stauber and Carl Plum for the missionary work they recently performed on the Pacific coast.

The committees worked all morning, Monday. In the afternoon a sad circumstance was reported—the sudden death of Delegate Adelbert Krieger, of Dayton, O.

Among the letters and dispatches was one bearing the seal of the American Secular Union, as follows:

To the Officers and Delegates Thirteenth Biennial Convention North American Turn Bund: The American Secular Union hereby sends greeting to its German compatriots who first planted organization in this republic to counteract insidious ecclesiastical encroachment. Though divided by language, we are one in purpose. May you succeed in making Freethought the synonym for moral heroism, intellectual grandeur, and freedom universal. Yours for universal mental liberty, E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

The reading of the names of the president and leading vice-presidents was received with prolonged applause.

It took a five hours' session of bitter wrangling to adopt the majority report of the committee on the official organ, which was in substance: "That the *Amerikanische Turn Zeitung* be retained as the official organ, and that its editor was entitled to the thanks of the convention."

The minority submitted a report to limit the power of the editor.

The conservativ line of attack was simply a reiteration of the following points: Boppe is an uncompromising republican—a foe of monarchism and monarchies. We are republicans, but at the same time we are loyal admirers of the German kaiser, of the Hohenzollerns, Bismarck, and the vaterland. He (Boppe) attacked us when we publicly expressed our sorrow over Emperor William's death. We belong to an anti-religious organization—that is, the Turner Bund—but at the same time we don't want to see religion attacked. Moreover, some of us are good believers in God and religion ourselvs. We are progressiv people, but respect public opinion, and would prefer radicalism to be practiced in private.

To these attacks Editor Boppe replied that he did not attempt to represent every temporary current of opinion in the organization; he would exercise his individuality. The reactionists had not induced him to abandon an inch the position he had occupied for ten years. They threatened the organization with graver danger than the Anarchists. The venal press had corrupted the organization. The principles of the Bund were utterly incompatible with Anarchism or Communism. If his course in regard to that dastardly trial made him an Anarchist, then he was proud of it. He would hav been forever ashamed of himself had he not opposed that butchery. At best, the death penalty was a barbarous institution, worthy of Russia. He was a born republican, and never would fall down and worship the Hohenzollerns who banished and executed the republicans in 1848. Prolonged applause greeted the editor's manly defense, which was followed by a venomous personal attack from a member of his own delegation, but the majority report was adopted by a vote of three to one—421 against 158.

As a mollification for the conservativs, a resolution was adopted the following day declaring that, while the Turners stood for liberty, they also stood for law and order.

Memorial services were held over the remains of the deceased delegate, and the remains escorted to the depot.

The committee on platform reported an important change, which was adopted—the striking out of that portion which demanded the abolition of the United States Senate.

After a four days' session, during which a vast amount of important business was transacted, President Lieber closed the convention with a speech calculated to bring about harmony, and it adjourned.

E. A. STEVENS.

Senator Blair's Proposed Sunday Law.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Allow me to again call the attention of your readers to the bill introduced, on May 21st, into the United States Senate, forbidding not only "any secular work, labor, or business to the disturbance of others" (works of necessity, mercy, and humanity excepted), but also "any play, game, amusement, or recreation, to the disturbance of others, on the first day of the week, commonly known as the Lord's day, in any place subject to the exclusiv jurisdiction of the United States." Another section provides that no mails shall be carried on Sunday, nor "any mail matter be collected, assorted, handled, or delivered," except in time of war, or cases of death or illness.

This latter section is such a gross violation, not only of existing usage, but of the known wish of the people, that it cannot pass if proper attention is given by the friends of freedom. It is, unfortunately, much easier to make bad laws than to repeal them; and the introduction of this bill probably means that some sort of Sabbatarian legislation is likely to be supported powerfully. The purport of the first section is not clear to me. I do not wish to hav people on sickbeds, or in church, disturbed by brass bands, or noisy games at baseball, or the cries of pedlars, on Sunday; but, before this bill passes, I want to be sure that no one will be enabled by it to prosecute his neighbors for disturbing his peace of mind by quietly fishing, or weeding their gardens, or playing lawn-tennis. If any more Sunday legislation is needed, it should be in words that cannot be misunderstood. Judging the first section by the second, I must suppose the whole bill to be an outrageous attack on individual liberty. At all events, it is high time for us to consider whether we wish to hav any letter or newspaper which may be on its way to us, or to anyone else, at the close of the week delayed for at least twenty-four hours in deference to Sabbatarian prejudices. F. M. HOLLAND.

BLAIR'S BLUING-BAG.
From the New York World.

It is of course not necessary to consider seriously Senator Blair's bill to restore the Puritan Sunday by act of Congress. It would be quite as practicable to carry the world back to the other primitiv Puritan customs as to the observance of Sunday that prevailed two hundred years ago.

To be entirely consistent Mr. Blair should hav provided for the killing of witches—perhaps substituting electricity for fire, as a concession to the spirit of the nineteenth century—and directed that people be fined for staying away from church. If a part of the old Blue laws is to be revived, under national sanction, the cerulean hue should be impartially distributed. To stop the mails and forbid travel except in private carriages would not be enough.

Mr. Blair's latest exhibition of crankiness would hardly be worth notice if the Senate had not already encouraged him in eccentricities that hav cost the taxpayers large sums of money, with no return. The pointless inquiries which he has set afoot and the printing that he has procured hav cost more than his services could possibly be worth for a hundred years, while the surplus-squandering schemes which he has fathered would bankrupt the nation.

New Hampshire would confer a great boon on the country if she could find some home use for the eccentric and highly reformatory Mr. Blair.

Our London Letter.

It is difficult for the lay mind to see the connection between religious opinions and the "plan of campaign," but the pope appears to think they are very closely allied, when he condemns the latter in his decree to the Irish bishops, and says he does not wish to interfere with the political difficulties now existing. He has probably discovered that the parish priests and their flocks are not quite so subservient as they were formerly, and if he goes too far he may lose the brightest gem in the papal crown. With all his desire to oblige the present English government in return for certain concessions, he may not find it quite so paying a game as he contemplated. It can not be a pleasant thing to know the head of the Nationalist party is a heretic, and it might be very gratifying to divest him of his power, even at the expense of the wretched tenantry of Ireland, if the cost to the treasury was not too great. Altogether it is a miserable business, but if the terms of the papal letter are insisted on, it may turn out so much the better for an emancipated people.

Clerical rascality has been freely exposed of late, and the cry for disestablishment is growing louder. There is no question but that it must come sooner or later; and the later the better, for if it were done quickly large compensation would be claimed and allowed—though why a parson should be better entitled to compensation than a tradesman who has failed because his wares are going out of fashion it is difficult to say. The relations between the state clergy and their parishioners are rather strained at times, so much so that two or three free fights hav been recorded in the vestries connected with churches. The Nonconformists are not much better, and the "down-grade" controversy, started by Spurgeon, has had its effect elsewhere. So far, at present, the supporters of genuin hell-fire are in the majority, though it does not appear they anticipate having experience of it themselvs, only reserving the article for unbelievers.

The annual Exeter Hall dissipations are now in full swing, but there is nothing particularly new regarding them. The same old lies are told of the benefi-

cent results of missionary enterprise, and the necessity urged of more money—which is apparently kept in a bottomless sack, for the repository of the cash of the faithful is never full.

A prophetic conference is, I believe, the only new feature of the long list of meetings. It must hav been very interesting. Its prophets all followed in the wake of Jeremiah, of dismal memory. Within the next three years there are to be fearful wars in Europe, and twenty-three kingdoms will be reduced to ten. Between 1897 and 1901 millions of Christians will be massacred, and pestilence, famin, and earthquakes will be the order of the day. On March 5, 1896, 144 000 Christians will be translated bodily to the celestial regions, and April 11, 1901, Christ is to descend on the earth. The late prophet Daniel is made responsible for all this bloody business, as is clearly proved by the champion seer, Baxter, but as this individual interprets Daniel's mental wanderings differently every time he examins them, perhaps the dates now fixed will be further postponed, as on previous occasions.

If there was any possibility of these things coming to pass, the rush of American excursionists to see the fun would be so great that the famin portion would speedily be realized, unless they brought their own provisions with them. J. D.

Charles Watts's Friendly View.

From Secular Thought.

Some weeks since, I drew the attention of the readers of this journal to the progress of Secular principles in Canada; my recent visits to the States enable me to record that a similar advancement is apparent there. I hav recently been to Pittsburgh, Garrettsville, Massillon, Chicago, Stewardson, Strasburg, Grand Rapids, and Saginaw, and delivered at these various places twenty-four lectures. Thus an opportunity has been afforded me to see the condition of our movement on the other side of the border, and to observe the elements at work in the American Freethought propaganda.

At all my lectures the audiences hav been large and enthusiastic, and the Sunday meetings were crowded. One pleasing feature in the gatherings was the many ladies present. This is a good and encouraging sign, for the success of the Secular cause depends largely upon our wives and daughters coöperating with us. Woman wields a power for good or for evil that cannot be overestimated. Against us, she frequently fetters the actions of husband and sons, thus robbing us of valuable help; with us, she not only inspires those around her to action, but she adds the weight of her own power, the force and benefit of which are only fully known to those who hav witnessed its advantages in such an organization as our own.

The earnestness and fidelity to profession manifested by the real workers in the Secular movement throughout the States deserve all praise. Actuated by a desire to advance principles dear to them, they toil, often at a pecuniary loss to themselvs, to benefit their kind, to enhance the power of ethical culture, and to enlarge the scope of mental freedom. Unfortunately, such noble work is left far more than it should be to the few, while the many manifest an indifference which is ofttimes most unjustifiable, devolving upon the few willing workers the whole of the labor which should be shared by all. It is to be feared that this drawback to our movement will continue, both in Canada and in the States, until all those who profess to be Freethinkers recognize it as their duty to do something to extend that freedom to others which they themselvs enjoy as a legacy from the dauntless pioneers in the past. It is not enough to be free oneself—persistent efforts should be made to liberate those who are still bound by the chains of traditional belief and priestly domination.

Secularists in the States hav some excellent journals to represent their views. THE TRUTH SEEKER is solid, and conducted by one of the best editors that ever filled an editorial chair. The Boston *Investigator* is varied and interesting, presided over by a noble veteran in the cause of liberty, one who knows what to do and how to do it. The *Ironclad Age* is bold and defiant, and its editor is as fearless as he is able. The *Freethinkers' Magazine* expounds the very genius of Freethought in a lofty and dignified fashion. *Truth*, published by the Pittsburgh friends, is calm, discriminating, and excellent in tone, while the new venture in California bids fair to become an efficient exponent of Liberalism in the West.

The platform is also well represented in the States. Besides Colonel Ingersoll, who, of course, stands alone as an orator, there are B. F. Underwood, Remsburg, Jamieson, Putnam, Reynolds, Dr. York, Burnham, Miss Gardener, Mrs. Freeman, and Miss De Cleyre. Of such exponents in the press and on the platform America ought to be proud. And we are glad to see that special efforts are to be made at the coming Congress at Pittsburgh, in October, to organize practical work.

We regret to notice that of late the usefulness of the American Secular Union has been somewhat impaired through the existence of some misunderstanding among certain of its officials. We still more regret to see the very undignified tone imparted, and the publicity given to the discussion of questions at issue. Let us hope that all this will be set right at the next Congress, and that harmony and due regard to principles will be then the order of the day. The delegates who may assemble on that occasion should decide what is to be done, and the best means of doing it. In the next place, those who can work to carry out what is there and then decided upon should do their best to aid in carrying out the adopted program. If there should be any who cannot coöperate to further the conclusions arrived at by the Congress, let them work in their own way, but, for the sake of the principles, which are higher than men, we trust no one will do anything to impair the Union, or to retard the Secular work its friends aim to accomplish. We understand that the earnest workers at Pittsburgh and the untiring secretary, E A. Stevens, are doing their level best to make the coming convention what it should be. In these laudable efforts they deserve that all possible support should be given them. Personally, I shall deem it a pleasing duty to assist in promoting whatever is calculated to defeat the common enemy, and to advance the truth as it is in the liberty of Freethought and the practical teachings of Secular philosophy.

Mr. Bradlaugh at Home.

From the North Wilts, Eng., Herald, March 23, 1888.

An interview with Mr. Bradlaugh appeared in last evening's *Pall Mall Gazette*, from wh ch we extract the following passages: Mr. Bradlaugh's study and library, which are combined in one, is a large, airy apartment over a music shop in St. John's Wood. The room is well lighted, and the shelves are filled with dog-eared and well-used books, to which some attempt has been made to introduce order by numbering with white labels. Conspicuous on one of the shelves immediately behind Mr. Bradlaugh's desk, so as to be accessible for use, is a copy of the Bible, while the shelves above are filled with bound volumes of the *National Reformer*, a journal in which Mr. Bradlaugh's life and doings are written at large from day to day for the benefit of his disciples and the general public. There is something elephantine about the man, alike in his imposing physique, his small but impressiv eyes, and the wonderful upper lip, which is much the most distinctiv of his features. Mr. Bradlaugh is aging somewhat in appearance, and his "lyart haffets wearing thin and bare" promis before long to reduce the head of the member for Northampton to the condition of that of Bismarck, whose three hairs hav long ago become proverbial. Yet Mr. Bradlaugh is only fifty-five years old according to the almanac; but, as he remarked, he is four centuries old in work, which no doubt accounts for the fact that he has a look of age beyond his years.

Referring to the Oaths bill, Mr. Bradlaugh said: "I think the bill is certain to get through the House of Commons. After Whitsuntide, bills that hav already made certain progress will hav precedence over those which hav yet to be read a second time, and then my bill will go up to the House of Lords. I think the bishops ought to support the bill, even if it does go much farther than the mere question of Parliamentary oath. I should hav been the meanest scoundrel alive if I had contented myself with a bill abolishing Parliamentary oaths while I left all other oaths intact. There is not a week passes in which I do not receive letters and petitions from victims who hav been compelled to choose between using a form of words in which they do not believe and being excluded from the performance of their duties as citizens. . . . I know at the present moment a round dozen of justices all of whom hav been sworn but none of whom could take the oath legally, according to the law laid down in the case of the Attorney-general *vs.* Bradlaugh. These men are constantly acting in a magisterial capacity, and all their acts are invalid by virtue of their not having been properly sworn."

Asked what would be his next point of attack, Mr. Bradlaugh declined to say, but remarked: "We shall not rest content until we hav established perfect equality before the law—in short, not until we hav realized the idea that is set forth in the program of the National Secular Society. The object of the National Secular Society is to agitate for the removal of all laws which impose any penalty or disability with regard to religious belief. Of course, that goes very far, for it includes disestablishment, and its realization is incompatible with the compulsory teaching of any form of religious belief in national schools. It is for this object the National Secular Society was formed, and with its attainment, its object of existence having been achieved, there would no longer be any reason for it to continue its operations; for it has never been constituted as a church, nor has it any functions other than those of a militant body, organized for the purpose of attack against any system of religious inequality." Describing his method of life, Mr. Bradlaugh said: "I am constantly lecturing. I lecture in order to liv. The pen is but a weak instrument for making a living compared with the voice. I lecture as a rule four times a week—thrice on a Sunday and once in the week, and contrive to make as much on the two days as will keep me over the seven. This is the way it is done," said Mr. Bradlaugh, and crossing the library, he pointed to two huge bills which were spread on the floor announcing that Mr. Bradlaugh was to deliver three lectures on the following Sunday at Huddersfield, to which admission could be had for 6d. and 3d. "People," said he, "take the hall, issue these bills, and invite me to lecture, charging for admission. Money thus received is devoted in the first place to recouping the expenses in the hiring of the hall and the printing of the bills, and anything that remains over is mine. Sometimes there is a good deal; sometimes I do not make my railway fare, but on the whole I contrive to make a living. It involves constant traveling for eight months in the year. I should say that I travel five hundred miles a week. The remaining four months I average perhaps two hundred miles. So that I am kept pretty busy in meeting my engagements. The number of lectures which I hav to giv gratuitously for the benefit of various causes is a very heavy tax. It is the only thing that I can giv, and I cannot refuse the calls that are made upon me. It is hard work to keep things going," said Mr. Bradlaugh, cheerily, "for I hav not only to maintain myself, but also to defray the enormous costs which hav accumulated against me. I hav reduced them somewhat, but there are still some £1 800 due."

Sunday Service and the "Mail and Express."

From the Hebrew Standard.

In connection with a lecture of Rev. Dr. Gottheil on Baruch Spinoza, delivered on a recent Sunday, and published in the columns of the *Mail and Express*, that paper directs attention to the introduction of Sunday lectures in various Jewish temples, and draws from it the conclusion that the Jews are drawing closer to Christianity, and will soon recognize the cross as the symbol of salvation, and surrender their monotheism to the belief in a trinity. Every Jew is fully aware of the fallacy of this deduction. Between lectures on Sunday and dedicating a temple on the Christian Sabbath, there is yet a vast gulf between Judaism and Christianity. The Jews cannot possibly believe in the divinity of Jesus. They cannot believe in the divinity of any human being. It is against the very foundation of their religion. It is spiritual suicide. They cannot help it that Christians must needs hav a human being as mediator between God and man, and are probably proud of the fact that bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, a son of Israel, was selected for that highest position in the gift of man, but they cannot overlook the fact that their ancestors saw Jesus of Nazareth walk and speak and preach, eat and drink, liv and die, as a human being, and can never believe in him as a God. It is against their nature, their understanding, their reasoning power, to deify man or to humanize God. The lectures delivered by Jewish rabbis on Sunday abound with logic and reason, and are the strongest protest against mysteries like trinitheism, transfiguration, transubstantiation, and other ingenious inventions of subtle scholastics which hav confused the minds of Christian congregations, befogged their reasoning powers, and led them captiv in the meshes of undigested, obscure theological nomenclatures.

The Jews on the average hav a clear, keen, and sharp intellect, with which they cut through the most skilfully woven nets; and they will insist to call a spade a spade, and nothing else, until it is clearly demonstrated that a spade is something else in reality and not merely so called.

They do not object to Colonel Shepard hugging a phantom and calling it God, or a great lawyer abdicating his reason on the bidding of a jugg'ing woman, or Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, with sickly sentimentality, bewailing the refusal of the Jews to prepare for paradise by accepting their own flesh and blood as a divine substance, but they must be excused from following them in that tortuous path of credulous God-making. Don't deceive yourself or your readers, colonel. The Jews are not of the retrograding material. Medieval superstition and bigotry could not darken their vision, and the bright sun of civilization will certainly not obscure their sight and cloud their conceptions.

Ingersoll on Conkling.

From the Minneapolis, Minn., Tribune of May 12th.

Elsewhere in this morning's *Tribune* is printed an oration on the late Roscoe Conkling by Robert G. Ingersoll. It was delivered last evening in the Academy of Music, at Albany, under the auspices of the New York general assembly, and is one of Mr. Ingersoll's noblest efforts. Full of the great orator's splendid imagery, strong in its vigorous English, and grandly impressiv in its stately, rhythmic flow, the oration is a splendid tribute of one grand American to the memory of another. Never were two men more different in character, talent, and personality than the eulogist and his subject. Individually incomparable, yet diametrically opposit. Both orators in the highest and truest sense. Conkling the thunderbolt of eloquence; Ingersoll the brilliant lightning flashing zigzag through the sky. Conkling grand, impressiv, superb, logical, forcible, convincing; Ingersoll keen, incisiv, glorious, picturesque, fascinating, winning. Conkling chose his line of argument and never deviated. Every phrase was set and polished, every point calm and logical, and every conclusion apt and forceful. His flowers of rhetoric were few, but choice, and anything which fell below the highest plane of cold reason seldom found a place in his remarks. Everything he said marked the austere and haughty personality of the man. He was an intellectual giant, and he looked with disdain upon pigmies. Persistent in purpose and incorruptible in principle, Roscoe Conkling grew in greatness in spite of faults which would hav dragged down a man of less rugged strength of character. How different Ingersoll! Towering above his fellows in those gifts which mark genius, yet as easily approachable as a child. Kindly, whole-souled, genial, democratic, he makes and keeps friends where Conkling made enemies. With an oratorical power as rare in rhetorical beauty and play of fancy as it is marvelous in varied learning and convincing force. Yet Ingersoll, too, has been hampered in his career by religious opinions which hav deprived him of all public acknowledgment of his great abilities.

There is a strange similarity between the two men, yet the widest dissimilarity, and that each should hav been the friend and admirer of the other's transcendent abilities is perhaps stranger still. Mr. Ingersoll's eulogy will rank with the oratorical gems of this generation.

Communications.

Rotten Eggs and Dirt for Infidels.

L. K. WASHBURN'S EXPERIENCE AMONG THE BLUE-NOSES.

From the Investigator.

The result of a lengthy correspondence with Mr. Frank Wooster was an engagement with that gentleman to giv five lectures in Grand Manan, New Brunswick. Grand Manan is an island about twenty miles from Eastport. You can go there when the boat goes. There is a blissful uncertainty about the arrangements for travel by boat. It depends upon the weather, or the freight, or something else, when you leave. The island lies at the mouth of the bay of Fundy, and is about twenty miles long and three miles wide. The steamer that runs to this place has a captain by the name of Ingersoll! A Liberal ought to feel safe where that name is.

When I reached the wharf I met Capt. Warren Cheney, who was partly responsible for my engagement. He took me to a carriage where Mr. Wooster was waiting to welcome the first Liberal lecturer to Grand Manan. It seems that the Christians of the island had decided in their own minds that I should not deliver my lectures, and they concluded that the best way to carry out their intention was to hav the halls closed to me. At North Head, where is the steamboat landing, and which is the principal village of the island, I was to giv my first lecture Friday evening. The hall at this place had been engaged of the trustees—Capt. James A. Pettes, Mr. John Kent, and Mr. Lawson, the latter being a church-member.

A person by the name of *Edmund Daggett*, a magistrate of the island, who bears a somewhat unsavory reputation, was chiefly instrumental in "working up" the feeling against "the Infidels." This man had been away to get legal advice as to the best way to prevent the lectures, and he was on the steamer with me Thursday, and upon landing immediately communicated with his followers that he was armed with authority to break the engagement of the trustees and refuse Mr. Wooster and Captain Cheney the use of the hall for the lectures as advertised. The story reached our ears before we had driven through the village, and as it was thought best to hav the matter understood then and there, we drove to the house of one of the trustees, who acted as janitor of the hall, and inquired as to the truthfulness of the rumor.

Mr. Lawson confirmed the story, and said, "Esquire Daggett had just told him that we could not hav the hall." Messrs. Wooster and Cheney wanted to know under what authority Daggett was acting, and so sent for him. He came, and informed us very pompously that he had consulted with the lawyers upon the matter, and that he had forbidden the trustees to open the hall for the lectures. He refused to show his papers, and rising, said that "he did not wish to hold any further conversation with people who denied that the Bible was God's word!" Exit Daggett. Captain Pettes and Mr. Kent assured us that the doors would be opened on Friday night.

The evening arrived. Crowds of both sexes filled the street, anxious to see what the Infidels would do. After supper at the Marble Ridge Hotel, of which Captain Pettes is the proprietor, we prepared for the siege. As the hour for the lecture drew near the crowds increased, and as we walked toward the hall the people moved in the same direction. Daggett had gained possession of the key to the hall, and refused to giv it up, giving among other excuses that he had lost it. When it was made clear that the only way into the hall was to force the door, Captain Pettes performed this office with perfect ease. After lighting the lamps and getting a soap-box for a desk, we proceeded. The hall was filled with men and a few women.

After some brief remarks upon the spirit of modern persecution, and after repeating the invitation to the clergy of the island to debate the question, "Is the Bible the Word of God?" I read Mr. S. P. Putnam's poem, "Why Don't He Lend a Hand?" and gave my lecture on "What Hav We to Fear from Atheism?" The music of a cow bell was furnished by an outside orchestra, which was intended to break off the meeting, but it was not successful.

While the audience was going out, the threatening report of a revolver was heard near the door. We had carried the day; we had entered the hall, and had the lecture as advertised, and the Christians had been defeated. After leaving the hall we had gone but a short distance when a peculiar report near our feet warned us that eggs were being thrown at us. Soon a shower of them fell, and two of our party of five were struck. I escaped. The miserable cowards who engaged in such contemptible work were fit tools of the man Daggett and his Christian employers. Twice were we bombarded with these missils, but no great harm was done.

A far more serious danger awaited us. The village of Castalia is about midway between North Head and Grand Harbor. This village is the home of the Sanctificationists, as they are called. These peculiar people are peculiar in their ignorance and piety. They hav a peculiar hatred for everyone that is not a Sanctificationist. We were riding through this place at 11 o'clock at night, not dreaming of foes or danger, when our carriage was suddenly checked in its course by a large rail across the street, placed there with the intention of injuring us on our way home.

Mr. Wooster and myself were in the forward team, and thus we were the ones to receive the shock. Captain Cheney and John Cheney were in the other team, and were anxious to find and punish the dastards who were guilty of such an act. After repeated attempts to find a live man we drove on, only to be again stopped, by a larger log than the first one. As we were somewhat prepared for the second stop, we accepted the situation more calmly. But think of wretches who would attempt the lives of their fellow-beings through religious hate! Has Christianity, after eighteen hundred years, no better fruit to exhibit than this?

On Saturday night I lectured at South Cove, in a hall owned by J. G. Frazer. The entire Christian force tried to induce Mr. Frazer to break his word with Mr. Wooster, and so prevent the lecture, but it did not succeed. Beyond a little dirt being thrown at us, at this place there was no sign of opposition.

The light of the nineteenth century has scarcely reached Grand Manan. The clouds of the Dark Ages still hang over the island. I hav never seen a more ignorant, superstitious, intolerant set of mortals. The general mass is relieved by a few splendid men, but they are out of their element in that benighted region. Mr. Turner Wooster, Mr. Frank Wooster, Capt. Warren Cheney, Mr. Albert Cheney, Captain Pettes, and a few others possess modern ideas and are Liberal-minded, intelligent men. I enjoyed my visit very much, and the kind hospitality of Mr. Turner Wooster and Captain Cheney.

California Letter.

After one hundred days among the Saints at Zion, I am right glad to be once more in my own home in the Garden City, now so beautiful in her new spring dress of green fields, fruits, and flowers, which were never more abundant and promising than at present. But as poetry is not my *forte*, I will not take up your valuable space in any attempt to set forth the every-day glories of the sunset slope, and will only say that California was never more prosperous, in city and country, than at present. Boom seems to be the magic word on every tongue, and the entire wide West is moving under the impulse of men and means from the eastern slope of our continent.

My work in Utah has been arduous, and yet, in many respects, most pleasant and opportune, as there is a new impulse in the mental life of this religion-cursed part of our country. My audiences hav been unprecedentedly large in Salt Lake, numbering from twelve to fifteen hundred, and often greatly overtaxed the capacity of the Opera House.

The people, largely Mormon, did not hav to be coaxed or dragged out, but came with such degree of willingness as to pack the house in thirty minutes after the doors were open, and that, too, in spite of the constant warnings of the Mormon press; showing clearly that the backbone of the Mormon beast is broken, and the young people especially are slipping away from the grasp of the priests and bishops of that most degrading and demoralizing system of religion.

And from the fact that the missionary efforts of orthodox sects are utterly futil in converting these people to any other form of Christianity, Utah bids fair to contain more Freethinkers, in proportion to the population, than any other similar area of our country.

When they conclude that God did not talk to Joseph Smith, and that he was an undoubted fraud, and that Brigham Young was a knave and a despot, they begin to doubt all so-called revelations, and place John on the Isle of Patmos and Jo Smith in the same boat, as gross impostors, or both suffering from hallucination or jimjams, and turn their attention to the study of natural science as the only cure for that mental disease called religion. And the gentiles and Liberals of Salt Lake are deserving of great credit for their long and faithful warfare to redeem the beautiful valleys of Utah from this virus of false religion, so destructiv to true womanhood, home, and family life, the fruitage of animalism and lust, disloyal to the government, and degrading to its subjects. And yet, aside from its polygamous aspects, it is quite as much entitled to credence and respect as the religion of the Catholic or Protestant Christian sect. Why not? They are all based upon so-called revelations; all are dealing with the unseen; all are requiring a belief in what none of them can prove, under the whip-lash of human authority; all are based upon a book, miracle, vision, or dream of some disordered mind.

I had quite as soon believe in Jo Smith's dreams, and the clairvoyant visions of Jo Smith's mother, saturated with ignorance and superstition, as divine revelations, as the crazy talk of Isaiah, John the Revelator, or the wonders recorded in the Testament spook-book of Christianity, and Mormons hav quite as sufficient ground for their monstrous fraud as hav the Christian sects who are so bitter against the Mormons.

And the only distinction worthy of note is that one is an old lie, time-honored with usage, fashionable in the extreme, and its hideous discrepancies, covered with rhetoric, music, and flowers, pass current for truth, while Mormonism is only a new lie struggling for existence against the mother who gave it birth—the legitimate child of Christianity and the Bible God. From choice giv me the new lie, as time will smooth away its glaring inconsistencies and make it as fashionable as the sister sects, and the Book of Mormon with age would become quite as much entitled to be called the word of God as any other Bible of religion.

Hence, you may see the utter hopelessness of the Christian cause in Utah. In fact, I was informed by a gentleman at Payson, in Utah valley, that the Presbyterian effort in that place in the conversion of Mormons during twelve years past had resulted in the expenditure of $30,000 and the conversion of one poor Mormon, who soon after discovered that he had leaped from the frying-pan into the fire, and left the church, headed for Freethought and mental freedom. And this is the status of Christian effort to convert Mormons by the various sects in Salt Lake and elsewhere in the territory.

They beg money in the East by missionary effort to build churches, under false representations of the Mormon religion and Mormon people, with no converts from the Mormon faith; while Secular thought and effort can number its converts by thousands in the territory, and thousands more on the way to the highlands of reason and common sense.

Utah is a most beautiful country, rich in soil, with a climate far surpassing that of the Eastern slope, and equaled only by California, as during the entire winter I hav felt no more discomfort from cold than in San José, where I hav lived for twenty-two years past.

The country is rich in minerals, sheep and cattle, and such other resources as fully assure its future greatness as soon and as fast as enterprising gentile people will come in and take the government of the country and cities out of the hands of these pseudo saints of God.

And to this end the Salt Lake *Tribune* stands, like a pillar of fire by night and by day, in defense of liberty and law, and a most powerful auxiliary in every effort to wipe out this ecclesiastical curse and slavery from this fair land. Long liv the old *Tribune* and the boys in blue who hav made life, property, and free speech possible so long in Zion!

Salt Lake City is certainly, from location and resources, bound to be in the near future a great railroad center and distributing-point, like Denver and Los Angeles, and only a few hundred more gentile votes are required to giv Salt Lake a government of the people, by the people, and to swing her into line with the other cities of our Union, so blessed and so free, under the stripes and stars of our dear country.

I gave fourteen Radical lectures in Salt Lake on Sunday nights, and from two to three lectures each week at other points in the territory. And my thanks are due in Salt Lake to all who helped me in my work, and especially to Messrs. Rogers, Howard, Godbee, Hammond, Lawrence, Wiscomb, Wellock, Steele, Thompson, Chittock, and others who helped to crown my work with success.

At Murray I gave two lectures, and on the first occasion was favored with the use of a large Mormon church for the lecture. At this point the genial, courteous Harry Haines stands in the front, and a bulwark he is against sham and delusion.

At Provo, a former hotbed of Mormon deviltry, I gave four nights to large audiences, who voted for my return although the bishop preached against me and stoutly refused the theater for my use. But thanks to Uncle Sam's court, then in session, and the courtesy of Judge Henderson, formerly of Michigan, I was accorded the court house, which was literally packed to overflowing.

I am happy to mention H. S. Brooks, Dr. Hennberg, and John Morwick for kindness in opening the way into this priest-ridden town. Dr. Hennberg and lady, who kindly entertained me during both visits at Provo, are highly cultured people. The doctor enjoys a fine practice in medicin; and his amiable wife is high up in fine art, and the walls of their unique and beautiful home show in profusion the skill of her cultivated hand and refined taste.

At Payson I lectured four nights to an audience of not less than seven hundred, five-sixths of which were Mormons. And this must be said to their credit, they are far more Liberal—*i. e.*, the rank and file of Mormonism—than any other Christian sect. And I presume it is for the reason that Mormons believe a little in almost everything. And their system is a grand jumble and conglomeration of isms. Paganism from India to Jesus, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Jesuitism, Protestantism, and diabolism, well shaken before taken—you hav Mormonism. And, of course, their religion consisting of such diverse elements of faith, they are more open to argument than any other sect, for what they cannot prove by the Bible and Book of Mormon is not worth proving.

At Payson my thanks are due to Dr. Greer and his excellent wife, for entertainment and other material assistance. The doctor is a radical of radicals, and alive to the interests of Freethought. He has recently removed to Chicago, where he has property interests. I am sure he will be a valuable accession to the leadership of our cause in Chicago.

At Ogden our old friend J. A. Jost stands, as he has for many years, beating against the tide of hypocrisy and ecclesiastical deviltry. I spoke three nights to good audiences. And thanks are due at Ogden to friends Jost, Griffin, Martin, and especially James Axley, a young railroad man and a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, for timely assistance with helping hand.

The work at Morgan, Coalville, and Kamas was well received, and my labor lightened by Messrs. Edholm, Williams, Sorenson, and others who stand on the walls of Secular Freethought.

And I take pleasure in making the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER acquainted with Wm. Reynolds, secretary of the territorial Secular Union, living at Wanship. All in that country know him, and love him for his sterling principles, and prompt and continued action in behalf of our noble cause. He is a live man, and writes more letters to friends to open the way and disseminate our principles than any ten persons in Utah. Ideas and action, must be the motto of Wm. Reynolds.

At Park City I lectured four nights in all, on two different occasions, on both of which occasions J. A. Williams took the wheel and piloted me through to success. Brother Williams is an old soldier of the Union and fought for her life, and is now accorded a high place among the brethren in the Grand Army of the Republic, and I felt greatly at home with him and his good wife at their home nestled in amongst the snow-clad hills of the Wasatch mountains about four miles from Park City.

Brother Williams is as true as steel to our cause, with an open hand and warm heart, and I was pleased to read from his pen, in the Park City papers, a most able and eloquent exposition and defense of labor against the heartless greed of monopoly, and words of wisdom to those who toil to enrich the millionaires of this world.

Our thanks are also due, at Park City, to the managers of the great and far-famed Ontario silver mine at that place, a mine which for twelve years has never levied an assessment on its stock, but paid largely straight on from the first.

Its managers and foreman are Liberals, and treated us with great courtesy, enabling us to see a thousand feet beneath the surface, and, what to us was a great and long-to-be-remembered sight, the great Cornish pumps, which lift thirteen thousand tons of water daily. And as I gazed upon such a triumph of the intellect of man, I thought: Compared with science, what has theology done in retarding the mighty forces which flow out from mental freedom?

This mine stands at the head for richness of return, and has material to last twenty years in sight. And many thanks for the rich specimens of silver-bearing rock—some of which yields as high as $5,300 to the ton—for my cabinet.

Park City is a lively, prosperous camp, and full of Freethinkers, who gave me fine audiences on both occasions.

My last work in the territory was two lectures at Kaysville, under the auspices of that stanch defender of our faith, Hector Haight, another live man in the cause of Secular thought.

The audience may be called a success, although a rain and snow storm was raging at Kaysville—the first and only storm which hindered a large audience at any point during my campaign in Utah.

Of course, you hav heard of my farewell meeting at Salt Lake, and the invitation to return for a second campaign in January next, which I hope to do.

And in conclusion I will say that I look upon Utah as a most hopeful field of Freethought, and that should Brother C. B. Reynolds drop into Utah on his return trip he will no doubt find a warm welcome by the Liberals wherever he may chance to speak in the territory.

I am now at my home resting up a little, after which I expect to visit Oregon and Washington territory, to fan up the embers of Freethought, and look once more into the faces of old-time friends in the north. I shall go up the overland route, and shall be glad to get a line from the friends at Ashland, Eugene, Albany, Portland, Forest Grove, Astoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Port Townsend, and Victoria, before leaving my home in San José.

DR. J. L. YORK.

Not so Great a Blunder After All.

An amusing blunder—the work doubtless of a facetious compositor—appears in the last number of *Notes and Queries*, O'Connell once repeated an Irish song or hymn, two lines of which ran thus:

On our side is virtue and Erin;
On their's is the *passion* and guilt.

A writer in *Notes and Queries*, quoting this couplet, is made to say:

On our side is virtue and Erin;
On theirs is the *parson* and guilt.

What will pious people say to this?—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Hocus-Pocus.

Of the many brilliantly stupid stories told in the pages of the Holy Queer, one that came into the life of "good old Father Abraham"—it was previous, however, to his being "magnified" from plain Abram—is entitled to a large slice of the conventional cake, I think. It appears that Jahveh dropped round to Abe's house one evening, and whistled his pet and chum out into the front yard, where he told him to count the stars, the night being clear and fine, presumably, and conduciv to a correct count, with no need of "returning boards."

Now, if Jahveh should whistle any of us out of the house and tell us to count the stars, we should be very apt to whistle our astonishment, and gently insinuate that he was biting off for us more than we could chew, as it were; in other words, that he was oversizing the possibilities in our case; but not in the least did it faze Abe, who went to work at once—it isn't at all likely that he hesitated to undertake the stupendous job who didn't hesitate to obey the divine command when Jahveh "tempted" him to murder Ike, is it?—but must hav slipped up, failing to keep tally, somewhere in the billions, as Jahveh broke in on him, telling him that as multitudinous as were said stars, so should his (Abe's) seed be, which no doubt tickled Abe, he very likely wanting to start in on the count again, naturally enough, of course.

Then Jahveh informs Abe that he is the Lord that brought him out of Ur—I suppose this means reach, or something of the sort—of the Chaldees, to giv him the land he was then in to inherit it. Now, Abe may hav known that he was indebted to his august visitor for said "bringing out of Ur," but if he did he made no acknowledgment, and returned no thanks for said "bringing out;" and infinitly worse than this cold, clammy silence was the expressed doubt of Jahveh's sincerity contained in his query, "Whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?" Think of this, reader, as coming from a mortal to whom Jahveh had just said he should inherit the land! Why, it is a wonder that Jahveh had not "waxed wroth" and, on the spur of the moment, knocked Abe out at one fell swoop, as it were, straight from the shoulder! But Jahveh was not the sensitiv plant he usually was, on that evening, for he immediately gave Abe the following remarkable recipe, which, when the mystic philter or charm had been compounded or worked, would satisfy Abe of the inheritance, presumably:

"Take me a heifer of three years old, and a she-goat [no billy goat, please observe] of three years old, and a ram of three years old [why were an old ram and a billy goat scorned, I wonder?] and a turtle-dove, and a young pigeon"—turtle-doves, I presume, were neither old nor young, age here not being mentioned.

This was the astonishing recipe, or satisfying formula, that Jahveh gave Abe, the latter proceeding at once to "take" the ingredients, as commanded—of course, you understand that he didn't "take" the heifer-goat-ram-dove-pigeon prescription as one "takes" pills and powders—and, furthermore, seeming to understand what was expected of him, "divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another; but the birds divided he not"—why not, we never shall know. After this mystic ceremony, Abe was kept busy driving away the fowls—buzzards, probably—which swooped down upon the carcasses, as the Holy Queer informs us. But this leads us to remark that buzzards, or carrion birds in general, do not fly by night, and we know it was night, or Jahveh wouldn't hav whistled Abe out of the house to count the stars. This discrepancy is nothing if not flabbergasting. But hold on, the next verse makes it all right for the buzzards.

"And when the sun was going down—" ah, ha! it's all right about the buzzards, you see—but, oh, ho! what about the star-counting bee in broad daylight? Whew! that's a corker, isn't it? Well, now, the stars or the buzzards hav got to go. If the stars were out the buzzards were in, if the buzzards were out the stars were in, and in view of what follows we must knock the stars out by putting them in, for we are told that "when the sun was going down a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and lo, a horror of great darkness fell upon him," which fall, my countrymen, would not hav occurred at night, probably, as the natural darkness, minus the "horror," would hav gently gathered Abraham in, don't you know, with no buzzards to keep him on the jump. Great as is the beauty of the stars, when brightly gleaming in the azure vault, they must make way for the buzzards, reader, for it was broad day when this ram-heifer-goat—she-goat, remember—hocus-pocus took place, else how, later on, could the sun be going down?

The verse immediately following opens out thusly: "And he said unto Abram"—— Right on the threshold of this verse we are forced to pause and inquire, Who said unto Abram? That which we read of immediately previous was the "horror of the great darkness that fell upon Abram;" and then we go on to read as above, leading us to suppose that said "horror of great darkness" "said unto Abram." Could it hav been that? Well, if context in composition is worth five cents on a dollar, then it was the "horror of great darkness" that "said unto Abram!" If not that, then must we fly to guesswork and be content. Well, never mind; the What-was-it or Who-was-it told Abram that his seed should be a stranger in a strange land, and serve the seed of said land four hundred years, which information must hav been a stunner for Abram, who must hav wanted to kick himself for killing the heifer, she-goat, ram, and birds, as a means to the end of satisfying himself concerning his promised inheritance! However, the Who-was-it let him down easy in the next verse, by saying, "And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age." This was all the followers of Jahveh got in those days—a promis of burial in a good old age! Heaven, with everlasting life hereafter, was an afterthought of Jahveh's, it would appear. Wonder if it worked on the *ex post facto* plan, and scooped all those patriarchs, and other solid Muldoons?

Failing to see where Abram got any satisfaction out of that "horror of great darkness," beyond a promis from Who-was-it that he should be buried in a good old age, let us see if the ram, she-goat, and heifer hocus-pocus comes to a head on the inheritance question. Ah! here we hav an account, in the next verse but one, of a most strange, weird, and uncanny performance on the part of a furnace and lamp, which seems to be the quintessence of said hocus-pocus, if not, indeed, entitled to carry the banner as the very embodiment thereof. Here is the account as it appears in Gen. xv, 17:

"And it came to pass, that when the sun went down, and it was dark"—it would appear from this that the "horror of great darkness" was a private affair of Abe's, all unto himself alone belonging—"behold a smoking furnace, and a burning lamp that passed between those pieces"—presumably "those pieces" of heifer, ram, and she-goat, as no other "pieces" are alluded to in the chapter. That's all there is of the account, reader, and well and enough, as it leaves a hole as wide as a barn-door for imagination to get in. Ha! I can see that "smoking furnace and burning lamp" spooking along "between those pieces"—of course, they had to separate them, as Abe had carefully laid them together, after splitting the carcasses; but a smoking lamp and burning furnace that could gallivant about between sides of beef and mutton could easily separate said sides—and waltzing about the turtle-dove and young pigeon—see 'em now, can't you, reader? If you can't, your fancy must hav been brought up by hand on a cold tripe regimen!

"Yes, indeedy, see, can I, that smoking furnace belch its lurid fumes, as old Vesuvius belches forth its sulphurous vapor, when on the belch and furious to disgorge the seething contents of its vasty, molten depths; and see the lamp, as round about the turtle-dove it goes—the pigeon, too, not mentioning the heifer, ram, and she-goat combination—flaring now and flickering, now flashing bright and flaming high, as, like the luring *ignis fatuus*, or jack-o'-lantern, it sweeps above the poor, poor birds in death's cold grasp! See 'em? You bet I can, no pent-up regimen of tripe, stale beer, and such like things my fancy's powers confining! Yes, yes, that all-uncanny passing of the lamp and furnace I can see, as plainly quite as though it happened yester e'en, or e'en week after next; and o'er me chills do creep and curdle stiff my blood, and goose-flesh, with its horrid feel, possession of my epidermis takes! Too much, too much—hence, horrible spookies! unreal mockeries, hence! Why, so; being gone, who's afraid?"

Now, reader, perhaps you can't see—of course you can't for the scales on your eyes—where this heifer, ram, and she-goat hocus-pocus and jack-o'-lantern business—whether Abe emerged from that "horror of great darkness" and witnessed this interesting, but uncanny and goose-flesh breeding spectacle, the H. Q. does not state—perhaps you can't see where and how this quisby and *bizarre* performance got in its work for Abe's inheritance—no, of course you can't. No matter and nevertheless, it got there all the same, for immediately after the passing of the spooky lamp and furnace, Jahveh gave Abe the title-deeds to all the land between the Nile and Euphrates rivers, free gratis for nothing—a big ranch, wasn't it? No levity, hereafter, should you witness any sort of hocus-pocus not understood by you, but mentally, if not orally, exclaim, with fervent heat, Great is hocus-pocus!

I declare I am quite overcome by the effects of this most brilliant and original tale of truth and veracity, founded on beef, mutton, and goat's flesh, conduciv to goose-flesh, with the jack-o'-lantern episode, and must stop here and now. Besides, that "smoking furnace and burning lamp" are waltzing back at me, and the hour near midnight! Dear me, a too able-bodied imagination is worse than none, at midnight, sometimes, I really believe. There's a beer foundry over the way, where cold tripe wrapped in vinegar is to be had. I am going over to eat a pound or two in order to clog the wheels of my too teeming fancy. Selah!

SI SLOCUM.

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Write to Mr. Merriman.

Everyone acquainted with the abuses of liberty worked by the United States statute known as the Comstock law should write at once to the Hon. T. A. Merriman, Washington, D. C., and urge him, as chairman of the House sub-committee on post-offices and post-roads, to report favorably upon the bill now before his committee repealing that law.

This is a duty that we earnestly hope no friend of the honest and manly founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER will neglect. Whoever lets his thoughts go back to the time when D. M. Bennett occupied a cell in a penitentiary because Comstock hates Freethinkers, will feel like tearing that law from the statute books with angry hands. The present opportunity should not be lost.

A Change of Front.

Three years ago the Presbyterian Church of England appointed a "Drafting Committee" to revise the Articles of Faith in the Confession, and to bring them more in harmony with the ideas of the present time than are the doctrins of the Westminster Confession, drawn up some two hundred and forty years ago, when the world knew a good deal less than it does now. This committee has reported to the synod, and its recommendations hav been given to the presbyteries for adoption or rejection.

The chief differences between the old Confession and the new are outlined by a correspondent of the *Sun*. The new begins by condensing, principally by elimination, the thirty-three chapters of the present Confession into twenty-three, and by stating the retained doctrins in less metaphysical and more easily understood language. The severity of the doctrins is also much reduced. The present Confession states that through Adam's fall the whole race is "utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposit to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil," and that for this corruption of nature the race is "bound over to the wrath of God and curse of the law, and so made subject to death, with all miseries spiritual, temporal, and eternal." It is upon this dogma, amply supported by texts of scripture, that Brown's Catechism, in common use in this country, relies for doctrinal authority for its teaching to infants that they are "enemies to God, children of Satan, and heirs of hell," and that they "cannot even cease from adding to their sin."

The new Articles of Faith put this matter in a brighter light. They place the responsibility of "original sin" on Adam and the devil. They declare that all mankind hav inherited a sinful nature, but they specially omit to say that because of this inherited sinful nature those who inherit it shall be consigned to spiritual, temporal, and eternal miseries. This elimination is one that people should be specially grateful for.

The first "point" of Calvinism, variously known as "predestination," "effectual calling," or "election," has also been revised. The Westminster Confession sets forth that "all those whom God hath predestinated unto life, *and those only*, he is pleased, in his appointed time, effectually to call . . . to grace and salvation by Jesus Christ. This effectual call is of God's free and special grace alone, not from anything foreseen in man. Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved. So also are all other elect persons who are incapable of being called by the ministry of the word. Others, not elected, never truly come to Christ, and therefore cannot be saved: much less can men not professing the Christian religion be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature and the law of that religion they do profess."

The new Articles are more generous, and approach Universalism, by declaring that "God willeth that all men should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth, and that the gospel of forgivness and eternal life is freely offered to all men." They also declare that Christ came to save the world, not simply the elect, and the doctrin that God made a lot of men for the purpose of damning them is eliminated. The new Articles also dwell less emphatically upon the reward of the wicked, the "drafting committee" being content to send them into eternal punishment, without describing it as "eternal torment," "hell," or "torments and utter darkness."

In accounting for the "creation of the world," the astute theologians who compiled and manufactured the Westminster Confession declared: "It pleased God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for the manifestation of the glory of his eternal power, wisdom, and goodness, in the beginning, to create, or make of nothing, the world and all things therein, whether visible or invisible, in the space of six days, and all very good." In declaring this as their conviction and faith, they followed, not knowing any better, the opening chapter of the Bible, which they credulously enough, as it appears now, regarded as truthful and authoritativ. The "drafting committee," however, discard the Mosaic account, and describe the "creation" in these words:

> "God was pleased in the beginning to create the heavens and earth, and through progressiv stages to fashion and order this world, giving life to every creature."

It will be noticed, of course, that this is a complete abandonment of the old version. Nothing is said of the material out of which God made the universe, or of the order in which he constructed it, or of the laws governing its phenomena. The committee simply make a statement, without intricate or embarrassing clauses, of what they think will not conflict with science, which they acknowledge as authority superior to divine revelation. The paragraph reminds us of that simple and satisfactory pronouncement found at the end of several verses describing the creation in the book which the committee reject—"And it was so." The new Article merely adds the modern improvements. What becomes of the Son and Holy Ghost under the new order, we are not informed, but no doubt the committee hav provided liberally for them in some new branch of the world-making industry.

The details of the other changes in the Westminster Confession hav not yet reached us, but they probably include a modification of the other four Calvinistic points to conform to the changes in these fundamental dogmas. The perseverance of the saints depends upon their "election," and if "effectual calling" is not so potent as has been assumed by the Presbyterians, then the dogma of "justification" goes overboard, for God justifies those only who hav been called. Discarding one root dogma necessitates, of course, a revision of all branches springing therefrom.

We congratulate the Presbyterians upon the progress they are making. By and by they may hope by industry to get within hearing distance of the scientific and philosophical thought of the world. But what a great surprise to them when they get to heaven to there find all the fellows of good works they hav imagined in hell, and to miss those like John Calvin and John Knox who were so sound in red-hot doctrin and weak in charitable doing! After all, though, who knows that the present revisers of the creed are nearer right than the mathematical divines of the Westminster Assembly?

The Brethren Stuff the Ballot-Box.

Again the Methodist delegates to the General Conference hav shown their great political ability and knowledge of the ways that are dark and tricks that are not always vain, but were so in their hands.

The fight over the election of bishops raged at the Metropolitan Opera House the major part of last week. The office is a fat one and profitable, and givs its possessor great power in the church. The friends of the candidates hav lobbied long and earnestly for their favorits, and allowed their zeal great scope. As the eighth ballot was being taken on Wednesday, Bishop Merrill stepped to the front of the platform and asked the delegates to listen to a word of warning. On the previous, or seventh ballot, he said, as well as at other balloting, there were more votes cast than there were delegates present. This, he said, was unexplainable upon any honest theory, as absentees could not vote. On one ballot, too, four hundred and fifty-nine votes were found in the box, which was in excess of the total membership of the Conference, and on calling the roll of the house immediately thereafter but four hundred and twenty-nine delegates were found to be present. This state of affairs was reprehensible, and not strictly in accord with the stern law of political morality demanded of men who should be shining guides to a sinful world.

Some of the delegates endeavored to take the sharp edge off the bishop's conclusions by asking if the tellers were men who knew how to count. Bishop Merrill replied that the tellers possessed sufficient education to count up to five hundred without an error, besides which he had the documents to show that some of the brethren were ringing in on the Conference trinitarian mathematics of three in one, a computation all right in theology, but bad in voting, which should be done Unitarianly, if he might so express himself. There were three sets of names on one ballot, which had been partially separated by the orthodox voter, who evidently thought and intended that the ballots would become units when shaken up in the box. Another trinitarian ballot had been carefully folded so as to represent but one ballot, but which by accident had remained stuck together and been detected by the tellers. It was a matter of regret that on these ballots appeared the name of J. P. Newman, though Mr. Newman was not suspected of having cast them for himself, as he at the time occupied an upper proscenium box, at considerable distance from the floor. Mr. Newman did not usually do the impossible, and things out of his reach were considered safe.

The delegates, when thus caught, were righteously indignant, and voted down a proposition that if the tellers found any more trinitarian ballots they should secretly destroy them, and thus save the good name of the Conference. A lay delegate, presumably less orthodox than the clergy, moved that such ballots be preserved and an effort made to learn who cast them. The motion was adopted, and thereafter the friends of Dr. Newman confined their efforts for their candidate to more legitimate channels.

Among other tactics of the electioneering brethren were the distribution of circulars attacking the character of candidates, and the introduction upon the floor of non-delegate wire-pullers, who buttonholed the voting delegates and sought to influence their conduct. The condition of the Conference was described by one member as feverish, and the presiding officer was compelled to rebuke the brethren for their noisy and unseemly conduct. On the whole, the election of bishops was as close an imitation of a Tammany Hall meeting of the olden times as the knowledge and opportunities of the delegates permitted. It far surpassed in noisy trickery the recent Democratic gathering to elect delegates to the presidential convention at St. Louis, and much more acrimonious feeling came to the surface.

When J. D. Shaw, the Infidel editor and lecturer, of Waco, Tex., left the Methodist pulpit for the platform of liberty, his enemies charged him with deserting the church because he was not elected a bishop. Anyone who knows the earnest but gentle honesty of Mr. Shaw's nature will laugh at such a charge, but he deemed it sufficiently serious to justify the publication of his real reasons (which were that he was no longer a Christian), and in his pamphlet he described the election of bishops. No minister, he said, who sought the office could ever get it. Electioneering would certainly spoil all chances of a candidate

The choice must be free, spontaneous, and in recognition of the fitness of the man for the place. This description may hav been truthful once, but evidently since then the times hav changed. No more brazen log-rolling has for years been seen in this city in any political convention than the Methodist Conference shows. All legitimate and many illegitimate methods hav been resorted to by the friends of candidates. Parliamentary tricks, snap rulings, points of order suddenly sprung upon the Conference by keen tacticians, lobbying in and out of season—all these usual methods for gaining desired ends hav the Methodists employed. And ballot-box stuffing, the last illegal resort of dishonest demagogs, has not been omitted. Truly, the Conference has proved what we hav so often said, that Methodists are about the most immoral of all sects. From ministerial conduct to cheating in a horse-trade, the Methodists lead the van. The most pious of the laymen are the meanest; the ablest preachers are the most unscrupulous. Mr. Shaw did not know his brethren so thoroughly as he thought he did. He should visit a general conference in New York, and become acquainted with a Methodist deacon in New England, to realize the true inwardness of Methodism and to sound the depth of petty meanness of which human nature is capable.

Historical Information.

The *Christian at Work*, in reviewing Mr. Gladstone's consideration of Colonel Ingersoll's religious opinions, exhibits petty spite, large ignorance, and a willingness to deceive. It says:

"Colonel Ingersoll has been exceptionally fortunate in the treatment accorded his philippics against the Christian religion. For this Mr. Ingersoll is indebted, not to his extraordinary ability, but to the enterprising conductor of the *North American Review*, who pays liberally for the articles, and who no doubt in turn is repaid liberally by the sales of his *Review*. Not only so, but by what seems to be a very remarkable rule enforced in the *North American Review*, Mr. Ingersoll is always given the opening and closing paper, a rejoinder not being allowed. This was especially the case when Judge Black printed his article. Mr. Ingersoll having replied, Judge Black asked the privilege of rejoinder, but this was denied by the *Review* editor. In the present case of Mr. Gladstone we hav in red letter the announcement in the *Review* that Mr. Ingersoll will follow with a reply in the June number, and, as heretofore, no doubt Mr. Ingersoll's paper will close that part of the discussion. In all this Mr. Ingersoll has been very fortunate! Whether his opponents, the defenders of Christianity, hav been treated quite fairly is another matter, upon which we will not enter."

This exhibition of temper is ridiculous, though directly in line with the sewing-circle ethics of a religious journal's sanctum. But the errors of statement are unpardonable unless it is admitted that pious editors hav no moral responsibility.

In the discussion between Colonel Ingersoll and Judge Black, Colonel Ingersoll opened at the request of Mr. Rice, editor of the *Review*, with a paper on the "Christian Religion," a title, by the way, not of the author's choosing. The arrangement was, as Mr. Rice explains in the *World* of May 25th, that Colonel Ingersoll should write an article; that some one would answer it; that he then should hav the privilege of replying; then that one, two, or three others should answer him, and that he (Colonel Ingersoll) should hav the final reply. Judge Black replied in the same issue. So far so good, and both sides had an equal show. The next step was the preparation by Colonel Ingersoll of a Rejoinder, proofs of which were sent by Mr. Rice to Judge Black with information when the rejoinder would appear and an earnest request from Mr. Rice for a Surrejoinder, to appear in the succeeding issue, as Mr. Rice deemed it inadvisable to fill the *Review* with the discussion of the one question. Colonel Ingersoll's rejoinder was so cutting, and so completely overwhelmed Judge Black's Reply, that the judge did not want it to stand alone, but demanded of Mr. Rice its retention in a pigeon-hole till he (Judge Black) could frame an answer to mitigate the deep damnation of his taking off. Editor Rice refused, for business reasons, to hold the Rejoinder. We may suppose that he depended upon it to increase the sale of the *Review*, for the public were expectantly waiting for what they instinctivly felt would be a magnificent indictment of the Bible and a squelcher of Judge Black, who had committed argumentativ and moral suicide by defending the acts of Jehovah, as recorded in the Old Testament. At any rate, Mr. Rice declined to hold the Rejoinder, and Judge Black became so angry that he refused to write upon the subject again.

When Mr. Rice learned this, he cast about for another Christian competent to continue the debate. He invited many eminent divines and laymen, one after another, but they declined. Judge Black had been so crushingly annihilated that they dreaded cross-examining Colonel Ingersoll as much as Sergeant Snubbin feared to tap Samuel Weller, in a certain celebrated legal proceeding wherein Mr. Weller was a witness. It is said, and we think with truth, that Mr. Rice went to Henry Ward Beecher and implored him to attempt the rebuilding of the Christian citadel, offering him a very large sum of money, but Mr. Beecher would not do it. "Ingersoll can not be answered," he is reported to hav said. Finally, Prof. George Fisher agreed to answer Colonel Ingersoll's rejoinder to Judge Black, if one condition could be attached. That condition was, that *Colonel Ingersoll should promis not to answer him.* The promis was given, and Professor Fisher closed the discussion. Of Judge Black's refusal to continue the discussion Mr. Rice writes: "It was evident that he did not wish to continue the controversy on any conditions, and, although Judge Black's ability as a lawyer and writer is disputed by none, it was the general verdict of disinterested readers that he was unequal to maintain a controversy with his more gifted opponent, and that he sought to cover his retreat by resorting to personal abuse of myself. I happen to know that Colonel Ingersoll regretted the withdrawal of Judge Black, and was ignorant of any dissatisfaction on his part until after his article had appeared. The charge that Colonel Ingersoll was afraid to meet Judge Black is palpably absurd. Without desiring to become a partisan in this discussion, I may permit myself as a spectator to suggest that it is hardly credible that any man would run away from Judge Black to cross swords with Mr. Gladstone."

Thus the *Christian at Work* is seen to be a deceiver. Colonel Ingersoll began the debate at the request of the editor of the *Review*, and without knowing who his opponent was to be, but he *did not* hav the closing paper. The assertion often made by religious journals, repeated in every lecture by General George Sheridan, and echoed from all the little pulpits of the country, that Colonel Ingersoll influences the conduct of the *Review*, is disposed of by Mr. Rice in these words:

"Colonel Ingersoll never has sought, directly or indirectly, by request or suggestion, to influence in the slightest degree the conduct of the *North American Review*."

In the Field-Ingersoll controversy, of which the outcome is the interposition of Mr. Gladstone, Colonel Ingersoll *did not* hav the opening paper. The gauntlet was thrown down by Mr. Field in "An Open Letter to Colonel Ingersoll." Each party had two articles, and there was no partiality shown by the *Review* editor. It is inconceivable that the *Christian at Work* should not recollect this, and that it makes the statements it does reveals, we think, a disposition to deceive, for the sake of a momentary gratification of spite against a heretic. These facts hav been publicly known long enough for even a religious journal to hav absorbed them. What the result of Mr. Gladstone's interference in the present instance will be, or how long the controversy will continue, we certainly do not know. We should suppose, however, that Editor Rice would find space for the two famous disputants as long as they would write for him. We understand that no other issues of the *Review* hav sold as numerously as those containing one of Colonel Ingersoll's articles. Mr. Rice has never been accused of being a fool.

The Grand Manan Christians.

If anyone believes that the days of rotten eggs and dirt and deadly weapons and traps for Infidel speakers are over, he will be undeceived by reading the account Mr. L. K. Washburn furnishes the *Investigator* of his trip Down East, a little farther east than the confines of this country. But let no one think that the Blue Nosed Sanctificationists are peculiar or alone in their summary methods of supporting the gospel. It is but a twelvemonth or two since Mr. Remsburg and Mr. Reynolds faced a howling crowd right here in New York state, and only a bare year since Colonel Ingersoll paid something over seventy-five dollars to get Mr. Reynolds clear of a New Jersey jail, after his tent had been wrecked, and his person saved from a bath in a canal by the exertions of three brave women. The exploit of the lamp-throwing Christian of the Pacific coast is fresh in the Liberal mind, recalled by his leaving for Australia with the "boodle" for a new railroad in his pockets. There is much faith yet left to the godly, and much zeal for their religion, which they are yet willing and anxious to manifest by more than words.

Among ignorant Christians the first argument against Infidelity that comes to mind is physical force applied directly and personally. With the little more intelligent Christians, law is the resort—that is, to get the police and courts to do the persecuting. Jails and fines take the place of the rack and the flame-encircled stake. This latter class comprises the great majority of church-members, and hence where once we had the Inquisition, we now get Sunday laws and legislation against blasphemy. But the spirit of intolerance in a blasphemy or Sunday law is the same old spirit. It is the arrogant attempt of those who believe one way to make others by force believe the same way, or at least conform their conduct to the narrow lines drawn by that belief. In this attempt at human unity of belief and conduct, the torture-chamber has played an important part. Millions of lives hav been sacrificed to this spirit through its means. Rotten eggs, dirt, and logs rolled across the highway are quite a descent from the old-time European weapons of faith, or even from the more modern gallows, and stocks, and cart-ends of the Puritans. But as they are the best the Christians of Grand Manan can do on their little island isolated from the resources of religion, why, we must giv them credit for their intentions. In time perhaps they will equal New Jersey in practical Christian zeal and knowledge of how to suppress Infidel lecturers.

Preaching is Labor.

Trinity church will hav to pay a thousand dollars for its imported rector, the Rev. E. Walpole Warren. Judge Wallace has decided that the bargain made with the preacher with the alliterativ name is illegal under the United States law forbidding the importation of labor under contract, and hence Mr. Warren should hav been sent back. As this was not done, Trinity is subject to the penalty in such cases made and provided.

The case has excited considerable interest, as a test of the scope of the law, which was enacted to prevent a species of slavery which had sprung up by corporations importing foreigners who were bound to labor for the importer so many years at so much per week or month. The pauper labor thus introduced killed the demand for better-paid service, and the laborers already in the country were in danger of starving through inability to find employment. The operators in mines, and labor employed in large bodies, were the chief sufferers.

It may be a little humiliating to the stylish English rector to be classed by law with the dirty Hungarians and Italians who manipulate the spade and pickax in our streets and on railways, or push coal-carts under the ground, but he should remember that he has furnished the one chance for theological speculation, at so much per speculate, to be lifted from the plane of swindling and given an equal dignity with honest labor. Ministers everywhere ought to be thankful for this, for in many minds the difference between their occupation and that of the confidence operator or fortune-teller has not heretofore been clearly apparent. They will now command the respect due to all laborious if useless callings.

We cannot, however, share the surprise of the press that a minister of the gospel should hav been subject to the law. A minister of the gospel is a professional man, like lawyers, singers, artists, and so forth. He preaches so many times, prays so many times, and does so much parochial work for so much pay. No pay, no preach. Marryings and funeral sermons extra. The Rev. E. Walpole Warren would never hav trod American soil if he had not obtained a fat situation. The ministers of the present era are not saving souls at their own expense. Let Trinity church, therefore, take some of the money it gets from the leases of land to keepers of grog-shops and houses of prostitution and pay Mr. Warren's fine.

COLONEL INGERSOLL has now achieved substantial fame. A twenty-five-foot skipjack, jib and mainsail rig, will be named after him by her owner, Simon Cummings, a heretical carpenter of this city who reads THE TRUTH SEEKER and extravagantly admires the best man in the city. Mr. Cummings expects his craft to as easily distance all boats of her size as her human cognominal distances other orators.

Letters from Friends.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., May 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I shall always take the best paper that man ever made, and that is the noble old TRUTH SEEKER. I hav been looking around here some for subscribers; hav found some that would take the paper if it were not for their wives. Just think of it—take a paper if it were not for their wives! Good God! what is a wife for, anyway? If I had such a wife I would go to the Feejee Islands and invite some of those bucks to dine on me right away. JOHN BELKNAP.

SAUQUOIT, N. Y., May 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The dictum of science is, Life proceeds from life, and we may go as far back and as low down in the scale of life as we please and still there is life to be accounted for; and we are driven to the unavoidable conclusion that the great fundamental principle of all forms of organized life is not a product, but a self-existent cause, manifesting itself through the evoking forces in matter, and this great central life-principle exists not outside and independent of matter and its eternal laws, but as a creating force exists in them, and is an expression of both.

J. P. SMITH.

MIDDLEBURY, IND., May 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1.50 for one copy of Voltaire's "Romances" THE TRUTH SEEKER improves with every issue. The illustrations are grand. How one individual can contrive so many ways of representing and exposing the greatest of frauds ever contrived by the human intellect, the Christian religion, is a mystery to me. Some of my good, pious neighbors are shocked at the illustrations. They would not let the minister see them with THE TRUTH SEEKER for all the world. No, indeed! for he receives his bread through the same great fraud which THE TRUTH SEEKER is so successfully exposing. It is said that one-half of the human race liv by gulling the other half. There are the fish and the fishers. The minister is the fisher and, O deluded men! you are the suckers. When will your ignorance depart from you? There is an advertiser who will, for $1, giv you a method of making money without working. His answer is, "Fish for suckers like we do." It has been lately discovered that the advertiser is a Methodist minister.

Fraternally yours, ISAAC IVINS.

FREMONT, O., May 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The pope has made another advance toward universal power, this time with the British government; for who can doubt he has got his price for his condemnation of the measures of the Home Rule League? The priests hav been encouraged all this time to urge the people to the greatest outrages, until they compelled the Tory government to sue the pope to stop it. Then, for certain privileges granted to the church, he steps in and denounces the very thing he has been the original cause of—the outrages in Ireland. He conquered Bismarck by similar tactics, and will eventually make it so hot for the king of Italy that he will be forced to yield a part of Italy to the temporal rule of the church. He is keeping Germany and France at daggers' points so that if he cannot gain his points in France in any other way the war with Germany will be renewed and the French republic annihilated. So by the aid of the superstition of the world he is fast gaining the universal power over all nations that the church had through the thousand years of the Dark Ages. And there seems to be no help for it until superstition givs place to reason. J. DOWNES.

STRASBURG, ILL., May 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Wednesday evening, May 2d, fifteen of our villagers visited Stewardson to hear Charles Watts lecture—subject, "Secularism and Christianity." They procured the Christian church for him. The house was well filled. I must tell you a little joke on Friend Watts. In his country "territory" is not so plenty as here, and when he wrote to me he thought Strasburg was a suburb of Chicago, just 70 miles out, "you know." When he went to get his ticket and asked the distance, they told him 194 miles. He did not get a return ticket, no doubt thinking that if the report of our Christian friends be true he would strike the place from whence no traveler ever returns. May 3d he lectured here—the same subject. Our Christian friends, in order to keep out Infidel lecturers, hav closed the schoolhouse, so we had to seek the mill. We fixed seats for about two hundred, and they were filled, a good many standing. We had a good time, with no one to molest or make us afraid. Treasurer's report: $8.40 on hand after paying all expenses.

Your correspondents all over the country furnish interesting bits of news, and words of cheer, that are a great help to their fellow-Liberals and the Editor. Report all lectures; "they do good like a medicin." If you hav a lecture and make a failure, say so, and we will all help you out by sending papers and leaflets. And if you are successful, say so like a man, and cheer the hearts of old men like Hacker, Beaver, and Mendum, "that hav borne the burden and heat of the day," and hav made it easy for you. A. YORK.

GRATTAN, MICH., May 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: If the age of miracles has passed, the age of wonders, and the strange things done in consequence of the blind devotion of some people to the behest of priestcraft, has not.

Garret O'Farrell, of Wyoming, a few miles from Grand Rapids, died recently, and willed his three children $5 each, and the balance of his estate to his wife, in case of her marriage or death the entire estate to be sold and the interest expended in saying masses for the benefit of his soul and hers for fifty years, at St. Andrew's church, and then the principal to revert to said church.

It seems almost impossible to believe that priestcraft can yet retain such a hold on the credulity of its devotees. Strange that such things are true, but true they are, though strange. It is also true that there still remains with some an honest belief that were it not for the Bible and the teachings of the clergy none of us would be above the lowest savages in knowledge, goodness, or any of the attributes that go to make the sum total of our boasted civilization.

It seems that these things should set all honest, intelligent people to thinking and acting for a reformation of public sentiment that shall effectually eradicate all similar ideas from the minds of our people. It would seem that, in view of such things, all who think they are Liberals should be diligent and activ in their efforts to teach people that there is a better way. Remember the saying that "history repeats itself;" and though we hav advanced far beyond the crudities and cruelties caused by priestcraft in past ages, there is yet danger that the boasted enlightenment of this nineteenth century may be followed by a thousand years of dark ages, as was the case with the civilized world when the great Roman empire fell, soon after its adoption of Christianity by the government under Constantine. CONVERSE CLOSE.

MONTE VISTA, COL., May 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Partly to comply with a request from a number of personal friends, Liberals, who take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and also to giv some general news that I think might interest Liberals at large, I send this communication. The 26th of April I landed in Monte Vista, and by some such cause as the Christian would call the will of God I fell at once into the company of Mr. C. S. Holcomb, of Shenandoah, Iowa, a genial old gentleman, and one of the prominent promoters of Liberalism in that town. We at once engaged conveyance to the ranch of W. F. Jamieson, one of our grandest champions of truth and freedom, a man with a heart as big as Mount Blanca and with the resources to defend it. But it is indeed comical to see so prominent a man, one who has been engaged in intellectual pursuits so long, now out roughing it on a brand-new farm; but he is happy, and enjoys the society of his noble and confiding wife and his flock of Langshans.

But he says that he has by no means abandoned the field of Liberalism, but intends devoting his winters to lecturing, and will go early this coming winter. I enjoyed to the fullest my visit of several days with him. I think strongly of becoming his neighbor. I hav become convinced that this is a good country for a great many kinds or classes of people, and no doubt the valley will teem with a grand population in a very few years. I cannot say what has caused it, but Liberals hav seemed to rain down here in the last few weeks. A very respectable number hav come since I did. Dr. A. W. James, of Zaleski, O., gave us a visit, and thinks well of the country and would like to come and settle, but is fearful in regard to bringing his wife here, as the altitude is too high for heart disease, with which she is threatened. I found him to be a gentleman far in the advance in Liberal lore and investigation, and with a heart characteristic of all good, independent Liberals.

I hav made the acquaintance of Mr. J. F. Lamson, Mr. A. Manson, "Old Powell"—as he says he likes to be called; and he is truly an old battering-ram, and flings irreligion at the foe to their consternation—Mr. Blake, Mr. S. D. Coffin, Mr. Radcliff, and Mr. McKinny. There are some others not afraid to speak for the cause, but I hav not as yet met them. Yes, one more—Mr. C. W. Watson, who scruples not to support with emphasis his radicalism.

Mr. Trueblood arrived yesterday, and went immediately to see the Champion of the Valley, Mr. Jamieson. He is not only a pounder of iron—and no doubt a good one, for he can pound orthodoxy in a giantlike manner—but a gentleman also. Upon his arrival he obtained an armload of mail, in it many Liberal periodicals. He tells me he receives seventeen different ones.

This will be a fine country in which to grow Liberals, so come along, Liberals, and help to down the beast. The Methodist minister in this town is about to die; prayers will not cure him. A. K. MOTT.

LEADVILLE, COL., May 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: As local papers are generally disinclined to publish comments upon such matters as herein inclosed, for obvious reasons, and as perhaps it would be adverse to conservativ policy to do so, and as I would like Freethinking Americans to see what practical results can be accomplished by the church when it enters the political arena, I would like very much to hav the following published through your paper, as I know it will be read by the independent Liberals, and, I hope, by some who are not such. I do not intend to argue pro or con upon vicious or illegal practices, but merely to show the power of the church in the political arena when emphatic dictates are issued by the priesthood.

All the border mining-camps are imbued more or less with a taste for gambling, and support their quota of the fraternity, but that the same odium that pervades the East in regard to that matter does not exist in the Western states and territories is obvious from the fact that the practice is generally indulged in, from the senator and governor to the miner and laborer. A certain reverend gentleman, lately ordered out of Butte City, Mont., on account of his extreme fanaticism, arrived in Leadville and immediately commenced a crusade against rum and gambling, and, after protesting for some time in the churches against the continued existence of these vices, which, as an expounder of moral law, I do not gainsay his right to do, proposed organizing the church into a political institution and forcing the question at the polls. Calling the other divines into consultation, they organized their committee, appointed their representativs, and carried the day. And now as to their methods of doing it. Some of the members of the churches were selected for mayor and aldermen, and the balance notified that if they did not vote for the ticket they would be recognized as vicious criminals. The holy Roman father notified his peons that he wanted every one of them to vote the church coalition ticket, and that he would see that they did, and you may be sure they obeyed, with the exception of some few Judas-like cravens who sold their dearly loved American franchise for whisky, and then swore by the cross of Christ that they had done as Father Robinson had commanded them.

Now, I will not speak of the disastrous results which hav followed the order of their elected mayor, which is shown by the absolute refusal of the banking institution to buy city warrants at any price, though their value prior to the crusade was eighty-five cents, nor of the fact that over seventy-five per cent, as attested by the county treasurer, of the county taxpayers hav signed a petition for the revocation of the order, which the mayor will not even look at, nor of other attendant results, but I comment on possible future results when the priest-ridden peons rally to the polls throughout the land to obey the dictates of the church, and the danger to American institutions. Is it not a direct violation of the implied construction given to the Constitution of the United States by the delegates assembled in Philadelphia in 1787? Will it not ultimately result in the overthrow of our form of government if religious fanaticism and intolerance are allowed to gain the ascendency? Hav not the records of the past ages, during which over ten millions of human lives were sacrificed by the church, shown to what extreme religious zeal and bigotry will go? Who doubts the probability of a repetition if the church could gain political ascendency? What American patriot has a right to disregard the demands of the Evangelical Association before Congress for the establishment of a national Sunday law suppressing railroad traffic, newspaper publication, and enforcing recognition by everyone of the Sabbath day? The bigotry of the Catholic church is most to be feared, as Catholics are the most subservient to the church dictates, even going so far as to declare that their fealty and duty is first to the holy Roman see and next to the government to which they belong, as enunciated by the pope, the infallible vicar of God. What has become of Americanism as known and understood in the past? Is there not a justification for the revival of the so-called Knownothing party? F. AMERICUS.

ODESSA, MO., April 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read the Gladstone-Huxley-Réville controversy on the Order of Creation, and while I feel loath to charge Mr. Gladstone with deliberate prevarication, I am unable to find reasons sufficient to clear my mind from the conviction that he is guilty of it. I am unable to see how a very intelligent man, a venerable man, an erudite man, having had the very best opportunities in the world for accumulating knowledge of all kinds, could find any appreciable likeness between the Mosaic and scientific order of creation. Perhaps I should conclude that he really believed that the end justifies the means, or that it could be attributed to superannuation or disease. But the masterly manner in which he bandies words precludes the conclusion. He would hav us believe that science has proved to a demonstration that the Bible order of creation is true. Why? Because the seven days spoken of in the Mosaic account of creation were long periods of time and they correspond in length and order of succession with the geological rendition. What? When Moses said evening and morning were a day, he meant periods of tens of thousands, perhaps millions, of our years, did he, Mr. Gladstone? And the earth was bringing forth vegetation and fruit thousands of years before there was any sun, moon, and stars, was it? O Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone! that is entirely too thin. And God inspired Moses to write in his book that his people must keep one of these long periods, the seventh one, whenever it occurred, as a Christian Sabbath, did he? Oh, what a long Sabbath! How long do you really think Moses meant that we should understand the Sabbath should be—now be honest—a thousand years? Christians tell me that a thousand years is a day with God. Is that so? If so, were these days of creation his kind of days? Do you think it took more or less than a thousand years to form a geological stratum? Come, now, Mr. Gladstone, we would like to know as nearly as possible, with God, Moses, and you, the exact length of a Christian Sabbath. What about the fifth verse of the second chapter of Genesis? There we find the statement that God made all the plants of the field before he put them in the ground. How does this coincide with Gen. i, 11, 12? Surely you cannot see any signs of inspiration in this. But you do think that the theories of some geologists do resemble, as to the order of creation, the account in the Bible, and that there is sufficient resemblance, in that part on the creation of the fowls, fishes, beasts of the field, and man to justify the belief that the author of Genesis was divinely inspired, notwithstanding a vast host of contending scientists hold contrary views on the matter. I cannot rid myself of the conviction that Mr. Gladstone knows that the writings of Moses are so very faulty in the main that even if he had got some things in harmony with science, it would still be a great deal more probable that it was the result of guesswork than inspiration.

In my opinion, no man knows this better than Mr. Gladstone. But Christianity in its present form suits him and his caste. It is now in the interest of the rich and powerful. There can be nothing plainer than that they hav transmuted it to suit themselvs. Primitiv Christianity was in the interest of the poor. But the millions of dollars, the numerous magnificent palaces, and the gorgeous display of fine silks, jewelry, and haughty faces in the pews can never be taken for a true representation, a true copy, of the meek and lowly Jesus, his teachings and doings. But evidently consistency, truth, and justice are not the things sought for by the ruling

classes of to-day who profess to march under the banner of Christ, Moses & Co. Interest, selfish interest, is at the bottom of orthodoxy nowadays and permeates the whole system, and this is what has blurred Mr. Gladstone's eyes so as to cause him to see a very striking resemblance between Genesis and geology where there is none.

I am trying to form a club to take THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Yours fraternally, WM. L. WORLEY.

HEPPNER, ORE., May 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am indebted to Mr. C. L. Haskell for his well-meant effort to explain to me the fundamental principles of evolution. Possibly, in conformity with progress, the advanced minds of the day hav outgrown Darwinism, and if this is Mr. Haskell's condition, I congratulate him. In justice to myself, however, I will say that I believe the gentleman is mistaken. It is hardly probable that after having been reared in unbelief I would guess at what evolutionists believe and then attempt to refute my "wrong guessing," especially through the columns of a Liberal paper. Even if I had never heard of Darwin's "Descent of Man" or "Origin of Species," I could hardly fail to learn the gist of his theory while reading an article published in THE TRUTH SEEKER some time ago entitled, "What is Evolution?" The evolutionary idea as therein stated is briefly this: "Plants and animals hav all a natural origin from a single primitiv living creature, which was itself the product of light and heat acting on the special chemical constituents of an ancient ocean." The thought expressed in the latter part of this sentence did not emanate from the brain of Darwin. Darwin accounts for the origin of the primordial germ or germs by the miracle of creation in the following language: "There is a grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the creator into a few forms or into one" (Origin of Species). If it would not take up too much space, I might suggest that as the creator is generally regarded as being an immutable being it would be more in accordance with his unchangeable nature to suppose that he pursued the uniform course of creating all species as he did the first. Other evolutionists hav noticed the inconsistency, however, and hav accordingly expressed themselvs in this wise: "But a truly natural and consistent view of organisms can assume no supernatural act of creation for even those simplest original forms, but only a coming into existence by spontaneous generation" (Professor Haeckel, History of Creation). I am persuaded that Haeckel's is the more consistent view of the two, and so must hav thought the author of the article published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, who then goes on to say: "Starting from that single early form, they hav gone on developing ever since, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, assuming ever more varied shapes, till at last they hav reached their present enormous variety of tree and shrub, and herb and seaweed, of beast and bird, and fish and creeping insect." In other words, the simple gave birth to the differentiated. Now I ask, how could this thing be, without a change in the existing law of heredity by which all things reproduce their own species?

Variations do, indeed, occur—which, by the way, are not always profitable ones—but any candid observer may see that there is a limit to these variations. It matters not how many varieties of the same species are produced, so long as the boundary line is not crossed. The transmutation theory is not in the least favored by these variations, which, on the contrary, make against it by proving that there is a limit to all things, and especially to the development hypothesis. The fact is that such a thing as a transmutation of species is positivly unknown to the scientific world. Innumerable attempts hav been made to secure cross breeds of different species of plants and animals, of which the only result worth mentioning has been the sterility of the offspring—which is another important obstacle in the way of the transmutation theory.

Geology says there never were any such confused distinctions of species as evolution asserts. Geologists generally agree that the first Florida coral reef is thirty thousand years old, and Agassiz tells that the insect which built it has not altered in the least during that period. To use his own language, "These facts furnish evidence as direct as we can obtain in any branch of physical inquiry that some, at least, of the species of animals now existing hav been in existence thirty thousand years and hav not undergone the slightest change in that period." Hugh Miller says: "The oak, the birch, the hazel, the Scotch fir, all lived in what is now Britain ere the last great depression of the land. . . . All human history is comprised in the nearer corner of the immense period they measure out; and yet from their first appearance in creation till now they hav not altered a single fiber. And such on this point is the invariable testimony of all paleontologic science, testimony so invariable that no great paleontologist was ever yet an asserter of the development hypothesis." For further testimony see Huxley as quoted in my last letter.

The theory of the survival of the fittest, which is that those creatures which are better fitted to escape enemies or to fight the battle of life will survive, while the weak ones perish, is not supported by the demonstrated facts of science. On the contrary, it is shown that those beings which from their anatomical structure ought to hav been the fittest to survive hav perished, while the weaker ones hav survived. May I ask, Why is this? Why should the giants perish and the dwarfs survive?

I am much obliged to Mr. Lyman Smith for his information regarding the laws of expansion, which, however, does not detract from the value of the testimony in favor of design in nature. As I hav before stated, science is an orderly knowledge of facts, but if the parts of nature were not arranged after a plan the knowledge of them could not be formed into a system.

For the benefit of those who hav seen fit to misunderstand me, I will repeat that I believe in a process of evolution, which, although in some respects apparently similar to, yet is by no means identical with, the development hypothesis.

From the data of the revolution of the solar bodies, gradual cooling of the earth, combustion of the sun, and retardation of the earth's motions geologists hav calculated that the earth has not been a fit place for plants and animals more than a hundred millions of years, which would necessarily cut Mr. Huxley short in the way of time.

Respectfully, MRS. H. A. RITOHEY.

JOPLIN, MO., May 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 14th an article written by an anti-free American citizen, under the caption of "Lincoln and Anti-Liquor," and over the name of John Prescott Guild. Though he says he is searching for truth, he must undoubtedly be praying not to find it.

That intemperance is a gigantic evil, no one pretends to deny. The political proportions the temperance question is assuming demand that the subject be dealt with coolly, with reason from brains that are unbiased by religion and not heated to the pitch of insanity by the fever of excitement of the Temperance Union association. The temperance workers hav been hammering away at the temperance question for nearly a century, and to-day the use and abuse of alcoholic stimulants is worse than fifty years ago, showing that the temperance work done is inadequate to the task of bettering the condition of the people in regard to the use of alcoholic beverages.

The gentleman is much mistaken when he thinks that the Prohibition principle is in accordance with the principles of a free government. But, like all other temperance reformers, he has fallen into the channel of error. He puts the bridle on the wrong end of the horse, and then wants him to go backward, whether it is congenial to his nature or not, and if he cannot be coaxed or persuaded to go, he will welcome war, if necessary, to force the quadruped to travel in an unnatural way the retrograde path, to the honor and glory of the temperance reformers, at the expense, sacrifice, and destruction of the individual rights and the liberties of the American people. Sir, when you go to interfering with the individual rights of the people, you sap the very foundation upon which this republic was erected.

The gentleman of Massachusetts is certainly very much mistaken when he says that it was drunken legislation that hatched secession. Notwithstanding I was on the opposit side, and fought three years in the Federal army to help put down the Rebellion, yet I hav the fairness to say that when Jeff Davis and the other representativs of the Southern states stood upon the floor of the American Congress and refused any and all terms but secession, they were not drunk. Whisky had nothing to do with the matter. They were only acting in accordance with the premeditated plan for the Southern states to cut loose from the United States and form a government of their own, the chief corner-stone of which should be human slavery. To say that these men were a set of drunken legislators is unjust and an insult to the memories of these men, and is only a dodge to prejudice the minds of the people and gain votes for Prohibition.

Where and by whom was Prohibition hatched? The egg was laid in the pulpit, hatched by the church, and the chick, fed and nourished by the Temperance Union association, is now a full-grown bird having both feathers and scales, whose friends are trying to perch it upon the top of the American flagstaff in place of the American eagle.

The sentence stating that human slavery is a mere mouse beside intemperance must hav been uttered by a man intoxicated with holy water seasoned with salvation oil direct from the throne of Christian grace. The statement that intemperance is more destructiv than war, famin, and pestilence is one of those pulpit temperance lies. It is so willfully false that even the small school-children who read history know it to be a willful falsehood. It is a strange thing that any person of ordinary intelligence would utter such a sentence for truth. I challenge the gentleman to cite to us one instance where the intemperate use of alcohol ever caused as much loss of human life, pain and suffering from wounds, as even one general engagement did in the late civil war in this country. Was it drunkenness that caused John Calvin and those hell-deserving priests to burn Servetus alive at the stake? Think of the countless millions of pains that Servetus must hav suffered during the two long hours that he was perishing in the flames! In that day the prohibition element, the prohibition movement, was the cause of this man Servetus being so brutally, so inhumanly put to death, to prohibit him and deter others from speaking their honest thoughts, thus throttling the individual rights and liberties of the people. This was prohibition for you in substance and fact.

Judging from the main tenor of the temperance literature, the temperance reformers, as a rule, hav but one idea in their heads at a time, and that is, whisky, whisky, whisky; never mentioning any other form of intemperance, when the facts are that there are more untimely graves filled, ten to one, by intemperance in eating and dress than from the use of alcoholic stimulants. Take one of your church festivals, if you please, where the participants stay up to a late hour of the night, filling their stomachs with indigestible substances, the ladies on the occasion being so tightly laced that their lungs cannot be more than half filled with air. Thus, from the retention of carbonic acid gas in the system, from an insufficient amount of oxygen, together with the gas caused from the fermentation of the undigested substances in the stomach, the blood is poisoned, the powers of life are crippled, and the offspring robbed of their longevity. This class of intemperance is never mentioned by the temperance reformers. Why? Because this intemperance is practiced for the purpose of making money to feed and clothe an ecclesiastical gentleman—a man who has locked his brains against investigation; one who utterly refuses to accept reason as a guide; one who thinks it a crime to be happy and mirthful on Sunday; one who is a vampire on the community where he livs; who is a consumer and a non-producer, even of the truth; one who has insulted the American flag, by insisting that the national birthday should be celebrated on Saturday or Monday when the Fourth of July happens to come on Sunday, thus placing the cross above the American flag, a custom that every true American citizen should denounce.

More than this, these ecclesiastical gentlemen are trying to hav laws enacted that will put their God in the Constitution and a padlock on the mouths of the people, while they carry the keys in their pockets, so they can dictate what the people may drink—a set of men who cherish a fiction more than a fact, and therefore are not capable of inditing any laws for the mutual benefit and protection of the people at large.

What has whisky Prohibition done in the United States for the past twenty-five years? It has robbed the poor man and put money in the pockets of the rich. It placed the manufacturing of whisky in the hands of monopoly, and forced the poor of the country to pay at the rate of from $8 to $16 per gallon for whisky that is fit for medical use. To-day every man that fought in the United States army for $13 per month has to pay the government a tax of ninety cents on the gallon for all the whisky that he may happen to hav need of for the actual comforts of life. Such a state of affairs, with the surplus that is now in the treasury, is an outrage on common justice. Not satisfied with thus robbing the laboring class of the people, these temperance ranters want more stringent laws of Prohibition enacted, whereby they can place the whisky in the hands of another monopoly, viz., that of the druggist, and make the physicians of the country the mediators between the druggist and the people, thus placing the people at the mercy of the doctors and druggists. This is benefiting the people with a vengeance! As this government was intended by our forefathers to be a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, I say that it is high time that the people should demand that the Congress of these United States shall take the tax off whisky and tobacco, and allow them to be manufactured as any other commodity of trade. Then we would hav competition in the manufacturing of them, and the poor man could get a little whisky for medical purposes that was fit for use without robbing his family to pay for it.

The resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution which shall prohibit the manufacturing, importation, exportation, and transportation of alcoholic liquors in the United States is unrepublican and undemocratic, and is a flank movement for a stepping-stone to get God in the Constitution, and finally to overthrow this republican government. It should be met and set down upon by every free American citizen, irrespectiv of party politics.

Just so long as this race of people hav the taste for alcoholic stimulants, just so long whisky will be manufactured and drunk, no matter what laws may be enacted against it. This being the case, we deem it nothing but a matter of courtesy to inform the Temperance Union association that the only way for them to get out of their perplexed temperance muddle is for them all to unite in prayer, and hew and set at the throne of grace, like a ram at a gate-post, until they induce their God to create another Adam and Eve, and start a new race of people to take our place that will hav no natural taste for whisky.

As a matter of fact, take the United States over and there is not more than one man out of every hundred that is a habitual drunkard. This being the case, is it any good reason that the ninety-nine out of every hundred should be debarred from the use of whisky because there is one in a hundred that is a dipsomaniac? You might just as well say, because Mr. Brown gorged himself on boiled cabbage, because he was naturally fond of it, and came near dying with cramp colic from the effect, that cabbages are unfit for food, and the growing and eating of them should be prohibited by law. The Prohibition laws that are now sought to be enacted by the influence of hypocritical ecclesiastical gentlemen are contrary to the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States, because they abolish in part our rights to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the very things that the Constitution intended to secure to every American citizen.

I say emphatically that the Prohibition law is sumptuary law in its worst form. Why? Because alcohol is food. In its proper place it is the food of all foods. Why, when the stomach is sickened from disease, and assimilation is completely suspended, the flesh of the body being fast burnt up by the rapid oxydization of the blood and tissues, alcoholic stimulant steps in as master of the situation; it stimulates the nervous centers already exhausted; by its rapid diffusibility it enters the red blood corpuscles, staying the rapid waste of tissue. It also stimulates the capillary blood-vessels to contract on their contents, prevents capillary stasis, and reduces temperature, greatly to the relief of suffering humanity.

Alcohol is the spirit or life power of the vegetable world. In case of extreme debility, it unites with the fast-flickering sparks of human life, and by its scientific use the father or mother, as the case may be, is restored to the family, that otherwise would hav died without the aid of the alcoholic stimulants.

Can our pulpit ranters and Bible-pounders say with truth as much for Christian grace, prayer, and salvation oil? I say No. Alcoholic stimulants hav in my hands at the bedside saved more lives than the abuse of it ever destroyed in the country where I hav lived. Alcohol is one of the substances that go to make up this vast universe; without it the universe would not be complete; hence to talk about abolishing its manufacture and use is the worst kind of stupidity.

F. D. OWEN, M.D.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

"All Is Grist That Comes to the Mill."

BY OUR DYSPEPTIC CONTRIBUTOR.

The farmer stood in his field one day
And looked at his stacks of wheat;
"There's enough when made into bread," thought he,
"For a thousand souls to eat.
So 'twill be no sin, if I slyly mix in
A little cheat, just to temper the wheat.
It will all be grist
When it goes to the mill,"
Quoth he!

The miller sat in his dusty tower
And gazed at the bins full of grain,
That the honest farmer had toiled so hard
To harvest before the rain.
And he saw the wheels and the busy reels,
But was blind to the dust and cheat and rust.
"All is grist, I am sure,
That comes to my mill,"
Quoth he!

The grocer looks at the sacks of flour.
"Aha!" says he, "but 'tis fine!
A little of this should go a great way,
And with chalk it will nicely combine."
So in goes the chalk—"How people would talk
If they only knew all the grocers do!
But all is grist
That comes to my mill,"
Quoth he!

The baker is up to his elbows in dough,
It is flaky and light as a feather;
He has put in some yeast and alum, you know,
And smiles as he works them together.
His loaves are too light, but that is all right,
He will add on a cent, but the buyer's content.
"All is grist, as I say,
That comes to my mill,"
Quoth he!

But the innocent stomach rebels
When the mixture comes sliding in
And chalk, cheat, rust, alum, and flour
Meet again in a smaller bin.
"I'm sure it's no fun! I'm entirely undone!
Unlucky the day when that stuff came my way,
For I don't like the grist
That comes to my mill."
Quoth he!

—*American Miller.*

Biographical.

ETHAN ALLEN.

Among the pioneers of liberty and justice, renowned for all time, the name of the subject of this sketch stands forth in bright and glowing colors.

Ethan Allen was a brave and independent thinker, writer, and doer. A true lover of his country and his race, he was of benefit to both, and by his life made the world brighter and better.

He was born in Connecticut in 1739. When he was twenty-four years old he went with his four brothers to Vermont, and settled there in the town of Bennington. His firm character and keen perceptions were early recognized in a dispute between the colonies of New York and New Hampshire relativ to the boundary lines of Vermont, and he was made colonel of a force of men organized to resist the invasion upon the land of the settlers by New York people. The governor of New York (Tryon) at one time offered a reward of £150 for his arrest.

"The gods of the valleys are not the gods of the hills," declared Colonel Allen, and he boldly defied the authority of the gods of New York.

He was one of the greatest heroes of the war of the Revolution, and won a great victory for the colonies before their independence was declared.

At Fort Ticonderoga he stood at the head of his eighty-three men right under the British guns. Turning to his brave followers, he said: "Now, my boys, I am going to lead you forward. It is a desperate attempt. I don't wish to urge any man against his will. Those who will go with me, poise firelock!"

In an instant every firelock was poised.

"Onward, my brave boys!" said Colonel Allen, and away they went, and before the officer in command of the British knew it—for it was early in the morning, before daylight, I believe—he had formed his men inside the fort, and rushing in upon the half dressed Gen. De la Place, who stood shaking and shivering, he demanded the immediate surrender of the fort.

"In whose name do you demand it?" stammered the now thoroughly awakened and frightened De la Place.

Independence of the colonies had not then been declared, and for a moment Colonel Allen might hav been somewhat puzzled for a suitable answer. But he spoke up loudly and bravely, "I demand it in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

The British officer, of course, did not know much about the authority of the Continental Congress, but he was afraid of the "great Jehovah," and he thought, it is said, that if Jehovah had sent that big, burly fellow at that early hour in the morning to take the fort there was nothing else to do but to let him hav it, and he accordingly did so. After securing that point, Colonel Allen and his brave men went off the very same day and took Crown Point and the one vessel that belonged to the king on Lake Champlain.

That was a great day for Colonel Allen and his followers, and also for our country. A writer has truly said, "This was the first conquest our country ever presumed to call for herself, and this the first acceptable offering upon the altar of liberty by our country, at which, may it never be forgotten, Ethan Allen officiated as high priest."

This great soldier was conspicuous during the seven years of war that followed. He was once captured by the enemy and sent a prisoner to England, and nearly the whole time of his captivity he was treated as a felon and kept in irons. He was tempted, but never swerved from duty, and maintained his integrity to the last.

After the war he took up land in Colchester, Vt., and worked hard to make his farm a handsome and thrifty one. He had no respect for the religion of the times or the various creeds. His faith was of the Thomas Paine order, but his wife was a zealous devotee, and delighted in entertaining ministers; and they, although they were perfectly well aware of Colonel Allen's views, never hesitated to accept his generous hospitality, for there they were entertained upon "the fat of the land."

They used to hav meetings sometimes in Colonel Allen's house to please Mrs. Allen, but the colonel's motto was, "Short prayers and long puddings!" He gave liberally, whenever solicited, toward the support of the gospel, although he had no faith in it.

There is a story about an elder named Aminidab Robinson, who was in the habit of frequently "putting up" at the colonel's house, and who took it into his head to try and convert the colonel.

In reply to the elder Colonel Allen is reported as saying: "You had better not spend your breath praying for me, for my god will not think the better of you for so doing, and, as for myself, take my word for it, I never shall be whittled down to such a sharp point of meanness and misanthropy as to join a church, by any power on earth, or anywhere else. I fought for liberty and equality as to the rights of my whole countrymen, not a part. He that well does well is, and God's parental goodness extends to all his children."

The elder had supposed the colonel was an Atheist, but he assured him that he believed in a higher power, and had no doubt it was with him when he captured Crown Point and Old Tye.

"But," said the elder, "we read that God is a God of peace and not of war."

"So am I a man of peace, in time of peace," said Colonel Allen, "but not in war. God drove Satan out of heaven, it is said, after a tough battle which closed the rebellion, and if it was not out of compassion for the ministers, or, in other words, the half and whole pay officers in the army of the saints, I should wish the Lord had served that old rebel Beelzebub as Washington would hav done Arnold if he had caught him. I hav a poor opinion of these peace folks in war, and war folks in peace."

The two talked long upon the subject of religion, and finally the elder asked Colonel Allen to giv him his views upon heaven, etc., which he very kindly did in these words:

"Well, we'll take Mr. B., the Congregational minister, Elder C. of the Methodists, and yourself, and myself for examples. We all get up to heaven's gate together, somehow, and rap. A voice from within cries, 'Who's there?' The two ministers, after some words as to which should be first, finally giv the preference to the Presbyterian, who says, 'Rev. Mr. B, of the Congregational church.' 'Look and see if his name is on the books.' The answer is, 'Yes; the charge against him for great hypocrisy and selfishness is balanced by a fever and repentance before he died. Let him enter.' The impatient Methodist next announces himself as Elder C. of the Methodist Episcopal church of ——. A long account of nameless improprieties is found against him, but as he sincerely repented, he is let in and located. The next one to enter is Elder Aminidab Robinson, pastor of the *Especial* Calvinist Baptist church, etc. His name is found, and also that his meeting-house was built by old Ethan Allen, the American patriot who was called an Infidel. He can enter. Ariel is then instructed to conduct Mr. Robinson to his people and lock them in together, for as they hold to *close* communion on earth so they must in heaven."

"And how are you to get in?" asked the elder, somewhat ruffled.

"Well, when my body and soul settle up and dissolve their temporal copartnership, the body will go to its parent earth and my soul will start off on its own hook, carrying no church certificates or commissions. Not a minister or deacon will go with me; they will strive to accompany my wife. Perhaps I may hav the company of one of my old comrades of the war. When we arrive at the gate I will rap loudly, and 'Who's there?' will sound out upon the air. I shall respond, 'It is old Ethan Allen, that took Tye, Crown Point, and the armed vessel on the lake without any orders but yours, all in one day!' A voice will be heard, 'Ah! yes, you need not look in the books, for the brave Allen has credit on every page of them; open the gate to him and all his comrades, for he would never be seen in bad company.' So in we go, and the deputy grand master will say, 'Colonel Allen, in the name of the majesty of heaven, I bid you and your friend there welcome to paradise; you hav contributed as far as you could to the happiness, and indiscriminately, of all his creatures; and, as you were kind to all, and identified yourself with no creed or sect on earth, so shall there be no bounds set for you in heaven. All will be happy to see and welcome you. Go where you please, and when you want to see your old friend Aminidab Robinson Ariel will unlock the door and let you in among the Calvinists, and out, when you hav tarried long enough.'"

The elder did not attempt to convert Colonel Allen after that. This brave man was what is termed a Deist, as was Thomas Paine. He was true to all his convictions, and had no respect for cant or useless ceremonies. He wrote several political pamphlets, and was also the author of a book entitled, "Reason the Only Oracle of Man," in which he makes short work of the Bible and popular Christianity.

There was a story circulated after his death in which it was made to appear that he told one of his daughters to follow the religion of her mother. This has been clearly contradicted by a descendant of Colonel Allen. He died as he lived, a brave, true-hearted, respected man, who had no faith or fellowship with error or superstition in any form.

S. H. W.

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Correspondence.

Roanoke, Tex., May 12, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: As I never hav seen any correspondence from this place, I thought I would write. I am twelve years of age. Papa has taken The Truth Seeker ever since I can remember. There was a "hardshell" Baptist preacher preached at our schoolhouse last Sunday. I could hav gone, but I did not think I could learn anything. I hav a little brother three years of age; his name is Bruno. He is so mischievous—if he keeps on until he is grown. I expect he will be burnt like the other Bruno. I hav a little niece four years of age; her name is Susan E. Hogan. Pa named her after you. I will close for this time. Your little Freethinker friend,

Ora G. Graham.

Dresden, Ind., May 15, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: As this is my first letter, I will not stay long. J. E. Remsburg has just been here and delivered four lectures. He gave three in the Owensburgh hall and one at Dresden in the school-house. I went every time, and we thought he was a splendid speaker. Pa takes The Truth Seeker, and we hav good times looking at Heston's pictures. I think the picture on the front page of The Truth Seeker of May 12, 1888, corresponds with the people pretty well out here, for I think the preachers hav the wool pulled over their eyes so that they lead very well. They hav got the people stuffed so full of prejudice that some of them would not come out to hear Mr. Remsburg lecture. The Baptist preacher would not let bis boys go to hear him; they said they would like to go, and he told them it would exert bad influence in the community if they went to hear such a man as Mr. Remsburg. But all that went to hear him thought he was a nice speaker, and some of the people that did not go wished they had gone; but it was too late to wish after he had left.

You will please find inclosed twenty-five cents for Mr. Hacker.

Wishing success to the Corner, I remain,
Your Liberal friend,

Mary Ashcraft (aged fifteen).

Prairie City, Ore., May 11, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: As I hav never seen a letter from this part of the world, I thought I would write a few lines. We liv in a beautiful little valley in eastern Oregon. We hav a good public school where liberal education is taught. Public schools are more plentiful than churches. Chances of education are reasonably good. The people are Liberal. My father has taken The Truth Seeker for several years. I like to read the Children's Corner and the letters from the boys and girls. I like to look at the pictures—some of them are very good and instructiv. This is my first letter to a paper, and if it is worth printing, I will write again some time.

Yours truly,

Mary M. Davis (aged fourteen).

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Poetry.

"Blasphemy."

"Blasphemy!" What's "blasphemy" but a word,
A term that signifieth much or naught,
According to the peoples of the earth?
'Tis here, 'tis there, all round about in spots,
Alike in no two sections of the globe.
What's "blasphemy" with us in Christendom
Would make us solid with the pious Turk—
With "Allah," too, and don't forget it, you!
In Hindoo-land, I'm not quite cert 'twould not
Entitle us to move in highest "caste,"
And win great "Brahma's" most approving winks!
In Dragon-land, the home of Tee To Tum,
'Twould gain for us a pigtail on the jump,
"Joss" broadly grinning full from ear to ear!
But unto him who Allah doth "blaspheme,"
Great Buddha, Brahma, Joss, and all the rest,
We say, "O bully boy with the glass eye!
Thou'st struck it rich and rare, for thou art saved!"
Of latitude and longitude the sport,
Chameleon-like it changes color with
The change of base; so much for "blasphemy!"
Our home-brewed article is dread and dark—
In Boonton, Jersey, black as Erebus—
But ta'en abroad becomes as white as snow!
As saith the stanch and brilliant Ingersoll,
That human gem of purest ray serene,
"'Tis but a question of geography!"

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Dr. Ladd has told us all about the Bible. How it was not all written by those persons to whom it is attributed; how it has some over-steep stories; how its dates don't jibe; how miserable are some of its morals; and yet how it *contains*, by inspiration, the word of God! Who is to tell us which from t'other? Why, Dr. Ladd, of course. The *North American Review* says upon it: "If we must prune away old beliefs, it does not follow that we must cut down to the roots and tear up and destroy that which is *essential* and *vital to belief*." I ask, What good is the stump of belief when the boughs are stripped? Does the *Review* write in the interest of reason, or does it still love to browse on the rotten cabbage-leaves of theology? Perhaps that ensilage of Gladstone's flabbergasted its wits. An Ingersoll pill may settle its hash until it finds some more such indigestible fodder. How is it that such pretentious periodicals as the *North American Review*, the *Forum*, and the *Popular Science Monthly* complain of the surfeit of good manuscript, and yet pad out their pages with so much miserable trash? Can't we hav one genuin scientific and philosophical publication in the country, or must truth eternally take its hat off to a lie in order to pass?

THE SUREST SALVATION.

The Boston *Advertiser* is often anathematized as a "Puritan sheet," but the Puritans would turn over in their graves to damn it if they could read this sentence quoted from a recent copy: "Probably the laws of temperance, justice, and industry are the best salvation." That puts a big discount on the church route to glory. Would it not, then, be good policy to take the taxes off farms and mills and put them on meeting-houses and minister-factories?

CIVILIZATION VS. CHRISTIANITY.

Matthew Arnold, in his dying essay, defined civilization as "the humanization of man in society, the satisfaction for him in society of the true law of human nature." That knocks Christianity out; for, according to Christianity, human nature is all wrong and nothing is satisfactory about it, and especially execrable is society. If civilization humanizes man—satisfies him among his fellow-men with the true law of human nature—what more, then, can be desired? Nothing logically conceivable, and therefore Christianity must be superfluous—a mushroom or a nightmare. I will take the essay of Matthew, whose surname was Arnold, and bounce the gospel of Matthew, whose surname is dubious, and believe I hav made a brilliant swap.

GOSPEL GLAMOR.

Sir William Hunter claims that converts to Christianity are not often made in India from Islam and Buddhism, but come from the inferior races of various nondescript religions. He givs some praise to Islam and Buddhism for their intellectual and moral *cult*, and shows some respect to the Vedas as a text of the inspiration of antiquity which does not sanction the abominable customs and absurd notions imposed on the ignorant; crediting Christianity, however, with being a force which elevates the low caste and no caste Hindoo by inculcating the ideas of the brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of woman. Whilst we may admit that in a certain degree Christianity, in some of its phases, may do this, yet we insist that it has purloined from Secular philosophy every part of its system—to stretch the word system—which can in any way do man any good. A religion whose fundamentals are a revengeful God, a howling hell, an infinit devil, and a totally depraved humanity can, so far as itself goes, only influence ignorance into deeper degradation. The same author is obliged to own that Islam and Buddhism are strict temperance institutions, and to regret that it is mostly among the servants of Christians—imitating their masters—that inebriety is noticeable among the Hindoos.

THE COST OF DAMNING A SOUL.

Some go on by Adams's Express,
And some put their trust in Fargo.
If you want to go to the devil direct,
Then get yourself booked at Chicago.

Secular Union Secretary Stevens has figured down fine the cost of saving souls in the ungodly city of Chicago. I would now like to hav him secure the statistics of the debit for damning souls and bodies both, in that peculiar place, and let us see how the amounts will compare.

I do not know how it is that Freethinkers are so frequently growling at the expense of the "gospel," when it only remotely affects them, and in a relativly minor amount, whilst yet they glory in standing as political godfathers to that infamous child of perversity, the liquor traffic, which is a direct tax of maximum proportions on both man and merchandise.

The United States sports an army of upward of sixty thousand drunkards who march into their graves every year, or one thousand to each one million population. If one in every thousand of our population was solemnly sacrificed each and every year on the altars of worship, what an outcry there would be! But as they are legally butchered and robbed in the line of business, the curse is condoned as a matter of course. But more than this, the shortening of life of more or less moderate, and of more and more immoderate, drinkers is ten times as great in the aggregate. The mortality thus told in the ranks of rum and its allies keeps pace with perennial war. The money cost of all this curse also equals war's account. How many go mad by this misery, is another item of interest. Religion has a large showing on the lunatic ledger, but rum has a larger list, being about one-half the total, and may justly claim no small share of those who are reckoned on religion's tally. The prisons possess their population from the gin-mills and beerswills; add to their expense the cost of courts, and the cost of criminals' and drunkards' lost time, and you hav some elements of the problem; but the headaches, the heartaches, the debasement and despair, that go with a soul damned by drink and a body doomed by drams no algebra can ever announce.

A SHAMEFUL SNIVEL.

What are the Secular Unionists whining for? Some of them, and no small ones, are pitifully sniveling and spitefully sputtering because the Woman Suffrage convention was captured by Christians. Well, where were the Secular Unionists when the Christians took the fort? And who commanded the Secular Union conventions, that no Woman Suffrage resolution appears among its Demands?* Secularism, as an organized force, has not had sense, honesty, and courage enough to brave the issue most prominently before reform people, and yet it whimpers behind the fence because the Christian candle shines through the cracks! Shame on the Secular Union for not turning its headlight of philosophy upon this question and making the matter as plain to the people as the harvest moon! Get out of your mud-ruts, O Secularists! and build your bonfires on the highlands of moral and political reform. Quit your meanness, and go to work, as though you meant something besides a self-admiration and general mud-slinging society. If Christians shall secure universal suffrage, temperance, and education, who will be to blame? The army that refuses to fight will hav its own ammunition fired at itself from its own guns—and be rightly served.

FIGHTING FACTS.

A piety-pedlar tendered me a tract, remarking that it was written by the great and good President Edwards, and he thought I would like it, for I looked like a Christian! I asked him if it was that bloke who said God shook sinners over hell as housewives did poisonous spiders over the kitchen fire. He didn't remember about that. I read: "I will regard the obedience, sacrifice, mediation, and intercession of Christ as the only procuring cause of all those spiritual blessings which conduce to that end: as the pardon of sin, peace with God, and the sanctifying influence of his spirit;" and observed: "I hav no use for a God who planned the murder of his own son to satisfy his wrath against those who murdered him." He said: "You don't believe the Bible, then." "No," replied I; "I am done with books; I want facts. Angry Gods are played out." "You must object to epidemics, then," he blurted. "Most certainly I do," I retorted. "We hav to hav them!" he flouted. "No, we don't," I shouted; "they come on account of ignorance and superstition, laziness and misdirection. If the money spent on churches was expended in sewers, we would hav few epidemics. Anyway, a God that would create an epidemic ought to be damned." "It is hard fighting facts," he sneered. "Yet we do fight them and beat them by science," I jeered; "whilst the church has fought them and failed, and now teaches, and claims the credit for the truth of, what it burnt and damned the discoverers for telling." The Christian is welcome to love his epidemics if he thinks them evidences of God's goodness; to sensible people, they giv the lie to that gospel. Science is staying small-pox and plague, and in time it will cause surcease of superstition and prayer. JOHN P. GUILD.

Lowell, Mass.

*Mr. Guild speaks hastily and without knowledge. The Secular Union has at each annual Congress passed a Woman Suffrage resolution. Mr. Guild's choleric comments are pointless.—ED. T. S.

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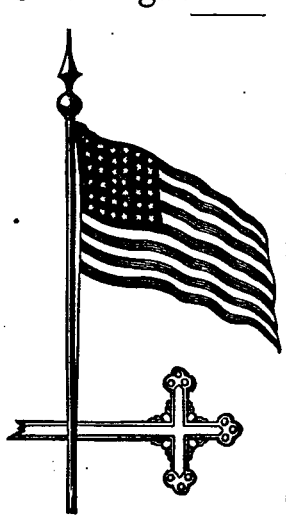
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News of the Week.

FIFTEEN thousand pilgrims from Belgium and Austria went to Rome last month.

THE American Bible Society last year received $557,340 and expended $506,453.

THE Knights of Labor government telegraph petition contains a million names.

BLAINE is in Paris.

ENGLAND is mounting coast guns.

GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN seems dying.

MISSISSIPPI floods hav caused destitution.

CONVENTS are being established through the West.

SPAIN is now the only great nation supporting slavery.

THE Rev. Lyman Abbott has been chosen to Beecher's pulpit.

MONTANA'S gold and silver output last year was $23,000,000.

THE Senate has passed the bill making letter-carriers' hours eight.

WALES farmers hav refused to pay church tithes, and are resisting by riots.

WOMAN suffrage has been decided unconstitutional in Washington territory.

NEW YORK negroes held memorial services for Roscoe Conkling on the 28th ult.

MISS BESSIE SMITH, of Columbia, S. C., is one of the late victims of religious insanity.

THE Omaha Evangelist Alliance is making a determined effort to stop Sunday baseball-playing.

THE Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor is a growing organization of young fanatics.

CONGRESS will appropriate $25,000 toward the anniversary commemoration of the battle of Gettysburg next July.

RUMORS say the French government contemplates expelling Boulanger from France, as it did the Bonaparte princes.

THE Presbyterian Conference at Philadelphia became disorderly and riotous on the 25th ult. over the negro question.

CLEVELAND and wife attended the centennial celebration of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Baltimore on the 23d ult.

THE pope has nearly finished a book on the labor question, in which he supports government intermediation for the workers' welfare.

A GREENPOINT, N. Y., clergyman has resigned because young members formed a baseball club and elders backed up the iniquity.

SENATOR STEWART says there is a dangerous growth of the power of the executiv, and that Cleveland is following in the footsteps of Napoleon I.

MISS ROSE CLEVELAND addressed the Woman's Executiv Committee of Home Missions on the 25th ult. on the value of home missionary work.

AT Malden, Mass., Mrs. Abbie Corner, a "Christian scientist," has been indicted for manslaughter in causing her daughter's death by refusing medical aid.

CUNNING Leo XIII., seeing Brazil about to abolish slavery, made showy proclamations of favoring and forwarding the move, and now the church claims the credit.

THE Belgian king, by getting the sultan of Morocco interested in a miniature railroad presented him, has obtained permission to construct railroads in that country.

A BILL has been presented to Congress proposing a constitutional amendment reducing from two-thirds to a majority the vote necessary to over-ride the president's veto.

THE late Conference on the Christian Principles of Civil Government passed a resolution declaring it the "imperativ duty of political parties to declare themselvs on the moral issues now before the nation."

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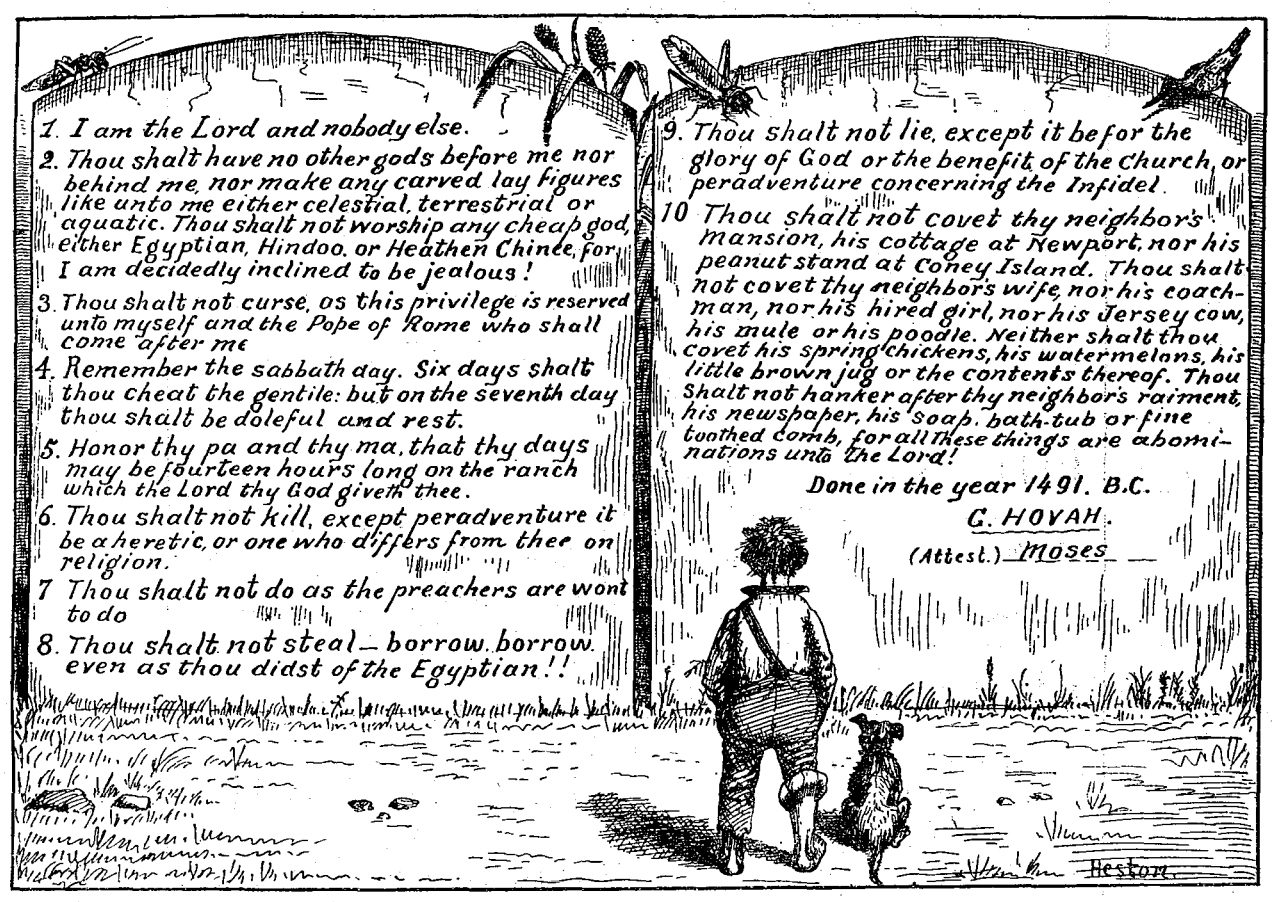
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Odds and Ends.

THE saddest words of tongue or pen: "There's too many women and not enough men!"

THE *Mail and Express* will never be a truly religious paper until its printers' devils are cast out.

THE more you hav to do with an Indian, the more firmly you become convinced that he is a red skin.

A VERMONT humanitarian has just patented a fly-paper skull cap, for bald-headed men to wear in church.

A BAPTIST church might do without a bell, but you would naturally suppose that at times they would need a wringer.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW coined the phrase, "Kathleen Mavourneen loans," which designates uncertain loans, that "may be for years and may be forever."

IF you want to see an expression of severe simplicity and childlike innocence in a man's face, watch him when he gets two dollars change out of a one-dollar bill.

COMMENTING upon Dr. Hammond's belief that a man can liv forever, the prince of Wales says he knows it is true of a woman. But he thinks she might at least abdicate.

COUNTRY minister (in a shocked tone of voice): "Why, my little boy, what are you fishing on Sunday for?" Little boy (disgusted with his luck): "Whales, mister; an' I never knew 'em so shy."

"Do you believe there is any such thing as luck?" asked a young man of an old bachelor. "I do. I've had proof of it." "In what way?" "I was refused by five girls when I was a young man."

A CHICAGO man has the boldness and good sense to remark that the best way to close up the saloons has never yet been tried—namely, to persuade the bugs to migrate from the dirty aqueduct water to the clean beer.

ST. PETER (the gates slightly ajar): "Who are you?" Applicant: "I'm Mr. Veritas." St. Peter: "The man who writes letters to the newspapers?" Applicant: "The same." St. Peter: "Well, you can't get in here."

WALT WHITMAN declares that "nothing is ever lost." Walt must hav had the uncommon luck never to hav sent a poem to a newspaper office, and then called upon the editor months afterward to inquire why it had not appeared in print.

A MAN went into an editor's office in Boston, Mass., one day last week, transacted his business in half a dozen words, and left without offering any advice whatever as to the conduct of the paper. At last accounts the editor was very low.

"I ADOPTED that boy," he said, with the tears running down his face. "I took him out of the workhouse when he was a lad, and I kept him and fed him for nine years, and he's paid me back by running off with my wife. Gentlemen," he continued, wiping his face, "I'll stand you a bottle of wine. You don't often meet with gratitude in this world, but a kind act is sure to bring its own reward. I've sent him a check for $500."

SOME one says that many of the poems which made the biggest hits were written while their authors were under the influence of intoxicating liquors. A great deal of poetry nowadays must be written by people addicted to the cigaret habit.

THE most eloquent champion of the women who wished to be admitted as delegates to the Methodist General Conference was Dr. Putz, who is totally deaf. While this is generous to his fair clients, it might hav been decidedly rough on the unlucky brethren who were not blessed with his infirmity.—*Puck.*

"MOTHER writes that she will be here to-morrow for a short visit, my dear." "Very well," he replied, and as he left the house he patted his little boy on the head kindly and said: "Bobby, didn't you ask me to buy you a tin whistle and a drum, the other day?" "Yes, pa." "Well, I will bring them to you to-night."

A YORKVILLE widower, whose wife had been the head of the family, ordered a tombstone for her and left it to the good taste of the cutter to put some comforting inscription on the marble besides the name and date. When the stone was put up he went out with the builder to see it. It looked very handsome, and across the base were the consoling words, "Thy Will Be Done." "Well," said the builder, "what do you think of it?" "First-rate in every way," was the pleased reply. "And the inscription—is that all right?" The widower gazed at it tenderly for a moment. "Well, I should smile," he said; "that's just the kind of a woman she was to a dot."

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Gems of Thought.

DELLA SCALA stood among his courtiers, with mimes and buffoons making him heartily merry; when turning to Dante he said: "Is it not strange, now, that this poor fool should make himself so entertaining; while you, a wise man, sit there, day after day, and hav nothing to amuse us with at all?" Dante answered bitterly: "No, not strange; your highness is to recollect the proverb, 'Like to like;'"—given the amuser, the amusee must also be given. Such a man, with his proud, silent ways, with his sarcasms and sorrows, was not made to succeed at court.—*Carlyle's Hero-Worship.*

WE honor our ancestors when we liv better, think better, and do better than they did. That is a false veneration that builds a ship after the model of the Mayflower; that erects a house of Puritan architecture; that livs as they did in our grandfathers' days. Our forefathers showed their sense when they respected their own ideas . . life is progress; the world must be emancipated from models. Candles may be run in molds, but not human beings.—*L. K. Washburn.*

A MAN'S religious views depend largely on the place of his birth, his religious surroundings in childhood, the associations of his later years, his opportunities for study, as well as the intellectual and moral character—dependent on his cerebral organization—which he has derived from his parents. If he is born in Turkey he will not be likely to be a Christian. If he is born in Massachusetts or Illinois he will probably not be Mohammedan. If he has inherited religious tendencies, is surrounded in youth by religious influences, and possesses but little self-reliance or independence, he will probably retain through life the faith of his childhood. If he has a bold, inquiring mind, is disposed to examin subjects for himself, has access to works of a Liberal, philosophical, or scientific character, he will probably outgrow many of the religious errors of his early years.—*B. F. Underwood.*

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled our home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

ONE penitent poet implores Varuna to tell him for what offense he seeks to kill his worshiper and friend, for all the sages tell him that it is Varuna that is angry with him. And he pleadingly contends that he is not an intentional culprit; he has been seduced by "wine, anger, dice, or thoughtlessness." Another begs the god that, in whatever way mortals may hav broken his laws, he will be gracious. A third admits that he, who was Varuna's friend, has offended against him, but asks that they who are guilty may not reap the fruits of their sin—concluding with this amiable hint: "Do thou, a wise God, grant protection to him who praises thee."—*Amberley's Analysis of Religious Belief.*

Thou knowest that thou hast formed me,
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their wi ching voice
Has often led me wrong.
. . . . . .
When with intention I hav erred,
No other plea I hav
But thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgiv. —*Burns.*

THOSE men whom Jewish and Christian idolators hav abusivly called "heathens" had much better and clearer ideas of justice and morality than are to be found in the Old Testament, so far as it is Jewish; or in the New. The answer of Solon on the question, "Which is the most perfect popular government?" has never been exceeded by any man since his time, as containing a maxim of political morality. "That," says he, "when the least injury, done to the meanest individual, is considered an insult to the whole constitution." Solon lived 500 B C.—*Thomas Paine.*

IT is not true that a man can believe or disbelieve what he will. But it is certain that an activ desire to find any proposition true will unconsciously tend to that result, by dismissing importunate suggestions which run counter to the belief and welcoming those which favor it. The psychological law, that we only see what interests us, and only assimilate what is adapted to our condition, causes the mind to *select* its evidence.—*G. H. Lewes.*

"THE son of man shall come in the glory of his father . . and then he shall reward every man according"— To the church he belongs to? No. To the manner in which he has been baptized? No. According to his creed? No. "Then he shall reward every man according to his works." Good! I subscribe to that doctrin.—*Ingersoll.*

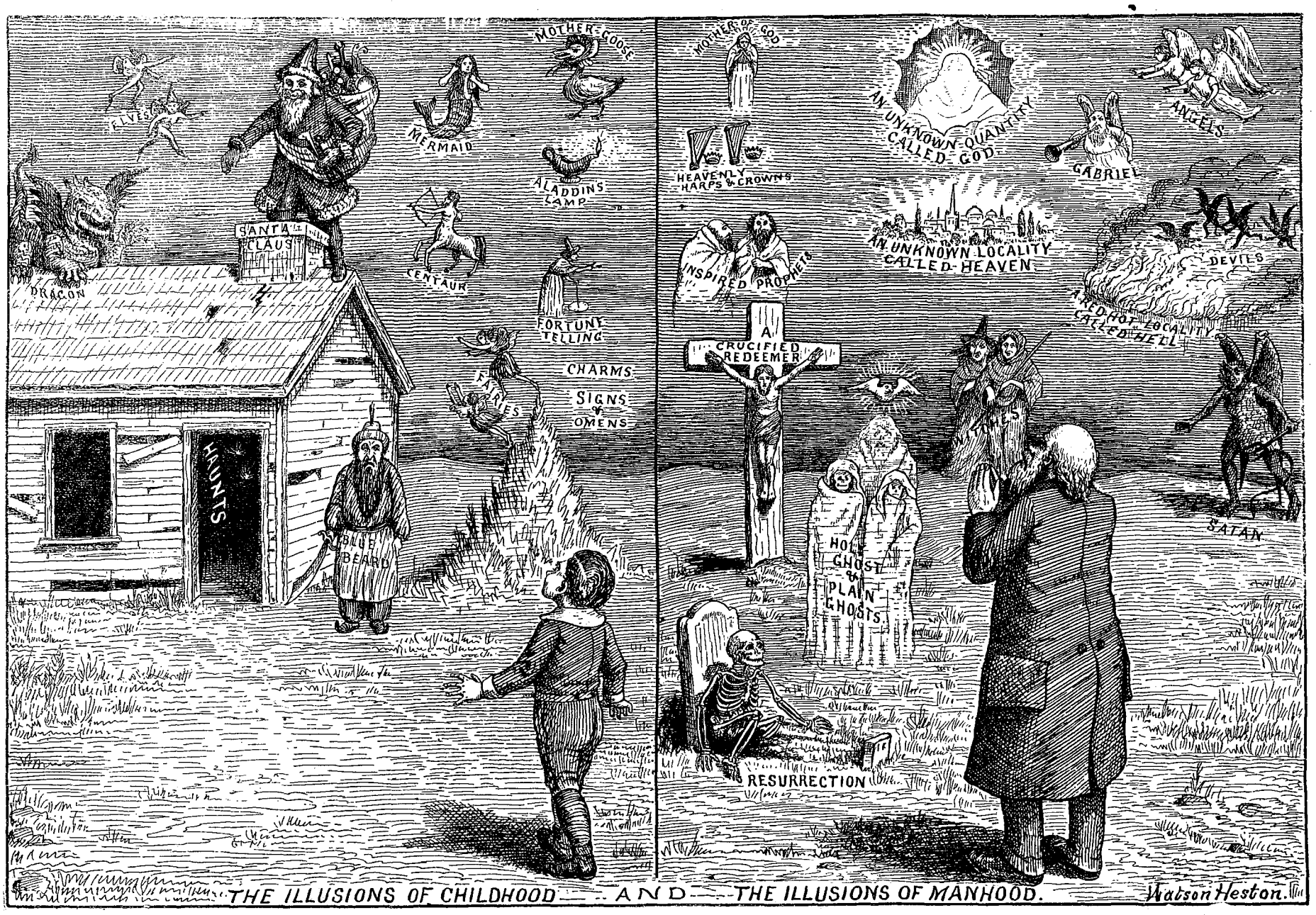
THE price of excellence is labor, and time that of immortality.—*Fuseli.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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ILLUSIONS.—(*The rest next week.*)

Notes and Clippings.

It is reported from Georgetown, Brown county, Ind., that a vein of gold was discovered there last Sunday, whereupon the people who were at church when the news of the discovery arrived promptly left for the gold field, nobody but the minister remaining.

A new state is about to be added to the sisterhood of nations. Letters patent hav been granted to "the British East African Company," giving them full power to erect and maintain a government, with taxes and army. It lies north of the German East African Society, near Zanzibar, and includes some of the finest land in central Africa.

Among those who are to explore Mount Ararat are several Russians, who hav joined the expedition in order to search for relics of Noah's ark. If these enthusiasts would but make a trip through Palestine, they could find enough relics of the ark to keep a whole nation in kindling-wood for a month. The supply on Mount Ararat doubtless fell short many centuries ago.

The ups and downs of life are pathetically set forth in the following paragraph from the *Star*, of Covington, Ga.: "Our editor will take in the press convention at Canton this week, and probably run down to Brunswick before his return. He left in fine trim, having an extra handkerchief and a little over $1.25 in hard cash. P.S.—Since the above was put in type the Rev. Jacob Carr (colored) has managed to collect a seventy-five-cent plowing bill from the editor, and he will hardly hav as big a time as he expected."

The Catholics of Chicago recently met to consider the papal rescript concerning Irish methods of political campaigning, and passed this peppery resolution: "We respectfully recommend to the court of the Vatican the realm of England as an exhaustless field for the reformation of moral conduct, and emphatically protest against the offering up of Ireland as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of her oppressors."

Dr. Tanner, the faster, livs in New Mexico, where he has a fifteen-hundred-acre ranch. He is connected with a foundling association, which is intended to show that the baser passions are aroused principally by the use of animal food. He is now in Indiana trying to collect forty infants to experiment with. He thinks that he can make them all good and long-lived by feeding them one meal a day of a light vegetarian diet. The doctor himself livs on one meal a day, breakfast.

The Los Angeles *Porcupine* says: "The Rev. James H. Hoadley, of New York, according to The Truth Seeker, desires the money spent by church charitable organizations in relieving the physical distress of the poor disbursed to ministers who shall preach to them instead of feeding them. 'What is wanted,' he says, 'is more gospel and less charity. The gospel is what the poor need to-day more than anything else.' The poor hav had the particular gospel this reverend gentleman refers to for nearly nineteen hundred years, and millions of them are as wretched, ignorant, and hungry as they hav ever been. In fact, the more gospel they get the more miserable they seem. Suppose the clergy try living on 'spiritual riches' for the next thousand years, and let the people keep their hard-earned savings for themselvs instead of squandering them to maintain the temples and priests of religion."

Walt Whitman, the poet, kept his seventieth birthday June 1st by remaining at his home, 328 Mickle street, Camden, N. J., trying to revise the proofs of his forthcoming book, "November Boughs," but his day's task was very often interrupted by friends calling to wish him many happy returns. Congratulatory letters and telegrams came to the good gray poet from almost everywhere, and many "favors" were sent him, some of which were of the most substantial kind. The poor old man—for he is poor as to this world's goods—is "badly paralyzed and immobil." His latest book of poetry, "November Boughs," is in the hands of the electrotyper, and will be issued in the fall.

The expenses of the Methodist general conference were about $2,000 a day. This covers the rental of the Metropolitan Opera House, which was increased by extra sessions from the sum of $5,500 originally agreed upon to $7,500, and the traveling expenses and hotel bills of the delegates and bishops. The entire cost of the conference was about $75,000, or $20,000 in excess of the sum provided for this purpose by the collections in the churches. The Book Concern will make up the deficiency in the form of a loan. Delegates to conferences go to the hotels selected for them, the limit of expense being $2.50 per day. However, any delegate may, if he chooses, accept $60 for the month and board where he likes. Some of the delegates to the recent conference used this privilege and made a snug little profit by putting up at five-dollar-a-week boarding-houses.

Dr. Prince of Wales, a venerable archdruid, eighty-eight years old, notable among his countrymen, has made all arrangements for the disposition of his body when the vital spark shall hav fled. He wants the body burnt, and has written out 125 sound reasons why cremation is desirable. He has chosen a spot where it is to be burnt, a historical druidical pile, and has specified the fuel to be used. In the paper containing these instructions the venerable man goes on to denounce vaccination and the wearing of stockings, and concludes with a protest against matrimony, which he thinks degrading to women.

The first instance in South Carolina of a resort to the faith cure is reported from Timmonsville, where it resulted in the death of Annette Maness, a bright girl twelve years old, the daughter of respectable, intelligent, and pious parents. Annette was stricken down with measles, which finally developed into a dangerous type of dysentery. A regular physician attended her, and soon had the disease under control. At this juncture Miss Mattie Gordon came to this vicinity lecturing on Prohibition and holiness, and claiming to be a faith healer. Miss Gordon soon induced the child to leave off the doctor's medicin and adopt the faith remedy. The mother protested, but the child, encouraged by Miss Gordon, refused to take the doctor's medicin. The disease took a firm hold, and when at length the family recalled the regular physician it was too late. When last heard from, Miss Gordon was in Charleston, conducting a "holiness" revival. The people of Timmonsville declare they will make it warm for her if she ever appears in that section again.

Extract from Ingersoll's Reply to Mr. Gladstone.

From the North American Review.

At the threshold of this Reply, it gives me pleasure to say that for your intellect and character I hav the greatest respect; and let me say further, that I shall consider your arguments, assertions, and inferences entirely apart from your personality—apart from the exalted position that you occupy in the estimation of the civilized world. I gladly acknowledge the inestimable services that you hav rendered, not only to England, but to mankind. Most men are chilled and narrowed by the snows of age; their thoughts are darkened by the approach of night. But you, for many years, hav hastened toward the light, and your mind has been "an autumn that grew the more by reaping."

Under no circumstances could I feel justified in taking advantage of the admissions that you hav made as to the "errors," the "misfeasance," the "infirmities and the perversity," of the Christian church. It is perfectly apparent that churches, being only aggregations of people, contain the prejudice, the ignorance, the vices and the virtues, of ordinary human beings. The perfect cannot be made out of the imperfect.

But there is one thing that cannot be admitted, and that is your statement that the constitution of man is in a "warped, impaired, and dislocated condition," and that "these deformities indispose men to belief." Let us examin this.

We say that a thing is "warped" that was once nearer level, flat, or straight; that it is "impaired" when it was once nearer perfect, and that it is "dislocated" when once it was united. Consequently, you hav said that at some time the human constitution was unwarped, unimpaired, and with each part working in harmony with all. You seem to believe in the degeneracy of man, and that our unfortunate race, starting at perfection, has traveled downward through all the wasted years.

It is hardly possible that our ancestors were perfect. If history proves anything, it establishes the fact that civilization was not first, and savagery afterward. Certainly the tendency of man is not now toward barbarism. There must hav been a time when language was unknown, when lips had never formed a word. That which man knows, man must hav learned. The victories of our race hav been slowly and painfully won. It is a long distance from the gibberish of the savage to the Sonnets of Shakspere—a long and weary road from the pipe of Pan to the great orchestra voiced with every tone from the glad warble of a mated bird to the hoarse thunder of the sea. The road is long that lies between the discordant cries uttered by the barbarian over the gashed body of his foe and the marvelous music of Wagner and Beethoven. It is hardly possible to conceive of the years that lie between the caves in which crouched our naked ancestors crunching the bones of wild beasts, and the home of a civilized man with its comforts, its articles of luxury and use—with its works of art, with its enriched and illuminated walls. Think of the billowed years that must hav rolled between these shores. Think of the vast distance that man has slowly groped from the dark dens and lairs of ignorance and fear to the intellectual conquests of our day.

. . . . . .

I find in your Remarks the frequent charge that I am guilty of making assertions and leaving them to stand without the assistance of argument or fact, and it may be proper, at this particular point, to inquire how you know that there is "a divine scheme of redemption."

My objections to this "divine scheme of redemption" are, *first*, that there is not the slightest evidence that it is divine; *second*, that it is not in any sense a "scheme," human or divine; and *third*, that it cannot, by any possibility, result in the redemption of a human being.

It cannot be divine, because it has no foundation in the nature of things, and is not in accordance with reason. It is based on the idea that right and wrong are the expression of an arbitrary will, and not words applied to and descriptiv of acts in the light of consequences. It rests upon the absurdity called "pardon," upon the assumption that when a crime has been committed justice will be satisfied with the punishment of the innocent. One person may suffer, or reap a benefit, in consequence of the act of another, but no man can be justly punished for the crime, or justly rewarded for the virtues, of another. A "scheme" that punishes an innocent man for the vices of another can hardly be called divine. Can a murderer find justification in the agonies of his victim? There is no vicarious vice; there is no vicarious virtue. For me it is hard to understand how a just and loving being can charge one of his children with the vices, or credit him with the virtues, of another.

And why should we call anything a "divine scheme" that has been a failure from the "fall of man" until the present moment! What race, what nation, has been redeemed through the instrumentality of this "divine scheme?" Hav not the subjects of redemption been for the most part the enemies of civilization? Has not almost every valuable book since the invention of printing been denounced by the believers in the "divine scheme?" Intelligence, the development of the mind, the discoveries of science, the inventions of genius, the cultivation of the imagination through art and music, and the practice of virtue will redeem the human race. These are the saviors of mankind.

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What, I pray you, is the "heavenly treasure" in the keeping of your church? Is it a belief in an infinit God? That was believed thousands of years before the serpent tempted Eve. Is it the belief in the immortality of the soul? That is far older. Is it that man should treat his neighbor as himself? That is more ancient. What is the treasure in the keeping of the church? Let me tell you. It is this: That there is but one true religion—Christianity—and that all others are false; that the prophets, and Christs, and priests of all others hav been and are impostors, or the victims of insanity; that the Bible is the one inspired book—the one authentic record of the words of God; that all men are naturally depraved, and deserve to be punished with unspeakable torments forever; that there is only one path that leads to heaven, while countless highways lead to hell; that there is only one name under heaven by which a human being can be saved; that we must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; that this life, with its few and fleeting years, fixes the fate of man; that the few will be saved and the many forever lost. This is "the heavenly treasure" within the keeping of your church.

And this "treasure" has been guarded by the cherubim of persecution, whose flaming swords were wet for many centuries with the best and bravest blood. It has been guarded by cunning, by hypocrisy, by mendacity, by honesty, by calumniating the generous, by maligning the good, by thumbscrews and racks, by charity and love, by robbery and assassination, by poison and fire, by the virtues of the ignorant and the vices of the learned, by the violence of mobs and the whirlwinds of war, by every hope and every fear, by every cruelty and every crime, and by all there is of the wild beast in the heart of man.

With great propriety it may be asked: In the keeping of which church is this "heavenly treasure?" Did the Catholics hav it, and was it taken by Luther? Did Henry VIII. seize it, and is it now in the keeping of the Church of England? Which of the warring sects in America has this treasure; or hav we, in this country, only the "rust and canker?" Is it in an Episcopal church, that refuses to associate with a colored man for whom Christ died, and who is good enough for the society of the angelic host?

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I am not satisfied with your statement that "the Christian receives as alms all whatsoever he receives at all." Is it true that man deserves only punishment? Does the man who makes the world better, who works and battles for the right, and dies for the good of his fellow-men, deserve nothing but pain and anguish! Is happiness a gift or a consequence? Is heaven only a well-conducted poorhouse? Are the angels in their highest estate nothing but happy paupers? Must all the redeemed feel that they are in heaven simply because there was a miscarriage of justice? Will the lost be the only ones who will know that the right thing has been done, and will they alone appreciate the "ethical elements of religion?" Will they repeat the words that you hav quoted: "Mercy and judgment are met together; righteousness and peace hav kissed each other?" or will these words be spoken by the redeemed as they joyously contemplate the writhings of the lost?

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Another instance is given of the "tumultuous method in which I conduct, not, indeed, my argument, but my case."

Dr. Field had drawn a distinction between superstition and religion, to which I replied: "You are shocked at the Hindoo mother when she givs her child to death at the supposed command of her God. What do you think of Abraham, of Jephthah? What is your opinion of Jehovah himself?"

These simple questions seem to hav excited you to an unusual degree, and you ask in words of some severity: "Whether this is the tone in which controversies ought to be carried on?" And you say that—"not only is the name of Jehovah encircled in the heart of every believer with the profoundest reverence and love, but that the Christian religion teaches, through the incarnation, a personal relation with God so lofty that it can only be approached in a deep, reverential calm." You admit that "a person who deems a given religion to be wicked, may be led onward by logical consistency to impugn in strong terms the character of the author and object of that religion," but you insist that such person is "bound by the laws of social morality and decency to consider well the terms and meaning of his indictment."

Was there any lack of "reverential calm" in my question? I gave no opinion, drew no indictment, but simply asked for the opinion of another. Was that a violation of the "laws of social morality and decency?"

It is not necessary for me to discuss this question with you. It has been settled by Jehovah himself. You probably remember the account given in 1 Kings xviii of a contest between the prophets of Baal and the prophets of Jehovah. There were four hundred and fifty prophets of the false God who endeavored to induce their deity to consume with fire from heaven the sacrifice upon his altar. According to the account, they were greatly in earnest. They certainly appeared to hav some hope of success, but the fire did not descend.

> And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them and said, Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked.

Do you consider that the proper way to attack the god of another? Did not Elijah know that the name of Baal "was encircled in the heart of every believer with the profoundest reverence and love?" Did he "violate the laws of social morality and decency?"

But Jehovah and Elijah did not stop at this point. They were not satisfied with mocking the prophets of Baal, but they brought them down to the brook Kishon—four hundred and fifty of them—and there they murdered every one.

Does it appear to you that on that occasion, on the banks of the brook Kishon—"Mercy and judgment met together, and that righteousness and peace kissed each other?"

The question arises: Has everyone who reads the Old Testament the right to express his thought as to the character of Jehovah? You will admit that as he reads his mind will receive some impression, and that when he finishes the "inspired volume" he will hav some opinion as to the character of Jehovah. Has he the right to express that opinion? Is the Bible a revelation from God to man? Is it a revelation to the man who reads it, or to the man who does not read it? If to the man who reads it, has he the right to giv to others the revelation that God has given to him? If he comes to the conclusion at which you hav arrived—that Jehovah is God—has he the right to express that opinion?

If he concludes, as I hav done, that Jehovah is a myth, must he refrain from giving his honest thought? Christians do not hesitate to giv their opinion of heretics, philosophers, and Infidels. They are not restrained by the "laws of social morality and decency." They hav persecuted to the extent of their power, and their Jehovah pronounced upon unbelievers every curse capable of being expressed in the Hebrew dialect. At this moment, thousands of missionaries are attacking the gods of the heathen world, and heaping contempt on the religion of others.

But as you hav seen proper to defend Jehovah, let us for a moment examin this deity of the ancient Jews.

If you will read again Deut. xxviii, you will find how Jehovah, the compassionate, whose name is enshrined in so many hearts, threatened to use his power:

> The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption, and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning, and with the sword, and with blasting and mildew. And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust. . . . And thy carcass shall be meat unto all fowls of the air and unto the beasts of the earth. . . . The Lord shall smite thee with madness and blindness. And thou shalt eat of the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and thy daughters. The tender and delicate woman among you, . . her eye shall be evil . . . toward her young one and toward her children which she shall bear; for she shall eat them.

Should it be found that these curses were in fact uttered by the god of hell, and that the translators had made a mistake in attributing them to Jehovah, could you say that the sentiments expressed are inconsistent with the supposed character of the Infinit Fiend?

A nation is judged by its laws—by the punishment it inflicts. The nation that punishes ordinary offenses with death is regarded as barbarous, and the nation that tortures before it kills is denounced as savage.

What can you say of the government of Jehovah, in which death was the penalty for hundreds of offenses?—death for the expression of an honest thought—death for touching with a good intention a sacred ark—death for making hair oil—for eating shew bread—for imitating incense and perfumery?

In the history of the world a more cruel code cannot be found. Crimes seem to hav been invented to gratify a fiendish desire to shed the blood of men.

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Let me call your attention to a few passages in Deut. xiii:

> If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own own soul, entice thee secretly, saying Let us go and serve other gods, . . . thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him; but thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people. And thou shalt stone him with stones, that he die.

Is it possible for you to find in the literature of this world more awful passages than these? Did ever savagery, with strange and uncouth marks, with awkward forms of beast and bird, pollute the dripping walls of caves with such commands? Are these the words of infinit mercy? When they were uttered, did "righteousness and peace kiss each other?" How can any loving man or woman "encircle the name of Jehovah"—author of these words—"with profoundest reverence and love?" Do I rebel because my "constitution is warped, impaired, and dislocated?" Is it because of "total depravity" that I denounce the brutality of Jehovah? If my heart were only good—if I loved my neighbor as myself—would I then see infinit mercy in these hideous words? Do I lack "reverential calm?"

These frightful passages, like coiled adders, were in the hearts of Jehovah's chosen people when they crucified "the Sinless Man."

Jehovah did not tell the husband to reason with his wife. She was to be answered only with death. She was to be bruised and mangled to a bleeding, shapeless mass of quivering flesh, for having breathed an honest thought.

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By the question I asked of Dr. Field, the intention was to show that Jephthah, when he sacrificed his daughter to Jehovah, was as much the slave of superstition as is the Hindoo mother when she throws her babe into the yellow waves of the Ganges.

It seems that this savage Jephthah was in direct communication with Jehovah at Mizpeh, and that he made a vow unto the Lord and said:

> If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, then it shall be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up as a burnt offering.

In the first place, it is perfectly clear that the sacrifice intended was a human sacrifice, from the words: "that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me." Some human being—wife, daughter, friend, was expected to come. According to the account, his daughter—his only daughter—his only child—came first.

If Jephthah was in communication with God, why did God allow this man to make this vow; and why did he allow the daughter that he loved to be first, and why did he keep silent and allow the vow to be kept, while flames devoured the daughter's flesh?

St. Paul is not authority. He praises Samuel, the man who hewed Agag in pieces; David, who compelled hundreds to pass under the saws and harrows of death, and many others who shed the blood of the innocent and helpless. Paul is an unsafe guide. He who commends the brutalities of the past, sows the seeds of future crimes.

If "believers are not obliged to approve of the conduct of Jephthah" are they free to condemn the conduct of Jehovah? If you will read the account you will see that the "spirit of the Lord was upon Jephthah" when he made the cruel vow. If Paul did not commend Jephthah for keeping this vow, what was the act that excited his admiration? Was it because Jephthah slew on the banks of the Jordan "forty and two thousand" of the sons of Ephraim?

In regard to Abraham, the argument is precisely the same, except that Jehovah is said to hav interfered, and allowed an animal to be slain instead.

One of the answers given by you is that "it may be allowed that the narrativ is not within our comprehension;" and for that reason you say that "it behooves us to tread cautiously in approaching it." Why cautiously?

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You hav taken the position that the conditions are different; and you say that: "According to the book of Genesis, Adam and Eve were placed under a law, not of consciously perceived right and wrong, but of simple obedience. The tree of which alone they were forbidden to eat was the tree of knowledge of good and evil; duty lay for them in following the command of the most high, before and until they became capable of appreciating it by an ethical standard. Their knowledge was but that of an infant who has just reached the stage at which he can comprehend that he is ordered to do this or that, but not the nature of the things so ordered."

If Adam and Eve could not "consciously perceive right and wrong," how is it possible for you to say that "duty lay for them in following the command of the most high?" How can a person "incapable of perceiving right and wrong" hav an idea of duty? You are driven to say that Adam and Eve had no moral sense. How under such circumstances could they hav the sense of guilt, or of obligation? And why should such persons be punished? And why should the whole human race become tainted by the offense of those who had no moral sense?

Another word as to Abraham. You defend his willingness to kill his son because "the estimate of human life at the time was different"—because "the position of the father in the family was different; its members were regarded as in some sense his property;" and because "there is every reason to suppose that around Abraham in the 'land of Moriah' the practice of human sacrifice as an act of religion was in full vigor."

Let us examin these three excuses. Was Jehovah justified in putting a low estimate on human life? Was he in earnest when he said "that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed?" Did he pander to the barbarian view of the worthlessness of life? If the estimate of human life was low, what was the sacrifice worth?

Was the son the property of the father? Did Jehovah uphold this savage view? Had the father the right to sell or kill his child?

Do you defend Jehovah and Abraham because the ignorant wretches in the "land of Moriah," knowing nothing of the

true God, cut the throats of their babes "as an act of religion?"

Was Jehovah led away by the example of the gods of Moriah? Do you not see that your excuses are simply the suggestions of other crimes?

You see clearly that the Hebrew mother, when she throws her babe into the Ganges at the command of her god, "sins against first principles;" but you excuse Abraham because he lived in the childhood of the race. Can Jehovah be excused because of his youth? Not satisfied with your explanation, your defenses and excuses, you take the ground that when Abraham said, "My son, God will provide a lamb for a burnt offering," he may hav "believed implicitly that a way of rescue would be found for his son." In other words, that Abraham did not believe that he would be required to shed the blood of Isaac So that, after all, the faith of Abraham consisted in "believing implicitly" that Jehovah was not in earnest.

You hav discovered a way by which, as you think, the neck of orthodoxy can escape the noose of Darwin, and in that connection you use this remarkable language:

"I should reply that the moral history of man, in its principal stream, has been distinctly an evolution from the first until now."

It is hard to see how this statemeut agrees with the one in the beginning of your Remarks, in which you speak of the human constitution in its "warped, impaired, and dislocated" condition. When you wrote that line you were certainly a theologian—a believer in the Episcopal creed—and your mind, by mere force of habit, was at that moment contemplating man as he is supposed to hav been created—perfect in every part. At that time you were endeavoring to account for the unbelief now in the world, and you did this by stating that the human constitution is "warped, impaired, and dislocated;" but the moment you are brought face to face with the great truths uttered by Darwin, you admit "that the moral history of man has been distinctly an evolution from the first until now." Is not this a fountain that brings forth sweet and bitter waters?

I insist that the discoveries of Darwin do away absolutely with the inspiration of the scriptures—with the account of creation in Genesis—and demonstrate not simply the falsity. not simply the wickedness, but the foolishness, of the "sacred volume."

If you are convinced that Moses and Darwin are in exact accord, will you be good enough to tell who. in your judgment, were the parents of Adam and Eve? Do you find in Darwin any theory that satisfactorily accounts for the "inspired fact" that a rib. commencing with monogonic propagation—falling into halves by a contraction in the middle—reaching, after many ages of evolution, the amphigonic stage, and then, by the survival of the fittest, assisted by natural selection, molded and modified by environment, became, at last, the mother of the human race?

According to your idea, Jehovah prepared a home for his children—first a garden in which they should be tempted and from which they should be driven; then a world filled with briers and thorns and wild and poisonous beasts—a world in which the air should be filled with the enemies of human life—a world in which disease should be contagious, and in which it was impossible to tell, except by actual experiment, the poisonous from the nutritious. And these children were allowed to liv in dens and holes and fight their way against monstrous serpents and crouching beasts—were allowed to liv in ignorance and fear—to hav false ideas of this good and loving God—ideas so false that they made of him a fiend—ideas so false that they sacrificed their wives and babes to appease the imaginary wrath of this monster. And this God gave to different nations different ideas of himself, knowing that in consequence of that these nations would meet upon countless fields of death and drain each other's veins.

Would it not hav been better had the world been so that parents would transmit only their virtues—only their perfections, physical and mental—allowing their diseases and their vices to perish with them?

In my Reply to Dr. Field I had asked: Why should God demand a sacrifice from man? Why should the infinit ask anything from the finite? Should the sun beg from the glow-worm, and should the momentary spark excite the envy of the source of light?

Upon which you remark, "that if the infinit is to make no demands upon the finite, by parity of reasoning, the great and strong should scarcely make them on the weak and small."

Can this be called reasoning? Why should the infinit demand a sacrifice from man? In the first place, the infinit is conditionless—the infinit cannot want—the infinit has. A conditioned being may want; but the gratification of a want involves a change of condition. If God be conditionless, he can hav no wants—consequently, no human being can gratify the infinit.

But you insist that "if the infinit is to make no demands upon the finite, by parity of reasoning the great and strong should scarcely make them on the weak and small."

The great hav wants. The strong are often in need, in peril, and the great and strong often need the services of the small and weak. It was the mouse that freed the lion. England is a great and powerful nation—yet she may need the assistance of the weakest of her citizens. The world is filled with illustrations.

The lack of logic is in this: The infinit cannot want anything; the strong and the great may, and as a fact always do. The great and the strong cannot help the infinit—they can help the small and the weak, and the small and the weak can often help the great and strong.

You ask: "Why then should the father make demands of love, obedience, and sacrifice from his young child?"

No sensible father ever demanded love from his child. Every civilized father knows that love rises like the perfume from a flower. You cannot command it by simple authoritv. It cannot obey. A father demands obedience from a child for the good of the child and for the good of himself. But suppose the father to be infinit—why should the child sacrifice anything for him?

B it it may be that you answer all these questions, all these difficulties, by admitting, as you hav in your Remarks, "that these problems are insoluble by our understanding."

Why, then, do you accept them? Why do you defend that which you cannot understand? Why does your reason volunteer as a soldier under the flag of the incomprehensible?

I asked of Dr. Field, and I ask again, this question: Why should an infinitly wise and powerful God destroy the good and preserve the vile?

What do I mean by this question? Simply this: The earthquake, the lightning, the pestilence, are no respecters of persons. The vile are not always destroyed, the good are not always saved. I asked: Why should God treat all alike in this world, and in another make an infinit difference? This, I suppose, is "insoluble to our understanding."

Why should Jehovah allow his worshipers, his adorers. to be destroved by his enemies? Can you by any possibility answer this question?

You may account for all these inconsistencies, these cruel contradictions, as John Wesley accounted for earthquakes when he insisted that they were produced by the wickedness of men, and that the only wav to prevent them was for everybody to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. And you may hav some way of showing that Mr. Wesley's idea is entirely consistent with the theories of Mr. Darwin.

Again and again you hav called me to account for "mere suggestions and assertions without proof;" and yet your remarks are filled with assertions and mere suggestions without proof.

You admit that "great believers are not able to explain the inequalities of adjustment between human beings and the conditions in which they hav been set down to work out their destiny."

How do you know "that they hav been set down to work out their destiny?" If that was, and is, the purpose, then the being who settled the "destiny," and the means by which it was to be "worked out," is responsible for all that happens.

And is this the end of your argument, "That you are not able to explain the inequalities of adjustment between human beings?" Is the solution of this problem bevond your power? Does the Bible shed no light? Is the Christian in the presence of this question as dumb as the Agnostic? When the injustice of this world is so flagrant that you can not harmonize that awful fact with the wisdom and goodness of an infinit God, do you not see that you hav surrendered, or at least that you hav raised a flag of truce beneath which your adversarv accepts as final your statement that you do not know and that your imagination is not sufficient to frame an excuse for God?

Hav you abandoned Jehovah? Is man more just than he? Hav you appealed from him to the standard of reason? Is it possible that the leader of the English Liberals is nearer civilized than Jehovah?

Do you know that in this sentence you demonstrate the existence of a dawn in your mind? This sentence makes it certain that in the east of the midnight of Episcopal superstition there is the herald of the coming day. And if this sentence shows a dawn. what shall I say of the next:

"We are not entitled, either for or against belief, to set up in this province any rule of investigation except such as common sense teaches us to use in the ordinary conduct of life?" This certainly is a morning star. Let me take this statement, let me hold it as a torch, and by its light I beg of you to read the Bible once again.

Is it in accordance with reason that an infinitly good and loving God would drown a world that he had taken no means to civilize—to whom he had given no Bible, no gospel—taught no scientific fact, and in which the seeds of art had not been sown; that he would create a world that ought to be drowned? That a being of infinit wisdom would create a rival, knowing that the rival would fill perdition with countless souls destined to suffer eternal pain? Is it according to common sense that an infinitly good God would order some of his children to kill others? That he would command soldiers to rip open with the sword of war the bodies of women—wreaking vengeance on babes unborn? Is it according to reason that a good, loving, compassionate, and just God would establish slavery among men, and that a pure God would uphold polygamy? Is it according to common sense that he who wished to make men merciful and loving would demand the sacrifice of animals, so that his altars would be wet with the blood of oxen, sheep, and doves? Is it according to reason that a good God would inflict tortures upon his ignorant children—that he would torture animals to death—and is it in accordance with common sense and reason that this God would create countless billions of people knowing that they would be eternally damned?

What is common sense? Is it the result of observation, reason, and experience, or is it the child of credulity?

There is this curious fact: The far past and the far future seem to belong to the miraculous and the monstrous. The present, as a rule, is the realm of common sense. If you say to a man, "Eighteen hundred years ago the dead were raised," he will reply, "Yes, I know that." And if you say, "A hundred thousand years from now all the dead will be raised," he will probably reply, "I presume so." But if you tell him, "I saw a dead man raised to-day," he will ask, "From what madhouse hav you escaped?"

The moment we decide "according to reason," "according to the balance of evidence," we are charged with "having violated the laws of social morality and decency," and the defender of the miraculous and the incomprehensible takes another position.

The theologian has a city of refuge to which he flies—an old breastwork behind which he kneels—a rifle-pit into which he crawls. You hav described this city, this breastwork, this rifle-pit, and also the leaf under which the ostrich of theology thrusts its head. Let me quote:

"Our demands for evidence must be limited by the general reason of the case. Does that general reason of the case make it probable that a finite being, with a finite place in a comprehensiv scheme devised and administered by a being who is infinit, would be able even to embrace within his view, or rightly to appreciate all the motivs or aims that there may hav been in the mind of the divine disposer?"

And this is what you call "deciding by the use of the faculty of reason," "according to the evidence," or at least "according to the balance of evidence." This is a conclusion reached by a "rule of investigation such as common sense teaches us to use in the ordinary conduct of life." Will you hav the kindness to explain what it is to act contrary to evidence, or contrary to common sense? Can you imagin a superstition so gross that it cannot be defended by that argument?

Nothing, it seems to me, could hav been easier than for Jehovah to hav reasonably explained his scheme. You may answer that the human intellect is not sufficient to understand the explanation. Why then do not theologians stop explaining? Why do they feel it incumbent upon them to explain that which they admit God would hav explained had the human mind been capable of understanding it?

How much better would it hav been if Jehovah had said a few things on these subjects! It always seemed wonderful to me that he spent several days and nights on Mount Sinai explaining to Moses how he could detect the presence of leprosy without once thinking to giv him a prescription for its cure.

There were thousands and thousands of opportunities for this God to withdraw from these questions the shadow and the cloud. When Jehovah out of the whirlwind asked questions of Job, how much better it would hav been if Job had asked and Jehovah had answered!

You say that we should be governed by evidence and by common sense. Then you tell us that the questions are beyond the reach of reason, and with which common sense has nothing to do. If we then ask for an explanation, you reply in the scornful challenge of Dante.

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Would it not hav been better if Christ had told his disciples that they must not persecute; that they had no right to destroy their fellow-men; that they must not put heretics in dungeons, or destroy them with flames; that they must not invent and use instruments of torture; that they must not appeal to brutality, nor endeavor to sow with bloody hands the seeds of peace? Would it not hav been better had he said: "I come not to bring a sword, but peace?" Would not this hav saved countless cruelties and countless lives?

You seem to think that you hav fully answered my objection when you say that Christ taught the absolute indissolubility of marriage.

Why should a husband and wife be compelled to liv with each other after love is dead? Why should the wife still be bound in indissoluble chains to a husband who is cruel, infamous, and false? Why should her life be destroyed because of his? Why should she be chained to a criminal and an outcast? Nothing can be more unphilosophic than this. Why fill the world with the children of indifference and hatred?

The marriage contract is the most important, the most sacred, that human beings can make. It will be sacredly kept by good men and by good women. But if a loving woman—tender, noble, and true—makes this contract with a man whom she believed to be worthy of all respect and love, and who is found to be a cruel, worthless wretch, why should her life be lost?

Do you not know that the indissolubility of the marriage contract leads to its violation, forms an excuse for immorality, eats out the very heart of truth, and givs to vice that which alone belongs to love?

But in order that you may know why the objection was raised, I call your attention to the fact that Christ offered a reward, not only in this world but in another, to any husband who would desert his wife. And do you know that this hideous offer caused millions to desert their wives and children?

You hav called me to an account for what I said in regard to Ananias and Sapphira. First, I am charged with having said that the apostles conceived the idea of having all things in common, and you denounce this as an interpolation; second, "that motivs of prudence are stated as a matter of fact to hav influenced the offending couple"—and this is charged as an interpolation; and, third, that I stated that the apostles sent for the wife of Ananias—and this is characterized as a pure invention.

To me it seems reasonable to suppose that the idea of having all things in common was conceived by those who had nothing, or had the least, and not by those who had plenty. In the last verses of Acts iv you will find this:

Neither was there any among them that lacked, for as many as were possessed of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. And Joses, who by the apostles was surnamed Barnabas (which is, being interpreted, the son of consolation), a Levite and of the country of Cyprus, having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the apostles' feet.

Now, it occurred to me that the idea was in all probability suggested by the men at whose feet the property was laid. It never entered my mind that the idea originated with those who had land for sale. There may be a different standard by which human nature is measured in your country, than in mine; but if the thing had happened in the United States, I feel absolutely positiv that it would hav been at the suggestion of the apostles.

Ananias, with Sapphira, his wife, sold a possession and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part and laid it at the apostles' feet.

In my Letter to Dr. Field I stated—not at the time pretending to quote from the New Testament—that Ananias and Sapphira, after talking the matter over, not being entirely satisfied with the collaterals, probably concluded to keep a little—just enough to keep them from starvation if the good and pious bankers should abscond. It never occurred to me that anv man would imagin that this was a quotation, and I feel like asking your pardon for having led you into this error. We are informed in the Bible that "they kept back a part of the price." It occurred to me, "judging by the rule of investigation according to common sense," that there was a reason for this, and I could think of no reason except that they did not care to trust the apostles with all, and that they kept back just a little, thinking it might be useful if the rest should be lost.

According to the account, after Peter had made a few remarks to Ananias,

Ananias fell down and gave up the ghost; . . . and the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him. And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in.

Whereupon Peter said:

Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much? And she said, Yea, for so much. Then Peter said unto her, How is it that ye hav agreed together to tempt the spirit of the Lord? Behold, the feet of them which hav buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out. Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost; and the young men came in, and found her dead, and, carrying her forth, buried her by her husband.

The only objection found to this is, that I inferred that the apostles had sent for her. Sending for her was not the offense. The failure to tell her what had happened to her husband was the offense—keeping his fate a secret from her in order that she might be caught in the same net that had been set for her husband by Jehovah. This was the offense. This was the mean and cruel thing to which I objected. Hav you answered that?

Of course, I feel sure that the thing never occurred—the probability being that Ananias and Sapphira never lived and never died. It is probably a story invented by the early church to make the collection of subscriptions somewhat easier.

And yet, we find a man in the nineteenth century, foremost of his fellow-citizens in the affairs of a great nation, upholding this barbaric view of God.

Let me beg of you to use your reason "according to the rule suggested by common sense." Let us do what little we can to rescue the reputation, even of a Jewish myth, from the calumnies of ignorance and fear.

So, again, I am charged with having given certain words as a quotation from the Bible in which two passages are combined—"They who believe and are baptized shall be saved, and they who believe not shall be damned. And these shall go away into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

They were given as two passages. No one for a moment supposed that they would be read together as one, and no

one imagined that anyone in answering the argument would be led to believe that they were intended as one. Neither was there in this the slightest negligence, as I was answering a man who is perfectly familiar with the Bible. The objection was too small to make. It is hardly large enough to answer—and had it not been made by you it would not hav been answered.

You are not satisfied with what I hav said upon the subject of immortality. What I said was this: The idea of immortality, that like a sea has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the shores and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

You answer this by saying that "the Egyptians were believers in immortality, but were not a people of high intellectual development."

How such a statement tends to answer what I hav said is beyond my powers of discernment. Is there the slightest connection between my statement and your objection?

You make still another answer, and say that "the ancient Greeks were a race of perhaps unparalleled intellectual capacity, and that notwithstanding that, the most powerful mind of the Greek philosophy, that of Aristotle, had no clear conception of a personal existence in a future state?" May I be allowed to ask this simple question: Who has?

Are you urging an objection to the dogma of immortality, when you say that a race of unparalleled intellectual capacity had no confidence in it? Is that a doctrin believed only by people who lack intellectual capacity? I stated that the idea of immortality was born of love. You reply, "The Egyptians believed it, but they were not intellectual." Is not this a *non sequitur?* The question is, Were they a loving people?

Does history show that there is a moral governor of the world? What witnesses shall we call? The billions of slaves who were paid with blows?—the countless mothers whose babes were sold? Hav we time to examin the Waldenses, the Covenanters of Scotland, the Catholics of Ireland, the victims of St. Bartholomew, of the Spanish Inquisition, all those who hav died in flames? Shall we hear the story of Bruno? Shall we ask Servetus? Shall we ask the millions slaughtered by Christian swords in America—all the victims of ambition, of perjury, of ignorance, of superstition and revenge, of storm and earthquake, of famin, flood, and fire?

I still insist that human affection is the foundation of the idea of immortality; that love was the first to speak that word, no matter whether they who spoke it were savage or civilized, Egyptian or Greek. But if we are immortal—if there be another world—why was it not clearly set forth in the Old Testament? Certainly, the authors of that book had an opportunity to learn it from the Egyptians. Why was it not revealed by Jehovah? Why did he waste his time in giving orders for the consecration of priests—in saying that they must hav sheep's blood put on their right ears and on their right thumbs and on their right big toes? Could a God with any sense of humor giv such directions, or watch without huge laughter the performance of such a ceremony? In order to see the beauty, the depth, and tenderness of such a consecration, is it essential to be in a state of "reverential calm?"

Is it not strange that Christ did not tell of another world distinctly, clearly, without parable, and without the mist of metaphor?

The fact is that the Hindoos, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans taught the immortality of the soul, not as a glittering guess—a possible perhaps—but as a clear and demonstrated truth, for many centuries before the birth of Christ.

If the Old Testament proves anything, it is that death ends all. And the New Testament, by basing immortality on the resurrection of the body, but "keeps the word of promis to our ear and breaks it to our hope."

In my Reply to Dr. Field, I said: "The truth is, that no one can justly be held responsible for his thoughts. The brain thinks without asking our consent; we believe, or disbelieve, without an effort of the will. Belief is a result. It is the effect of evidence upon the mind. The scales turn in spite of him who watches. There is no opportunity of being honest or dishonest in the formation of an opinion. The conclusion is entirely independent of desire. We must believe, or we must doubt, in spite of what we wish."

Does the brain think without our consent? Can we control our thought? Can we tell what we are going to think to-morrow?

Can we stop thinking?

Is belief the result of that which to us is evidence, or is it a product of the will? Can the scales in which reason weighs evidence be turned by the will? Why, then, should evidence be weighed? If it all depends on the will, what is evidence? Is there any opportunity of being dishonest in the formation of an opinion? Must not the man who forms the opinion know what it is? He cannot knowingly cheat himself. *He cannot be deceived with dice that he loads.* He cannot play unfairly at solitaire without knowing that he has lost the game. He cannot knowingly weigh with false scales and believe in the correctness of the result.

You hav not even attempted to answer my arguments upon these points, but you hav unconsciously avoided them. You did not attack the citadel. In military parlance, you proceeded to "shell the woods." The noise is precisely the same as though every shot had been directed against the enemy's position, but the result is not. You do not seem willing to implicitly trust the correctness of your aim. You prefer to place the target after the shot.

The question is whether the will knowingly can change evidence, and whether there is any opportunity of being dishonest in the formation of an opinion. You hav changed the issue. You hav erased the word formation and interpolated the word expression.

Let us examin your case: If a father is *consciously* swayed by his love for his son, and for that reason says that his son is innocent, then he has not expressed his opinion. If he is unconsciously swayed and says that his son is innocent, then he has expressed his opinion. In both instances his opinion was independent of his will; but in the first instance he did not express his opinion. You will certainly see this distinction between the formation and the expression of an opinion.

The same argument applies to the man who consciously has a desire to condemn. Such a *conscious* desire cannot affect the testimony—cannot affect the opinion. Queen Elizabeth undoubtedly desired the death of Mary Stuart, but this conscious desire could not hav been the foundation on which rested Elizabeth's opinion as to the guilt or innocence of her rival. It is barely possible that Elizabeth did not express her real opinion. Do you believe that the English judges, in the matter of the Popish Plot, gave judgment in accordance with their opinions? Are you satisfied that Napoleon expressed his real opinion when he justified himself for the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien?

If you answer these questions in the affirmativ, you admit that I am right. If you answer in the negativ, you admit that you are wrong. The moment you admit that the opinion formed cannot be changed by expressing a pretended opinion, your argument is turned against yourself.

It is admitted that prejudice strengthens, weakens, and colors evidence; but prejudice is honest. And when one acts knowingly against the evidence, that is not by reason of prejudice.

According to my views of propriety, it would be unbecoming for me to say that your argument on these questions is "a piece of plausible shallowness." Such language might be regarded as lacking "reverential calm," and I therefore refrain from even characterizing it as plausible.

The dark continent of motiv and desire has never been explored. In the brain, that wondrous world with one inhabitant, there are recesses dim and dark, treacherous sands and dangerous shores, where seeming sirens tempt and fade; streams that rise in unknown lands from hidden springs, strange seas with ebb and flow of tides, resistless billows urged by storms of flame, profound and awful depths hidden by mist of dreams, obscure and phantom realms where vague and fearful things are half revealed, jungles where passion's tigers crouch, and skies of cloud and blue where fancies fly with painted wings that dazzle and mislead; and the poor sovereign of this pictured world is led by old desires and ancient hates, and stained by crimes of many vanished years, and pushed by hands that long ago were dust, until he feels like some bewildered slave that Mockery has throned and crowned.

No one pretends that the mind of man is perfect—that it is not affected by desires, colored by hopes weakened by fears, deformed by ignorance, and distorted by superstition. But all this has nothing to do with the innocence of opinion

It may be that the Thugs were taught that murder is innocent; but did the teachers believe what they taught? Did the pupils believe the teachers? Did not Jehovah teach that the act which we describe as murder was a duty? Were not his teachings practiced by Moses and Joshua and Jephthah and Samuel and David? Were they honest? But what has all this to do with the point at issue?

Society has the right to protect itself, even from honest murderers and conscientious thieves. The belief of the criminal does not disarm society; it protects itself from him as from a poisonous serpent, or from a beast that livs on human flesh. We are under no obligation to stand still and allow ourselvs to be murdered by one who honestly thinks that it is his duty to take our lives. And yet according to your argument, we hav no right to defend ourselvs from honest Thugs. Was Saul of Tarsus a Thug when he persecuted Christians "even unto strange cities?" Is the Thug of India more ferocious than Torquemada, the Thug of Spain?

If belief depends upon the will, can all men hav correct opinions who will to hav them? Acts are good, or bad, according to their consequences, and not according to the intentions of the actors. Honest opinions may be wrong, and opinions dishonestly expressed may be right.

Do you mean to say that because passion and prejudice, reckless "pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores of will and judgment," sway the mind, the opinions which you hav expressed in your Remarks to me are not your opinions? Certainly you will admit that, in all probability you hav prejudices and passions, and if so, can the opinions that you hav expressed, according to your argument, be honest? My lack of confidence in your argument givs me perfect confidence in your candor. You may remember the philosopher who retained his reputation for veracity in spite of the fact that he kept saying, "There is no truth in man."

Are only those opinions honest that are formed without any interference of passion, affection, habit, or fancy? What would the opinion of a man without passions, affections, or fancies be worth? The alchemist gave up his search for a universal solvent upon being asked in what kind of vessel he expected to keep it when found.

. . . . . .

Many will regret that you did not giv your views upon the main questions—the principal issues—involved, instead of calling attention, for the most part, to the unimportant. If men were discussing the causes and results of the Franco-Prussian war, it would hardly be worth while for a third person to interrupt the argument for the purpose of calling attention to a misspelled word in the terms of surrender.

If we admit that man is responsible for his opinions and his thoughts, and that his will is perfectly free, still these admissions do not even tend to prove the inspiration of the Bible, or the "divine scheme of redemption."

In my judgment, the days of the supernatural are numbered. The dogma of inspiration must be abandoned. As man advances—as his intellect enlarges—as his knowledge increases—as his ideals become nobler, the Bibles and creeds will lose their authority—the miraculous will be classed with the impossible, and the idea of special providence will be discarded. Thousands of religions hav perished, innumerable gods hav died, and why should the religion of our time be exempt from the common fate?

Creeds cannot remain permanent in a world in which knowledge increases. Science and superstition cannot peaceably occupy the same brain. This is an age of investigation, of discovery and thought. Science destroys the dogmas that mislead the mind and waste the energies of man. It points out the ends that can be accomplished; takes into consideration the limits of our faculties; fixes our attention on the affairs of this world, and erects beacons of warning on the dangerous shores. It seeks to ascertain the conditions of health, to the end that life may be enriched and lengthened, and it reads with a smile this passage:

> And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul, so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them.

Science is the enemy of fear and credulity. It invites investigation, challenges the reason, stimulates inquiry, and welcomes the unbeliever. It seeks to giv food and shelter and raiment, education and liberty, to the human race. It welcomes every fact and every truth. It has furnished a foundation for morals, a philosophy for the guidance of man. From all books it selects the good, and from all theories, the true. It seeks to civilize the human race by the cultivation of the intellect and heart. It refines through art, music, and the drama—giving voice and expression to every noble thought. The mysterious does not excite the feeling of worship, but the ambition to understand. It does not pray—it works. It does not answer inquiry with the malicious cry of "blasphemy." Its feelings are not hurt by contradiction, neither does it ask to be protected by law from the laughter of heretics. It has taught man that he cannot walk beyond the horizon—that the questions of origin and destiny cannot be answered—that an infinit personality cannot be comprehended by a finite being, and that the truth of any system of religion based on the supernatural cannot by any possibility be established—such a religion not being within the domain of evidence. And, above all, it teaches that all our duties are here—that all our obligations are to sentient beings; that intelligence, guided by kindness, is the highest possible wisdom; and that "man believes not what he would, but what he can"

And after all, it may be that "to ride an unbroken horse with the reins thrown upon his neck"—as you charge me with doing—givs a greater variety of sensations, a keener delight, and a better prospect of winning the race than to sit solemnly astride of a dead one, in "a deep reverential calm," with the bridle firmly in your hand.

The American Secular Union.

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The Roll of Honor.

Hon. M. M. Secor, Racine, Wis	$25 00
Jas. A. Smith, Hudson, N. Y.	15 00
W. H. Pepper, Petaluma, Cal.	10 00
Otto Wettstein, Rochelle, Ill. (badge-pins)	10 00
Fayette County (Iowa) Secular Union	10 00
W. P. Brooks, M.D., Helena, Neb. (50 pamphlets)	
Jas. Lefferty, Banner, Ida.	5 00
Wm. Phillips, Algonquin, Ill.	5 00
A. T. McMillan, Wamego, Kan.	5 75
Wunnebold Boerner, Chicago	5.00
San José (Cal.) Secular Union (charter fee, per Mrs. R. H Schwartz)	5.00
Anaheim (Cal.) Secular Union (charter fee, per Mrs. K. Parker)	5 00
St. Louis Secular Union (charter fee, per I. S. Lee)	5 00
Mr. and Mrs Lake, Garrettsville, O.	3 00
Thos. Knight, Ceresco, Mich.	2 00
P. B. Bosworth, Marseilles, Ill.	1.00

At the head of the "Roll of Honor" is the executiv of the beautiful city of Racine, Wis., who takes a life membership. From personal knowledge, I can say he has and will continue to hold an enviable reputation as a Freethought mayor. When so many Freethinkers do their utmost to hide their light under a bushel, it is some satisfaction to note that one of the most outspoken Infidels receives the suffrages of a large majority of the citizens in a city formerly dominated by the presence of a sectarian college and a goodly share of churches. This should teach timid Freethinkers that even Christians respect them more for true moral courage.

Jas. A. Smith, of Hudson, N. Y., joins "our glorious company," adding $15 to a previous remittance of $10, and a life certificate is forwarded. It is a good way to begin a new life without having to be "born again." May it be a pleasant and long, long life to Brother Smith, for he and Leonard Geiger hav everlastingly aroused that Sleepy Hollow region, giving no rest to the Rip Van Winkles of orthodoxy, and hav nobly sustained the battle for universal mental liberty in their efforts to obliterate (by lectures and literature) the last trace of the appalling nightmare which superstition has cast over humanity. To them it is a labor of love to straighten out the furrows from human brows, by presenting the absurdity of the dogmas and creeds by which people hav been held in worse than physical bondage; to replace moans by ripples of laughter; to let the light of reason, the joy of love, and human kindness assert themselvs where ignorance and hypocrisy held undisputed sway. For these grand, self-imposed labors we say, "All hail, ye men of Hudson!"

From Petaluma, Cal., W. H. Pepper, the oldest nurseryman in that region of luscious fruits and fragrant flowers, forwards $10 as his contribution to the Campaign Fund. From a comparativly forbidding desert such men hav made the face of Nature smile, and now the aim of Brother Pepper is, doubtless, that humanity shall hav a similar legacy in the undisturbed enjoyment of those glorious advantages which that salubrious region possesses—that priestcraft shall not blight or stunt the onward march of mental progress. Your stimulant is quite seasonable, Brother Pepper.

> And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,
> Proud city of our—Wettstein!

For were it not for Otto who, among the Liberals at least, would know of Rochelle, Ill? And who is now so ignorant that he has not heard of the beautiful Freethought badge-pin he has designed? Rochelle, through Wettstein, has become as famous for his gems of intellect and his beautiful jewels of adornment as the city which succored the Huguenots of France and which Macaulay has immortalized. Otto Wettstein, in forwarding Brother Lefferty's donation, sends $15 worth of badge pins for the good of the cause—$10 for the American Secular Union and $5 for the Chicago society. We shall dispose of those for currency as soon as possible; and hereby send the thanks of each association to the philosopher of northern Illinois. Brother Wettstein's article on

"Astral Bodies," in last Saturday's *Herald*, made them mighty "thin" indeed.

The Fayette county (Iowa) Secular Union held its annual meeting May 24th, at which the pledge of $10 made by Vice-president Wm. Redfield at the Congress was approved and paid. The Fayette county Secularists are a splendid company, and Messrs. Redfield, Alex. Risk, and Daniel Davis hav all contributed generously, and wish the next Congress could be held at Chicago. J. S. Brewer has been elected president; Thos. Keeper, corresponding secretary; recording secretary, A. D. Godfrey; treasurer, Wm. Redfield; committee of arrangements, Alex. Risk, Daniel Davis, John Pember, J. E. Krost, and Dr. Matoon.

W. P. Brooks, M.D., feels deeply interested in the success of the American Secular Union, and manifests it by forwarding fifty copies of his pamphlet just published, to be sold for the benefit of the Campaign Fund, entitled, "Hard Times and the Way Out." Mrs. Freeman has this to say of its merits:

That the doctor has succeeded in marshaling a formidable array of facts in support of the "government's right to issue full legal tender money" will not be denied by the most bigoted of his hardpan opponents. He quotes the New York *Tribune* as saying: "The time is near when they [the banks] will feel themselvs compelled to act strongly. Meanwhile a very good thing has been done. The machinery is now furnished by which, in any emergency, the financial corporations of the East can act together on a single day's notice with such power that no act of Congress can overcome or resist their decision." From this and many other illustrations the doctor argues that "the people are helpless in the hands of the money power," and "the boasted republic is at the feet of shylocks." As the proceeds of the sale of these pamphlets is given to the American Secular Union, it is to be hoped that those interested in the poverty of the people will order from the secretary at once.

Jas. Lefferty is the banner Liberal of the town of Banner in Idaho, and he purposes to help the Secular Union, the American idea, in that bright and prosperous land. Notice he was sending to Brother Wettstein for a gold watch, which shows he as a Liberal purposes not only to get his money's worth but also to patronize a friend of Freethought.

Brother Phillips, of Algonquin, Ill., who attended the last Congress, forwards $5 to redeem his pledge, and words of cheer and good-will to the cause. I wish we could meet him at the next Congress, as he is a wide-awake and thoroughgoing friend of mental freedom.

A. T. McMillan sends for an annual membership, and some literature to enlighten the hidebound people of his section. Brother McMillan is chief commander of the Knights of Pythias, a man of position, influence, and integrity.

My old-time friend Wunnebold Boemer, proprietor of the Illinois Wire-works, a member of our Union and an uncompromising Freethinker, sends in his pledge made at the Congress. Brother Boemer is a social reformer and inventor, a scientific and philosophic thinker. For nearly twelve years he has been working to perfect the application of a new motiv power, atmospheric air pressure. On this he has spent a great deal of time, study, and money, ever looking forward to its realization, although he does not propose to neglect too much his present requirements for a mere possibility. It is to be hoped his idea will prove a benefit not only to himself, but to the world.

From Mrs. K. Parker and Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, of Anaheim and San José respectivly, we hav received charter fees, notice of which has been already given.

I am here in "the future great," in response to several Macedonian cries to come over and help him from our hard-working, tireless friend, I. S. Lee, who has been laboring for an organization ever since he came, which is now *fiat accompli*, each of the following persons having subscribed $1 for that purpose: Major C. S. Ebaugh, Prof. Hv. Schwartz. Prof. G. Banicelli, Mr. and Mrs. S A. Rendl, and Miss Stella Campbell. The latter, formerly of Chicago and Colorado, is now a teacher here. Major Ebaugh is a gentleman of wealth and social position, being president of several organizations. Dr. Schwartz holds the enviable position of president of a medical college, and the rest are gentlemen of culture. The organization is likely to take high rank from the character of the persons who are its moving spirits. Great credit is due Brother Lee for his persistent endeavors at this most discouraging labor.

Mr. and Mrs. Lake, of Garrettsville, O., join in a donation and send words of cheer to the secretary, for which he is exceedingly grateful.

Mr. Thomas Knight, of Ceresco, Mich., though eighty-three, still keeps up his opposition to the quartet of churches which completely control his town and neighborhood. The valor of old Mr. Knight is like that of the knights of old.

Friend P. B. Bosworth, of Marseilles, Ill., sends $1 for leaflets. He proposes to keep up the good work he helped to inaugurate here at the Congress.

The Chicago Union desires to extend its thanks to H. L. Green, editor and publisher of the *Freethinkers' Magazine*, of Buffalo, N. Y., for his generous and timely donation of copies of his excellent publication, together with many copies of Colonel Ingersoll's masterly centennial oration.

St. Louis, Mo. E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Clark Braden Rightly Described.

From the Oakland, Cal., Enquirer.

The main hall in the Medical College building contained an audience of some two hundred persons last night [May 25th], attracted by the announcement that a free lecture would be delivered by Samuel Putnam, president of the American Secular Union, upon the subject "Science and Theology." Near the door stood a table, upon which was displayed a collection of the literature of Liberalism and Freethought, including the works of Thomas Paine, Voltaire, Robert G. Ingersoll, Helen H. Gardener, the lecturer, and others.

Shortly after 7:30 P.M. A. H. Schou announced that the audience would be entertained by several selections by the Oakland Zither Club preceding the lecture.

The speaker of the evening, Samuel P. Putnam, one of the editors of *Freethought*, a Liberal journal, and author of several books of poems and romances, was then introduced. He was greeted with applause. He said:

Science and theology are two different ways of looking at the universe, man, and ourselvs. The time was when theology reigned. Then the mind was enthralled and the intelligence of man bound down to dogma. Now there is a change; science is supreme and thought is free. Liberality prevails. When we are talking about theology we must distinguish between that and religion. Religion is of the heart; theology, of the mind. Religion is a natural impulse of the heart. Theology is the theory of the unnatural, the unknown. All existence is natural. Science is the study of nature. Therefore, theology is not science. It cannot be natural. It is simply organized ignorance, if you will allow the term. It has never made any advance. It has never discovered a single fact. When theology reigned, what did it giv us? Not invention, not fruitful fields. It concerned itself with such questions as, How many angels can dance upon the point of a needle? This is the epitome of its arguments.

Let us contrast the methods of the theologian and of the man of science. The theologian opens his eyes with preconceived ideas and looks for facts to support them. He pushes all others aside. He is blind to those which do not support his case. He is like the lawyer who only discloses and puts forward the facts which favor his client. Christianity is the client of the theologian. His fee is a fat salary and a good living. His duty is to clear Christianity at the bar of public judgment.

How is it with the man of science? The first step with him is observation. When he has gathered facts, he begins to generalize and classify them and then forms his conclusion. He takes in everything. It makes no difference to him if a fact is ugly. Hence science is universal, theology partial. Theology reasons from theory to fact, science from facts to law.

Now let us consider the methods of consideration of the Bible. The acceptance of the book does not imply the acceptance of the theological theory as to the Bible. We may believe in Shakspere, but not in the Baconian theory of the writing of Shakspere. So with the Bible. Some say Liberals reject the Bible. We do not do that, but we reject the theory of its inspiration as a miraculous revelation. Theologians make the assertion; it rests with them to prove the affirmation. Let us consider the work. It is not a book, it is a collection of sixty books; the assertion in one instance does not prove true in the case of any other. The demonstration must be made in each instance.

Theology must prove in relation to the Bible four propositions: First, the authenticity; second, the genuinness; third, the inspiration; fourth, the infallibility. The proof of one proposition does not demonstrate the truth of any other.

The position of the Christian first is that the scripture is inspired by God. Now, Agnostics do not deny that there is a God, but we say we don't know. The theologians must demonstrate it. Now as to the authenticity of the book. If it is a revelation from God it ought to tell the truth about the creation.

The speaker then directed his argument to disproving the Mosaic account of creation. He referred to the Huxley-Gladstone discussion of the Mosaic cosmogony and said that there was an irreconcilable chasm in the conflict between the order of creation as given in Genesis and that of science.

The theological theory of heaven and hell were ridiculed. The speaker said:

There never was a doctrin so hideous as the theological doctrin of hell-fire. [Cheers.] If there is an immortality it is a continuation of this life. What makes happiness here, will hereafter. Theology paints this world as a vast vale of tears. Let us be kind, generous, loving, and we shall hav a heaven here by our own firesides. We believe that the world is better than it was yesterday; that it will be better in the future. We believe in the trinity: liberty, science, and humanity. Liberty the condition, science the instrumentality, humanity the glorious goal for which we strive. To this trinity let us consecrate ourselvs.

At the close of the address, C. R. Bennett stepped forward and presented Mr. Putnam with a letter, which he requested him to read. He said it was a challenge from Clark Braden. Mr. Schou then said that some time ago one of their number, Wallace F. Hughan, had died, and at his request the Liberal friends had conducted his funeral. Referring to the *Enquirer* reporter, he said that a reporter had come to the funeral and had given a very fair report. The reporter had asked if they had no religious service, and he had informed him that they had none. Now they would do something that was religious—they would take up a collection. In the mean time the Zither Club would play.

C. R. Bennett called upon the speaker to answer Braden's challenge. He was greeted with hisses and called to order. The music continued, and the collection was proceeded with and $6 35 taken up.

Bennett then took the floor, and, asking permission, proceeded to read the following:

OAKLAND, CAL., May 25, 1888.

S. P. PUTNAM, *Sir:* Will you read the inclosed challenge to your audience to-night, and state whether you hav the courage to accept it?

I will remove all basis for the subterfuge by which you tried to cover your back-out at Silverton, Ore., by this proposal. You shall lay before a committee of fair-minded skeptics the best indorsement you can get.

I will lay down before the same committee as strong indorsements as you can.

I will meet you before such committee, and they shall decide, after hearing both sides, whether you are justified in your excuses for refusing to meet me.

Will you read this to your audience and answer it?

Where is the courage of Infidelity and the president of its League? CLARK BRADEN.

Challenge to the Infidelity of the World. Propositions:

Clark Braden will meet in public oral debate, or in written debate, any Infidel living on the face of the earth, at any point where the English language is spoken, who has one-tenth the indorsement that he himself can furnish, on the following terms:

1. Do the great ideas and general principles inculcated in the language of the Israelite scriptures of the Old Testament, and the Christian scriptures of the New Testament, and completed in the inculcations of Jesus and his apostles, harmonize with a right use of human reason? Will they secure the highest use of human reason? And will they secure to man, here and hereafter, all the progress and happiness of which man is capable?

Braden will affirm.

2. Do the great ideas and general principles inculcated by modern Secularism harmonize with a right use of human reason? Will they secure the highest use of human reason? And are they sufficient, without the ideas of God, spirit, and future life, and any ideas necessarily based on those ideas, to secure to man all the progress and happiness of which man is capable?

Secularist will affirm.

The reading was interrupted by the chairman, Mr. Schou, who said, "We hav hired this hall, and you hav no right to come here and disturb our meeting."

Bennett: "I appeal to this audience to hear me through."

Chairman Schou: "I will put it to a vote whether you shall proceed. All in favor of it will say 'Aye.'"

The hall was silent. Bennett sat down.

Then there were cries, "Put him out."

Putnam advanced to the platform and said: "I will tell you why I will not meet this man in debate. He is a liar and blackguard."

Clark Braden, who had entered during the lecture and seated himself in the rear part of the hall, arose, and addressing the speaker, said, "Allow me to say, sir, that you are a miserable coward and liar."

Putnam replied, "I will not debate with Clark Braden. He is beneath my notice. Clark Braden has published a pamphlet which places him without the pale of honorable debate."

The speaker then dismissed the subject of the discussion, announcing that a meeting would be held at Irving Hall next Sunday evening, at which steps would be taken to organize the Liberalists in Oakland, San Francisco, and vicinity. The next thing would be to get up a grand Paine celebration in California. It was proposed to make a great power of Thomas Paine. The speaker said that he should go East before long to attend the Liberal Congress at Pittsburgh. He closed with a poetical peroration on Freethought.

In a brief interview after the lecture Mr. Putnam said the reason that he refused to debate with Braden was that he dealt in personalities. His pamphlet, Putnam remarked, was a violent attack upon the personal character of Colonel Ingersoll and his family, and his action was not becoming in controversy or debate.

How God Works.

From the Marlboro, Mass., Times.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,

Says the late Mr. William Cowper, and we hav seen remarks of a similar tenor attributed to other equally well-informed gentlemen. Rev. Mr. Rice told a story, in his last Sunday morning's discourse, to the effect that the wife of a celebrated reformer, who had struck a streak of despondency, put on mourning one morning under the impression that God was dead. We don't suppose he is really any deader to-day than he has been for the last five hundred million years, but some of his most enthusiastic and infatuated followers seem to think he is either asleep or gone out of business; and here comes the report of a little incident which has a tendency to strengthen that belief.

Argonia, Kan., is a little city whose imprescriptible title to undying fame is the alleged fact that it was the first municipality in the land to elect a lady mayoress. Mrs. Susanna Salter was the euphonious name the lady sailed under, and which, with Argonia, she has made famous. Under her rigid administration the town became renowned as a stronghold and a fortress of the Lord. Under her saline rule, gambling, drinking, pool-playing, swearing, and staying out nights were unknown, and if ever there was a community where God could sit down and feel sort of at home, Argonia was its name and Mrs. Salter its ruleress.

Well, what became of this godly and good little retreat of virtue?

Well, a few days ago God sent one of his damnably destructiv cyclones round that way, and Argonia was wiped out of existence quicker than the devil could toast a heretic.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," said the late Mr. Saul, of Tarsus. We hope he won't take a liking to us.

Colonel Ingersoll's Decoration Day Oration.

[Every seat in the great Opera House was filled. and hundreds stood, glad to find any place where they could see and hear. And the gathering and the proceedings were worthy of the occasion. The president, unfortunately, was unable to be present, and the three boxes at the left of the stage, which, draped with national flags, were reserved for him and his party, were filled with others. But Secretary Endicott and Mrs. and Miss Endicott and Daniel Lamont occupied the box, and in others sat Secretary Fairchild, Gen. Eli Parker, Colonel Ellis, Colonel Ingersoll, Mrs. Depew and her brother, W. A. Ogden Hegeman, Colonel Colwell, Joseph Naylor, Courtlandt Palmer, Capt. Ferdinand Ellis, Arthur Berry, Ex Senator Stephen W. Dorsey, Gen. Clinton B Fisk, and Gen. Henry W. Slocum, each accompanied by ladies, whose gay attire made a brilliant spectacle. While the vast assemblage was flowing in, the United States Army Depot Band, under the direction of Bandmaster Otto Prasser, played old army tunes, such as "Marching Through Georgia," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and "Kingdom Coming." These excited the enthusiasm to a high pitch. Then appeared upon the platform John C. Limbeck, the chairman of the memorial committee, escorting Chauncey M. Depew, and followed by General Black, the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, General Sickles, and General Newton, and the applause was tremendous. All stood while Dr. Collyer offered prayer. In pathetic tones he prayed for General Sheridan's recovery, for the president, for the heroes that are left, and for the welfare and prosperity of the nation.

Mr. Depew, on taking the chair, was again greeted with great applause. He said: "We are here to-night as the guests of the Grand Army of the Republic. On any other day of the year the Grand Army of the Republic should be the nation's guests. Their valor gave us the opportunity which calls us together to-night. The republic is greater to-day than ever before. All that constitutes the glory of the republic and the prosperity of its citizens comes from what these men suffered and what they did. Many of them received death; many of them wounds; many of them in declining years of their lives are battling with hopeless poverty. The nation which owes all that it is to-day to what they did upon the battlefield should reserve at the national banquet board a plate and a seat for every veteran soldier who chooses to occupy it—not as a charity guest, but as the honored guest of the people. Nearly one-quarter of a century has passed since the war. The time has passed for grief in the glorious compensations which grant to us the enjoyments of life. The pangs of grief are but for the moment. They are assuaged by the recollections of the glorious deeds of those who are gone, the heroes whose memory is as imperishable as it is glorious. We here to-night, after this lapse of years, meet not as mourners, but we meet in joyful celebration of magnificent recollections and of triumph of ideas which came out of the victories of the war. We recall nothing which can arouse vindictivness or sectional passion. It is the glory of this commemoration that it recalls the most magnificent act of triumphant magnanimity that the world has ever seen. In the graves where we laid our heroes we buried passion, we buried sectionalism, we buried hate, we buried the shackles of the slave. We who belong to the Grand Army of the Republic hav no sympathy with what is known as 'waving the bloody shirt,' if it be meant by that, as it is meant by that, a constant iteration and reiteration in violent and vindictiv form of those sentiments which arouse passion on one side and vindictivness on the other—we hav none of it. But when, once a year, or on any particular occasion, it becomes necessary to state precisely what the civil war meant, what it was fought for, and what it accomplished—if that be waving the bloody shirt then let the bloody shirt be nailed to the mast. It is settled beyond all dispute that there is no earthly power, no combination of men or devils, that can dissolve these States. The only possible peril which can ever threaten us is the ballot. The casting of the ballot must be made absolutely free; the voter must be protected by the state and be enabled to cast his ballot without the slightest fear or favor of any man." After Mr Depew came Signora Eva Tetrazzini, who sang "Neina Mefistofele;" Rose Coghlan, who recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "All Quiet on the Potomac;" Signor Italo Campanini, who was in his best voice, and sang with great applause "Salve Dinora," from Gounod's "Faust," and the New York Choral Union, who sang the "Song of the Vikings" and "Where are You going, My Pretty Maid?" Then came the orator of the occasion, Colonel Ingersoll, whose entire speech is printed herewith.—*N. Y. Times.*]

This is a sacred day—a day for gratitude and love.

To-day we commemorate more than independence, more than the birth of a nation, more than the fruits of the Revolution, more than physical progress, more than the accumulation of wealth, more than national prestige and power.

We commemorate the great and blessed victory over ourselvs—the triumph of civilization, the reformation of a people, the establishment of a government consecrated to the preservation of liberty and the equal rights of man.

Nations can win success, can be rich and powerful, can cover the earth with their armies, the seas with their fleets, and yet be selfish, small, and mean. Physical progress means opportunity for doing good. It means responsibility. Wealth is the end of the despicable, victory the purpose of brutality.

But there is something nobler than all these—something that rises above wealth and power, something above lands and palaces, something above raiment and gold—it is the love of right, the cultivation of the moral nature, the desire to do justice, the inextinguishable love of human liberty.

Nothing can be nobler than a nation governed by conscience; nothing more infamous than power without pity, wealth without honor and without the sense of justice.

Only by the soldiers of the right can the laurel be won or worn.

On this day we honor the heroes who fought to make our nation just and free, who broke the shackles of the slave, who freed the masters of the South and their allies of the North. We honor the chivalric men who made America the hope and beacon of the human race, the foremost nation of the world.

These heroes established the first republic, and demonstrated that a government in which the legally expressed will of the people is sovereign and supreme is the safest, strongest, securest, noblest, and the best.

They demonstrated the human right of the people, and of all the people, to make and execute the laws—that authority does not come from the clouds, nor from ancestry, nor from the crowned and titled, nor from constitutions and compacts, laws and customs—not from the admissions of the great, nor the concessions of the powerful and victorious—not from graves nor consecrated dust, not from treaties made between successful robbers, not from the decisions of corrupt and menial courts—not from the dead, but from the living; not from the past, but from the present, from the people of to-day, from the brain, from the heart, and from the conscience of those who liv and love and labor.

The history of this world for the most part is the history of conflict and war, of invasion, of conquest, of victorious wrong, of the many enslaved by the few.

Millions hav fought for kings, for the destruction and enslavement of their fellow-men. Millions hav battled for empire, and great armies hav been inspired by the hope of pillage; but for the first time in the history of this world millions of men battled for the right, fought to free not themselvs but others, not for prejudice but for principle, not for conquest but for conscience.

The men whom we honor were the liberators of a nation, of a whole country, North and South—of two races. They freed the body and the brain, gave liberty to master and to slave. They opened all the highways of thought, and gave to fifty millions of people the inestimable legacy of free speech.

They established the free exchange of thought. They gave to the air a flag without a stain, and they gave to their country a Constitution that honest men can reverently obey. They destroyed the hateful, the egotistic and provincial; they established a nation, a national spirit, a national pride, and a patriotism as broad as the great republic.

They did away with that ignorant and cruel prejudice that human rights depend on race or color, and that the superior race has the right to oppress the inferior. They established the sublime truth that the superior are the just, the kind, the generous, and merciful—that the really superior are the protectors, the defenders, and the saviors of the oppressed, of the fallen, the unfortunate, the weak and helpless. They established that greatest of all truths that nothing is nobler than to labor and suffer for others.

If we wish to know the extent of our debt to these heroes, these soldiers of the right, we must know what we were and what we are. A few years ago we talked about liberty, about the freedom of the world, and while so talking we enslaved our fellow-men. We were the stealers of babes and the whippers of women. We were in partnership with bloodhounds. We lived on unpaid labor. We held manhood in contempt. Honest toil was disgraceful, sympathy was a crime, pity was unconstitutional, humanity contrary to law, and charity was treason. Men were imprisoned for pointing out in heaven's dome the northern star—for giving food to the hungry, water to the parched lips of thirst, shelter to the hunted, succor to the oppressed. In those days criminals and courts, pirates and pulpits, were in partnership—liberty was only a word standing for the equal rights of robbers.

For many years we insisted that our fathers had founded a free government, that they were the lovers of liberty, believers in equal rights. We were mistaken. The colonists did not believe in the freedom of to-day. Their laws were filled with intolerance, with slavery, and the infamous spirit of caste. They persecuted and enslaved. Most of them were narrow, ignorant, and cruel. For the most part their laws were more brutal than those of the nations from which they came. They branded the forehead of intelligence, bored with hot irons the tongue of truth. They persecuted the good and enslaved the helpless. They were believers in pillories and whipping-posts for honest, thoughtful men.

When their independence was secured they adopted a Constitution that legalized slavery, and they passed laws making it the duty of freemen to prevent others from becoming free. They followed the example of kings and nobles. They knew that monarchs had been interested in the slave trade, and that the first English commander of a slave-ship divided his profits with a queen.

They forgot all the splendid things they had said—the great principles they had so proudly and eloquently announced. The sublime truths faded from their hearts. The spirit of trade, the greed for office, took possession of their souls. The lessons of history were forgotten. The voices coming from all the wrecks of kingdoms, empires, and republics on the shores of the great river were unheeded and unheard.

If the foundation is not justice the dome cannot be high enough or splendid enough to save the temple.

But above everything in the minds of our fathers was the desire for union—to create a nation, to become a power.

Our fathers compromised.

A compromise is a bargain in which each party defrauds the other and himself.

The compromise our fathers made was the coffin of honor and the cradle of war.

A brazen falsehood and a timid truth are the parents of compromise.

But some—the greatest and the best—believed in liberty for all. They repeated the splendid sayings of the Roman, "By the law of nature all men are free;" of the French king, "Men are born free and equal;" of the sublime Zeno, "All men are by nature equal and virtue alone establishes a difference between them."

In the year preceding the Declaration of Independence a society for the abolition of slavery was formed in Pennsylvania, and its first president was one of the wisest and greatest of men—Benjamin Franklin. A society of the same character was established in New York in 1785; its first president was John Jay, the second, Alexander Hamilton.

But in a few years these great men were forgotten. Parties rivaled each other in the defense of wrong. Politicians cared only for place and power. In the clamor of the heartless the voice of the generous was lost. Slavery became supreme. It dominated legislatures, courts, and parties; it rewarded the faithless and little; it degraded the honest and great.

And yet, through all these hateful years, thousands and thousands of noble men and women denounced the degradation and the crime. Most of their names are unknown. They hav given a glory to obscurity. They hav filled oblivion with honor. I would like to-night to name some of the men who hav fought for the liberty we enjoy; but I should want to name all. I hav the same honor and gratitude for the private whose record is summed up, "25 dead, 70 missing," as I hav for the plumed leader of the mighty host.

In the presence of death it has been the custom to speak of the worthlessness and the vanity of life. I prefer to speak of its value, of its importance, of its nobility and glory.

Life is not merely a floating shadow, a momentary spark, a dream that vanishes. Nothing can be grander than a life filled with great and noble thoughts, with brave and honest deeds. Such a life sheds light, and the seeds of truth sown by great and loyal men bear fruit through all the years to be. To hav lived and labored and died for the right—nothing can be sublimer.

History is but the merest outline of the exceptional—of a few great crimes, calamities, wars, mistakes, and dramatic virtues. A few mountain peaks are touched, while all the valleys of human life, where countless victories are won, where labor wrought with love, are left in the eternal shadow.

But these peaks are not the foundation of nations. The forgotten words, the unrecorded deeds, the unknown sacrifices, the heroism, the industry, the patience, the love and labor, of the nameless good and great hav for the most part founded, guided, and defended states. The world has been civilized by the unregarded poor, by the untitled nobles, by the uncrowned kings, who sleep in unknown graves mingled with the common dust.

They hav thought and wrought—hav borne the burdens of the world. The pain and labor hav been theirs—the glory has been given to the few.

The conflict came. The South unsheathed the sword. Then rose the embattled North; and these men who sleep to-night beneath the flowers of half the world gave all for us.

They gave us a nation—a republic without a slave—a republic that is sovereign, and to whose will every citizen and every state must bow. They gave us a Constitution for all, one that can be read without shame and defended without dishonor. They freed the brain, the lips, and hands of men.

All that could be done by force was done. All that could be accomplished by the adoption of constitutions was done. The rest is left to education, the innumerable influences of civilization, to the development of the intellect, to the cultivation of the heart and the imagination. The past is now a hideous dream. The present is filled with pride, with gratitude and hope.

Liberty is the condition of real progress. The freeman works for wife and child; the slave toils from fear. Liberty gives leisure, and leisure refines, beautifies, and ennobles. Slavery gives idleness, and idleness degrades, deforms, and brutalizes.

Liberty and slavery—the right and wrong, the joy and grief, the day and night, the glory and the gloom, of all the years.

Liberty is the word that all the good hav spoken. It is the hope of every loving heart, the spark and flame in every noble breast, the gem in every splendid soul, the many-colored dream in every honest brain.

This word has filled the dungeon with its holy light, has put the halo round the martyr's head, has raised the convict far above the king, and clad even the scaffold with a glory that dimmed and darkened every throne.

To the wise man, to the wise nation, the mistakes of the past are the torches of the present. The war is over. The institution that caused it has perished. The prejudices that fanned the flames are only ashes now. We are one people. We will stand or fall together. At last with clear eyes we see that the triumph of right was a triumph for all. Together we reap the fruits of the great victory. We are all conquerors. Around the graves of the heroes—North and South, white and colored—together we stand, and with uncovered heads reverently thank the saviors of our nativ land.

We are now far enough away from the conflict—from its hatreds, its passions, its follies, and its glories—to fairly and philosophically examin the causes, and in some measure, at least, to appreciate the results.

States and nations, like individuals, do as they must. Back of revolution, of rebellion, of slavery and freedom, are the efficient causes. Knowing this, we occupy that serene hight from which it is possible to calmly pronounce a judgment upon the past.

We know now that the seeds of our war were sown hundreds and thousands of years ago—sown by the vicious and the just, by prince and peasant, by king and slave, by all the virtues and by all the vices, by all the victories and all the defeats, by all the labor and the love, the loss and gain, by all the evil and the good, and by all the heroes of the world.

Of the great conflict we remember only its glory and its lessons. We remember only the heroes who made the republic the first of nations, and who laid the foundation for the freedom of mankind.

This will be known as the century of freedom. Slowly the hosts of darkness hav been driven back.

In 1808 England and the United States united for the suppression of the slave trade. The Netherlands joined in this holy work in 1818. France lent her aid in 1819, and Spain in 1820. In the same year the United States declared the traffic to be piracy, and in 1825 the same law was enacted by Great Britain. In 1826 Brazil agreed to suppress the traffic in human flesh. In 1833 England abolished slavery in the West Indies, and in 1843 in her East Indian possessions, giving liberty to more than twelve millions of slaves. In 1846 Sweden abolished slavery, and in 1848 it was abolished in the colonies of Denmark and France. In 1861 Alexander II., czar of all the Russias, emancipated the serfs, and on the 1st day of January, 1863, the shackles fell from millions of the citizens of this republic. This was accomplished by the heroes we remember to-day—this in accordance with the proclamation of emancipation signed by Lincoln, greatest of our mighty dead; Lincoln, the gentle and the just, and whose name will be known and honored to "the last syllable of recorded time." And this year, 1888, has been made blessed and memorable forever. In the vast empire of Brazil there stands no slave.

Let us hope that when the next century looks from the sacred portals of the East its light will only fall upon the faces of the free.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver notes of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men, and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we hav covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war, marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withering leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famin, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with his last grief.

The past rises before us and we see four million of human beings governed by the lash; we see them bound hand and foot; we hear the strokes of cruel whips; we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinit!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men, and women, and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping post, and we see homes, and firesides, and school-houses, and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I hav one sentiment for soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

A vision of the future rises:

I see our country filled with happy homes, with firesides of content—the foremost land of all the earth.

I see a world where thrones hav crumbled and where the kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces hav by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret, subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth; a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand; where the poor girl trying to win bread with the needle—the needle that has been called "the asp for the breast of the poor"—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, suicide or shame.

I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn.

I see a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair—the married harmony of form and function, and as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth, and over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope.

The Trouble at Liberal, Mo.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I hav been a student of the Freethought University for the greater part of the two years of its prosperous and, so far, successful existence. But Professor Leahy, who has made it what it is, has resigned, taking effect June 16, 288, and I wish to lay before your many readers some of the causes that brought about that resignation. When the University was first founded, it unfurled a banner bearing the inscriptions, "Human Liberty," "The Freedom and Honor of the Student," and for eighteen months every bud blossomed with success. But the Prohibition and local option fever became prevalent, and Professor Leahy, whom all this time the students were watching to see whether he was a Materialist, Spiritualist, Anarchist, or what not, was called out in defense of the flag. The result was that it was soon found that he must giv up Paine, Ingersoll, Freethought, free speech, human liberty, and everything else, and be a Prohibitionist, to preside over the Freethought University. Then a few, most likely, policy people began to rave and rant on the popular side, and many unkind things were laid at the professor's door. He was accused of teaching "Anarchy," "free love," "Materialism," and "intemperance." Intemperance! I repeat it, I, for once in my life, wish there were a God to whom they had to account for this base falsehood. He was accused of thus contaminating the minds of the students, all of whom are old enough to hav, and do hav, minds of their own. Now, he was placed there, with hardly sufficient remuneration to bear his expenses, to defend liberty, "the liberty of man, woman, and child." Oh, how bravely he stood at his post, every fiber of his being thrilled with love, every pulse of his noble and tender heart beating for humanity!

Even when he saw some of his most powerful friends forsaking him, he never wavered, but still stood with his face to the foe, fighting for the cause he loved and was there to defend. What is his reward? He is forsaken, reproved; his management is criticised; he is considered at fault because he has gained the lasting love of each and every student. The Catholic colleges of the land are held up to him as a model—a model for the disciplin of a Freethought university. He refuses. Then he must go. A man is not allowed to think for himself; to speak his honest thoughts; to giv the world a new idea, the result of his midnight toil—no, no, he cannot do this and preside over a Freethought institution. He must either be dumb, or, upon all the great questions of the day, be on the popular side. There would hav been no objections had he advocated Prohibition, but to get rid of him was the question. He had many friends, and was the ideal of all, save a few who could not conceive the highest type of Freethought, or were opposed to higher education. The idea was to wait till the election of the new board of managers, then elect such persons as were opposed to Professor Leahy and his ideas. One man has said he actually hated Professor Leahy, and would use all his influence to keep him out of the school another year. Hated him, because he changed the opinions of his son, a young man of twenty-three years, that is, made a Secularist of him. This man, Mr. Editor, was elected to the new board. Another, whose daughter's tuition was paid by a benevolent gentleman, and who prevented her from studying by putting out her light, and finally taking her out of school, was elected to the board. Another man, who is opposed to higher education and has opposed the school since its inception, has been elected president of the board of managers. Some of them are not stockholders at all; and, again, they were not chosen by a long, deliberate, and critical examination, which seems necessary to the good management of the only Freethought institution in the world, but from a list presented by an avowed opponent of Professor Leahy. Now, does it seem that they are watchful of the interests of the institution? Now, did Professor Leahy get justice? I think not. He thinks not. He saw their object, and that he would be deposed, and so resigned to cheat them of their game. It seems to me that the future flag of the University will bear the inscriptions, "Catholic Disciplin," "Total Depravity of the Student."

Pearl Thompson.

Liberal, Mo.

Merely a Plain, Natural Fool.

From the Detroit Evening News of the 23d ult.

Senator Blair, of New Hampshire—famous for his bill to turn the Mississippi northward into Hudson bay; for his national educational bill; and for his scheme to declare the liquor traffic piracy on the high seas, and send out American men-of-war to attack and sink all ships of whatsoever nation which might be caught on the ocean with so much as a bottle of Bass's ale or a quart of Burgundy on board—has come forward with a new law as crazy as the others. He introduced it in the United States Senate yesterday. It is for the observance of the Lord's day—as the bill calls it—after the fashion of the Old Testament, prohibiting all games, play, recreation, or amusement; all mail carrying, transporting, handling, assorting, or distributing; all commerce between the states and Indian tribes. Blair can read, and he has probably read the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," but he may not understand what it means. People are not exactly agreed now as to what ails this man Blair. Some think that his mind has been impaired by the opium habit, but others believe that he is merely a plain, natural fool.

The Utility of Sermons.

From Kate Foote's Washington Letter to the Independent.

A lady who heard her friends saying that they disliked sermons and would like to banish them, especially from the Episcopal church service, cried out against them and their plan.

"Sermons! they are delightful; don't let them go."

"Do you ever listen?" said a surprised friend; so surprised that the question flew out of her mouth without the consent of her will.

"No," said the other, calmly; "but it is a quiet time—nobody can interrupt—the pews must not talk back, you know. I—lean back comfortably and plan all my bonnets. It is lovely for that, and your neighbors' bonnets are all round to offer suggestions. Pray, do not let sermons go."

The Truth Seeker As a Teacher.

From the Worthington, Minnesota, Advance.

The Cedar Rapids *Republican* has adopted the reform in spelling first introduced by D. M. Bennett in the New York Truth Seeker, that is, dropping the *e* from such words as have.

This is a very sensible reform.

By the way, the *Advance* has frequently urged upon the newspapers the propriety of a more general reform in spelling so as to shorten and simplify their work. The newspapers originate and bring into general use a good many words, and they hav it in their power to revolutionize the whole system of spelling.

From San Francisco Freethought.

Has the New York *Independent* been taking lessons of The Truth Seeker? It now spells though "tho," and drops the final *e* from domicile.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
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Religious Preferences of Political Candidates.

Religion appears to be entering into political matters to a greater extent this summer than it has since the Know-Nothing movement of a quarter of a century ago. But unlike that movement, which aimed to destroy the influence of Catholicism, the present revival of religious politics is directed against Atheism and those who are suspected of favoring that philosophy.

Secretary Stevens has called attention to the opposition to Mr. Fifer, Republican candidate for governor of Illinois, from the church folks on the sole ground that he is not orthodox in his religious views; and now the same charge is made a basis for opposition to Walter L. Gresham, of Indiana, a possible Republican candidate for the presidency. It seems that Mr. Fifer has for years been a friend and admirer of Colonel Ingersoll, as has his law partner, I. N. Phillips. Mr. Phillips, in the spring of 1883, was nominated by the Republicans for mayor of Bloomington, Ill., and was defeated in a town naturally of his political faith, simply because he was thought to be "a disciple of Ingersoll." After the election it was found that the religious element had talked the matter over in their churches and homes, and quietly knifed him at the polls. The opposition to Mr. Fifer is developing with rapidity, according to special dispatches to the Chicago *Times*. The Methodists are the most virulent. Several letters hav been received by clergymen at Bloomington, Mr. Fifer's home, from pious people of adjacent counties requesting information as to Mr. Fifer's religious belief. One letter is from a leading Republican of Macon county, who states emphatically that if Fifer is a disbeliever in the Christian faith in any form, shape, or manner he will not only vote against him, but work for his defeat with all the zeal and energy in his body. The questions uppermost in the Christian mind of Bloomington are: "Was Fifer ever baptized?" and "Does he believe in the Apostles' creed?" The correspondent of the *Times* says that the man who goes back on the Apostles' creed will be opposed by the entire Christian church, for every true Christian believes in it. The clergy are preparing papers on the subject of Atheistic politicians, and announcing their determination to oppose all heretics. What foundation there may be for the honor thus thrust upon Mr. Fifer we do not know. His church status is thus stated by the Chicago *Times* (a Democratic journal): "Since Joe has begun to figure for the governorship he has attended what is known in Bloomington as the 'Broadgauge' church, which was charged some years ago with haying thrown the Bible out of the window. A Bostonian who occupied the pulpit at the time made a most contemptible reference to the birth of our savior. The church was organized by Dr. Wakefield. He did not believe in the divinity of Christ. It has always been liberal in its views, with a leaning latterly toward Unitarianism. There was a time when the Unitarian church threatened to sever its 'Broadgauge' connection unless its ideas were modified."

The clergy are likewise paying close attention to Mr. Gresham's possible candidacy for president. The story has been widely circulated in this state that Judge Gresham is an Atheist, and Mr. R. W. Patterson, managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, has thought it wise to help Mr. Gresham's chances to beat Mr. Depew in the Republican convention by writing the following letter to the Albany *Journal*:

"Judge Gresham's parents were Methodists, and he attended the Methodist church at Danville, Ind., while a boy and before marriage. After marriage he attended the First Presbyterian church at New Albany and the Second Presbyterian church in Indianapolis. He is now a regular attendant upon Professor Swing's church in Chicago, and is in no sense an Atheist or an Infidel. While not an activ church-member, he is not an unbeliever, and has never said or done anything offensiv to church people. He has never made any public utterance in regard to his religious belief in private. He has said to his friends that he believes in a future life and in the existence of a supreme being, but probably he would not wish to be put on the stand for a rigid cross-examination as to what he believes and what he disbelieves, and would find it pretty difficult to make a categorical statement on the subject, as, like many of his countrymen, he inherits his religion from his mother and preserves it through his wife."

This tendency to drag religion into politics, and to make a man's piety a test for preferment, cannot be too strongly condemned. In a strictly secular government, a man's religion will never be asked. Character and ability will constitute his credentials. But that happy state is by no means at hand, and before it does arrive the religious war will hav to be fought out. In the present instance, the Protestants are the ones who hav brought the question forward, as a result of, and in harmony with, their policy of making this a "Christian country" by constitutional amendment. But Liberalism cannot be the loser if the contest over the governorship of Illinois, or even the presidency of the United States, turns upon religious opinions. The quicker the fight is upon us, the sooner will justice triumph, and a secular government be an assured fact instead of the ideal which it is now.

Let the ministers begin their battle of bigotry.

Converting the Jews.

In answer to the *Independent's* call upon Mr. A. Benjamin for proof that the association for the conversion of the Jews of this city is a spiritual humbug, and costing a great deal more than it is worth, that gentleman communicates to the *Jewish Messenger* a few of the charges he prefers against Mr. Freshman, the activ missionary of the society. The scheme, he intimates, is one for the personal aggrandizement of Mr. Freshman, who, while advertising that he and his wife "liv by faith" while doing the Lord's work among the Israelites, is really lecturing in Protestant churches for emoluments consisting of many dollars and cents. Mr. Benjamin charges also that Mr. Freshman makes no explanation of the manner in which he uses donations of money to the society. In 1882 Mr. Freshman claimed to be making converts at the rate of eight a week. In his fifth report, covering 1886–7, he can, however, count only seven converts for the year, while in the sixth report, covering 1887–8, he can find only six Jews who hav yielded to his eloquence. What these thirteen converts hav cost, no one knows.

Mr. Benjamin charges also that Mr. Freshman's converts are not permanent additions to the fold, but become Christians temporarily, and for revenue principally. He instances a certain "Mr. and Mrs. Feinstein, bakers by occupation, who, after being converted and receiving their boodle in return, resumed their old faith, for soon after their baptism a newly born male child was initiated in the Abrahamic covenant on Atonement day of 1883, and who are now full-fledged Jews in Scotland, Dak." Others of Mr. Freshman's converts are named, and inquiries as to their whereabouts made in a tone which implies that they will be found either in some state prison or foreign land. Indeed, it is strongly implied that all of the converts from Judaism to Christianity are of that class which makes their exit from the synagogs a "blessing in disguise," serving to purify "the camp of Israel of its refuse." Mr. Benjamin frankly avows his enmity toward Mr. Freshman, and offers to stake his reputation, his Judaism, or one thousand dollars in cash, that he can in one hour prove Mr. Freshman to be "the root of ignorance" of the Hebrew language, religion, and philosophy, and an unworthy missionary to be employed by the churches. He is, he says, determined to rescue Christianity from those who are degrading it. But we fancy, however, that his interest in Christianity is of a much milder form than his enmity to the society whose existence is an implication that the Jews are deserting the faith of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

If Howard Crosby and the other Protestant clergy of the Hebrew-Christian Society would put out a faithful report of the money received and expended by the society, and tell truly just how many Jews hav been bribed or coaxed into the church, a comparison of the society's work with the work of the London society and its results would be interesting. The London society has been in existence about sixty-five years, and last year spent nearly two hundred thousand dollars in missionary work and for salaries of the missionaries. Nearly ten thousand Bibles and New Testaments were given away to the Hebrews, together with over two hundred thousand books, tracts, and other publications. Yet the London society *does not report the number of its converts!* and there are only between three and four thousand Christian Hebrews in the whole world, including Mr. Freshman's thirteen converts. Really, the outlook is not hopeful, and we think with Mr. Benjamin that the results of money spent on Jews are not sufficiently great to justify the existence of the Jew-converting societies.

But let the investigation of Mr. Freshman and his methods and converts go on! The people who are supporting him deserve to know the facts.

An "Infidel-Smasher."

At the earnest request of a number of Freethinkers of Blakeslee, O., we print the subjoined communication. Mr. Streline livs in Edon, O., and is regarded there and thereabouts as an "Infidel-smasher." He has read, as we learn from his communication, THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 28th, in which we asked some questions of the Christians, promising to ask some more when they were answered. Mr. Streline has undertaken to satisfy us, and the following is the result. We should hav corrected his manuscript, and put his statements into intelligible shape, had his attention not been called to the flaws in his composition by some of his clerical friends, eliciting the response that "it was good enough for an Infidel sheet." Therefore it is printed as he wrote it, and the hope is entertained that the clergymen feel proud of their champion:

"EDON OHIO

"MR BENETET

"Editor TRUTH SEEKER in Reading your paper of Jan 28 you ask Sixteen questions for Some christian to answer.

"*The most Important one is the 2d* How can the Infinite be limited, *and the Immortal Die.*

"This question alone show's Infidel wit: because it is the mortal that dies & the Immortal lives when a man proffesses to be an Infidel he acknowledges himself to be a fool. for God says the fool has said in his heart there is no God

"Every man that says his soul is mortal, places himself on a level with the Brute creation and indeed he is not of as much value as the Brute to the human creation.

"If you denie the Immortality of the soul: pleas tell me the difference between yourself and a mule. the only difference I can see, you Bray louder than the mule especially through THE TROUTH SEEKER.

"You had better change the title of your paper and call it the Devil's Guide Board to Hell.

"The Christian are partakers of the divine nature of our Lord and Saviour Jesus the christ. this is that, that elevates above the Brute Creation. out of the old rusty Infidel Rut. Faith to the Christian is that. that looks through the dark gloomy grave into the paridise of God. where we hope to dewell throughout all ages with the one that Redeemmed us from sin

"Faith to the Infidel is that: that takes him to the grave where he Hopes to be forever Banished from the presence of the living God. where he will will return to dust Just as other anamals do.

"Now Remmember that Faith is the substance of things Hoped for the evedence of things not seen. Now every thing on the face of the earth. that has sence enough to hope: Hopes for a life beyond the grave:

"When Jesus acknowledged to be the son of God, the Jews took counsel to kill him. Now remmember that they were Infidel's After they crucified him: they placed a guard of Romman soldiers: and they were Infidels to: placed at the grave to wach that he was not stollen away: Jesus arose from the dead and when the soldiers found out he was not there. then they say that the disciples came and stole him away while they slept: and Infidels to day are soft Headed enough to believe such noncensicals lies as that: pretty guard to be found a sleep on duty weren't they: and if they were asleep How did they know that the Disciples stole him. A man that has as much Brains as a ratle snake could see the Inconsistant lies they told; Now then Jesus rasing from the

dead proves him to be the son of God and proves the Immortality of the soul: What consolation is there in being an Infidel if there is any. be one: does Infidelity make people better. if does than Bray louder than you hav been

"Does Infidelity make the Dieing bed plesant and Happy. (Ask Tom Paine) if it does than Blow your bugal loudly

"Does Infidelity promice you any thing beyond this life if not than why are you an Infide.

"What can we say for Christianity.

"does it lead men to the saloons to make fools of themselves

"does it cause men to profane the name of their creator as though there Mothers was Insane when she should have Been training them maners

"does it lead men to the penitenry for Horse steeling

"does it take men to the gallows for taking the Inisant blood of there fellow men

"Does it Cause a guilty conciounse in any one

"Does it ever cloth a family in Rags. as you clamed in this number Does it cause a miserable family Does it cause parants to be a shamed of there children and children of there parants.

"If it does these things than fight it with all your might if it does not. Than why are you publishing such a paper Remmember your paper is leading thousands astray and you will be held accountable in the great day of our Lord and Remmember you believeing Jesus to a myth does not change the facts in case in the least: your punishment will be mulltiplied upon *you acording to your works* I hav did as you Requested now will your publish this and let your readers hav the benefits yours Truly B. F. SHELINE"

We are appealed to by the senders of this to "stoop just this once to answer this;" but we frankly confess that we are puzzled how to get hold of it. Shall we describe the anatomical differences existing between the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER and a mule, showing how our larynx is incapable of vocal competition with that useful but ridiculous animal; or shall we corner Mr. Streline by asking him how he is certain of so much that nobody else pretends to know? What reliable information does he possess concerning the immortal? Has he lived other lives, or is he acquainted with anyone who has? "It is the mortal that dies & the immortal livs." Exactly, barring the symbolic conjunction. We are willing to concede that anything which is immortal livs. The question is, what is immortal? The nearest approach to an immortal object—having a beginning—which we know of is the ignorance of Christians like Mr. Streline. That seems impenetrable and never-dying.

Really, we don't see what our Infidel-smasher has proved, or advanced any evidence to prove. He makes assertions, for all the world like more competent theologians, but forgets to adduce corroborativ testimony. What is the divine nature? How do the Christians get hold of it? What has "hope" to do with facts? A Mohammedan hopes to go to heaven and be surrounded with houris. Will he? A Buddhist hopes for nirvana, and his idea of heaven is extinction of consciousness. Will that be his condition after death, because he hopes for it? Then we get this quotation, delivered with solemn mien: "Now remember that Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." Well, what of it? What does it prove? Only this, that Mr. Streline—who is a type of hundreds of thousands of Christians—has heard a minister quote it in an oracular manner, and being incapable of reasoning upon the matter has taken it for granted that it means a tremendous lot. Supposing a man has faith that in some other planet water runs up-hill, trees grow into the earth, and two and two make a hundred and five, is his faith evidence that it is so? Go to! Mr. Streline. Smash us with something else.

The resurrection argument, or the stone which wasn't at the door of the sepulcher, is the next weapon of offense. Let's put the argument into syllogistic form:

1. Christ was missing from the tomb.
2. Therefore he was raised from the dead.
3. Ergo, he was the son of God, and this proves the immortality of the soul.

Hurray! Can anything be neater, or more complete, or more conclusiv? Surely there has arisen in Ohio a logician of great power. But before we adopt the conclusion we desire to hav historical proof that a son of God was crucified, that he was put in a sepulcher, that his body disappeared, that he appeared to his followers, that he ascended into heaven. Does Mr. Streline know that the best Christian scholars of the world admit that the four gospels are not authentic, were not written by the men whose names they bear, nor at the time the unlearned Christians think they were? Before we can believe the resurrection myth, the accounts of it must be substantiated. Guesswork, tradition, faith, the dreams of credulity, the imaginings of ignorance, the statements of designing priests, cannot be taken as historical truth.

We may inform Mr. Streline that Thomas Paine died calmly, peacefully, and without crying out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and that Infidelity makes men better by teaching them to hav regard for their lives here in this world. We may also inform him that the patrons of saloons are mostly Christians; that about all the murderers are religious, and that Christianity pretends to be able to get them into heaven; that a good many horse-thieves hav been pious; that ninety-nine of every hundred convicts in the penitentiaries are professing Christians; that a good many unhappy families are caused by the Christian religion; that a good many religious fanatics hav been reduced to penury by their "devotion to the Lord."

We are willing to take all the consequences of our present conduct, assuring Mr. Streline that we do not believe a good God would make us so that we cannot do otherwise than as we do and then burn us forever for doing it.

Twaddle.

The *Messenger of Truth*, a religious periodical, quotes approvingly this paragraph from John Ruskin:

"God is a kind father. He sets us all in the places where he wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly 'our father's business.' He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He givs us always strength enough, and sense enough, for what he wants us to do; if we either tire ourselvs or puzzle ourselvs, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing him if we are not happy ourselvs."

We wonder if God sets the editors of Freethought papers at their employment? Was it his wish that D. M. Bennett, for instance, should begin the publication of THE TRUTH SEEKER? And are we doing our "father's business" in continuing Mr. Bennett's work, delightful and inspiring though it may be? Does the happiness a Freethought writer or lecturer derives from his labor of breaking mental chains argue that such labor is pleasing God? Does God really giv the iconoclasts the wit and ability they use in destroying the superstitious belief in a God or gods?

When you come down to bottom facts, what twaddle the Christian talks!

Who They Are.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 26th we inquired if anyone knew "Hon. Charles F. Caldwell," of Parkersburg, W. Va., who was said to be a "famous Infidel," known as "the Ingersoll of the West Virginia bar," and "the Rev. James A. Merryman," for twenty years an Infidel, and "intimate friend of Colonel Ingersoll," both of whom are alleged to hav been recently converted to Christianity. Mr. Warner Lovell, of Des Moines, Iowa, writes:

"I hav recalled to mind the 'famous' Caldwell and notorious Merriman. Caldwell is a slugger, according to the sporting record, and Merriman won first money at a walking match of six nights' duration in Des Moines last winter. I make no charge for this information, but as you advertise to know 'Who Are They?' I thought I would endeavor to giv you the desired information. WARNER LOVELL."

Does anybody else know who they are?

Editorial Notes.

WE print elsewhere copious passages from Colonel Ingersoll's reply to Mr. Gladstone's criticisms of himself. The article occupies some forty pages of the *North American Review* for June, and the balance is as good as the extracts we quote. The *Review* containing it will be supplied from this office for fifty cents.

SALADIN reprints in the *Secular Review* the excerpts from Mr. Gladstone's attack upon Colonel Ingersoll made in these columns, together with our comments thereupon, which he calls "an able article." This is flattering indeed; but what we want to see is Saladin's funeral sermon over Gladstone's effort when he reads Colonel Ingersoll's answer.

THE general synod of the Reformed Presbyterian church adopted a resolution last week reaffirming their convic tion that the Constitution of the United States is a virtual agreement or compact to administer the government without reference to Christ or the Christian religion, and that incorporation with the government on the basis of this Constitution is, therefore, an act of disloyalty to Christ. This is a legally correct estimate of the relations between the national government and the churches, as contemplated by the founders of the republic, but practically the matter is very different. Except in legal technicalities the churches are as well "established" in this country as in England, and they manage to filch from the national money-box and the various state treasuries about as much cash for their support. The Reformed Presbyterians are too finicky in their loyalty to Christ!

ELDER JAMES QUINTEX, editor of the *Gospel Messenger*, dropped dead one afternoon while offering praver at the national conference of the German Baptist (Dunkard) church, near Wabash, Ind. He had been editor of the *Gospel Messenger* more than twenty years. This will do to go with the Seneca blasphemy incident, wherein the blasphemer was suddenly stricken insane; for if the moral of the one is, Don't blaspheme, the moral of the other is, Don't pray.

THE Rev. G. M. Colville, of Binghamton, N. Y., approached dangerously near to plagiarism in his memorial sermon at the gathering of the Grand Army of the Republic of his city. One of his paragraphs reads:

"The past rises before me. I see four millions of human beings governed by the rod. I see bloodhounds pursuing them into the depths of the dismal swamp. I see babes torn from their mothers at the auction-block. Oh, cruelty unspeakable, and all under our flag! Now, instead of slaves, I see free men, women, and children. Thank God, the heroes did not die in vain!"

This is a very clumsy imitation of Colonel Ingersoll's "Vision of War," which he gave at a soldiers' reunion in Indianapolis in 1876, and which he quotes in the Decoration Day oration printed in this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Ministers who use Colonel Ingersoll's ideas and language ought at least to giv credit for them.

THE C. R. Bennett who figures in the Oakland *Enquirer's* report of a Freethought lecture in that place as the champion of Clark Braden, the theological polecat, is the agent of the San Francisco Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Anthony Comstock of the Pacific coast. It is a choice companionship. Braden is meeting with poor success in his challenges. He used the Christians of Phœnix, Ariz., as catspaws, hoping by a trick to secure a debate with C. B. Reynolds, but the Liberals demanded the name of their opponent before getting Mr. Reynolds to revisit the town, on learning which the debate was declared off, as Mr. Reynolds refused to meet Braden on any terms. Braden will hav no better success with Mr. Putnam, and we advise him to retire into that obscurity which will so become a man of his shady reputation. The less he is heard the better he will be thought of.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S Decoration Day oration teaches lessons that it would be well for all political parties as well as for the pietists to learn. Liberty, liberty, liberty! is the current flowing strongly through its expanse of flowery rhetoric. Every matchless period emphasizes the speaker's desire and demand for liberty, justice, equality. Liberty secured to all, justice for everyone, and equality the natural condition of men and women. If Colonel Ingersoll will only occasionally allow his voice to be heard for a few years more, the people in this region, at least, will hav some idea of freedom. Amid the music and flowers and gay mourning of the memorial service—the "joyful celebration of magnificent recollections"—this speech was "like the lily with its heart of fire," the fairest flower in all the wealth of blossoms. In quotation, even, the orator could only match himself with himself. The audience received the speech with applause and tears, and showed that in almost every heart the good is uppermost by going frantic with enthusiastic appreciation of the picture of the future republic. The Minneapolis *Tribune* will hav to revise its opinion that Colonel Ingersoll is hampered in his career by his religious opinions. He is the most sought-after orator in New York, and is fast becoming the most popular man.

Mr. Talmage is a Joke.

From Fa r Play.

THE TRUTH SEEKER, after quoting some of Talmage's ravings and declining to comment seriously upon them, says: "Talmage is a joke." That is true, and it is doubtful if he *means* to be anything but the clown or the acrobat of the pulpit. His mountebankism and misrepresentation bring him notoriety and ducats, and what more could any sensational preacher wish? Inductiv reasoning, the truths of history, and fair treatment of those from whom he differs are things with which he wants nothing to do. Let him alone, let him perform his marvelous feats of mouth and limb in the theological sawdust ring; until he says something serious and in a manner to convince us that he is not merely performing on the tight rope of calumny for his own amusement and profit, men and women of purpose and work hav precious little time to waste upon him.

Preaching is Labor.

From Life.

Last of all, says *Life*, Satan came also, as our pious brethren are inclined to believe, and induced Judge Wallace to decide in the case of the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, who was imported from England to supply a pulpit in this city, that clergymen come under the law forbidding the importation of laborers whose services are contracted for in a foreign country. We are inclined to think that Judge Wallace's decision was complimentary to the cloth, rather than otherwise. Scoffers contend that the average city clergyman does very little work in return for the large salaries that most of them are paid; whereas, according to holy writ, every clergyman should be distinctly a laborer in the vineyard of his master. If Judge Wallace had based his decision on the precedents established in the Rev. E. Walpole Warren's book of books, he could not hav come to any other conclusion than that the clergyman was a laborer; and that being established, according to our statutes his importation under contract is an infringement of the law that must meet the penalty.

Letters from Friends.

STOCKTON, MO., May 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $5. I send you the name of S. S. Gilmore as a new subscriber. He is a young man; is a Freethinker, and has been for several years, but never subscribed for any Freethought paper until now. I am sure he will never do without your paper after reading it for one year, and of course that is the kind of a subscriber you want. I want to do all I can to get more people to read a good paper like yours, and drop their old superstitious ideas and do right for right's sake, not because they fear an imaginary God, of whose existence they hav no proof. C. H. MACK.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., May 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav heard a number say we must nominate R. G. Ingersoll for president of the United States. I would say to all such that we need him for other purposes. He already occupies a position higher than president of the United States. He and the principles he advocates must necessarily make him president of the world. Let us take his principles and organize in every place, and I will guarantee the world will accept them for all truth. How any person can see otherwise I cannot understand. What orthodoxy has been to other nations, that it would, if it could, be to us. By their fruit ye shall know them.

CHARLES SACH.

MONTESANO, WASH. TERR., May 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: There is great excitement among the Liberals here on account of Mr. C. B. Reynolds, the Liberal lecturer, being expected here. I got money enough together before I wrote him to come here. In this village are only a few outspoken Liberals. There are several Liberals that would not let it be known; they go to church, belong to the church, and, as most of them do there, act like monkeys. We can hardly wait until the lecturer comes and givs us good teaching. Please send me four more ALMANACS for 1888, and three copies of the "Argument by R. G. Ingersoll in the trial of C. B. Reynolds for Blasphemy"

Yours truly, W. WEDEKEN.

NEW CAMBRIA, KAN., May 6. 288.

MR. EDITOR: We suggest that Col. R. G. Ingersoll be run for Congress as an Independent candidate in the district in which he resides. England has her Ingersoll in Parliament, and ought we not to make a continual endeavor to get our Bradlaugh in Congress? And if we had the determination of a Bradlaugh we would get him there, too. There is nothing to hinder any person in any part of the United States from contributing to a campaign fund for the above purpose, and if we should succeed, we know by Bradlaugh's experience that the battle would be more than half won. Such an effort would at least "make Rome [and her children] howl." This would hav a wonderful effect in agitating our cause.

Let agitation come! Who fears?
The filth of years has gathered round us—
Roll, then, on! What cannot stand had best begone.

JOHN W. ABBOTT.

PRINCETON, KAN., May 16. 288.

MR. EDITOR: As life is short, I take this opportunity of saying that THE TRUTH SEEKER suits me in every particular, and my hearty thanks are due to everyone connected with it, even down to the very devil. O brother! it has been a great source of delight to this old body and mind. I cannot do without it. How I wish I was able to thank in person everyone who contributes to its columns! I am a poor, old, ignorant man, but I am not unmindful of the obligation I am under to those noble men and women who giv us such noble sentiments in THE TRUTH SEEKER. How I should like to thank them in person! May they be blessed!

Eugene, I liv in one of the most ignorant, intolerant, bigoted, superstitious neighborhoods anywhere. I hav made the acquaintance of Mr. Frazer, of Ottawa, eight miles off, and he is the only Freethinker I know of in this whole region. I am much pleased with the ANNUAL for 1888. And as to Brother Heston, he is a brick. May his shadow never grow less!

I. P. MARTIN.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., May 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I believe Colonel Ingersoll is the most misunderstood man in the world to-day. And is it not strange? He condenses and simplifies the eloquent truths he utters until it would seem that a child could comprehend them. But for lack of comprehension the thoroughly orthodox are peerless.

Evidently the gentleman at the Nineteenth Century Club did not comprehend Mr. Ingersoll. How many times must he reiterate that it is not the thought, but the action, for which we are accountable? Perhaps I do not grasp the gentlemen's meaning, but it seems to me that they do not make nice distinctions between thought and action. How can we control that of which we are not possessed? Thoughts flit through the brain with the freedom of the wild bird in air. Some we would hold and imprison; some we would not entertain; but when both, uninvited, make a guest-chamber of the brain, what remains but to control the action?

Mr. Coudert is so exercised about the tearing-down process which Mr. Ingersoll has been carrying on so successfully that he is perfectly oblivious to his building ability. Fortunate indeed are we that a man livs who can tear down the structures reared by superstition and supported by ignorance. Mr. Coudert says: "What most ardent admirer will say that Colonel Ingersoll has built up anything?" His most ardent admirers know that structures such as Colonel Ingersoll has laid the foundation for are not completed in one man's lifetime. But when our children and our children's children in years to come hav reared upon that foundation the structure whose imperishable walls shall overtop all tyranny and creeds, when universal mental liberty shall be the watchword on its towers, then will the world do homage to the memory of R. G. Ingersoll, the greatest defender of human rights, the greatest champion of human liberty, the world ever saw.

MRS. J. B. PUFFER.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., May 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished reading Aunt Elmina's "Little Lessons," and find that the grown-up children can learn something from it. I got it for a birthday present for my only grandchild, and am sure nothing could please her more. Liberals who hav no little ones of their own surely hav a niece, nephew, cousin, or grandchild who would be made better by reading this little gem. There are many whose birthdays will intervene between now and the winter holidays whose hearts would rejoice with this book for a gift.

Our children read her story of "The Darwins" years ago when it first came out in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I remember yet how delighted they were with it. They could scarcely wait for the mail that brought the paper. But it is in book form now, and is just as entertaining as ever. I hav sent for "The Darwins" and "The Infidel School-teacher" to send to a distant friend. When you are reading anything of Elmina's you feel as though she were near you, and not as though she lived on some far-off planet. She makes you feel at home as much as though you were with her in her little sitting-room at Snowville, Va. Be sure and write to her for one or all of her books.

MARY BAIRD FINCH.

EQUESTRIA, TEX., May 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: There is a wrong here in Texas that some abler man than I should show up. The landowners, land agents, bankers, and railroads are raising large sums of money to send back to the states to boom Texas. I will say for a truth that there is not one farmer out of seven but has a mortgage or a vendor's lien on his land. Besides, labor is begging employment. There are hundreds not able to pay taxes, while the bank is overrun loaning at two per cent per month.

The Union Labor party is causing some little alarm among the old Democrats. To prove to you and everyone that the Democratic party will not do, I refer them to the only fully Democratic law-making body that ever existed in the United States. That was at Richmond, Va., and Montgomery, Ala. If I remember rightly, it was Democratic from doorkeeper to president. Here are the laws it enacted in favor of labor—and let every poor man recollect this when he goes to vote: All those who owned mills or machinery were exempted. All those who owned five hundred sheep, five hundred head of cattle, one hundred head of horses, or five negroes were exempted. But everyone who had a wife and from one to ten children, and a hut at the back side of a negro plantation, without clothes or provisions, was forced by conscription to go in service for three years, or during the war. This is a full-blooded Democrat move for the poor laborer.

Let Mr. Heston keep the monkey. He is a fair representativ of the negro in the South thirty or thirty-five years ago.

Mr. Reynolds's account of Kansas is a correct account of Texas.

I was a subscriber for the fund to carry D. M. Bennett around the world. I hav the three volumes of his Travels. I shall soon send for the fourth.

M. M. HAGLER.

ADRIAN, MICH., May 27, 288 A S.

MR. EDITOR: "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusco fell." The little sheet edited at Antioch, Cal., in the interest of woman's rights and kindred affiliations is in great travail over an article which was written for Putnam and Macdonald's *Freethought*, but was not printed by that firm, and was handed to the editor of the Antioch paper and printed—a part of it. I will not repeat the agonizing howl the editor renders up, but will say, only in kindness, a marked copy of *Foundation Principles*, a paper edited at Antioch, Cal., is before me, and my reply is: Many thanks! You will notice, the more venomous the reptil, when disturbed the livelier contortions. Facts are stubborn things. In regard to "braying of long-eared minstrels," you must remember there are one hundred mules of the feminin gender to one jack; also, bear in mind that an estimate of caliber from your own standpoint is hardly a fair measure for myself. Now, in regard to Putnam and Macdonald's not publishing my effusion, I don't know if your statement be true or not, neither do I care. As I know purity does not accompany any such doctrin as Heywood's or any other paper advocating indiscriminate blending of principles, the comments concerning my article fall flat. The tone of the paper is Anarchical, and tends to distortion of morals. If you are endowed with such herculean intellect as you seem to attribute to yourself, you could do better in some other direction. As to the discrepancy between a four and eight page paper of the Lilliputian dimensions of the Antioch sheet, it is hardly perceptible, and should not worry so profound a source. My dear fellow-mortal, I hav unbounded sympathy for the suffering of all animated matter, whether animal or human, but hav no admiration for distorters of truth or disturbers of good morals and good government. No man living has a more profound regard for Liberalism than myself, or a more true respect for morality. The martyred Bennett, the founder of the Liberal doctrin enunciated to-day, has no more true adherent to the truthful sentiments embodied therein. The means which were inaugurated to persecute the hero who circumnavigated the globe in the interest of truth and science will some day recoil upon the perpetrators, in my opinion. D. M. Bennett was the greatest disseminator of Liberal truths of his time. As a devotee of Anarchy said in regard to the misguided cranks of Chicago, "Hats off," I feel like saying, Hats off for the noble Bennett!

O. S. BARRETT.

ELBA, O., May 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In an article from Elba, printed April 21st, appears the expression: "The preacher was repeating the story of Ingersoll's daughter joining the Presbyterian church." I am informed that it was not the intention to mention any names in that article, but as the Methodist preacher here, a Mr. Pettay, was the one meant in the paragraph immediately preceding, the use of "the" instead of "a" was an error and escaped the notice of "Agnostic." It is a very common occurrence for Methodist preachers to make use of similar falsehoods invented by orthodoxy, and they usually peddle out their stock in trade without the semblance of a blush, but I am glad to say we hav an orthodox preacher here who objects to being quoted as authority for this particular falsehood. "Agnostic" requests me to correct the error, which I cheerfully do. However, the story was told by a preacher in Mr. Pettay's presence and he had no word of rebuke at the time. His attempt to make capital out of so slight an error is simply catching at a straw, and his motiv well understood. Mr. Pettay does not seem to be so prompt in publicly correcting his own public statements which hav no foundation in fact. His statement that I acknowledged that I lied is simply false, and he dare not make an explanation in print.

Mr. J. E. Remsburg delivered two lectures at Lower Salem and one here, which were the first of the kind ever delivered near here. Those who engaged Mr. Remsburg hav reason to feel proud of their success, as it was much better than expected, and this explains why some people—preachers, for instance—catch at straws. The preacher here had special business out of town when Mr. Remsburg came. Preachers are paid by the year to defend their doctrins, but they dare not do it when their opponents hav any possible chance to be heard.

Respectfully, W. J. DUTTON.

BLOOK, KAN., April 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Since I wrote my last letter to you, I hav received a copy or two of nearly every paper of Liberal tendencies that is published in the United States, also a copy of *Secular Thought*, and let me say that for live editors, for good thinkers, for witty and sarcastic writers and debaters, I do not think the same number of papers representing any other cause will equal those representing the Liberal cause. While some of the papers hav been free love and others hav been Anarchistic, and some hav been labor papers, they hav all been carefully read, and distributed where I thought the most good would be done; but let me say that I liv in a settlement where the people are either Liberals or Lutherans. There is quite a flock of each, and it seems as though the lines are drawn so that but little advance in numbers can be made by either. The Lutherans hav a $6.000 church away out here, ten miles from a town of any size, so you may know they are pretty strong, and it is just as hard to penetrate their heads with a new idea as it is with the same number of Catholics. In fact, the difference between the Catholics and the Lutherans is only in the degree, not in the kind, and the Lutherans are only one degree behind the Catholics.

If there are any truly Liberal papers published in the German language, and some of the publishers of such papers will send me copies. I will gladly distribute them where they will do the most good.

I like the Liberal cause, and do all I can for it. If I were able, I would take every paper published in the interests of that cause, for I believe the newspapers are the general educators, so of course the more Liberal papers the better. Wishing success to all, and hoping for a future as bright as only S. P. Putnam can picture it, I remain,

Yours truly, W. A. LOWE.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., May 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: We hav been having a course of lectures by Prof. J. S. Loveland in our city upon Liberal subjects that gave universal satisfaction. Many of your readers may remember that Professor Loveland was one of the early workers in the cause of mental freedom thirty and forty years ago in the city of Boston and other Eastern cities. He now hails from California, and is president of the Mount Pleasant park camp-meeting at Clinton, Ia., the only one in the country that maintains a free platform practically. And here let me say that any person that will take the trouble to spend a few weeks or a few days at this camp cannot help being instructed and interested.

Dr. Juliet H. Severance, whom many of your readers may be interested in, has just returned from the Union Labor convention at Cincinnati, where she was sent as a delegate at large from this state, and she considers that a good work was done in the cause of labor reform. She has lately been on a trip lecturing in the northern part of the state. She lectures on a great variety of subjects, and all of her work is in the best interest of the people as she understands it. Our city is as free from priestly rule as any you can find in this country. There are as many churches here as anywhere, but they do not hav the same control over the people. Sunday is like a holiday here. People go to church, and then to picnics, hav three or four ball games, and horse-races, dances, etc. Our Sunday laws are as stringent as the most conservativ could wish, but they cannot enforce them, so they stand as a dead letter upon our statute books. Over half of the population are Germans, and a large share of them are very Liberal and hold a balance of power Liberally. They hav a large society of Freethinkers called "Freide Gemeinde." Then, our labor organizations help to Liberalize the people, although a large share of them are members of the different churches, but they find they cannot serve their own cause of labor and the church at the same time and be faithful to both. We do not hav any speakers like Dr. McGlynn here that tell them that they can be good Catholics or Protestants and work successfully against all the monopolies, for the church monopoly is one of the worst in the land. While

there is not any open attack made upon the church in the labor movement, the church stands or falls with the rest of the monopolies. The principle of equality of the race can never exist as long as the Christian church maintains its present power in the land. The cause of human freedom and the church are in utter opposition to each other, and always hav been. More and more people are beginning to find this out, and I hope there will be more cities and towns like our own where people can hav more freedom of thought or action. And all hail the day when we shall hav universal mental freedom throughout the land! A. B. SEVERANCE.

PROSPECT, PA., May 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: My copy is, as far as I know, the only one that comes to Prospect, which is a town noted for its deep and fervent piety. My humble self, however, does not take any stock in religion, for these reasons: first, because there are so many, each claiming to be the only true one, that with the great mass of mankind it is only a question of where they are born as to what their religion is; second, our particular religion is founded on the belief that the Bible is the word of a God who made this world and its inhabitants in six days, but this Bible is full of errors which prove that it is not the work of the architect of the universe, but the work of man in an ignorant and barbarous age. The science of geology proves that the world was not made in six days, six thousand years ago, but that it is millions of years old, and the same agencies that made it are yet at work. The Bible says Joshua commanded the sun to stand still; the science of astronomy proves that it always stood still. In the New Testament it is miracle upon miracle. You are commanded to love your enemies and hate your friends. And St. Mark xvi, 15–18, proves either that there is not a particle of faith in the world or the promis is worth nothing. When I giv these reasons in argument the pious cannot answer them, but say they are sorry for me; that I'll find out some day, etc.

And now, Mr. Editor, and friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER family, I hav a little favor to ăsk. I am a young man of twenty-five years, unmarried, and hav a common school education. I intend to devote a few years, if I liv, to gathering together a little property, which at present I am lacking. I wish to do this by honest labor—fairly paid, which it is not in this section. If any reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER knows of any place where a man can obtain steady work and good wages, and will let me know, I will be greatly obliged. E. MOCANDLESS.

DES MOINES, IA., April 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I myself carried about my TRUTH SEEKER that contained the article, "Straws Show Which Way the Wind Blows," to get the article republished. I first went to the state *Register*, the state mouthpiece of the Republican party. The editor said the priest must hav been drunk, but when I asked him if he would publish it he said No, the Catholics would get mad. I then tried the evening *News*, another Republican paper. Then, by invitation of the editor of the *Grand Army of the Republic*, I sent the article to him, as he said he would publish it with comments. I waited a week, and his paper came out, but not a word about the tearing of the stars and stripes from the coffin of a dead comrade. The editor then sent me word it would not do to attack the church, but he would annihilate that impudent priest in next week's issue. I waited for that, but, alas! nothing said. This editor is also a Republican, and could not afford to resent the insult offered to the flag of his country and a dead comrade, for it would kill the dear Republican party. I then was told that there was a paper in the city published by the Rev. Elder Lucas, who would dare slap that priest, as it was in his line of business to differ with Catholicism, and he is always ready for a debate. This was an insult to America, her flag, and to his dead comrade, for the reverend was with the boys in blue, and was a leading member of the G.A.R. We expected that he would send the priest to Andersonville prison anyway. But no; this sky-pilot, too, is a Republican; and the Catholic priest with impunity has given our country a greater insult than was given by the rebels firing on Fort Sumter, for which insult millions lost their lives. Who was it said, Shoot the scoundrel who would molest the flag?

Oh, yes, I had forgotten—this reverend once showed fight to Brother Watts, of Toronto, Canada. The fighting Watts accepted, and he sent his acceptance. But the reverend failed to materialize.

They hav been exhibiting on canvas in the Baptist church of this city "Christ Before Pilate." It drew twenty-five cents for admission. It took money out of the dupes' pockets. Of course, the sky-pilots stood in. But the poor city got nothing. They were allowed to run the museum without license. PAUL KENNEDY.

WOODHULL, ILL., May 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Talmage said recently: "The Lord almighty, in a score of passages which I hav not now time to mention, utters his indignation against all this family of delusions. After that be a Spiritualist if you dare."

Brother Talmage, I think you hav lately been barking up the wrong bush. In your sermon on Spiritualism you utter many deliberate falsehoods. You put up a man of straw and strike right and left regardless of whom you hit.

Now allow me to quote from the Bible: "No one has ever seen God or heard his voice." Now, how dare anyone say he said so and so? You will say, "They were inspired." Now, I would not giv six and one-quarter cents for the inspiration of any person. Some persons are shrewd, and good at guessing, but that is all.

If people would only giv up imagination, the earth could soon be made to "blossom as the rose."

The idea that Spiritualism is a religion is worse than foolishness. Nobody ever claimed it was. No one has the power to call up the dead; and what is more, no one ever did hav. So you see that little tale about Samuel is nothing but a romance.

There are just as many spiritual manifestations now as ever there were; but, for obvious reasons, people keep them secret.

A man must be blind indeed if he has not discovered that man is composed of two elements—good and evil. The flesh is evil and senseless; the spirit is intelligent, good, and pure. A blind man could see that it is not a person's spirit that needs looking after, but his body. God is mighty, and is able to manage his affairs in his own way without the interference of man. MRS. B. BURGESS.

PHENIX, ARIZ., May 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: On the arrival of THE TRUTH SEEKER every week every Liberal-minded citizen of this place that is so fortunate as to read its columns rejoices in the work it is doing for the enslaved minds of poor humanity. The sledge-hammer blows of your editorials and your correspondents, and, last but not the least, Watson Heston's caricatures, are heavy on the clergy.

Clark Braden is now with us, and has been for the last ten days trying to explain the Bible. One evening he appeared on the rostrum as an advocate of Solomon. He started out by saying that the Bible does not teach polygamy. Next, that his mother, God bless her, had died with the Bible by the side of her head, and she believed it to be a work of inspiration; that he did, too, and any Infidel, Freethinker, or other person who says differently is an infamous scoundrel. The Freethinkers of this place all agree that it is the best argument in favor of Solomon's actions they ever heard, but not quite satisfactory to the Liberal mind, that God guided and directed Solomon in his wicked works. Arizonians know something about polygamy, and a man of Clark Braden's caliber cannot defend that book against the charge of polygamy with one of the Mormon elders in this county—and there are many of them. Again, he says the Bible does not teach the enslavement of the human family, and givs as his reason: "My mother believed it to be an inspired book, and so do I, Ingersoll to the contrary notwithstanding, and any man who says differently is a vile, dirty villain;" and other language such as is sometimes used about bar-rooms, but seldom, however. Every evening he has a different subject, and the principal part of the lecture is the abuse of Ingersoll and all Freethinkers. The language he uses is some that he has manufactured for this particular occasion, and I will say that it is the most vile language ever used in this city. It is used in a church, under the sanction of the churches of this place. He winds up by saying, "My mother was a Christian and a devout woman, and she believed it to be a work of inspiration, and I do." He has used his mother so often in his arguments that it has become a by-word on the streets, and now it is customary in order to convince a man on any subject just to use Clark Braden's argument, "My mother believes it," and you gain your point every time. I hav given this thing too much notice, and I hope you will excuse me for it; but there is one thing I want to say before I close: there are more Infidels in Phenix than ever before, and some of them came out of the church. I think if Clark Braden would stop a month with us our ranks would fill up fast. He is doing us no harm, and I only hope he will keep on. A FREETHINKER.

AXTELL, KAN., May 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: C. B. Reynolds and the other blizzard came to Kansas and are gone. One would think that mortgages, ague, and blizzards hav full possession of Kansas, if one were to take Mr. Reynolds's word for it, and that we "only raise one crop in three years." I came to Kansas first in 1866; hav been in Fall River, and most of the eastern part of the state. I know that we hav no worse storms than they hav in Oswego county, New York, and not near so frequent, and that we hav not half so many cases of ague. I am now marketing corn at forty cents a bushel that pays me $12 an acre, and I can show a man land fully as good that can be bought at that price. We are in debt, but so are the farmers of Indiana, Michigan, and other states. I hav lived in several of the Middle states, and can truthfully say that any man with $1,000 to $5,000 can locate himself far better here than in any place east of the Mississippi river. I am a farmer, and hav no lands for speculation. I write this so as to try to undo the harm that Reynolds's articles were calculated to do to the poor man in Kansas that must find buyers or lose everything.

I was greatly interested in Van Buren Denslow's articles on the "Distribution of Wealth." I had never before read so plausible a defense of monopoly. The only objection to his conclusions is that they are all false. He said that "large owners of land rented cheaper than small owners." We hav the illustration right here. Bookwalter owns vast tracts of wild land and wants $1 per acre, while I can get small tracts at thirty cents. Phillips Brothers hav in cultivation sixty farms; the appurtenances are meager, yet they insist upon the regular rent. I can assure the readers that unless we hav a change in the railroad and money policy of this country it will be but a few years before nine-tenths of our farms that are now mortgaged will be in the hands of the few shylocks, and such defenders of the corrupt system as Mr. Denslow will find degradation and ruin on every hand. I am glad you gave him space, as we like all sides.

I admire the management of the best of all papers, THE TRUTH SEEKER. Would it not be in order to send Comstock a skunk by express? I think that the company would be consoling.

We are in good fighting trim here if we can get some sky-pilot to open his battery outside of the pulpit. Our Union is proud of the work we hav done since we organized. May every town where there are six or more good Liberals form a Union, and they will find plenty to do. I admire the articles of E. A. Stevens. I think he is the right man in the right place. Watson Heston is also a trump card.

E. W. MINER, Sec. Axtell Liberal Union.

OPEN LETTER TO REV. DEWITT TALMAGE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 11, 1888.

REV. MR. TALMAGE, *Dear Sir:* I hav heard you preach, and hav read many of your discourses in the leading papers, and was at one time one of your ardent admirers, but either you or I hav changed, perhaps both. I now hav a Boston *Globe* before me with your sermon for May 6th, and am astonished at the lack of logic in your remarks.

You assume that there is such a thing as a soul, which is a very fundamental point. In fact, everything depends on whether man has an immortal soul to trade or to save. And if it is really immortal, his swapping or trading it is impossible; no amount of selling could ever make it mortal. Then, if man has no immortal soul and if death does end all—and you do not know but it does—are not the pleasures of this world worth having? Is it not the idea that eternal and unutterable bliss is awaiting you that makes many of earth's joys and pleasures so unsatisfactory to you, and if you thus blur and destroy all this world's pleasures, and there is no other, are you not a loser of everything? Is not a man a fool who will sell what he knows he has, even if he cannot be sure of it long, yet it being what he can now feel and see and enjoy, for something that a priest describes to him as attainable by him in the future if he will giv up all to the priest? One would think you very familiar with all the properties of souls. You seem to know as much about them as a pedlar does about his wares. You hav doubtless seen their wings; witnessed their velocity, weight, etc.; "seen them leap" across "chasms of immensity." When it meets your purpose, you speak of the soul as though it were the body, and then when it meets your purpose you speak of its being infinit, etc. Is it not sophistry to compare, as you continually do, dissimilar things in a careless way as though they were similar?

You also believe there are lovely flowers in heaven; they are "the spirits of dead flowers." If flowers hav immortal spirits, or souls, why not grass and trees and thorns and thistles, etc.? What becomes of the souls of all the potatoes you and other animals eat? But you say flowers hav odors, and these odors are souls. Exactly so; so do potatoes, tomatoes, and many mineral substances hav odors. Are they possessed of immortal souls? What about the animal kingdom—are there to be no birds, no pet lambs, no playful kittens, no loving, faithful dogs, and no noble horses in heaven? Surely muskrats and skunks will be there. They hav strong odors. But perhaps I am too hasty; perhaps the Lord has privately told you that all the disagreeable beasts will go down to that place paved with hot brimstone and frolic around for the entertainment of Ingersoll & Co. and all who in this world doubted that they had souls. What but a bloodthirsty, depraved set of lunatics would look at a "lamb slain, wounded in the head, wounded in the feet and in the side," and then start in singing a perpetual song of "Hosanna! Hosanna!" etc.? What a hard, cold place that celestial city must be—all gold, gold, and precious stones! Any feather-beds up there? Why don't you picture out a reasonable sort of a place, one that will look consistent with the nature of things, and then people will be more likely to think you know more about it than themselvs?

But where were all these immortal souls before they were born? This world is one vast cemetery; the very soil under our feet is composed almost wholly of the dead, decayed bodies of plants and animals. Where now are all of their souls? Are there any more souls in existence now than a thousand years ago? If so, is the universe going to be ultimately all made up into souls? If this world had a beginning; if this life had a beginning; if mind had a beginning; if reason, love, hope, fear, pleasure, pain, etc., had beginning, then we and all are sure to hav ends. If I am eternity bound, I am coëxistent with God and must always hav existed.

How large is a soul? What is its shape? Can a thousand of them dance on the point of a cambric needle, as one Christian says, or are they the full size of the bodies they inhabited? And if you say you do not know, you probably will tell the truth, but you will seem ridiculous to hav said so much about that of which you know absolutely nothing and which you cannot even prove that you or anyone else has had or ever will hav. Many men spend their time and lives trying to explain a thing or prove it only to find after all that it had no real existence except in the imagination. Natural facts are not hard to prove. If there were any such things as souls apart from bodies, it would be self-evident, and no one would dispute it. No one disputes the multiplication-table. Why soar into visionary nothings when there are poetry and pleasure enough in contemplating solid facts? Talk about what you know; don't try to entertain people and get their money for telling them what you don't know, is my advice to you and all preachers. The clear reason why the clergy cry down and try to depreciate the value of this world is that they want the people to contribute largely of their money and goods to the Lord and his servants, especially the servants. If this world is such a miserable concern, its happiness so ungratifying, etc., it reflects rather roughly on the skill of the one said to hav made it. And if it is such a worthless piece of property, it is strange that the Lord, living in such luxury as golden streets, etc., should need any part of it to complete his own happiness. While we born here don't need any of it—giv it all up for Christ and then giv ourselvs up, too; be his slave, and if we are not happy now we will be in that sweet by and by.

I want solid facts for humanity. C. L. HASKELL.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Redbird and the Oriole.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

I stood at my window a morning in May
While a redbird was singing just over the way,
And the merriest note was his "Chee, chee, chee!"
And he looked like a bright shuttle tossed on the sea:
Yet he treated with scorn my handful of crumbs,
And I tried him again with a knot of gray thrums
That I carelessly hung on the green, swaying bough,
While hither and thither he fluttered. And now
He has found it—but that moment there came
A fierce oriole with a jacket of flame
That swooped down upon it with beak and with claws,
And cared not a fig for the other, because
He knew it had all been ordered for him,
So he furiously tore down the whole from the limb,
Swinging straight to the ground in the greed of his gain,
Holding fast with his feet and his bill to the skein,
Till the long wisp had fallen from out of the tree.
Then the gay, flashy oriole, where, where was he?
All ignominious he lay on the ground,
Where not a bright feather of him could be found,
His back to the grass and his feet in the air.
Was ever a bird in such plight, I declare?
Covered o'er with the shreds of the gray—and with shame—
No morsel we saw of his waistcoat of flame,
But heard a glad trilling far up in the tree;
'Twas the redbird a-mocking and crying, "Chee, chee!"

MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Frenchtown, Neb., May 18, 288.

Coral Formations.

The Mangrove islands, near the western coast of south Florida, are splendid illustrations of coral formations.

Once having seen them, the theory of their growth is apparent, because of the various types and stages of development.

Take, for instance, any one of these islands and it is at once observed that its origin was a simple polyp, adhering to a rock, to which the corllet—the calcareous secretion, or cell—becomes affixed.

This polyp multiplies, by producing eggs and budding coral grains, by additional cells being produced by the offspring, and thus the secretions of multitudes of these marine animals form into extensiv rocks.

Layers upon layers continue to form until the surface of the water is reached.

Many kinds of debris are lodged by the gulf waves upon this formation; vegetable matter decomposes; seeds, which hav been conveyed by various agencies, germinate and flourish.

The mangroves are the first to grow on these islands. The flow and ebb of the tide leaves the seeds lodged in crevices of the rocks, and they rapidly spring up, and ere many seasons they form such a network of roots that the current of water is turned. Among these roots floating debris is lodged, and upon that the waves wash shells, sand, and soil.

Upon this various forms of vegetation grow luxuriously, and finally the coral island becomes the home of many animals; among them being the cultivators of tropical fruits.

T. P. BRINEGAR.

Frances Wright.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON: I saw in THE TRUTH SEEKER last December a biographical sketch, from your talented pen, of the most remarkable and talented woman that ever graced the lecture platform in the United States. She might well be called the female Ingersoll of America. I mean Frances Wright. I think she was different from Colonel Ingersoll in many respects. Ingersoll only attacks priestcraft; Frances Wright attacked priestcraft, kingcraft, statecraft, bankcraft, and even the lawcraft. She thought the lawcraft more dangerous than priestcraft, as the lawyers drafted all the laws; they drafted them to suit their interests—the more numerous the laws the more business for them. She opposed monopolies of every description. She was a friend of the producers of all wealth; and of free schools, as her lectures on "Knowledge" conclusivly prove. Those lectures on "Knowledge" were given at her expense in all the principal cities of the United States. They were designed to ameliorate the condition of the downtrodden toilers of the land. She taught and believed that there could be no such thing as equality until the masses were as well educated as the classes. I became acquainted with Frances Wright by her lectures on "Knowledge," as published in the *Free Enquirer* as early as October, 1828, Robert Dale Owen and Frances Wright editors. In the year 1838 I commenced business in Cincinnati. Frances Wright and Mr. D'Arismont were then living on the corner of William and Elm streets. I often heard her lecture; in that way I became personally acquainted with her and Mr. D'Arismont. In 1840 there was a literary society formed in Cincinnati called the Franklin Institute. Mr. D'Arismont and myself were members of the society; I soon became intimately acquainted with him. As I was a builder, carpenter, and joiner, I did considerable work for him. Mr. D'Arismont was a scientific man, enthusiastic for the education of the masses. He approved of the lectures on knowledge. They both believed in a practical education. That neither possessed, which they regretted exceedingly. I hav heard Frances Wright blame her uncle and aunt for not giving her a practical education instead of Greek and Latin. She never dressed herself till she became of age; a servant was at her heels by night and by day. She never made her bed, never swept her room, never cooked a meal or hemmed a handkerchief, or washed one either. I built two houses for her; in that way I was in her company a great deal and learned from her own lips more of her true history than will ever be known from any of her writings.

Your biographical sketch is in the main correct, with one or two exceptions. Her land you speak of was located back of Memphis ten miles. She lived in the family of Lafayette some time, and paid out of her own pocket the whole expense of the housekeeping. Lafayette, if you recollect, was confined in an Austrian or Prussian prison, his property confiscated, and was poor at the time Frances Wright was invited to his house. This I had from her own lips.

Another mistake that has crept into your biographical sketch is that Frances Wright and Mr. D'Arimont did not liv together happily; I think it a great mistake, and I know it is false. The reason why many people thought they did not liv happily together was that they did not understand the philosophy of marriage as they understood it. Mr. D'Arismont and Frances Wright both believed that the marriage contract ought not to interfere with the personal rights of the individual either in person or property. They did not believe in the Paul doctrin for the wife to submit to the wishes of her husband in all things just to please him and the Lord, or to replenish the earth with human beings, to obey another command. They believed it was a great sin to bring a child into existence when the prospects were that that child would be miserable by that existence, just to gratify one of the lowest instincts. Frances Wright believed that every woman ought to retain her own name, do business in her own name; that the wife's property should not revert to the husband when married. This also was the opinion of Mr. D'Arismont. She conducted her business in her own name, attended to it in person. Mr. D'Arismont had no more to do with her business than a stranger.

Those buildings I built for her; she was her own architect. She traveled a great deal. She went twice to Europe after I was acquainted with her. Mr. D'Arismont did not accompany her in any of her travels. He attended to the education of Silva, the only child by that union, according to agreement before marriage. He was to educate all the children and she was to determin the number she would consent to be mother of. They believed that marriage as at present practiced is vile prostitution.

You can guess now why all Christians and many Infidels hav thought they did not liv happily together. JOEL BROWN.

Mount Healthy, O., May 10, 1888.

Correspondence.

SAN JACINTO, CAL., May 6, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: This is my first letter to any paper, but I will do the best I can. Father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER several years. He is taking *Freethought* and the *Ironclad Age* now. Mr. Putnam and Mr. Reynolds hav both lectured here at our town. Will you please tell me what the Speak No Evil Society is? I think I would like to join it. I hav an essay entitled, "The May Picnic," that I will send you, and if you think it is good enough to print in the Children's Corner, I would like it very much. Our family are all Liberals, and we like all of the Liberal papers. I hope I will see my letter and essay printed. I send you a card for a keepsake. I must close. From a Liberal friend, MARTHA DEMING (aged fifteen).

[The Speak No Evil Society is as it indicates—its members learn to curb the tongue and to speak no evil of anyone.—ED. C. C.]

MONTE VISTA, COL., April 7, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav a little black dog and his name is Jip. He chases jack-rabbits through the sage-brush. I made a pincushion for my auntie. I am sorry that your dear mother is dead. I am almost five years old.

LAURA LAMSON.

[Little Laura is our youngest correspondent. We feel quite sure she is a dear little darling girl, and the editor of the Corner sends her a sweet kiss to-day.—ED. C. C.]

SAN DIEGO, CAL., May 7, 1888.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Sister:* I thus address you because I believe all of "Adam's sons and daughters" should be indeed brothers and sisters in all pertaining to the uplifting of human kind.

My chief reason, however, for addressing you these lines lies in the fact that I am desirous of soliciting all the information obtainable from those of practical experience in the work of teaching our little ones, and youth of all ages, the principles and Liberalizing ideas of Freethought. I wish to know what methods are the most successful in not only training the young mind to think for itself, but also to maintain the interest in the children's lyceum with undiminishing ardor, to the end that both old and young will not tire or grow weary in the good cause.

Is it possible to attain such excellent results, or am I soaring beyond possibility?

Is there at present being published any Liberal paper devoted exclusivly to the young?

What books for the little readers are there to be had, and on what terms can the foregoing be secured?

By these queries you understand that we wish to organize a society especially devoted to inculcation of humanitarian and progressiv ideas in the minds of the children of Liberalism, and therefore wish you to aid us so far as within your power with whatever of thought, wisdom, or experience you hav to offer.

It appears to me to be a work much needed, and yet one that is much neglected. If we expect our cause to keep pace with the advance of the age, we who cry so loudly for free thought, free speech, and free press must needs bestir ourselvs to more diligent effort.

Hoping I hav not transgressed too much upon your time, I close by asking for the addresses of all those who you think might be able to contribute some suggestion or aid us in our undertaking. With earnest endeavors for progress, I remain,

Sincerely, J. EMMETT SMITH.

[An excellent way to develop thought is to suggest topics to the child. For instance, tell him to take note of the trees as he passes, their names, shape, form of limbs, leaves, trunk, fruit, etc.; learn the hight, age, and all pertaining to their growth. Or ask him about the kinds of flowers, fruit, vegetables, or animals he sees in walking—about all their ways and habits. Let him discover all he can and tell it. Encourage him to ask questions.

Vary the program in the lyceum by recitations, songs, and dialogs, and an occasional picnic or tea party; form a debating class among the children, hav classes in natural history, in poetry, drawing, etc.

There is no paper now published of the stamp mentioned. There doubtless will be when Liberals are ready to maintain one.

The Truth Seeker Company furnish catalogs of the few really Liberal books for children.—ED. C. C.]

J. W. has our thanks for samples of *Sambuci (San Souci)* and *Lachryma Christa*. The first is well calculated to drive dull care away, and the latter, from its name, ought to remove all traces of sin from anyone fortunate enough to behold its liquid clearness.

"The good doctor" will please, also, accept thanks for handsome beaded moccasins, pincushion, and other useful articles. The editor of the Corner thinks herself fortunate in the possession of so many kind, loving, and appreciativ friends, and while she livs will endeavor to preserve their esteem and friendship.

When Mr. Hiram Wentworth learns to write a good, sensible letter, and stops calling our dear little children "silly" and "stupid," his light may then shine in the Children's Corner. He is too big a boy to write nonsense.—ED. C. C.

The Reason Benny Should Know.

In a Sunday-school not a thousand miles from Jesup there was a young lady teacher who had a class of boys ranging in years from three to fourteen. When the class commenced to recite the teacher asked a great big, gawky boy who made him.

"I dunno," replied the boy.

"What, a boy of fourteen years old and doesn't know who made him? Why, there's little Benny Jones, only three years old, and I'll bet he can tell who made him. Come up here, Benny. Benny, who made you?"

"Dod," said the bright little three-year-old.

"Do you hear that?" said the teacher.

"Well," said gawky, sniffling, "I reckon he can tell who made him, 'cause 'taint been long since he was made."

The Faithful Dog Again.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* heard the following from a friend in Budapest: A few days ago the new bishop of Waitzen, in Hungary, was sitting at dinner in his own house with seven friends, when all at once a small dog belonging to him ran up, and seizing the tail of his coat, tried to pull him toward his bedroom door, which opened into the dining-room. At first he drove the animal away, but it whined piteously, and his guests advised him to see what it wanted. The bedroom door was thrown open, and by the light from the dining-room the bishop and his friends discovered a man hidden under the bed armed with a large knife. He was dragged out, and made to confess that he had escaped from the town jail, and was bent on robbery.

A RICHLY dressed lady stopped a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked, "My little boy, hav you got religion?" "No, ma'am," said the innocent, "I've got potatoes."

"MOTHER, hav I got any children?" asked little Johnny Fizzletop. "Who? No, child; what put that in your head?" "I read in the Bible about children's children. That's what put it in my head."

THE Boston idea.—"Mamma," inquired little Waldo Bunker, of Boston, who is spending the winter in Florida, "what is that body of water?" "The Atlantic ocean, my dear." "The Atlantic ocean!" exclaimed little Waldo, in amazement, "why, I thought the Atlantic ocean was near Boston!"

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher, after relating to the children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them, "Why does not God strike everybody dead who tells a lie?" One of them immediately answered, "Because then there wouldn't be anybody left!" That child evidently hasn't a very high opinion of the veracity of his Christian instructors and associates.—*Freethinker.*

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to liv,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and giv
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother-doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels Death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see,
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of one,
Nor promised love it could not giv,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us liv.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home,
To hav before my mind—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure, eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

That Badger Boy At Sunday-School.

SECOND LESSON OF MOSES.

The teacher read farther along in the book of Exodus, and finishing, that Badger boy cast his grappling-irons, so to speak, and boarded ship for loot in the shape of information.

"Them was high kickers that Mose led, warn't they, mum? If they warn't kickin' at the Lord, they was kickin' at Mose, but allus a kickin'! They was a tuff lot, warn't they, mum?"

"They were very rebellious at times, James."

"Yes'm. I s'pose there was a spring where Mose hit the rock with his club, don't you, mum?"

"I suppose—no, I don't suppose—I know, you heathen boy, that Moses smote the rock and water came that never flowed before."

"Yes'm. How do you know, mum?"

"Because it is so written in God's book, you young Infidel!"

"Yes'm. How nice your obbun hare looks this mornin', mum!"

"Do you think so, James? Well, I'm glad it pleases you, dear. If you would only be as Christian in your talk as I think you are at heart, you don't know how pleased I should be, dear."

"Yes'm. What did Mose hav to do with the fust lot of commandments, mum?"

"Nothing, dear; they were written by the finger of God on the tables."

"Yes'm. What'd he want Mose on the hill with him for forty days and forty nites, then, mum?"

"I don't know, James, and you must not ask such questions. It is awful wicked."

"No'm. But God made Mose rite the second batch 'cos he smashed the fust ones, didn't he, mum?"

"Perhaps, James. Only he and Moses knew why."

"Yes'm. Coodn't God made 'em up sooner'n forty days and nites, mum? I guess he woodn't do for a newspaper man if he coodn't——"

"You James Badger—you awful boy—you stop!"

"Yes'm. I'll bet pop cood a rit 'em in ten min——"

"O you horrible boy! go home!"

"No'm—please. I'll be good, and ma said you was a most lovely Sunday-school teacher, when you went by this mornin', mum." [The writer thinks the little cuss was lying here—under a mistake, at least. However, he caught on, as it were.]

"Dear me, James, I hadn't ought to forget myself so, and get so provoked with you, but I am only mortal, you know. Your mother was very kind, dear, to speak so of me."

"Yes'm. Mose was orfle mad when he come down the hill and seen that gold carf sot up for God, warn't he, mum?"

"Yes, dear, and righteously so—it was awful, wasn't it?"

"Yes'm. It was kinder ruff for Moses to hav three thousand folks killed, warn't it, mum?"

"No, James, it was a righteous judgment. They were idolators, and deserved to die."

"Yes'm. What's idolators, mum—them as goes for the dollars?"

"Well, you hav just about hit it, James, for they are worshipers of the golden calf the same as those Hebrews that were slain."

"Yes'm. S'pose Mose liked it up there on the hill with God, forty days and forty nites, and then another dose of it, mum?"

"Why, of course, James. Why, he was glorified, you see! Wouldn't you hav liked it, dear?"

"No'm. You bet I woodn't! I don't like fire and smoke in mine, and sech an orfle head as God had onto him!"

"James—James!"

"Yes'm. Was they wurshupin' that gold carf, mum, when Mose come down?"

"Yes, dear—just think of it! Wasn't it awful?"

"Yes'm. 'F I'd a been Aaron I'd a made a gold bull. That wood been a bully god, woodn't it, mum? Knocked a carf higher'n a kite!"

"O James! you are too awful for anything!"

"No'm. Was them real fire snakes that made it so interestin' for the Sheneys, mum? Did they hav red-hot teeth, like rattlers duz, mum?"

"They were real snakes of fire, James, sent by the Lord to punish the Hebrews for their wickedness!"

"Yes'm. Ma was readin' about 'em the uther nite to company—she alluz duz somethin' to make it pleasant for company, you know—and pop got his oar in and said, 'Oh, them ducks had been on a tare and had the jimjams! That's what the matter was with the duffers when they saw the snakes!'"

"Oh, mercy me! your pa is awful, James!"

"No'm. Wood lookin' at a brass snake on a pole cure a rattler bite, mum?"

"Yes, you boy, if God so ordered it!"

"Huh! pop'll bet yer twenty dollars 'genst them store teeth of yourn——"

"Oh! oh! you horrible James Badger—oh, you awful little monster, you get out just as quick as the Lord will let you—go! The class is dismissed." And thus ended the second and last séance of Moses. SI SLOKUM.

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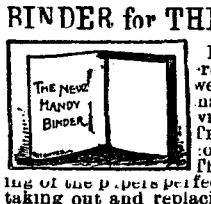
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News of the Week.

GERMAN Catholics are holding masses, processions, and prayers for the emperor's recovery.

THE German government on the 3d stopped the presentation of a drama because it was anti-Catholic.

MATTHEW ARNOLD left only $5,000.

RUSSIA is at work on her railways to the Pacific.

RUSSIA has eight universities and 44,832 churches.

DR. MCGLYNN continues his assaults upon the pope and the church.

A STATUE of Columbus was unveiled at Barcelona, Spain, on the 1st.

MRS. CLEVELAND received at Talmage's house on Decoration Day.

FRANCE and Germany continually quarrel over affairs in Alsace-Lorraine.

THE Chinese emperor has 30 physicians, 35 chief cooks, 75 astrologers, and 60 priests.

CORNELL University has organized a department of journalism, to fit young men for editors.

CARDINAL GIBBONS is an influential friend of very many of our state and national officials, and prominent generals, editors, etc.

THE band of roughs called White Caps are enforcing marriage morals in Indiana.

ENGLAND will expend $17,000,000 on defense works for Malta, Gibraltar, and Australian colonies.

MRS. CLEVELAND has been made a life member of the executiv committee of the Presbyterian Home Missions.

IT is thought that if Boulanger attains power he may, to render himself popular, order England to vacate Egypt.

OF Russia's population of 110,000,000, every person capable of bearing arms is enrolled for military duty of some kind.

THE Presbyterian general assembly at Cedar Rapids, Ia., decided, after debate, not to refuse clergymen's licenses to tobacco-users.

THE Prohibition party computes that its vote, which was in 1884 150,626, and in 1886 294,683, will this year be 740,000.

AT Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 31st ult., the Reformed Presbyterian synod denounced our Constitution for ignoring Christ and Christianity.

MRS. CARRIE HARRINGTON, of Chicago, whose mind has long been unbalanced through religion, burnt herself to death on the 2d.

CONGRESS will appropriate $75.000 toward building an air-ship, which will be a steel cylinder 600 feet long, exhausted of air, and carrying 100 passengers.

HINDOO students at Madras hav become incensed at Christian propagandism, and organized a tract society to promote Hindooism in opposition to Christianity.

ST. PAUL, Minn., and district, which in 1851 had one priest and a few hundred Catholics, is now a province, with an archbishop, 350 churches, and 400,000 members.

AT Curtis, Ark., on the 22d ult., Arthur Horton, colored, was taken from his bed by five negroes. three of whom were preachers, and killed by crushing his head with an iron bar.

CLEVELAND attended the laying of the corner-stone of the Catholic University, sitting beside Cardinal Gibbons and holding a whispered conference with him. The next day the cardinal and other churchmen called on the president by special appointment. They were received in the Blue Parlor, and the presentations were made by the cardinal, assisted by Marshal Wilson.

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MOSES GETS MAD.

And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing: and Moses's anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount.—Ex. xxxii, 19.

Odds and Ends.

ONE of the main questions of the age in regard to some men is not, What do they liv on? but, Why do they liv on?

MOTHER: "And the serpent, as a punishment for tempting Eve, was made to crawl all the rest of his life." Bobbie: "Well, mamma, how did he get along before?"

IN the court room: "Why is it they are so mighty particular about keeping order here?" "The judge, you remember, can only serve during good behavior."

BROWN (of Chicago): "That fellow is looking at you rather hard. Do you know him?" Mrs. Brown: "His face does look familiar. What's his name?" Brown: "Goldplate, I believe." Mrs. Brown: "Oh, yes! I remember him now. He was my first husband."

"LOVERS are prone to self-depreciation," said he, tenderly, as they sat looking at the stars; "I do not understand what you see in me that you love me." "That's what everybody says," gurgled the ingenuous maiden. Then the silence became so deep that you could hear the stars twinkling.

MISSISSIPPI editors are overworked. The other day a molder of public opinion in that state wrote a column editorial in support of the Mills free trade bill, drank a pint of whisky, and killed the editor of a "vile and slimy contemporary" before noon, and he didn't begin work until 8:30 A.M, "nuther."

"MY friend," he said to a young man who bore signs of dissipation, "do you realize that the road you are following leads eventually to death?" "Er—well, yes, sir." "Aye, it leads eventually to death! And do you know where the road of sobriety and virtue leads to?" "Yes, sir; that leads eventually to death, also."

CLERGYMAN (calling at No. —ty Fifth avenue, to little boy): "What are the Ten Commandments, my little man?" Little boy (who has been taught etiquet by his mamma): "Thou shalt not eat with a knife; thou shalt not ask for soup twice; thou shalt not drink out of the sugar-bowl; thou shalt not——" Clergyman: "That will do, my son."

"I HAV nothing to say, your honor," responded the prisoner, who had been convicted of bigamy; "I can only ask the mercy of the court." "Since you ask the mercy of the court," said his honor, "and there are four women who will probably claim you for a husband when you are free once more, I will giv you ten years in state prison, instead of five."

HAD I the right—
I wish I might—
Think you those lips I'd kiss?
Do you believe—
Can you conceive—
That such a chance I'd miss?

Could I but see
That I were he
Who might her rage defy,
Do you suppose
That I would lose
The time 'twould take to try?

MISS VASSAR (just graduated with high honors): "I declare it's too provoking. Here we've been out three days, and watched and watched, and havn't seen one yet." The doctor (gallantly): "It is too bad. Now just tell me what you are looking for, Miss Vassar." "Why, the lines of latitude and longitude, to be sure. I hav always wondered how the ships got over them—or is it under them?—it is very puzzling."

"PAPA," said a beautiful girl, as the old gentleman came in very late, "did you notice the dead body of a young man in the yard?" "Why, no: what's the matter?" "I refused young Mr. Paperwate to-night, and from the hopeless, despairing look upon his face when he staggered from the house, I fear he may hav killed himself" "Well, I'm glad you refused him," said the old man spitefully; "he has just beaten me five straight games of billiards."

"WELL, deacon," said the new minister of a Dakota church, "did my initial sermon seem to please the congregation?" "Yes; some of the boys were havin' a little game of draw after the meetin' was over, an' the general sentiment among 'em was 'bout unanimous in your favor. Homestretch Mike allowed the sermon wasn't much, but he hed jest run up agin' fours with a king full, an' under them circumstances a'most anythin' would natterly seem kind o' ornery."

SHE was the reigning belle!
Straightway in love I fell;
Potent became the spell—
Too plain for masking.
Then for a time I wooed—
For her sweet favor sued,
Till I'd my courage screwed
Up to the "asking."

Out of the glare and heat,
Where to the music's beat
Tripped the untiring feet
Of the gay dancer,
Gently I led my fair
Partner, so debonair,
Told her the whole, and there
Waited her answer.

Sweet was the flowers' perfume—
Weird the enshadowing gloom;
From the gay, lighted room,
Sweet strains came faintly.
Turning, she smiled and blushed,
Murmured surprise, and flushed,
Then, in the silence hushed,
Answered me quaintly.

Doubtless you think she said,
When she had raised her head,
That which all lovers dread:
"She'd be my sister!"
That's where you've made a guess
Wrong, as you must confess;
For she said softly: "Yes!"
Yes! and I kissed her!

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Gems of Thought.

THE origin of all religions, creeds, and sacred books is substantially the same, and the history of one is, in the main, the history of all. Thus far these religions hav been the mistaken explanations of our surroundings. The appearances of nature hav imposed on the ignorance and fear of man. But back of all honest creed was, and is, the desire to know, to understand, and to explain; and that desire will, as I most fervently hope and earnestly believe, be gratified at last by the discovery of the truth. Until then, let us bear with the theories, hopes, dreams, and mistakes, and honest thoughts of all men.—*Ingersoll.*

THE finest fruits, the choicest grains, the most beautiful flowers, do not grow spontaneously on every hand, but hav to be cultivated with care. The weeds, the thistles, the nettles, and the poisonous plants hav to be uprooted and removed. So it is with personal qualities and individual characteristics. Some are less useful and less to be admired than others. One class needs culture and care, and the other should be destroyed. Let us apply the same tactics and practices in one field that we do in another, and we can succeed in making this world about as pleasant and happy as we wish. We will not need to wait till we die before we go to heaven, for we can get up one here on our own account, and if there is a continued existence after this life, we will be far better prepared for it than by neglecting our own faults and depending upon the virtues of another.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IN the name of the gods, what is more desirable, what is more excellent, than wisdom? What is better for man? What more worthy of man? They, therefore, who court her are termed philosophers, for philosophy, if the word is to be interpreted, implies nothing but the love of wisdom.—*Cicero.*

HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.—*Proverbs* iii, 13-15.

NOT to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure, and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom. What is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence. —*Milton.*

THERE is not throughout the whole book called the Bible any word that describes to us what we call a "poet," nor any word that describes poetry. The cause is, that the word "prophet," to which latter times hav affixed a new idea, was the Bible word for poet, and the word "prophesying" meant the art of making poetry. It also meant the art of playing poetry to a tune upon any instrument of music —*Thomas Paine.*

POET and prophet differ greatly in our loose modern notions of them. In some old languages again, the titles are synonymous. *Vates* means both prophet and poet; and, indeed, at all times prophet and poet, well understood, hav much kindred of meaning. Fundamentally, indeed, they are the same; in this most important respect especially, that they hav penetrated both of them into the sacred mystery of the universe; what Goethe calls "the open secret."—*Thomas Carlyle*

NOR sometimes forget
Those other two, equaled with me in fate,
So were I equaled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Maconides,
And Tiresias and Phinaus, prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert bid
Tunes her nocturnal note. —*Milton.*

IF this be rather the truth, that the death of the soul and of the body is one and the same, and that no consciousness remains; as there is no advantage in death, so certainly there is no evil. For when consciousness is lost, it becomes the same as if we had never been born at all.—*Cicero.*

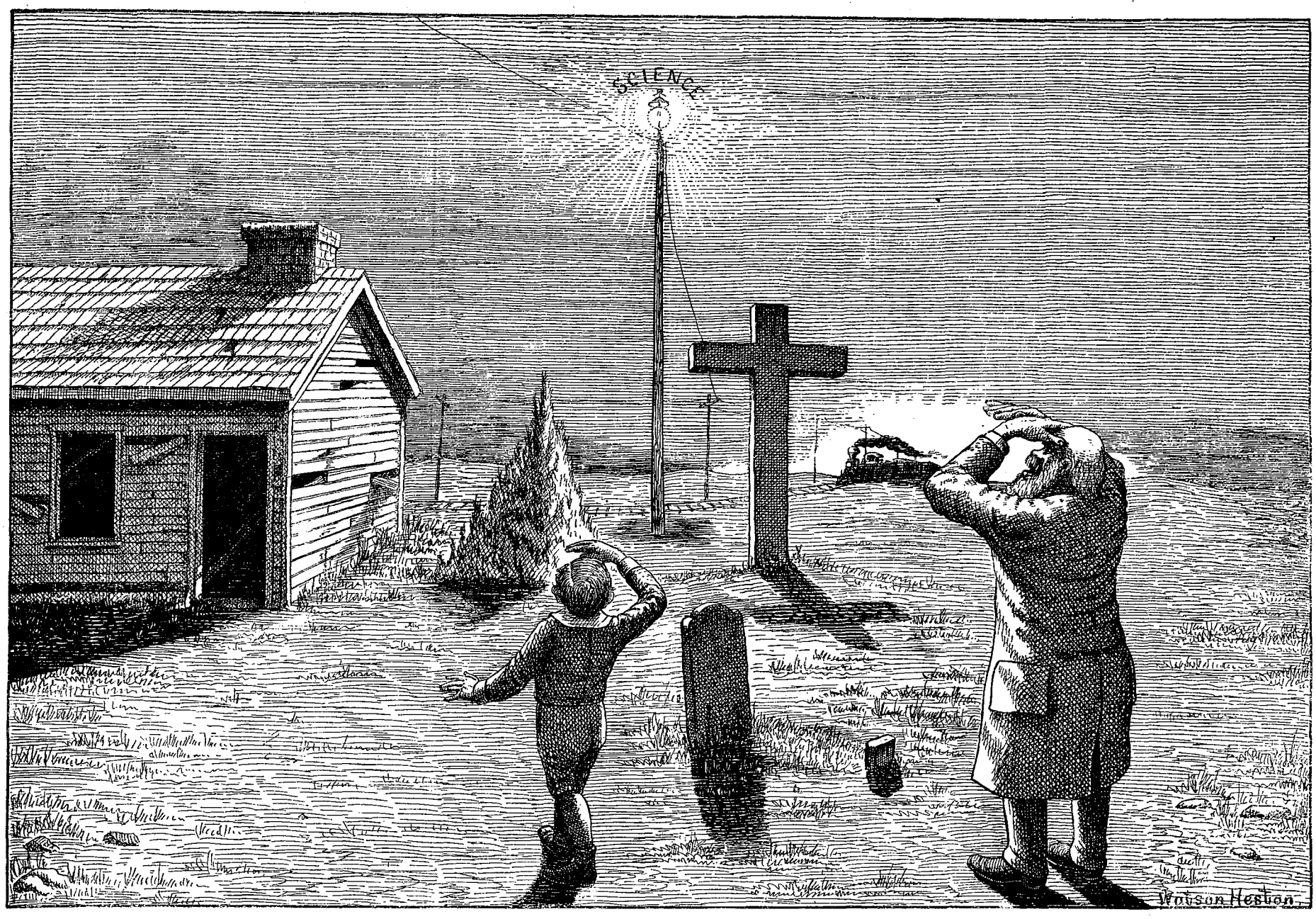
NEXT to eternal life is eternal death. Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no wave. Eyes that hav been curtained by the everlasting dark will never know again the touch of tears. Lips that hav been touched by eternal silence will never utter another word of grief. Hearts of dust do not break. The dead do not weep; and I would rather think of those I hav loved, and those I hav lost, as having returned, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world—I would rather think of them as unconscious dust, I would rather think of them as gurgling in the stream, floating in the clouds, bursting in the foam of light upon the shores of worlds—I would rather think of them as the inanimate and eternally unconscious, than to hav even a suspicion that their naked souls had been clutched by an orthodox God.—*Ingersoll.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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FROM ILLUSIONS TO REALITIES.—(Companion to last week.)

Notes and Clippings.

THE Washington *Critic* says that Mr. Cleveland may be a Mugwumpic Democrat, but he isn't a Mugwumpic Presbyterian.

THE *World* states: "Col. Robert G. Ingersoll denies the report that he is to present Judge Gresham's name to the Chicago convention. Ingersoll is not a delegate to the convention, and he says that he has no present intention of making a speech of any kind at the Chicago gathering."

IN a letter to the *Sun*, Belva Lockwood, the Equal Rights candidate for president of the United States, writes: "Should you still hav any doubts about man being a comprehensiv term, embracing woman, turn to the Revised Statutes." The *Sun* ought to be ashamed of itself for raising this question, says the Scranton *Truth*. Of course man embraces woman.

GOVERNOR HILL having signed the bill to that effect, after the 1st of next January electricity will be substituted for hanging as the method of administering the death penalty in the state of New York. This change, says the evening *Sun*, is in accordance with the increasing tenderness of modern civilization with regard to the infliction of pain upon man or beast, for by means of the electric current death can be produced instantaneously, and without the shock to the sensibilities of the observers caused by other forms of legal execution, whether by harging, by the ax, or even by the garote. The criminal is dispatched neatly, expeditiously, and painlessly, and that the method of death is sure has been proved in the many cases of men who hav dropped dead instantly after touching electric light wires. The condemned will be seated blindfolded on a chair provided with the proper electrical appliances and attachments, and on the touching of a button by the executioner he will be dead.

THE Boston *Watchman* winds up the funeral notice of a sister who died recently in Essex Center, Vt., with this lofty compliment: "She was a member of the Baptist church, and for many years a subscriber to the *Watchman*, which she highly prized." The editor of the *Watchman* does not mention any other of his deceased subscriber's virtues, says *Life*, evidently being of opinion that anyone who highly prized his paper is sufficiently authenticated for this world and the world to come.

AT a meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society two weeks ago, Dr. McGlynn declared that there was nothing in the nature of an antagonism between religion and the doctrin of the Anti-Poverty Society, but there was a great and a vital struggle between the church machine and the Society. The Society was struggling for the rights of humanity, as true religion always was. The machine was busy looking after the temporal welfare of the "machinists," in keeping the temporal power of the pope properly bolstered up, and in securing fat offices for relativs and favorits. Christ had this same struggle with the church machine. "The high priests and their ilk had him denounced as a Socialist because he talked doctrins just as we are doing to-day. He wanted to save souls. His antagonists were more concerned about their miserable bodies. Why, if Christ should come on earth to-day—this very night—he would find a more hearty welcome on the stage of this hall than he would in many of the musty, moth-eaten pulpits of the city."

THE International Congress of Anthropology, the first ever held in this country, held its first session June 4th in one of the halls of Columbia College, under the direction of the New York Academy of Anthropology, and presided over by Dr. E. C. Mann, M.D., F.S.S., president of that body. Dr. Mann delivered the opening address, which was an admirable and exhaustiv review of the world's progress in the science of anthropology. Respecting the antiquity of man, the speaker said, light has been constantly shed by new discoveries and investigations. The combined labor of Messrs. Whitney, Dawkins, Tiddeman, Croll, Skertchley, and Geikie hav added to the conviction that man existed during the Post Glacial period; that that Glacial period was not an uninterrupted one of cold, there being at least four ice ages with intervening cold and warm periods, and during these periods, as indicated by the remains found, man was an inhabitant of our planet, with animals either now extinct or only found in warm latitudes; while Professor Hughes, on the contrary, maintains that the evidence relied on to show the existence of man during the Glacial period is far from satisfactory. Wallace says to-day not only is the belief in man's vast and still unknown antiquity universal among men of science, but it is hardly disputed by any well-informed theologian. The views of astronomers, geologists, and physical geographers upon the age of the earth show a wide diversity between them so irreconcilable as to show that our knowledge is not sufficiently advanced to admit of any reliable theory as to the age of the earth.

AMONG its interesting gossip of the day the *Sun* records that "since Mr. Hugh O. Pentecost—for he announced on Sunday that he objects to being called reverend—resigned his Newark pastorate, he has become a sort of free lance, and rides full tilt against existing conditions—social, political, and religious. Possessed of au attractiv presence, a clear, pleasant-toned voice, perfect enunciation, easy manner, and a good power of sarcasm, Mr. Pentecost naturally draws a good-sized audience at the Masonic Temple, where he speaks Sunday mornings. He has become a confirmed advocate of Henry George's land theory. In a recent sermon he preached on the question, 'Is the Soul Immortal?' and showed that, as far as that matter is concerned, he is an Agnostic. Last Sunday he took for his subject, 'Something Better than Orthodoxy.' He did not dwell extensivly on the preferable substitute, but was sufficiently vehement in his arraignment of orthodoxy to suit the most ardent Infidel. He denounced the church of to-day as an organization of modern Pharisees, and spoke bitterly of his former brethren as a class, the clergymen. 'I believe,' he said, 'that one of Talmage's sermons against Infidelity does more to disgust sensible people with the Christian religion than all of Robert G. Ingersoll's speeches and writings put together.'" Regarding this last statement Mr. Pentecost is right. Colonel Ingersoll's lectures do not "disgust" sensible people with religion, but rather fill them with sorrow for the slavish intellectual habits of man, and indignation at the tyranny of priests and kings.

Communications.

The Mission of Liberalism.

It is generally expected when a writer discusses a subject that he will define the terms of the proposition, or subject of his discourse, in order to giv the reader a clear understanding of the theme, and prevent the writer from wandering off into unnecessary and unimportant digressions.

Sometimes the terms are explicit enough to be well understood, and therefore save the writer the trouble of defining. Definition is also studiously avoided at times, which givs the writer an avenue of escape should his critics charge him with ignorance or prejudice.

The term Liberalism may be thought to be sufficiently well understood to need no defining; but the question having been lately asked if there was any such thing as Liberalism, the various answers the question has received might make one hesitate, if he takes a second thought, to define the term, as the meaning of the word seems to be as flexible and elastic as the cosmogony of Genesis in the hands of biblical exegetists.

Liberalism, in its broadest sense, means a complete toleration of ideas—universal liberty of thought, and complete liberty of action, so long as our acts are in harmony with our being and do not interfere in the rights of others. It is hardly possible for one to subscribe to any particular creed, either religious or political, and be thoroughly Liberal. Though it is not unfrequently the case that persons belonging to the most orthodox churches are decidedly Liberal, while it must be admitted that there are those who profess to hav become completely emancipated from superstition, and hav assumed the title of Liberal, who are most intolerant bigots. Liberalism with some too frequently means license; with others it means only liberty of conscience to themselvs and others who believe just right.

I do not wish to be freed from the broadest definition of Liberalism, but intend to keep that constantly in view, though I beg leave, for the present purpose, to confine myself to a more restricted sense, and shall limit the term to that phase of Liberalism which is activly opposed to superstition and error, and is honestly endeavoring to correct abuses arising through intrigues of kingcraft and priestcraft and a union of church and state.

Liberalism has a twofold mission: To eradicate error, destroying those baneful prejudices and superstitions which are the source of sectarian strife, national animosities, race prejudices, and which therefore augment the sum of human misery; its mission is also to preserve that which is good, to inculcate true principles of morality, and through universal mental liberty to unify the human race. Liberalism therefore has, like all progressiv movements, a destructiv and a constructiv side.

The work of destruction must necessarily precede the work of construction. Nothing can be done in constructiv work as long as our progress is impeded by the accumulated rubbish of centuries. If we wish to build a new edifice where an old one has stood for hundreds of years, do we not first hav to remove the old one? The decayed and ruined material must be removed; the tangled thickets of brier and vine must be cleared away; the ground must be prepared once more. So, in the case of intellectual progress, old errors, prejudices, and superstitions, the fearful nightmare of theology, must be overcome before constructiv work can with safety be commenced. Those doctrins which subjugate the spirit of man, those dogmas which hinder a free inquiry, must be obliterated.

For how is it possible that the horizon of the mind can expand when it is hedged in by a creed which teaches that the doctrins of any particular church or the statements of any particular book are infallible? If one is satisfied that he is right, that his religion is of divine revelation, and therefore nothing further can be learned regarding the doctrins of which it is the province of that religion to teach, there cannot possibly be any intellectual progress until doubts can be aroused. Skepticism is therefore the necessary antecedent of all progress.

Not only do those superstitious dogmas, by producing a stagnant mind through ignorance and fear, prevent the devotee from exercising freedom of thought, but the history of the church proves that those professing such creeds hav, in the most cruel and ignorant ways, endeavored to prevent others more bold than themselvs from exercising that inherent right of free thought and free speech. For those Liberals, then, who are working for the cause of humanity, who really hav the welfare of their fellowmen at heart, it becomes their duty to do what they can to free mankind from the thralldom of superstition. For one to read himself full, hav opportunity for reflection, and from the result of his study feel himself more of a man, a better citizen, a kinder father and husband, and then shut his information within his own mind, is to disregard the happiness of his fellow-creatures. The metaphor of hiding one's light under a bushel is just as true and just as fitting now as it was eighteen centuries ago. This, then, is not a question of policy, but one of imperativ duty. The fortresses of superstition and ignorance must be assailed by every method that is honorable. Any method that will stir the stagnant brain to thinking is justifiable—the force of logic and fact, the arrows of wit and humor, or the shafts of sarcasm and irony.

No doubt many pleasant memories cluster about those early teachings and associations. The scenes of childhood, the day-dreams of youth, are dearest to the human heart. It may seem harsh, even cruel, to turn the attention of mankind to the absurdities and falsities of those doctrins around which are entwined so many pleasant ties and sacred recollections. But we must remember that there is nothing sacred, nothing holy, but truth. Error, however masked, can be none other than baneful in its effects. The dogmas of Christianity hav tended more to separate than unite mankind. In the track of the church there hav followed discord, strife, jealousy, blood shed. The church has taught man's duty to man on wrong principles, and filled the dreams of the future with indescribable horrors. The moss-covered and ivy-grown cathedrals of superstition, dedicated to the service of an unknown God, in which dwell the bats and owls of the night, incapable of bearing the light of the approaching day, must be cleared away, and in their stead be erected temples of science, truth, and love, dedicated to the service of humanity.

But what are we going to giv in place of their religion? This is a question always asked by the Christian, and is generally considered by Liberals as having much weight. It is not to be supposed that there are no good precepts in the old religions worth preserving. "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," will always be a rule of action which commends itself to all honest men. But this precept has been the common property of mankind for thousands of years. Moral men lived and gave moral maxims for the guidance of humanity centuries before Christ was born. Christianity has added nothing to the stock of moral knowledge; she has simply reiterated maxims that hav been known to man ever since he has been advanced enough to hav a brain that can think and a heart that can feel. Whatever there is good, no matter where it came from, is not to be thrown away, nor can the element of goodness be eliminated from the human heart. It is simply the false and pernicious dogmas of religion that must be discarded. To think of supplying their place with other dogmas would be the hight of absurdity.

Supposing their God is a myth, shall we invent another one to take its place? If the various stories about crucified saviors are all false, shall we tell other lies to supply the void left in some minds because they hav found out the nature of the tales? If the existence of a hell and the doctrin of endless punishment are horrid absurdities, what sane person could ask for anything in their stead? What intelligent person is there to-day but is willing to let the doctrin of infant damnation go without asking for anything in its place? Would it not be considered idiotic in anyone to ask what affirmativ dogma we will giv in place of that outrageous old doctrin that "hell is crammed with infants damned?" Is it not enough for us to know that all those dogmas are false? Superstition is the result of a disordered condition of the mind produced by ignorant fear and the phantom of hope. If one is sick with a fever, will he ask the physician what he will giv in place of the disease? The fever is driven from his body that he may be free to use his entire physical power. So we wish to drive fear and superstition from the human mind so that we may investigate, exercise our brains with perfect freedom, and be willing to receive truth from every source.

Christianity has taught that man existed simply for the glory of God, and therefore his first duty was to worship his creator with fear and trembling; that good works were nothing only as they would redound to the glory of Jesus Christ.

Christianity has taught, Whatsoever thou asketh for, that shalt thou receive; men hav therefore wasted their energies in behalf of themselvs and fellow-beings in an ignorant appeal to the clouds.

Christianity has been the means of directing man to place all his affections on an imaginary being in the sky, and consequently he has had little room for sympathy in his heart for the struggling, suffering ones of earth.

Christianity teaches man to use his best energies to please an infinit being, to conciliate a God who is "angry with the wicked every day." As though we could possibly add to or detract from the pleasures or griefs of omnipotence! A finite being cannot commit a crime against a being who is infinit—one who is perfectly conditionless. What can we know of the thoughts or desires of a being who is infinit in power, boundless in love, limitless in thought? Granting that there is such a God, who holds us in the "hollow of his hand" and is the dispenser of life and all its joys and woes, would not such a being be capable of managing his own affairs without millions of voices petitioning him daily for some kind favor? Must we be constantly nudging him to remind him of his duty?

Most persons seem to think the only way they can please their God, the only way to make themselvs acceptable in the "sight of high heaven," is by indulging in a great amount of superstitious nonsense and religious folly.

But we can affect our fellow-man; we can contribute to his happiness, or add to his sorrows; we can feed him when he is hungry; clothe him when naked; alleviate his sufferings in sickness; educate him when ignorant. How much more necessary it is, then, to fit ourselvs to liv harmoniously in this world than to prepare for another! How much better to direct our attention to bettering the condition of mankind than to endeavor to please a God whom we can in no way influence!

Liberalism does not teach us to do right, to love mercy, and endeavor to make our fellow-beings happy, for Christ's sake, or for the hope of reward; but to do right for the sake of right, love mercy and deal justly with our fellow-men because in that way we contribute to the happiness and welfare of the world.

No one can do another a kindly act without being made better and happier by the joy he givs that other. No person can be perfectly happy while he knows there is a sentient being suffering from pain or sickness or for the necessaries of life. There are none of us but hav hours of unhappiness—made miserable through the misfortunes, ignorance, vices, and crimes of mankind. Then we should do what we can to better the condition of the world, not because we wish to please God or hope for a reward in the future, but because it makes our fellow-creatures and ourselvs happy—the goal of all existence. No one can see another wronged, robbed, or maltreated in any way without his sense of justice rising in indignation against the perpetrators of the wrong, and his sympathy being aroused in behalf of the wronged. We do not like to be stolen from, so we say, Steal not; we do not like to be defrauded, so we say, Defraud not; life is sweet, we object to being murdered, so we say, Kill not. The whole substance of the moral code is included in these beautiful words: "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

Pittsville, Wis. GEO. H. DAWES.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Free Trade Caused the Revolution.

At this time, when the greatest question in American politics is being agitated in Congress, and engages the attention of men of all parties—I mean the tariff *vs.* free trade—I consider it a moral duty to call the attention of truth seekers to this subject, because I feel that it is the one thing that will make or unmake the prosperity of this land, as it always has heretofore.

I am aware that for years there has been a sentiment growing that tends toward a recognition of human rights in every land; and writers on political economy hav favored it in all their writings, regardless of the consequences to this country and its general prosperity; but while I am not opposed to bettering the condition of all nations, and aiding them by our example as a nation, I am of opinion that we cannot afford to do it by a ruination of our industries, which must in a short time reduce us to a dead level with the pauper state of many European countries. It is too serious a question to be made a mere party cry; and I hav only to show it in its true light to convince any unprejudiced reader of the fact that it was the principal grievance which led to the Revolution of the original Colonies, and the setting up of the great American nation.

Any person who will look into it will see that the free trade party in Congress is trying to do for Great Britain now just what the American Colonies resolved not to do in order to be free and independent states. They will see that in order to set themselvs free from the impositions of English manufacturers, and the odious duties and taxes imposed by that government on the Colonies, they were obliged to move with one mind, to establish manufactures here, and by a solemn combination refused to purchase anything abroad which they could make here or do without; and they were not successful or ready for separation until all the Colonies agreed to this patriotic principle, and they never could hav become a nation to this day had they not become unanimous on that vital question of American manufactures.

I am in possession of a very old book. Its pages are yellow with the decay of time. It was printed long before I was born, and I value it highly as a gift from a friend. It is called, "The Principles and Acts of the Revolution." I wish every free trader could read it and compare his unpatriotic votes for foreign labor with the votes of Patrick Henry, John Adams, and the founders of our republic, and read their speeches, too. It would convince him that nothing like the sentiment of free trade was cherished then, and not till long after did the cotton-growing gentry labor to fasten that curse upon us; but even then Old Hickory would not stand it, and threatened to "hang Calhoun as high as Hamaan" if he raised a hand against the government; and I learn also that

Thomas Jefferson laid an embargo on English imports. There was no free trade Democracy then.

I find that from 1760 to 1780 these conventions were called in the Colonies, for the purpose of cementing this great principle and making it a united measure to be acted upon and strictly adhered to, that no goods should be imported from England, and it was finally the immediate cause of the revolt.

On page 167 may be found a sample of a call for a convention for the Colony of what is now the state of Maryland, at Annapolis, June 29, 1769: "Several counties having formed and entered into a compact by resolutions and solemn pledges on the non-importation of British goods and superfluities, and the province in general being invited by the people of Anne Arundel county to request the same gentlemen from each county to meet at this place on the 29th instant, in order that a general resolution of non-importation might be formed, which it is expected will be done with great unanimity throughout this province," etc. At this convention, which is but a sample of thousands that were called all over the Colonies, it was solemnly resolved and pledged that no colony should be admitted into the compact to be formed but such as should also enter into this question of non-importation of British goods, in which every sort and variety of goods were to be excluded, while home manufactures were to be encouraged by all. This method was started and gradually enlarged, and was persisted in until the end of the war. June 4, 1774, another monster convention was called, when the sentiment had become general. By the proceedings I find that British merchants were importing goods as agents for their lords and masters, just as now, watching our markets and flooding or holding goods to suit themselvs as to prices; and that it was stated at this convention that a profit of from 120 to 150 per cent on goods was the usual custom. Think of it, Americans—the founders of this government were compelled, under British rule, to pay 150 per cent profits on manufactured goods, when they had the power to enforce the laws, and in addition an income tax besides, levied on all manufactures. Is it any wonder that the labor question was the prime cause of the Revolution?

On page 179 there is a special recommendation to the farmers "to raise sheep and increase the wool product." To this clause I would call the especial attention of Grover Cleveland, as he recommends the introduction of free wool to benefit the farmer—views just the opposit of those who created the Revolution and made us a nation.

It is a very singular thing that when we were compelled to trade with England, and shamefully imposed upon, we fought the principle and became free from it, but ever since then, at least within a few years of the termination of hostilities, there has been a strong party in America trying to do for foreign manufactures just the same as a few Tories were doing during the Revolution. To speak in favor of English goods then was considered the work of a Tory, but to talk of the great benefits of free trade now is thought to be the sign of great statesmanship. It is so generous, you see; there is so much magnanimity in it! We hav the power now to exclude foreign goods and build up America as we like, but we must be generous and allow the British lion to tear out our vitals now and then to satiate his extreme hunger.

Men were thrown into prison in Baltimore then and their goods confiscated for talking in favor of British trade; and when such goods were landed they were cast into the sea, but to-day there is a cloud of importers who would encourage the importation of every necessary article, so that they can reap a trade and profit out of the user, and they think themselvs the salt of the nation.

There is not a page in the history of the American Revolution that does not argue squarely in the face of the free trade doctrin.

I remember well that in 1842 to 1844, during the great tariff agitation, a great many persons formed resolutions to not buy any British manufactures, and I am certain that many people, and especially mechanics, pledged themselvs in Pennsylvania to not buy any but home-made tools. The manufacturing interests of America were then in a deplorable condition, owing to the compromise measures adopted during the Calhoun, Haynes, and Webster debates in Congress on this subject of importations.

President Cleveland in his free trade message said a few words which ought to open the eyes of any man on the subject; also in his speech in Philadelphia he said to the merchants: "You hav been prosperous in trade and you can afford to be generous" —thus begging the whole question.

The free trader insists that a tariff is a direct tax on the country, and especially on the farmer. There never was a more mistaken notion. It is true that it may raise the price to some extent, but while it may do this for a time, it also raises the extent and price of labor in as great a ratio, which is the poor man's purchasing power, and, at the same time, increases the price of the farmer's produce and creates a home market.

We are told that "America must seek a foreign market for her surplus, and work cheaply enough to export it." What foolishness! If England can, with her pauper labor, undersell us in our own land, how, in the name of common sense, can we compete with her in foreign markets where we must add freights and carrying costs to our products, unless we become reduced to the beggarly pay for which she gets her labor performed? Then it should be remembered that this is, after all, the principal market of the world. Giv us the exclusiv use of our own market, and I care nothing for the other markets. America is what the manufacturing nations are all after.

There is a studied unanimity among free traders in their assertion that the farmer is injured by domestic trade. They say, "Send your grain to Europe and get cheap goods in return." On the other hand, the protectionists say that "the home manufacture of goods creates a home market for the farmer, and that the benefits are mutual."

In reply to the first proposition, I will say that if the farmer was to depend entirely on a foreign market he would starve to death, or be choked off by the middle-man, called the exporter and importer, the money-lender; in other words, that it would, by increase of interest and commission rates, require a shipload of produce to net him a dollar's worth of goods in return, as Europe does not require more than a very limited amount of his products. If she was dependent on him, the case would be different, but she is not. Then, again, to attempt such a policy would draw the other half of the population into the farmer's department of labor, and thus increase his surplus to such an extent that it would be raised only to be left to rot upon the soil that produced it, while the gold cost of the small returns for goods would be jingling in the pockets of the foreigner, and the government in debt and as poor as poverty itself, tied down by the bankers, or it would be compelled to continue a system of direct taxes in a land with no money. To draw into the agricultural industry a majority of the mechanics and merchants would be the most ruinous policy that could be adopted, and yet this would be the result of a general adoption of the doctrin of free trade in America. Make twenty or thirty millions more farmers, and you surfeit the product, and create want and misery.

To illustrate the other side, a home market for the farmer, suppose a dozen farmers go into a new country and buy up land, in a number of contiguous sections, as they hav often done in Kansas and other localities. They commence farming, but are fifteen or twenty miles away from a town, city, or railroad. What is the result? And what has been the result in many cases? Why, simply this: unless mechanics and other laborers, builders and manufacturers, follow them up, and railroads are built to get their produce into a market, in a few years their little surplus is eaten up, their cash expended, and a general exhaustion follows. They find farming and not selling to be a profitless thing. They cannot liv on bread and corn alone, nor haul their surplus twenty miles to a restricted market, so that one by one they pull up stakes, sacrifice their homes to the sharper or speculator, and move to somewhere else to find a home market. For this reason thousands of abandoned homes may be had for a song, in Texas and other Southern localities, as well as in many parts of the great Western country. And what I hav here described applies to every locality under high heaven where there is no home market. It is no fancy sketch. I hav seen it and know it to be so.

The farmer and the free trade demagog will not giv these facts their true interpretation. The ranting politician will tell the farmer that the cost of such articles of comfort as he needs is owing to high tariff, and he will try to instil hatred in the breast of the farmer against the manufacturer and the mechanic, when in truth, if the manufacturer and mechanic could hav located about the same time, their benefits would hav been mutual, the one creating a home market for the products of the other, which is the only sure success possible.

I know some friends who started out, a colony of farmers only; they took up excellent land in Kansas, and for want of a home market, railroad, etc., in less than ten years they all left the original quarters, and some of them hav moved several times, and of course they are all very poor indeed, yet each man had several thousands of hard cash when he left old Pennsylvania.

I know of other parties who started in a similar way, composed of mechanics and merchants; they located near a railway, although their lands cost them a trifle more; they soon formed a center, and laid out town lots, each party buying and holding a share according to his means, and to-day we find a thriving village, and this village will soon be a splendid city, every one of the original projectors well fixed, and plenty of work for builders to do, while the farmer has his market mostly under his own door, and easy outlet for his surplus, when he has to spare. Look upon this picture and then upon that.

A community composed in this way must thrive and prosper. When a free trader begins to curse the tariff and tells the farmer that he can do without the mechanic and merchant and laborer, he must be viciously or inexcusably ignorant. No community has thriven or ever will thrive unless it is about equally composed of farmers and other kinds of laborers. This givs the home market which the protectionist wants, and which the farmer cannot do without.

When our coal mines are in a flourishing state the farmer comes in and readily disposes of his produce at fair prices, as in good times the laborer needs twice as much to feed his hungry children as when work is slack and penury pinches his purse. Do not flatter yourself that the poor families must eat and liv anyway. I say that they will consume twice as much in good as in hard times of food, clothing, and all else required.

Can the farmer find his foreign market when the men are out of employ? Can he sell his goods when our shops and furnaces are idle, and grim-visaged want stares us all in the face? Can the merchant, mechanic, farmer, or anybody enjoy life under such a state of society? No; a thousand times no.

Just in proportion that foreign goods of any stripe are brought into our market in competition with the home product do we reduce the amount of labor here and destroy the market of the honest farmer. The free trade policy has destroyed both in proportion to its successful introduction, and has also sent our gold out of the country and reduced the circulation of money in America.

It is a noticeable fact that just as soon as we hav become a little prosperous by means of a protectiv tariff do these noodleheads succumb to the temptations of British gold, and vote to destroy our industries on any and every pretext. They find great fault because the government happens to hav a few millions with which to pay off its debts, as though it were a sin for the United States to own a dollar. Yet, if any person should suggest such conduct or policy to be applied to themselvs, they would be the first to want to kick such a person out of their offices and call him a natural born fool. It would be in accordance with their own political teachings. I hope everyone who can will study the history of the American Revolution.

J. R. PERRY.

Colonel Ingersoll Helps the Actors Glorify Themselvs.

The Actors' Fund of America was six years old on Tuesday of last week, and the managers made an agreeable innovation upon the purely business aspect of former anniversaries by a celebration in the Madison Square Theater, in which music and song and oratory were commingled. The theater was crowded. President Palmer sat with a vase of flowers before him. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll sat at his left, and Mrs. Ingersoll, with a party of ladies, was in a box. Lotta and her mother, Mrs. Leland, of Albany, and Mrs. Louisa Eldridge sat in other boxes. President Palmer entertainingly sketched the work accomplished by the fund, and paid the profession the tribute of being the most charitable on earth. The association has paid out $95.853 53, and received $146,301.19. The number relieved has been 1,509 and the number buried 332.

Colonel Ingersoll's speech was one of the finest he ever made. Applause and laughter alternately greeted the bursts of eloquence and brilliant flashes of wit.

"I hav addressed," he began, "a great many audiences in my lifetime, and I hav not the slightest doubt that in the audience I now stand before there are more brains, a greater variety of talent, and more real genius than I hav addressed in all my life. I know all about respectable stupidity, I am perfectly acquainted with the brainless wealth and success of this world, and I know, after all, how poor the world would be without the divine feeling we call genius. I know, too, that all joy springs from the love of nature. I know that all joy is what I call pagan. I hav an immense sympathy with the whole human race, and of that feeling, of that spirit, the drama is born. People must first be in love with life before they can think of worthily representing it.

"Whenever a country becomes prosperous—and this has been pointed out many times—when a wave of wealth runs over the land, behind you will see all the sons and daughters of genius. The stage is born, and we like it because we love life; and he who likes the stage has a double life. One great thing the stage does is to cultivate the imagination, and the imagination constitutes the great difference between human beings and animals. The imagination is the mother of pity—the mother of every possible virtue.

"And now I am going to say a few words—because I hav the chance—on what is known as orthodox religion. That has always been the enemy of the theater. It has been the enemy of every possible comfort, of every rational joy, that is to say, of amusement. And there is a reason for this. For if that religion be true there should be no amusement. If you believe that in every amusement is the peril of eternal pain, don't amuse yourselvs. Stop the orchestra, ring down the curtain, and be as miserable as you can. That idea puts an infinit responsibility upon the soul, and how can there be any hearty joy

after that? You might as well pile all the Alps on one unfortunate ant and then say, 'Why don't you play? Enjoy yourself.'

"The orthodox are the enemies of the stage. They say: 'Don't amuse yourself. Be as miserable as you can.' Their idea would make life a long dock, running away out into the ocean, upon which you should sit, with your trunk packed, waiting for the ship of death to come along. They make life a kind of greenroom, in which you are getting ready to play—somewhere else. I love the joy-makers.

"You remember the story of 'Great Expectations.' I presume you hav all had them. There is another thing about this profession—a dreadful uncertainty. I love joy-makers, and not those solemn, mournful wretches; and, when I think of the church asking the theater to be moral, I remember that story in 'Great Expectations' of the bride that was always ready for the bridegroom that never came, and who brought in little Pip and told him to play.

"If this doctrin be true, every actor is in about that situation. I hav always loved the theater and the stage, simply because it added to the happiness of this life. But they say it is immoral. Now, I believe that everything in the world that tends to make men happy is moral. Everything that buds and blossoms and breathes the breath of joy is moral. Nobody can be more immoral than to want your own life sour as well as others.

"There was a religious gathering in the Metropolitan Opera House recently. It was voting for the election of bishops. The voters voted forged and fraudulent ballots, and afterward these voters asked that old, old question, 'Is the theater moral?'"

Colonel Ingersoll then spoke of the dignity of the profession, and sat down amid tremendous applause

Mr. Dion Boucicault made everybody laugh when he said that while Mr. Ingersoll had been making his address he had been learning a lesson in brevity He would seek to emulate the colonel. He had always understood that an author was an improvident creature, and an actor eminently improvident, while an Irishman might be described as preëminently so. Mr. Boucicault continued that he had a young friend who presented in himself all these conditions, and it had been his wish to introduce him to the audience somewhat after the fashion in which a sample inebriate is exhibited at a temperance meeting to make you feel the horror of the circumstances.

He was unable to do this, but would read a letter from his friend. Here it is:

In these modern and degenerate days our authors, having no respect for the traditions of literature nor the illustrious examples of improvidence held up to us by Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Grub street generally—but rather emulating the sordid and (lately proved to be) disreputable impostor, Shakspere, hav, like him, become men of substance—without fear of a future Donnelly before their eyes, they hav, like him, become respectable. Actors seem to forget they are rogues and vagabonds, by act of Parliament, and presume to hav bankers' accounts, to pay their scores, to introduce great public charities, to contribute to build churches, to perform a thousand services to society—which society graciously receives and acknowledges on the door-mat.

"The Ancient and Bohemian Guild of the Stage meets no more in a public house," said Mr. Boucicault. "The modern and thrifty Capuchin of the drama has its clubs, its funds, its home. Melpomene gets her dresses from Paris, and her sister is worth $1 000 000. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! What is thrift? It means keeping what you've got and investing it in first class security. There is the old fashioned form. A man hoards his gains, accumulates a fortune—that he may leave a big lump of money for his legatees to divide, dispute, and enjoy.

"Suppose I leave $10 000 to the Actors' Fund. Up comes some heir of mine who employs a distinguished lawyer to prove I am a crank. There would be no difficulty about that. Scores of actors and actresses who hav suffered torment under my stage management would testify heartily to it. Then this eminent orator, who never lost a case, even when Gladstone was his opponent in the ring, would prove me as mad as Nebuchadnezzar, and walk off with my $10 000. A suit against a dead man is a sure thing; he can't testify in his own behalf.

"Now, there's another kind of thrift which seems to me the most thrifty. Put out your money while you liv and can see what becomes of it, watching the good it does. If there's any doubt about your wits, or what you intended to do, you're there to settle the dispute, and then you are one too many for the law. This is the wisest of thrift, it is the best kind of security. You get discount on the transaction right here and compound interest hereafter. I suppress the signature of the letter," concluded Mr. Boucicault, "but he calls himself a Nihilist—because he's got nothing—and so is free from prejudice in disposing of the goods of other people."

Welcome, Stranger.

From Life.

"Beloved brethren," said a watering-place minister from his pulpit, "it fills my heart with joy to see among us so many strangers on this blessed Sabbath morning. To those who are away from home, bent upon pleasure or seeking health, as the case may be, we extend a cordial and heartfelt greeting. The collection will now be taken up."

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
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MRS M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Organization and Reconciliation.

DEAR MACDONALD: I wish you would print the subjoined letter I wrote to Mr. Green, and his reply, both of which appear in the *Freethinkers' Magazine* for June:

DEAR FRIEND GREEN: Nothing since entering upon the duties of secretary has given me greater satisfaction, or made me feel more profoundly grateful, than your two hearty, generous, yes, magnanimous letters. Those letters prove that you recognize principles as vastly superior to men, and that whenever you firmly believe that the fundamental work of this organization—the Nine Demands of Liberalism—will be faithfully practicalized to the full extent of the means furnished, you are ready to fall into line, losing sight of any preconceived prejudice or former antagonism. We are all liable to be misunderstood, but there is one common ground of agreement—we can be reconciled with the Nine Demands for the unification of all the Liberal elements. To that end my course in the future as well as the past is directed. You can play as brilliant a role prospectivly as you hav retrospectivly, for the welfare and prosperity of the American Secular Union, and that is in urging this reconciliation.

The same original platform is all that we present—the identical opposition to ecclesiastical encroachment. Organization is as absolutely imperativ to the development of state Secularization now as it was in 1876. All must admit that local organization can never be effectiv without a national nucleus to foster, encourage, and sustain. It would be simply superfluous occupancy of time to elaborate on the necessity of organization, when the foe shows such a formidable front from that fact alone, and by which means it curbs, crushes, and muzzles modern thought, and presents an effectiv barrier to further intellectual progress. The course of events proves clearly that Secularization is the foundation of all true reform, social and political. Where ecclesiasticism holds people in mental bondage there is little hope for the cause of human justice, and social equality must ever sink in the background. It is this mental bondage which makes the long suffering, patient, ignorant multitude bear with temporal hardships for a promis of eternal bliss Thus the altar and the throne hav been inseparable, and the surpliced priest ever ready to bless the sceptered tyrant.

Never in the history of our own country was the Roman church so powerful, proud, defiant, and dangerous. Never has it been so openly antagonistic to the principal feature of American freedom—public schools. Never was a time when leading politicians were so willing to wallow at the feet of priests. Never a time when the spirit of freedom was so little recognized in our national life or exercised by our lawmakers. The cohorts of the God-in-the state party are activ in the camp of the Young Men's Christian Association; they hav captured the Prohibition party; they control the Female Suffrage movement, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is one of their strongholds. It is natural, therefore, that Freethinkers should be first to take alarm at the attitude of this fell destroyer of mental freedom, ecclesiasticism; that they should haste to counteract its despotic tendencies; but they should remember that our platform is as broad as the principle of justice. Secularism is the antithesis of sectarianism. It is not merely one for Freethinkers, Agnostics, Materialists, Spiritualists, or Atheists, but one which every honest man and intelligent woman can indorse—one which every true American citizen should seek to secure, and it is the duty of every Secularist to invite and retain their interest, sympathy, and coöperation.

There never was more need for activity, unity, and harmony than now on the part of all true Secularists, and I appeal to you, as one who can materially aid in bringing that about, to giv it the approval of your voice and pen. We hav had a protracted internecine war while our enemies are welding the chains for our complete subjugation. Let us work while yet we may. The secretary has not always cordially agreed with everything done by the National Liberal League or the American Secular Union, but he considered it simply childish to withdraw from an instrumentality for good to the whole country, to the time and the race, because some particular policy did not suit him. Liberalism should be made of sterner stuff. Our *duty* to the cause should be held much higher, nobler, and greater than any individual opinion. Can you call such back from their sleep of indifference to the crying need of the hour? We hav men and women of culture, character, and unquestioned ability; these should be sent out as missionaries to *organize*, for organization will be necessary to precede action. Literature needs to be thickly scattered over the country, but Liberals should blush at the beggarly sum which has thus far been realized for that purpose. Can we not get the Liberals to rise superior to the past, join forces, and once more, shoulder to shoulder, fight the common foe of Universal Mental Liberty? Fraternally, E. A. STEVENS.

MR. GREEN'S REPLY.

We publish on another page a private letter we recently received from E A. Stevens, secretary of the American Secular Union. We take that letter as our text for a few comments on the work of the Secular Union. The Union, as all our readers know, is what was formerly the National Liberal League. That League was organized at Philadelphia, July 4, 1876. Its platform was the Nine Demands of Liberalism. For a number of years we were chairman of the executiv committee of that society, and during that time we labored with all the power we possessed to build up the organization. The first rebuff that the society met with was at the Syracuse congress, held in 1878, when Mr. Abbott and his friends attempted to commit the organization to the doctrin of the "modification" of what were known as the Comstock laws, and, failing to do so, withdrew from the congress. The next year the congress met in Cincinnati and proved a great success. Colonel Ingersoll was chairman of the committee on resolutions, and introduced a series that appeared to satisfy all parties. They were unanimously adopted, and great harmony prevailed. This was the largest and most successful congress that the organization has ever held. Nearly every state in the Union was well represented. We remember that at a meeting of the National Executiv Committee some twelve states were represented. Everybody went away from that convention greatly elated and encouraged and with bright anticipations for our success in the future. A large number of the delegates at Cincinnati went direct to the New York State Freethinkers' Convention at Chautauqua Lake, where hundreds of Liberals assembled, and where we had another grand five days' meeting. We well remember that Colonel Ingersoll said to us at the close of the Cincinnati congress: "This has been the most successful gathering Liberals hav ever had in this country." The next year the congress was held at Chicago, where resolutions were introduced committing the organization to the doctrin of the total repeal of the Comstock laws, and after a warm discussion, were adopted. On their adoption, Colonel Ingersoll, the writer, and others withdrew. Our position from the first was that the society should not, *as a society*, be committed to either "repeal" or "modification," but that each individual member should be at liberty to favor either "repeal," "modification," or neither. This proved another great blow to the organization, from which we think it has never fully recovered.

We hav not here repeated this well-known history of the movement to find fault with anyone. We hav no doubt but that each party acted in accordance with his earnest convictions. It seemed to be, for the time being, an "irrepressible conflict" that could not be avoided. But it is now a part of the past history of the movement, and only as such do we here refer to it. But we are glad to know that those questions that proved so disastrous to our success as an organization in the past hav been permanently settled, and that the last congress that met at Chicago fully recognized the fact, and placed the association again *squarely on the platform of the Nine Demands of Liberalism*, the same platform that was formulated by Francis E. Abbott, the founder of the association. We said, editorially, immediately after that congress closed, "If the officers elected will carry out, *in good faith*, what they hav adopted as their platform, ignoring all other questions, they ought to succeed—they ought to hav the united support of all the Liberals and friends of state Secularization in this country and Canada." Since then we hav watched them closely, especially the course of Mr. Stevens, the secretary, and we rejoice to say that no one could hav done better than he has. He went to work immediately after his appointment to organize the country on this old platform of the Nine Demands, and he has proved a faithful steward of our cause. He has not had the support he should hav had, for the reason probably that many had lost faith in the organization. He has, with the help of Mrs. Freeman and other activ Liberals of Chicago, built up a very large, activ Union in that city, the influence of which is felt over the whole country. He has issued many valuable pamphlets that set forth clearly the importance of this Secular movement and the work necessary to be done. He has written thousands of letters to Liberals in all portions of the country urging them to get up local organizations. He has, from the first, worked with a zeal and energy worthy of the great cause he is engaged in. But it is impossible for one man to do everything. He needs, and must hav, the financial and moral indorsement of every Secularist in this country to be able to make his administration a great success. And we earnestly urge each one of our readers to giv him all the aid in his power. If you cannot send him money, write him a letter of encouragement, and offer to perform any labor in your vicinity that he may require of you. If you can do nothing more, you can purchase and circulate some of his valuable pamphlets. Commence *immediately* after reading these lines by sending him a dollar for documents to circulate. In that way you can aid a little.

We hav here only space to add that we learn that the next Secular Congress is to be held in Pittsburgh, Pa., the last of October. As the Secular Union is now based *solely* on the Nine Demands of Liberalism, which we hav often characterized as the Second Declaration of American Independence, we urge every person who indorses those Demands to attend that Congress. And we hav yet to find a Liberal, of any school, who does not indorse those Demands. Every *honest* American must indorse them. As Mr. Stevens suggests, let us cease our bickerings, forget all our past contentions, and all go to Pittsburgh resolved to build up a great, growing organization that shall receive the support of every true Liberal, and command the respect of our opponents.

ST. LOUIS AND SECULARISM.

When the secretary of the American Secular Union arrived within the depot of "the future great," he was regaled by a complimentary serenade from a brass band, whose most conspicuous piece was a big

drum operated with enthusiasm by a vigorous Teuton who seemed as though he had a corner on a patent trip-hammer movement and a reputation as a slugger to sustain. Feeling grateful, was about to respond to this commendable recognition on the part of the citizens of this modern Thebes, and while cudgeling our brains for the appropriate sentiment and clearing our throat for the preparatory "Fellow-citizens," to our utter dismay and discomfiture we discovered that music did not agree with us—it soured on our stomach. It was neither our serenade nor our funeral. This band had come to escort some Tammany braves to the great national pow-wow in the Exposition wigwam and to test their hardihood in an encounter with St. Louis fire-water.

No sign of I. S. Lee or any of the parties so anxious for my appearance in Missouri.

Town full of bustle, bluster, buncombe, and howling representativs of the unterrified Democracy. Not at all like the staid and saintly elderly maiden I had formerly known as St. Louis, Mo. A bad time to set Secularism in motion, and particularly discouraging when I learned Friday night that the letter I had written six days ahead notifying Friend Lee to make arrangements to hav God gently landed outside the state had just made its appearance that afternoon, and no preparations whatever were made. Democratic post-office officials are not expected to sober up during a political convention. Saturday morning we canvassed the hall question, making inquiries, only to be delayed till 3 P.M. before we could actually secure one, and that at nearly double the usual rates.

Brother Sidney A. Rendle, secretary, and Brother Lee did some tall "hustling" for an audience, fearing that, as the hour of agony arrived, the audience would not to any alarming extent, especially when we learned that three great picnics were to be held outside the city, and that no desirable beverages were permitted to be sold Sundays in the corporation. If there is any community in existence where beer-drinking can be commendably extenuated, it is where, when you try to drink water, you feel as though you had attempted to swallow a Mississippi sand bank. Every well-regulated St. Louisian has a natural aversion to the article there called water, not by any means because it is "too thin," but otherwise.

Reading Sunday morning papers, discovered that "Hon." E. A. Stevens, etc., was announced to lecture. Now, I was never able to "carry my ward," or succeed in breaking into the Congress, nor desirous of robbing our colored friends of their ambition to monopolize titles.

Franklin Hall was not filled, but there was a good audience, especially when quality over quantity is considered, which was demonstrated by the fact that nearly the whole audience remained after the lecture to take part in the temporary organization. Several of the attendants who should hav been mentioned I hav forgotten the names of. Sidney A. Rendle is likely to make an efficient member, as are also Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Scoville, who are highly esteemed and talented lecturers in the domain of occult science and Spiritualism. The temporary organization was formed by electing president, I. S. Lee; vice-president, Mrs. S. C. Scoville; secretary, William C. Bohannan, and a responsible-looking gentleman, whose name I cannot recall, for treasurer.

May the St. Louis Union do the grand work for which the harvest is ripe in that priest-ridden community. And my earnest hope is that Friend Lee may realize his anticipations of an organization of "one thousand members inside of three months." And so the good work goes on.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

"Is Professor Leahy Persecuted?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Under above euphonious caption, in your issue of May 19th, and over the *nom de plume* of "Anonymous," I find Prof. M. D. Leahy, through himself or friend, trying to blubber over and ride, martyr-like, some old spavined goat into notoriety under the cry of "persecution," for the reason that he has failed to get a sugar-tit every morning to keep the boy from crying. He takes great umbrage at the action of the board of managers of the Freethought University at Liberal, Mo., because, at the annual meeting of stockholders, on the first Tuesday in May, B. A. Bigelow was selected president of the board in his place. And for that this noble-minded youth, this exemplar of mental ability and moral worth, has resorted, under a hidden name,* to the expediency of abusing his successor in office, and then cries "persecution" because such nobleness is not appreciated by those who hav the management of the school at heart.

I take pleasure in saying that B. A. Bigelow has been a teacher a third as many years as young Leahy has lived. Mr. Bigelow is an intelligent gentleman, with a character above reproach, and is always to be found in the front ranks of Liberalism—that Liberalism that is calculated to elevate humanity, not degrade it. He is to be found on the right side of all great moral questions of the day. With those qualities and his farmer-like urbanity, the board preferred him to Professor Leahy, with his scholarly polish and pronounced teaching on temperance and other questions vital to society.

If Professor Leahy has so conducted himself as to lead fourteen of the seventeen of the board of managers to doubt his fitness to preside over the destinies of the students sent here, it is not reasonable to suppose that he is *par excellence* and these fourteen intended persecuting when they supplanted him with Mr. Bigelow.

The writer of that article predicts a failure of the school when Leahy leaves it. Mr. Leahy has been at the head of the school for two years, and he has succeeded in getting three non-resident students to attend. If it falls, "Oh, what a fall, my countrymen!" The board of managers hav already ordered its suspension until a proper man can be found to take it in charge.

As to the thrust at me, I will say I cannot stop to kick all the dogs that bark at my heels.

Liberal, Mo., May 29 1888. G. H. WALSER.

Footnote: * Professor Leahy did not write the article condemned by Mr. Walser.—ED. T. S.

Common Sense on School Matters.

Hon. A. S. Draper, state superintendent of public instruction, addressed the Columbia county Teachers' Association at the Opera House, Hudson, N. Y., June 1st. Beyond being a practical talk to teachers, his remarks were of deep public interest. The substance of Mr. Draper's address was the following:

Fifty years hav made a radical change in our educational system. Formerly the theory was that the child had the right to education for the benefit of the individual; the theory now is that the child must be educated for the protection of the state. The appropriation for educational purposes by the state of New York has steadily increased from $1,000,000 in 1838 to over $15,000,000 in 1888; and no money is so cheerfully given by the taxpayers as that for public instruction.

Still, our school system is inferior to that of Germany—Germany, whose monarchical government depends on the support of a standing army—while the future welfare of our American republic depends on our common schools.

Those conducting our schools are under a tremendous responsibility. There is practical improvement needed—better school-houses, better school-teachers.

In our rural districts, especially, the school-house of fifty years ago is used to-day, though almost unexceptionally no other public building receives such constant and such necessarily severe usage. We need school-houses of modern conveniences, sanitation, and architecture, and with this end in view the state, during the past year, has offered rewards for best plans of school-buildings costing from six to fifteen thousand dollars, and these plans are now ready for distribution to interested parties.

Another important point is the primary school. While we would not discourage the attention directed toward the high school, it is a notable fact that less than five per cent of the primary pupils ever see the inside of the high school, but drift out into the world.

Let us not stand the educational pyramid on its apex. Education is to make good citizens. Therefore let the useful and practical studies be exclusivly the foundation. Ornamental and special branches can be afterward acquired, but the base-work of the primary school should be substantial, for on it all other knowledge is built.

There has been much discussion in regard to the "Bible in the public schools." Where any objection is made, the only course, in justice to all, is to "take it out." Nevertheless, morality should be taught in our schools, and this can be done most effectivly by the character and example of the teacher. Therefore, again, those conducting our schools are under a great responsibility.

The above sensible sentiments from an authoritativ source I thought interesting to all public-spirited people, and so I submit them to your readers.

Hudson, N. Y. MARY A. WORSWICK.

The Brooklyn Pooh-Bah's Propositions.

Were people to generally and openly repudiate belief in a peculiar relationship between a certain individual of past time and the creativ principle, we should all become Hottentots.

Were lamb olatry to be given up, we should reduce our women to slaves and throw our female infants into the river.

These are propositions put forth by the great Brooklyn Pooh-Bah, a few days ago, according to the papers.

Is not this going to extremities? But, then, is not the P. B. rather inclined to extremities?

Were there, then, nothing but Hottentots in the world before the Christian church predominated—no good people, no private nor public virtue, no kindness nor humanity? And were their women treated by the races from whom Europe derived its civilization as the Chinese and Hindoos treat theirs?

Did they treat their women as the church treated them during the Dark Ages? Did not the culminating power of the church relegate women to a lower position than they held in their heathen liberty?

But what is there in the New Testament—to say nothing of the great, clumsy network of moonshine mysticism and mythology of the "orthodox" brain built on it—which tends to evolve the silk clad, novel-reading, take care-of-myself, piano strumming, fanatical, but altogether delightful, female comrade of to-day?

Is she not the result of the fortunate prevalence of certain purely secular conceptions of society against which the church has ever struggled?

Is not the innate tendency of the races which hav settled the north of Europe and the United States (a thing which far preëxisted Christianity) the cause of the advanced state of Europe and America to-day? And does not this account for the difference between Europe and Asia?

Was not Christianity presented in Asia, and in Africa, and in southern Europe first? Why are they and we not alike advanced, then, if Christianity is the cause of our civilization? They embraced it, or, at least, continue to hold it, with deeper earnestness. With them it holds a far more absolute sway.

Oh! but perhaps it is not Christianity, but Protestant Christianity, that Pooh-Bah is thinking of. Well, Protestant Christianity is not quite so bad, if by it we mean only what all agree is to be found in the New Testament. But where do we find in it any of that spirit of patriotism, and manly, beneficial, human desire for society's improvement, which has led western nations to their present superiority? Is it commended? Is it not rather reproved and discouraged? And if we talk of eternal rewards and punishments, to what are these directed in that book? Well, there is a chapter that seems to apply them solely to mercy and the want of it. But even before the Jesus who is supposed to hav uttered this in the early part of his career had finished that career, he seems to hav forgotten this sweet and simple doctrin, and to hav begun calling upon the lightning to scorch and blast all who dared refuse his selfish demands for divine honors.

None better than P. B. knows that neither the Sermon on the Mount nor the parable of the sheep and the goats contains the salvation principles of to-day's Protestantism, though that Protestantism calls itself Christianity, and though the said sermon and parable are expressly put forth as containing all that is essential to it.

Yet, noble as are this Sermon and parable, they contained no principle new to the world at that time, neither are they of themselvs sufficient to produce a civilization like ours, though they tend to remove obstacles to human progress. It needs positiv race-qualities to carry a people upward. A great deal had to be added to the mild, negativ virtues inculcated in the Sermon and parable above named to make an England, and a New England; and the blood did that—not the blood of Jesus, but the blood of the Jutes and Angles, and of the nobler human strain destined, long before his time, to found free constitutions, under which, and under which alone, flourishes man in his noblest state.

Take away, then, your cumbersome theology; your lamb, your virgin, your tailed devil; your arbitrary, inhuman, unjust, and unsubstantiated dogmas, and your traditions resting on nothing worth the name of evidence, and totally irrelevant and inconsequential even if true, and do you think really, seriously, this race would then lapse into barbarism? P. B., your analogies are such as any fool can invent, but they prove nothing!

Amen and amen, glory, hallelujah.

HOPEFUL HARDPAN.

Boston's Blue Laws.

Boston Letter to Chicago Tribune.

The barbers of Boston are, as a rule, ungodly. Despite the new law which forbids them to practice their profession Sundays, their shops are still kept open seven days in the week. Nevertheless, they do no work on the Sabbath. But they gather in a good day's wages just the same, and the manner in which this happy result is accomplished is both interesting and instructiv.

The first day of the present week, at about 10 o'clock in the morning, the writer was walking along Charles street with some faint hopes of finding a tonsorial artist in pursuit of his illegal business, when he was agreeably surprised to observe a colored person, with a white apron, leaning gracefully against a red-white-and-blue pole on the nearest corner.

"Can I get a shave this morning?" inquired the customer, wistfully, pausing as he came to the spot where the gentleman from Senegambia was standing in picturesque repose.

"Yes, sah," replied the latter, courteously. "Walk right in. You'll find de implements, sah, all ready to use at the fourth cheer on de left."

The newcomer thereupon entered the shop, where he found three other men—all in a partially shaved condition—sitting on the edges of as many chairs and applying lather and steel to their own faces. The situation was quickly explained by the Ethiopian in charge, who had followed the late arrival from the sidewalk.

"You see, sah," he began, "we don't dare shave nobody a Sunday, for fear o' being locked up; but dere's no law against lendin' a razzer an' cup to a gemman friend. So, if you ike, de hospitalities of dis establishment am at your service. You'll find a cuttin' instrument wid de sharpest kind ob an edge on it in front ob de looking-glass; likewise a mug full of lather, some hot water, and a bottle o' bay rum."

"I see," responded the applicant, who, without further delay, seated himself in chair No 4 and proceeded to operate upon himself with the utensils at hand. At the end of twenty minutes or so, with some incidental laceration, he had finished his task, and the barber, having helped him on with his coat, proceeded to brush him off. Then the customer fumbled the loose change in his trousers pocket and asked, *sotto voce*, what the charge might be

"Nothing, sah," said the knight of the razor. "We should be took up if we asked pay for services rendered on de Sabbath." And as he spoke he gave a portentous and most expressiv wink.

"Ah, I understand," returned the guest. And, as he went out, he dropped an unostentatious fifteen cents on a little pile of coin near the doorway. All of which goes to show conclusivly that the ingenuity of an iniquitous generation is too much for the law and the prophets to contend against.

Communications.

More About the Spirits.

I hav attended two more light-circle séances. One was in a newly built house where Mr. Keeler had never been before. It had a square bay window, and this was inclosed with Mr. Keeler's curtain. The twenty selected spectators were all there before he came with his curtains, guitar, tambourine, bells, and clothes-pins. He and his assistant, Mr. Hall, put up the curtain before our eyes, as usual.

The séance had been arranged to take place at another house near by, but at the last moment a change had to be made, and the landlady assured us that she yielded to the request to hav it at her house with reluctance.

It was nearly 9 o'clock before the performances began. They were much the same as heretofore described. The guitar was thrummed behind the curtain, then on the covered laps of the three sitters, and at their feet. It was held up and waved from behind the curtain. It was banged about so rudely that for the next performance it had to be tied together with a cord, for it was coming apart. The tambourine was beaten in artistic style, and no drummer could hav used the two broken clothes-pins more skilfully as drumsticks than did the invisible hands behind the curtain. And all these things were done while Mr. Keeler's two hands grasped the left arm of the lady or gentleman next to him, whose right arm was held by the left hand of the third sitter. So the sitters declared repeatedly during the performances.

At least forty written messages were received by one or another of us. They were generally thrown over the curtain, but a few actually came through it. As they came the manager would read the signature and pass it to the person who recognized it. The movement of the pencil could be heard behind the curtain by those of us who sat near it, and everybody could hear the tearing off of the leaf as the message was completed. I received one from my sister Selina.

Many materialized hands appeared protruding through and over the curtain. Some of these were small, like the hand of a child. Several of the company went up and shook the hands. One would be warm, another cold. A hand came out near Mr. Keeler's feet and was grasped by several persons in turn, and while it was thus held four or five other hands were visible above. I sat within eight feet of the curtain, and if I did not see four hands at one time I never saw anything in my life.

Mr. Keeler's coat was taken off by invisible hands and thrown over onto the floor, while his two hands grasped the arm of the next sitter, as the latter assured us.

The last of the four light-circle séances that I attended was in Mr. Keeler's parlor. About twenty-five persons were there. The usual performances were repeated. Two or three small rents in the curtain were sewed up by Mrs. Keeler before our eyes, after it was hung. The broken guitar had to be tied together at the large end with a cord. At the first change of sitters a young lady and myself were chosen by the spirit guide, as indicated by three raps when the manager pointed to us and we asked, "Do they want me?" The young lady sat next to Mr. Keeler, and I held her right wrist in my left hand, my other hand and arm being free and exposed to view. I felt hands on my back, sometimes patting me on the shoulder. I put my free right hand up to my left shoulder and took hold of the spirit hand. I could feel the fingers and thumb distinctly through the cloth. The hand was under the flap, as if it had come through the curtain, but it was not visible. Pretty soon I felt it fumbling about my left shoulder as if in search of something. Then my handkerchief, which was in the outside breast pocket of my coat, came flying out, and fell upon the floor in front of me. My wife picked it up and was glad that she had given me a clean one just before we started from home. She thinks the handkerchief came through the curtain, but if it was thrown over from behind the curtain, the mystery is all the same. Or even if it came only from under the flap of the curtain, it was a physical impossibility for Mr. Keeler's hand to reach it, much less the hand of the young lady, whose right wrist I was holding, and who declared that Mr. Keeler's two hands held her left arm all the time. Every one of the twenty-five spectators will attest what I hav written.

While I sat there messages were written on pads behind the curtain. I could hear the sound of the pencil, and everyone in the room could hear the tearing off of the leaves. More than twenty of these messages came to different persons present and were recognized. The following was for me:

> We havn't much room to write in here. Two of us can write at a time, and the other waiting ones crowd and hurry us. David M. Burr, per G. C.

G. C. answers for George Christy. Another paper came on which was written merely a name. The manager read it, "Selina and Charlotte." For a moment no one responded. Then I said, "Selina may be my sister, but Charlotte I do not recognize." There was a mistake in reading it; the next paper that came over had the name repeated, but written on two lines—first Selina and then S. Churchill.

Before the séance ended General Lippitt, with whom I am acquainted, was permitted to go behind the curtain. As he stood inside the inclosure, directly back of Mr. Keeler, his head and shoulders were visible. The spirit hands came out as before through the curtain, and he assured us that there was no form or substance visible behind. He was asked to raise both hands, and he did so. Still the spirit hands appeared. The guitar, tambourine, and bell were also sounded, sometimes two at once. He told us he could see the instruments move as the sounds were produced.

Two other men were in turn permitted to look over the curtain while General Lippitt was standing behind it. One of them said he also saw the instruments move without the contact of visible hands. The other was not so favored; whenever he looked over the sounds ceased.

General Lippitt is the gentleman whom we saw at the dark circle sit on the knee of a spirit. We asked him who that spirit was, and he said, Governor Chittenden. This, he said, was not the first time that the governor had appeared to him.

Mr. Keeler's coat was taken off during the evening, as before. I hav seen this done four times.

The wife of my only living brother was present at this séance. She is visiting us, and had never seen anything of the kind before. She was allowed to shake the hand of a spirit, and she believes it was the hand of my brother David, from the peculiarity of the grasp. My wife also was allowed to grasp a hand. As she did so she asked, "Is it father?" and the response was several shakes. His manner of handshaking was also peculiar, and she recognized it in the spirit hand.

It seems unnecessary for me to discuss the question of the possibility of fraud in the slate-writing. The bringing in of a telegram by Mrs. Keeler might look suspicious, but it did not happen again when my wife went there; no one entered the room except her aunt. And even if Mr. Keeler did not actually rub out his own writing on one of my slates, he certainly did not write on the other one; and on that other slate, at the second tying, I got a message from my brother, signed David M. Burr, in which was written the name of our sister Selina.

This second writing I omitted to mention in my first letter. And I will now add that after my wife got her slate-writing, Mr. Keeler was influenced to write with his own hand on the two vacant surfaces of the slates the names, David Burr and Selina Churchill. Those names had not been written or mentioned by Mrs. Burr, nor did Mr. Keeler know her name, much less that she was my wife. Indeed, he did not remember me when I afterward spoke to him at the close of a séance, until I reminded him of my having had some slate-writing, and that I addressed one question to a living person.

This article I expected to be the last on the subject of Spiritual phenomena, but my wife has attended another dark circle where the materialization was more complete and convincing than before, and she will describe what she saw. W. H. Burr.

Washington, D. C., May 28, 1888.

Sense and Spiritualism.

For several years I hav been a subscriber to The Truth Seeker, and hav watched its course with great pleasure, as I recognized that the policy it pursued would commend it to all Liberals, at least to all deserving that name.

I hav read letters from various friends, denouncing this or upholding that, withdrawing their subscriptions or sending additional ones according to their personal views of the pictures by Heston; and, being somewhat acquainted with the trials and tribulations of editorial work, hav sympathized with Brother Macdonald in his efforts to uphold a free press and free speech, by keeping his columns open for a decent discussion of any live topic, without compromising the dignity of his paper or affiliating with either side.

At times the subject of Spiritualism, which has already attracted the attention of millions of intelligent women and men, was touched on, but never, as it seems to me, was it given that field which its increasing interest to humanity demands.

Science declines to investigate its claims, and Infidels scout at it, each seeming to hav a particular and peculiar antipathy to the very name of medium. All manner of crimes are imputed to these sensitivs, and the charge of immorality seems to hover over each and every one; the better and grander the character, the more immoral she invariably is.

I do not propose any labored defense of the Spiritual philosophy, as possibly I may not be equal to the task, but as I studied and investigated it from a business man's standpoint, bringing to bear on it every resource I was capable of, and was compelled to accept its teachings, possibly my view of it may be acceptable to those of the readers of The Truth Seeker who are interested in the statements lately made by Mr. Burr and wife.

Now, I claim that it is hardly necessary to argue as to the existence of mediums. Physiology teaches the existence of *sensitivs*, and anyone who has witnessed a mesmeric entertainment knows how fully the subject is under control of the operator.

So, to properly appreciate the operation of the psychological law, through and by which the medium is controled, it is fair to presume that one must understand somewhat the status of the next world, if there be one. Here evolution, twin sister to Spiritualism, steps in and givs us an insight.

As we hav come from the lower, so we ascend to the higher. All nature's laws, as far as we know them, are fixed, unchanging. Our friends, when they leave us, simply advance one round on the ladder of progress. They hav become neither gods nor angels, but remain women and men, with the same likes, dislikes, and prejudices that they had when here. A murderer may hav died even in the arms of Jesus himself, but he is still a murderer in heart, and will remain so till he has evoluted out of that condition.

This is the simon-pure teaching of evolution, and I doubt if any scientist can successfully dispute it.

Now, if this be a fact—and it looks reasonable to me—then this great psychological law has opened a way, free alike to saint and sinner, and the great cry about the immorality of mediums is "a tempest in a teapot;" for, he being operated upon by unseen forces, any act of the poor sensitiv should be viewed with charity.

I do not pretend for one moment to defend immorality, whether in a medium or any other person. That there are moral and immoral mediums, none can deny; but I claim that, as far as my experience goes with that class, the latter are in a very small minority.

Morality and mediumship are no more synonymous than morality and religion, than morality and Infidelity. Most Infidels are moral; none are religious; and the few immoral ones do not detract from the morality of the many.

In viewing these matters, I prefer the optimistic side. With our present surroundings, we are just as good as we can be; and if one man be better than his neighbor, it is due to his opportunities, and to them alone. So, if my proposition be true, we must, as a certain philosopher held, commence the education of a child "a hundred years before its birth;" then we will hav more morality.

There is another and very important fact, in connection with mediums. Of the many thousands, public and private, no two seem to be developed alike. So, if it be "thaumaturgy," as Mrs. Slenker intimates, then Spiritualism most certainly has demonstrated that fully twenty-five per cent of humanity are unconscious prestidigitators.

Mrs. Slenker seems to hav been somewhat unfortunate in her investigations. Mayhap the headlines to her article may be the keynote. She may possibly remember hearing of that Frenchman who, on falling into the water, cried out, "I *will* drown; nobody *shall* save me." I say this in all kindness to Mrs. Slenker, but I think that when she headed her article,

> A man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still,

she showed the same intolerant spirit which imbued the Seybert Investigating Committee—a spirit which, I respectfully submit, should never be entertained by a Liberal when treating on any subject.

It is the same spirit that religion has inculcated in her followers; the same spirit that deluged our earth with blood, in support of the various myths; the same spirit that caused Torquemada to lay his heavy hand on humanity.

But various people hav widely different experiences with any given medium, and under circumstances which seemingly tend to the suspicion of fraud. I am now speaking of genuin mediums.

Well, what of it? Are our experiences here always the same? I opine not.

A few years ago, in the Crawford House, Boston, I was attracted to a group of gentlemen gathered around an old soldier, who was giving his experience in the battle of Fair Oaks. I followed his recital with great interest, as I was a participant in the same fight. Finally he reached a point in his recital where he touched on the fact that a handful of our men, at a critical juncture, seized on a small log-house and from that vantage-ground so distressed the enemy that they retired, and thus the battle, on that part of the field, was gained. After he was through, one of his listeners announced that he also had been present at the same battle, and while he admitted that some of the points were correct, yet he held that in the main they were wrong. The argument lasted over an hour. Each was certain of the correctness of his account. Yet I know both were wrong; at least, I think I do, for the simple reason that I was the officer in command of the men referred to.

Now, let us suppose that mediumship be true, and that these two gentlemen and myself were, in turn, communicating through a medium, and on the above subject. These gentlemen would each insist on the

correctness of his statement—and here I wish to say that I believe each one honestly thought himself correct—and I would giv an altogether different version. What would be the position of the medium? How about her character for truth?

Of the teachings of Spiritualism no true Spiritualist need be ashamed. There is nothing in the philosophy but of the most ennobling nature. There is no savior. Each works and builds for himself. And I will add, it is the only system that grants, nay, insists on, woman's occupying that position which nature intended her to fill.

We hav, unfortunately, some excrescences. One is named Christian Spiritualism; and another, a trifle lower on the same limb, though denying the Godhead of the Judean savior, yet calls him "our elder brother." For these we are indebted to the church, and whatever crudities—and Spiritualism is credited with many—we are charged with are traceable to early Christian teachings.

I had the pleasure of many sittings with John Pierpont, who has "passed over" many years. Most Bostonians know him by reputation—a sturdy truth seeker; an honest man.

We conversed on many philosophical subjects, and I gained much valuable information from him in the two years I was thus privileged. When the time for my departure arrived, I naturally felt grateful for all his kindness, and so expressed myself, asking, at the same time, what I could do to prove that I was grateful. "My son, liv up to your highest aspirations," was the answer. This is the embodiment of the Spiritual philosophy.

But many are so constituted that a philosophy will not commend itself to them. They accept evolution because they hav been laughed out of their old theological views. For these there are the various phenomena. Now, I do not mean to claim that all these manifestations are genuin. There are frauds, undoubtedly. All Spiritualists admit it. Just so long as the almighty dollar is more highly valued than truth, just so long fraud will exist. But it should be remembered that most of the frauds are exposed by Spiritualists.

And even if only one manifestation in a million be true, science should investigate that one and demonstrate it to the public. But science says Spiritualism is a humbug. Let us see.

Everyone knows that Sir Isaac Newton was made a scientific saint, not only for the discovery, but for the demonstration, of the law of gravitation. That law is too well known to be discussed here. But come with me into yonder séance room. We find a plain deal table, and neither springs, cords, nor confederates. The investigators sit around it at a distance of, say, six feet, and, without any physical contact, it moves, and by its actions answers mental questions and delivers communications from those who hav crossed the mysterious river.

Will science investigate this uprooter of the Newtonian theory? No. The big-wigs are as much wedded to Newton as a Catholic to his patron saint.

Again. The law of acoustics is equally as well known as that of gravitation. Listen. That same inanimate deal table givs forth sounds sharp and clear. There is no physical contact.

By the regulation of the sounds, answers are given to mental questions, thus showing not only a power, but also an intelligence.

Will science investigate this and add to its knowledge of acoustics? No; for experience has taught science that those who investigate become convinced, and the more scientific the investigator, the surer he is of becoming convinced.

Not many years ago, Spiritualism was making great headway among the upper classes in England. The London *Times* came out in a "leader" denouncing it, and finished by saying it was a shame and disgrace that, with a learned society in their midst, composed of the most brilliant minds in the country, such a humbug should be allowed to take so strong a hold on the people, and called on the learned professors to "explode the fraud."

In consequence, this society appointed a committee with full power to investigate and report. On this the *Times* became jubilant, and assured its reader that the humbug would be exposed within thirty days.

But the thirty days passed, as also did several other thirty days. The professors had become interested, and when they did make their report announcing the phenomena to be *facts*, and all that Spiritualists claimed for them, the *Times* merely said, "Three more d——d fools." Yes! three more fools.

Wallace, the peer of Darwin.

Varley, the king of electricians.

Crookes, second to no chemist in the world.

Here, in America, we hav a sample of the same class of work in the action of the Seybert commission; particularly the scientific investigation of one of their number, who could think of no other way of testing it than by sitting for several months with a damp cloth on his head, and finally winding up by visiting Germany to inquire into the sanity of Professor Zoellner.

No one can reasonably doubt the existence of the phenomena. Each one is fully entitled to determin their worth. As you justly remark, Brother Macdonald, "Spiritualism should not be made a religion. If true, it must be in conformity with the laws of nature, and as such must come in the domain of experimental and demonstrable science."

This is simon-pure Spiritualism. But, if science will not investigate, what then?

I claim, and, if necessary, think I can prove, that the phenomena hav been known to all nations as far back as we hav any record. None knows the truth of this better than the higher ecclesiastics of the Catholic church, and I here boldly say that the majority of her so-called holy men and women were merely mediums.

Take St. Theresa, for instance. She was canonized because angels, unseen of course, were in the habit of levitating her, and the stigmata would appear on her arm, taking the shape of a cross.

Now, not many years ago, the medium Home, while holding a séance in the upper part of a private house, was lifted and carried out through one window, and back into the room through another window. This is attested by some of the highest nobility in England. Moreover, at the house of Alvin Adams, at that time president of the Adams Express Company, a piano was elevated and carried through his parlor. I merely mention these instances, out of many hundreds, as they are, to some extent, public property.

As far as the stigmata are concerned, Charles Foster, the well-known American medium, seldom, if ever, gave a sitting in which the stigmata did not appear on his arm, either in the form of the name of his unknown sitter, or of one of his departed friends.

Theresa is a saint and Home and Foster are humbugs. One might go on for an eternity reciting instances, but what would it avail? My experience could be of no possible use to another, only just so far as it corroborated his experience.

But, Brother Macdonald, you advocate a scientific inquiry. *Cui bono?* These investigations seldom, if ever, pan out. I could recite many. Let me giv another, at the risk of tiring you.

A little over a year ago a society was formed in England for this purpose. A medium was summoned. and a number of sittings were held. The sitters made their own conditions and the phenomena took place, They were dumbfounded. It would not do to admit the fact, as any ordinary fellow could attest to an "effect," but they were searching for the "cause." So, one who had read Henry Ward Beecher's report on the knee joints of the Fox girls bethought him of a still more novel idea. "These phenomena are caused," said he, "by the circulation of the blood in the medium's arm," and on the medium declining to be bled, he was denounced as a fraud, and all Spiritualists as cranks.

And so wags the world.

The Spiritual philosophy agrees with the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER that all its claims should be carefully, closely, and scientifically investigated. If true, it has nothing to fear. If false, I for one want to know it, and want that knowledge as soon as possible.

But how are you to investigate? Are you going to say, as many do, "If my dead friend wishes to tell me anything, he knows where I am, and he can giv it to me personally?" If so, brother Infidels, don't start in. Remember there is nothing supernatural about this philosophy. If true now, it has always been true. It is as old as the hills, and as easily demonstrable. Only go about it right. There are no ghosts in it, either holy or otherwise, only those who hav gone before. And believe me, if you giv them a chance they will be too glad to come to you.

If you want to send a telegram, you go to the telegraph office. Then, go to the Spiritual telegraph office. Keep your eyes and ears open, and, mark me, you will receive evidences. Commence, as I did, at the lower rung of the ladder; for I had thirty-six sittings in my own house, with a private medium, before I fully accepted even the raps and table-tilting.

Avoid the higher phases, such as materialization, till you hav seen and heard enough to satisfy you that such a thing as materialization is possible. Go on slowly, carefully, and I will guarantee success. I never knew it to fail.

I hav written, Brother Macdonald, much more than I had intended, possibly more than you will care to print, or, if printed, more than some may care to read. But, as I sat in my room, suffering from a severe sprain, I hav allowed my thoughts to flow, and hope these few fragmentary remarks may be of service to some poor fellow who is really seeking light.

But I am not yet through. You know me to be somewhat of a speculator—in ideas—and somewhat skeptical withal. So much so, in fact, that, at times, I doubt nearly everything. I even doubted Brownson's psychological argument, quoted by Waterloo Lambert, and after that, I can reasonably be excused doubting anything.

I noticed in the last edition of *Freethought* that "George" had had an experience with a slate-writing medium. I read his account carefully, but do not think he did himself justice. The deductions were somewhat far-fetched. While reading it I bethought me of an experiment, and hav selected "George" as the subject, for the following reasons:

First, I do not know him personally, although I do very well by reputation. The "man with the badge-pin" has enabled me to pass many a pleasant hour. Consequently, I feel drawn toward him.

Then, I hav never been in San Francisco, and I do not know the medium with whom he sat, and even the name has escaped me.

Now, I make the following proposition to George: Go to a stationer and buy two large slates. Cleanse them perfectly and place between them a piece of slate pencil about the size of a grain of wheat. Then take twelve (12) screws and screw three into each end and side. Thus the slates will be perfectly secure from any human effort to open them. Then take, say six small pieces of paper, such as *Freethought* is printed on, and on each of these write the *full* name of some dead friend. Roll these papers up carefully, each one separate, and place them in an envelope. All this to be done in your own house, no one near you, and with no possibility of anyone knowing the names.

Then call on the medium. Never let the slates leave your hand. As the little papers will be thoroughly mixed, it is fair to presume that even you will not know the name on any given one.

I merely suggest these precautions. If you wish to adopt any others, you are free to do so; only be sure that you hav guarded yourself so that no known human ingenuity can hoodwink you.

At the end of the séance pay the medium his fee. I should like to hav it understood right here that, whatever the result may be, it is to be published in *Freethought*, and you are at liberty to make any comments you desire. Only, remember, in advance, that you are at liberty to surround yourself with every safeguard, and, if the medium will allow it, you can hav a friend or two at the sitting.

I should like an engraving of the slates (and writing, if any) made, and printed with the article. Now, as it is claimed that the phenomena occur independent of the medium, it is possible that the first or even second sitting may be unproductiv, so I would wish three different sittings, unless a result were obtained sooner.

I should also like fifteen copies of *Freethought*, containing the article, sent me, and at the same time a bill of the entire expenses, and I will remit at once.

Now, this is a fair proposition, Brother Macdonald, and "George" need not for one moment consider himself under any pecuniary obligation to me. I hav many friends out his way, and I willingly pay for his experiment, if by so doing I can find a good slate-writing medium on the Pacific coast. Moreover, whenever I find a friend who is really desirous of investigating, I always send him to some previously tested medium, with the understanding that unless satisfactory I am to pay the bill.

In this case I make an exception. I volunteer to pay the bill no matter what may be the result.

McARTHUR.

Echoes from the Methodist Conference.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegram.

They hav combines, electioneering, and ballot-box stuffing at the election of bishops at the Methodist Episcopal general conference—all the adjuncts of a political campaign, except letters of declination.

From Puck.

If even Methodist ministers, with the fear of the Lord in their eyes, cannot be trusted to use the ballot honestly, what on earth is to be expected of a poor, unregenerate devil of a "rum-cursed" ward politician, anyhow?

From Tidbits.

Deacon's wife: "I don't see, John, why the ladies of the church cannot hav a voice in the voting for the vestry?"

Deacon: "Nonsense! What do you women know about such matters?"

Deacon's wife: "Not much, I suppose, John. We can only build the church, look after the missions, invent methods of paying off the debt, and giv up our time to such trifles; but when it comes to selecting the proper officers to stand around and say 'Amen!' to it all, it requires the colossal mind of man to grasp the situation."

From Life.

When the Metropolitan Opera House was vacated by the Methodist conference at an earlier hour than usual one day last week, in order that "Hamlet" might be rehearsed on the stage, Bishop Andrews found before he reached his hotel that he had left his coat. The bishop went back for it, and actually witnessed part of the rehearsal. And now what we want to know is whether he left his coat purposely, in order that he might hav an excuse to return, as the wily young man of the period sometimes leaves his walking-stick when he calls upon a girl and then has to go back after it the next day. Bishop Andrews cannot explain too soon.

Freethinkers

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The Southern Presbyterians Are Orthodox.

While the Presbyterians of England are considering the advisability of bringing their creed more nearly into harmony with the dicta of science, especially as to the creation theory, the Southern Presbyterians hav officially proclaimed their adherence to and firm belief in the legends of Genesis. This was done by the Southern Presbyterian Assembly, convened at Baltimore, May 25th.

The question was brought up by the complaint of Dr. James Woodrow against the synod of Georgia, which annulled the action of the presbytery of Augusta in acquitting him of having taught evolution in connection with the creation of the body of Adam. The matter was discussed for several days, and a full expression of opinion obtained. A few of the ministers sustained Dr. Woodrow on the ground that he taught evolution only as a probable theory, and not inconsistent with the standards of the church; but the large majority held that evolution was directly antagonistic to the Bible, and, as it had already been condemned by the church, the assembly should not reverse Presbyterian opinion. One minister from South Carolina opposed Dr. Woodrow because if the assembly voted to sustain him it would be wired all over the country that the Southern Presbyterians are in favor of evolution, "and instantly every Infidel in the land will giv three cheers for the Southern Presbyterian Assembly." Another minister, from Missouri, said he had informed himself of the latest phases of this question. He had read the reply of Professor Huxley to the bishops of England, as well as papers by other scientists, and he found "that the standard they would leave us would be a world without God and a death without resurrection." The balance of Dr. Woodrow's opponents contented themselvs with declaring that evolution and the Bible were utterly irreconcilable, and that he who believed one could not logically believe the other. The vote upholding the biblical account of the creation, or the mud theory against the monkey theory, as a daily paper puts it, was one hundred and four to thirty-four.

This result was not unexpected. The gentlemen who used to quote scripture to support slavery are not the ones to absorb new ideas. The Bible which cursed Canaan and made him a servant of servants, *i. e.*, the slave of these reverend servants of God, is good enough for them still, and no Infidel shall hav the opportunity of accusing them of learning anything. It is well.

But while we must condemn the obstinate conservatism of the Southern Presbyterians, we must at the same time applaud their consistency and admit that the position assumed by them—that evolution and the Bible cannot both be true—is impregnable. The change in the Articles of Religion proposed by the English Presbyterians—that God fashioned the world in successiv stages—is revolutionary, and an abandonment of biblical religion. Without the Garden of Eden, and the occurrences said to hav happened therein, Calvary and the tragedy enacted thereon would be useless and without a basis. The Old Testament is the most essential of foundations for the New. We must hav the fall of man to make the atonement of service. And the "fall of man" must be mythical if the human race was not created perfect, but progressed from lower forms of life. That this antagonism of religion and science is deadly is recognized by all logical thinkers, and the tergiversations and twistings of even so eminent a theologian as Mr. Gladstone cannot avail to alter the fact. The issue is clearly stated by the editor of the *Sun* in considering the action of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly in this case, and the effort by the Southern General Assembly of Presbyterians to unite the Southern and Northern bodies, and it can not be too often put before those theological contortionists who twist both science and the "revealed" account in order to force an agreement. The *Sun* says: "Dr. Woodrow, who is especially on trial for teaching evolution, is only one among many orthodox theologians who hav been attracted by that scientific theory, so powerful in its appeal to the modern intellect generally. Yet never before has faith encountered an enemy equally dangerous, for it strikes at the very foundation of all theology, Christian or other, and shatters the corner-stone of revealed religion. According to the teachings of Christianity, of Mohammedanism, and the myths of all ancient mythologies, man's primitiv state was high and holy and happy, and he descended from it because of sin and disobedience. According to evolution, man began at the bottom, having gradually come up from a simple cell, and has grown into what he is by a slow process of development.

"The two theories, therefore, are in direct conflict, whether we interpret the scriptural story literally, as many theologians do, or as an allegory, after the manner of others, or whether we take one or the other of the conflicting accounts of the book of Genesis.

"In the first chapter of Genesis, it will be remembered, God is described as having made man as the last act of creation, giving him dominion over the animals already created; but in the second chapter the creation of Adam precedes that of the lower animals, which he is permitted to name, and which are created for his benefit. By the first account Adam and Eve were created together: 'Male and female created he them;' but the second makes Adam to hav been created first, then the various beasts, and last of all the woman.

"These differences are, of course, puzzling, but with respect to the paradisaical state of the first pair the two accounts do not disagree; and even if we take the whole as allegorical and mythical, in a sense which justifies the theory of revelation, the description is of mankind as having begun at the summit of development, and as having fallen from that state. To this evolution opposes the theory that man began at the bottom and has been struggling painfully to get up higher ever since.

"If, then, we follow evolutionary science, we must reject revelation and with it the whole system of theology: the fall of man, the origin of evil, the scheme of redemption, even the immortality of the human soul. Therefore we say that the Baltimore general assembly is dealing with a question of momentous importance to supernatural religion, a question beside which the controversy over the organic union of Northern and Southern Presbyterians sinks into insignificance."

There cannot be a more distinct issue than that between evolution and "revealed religion." If the former be true, then Christianity is not true; and if not true, it must, beyond its human characteristics and relations, be as useless as the pagan mythology from which it is essentially borrowed.

The Union of Church and State in New Jersey.

In his decision depriving Henry George of a legacy to be used for circulating his works Vice-chancellor Bird of New Jersey lays down some queer propositions. If the higher courts uphold him, a man who desires to leave money to spread heretical opinions will do well to use it before his death instead. The will contested first makes provisions for the wife of the testator and makes other disposition of a small amount of his property, and then reads:

"Lastly, all the rest and residue of my estate of any and every form, kind, and description whatsoever, I hereby giv, devise, and bequeath, under the name of 'the Hutchins fund,' to Henry George, the well-known author of 'Progress and Poverty,' his heirs, executors, and administrators, in sacred trust for the express purpose of 'spreading the light' on social and political liberty and justice in these United States of America by means of the gratuitous, wise, efficient, and economically conducted distribution all over the land of said George's publications on the all-important land question and cognate subjects, including his 'Progress and Poverty,' his replies to the criticisms thereon, his 'Problems of the Times,' and any other of his books and pamphlets which he may think it wise and proper to gratuitously distribute in this country; provided, first, that the said George, his heirs, executors, and administrators, shall regularly furnish true annual reports of the management and disbursement of the said fund to the paper called the *Irish World and the American Industrial Liberator*, or its acknowledged successor, and shall also annually mail or otherwise send a copy of said paper containing such annual reports to each of the following persons, to wit, my aforementioned wife, Mary Hutchins, now of this place; William Wood, now of Parker, county of Randolph, state of Indiana, and James Hutchins, now of Selma, county of Delaware, and state of Indiana; and provided, second, that said George, his heirs, executors, and administrators, shall cause to be inserted or printed opposit the title-page of every free copy of his books distributed by means of this fund, this, my solemn request, virtually, to wit, that each recipient shall read it and then circulate it among such neighbors or other persons as in his best judgment will make the best use of it."

Chancellor Bird's decision is that "a bequest for the distribution of books in which the author describes the system by which the landowners of the country hold the title to their land, as robbery, is not such a charity as the courts will enforce." In leading up to this conclusion, the arguments of the chancellor take a wide range, and incidentally include some reflections upon Infidelity, though he refrains from deciding that heretical works are as wicked as Mr. George's books. On this point he says: "I am not required to say what the court should do in case of a bequest providing for the circulation of an Infidel or blasphemous or immoral publication. According to the enlightened training of the present age, we cannot believe that such a case will ever arise, although the generous efforts of many, the most God-fearing, do, though unintentionally, encourage the circulation of such books, by their indiscriminate donations establishing public libraries. Whether the courts could undertake the winnowing process is not now material." Mr. George's books, he holds, are not obnoxious to the charge of heresy, for "they are not indifferent on the subject of Christianity, recognizing it throughout." He decides against Mr. George because that gentleman says:

"It is not merely a robbery in the past, it is a robbery in the present - a robbery that deprives of their birthright the infants that are coming into the world. Why should we hesitate about making short work of such a system? Because I was robbed yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, is it any reason that I should suffer myself to be robbed to-day and to-morrow? any reason that I should conclude that the robber has acquired a vested right to rob me?

"Historically, as ethically, private property in land is robbery."

These sentiments involve "the church and our state, and all the institutions established and regulated thereby," and though Mr. Bird upholds freedom of the press, "unless the book be *irreligious* or immoral," he cannot allow such revolutionary sentiments to be circulated.

Leaving that part of the matter to be argued out by Mr. George—though it is at once apparent that he has the right to put his argument for public property in land in as forcible language as he can command—we desire to call attention to Chancellor Bird's constant inweaving of Christianity with the state. Besides the instances we hav cited, he reviews the writings of Joanna Southcote, to circulate which a testatrix left a certain residue of her estate, as Mr. Hutchins left his to circulate the books of Mr. George. Chancellor Bird goes on to say: "The heir filed a bill alleging that the gift for such purpose was either void in law on the ground that the writings were of a blasphemous and profane character, or that the trust so declared was for the propagation of doctrins subversiv to the Christian religion. It seems that Joanna Southcote taught in her books that she was with child by the Holy Ghost, and that a second Messiah was about to be born of her body. In speaking of her, Sir John Romilly, master of the rolls, said: 'In the history of her life, her personal disputations and conversations with the devil, her prophecies and her intercommunings with the spiritual world, I hav found much that, in my opinion, is very foolish, but nothing which is likely to make persons who read them either immoral or irreligious,'

Again, he says, 'I cannot say that the bequest of a testator to publish and propagate works in support of the Christian religion is a charitable bequest, and at the same time say that if another testator should select for this purpose some three or four authors whose works will in his opinion produce that effect, such a bequest thereupon ceases to be charitable. Neither can I do so if the testator should select one single author.' The bequest was sustained." By implication, at least, the doctrin is here laid down that if the crazy woman's doctrins had been subversiv of Christianity the bequest would hav been void. But as she only imagined she was with child by the same parent who produced Jesus Christ, why, that proved perhaps the existence of the ghost, and so established the truth of the gospel! Therefore the bequest was sustained! The chancellor further comments: "Certainly if the purpose of the testator was to disseminate doctrins immoral in their character, tendency, or influence they could not be called charitable in any sense, nor could they in any sense be said to elevate or improve mankind." In this comment lies the possibility and potency of a very vigorous religious crusade against heretical works There is scarcely a Christian in the country who will not say that Paine's works "disseminate doctrins immoral in their character, tendency, or influence;" and Canadian Christians go so far as to denounce Ingersoll's lectures as *obscene!* According to Chancellor Bird's theory, therefore, no one has a right to circulate them, or leave money at death for others to use in circulating them. The labor of the God-in-the-Constitution party is certainly superfluous in New Jersey, which already has as nice a union of state and church as the most fastidious Christian can desire.

Mr. George is going to take his case to a higher court. Perhaps the decision of the appellate authority will throw some light upon the union of church and state which Chancellor Bird has established to his own if not to an Infidel's satisfaction.

Scholars of Infidel Color.

Mr. C. F. Hunt, of Mayfair, Ill., sends us this on a postal card:

"On May 26th the Chicago morning *News* said: 'The world's scholarship, all that is worthy of the name, to-day is Christian, and it is only occasionally that, in any quarter of the civilized globe, a meteor like Ingersoll appears as an Infidel wanderer in the galaxy of genius.'

"A complete list of 'worthy' scholars of Infidel color would surprise the *News*. Can you giv it? Such a list ought to be compiled, absolutely reliable, ready at hand for Freethinkers."

In the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1884 we gave a list of noted Freethinkers, and among them will be found a great many whose scholarship has been recognized as "worthy" by the whole civilized world. We may here mention a few whose place in history will be readily granted: Roger Bacon, Jeremy Bentham, Lord Bolinbroke, Giordano Bruno, H. T. Buckle, Louis Büchner, Count Buffon, W. K. Clifford, Bishop Colenso, Auguste Comte, Condorcet, Copernicus, D'Alembert, Charles R. Darwin, D'Holbach, Diderot, John W. Draper, George Eliot, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Feuerbach, Fichte, Fourier, Ben. Franklin, Frederick the Great, J. A. Froude, Galileo, Gibbon, Goethe, Horace Greeley, Ernest Haeckel, Sir Wm. Hamilton, Heinrich Heine, Hegel, Helmholtz, Helvetius, Herschel I. and II., Hobbes, Victor Hugo, Alexander von Humboldt, David Hume, Thomas Huxley, Kant, Laplace, Lecky, Leibnitz, G. H. Lewes, Abraham Lincoln, Linnæus, John Locke, Lyell, John Stuart Mill, Max Müller, James Parton, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Joseph Priestley, R. A. Proctor, J. E. Renan, George Sand, Schelling, Schiller, Schopenhauer, Michael Servetus, Herbert Spencer, Spinoza, Strauss, Professor John Tyndall, Voltaire, E. L. Youmans, and scores of others.

There is being prepared in England a biographical dictionary of Freethinkers, which we think will be a great accession to our statistical literature, but pending its publication the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL is about the most useful work in print. Every issue has special features, and taken together the various years' ANNUALS form a library of generous proportions and great worth. We advise the purchase for reference and edification of all the issues from 1884 to the present, and for 1889 when it appears.

Then and Now.

In selecting the jurymen who were to try Madam Diss Debar for conspiring to obtain money from lawyer Marsh, her lawyer strenuously insisted upon a religious jury. "We contend that everything done by the defendant," he said, "was based upon religion, and we must hav religious men to try her. The Christian religion is the religion of this country, and any man who does not believe both the Old and the New Testament is disqualified to be a juror." To obtain a jury who believed in the superstitions of the Old Testament, he questioned each talesman as to whether he had read that book, and whether he believed in the Witch of Endor yarn as related in 1 Samuel. He put also a variety of theological questions, and was evidently surprised to find so many jurymen who had not read the Bible, did not know anything about the Witch of Endor, and would try Madam Diss Debar for her actions and not for her religion. His persistent efforts drew a ruling from Judge Gildersleeve that he would not exclude men from the jury because they did not believe in the divinity of Christ. The lawyer took an exception, "because, from beginning to end, the trial would hinge altogether upon religion and religious belief."

The intended defense of the lawyer was apparent. He thought if he could get a jury who believed that the woman at Endor, who had a familiar spirit, conjured up Samuel's ghost to advise Saul, he could get them to believe that Madam Diss Debar had also a familiar spirit who could paint pictures at sight, or obtain the assistance of the spirits of Raphael and Rembrandt to paint them. But, as one juryman put it after the witch story had been explained to him, though he might believe the ancient tale he should not the modern one, and thus was illustrated the difficulty the Lord would hav in getting his revelation accepted should he desire to add to Holy Writ. The conduct of the lawyer strengthened neither the popular faith in the Bible nor the defense of the alleged Modern Witch of Endor. In court, the ancient tales of superstition find little credence.

All of which goes to show the wide difference between the present and "about 1056 before Christ."

Less Intelligent than a New York Juryman.

While the Witch of Endor story is contemptuously rejected by New York jurymen, even of Hebrew extraction, it seems that our Peruvian neighbors, if a dispatch to the *World* is reliable, are lingering along contemporary with John Knox, Cotton Mather, or some other believers in witchcraft. The dispatch referred to states that in Pataz, Peru, a woman has been publicly burnt alive for practicing alleged supernatural powers. No particulars are given, and this vague announcement is the total libel on the South American republic. We trust for humanity's sake that it is not true.

But Peru has been a Catholic country since Pizarro ravished it in the name of religion, and reduced its twenty or thirty millions of nativs to a beggarly two or three millions of superstitious thieves and slaves. There is nothing improbable in the dreadful story of witch-burning, for Catholics hav ere now done the same in other countries, and probably would now in any country where they had supreme control, unchecked by surrounding nations. Were it not for France and Italy, Spain might easily reëstablish her Inquisition, and Leo XIII. could follow the example of Leo X. and his predecessors and successors, and issue bulls against witchcraft. The "Witch Hammer" might again become a guide to judges, and the horrors of witch-hunting be reënacted. In the bishopric of Bamberg, the church averaged for a period of four years one hundred and fifty burnings annually. In the bishopric of Würzburg, two hundred and twenty-five were the yearly sacrifices to brutal ignorance. In Calvin's city one hundred and twenty-five a month were burnt for four months of 1516, and seven years later, in Como, a thousand or more were tortured within the period of a twelvemonth. Thousands more were slain in other places, and the Christian religion was responsible. We hav the same religion to-day, though the people are different, and perhaps in Peru, uncivilized and ignorantly religious, the tragedy telegraphed so briefly may hav occurred. It is a saddening thought, filling us with indignation for the religion, and pity for the victim and the degraded priests who instigated the horror.

Editorial Notes.

MR. JEROME DUTTON, of Wheatland, Ia., informs us that while attending the district court in Nevada, as a witness, he was asked if he believed in a God, but upon objection from counsel the judge ruled the question out. It would hav gratified us to write that judge's name large if Mr. Dutton had forwarded it. Honest officials like him should be encouraged.

THE Rev. James M. Buckley was reëlected by the General Conference to the editorship of the *Christian Advocate*. In his paper of June 7th, he therefore proceeds to congratulate himself and the church upon the event, and to outline the duties of his position. He says:

"Absolute impartiality is the duty of its conductor; neither his prejudices nor preposessions should be allowed to determin what should be rejected or admitted, or whose contributions should find a place among the multitude offered. The same general principles of selection must be applied to all."

We regret to note that nowhere does he indicate that one of the duties of the editor is to condemn dishonest voting and ballot-box-stuffing, wire-pulling for bishoprics, and lobbying for favorits. The sympathy and pravers of his subscribers, which he asks for, ought to be turned in this direction. It certainly cannot injure the church to hav her supporters honest.

BY its low abuse as well as by the direct admission that "those who enter the lists with him can hardly expect to get the better of him," the *Independent* of this city, a Congregational journal of wide repute, acknowledges that Colonel Ingersoll has overwhelmed Mr. Gladstone in the memorable controversy now being discussed throughout the country. The abuse of the *Independent* would not be worthy of notice were it not that it is a good sample of the manner in which the discussion between Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Ingersoll is treated by the religious press generally. The editors know, for the great secular press has told them, that Christianity has been worsted, though defended by its layman greatest in controversy, and they feel that there is left to them but the last resort of a defeated attorney. In such abuse they are the competent of the competent, and are doing full justice to their reputations. They would not dare to repeat their editorials before one of Colonel Ingersoll's friends, but this is a slight matter to theologians who hav long since ceased to be gentlemen.

"PLAIN BILL ALLRED, Samson of the Church of Jesus Christ," Montgomery, Ala., challenges the churches of that city, which he savs are full of idolatry, witchcraft, sorcery, and blasphemy, in the language of scripture: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick; and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he hav committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." Mr. Allred offers, if his challenge is accepted and the churches can show to him "and to all the people as did Elijah to the prophets of Baal, and to all the people, that God will hear your prayers and heal the sick, then I will cease my chiding and my warfare on your lying vanities, for you will then hav established the truth of your assertions satisfactorily to my mind according to the scriptural test." But if this test is not accomplished and the Lord does not hear the prayers of the churches and heal the sick, then, Mr. Allred says to them, "your lying vanities must go—such as organs, horns, and musical instruments of all kinds, with your rented pews, carpeted floors, velvet-covered altars and seats, fine and costly chandeliers for gas or electricity—and you must become a plain people and a plain church, so that the poorest and the humblest of all people, regardless of nationality, color, or sex, can be on an equal footing in the church of Jesus Christ." The churches are offered their choice, either to unite and make the effort all together, or they may try it single-handed. And if they do not feel that they can stand the touchstone of scripture, they are to consider themselvs "mocked in their idolatry, as were the prophets of Baal by Elijah." We fear Mr. Allred is a very unpractical sort of a practical Christian.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. BELL lectured in Delevan, Minn., June 9th, 10th, 11th; and in Huron, Dak., on the 14th, 15th, and 16th, and also in Jamestown, Dak., on the same dates.

MR. J. K. INGALLS, author of "Social Wealth," has inaugurated a lectureship on the New Industrial Economy, at his home in Glenora, N. Y. His subjects are: The Ethics and Economics of the Labor and Capital Problem, Normal Ownership of the Land, Money and Credit, Competition and Cooperation. The lectures upon these subjects will be furnished to students as fast as prepared. The terms for the course are $10; singly, $1. Students who can giv personal attendance will hav the benefit of oral illustration and explanation, as well as copies of the lectures. Such can obtain, at moderate charge, board and comfortable rooms at Mr. Ingalls's home, on one of the most healthy and picturesque spots on Seneca Lake. Mr. Ingalls is a cultured and gentle scholar, and his thoughts upon the subjects mentioned are well worth studying. As a practical land reformer he antedates Henry George by many years.

A Very Peculiar Church.

From the Sun.

The Rev. H. F. Titus, former pastor of the Baptist church at Newton, Mass., has concluded to try and start a new church whose members shall undertake to liv as Jesus Christ lived. He thinks that in the ideal church, such as he proposes to found, there should be no rich, no poor; that the members should giv generously one to another; that they should take care of each other better than Freemasons or any other similar society, and that there should be no social distinctions among them.

Letters from Friends.

OSCEOLA, IA., May 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Let the grand truths which you promulgate ever disseminate knowledge throughout Christendom, and eradicate the superstition that "beyond the realms of time and space we await that heavenly place." Yours for liberty of thought and speech, FRANK I. JONES.

DAYTON, WASH., May 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from the beginning, and know all about the trials and troubles of its founder, and did a little to help him, and would hav done more if I could. Of course, I like THE TRUTH SEEKER, or I should not take it so long. Yes, it suits theologically and almost every other way. And long liv Heston—his pictures are immense! Respectfully yours, SALEM FOUTS.

PARKERSBURG, ORE., May 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Without THE TRUTH SEEKER I should be lost, in a literary sense, for I think it the grandest educator for a Liberal-minded man. We are expecting S. P. Putnam among us next month to deliver a series of lectures. Mr. Putnam was among us last June, and greatly appreciated by all. Putnam s a trump, and makes old orthodoxy tremble.

Fraternally your friend, D. JOHN LOWE.

NEWARK, N. Y., May 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: J. E. Remsburg has been here and delivered three lectures, as announced, and nothing very serious has happened here yet, except, as the old saying is, the wounded bird flutters. There is some fluttering among the professors of religion, but we hope to hav Mr. Remsburg or some other good lecturer here again in the near future to giv them another truth or two to bluster about.

WM. H. H. STEBBINS.

LEADVILLE, COL., May 18, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Since I hav been here I hav tried to get subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I hope I hav succeeded. I hav noticed men here in the hotel pick up THE TRUTH SEEKER from the table, look at it, then throw it down and walk off, come back, pick it up, and commence to read; very soon there will be a smile light up their whole countenance, and they will say, "Well, well, I thought this was a religious paper," and then read it right through. I think the cartoon in the paper of May 5th immense. Good luck to THE TRUTH SEEKER. ARTHUR VENN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: What of one George A. Sheridan, itinerant lecturer and Bible boomer? Is he "Brother-to-Bassett"—I mean Brother Phil, the illustrious—or cousin, or uncle, or what? Or is he merely one of Jahveh's heelers, minus illustrious relativs, and known to a few as George A. Sheridan? Don't tell me he is one of those whom not to know argues one's self unknown, as that puts me in a hole and drives the hole in upon me. Whatever the antecedents or whoever the relativs of this G. A. S. bag, he seems to be trying to draw attention to his diminutivness by bucking at Ingersoll, as do other insects at the electric light. Robert G. Ingersoll and George A. Sheridan! Lion and polecat, with G. A. S. in the role of polecat, and entirely successful. The poor little specimen acts like one who thinks God can't take care of his own libel suits, so takes a hand in to help him out! That's all I hav to say of this little G. A. S. leak at present. I giv my name, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith, you know. SI SLOKUM.

PINE RIVER, COL., June 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Having been a subscriber to your paper for the last year, and not seeing any letter from this corner, I venture to let you know how the work is progressing here. Up to this time there hav been but two subscribers in this locality to your paper, but by looking around a little I am able to send you $11, for which you will send five copies, and a copy of "The Nine Demands," as published by Mr. Charles Eckhard. Most of the people are Liberals, but they don't know it. What they need is to hire some good Liberal speaker. Why don't more lecturers come out? The field is large and the laborers are few.

I want Ingersoll for president of the United States and Robert Lincoln for vice-president. And I think that everyone who is a Liberal should speak his sentiments on this subject.

What few Liberals there are here are going to organize a Liberal club here, and I think all other Liberals should do the same. I notice the church is never idle. I had a good old deacon tell me the other day when I told him that I was a believer in Ingersoll's doctrin: "Keep right on, keep right on, and you will go down with him to the bottomless pit!" I felt bad for the poor old man, but I couldn't help him; he was dyed in the wool. CLARENCE HENSLEY.

SO. LOWELL, ALA., June 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In the *Messiah Herald* of May 23d is an article entitled. "Lockhart on Ingersoll." Rev. B. W. Lockhart, of Suffield, writes to the Hartford *Times* on: "First, Mr. Ingersoll's contradictory statements about God. 'I do not say that a God does not exist; but I say I do not know' (*North American Review*, 1888. p 483). Mr. Ingersoll says he is an Agnostic. He does not know whether there is a God or not. Now mark: 'I beg of you [*i. e.*, Field] to take the first sober thought, and you will be satisfied that the supernatural does not exist' (p. 505)." Then Mr. Lockhart goes on with his remarks, and closes with: "But about the plain, bold fact of the existence of God, to say almost in the same breath: God may exist—God cannot exist; I don't know—I do know! Shame on the trifler in the house of the Lord!"

Now I want to ask Mr. Lockhart some questions. Is God natural or not natural? Jesus says, "If a man hath seen me, he hath seen the father." Was Jesus natural or not? If Mr. Ingersoll is honest in his statements, has he a right to speak them? When did Mr. Ingersoll get into the house of the Lord? Do you believe in the supernatural? If you do believe, do you *know* of the supernatural? If you do, please giv us the proof of the same. I think it will be hard work to make any scientific mind believe in the supernatural. The best definition of God I remember is by Pope:

Whose body nature is,
And God the soul.

Mr. Ingersoll is not going to kick everyone who fails to understand him. J. K. DEARTH.

RED OAK, MO., May 25, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been trying to get a few subscribers. I hav had the promis of two or three. but they liv quite a way from here and I do not get to see them often. However, I think maybe I will get them this summer. I want to send at least one new name. I think every subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER ought to try to do that; and just think how it would help the grand old standard of truth circulate through our land. It would double the subscription list. Just think of what a big thing it would be. It would enable the Truth Seeker Company to pay Mr. Heston more for the noble work he is doing; it would make as many again readers of the best paper in the world, and, above all, it would be such a grand help to a noble cause. Now, brothers and sisters, I will pledge myself to send in at least one new subscriber inside of three months; how many will do this? Let us hear from one and all. I will begin by sending a list of names of those that I think will like the paper, and inside of three months and at as early a date as possible I will renew and send in my new subscriber. I do not want to miss a single copy. The pictures are too good, to say nothing of the ten or twelve pages of good reading each week. Now, friends, let us see if we can't boom THE TRUTH SEEKER in the next three months. Let each one send in a new subscriber's name, with the cash, and that will be one of the grandest booms the good old soldier has ever had. I mean a subscriber for a year, and no less time. Hoping that this little plan will be a success in the case of every subscriber, I am, Yours for truth and justice, S. P. WOOD.

SNOWVILLE, VA., May 31, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I want to thank all the good, kind hearts who hav responded to my appeal for dimes for the defense of Walker and Harman. I hav personally received for them 146 donations; the latest of which comes from an old and true friend of mine, Thomas Goddard, who bears my father's given name, and, I think, must hav a large share of his kind and generous nature, for whenever help is needed for Radical work, there you see a donation from him.

I hav the names of all who hav sent me help for Hacker, Casey, Harman and Walker, and for my own contest with the Comstock crew, recorded in a book; and I often run them over as a Catholic would his list of saints—only mine are real benefactors, who deserve more credit than the majority of the saints ever earned.

I am proud of every good deed done by us Liberals, and I hope they will increase and multiply till the name itself will mean all that is good, true, and lovely.

I presume you all know Harman and Walker are reindicted, and that your dimes are needed just as much now as ever. I shall be glad of every one that comes, and each donor will receive a copy of the two papers *Lucifer* and *Fair Play*, and a letter of thanks from Elmina. There! isn't that a temptation for you to send a few stamps for the defense fund? I might offer a chromo, only they are so common. Perhaps a leaf of ribbon grass, as a souvenir from Snowville, will be an inducement?

Let us do what we can to falsify Pope's:

Tru hs would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful preeminence! y urself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts, too—

by showing true, helpful sympathy with the oppressed and persecuted teachers of a Radical philosophy entirely consonant with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That hav their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the brig t fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., May 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: O. S. Barrett thinks I might profit by reading the *Freethinkers' Magazine*. Well, I do read it. The editor keeps sending it to me, though I hav several times told him not to, and the postman puts it into my private box, so I suppose a bill will follow in due season. I am happy to agree with Mr. Barrett that it presents much to benefit me. I read the article on Mrs. Slenker at the time of her arrest with a deal of pleasure, also several in the same spirit about the persecution of the Replogles at the much misnamed town of Liberal, and others equally creditable to the editor's capacity for Freethinking. Mr. Barrett says a man, if he be "loil," need look no farther than his own convictions to see the fallacy of Anarchy. Of course not; the "trooly loil" evolves the whole thing—Anarchy and its refutation—from the depths of his moral consciousness, which saves a heap of trouble reading up about it. Those who are not so loyal hav to undergo the labor of studying a system before they form an opinion on its merits. No one who has read Mr. Barrett's former letter will doubt his loyalty at all. Mr. Barrett repeats that there are millions of fertil acres open to homestead entry, but omits again to state where they are. He says a man of ordinary caliber who says the Chicago martyrs did not get their just deserts favors their principles. Now, so far as I am concerned, that is all right. I do favor the same principles right from the word Go. But of Trumbull, Butler, Ingersoll, and McAllister, I hardly think it. Mr. Barrett denies it, and again I am happy to agree with him. But what did they say and do in the premises? Judge McAllister said the man who threw the bomb in the Haymarket was justified in doing so. So say I. Yet it seems to me a man might think even an Anarchist justified in defending his life without being an Anarchist. Much more, without being an Anarchist, he might think that one Anarchist ought not to be hanged because another Anarchist killed somebody, even without justification. Trumbull has published two books to prove the Chicago martyrdom what posterity will undoubtedly consider it—a foul judicial murder. Butler has compared it to the hanging of witches in New England. Ingersoll accepted the defense of the Anarchists before the Supreme Court. Mr. Barrett has contradicted himself somewhere. Either a man of their caliber can deny that the martyrs suffered justly without favoring their principles, or else McAllister, Ingersoll, Butler, and Trumbull do favor Anarchy.

Mr. Barrett says he did not get his disability in trying to appropriate his neighbor's belongings. Well, let us see. If he got it in the war, it was in what our "wayward sisters" used to call "nigger-stealing;" and less than two years before the war the "trooly loil" were all in favor of hanging men for that, as I distinctly remember, though I am probably a younger man than Barrett. C. L. JAMES.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, O., May 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: My attention has just been called to an editorial article in the Dayton, O., *Democrat* of the 23d inst.—a paper, as I understand, conducted and controled by Catholics—which is worthy of reproduction as showing "how the wind blows" among advanced thinkers belonging to that branch of the Christian church. It is in reference to evolution as expounded by Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, *et al*, and it being unique I quote it in full:

A decided revival of common sense in theological circles is noted by the publication of very liberal and broad-visioned articles in church journals. The *Guardian*, of London, organ of the Episcopacy, publishes a series of articles on Darwinism and the Christian faith the object of which is to frankly yield the untenable ground of controversy; and it does it with a courage that is admirable. There is no longer a question but that evolutiou has been accepted by nearly the whole world of scholars, and to it theology must adapt itself, precisely as it was compelled to readjust itself to the heliocentric conception of the universe. It only needs a reign of common sense and religious pluck. The truth will stand; only error dies, or can die.

The whole ground heretofore supposed to be in dispute is yielded to the evolutionists. If I understand the force of words, the church must now align itself with those scientists who hav forced the acceptance of evolution on the intellectual world.

But, if interrogatories were in order, is the somersault greater than from a plane to a spherical earth theory? And has not the church all of the characteristics of the chameleon? It so appears to me. Is not this a modern adaptation of the old idea of "appearing all things to all men"—Jesuitism attempting to "corral" modern thought?

Mark the prediction, that within fifty years the church will claim evolution as a child of its own; that it (the church) has been insisting on the acceptance of that doctrin since the time of Constantine, at least; and the then Christian exponents of this doctrin will attempt to manipulate the "divine word," so called, so as to prove that evolution is clearly taught therein! They are sure to do it.

And then the masses—is there any hope for them? Bless our hearts, very few of us hav caught on to the weakness, the subserviency, of people who worship puppets. Does a little girl want a doll? Men and women are children of older growth, hence it is certain that so long as they are trammeled with the shackles of superstition each and every one, male and female, will require his or her puppet.

Were it not that with a kind of prophetic eye I see "hope for humanity" inscribed on the banners of the future, I should drop by the wayside in utter weariness, whispering with my last breath, Humanity is doomed, lost, lost, lost!

Very truly yours, WM. H. MCRAE.

HOWARD, N. Y., May 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Hav justice and charity no abiding-place in the hearts as well as heads of the people of the latter part of this the nineteenth century, since the advent of Christianity, so called? But to me the name Christianity is a misnomer, else distinguished representativs of it, Talmage for example, would not stand up in their pulpits and rant against those who believe that "death does not end all by considerable," the same as they do. In harmony with biblical teachings, "charity covereth a multitude of sins; envieth not; is not puffed up, does not behave itself unseemly, thinketh no evil," etc. What are the teachings of "the holy Bible," so called, good for, unless made practical by those who claim to revere them? Are theory and practice never to unite, and, like twin sisters, travel along together, that those who set themselvs up as teachers may appear, and be, consistent teachers, by uniting practice with theory in their daily lives?

And the inconsistencies of teachers are not confined to biblical elucidators, but eveu many calling themselvs Liberals or Materialists seem to forget that Spiritualists hav rights, and that their peculiar ideas are entitled to respectful consideration as well as their own. I was deeply pained to see C. B. Reynolds giv utterance to such uncharitable insinuations as he did in THE TRUTH SEEKER not many weeks back, when, to my certain knowledge, no class of minds felt

a deeper interest in his getting free from the clutches of the law, as administered in the courts of New Jersey, than many intelligent Spiritualists. Brother Reynolds, allow me to say to you, in this public way, that "truth knows no favorits, bows to no individual shrine, neither can it be mocked or set aside with impunity." So, would you be worthy of the sympathy of intelligent Spiritualists, do not lend your pen to such uncharitable as well as unjust ranting about a subject that, it is made very clear, you are none too familiar with, and therefore not well qualified to do justice to. You believe, as well as myself, that the great family of man is a unit; then why not try to keep them more in harmony with the principle of justice and charity by setting a worthy example?

I once heard you speak when your theme was D. M. Bennett, and my soul was thrilled again and again with your just and charitable utterances in reference to his life and character as a man. The man spoke then, and not the ranter.

If the Liberal elements in society cannot stop fighting each other, how can they ever expect to successfully cope with the il-Liberal elements, who are doing their level best to try and silence the voice of truth, justice, and charity, unless made manifest in their peculiar way? O Liberals, of whatever name, do let us try to forget our individual selvs, and work for humanity while we can!

Belief is not what makes the man or woman, but "lives tell," and "living the truth is the redemption of man"—not merely living it in theory, but living it everywhere and in every way. MRS. JULIA C. FRANKLIN.

MOUNT PLEASANT, UTAH, May 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I will giv the free wool men and others an idea of sheep-raising in the West. A great many hav written about it without perhaps one day of actual experience. In the fall, about the 1st of November, when snow commences to come, we leave our summer ranges in the mountains and rush pell-mell down, and if we did not we would lose every sheep. Some one may ask, Why don't you drive down before it snows? but we cannot do that on account of scarcity of water, and where water does happen to be found there is no feed. So snow is our dependence, which we hav to melt, both for our horses and ourselvs, and so we hav to feed and travel on to what we call desert, and are almost wholly guided by the snow. From two to six inches of snow are about right for us. Every snowstorm that starts to come, we hav to rush farther out again for fear of getting snowed up, as all then would be lost, and so on it goes until we get on the lowest altitude, and there we hav to combat with what comes.

Now, sometimes a small rain happens to come and our snow is gone; this is the worst of all, and we hav to turn back in mud and mire, which is awful on those alkali flats. And so on, forward and back, all winter. While all this is going on we are subject to frost, and cold all the way from zero to 40° below, and all the accommodation we hav is a covered wagon wherein we hav all our provisions, cooking utensils, grain for our horses, saddles and pack-saddles, and finally our bed on top of all this. Whenever a coyote, a wildcat, a wolf, or some other vermin, or a snowstorm, comes upon us in the night, then away run our sheep, and we must now out of bed in a hurry, cold perhaps 40° below zero and dark as can be, and out after the sheep; and so it goes, sometimes twenty times one single night. When morning comes after such a storm, perhaps our horses hav gone with the storm, and we must out after them the first thing. Perhaps we find them that day and perhaps not for two or three days, and after we do find them we are bound to turn them loose again to feed on the scanty brush and grasses there, as they cannot liv on grain alone, and hay is out of the question. But now we are getting out of horse-feed, provisions, or something else, and the one man now has to put the pack-saddles on the horses and go perhaps seventy-five miles or more to the nearest point to get supplies. And there he also writes a letter home and tells them how things are moving, how many sheep he has lost, and so on. Among other things, he tells his family not to write to him until they hear from him again, as he doesn't know where he will be. But now by and by five months hav gone and the 1st of April appears, and the snow has gone, except what little may be found in some ravine or gulch on the north side of some hill. Perhaps the last month he has had to carry snow in sacks five or six miles both for himself and his horses to drink, but now he must follow up the snow going back—a hard thing to do. The sheep are weak and poor, and the snow disappears too fast for him, and those alkali flats become in some places the worst mire one ever saw, and if the sheep get to drink of the pools of water gathered in those places they will die. So he has to travel almost night and day to keep up with the snow; herds ahead, herds behind him, and herds alongside of him, and if he gets mixed with any of them then I tell you there is something to do to get parted again; until he gets back to the foot of the big mountains about the 1st of May, where he finds water.

He now lambs his herd, and after that he shears them and gets from three to six pounds per head, all the wool left on the sheep after they hav been running through brush and bad stuff all winter and spring and torn a big portion of it off. Then he counts his sheep and lambs, and sees how many more lambs he has raised than died during the winter. After that he goes into the mountain and has a good time for about four or five months, and during all that time it takes two men and sometimes three men to one herd of about two thousand head, besides also three head of horses to feed the year around; wagons, saddles, cooking utensils, to keep up, and our herders to be paid from $25 to $40 and board per month; and besides all that we hav to dip our sheep once or twice every summer to keep them clean from scab, and no small expense that is. Now, I don't mean to say this explanation answers every particular case, but it answers the business in general here.

Now, I hav not started in to discussing the tariff question; I am not able to do this, but I wish to exp'ain by actual experience that wool cannot be raised in the West much cheaper, and will also say if the tariff is taken off wool the cheap mutton the people will get will soon turn into no mutton at all. And besides that, it will ruin perhaps thousands of men there who hav now through a lifetime accumulated a little for old age by following such a life. And not that alone; a great many poor families are depending on the wages their sons and husbands are getting for herding. And if any one of the free wool men wants to change his occupation and come West and go into the sheep business, let him come out here, especially if the tariff is taken off. Let him come quickly; he will not hav to wait long to get a load on.

NEILS P. NEILSON.

LEXINGTON, KY., May 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I offer a few isolated reflections.

How nations are coming to the light, one after the other, throwing off the nightmare imposed on them by the "iron machine!" How the nativ good sense of the Irish people is asserting itself! Years ago they were leaders in literary matters. I think there will be no more showers of Peter's pence. She must see glorious days, the land that produced Robert Emmett. The pope feels his power declining. How convulsivly he grasps at straws! When he is brought to this country, that will be the last act in his drama of folly. Such is the fate of every man who outrages nature and common sense. When the "oracles are dumb," and man "givs his brother leave to toil," and he finds that he is trampled down no more, how even the most distant isles will break forth into laughter and singing!

Let the monopolist wind up his conscience for the last time. The plan which works for the general good will hav no screws loose. The corruption, the decomposition, of evil will now soon grow more intense—oh, who can "minister to a mind diseased?"—poisoned members will drop away; finally good will flourish. Leo sees "Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane." The Fates, bearing the black banner of defeat, are whispering in husky tones, "Count not upon the order of your going, but go at once!" The selfish capitalist, who cares not for his brother's good, will shriek, "Oh, where shall I fly for safety?" Bloody Bibles and prophecies, with the epistles of Peter describing the future conflagration of the world—already pronounced spurious by Eusebius—these shalt burn, by the fierce and deadly flame of their own impurity.

How can it be otherwise? Ages of wrong hav left seated in the human heart a deadly hatred of tyranny. Every obstacle feeds the flame. The new could be grafted upon the old if the selfish few would permit. When all is ready, the granit rocks of evil will rise with a bound, for nothing can resist the secret, subtle force of truth. The ground is heaving; soon all will be over. Once there was but one Jefferson; it is not so now.

Every cranny of the human heart has been searched by priests and politicians, every weakness has been fed, and while the multitude hav humbly knelt, the dark betrayer has fared sumptuously every day.

The foolish fable of the Holy Ghost (we had a dose of it last night) is the deadly leech which has clung to the human mind through years, becoming more shamefully unreasonable every day, until it has assumed the hideous, dragon-like form of orthodoxy, in connection with other absurd doctrins discountenanced by reason.

We were lately favored with a lecture by Mrs. Lucy Stone on woman's rights. She is a charming lady and a good speaker. "Let your women keep silence in the churches," seems to be a stumbling-block in women's way. Will you follow Paul's example, and lay your children at the feet of some corrupt and cruel tyrant, to see their minds distorted, their manhood crushed, their pure and holy thoughts made light of, or will you not rather teach them to raise calmly the brow of defiant courage, determined to resist to the last all attempts which are made to enslave the human race? Their bodies may seem free; will you suffer their minds to be the degraded tools of a greedy and sensual enemy of all that is noble and of good report?

I see the Prohibitionists are publishing their platform minus the most important plank—the one to place the country under a religious power, to which the Spanish Inquisition would be as nothing. I only hope that those who understand their designs will watch them carefully at the present time.

ALHAZA.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, May 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The question is asked why the Secular Union does not receive a hearty support from the great body of Liberals of every shade of opinion. The above question is asked in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 26th, page 334, column four, headed, "Whisperers." Please allow me space to answer. I reside in Salt Lake City, and I know there is no better field for Freethought lecturers and auxiliaries than Utah offers in America. About two years ago Samuel Putnam organized what was called the Secular Union, and filled about two columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER with gush about what had been done for Utah, then left for other fields. He returned in about a year after and found the Secular Union as he left it, without one member added to the list, and not one single meeting had been held by the officers in charge. He gave us three "nice" lectures—that is, he did not hurt anyone or awaken any dead. He sold some literature, and pocketed $50. The same organization—nothing done—no advancement made. Now comes Dr. J. L. York. He givs, per agreement, fourteen lectures, filling the Opera House every Sunday night, and on many occasions hundreds not finding room to stand. I tell you, it was grand to hear the old doctor rattle up the dry bones of orthodoxy. He made the sky-pilots squeal. And allow me to say just here that every preacher or priest knows he is a fraud, and to keep his place he labors hard to prevent his dupes from finding it out, or knowing what he knows himself. The doctor showed them all up without fear or favor—all sects, creeds, and denominations alike—and here is where the shoe pinches. The officers of the Secular Union—I mean Samuel Putnam's pets—call a special Star Chamber meeting, then invite Dr. J. L. York to attend. The doctor goes, and to his surprise he is informed that he must stop speaking the truth: "We know you are doing a great work, but you see, we hav a living to make, and you are too radical, too red-hot, for us. We want a goody-goody man that will say the Methodists are doing a good work, the Baptists, Catholics, Congregationalists, and blue Presbyterians. We want to be all together, then we can hav a fricasseed Mormon to gladden the nostrils of Jehovah." Now, who are the petitioners for this kind of thing? The officers of the Secular Union. And who are they? I answer, the president, a defunct seer, prophet, and revelator, who had four wives before the law declared otherwise; vice-president and other officers in the same category, and all now Spiritualists. Now, if this part of the proceedings had been the end of the insult to Dr. York, I should not hav said one word, but a petition was signed by the Secular Union, with two or three exceptions, Messrs. Howard and Wiscomb, and circulated among orthodox churchmen to sign. If this had been all, the thing might stop right there. But no; when the Secular Union officers and churchmen found out that Dr. York could not be moved from the straight path of manhood and honor, they, the Secular Union, gave up the Opera House previous to the last lecture, took away the piano, and discharged Dr. York's solo lady singer, without acquainting Dr. York, who paid for her services out of his own pocket. But the friends of Dr. York came to the rescue, paid the rent, put back the piano, got up a fine social, presented Dr. York with a nice gold-headed cane, and a floral gift, the emblem of truth, with eight hundred friends to say goodspeed to Freethought, independent of the petrified fossils at the head of the Utah Secular Union.

Inclosed you will find a copy of the original petition. A star affixed to a name signifies the person to be a member of the Secular Union; those without stars belong to the orthodox churches. This I would like published for the benefit of any honest Infidel that might wish to come this way, as a warning; but if such a man should come with sand enough in him to deal out the right kind of material that will make them all alike without fear or favor, such a man can clear $50 per week. The friends of Dr. York and the Liberals here do not want a goody-goody man. W. WELLOCK.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, March 10, 1888.

To Dr. J. L. York: We, the undersigned Liberals of Salt Lake, feeling that a more conservativ course than the one adopted by you would result in greater good, therefore ask you to giv the subject your most serious consideration. Facial contortions, nasal twang, mimicry, and ungraceful gyrations of the body are not the best methods of convincing intelligent and thinking people. On the contrary, the tendency is to keep the above class away, and the yap and the small boys are taking their place, as was plainly demonstrated at your last lecture. We know that it is not necessary for the Liberal element to hav recourse to wholesale abuse. The facts are in our favor, and we recognize in you the ability to present them in the most logical and pleasing manner, without resorting to such crudities. Mormon theocracy, as well as kindred fallacies, can be quite as successfully combated by using argument in lieu of abuse. We hav heard you express delight at having been born in a free country and in the full blaze of the nineteenth century, when people are guided by reason and intelligence; why, then, would it not be better to use reason and argument solely, when addressing intelligent people? A little polished levity interspersed throughout a lecture has a tendency to keep your hearers in a good humor and is in good taste and beneficial, but any course adopted that insults the intelligence of the better portion of your audience is in decidedly bad taste. You sometimes seem to lose sight of the fact that the thinking portion of your audience, those most likely to be won over to our cause, are in the transition period of religious thought. Ridicule and sarcasm, as you know, hava tendency to engender bitter feelings, and rivet those whom we would benefit more firmly to their creeds. You can no doubt recall a period in your experience when you were earnestly seeking the truth, when such assaults upon your belief would hav resulted in fixing you more firmly in the old faith, and hav caused you to denounce the one who had insulted your intelligence. The Liberals of this city are agreed that your coming here was most opportune and that the Liberal cause has been advanced, but a feeling of sorrow is being manifested because many of our most influential Liberals are being kept away by this objectionable and extravagant abuse of the various religious elements of our city.

The character of your audience is rapidly changing, and unless a radical change is made in your style the hoodlum element will soon predominate. The frivolous manner in which you sometimes refer to the religious world is fast engendering a feeling of contempt for our cause which will be very difficult to overcome. Already the Salt Lake *Tribune*, the only paper in Utah to which Liberals can look for help and sympathy, is taking advantage of the character of your audiences, and your mannerisms also, much to the injury of the cause for which we are all working. We cannot afford to furnish the *Tribune* weapons with which to assail Secularism. We are in a small way furnishing the "sinews of war," and insist that we hav a right to be heard. With no unkindly feeling, and recognizing fully your special utilities to our great cause, but feeling nevertheless the absolute necessity of conformity with the line of policy indicated above, we are, Yours sincerely,

A. SCOTT CHAPMAN.*	B G. RAYBOULD.
H. P. MASON,*	ED W. ROEBER.
Vice-President of A. S. U.	WM V. RAYBOULD.
A. L. WILLIAMS.*	E F ROBERTS.
E. L. T. HARRISON.*	JOHN TULLIDGE.
H. W. LAURENCE.*	DUNCAN MCLANISS, JR.
W. J. MILES.	ED. L BUTTERSFIELD.
W. J. BATEMAN.	W. W. GEE.
D. YEARSLEY *	J. R. HADLEY.
O. P. MILES.*	J. B ROGERS.
THOS. H. ARMSTRONG.*	J. J. SNELL.
N. C. KELLEY.	CHAS. B. CROWLOY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Love Me Now.

If you're ever going to love me,
Love me now, while I can know
All the sweet and tender feelings
Which from real affection flow.
Love me now while I am living,
Do not wait till I am gone,
And then chisel it in marble—
Warm love-words on ice-cold stone.

If you've dear, sweet thoughts about me,
Why not whisper them to me?
Don't you know 'twould make me happy,
And as glad as glad can be?
If you wait till I am sleeping,
Ne'er to waken here again,
There'll be walls of earth between us,
And I couldn't hear you then.

If you knew some one was thirsting
For a drop of water sweet,
Would you be so slow to bring it?
Would you step with laggard feet?
There are tender hearts all round us
Who are thirsting for our love;
Shall we begrudge to them what heaven
Has kindly sent us from above?

I won't need your kind caresses
When the grass grows o'er my face;
I won't crave your love or kisses
In my last, low resting-place.
So, if you do love me any,
If it's but a little bit,
I'd rather know it now, while I
Can, living, own and treasure it.

The Cosmian Sunday-School.

I want to tell you about this school, because it is not like other schools that hold their one session on Sunday.

There has been for a number of years an Independent Society in Florence, Mass., called the Cosmian. This word is derived from the Greek *cosmos*, and means order, harmony, unity, truth, combined within the universe. So this Cosmian Society started out on the best of foundations, backed by good and noble men and the same kind of women.

Florence is a very lovely spot, just out of the town of Northampton, where old Jonathan Edwards used to preach about a hell that was paved with the skulls of little children! In contrasting nature with such preaching, the la e J. G. Holland said:

Nature with a thousand tongues
Tender and true, from vale and mountain top,
And smiling streams, and landscapes piled afar,
Proclaims a gentler gospel.

But old Mr. Edwards stopped preaching one day and died, and, since his time, the Cosmian Society sprang into being, built a handsome edifice of brick, grew and flourished. And the Cosmian Sunday-school is an outcome of it.

Rational teaching prevails in the various classes, of which there is one pursuing the study of Shakspere, another in political economy, one in history, botany, I think, and, if I am not mistaken, there is a class in German. The various sciences are studied, and music lends her bright, inspiring charms, the cheerful, soulful strains that lift and ennoble. Each Sunday some new topic, outside of the general classes, is discussed, such as character, truth, energy, patience, etc. The Sunday that I was present, nobility was the theme under consideration. Selections were read, and recitations given by several members of the school bearing upon the subject.

I cannot now giv all the details of the management of the school, but will just say it is a finely conducted progressiv Sunday-school, the best and the freest from superstition it has ever been my lot to visit. The children are bright and wide-awake, quick to see and understand the truth as it is presented to them by able and efficient teachers. The school is under the able management of Mrs. Cary, a graduate of Smith College, and Mr. Hill, the mayor of Northampton, is among the loved and honored teachers.

Speaking of Smith College, located in Northampton, and of which you hav all heard, perhaps, it is a noble institution devoted entirely to the education of girls and young women. A large sum of money was left to found it by Miss Mary Smith. It seems she and one brother had wealth left them. They lived together, but the brother was an inveterate hater of women. He did not like them at all, and loved none of them except his sister. They made their wills, leaving their great property each to the other, but the brother supposed, of course, he would outliv the sister, who was fragil and delicate.

It so happened, however, that he died first and his money fell into the hands of the sister, who gave it all, both the brother's and her own, to build the college for young women. And thus the money of the man who hated women has reverted to the use of women after all. To the college has been added the Lilly Hall of Science, the gift of a well-known and greatly beloved Liberal man. It cost upward of $30,000, and bears this inscription: "The gift of Alfred Theodore Lilly. To teach the truth in nature."

To return to the Cosmian Sunday-school, the children there were all smart-looking, bright, and intelligent above the average of the ordinary Sunday-school-goers. Their faces indicate that they will be abundantly able to take up the work and go on with it when older Liberals shall hav laid it down.

While in Florence my stay was made very pleasant in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Ross and their three healthy and handsome children, Ally, Bertie, and Mabel.

In the afternoon Ally took his mother, Mrs. Cary, and myself to drive through the beautiful town, and across the long bridge (1,080 feet) that spans the Connecticut river, and into the old-fashioned town of Hadley. The scenery is very fine. On the right is the Holyoke range of mountains, cool and inviting. Little islands, like bits of emerald, dot the river here and there, while shrubbery and great trees grow close to the river's edge, swaying gracefully in their new summer dresses, and seem always to sing of peace and calm content. The village of Hadley seems to be located principally on two streets, a mile or so in length, with a stretch of green, or, it might be called, a common, lying between them the length of the streets. The houses are very quaint, and seem to hav been built a long while—some of them, perhaps, in Colonial times.

The place used to be famous for the manufacture of brooms, and great quantities of broom-corn and tobacco hav been grown there. The town is also celebrated for having been the home of Goffe and Whalley, two of the judges who condemned Charles I. They sought shelter in Hadley when they fled to this country, and lived there in quiet retirement for fifteen years, when Whalley died. Goffe lived a few years longer, when he died.

A great calm seemed resting on the old gambrel-roofed houses, and very few people seemed stirring. It was Sunday, and perhaps they were resting. S. H. W.

The May Picnic.

When I was ten years old, the teachers of our school got up a picnic. It was to be on the 7th of May. The parents of all the scholars were invited. We started about 8 o'clock in the morning up into a beautiful cañon about twelve miles distant. We went through two towns noted for their great quantities of fruit, such as oranges, lemons, apples, peaches, and pears. After passing these towns, we had to go through a large belt of sand and brush and willow-trees. Then we began to go uphill. After we got up the hill, there the scenery began. Flowers of all kinds and colors, shapes and sizes, green grass about ten inches high. We crossed a little brook about three feet wide; its banks were covered with moss and flowers. Then we came into a grove of oak-trees, and there we stopped. It was about 11 o'clock. After everyone arrived and things were quiet, we had a few songs, recitations, and dialogs. Then we ate our dinner. After dinner most of the party set out to climb the hills, and a few went up farther in the cañon to the coal mines. I did not go far up the hills, for I became dizzy and had to come down again. We had two large swings for the children and young folks. The party of folks started home about 4 o'clock and arrived at home between 7 and 8. So ended a very pleasant day for all.

MARTHA DEMING (aged fifteen).

Children's Sayings.

Bernice, who is six, had visited the school, and afterward played school by arranging the chairs in a row and asking questions. This was one of them: "If there were two little Indians and one ran off and the other stayed at home and got burnt up, how much would a nigger cost?"

She once found an orthodox angel with wings of the regulation style, and said: "I do declare, mamma, if here isn't a woman bird."

Correspondence.

KIMBALL, DAK., May 17, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav not seen any letters from this part of the country, so I thought I would write one. Pa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since it was first printed. I like to look at the pictures and read the Children's Corner. I think the "Badger Boy" will come out ahead. Pa let a gentleman read THE TRUTH SEEKER several times, and he liked it so well he subscribed for it. I guess this is all for this time.

Yours truly, HENRY J. YEAGH.

VERSAILLES, IND., May 20, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As we hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for so many years, I thought I would write my first letter to you and the Corner. We love to look at the pictures, and I think the subjects could not be better illustrated. The only Liberal lecturer I ever heard was Mr. Remsburg. His subject was "Sabbath Breaking." I wish more Liberals would lecture here, because they speak nothing but the truth. We hav three churches here, and go sometimes just for curiosity.

I went to school last winter, and studied grammar, arithmetic, history, physiology, algebra, and physical geography. I attended the fifth-grade examination this spring for graduation.

In our library we hav the fables "Arabian Nights," the Bible, and "Baron Munchausen" side by side. I hav read the life and some of the works of Thomas Paine, and Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon," and found them to be nothing but the truth all the way through.

Wishing success to the seekers of truth, I remain, Your Liberal friend,

LENORA STOOKINGER (aged sixteen).

NAPA, CAL., May 6, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav seen no letters from Napa City, I will try to write one. My papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and the *Investigator*, and we all like them very much, especially the pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Miss Wixon, don't you think that a great many girls go to church and Sunday-school just to show off their nice dresses? Once in a great while I go to Sunday-school to hear what the teacher says, but every word that she says I know there is no truth in it. I think the "Badger Boy at Sunday-School" is splendid, don't you? Papa bought us some nice Liberal books, and I hav read nearly all of them. I hav two brothers and one sister, all older than myself. My sister graduated from the Napa Young Ladies' Seminary about a year ago.

Mr. Putnam lectured here about a year ago, and so did Colonel Ingersoll. I think it is just wicked and mean in the Christians to call Colonel Ingersoll "Bob," don't you?

We hav two very cute little Indian ponies named Masco and Dora. I think that Francis Cornwall, of Colon, Mich., must be exceedingly smart to write locals when he is only eleven years of age.

I will now close my letter, and hope that you and all the truth seekers may liv long to see what you harvest. Yours truly,

LOLA GRIGSBY.

P.S.—My age is thirteen years. L. G.

OAK MILLS, KAN., May 28, E.M. 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I again take the pleasure of writing you a few lines to let you know I still take an interest in your good work. I will be seventeen years old in September, yet I stick to my creed, and defend it the same as I would were I an old man.

Abraham Lincoln said, "We must not waver in the support of a cause which we deem to be just." Lincoln is truly right. We should endeavor to stand bravely for our cause and defend it through trials and perils. We should not fear to speak our honest thoughts, but make them known to the world. Let theology curse and rave; we do not care.

I hav read Colonel Ingersoll's eulogy on Roscoe Conkling, and pronounce it the most eloquent and true estimate of Conkling's character ever written. Of all the eulogies I ever read there is nothing like it for logic, eloquence, and sublimity. It will add another step to Ingersoll's fame as an orator.

How is "Father Hacker" prospering? I hope the debt will be lifted from his little home.

Our school will be out Wednesday. We hav a good teacher, and I am proud to say that she is free from the dogmas of priestcraft, superstition, and the church. I hav written an essay on "Education" for the last day of school.

Well, I hav run out of fuel, so I must close, ever remaining, Your Infidel friend,

GEO. J. REMSBURG.

VERSAILLES, IND., May 20, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am seventeen years old, and hav constantly read THE TRUTH SEEKER for so many years and hav never written once, so I thought I would write a few lines to you.

I went to school last winter, and studied higher arithmetic, algebra, philosophy, and English history. Any person who has made a study of English history knows what Christianity has done for England as well as our country.

When I graduated two years ago, there were a great many in my class who spoke on some pious subject. One boy especially spoke on a stupid religious subject, in which he spoke of Colonel Ingersoll as having the wrong kind of an education, etc. I hope he will liv to see the time when the majority of the people will hav just such an education as Ingersoll. There was no piety in the least in my piece and it was as highly applauded as the rest. If you will hav enough space for it and no objections, I will write it for the Corner next time that I write. The subject is, "Several Valuable Hints."

I hav been reading Dickens's "Pictures from Italy" and "Uncommercial Traveler." Hav you read many of his books? I hav read almost all of his novels. He described churches and services so truly that they appeared ridiculous. The Christians do not read his works because he tells the truth in describing the religious proceedings, etc. They shrink from the truth.

I hav read the "Life of Paine," and also Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon." My father has D. M. Bennett's works, and numerous other Liberal books. He seldom leaves home Sundays, but stays and keeps it holy.

I think my letter will be very trying to your patience, so I will close, hoping my first letter will be published.

With best wishes, I remain,
Your Freethinker friend,
ANNIE H. STOOKINGER.

[We will cheerfully giv space to the essay, if it is not too long for our columns. Yes, we hav read nearly all the books written by Dickens, and with great pleasure.—ED. C. C.]

NORWEGIAN CONSULATE.
SALONICA, TURKEY, May 2, 1888

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: I would hav answered your letter before, but I am so busy at school all day, and so tired at night, that I hardly can hav any spare time.

I want to tell you about Salonica, it is such a funny place and very full of people of all kinds. In the street you meet Turks, Greeks, Jews, Gypsies, Italians, and Germans; in fact, people from all nations come here. There is only one family of Americans here, and the father's name is Sampson. He is missionary to the Greeks. Mrs Sampson, too, has a new baby; her name is Helen Lake Sampson. Our baby is to be called Lily Regina.

I went to see a mosque here in Salonica. It was once a church, before the Turks took Salonica; and before that it was a heathen temple. Well, I thought it would interest you to know that out in the yard of this mosque is the stone pulpit that, it is said, St. Paul preached in when he preached to the Jews. It has figures of men and horses carved on it, and is very curious; and everybody who comes to Salonica goes to see it. One day when I go to town—we liv in the country near the sea, about one mile off—I will buy you a photograph of this pulpit.

Seven years ago when we were living in a village opposit Cassandra we were carried off into the mountains by brigands. I was four years old then. I was the only child my father and mother had then, as my two sisters had died six months before the brigands took us. But it is such a long story that I must tell you about it at another time. I suppose Uncle Fish knows all about it, because he has known mamma for many, many years.

"Apples of Gold" arrived by yesterday's mail. Thank you so very much for it. I was afraid it was lost; it is more than three months since you posted it. I hav not commenced to read it.

Now it is time I should close this letter of mine. Ever yours affectionately,

DAISY SUTER.

A CABIN-BOY on board a ship, the captain of which was a very religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling to the captain. "Kind sir," said he, "will you wait till I say my prayers?" "Yes," was the stern reply. "Well, then," replied little Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore!"—*Freethinker.*

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States. 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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Old Opinions.

Once we thought that power eternal
Had decreed the woes of man;
That the human heart was wicked
Since its pulses first began;
That the earth was but a prison,
Dark and joyless at the best,
And that men were born for evil,
And imbibed it from the breast;
That 'twas vain to think of urging
Any earthly progress on.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought all human sorrows
Were predestined to endure;
That, as man had never made them,
Men were impotent to cure;
That the few were born superior,
Though the many might rebel—
Those to sit at Nature's table,
These to pick the crumbs that fell;
Those to liv upon the fatness,
These the starvelings lean and wan.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought that holy Freedom
Was a cursed and tainted thing;
Foe of Peace, and Law, and Virtue;
Foe of magistrate and king;
That all vile, degraded passion
Ever followed in her path;
Lust and Plunder, War and Rapine,
Tears, and Anarchy, and Wrath;
That the angel was a cruel,
Haughty, blood-stained Amazon.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought it right to foster
Local jealousies and pride;
Right to hate another nation
Parted from us by a tide;
Right to go to war for glory,
Or extension of domain;
Right, through fear of foreign rivals,
To refuse the needful grain;
Right, to bar it out till Famin
Drew the bolt with fingers wan.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Once we thought that Education
Was a luxury for the few;
That to giv it to the many
Was to giv it scope undue;
That 'twas foolish to imagin
It could be as free as air,
Common as the glorious sunshine
To the child of want and care;
That the poor man, educated,
Quarreled with his toil anon.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

Old opinions, rags and tatters!
Ye are worn—ah, quite threadbare!
We must cast you off forever—
We are wiser than we were;
Never fitting, always cramping,
Letting in the wind and sleet,
Chilling us with rheums and agues,
Or inflaming us with heat.
We hav found a mental raiment
Purer, whiter, to put on.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!

—*Charles Mackay.*

Colonel Ingersoll s Popularity.

From the New York Sun.

The great and widespread interest excited by the discussion of Christian theology between Colonel Ingersoll and Mr. Gladstone may fitly be called a sign of the times.

Religious discussion and theological controversy were formerly far away from the general public interest, though there is no other department of literature so voluminous; but when it became known that the *North American Review* for the present month would contain Colonel Ingersoll's reply to the English statesman, there immediately sprang up an enormous advance demand for the publication.

This review was originally a quarterly of a highly respectable reputation and a very limited circulation, so that when it was purchased by Mr. Thorndike Rice ten years ago, and brought from Boston to New York, it was almost unknown to the great mass of readers. Now, because of his skilful editing, it has become one of the most extensivly circulated monthly magazines in the world, the chief of the English magazines of the same general class being left far behind in that respect. But of all the many subjects of popular interest which hav been discussed in its pages under the editorship of Mr. Rice, there is none that has approached this controversy between faith and Infidelity in its attraction for the public.

That extraordinary interest manifested in a demand for Colonel Ingersoll's views and arguments that will probably run up the sales of a relativly high-priced magazine to at least one hundred thousand copies, is, of course, explained in large part by the charm of the literary style of that opponent of religion. If Colonel Ingersoll were as dry and dull a writer as the theological controversialist commonly is, the *North American Review* would not now be selling like a fresh novel by Clark Russell. But, no matter how alluring the style, there would not be the present eager demand for Colonel Ingersoll's assault upon the religion of the Bible if the public interest in the subject were not deeply stirred at this particular time.

It is significant, too, that the demand for the words of the now famous Infidel far exceeds the demand for the arguments in reply to him, whether they come from a clergyman like the Rev. Dr. Field, or a statesman of world-wide distinction like Mr. Gladstone. Five, perhaps ten times as many people read the iconoclastic arguments of Colonel Ingersoll as pay attention to what is written by the others in defense of biblical story and theological dogma.

This profound and widespread interest in what he says on the subject is the more significant because it is exhibited in chief part by those who were brought up in religious faith, and by ordained teachers and ministers of religion themselvs. Yet the attacks of the Infidels of the past hav been mild in comparison with Ingersoll's. He does not assail the mere form and ornamentation of the ecclesiastical edifice, but strikes at the very foundation of religious belief as a relic of childish superstition.

This great popularity of Colonel Ingersoll as a writer, and the enormous audience to which he appeals whenever he rises to make war upon the Christian faith, are facts of the day to which we call the undivided attention of churches and theologians now at variance within the citadel of religion, upon which this Infidel leader is gathering his hosts for assault.

Free Trade as a Religious Question.

Thomas G. Shearman to Rhode Island Manufacturers.

I hate this whole system of protection, because in its very nature it does and must always tax the poor for the sole benefit of the rich. I hate it because it is thoroughly unchristian. Think for a moment of its practical operation. It is founded upon appeals to international prejudices and hatreds. Its very life and essence consist in stirring up jealousies between one nation and another. More than this, as a practical fact and a necessary result of its working, it stimulates hatred toward other nations in precise proportion to the degree in which they are of the same race and religion as ourselvs.

You subscribe liberally for the conversion of the heathen. Suppose that some missionary were to come among us now and demonstrate that if we would only send out fifty missionaries forthwith, we should certainly succeed in converting the entire population of some heathen country to Christianity within a year. How liberally you would all subscribe! My friends Senators Chace and Aldrich would undoubtedly gladly contribute $1,000 each. But, toward the end of the year, a telegram would come announcing that 500 000 heathens had been converted to Christianity and instructed in civilization. On the instant that this news reaches my friend Chace he will rush across the capital, with a face white as a sheet, in search of the ways and means committee, and as soon as he recovers his breath he will cry out: "Gentlemen, for heaven's sake clap a new tariff upon all the productions of Borioboola Gha!" The ways and means committee would inquire, with surprise: "Why, what has happened?" Your Christian senator would feebly reply: "Good heavens! gentlemen! hav you not heard the news? The whole population of Borioboola Gha has been converted from cannibalism to Christianity; they are wearing clothes, hav become civilized, and are going, as a matter of course, to manufacture. Unless you put a duty of at least fifty per cent upon all their productions, we shall be ruined by Christian cheap labor."

Do you say that this is an exaggeration? We do not need to enter the realm of fancy in order to prove that this is the natural result. Do you protect yourselvs against heathen countries? No; anything from China, Tartary, and Patagonia, which is not produced in Christian countries, is admitted free. Raw silk and tea, which are peculiarly heathen productions, are not taxed. But the Mohammedans are a little nearer to us. They believe, as we do, in one god; and the next consequence is that everything that is produced by Mohammedans pays, as a rule, higher duties than the productions of heathens. But the moment that you come to deal with countries where the people profess to believe in the same God and the same savior in whom we believe you instantly raise the tariff to a much higher rate. The productions of Catholic countries, such as France and Italy, pay three times as heavy duties as those which you impose upon heathen countries. When you deal with Protestant countries, such as North Germany and Holland, you raise your rates of protection still higher. But you never attain the climax of your fear and hate until you begin to deal with England, the country whose people speak your language, from which you hav derived all your literature and all your religion, with the ministers of which your ministers exchange pulpits, the people of which believe in the same God and the same savior, hav the same forms of religion, and read the same Bible. You and they pray from the same prayer-book if you are Episcopalians; sing the same hymns if you are Puritans; or as Methodists, Baptists, Catholics, or Quakers believe and worship precisely alike. In short, you hav just the same religion, you desire to go to just the same heaven, and you are all dear brothers in Christ until the English Christian wants to sell you some of his goods, when you instantly cry for a wall of fire to separate you from your dear brother Christians; and you put up this wall to the best of your ability in a high tariff. And this is what you call Christianity! The Mohammedans are incapable of such meanness and selfishness toward each other. It is reserved for Christians to set such an example to the world that both Mohammedans and pagans, looking upon us, shall say truly, "See how these Christians hate one another!"

Practicing Before God Almighty for the Benefit of the Prince of Wales.

From the Standard.

If he outlivs his mamma, and the British social system holds together, the prince of Wales will some day become the Defender of the Faith and the head of a great Christian organization. It is therefore pleasing to learn that even in his present caterpillar condition of heir apparent he has done something for the cause of God. And it is doubly pleasing to Americans to know that his doughtiest—perhaps even his only—blow on behalf of pure religion and undefiled was struck right here in the city of New York. The fact will reconcile many to Christianity and increase, if possible, their respect for the good prince. Mr. H. E. Krebiel tells the story in the June number of *Harper's Magazine*.

For a generation or more before the civil war members of Trinity church congregation had been trying, without success, to hav portions of the service sung by surpliced choirs of boys, after the fashion in English cathedrals. Mr. Cutler, the organist, was peculiarly activ in the matter, and succeeded so far as to drive all the women out of the choir and substitute boys in their places. But there he stuck. The congregation wouldn't stand the surplices, as savoring too much of Romanism. Somebody presented a full set of choir vestments, but Mr. Cutler was forbidden to use them, and they were consequently put away among the other treasures of the church:

This was the aspect of the case when Mr. Cutler found an unexpected but very powerful ally in the heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain. In the fall of 1860 New York prepared to receive a visit from the prince of Wales. He was to be in the city from the 11th to the 15th of October, and the 14th being Sunday, he accepted an invitation to attend divine service at Trinity church. Mr. Cutler's opportunity had arrived. Without delay he and his associates in the cause laid before the church authorities a request for permission to use the idle vestments. Their argument was as simple as it was effectiv. They represented that the spectacle of a lot of boys in roundabouts and neck gear of assorted styles and colors sitting in the chancel would be disturbing to the prince's sense of propriety. Forthwith Mr. Cutler was instructed to put the boys in the new-fangled frocks for the edification of the prince, and lest the wearers should mar the solemnity of the occasion by awkward movements in them . . . they were donned two or three Sundays before the prince's visit, for rehearsal. . . . It had taken a long time to get the choir into vestments, but once in, it was not taken out. Surpliced choirs had come to stay in Trinity parish.

There! Isn't that a delightful story? Doesn't it illustrate beautifully the intense Americanism, the deep religious feeling, the anxiety to know the right and to do it, of the Trinity people. The church, you see, was the house of God—specially set apart for and consecrated to his service. Everything done in it was to be *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. The congregation kicked against a surpliced choir as savoring of Romanism, and consequently disrespectful to the most high. But the prince of Wales came along with his fine sense of religious propriety, and the rulers of the congregation saw a new light. In their revised version of the scriptures they found the text, What the prince of Wales hath cleansed, that call not thou common. So they put the choir boys into surplices, and to make sure that they should wear them gracefully before the future king of England, they made them first rehearse for two or three Sundays before God almighty.

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News of the Week.

THE English army, it is said, costs $400 a man annually; the American, $1,005.

WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y., on the 7th had a parade of 20,000 Sunday-school children.

A STATUE of Garibaldi was unveiled at New York with imposing ceremonies on the 4th.

LEPROSY is spreading in Russia.

ILLINOIS is harassed with cut-worms.

THE Young Women' Christian Association is growing.

FLATBUSH, N. Y., churches are wrangling over property.

AN anonymous layman gave $100.000 to the Catholic University.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., will hav a new $100,000 Catholic church.

THE House of Commons is discussing railway nationalization.

CONGRESS is asked to establish Prohibition in the District of Columbia.

THE first congress of colored Catholics in America will be held this fall.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies has agreed to abolish capital punishment.

THE boycott committee of a New Haven union hav been sentenced for boycotting.

THE late German Lutheran church conference resolved that its members must sever their connection with all secret organizations.

THE Indiana White Caps are intimidating the editors who refuse obedience.

THE Argentine Republic is making great progress in civilized and scientific institutions.

THE Knights of Labor estimate that there are 1,000,000 unemployed men in the country.

OCCASIONALLY race conflicts occur between the blacks and whites of Arkansas and neighboring states.

MICHAEL DAVITT belongs to the Knights of Labor, which organization is rapidly extending in England.

AN English gunboat has visited Maitre Isle, claimed by both France and England, and warned the French to haul down the tricolor.

A HOSPITAL nearly completed at Planesville, Conn., for the faith cure, and owned by Elder Weymar, was burnt on the 8th by an incendiary.

CLEVELAND and Thurman are nominated. Blaine still refuses the Republican nomination. The Prohibition ticket is Fisk and Brooks.

LAW officers hav had to be called in to subdue the Christian spirit of pugnacious trustees of a Lafayette, N. J., German Evangelical church.

ROUMANIA'S National Liberty party declares that Russia, "under the pretext of protecting the Orthodox faith, is pursuing a policy of conquest."

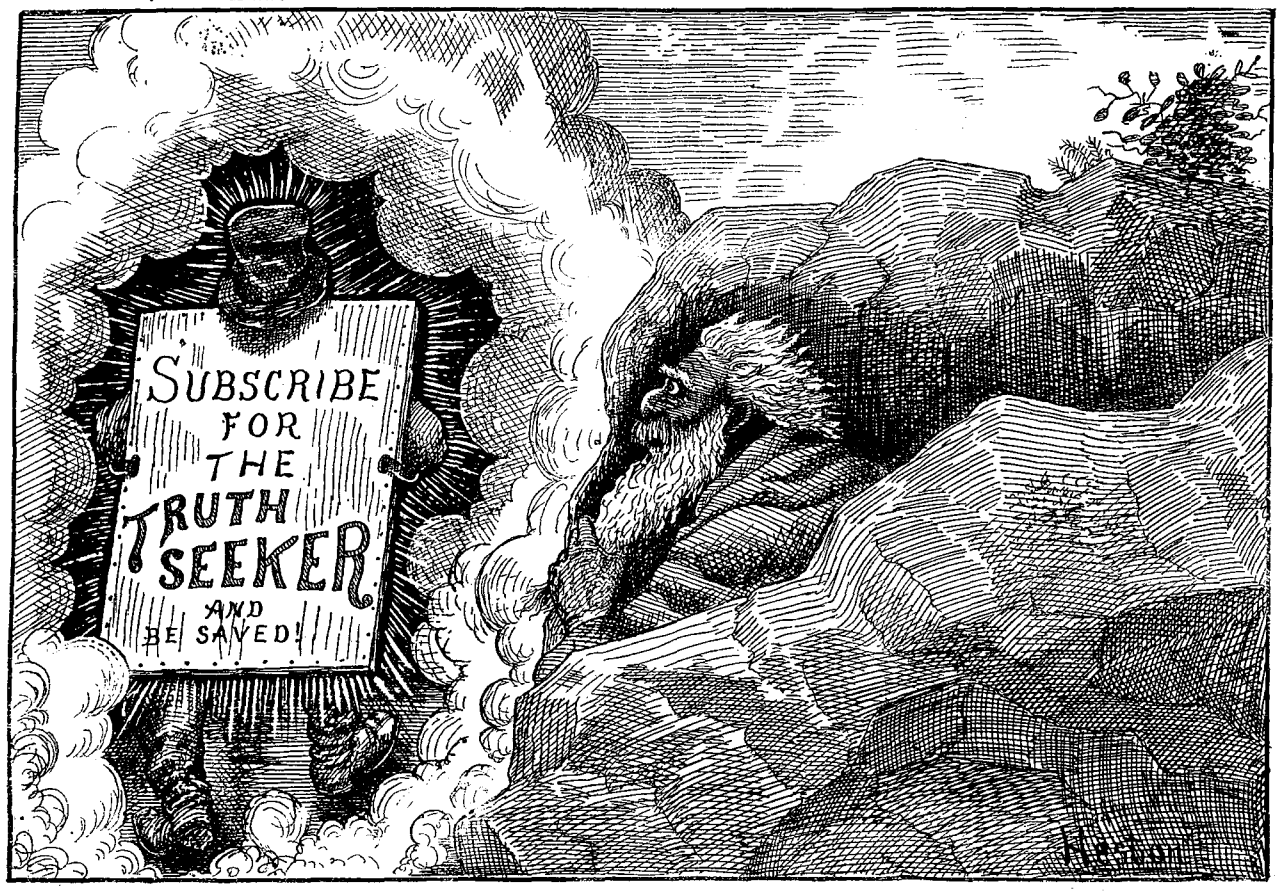
AN English committee of medical men estimates the annual deaths from intemperance at 120 000 in Great Britain, 142,000 in France, and 80,000 in the United States.

RIVAL cliques in the New Rochelle, N. Y., African church hav disputed possession of the church building so violently that they hav got themselvs into the clutches of the law.

THE Young Men's Christian Association has 175,000 members in America. It employs nearly 1,000 men during their entire time as officers and proselyters, and expended last year $1,286 287.

THE International Congress of Anthropology closed its four days' session at New York on the 7th, to meet in 1892. Heredity, and the lessening of crime through it, was a prominent subject discussed. Many ideas of politics and religion were alleged to be traceable to heredity.

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A KANSAS school-teacher offered a prize to the scholar who would come to school with the cleanest face. The result was that he was unable to recognize some of his pupils the next day.

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A LITTLE boy in New England was questioned as to whether he had ever stolen any grapes. "Yes," he replied, "but I don't mind if only God and my brother see me, for God can't tell mamma if he wants to, and I know Ralph won't."

"I AM surprised, Bobby,' said his father reprovingly, "that you should strike your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to hit one smaller than yourself?" "Then why do you hit me, pa?" inquired the boy, with the air of one having the better of it.

TEACHER (infant Bible class): "Tommy Traddles may tell us where this passage is to be found: 'In my father's house there are many mansions. If it were not so, I would hav told you. I go to prepare a place for you.'" Tommy Traddles: "In de *Ma l an' Express.*"

"I FIND, madam," said a young physician, "that your husband is suffering from overwork." "And will he hav to giv up his place under the government?" she asked, anxiously. "What's that? Is he a government official?" "Yes, sir." "H—m! I'll diagnose his case again. He probably needs exercise."

"ONE o' my hired men has got a notion he wants a fiddle," said an agriculturist to the dealer. "What might that secon'-hand one in the winder be wuth?" "That's a Stradivarius; it's worth $5,000." "I'll speak to the hired man about it," shouted the agriculturist as he backed out of the place; "he may not like that make."

FIRST pastor: "Do you attend the church conference to-day, Brother Haggs?" Second pastor: "No, I'm not feeling very well, and I've decided not to leave the house unless some matter of great importance calls me out." First pastor: "Er, I suppose you know that the case of Brother Harkins for undue familiarity with several sisters of his congregation is to be tried in the conference to-day?" Second pastor: "Wait a moment, brother, and I will get my coat and hat."

YOUNG wife: "John, I wish you would rock the baby." Young husband: "What'll I rock the baby for?" Y. W.: "Because he is not very well. And what's more, half of him belongs to you, and you should not object to rock him" Y H: "Well, don't half belong to you?" Y. W.: "Yes." Y H: "Well, you can rock your half, and let my half holler."

AT the close of an amateur theatrical performance a gentleman was discovered in a fainting condition. Great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, and his face was ashy white. "Great heavens! what is the trouble?" was the excited inquiry. "Ladies and gentlemen," gasped the unfortunate man, faintly, "I'm the author of the play."

ALAS! what has become of those bristling horrors of Anarchy, land-confiscation, the strike and the boycott, which but a little while ago hovered like an Acheronian cloud over the broad sheets of our daily press? Gone, gone, all gone; pounded flat into the dismal obscurity of three lines on an inside page by the irresistible might of the American baseball bat!—*Puck.*

MARRIED lady: "Mr. Nervinbone, I hav been watching your late flirtation with a good deal of anxiety, for I am a good friend of yours." Mr. N.: "Ah, thanks, my dear madam." M. L: "It reminds me very much of the moth fluttering about the candle." Mr. N. (sympathetically): "Yes, but what am I to do? The poor girl will persist, and I can't resort to violence, you know." Married lady collapses.

"THE trouble with women," said Smitherimpkins, "is that they want us to hav fun their way. They want us to sit in the house and talk about the weather, sir; to discuss the eternal mysteries of dressmaking and cooking, sir; and to read novels, sir, and worship babies. They can't see why a man should want to go to a club or a public dinner, sir, or take in a baseball game or a horse-race. They want us to do as they do, and enjoy ourselvs in their way, sir. But did you ever hear of a man wanting a woman to hav fun in his way? No, sir; not much. You never heard of any man's trying to persuade his wife to go around the corner, sir, to a nice, quiet place, si , where some very elegant gentlemen were engaged in a rubber of cards, sir, and to smoke cigars and drink beer with the party, sir, and sit up till the cock has made himself hoarse with crowing, sir, and then meander home singing. Did you ever hear of any man's trying to persuade a woman to hav fun that way—his way? No, sir; not by a jugful, sir."

MIRACLES
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MIRACLE WORKERS.
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Gems of Thought.

IF the present be man's highest civilization, a general suicide is desirable. If the policy of Bismarck, Beaconsfield, and Victoria is to rule the world, the sooner we wind up the tragedy and make our final exit the better. Herein the animals are in advance of us; and for their sakes one would not begrudge the world a longer span of existence. It is true the brutes will fight; but they do so for some definit advantage. Man fights for an idea, a whim, a sentiment. The beast fights on his own account; man fights for his worst foes, and kills the poor slaves of other tyrants for the purpose of strengthening the tyranny of his own masters. When will ever Englishmen awake to the plain fact that those who send them to war are their worst foes?—*J. Symes.*

THE state of war natural to all creatures. War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they hav and we want. . . . This the true foundation of grandeur and heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War therefore necessary to establish subordination, and to found cities, kingdoms, etc. . . . The greatest part of mankind loves war more than peace. They are but few and mean spirited that liv in peace with all men. . . . The inclination to war universal: those that can not, or dare not, make war in person, employ others to do it for them. This maintains bullies, bravoes, cutthroats, lawyers, soldiers, etc. Most professions would be useless, if all were peaceable. Hence, brutes want neither smiths nor lawyers, magistrates nor joiners, soldiers nor surgeons Brutes, having but narrow appetites, are incapable of carrying on or perpetuating war against their own species, or of being led out in troops multitudes to destroy one another. These prerogativs proper to man alone. . . . This matter to be more fully treated in the author's Panegyric on Mankind.—*Swift.*

RELIGION will never unify the world, and never will giv peace to mankind. There has been more war in the last eighteen hundred years than during any similar period within historic times. War will be abolished, if it ever is abolished, not by religion, but by intelligence. . . . There ought to be a national court to decide national difficulties. We consider a community civilized when the individuals of that community submit their differences to a legal tribunal; but there being no national court, nations now sustain, as to each other, the relation of savages—that is to say, each one must defend its rights by brute force. The establishment of a national court civilizes nations, and tends to do away with war.—*Ingersoll.*

IGNORANCE is a disease, and a deadly and dangerous disease. There are few things in the world more costly than an ignorant man.—*Ernest Jones.*

FOR the notion that evil is due to a malicious devil, we substitute the idea that it is the result of non-adjustment, due largely to our ignorance, that it is relativ, and the distinction between right and wrong has been learned by experience.—*B. F. Underwood.*

SUPPOSE that all the money wasted in cathedrals in the Middle Ages had been used for the construction of school-houses, academies, and universities, how much better the world would hav been! Suppose that instead of supporting hundreds of thousands of idle priests, the money had been given to men of science for the purpose of finding out something of benefit to the human race here in this world.—*Ingersoll.*

VOLTAIRE AND GIBBON.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,
A wit as various—gay, grave, sage, or wild—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: but his own
Breathed most in ridicule—which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doomed him to the zealot's ready hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.
—*Byron.*

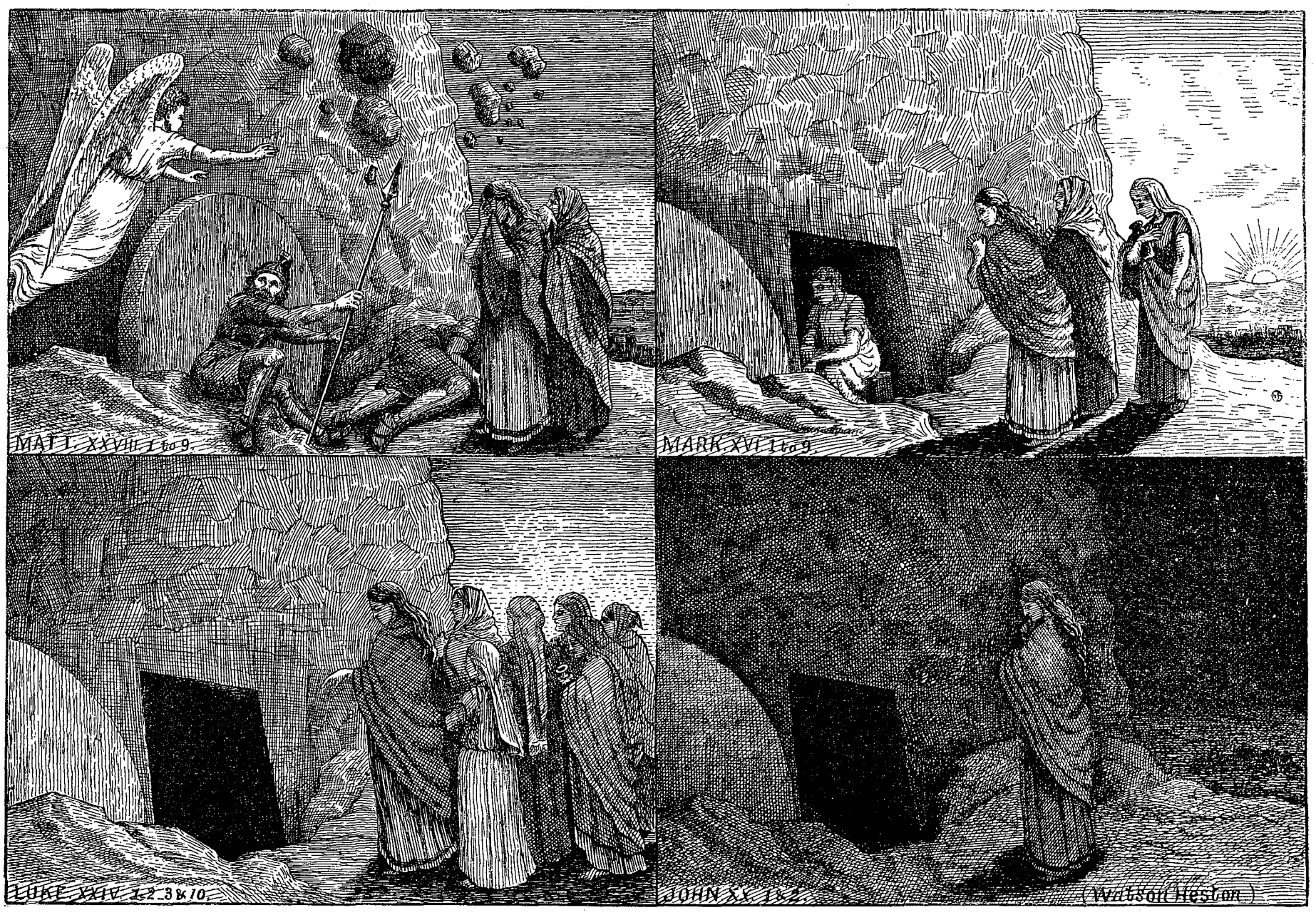
IF I supposed the "Mosaic writer" to be inspired, as Mr. Gladstone does, it would not be consistent with my notions of respect for the supreme being to imagin him unable to frame a form of words which should accurately, or at least not inaccurately, express his own meaning. It is sometimes said that, had the statements contained in the first chapter of Genesis been scientifically true, they would hav been unintelligible to ignorant people; but how is the matter mended if, being scientifically untrue, they must needs be rejected by instructed people?—*Huxley.*

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FOUR HISTORIANS ON A CERTAIN ALLEGED OCCURRENCE.

Notes and Clippings.

TWENTY inches is said to be the narrowest gage of railroad doing regular business in the United States.

THE Russian military maneuvers are to take place this year at Odessa in August, and the emperor will be present.

THE excise commission created by the last legislature organized at Albany last week by making Daniel G. Rollins chairman and George B. Colby, of this city, the nominee of Dr. Crosby, secretary. The business of the commission is to prepare an excise law for submission to the next legislature.

THE *Commercial Advertiser* describes the recent action of the Irish bishops thus: "The Irish bishops hav sent to Rome a document, *apropos* of the pope's famous rescript, which admits the right of the holy see to interfere in national affairs where morality is concerned. The document in effect tells his holiness that if he had been a little more sure in regard to his facts he would hav been a little less certain in regard to the morality or immorality of the boycott and the plan of campaign. The bishops would hav the pope reverse his decision."

AMONG the Yale men who will receive degrees at the coming commencement are four Japanese students. One of them, who is a resident graduate, will be made a doctor of philosophy. Another, the son of a Japanese nobleman, now a minister of finance, will graduate from the law school. A third, who graduates from the same school, is one of the brightest men in his class, and a contestant for the John A. Porter prize. The most interesting of them is Shinkichi Shegimi, of the scientific school. He is a typical Japanese, four feet tall and weighs ninety pounds. He came to this country without money or friends, drifted to Yale, was taken in charge by President Dwight and members of the faculty, and now graduates with honors.

A BANGOR young woman on Saturday evening went into a bookstore and asked the clerk, whom she knew well, to pick her out a good novel to read next day. The novel was selected, and the clerk deftly substituted for it a New Testament, made a neat package, and thought that he had played a good joke on the girl. On Monday morning he heard from the joke. The young woman entered the store very white in the face and banged the Testament down on the counter. "I'd hav thrown that in the fire," she said, "if there had been any way in which I could hav made you pay for it. I'll never buy a cent's worth of you again, so there! Giv me the book I bought on Saturday," and then she flounced out.

MARIE GENEVIEVE DU SAORE CŒUR has proclaimed herself a prophetess at Chartres, the French diocese most favored by supernatural visions. She declares that Jesus appears to her in visions, and says that he desires the foundation of a religious house at Loigny, where there was a fight between the Prussians and the Pontifical Zouaves in 1870. This house is to be the parent one of an order of the Spouses of the Sacred Heart of Penitent Jesus, and the nuns who enter it are to devote themselvs to prayer and pious works, so as to avert the divine anger from France and bring about the restoration of the monarchy under Charles XI. She refused to retract her story, and says: "God confounds the proud and exalts the simple. A bishop treated Joan of Arc as an impostor, and the voices which inspired her as satanic suggestions."

WALT WHITMAN is slowly recovering from the attack which nearly cost him his life recently. His physician, Dr. Bucke, says: "Mr. Whitman has never been well since his attack of paralysis in 1873. He rallied from that and seemed to improve until 1880, when he paid an extended visit to my home in Canada. Since then he has had frequent attacks, from which he rallied, but after each he was left weaker. It is his magnificent constitution, and but for the paralysis, which was due to the poison taken into his system while acting as nurse in the hospitals during the war, he ought to liv to be ninety at least. I do not know that I ever saw a man of his age who has maintained such a magnificent physique, despite these adverse circumstances."

ONE of the editors of the *American Hebrew* visited the Hebrew-Christian church of New York, to observe the workings of that spiritual manufactory. He found that the congregation numbered fifty, nearly two-thirds of whom were non-Jews. There were present twelve Israelites, whom it is positivly known were there simply for curiosity. There were three or perhaps four Jews who professed to participate in the service. It was announced that on that special occasion four Jews were to be formally admitted to fellowship in the Hebrew-Christian church, but one had not put in an appearance. Two were baptized, one of whom had already gone through the operation in Europe, and the third wavered. This is the record for that evening. In commenting on the affair our contemporary says that it defies the missionaries to point out a half dozen intelligent Jews who hav become converts from conviction and without receiving material benefit as a reward of their apostacy.—*Jewish Times.*

THE New York *World* says: "The recent miserable calumny upon the president, branded and set at rest forever by Mrs. Cleveland's characterization of it as a 'wicked and heartless lie,' had its origin in what is pleased to call itself 'Washington society.' For months before an unsophisticated and credulous clergyman from Massachusetts gave the libel publicity, it was passed from mouth to ear in certain circles at the capital that love to see themselvs described as 'fashionable,' and rolled as a choice bit of gossip under tongues whose owners were not above paying court to the household that they slandered. A proneness to gossip and backbite, to stab with innuendo, and to easily believe evil reports of its members is as marked a feature of society to-day as it was when Sheridan depicted and satirized it in the 'School for Scandal.' Gossip is the sauce-piquant of society tattle and chatter. Scandal acts as a fillip to stir the sluggish spirit of fashionable *ennui*. It is especially rife at a political capital where persons count for so much and principles and policies for so little as has been the case at Washington in recent years. There is needed more of that true manliness and real womanhood that will turn the back upon tale-bearers and scorn to be made either the pedlers or the receptacles of scandal and gossip."

Economics.

Colonel Ingersoll's Economical and Political Opinions.

From an Interview in the Press.

A representativ of the *Press* had an exceedingly interesting talk with Col. Robert G. Ingersoll yesterday afternoon. Colonel Ingersoll expressed himself very freely on the subject of the relations of labor and capital to each other, and on the duty of the laboring man in the present juncture. Following is the interview:

What, in your opinion, is the condition of labor in this country as compared with that abroad?

In the first place, it is self-evident that if labor received more in other lands than in this the tide of emigration would be changed. The workingmen would leave our shores. People who believe in free trade are always telling us that the laboring man is paid much better in Germany than in the United States, and yet nearly every ship that comes from Germany is crammed with Germans, who, for some unaccountable reason, prefer to leave a place where they are doing well and come to one where they must do worse.

The same thing can be said of Denmark and Sweden, of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of Italy. The truth is that in all those lands the laboring man can earn just enough to-day to do the work of to-morrow; everything he earns is required to get food enough in his body and rags enough on his back to work from day to day, to toil from week to week. There are only three luxuries within his reach—air, light, and water; probably a fourth might be added—death.

In those countries the few own the land, the few hav the capital, the few make the laws, and the laboring man is not a power; his opinion is neither asked nor heeded. The employers pay as little as they can. When the world becomes civilized everybody will want to pay what things are worth, but now capital is perfectly willing that labor shall remain at the starvation line. Competition on every hand tends to put down wages. The time will come when the whole community will see that justice is economical. If you starve laboring men you increase crime; you multiply, as they do in England, workhouses, hospitals, and all kinds of asylums, and these public institutions are for the purpose of taking care of the wrecks that hav been produced by greed and stinginess and meanness—*i. e.*, by the ignorance of capital.

What effect has the protectiv tariff on the condition of labor in this country?

To the extent that the tariff keeps out the foreign article it is a direct protection to American labor. Everything in this country is on a larger scale than in any other. There is far more generosity among the manufacturers and merchants and millionaires and capitalists of the United States than among those of any other country, although they are bad enough and mean enough here.

But the great thing for the laboring man in the United States is that he is regarded as a man. He is a unit of political power. His vote counts just as much as that of the richest and most powerful. The laboring man has to be consulted. The candidate has either to be his friend, or to pretend to be his friend, before he can succeed. A man running for the presidency could not say the slightest word against the laboring man, or calculated to put a stain upon industry, without destroying every possible chance of success. Generally every candidate tries to show that he is a laboring man, or that he was a laboring man, or that his father was before him. There is in this country very little of the spirit of caste—the most infamous spirit that ever infested the heartless breast or the brainless head of a human being.

What will be the effect on labor of a departure in American policy in the direction of free trade?

If free trade could be adopted to-morrow there would be an instant shrinkage of values in this country. Probably the immediate loss would equal $20,000,000,000—that is to say, one-third of the value of the country. No one can tell its extent. All things are so interwoven that to destroy one industry cripples another, and the influence keeps on until it touches the circumference of human interests.

I believe that labor is a blessing. It never was and never will be a curse. It is a blessed thing to labor for your wife and children, for your father and mother, and for the ones you love. It is a blessed thing to hav an object in life—something to do—something to call into play your best thoughts, to develop your faculties, and to make you a man. How beautiful, how charming, are the dreams of the young mechanic, the artist, the musician, the actor, and the student! How perfectly stupid must be the life of a young man with nothing to do, no ambition, no enthusiasm—that is to say, nothing of the divine in him! The young man with an object in life, of whose brain a great thought, a great dream, has taken possession, and in whose heart there is a great, throbbing hope—he looks forward to success—to wife, children, home—all the blessings and sacred joys of human life. He thinks of wealth, and fame, and honor, and of a long, genial, golden, happy autumn.

Work givs the feeling of independence, of self-respect. A man who does something necessarily puts a value on himself. He feels that he is a part of the world's force. The idler—no matter what he says, no matter how scornfully he may look at the laborer—in his very heart knows exactly what he is; he knows that he is a counterfeit, a poor, worthless imitation of a man.

But there is a vast difference between work and what I call "toil." What must be the life of a man who can earn only $1 or $2 a day? If this man has a wife and a couple of children, how can the family liv? What must they eat? What must they wear? From the cradle to the coffin they are ignorant of any luxury of life. If the man is sick, if one of the children dies, how can doctors and medicins be paid for? How can the coffin or the grave be purchased? These people liv on what might be called "the snow line"—just at that point where trees end and the mosses begin. What are such lives worth? The wages of months would hardly pay for the ordinary dinner of a family of a rich man. The savings of a whole life would not purchase one fashionable dress or the lace on it. Such a man could not save enough during his whole life to pay for the flowers of a fashionable funeral.

And yet how often hundreds of thousands of persons who spend thousands of dollars every year on luxuries really wonder why the working people should complain! They are astonished when a car-driver objects to working fourteen hours a day. Men giv millions of dollars to carry the gospel to the heathen and leave their own neighbors without bread; and these same people insist on closing libraries and museums of art on Sunday, and yet Sunday is the only day that these institutions can be visited by the poor.

They even want to stop the street-cars so that these workers, these men and women, cannot go to the parks or the fields on Sunday. They want stages stopped on fashionable avenues so that the rich may not be disturbed in their prayers and devotions.

The condition of the workingman, even in America, is bad enough. If free trade will not reduce wages, what will? If manufactured articles become cheaper the skilled laborers of America must work cheaper or stop producing the articles. Everyone knows that most of the value of a manufactured article comes from labor. Think of the difference between the value of a pound of cotton and a pound of the finest cotton cloth; between a pound of flax and enough point lace to weigh a pound; between a few ounces of paint, two or three yards of canvas, and a great picture; between a block of stone and a statue. Labor is the principal factor in price; when the price falls wages must go down.

I do not claim that protection is for the benefit of any particular class, but that it is for the benefit not only of that particular class but of the entire country. In England the common laborer expects to spend his old age in some workhouse. He is cheered through all his days of toil, through all his years of weariness, by the prospect of dying a respectable pauper. The women work as hard as the men. They work in the iron mills. They make nails, they dig coal, they toil in the fields. In Europe they carry the hod, they work like beasts and with beasts, until they lose almost the semblance of human beings—until they look inferior to the animals they drive. On the labor of these deformed mothers, of these bent and wrinkled girls, of little boys with the faces of old age, the heartless nobility liv in splendor and extravagant idleness. I am not now speaking of the French people, as France is the most prosperous country in Europe.

Let us protect our mothers, our wives, and our children from the deformity of toil, from the depths of poverty.

Is not the ballot an assurance to the laboring man that he can get fair treatment from his employer?

The laboring man in this country has the political power, provided he has the intelligence to know it and the intelligence to use it. In so far as laws can assist labor, the workingman has it in his power to pass such laws; but in most foreign lands the laboring man has really no voice. It is enough for him to work, and wait, and suffer, and emigrate. He can take refuge in the grave or go to America.

In the old country, where people hav been taught that all blessings come from the king, it is very natural for the poor to believe the other side of that proposition—that is to say, all evils come from the king, from the government. They are rocked in the cradle of this falsehood. So when they come to this country, if they are unfortunate, it is natural for them to blame the government.

The discussion of these questions, however, has already done great good. The workingman is becoming more and more intelligent. He is getting a better idea every day of the functions and powers and limitations of government, and if the problem is ever worked out—and by "problem" I mean the just and due relations that should exist between labor and capital—it will be worked out here in America.

What assurance has the American laborer that he will not be ultimately swamped by foreign immigration?

Most of the immigrants that come to America come because they want a home. Nearly every one of them is what you may call "land hungry." In his country to own a piece of land was to be respectable, almost a nobleman. The owner of a little land was regarded as the founder of a family—what you might call a "village dynasty." When they leave their nativ shores for America their dream is to become a landowner—to hav fields, to own trees, and to listen to the music of their own brooks.

The moment they arrive the mass of them seek the West, where land can be obtained. The great Northwest now is being filled with Scandinavian farmers, with persons from every part of Germany—in fact, from all foreign countries—and every year they are adding millions of acres to the plowed fields of the republic. This land hunger, this desire to own a home, to hav a field, to hav flocks and herds, to sit under your own vine and fig-tree, will prevent foreign immigration from interfering to any hurtful degree with the skilled workmen of America. These landowners, these farmers, become consumers of manufactured articles. They keep the wheels and spindles turning and the fires in the forges burning.

What do you think of Cleveland's message?

Only the other day I read a speech made by Hon. William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, upon this subject, in which he says in answer to what he calls "the pueril absurdity of President Cleveland's assumption" that the duty is always added to the cost, not only of imported commodities, but to the price of like commodities produced in this country, "that the duties imposed by our government on sugar reduced to ad valorem were never so high as now, and the price of sugar was never in this country as low as it is now." He also showed that this tax on sugar has made it possible for us to produce sugar from other plants, and he givs the facts in relation to corn-sugar.

We are now using annually 19,000,000 bushels of corn for the purpose of making glucose or corn-sugar. He shows that in this industry alone there has been a capital invested of $11,000,000; that 732,000 acres of land are required to furnish the supply, and that this one industry now givs employment to about 22 000 farmers, about 5,000 laborers in factories, and that the annual value of this product of corn-sugar is over $17,000,000.

He also shows what we may expect from the cultivation of the beet. I advise everyone to read that speech, so that they may hav some idea of the capabilities of this country, of the vast wealth asking for development, of the countless avenues opened for ingenuity, energy, and intelligence.

Does the protectiv tariff cheapen the prices of commodities to the laboring man?

In this there are involved two questions. If the tariff is so low that the foreign article is imported, of course this tariff is added to the cost and must be paid by the consumer; but if the protectiv tariff is so high that the importer cannot pay it, and as a consequence the article is produced in America, then it depends largely upon competition whether the full amount of the tariff will be added to the article. As a rule, competition will settle that question in America, and the article will be sold as cheaply as the producers can afford.

For instance, if there is a tariff, we will say of fifty cents on a pair of shoes, and this tariff is so low that the foreign article can afford to pay it, then that tariff, of course, must be paid by the consumer. But suppose the tariff was $5 on a pair of shoes, that is to say, absolutely prohibitory, does any man in his senses say that $5 would be added to each pair of American shoes? Of course, the statement is the answer.

I think it is the duty of the laboring man in this country first to thoroughly post himself upon these great questions, to endeavor to understand his own interest as well as the interest of his country, and if he does I believe he will arrive at the conclusion that it is far better to hav this country filled with manufacturers than to be employed simply in raising raw material. I think he will come to the conclusion that we had better hav skilled labor here, and that it is better to pay for it than not to hav it. I think he will find that it is better for America to be substantially independent of the rest of the world. I think he will conclude that nothing is more desirable than the development of the American brain, and that nothing better can be raised than great and splendid men and women. I think he will conclude that the cloud coming from the factories, from the great stacks and chimneys, is the cloud on which will be seen, and always seen, the bow of American promis.

What hav you to say about tariff reform?

I hav this to say: that the tariff is for the most part the result of compromises—that is, one state wishing to hav something protected agrees to protect something else in some other state, so that, as a mat-

ter of fact, many things are protected that need no protection and many things are unprotected that ought to be cared for by the government.

I am in favor of a sensible reform of the tariff—that is to say, I do not wish to put it in the power of the few to practice extortion upon the many. Congress should always be wide awake, and wherever there is any abuse it should be corrected. At the same time, next to having the tariff just—next in importance is to hav it stable. It does us great injury to hav every dollar invested in manufactures frightened every time Congress meets. Capital should feel secure. Insecurity calls for higher interest, wants to make up for the additional risk; whereas, when a dollar feels absolutely certain that it is well invested, that it is not to be disturbed, it is satisfied with a very low rate of interest.

The present agitation—the message of President Cleveland upon these questions—will cost the country many hundred millions of dollars.

I see that some one has been charging that Judge Gresham is an Infidel.

I hav known Judge Gresham for many years, and of course hav heard him talk on many subjects, but I do not remember ever discussing with him a religious topic. I only know that he believes in allowing every man to express his opinions, and that he does not hate a man because he differs with him. I believe that he believes in intellectual hospitality, and that he would giv all churches equal rights, and would treat them all with the utmost fairness. I regard him as a fair-minded, intelligent, and honest man, and that is enough for me. I am satisfied with the way he acts, and care nothing about his particular creed. I like a manly man, whether he agrees with me or not. I believe that President Garfield was a minister of the Church of the Disciples—that made no difference to me. Mr. Blaine is a member of some church in Augusta—I care nothing for that. Whether Judge Gresham belongs to any church I do not know. I never asked him, but I know that he does not agree with me by a large majority.

In this country, where a divorce has been granted between church and state, the religious opinions of candidates should be let alone. To make the inquiry is a piece of impertinence—a piece of impudence. I hav voted for men of all persuasions and expect to keep right on, and if they are not civilized enough to giv me the liberty they ask for themselvs, why, I shall simply set them an example of decency.

What do you think of the political outlook?

The people of this country hav a great deal of intelligence. Tariff and free trade and protection and home manufactures and American industry—all these things will be discussed in every school-house of the country and in thousands and thousands of political meetings, and when next November comes you will see the Democratic party overthrown and swept out of power by a cyclone. All other questions will be lost sight of. Even the Prohibitionists would rather drink beer in a prosperous country than burst with cold water and hard times.

The preservation of what we hav got will be the great question. This is the richest country and the most prosperous country, and I believe that the people hav sense enough to continue the policy that has given them these results. I never want to see the civilization of the Old World, or rather the barbarism of the Old World, gain a footing on this continent. I am an American. I believe in American ideas—that is to say, in equal rights, and in the education and civilization of all the people.

The Principles of Freedom in Trade.

The history of man is largely composed of the record of his struggles for freedom, which may be defined as exemption from the power and control of another, or, in one word, unrestrictedness. Long and fierce hav been the conflicts; and though often the results hav been adverse to human progress, the battle has been renewed and in the end liberty has gained. To-day, in English-speaking lands, freedom is given in a large measure as to political rights, and the few restrictions that exist are nearing abolition; human slavery has disappeared, and the right to hold and express diverse religious and social opinions is professedly granted. In all departments of life, with one exception, there is a general recognition of the right of men to do as they please, provided they injure nobody. This one exception is trade. Men may not purchase their supplies outside of their own country except upon payment of a tax. The slavery of the past has been imposed by kings, priests, and conquering races; but the slavery of the present in trade is imposed by the victims themselvs, who incur voluntary bondage through mistaken theories and ignorance of their true interests.

The advocates of free trade base their demands upon the rights of man. They declare that all restrictions upon the right to buy in the cheapest market are infringements of human liberty. If the farmer in New Brunswick can buy a mowing-machine ten miles away in Maine more cheaply than he can six hundred miles away in Ontario, his natural rights are trampled on when he is fined for buying the article that costs least. They claim also that this natural right is for the man's interest, and that any interference with natural laws is in the end injurious. Their foundation principle, therefore, is fidelity to nature. Each region has its peculiar elements of productivness; each man has a special capacity for some sort of labor. The best results will follow when natural advantages are allowed free play. No man nor government is wise enough to place restrictions upon this freedom, for every benefit involves injuries none the less real because widely distributed and slightly recognized.

When governments began to regulate trade, the theory was maintained that a country was made so much the poorer by everything that went out of it, therefore exportation was prohibited or taxed. In latter days it has been claimed that the reverse is true and that a country is impoverished by importation, as it checks home production. Therefore importation is taxed. So, as doctors of medicin change their remedies, and in one generation cure fevers by bleeding and restriction of drinking, while in the next they banish the lancet and prescribe plenty of water, so the doctors of trade change their remedies to opposit efforts; and all the time beneficent nature, in spite of their quackeries, yields some measure of prosperity to faithful labor.

Many persons now sincerely believe that prosperity is promoted by taxing all imported articles that can be produced in the country to which they are brought, thus protecting home producers against foreign competitors. This is what is now called protection, and against this theory free traders draw up the following indictment:

1. Protection violates the laws of nature that grant freedom to men to buy and sell when, where, and how they please, and that indicate the pursuits to which lands and men are best adapted.

2. Protection increases the cost of supplies, and thus enhances the cost of products. Their export is therefore prevented; the producer is limited to the home market instead of the trade of the whole world, and overproduction and ruinous competition assail him oftener than if he operated in a larger field.

3. A tax on consumers for the benefit of producers is unjust in principle as well as injurious in practice. It puts the producer in the place of a pauper, who must receive the contributions of others toward his subsistence, and does a moral injury to him who thus receives gratuitous benefits.

4. By preventing foreign trade, protection fosters prejudice, and removes the greatest barrier to war; for there is no such promoter of peace as the intercourse of commerce.

5. Protection acts on the absurdity that it is better to do things ourselvs in the most costly way rather than accept a cheaper service from a man who livs under another flag.

6. By its restrictions, protection furnishes great inducements to dishonesty. Smuggling, bribery, lying, and perjury are direct results of its system.

7. Protection causes large numbers of men to be employed in collecting the revenues, who otherwise might be engaged in productiv labor.

8. Custom-houses put embarrassments and vexations in the way of trade, and hav often been centers of political corruption.

9. Protection, by artificial aid to industry and the removal of the stimulus of foreign competition, lessens invention, economy, and enterprise. A trade that is insured a profit by government lacks inducement to improve its methods.

10. Though protection is professed to be temporary, its beneficiaries never outgrow its aid, but only clamor for more help. The infant industries of the United States, which began ninety-nine years ago with a "temporary help" of five per cent, now receive fifty to a hundred per cent, and beg for increased aid as infants still.

11. Protection discriminates unjustly between industries, aiding some and neglecting others, but creating a claim for the protection of all. Owing to the limits of human wisdom, law-makers cannot discriminate as to the objects and the degree to which protection can be best applied. The strongest lobbyists usually get the most help.

12. Protection is a foe to civilization, not only by preventing the intercourse of people of different nations, thus fostering ignorance and suppressing the best means of enlightenment, but by hindering the introduction of industrial improvements made abroad.

13. Protection fosters selfishness, makes pauperism genteel, and disguises robbery so that the robbers themselvs pose as public benefactors. It bribes men to forsake principle for profit, and through greed of gain to support the enrichment of a few at the expense of the many.

14. Protection by its artificial methods creates an unnatural condition of industry, which can never be remedied without serious ills. To withdraw the bolstering support causes distress, and is a seeming injustice to those who hav been induced to engage in such industries. It is an evil that never cures itself; and the remedies are dreaded as worse than the disease by many who suffer indirectly in the process of readjustment.

These are some of the main charges against protection, and may be summed up in the assertion that protection is a violation of natural law, an opposition to those beneficent principles that govern the operations of nature.

Nothing is more bewildering than the attempt to argue upon the merits of free trade or protection from the evidence of facts and figures. Each side can prove its case to a demonstration, if its methods are admitted. Mr. Gladstone shows the growth of English manufactures under free trade, and Mr. Morrill shows the growth of American industries under protection. But the difficulty in these cases is the same that prevails in medicin; it is impossible to prove that the patient would not hav recovered if he had not seen the doctor. The difficulty of searching out the intricate causes of commercial changes prevents the right application of facts. This difficulty of reasoning from statistics and the impossibility of always tracing cause and effect accurately in the wide ramifications of trade, and thus disproving protectionist arguments drawn from apparent benefits, make clear the desirability of going back to first principles and basing our position upon fundamental, undeniable laws of nature.

Let it be shown that free trade is best for the individual, then explain that nations are only aggregations of individuals, and it follows that what is good for a man is good for a nation. If it is profitable for a man to buy his supplies where he can get them cheapest, it is best for a nation to do the same. If, as Bastiat says, "It is best to buy from others what we ourselvs can produce only at a higher price," the rule is not affected by the extent of its application. It affects one man or a million in the same way. Bastiat well illustrates this principle in its simplest form by his description of Robinson Crusoe kicking out to sea a floating plank, a free import, because he should lose fifteen days' labor hewing one from a tree if he allowed the importation. Also by his account of Robinson's refusal to sell to a neighboring islander three hours' work's worth of vegetables for game that it would cost him six hours' work to procure, lest the hunting industry of his island should become extinct. Friday's plea that they could do "something else" with the time saved is the grand solution of all the difficulties supposed to exist with free trade.

The plea for protection is the same that is used against the introduction of labor-saving machinery. The promotion or maintenance of *obstacles* benefits a few to the disadvantage of many. But as labor-saving machinery tends to create labor, by the cheapening of products and consequent increase of consumption, so freedom in trade enlarges the markets, promotes the inventions and stimulates the energies and enterprise of men. Men's wants are unlimited, and new demands arise as soon as there is a surplus saved by the cheapening of one article.

But in argument with protectionists there are some admissions that we should be prepared to make. The increase of immediate prosperity in some directions as a result of protection must be admitted. Some industries are fostered that otherwise could not exist, and giving to a manufacturer the whole of a market or a larger field enables him to manufacture more cheaply. Thus, in some cases, protection really lowers prices. Especially is this the ultimate result when competition has been aroused, the home market is glutted, and goods cannot be exported to compete with the manufactures of free trade countries. (But protection then fails to protect.) Cities usually grow under protection; some men become very rich; there is a "hum" and a "boom" in some trades for a while. All this must be confessed. It must also be said that depressions come to all trades and all lands—free trade or protectionist. The law of supply and demand causes alternate periods of prosperity and adversity, and all that can be charged is that they come oftener and more severely to the protected country. Wages rise or are depressed under each system; for, as the French say, "when two workmen run after one master wages are low, and when two masters run after one workman wages are high."

But these admissions are to be qualified with other considerations. It would indeed be a pity if protection did no good to offset the large amount of harm it occasions. This little good is concentrated and tangible; but the evil effects are wide-spread, and often too obscure or subdivided to be impressiv. One can see the print factory that employs three hundred hands, but does not notice the million women who pay an extra cent per yard for their print dresses to support this home industry. The coal mine in Nova Scotia attracts attention, but the $321,000 paid in a year in Ontario as duty on bituminous coal is so scattered that the tax is not realized, though its injury and injustice are real. Flour mills make a "hum" that excites admiration, but the homes of all Canada pay extra for the music.

Then, there is no end to the protecting business. The farmer gets protection for his wheat; of course, the miller must hav a corresponding duty put on

flour; the miner rebels against the food tax unless his coal is protected; as food and coal are taxed, the iron-worker must hav his share of protection; he is followed by the paper-maker, the cotton-spinner, the wool-weaver, the sugar-refiner, the wood-worker, and every petty "ax-grinder" follows in the clamorous train. The salaried men and wage-workers demand increased pay to meet the advanced cost of living, and if all were served as they consistently should be, the ridiculous spectacle would be presented of a nation trying to make itself rich by paying extra prices all round. How much better to avoid all this intricate, artificial, unnatural effort, and allow common sense, simple justice, and natural rights to regulate our affairs!

What makes a nation prosperous? Is it having a surplus in its treasury gained by taxes? Is it having a large population? Is it having large cities filled with poorly paid and ignorant laborers, and adorned with the palaces of protected capitalists? Or does the prosperity of a country mean the average prosperity of its people? Surely, the latter; where the people are well-to-do, there is a truly prosperous country, and a free trader maintains that a man is most well-to-do where he can buy his supplies cheapest, and use his labor most in accord with the natural fitness of his place and capacity.

Protectionists are accustomed to say, Free trade is all right in theory, but it will not do in practice. In saying this they yield up the whole dispute. What is theory but the law for practice? No theory is right if it does not succeed in practice. Some important point has been overlooked if the principles are not effectiv. The theorists of the world are almost wholly on the side of free trade, and if free trade is right in theory, not only must its practice be best but its obstruction is sinful. Free trade is the application of the Golden Rule to commerce. In morals, all profess to believe in this law, which Confucius (500 B.C.) styled "reciprocity." They say it is perfect in theory; yet how few practice it! A short-sighted selfishness which does not look beyond immediate results leads each to love himself better than his neighbor, and to do unto others only that which would be of no benefit to himself.

When men become more far-seeing they will find that reciprocity, like honesty, is the best policy, and the mistaken self-interest, which now leads to selfish aggrandizement and seclusion, will find its prizes in free intercourse, "giv and take," "liv and let liv," and in the recognition of the brotherhood of man.

Education, then, is the foe of protection and the hope of free trade. Men must be taught the principles of natural law and be trained to trace results accurately to their far-off and intricate conclusions. In the progress of enlightened public opinion lies the hope of the redemption of trade from slavery.

Montreal, Can. ROBT. C. ADAMS.

To the Liberal Public.

There is a demand among our Liberal people for a book of songs and tunes that shall be entirely free from theological objections. There is no such book to-day in the market. We want to sing truth, not falsehood. It is time that the dead words of Christian theology should be dropped from the lips of song. Such names and words as God, Jesus, Christ, Holy Spirit, Satan, savior, heaven, hell, angel, etc., should no longer be sung. They are not words that stand for facts, nor do they express sentiments that make men and women truer, nobler, or better. They lack significance. They are only the flowers of superstition.

What we need are songs of humanity, of human love, human hope, human toil, and human needs. We want songs of patriotism, songs of freedom, songs of home, songs of joy. The moral aspirations of the world must be set to music, and the lips sing what the hands, head, and heart are striving to realize.

We hav many good songs, or hymns, as they are called, that can be used in such a work as I hav intimated. I believe that a book of sensible music can be compiled for use in our Liberal meetings. I want to ask everyone interested in our cause to giv this matter his earnest attention.

What I propose is this: That a book of words and tunes be published that shall contain appropriate sentiments for public meetings, funerals, etc., and I would request all who hav songs of Liberal sentiments to furnish me with copies of the same, or inform me where they may be obtained. I would also like to hav original words and music.

Any information that will assist me in carrying out this project will be thankfully received. Address,

Revere, Mass. L. K. WASHBURN.

A SMALL-SIZED Talmage of Brooklyn is entitled to recognition. A Sunday or two ago his subject was "Heaven." "The nearer we get to heaven," he said, "the happier we are. For example, take the beasts of the field, who crawl and creep and wander through jungles from their prey. They eat on earth, liv on earth, and belong to earth altogether. They are miserable. But take the birds of the air that fly above the earth and fill the atmosphere with beautiful song—they are happy." In uniqueness of argument this preacher is away up toward the head of the procession. Following the same train of logic, the man who goes up in a balloon a mile or two ought to experience transports of joy but little short of paradise.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

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Official Call for Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

To the Local Secular Unions, Life, Charter, and Annual Members, and all Liberal citizens who support the Nine Demands of Secularism, Greeting:

You are hereby invited to attend the Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, which will convene at Lafayette Hall, Wood street, near 4th, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, October 5, 1888, at 10 A.M., for a four days' session—5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th inclusiv.

All Charter and Life Members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of State or Executiv Committees, and all duly accredited delegates from Local Secular Unions are entitled to seats and votes in this Annual Congress. Each Local Secular Union is entitled to send its President and Secretary and three other members as delegates. Annual Members who pay or hav paid $1 in the national treasury are entitled to seats, but not to votes, except by unanimous consent of the Congress.

This Congress will specially consider practical questions tending to further agitation for taxation of church property; the abrogation of state aid to sectarian institutions; abolition of state, national, military, and prison chaplaincies; repeal of judicial oaths, Sunday and other oppressiv and unjust ecclesiastical laws; nullification of attempts to subvert our Constitution by a legal recognition of Theism in the American Magna Charta, and such other measures as will not merely thwart intended theological encroachments, but will absolutely expunge from our laws, state and federal, such insidious acts as hav already crept in to blot out mental freedom from our republic.

It is to be hoped that the addresses delivered will deal with the practical issues of the organization, so that there will be such an awakening of the people to these vital questions of the hour that a revival of the instinct of liberty and justice for all will necessarily result; that again from the Keystone state—the birthplace of our association—the clarion voice of freedom shall vibrate throughout the land.

Pittsburgh being situated almost in the center of a district containing many of our most distinguished workers, thinkers, and writers, besides the activ host within its limits, there is little doubt but that this Congress will be a glorious gathering of the forces who stand for mental liberty, as expressed in the desire for complete Secularization of the government.

S. P. PUTNAM, Pres.
E. A. STEVENS, Sec.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com.

Conundrums for Ministerial Meddlers.

Saturday last the public service committee of the county board were besieged by a delegation headed by reverend reformers who propose to manage matters for the public. They remonstrated against the issuance of a license to Mr. Edmonson, a Chicago oyster merchant, who owns the pleasure-grounds in the town of Palos known as Willow Springs—grounds of sufficiently good reputation to be frequently used for the accommodation of city Sunday-school picnics. The townspeople had favored the license by a vote of 142 to 34, but the commissioners had withheld it to hear evidence on grave charges made as to the immoral character of the place. A remonstrance—by all custom, supposed to be signed only by property-holders and legal voters—was largely signed, but it leaked out that Rev. Mr. Grumbler had circulated it in church and all the Sunday-school children had signed, besides having circulated it in all the adjoining towns. Had such a fraud been perpetrated by Mr. Edmonson, what a howl of righteous indignation would hav been heard! Failing in that, these sanctified representativs of morals attempted to slander Willow Springs out of existence. They claimed it was a resort of low men and lewd women; it defiled the atmosphere of Cook county; its drunken orgies were a disgrace, and they exhausted the vocabulary of invectivs in describing its horrors. One veracious gentleman, Rev. Mr. Judkins, solemnly affirmed that men and women cohabited there in the most outrageous and public manner. This was news to the public.

Our old friend Commissioner Williams questioned as to when they witnessed these fearful improprieties. Oh, no, they did not witness them; they had never been inside the grounds, but they knew some one who had.

The committee insisted on names of persons who could substantiate these charges.

They were suddenly afflicted by chronic forgetfulness—ah, they, ah, could not, ah, just then, on the spur of the moment, remember their names. Failing to confirm a single assertion, they then begged merely to close the grounds on Sunday.

The jolly commissioner concluded to giv these ministers a lesson in moral reform, and he gave them solid chunks of advice in regard to telling the truth at all times. He further said that he was certain that lewd practices could be *proved* to hav occurred in some of the churches, and asked Brother Jenkins if he thought that wasn't a fair argument in favor of their suppression. A "midnight on the sea" sort of a frown overspread the reverend's face, and if our adipose commissioner is reëlected it will not be by votes of that minister's congregation, by a large majority. The board hav taken the matter under advisement.

A GRAND ACHIEVEMENT.

Wettstein's Freethought emblem is conspicuous on a poster we hav received informing us that the sturdy Secularists of Silverton, Ore., who set such a glorious example to the whole country by building a Freethought hall exclusivly for their uses one year ago, will celebrate the anniversary of its dedication June 23d, at which President Putnam delivers the oration, and the occasion will doubtless inspire his poetic fervor for one of his most brilliant efforts. A basket picnic will be held in the city park, and speeches by J. T. McCleary, J. T. Ford, and C. Beal, while recitations and singing by the home talent will be sandwiched between the lunch and the brass band. The day's festivities to conclude with a grand ball in Freethought Hall. Distance does not lend enchantment on this occasion, for we cannot refrain from groaning,

Oh, what must it be to be there!

It is bound to be a success—a lady is at the head of the committee—Mrs. Carrie Fitzgerell, H. D. Mount, and E. Walford. But we must leave the land of promis—the West—to contemplate the degrading superstitions which still infest the East.

IS THIS OUR BOASTED PROGRESS?

This morning's *News* contains a lengthy "special" dispatch from Pittsburgh, where yesterday (June 13th) was celebrated the feast of St. Anthony (not Tony of the S. S. V.) at the church of the most holy name. For days pilgrims hav arrived from distant points of a dozen states, and, as less than a third could gain admission, Troy Hill was packed with men, women, and children, standing for hours with uncovered heads in the hot sun until Father Mollinger appeared on the steps to bless the multitude. As this is supposed to be specially beneficial to the sick, many were carried in arms or brought in chairs. "The most noticeable cure," says the dispatch, "was that of Miss Anna Kirk, of Philadelphia, who had suffered for five years with hip disease. After the solemn ceremonies she threw away her crutches and walked without difficulty." *Oremus!* All who are not cured are invited to remain till they are, and it appears Mollinger is "in" with the boarding-house interests in the neighborhood of his church.

Americans hav pretended that this Romish superstition could never take root on our soil. What are the facts? By low deceit and cunning it as effectually chains the intellect and obstructs human progress as when it bartered thrones and dictated Europe by its bulls, except as all hav had some help from the general intellectual growth. It no longer keeps a naked emperor shivering at its gates, but it compels the president and cabinet of the freest government on earth to lend their presence at the laying of a corner-stone of an institution which each knows full well will be utilized to train traitors to American principles. If Cleveland wants the Catholic vote he must assist in Rome's latest move—representation of the Vatican at the White House. That's not much to accommodate his "dear friend" Cardinal Gibbons. A few years ago a president would hav been regarded with suspicion who made so much of Rome's chief spy.

POISONING CHILDREN TO SAVE THEIR SOULS.

According to Christianity the mortal is of little consequence compared with the immortal part. A double (and perhaps triple) murder is clearly traceable to that idea, and has set the Quaker City aghast. Sarah J. Whiteling has just confessed to furnishing her husband with poison with which to end his life last March, and to poisoning her nine-year-old daughter in April, and her two-year-old Willie in May. She says: "I killed Bertie because I was afraid she would grow up in sin and crime; she was a bad girl; had stolen pennies from the neighbors, and once from her teacher's pocket-book. I killed Willie because he was in the way. I am sorry for what I hav done and want the people to pray for me." With Christian cupidity she had secured some insurance on each of her victims and collected it. She professed great piety, attended church in her neighborhood last Sunday, and kneeling at the altar asked for the prayers of the congregation. This wretched woman's crime and conduct is a direct answer to the church's claim that religion and morality are one. Is it not time for humanity

to protest against the immoral tone of a creed whose tendency is to sacrifice the body to save the soul? If you think so, help the American Secular Union to brush away ecclesiastical cobwebs.

PRESBYTERIANS SECEDE AT PITTSBURGH.

To those who thought secession had been effectually checked by the "late unpleasantness," the action of the general synod of the Reformed Presbyterian church will come with the warlike crash of cannon on Fort Sumter. They hav virtually "fired" the United States Constitution, and emphatically declared that "immortal document" to be N. G., as it does not recognize Christ or the Christian religion, therefore loyalty to the Constitution is disloyalty to Christ. They hav concluded Christ can't stand it any longer, and hav given the United States notice to quit. Their dictum is, that hereafter they will not perform any act which implies allegiance to the nation as long as the government is neutral to the claims of "Christ as the king of nations." That will do till the tax-collector comes round. They also propose to boycott all other churches who permit their members to become good citizens. "Here *is* a how-d'ye-do! Here's a pretty mess!" No presidential dark horses from religious rebels of the Reformed Presbyterian stripe. They indorsed Prohibition (which is a process to be obtained by law, but ministers are never expected to be logical), denounced tobacco, secret societies, Sunday papers, and propose to boycott all members who advertise in the same. Our dictatorial dead-heads hav become so refreshingly modest, as it were, that we suggest that the attorney-general of the United States confiscate the property of traitors in "open rebellion" to the basic principle of our government, the Constitution.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

Severe sickness prevented me from sooner sending in my report. I hav had two relapses, but hope to avoid the "three times and out."

Clark Braden, keeping hid till the last moment, occasioned me much trouble. I had canceled appointments, expecting to go to Phenix, Ariz., to hold a discussion with some theological giant, who, to quote the letter of the church folks urging me to come, "was a courteous gentleman and a minister in good standing in his own denomination." Braden was well aware that if it became known that the Christians of Phenix had been beguiled into accepting him as their champion, an exposure of his record would be made that would defeat his scheme to obtain their shekels. He cunningly, under various false pretexts, induced church folks to hold back his name. The Liberals made the discovery only at the last moment; their telegram reached me only on Friday afternoon, as I was preparing to start for Phenix early Saturday morning.

This disreputable impostor should be thoroughly exposed. It is too bad that even the orthodox should be victimized by such a contemptible fraud. He delivered seventeen lectures at Phenix, for which the bigoted church folks had to pay. The more intelligent and the general public expressed contemptuous indifference, declining to attend. This so infuriated Clark Braden that on leaving the city he indulged in a characteristic tirade of mendacity and billingsgate, which he published in the local press, and thus relieved the Liberals of the duty of thoroughly exposing the blackguard. He gave himself away.

While in Phenix, I am informed, he repeatedly boasted, and published in the Phenix *Herald*, that he was so able a debater and defender of the Christian faith that he had driven the chief Liberal lecturers from the field. Phew! how his dear friends Crazy Comstock and Snarleyow Nym Crinkle must hav foamed with rage and envy to find themselvs so far distanced in audacious mendacity, the one quality they hav devoted the best efforts of their lives to excel in! It will be too bad if it breaks up their friendship. Braden, Comstock, Crinkle—the supreme trinity of malicious mendacity—three of a kind.

SAN DIEGO, April 29th.—I telegraphed to San Diego, and lectured there on Sunday evening. I arrived in time to bid farewell to a large number of the leading workers of the San Diego Spiritualistic Liberal Society, who sailed on Sunday afternoon, via the Santa Rosa, for San Francisco and points north—a sad loss to the Liberal cause at San Diego.

Monday morning I engaged passage on the steamship Queen, and ten minutes later a telegram was received that she had sunk off Port Harford. I had to wait till Thursday, May 3d, for the Santa Rosa, when for the first time I sailed on the Pacific ocean.

Desirous to reach Salinas on time, as I had a regular engagement to lecture there May 8th, 9th, and 10th, I decided to take the overland route from Port Harford to Salinas—stage and rail. Let all travelers carefully avoid so doing. The stage route is wretched; no connections; charges extortionate. It is a hundred per cent cheaper, quicker, and more comfortable to continue on the steamship to San Francisco, and take rail back to Salinas.

I arrived at Salinas on Monday. No arrangements had been made for lectures. Mysterious, subtle, adverse influences were at work. The person I had corresponded and made engagement with hid away. I remained till next evening; finding no possibility of lectures, I took the train for Monterey.

MONTEREY, May 9th, 10th, and 11th.—I found Austin Smith, a noble veteran, a generous, kindly, outspoken, independent Infidel, and stanch and true worker for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I had not half enumerated my disappointments and vexations, when he hurried me off to supper, and far more quickly than I could dispose of the viands he cleared away all discouragements and inspired me with renewed hope and courage. In the morning we engaged a hall, got out handbills, etc. I delivered three lectures at the new Opera House, the proprietor of which is a public spirited, intelligent gentleman, who became an earnest investigator, and beyond doubt will prove an efficient worker for Liberalism. This was one of the many good results of the lectures. The first evening's attendance was slim, but each succeeding night it increased, and the interest was excellent.

Here dwells Capt. Thomas Lambert, who, tired of the arduous responsibilities of command afloat, has settled on this shore, and is conducting an extensiv lumber business. A genuin Liberal, with all a sailor's hearty, honest thoroughness, he told me of his many years at sea. He has several times sailed round the world, and he declares it is a beautiful world, despite "the curse;" full of good folks, notwithstanding the church's claim of man's "total depravity." It is a very joy to be in the company of such a man. He loves to dwell on the roseate side of things; he has all his life cared only to remember the good he found in people; he readily finds excuses for their shortcomings; and although he will not palliate or sanction wrong, his kindly heart pities the wrong-doer, and he prefers to expatiate on some redeeming quality of the culprit as an offset to the evil. A typical Liberal; a brave, honest sailor, nearing the end of life's voyage, with a clean log-book and every duty of life fearlessly, faithfully performed.

Monterey is a queer old Spanish town, once an old whaling station. On the shore I saw old mammoth iron kettles in which in days of yore they boiled the blubber of the captured Jonah fish.

Monterey is two-thirds Spanish and seven-tenths Roman Catholic, but the spirit of the age and American enterprise are fast redeeming the town, and today it is a safe place to invest in real estate and await the boom—sure advance in value. With the constant influx of intelligent Americans, Liberalism is sure to continue its grand onward march.

May 10th.—Friend Austin Smith took me for a carriage ride, the most interesting I ever enjoyed—seventeen miles of smooth road, every rod of it a delight, now along long groves of firs, now in the depths of forests of cypress and pine, now on the seashore. At one point I looked out to sea, and on the rugged ledge of rocks some three hundred yards from shore I saw hundreds and hundreds of seals (sea lions) flopping in and out of the water, barking and yelping as they awkwardly climbed with their two flippers—their only means of propulsion—up and down the steep rocks, or lay basking in the sunshine. Hundreds were as large as young cows. While wet they look quite black, but dried in the sun they become a light brown color. Immense flocks of sea gulls made their home on top of the same rocks, and dwelt in amity with the seals—at least, neither seemed to disturb the other.

I got out of the carriage and stood on a projecting point of rock; between me and the rocky playground of the seals I saw a school of some half-dozen porpoises, from the monster parents to the little young ones all sporting in the waves. To my left was the wondrous ancient evergreen cypress forest; straight before me I saw two full-rigged ships, all sail set, *en route* to China; just at the edge of the great circle of vision, where sea and sky commingle, was the smoke of a huge steamship. And as I stood there I realized I had complied with the kindly advice of ye gentle, youthful sage, ye Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, "Go West, old man, go West!" I could go West no farther. I had reached the jumping-off place. Thousands of miles from home and loved ones, despite the bright sunshine, the life-imparting ozone wafted from the ocean, the glorious beauty and novelty of the scene, my heart grew sad. I was, oh, so lonely! How I longed for the sight of eyes that always brighten at my approach; for the sound of voices that ever thrill with tenderness and love when addressing me! What are all the beauties of earth unless shared by those that love us? A whole year yet ere I can hope to greet my loved ones. I well know it is indeed a noble and glorious work in which I am engaged; my success should fill me with courage, and make my heart overflow with joy and gladness. Yes; but there will at times come dark clouds in the brightest skies.

My brief fit of melancholy was dispelled by the genial voice of friend Austin Smith, who had remained in the carriage, shouting to me: "Come, old fellow, life's too short for dreaming. We must keep moving."

DEL MONTE.—The next day we visited Del Monte, about a mile from Monterey. This place is far, far beyond the power of adjectivs to do it justice. It is the realization of romantic fancy's brightest, most beauteous fairyland. An immense park of noble old trees of all kinds—grand, stately, old monarchs of the forest; long groves of firs on each side of broad, smooth drives; the broadest, brightest, greenest lawns; gorgeous mammoth flowers in richest profusion of every shape and color; flower-beds of most tasteful designs; croquet grounds smooth as if formed of one great dark marble slab; lawn tennis—the grounds inclosed with trellis-work over which vines of various kinds grow, bearing wondrous profusion of flowers of brightest hues; a Fair Rosamond maze where many spend hours in vain endeavor to reach the center; a fairy lake of goodly dimensions, with gondoliers in which happy young lovers enjoy sweet converse while sailing on its smooth waters; bath-house, the most perfect conceivable, the sea water regulated to any temperature desired in the great swimming-baths; the hotel itself a monster fairy palace, furnished with oriental magnificence; the health-imparting breeze from the ocean; the murmur of the tide upon the shore; the glorious, bright sky; the perfume and glorious beauty of the flowers—in such a place one needs but the presence of dear loved ones to realize the most perfect heaven mind can conceive. To visit Del Monte in May or June when it is arrayed in all its floral magnificence well repays the journey from New York and back.

From this true, real heaven I rejoice to be able to send glad tidings to all interested in human progress.

From New York to the shores of the Pacific ocean, at nearly every place I hav lectured, I hav found noble, brave, honest hearts, faithful co-workers for the cause of universal mental liberty—Infidel men and women, old and young, who, joyously, self-sacrificingly, labor for the welfare of their fellow-creatures, finding their greatest happiness in promoting that of others. And in every place I find the people more desirous to hear and investigate than the Liberal friends supposed. I hav the encouraging assurance that the lectures I hav delivered hav given many recruits to the grand army of truth seekers. The sale of Liberal books and pamphlets has greatly helped the spirit of investigation, and the new subscribers obtained for Liberal papers insure continuance of the good work.

Now, dear reader—you believe in Liberalism, in promoting the happiness of others—here and just now is an excellent opportunity to practically prove the reality of your Liberalism. Make one, just one, real, earnest, persistent effort to procure one new subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER. You will thus cheer the editor, promote the happiness of the publisher, do real good to the subscriber so obtained and his family, and to friends, and make glad your own heart, knowing you hav not lived altogether in vain, but that some will liv more benevolent, useful, and consequently happier lives from reading the good words of THE TRUTH SEEKER—a joy they might never hav known but for your earnest endeavor to bring its great worth to their attention. If every reader will only secure one new subscriber, the impetus to the cause we love will be glorious. Let us make a good try.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

Psychological Heredity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Your readers are undoubtedly aware that an Anthropological Congress assembled in New York the early part of this month. I wish to call special attention to the paper presented by Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, on "Psychological Heredity." "The mental and moral traits of persons," he says, "are seen in the fixed ideas of individuals and communities. We may conclude that many fixed ideas of religion, science, politics, and life are generally traceable to heredity. The intellectual and moral attainments of many communities," he remarks, "are largely the result of the heredity of certain dominant ideas of past generations. Some reforms," he further tells us, "are of such slow growth that, unless by some great social revolution, generations supervene before any reform attains permanency. Psychological heredity," he thinks, "brings out a new view of the origin and growth of the intellectual and moral progress of men and nations;" and, finally, he says, "fixed ideas of religion and science are often defended with a childish dogma below the intellectual standard of the defenders." (Vide Gladstone.) I presume you and many of your readers hav often been surprised to meet men and women well informed on almost every subject who are still a hundred years behind the times, if not indeed a thousand, in regard to the origin of man and the actual uncertainty of his destiny. Through psychological heredity, the superstitions of the Middle Ages remain in possession of their brain. It is therefore surprising that the Liberal movement makes as much progress as it really does. We should indeed hav patience with those who seem to cling tenaciously to the account of the origin of man as given in the book of Genesis. They are no more to blame for it than they are for having blue or black eyes, or for having possibly a hare-lip, or a club-foot, or a birthmark of some kind.

HEREDITY.

Communications.

The Mission of Liberalism.

Christianity has taught to do no wrong because God is angry with the sinner and would endanger the soul's salvation, and yet held up for the adoration of a credulous people a God guilty of sanctioning and commanding the greatest crimes which man could possibly commit.

Though Christianity teaches that God will in no way spare the guilty, yet there is offered a broad avenue of escape. There is offered salvation, an eternity of bliss, to the vilest of criminals through the atoning blood of Christ; between the last vile crime and the last breath, by repenting and asking the forgivness of an infinit being whom we can in no way injure, he can be rewarded with a life of never-ending joy in a "world to come." For we know

> There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains.

Can such teachings hav any other than a pernicious influence? Does the hope of forgivness ever prevent the commission of a crime? Could such dogmas hav any other effect than to induce people to follow the lowest and most selfish propensities of their natures? I omit the long and ghastly narration of the follies and crimes of mankind under church domination—let the record of our penal institutions giv the answer. The doctrin of the atonement is but an asylum for the weak and a refuge for hypocrits and knaves.

But Liberalism teaches that there never has been, and never can be, any sacrifice on the part of any God for the sins of mankind; that there has never been any atonement for man's salvation; that there has been no need of any, for man was never lost; that there is no being upon whom we can cast our follies and vices; that each individual must bear the consequences of his own acts, and we must reap as we sow. There are no rewards or punishments in nature, but there are results—consequences. If we put our hand into the fire, it must smart as a result of our act, and not the hand of another. If we eat and drink inordinately, we suffer in consequence; a law of nature has been violated, and we cannot look to the clouds for relief, or cast our sin of gluttony upon a crucified savior. Liberalism teaches us to liv temperately and chastely, not by reason that "no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven," or because "Thou shalt not commit adultery" is found in holy writ, but because by indulging these vices, instead of contributing to the happiness of the world, we make ourselvs and others miserable and unhappy and entail endless suffering upon the human race.

Christianity has taught that the "father of mercies" is the dispenser of all "temporal blessings;" that we are dependent upon him for health, food, raiment, wealth. Christianity has taught man to turn imploringly to high heaven for relief—to ask in faith and receive accordingly. Liberalism teaches man to expect nothing from the skies; that industry is the only prayer answered; that one world at a time is enough to look after, and to make the best of this life. Liberalism teaches that if the hungry are to be fed, man must feed them; if the naked are to be clothed, man must clothe them; if the sick are to be relieved, man must minister unto them.

The church has great sympathy for the "benighted heathen," but has little feeling for the poor, ignorant, and degraded at home. The church begs promiscuously of rich and poor for funds to send missionaries among the savages to preach the gospel of glad tidings—to giv them the blessed assurance that all their ancestors who never heard, and all of themselvs who do hear but reject, the missionaries' teachings are sure to go to hell. The church rises in righteous indignation over the polygamous practices of some oriental people, and yet holds up incestuous and polygamous Bible characters as examples for us—as "men after God's own heart." Great concern is felt about the Mormons, but little do we hear said about the polyandrous practices in Christian cities.

Christianity organizes benevolent institutions on an extensiv scale. Her philanthropy is so lofty and far-reaching that there is no sympathy for man but in the aggregate. The individual atom is beneath her notice.

In our large cities thousands of people are suffering for the ordinary decencies and even necessaries of life, many of them under the shadow of the churches, but by them the wealthy and aristocratic Christian passes in scorn. The directors and officers of these organized Christian charities are so finical that a visit to a hovel where a poverty-stricken family manages to eke out a miserable existence would not be "respectable," so, instead of helping them to find work or ministering to their wants, instead of giving them a barrel of flour, they send a few religious tracts. If a hungry, dirty beggar asks alms, he is called a tramp and exhorted to repent. It is a very easy thing for one who is well fed, well clothed, who has everything that wealth can procure, to talk about the goodness and mercy of omnipotence, but to the man who is hungry and naked, and what is more, whose wife of his bosom and children of his heart are destitute, ragged, pinched by the cold, their haggard, pitiful looks showing that the hungry wolf of famin is gnawing at their vitals—to talk of God's goodness to such a one is hollow mockery. Quoting scripture to people in that condition does not relieve them of their wants, and a sermon will not show them where or how to earn an honest livelihood.

Liberalism does not organize extensiv charities by whom no one is benefited but the managers, but teaches to help the individual sufferer. The difference between Christian and Liberal charity consists in this: Christianity teaches that we must prepare for another world; Liberalism teaches how to liv for this life, to beautify this world. Christian philanthropy has feeling for man only in the aggregate; Liberal benevolence assists the individual. Liberalism teaches if one who is needy and deserving asks alms to reach for our pocketbook instead of quoting a maxim. If a neighbor's family is suffering for food, bread and meat will do more good than a wagon-load of pamphlets.

Liberalism must insist and demand that every person shall hav the fruits of his own toil, a just reward for the products of his labor; that the laborer shall hav fewer hours to work, and more hours for recreation and culture. Then there will be no need for extensiv charitable institutions, little need of almsgiving. Each individual will then share in the wealth of the world according to his ability to produce; property will be more equally distributed; then will most of the drunkenness, prostitution, and many other vices born of ignorance and poverty be banished from the world.

Christian morality teaches that many of the pleasures and enjoyments of life which are of themselvs innocent are wrong because to be cheerful, joyous—to make this life pleasant—is inconsistent with deductions drawn from the teachings of the nature-hating Galilean ascetic. Liberalism teaches that all recreations, all pleasures, not in themselvs harmful, are right and beneficial. Some Christians think that eating meat on certain days of the week, or during Lent, is a sin. Common sense laughs at such folly. Christianity says dancing is wrong because such gayety is inconsistent with a holy life. Liberalism says to dance moderately, if we so desire, as it will giv grace and beauty to our movements, strengthen our limbs, and improve our digestion.

Christianity says there is one day of the week too holy to be used for secular pursuits or for the recreation and pleasure of man; that this day must be given up to the worship of God. Liberalism teaches that there is no one day of the week better than another, nor none too good to be devoted to the service of man; that man should hav one day of the week to be released from the burdens of life, in which he may seek those enjoyments and pleasures that are consistent with the rights of others; that he shall hav the right to engage in such pleasures as will contribute to his physical, mental, and social culture.

Christianity wants to enforce her doctrins by force of statute law, with the hope of drawing people to the churches by forbidding their going elsewhere. Liberalism wants the laws so adjusted that each individual may be free to do as he chooses. We want those who wish to go to church and listen to the reading of impossible tales and nonsensical discourses to hav the right and be protected in that right. We also insist that if we wish to go on excursions to the hills and groves where we can commune with Mother Nature; to the museums or parks; to go to the theater, where human nature is represented in all its manifoldness, where right and truth are represented as triumphing over might and wrong; or to the opera and listen to the soul-thrilling symphonies of a Wagner, we hav the right to do so, and should be protected in that right.

We want a day of rest, a day to be released from toil, and are willing that that day should be the one observed by the people generally. But we wish to make our day of rest a holiday, make it joyous and lively—a day in which to "chase dull care away." We want to make that day one solely for the benefit of man; but for those who wish to devote that time to the worship of an almighty humbug in the clouds, let them do so.

One great difficulty with the world is that Christianity has preached into man the belief that he is a miserable sinner, a depraved and fallen being, only fit to be damned. We hav had too many sermons about the sins and shortcomings of man, and not enough about his virtues and noble deeds. Christians hav endeavored to improve the world by too much talking and too little doing. Morality has been taught too much by precept and too little by practice. Those who hav had much to do with the government of children will, I think, agree with me that it is a useless waste of words to be continually lecturing them on good behavior. Some little incident, told at proper times, in which some one's rights hav been grossly outraged, will hav more influence for good than a thousand homilies on morality. Why will not the same methods do more good with grown children who need support and guidance? Why not convert the church into a theater and the pulpit into a stage?

The most effectiv discourses, stories, dramas, are those written for the sake of art, the true and the beautiful, without any particular regard for so-called moral culture. From which will we most learn to hate ingratitude, a sermon on original sin or "King Lear?" From which will we most learn to hate greed, avarice, injustice, and to love to see justice triumph—sermons on repentance, justification by faith, foreordination and predestination, or "The Merchant of Venice?"

The sculptor has no other end in view than the attainment of the beautiful when, with his mallet and chisel, he carves from the rough stone a human figure in all its symmetry and beauty, but no one can gaze upon that graven image, that forbidden work of art, without being impressed with the sacredness of the human form divine. The stars preach no morality, yet the study of astronomy will do more to enlarge and ennoble the mind of man than all the sermons that were ever preached. Our woodland warblers carol forth no songs of repentance or morality, yet every song of theirs, every note that bursts upon the summer air, has an elevating and refining influence.

A tree must be judged by its fruit; a system of philosophy or religion must be judged by its results. The history of Christianity proves that as a moral factor it has signally failed. In the constructiv work of the future the old theologies can play no part. They hav no doubt done some little good in their day, but their system of ethics being based upon wrong principles, their effects must in the end be pernicious.

Will Liberalism produce better results than Christianity? is now the question. I may be over-sanguin in believing that it will, but its principles are founded on more correct views of human life, and its teachings must therefore strike a responsiv chord in every human heart. Christianity has ever taught the depravity and wickedness of man, and in answer as to what has been the effect our criminal calendar responds.

Liberalism teaches that it is a grand and noble thing to be a man; that the element of goodness predominates; that man is by no means depraved; that he has risen from low and savage states to what he is now; that he is constantly growing in intelligence and virtue. What the result of such teachings will be, posterity must reply.

Christianity has endeavored to unify the human race by fire and sword; has tried to force all nations and all races into one common fold, to embrace one creed and be of one faith. Liberalism expects to unify the human race, not by trying to force all the people to think alike, or embrace any particular faith—knowing that in the manifoldness of human nature and the evolution of ideas this is neither possible nor desirable, for it is in the clash of opinions that truth is evolved—but by complete toleration, by removing race prejudices, breaking down the spirit of caste, destroying national jealousies and sectarian strifes. Liberalism teaches us the noble precept: "The world is my country, to do good my religion." Liberalism must insist that all disputes be settled by arbitration instead of war and law, and work, through all the conflicting interests of commerce, and in spite of the diversity of beliefs, to unify the human race, to unite mankind in one common brotherhood in the bonds of humanity and love.

Methinks I see a glorious future for Liberalism. Away in the horizon of the years to come methinks I see the hosts of Freedom rising for final victory. Methinks I hear the murmur of happy voices, voices like the sounds of many waters, proclaiming "liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." Methinks I see inscribed upon their banners these glorious words: Humanity, justice, love. Methinks I see the time when truth shall hold the scales of justice; when the strong shall no longer tyrannize over the weak; when the rich will no longer conspire to oppress the poor; when the poor will no longer combine to destroy the rich; when each one shall receive the just rewards of his labor; when the crimes and vices, born of poverty, ignorance, and greed, shall no longer be committed.

Methinks I see the time when cathedrals reared in which to perpetuate ignorance and prejudice shall giv place to temples of learning and toleration; when there will be no longer need of bolts and bars; when jails, workhouses, prisons, scaffolds, will exist only on history's page to tell the sad story of a barbarous age; when wars and famins shall no longer blight the earth, and men shall be at peace with all the world; when we shall "love our neighbor as ourselvs."

When, when shall this be? When the hideous superstitions of the night shall hav faded from the minds of men; when churches, with their cruel, cunning priests, shall be no more, and false religions no longer curse the world.

GEO. H. DAWES.

Pittsville, Wis.

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The Inconsistency of Prayer.

The desire for supernatural acquirement is as inconsistent as the idea of perpetual motion. It is like building a tower "whose top should reach unto heaven." For nature being all the universe, including all existence, there can be nothing supernatural. This doctrin of the supernatural is the father, and the child, of all the superstitions of the world.

It is the idea of the supernatural that leads men to pray. They lay down their manliness, and depend upon an imaginary being for the accomplishment of their desires. If there was such a thing as "answer to prayer," there could not remain a solitary question by anyone of its genuin reality. It would be like informing a person that there was such a place as Chicago who had never heard of the city, and if he doubted it, he would be convinced by being taken there, and the fact would no longer be denied. And so it should be with prayer. If a man is right sure that his prayers are answered, let him pray before a multitude, and let them see and hear the answer that God is supposed to make. Ministers are loth to try such experiments. What of it? I say that nothing could be more inconsistent than to believe in answer to prayer without an actual illustration. If it is true it can be demonstrated.

We are asked to accept the Christian faith, not because we hav seen preachers moving mountains, healing the sick, or raising from the dead; not because we hav seen boys and girls grow great in knowledge by eating butter and honey, as the Bible prescribes; we are not asked to believe in this supernatural religion because we hav actually witnessed the performance of any "miracle" that it records, but we are asked to blindfold ourselvs and accept it for no other reason whatever than that our fathers believed it and that we'll be damned if we don't. In the first place, we are asked by these pious monsters to lay down the dignity we rightly should be proud of, and say that we are a "poor lost sinner," and that we are "not fit to liv." Usually this requirement of Christianity attracts such characters as it describes, and catches like a fly-trap all the murderers, thieves, robbers, liars, hangmen, ministers, and circus performers in the country, and they all go together marching on to Zion. Glory be to Gawd! I want better company!

Ministers generally pray for those who get along pretty well anyway, such as the president, congressmen, and all the legislators that are sent to the capital from their particular electoral precinct. And because these national leaders are found pocketing a little government cash occasionally, their prayers are supposed to be answered, on account of their unrivaled success in that direction.

If the Christian religion was true, and if prayers were answered, every man would be a miracle-worker and a God almighty. As a miracle-worker he would paralyze the hand of every assassin, and Garfields and Lincolns would hav lived in health; or, on the other hand, the Christian hangman's noose would be like tender threads, and the intended victim would fall unharmed through the sheriff's trap. The seventy-one convicts in the Anamosa, Iowa, penitentiary would break the iron bars and walk out shouting praises to the Lord. The eighty-two Catholics caged in the same institution would bow again profoundly to the priest, while the one Infidel confined therein would yet be left to shriek in agony until his time is out. If prayer was answered, the candidate for alderman could simply pray for his election, and God would giv him the required majority. Of course, if the other candidate was not a prayerful man, there would not be much use of his entering the campaign. Prayers in such circumstances would probably resemble that of the Kentucky hunter: "God, help me this time; you know I never asked you before, and I won't bother you again. But if you don't help me, for God's sake don't help the other man."

And again: If prayer was answered, mankind would be a great, tremendous, contradicting deity, and it would cause inevitable confusion, so long as the infinit endeavored to obey the commands of the finite. Man would be the ruler of the universe if prayer was answered, and his insignificant plea would guide the planets in their course; and some illiterate crank might possibly obliterate the shining sun forever. If Christianity is true, almighty God would be the humble servant of humanity, wondering to himself which master to obey—a shouting Methodist or a hardshell Baptist.

Then why believe that there exists a ruler of the universe or a special providence? Let us look at it fairly. If there is a god and not a special providence, the sun will shine and rain will fall upon us all alike. And if this god is not a special providence, he cannot manifest himself to man. And if we hav not seen him or traces of his hand, then why assert that there is such a being?

And, on the other hand, if there is a special providence, it would not be much effort on his part to specially provide to convince us of the fact. A special providence would answer prayers. The nations offered up their earnest prayers for James A. Garfield's recovery. He lived in misery and suffered death. "Ah," the Christians say, "God's ways are not our ways." If true, let God alone and never pray to him. If he knows best, he will "do all things well." And if all-wise, he needs no information. If infinitly good, you need not tell him how to do his duty.

Suppose two prayers are offered that conflict? He would be most likely, then, to confine his notice to one denomination at a time. So thus it is that the idea of special providence is proved to be a myth, a superstition. Ministers preach it from their pulpits, but never offer us a single demonstration. There they stand, club-footed posture, toes turned in; their knees slightly bent, as if to sink beneath the burden of their sins; eyes staring at the ceiling, as if to look the deity in the face; hands folded in a deathly attitude—there they stand, the most intolerable monsters of humanity. They represent the age not evoluted to enlightenment.

Now, in conclusion, I will relate a little circumstance in connection with a devout member of the Young Men's Christian Association of Des Moines. It will not be wandering from the subject, for it is supposed to be a positiv proof that God answers prayers, and he told me the story with sincerity, in order that I might receive the benefit of light that God had given him. In our conversation I was told what the Lord had done for him and how many prayers he had answered, etc. I asked him to giv me the particulars in just one instance that his prayers were answered. He proceeded: "I run a dairy. Last summer cream was very scarce, and I had hardly enough to supply my customers, especially on Saturday. Saturday came and it was a very hot day. I knew that the restaurants would want an unusually heavy supply. I prayed to God that something might happen that I could supply the demands. Sure enough, God answered my prayer. One customer sent me word that he didn't want any, and I had three gallons left."

I thought that was rather hard on his business, but he proceeded with another story still more convincing: "And it was the same way almost with milk. I didn't hav enough. What did I do? I prayed to the Lord that he might some way inform me how to fill all the orders."

"And did he inform you?"

"Of course he did—it came to me in a dream. Don't mention it, but I was told to put in a little chalk and water." WARNER LOVELL.

Des Moines, Iowa, May 29, 1888.

Another Dark-Circle Seance.

The most wonderful of all the Spiritual phenomena that I hav witnessed I will now describe. One more dark-circle séance was to be held at Mr. Keeler's house, and I determined to be there. My husband had another engagement and could not go, but my aunt went with me. It was a wet evening, and only ten persons came, seven of whom were men. Mr. Keeler was loth to hold the séance, but yielded to the persuasion of several of us.

The ever present Wash soon made his appearance, but could not speak above a whisper. He said the long-continued wet weather was unfavorable to materialization. He came out several times and said, "I only come to fill in the time until others are ready to come to their friends." He was alwavs ready for a joke, and to explain matters to us. He asked some of us to move our chairs, which we did. Then he walked past me and sat on the sofa just behind me. I rose and looked at him. He sat there about a minute. My aunt had laid her fan and gloves on the sofa. Wash took them up and returned with them to the curtained inclosure. No sooner had he disappeared than out came a little woman in white. She called for a gentleman, who responded and went up to greet her. After some conversation between the two inside of the curtain, he came out and said, "Whose fan is this that she gave me?" "It is my aunt's," said I.

Again Wash appeared, and requested General Lippitt to come up and look behind the curtain. The general obeyed. "What do you see?" said Wash. "It is so dark in here," General Lippitt replied, "and I am so near-sighted, that I can't see very well." "Look in the corner; don't you see?" said Wash. "Oh, yes," the general answered, "I do see a dark figure seated on the stool." "That is all I wanted you to see," said Wash. The dark figure was Mr. Keeler.

And now comes the most remarkable part of the evening's exhibition. I saw my father, who died fifteen years ago, standing at the opening of the curtain. I recognized him at once from where I sat, but did not attempt to go up to him lest I might possibly be mistaken. Soon he pointed his hand toward me, and I asked, "Is it I?" He waved his hand affirmativly and I went up. There he stood as real as when in life. He took my hand in his, which held a handkerchief, just as I had often seen him do in life. He put his two hands on my shoulders, and I placed mine on his sides just above the waist. I then said, "O father! it *is* my father I am really looking at! O father! press my shoulders tighter!" And he pressed them so strongly that I could feel the pressure of his hands long after he vanished from my sight.

Again I said: "O my dear father! speak to me; say something!" He took one hand from my shoulder and placed the forefinger across his mouth—another characteristic of his.

My aunt came up to the curtain and shook hands with him. She recognized her brother. He seemed to make an effort to stay longer. I could see and feel him swaying as if about to fall, while I was holding on to him tightly. He sank down to the floor, and I could see only his head on the carpet. Then the head rose part-way up as if he was making another effort to materialize his whole body. But the head swayed about as if upheld by an attenuated frame, and then again dropped to the floor.

I think I saw him fully five minutes, and all the time he retained his natural look. He could not speak, but his features were unmistakable.

After he disappeared, Wash came again and said: "The gentleman who was here just now says he never did such a thing as this before, and he don't know what to make of it all; he wonders at all this himself."

My father died suddenly in Duchess county, N. Y., in December, 1872. He was a born skeptic, and so was I. A few months before his death he and I conversed about the question of a future life, and we made a compact that the one who died first would appear to the other if it were possible.

I hav always wanted to witness a good materialization. What I saw at the dark-circle séance May 10th has been described in a former letter (THE TRUTH SEEKER, May 26th). The appearance of my father at the second dark circle was unexpected, and surprisingly real. A gentleman seated next to me said he never saw a better materialization, and had he known my father in life he is sure he could hav recognized him from where he sat.

But now my mother appeared. She called me by name, Vickie. Several others heard it besides my aunt and myself. I went up to the curtain and my mother conversed with me. At my request she gave me a very satisfactory message for my sisters. Among other things, she said: "Did not your father look splendid? He is with me; they are all here. Tell Sarah that Charles is here too, and he is so happy." I could not see my mother's features plainly like those of my father. She appeared to hav a veil over her face, and she disappeared as she did before, at the first dark circle.

Several other good materializations took place, but none better than that of my father. A Zouave came out in full military costume. Mr. Keeler himself came out twice in what is called a transfiguration, personating a spirit and conveying a message to some one present. He looked quite different from any of the materialized forms.

I am now convinced beyond all doubt that I hav seen the spirit of my father and conversed with that of my mother. She was imperfectly materialized, so that I could not recognize her features, as I did those of my father, but what she said to me could hav come from none but her. If there is any deception about these various manifestations, it certainly is not chargeable to the medium, Mr. Keeler.

This is all that I intended to write on the subject, except perhaps to reaffirm what my husband has said in answer to the suspicions of certain correspondents that there might hav been fraud or deception in the slate-writing; but now I hav something to add about the materialization of my father.

Five days after the last dark-circle séance I attended another light circle. I went because I wanted my husband's brother to see the manifestations. He and his wife, who are our visitors, went with us. And he was chosen by the spirit guide to sit with Mr. Keeler. The usual phenomena took place. Among the written messages received was this one, signed by my father, William Osborn:

> Did not I do splendidly the other night? Oh, how real I felt! Would that I might do that again. I am so glad you knew me. I should hav been pained if you had not known me.

I received also a message from my niece. It was a further answer to a question I prepared when I went to get the slate-writing a month ago. It was very significant and unexpected. I am sure I had not communicated even her name to anyone present except those relativs who went from our house. None but ourselvs understood it, and we did not read it until we got home.

VICTORIA A. BURR.

Washington, D. C., June 3, 1888.

The Scripture of The West.

"My text, dearly beloved brethren," said a minister in a Western town enjoying a land boom, last Sunday, "will be found in the gospel according to Matthew, lot 6, block 10." And then the congregation settled back to sleep and dreamed that a railroad ran through the place, and Eastern buyers of real estate were as plentiful as chinch bugs on a Kansas farm.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
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A New Religion.

Now that the chapters of "The Bible of Nature," by Professor Oswald, printed in these columns some months since, hav been gathered into a book, Liberals will be enabled to better understand and appreciate their scope and intent. Consecutivly studied, they form an outlined foundation for a new religion, if we may use the word to define something which is not a religion—except as all striving after good is religion—but a scientific philosophy of life whose authority is nature and unperverted instinct.

Until the second century of our present era the human race was beguiled by supernatural religions. For fifteen hundred years after that the race was tortured by the insanities of an antinatural religion, yclept Christianity. Now, says Professor Oswald, the time has come to found a religion of nature. His book, therefore, is such an attempt.

Professor Oswald is emphatically a disciple and teacher of *right living;* and of this right living he would make a religion, and *the* religion of Secularism and of Freethinkers. Christians, so long as they hold to the teachings of the Galilean apostle of antinaturalism, who promised his heaven to the gloomy world-despiser or ascetic, will see in "The Bible of Nature" only blasphemous rebellion to the theological God of their worship. "Woe unto you that laugh!" exclaimed Christ; "bodily exercise profiteth but little;" "take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." Following this doctrin gave the world the disgusting ascetics of the early ages. "Blessed are they that do not see and yet believe" elevated faith above knowledge. "Resist not evil," but "submit yourselvs to the powers that be," crushed the instinct of freedom in every true believer. Professor Oswald's Bible takes direct issue with each and all of the antinatural dogmas, and he shows not only their baneful influence and results, but that parallel and along with their discardment by the human race has the race advanced physically, morally, and mentally.

Under the four general heads of Physical, Mental, Moral, and Objectiv Maxims, "The Bible of Nature" treats of the human features of health, strength, chastity, temperance, skill, knowledge, independence, prudence, perseverance, free thought, justice, truth, humanity, friendship, education, recreation, domestic and legislativ reform, forest culture, and the priesthood of Secularism. Of each of these he considers, first, the lessons of instinct regarding them; second, the rewards of conformity to such instincts; third, how these instincts hav been perverted; fourth, the penalties of neglect of nature's laws; and, fifth, how we may reform and be "redeemed." Such reformation and redemption Professor Oswald considers to be the province and religion of Secularism, while the methods are its theology, and every law of health, every principle of freedom, every act of justice or humanity, every advance in knowledge, is an article in its creed. Antinatural religion, or Christianity, has two objectiv points, one of which is inevitably to be reached by the race—heaven or hell in another world. Natural religion, or Secularism, has only one—happiness here in this world. The other world must take care of itself. As a generation of strong parents produces a succeeding generation of splendid children, so must moral living in this world help to advancement in the next, if there be one. But while granting as well as demanding the fullest freedom of metaphysical speculation, the religion of reason limits its proper sphere to the secular welfare of mankind, not engrossing, by musing on the enigmas of the land beyond the veil, the time needed for the problems of the only world thus far revealed.

Such, in brief, is the ground-plan of "The Bible of Nature," upon which is to be built the new religion of Secularism. How different that religion will be from the present mystical teachings of Christianity can be scarcely comprehended! Professor Oswald is unsparing of his criticism of that religion, in the teachings of whose founder and practices of the founder's followers he finds the primary cause of the physical and mental and moral diseases which afflict the people. Colonel Ingersoll was challenged once to say how he could improve the world if he were given infinit power. He replied that he would make good health catching instead of disease. Good health is the text of Professor Oswald's book—the salvation for which he works—the heaven he would hav the race attain. Good health, with good nature, knowledge, and a perpetual striving for progress in science, mechanics, and arts, as means to more happiness—that is the religion of Secularism.

In beginning the publication of this book last July, we outlined its purpose to be to demonstrate the natural basis of ethics, and to expose the immoral tendency of the Christian religion in many of its tenets, against which the author set in contrast the safe standards of natural religion. We feel that Professor Oswald has amply fulfilled the promis made, and that he has given Liberals an invaluable book upon both the destructiv and the constructiv side of Freethought philosophy. "What," asks the Christian, "will you giv us when you hav taken away our faith in heaven and hell?" "Giv you?" answers Professor Oswald; "we will giv you everything in this world that is worth having. We will giv you a healthy body and sound mind, and unto them add all things that make for happiness. Instead of a worship of sorrow, we will giv you a worship of joy. Instead of enjoining you to hate your friends and love your enemies, we tell you to love your friends, and hav no enemies. Secularism teaches the solidarity of human interests, and has no sympathy with those humanitarians who propose to silence the clamors of their famished brethren with consecrated wafers and drafts on the bank of the New Jerusalem. We giv you the real brotherhood of man."

Childish Politics.

In one of the numbers of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL appeared an article with the very suggestiv query, "Are We All Infants?" in which the writer, George Macdonald, cataloged a number of childish acts to which adults of the present time are addicted. Among these were the antics of the male population previous to an election—antics so ridiculous as to deserve the contempt of thinking people. The particular antic which aroused the writer's scorn is the habit the sovereigns of America hav of carrying in procession their oval pieces of metal pressed into semblance of a human face, the portrait of their candidate, which for the time becomes their fetich.

If Mr. Macdonald had not written that article till the present month, he would hav found another illustration of the puerility of political sentiment and the childishness of the average adult in the elevation of a red bandanna handkerchief to an inspiring motiv of action in government. One of our candidates for the next to the highest office in the land has for years wiped his nasal organ on a handkerchief of this description, and the delegates who nominated him and the people who propose to vote for him are now worshiping red bandanna handkerchiefs. "Bandannas" possess more potency in this campaign than the tariff question. They hav replaced the "bloody shirt." Platforms are secondary to handkerchiefs. The candidate for second office is more enthusiastically cheered than the candidate for the first office, and the chief reason appears to be that he wipes his nose on a red bandanna handkerchief. That fiery emblem is counted on to secure the "farmer vote," as indicating that its original flourisher is a humble son of toil. One enthusiastic politician expects to win the "negro vote" with it, as it has always been a favorit piece of cloth with the men and brethren recently in slavery, and every "old aunty's" grizzly locks are covered with a red bandanna handkerchief. Manufacturers are turning out these articles of toilet by the hundreds of thousands, storekeepers are selling them as fast as manufactured, and the adult infants of the country are wearing them in pride and expected triumph. Even a great and influential daily newspaper which opposes the platform of its party, argues against its policy, and never could be induced to say a good word for the head of the ticket, now advises its readers to vote for the red bandanna handkerchief, which with that journal seems to weigh more than principles or men, as ponderous as are both the platform and the chief candidate.

What hope is there that statesmanship will ever be shown by political leaders so long as the people can not rise higher than a square yard of calico or silk in making their selection of officers? No doubt the opposing "great" party will hav a fetich as disgusting as this, symbolizing at once the shallowness of the voter and the willingness of the leaders to take advantage of infantil traits. There will be no issue worth talking about, for neither party dares to make one except for spoils. Both trim their sails for favoring breezes, and boxhaul their craft to every local catspaw. They are more anxious to "get there" than to discuss questions of real economic significance. Statesmanship is sunk in politics, and the people are going wild with joy over a red bandanna handkerchief. It is disgusting.

Manifestations and Miracles.

The day the Diss Debar case was given to the jury the *World* said:

"Prosecution for belief in Spiritualism, or any other kind of belief, is not defensible under any enlightened code of ethics. But it is safe to say that the rights of no one will be invaded if so-called Spiritualism is interfered with when it takes the shape of money-making. The 'Spiritualist' who hires himself or herself out as a means of communication between the living and the dead is a proper subject for the police. The Spiritualists who perform cheap tricks with pictures or scribbling on the inside of slates, with the ulterior purpose of getting money out of their deluded victims, should be in the penitentiary. If there is truth in Spiritualism the best service that can be done it is to rid it of its false prophets or humbugs. Meanwhile society has a right to protect itself against tricksters and swindlers who seek the cover of an alleged belief under which to perform their rascalities. This is the *World's* platform on Spiritualism, which seems to be misunderstood in some quarters."

That is rather a weak condemnation of religious persecution, but the rest of the paragraph is so much weaker that the first sentence may be considered strong. Why are Spiritualism and the acts of mediums singled out, and parallel faiths and the preachers let alone? Christianity "takes the shape of money-getting" every day and everywhere. Would no Christian's right be invaded if the receivers of cash were tried for obtaining money under false pretenses? Every preacher is supposed to be a means of communication between this world and the next, the living and the dead; and what are miracles of Knock and Lourdes, and others of the same nature, but cheap tricks to obtain money from deluded victims? Can anyone obtain money under pretenses more false than the saying of mass for the souls of the dead, or building a weeping virgin whose eyes are connected with a hydrant? Take the average orthodox preacher, too, who not only tells his congregation all about the condition of the dead but assumes to know the will of the ruler of the universe—can anything be more false than his assumed knowledge? If the mediums should go to the penitentiary, so should the priests and preachers of Christianity! "Society has a right to protect itself against tricksters and swindlers who seek the cover of an alleged belief under which to perform their rascalities." This ought to be the *World's* platform on Christianity as well as on Spiritualism.

The fact of the matter is, no faith or belief should ever be put on trial, no matter how superstitious or silly or absurd. Actions only are properly punishable. In the Diss Debar trial the defendant should not hav been asked whether she is a Spiritualist or a Christian, and her counsel should hav been prevented from making it virtually a trial of religion. The question was, Did she and Diss Debar and others

form a conspiracy to obtain money from lawyer Marsh? If this were proved, then she should hav been compelled to refund the property, and should hav been punished. If there were no conspiracy, if Marsh is a sane man and voluntarily gave her the property, then whose business is it but his own? We undertake to say that there is more influence used on religious devotees to squeeze money from them than was used on lawyer Marsh by Madam Diss Debar. The Catholic church has performed thousands of "miracles"—as really sleight-of-hand as anything Madam Diss Debar has done—to impress upon her dupes the necessity of parting with their fortunes for the benefit of the church. Why should not the friends of the young woman who gave the Catholic church a quarter of a million to build a "university" in Washington proceed against the priests who influenced her as well as the friends of Marsh against the woman to whom he gave a house to be used as a "temple of truth?"

There is altogether too much of this "paternal guidance" spirit manifested to-day, and the newspapers are among the chief sinners. The women make rules for the children, the men enact laws to govern the women, the educational boards assume the right to teach us religion at public expense, the Prohibitionists want to manage our stomachs, the churches desire to control our actions on Sundays and our beliefs on all days, the municipal government won't let us hang a sign on our own premises, most states won't let us denounce the Bible, the federal government makes laws to regulate the morality of our reading, and the "Brooding Buddhas" of the "great" daily newspapers superintend the whole lot. The poor, weak individual, as Bill Nye would describe him, stands a mighty poor chance of doing anything of his own volition. The present tendency is diametrically opposed to Jefferson's clearly stated doctrin that that government is best which governs least, but, instead, regards that government best which governs most. Let's get back to Jeffersonian principles and let everybody alone until he or she injures some one in person, property, or reputation. Spiritualism has the same right to its manifestations that Christianity has to its miracles.

Started On Its Rounds.

The Galveston *News* reprints editorially the insinuation of the Boston *Transcript* that a passage in Colonel Ingersoll's eulogy on Roscoe Conkling was plagiarized from Buckle. Probably the story will be repeated in all the little Christian sheets of the country. Here are the two passages:

COLONEL INGERSOLL ON CONKLING.

"Vanity rests upon the opinion of others—pride on our own. The source of vanity is from without—of pride from within. Vanity is a vane that turns, a willow that bends, with every breeze—pride is the oak that defies the storm. One is cloud; the other rock. One is a weakness; the other strength."

BUCKLE'S "HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND."

"Pride depends on the consciousness of self-applause; vanity is fed by the applause of others. Pride is a reserved and lofty passion, which disdains those external distinctions that vanity eagerly grasps. The proud man sees in his own mind the source of his own dignity, which, as he well knows, can be neither increased nor diminished by any acts except those which proceed solely from himself. The vain man, restless, insatiable, and always craving after the admiration of his contemporaries, must naturally make great account of those external marks, those visible tokens, which, whether they be decorations or titles, strike directly on the senses, and thus captivate the vulgar, to whose understandings they are immediately obvious. This, therefore, being the great distinction, that pride looks within, while vanity looks without, it is clear that when a man values himself for a rank which he inherited by chance, without exertion, and without merit, it is a proof, not of pride, but of vanity, and of vanity of the most despicable kind. It is a proof that such a man has no sense of real dignity, no idea of that in which alone all greatness consists."

A *Sun* reporter, seeing this in the *Transcript*, took it to Colonel Ingersoll's office and asked him what he had to say of it. "What hav I got to say of it?" replied the colonel. "Nothing. The fellow that imagined he was proving something by that is an idiot. Read the two. I hav nothing to say. Take the first sentence of Buckle. I do not know what it means. Take the whole of it. If I could not get at an idea without going all that roundabout way to get at it I would take a car. I am willing to let them stand side by side and let any sensible man judge. The fellows that get up these things really compliment me. They seem to be afraid that I am going to get ahead of God. When they see a good thing of mine they immediately want to charge me with getting it from somebody else.

"I see that another idiot has been writing to the *Sun* that he has discovered that part of my address at the grave of a little child in Washington some years ago was produced by taking sentences from Buckle's essay on Mill's 'Essay on Liberty.' I never read the book, and therefore could not hav taken the extracts from it. Some time ago one of these pious fellows took that address of mine and turned it into blank verse, and added a word here and there and published in a newspaper an article saying that he had found this blank verse in a newspaper, and that it was the original of my address. I offered to giv $10,000 if he could produce that newspaper. Well, he did not produce it. Now, I will ask you to take a copy of that address. Read it for yourself. If you can find a sentence in it that was ever written anywhere before that address was written by me, I will giv you $10,000. What I cannot understand is how people can be so mean as to write such lies. Nobody but pious people could be so mean. Take a copy of the address, and I will giv you $10,000 for any sentence in it that was written by Buckle or anybody else but myself."

Thus evaporate two more stories which no doubt afford the pious much edification. Yet these charges of plagiarism will circulate and be believed, and every Infidel in the country will be called upon by some Christian neighbor who has read them in his church paper to defend the colonel against the malicious attack. A good way to settle these credulous mortals will be to say: "Here, if you want to make ten thousand dollars, just go to work and prove that Colonel Ingersoll ever plagiarized from anybody. The colonel offers this sum, his word is good, and he has the cash to pay if he loses." That will end the discussion.

A Wise Judge.

Junius Rochester, judge of the probate court of King county, Washington territory, is one of the most subtle logicians that the boundless West has produced. He is also, it gives us pleasure to add, a firm and consistent upholder of the American doctrin of a real separation of church and state. The Seattle daily *Press* published in its issue of May 15th Mr. Rochester's decision refusing to appoint the Rev. Samuel Greene administrator of the estate of Conrad Hartman, deceased, for reasons which seemed to him good and sufficient, as follows:

"Mr. Greene is a Christian minister activly occupied and engaged in his work as such, and, otherwise, the testimony shows, is a 'suitable and competent person to administer such estate.'

"Section 1,388 of the code of Washington provides that in case of the failure of any person entitled to administer upon an estate to apply for letters . . . 'then the probate court, or judge, may appoint any suitable and competent person to administer such estate.'

"The only question for determination here is whether a man who has dedicated his life, talents, and energy to the service of Christ as a minister of his church, is a suitable and competent person to be appointed an officer of the probate court within the purview of this statute. The discretion to determin the question of suitability and competency of the applicant for letters rests in the probate judge.

"I desire to state, by way of preface, my high appreciation of the Christian church and the Christian ministry, when confined to their own proper functions. There does not appear to be one charitable motiv in this application, but, so far as I can see, it is only a business proposition. Down to a very recent period in England, all matters pertaining to the settlement of estates belonged to the ecclesiastical courts, and after repeated collisions between the judges and bishops, in 1857—only thirty years ago—courts of probate were established there. In America, however, it has always been recognized—since the adoption of the federal Constitution in 1789, at least—that liberty was only possible in a total separation of church and state. The founders of civil and religious liberty recognized and declared this principle in the first amendment to the Constitution, and if there is any distinguishing characteristic of American liberty, it is separation of church and state, absolute and total separation of the secular and ecclesiastical. All experience shows that where the clergy meddles or interferes in politics the church becomes supreme and she has always abused her power to the destruction of liberty.

"And further, if in this case the petitioner is an honest man, 'called of God' to preach his gospel, then I presume from my experience and observation that he is totally unfit to conduct the financial affairs of others, especially of an estate in the condition of this.

"If he is not such a man, then he is a hypocrit, an impostor and cheat, and is not worthy of any position of trust.

"With these views, I can but conclude that petitioner is not a suitable person to be appointed administrator.

"I desire to say, in conclusion, that so far as I know the petitioner is a worthy Christian minister, and I take pleasure on that account in refusing the prayer of his petition, as I think such duties are unworthy his exalted calling.

"A judgment will be entered in accordance with this opinion, and the clerk of this court is ordered to enter this opinion at large upon the journal of the court."

There is a delicacy of argument in this opinion, as well as a comprehension of the evils of ministerial interference in secular affairs, which appeal to one's sense of the "eternal fitness of things" at once, and stamp Judge Rochester as a true and discerning American. His summing up of the experience of the human race in all affairs where preachers hav meddled is absolutely accurate. The church has always, everywhere, abused, and probably will forever abuse, her power to the destruction of liberty. The history of every country affirms and demonstrates this statement. Every true American, therefore, will do what he can to keep the clergy out of politics and secular matters in general.

There is also another characteristic in this opinion which commands our sympathy. It is Mr. Rochester's tender solicitude for the ministers as evinced by his desire to keep them pure and unspotted in this world of sin and temptation, and the gentle manner in which he expresses his regard for their welfare. Judge Rochester has evidently noticed that the honest minister, the one with whom a man's character or his wife is equally safe, is usually a good, easy-going, childish sort of a person, a little weak on Calvinistic theology as well as in worldly enterprises, a man who nowadays would be said to be in the ministerial profession because nature had so constituted him that he wasn't good for anything else, while the bustling, eloquent, popular clergyman lacks the confidence of the business world, which keeps an eye on his accounts and also on the female lambs of his flock. The first minister is of course totally incapacitated by his simpleness of character from undertaking the management of estates, while the second would require altogether too much watching to be allowed to do so. Recognizing these diverse but equally potent reasons, and being desirous of saving the church from scandal, Judge Rochester has chosen wisely in denying letters of administration to the Rev. Mr. Greene. His sympathetic opposition is as forcible from the standpoint of the heirs to the estate as his legal objections are to supporters of a secular government.

THE preacher who gave to the public the indecent scandal upon the home life of President Cleveland has apologized. But no apology that he has the ingenuity to frame can repair the wrong done to the man he attacked. The private life of the president is not a subject for discussion, because whether he and his wife get along smoothly is no one's affair but their own till one or the other chooses to publicly seek release. In this instance the attack was the more infamous because totally false. It, shows, however, that preachers can interfere in politics only by scandal or bigotry. The Rev. C. H. Pendleton, of Worcester, Mass., and the Rev. Mr. Burchard, of this city, ought to go into retreat together.

Lectures and Meetings.

J. D. SHAW, of the *Independent Pulpit*, intends coming North in September of this year, and desires lecture engagements from Texas to Massachusetts—in Missouri, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, the New England states—in fact, all through the Northern and Eastern states. He is anxious to make the acquaintance of the Northern friends, and puts his terms very low, as follows: For one lecture, $10, and for three in one place, $25, provided that, in both cases, the hall and advertising are furnished and his hotel expenses paid. The fees pay his railroad bills, and for further compensation he depends upon the sale of his books and the subscriptions to the *Pulpit*. Mr. Shaw prefers that the amounts be raised by contribution, so that the lectures may be free. We hope that Mr. Shaw will receive a hearty welcome from all societies and individual Freethinkers, and as many engagements as he can fill. He is a superior speaker, a cultured gentleman, and a good man to hav for a friend. Let the North open her arms to the South.

C. B. REYNOLDS'S APPOINTMENTS.

Tacoma,	Wash. Terr.	June 26, 27, 28
Shelton's Point,	"	30, July 1
Elma,	"	2, 3, 5
Montesano,	"	7, 8
Aberdeen,	"	9, 10, 11
Hoquiam,	"	12, 13
Astoria,	"	15, 16, 17
Skamokawa,	"	18, 19, 20
Portland,	Ore.	21, 22, 23
Canby,	"	24, 25, 26
Silverton,	"	28, 29
Lebanon,	"	30, 31, Aug. 1
Brownsville,	"	3, 4, 5
Sweet Home,	"	7, 8, 9
Corvallis,	"	11, 12
Arago,	"	14, 15, 16
Bandon,	"	17, 18, 19
Myrtle Point,	"	20, 21, 22

Letters from Friends.

St. Johns, May 17, 1888.

Mr. Editor: Please find inclosed $5—$4.50 for The Truth Seeker, and fifty cents for the "Field and Ingersoll Discussion." Please do not miss a copy of The Truth Seeker, as I want to get it bound. I could not get along without it. We hav no churches here, only a Catholic; but we hav a minister who preaches in the court house. His average congregation is about six—four women and two men. We hav a free Sunday. Everybody does as he likes.

Yours respectfully, T. Rollins.

Puxico, Mo., May 24, 1888.

Mr. Editor: Please find inclosed $2 for The Truth Seeker for Dr. S. S. Hayden, of Carthage, Mo. Please annex him to my club. I shall send the money for the rest of the old club in a few days; hav some of it now on hand, and expect to enlarge the club to ten members if I hav good luck. Dr. Hayden is getting ready for the lecture field, and will soon be on the wing. He gave us a lecture at Asherville on the 19th inst., which gave the people something to think of for some time.

Please drop the appended name from the club, and stop his paper. His wife worries him so much on account of the paper that he has concluded to giv it up. He is all right, but lets go for the sake of peace. G. R. Braley.

Salt River, Mich., May 26, 1888.

Mr. Editor: It is often affirmed by Christians, and especially lately by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, that our nation is a Christian nation. They seem to be plotting for God in the Constitution, Jesus Christ to be acknowledged as the ruler of nations, the Bible to be acknowledged as the revealed will and word of God and to hav the same forced into our common schools. To all of this scheme I am unalterably opposed. I believe Christian people are in favor of Woman Suffrage more for the accomplishment of their purpose than for any other reason. I am in favor of Woman Suffrage, and would vote, as I often hav voted, for it. There is a big battle to be fought some time in the future over their plottings. My prayers are that the spirits of the founders of our government will be near us and sustain us against their nefarious schemes. I believe, as W. F. Jamieson does, that "the Christian clergy are a source of danger to the American republic." All their plottings prove it.

Respectfully, H. O. Bigelow.

Vallejo, Cal., May 31, 1888.

Mr. Editor: I inclose a clipping from the San Francisco *Examiner*. This is the sort of stuff that is often presented to the "unsophisticated" Westerner by the sensational school-boy journalists of the Coast. The Rev. Richard Medway, mentioned in the clipping, probably had an aggravated case of the "James" when he perceived the monster "hovering like an evil spirit." It is not unusual for the elect of God to be afflicted in this manner out West:

A remarkable story of a flying serpent comes from Darling county, South Carolina.

The report is that on Sunday evening Miss Ida Davis and her two young sisters were taking a walk in the woods, when a huge serpent appeared above them, moving through the air with the speed of a slow-flying bird. It did not seem to be very high in the air, and moved without any visible effort. It appeared to be about fifteen feet long and ten inches thick.

The girls stood spellbound until the formidable-looking object was out of sight. The flying serpent was seen by several other people in a different part of the county early in the afternoon of the same day, and they tell all sorts of stories about its appearance.

The negroes are considerably excited over the matter and think it a sign of the approach of judgment day. Revivals will be held in their churches.

At the village of Grassland, ten miles to the southeast of where the aerial monster was seen by the Davis sisters, a panic was caused among the inhabitants by the approach of the creature. The steeple of the Methodist church is crowned by a weathercock in the form of a gilded dove. The last rays of the sun caused this dove to glisten brightly, and the eyes of the serpent were attracted by it. Descending in its flight, it soared to within a few feet of the dove, and circled slowly around it, as if moved either by curiosity or a desire for prey. Suddenly it appeared to discover the inanimate and inedible nature of the dove, and, with a furious swash of its tail, knocked the weathercock from its fastenings and sent it to the ground below in a hundred pieces. Some of the fragments picked up are stained with blood, showing that the monster's tail came into contact with the stout iron rods by which the dove was held in place.

Rev. Richard Medway, pastor of the church, vouches for the accuracy of the details here given. He was approaching the sacred edifice at the time, on his way to hold the evening service. His wife, who was on his arm, fainted at the sight of the monster hovering like an evil spirit over the church. Mr. Medway says there can be no doubt of the aphidian nature of the creature. His description of it agrees substantially with that given by the Davis girls.

Freethought, the latest offspring of The Truth Seeker, is flourishing under the able management of Putnam and Macdonald. May it liv and grow in strength. Freethought is destined to hav a permanent home in this cosmopolitan land of the West, for we are a merry, liberty-loving race of Bohemians here who liv because we hav to liv and giv no thought to the future. In Anacreontic phrase, "We eat, drink, and are merry, for to-morrow we die."

Desiring you ever to command me to the extent of my capabilities and means in the cause of Freethought, I beg to remain, as ever, Yours truly, W. J. Tobin.

McMinnville, Ore., May 27, 1888.

Mr. Editor: The Truth Seeker and Annual came to hand in good shape. I like the paper very much, and especially the cartoons. I think I shall be able to send you a few new names this summer, as Freethought literature is coming in more demand and growing more popular. It's not an uncommon occurrence now for a strict church-member to pick up a copy of The Truth Seeker and scan its pages for an hour at a time. There is any amount of persons that will read Freethought papers if they do not hav to pay for them—persons, too, that are not penurious or pickayunish, but simply take no apparent interest, or not sufficient interest to send off for such literature on their own account. With what I see of The Truth Seeker, if I was able financially, I would send back and hav you send your paper to quite a number. That, I know, would be the means of doing good; for I do know that that was the means employed to open my eyes. An old subscriber sent me his papers when he had them read; hence I became a subscriber, and not only a subscriber, but I am going to work for The Truth Seeker and *Investigator* as long as I liv. I am not yet through with my spring work, so that I can get out and canvass for truth and liberty. A. T. Gant.

Philadelphia, Pa., May 27, 1888.

Mr. Editor: There was a large, attentiv, and intellectual audience at the Friendship Liberal League meeting to listen to Miss Voltairine de Cleyre's lecture. Her subject was, "Convent Life Unveiled." After a recitation, rendered in a very able manner, she began her discourse by taking her audience to the convent; after viewing the beautiful grounds and buildings, she entered, taking her hearers through the different apartments; lifting the veil, showed the methods of teaching—how the wills of pupils are crushed, health impaired, character destroyed, by a system devised for the purpose of making brides of Christ or capturing estates, totally unfitting them for wives of men. In a very eloquent manner she showed the suffering of the inmates; lifting the veil still higher, she showed the parts generally hidden from public view. It seems almost impossible that such a system could produce any good results.

The speaker is young, able, and fearless, and is doing a good work and should be encouraged. Those desiring a good lecture should engage her services. The subject of her evening lecture was, "Justice," and Jehovah was handled in a very able manner. The lecture was interspersed with sparks of humor, and was highly appreciated. The large audience present showed an increased number of the fair sex. After the lecture, criticism being invited, and the able Christians being unable to summon sufficient courage to reply, Mr. Brotherhead, a scholar of deep research and great learning, felt compelled to take issue with the lady, whose address, he stated, was the most wishy-washy stuff he had listened to for some time coming from a woman of her sex, and he seldom descended to debate except with polished scholars like Mr. Charles Watts. He carefully avoided anything the lady had said. The speaker in closing replied that if wishy-washiness was a characteristic of her address they had been listening to a woman of the other sex.

After the close of the lecture Mr. Bair, the president, presented the speaker with a beautiful bouquet, the gift of Mrs. Harker, the mother superior of the League, to whose maternal care the League is much indebted, which was accepted, with thanks to the donors, in a becoming manner.

Miss Voltairine de Cleyre lectures next Sunday in Pittsburgh, Pa. Hoping she may meet with the same success elsewhere, I remain, Respectfully, J. B. Elliott.

Concord, N. C., June 6, 1888.

Mr. Editor: The county commissioners of this and several other counties ordered local option elections for June 4th. Such a spectacle as I witnessed here Monday I never had expected to see. J. M. Odell and son operate a cotton factory here. Monday morning they hired two omnibuses, each drawn by four horses, each horse covered with blue bunting, with Prohibition mottoes worked on them. Each omnibus had banners on top, with objectionable—to the Anti-prohibitionists—paintings. All this cost money, say $50 to $75. All Prohibitionists, white and colored, got free rides. The social line of color was broken down for one day, but raised as high as ever next morning, and a barbed-wire line at that. J. M. Odell marched the male employees, men and boys, to the court house and stood sentinel over them all day to see that each man who is privileged *specialis gracia* of J. M. Odell and son voted just as he was told to do. This is slavery and tyranny mixed in about a two-thirds proportion of each. These are the same men who work women and children twelve and a half hours each day and are pillars in the church of the meek and lowly Jesus. These are the men who persecute all who differ with them in piety and their way of doing God's work; while J. M. Odell's moral character is not to be envied.

There were local elections in Raleigh, Durham, Charlotte, Statesville, and Asheville, where the religious tramp Rev. R. G. Pearson has been laboring at from $250 to $300 per week. All these towns went wet. Raleigh and Durham were dry last year. So much for Brother Pearson's preaching and a special outpouring of the spirit. The reverend gentleman will raise his holy eyes toward the moon or the stars, clasp his delicate hands, and say, "O God! thy works are mysterious, and thy ways past finding out!"

The law of North Carolina is for the justices of the peace at their biennial meetings to elect a county superintendent of the school board of public instruction. June 5th the magistrates met. Rev. T. W. Smith, a regular drone, began to electioneer for the place. He approached our justice of the peace and informed him as an argument that "*Brother* C. G. Montgomery is doing all he can for me." Our justice of the peace informed Mr. Smith that if C. G. Montgomery was enlisted for him that was enough and he could not vote for Mr. Smith. C. G. Montgomery is a bloated bankrupt for $20,000, but a pillar in the church, a Sunday-school lecturer, and a rampant Democratic politician. Rev. Mr. Smith found other justices of the peace of the same opinion, so much so as to be convinced that it was useless to put in a claim. Here is another instance where God has hardened the hearts of sinners and they hav refused to return the bread that God's chosen servant had cast on the waters. J. W. Mehaffey.

Highlands, N. J., June 9, 1888.

Mr. Editor: I hav always read with great interest the "Letters from Friends" pages of your paper, and long ago would hav contributed some news from this section, but always thought best to leave the space for those who could probably advance better, or at least more telling, ideas to help the cause of Freethought, but since I see in this issue, June 9th, the production of the "Infidel-Smasher," I cannot resist the temptation to at least tell of my contempt for so imbecil a Christian as this one effort to answer an Infidel's question shows him to be. If any relation exists between man and beast, surely he must be of first kin.

In the first place, he starts out to answer sixteen questions; and really I cannot find an answer to even one. The most important one mentioned he does not attempt to answer intelligibly, and he jumps at once to giving advice, something which evidently he himself is in great need of, and advice such as he can only obtain by reading some of the writings of more intelligent and better informed historians than exist in the orthodox church. But really I fear he is past redemption, as, whatever the limit of his intellectual capacity, it is certainly full to overflowing with the teachings of superstition—which college is the only one he has passed through—and that teaching from the Bible—a book I really do not believe he has ever directly read; if so, the parts only that "pulpit-stampers" hav chosen as best for followers. I would answer the questions that he asks, but they hav been answered often, and their answers stand out now to the world in brilliancy through the works of Thomas Paine, Colonel Ingersoll, Kersey Graves, and hundreds of others, and, last but far from being least, The Truth Seeker, a stumbling-block that all Christian advocates fear to find circulated. But never while the American flag can wave can The Truth Seeker be put down; and to satisfy "Mr. Smasher" we shall certainly blow our bugle louder and louder, that the world—not only a few, but the whole world—will soon hear the bugle of The Truth Seeker. And let me say right here that it cannot do more good than to fall into the hands of just such beings as Mr. Streline, as you will notice whenever a fool wishes to advertise himself it happens in just that way—no other means left but ridicule, and always of his superiors.

No better chance than now, Mr. Streline, to enjoy heaven. Make it yourself and you are sure of the articles it is composed of. Heaven and happiness are impossible without liberty, and certainly none teach or advocate liberty, equality, and human rights more than Infidels; and surely none can die more peacefully than those who hav followed the advice of Infidels, especially the advice of the peerless Robert G. Ingersoll and Helen H. Gardener.

In conclusion let me say to the "Infidel-Smasher," that he would better giv out his work to some one not so mentally afflicted as he seems to be, and if he cannot liv without being a "smasher" of some kind, I would suggest that he apply to Mr. Watson Heston for a subject to practice on.

William A. Johnson.

Wabash, Ind., June 8, 1888.

Mr. Editor: Methinks I hav just awakened from a horrid nightmare. A short time after I was forced to suspend the publication of *Rights of Man* through the boycott of the Knights of Labor I attended a séance, at which I received some manifestations that not only set me to study more fully the phenomena of Spiritualism, Spiritism, or Spiritology—call it what you may—but led me to blindly follow this (to me) *ignis-fatuus;* I then received a prediction upon the faithful carrying out of which by the spirit world I was to be assured that it was a truth that we liv on beyond earth life. The purport of the communication was: I was soon to run a paper in the interest of the spirit world, and the minute I did this success was to crown my efforts. Carried completely away with the idea that unseen forces were at work to enable me to again sling printers' ink at the mud walls of theology, I became insane, as it were, upon that subject; like primeval man seeing the actions of nature which in his ignorance he could not understand, so I worshiped at a shrine of mysticism as profoundly as he. With him ignorance was the activ force, while I, though not bound in ignorance of that nature, had been so carried away with the desire to enter again the journalistic arena that my mind's perception was dulled to that extent that I was not able to comprehend and rightly digest the manifestations presented to me. The time came when I started that paper, and I never made so complete a failure, and in rapid succession every prediction that was based upon it failed. I had no business to undertake it, knowing that as surely as I did the miserable enmity of the Knights of Labor would be visited upon it; but out of it good has come, for I no more see men as trees walking. While I do not deny the phenomena—call it Spiritualism, Spiritism, or Spiritology—yet I am now more sure than ever that I know actually less and less of it as a fact, a truth. I am satisfied, too, more than ever, that from its peculiarity and similarity in many respects to the dogmas of theology the church will use it to a greater or less degree to carry out its nefarious ends—to blind progression to the real issue before every Freethinker, complete Secularization of the state. When, and only when, Secularism prevails from the East to the West, to the North and to the South, so that the church has no foothold in this church-cursed land, can we safely investigate these phenomena. As it now stands, it is so like theology one needs to be continually making excuses for its erratic shuntings.

In the great work of humanitarianism we, as individuals, need to be alive to the necessity of unification on Secularism, concentration of our mentality upon the destruction of bigotry and superstition, agitativ and educational moves all along the line. In conclusion I wish to go on record that, after a careful and exhaustiv study, I want no life beyond, for all its devotees promis us but an airy nothingness. Life as a substance that can pass through solids without leaving an imprint I do not want. For instance, in this life I meet those I love—that hand-shake, that embrace, those passionate kisses, are something tangible. As I fold that lovely form in my arms I feel the breast rise and swell with love's emotions. I gaze into those eyes of pearl, and deep down therein I read the response of love, and in the kiss I sip such nectar as is denied the gods. This I do without fear of that form's sliding through the wall and leaving me but a deceptiv dream, as it would be liable to were it a spirit form. Though I can do but little, yet that little I am doing for the destruction of myths and the advancement of Secularism.

ARTHUR C. EVERETT.

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100 S. 1 ST., PORTLAND, ORE., June 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: My notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER brings many letters from various parts of the country, and if I could materialize in half a dozen different places at once I could scarcely fill the "calls"—not from God but from man—to preach. I giv from five to seven lectures each week. I find they hav got Freethought bad in every neighborhood all among these mountains and hills. The people on this coast are emphatically ready to listen to the utterance of the most Radical ideas. Last Sunday evening I gave a lecture by invitation upon "The Origin of the God Idea," in the Hall corner of Third and Alder streets, this city, to a crowded house, which was listened to with the closest attention and best of order. My most telling blows at the old hydra-headed monster were long applauded, and apparently well received by all. After the lecture of thirty-five minutes, Mrs. Finnegan, a platform test medium from San Francisco, Cal., occupied the rostrum, giving descriptions of spirits that she saw, clairvoyantly, standing by friends in the audience. Some of these were very touching, and created great interest and inquiry for more knowledge in Spiritology. I like this term, "Spiritology," very much better than "Spiritualism." We hav had "ism" enough—"ism" everywhere, until the whole world is groaning from its weight of superstition. If communication with the powers and forces that be can giv us facts—and facts are stubborn things—then let us build a Spiritology, but no more ism, please. Many of Mrs. Finnegan's visions or descriptions were recognized and verified. Here, as everywhere else, the Spiritualists are divided, part having great reverence for the Bible and the God idea, prayer and praise to the creator, while the other half are Freethought to the core, and Ingersoll, with them, is before Jesus. The latter will work with the Liberals and for the religion of humanity, and are our best helpers in getting up lectures. May their visions and prophecies and facts—if they are facts—soon settle forever the question, "When a man dies shall he liv again" and keep up his personality? We all naturally ask, as we continually are struggling to gain more knowledge, will this wisdom be of use to us after death? And as Colonel Ingersoll says that "another life is just as likely as this one," why not? Who can fathom the possibilities of nature? As she has furnished the supply for any demand that the inferior creatures may make, is it likely that the same good mother will deny the greatest demand, or boon, that her superior creatures may ask for—immortality? Professor Fowler, in his work on "Self-Culture," says that the organ of spirituality is the least developed of any of the cranial organs, hence we cannot discern spiritual things any better than a person with small Tune can distinguish the difference between "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "Away Down in Dixie," or "Auld Lang Syne," or than one with Color small can notice the difference between yellow and orange, violet and blue. Then why not cultivate spirituality by trying the spirits? Who knows but that he may be entertaining angels unawares? Who knows but that a part of himself is so organized that the crash of death—or the pain of another and higher birth, as our Spiritualists put it—will not, cannot destroy us, and that, like the butterfly that comes forth from the defunct worm, we may plume the wing for a flight celestial? Not that we hav a spirit that is not matter, but that we may hav a quality of refined matter, like the ether between the stars, that is indestructible and that will keep up its individuality through all the eternity of the future. Science demonstrates, if it proves anything, that there is nothing in existence but matter, but it certainly does not tell us the end of matter nor all the possibilities wrapped up in it. Sister Elmina seems to think that where there is so much smoke there may be some fire, and I would add, where there is so much fog, there is pretty likely to be water from which it comes. I think this is the way that D. M. Bennett looked at it. Cannot the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER be as free from prejudice as its founder?

If you want lectures, write me. D. C. SEYMOUR.

DES MOINES, IA., June 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In the United States alone, it is estimated that there are twelve millions of pronounced Spiritualists. How near the truth these figures approximate there is, nor can be, no statistical basis for determining; but of *quasi* Spiritualists—those who from lack of evidence are not actual believers, yet from concurrent testimony are compelled to suspect it true—it would probably not transcend the fact to say there are twenty-five millions in the country at present; and when it is remembered that the large majority of believers essayed its investigation with the confident expectation of "showing up the fraud to the world;" that they "went to scoff, but remained to pray," it certainly seems that it is time to be respectful toward a claim that has extorted such world-wide avowal of its truth. And yet Mr. Talmage has the assurance to tell all these people that they are lunatics and fools; that not more than one instance in a hundred of pretended spirit manifestations is true, and that the true one is from the devil, "the father of lies."

If the Lord was afraid that the walls of heaven would be scaled by the builders of Babel six thousand years ago, we marvel that he can "keep cool" while the Brooklyn clown is rearing a monument of egotism so cloud-piercing that it becomes another "Jacob's ladder" for the audacious and adventuresome to mount up on to that dizzy hight. As Felix, after the oratory of Paul, was "almost persuaded to be a Christian," so does our shattered faith recuperate in the veritable speaking of Balaam's ass, since the same phenomenon has so recently repeated itself in the City of Churches.

A truth that learned scientists, astute judges, critical investigators, and intelligent millions hav given in adhesion to is too pueril for the acceptance of Mr. Talmage. He diets only on the solid pabulum of the "fall"—of the Lord placing a temptation before unsophisticated beings, which he, being omniscient, knew they would yield to; then waiting six thousand years, while the race poured like a Niagara, an unbroken stream, into hell, he finally concocts the plan of coming down to earth, holding commerce with a woman of his own creating, becoming his own father and his own son, indicts himself as a malefactor, acting the triple role of judge, jury, and hangman, and as he expires under his own sentence, an earthquake, an eclipse of the sun, the rising of the dead, the splitting of the veil of the temple, all come in together to lend *éclât* to the grand wind-up. Then, again, Mr. Talmage takes unlimited stock in the beauties of a Calvinistic revival powwow; in which the Big Ghost, which is both a third of a God and at the same time the whole, though omnipresent, "comes near" and pours himself out into the hearts of the progeny of the "fall," and after getting things lively, then what?—why, the devil—a being who, according to Milton, was once an angel of light and sat so near the throne that he almost rubbed elbows with Jahava himself, but who, in that place where no sin or temptation can exist, became inflated with ambition and was incontinently kicked out, and after falling "nine days and nights" lands in hell, where he stays about as long as a jaybird would sit on a cornstalk or lightning lay on a limb, then scoots out and goes on a still-hunt for Adam and Eve game—comes stealing in, and when said Big Ghost gets a herd of sinners nicely corraled and is about to noose them, said devil—who only works by permission of the other ghost—collars them and whispers something seductiv in their ears about keeping along on the old track and having a good time, when—pull Big Ghost one way and the devil by permission the other—the farce ends by the devil becoming the victor, and it is said in dolorous deprecation that the heartless sinners "hav grieved away" the Big Ghost, and it takes its flight from where it fills all space back to heavenly regions. During all this interesting performance, the "son"—who, too, is only a third of a God and yet the whole—is stationed in poetic fancy at the right hand of the inexorable "father"—who, "out of Christ, is a consuming fire"—where he is supposed to be constantly teasing and wheedling the vengeance-breathing father to save "just this one more sinner," all for his sake—thus the pitiable farce is supposed to go eternally on.

This is the kind of a poultice the reverend Brooklyn clown binds to the aching heart of humanity as a panacea for all its spiritual infirmities; while the indorsement of Spiritualism by the Hares, Edmunds, Crookes, Wallaces, Varleys, Zöllners, Uellenbachs, Flammarions, who combated it with every weapon known to the armory of science, with the view of disproving it, is only an exhibition of lunacy in Mr. Talmage's estimation, which should apparel its *doctrinaires* in strait-jackets and consign them to insane asylums for safe-keeping.

Does anyone suppose that Mr. Talmage, with a congregation of one-half or two-thirds Spiritualists, believes his own preposterous claims? Not at all does he! Per contra, Shakspere had his case square in the apple of his eye when he wrote, "Well know they of what they speak, who speak so wisely." The trouble, and sole trouble, in the case is, Mr. Talmage did not inaugurate Spiritualism. His monumental egotism is wounded and left out in the cold by his being left to be only a follower, instead of being the originator and leader in the movement. Yet even this he would not hav been, had he had evidence piled as Ossa upon Pelion, as it would—in his conceit—hav imperiled and compromised his social standing, and, last but not least, menaced his fat salary.

No true Spiritualist finds fault with honest skepticism, which is but the negation of the fruition consequent upon thorough, crucial investigation, as in the case of the array of savants whose researches led them into the inevitable field of knowledge and acceptance of Spiritualism as a truth. No man ever lived or will liv who could not wish that true which demonstrates the continuity of existence beyond the brief period of life in the physical form. Why, then, at this late day, when Spiritualism with its tens of millions spans the habitable globe, deride and befoul that which constitutes the very warp and woof of human aspiration and desire? None but another Timon of Athens would be guilty of such braggadocio and contempt of existence. V. C. TAYLOR.

EAST RANDOLPH, N. Y., June 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The letter I wrote March 28, 1888, and which was published in your valuable paper May 5, 1888, has caused considerable comment among the "gentle angels"—many of whom are pretenders, as, I am happy to state, some of them regard the "burning lake of fire and brimstone" in the "hereafter" as I do Lake Chautauqua, that is, just as a comfortable summer resort. But it is a commonly accepted fact with the ignorant, brainless believers who know no better that when death kisses down my eyelids my soul will be clutched by their God and God will damn me for writing about his "sheep in wolves' clothing." "He made all things and saw it was good"—ha, you big, addle-pated cranks, how, then, if "all things are good," can God damn even me? Out on all such nonsense! According to the dogma, "All things are good," then human want and suffering and degradation, such as are seen from the Bend in Mulberry street, New York; disease and pestilence, that throttle young life in its dewy morn, and cause loved and loving mothers to lay their darling babes beneath the sighing maples and moaning willows of regret in that somber "city of the dead," Greenwood; whatever inspired the massacre of Thessalonica a long time ago, and the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Eve not long ago; whatever it is which moves crime and vice; and low cunning, which has been, is now, and is yet to be—oh, how long?—enacted upon the world's stage—all these things are good.

I say No! with a big *N!* It was not good to hav a fire set in O. C. Wood's hotel barn the other night and cause eight buildings to be burnt up on men who could not hav stood the loss, were it not for the small insurance they received. It was not "good" for our citizens to witness the three new graves in our cemetery this week—one of them the grave of Mrs. Ackley, a noble, activ, and ardent Freethinker and Spiritualist; a kind mother, wife, and an esteemed citizen; who loved the good and whom all the good did love; who blessed the world seventy-nine years with a life as pure as light and as stainless as a star.

It was not "good," it did not make Mr. and Mrs. John Hammel happy, to follow their little baby and only son to his "worldly home."

It was not "good" for Louis Foy to be sick with consumption, die and leave his wife and little children.

When I read my Bible—which, by the way, is very seldom lately—I am amazed to think so many people in the past countenanced it. And according to all the Christian fathers it was part of God's revelation that earthly misery and suffering is but a faint reflex of that which awaits hereafter; that the "world's people"—especially in East Randolph—are doomed to an eternity of agony in a literal and undying fire. "The wretched bodies of the condemned shall simmer and blaze in those living fires" (Ante-Nicene Christian Library, vol. xi, p. 35).

What a warm place hell was, and what a cool place now! How vast the change that's taken place since Calvin's time! "Forever harassed with dreadful tempests, they shall feel themselvs torn asunder by an angry God, and transfixed and penetrated by mortal stings, terrified by the thunderbolts of God, and broken by the weight of his hand, so that to sink into any gulf would be more tolerable than to stand for a moment in those terrors." Jonathan Edwards says: "The sight of hell's torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever." Again: "The world will be converted into a great lake or liquid globe of fire—a vast ocean of fire, in which the wicked shall be overwhelmed, which will always be in tempest, in which they shall be tossed to and fro, having no rest day or night, vast waves or billows of fire continually rolling over their heads. Their vitals shall forever be full of glowing, melting fire, fierce enough to melt the very rocks and elements; yet they shall feel their torments, not for a million ages, one after another, but forever and ever, without any end at all, and never, never be delivered."

Oh, what a beautiful, splendid "consolation," what a grand thing, your religion is! Alas, that so many ministers like Rev. Mr. Bowen, who preached in Randolph for the Baptists, who got drunk, pounded his wife and little children, and slapped Rev. George Babcock's face in S. W. Thompson's dry-goods store; Rev. G. B. Spencer, who preached at Randolph a year ago, who "fell from grace" and went upon the down grade, should, at the risk of their small souls' damnation, repudiate the "blessed faith" of their savior and Bible!

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of England, in his sermon on "The Resurrection of the Dead," said: "In fire exactly like that which we hav on earth thy body will lie, asbestos-like, forever unconsumed, all thy veins roads for the feet of pain to travel on, every nerve a string on which the devil shall forever play his diabolical tune of hell's unutterable lament."

We could multiply citations from standard Christian authorities. But enough. To review the writings of theologians is largely like entering the gloomy dungeons of the horrid Inquisition, where the walls are still stained with innocent victims' blood, and seeing again instruments of torture, covered with rust and the golden hair of youth mingled with hair white as snow.

"Imposture has always worn a crown," consequently we cannot foretell the near extirpation of any of the sects of the Christian religion. But we can see creedal narrowness, like the murmuring waves of old ocean, expanding and enlarging, and welcoming to her broadening Liberalism, new thoughts. And we can see a marked advance in the church-members of to-day over those of one hundred years ago. The old pillars of the church hav mostly wrapped the "drapery of their couch about them" and laid down in the oblivious night of the somber tomb. Religious narrowness has attempted, and on some of the "bramble-tipped" hills of old Cattaraugus does to-day attempt, to make the sunshine of life darkness.

Reader, my letter has been a long one; but in closing I want you to always stand erect by the grand, tranquil column of truth; investigate for yourself, study the pages of history; never be found on your knees before the altar of superstition, and, like Humboldt, be one of the apostles of truth, adding all you can to the knowledge of the human race. Yours truly, R. R. JONES.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Historical Poem.

The author of the annexed poem, says the *Theater*, was the late David Everett. He was born in Princeton, Mass., in 1769. He graduated in Dartmouth College in 1789. In the winter previous to entering Dartmouth College in 1784, when a teacher in the grammar school at New Ipswich, he prepared a little poem, to be recited at an exhibition got up in the academy style, composed expressly for Ephraim H. Farrar, to be spoken by him on the occasion, when only seven years of age:

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by;
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue,
Yet, all great, learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's isle—
Exceed what Greece and Rome hav done,
Or any land beneath the sun?
Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister state?
Or where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy but three feet high
Who's made improvement more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood,
But only great as I am good.

—*Freethought.*

Jimmy In a Barrel.

Jimmy was ten years old when his papa, who was a sea-captain, decided to take the little fellow with him on a voyage to Philadelphia.

And Jimmy thought it must be splendid to go to sea—to be all day, and many days, out on the water; to learn all about the flying jib, the gaff-topsail, the mizzen-mast and the main-top-gallant mast, the bowsprit, the jib-boom and the flying-jib-boom, the rudder and the spanker-beam, the forecastle and the larboard and the starboard side of the craft, and all the other terms he had heard used in his brief life.

Oh, Jimmy had such grand ideas of "a life on the ocean wave, and a home on the rolling deep," and he had some vague notion of coming home fully able to take command of the vessel himself in case his papa should be taken ill or anything unusual should happen to him.

There was a great fixing and preparing of Jimmy's clothing for the sea voyage. There were wool stockings, rubber boots, and flannel shirts, and a tarpaulin hat and an oiled jacket to stand the storms and the dashing of the waves over the sides of the big three-masted schooner, that Jimmy told the boys was clipper-rigged, and the jolliest craft afloat.

At length all was ready and Jimmy stepped high as he swung his hand to his tearful mamma and marched bravely along beside his papa to the dock.

After the usual fuss and running hither and yon, the anchor was pulled in by the sturdy seamen, and the vessel swung off into the stream. Jimmy was going to "stand watch"—oh, yes, and steer—he'd show the sailors, he would, what a boy of ten years could do.

It was the second day out, and there was only the ocean around and about. Jimmy looked east, west, north, and south, and saw only deep, white-crested waves. He listened, and heard but the swish of the great mad billows that just then were being lashed by the wind into angry lions, as he thought. A storm was coming on, and the jolliest craft afloat rocked from side to side. Jimmy began to be sick at his stomach, and his head began to turn around like a top, or seemed to. Jimmy wished he was at home in his trundle-bed.

He was seasick and homesick. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to him, and he felt lonely and forsaken, with a horrible pain at the pit of his little stomach. Poor Jimmy!

By and by the bell sounded for dinner. Boiled beef and plum duff, that was the bill of fare that day.

All hands sprung to their rations, but one was missing. Jimmy was not to be found.

Appetite forsook the men as they began searching for the boy. The poor father was nearly crazed with fear and distress.

"He must hav fallen overboard," said the mate, Mr. Smith.

"Oh, this will kill his poor mother!" said the frantic father, wildly running here and there, and gazing everywhere calling the name of the boy, and imploring him to answer.

"Jimmy! Jimmy! Jimmy!"

But there was no response, and the father, wild with agony, sat on a log and cried as if his heart would break.

Oh, why had he taken him—that little boy?—why had he not left him safe at home?

Oh, how he blamed himself, and wept bitter, unavailing tears! The men all wept in sympathy, and a lonely hush settled down on the yessel, broken only by the wailing wind and dashing billows that seemed in sympathy with the sorrowful hour.

Presently the mate, walking aft, pushed the canvas off, as he supposed, an empty barrel. But it wasn't empty. A little bundle lay coiled in the bottom fast asleep, and very white. "Hello! what hav we here?" said Mr. Smith.

"Come, my boy, this isn't being a sailor at all," and Mr. Smith, with smiles and tears, fished the sleeping boy out of his barrel-bed.

"Woo-oo-oo!" cried Jimmy. "I'm sick! I want to go home—I want to see mamma! Woo-oo-oo-oo-ee!"

The father pressed him to his bosom, too overcome with joy to speak, for he had given him up for lost, and his heart had almost died within him.

Jimmy did not creep in a barrel again that voyage. He recovered from his seasickness, and was an inch taller when he reached Philadelphia, and saw all the sights of the beautiful city. He visited Independence Hall, and looked on the portraits of the great men of the Revolutionary period and all the relics on exhibition there. He went into Girard College, founded by Stephen Girard, the great Infidel, and visited the Fairmount waterworks, and many other places of interest.

When, finally, he got safely back home, he was filled with nautical information, just as he thought he would be, and had many stories to tell of all he had seen and heard on the trip. but he was always a little shy of telling the tale of his mingled home and sea sickness, when he crept into the barrel and went to sleep there, his absence causing such consternation and dismay until he was discovered by Mr. Smith, the mate.

S. H. W.

Correspondence.

DAVENPORT, May 26, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I am somewhat interested in the Corner, I thought I would write a few lines. My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and *Freethought*, of San Francisco, and thinks them valuable papers. My father and mother are Freethinkers, and I am somewhat a Freethinker myself. We are expecting C. B. Reynolds out here to lecture to us at Davenport before long, and perhaps Mr. Putnam will lecture here this summer. Father is trying to work up the Freethinkers so we can hav some good Liberal lectures.

My brother wrote a letter not long ago and we were all very much pleased to see it in print.

Best wishes to the Corner and its editress.

ANDREW H. SELDE.

OCALA, FLA., June 10, 288.

MISS SUSAN WIXON: Pardon the intrusion of a stranger into your circle of young Liberals. But with your permission I wish to say a few words to the children under your charge. Children: You do not know the joy an old Agnostic feels in seeing your names at the bottom of articles which say, "We do not believe in the absurdities of the Bible;" for if you did your names would not appear there. The church now sees the need of enlisting the children in the cause of Christ; and it uses all means to draw you to it. Music, picnics, and festivals are used to bring you into the fold. As you enter the doors of any church with the intention of joining it, you say by your act, "I am going to believe that meaningless lying. Cruelty is better than honor, nobility, and love. I am going to believe that I was made from mud"—for none but Prohibitionists were made from *dry* dust. The Bible is surely the work of man. If it was inspired, why did it need revision? In the days when it was written, man was not far advanced from his brutish ancestors. All the noble qualities which you see in a man to-day were wholly wanting in those who wrote the Bible. The animal nature was stronger than the moral nature. Consequently cruelty was one of the many faults of the people in those days. If a sweet girl of to-day writes a book, every page will be a song full of joy and sweetness, murmuring along like the sweet carol of a singing-bird. Her own mind givs her character to her writings. So the Bible, being written by ignorant men, is full of ignorance; written by cruel men, it is full of cruelty, reflecting the men's nature into the God whom they supposed to exist; written by men who loved money, it is full of appeals for money. Christianity requires us to giv, giv, giv. Time, money, sense, honor—all must be given to Christ. But what does it giv in return? Nothing but a mean idea of humanity, a villainous character to woman, a wrong idea of nature, and a desire to get to heaven no matter who goes to hell.

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Col. Ethan Allen.

A friend writes: "I was much interested in the review in your last paper of Col. Ethan Allen's book, 'Reason the Only Oracle of Man.' Indeed, reason is the best or truest teacher, and when it is universally accepted as such there will be an end to theology. But my object in alluding to Colonel Allen is to inquire whether you hav his biography for sale among your books. I would like very much to obtain it."

There was a biography of him published many years ago, but whether it is out of the market now or not we are unable to say. It is not in our list of books, nor do we know where it can be obtained. The copy that we saw had a great many amusing anecdotes of him, and among the rest was the following, which contains a very sensible moral:

He was one day riding on a restiv horse on a rough road, and, he being absorbed in thought (perhaps thinking of theology), the horse threw him off, but he managed to keep hold of the bridle. As he lay in the road, in a not very comfortable position, he called on Jupiter to help him up, but Jupiter did not respond. Then he called on Pluto, or the evil one, who is supposed to come without calling, but even he was not around. Finally, getting tired of his hard berth on the stony road, he said philosophically, "Ethan Allen, help thyself!" and arising from the road he mounted his horse and traveled home.

MORAL: When accidents happen, it is useless to call for supernatural aid, as all help at such time must come from a human source.

Masculin Economy.

There lived not very many years ago a short distance from the town of Beaver—which, by the way, is looking like a young bride just now in her boudoir of green hills—a man of extraordinary meanness. I don't think it would be unjust to say that he was a miser.

One day as he was starting out for Beaver to do his weekly shopping—for even he had to buy something for the support of his family—his wife came out and asked him to buy her a darning-needle.

"What's the matter with the one I bought you last winter?"

"The eye's broken out," she replied.

"Bring the needle here," said he; "I'm not going to allow any such extravagance. I'll hav the needle mended."

The woman was wise in her generation, and made no protest. She brought out the broken needle.

The economical farmer rode into Beaver and stopped first of all at the blacksmith's shop. He took out the needle and handed it to the blacksmith.

"I want that mended," he said.

The blacksmith knew his customer, and keeping his face perfectly straight, said that the eye should be made whole in an hour's time. The farmer rode away, and the blacksmith walked across the street and bought a new needle for a cent or two.

When the farmer called again the blacksmith gave him the new needle. The farmer looked at the smooth, polished surface of the steel, and remarked that it was a good job.

"How much will it be?" said he.

"Ten cents," said the blacksmith, and the farmer, as he paid it, remarked that he knew that the needle could be mended, but his wife would hav gone to the expense of buying a new one if he hadn't interfered.

A SMALL boy was delighted one day when a slight fire in his father's house brought the firemen and the engin. "I say," he exclaimed to the first firemen he met, "I say, if there should be a big fire here and you want to save things, please don't save my winter flannels, for they tickle me."

Words for the Boys to Remember.

Liberty is the right to do whatever you wish without interfering with the rights of others.

Save your money and you will find it one of the most useful friends.

Never giv trouble to your parents.

Take care of your pennies and they will grow to be dollars.

Intemperance is the cause of nearly all the trouble in the world. Beware of strong drink.

The poorest boy, if he be industrious, honest, and saving, may reach some of the highest honors in the land.

Never be cruel to a dumb animal. Remember that it has no power to tell how much it suffers.

Honesty is the best policy.

Respect the aged.

Eddie's Reviving Hope.

Indulgent parent: "Eddie, I hav got a lot of planting to do and work is behind this spring, and if you could get excused from school this week, I should like your help dropping corn."

Eddie: "Well, papa, I am behind now with my lessons, and I hav to study real hard to keep up, and I can't stay out no way, as I see."

Indulgent parent: "Well, Eddie, it wasn't exactly planting. The fact is, Roak is going on a trip fishing for a week and has invited you to go, but if you are behind in studies, as you say, I agree with you it would be bad to leave school."

Eddie: "Oh, shoot the school! I ain't so very far behind but what I can catch up in a few days."

Fun and Fancy.

"What does your father do?" asked the teacher of the boy. "He's a contractor," was the reply. "A railroad contractor?" "No, ma'am; a sausage contractor. He ties up the ends after another man has filled 'em."

"I am surprised, Bobby," said his father reprovingly, "that you should strike your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to hit one smaller than yourself?" "Then why do you hit me, pa?" inquired the boy, with an air of having the better of it.—*Epoch.*

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Gitl	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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And thought shall lead thee from error;
Hav faith in the power of courage,
And thy faith shall save thee—from terror!

Say to thy soul: "Fear naught but fear,"
And chaos shall flee away,
Hope shall sparkle in every tear,
And night be turned to day.

Summer and winter, heat and cold,
Thy ministering angels shall be;
And "old" and "new," and "new" and "old,"
Shall be all the same to thee!

For "up" is down, and "down" is "up,"
And rest and motion are one,
If God and man move on together
In perfect unison!

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"Yes, James, that was just about what he was."

"Yes'm. He wasn't one of God's profiters, was he, mum?"

"No, dear, he was not. He was one of Baal's prophets, dear."

"Yes'm. Who was Bale, mum?"

"He was just nothing and nobody, James; but the ungodly called him their god."

"Yes'm. He was a noppersition god, warn't he, mum?"

"James Badger, don't you dare to talk like that!"

"No'm. Them ungodly folks wasn't ungodly to Bale, was they, mum?"

"No—yes—well, now you just stop talking anything about it, you boy."

"Yes'm. God told Balaam to go to King Boleg, didn't he, mum?"

"God told him to go to King Balak, you stupid, you."

"Yes'm. What'd he git mad for, then, 'cos he went, mum?"

"Why God's anger was kindled, I don't know, James."

"No'm. Wonder 'f he knew, mum?"

"James Badger, that's blasphemy!"

"Yes'm. All the same, it was durned funny he told Balum to go up over against Boleg, and then got mad 'cos he went, warn't it, mum?"

"You horrid boy, you stop!"

"Yes'm. It must a knocked Balaam galley west, when the jackass spoke out to him, mustn't it, mum?"

"You little slang-whangy thing, you, I don't know whatever you mean, I'm sure!"

"No'm. I mean it must a sot him back, opened his peepers, knocked him stiff, giv him——"

"There, you can stop your horrid lingo just where you are. I won't listen to you."

"No'm. If you was ridin' a jackass, mum——"

"You needn't go any further with the supposition, you little badger, you."

"No'm. Was the jackass a talker from Wayback, mum, or for this er 'casion only, as pop says?"

"Of course he spoke only on that occasion; otherwise it would hav been no miracle, you heathen boy, you!"

"Yes'm. Was it a miracle when the jackass spoke, mum?"

"Of course it was, stupid!"

"Yes'm. Was it when the snake spoke to the Eve woman, mum?"

"Of course it was, you boy."

"Yes'm. Who done the mirricles, mum?"

"God, you miserable little heathen!"

"Yes'm. Then it was God that buncoed Eve, and not the snake, wern't it, mum?"

"Merciful heaven! James Badger, you go home!"

"No'm, please. How obbun yer nice hair—I mean how nice yer obbun——"

"There, that'll do, dear. I'll forgiv you this time. But don't be so wicked again, will you, dear?"

"No'm. What was the matter with Balum's eyes, mum, that he couldn't see the angel, and the jackass could?"

"It was God's doing, the whole of it, James."

"Yes'm. Was it God spoke, and not the jackass, mum?"

"God willed that the animal should speak, James, and it spoke."

"Yes'm. How sot back the jackass must a been, same's Balum, mum! Did he always talk after that, mum?"

"Of course he didn't."

"How do you know he didn't, mum?"

"James Badger, you've said quite enough about the animal, now you stop."

"Yes'm. Why don't you say jackass, mum?"

"Because there's no authority—the Bible doesn't say it, you horrid!"

"No'm. But it says ass, and everybody calls 'em——"

"James Badger, you can go home."

"No'm—please. I'd liked to heard the jackass talk, wouldn't you, mum?"

"No, I wouldn't; there, now."

"Why not, mum? It was God's doin', wasn't it?"

"Of course. And—er—well, we weren't either of us there, James, so say no more about it, please."

"No'm. All the same, it was a big thing, a talkin' jackass, mum."

"James Badger, will you ever stop?"

"Yes'm. Was the angel gonter kill Balum, mum?"

"Yes, dear; and only for the ass he would."

"Yes'm. If the critter hadn't got scart, and had walked over the angel, then Balum would a ketched it, I s'pose, mum?"

"You suppose, do you? Well, keep on supposing, you little monkey, you."

"Yes'm. S'posin' the jackass had brayed at the angel, then the angel would a got on his ear——"

"You horrible James Badger, go home!"

"No'm—please. Would you be scart of an angel, mum?"

"James, I suppose any of us would be. Don't we read that the men of God were bowed with fear before the angels of the Lord?"

"Yes'm. And that one must a been a tough lot, mum, that knocked the jackass silly! What a scarecrow he'd a made in a corn-field, wouldn't he, mum?"

"Oh! oh! oh! you horrid heathen wretch! I shall die. Go home—go. The class is dismissed." Then to an untimely end came the séance of Balaam—or his ass.

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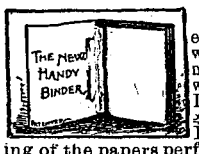
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On the 17th Madam and "General" Diss Debar were sentenced to six months in the penitentiary.

Judge Lambert Tree, American minister at Brussels, will present Chicago with a statue of Rev. Father La Salle.

Home Rule votes are increasing.

Belgium elections are resulting for the Catholics.

Thousands of Russian peasants are dying of hunger.

A department of labor is being established by Congress.

Cuban liberty parties resent the intolerable tyranny of Spain.

Cardinal Gibbons is writing a book on transubstantiation.

Austria is enlarging its army to keep up with the other powers.

Milwaukee has six English papers and twenty-two German.

Arran tenants are warned that if they pay rent they will be dynamited.

About half a dozen negroes are lynched weekly in the South for criminal assault.

The Communists of Paris are activ, and Radical parties in general are growing in that city.

The Newcastle, Pa., Methodist church has been bought by the growing German Catholics.

Six Mormon elders with 150 Scandinavian converts arrived at New York on the 13th on their way to Utah.

The Union Labor party declares for postal banks, government telegraphs and railroads, an income tax, a secret ballot, and homestead laws.

The shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre at Montreal is becoming noted for its miracle-working powers, and receives large pilgrimages of the sick.

Dr. McGlynn says rackrenting is worse in America than in Ireland. He says, also, that the old parties hav forgotten the Declaration of Independence.

It has taken the wicked secular police and courts to settle the troubles between the spiritual-minded elders and pastor of the Petersburg, Va., Baptist church.

Millions of Rocky mountain grasshoppers hav appeared about Pasham, Minn., and the state authorities hav sent four car-loads of materials for their destruction.

Among the late church conventions, the quiet and peaceful gathering of the Quakers at their New York church contrasted with the clamor and tumult of the Methodist assembly.

A colored man has been admitted to practice law in the court of appeals in Kentucky, and Mayor Shakespeare of New Orleans has appointed fifteen blacks as police officers in that city.

Reactionary parties and nations throughout the world refuse coöperation in the Paris Exposition to be opened in 1889 on the centenary of the taking of the Bastile, while the advanced nations and radical parties are combining to make it a grand success.

A negro named Brown who lately came into Soddy, Tenn., and, announcing himself as Christ, opened a religious festival, has gained so many converts that the followers of the other Christ hav warned the new sect to leave in ten days or they will "catch hell."

Frederick III. of Germany died on the 15th and was succeeded by his son William II. The former insisted on unbiased elections and the removal of the governmental pressure that had always been exerted on them, and favored many liberal and American measures, but William leans toward militarism and absolutism.

THE ORDER OF CREATION.

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN

GLADSTONE, HUXLEY, MULLER, LINTON, REVILLE.

On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

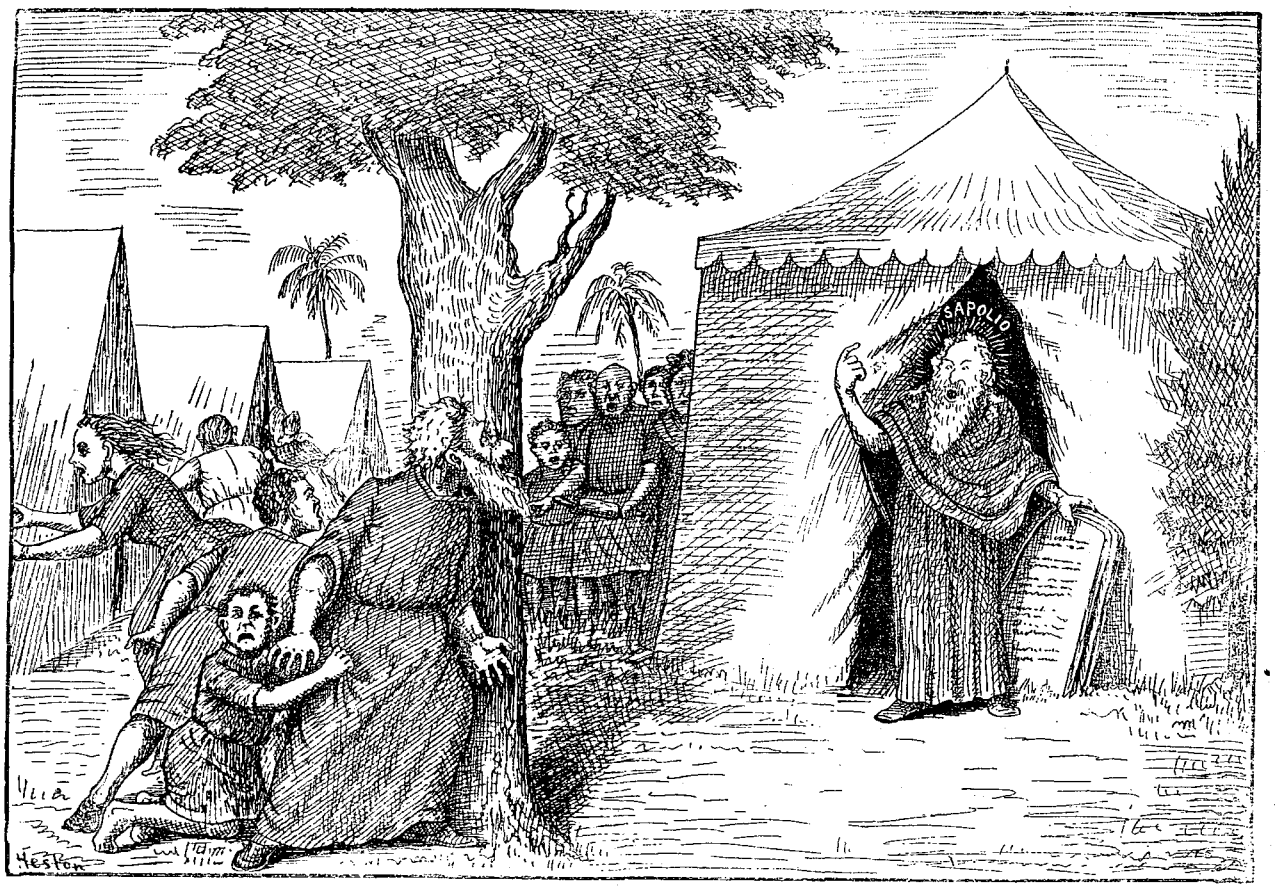
CONTENTS:

I. Dawn of Creation and of Worship. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
II. The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
V. Dawn of Creation. An Answer to Mr. Gladstone. By Albert Reville, D.D.
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MOSES GETS UP A SHINE.

And when Aaron and all the children of Israel saw Moses, behold, the skin of his face shone: and they were afraid to come nigh him.—Ex. xxxiv, 30.

Gems of Thought.

Speak not
Of soldiership. I loathe the word, and those
Who pride themselvs upon it. —*Byron.*

"I hav heard the doctrins of peace and the brotherhood of man presented by my father ever since I can remember. It is perfectly impossible for me to see anything in military glory worthy of admiration. To me, any honest laboring man is more noble than the military hero, and I consider the sword a badge of disgrace. If I were a man, I should be so ashamed to be seen with such a thing at my side! Think what it suggests!" said Clara.—*Marie Howland.*

He asked me what were the usual causes or motivs that made one country go to war with another. I answered, they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they hav land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war, in order to stifle or divert the clamor of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions has cost many millions of lives; for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue; whether it be better to kiss a post or throw it into the fire; what is the best color for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean [transubstantiation] the use of music in churches, the adoration of the cross, and various church rites and vestures]; with many more. Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.—*Swift.*

We hav, in fact, to make our choice between science and suffering. It is only by wisely utilizing the gifts of science that we hav any hope of maintaining our population in plenty and comfort. Science, however, will do this for us if we will only let her.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

Science found agriculture plowing with a stick—reaping with a sickle—commerce at the mercy of the treacherous waves and the inconstant winds—a world without books—without schools—man denying the authority of reason, employing his ingenuity in the manufacture of instruments of torture, in building inquisitions and cathedrals. It found the land filled with malicious monks—with persecuting Protestants, and the burners of men. It found a world full of fear; ignorance upon its knees; credulity the greatest virtue; women treated like beasts of burden; cruelty the only means of reformation. . . . It found the world at the mercy of disease and famin. It found the earth filled with slaves and tyrants, the people in all countries downtrodden, half naked, half starved, without hope, and without reason in the world.—*Ingersoll.*

This singular man [Oates] had no other talent for imposture than an impudence which set conviction and shame alike at defiance. A man of sense or reflection, by trying to giv his plot an appearance of more probability, would most likely hav failed, as wise men often do in addressing the multitude, from not daring to calculate upon the prodigious extent of their credulity, especially where the figments presented to them involve the fearful and the terrible.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Bible-making is easily enough executed if you, or Ezra, or anyone else, only keep up a due blending and admixture of ambiguity and incomprehensibility. Speak to the vulgar in language they understand, and they think you are simply one of themselvs. But it is very different when you, or Ezra, or anyone else, burst out into, "And they four had one likeness: and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel. When they went they went upon their four sides; and they turned not when they went. As for their rings, they were so high that they were dreadful; and their rings were full of eyes round about them four. And when the living creatures went the wheels went by them: and when the living creatures were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up" (Ezek. i, 16-19). —*Saladin.*

For fifteen centuries the pilot of the church lured our forefathers to a whirlpool of mental and physical degeneration, till the storms of the Protestant revolt enabled them to break the spell of the fatal eddies, and, like a swimmer saving his naked life, mankind has struggled back to the rescuing rocks of our mother earth. Lured by the twinkle of reflected stars, we hav plunged into the maelstrom of Antinaturalism, and after regaining the shore, by utmost efforts, it seems now time to estimate the expenses of the adventure.—*Felix L. Oswald's Bible of Nature.*

Nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is.—*Stubbs.*

Odds and Ends.

"Papa," queried little Roscoe, "am I made out of clay?" "Why, yes—I suppose so—that is—the Bible says so, and——" "And is that why Uncle Frank says I'm a little brick?"

Adam (a good while ago): "It's all your fault." Eve: "Why is it?" Adam: "You had no business to go and entertain that serpent." Eve: "Well, you said you were tired of my chatter, and I had to hav somebody to talk to."

"Young man," he said solemnly, "what would you think if I should put an enemy into my mouth to steal away my brains?" "I would (hic) think, sir," hiccoughed the young man, "that you were going to an unnecessary expense."

Country minister: "I am very sorry, Mr. Wrangle, but as I was driving from the parsonage before service, I saw your little boy on Goosecreek bridge snaring for suckers." Mr. Wrangle: "Is that so, parson? Did ye notice what luck he was havin'?"

Miss Waldo: "Hav you any light rubbers, suitable for summer wear?" Dealer: "Yes, Miss; here are some sandals. This part protects the sole, and this little strap going over the shoe——" "Is the over-soul. What a nice idea! I'll take three pairs, please."

Stranger: "Can you tell me where I can find a slaughter-house?" Nativ: "Well, I got shaved at Hackman's around the corner, but there's——" Stranger: "I didn't want to get shaved." Nativ: "Oh, you're looking for the other kind. Sorry, but I can't direct you."

"Will you hav the kindness to giv me a dime, sir? I want to establish a trust." "With one dime? How can you do that?" "If I pay the barkeeper for one drink, you see, he will trust me for another." "Here is your dime, my friend. I like to encourage trade."

Country minister (to little boy fishing): "Sonny, do you know that in fishing on Sunday you are breaking one of God's Commandments?" Little boy: "Yes, sir. 'Remember the Sabbath day an' keep it holy.' Oh, I don't go to Sunday-school for nothin', mister."

"George, dear, shall we hang the hammock out under that beautiful chestnut-tree?" asked Maude, softly. "No, no, not that tree, not that one," he cried hoarsely. "Why not, George?' "Because, Maud, there are a number of things that I wish to say to you to-night."

Grocer (to Uncle Rastus): "Where did you buy that codfish, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus: "On de co'ner above, sah." Grocer: "You go there and pay cash for codfish, and you've owed me for a ham for six months." Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah. I don't think 'twould be hones', Mistah Smif, fo' me to buy anything mo' of yo' till I's paid up wot I owes—'deed I don'."

Grandson: "So grandfather is dead?" Granddaughter: "Yes; and what do you think? Father says he's been insane these many years." Grandson: "That's a lie. Grandfather was as sane as I am." Granddaughter: "But he has left all his money to the church." Grandson: "Father is right. Yes, now I think of it, the old gent was peculiar. Why he has been an imbecil for years—mad as a March hare!"

Peter the Hermit (meeting Lord Bateman): "Bate, old boy, you always look happy, and yet you're a married man. How the deuce do you work it?" Lord B.: "Well, I'll tell you, old man. I've got the best wife in the world, and my mother-in-law is an angel." Pete: "Your mother-in-law an angel! Say, where is she? I want to get a look at her!" Lord B.: "Can't do it now, old man. You've got to wait till you go to heaven. She's there!"

I was from Boston and she from the West,
She sat with her beautiful head on my breast.
I loved her! To-morrow I knew we must part,
And in Browning's own words I poured out my heart:
"Let it be now, love! All my soul breaks forth—
How I do love you! Giv my love its way!
A man can hav but one life and one death,
One heaven, one hell. Let me fulfill my fate—
Grant me my heaven now! Let me know you mine,
Prove you mine, write my name upon your brow,
Hold you and hav you, and then die away,
If God please, with completion in my soul!"
I felt her arms round my neck entwine,
Her limpid eyes looked up into mine;
I waited her answer so soft and low:
"Say it again, and say it slow!"

He proposed as seriously as a humorous man could—and she laughed. He looked blue. Then she smiled, and said: "That is a capital joke." "What's a joke?" he asked in surprise. "Your latest. Shall you hav it printed?" "That was no joke. I meant it." "You did? Why, you hav written so much in ridicule of love, courtship, and marriage——" "Well, er—er—yes—but——" "I should never suit you. I write postscripts, stop before the mirror, am slow in dressing for church, admire a new hat, sometimes want a new dress, and——" "But, my dear Angelina, I should never object——" "You hav shown that happiness ends with marriage, and I hav a mother who would be a mother-in-law to you, and who would want to visit me; and——" "Why, I——" "And I may hav my animosities, and may look around in church; and you would find such a lot of things to write about." "My precious, I would only write about other people then; the neighbors, the——" "Those horrid Miss Sniffletons?" "For a fact." "And the stuck-up folks over the way?" "Most certainly." "Enough! I am yours!"

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THE RACE BETWEEN AMERICA'S INFIDEL ORATOR AND ENGLAND'S CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.

And after all, it may be that "to ride an unbroken horse with the reins thrown upon his neck"—as you charge me with doing—givs a greater variety of sensations, a keener delight' and a better prospect of winning the race than to sit solemnly astride of a dead one in "a deep reverential calm," with the bridle firmly in your hand.—*Ingersoll's Reply to Gladstone.*

Notes and Clippings.

It is said that Herbert Spencer, when asked what fact struck him most forcibly when in America with regard to that country, replied: "The indifference of the American people to their liberty."

There are clerical victories in Belgium and clerical defeats in Rome. Politics is full of religion in countries that hav an established church.—*Independent.* And it may be added that it is getting full of it here.

Paris is talking about erecting a monument to Jacques Daviel, the first oculist to practice excision of the cataract. He described his method in a paper which he read before the Academy of Surgery Nov. 16, 1752.

Late statistics of illegitimate births show them to be: In Scotland, 8.11 per cent; Austria, 1.48; Hungary, 8.3; Belgium, 8.48; Denmark, 10; France, 25.3; Germany, 9.22; England and Wales, 4 8; Ireland, 2 7; London alone, 3 9; Italy (including abandoned new-born infants), 7.58; Russia, 3; Spain, 5.4; Sweden, 10.2; Stockholm alone, 30.8; Norway, 8.3.

A novel mode of counterfeiting is practiced by a gang issuing false French bank notes, and composed of wealthy Russians and Austrians. They possess ships and crews and all the necessary apparatus. The notes are engraved at sea, and the plates are thrown overboard into the water. The ships put into ports, where accomplices receive the notes, scatter them, and giv back those unused. Then the whole establishment travels to another port.

Among late devices tending toward obliteration of national distinctions and fraternization of peoples is a universal postage stamp. This particular scheme, however, seems impracticable, as there would be no certainty that the country that sold and got the profit on a certain amount of stamps would do the work.

The demand for heraldic and genealogical works at the New York Astor Library is in its proportionate extent very significant, the greatest number of volumes consulted in any other department last year having been 16,214, as against so many as 4,664 in this. There is no country in which the interest in real or supposititious ancestors seems greater than in this republic, and the tendency to seek heraldic distinction steadily grows stronger, despite the most embarrassing obstacles to the discovery and proof of the right to bear arms, according to the laws of heraldry.

Michael Davitt says: "In 1881 there were 589,849 people relieved out of the poor rates in Ireland; in 1886 the number has swelled to 632,186. Side by side with these figures you can put those of at least 3,000,000 acres allowed to lie waste where there is so much poverty. If this land was thrown open to labor, as it would be under a home government, it would provide thirty-acre holdings for 100,000 persons, half a million human beings, and rescue them from the useless condition to which they hav been reduced by castle government and landlordism. I am not able to giv an appropriate idea of the number of insane persons in Ireland. They are, however, most numerous where the conditions of life are hardest. The poorhouses into which the evicted are driven are recruiting stations for lunatic asylums."

A collection of objects relating to religion—altars, priests' robes, and kindred objects—made in the course of several years by M. Guimet, was some time ago presented by him to the municipality of Paris on condition that a building should be specially devoted to them. The building, which is close to the Trocadéro Palace, has just been finished, and will shortly be occupied as a museum of religions.

There is to be no School of Philosophy this summer under the apple-trees at Concord, announces the *Sun*, with the exception of a single memorial session next Saturday devoted to eulogy of the late Amos Bronson Alcott. The surviving philosophers will begin to talk about Mr. Alcott at 10 o'clock in the morning and talk right on until 5 o'clock in the afternoon or later—perhaps the most delicate and appropriate tribute that could be paid to the memory of the departed philosopher and conversationalist.

There is arising in South America a nation which bids fair to compete with the United States in enterprise and population. During the last year the Argentine Republic added 5,000 miles of railroad to the 4,000 which had been built before. There will this year be 200,000 immigrants, chiefly from the south of Europe. There are over 3,000 public schools, and 230,000 scholars. The chief cities are lighted with the electric light, and abundantly supplied with telephones. During 1887 four thousand vessels entered the ports, and the revenue of the government left a surplus of six million dollars over the expenses. The religion is Catholic, and the language Spanish, although the Italian and the English are much used.

A new plan of irrigation has just been inaugurated on the Pawnee river south of Larned, Kan. A large wheel is placed in the edge of the water, which resembles somewhat a double windmill. The wheel is so constructed and connected that it is kept constantly turning by the current. To the rim of the wheel are attached eight large troughs, each holding eight gallons of water. As the wheel turns these troughs dip up water, carry it to the highest point of the wheel, and there empty it into the irrigation ditch. Through ditches and laterals it is then carried to the adjacent land. By this means the river by its own force is constantly turning a stream of water on the surrounding country.

Of the present very limited number of high stations for making meteorological observations, there are only two in Europe which exceed 3,000 meters in hight, being about 10,000 and 11,000 feet, respectivly. Among those in this country is Pike's Peak, which has an altitude of 14,100 feet, exceeding thus, by more than 3,000 feet, any in Europe. These great hights are much more accessible on this continent than in Europe, there being five in America where 11,000 feet or more is reached by railroads built for facilitating mining work; the highest of these in North America is Mount Lincoln, in Colorado, the mining works on which are 14,297 feet above the sea, and here is a meteorological station conducted by Harvard College. Another station is placed part-way up the mountain, at a hight of 13,500 feet. In the Andes range, in Peru, continuous meteorological observations are also carried on, the loftiest point for this purpose being 14,360 feet above the sea.

Communications.

On Talmage on "Obscuration."

"And the sun shall be turned into darkness (and the moon into blood)" (Acts ii, 20). These words had no reference to the solar eclipse that occurred about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Solar eclipses frequently occur, and always hav occurred, but none of them has ever turned the sun into darkness nor has the moon yet been turned into blood. The predicting of an eclipse would not be a prophecy, nor show forth superhuman wisdom. The text refers to a great and notable day of the Lord. The day on which Jerusalem was overthrown was no more a great and notable day of anyone than similar days in which other, and often greater, cities were given to the sword.

Christianity is not the rising sun of our time, but the declining one. It was fully risen in the days of the Emperor Constantine, at which time it threw its baneful glare upon every nation known to its propagators. Missionaries had disseminated its light in every land of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and its power was gradually but certainly augmenting, and the history of the ages will substantiate the assertion that the higher the sun of Christian ecclesiasticism rose, the greater became the gloom in the lands upon which it shone.

Under its influence there grew up temples, cathedrals, and palaces for its priests, bishops, and popes; huts and hovels for its adherents. It made kings and oppressors of the few, and subjects and slaves of the many. It gave wealth and luxury upon one hand, and squalid poverty and misery upon the other. In the nations that bordered upon the Mediterranean sea, it once held more people subject to its will than it does in the whole world to-day, and it sunk those nations in such ignorance and mental degradation as has not been equaled in the history of the world.

At last it reached the zenith of its glory and became the supreme power of all those lands where it had found acceptance. The noontide hour of the sun of Christianity was the Dark Ages of Europe. It was then that the curtain fell upon Christendom; henceforth there was to be no more freedom for human thought; the philosophy of nations was lost in the cosmogony of Moses, and intolerant fanaticism put to destruction whatever of science and education was found struggling under its blighting influence. For centuries the Christian church in Europe was without a rival; its sun was at its meridian hight; ecclesiastical despotism was triumphant; the ignorance of the people was complete and the moral degradation of the masses outrivaled any Asiatic nation of to-day. It was then as Christians would hav it! There was no dissenting voice; it was woe to him who dared to doubt; death to him who dared deny.

I propose to take Infidelity out of the realm of tragedy and into one of fact, and show you what it hopes to accomplish, what it has already done for mankind.

In the darkness of ecclesiastical night, when men were groping in the gloom and trembling with fear, when church supremacy wielded the rod of coercion over the heads of nations, then Infidelity shone amid the darkness like the rays of the morning sun struggling among clouds. In spite of fire, and sword, and rack, and wheel, and persecuting power, it prospered and grew. It robbed the priesthood of its power, although millions went down to death ere that power was taken away, It wrote upon the corner-stone of nations: Liberty, fraternity, equality. In its infancy it grappled with a giant and put him down; it shone amid the darkness of superstition and priestcraft, anarchy and fear, and the darkness was illuminated. It cried, "Let there be light," and there was light. It forced away the sword that had pierced the mother and the babe, and cast down the altars upon which human sacrifices were burnt. It broke the wheel upon which thousands had been broken, and ruined forever the rack upon which many had been ruined. Its light shone into the dark and noisome cell where priests were persecuting for opinion's sake starved and dying men and women, and it cheered the hearts of those whom it was unable to save. In place of priestcraft it gave progression, in place of ignorance it gave knowledge, instead of persecution it gave freedom of thought and speech, and instead of despotism and slavery it gave equality and proprietorship. It blessed the world with science and beautified it with art, and elevated the moral and physical condition of mankind. The condition of the people in China, Egypt, and Hindoostan is as good to-day as it was in Europe when Christianity was in full control. As Infidelity has prospered civilization has advanced, and, excepting a few countries that are still under the control of the church powers, Europe is superior to Eastern Asia; but it is the civilization, the arts, and the sciences that Asia is receiving that are improving it, and not their acceptance of the dogmas of the Christian faith.

Is it Atheism that causes the Chinese mother to put her babe into the dark waters to perish, or the Hindoo mother to cast hers to the crocodile? Was it Atheism that made ready Abraham's or that consummated Jephthah's sacrifice? Has Infidelity an altar upon which it ever offered a human being? Has it ever lighted the fagots about a human form, or executed a person as a witch, or put to death a person for difference of opinion, or ever cast into the flames a struggling babe, or killed a man for printing or reading the Bible, or hanged a woman for heresy or because she was a Quaker? Has it ever denied a man the ballot because of his creed, or made it a crime for a man to wear long hair? These things hav been done, not by Infidels, but by the ordained magnates of Christendom, acting under the authority of the so called inspired revelation. Is it not the extreme limit of faith, which men call fanaticism, that has shed the blood of offending doubters and innocent babes for ages past? They had too much faith; too little knowledge. As knowledge increases, faith diminishes.

Again, never since men hav been taught the terrible and revolting doctrin of eternal hell hav the vast mass of thinking men so universally repudiated tne falsehood as they do to-day, nor was there ever a time that crime was less common than now; furthermore, the nations which show the largest number of church communicants also produce the largest number of criminals. Civilization and education are the restraints against the brutal passions of the world to-day.

But suppose Christianity should regain its power! Suppose its sun should again darken the earth. What then? Forward, march! See the Christian hosts advancing. Cross in front of them; rack and wheel upon the right of them; stake and fagot and dungeon's gloom upon the left of them; groans and tears and death and bones in rear of them. Their three thousand missionaries become three million, bristling with sword and bayonet! Forward, march! Down with Confucius! Down with Zoroaster! Down with Buddha! Down with Mohammed! Down with Liberalism! Down with progress! Stand still!

That is what it tried to do, and under its efforts civilization was hurled back to superstitious barbarism and ruinous savagery. A more nefarious plot was never planned and executed than they planned and executed; they had full sway and Christendom was a lazaretto, a pandemonium, and a madhouse all in one room.

From such a scene, O man, whosoever thou art, turn away. You see where that road led. It led to degradation, to ruin, and to death, and its civilizing influence and affection denied its victims a decent grave.

Will Infidelity succeed? Has it not succeeded?

Will it ultimately triumph? It surely will! And as it succeeds more and more every day the light will be brighter, the air purer, and men grander and nobler and better.

Behold, the day is come; the strong, pure light is penetrating the dark corners of the earth, and men are rushing into its glorious rays as the mighty rivers rush into the sea. Raise up the banner; shout the cry to all the earth: More day; more light; more truth; more liberty forever! MESSENGER.

Adam.

How little is known of Adam, the progenitor of the human race, as alleged! And yet how much should be known of such a prominent figure—"the only original Jacobs," so to speak—even if not known for certain, as we know of Moses, Joshua, David, and other hustlers treated of in the Holy Queer.

To know so little of the Original Man argues that most of us, his descendants, will be known much less of in the coming ages of the far distant future—provided they come, which is no dead-sure thing, as far as this sublunary sphere is concerned, as it, in remote cycles of time, may be doing the comet act, for all we know or can guess to the contrary.

Adam, the first, the one, the lone, the previous, the original Man! Great Jones! but just think of him, will you? Why, there should be tomes on tomes' head of matter extant relating to Adam, the first man, for it may be millions of years before another first man makes his *début* here—millions of years! As it is, what and how much hav we got relating to him? A so-called "sacred history" in which he figures to the extent of about half of one of the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER; and there is a woman in the case at that, and later on, divers offspring; so you see he has to share that measly half-column of space with many others!

Spook of Adam! personification of previousness! but this is tough!—and the chump Jonah getting a full "book" in the Holy Queer! Spook of Adam, I say again, but this is tougher than tough, being too, too tough! Yes, reader, I say it, and say it boldly, that we to-day should hav a history of Adam which, for copiousness, would make that of J. Cæsar look like a mere paragraph—not the shortest, you know, but, say, like one of Evarts's unbroken sentences of a thousand words—and J. C. himself turn green with envy in his coffin daily!

Adam the first man! Did it ever strike you, reader, that Adam was the only first man—that is, the only first man reported? There may hav been other first men in other "beginnings," but we know nothing of them—and when we get right down to hard-pan we must acknowledge that we know nothing of our own first man; but nevertheless we read of him, and in the most meager history ever put forth of any first man on this or any other "footstool," and I'll wager on it!

When God wrote his "book" through "inspired" amanuenses, did he seek to damn with faint mention the first piece of humanity turned out by him, because, forsooth, he (man) did that which displeased him (God)? Perhaps so, but if so, then was he a stranger to the jewel consistency, for one of his pets and prime favorits, Solomon—others could be named, but one is sufficient to prove that he knew naught of the above-mentioned jewel—more sorely vexed the heart, and struck more anguish to the soul of Jahveh, than would the substance of ten thousand pippins, ripe and fine, scooped in by tempted Adam!

And what does he (Jahveh) do for Solomon? Does he damn him to any great extent with faint mention? Well, not that I am aware of. Does he giv him any extended notice in the Holy Queer? Well, I should smile. I should chuckle to convulsion. Giv him any extended notice? Why, he givs him a "book" devoted entirely to his wise sayings; half of another very long one devoted to his history and multifariousness in general, and a "song"—a sort of rhapsody, in eight cantos, that makes one tired, and is only sung by moonlight alone. That's what Jahveh does for Solomon, notwithstanding the latter "loved many strange women"—well, rather, I should say, his multifarious wife and brevet wife numbering a thousand, even up!—and, worse than all that, cottoned to the various brass gods which his very numerous wife and brevet wife paid her devoirs to!

Albeit Jahveh was touched on the raw by this bald-faced, bare-backed defection on the part of Solomon—he never kicked at the latter's multiflorous wife and brevet wife, *per se*, but only as she led her husband astray in the direction of other gods—which grew no better very fast, even after speaking to him twice about it, you see he did not go back on him when getting up his "book;" and why, if possessed of the above-mentioned jewel of consistency, he so damned Adam with faint mention, particularly as the latter ran after no "strange women" and gods, is what no fellow can find out.

The history of Adam, as it appears to the naked eye—what is it? A well-built edifice? "Not by no means;" a mere skeleton fabric, and without the full complement of bones at that! Here it is; look at it: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground;" "and the Lord God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden to keep and to dress it"—here comes in some side business, the L. G. making a mate for Adam out of one of his ribs, as alleged; then the L. G. tells Adam he may eat pears, peaches, persimmons, and such things, including huckleberries, but must giv the succulent pippin a wide berth on pain of death; then appears that remarkable talking snake, its like never before or since seen, and gets in its work on Eve (so named by Adam "because she was the mother of all living" (?). Mother nothing! Who or what was she then mother of?), prevailing on her to bite into a pippin and see how good it was—a little digression here, Eve was an unsophisticated thing, and had never had any experience with a snake that talked before that fatal day, and what wonder she succumbed to its blandishments? Catch any of to-day's girls dallying with a snake, with only a pippin in prospectiv! Not much; nothing short of ice-cream would cause them to listen for a moment to a snake never so gushing! Well, then followed the grand bounce from the Eden ranch, with the sentence that Adam thereafter should "eat bread by the sweat of his face," the L. G. commuting the death sentence! But even this was terribly tough, if not toughly terrible, when we take into consideration how gently the L. G. dealt with the much more erring Solomon. After the bounce we hear no more of Adam, save incidentally, with regard to children born to him, until notified of his death, at the ripe old age of 930; "and he died"—during that long time barrels and barrels of sweat must hav rolled from his face, if he ate his bread as laid down for him by the L. G.

There, that's the sort of history that the Holy Queer givs of Adam, the first man—the whole and entire human race, for that's what he was! What do you think of the skeleton structure, after looking at the fine edifice erected to Solomon? A scraggy, disjointed, Virginia-fence sort of history it is, with a beginning and ending, with a head and tail, say, but no bowels! Who would be a first man on such terms as these?—now, see here, I don't mean the inevitable "first man" "in at the death," but the first specimen of the *genus homo*, you know. I say it was a shame the way Adam, our prediluvial progenitor, was treated in the Holy Queer, and chumps like Jonah getting in for extended notice!

It won't do to say there was nothing to build on,

for with Adam human history commenced, and in 930 years he must hav made lots of it, even if not so brilliant and exciting as the sorts made by J. Cæsar, J. Sherman, Jay Gould, and other history-fabricators. I tell you no man can liv 930 years without making multifarious history, albeit no portion of it may be dreadfully startling; and Adam made history, for certain, but he got left!

I weep salt tears, not the crocodile sort, understand, but genuin human tears of regret, when I think how badly Adam got left by the L. G., when the latter made up his "book." Jonah, Jeremiah, and Joab, that man of blood and iron, when murder most foul did beckon, much better had been left than Adam, the first specimen of humanity turned out by the L. G., and by him pronounced good! It is too, too bad that Adam was so slighted by the omnipotent "book-maker," and were I a Bancroft, or historian of lesser caliber, I would write an exhaustiv history of our great progenitor, or perish in the attempt! Selah! SI SLOKUM.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

THE APOCALYPSE.

"'Saint" John, or Holy John, as we should call him if we spoke plain English, seems to hav been a very amiable and inoffensiv character in his younger days. Even his enemies could find no fault in him, and if he had not the *bonhomie* of Ingersoll, he had the seraphic spirit and angelic grace of Emerson. He was the one disciple whom Jesus loved, and a great deal of Platonic attachment existed between the two. Modern propriety would perhaps be shocked at one man literally lying on the breast of another, but with due allowance for the manners and customs of the period, it does not appear to hav excited any particular remark. The gospel attributed to John is to my thinking the best and least objectionable of the four. It says nothing about the Holy Ghost scandal, and throws no suspicion of unchaste conduct on Mary the mother of Jesus. If, as is generally supposed, John was the brother of Jesus, that fact supplies a sufficient reason for his reticence. The gospel consists for the most part of a philosophic monolog beginning with, "In the beginning." As it requires an *un*common sense to understand these parts, it would be scarcely fair to criticise them from a common-sense standpoint. Like the epistles of Paul, they are intelligible only to the initiated. I cannot forbear, however, noticing one gross mistake that has been held by theologians until the present day. They say the Bible is the word of God. If that be so, then the first chapter of John should read thus: "'In the beginning was the Bible, and the Bible was with God, and the Bible was God. All things were made by the Bible, and without the Bible was nothing made that was made," etc. Now, this is perfect nonsense, and, with all due respect to the Bible Society, whose benevolence of intention is unquestioned, they may as well convert the million Bibles they send abroad every year into papier maché collars and lending umbrellas for all the permanent good they will do or souls they will convert. The "'word" according to John had nothing to do with ink and paper, but was a living, creating power. "'The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." After many millions of failures, the word, or ineffable logos, succeeded in evolving a good and perfect man. But if evolution be followed, as modern philosophers contend, by the "survival of the fittest," it is evident that the man Jesus particularized by John was *not* the fittest in that generation, nor does he appear to hav been ever repeated in any succeeding generation. John was of a disposition similar to that of his elder brother, but less demonstrativ and aggressiv. He let the scribes and Pharisees alone and confined himself to the assertion of a God who was a very different character from the Jahveh of the Jews. "God is love. He that loveth is born of God." If we believe this, it overturns all modern theology, whether Calvinistic or Arminian. Shut up in this comfortable creed, John left the religious world of his day to their own devices, and they left him alone, for it appears that he lived to an extreme old age. It is said that he suffered martyrdom in the end, being boiled to death in a caldron of oil! This was "extreme unction" with a vengeance. But I do not believe the story. John may hav dreamed it, for after such a dream as is recorded in the Apocalypse or book of Revelation, he was capable of dreaming anything, however horrible. I do not say that none but a madman could hav dreamed it, but surely none but a madman would hav written and published it, and none but madmen or fools can believe it. Softening of the brain and lunacy is a not unfrequent close to a long and studious life.

He seems, however, to hav foreseen and in some measure foreshadowed the fearful state of things which was brought about by the establishment of Peter's church, and the ineffectual attempts made to chain the devil, of which the Act of Uniformity and the modern Prohibition movement may be already reckoned among the failures. The first millennium actually commenced with the establishment of a pope, who aimed at and actually acquired universal supremacy. The second millennium may probably date from the downfall of the papacy as a universal sovereign power. Neither of these changes has been altogether satisfactory, and perhaps the reign of the beast, by which John sarcastically implies the restoration of common sense, may not be without its drawbacks. None were to be allowed to buy or sell unless they bore the mark of the beast. It is well that all mercantil transactions should be regulated by common sense, but if it be reckoned a necessary ingredient in all salable commodities, works of theology, poetry, and speculativ science would be forthwith tabooed. We should be reduced to a nation of bare utilitarians, which is by no means desirable. Theology sharpens the intellect. Poetry elevates the fancy, refines and softens the manners. Speculativ science often leads to real science. Were these things abolished, the world would become excessivly dreary and matter-of-fact. Let us rather dream of a New Jerusalem, but let the foundations thereof be solid. Let it not be a city in the air, or confined to one small locality. Not until every man plants a portion thereof in his own homestead will the dream become an accomplished fact. I do not say that such a consummation is probable, but it is not impossible. "Heaven is my throne," said the God of the Jews, but he also adds, "Earth is my footstool." Modern theologians seem to forget this when they talk of "another world." We hav not yet, by a long way, made the best of this one. Nor shall we find when we come to die that we hav done with it. But, unless we leave representativs behind, the world will as individuals hav done with us. With the millions who hav preceded us what an immense quantity of bigotry, superstition, and cruelty has been consigned to the harmless earth! and who would wish the resurrection of a single individual were such a resurrection possible? And who will want us when we hav left this world? Surely not our heirs, if we hav anything to leave, nor those who ministered to our necessities, if we hav nothing.

Having commenced the gospel with Genesis, it concludes appropriately with Revelation. In both these holy books common sense figures conspicuously, but in the former it is called a serpent, and in the latter a beast! Whether or not it is the best and safest exponent of popular theology, I leave my readers to decide. OUTIS.

Our London Letter.

Some of the elect are congratulating themselvs that the church is returning to its former state of purity, though when that was they do not condescend to state, neither do they giv their definition of purity. Judging from the recent act of Canon Rawlinson, they must mean those happy times when the church was in a position to secure everything worth taking. This devout priest, although holding two good appointments, had the opportunity of helping himself to a third, and did not neglect his opportunity. Even the blind devotees of a rotten system could not stomach this, and a few of them took courage and entered their protest, and, to a certain extent, shamed this worthy canon, so that he now proposes to retain these several appointments for a year on trial to find out which is worth most money, and he will then, perhaps, decide to surrender one, though this is doubtful if he still survives, his object, no doubt, being that the matter will blow over by then, and he will be sure to bag the lot without any further opposition.

It appears strange that such a system, which permits an aged, infirm, and physically incapable individual to hold a plurality of benefices, should find supporters, and yet there are thousands who, while deploring these abuses, strenuously oppose any alteration for fear the structure should hopelessly collapse.

Another instance of the greed of the clergy may be cited. Application has been made to Parliament to permit a vicarage being built on a portion of public land, but as there was every sign of a strong opposition to this pretty little scheme the grant was refused, though it is quite possible it will be tried again at some more convenient season.

Although the churches and their allied societies are always on the look-out for plunder, they strongly object to return any of their ill-gotten gains in the shape of taxes, and one of the missionary societies, in the receipt of a large revenue, has given notice of appeal because they hav been assessed for income tax, though how they can reconcile such an act with the injunction of him they call "lord and master" with regard to legal proceedings, only they can explain.

The Welsh parsons are determined to hav their titles, and for this purpose hav organized a band of roughs, who make nothing of killing and wounding those who do not submit quietly to allowing their goods to be seized, and, as in the case of similar events in Ireland, these saintly men are thoroughly supported by the present government. The clergy are quite ready to defend their actions on the plea that they will starve if tithes are not paid, and never, for a moment, think of relying upon their heavenly father to supply their wants; neither will they follow the example of their favorit Paul, who boasted that he worked with his own hands to support himself, and was not chargeable to anyone. But then, "they did not know everything down in Judea," and if the apostles had had the same advantages as their modern representativs, there is little question they would hav played the same game. J. D.

Some Features of a Modern Sabbath.

I am writing in the home of the Pilgrim and the Puritan, within four miles of Bunker Hill and within ten miles of Witch's Hill, surrounded with the graveyards where sleep our forefathers. I think what would hav been written one hundred years ago upon this spot about the "holy Sabbath." Then everybody was pious, or was supposed to be so, and went to meeting. Duty was made a necessity. That ecclesiastical constable, the tithing-man, looked after Sabbath-breakers, and thrust religion upon those who were not born to it.

Alas! the change! I wonder that the pious gravestones in "ye ancient" cemeteries do not sink out of sight through shame when the sounds of the modern Sabbath echo through the halls of the dead. Hardly a ghost of Puritanism can be raised in this year of somebody else's Lord 1888.

Let me mention some of the sights and sounds that meet the eye and ear on this "sacred" day, which we were commanded by Moses, or some other man, to "remember" and "keep holy." I look from my window out upon the sea, and the white sails of countless yachts show that pleasure is

Out on the ocean sailing.

I look in the direction of the two railroads, and observe the flying trains, on their wings of steam, bearing hundreds away from the churches in their quest for joy. The horse-cars pass within one hundred feet of the chair where I sit, loaded with people, going to the beaches, not for salvation—"if we know it."

The sprinkling-carts go up and down the streets to make the ride more enjoyable for those who go out for a drive. The ice-carts, too, are seen going about leaving their cool comforts by the way. Not only the sounds and sights which we hav mentioned assure us that the Sabbath is not remembered as it was wont to be, but on this "holy" day the profane voice of patriotism has intruded, and the noise of fire-cracker and torpedo is heard. Shades of all the Puritans! Think of it!

I ask, as I look from my window upon all this: Is it Sunday? Is this the day that the Christian church teaches is only properly remembered and hallowed by going to one of its places of worship? Is this the holy Sabbath commanded by that meek Jew, Moses? No! That Sabbath is dead; dead beyond recall; dead in town and city; dead on hill and shore; dead in doors and out, in heart and home; dead everywhere; dead utterly and forever. And let us bury it with those other dead who inspired it.

This corpse of time should be interred. This dead day should be removed from our calendar of civilization. The word Sabbath should be blotted from our language. Let the new day of the new life that has dawned upon the world be celebrated with joy. Every day belongs to man. No day belongs to Lord, church, or priest.

I find that the church, this guardian of the "holy Sabbath," relaxes its pious vigilance during the season when earth changes to leaf and flower. The ministers want a vacation. They get tired of playing their theological farce. In to-day's *Sunday Herald* it is announced in the column of "Catholic News" that "low masses instead of high ones will be had during the warm weather."

It makes no difference to the Catholic church whether it holds "high" or "low" masses, it always manages to get "Jack and the game" just the same.

Well may those who liv on the superstitions of mankind be alarmed. "The world moves." Man grows. Freedom is almost sacred. The prison doors of creeds are being opened. Light enters the mind. The end will be liberty, happiness, and life.

Revere, Mass., June 17th. L. K. WASHBURN.

Hell in Poetry.

From the Boston Christian Register.

The London *Christian World* notes that "the charnel-house order of religious literature is not yet extinct." As an illustration it takes the following lines from a paper misnamed the *Gospel Messenger:*

Infinit years in torment must I spend,
Which never, never, never hav an end.
Yes, I must dwell in torturing despair
As many years as atoms in the air;
When these are spent, as many thousands more
As grains of sand upon the ocean's shore;
When these are gone, as many to ensue
As blades of grass and drops of morning dew;
When these expire, as many millions more
As moments in the millions past before;
When all these doleful years are spent in pain,
And multiplied by myriads again,
Till numbers drown the thought, could I suppose
That then my wretched years were at a close,
This would afford a hope; but, ah! I shiver
To think upon the dreadful word, "Forever."

This almost rivals Wigglesworth. But such lines to-day are little more than an epitaph on the belief they describe.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.
E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
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Official Call for Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

To the Local Secular Unions, Life, Charter, and Annual Members, and all Liberal citizens who support the Nine Demands of Secularism, Greeting:

You are hereby invited to attend the Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, which will convene at Lafayette Hall, Wood street, near 4th, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, October 5, 1888, at 10 A.M., for a four days' session—5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th inclusiv.

All Charter and Life Members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of State or Executiv Committees, and all duly accredited delegates from Local Secular Unions are entitled to seats and votes in this Annual Congress. Each Local Secular Union is entitled to send its President and Secretary and three other members as delegates. Annual Members who pay or hav paid $1 in the national treasury are entitled to seats, but not to votes, except by unanimous consent of the Congress.

This Congress will specially consider practical questions tending to further agitation for taxation of church property; the abrogation of state aid to sectarian institutions; abolition of state, national, military, and prison chaplaincies; repeal of judicial oaths, Sunday and other oppressiv and unjust ecclesiastical laws; nullification of attempts to subvert our Constitution by a legal recognition of Theism in the American Magna Charta, and such other measures as will not merely thwart intended theological encroachments, but will absolutely expunge from our laws, state and federal, such insidious acts as hav already crept in to blot out mental freedom from our republic.

It is to be hoped that the addresses delivered will deal with the practical issues of the organization, so that there will be such an awakening of the people to these vital questions of the hour that a revival of the instinct of liberty and justice for all will necessarily result; that again from the Keystone state—the birthplace of our association—the clarion voice of freedom shall vibrate throughout the land.

Pittsburgh being situated almost in the center of a district containing many of our most distinguished workers, thinkers, and writers, besides the activ host within its limits, there is little doubt but that this Congress will be a glorious gathering of the forces who stand for mental liberty, as expressed in the desire for complete Secularization of the government.

S. P. PUTNAM, Pres.
E. A. STEVENS, Sec.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com.

From the Union Secretary.

Chicago produces a crop of howling political idiots every four years, and the number to the acre on this occasion surpasses all previous records. New-fangled tortures were invented specially to toot and rasp and shriek for the several favored sons—the more ill-favored and excruciating the noise the greater the demand for the toot. These diabolical devices are operated by great big burly men whose instincts, development, and brains are on a par with those of the small boy, whose angelic inclinations are sufficiently proverbial. Well, there's some excuse for their enthusiasm—it was pretty well paid for. "Enthuse" is a marketable commodity with which this city is highly favored, demonstrating that in this enterprising burg you can secure for spot cash anything but honesty.

Imagin the thermometer at 115° and nine thousand people packed and panting for breath suffering all this in the auditorium building for the express purpose of hearing Colonel Ingersoll make the Gresham nominating speech; then to add to their discomfort—to pile Ossa upon Pelion, as it were—the speech was made by our townsman with the suggestiv name of Swett.

After a tour of the grand Pacific, where the political magnates were as plentiful as toads after a shower, an observer could easily detect where the great high prince of orators, the man of matchless eloquence of our time and of all time, was located, by the stream of people anxious to grasp his hand, to see his charming wife, to behold his beautiful and accomplished daughters. Some committee came to invite him to speak at Central Music Hall that evening; he declined, but nevertheless he was advertised.

A dense throng are present; other speakers are introduced. The audience tire of everything and demand "Ingersoll!" "Ingersoll!" A brief letter is read from him showing that he will not be present, and, although good music is furnished, the house is stampeded. This just shows who has touched the popular heart beyond the Liberal field and outside the influence of treacherous politicians. But because the intellectual Titan will not bend to the beck of a Jay Gould, and has not seen fit to shout for the Old Man over the sea, certain little prigs of the press are anxious to make it appear that Colonel Ingersoll had lost his influence. In every movement during this momentous week, the nervousness of the Blaine managers was quite apparent as to what Ingersoll might do, which was an acknowledgment of the power they feared. Several times the convention desired to hear him, when the chairman managed to hav a committee report. Finally Friday night the demand was imperativ, and the colonel made an open, manly declaration in favor of the friend of the people, General Gresham. Oh! but that was awfully improper!

"CHURCH AND STATE."

Under the above caption, the *Labor Enquirer* of this city—a paper which fearlessly attacks the Jesuitry of Powderly—has a bold and philosophical editorial, which shows that one labor editor dares to speak the truth on theological questions. It says:

Slowly but surely priestcraft and capitalism are gaining absolute control of the state. In other lands and in former times the church maintained its ascendency in the name of religion; in our country and to-day it seeks to control the state in the name of morality. The priests in all ages represent that paternal tyranny whose central idea is that the people must be ruled. They know not what is the proper thing to believe, and the clergy must teach them—that is religion; they know not how to behave, and the clergy must teach them—that is morality. But these priests hav never been able by virtue of the beauty, or reasonableness, or usefulness of their teachings to persuade any people to their acceptance; hence they always form alliances with the state to enforce compliance with their notions. These preachers hav one-seventh of the time of the people, besides controling directly or indirectly all their educational institutions and literature, and yet merely as preachers they hav very little influence over the conduct or faith of the people.

Were it not for the fact that capitalism needs the repressiv and dextrous despotism of the church, the clergy might go begging, and the sacred altars of Jesu would be as desolate as the sacred altars of Jupiter. The clergy of every nation and clime hav sided with wealth, conservatism, and tyranny. They dominated every state in Europe till they were forcibly hurled from power, and, as a general thing, compelled to rank second instead of first in civil affairs. In our own country they were excluded by the Constitution, but in the century that has elapsed since that time they hav made themselvs felt in a thousand ways, till now they are not only audacious, but clamorous.

Last Sunday was a big day for priestcraft in Chicago. At present the saloon is the scapegoat that bears the sins of civilization. As in former days the easy explanation of everything that existed or happened was to say God made it, God did it, so now every evil thing we find in society is explained by pointing to the saloon. Chicago is in a bad way—very bad, and the preachers gathered in force on the day in question and shook out rotund ecclesiastical thunder. Capitalism and the capitalistic press nobly seconded the priestly aspirants for power, and the priests shaped their florid fulminations so as to make them seem an echo of a popular demand.

"No saloon within two hundred feet of a church or schoolhouse." For years it has been the practice of the clericals to speak of church and school-house in one breath—and in this they hav shown splendid diplomacy. The American people hav become accustomed to this dual presentation, and he would be a very poor stump-speaker that didn't seek to make a point by saying something about church and school-house. Chicago preachers made a ten-strike when they got the council to talk about the church and school-house standing on an equal footing. The school is a state institution jealously guarded by the people—the one institution that is honored, revered, and loved without distinction of party. Now, to get a church, the mere brick and mortar, the same recognition on some popular issue as is given the school-house, is a big triumph for the clergy, and another long step toward church-and-stateism.

Several steps hav already been taken. All sorts of chaplaincies, from the chaplain that prays for Congress at $10 a pray, to the chap that prays before a political convention in expectancy; the exemption of church property from taxation; the exemption of clergymen from various civic duties. These are steps already taken, but they are short ones compared with the majestic spring for which the Chicago clergy are now in training. If the church is so like a school-house, and so unlike a photograph gallery, that it must hav the same kind of legislation as a school-house and a different kind from a photograph gallery, it not only stands on a different legal footing from the gallery, but on the same footing as a schoolhouse. Indeed, it does that already—neither church nor school-house pays taxes—the gallery does. The photographer is not allowed to work on Sunday—that is the particular day on which the preacher earns his salary. The gallery must be closed on Sunday—the church runs wide open. Yet theoretically there is no church-and-stateism in this country, and the Constitution knows no distinction between a cathedral and a butcher shop, or between a preacher and a cab-driver.

Under the pressure of the united howl from the capitalistic press, kid-gloved respectability, and the preachers, the council may make the concession demanded—then look out!

The saloon answers the same purpose in the program of the preachers that the bloody shirt did the pious Union-saving politicians for twenty years after the war. This clerical movement is at present on the combination plan. It is a sort of preachers' trust, in which Catholic bishops, Episcopal bishops, Methodist bishops, and all manner of dissentient, discordant, and even antagonistic isms, "pool their issues," and strike for the coveted prize of state recognition, and later—well, they will see us later on.

The preachers, of whatever name, are the allies of capital and conservatism. They are subsidized by wealth just as the press is, and are steadily marching to power. When they reach the goal, American liberty will be a thing of the past.

How near that goal are we? Only the thin line of skirmishers of the American Secular Union hav up to the present moment resisted this destruction of American Liberty. No church in our state, is the new Declaration of Independence. With that we will yet stand firm on the threshold of freedom if—if you, reader, will but do your duty.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

The Real Devil, and the Only Savior.

Is there a devil? Yes! It is vain to deny it. Alas! its accursed power is everywhere, all too plainly manifest. On every side we see hypocrisy, cruelty, crime; our hearts are daily saddened, sickened, at the sight of piteous deformity, horrible suffering, premature death—all hideous evidences of the actual existence of the mighty power of the dread enemy of mankind. The real devil—not the silly myth, with glaring eyes, horns, hoofs, and forked caudal appendage engraved as frontispiece of our grandmother's family Bible; not the childish fable of Christianity—but the dread present-existing reality, the author and founder of superstition and priestcraft. The inciter of the horrors of the Inquisition, the prompter of the clergy in their constant efforts to padlock the minds of men, and fill the hearts of gentle women and innocent children with a spirit of hate and persecution. The devil of devils; the father, the mother, the author of the existence of all the devilish devils ever by the devilish cunning of priestcraft conceived. The devil Ignorance! A devil personified in the credulous many, and kept in existence by the cunning of the clergy, who hav always sought to rule the masses by their fears, rather than guide them through their love.

A monstrous, all-powerful devil. One who never yet went about as "a roaring lion"—no, but like a slimy, cowardly, treacherous snake, a boa-constrictor, wriggling along till it succeeds in enveloping in its cruel folds the glorious truth, and in the fierceness of its malice crushes it into repulsiv mutilation in its sinuous writhings, casting its evil, mesmeric glamor over its poor victims till they become stupefied, and then with its remorseless fangs injecting its deadly poison.

Yes, we hav, indeed, a mighty devil to contend with.

But while we deplore the existence of this monster of evil, this devil, Ignorance, we rejoice in the sure knowledge of a savior, a redeemer—not the mythical, silly nursery myth, "Jack the Giant-killer"—not the Jew born without a father, who poured out his blood on Calvary's cross, after "he was dead already," but a real savior who is ready, able, willing to save us, to redeem us from the power of our great adversary.

We hav the accursed devil, Ignorance, but we also hav the grand and glorious savior—the Liberal printing-press, the mighty redeemer that is destroying the devil, Ignorance, and all his works, with bright facts driving out all dark delusions, dispelling pious frauds, and destroying priestly prestige and reverence for pious myths and fables.

No longer need we be affrighted or appalled by the power of the devil Ignorance, filling the whole earth and constantly seeking the degradation and brutalizing of mankind. Our savior is mighty to save. The Liberal press shall destroy the devil Ignorance. The glorious day is dawning; the long, dark gloom of night is pierced by the bright rays of the sun of reason, and the light of truth dispels the mist of ignorance. All hail! the Liberal printing-press, the friend of science, the protector of liberty, the true savior of mankind!

Reader! what are you doing toward proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to your friends and neighbors down in the dark dungeons of superstition, manacled by the chains of priestcraft; starving, their only food the putrid old husks of faith; poisoned by the horrible miasma of fanaticism and bigotry, groping blindly in the cells of the demon Ignorance?

Oh! hav pity! Hav pity! Will you not help them? Never was there greater need or grander opportunity to prove the sincerity of your devotion to the ennobling principles of Liberalism! "Secure your own happiness by promoting that of others." Your friends and neighbors need the glad tidings of salvation, so ably presented each week in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

By securing new subscribers you greatly promote human happiness, and spread the glad tidings of the gospel of humanity, and help the true savior destroy the only devil.

The paper needs your help, needs it now. It suffers for want of the funds that would result from increase of circulation. Your friends and neighbors need the paper. Up! then, and to work at once. No time like the present. Now, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation!

Save the editor and publishers from anxiety and worry. Save your friends and neighbors from the devil Ignorance. Save yourself from rotting with inertia and indifference. Make earnest, persistent effort. Take no ease till this duty is done and you hav sent cash to the office for at least one new subscriber. Do it! and your joy shall be prodigious. The editor shall smile and write with renewed vigor. The publishers shall wax fat with gladness; the sub-

scriber, his family and friends, bless you, and you become exultant on having defeated the devil and aided the one, true, real savior. C. B. REYNOLDS.

N. B. If securing the first three or four subscribers should not produce the full effect, persevere, try doubling the number; it takes more in case of chronic inertia. But persistence invariably insures the promised effects. C. B. R.

Capt. Adams and His Father.

I am delighted with Robt. C. Adams's article on "The Principles of Freedom in Trade" in this week's TRUTH SEEKER; it is clearly seen and cogently stated truth throughout. Many years ago, when his distinguished father, Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, with his family, used to come to stay on Princeton Heights summers, I lay under apple-trees and talked "religion" with the boys (then orthodox myself), and am right glad that this one has not only become a brilliant heretic, theologically, but also faces toward Liberty in politico-economic morals. Free thought leads to free trade and all the other freedoms. It is rather late to try to defend slavery as a "protectiv" benefit to labor and business. Yet so subtle is the tariff swindle that many otherwise intelligent people really think it helps working people and business men; whereas it invades and plunders all except a few "protected" monopolists.

How so bright, honest, and truly able a man as T. B. Wakeman can favor the tariff fraud I cannot see, —unless it is caused by his irrational deference to materialized appearance rather than to essential facts; his supposition that majority despotism, coerciv government resting on compulsiv taxation, is either right or necessary. Aug. 1, 1878, he came over to Faneuil Hall, Boston, when I was in Dedham jail, and made a magnificent plea for free speech—probably the ablest legal defense of it yet made. But when he touches labor, trade, money, temperance, Mr. Wakeman favors interference, invasion, robbery. "Protection," greenbackism, state Socialism, are simply Comstockism made to cover all matters except "obscenity."

I always read, with interest, everything Capt. Adams writes, and hope we shall hear from him again on free trade in your catholic columns. His father was one of the ablest and most devout of New England divines. I am glad indeed that THE TRUTH SEEKER welcomes expression of opinion in so many reform issues. If he still, personally, livs, Stephen Pearl Andrews, the Pantarch, is unquestionably pleased with your drift and purpose. Anyway, you are carrying forward his noble work.

Princeton, Mass., June 26th. E. H. HEYWOOD.

Professor Leahy About Mr. Walser.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I beg a small space in your valuable columns to set your readers right on the statements made by G. H. Walser in your issue of June 16th.

The sarcastic manner in which Mr. Walser speaks of me as "this noble-minded youth," "exemplar of mental ability and moral worth," "young Leahy," etc., is sufficient to demonstrate to your readers the want of a tenable position in this matter on his part. For two years Mr. Walser exhausted the English language on every possible opportunity to speak my praise for "mental ability and moral worth," and now he resorts to the above.

The intimation that I had anything to do with the writing of the "anonymous" article to which he refers is maliciously false. It was as much a surprise to me as it could hav been to him. I had previously told Mr. Walser that my hands were clean, my record clear, and that what I had to say I would say to his face or put my name to it. For two years he has lauded the Freethought University as a great enterprise, a glorious institution, and now he speaks of it as an insignificant affair. He says I hav induced three non-resident students to attend. In this he has given three-sixteenths of the truth. I wish he had done as well in his other statements. The university roll of students will show sixteen non-resident students from the states of Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, California, and Indian Territory.

He states that "fourteen of the seventeen of the board of managers" doubted my fitness to preside over the destinies of the students. Now, Mr. Editor, there was but one member, besides Mr. Walser, of the board of managers that has controled the institution for the last two years, who was opposed to me. That board was composed of men who were stockholders and had sons and daughters in the school. The one member who "doubted" me was D. P. Greeley, for years popularly known in Liberal as "Walser's caudal appendage," and, until Walser "doubted my fitness," the "caudal appendage" was my warmest supporter—in whichever way Walser turns the tail wags.

How about this "fourteen of the seventeen?" First, they were this new board, composed intentionally of non-stockholders and enemies to the institution; second, there were not fourteen of the seventeen. Five of that board were warm supporters of me. Further, the enemies on that board were about all the enemies that I hav in the state of Missouri. Nine-tenths of the people of Liberal are my firm friends and supporters, and if Mr. Walser can read the condition of affairs, he knows that his attitude in this matter has seriously lowered him in the estimation of the people of Liberal.

As for his eulogy of Mr. Bigelow, I care nothing, but will drop a word that readers may know what Mr. Walser means by being found "in the front ranks of Liberalism—that Liberalism that is calculated to elevate humanity." Mr. Bigelow is especially noted for his opposition to progress and civilization, "because the savage is happier than the civilized man;" for his opposition to higher education, because "college-bred men are dudes," and "great men like Lincoln do not need a college education." He is also conspicuous for the tobacco dribbles that at all times cover his long white beard, and for spending a good share of his time at the card-tables in Liberal, a place where I was never seen. But this was preferable to my "scholarly polish and pronounced teachings on temperance." I opposed Prohibition. Mr. Bigelow may hav taught a country school forty or fifty years ago, but he does not use the English language as well as the ordinary twelve-year-old boy in our public schools of to-day.

These statements are not made from any desire to attack Mr. Bigelow, but in self-defense against Mr. Walser's smooth tongue. Mr. Bigelow is a good-hearted old man, but he is a hundred years behind the times, and to elect him chairman of a board of managers of a university is a most damnable farce, and though Mr. Walser may try to smooth it over as much as he pleases, the people of Liberal, and the Liberals of the country, know him too well.

And now, dear Mr. Editor, I wish to thank you for granting me this space in your columns, especially since you hav already given considerable space to this subject.

I shall not again take the time to reply to an article in which I am alluded to by such epithets as Mr. Walser used in his article. M. D. LEAHY.

Liberal, Mo., June 20, 1888.

"Hav Women No Souls?"

Editor Express: In your Sunday's issue, of June 3d, I read a letter from a woman in Illinois condemning the action of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in regard to excluding women delegates. Her views meet my idea of it exactly. In reading the proceedings of the conference I felt so indignant that I was strongly tempted to withdraw from the church, when, lo and behold, according to the ruling of the conference, I am not a member.

I hav spent over fifty-eight years working with and for this church. I hav not only made pin-cushions, but sweltered over a hot cook-stove, baking cake, cooking oysters, and making coffee for festivals, gotten up by the women at the suggestions of the preachers, to raise money to buy organs to furnish the church—to pay the deficiencies in the minister's salary; and now these ministers make long and loud speeches to prove that women are not members of the church.

What are we? Hav women no souls? I thought I was in the church. I hav spent my whole life and means and influence in serving the Methodist Episcopal church, and now, nearly at the end of life, I find myself ruled out by the action of this great body of holy men. A WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* The foregoing communication appears in the San Antonio daily *Express* of this morning. Your correspondent would like to answer the interrogatory as given in the headline of this note at length, but, after reflection, finds that it would involve psychological and even metaphysical questions, hence the response will naturally be brief.

Theological philosophy tells or teaches us that "man is possessed or animated" by a "living soul;" that the human body furnishes the visible tools for five variously constituted qualifications called the five senses. Query: Where is this soul, if the tools, *i. e.*, the physical components of the human body, are stiff and cold in death?

We will consult the modern or revised Bible, a copy of which is before me—and it is a daisy. According to it "man" was made (Gen. i, 27) "male and female." Then (Gen. ii, 2) "God ended his work." He must hav been tinkering and patching on the original even on the Sabbath morning. According to Gen. ii, 7, "man" is again made of dust and receives by the breath of the Lord into his nostrils a living soul.

Now, notwithstanding the omniscience of the Lord, he discovered that it was not good for man to be alone, and here the "rib" transaction comes in (see Gen. ii, 18–22). This woman from the newly made sample of humanity was treated stepfatherly, for it is not recorded that a living soul was blown into her by the breath of the Lord, and here comes the answer to "A Woman" that a woman has no soul!

It might be a good suggestion to publish a cheap edition of Miss Gardener's "Men, Women, and Gods" for distribution broadcast over the land into the hands of every woman to read. This would do more toward the emancipation of the sex from ancient and modern degradation of women generally from the adhering to a false code of morals for which inspiration is claimed—a wrong conception of the same as inculcated by a lazy set of men (?), ignorant, arrogant, and impetuous—nay, even tyrannical—in the enforcement of their (mal) administration of their narrow-minded definition of religion.

In connection with the foregoing, I furnish you with a short paragraph, translated from a German historical novel, which may teach a lesson to many narrow-minded men who belong to the same class of ignorant would-be divines in their self-constituted arrogance and pharisaic haughtiness. It is from the second chapter of "Fuerst und Musiker," by Max Ring:

The heart of a woman is for the majority of men a book of seven seals, an indefinable, closely veiled, and indescribable kind of book, full of never yet explained characters and mystic hieroglyphics. Even the closest observers get disappointed, and discover only too often that they made a painful mistake. We explore earth and heaven, calculate the course of the stars, measure the depths of the seas, discover the secrets of nature, but we neglect the most important for our happiness, most necessary science, the study of woman—the knowledge of her feelings and passions, her apparent moods and often changing humors, behind which the greatest dangers for her and us are hidden. We complain of her weakness and faithlessness, instead of accusing our own ignorance and blindness.

San Antonio, Tex., June 8, 1888. ARMINIUS.

"Scholars of Infidel Color."

Before the list of "Scholars of Infidel Color" goes out to the public at large, I think it is meet that the long and honored list of names of men, as quoted in last TRUTH SEEKER, should be prefaced by the names of women—the mothers of men, the formers of men, and sure to be, in time, the leaders of men.

One among these woman workers whose influence has been world-wide, and always for the highest and best, is Frances Wright; and another who equals, if not excels, her is Harriet Martineau. Then there are George Eliot, George Sand, Madam Roland, Lucretia Mott, and so many hundred living working scholars of the same Liberal school of thinkers that the pen fairly reels at the task of attempting to enumerate them.

First and foremost among the latter is Ernestine L. Rose, a beautiful woman with a beautiful record of beautiful works.

The reason why these noble women hav not written long lists of scientific and scholarly works is because, like the ox and the ass, they hav been enumerated by men among their possessions—goods and chattels—and men hav claimed their time, brains, and very selfhood.

The few women who hav a record hav won it despite man's power and supremacy. Men hav been the religious and political leaders, the historians and publishers, and, above all, the property-holders, and whatever woman has produced has been usurped to add to man's power and glory.

Mothers hav made idols of their sons and crowned them with the richest fruits of heart and brain.

All George Washington was he owed to his mother, and yet posterity hardly knows the name of that wise, good, and self-abnegating mother.

The old adage claims that home is the sphere of woman—and often a little hades instead of a real home is that sphere to her.

But the time is near at hand when she will own herself, and be no more tied at home than is her brother, man.

Whatever is right and proper for a man to see, do, or say, will hereafter be right and proper for a woman to see, do, or say.

Equal chances for education and improvement will be the right of each sex.

Woman has helped educate man into power and domination, and now she must do her share toward educating him out of it.

She must expel this historic supremacy and teach liberty, equality, and fraternity, if not maternity—for, as Socrates says,

Woman once made equal to man becomes his superior.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

Snowville, Va., June 19, 288.

Science and the Southern Presbyterians.

From Life.

The Southern Presbyterian general assembly has relegated Darwin to the humiliating insignificance of an exposed pretender, and stamped "The Origin of Species" as a mere scientific charlatanry. The presbytery, led by the Rev. Dr. Smoot, last week recorded itself thus, in Baltimore: "Now, therefore, it is the judgment of this general assembly that Adam's body was directly fashioned by almighty God of the dust of the ground, without any natural animal parentage of any kind. The wisdom of God prompted him to reveal the fact, while the inscrutable mode of his action therein he has not revealed." It is very pleasant for men who do not hav time to study scientific questions to hav a body like the general assembly look into the matter and decide things for them, and—but, come to look things over, we do not find that there were any men of recognized scientific attainments among the delegates in Baltimore, and we are reasonably sure that Dr. Smoot is not known to students of science. Can it be possible that the assembly adopted this resolution without investigating the Darwinian theory?

We trust not. We hav no doubt, however, that a great many of the delegates to the assembly were inclined to ridicule the Rev. Mr. Jasper, of Atlanta, when that eminent theologian put to rout the pretenses of all scientific astronomers from the time of Galileo to the present, by his discovery that it was the sun that moved while the earth stood still.

Communications.

The Spirits Once More, and Finally.

I did not intend to write any more about spirit manifestations, but shall I allow my wife to hav the last word? She has described a dark-circle séance which I did not attend, and has added something about another light-circle which I did attend. So let me tell a little more about it.

My brother and his wife went with us. I was again selected as a sitter. Between me and the medium was a lady. The usual performances were repeated. The guitar came upon my lap and was played upon, while I held the lady's right hand, and she said that Mr. Keeler never let go her left arm with his two hands. The instrument was carried back of the curtain by invisible hands under our chairs, and there it was held up in sight by the same occult power. It struck me hard blows on my head. Some feared it would hurt me, but I said, "No, my head can stand it if the guitar can." The tambourine also gave me a whack. I wonder how George Christy came to know that I hav a hard head!

Pretty soon Mr. Keeler's vest came off, and, as before, all buttoned up. But this time it had his watch and chain attached, and, instead of being thrown out on the floor, it came sliding down the curtained lap of the lady sitter. A few moments later Mr. Keeler's coat came flying from the inclosure behind us.

A change of sitters was now made, and when Mr. Keeler was uncovered he was without coat or vest.

My brother was now chosen by the spirit guide as the next male sitter. Between him and the medium was a lady. My brother was punched and whacked as I was. A hand came over his left shoulder, and he took hold of it through the cloth. He said it felt warm and was as real as a material hand could be.

And now messages began to be written behind the curtain. At first they were merry salutations. One was, "Hello, Burr." A few hands were exhibited. I distinctly saw a small one come out from the curtain close to the face of the lady sitter. She told us she had recently lost a daughter, eleven years old.

My wife got two significant messages, as described in last week's TRUTH SEEKER. Her sister, who came for the first time, and was unknown to all present except ourselvs, got a message written by a spirit hand before her eyes. It was signed with the initials of her father. I got one from my brother David, saying, "Will giv you more wonderful manifestations soon." Mine came from behind the curtain, but I saw the hand that wrote for my wife's sister on a tablet held by her on a tray in front of the curtain.

The spirit guide was asked to rap the number of persons present. There were twenty loud and distinct raps—the exact number.

And now I must say something more about the dark circles. We went to another. Capt. Wash. Emmons (not Eames, as first printed) was there, as usual. He is the only spirit that can speak quite loud, and he is not able to talk when he gets a few feet from the curtain. He says he lived on the dividing line of the township, between Kennebunk and Biddeford, Me., and that he used to vote in both towns. His first vote, he says, was cast for Hayes and Wheeler—that is, he put in two votes. And if Blaine would be the nominee this year, Wash. would like to put in two votes for him.

The lady who led the singing apologized for not being in good voice, and not being well supported. "Yes," said Wash, "it wasn't very unanimous."

My wife's father and mother appeared again. He was able to whisper his name. My wife's sister (not the one who went to the previous light circle) went up and recognized her father. The mother could not perfectly materialize. She whispered to my wife and said, "I did not expect *her* to come here"—meaning her other daughter.

A colored woman clothed in white came out and danced in plantation style. At one time there were two spirit forms visible, a young son and young daughter of a lady present, who went up and conversed with both.

This was expected to be the last of Mr. Keeler's dark circles prior to his leaving Washington for the summer. But a gentleman wanted another with Mr. Keeler and his wife as mediums, hoping for better manifestations with the two. There were thirty-eight persons in attendance. The folding-doors were opened to make more room, and the curtain was drawn across the front corner of the parlor.

I cannot say that the results were any more satisfactory than when Mr. Keeler was the only medium behind the curtain. My sister came covered with white drapery and a veil, and she could only whisper a few words. My wife's sister "Caddy" came, but did not giv any further test of identity. The colored woman appeared and danced to lively music. I was the nearest man, and she held out her hand to me to join in the dance. The hand was large. I could not refuse to dance with her, but was glad it was so dark that the company could not see what a poor performer I was. My wife noticed that she had white stockings. Mr. Keeler wore black ones, and I am sure the hands and figure of that "spirit" were not those of the delicate and beautiful Mrs. Keeler. The features I could not distinguish.

Captain Wash. Emmons had much to say. Since the withdrawal of Blaine is going to cause the defeat of the Republican party, Wash. would like to cast two votes for the Prohibition candidate, Fisk.

Most of the materializations were recognized, and at one time there were three figures visible. I noticed that the spirit of a young man who had appeared at a former séance and was recognized by his father and other friends, was not so tall as before by some two or three inches. This I afterward mentioned to the father, and he said that when his son first appeared he was quite short, but now he generally stood six feet two inches, as in life. But the features were always the same. And one thing is attested not only by the father, but by my wife and others on this occasion, to wit: when the figure disappeared it sank down as if through the floor, so that at last only the head appeared at the father's feet. This is a frequent thing, though generally the figure seems to retreat behind the curtain. Sometimes it vanishes with a loud noise.

It seems an utter impossibility for all these phenomena to be produced by Mr. Keeler and his wife. They went into the inclosure in ordinary dress before us all. She had a bunch of natural flowers pinned to her bosom, and at the end of the séance those flowers were undisturbed. The curtains were open to inspection before and after the séance. When Mr. Keeler's coat was off, as so frequently happens at the light-circle séances, we noticed that he had an elastic attachment to his shirt-sleeves to keep the wristbands back. But Captain Wash. Emmons, who always appears without a coat, had no such attachment to his shirt-sleeves. In short, we hav raised every conceivable doubt about the spirits at the dark circles, and yet none of us can believe that we are deceived by the mediums. Furthermore, we are all so certain that there can be no possible deception in the slate-writing, or in the partial materializations at the light circles, that we are almost precluded from accounting for these full materializations on the hypothesis of fraud.

I hav conversed with many about the manifestations, and hav yet to find one who thinks there is any fraud or deception in the slate-writing or the phenomena exhibited at the light circles. How these can be accounted for except on the hypothesis of another life, I am unable to conceive.

But then the question is propounded, If our life is never to end, had it ever a beginning? I once put this question to Stephen Pearl Andrews, and his answer was something like this:

A prince became discontented with his condition, and went secretly to sea as a sailor. After two years he returned and again entered court life. May not spirit life be a change something like that? May we not, in the spirit world, be able to look back through the eternal vista of our past existence, until we are tired of the contemplation and want once more to enter earth life where there is no remembrance of the past! In that way may we not hav lived an infinit number of planetary lives, which we remember only when in the spirit sphere?

But there are other and perhaps more difficult questions involved in the hypothesis of another life, which I forbear to propound. That there are many frauds in the exhibitions of spirit phenomena I freely admit. I myself hav detected and exposed them. And yet, though indignant at the deception, I am constrained sometimes to giv the medium the benefit of a doubt, by imputing the fraud to a mischievous spirit. Never, since my first acquaintance with the phenomena, now nearly forty years ago, hav I doubted that some of the manifestations are genuin; and but for such evidence as this, I think I should be disposed to believe that death is an eternal sleep.

Washington, D. C., June 10, 1888. W. H. BURR.

Free Trade Did Not Cause the Revolution.

It was caused by an exorbitant tax, like the present tariff.

I desire to answer Mr. J. R. Perry's article of June 16th. Mr. Perry refers to a call for a convention at Annapolis, Md., June 29, 1769. Why was this convention called? Was it because of free trade? His article states that it was from the fact that the colonists were compelled to pay a tax of from 120 to 150 per cent on goods imported from the mother country. And Mr. Perry would hav us believe it was free trade that caused the Revolution with a 150 per cent tax on imported goods! It cannot be possible that Mr. Perry is a fool, but he must consider all others fools to swallow such demagogism! I propose to giv Mr. Perry my own situation—"just as I am, without one plea." I am a photographer; hav worked at that business for fifteen years. Last fall I purchased a bill of 5,000 cabinet mounts of a Philadelphia manufacturer at $12 per thousand. This spring through an importer I purchased 5,000 of the same grade of cards from a German manufacturer. The bills were the same; were the goods alike? Yes, to all outside appearances, but when torn apart the home-manufactured card was of a coarse, unfinished pulp, while the imported one was of fine fiber and compactly pressed. Now, Mr. Perry, I paid $27 import duty on the German cards and $33 for the 5,000 cards, making $60. I did not pay any import duty on the Philadelphia cards stock, but I paid $60 for them all the same. I hav a lens that cost $125, the duty on which was $56.25. I hav another lens that cost $60, the duty being $27. I hav still another lens that cost $25, the duty being $11.25. During the last fiscal year I hav purchased four reams of photograph paper, the duty on which was $57.60; thirty-one boxes glass (at $4 per box), $124; duty 78 per cent.

Oh, how I do love the tariff! I state further that I hav footed up the cost to myself of the tariff per year at $960. No government on the face of the earth would dare levy a direct tax on a business of about $4,000 per annum in that amount. My entire property would not bring under the hammer $2,000; yet, I am compelled to pay yearly almost the half of what I am worth to support the most damnable vampire system of robbery the world has ever known. Nine years since (1879), I purchased the property on which I now liv (stay) and gave a mortgage of $800 on it! To-day I still owe $700, not having been able to pay a dollar—a dollar—except the interest, for eight years. Oh! but I do love the tariff—that bleeds me of $960 every year!

Now, Mr. Perry, I want to say one more word to you. I and my workmen earn this $960. Has any reprobate on the face of the earth a right to deprive me of it? Has any reprobate, government, autocrat, or power of whatsoever nature the moral right to force me to contribute to their personal aggrandizement to my personal discomfiture and loss?

Oh, I do so love the tariff—that iniquity, born of a necessity, I admit, but perpetuated through the most damnable demagogry and unholy alliances imaginable! SANFORD.

PROTECTION MAY CAUSE ONE.

I would like the privilege of making a few comments on the tariff article in last week's issue, written by J. R. Perry. I receive the impression that he is half conscious that he is on the wrong side of that question; and surely if a Liberal he will soon outgrow his own arguments, for a man who can reason well enough to become a Liberal cannot long be a protectionist, as the idea is championed by the Republican party of to-day. The most of your readers are keen, unprejudiced reasoners, accustomed to discern false arguments, to penetrate at a glance all forms of pretense and efforts to deceive, and are in no need of long-drawn arguments to convince them that protection is a fraud, humbug, and an instrument of oppression in the hands of the few, against the many, second in its ruinous tendencies only to the gigantic evil of church rule and power.

But for the benefit of your correspondent and his sympathizers, I will call attention first to his assertion that it was against the principle of free trade that the colonies rebelled. I would ask him to reread his own explanation of that idea, and see if he cannot understand just the opposit, the fact of the case, which is that it was against protection, against not only the theory, but the attempt to put it in practice, that they rebelled. At that time England was in the hight of her fatuity. As an example and exponent of protection she was so bound up with the protection idea that she was not satisfied in applying it to all other countries, but attempted to apply it within the limits of the same common country—attempted to tax one section of the country for the benefit of another—it was protection carried to its last point, and in its effects showed the principle to be wrong. The colonies refused to be subject to such kind of protection, and rebelled. The result of that rebellion is the United States government. A long and hard war was waged against the very principle that is in practice in our country now—protection by taxation of the many for the benefit of the few, a principle so pernicious in its operation that unless soon abrogated it must lead to another rebellion. If your correspondent will carefully read the early history of this country, he will find the universal sentiment was against protection, and that such high rates of duties as we now hav never were thought of, not even when the present tariff was established as a measure of protection. And this leads me to the point where Mr. Perry laments the fact that free traders insist on calling the tariff a tax on the country, and poorer classes especially. Such is the fact; why should we not so declare it?

There is not a record to show that the tariff established during the late war was for the purpose of protection. Not an argument was made for the bill, when under discussion in Congress, on the ground that it was a measure of protection. The tariff was levied for the sole purpose of raising money by taxation—a tariff for revenue—to meet the expenses of the government—good free trade doctrin! Everybody expected it to be repealed when the war was over, but it was not; and soon the same law—the same tariff—levied as a tax measure, began to be

called a tariff for protection, and was dignified by receiving the misnomer, "American system;" and, by the adroit management of those men who were reaping millions through the operation of that law, many people began to look upon the tariff system as a great boon to the people.

That same class of men are trying to deceive the people to-day, and by crying, "Pauper labor," "American wages for American laborers," etc., they pull the wool over the eyes of the unthinking masses, and drive them to slaughter, while the masses think they are guiding themselvs to a haven of rest. The present tariff law was a tax measure, and the sooner the people and Mr. Perry realize that fact the better off they will be. In 1861 there was cause for the law, and now there is none. Let us repeal it.

Your correspondent takes up the refrain of the paid tariff-for-protection speech-maker, and gets worried over the idea that all the nations of the world where manufacturing is done are scheming to get control of our markets. That is a point of no importance, yet as a sample of the logic of the protectionists I call attention to it. The United States hav abandoned the markets of the world, through the tariff system now in vogue, and England does not hav to compete with us. With the world to trade in, without our competition, what sense is there in saying that England seeks to get control of our markets? She is better off as she is. "English competition" is a phrase tossed here and there as a scare-phrase to frighten the timid. It amounts to nothing. Your advocate of protection follows the well-beaten pathway, by smacking his lips, glancing timidly about, and with pomp and bravado declaring for "Home markets for home productions!" How a man not a pensioner of the tariff for protection can speak those words, signifying such a narrow plan—a plan that has brought grief to the country once, and unless abrogated will again—and not instantly distrust the system that enforces such a rule, is more than I can see. Mr. Perry has doubtless heard of overproduction in certain lines of goods; probably he remembers the panic of 1873, and heard much about overproduction. We did most certainly hav an overproduction. There was no market for our products, and in a land of plenty, both of money and goods, we beheld the strange and inconsistent sight of men and families suffering, starving for the necessities of life. These are matters not soon forgotten, but the advocate of protection dislikes to be referred to the fact that all this occurred under this beautiful "Home markets for home products" system; but, as it is fact, they will hav to stand it. Now, if we had not been hemmed in by tariff laws at that time, and had had an open world to trade in, the crisis of 1873 would hav been much less severe. "Home markets for home products" is the slimmest, flimsiest, most wishy-washy argument now employed by the servants of the monopolists—an argument that any school-boy would know how to refute. As a solution of the tariff problem—as a good explanation of the principle involved—I would recommend any protectionist to sit down and first figure out how a tariff law would work between his own town and the next adjoining town, then apply it to counties, then to states, then to nations, and if he does not see the folly and injustice of the principle, then I will giv up his case as hopeless. I hope Mr. Perry will do this, as well as read again the history of the cause of the American Revolution.

As between the two great political parties there is not much to choose, I admit. The Democratic party is fairly mortgaged to the pope of Rome, and is largely controled by the rum element in this part of the country; but it is no worse off than the Republican party, for that is catering to the pope, and hopes to win a bow from him occasionally, besides having the church power at home backing it up, and its leaders are generally selfish monopolists, who use the party to further their own ends at the expense of everything else.

The Democratic party is much freer from the monopolistic element, and is championing a great principle at the expense, perhaps, of defeat, and has for its standard-bearer, not a brilliant public actor—a man seeking merely to win applause—but an honest, straightforward American citizen—a man whom I feel can be trusted even to resist the encroachments of the papal power should it become dangerous to our government—a man who will do what he thinks right, even though his party would be ruined thereby—a man of principle; and, unless other issues of more importance arise, I should advise all Liberals to vote for Cleveland and Thurman. M. A. B.

Mr. Guild's Moderately Stated Opinions.

F. D. Owen, a Missouri medicin man, thinks it stupid to try to stop the evil of intemperance, and he pleads for it as a curativ and a food, disingenuously asking, Where did liquor ever do as much mischief as a single battle? charging me, in spite of all the Atheistic articles of mine that hav appeared before his eyes in THE TRUTH SEEKER for the last two years, with being full of salvation oil and steeped in gospel grace. Very well; if such things hav helped me to hate liquor, so much credit to them; giv me some more; salvation oil is immeasurably better than benzine damnation any time. If, as he says, the egg of Prohibition was laid in the pulpit, hatched by the church, and the chick fed and nourished by the Temperance Union, then so much the better for its fosterers, though I do not giv them all the credit. That is the way copperheads in the North talked about Abolitionism. True or false, slavery was abolished all the same; and now who stands highest in honest and intelligent eyes—Daniel Webster and his dough-faced pseudo-Democrats, who said, "We hate slavery as badly as you do, but what can we do about it?" or Abraham Lincoln and his sturdy soldiers, who found a way to do it to death? The fact is, the curse of intemperance has got to be removed, according to the progress of evolution in morals as elsewhere, and if by no other way, then by war, whether it be welcome or not. It will take something more than a school-boy, even a sheepskinned one, to know that the British premier is wrong when he says that intemperance is worse than war, famin, and pestilence, or to upset Ingersoll's averment that "alcohol is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crime, the mother of all abominations"—but perhaps Dr. Owen won't own that Colonel Ingersoll spoke with intelligence.

It is an oft-quoted saying that twelve men on the part of the South, full of wine, carried the first ordinance of secession, which was decided upon in a drunken caucus the night before. I am now out in the country, so cannot look up my author. This, though, I hav with me:

> The war of the Rebellion was really a whisky war! Yes, whisky caused the Rebellion! I was in the United States Congress preceding the war. It was whisky in the morning—the morning cocktail—a Congress of whisky-drinkers. Then whisky all day; whisky and gambling all night. Drink before Congress opened its morning session; drinks before it adjourned. Scarcely a committee room without its demijohn of whisky; and the clink of the glasses could be heard in the Capitol corridors. The fights, the angry speeches, were whisky. The atmosphere was redolent of whisky—nervous excitement seeking relief in whisky, and whisky aiding nervous excitement. Yes, the Rebellion was launched in whisky. If the French Assembly were to drink some morning one-half that consumed in one day by that Congress, France would declare war against Germany in twenty minutes.—*Gen. Daniel E. Sickles.*

I am a Prohibitionist because, when I vote, I want to vote the way I shot. I would be a Republican because the Republicans were all Unionists, but they are not all against liquor, the greatest cause and occasion of disunion, and whoever serves liquor is an enemy of his country, however unwittingly. Giv me a temperance pledge in place of a secession ordinance in support of slavery. I think a Prohibition chick on the liberty pole much more appropriate than a drunken buzzard. So far as the liquor and tobacco tax is concerned, the Prohibitionists are like the emperor of China—they do not wish for revenue gleaned from the vices of the people. The cry of gluttony is paltry. People must eat or die, and if they eat too much, or too fast, that is an error, to be sure; but drink intoxicant at all they need not. It is not a food; it is not even medicin; it is not life, but death. You may laugh at me for that, but ask T. B. Wakeman. He will tell you: "Now, this excretion of this fruit-sugar eating animal is alcohol. All the alcohol in the world comes from this animal in just this way, and in no other" (Hall's *Journal of Health*). Sir Charles Napier told his soldiers in India: "Don't drink. If you drink you are done for. You will be either invalided or die." Said Prince Leopold, duke of Albany: "Drink is the only terrible enemy England has to fear." And Balzac: "People dread cholera, but brandy is a worse plague."

You can giv me sneers at length, I own, but I challenge argument. I am prepared to fight it out on the Prohibition line, if it takes a thousand years.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

Does Religion Prolong Life?

Was the subject of a lecture delivered last Sunday morning by the Rev. Dr. Talmage, and of which a report is given in the *Morning Journal* of Monday, the 11th. Having read very carefully the report, I still fail to see that any of his arguments prove anything whatever in the affirmativ, therefore I venture a little criticism. Does religion prolong life? "Yes," says Talmage. But I answer, No. And in making the assertion the reverend preacher flatly contradicted himself. Hear him. He says, "It is high time that religion joined hands with medical science in attempting to improve human longevity." Now, in this statement lies the most damaging testimony it is possible for man to giv; for he practically admits that "medical science" can improve human longevity, but religion itself, pure and simple, utterly fails to do so. Yes, admits the preacher, science can improve human longevity—that science which the church has always hated, detested, ignored, slandered, and persecuted—that science which, when young, religion tried to strangle in the cradle. But now that science has become a mighty truth, now that she has blossomed forth in all her splendor, now that she and she alone has proclaimed the truth to the world, religion turns round and says, Let us shake hands and be friends. But that cannot be; their paths lie widely apart; they run diversely from each other. For science has to do with that which is open to our observation, which can be investigated, and requires proof of all it accepts to be true. On the other hand, religion has to do with that which can not be investigated, and believes that which it cannot prove to be true. Therefore the rise of the one must necessitate the downfall of the other. Which shall rise? I answer, Science. For science is truth, and truth must prevail; it will soar high on towering wing far above the reach of scorn, and sooner or later it must predominate over those who now abuse it. So far is religion from prolonging life that it has destroyed it willfully, and has led to human sacrifice; it has made life miserable, undesirable, and unendurable. How, then, does religion prolong life? When a poor wretch, weak in frame and incapable of taking his meed of subsistence from the world—when such an unfortunate sinks lower and lower, struggling in the battle of life, will religion bring him food to stay the cravings of his empty stomach? will it bring him flesh to his wasted limbs? blood to his empty veins, or quiet to his aching brain? Can it do this? If not, what is the use of it?

The preacher also said, "The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid." Probably so to the timid, the ignorant, the weak, and the unintellectual, but to the average educated mind, chlorine and carbolic acid odors more of the chemist's laboratory, while religion odors of inquisitions, swords, bayonets, and Bibles.

The preacher attempted to prove his position by stating, "That a man cares for his health as a positiv Christian duty." Does Mr. Talmage forget the text, "Take no thought for the morrow," or if any be sick, to call in the elders of the church instead of reverting to that medical science which Mr. Talmage is so anxious to join hands with? Besides, is it not a positiv Christian duty to hurry away from this world (so full of sin and crime) to another world, whose very existence they hav no positiv proof of, but where sin and crime are no more? Then, again, I ask, How does religion prolong life? Religion, said the preacher, was a friend of longevity, because it took the worry out of our temporalities; for, when a man became a genuin Christian, he made over to God not only his affections, but his family, his reputation, his business—everything. God tells him when to buy and when to sell. Only fancy God walking about on the stock exchange, whispering into a Christian man's ear respecting what he is to buy and what he is not to buy! If God thus helps a Christian man in his business, one can easily understand why it is so many Christians fail and turn bankrupt. Poor fools! they placed their trust in God; and what a poor manager he must hav been!

But if this theory be true, how can they tell us that God is impartial? Are there not thousands who pray to him every day for success in business matters, and yet what a few ever become successful! Now, if I were a Christian, I should regard this language of the reverend doctor's as the most blasphemous and diabolical outrage that was ever laid at the shrine of my divinity. However, the only way to account for it is that the audience must hav been made up very largely from stock brokers, and the preachers wanted to say something that might touch their hearts and pockets as well. Religion's bright side is at the head of the article, and toward the conclusion of his address the reverend gentleman attempted in some way to describe it.

He said: "Do you want reunion? There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair," etc. What a beautiful picture, and one well worthy of a Talmage! But is this bright scene to be enjoyed by all? I am afraid not, if the Christian doctrin be true. For, according to the teachings of this creed, heaven is to be the portion only of a favored few, while an eternity of horrible and hopeless misery awaits the vast majority of the human race. For nearly twenty centuries this dreadful belief has weighed like a nightmare on the minds of men. Who shall number the multitudes whose lives it has embittered, and whose parting moments it has filled with terror and despair? Religion's bright side, indeed! There is no bright; they are both dark, and it is, indeed, difficult to say which is the darker and more repulsiv of the two. I ask again, Where is religion's bright side? Echo answers, Where? In conclusion, I assert that religion does not prolong human life. I assert that it is immoral; and it is unjust; it is not above nature, but below it; it is not ethereal, but gross. Men are learning, however, though many of them in secrecy and stealth, to break their mental fetters, and very soon our posterity will gaze back with astonishment at the hideous nightmare which has appalled and oppressed so many of their ancestors.

JOHN R. CHARLESNORTH.

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New York City's Worldliness.

The *Evening Post* has been inquiring into the religious status of this great city, and the result of the gathered statistics is not at all satisfactory to any Protestant denomination but the Episcopalian. That sect alone shows gains in membership commensurate with the gain in population.

The addition to the number of our inhabitants for the decade from 1880 to 1890 will probably equal 400,000. Allowing, then, for an addition of 200,000 during the last five years, or 15.38 per cent, it appears that the increase in the combined Protestant denominations in the same period has been only 13.03 per cent, or, in actual numbers, about 10,000 merely. The showing would be very much worse for the churches were it not for the extraordinary growth of the Episcopalians, who hav gained nearly one-third, or 31.74 per cent. Leaving the Episcopal church out, the rest of the denominations hav gained only 3.12 per cent, as against a gain of nearly five times as much in population. The *Post's* figures are:

	1872	1882	1887
Episcopal	19,650	25,733	33,903
Presbyterian	18,773	21,520	23,016
Methodist	11,507	12,856	12,981
Baptist	11,513	13,027	13,687
Reformed	5,568	6,869	7,281
Congregational	929	2,449	2,315
Totals	67,940	82,454	93,183

So far as the minor sects, the Universalists, Unitarians, Friends, Swedenborgians, etc., are concerned, the *Post* says, the case may be summed up by saying that none of them are as strong to-day as they were five years ago. The Lutheran church, with considerable accessions by immigration, barely manages to hold its own.

The result of the *Post's* labors, therefore, is the knowledge that here in New York city no Protestant denomination is holding its own except the Episcopalian. Catholicism is, of course, gaining largely by immigration and by natural increase of the resident Catholics, who multiply and replenish the earth in frequency proportioned to their ignorance. The result is seen in our reformatories, penitentiaries, and workhouses; and the state and country and city are constantly asked to increase their annual donations to Roman Catholic charitable institutions.

One vital and interesting point the *Post* fails to find among the church statistics it has overhauled, and that is whether the increase of any denomination is due to conversions from Infidelity, or is subtracted from other denominations, and due, therefore, to "superior attractions." "What we would like to know," says the *Post*, "is whether the Episcopal church is invading the territory of the Infidel, or is only gathering to itself the sheep brought into the Christian fold by the shepherds of other denominations. In other words, does its large increase represent a substantial growth of Christianity, or only an enlargement of a particular kind of denominationalism." The *Post* can find only one satisfactory reason for the growth of Episcopalianism, however, and that is "undoubtedly its latitudinarianism. On the one hand, it permits declarations that would cause no surprise if they emanated from a Unitarian pulpit, and on the other it tolerates practices that would be heartily commended by the Propaganda of Rome. This opens a wide field for personal initiativ, guarantees an activ ministry, and is undoubtedly a source of numerical strength."

This is perhaps true. A great many people attend the Episcopal churches who are much more heretical as regards belief in creeds than the attendants upon other Protestant places of worship, such as the Baptist, Congregational, or Methodist. This, too, in spite of the ritualistic tendency of many Episcopalian rectors. Outward form is the desire and religion of thousands of so-called Christians. They are the scribes and Pharisees whom Jesus described as paying tithe of mint and cummin and neglecting the weightier matters of law and faith. Episcopalianism is fashionable, and the church makes its inroads upon other denominations by offering a service that is more attractiv to lovers of form and show, and preaching sermons less repellent to those who hav renounced the main doctrins of Christianity and accepted the statements of science. The Dixes, uncle and nephew, stand for the reactionary element, while Heber Newton may be classed among the latitudinarians.

There is perhaps another reason. The intellectual spirit of New York is heretical, and that spirit has induced great numbers of people, both in and out of the sects, to abandon the church to the nursery; while it has induced others to draw closer to the standard of orthodoxy. These latter individuals would naturally drift to Episcopalianism. Under the flowing folds of the rector's surplice they can tuck their heads and rest their little minds from the turmoil stirred up by the scientists and philosophers, who hav disturbed the foundations of Christianity by their inconvenient discoveries and speculations. The service is stereotyped, the preachers possess ample stocks of platitudes for their sermons, and there is absolutely no mentality required in worshiping in one of their churches. Anybody who can read can be an Episcopalian.

It is rather surprising, though, to find that out of a population of a million and a half less than one hundred thousand are members of Protestant churches. It shows that, apart from the Catholics, the people of New York are an exceedingly worldly lot. And another, but less surprising, fact is that the criminal population comes from the Catholics, the most orthodox sect of all.

The Brazilian Emancipation of Slaves.

There is great rejoicing among the Brazilians over the abolition of slavery in the empire of Brazil, and the Rio de Janeiro papers describe the whole population as being overcome with noble emotion. The city was hung with banners, the citizens marched in gay procession, bands of music played as they paraded, and the feast of freedom was turned into a carnival of glory. As usual, however, the priests are taking to themselvs the credit for the abolition, and "in order to giv the great act of abolition a sacred character the senate held a Sunday session for its adoption, and the princess regent put her signature to it on the same day." Latterly, too, the history of a Catholic saint, who is said to hav preached abolition in Brazil, has been written up, and the pope has felicitated the Catholic church upon "her work for the destruction of slavery."

Were this true, we would be the last to rob the church of her glory. She has need of all the charity that can be shown to her, for her sins to be covered are enormous and innumerable. But the Brazilian slaves do not owe their freedom to religion, any more than do the American negroes. Dom Pedro, the emperor, is the individual who has emancipated the South American blacks, and he is a Rationalist, as is well known, though apparently the fact is forgotten. He accepts no form of Christianity for himself as a man, though as emperor he is bound to take part in religious ceremonies and allow the impression to be held by his people that he is a Roman Catholic. But he is a promoter of scientific schools and researches, a patron of art, an advocate of education and freedom, and a thorough Rationalist. His extensiv travels hav broadened his views, his knowledge of languages has enabled him to become familiar with English and German philosophy, and he is a nineteenth century gentleman instead of a narrow Roman Catholic tyrant ruling a tropical empire.

In his attempting to liberate the slaves he met with opposition from his senate and from the aristocracy of the country, but by wise and prudent measures he has succeeded, after fifteen years, in winning them to his views, and now we are told that there seems to hav been hardly a sign of opposition, either in the senate or among the people, to the act of abolition. And yet the Catholic church, whose priests hav owned slaves, and still as good as own thousands of serfs in Mexico, is claiming the honor of the great humanitarian act! Can impudence go farther?

Tacking a "sacred character" to the abolition act was a hideous farce, for when and where does history show that any "sacred" organization ever inaugurated a movement for liberating slaves? Not in Spanish America, for from the conquest down to the present century the church in that country has rivaled the largest landowners in the number of slaves it held. Not in the British West Indies, for it is a matter of record that the English church opposed that emancipation. Not in the Southern states of this country, for everybody knows what the pious believers in "sacred scriptures" did against the negro in this country. The chosen people of God held slaves, and nowhere in the Bible is there a proclamation of total emancipation. The church has been dragooned to do all she has ever done for the slaves, and she never took much interest in carrying the gospel to them till they had money to pay for it.

The Catholic church is the hugest humbug in this world.

Mr. Pentecost, Agnostic.

We heartily congratulate the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost upon his sermon of the 17th inst.

Since Mr. Pentecost left his orthodox congregation of Newark, N. J., and set up as an independent preacher at Masonic Hall, his mental growth has been constant and encouraging. At first he stepped out gingerly, as became a man treading paths to him unknown, but with every mile traveled he has become bolder and firmer in his walk. His experience has been that of many preachers—from orthodoxy to a sort of Unitarianism, then to something like "Free Religion," and on to Agnosticism, which is Atheism practically—and if in some of his sermons he has talked as though the experience were his alone, and he had had no predecessors, he can easily be forgiven the egotism, for he is a brilliant and brave young man, true to his principles and eager in the search for truth.

The sermon of the 17th marks his onward step to Agnosticism. He seems to hav taken himself into his own confidence—confessed his heart to his brain—and then told his congregation the result. The confession is interesting. "Suppose," he said, "that we should suddenly awake and find ourselvs on board a ship in mid-ocean, sailing onward rapidly without knowing whence the ship came or whither she was going. Suppose that we should discover that all our fellow-passengers were in the same condition of ignorance as to her destiny and origin, that all were born on shipboard, and that nothing was known of this vessel, except that she had always been going and had always been out of sight of land, with no captain, no pilot, no chart, and no crew. Add to this supposition that each passenger knows that as he sees one of his fellows fall overboard and disappear forever, so, too, must he some day inevitably perish in like manner."

This, said Mr. Pentecost, is the condition of the human race. "We hav but two certainties here; that we liv, and that we shall die. Beyond this all is guesswork, mystery, and ignorance. We know nothing as to the origin of things. The Bible says that God is the source of all things, which he produced out of nothing; that he created the world out of nothing. But unfortunately this is not a solution of the question; it teaches us nothing. Such a proposition is open to three objections. First, it assumes the existence of God, of which we know nothing; second, it assumes that the universe was created from nothing; and, third, it proves too much. If God was the designer of the world, he in turn must hav had a designer, and so with that designer of God, and so on *ad infinitum*, which is unthinkable. In order to accept this theory of the creation a man must stop thinking, which is precisely what all Chris-

tians do. I hav no objection to anybody being a Christian, but you cannot be a Christian unless you consent to believe certain doctrins which will not bear investigation. And yet the Christians denounce the Spiritualists, who believe in things done in the dark! But they ought to see that any doctrin which does not submit to the closest scrutiny is conscious of its weakness and fraudulent character. When a man persists in asserting what he knows he does not know he becomes what the sweet-spirited disciple John calls a liar."

This is plain talk from one who but a few months ago supposed he knew the origin and destiny of the universe as well as he knew the multiplication table, and could solve all the questions of the past and future as easily as he could find the contents of a cube. Now that he knows how little he or any other preacher knows of any other world, he will perhaps confine himself to the improvement of this.

But that is not all upon which we congratulate Dr. Pentecost. "The Christians say," he continued, "that the Bible teaches that God exists and created the world. The Christian assumes that the Bible is infallible. The difficulty with this assumption is that there are so many things about the Bible we don't know. We don't know who wrote the books of Moses or of Samuel. It has been proven that David never wrote one of the Psalms attributed to him. In short, the authorship of not a single book in the Old Testament is definitly known, and the same criticism applies to the New Testament. Who are the authors of the four gospels, the Acts and epistles, and the book of Revelation? For one hundred and seventy-five years after the birth of Christ not one of those gospels is referred to in contemporary literature. Such a book as that cannot be an infallible authority. If God himself were to tell me that a man lived in a fish's stomach for three days, that the waters of the Red sea were parted so that a whole nation passed through them on dry land, that a man had been raised from the dead after he had begun to decompose, I don't see how I could believe such statements. The Bible stories are as extravagant as fairy tales."

Mr. Pentecost has got his eyes open, evidently. He knows that Christianity is false not only in generals but in particulars—that the New Testament religion is no truer than the Old Testament cosmogony. When he realizes that the New Testament religion has kept the world back as much as the Old Testament conception of the origin of the universe has retarded science, he may feel that the one supreme duty of life is to remove that religion from the minds of the present and future generations. The iconoclast, the destroyer of idols and superstitions, is the workman needed to-day. There are more than enough builders of sham structures which topple over at the first breath blown by the logician upon them, and what is wanted is a clearing of the ground. Mr. Pentecost sees the falsehoods which hamper the race, and it is to be hoped he will tell the people what he sees with persistent frankness. He will do more good in that way than by glossing over the fables of theology and trying to make allegories or symbolic teaching of them. Christianity is not partly true and partly false. Christ was either the son of God or he was not. The atonement scheme is either true or false. Heaven does or does not exist. And if the affirmativ of these propositions of theology be true, everyone should be a Christian. If the negativ be true, then Christianity should be swept from the earth as a false guide, a misleader of men, a useless system, engrossing time and effort that should be given to the real improvement and progress of humanity. There is no logical resting-place between orthodoxy and Infidelity—between the asceticism of a slavish faith and fear and the cultivated manhood of an enlightened and scientific Rationalism.

The Difference.

In one of his lectures Colonel Ingersoll says:

"When your child commits a wrong, take it in your arms; let it feel your heart beat against its heart; let the child know that you really and truly and sincerely love it. Yet some Christians, good Christians, when a child commits a fault, drive it from the door and say: 'Never do you darken this house again.' Think of that! And then these same people will get down on their knees and ask God to take care of the child they hav driven from home. I will never ask God to take care of my children unless I am doing my level best in that same direction. But I will tell you what I say to my children: 'Go where you will; commit what crime you may; fall to what depth of degradation you may; you can never commit any crime that will shut my door, my arms, or my heart to you. As long as I liv you shall hav one sincere friend.'"

The Grand Rapids, Mich., *Telegram-Herald* of Tuesday of week before last printed this item:

"Judge Severens did a kindly act yesterday. Asa Kingsbury, the boy who was brought down from Mecosta county for opening letters that belonged to a couple of young ladies, was brought up for sentence. Kingsbury said that he was fifteen years old and had been arrested before. He said that his father was a minister and that his mother died in 1878, his father marrying again. Judge Severens said that the boy had not had proper training, even though his father was a clergyman, and that the crime charged was not bad enough to place upon the boy's name a stain that would be for life. So he would do a father's act and suspend sentence, Kingsbury promising never to get into trouble again. Turnkey Lewis let him stay at the jail last night and he will try and get work to-day. His father has not done a single thing for him, not even to write him a letter, letting his boy get through the best he could, and yet he is a minister of the gospel."

Probably this minister has preached many a sermon against "Ingersollism," and probably enough he has denounced the colonel as the incarnation of all that is bad. But what child would not rather be treated as Colonel Ingersoll treats his children than as the preacher of Mecosta county treats his?

We may add, too, for the benefit of the godly, that Judge Severens is honored in the town where he resides for being a stanch Freethinker.

The Pious London School Board.

Arthur B. Moss, of London, whose contributions to THE TRUTH SEEKER hav made him favorably known to the Freethinkers of America, is suffering a petty and spiteful persecution from the pietists of his city.

Mr. Moss is a school-teacher as well as a "Freethought and Radical advocate," and so subject to the London school board's orders. During his leisure time Mr. Moss has been lecturing before Freethought and the political Radical societies, as well as writing for the Freethought press. His interest in these reforms compels him to take whatever part in them will be of advantage. When the Oaths bill was up for a second reading in Parliament he wrote his member, J. R. Kelly, asking that gentleman to be in his place to vote favorably upon the bill. The letter, says Mr. Moss, was a respectful and inoffensiv one, "and might hav been written by any earnest Christian calling upon another Christian to be true to his principles." Unfortunately for Mr. Moss, however, on the back of the note paper appeared the statement that he was a Freethought lecturer. But there was nothing in or on the letter indicating that the writer was in the employ of the school board, and to find that out the Tory member of Parliament had to make inquiries for himself. Upon obtaining this information Mr. Kelly wrote to the chairman of the school board, the Rev. J. Dibble, asking whether a man holding the "repulsiv and blasphemous doctrins" of Mr. Moss was a fit and proper person to teach a London school.

Thereupon Mr. Moss was cited before the board, and questioned at length concerning his theological opinions. He defended himself boldly as a Freethinker, informing the reverend chairman and his associates that they had no right to interfere between him and his representativ in Parliament, and further that his private beliefs were none of the school board's business, and he was not responsible to the board for them whatever they might be. After a lengthy discussion the board adopted resolutions ordering Mr. Moss to cease lecturing upon Sundays, to discontinue writing for the press, to discontinue selling his pamphlets, and to write a letter to Mr. Kelly to say that his conduct shall not be repeated. Concerning these orders of the board Mr. Moss says:

"Had my character been anything short of exemplary, I should, without doubt, hav been discharged forthwith; but I am allowed to retain my berth on condition that I conform to these resolutions. Long experience having taught me that I cannot earn enough by lecturing alone to keep myself, to say nothing of my wife and two children, I hav no option, for the present, but to obey the first resolution. The others I will consider. As to my pamphlets, Mr. Bradlaugh publishes two and Mr. Foote two, and I am quite sure they would not cease to sell them if a thousand school boards were to command. But with regard to the others, I may say that I hav invested almost all my savings in them, and I trust to my friends throughout the country to see that I do not lose it all. And finally, with respect to Mr. Kelly, all I can now say is that the first time he presents himself before his constituents I shall be present to move a vote of censure on him for his conduct, and I hope the Camberwell friends will rally round and support me by their presence and their votes."

The unfairness and Christian bigotry of the board is clearly apparent. There are scores of school-teachers in London who devote their Sundays to teaching and practicing religion, and it is only because Mr. Moss is a Freethinker that he is debarred from publicly explaining his principles. The Rev. J. Dibble himself is a professional preacher of Christianity, though any rule which affects the school-teachers ought certainly to apply to the more important position of chairman of the school board. There is no rule or resolution forbidding Christians to write for the Christian press, nor forbidding them to sell Christian tracts, and every Christian teacher in London is perfectly free to write his member of Parliament urging that functionary to pursue a certain course in voting. Freethinkers alone are debarred from doing these things.

Mr. Moss submits just so far as circumstances and lack of cash compel him to, and no farther. In this he is both wise and brave. The victims of the Inquisition submitted because they had to, and died because they could not help it. Upon the church rests the infamy of their execution, and upon the church will rest the sin of a brave man's silence when he knows he should speak out. This persecution shows the tyranny of Christianity in power, and furnishes an additional reason for increased effort on the part of Freethinkers.

Editorial Notes.

CHARLES WATTS says in *Secular Thought:*

"Clark Braden is, in our opinion, beneath the notice of any man who has any respect for truth, honesty, and decency. We fear that he is past all moral redemption. We think that Mr. S. P. Putnam treated him recently in Oakland just as he deserved."

Mr. Watts has had experience and knows whereof he speaks.

J. E. REMSBURG has already lectured in more than three hundred cities and towns in the six states of Kansas, Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, Texas, and New York—in Kansas 79, Illinois 57, Ohio 50, Iowa 47, Texas 38, New York 32. He has also lectured in from twenty to thirty cities and towns in each of the following states: Missouri, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Michigan.

THE *American Idea*, of Liberal, Mo., announces its final suspension and a transferal of its subscription list to E. C. Walker's *Fair Play*. The disagreement in the town about the "Freethought University" has been severe, and awakened much ill-feeling, as may be seen in Mr. Walser's recent letter to us and in Professor Leahy's reply in this issue. Hints are dropped that a new and conservativ, if not Christian, journal will soon emanate from Liberal.

CLINTON FISK, the presidential candidate of the Prohibitionists, is very pious, and proclaims himself the representativ of all the morality there is in politics this year. But General Fisk to-day is under bonds of $75,000 on an order of arrest in a suit brought by Francis A. Fogg to recover about $70,000, of which Fogg says Fisk defrauded him. The order of arrest was issued by Judge Donohue on April 11, 1882. Mr. Fogg made affidavit that Fisk induced him to go into several mining enterpriscs, representing them as sound when Fisk knew to the contrary. Verily, the gap between preaching and practice is enormous.

A LEAGUE for the Separation of the Church and State has been established in Paris, of which M. Yves Guyot is president. It is proposed to effect this separation in detail, Mr. Bradlaugh explains in the *National Reformer*, by the exercise of a sort of local option. This is to be done by apportioning to each commune through France the full and completc control over its proportion of the sum annually voted for the cost of public worship. Communications should be addressed to Monsieur C. Jouffrault, Député, Secrétaire Général de la Ligue pour la Séparation des Eglises and de l'Etat par les Communes, 7 Rue Nicole, Paris.

THE Liberals of Australia are fighting over Anarchy. David A. Andrade is a Freethinker plus Anarchy; Joseph Symes is a Freethinker plus Republicanism. Both gentlemen belong to the Freethought association, and from its platform teach their respectiv political faiths. Anarchy, however, is not popular, and Mr. Symes and his friends are endeavoring (and perhaps hav succeeded by this time) to expel Mr. Andrade and the other Anarchists. The quarrel is bitter and will hurt the cause of Freethought, for Mr. Andrade is one of the most earnest and intelligent Freethinkers in Australia, though we cannot commend his course in seeking to attach Anarchy to the Freethought association.

Letters from Friends.

MONTREAL, June 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber only for a short while, but in that time hav found THE TRUTH SEEKER to be all that it is warranted, it being outspoken and candid in its opinions, while at the same time dealing justice to all. Being a Liberal myself, allow me in closing to wish all success to the paper and the cause it so strongly advocates.

JOHN R. CONWAY.

HAVANA, N. Y., June 11, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I expect to be a life member and take your excellent paper while I liv, and when I die I hope my friends will send you a notice. I liv in an ignorant, bigoted, and superstitious community; hav tried by persuasion and argument to get a subscriber to your paper, but hav failed to get one. I stand alone, but none the less firmly for truth. My regards to all subscribers, and especially to yourself for furnishing us so good a paper. N. E. KNOX.

STOCKTON, MO., May 31, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav failed to get even one subscriber, but I must hav the paper. A great many people in my neighborhood insult a man for offering them the paper to read. You know, they might learn some truths calculated to hurt their feelings. I think I will send for some books soon. But you cannot imagin how uncomfortable it is to liv in a place where all your neighbors are full of superstitious ignorance.

I append the namcs of a few friends to whom you may send sample copies. LEWIS R. WILLIAMS.

GENESEO, ILL., June 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: On Saturday, May 12th, Robbie Lambach, of Princeton, Iowa, died of malignant diphtheria, aged fourteen years. Robbie was a manly, noble, obedient, and intelligent boy, and an especial favorit with all who were acquainted with him. His mind, though so young, was perfectly free from the pernicious influence of sectarian dogma. He was a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and was a correspondent of the Children's Corner. In his death humanity, as well as his parents, hav lost the promis of a noble man. L. G. BARNES.

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 11, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: One copy of your last edition is worth a year's subscription. The illustrations and reading matter are splendid. Don't let anything Colonel Ingersoll writes or says escape you. Please publish every word of his that can be procured. I hav not taken your paper very long, but am glad to be able to truthfully say the Children's Corner pleases my little folks mighty well. The illustrations please all of us, and your editorials are right up alongside of any I ever read. They come up to the highest standard. My wife and child would like to see more from Si Slokum and his Badger boy. I inclose stamps for three sample copies to be sent to the friends' addresses given below.

WILLIAM T. CARTER, M.D.

OLYMPIA, W. T., June 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: If you will allow me to encroach upon your valuable space, I will say to the friends of liberty that our friend C. B. Reynolds has just departed from our town, after giving a course of four lectures to large and appreciativ audiences, who listened with untiring interest to the eloquent orations. After his having clearly shown the absurdities and false claims of the Bible and Christianity, the orthodox in their usual way retreated to the "last ditch," and there intrenched themselvs in the slime of superstition by saying that he just picked out the passages that suited his purpose. Knowing that, he told them to read the whole stories to which he referred. Not an orthodox was brave enough to stand up and defend his creed, though opportunities were given at the close of each lecture to do so. They can completely demolish the Infidels and all their arguments—"in their minds"—when they are in the "coward's castle," but when the foe appears they are like the Irishman's flea—when you put your finger on him he isn't there. But the day is not far distant when he must be there, and also giv a reason for his presence, or he will find he will soon be nowhere. The human race has now arrived at an age where they begin to ask the question, Why? and will no longer accept mere statements without the reason why. BENJ. TROYER.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., June 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed fifty cents, for which send the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUALS for 1887 and 1888. I think these books contain the most good reading, for the price, of any publications I know of. Besides, there are the pictures of those who hav thought and lived and written before our time. I wish to compare those pictured faces with the originals of some persons whom I saw, at a place which certainly was one of amusement to me—a Free Methodist prayer-meeting. Those sisters—how can I describe them? They were ancient maidens; single maidens; saved, washed, purified, and belonged wholly to God. One sister arose to testify that she was so glad, oh, *so* glad that she had renounced the flesh, the world, and the evils of this world, and had given herself wholly to God. I was wicked enough to smile. What a precious prize God must possess in such a tribe of prim, bony old maids, swathed in the plainest and scantiest of robes! And such prim countenances, too—only when their mouths are opened to say, "Bless the Lord!—bless his name!—o—o—oh!" And such front brains, too! I did not see one whose nose and forehead would not form an angle of thirty-two degrees, and then the worst part was covered with one of those plain, plain, plain Free Methodist bonnets, set down over those few ancient, precisely scraped locks of hair which always adorn the heads of pious people. A receding forehead and piety always belong together. When one sister knelt down to pray, she suddenly cried out, "O Lord!" It might hav been from pain in her ancient joints or it might hav been from her heart—I don't know. "Poor old maids!"—poor old fools! If they had not "renounced their flesh" and had given their hearts to some sensible man, they would not be such persecuted saints as they are now.

But I will close, wishing success to the best of good papers, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and all who contribute or subscribe to it. A TRUTH SEEKER.

LEON, KAN., June 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find a new subscriber for the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, the great barrier to orthodoxy, which should be in every household of America.

If the people of the world in general would read THE TRUTH SEEKER more and the Bible less, there would be more happiness and less misery and superstition in this life. We find that crimes of every kind hav been sanctioned by the God of the Bible, and that the perpetrators of such are the followers of its infernal teachings.

There are a great many Liberals in this country who do not take the iconoclast of America, THE TRUTH SEEKER, on account of hard times, and there are some who do not take it because it is more popular to cling to the church and its damnable and superstitious doctrins. Some time in the near future I shall giv the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER my experience in the religious circles of the past. The veil which hung between the church and the religion of nature had only to be lifted in order to show that there were two sides to the question.

Long may Col. R. G. Ingersoll, Mr. Heston, and the contributors of THE TRUTH SEEKER liv to crush out of the minds of the coming generation the obnoxious principles of orthodoxy. Yours for liberty and truth, T. W. BUTCHER.

PRINCETON, KAN., June 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Permit a stranger to encroach on your time. My father, J. P. Martin, for a long time a subscriber to your paper and a lover of our mutual friend D. M. Bennett, has passed away. His last business transaction was to pay up the arrears on your paper, which he could not do without. I would be very glad if you would put an obituary in your paper. According to his written request, no minister officiated at his funeral, but we read that beautiful service for the dead written by Austin Holyoake, taken from the "Truth Seeker Collection of Forms and Hymns," which my father sent for this winter, so, as he laughingly expressed it, as to be ready for emergencies to keep the priests away. We are the only family of Liberals here. The service was read by a friend. The hymns, "Scatter Seeds of Kindness" and "The Beautiful River," were sung. A beautiful wreath was placed on his coffin, and also on his grave.

I will giv you a few more items: The deceased J. P. Martin was 81 years 6 months and 1 day of age. He was partially paralyzed on the 28th of May, and died on the 29th, but not one word of complaint or fear escaped his lips; trying to cheer me, his daughter, to the last. He retained his reason until the last, and his last words were taken from the piece entitled, "The Sleep of Death:"

'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all sorrow is passed from the brow and the breast,
And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave
The sleep that is dreamless—the sleep of the grave.

Please send his paper to me, and oblige,

Yours in sorrow, MRS. EMMA ALFORD.

ITHACA, NEB., June 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to ask J. P. Guild, whose article appears in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 2d, how he knows that one out of every thousand of the population of the United States dies a drunkard. Is it not possible that Prohibitionists claim an over number of deaths from alcoholic drink? I hav known persons to die who were eighty or ninety years old who once in a while drank to excess; these persons were always called victims of alcohol by the Prohibitionists, yet they lived much longer then the average of the Prohibitionists. Mr. Guild claims that there are sixty thousand of our population who die drunkards every year. I deny it, and ask for the proof. He says: "If one in every thousand of our population was sacrificed on the altars of worship, what an outcry there would be!" I claim, and I believe I can nearly prove it, that there are more deaths caused by religionists in various ways than by alcohol. Take, for instance, a religious revival in the fall of the year. The audience expose themselvs and their children to the night air, thinly dressed; are generally heated up in their religious fandango, and then go out in the cold air going home. I hav known whole neighborhoods sick from this cause alone. Then at their church festivals, where they hav unwholesome diet for one day; many are made sick then. To say nothing of the many who are crazed by religion.

I presume that Mr. Guild is a Prohibitionist. There are only a few Liberals who are Prohibitionists. I call them illiberal Liberalists. At least, they propose dictating to the people. They claim that the people need guardians, and I say they want to be the guardians, and thus they could dictate to the people what they might eat and drink. I do not want any dictation in mine. He says that the cost of liquor is greater than the cost of war. I think it is mean for a Prohibitionist to talk that way. Who made it cost so much but the Prohibitionist who was the cause of the high tariff on liquor and the high license? Liquor used to cost only fifteen cents per gallon.

If Mr. Guild had waited and read Mr. Owen's article on Prohibition, he might hav saved some of his clubs for better use.

Is it not a fact that nearly half of our population die before they are twenty-five years old? Alcohol does not kill all these. It is a further fact that the people who use beer, wine, and buttermilk, all of which contain alcohol, are as healthy on an average as those who liv on tea and coffee. Then, is there any reason that people who use beer should pay more government and other taxes than those who use coffee and tea—especially as coffee and tea are not grown in our country, while beer is? Alcohol is an essential element of our existence. It is in all the food we eat. It is the principle of fermentation, or souring, the first process of decomposition. Without this principle our victuals would never digest, and corn, wheat, or anything else would never grow. I am willing to admit that a healthy person does not need any more alcohol than is in his food, if he has good, healthy food, but there are times that the system needs alcohol. When, from various causes, the system is out of order, then our Prohibition fanatics would hav such laws that we would hav to get a physician's certificate before we could get any alcohol, thus making classes and dictators in our government. We hav enough of them now. JOHN BRYAN.

ELY, VT., June 14, 288.

MR. EDITOR: In looking over one of the last issues of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I spied the letter from F. D. Owen, M.D., and was very much surprised to see a doctor uphold the use of liquor. Liquor is well enough in its place; that is, when used for medical purposes. But this letting every man put up a grog-shop on the corner of every street is absurd folly. How many families hav been ruined by the use of liquor! How many people hav been driven to lying, stealing, and murdering by its use who when in their right mind would shrink with abhorrence from such!

And, my friend, when you state that there is only one man out of a hundred that is a habitual drunkard, I think you are very much mistaken, for there certainly are fifty out of every hundred that are natural drunkards. I hav seen case after case, right here in this village, where boys not more than seventeen years of age would get so intoxicated by liquor that they would be obliged to lie down in a ditch for hours until they recovered from their drunken stupor. What could you call such but natural drunkenness?

Liquor has been the means of saving people, but it has killed more than it has ever saved. It may stay the waste of tissue, in entering the red blood corpuscles, but at the same time it eats from the stomach the mucous membrane, which is one of the principal organs of digestion. The result of such, if too often indulged in, is dyspepsia. So if there is not some law to prevent liquor-selling, great numbers of men will fall into drunkards' graves.

I think that when a person talks about liquor's not being sold free enough, he certainly does get the bridle on the wrong end of the horse; and he will go backward and the gutter will receive him.

I say it is not right to perch anything above the American eagle, but of the two, I would a great deal rather see the Prohibition chick there than a dirty whisky-barrel.

DENA L. DIMOND.

RÖCHLITZ, BEI REICHENBERG, BÖHMEN, May 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The grand TRUTH SEEKER I receive every week. I am a stranger in my birthplace. A new generation has grown up since thirty-six years. I hav to learn the manners and customs. I would like that this people here accept some of the manners and customs of America, and the American some of the customs of this country. Both countries would benefit. In machinery they are here fifty years behind-time. I am an American citizen yet, and will be as long as I liv and a piece of the Constitution is left. This is a Roman Catholic country. I went to church last Sunday forenoon and heard high mass, but the Holy Ghost did not come near me. In the church I saw some aged people and a few school-children; the church half empty. On the way home I saw the stores all open and commerce as lively as any day. I met a load of hay on the street, and the farmers were plowing and harrowing in the afternoon. I went in the beer-houses but could hardly find a place to sit down. People were at eight or ten tables, all drinking beer. Their time is split up in work, sleep, and music and beer. The majority of the people do not know anything about Liberal religion. Their own religion they cannot believe, because the priests giv them a bad example. The priests make themselvs their heaven here by obtaining all the money they can and letting the hereafter take care of itself. If a person gets sick, religion or no religion, they send for the priest, and the priest givs the dying person the holy sacrament, and he goes straight to heaven or purgatory. End good, all good. There is no Sunday to speak of except the beer-houses are full and dancing commences at 4 P.M. and lasts till after 12 at night. Everyone is a Sabbath-breaker. But they get a good harvest—no epidemic, no earthquakes; this God here never gets angry like the one in America.

Will some one please answer this question: Hav we a universal God, or one god to every country, or none at all?

Fraternally, JOSEPH WENZEL.

ANAHEIM, CAL., June 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Anaheim, Los Angeles county, Cal., is situated twenty-seven miles southeast from Los Angeles city, on the Santa Ana branch of the Southern Pacific railway, also on the San Diego and Los Angeles main line. The distance from our lovely city to the grand, the beautiful Pacific is thirteen miles, over a beautiful plain, to the celebrated watering-place known as Anaheim landing, or Los Alamitas bay. The climate in this locality cannot be surpassed on this coast—no, not in sunny Italy. The days are ever pleasant and sunny; the nights are cool and invigorating; the air is perfumed throughout the year from the flowers and orange blossoms on every side and walk.

Anaheim was formerly a German town, and that nationality is yet in tbe majority, but in a walk of ten minutes one

will hear six or seven languages spoken—namely, English, German, French, Spanish, Danish, and Italian.

The public school system cannot be surpassed in any state in the Union. Every school district must maintain at least eight months of school in each year. The fund to support it comes directly from the state. There is another grand feature in the school system here; that is, a public library belonging to each and every district. This also is supported by the state; $50 is set apart for each district annually for that fund. And no sectarian books or works are allowed therein. The teachers' salary ranges from $65 to $85 per month. Society in Anaheim and its surroundings is good; nothing to mar good order, except now and then a church scandal will creep out, but that can be no surprise to an impartial observer, as their authority givs many instances of the kind. A large percentage of the wealth and influence of lovely Anaheim is of the Liberal or Materialistic order; and let me state right here, it is a fine place to emigrate to. There is a fine opening here for a strictly scientific lecturer, gentleman or lady, to locate. We want a teacher, one who can giv us lessons in astronomy, geology, botany, chemistry, philosophy, social science, etc. It is useless, in my opinion, to tell others of their faults. Let us demonstrate scientific truths and they will see their faults themselvs. As Comte has well said: "The truly scientific conception has given over the vain search after absolute notions, the origin and destination of the universe, the causes of phenomena, and applies itself to the study of their laws, that is, of their invariable succession and resemblance." There may be spirits; there may be gods; there may hav been a time when time did not exist; there may hav been a time when space, matter, motion, and force did not exist; but we hav no data to prove it, and it is useless to talk about the unknowable and even unthinkable.

Now, in conclusion, I will state that there is a better opening for progressiv thought and happiness in Anaheim than in any other place I hav ever been in, Liberal, Mo., not excepted. St. John's described view of the New Jerusalem has no charms for me, compared with this really lovely land and climate.

Turn we eastward: mountains rise
Toward the clear and azure skies,
And a soft and rosy haze
Caused by Sol's descending rays,
Glimmers on each lofty head—
Turn we westward: there the bed
Of the broad Pacific gleams
Glorious with reflecting beams.

In the vale that lies between,
Groves, whose leaves of rich, dark green
Half conceal, in verdant light,
Golden fruitage from our sight,
Stand exultant; and the pear,
Peach and plum and fig are there;
Pomegranates, too, and limes,
Flourish in these favored climes—

Cottage homes 'mid palms and pines,
Olivs dark and fruitful vines,
Nestle in a wealth of flowers
Bright and fragrant; and the hours
Dreamful, charming, glide away
Through the still and sunny day;
And my friend, with glistening eyes,
Whispers: This is paradise.

S. P. BATES, Cor. Sec. Anaheim Sec. Union.

HEPPNER, ORE., June 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Priestley's communication published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 19th, headed, "Mrs. Ritchey Set Right," has missed the mark. In the first place, it was not my desire to take prominent issue with THE TRUTH SEEKER. This notoriety has been forced upon me, and, while I regret it, the best I can do for the present is to take advantage of the situation.

If by quoting from Smith's Bible Dictionary, Mr. Priestley meant to convey the idea that the Bible teaches that the sky is a solid crystal or metallic expanse, having windows and doors, and to which the heavenly bodies are fastened, I fail to see it in that light. Smith did not believe this, for he knew the scripture also makes use of metaphors conveying the very opposit ideas to those of solidity or permanence. See Isa. xl, 22; Job xxvi, 8; Prov. xxx, 4; Ps. xviii, 11.

The author of the article quoted from by Mr. Priestley also says: "If it be objected to the Mosaic account that the view embodied in the word *rakia* does not harmonize with strict philosophic truth, the answer to such an objection is that the writer describes things as they appear rather than as they are. But in truth, the same absence of philosophic truth may be traced throughout all the terms applied to this subject, and the objection is leveled rather against the principles of language than anything else. Examin the Latin *cælum*, the 'hollow place,' or cave, scooped out of solid space; our own 'heaven;' *i.e.*, what is heaved up; the Greek word, similarly significant of hight; or the German *himmel*, to cover the roof which constitutes the *heim* or abode of man—in each there is a large amount of philosophical error."

Another writer, commenting on the article above-mentioned, says: "We must distinguish the merely ideal and poetical imagery in later writings (Ps. civ, 3; 2 Sam. xxii, 8; Job xxvi, 11; xxxvii, 18) and in symbolic vision (Ezra i, 22–26), from the purely descriptiv, though manifestly phenomenal, representation in Genesis. In the latter it is also necessary to distinguish between the phenomena described and the processes which we may presuppose as being anterior to and the cause of them, but of which the sacred writer makes no account. . . . One stage among these mysterious processes was the separation of the waters enveloping the earth into waters above and waters below. The phenomenon to be described—not explained, but simply described as a phenomenon—is the unfailing supply of the former, poured down from time to time for ages without stint and never exhausted. It accords with the whole tone of this remarkable and unique document to describe this phenomenon as a separation of waters by a firmament (more properly expanse) interposed between the waters below and the waters above, dividing the one from the other. If in this same expanse the heavenly bodies are set, it is what we should expect in a style of representation which excludes minute circumstantial detail. . . . The description, therefore, is phenomenally true; nor can science urge anything against it, since the stars, though not in the same limit of space, are set in the same expanse. . . . The irrelevance of some references (as, for example, Ex. xxiv, 10; Isa. xiv, 12; xxxiv, 4) seems too obvious to require correction."

Science to-day cannot present a better word for the regions of space than the literal rendering of the word *rakia*—the expanse.

The Bible teaches no such absurdities. It givs hints of many scientific truths. Few are able to describe with more brevity and perspicuity the origin of rain and its distribution than does Elihu (Job xxxvi, 27, 28). The gravity of the atmosphere, regulation of rain by law, and the use of lightning seem to hav been well known to Job and his friends (Job xxviii, 24–26; comp. Ps. cxxxv, 7).

Many long years before the rotations and revolutions of the wind currents were demonstrated Solomon wrote as is recorded (Eccl. i, 6). Long before Newton, Galileo, and Copernicus were born Job talked of the inclination of the earth's axis and of its equilibrium in space (Job xxvi, 7). Isaiah wrote of the circle of the earth, and its insignificance in the eyes of the creator (Isa. xl, 22).

Mr. Priestley wants to know if I believe that the heavens and earth and all therein were created in six days (meaning, of course, days of twenty-four hours). I do not, nor does the Bible teach it. Every Bible reader knows, or ought to know, that the term day is used in the scriptures not simply to denote a period of twenty-four hours, but periods of time of various lengths. See Gen. ii, 4. Does it mean twenty-four hours there?

In referring to the first five books of the Bible it is customary to call them the books of Moses, but whether or no he was the author of them all is an unsettled question. In many cases, however, those who would prove that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch allow themselvs to interpolate into the text a meaning of their own.

I hav not read the article on Chronology in the Encyclopedia Britannica; but as for the authority of the Septuagint during Ezra's time, I quote from Lyman's Historical Chart: "467 years B.C. Ezra collects and arranges the books of Old Testament. 277 B.C. the Septuagint translation of the scriptures." Proving conclusivly that the Septuagint translation was not in existence until about 190 years after the rearrangement of the Old Testament books by Ezra.

Mr. Priestley will oblige me by reading what Smith's Bible Dictionary has to say on this subject, as it is one which cannot be disposed of in a few brief sentences. See articles on Chronology, Septuagint, and Samaritan Pentateuch.

Mr. Priestley would hav conferred a favor by presenting a single indisputable fact in support of the somewhat rashly made statement that "man has existed on this earth at least hundreds of thousands of years," notwithstanding the law of population renders such an assumption simply preposterous. I am aware that relics hav from time to time been produced as evidences favoring this assumption, about the real antiquity of which, however, men of science are still contending.

On the harmony of the two genealogies of the gospels there is neither room nor occasion for me to say much here. To attempt to giv an adequate explanation would take too long. I will simply say that, if Mr. Priestley will clear his mind of prejudice and investigate a little more carefully, he will find that there need be no snag here to knock the bottom out of the boat.

The next topic worthy of discussion amounts to this: Why may not the matter of which the universe is composed be eternal? The reason why is plain and simple. It has been demonstrated that all known substances existing in nature are composed of several elements; but no compound can be eternal. This nebula or gas-cloud, which evolutionists assert is eternal, could not burn if it were not a compound. The fact of its being a compound, therefore, renders the idea of its being eternal a manifest absurdity.

No matter how simple the combination, no conviction is more irresistible than the belief that every combination of matter had a combiner. There was a distinct period of time when the several elements of which these substances are composed were brought together by a combining force—call it what you please, it is all the same to me.

Philosophers tell us that the ultimate particles of matter are indestructible by any application of human power; but they are not generally agreed that matter is naturally indestructible, and therefore eternal, for the satisfactory reason that none of them can tell what matter in its own nature is. "The science of matter and the science of mind agree perfectly in this, that all we know of either is simply the phenomena which they exhibit. We know not matter as it is in itself, but only as it affects our senses. We perceive certain qualities or properties of it, and these we embody in our definition, and beyond these we say nothing, because we know nothing."

Then, again, the universe "consists not of a philosophical abstraction called matter, nor yet of one substance known by that name, but of a great variety of material substances—oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, sulphur, iron, aluminum, and some fifty others already discovered." Hav we then some fifty-seven eternal beings? Or if any one of them is eternal, where did the others come from, and how did they get together in their present combinations? Remember, the law of inertia is a very important one. Every body continues in a state of rest, or of uniform motion in a straight line, unless acted on by some external force. Matter of itself can not begin to move, or assume a state of rest after being put in motion.

It will not do to try to account for the formation of an orderly universe from a chaotic mass of gaseous matter by learned discussions on electricity, magnetism, the laws of gravitation, molecular attraction, etc. The unresisted force of gravitation would, in much less than an eternity, draw all matter toward the center of gravity of the universe, and instead of a multiplicity of solar systems, with orderly orbital motion, there would be one vast mass of motionless matter. Common people certainly hav a right to ask what name shall be given to that mighty centrifugal force acting against the power of gravitation, and by means of which the movements of the universe are regulated. "Regulated power proclaims a regulator."

There is no inconsistency in my accepting the statement that like produces like (as far as species are concerned) along with the Bible account of the repeopling of the globe.

I deny that the distinction between varieties and species is indefinable. The distinctions between existing species are so well defined that, although not always at first apparent to man, they are known to the animals themselvs, and by their instincts made known to man. Not only this, but nature has drawn an indelible line of demarkation between them in the sterility of hybrids, while between varieties the exact reverse is the case.

I am aware that the imperfection of the geological records is a great resource of evolutionists. Mr. Darwin would never hav suspected them of such defectivness but for their failure to meet his demands. He could not find the connecting links between the species, which, on the theory of slight successiv modifications, ought to hav been a hundred times more plentiful than the species they connected. I will admit that, in this respect, the geological records are very imperfect.

Mr. Priestley has quoted from Professor Winchell's "Geological Studies" in order to prove that my statements are the "exact reverse of the truth." How does he reconcile this with the teachings of Agassiz (also quoted from), who, together with many other eminent geologists, did not believe that "the correspondence between the embryos of modern types and the adults of ancient types is a general principle in the history of life?" On the contrary, it is asserted that "at the earliest appearance of every species in the history of the earth's crust, the remains are found not only as highly organized and as perfectly differentiated as they ever afterward occur, but in most cases they are more completely developed and of larger and more powerful organization than they are ever found to be in subsequent geological strata, so degeneration is the rule rather than transmutation to higher forms." This last would appear to be more in accordance with the statement that "Mr. Huxley did not believe in a process of necessary progressiv development, because retrogression was a conspicuous fact."

Now, if the evidence in favor of the evolution theory is so plain, why such wide diversity of opinions?

Admitting, however, the evolution of the horse from the eohippus, still there are difficulties in the way. Evolution, as defined by its ablest advocates, means a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the simple to the differentiated. "Every part and organ of the horse came to be what it is by the same process of minute differentiation." By what process, then, of minute differentiation did the change take place from the differentiated foot of the eohippus to the homogeneous, clumsy hoof of the horse; and in what way could natural selection hav anything to do with it?

Then, again, the production of some five or six intermediate forms is not sufficient to prove the evolution of the horse from the marsupial on the theory of natural selection, which acts only by slight successiv variations. Such a leap as that from the three serviceable toes of the miohippus to the single toe of the protohippus would be fatal to this theory. But it seems strange that evolution should deprive an animal of any of its toes as long as it was supposed to hav been constantly using them.

"Creation is a theory unsupported by any fact." While space forbids a full discussion of this subject, I will say that if Mr. Priestley will kindly produce a single fact as undeniable proof that spontaneous generation ever did, or could, take place under the existing laws of nature, he will then hav a basis for his theory.

Evolutionists assert the chemical origin of life, notwithstanding the fact that chemical actions are antagonistic to life, and are constantly laboring to destroy the living organism until they finally succeed. This great gap between life and death cannot be bridged by a few strokes of the pen in the hands of an Infidel writer.

While Mr. Priestley is elucidating knotty points, there is something else I would like to hav explained. In every human body, about half-way down the intestins, is a peculiar projection about the size of a goose-quill, and three or four inches long, as near as I can guess at it. I would like to know what this is for, and why it is found only in the human system. Will Mr. Priestley please explain?

The only excuse I hav to offer for so lengthy an article is, that it ends the controversy as far as I am concerned. Mr. Priestley is at liberty to reply to this if he sees fit, but I would advise him the next time he attempts to set anyone right not to presume too much on the ignorance of his opponent.

Some of my TRUTH SEEKER friends seem to be laboring under a delusion. That "noble old man" was not my tutor either in paleontology or respecting the law of expansion. My authority on the latter is Norton's "Elements of Philosophy."

MRS. H. A. RITCHEY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Signers in Rhyme.

The Massachusetts delegation
That signed our glorious Declaration
Were Hancock, Gerry, Robert Paine,
The great John Adams, and again
Another Adams—Samuel by name.

New Hampshire—called the "Granit state"—
Sent Whipple, Bartlett, Thornton—great
Alike in counsel and debate.

Rhode Island's delegates, we see,
Were Stephen Hopkins and Ellery.

Connecticut, excelled by none,
Sent Roger Sherman, her noblest son,
With Wolcott, Williams, and Huntingdon.

New York as delegates employed
Lewis Morris and William Floyd,
With Francis Lewis and Livingston,
Who died before the war was done.

New Jersey to the Congress sent
Her honored college president,
John Witherspoon, with Stockton, Clark,
Hart, Hopkinson—all men of mark.

Though Pennsylvania need not blush
For Morris, Morton, Wilson, Rush;
And though most men might seem as dross
To Clymer, Taylor, Smith, and Ross,
To Franklin each his tribute brings,
Who neither lightnings feared nor kings.

The men from Delaware—indeed
As true as steel in utmost need—
Were Rodney, with McKean and Read.

"My Maryland" is proud to own
Her Carroll, Paca, Chase, and Stone.

On old Virginia's roll we see
The gifted Richard Henry Lee;
And, just as earnest to be free,
His brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee;
And Whyte and Nelson, patriots true,
With Harrison and Braxton, too;
But of them all there was not one
As great as Thomas Jefferson.

North Carolina's chosen men
We know were Hooper, Hewes, and Penn.

And South Carolina's vote was won
By Heywood, Lynch, and Middleton.

From Georgia came Gwinnett and Hall,
And Walton, too, the last of all
Who signed our precious Declaration—
The pride and glory of the nation!

Declaration of Independence.

[Some of our readers may remember an excellent suggestion of Mr. Jason Waters, about a year or so ago, in relation to celebrating our national independence by interchange of gifts and congratulations, similar to the observance of Christmas. The Fourth of July holiday is to us superior to any other day in the calendar. To observe it by remembering our friends, the sick, the suffering, the poor, the unfortunate of all classes as well, is a most beautiful and noble way of keeping the best day of all the year. That we may recall some of the struggles and abuses that made the free government under which we liv possible, we print to-day the form of the Declaration of American Independence, with its signers, that all the children may read and remember.—ED. C. C.]

IN CONGRESS, July 4, 1776.

By the Representativs of the United States, in Congress assembled, a declaration:

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which hav connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident:—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of goverament becomes destructiv of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselvs by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them to absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former system of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislativ bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representativ houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislativ powers, incapable of annihilation, hav returned to the people at large for their exercise; the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers. He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation.

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murder which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states;

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury;

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offenses;

For abolishing the free system of English law in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies;

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our government;

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselvs invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens taken captiv on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselvs by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we hav petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our petitions hav been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor hav we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We hav warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislatur: to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We hav reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We hav appealed to their nativ justice and magnanimity, and we hav conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, hav been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must therefore acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representativs of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as Free and Independent States, they hav full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do.

And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Signed by order and in behalf of the Congress.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1888,	5
Freethought in the United States, 1887,	17
Bible Studies. (Illustrated.) George E. Macdonald.	
Moses,	24
Adam,	32
The Forbidden Fruit,	48
A Voice Walketh,	54
Git!	60
Agriculture,	74
The Decease of Adam,	78
Adam's Sons,	90
Cain Abscondeth,	92
The Heart of Man Groweth Wicked,	98
The Flood Episode,	110
Man and Beast,	112
Deism and Atheism. Robert C. Adams.	28
Life in a Trappist Monastery. E. J. Bowtell,	34
On Religion. Extract from Shelly,	47
The American Secular Union. Samuel P. Putnam,	50
International Freethought Congress,	56
Sunday Amusements. F. M. Holland,	62
The Blasphemy Case,	76
How the Layman is Deceived. E. M. Macdonald,	80
A Horrible Man. L. K. Washburn,	94
The Hindoo Theologian. Poem.	97
The Protest. Poem.	97
When Did Jehosaphat Die? J. E. Remsburg,	100
Subjects of Illustration. Portraits,	114

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Nos. 7, 8, 9, and 10 of "Spanish Simplified" are out. Price, 10 cents each. Sold here.

New editions of Bell's "Outline of the French Revolution" and Büchner's "Materialism" are now ready. The first is 25 cents; the second, 15 cents. These are well-known works, and hav had a wide circulation, which should be increased.

Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly*, $1 annually, is one of the cheapest and best hygienic publications in the country. In the June number is begun a series of papers by Mrs. E. C. Farwell, a TRUTH SEEKER contributor, on the physical training of children.

The Haddam *Investigator*, Haddam, Kan., is a new local paper, whose editor is a Freethinker, and takes for his motto, "Freethought, Free Speech, and Independent Action." Price, $1. Kansas people in that vicinity will find it entertaining.

James W. Stillman's essay on "Protection, or Tariff for Revenue," has been pamphleted by the author, and sells for 15 cents. As it appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER, our readers know what it is, and those desiring the argument in permanent form can obtain it at this office.

The article on "Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ," which appeared recently in these columns, makes a pamphlet of sixteen pages, which sells for 3 cents singly, and 30 cents per dozen. Its purpose, for which it is splendidly fitted, is missionary. Send for a dozen or two and scatter them among your Christian neighbors.

Now that Clark Braden is making himself so disgracefully conspicuous on the Pacific coast, lecturers and others who encounter the animal will desire some data regarding it. "The Kind of a Man Clark Braden Is," by B. F. Underwood, partially reveals his mephitic history, and a new edition has been printed. Price, 10 cents.

"The Geological Tourist in Europe" is the title of an article, by Alfred C. Lane, in the June *Popular Science Monthly*. It has the purpose of indicating briefly to the geologist about to visit Europe what formations and museums are to be found in each locality, and what books and maps the tourist will find serviceable in his geological studies. Price, 50 cents. Sold here.

Will Hubbard Kernan & Sylvester Wilson are publishing a *Free Lance* in St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Kernan is the editor, and the paper bristles with short lines and alarming statements. Mr. Kernan impales religion, law, and precedent on the point of his lance, and writes bitterly against the shams and hypocrisy of society. How long the *Free Lance* will exist we hav no means of guessing, but while it does liv it is $2 per year.

"An Essay on Immortality," by Mary S. and James Vincent, Sr., is a ninety-four page pamphlet selling for 50 cents. Mary S. Vincent writes from the spirit world, while James is still in the flesh. Mary S. did her part of the work by impressing her thoughts upon James, who acted as amanuensis. The book purports to be an answer to the unsolved conundrum, "If a man die, shall he liv again?"—of course, in the affirmativ.

Fowler & Wells Company, No. 775 Broadway, New York, has just published an elaborate Chart of Comparativ Phonography, compiled and arranged for the use of students, teachers, and writers of phonography, by Alfred Andrews. It shows the vowel scales, the consonant stems, and the condensations of about a dozen systems of phonography; so that the agreements and differences can be seen and compared. Price, 25 cents.

"Woman: Her Power and Privileges," is the alliterativ title of a series of sermons by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, which Ogilvie & Co., 57 Rose street, this city, hav put into a twenty-five-cent pamphlet and projected upon an unsuspicious public. Mr. Talmage thinks a woman should stay in the house, wash dishes, raise babies, and depend for her influence in the world upon wheedling husbands, fathers, and brothers into doing her will. Mr. Talmage is behind the times. Besides, if the women go into the wheedling and soft-arms-around-the-neck business, they will be infinitly more dangerous than when, spectacled and booted, they stand up squarely and tell Man that he is not of much account anyway, and must stand aside and let her run the universe awhile. The old-fogy notions of such fellows as Talmage are degrading to women, and should not be generally adopted. Woman is an individual, has her individual rights, and is not a coaxing appendage to some "lord and master."

"God In the State," by E. A. Stevens, secretary of the American Secular Union, is a very valuable document showing the dangerous practical alliance now existing between the church and our government. The pamphlet is crowded with facts sufficient to open the eyes of those blind with indifferentism, and arouse them, if not to action, at least to a sense of insecurity. The pamphlet should be circulated by thousands. Published by Putnam & Macdonald, 504 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal. Price, 10 cents.

We do not know the author of "A Supposed Colloquy between the Pope of Osceola and That Person designated by him Heathen High Priest," but we feel grateful to him for appending to his sharp pamphlet the truthful statement that "any book, religious, Liberal, or scientific, can be obtained at 28 Lafayette place, New York." The Colloquy is a very spicy conversation canvassing the doings and commands of the Lord God Jehovah as found in the Old Testament. Price, 10 cents.

W. D. Hibbard, LL.D., who has mastered not only the three, but an additional R, has written and printed the "Rays of Reason, or Religion Refuted," a two-hundred-and-forty-page cloth-bound book, "containing facts and argument tending to prove the fallacy of a belief in religion and the Bible, yet favoring a belief in the existence of a God or ruling power." It is a first-rate book for argumentativ Infidels (and what Infidel does not like to argue?) to read, and they will be apt to forget Mr. Hibbard's Theism in his ferocious attacks upon the churches, ministers, and Christian theology. The price of the book is not given, but $1 sent to W. D. Hibbard, Keokuk, Ia., ought to get a copy.

The "Science of Society," by Stephen Pearl Andrews, has been reprinted by *Liberty* and published by Sarah Holmes. All who hav ever heard of this work by Mr. Andrews will thank Mr. Tucker and Mrs. Holmes for giving them the opportunity of obtaining it. Students of sociology should study it, for therein lies some of the truest and deepest philosophy of the century, that will help along toward that ideal time when injustice of government will be replaced by the admitted natural equality of every man, woman, and child, and consequent downfall of monopoly and tyranny. The price of the book is $1, and it is sold at this office.

L. Chute, of Chillicothe, Mo., has bought and read Saladin's "God and His Book," and writes thereof: "Books came to hand in due time and in good order. And we must say that 'God and His Book' is immense. Saladin is a brick, and a man after our own heart; and any mortal endowed with a reasonable amount of mirthfulness, like myself, would hav to smile audibly, and nearly giv up the ghost with merriment, at his expressions, such as, 'Your book, O Lord,' etc. But, great scott! how he does whittle up God—the Jew God Yahwah—show up the old spook-book, and cap-swissel the priesthood! What a splendid weapon it is to down the sky-pilot with! Hence every Liberal should send and secure a copy of the Truth Seeker Company at once—price, $1.50."

"The Anointed Seraph," by G. H. Pollock, Washington, D. C., price $1, is another ludicrous compound of metaphysics and Christian theology. A suitable method by which to write a preface to this volume, says the author, "would be to construct a triangle, inclosing a monogram composed of the letters I, E, R—I for involution, E for evolution, R for redemption; involution to be represented by the line from north to south, evolution from south to east, redemption by a bridge leading up from east to the north point of departure." It is to be regretted that this preface is not found in the book, as it would be its most valuable feature; but compensation is partly made by another incomprehensible diagram, which, however, is incomplete in consequence of the imperfect status of wood-engraving. "In the center should be inserted picture of a maiden countenance, which givs expression to all human qualities, carried up to a divine condition; such cannot be executed on a wood-cut illustration." While not prepared to dispute this proposition concerning a maiden countenance, we can only lament the unskilfulness of Washington artists who fail to giv expression to the author's ideal. If Mr. Pollock will call on Mr. Moss, who makes the portraits for our ANNUALS, he can get a picture of a maiden countenance of any degree of beauty and soulfulness, from Psyche to Mrs. Cleveland.

"Christianity and Progress" is the title of a small pamphlet by G. W. Foote, editor of the London *Freethinker*, in reply to W. E. Gladstone's criticism of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Robert Elsmere," a book which has made no little stir in England, being a novel describing the processes of growth of an honest clergyman's mind from Christianity to Agnosticism. Mr. Foote, however, concerns himself more with Mr. Gladstone's utterances on Christianity than with his consideration of the novel. Mr. Foote always writes interestingly and convincingly, backs himself up with facts and quotations, and generally makes out his case—as he has most assuredly done in this pamphlet, which can be obtained of the Progressiv Publishing Co., 28 Stonecutter st., E.C., London, England, for 10 cents.

Three parts of "Moral Science Deduced from the Bible," constituting a true theology, hav been handed us by the author, Mr. Jerome B. Holgate, of Utica, N. Y. Mr. Holgate's plan is to found institutions beneficial to the people, to carry the beautiful into life, reduce taxation, establish schools for moral culture, found rural villas where comfortable homes and the means of subsistence can be obtained at the lowest rates, reconcile capital and labor, and do other humanitarian works. He claims that his true theology harmonizes revelation, reason, science, the evolutions of history, and furnishes a basis for a common faith. He interprets the Bible differently from ordinary theologians, and in a way which satisfies himself. The price of his book is 50 cents each part. Mr. Holgate's motivs seem to be of the best.

"Ancient Opinions upon Psychic Bodies, and The Popular Idea of Soul-Survival," is another broad-paged collection of the jargon of Theosophy. This quotation is a sample of its style: "'There can be nothing more monstrous,' says Dr. Henry More, 'than to make two souls in man, the one sensitiv, the other rational, really distinct from one another, and to giv the name of Astral Spirit to the former; when there is in man no astral spirit save the plastic of the soul itself, which is always inseparable from the rational. Nor upon any other account can it be called astral, but as it is liable to that corporeal temperament which proceeds from the stars, or rather from any material causes in general, as not being yet sufficiently united with the divine body—that vehicle of divine virtue or power.' So he maintains that the Kabalistic three souls—*Nephesh*, *Ruach*, *Neshamah*—originate in a misunderstanding of the true Platonic doctrin, which is that of a threefold 'vital congruity.'"

"Everyone has heard of the butcher who, after a long search for his knife, at last found it in his mouth; so speakers of English hav been seeking for a universal language, when lo! it is in their mouths. The intelligibility of English words has been obscured by a dense mist of letters. This is now dispersed by A. Melville Bell, who has already won a world-wide reputation through his invention of 'Visible Speech,' the great boon to deaf-mutes. Professor Bell calls this new discovery of his 'World-English,' and the result is a language which cannot fail to meet with acceptance, and at once supersede the supposed necessity for 'Volapük,' or any other artificial language. No language could be invented for international use that would surpass English in grammatical simplicity, and in general fitness to become the tongue of the world. It is already the mother-tongue of increasing millions in both hemispheres, and some knowledge of the language is demanded by all educated populations on the globe. Social and commercial necessities require that the acquisition of this knowledge shall be facilitated, and it is believed that Professor Bell's invention has removed the last impediment to English becoming the universal language, for which vague desires hav long been entertained, although hitherto only futil efforts hav been made. 'World-English' is published in pamphlet form by N. D. C. Hodges, 47 Lafayette place, New York. Price 25 cents." The foregoing is quoted from a circular sent with the pamphlet which it advertises, and is the rosy view of the work of Mr. Hodges. People interested should get the book and see how near the truth an advertising circular can get.

The *American Idea* says of Colonel Kelso's "Universe Analyzed:"

Mr. Kelso is gifted with those rare analytical powers that render the subtlest philosophical conceptions the easy property of the most ordinary mind. He passes the universe before the eye of the reader in all the wonderful processes of evolution like one vast, unending, thrilling panorama, making it at once a work as easy as a juvenil story-book, as interesting as "David Copperfield," and as profound as Newton's "Principia."

The work contains many sublime ideas and grand conceptions that will be new to the world and productiv of a vast amount of good in furnishing food for thought. Although I cannot accept his position in regard to the idea of time, I am compelled to say that he fortifies the most of his new ideas with arguments that are lucid, logical, and absolutely unanswerable. The severest criticism I would make is the injustice which the judge does to himself by giving the credit of the work to "spirit intelligences" that hav "inspirationally" aided him in its preparation.

We trust that the work will hav the immense distribution it so richly merits.

Price $1. Sold at this office.

The Open Court Publishing Co., of Chicago, send us "F. Max Müller on the Science of Thought." Professor Müller's idea, as he tells us in the preface, is that reason and language are fundamentally identical, and that the "growth of reason" is really the growth of thought. He says:

Because we reason, that is, because we reckon, because we add and subtract, therefore we say that we hav reason, and thus it happened that reason was raised into something which we hav or possess, into a faculty, or power, or something, whatever it may be, that deserves to be written with a capital R. And yet we hav only to look into the workshop of language in order to see that there is nothing substantial corresponding to this substantiv, and that neither the heart nor the brain, neither the breath nor the spirit of man, discloses its original whereabouts. It may sound violent and revolutionary to you when I say that there is no such thing as reason, and yet no philosopher, not even Kant, has ever in his definition of reason told us what it is really made of.

The price of the book is 75 cents, and as a source of new and perhaps startling ideas, it is worth a careful study.

E. C. Walker's *Fair Play*, a new Anarchistic journal, is bright, readable, and argumentativ, and well printed. Mr. Walker says that his paper "enters the field of radical journalism at this time because its publishers believe that hard work can make room for it, not because they suppose that the millions are consciously in need of papers of this class, for, if they were, they would establish them upon a surely stable financial basis. But when papers are so established they generally represent only the dollars of their founders, not the best thought and moral purpose of the times. Journals which 'fill a long-felt want' are usually so far in the rear upon all questions of living interest that the impression of the types upon the white paper is a waste of mechanical force. The paper remains blank." It pains us to note that *Fair Play* and the *Investigator* are already at loggerheads, but we hope the trouble will soon be over. *Fair Play* is philanthropically published weekly at 75 cents per year, a price somewhat below the cost of manufacture, at Valley Falls, Kan. *Fair Play* and *Lucifer*, Mr. Walker's father-in-law's paper, are sent to one subscriber for $1.60.

"Forty Years on the Spiritual Rostrum," by Warren Chase, has been published by Colby & Rich, of Boston. The work is "a sequel to 'The Life-Line of the Lone One,' an autobiography of the author, as The World's Child." In their advertisment of the book, Messrs. Colby & Rich say: "No one is better qualified to place on record reliable information regarding the early history of Modern Spiritualism, and of its early advocates and defenders, than the author of this volume. There has been scarcely a worker for the cause he has not known; scarce a city or town in the Union he has not visited; and no place he has visited whose people hav not enjoyed greater mental freedom and a better understanding of this life and assurance of a future one from his having been with them. As a worker in every reformatory movement, Mr. Chase's career has been almost phenomenal in persistency, efficiency, and self-sacrifice. He has been a pioneer—a pathfinder in the wilderness of moss-grown superstitions and hide-bound dogmas, making the way clear for the army of freedom-loving men and women that was to follow and destroy it For this reason this autobiography of his

should find place in the home of every friend of human progress and spiritual enlightenment, and be valued as a monument to his memory and his work." The book is lively and full of interesting reminiscences, and friends of Mr. Chase and older Spiritualists will certainly desire to possess it. Price $1, if purchased here; $1.10 if bought in Boston.

George Weir, who keeps a "Freethought Depot" at 5 Greenside Place, Leith Walk, nearly opposit the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, Scotland, writes: "I always look forward with pleasure to the arrival of your capital paper, which is, at present, my *beau ideal* of what an educational and aggressiv Freethought and Secular paper should be. It is superior to Artemus Ward's wax 'figgers' in being not even 'ekalled' by any of its rivals, and it is certainly 'ekselled' by none. Long may it prosper in its heroic attempts to strangle the hideous theological viper which has so long lived on the life-blood of the people. I observe that persecution is still smoldering in the New World, like a dying volcano in its last throes bursting out now and again and doing some damage in its frantic efforts to avert the extinguishment it so richly deserves and which is slowly, though surely, approaching. In the old country here we are like chickens quaking under the hawk eye of very stringent blasphemy laws, which may swoop down on their devoted prey at any time, but the situation is being gradually reversed by the strong and rapid growth of the one and the superannuation of the other. The last real attempt to interfere with us was made two years ago, when Mr. Fergusson, of the Glasgow Freethought Depot, a hale old man of seventy-seven, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for selling the *Freethinker*, but on appealing to the supreme court the decision was immediately quashed. I hav been twice apprehended for lecturing here at the very spot where the Young Men's Christian Association hold their meetings, but as they did not venture to prosecute, the affair only gave me a gratuitous advertisment, and I hold forth every Sunday at the same place in spite of all their attempts to dislodge me. I hav always a good audience, and am cheered on in the work by making a good many converts and selling a quantity of literature. The Young Men's Christian Association hav not claimed their position for about two months, so I am afraid my blasphemy has evicted them. I inclose the first three of a series of tracts I intend to issue. You will see that the first one is taken from THE TRUTH SEEKER." The leaflets mentioned by Mr. Weir are "Some Objections to Christianity," from THE TRUTH SEEKER, "Freethought Gleanings," and "Tid-Bits from Colonel Ingersoll." Mr. Weir also asks us to bring to the attention of any Scotchman who may read THE TRUTH SEEKER the following:

With the view of extending and organizing the Freethought party in Scotland, by means of lectures to be delivered at various places, Mr. C. F. Jamieson, of Glasgow, formerly a Baptist minister, has agreed to place his services at our disposal for a period of three months.

We consider that Secularism would thereby be greatly advanced, and now appeal to all interested in the movement to assist pecuniarily in making it a success. We earnestly hope that ample aid will be furnished, and cannot believe that in so good a cause it will be withheld.

You will greatly oblige by bringing this under the notice of any friends to the cause in your district.

Subscriptions may be sent to the financial secretary, Charles Nicholson, Roxburgh Hall, Drummond street; or to George Weir, Freethought Depot, 5 Greenside place, Edinburgh.

M. Weir is an earnest and enthusiastic worker for mental freedom, and he and his fellow-laborers in Scotland ought to be helped.

Calcutta, India, is to hav a Freethought journal called *Reason*. Tulsidas Mookerjea, of 19 Roy Bagan street, Simla P. O., Calcutta, is the editor. Mr. Mookerjea desires aid in its conduct, as may be seen from the following letter to us:

Dear Sir: The rapid spread of the mischievous teachings of the Bible in this country is a serious calamity. Many hundreds of Christian missionaries, supported by the government and rich private bodies, are coming out here, year after year, and pursuing the work of proselytism with good success. There are a few societies, also, which offer inducements to our youths in the shape of young, handsome European wives, and lucrativ and honorable posts under the government, over which they hav great influence, etc. Many hav been led astray at the prospect of these delusiv hopes. Innocent school-boys are snatched away from their parents and made to swallow the pills of Christian theology. They hav also succeeded, to a great extent, in infusing into their minds a spirit of revolt and insubordination toward those to whom respect, honor, and obedience are due.

To arrest the growth of this growing evil, and to enlighten the younger portion of our community, especially the student class, on many points of European, American, and Sanscrit philosophy, science, and culture, possessed of a little smattering of which the Christian priests surprise them and earn their respect for and faith in the abominable creed, we hav made up our mind to start a monthly English journal, to be named *Reason*, in July next.

Our main object is to demolish Christianity and to set up "reason" in its place as the safest guide in all our intercourse in life.

The writer of this letter had the good fortune, as a writer in the *Anti-Christian* (which is defunct now), to peruse your writings, and remembers very well the magic power which they command for their intrinsic merits of cogent logic and originality. On the destructiv side of Christianity, a single contribution once or twice a month, from the pen of a veteran leader of thought like yourself, is sure to deal a fatal blow to the accursed creed to the demolition of which you hav (and are still doing so) spent your whole energies.

We do not know the names and addresses of all the *Anti-Christian* writers besides yourself, and similar societies, of whose cooperation and literary help we are in urgent need. Will you kindly let us know their names and addresses, and inform them of our humble request for literary help in this matter?

In conclusion, we beg to assure you of our hearty but humble coöperation in the noble work you are carrying on there. Further, we beg of you to favor us with a copy of your valuable works at your earliest convenience. We humbly request you to contribute to our journal as often as will suit your leisure. Meanwhile, we hope that you will kindly send us an article or two to grace the very first issue of our monthly in July next.

Finally, we beg your permission to insert, now and then, your writings in our journal, which we will send you regularly. We hope that you will, with your usual kindness, grant our request.

We hav given our oriental friend the desired permission, heartily appreciating the good opinion he has of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and suggest that our Liberal writers forward him contributions, putting five cents an ounce postage on their letters.

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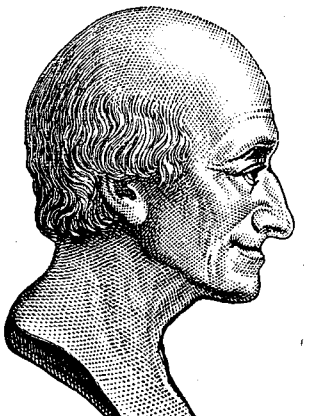
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News of the Week.

THREE-FOURTHS of the week's many suicides were caused by poverty and failure to get work.

GENERAL FISK accepted the nomination of the Prohibitionists in a speech full of cant about God and religion.

NEW YORK city has 75 Catholic churches.

THE czar's private stables cost $1,300,000 annually.

AN autopsy shows that cancer caused the death of Frederick III.

GERMAN republicans here censure the ado over the emperors.

LAND reformers state that one-third of England is owned by less than a thousand persons.

BISMARCK owns distilleries producing annually over half a million gallons of whisky.

THE starving Russian peasants hav seized the cattle of the rich landowners in Zvenigorodka.

MORMONS are said to hav purchased 400,000 acres in Chihuahua, Mex., for a Mormon settlement.

FIFTY persons committed suicide at Monte Carlo, the European gambling resort, during the quarter just ended.

THE pope maintains at Rome private schools at which many children of deputies and senators attend.

HARRISON, of Indiana, and Morton, of New York, were nominated by the Republicans on Monday.

ITALY now leads Ireland in the flood of immigration. Next after Ireland comes Sweden. Germany heads the list.

POWDERLY recently visited the coöperativ town of Powderly, started eighteen months ago near Birmingham, Ala.

THE French chamber of deputies has passed a bill providing for arbitration on any disagreement between France and the United States.

A DISPATCH, probably trustworthy, reports Stanley wounded by an arrow, 130 men lost, the remaining whites ill, and hostils surrounding them.

PROHIBITIONISTS affirm that a statistical comparison of their growth with that of the Abolition party shows they will elect the president in 1892.

PARISIAN Socialists are increasing in number and boldness, and the monarchists avow willingness to help anyone, Boulangist or radical, to overthrow the republic.

THE boss carpenters of New Jersey are organizing to keep their men from getting the eight-hour Saturday and having a little chance for leisure or study.

MR. COBB, an American, has with great difficulty prevailed over the stupidity of the sultan and established a flour-mill in Morocco, where the grinding has always been done by hand.

THE Catholic church in Germany having through its growing power procured relaxation of religious proscription, several thousand expatriated monks and nuns hav returned.

VOTING at Woolwich and Plumstead, Eng., on the establishment of free libraries in accordance with the Free Libraries Acts was: Woolwich, for, 766; against, 2,098; Plumstead, for, 1,353; against, 2,988.

AT the latest attempt of Mr. Bradlaugh to bring before Parliament measures for relief of the suffering workpeople, the legislators walked out of the House of Commons till there were not enough left to do business.

SOUTHERN secular and Protestant papers denounce the movement to divert European immigration to the South as a scheme to Romanize that section, and say it is better to hav the negro than the European Roman Catholic.

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Odds and Ends.

A PHILADELPHIAN who had reached the age of 112 years and had smoked a pipe for 97 years, suddenly changed to cigarets. In ten months he was dead.

SHE (at a revival): "Is it possible that the little fellow sitting on the platform is the boy preacher?" He: "Oh, no; he is the boy preacher's little grandson."

A CHEMIST declares that wood can be converted into palatable food. Those persons who pay $20 a week for "board" at the summer resorts will not be surprised at the statement.

"No," said Mr. Isaacstein, "dem pents don't fit you. Dey vos bretty dight in der seams. But I dell you vot, my frent, at tree dollars 'n' a helf, dem pents eas vort drainin' down to."

A YOUNG man who tried to sing bass,
Made such a horrible fass,
That the rest of the choir
Arose in its oir,
And fired him out of the plass.

FASHIONABLE daughter: "Mamma, do you really think it is wrong for me to flirt in a mild sort of way?" Fashionable mother (terrified): "Clara, I am surprised at you. The idea of an *unmarried* person flirting!"

FIRST little boy: "My pop says officeholders is the servants of the people." Second little boy: "My pop says the officeholders do just what they please and charge like sixty for it." Little girl: "I dess that's why they'se called servants."

KIND old lady: "Little boy, wouldn't you like to go to Sabbath-school, and learn to be good?" Little boy: "No'm, it would ruin me repertashun." Kind old lady: "Ruin your reputation?" Little boy: "Yes'm, I'm known as 'the bad boy of the block.'"

MR. ARNOLD left only £1,040 behind him. If he had spent part of the time he passed in disliking this country in acquainting himself with the methods of the Standard Oil Company and the grape-sugar manufacturers, he might hav learned to make sweetness and light pan out richer.

AN exchange tells of a school-ma'am who has introduced a novel system of spelling in her school. When one of the girls misses a word the boy who spells it correctly is permitted to kiss the girl. The boys are improving rapidly, but it is feared that under the arrangement the girls will soon forget how to spell their own names.

TRAMP (to editor, who is hurrying past): "Say, couldn't you help me a little, please? I gave you a boost once." Editor: "What do you mean, fellow?" Tramp: "Don't you remember that burglary by Jim Crackitt and his pals some years ago?" Editor: "Yes." Tramp: "And how your reports of it just set the *Howler's* circulation a-boomin'?" Editor: "Yes." Tramp: "Well, I'm Jim!"

HE dropped on his knees at her feet and began the speech he had been so long rehearsing. "Darling love, I hate you—I—mean, darling, hate, I love you, no—no—I mean——" Here his face assumed a livid hue and began to tie itself in hard knots. "What is it—paralysis?" she asked, frantically. "No, love," he whispered, hoarsely, "I am kneeling on a tack."

"SIR," said the austere-looking man in black to the visitor in St. Louis, "your convention here, as well as the one at Chicago, was bound hand and foot in the chains of the rum power." "I'm afraid, friend, that you're sadly off," replied the other; "you don't know our boys. It would hav gone hard with anyone who had tried to force rum on them. Champagne was the booze."

WHEN Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man;
But when she wooed with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woo-man.

But now, with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims,
That people call them whim-men.

MODERN Bostonian (who has only been over about six months, to his friend, the alderman): "Good marnin', Misther O'Toole. Could yez hav the koindness to tell me phwy the shops do be closed and the flags a-flyin'?" Mr. O'Toole: "It do be the siventeenth, Dennis." Modern Bostonian: "The siventeenth, is it? Saints aloive, do yez hav two Saint Pathrick's days to the year in Ameriky?"

"FAIN would I write a poem on the delights of fishing, but, ah, me! I cannot find a word to rhyme with 'angleworm,'" sighed Pisistratus, as he gazed thoughtfully into the dark, sullen waters. "But why must you put that word at the end of a line?" queried Eucalyptus. "Because an angleworm is always at the end of a line," hissed Pisistratus between his set teeth, and for a long time it was so still that one could distinctly hear a peach blow.

A FEMALE Mark Tapley after a life of toil found herself an inmate of an almshouse. Reviewing her trials she said her husband had abused her, often beat her, but the Lord was good and took him away. When her son grew up he also was unkind and abusiv, but the Lord was still merciful and carried him off with an attack of pneumonia. She had much to be thankful for in her old age. She had two teeth left, and thanked the Lord they were opposit each other.

"YES, dear, I hav recorded our marriage license," said the Chicago youth, displaying the document to his heart's delight; "and now we can get married as soon as you will say the word." "But, George," exclaimed the young lady in consternation, "are you sure this is right? Isn't there something lacking?" "Something lacking? I don't think I follow you, dearest." "I suppose I'm a silly little fool, George, but don't call me an ignoramus now, will you? But I always supposed that a marriage license had a divorce coupon attached."

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Gems of Thought.

WE are not endeavoring to chain the future, but to free the present. We are not forging fetters for our children, but we are breaking those our fathers made for us. We are the advocates of inquiry, of investigation, and thought This of itself is an admission that we are not perfectly satisfied with all our conclusions—philosophy has not the egotism of faith. While superstition builds walls and creates obstructions, science opens all the highways of thought.—*Ingersoll.*

THE messiah of antinaturalism sanctioned the use of alcoholic drinks by his personal example—nay, by the association of that practice with the rites of a religious sacrament. The habit of purchasing mental exaltation—even to a fever-dream—at the expense of the body, agreed perfectly with the tendencies of a nature-despising fanaticism, and during the long night of the Middle Ages monks and priests vied in an unprecedented excess of alcoholic riots. Nearly every one of the thick-sown convents from Greece to Portugal had a vineyard and a wine-cellar of its own. The monastery of Weltenburg, on the upper Danube, operated the largest brewery of the German empire. —*Felix L. Oswald's Bible of Nature.*

IT is a very justifiable cause of a war, to invade a country after the people hav been wasted by famin, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselvs. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land that would render our dominions round and compact. If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honorable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage is a frequent cause of war between princes, and the nearer the kindred is the greater is their disposition to quarrel. Poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honorable of all others, because a soldier is a *Yahoo* hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species who hav never offended him, as possibly he can.—*Swift.*

YET I love glory—glory's a great thing—
Think what it is to be in your old age
Maintained at the expense of your good king;
A moderate pension shakes full many a sage,
And heroes are but made for bards to sing,
Which is still better; thus in verse to wage
Yours wars eternally, besides enjoying
Half-pay for life, make mankind worth destroying. —*Byron.*

SAR. Oh, thou wouldst hav me doubtless set up edicts—
"Obey the king—contribute to his treasure—
Recruit his phalanx—spill your blood at bidding—
Fall down and worship, or get up and toil."
Or thus: "Sardanapalus on this spot
Slew fifty thousand of his enemies.
These are their sepulchers, and this his trophy."
I leave such things to conquerors; enough
For me, if I can make my subjects feel
The weight of human misery less, and glide
Ungroaning to the tomb, I take no license
Which I deny to them. We all are men. —*Ibid.*

VOLTAIRE.

THE most extraordinary of Frenchmen, and one of the most extraordinary of human beings.—*James Parton.*

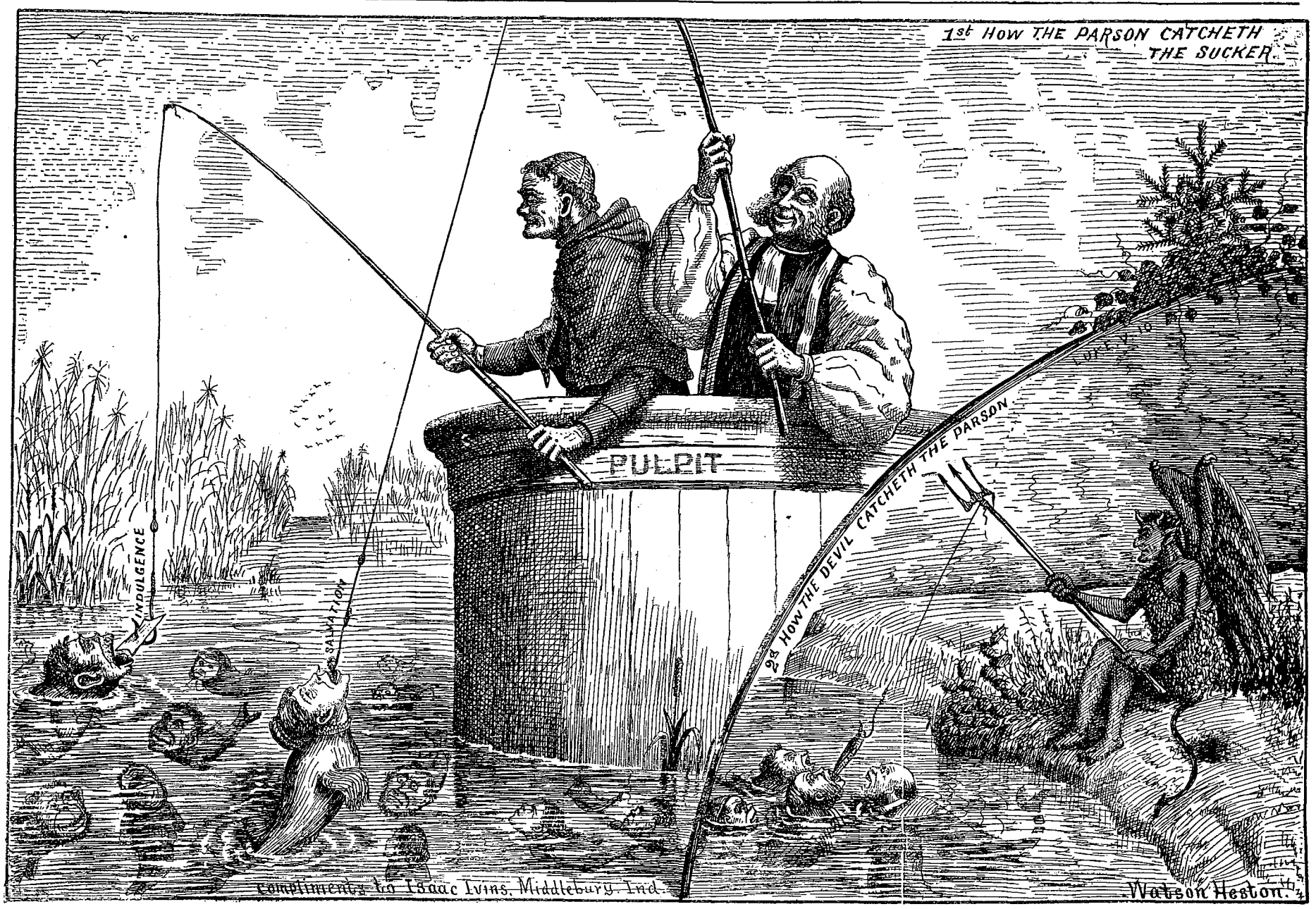
IN the presence of this society, frivolous and dismal, Voltaire alone, having before his eyes those united forces, the court, the nobility, capital; that unconscious power, the blind multitude; that terrible magistracy, so severe to subjects, so docil to the master, crushing and flattering, kneeling upon the people before the king; that clergy, vile *melange* of hypocrisy and fanaticism; Voltaire alone, I repeat it, declared war against that coalition of all the social iniquities, against that enormous and terrible world, and he accepted battle with it. And what was his weapon? That which has the lightness of the wind and the power of the thunder-bolt. A pen. . . . Voltaire waged the splendid kind of warfare, the war of one alone against all; that is to say, the grand warfare. The war of thought against matter, the war of reason against prejudice, the war of the just against the unjust, the war for the oppressed against the oppressor, the war of goodness, the war of kindness. He had the tenderness of a woman and the wrath of a hero. He was a great mind, and an immense heart.—*Hugo.*

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FISHING.

"And he saith unto them, Follow me and I will make you fishers of men. . . . And he said unto Simon, Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch men."—*Ancient Writ.*

The Devil sat by the river's side—
The stream of time, where you'll always find him—
Casting his line in the rushing tide,
And landing the fish on the bank behind him.

He sat at ease in a cosy nook,
And was flinging his basket very fast;
While you might have seen that his deadly hook
Was differently baited for every cast.

He caught 'em as fast as a man could count,
Little or big, it was all the same;
One bait was a check for a round amount—
An assemblyman nabbed it, and out he came.

He took a gem that as Saturn shone;
It sank in the water without a sound,
And caught a woman who long was known
As the best and purest for miles around.

Sometimes he would laugh and sometimes sing,
For better luck no one could wish;
And he seemed to know, to a dead-sure thing,
The bait best suited to every fish.

Quoth Satan: "The fishing is rare and fine!"
And he took a drink—somewhat enthused;
And yet a parson swam round the line
That even the most tempting of baits refused.

He tried with his gold and his flashing gems,
Hung fame and fortune upon the line,
Dressing-gowns with embroidered hems,
But still the dominie made no sign.

A woman's garter went on the hook;
"I have him at last," quoth the Devil, brightning;
Then Satan's side with laughter shook,
And he landed the parson as quick as lightning.
—*Modern Song.*

Notes and Clippings.

THE emperor of China has donated $42 000 to the archbishop of Pekin for a new cathedral.

EDITORIAL in the *Herald* of the 27th ult: "Mr. Marsh said yesterday that he still believes those pictures to hav been painted by the spirits. It is a case of You don't and He does, but he has just as good a right to his opinion as you hav to yours. The flag of the free and the home of the brave."

THIS is a political note from Indianapolis, Ind., the home of the Republican candidate for president: "There isn't a man in Indiana more delighted over Harrison's nomination than his red-whiskered pastor, Rev. Dr. M. L. Haines. If the parson is to be kept out of politics this year he should be bottled at once, for his enthusiasm and interest are growing every hour, and he looks and acts as though he thought, with Col. Elliot F. Shepard, that the hand of providence did the business at Chicago. The pastor is a plain man and livs plainly, and the only thing he will swear by, under or over the earth, is Ben. Harrison. Pastor Haines said numberless good things for Mr. Harrison this afternoon when a reporter called upon him. According to the parson, General Harrison's line of religious work is not exhorting. His part in the meetings is usually the offering of a prayer, and all his supplications are brief, earnest, and well phrased, just like his public speeches and his law documents. He was formerly teacher of the Bible class in the Sunday-school, and had among his pupils the then Postmaster Holloway."

AT the Republican ratification meeting in this city last week Colonel Ingersoll was the orator of the evening. When the president of the meeting arose to make a few remarks, he said: "The Bible tells us that——" As the audience caught sight of Ingersoll's laughing face it roared with merriment. "The Bible tells us——" Colonel Ingersoll nearly fell off his seat as a convulsion of humor seized him, and the speaker was drowned in the ocean of laughter that swept over the wide auditorium. "Giv us facts!" cried some one, and now New Yorkers are wondering what the Bible really does tell us. In beginning his speech Colonel Ingersoll vindicated his right to make the Chicago speech which has been so ignorantly condemned by the press of both parties. He said: "A speaker who is perfectly cool and candid, who tells his honest thoughts, not only honors himself, but compliments his audience. It is only to the candid that a man can afford to open his heart. Most people when a man is nominated for the presidency claim that they were first for him. As a rule it is because they are so anxious to be with the procession, or afraid of being left, that they insist that they got exactly the man they wanted. I will be frank enough to say to you that the convention did not nominate the man of my choice. But there is something in the American blood that bows to the will of the majority. That is the splendid fealty and loyalty to the great principle upon which our government rests, so that when the convention reached its conclusion every true Republican was for the nomination. There were good men from whom to select this ticket. I was for one; and some people think, or say they think, that I made a mistake in telling the name of the man that I was for. But I always know whom I am for; I always know what I am for, and I know the reasons why I am for a thing or a man. It never once occurred to me that the way to get a man nominated was to keep his name secret. When I am for a man, I like to stand by him, even while others leave. No matter if at last I stand alone. I believe in doing things openly and in the light of day, in the wide air. No snake ever had a skin brilliant enough; no snake ever crawled through the grass secretly enough, or silently enough, or carefully enough to excite my admiration. My admiration is for the eagle, the monarch of the empyrean, who, with outstretched pinions, soars and challenges the gaze of the world. Take your position in the sunlight. Tell your neighbors and friends what you may think, and giv your reasons for your position. If that is a mistake, I expect to repeat that mistake, and to liv making mistakes. I do not like the secret way. I was for one man, not because I had anything against the others, noble and splendid men, worthy to be presidents of the United States.' The audience interrupted him with applause' at almost every sentence, and the colonel is the biggest man in town at present.

Communications.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

It has long been believed by paleontologists and scientists that India, or southern Asia, was where human beings were developed and first existed. The infancy of the race was cradled there, and there had its origin the far-famed allegory of the "Garden of Eden," based on the legends and traditions long preserved by the earliest peoples, which has since become the sacred literature of the Christianized world.

The innumerable theories of the cosmos, with the concomitant ideas of the origin of the gods, their self-existent natures, and powers over matter, with their methods and processes of creation, formed the themes for the feeble leaders of thought, for priests and philosophers, long before the art of writing had been developed further than in the use of a few hieroglyphics.

But at this early stage in the history of the species, the germs of many of the beliefs and theories we now entertain had their origin. Nature, as it presented itself to the observing faculties, and to the untrained, limited, reasoning mind, was then, as now, the basis from which their vague theories and doctrines were formed. Logic as a science or system of reasoning was not understood or appreciated. The need for it had not been felt even among their leading thinkers. Objective appearances and coincidences, without critical analysis or discovery of possible natural relationship, were sufficient to establish the conviction of cause and effect.

Among the strange, incoherent theories that had their origin in that feeble and childish age, is one that is cherished as sacred now, that is, the doctrine or dogma of the trinity, known as the "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." It grew out of the confused ideas men entertained of nature and of the gods, or of the dæmons or forces that presided over and directed all natural operations.

They saw in the genesis and succession of all life there was the male, female, and offspring. This they discovered was not confined to the animal, but extended to vegetable life. The existence of life depended on these three factors. Without the father or male principle to fertilize, the female principle to cherish and develop, and the offspring as the product, and all being thus preserved and perpetuated, that life must speedily end. Here, then, is the principle, the practical illustration, of the existence of the trinity in physical nature, and from the observation of these facts, by a very ready deduction, the inference was at once drawn that in the invisible world the creative principle was differentiated into the three corresponding presiding powers expressed in the trinity.

This primitive reasoning and the doctrines established on it are as old as civilization and as universal as man. In some shape and under some name it has dominated all states and countries where men have reasoned and thought sufficiently to form a government and initiate a civilization. In India this trinity was expressed by Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva; in Persia by Ormuzd, Vishnu, and Ahiram; in Egypt by Osiris, Isis, and Horus. In Greece it was developed among the learned into a philosophy, and among the ignorant into a mythology.

Christianity, or the simple ethics of Joshua [Jesus] the Rabbi, the prophet, reformer, and martyr of Judea, was taken by its missionaries into these countries; and, so far as the people embraced it as a religion, it was only accepted and admitted in connection with the, to them, divinely established doctrine of the trinity.

Everything that existed was subject to this triune god. Nothing could be believed, nothing taught, that was wise and good, which did not emanate from this source. The Christian converts in all these gentile countries, and the churches that were organized there, were composed of members who embraced the precepts of Joshua in connection with their long-cherished pagan doctrines.

It is well known, and is everywhere corroborated in history, that these ancient churches held on most tenaciously for centuries to the paganism of their countries, the inheritance from their fathers; so that Christianity then was a conglomerate of incoherent, contradictory theories and beliefs.

The Greek and Latin fathers of the church differed widely among themselves, and these differences led to controversies and conflicts of great ferocity. These pagan trinities formed the subject that almost wrecked and ruined Christianity in its infancy. To understand the composition and function of this trinity was the problem.

If Christianity embraced the lessons of a trinity, if it was ushered into the world by a trinity, which trinity should claim its paternity? Was it Ormuzd, Vishnu, and Ahiram, of Persia; or Osiris, Isis, and Horus, of Egypt? Or, as it came from Syria, was it the Chaldean trinity; or was its origin from the one indivisible Jehovah of the Jews? The Christian world was flooded with agony, anguish, and blood in trying to solve this problem, in trying to settle the complicated questions and intricate mysteries that were involved in its solution. The trouble took its most aggravated form and dangerous character early in the fourth century, between Athanasius and Arius and their respective partisans and followers. In the two subsequent centuries it is estimated that one hundred million lives were sacrificed in trying to settle it. So says Dr. Draper.

These continual and destructive wars wearied, worried, and exhausted the combatants into submission or resignation to the dominant, and on that account called the orthodox, party—the barbarian and pagan majority, led to the conflict by ardent, fanatical, ambitious enthusiasts, who fell in line with the low, ignorant, pagan element of society, and overpowered the weaker, the more intelligent and rational minority.

While the Christian trinity is the same, and answered all the purposes that the pagans had for a trinity, yet as a compromise, with a view of bringing together into a degree of harmony the different, dissenting Christian sects, the names of all the heathen trinities were dropped out of the Christian creed, and as a substitute for Ormuzd or Osiris, the Chaldean or Jewish heavenly father was adopted for the first person in the trinity. For the second person the Greek Ghost, or dæmon, stood for Vishnu and Isis. And for the Egyptian Horus the "Son," or "Son of God," was adopted. For a long time the simple "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" were all that it was necessary to believe in, or to record in the creed. The word "holy" was indispensable as an adjunct to the Ghost, to distinguish it from the multitude of vicious or unholy ghosts that were everywhere haunting and harassing Greek life. This second person in the pagan trinities was always represented as a female. But in the Christian trinity it was found necessary to bestow upon it the male function in order that by its "overshadowing" of the Virgin Mary it might be the father of the "Son," the third person of the trinity. The offices of the Christian trinity are not as simple and natural as are those of the pagan trinities.

Their trinities simply presided over the operations and processes of nature, without leaving their serene abode outside of visible matter; while the second person in the Christian trinity was obliged to come to the earth and personally unite with matter here in the form of a virgin, in order to complete the trinity, and thereby secure the salvation of all Christian sinners who were made so through the fall of Adam.

The Christians would not have had a trinity if the early fathers of the church had not borrowed it or brought it with them from the heathen. Joshua, whom the Greeks for short called Jeshu, and who is known in the modern world as Jesus, did not believe or teach any trinity, and the early converts to the faith made a bad and bungling work in engrafting it into the Christian creed.

If they had been as well skilled in mechanical dialectics and forensic metaphysics as the theologians of this age, they would have made the transfer and executed the delicate task with much more artistic elegance.

Theology, all through the centuries, has been trying to supplement the defects of the original work by adding epithets of laudation and fulsome compliments to each branch of their triune deity.

They exhaust the language in superlatives to glorify the work, which the ancients spoiled from the want of genius and imagination. "Holy father," "gracious," "merciful," "adorable," "patient," "forgiving," and "long-suffering," etc. The Holy Ghost, or the Holy Spirit, has been burdened with the plaudits of his or her many virtues and responsibilities, for the part assigned it in the triple plan of the redemption of sinners and of worrying saints into heaven.

"The blessed Son and sent of God," "holy redeemer and savior" of men, "the immaculate lamb of God," "the holy pattern," "heavenly man and Son of the blessed Virgin," with every conceivable combination of fulsome adjectives, are bestowed on the third person of this trinity, and from what motiv can we conceive, other than the belief that friendship and favors can be secured by such unbounded laudation, and that the costly but blundering work of our patristic ancestors may be glorified? For we must remember that our religious literature, and our holy faith, would have been next to nothing without this august doctrine of paganism.

Is it not very plain that this wicked world could not be saved without it? It is so superhuman and celestial that it has taxed the ingenuity of the theologians to save us, even with it.

This Son of God, over which the Greek fathers contended and fought so long, but finally put into their trinity at the Council of Nice, and the same one we are worshiping to-day, is not a real character, and was not born in Judea in the family of Joseph and Mary. The son of Joseph was named Joshua, and his Jewish disciples all believed and affirmed that he was a natural and legitimate son of his parents. They are the best and only witnesses we have of his pedigree. He was a Rabbi, a prophet, among them, and for three hundred years they and their descendants persistently avowed their conviction of that fact. So Eusebius and other writers of that period assure us.

This Son of God of the Greeks was born of their mythology, and of their determination to frame an acceptable trinity for their pagan converts.

We can readily understand why they fixed his nativity in Judea, a country so far away, and why they represented that he was born over two hundred years prior to the time they had use for a Son of God to make up their new Christian trinity.

It was to put it so far back in time and so far away in distance that their credulous followers found it much easier to blindly take their testimony than it would have been to attempt an investigation to ascertain whether they could find the facts to confirm the faith. Some of the more inquisitive and intelligent did go in search for the authority, but the witnesses and testimony of the Judean disciples, the Ebionites, negatived the whole theory of a Son of God ever being born in any illegitimate or supernatural way among their people. See Eusebius, Eccl. History, chap. Ebionites.

Had not our early pagan ancestors been so acute as to discover the trinity in the material world, their imaginations would not have invented one for the unseen or immaterial world, nor have prepared such a divine or spiritual legacy to transmit to us their posterity. We owe to them our obligations for the inheritance of the basis of that scheme of redemption through which salvation can be obtained. In return for this priceless gift can we do less than send missionaries to convert them to that true faith which they have been the means of ushering into this fallen, wicked world?

Truly we may say, Great and marvelous are thy ways, Lord God almighty, to put within the reach of a rebellious world a knowledge of thy secrets and mysteries, in these wonderful revelations of thy triune nature!

Science, philosophy, and learning could never have discovered this supernatural provision in the divine economy. Is it not true that "he has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, and the things that are not to bring to naught the things that are?" Though many centuries came and went with these pagans alone in possession of this mystery of the trinity, the time at last arrived when Christendom was to receive it from the hands of that unfortunate portion of the human race we call the lost—the unconverted heathen.

It was through them we first learned we had a "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." It was through them we had the names or terms furnished us on which we could bestow our adjectives of adulation—a privilege from which our Hebrew ancestors were excluded because they had no adjectives in their language.

Everyone who has read Greek literature, or that is at all acquainted with the state of thought or belief at and before the period in which the New Testament was written, can very readily see and account for the "Son of God" that has come down to us from that, day, and as translated into our scriptures. These Sons of God were in a sense mythical characters. Their existence seems to have been really and sincerely believed. They were of doubtful morality. They were above and beyond the restraints of law or the control of public sentiment. They harassed, haunted, and tempted human beings, and were the source of no little perplexity and anxiety in the control they exercised over human nature. There were rigid provisions and rules made to protect society from their malign influences and evil designs. The fact of their being the Sons of God was not any guarantee of their virtue. They were supposed to possess all the various qualities of men, or rather of imparting to human beings all the physical, moral, and other endowments that distinguished and elevated them above, or that sunk them below, the brutes.

Women were particularly the objects of their attention and victims of their power. It was through their intimacy with them that the earth was peopled with a dangerous and troublesome species of monsters or hybrids that demoralized and endangered public welfare. The early scripture writers refer to these views of the ancients when they say, "And the Sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair."

To prevent their visits, their attentions and amours, and to protect society from the resulting evils, it was made a usage and a law that all women should wear their hair long, that it fall over faces and busts, to shield them from the gaze of these Sons of God; and in the orient and even here the practice of veiling the face still continues. This was originally done for the same purpose.

When Paul wrote his epistles this belief still existed, and he insisted that it was right for the women to adhere to the practice, giving the reasons that had long been prevalent—to evidence their modesty. Our Christian women are now taught and expected to adhere to this old pagan habit, but for a different reason. Their hair is worn now for an

ornament, to add to their charms and attractions rather than to conceal them. How time has metamorphosed ideas and motives! T. E. LONGSHORE.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

In the Beginning—Did God Make?

Among the many time-honored saws and apothegms which hav come down to us from the remotest antiquity, few indeed will bear the scientific light of the nineteenth century. To get above nature seems to hav been the cherished conception of ancient barbarism. The fewer comforts and luxuries mankind hav been able to provide for themselvs here, the more zealously hav they pursued the phantoms of imagination. To supply their real wants it was thought easier to conquer neighboring nations than to conquer the elements, the true cornucopia of their poets and philosophers. To supply their imaginary wants, ease and luxury, it was more convenient to locate them in a supernal hereafter than to wring them from the heartless bosom of mother earth. To learn how nature is making vast luminaries throughout the otherwise hideous darkness of space, and surrounding these torch-lights with inhabitable worlds, was then ingeniously avoided by substituting fiat for natural law. It was never difficult to invent a word, without even a shadow of definition, to which this fiat power could be attributed.

"In the beginning God made," though a self-evident falsehood, has been asserted and repeated until few hav the nerve to doubt it. Whoever has so mastered nature and her inexorable laws as to see the impossibility of such a God-made beginning, must either conceal his thoughts or submit to social ostracism. Because this God-making idea can never be reconciled with either growth or evolution, must the truth still be sacrificed to such a monstrous conception? Shall we never cease speaking of the infinit universe as a limited something which must hav been made—the act of making which must then hav occurred at a specified time? To warrant this pueril assumption of a beginning, we should certainly be informed as to the date of its conception—how much time lapsed between the conception and birth of such an uncommon event—why the idea was sprung in the great mind capable of materializing it—why the thing did not appear sooner—why an eternity was wasted before souls of so much importance as ours were furnished with a habitation—and what right anyone could hav to thus force a painful existence on us without our consent.

I think it is not difficult to see why the priests, oracles, and astrologers, during the development of civilization, placed this miracle within a few thousand years of their time. The bare idea of millions, to say nothing of vast periods, ages, and eons of time, must hav appalled the ignorance of their day. Because the partially educated minds of our present readers cannot grapple with the eternal idea, they are clinging to a beginning, just as shipwrecked people cling to a shattered mast—they feel sure of being lost without it. Too much time for weak thinkers, like too much light for weak eyes, overpowers them, and does more harm than good. Until we are all familiar with the endless growth and decay of worlds, suns, etc., as we now comprehend the reproduction and decay of forest trees, and can link those long eons required to decorate the celestial domain with new organisms, where the old ones hav all passed away, the fathomless depth of hoary time must remain a stranger to our feeble powers of thought.

Because man is said to make things, it is easy to conceive the God-making idea—but the former makes nothing. Man can only giv shape to that which has grown by atomic accretion, as cells or crystals, into trees, rocks, etc. The idea of making something out of nothing, and making the space in which to put it, in the beginning, should never be compared to our own mechanical instinct to toy with the solids already about us. If we once realize that infinit space, the inexorable fractions of which we are measuring from the cradle to the grave, could never hav been made, even out of nothing, because its space must hav been there before, then the God-making business appears limited, and of necessity finite. If he did make matter out of nothing, which could not be, we still find in space a superior, necessarily self-existing power underlying his grandest operations. He is but a villein, or tenant at will, on the domain of old Time and Space, who had for a long while been running the business before he set up in the creation trade.

Let any of us complain of the unknown, or unknowable, character of this putativ maker to an orthodox, or Agnostic, which is little better, and we are informed that finite minds must not expect to comprehend the infinit. We hav even been told that science must glean the entire universe before it can prove the truth of Materialism, because God may lurk where science has not been, and thus avoid a dreaded discovery. Why he should be trying to do so we are not satisfactorily informed. To me all such sophistry is preposterous. Certainly, all clear minds can realize the infinity of space, and still we are measuring it with tape-lines and conquering it with steam and electricity. Who does not know that numbers are infinit, yet our children continue to learn the multiplication-table with ease? If the universe is a real infinity—and none can doubt it—are our life-journeys outside of it, that we should remain profoundly ignorant of whatever possesses the attribute of infinity? Why, the fact is, each finite atom is a part of the infinit whole, and no something else can exist within this domain.

In connection with the cosmical question, let all truth seekers and investigators drop the words "origin," "create," and "beginning." Let us learn that the hated Newtonian law of attraction of gravitation is mightier in the world-making business than all of the millions of gods inhabiting empty tenements in the human skull. It builds every solid in the universe, from the simplest crystalline form to the largest self-luminous orb. By its centripetal force, increasing in the ratio of increasing diameter, it evolves the counter or centrifugal force, heat, which maintains the equilibrium between massiv and melted, crystalline and ethereal, matter—between heat and cold, light and darkness—to the end that normal relations must never vary. To this same hated law must be referred the weight of everything on the surfaces of the planets—the weight of our atmosphere and the rotundity of our oceans. It alone resists the tangential motion of all spheres revolving in orbits around other and larger spheres. It not only controls these orbits, but the velocities of each and all revolving spheres can be easily and rationally traced to this same attraction of gravitation, which is nothing more nor less than the involutions of atomic affinity.

As surely as pollen grains develop into seeds, which in turn may become plantlets, capable of growing into saplings, and then larger trees, before they attain the maximum of their species, and ultimately die and surrender their stores of atoms to the common soil; so must we learn how crystals unite into aerolites, which collectivly form asteroids, capable of developing into satellites, and then into planets similar to the one on which we liv. Instead of this world having been made in an impossible beginning, it has been making itself for more than a hundred million years, by the constant accretion of the crystalline matter forming in space, and is still only an infant among the older and vastly larger planets in this system. The repeated deposits of superior geological strata, one above another, for more than a dozen miles beneath its present surface, each filled with fossil plants and animals entirely different from each other, leaves no rational room for doubting this conclusion. Instead of finding in this little world of ours the evidence of its being a creature, as has long been claimed, geology has proved it to be a self-maker, by the attraction of gravitation busily piling superficial layer on layer, which can hardly be completed until it reaches the magnitude of Jupiter, at least. In this way alone can it furnish the inhabitants of each coming age with a virgin soil, while the fossils and contagious excretions of the past are being buried out of reach. In this way all of the matter composing the largest planets has been brought into play and utility by the myriad races from age to age living upon their surfaces. Neither a wise God nor a practical and ever economic nature could with any degree of common sense be accused of making solid globes thousands of miles in diameter for plants and animals to utilize only a few feet of their surfaces.

Chicago, June 20, 1888. MILLESON.

Kindliness and Truth.

It seems almost impossible to make an article so impersonal that some one will not feel as if trodden upon and wish to turn and sting you.

In all my controversies with Spiritualists I hav tried to cultivate a feeling of true kindliness and good-will, and yet despite it all some few hav been angered even to a bitter enmity.

Policy would say, if you cannot believe you should remain silent, and thus retain your friends; but there is one thing I value even above friends, and that is truth—truth won through a clear conscience and the highest effort for its advancement.

It hurts cruelly when friends insist one is "intolerant," simply because one finds it impossible to believe the incredible, and frankly says so. I indorse the sentiment of McArthur when he says, "With our present surroundings we are just as good as we can be; and if one man be better than his neighbor it is due to his opportunities, and to them alone," for, taking in heredity and education, we are just what these hav made us.

I am sorry indeed if I hav ever seemed to show any of "the spirit that deluged our earth with blood" in support of any myth, fallacy, or error, for truly hav I tried ever to work with an eye single to truth and in the spirit of "sweetness and light."

If I fail to clothe my ideas in words that impress readers kindly, it is truly to be deplored, for I thereby mislead to my own detriment.

I may hav been "unfortunate" in my investigations among mediums, but I hav been honest, earnest, and sincere. I hav had hundreds of letters from them and still receive more and more, and nearly all couched in friendly and kindly terms. But not one ray of "light" comes from a single one of them.

Why is it that in a long search of half a century I hav found no proof that the dead still liv? Wallace, Varley, and Crookes may hav been the peers of any of our living scientists, and still hav been just as incompetent, from bias, heredity, and other influences, to judge as to the real origin and cause of the phenomena they saw and tried to test, as many a lesser light would hav been.

All minds do not run in one channel. A fact that is proof to one of some theory, will be proof to another of a very different theory. The fact is denied by neither, but the why of it and the conclusions drawn from it they disagree about till actual science settles it one way or the other.

A man gets in a terrible rage and swears, blasphemes, and curses, and finally drops dead in his rage. The pious cry out that the deity he insulted has taken his life, while the hygienist and physician say his own terrible temper destroyed body and mind and wiped his identity from existence.

I hav over and over assured friends I never denied spirit phenomena as a whole, though I believe much of it is trick and sleight-of-hand, fraud and deception, and some is self-delusion.

It is the little that is real, that I am earnestly seeking a solution of.

I was very glad when Mr. Burr commenced investigation at my request. Being for years personally acquainted with him and his wife, and knowing Mr. Burr as one of the most reliable of all our historical writers, I felt I could trust him implicitly. I do not doubt that all has occurred precisely as they narrate in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I do doubt the causes of the seeming facts. I doubt independent slate-writing, and the dematerialization of coat and vest, and the reality of the appearing of the dead.

What it all is, and how it is done, I know not, and must await further developments.

I am in love with life, and would gladly advance "one round on the ladder of progress" instead of sleeping the last long sleep.

It is hard to die just when life seems full of opportunities—when one has gathered gems of knowledge through years of experience, and learned how best to use them for the world's highest good.

When one is best fitted for life's duties and life's enjoyments, it seems infinitly sad that all must be ended in a dreamless oblivion.

But how can we hope for continuance of advancement when the communications from the supposed ladder-climbers show so little of it? True, the "messages" are full of love, kindliness, charity, and all the virtues, but where are the garnered gems of wisdom? Where is the gathered and accumulated knowledge of the machinist and the inventor? Where are the unrivaled songs and music of the passed-on artists? Where is one grand painting produced by or through a single medium—an immortal gem of art such as Raphael should now be able to produce? Where are the invaluable prescriptions that great physicians with countless years of continual study and experience should be able to now transmit to us?

Friends, I ask these questions not in a spirit of banter, or levity, or opposition, but from a sincere desire that truth and only truth should be our goal.

I am just as glad to grasp a fact as anyone can possibly be, and to know the real cause of that fact. With nearly all of life behind me, think you I would not hail with infinit joy a possible happy future, full of light, hope, and love?

But if death ends all, this fact should be accepted with philosophy and contentment, because it is the inevitable.

I would resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers true peace pursue;
Nor from these precepts e'er depart,
Which hav the good of man in view.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

Snowville, Va., June 17, 288.

The "Mormon Problem."

From the Denison, Tex., Sunday Gazetteer.

The work accomplished by Protestant missionaries in "converting" the Mormons in Salt Lake City is said to be comparativly trifling. The believers in the inspiration of the Book of Mormon, substantiated as it is by the sworn statements and death-bed testimony of the witnesses to its supernatural origin, cannot see anything superior in the claims put forth for the Old and New Testaments. They appear to hav adopted the safe-side plan urged by the clergy in discussing with Freethinkers, and stick to both books. But while the missionaries meet with such little encouragement in making proselytes from the followers of Joe Smith, the lecturers of the American Secular Union, who hav been prosecuting their labors in that field, hav been greeted with crowded houses nightly, and report the field ripe for the harvest. Freethought has certainly gained a firm foothold in Salt Lake City, and made many converts from the Mormon church, and is in some respects the most formidable foe the Mormon leaders hav to contend with. It would not be surprising if it should prove the solution of the Mormon problem in Utah at an early day. The experiment is certainly superior to the oppressiv policy pursued by the government, and is worthy of general encouragement.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free to any address upon application.

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A life member and vice-president of the American Secular Union heads the roll, a sturdy pioneer of Western progress and also of Freethought, with a generous contribution. In May last the flower-embowered residence of Mr. and Mrs. Goodell was besieged by societies and people of all shades of opinion, who brought golden treasures rich and rare as tokens of appreciation and remembrance of their golden wedding. They accepted the interpretation of Cicero that friendship is the only thing concerning the utility of which all mankind agree. Orthodox and heterodox, Infidel and Christian, all were eager to pay homage to a couple whose unsullied lives, domestic joys, and noble deeds did honor to their diverse professions, proving that it is not so much what we think but what we are that adds to or detracts from what we espouse. Mr. Goodell's name is inscribed where future generations will honor those who helped to make them truly free.

Mr. Riggen, another friend from fair California, keeps up his dues in the American Secular Union and sends for bunting to keep the flag of freedom afloat. He is a live, energetic Liberal, who livs in Los Angeles, notwithstanding the bemoans "of the peregrinating blasphemer," who should take pains to be accurate occasionally. Mr. Riggen is an old member.

Professor Orchardson is our iconoclast. He's a student and philosopher. His lectures drop like muriatic acid on orthodoxy. He studied at the Royal Academy, where his brother is the head of that institution. Fine arts and Radicalism are not conducciv to financial success, and when, in addition, he is laboring to pay taxes on an unproductiv Michigan peach farm, it deters him from doing what he would like to for the cause. He writes me:

FRIEND STEVENS: This will, I hope, keep you from being that much too generous in your disinterested and indefatigable efforts for the success of the Union.

Admiringly, CHAS. ORCHARDSON.

T. J. McCleary, president of the Stayton (Ore.) Secular Union, forwards $5 for the charter, and desires that their forces shall be thoroughly equipped when Captain Putnam will review them on his tour of general inspection. They propose to adopt the first syllable of their name and stay. Nelson R. Adams, vice-president; F. S. Mallison, secretary; Wm. Brown, assistant secretary; W. S. Waters, treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fray each join our loyal host, and will aid in dispelling the power of ignorance to strangle our laws, and, though surrounded by orthodox influences, sturdily maintain their ground.

C. H. Kidder is a thorough-going Liberal friend of our local society, who always says, "Whenever you want a few dollars, Stevens, call on me." Mr. Kidder can giv as good a lecture as many a man of more pretentious learning. He is an old comrade of the war—brainy and generous.

Brother W. H. Tyree writes from the charming summer resort region of West Virginia, Kanawha Falls, and sends some enticing views and descriptions of its wild and weird scenery. In lieu of a divine blessing he forwards a few dollars, which we can utilize to much better advantage. His and Brother Howran's flattering words—too strong for reproduction—make us feel deeply grateful for the appreciation.

John G. Palmer is evidently a gentleman of culture, a clear and lucid writer, and interested in gathering information relativ to our work.

Mr. Hayden informs us that he has held seven debates with the ablest divines in that part of Missouri, and he is anxious to try conclusions with Clark Braden. He has done considerable lecturing in that neighborhood, and is desirous of more engagements.

Miss V. de Cleyre met Vice-President J. W. Black at Philadelphia, where she recently lectured, and interested that sturdy veteran in the cause financially. Miss V. de Cleyre has a taking way with her, and she captured the other friends for the amounts named, for which we acknowledge our thanks to the donors and the collector.

Still the amount is not half enough to pay current expenses, and we again appeal to those who hav not contributed this year to aid us—just now.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Colonel Ingersoll and His Family.

From the World of Sunday, July 1st.

A stalwart form in the city throng is Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Where he walks, men turn and look. When he speaks, all pause to listen. When he writes, the multitude reads. Induce him to deliver a public speech, whether it be in the form of eulogy over the dead or assault upon superstition and sophistry, and thousands hang enraptured upon the marvelous eloquence of his words. With the late Roscoe Conkling, Colonel Ingersoll shared more than any other private citizen in the United States the familiar interest of this community, which prides itself particularly in not having any interest in anything.

Crowds of celebrated men and noted women pass unheeded in the swarming streets of the metropolis. Any one of them might be a center of curious interest in almost any other city in America, possibly barring Washington. Here they are as completely lost as though life had never known them. New York, in its supreme superiority, delights more than anything in calmly dismissing the men who hav grown celebrated elsewhere with a leaden stare which says, "We never heard of you. Good day."

But here and there a man towers so far above his neighbors that even the placid patronage of the big city is stirred to interest. Colonel Ingersoll has what honor there may be in the knowledge that the great, self-satisfied city watches him with a kindly air and is as near to being proud of him as metropolitan dignity will permit. It even permits itself to refer to him with tender familiarity as "Bob."

In his fifty-sixth year, Colonel Ingersoll looks a man of forty or forty-two. Probably more than any other person in the United States he is surrounded with people who hold him in almost tender regard. Few men of rich mental power that asserts itself in debate escape the bitter assaults of hostil opponents. The late Zach Chandler once observed: "Show me a man without enemies and I will show you a man who isn't worth a damn." But Mr. Chandler did not liv to know Colonel Ingersoll in the zenith of his celebrity, or he would probably hav acknowledged that his rule, like most others, had an exception. Ingersoll has many combatants, but his real, serious, personal enemy hasn't been discovered.

"People may find fault with his theories," observed an acquaintance the other day, "but they can't condemn his personality. They may differ with him on almost every subject in the world, but they can't criticise his daily life."

What is his daily life?

Well, it is worth knowing something about. In his office it is the life of an exceedingly busy and thoughtful lawyer. In his home it is the life of an exceptionally tender husband and loving father. There are few men so universally sought after who are so closely devoted to the ties of home and wife and offspring. And there are few, perhaps, who possess such ripe return in the fulness of affection, respect, and honor that is Colonel Ingersoll's reward.

The Ingersoll household, at No. 400 Fifth avenue, consists of Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll, Miss Eva Ingersoll, Miss Maud Ingersoll, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton P. Farrell, Mrs. Parker, the mother of Mrs. Ingersoll, and Miss Sharkey, who held the post of governess until the Misses Ingersoll were grown, and now assists Mrs. Ingersoll in the care of the household. Mrs. Farrell is Mrs. Ingersoll's sister, and her husband is the publisher of Colonel Ingersoll's works, together with all the other standard literature of the Agnostic and scientific schools, including the writings of Voltaire, Paine, Franklin, Tyndall, Huxley, and many more.

Happiness dwells also in that household. Music and laughter welcome the incoming guest at almost any hour of the day or evening, and there is no time for repining or bitterness or harshness in the Ingersoll establishment. In all that makes home lovely this house is rich. It is interesting to the eye. Its decorations are manifold and rare. There are specimens of the best work of the best artists of the time; there are curiously carved idols from India and Japan; there are engrossed testimonials from distant spots, of which any man might be proud; there are rare bits of bric-a-brac from all over the world; there are no less than fifty walking-sticks of various designs and values, and there are rich furnishings and all the other comforts of a well-appointed home.

Colonel Ingersoll's daughters are brilliant girls. Not in the sense that society terms its girls brilliant; for they are not shallow, and frivolity does not babble when they speak. They are brainy. They hav read and studied deeply. They hav a fine scientific knowledge, and they talk thoughtfully on all topics of the time. Still, these two young ladies hav by no means neglected themselvs in the lighter accomplishments. They are fine musicians, and they possess in a remarkable degree the gift of entertainment. One of them, Miss Maud, is the possessor of a remarkable memory. She has stored up in her mind a vast amount of knowledge, which she recalls in the most minute manner and with the greatest apparent ease. Without the slightest hesitation she can tell, for instance, the date of birth or death of any important composer, and can recall any event of moment in his career. Tnis quite unusual gift she carries into other fields, and her information is so widespread and so accurate that but for her singularly winsome manner ordinary folks would be quite afraid to talk to her.

Both daughters resemble their father, not alone in feature, but in that intrepid independence of thought and act which must be characteristic of all the Ingersolls. Only a few weeks ago Miss Eva Ingersoll distinguished herself by an act of personal bravery that was remarkable not alone by reason of having been accomplished by a member of the gentler sex. The young lady is a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and she takes a very deep interest in the carrying out of the designs with which the association was formed. One day, as she sat looking out of the window over Fifth avenue, she saw a mau beating a poor, shrunken, decrepit old horse attached to an ash-cart. The young lady's sympathy was aroused at once, and with it her indignation. She went out into the street and asked the driver to abandon his ill-treatment of the unfortunate brute under his charge. He told her to go to the devil, and as a means of self employment during the journey he continued to hammer the horse. Miss Ingersoll called upon a bystander to interfere. The bystander refused. She then exhibited her S. P. C. A. badge. The driver jeered at her and went on thumping the unfortunate horse. Miss Ingersoll seized the bridle and was dragged along the pavements, to the great astonishment of a lot of people in masculin clothing, who looked on and said nothing. Finally a man rushed out from the sidewalk and stopped the procession. A policeman approached, the brutal driver was arrested, and the wretched old horse was turned over to the society. The animal was found to be in such a condition of illness that it was considered necessary to shoot it outright, and the driver was duly punished for his cruelty.

A good many Fifth avenue fathers would hav shrunk from the publicity occasioned by such an act on the part of a daughter. Colonel Ingersoll didn't. He commended this brave and humane conduct, and so did pretty much everybody who knew about it. Indeed, two such girls as the Misses Ingersoll could do nothing that would bring from their father words other than those of praise. First, because two more honest, brave girls are nowhere to be found. Second, because they are beloved of a father in whom harshness of thought or word does not exist. Indeed, there are no words that can convey the world of deep affection which passes between husband and wife, parents and children, in this altogether remarkable family. Said Mr. Dwight Townsend the other day, in a conversation with the writer of this sketch: "During an acquaintance that has extended over twenty-five years, I never knew a sharp word to be uttered in that family. In fact, it is throughout the happiest household one can possibly imagin. Colonel Ingersoll's family occupy the first place in his affections, and one is particularly struck with his devotion to them in the time of illness. When his wife is not well he allows no one to wait upon her but himself, and even the shrill complaints of people by whom he has been engaged to perform some important act of duty fall unheeded upon his ear at such a time as this. He insists upon preparing all her meals, adjusts everything even to the napkin, and refuses to take food himself until she has partaken of nourishment. Nor is his really phenomenal devotion without its compensation. Mrs. Ingersoll is one of the proudest women in the world of her husband. In truth, no one who comes often in contact with the lady can fail to be impressed with the perfect content that pervades her whole being. Her whole life is wrapped up in her husband and her children, and none of them find pleasure outside their home without his presence. To be invited to join the picnicking excursions in which this truly remarkable family often indulge themselvs in spring or autumn is indeed a treat never to be forgotten.

Mr. Townsend, who has been one of the most loyal and unswerving of Colonel Ingersoll's admiring friends for a number of years, speaks of him with an enthusiasm that is born of conviction. Said he: "My acquaintance with him and his family arose in 1864, when his brother, Ebon C. Ingersoll, and myself were members of the Thirty-eighth Congress. My relations with his brother, at once cordial and intimate, were cemented by a rencontre with the erratic Senator Douglass, of California. It arose at a reception and led to the verge of a duel. During the exciting moments he behaved with such intrepidity and coolness that I was drawn to him unspeakably. My fondness and admiration for Colonel Ingersoll's brother brought me at once into warm friendship for the colonel himself. He fairly idolized his brother Ebon, and any man who was a friend of that brave and able gentleman is welcome to Robert's heart and hand. As everyone realizes who meets the colonel, he draws the most indifferent and prejudiced finally to love him. I hav, of course, joined the ranks. During the last ten years I hav been associated with him in various matters before

Congress and elsewhere, and for the past three years I hav scarcely missed a day without seeing him. I am indeed proud of his friendship."

This brother, Ebon C. Ingersoll, to whom Mr. Townsend referred, represented in Congress from 1864 to 1872 the Peoria district in Illinois. He succeeded Lovejoy, who was assassinated. Ingersoll was much more than an ordinary speaker. Indeed, the gift of oratory is strongly developed throughout the family, having been inherited, no doubt, from the father, who, by the way, was a doctor of divinity. Another brother, Dr. John Ingersoll, living at Waukesha, Wis., is a noted speaker on the subject of temperance. He was the Prohibition candidate for governor in 1884, and he very closely resembles his more celebrated brother, although he keeps strictly to himself his religious views, and in that respect is, as Mr. Francis Wilson would observe, "not the same."

Ebon Ingersoll had much the same sense of humor as that which characterizes the famous advocate concerning whom all this is written. His fun on more than one occasion convulsed the House. At one time, when two members—one of them Daniel Voorhies—were engaged in a dispute so hot and violent that pretty much all the members had gathered about them to see how soon they would come to blows, Ebon Ingersoll began to address the chair. Mr. Blaine, who was the Speaker, called him to order, but Ingersoll, in the blandest manner possible and with an eloquent wave of his hand, replied: "Mr. Speaker, I decline to be interrupted!" The effect was magical. The whole House burst into a roar of laughter, in which the previous warfare was completely drowned, and even Mr. Blaine was so completely captured by the humor of a member who declined to be interrupted by the Speaker, that he joined in the general merriment and allowed Ingersoll to proceed for some moments. The members during this time resumed their seats and business was quietly resumed, as though nothing had happened to disturb its even flow. Ebon Ingersoll died in 1879, and it was his demise that brought forth from his brother that celebrated and exquisit eulogy that has been regarded as the greatest burst of tender eloquence since Shakspere's speech of Mark Antony over the body of Julius Cæsar.

Colonel Ingersoll's method of preparing for a public speech is simple and effectiv. Many people in the vast audiences who hav listened to his flowing eloquence hav wondered if his effects were entirely produced upon the spur of the moment, or if his orations were carefully worked up beforehand and then committed to memory. Neither of these theories is entirely correct. Colonel Ingersoll has in his employ a thoroughly efficient stenographer named Baker, and when his material for a speech or an extended letter is all in hand, he dictates the entire thing from beginning to end. The stenographer subsequently writes it out upon the type writer, and it is read over once or twice by Colonel Ingersoll, by which time the thread of the argument is thoroughly fixed in his mind. He then prepares a series of headings of the various points he desires to cover, and when he goes into court or mounts the rostrum he is armed with these headings. He has no need to commit mere words and figures of speech to memory. He has a singular wealth of language in which to clothe his argument, whatever it may be, and his only difficulty is to recall himself to the main track, after being led off to one side or the other by the flood of his own eloquence.

It is this marked facility of phrasing that has done much to distinguish Colonel Ingersoll. His power of portrayal is remarkably vivid and graphic, and his phrases of denunciation and of praise remain equally impressed upon the hearer. It was he who gave Mr. Blaine the "Plumed Knight" title, a descriptiv term that has ever since clung to the man from Maine. The words were spoken in Cincinnati in June, 1876, when Colonel Ingersoll introduced Mr. Blaine's name to the Republican national convention. The paragraph in which the phrase occurred ran as follows: "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress, and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of her honor."

A question that very frequently arises, and has up to this time received no satisfactory public reply, has reference to the reasons which hav actuated Colonel Ingersoll in abandoning his career as a lecturer. It is quite well known that no public speaker has ever been able in this country to attract such large audiences or to exact such terms as Ingersoll when he is in the humor. He has indeed received offers for extended lecture tours that are almost fabulous, and many of these offers hav come from men of the utmost responsibility, concerning whose ability to carry out their contracts no one has any doubt. Their continued rejection has occasioned a widely accepted report that Colonel Ingersoll does not like to lecture, but prefers the more laborious life of a deeply occupied lawyer. This is not entirely correct. As a matter of fact, his refusal to accept contracts to speak for any length of time in public is occasioned simply by the fact that the work involves his frequent absence from home and keeps him away from his family. Nothing but the absolute need of funds—a need that is in no sense likely to arise, since Colonel Ingersoll's income from his practice is large and steady—would induce him to return to the platform, unless he should wish to hav his say for once upon some topic of interest at the moment. If he could be induced to return to the platform, Colonel Ingersoll might readily secure two engagements a day just as long as his health would stand the strain. As it is, he prefers to continue his practice at the bar in this city, and it is only very rarely that he is taken away from home on flying trips to make arguments in important suits.

In his boyhood Ingersoll was not trained for the law. In point of fact, his first employment was in the capacity of a school-teacher out in Illinois. Even in those early days he had developed a strong tendency to disbelieve in the dogmas and creeds of the church, and he had no more hesitation then than he has at this day in making his sentiments publicly known. The consequence was that he could not retain his post as a teacher of young people. Parents and school trustees were greatly shocked at what they deemed his violent and unjustifiable utterances, and they reflected with terror upon what might be the result of his teachings so far as the young idea of the neighborhood was concerned. So Pedagog Ingersoll was unable to continue in his chosen calling, and was induced by his brother Ebon to join that gentleman in the practice of the law. For some years the two brothers fought cow cases and other suits of that type, in which the then remote districts of Illinois abounded. Gradually both of them became widely known, not alone for their knowledge of the law, but by reason of their gifts of oratory. Both had wonderful strength in addressing juries, and they often in those days practiced in the same courts with Lincoln, Logan, and many others who rose to great eminence.

When the war broke out Ingersoll went to the front as colonel of an Illinois cavalry regiment. He made an exceedingly good record as a soldier, and the story of his capture by the Confederates is characteristic. He and his command had been sent out to delay Forrest's advance into Corinth, and sharp engagements occurred, during which Colonel Ingersoll's forces were driven back. In attempting to jump his horse over an adjoining fence the animal fell, and before the colonel could remount he was surrounded by Southern troops and a dozen muskets were aimed at him. With that inimitable drollery that has marked him under all circumstances, no matter how trying, Ingersoll threw up both his hands and exclaimed: "Say, you fellows, where is this Southern Confederacy, anyhow? I hav been looking for it for the past half hour with a view to surrendering."

The soldiers did not fire, but laughingly took him into custody, and carried him to headquarters. General Forrest personally examined him, and Colonel Ingersoll, who thought it wise to conceal his own identity, professed an absolute ignorance of the commander under whom he had been serving. Forrest, who failed utterly to get any satisfaction out of the Union officer, sent him to the guard-house, where he chaffed and joked the Southern soldiers for a couple of hours, at the end of which time one of them reported to General Forrest that the prisoner was "no ordinary man." Thereupon the Confederate commander sent for Colonel Ingersoll, and this time the Yankee told who he was. Forrest apparently had a hearty enjoyment of Ingersoll's quaint sayings, and took such a strong personal fancy to him that within a very few days he was paroled. This was one of the last occasions on which that honor was extended to a Northern soldier at the hands of a Southern general. After the war was over, when Colonel Ingersoll was in Washington, this same General Forrest, then in shattered circumstances, presented himself to Colonel Ingersoll and received many kindnesses and considerable assistance at his hands.

At the urgent solicitation of his brother Ebon, Colonel Ingersoll removed in 1878 to Washington, and took up the practice of law in that city. But such urgent appeals came to him from all parts of the country to lecture and take up cases that he was but little in Washington, and he was thus finally induced to giv up the lecture field altogether, and confine himself to the law. He was widely known in the West long before this as an advocate of great power. He had served as attorney-general in Illinois, when General "Dick" Oglesby first occupied the gubernatorial office. There was a warm friendship between the two, and it exists to this day. Governor Oglesby never fails when he visits the East to call upon Colonel Ingersoll, and a jolly lot of reminiscences of their early days is sure to be brought out. In the old days, Oglesby, "Sam" Weldon, now judge of the court of claims, and a few other congenial spirits, used to congregate in Colonel Ingersoll's rooms, and it was only by the adoption of stern tactics that he could ever induce them to leave. He finally took up a system under which he usually succeeded in getting rid of them. Promptly at 2:30 o'clock in the morning the colonel would put the poker in the stove, and that became a signal for their departure after he had upon one or two occasions been compelled to employ it at 4 in the morning, as an inducement to his guests to clear out. There are almost countless anecdotes of his early life at the bar. It is related by one of Colonel Ingersoll's friends that upon a certain occasion in addressing a jury in behalf of a man who was being tried for the murder of a neighbor, the crime having arisen out of a dispute concerning land, Colonel Ingersoll pictured the occasion, when both men were wildly excited, and one of them in a moment of passion struck the fatal blow and was really at the moment insane. The colonel then proceeded to describe, in a voice filled with emotion, how on the preceding day he had attended the funeral of one of the children of the prisoner at the bar. He recalled in moving terms the grief-stricken mother and the forsaken family, and then told how, after the funeral, one of the little children looked up at him and said, knowing he was one of its father's friends, "When will papa come home?" Colonel Ingersoll stopped for a moment at this point, and then in tones intensely dramatic exclaimed: "Gentlemen, will you let this poor man go home?" The jury were deeply moved by this appeal, and one of them, entirely carried away by Ingersoll's fervor, jumped up in his place and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Yes, Bob, you bet we will."

And they did.

A few days ago a case was tried in this city in which Colonel Ingersoll and Mr. Choate were pitted against each other. Ingersoll represented the plaintiff, who had sued a corporation for breach of contract. The case was being closed, and Mr. Choate rose and addressed the jury. He commenced by saying there was only one point about the suit of which he stood in fear, and that point was the presence of Colonel Ingersoll as the opposing attorney. "I suppose, gentlemen," observed Mr. Choate, impressivly, "that Colonel Ingersoll has pulled the wool over the eyes of more jurymen than any other lawyer in this country." The celebrated lawyer then proceeded for half an hour to pour a perfect torrent of personal attack upon the plaintiff, who was a small man physically, and who sat almost heartbroken and completely crushed under accusations of blackmail and general villainy as they were hurled at him by Lawyer Choate. When that gentleman had finished, Colonel Ingersoll arose, and, after retorting to the effect that Mr. Choate's personal compliment to himself was an insult to the intelligence of the jury, he took up his client's case, and attacking one after another the arguments set forward by the opposing counsel, he eulogized the character of his client in such elequent and effectiv terms that when he closed the man sprang forward from his seat, seized Colonel Ingersoll's hand, and exclaimed: "I do not care for the verdict now. You hav vindicated me." He did get the verdict, however, to the full amount of his claim, with an additional allowance besides.

Colonel Ingersoll says that sometimes opposing counsel "back their tails up like squirrels, against the church, and bark." In other words, they attempt to use the prejudices of orthodox people in their legal warfare. Such tactics usually lead to the defeat of their promoters, and on one occasion, in a trial for murder, when the Colonel was defending the accused, he exclaimed, pointing at the opposing counsel: "He would like you to hang my client because I differ with him on the question of religion." Then, as upon other occasions where the same tactics had been observed, the colonel was victorious.

One of the most famous cases in which Colonel Ingersoll has been engaged during his legal career was the trial of Stephen Dorsey, in what became historic as the Star route cases. There were other defendants, and a considerable number of lawyers had been retained. Colonel Ingersoll was one of the lot, and at the start was by no means the most prominent. But it was soon discovered that his capacity was far beyond that of his associates, and the entire charge of the case was turned over to him. The trial lasted for upward of two years, and, although the opinion was almost universal that the defendants would be convicted, Colonel Ingersoll's skilful conduct of the case secured the acquittal of his clients. In some legal circles his handling of the case is regarded as one of the most masterly pieces of legal power and strategy on record.

Everywhere beloved and respected for his purity of life, his tenderness of heart, and his great mental force, Colonel Ingersoll remains one of the rugged and striking figures of the time.

When Colonel Ingersoll was asked for a sketch of his life, this is what he wrote: "I hav never given to anyone a sketch of my life. According to my idea, a life should not be written until it has been lived."

Freethinkers

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Communications.

Catholicism's Declaration on Liberty.

I will giv a short exposition of the sentence passed by the Catholic church on liberty of conscience, of opinion, of the press, and of government, according to the encyclical letter of Pope Gregory XVI.

The late Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, Md., delivered a lecture in the Maryland Institute of this city, after his return from the last general council of Rome, in which he asserted that he was in favor of republican forms of government, for they allowed freedom in the propagation of the Catholic faith, but as for the monarchies of Europe, he wished them all swept away, and their sites occupied by republics. It is painful to the ears of common honesty to hear a man who claims to be something of a divine being, and above ordinary humanity, publicly indorse doctrins which hav been so frequently anathematized by his church, to the pope and canons of which his consecration oath has so strongly bound him in implicit and unconditional obedience. Pope Gregory, elected in 1831, issued an encyclical letter in August, 1833. An abridgment of this document we will here produce, in order to show that the declarations of the Holy and Right Reverend Archbishop Spalding are in contravention of the regularly defined doctrins of the papal church:

Ever bearing in mind, that the universal church suffers from every novelty, as well as the admonition of St. Agatho, that from what has been regularly defined nothing can be taken away, no innovation introduced there, no addition made, but that it must remain untouched both in words and meaning.

It would also be a crime to cavil at its clashing with the principles of natural law, or to pronounce it lame and imperfect, and subject to civil law.

The church is not subject to restoration and regeneration, . . . as if she should be thought obnoxious to decay and obscurities. . . . The dispensing of the canons has been committed to the Roman pontiff only. . . . in him alone resides the power of making decrees touching the ordinances of the fathers, and also, as St. Gelasius writes, to balance the decrees of the canons, and to determin the precepts of predecessors, so as to direct, after careful consideration, what relaxation the circumstances of the times require for the good of peculiar churches.

From the polluted fountain of indifference flows that absurd and erroneous doctrin, or rather raving, in favor and defense of liberty of conscience, from which most pestilential doctrin the course is opened by that entire and wild liberty of opinion which is everywhere attempting the overthrow of religious and civil institutions, which the unblushing impudence of some hav held forth as an advantage of religion. . . . From hence arises that pest of all others most to be dreaded in a state, unblushing liberty of opinion, licentiousness of speech, and a lust of novelty, which, according to the experience of all ages, portend to the downfall of the most powerful and flourishing empires.

Hence tend (from liberty of opinion) that worst and never sufficiently execrated and detested liberty of the press, for the diffusion of all manner of writing, which some so loudly contend for and activly promote. We shudder, venerable brethren, at the sight of the monstrous doctrins, or rather portentous errors, which crowd upon us in the shape of numberless volumes and pamphlets, small in size, but big with evil, which stalk forth in every direction, breathing a malediction which we deplore over the face of the earth.

The subject (the extirpation of anti-Catholic literature) engaged the closest attention of the fathers of the church at Trent, and as a remedy of so great an evil, they passed that most salutary decree for forming an Index of works in which depraved doctrin was contained. No means must be here omitted, says Clement XIII., our predecessor of happy memory, in the encyclical letter of bad works—no means must be here omitted, as the extremity of the case calls for all our exertion to extirpate the fatal pest that spreads through so many works; nor can the material elements be otherwise exterminated than by the flames, which consume the depraved elements of evil.

Nor can we augur more consoling consequences to religion and to government from the zeal of some to separate the church from the state, and to burst the bands which unite the priesthood to the empire. For it is clear that this union is dreaded by the profane lovers of liberty only because it has never failed to confer prosperity on both.

Having moreover heard that doctrins are circulated among common people in writings subversiv of the fidelity and submission due to princes, and that in consequence the flames of sedition are everywhere kindling, all care must be employed to prevent the people from being seduced from the path of duty. Wherefore both human and divine law cry out against those who by the basest machination of treason and rebellion strive to dissolve the bands of allegiance, and to drive them from their states.

It will be observed that the first part of the pope's letter is in deadly conflict with Spalding's republican assertions; for it expressly declares that from what has been regularly defined nothing can be taken away, no innovation introduced there, no addition made, but that it must remain untouched both in words and meaning; while the subsequent parts of the letter show that the papal church is inveterately opposed to liberty of conscience, to liberty of opinion, to a free press, and to free government. Was the archbishop innocently ignorant? or did he basely stoop to mendaciousness? We know that in the tenth century the priests in general were too illiterate to be able to read, but we are hardly able to conceive that the archbishop of Baltimore was sunk to the same level, yet we are unable to imagin any other mode by which the credit of his reverence can be saved than by according him the benefit of the theory.

The pope stigmatizes "liberty of opinion as an absurd, erroneous, and pestilential doctrin which opens the course for that entire wild, or rather raving, liberty of opinion which overthrows religious and civil institutions." Conscience is the sense of right and wrong; without it man could commit any crime in the catalog of guilt without consciousness or compunction. Opinion is the deduction of truth or error from premises; without it a man would be liable to innocently embrace the most absurd and pernicious principles for the most reasonable and beneficent. These two faculties, conscience and reason, the noblest and most useful attributes of man, the pope denounces as absurd, erroneous, wild, and pestilential. He forbids their exercise—why? Because he knows they will never sanction his errors and misdeeds; because he knows if he can dethrone reason, he can plant himself on its seat in the soul, and dominate with supreme power over its operations; and because he knows that if he can stifle conscience, he can convert a saint into a fiend, ready to commit any atrocity in the interest of the church.

This papal document is an extraordinary specimen of the licentiousness of speech which he condemns, and it would be difficult to find in the annals of literature a production which comprised in the same number of words more erroneous, wild, absurd, pestiferous doctrins that it does. It is estimated that there are nine hundred million inhabitants of the globe each having the powers of perception and observation to acquire knowledge, of memory to retain it, of reason to deduce conclusions from it, of conscience to perceive what is right and wrong, of will to direct the executiv faculties, and of vocal organs to frame thoughts in words and express them in speech; yet the pope, with stupendous absurdity, arrogates the prerogativ of exercising these powers only, and of interdicting their exercise by every other human being. Let it be remembered that these powers are instinctiv, involuntary, incessantly in action, beyond the control of the will, and none can cease to feel and think, or to feel and think as he desires, or can resist the conviction of his judgment, and yet the papal despot claims to be invested with authority from heaven to control the uncontrolable, destroy the indestructible, and do the impossible! A singular degree of vanity and self-importance may hav led him to imagin himself a god, but in this he is egregiously misled, for he is a man, no more, possessing the equal natural rights and privileges of all other men. And it is astounding that with the assumption of the attributes of a god, he should hav been so obtuse as to condemn and anathematize himself in the very act of asserting his pretensions. For how could he hav elaborated and published his encyclical letter without exercising the liberty of conscience, of opinion, and of the press?

Again, the pope denounces the liberty of the press as the worst and never sufficiently execrated and detested institution. He shudders at the monstrous, or rather portentous, errors which crowd upon him in the shape of numberless volumes and pamphlets. No wonder he shuddered at the unanswerable crowd, for they were spirits that could not be laid, nor their ominous gibbering silenced; and as their number has since then considerably increased, it is probable his shuddering has also increased, and will eternally continue to increase, unless the warmth of his climate has a tranquilizing effect on his nerves. But still we opine that had the pope, instead of shuddering and venting his dismay in ebullitions of wrath, exposed the errors of his finite opponent, which would hav been an easy task for his infinit abilities, he would hav acted with more benevolence and dignity, and might hav strengthened his claims to divinity. But from motivs best known to himself he let the golden opportunity pass, and, coinciding with Clement XIII., advised that the prohibited works be consigned to the flames, for the singular reason that flames consume the elements of of evil. If the pope means by this assertion that flames consume the evil elements and not the good, he should hav put his encyclical letter, together with the Douay Bible, the bulls of the popes, the canons of the councils, and other doubtful papal documents in the flames, and tested how far they were invulnerable to the effects of fire and possessed no elements of evil. Why he did not subject them to this convenient criterion, is an inexplicable mystery, unless he had no faith in the truth of his assertion.

The pope, however, flatters himself that the decrees of the Council of Trent for forming an Index of prohibited books found a very salutary remedy for works in which depraved doctrin was contained. It is, however, remarkable that among the depraved and prohibited books cited the Bible, even the Catholic Bible, is included. The fourth rule of the Index declares:

Since it is clear from experience that if the holy scriptures are everywhere permitted, more detriment than profit arises from them by reason of the rashness of man. . . . But in this case [permission to read the Bible] let it be at the option of a bishop or inquisitor. . . . But whosoever shall presume to read or keep them without such power, let him not be able to obtain the absolution of his sins until the books are returned to the ordinary.

Three years after the dissolution of the Council of Trent, Pius V. approved the Index:

The Index prohibits all books censured by the popes before 1515; all books of arch-heretics or minor errorists since 1515; the reading of the Old Testament—except at the discretion of the bishop, to learned and pious persons—and the New Testament absolutely; the reading of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, unless when a bishop, inquisitor, or recommendation grants the privilege, under heavy penalties. If any book is to be printed, or manuscript issued, it must be submitted to the church, and written consent obtained that it be printed. All book-stores, libraries, and places where books are to be loaned or sold, to be visited by persons deputed by the bishop, so that no prohibited thing be printed, sold, or kept; so that the stores keep and sell no other books, or by any means deliver them, without the license of the same deputy, under pain of confiscation of the books, or other punishment to be inflicted by the bishop or inquisitor. And let the buyers, sellers, readers, and printers be punished at the discretion of the same.

The Index of Trent was in conformity with the spirit and practice of the papal church. Numerous Indexes had before been issued; and the Council of Toulouse in 1229, in its Fifteenth canon, had prohibited the translation of the Bible in the vernacular language, and the laymen to hav the books of the Old and New Testament, but allowed them a psalter, a breviary, and a rosary.

In every century of the history of the papal church there arose able and candid men, who exposed its errors and rebuked its crimes. This class of men embraced all grades in the church, from laymen to popes. The tongue and pen of many able heretics and schismatics also assailed the church with scathing logic, pungent satire, and overpowering eloquence. The cry of reform in the head and body of the church was thundered forth, and echoed and reechoed from land to land. But the pope had no taste for reformation; corruption and demoralization were more remunerativ. He determined therefore to maintain the church unchanged in its pollution and dissoluteness, to assert its infallibility that he might claim its crimes as virtues and its errors as truths, and as it could not withstand the tide of logic and learning that threatened its safety, he determined to exterminate liberty of conscience, opinion, and the press, from which it arose, and involve the world in impervious ignorance, that it might not discover the deformity of its character and the unscrupulousness of its usurpations. The Indexes were an important instrument in the accomplishment of this treason to literature. They interdicted not only heretical but orthodox works; works of Catholic popes, cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, and laymen; works historical, philosophical, scientific, and literary—everything inimical to the pretensions of the papal despot. Sixtus V., elected in 1590, published a Bible in the Italian language, with a bull of recommendation, which the Spanish Inquisition condemned.

JOHN ALBERGER.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., May 16th, 17th, and 18th.—I expected to go from Monterey to Watsonville, but it happened no hall could be obtained, so I went to Santa Clara, and there found that eccentric but highly esteemed, stanch, honest, outspoken old veteran, John H. Dibble, who made me welcome, and arranged for three lectures at the Turners' hall. I enjoyed a delightful visit with his happy and very interesting family.

On May 15th Dr. York and his estimable wife called on me at Brother Dibble's, and for the first time I had the pleasure to grasp the hand of this sturdy old hero of a thousand campaigns. Age has not dimmed the fire of his zeal, nor the dauntless resolution and combativness of his nature. He has more get up and get, more vigor and push, than any three other lecturers in the field combined. None can equal Dr. York in raking together the smoldering embers, and fanning them into a roaring flame. I was glad to meet the sturdy old pioneer who did battle for the cause in times when to do so "tried men's souls."

Dr. York and wife came from San José to attend my first lecture at Santa Clara. The doctor presided, and at its close put the cap sheaf on my lecture by his burning words of impassioned fervor. The attendance was very slim, but greatly increased at each subsequent lecture, and the interest became very great.

Santa Clara is progressiv in every respect, and thus far has escaped the curse of a "boom."

Friend Dibble is another evidence that living out the principles of Liberalism, and courteously but fearlessly avowing convictions, does not injure business. He has accumulated a comfortable competency in spite of opposition. His son, who now carries on the business—plumbing and tinsmithing—is the most independent, outspoken young fellow in ten counties, yet everyone respects him. He is a thorough master of his trade, and conducts the business, as did his father before him, on strictly Infidel principles, and has made a grand success.

In compliance with their kindly invitation, I visited Dr. York and wife at their home in San José. Dr. York insisted on my delivering at least one lecture there. Among the very kind friends I found at San José were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, than whom more earnest and devoted workers for Liberalism

cannot be found. Mrs. Schwartz donated the most beautiful flowers in her garden, and adorned the rostrum at the hall with exquisit taste. Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz are very able musicians, and enlivened the meeting by playing inspiring melodies. There was good attendance, comprising the most intelligent and highly cultured ladies and gentlemen of San José. Dr. York made the opening address and read a poem. My lecture on "Life's Duties, or What Liberalism Teaches," was listened to with every sign of deep interest, and at its close I received the compliments and kind greeting of a host of friends. A very general desire was expressed for my speedy return, they promising me the use of the largest hall and full attendance.

San José is a wide-awake, flourishing city of great beauty, and it contains within itself another city, the Chinese. A real China town, blocks and blocks of two-story brick houses and stores occupied exclusivly by the Chinese. I am under no obligation to defend the coast, or justify that which is evil, as I hav no ax to grind. I write of persons and things as they really are, or at least as I see and find them.

I do not admire Chinese, either individually or collectivly. I admit they are workers, indefatigable workers, naturally industrious. I do not therefore wish them all comfortably laid away in little beds in the deepest bed of the ocean. No! I admit I should not risk injury to my eyes by excess of weeping if I should learn such was the fate of all the noble Indians and gentle Mexican Greasers; but the Chinese are workers, a virtue that entitles them to consideration; my only desire is that each and every one of them who hopes to be buried in his or her nativ land may hav that very laudable wish gratified at the earliest possible moment. I wish the Chinese well, when in their own country. I admire their love of their nativ soil, and heartily wish they may ever remain in it, or on it, or under it—it is perfectly immaterial which, as I am not disposed to be too particular.

This is the land of the free, and the home of the brave. But the celestials hav made a little too free with our portion of this terrestial globe. We hav allowed our land to be the dumping-ground for the offscourings of Europe and Asia long enough. The Chinese must go. "No goodee, all welly badee."

Boulder Creek, Cal., May 21st, 22d, 23d.—W. S. and C. C. Rodgers are the chief standard-bearers of Liberalism in this thriving little place. I met many good Liberals; in fact, I did not meet one intelligent person who was orthodox. The lectures were well attended, and created quite a *furore* of excitement. I had a pleasant home with C. C. Rodgers, a gentleman of culture and a representativ Liberal.

San Francisco, Cal., May 24th.—Of course I shall be denounced by the "defender of this coast" for the vile, infamous, jaundiced prejudice that prompts the assertion, but I make it just the same—it did not seem to me that San Francisco far excelled New York in size, number of inhabitants, width and beauty of its streets, the grandeur of its business buildings, the comfort and elegance of its theaters, or the greater prosperity of its wage-workers. San Francisco makes a New Yorker tired; it is hilly, it is an everlasting climb to get anywhere; true, they hav cable-cars, but being hauled up or let down inclined planes well-nigh perpendicular is not sedativ to elderly persons of nervous temperament.

San Francisco is in a state of transition from the old grub state of primitiv expediency to the gorgeous butterfly era of wonderful success. Thrift, enterprise, progress, is evinced on every side, and yet let none who are making ends meet while living in any degree of comfort elsewhere, and still less those who by thrift and economy are able to liv and lay by even $5 a year, think to improve their condition by going to San Francisco. I speak now of the wage-worker. San Francisco is no place for poor men. It costs more to liv than in New York, and there is no gold to be had for picking it up in the streets. In fact, it is one of the hardest of hard cities in which to pick up a living. While men of capital can find excellent opportunities for investment, those who depend on daily labor for their daily bread should shun San Francisco. Of course, I visited the office of *Freethought* and enjoyed a jolly visit with the "man with the badge-pin."

On Friday, May 25th, I bade farewell to San Francisco and steamed away for Tacoma on the good ship Umatilla. A better-officered vessel never floated—cusine, staterooms, service, everything, was A. No. 1. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company are as reasonable in their charges as they are liberal in their management. I enjoyed the four days of ocean very much, but the weather was very cold, and, despite every precaution, I caught severe cold each day.

Puget Sound; Tacoma to Olympia.—Leaving the good ship Umatilla at Tacoma, I had just time to hurry to the post-office for mail, and back to the dock to catch the Fleetwood, the lightning little steamer bound for Olympia.

I was seriously sick, and, consequently, not at all disposed to enthuse, or look on anything with favor, but I was amazed and delighted at the extent and wondrous beauty of Puget sound. It is the Thousand Islands of New York magnified a thousand times.

This Northern country is not sufficiently well known, hence has failed to be appreciated in the East. It has inexhaustible quantities of timber. I hav seen hundreds and hundreds of trees over two hundred feet high, straight as a ramrod, not over two feet in diameter at the butt, from which a liberty pole could be cut one hundred and fifty feet long of nearly exactly the same thickness the whole length.

Coal and iron are found in the mountains; salmon and other fish in the waters. The climate is very healthy; no need of irrigation; the one drawback is, perhaps, a surplus of moisture. The weather for the past month has been "smiles and tears"—rain and sunshine alternating a dozen times a day. But here there is never scorching heat or blizzard. This is destined to become the greatest manufacturing portion of the United States—iron, coal, wood, close together and in unlimited abundance. Preparations are already made for establishing immense steel-works, and Seattle will yet become the real empress city of the Pacific.

I arrived at Olympia at 8 P.M., suffering severely from raging fever—head and lungs filled with mucous, and severe inflammation in left side. Hastened to hotel and went at once to bed; spent the night in fighting for existence by means of cold water compresses on head, lungs, and side. I survived.

My appointments are: Washington Territory: Cathlamet, 10th, 11th, 12th; Skamokawa, 14th, 15th, 16th; Stella (to dedicate new Hall), 17th, 18th, 19th. Oregon: Portland, 21st, 22d, 23d; Canby, 24th, 25th, 26th; Silverton, 28th, 29th; Brownsville, 30th, 31st, August 1st; Coburg, 3d, 4th, 5th; Harrisburg, 7th, 8th, 9th; Corvallis, 11th, 12th. Coos county, Oregon, in the order in which J. Henry Schroeder shall appoint: Marshfield, Arago, Bandon, Dora, Empire City, Myrtle Point, 14th to 30th.

C. B. Reynolds.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

THE OLD TESTAMENT PROPHETS.

It may not be generally known that "prophet" and "poet," if not exactly synonymous terms, were formerly and may even in the present day be applied to the same individual. A prophet is one who is supposed to see things invisible to the generality of mankind, and to foretell future events. If he commits his vision or foreknowledge to writing, he becomes a poet or composer. Any literary man may be a poet, but he is not necessarily a prophet—that is to say, a visionary, a crank, or a rhapsodist. He may be all these, and write nothing but empty and meaningless rodomontade, and be at the same time a very good average prophet!

All the various religions that hav influenced mankind since the birth of letters and of art hav been founded on the obscure sayings of poets and prophets. These, however, should not be held responsible for one thousandth part of the nonsensical doctrins and theories that hav been deduced from their writings and sayings. They wrote and spoke according to their lights, and in the infancy of language had to express nouns of quality by metaphors and figures of speech, to which their commentators and expounders gave the "human form divine," and thus produced a bewildering number of gods and goddesses. I hav already shown how the Hebrew idiom for mother-wit or common sense became transmuted into a devil. With the Greeks, *zeus*, or summer heat, in conjunction with *era*, or morning air, was transformed into the mighty god, the everlasting father. The first-born of this pair was Apollo, otherwise the sun; but whether heat originally produced the sun, or the sun produced heat, is not satisfactorily shown, either by the Greek or the Hebrew cosmogony, although they both incline to the first hypothesis. Pallas, the goddess of wisdom or mother-wit, although represented as a female, had herself no mother, being hatched from the brain of Jove himself! The poet who conceived so monstrous a theory could hav had but little respect for the fair sex. Pallas had her favorits among the males, as witness the crafty Ulysses, but she apparently lived and died an old maid, leaving no descendants, and that is the reason we are for the most part born fools. King Solomon, whose mother (Bathsheba) was certainly not remarkable for *her* wisdom, has left on record that he had found one wise man in a thousand, but not a single sensible woman, although he had tried to the full extent of that number.

The Hebrew cosmogonist managed to dispense with the female element altogether until he had planted Adam in the garden of Eden. Then he found it necessary to introduce a woman by some means or other, in order to bring his hypothetical history into accord with existing facts. The manufacture of Eve from one of her husband's ribs, taken from him whilst he slept, is a very clumsy affair, and not at all ingenious. Yet this story has given rise to a widely spread belief, not quite extinct even in the present day, that the anatomical structure of a man shows him to be one rib short on one side at least, though he who believes this must be short in some respects, even if it be not in the matter of ribs.

In the absence of anything like a reliable history, either heathen or Hebraic, it is idle to speculate on the probabilities as to whether the original progenitors of our race were of the male or female sex. On this point we are as ignorant as Topsy, who said, "'Spect I growed." We hav nothing to fall back upon but the Darwinian theory, that we were in the first place developed from the monkey, who was developed from the saurian, who was developed from the trilobite, who was somehow evolved from primeval slime.

It is a long stride, however, from the saurian to the poet, although the latter may be of the genus *vatum irritabile*, and write nothing but nonsense. Perhaps the Hebrew poets are the most nearly related to the saurian, or rather batrachian, order, for they are croakers rather than singers. Yet it is remarkable that the heathen poet, who had more learning and more wit, and was probably more respected by his contemporaries, has long lost his hold on the popular imagination, and is no longer considered as divinely inspired. On the other hand, the "Thus saith the Lord" of the Hebrew maniac is thundered from the modern pulpit as an unanswerable pronunciation of the divine will. In the orthodox church "God spake these words and said" is held as a sufficient warrant for setting apart one day out of every seven as a national holiday. For this we should hav reason to be thankful were it not for the overstrained "godliness" which forbids not only innocent amusements but also reasonable refreshment to the liberated slaves of counting-house and shop. To make things of themselvs good as unpalatable as possible to the multitude seems to be the chief aim of religious cranks.

But there are prophets of good as well as prophets of evil even among the countrymen of Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Pope has shown us the parallel between Virgil and Isaiah in singing of a good time coming, although to judge by appearance that time has not yet arrived. The biographers of Jesus Christ exercised a great deal of ingenuity, and invented some gross improbabilities, in order to make those supposed prophecies fit in with his advent. That a virgin, *i.e.*, a newly married one, should conceive and bring forth a son who should be esteemed (at least for a time) the god of the household, is not in itself a miraculous event. It occurs somewhere or other every day in the year. But such an event as is recorded in the New Testament never yet occurred, and never will. To utilize the passage, "Out of Egypt hav I called my son," it was necessary to invent the "massacre of innocents" and the "flight into Egypt," concerning the first of which history is altogether silent. "That the scripture might be fulfilled" Jesus (not unnaturally) asked for a drink when hanging on the cross, and for the same excellent reason gave up the ghost before the soldiers came to break his legs. Those who rest their faith on the supposed fulfilment of ancient prophecies hav a very shallow and rotten foundation indeed. The utterances of the Jewish prophets are so incoherent and meaningless that an ingenious commentator may make of them almost anything he chooses.

Outis.

Some Matters and Things.

The authorities down in Georgia hav just hung a preacher for murder. Since then he has appeared regularly in his old pulpit and preached the word of God.—*Chicago Times.*

This is a decided step forward in Underwood's Religion of the Future. It seems to us to be the long-needed means of "reforming the pulpit." It ought to be in frantic demand by the dear, loving, and down-burthened laymen who carry the load of church taxes and support the priests in their holy office. Of course the preachers would kick against any attempt to introduce new procedures that would interfere with their "soft thing." Fill the pulpits with dead preachers, and where would go the priestly office? Where would those in the flesh now go to? The Georgia plan would giv us a "free gospel"—no money, no plucking of geese by the priests. There is much to commend the new mode. The famous "pastoral visits"—a license for pampered carnality to call at men's homes at all hours and visit the sisters, till an evil has grown so stalwart as to appal thinking men of a high tone of virtue—would hav to be discontinued. The "carnal man, which is enmity with God," would be out of religion in the best possible manner. It would be swallowed up in the grave, and the crimes of "ministerial conduct" would go.

The other day a Jewish rabbi offered up a prayer from the sanctum which is located in the United States Senate.—*Washington Post.*

Well, this is something new! An Infidel acting as chaplain in the United States Senate! Of course, a Jew is an Infidel—he knows no Christ! Yet, let us try some other kind of prayer than the useless stuff that has been bought and paid for by the people's tax-money. The old God of the Jews is the same God they all pray to. The prayers that hav ascended to God almighty from the lips of hireling chaplains for nearly a hundred years in Congress hav all been wasted—no response. We want to try some other variety, seeing that the standard article is a failure.

John Bushel.

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Organization.

We notice that our Liberal contemporaries are busily engaged in discussing the value to Liberalism of organization. This is, we presume, preliminary to the Congress of the American Secular Union, and designed to affect the action of that body.

The general opinion seems to be that organization is a good thing. Another admitted fact is that the present organization has enemies in the ranks of Liberalism as well as among the mobs of the church. Why this is so, no one has said; but it appears to be because of differing opinions as to the best methods of extending Liberalism, aided perhaps by some personal jealousy among the Freethought orators and editors.

This difference and jealousy is lamentable, but not unnatural. Liberals are human and combativ. Each has decided opinions of his own, and holds to them tenaciously. Many, too, hav been trained in some church or other, and bring to Liberalism the church ideas and plans of work. Others recollect what most affected them in their growth from Christianity to common sense, and naturally enough think that such means—be it books, or lectures, or papers—is the most effectiv to increase the spread of Freethought.

But if we start from the ground in this matter, we must throw away our personal predilections. The first proposition to be considered is, that it is desirable to spread Freethought, to increase the number of persons who reject Christianity and look to science as their savior from worldly ills, to rescue those whom the tormenting dogmas of theology hav made miserable. This proposition will probably receive the unanimous assent of the Infidels of the country. Second. Organization of those already free is one of the chief and best means of accomplishing this. This will be assented to by nine-tenths of the Liberals of the country. Then follows the question of methods—that is, the methods for the national or general organization. Local organizations will choose and pursue their own methods. And it seems to us that the only answer to such a question is, that that method is best which does the most good and receives the most support. This can be determined only by experiment; and a glance at the past records of the Union will help materially in arriving at a decision. From the founding of the League at Philadelphia in 1876 till the Syracuse Congress, Mr. Francis E. Abbot was its presiding genius. He had secretaries to assist him. They all remained in Boston and did all their work from an office. Beyond the organization of a few local leagues—nearly all of which died from indifference—we do not recollect any work accomplished. After the Syracuse Congress the headquarters were in New York—first with Mr. Rawson as secretary, and then with Mr. Leland. The same plan of working from an office was pursued. Under Mr. Leland's administration a weekly paper was started. No organization ever had a more competent office secretary than Mr. Leland. He was bustling, tireless, shrewd, and made everyone his friend. Yet, with the aid of a paper, the League dwindled to practically nothing. The paper could not be sustained, and its engagements with its subscribers were filled by THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Leland received no pay for his services, and indeed the receipts of the League scarcely paid the office rent. No practical work was accomplished, and no persons were rescued from the church.

When Mr. Putnam was made secretary the Union gave him a salary, provided he could collect it. He began to hustle, and finding that the mountain had but little idea of coming to Mohammed, Mohammed went to the mountain. For three years the office of the secretary was on trains or in whatever town would giv the secretary a chance to address the citizens. Hundreds of lectures were delivered, thousands of new people reached, and hundreds of dollars' worth of books sold. Last year, at the request of the advocates of the office plan, Mr. Stevens consented to accept the secretaryship, and see if he could not by correspondence do the same work at less cost. The result does not justify the anticipations. In his Union article this week Mr. Stevens reports the receipts as less than one-half the running expenses. This is very discouraging, and is not the proper treatment of so able, earnest, and competent an officer as Mr. Stevens. If the Union is wanted at all, the secretary should be a great deal better supported.

This comparison of methods and results is the only scientific way of determining what course should be pursued in future. If the idea is to *do something for Liberalism*, then the hustling method seems to be the best and to win the most support. In fact, it seems to be the only way the Union can exist until the Liberals see fit to unite and close up the ranks.

As to the personality of the officers of the Union, it becomes us to say little. We may perhaps be one of the jealous editors heretofore mentioned. The present officers are as good and competent as any men we know; and no doubt there are others just as good who would be willing to replace them. But it would be unfair to Mr. Stevens not to giv his plans and methods a thorough trial. He is bearing the brunt of the battle, and is doing as well as he can with meager support.

The question for the next Congress to decide is whether the Liberals want a national organization at all or not. If they do, let them say so through the press and at the Congress; if not, let them say so also. It seems to us that the Union ought to be sustained, and sustained with sufficient liberality to enable its officers to interfere in all cases of oppression by the church, to test the constitutionality of blasphemy laws, to fight compulsory Sunday observance, and to inaugurate and direct public movements looking to the granting and enforcement of the Nine Demands. Then the secretary could go where his services were most needed, labor in every state, and make the Union a powerful opponent of the God-in-the-Constitution organization.

The Religion of Presidents.

The religious status of the two chief candidates for the office of president of there United States is defined in the appended remarks of the Mephistophelian *Sun:*

"We hav never before had two Presbyterians running against each other as competitors for the office of president of the United States. President Cleveland is a Presbyterian, the son of a Presbyterian minister, and General Harrison, who wants to be president in his place, is another Presbyterian who has risen to the rank of elder in the Presbyterian church. President Cleveland does not take the sacraments of his faith. General Harrison is in full communion of the saints, according to the requirements of the Presbyterian Confession.

"In the list of Republican presidents there has not yet been a Presbyterian. General Arthur was an Episcopalian. General Garfield a Campbellite, General Grant a Methodist, the fraudulent Hayes a Methodist, Andy Johnson a Methodist, and Abraham Lincoln a devout non-sectarian.

"The two Presbyterians who now stand as representativs of the two rival parties in the country are reported to be both firm adherents of the Calvinistic dogma, with modern improvements."

As either Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Harrison will undoubtedly be elected, the prospects for John Calvin's mathematical religion are good. Presbyterians will hav the call on the rival sects, though if the present incumbent be reëlected the Roman Catholics will not find themselvs any great distance out in the cold. In practice, Mr. Cleveland fluctuates between the religion of his father and the religion of votes.

It is no one's concern, however, what the religion of a candidate is, unless he shall offensivly proclaim his partisanship, or by his acts favor piety at the expense of public welfare. Mr. Cleveland's ostentatious participation in Roman Catholic ceremonies is a fair subject for criticism, and in case Mr. Harrison should be elected any attempt to take his Sunday-school class into the White House could be condemned without impertinence.

The *Sun's* assertion that Abraham Lincoln was a devout non-sectarian is only partly true. Lincoln was a non-sectarian because he was an Infidel of the Thomas Paine variety; but he was never "devout" in the common meaning of the word. He possessed reverence for his own conception of a supreme being, but Christianity had little of his respect, however kind he may hav been to individual Christians. It is just as well to be accurate in these matters even if one has to acknowledge that the best presidents this country ever had were Freethinkers. Washington, the Deist; Jefferson, the Materialist; Lincoln, Anti-Christian Deist—three magnificent men whose influence upon the politics and welfare of the country will outweigh a thousand psalm-singing Methodists and Presbyterians!

Mr. Harman's Defense.

In its issue of June 23d *Lucifer* reprints the article which the Christian conspirators against that paper chiefly rely upon to secure the imprisonment of the Messrs. Harman, and E. C. Walker, who was at the time of the original publication associate editor. Accompanying, and in the "deadly parallel column," is the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis, printed for the purpose of showing that the letter of W. G. Markland is purity itself beside "holy writ."

The matter upon which our Western friends hav been held to answer to the United States court is a miscellaneous collection of physiological and moral philosophy and a funny story such as commercial travelers and other story-tellers relate to while away time and put themselvs and others in good humor. There is no vulgarity in it, though it is a little piquant, but nevertheless not without a point and moral. The other articles are the Markland letter mentioned, a letter from Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead to Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker, and a letter from one of Mrs. Slenker's correspondents commenting upon an article by Albert Chavannes. In none of these are there any sentences which in our opinion would excite lustful thoughts "in the minds of those open to such influences, and into whose hands publications of this kind might fall." These are scattered through various issues of *Lucifer*. Mrs. Whitehead's letter is a protest against the use of contracepts and a plea for austerity of life. Mrs. Whitehead is an aged Christian lady, with a large heart, but her work is always for humanity's good as she sees it. The "comments on Chavannes's article, from Elmina's correspondent," are also an argument against the exercise of lust. It is not difficult to locate the writer, who is an estimable and pure person, for whom we entertain great respect for scholarly qualities. The letter of Mr. Markland we hav previously described as "a coarsely written and exclamatory denunciation of the abuse of marital rights." None of these articles would be printed in these columns, and neither would the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis, and many other chapters and verses of the Bible. But, as we hav said a great many times, so long as the matter is not of that vile class of publications which are manifestly intended to inflame the passions, those who wish to print discussions upon social questions hav the same right to do so that others hav to print theological or heretical discussions. And alongside the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis, "God's holy word," all of these indicted articles are models of refined and pure language. The story of Onan and Tamar and Judah cannot be paralleled for coarseness in any book of standard literature outside the one in which it appears.

The *tu quoque* argument, as the lawyers call it, rendered into colloquial English is, "You're another." It is barren of logic, but is on occasions a satisfactory measure for closing the mouths of opponents. Though the unindicted Bible may be the most obscene book in the world, it does not follow that other and indicted books may not be obnoxious to the charge. But it is a satisfaction to throw the filth of the scripture in the faces of its worshipers who are trying to suppress unbelief in the Bible by means of alleged obscenity. If these worshipers are sincere in their

efforts for purity, why do they not by prosecutions force the churches to giv us a pure Bible? This defensiv act of *Lucifer*, therefore, is not only justifiable but conclusiv as against the Christians seeking its life.

Obscenity laws, as THE TRUTH SEEKER has frequently said, are necessary and right when enacted by state legislatures and enforced by the proper municipal officers. The national law, however, is not only cumbersome and tyrannical in its administration, but under it hav sprung up societies of private persons who hav taken upon themselvs the task of enforcing these statutes. This is not in accordance with American ideas. Prosecutions for obscenity should be taken out of the hands of these meddlers and put into the charge of the local authorities.

Another difficulty attending the prosecution of the obscenity laws is the delicate judgment required in deciding what properly comes under the statute. In old times the conversation and literature were very "broad," and naturally the works of genius that hav come down to our generation are broad. Such works are the Bible, Shakspere's poems and plays, Swift's works, Rabelais's works, the "Arabian Nights," and dozens of others, without which our literature would be much poorer. Again, certain people—narrow and starved in thought, dyspeptic, and fanatically pious—regard with professed horror objects to which educated and traveled people never giv a second thought. Such folks look upon art galleries as the devil's evangels, and the theater as a section of hell. If the law was interpreted by them, the world would be what a nunnery generally is not—a place of austere "virtue," as ridiculous as unpleasant. When once outside of the really obscene, it is impossible to draw the line; it has never been done, and we do not believe it ever can be. Like blasphemy, it is a question of geography, of social custom, of education—in short, of pure opinion.

Under any definition, though, short of the prudery of hypocrisy, we do not believe that the articles indicted in *Lucifer* can be called obscene. If they can be, how much more need there is to suppress the Bible is at once apparent on comparing the letter of Mr. Markland with the quotation Mr. Harman has given from the Bible.

The Christians and the Jews.

The Jewish journals of this city are slowly but surely growing angry at the effort of the churches to convert the Hebrews from the faith of their fathers to the newer delusion of Christianity. They declare it to be not only a useless and foolish effort, but a fraud from inception to result. The Hebrew-Christian church maintained by the influence of Howard Crosby, Dr. Deems, and others, is denounced roundly, and the pastor castigated with vigor. "Suppose," says the *Jewish Messenger*, "that a Protestant-Catholic church were organized in this city for the avowed purpose of converting poor Catholic children and foreign immigrants to Protestantism; that its founder preached publicly in the garb of a Catholic priest to illustrate Catholic superstitions, and that every sermon was full of invectiv against Catholicism! Such a church would not endure a month. It would be razed to the ground as a pest-house of dissension and bigotry!" This is putting it pretty strong, and we doubt if the Catholics would be allowed to destroy obnoxious property in the reckless manner described.

But the complaints of the Jews are not unreasonably made. The work of the conversionists, as they call the supporters of the Hebrew-Christian church, is not marked by good sense or honesty. An example illustrating the Christian methods is found in the *Christian at Work*, where two columns are used glorifying the conversionist here and abroad, and stating, among other absurd things, "that in the city of Kishenen fifty thousand Jews embraced Christianity in one year." As the whole Jewish population of that city is something under twenty-five thousand, a Hebrew gentleman called the attention of the editor of the paper to the palpable misstatement. The editor replied haughtily that he "would not pay attention to every Ingersollite who saw fit to call upon him;" and the readers of the *Christian at Work* who do not obtain information from reliable sources are still imagining that the power of the gospel has converted to Christianity in one year more than twice as many Jews as Kishenen has within its limits. No attention is paid to facts by these conversionists. The movement is boomed beyond the bounds of credibility, and the other side of the story can find no place to exhibit itself. Proofs that converts are purchased are pushed aside, and notwithstanding that but few Jews can ever be bought to embrace Christianity, the organization is kept up by false statements and at a large expense just as though it really accomplished something.

This puts the Jews in a false light. It classes them among the "heathen," and is a reproach to their fidelity to their ancestral religion. The Jews are clannish, and doggedly obstinate in their adherence to race peculiarities, and the attitude of the conversionists is considered by them to be an insult; and though they hav been slow to resent it, it must inevitably lead to a determined and activ opposition to the missionary work of the Christians. And this opposition may well begin by forcing an investigation into the results of Mr. Freshman's purchases of converts.

Editorial Notes.

"WHAT we need," said the Rev. Mr. Halsey at the Spring street Presbyterian church last Sunday, "is not more wealth, but more men of worth; not more victuals, but more virtue. To serve God is better than to hav a well-filled larder." Still, we cannot help thinking that if Mr. Halsey's congregation did not keep his larder well filled, his piety would be insufficient to keep him preaching to them.

SAM JONES the revivalist has a brother Joe. This brother is also a preacher of Christ and him crucified. The Atlanta, Ga., *Constitution* reports that great excitement now prevails in Laurens, S. C., caused by the elopement of the Rev. Joe Jones and Miss Bassie Farrow, of Cross Anchor, S. C. The couple were married, but the bride's mother threatens to shoot Mr. Jones if he comes again inside her house. Somehow or other the preachers are always in trouble over the ladies.

A STORY is told of Ex-Senator Thurman, Democratic candidate for vice-president, that will perhaps lose him some pious votes. The story goes that on one occasion at Newark, O., he seriously shocked three clergymen who called upon him to pay their respects. Having made a speech that day and being weary from his exertions, the senator had sent down to the hotel bar for a bottle of whisky. The only stand in his room was a very small one, on which was placed a large copy of the Bible, given to the hotel by the industrious members of the Young Men's Christian Association. The table was somewhat littered with stationery, and the bottle had been set down upon the Bible. The clergymen looked at the bottle, then at the book, then at one another, and then at the senator. They paid their respects in the most embarrassing manner and bowed themselvs out.

THE Rev. Sam Jones has distinct ideas on politics. The holy Sabbath calm of Detroit, Mich., was smashed on the first day of this week by these religious sentiments: "Now I'll tell you, I think we are running the last political combat on the lines we hav been running them on. It is between the Republicans and Democrats this contest, and it is the last race the Republicans will make in America. The Democrats are going in overwhelmingly. Four years from now we (the Prohibition element) will break up the solid South. The issue then will be God or no God, drunkenness or sobriety, Sabbath or no Sabbath, heaven or hell. That will be the issue. Then we will wipe up the ground with the Democratic party and let God rule America from that time on." This is cheering for the Democrats, but slightly discouraging to the Republicans and heretics. Colonel Ingersoll, who is both a Republican and a heretic, will probably seek the mercy-seat at once.

THE Roman Catholic church draws from the treasury of California something over $133,000 annually for the support of its institutions. Rumors of abuses in these institutions led to an investigation, beginning with the orphan asylum at San Rafael. The *Argonaut* sums up the result so far: "Five hundred boys, from four to fourteen years of age, without proper clothing and proper food; without fires or a warm meal from one year's end to another; with at best but occasional baths; deprived of undergarments and stockings; covered with vermin on their heads and bodies—vermin feeding upon ulcers and running sores; neglected in all their studies except that of the catechism; not properly attended in illness; not allowed to enjoy the unlimited freedom of the playground; allowed to die without information to the mother, and so carelessly buried that the grave is lost; not permitted a cup of pure, fresh, warm milk from the sixty milking cows from one year's end to another; putrid and stinking meat in limited quantities two days in the week and served cold; bread in limited quantities and of bad quality and never warm; disciplined by a drunken and brutal master with strap and buckle; knocked down and beaten, and one is dead; boys let loose in dormitories to the unutterable licentiousness of darkness; towels seldom washed and seldom changed; fed in the freedom of a riot in which the strongest steal and the weakest starve; stock, eggs, product of the dairy, the poultry-yard, and a farm of a thousand acres sent to market; one egg given each boy at Easter; priests and sisters at a separate table, served by a separate cook, from a separate larder, fat, snug, and sleek, well-dressed, well-fed, in good health, while the boys are weak, emaciated, wan, famished, and ragged."

SAYS a daily paper: "The Prohibitionist party makes far louder professions of religion than any other party that has candidates in the field. The recent ratification meeting of the party in the Metropolitan Opera House was like a religious revival meeting. The prayers were long, the hymns sacred, the speeches unctuous, and the platform was crowded with clergymen and pious women. Again, at the state convention in Syracuse, Wednesday's session was opened with a half hour's prayer-meeting, under the direction of a clergyman. The speeches were in the religious vein; the platform that was adopted opened with reverent sentiments, and one of the resolutions of the convention affectionately urged clergymen to preach Prohibition sermons from their pulpits in church." The Prohibition party in this state has allied itself with the God-in-the-Constitution party, and one of the first results of its success would be the constitutional disfranchisment of Freethinkers.

IN his speech at the Republican convention in Chicago Colonel Ingersoll spoke of the Democratic candidates as "dog-fennel Democrats." This expression has been the cause of much denunciation of the colonel by people who say "dog-fennel" is a poisonous and offensiv weed. Mr. J. K. Magie, a well-known TRUTH SEEKER correspondent, who was for many years an editor and Republican politician around Peoria, Ill., Colonel Ingersoll's former home, rises to explain. The expression, he says, arose in this way: When the Knights of the Golden Circle, the Copperhead organization which during the days of the war did all that was in its power to embarrass and obstruct the work of saving the Union, was at the hight of its activity, its members met in fields in and around sundry villages, where the weed dog-fennel grew in profusion. The Republicans and war Democrats in the region near Peoria and Canton characterized the members of this Copperhead organization as "Dog-fennel Rangers," and this became a well-known term for them in that part of the country. Mr. Magie thinks this characterization was in Colonel Ingersoll's mind, and that he meant to characterize the Democratic ticket as a Copperhead ticket, and not specially as a skunk-cabbage or poisonous weed ticket.

IN regard to Mr. Charles F. Caldwell, the alleged "Ingersoll of the West Virginia bar," who has been converted, and concerning whom we made public inquiry in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 26th, Mr. W. T. Dutton, of Elba, O., writes: "Mr. Caldwell, of Parkersburg, is a well-known lawyer of ability, and practices his profession at present. He joined the Methodist Episcopal church, South, last winter, and now preaches occasionally. As to his being 'known throughout the country as the "Ingersoll of the West Virginia bar," from his known Infidelity to the Christian religion,' Mr. Caldwell's own statement ought to settle that point. He says that he was a great admirer of Colonel Ingersoll, but never was an Infidel himself. His alleged fame in that line had not reached this place, which is not over thirty miles from Parkersburg, but people here knew of him as a lawyer and politician. In the last presidential campaign he was a Democrat until shortly before the election, when he suddenly changed his mind and became a Republican. People in a position to closely observe his career claim that policy, instead of principle, was the cause of these sudden changes. They claim he is an aspirant to the office of prosecuting attorney, and, in addition to the Republican votes, expects members of the church to which he belongs, who are all Democrats, to vote for him. I do not know whether this is the cause of his joining the church or not, but it looks suspicious, and policy governs a great many people. The intent of the paragraph from the Indianapolis *News* was to show the conversion of an intelligent Infidel to Christianity. The facts are different in this instance, and if orthodox lies, misrepresentations, and persecutions were as rare as such conversions, there would be no need of such an organization as the American Secular Union."

THE Manhattan Liberal Club came down from its intellectual stilts on Friday, the 29th ult., and sat on the floor and laughed at the concluding performance of the season. If it is permissible to say that the perfect had improved, Dr. Foote, Jr., should be congratulated upon the advance the club has made since he began to cater to the mental appetites of a most voracious and epicurean audience. Even the light food of music and mirth which ended the summer campaign was thoroughly artistic, and the critics will undoubtedly preserve their good nature till the club reassembles in September. The program of Friday evening was rendered by the following artists: Trio from "Attila," Edward and Mrs. Schultze and William Harper; Miss Nellie Edmunds sang, "O, hé Mama;" Susie Russell sang, "Best of All;" the boy violinist, young Conroy, gave De Beriot's Ninth Concerto; Bessie Gray sang, "Tell Her I Love Her So;" Owen Westford rendered one of his German character songs; Eugene Sanger evoked merriment in negro specialties; Mrs. Ed. Schultze sang, "The Angel's Serenade," with violin obligato by Mr. Schilling; Hattie Leonard played Chopin's "Scherzo;" William Harper sang Abt's "It Was Not Thus to Be;" two recitations were rendered by Julius Kahn; Edward Schultze sang, "My Heart is Thy Home," by Abt; the little artist, Conroy, gave "A Prayer," by H. Léonard, on the violin. The entertainment closed with a quartet from "Rigoletto" by Mr. and Mrs. Schultze, Susie Russell, and Mr. Harper. Every member, from first to last, was enthusiastically encored, and each artist cheerfully responded to the call. A vote of thanks to the manager of the entertainment, and especially to the artists, was unanimously given. A fine piano was kindly furnished by the popular maker, Sohmer. The club will reassemble some time in September, when we hope the editor of the *Independent Pulpit*, Mr. J. D. Shaw, will tell us about Infidelity in Texas.

Letters from Friends.

PRESCOTT, ARIZ., June 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: A voice from the wilds of Arizona. Inclosed find twenty-five cents for an ALMANAC. I am an old government scout and hunter, and think your paper is one of the grandest, purest, and finest papers I ever read. And if those lying, wicked, sinful, and misleading priests and preachers would read it they would blush and cringe away from its fair presence. I cut out one of Mr. Heston's cartoons—that of Mrs. Lot's transformation—and stuck it on a tree, and it does the cattle as much good as Christianity has done the world. It's a pity we hav no such miracles nowadays. What a grand thing it would be to turn the Salvation Army into salt for the benefit of stock! Hurrah for Ingersoll, Putnam, Miss Gardener, and others! Down with hypocrisy and superstition! With many good wishes for future success and happiness to all Freethinkers, I am,

Yours, etc., C. L. MAURICE.

SANTA ANA, CAL., June 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am not a subscriber for your paper, but I hav been reading it for the last three years, and I think there is as much good, truthful reading in it as in any paper or book I ever read.

They hav just closed a seven weeks' camp-meeting here, and I, like a great many others, went to see and be seen. Well, the sisters got around me and asked me if I was saved, and as I believe in telling the truth, I informed them that I was not saved. Well, they wanted me to get saved. I informed them that I had no such thoughts as getting saved, and asked them to let me alone. But it was no go; they were determined to save me. So three or four of them got around me and prayed for me, and after they had prayed they asked me if I did not feel better. Of course I informed them that I felt better. Who would not feel good after having three or four handsome women hanging and laying on a fellow for an hour or so? The next operation, they wanted me to ask all the brethren to pray for me. Well, I did it; so there was a general praying for me. The camp-meeting is gone, but there are a good many of the brethren here yet, and sisters too. So I met one of the sisters yesterday, and she asked me how I was getting along. I informed her, not very well, so she wanted to know the cause. I informed her that I had no idea. "Well," she said, "you must hold something in your heart that God does not like; or eat or drink something, or maybe read something, that God does not like." I mentioned several state papers that I read. "Well," said the good lady, "I don't think that God would be offended at your reading a newspaper. Is that all you read?" "No," I said, "I read THE TRUTH SEEKER." "What," said the lady of God, "that nasty, Infidel paper? Don't read that lying, Infidel paper! Why," said the lady of God, "that paper is at war with all God's people! Why, it will say anything to turn souls from God!" I said: "I know THE TRUTH SEEKER believes in Freethought, but it tells a great deal of truth;" and I mentioned Mrs. Packard's case, that I saw in THE TRUTH SEEKER just as I heard her tell it herself. "Well," said the good lady, "you must not allow such stuff to enter your heart if you want to seek God."

G. W. FUSEN.

ST. HELENS, ORE., June 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Since writing you last week I hav given six lectures, two at Magars Landing and four here in St. Helens, all in Oregon. I had full houses every evening; also on Sunday, or the "Lord's day." Science and Freethought are gospel enough for these nativ Oregonians. Many of them, I think, hav never heard of the lost sheep of Israel or the wonderful miraculous conception from that overshadowing business, and hav never drunk the blood of Jesus or feasted upon his body, making cannibals of themselvs by following the mandates of some heaven-pilot. I admire this freedom from all religion, all fear of the wrath of God or the scarecrow of the devil and his home in the warm climate. I find as much integrity, honor, truth, and morality, with less penuriousness and pinch-a-dime-until-the-eagle-squeals littleness, as among Eastern people where they teach: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;" "The Lord loveth a willing giver," etc. I once asked a good, kind sister in the Lord what made the Christians charge me more for what I got of them, and "Jew" me down more for what they got of me, than other people. She frankly said she supposed they gave so much to the Lord in building churches, paying preachers' salaries, buying Bibles and sich, that it made them feel poor and hard up. I suggested that they probably tried to keep even by "skinning" the "world's people." Blessed be the name of the Lord!

I hav now been lecturing six weeks on this lower Columbia river. It is a magnificent river, being in many places two miles wide, and deep enough for ocean steamers and vessels for a hundred miles above the mouth; the islands and bottom lands along the river are overflowed during high water, so they are of but little use except for pasturing. The bluffs and hills are so high and steep, although good soil, that they are as yet but very little cultivated, but they are covered with the most magnificent forests in the world, nearly all evergreen, consisting of fir, cedar, spruce, and hemlock. Just think of trees 8, 10, 12 feet in diameter, and 250, 300, 350 feet in hight, and growing so close, and with so much down timber, that a man could hardly travel on foot five miles a day, and cattle cannot in many cases get through the woods at all. Think of it—here within 30 miles of Portland, a city of 50,000 to 60,000 people, one can get 320 acres of good land covered with the finest forest the world ever saw. The timber has often been estimated at 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 feet upon 160 acres, and is often sold at 25 cents per 1,000 in the tree; the tops and down trees are burnt up to get rid of them. It is considered worth $100 per acre to clear it up for farming. Then, it is generally very broken and hilly, but rich soil, with splendid springs and brooks everywhere. I hav seen the finest cherries, plums, prunes, berries, clover, and timothy, etc., I ever saw growing here. Pears that weigh two pounds are quite common. No corn, wheat, or melons are raised here, but fruit-raising, dairying, lumbering, and salmon-fishing are the occupations of this Columbia valley. But it is very thinly settled as yet. The towns below Portland are mere landings and logging camps, saw-mills and fishing towns. Everybody seems to liv easily and well; money plenty; wages high; good men getting from $40 to $100 and $120 per month and board—but they are so careless and free with their money that most of them lay up nothing. The thermometer never gets down to zero, nor up to 95°, but for four months in the winter it rains a slow, misty rain two-thirds of the time, making the roads impassable.

D. C. SEYMOUR.

INGERSOLL NOT FOR LIBERTY.

LEXINGTON, MO., June 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: On reading his Chicago speech Liberals must feel as the Philistines did when it was told them that their idol, Dagon, had fallen on his face. The great Liberal orator seems after all to be only tolerably Liberal, which is analogous to saying a woman is tolerably virtuous. As Carlyle would say, "how God must laugh" to hear the colonel praise the party that gave the negro freedom to labor and denies him freedom to exchange the products of his labor! European despots are determined on "saving the people from the baneful effects of too much liberty" politically; the colonel, on saving them from the baneful effects of too much liberty economically.

He favors one-sided "protection" because, as he says, under it "we hav become the richest nation on the globe." A drummer for a Chicago implement factory said two days ago, "We get $1,700 apiece for those machines, and but for 'protection' we would hav to sell them for $600." I had just come from a district where women were plowing and hoeing in the fields, and where they usually go barefooted from motivs of economy. The price of wheat there is fifty cents a bushel, or thirty-four hundred bushels to pay for a thresher.

The colonel says these producers of raw material are stupid, but he wants them forbidden to buy where their money will buy the most, in order to "protect" certain other industries conducted by those whom he says are "the most ingenious people who ever lived." I firmly believe with him that we are, and therefore see no need to rob one class for the benefit of another, aside from the moral questions involved. A servant of the "prince of peace" preaching war sermons from his pulpit; a preacher preaching from the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart," on Sundays and seducing the wives and daughters of his parishioners on weekdays; a "Liberal" orator praising liberty and denying liberty in exchanging what we produce, are all in the same mudhole. I hav read the economic contributions to THE TRUTH SEEKER, but do not consider the question one that ought to arise among those who call themselvs "Liberals."

Suppose that Congress were to pass laws equalizing tariff benefits. That is, the "protected" industries should share with their employees and the public; the former by a sliding scale of wages, the latter by reasonable prices. Then it would be much fairer. But if the laborers dare to ask for higher wages they can "go," like Chinamen. And as for the public—"the public be damned." GEO. WILSON.

NEOSHO, MO., June 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER, neither am I in sympathy with its doctrin and views. One of my neighbors takes it, and he kindly givs me the privilege of perusing its columns. To-day he sends me No. 22, of Vol. XV, and calls my attention to the Joplin letter, which I read with care. I fail to detect anything new or grand in the writer's views, but simply a repetition of the Infidels' text which they would hiss in the ears of all Christians, crying: "Calvin, Servetus! Calvin, Servetus!" as though all Christians were John Calvin in person, and all parties who suffer wrong were indeed Servetuses. Their whole system and theory seems to be based on this text, as though all Christians were responsible for that act. The writer dwells principally on the question of Prohibition and American liberty. I did not read the letter of the gentleman from Massachusetts, and know nothing of its contents, but in regard to the principle of liberty allow me to say that liberty unrestricted is not liberty. The freedom of action must necessarily be restricted when it comes in contact with the rights and privileges of others. If the manufacture, sale, and use of spirituous liquors can be tolerated without endangering the rights and privileges of others, then this government has no right to meddle with it whatever, but facts hav demonstrated in so many cases that its use is detrimental to the welfare, happiness, and political privileges of others. I hav seen times in the little city of Joplin when it was hardly safe for a man, much less a lady, to pass the saloon doors, yet we are told that under the principles of our Liberal institutions the legislativ authorities hav no right to step between vice and virtue, safety and violence. If the perpetuity of this republic is to be maintained by the perpetuation of this nefarious business at the sacrifice of the comfort and happiness of the innocent, to say nothing of their political rights, then I say, Let it go down with the crash of nations that hav fallen before. I would like to ask the doctor if he would like to exchange the present condition of his little city of Joplin, where he dwells in ease and comparativ safety under the restrictions of civil law that hav curbed to a great extent whisky violence and beer-saloon vulgarities, and place it back in the moral condition of twelve years ago. I am glad that the church is the mother of Prohibition, and no minister can fulfill the obligations of his most sacred duty without raising his voice in opposition to this most detestable vice, the use of intoxicating liquors, and I hope to see the day when Prohibition will be stamped on every state constitution, and printed indelibly in the supreme law of this nation.

But we are told that Prohibition is a failure. Our opponents would be glad to make us think so, but we are not so easily deceived as that. Is the civil law a failure, because crime is committed? When the law denounces theft, because men do steal does that prove the law a failure? But all well-disposed citizens unite in one voice and say, Let the offender be punished; while in the case of Prohibition where it is adopted, all the combined influence and capital of the whisky ring is arrayed against it, and not unfrequently is the voice of the people and the press heard to cry out, Free whisky and unrestricted liberty! I am willing to admit that there are other grades of intemperance that prove very fatal in many cases. If I see proper to wear a vest or pair of pants so tight as to injure my health or destroy my life, I alone suffer the consequences. But if I am a habitual drunkard I deprive my family of my time, my money, and my duty as a father, to say nothing of the abuse my innocent wife and children receive at my hands, and the case is different. Thousands of like cases could be referred to, yet you tell me constitutional rights and the blessing of American liberty grant me the privilege.

The doctor has a great deal to say about the position alcohol holds in the universe. We don't dispute it. We believe whisky a good thing in its place, and in the language of "Brick" Pomeroy we say, "Hell is the place for it!"

J. H. OHLHAUSEN.

LONGMONT, COL., March 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: My respected mother—Georgiana Rice—being very busy, requested me to remit her subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for this year. I also concluded to get rid of a surplus idea or two, as I was afraid they might spoil if kept any longer.

My mind is in a great turmoil from the effects of wrestling with V. B. Denslow's articles that appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER a short time ago. After reading said articles, I made a rough guess that he was aiming blows at Socialism, but afterward concluded that I must be mistaken, as he did not touch one single idea or theory of Socialism in all his deluge of talk. He made a grand mistake in heading his articles, "The Distribution of Wealth." He should hav written under the heading of, "The Ideas of a Slavemaster." I find it a very hard matter to reply to nothing, so will simply giv him a little advice; it will not cost him anything, and he is not obliged to accept it. The gentleman's intellect must hav undergone a terrible strain while engaged in that arduous task. My advice to him is that he had better take a good long sleep, to giv his brain a chance to recuperate—not too long; about twenty years would overcome the effects of that article. Though it might take a little longer time for him to get out of the narrow path he is walking in at the present time and get upon the broad platform of humanity—the platform that advocates the greatest good to the greatest number.

I am surprised to find that quite a number of so-called Liberals are giving out long-drawn howls about the subjects of discussion in THE TRUTH SEEKER. They are right in having their paper stopped, as they do not need it. They are like our orthodox who smile and purr as long as you stroke them the right way—change the motion, you are in for a fight immediately. They are Liberal to the extent of throwing rocks at a great, big nothing that some people dub God, and that is the beginning and ending of their Liberalism. They had better take what little of the article they hav left and put it in alcohol, or they will lose sight of it entirely.

Hoping that Heston will continue to furnish cartoons to THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as they are needed to help open the eyes of the people, I remain,

Yours with fervent heat, A. H. BLACK.

WHISKY AND IMMORTALITY.

ADRIAN, MICH., June 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Good news for the imbiber of strong drink! A recent writer concerning Spiritualism says we take all habits contracted here on earth with us into the eternal future world, and the desire is immortal, and the whisky—spiritual—will be dispensed to the old soaks on their arrival into the future realms. I hav my doubts of whisky's immortality, but admit that its effect causes one to soar in imagination to happy prospects—or to oblivion in the ditch, or wherever one's footsteps may falter. What a boon to the old toper—free whisky eternally, and no expense, where he can revel in a befogged happy certainty of a renewal should conditions require it, and in spite of his Prohibitionist tormentors! Local option will be at a discount. What will the agitators do? The old fossils will be halted in their earthly vocation. The imbiber can stalk about with his meter full with impunity. Only think of it—free drinks, no license, no legal holidays, but one eternal bliss. Prosecuters and informers must go out of business, and the devotee to the allurements of fermented natural substances will hold the fort. And think that all this earthly solicitude and worry must avail nothing. Prohibitionists will be out of a job, local option will be of no account, and those tired souls who spent a lifetime here to no purpose will lead a forlorn existence.

Intemperance is to be deprecated in all things. Our physical health demands it. But I would rather see my favorit brother or my father intoxicated than to see my mother or sister smeared with cosmetics, or to realize that any dear one imbibes the fallacious doctrin held forth by our church pilots. It is more degrading to the human mind to entertain the superstitious dogmas that are daily forced upon our

youth than to be under the influence of fermented products of nature. The latter are genuin; the former is a lie.

Drunkenness was handed down to us from remote ages. God's favorits reveled in drunken debauchery. All sorts of inhuman acts were performed under the influence of wine, and sanctioned by the Bible God. The man after God's own heart performed prodigies of immoral acts, yet his God sustained him in all his inhuman acts. To-day should the same scenes be enacted, the perpetrators would be imprisoned or hanged.

O. S. BARRETT.

ALEXANDRIA, ONT., June 11, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Are you not getting sick of the Spirit trash that infests your columns and, to say the least, takes up valuable room that might be better used? I confess to reading all of Mr. W. H. Burr's articles, but not in search of what this paper is advertised to seek—truth. The last twenty years I believe I hav read very nearly all that is Spiritualist, and I hav long ago lost all hopes of finding any truth issued from that source. But I read the stuff from sheer curiosity to see how far the impudence can be carried, and take notice of the success it meets with. To me there is but one wonder about the whole thing—it is the fact that men and women should possess sufficient knowledge and education to express these yarns in good language, and sometimes even decorate them with the attraction of good literary style, and yet be so obtuse and inconsistent as to be deceived by such stupid tricks of magic as all Spiritual séances hav proved to be. It is really amazing to read in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 2d Mr. Burr's article entitled, "Two Light-Circle Séances." He givs a minute description of the triangular inclosure wherein this white magic is performed. Why is the inclosure triangular? If spirits really perform the writing and all the other tricks, why are all these ceremonies necessary?

Mr. Burr says: "Three chairs are placed side by side, closely in front of this dark curtain. Mr. Keeler selects two persons to sit with him. He takes his seat on the right-hand chair. A second curtain, eight or nine feet long, is now fastened at the end where Mr. Keeler sits. The other two sitters take the other two chairs. Mr. Keeler grasps the arm of the second sitter with both hands. The third sitter takes the right wrist of his companion with his left hand. His right arm is free, and in sight all the time. The second curtain is now drawn across the whole front, completely covering the three persons, except their heads and the right arm of the third one, which comes out through an arm-hole. The second curtain is fastened by hooks to the first around each sitter's neck. The flap of the first curtain is divided at intervals behind the heads of the sitters. The light is now turned partly down, but we can all see the features of the three sitters against the dark screen. All keep quiet for a few moments, while gentle music is played on a piano or music-box." Now, in such a position, what could not be expected? With the lights so turned down that people's features can barely be distinguished from a dark screen, who knows how many human rogues were prowling about on the shady side of this human wall—whether constructed of one trickster and two dupes, or two tricksters and one dupe, makes no material difference?

The only question worth considering is: Was Mr. Burr really deceived by the tricks performed in these light-circle séances! I fancy not. I always try to be charitable, but in this case justice forbids. Mr. Burr is decidedly not very wise, as perfect wisdom must be perfect honesty, but yet he is more roguish than foolish. Does Mr. Burr really believe that, had he been on hand and solidly grasped the intrusiv hand that so affected the feelings of his sensitiv aunt, it would hav vanished from his grasp? Does Mr. Burr believe that spirits could if they chose write on slates without the assistance of Mr. Keeler or any other magician? Not a bit of it. I guarantee he will never accept a bet on it.

Mr. Burr's insincerity is well attested in his quotation from a magician, viz.: "I do not expect my account of them to gain general credence. Forty-eight hours before I should not hav believed anyone who described such manifestations under similar circumstances." After such a preliminary, expect no truth. Such an apology is a decided guarantee that a pack of lies is about to be palmed off for truth. To confess that forty-eight hours ago he himself would hav utterly refused to believe the story, and now to tell it himself in hope of being believed by somebody, seems to me the climax of impudence.

A great philosopher has said in regard to miracles: "Compare the possibility of the miracle with the possibility of its being a delusion; thence form your opinion, always accepting as the fact the most probable of the two miracles." Spiritualism judged in this manner would stand a poor show.

What can be Mr. Burr's object in attending these séances and reporting them in such a way as to giv them the look of importance, while the description of the circle unmistakably indicates a contemptible fraud?

The man that demands trust from a perfect stranger is generally considered as a fraud, and the one that allows himself to be deceived by such—a fool. What shall we call the man that performs miracles, but always leaves room for suspicion, and the one that believes him? If Uncle Tom Winter is still living, he can tell us the right name for both.

CHAS. LAPERCHE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER having published some of my straggling thoughts on the social problem that were incidentally suggested by "Letters from Friends," I think it expedient that I should offer a brief explanation of my position on the prominent theories of social reform and human regeneration. Religious systems being the first in order, I will note the obvious fact that they are but outgrowths of ancient social philosophies that were intended to lead the human race from barbarism to civilization; and are suggestiv of a much higher civilization than priestcraft aspires to, or its dupes are capable of comprehending. Moreover, the fact that every nation that has made any progress toward civilization has an established religion, is indisputable evidence that religion is not an insuperable obstruction to human progress. Furthermore, religion has never been master or mistress of the situation, but has ever been the servil slave of a more potent power behind it, who is responsible for all the crimes that are charged to religion and the church. I think it is quite possible that the priesthood and clergy are frequently the dupes of more subtle knaves than themselvs. Statesmen, and other despoilers of the people, do not advocate and foster religion because they are specially religious themselvs, which they evidently are not, but because it is an important branch of their craft. Therefore, I think the emancipation of religion and the church from ignominious slavery to unjust principles, to ungodly mammon, will be more profitable and less difficult than to destroy them. We shall then see if the church has the magnanimity to giv up her vile dalliance with subtle serpents, and turn to the people whom she has ignominiously betrayed and delivered to the despoiler, bound head, hands, and feet.

It being obvious that we cannot reasonably hope for further progress toward a higher civilization through the agency of religion and the church, I think it expedient and advisable to cast about for some method or agent of social reform and human regeneration that has in it the promis of greater efficiency than either religion or science, especially a *pseudo*-science, is capable of.

Anarchism, as I understand it, is a social state in which every individual is a law unto himself, and does that which is right in his own eyes. That being obviously incompatible with the present moral and intellectual development of the human race, it cannot reasonably be thought of except as a possibility of a more or less distant future, when the human race are become so perfect, morally and intellectually, that they can be depended upon to practice just principles instinctivly and make no mistakes. Nevertheless, that being obviously the *ne plus ultra* of social reform and human regeneration, I shall fail to see the expediency or propriety of hanging people for advocating it. If doing so is a Christian principle, I shall prefer to be an Infidel, though not of the type of Barrett, and a few others whom it is inexpedient to further disgrace by special mention. I think they hav disgraced themselvs sufficiently to satisfy a reasonable desire.

Socialism, as I understand it, involves a universal brotherhood of the human race; and universal coöperation by all, for the mutual benefit of all—"owning nothing but possessed of all things." That will require organization and government that will govern equitably and favor none. A government that governs on that principle is necessarily despotic and paternal. Applied to the enforcement of Socialism, it should make every individual absolutely free from the domination of every other individual, and giv none any advantage over others on any pretense whatever. Therefore, Socialism should absolutely enforce and establish individuality, instead of destroying it, as the opponents of Socialism falsely pretend it will do. On the other hand, the opponents of Socialism virtually admit that ownership of wealth applied to great division of labor creates an interdependence that virtually compels those who labor to do so for others rather than for themselvs. "No man livs for himself, but every man livs for others." That will apply to none but those whose labor procures the means of living. If it does not annihilate individuality, I shall freely admit that a logical definition of the term is beyond the domain of my comprehension.

They further assert that "all honest men are working for other men." Which I shall find no good reason to dispute. "If a man works exclusivly for himself, he is a counterfeiter, or a forger, or a swindler, or a sneak-thief, or perchance a highwayman." Nevertheless, it appears to be the unanimous opinion among intelligent and fair-minded people that a man who requires others to labor for his enrichment, and compels them to do so when he can, is a thief, and no better than a highwayman. And ownership of wealth compels us all to do so, or be possessed of but precious little. Socialism requires no man to work for any but himself, and for those who are unable to labor, in anticipation that he may be in a like fix himself at some time, and will then desire others to work for him. The opponents of Socialism appear to regard that as the most objectionable feature in it.

J. A. TUTTLE.

ST. JOHNS, ILL., June 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 26, page 326, under the heading of, "The Woman Suffrage Question Settled," written by a man pretending to be a Liberal, if I am not mistaken, is an article on which I wish to offer a few remarks. First I will say that I think the heading of the article is as appropriate a criticism as any I can possibly make. After reading the article, having had my enthusiasm raised to a high pitch, casting my eye the second time at the heading, it evoked a laugh, which gave me some relief.

Yes, the question is now settled, and if you will suffer me to dictate, which no doubt you will do, as you are aware by the tone of said article that men, and only men, hav the proper authority to say what women should do, I say then to our small-brained sisters, viz., Miss Helen Gardener, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Aunt Elmina, Mrs. Severance, Miss Wixon, Mrs. Lake, and a host of others, to stop your silly gabble; stay at home; attend to multiplying and replenishing the earth; cook potatoes, dumplings, and hash, and occasionally yellow-legged chickens, for your husband, and feel thankful for the privilege of being permitted to do so. In confirmation of this being good advice, I refer you to the holy Bible as ancient proof, and also to friend Wilson and a few others of his caliber as modern proof. I hope those of the weaker sex will make a note of this and not again expose themselvs in claiming rights which only belong to men—who are possessed of brains sufficient to use them in a way to get them knocked out. Mr. Wilson says men will never for any length of time allow women to decide by vote when we shall make war. It seems to me that our brother has been taking lessons from St. Paul, who held woman in such high estimation as to request her to stay at home and learn of her husband, for it was a shame for her to speak in the church.

Again, dear sisters, please don't forget that our mother Eve somehow, probably for the want of brains, got her foot into the transgression business, whatever that happens to be, and enticed man to eat the apple, or a part of it at least, and that God in a fit of passion threw them topsy-turvy over the fence. And again recollect, man was made before woman, which of course givs him preference. I could refer you to many other texts that would show you that all along women hav been a disturbing element whenever they were allowed to hav any influence, but doubtless you are already convinced that you are not capable of voting, and so will make no further effort, lest you might change this glorious man-made government into a pandemonium.

Yes, the Womau Suffrage question is settled for all time, from the fact that there are a great number of the brainy male gender who are laboring under the influence of the same disease that St. Paul was addicted to who hav so decided. There are a few, I am sorry to say, of this vast multitude who claim to be Liberals. However, if that is any part of Liberalism my mind is so obtuse I am incapable of grasping the subject. But we must recollect that inasmuch as religion is a mental disease, many who are emerging out of that condition, although convalescent, are predisposed to an occasional set-back. Let us hope it was in one of those temporary spells that Brother Wilson penned his article. It is evident that there is much of good left in his make-up, for further on we see how sympathetic he becomes when coming in contact with a present or prospectiv mother. Doubtless he happened to think he once had a mother, and for that reason woman is entitled to at least a small portion of respect. However, they are not to endeavor to usurp any authority whatever, but must be obedient in all thiugs, for thus saith ancient and modern gospel.

A little further on he says: "Look at the skeleton of a man and of a woman. Nature has put her chief work and material on man's brain-case and the woman's pelvic bones." That settles it again. If nature has made man superior to woman, how foolish it is that poor, weak woman should think it possible to better her condition by voting, or making any effort to elevate her sex! Miss Gardener made a grand mistake when she visited that eminent doctor to seek information with regard to the brains of men and women. I being a man and having a right to advise, I would suggest to Miss Helen, the next trip she makes, to visit Mr. Wilson or some other man who understands anatomy and learn how nature has been so kind as to giv man the chief material of brains, and woman bones instead. That is a clincher, and settles it again.

I must not fail to giv our modern anatomist credit for saying that "women hav the natural right to dress as they please;" but had he been consistent with the tenor of his article he might hav added— "provided their husbands would allow them."

But he more than spoils this exhibition of forbearance by saying: "They ought also to be in the pulpit as preachers." There is in my estimation in this last sentence as much to be condemned as there is in saying that it is right to hang a man. For my life, I cannot conceive that we can put a man to a worse use than to hang him. He would be totally fit for nothing after the life was out of him. In like manner, a woman could hardly be put to a more unprofitable and degrading business than preaching. He seems to think the mild effort of preaching would not be detrimental to her reproductiv organs. Holy Moses! doesn't that take the linen off the under-shrubbery! Who ever would hav thought that Liberalism required pulpits filled with women, and that one of its chief works was to keep her in the capacity of a slave and to enforce on her the perilous task of bringing children into the world? I am taking a paper printed in Cincinnati called *The Better Way*, and I notice there is quite a discussion going on with our Spiritualist brethren on the subject of Christian Spiritualism. Maybe we would better get up something similar in THE TRUTH SEEKER, with the variation in name, for instance, Christian Liberalism, or Christian Infidelity. Now, to my way of thinking, Christianity and Liberalism will make as good a mixture as oil and water. We learn from the article that Mr. Wilson was once a member of the legislature, and while there, in the dual capacity of legislator and doctor tried the experiment of issuing out in homeopathic doses a limited suffrage to women. Think of such men as this being chosen to conduct the affairs of a free and independent government, as this is claimed to be. Our *pseudo*-brother would better go back to the church—in case he has left it—for in all probability he is better material for a doctor of divinity than for a doctor of woman's just claims to equality with her father, husband, and brother, which all true Liberals hav learned is justly due her. Farewell, Brother Wilson; I hope your future ideas may expand into a more robust Liberalism.

I should hav been pleased to make some remarks on Robert Gunther's unjust insinuations on our good old pioneer, Hacker, and Harman and Walker, who are battling for Freethought, and will be remembered by lovers of truth when such chronic grumblers as Gunther and O. S. Barrett and all they hav ever done for humanity will be sunk in oblivion. But this article has transcended proper limits, so, hoping for more harmony among professed Liberals, I close.

WM. A. THOMPSON.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Land of Little People.

Far away, and yet so near us, lies a land where all day been,
Played beside its sparkling waters, danced along its meadows green,
Where the busy world we dwell in and its noises only seem
Like the echo of a tempest or the shadow of a dream;
And it grows not old forever, sweet and young it is to-day—
'Tis the Land of Little People, where the happy children play.

And the things they know and see there are so wonderful and grand,
Things that wiser folks and older cannot know or understand:
In the woods they meet the fairies, find the giants in their caves,
See the palaces of cloudland and the mermen in the waves,
Know what all the birdies sing of, hear the secrets of the flowers—
For the Land of Little People is another world than ours.

Once 'twas ours; 'tis ours no longer, for when nursery time is o'er,
Through the Land of Little People we may wander nevermore,
But we hear their merry voices and we see them at their play,
And our own dark world grows brighter and we seem as young as they,
Roaming over shore and meadow, talking to the birds and flowers—
For the Land of Little People is a fairer world than ours.

A Trip to the Capital.

What is more enjoyable than to take a ride of about twenty-five miles on a beautiful day early in spring? My mother, brother, and his wife, and myself started early Tuesday morning for the capital of Oregon. We had a light buggy and a span of young horses. In our buggy was a nice lunch prepared by my mother, which we were to eat in a shady grove.

The capital of our state is Salem. It is situated about twenty-five miles southeast of our home, McMinnville, on the east side of the Willamette river. There was formerly only one way to reach Salem with a team from here, and that was to cross the river on a ferryboat; but now they hav built a large bridge across the river close to the city, and so we went that way.

The first town we passed through was Amity, a small but lively town, full of industrious and enthusiastic men. We then proceeded along the beautiful road which led to Bethel. The roads were a little dusty, but the winds favored us by blowing so that we escaped the greater part of the dust. After traveling about eight miles we reached Bethel, a little village containing a number of dwelling-houses and a large school-house. This is certainly a lovely place. It is situated on a hill which overlooks a large valley covered with green fields, spotted here and there with a town or village. Then came the pleasant ride over Bethel hills. When on the highest point we could look back and see the valley below, which was surely a lovely sight. We could see McCoy, a town about one mile and a half from Bethel, and Perrydale, another small town about two miles from McCoy.

We traveled on through Spring Valley, a beautiful place surrounded by hills, green to the very tops with early grain. After going about five miles we came to an old and dilapidated mill. This was once a pretty place, but now the mill is nearly rotted down, and little can be seen but the old wheel. Our horses were getting tired and we were all hungry, so we stopped here to eat our lunch. Never was a dinner enjoyed more. We spread our lunch on a log close by a running stream, and the water, dashing over the pretty rocks, sang us a sweet song as we ate.

After eating until we were more miserable than we were before dinner, we gathered up the remnants of our meal and made preparations to proceed on our journey. Just around the curve from where we were is a little village called Qeua. Although small, this is a pretty place, consisting of a number of dwelling-houses, one store, and a post-office. It is not close to any large town, so the inhabitants enjoy the solitude of a farmer's life.

As we drove along through the shady groves we amused ourselvs by joking and singing, for the crowd was lively and all in the humor for fun.

At last we reached Salem, and much to our pleasure, for we were beginning to tire from sitting so long in the buggy. But nevertheless we drove around town admiring the beautiful streets and yards, and during our excitement we almost forgot we were tired. We drove over to South Salem and out to the Odd Fellows' cemetery about one mile south of the city. After we got back to town our horses were tired, so we thought we would leave the rest of the city to see the next day. So we drove up-town till we reached the door of my aged grandmother. We were greeted with a hearty welcome by our friends there, and, after washing, dusting, and resting, we were invited in to a nice supper-table, at which we sat and ate heartily. That evening was spent in visiting with our friends, which we enjoyed very much.

The next morning we were chagrined to find it raining, but, as we were genuin Web-foots, we did not let rain stop us from looking around the city.

At 9 o'clock my brother and wife and myself went over to the public school to see the scholars march, but we got there too late, so we had to put it off till the next morning, saying we would try and be on hand the next time. We then took a walk around the city. We went down to the flouring mills, which are situated on the banks of the river. These mills are built of brick and are very large, grinding many thousand bushels of wheat every year.

We then thought we would like to go through the state house, so we started for it. This is a grand building costing some over $1,000,000.

We went up the long walk, and, after climbing stone steps till we were tired, we reached the door of this grand house. The kind janitor showed us around the building. We were taken into the senate chamber and the house of representativs. These are fine rooms, hung with pictures of our noted men. Washington's picture is the first to be seen on entering the door of the senate.

After looking around to our satisfaction, we thought we would like to take a drive, so, after having dinner, we got into the buggy and drove out to the insane asylum and penitentiary. Some of the inmates of the asylum had the scarlet fever, so we did not go in, but we went through the penitentiary.

Dear readers, if you could only see the dark cells and dungeons, with their bolted doors, your hearts would beat with pity for the men, however mean, who are compelled to stay within their walls.

From there we drove to the Indian school, which is located about five miles out of town, and would hav had a pleasant time had it not rained so hard. Providence didn't favor us one bit. Coming home my sister-in-law got very wet and cold, and was not very comfortable the rest of the evening. When we got to the school it was just out, and such a gang of little Indian boys I never beheld before. Indians are well enough in their place, but I don't think it is right to build fine school-houses in which to educate them, when so many of the poor white children are being raised without any education. There might be as many poor children gathered up in the streets of San Francisco, and even in their own city, and given the education which is now being given to the Indians, which would be a far greater benefit to the country.

That evening there was a Republican rally in the city, and we would hav attended, but the "good father," or rather the bad one, saw fit to make the rain to fall and the winds to blow almost to resemble a young hurricane. Our thoughts that evening were of our journey homeward the coming day, and we feared we would not hav a pleasant time if the rain continued to fall and the winds to blow.

Morning soon came. No sun could be seen to rise from behind the distant mountains, to fill the city with pleasant faces, but large black clouds floated through the sky, and seemed every minute to threaten a terrific storm. But ere the morning hours waned the sky grew lighter, and about 9 o'clock we started once more for the public school. We were on hand this time, and enjoyed very much the singing and marching of over four hundred scholars. We then went back to prepare for our journey home. After wrapping up sufficiently to keep out the rain and wind, we bade our friends adieu and took our departure. We were favored with a light rain instead of a storm on our way home. We could not eat our dinner by the little brook where we had two days before, but remained in the buggy to eat a small lunch which we had prepared.

We arrived home safe and sound; did not get very wet. After we were once more seated around a cheery fire, and began to talk over the good time we had had, we all declared, "There is no place like home."

Nettie A. Olds (aged fifteen).

McMinnville, Ore.

J. Hacker Fund.

Maude M. Morrison	$1.00
Ida E. Glenn	.30
Geo. J. Remsburg	.50
Jno. J. I. Remsburg	.30
Chas. B Remsburg	.20
Geo. J. Remsburg	.10
Mary Ashcraft	.25
Henry Selde	.20
Nelson Selde	.20
Eddie Selde	.10
Anton J. Kraft	.50
Nicholas J. Kraft	.50

Correspondence.

Wagon Wheel Gap. Col.,
June 11, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: As I hav never written for the Children's Corner. I thought I would write. We liv in Monte Vista. Col., but I am at Wagon Wheel Gap now. It is a beautiful place here. I like to look at the Children's Corner and read the letters from little folks. Well, as this is my first letter, I would like to see it in print.

Your little Freethinker friend,
Millie Trueblood (aged eleven).

Grantfork, Ill., June 16, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: Please find inclosed $1 for the J. Hacker fund—fifty cents from my father, Anton J. Kraft, and fifty cents from me. I am glad to see that so many of the Children's Corner friends are liberal, and generous to old folk. I hope some of the admirers of the Children's Corner hav tried to help Mr. and Mrs. Casey. In nearly every number of the Children's Corner I read of some boy or girl having heard a Freethought lecture. I hav never been to a Freethought lecture. I hope soon to hear one, but I still envy those that hav heard one.

I must close now, or I might intrude on some of the valuable space of the Children's Corner. I remain, Your sincere friend,

Nicholas J. Kraft.

Brooklyn, N. Y.. June 18, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: I hav not seen many letters from Brooklyn, so I thought I would write. This is the second time I hav written to you. I am eleven years old, and I go to a public school and study geography, grammar, arithmetic, reading, spelling, and science. Last Decoration day I sprained my hip, and I hav been in bed ever since. I write this letter sitting up in bed, and my sister will copy it for me.

My father has taken The Truth Seeker for a good many years. I think the illustrations are very good, and I read the Children's Corner every week. I hav read the "Story Hour" and "Apples of Gold," and think they are nice books.

Hoping to see this in print, I remain,
Yours truly, Ralph Stout.

[We are sorry for dear Ralph in his trouble. We hope the pain will soon be gone and he will be able to run and play the same as before his hurt.—Ed. C. C.]

Prescott, Ariz., June 2, 1888.

Miss S. Wixon: Respected Friend of the Little Ones: I see so many interesting letters by our little ones that I thought I would let them know how gladly I read all their communications. But first let me tell them why I write this. I, too, hav some little ones, but living away out in the mountains, and seeing no one, you can't imagin with what joy your little letters are read and criticised by them. They would like to write, also, but then they say among themselvs, "Oh, pshaw! we don't know anything to write about only Indians and cattle, and I am sure that would not interest them." One thing they want to know is: Why, in the present time, there are no saints; there are a great many more Christians to-day than there were when Jesus was on earth, and in those days they were all saints. Why aren't there any saints now? And if Jesus died to save the world, why is there so much wrangling to save it again? Will you please tell me where in the Book of Munchausen or Gulliver Book (the Bible) it says that the world was damned again after Jesus died and saved it? If God is such a great being, it is funny that he wants so many agents as sky-boosters to do his work. We don't think he is much of a God anyway.

For fear I hav written too long, I will close this time, with many kind wishes for your future happiness and prosperity in your good works. C. L. Maurice.

[We shall all be pleased to hear from our little friends in Arizona. We would like to be told about the "big Indians," the handsome cattle, and the lofty mountains.—Ed. C. C.]

Use of Stilts.

In the large plains called "Llandees," in southwest France, the people use stilts as a matter of course. These plains are generally flooded, though not to a sufficient depth to enable people to get about in boats. The stilts are not held in the hands, like those we are accustomed to see, but are firmly strapped to the side of the leg. The person wearing them carries a long pole to balance himself, and aid him in walking. This pole has usually a cross-piece at one end, so that, by putting it at a slant on the ground behind him, the person on stilts can sit down on it and rest. It is a common occurrence in that country to see men and women sitting and knitting in this exalted position, while the sheep they are tending wander about the plain. They wear their stilts all day long, putting them on when they go out in the morning, and taking them off only when they return home at night.

Here and There.

Little girl: "Ma, was Adam the first human being?" Mother: "Yes, my dear." "Well, who shoved him in the baby carriage?"

"Ah, my son," said the minister, "I'm glad to see you in the Sunday-school at last. Is this your first Sunday?" "Yes, sir." "How do you like it?" "Oh, I guess I kin stand it until after the school treat."

A lady asked one of the children in her Sunday-school class, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

Mrs. Ram is going to take a class in a Sunday-school. She told her niece, "I shall hear the children their cataplasms and instruct them in the three creeds, which, my dear, as the bishop said in his sermon the other day, are the Epistles' creed, the Lyceum, and the Farinaceous creed."

In Arkansas City there livs a sturdy six-year-old boy who has been repeatedly told by his mother that God watched his every action. This idea took deep hold on the boy's mind. One morning his little sister was playing with him out by the stable. "Say, Mamie," said he, "you go back to the house." "Don't want to." "Well, I want you to. It's bad enough to hav God allus taggin' roun' after me 'thout havin' you along, too."

Little Dot: "I don't like to stay in the house this way. What makes it rain so hard?" Omaha mamma: "So the grass can grow and the flowers come out, dear." "Does the angels send down all this wet just for the grass and flowers?" "I suppose so." "Well, what do they slosh it all over everything for? There isn't any flowers in the streets." "It can't be helped, I guess." "I guess maybe they is hired angels and is used to washing windows."

Sunday-school teacher: "Who was Job?" "A doctor, miss." Sunday-school teacher (astonished): "A doctor? Where do you find that?" Scholar: "Why, miss, you've been reading to us about his patients."—*London Freethinker.*

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We hav on hand a large number of the following of COLONEL INGERSOLL'S pamph'ets, which will be disposed of at cost, as fol ows:

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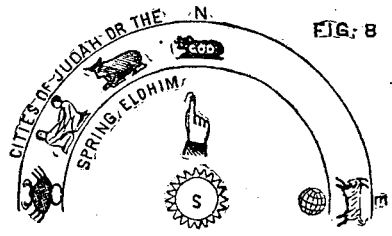
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"We hav passed Moses, James; the lesson is of Joshua."

"Yes'm. Josh was a slugger from Sluggerville, warn't he, mum?"

"I don't know what you mean, you horrid slangy boy, but you stop such talk."

"Yes'm. Is women the children of Gad, mum?"

"You inscrutable boy, what makes you ask that question?"

"'Cos they all like to gad about so."

"There, now you stop this minute. Much you know about it."

"Yes'm. Did God make a great big giant of Josh when he magnified him, mum?"

"Yes, he did, morally, you boy. But don't you call such great and holy men by familiar diminutivs, you little heathen."

"No'm. What's morally and dimitiv, mum?"

"Oh, I can't explain to *you*, you little monkey."

"No'm. Why didn't General Grant blow rams' horns 'fore Richmond, mum, same's Josh did 'fore Jericho? Wouldn't the forts tumbled, mum?"

"No, they wouldn't, you little wretch!"

"Why not, mum? Wasn't God on our side, and in with Grant?"

"You James Badger, you stop!"

"Yes'm. Wasn't Josh offle to kill everybody in Jericho, mum, 'cept the harlot? What's a harlot, mum?"

"No, he wasn't. God commanded him to." (Second query not answered.)

"God was offle fond of killin' folk s, wasn't he, mum?"

"They were wicked, you little wretch!"

"Yes'm. What's the matter of the harlot that Josh saved—warn't she wicked, mum?"

"She served the Lord by taking care of the spies. Now you shut up!"

"Yes'm. It was rough on the rooster that hid the boodle in his tent, and got slugged to death with stones, warn't it, mum?"

"No, it served him just right. But I hadn't ought to answer such slang."

"No'm. Josh was a holy terrer for blood, wasn't he, mum?"

"Shut up, you awful boy!"

"Yes'm. Would he hung Jeff Davis to a sour apple-tree, like he hung them five kings, mum?"

"Oh, I don't know what he would hav done; do stop, will you?"

"Yes'm. That was a big hand Josh had to buck against—thirty-one kings—warn't it, mum?"

"Do shut up, will you, boy?"

"Yes'm. I guess them kings was two-for-a-cent chumps, mum, or Josh couldn't got away with so many of 'em. He just hung 'em right and left, didn't he, mum?"

"He did according to the Lord, you boy!"

"Yes'm. Josh was a corker for takin' cities and kings, warn't he, mum? We'd ought to had him in the war, he'd a took the whole South in a week, wouldn't he, mum?"

"I don't know whether he would or not—yes, of course he would, you awful little heathen you!"

"Yes'm. That was corkin' magic, makin' the sun and moon stand still, warn't it, mum? It's a choker to swaller, ain't it?"

"You James Badger, you stop!"

"Yes'm. God pitched right in for Josh, and fit with hail-stones, big's watermelons, didn't he, mum?"

"Of course he did. Didn't I read it? What do you want to ask for?"

"Josh was the John L. Sullivan of them days, warn't he, mum? He knocked 'em all out."

"You heathen boy, don't you dare to mention that horrid man with Joshua!"

"Huh! Josh was the horridest, 'cos John don't slaughter folks; he only knocks 'em out, mum, or calls it a 'draw.'"

"You wretched, wicked, evil boy, do go home this minute!"

"No'm—don't. Who was the Gil gal that Josh went to see after the big fight, mum? Was she his mash?"

"Gilgal was a city, you wretch—or a country."

"Oh, Josh was a son of a gun——"

"You James Badger——"

"I mean son of a nun, warn't he, mum? Was there nuns in them days, mum?"

"He was the son of Nun, Moses's minister, you little wretch, you!"

"Oh, Mr. Nun, eh? What a funny name for a man! Them Sheneys was rats on fightin', warn't they, mum? And kept it up after Josh pegged out——"

"Now, you James Badger, you go right home——"

"No'm—don't. Did God fight with Cezar?"

"No, he didn't. Cæsar was not a man of God."

"Huh! but he got there all the same, mum!"

"Now you stop this instant, or I'll call the superintendent!"

"Yes'm—he'd just like to mash yer, mum—he'd——"

"Oh, you wretch!—mercy!—ouch!" In the scene that ensued, which broke up the séance of Joshua, that boy James skipped, the subsequent proceedings troubling him no more.

SI SLOKUM.

The Man With the Badge-Pin at a Spiritual Camp.

George Macdonald in San Francisco Freethought.

I hav often wished that I could enjoy the opportunities for observation afforded by travel to the senior editor of this paper. A high knoll, a streak of sunshine, and an artificial creek for irrigating purposes do not always arouse my enthusiasm or excite my poetic fancy, but I am an intense appreciator of natural beauties, and I think I could describe them with a glowing pen. If any reader of these lines has a glowing pen in his possession he may send it to this office, and I will take it out among the sand dunes some evening and see if I can get a rise out of it. I love to hold the mirror up to nature.

I may say that the view from the window of our office, while varied for an hour, is apt to repeat itself during the next sixty minutes. The cable-cars and the horse-cars which circulate about the premises retain the same appearance they presented six months ago, and the soldier from the quartermaster's department at the Presidio still drives the identical army mule that I learned to esteem when I first came to this city. I see the same quantity of girls in red dresses, and a slight increase in the number of red parasols. There is no change in the pigtails worn by our Asiatic citizens, and my desire to grab the same and giv the owners a merry swing through the air and far out into the Pacific has not abated. Inside the room a similar lack of diversity is noted; no change in the books, in the papers, or in the pictures—except Heston's; none in the till.

To those who might be inclined to censure me for frivolity the foregoing will explain why, a Sunday ago, I took a day off and went to the Spiritualists' camp-meeting by Lake Merritt in Oakland. To get to this camp-meeting the traveler from San Francisco takes a ferry-boat, which meets a train of cars half-way across the bay. The bottom of the bay on the Alameda county side is so near the surface that large boats can go no nearer than a mile and a half or two miles from the shore without touching it, and the quay projects about that distance into the water. The cars would not be profitable but for the boats, for the reason that, though they run through the heart of Oakland, and stop with a yank at half a dozen stations on the way, no fares are collected on them, and the Oaklander may ride all day, if he chooses, and half the night, and it will not cost him a cent. This fact is worth mentioning often, because it is the only instance I am familiar with where the people get the best of a railroad. To reach the camp-ground it is necessary to let go at Oak street, walk north a few blocks, east a short distance, and there you are. Or you may release your pull on the railroad company at Broadway station and take a weary-colored horse-car with the same result.

Lake Merritt is not a gigantic sheet of water. Leisurely exercise at the oars will propel a boat around it in half an hour, but it has a surprising number of boats on its surface. It is a gay aquatic merry-go-round, but lacks a hand-organ. A fiddler on a big steam-scow makes what noise he can. The wind here comes from the west. The sail-boats leave the float with their little booms over the starboard side—provided I know the significance of the word starboard—take a streak along the eastern shore, go about, and follow the western shore back to the float. Sometimes the boats blow over. In such cases the occupants may wade leisurely to the shore and enjoy a picnic under the trees, of which there are several varieties.

I arrived at the ground too early for the afternoon discourse, and too late to hear the remarks of the previous speaker. I was not alone, and we took a nicely painted blue row-boat and went out among the white wings. Our boat had no wings, but it got there similarly. In propelling the craft I had the able assistance of Mr. F. L. Browne, who finds his chief delight in setting the type of this journal. I could not help perceiving a disparity between Mr. Browne's style of rowing and my own, and I think it must hav attracted the attention of others. The diversity was pronounced in the "recover." Mine took the tops off the wavelets and landed them neatly in the lap of Mrs. Browne, who occupied the bow of the boat, while his oar cleared the waves by about a yard.

As we passed the camp-ground at great speed I caught a glimpse of the corporeal substance of Mr. George Chainey reclining picturesquely beneath a tree on the margin of the lake, perusing attentivly, and we trust with profit, a copy of *Freethought*. Later I met Mr. Chainey on the grounds. Time has lengthened his hair and silvered it a trifle, but his form is as stalwart as when I knew him years ago in the East. He was an iconoclast then. Now he is building, but he builds castles in the atmosphere. He believes that the air is full of spirits who can touch him, and that belief does not make him nervous, as it would me.

I looked about among the assembled Spiritualists for the long-haired men and short-haired women, but did not detect their presence. The only difference between them and the ordinary assemblage was the absence of the "rough" element, and the conspicuous amount of intelligence that their countenances displayed. As a general thing it is only necessary to nudge a Spiritualist to wake up a Freethinker.

The camp-ground is not without its bar, and here are dispensed such incendiary drinks as lemonade, sweet cider, and soda-water. Among the luxuries in the way of food were graham crackers, boiled eggs, and fruit. In these we indulged mildly, though somewhat expensivly.

Speaking was in progress in the large tent, whence issued the sound of the orator's voice, and also, occasionally, portions of the audience, who complained that the discourse made them tired. I listened to the last part of it, and heard with sympathetic ear the sigh of relief that made the tent flap when the speaker remarked, "In conclusion I will say."

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Glover, of Los Angeles, who offers to pay $50 admission to the grounds if the managers will let the other visitors in free instead of taxing them ten cents each. I heard Mr. Glover say, in conversation with another man, that he had seen copies of this journal and did not think much of it. I should like to hav Mr. Glover call at this office. I am sure I could convince him of my soundness on the spiritual question, but after what he said I am afraid I could not agree to let him hav the paper for less than the top rates.

My friend Mr. Kline, from Sunol, has done what he could to Liberalize the camp-meeting. He purchased a copy of the *North American Review* for June, and requested that some one read Ingersoll's reply to Mr. Gladstone from the platform in the big tent. He said everybody in the audience certainly wanted to know what the colonel had said, and his method would save them four bits apiece. The managers did not adopt this philanthropic plan with anything like a rush, and the matter was permitted to lapse. Mr. Kline, however, carried over a hundred copies of *Freethought* and gave them away ere he rested from his labors.

I noticed many tents where people in the medium business were giving sittings at $2 per sit. I did not apply for a sit, because I am of the opinion that when any citizen of the future state desires to communicate with me the message will be marked paid at the other end, or that I shall at least be notified of its arrival. I am waiting by the river.

What I saw of the proceedings gave me the impression that I was at church. Services open with a hymn. The speaker does not pray, but he invokes the infinit spirit of truth. This, I suppose, is to put the audience into what D. M. Bennett called a similar frame of mind. The congregation is dismissed with a benediction. The portions of the discourses I heard did not impress themselvs upon my memory. I could repeat or report scarcely a word of them. Like sermons, they lacked relation to things and facts as we know them, and had none of the associations that giv substance to ideas and fix them in the mind. I hav often wondered whether some discourses do not serve to empty the head of the information it previously contained rather than to fill it with great thoughts. On the other hand, it may be argued that not all minds are receptiv of moral and spiritual truth. It is this two-sided aspect of the case that makes me cautious about expressing an opinion. I do not hesitate to say, however, that the visitor to the Spiritualists' camp-meeting will enjoy himself if he has the necessary elements within him. Of what he sees and hears he must judge for himself. I do not regret the ten cents I invested in a ticket of admission to the grounds.

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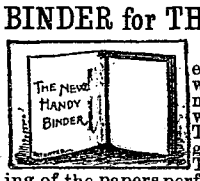
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News of the Week.

EMPLOYING brewers throughout the country continue organizing to crush their employees' unions.

CHRISTIANS assert that the 50,000 converts they hav made in Japan are spreading their religion throughout the islands.

THE Milan African Society wishes to raise an expedition to aid Stanley.

A CHICAGO carpenter has been arrested for having twenty-three wives.

DR. MCGLYNN advises trying the refusal-of-rent plan of campaign in America.

A SUBSCRIPTION of £27,000 has been obtained for a Nonconformist college at Oxford.

SCIENTISTS are experimenting on the substitution of ammonia for ice for refrigerating purposes.

THE Rev. Father Tolton, of Quincy, Ill., is a colored Roman Catholic priest distinguished for his abilities.

MRS. CLEVELAND opened the Exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central States at Cincinnati July 4th.

THE completion of three blast furnaces about to be erected at Birmingham, Ala., will make a total of twenty-three in the state.

WILLIAM II. of Germany in his proclamation to the army and navy declares that he will "foster piety and the fear of God."

To check dueling in Italy, it is hereafter to be punishable with a heavy fine to call one a coward for refusing to fight.

DEPEW is aggrieved at the hostility of Western farmers to railroad men, as directed against him at the nominating convention.

THE Nihilists, who hav turned their propaganda from the peasants to the army and navy with success, threaten a rebellion at the first war.

THE Republican platform says "the political power of the Mormon church is a menace to free institutions, a danger no longer to be suffered."

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg was commemorated on the spot on the 1st by Northern and Southern veterans.

PREDICTIONS are made that the first war in Europe will cause a general conflict, ending in bankruptcy of nations and triumph of revolutionary principles.

IT is proposed that other states adopt Ohio's custom of imprisoning habitual and incorrigible criminals for life, commencing with the third conviction for felony.

GENERAL HARRISON last Sunday attended the Indianapolis Presbyterian church of which he is a pillar, and assisted in the distribution of the communion.

IT is thought that at any disagreement between the representativs of the people in Germany and the new emperor, he will disperse the parliament and establish despotic military rule.

MGR. GOETHALS, archbishop of Calcutta, and Father Alfred Neut, rector of the College of St. Francis Xavier, in that city, hav been placed by Lord Dufferin in the senate of Calcutta University.

CHIEF-JUSTICE TASCHEREAU, of the supreme court of Canada, a brother of the Canadian cardinal, recently witnessed at one of the papal colleges in Rome the ordination of his son to the priesthood.

ON the 29th ult. the visitors at the panorama, "Jerusalem at the Crucifixion," at Chicago, had a narrow escape from a young man, crazed on religion, who entered and commenced shooting at an imagined devil on the roof.

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Even these of them ye may eat; the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the beetle after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind.—Lev. xi, 22.

Gems of Thought.

MILLIONS of toilers who seek to drown their misery in the Lethe of intoxication are deprived of every healthier pastime: the magistrates of our wealthy cities rage with penal ordinances against the abettors of public amusements on the day when nine-tenths of our laborers find their only leisure for recreation. Poor factory children who would spend the holidays in the paradise of the green hills are lured into the baited trap of a Sabbath-school and bribed to memorize the stale twaddle of Hebrew ghost stories or the records of fictitious genealogies; but the offer to enlarge the educational sphere of our public schools by the introduction of a health primer would be scornfully rejected as an attempt to divert the attention of the pupils from more important topics.—*Felix L. Oswald's Bible of Nature.*

THE church never wanted disease to be under the control of man. Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, preached a sermon against vaccination. His idea was that if God had decreed from all eternity that a certain man should die from the small-pox, it was a frightful sin to avoid and annul that decree by the trick of vaccination. Small-pox being regarded as one of the heaviest guns in the arsenal of heaven, to spike it was the hight of presumption. Plagues and pestilences were instrumentalities in the hands of God with which to gain the love and worship of mankind. To find a cure for disease was to take a weapon from the church.—*Ingersoll.*

"OUT of the strong came forth sweetness." Strength and sweetness, force and beauty, naturally go together. Persons possessed of solid parts and character alone afford the soil in which the flower of true loveliness is found to grow. Others may possess a show of amiability, but it is a charm that presently dissolves—a sweetness that soon palls upon the taste.—*S. P. Herron.*

MERCY! this great word renews all: as, eighteen centuries ago, men passed beyond legal formulas and prescriptions; as, under Virgil and Marcus Aurelius, refined sensibility and wide sympathies embraced beings who seemed forever banished out of the pale of society and law, Burns grows tender, and that sincerely, over a wounded hare, a mouse whose nest was upturned by his plow, a mountain daisy. Man, beast, or plant, is there so much difference? A mouse stores up, calculates, suffers, like a man:

"I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun liv."

—*M. Taine on Burns.*

THEY [the Federal army] established the sublime truth that the superior are the just, the kind, the generous, the merciful—that the really superior are the protectors, the defenders, and the saviors of the oppressed, of the fallen, the unfortunate, the weak and helpless. They established that greatest of all truths that nothing is nobler than to labor and suffer for others.—*Ingersoll.*

CONSIDER again how impossible it is in numberless instances to determin whether the sense of a passage in the Bible should be taken literally or figuratively;—how common it is that there is nothing in the nature of the thing to determin the sense or meaning, but it must be gotten out as it can. Very wise men, even the ancient fathers, hav expounded things allegorically, when they should hav expounded them literally. Others expound things literally when they should understand them in allegory.—*Shaftesbury.*

NEXT winter a player . . . acted his part in a new comedy all covered with silver fringe, and . . . gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers [the churches], consulting their father's will [the scriptures], to their great astonishment found these words: *item*, I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats, etc.; with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word which in the will is called fringe, does also signify a broomstick, and doubtless ought to hav the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech be reasonably applied to a broomstick; but it was replied upon him that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a broomstick on their coats, a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into or nicely reasoned upon. And in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.—*Swift.*

Odds and Ends.

IT is the counterfeiter who always "pays a man in his own coin."

MR. SOFTLEIGH: "What, in your opinion, is the limit to love?" Miss Hardy: "Matrimony."

AMY: "Did you ever see a morning glory?" Cora: "Yes, indeed; my husband gets home at 5 A.M."

A WOMAN with two tongues has been discovered in Alabama. She became a widow at a very tender age.

FRAULEIN: "I hav made one firm resolution—never to marry." Herr: "O fraulein, you are goodness itself!"

CHRISTIAN science has driven a Cincinnati young man crazy. Religion is a dangerous thing for Cincinnati people to handle.

BOBBY: "What are the wages of sin?" Father: "Depends on the locality. In Washington they'll average about five thousand a year."

JUDGE: "Do you know where you will go, little boy, if you swear to what is not true?" Boy (of Radical tendencies): "No, nor you neither.'

THE idea of rope fire-escapes is not relished by the average hotel proprietor, who looks upon them more in the light of possible board-bill escapes.

IN the cigar store: "Here is a cigar that I can confidentially recommend." "H'm. Well, I guess I'll try some other brand; I've been in the cigar business myself."

EDISON'S agent: "Wouldn't you like to buy a phonograph? It will store up everything you say and repeat it to you. Want one?" Omaha man: "No; got a wife."

CHILD: "Does God take the papers?" Mother: "No, my child; why do you ask?" Child: "Oh, I thought he didn't, it takes our minister so long to tell him about things."

THE reason a Cincinnati man gave for not being on hand at his wedding was the fear that some of his other wives might be there and say something to hurt the bride's feelings.

HENRY LABOUCHERE says the reason American women succeed in English society is because they are original. We hav noticed that their originality has often consisted of good fat pocketbooks.

MR. HEWITT says his election to the mayoralty of New York meant political death. Judging from the number of times his will has been contested since then, the gentleman seems to be about right.

THE enterprising correspondent of an esteemed contemporary writes about "a room full of women and not a man present." Great heavens! where would they put a man under such circumstances?

CONFIRMED bachelor: "How time does fly, Miss Seaside! Why, it was ten years ago that you refused me on this very spot." Miss Seaside: "So long ago as that! I was very young and foolish then, Mr. Smith." Confirmed bachelor: "But we are both older and wiser now."

LOVE IS BLIND.

It may be when your courting days
And honeymoon are ended—
You will discover to your grief,
Love's blindness was pretended.

A WRITER in the Boston *Post* says that white animals are nearly always deaf, and wonders why it is so. Of course, we don't pretend to be an authority on the subject, but we hav an idea that it is due to some trouble with their hearing apparatus.

HIGGINS: "Wonder what kind of weather we'll hav to-day, Wiggins?" Wiggins: "I expect a fair, clear day." Higgins: "Then why on earth are you carrying that umbrella and mackintosh?" Wiggins: "So that it will be certain to be a fair, clear day."

PRISON warden (to new convict): "We assign men here to work with which they are familiar. So if you hav any special line say so and we will start you at once." Convict (who can scarcely believe his ears): "Thanks; I can't begin too soon. I'm an aeronaut."

"WELL, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?" "Yes, mamma." "Did you remember any of the nice things you saw?" "Oh, yes. I remember lots of them." "And can you tell me what they were called?" "Yes; most of them were called, 'Hands off.'"

DYING benedict: "I bequeath every dollar to my wife. Hav you got that down?" Lawyer: "Yes." Dying benedict: "On condition that she marries within a year." Lawyer: "But why insist on that?" Dying benedict: "Because I want somebody to be sorry I died."

"PRISONER, you hav heard what the complainant has had to say. What induced you to steal six oranges from the stand of this poor woman?" "How could I buy them when I didn't know the price?" "You might hav asked." "But, Your Honor, I always was very timid about speaking to women."

BROTHER SIMPSON (examining a neighbor's horse behind the church sheds): "I ain't a-tryin' to work up no hoss trade on the holy Sabbath 'Tain t my style o' doin' business. Sunday's for religious dooties. But I say, if you'll bring that thar mare o' yourn round to-morrer mornin' I'll swop, and throw in that old ram o' mine. I will—I swan I will!"

THE other day an exhausted stranger dropped apparently dead in a Pittsburgh street. He was carried into a drug store, and slowly revived. Meanwhile it was noticed that the soles of his shoes had been worn away, and that he clutched in his hand a note that read as follows: "Dear Husband—Do not come home until you hav matched the inclosed sample of worsted.—Your Loving Little Wifey."

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Notes and Clippings.

Good news! The new rifle-making machine turns out 120 rifle-barrels per hour.

A party of Latter Day Saints took to killing each other near Wheeling, W. Va., last week. Five or six were stabbed, two fatally. Their latter day came sooner than they expected.

The northernmost railroad in the world is now building from the gulf of Bothnia to Lafoden, on the North sea, within the Arctic circle. The line is building by an English company to develop the iron in the Gellivera mountains. The English laborers bear the climate well, and the long winter nights are illumined by the aurora.

Since 1879 there has been in the South an increase of 15,000 new industries, 15,000 miles of railroad hav been built, while iron production has increased from 397,000 tons to 876,000 tons. The amount of coal mined has grown from 6,000,000 tons in 1880 to nearly 14,000,000 tons; cotton mills hav increased from 180 to 370; cottonseed oil mills from 40 to 150.

The *Christian Leader* (Universalist) says: "So small a heresy as holding, speculativly, the *possibility* of a second probation for such heathen as did not hav knowledg of Christ in the present life, is resented with unyielding wrath by a majority in every 'evangelical' sect. The rancor and rage with which these churches formerly regarded Universalism, and with which some of the weaker brethren still honor it, is transferred in pretty much all its bulk and baseness to the new enemy in their own camps. Why this particular heresy excites so much temper we are entirely at loss to discover. It is the most benevolent and reasonable of the whole family of heresies, and on the principles of equity should be visited with fewest stripes."

A custom observed by the population of the diocese of Lyons, France, early in May, is as follows: On the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, the farmers bring to mass bundles of pretty white crosses, called May Crosses. These crosses are blessed by the priests, and then, says a Catholic paper, "placed by the farmers in their corn-fields as testimonies of faith in the good God, who givs growth and increase to the crops, and bountiful harvests to the tillers of the soil."

Russia alone of the great powers exceeds the United States in population. Even Russia must soon be left far in the rear. On July 1, 1890, when the next national enumeration takes place, the United States will hav 67,000,000 inhabitants. It will hav 96,000,000 in the year 1900, and 124,000,000 in 1910. This computation is based on the average growth of the country during the century. Employing a like basis for Russia, that nation before 1910 will hav dropped to the second place, the United States taking the first.

Garibaldi's Memoirs are being translated into English. In them that great liberator of the Italian people from despotism says: "The priest is the real scourge of God in Italy. He keeps a cowardly government in the most humiliating degradation, and strengthens himself amidst the corruption and misery of the people. In France he urges that unhappy nation to war, and in Spain, worse still, he spurs on toward civil war the leading bands of fanatics and is spreading extermination everywhere."

The Chinese *Weekly News*, published in this city, is out for Harrison for president, though the editor's choice was Ingersoll, Sherman, or the editor of *Harper's Weekly*. Of the Chinese question Wong Chin Foo says: "The Chinamen of the United States, as a rule, want no more of their fellow countrymen here. Therefore those who are here would naturally prefer a man to be president of the United States who is opposed to their countrymen's coming into the United States. It is a very selfish motiv entirely, but nevertheless it is the feeling of the Chinese here."

Ever on the outlook for the newest bits of choice humor for our readers, we hav secured the following from a "Book of Etiquet" published by a well-known New York firm: "One word as to the influence of religion upon the character of the young girl. A religious course of training can alone impart to the feminin character that spirit of yielding gentleness which, in domestic, as in public life, is the basis of politeness. An irreligious woman is as much to be abhorred as a drunken woman; she is no longer fit to lead in society and to giv tone to its morals; she is not fit to be a mother; she is not a grace, but a blot on her sex."

In a lecture on "The Labor Problem from the Standpoint of an American Trades Unionist," recently delivered by A. C. Cameron at Chicago, occurs the passage: "An agency which could and should be used to spread the doctrin of peace and good will toward men, to plead the cause of the oppressed, and denounce the wrong, becomes the apologist of the oppressor; and men, misnamed clergymen, who can dilate by the hour on the beauties of nature, the glories of the stars, moral heroism, or anything and everything but the gospel of Christ, to which they are strangers, hav not the moral courage to denounce a wrong, of which the workingmen are the victims, and I leave my audience to judge the reason why. Is it any wonder, I ask, under such circumstances, that the influence of the church and the action of its mouthpieces are viewed with suspicion?"

Our pulpits are to a great extent mammonized, and many of their representativs too justly regarded as the pensioned enemies of labor. The charges and misstatements of the press are too frequently rehashed, and instead of the gospel of Jesus Christ and him crucified being preached, the audience is regaled with a tirade against labor organizations by men who are as ignorant of their objects as they evidently are of the master they profess to serve. During the late eight-hour struggle a reverend gentleman, since gone to his reward, took for his text, "The poor ye hav always with you," the burden of his sermon being that the man or class of men who undertook to change this state of affairs was simply trying to subvert the decrees of divine providence, and should expect its displeasure. This doctrin seemed very agreeable to his parishioners—he was pastor of a wealthy church—for a few weeks thereafter a handsome addition was made to his salary. —*Inland Printer.*

Communications.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The friends of morality and good order among the ancients frowned upon and believed it their duty to suppress this incestuous intimacy between the members of the celestial and terrestrial trinities, and made it a virtue and a part of their religion to testify and put themselves on record against it.

The laws of the earlier civilizations were very severe against this miscegenation by which hybrids were produced. There seemed to be a divine or natural penalty attached to such loose sensuality by inflicting a nondescript species as a burden and curse to society.

Piety would require as much fidelity, at least, in conduct between the human and superhuman, as between the human and infrahuman creatures of this nether world.

We have never been instructed, nor have we been aware of the fact, that the heavenly father, to whom we pray and whom we so love, is not a real relation, but is only a stepfather furnished to us by the pagan Chaldeans, the blessed Son a stepbrother contributed by the Egyptians, and the Holy Ghost received from the Greeks. Had it not been for the generosity of these old pagan countries we would have been without our Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. What a pitiable condition ours would have been! We would not have the supreme pleasure of spending hundreds of millions annually in their worship, and of pouring out our souls in gratitude and in honor of their names. How few of us know the delicacy of the situation, and the obligations we are under to our unknown heathen friends!

To manufacture, introduce, enforce, and establish this dogma of the trinity, was an expensive enterprise. The first battle fought among Christians was over this question, in which sixty-five thousand lives were lost. For three centuries it was the question that convulsed Europe with religious wars, which resulted in the destruction of the Roman empire, when the provinces and states, once under law and a firm government, lapsed into rival factions and contests to exterminate and destroy each other. Civilization returned to barbarism, which continued for a thousand years—a period known in history as the Dark Ages. The cost of this trinity has indeed been great enough to make it precious, and well may its devotees lavish on it unstinted devotion, unqualified eulogy, in tones of holy endearment and gratitude, as it is the only way to utter their feelings of thanks for the priceless blessing.

We claim to be an intelligent and enlightened people, and feel ourselves far superior to our heathen brethren from whom primarily we derived our religion; and in our serene confidence and self-complacency are not aware, nor do we desire or care to be, that we are acting over in a new name the same farce for which we commiserate the heathen. We look upon those who are not on the stage and performing with us with pity and sorrow, and are so sad for their Infidelity. Our priests and parsons lament over unbelievers and tell them how much they hav lost, and what a happiness and blessing there is in being a believer and actor.

The most unfortunate feature in all this drama is, that those engaged in it have their minds so poisoned and paralyzed, that for the masses there seems no hope of recovery from it. They are lost to the truth and beyond redemption.

Such is the blind and stupid infatuation wrought, that the vast multitude of otherwise comparatively good and honest people really and sincerely believe that it is not safe, if it is not impossible, to raise their children in uprightness of character and morality without the aid of these hoary errors and illusions of our pagan progenitors.

We read in the old literature what wonderful things have been achieved by them among men in the past, and they inspire in us such a reverential regard for their triumphant conquests that we dare not trust ourselves or others to attempt to live without their influence.

Jehovah was the tutelary deity, the national divinity, of the Jews. He was the local, temporary representative of a portion of that idolatrous people. He had the attributes, passions, and personalities corresponding with the condition of his worshipers. He never was the "unchangeable," the "incommunicable," the "everlasting to everlasting," of the prophets and wiser men among them. It was this Jehovistic deity of the Jews that our early creed-makers used as their heavenly father or the first person in their trinity. A deity of any higher character or greater pretensions would not have consented to act as partner in a firm to be composed of himself, the Ghost of the Greeks, and the Son of a virgin. But this is practically and historically the true origin of our "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" trinity.

This story of the immaculate conception of a virgin and the birth of the Son of God was in the first place only a fancy picture, an ideal or allegory, of the imagination.

It was in that age the method used by the Greeks to express their highest thoughts and purest conceptions of excellence.

While it was used as a symbol, or metaphor, and understood in that sense, it did no harm in misleading or exciting to conflict of opinion.

It was not till lack of culture resulted from a trust in faith, and the mind became debased by a sensuous, material literalism, that these metaphors and fables were taken for objective realities. Then the sensuous, bigoted bishops could not see and understand alike about the elements and construction of this personality which they had formulated and constituted into a "Son of God" for the purpose of completing their Christian trinity.

We may be asked, Why this exposure, this irreverent trifling with the divine secrets and holy personalities of the godhead? Why handle with profane hands these emblems of our faith, these sacred representations, so adorable and precious to the heart of every sincere Christian? We answer: Because you ought to know—everyone ought to know, the truth, the facts, in relation to the origin and history of his religion. The truth is right, and it is good for us to know it on every other subject that concerns us. We would despise the man as a fraud who purposely kept us in the dark and deceived us to our injury or ruin in the temporal affairs of life; and he who deceives us in regard to our spiritual, is no less a fraud, and should be equally exposed, and reformed if possible. For his guilt is greater than that of the man who does not deceive in the name of God.

To build up a religion out of fragments of pagan superstitions, that is well known to have no other foundation or origin, and to enforce it on the ignorant, by terrific appeals and threats, as the only terms of the soul's salvation, is to frighten men into falsehoods to their lifelong injury. It is to enslave and debauch their moral natures, to crush the spirit of inquiry, and to forbid in the name of religion all further search after truth. It puts faith in the creed above honesty, justice, or knowledge; it makes man a slave, a tool, a fool, on earth, that he may enjoy the future this heathen creed pretends to provide for him.

Give us the truth; don't feed us on falsehood. Remember, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

We would never have had a heavenly father had not the star-gazing, sun-worshiping Chaldean idolators captured and held in slavery the Jewish nation for seventy years, compelling them to abandon the worship of their Jehovah, and to adopt the worship of their own "father in the sky." We never would have had a Holy Ghost if Greek mythology had not furnished it from their belief in innumerable ghosts or demons, nor a Son of God had not the Greeks and Egyptians, after centuries of angry controversy about it, compromised on him and allowed or forced it in the Christian creed in the fourth century of the Christian era, so called.

Every theologian or layman that has read the Catholic orthodox and only history of the church and of Christianity, knows these are the substantial lessons of history, and there is no escape from it.

As pagan, absurd, and ridiculous as is this story, compounded from ancient heathenism, it has been forced and fought and frightened, cajoled and coaxed, into millions of the human race for fifty generations, till it has expanded the organs or portions of the brain through which marvelousness, fear, reverence, and credulity are manifested, and these, morbidly developed in us, are so eager for gratification that they seize with avidity on these crude conceptions for their gratification. Such is the hunger and longing for the ghostly, the supernatural, or unearthly, that multitudes feel life is a failure, and this world but a dark and dreary blank, if it is not the vestibule to that abode occupied by the "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," and other celestials, in ecstatic bliss, through all eternity. But what mischief these illusions and impositions have wrought; and how they are crushing out all true manhood from millions of the ignorant masses to-day!

If any reliance can be placed on the testimony of the unknown writers of the gospels and other books of the New Testament now after the late revisers have found and left uncorrected the many errors and misrepresentations that abound in it, neither Joshua the Son of Mary, nor Paul his chief disciple, believed in any part of this trinity. They both did, as many sensible people do now, in speaking on superstitious questions and discussing subjects with believers, use the popular phraseology, but construed it into a rational or practical meaning. They both plucked the kingdom of heaven and the heavenly Father from among the stars and planted them in and among men. Joshua, now Jesus, says, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." He impressed that in numerous parables. When asked by his disciple Philip to show or tell what he meant by "the Father," he used his own personal experience to explain it. "He who has seen me has seen the Father. I am in him and he in me" He also said, "God is light," "God is love." He knew he had some light and some love in himself, therefore God was in him.

Paul is made to avow the same ideas when he says, "Ye are the temple of God," "Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost."

The burden of these teachers among their superstitious brethren was to bring their thoughts and devotions away from any "Heavenly Father," or "Holy Ghost," or "Son of God," save those that were ever present within men, in the form of light, intelligence, love, truth, honesty, and fair dealing with each other.

When we find views that appear to conflict with these, the revisers tell us they are perversions or corruptions by copyists or translators, or they intimate it may be so suspected.

While the vulgar really believed literally in these imaginary personalities called Sons of God as beings in dangerous proximity, against whom it was their duty to protect themselves, the intelligent thinkers, the rational class, had no such belief. Paul aimed to simplify the thought, and disabuse his disciples of these heathen conceptions.

In Romans viii, 14, he says: "For as many as are led by the spirit of good, or God, they are the Sons of good." The text represents Paul as pressing these rational and human ideas of what constitutes a Son of God in his various epistles to the barbarian mythologists of his age.

There is evidence in the gospels that their authors also held the same sensible views; for the early Greek copies were clear of the heathen corruptions that pervaded the later copies from which our English translation was made. So the late revisers tell us.

The magian or Persian and Asiatic Christians made the "Son of God" a mere phantom of the imagination, which they used as a metaphor in expounding their incomprehensible metaphysical abstractions.

European Christians have taken all these diverse views and woven them into a web of mysteries which it literally defies the human intellect to grasp, or to attempt to unravel.

We stultify ourselves, put out our intellectual eyes, reverence our credulity, and stand aghast with admiration at the wonderful mysteries through which we have been introduced to a knowledge of a triune godhead, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, through whom we are provided for in life, and secured after death an inheritance of eternal misery or blessedness, somewhere in the regions of space.

The text of the representative teachers, the leading characters in the New Testament, seems to show that they meant to make rational and practical these popular heathen ideas of the trinity. For they insisted that the "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" was in man. While they used the pagan language, the terms and phraseology in speaking to these trinitarians then, they gave the words or names a new definition. They were not divinities or dæmons somewhere in space, who would play high carnival with men at pleasure. But they were merely personifications of our inherent moral qualities.

Now we know that all of this triune divinity that can be put into a man and kept there cannot justly be entitled to much reverence nor to recognition as anything supernatural or worthy of notice.

It is the revival and reproduction of these old pagan notions, and an utter disregard of the sensible use and application given them by the earlier disciples of the simple lessons of Joshua, that orthodox Christianity from the days of Constantine up to the present has insisted we should all accept. It was the clinging to the old pagan notions that were to make us saints and insure our eternal happiness, and not the repudiation of them, as taught by Joshua and Paul and James, that constituted a Christian in the sense of the mistaken church. On the other hand, a real Christian was one who abandoned all these mythological illusions and pagan follies, and turned his attention to acquiring correct ideas of life and living up to them in practice and conduct with his fellows.

The Infidels—so called—the honest, intelligent Liberals of to-day, are one in mind and heart with the practical teachings and rational definitions given to this ancient superstition and phraseology of the Jews.

They are in reality the only true disciples and believers in these sensible ideas as explained by the ancient teachers; and their so-called orthodox opponents are the unbelievers and infidels.

The latter prefer and have allied themselves with the pagan Greeks' or Egyptian creed, constructed by Constantine and Athanasius and their adherents in the fourth century. Millions of orthodox, and unorthodox also, prefer, in full or in part, the language and sentiments contained in that creed, and in the ancient and modern literature devoted to expounding, modifying, and interpreting it to favor their own particular form or degree of religious belief.

Our religious literature is permeated with this trinitarian faith and language, and the children are plied with it from infancy to mature life. Parents and pious teachers who would profess to scorn, and

feel it a dreadful sin, to lie, or to deceive and mislead their children in regard to their conduct and duties toward one another, or in respect to the truth of the terrifying superstitions of the heathen and their lost condition, have no scruples or hesitation, but feel it a great privilege and delight, as well as solemn duty, to deceive the young and impose upon them this same heathenism, in the most pathetic, tender, and reverential tones, and believe it an essential and saving virtue to do so. "Our heavenly Father," "his dear Son," and "the Holy Spirit," are the same to us and as precious as the trinities of the pagans, from whom we derived ours, are to them; nor can ours possibly be any better or more real than theirs.

The different ideas attached to the word *chod*, good, or god, in the different languages or nationalities, and by those of the same nation of different degrees of culture and intelligence, have led to great confusion and uncertainty.

Our English language and ideas being a composition, a complex, or compound of words representing heterogeneous beliefs, interpretations, and faiths, from philosophic Rationalism down to the most groveling idolatry, gross superstition, and sensuous mythology, it taxed the ingenuity, the imagination, and literary skill of the translators to work all this conflicting, incoherent, and discordant material into a connected system or narration that would commend itself to the admiration and confidence of the reader. Our scriptures furnish us an example of the success they made, and to what the human mind has yielded its assent.

While our Bible continues as our text-book, in its present old style of composition, pervaded as it is with personalities, parables, fictions, and fable, making it in many places but a reflex of Greek mythology; and it is urged upon us as a holy book, a divine inspiration, and the "Word of God," the masses must remain in bondage, their minds shut out from that light and intelligence which alone can liberate them. They must remain the willing victims of falsehoods and delusions, which will blast their hopes, defeat their prospects, and compel them to remain the servile dependants of those who mislead and degrade them. Give us light and liberty! Give us the truth, which alone can make us free!

Philadelphia, April, 1888. T. E. LONGSHORE.

Why Are They Tolerated?

Let us consider the work of Christian ministers. Not what they are trying to do, not what they are talking of doing, not what they hope to do, or by what means they expect to do it; but what they do, and what they hav done.

Suppose we were to hold them accountable for the transgressions of their ministerial forefathers, as they tell us God is going to hold us responsible for sins committed hundreds of years ago, then for how many profligacies, debaucheries, murders, unjust persecutions, crimes, and indecencies of all kinds would these devout men hav to answer? But let us be as charitable as we can toward them; let us be more just than they say is God.

We will consider the present generation of preachers on their own merits and demerits, for what they are worth. Are they any better than their predecessors? Are they necessary? and, if not, why are they tolerated? We must admit that they hav generally ceased to burn, to persecute, to murder those who happen to differ from them in their opinions, and are honest enough to tell them so; but how much credit are we to giv them for this? They are now content to hav God do the dirty work for them, simply because they hav not the power to do it themselvs. Men who say, "Believe as I do or be damned; think as I do or burn," would only be too glad to apply the torch themselvs if they dared.

In the little village where I now write, there are two congregations, a Methodist and a Presbyterian. Both churches hav not more than fifty or sixty members, yet each supports a parson. It is most conclusivly evident that they hate each other worse than they hate sin.

I hav conversed freely with most of them on the subject of religion. Not one in ten knows the creed he "believes," or can tell why he is a member of the church to which he belongs in preference to any other. These simple-minded, well-meaning people are the dupes of the preachers. Sectarianism is a very clever scheme to increase the demand for parsons. One man could preach morality to four times the whole number of persons in the village with far better effect than to the few who belong to his own sect, yet the little hamlet is made to support two of the drones.

I say we could dispense with *both*, for why do we need them? Hav we not teachers in our schools whose duty it is to teach—to preach morality as well as to teach books? Ah! we need them to teach religion, they say. They should say, to foster superstition. They virtually admit that if they did not support drones whose only business was to invent tales of terror, they would eventually cease to be superstitious, *i. e.*, religious. Besides, we need them to guard the good morals of the community, say the dupes.

Take up any newspaper and read of a few cases of gross immorality. The chances are that a few of the incidents may be the work of some ignorant outlaw; many of them will be accounts of the crimes of clerical sharks. But let us admit, for the sake of argument, that the average morality of priests is as good as that of other people who pretend to be respectable—and clerical cheek itself surely could not ask us to be more liberal than this—then is this sufficient? Ought we not to expect much more of them than we expect of other people? If there be any truth in what they say, any virtue in what they profess to believe, any answer to prayer, why, then, are not their lives above reproach?

You say the lives of many of them are. Yes, no doubt; but when you get a preacher you hav a risk to run. He has opportunities for insinuating himself into your families, and, clothed in the garb of hypocrisy, for interfering with your domestic happiness—opportunities which others do not hav. And it is most notoriously true that many of them hav taken, and do continue to take, advantage of the opportunities which their idolatrous craft presents them.

Consider the harm they do. Some of them do a little good occasionally, to be sure. I hope there never lived a man so mean that he never did a little good at some period of his life. But many of them will tell you, we cannot do any good thing of ourselvs. If so, why are we entitled to any credit or reward, or punishment?

But admitting that we are free agents to do good or evil, then would not parsons hav the same right to do, the same privilege of doing good, if they were honest mechanics or laborers, as they hav as parsons? Could not any man do better earning money to educate the heathen, if they must be educated, than by begging it, as well as his own livelihood? They are not entitled to credit for what they do, but for the motivs which prompt them to do it. They are not entitled to credit for the good they do as men, for we all enjoy the blessed privilege of doing good; but as preachers they are entitled to credit or discredit for the motivs which prompt them to do what they do as *preachers*, which other men could not or would not do as *men*.

It is mere twaddle to assert that men do not prepare to preach from the same motivs which prompt men to follow other professions. It affords lazy, little-minded fellows an easy means of subsisting at the expense of ignorance and superstition. And men who could not expect to make respectable failures as anything else, may very reasonably hope to liv in luxury and idleness, as priests.

"He is a very good man, though a very poor preacher," is about all most small congregations can say for their parsons. Then what do they keep them for? Hav not the priests a right to be decent, law-abiding citizens—which many of them are not—whether they preach or not? If your minister can not produce an original idea at least once in six months, why not discharge the good man, and thereby assist him to be a better man by earning his own living and continuing to do good? Then, if you must hav preaching, get some smart young man who expects to amount to something in the future to declaim a sermon (not read it), written by somebody else, if he cannot write one himself.

No doubt there are thousands of good, intelligible, harmless sermons in existence (I do not include most sermons) which would bear repetition.

It is not necessary that every preacher's doctrin be taught. If, instead of the insipid twaddle which every parson seems to think he must provide fresh for every occasion, we had good standard sermons, the world would be the better. I do not mean that no new sermons should be written; that is, if we hav parsons at all, let them write what they choose; but let sermons become standard, if we are bound to go to church and hear them, before they are thrust upon us. I had rather reread a good book than be compelled to go through a worthless new one; sensible people would rather hear a good sermon for the hundredth time, even though the sermon were written one hundred years ago, than listen to the driveling cant which is so often imposed upon them and called preaching.

Do they pretend that the wicked are ever punished in this world? If so, then they must admit that God is very partial to some of his worst enemies. If they do not, then why do they always refer to the calamities which sometimes happen to overtake wicked, unjust men as "retributions of God," etc.? And why was it a "dispensation" when the preacher was knocked out of his pulpit by lightning a short time ago? Would it be a "dispensation" if Mr. Ingersoll should some time be stricken, or would that be a "retribution?" If God is so partial, why doesn't he strike his enemies—all of them? This would be more striking evidence than mysteries and miracles.

Just in proportion to the littleness of their talents are priests supplied with cant and hypocrisy. They are an unnecessary evil, but so long as men are the dupes of superstition, so long as men allow themselvs to *think* that it is a sin to think, so long will they desire "supplies," and the drones will continue to infest the country. M. H. VEON.

Cooperstown, Pa., June 24 1888.

The Religion of the Presidential Candidates.

The two leading presidential candidates this year are Presbyterians. The Democratic candidate, Grover Cleveland, says he was "born a Presbyterian;" that is, I suppose, that he is one of the elect. But I learn that when he lived here in Buffalo he made no pretensions to religion, seldom if ever attended church, was more often in the saloon, but since he became president he has had a pew in a Presbyterian church at Washington. But he takes no part in the services, and does not, I understand, partake of the communion. He takes his wine at home.

But it seems by a report in the *World* that Harrison, the Republican candidate, is an old-fashioned, hardshell, blue Presbyterian—one of the most activ men in the church—one of the pillars. A *World* reporter, who recently visited Indianapolis and attended Harrison's church, says:

> General Harrison's pew in the First Presbyterian church is away up in front under the very drippings of the sanctuary. It is in the high-priced row. Just behind the Harrisons' pew sits the general's partner.

The reporter, in giving an account of the services on the day he attended, says:

> When a tall, dark-haired girl and two children had been baptized and half a dozen persons admitted to membership in the church, General Harrison, along with a number of other church dignitaries, all of whom wore beards like his own, went forward to seats about the communion table. Mr. McKee and Partner Miller were among the elders. It was down the middle aisle that General Harrison passed, aiding in the distribution of the bread and wine; and in the prayers which punctuate the service he bowed his head low.

The home of the Republican candidate seems to be a very pious, godly town, full of churches, but the religion is not of the character that produces good morals, for we read in the *World's* report that:

> In two things does Indianapolis eclipse all cities—the number of its murders and its meeting-houses. No day has passed since the close of the Chicago convention but some sickening crime has been chronicled here. And in contrast to this every one of the plump dozen of Presbyterian churches, which presumably make the town better, was celebrating on this fair Sabbath morning the sacrament of the holy communion. It was so at General Harrison's church, and his silvered head, far up the long aisle, was not a shade less white than the snowy cloth which covered the bread and the wine.

If these candidates are honest men, they each believe that a heretic is as bad as, if not worse than, a murderer. Cleveland probably does not so believe, because he is not an honest Christian; Harrison does so believe, because he is an honest one. Now, the question arises, How shall a Freethinker vote this fall? Both of these candidates are evidently opposed to the Secularization of the state. They both support churches that are guilty of stealing money from the people by exempting church property from taxation. Can an honest Freethinker vote for either? This question I submit for the consideration of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

H. L. GREEN.

Preachers on the Trains.

From the Standard.

"Do you see that man at the wash-bowl?" asked the commercial traveler, as he buttoned his collar and beckoned with his head toward the open door opposit the smoking-room sofa on which he sat.

Yes, I saw the man. He had washed, and was now brushing his hair while standing by the bowl, so that no one could approach it, though a line of disheveled passengers awaited their turn behind him.

"That man is a clergyman."

Indeed; but how did the commercial traveler know?

"How do I know? Easy enough. He has taken possession and is going to stay until he has brushed every hair into its particular place. He might just as well stand aside to finish his toilet, and let the others hav a chance to wash, but he won't. There are only three kinds of men who do that. One is the hog kind, the other is the kind that doesn't travel enough to know how, and the other is the preacher kind. That man is a traveler and not a hog; therefore he must be a clergyman. 'Why do clergymen act that way?' All of them don't, but those that do are simply indifferent to the comfort of others."

Sure enough, the offender proved to be a clergyman returning with half a dozen other clergymen from the New York conference. Having at last primped himself as if he were about to preach a trial sermon from a fashionable pulpit, he retired, and when next seen was making a bee-line for the breakfast car. He was just in time to get the only vacant seat. Others followed him who were compelled to wait their turn in the vestibule, where they peered anxiously and no doubt prayerfully through the plate-glass that barred their way.

"Now, mark my words," said the commercial traveler, who was with the waiting crowd in the vestibule, "that pulpit-pounder won't hurry a bit, although he sees us waiting; and ten to one he and the bishop alongside of him will keep people waiting after they are through. How do I know that's a bishop? I don't know it. But if he isn't he ought to be. He looks like a bishop—tall and broad, with massiv head, and ponderous chops, solemn and self-satisfied. There are only two places in the world for such a man. He couldn't be anything but a high-toned politician who does his tricks by proxy, or a bishop; and as he has adopted theological instead of political politics for a living, he must be a bishop."

After the commercial traveler had returned from breakfast, and, seated comfortably in the smoking-room, was lighting his cigar, he resumed: "Didn't I tell you so? Those two men would hav kept their seats till dinner-time if the caterer hadn't politely reminded them that others were waiting for their places."

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.
E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Official Call for Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

To the Local Secular Unions, Life, Charter, and Annual Members, and all Liberal citizens who support the Nine Demands of Secularism, Greeting:

You are hereby invited to attend the Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, which will convene at Lafayette Hall, Wood street, near 4th, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, October 5, 1888, at 10 A.M., for a four days' session—5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th inclusiv.

All Charter and Life Members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of State or Executiv Committees, and all duly accredited delegates from Local Secular Unions are entitled to seats and votes in this Annual Congress. Each Local Secular Union is entitled to send its President and Secretary and three other members as delegates. Annual Members who pay or hav paid $1 in the national treasury are entitled to seats, but not to votes, except by unanimous consent of the Congress.

This Congress will specially consider practical questions tending to further agitation for taxation of church property; the abrogation of state aid to sectarian institutions; abolition of state, national, military, and prison chaplaincies; repeal of judicial oaths, Sunday and other oppressiv and unjust ecclesiastical laws; nullification of attempts to subvert our Constitution by a legal recognition of Theism in the American Magna Charta, and such other measures as will not merely thwart intended theological encroachments, but will absolutely expunge from our laws, state and federal, such insidious acts as hav already crept in to blot out mental freedom from our republic.

It is to be hoped that the addresses delivered will deal with the practical issues of the organization, so that there will be such an awakening of the people to these vital questions of the hour that a revival of the instinct of liberty and justice for all will necessarily result; that again from the Keystone state—the birthplace of our association—the clarion voice of freedom shall vibrate throughout the land.

Pittsburgh being situated almost in the center of a district containing many of our most distinguished workers, thinkers, and writers, besides the activ host within its limits, there is little doubt but that this Congress will be a glorious gathering of the forces who stand for mental liberty, as expressed in the desire for complete Secularization of the government.

S. P. PUTNAM, Pres.
E. A. STEVENS, Sec.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com.

Mrs. Freeman's Lecture.

The Chicago Secular Union celebrated Sunday, July 1st, instead of the 4th, it being much more easy to get a grand rally of Freethinkers, as Mrs. Freeman had consented to deliver before the local society the lecture she gave at the Congress, "His Satanic Majesty." In honor of this event our young people's society determined to spread themselvs, and the exquisit display of flowers, bouquets, and baskets they furnished did credit to their taste and liberality. As a matter of course, the Forum was filled with a splendid audience, who came to pay their respects to the foremost lady Freethought lecturer in the West and be edified by her wit and eloquence. In the audience I discovered several persons who hav been distinguished in the councils of this city and state. During the delivery of the lecture the audience manifested its transports of delight, but at the conclusion the speaker received a perfect ovation when Dr. Henry stepped forward and, on behalf of Mrs. Henry, presented Mrs. Freeman with a monster bouquet of roses rich and rare. Mrs. Freeman's lectures cannot be synopsized to do her justice; they should be heard to obtain the full benefit of her clear and faultless elocution—a matter upon which even her orthodox critics highly complimented her. The debate which followed was a series of coruscations, intellectual pyrotechnics, from our point of view; while, notwithstanding the opposition were given nearly all the time, they failed to score a point.

While our Union feels the additional expense quite a tax, the musical talent are indeed "drawing cards," for Miss Deal presides at the organ and piano with dignity and ability, while Mr. Card, our director, with the aid of our splendid soprano, Mrs. Madau, and Professor Metcalf, formerly of Boston, considered one of the best tenors in our city, played no unimportant part in the evening's entertainment. We anxiously look for the return of Mrs. Gruber, our most excellent alto, for when all together there is no "misdeal" in this quartet, notwithstanding some names might otherwise indicate.

Mayor Roche proclaimed what would be permitted and what forbidden on the Fourth, and a $50 fine is supposed to be incurred "for discharging guns, cannons, or pistols, whether loaded or blanks," and in resentment the heavy artillery are almost splitting the tympanum of my ears, and I absolutely can't hear myself think. The firecracker and nigger-chaser are hissing and popping, and the Catherine wheel is revolving on its axis, and to-night the rocket's red glare will go up and the blue lights come down, the punk will glow, the cannon will roar, and the toy pistol burst for the honor and glory of some old gents who adjourned without signing the Declaration on this day. Historical accuracy will hav to subside in the interests of the annual boom of the surgical industry, and the ebullitions which bubble up in the heart of the small boy. This sort of patriotism is an article which we suspect was, on account of the noise, imported from Ireland by parties who control American politics solely in the interest of the Green Isle.

The daily *News* has invested $10,000 as a permanent fund the interest of which is to purchase awards for the successful competitors for the Lawson patriotic medals for children in the high, grammar, and public schools. This year the scheme was inaugurated, and the rules observed were naturally more rigid than is likely to be the case in future, the essays being written in the school-room, no books but their Readers being allowed them.

Our Union feels jubilant that the only two young ladies still attending who are members of our Young People's Society captured prizes in their respectiv schools—Miss Bertha Riper, bronze medal, in the Oakley, and Miss Alma Wineman, silver medal, Central Park school. Bertha is treasurer of the Young People's Society, was our accompanist before we had the pipe organ, and is an excellent musician. Her mother for some time contributed her services to the Secular Union quartet, and we are under special obligations to parent and child. Bertha has won the sobriquet at school of "Our Freethinker," and she often givs the scholars a touch of her radical sentiments.

Miss Alma Wineman and her brother were the leading spirits in the establishment of the Secular Union Mutual Improvement Society, where they are undergoing a splendid and thorough training to fit themselvs to fill the posts of the older members and workers of the Chicago Union.

Miss Wineman is a girl of very great literary promis, having given one of the best and most humorous essays of our young people's course; and let me say that there is talent in that society of no mean order, which is bound to be heard from. Among the leading prize essays Miss Wineman's appears in this morning's *News*. It breathes the true spirit of patriotism. Read it:

In these days a great deal of what passes by the name of patriotism is a selfish striving for position and power. It does not show itself in honorable deeds, but in boastings, flying flags, and singing songs, and is the greatest curse that could befall any country. The true patriot is he who seeks in all ways to elevate his country by noble work; who livs an honest, sober, and upright life; who cherishes the memory and example of all truly patriotic men who by their sufferings in the cause of freedom hav won for the nation those privileges of free life and free institutions of which we are the inheritors and possessors.

The patriots of the early days showed their desire for justice by drafting and signing the Declaration of Independence, the grandest document ever written, declaring all men created free and equal, with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Washington left behind him as one of the greatest treasures of his country the example of his stainless life; a great, honest, pure, and noble character; a model for his nation to follow in all time to come. The greatness of Washington and other great patriotic leaders did not consist so much in their intellect, skill, and genius, but in honor, truthfulness, and strong sense of duty. Such men are the life-blood of the country to which they belong.

The patriotism of Jefferson was shown by his writings. He was the father of a great party and the author of the Declaration of Independence. The name of Thomas Paine will be forever associated with the great republic. He was the first man to write these words: "The United States of America," and proposed the present federal Constitution, and always advocated in the strongest terms the establishment of a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. The patriotic devotion shown by the women during the Revolutionary and late civil wars was by the courage with which they gave up their fathers, husbands, and sons in the defense of their country and filled the places left vacant by them in taking care of the sick and wounded, and, though their names will never be known to the world, their deeds were prompted by the truest patriotism.

The civil war called forth the most patriotic feeling in the hearts of the people, for it was not, like the Revolutionary war, against a foreign power, but almost brother against brother. The patriotic soldiers could well say, "These are the times that try men's souls." Their voices went up in one cry, "The Union must and shall be preserved" and "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness given to all!"—determined that our flag should hav written upon it the three grandest words: "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

The memory of every soldier, from the greatest general to the lowest private, will be honored by all true patriots. Every true patriot will stand by his flag that was carried on the battle-field of death, and will teach his children that there is no nobler feeling, no grander ambition than to do all in one's power to elevate his fellow-men and the condition of his country; and, should danger ever threaten, theirs should be the willing hands to go forth in defense of the land they love the best.

They are both bright girls, and we are happy to call them "ours," for all "our" girls are bright and brave. Miss Etta Lovi won the gold medal in the high school, and there is no orthodoxy about her parents. The above is a practical answer to the correspondent who claimed our Union was disseminating Anarchy; and also proves that the brainiest children are those trained to be mentally free. Here is one forcible argument in favor of organization, if there were no more—it enables us to claim the victory which our people are constantly winning in the intellectual world. Therefore, organize, organize, and don't forget to take the prize.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

W. S. Bell in Dakota.

On June 7th I left Chicago for Dakota. My first stopping-place was Delavan, Minn., where I gave three lectures to full houses. This is Mr. W. F. Jamieson's old battle-ground. The tintinnabulations of the Bell possessed no mellifluous music for orthodox ears, but rather the contrary, and so the godly people had recourse to their usual methods of petty annoyances. While giving my second lecture, a young man of remarkable endowments gave a cat concert in the street, which some of my hearers seemed greatly to enjoy. However, after the patience of others was exhausted, they went out to interview the feline Thomas, but he had retired. The next evening, when I had nearly finished my lecture, the meeting was greatly disturbed by the jingling of a small piece of iron upon the window near which I stood. The operator of this inspired invention was secreted across the street, and worked the racket by means of a long string. In consequence of this annoyance I was compelled to finish my lecture some twenty minutes sooner than I otherwise should hav done. So much for godliness.

The first Freethinker I had the pleasure of meeting after I got off the cars was Mr. W. L. Horton, a brave and zealous worker, who has done splendid service in several towns where he has lived before coming here. He is a great admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which he keeps on his table in a TRUTH SEEKER Binder, and anyone may pick up and read.

Mr. James Geddes is a veteran in the Liberal cause, and an enthusiastic lover of THE TRUTH SEEKER and its cause. The orthodox all know him to be a fearless and honest man. No sky-pilot ever attacks him a second time on account of his Infidelity. Mr. Geddes is very desirous of having Mrs. Freeman lecture in Delavan, and regrets that she could not hav visited that place last winter. He made several inquiries about the lady in respect to her appearance upon the platform. I told him that when she stood up to speak she looked as if she might possibly weigh ninety pounds, but that when she got a-going she seemed to weigh a ton.

At the close of my first lecture I was introduced to Mr. E. S. Glick, who immediately arranged with me to giv one lecture at Minnesota Lake, some ten miles away. Although a young man, a Russian, not long in this country, he is an earnest worker, and paid all my expenses himself. My lecture at the Lake was received without any demonstrations, and so I was unable to judge how the nativs regarded it, as I left very early next morning to take the train, which was six miles away.

From here I had a long ride to Huron, Dak., but to my disgust I found, after riding about two hundred miles, that the person I was corresponding with at Huron was out of town, and upon inquiry I found that no arrangements had been made for my lectures, and, besides, I could find no Liberals. I returned to the depot, shook the dust off my feet against Huron, and took the cars for Jamestown. After another long ride with the thermometer at 102° in the shade, I reached my destination in the evening of the next day. I lost no time in finding the home of Mr. John Burns, and as I came within short range of his house I saw a man sitting in the shade apparently taking great comfort. I was right in supposing this to be my man, but I was a little off when I thought I could go up to him and hav a little talk before I should disclose my identity to him; for before he rose out of his chair he said, "This is Mr. Bell, I presume." At the close of my first lecture I gave an invitation to any minister present to defend his religion, when a young Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. J. H. Wyatt-Hanath, stepped forward promptly, and with great confidence took up the cudgel for his creed. His courage, however, was greater than his capacity. At my third lecture he again came forward, and muttered as he came upon the platform that he would giv me all the debating I wanted. After he had finished his long and rambling talk I asked him if he was willing to debate the questions at issue between us. He promptly declined, saying he would not hav favored me as much as he had if he had known what kind of a man I was. I suppose this statement was strictly true. I then began to reply to his speech, and as I pricked his windbag he jumped to his feet and began to talk. I

yielded once or twice to his interruptions, and then I told him he could not speak while I had the floor; but he was not willing to hav it that way, and persisted in talking while I was speaking. I had to suppress him in a most emphatic manner, when he grumbled something about this being a fair illustration of free speech.

My lectures caused a great deal of talk, and, I hope, may do some good.

Among the stanchest workers here are John Burns, J. T. Eager, P. W. Alley, James Boyd, Thomas Bowditch, Charles Flint, and Richard Long. I was very kindly and pleasantly entertained by Mr. Burns and wife.

I hav occasion for grateful recollections of Jamestown for the generous reward I received for my labors there. Mr. Reynolds is expected here on his return. Success to the Liberals of Jamestown. Let them organize, and secure more subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Ironclad Age*, and *Investigator*. The latter is about the only Liberal paper taken.

On the day of my last lecture I received a telegram from Mr. S. E. Haight, of Milton, a town two hundred miles farther north, to come up there and ring my Bell for them. Of course I went. Milton is a small town not a year old, but has some of the oldest theology extant.

At my first lecture a man seated at the back part of the audience asked me to define certain words I had used. I did so in a most courteous way. He was not satisfied, and insisted upon asking more questions, and talking when he pleased. I told him that he could ask his questions after I had concluded my lecture. After causing much excitement and disturbance, he finally subsided, and when I got through with my lecture and invited him to speak, he had nothing to say.

My audiences were not large or enthusiastic, as there are not more than two or three genuin Freethinkers in the town.

Mr. S. E. Haight, a man without a God or devil, gave me the call to come to Milton, and also very kindly and attentivly entertained me. His family, of three boys and as many girls, are all lovers of music, and when they united in song, accompanied with the organ and violin, the entertainment was truly delightful.

The crops in Dakota look splendid. I think I never hav seen in all my life such a beautiful country as Dakota. Her climate, however, is very uncertain. No man knows what a day or an hour may bring forth.

Fargo, Dak., July 3, 1888. W. S. BELL.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

OLYMPIA, WASH. TERR., June 2d, 3d, 4th.—This is a delightful little place, situated on the southern extremity of a beautiful bay.

There is a strong Liberal element here; very little Protestantism—what there is is of the weakest nominal kind. I notice the Roman Catholic church here, as at Seattle and Tacoma, has the best sites and by far the largest and most valuable church property. Notwithstanding the fact that by an immense majority the people voted that all church property should be taxed, the legislature ignored the vote of the people and church property is exempt from taxation.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." We hav permitted the stealthy papistical anaconda to enfold us in its powerful slimy coils, and now writhe helplessly at its mercy. Free! we are not free; we are the slaves of church power. No man to-day has a reasonable chance of election to any office of importance if he is avowedly opposed to the encroachments of the church upon our liberties, or is unwilling to pledge himself to vote and favor donations of the public funds for propaganda work of the church. Let all lovers of freedom, all who desire a government by the people, for the people, ponder these shameful facts.

The trinity of Freethought here consists of good old, stanch, and ever-reliable J. S. Dobbins; the energetic and eccentric, but devoted Liberal, J. D. Munson, and the earnest, zealous young worker, Lou. M. Hartgrove. This young lady possesses great natural ability, intense love of the ennobling principles of Liberalism, and is with "a zeal according to knowledge" an enthusiastic champion for redress of working girls' wrongs. I confidentially predict her name will become well known in the Liberal ranks, and that she will be deservedly honored as an able and efficient lecturer. She possesses all the essential qualifications, only has natural diffidence and lack of self-appreciation to overcome.

I rejoiced to meet venerable Father George Collins, who, despite the infirmities of age, is ever zealous for the cause. He was among the very first to giv $10 toward the expenses. Also enthusiastic young Ben. Trojer, eager to do all in his power to advertise the lectures.

It is because I meet so many of the aged who find sweetest peace and comfort in the ennobling principles of Liberalism, which pluck from their heart all hate and fear and in their stead plant love and hope; because in every place I hav lectured from New York thus far around the Pacific coast I hav found the young, once freed from the shackles of priestcraft, devoting the strength of their young man and womanhood to advancing the cause, that my heart is filled with hope and courage. And I feel confident of the realization of those bright visions of a glorious future for humanity so ably and eloquently portrayed by Colonel Ingersoll.

I delivered four lectures at the town hall to large and enthusiastic audiences. The Rev. Mr. Garver, Congregationalist minister, attended two of my lectures, but all my kindest persuasion, my most earnest entreaties, failed to induce him to arise and defend his faith or say one word for Jesus. A valiant soldier of the Lord, he would or could not defend his blessed savior, whom the God of the Bible denies and repudiates (Isa. xliii, 10, 11; xlv, 5, 6; Hosea xiii, 4)—the marvelous redeemer, whom all Christians avow "poured out" his precious blood on Calvary's cross to save poor sinners, but which the New Testament positivly declares he never did until after he was dead (John xix, 32, 34). Despite these and a few hundred other little discrepancies, he and many others are honest believers in error instilled into them from earliest childhood.

In a sermon reviewing my lectures he admitted much I had proved, and declared he had become a good deal of a skeptic himself.

Having three days of rest, by careful nursing I regained health, and spoke with ease on Saturday night and Sunday afternoon; but foolishly, instead of resting, talked all the time between afternoon and evening lectures; caught fresh cold, inflammation in my side renewed, bad relapse. Sunday night quite hoarse. Monday night worse; spoke with difficulty. I had to take steamboat for Seattle at half-past 5 Tuesday morning. Damp, chilly, on the water so early, took fresh cold. In sad condition on arrival at Seattle.

SEATTLE, W. T., June 5th, 6th, and 7th.—This is the empress city of Puget sound, peerless in her magnificence and the wonderful wealth of her surroundings. Lumber, coal, and iron in abundance. A glorious future for this city is inevitable. Here I had the pleasure of meeting that martyr to liberty and his honest convictions, Walter Walker, a fearless, outspoken advocate of reason, right, and truth. I met a most cordial welcome from I. H. Hummell and family, pioneer Liberals. He introduced me to Brother E. Wilson, the builder and contractor, at whose palatial residence I found a most pleasant abiding-place.

I advertised to lecture that night. I summoned all my will power, but toward evening felt very badly. I called on Dr. H. Doane, the very able electrician, an educated scientist, and, of course, a pronounced Infidel. But he deemed it best not to take treatment till after my lecture. Lectures were delivered at Turners' Hall. The entire city being in a "boom frenzy," the attendance was quite small for so large a place. And for once I did not regret small numbers. It was with great distress I uttered each sentence. My voice was like the lugubrious croaking of a dying bullfrog, or the wheezy squawk of a young, over-ambitious hen attempting to crow. The kind, patient audience endured the manner for the sake of the matter. And I—well, I learned what it was to laboriously address an audience.

As Brother Wilson's house was a long distance from the hall, I could not take treatment that night. The next day I visited Dr. Doane, and under his skilful treatment, by application of electricity and a hot-box bath, my hoarseness was removed. At the second lecture my voice was all right, but a new horror. I could think only by intense effort. All my will power failed to giv action to my continuity of thought. My brain seemed torpid, clogged with mucous. It was as hard for me to get ideas as the night before it had been to speak sentences. Next day I paid another visit to good, kind Dr. Doane, and, thanks to his skilful appliance of electricity and a medicated bath, all difficulties were banished, and I had the satisfaction of delivering my last lecture with ease and comfort, and, I think, to the satisfaction of the audience, despite my unfit condition to speak on the preceding night. At the last lecture I had a very much larger attendance.

I became very much interested in a young Brother Wilson (no relation of E. Wilson, my host), a young lawyer, an intellectual young fellow of massiv brain and splendid physique, a hustler, as they term the very activ and energetic in this part of the country. He is a great admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and his admiration finds vent in practical work—he obtains new subscribers. I am hopeful, and did all I could to persuade him to devote all his time and talent to the great case of "Liberalism vs. Christianity." This coast would afford employment every night in the year, and every Sunday afternoon, for five able lecturers. Miss Hartgrove and Mr. Wilson are just the kind needed, clean of heart and clear of head, of unblemished reputation, earnest, self-sacrificing workers, lovers of humanity—not alone able and eloquent exponents of the principles of Liberalism but with daily lives in harmony with their profession.

Every possible encouragement should be given all such noble young advocates, so they may be induced to devote themselvs to the work. Everywhere there is increasing desire to hear, since the reply of Colonel Ingersoll to Dr. Field, and now a hundredfold more since his annihilation of poor old Gladstone. Intelligent people no longer regard orthodoxy with "reverential calm," but are anxious, excited, eager to hear the other side.

My appointments are: Washington territory: Shelton's Point, June 30th, July 1st; Elma, 2d, 3d, 4th; Montesano, 7th, 8th; Aberdeen, 10th, 11th, 12th; Skamokawa, 14th, 15th, 16th; Stella, 17th, 18th, 19th. Oregon: Portland, 21st. 22d, 23d; Canby, 24th, 25th, 26th; Silverton, 28th, 29th; Brownsville, 30th, 31st, August 1st; Coburg, 3d, 4th, 5th; Harrisburg, 7th, 8th, 9th; Corvallis, 11th, 12th. Coos county, Ore., as J. H. Schroeder shall apportion the time: Marshfield, Empire City, Arago, Bandon, Myrtle Point, 14th to 30th. Washington territory: Pasco, September 2d, 3d; North Yakima, 4th, 5th, 6th; Ellensburg, 7th, 8th, 9th; Walla Walla, 10th, 11th, 12th. Utah: Ogden, 15th, 16th; Deweyville, 17th, 18th; Plain City, 19th, 20th; Hooper, 21st; Salt Lake City, 23d; Morgan, 24th, 25th; Uintah, 26th; Echo, 27th; Coalville, 28th, 29th; Salt Lake City, 30th; Wanship, October 1st; Peoa, 2d; Kamas, 3d, 4th; Park City, 5th, 6th; Salt Lake City, 7th; Grantsville, 8th; Stockton, 10th, 11th; Murray, 12th, 13th; Salt Lake City, 14th; Sugar, 15th. As H. L. Brooks shall appoint, 16th to 20th. Salt Lake City, 21st. As R. Clawson shall appoint, 22d to 27th. Salt Lake City, 28th. As Geo. C. Velie shall appoint, 29th to November 3d. Salt Lake City, 4th. C. B. REYNOLDS.

The Disappointed Goat.—A Fable.

A certain goat, who thought he was a sheep, was very fond of reading the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew from the thirty-first verse, and of rubbing it into the wool of certain sheep whom he called goats, assuring them by texts of Holy Queer of the eternity of their dismal doom. So realistic was he in his descriptions that their wool seemed already singeing. But when the great day arrived on which he expected the delicious treat of seeing the Agnostic animals "left," lo! as he was prancing sanctimoniously over to the right center, a twenty-foot angel gripped his beard and pointed in the opposit direction.

"Sheep, sheep!" he bleated; "there has never been any truth seeking about me."

"Go 't——" persisted the angel. And he countermarched.

And now he beheld, and lo! the line was drawn differently from where he had expected.

On his side of it were the kind of sheep that hav beards and upright horns, with "elect" painted between them in lamb's blood. This lamb's blood they had all vainly thought would hav made them sheep, or as good.

On the opposit side were the animals who had always kicked up their heels at the fences and scarecrows set up by pious shepherds who were fond of mutton, and enjoyed the sinful pleasure of freedom in the fields of science, leaving good, rich wool often on the poor bushes, who were very grateful for it.

The unexpected turn of matters made the goat reflect how little his true interest lay on the affirmativ side of the question of eternal suffering; it seemed now to him a very detestable dogma, whereas it had before seemed transcendently beautiful. Indeed, he had always overlooked the application of it. He had too easily taken it for granted that he had only to do with the back of it, not its edge. He had settled the hash of the poor Agnostics so often—in imagination and on paper—that he had come to look upon himself as Gawd and the maker of this dogma, and now he wished he hadn't made such a rope to hang himself. And now appeared letters of flame in the sky, and what said they? Did they say: "Depart ye cursed unconverted ones who hav not the blood on your wool?"

No; they said: "Depart ye who had no tenderness in your hearts that theology could not kill; who wrecked the very groundwork of good by your teachings, turning love into hatred by your misdirections; rendering human progress impossible to those who became your victims by utterly corrupting their natural sense of justice, and extinguishing the natural light of reason as far as you could. As for these Agnostic sheep on my right hand, they shall be blessed for evermore, for they were faithful to the truth, loyal to the heavenly guide of reason, and valiantly (and it took some valor) set at naught the bulldozings and boycottings of creatures like you, with your little piddling, dried-up, juiceless hearts—which could not now, or hereafter, hav any fellowship with the great friends of your race—in order to do works which took no account of brain-spun lines of so-called faith, which, in reality, were only nonsense."

This was the sense of the doom now plainly appearing at this last great revelation, when the hearts of all were enlightened.

And the poor goat awoke—and behold it was a dream. HARDPAN.

Communications.

Catholicism's Declaration on Liberty.

The papal church claims to be founded on the Bible, but, well aware of the fallaciousness of such a claim, and that the Bible contains no mention, much less sanction, of a pope, cardinal, archbishop, mass, indulgence, Virgin Mary, saints, crosses, and other distinctiv peculiarities of the papal church, it very rationally concludes that its common use would be more detrimental than beneficial. The blind zeal of cardinals and doctors, however, in voicing this convenient discovery, has betrayed them into startling concessions. Thus, Cardinal Hosius, the president of the Council of Trent, says: "The greater portion of the gospel came to us by tradition, very little of it from writing." Hermanus declares: "When the authority of the church leaves the scriptures, they are of no more account than Æsop's Fables." Canus mentions: "We are not to take the scriptures as the scriptures, without the authority of the church." And Hosius argues: "To ask if more credit could be given to scriptures than the church, is to ask if more credit could be given to the Holy Ghost speaking by the mouth of the church, or to the Holy Ghost speaking in the scriptures by the writings of the prophets and apostles." What an artful and convenient subterfuge! The church is founded on the scriptures, but the scriptures hav no meaning except what the church assigns them, and no authority except what the church permits! Well, then, if the scriptures hav no intrinsic sense or authority, then the church has none; for the church could derive nothing from the scriptures except what they possessed.

The cultivating influence of the church of ignorance and servitude was disastrous to learning in the extreme. The lights of knowledge were extinguished; the people were stupefied with ignorance; kings and nobles were plenty who could neither read nor write; priests could only trace a few words; Pope Gregory was so illiterate that it was doubtful if he could read at all; Pope Celestine was elected solely on account of his ignorance and stupidity; Pope Gregory I. severely censured the profane learning of a bishop who taught the art of grammar, studied the Latin poets, and pronounced, with the same voice, the praise of Jupiter and Christ; and Paul II. made war against all men of learning as enemies of the church, condemned them to horrible tortures under charges of pretended heresy, and, after all indication and testimony proved them to be innocent, still kept them in prison, declaring that, when he arrested them, he had asserted he would not release them under a year.

From the foul source of the Council of Trent, the Index Expurgatorius became consecrated as one of those papal doctrins "which had been regularly defined, from which nothing can be taken, no innovation introduced there, no addition made, but must remain untouched both in words and meaning." That the stream was worthy of its source, we hav the testimony of the most credible men in that corrupt assembly. A bishop, and one of the most eminent men in the Council of Trent, says: "The Holy Ghost had nothing to do in that assembly. All the counsels given there proceeded from human policy, and tended only to promote the pope's immoderate and shameful domination. Answers were expected as from Delphos and Dodona. The Holy Ghost which they boasted governed councils, was brought from Rome in a postilion-post cloak" (Sarpi, pp 841, 842). In a letter to Maximilian the same bishop further states: "The pope had a hundred [creatures] to one, and, in case that were not sufficient, he could hav created a thousand. We daily saw hungry, needy bishops come to Trent, youths, for the most part, that just began to hav beards, given over to luxury and riot, hired to giv their vote only just as the pope pleased" (Sarpi, p. 399). Again, the celebrated authority says: "Matters were brought to this pass by the inequity of those who came there, that the council seemed to consist not of bishops, but of disguised maskers; not of men, but of images, such as Dædalus made, which were moved by nerves not their own. They were hireling bishops, who, as country bagpipes, could not speak but as the breath was put in them" (Ibid).

Dupin, commenting on the second Nicean Council, says: "The Nicean, nevertheless, boasted of their inspiration. The synod, amid all its atrocities, pretended to the immediate influence of heaven. The divine *inflatus*, forsooth, passed through these sinks of pollution, and made the consecrated ruffians the channels of spiritual communication to men."

St. Gregory, bishop of Nazianzen, speaking of the second General Byzantine Council, characterizes it as a "cabal of wretches fit for the house of correction; fellows taken newly from the plow, the spade, the oar, the army" (St. Greg., Ep. Labb., ii, 1,158; Dupin, i, 259).

This great and adorable Catholic authority, in his "Standard of Theology," compares the dissensions and wranglings of councils to the gabble of geese and cranes; and says: "I never saw a synod that had a happy termination. These conventions, instead of diminishing, augmented the evils they were intended to remedy. Passion, jealousy, envy, prejudice, prevailed and surpasses all description."

And Cardinal Hosius, in delivering the farewell address in the name of Innocent III., who had presided over the Council of Lyons, to the court and citizens, said: "We hav effected a work of great utility and charity in this city. When we came to Lyons we found three or four brothels in it, and we hav left it, at our departure, only one. But that one extends from the eastern to the western gates" (Matt. Paris, p. 799).

Again: The pope denounces "the zeal of some to separate the church from the state, and to burst the bands that unite the priesthood with the empire." This is an authoritativ declaration that the papal despot is in favor of the union of church and state, and of the intermeddling of the priests with political affairs. He claims the investiture of supreme spiritual and political power over all government, whether it be monarchical or democratic; that he is the head, spirit, and laws of nations; that all human beings are his passiv, unresisting, corpse-like instruments, obliged to believe and do whatever he may dictate, and that they are eternally bound to this abject servitude, by the annihilation of liberty of conscience, opinion, and the press. He is an Anarchist of the blackest character. He detests all governments, despotic or republican, but despotic the less, because it is easier to govern one man than the many. This fact has been incarnadined in the history of every republic that has existed since the birthday of papalism. After Pope Benedict VI., in 974, had been deposed, imprisoned, and strangled, the able Crecentius was made consul, and governed Rome in that capacity. But Pope John XIV., in 987, exiled Crecentius, whom, however, Otho soon afterward reinstated. From 875 to 900, during an interregnum of the empire, the Roman people began to regard themselvs as sovereigns. They made and unmade popes at their option. Albera, son of Mososia, was raised to the head of political affairs. In 936, Pope John XI. was expelled from the city. Albera administered the government as consul, and chose, governed, and kept dependent the popes.

Arnold of Brescia, 1125, restored Rome to an image of her ancient liberty. He created a patrician, a president, and fifty-eight senators. But Pope Lucius organized a mob of priests and soldiers, and assaulted the republicans, who responded with a shower of stones. The papal army fled, and the pope was mortally wounded and died shortly afterward. Adrian IV. in 1154 cast an edict over Rome for this occurrence, and obliged the senate to exile Arnold. The unhappy patriot was arrested in Campana, burnt alive, and his sacred ashes cast into the Tiber.

In 1226, Innocent III. arbitrarily abolished the consulate, extorted oaths of allegiance from the senators, installed offices, usurped the sovereignty of the state, and became the spiritual and temporal despot of Rome.

Again: The pope "demands that all care be employed to prevent the circulation of writing among common people tending to the subversion of the fidelity and submission due to princes." How different is this demand from the declaration of Archbishop Spalding! The one demands that monarchies be protected; the other, that they be subverted. They both emanate from the same church, infallible, unalterable, unimprovable, identically the same in all ages and climes. But be not deceived. Though their avowals are different, their secret intentions are the same. The pope seeks to deceive monarchs; the archbishops, to deceive republics. They both falsify in the interest of the church. They both seek to win that they may destroy. Sarpi in his History of the Council of Trent, p. 395, when describing the manner in which Paul IV., elected in 1559, was accustomed to receive foreign embassadors, represents him as saying: "I am above all princes; I do not wish any of them to be too familiar with me. I can change kingdoms; I am the successor of those who deposed kings and emperors. I will hav no prince for my companion. I would hav princes under my feet [stamping on the ground], as it is fit; as it is his will who built the church, and placed them in that degree." Was it from a disingenuous desire to prevent the circulation of writing among the commonalty adverse to the fidelity and submission due to princes that Innocent III. publicly circulated his bill against the Magna Charta, annulling and quashing its provisions, the bonds and securities that had been pledged for its observance, that at no time they hav validity (Bull Matthew Paris, 1215)? that he afterward circulated an interdict against King John of England for refusing to acknowledge the pope's authority to appoint Stephen Landon to the archbishopric of Canterbury, suspending thereby the observance of the Catholic worship, and causing the dead for three years to be buried on the highway without the rites of interment; that in 1208 he excommunicated the king? that in 1211 he absolved the king's subjects from their oaths of allegiance, and prohibited all intercourse with him under pain of papal reprobation? that in 1212 he induced the French monarch to invade his kingdom? and that finally he obliged the king to surrender his dominion to the papal see, and pay for himself and heirs an annual sum of seven hundred marks, and for Ireland an annual sum of three hundred marks, on pain of forfeiting his right to the British crown? Was it from a sincere motiv to guard the stability of thrones that Pope Clement VII. excommunicated Henry VIII., king of England, with all his adherents and followers, declaring them incapable of absolution, the king of Christian burial, and all as smitten with the sword of anathema, malediction, and eternal damnation? Was it for the purpose of promoting the fidelity due to princes that the pope absolved and set free the accomplices, favorits, adherents, and advisers of the king from their oaths of fealty, vassalage, and subjection to him, and commanded them under pain of excommunication to wholly withdraw themselvs from obedience to him, and not recognize him as their superior, or to obey his laws? Was it from papal orders to instil submissivness in the minds of the subjects of kingdoms that the pope declared Henry VIII., his accomplices, adherents, counselors, and their descendants, infamous and incapable of being admitted as witnesses, of making wills, codicils, or other depositions, of granting anything, or of succeeding to any estate by virtue of any will or testament, or to any person intestate? Was it for the purpose of preventing insurrection and rebellion in the kingdom of England that the pope required and admonished the dukes, the marquises, and all others whatsoever, as well secular as ecclesiastical, and also men of letters, actually obeying King Henry, that without delay or excuse, they, with force of arms if need be, expel out of the kingdom and dominion them, and every one of them, their soldiers and stipendiaries, as well horse as foot, and all others whatsoever that shall favor them with arms? Was it for the purpose of interdicting treason to monarchs that the pope exhorted and required that even those that fight for hire, and whatsoever other persons that hav under them such as bear arms, either by sea or land, take up arms against King Henry? that they persecute them and every one of them, that they may by force compel them to return to the universal church and to the communion of the holy see? Was it from a tender regard for the security of kings and thrones that the pope declared that he from the same authority, knowledge, and power granted license, leave, and liberty to the same persons, of converting the same goods, merchandise, money, shipping, commodities, and letters, decreeing by these presents all these things wholly to pertain and belong to the captors? And that all persons deriving their origin from the same kingdom and dominion, or otherwise inhabiting them, and not obeying our commands aforesaid, wheresoever they shall be taken, shall be the slaves of the takers? Let the advocates of the papal church solve these problems.

By the authorities adduced we see what the papal church is. She is a church without religion; a church whose god is the pope of Rome; a church which proscribes the Bible on which she claims to be founded; a church whose nature and aim is political power; a church whose arguments are anathemas, whose laws are canons of corrupt councils, whose motivs are self-aggrandizement; a church that converts its devotees into senseless, conscienceless, reasonless, abject slaves; a church whose principle is Anarchism, claiming the right to intermeddle with the affairs of foreign governments, to dethrone rulers, absolve subjects from oaths of allegiance, create mobs, organize treason, and excite insurrection as she pleases; and which hesitates at the adoption of no means, however atrocious and inhuman, to accomplish her purposes.

Such being the papal church, her nature makes her the foe of liberty. And what is liberty, which is so distasteful to her? It is the spirit of equality, which givs equal rights to all. It is the spirit of morality, which bids man respect the rights of others as his own. It is the spirit of justice, that interdicts oppression and dissolves the chains of slavery. It is the spirit of nature, that bids the mind freely think, the conscience freely act; the reason freely judge; the tongue freely speak; the press freely print, and man freely develop the nature, genius, capacities, and greatness of his being. It takes a nation of subjects, and makes them a nation of sovereigns. It binds the rights of all in one harmonious whole, and formulates them into maxims, which he who best obeys best serves himself. It is the spirit of civilization; the mother of arts, science, eloquence, and song. It took ancient Greece, weak, ignorant, and barbarous, and made her the most powerful, enlightened, and civilized nation of antiquity. It took ancient Rome, a community of robbers and outlaws, and molded her into the conqueror of the world, the source of law, and model of heroism. It took the Tyrean refugees of Carthage, and made them the masters of the ocean, of manufacture, and the colonizers of the globe. It took Genoa, an insignificant town, and by instilling into it energy, frugality, and industry, enabled her to stud the

shores of the Euxine with factories, to enlarge her domain by heroism, and finally to become the dictator of the throne of Constantinople. She took the marshy isles of the Adriatic, and made Venice their capital, famous for its military achievements, its schools of art, and the opulence of its citizens. These and other republics arose and flourished with liberty, but when she fell decayed and sunk into ruin. But this noble incentiv to all progress, genius, and greatness is denounced by the papal despot, who declares that liberty of conscience is a most absurd, erroneous, and pestilential doctrin; that liberty of opinion is a wild and raving notion, uttered with unblushing impudence; that the liberty of the press is the worst and never sufficiently execrated and detested institution; and that the advocates of the separation of the church from the state are profane lovers of liberty. Let it be remembered that these sentiments are those which the papal church has regularly defined, from which nothing can be taken away, no innovation introduced, no addition made, but remain untouched in words and meaning.

Baltimore, Md., June 3, 1888 JOHN ALBERGER.

Colonel Ingersoll on the Tariff.

THE TRUTH SEEKER for June 23d gives a very interesting report of the famous orator's opinion of what he rightly calls a great question on which it is "the duty of the laboring man in this country first to thoroughly post himself," "to endeavor to understand his own interest as well as the interest of his country," etc. Of course, the only way to do this is to read what can be said on all sides.

Another very good thing which Colonel Ingersoll said is this: "I am in favor of a sensible reform of the tariff, that is to say, I do not wish to put it in the power of the few to practice extortion on the many." In harmony with these sentiments, he has urged the nomination at Chicago of a candidate for the presidency who might hav been willing to reform the tariff, but we all know that Judge Gresham was badly defeated. The candidate chosen is in perfect harmony with the platform which distinctly opposes "the surrender of any part of our protectiv system," even in order to reduce the surplus in the treasury, now estimated at over $580,000,000. The Republican platform also declares its intention of keeping the duties on wool, and also making "such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our people." Among these articles is nickel, which now, according to the Meriden Britannia Co., costs "about 65 cents a pound, of which 15 cents is protectiv duty." This is one of the cases in which, in Colonel Ingersoll's own words, "This tariff is added to the cost, and must be paid by the consumer." Thus, whenever we buy any article made of nickel, we pay this extra price. If the nickel is not imported, the money goes to one man, Mr. Joseph Wharton, of Pennsylvania, who owns the only mine worth mentioning in this country. All the people of the United States are thus taxed for the enrichment of one man. Need I say which party is pledged to keep up this and similar extortions? The history of tariff legislation during the last ten years shows which party has been trying to protect the many against the few, and which has stood in the way. Or take the case of the wool tax, which one party is trying to keep up or increase, while the other wishes to hav it repealed or reduced. This duty is levied to protect the woolgrower. The manufacturer has to pay it on all his wool, and he is repaid by a special duty of 30 cents per pound on all imported woolens, whether fine or coarse. What protection he gets against European manufactures is in the form of a value duty of 40 per cent on all cloth worth more than 80 cents per pound, and 35 per cent on the rest. The result is that the poor man who buys cloth worth 75 cents a yard, and weighing 28 ounces, pays a value duty of 26 1-4 cents, and also a special duty per weight of 61 cents, so that his tax is 87 1-4 cents, or 116 per cent. The rich man, however, is taxed but 58 per cent on a yard of cloth weighing but four ounces less, and costing $3 abroad; for in this case, the weight duty is but 52 1-2 cents, which, with the value duty of $1 20, makes a total of only $1.72 1-2. I agree with Colonel Ingersoll, that the tariff ought to be reformed; but I go with the party which intends to begin the reform by releasing the poor from having to pay twice as heavy a tax as the rich.

It seems to me all the more necessary to say this, because Colonel Ingersoll, to some extent, speaks as if the issue were simply between free trade and protection. So Mr. J. R. Perry has recently stated in THE TRUTH SEEKER, that the greatest question in American politics is that of "the tariff vs. free trade." I write this article mainly to insist on a fact, in proof of which I appeal to Cleveland's message, to the Democratic platform recently adopted at St. Louis, and to the men and papers generally who now favor Cleveland's reëlection. The question is not tariff vs. free trade, but simply tariff vs. tariff. I know of no one, of any authority in American politics, who wishes to do without any tariff. There are a few speculators, like Henry George, who wish to do this; and so there are other speculators who wish to get along without any president. It would be just as fair for Cleveland's supporters to say that the issue is between the president and no president, as it is for his opponents to say that the issue is between the tariff and free trade. But most of Mr. Perry's papers, like many other protectionist arguments, deals merely with an imaginary issue of not the slightest importance at present. What Cleveland and his party do wish, is to make such changes in the wool tax and other duties as to reduce the tariff to a hight somewhat about that at which, according to the estimate made a few years ago by one of the candidates for the recent Republican nomination, Senator Sherman, it would still "amply protect American industry." In other words, we want a tariff of about four-fifths of the present hight, with special reductions on wool and other raw materials.

Mr. Perry may say that this is what he means by free trade. If so, he certainly would call those men free traders who hav tried to introduce a tariff of about one-sixth of the present hight, with a long free list. But this is precisely what was done by Washington, Hamilton, and other fathers of the country nearly a hundred years ago. If every man who votes in favor of a tariff lower than that now in force is a free trader, then all Americans were free traders down to 1861; for we never had any tariff before the war so high as that which Mr. Perry and the Chicago platform support. Of the prosperity of the country under seventy years of low tariffs, I hav already said so much in THE TRUTH SEEKER that I need only say that I hav abundant reason to believe that a reduction of the tariff toward the Sherman estimate, as proposed in the Mills bill, now before Congress, would be the best possible thing for all American industries, except a few exceptionally situated monopolies, like Mr. Wharton's. What I hav just stated can be proved by many statistics, some of which I hope soon to present in these columns.

Just now it seems more important to call attention to a place where the colonel appears to hav been misunderstood by the reporter, namely this: "People who believe in free trade are always telling us that the laboring man is paid much better in Germany than in the United States." I can scarcely suppose that any free trader or tariff reformer is so culpably ignorant. There is no doubt of the wretched condition of the German laborer. The statements made on this point by protectionists are substantially correct. There is a great deal to this effect in a speech made last October by Senator Frye, and reprinted by the Home Market Club of Boston, under the title, "How Wage-earners Liv and are Paid in Free Trade Countries." There is no doubt but that the vast emigration from Germany spoken of elsewhere by Colonel Ingersoll is due to the poverty of her laborers. It ought, however, to be distinctly understood that Germany is under a high protectiv tariff. It should also be remembered that there are many other institutions working against the poor man all over Europe, as is pointed out by Colonel Ingersoll. Whatever sort of tariff we adopt in America, the laborer will continue better off here than in Europe. He need not dread any reduction which would leave wages where they are under one of the very lowest tariffs now in force, that of New South Wales. Laborers are paid as high there as here per day; their money goes much farther; and the eight-hour law has been for several years in force. I mention this merely to show that low tariffs are found in company with high wages, just as we find lower and lower wages with higher and higher tariffs, as we pass on from England, through Germany and Russia, to China, where there is so much hatred of foreigners and general stupidity, as to constitute the most efficient protection possible for all domestic industries. Comparing different countries together, we find wages highest wherever there is the greatest amount of production in proportion to the number of producers, whatever may be the tariff. Thus the tariff can raise or lower wages only by promoting or checking domestic industry.

It is regard for facts and principles like these, rather than for the Henry George theory of free trade, which inspires the main body of opponents to the present tariff. It seems to us peculiarly objectionable, because it has failed notoriously, after twenty-seven years of full trial, to giv the American manufacturer the exclusiv control of the home market. A tariff which enables Europe to supply us with half our silks, and a large part of our best cottons, woolens, and hardware, is not much of a success, even from the protectionist standpoint. What we tariff reformers want is, in the first place, to hav the American manufacturer fully supply the home market with every article which he can produce with due advantage, not only to himself but to his neighbors. And, in the second place, we want to enable him to undersell European manufacturers as successfully in Canada, Mexico, South America, Asia, Africa, and Australia, as is now done in the Sandwich Islands. Look at the facts. In 1875 we sold under our high tariff to those people about $450,000 worth of American goods, all of which were carried there under the British flag. We made a reciprocity treaty and the result, after seven years of free trade, was that in 1884 we sold to that same number of people $3 000,000 worth of American goods, which were carried by American sailors and under the American flag. Is not such an experiment worth repeating? Of course, there must be enough of a tariff to supply our national revenue. But why not reduce the surplus revenue by reforming the tariff sufficiently to make it as profitable for the American manufacturer to export his products as it is for the American farmer? The latter undersells the British employer of pauper labor at his own door. Why cannot our manufacturer do it too? There can be no better answer to this question than was given by a leading Republican, Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, about a year ago: "No industrial policy will promote the highest prosperity of both labor and capital in this country, which fails to lay down the raw material at the door of the manufactory at the lowest possible cost." I hav shown how the price of wool and nickel is run up against the manufacturer by the present tariff, and how the two great parties stand on those points. The same substantially is true of iron, steel, tin-plate, copper, glass, coal, lumber, and almost every other article which the manufacturer has to purchase. This is what puts him at such a disadvantage against his rivals, not only in Great Britain, but in Canada, Germany, France, Belgium, and other countries which, while keeping up a high tariff in other respects, are wise enough to let raw materials come in free to their factories. They can do this without the risk which would be run by the protectionist party in this country; for that party would be outvoted, if it did not buy up the mine-owners and wool-growers by special bounties, given avowedly for that purpose. It is this tax on wool, with a few others of small amount on articles not likely to be brought any great distance over the Canadian border, which keeps many a farmer true to the old party, in spite of the plain fact that the tariff raises the price of every article he buys, but of scarcely anything that he sells.

The report of the tariff commission of 1882, as well as the Congressional proceedings in that year and the next, shows that very little attention was paid to the interests of anyone but owners of mines and factories in framing the present system of protection. And these millionaires were very properly called upon for money by the Republican League of the United States in the circular of May 25th, on the ground that they were "getting practically the sole benefit, or at least the most directly important benefit, of the tariff laws." These monopolists protect themselvs by making us pay twice as much as we should hav to under a just and equitable tariff fo our clothes, blankets, stockings, rice, sugar, salt, starch, nails, wire, drugget, earthenware, and window-glass. And any chance of prices being reduced by domestic competition is destroyed by the trusts, which are formed in order to keep production down. Of course, keeping down production means keeping down wages also. Thus, the great question in politics is not the tariff vs. free trade, but the millionaires' tariff vs. the people's tariff. F. M. HOLLAND.

Ye Scheme to Bagge Penn.

The following fabricated letter first appeared in the Easton, Pa., *Argus* many years ago, and has been frequently republished:

September, 1682.—To Ye Aged and Beloved John Higginson.—There be now at sea a shippe (for our friend, Elias Holdcraft of London, did advise me by the last packet that it would sail sometime in August) called ye Welcome, R. Greene was master, which has aboard a hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is ye scamp at ye head of them. Ye general court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxett of ye brig Porpoise to waylaye ye said Welcome, as near ye coast of Codd as may be, and make capture of ye said Penn and his ungodly crew, so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this newe country with ye heathen worships of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling ye whole lot at Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar; and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked, but shall make gayne for his ministers and people. Yours in ye bowels of Christ,

COTTON MATHER.

In September, 1682, Cotton Mather was a divinity student, only nineteen years of age. Therefore he would not hav been likely to be made the confidant of any "secret orders" of the "general court" of Massachusetts, much less to hav been in correspondence with Elias Holdcraft (or Holcroft, as the name was first printed), of London, whoever that person might be.

When the letter was first published it was said to hav been deposited with Mr. Judkins of the Massachusetts Historical Society, by the late Robert Greenleaf, of Malden. But there was no such librarian, and no such person known as Robert Greenleaf, of Malden. So said Mr. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, when he first saw the letter in 1872, and he pronounced it a clumsy forgery.

This is the sixth time I hav exposed it in various papers, but, like a multitude of other frauds, it seems to be as live as ever. BURR.

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The Editors and the Preachers.

The prominence of Colonel Ingersoll in the campaign, and the possibility before the Chicago convention adjourned that Mr. Gresham, a reputed Liberal, might be the Republican standard-bearer, has led the pulpit into politics and the press into the pulpit. Republican and Democratic editors alike are attending prayer-meetings with regularity, and the wave of piety now sweeping over the country is something phenomenal. If it were not the rankest hypocrisy, the church might, like St. Paul, take courage and thank God.

Commenting upon the recent attempt at the Republican ratification meeting of the chairman to make a Bible quotation, which failed because the audience laughed the orator down, shouting to Colonel Ingersoll to "watch him, Bob," the *Star* of this city, a Democratic journal pretty near the White House throne, says:

"The Republican party is now, in some matters, very much mixed. In the past, it has claimed the Bible and everything else that was 'best and purest' as peculiarly its own. It has, in a fashion, put out a claim that it was essentially deity's own party, and that all Democrats were, as to religion and morality, somewhat off color. It has placed Democracy among the goats, and on the left hand.

"But we find now, and at the outset of its campaign, an element in the Republican party (which has hitherto, in a fashion, directed deity what to do in party and national affairs) that heartily cheers and sympathizes with a man who does not believe either in God or in the Bible, and whose earnest and activ endeavor is to wipe the book out of existence. And this element applauds and indorses the single cry raised at its first campaign gathering of 'Watch him, Bob!' whose meaning is that 'Watch him, Bob' shall 'go for,' riddle, and ridicule in his usual able fashion any allusion or quotation from the book which, judging from some past Republican sentiment and expression, Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, and Wendell Phillips revised, corrected, and vastly improved (to suit the times).

"We congratulate our Republican friends on their having so early in the contest developed the stirring anti-Bible, anti-deity, and anti-religious cry of 'Watch him, Bob!'"

This is a very palpable attempt by the *Star* to raise religious rancor and influence votes against Mr. Harrison, because one of his chief supporters is an Infidel.

A paper of another stripe—one of the most important in the Southwest—has also come forward for prayers. This was before Harrison was nominated, and the anxiety of the editor for his soul's welfare was prompted by the fear that Gresham might be the convention's choice. Therefore the general policy of the country toward Infidels was outlined. "One of the chief glories of our government," oracularly observes this newly hatched Christian, "unquestionably lies in the fact that it guarantees perfect freedom of religious belief and practice. Men may hold what opinions they please with entire security of estate and reputation, and to prefer one system of faith or form of worship over another is an act that is accounted consistent in every way with the obligations of citizenship. But at the same time it is insisted that a man who discards all sects and refuses his assent to Christianity in any manner is more or less censurable for abuse of a rare and splendid privilege. That is to say, public sentiment holds that in a country where religious thought is so unrestrained, a man should believe something, and recognize the general value of church enterprises and influences."

Precisely! Our editor is a glorious disciple of one of more renown, a certain Martin Luther, who claimed the right for everybody to read the Bible, but when after reading it, they pronounced it false, he promptly suppressed them. So it is with our recent convert, who further lays down the law:

"When we say that it is improper to apply a religious test to a candidate, we do not mean that it is immaterial whether he has any religious belief at all or not. What we do mean is that we accord him the right to choose between different denominations, but not to reject all plans of religious philosophy and experience, and deny the authenticity of Christianity *in toto*. He may be a reputable and capable man, but that is not conceded to absolve him from the duty of identifying himself in some degree with religious institutions and undertakings. He must at least acknowledge the validity and usefulness of religion in the abstract, and refrain from giving encouragement to its enemies. We believe in religious freedom to the point where it becomes anti-religious license, and there we draw the line. The politicians, large and small, understand this for the most part, and hence comes their anxiety to avoid suspicion of Infidelity, and to put themselvs on good terms with the churches. The custom does credit to their intelligence, and it serves also to keep alive in our politics the wholesome idea that this is a Christian nation."

Coming back to New York, now, we find this in the *Times:*

"Mr. 'Bob' Ingersoll will be kept very busy by the Republicans between now and election in breaking the influence of the free whisky plank among the temperance people. He is an expensiv speaker in more ways than one, but he is admirably adapted to this particular work. It is understood, also, that a cheap edition of his principal attacks upon the Christian religion is to be widely circulated among the churches and the Sunday-school teachers, in order to reinforce his arguments to the temperance people. This will serve a double purpose. It will put 'Bob' in his true light as an authority on the principles of morality, and it will tend to spread the light of Infidelity and skepticism among the deluded victims of the Christian faith. Of course, if the colonel's views as to religion are sound, it is among religious people that they should be disseminated. Mr. Harrison, as a fervid Presbyterian, was at first inclined to object to this scheme, but we understand that Mr. Kerens, and others who were cognizant of Mr. Ingersoll's valuable missionary labors in the Star route cases, hav persuaded the candidate to withdraw his objections. We look for a good deal of interest in Ingersoll when he gets really settled down to his pace in the advocacy of the abolition of the whisky tax and the deity."

This is in keeping with the line of thought of the preachers on the same subject, though not quite so bigotedly expressed. As a sample of their style we take a recent sermon by a Far Western Baptist minister:

"The voice of inspiration, the voice of reason, and the voice of history unite in speaking to us the truth before us, 'If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?'

"Here is the question for us, 'Are the foundations then laid and builded upon impaired?' I know it is the purpose of the politician and demagog to treat this question with contempt and ridicule, but it is the province of history to declare that God deals with it as a solemn fact. So let us face it to-day. I know it is the popular thing to declare that the days of the Puritans were days of intolerance and bigotry; that they proclaimed religious liberty and denied to others the liberty they claimed. I am willing to grant it. They were human, and to err is human. Their principles were right if they did err.

"Is that foundation-stone crumbling? Is there an atmosphere inimical to its permanency? I am sure there is—an insidious, almost impalpable, antagonism to religious liberty, that would deny the right of any man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, but only according to an unjustified and impious dictator. While those are sleeping who died that their country might liv, comrades, watch for that foe.

"Is this foundation-stone decaying? I think it is. The elements of Infidelity and Atheism in their various forms are arrayed against it. They hav the audacity to demand, under the name of Liberalism, the exclusion of the Bible—God's law—from every national institution. Not only are they not satisfied to secretly and cunningly devise against it, but this social pestilence dares to assemble in convention, and, with blasphemous utterances, demand that the only civilized nation in the world that would tolerate such presumption shall destroy its foundation at the dictation of the fool who hath said in his heart, There is no God. Better, aye, ten thousand times better the practical intolerance of Puritanism than the national pestilence of lawless Liberalism!"

Another preacher has also taken up his cross because things don't just suit him. A daily mugwump paper prints this item:

"Those who are disposed to deride Sunday-school principles in politics will do well to pay special heed to the effect upon such eminent exponents of Christian sentiments as the Rev. Dr. A. F. Shauffler, who declares that the free whisky plank of the Chicago platform and the prominence of Bob Ingersoll as its advocate hav driven him from the support of the Republican party. Like thousands of others who hav up to this time adhered to the Republican party, he is in favor of temperance and tariff reform, and thinks that conscience is a safe guide in politics. But fidelity to conscience is now subject not only to derision as characteristic of 'Sunday-school politics,' but to denunciation as treason to party."

Judging from these quotations, Infidels in the United States ought to be thankful that they are allowed by the Christians to liv, without having the presumption to ask for legal equality with the saints who hav inherited the earth. The desire to persecute for opinion's sake is still strong in the hearts of our "beloved brethren," and only the lack of power prevents its being done. We will giv the editors, however, the benefit of the doubt whether their religion is more than skin-deep, and charitably believe that their exhortations to piety are for campaign purposes only.

But we hope the abuse of Infidels will go on. Every time Christianity shows its true character somebody gets so disgusted with it that he becomes a Liberal.

The Slave's Submission.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians of Nebraska recently held a state convention at Lincoln, at which a Mr. Corcoran delivered an address which the *Daily State Democrat* says has received "very favorable comment both by members of the order and the public at large." The following are the most important portions:

"The unchangeable watchword of the Irish people is, 'For Faith and Ireland.' Who shall separate them? No men, nor even an angel from heaven, will be listened to when attempting to teach the Irish people in opposition to the pope. On that point the Irish people hav always been, and with God's help always will be, firm and steadfast. Let us once for all take our stand on the Rock of Ages, and when the whirlwinds of Anarchy roar around us, and thunder of passion bursts overhead, and the lightning of blasphemy flashes across the heavens with a brilliancy to fill the souls of men with awe, we will laugh at them, and mock at them, and mark our foreheads with the sign of the cross. '*Stat crux dum volvitur orbis,*' rings out the voice of the illustrious Lacordaire, startling the multitude of the assembled Atheists of Europe in the cathedral of Notre Dame. The cross stands whilst the world revolves. Ireland has fought through the bitter struggle of three centuries without human aid or sympathy. Now that we hav the sympathy of the Christian world we hav reason to hope for success in the near future. But let us not seek to gain the sympathy of men by such weakness as to act in a manner, or to use language, which, no matter how much we may profess respect, is certain to create the impression that we are not so loyal to the pope as our forefathers. We would insult our separated Christian brethren by such conduct, for it would logically imply that we considered them so utterly devoid of principle themselvs that they would appreciate a disregard of principle on our part. In the long run pronounced and manly fidelity to principle gains the respect and sympathy of even those who differ from us. We are Christians. Let us act and speak always like Christians. Christian charity does not mean weakness or disregard of principle. It may be asked, as it is often asked, What is a Christian? To that question there is but one answer. The only answer which is true, which is practical, which is a straight answer to a straight question, is simply this: Christianity consists in believing and following the teaching of the vicar of Christ.

"For ourselvs, let us refuse to fall into line with the follies and the isms affected by the languid *dilettanti* of the rich salons of the modern Babylons. Let us refuse to join in chorus with the nauseating laudations of the so-called modern thought, which is insignificant in the presence of the thought of Aristotle, and at the present moment beaten all along the line on the field of reason by the intellectual giants of the Catholic church. To-day you see the self-elected apostles of this modern thought flying everywhere from the encounter, by their surrender of positiv teaching, and taking refuge in Agnosticism, which is the innermost recess of the rathole of doubt. Let us not be entrapped by the shibboleths of philanthropy and humanity. Christianity is above all. For who is like unto God? Christianity is, in a word, divine. Humanity is but created and corruptible dust united for a little while with created but immortal soul. Not science, not philosophy, not reasoning with so never faultless logic, but humble Christian prayer alone, can transform the world of to-day, healing the souls of men by a miracle greater than any healing of the body."

These words were uttered in the interest of Irish freedom. Can anything be more humiliating than the spirit they breathe? "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee," says this orator to the pope. And though the pope has allied himself to the force responsible, according to Mr. Corcoran, for the crimes against Irish liberty, yet the pope must hav cheerful submission on the part of his Irish subjects. If they giv it they deserve to lose their liberty.

The trouble with Ireland has always been too

much faith. Before Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries in Ireland, the people were really slaves to the Catholic church. In exchanging bishops for Protestant landlords, they hav gained considerably. Ireland was worse off under the church than under Protestant England. Besides owning the lands, the clerical authorities were immoral and dishonest—no better than the Irish lords who vied with the English oppressors in swallowing estates confiscated by "the Old Harry," as Catholics are pleased to term the king who basked in "the gospel light that dawned from the eyes of Boleyn." The church was a practical slave-owner, and the Irish people were practically slaves to them and to Catholic lords. They were ignorant and besotted, lived in hovels, and bred like pigs. They threw their lives away in petty wars, died of famin and pestilence, and were under the church as miserable a nation as ever claimed a nationality. Why, then, should they still hav faith in a religion which kept them in such abject poverty, and submit to a pope whose predecessors practically owned them as a Southern slaveholder owned his slaves?

The bed-rock trouble of Ireland is that the people are small tenants, living on other people's land, and paying exorbitant rents. But it is no worse to pay rent to a lay landlord than to hav a bishop of the church take all the farm products to support a monastery. And it makes starvation not a whit easier to hav faith that the fellow who steals your food is the vicar of God. If the Irish people had had less faith in the past they would now hav more land. Ireland started wrong, and from St. Patrick's time to the present the priest has been her temporal enemy as well as the British landlord, who but holds lands wrenched from the miserly and tyrannical grasp of the church. We are not excusing England for the policy she has pursued toward Ireland. The British kings hav been about as heavy oppressors of the Irish people as was the church four or five hundred to fifteen hundred years ago. But it is useless for Irishmen now to expect liberty and still be as loyal to the pope as were their forefathers. Loyalty to the pope and political liberty never went together in Ireland, and never will unless it suits the political machinations of the Vatican to interfere in Ireland's behalf.

An Irishman who studies the history of his country and then holds that "Christianity is above all" is no true friend of Irish freedom.

Christian Forgeries.

A few weeks ago there appeared in the *Evening Star*, of Washington, a letter said to hav been discovered in England, written by John Wesley to the Earl of Dartmouth, about American affairs. It was dated June 14, 1775, came by cable, and has been extensivly copied. The writer (or cabler) says:

"All my prejudices are against the Americans, for I am a High Churchman, bred from childhood in the highest notions of passiv obedience and non-resistance, yet I cannot help thinking, if I think at all, an oppressed people hav asked nothing more than their rights, and this in the most modest and inoffensiv manner, in which case I would allow them; but, waiving all considerations of right and wrong, is it common sense to use force against Americans?"

This letter is a manifest forgery. John Wesley was a High Churchman when he preached in Georgia, but on his return to England, in 1738, he "got religion," and from that time he was no longer a High Churchman, unless in a Pickwickian sense. He evoluted, or devoluted, out of the established church when it refused to tolerate or recognize him. He was compelled to send forth lay preachers, most of them of a low grade of intellect, and thus he was enabled to magnify his importance as the head center of Methodism.

But there is other proof of the fabrication of this letter. Instead of being a friend to the American cause in 1775, John Wesley was a bitter Tory. This was shown in THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 4, 1888, by our correspondent W. H. Burr. John Wesley wrote a pamphlet against the complaints of the American colonists entitled, "A Calm Address," which was sharply reviewed by "Casca" in the English *Crisis* of March 23, 1776. In that review "Casca" (whom Librarian Spofford, as well as Mr. Burr, identifies as Thomas Paine) said: "Governments are instituted not for the sake of the governors, but of the governed." "This," he added, "is an eternal truth," but "Wesley is not ashamed to assert the contrary."

A few years ago a "Memorable Letter from Daniel Webster" was communicated to the *Christian Union* by John S. C. Abbott, who said he obtained it from his old classmate, Hon. Samuel P. Benson, of Maine, who vouched for its authenticity. The letter was dated Marshfield, June 15, 1852. Unfortunately for its alleged authenticity, Daniel Webster was not at Marshfield at that time; he was in Washington, attending to his duties as secretary of state; and on the very next day, June 16th, he wrote a letter from Washington to the Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury.

The forged letter was read by the Hon. S. P. Benson, at a celebration in Winthrop, Maine, in 1875. It purported to hav been written by Daniel Webster to Professor Pease, of the Five Points Mission Sunday-school, expressing not only Webster's own sentiments, but those also of Jefferson in favor of Sabbath-schools.

"Many years ago," said the *pseudo* Webster, "I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson at his residence in Virginia. . . . While engaged in discussing the beauties of the Bible the sound of a bell broke upon our ears. Turning to the Sage of Monticello, I remarked, 'How sweetly, how very sweetly sounds the Sabbath bell!'"

Aside from the improbability that the youthful Federalist of Massachusetts should visit the aged Republican of Virginia in the days when party spirit was far fiercer than now, and aside from the assumption that a church bell was within hearing of Jefferson's mountain home, the use of the expression "Sabbath bell" before the year 1826 is suspicious. Furthermore, Webster notices that Jefferson uses the term "*Sunday*-schools," instead of what he calls the "more correct word *Sabbath*." Sunday-schools were first introduced in New York in 1817; and if they ever attracted the attention of Jefferson in the last decade of his life, he nor anyone else in his time, probably, ever heard them called anything but Sunday-schools.

But most positiv proof of the forgery of the letter is found in that part of it which says that while these two statesmen were discussing the beauties of the Bible, Webster took up "a fine old folio of scriptures" lying before him "of 1458," and read aloud some sublime passages from Jeremiah. If the writer had dated that "fine old folio" only about twenty years earlier, it would hav preceded the discovery of printing. There is no old folio Bible printed as early as 1458, but there was a *quarto* Bible printed by Gutenberg between 1450 and 1455, copies of which are exceedingly rare and valuable. But that was printed in Latin, and it is not likely that Jefferson owned a copy; much less that young Webster was able to edify the Sage of Monticello by reading to him Jeremiah's Lamentations in Latin.

Prohibition in Massachusetts.

The Prohibition world has had a surprise. A real, consistent Prohibitionist has been at last discovered, and the law-and-force people of New England hav honored him with a dinner. His name is David I. Robinson, and he lives in Gloucester, Mass. A few days ago he was the mayor of the city where he resides, but no such dishonor clings to him now. In the might of his virtuous principles he has arisen and shaken the polluted thing from his pure shoulders. It seems that Gloucester voted "license" at the last municipal election; and that the board of aldermen, in accordance with the expressed will of the majority of the citizens, granted to several applicants licenses to sell intoxicating liquors, but Mayor Robinson refused to affix his official signature to the unholy documents; hence his birth into notice. The matter was carried to the supreme court of Massachusetts, and the mayor was ordered by that august power to sign the licenses granted by the board of aldermen; but rather than permit his right hand to perform such an ignominious deed he resigned his office. In this day of rather miscellaneous temperance principles such an act has a wholesome flavor. No wonder the men who hav "talked" Prohibition for politics only should see a hero in this doughty mayor. But it may be that his fame is bigger than his act after all. We do not believe that his resignation stopped the sale of a single glass of beer, or added a single name to the roll of those who "touch not, taste not, handle not" the exhilarating beverage. The curious part of this affair is that the whole Prohibition element was surprised that one of their number possessed courage enough to take such a step. Office is the goal of the average Prohibition advocate's ambition, and when this goal is reached it is not to be resigned unless some other office says, "Come up higher."

It was doubtless due to the curiosity of the political Prohibitionists to see the man who could resign his office as mayor of Gloucester rather than sign a few liquor licenses, that David I. Robinson was dined in Boston by his fellow-Prohibitionists. There was one man present at this dinner who was, perhaps, more paralyzed by the spectacle of virtue exhibited by this humble Cape Ann citizen than any other—that was ex-Gov. John P. St. John, of Kansas. All the mighty persuasiv force of cold water could not account for such Alpine hights of self-abnegation and sacrifice as he beheld before him. He wrestled with the stupendous moral problem, and endeavored to solve it by every known rule of human conduct, and finally announced to the world that such behavior was "a mystery" to him until "he heard that Mayor Robinson was a Christian." Then he made this mysterious statement: "No true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ could be responsible, directly or indirectly, for the existence of a legalized liquor shop."

We do not see what "Jesus Christ" has to do with temperance, or why a man may not be a Christian and manufacture, sell, or drink liquor, if he wants to do so. We hav Bible authority for stating that Jesus manufactured and drank intoxicating liquors. This business of making the temperance cause depend upon Christianity ought to be shown up for the pious hypocrisy that it is. Everybody who can read knows that the Christian scriptures indorse the use of liquors. To declare otherwise is to state a falsehood. It is time to acknowledge that temperance has nothing to do with Christianity, and Christianity nothing to do with temperance, St. John, of Kansas, to the contrary notwithstanding. A man may hav every vice that flesh is heir to and be a Christian. He may lie, steal, be a drunkard and a rum-seller, and be a Christian. He may violate every one of the Ten Commandments and be a Christian still. We challenge any Christian church in the land to show the contrary. And a man may hav every virtue that has blossomed from the human heart and *not* be a Christian. He may be truthful, honest, upright, sober; a clean, pure, whole-hearted man, and not be a Christian. He may keep every one of the Ten Commandments, and fifty more just as good, and not be a Christian. And we challenge every Christian church in the United States to show to the contrary. Virtues do not make men Christians; vices do not prevent them from being Christians. This is the shame of Christianity. Our age and our country should be ashamed of such a religion as this, and ashamed of the men and women who profess and support it.

Editorial Notes.

THE Chicago faith-cure Christians hav landed another poor dupe in the madhouse, and now the Chicago authorities are endeavoring to land the faith curists in the penitentiary. It is to be hoped the authorities will be as successful as the Christian impostors.

THE *Independent* says that in the reply of the ober-procureur of the holy synod of Russia to the memorial complaining of the outrageous treatment by the government of Protestants in the Baltic provinces, is this sentence:

"We believe that perfect liberty only exists for those who pass from faith to skepticism."

The *Independent* comments: "No wonder skepticism grows under the administration of the czar." It occurs to us that both the ober-procureur and our religious contemporary are right.

A HARLEM Christian has just had a neighbor arrested for cutting grass for his cow on Sunday. In the police court the judge turned sharply on the policeman who made the arrest. "Suppose," said his honor, "the man's cow had fallen into a loathsome pit; would you hav arrested him for pulling the beast out on the Sabbath day?" "I would not," said the officer, and he hung his head to escape the fiery glances of the indignant judge. "The prisoner had as much right to mow grass to feed his hungry cow as he would to hav rescued her from a pit into which she had fallen," continued the justice. "The prisoner is discharged."

MR. GEORGE W. GOODFELLOW, of Aylmer, Ont., committed suicide upon being detected in unnatural intimacy with his own fifteen-year-old daughter. Concluding a report of the matter, the Toronto weekly *Globe* describes Mr. Goodfellow: "He was an Oddfellow, a Freemason, a United Workman, and a strong temperance worker. It is said that his wife and children were under such a complete state of subjection to him, from the effect of the brutal treatment and threats, that from fear of their lives they were compelled to keep silent. Only a few weeks ago Mr. Goodfellow stood up in church and gave his experience, stating that he never felt so happy as he had of late, and prayed that many more might be led into the right path."

Letters from Friends.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., June 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 for another year's subscription to your valued paper. We had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Remsburg last Tuesday—a perfect gentleman, and very convincing in his arguments. Inclosed item on Judge Severens's treatment of the boy I cut out of my paper; the judge is one of the few noble ones who sit on the bench of law. Very truly yours, SAM ROSENBAUM.

COALING, ALA., June 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 9th just fills the bill. I wish you could send me several of that date. I want them to canvass with. Some of my friends are sending me Talmage's sermons on "Infidelity." Please state in your paper that if Freethinkers will mail me some of their reading when they are through with it I will keep it circulating. I think you will still hear from me. Some would subscribe, but money is scarce. H. J. WARD.

BRANDON, MANIT BA, July 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The only sense in which we can say there is a God or a devil is this: When one is going to do wrong, or thinks of doing wrong, he feels himself tempted by something—by certain feelings, the worst part of him. This we may call the devil. But if he pauses a moment to reflect, something will speak through his conscience and tell him he is going to do wrong. The feeling will leave instantly. I speak from experience. And that is what I call a supreme being. Yours respectfully, ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

PAULINE, ARK., June 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The Rev. Gunsalus, when he opened the Chicago Republican national convention by prayer, ending by saying, "We ask thee for thy blessings upon this convention, that its work may be done for the glory of this cross," must hav thought that God was in the Constitution. We were not aware before that delegates went to the national convention to work for the cross of Christ and giv it a boom. We thought the Republicans met in convention for the purpose of perpetuating the principles of liberty and national prosperity. W. R. BACHELOR.

MONTE VISTA, COL., June 17, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Inasmuch as many Liberal friends hav written me for information in regard to the wonderful gardens of San Luis Park, Col., I would be pleased to say that those are the kind of people which I wish to see come here, and those wishing information can obtain the same by writing me, inclosing ten cents in postage currency to pay mailing expenses.

If the unfortunate Liberal lady in Lexington, Ky., who appealed to me under date of April 21, 1888, will send me her street number, I will respond to her call.

Written on a high mountain in a wilderness of pines—
JOHN TRUEBLOOD.

MARSHFIELD, ORE., June 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. S. P. Putnam has just left, after giving us his opinion of "The Bible," "The Dangers Ahead," and "Creation." We got a good supply of campaign reading. Hav just read the "Field-Ingersoll Discussion," and feel satisfied that neither one of those gentlemen is injured by the discussion. One believes because he cannot help it; the other disbelieves for the same reason; while many of us poor hungry souls are enabled to read their logic and gather up their gems of thought. I suppose the Christians claim Field the victor; while we Freethinkers feel and know that our favorit lecturer is always able to carry off the palm of victory. And yet I know it is not for victory he works; he only tells his true and honest thoughts.

Mr. Putnam's coming reminded us that it was time to pay for another year for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Please find inclosed $3. MRS. E. A. HILBORN.

PACIFIC, MO., June 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am proud to say that THE TRUTH SEEKER is growing better—great and grand. That such is a fact is sell-evident; and it is well deserved.

As to me, the hope remains. I am a pessimist; but at the same time can immensely enjoy that which is good, great, and grand. Optimists may hold that everything is good, and for the best; that all results are for the same end; but can they prove it? Those who are supplied, happy, and contented, hav of course a cause of happiness; but those who are conditioned the reverse hav the greater cause for complaint. In fact, all efforts at mending, at reforming, contradict the last, and giv consent to the first.

But whether the truth ever comes uppermost and ever is justice done, is a question with me. When the injury is had, the pain suffered, a life spent in vain, a nature destroyed or deformed through the lie, the false, where the justice done to the being comes in, I do not see.

Truth is that which we need. It alone is that which helps. All honest truth seekers aim to find it.

AUG. H. KRUGER.

J. HACKER TO R. GUNTHER.

BERLIN, N. J., June 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: While confined to my bed by sickness, and glancing over the papers so kindly sent me by you and otber Liberal publishers, I noticed in your issue of May 19th the following paragraph from R. Gunther, viz.: "I am sorry to learn that J. Hacker is so full of things not worth knowing."

Seventy years ago I commenced writing for the first juvenil paper I ever saw, and hav written more or less for various papers ever since. I published a paper of my own about seventeen years. I lectured much of the time from sixty-five years down to twenty years ago. And now to be told, when on a sick-bed and near the close of a long and busy life, that I am full of things not worth knowing, is rather more than I am willing to accept without proof, or to pass unnoticed as long as I can move pen or tongue; and the object of this note is to ask my accuser to point out auy and every thing he can find in my writings not worth knowing, and let him do it at once.

Let him read my article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 3d, and tell me what there is in that that is not worth knowing.

I would also ask if there is any reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER in California who will be kind enough to tell me who and what this R. Gunther is. I want to get at the cause of this abuse. What is his occupation? How much land does he own or claim? How many landless men does he employ? This or any other information that may hav been the cause of this abuse will be gratefully received.

Yours, J. HAOKER.

CONOORD, N. C., June 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I had quite a heated controversy with an elder of the Presbyterian church in this town, a man of seventy-seven years, who has held county office of one kind or another two-thirds of the time in the last forty years. He voted against me for register of deeds in 1884, and voted for a man thirty years old—a man who had been in office six years, a man who knew nothing of the sufferings and hardships of 1861-5, a man worth then $5,000, and a man who never did anything for his state, county, or the party that put him in office. I am a cripple, and hav been all my life. My Christian friend and elder is worth $50,000; believes in the superstitions and myths of the Bible, and supports the lazy ministers of the gospel as they rehash on the Sabbaths their vile religious teachings. My religious friend would like to see me go to hell and Christians enjoy fat offices *ad infinitum*. He would, if in his power, disfranchise me from voting. He is a fair sample of the Christianity (persecution) of to-day. His age did not protect him in my remarks, though I used no abusiv language. I told my friend that had I served a term in the penitentiary for theft the Christians of this county could not hav acted more bitterly toward me—a fact. The present register of deeds is serving his tenth year. In 1884 he said (he is a member of the Lutheran church, and an officer in that church): "I want the office only one more term, and will not offer again." In 1886 he was a candidate, and elected. He is a candidate in 1888, notwithstanding his Christian promises of 1884. He helps the church and helps to keep up a lazy army of salaried sky-pilots, who work so hard that they need rest in the warm summer months, which they find in a trip to Europe or some fashionable watering-place. I would not support these lazy drones, and as a punishment the Christians of this county refused to elect me register of deeds. The sky-pilot and his wife, the register of deeds and his wife, can go to the springs, and I can go to the devil and my wife to the wash-tub. It is time for Noah to build another ark. It will be needed before 1900. J. W. MEHAFFEY.

STURGIS, MICH., June 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mongo, La Grange Co., Ind., possesses neither railroad nor religion. It has a saloon, but no drunkards; and a church building, without a congregation. The people are Freethinking and friendly. There are philosophers there, but no saints; morality, but no sanctity; and a stranger is not suspected of being a blackleg or a horse-thief, but is received as a human being should be by a civilized community. They don't seem to care whether he was baptised in infancy or old age, or whether he had been dipped or sprinkled, or how many times he was "immersed," or whether backward or forward, or if the officiating clergyman was "duly ordained." Indeed, the Mongo people seem strangely oblivious of such things.

Few tears are shed in Mongo, but there is much laughter there. Jealousies and heart-burnings, "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," are *non est;* the folks in that town don't seem to hav experienced religion. It is not a locality where gods or devils love to dwell, and angels seldom put in an appearance, except the ones without wings, like your humble servant. The people of Mongo seek salvation by good works, such as hoeing potatoes and driving nails with a hammer. Vicarious atonement seems to be unknown or unappreciated, and the blood of the lamb is all dried up. But when they hav leisure they roll in the grass and enjoy a romp with a big dog, or stroke down the soft fur of a fat pussy-cat. Yet they are energetic in business, and emphatic in expression—they hav dammed the river for practical purposes, and often insert "damns" into their language to clinch an argument.

Men or women seeking the peaceable enjoyment of life, without its passion and hurry-skurry, would do well to visit Mongo. Contentment and peace, the prime qualities which people hope to find in heaven, can be found in Mongo without going so far from home; and it has this additional advantage, that they won't be required to associate with "converted sinners," "reformed drunkards," or preachers redeemed from sin and iniquity. It is a place where women and virtue are safe from lust and hypocrisy.

It is true that people there don't "say grace before meat," but they hav enough to eat; and, what seems curious, they can sleep on their beds at night without having first committed themselvs to the care of their heavenly father, by offering the evening sacrifice of family prayer and "reading a chapter."

There are no monopolists there, either, nor money-kings, nor penniless beggars, but each individual looks to No. 1, and asks no odds of anyone. Nor are there any banks there; nor is money loaned out from one neighbor to another at a devilishly pious rate of interest. The Mongonians don't put "sugar-a-candy" in their shoes to make them creak in a highly respectable and theological manner, nor wear religiously white neckties. They are not that kind of men. They never indulge in fashionable apparel, and the women don't turn up their noses at a calico dress. They array themselvs neatly and becomingly, not extravagantly. Their "love of a bonnet" costs less than $50, and their bustles are not too big.

And besides all this, the noted philosophers and truth seekers "Nat" Reed and Squire Smith liv there, and "Flem" Hopkins isn't far off.

'Pon my sacred honor, I rather like the "unholy" town of Mongo! THOS. HARDING.

NEW BEDFORD, PA., June 16, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Remsburg has come and gone. He gave us "False Claims." The churches, as usual, all held some kind of "divine" service on that evening to prevent their enslaved victims from attending our meeting, boycott and slander being the only weapons used by the church in this vicinity.

I hav been considerably interested in what you and others hav written with regard to Talmage's "Infidel" sermon. I cannot regard either it or Talmage as a "joke." I look upon that sermon as one of the most contemptible and infamous productions of the American pulpit in the nineteenth century. But, however ridiculous it may appear to us, so long as it is listened to by applauding thousands, published in scores of leading newspapers, and read by approving millions of our fellow-citizens, it is a practical and serious matter. The effect of such preaching in the past was to crowd Christendom full of inquisitorial horrors, which was certainly no joke to the victims. It reminds me of the letter of Galileo to Kepler, in which he refers to the "roars of laughter" they would hav when they met, at the Talmagian bigots, tyrants, and fools of their day. But when he found himself a chained captiv in an inquisitorial dungeon, with a fair prospect of torture and death for heresy, it knocked the fun, the joke, and the roars of laughter pretty much out of the situation. Talmage represents a powerful, wily, wealthy, unscrupulous, and thoroughly organized enemy of liberty and progress. He represents the spirit and the power that burnt Bruno, murdered Lovejoy, and imprisoned Bennett. To these and a thousand other victims of Talmagian Christian intolerance and cowardly and brutal hate it was no joke. Thirty-three years ago I was arrested and fined for harvesting on Sunday. I saw no great fun in it. This infernal spirit more than all else threatens the destruction of our liberties. Talmage ought to be challenged both by our editors and lecturers to make good his assertions and defend his positions and calumnious and slanderous utterances in oral debate or with the pen, and if he refuses he ought to be branded as a coward, and buried under the just and righteous scorn and contempt of the thinking community. Either his doctrins and spirit must be crushed or they will crush out our liberties.

W. W. WALKER.

GIBBON'S HISTORY.

ORANGE, MASS., July 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: To those who are unacquainted with Roman history, especially ecclesiastical, these few excerpts may prove advantageous, and direct their attention to a field of knowledge in which no Liberal, desirous of storing his intellect, can afford to remain uninformed. Liberals should read not only the famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, but the whole works, as these excerpts taken from different parts demonstrate: "Whenever the spirit of fanaticism, at once so credulous and so crafty, has insinuated itself into a noble mind, it insensibly corrodes the vital principle of virtue and veracity." "In every age the absence of genuin inspiration is supplied by the strong illusions of enthusiasm, and the mimic arts of imposture." In describing the character of Jovian, who succeeded the immortal Julian during the invasion of Persia, he says: "In the obscure freedom of a private station, he indulged his taste for wine and women, yet he supported, with credit, the character of a Christian and a soldier," an expression of the profoundest scorn and contempt.

In referring to the manner by which the Catholic church acquired such enormous power and influence, he says: "The immense fortunes of the Roman ladies were gradually consumed in lavish alms and expensiv pilgrimages, and the artful monk, who had assigned himself the first, or possibly the sole place in the testament of his spiritual daughter, still presumed to declare, with the smooth face of hypocrisy, that he was only the instrument of charity, and the steward of the poor."

Referring to the decline of the arts, especially that of architecture, speaking of the monks and Christians who had retired to a secluded life in the forests or deserts of Africa and Asia, he says: "In almost every province of the Roman world an army of fanatics, without authority and without disciplin, invaded the peaceful inhabitants, and the ruin of the fairest structures of antiquity still displays the ravages of those barbarians, who alone had time and inclination to execute such laborious destruction."

Turning from religious controversy to natural philosophy, he sagaciously remarks: "The different characters that mark the civilized nations of the globe may be ascribed to the use and the abuse of reason, which so variously shapes and so artificially composes the manners and opinions of a European or a Chinese. But the operation of instincts is more sure and simple than that of reason. It is much easier to ascertain the appetites of a quadruped than the speculations of a philosopher, and the savage tribes of mankind, as they approach nearer to the condition of animals, preserve a stronger resemblance to themselvs and to each other. The uniform stability of their manners is the natural consequence of the imperfection of their faculties. Reduced to a similar

situation, their wants, their desires, their enjoyments, still continue the same, and the influence of food or climate, which, in a more improved state of society, is suspended or subdued by so many moral causes, most powerfully contributes to form and to maintain the national character of barbarians." H. W. HAMMOND.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., June 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Allen McLin, the person referred to in the following article from the Kalamazoo *Telegraph*, has been for several years a subscriber and admirer of your paper, although a Spiritualist, as many of your subscribers are. The son spoken of is a modest, unassuming man of unblemished character. L. S. BURNICK.

Sunday, June 17th, there was held a grove meeting in Parsons's Grove, a short distance west of the Texas Grange Hall, in Kalamazoo county, under the auspices of the Southwestern Michigan Spiritualist Society, L S Burdick, president. Charles A. Andrus and L V. Moulton, both of Grand Rapids, were the speakers. Miss Lora Birchard presided at the organ and sang. The little Harris sisters (twins, ten years old) were also present, and sang some of their pretty songs. The occasion was also enlivened by the Texas Cornet Band. The weather was warm, but otherwise it was a beautiful summer day. There were about five hundred people present, some from Paw Paw, Benton Harbor, South Haven, Decatur, Kalamazoo, Vicksburg, Schoolcraft, and other places. The afternoon exercises were shortened a little for the purpose of attending the funeral of Allen McLin, an old resident in that vicinity, a pioneer Spiritualist and Liberal, who passed away on the preceding Friday, after making all arrangements for his funeral, giving particular directions in regard to details, and especially instructing the family that there should be no conforming in any respect to beliefs and ceremonies that he had rejected. His wishes were carried out. The band was instructed to play lively music. Miss Birchard played the organ and sang some appropriate songs. The little Harris girls also gave one of their songs. Mr. Moulton delivered the address; Mr. Andrus an inspirational poem, and the procession moved to the cemetery accompanied by the band discoursing lively music. Mr. Andrus made a few appropriate closing remarks after the body was lowered, the band struck up a lively air, when suddenly a son of the deceased was overpowered by the spirit of the departed and compelled to execute a graceful dance in time with the music, to the great surprise and astonishment of all present. When the music ceased, the medium executed a bow in the peculiar style of the old gentleman and recovered consciousness.

Mr. McLin had been for many years opposed to orthodox theology, and had become well acquainted with the philosophy of Spiritualism. He had often said that he would dance at his own funeral if possible to do so, as he thought it quite as appropriate as to pray. He had a habit of dancing his approval of anything that pleased him, and had peculiar tips and gestures, which were not common to the son in his normal condition, and were readily recognized by those present who were acquainted with the deceased. Of course some will be horribly shocked, but the proceedings from beginning to end were strictly in accord with Mr. McLin's wishes, and those in sympathy with his belief can have the satisfaction of knowing that, however ridiculous and profane it might appear to some, there was no conforming to popular prejudice or custom on this particular occasion, contrary to the desires of the departed, as is sometimes the case.

LARAMIE, WYO., June 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I prize the work THE TRUTH SEEKER is accomplishing for the overthrow of religious or Christian fraud, and shall never fail in effort to enlarge its circulation. I am of the non-Christian family of Spiritualists. Your treatment of Spiritualism is fair, just, and altogether satisfactory to me. The four recent statements of Wm. Henry Burr, detailing in his characteristic, concise, and candid manner the results of his recent interviews with the mediums, should have weight with Materialists, not excepting Mrs. Slenker. My first acquaintance with "Antichrist" dates back more than thirty years. I have never failed to read all that came under my notice from his pen. Judge, then, of the interest I take in him since his new basis for the acquirement of knowledge. I trust, also, Elmina will be encouraged to make another effort, for her earnest entreaties that Mr. Burr should be thorough in his investigations, and guard against fraud, afford added evidence of her integrity. A. B. Bradford is another whose communications to THE TRUTH SEEKER have always given me satisfaction. I have just read his book, "A Visit to Cassadaga Lake," a complete exposé of the character of the "Seybert commission."

There are many among our strong Liberal propaganda I should have sooner looked to as probable converts to the beautiful science and philosophy of Spiritualism than Burr and Bradford. True, the latter does not fully commit himself. For myself, I deny that Spiritualism is in any sense a religion, but only a science and philosophy. But for the wretched uses to which religion has been put, there would be less objection to including the term in its title.

The word "religion" suggests, primarily, the idea of worship. For man to worship *anything* is degrading, ignoble. To admire whatever is truth is noble and elevating in man.

If there is a personality the religious worshipers call God, we are certainly gods in miniature, and in worshiping him we but worship ourselves, as units of a mutual admiration society. Our spirit friends are just like ourselves. Therefore they do not want our worship. They feel and manifest the same gratitude for our efforts in recognizing their visits to us that we feel because of those visits. All manifestation from them is in obedience to law, never superseding law.

The manifestation is never surprising or wonderful save to the novice. Now, while great numbers cannot accept the claims of Spiritualism for want of evidence, why should there be any alienation between the Spiritualist and Materialist wings of Liberalism? Both seek defense against every encroachment on the rights of man. The encroaching party is organized and powerful. Not powerful by virtue of innate strength, but simply because it has put a mortgage on every man, woman, and child in the land not endowed by nature with a stiff vertebræ. The politician—men in all the professions, in all the business of the country, and especially the press, all but the stiff-backed—know of this mortgage, and that foreclosure proceedings will be commenced whenever they cease support of their organized fraud.

Fraternally yours, H. L. R. JONES.

VINTON, IA., June 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am sorry to hav to chronicle the death of a dear friend and a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for many years, Mr. Wilson. He died, as he had lived, a true and good man. By the inclosed find how highly he was esteemed, notwithstanding his Radicalism—which, I assure you, was never hidden, but he was always an outspoken Freethinker. And I know he was much more esteemed for his outspoken independence than any truckling moral coward ever is.

M. BRANIN.

DIED.—In Vinton, Ia., Thursday, June 7, 1888, George Wilson, aged sixty years.

Our departed friend, husband, and father, George Wilson, was born in Scotland, May 26, 1828. He was married to Emma Hunt, in July, 1857. This union was blessed with six children three of whom, together with his beloved wife, remain to mourn their great loss, three having preceded him to the life beyond. Mr. Wilson removed from Scotland to London, Eng., in 1851, in which city he resided for many years. In 1876, with his family, he came to this country and located in Vinton, spending here the residue of his days.

In the character of our departed friend there were many most excellent features. Though not a churchman, in the sense of being a member of any of the denominations, he had a reverence and respect for every high and noble quality in human character and life, and exemplified many of them in his own. He was a devoted husband and affectionate parent, much attached to his home, employing his talent and devoting his labors to the purpose of promoting its comforts and happiness. In his professional calling he was a master, bringing into requisition in his daily business a skill, a taste, and a genius rarely excelled. To his employer he was a valued assistant, and his loss as a friend and helper is sincerely mourned. His place, in all respects, it is probable can never be filled. The wife is left a widow, the children fatherless, the business circle has lost an important adjunct, the community a valued citizen, and all of us a kind friend and a good neighbor. While we sympathize with his bereaved family and mourn his departure from our midst, let us copy his virtues and imitate his every noble quality.

The respect and esteem of the "London Zinc Workers' Society," of which for years Mr. Wilson was the honored treasurer, is thoroughly indicated by the following paper, which was accompanied with a fine gold watch worth $150:

Presented by the members of the London Zinc Workers' Society, in addition to a grant to the Trade Testimonial Fund, to Mr. George Wilson, upon his leaving this country for America, as a mark of their esteem for his faithful membership of the above society, and long service as its treasurer, etc., and as a token of their recognition of and admiration for his wise counsel, candor, and courtesy, and ever-persistent endeavors to promote the welfare of the zinc trade and all engaged in it, by doing and inciting to good workmanship, and his cheerful readiness to impart his large practical and theoretical knowledge to those needing advice and assistance. Though we regret parting with a valued friend, we hope that our loss will be his gain, and that he may succeed in his new enterprise; that he and his family may enjoy health and happiness in their new home, and that he may long pursue his honorable career to his own advantage and to the benefit of his fellow-men. (Signed) JOHN BRADLEY, Pres.
London, Eng., May 20, 1876. CHARLES LATTER, Sec.

GIDEON, KAN., June 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to say a few words in your valuable paper in regard to Liberalism. We are all Liberal in a certain way, and Liberals to a certain extent; but that extent is very limited with many persons. They are Liberal enough in their views and conversation on certain subjects, but somewhat restricted in their Liberalism on others. I think we should strive to be, one and all, Freethinking Liberals of the most advanced and pronounced type. We may not all reach the top step of the Liberal stair, but we can progress to a much higher step than many of us are on at present.

It has been said that women, or the majority of them, are not sufficiently advanced in Liberalism, and that they adhere to the orthodox creed and the church too erroneously to have the right to vote and to have equal rights with men in general; and I am sorry to say it is true, and a great number of the so-called lords of creation are in the same position.

If I believed in a man God, I would want one which was more intelligent and could dictate a better book than the holy Bible, which places woman simply as a slave. Should we believe such a book? I say No, emphatically No. Let us illumin our minds with that bright light, intelligence. We know that there are women who are truly called exceptions, many who equal some of the most stalwart Liberal men and excel many men in their Liberal views; and we of aspiring Liberal minds can, through education, investigation, and perseverance, advance until we become one of those exceptions. We can at least try. It is better to aim high, if we do miss the mark, than to remain in a state of half-way Liberalism.

Father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for a number of years. And although we were compelled to go without our much-prized Sunday go-to-meeting bonnets, he would still find change in some way to pay for his favorit paper. I like the cartoons; they are instructiv. I like the "Letters from Friends." They show intelligence, and that universal mental liberty is spreading, as one by one new beginners take the courage to contribute to that paper of education. I, for one, believe that there should be no limit whatever to the interchange of thought. LILAH C. WATKINS.

BURLINGTON, KAN., June 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am gratified to recognize that you are a Liberal in fact, and prove your principles by publishing both sides of the question of Spiritualism, pro and con. I have been more or less interested in the question ever since it made its advent with the Fox family, and I have read everything for and against that I could obtain, and witnessed some strange events which I cannot account for; and as I am an Agnostic, I do not believe or disbelieve, for I do not know. And after I relate a few of the events, I would be pleased to have Aunt Elmina, or some who are so positiv in their conclusions that we are humbugged by the mediums, account for them. In giving an account of what I have seen and heard, I will be as brief as possible, and give the items of three séances. It is over forty years since I first became acquainted with the phenomena, and every opportunity that has been offered I have improved, to learn more of the mystery. A séance which convened at the residence of one of our city editors, numbering about twelve persons, female and male, was held in a room about fourteen by sixteen feet, with two doors, one opening on a hall, the other in a kitchen. We had one guitar, a violin, and a small bell. We formed our circle, all taking hold of hands around the room. The medium, by the name of Search, was in the center, sitting in a chair. The guitar, fiddle, and bell were laid on the laps of the different members of the circle. The lights were turned down to total darkness, and after our singing some pieces, to form an equilibrium of mind, the instruments were taken from the laps of the parties having them up in the room over our heads; music vibrated on them, and the bell was up tinkling over our heads also. Simultaneously a number of us felt soft touches on our arms, backs, and heads. After this continuing for half an hour, the lights were turned up, and all was quiet. I forgot to mention that the guitar and fiddle vibrated answers to questions by one, two, and three sounds, when they were in motion overhead. The next act of the séance was to construct a cabinet across the corner of the room, which was plastered. The cabinet was formed by blankets or quilts, fastened up about seven feet from the floor, about four feet from the corner, and about eight feet from right to left, where they were attached to the walls of the room. No doors or windows opened into this cabinet. It was constructed with lights turned up, in full view of all present. In it was an aperture in the center about four and one-half feet from the floor. As your humble servant was the only Materialist present, the medium conferred on me the honor of sitting with him, close to the outside of the cabinet, with a blanket covered close up to our chins, his right hand on my knee and my left firmly pressed on his right. We sat in the center of the cabinet, with the opening over our heads. The light was turned so we could see all persons and objects in the room. After some vocal music, members of the circle claimed that they saw persons' hands put out of the aperture over the heads of medium and self, and it excited my curiosity. I turned my eyes up sidewise to the opening and kept my mind concentrated on the medium's position, with his right hand on my knee and my left pressed on his, for I wanted to detect collusion if there was any. I saw four or five hands, at different times, of different sizes, run out of the cabinet. Finally some one asked if they wanted a guitar inside of the cabinet. The answer was in the affirmativ, by the usual number of raps. It was put in through the opening and was taken, and tones vibrated on the strings. Finally it was thrust out of the cabinet near my right arm, with the finger-board ahead, and the strings vibrated until the whole was out. During the time I sat against the cabinet I felt a continued succession of raps on the back of my head, shoulder, and arms.

Séance No. 2 was held at the residence of the writer, in a room fourteen by fourteen feet, ceiling eight feet high, all lathed and plastered. The dark circle was composed of about fourteen, male and female, with two guitars, a violin, and a small bell on the laps of the members of the circle. The medium was in the center. The instruments were all taken up over our heads, and the strings vibrated and answered questions, the fiddle played some tunes, and the bell tinkled; and at my request there were marks made on the ceiling overhead with the instruments, four or five in number, some of them four feet long. We could hear them distinctly. We all felt raps on our heads and arms simultaneously. I could not sing as melodiously as the balance of the circle, and the force that was handling the instrument requested me by raps not to sing, but I persisted; finally, a guitar came down and turned up against my mouth, and I did not again interrupt with my discordant sounds. The medium said he saw a person standing behind Mrs. Brown, and gave a description of him and said he was murdered; which was correct. He was shot at Chattanooga, Tenn., by a man by the name of Taylor. A number of other incidents took place during our dark circle, but space compels me to be brief. Our cabinet circle was about like the one preceding this at the editor's.

Séance No. 3 convened at the residence of Mr. Swan, in a room about fourteen by fourteen feet, with a stove, and a pipe entering the ceiling overhead about two feet from the side wall. Our dark circle was formed of equal numbers of males and females, and we were compelled to take the stove and pipe inside of the circle. I sat one side of the stove and Mrs. Swan at the other end. We joined hands between the wall of the room and the stovepipe. The medium was in the center. The guitars, violins, and bells were placed in the same position as in our previous circles. The results were about the same, except one incident, and that was that the instruments of music and the bell passed between the stovepipe and the wall of the house, which proves to my mind that, as the medium could not pass them between the stovepipe and house without coming in contact with the pipe, there was no collusion on the part of the medium in that event. Our cabinet sitting was about the same as our former one. Likewise the exhibitions of hands and arms, as were all of the six séances which were held with this medium. The men paid him fifty cents each. And as to the cause of those events that transpired during our six séances deponent saith not, for I do not know. I am satisfied that it was not the medium, and that he did not have a confederate; and that it was not any member of the circle, for I was acquainted with all of them. And as for its being electricity or mesmerism, as the wiseacres say, I have read and have some experience in those sciences, and know that it is a mistake. And I am satisfied that there was no jugglery in the performance. Now I will say to Elmina and Mr. Winter, positiv opponents, if it is not spirits, what is it? For there is an intelligent force exhibited in these phenomena. I well remember the priesthood and their devotees ignored mesmerism, and now they are forced by the advent of Spiritualism to acknowledge the truth of this science and offer it as a cause of the Spiritism which is making such inroads in their churches and spreading skepticism among their membership.

CHRIS. BROWN.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Children Go A-Boating.

Come, little children, go with me—
The sweetest winds are blowing;
We'll seek an island in the sea
Where golden fruits are growing.
The cocoa-nut and mangosteen
Are waiting for your fingers,
And bread-fruit in i's husk of green,
Where mellow sunlight lingers.

The boats are drifting; let us haste—
Come, Patrick, Nell, and Neddy,
We've not a moment now to waste—
We need not be too steady.
Pray, don't forget a shawl and coat,
You careless Carl and Tilly,
For sailing in an ocean boat
The mornings may be chilly.

I see a leaping, flying pair—
It must be Ted and Danny—
And, oh! that girl with golden hair
I know is Cousin Fanny.
We'll gather in the cool, green wood
The red and purple berries;
Our shouts shall wake the solitude
While throwing down the cherries.

What's that you say? "Poor Dick is ill!"
Oh, dear, 'tis such a pity!
A basket from the wood we'll fill,
And send to him by Kitty.
Let's each remember those at home—
A lonely friend or neighbor—
Some woodland treasure as we roam,
Love will not heed the labor.

With joy and song we speed along—
How swift the boats are going!
The ocean breeze is fresh and strong,
The dappled waves are flowing.
I hope you do not mind the noise,
The overflowing laughter,
Of all these happy boys and girls—
'Tis oxygen we're after.

Frenchtown, Neb. MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Breakers.

In order to clearly understand the meaning of the term breaker, let us imagin we are in a gulf or ocean during or after a wind storm. We see waves coming which appear like perpendicular walls. They reach shallow water, which retards their bases, while their crests move on, and with tremendous force curl and break, causing the roaring and dashing to which one must become accustomed before many days at sea.

Once while sailing my attention was suddenly drawn by a most beautiful scene, occasioned by the phosphorescence of the sea. At one side I could hear the roaring and see the breaking of the waves; at the other, waves were coming from the deep sea, with their crests all aglow with lurid flames. Darwin describes this better than I can, so I shall quote his words. His description can be applied to almost any place. I shall, there fore, change his word "La Plata" to "gulf of Mexico:"

"While sailing on the gulf of Mexico on one very dark night, the sea presented a wonderful and most beautiful spectacle. There was a fresh breeze, and every part of the surface, which during the day is seen as foam, now glowed with a pale light. The vessel drove before her bow two billows of liquid phosphorus, and in her wake she was followed by a milky train. As far as the eye reached, the crest of every wave was bright, and the sky above the horizon was illumined from the reflected glare of these lurid flames. While among the breakers—though at times the water ran over the deck of our craft—we were so fascinated by the splendor of the scene that we failed to realize danger."

From this I hope the reader will comprehend the meaning of the broad and suggestiv word "breaker." T. P. BRINEGAR.

Correspondence.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., June 23, 288.

MISS WIXON, *My Dear Friend:* In thinking of your delightful summer trips to Onset Bay, the lines which I inclose suggested themselvs to my mind. How much I wish I could be with you—though I am often in thought and spirit, *i. e.*, if we hav spirits, which I hope we hav.

Let us thank you for your good lecture, which I read in the *Investigator*, and for the pleasure its perusal afforded me. If our children could only hear such inspiring words every Sunday instead of the cumbersome sermons, which, in reality, are nothing but twaddle! Husband and I never go to hear them, but the young folks wanting to see the outside world must go to church or nowhere. I hope you may hav strength to tell the world "where to begin" for many years yet. Your Children's Corner, with its steady improvement, tells the outlay of time, toil, and patience spent upon it. I sent Laura's little letter to her for a birthday (which is to-day) present. She writes to us every week, and composes her own letters.

Wishing you abundant success in all your work, I am,

Your sincere friend, MARY B. FINCH.

OCALA, FLA., June 13, 1888.

MISS SUSAN WIXON: By your permission I propose to tell the children somethiug about God. Children, you hav all heard there was a something, not to be described, not understood, called God. But the question is, Does he exist? The smart men say that they can find no reason why he should. They say that nature is capable of existing by the force within her. Preachers then say "this inner force is God." "No," says science, "power or force is the result of a natural law, and this law is eternal—without beginning." Human science confesses that there are some things it cannot explain, because humanity is not old enough. It is like a school-girl—to her mind philosophy is something grand, awful, only to be studied by the largest scholars. When she comes to be one of these large scholars there is nothing great about it. So with science and God, we of to-day represent the wee boys and girls, we cannot exactly understand the fact that nature can control herself. We, like the school-boy, must hav a great big nothing to be afraid of. When the race grows older, when we hav reached the senior class in the school of nature, we will see at once that there can be no God to create matter, for matter never was created. So it is as old as God. But if, by the operation of some law that we know nothing of, a God does exist, we are not, cannot be, under any obligations to him. He cannot forgiv an act of immorality you commit, for if you say of your playmate, "He is a bad boy," when he is not, you hav not only done him a wrong, but you hav done the whole human family a wrong. You hav done him a wrong because somebody might hav been intending to take the little fellow into his business, but your cruel slander came and his prospects were ruined. You hav done the race a wrong because you hav given just a little foundation to that cruel lie said by the church, that you yourself are naturally mean. Read the Bible carefully and you will see that every page is a threat, every line a curse, and every letter a slander on your mother and sister. If there was a God, every breeze would murmur his name, every bird-song would be a carol of praise, every note of music would be an anthem of glory. But our smartest men hav searched everywhere, in every star, every drop of water, every ray of light, and naught has been found but a tribute to the glory of man. Every musical note that flows from the throat of your sister is a proof that nature is god.

Next time, if Miss Susan is willing, I shall tell you something about immortality.

R. E. TOUNSLEY.

Temperance Boys and Girls.

I wish to giv three reasons why all these boys and girls ought to be on the side of temperance. First, because they know enough about the evils of rum and the meaning of the pledge. Some one who thought boys and girls ought not to sign the pledge asked a little boy, "What does the word 'drunk' mean?" He answered, "Getting crazy on purpose." Then he asked, "What does 'pledge' mean?" He answered, "To promis something, and then stick to it." The man saw the boy understood it, and so he let him sign the pledge and work for temperance. The second reason that I want the boys and girls on the side of temperance is, because men by and by will be in character what we get the boys to be now. Bad boys will probably be bad men, and good boys good men. In France, when wicked tyrants were kings, some of the boys had a Band of Hope, and when they marched they had on their flags the words: "Tremble, tyrants, we shall grow up." They intended to drive the wicked rulers out of the country when they were men. So temperance boys can say: "Tremble, intemperance and rum-selling, we shall grow up and put a stop to it." The third reason is because everybody can do something to help the cause of temperance—even the boys and girls. If there were only two temperance people in the world to-day, and each of them should get one more every year to work for temperance, and each of these new temperance people one more every year, it wouldn't be thirty years before all the people in the world would be on the side of temperance. Let us all sign the pledge and keep it, and get everybody else we can to let rum entirely alone.

A REWARD OF MERIT.—"Sam," said one little urchin to another, the other day, "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever giv you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he givs me a lickin' every day, and says I merits two."

Our Barefoot Boys.

Mr. Matthew Arnold was greatly struck, says the Boston *Herald*, by the democratic government of our reading-rooms when in Boston. He entered a reading-room one day, and saw a small, barefooted newsboy sitting in one of the best chairs, enjoying himself to the utmost. The great essayist was amazed, and asked: "Do you let barefooted boys in this reading-room? You will never see such a sight as that in Europe. I do not believe there is a reading-room in all Europe in which that boy, dressed as he is, could enter."

Then Mr. Arnold went over to the boy, engaged him in conversation, and found that he was reading the "Life of Washington," and that he was a young gentleman of decidedly anti-British tendencies, and, for his age, remarkably well informed.

Mr. Arnold remained talking with the youngster for some time, and as he came away he said:

"I do not think I hav been so impressed with anything else that I hav seen since arriving in this country as I am now with meeting this barefooted boy in this reading-room. What a tribute to democratic institutions it is to say that, instead of sending that boy out to wander alone in the streets, they permit him to come in here and excite his youthful imagination by reading such books as the 'Life of Washington!' The reading of that one book may change the whole course of that boy's life, and may be the means of making him a useful, honorable, worthy citizen of this great country. It is, I tell you, a sight that impresses a European not accustomed to your democratic ways."

Profane Jokes.

"Ma," said an inquisitiv little girl, "will rich and poor folks liv together when they go to heaven?" "Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there." "Then, ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here?" The mother did not answer.

It is related that the bishop of Carlisle, when on a visitation, stopped one day at a parsonage. The parson and his wife "my lorded" him every word, while their young hopeful, a boy of five, watched the black apron and gaiters with a mouth like a teacup. At the dinner-table the "my lording" business was kept up hotter than ever, till, in a pause, young hopeful whispered audibly, "My Lord God almighty wants another potato." Tableau!

"The delivery-boy had gone a little ahead of me," said the canvasser, "and as I stood on the sidewalk a pretty little boy in kilts toddled up and stared at me with pretty blue eyes. I made friends with him at once. He put his hands on my order-book and says he: 'Hot's at?' 'That's my order book,' I told him. 'Hot does oo do wiv at?' 'Oh, I write down the names of all the bad little boys I know.' He looked at me a minute, with his big eyes opened wide; then, his voice hushed with awe, he asked, 'Is oo Dod?'"

"You bad boy to fight!" said Mrs. Brown to an urchin in her Sunday-school class, whose face was adorned with a black eye. "Satan will hav you if you don't learn to love your henemies." "Why, the Bible tells us to fight," said the youthful pugilist. "Nonsense," said the lady, who was rather fond of misplacing her *h*'s, "where is there any such a horder given?" "Well, ma'am, you hav sometimes read to us the words, '*Hit* 'is eye, be not afraid,'" rejoined the young member of the church militant, with a sly grin.—*London Freethinker.*

Fun and Fancy.

CORRECT.—Teacher: "So you can't do a simple sum in arithmetic? Now let me explain it to you. Suppose 8 of you hav together 48 apples, 32 peaches, and 16 melons, what would each of you get?" "Cholera morbus," replied Johnny.

"EDWARD, why do I hear that you hav disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down those steps?" "Grandma didn't tell me not to, papa. She only came to the door and said, 'I wouldn't jump down these steps, boys.' And, papa, I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her."

MRS. PENN: "William, I read an advertisment in one of the papers stating that for a dollar in stamps the advertiser would send by return mail a sure way to get rid of the rats in the house." Mr. Penn: "Well?" Mrs. Penn: "I sent a dollar in stamps, William, and received an answer." Mr. Penn: "What was it?" Mrs. Penn: "William, the old cheat told me to move."

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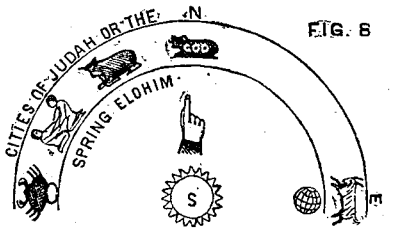
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Ther fracas war a "stand-up" atween them Dutch galoots;
An' all the boys war slick on hand, ye bet yer yaller boots.

The challenge it war given o' Sunday in the shed
Whar Parson Bucks war preachin' an' bobbin' his bald head.
Hans Zweitzerkase gev Pretzel some name like Sauerkraut;
An' Pretzel says, "Gott! himmel!" an' calls his rival out.

At five o' Monday morning the boys wur on the ground,
An' fust-row seats wuz sellin' at prices fat 'en round;
The audjence war a-waitin' for the circus to begin,
An' bets wuz tuck and offered, 'ith odds on who 'ud win.

Ole Boggs an' Colonel Principle wuz slingin' ail the style,
An' pacin' off the distance with a weird don't-touch-me smile;
They wuz handlin' the shooters, and a-rammin' down the wads,
An' a-lookin' high an' mighty like a pair of heathen gods.

An' Parson Binks war standin' with a sermon in his hand,
All ready fer to preach it when the victim bit the sand.
Josh, he hed the look o' angels in the corner o' his eye,
An' wuz doin' holy horror with an amen sort o' sigh.

At last Jim Gleason hollers, "The dewelists is come!"
We looked, an' cuss my peepers ef we wuzn't all struck dumb!
Fer the costume thet they sported war the durn'dest lookin' thing
This bloomin' yairth hez witnessed since fig-leaf suits fer spring.

Both men wur fixed with breast-plates like mattresses o' hair,
An' ther neck war round with paddin' so's jest ther chin wuz bare;
Ther arms wuz out, but covered with a quilted chammy skin,
An' dark-green iron goggles shut both ther eyelids in.

"The hell!" sez Boggs, "is this yer thing a Prussian dress parade?
Is Dutchmen at a premium? Does Texas choose the blade?
Yer won't take shootin' irons? Ye're skeered? Ye both say No?
What, boys? Then let 'em carve 'emselvs! I giv up this yer show!"

Then the faces of that audjence showed solemn with disgust;
Some sot sarcastic silent, an' some got up an' cussed;
An' Binks, our bald-head parson, he paced a narrow path,
A-quotin' bits o' scriptur ter smother down his wrath.

At last he stopped, an' pointin' with his pavers in his hand
To them two German chromos, he sez in accents grand:
"I kem to see a shootin', an' ter order up the hearse,
Ter preach the fun'l sermon, an' ter sing a solemn verse.

"An', by the great sombrero of the Mexican Saint Ann!
I'm goin' ter do this business if I hav ter shoot ther man!
Do ye hear me? I'm a buzzard, an' my plumes are iled with paint;
I'm a carmine hue dispenser, ef I am a Christian saint."

Then Ferguson jumpt suddin' to his feet and sez:
"My friend,
You'll remember I'm a-shoutin', and I'm heeled from end to end.
I hev hearn thet once the licker here wuz stopped by your durned talk;
You wuz preachin' high o' temperance, an' drawin' lines o' chalk.

"An' ever since thet cussedness I've laid ter get yer cold,
An' now's the time, my fightin' saint, when you'll jest loose yer hold;
Fer I'll help ye on yer journey ter the land o' holy writ,
Whar I hopes ye'll find a parish and a halo that'll fit."

They say ther sight wur splendid; that both war full o' sand;
Thet Principle said "Fire" in a voice o' deep command;
Thet the boys war quite excited thar, admirin' o'd Binks,
An' thet when the thing war ended he ordered up the drinks.

An' Ferguson wur honored with ten candles at his head,
An' the parson preached his sermon an' eulogized the dead;
An' he said this wur a case, Josh, o' licker an' profanity,
Which had struck a sort o' snag in muscular Christianity.

—*A. F. Underhill, in Galveston News.*

A Philistine Champion.

From the Popular Science Monthly.

A certain record tells us that when the Philistine army was drawn up in front of that of Israel, a champion of great size, arrayed in portentous armor and carrying a sword and spear of enormous proportions, came forth from the Philistine ranks and challenged the Hebrews to send a man to fight with him. We read also that when David, the son of Jesse, stepped forth to the encounter, armed with a few pebbles, the huge Philistine "cursed him by his gods." Now, somehow or other, the Lord of Argyll and the Isles, who has lately stood forth, from another "Philistine" camp, to challenge the hosts of science, and, if not to curse, to indulge at least in some good Homeric *loidoria*, reminds us powerfully of that Goliath of Gath who had so vast a contempt for David and his pebbles, but whose strutting and boasting one of those pebbles brought to a sudden end. The duke is not a man of huge physical stature—quite the reverse people say who hav seen him—but he is armed in a panoply of multifarious knowledge, he is practiced in the use of controversial weapons, and he has the truculent tone befitting one who constitutes himself the champion of reactionary ideas, and who hopes to make bluster do to a large extent the work of argument. After assailing Professor Huxley, and with him nearly the whole body of modern men of science, in the geological field at least, on the absurd ground that they had conspired to smother a certain new theory of the origin of coral-reefs, simply because it differed from the one promulgated by Darwin, he turns his attention to Mr. Herbert Spencer, whom he represents as having made, in his "Factors of Organic Evolution," a "great confession" as to the inadequacy of the Darwinian view of the origin of species, and whom he further charges with a persistent effort to degrade philosophy to the lowest possible level. Upon both points the Philistine champion is simply as unjust to Mr. Spencer as it is possible for him to be, and this we propose to briefly show. We invite our readers, however, to turn to the pages of the *Popular Science Monthly* for verification of what we hav here to say; for at different times we hav published all the more important parts of the controversies now in question, including the duke of Argyll's article, "A Great Confession," in our number for May, and Mr. Spencer's "Counter Criticism" in that for June.

To make "a great confession" must mean—if it means anything—to acknowledge some serious error on one's own part. To assert the deficiencies of another man's theories is not to make a great confession or any confession. Now, Mr. Spencer's work on "The Factors of Organic Evolution," far from being a confession of error on his own part, was an attempt to fix attention upon a view of his own which he holds now, as he has done for many years, to be of much importance as a complement to the Darwinian doctrin of the origin of species. If some one who had strongly asserted the all-sufficiency of the principle of natural selection, independently of the action of the principle contended for by Mr. Spencer, that, namely, of the inheritance of functionally produced modifications of structure, had come round to Mr. Spencer's view and published a treatis similar in scope and object to his on "The Factors of Organic Evolution," *that* might hav been called a confession. Whether it would hav been a "great" one or not would hav depended on the writer's rank in the world of thought and the extent to which his previous views had affected scientific opinion generally. In Mr. Spencer's case there was no "confession" at all; on the contrary, there was the reaffirmation of a special view of his own, and a reenforcement of it by additional arguments.

Had our Scotch Goliath admitted the force of Mr. Spencer's arguments, in so far as they tend to show the insufficiency of the principle of natural selection, pure and simple, to account for the origin of species, it might hav been possible to explain his calling Mr. Spencer's recent work "a great confession" by assuming that, in his polemical haste and fury, he saw nothing in "The Factors of Organic Evolution" save a criticism—and a powerful one—on the doctrin of natural selection by the most distinguished of contemporary evolutionists. But, far from this being the case, the champion will not admit that there is any force in Mr. Spencer's arguments, but likens them to "some bit of Bumbledom setting up for home rule, some parochial vestry claiming independence of a universal empire." Where, then, does he find the "great confession?" How can arguments to which all force is denied be twisted into a "confession" damaging to any scientific doctrin whatsoever?

The only "confession" Mr. Spencer makes is one which he would hav made at any time during the last twenty years, and that is to the effect that his phrase, "the survival of the fittest," is susceptible of being understood in a wrong sense, if not to the same extent, at least in the same general way, as Mr. Darwin's phrase, "natural selection." This confession, however, his grace of Argyll does not gloat over. It is at this point that he accuses Mr. Spencer of trying to rob philosophy of all dignifying elements. Mr. Spencer feels that to use language asserting or implying conscious purpose or direction when there is no evidence of anything of the kind beyond the vaguest analogy, is undesirable, and if needlessly done, wrong. His grace holds, on the contrary, that any suggestion of design which we discover in nature should be treasured up and made the most of for purposes of edification. "There are," he says, "as it were, a thousand retinæ (in our brains), each set to receive its own special impressions from the external world. They are all needed, but they are not all of equal dignity. Some catch the lesser and others catch the higher lights of nature; some reflect mere numerical order or mechanical arrangement, while others are occupied with the causes and the reasons or purposes of these." This is all very nice, but a cautious person will remember that when we ascend to "causes and purposes and reasons," we do so by virtue of a faculty totally different from mere perception—a faculty of the highest possible value when its operations can be checked and its conclusions verified, but of very doubtful value when it expatiates in regions where check and verification are impossible. A hypothetical retina or facet in the brain might conceivably reflect facts or phenomena of an external order, but how another similar mirror in that organ could "reflect" a subjectiv explanation of the same facts we fail to understand. We fear there is no retina or facet in our brain that can help us in this particular difficulty. The theory of design in nature, the duke tells us, is "a higher intellectual perception." From our point of view it is not a perception of any kind; it is a synthetical judgment, as fully liable to error as any other synthetical judgment, and one that labors under the special disability of being incapable of verification.

The fact is, that it is not Mr. Spencer who degrades philosophy; it is those who seek to impose their own petty conceptions upon a universe that must ever transcend human thought. Mr. Spencer does not pretend to be able to think the thoughts of God. Men hav pretended and claimed to do this in past times—to know the why and wherefore of the divine actions both in nature and in human history. But Mr. Spencer has advanced far enough to see that to represent the ultimate power in nature as having acted thus and thus because, to our apprehension, such a mode of action might plausibly explain the facts, is at once foolish and irreverent. The duke of Argyll professes to know that a certain uncouth animal living in Madagascar was fitted by the deity with ears, teeth, a probe-like finger and a peculiar claw, all for the purpose of enabling it to feed on the larvæ concealed in certain trees. Mr. Spencer only professes to know that an animal of this form does liv on larvæ, but he does not say that he has discovered in the construction and habits of the creature a revelation of divine purpose. He refrains from such a judgment, both from a sense of the inadequacy of human faculties for discovering purposes higher than human, and because he knows by actual experience that an appearance of order and purpose is often the necessary result of purely mechanical causes. Witness, as Mr. Spencer says, the arrangement of the pebbles on Chesil beach. Mr. Spencer is as ready as anyone to recognize purpose where purpose can, without undue presumption, be traced, but he does not see how this can be done outside the sphere of human action. The very conception of purpose he finds too small, and, so to speak, too provisional, too relativ to our evanescent thought, to apply to the interpretation of nature as a whole. The duke of Argyll, by the extremely harsh and overweening tone of his several articles recently, has judged himself. If he could only be made aware of it, "a great confession" is due from him—a confession of the injustice done by him to the men of science in connection with their reception of Mr. Murray's theory of coral reefs, and the further and special injustice done to Mr. Spencer in representing his latest contribution to the theory of evolution in an altogether false light.

Wouldn't Heed Good Advice.

From the Tribune.

"How about young Baldwin, who came down here?" asked a friend from out of the city of a deacon in a prominent New York church.

"I am extremely sorry to say that Baldwin failed to make a success of it here," replied the deacon.

"Is that so?"

"Oh, yes. He lost all his property and is now peddling shoe-strings at the corner of Vesey street and Broadway."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it."

"Very sad, certainly—he comes of a good family. But he got drawn into Wall street speculation and lost his all."

"Ah, the maelstrom of Wall street, was it? Too bad."

"Yes, that's what I say. I tried my best to save him from it, not only because he was the son of an old schoolmate of mine, but also because I considered it my duty anyhow. My connection with the church would not permit me to look at it otherwise."

"Oh, I know of course that you would do what you could in such a case to guide a young man in the right path."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," replied the deacon in a modest tone. "I did what I could in my weak way. I went to him," continued the good man, as he wiped his spectacles and looked out of the window thoughtfully; "I went to him and says I: 'See here, George, you don't want to put your money in that Western Wind stock—the bottom is going to fall out of the whole thing inside of twenty-four hours. Just come in with me on this Consolidated stock, and if you don't clear up fifty thousand on it inside of a week, why, then I'm a liar!' But he wouldn't listen to good counsel, and went into Western Wind and dropped his pile. I suppose," went on the deacon, musingly, as he adjusted his glasses, "that I might add, by way of proof that I was right, that I put five thousand in the Consolidated myself and unloaded it on Brother Dobbs for seventeen thousand five hundred three days after. You well said, my friend, that Wall street is a terrible maelstrom."

Books the Gazetteer Has Got.

From the Denison, Texas, Sunday Gazetteer.

The Truth Seeker Publishing Company, of New York city, hav complimented the *Gazetteer* with copies of the following interesting pamphlets recently published by them:

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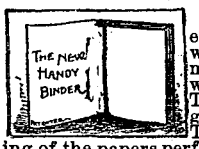
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News of the Week.

THE Washington Catholic University will be ready to receive students in the autumn of next year.

DE BAUSSET is refused a patent on his airship, but will probably get from Congress the appropriation for building it.

SHERIDAN'S condition remains the same.

LETTER-CARRIERS hav secured the eight-hour day.

IN Italy the small estates are being absorbed by capitalists.

* FLOODS in Mexico recently drowned over a thousand persons.

A BRIDGE across the English Channel, to cost $200,000,000, is being designed.

MEXICAN clericals are busily strengthening their ascendency in civil affairs.

THE Irish are becoming more and more determined in their anti-rent courses.

MORMON elders proselyting at Rochester, Minn., are threatened with violence.

PRETENSES of legal movements against the sugar trusts and other monopolies are being made.

LEO XIII. designs erecting in Mexico a Catholic University similar to the one at Washington.

A CATHOLIC family is about to complete a total gift of $250,000 for Indian school buildings.

THE interest paid on government bonds since 18[illegible] is stated by agitators against that form of finance to be $2,321,088,434.

IT is said that hundreds of children under ten years of age, who ought to be at school, are working in the Pittsburgh wire and bolt mills.

IT is thought that William II. designs by his friendly overtures to the czar to obtain his promis of neutrality, so the former can attack France.

BY the telautograph, a new invention, a pencil at the terminus of an electric circuit moves and makes a manuscript or drawing just as the pencil at the other end.

WOMEN and girls were present at the polls in unprecedented numbers at the late election at Independence, Mo., and by their persuasions carried Prohibition for that city.

MANY Western labor journals and organizations oppose Harrison for unfriendly acts toward strikers, and Knights of Labor look with disfavor on Morton's profession, that of a banker.

DEBATES continue in England between those affirming that that country has degenerated into a fourth-rate military power, and is open to invasion, and the military officers who are responsible and who endeavor to cover their corruption and incompetency.

A PAPAL encyclical just issued claims for Catholicism the credit of the abolition of slavery in Brazil, and affirms that it has been the source of all such abolitions, which will be believed by those readers who hav never read history and found it just the opposit.

IT is said that at a late interview with the German emperor held by the Berlin municipal authorities, in reference to religious matters, on which they are liberal, the former was harsh and intimidating, and concluded the interview by saying: "Make it your business to see that more churches are built in Berlin."

THE various labor parties mainly concur in demanding the abolition of the government bond and the direct issue of legal tender, the establishment of postal savings-banks, and the nationalization of railroads and telegraphs; measures on which there is less unanimity are the George land tax, an income tax, woman suffrage, and the nationalization of mines and factories.

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ORDER OF CREATION.
A DISCUSSION BETWEEN
GLADSTONE, HUXLEY, MULLER, LINTON, REVILLE.
On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.
CONTENTS:
I. Dawn of Creation and of Worship. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
II. The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
V. Dawn of Creation. An Answer to Mr. Gladstone. By Albert Reville, D.D.
VI. Mr. Gladstone and Genesis. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
VII. A Protest and a Plea. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.
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PROBABLE REASON WHY THE ISRAELITISH WOMAN'S SON CURSED.

And the Israelitish woman's son blasphemed the name of the Lord, and cursed. And they brought him unto Moses.—Lev. xxiv, 11.

Odds and Ends.

WELL connected—the bucket.

SOME bungling work can always be expected at a barrel factory.

THE exact quantity of the lion's share is not stated; but it is all the lion can get.

YOULFUL youth (languidly): "Do you sing 'Forever and Forever?'" She (practically): "No, I sit up for meals."

THERE were 668 marriages in New York city last week, and the prevalence of new spring suits is very noticeable among the clergy.

"I SAY, old man, can you tell me what is the first present mentioned in the Bible?" "Giv it up." "Why, Eve presented Adam with a Cain, stupid."

IF a man sued for breach of promis were to set up the defense of temporary insanity he could certainly prove his case by reference to old love-letters.

A MAN up in Maine has conceived the idea of feeding several colonies of bees on juniper flowers, in order to hav Old Tom honey in spite of the liquor law.

RUSSIA would seem to be a bad country for Prohibitionists and patent-medicin men. The Muscovites who do not carry a koff to their graves seem to find their end in visky.

COUNTRYMAN (to peanut vender): "W-h-a-t? Five cents for that small cup of peanuts, Garibaldi?" Garibaldi: "Si, signor, George Francisca Traina jest gotta back; peanutta go up."

SMALLEY (coming out of church): "Don't you think that Dr. Talker's sermon this morning was a finished discourse?" Lever: "Yes, I do; but for about an hour I didn't think it would be."

MR. O'HOULIHAN: "Faix, I axed to luk at a lamp. D'ye call thot a lamp?" Clerk: "Yes, sir; that's a fairy lamp." Mr. O'H.: "Oh, ho-ho! A fairy lamp, is it? D'yez tuk me fer a fairy?"

BROWN: "You don't look well lately, Robinson." Robinson: "No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble." Brown: "Nonsense; your lungs are all right!" Robinson: "Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's."

BOBBY: "I don't think Dod was very polite, mamma." Mamma: "Why, Bobby, what makes you think that?" Bobby: "You always told me 'at ladies should be 'tended to first, and Dod 'tended to Adam 'fore he 'tended to Eve."

YOUNG physician (inspecting citizen on the floor at the police station): "This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged." Officer McGinniss: "You're right. I drug him all the way from Casey's saloon, two blocks down the street."

UNCLE BAT: "Yas, sir, de scriptur' larns us indisputably dat all Krischuns mus' be kersoused under de water by er preacher what's been kersoused himself." Citizen: "But who do you suppose immersed the first preacher, Uncle Bat?" Uncle Bat (scratching his head): "My edercashun am sorter incumpleat in dat reygard. He mus' hab took a mite too much, boss, an' fell ofen de gyards ob de ark."

As we sit in the shade of the apple-tree,
Where never the ghost of a breeze is blown,
We yearn and we sigh in our great unglee,
For the spirit of some long-spent cyclone
To take this hot weather away from here,
And giv it back to us next Janiveer.

MR. HANOVER SQUEER: "I say, De B., what are you buying that wire-fencing for? You are not running a farm now, are you?" Mr. Franklin De Belleville: "No, I'm not farming; but, you see, I liv in Jersey, and I want to get a kind of musketo bar this season that will stand the racket!"

"WHY do you sing in such a wee small voice?" asked the musketo of the midge. "Because I learned music by the gnatural method. Do you bite?" replied the midge. "Not so early in the season," was the ready response, as the musketo flew off singing, "In the Sweet By and By."

"NEVER," he vowed it, "while life may last,
Can I love again. I will die unwed."
"And I, too, dear, since our dream is past,
I will liv single," she sobbing said.

A storm of farewells—of wild good-byes—
He rushed from the spot, like an outcast soul.
She hid in a pillow her streaming eyes,
And wept with anguish beyond control.

Just five years afterward, they two met
At a vender's stand, in a noisy street;
He saw the smile he could ne'er forget,
And she the eyes that were more than sweet.

"O Kate!" "O Harry!" {"How well you look!" "How well you look!"}
"I stopped," he said, "just to get a toy
For my little girl." "I wanted a book,"
She softly said, "for my little boy."

SENIOR wardroom officer: "I thought at first there was nothing in it; but I'm afraid Gilmore's been hard hit by that Brantor girl, after all!" Junior lieutenant: "I havn't noticed any distinct symptoms!" Senior wardroom officer: "Why, man, he's been doing nothing but play chess with the chaplain for the last ten days!"

I SIT upon the mountain,
And breathe the summer air;
I sit upon the mountain
Because I hav no chair.

A sweet girl sits beside me;
The reason is implied—
A sweet girl sits beside me
Because I'm by her side.

I ask her if she loves me
The best of all her beaux;
I ask her if she loves me
Because I know she knows.

She says she will not tell me,
And, as I start to go,
She says she will not tell me
Because she knows I know.

Pray, leave us, gentle reader;
Don't hesitate or pause;
But leave us, gentle reader,
Because—well, just because.

Gems of Thought.

A WHILE after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery with Indian figures of men, women, and children. Here the sons [the churches] had no occasion to examin the will [the scriptures]: they remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he had made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying, that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public. That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance and a favorable interpretation, and ought to be understood "with a grain of salt."—*Swift.*

MANKIND has never wholly recovered from that reign of insanity. Indifference to many of the plainest health-laws of nature is still the reproach of our so-called civilization. Our moralists rant about the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, but find no time to expurgate the slums of their own cities; our missionary societies spend millions to acquaint the natives of distant islands with the ceremony of baptism, but refuse to contribute a penny to the establishment of free public baths.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald's Bible of Nature.*

No one tries to cure the ague with prayer. Quinine has been found altogether more reliable. Just as soon as a specific is found for a disease, that disease will be left out of the list of prayer. The number of diseases with which God from time to time afflicts mankind is continually decreasing. In a few years all of them will be under the control of man, the gods will be left unarmed, and the threats of their priests will excite only a smile.—*Ingersoll.*

THE truth is, I've grown lately rather phthisical:
I don't know what the reason is—the air
Perhaps; but as I suffer from the shocks
Of illness, I grow much more orthodox.

The first attack at once proved the divinity
(But *that* I never doubted, nor the devil);
The next, the Virgin's mystical virginity;
The third, the usual origin of evil;
The fourth at once established the whole trinity
On so uncontrovertible a level,
That I devoutly wished the three were four,
On purpose to believe so much the more.
—*Byron.*

LOOK with him into science [the science of that day], religion, state, and with him reduce science, religion, state, to the low standing of every-day events; with him you will see here a bedlam of shriveled up dreamers, narrow and chimerical brains, busy in contradicting, heaping up hollow phrases in moldy books, inventing conjectures, and crying them up for the truth: there, a band of enthusiasts, mumbling phrases which they do not understand, adoring figures of rhetoric as mysteries, attaching holiness or impiety to lawn-sleeves or postures, spending in persecutions or genuflexions the surplus of sheepish or ferocious folly with which an evil fate has crammed their brains; there, again, flocks of idiots pouring out their blood and treasure for the whims or plots of a carriage-drawn aristocrat, out of respect for the carriage which they themselvs hav given him.—*Taine on Swift.*

LOOKING at my race in its present frightful condition, I feel little else than contempt for it. The people are insane. The rich can scorn them; the cunning can fleece them; impostors lead them through all the labyrinths of absurdity; born rulers exercise tyrannical authority over them; and the Tories can rouse them to madness by a war mania! All the while the poor dupes cringe in abject terror before their tyrants, and worship and imitate those who despise and rob them.—*J. Symes.*

To combat pharisaism; to unmask imposture; to overthrow tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions; to demolish the temple in order to rebuild it, that is to say, to replace the false by the true; to attack a ferocious magistracy; to attack a sanguinary priesthood; to take a whip and drive the money-changers from the sanctuary; to reclaim the heritage of the disinherited; to protect the weak, the poor, the suffering, the overwhelmed, to struggle for the persecuted and oppressed—that was the war of Jesus Christ! And who waged that war? It was Voltaire.—*Hugo.*

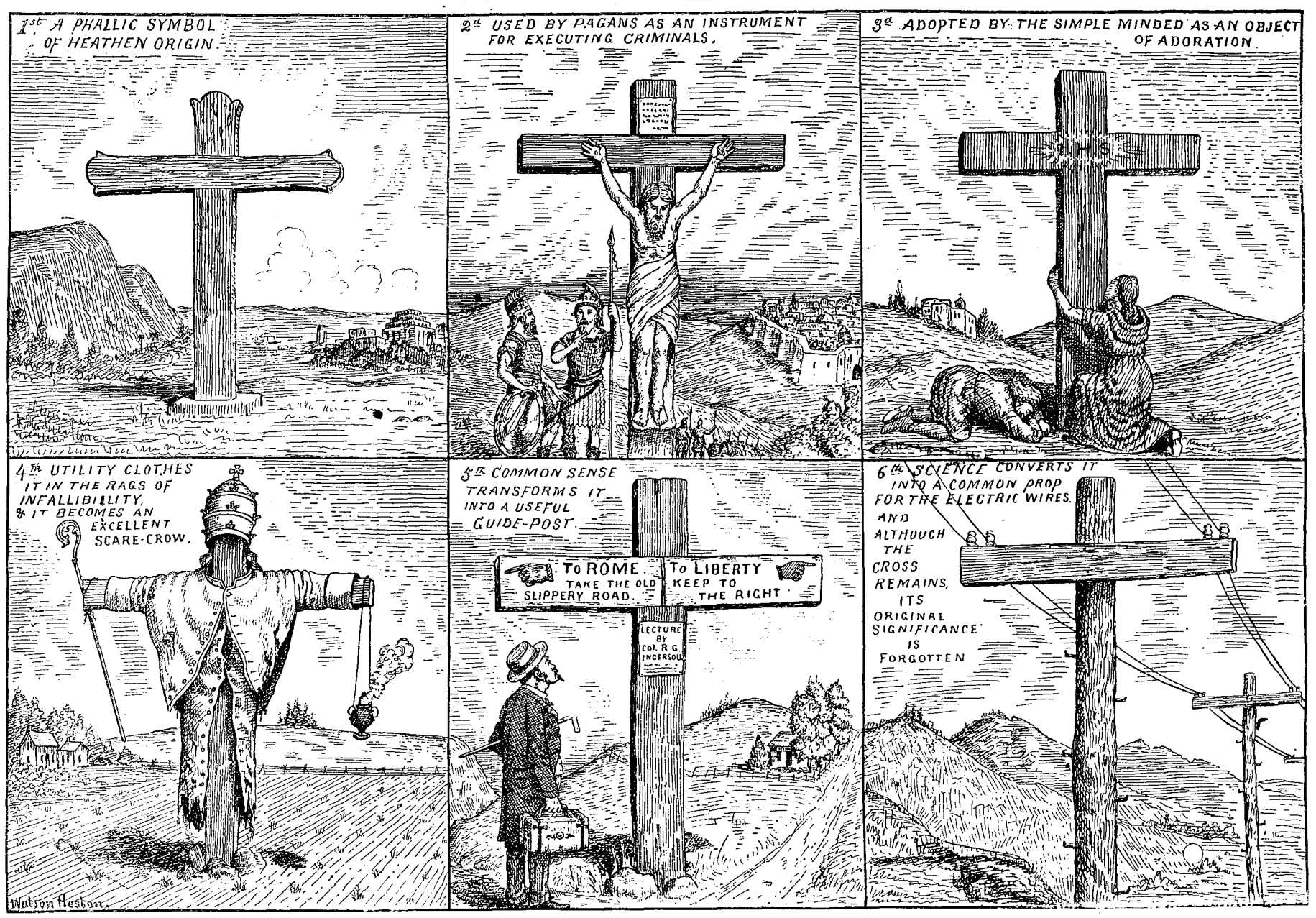
THE five writers to whose genius we owe the first attempt at comprehensiv views of history were Bolingbroke, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Hume, and Gibbon. Of these, the second was but a cold believer in Christianity, if, indeed, he believed in it at all; and the other four were avowed and notorious Infidels.—*Buckle.*

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THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

Notes and Clippings.

IT is said that bald-headed Indians are becoming common, and the hat of civilization is thought to be responsible.

ACCORDING to Pasteur and Chamberland, typhoid bacillus is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred communicated through drinking water.

CARDINAL MORAN is about to go to Ireland, by order of the pope, to urge upon the Irish bishops a more complete submission to the Vatican.

LEO is preparing an encyclical on the Relations of Church and State. An encyclical on the Social Question will be published during the year.

IN his census reports, Dr. Billings estimates that in the United States one hundred thousand deaths occur every year from strictly preventable diseases alone.

PORTABLE electric lights, to be hung to a coat-button, are the new invention for the benefit of readers upon cars. Thus each one can become his own lightning-bug.

DR. ANDREW D. WHITE, ex-president of Cornell University, has sailed for Europe. He will travel in Great Britain and on the continent, and gather fresh material for new chapters in the "Warfare of Science."

AT the great steel works in Cleveland a large electro-magnet is used, suspended from a crane, to pick up iron or steel bars and billets. It will take up eight hundred pounds, and as soon as the electric current is turned off after moving drop it in the proper place, hus doing the work of a gang of men.

THE Presbyterian organs the *Herald and Presbyter* and the *Presbyterian Journal* continue to support discrimination against the colored people in that church which it was intended should know no "barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free."

SOIENTISTS hav been experimenting upon the effect of artificial illumination on health. The candle stands fairly, but the electric light stands first in the list as the least injurious to health, while a common gas jet in a room vitiates more air than six persons.

THE Winfield, Kan., *American Nonconformist* thinks this clinches the argument: "According to the Declaration of Independence and to the men who signed that great charter of human liberty, all rightful powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed. No man has yet been able to state when, where, and how woman has ever given her consent to be deprived of all participation in the government under which she livs."

THE Galveston *News's* New York correspondent writes to his paper: "Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is occasionally seen on New York streets again. Her strong-featured face, with its intelligent eyes and crown of beautiful white curls, never fails to attract attention from passers, who stop and look after her until she is beyond view. She is very generally recognized, her pictures having made her face familiar. If there is anything in the theory of a sound mind in a sound body, Mrs. Stanton's vigorous mental habits may be associated with her sturdy health. Even now, with her years upon her and something of a burden of flesh, she has a sound constitution that puts nervously prostrated women to shame, and in her younger days she used to be proud of bearing her children like barbaric mothers, almost without a pang."

Two thousand emigrants left Liverpool for Canada in one week this year, and the next week six additional steamers, with a capacity of 4,500, had to be put on, and they were all filled, and many passengers had to remain over for another week for lack of room. The rate of emigration has been maintained at almost the same point ever since, it is said, and the record of the season will be unprecedented.

TWENTY years ago women could not vote anywhere. To-day they hav full suffrage in Washington and Wyoming territories; municipal suffrage in Kansas; municipal suffrage (single women and widows) in England, Scotland, Ontario, and Nova Scotia; and school suffrage in these fourteen of the United States: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Oregon, and Wisconsin.—*Albany Journal.*

THE question has often been asked as to what constitutes the greatest pleasure, and who is the happiest man, but it is obviously one that does not admit of solution. The intensity of the pleasurable sensation is a matter of temperament and surroundings, but, *cæteris paribus*, the happiest man is he who possesses the greatest sensibility, the most powerful imagination, the strongest will, and the least number of prejudices. The men are rare who can by an effort of the will arrest the oscillations of sorrow and allow only chords of pleasure to vibrate. The ideal of perfection in humanity would be to efface pain from the list of sensations, and to giv all men the maximum number of pleasures. All the rest, as the philosopher said, is but dream and vapor.—*Medical Press.*

THE *Atheneum* for June 23d prints some hitherto unpublished marginalia by Coleridge on Jahn's "History of the Hebrew Commonwealth." On page 98 he remarks: "God forgiv me if it be an evil thought! But had I read the same account in any profane history, I should not hav scrupled to consider the deposition of Saul as the result of the theocratic party's jealousy of their own diminishing influence. How much less heavy do these transgressions of Saul's seem than those related of David!"

PRINCE AMADEO, of Italy, has received a dispensation from the Vatican to marry Princess Lolilua Bonaparte, daughter of his sister and Prince Jerome. The pope, apologizes a leading Catholic journal, was unwilling, but "as there was a precedent for it, and as Princess Clotilde as well as Prince Amadeo hav deserved well of the church, he yielded and gave his dispensation." That is, Prince Amadeo will marry his niece. To marry one's niece is incest by the laws of man. But the pope, by giving his permission, can make incest no incest. He has the power of making sin virtue and of calling evil good. "There was a precedent for it." Certainly; not only the precedent of Abram, who married his half-sister Sarai—a relationship which is, in blood, exactly equivalent to that of uncle and niece—but the precedent of those other popes who allowed the queen of Spain to marry her uncle, and their son, the prince of Brazil, to marry his aunt.

Communications.

Was Jesus Insane?

We do not admit that any such person lived as is described in the so-called gospels of the New Testament; or that any such language was employed, or that any such deeds were performed, as are there attributed to the person called Jesus. But as long as others accept the story of this man as true and reliable, and teach that to so accept it is a virtue, we have the right to examine this story, and see whether it be reasonable and worthy of credence. It is generally asserted or assumed that all that Jesus said and did reveals wisdom, charity, and kind-heartedness; but we contend that, if the gospels are trustworthy, much that he said and did reveals ignorance, foolishness, and hard heartedness. It is the common belief that every word which Jesus spoke came from a heart of love; that his every expression was good and true and noble; but, if the gospels are reliable, this belief must be given up. I am aware that in making this statement I antagonize the orthodox estimate of Jesus, but I do not find that the orthodox idea of Jesus is based upon any fair or intelligent understanding of the gospel record. The notion that Jesus was a perfect being, a saint, a god, is not borne out by his language or his deeds. It is this notion which has assumed that everything he said or did was above criticism; for a saint, a god, would not say or do what was not true and right.

Let us for one moment consider the reliability of the gospels. We cannot admit that these accounts of Jesus are to be depended upon.

Assuming that Jesus lived about the time of Tiberius, and that he died when about thirty years of age, there intervenes between the time of his death and the time when the earliest gospel is said to have been written a period of over thirty years A generation had passed away since the scenes were enacted which were to be portrayed. But it is by no means certain that any account of Jesus was written for one hundred years after the time of his death, and if an account was written it is impossible at the present time to know what it was. The utmost that the Christian world dare claim for the gospels of the New T. stament is, that they are founded upon a lost account of Jesus which must have been prepared by some one of his disciples. Waiving all historical objections to the authenticity of the gospel narrative, let us consider the story in the light of common sense.

To assert that the gospel account of what Jesus said is reliable, is to declare that we have the exact words which he spoke and a faithful description of what he did. To have such words and such a description, it would be necessary to have a phonographic report of his speeches when delivered and an accurate account of his acts by an eye-witness. Anything less than this would be less than the truth. Will anyone presume to say that the gospel story was written by an eye-witness, and that the Sermon on the Mount, the parables, and the exclamations of Jesus were phonographically reported? I think not.

All that we have, then, is what was repeated about this man thirty years after his death. Common report, hearsay, gossip, imagination, furnished the writers of the gospels with their materials.

There is one way that we may test the reliability of what is put in the mouth of Jesus. This man delivered a discourse, according to the author of Matthew's gospel, containing 2,473 words, known as the Sermon on the Mount. It was delivered to his disciples. How many there were we have no way of determining. But among those who heard Jesus do you think there was one who would be able to repeat every one of the 2,473 words of his sermon thirty years afterwards exactly as it was delivered? Is it probable that such a thing could be done? If not, have we the words that Jesus spoke upon that occasion?

There are thousands of people in Boston who listened to the Rev. Samuel Jones less than one year ago. Among this vast number are many of the brightest Christian people; but do you believe that a single man or woman who heard this noted preacher at that time could repeat what he said word for word? Do you believe that thirty years hence there could be found one person of that multitude who could quote one single sentence just as it was delivered by the Rev. Samuel Jones? How, then, are we to believe that in the New Testament are recorded the exact words which Jesus uttered, when no one claims that they were written until he had been dead at least thirty years?

The entire New Testament is the work of Catholic churchmen. It did not assume its present shape until three hundred years, at least, after Jesus died. That it was principally composed as long ago as that is generally admitted, although many alterations and interpolations have been made since that date.

The gospels are not only contradictory of one another, but not one of them presents throughout a consistent character of Jesus. Several minds have written their conceptions over the original ideal. It is evident that the different Christian schismatics have taken the liberty to add to the text of the gospels.

It is not our purpose to point out the inconsistencies in the character of Jesus as the gospels present him, but rather to hold up the picture of this person in the light of those extravagant expressions which have been accepted as proof of his divinity, but which seem rather to indicate his insanity. It is declared by Christian believers that the gospels can not be explained upon the ground that Jesus was a man. We would ask, Why? What is there about this story that indicates that it deals with a divine subject? I can see nothing that does not show a human being. What are the signs of divinity? There is no record that goes to prove that Jesus, in outward form, differed from human nature. In fact, there is not a line, a word, that has any reference whatever to his physical appearance. He might have been black or white, a giant or a dwarf, as far as the gospel writers give us any information in regard to his form or looks. In the tomb of silence was laid the body of Jesus, and only the angel of imagination can roll away the stone that shut from mortal sight the image of the man. There is only one way by which to judge of the character of this person, and that is by his speech and behavior. What must a God say and do to establish his divine presence? Let us see what Jesus said and did, and find, if we can, whether a God once lived upon this earth, or whether a man, under a mental delusion, tried to play the part of a deity.

How do we prove a person insane? Is it not by his words and acts, by what he says and what he does? If a person uses foolish and extravagant language, if he performs deeds for which can be offered no good or rational excuse, he is adjudged insane. Did any person ever make use of more irrational speech; ever put forth claims to more preposterous power; ever utter more intemperate, insane language, than the person called Jesus? It has been advanced that while the utterances of Jesus are extravagant and unintelligible as the language of a human being, they become perfectly clear in the light that he was a divine being.

I want this point understood, because it is all-important in the discussion of the question of the character of Jesus—that his divinity has been assumed from his language. It is absolutely necessary to find in the language of Jesus the proof of his divinity before there can be accepted the notion that a God once dwelt upon the earth with men.

There is nothing outside of the gospels of the New Testament that can be adduced in support of the idea that Jesus was divine. It will be acknowledged by the Christian world that any such speech as Jesus used in the mouth of any other person would be evidence of insanity. Then why is not such speech evidence of *his* insanity? We propose to demonstrate that the words of Jesus are the words of a man mentally deranged.

There seems to be a fear of the name of Jesus, a moral cowardice that possesses the world when this name is spoken. It is time for men to get over this fear; time to look at this person the same as we look at Socrates, Seneca, or any of the ancients. The name of Jesus is the name of a man, and it was a name that was quite common in the time of Josephus. It is a name that we need speak with no particular reverence.

The Christian exaltation of Jesus is without reason. There are no facts to warrant it. I claim that much of the language of Jesus is not sensible, not rational; certainly not the language of a sane mind. Had he declared that he was the wisest, noblest, best man that had ever lived on earth, mankind would unhesitatingly pronounce him an egotist, and the most conceited person that ever existed; what shall we say, then, of a person who called himself the Son of God, and said that God was his father, and that he and his father were one? Is this conceit, egotism, or madness? It is upon such claims as these that the divine character of Jesus has been asserted.

Let us think for a moment what the effect would be upon the mind of the world if a person to-day should employ the language which Jesus used! Suppose a man whom we have known more or less intimately for years, about whom there was nothing particularly remarkable, should go about the streets and engage people in conversation, and should say to them, "I and my Father are one," and "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," meaning, I and God are the same, and he that hath seen me hath seen God, what would we say of such a man? We would say that he was crazy, and every medical expert in the United States would sign a certificate of his insanity.

Now, upon what ground can we declare a man insane who makes such an audacious claim to-day, and believe that a man who made a similar claim two thousand years ago was of sound mind? Was it easier to be a God then than now? Was the world's idea of divinity different in the first century from what it is in the latest century?

It may be objected here that Jesus did not mean what his words imply; that he did not directly claim that he was God. If he did not, then his language is only metaphysical nonsense, and does not deserve serious consideration; or else it was intended to deceive, and shows that Jesus was an impostor.

Jesus was an ordinary individual so far as his earthly surroundings were concerned. He was not one of the rich or great ones of earth, but one of the common people. It was objected to his claim to be divine that he had the habits of the lower classes. By trade he was probably a carpenter. Now, think of such a person as this throwing down his hammer and saw and taking up the scepter of the universe—sometimes claiming to be the Son of God and again to be God himself! Had Cæsar done this, the whole pagan world would have pronounced him insane.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to account for the very extraordinary career of Jesus upon the ground of sanity. There is only one way to explain the gospels—either Jesus was insane or the person who wrote his life was.

It is generally admitted that people who are not mentally sane are easily moved to anger and that any opposition or contradiction produces an excited condition which manifests itself in violent speech or action. Jesus is represented in all of the gospels, except the gospel of John, as denouncing people with little apparent cause. Such a course cannot be reconciled with his teachings. He commands his disciples to love their enemies, and says: "Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you."

In direct opposition to such teaching we find him exclaiming: "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." A more fiendish mission could not have been undertaken. To change the peace and love of homes into discord and strife, to arm the hand of a son against the heart of a father, to plant the seeds of hate in the soil of affection, is the scheme of a madman! When a city or town would not receive Jesus, he denounced it, and pronounced woes upon it. Here is one instance of his upbraiding. He exclaims: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee." Jesus was especially angry with the Pharisees, who treated him and his pretensions with the utmost scorn, and he heaped upon them all the abuse that he could put into language. Almost the whole of the twenty-third chapter of Matthew is filled with violent ravings against the Pharisees. It would be easy to cite many passages which show that Jesus could not brook opposition, and that he was moved to anger upon the slightest pretext, but it is not necessary to our purpose.

What is needed in this age is to see Jesus as a man; to estimate his speech as we estimate the speech of man, and to judge him as we would judge any other person.

Would men and women but read the gospels as they read their papers, and without that blind faith that sees them holy and perfect in every word, they would reject the foolish notion that the mad speeches of Jesus are evidences of his divinity.

We read in the third chapter of the gospel according to Mark a very singular account. It relates that Jesus chose twelve men from among his disciples and ordained them "that he might send them forth to preach," and that "when his friends heard of it they went out to lay hold on him, for they said, *He is beside himself.*"

This is the verdict of every sensible person who reads the gospels to-day, and had this verdict of the friends of Jesus been respected, the world would not have been shrouded in the terrible darkness of Christian superstitions for over a thousand years, nor would the mind of this age be deformed by believing the monstrous fiction that a being that once walked this earth was God.

L. K. WASHBURN.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

From Ingersoll's "Talmagian Catechism."

Question. Why did Christ allow himself to be betrayed if he knew the plot?

Answer. Infidelity is a very good doctrin to liv by, but you should read the last words of Paine and Voltaire.

Q. If Christ knew that Judas would betray him, why did he choose him?

A. Nothing can exceed the atrocities of the French Revolution—when they carried a woman through the streets and worshiped her as the goddess of Reason.

Q. Would not the mission of Christ hav been a failure had no one betrayed him?

A. Thomas Paine was a drunkard, and recanted on his death-bed, and died a blaspheming Infidel besides.

Eve.

Poor old Mother Eve! Sh! never say "old" of the sex—never! for where can you find them that are old? Poor Eve—poor Mrs. Adam—how little consideration she gets at the hands of Jahveh, in "his book!" How cavalier, so to put it, the treatment of the original woman, the one lone feminin of the genus homo! Why, her name—well, how many times is it mentioned in the H Q? Fifty, eh? Will you take off fifteen? You will? Well, suppose you drop twenty more—yes, twenty; that's what I said. Dropped, hav you? Well, now I don't wish you to giv up everything, but please take off thirteen more, and I'll ask for no further reduction. Yes, I mean it—mean that the name Eve is mentioned only twice in the Holy Queer! That's a fine way to treat the "first lady of the land," now, isn't it? Why, the belle of a chowder party, in a "stickful" notice of the affair, would get in for more frequent mention than that! Twice, and no more, from start to finish, does the name of Eve appear on the pages of the Holy Queer!

And how much is there relating to her, anyhow? That is not the way to express it. Ask how *little*, and look to find very little indeed. One cannot help exclaiming, after reading all that is chronicled of Lady Eve, "If so soon she was done for, what was she begun for?" In the second, third, and fourth chapters of Genesis, said chapters comprising seventy-five verses, you will find twenty of the latter that relate to Eve, and for the most part, indirectly at that! As I once before observed, or to the same effect, What sort of way was that to treat the "first lady of the land?" Twenty verses, of indirect mention, for the most part—twenty lines, all told! Why, she should hav had a "book" of at least twenty chapters, referring directly to her, and every fair-minded man and woman will agree with me! Poor Eve! it was a shame to make so little of the "mother of all living," as Adam put it—a burning shame!

Did Jahveh damn Eve with faint mention because he considered her a sort of second fiddle, as it were, or because she ate the pippin? The latter, probably. for when it comes to the matter of propagation of species, and fiddles are considered, the "second" is quite as all-important a factor as the "first," every time, and Jahveh must hav known it; so it wasn't for that reason that he was so chary of his mention, but because of the pippin episode.

Poor, unsophisticated Eve! I never reproached thee for taking a bite of that pippin—never! And a magnanimous God, it seems to me, ought to hav overlooked it; for what, in your sweet innocence, did you know of the mottled, green guile that lay *perdu* in the cockles of that "pesky sarpint's" heart—or gizzard? I don't know as the O'Phidians hav hearts. Nothing at all, of course. You never consorted with the O'Phidian gang, any more than with the O'Rang or MacKerel gang. They were no company for you, dear; what I mean is, you never went picnicking, huckleberrying, buggy-riding, moonlight-aloning, or even ice-creaming with snakes—now, did you, Eve? So what could you know of the fatal taffy of the "pesky sarpint?" Again I say, nothing at all. And for a first slip up, under the circumstances, Jahveh was mighty rough on you, in my opinion.

Ten thousand things could hav been said of thee, sweet Eve, that would hav carried more delight to the average female heart—male as well—than would the substance of as many cold ice-creams, each flanked with cake and paid for by reluctant beaux. What had we not known of thee, sweet Eve, had a reporter of this our day and generation been there or thereabouts to see and interview thee, dear? Think of it, sweet maid, and wife as soon as made, and that ye reporter was not there weep scalding tears of molten anguish—"molten anguish" is good, I flatter myself, not as a steady diet, of course, but, with said tears, as a sort of sublimated sandwich of subdued sorrow, as it were.

Ah, "maid of the mist," the mist of the past, I mean—what hav you and I and all of us missed, because of ye missed reporter? Heaps, lots—city lots barred—slathers, and oceans of—what? Why, information concerning thee. Of course you knew it all; but don't tell me that you wouldn't liked to hav known that an admiring world would gloat over a graphic description of yourself and surroundings, in the far-away ages after you slept with your mothers—oh, but you didn't hav any mothers, did you? Well, daughters, then.

O for that reporter, and we had known whether thou wast of the blond or brunet type! Whether thy "wealth of hair," thy "crowning glory," wert sunshine materialized or raven blackness spun to finest silk—if red, we should hav known if the white horse bobbed up serenely. We should hav known if thy ears were small, translucent, and displaying the delicate pink of the sea-shell, or if opake, uncouth floppers. If thine eyes were cerulean, erebusean, or betwixt and between, including the "cold, gray eye" of speculativ love. Whether *retrousse* or Grecian was thy organ of smell—but hold; the nose question is settled, I guess. Hadst thou dimples in cheeks and chin we should hav known of them. A sweet little mouth, like Cupid's bow in shape, with red, ripe, pouting lips, honey-dripping, and pearly teeth within, we had known it; also if a mouth to make a mince pie quail—I don't mean quail pie, as you might think, possibly—at its approach.

Were thy shoulders sloping, or square like the Amazon's, we had known it. Tall thy form and sylph-like, or short and pudgy, and thou wouldst hav been portrayed to us. Angular or rounded, with sharp lines or soft curves, and ye reporter would not hav failed us, you bet! Hadst thou a No. 2 foot, but which the average Chicago girl's shoe would more comfortably fit, ye reporter might hav lied a size or two to your favor, possibly—the same if No. 8 gloves were required. Hadst thine arms been fair and round, and sizable and shapely, with small dimpled hands, terminating with taper fingers, and nails too lovely for anything, doubt not that ye reporter would hav chronicled the same. Hadst thou a queenly walk—this is understood to be a gait of graceful *hauteur*, so to speak, but there are queens, no doubt, who couldn't get away with a burnt cruller in a cake walk—and carriage—by this I mean mien, you know, and not a wheeled vehicle—or otherwise, so would ye reporter hav writ. Had thy smile shamed the sun in its warmth and brightness, thy "silvery voice" the multitudinous birds with envy filled, making the many-hued one green, or, on the contrary, the one and the other respectivly, hav frozen the blood of Adam and made melodious the squealing of a pig by comparison, the world would hav known of it.

O gentle Eve of Eden, had Jahveh understood human nature—not to be expected, as it hadn't showed out—you had been immortalized as you are not—that is, if he had done the right square thing by you; and all the world of women would to-day pore over the record concerning you, your ways and your surroundings! See how, when a new gown of Mrs. Cleveland's is faithfully described by faithful scribes, the lesser women of the land just gloat upon and gabble in the gladsome tidings, grateful to their souls! And, gentle Eve, the men would read of you with more or less delight, make no mistake. Why, faithfully described, thyself and daily doings, together with the fashion of that coat of skins, which Jahveh made for thee, the trimming not omitted, thou wouldst hav captured for the Holy Queer more readers in a week than would the story, "magnified" a thousand times, of Moses and the Hebrews' wild-goose chase for that they never caught in forty months of Sundays!

O beauteous Eve, I weep great tears, and tiers on tiers of tears, to think how thou wert bilked of merited renown! 'Tis plain, and more than plain. that Jehovah made a wild and wide mistake in treating thee so cavalierly, slightingly; but then the slight on thee has been a blight upon the Holy Queer, in lessening its readers, which must be some satisfaction unto thee, sweet Eve!

It is never too late to mend, they say, O Early Eve of Eden, and Jahveh may again, some time, "revise" his work, and giv thee fair thy due; and hoping for that time, sweet Eve, I say, adieu!

SI SLOKUM.

More Protection Wanted.

Although duties hav been placed upon food, clothing, and fuel when imported from other countries, the greatest competitor with the home industries that produce these articles is permitted free importation into the United States. Complete protection will not be secured to these nativ industries until a duty is imposed upon sunshine. The heat and light of the sun, freely entering our large cities, greatly diminishes the consumption of fuel, gas, coal oil, food, and clothing. In order to make our country truly prosperous, and to carry out consistently the policy of protection to home industries, the following plan is proposed. Our large cities should be roofed over to exclude the rays of the sun, only leaving openings at the houses of those who pay a heavy sun tax. The building of these roofs would greatly stimulate our iron-mines, foundries, rolling-mills, saw mills, and would employ a large number of carpenters, builders, and laborers, while the exclusion of natural heat and light would cause a large increase in the consumption of the articles that supply these needs artificially. A great stimulus would be given to coal-mines, oil-wells, gas-works, woolen-mills, and the production of heat-producing foods, as by sugar refineries and cattle-raising. Indirectly multitudes of trades would be made activ, and the country would contain an industrious and prosperous people.

The present tariff it is claimed does not benefit professional men, but the exclusion of sunshine would doubtless promote disease and death, therefore doctors and druggists would be more largely employed, ministers would hav more funerals to attend, and lawyers would make more wills and settle more estates, besides having an increase of litigation about trespasses while the roof was building. As mortality would be greatest amongst the poorer classes, this would prove a protection to labor, and the lessening of competition for employment would advance wages. It is hard to foresee all the advantages that would ensue from this policy, but enough has been said to show that the exclusion of sunshine, or a heavy tax upon those unpatriotic people who insist upon using the heat and light imported from the foreign kingdom of heaven, would prove of immense advantage to the country, besides showing that it is determined to adhere consistently to the principles of the protectiv policy.

ROBERT C. ADAMS.

Seizing a Spirit Hand.

Many people think that the spirit hands which appear at the light circles might be grasped and held fast. At a recent special séance held at the house of a friend there was present a skeptical German. The time came for getting messages written by a visible hand before the curtain. After two or three had been written the nand beckoned to the German to come up. He went and seized it with both his own, intending to draw it forth and hold it fast. Instead of that, he himself was violently jerked forward, and it seemed as if he would plunge right through the curtain, carrying all before him. But in an instant he withdrew, and returned to his seat saying, "It ish Keeler's hand." The company all laughed, and Mr. Keeler said to the man, "Why didn't you hold on to it? It would hav been the first time that anybody was able to hold it."

The hand came out between the heads of the two men sitting with Mr. Keeler, and to prove that it was not Mr. Keeler's, when the three sitters were uncovered and fully exposed to view, he was requested to reach as far as he could with his right arm; he did so, and his hand fell short of the place where the spirit hand came out by a foot.

Furthermore, if it had been Mr. Keeler's hand extended behind the sitter next to him, and coming out between the shoulders of the two sitters, how was it possible for him, with his arm in that position, to jerk a strong man forward? The least effort on the part of the strong man would hav pulled the middle sitter forward in his chair, and only a little force would hav tumbled him out. But on the contrary he was undisturbed and unmoved when the German appeared to be plunging through the curtain and almost upset. All this I saw, and my husband was one of the sitters.

VICTORIA A. BURR.

Washington, D. C., July 8 1888.

"Letters from Friends."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Why do you print scurrilous letters like that of Charles Laperche? Is it good policy to allow one correspondent to call another a liar, a hypocrit, and a fool? If you, Mr. Editor, hav the slightest doubt of my honesty or sincerity, I beg nevermore to hav a line in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

My description of "Two Light-Circle Séances" was prefaced thus:

> I might say in advance, as the magician Harry Keller said, after witnessing certain manifestations in Calcutta in 1882: "I do not expect my account of them to gain general credence," etc.

Quoting only what the magician says, Mr. Laperche makes this comment:

> After such a preliminary, expect no truth. Such an apology is a decided guarantee that a pack of lies is about to be palmed off for truth.

When personalities of this sort are thus allowed to be printed, ought not the Editor to offset them by a word in defense of the misrepresented and maligned correspondent? In most cases this would prevent an angry and unprofitable personal controversy.

W. H. BURR.

Antinaturali-m Driven Back a Little.

A mass meeting was recently held at Harmonia Hall, Minneapolis, Minn., to discuss 'Sunday Amusements." Mr. Gallagher complained of the church elders who "want to make this country like ancient England when people had to go to bed at a certain hour at the ringing of a bell." Judge Rand "liked to see a game of ball on Sunday, and thought he would go down some afternoon." W. E Stirling, of the People's Theater, then got a tremendous round of applause by saying that a clergyman had got up a petition against playing ball on Sundays with only forty signers, while the baseball managers had one to the contrary with thousands of names attached, and still the forty wanted to rule the thousands. Rev. M. A. Marcy said he would answer by saying that if the forty were right and the thousands were wrong, the forty should rule. The burden of his speech lay in discussing the Bible. He was interrupted by the hisses of the audience, which demonstrated which way the sentiment was. He was followed by a gentleman named Nostrum, who said he thought the ministers ought to mind their own business. After the Rev. Walter Messaros, of Philadelphia, had raved for a while, Thomas H Lucas, the labor agitator, said he thought the reverend from Philadelphia was one of the most bigoted men he had ever seen, and that he had no right to dictate to the people how they should amuse themselvs on Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Torrey then raved some more. After the following resolutions had been adopted by a unanimous vote, the meeting adjourned:

> WHEREAS, an effort is being made through the instrumentality of the extraordinary proceeding of an injunct on to preve t the public of this city, and especially the industrial population, from enjoying the harmless and healthful recreation of witnessing the game of baseball on Sunday afternoons, and whereas, every consideration of moral and physical welfare dictates that the working people of this city, who are closely confined for six days in the week, should be permitted to enjoy outdoor recreation on Sunday afternoon, therefore,
>
> *Resolved*, That we deem it to be for the best interest of this city that the innocent amusements of the people be not interfered with.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.
E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Another Catholic Outrage.

Mrs. Annie Thomas, wife of Edward Thomas, residing within a few blocks of the writer, at the suggestion of friends called on Commissioner Williams Friday to secure his service and sympathy toward procuring the release of her eleven-year-old daughter, who is forcibly detained in the House of the Good Shepherd "without due process of law." This is the same delectable institution with whose frauds the secretary has made the Liberal public pretty familiar, and which had to secure a truckling judge to save it from the moral effects of the trickery. However, the end is not yet, and the supreme court has the power to suppress this fraud—if it only possesses the courage.

This family are very poor, and their financial condition was by no means enhanced by an accident which laid up the girl's father for several weeks.

Mrs. Parks, Ellen's grandmother, informed me that several weeks ago a lady with whom Mrs. Thomas was but slightly acquainted asked permission to take the girl to the theater, but the request was refused. A few days after the child disappeared, but no alarm was felt, as she was in the habit of spending a large portion of her time with her grandmother, to whom she was devotedly attached. It was soon discovered, however, that she was not there. The anxiety of the family can better be imagined than described, but despite their poverty and affliction, the poor old lady of some eighty years and her daughter-in-law searched the city over in vain for a trace of the fair Ellen—who is counted an unusually lovely girl.

Weeks passed, but no tidings, although they never gave up the search. Some days ago Mrs. Thomas was informed that a girl answering the description of Ellen had been sentenced to the House of the Good Shepherd by Justice Lyon. An investigation confirmed the rumor. The Thomases then appealed to this justice (?) to remit the fine and restore the girl, as they would take proper care of her, and, moreover, they did not wish her in a Catholic institution. At this declaration, this embodiment of justice and gentility snapped like a cur that he would not release her, and refused either to giv a reason or pay further attention to the old lady's pleadings. The reason is, I am informed, that he is a Roman Catholic. That is reason enough.

The House of the Good Shepherd was visited, but not until Friday last did the mother and grandmother obtain an interview with the daughter, and then only after a three hours' delay. Before the interview the sisters labored with the parents to hav them let the girl alone, because she was so well cared for—much better than they could expect to provide, and said that she would make "a nice sister, and a pretty one, too." The mother was obdurate—she wanted her own child, but they refused to restore her till the court demanded it. Between the bars, and, for the purpose of intimidation, under the surveillance of the sisters, this interview took place. The girl told this peculiar and almost incredible story: She had been taken away by a strange woman to nurse a sick baby, and at 11 o'clock at night the woman, for some reason, turned her in the street. A policeman picked her up crying and took her to the station. Next morning she was arraigned before Justice Lyon and sentenced to that institution, but for what reason the youthful victim could not comprehend. Despite the excellent care the sisters said she was having, the girl presented a pitiable appearance. Her hair, which was ordinarily light, was nearly black from either dye or dirt. When the poor thing called her mother's attention to her shoes, which were so badly torn that her feet were on the pavement, the amiable sister suddenly closed the interview with, "Go back; you hav talked with your mother long enough."

Saturday morning Commissioner Williams called Mrs. Thomas before the county board, nd his associates showed an aversion to touching a case which might possibly bring them in conflict with the Catholic church, at first refusing to listen to the case. But the determined commissioner insisted, and they unanimously agreed that the justice had no more authority to commit that girl than had the writer, that power being vested only in a county judge. This case only shows the anxiety with which the good (?) sisters snatch the waifs to compel the county treasurer to pay them $10 per month, besides pocketing the proceeds of their labor and spreading the power of the church. I would not be surprised if Mr. Thomas was arrested on a trumped-up charge, so the girl might be held permanently and the Mullen case repeated in Chicago. Later, the *Herald* says it is all "stuff" about the girl's alleged detention. The *Herald* is owned by Mike Walsh, and is the archbishop's organ. I hav hunted up the facts, and they are just as above written. If that child is not released there will be an indignation meeting called on the west side, and the Secular Union will take a hand in it.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The seventh annual convention of the Society of Christian Endeavor has just closed its session in Battery D, when over four thousand delegates and an equal number of visitors were in attendance.

Just think of this young stripling of an organization—this mere side-show of the Christian host—drawing together such numbers of young people from all parts of this vast continent.

While listening to the secretary's annual report, in my endeavor to find out what they were endeavoring to do, I was forcibly struck with their activity, although the secretary spoke of the meager sum (about $19,500) placed at his command. Meager sum, eh! Well, comparisons are odious. While we deplore the pernicious doctrin of drawing dollars from this country with which to convert the heathen, and thereby running the risk of losing their precious souls which are safe in ignorance, we cannot but admire their practical business method and the splendid liberality with which these endeavorers sustain their cause.

Yet Liberals who espouse the grander code of humanity, a more elevating morality, a sounder philosophy, and who must first propose all progressiv movements, and generally head them until they become popular, are so steeped in sodden indifference that all our efforts can arouse only a tithe of our number to activity. This has been the case for many years. The great mass of Liberals do nothing—count for nothing. One would think that such high ideals, such noble aspirations for the future of the race, would of themselvs inspire heroic eagerness and enthusiasm to proclaim and practicalize them, especially when the foundations of our liberty and government are threatened by tireless and restless enemies; that our present anxiety would be to rescue and retain the principle upon which this republic was founded—mental liberty. Then why do not Liberals dash to the front as one man, thrilled with the justice of their cause and the grandeur of their purpose?

Having paid some attention to this listless apathy of Liberals, I am inclined to attribute it to the perversion of what passes for the acme of liberty—*individualism*. The greater portion of our literature and lectures are permeated with extreme, indiscriminate individualism. As our people's opinions are influenced by their environments (which means their mental pabulum), they necessarily partake and largely adopt a philosophy which has a decidedly disintegrating tendency, always crippling organization or well-nigh making it impossible, utterly destructiv of the desire for unity or concert of action, and productiv of inertia and indifference. This is the natural effect of so palpable a cause.

Such Liberals will boast that they are "outside the church, and that's enough;" they do not believe "in heaven or hell, or God or the devil, so that settles it for them;" they hav "no use for rituals or creeds, or dogmas or organization." Is it any wonder that with this perversion of what constitutes true liberty there should be a decadence of organization and a general indifference? Secularism, or Liberalism, should, in my judgment, teach that liberty never was nor never can be limited to an individual affair. There is no liberty to me while another can be oppressed, for my liberty may be curtailed next. Liberty—mental liberty—is a question which is not for the individual so much as the race. As separate identities there is no such thing as liberty or oppression; it is only as we come into relation with each other that those terms acquire their significance.

Daniel Defoe, on the island of San Juan Fernandez, may be said to enjoy "liberty." What a mockery of his solitude!—for he would rather

> Dwell in the midst of alarms
> Than reign in this horrible place.

One obstacle, one bane of Freethought, which keeps it from being a powerful and positiv factor, is this isolating, unrelated *laissez-faire*, called individualism, or I might say its misapplication. A conception of liberty which paralyzes action is sure to be a promoter of despotism, and is opposed to nature's law of survival and solidarity. It leaves us planless and powerless; leaves the honest at the mercy of the crafty; leaves all who gain by the power of the church to crush out our liberty in the state.

If this dangerous and distorted application of liberty were thoroughly dissipated, our Freethought societies and conventions might be very different affairs, and rival in attendance and importance many of the Christian conventions. Friends, let us hav a grand rally at Pittsburgh!

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

JUDGE (to small boy on witness-stand): "Little boy, do you know where you'll go if you swear to what is not true?" Small boy: "Yes, sir; I'll go to the legislature. That's what my pa said."

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

SNOHOMISH, WASH. TERR., June 9th to 14th.—This is a thriving little place, pleasantly located on the Snohomish river, reached by daily steamboat from Seattle. There is a large Liberal element here, led by that consistent Liberal, prince of good fellows, and friend and worker for THE TRUTH SEEKER, J. S. Martin. I delivered six lectures here to very intelligent and appreciativ audiences.

The following extract is from a column-and-a-half report of the lectures in the *Eye*, the leading newspaper of the county:

> The audiences that greeted C. B. Reynolds, the Liberal lecturer, in Odd Fellows' Hall this week, were, with one exception, the largest that ever listened to a lecture in the building. The exception was on the occasion of the visit of G. R. Colby, Spiritual lecturer and test medium, about two years ago. Mr. Reynolds is a forcible and eloquent speaker, and his lectures are made doubly interesting by an admirable blending of logic, sarcasm, and humor. He arrays common sense against myth and superstition, fact against theory, love against hate, truth against error, justice against injustice. After each lecture he invited questions and criticism. But one gentleman accepted the invitation, and in the words of the poet, "He didn't know it was loaded." Fifteen years' service as an evangelist has made Mr. Reynolds familiar with the "good book," from which he frequently read passages (giving book, chapter, and verse, that the audience might satisfy themselvs he did not misquote), proving its faulty inspiration, and that even Gods are often more devilish than devils. In his fourth lecture he alluded to the danger threatening our public school system by the Catholic-Protestant combination which is attempting to place the cross above the flag.

The Catholic priest paid a visit to Snohomish the day I left there; he was after funds. The most financially responsible members of his church had attended the lectures, and the very one he most depended on both to giv and to help extort shekels from the other members declared he would never giv another dollar to the church—he would save his money to pay Liberal lecturers like Mr. Reynolds, who gave the people facts and common sense, not superstitious humbuggery. The priest was alarmed and very angry. He declared he could refute everything the Infidel had said—could overthrow him in just five minutes. Oh, he wished he could meet the Infidel lecturer before the people! etc. The Catholic friend at once sought Mr. Martin, who promptly answered him the priest's desire could be gratified; that he would answer for me. That I would meet the priest that night at Odd Fellows' Hall, or at any other time or place if he would promptly fix the date.

Mr. Martin reported to me, and I remained awaiting the response of the priest to the last moment, only stepping on board the steamboat as it started, leaving assurance that I would return on any date the priest would elect to meet me in public debate.

Priests and parsons are alike heroic in the absence of the Liberal lecturer. They fill the Bible description: "Like dumb dogs they open not their mouths," each seeking his gain in his quarters, fearing to bark in the presence of the exponent of Liberalism. They know the facts and arguments are like the handle on a jug, and that we hav the handle.

LA CONNER, WASH. TERR., June 17th, 18th, 19th.—This is a romantic little village, hid away on one of the outlets of the sound. To reach it one has to go through a very narrow, rocky pass, the current so strong that, when the wind is contrary, steamboats are unable to make the pass; and as on the occasion of my going away from La Conner the steamboat tried half the night to get in, but could not, they had to send in a yawl-boat for passengers, and with six passengers, trunk, and grips, I had a rowboat ride of more than three miles from La Conner to the steamboat.

Not alone had there never been a Liberal lecture at La Conner, but the people generally appeared to be oblivious of the teachings of Liberalism. On Sunday afternoon the Sunday-school was dismissed just about the time of the commencement of my lecture, and two-thirds of the scholars marched in; but the most strenuous endeavors were made to keep them away from the subsequent lectures.

George B. and Andrew Morrison, not relativs, but united in zealous effort to advance the cause of Liberalism; young, energetic, popular with all classes, may be relied on to follow up the interest awakened, and keep Liberal literature in activ circulation.

NEWCASTLE, WASH. TERR., June 20th, 21st, 22d.—This is a coal-mining camp, about twenty miles from Seattle. Rough, primitiv, the uncertain tenure of residence prevents the miners from making such improvements and home adornments as they would gladly make if sure of steady work and permanence of abode. Here I met many rough diamonds, manly men, men of brawn and brains, toilers in the dark, dismal mines, yet many of them men of thought and culture. The leading spirit was friend Wm. Penman, a stanch Infidel, the earnest, conscientious, consistent advocate and defender of the rights of labor.

There is a Catholic element of the lowest order, illiterate, brutal, the occasion of much trouble and dissension, but no Protestantism. It is over two years since the last parson left the place in despair; he could get neither hearers nor ducats. And now—oh! that it might be so in every place—the church building is used only as a school house.

I delivered three lectures to deeply interested audiences, but the last lecture was not well attended, on account of the great agitation caused by the orders to shut down the mines—that means loss of work, removal, privation, and destitution to very many families.

I go from here to Olympia to enjoy four days' holiday. My health is much improved.

C. B. Reynolds.

The Ingersoll Gladstone Controversy.

Prof. R. A. Proctor in the North American Review.

Mr. Gladstone recognizes that "the moral history of man, in its principal stream, has been distinctly an evolution from the first until now." This recognition of evolution in morals should suggest that in regard to doctrin also, the other branch of religion, and therefore in regard to religion as a whole, the history of man has been from the first until now distinctly an evolution. Mr. Gladstone's recognition of evolution in morals is in reality an admission, and entirely inconsistent (could he but see it) with the old belief which he professes still to entertain, that the moral nature of man was a definit gift, good at first but early impaired, not by a process of evolution, but as the result of the definit action of man's first parents.

I know not how the evolution of religion can be considered otherwise than in a profoundly religious spirit. The thoughtful mind must contemplate with feelings of awe man's relations with the ineffable mystery residing behind phenomena. Yet a feeling of "reverential calm" appropriate in the presence of the thoughts of this infinit mystery is not desirable when superstitious ideas about it, only respectable because of their antiquity, are in question. Nay, reverential calm in dealing with teachings about the godhead which (fondly claiming to be based on knowledge) are in reality blasphemous, is essentially irreverent. If, for instance, Colonel Ingersoll is right in his contention that in these days when better and purer moral ideas hav been evolved, the common teachings about Jehovah are an insult alike to God and man, his assaults upon those teachings, whether conducted by sarcasm, by raillery, or by earnest rebuke, are akin to that anger of which it has been said that those who are moved by it "do well to be angry." . . .

But we cannot escape the certain conclusion that whether they were relating historic facts or borrowing myths, the writers of the Pentateuch, Joshua and Judges, addressed a race as yet scarce emerged from savagery, and themselvs accepted the hideous ideas of deity which they promulgated among their people. Though we must not call their teachings foolish or offensiv or wicked for them, yet *in themselvs and for us* those teachings are as hateful, as wicked, as blasphemous as they hav been called (somewhat too generally) by Colonel Ingersoll. Mr. Gladstone cannot escape this by assuming an air of reverential calm. The Talmages and the Sam Joneses can no more silence the teachings of men's hearts by beating the drum-ecclesiastic than the priests who made hideous noises to dumb the cries of mothers when their first-born were immolated to Moloch could quench those mothers' tears, or by clamor still the beating of those mothers' hearts. It remains the simple fact that those to whom we owe the earliest Bible teachings about the godhead, so far from being inspired to conceive of deity as almighty, all-wise, all-perfect, pictured a being whose plans were constantly foiled, who was no wiser than they were themselvs, and whose ways were the ways of the worst and most brutal of the savage rulers they chiefly feared.

I can for my own part be patient with the poor savages who pictured gods savage and unreasoning as themselvs; but I must confess I sympathize in my heart of hearts with Colonel Ingersoll when he loses all thought of reverential calm in contemplating the ways of men who in these days of a higher and purer morality can speak otherwise than with horror of the being pictured as the God of Abraham, the God of Moses, and the God of Jephthah. Of what use is the evolution of morality if we are to hold by the teachings of the morality of savage times? And in what way shall men who love mercy, who as fathers seek their children's love, speak of a conception of the God which while calling him our father pictures him as mercilessly seeking his children's lives?

Where is the greater irreverence, in saying, "These are God's words and therefore I will take them to heart, though they seem to present God as a terrible, nay horrible being," or in saying, "These words picture God as cruel and unjust, therefore they *can not* be God's words—it were blasphemy to deem them such?" . . .

It is to this idea of a sacrifice-loving God that the failure of the tender and merciful teachings of Christianity to bring mercy and peace into the world must be chiefly attributed. It was "prophecy after the event" which caused an early Christian writer to put into the mouth of the teacher of peace the hard saying (which moves Colonel Ingersoll to just warmth of indignation), "I came not to bring peace, but a sword into the world." The "Logia" of Matthew (much older than the rest of the gospel) show that the true Christian doctrin taught peace and self-sacrifice, love and mercy. We may be certain that the same lips did not say, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will giv you rest," and "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

The process of evolution in religion is yet once more tending in these days, as in the days of the greater Isaiah, to bring unworthy ideas respecting deity into disfavor among men of just and merciful minds. But we must not expect "reverential calm" in such men. How can they be calm with what moves them to just wrath? How can they be reverential in the presence of what seems to them unworthy of reverence—worthy of the opposit of reverence? Did Isaiah treat the formal religion, the sacrificial system, and the insult to deity underlying it, with reverential calm? Nay, but he pictured the Lord himself as full of anger, because "evil was called good, and good evil," and because justice and mercy and loving-kindness, replaced by ceremonial observances which were "an abomination unto him." "'I will turn my hand upon thee,' saith the Lord. 'and thoroughly purge away thy dross, and will take away all thine alloy.'"

Colonel Ingersoll may hav somewhat overlooked the pure metal in Bible teachings and in the Christian religion; but it has been the dross he has striven with zeal and earnestness (by no means with inappropriately reverential calm) to purge away, the worthless alloys he has endeavored to burn out with the fire of his fervid words.

The time will come when the teachings which seem to Mr. Gladstone wanting in reverence, will be more justly valued. Hypocrisies and cruelties, which are now regarded as the expression of religious fervor, will be seen in their true light, and utterances warm from a tender and generous heart against the cruelty and intolerance born of superstition, will be seen to be the expression of the truest reverence, to teach the worthiest religion of which man is capable.

The Clergy on the Rampage.

The articles on the decadence of church attendance, accompanied with tables and statistics of actual count, hav attracted largely the attention of the clergy. The statements which I hav made are simply matters of current history, as are also the various essays in more than a score of papers, copied largely in the village journals of the country. Now, what is the reply made in "ministers' meetings," and by clergy on the platform, or in the press?

I giv a sample. Dr. McArthur says in a speech before the state convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of New Jersey: "There are men who say the church is losing power, is not keeping progress with the age. They say the pulpit is waning. Poor ignorant creatures! They do not read; they do not keep their eyes open. There are certain writers for newspapers and magazines, notably one a little while ago, who say, 'Why don't people go to church?' If you went there yourself, you would see it; but he does not go."

We do know, and in the only way of really knowing, and that is by actual count, made by gentlemen as veracious and competent as Dr. McArthur. So the tables and statistics of many cities, towns, and communities hav been made and published, and are authorities upon the question; as the unsupported assertion of any individual is of no weight or value whatever. Indeed, in such a discussion as the present, if Dr. McArthur cannot find a single fact or figure—as he does not—to support his dropsical individual assertions, the inference is inevitable that he can furnish no statistical fact, reference, or citation whatever to support his statements. Nor will he prop his assertions, with those who do read and think, by speaking of such men and writers as Lord Macaulay, Froude, Scherer, Coloni, Behme, Schem, etc., as "poor ignorant creatures!" Why cannot such questions of such gravity and importance be candidly examined and the results given, as has been done by a multitude of the most eminent scholars of the day, without calling from the clergy the only reply, "Poor ignorant creatures?"

Our leading poets, historians, editors, essayists, scientists, philanthropists, and reformers are of the "poor ignorant creatures who do not read" the bitter denunciations of the sectarian press, nor take as infallible the bubbling rhetoric of the pulpit.

Such speeches as Dr. McArthur's tend all the more to make churches self-complaisant. Let them hav the history and facts of all things as they are. Giv them tables, statistics, all information as to the real condition of society and the wants of the world; work, humane, reformatory, is needed everywhere.

Following Dr. McArthur's speech, and on the same platform, R. E. Speer, of Princeton, said, speaking of the last century: "Dr. Johnson says the population of the heathen world has increased during that same time over 200,000,000. While Christianity has won one, paganism has won seventy. Africa stretches out her hands for more laborers and we send instead nine millions of gallons of liquor." Let facts be known; this will lead to endeavor if anything will. Statistics hav been given for this purpose. So with the exposure of dens, gambling saloons, etc., owned and rented by churches and church-members, as we wish to save our young men from Bible drinking and pious drunkenness which flows from the Crosby theology and religion. G. E. O.

Professor Oswald's History of Christianity.

Saladin in London Secular Review.

We desire to recommend to the attention of our readers "The Secret of the East," by Prof. Felix L. Oswald, published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York. No book, in the same compass, givs a better abstract of the history of the Christian upas-tree from its seed-germ to its arborial maturity and its decline and decay. Like all students of comparativ sacerdotal mythologies and esoterics, Professor Oswald finds the Christian upas-tree to antedate immeasurably the era of the Galilean preacher from whom the vulgar deem it has its origin and name. Sakyamuni of India, not Jesus of Palestine, is the founder of the faith which to-day in Christendom enlists the credence of the more ignorant among the masses, and secures the conventional support of the more diplomatic among the classes. Professor Oswald is an able and absolutely fearless Antichristian. His facts are relevant and well-digested, his grasp of philosophical generalization bold and masterly, and his literary style is strong and captivating, but disciplined and cultured, and singularly free of sensationalism, hysterics, and eccentricity. We hope to be able to find space to quote his chapter, "The Night of the Middle Ages."

Naturalism vs. Mysticism Among the German Youth.

Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in Home Knowledge.

Instead of wasting time in the hopeless attempt to turn their young rogues into Trappists, our German contemporaries effect a speedier, if not better conversion, by turning them into young naturalists. Natural histories, books of travel, and hunting adventures hav almost delivered Germany from the sensation novels that hold their own against the saintliest products of the Sabbath press. Nor are the advantages of that surrogate limited to theoretical enjoyments. I hav seen Rhineland cottages where every boy of a hundred had a collection of natural curiosities—minerals, sea shells, stuffed birds and squirrels, botanic oddities, corals, and insects—a little private museum supplied by constant excursions that furnished a sufficient vent for a surplus of energies which might otherwise hav been apt to explode in deviltry. From an orthodox point of view, Baxter's "Saint's Rest" may seem preferable to all the works of Humboldt and Darwin, but for the purposes of practical morality it might be well to remember the physiological fact that the mere sight of a sanctified treatis will start the cold sweat of dismay from the skin of the same boy who would gladly accept an invitation to a butterfly hunt.

Fete to a Free-thought Martyr.

The London *Times* correspondent writes from Naples, June 12th: "The long-expected *fête* in honor of Giordano Bruno, the philosopher of Nolano, was celebrated last Sunday with great enthusiasm. The prefect of the province was among the earliest arrivals, thus showing the participation of the government in the objects of the meeting. Then came trains bearing carriages full of sympathizing visitors, of individuals and associations representing advanced views. Several letters were read from the prime minister, Signor Crispi, and Charles Bradlaugh, well known for his determination in urging on the House of Commons the abolition of the religious oath, and for having presided at the last conference of Freethinkers. 'I offer,' says the latter, 'my tribute to the fearless advocate, to the great thinker, to the far-seeing philosopher, to the noble martyr for Freethought.' Signor Crispi, in his letter to the syndic of Nolano, writes: 'I should be delighted to find myself in this meeting of citizens at such a solemn manifestation of the national sentiment, but the cares of state and my health not yet restored forbid it.' These are the only letters which hav been published among many others, all showing how far and wide is the sympathy felt with the celebration of the *fête* in honor of Giordano Bruno. All the principal journals of Italy were represented and the man who at the close of the sixteenth century was burnt on the Campo de Fiori was glorified three centuries later in such a way as his most enthusiastic admirers never could hav expected."

Christianity and Slavery.

Attention has been directed to passages from a speech by Wendell Phillips delivered at Boston, Jan. 27, 1853: "The theaters in many of our large cities bring out, night after night, all the radical doctrins and all the startling scenes of 'Uncle Tom.' They preach immediate emancipation, and slaves shoot their hunters to loud applause. Two years ago, sitting in this hall, I was myself somewhat startled by the assertion of my friend, Mr. Pillsbury, that the theaters would receive the gospel of antislavery truth earlier than the churches. A hiss went up from the galleries, and many in the audience were shocked by the remark. I asked myself whether I could indorse such a statement, and felt that I could not. I could not believe it to be true. Only two years hav passed, and what was then deemed rant and fanaticism by seven out of ten who heard it, has proved true. The theater, bowing to its audience, has preached immediate emancipation, and given us the whole of 'Uncle Tom;' while the pulpit is either silent or hostil, and in the columns of the theological papers the work is subjected to criticism, to reproach, and its author to severe rebuke. . . . At the early period to which I hav referred, the church was much exercised by the persistency of the Abolitionists in not going out from her. When I joined the antislavery ranks, sixteen years ago, the voice of the clergy was: 'Will these *pests* never leave us? Will they still remain to trouble us? If you do not like us, there is the door.'" Of William Lloyd Garrison Mr. Phillips said: "A fervid disciple of the American church, he conferred with some of the leading clergy in the city and laid before them his convictions on the subject of slavery. He recognized the colossal strength of the clergy. He entreated them to take up the cause. But they shut their doors upon him."

Freethinkers

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Communications.

The World-Curse in Spain.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* A short time since. I found the inclosed leaves in an old history. They in some respects describe the condition of our society as well as that of Spain one hundred years ago, and show that the clergy of those days were nearly as bad as the gospel-sharps of to-day. I cannot giv the name or date of the book, as the pages were torn out and the book lost more than thirty years ago. W. E. Scott.

Townshend, Vt., June 29, 1888.

Oppression has debased the Spaniards less than superstition. The king could not for a day oppress the subjects, which it is his duty to protect, but for the aid of the clergy, whose influence over the people commences at childhood and ends only with life. The clergy, though ignorant, hav yet the instinct of ignorance, and perceive that their power would be reduced in a people brought up in knowledge and virtue. Every effort of genius is therefore discouraged, for philosophy is no friend of fanaticism, and poetry has noble aspirations. The schools are in ecclesiastical hands, and the confessional givs even a greater influence to the clergy. To a priest no door is closed and no secret is hidden.

The Spaniards hav a hereditary contempt for trade, and agriculture cannot flourish in a country without roads. There are few chances, then, that labor will hav its reward. Their very virtues are politically oppressed, while their vices may lead them to honor and preferment. To be honest and true, to express their opinions boldly and freely, will but lead to captivity or banishment; but to dissemble in religion, to feign bigotry if they hav it not, to show outward reverence to friars whom they may despise in their hearts, is the much-traveled road to safety and shame. There are, indeed, many who neither reverence a dissolute monk nor honor a fanatic and faithless king; but they conceal their sentiments, as they love liberty and life. The Spaniards hav been called indolent, but this is a calumny; and yet many of them liv in idleness; for few men will much care to sow where they may not be sure to reap.

In Spain, those whose duty it is to be the censors and conservators of public morals, are the corruptors. The flock is indeed unhappy when the shepherd has an understanding with the wolf. The celibacy of the clergy has made them dissolute, and they hav spread depravity over the land. Of all classes in the country, perhaps that which has the least pretension to purity is the clergy. Ferdinand would not sign a warrant for the execution of an ecclesiastic. It is but a few years since that a priest, who had conceived a passion for a lady that was contracted to another, murdered her at the confessional. The ferocious wretch, who afterward expressed his joy that another should not possess her, was punished by an easy imprisonment.

In 1826, there were 1 233 convictions for murder, 1,775 for attempts to murder, and 1 620 for robbery, while the actual crimes were perhaps many more than the convictions. At Seville is a hospital for the relief of such as are wounded in sudden frays or by assassins; the seat on which the patient is placed is called the "bully's chair." A traveler relates, that in one week of his residence twenty-one were carried to this hospital, exclusiv, probably, of those who were killed outright, or who had homes of their own.

There are few establishments in Spain for the diffusion of the first rudiments of knowledge. The lower classes seldom learn to read and write; and those above them are as seldom instructed in anything but reading, writing, and arithmetic. There are eleven universities, but they are very far behind the literary institutions of other European countries. There is, indeed, little encouragement for education, or even safety for learning, in a country, of which it has been truly remarked, that to learn the names of its best scholars and finest geniuses, we need only to go to the dungeons of the Inquisition. The books which it is the policy to spread are lives of saints, deaths of martyrs, and the legends of the eleven thousand virgins.

The contents of the newspapers may be surmised from the nature of the books. There are few, however, of any kind. The capital boasts of the *Gazette* and the *Diario*, or Daily, small quarto sheets, mainly taken up with the names of the saints whose festivals fall on that day. Under the saints' days the following notice has its turn: "To-morrow will be celebrated the feast of the glorious martyr, San Poncio, advocate and protector against bed-bugs." The *Gazette* commences by announcing the health and occupation of their majesties, and inserts the quantity and kind of news that is pleasing to the government.

The Moors in Spain were so polished and gentle a people that their expulsion was a national calamity. They had a library at Cordova of six hundred thousand volumes, and there were seventy public libraries in the Andalusian kingdom. This was at a time when the rest of Europe was sunk in the deepest ignorance. Many Spanish Jews of great learning flourished at the same time.

The religion is strictly Roman Catholic. The number of archbishoprics is eight, and there are fifty-one bishoprics. The archbishop of Toledo is primate of Spain, and his income is nearly $450 000. There are thirty-two thousand females confined in cloisters. The king nominates to all ecclesiastical dignities, and even to the smaller benefices. The clergy are rich, ignorant, and dissolute. They are the most powerful body in Spain. They retain a strong hold upon the favor of the lower class, and distribute from monasteries daily alms or food to the poor. Yet they giv back but little of what they receive, and a monk passes a life of indolence and abundance in Spain.

I'll giv thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the barefooted friar.

He's expected at noon, and no wight ere he comes
May profane the great chair or the porridge of plums;
For the best of the cheer and the seat at the fire
Is the undenied right of the barefooted friar.

In Spain, however, the clergy hav greater privileges than those recounted in the song. They hold the power of superstition over ignorance, and make it the means of an immense revenue. There is not in Spain a wretch so poor that he does not pay something to the church. The Bull of the Crusade is a document more generally sold than stamps are in England. It is founded on a supposition that there is a continual war waging with the Infidels. The virtues of this bull expire at the end of a year, when it is necessary to purchase another. One-half of the proceeds go to the king, and never was bigotry so well taxed or an imposture more cheerfully paid. This bull, among other things, concedes permission to eat eggs, milk, and butter during Lent; and no priest is so ignorant of his craft that he will administer the sacrament or grant absolution to anyone who has not the Bull of the Crusade.

The Flesh Bull is more expensiv, as it is intended chiefly for the rich, who are made to pay roundly for eating flesh in the interdicted seasons. The Bull of the Dead is a passport required at all burials, and without it no priest will officiate. Marriages, christenings, absolutions, and funerals swell the wealth of the church, and there is a profitable trade in masses. Those who die pass their last hours under the eye of the church, and the ghostly advisers often suggest a bequest to the convent, to found a perpetual mass for the departing soul. The friends of the deceased readily purchase masses to shorten his abode in purgatory. Generally a Spaniard is very tender in this point, and never refuses to giv when solicited "for the souls." Societies are formed in every town for these suffering spirits, and there was a lottery scheme invented for them, in which the pious adventurer, by performing the penance inscribed on his ticket, might transfer the merit of it to some soul in purgatory. The pope has established certain days when every Spaniard may, by kneeling at five different altars and praying for the extinction of heresy. release the soul of a friend. The name of the soul must be mentioned, to prevent mistakes; but, if not, the prayer is addressed "for the most worthy and the most disconsolate."

The revenues of the clergy are swelled by the sale of relics, consecrated beads, crucifixes, scourges, etc. The relics are numerous; generally the bones of saints. At Oviedo the highest church dignitary shows the rod of Moses, the mantle of Elias, the oliv branch borne by the savior, a great part of the cross, eight thorns of the crown, a vial of the Virgin's milk, and the hood she gave to the archbishop of Toledo.

Whenever the little bell is heard, which accompanies the host or sacrament going to the dying, all who hear it kneel and utter a prayer. At theaters, balls, and in the mud of the streets, there is no exception; all who hear it must remain kneeling till the sound is past, and to refuse would incur danger from the populace. The play stops, and the actors kneel upon the stage, as well as the audience in the boxes, when, however, the sound is heard in bed, it is only necessary to sit upright.

After Castile was united with Aragon by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, the *modern* Inquisition was established over Spain from the year 1481. The king was a bigot, but in this he had not even the excuse of bigotry; he thirsted for the property of the Jews. It was a successful, and to him not an objectionable way of filling the treasury. The gentle and good Isabella, the friend of Columbus, the protector of the Indians, refused to permit the Inquisition to be established in Castile, but her confessor, Torquemada, overcame her scruples. The first destruction scattered by this infernal engin was among the Jews. A hundred thousand families emigrated, many professed Christianity, and almost all the new Christians began to emigrate to the lands of the duke of Medina Sidonia, marquis of Cadiz, and other noblemen. Torquemada, however, the head of the Inquisition, was too thirsty for blood to let them so easily escape, and it was declared, by proclamation of the holy office, that emigration should be held as sufficient proof of heresy. The proclamation ordered the noblemen before named to arrest the flying, and sequester their goods. The prisoners were more than the numerous convents could contain. Four days after the establishment of the Inquisition in Spain, six of the condemned were burnt, and ten more in a few days.

In less than six months 298 of these unfortunates were burnt at the stake in the single city of Seville. During the same time more than 2 000 of the condemned were delivered to the flames in other parts of the province. Among these were, of course, many persons of great wealth, and their riches only led them into danger. The prefect of Seville, to save time in the numerous executions, erected without the city a scaffolding of stone on which were raised four hollow statues of plaster. In these the newly relapsed Christians were slowly burnt. This scaffold was extant until the revolution of 1820. Many of these regulations were made to gratify the grasping disposition of the king, and the king, in return, was willing to barter his subjects' lives to the monks. The accused never saw those who testified against him. There was the mockery of a counsel allowed, yet he was not permitted to be seen alone, or to speak but to confess. Besides, what counselor would dare defend a prisoner in the Inquisition? The proceedings in these courts had little delay, though there were many long imprisonments; when there was any process, it was a summary one. In one year the Inquisition of Toledo finished 3,327 trials. There were but two inquisitors and two registers to perform this labor. When the tribunal had become well established it had its spies all over Spain. There was no safety. It was the reign of terror and suspicion; the Romans, under Tiberius, were less to be pitied than the Spaniards under Ferdinand and Torquemada.

The prisons of the Inquisition were so damp, that the mats and cloths soon decayed. The prisoners were literally crammed in them; those who came forth were walking skeletons, while others confessed all they were charged with, to escape from such confinement by death.

In the chamber of torment, every person accused, who refused to confess, received his trial. This was deep under the ground, and lighted by two flickering flambeaux, which, with their unsteady light, increased the gloom of the dungeons. The inquisitors and executioners were clothed in long robes of sackcloth, and their faces were covered with hoods of the same, having holes cut for their eyes. The poor sufferer could not even look up in a human face, for a vain search after mercy in its lineaments. The refusal to confess was the signal for the torture. This was applied in three ways, by the cord, by fire, and by water. In the first mode, the hands were tied behind the back of the prisoner, by means of a cord passed over a pulley above his head. He was raised by the cord as high as the roof, where he was permitted to hang for some time, when the rope was suddenly relaxed, and he fell within a foot and a half of the ground. This dislocated all the joints, and the cord entered to the sinews. This punishment was renewed every hour, till the sufferer was left without strength or motion; when he was remanded to his cell, to die or to revive for a punishment more horrible. In the second trial, the patient was stretched and tied on a wooden spout so contrived as to bend his back and raise his feet above his head; this much impeded respiration. The executioner then introduced at the bottom of the throat a piece of fine linen, a part of which covered the nostrils; poured water into the mouth and nose, and left it to filter, so slowly that an hour passed before the sufferer could swallow a drop, although it trickled constantly. There was no interval for respiration. He attempted constantly to swallow, hoping to giv passage to a little air, which the linen constantly prevented. The linen was often, when taken from the throat, stained with the blood of vessels ruptured in this attempt to breathe. Besides this, at every moment a powerful arm turned a lever, and made the cords on the arms and legs penetrate even to the bones. Fire was the next means employed to make the accused criminate himself. The feet were rubbed with oil and lard, and placed before the fire till they were so roasted that the bones and sinews appeared. Death was a relief, and confession gratified the inquisitors at last. Few of the tortured ever returned to tell the hideous secrets of their prison.

The condemned were executed at an *Auto-dâ fé*—Act of Faith—which was both general and particular. The former took place on great occasions, as the accession of a prince, his marriage, or the birth of an infanta. This was reserved as an offering worthy to be presented to a king. A balcony of great extent was erected, in which the seat of the grand inquisitor was placed above that of the king, who was surrounded by grandees and ladies of the court.

There was a long procession, ecclesiastical and lay, in which the prisoners came last, many of whom were gagged. The condemned were shut up in a pen, and each one knelt as his sentence was read. The grand inquisitor then surrendered all who were to be executed, to the secular arm, and they were conducted to the place of burning, or *Quemadero*. Here there

were as many funeral piles as victims. Napoleon suppressed the Inquisition, and Ferdinand revived it. But public opinion had, even in Spain, become too strong for it to exist. In 1820, when the popular outbreak restored the constitution, the people everywhere rose against the Inquisition, forced the gates, delivered the prisoners, and demolished the dungeons and instruments of torture. From 1481 to 1820, the number burnt alive was 34 658, and the number of others condemned to the galleys or imprisonment, 288,214.

The dead are buried in Spain in the dress of a Franciscan or Dominican, with the hands holding a crucifix; children under seven years old are supposed to be taken at once to heaven, and their funerals are celebrated like joyful events, with festivity, and the ringing of bells.

Spain was long an absolute monarchy, in which the power of the king had no limits but the slender barrier that public opinion could, in a country without education or a press, interpose. The title of Most Catholic Majesty which was granted by the pope to Ferdinand in 1496, has been continued to the succeeding sovereigns. In the king's title are enumerated all territories which he holds, or at any time has held.

Either the spirit or the administration of the laws must be defectiv, for neither life nor property is universally safe. There are several ancient codes, and the civil and canon laws hav some authority. Justice, in Spain, carries with it more terror than mercy; and is avoided as a pestilence. The clergy often interfere, to obtain the pardon of an offender; but when he has no friend among the notaries or clergy, the execution of justice is generally certain and severe. Thus die the patriots as well as the malefactors of Spain, and thus perished Riego.

Cremation.

Do we wish our bodily remains, and those of our friends, to become inmates of those vast charnel-house pantheons, or portions of those vaster reeking masses of corruption, our cemeteries, where the repulsiv loathsomeness of their protracted putrefaction is so offensiv to contemplate; or do we wish these bodies subjected to the beautiful and refining process of incineration; that is, of the pure, quick, and decorous conversion of them into their original elements by heat—"refining them as by fire"—according to scriptural injunction, in a rosy glow of heat and light, after which naught remains that is repulsiv to sight or touch, but only a few handfuls of a pure white ash, incorruptible, and suitable to be kept in beautiful urns, in our homes, or in memorial halls, or mausoleums as grand, or more so if we will, as the one built by the faithfully devoted Artemisia over the ashes of the remains of her husband King Mausolus?

The voice of science answers unhesitatingly and emphatically in favor of the latter method of their disposal. Sanitary science shows that the burial of the dead is an injury to the living, an unpardonable injury and offense, a stupid blunder. Earth, water, and air are charged by our burial-grounds with poisonous gases and disease-engendering germs by which sickness and death are strewn broadcast. There emanate from these bodies not only these general deleterious influences, but also, from those having been afflicted with infectious disease, the particular bacteria peculiar to the disease, which are specially fatal.

It is stated by high authority that "the poisons of scarlet fever, typhoid fever, small-pox, diphtheria, malignant cholera, are undoubtedly transmissible through earth from the buried body by more than one mode. And thus by the act of interment we literally sow broadcast through the land innumerable seeds of pestilence; germs which long maintain their vitality, many of them destined at some future time to fructify in premature death and ruined health for thousands." What a reproach to our civilization!

The Right Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair, R C.B., M P., writing of the "Disposal of the Dead," says: "In most of our churchyards the dead are harming the living by destroying the soil, fouling the air, contaminating water or springs, and spreading the seeds of disease." Sir Henry Thompson says: "No dead body is ever placed in the soil without polluting the earth, the air, and the water above and about us." That grand and remarkable man and scientist, Pasteur, has proved by experiments that "earthworms bring to the surface myriads of bacteria from the bodies of the decomposing dead."

The Rev. J. D. Beugless says Dr. Domingo Freire, of Rio de Janeiro, while investigating the causes of a recent epidemic of yellow fever, "came upon the dreadful fact that the soil of the cemeteries in which the victims of the outbreak were buried was positivly alive with microbian organisms exactly identical with those found in the vomitings and blood of those who had died in the hospitals of yellow fever." The plague of Modena in 1828 was shown by Professor Bianahi to be due to excavations made where victims of the plague were interred three hundred years before; and the terrible violence of the cholera in London, in 1854, is charged to the upturning of the soil wherein the plague-stricken of 1665 were buried. I could add pages of like testimony, but what need to multiply further?

Economic science is also as decidedly in favor of cremation. This is too evident to need demonstration. So is moral science. Good old common sense, too, indorses it. Reason indorses it. Esthetics indorses it. Cleanliness, purity, good taste, refinement, culture, indorse it. Says the *Nineteenth Century*, through its editor: "Cremation givs truth and reality to the grand and solemn words, 'Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,' and the impressiv service, with slight change, will be read with a fulness of meaning never conveyed before. The last rite has purified the body; its elements of physical evil hav been annihilated by fire. Already its dispersed constituents, having escaped the long imprisonment of the tomb, pursue their eternal circuit in harmony with nature's uniform and perfect course."

Burial is suggestiv of semi-civilization; or rather it was a state of semi-civilization that suggested burial. The practice was born of the emotions unguided and unaided by reason and experience. It was and is, therefore, unscientific. It comes from blind impulse, as does emotional charity. And as experience and reason hav shown us the unwisdom and folly of such charity, and are leading us rather into rational and scientific charity, so let them help us to see the worse than foolishness—may I not say criminality?—of this blind, emotional, irrational method of the disposal of our friends' and our own bodies, and lead us into this really rational and scientific, and, withal, chaste and delightsome, system of cremation. To refuse or neglect to be so guided is to act irrationally, to sin against ourselvs and our neighbors, and to commit a crime against future generations.

To practice cremation is but to avail ourselvs of one of the resources of civilization.

To believe in it and to practice it is to act wisely and righteously for ourselvs, our children, and our children's children, not only "to the third and fourth generations,' but to all future generations.

Let those who are disposed to obey the scriptural injunction, "Come let us reason together," and are, or think they are, in favor of burial, undertake to giv the "reason for the faith that is in them," and see which side they will be on after the discussion. Such reflection, however, even without discussion, I believe would suffice to convince anyone who will pause and take the trouble, of his own error. But "the trouble is," even in most matters, but especially in a matter like this, that most people do not reflect; they havn't the time to stop to reflect, or the disposition or the capacity to do so, but go blundering on and on, groping their way through life and death alike in the darkness of the shadows of mere instinct, generation after generation. Nevertheless,

> A soul without reflection,
> Like a pile without inhabitants,
> To ruin runs.

And the victims of the error or blunder of burial, like all other victims of error, must suffer the consequences thereof, for it is natural law or method that they should suffer, and these laws are immutable; and when these consequences will hav convinced them of their error and driven them to believe in and to practice cremation, they will see that these laws are, on the whole, also beneficent, and that it is alike our highest duty and best interest to work in harmony with them, and practice cremation.

W. M. Boucher.

A Freethought Funeral Address.

A short time since, a poor mother said to me that her daughter was very sick, and she feared she would die. And she said it was her wish and the desire of her daughter that I would say a few words at the funeral. Of course I could not refuse to comply with such a request, coming from a sobbing mother. But, as I expected to be absent, I suggested it might be well to select something from Mr. Ingersoll's writings, and hav some one read it when wanted. But afterward I concluded to write the following article, and I offer it to the readers of The Truth Seeker, that they may see that almost anyone can write, or get some one to write, something that may be read, without troubling the clergy, who profess to believe that all unbelievers will be and ought to be eternally damned. M. Babcock.

St. Johns, Mich.

My Friends: You hav assembled to pay your last respects to the dead, the same as some day others will assemble to pay their last respects to you. I hav prepared a few words by request of the deceased, for the reason that she liked my ideas better than the ideas of those who profess to believe that for the few mistakes made in this world there will be eternal punishment in the next.

The deceased was twenty-five years old. She had endured her full share of suffering, then death kindly came to her relief, and now she is at rest. And, after all, life is hardly worth the living. There is a little sunshine for some, but for the masses it seems to be almost one continual struggle for an existence, till death comes to their relief, after which they are soon forgotten. But the great question is, After death, what?

Superstition has given the world many religions, some believing one way and some another, and some believe that everybody who does not believe their way ought to suffer forever in the next world. Now, almost any religion that, without being unjust to others, will make us better and happier, is a pretty good religion; and the one that has the most humanity, charity, and mercy, and that most loves justice, with a desire to do good unto others, is the best one among them all, and I care not what else it holds, or if it holds the Bible to be of divine origin or not.

Now, I hav great respect for our so-called orthodox friends so far as they are honest, for as a rule they are a pretty good and a well-meaning people; but, as they never hav been able to agree among themselvs, they ought not to blame others for not being able to agree with them. They hold that an unbeliever can not be saved, and yet, according to Matthew, Christ was of a different opinion, for he forgave those who were about to put him to death; he did not ask or care what they believed; he knew they were unbelievers, who would murder him for the reason that they did not believe him to be the son of God, and yet he forgave them, and forgave them without being asked.

I hav said this much only to show that though the church may hav been against the deceased on account of her unbelief, yet she had Christ's last and most noble act to sustain her in the right to do her own thinking and to be governed by her own private judgment. The clergy admit and lament that all the while Infidelity keeps spreading, but what is Infidelity? Spiritualism is Infidelity—so the deceased was an Infidel. Unitarianism is Infidelity. All churches and all religions who believe, if there is a God, he is not so bad as represented by the Presbyterian church, are Infidels in the estimation of that particular church.

But, after all that has been said and done, the great question, Does death end all? to-day as in all ages of the past still remains a question on which good men differ in their opinions. Ingersoll has said, "Death is a mystery which we cannot understand." The deceased believed, as I understand, that death is but a stepping-stone from this life to a brighter and better life in the spirit-land, where she and all will be better off than they were while living in this life.

If Spiritualism be true, this should be a time for rejoicing rather than sorrow. Even the mourners might decorate themselvs with gay ribbons and flowers, for the one they loved has gone to a better place. But supposing that, after all, orthodoxy, with its doctrin of a possible eternal punishment for the most of us, shall prove to be true, why, then there should be a great change, and we never again should permit for one moment a smile to illuminate our faces. Now, I hav tried to say this much in the spirit of kindness. I hav given the two systems, and you can take your choice. But if we must believe in either, let us try to believe in the one that has the most humanity.

Now, if there is to be an existence after death, when we reflect that there are a thousand religions, all the result of locality and education, all differing in their opinions, and all thinking that they know so much, when, in fact, they know so little, it makes me come to the conclusion that, even if all are mistaken, not one among them all ever should be or ever will be punished in the next world for having been mistaken while living in this world. So you see that I am inclined to be more charitable toward my orthodox friends than they are toward me.

The sorrowing mother, being poor, cannot afford to erect a costly monument at the grave of the one whom she loved, but it may be that she will shed more tears over her grave than the rich shed over the graves where stand the most lofty monuments. You can no more measure a man's grief by the hight of the monument that he has placed at his wife's grave than you can estimate the widow's grief by the amount of crape she wears at her husband's funeral. Of course, I may be wrong, but when I see a woman wearing an excessiv quantity of crape, I always pity her from the bottom of my heart, for it seems to me that she has lost some dear friend and she fears that her friend, although good, was not quite good enough to be saved. And I want to tell you that that kind of religion is a mistaken theology.

The deceased was not rich as to this world's goods, but I would a thousand times sooner hav poverty with her belief than riches with a belief that I hav a son who is now being tortured, and to be tortured forever, for his honest unbelief in the orthodox creed. The deceased, though poor, had a pretty good religion, and she had the consolation of knowing that she had a loving mother and a loving sister who were willing to do all they could for her, and watch over her till her last struggle was at an end and her eyes closed in death.

Our next and last duty is to consign her lifeless form to the silent grave and bid it a last and long farewell.

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The Christian Religion Had a Natural Origin.

We hav been accustomed to divide progress into epochs, and mark the advance of the world by certain intellectual or moral revolutions. We trace the upward steps through periods of growth and date the birth of reforms from the lives or efforts of particular persons. This method answers the object of the biographer, whose aim is to emphasize the greatness of certain individuals; but the general historian, whose purpose is to follow the evolution of ideas and principles as well as to describe the events and circumstances attending human life, must be guided by a different motiv. We are led to look for the origin of any comprehensiv moral movement far back of the age when this movement became defined in individual character sufficient to attract general attention and when the principles underlying it took definit and permanent forms.

There must be a historical perspectiv to fitly represent personal grandeur. A Washington could not hav been produced by the political situations of China or Egypt. A sufficient national basis is essential to a great public performance.

As with persons so with ideas. Whenever any great moral victory has been achieved, such triumph has not been a miracle. There must be adequate and defining causes for every success of mankind. We must not forget that in the wondrous beauty of the flower are the contributions of the leaf, the stalk, the earth, the air, the rain, and the sun. All the material influences of earth are necessary to the perfection of vegetable existence. Can we expect moral excellence or mental attainment on a basis narrower than that upon which we assert physical superiority? The whole human race furnishes the mind of man, and all nature supports the structure of human achievement.

It is plain that the complex civilization of this age is the result of human development, and as our humanity may be traced to an obscure commencement, so the various mental and moral streams that run in majestic course through human society hav their springs in far-distant nations and among long-forgotten peoples. Not only were there prehistoric races of men, but there were prehistoric moral endeavors, whose early attempts are felt in the life of man to-day.

We hav been taught to believe that the great moral revolution which succeeded paganism had its origin in supernatural events, and that a leader of this revolt was provided in a supernatural manner. But the fact lies in direct opposition to such a faith. The mind, when it rejected the pagan gods, had outgrown the notion of supernatural events, and had protested against a supernatural order of things. We are forced to believe that the character of Christ, which has been assigned as the inspiration of the world in its renunciation of paganism, was but the ghost of the expiring mythology, and that, instead of leading the movement for a better religion and a higher life, it followed and retarded it, and finally was the cause of its decline.

Wherever in history we find a miracle projected into human economy to explain any manifestation or result, we may confidently deny that any such manifestation or result was ever produced. There exist material forces potent enough to account for any natural occurrence which the historian has found. Miracles are introduced to explain the impossible, the false. They are the apologies of deceptions, the masks of lies. All that has really taken place in the course of human history as the product of the human mind or under the direction and influence of mental or moral power, has had a natural origin. No man has been equipped with more than a natural power or has drawn from any source but human nature his strength, his skill, his eloquence, his virtue.

We may account for the highest character, for the noblest life, for the purest moral aspiration of the human heart, by the law of evolution. We need not add divine illumination to human intelligence to explain the origin of the Christian religion. We can not discover any necessity for interference on the part of the deity to write the books of the New Testament.

A great many better and abler works hav been written by men. To account for the first century of the Christian era, we hav only to go back of it; and to account for the uprising against paganism, we need only to understand what it meant.

Instead of believing that the Christian religion had a divine origin, we are more inclined to think that it had a devilish one.

There was evidently a demand for a better religion than was found in the pagan temples. The philosophers had taught a purer morality than the priests. This morality was the inspiration of a nobler literature and a higher civilization. A great moral convulsion shook the heathen world, and out of the agitation which followed came a new life to mankind. That life was checked and choked by a superstition. A pure philosophy of human existence was sacrificed to a foolish faith. No greater calamity has ever befallen the human race than the birth of the Christian superstition. Ancient Rome destroyed the Jewish nation, but the ghost of Israel's ambition has survived, and has haunted the world's thought for nearly two thousand years.

The rapid growth of the superstition that Jesus was the messiah, who had been looked for by the Jews, overshadowed the great moral revolution which was going on among the people, and finally checked its progress. Three centuries after the birth of this superstition we find that it had absorbed, so far as it was able to do so, the moral power, and appropriated the moral precepts which had aroused the human mind to new conceptions of duty. As Christianity spread, intelligence declined; and when this superstition became the dominant faith of mankind in the western world, it blew out the lights of knowledge and left the world in darkness.

Incidental or Essential.

Christians occasionally exhibit some piece of good their system seems to hav done. A little thought should be taken before allowing that Christianity merits credit for any good thing whatever.

No institution whatever can exist on a vast-spreading scale for many centuries without doing some good occasionally—or, rather, without some good being done by its members. During its long existence, over all its wide extent, there will occur impingements between it and innumerable other institutions, movements, and persons. Of necessity, among all these accidental encounters, some will by chance result in good. All cannot result in evil. The defenders of the institution, then, need only trumpet aloft their purely incidental, unintended instances of good, and an ignorant populace, unable to discriminate, see in them convincing proofs of the essential worth of the institution.

Christians say their religion preserved civilization at the time of the fall of the Roman empire. That faith, they say, held together the European peoples and enabled them to repel the Eastern invaders who would hav conquered the nations separately.

In the first place, the correctness of this statement may be disputed historically.

In the second place, even if it is true, we are not so certain that the Eastern nations might not hav turned out quite as respectable citizens of Europe as the mad and bloody-minded fanatics who made that country a bedlam and slaughter-pen for thirteen centuries. We are not certain that had they come Italy and Spain would not be better off to-day.

But, in the third place, if Christianity did hold together the Western nations, what of it, anyway? The effect was purely a chance one. In fact, their success lay only in a secular common sense disregarding the non-resistance tenet of the religion, which, if it really had been obeyed, would hav been fatal. Any institution would hav answered as well in the place. Suppose we get up an institution now for any purpose—no matter what or how absurd—say, to forward the use of the color blue, and insist on everyone wearing it, and by means of its uniting influence our nations withstand an invader, does that establish the transcendent merit of the color blue? Suppose an Indian raid is repulsed by a Freethinkers' convention that chanced to be held in the neighborhood, does this establish the truth or the general and necessary beneficence of Freethought? Let all learn to distinguish between the incidental and the essential; the casual and the causal; the accidental, unintended, and the specific, inherent, and necessary.

The same consideration applies to Christianity's claim of having aided the poor against the barons through the Middle Ages. It is unnecessary to bring forward this claim, or any such claim. A little broad reasoning on general principles is enough to assure us, without any direct records, that the church dignitaries would find it sometimes expedient to espouse the people's cause against the barons. In fact, when we recollect how much trouble the prelates had in their demands for money in making the barons come down, we wonder it did not happen oftener than it did. It has nothing to do with the legitimate nature and effects of Christianity, anyway.

It is the same with the Christian espousal of benevolent functions. Charity has to be performed by an organization. Freethought, not having an organization, could not do it. Christianity had an organization, and the purely human motivs of the members, together with a perception that this would be an effectiv means of proselyting, caused them to adopt it.

No, it would be a great mistake to credit with any responsible good whatever the unmitigated world-curse Christianity. Of essential, legitimate good, peculiar to itself and capable of being done by no other, it has done none. Of incidental, irresponsible, unintended good, every institution must unavoidably hav done some, no matter how hard it may hav tried not to; to Christianity belongs the proud distinction of having, out of all known systems, done the very least possible.

The War Spirit of Europe.

The spectacle presented by the civilized nations of the day is one almost compelling a denial of reasoning powers to a majority of the human race. An onlooker from a strange planet would see on the continent of Europe a multitude of creatures—of human beings. Occasionally here and there he would see a wrong attempted by one to another. The offender would be seen seized, carried off, confined, perhaps put to death. All would go on as before. On a sudden, such a wrong would be followed by extraordinary proceedings. A great tumult would rise, the creatures from uttermost distances would be seen swarming together to pierce one another with pieces of metal, and destroy one another by thousands. What was the cause? Why, this particular wrong was committed, unlike the other, on a spot called a boundary line. This line possesses mysterious properties. The creatures on the respectiv sides of this imaginary line wear hats of different shapes, coats of different cuts and colors, and also speak a different language. When a being with a square cap and using certain sounds to designate particular objects has trouble with a being wearing a round cap and using other sounds for purposes of indication, instead of settling the matter in the usual way, all beings with square caps rush fiercely upon all with round caps, and all with round caps upon all with square caps, until the square-capped ones hav destroyed the round-capped, or the round-capped hav destroyed the square-capped. Why could not this quarrel hav been settled, like the other, in the ordinary fashion at the nearest court? Goodness knows. Or the destroying may be commenced at any time without the preliminary of an individual offense. "Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispos-

sess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretends to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too strong, and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbors want the things which we hav, or hav the things which we want, and both fight, till they take ours, or giv us theirs." Truly this is an extraordinary instinct. To a Rationalist, bred up on the pure and harmonious principles of reason, free from precedent and tradition and despising cant whether religious, military, or national, the motiv is incomprehensible.

Freethinkers should ever raise their voice against this extraordinary and horrible practice. Its evils are innumerable. Were standing armies and war expenses done away with, the hours of labor of the producers could be lessened a third. The whole effects of wars, and of the war spirit, are brutalizing and hindering to progress to the last degree. What the widows think of war no one has ever considered of sufficient consequence to inquire. When woman suffrage is obtained, we shall probably learn.

Christianity is intimately identified with the war spirit. Saying nothing of the wars that hav actually occurred over doctrinal points, it is observable that the conduct of all Christians when in places of authority, and the spirit of their whole literature and press, has been eminently rancorous and cruel. For centuries the Old Testament passages of blood and ferocity furnished English soldiers with texts for guidance and emulation and canting cut-throats, divided their time between fighting and doctrinal disputations over their pocket Bibles. With their mechanical pious cant, which nobody ever heeds, and which the speakers neither understand nor feel, nor urge in any practical case, Christian writers hav done nothing toward the extermination of war. Their works are full of its indirect glorification. While Voltaire was tirelessly heaping scorn on what he called the practice of "a concourse of animals with hats on their heads fighting for a person whom they never saw, to gain a land none of which they will ever see and no part of which they will ever own," the ecclesiastics were equipping regiments with consecrated colors and the prayer: "O my God, cause victory and death always to go before them!" Freethought has always demanded peace. Almost every Freethought writer has felt with his gentle and rational spirit the discord and hideousness of war, and inveighed at length against it. The Encyclopedists assailed the insanity with their every weapon of ridicule, invectiv, and logic. The Freethinkers of the French Revolution held aloft above every other principle that of the universal brotherhood and peace of mankind. Shelley, Byron, Spencer, Swinburne, Massey, Hugo, Goethe, are names the foremost among the assailants of the monstrous practice.

War, religion, and every other irrationality naturally sustain one another. The abolition of them all lies in the spread of science, of Freethought, of liberty, of all engentling influences, and humanitarian principles embracing all mankind.

Sunday.

In reading of ancient abuses, we often exclaim at the supineness of people that would suffer so much. We need not exclaim so much at them if we will look about to observe some samples of what we ourselvs can do in the line of abjectness when we try.

Habituation to an abuse dulls the perception of its enormity. What will be the opinion of future nations of happy Rationalists of that custom by which their progenitors, getting after six days of toil a chance on the seventh for a bit of merriment, duly handed over the arrangement of their lives that day to a part of the community a fraction in number, last in civilization, lowest in development, clamoring in peevish anger for deference to childish figments of weakly brains, who uniformly interdicted everything that they did want and commanded everything that they did not?

It would seem that the people hav had so little happiness that they hav forgotten its savor. If they could but half conceive how glorious and joyful our weekly holiday can be made, but half imagin the heart-cheering and healthful pleasures of which they are despoiled, they would not be restrained. Think of the difference between a day of travel, of excursions, of summer skies and emerald fields, of placid lakes and sounding groves, of grassy slopes bearing romping children and smiling friends; of childhood's laugh, woman's delighted glance, and heart-expanded tones of inspirited and cordial men, and a day of curtains and shadows, of monotony and gloom, of cramping houses and care-reminding walls. Think of a day of festivals and sports, of ball-room and concert, of opera and theater, of library and lecture hall, of museums filled with the instructiv and the strange and galleries with the beautiful and ennobling; and then of a day of church and pew, of whine and snuffle, of bugbear and chimera, of disordered whims and incomprehensible creeds, of damnation and death, of mysticism and lies, of the unintelligible and the incoherent, the maundering and the hideous, of attempts at insensibility, and uneasy yearnings, of soul-weariness and sunken hearts. Think of the difference between a Sunday spent in gaining a little reward for a week of endurance and longings, in giving the yearning heart something of a grateful glow that shall carry it warmed, contented, strengthened, and generous far into the next week's strivings, and a Sunday spent in depressing our spirits, paying professional enemies of human kind to repeat infinit nothings, and standing awaiting our masters' signal for return to work like a horse at a post.

Our Sunday laws must be resisted, evaded, and rendered invalid in every possible way. They are in direct contravention of the spirit and intention of our free government. It is well to hav a holiday. A secular law or agreement discontinuing most trades on a fixed day is very good. An ecclesiastical statute forbidding also all recreation, and those few occupations providing holiday pleasures for the mass of the workers, is something quite different. It is a piece of shameless insolence that must, we repeat, be resisted, evaded, and rendered invalid by any and every means in our power.

The British-American Association.

There is growing up in the United States a new power, which is not a party in a political sense, but which is destined to exert no little influence in the politics of America—the so-called British-American Association. This power is on the side of Liberalism where Liberalism touches the great public questions of citizenship and education. The public schools of this country hav no more intelligent defenders and no more ardent advocates and adherents than the British-Americans. From the inception of this movement, which to-day is a grand national organization, to the present hour, the danger to our school system has been clearly pointed out, and the enemies of our government hav been held up to the reprobation of all loyal citizens by the British-American Association. In fact, few papers in the land hav championed the cause of popular education more ably, or defied the foes of our common schools with more courage, than the press of this association; and it is a matter of gratulation among Liberals that they hav this powerful and able ally to assist in the great work of Secular emancipation.

The success of this organization is phenomenal. In its present shape it does not date back a twelvemonth. It would be interesting as a study in political affairs to trace this movement from its birth, and giv the successiv steps of growth which mark its progress and development. But this is not our purpose. We simply desire to indicate the force of ideas when backed up by intelligence and courage; and we know of no better illustration of the power of conviction, inspired by love of liberty, than is afforded by the British Association in America.

That there is a purpose, and that a defining one, back of this organization, goes without saying. That the movement was started to antagonize any religious or political party is not evident. But that a great and patriotic purpose permeates the association may be declared with truth. If the people of these United States need one thing more than another to-day it is a lesson in patriotism. That our British citizens hav set us this lesson should shame us into a nobler love of country, which will arouse the mind to the duties of the hour.

There is no greater evil in this land, no power that menaces our liberties more, than the Roman Catholic church. Who loves America must hate Rome. Nowhere is this ecclesiastical usurper more activ than in this country. Catholicism is failing in Mexico, France, and Italy; it is unpopular in Germany; but in the United States all its veins and arteries are full of health. What a political anomaly! A land consecrated to liberty, and baptized in the blood of freedom, fostering and aiding an ecclesiastical power that has ruined every land where it has ruled! To save America we must kill the Catholic church. Every dogma of Romanism is opposed to every principle of liberty. In fighting the Catholic power we are defending the rights of man.

The British-American Association has from the first raised the cry of warning against the secret hand of destruction that is concealed in the glove of Catholicism; it has steadily worked against this enemy of our schools, of our institutions, of our nation. It has seen the cloud that bodes the coming storm, and has fearlessly pointed out the impending danger. That the people of this nation are too sure of their liberties, is seen by everyone but themselvs. That a determined foe to American institutions is on our soil is apparent to all who are familiar with the history of the Catholic hierarchy.

If this heartless power is defeated, it must be done in one of two ways—by the ballot, or by the bullet. Its deadly hold upon the national throat is felt in every election of the state or nation. It is growing in that direction that givs it power in the government. It is time for our citizens to awake to their duty. What is needed is for every lover of liberty to vote, and to vote with whatever party the Catholic church votes against. The political party that receives the Catholic vote is the friend of tyranny, not of freedom; the instrument of wrong, not of right.

The growth and audacity of the Catholic power in America may well cause alarm in the breast that holds a heart in love with liberty. We must not fail to see the peril to our government. Every Catholic vote is an arm raised against human freedom, human rights, human happiness. It is a priestly weapon directed against public schools, public safety, public honor. A Catholic loves his church; a patriot loves his country, his home, his fireside. We want patriots, not Catholics.

For this reason we rejoice at the movement among our British-American citizens, for in the battle of the ballot they will be found in the army of freemen. It would not be strange if the next political endeavor which givs birth to a new national party in this land should spring from the British Association. Already hav fifty thousand men joined this movement, and within the next four years it is confidently expected that ten times that number will be enrolled under its banner. Such a mighty army will be a force that will not only command the respect of the foes, but it will give confidence and courage to the friends of civil and religious liberty. We extend the right hand of fellowship to the British-American Association. May it urge upon every man who has faith in our republican institutions his duty to become a citizen of the United States, and to defend with his vote our rights, our liberties, our schools, our homes, and our national honor.

THE South Carolinians do not take kindly to the idea of having thousands of Roman Catholic peasants from Europe dumped among them. The press, secular and religious, is strongly against the scheme. One paper says: "We hav some grave difficulties to meet in the South, with the negro as an indolent, thriftless laborer and ignorant, venal voter, but with all these disadvantages we prefer him decidedly to an alien population—alien in religion and in all their ideas of civil government. A Roman Catholic peasantry in our society would be the entering wedge of Catholic domination. That means the autocracy of the pope. It means priestly rule in the family, the school, and the state. It means the confessional, with all its corrupting influences. It means antagonism to everything distinctivly American. It means Jesuitical interference in everything political and religious." This is true enough, but we do not imagin that the priests of Rome would be more bigoted than the Presbyterians who now largely control the South.

ON the gross subterfuge of the church to clear its scripture of the charge of favoring liquor-drinking, Professor Atwater says in the *Century*: "Another side issue of our temperance discussion is the so-called 'Bible wine' theory, which maintains that the wine used in Palestine in the time of Christ was not alcoholic. I hav been unable to find evidence that the composition of the juice of the grape, the laws of fermentation, or the practice in the making and using of wine were different in that country at that time from those in other countries, or in that country at other times, and believe it safe to say that the theory that Bible wine was different from other wine—that it had not the alcohol which other wines contain—is without any basis to support it in the opinion of the student of science."

A WRITER describes the church of England as consisting of Latitudinarians, Attitudinarians, and Platitudinarians.

Letters from Friends.

MONTAGUE, June 24, 288.

MR. EDITOR: We should be lost without THE TRUTH SEEKER. We do not preserve the copies, but scatter them as much as possible, and all the rest the same. I take ten papers; if the times get much worse I will hav to stop some of them, but not THE TRUTH SEEKER.

GEO. W. CARPENTER.

CANTON, O., July 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER I cannot do without. I tried to get a subscriber, but I liv in a very holy place, therefore I failed to get one. I must hav the truth as long as I liv. Inclosed find $3 25 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and R. G. Ingersoll's speech at Reynolds's trial at Boonton, N. J. By all means keep up the pictures. They are grand. They are always the first I look at. D. S. AUNGST.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK., June 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I take the liberty to defend Freethought and free speech. I hav had a tilt with several sky-pilots of this city. The bigoted fools get mad; the more enlightened treat me with common civility afterward. I read your excellent paper, and am highly pleased with many articles. Am displeased with those that try to defend the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists. Am highly pleased with the cartoons.

Yours, M. FRENCH.

PONTYPOOL, ONT., June 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I would be lost without your very valuable paper. I would like to send you a couple of subscribers, but the ignorance in this part of Canada is so dense that I cannot find anyone who will think enough to appreciate even Mr. Heston's noble productions. They will hav to learn by dear experience before they come to their senses.

Yours for Universal Mental Liberty, A. HAUSEL.

SHAKERS, N. Y., July 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am surprised that a gentleman so well informed, generally, as is my friend L. K. Washburn, should hav failed to know that in the catalog of Liberal books there may be found just what he calls for in his "To the Liberal Public," June 23d—a book of hymns and songs for the use of Liberals. If "there is no such book in the market," it is because it is out of print. But long before the lamented Bennett left us, he was instrumental in having issued just such a compilation of hymns, songs, etc., as my friend Washburn demands. I am, Yours, G. A. LOMAS.

PITTSVILLE, WIS., June 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Would you be kind enough to announce in THE TRUTH SEEKER that I will be ready to take the lecture field about September 1st, and should like to receive support sufficient from the Liberals of Wisconsin and Minnesota so that I can work chiefly in these two states for the next year? These states are practically dead to the interests of Freethought, and this being presidential year, and I being a new lecturer, my success for the fall is very uncertain. I would like the Liberals of Wisconsin and Minnesota wishing lectures to address me soon, so my routes can be arranged.

Fraternally yours, GEO. H. DAWES.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav no desire to enter the controversy between Mrs. H. A. Ritchey and Mr. Priestley, as Mr. Priestley has shown that he is fully able to hold his own, but I would like to ask Mrs. Ritchey one question. In her communication in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 30th, she says she does not believe the heavens and earth were created in six days of twenty-four hours each, and that the Bible does not teach it. Now, if the Bible does not mean six days of twenty-four hours each, why is one day of seven observed by all Christians as a day of rest and worship to commemorate the finishing of the heavens and earth? ALEX. D. BLAIR.

GEORGETOWN, COL., June 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been so interested with the paper I hav scarcely thought of anything else. Indeed, I never will allow that paper to stop coming to me. I never can thank Mr. C. B. Reynolds enough for what I hav learned from him, and the good it has done me. The liberty that he gave me by his lectures here, including his advice to take THE TRUTH SEEKER, is far greater than the liberty granted me when my master was told that I was free. Being free from my master did not free me from the horror of death, but the freedom that Mr. Reynolds has brought to me releases me from all of that. I feel now that when I hav done my duty to man I hav done all that is required of me. If I were a good writer I would try to express my affection for the Liberals wherever found. At any rate, I will say this much—if loving them and doing all I can for them will send me to hell, I am sure to go there. T. S. BUCHANAN.

ROSWELL, N. M., June 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I would be very unhappy if I was compelled to do without the old TRUTH SEEKER. Heston is doing good. Long may he wave.

J. D. Shaw, of Waco, Tex., has been on a lecture tour through our country and has done great good for the cause of Liberalism. He is an effectiv speaker; our people were pleased with him. We hav quite a number of Infidels—as the God-lovers here call us—in Roswell and vicinity. If my opinion is worth anything, they are as good citizens as the professors of Christianity. Mr. Shaw represented himself as being pleased with our country and people. He deserves great credit for taking such a journey as he did. Our town is one hundred and eighty miles from the railroad; to lecture through our country he had to travel two hundred and eighty or three hundred miles by buckboard and stage. He is made of good material, you can depend, or he would never hav undertaken such a trip. Would that there were more Shaws in our ranks, and that they could be heard often in this part of the world. P. F. SARRETT.

OGDEN CITY, UTAH, June 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Hoping that you will permit an old subscriber and consistent Freethinker to ventilate a serious grievance which has been brought upon a whole family, I send you the following.

You and your thousands of readers are doubtless acquainted to a greater or less degree with the doings and carryings on of the Salvation Army, the grossest and coarsest religious humbug yet inaugurated in a civilized country and in an enlightened age. But not everyone is aware of all the damnable details of their recruiting devices, "for the sake of Jesus." I will giv you an instance from life—in fact, out of my own family, which has been broken up through the machinations of the unscrupulous men, fishers of "General" Booth's pernicious institution.

We had a daughter, Martha Jane, who had been a dutiful girl and sister in the peaceful family circle till the pestiferous Salvationists set up their traps and snares in Ogden, where they hav done much harm all around, all for the Lord's (Mammon's) sake. She was "converted" on July 17, 1887, greatly to the chagrin and shame of her parents, who objected to her joining that fraud, where lazy bummers of men use credulous and over-confiding women to rob the public under religious guise. But the girl just having become of age, the parental authority ceased, and the toils which she had fallen into closed all the more strongly around her, notwithstanding the most earnest appeals from father, mother, brother, and sisters. Salvation had become instilled in her mind too strongly. She finally became so engrossed in her faith that she left her parental roof, a good home, with plenty of life's comforts, and followed a call from her superiors in the damnable organization to go on an expedition to Bellevue, a rough mining town in Idaho, where she has now been about five months, risking her health, endangering her reputation, and allowing, through her credulity, a black shadow's being cast over all her future. Times and times again has she been earnestly appealed to to giv up that dangerous engagement, which is the very opposit of what a self-respecting young woman should be enmeshed in; but all for nothing. A father's appeals, a mother's prayers, were all in vain. The diabolical fascination of the smooth-tongued gospel-mongers proved too strong, and the result is, a disrupted home, and a dismal future at the very promising threshold of a young career.

The harm has been done in our family, but we send you these statements as a warning for others to beware against the slightest touch of those slimy serpents who hav the love of God on their lips and the disposition of Satan in their black hearts. Inclosed is a likeness of the girl when she was fourteen years old.

Inclosing $3 for renewal of my subscription, and thanking you for your indulgence, I am, in the cause of liberty,

Yours, RICHARD FLINT.

ORANGE, MASS., July 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Do not the earnest desire of, the apparent necessity for, and the extreme natural repugnance toward anything else but immortality argue forcibly in its favor? Does not the very loathsomeness of the idea of annihilation imply its impossibility?

To these questions I giv a decided negativ. The inability of the human mind to conceive of or understand annihilation does not prove its impossibility. The mind is incapable of conceiving or understanding anything whatever which does not come to it in the regular way of experience, that is, through the senses. Experience is necessary before knowledge. There is no knowledge attainable except by the efforts of the human mind. Nothing can be appreciated or understood before it has been experienced. There are two kinds of experience—one of actual participation in the act, and another of a mental union or connection with the same event. Thus, to hav the benefit of actual experience, our real presence is required at the scene of action or the accomplishment of the event; this is the experience or appreciation of the senses.

Mental union, or connection with certain events beyond our time or limit, is to witness the scene in the mind of the historian or *raconteur*—the experience or appreciation of the reason. That which we read, whether of modern or ancient occurrence, can justly be called, in proportion as we are capable of digesting and appreciating it, our own personal experience. Because, when we are capable by complete comprehension of receiving an equal benefit with the beholder of the event, we may justly claim that we too hav learned it from experience. This is gaining experience from the past through the organs of reason.

Anything in accordance with the reason is possible, yes, probable, because based upon at least partial experience; anything not coming within the realms of experience, outside of the domain of the senses, must necessarily not be in accordance with reason, and consequently impossible—to the mind.

Our reason, then, or our mind, whose corner-stone is inheritance and whose foundation is experience, must consider everything outside of its grasp as being impossible and inconceivable. Hence the mind, having experienced only one state of movement or existence, that is, activity, cannot conceive of its opposit condition, that is, rest, inactivity, or annihilation.

Everything in nature, especially the human mind, has a forward movement. Progression is the present state of the known universe. It is only with the greatest effort that man can reverse this process of thought, even for a few minutes, and contemplate with the same sense of appreciation the endless centuries that hav passed as he does those that are to come.

Does this inability to view in the same light destroy their absolute equality, or make the past shorter or the future longer? No. Annihilation, as horrible as it appears to the English eye and as beautiful as it is regarded by the Chinese, will continue as pleasantly in the future as it has done in the past.

Who would not prefer a dreamless sleep to the risk of another life containing the same horrible features as this—that is, birth, poverty, sickness, the lifelong torture of the fear of death? What would be another life without these features, with which nature seems to hav endowed everything—and according to her laws nothing appears to be exempt?

I hope that this answer to the most perplexing and commonest assertion in proof of immortality will find acceptance, as I hav used it with invariable success.

H. W. HAMMOND.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, June 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of June 16th appears an article written by an individual signing himself W. Wellock, arraigning the officials and Secular Union in this city on the grounds of ill-treatment to Dr. York, in which communication such an amount of vindictivness, coupled with utter ignorance, is displayed in regard to all the facts relating to the Liberal movement in Salt Lake City, that it appears necessary to offer some remarks thereon, preliminary to which you will, perhaps, allow us to roughly synopsize his statements, in order to follow us in the necessary explanation.

As a preface to his charges, and by way of exhibiting the exceeding vileness and ingratitude displayed by these officers of the Secular Union toward Dr. York, this ill-advised individual, not having the fear of chronology before his eyes, nor being hampered in the least degree by any regard to correctness of statement, proceeds to narrate how Mr. Samuel P. Putnam visited Salt Lake City "two years ago;" how he organized at that time the "Utah Secular Union;" how he "gushed" over his success in the "columns of your paper;" how he left and returned a year later, and found "nothing done" by the officials elected on his previous visit, did nothing himself, beyond "selling some literature, delivering three lectures, pocketing $50" therefor, and departing, leaving Liberalism in Salt Lake in as bad a condition as he found it.

As a striking contrast to all this do-nothingism on the part of Mr. Putnam and the officials elected under his administration, Mr. Wellock goes on to picture how Dr. York appeared upon the scene and speedily changed this state of things; how he filled the Opera House for fourteen evenings, and, in the picturesque language of Mr. Wellock, "rattled the dry bones of orthodoxy and made the sky-pilots squeal;" how, in fact, everything would hav gone on satisfactorily and eminently harmoniously for all parties, had not the officers of the Union discovered that the aforesaid Dr. York was by far too bold and outspoken a Freethinker to suit their purpose, and how in consequence they felt themselvs impelled to call a "star chamber" meeting, to which Dr. York was invited; at which meeting, with astonishing frankness, they informed him that he "must stop speaking the truth!" He was doing good, they knew, but they "had a living to make," and wanted to be on good terms with every kind of churchmen, except the Mormons, whom—for some purpose unexplained by Mr. Wellock—they preferred to take in a "fricasseed" form.

Mr. Wellock next goes on to explain how, finding that Dr. York could not be turned from his purpose by the aforesaid inducements, "they got up a protest against him," which, with astonishing imbecility, as it would appear to most people, they circulated amongst orthodox churchmen for signatures. But finding that the unterrified doctor "could not be turned from the straight path of manhood and honor," even by the discharge of clerical signatures over his head, they (says Wellock) "gave up the Opera House previous to his last lecture, took away the piano, and discharged Dr. York's solo singer," and probably would hav partaken of Dr. York himself in a fricasseed form, had not his friends "come to the rescue, paid the rent, put back the piano, got up a fine social, presented the doctor with a gold-headed cane and a floral gift," and sent him off triumphant, "independent of the petrified fossils at the head of the Secular Union."

The above is a brief *resumé* of Mr. Wellock's wondrous jumble of facts and fiction. A more easily punctured bubble never floated.

To begin with, Mr. Samuel Putnam did not on the occasion of a visit to this city two years ago organize the Secular Union, and after a year's absence return to discover that its officials had "done nothing," for the simple reason that that gentleman—who, by the by, did a great deal of good here, and paved the way for much of Dr. York's apparent success—did not organize the Secular Union until his last visit, and consequently, although a tolerably quick man in his movements, has had no opportunity up to the present time to discover by personal observation what the Secular Union officers hav done.

In the second place, the officers of the Union did not organize a "star chamber," nor, indeed, any other kind of a chamber; nor did they get up a "petition" against Dr. York and circulate it either among orthodox or unorthodox churchmen to sign. They did nothing of the kind; and what little they did do bearing the remotest resemblance thereto occurred in precisely a reverse order.

They cordially welcomed Dr. York, and started in prepared to stand by him in a fearless exposition of unemasculated Freethought. On his part they simply looked for solid argument, combined with refinement of language and bearing, and courtesy to every class of his auditors whom they summoned by their advertisments to hear him.

For a time, in some respects, they were not disappointed. Dr. York gave some excellent lectures. His peculiar mannerisms were not entirely suppressed, but they were kept within reasonable bounds. His audiences increased, however, and, emboldened by this indication of success, he became less careful, and added to his legitimate accompaniments of fun and humor, not only considerable of mimicry and low comedy, but something of sheer grimace, at the same time interlarding otherwise excellent arguments against theological absurdities with much coarse denunciation and abuse.

For instance, the Methodist church in this city was referred to as the "Methodist shebang." Presbyterians—and there were many who attended at first—were derided as a blue-nosed class. Semi-Liberalized Mormons, of whom his audiences were frequently largely composed, and who were slowly feeling their way to a closer acquaintance with Liberal ideas, were repelled by denunciations of what he termed "their devilish religion."

Now, as we understood the case, Dr. York was lecturing under the auspices of a Liberal Society, for the prosperity of which we were not only anxious, but indirectly responsible. And, whether he could be made to understand the principle or not, committees arranging with lecturers are responsible to a considerable extent for the character of lectures presented by them to the public, and consequently entitled to consider for themselvs whether as a committee they may be compromised, or the cause they represent injured or impeded in any manner.

This committee, at any rate, so considered; and while they remain in office intend to govern themselvs accordingly.

They were quite convinced that the doctor was doing some good; that, in fact, as they stated to him in the identical "petition" complained of by Mr. Wellock, his arrival in Salt Lake City was "most opportune." But they saw in that fact only the more reason why he should act wisely. They perceived that numerically his audiences were improving, and that so far was encouraging; but they also perceived with regret that quite a number of the solid and intellectual men of the city, the class that alone go to build up permanent Freethought societies, were being repelled after a few attendances, and they simply considered whether it was not possible in a kindly way to induce Dr. York to put a check on some of his exuberances of speech and action.

A remonstrance or appeal to him on this subject was therefore resolved upon, which, after much trimming and pruning, so as to eliminate from it everything of an offensiv character, was forwarded to him. This communication is word for word the same as published in your paper, save and except that the words "Vice-president A. S. U." (American Secular Union) were not appended to the signature of Mr. Mason. The addition of these words and letters to his name was a forgery, performed by Mr. Wellock, and he alone is responsible for that much flourish and affected importance.

The appeal in question was intended at first to be of a strictly private and confidential character as between themselvs and Dr. York; but the committee believing that the addition of the names of a few supporters of the Secular Union would reinforce their sentiments, and tend to show him that they were not alone in their views, a few of such names were added—and they were but few. You hav them all in THE TRUTH SEEKER. It should be stated, however, in this connection that a much larger number of signatures could easily hav been obtained. A great many persons had expressed their objections to the peculiar characteristics of Dr. York's lectures in question. Furthermore, it should be stated that not a single person to whom the document was presented refused to sign it, save in the case of two persons, who expressed their thorough sympathy with the object of the remonstrance, but preferred to state their objection personally to Dr. York.

The signatures appended to the remonstrance, and falsely described by Mr. Wellock as those of "orthodox churchmen," are the names of as ardent Freethinkers as can be found in the country. Several of them were never churchmen in their lives, and the rest only such a good number of years ago, as was Dr. York, for that matter.

Now, we are not millionaires, nor are we troubled with any remarkable surplus of ready cash, but we will undertake as a committee to pay Mr. Wellock the sum of $10 per head for the names of any orthodox churchmen that he can produce from his own published list. The lie in this particular case can be easily nailed. Every one of the individuals referred to by Mr. Wellock resides in this city, and can be reached through the post, and we will undertake to furnish the exact post-office address of any of them to any person desirous of testing the question.

Stupid and blundering as Wellock's wild assertions will be seen to be, it will, we imagin, be readily seen that he has blundered still more in forwarding to your paper a copy of our remonstrance, which we are obliged to you for publishing, and not unobliged to Mr. Wellock for his lack of foresight in sending. It will speak for itself; and we invite your readers to re-peruse it, and note the evidence which it presents of a desire to be fair to Dr. York, the generous admissions which it makes in his favor, and the general moderation of its tone. It expressed at the time, as it expresses now, our views in regard to the general policy most advisable to be followed in connection with the presentation of Liberal ideas—views which, moreover, we believe to be those entertained by thousands of the boldest Freethinkers of our time.

The remonstrance in question was forwarded to Dr. York by the hand of one of his special friends.

His own statement is that he never read it. He nevertheless felt it to be no less incumbent upon him to be just as angry as though he had not only read but thoroughly digested it. From that time on he made a constant practice of publicly assailing the officers of the Union in an indirect way with innuendoes and side-thrusts, asserting, for instance, in a mysterious manner to his audience that "no man could throttle him," etc., much to the bewilderment of those from whom all knowledge of our objections to his course had been carefully withheld.

In regard to the "star chamber" meeting, concerning which the verdant Wellock knows so much, no meeting of the kind described ever occurred. A meeting arising out of, and, of course, following the production of the remonstrance, and to which Dr. York was invited, did occur. But—mark the difference between the fact and Wellock's statement!—it was called solely for the purpose of extending the oliv-branch to Dr. York, or in failure of so doing successfully, of ending the difficulty in some other way. A preamble or preface to the business of the meeting—and which exhibits fully its spirit—was presented, in effect as follows:

That, nnderstanding Dr. York felt himself aggrieved by the action of the executiv committee in forwarding to him a certain remonstrance in regard to his course as the lecturer of our society, and believing that he was misinformed as to its real nature and intent, this meeting is called for the purpose of explaining to him its true spirit and purpose.

As already stated, Dr. York did attend this meeting, and the kindly words of the above preamble were read in his presence. They were, however, scarcely uttered before he rose to his feet, and placing his hat upon his head, as intimating his intention to depart forthwith, stated to the committee and friends present that he did not intend to allow them to explain one word to him in reference to "that paper"—meaning the remonstrance.

He had not read it—did not intend to read it—nor should anyone with his consent refer to its contents in his presence. After considerable effort to induce him to change his mind on the subject, he finally departed, having frustrated every effort to carry out the reconciliatory purpose of the meeting.

In this way terminated Wellock's imaginary "star chamber" meeting, which turns out, as your readers will perceive, to be simply a meeting called for the promotion of a better state of feeling between the executiv committee and their lecturer, and the consequent better utilization of his labors during the remainder of his engagement.

A properly conducted "star chamber," as everybody knows, should hav executed its victim first and interviewed him afterward. It should also, to hav been truly orthodox, hav conducted its session with closed doors. But so lost was this "star chamber" to all proper sense of its obligations to itself in this respect, that it threw open its doors to the friends of the "victim," and descended to the less dignified but more fraternal level of a mere parlor gathering, and which might hav been a very pleasant one had "Barkis" only been "willing."

Your readers, Mr. Editor, we trust are now conversant with the methods by which this committee undertook—in the bombastic language of Mr. Wellock—to turn Dr. York "from the straight [notice "straight"] path of manhood and honor." The exact amount and nature of the manhood and honor of which efforts were made to divest him, will now, we trust, be clear to the minds of your readers. Alas for our efforts, as you will hav discovered, Mr. Editor, virtue triumphed and the wicked were demoralized. Dr. York returned to his platform only to continue in a more indirect way his attacks upon the committee.

Now a few words in regard to Wellock's further charges.

He tells your readers that the Opera House was given up previous to Dr. York's last lecture, implying that, contrary to our engagements, Dr. York was left without a hall to speak in previous to the expiration of his agreed course. Nothing of this was done. The Opera House was retained and its expenses fully paid for every night for which he was engaged. Let us refer your readers, and particularly those residing in this city, to evidences of this fact, which many of them will remember.

After the delivery of Dr. York's first two lectures—just prior to his course of twelve, and just previous to his departure for California—a financial meeting was held to ascertain whether sufficient funds could be raised to insure his services for twelve additional lectures; subscription papers were opened on this occasion for the names of donators, and Dr. York not only agreed at this meeting, in the presence of many witnesses, for the exact number of twelve additional lectures, but he suggested himself to the meeting that the written heading at the top of the subscription papers should state that the sums promised were for the term of fourteen, for the purpose, as he remarked, of including the expenses of the two lectures already delivered, the rent for which occasions was not then paid.

Furthermore, on the occasion of the delivery of the sixth lecture of the additional twelve, Dr. York made a speech in the Opera House, in which, in the presence of several hundred persons, he reminded them of the fact that the lecture of that evening constituted the sixth, and the exact half of the course, and he took particular pains to impress on them the fact that the remaining "six lectures" would be better than the first. For every one of those remaining six lectures, then stated by him to be due (as, of course, for the whole of the eight preceding ones), the expenses were paid, and for it we hav receipts.

The further statement in the same article that we took away Dr. York's piano and discharged his solo singer, is equally misleading. The facts are, that the furnishing of a piano or singer of any kind—much less a solo singer—formed no part of our contract with Dr. York. The creation of a choir, together with the effort to provide and pay for a musical accompaniment, was an unsolicited and purely voluntary act on the part of the executiv committee. Long before the conclusion of the course, Dr. York discourteously expressed his indifference to these efforts of the committee to enhance the interest of the meetings; rudely requested on one occasion that a certain performance by the choir be "cut short," "as the people came to hear the lectures, not the singing."

The piano, voluntarily provided by the committee as stated, was reluctantly relinquished two evenings before the conclusion of the course, simply because the funds in hand were found inadequate to meet the remaining expenses. Dr. York's solo singer—a personal venture of his own—was not discharged by us, as stated by Wellock, only to the extent that she was discharged by the absence of the piano, without the aid of which she professed to be unable to sing.

The personal treatment of Dr. York by the committee should be understood in this connection. They undertook to raise among themselvs and otherwise collect the full amount necessary for the use of the Opera House, and also for the payment of all his advertisments, turning over to him for his own personal use the whole receipts at the door. In this way they personally raised and attended to the expenditure, on account of his course, of a sum amounting to about $400, every cent of which he would otherwise hav had to pay out of his own pocket.

By this generous arrangement—to use Mr. Wellock's choice phrase—he not only "pocketed" $50 for three lectures, as he charged Mr. Putnam with having done, but he "pocketed" from $50 to $70 per night for every evening of the whole of his last course.

While thus fairly treated by the committee, the question next in order is, How did Dr. York treat this body, who undertook and executed these responsibilities on his account?

The answer can be given in a few words. No sooner were the subscription lists, headed by themselvs, well started, with every indication that the necessary amounts would be forthcoming, than he acted as though he had no further use for them. He was engaged to lecture under the auspices of the Secular Union, of which they were in this city the representativs, but, save and except in the case of the president of the Union, who was absent nearly the whole of Dr. York's engagements, he ignored them almost from the beginning, selecting any person he pleased to preside over the meetings, without any regard to the order of the organization constituted before his arrival.

Wellock's winding-up statements as to the "coming of Dr. York's friends to the front," urged by a desire, as he represents it, to rescue this poor man, deprived of hall, piano, and solo singer, and giv him a grand ovation as a testimonial of their independence of the executiv committee, is just as reliable as all of his preceding assertions.

A meeting, with all the accompaniments of flowers, gold-headed cane, and a request for his return, it is true, did take place; but it was engineered by Dr. York himself, who dictated the order of the whole of the proceedings, including the request for his return, and mainly carried into execution by two characterless individuals, previously altogether unknown to Utah Liberalism—one of these a person, and residing in this city under an assumed name, who, it is admitted by Dr. York's friends, illustrated his personal peculiarities upon Dr. York to the extent of $33; the other individual, very well known to Mr. Wellock as one who left a wife and several children in a distant city, and who while yet undivorced was living in unmarried relations with the former wife of a poor paralyzed, deserted, and heart-broken man, whom he further insults by his daily presence under the same roof. With the character of both these worthies we hav good reason to know that Dr. York was made well acquainted previous to the bestowal on them of his patronage.

The ovation in question was no indignation meeting on the part of the Liberals of Salt Lake as against the officers of the Secular Union, as implied by the veracious Wellock. Nine-tenths of those attending had no knowledge of any difficulty existing between the committee and Dr. York; and it was generally supposed that the whole affair was got up under their direction; indeed, they were personally applied to for contributions thereto.

In reference to Mr. Wellock's attempted slur on the character of W. S. Godbe, the president of the Utah Secular Union, a man whom we will venture to assert was never either a "defunct" or a living "prophet, seer, and revelator," to our own knowledge, and with whom, upon the wife question, we should take great pleasure in comparing the record of Mr. Wellock himself:

This gentleman is known to the limit of a circle extending far beyond Utah itself as one of the distinguished "self-made men of America"—one who has done more than any other man to develop and aid the industrial development of this territory.

This gentleman was elected without his knowledge to the office of president of the Union as a small tribute of respect to him as one whose money erected the first free platform in the territory, and who has in addition thereto spent tens of thousands of dollars in aiding the extension of Freethought principles.

Wellock's further implied charge that "all the rest of the officials of the Union are in the category" of former polygamists, and in addition thereto are all Spiritualists, exhibits the reckless character of the man.

No one of them ever was a polygamist, and the two or three only that are Spiritualists were chosen as officials of the Union simply because of their well-known working qualities.

It is true of them, however, as of the other officials of the Union, that they are destitute of the advantages arising from having graduated as "sand-lotters" with Dennis Kearney. Insufficient for the right performance of their duties as this deprivation proves them to be to the minds of such men as Mr. Wellock, they nevertheless "keep the company of their self-respect," and are satisfied with the prospects of the Salt Lake Secular Union, which is receiving as much support from the great body of the Liberals here as they ever anticipated.

OFFICERS OF THE SALT LAKE SECULAR UNION.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Kitten of the Regiment.

This kitten, sir, of the colonel's? I'll tell the story.
We were at Roanoke, a month ago,
Waiting the fleet, and camped the hillside white.
One night, when sentinels were all at post,
We lay around the fires and talked of home.
The smoke wreathed up into the still blue sky,
The wind was whist, and all the stars shone clear—
Just such a night as sleeps above the hills
Of old New England when the frosts are hoar—
Talking not loud, but soft, as soldiers talk
After some months o' the rolling drum and sight
Of blood. The sentinel's sudden challenge came:
"*Halt! Who goes there?*"

We all leaped up and harked.
"Only Doll Brewster, sir; I've brought my kitty."
What! a child's voice?—a child at bayonet's point?
Shame! Let her pass

Led gently by two brave, kind soldier-boys,
Blushing, with downcast eyes, and pretty lip
Half curled to cry, hair loose and all like gold,
A kitten on her breast, walked sweet Doll Brewster.

Well, sir, the regiment came on the run;
And such a wall of 'em, all of 'em looking down
At a ten-year girl, hair loose, lip curled to cry,
And a kitten, white as snow, curled under her chin.
"Just like my sister!" cried one, "And mine!" cried another,
Till the fire began to look dim to all of us.
Then, sir, the colonel came, with his sword a-clanking.
"What's this?" he cried, but stopped, and his face grew soft.
"Please, sir," said Doll, "I've brought you my little kitty.
It's all I had, and papa is sick and poor.
(Mamma, you know, is dead.) We're Northerners, sir,
And brother died for the flag. I loved him so!
Please take my kitty; I want to giv something, sir."

The colonel? He stooped and caught her in his arms—
Caught kitten and Doll, and kissed 'em both. He did!
And every man of us would hav done the same,
And mighty glad of the chance.

There wasn't an eye
Could hold its tears, nor cheek that had kept dry,
And if it hadn't been for the colonel there,
A hundred of us would hav kissed the child.

That's all the story of the kitten, sir—
The colonel's kitten and the regiment's.
We wouldn't hav a hair of it hurt for gold—
Nor blood, if it came to that!

Hav you a sister?
You know how a man can feel for a bit of a child
With golden hair and eyes like the heaven's blue;
And she'd a brother who died for the old flag, too!

Oh, sir, we dreamed of home the livelong night—
Sisters and sweethearts, mothers and wives and daughters;
Never was sweeter sleep in a soldier's camp.
And all because that little bright-haired child,
Doll Brewster, with a kitten on her breast,
Came up the hill, marched by the sentinel's gun,
Stood in the firelight with her golden hair
All loose, and pretty lip half curled to cry,
And said: "It is all I had. Please take it, sir—
Please take my little kitty; I want to giv something."
—*James Buckham.*

Several Valuable Hints.

The following hints—they are nothing more—I offer to those who desire to cultivate the art of composition. Not that the best instruction in the world will of itself make an author or a musician, any more than it can a painter or a sculptor.

Something more than mere teaching is needed. When Opie, the painter, was asked by a young student what he was in the habit of mixing his colors with, he replied, grimly, "With brains, sir." And he was right.

Here we hav the first requisit for success in all arts. Those who hav no will and no "brains" had better exercise some other organ. But even those who hav a fair share of power must know how to use it so as to derive some benefit therefrom. They want practice and they want training, and the training which they cannot attain from others they must be willing to giv to themselvs.

Those, however, who are in earnest about making the most of their power are usually glad to avail themselvs of the experience of others, and for this reason the following lines will be more interesting. It is impossible, in one sense, to teach composition, but it is possible to point out certain errors that should be avoided, and certain objects that should always be kept in view, with the best method of attaining those objects.

And since all the suggestions that I hav to offer with regard to these points are founded upon experience, it is hoped that they will afford help to those who may be trying to help themselvs. I shall begin, then, to express my thoughts in writing, and therefore I must first hav thoughts to express. First the thought, then its utterance; first the matter, and then the manner—these are the two divisions. First, the thought. It is strange that we should require to learn to think, but, like many other strange things, it is true; and anything that helps us to think wisely and truly is not to be neglected. We find that there is no greater stimulus to thought than contact with books, and with other minds through genuin conversation. It is true that real conversation is but seldom to be had. Yet now and then, in the course of our lives, we are so happy as to meet with a companion who has this power of conversation as apart from idle, fragmentary gossiping. And the result is startling. Some change has passed upon us. Not only hav we found a friend, but we hav found ourselvs. We find the same change in ourselvs when we read good books. We do not read them for amusement merely, but in order to store the memory with facts, and to enrich the mind with thoughts of great men. We read and value them for these reasons, but they hav a higher use still, namely, the education of powers, the cultivation of the mind, and the formation of character. "Books," says Emerson, "are for nothing but to inspire."

The food of the mind, like that of the body, is intended to be digested and assimi lated, to nourish and effect growth and increase of power. It is of less importance to read much than to read wisely and well. Wisely—that is, to read exclusivly good authors.

If I am to be in no way wiser when I lay down my Shakspere or Byron than I was when I took it up, I will not read at all. But if I hav held intercourse with a soul that made my soul wiser, then indeed my time has not been wasted. It is the same with reference to writing as it is with reading. For instance, we find ourselvs sitting with pen in hand, prepared to begin to write; at this point we are confronted with an important question as to what can be said that is worth saying on the subject.

I now come to the second point—the utterance of the thought. We may know what it is that we wish to say; we hav next to consider how we will say it. For an instant it is impossible to express our thoughts without much difficulty. We are resolved, then, to be accurate.

The next point to consider is clearness. We may write our composition after we are able to express our thoughts, but whether it is clear and true in regard to meaning remains to be determined. The simplest words will serve us the best, for we are writing in order to be understood by others, and unless we can attain this primary object our labor will be thrown away. If we wrap up our meaning in many words we will conceal it; our object, remember, is to lay it plain to the public.

We find it is a good plan to read over our writing when we hav completed it, and to strike out every unnecessary word. Avoid redundant adjectivs, like some people who pour forth a whole torrent of words with no discoverable object or meaning. Above all, we should spare no pains, for the honest old maxim says, "No excellence without great labor."

But it may be said, Are accuracy and clearness to be our only objects? What becomes, then, of beauty and style? Here, I confess, I can giv no rules. Beauty of style is the result of the special powers of the individual. In this nothing will so much avail you as the study of great authors. Read them from pure love of them. "Bathe your spirit," as Charles Kingsley beautifully expresses it, "in their noble thoughts as in the May-dew, and feel yourself thereby, if but for an hour, more fair." Giv yourselvs up to their influence; drink in the spirit of their writings, and you will feel yourselvs lifted into a purer atmosphere, better able to see and feel truth yourselvs, and better able to make others see and feel it also.

ANNIE H. STOCKINGER.

Correspondence.

PITTSBORO, MISS., April 25, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My uncle takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and when I am there I read the little folks' letters. I like the pictures. I am eight years old; hav two brothers and one little sister, who is six. She and I hav learned the multiplication table, and our aunt has given us a nice dress. We are staying with her this week.

I am having the chills. We hav an autograph album, and would like if you would send us a verse. We hav been going to school, but our school is out. We will hav lots of apples this year, and if you will print this I will giv you one when you come.

Your friend, DAISIE WEBSTER.

WEST SUTTON, MASS., July 6, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I told you how we spent the Fourth of July last year, I will tell you how we spent it this year. A flag was suspended across the road from the top of two large maple-trees in front of our house. In the afternoon Willie, my brother, and I invited fourteen of our playmates to enjoy a picnic in our front yard. We read the Declaration of Independence which was published in the Children's Corner last week. We then gave toasts or sentiments as follows: "Our country: may it ever be the land of liberty." "The president: may he be guided by the example of Jefferson, whose great Declaration we read to-day." "THE TRUTH SEEKER: may it liv forever and be a great light to guide all seekers after truth in those paths that are peaceful and joyous." "Miss Wixon, Aunt Susan who makes the Children's Corner: may she be healthy and happy, and liv so long that we can call her grandma." Then we were served with cake, confectionery, and lemonade. We had a jolly time until about 6 o'clock, when we dispersed. I hope the children will write and tell us how they spent the Fourth of July.

Yours respectfully, LUCY W. PHELPS.

[That was a charming way to spend the national holiday. It was rational and sensible, too. When sturdy patriots are wanted in some future day, some will be found in West Sutton, we are sure.—ED. C. C.]

Science Column.

Polliwigs.

Some say "polli*wogs*." But that is incorrect. You know what I mean, don't you? Yes, tadpoles—that is their other name.

When at Florence, Mass., last spring I became quite interested in a family of polliwigs, or tadpoles. During my stay in that lovely village my home was with Mr. and Mrs. D. Ross, who hav three charming children—Alfred, Bertie, and Mabel.

Said Mabel the first evening of my arrival: "Oh, I hav something funny to show you, Miss Wixon, and you cannot think what it is."

Of course, I could not; and when she brought out a fruit-jar, what could I think it contained but—*preserves?* Well, it was a queer kind of preserves, as you will admit, for the jar contained nothing more, nothing less, than a glairy mass of embryo or baby frogs. She had taken them from a brook near by, and the little creatures were in various stages of development, darting around in the water like little eels.

"Well, well!" I thought; "now here is a study, sure enough," and my mind went out to "protoplasm," "germ cells," and other matters that our scientific friends talk so freely about, and yet know so very little of.

Every jelly-like cell contained a little black dot, which was the new tadpole life. Some had grown into quite activ life, and were shooting about in the water in great style, while others were in different stages of development, for it takes eight periods to develop a full-grown frog. A great many die before reaching maturity, and it is well they do, for otherwise we would be literally overrun with frogs, since each mother frog may produce a thousand children at a time.

You hav heard about its "raining frogs." It never did, of course; but you can readily perceive that the deposit of eggs or cells might be taken up by a high wind, and in favorable temperature literally swarm in certain localities, and that ignorant people might be led to the supposition that they really rained down.

Frogs hav wonderful vitality. You may wound and gash them severely and they will continue to liv, and even after the heart and intestins are removed they will liv quite a while; and because of their great hold on life they are selected to demonstrate lessons in physiology, like muscular contraction, circulation of the blood in the smaller vessels, changes that the blood makes in passing through the lungs, under the action of oxygen, etc.

Is it a fish?

Well, not exactly, although it passes a good part of its time in the water; it can get along quite well on dry land, but it loves the water best.

It is a reptil coming under the batrachian order, or perhaps, more correctly, it may be classed under the name Amphibia. It has gills at first, which, as it grows older, disappear, and it breathes by means of lungs. The big bullfrog has a loud, hoarse voice, and is an excellent diver and swimmer. By watching the frog in the water and imitating him, boys hav learned to become good swimmers.

There is a species called "March peepers," that peep like chickens early in the spring.

Frogs are tailless, and their hind legs are long in proportion to other parts of the body. They are marked prettily in green, yellow, brown, and black, and with their big eyes are really interesting creatures.

There are several varieties among them—the horned frog, a very peculiar-looking creature, tree frog, etc.

Their fossil remains hav been discovered by geologists, showing that they are of remote origin, and in the older periods grew to an immense size, there being accounts of frogs twelve feet long!

In Europe their hind legs are considered a great delicacy, and people esteem them a dainty luxury for the table.

People laugh about the great green frog, but I, for one, feel like paying great respect to him and his family. They are, in my eyes, really pretty as they leap about the marshy bogs with all the grace and poise of a gymnast, destroying insects, worms, and little creatures that are harmful to vegetation.

Little Mabel Ross was quite right in her study of the polliwigs in their various stages of life and growth. No other creature has rendered such great service to mankind in physiology and chemistry as the frog. I think he would, if he could, croak a "That's so" to the statement. But while no living creature is unworthy our notice, the frog demands more than ordinary mention and respect for the truths that hav been shown by means of his body. S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—What is the correct term for "polliwogs?" What other name are they known by? Describe them. Are frogs very prolific? Name the number that might be hatched at one time. Did it ever rain frogs? What of their tenacity of life? Tell what you can of experiments with frogs. Is the frog fish or reptil? To what order does it belong? Define batrachian, amphibia. How may boys learn to swim? Describe the frog. What of the March peepers?—the horned frog? What of fossil frogs? Are frogs ever eaten for food? Of what use are frogs? What great service hav they rendered humanity?

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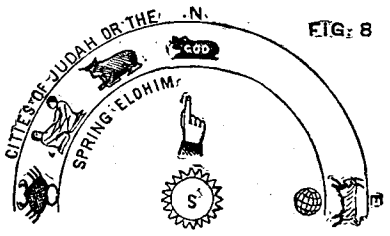
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Unfolding of an inwrapped heart of peace,
'Mid sacrificial waste for one great type
Through countless suff'ring ages—yet to cease!
To end in consummation of the ripe
And perfect fruit of all things! Such the creed
That nature chants us in her moods of joy,
And 'neath her frown which we hav learned to read,
Good at the last! Great good without alloy!
Time rolls not gainless on; and primal night
E'en now gives birth to dawn, and hope of perfect light!
—*Belford's Magazine.*

Woman.

The point of my remarks about the Secular Union and Woman Suffrage was that it is not included in the list of the Demands; it was put there some years ago, and taken out, for fear it would damage the cause. My knowledge is from the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUALS. Numerous letters from Liberals hav appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER owning that woman should hav the ballot by right, but in opposition to it by policy, in fear she would giv away the country to the church. Just such principle as that belongs to those who deny the polls to the negro and to those who hav burnt Infidels. Its name is cowardice. I say again, if the Secularists had done their duty the late suffrage convention could not hav been captured by Christians.

JOHN P. GUILD.

Freethought Books.

There are books for all faiths, as there are dishes for all appetites, and one has often but to read closely the books that are written in advocacy of varying creeds to vacillate from one to the other perpetually, as the pendulum swings from one extreme to the other of its restricted orbit. "The Secret of the East; or, The Origin of the Christian Religion and the Significance of Its Rise and Decline," by Felix L. Oswald, is so well written and has so much of the logic of common sense on its side, that one lays it down at last almost convinced that the votaries of strictly orthodox creeds hav done more harm than good in the world with their severe and loveless religion. When we read that religion has actually devastated the earth with wars, destroyed the prosperity of nations, tortured and slaughtered millions, and interfered in every way with innocent recreations, handing over to the devil the flowers that God intended should bloom for his own elect, if we believe what we read, we are forced to recognize the right of mankind to investigate the claims of such religion before accepting and adopting it. However the judgment of different readers may vary as to the reliability of the author's statements, nobody can deny that he says what he has to say in forcible and vigorous language, and has, at least, the similitude of reason on his side of the question. The book is published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

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Catholics Will Elect the Next President.

From the Los Angeles, Cal., Catholic.

So says *Free hought*, listen to it:

The pope owns nine-tenths of the Irish people, body and mind. But they are not alone in their mental serfdom. It is an unwelcome and melancholy fact that the minions of Rome are increasing and overwhelming us, but it is true, and they will elect the next president of the United States.

If in place of *mental serfdom* you read *rational obedience to lawful authority;* and in place of "the minions of Rome" you put *the children of Rome*, you hav in the above lines of *Freethought* a statement to which you and I and others may subscribe. It would not surprise us if Catholics elected the president of the United States, not only next year, but every fourth year, from 1888 to the end of time. At the rate they are increasing in this country, this is a conclusion one may easily arrive at without the least claim to prophetic spirit, or even too much depth of thinking. Nay, this is very much backed up by the experience of 1884; there is not a politician in America who doubts that Cleveland is the present incumbent of the White House by the power of the Catholic vote. Up to the momentous hour of Parson Burchard's speech, thousands of Catholics in New York city, Brooklyn, and New Jersey had decided to vote for Blaine. But there came the famous alliteration of this learned divine: "Rum, Romanism, Rebellion." It was a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, smiting the Republican camp. Catholics indulged in some thinking then—they do it oftener than they are given credit for. The result of their thinking was that a party which could countenance such insult to their church was a party it was best for them to get clear of, and they did. The result was Cleveland's election. And now, ye rulers of earth, great and small of the world, read, ponder, understand—and beware of the Rock!

Catholic Inroads.

From the Observer (Presbyterian).

A master in the English High School of Boston has been rebuked and disciplined by the school board for making an offensiv definition of "indulgences," and the text-book which "misled the teacher" has been condemned and ordered to be removed. This is not astonishing in a city where the government is mainly in the hands of foreigners, and where leading city officials joined in a great public demonstration in honor of a drunken prize-fighter. But this control of the teaching of our common schools, including the exclusion of history and literature until it is adapted to the views of Romanists, is simply outrageous in view of their warfare with the entire system of public instruction. They hav denounced the schools and established their own, and now they want to compel the country to teach history in such a way that its most important lessons may never be learned by the young people of this land.

Memoranda.

There are two labor parties in the United States at present—the Union Labor party and the United Labor party—with names almost as nearly similar as are the politics of the Democratic and Republican parties. This is constantly leading to confusion, misconception, and misstatements in regard to each. Many contemporaries are making the most ridiculous blunders in using the names indiscriminately. For the information of those subject to this habitual confusion of terms, and in the interest of journalistic accuracy, it may be stated that there is no state organization of the United Labor party in Texas. Nor has it any national organization. It was founded in New York city by Henry George and the friends and followers of the George or single land tax theory. The Union Labor party was founded at Cincinnati, February 22, 1887, by representativs from the various states. It has a national organization and state organizations in the majority of the states.—*Southwest.*

Altogether there are 401 electoral votes. Of these 201 are necessary to secure the presidency. There are eighteen states casting 182 votes that are reasonably safe for the Republicans. There are sixteen states casting 153 votes that are reasonably safe for the Democrats. There are four doubtful states—New York with thirty-six votes, Indiana with fifteen, New Jersey with nine, and Connecticut with six. The Democrats cannot elect their president without carrying New York; the Republicans can. If the Democrats carry Indiana, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and lose New York, they will still lack eighteen of the necessary 201 votes. If the Republicans carry New York and lose the three other doubtful states, they will elect their president with seventeen votes to spare. The Republicans can win by carrying Indiana and New Jersey in addition to the eighteen sure Republican states; they can win by carrying Indiana and Connecticut in addition to them. The Democrats must carry New York and Indiana, or New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey, in order to elect their candidate.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Extracts from Voltaire's "Pocket Theology."

CONCORDAT: An agreement come to between a pope and a most Christian king, by which both one and the other dispose of things to which they never had the slightest claim.

BREVIARY: A selection of prayers, in elegant Latin, that the priests, the bestowers of blessings, to gain their salary, are obliged to recite every day, under pain of being useless to society.

FOUNDATIONS: Revenues granted to priests and friars so that they may eat well, drink well, sleep well, and sing well, to the end that the vineyards of those who hav not the time to sing be assured against rain and hail.

CRUSADES: Pious expeditions ordained by the popes to clear Europe of a multitude of villainous bigots, who, to obtain from heaven the remission of the crimes they had committed at home, went valiantly and committed others against their neighbors.

MARRIAGE: A state of imperfection, of which, however, the church has made sacrament. There is but one thing good about it, and that is, that it puts money in the way of the priests, who hav prudently invented hindrances to hav the pleasure of selling dispensations to them.

CREDIBILITY: According to theologians, motivs of credibility are convincing reasons or plain proofs that compel us to believe any given thing. In religion, the motivs that compel us to believe are, the word of our pastor, ignorance, custom, but above all and before all, the fear of getting ourselvs into trouble.

EXAMINATION: It is a great sin for a good Catholic to presume to examin whatever is said by his self-proclaimed infallible clergy. Good Protestants, on the other hand, may examin whatever is said by their clergy, which does not proclaim itself infallible, provided they be of the same way of thinking as the clergy.

BALAAM: A false prophet whose ass, it is said, possessed the gift of speech. Strong-minded people, of course, will not believe this, notwithstanding the fact that this miracle has been perpetuated in the church, where nothing is more ordinary than to see asses, both male and female, speak, and even reason on questions of theology.

REVOLTS: A spirit of pious bickering and opposition sometimes shown by the clergy toward princes and rulers of nations. A Christian may lawfully rebel against his sovereign when the pope counsels such action on his part, or when it is profitable to the clergy; in such cases it is the sovereign who has rebelled against the pope, or against the clergy, in other words, against God himself.

GOD: A word synonymous with priests. To offend God is to offend the priests; to believe in God is to believe all that the priests tell us. When God is said to be wroth, it means that the priests are out of temper. By substituting the word priest for the word God, theology becomes the simplest of sciences. This established, it follows that there can be no true Atheists, seeing that no one but a triple imbecil would attempt to deny the existence of the clergy, which is a very palpable fact.

RELIGION: A system of doctrin and of conduct invented by God himself for the good of the priests and the salvation of our souls. There are many religions on the earth, but the only true religion is that of our forefathers, who were much too wise to allow themselvs to be deceived. All other religions are but absurd superstitions, and should be abolished if possible. The true religion is the one we are accustomed to, or to which it might be dangerous to show any opposition. The religion of our princes, in particular, is marked with the indelible characters of truth.

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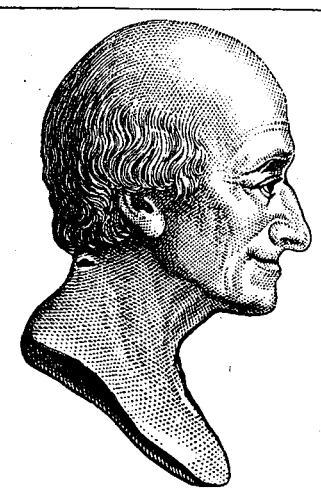
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News of the Week.

SEVERAL hundred South African miners were burnt or entombed in a coal mine on the 11th.

FOURTEEN million acres of railroad land grants are restored to the people by the bill passed by the House.

WALT WHITMAN seems dying.

THE Brazilian emperor has recovered.

PERSIA is excited and admiring over its new railway.

THE poor of Russia are starving to death in large numbers.

THE feeling toward restriction of immigration seems growing.

THE czar wishes to set up a Russian protectorate in Bulgaria.

MINNESOTA politicians are becoming afraid of the Prohibitionists.

NEW YORK is to hav a new Catholic seminary to cost half a million.

THE Prohibitionists now hope to get 1,000,000 to 1,300,000 votes.

A PEDESTAL for a statue of Robert Burns is being erected at Albany, N. Y.

IN Massachusetts 250,000 women earn a living by industrial occupations.

CATHOLICS attacked an Orange procession on its way to church on Sunday, the 1st.

A LETTER from the Comte de Paris plotting a monarchy was recently seized by the police.

THE churches of Newport, R. I., hav forced the mayor to forbid paper-selling after 10 A.M.

WOMAN Suffrage has gained such ground in Italy as to be proposed in the chamber of deputies.

IT is provided that the next census record the number, amounts, and other particulars of the mortgages on Western farms.

INDIANAPOLIS printers threaten opposition to Harrison because of the non-union policy of the *Journal*, the Republican organ there.

THE proposition to submit to the people a Prohibition national amendment was favorably reported by a Senate committee on the 9th.

POWDERLY is working for a consolidation of the railroad organizations and affiliated trades with the Knights, which will produce an immense labor union of 3,000,000 men.

DR. MCGLYNN says that "a very bloody revolution" may come some day, and the cardinals, and perhaps the pope, be clubbed and bayoneted.

MAYOR HEWITT of New York, and some others, wish the period of probation of aliens before admission to citizenship to be made twenty-one years.

A LOT of European governments and ecclesiastical synods are intriguing and wrangling over the divorce of King Milan and Queen Natalie of Servia.

THERE is trouble at Chicago over an attack on scab train-hands, and the exposure of a former plot to destroy property of the Burngton road with dynamite.

THE New York *Mail and Express*, which prints a scriptural quotation at the head of each day's editorial columns, recently received a $6,000 check in appreciation.

MR. PARNELL thinks the Home Rule agitation will end in the adoption of local self-government, subject to a British imperial parliament, by all parts of the empire.

BOULANGER resigned from the chamber of deputies on the 12th, after a scene of disorder and tumult. On the next morning he fought a duel with M. Floquet, and was wounded.

MR. O'BRIEN says the death of Mr. Mandeville, imprisoned for National League advocacy in defiance of the Crimes act, was caused by brutal treatment at Tullamore prison.

THE ORDER OF CREATION.

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AN ISRAELITE IN SEARCH OF HIS DINNER.

And ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat.—Lev. xxvi, 29.

Odds and Ends.

AN anthropological curiosity—A double-scull race.

A METHOD is wanted by which family skeletons can be kept in their closets.

"A WOMAN'S FACE" is the title of a new book. It ought to be full of attractiv features.

THE object of the Prohibitionists is to find a way to reach the White House by water.

YOU may break, you may shatter the "vase" if you will, but the various ways of pronouncing it, according to locality, will cling around it still.

AN individnal whose rest is disturbed by the loud ticking of his timepiece says the next time he buys one it shall be one of the "silent watches of the night."

YOUNG wife (at the window): "Oh, heavens, Bridget! Stand by me!—don't leave the room!" Bridget: "Oh, murdher, mum! what is it—a tramp?" Wife: "Oh, worse! worse! it's the minister!"

IT is said that by holding the breath one can make his skin insensible to the sting of an insect. This remedy never has a trial. When a man is interviewed on a tender point by a wasp, he is bound to shout.

REV.: "And yon're qnite snre, doctor, I'm perfectly sound and well?" Doc.: "I tell you, sir, you couldn't be better." Rev.: "I'm sorry for that. I don't see how I can work that ocean trip with my congregation."

CUSTOMER (to art dealer): "If that is a genuin Corot, Isaacstein, I don't understand how you can sell it so cheap." Art dealer (in a confidential whisper): "My frent, I vas new in dot pizness, nnd I bought an overstock of dot make."

"AND if I should die, dear," said a sick husband, "will you sometimes visit my grave?" "Yes, John," she replied, brokenly, "every pleasant Sunday afternoon, and I will take the children. Poor little things, they don't hav very much to enjoy!"

AMONG the thonsands of snmmer hotels now appealing for patronage a diligent search fails to find a single one which has not just been refitted and refurnished, and snpplied with all the modern improvements. How tonrists must hav suffered last summer!

STEVE: "Yes, poor Blivins does look melancholy, as you say. He still suffers from the consequences of an early love affair." Maud (instantly interested): "Oh, tell me, did the young lady die or prove false?" Steve: "Neither. She married him."

MINISTER: "Did yon enjoy the Sunday-school picnic, Bobby?" Bobby: "Well, I didn't like the cake." Minister: "Why, yonr mamma makes splendid cake, Bobby?" Bobby: "I know she does. Bnt the loaf she gave me to take was eaten by the snperintendent and the teachers."

"MY pilgrimage has been in vain," he moaned. "I am but twenty-one years of age, and am altogether too young for this town. The youngest boy-orator is thirty-three, the bright young Republican politician is over forty-five, the rising young lawyer is thirty-seven, and to be a member of a newsboy baseball nine one must be at least twenty-two, and hav a family of his own."

ED (entering club): "Old Smith is a beast." Al.: "Indeed?" Ed.: "He said he'd remember me in his will." Al.: "Well?" Ed.: "I heard the will read yesterday, and in the codicil was this line: 'I wish to be distinctly remembered to my friend Mr. Edward Smith.'"

BEARDED stranger (who ran away to sea when a boy): "Do you remember a boy named Dick Dart?" District telegraph manager: "Very well. Twenty years ago I sent Dick around the corner with a message reqniring an immediate answer." "I am Dick Dart." "Well, giv me the answer."

AN OFFENSIV CAMPAIGN.—Billy: "Tom, ain't you comin' out wid der boys to hav a game of ball?" Tom: "Can't. I's got to go to Sunday-school." Billy: "Oh, there won't be no Sunday-school today. We've been down to the church and tied the teacher hands and legs to the stove!" Tom goes with them.

CHARLIE: "O Jack! yon said a bad word just now." Jack (who has just hit his finger with a hammer): "I don't care if I did. It hurt awfully." Charlie: "But you said a cuss-word." Jack: "Well, grandpa does, often." Charlie: "O Jack! he doesn't, bnt it wouldn't matter if he did, because he is deaf and can't hear himself."

A RADICAL'S VERSION.

Tell me the old, old story
Of *unseen* things above,
Of golden castles in the air,
Which none may test or prove.
Tell me the story boldly,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and foolish,
And wish to be begniled.

Tell me the old, old story,
That I may be taken in,
With idle tales of glory,
And nostrnm cures for sin.
Tell me the story often,
Lest I grow sane too soon,
Deceived in childhood's morning,
But not in manhood's noon.

Tell me that story always,
If yon would really be
A stumbling-block to progress,
To all that's good and free;
And when sweet truth and reason
Are dawning on my sonl,
Tell me that story promotly,
Lest sense should make me whole.

And of another:

I love the startling story,
Although it is not true,
For it satisfies my longings
As lies alone can do.

—*London National Reformer.*

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Gems of Thought.

THE dungeon-life of the monastic maniacs, and the abject submission to the nuisance of atmospheric impurities, avenged themselvs in the ravages of pulmonary consumption; the votaries of dungeon-smells were taught the value of fresh air by the tortures of an affliction from which only the removal of the cause could deliver a victim, and millions of orthodox citizens died scores of years before the attainment of a life-term which a seemingly inscrutable dispensation of heaven grants to the unbelieving savages of the wilderness. The cheapest of all remedies, fresh air, surrounded them in immeasurable abundance, craving admission and offering them the aid which nature grants even to the lowliest of her creatures, bnt a son of a miracle-working church had no concern with such things, and was enjoined to rely on the efficacy of mystic ceremonies: "If any man is sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord.' "And the prayer of faith shall cure the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald's Bible of Nature.*

LET me call your attention to what we hav received from the followers of the ghosts. Let me giv you an outline of the sciences as taught by these philosophers of the clouds. All diseases were produced, either as a punishment by the good ghosts, or out of pure malignity by the bad ones. There were, properly speaking, no diseases. The sick were possessed by ghosts. The science of medicin consisted in knowing how to persuade these ghosts to vacate the premises. For thousands of years the diseased were treated with incantations, with hideous noises, with drums and gongs. Everything was done to make the visit of the ghost as unpleasant as possible, and they generally succeeded in making things so disagreeable that if the ghost did not leave the patient did.—*Ingersoll.*

THE doctrin of the church on this subject was clear and decided. The theater was unequivocally condemned, and all professional actors pronounced to be in a condition of mortal sin. That was the sentence of the church upon those whose lives were spent in adding to the sum of human enjoyments, in scattering the clouds of despondency, and charming away the weariness of a jaded mind. None can tell how many hearts it has wrung with anguish. The man who did more than any other to remove the stigma that rested upon actors, was unquestionably Voltaire. There is, indeed, something singularly noble in the untiring zeal with which he directed poetry and eloquence, the keenest wit and the closest reasoning, to the defense of those who had so long been friendless and despised.—*Lecky.*

COMEDIANS: Persons who pursue an abominable calling, and who, for good reasons, are highly displeasing in the sight of the ministers of the Lord. They are proscribed and excommunicated in France, where priests profess, by divine right, the exclusiv privilege of acting plays.—*Voltaire.*

THE church has always regarded the stage as a rival, and all its utterances hav been as malicious as untrue. It has always felt that the money given to the stage was in some way taken from the pulpit. It is on this principle that the pulpit wishes everything, except the church, shut up on Sunday. It knows that it cannot stand free and open competition. All well-educated ministers know that the Bible suffers by a comparison with Shakspere.—*Ingersoll.*

SAR.: 'Tis true I hav not shed
Blood as I might hav done, in oceans, till
My name became the synonym of death—
A terror and a trophy. But for this
I feel no penitence; my life is love:
If I must shed blood, it shall be by force.
Till now, no drop from an Assyrian vein
Has flowed for me, nor hath the smallest coin
Of Nineveh's vast treasures e'er been lavished
On objects which could cost her sons a tear.
If then they hate me, 'tis because I hate not;
If they rebel, 'tis because I oppress not.
O men! —*Byron.*

LET us conceive the object of the Positivist's adoration. Let us consider what claims to godhood may be made for humanity. When, among a people professing that religion of peace preached to them generation after generation by tens of thousands of priests, an assembly receives with enthusiasm, as lately at the Gambetta dinner, the toast, "The French army, the highest embodiment of the French nation," when, along with nominal acceptance of forgivness as a Christian duty, there goes intense determination to retaliate, we are obliged to reprobate either the feeling which they actually think proper, or the hypocrisy with which they profess that the opposit feeling is proper.—*Herbert Spencer.*

YOU must be a bondman to philosophy, if you wish to gain true freedom.—*Epicurus.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.—A HINT TO TALMAGE, BRADEN, ET AL.

An ass having put on a lion's skin, roamed about frightening all the silly animals he met, and seeing a fox, he tried to alarm him also. But Reynard, having heard his voice, said, "Pooh! I might hav been frightened too if I had not heard you bray!"—*Æsop's Fables.* MORAL: It is useless for an ass to try to disguise himself.

Notes and Clippings.

ELDER SLOCUM, of Beach Pond, R. I., is a religious fanatic who has so cruelly starved and abused his stock that he had to be arrested.

SERVICES at the Boston First Baptist church were enlivened recently by the chasing from the church of Pastor Allen by Brothers Collier and Hardwick with raised fists.

M. MERCIER, premier of the province of Quebec, has been decorated by Pope Leo with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, to recompense him for "services he has rendered the state."

MAYOR ROCHE, of Chicago, was called upon a few days ago by a committee appointed to criticise the non-enforcement of the Sunday law, but refused to listen to them, as they were non-residents, and finally showed them the door.

THE nominees of the Equal Rights (woman suffrage) party are Belva Lockwood and Alfred H. Love; of the United Labor party, Cowdry, of Illinois, and Wakefield, and of the Union Labor party, Alson J. Streeter, of Illinois, and Charles E. Cunningham, of Arkansas.

DANIEL SCHOBERT, of New York, having long been crazy on religion, has at length made his whole family so, and they hav been arrested. "This little girl can giv you any excerpt from the New or the Old Testament," said Mrs. Schobert, as she sat with her five-year-old child in her lap at the office of the charities commissioners. "She has been brought up in the fear of God."

A ROMAN CATHOLIC school-girl of Brooklyn, named Carty, has complained to the board of education that her teacher "humiliated her and other Roman Catholic scholars" by teaching a few plain historical truths about the Reformation.

THE heirs of recently deceased wealthy residents of Three Rivers diocese, Canada, hav raised such an outcry against Jesuits for influencing deathbed bequests in favor of themselvs, that the bishop has had to pretend to order the Jesuits from the diocese.

I OPENLY and solemnly charge that, as an institution, the church is simply organized pharisaism and hypocrisy, that she is the enemy of thought, and that she is the friend of every vested wrong and a stumbling-block in the way of every great reform.—*Pentecost.*

JUST as the pastor of the Laurel Fork church, Whitely county, Tenn., had read his text the other Sunday, a volley of firearms was heard at the door, and an affray ensued in which several were killed. It is supposed that a long succession of preaching from the bloody Old Testament texts had brought the feelings of the men to a crisis that a final bit of ferocity served to explode.

THE Pan-Presbyterian Council was anxious to find some solution of the embarrassment arising from the preaching to the heathen of so many assorted varieties of the one true religion. They complained that the Baptists, for instance, preach that the infant baptism of the Presbyterians is a pagan abomination. The Episcopalians deny to both the title of church, and affirm that they are sects cut off by man's perverseness from the true church established by Christ.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE in *Truth* tells of a boy who replied to the Sunday-school teacher's statement that "Jesus took no revenge, not even upon those who betrayed and crucified him:" "He didn't then, but he is going to."

OF Harrison, the Rev. M. L. Haines, pastor of that candidate's church at Indianapolis, writes: "'Our responsibility to God' is a phrase I hav heard him use a number of times in his prayers, and in such a tone as to make it clear that it is one of the great truths that shape his thinking and conduct."

THE pope in his late encyclical on Liberty says: "Human liberty, in individuals as in societies or governments, implies the necessity of conforming to a supreme rational law which emanates from God. The church is not an enemy of honest, legitimate liberty, but is an enemy of license. It condemns false liberalism or naturalism, which declares that there is no supreme law and that everyone must form his own faith and religion. Such doctrin tends to destroy the consciousness of the difference between good and evil."

THE Wales farmers continue their stubborn refusal of tithes for the Established church. The military hav been sent to protect and assist the tithe collectors, but the people refuse to sell either the soldiers or the police any supplies, furnish them any conveyance, or hold any intercourse whatever with them. The situation has been growing quite serious, the government seemingly becoming more determined and the Welsh people more desperately in earnest. It will no doubt end in the disestablishment of the church in Wales and the abolishing of tithes.

JOHN CARSWELL, a deacon of the Scotch National church at Bloomsbury, England, was recently fined $5 in a police court for assaulting the wife of Johnson, a village painter, in the church. The evidence was that he struck her with the pedestal of the offertory box so that she became ill and had to leave the church. The assault was a part of a row between the church officials and the pastor, the Rev. J. Mackie.

HERE'S a neat and, the *Sun* thinks, probably true story of a small Boston boy, who was just learning to say his evening prayer. The other night he began with his usual drawl: "Now—I—lay—me——" and then waited for his mother to help him. "Go on, Harold," she said. "Now—I—lay—me——" "Down," prompted the mother. "Down came a blackbird and nipped off her nose Amen," said Master Harold with great alacrity and fluency, and jumped up and popped into his little bed.

THE Chinamen of New York recently held a big Chinese picnic and excursion, and gave notice of the exclusion from the festivities of all "Sunday-school Chinamen," that is, Christianized Chinamen. No wonder. Probably they hav been reading up the little peculiarities of Christendom to advantage. Perhaps they hav already observed in their whilom brothers an inexplicable desire to tie them up and deprive them with pincers of sundry necessary portions of their anatomy—eyes, ears, tongues, legs, etc.; or their objections may be directed against nothing more serious than little liabilities of getting accused of every known crime, having it said that their grandmothers were horse-thieves, and being arrested and fined for blasphemy.

Communications.

Was Jesus Insane?

The gospels contain a great many meaningless expressions which Jesus used, that go to prove that he was not "right in his mind." At one time, when he was sitting with the multitude, it was told him that his mother and brethren wished to see him. Did he act like a sane person, like a son, like a brother? No! He acted like a lunatic, and cried out: "Who is my mother or my brethren? And he looked round about him and said, Behold my mother and my brethren."

In John's gospel is contained another instance which reflects upon the mental soundness of Jesus. It is at the marriage in Cana. His mother is present. The guests had drunk up all the wine and the mother of Jesus went to him and said, "They have no wine." He turns upon her and says, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" Men with any love in their hearts do not speak to their mothers like this. Is this the way for a God to speak? Is such an address the evidence of divinity or of insanity?

In the eighth chapter of John's gospel we find the most astounding claim made by Jesus. He is talking with some Jews and said to them: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad.

"Then the Jews said unto him, Thou art not fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?

"Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." Imagine a man making the statement that he had been living for fifteen hundred years!

The only other person, we believe, who could boast of having lived so many centuries was that remarkable character that Rider Haggard has given the world, called "She."

If there were only this one speech in the gospels upon which to fix the charge of insanity upon Jesus, it were enough. In our time a man making such a foolish statement could be sent to the insane asylum. His heirs would require no other evidence to convict him of unsound mind, and would ask the court to place him under the care of a guardian. Wills have been broken with less evidence of the testator's lunacy. This foolish speech of Jesus ought to cost the Christian world all respect for the speaker's intelligence. How much value can we place upon the discourse of a man who declares that he existed before a person who had been dead fifteen hundred years?

The story relates that after Jesus made this astonishing announcement of his antiquity he hid himself. I don't wonder.

We find that Jesus often referred to his second coming, and promised his followers that when he came he would reward them. At one time he is reported as having said: "The Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels, and then he shall reward every man according to his works.

"Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom."

He said to the high priest: "Hereafter shall ye see this Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." There is no mention anywhere that Jesus ever came in the clouds of heaven, with or without his angels, or that he rewarded his followers "according to their works."

All such talk was merely the irresponsible utterances of an unbalanced mind. The world does not put confidence in the words of Jesus. No one to-day imagines that this person came in the clouds, or that he will ever come in that fashion.

But there is one feature of this man's character which has been passed in charitable silence or mentioned with seeming disguise of its terrible significance. This man tells us that he is "meek and lowly in heart." In the light of his subsequent career these words are but the smile worn on the face of hate. We must not forget that there is "method in madness." This man's mind was filled with the idea that he was a divine person, called to rule the world. Anyone who disputed his right to the throne was his enemy; anyone who stood in the path of his ambition was to be removed. Any means, no matter how cruel, that would hasten the fulfilment of his designs, were sacred. Now let us see the spirit that animated Jesus, this man who was "meek and lowly in heart," this very humble person.

Here is what he says, "But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay before me" (Luke xix, 27).

This man's fierce ambition would see all those who disputed his right to rule slain before his eyes. Never was human heart inspired with blacker passion than this. Never did cruelty exceed this command.

Are men serious who ask us to believe that Jesus was divine, that the fires of love, of mercy, of charity warmed his heart, and that only the great-hearted longing to help the world fed his brain with thoughts and filled his hand with power? Are men serious who tell us that in this person's career can be seen the footsteps of a God, that in this person's language is the music which angels delight to hear, and that his deeds are the high examples of mighty virtue that would rob its own life of joy to give joy to mankind? No! these men cannot be serious, or they know not the import of their words. We cannot be true to our sense of right, to our feelings, to our heart's best throbbings, and read the story of Jesus with satisfaction. The world must give up the foolish faith that the gospels of the New Testament contain the history of a divine existence, that these books are a library of divine wisdom, and that the record contained on their pages is the biography of a Son of God. Our intellects must stoop to accept such a faith. To believe this, we must write Imbecile on the brow, tell truth to wear the mask of hypocrisy, bid honesty put out its sight, lend to the grave the shining virtues of our race and drape our manhood in black. Why, the very majesty of nature must crawl in the dust and the lips of truth kiss the feet of falsehood.

I have read the words of Jesus to see in them the inspiration of a lofty mind, but I must candidly declare that his words seem to me to mirror the moods of a shattered brain. I have followed his wanderings to find the evidence of a noble desire to improve his race, but I must frankly say that his every step seemed to be taken on the ladder of a selfish ambition. The throne he sought turned to a cross. He was crowned by the empty hand of death. The wild dream ended in a terrible reality. Instead of the world at his feet in homage, he saw only his executioners from his dying post. Not a follower in sight; not an angel came to his relief; no hand reached down from heaven to smite his enemies.

His death is a witness to his insanity. He had trusted in a delusion, and he died disappointed.

It is claimed by some that Jesus asserted his divine claims as the Christ or Messiah, and not as the Son of God. But it is difficult to understand how a man, born in the station that Jesus was born in, without any royal connection, could think that a nation would accept him as its king. It seems to me that the attempt of Jesus to pass himself off upon the Jews as the Messiah promised by the prophets cannot be regarded as the undertaking of one possessed of a sound mind. We can comprehend how a daring political adventurer might try to seat himself upon an empty throne, or how some ambitious individual might stir up the people to a revolt and undertake to lead them to victory, and in this way secure a crown for himself; but we can hardly wonder that the Jews laughed at a man born among the poor and lowly, and who had gathered together a dozen disciples, who proclaimed himself the divinely appointed Messiah and asked to be acknowledged their king.

There is nothing to indicate that Jesus ever attempted by force of arms to seat himself upon the throne of David, nothing to show that he sought to overthrow the government by instigating a rebellion. We cannot account for this strange delusion that possessed his mind that he would be received as the Christ of his people. Such a notion seems the faith of a diseased more than of a rational mind. While it was natural for him to share the faith of his countrymen, and indulge the hope of future national glory for his people, we are unable to see what circumstances in his life should lead him to think himself the fulfilment of the prophecy that a king should be born to the Jews who should free them from Roman oppression. We cannot believe that Jesus expected to prove his claim to the throne of Israel by birth, as the attempt to make him of royal blood has come no nearer than to show that Joseph, his stepfather, could trace his genealogy, with some allowances, back to David.

Jesus could not say to the Jews, "Crown me, for I am the natural heir to the throne. Hand me the scepter of Israel, for the blood of David flows in my veins." He must have looked for some miracle to be wrought in his favor that would turn his rags to purple and his hat to a crown. If he was to be the king of the Jews, it could not be from birthright, for his biographers assert that the Holy Ghost was his father, and there is no mention of any such person that belonged to the house of David. If Jesus claimed to be the Messiah, how can you explain such presumption on his part except by believing that he was insane?

The last hope to save divinity to Jesus is to appeal to his teachings. We are told that the very light of heaven shines in the moral commands of Jesus, and that such transcendent wisdom could have come only from a greater than mortal brain. The superiority of the New Testament ethics exists only in Christian imagination. I will take the two most characteristic sayings of Jesus, and see if we can find any evidence of divinity in them. Jesus taught that whatsoever man should ask God for in prayer he should receive, and also that God, who provided food for the fowls of the air and who clothed the grass of the field, would feed and clothe man.

I would ask the Christian who believes that such teaching as this is divine, if it is true? Does not everyone know that it is false? Does not everyone know that every man, woman, and child might perish from the face of the earth for all that God would do to save them? Does not everyone know that not a single thing that is necessary to human life can be had by prayer? Does not everyone know that the heart of man is the only heart that feels for man; that the hand of man is the only hand that helps man?

Why! prayer has knelt the earth over, and asked to be saved from suffering, to be saved from sin, to be saved from death. But suffering is in every house. Men and women in their blindness go wrong, and the grave reaches out its ghastly arms and takes the young and the old, the fair, the brave, and the true. It is madness to teach that God will answer the prayers of man. It is madness to teach that God will feed the starving and clothe the naked. Such ideas could come only from insanity.

I am amazed at the Christian admiration for Jesus. I cannot account for it.

I can see but little in this character that is worthy of honor or imitation. I can find but little in his teachings that can be followed with advantage to man.

It seems to me strange that educated men, men who are looked upon as mentally gifted, should pretend that the hero of the gospel story lived a life that exceeded the powers of humanity and possessed a wisdom that could not come from human experience. It can be explained only upon the ground that after the mind accepts the Bible as the word of God, it is prepared to stultify itself in any way.

After a fair and impartial reading of the gospel, the world must be convinced that Jesus was not divine, but insane.

L. K. Washburn.

Theology in the Public Schools.

W. D. Lesueur in the Canada Educational Monthly.

It must be a great satisfaction to all who are interested in the question of Bible teaching in the public schools to find so competent a writer as the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell coming forward to take part in the discussion. The reverend gentleman finds matter for criticism in my "Open Letter to the Public and High School Teachers of Ontario," published in the December number of this magazine; and, as he seems to call upon me for a further defense of the position I hav taken, I hav much pleasure in responding to the challenge of so courteous and reasonable—let me add so liberal—an opponent.

Let us see what it is we want to know. We want to know, if I mistake not, whether in a country like Canada, in which there is no state church, and, professedly, no state recognition of any particular theology, the Bible should be used in the schools with a warrant from the state that it is the word of God. That is the only question that I hav set myself to discuss. To the use of the Bible as a text-book merely, on a par with other text-books, and subject to the same free handling as other text-books, I hav never objected, nor had occasion to object, for the simple reason that no one has ever proposed such a use of it. Those who demand its use in the schools demand that it shall be used as the word of God, and in no other character. But how is its use in that character exclusivly to be secured? By making it compulsory upon teachers to introduce it to their scholars in that character, and punishing those teachers who present it in any other light. Therefore, I say the question is whether the state should enjoin the use of the Bible in the schools and authoritativly declare it to be the word of God. I hav tried to show cause why the state should not do this. I hav impugned the competency of the state to decide any such question. I hav maintained that it is not the business of the state—under our system of government at least—to decide such questions. The case is different where there is a state church acting as a coördinate branch of the government. In that case the secular power can refer to the spiritual authorities all questions of orthodoxy and heterodoxy, and can proceed to visit with condign punishment all heretical persons, and, in a general way, giv effect to the directions of the church in spiritual matters. But here we hav no established spiritual authority to refer to. If Mr. Mowat wants guidance upon a point of law he can consult himself as attorney-general; but if he wants guidance as to the inspiration of the scriptures, there is no one officially qualified and authorized to advise him. Now, it does seem to me that I hav not been fairly met upon this point. No one has ever told me by what authority, or by virtue of what illumination, the state in this province is able to certify that the Bible which it prescribes for use in the public schools is the word of God. One of my former opponents said he did not wish the state to certify or dogmatically assert any such thing. But if the state does not do it, then we hav this situation: Every teacher may present his own view of the Bible to his scholars, and may, if he likes, express the opinion that it is a purely human work and one abounding in errors. If a teacher who advanced these views would be liable to lose his place, then we hav the flagrant injustice of a certain

standard of opinion being tacitly set up which the authorities hav not the courage openly to proclaim. If it be said that the people generally are of the opinion that the Bible is the word of God, I ask, as I hav asked before, should the *vox populi* be decisiv in a question of this nature? If the *vox populi* undertakes to decide questions of science and criticism, and not only to prescribe text-books for the schools, but to prescribe the opinions that teachers are to hold in regard to those text-books, our educational system will soon be in a queer shape. Seeing that the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell has apparently been following this discussion, as conducted elsewhere, with some interest, I am really sorry he has not done more to help me out of the difficulties under which he has seen me laboring as to the right and the ability of the state to certify that the Bible is the word of God, so as to secure that it shall be consistently treated as such in the schools. I know that there are thousands who will see nothing in this, but I write not for people who are incapable of reflection, but for those who are accustomed to think, and who know what it is to think candidly; and I do not believe that any man at once candid and intelligent will say that there is no difficulty whatever in the case as I present it.

My able opponent assumes that I object to all religious teaching in the schools, and he joins issue with me, therefore, upon that point. He says, in an eloquent passage, that "the best moral results can not be attained without the distinct recognition of the living God, in whom we liv and move and hav our being, without whom not a sparrow shall fall to the ground, . . . who so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten son," etc. This language comes home to us, doubtless, with all the force of long familiarity and of many blended associations; but when we come to consider it calmly and dispassionately as the language in which teachers are to address their pupils in our public schools, does it seem altogether suitable? It is certainly the language of sentiment, of emotion, but is it language that represents demonstrable truth? What we *know* about sparrows and many other tribes of animals—not excluding man—is that, as a matter of fact, they die from time to time by thousands and tens of thousands of cold and starvation. It may hav a soothing effect upon some minds to picture to themselvs an infinit father quiescently surveying the horrors of an Irish, an Indian, or a Chinese famin; and, if so, I should be the last to wish to deprive them of such a satisfaction. I only think that, before we expatiate upon God's care for sparrows, the great facts and laws of animal life should be faithfully presented; otherwise there may be a shock to faith when, at a later period, those facts and laws become known. The study of nature reveals no special care for sparrows any more than for sparrow-hawks. It shows us that there is no cessation in the struggle for existence, and that those who survive do so at the expense of weaker competitors. To speak candidly, I do not see how, in teaching children, we can make anything of the conception of the divine interest in sparrows unless we make our appeal conclusivly to emotion, and discourage to the utmost all reflection upon the facts of the case. Then, with regard to God giving his son, I would ask with all seriousness to what order of truths this belongs. Is it a truth of history? If so, what degree of certainty attaches to it as such? Is it as certain as that Cæsar was assassinated, or that Alexander overthrew the Persian empire? Supposing it to be a tolerably well-attested fact of history, what blame will be incurred by one who, being a little more exacting on the score of evidence than the majority of people, finds himself unable to believe it on the evidence offered? The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell says that the teacher who ignores this truth in his teaching "makes a grievous mistake." If the teacher is to teach it, how are the scholars to receive it? In silence and submission or in a spirit of reflection and inquiry? Will the teacher be prepared to explain just what believing on the son means, and how such belief saves people from perishing, and what perishing means, and what eternal life means? I do not see why a thoughtful pupil should not be at liberty to ask, in a respectful manner, any questions whatever bearing on the subject; nor do I see why, in the event of his asking such questions, he should be obliged to be satisfied with any answers that did not come home to his intelligence. If the teacher were explaining the movements of the earth, a scholar would be highly approved for showing his interest in the subject by asking questions. Nothing, indeed, is more helpful to a teacher who has any real knowledge to convey to his scholars than to hav questions asked in regard to those points which his explanations hav not made quite clear. Why should it be otherwise in the case supposed? But if we imagin a conversation opened such as continually takes place in school upon other topics of study, what view of "belief on the son" is the teacher going to take? To believe *on* a person is not a usual phrase in English outside of the Bible, and a teacher might be asked in the first place to explain the use of the preposition. This point passed, there would be the much more important one as to whether belief on the son meant acceptance of his teaching or faith in the "atonement." To many good Christians the doctrin of the atonement, as generally presented in past times, is highly repugnant. They would not wish their children taught that, because Jesus bore a certain weight of anguish, physical and mental, God the father was able to see his way to forgiving his earthly children their sins against his law. Some of my readers will remember the strong language of reprobation applied by the Rev. F. W. Robertson to this theory, which, however, is still largely entertained in the Christian world. Mr. Moody is a teacher very highly thought of by the Christian millions. He has given his views of faith on Christ in his famous sermon on "The Blood," and I don't think he would giv a rush for faith that merely meant acceptance of, and devotion to, a certain type of character. Let us, therefore, understand one another. When the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell says that the teacher makes a grievous mistake who in the moral training of children ignores the doctrin of salvation through faith in Christ, does *he* want the teacher to take his stand with Mr. Moody on "the blood," or has he a different idea in view? I think I am entitled to ask this question and expect an answer, for surely the expressions "belief on the son," "salvation by faith," do not explain themselvs.

I know that faith in incantations is not altogether a thing of the past, and I quite believe that there are some, perhaps many, who simply want the teacher to utter some pious words at the opening of the school, leaving the scholars to take them—so far as they listen at all—in whatever conventional sense they may be accustomed to apply to them. It is quite needless to say that I do not place the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell in this class. He shows that he does not belong to it by specifying the particular views he wishes to hav brought forward in the schools, and I am sure he will go further and tell us how he would hav some of these views developed and illustrated. The effects, I may remark, of the incantation plan are visible on every hand—visible in the shocking ignorance of biblical phraseology, biblical history, biblical everything on the part of people who hear the Bible read, if not daily, at least once or twice a week, their lives through. To my mind it is little short of miraculous how amazingly small a tincture of biblical knowledge is to-day possessed by thousands who, if they follow with the least shade of interest the Bible readings given in their hearing, would necessarily hav a most extensiv acquaintance with the sacred writings. My critic himself speaks of "the ignorance of the contents of the Bible which is now so lamentable." He might hav said "phenomenal" as well as "lamentable," for it is phenomenal; and the only explanation I can offer is that to a vast number of people, old and young, Bible readings are regarded as mere incantations—the utterance of words which, by some intrinsic virtue quite independent of their meaning, are expected to work good results, and the mere listening to which—quite independently of any effort to catch sense—is in itself a meritorious act. I hav thought of the matter a good deal, and I know of no theory except the incantation theory that will explain the facts.

I note with much pleasure the liberal stand taken by my critic upon one or two points raised in my "Open Letter." He sees no reason in the world why the same kind of information which we giv in regard to Homer should not be given in regard to the Bible—"why an intelligent child (query, not the average ones?) should not be told that there is uncertainty as to the authorship of some of the books of the Bible, and different opinions as to the dates at which some of them were composed." "We need hav no fear," he proceeds, "as to all the facts that hav been ascertained about the Bible being made known." But how about the facts that hav not been "ascertained?" Are they to be taught or must teachers confine themselvs rigorously to such facts as hav been conclusivly established? The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell puts in a caution against troubling the minds of the children with "the unverified theories and speculations of clever men, or about unconfirmed suspicions or assertions of inaccuracy on the part of biblical writers as to matters of science or history." This is good as far as it goes, but how about unverified theories that hav become incorporated with current beliefs. Will Mr. Macdonnell say there are none such? I do not believe he will. How then, I ask, in regard to such unverified matters? How about "unconfirmed assertions," not of inaccuracy, but of *accuracy*, on the part of the authors of the books of scripture. Is the rule to be that whatever antiquity, greedy of marvels and destitute of all canons of scientific criticism, has handed down to us is to be believed, unless some one can bring forward absolute evidence of its falsity in a given case?

> Creditur olim,
> Velifactus Athos et quidquid Græcia mendax,
> Audet in historia.

If the same easy faith is to be given to every statement of scripture, while the theories and statements of "clever men" are to be subjected to the severest examination and only accepted, if it all, when the evidence in their favor is overwhelming, it is to be feared that the historic sense of our school-children will be developed in a very one-sided manner.

It is a great satisfaction to hav to deal with a candid opponent. Had the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell not been a candid man, and a brave man too, he would not hav admitted, as frankly as he has done, the truth of my statement that many persons hav little idea how repugnant much that is contained in the Bible is to the instinctiv morality of children. The explanation he givs of the fact has the merit of familiarity, but I fail to see that it has any other. Christ himself, he observes, has told us that many things were suffered in earlier times on account of the hardness of men's hearts. Alas, alas, that won't do. It is not the hardness of *men's* hearts that troubles us in the Bible history; it is the distinct attribution to the deity of the worst deeds that the book records. Who hardened Pharaoh's heart? What had the hardness of men's hearts to do with the punishment inflicted at an earlier period upon the unfortunate Egyptians on account of an act into which their king was directly led by the duplicity and cowardice of the father of the faithful? What had the hardness of men's hearts to do with the smiting to death of the well-meaning Uzzah? What had the hardness of men's hearts to do with the express commands given by Jehovah to the Israelites to wage a war of utter extermination against the unhappy inhabitants of Palestine? When Saul was not hard-hearted enough to cut the trembling Agag down in the place where he stood, who was it that rushed forward and hewed the wretched captiv in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal? It was Samuel the priest of the Lord and the utterer of his counsel. What had the hardness of men's hearts to do with the slaughter of some scores of thousands of King David's subjects for the offense committed by the king in numbering the people? If it be said that God was not the author of these things, but that the hardness of men's hearts was such that they required to hav these deeds of cruelty and caprice attributed to their God in order that they might fear him at all, it becomes a serious question how far a book which records such enormities and represents God as having either wrought them himself or enjoined them on others is profitable reading for the children of to-day.

There is another point of view from which the "hardness of heart" theory will not work. If the truer precepts of the New Testament were not applicable to the ancient Jews, how is that they were applicable to the Greek and Roman world that had had no such special enlightenment or instruction as had been vouchsafed to the Jewish race? We do not read that Paul, on account of the hardness of heart of his Ephesian and Corinthian converts, was compelled to deliver to them very imperfect moral precepts, or to represent God to them in any doubtful, not to say repellent, light. Whence or how had these gentile "dogs," as a zealous Jew would hav called them, obtained a preparation of heart for the higher teachings of Christianity?

The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell is persuaded that the number is very small of those who would object to the teaching of the Bible in the schools. Here let me explain: To the reading of the Bible in the schools and to the giving of moral instruction more or less founded thereon, I would personally make but slight objection, were it not for the domineering and tyrannical spirit in which the *right of the majority* to hav such readings and teachings has been insisted on by some. The part that I hav taken in this discussion has been inspired not by hostility to the Bible, but by hostility to tyranny and intolerance. I feel that this is a case in which the minority has rights no less sacred than those of the majority; and as a matter of *right* I cannot concede that the majority should claim to lay hold of the machinery of the state for the propagation of their special theological views. As to what proportion of the public school teachers hold in a general way to "advanced" opinions, I can perhaps help the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell to an estimate. He says he supposes them to be extremely few. Eleven years ago there was formed in the city in which I reside a society which gave itself the name of the "Progressiv Society." It was formed entirely on Freethought lines, and out of the dozen, at the most, of persons who constituted the original membership four were public school teachers. Two ex-teachers subsequently joined, and are still on the roll of members. At least two other teachers of the city hav expressed themselvs to me as being in accord with the views of the society, and not long ago I received a letter from an ex-teacher (high school master I think) stating that he had better opportunities than most for knowing the views of the teaching body, and that he could assure me that, in the present controversy, a very large proportion of them were on my side. The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell says, at one moment, that perhaps there might be a conscience clause for teachers as well as for scholars; but as he goes on at once to say that a man who holds non-Christian opinions cannot reasonably hope for employment as a teacher in a Christian community, it is a little hard to know just what he means on this point.

Let me first answer one question put by my re-

spected opponent, and I hav done. He wan's to know whether I would approve of any religious element in the education given in the public schools. My answer shall be brief: I don't believe that one human being can instruct another human being about God. The man who undertakes to demonstrate God, in any sense of the verb "demonstrate," undertakes more than he can accomplish. We recognize physical laws as operativ in the universe of matter, and moral laws as operativ in human society; and it is doubtless natural to the great majority of minds to refer such laws to God as their author. But all that is open to our study is the orderly succession of cause and effect in the universe. In this direction we can make unceasing progress; and my idea is that the most religious education of all would be one in which a constant effort would be made to unfold the laws of the universe, and to deduce therefrom the highest lessons they are adapted to teach, with a view to keeping alive and vigorous the correspondence between outward law and inward obligation. Under such an education I believe that whatever thoughts of God were of a nature to elevate the mind and purify the heart would spontaneously suggest themselvs. We should then hav done with incantations, and all progress in knowledge would be progress toward the perfecting of human nature.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

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Official Call for Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

To the Local Secular Unions, Life, Charter, and Annual Members, and all Liberal citizens who support the Nine Demands of Secularism, Greeting:

You are hereby invited to attend the Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, which will convene at Lafayette Hall, Wood street, near 4th, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, October 5, 1888, at 10 A.M., for a four days' session—5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th inclusiv.

All Charter and Life Members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of State or Executiv Committees, and all duly accredited delegates from Local Secular Unions are entitled to seats and votes in this Annual Congress. Each Local Secular Union is entitled to send its President and Secretary and three other members as delegates. Annual Members who pay or hav paid $1 in the national treasury are entitled to seats, but not to votes, except by unanimous consent of the Congress.

This Congress will specially consider practical questions tending to further agitation for taxation of church property; the abrogation of state aid to sectarian institutions; abolition of state, national, military, and prison chaplaincies; repeal of judicial oaths, Sunday and other oppressiv and unjust ecclesiastical laws; nullification of attempts to subvert our Constitution by a legal recognition of Theism in the American Magna Charta, and such other measures as will not merely thwart intended theological encroachments, but will absolutely expunge from our laws, state and federal, such insidious acts as hav already crept in to blot out mental freedom from our republic.

It is to be hoped that the addresses delivered will deal with the practical issues of the organization, so that there will be such an awakening of the people to these vital questions of the hour that a revival of the instinct of liberty and justice for all will necessarily result; that again from the Keystone state—the birthplace of our association—the clarion voice of freedom shall vibrate throughout the land.

Pittsburgh being situated almost in the center of a district containing many of our most distinguished workers, thinkers, and writers, besides the activ host within its limits, there is little doubt but that this Congress will be a glorious gathering of the forces who stand for mental liberty, as expressed in the desire for complete Secularization of the government.

S. P. PUTNAM, Pres.
E. A. STEVENS, Sec.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com.

To the Members of the American Secular Union.

There are imperativ reasons why, after the coming Congress at Pittsburgh, I should refuse activ official connection with the American Secular Union. These reasons do not proceed out of any distrust of the Union, but from an increased belief in its success and the triumph of Liberalism throughout the land. It is not the meagerness of the result that compels withdrawal from this sphere of action, but the very greatness of the result. It is because there is so much to do that selection is necessary as to the field of effort.

When I accepted the presidency of the Union at Chicago I did not anticipate the enterprise upon the Pacific coast. I expected to devote myself mainly to lecturing throughout the states and so be able to aid the Union at any point. But the establishment of *Freethought* in San Francisco has opened such vast and varied opportunities for labor that I am simply compelled to withdraw from the Eastern field for the next few years, and concentrate my energies upon the Pacific coast.

From Denver to San Francisco I shall find constant employment, organizing and strengthening the Liberal party by lectures and *Freethought*, and therefore I can no longer devote myself in a practical way to the purely national work. Under these circumstances, as I cannot be in intimate communication with Eastern friends, it is best not to occupy a position whose duties I must to a certain extent neglect on account of other fields of effort. If I could perform any effectual service as president of the Union, I should be ready to do so and accept the honor and responsibility with joy, but when I find that I can do just as good service to the Union as a private in the ranks, and that the official position can be better filled by somebody else, then my devotion to the Union leaves no other course but to refuse the office, while I shall still continue to aid in another capacity.

It is evident that the main work of the Union, at present, must be done in the East. In order to be effectual, the board of directors should be close together. There should be three in Chicago in immediate communication with the secretary. It weakens the action of the Union to hav the president and the secretary three thousand miles apart. The wheels will not run smoothly when it takes a fortnight for a reply to a question which, for the convenience and oftentime success of the secretary's enterprises, should be answered in a day. Delays are vexatious and sometimes dangerous, and the secretary, who is the main worker, must hav his advisers and co-workers at hand.

I hav chosen the Pacific coast for my home, and for the labor of coming years. This choice necessitates a withdrawal from the activ government of the Union in favor of some one who is nearer the headquarters; while I can still support the Union effectually by non-official coöperation.

In thus withdrawing for the sake of greater usefulness to all concerned, I wish to state frankly my views of the work of the Union. It has been subject to many criticisms. Some of these I wish to answer.

It has been said that "Putnam has carried the Union around in his vest pocket, and has used it simply for personal advancement." Nothing is further from the truth. I should hav been better off to-day pecuniarily if I had never had any connection with the Union. If four years ago I had entered the field simply as a lecturer, dependent upon my own energies, I should hav avoided many difficulties and hav received a larger remuneration. All the Unions in the world will not make one successful in the Liberal lecture field. In no case whatever has my official connection with the Union given me more enthusiastic reception or better pay. In every instance I hav had to win by personal effort. The American people are not so constituted that the patronage of any organization will make a lecturer acceptable. He must stand on his own merits. No amount of recommendations will transform dullness into power.

I hav not endeavored to shape the policy of the Union to my own notions. I hav not tried, in any instance, to make the Union subservient to my profit. The Liberals of this country are not the kind of people to be hoodwinked. None can use them, nor dictate to them. They allow no master. If my policy has been adopted, it is because that policy has expressed the common sense of the Liberals of this country. It is because by my acquaintance with Liberals, I hav known what is the general desire, and hav put that desire into execution. My policy has been unanimously sustained by every Congress from Cassadaga to Chicago in spite of adverse criticism.

It is folly to say that a Congress of Liberals can be "fixed." There has always been the amplest freedom and everybody has said his say, and in the end the methods adopted hav been thoroughly justified. I hav had the cordial support of the vast majority of the activ Liberals of this country; and this is not because I hav had any personal policy, but because I hav endeavored to meet the demands of the situation. I hav not been the master but the servant of the Union in honorable labor.

Many criticisms hav been made because I hav devoted almost all my time to the lecture field. There was no other course to pursue. Had I remained in New York city—in a home office—the Union would to-day be dead. The proof is palpable to all who know the history of the Union. It was absolutely necessary that I should travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific in order to arouse the dormant life of Liberalism and make fellowship. The lecture tours were successful. I undertook them on my own responsibility. The Liberals generously responded, and I am willing to leave my work to the judgment of all who are interested in the advance of the Union. I think now that a home office is better, and that the secretary should not be a traveling lecturer; but the opportunity for a home office was only made by two years' hard work in the field.

The Union has been criticised for not publishing Sunday-school leaflets, science books, and all the instrumentalities for work by local societies. It is simply impossible for the Union to do this. It has not the means. When there are one hundred live Secular Unions and Sunday-schools in this country, then these instrumentalities can be furnished, and not before. These instrumentalities can't be made out of air. There must be a fountain of support.

Such fault-finding is like cursing a poor man for his poverty, and blaming him for not having a fine house to liv in. The Union is not a rich institution. It is poor—very poor. Outside of the lecture fees, the income has been only a few hundred dollars each year. The Union has used its money to the best advantage. There has been no waste. This is fully apparent to anyone who will examin the records. To condemn the Union for not doing what it would take ten times its income to do is a cruel folly, and unworthy of any generous-minded Liberal. The funds of the Union hav not been misdirected. If the Union does not do all the good work that lies before it, it is simply because it has not the means. Let those who criticise the Union for not doing certain things of importance go to work and raise the funds, and giv it a chance to do these things, and not try to destroy the Union on account of the poverty of its resources.

Poor though it is, the Union has done a noble work. I am satisfied that the Liberals of America will not permit it to be destroyed simply because it is poor and struggling, and not rich and flourishing. I stand by the Union, I believe in the Union, and I will work for the Union more heartily than ever. It is a burning shame to the Liberals of this country if they will not sustain a national organization, on a platform—the Nine Demands—which everybody can support. I want a union of the Liberals of America, for the churches are powerful and aggressiv, and do force and will force injustice upon us; and if we are men, we will resist, and to resist successfully we must combine.

The selection of Mr. Stevens for secretary was wise and opportune. He is the man for the place. He has given us new life and hope. He did not seek office. It was the unanimous desire of the Congress that he accept it. He did so with generous devotion. Amid many difficulties and discouragements, his administration has been successful. With proper support, he will make the Union a power.

The secretary is the practical working force of the organization. The president and the other directors are mainly advisory. The secretary needs their wise coöperation, but his own personal effort is what makes the influence of the Union. He must be a worker. The board of directors should be representativ Liberals, who hav the confidence of the public, and will make harmony in the ranks. The best secretary can do but little without the united assistance of activ Liberals. Mr. Stevens should be kept in his position. His ability is unquestioned. His earnestness is inspiring.

I look forward to a bright, harmonious Congress. Our Pittsburgh friends hav never lowered the flag. They will giv, I believe, a grander impulse than ever.

In union with our Eastern friends, the Pacific coast will do its share. A world in itself, it needs its own methods and instrumentalities, but Liberals here are American citizens, and we shall work for the American republic, and for equal rights and impartial liberty wherever the flag of our Union waves. To do my work more effectually in the Far West, I must sever my official connection with the national organization, but only as a private in the ranks to serve it with greater hope and enthusiasm.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Pacific Coast, July 28, 1888.

The Quaker City.

It was nearing the close of that May-time which is the morning of summer, when one fair, bright day I was borne away to the southward, through long, shining levels of grassy sea, shot over with yellow dandelion gleams like little baby sunshines playing in the sink and swell of the emerald waves. Up from that silent, dreaming, hazy, green ocean came floating the songs of its toilers; and the light-bathed air which rested above it grew redolent with perfume, purple and silver with the sheen of the wings floating through it. And night came down like the gathered brooding of those wings, softly, slowly, darkly—only where a lost moonbeam wandered through the chancel of Silence and paused for a moment to rest beneath the hovering shadow.

What a strange contrast was this day which had closed to that which dawned in the morrow's east! Scarcely less wild than the Pennsylvania mountains themselvs, scarcely less changing than those winding streams, those hills in the distance where the

purple twilights always lie, those jagged piles of nature's giant masonry, those scarred summits with their eternal frown like that which rests above the sightless eyeballs of the blind, seeking, always seeking for the light that never comes, those wonderful gleams of uplifted color, those flashes of rays and dashes of starlessness; scarcely less changing than this wondrous panorama which is fairly hurled against the sight with the rapidity of lightning-darts, are those massy ranges of cloudy peaks, those lakes of blue, those wealths of troubled tears, those dips of golden sun, those quiverings upon the face of nature such as dwell upon the mouth ere it breaks into sobs or laughter, those shadowy embodiments of shifting human passion which greet the eye when it is lifted to the changing skies. Now the hills climb to kiss the clouds, now the clouds sink to hug the hills, and come curling down off the mountain side as if some king among them had blown a whiff of smoke from his gray lips; now we seem pressed and gathered into the very bosom of gloom, we shoot into a tunnel—the darkness becomes almost palpable, it is like a living thing stealing around and clutching your throat; you vaguely wonder if—if—"some horrid male creature is"—*presto*, we dart into the light! There is a sweep of glittering sunshine that fairly stuns the eye; the mournful little streams of rain on your window which hav been patiently running in crooked lines down the glass are a bedazzlement of smiling glory; the stern gray rocks drip light. "Ah," says the pious individual across the aisle, "how typical of the resurrection!" And he proceeds with some pretty nonsense about a worm and a butterfly. Behold how habitual trains of thought lead people in far-sundered channels. Said I to myself, conscious than my audience if slim was at least appreciativ, "How typical of the glory of freedom! And won't it be fine if we can ever get tunneled through the mountains of ignorance, and people find out that this isn't a vale of tears after all!"

The heels of Time were treading upon twilight when I set my feet on *terra firma*, and, after methodical examination, discovered that I was not running around myself, and the platform stationary. On passing through the—what shall I call it, it looks like a cattle-guard?—I began looking earnestly for a little gentleman with a Wettstein badge, who was to be the hard-working secretary of Friendship Liberal League. Presently I heard a gentle voice speak my name, and turning about I met the leveled glance of three pair of bright dark eyes, set respectivly in *three* little gentlemen's heads. I suppose one's ideas would be naturally confused under the circumstance; but while engaged in the remarkable task of adjusting names to these three individuals in a way which mixed them up so their own mothers wouldn't hav known them, one very definit idea took possession of my brain, and I hugged it with infinit delight. This was, that there is an advantage in being born in the backwoods of Michigan—one has a chance to grow—these three little gentlemen were so very little.

Yet as it is said that valuable articles are often done up in small parcels, I shortly discovered that this trinity of big eyes and small bodies contained about as valuable material as can be found anywhere in the Liberal ranks. Secretary Longford has the best qualities which should characterize the incumbent of that arduous office—faithfulness, impartiality, sacrificial devotion to the cause, and a quiet persistency that simply smiles at obstacles. The merry little Bishop who kept amusing us with his quaint speeches is a model for all secular bishops; and Mr. Elliott is a whole entertainment committee in himself.

The following afternoon, before the lectures, I had the pleasure of meeting President Shaw, whose magnificent bearing reminded me of one of our stately Northern pines, and whose broad, generous, noble conception of life and its aims is more like the natural product of the West rather than the law-cursed city of Philadelphia.

I hav never addressed an audience of finer men and women than that which greeted me that Sunday afternoon, yet it was preëminently an Eastern audience. To compare it with that which had greeted me in Chicago some two weeks previous was to compare the spirit of the East and the spirit of the West, the star-flashing of the occident with the sun-gleam of the orient. But the star is that which trembles on the morning's verge presaging the dawn; the sun-gleam that of a sweet, ripe afternoon in June. And it is very hard to say which light we love best.

In the evening a good fairy came to me (the only fairy I believe in), and gave me her gentle hand, wishing me to accept the beautiful bouquet which adorned the speaker's stand. They say that flowers speak. I shall long remember the message of that pure white lily, standing like a fair queen in the center of her little, blooming kingdom. There was nothing more sweet and snowy than that lily, save the dear heart and the gentle hand of Mrs. Harker.

A gentleman, whose name I did not catch, but which appeared to variate from Brotherhood, Botherhead, Blubberhead, Bubblehead, Buddinghead, to Blunderhead, took occasion to allude to my balancing the starvation of millions against the mandates of Jehovah as an argument for his abolishment as a "wish-wash argument" from a "woman of *your sex*, madam." I never before so thoroughly appreciated Mr. Watts's remark concerning "old women of both sexes." As the gentleman afterward scolded the audience for not applauding his remarks, saying it was evident they preferred the ice-cream and confectioneries of public speaking to good solid "beefsteak," I conclude that to cure him of his mistaken impression concerning the wishy-washiness of starvation, it would be a good plan to cut down his daily allowance of beefsteak. Will our Philadelphia friends please see to his case?

In response to the appeal for funds to sustain the national Union, Mr. J. W. Black, one of its vice-presidents, headed the list with a "V;" several others gave smaller sums, $9 in all being contributed. The names of President Putnam and Secretary Stevens were greeted with applause—a genuin tribute to the administration, and a sign that the self-sacrificing efforts of these gentlemen are appreciated. And I am glad to pay my tribute, faint as it is, to those noble Liberals who, in the city where the iron tongue of American liberty first spoke, yet hear the chains of bygone ages clank; who stand almost in the shadow of the whipping-post; who behold a thousand churches, blocks where mental liberty is daily and hourly beheaded; who feel the curse of "church and state" like a hot, close mantle round them, yet dare to stand in the midst of all and say, boldly and fearlessly, "I despise your shackles; I ignore your priestly bondage; I defy your authority to chain my mind; I laugh at your superstition; I stand for truth, liberty, and justice." I bow to those men and those women; and I thank them for their strength, which givs me strength.

Remaining in the city for some time, I visited various of its institutions, among which was that bone of contention, Girard College. And as Providence provided a very interesting treat to your wicked subscriber (which was a mistake of diplomacy on the part of P.), I will relate some details to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER in my next.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

SHELTON'S POINT, WASH. TERR., June 30th, July 1st.—This city in embryo is the terminus of the Satsop logging railroad. Logs are run in here from all the logging-camps between Shelton and Satsop and dumped into the bay jutting from the Skokomish river. This place is named after that kind-hearted and exemplary old Infidel, David Shelton, a pioneer woodsman and mine prospector of this territory, and the first settler in this section. Only a few years ago and the nearest post-office, mill, or store was at Olympia, about twenty five miles away. He has often paddled his canoe to Olympia and back the same day. When his two daughters went shopping a canoe was their only mode of conveyance. They had to "paddle their own canoe" to Olympia. Two years and a half ago there were but three dwellings in twenty miles; now this is a thriving, prosperous village. Of course it is yet in the woods; a rough country, primitiv, but very rapidly developing.

The rain, every day during the month, has been unprecedented; they expect such weather here in winter, but in summer it is as unlooked for as it is unwelcome.

Under any circumstances the evenings just before the Fourth of July are unfavorable to lectures, but the long, severe rains had made logging roads impassable. Many camps had discharged the majority of their hands; those kept on had about all gone or were going to Seattle or Olympia to celebrate the Fourth. I was therefore alike pleased and surprised to find so large an attendance at each of the three lectures. The eager purchase of pamphlets and the avidity evinced in securing sample copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER was indisputable evidence of the great interest awakened by the first Liberal lectures ever delivered here.

W. H. Kneeland, a genuin Liberal and an old friend and subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, has fitted up a beautiful park for the use of tourists and pleasure parties. He has erected a mammoth dancing pavilion, laid out croquet grounds and a lawn-tennis park, put up swings, rustic seats, and every comfort and convenience. He is now deciding on plans for the erection of a first-class sportsman's and tourist's hotel. There is abundance of game in the woods, and the Goldsboro creek abounds in trout, from the little half-pounders to the festiv four-pound beauties.

Fruits, vegetables, and flowers grow in profusion. I should like to visit Shelton again five years hence, and witness its wonderful advancement, and once more greet the many friends I bade good-bye to at Shelton's Point.

ELMA, WASH. TERR., July 3d, 5th, 6th.—I started early on Monday morning in Friend Shelton's wagon to Kamilche, where I could take a logging train for Willie's camp, from whence I was to walk to Dan Varner's ranch, and he would take me with his team to Elma. It poured of rain; by a rough road that tested the driver's skill in dodging stumps and roots and putting on the brake down the sudden deep holes, I arrived at Kamilche about 10 A.M., and received the very encouraging information, "If the train did go at all 'till after the Fourth,' it would do so about 1 P.M. It was doubtful, as but very few hands were at work in the woods, and there were no logs to come down." Pleasant prospect! No stage; no one there who had a team; no passable road if they had. There was only the company's store and half a dozen houses in the clearing. But fortune favored. The train did go. I mounted a flat car, and sat on my trunk. Henceforth I certainly ought to keep, for I was thoroughly smoked and elaborately tattooed with the flying soot and cinders blowing directly down on me from the smokestack of the locomotiv for the entire distance. Self and baggage were dumped at Willie's camp. Train went no farther; but it was the other Willie's camp I had to reach, over a mile farther on. I left my baggage in the woods, and tramped the track. Immense trees from 200 to 250 feet high line each side of the track. When it blows hard these trees sway and lash their tops together, breaking off small branches; a very small branch descending such a great distance would crush the thickest skull it fell on. Quite frequently old trees will topple over. There is not much danger if you can see them in time enough and know which way to run. Reaching the lower camp, I had half a mile to wade over a series of miniature lakes of diverse depths—once called a road. I arrived at Dan Varner's ranch to learn that he had despaired of my arrival and so gone alone to Elma. I hired a youth to mount a horse and go to all adjacent houses, from one to three miles apart, and make liberal offers for a team to take me to Elma, but had no success. All declined, could not be coaxed or hired; so I resignedly slept the night at the ranch. About 7 o'clock good Dan Varner—an out-and-out Liberal—returned, and in the morning he took me to Elma.

Elma is a very quiet little village, but contains as many real good folks to the acre in proportion to its population as any town in the territory. John Carney, the postmaster and principal merchant, T. C. Chilcote, and Friend McLane are an unsurpassable trinity of whole-souled, zealous workers for Liberalism, while the Macdonald family—well, if there are any second-rate Macdonalds between New York and this coast, I hav failed to even hear of them. Despite being one day behind my appointment, I had a rousing good house to greet me on the evening before the Fourth. I spent the Fourth of July at the McLane ranch, and enjoyed a glorious good visit at their home in the wild woods, one mile and a half from Elma. There is great comfort, but no pretense of style—kind, honest-hearted people, men and women of grit, independence, and enterprise, chopping a home out of the woods; every additional comfort and convenience more dearly prized because earned by hard work. They are happy, prosperous, contented; their only excitement the occasional visits of black bears, cougars, and wildcats.

I delivered three lectures at Elma, the first Liberal lectures ever delivered there, and had crowded houses, despite the Fourth of July celebration and the apathy and inertia that usually follow.

The two little McLane boys sang some humorous and appropriate songs very cleverly, and were deservedly applauded. I sold a large quantity of Liberal publications, and obtained several new subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER. C. B. REYNOLDS.

The Mediums Decline.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I was in hopes to hav responded sooner to Mr. McArthur's suggestion in your issue of June 16th that I should further investigate slate-writing. It is not my fault that I hav not been able to do so. The trouble is that up to this date I hav been unable to come *en rapport* with a medium prepared to write between slates screwed together.

Mr. Evans, who gave me the specimens I hav already received, is so busy that he cannot find time to attend to it. I dropped him a note immediately after receiving THE TRUTH SEEKER. The following from his reply explains itself:

G. E Macdonald Esq Dear Sir yours recieved & contents noted I regret to say that i hav so many engagements on at present that it would be impossible for me to name any date for a few weeks I leave for Austrailia in August and therefore am rushed on account of my early departure.

Mr. Evans adds enough to the above to assure me of his respect and to say that he hopes to giv me a séance before he leaves for Austrailia (which as he writes it has an *i* to spare), and that after he gets there he will be able to swell our subscription list.

I further wrote to Mr. Evans concerning the matter, and I got the reply, in effect, that when he desired to see me he would notify me by due course of mail.

I hav communicated with Mr. Colby, another local slate-writing medium, with no better success. He agreed to call at the *Freethought* office, but did not do so. I shall wait patiently for an opportunity to put Mr. McArthur's suggestion in practice, and will report duly through the columns of *Freethought*.

GEO. E. MACDONALD,
504 *Kearny st., San Francisco, Cal.*

Communications.

God and the Bible.

There are many who no longer look upon the Old Testament as the inspired word of God. They regard it as an old cast-off garment or as a lifeless corpse, having no power either for good or ill.

But if the garment be infected, it becomes a matter of the highest interest to the entire community, and a corpse left above ground might reduce many healthy people to corpses. Very few individuals can be indifferent to an infected garment or a putrid carcass.

As long as Christian lunatics insist that God commands us to wear these garments, and as long as they declare that the odor arising from a carcass is healthful, it is but natural that the well-wisher of his race should endeavor to break the spell of the lunatic and make him see the foolishness and danger of his course. As long as men believe that the Bible is inspired, their influence will tend to block the road of progress. Men who believe infected clothing to be healthy, will try to induce everybody to wear it.

The Bible acts as a yoke which couples us to the ignorant and barbarous past, whereas every tendency ought to be toward a higher civilization.

While scientists and humanitarians are striving to bring the masses up on higher and holier ground, Bible believers are trying to bind them to the dead corpse of the past.

Whoever attempts to lead the people up to a higher civilization will find to his dismay that they are coupled by the Bible to a half-civilized people who had no respect for the rights of women; who believed in witches, ghosts, prophets, and miracles; who roamed about and lived in tents, and who were almost constantly engaged in some plundering expedition. A people who respected neither the age, sex, or condition of their enemies; who murdered old women and helpless children and turned young women over to a brutal soldiery, and who regarded everything as lawful prey which they could obtain by stealth or through power. A people who believed that God not only sanctioned these savage acts, but absolutely commanded them; a people who believed in superstitions so degrading as to shame a Kaffir; a people who believed that an unchangeable God, clothed with supreme power and infinit knowledge, who established the laws of the universe, was driven into such straits as to be compelled to violate them.

There are those who believe that time spent in demolishing these effete ideas is mainly wasted. But it should be remembered that the most ardent workers of the present day are not engaged in breaking the yoke which binds us to these barbaric customs and superstitions of ancient times, but in an endeavor to subvert the government and to turn the shadow back on the dial three thousand years by making the laws and customs of these half-developed people the supreme law of the land.

Not only this, but the cry goes up from day to day to hav these absurd ideas, and all the obscenity, vulgarity, and brutality of an ancient and semi-barbarous people, introduced into the schools, and held up as a mirror to the young to reflect to them their duty through the walks of life. Moreover, men who are regarded by thousands as occupying the highest positions in society, and who attract crowds of impressible listeners, are declaring from hundreds of pulpits that these inhuman customs were sanctioned by God, and that the book in which they are written is his holy word, and that we are most acceptable to God when we imitate the diabolical acts therein recorded.

How long is it since one of the most noted divines, before a multitude, ridiculed those who believe the Bible only "in spots," and declared that "every chapter and verse and word was inspired?" It requires no astute logician to show what an important part the old book plays with our civilization. It not only blocks our progress, but in some instances drags us back. A religious paper warns its readers to beware of pretended science which contradicts the Bible. I heard a lady say that she could learn more science in the book of Genesis than from all other books. And thus the masses are kept shuffling around this old rotten carcass instead of exploring the fields of nature, and are mere mental and moral dwarfs. The young are taught that David was a man after God's own heart, and this idea is firmly impressed upon the mind. In after years they read about his bloody and inhuman transactions, about his numerous wives and concubines, and what conclusion can they arrive at only that such things are right? I tell you it affects us on every hand. It smirches the morals and cripples the mind. This old record of rape and robbery is still exerting an influence over almost every man who writes a book. It has to do with the shaping of nearly every character in all Christian countries. Its disgusting finger-marks are seen all through our literature. It pulls us down instead of elevating us. Its highest morality would set us back more than a thousand years. Its very best characters were bad men, and every well-wisher of his race ought to be interested in robbing this burlesque of its sanctity, so that it shall retard our progress no more.

Think of comparing Moses and David and Solomon and Joshua, and even the wisest and best Bible characters, with such men as Jefferson, Adams, Webster, Lincoln, Ingersoll, Humboldt, Darwin, and many others.

Then think of the morals of Bible times as compared with the morals of the present day. Even the chosen of God got drunk and were guilty of the most beastly and unnatural incest. They plundered and murdered, they were bloodthirsty and tyrannical, they had the salacious propensities of the brute, and polygamy was a crowning virtue.

The thugs of India would gain by a comparison with what might be considered the lower masses, both in intelligence and decency, in Bible times. They were given to sodomy and woman-stealing, to rape and rascality, to rudeness and robbery—in short, they were a sort of human animal whom to see would be to loathe.

Think of seventy thousand professionals in this country opposing every advance movement, trying to lead us back to the ignorance and brutality of primitiv times—holding up murderous and polygamous characters as set forth in the Bible as worthy of imitation and approved of God! Oh, what a falling off there would be if the seventy thousand should succeed! Once cut us loose from this dead weight and who could predict the progress we would make?

Why has every attempt of the wise and good to better the conditions of the race met with such opposition from the church? Simply because to move onward and upward is to get away from the Bible. Any deviation from the Bible must necessarily bring down the hatred and persecution of the church. To please the church is to stand still. To shun hell you must liv a godlike life. To be godlike is to imitate David and Solomon and Joshua. In other words, go back to a half-savage state.

Cannot anyone see how science and every progressiv movement are compelled to drag this Christian clog behind them? "Search the scriptures," comes from every pulpit in the land. As long as the people can be kept reading this godly old gull-trap they will not read other books which would impart useful information, and will be made the sport of the priest and the minister. As long as the people can be kept singing hymns and saying prayers, and induced to spend their time in church, they will not be dabbling with the sciences or studying works of art, nor will they do much thinking for themselvs.

If there is a class of men to whom the world is indebted, it is the brave workers and bold thinkers; and these are the men who always throw the church into a cold sweat. The very, very good ones who attend church and say their prayers and spend all their time reading the Bible may be very dear to the minister and be very sure of heaven, but will never help on the world's progress one iota.

And this brings me to the statement that he who works in the interest of the church will never do anything to elevate his race. He cannot be a Christian and at the same time help on the world's progress, any more than a man can advance and go backward at the same time. The Bible is a millstone to the neck of civilization, and no man can be a Christian who disbelieves it; and those who do believe it are rarely scientifically inclined.

The word "science" has a broader signification than some are willing to allow. The discovery of facts and their application to the wants of man, and deductions made from such facts, hav been the main factors in elevating the race.

A pile of stones is not a house; but when they are placed in position by the hand of the architect they become a house. And facts become science when properly arranged by the scientific architect. And so every fact bears a certain relation to some science known or unknown.

The greater the number we hav to discover facts, and utilize them and draw deductions from them, the more rapid will be the advancement of the race. All will see that the more ardent and sincere the Christian is the less his mind will be turned to such subjects. A man upon his knees is never in search of scientific facts. A man who is constantly poring over his Bible is constantly thinking of God and saviors and heaven and hell, but cannot be much interested in anything which will materially benefit the race. Every devout Christian is one taken from the army of truth seekers, and will oppose with might and main the true philanthropist.

I do not complain so much of the Christian trying to put objects in the way of progress; but it is a sort of back-action influence which has a tendency to neutralize the best efforts of the progressionists. It is like tying a corpse to a living body, to be dragged after him as he proceeds.

Now, sufficient has been said to show that the sooner we can break up all confidence in the Bible as an inspired work the sooner we can transform these corpses into living men, and turn them into helpers instead of dragging them as dead weight. It is even worse than a drag, for they absolutely pull in the opposit direction. Oh, it is a sorry thought that some of the best minds of the nineteenth century should be monopolized in rendering nugatory the influence of an old book conceived in ignorance and born of selfishness, and which for thousands of years has had no other effect than to enslave the many at the bidding of a pampered few!

Every Christian is mentally and morally working against the progressiv spirit of the age. Instead of taking men of high intelligence and moral standing of to-day as patterns worthy of imitation, the young are taught that the brutal specimens of humanity of three thousand years ago were more perfect, and that the social rottenness of the olden time is preferable to the condition of society of the present day. No thanks to the church or to Christianity for the happy change.

To expose old errors oftentimes paves the way to new truths. Thomas Paine rendered a great service to this country by exposing the venality and corruption of the British government. There were thousands who would not hav espoused the cause of the colonists if they had not been led to see the corruption of the government of the mother country. So it seems to be necessary to expose the rottenness and incongruity of old theological notions before we can successfully introduce the new truth and the better thought and the better way.

These considerations hav induced me partially to go over the ground, and show the brutality, incongruity, vulgarity, lustfulness, and obscenity of an old book which millions believe to be sacred, and which has impeded human progress for hundreds of generations.

I enter upon this task, not because it is a pleasure to me, but with the same motiv which would induce a man to abate a nuisance. I oppose Christianity because I firmly believe it to be the foe of civilization and detrimental to the best interests of the race.

It is believed by some that China has a sufficient number of inhabitants to flood this country and produce, if unrestrained, a moral and political revolution. I ask anyone to think what the consequence might be if two hundred millions of Chinamen should be allowed to mingle with our people. Such an ignorant element would tend to lower the standard of civilization, and the nation might never recover from its blighting effects. I oppose Christianity just as I would oppose the introduction of such an element among our people, and for the same reason, viz., its blighting effects.

Long after all confidence in the Bible as an inspired work will be lost, its supposed author, the Christian's God, will remain. The last battle in freedom's struggle will be to show that the Christian's God is a myth.

To the Christian there are no laws of nature; God does everything. Nothing can be done unless God has a hand in it. As long as people can be made to believe that God does everything, they will never study the laws of nature. Ask the devotee about any operation of nature, and his answer is, God does it. With a bleared vision he sees a God in all the works of nature. Here investigation ceases. If a huge rock be loosened from the mountain top, it comes bounding and crashing into the valley. The Christian sees nothing but the hand of God to move the rock, but science declares that God could not prevent it.

A mountain of ice breaks loose from some promontory and plunges into the ocean. It is driven hither and thither by wind and ocean-current, and all the time the water is eating away its base. Finally, its center of gravity is changed, and it capsizes. It takes a long time to effect this change, but when the time comes it turns over in a moment. The same law which forces the rock down the mountain side, causes the iceberg to tumble in the ocean. There is no God concerned in these operations at all—nothing but cause and effect.

So some scientists believe that vast fields of ice accumulate unequally in the polar regions for thousands of years, until the earth's center of gravity is changed, and then it suddenly lurches, so to speak, and the axial direction of the poles is changed. Thus the zones might be changed, and the torrid become the temperate, or *vice versa*.

The mind can scarcely conceive a more awful change, or one on a more tremendous scale. Yet some scientific minds believe that such changes hav taken place. But there was no God in it, more than in the case of the iceberg—simply cause and effect.

It is believed that the great desert of Sahara can be rendered fertil, and that fertil fields and trees and flowers can be made to cover the desert waste. This would indeed seem like a new creation, but God would hav no more to do with it than he would with digging a ditch or planting an apple-tree. For it is simply by ditching and tree-planting that it is proposed to reclaim the desert.

It is by studying the laws of nature that we are enabled to harness wind and steam, and make the very elements the servants of man. The great advantages derived from wind and water, steam and electricity, hav had more to do with elevating the race than all the gods that ever made fools of men. Every man who utilizes a force of nature does more

to civilize the race than all the gospel-bangers that ever sniveled over a crucified savior.

Naples, N. Y. JOHN PECK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Elgin Sunday-Law Convention.

From the American Sentinel, Oakland, Cal.

The Elgin Sunday-Law Convention was held the 8th of last November in the Baptist church, Elgin, Ill. It was "called by the members of the Elgin Association of Congregational Ministers and Churches to consider the prevalent desecration of the Sabbath, and its remedy." . . . The convention passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we recognize the Sabbath as an institution of God, revealed in nature and the Bible, and of perpetual obligation on all men; and also as a civil and American institution, bound up in vital and historical connection with the origin and foundation of our government, the growth of our polity, and necessary to be maintained in order for the preservation and integrity of our national system, and therefore as having a sacred claim on all patriotic American citizens.

Resolved, That we look with shame and sorrow on the non-observance of the Sabbath by many Christian people, in that the custom prevails with them of purchasing Sabbath newspapers, engaging in and patronizing Sabbath business and travel, and in many instances giving themselvs to pleasure and self-indulgence, setting aside by neglect and indifference the great duties and privileges which God's day brings them.

2. That we giv our votes and support to those candidates or political officers who will pledge themselvs to vote for the enactment and enforcing of statutes in favor of the civil Sabbath.

3 That we giv our patronage to such business men, manufacturers, and laborers as observe the Sabbath.

4. That we favor a permanent Sabbath organization for the state of Illinois; the object of which shall be the creation of public sentiment and to secure the enactment and enforcement of necessary laws for the protection of the Sabbath.

5. That we favor the organization of auxiliary societies to accomplish the above object.

6. That four committees be appointed by this convention, consisting of two persons each, a minister and a layman; one committee to carefully and accurately investigate and report to the next convention all the facts obtainable concerning Sunday business; one to investigate and report similarly concerning Sunday newspapers; one concerning Sunday pleasuring; one concerning Sunday transportation and travel.

Resolved, That this association authorizes the executiv committee to request railway corporations and newspapers to discontinue the running of Sunday trains and the publication of Sunday editions of their papers.

Notice, the Sabbath is here set forth as an institution of God, and *also* as a "*civil* institution." It is for "candidates or political officers who will pledge themselvs to vote for the enactment and enforcement of statutes in favor of the *civil* Sabbath" that they will vote.

Now we shall present some of the arguments upon which they base this demand for laws in favor of the "*civil* Sabbath," and also showing what they want these laws enforced for.

Rev. Henry Wilson said:

The industries of the world should be silent one day in seven, that the toiler may hear the invitation of the master, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will giv you rest," and that the spiritual temple of God may be built without the noise of the hammer.

Exactly. The state must compel everybody to keep Sunday, "*that* the toiler may hear the invitation of the master," and "*that* the spiritual temple of God may be built." And then they will call that a *civil* statute! If such a statute as that would be a *civil* one, what would be required to make a religious statute? But suppose the toiler should then refuse to go to hear that invitation; what then? Will the state compel him to go? If not, why not? The state compels him to keep Sunday *that* he may hear the invitation; now is the state to allow its good offices to be set at naught and its purposes frustrated by the toiler's refusing to hear the invitation? And the church having gained the recognition of the state to that extent, is she going to stop short of her object? Other quotations will answer these questions.

Dr. W. W. Everts, of Chicago, said:

This day is set apart for divine worship and preparation for another life. It is the test of all religion. The people who do not keep the Sabbath hav no religion.

Is it then the province of the state to pass and enforce statutes in the interests of divine worship? Is it in the nature of a *civil* statute to prepare men for another life? "It is the test of all religion," says the doctor. Then what is the enforcement of the Sabbath but the enforcement of a religious test? And what is the application of it to "candidates and political officers" but the *application of a religious test?* And what is that but an open violation of the Constitution of the United States, which says, "No religious test shall be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States?" It is true that, under the decisions of the United States Supreme Court, this provision of the Constitution does not prohibit the application of any religious test as a qualification to any office under any *state*. And if there be no such provision as this in the state constitution, these preachers of Illinois, and of all the other states, can go ahead unrestrained in the application of their religious test to all the candidates for *state* offices. But there is one thing certain, and that is, Sunday being "the test of all religion," *no Sunday law test can ever be applied to any candidate* for the House of Representativs, for the Senate, or for any other office or public trust under the United States, without a direct violation of the Constitution of the United States.

Further, says the doctor, "The people who do not keep the Sabbath hav no religion." The antithesis of this is likewise true. The people who *do* keep the Sabbath *hav* religion. Therefore this demand for laws to compel people to keep the Sabbath is a demand for laws to compel people to be *religious*. And yet they hav the face to call it "the civil Sabbath."

Again, Dr. Everts says:

He who does not keep the Sabbath does not worship God, and he who does not worship God is lost.

Perfectly true, doctor. The antithesis of this also is true. He who *does* keep the Sabbath, *does* worship God. Therefore your demand for laws to compel men to keep the Sabbath is a demand for laws to compel them to worship God. And that is only to introduce the system of papacy and of the Inquisition. There is no use for you to deny that you want laws to compel the observance of the Sabbath, and that, too, with the idea of worship, because in the very next sentence you say:

The laboring class are apt to rise late on Sunday morning, read the Sunday papers, and allow the *hour of worship* to go by unheeded.

Here are the steps plainly to be taken as surely as these ambitious clerics ever get the slightest recognition of their Sunday law demands: *First*, a law compelling all labor to cease on Sunday. Then the laboring class will read the Sunday papers, and so allow the hour of worship to go by unheeded, consequently there must be, *secondly*, a law abolishing all Sunday papers. But suppose then these people take to reading *books*, and let the hour of worship go by unheeded, then, logically, there must be, *thirdly*, a law abolishing all reading of books on Sunday. But suppose they let the hour of worship go by unheeded, anyhow, then, logically, there must be, *fourthly*, a law compelling them not to let the hour of worship pass by unheeded. Having secured themselvs in the first two of these steps, what is to hinder these divines from taking the other two, which just as logically follow as the second follows the first? There is just nothing at all to hinder them. Well, then, having taken the first two, will they not take the other two? Anybody who thinks they will not has studied human nature and read history to very little purpose. And anybody who thinks they do not *intend* to take the other steps has read the Sunday-law propositions to very little purpose. Prof. Samuel Ives Curtis said in this convention: "We are not commanded to remember the Sabbath as a day of rest and recreation, but to 'keep it holy.'" And last spring, in the Boston Monday Lectureship, Joseph Cook said:

The experience of centuries shows that you will in vain endeavor to preserve Sunday as a day of rest, *unless you preserve it as a* DAY OF WORSHIP.

There, that ought to be plain enough to make anybody understand what is the purpose of the demand for "civil" Sunday laws. The only safety is in never allowing them to secure themselvs in the first step—that is, in never allowing them to secure any sort of a Sunday law. For just as soon as the so-called Protestant churches in this land become possessed of power to wield the civil power in the interests of religion, we shall hav the papacy over again.

But Dr. Everts continues; it is not enough that Sunday papers must be stopped in behalf of the churches, but Sunday trains must also be stopped, and for the same reason. He says:

The Sunday train is another great evil. They cannot afford to run a train unless they get a great many passengers, and *so break up a great many congregations*. The Sunday railroad trains are hurrying their passengers fast on to perdition. What an outrage that the railroad, that great civilizer, should destroy the Christian Sabbath!

Oh, yes! The church-members and the church-goers will go on Sunday trains and Sunday excursions, etc. Therefore the *trains* are responsible and are hurrying their passengers on to perdition. Therefore by all means stop the Sunday trains, so as to keep these excellent church-members out of perdition, for if they hav any chance they will go. Shut up the way to perdition, and then they will go to heaven. They havn't enough religion nor love of right to do right, therefore they must hav the state to take away all opportunity to do wrong. And these people will boast themselvs of their religion and their being Christians! It is difficult to see how a Sunday train can hurry anybody to perdition who does not ride on it. And if these church-members are hurried to perdition by Sunday trains, who is to blame? Right here lies the secret of the whole evil—they blame everybody and everything else, even to inanimate things, for the irreligion, the infidelity, and the sin that lies in their own hearts.

The following statements, made by Dr. Mandeville in the convention, are literally true in a good deal deeper sense than he intended:

1. There has been an alliance formed between the church and the world.

That is a fact, and it is going to ruin both.

2. Let us not deny it.

Amen. We earnestly hope you will not. There is no use in trying to deny it. But, instead of going about in the right way to remedy the evil, you set on foot a scheme to compel the world to act as though it were religious, and so to bind closer the alliance and increase the evil.

3. Influential men fasten themselvs upon the church—a sort of political Christians.

Most decidedly true. And the most "influential" of these "political Christians" and the most *of* them are found in the pulpit; and they organize conventions and pass resolutions to giv their "*votes* and support to those candidates or *political* officers who will pledge themselvs *to vote* for the enactment and enforcing of statutes in favor of the *civil* Sabbath" "as a day of *worship*."

4. Too many men are in the church for self-profit.

Indeed there are—a vast number too many.

5. We pastors are to blame for allowing them to rule.

Yes; you are. You are especially to blame for those influential political Christians fastening themselvs upon the church and ruling it, and trading off its votes through Sunday-law conventions. The churches themselvs, however, are not clear of blame in this. They ought to rise up and turn out the whole company of these political Christians, and fill their pulpits with such Christians as care more for the love of Christ and the power of the holy spirit than they do for votes and the power of civil government.

But the following statements by the same gentleman we not suppose hav any deeper meaning than he intends:

1. The subject has two sides. We must not look alone at the religious side. The interests of church and state are united.

And yet you are all opposed to a union of church and state, aren't you?

2. The merchants of Tyre insisted upon selling goods near the temple on the Sabbath, and Nehemiah compelled the officers of the law to do their duty and stop it. So we can compel the officers of the law to do their duty. . . . When the church of God awakes and does it duty on one side, and the state on the other, we shall hav no further trouble in this matter.

Yes, we remember how it was before. The gentle Albigenses in the south of France greatly disturbed the church. They refused to obey its commands. But the church was wide awake, for Innocent III. was pope; and he awoke the state with the call, "Up, most Christian king, up, and aid us in our work of vengeance!" And thus with the church awake to its duty on one side, and the state on the other, the Albigenses were swept from the earth, and there was no further trouble in that matter. Woe, woe to the day, and thrice woe to the people, when the religious power can compel the civil. And that is precisely what this Elgin Sunday-law Convention proposes to do.

It would seem from Dr. Mandeville's citation of the example of Nehemiah that they intend to set up a theocracy here. If not, there is no force in his argument from that instance. But from the following it is quite certain that that is what they hav in view. Prof. C. A. Blanchard said:

In this work we are undertaking for the Sabbath we are representativs of the Lord God.

Therefore it follows that when they vote to support those candidates and political officers who will pledge themselvs, etc., they will vote as the representativs of God. And if any of themselvs should secure votes enough to send them to the legislature or to Congress, they would go there and legislate as representativs of God. And when they get into their hands the power to enforce the law, and to compel the civil power to do their bidding, they will do it all as the representativs of God. And thus again it is demonstrated that if these influential "political Christians" once get the Sunday laws for which they are so diligently working, we shall hav in this nation a living image of the papacy. And again we say the only safety is not letting them secure the enactment of any sort of a Sunday law, nor anything else through which they may dominate the civil power.

And we will say, we hav not selected all these quotations about the *religious* Sabbath, and left out what was said about the civil Sabbath. We hav carefully read the whole report, and we state it as the literal truth that, outside of the resolutions, there is not in all the report a single sentence about a *civil* Sabbath. It is all religious, and that only. And yet, just like the California Sunday-law Convention, when it came to putting the thing in form to get votes and legislation they deftly insert the word "civil." All this goes to show what we hav often stated, that there is no such thing as a civil Sabbath; and it shows that these men do not really intend to secure, nor to enforce, a "civil" Sunday law, but a religious one wholly.

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Courtlandt Palmer Gone.

The news comes just as we go to press of the death of Courtlandt Palmer, on the 22d inst., at Lake Dunmore, Vermont, whither he had gone in hopes to amend the health that has for many years been precarious. The news will be sad for his personal friends and for thousands of Freethinkers throughout the country.

Mr. Palmer was best known through his sympathy with Radicalism, both of politics and religion. In the former he was a Socialist; in the latter, an Agnostic, or Atheist of the Comteian school. Readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will well remember the strong stand he took along with James Parton and other literary Freethinkers in behalf of D. M. Bennett and against the ecclesiastical society which secured Mr. Bennett's incarceration in prison. Mr. Palmer was for several years the treasurer of the National Liberal League, and its treasury as well, for when *Man* was published it was his purse that oftenest paid the bills. He was for two years also treasurer of the American Secular Union, and a large contributor to its funds. A year ago last fall he succeeded Colonel Ingersoll as its president.

Mr. Palmer was born in this city, March 25, 1843, and was a member of the old Stonington family of Palmers. His mother was a daughter of Richard Suydam, one of the old Knickerbockers. He was educated at Columbia and Williams colleges, and the Columbia Law School. He was brought up in the Dutch Reformed church, but as a youth became a Freethinker. He was one of the most conspicuous figures in the city's social literary life, and was known as a man of intense earnestness of conviction and one that felt himself convinced that he had a mission in life. This he conceived to be the preaching and practice of the Religion of Humanity, as the disciples of Fourier and Comte, of whom Palmer was an ardent follower, called the doctrins of their masters. Possessed of a large fortune, he devoted a large part of his means to the spreading of these doctrins. The amelioration of the condition of working people was also a subject near to his heart, and he was ever ready to devise plans or enter upon schemes devised by others looking to this end.

Of late years Mr. Palmer has done most of his work for Freethought through the Nineteenth Century Club. Through this Club he made heresy fashionable in New York, and injected ideas into the heads of many who otherwise would hav wandered idealess through life. The Club gradually attracted men of brain, both heterodox and orthodox, and became one of the institutions of the city. Mr. Palmer aimed to provide in the Nineteenth Century Club a forum where prominent men of the most antagonistic beliefs could be persuaded to meet and exchange views, and on its platform such men as Colonel Ingersoll, Howard Crosby, Andrew Carnegie, Frederick R. Coudert, T. B. Wakeman, Monsignor Preston, and others equally prominent hav given their thoughts to large audiences. The most notable recent meeting was the debate between Colonel Ingersoll, Agnostic; Frederick R. Coudert, Roman Catholic; and Stewart L. Woodford, Protestant. About a year ago Andrew Carnegie, Judge Barrett, and a few conservativ ministers resigned from the Club because of Mr. Palmer's radical utterances and denunciation of the trial of the Chicago alleged Anarchists. Last fall Mr. Palmer visited England and endeavored to establish in London a branch of this Club. He returned to this city in May, but left shortly for Lake Dunmore by advice of his physician.

As a man Mr. Palmer was courteous, genial, and generous. Born and reared in a circle the tendency of which is to repress every radical thought and make its members self-conceitedly conservativ, he nevertheless threw off its influence and became a man. His heart and brain were too big to be circumscribed by any set or sect. He had the courage to proclaim his thought, and his wealth and influence commanded a hearing. Mentally he was with the most radical wing of the Freethinkers; socially, he lived with the conservativs, to whom through the Nineteenth Century Club he was a sort of missionary, teaching them new ideas and disclosing to them views of a new mental world. We doubt if the Nineteenth Century Club will survive the loss of its founder and president, or if it does, it will probably drift toward orthodoxy and intellectual death.

For his services and sympathy to D. M. Bennett, as well as for many subsequent kind acts, THE TRUTH SEEKER has reason to mourn Mr. Palmer's death. Organized Freethought has in him also lost a great deal. The radicals in politics and social economy hav likewise suffered through his death. In fact, all reforms will mourn a champion stout of heart, able of brain, and practical of resource as well as generous of purse. To his grave in the ground made dear to us by the burial of the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER, we bring the tribute of love for his worth, respect for his bravery, and admiration of his ability. The world would hav been better off had he not died so soon.

Christianity and Slavery.

Christianity, says Mr. Gladstone, abolished slavery. The statement is repeated by Leo XIII., and by him heralded everywhere in a special encyclical, affirming his late procuring of abolition in Brazil and noising his present solicitations to governments to coöperate in suppressing slavedealing.

Before attending to the direct facts which shall prove or disprove, what would be the *à priori* judgment of an intelligent student of history, the probable deduction from general principles? Two cardinal principles of conduct of the Christian church hav always been, first, to attach itself to and appropriate the credit of every progressiv movement seen destined to be successful; and second, to justify by scripture and defend as divinely taught any institution, however vile and monstrous, that suits its members of influence and cash. Are these the two principles upon which it has acted in the present case? Precisely.

At the time of the rise of Christianity, a strong movement toward emancipation was under way. It had existed and increased from the days of Nero. Seneca forwarded the movement unceasingly. Enactments by Nero, Claudius, Antonine, and Adrian raised the position of the slave continuously. The institution began to suffer more and more from the opposition of the northern barbarians who descended and mingled with the Romans, modifying or destroying it wherever they obtained domination. Finally, private manumission became so frequent that it was found necessary to impose regulativ checks by law to secure a more gradual social adjustment of the swarms of freedmen. It was at this time that Christianity "inaugurated emancipation!" It is for the inexpressible favor of stepping in at such a moment, fastening her ceremonies upon the acts of manumission and appropriating the credit, and with a keen eye to business, building up a vast monastery system with the liberated, that the church now asks praise and adoration. If Christians ask for the evidence of all this, it is plentiful enough; refer them to Grotius (De Jure, lib. iii., chap. 14) and to every trusted historian.

Here is falseness enough, here is baseness enough, hypocrisy, duplicity, knavery enough already to damn the church's record. Yet this is as nothing. This is but the beginning. Let us see what came next. Presently the heads of monasteries began to find serf labor more profitable than free. Does any student need to be told the effect of this self-interest? The desire for emancipation suddenly fell away. Bondage flourished as never before. Great numbers of free peasants were absorbed. The Abbot Alcuin had twenty thousand serfs attached forever to the soil. Before the church had the bondmen, she industriously sermonized secular authorities on the evil; as soon as she got them, it took every civil influence that could be brought to bear on her to compel her to giv them up. "The clergy," says Hallam in his History of the Middle Ages, "inveighed against the scandal of keeping Christians in bondage, but they were not, it is said, so ready in performing their own parts. The villeins upon the church lands were among the last who were emancipated." Slavery lingered till the thirteenth century; serfdom, to the eighteenth.

Is the measure of hypocrisy and iniquity sufficiently full? No; we hav but commenced to see how Christianity "abolished slavery." The church taught that all non-Christians might be enslaved without scruple. This is what preachers call cherishing "the brotherhood of man." Jews and Mohammedans were enslaved at every opportunity. They naturally retaliated, and the slave system received an impetus that extended and strengthened it through the most remote lands.

The next step taken by Christianity toward abolishing slavery consisted in inculcating, when the New World was discovered and ravaged by bloody Spanish warriors and priests with every circumstance of torture and ferocity, that as American nativs were not descended from Adam, they had no souls, and might be enslaved, murdered, or treated as animals in any way one pleased. Now Brazil is expected to be grateful. Christian authority enslaved the nativs, and now when a growing Rationalism tears from their bloody throats her ferocious gripe, she asks for gratitude.

We hav now seen the course of Christianity in regard to slavery up to the latest two or three centuries. How beautiful has been its manipulation of the two rules of conduct indicated at the beginning of this article! How simple! Also, how simple are the dupes to be deceived by it!

How truthful the statement of Gladstone and Leo!

We hav more to see.

But a few generations back, in the hight of ecclesiastical rule, the Christian nations of the earth inaugurated in their own bosoms a slave trade and slave servitude so infamous that beside it the system of the ancients is one of humanity and glory. In the ancient states the slaves formed an intelligent and happy class of society. A prospect of manumission was held out to all, and manumission of old slaves was very general. They produced all the articles of refinement and luxury, conducted the most difficult forms of labor, and often exercised the most important professions. Their minds were frequently cultivated to the highest degree, and their social privileges were proportioned to their virtue and talent. Our slave-owners seized their poor victims amid bloody carnage, dragged them to the coast and across the seas in reeking slave-ships with a cruelty that caused the death of fifty-nine per cent before landing, and brutalized the survivors by a system of enforced ignorance that made it a penal offense to teach a slave to read. "The modern slave trade," writes Lecky the historian, "was an atrocity unknown to the ancients." That is, the slave trade of Christians was an atrocity unknown to pagans.

Let us consider with a still closer analysis what the modern slave system was. It was adultery:

"With the consent of their masters, slaves may marry, and their moral power to agree to such a contract or connection as that of marriage cannot be doubted; but whilst a state of slavery, it cannot produce any civil ct, because slaves are 'deprived of all civil rights'" (Judge Matthews of Louisiana; Martin's Rep., VI, 550).

The Savannah River Association, in 1835, in reply to the question, "Whether, in a case of involuntary separation, of such a character as to preclude all prospect of future intercourse, the parties ought to be allowed to marry again?" answered:

"That such a separation, among persons situated as our slaves are, is civilly a separation by death, and they believe that, in the sight of God, it would be so viewed. To forbid second marriages in such cases would be to expose the parties, not only to stronger hardships and strong temptation, but to *church censure*, for acting in disobedience to their masters, who cannot be expected to acquiesce in a regulation

at variance with justice to the slaves, and to the spirit of that command which regulates marriage among Christians. The slaves are not free agents, and a dissolution by death is not more entirely without their consent, and beyond their control, than by such separation."

At the Shiloh Baptist Association the following query was presented from Hedgman church:

"Is a servant, whose husband or wife has been sold by his or her master into a distant country, to be permitted to marry again?"

The query was referred to a committee, who made the following report, which, after discussion, was adopted:

"That in view of the circumstances in which servants in this country are placed, the committee are unanimous in the opinion that it is better to permit servants thus circumstanced to take another husband or wife."

The *Carolina Baptist* had an article headed, "Slavery and Matrimony." An extract is submitted:

"As the state constitutionally and legally is ignorant of the marriage of slaves, it is equally ignorant of its dissolution. It leaves this whole matter where it ought to be, that is, untouched, and with the owners themselvs."

If the church permitted and indorsed this, it permitted and indorsed adultery.

Modern slavery was murder:

"STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, LENOIR COUNTY.

"Whereas, complaint hath been this day made to us, two of the justices of the peace for the said county, by William D. Cobb, of Jones county, that two negro slaves belonging to him, named Ben (commonly known by the name of Ben Fox) and Rigdon, hav absented themselvs from their said master's service, and are lurking about in the counties of Lenoir and Jones, committing acts of felony—these are, in the name of the state, to command the said slaves forthwith to surrender themselvs, and return home to their said master. And we do hereby, by virtue of an act of the assembly of this state, concerning servants and slaves, intimate and declare, if the said slaves do not surrender themselvs, and return home to their master immediately after the publication of these presents, that *any person may kill and destroy* said slaves by such means as he or they think fit, without accusation or impeachment of auy crime or offense for so doing, or without incurring any penalty or forfeiture thereby.

"Given under our hands and seals, this 12th day of Nov., 1836. "B. COLEMAN, J. P. [Seal.]

"JAS. JONES, J. P. [Seal.]"

"TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, a certain negro man named Ben, commonly known by the name of Ben Fox. Also one other negro, by the name of Rigdon, who ran away on the 8th of this month.

"I will giv the reward of oue hundred dollars for each of the above negroes, to be delivered to me or confined in the jail of Lenoir or Jones county, or *for the killing of them*, so that I can see them. W. D. COBB.

"November 12, 1836."

"RAN AWAY, MY NEGRO MAN RICHARD.—A reward of $25 will be paid for his apprehension, dead or alive. Satisfactory proof will only be required of his being *killed*. He has with him, in all probability, his wife Eliza, who ran away from Colonel Thompson, now a resident of Alabama, about the time he commenced his journey to that state.

"D. H. RHODES."

"ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from my plantation on the 6th inst., three negro men, all of dark complexion.

"The above reward will be paid to anyone who will *kill* the three, or fifty for either one, or twenty dollars apiece for them delivered to me at my plantation alive, on Chattahoochie, Early county. J. MCDONALD."

If the church permitted and indorsed this, it permitted and indorsed murder.

Did it indorse it? We said at the beginning of this article that the church invariably defends as divine any institution useful to its wealthy members, justifying it with texts culled from the Bible—culled from that heterogeneous collection of maxims of which "age cannot wither or custom stale the infinit variety." Let us see.

The Harmony presbytery of South Carolina resolved "That slavery has existed from the days of those good old slaveholders and patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who are now in the kingdom of heaven, to the time when the apostle Paul sent a runaway home to his master Philemon, and wrote a Christian and fraternal letter to this slaveholder, which we find still stands in the canon of the scriptures, and slavery has existed ever since the days of the apostles," and the church has no right to affect it.

The Rev. Wm. S. Plummer, D.D., high in the Presbyterian church, declared the Abolition movement "the most meddlesome, impudent, reckless, fierce, and wicked excitement ever seen," and said Abolitionists were like Infidels and should be lynched.

The Rev. Bishop Meade, Episcopal, in a book of sermons to slaves addressed them in this wise:

"Almighty God hath been pleased to make you slaves here, and to giv you nothing but labor and poverty in this world, which you are obliged to submit to, as it is his will that it should be so. One general rule you ought always to carry in your minds, and that is, to do all service for them as if you did it for God himself."

The Rev. J. C. Postell maintained:

"1. That slavery is a judicial visitation. 2. That it is not a moral evil. 3. That it is supported by the Bible—that it is by divine appointment."

In 1816 the Presbyterian church, having among its articles one censuring slavery, in obedience to the wishes of its influential members convened in general assembly and expunged it.

The Rev. Dr. Wisner, Presbyterian, declared:

"I will spend my few remaining days in solitude, and go down to my grave friendless and alone, rather than violate my ordination vows, and go with my Abolition brethren in defiance of the plain precepts of our savior and his apostles."

Dr. Beecher, of Boston, opposed Abolition with the declaration: "Master and slaves existed in the primitiv churches, and it was allowed by Christ and his apostles."

A local association of Congregationalists sent a remonstrance against the custom of slaveholding by church-members to a presbytery of that church. As soon as its contents were known, the presbytery voted unanimously not to receive it.

In 1841 the Baptist national missionary organization met, and a slaveholder presided, another performed the devotions, and a third preached the sermon. Rev. Elon Galusha was removed from the board of managers for being a friend of the enslaved, and a slaveholder filled his place. A member wrote to the *Biblical Recorder*: "Our meeting was truly delightful. The spirit of the gospel prevailed, and gav a tremendous shock to the Abolitionists."

Rev. Dr. Wayland, president of Brown University, Providence, R. I., argued that "slavery is not always and everywhere a sin." In a letter congratulating a friend on his successful apology for the system, he said: "Never before, I presume, has the defense of slavery, on Christian principles, been so ably conducted."

In 1841, Rev. Jonathan Davis, a Baptist clergyman from Georgia, visited the Northern states. Boasting that he was the owner of thirty human beings, and that he would wade kneedeep in blood to defend his right to hold them, he was everywhere received by the Northern Baptists and many other churches with delight. In a letter dated Boston, May 23, 1841, he says:

"It is proper for me to state that the mass of our brethren, both in Philadelphia and New York, are opposed to Abolition."

And in one dated Philadelphia, June 22, 1841:

"I hav now met all the able debaters and lecturers in New England and New York, except one Gerritt Smith, of whom I hav heard much. He was sent for to meet me, but did not come. Whether it was for fear he would share the fate of the others, I cannot tell. I am now on my way home, leaving the hot-beds of Abolitionism without having been once foiled. God be praised for sustaining me."

In 1836, the Methodist Episcopal church reversed its antislavery declarations of 1785 and 1801, censured two members for lecturing on Abolitionism, and declared itself opposed to emancipation.

In 1836, Rev. George W. Freeman delivered two sermons on "The Rights and Duties of Slaveholders," which were published with the commendation of his Protestant Episcopal bishop. An extract reads thus:

"No man or set of men in our day, unless they can produce a new revelation from heaven, are entitled to pronounce slavery wrong. . . . Slavery, as it exists at the present day, is agreeable to the order of divine providence."

In South Carolina, the Society for the Advancement of Christianity, composed of clergymen and elders, published the above sermons as a religious tract, for gratuitous distribution.

The Protestant Episcopal church was candid enough to discard the half-way measures of some churches and openly avow pro-slavery principles. It made no pretension to any other character.

The position of the Campbellites may be gathered from the words of President Shannon, of Bacon College, a leader of that sect, in conclusion of a Bible pro-slavery argument:

"Thus did Jehovah stereotype his approbation of domestic slavery by incorporating it with the institutions of the Jewish religion, the only religion on earth that had the divine sanction."

The Rev. Alex. Campbell, from whom this church derives its name, wrote in the *Millennial Harbinger* for April, 1845:

"Is the simple relation of master and slave necessarily and essentially immoral and unchristian? We are clearly and satisfactorily convinced it is not."

In May of the same year:

"There is not one verse in the Bible inhibiting it, but many regulating it. It is not, then, we conclude, immoral. . . . The New Testament does not authorize any interference or legislation upon the relation of master and slave. While it prescribes the duty of both parties, master and slaves, it sanctions the relation."

The Hamden Sydney College and Union Theological Seminary, Prince Edward county, Va., held slaves enough to pay the pastor of the college church his salary, so that not a cent of it need be paid by the church-members.

In 1833 the Rev. Dr. Furman, of North Carolina, addressed to the governor of that state a lengthy communication expressing the sentiments of the Baptist church and clergy on slavery. Its substance is contained in this extract:

"The right of holding slaves is clearly established in the holy scriptures, both by precept and example."

When this Christian clergyman died, the notice of the sale of his effects contained these two items, in juxtaposition:

"A library of miscellaneous character, chiefly theological. Twenty-seven negroes, some of them very prime."

One item of an advertisment in the Savannah, Ga., *Republican* of March 13, 1845:

"Also, at the same time and place, the following negro slaves, to wit: Charles, Peggy, Antonnett, Davy, September, Maria, Jenny, and Isaac—levied on as the property of Henry T. Hall, to satisfy a mortgage fi. fia., issued out of McIntosh superior court, in favor of the board of directors of the Theological Seminary of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, *vs.* said Henry T. Hall. Conditions, cash.

"C. O'NEAL, Deputy Sheriff."

The Rev. Albert Barnes, one of the most eminent members the Presbyterian church has ever had, said in a sermon at Philadelphia:

"Advert for a moment to the efforts made to remove slavery from the world, and to the hindrances which exist to all efforts which can be made to remove it in consequence of the relation of the church to the system. Reflect how many members of the Christian church, and how many ministers of the gospel are owners of slaves; how little effort is made by the great mass to dissociate themselvs from the system; how many there are, even in the pulpit, who openly advocate it; how much identified the system is with all the plans of gain, and all the views of the comforts and ease of domestic life among mauy members of the church; and how faint and feeble is the voice of condemnation of the system uttered by the great mass, even of those who hav no connection with it; and how often the language of apology is heard even then, and it is easy to see how ineffectual must be all efforts to remove this great evil from the world. The language of the ministry and the practice of church-members giv such a sanction to this enormous evil as could be derived from no other source, and such as it is useless to attempt to convince the world of the evil. Against all this influence in the church in favor of the system, how hopeless are all attempts against it."

Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge, of Baltimore, an eminent Presbyterian, said:

"The church has cherished slavery in her bosom and sustained it by her example."

Dr. Nelson, afterward president of the Literary and Theological Institution in Illinois, wrote:

"Of all Northern periodicals, the New York *Observer* must hav the preference as an efficient support of slavery. I am not sure but it does more than all things combined to keep the dreadful system alive. It is just the succor demanded by the South. . . . Indeed, I never heard a sermon to slaves hut what made obedience to masters by the slaves the fundamental and supreme law of religion."

Professor Stuart, of Andover Theological Seminary, wrote to President Fisk, of Middletown Theological Seminary, that "slavery may exist without violating the Christian faith or the church." President Fisk replied: "This doctrin will stand, because it is Bible doctrin."

Rev. J. C. Postell, of South Carolina, exhorted the citizens of Orangeburg and vicinity at a crowded meeting:

"Shun Abolitionism as you would the devil. Do your duty as citizens and Christians, and in heaven you will be rewarded and delivered from Abolitionism."

"Only the religious sanctions of the church," wrote Parker Pillsbury, the Abolitionist agitator, in 1846, "prevent Abolition's immediate success." In testimony to the obstruction of the church, Pillsbury, Phillips, Garrison, Lucy Colman, Abbey Kelley Foster, every one of the famous Abolition leaders, hav been unanimous.

We hav now reviewed the whole course of Christianity in relation to slavery. We hav seen the spirit and nature of the church. Creation groans beneath this monstrous system of cruelty, hypocrisy, and fraud.

Letters from Friends.

ALMIRA, TEX., June 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER and Colonel Ingersoll's "Defense of Reynolds." My time expired June 1st, but I can't well do without THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hope to send you some subscribers this fall.

J. P. MILLS.

ROCHESTER, N. H., July 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read your paper for nearly two years, and will say that it has made me a wiser if not a better man; and am of the opinion that your paper will hav the same effect on any man who has a spark of liberty in him if he will do as I hav done.

S. W. BROCK.

SOUTH LOWELL, ALA., July 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Let me advise every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER to get "Hard Times and the Way Out," by W. T. Brooks, M.D. For sale by E. A. Stevens, 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago. It will pay an honest voter to read this pamphlet. Price, twenty cents, or three for fifty cents.

J. K. DEARTH.

AUDUBON, IOWA, June 26, 111 I.U.S.

MR. EDITOR: Some time ago I sent and got a sample copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and was very much pleased with it. So now I send you inclosed $3. I did not know the price of the "History of Christianity," but, in looking over my Freethought papers, I see the price is $2. The two will just use a five-dollar bill. So inclosed please find money-order to pay for the same. It is raining here to-day, and my soul yearneth for something sensible to read.

Yours truly, D. A. MORRISON.

RENFREW, PA., July 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish you would publish the following lines, so that some reader may let me know who is the author of them, as I hav made many inquiries and cannot learn:

If God a perfect being is, bow has he formed his plan,
To spoil with his own hands his work by making imperfect man?

If God perfect made the man, who made his imperfection?
Man could no more change himself than make the whole creation.

If God imperfect made the man, made him a fallen creature,
Where is the justice of his plan. to damn him for his nature?

THOMAS BOWSER.

CIRCLEVILLE, W. VA., June 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am a truth seeker. I believe that the Bible was written by the various religious churchmen. I am confined with rheumatism, so I cannot practice my profession. The best and most useful of papers, THE TRUTH SEEKER, has been the salvation of thousands by opening their eyes, clearing their minds, and strengthening their reason, thereby enabling them to raise themselvs from the ditch and mire of religious superstition up to the glorious dawn of the era of man.

I am a true friend to THE TRUTH SEEKER and its generous Editor.

DR. H. H. JUDY.

SOUTH ACWORTH, N. H., June 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER now about eight years, and like it just as well as ever. I shall not write, Stop my paper, just because some correspondent writes something that I don't believe, as long as you will giv me and everyone else a chance to contradict him. We miss the reports of the "man with the badge-pin." What has become of Brother Peck? I hav lent the papers that hav W. H. Burr's articles in to several Spiritualists, and they are well pleased with them. I am going to try and get some to subscribe. Please send me your catalog of books. If you will send me a number of them I will giv them to people that I think may order some books.

J. A. ALLAN.

SALISBURY, MO., June 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The following is my honest conclusion on a certain point, partly original with me and partly borrowed from Mr. Palmer's views—in short, I might say, Mr. Palmer's views enlarged upon by me:

The philanthropy of most intended benefactors has been only temporary in its effects, holding up straws to see which way the wind blew, soon passing back into the coffers of other millionaires. While if they had used their money to secure the passage of just and equitable laws for the poor, the same as the monopolist uses money to secure laws for himself, they would hav bequeathed a lasting benefit upon the poor as well as mankind in general. Let the next philanthropist weigh well these suggestions, and make his name famous by directing all his energies to that end.

JOHN TRUEBLOOD.

VERMONT, ILL., July 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: As I am now living in Vermont, Ill. (former residence, Havana, Ill.), I thought I would write a letter to the grand old TRUTH SEEKER to inform my many TRUTH SEEKER friends where they can find me if they come this way. I will further say, if any of THE TRUTH SEEKER family will come to Vermont, they will always find my door open to them or any other Liberals who come this way. My brother Lewis and I are engaged in the dry goods and grocery business here, and we are happy to say we are well pleased with the place. Since here I hav had the pleasure to talk with Mr. Paterson Harner, a true Liberal in every sense of the word. He is getting up in years, but stands firm as a rock and always ready to speak his honest thoughts. He is an old resident of this place, and one of the leading men; he is respected by all who know him. He is a great admirer of our Col. R. G. Ingersoll, and has read most of his works. If there are any true Liberals in this community who read this letter, let them come forward and grasp the hand of a fellow-worker.

J. A. WEABER,

WINDOM, KAN., June 19, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Your letter came to hand just a few minutes before we left our home to lay our dear mother to rest. She died of paralysis. She had been a consistent Methodist Episcopal for about ten years, but since I began taking THE TRUTH SEEKER two years ago, she had given up the orthodox purgatory.

Dear Editor, I am glad that I ever put on the whole armor of Freethought and subscribed for your invaluable paper. When I subscribed for your paper I knew of only three Infidels, viz., Colonel Ingersoll, the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and S. Marks, a TRUTH SEEKER subscriber. Now about one-half of the people that I know are heterodox. Amen.

I think perhaps I can get up another club this fall.

Yours for heterodoxy, WILLIAM D. GILPEN.

WATERVILLE, MINN., June 18, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The reading that I ordered from you last spring came all right, and has done wonders in the community. I usually get my TRUTH SEEKER on Sunday, and by the next Sunday it has carried the glad tidings of great joy to more houses than mine. I hav no use for a binder for my paper. I do not know where one of the copies is to-day, only the one just got from the office. I think we will be able to do something in the way of getting up a club soon. I will as soon as possible send in another order for books. Those cartoons are grand. Every one is a whole book itself. I send you a new subscriber for three months, who says he will subscribe for a year at the end of that time. I also inclose some names of friends to whom you can send sample copies.

ORANGE DURAND.

FALLBROOK, CAL., June 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Along with this I mail you a paper published in San Francisco. It is not very polished, but shows very plainly and truthfully with what gigantic strides the Romish church is advancing here as well as in other parts of this country. Nor is the Protestant church lacking in efforts to grasp power, as seen in the number of Woman's Christian Temperance Unions and Young Men's Christian Associations all over the land.

These churches require but one thing more to make them paramount, and that is female suffrage, engineered by the clergy.

Liberals, are you asleep, or are you criminally supine? Will you allow the United States of America to be bound hand and foot and handed over to the enemy without making a single effort to frustrate their nefarious designs?

M. H. SHEPPARD, M.D.

FREDONIA, N. Y., July 10, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I am thankful for THE TRUTH SEEKER'S never failing weekly visits to my home amidst the battle of life. It is with much effort that I can pause to read it, with the other contending duties, but when it puts in its appearance my hands involuntarily seize it, and my eyes wander over each well-filled page, of vital interest to every well-wisher of our race. On reflection the question comes back to my mind, What more needs to be said? what more can be said? Each weekly TRUTH SEEKER answers that question in full, and it is plain to see that it has put in full time and has made a week's journey's advance in thought of mental freedom on the plane of progressiv humanity—so much so that I hav not got where I can do safely without it, and here again I inclose the ever mutual needful to aid in the arduous work of opening the prison doors of ignorance and superstition.

PLINY SMITH.

LEXINGTON, MO., July 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: To Wm. A. Thompson, of St. Johns, Ill., I would say that I do not "pretend to be a Liberal," but to follow Huxley's example, hav put on a collar of my own choosing, and it is marked "Rationalist." As a follower of reason, I found nothing reasonable, nothing logical, in his column and a quarter.

Women hav no right to say when we men shall go to war. We alone do the fighting and we alone hav a right to vote, for all voting bears more or less nearly or remotely on war. By parity of reasoning, the wife alone has a right to say when she shall risk death by bringing children into the world. I say to the women whose names Mr. Thompson mentions, do what you please so it be not unlawful, but you may not please to vote me into the ranks in a war of your getting up.

Religion is not a "mental disease"— it is simply a certain state of development which some hav reached and some hav passed. So Mr. Thompson is as far wrong on that point as on some others.

As long as anyone wants to hear preaching, I still think that it is light work, well paid, and very suitable for women. The "pastoral visits" by lady pastors would especially commend themselvs to husbands and fathers—"ain't it," Mr. Thompson? The male preachers would then be at liberty to addict themselvs to some robust employment, such as a lady friend of mine suggested to one of them, to wit, "ho'in' co'n."

A good many who call themselvs "Liberals" are extremely il-Liberal, just as many who call themselvs Christians do not liv up to their professions.

Once enfranchise women and the preachers would decide all elections.

GEO. WILSON.

INNERKIP, ONT., June 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The spirits are having quite a boom in Washington, according to the letters of Mr. and Mrs. Burr, although they say the weather is unfavorable, so much so as for Wash to contract a cold. What an idea, that a spirit could catch a cold, and be so hoarse that he could not speak above a whisper! Hav we again in spirit life to be afflicted with all the ills that flesh is heir to? And then for Wash to come out and carry away a lady's gloves! If Mrs. Burr can prove there was no deception about that, what would those gloves be worth to some enterprising showman? They would rival Barnum's mermaid. Mrs. Burr says her father materialized, and that he pinched her shoulders and spoke to her, and that she had her hands on his sides. Now, if she had held on to her father and some one had turned up the gas, would it not hav exposed a fraud? Wash came out again and said the gentleman was surprised himself, and that he never did such a thing before. Surprised at what—that he had so completely bamboozled the audience?

I would like to know where the spirits get the matter to materialize with, and what becomes of it when they disappear. Why do they not tell us something worth knowing, instead of the little claptrap stuff they say in the séance? Spiritualists tell us that the spirits can pass through any matter; then why do they not make some new discoveries? Why doesn't the spirit of the murdered victim report the author of the crime? But no; when there is anything worth communicating they are as silent as the tomb.

D. M. Bennett said before his death that if there was a future life he would let us know it, but he has not done it. Has he changed his mind, or is there not a future life?

John Peck says all that is required to perform a miracle "is a clever knave and a pack of fools!" Is there anything more wanted for a first-class séance?

R. M. COWING.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., July 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I copied the statement sent herewith from the last number of the paper entitled, *The Colored Orphan and Messenger of the St. Peter Claver Society*, published at Leavenworth, Kansas.

The Jesuit, F. X. Wenninger, is very well known here, but the oldest inhabitant does not know anything of the venerable old lady who was so miraculously cured. Father W. forgot to mention her name, and the street and number where she lived; so also of the St. Louis man. Will some St. Louis man please giv us the name and address of the remarkable baker?

Is this the nineteenth century?

ALMOND OWEN.

THE CANONIZATION OF PETER CLAVER.—On the 15th of January ult., our great and most gloriously reigning Pope Leo XIII. placed Peter Claver, the patron of our society, upon the catalog of saints. Every member of the St. Peter Claver Society undoubtedly rejoiced in the great honor conferred upon our holy patron, who, in his wonderful humility, was wont to call himself the slave of slaves.

It is reported the miracles considered in the process of canonization were the two that hav taken place in our own midst, and in our own days, and are related by the great and well-known missionary Rev. F. X. Wenninger, S.J., who, following the example of St. Peter Claver, works most zealously for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the colored people, as follows:

1. In the year 1861, there was an old woman, eighty years of age, in Milwaukee, who had a cancer in the face, from which she had been suffering twelve years. On the feast of St. Peter she came to me, and I applied the relic of Peter Claver to the cancerated cheek, and the cancer disappeared instantaneously.

2. In the year 1863 there was in St. Louis, Mo., a man whose breast-bone with some of his ribs was in a state of decay in consequence of the disease called caries. His throat was affected by bronchitis and laryngitis; besides, he had the two forms of consumption called by the doctors pulmonaria and pituitosa. I applied the relic, and he exclaimed: "I am cured; I could dance!" In fact, he was at the same instant perfectly cured of all the above-mentioned infirmities, and returned to his work in the bakery where he was formerly employed.

CLIFTON, DAK., June 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish you would recommend the employment by the government of sufficient clerks in every department to transact its business as promptly as it is done in individual cases, and without taking advantage of every technicality to delay and harass its claimants.

As an example, I will state one of my individual experiences, which is only one of thousands of instances with citizens having business with the government, especially in the Far West.

I cashed a set of final statements for a discharged soldier, to the amount of $218. The deposits and interest amounted to $48. It was all certified to as being correct, and that the papers were transferred to me by the army officers. But, being in a hurry at the time I cashed the papers, I did not think to get the deposit book, and did not learn of my neglect till I tried to get the papers cashed by the local paymaster. He informed he could not pay the deposits and interest without the book.

I then wrote to the paymaster-general, and got the same answer, notwithstanding the government's own officials certified to everything being correct. It took me a year to find out that much, and that I could not learn the whereabouts of the soldier.

I then wrote to the second auditor of the treasury. It took a month to get an answer, notifying me of the receipt of my letter, and asking for an affidavit supporting my claim and identification and the final statements, with a blank receipt for me to sign; also warning me that every letter I sent inquiring about my case would only delay it so much longer, as they were so far behind in their business on account of insufficient clerks.

It has been over seven months since I sent what they required, and I hav not heard from them since, and never expect to, as it is notorious that it takes till the third and fourth generation for the government to settle with its citizens, like the way the French claims were settled.

Well, I hav given my $218, that I earned as a private soldier in the regular army at $12.87½ a month, up for gone. I would not take any part of the money without the whole.

In the land office department it takes years for the government to issue the patents, after receiving pay for the land, with all the delays, technicalities, and new rulings imaginable to harass the settler—though land business is a little better since we got rid of Sparks and his spies and detectivs.

I do not wish ex-Land-Commissioner Sparks any bad luck,

only I hope he will be appointed land commissioner in hell, if he gets there, and there is such a place, to keep settlers from acquiring a continuous residence.

If you think this matter of the government employing sufficient clerks is a matter of importance, I wish you would please agitate and bring it before the public, especially as we hav such a surplus revenue that it puzzles both political parties to know what to do with it. Respectfully, your old subscriber, JOHN C. BLAISDELL.

SOUTH ROYALTON, VT., July 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to say a few words through your very excellent paper. It is full of fresh thoughts and wise suggestions from far and near.

It is time that every man and woman understood the dangers which threaten our republic. But, alas! only a few know, that are in the habit of reading Liberal newspapers. The mass of our community do not hav the faintest idea about the deep-laid plot of the God-in-the-Constitution party or the Young Men's Christian Association. Our good women who are doing all iu their power to help the noble cause of temperance do not even suspect there is any trap to catch them. Frances E. Willard has made her boast that they intend to put everything under Jesus—to make him the king of kings and the lord of lords in all future time.

When that time comes you will hav no occasion to get out any more TRUTH SEEKERS, for Comstock will crush out all Freethought with the help of the Catholics and Protestants when they become friends like Herod and Pilate. We shall hav thumbscrews and gags applied to cut off Liberal publications and silence investigation. The good old time will come again when it will be a sin to use our reason or pry into the future. We might go to the pope for knowledge of our duties, and to the priest for help to make peace with God.

We look for your live paper every week as we would for a friend. When will people wake up to see and read the signs of the times? A little more sleeping on the part of our good citizens on the very brink of an awful volcano is all the Catholics want. They are lengthening their cords and strengthening their stakes all over the land. It needs more than Gabriel with a trumpet that should giv a blast that would echo through the world to wake up the sleepers.

Be of good cheer and work on bravely in the cause of human elevation and freedom! All noble, intelligent minds are with you. All the great and good who hav toiled and struggled to giv light and knowledge to the human race and hav passed into a higher and more glorious existence are with you to inspire you with wisdom and knowledge to carry forward the great work of emancipation for the whole family of man. MRS. H. J. SEVERANCE.

ORANGE CITY, IA., July 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Certainly you deserve a prize for tolerance. It may be that Spiritualists are great allies in the fight with bigotry, but it seems to me that they are the most tiresome friends that one can possibly be afflicted with.

Aunt Elmina hits the nail exactly. It appears queer indeed that those everlasting gentlemen and ladies of the other world never impart anything that is of the least practical value to anybody. It seems that all spirits, gods, spooks, angels, etc., must of necessity be on a level with the intellect of their mediums.

If spirits can manifest themselvs only in such roundabout and suspicious ways, it strikes me that the best thing they could do would be to retire from the manifesting business entirely, stay in their world where they belong, and quit bothering us in ours, where they are of no earthly and very little spiritual use.

Another much-mooted question is Prohibition. Personally, I am an advocate of temperance in its broadest sense, and think that Prohibition should include not only ardent spirits, but several other evils that sadly need it. A good many of our most sanctimonious Prohibitionists, who look down with contempt on a drunken wretch on the street corner, are guilty of sins in the secret of their homes that put them farther below the level of a beast than a gallon of the worst rotgut ever manufactured, swallowed at once, possibly could.

I am in for Prohibition as far as it can be brought about by logic and conviction, by showing the evil and its consequences, and educating the rising generation in avoiding it. But I object to Prohibition as it is run by Prohibitionists: Firstly, as touching only one vice and leaving others as bad alone; and, secondly, because it is too much mixed up with Jehovah, praying women, lying parsons, sanctimonious deacons, and more cattle of that ilk, which alone should make every Liberal distrustful of its aim, not being certain that W. C. T. U., Jehovah & Co., after prohibiting liquor, may not turn their attention to Infidelity and, being in working order, simply prohibit it, since it certainly is as much of an evil in their eyes as guzzling strong waters.

In fact, I wish that Liberals could fight superstition without Spiritualistic, and liquor without Prohibitionist, help.

DE LESPINASSE.

SAGINAW, MICH., July 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Last May a few good, bed-rock Infidels of this city put their hands into their always open pockets, and secured the services of that gladiator Charles Watts for a series of three lectures, and secured the Opera House and gave the course free—"whosoever will may come."

We had crowded houses, much enthusiasm, and Friend Watts planted bushels of the seeds of truth that the "followers of the lamb" will never uproot. Such a shaking-up of the "dry bones" as we had I never saw the like of.

There was a polite invitation given publicly through the papers for the clergy to debate. They would come into the hall in a sneaking manner, take a rear seat, listen to their "divine humbug" being torn to pieces, and then, just as Mr. Watts would finish, they would sneak out like a cur dog with his tail between his legs.

A local, unsophisticated, ignorant, and self-conceited Methodist Sunday-school superintendent got up to debate with Watts, and about all he could say was, "If a sheep eat a blade of grass, why does it turn into mutton?" Such a poor, ignorant "follower of the lamb," I'll guarantee, never confronted Mr. Watts. He used him as he would a poor imbecil, and when Mr. Watts had hamstrung the poor idiot, all he could exclaim was, "Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee!" I exclaimed to myself, "O to be nothing, nothing!"

In every community there are a great many Infidels—a great many of whom, I am sorry to say, are in mortal fear of Mother Grundy. But let one among them pass around the hat and they will find it an easy matter to secure funds sufficient to get a hall, secure a lecturer, and hav a "feast of reason." Why let this horde of sky-pilots monopolize everything? There is no excuse for any community letting a winter go by without having at least one Agnostic, Secular, Materialistic, Infidel lecturer. "Let us all be up and doing."

I hav done in the past and always shall do all in my power to promote the cause of common sense and decency, and will never let a winter pass without having a course of Freethought lectures wherever I may reside—and I am not blessed with an abundance of wealth. Let some one in every town, city, or hamlet say: "Now, this winter we will hav a course of Freethought lectures, and I will make them a success," and how easy he will find it to hav them a howling success, with only a light draw on his finances!

Let us "wind up" by singing a verse of a Methodist hymn:

What bliss will fill the ransomed souls
When they in glory dwell,
To see the sinner as he rolls
In quenchless flames of hell!

Yours in the cause of mental progress, GEO. E. LIGHT.

LEXINGTON, KY., July 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: How much weakness must remain in the human mind, when so few are impressed with the idea that, so we can keep good principles intact, the proud flesh of corrupting ideas will drop off of itself! For ages has the belief in a God impoverished and weakened the intellect of man. The religious demon, who has drenched provinces with blood, though denounced for a time, has soon regained his power and influence. The Prohibitionists hav forgotten that one spontaneous act of the untrammeled mind in favor of the right is nobler and more powerful than the consent of millions of galley-slaves to any measure or opinion. In their eagerness for power to carry out their seemingly stupendous designs, they would be willing to engage the services of another Tamerlane to desolate the world, and to leave on the fifth part of the globe not a blade of grass behind them, provided that they were able to carry out their designs and that victory perched upon their banners. Again, they will encircle our loved ones with a wreathing mass of fiery serpents, to drive them into the blood-soaked, narrow way which religion points out. Our noble Constitution will be an instrument of coarse, unreasoning, and brutal domination. The pious way of coercing human beings into holiness will deluge streets with blood, crushing innocent beings under the wheels of a moral Juggernaut, seizing and submerging the noble mind whose element is truth under the bloody waves of religious persecution. The masses will be struck down by ruthless hands willing to be imbrued in the holiest blood, so that the pallid semblance of a reform may fill the land with moral pestilence, leprosy, and the contamination which attends the fierce and destructiv spirit, the fiery arrogance, of false revolution. Such mistaken ideas of improvement crush and control every thought, until continual inroads hav cast to the winds all that the human heart would cherish, would bleed for, would burn for—that freedom of thought which alone can fill our pathway with gems and dewy flowers of holiness and truth. Forbid it, justice! If the sun of our liberty sets in a pool of ignorance, depravity, and religious insanity, what happy chance again will there be to rear to the heavens the columns of a pure and noble civilization?

Future ages will read with wonder a description of the clergyman whose every honest thought is stifled by the synod or convention; who is led, step by step, into a narrow way lined with thorns where retreat is impossible, to obtain bread, the leading object of life. The least opposition makes him fierce; a well-built argument drives him to madness, developing all the malice and fury of his nature. False reasoning, abuse, lying, deceit—anything that can allay his misery—all these are resorted to in self-defense.

There is an eloquent divine here named Brossart, noted for his pure and noble character; but the common remark is with regard to him, that this is the work of nature and not of grace. ALHAZA.

BREATHEDSVILLE, MD., July 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: As a subscriber to and reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I hav read the communications of W. H. Burr and McArthur on Spiritualism, but not with the astonishment they would hav inspired in me three years ago, as since then I hav been with several parties on a spook-hunt to New York to investigate this spook business.

Now let me say in the outset that I claim we were all honest in this matter, and possessed of average intelligence at least, and that we came away with exactly opposit results or convictions as to the realities of what transpired at the séances.

Why was this? How could this happen? My theory is this. When you go to these séances the mediums are the masters of ceremonies, and they set certain rules and bounds for you to observe while trying to pry into the mystery of Spiritualism, which conditions must be strictly observed in order to bring the spirits into a communicativ and materializing mood. You are told that spirits are very sensitiv, so sensitiv that doubts and adverse thoughts disturb them amazingly, etc., and when you comply with these conditions and rules, as ladies and gentlemen generally do, you can't ascertain whether it is simply acting or reality.

We attended a séance at Colonel Greg's, and the acting, that is, spirit acting, was really so poor that I became disgusted with the fraud, as they were so poorly acting it that I expected we would only hav one opinion about it, yet, to my astonishment, when we talked over the matter afterward, I found we were evenly divided. The half of our party were sure they had seen spirits and conversed with some of their departed friends, and talk about this matter like W. H. Burr and McArthur.

We were at three of these different spook establishments, and our opinion as to all was about the same.

A short time ago the Gregs were fully exposed by a reporter of the New York *World* and some of his friends. They were not quite as mannerly as our party, and sat dunce-like spectators, but they caught the spirit, held on to him, lit a light, and verified their suspicions of fraud.

If you want to satisfy yourself on this subject, and for this purpose attend séances, hav some four or five trusty friends with you, then all of your party manifest all the childish credulity that the balance do, and the spirits will soon be strong and bold, and will come near enough to be caught, which opportunity you must improve, and catch them and be convinced.

I feel satisfied that if this plan were followed for several years by those who attend séances, the spook business would soon be played out. To talk about investigating Spiritualism scientifically, with the liberty and chance given those who attend séances, is about as ridiculous as to say, Now shut your eyes tight so that you can behold the grand beauties of nature.

If these mediums hav discovered a power known only to themselvs, it is for them to explain and demonstrate the matter scientifically to the world generally under circumstances which will not admit of deception.

Many hav had such chances, and Mrs. Diss Debar has had this rare chance quite lately to convince the world in open court, but it seems she never thought of the grand opportunity.

Spiritualism is a child of credulity, the same as all our religions and errors, except what is right and true between man and man according to the light of the best reason of the day; but we are slow to realize this fact, and so are humbugged in one way or another from age to age, and will be until we can calmly admire and weigh the discussion of both sides of a subject as we hav it in THE TRUTH SEEKER. JNO. M. GROH.

July 15, 1888.

TO THE REV. GEO. W. DUDLEY, Editor *Christian Independent*,

Dear Sir: Seeing a number of your paper reminds me of years agone when I knew you as a pedagog. I remember you well. In those days you stood No. 1 among your peers; you then did good work teaching solid, unquestioned facts in nature, philosophy, and science. You taught things you knew something about; you impressed tender minds with plain, reasonable propositions which are useful and serviceable to those persons to-day in the battle of life. Realizing further on that man is a credulous, superstitious machine, receiving and retaining impressions of fear and awe by which he can be controled through life with a certainty that has made him an abject slave, you, like thousands of others, profiting by the knowledge, hav got through with your early useful work, and now strike oil—a regular flowing well, so to speak—by setting up business as a guide, counselor, and teacher in the school of unknown worlds and future life—for revenue, with protection of your infant industries (the church) as incidental. You are telling your followers all about the glories, joys, and unutterable things to be seen in a great Utopia you do not propose to locate—only in figure, as "Abraham's bosom," the "New Jerusalem," "the abode of the saints," or "the eternal Eden," and so on. You preach to them that you know the way to get there; that there must be belief in a heterogeneous mess of stuff called the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, about which or whom it is impossible to hav any knowledge whatever; that there must be an undying faith exercised where reason sees only a man-made scheme to enslave the weak and ensnare the timid; that there must be rites, ceremonies, and worship performed in order to secure an election to heirship. You preach to them a lot of dogmas as of special use in the race, such as baptism, the sacrament, resurrection, prayer, forgivness of sins, spiritual power, faith, repentance, and election, with many others, and all this in view of the fact that thousands of others are preaching different dogmas and claiming that their way is the way to life eternal. You succeed—they succeed—in finding followers who suck in your various and wonderfully different isms and ologies. Now, presuming that you hav got all the points arranged in your mind by which you can clear up any and all apparent mists or clouds that may obscure the dull of intellect, and make plain as a morning star the truth as it is in your holy scheme, we propose to ask of you to come to the aid of more than ten thousand benighted minds, and giv a clear exposition of the heretofore unsolved and inexplicable riddle: If an eternal and all-wise God made poor, fallen man, knowing he would sin and die, did he not design man's misery, and doom him to eternal hell?

If you will write an article and prove that foreknowledge and foreordination are in God's case separate and apart, it will relieve his character of a blasphemous stain, as being a fiendish devil instead of a loving father. For such an article I will pay $25 when it is published in THE TRUTH SEEKER and approved by sensible reasoners as satisfactory. With great respect, Yours, JOHN BUSHEL.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Yarn of the Nancy Bell.

'Twas on the shores that round the coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And a mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid;
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"O elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And a mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bu'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas on the good ship Nancy Bell
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all of the crew was drowned,
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be;
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you*?'

"So he boils the water and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true,
(Which he ne'er forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, while I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

. . . . . .

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I hav, which is to say:

"'Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!'"

—*W. S. Gilbert.*

A TEACHER correcting the history examination papers of her class.—Question: "Tell who the Puritans were, and why they came to America." Answer: "The Puritans were a religious sect who left England because they were persecuted. They first went to Holland, but left there and came to America, because they did not want their children brought up Dutchmen,"

A Close Call.

A TRUE TEMPERANCE STORY.

Temperance is a virtue. It, however, did not adorn the character of old Uncle Rube Carver, as he was familiarly called. Uncle Reuben was a genial old soul, and had many noble traits; but he was known to be a drinking man, and had grown to be quite a confirmed drunkard. When a young man, he thought a glass of liquor now and then could not possibly do any harm. But that was just where he made a sad mistake; for the occasional indulgence created, little by little, a very strong appetite for strong drink. All drunkards may trace their downfall to the *first* glass of alcoholic stimulant; and were it not for that baleful *first* glass, there would be no drunkards to-day.

Uncle Reuben's true friends kindly admonished him of the danger of tampering with the fire-water, as the Indians term it, but he invariably replied that he could take care of himself, and that he would risk rum getting the better of him. He overestimated his own strength of mind, nor did he realize the power of an evil habit over a human being, and it was not long before moderate drinking gave place to immoderate drinking; and in the mean time business fell off, and Uncle Reuben was getting poorer and poorer every day. He once owned a beautiful and thrifty farm, and raised the loveliest grain and vegetables, besides fruit of all kinds, more especially various kinds of peaches, such as the "melacatoons," the "clingstones," "rare-ripes," and "red-cheeks;" and Uncle Reuben, unlike some others, generously shared the fruit with his neighbors, while all the small boys and girls of the village came in for a goodly number in peach-time.

Now the farm, the gardens, the fruit, all were gone, and the pretty home place had passed into other and stranger hands, all on account of Uncle Reuben's villainous and ruinous habits. Once he was stalwart and steady and could do any amount of hard work, but now he was so shaky and his hands trembled so he could do only little.

Remember, this man once boasted that he would risk rum getting the better of him.

His wife had wept, begged, prayed, and implored him to abandon his dreadful habit of drinking, but all to no avail; and when she contrasted their former abundance with their present distress and poverty, she wept bitter tears.

When under the influence of liquor, Uncle Reuben was neither combativ nor beastly, but was good-natured and happy as the day was long. He would loll in his big arm-chair and talk and sing maudlin songs. His tongue was wagging all the time, and he made some very stupid speeches, and then would indulge in laughter all by himself. "When the wine is in the wit's out," is a true saying.

One day, when Uncle Rube had been shouting and singing himself hoarse, his wife, who was suffering from a sick headache, being nervous became greatly exasperated at her silly-acting husband. She stood at the sink trying to wash some dishes. When she had washed and wiped the last plate, and hung up the dishpan, she stood still with the dishcloth in her hands. It was considerably worn by use, and not very large. She commenced rolling it into a ball, hardly knowing, in her nervous condition, what she was about, until it was round as a bullet and not much larger. Almost crazed by the incessant shouting of her drunken husband, she threw the rolled-up dishcloth at his nose, and missed it, for women are very poor marksmen, or, shall I say, markswomen? His mouth being wide open as usual, the little round dishcloth flew right down his red throat, lodging in his windpipe. Uncle Rube coughed, gagged, clinched his hands, and stamped his feet, but the cloth pellet was obstinate—it would neither come up nor go down. His poor wife was thoroughly frightened, and slapped his back vigorously, but it did not start from its strange lodging-place. He grew black in his face and strangled. At this critical moment a neighbor happened in. Taking in the situation at once, he ran to the choking man, and in a jiffy turned him topsy-turvy; while he was in this position, the scared wife thumped her husband terribly between his shoulders, and presently she had the satisfaction of seeing the dislodged instrument of torture safely upon the floor.

It was a narrow escape. Uncle Rube was instantly sobered, and he then and there made the most solemn promises that he never again would taste any intoxicating beverage. He kept the promises most faithfully as long as he lived. And what do you suppose became of that poor old dishcloth? I'll tell you. Uncle Rube had it laundried, and enlarged by a gay border sewed around it. Then he had it put in a gilt frame, and it was placed on the wall at the foot of his bed, so that he could look upon it the first thing in the morning, for, he said, a glance at that would help to keep him straight and steady throughout the day.

It always reminded him of the close call that he had. He used to say that in all probability his was the only case on record where a man was saved from a drunkard's dishonored grave by having a dishcloth thrown down his throat.

His wife would reply that "Desperate cases require desperate remedies."

The moral of this story is evident. In total abstinence alone lies perfect safety. "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

MIRIAM.

Correspondence.

July 11, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: It has been a long time since I wrote to you before, so I thought that I would try my hand again. I hav not seen many letters from Ohio. I hav been sick since Christmas, but I am well now and go to school again, and study arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, and read in the Fourth Reader. There are a great many Freethinkers here. A few call to see us on Sunday—Mr. Lewis, Mr Webb, Mr. Archibald—and they hav a jolly time. They hav a lot of TRUTH SEEKERS and books from THE TRUTH SEEKER office. I hav the "Story Hour" and "Little Lessons for Little Folks." Papa says that it is not only lessons for little folks but for big ones, too. I would like to hav the "Apples of Gold." When I was sick, the doctor I had was a Freethinker. I hav a little more news to tell you, Miss Wixon—my oldest sister is sick.

This is all for this time.

Yours truly, EDITH BROWN.

An Eccentric Lamb.

Lambs are commonly supposed to be the pictures of innocence, but there is at least one exception to the rule, according to a Cape newspaper, which relates the particulars of an extraordinary career. Two farmers, while walking to a village some fourteen miles distant, noticed they were followed by a lamb. Since no effort of theirs could compel it to return to its fold, it was afterward carried to the journey's end by Mr. Watson, one of the travelers. As it grew older it became strongly attached to him, would sleep only in his house, or, rolled up like a dog, lie outside the door, when the approach of anybody made it jump up and create much disturbance. When the bell rang for dinner the lamb would be fouud standing by a chair near the head of the table. As soon as the owner of the seat took his place, it put its forefeet on his back as an intimation that it desired to hav something to eat. Grass and beef it would not touch, but mutton, soup, and candles it gladly ate, while it would drink tea and coffee without sugar and milk. It would run about all day with the dogs till dinner-time, but bolted to the dining-room as soon as the bell rang. It seemed to hav some sort of recollection of its youthful days, for it always retired to Mr. Watson's house whenever it saw a flock of sheep, but rejoined its canine friends immediately after its cousins had passed by.

A Carpet-bag for a Cradle.

One of the queer performances of the band of gypsies in Bridgeport, Conn., was the carrying of an infant only five days old in a carpet-bag. The mother opened the valise in several public resorts where she begged pennies, and showed to the astonished bystanders her infant offspring snugly ensconced within as if it had been a kitten. The youngster did not cry or show signs of being distressed, but several persons who witnessed the strange spectacle became so indignant over what they regarded as an exhibition of cruelty that they threatened to report the case to the authorities.

Just It, Exactly.

"I had my picture taken to-day," said little Christine. "I crossed my arms and leaned on a chair, and the picture man put my head in some tongs."

"Why, you must hav looked like a lump of sugar in sugar tongs," laughed papa.

"Why, so I must hav," said Christine, delighted, "'cause the man kept saying, 'What a sweet little girl!'"

Two little school-girls of infantil years were lately prattling together, when one of them said, "We keep four servants, hav got six horses, and lots of carriages: now, what hav you got?" With quite as much pride, the other answered, "We've dot a skunk under our barn."

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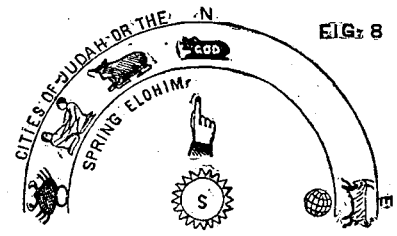
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All grim and soiled, and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old time-worn turret spare;"
Meek Reverence kneeling in the aisle
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold.
"Why smite," he asked, in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed the ax's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke
As from a dream.

I looked. Aside the cloud-dust rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plow.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay,
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
The school-girls, answering to the bells,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lessons given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captiv in the use
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

O backward-looking son of time!
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer,
Destroying Siva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same. —*Whittier.*

Church Notes.

CATHOLICISM is said to be making wonderful progress out in Colorado.—*Catholic Union and Times.*

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Katie Farrell, of Boston, has been reclaimed by her parents through legal means from the Salvation Army.

THE preacher and deacon of a Florida church were recently whipped by an enraged congregation into confessing a theft of $200.

OF the 258 popes of Rome, 104 were nativs of Italy, 14 of France, 9 of Greece, 7 of Germany, 5 of Asia, 3 of Africa, 3 of Spain, 5 of Dalmatia, 1 of England, 1 of Portugal, and 1 of Holland.

REV. SAM JONES is of the breed of Georgians called "Georgia Yankees" in that old commonwealth. He has a special eye to the laying up of treasures on earth although moth and rust do corrupt.—*Ex.*

THIS tribe having never before either seen or heard a missionary, the description I gave of the character of God, and our sinful and helpless condition, amused them only, and extorted some expressions of sympathy that a *Khosi* king, as they called me, should talk such nonsense. My preaching and speaking did indeed appear to be casting seed on the flinty rock, while they would gravely ask if I were in earnest, and believed that there was such a being as I described. It was indeed painful to hear them turning the theme of man's redemption and the cross into ridicule and making a sport of it.—*Report of a South African missionary.*

RECENTLY during divine service at Brezezie, Galicia, God struck the parish church with lightning. He killed three of the congregation on the spot. Six others were severely injured, and two hundred and thirty suffered to a less degree from the lightning and the falling masonry.

ALEX. HARRINGTON and Danny Shea, ten-year-old members of St. Michael's Catholic Sunday-school, Jersey City, hav been endeavoring to thrash a Protestant playmate of theirs into compliance with their demands that he become a Catholic, until his father has had them arrested.

OVER five thousand people attended the indignation meeting held in Boston on the 11th to protest against the action of the school committee in excluding Swinton's history from the public schools in deference to the anger of Catholics at its containing a bit of truth about their church.

AT a London mission council a speaker described how the hostility of the Arabs had been disarmed by the almost miraculous cures which science had enabled the mission to effect, "giving sight to the blind, restoring the use of limbs," and so forth. Religion then arrogates all the credit.

BISHOP LOUGHLIN has taken legal action to recover the tax of $567.48 levied in 1887 on property on Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, on which the church of St. Augustine is to be erected, claiming that as preparations had already been made toward building the new church, the property came under the church exemption law.

THE ceremonies accompanying the recent transfer to the University of California of the Lick Observatory, the gift of James Lick the Freethinker, were opened with prayer. Then Professor Le Conte, in his speech of acceptance for the board, commended astronomy as an inquiry into "the modes of the Divine Intelligence," and delivered a homily on the excellence of religion.

MONTREAL dispatch to New York *World:* "Another miraculous cure is reported from the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. This morning the pilgrims who had made the annual visit to the shrine under the direction of the Redemptorist fathers returned to the city, and brought with them Nellie McCarthy, a child twelve years old, who has been suffering from hip-disease for five years. She could only get along with great difficulty by the use of crutches. The crutches were left at St. Anne's shrine among the thousand other mementos of like miracles, and the girl walks as if she had never been troubled with the disease. As may be imagined, her widowed mother is overjoyed. There will be three more pilgrimages to St. Anne's shrine this week."

OF the recent scriptural examination of 235,000 children in London board schools, the *Dispatch* of that city says: "It is somewhat remarkable to find that many of the children explained the maxim, 'Take no thought for your life,' as laying down that it is 'a positiv duty to be reckless of life.' The precise value of such 'moral' teaching is not apparent. The unfortunate children were asked what lesson was to be learned from 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn,' and the inspector reports that the question was not answered well, 'as it was not understood.' One young genius, asked to explain, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth,' wrote that 'its literal meaning is absurd.' The reply may hav been the result of bitter experience."

THE bishop of London recently renounced his office to devote himself to the poor, in his closing sermon bitterly denouncing the church for its indifference to the cause of the workers. Commenting on this in the *Journal of United Labor*, Mr. Powderly says: "Centuries hav rolled above the heads of the races of earth in which the toiler did not dare to inquire why all that he produced should go to fill the coffers of those who had more than enough already. When the light began to break, the hope for something better began to grow. In forum and pulpit stood men who preached the doctrin of 'Servants, obey your masters,' but never did they tell who had the right to be master until the servants began to read; then they learned that under the canopy of heaven there existed no master save an all-wise God and the laws which the children of men ordered for their own government."

THE Pan-Presbyterian Council, just adjourned at London, received with approval recommendations to establish the liturgic forms of worship that seem giving success to the Episcopal church. In the old days the reading of prayers out of a book was odious to them as a relic and reminder of Romanism, but now the gray-beards find that with the decay of deep religious conviction the younger generation prefer such prayers to the prolix extemporaneous supplications of the ministers, and want color and sound, music, vestments, and ceremonies, to assist them in their devotions. One of the speakers went so far as even to advise that the services should be made complete without sermons.

THAT devout idiot and national ass Colonel Shepard, who prints daily a scriptural text in his *Mail and Express*, went to a Presbyterian prayer-meeting in Indianapolis the other night and, commencing some religious remarks, soon gave his discourse a political drift, and delivered a stump-speech on the text that "politics and religion must go hand in hand." We must realize, he said, the importance of having Christian men in high offices. He reminded his hearers that they had in their midst a man, General Harrison, "a candidate for the presidency, who was a faithful member of the church and would at at all times be in sympathy with needed moral reforms." He then branched off onto the missionary work, and concluded with the suggestion that if the nation had a good man at its head it could establish missions in all benighted lands, and giv the gospel of Christ to perishing souls.

OPENING and closing paragraphs of a *Sun* article entitled, "St. Peter's New York Army:" "There is no quarter of the city in which Catholic institutions cannot be found, and clustered about all of them, from the grand cathedral on Fifth avenue to the humblest of the seventy-five churches, there are parochial schools, industrial schools, asylums for the orphan and the destitute, hospitals, academies and colleges, convents, houses of different orders, and, altogether, a most wide-spreading and perfect organization for the spreading of the faith as well as for meeting the present spiritual and temporal wants of the people. One cannot walk the streets without meeting some of the fathers or sisters on their errands of piety and mercy—the Sisters of Charity, the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of St. Dominick, the Sisters of St. Francis, the Sisters of Christian Charity, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, the Ursuline Nuns, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the School Sisters of Notre Dame, and kindred organizations. . . . Thus, with its grand cathedral, its seventy-five churches, its forty chapels, its three hundred priests, its three hundred brothers, its two thousand religious women, its forty thousand students in colleges, schools, and academies, its support of fifteen thousand inmates of asylums and homes, and its Catholic population of about eight hundred thousand, and its capital of $30,000,000 invested in Catholic institutions, the city of New York is at present one of the strongholds of the Catholic faith."

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GHOSTS (unholy): It should be an article of faith to believe in them. It is always as well to accustom people to be afraid of something or other; the church can only gain by it. The devil is the bugbear that frightens children of forty years and upward.

IDEAS (innate): Thus are called certain notions instilled into our minds so earnestly and so persistently by our nurses and our priests, that when we hav grown to be men and women we imagin we received them even in our mother's womb.

REPARATION: We are bound to repair the injury we hav done our neighbor, and the simplest and shortest way of doing this is to hand over to the priests the money we hav stolen from our fellow-citizens. Reparation is assured when the church is satisfied.

OMNISCIENCE: A quality exclusivly suitable to God. Nevertheless, he affects to ignore what we are going to do, or that we are free in our actions. The godhead communicates his omniscience to his priests. A theologian knows everything and cannot be taken at a disadvantage, especially with regard to things that are incomprehensible to anyone else.

ANTILOGY: A theological term to designate the contradictions to be found from time to time in the word of God. These contradictions are but apparent, of course, and none but stone-blind people can detect them. People of enlightened faith can perceive at once that God cannot contradict himself, unless, indeed, his ministers cause him to change his mind.

NATURE: Is the work of a God wise, all-powerful, and perfect; nevertheless, nature has become corrupt. God has willed it so, doubtless to hav an opportunity, now of diverting himself, now of getting mad. His bile is out of order, and if his works were of too facil government, both he and the theologians would feel time hang heavy on their hands.

MERCENARIES: Folks who do nothing. The priests of the Lord are not mercenaries; they frighten us for nothing, they quarrel among themselvs for nothing, they persecute us for nothing, they trouble us and divide society for nothing, looking to God alone for the reward of their labors, provided, however, the community goes bail for him, or pays them in advance.

QUACKS: There are two classes of quacks—the sacred and the profane. The latter are arrant rogues, one and all; the former are honest and virtuous men who sell by permission of the king and his chief physician the spiritual antidotes. Their usual way of proceeding to cure is to make us first of all very sick, that we may the better appreciate the efficacy of their nostrums.

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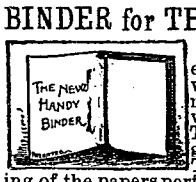
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News of the Week.

HUXLEY, it is said, will investigate Spiritualism.

WITHIN seven years over 1,000 national banks hav been established.

EMIN PACHA'S proposal to colonize Central Africa with Chinese is being discussed.

CONGRESS may send a commercial agent to Africa to open up trade with the Upper Congo Basin.

ONE can now go from France almost to the boundary of the Chinese empire by the great Russian railway.

CHICAGO Anarchists plotting revenge on the prosecutors of their hanged brethren were arrested on the 16th.

BOOKSTORE-KEEPERS report a steady increase in the demand for economic works by workingmen and all classes.

REVIVALS are being held in New York by Ben. Hogan, a former pugilist who has degenerated to a Christian exhorter.

DR. RUDD, editor of the *American Catholic Tribune* (colored), says there are in this country 200,000 practical negro Catholics.

CHICAGO Anarchists and Socialists are meeting much success in diffusing their doctrins by Sunday-schools of both children and adults.

HALF the land of England, the land reformers assert, is owned by 150 persons, and ten or a dozen hav a monopoly of that of Scotland.

CRITTENDEN county, Ark., in which the blacks largely outnumber the whites, and fill the public offices, is distracted with armed race conflicts.

THE Telegraphers' Union contemplates demanding a raise of the present starvation wages when the presidential returns are about to be forwarded.

THE New York *Herald* givs a detailed account making the embezzlements in the country for the ten years from Jan. 1, 1878, to Jan. 1, 1888, $48,513,466.81.

AT the election for deputy for the Department of the Rhone, France, the Republican candidate received 37,133 votes; the Socialist, 17,011, and the Radical, 10,747.

AUTHORITIES in New Jersey and some other states hav become alarmed at the growth of Sunday baseball-playing, and are exhuming ancient statutes and trying to stop it.

GENERAL WEAVER'S amendment to the Constitution, providing that United States senators be elected by the people instead of by the legislatures, has been reported favorably by the committee.

ORGANIZED labor throughout the country is quietly preparing to bring its influence to bear on the government telegraph and railroad and the financial questions as soon as the tariff agitation is over.

MR. LABOUCHERE says that the prince imperial of Russia is so weak, both mentally and physically, that in less exalted circles he would be regarded as being within measurable distance of congenital idiocy.

SOME labor parties, with the Knights of Labor, request Congress to "establish cooperativ institutions, such as will tend to supersede the wage system by the introduction of a coöperativ industrial system."

THE discovery has been made that the official reports of the United States Supreme Court hav been tampered with by the court reporters; hundreds of decisions hav been omitted and thousands of changes made.

THE emperors of Germany and Austria and the czar of Russia, about to meet in conference, are severally warm devotees of the three great churches of Christendom, the Protestant, the Roman Catholic, and the Greek Catholic.

A FEATURE of the Ohio centennial celebration will be a convention of Catholic societies, which will be held at Columbus, September 7th. This day has been set apart by the centennial committee, and will be called the "Catholic day."

COMMENTS are made on the managers of the church that was fined $1,000, for importing a rector under contract, for not having paid the fine. But what hav churches to do with civil matters, anyway? They dodge taxation now; probably they hope to evade every other liability. To the saints belongeth the earth.



A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

And I will make your cities waste, and bring your sanctuaries unto desolation, and I will not smell the savor of your sweet odors.—Lev. xxvii, 31.

Odds and Ends.

BOSTON sent a million gallons of rum to Africa last year. That must be what Stanley is rummaging around for.

"WHAT'S this, waiter?" "Railroad soup, sir." "Queer name for soup." "Yes, sir; stock's been watered so often, sir."

OLD lady to convict: "Do they allow you to read the Bible, my poor man?" Convict (bitterly): "Madam, they *make* me read it."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a poem called, "There's no sech word as fale." There is more truth in that than poems usually contain.

THIS world is but a fleeting show,
And no wise man regrets it,
For man wants little here below,
And generally he gets it.

"IT'S a pity," said an Irish laborer the other day as he mopped his brow. "It is a pity that we can't hav the cowld weather in the summer and the hot weather in the winter."

LOW-NECKED dresses are denounced as a "crying evil" by some would-be reformers of society. And yet many a "crying evil" has been soothed to sleep by rooting around in the recesses of a dress even lower than those seen in society.

TOMMY (who, like Freddy, has been trying to comprehend the mysteries of early chapters in Genesis): "Well, pa, if Dod made ev'rysin' out of nussin', an' there was nussin' till he made somesin', what did he stand on when he made it?"

"I GUESS it's 'bout time for that feller Harrison to pull down his shingle as 'the boy preacher,'" said old Uncle Oatcake, as he laid down his paper. "When a man's old enough to get the presidential nomination, his whiskers oughter grow, even if they don't."

POLITICIAN: "Well, Uncle Rastus, who's your man, Harrison or Cleveland?" Uncle Rastus (cautiously): "I'se gwine in dis year fo' Uncle Rastus, sah; he's my man. Is yo' meanin' enny business dis mawnin', Mistah Smif, or am yo' simply feelin' ob de situation?"

JACK: "You know how madly I worship Clara Gushington?" His sister: "Yes, Jack, and I think she is interested in you." Jack: "Well, I hav bought her a beautiful pair of bracelets, but I am afraid they are rather large." His sister (faintly): "Heavens, Jack! Those are not bracelets!"

A WEDNESDAY night prayer-meeting was being held in the Methodist church of Adams Corners. The attendance was slim, and as the crops were all in, no one seemed to be able to think of anything to pray for. At last, after a long silence, Deacon Obadiah Jones rose and said: "Brothers and sisters, as none of those present seem to be moved to pray this evening, and seeing we are all here together, I will improve the occasion by making a few remarks on the tariff."

AN interesting report of the death of a nativ was recently made by a coroner's jury in India. The nativ had the misfortune to meet a tiger, and the report says: "Pandu died of the tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death. Nothing was left of Pandu save some fingers, which probably belonged either to the right or left hand."

"SIR," he said solemnly to a young man who was anathematizing the weather, "do you know that the use of such language will send you to a hotter place than this?" "It may be hotter," responded the young man, mopping his face, "but it's a dry, honest kind of heat. They don't hav any of this blanked humidity down there."

FIRST Chicago woman: "We are to be admitted to the church conference to-day, aren't we?" Second Chicago woman: "No, indeed; didn't you hear? They voted to keep us out." "Oh, dear, I don't know what to do with myself this morning!" "Well, let's go around to the court-house and listen to divorce cases. We're not shut out of there yet."

"MAMMA," said Albert, "do you believe in the faith cure?" "Yes, dear," said mamma, "and I practice it, too." "Mamma," continued the boy, feeling his damp hair uneasily, "if a boy goes a-swimming and then lies about it, can you cure him of lying by faith?" "No, dear," said mamma sweetly, "that vice is cured by laying on of hands." And in ten minutes thereafter Albert was the best-cured boy on all Long Island.

A STORY is told of an old lady who lived in Concord, Mass., at the time of the great prevalence of transcendentalism, and she was very much bewildered by the freedom and audacity with which many of her articles of faith were treated. But she finally came to this conclusion: "I don't care so much about predestination and free will and all them sort of things, but if they take away my total depravity I shall feel as though I hadn't any religion at all."

SONG OF CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

I want to be a Granger,
And with the Grangers stand;
Some hayseed on my forehead,
A hoe within my hand;
And there before the granges
I'd stand and try my luck;
And Kansas and Iowa
Should cry: "Depew, Haw, Buck!"

A BOY'S composition: "Breath is made of air. We brethe with our lungs, our lites, our liver, and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going thruw the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stop in a room all day should not brethe. They should wait till they go out doors. Boys in a room make bad, unholysome air. They make carbonicide. Carboncide is poisoner than mad-dog. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India and a car bonicide got into that hole and killed nearly everyone afore morning. Girls kills the breth with corosits that squeezes the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diagram is squeezed to much."

Gems of Thought.

ALL the intelligent nations of antiquity were distinguished by a tendency to legislativ progress, till the freedom of that progress was checked by the claims of religious infallibility. The claims of an infallible revelation preclude the necessity of reform. "Should mortals presume to improve the ordinances of a God?"—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald's Bible of Nature.*

THE highest type of the orthodox Christian does not forget; neither does he learn. He neither advances nor recedes. He is a living fossil embedded in that rock called faith. He makes no effort to better his condition, because all his strength is exhausted in keeping other people from improving theirs.—*Ingersoll.*

WHEN multitudes of citizens belonging to the classes distinguished as "the better" make a hero of a politician whose sole aim throughout life was success, regardless of principle, and hav even established an annual commemoration of him, we are obliged to infer that the prevailing sentiments are not of a very high order. Nothing approaching to adoration is called forth by those who, on the death of a youth who went to help in killing Zulus, with whom he had no quarrel, and all that he might increase his chance of playing despot over the French, thought him worthy of high funeral honors—would, many of them, indeed, hav given him the highest. No feeling of reverence arises in one's mind on thinking of people who looked on with approval or tolerance when a sailor of fortune, who has hired himself out to an Eastern tyrant to slay at the word of command, was honored here by a banquet. A public opinion which recognizes no criminality in wholesale homicide, so long as it is committed by a constituted political authority, no matter how vile, or by its foreign hired agent, is a public opinion which excites, in some at any rate, an emotion nearer to contempt than to adoration.—*Herbert Spencer.*

HE was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our [England's] affairs during the last century; protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition could produce.—*Swift.*

I ADMIT that England is a Christian country Any doubts upon this point can be dispelled by reading her history—her career in India, what she has done in China, her treatment of Ireland, of the American colonies, her attitude during our civil war; all these things show conclusivly that England is a Christian nation.—*Ingersoll.*

PEACE—the only victory I covet.
To me war is no glory, conquest is o
Renown. To be forced thus to uphold my right
Sits heavier on my heart than all the wrongs
These men would bow me down with.
I thought to hav made mine inoffensiv rule
An era of sweet peace 'midst bloody annals,
A green spot amidst desert centuries,
On which the future would turn back and smile,
And cultivate, or sigh when it could not
Recall Sardanapalus's golden reign.
I thought to hav made my realm a paradise,
And every moon an epoch of new pleasures.
I took the rabble's shout for love—the breath
Of friends for truth; the lips of woman for
My only guerdon.—*Byron.*

VOLTAIRE was at all times the unflinching opponent of persecution. No matter how powerful was the persecutor, no matter how insignificant was the victim, the same scathing eloquence was launched against the crime, and the indignation of Europe was soon concentrated upon the oppressor. The fearful storm of sarcasm and invectiv that avenged the murder of Calas, the magnificent dream in the "Philosophical Dictionary" reviewing the history of persecution from the slaughtered Canaanites to the latest victims who had perished at the stake, the indelible stigma branded upon the persecutors of every age and of every creed, all attested the intense and passionate earnestness with which Voltaire addressed himself to his task. On other subjects a jest or a caprice could often turn him aside. When attacking intolerance, he employed, indeed, every weapon, but he employed them all with the concentrated energy of a profound conviction. His success was equal to his zeal. The spirit of intolerance sank blasted beneath his genius.—*Lecky.*

MORE than a century ago Catholicism, wrapped in robes red with the innocent blood of millions, holding in her frantic clutch crowns and scepters, honors and gold, the keys of heaven and hell, trampling beneath her feet the liberties of nations, in the proud moment of almost universal dominion, felt within her heartless breast the deadly dagger of Voltaire.—*Ingersoll.*

I HAV, O Lord! drawn your attention to the fact that, when you did, in the fullness of time, take to "creating," you "created" a good deal more than you were aware of. I hav ventured to bring it under your notice that you "created" America, and that, when your son and the devil went to the top of the high mountain to survey all the kingdoms of the earth, neither of them seems to hav had any notion that the earth was round, and that it was of such prodigious dimensions. Neither your son nor the devil knew of America. I am not quite sure that your son knows of it yet; but I could produce some proofs that the devil knows of it full well.—*Saladin's God and His Book.*

THE ghosts told us there was no virtue like belief and no crime like doubt; that investigation was pure impudence and the punishment therefor eternal torment. They not only told us all about this world, but about two others; and if their statements about the other worlds are as true as about this, no one can estimate the value of their information.—*Ingersoll.*

EVERY man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer. He fails to make his place good in the world, unless he not only pays his debt, but also adds something to the common wealth.—*Emerson*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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COURTLANDT PALMER.

Notes and Clippings.

AT Joliet, Ill., on the 22d ult., Bishop Spalding confirmed fifty convicts, making the cross on their foreheads and saying: "I sign thee with the sign of the cross, and I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

THE *Independent* makes an admission. Speaking of the degradation of the Southern negroes, it says: "For this Protestant Christianity solely is to blame. It allowed slavery. It was slow to see its enormity. In the South it supported slavery with all its power. It let the negroes liv in ignorance of the word of God. It raised no voice against unchristian laws forbidding slaves to be taught to read, and forbidding marriage."

THE melancholy information comes from the little island group known as the Nicobars that fifteen Danish missionaries hav spent twenty years in the islands without making a single convert. The fact that Christianity has made absolutely no progress among these islanders cannot be attributed to stupidity, for they are said to be wonderfully quick at learning languages. The Nicobars seem to be a very aggravated case of hope deferred, but missionaries everywhere are doomed to many disappointments. It must be rather trying, for instance, after five years of earnest missionary effort, to be sagely informed by the king of Uganda that Christianity is certainly a good religion to die by, but that as long as his majesty is feeling tip-top he prefers to cling to the practices of his fathers. —*New York Sun.*

THE government of Colombia has recently entered into a convention with the papal see, which is severely criticised by all the advanced thinkers of the republic. It is considered a retrograde movement. It provides that in the universities, colleges, and schools instruction shall be organized and directed in conformity with the dogmas and principles of the Roman Catholic church. Religious instruction shall be obligatory, and the principles of the Roman Catholic church shall be strictly observed.

GEORGE H. DARWIN, son of the great Darwin, has gone through a very laborious inquiry and statistical study and found that the facts completely upset Pope Gregory's theory as to the sterility of first-cousin marriages, statistics showing a "slight balance in favor of the fertility of the first cousins," as compared with ordinary marriages. This circumstance, he suggests, may be explained by the inference that marriages between cousins are more likely to occur where there is a large group of persons bearing that relationship to one another, and who, therefore, belong to families in which fertility is hereditary. But he found "a shade of evidence that the death-rate of offspring is higher than among the families of non-sanguineous marriages." As to insanity and idiocy among the offspring of first-cousin marriages, Mr. Darwin's investigations led him to the conclusion that the facts did not justify the popular impression.

Communications.

God and the Bible.

Seth Green says that trout taken from a dark-colored bed to a lighter-colored bed will gradually change their color to correspond with the color of the bottom. No one may know at the present time how this change is produced, but if all believed that God produces the change, and that "the ways of God are past finding out," and that "it is wicked to question the ways of God," no one ever would know. We must get rid of the Gods before the minds of men can be turned in the right direction. The Gods hav always stood in the way of improvement.

Every scheme for man's improvement has had its origin in the human brain. A jealous God with a flaming sword constantly stands on guard at the outer door of the human mind, to prevent a new thought from entering. When steam was applied to the propelling of boats, it was said that God had furnished the wind to waft the boats over the waters, and that it was taking the work out of his hands, and would inflame his wrath and that his curses would rest upon the steamboats. The art of printing, the Copernican theory—in short, nearly every improvement, has been met in the same way and nearly by the same argument. God has never favored improvements, and the Christian cannot rise above his God. Both are in the way of the healthy growth of society.

The Christian believes that God is everywhere, that he does everything. He drives the storm; he causes the earth to quake; he directs the comets in their courses; he sends the lightning, and causes the planets to revolve in their orbits. He loves Christians and hates nearly everybody else. He gave the Christians a book to prevent their *moral* and mental growth and make them content to stand in the fool ranks and be drilled by designing ecclesiastics. I would not spend my time to expose the Christian and his God were it not for the fact that they pull in the opposit direction like stubborn mules whenever we attempt to advance.

The book business has been a little overdone first and last by heavenly authors. Did God write a book for the Hindoos, another for the Buddhists, another for the Mohammedans, another for the Mormons, and still another for the Christians? or were these sacred books each written by a different God? Now, if we should happen to choose the wrong book, we must go to hell just the same as if we did not choose any. Did God talk with Christna? Did he talk with Zoroaster, with Mohammed, and Moses? Did God ever talk with any man? If he ever did, why not now? If there was a time when he talked with men and then ceased from talking, did he stop without a change?

If God directed Moses and David, Solomon and Joshua, they certainly did not do as well as hundreds of others who acted upon their own judgments and were governed by reason independent of such direction.

Nothing can be more fallacious than the idea of God writing to and talking with mortals. There is no absurdity too great for men to believe if it is fully impressed upon their minds when young. It becomes a sort of second nature, and reason seems powerless to break the hallucination. It is a curious fact that the very worst men hav received the most instruction from God.

God was in daily conversation with David. His family should not only hav been one of the most exemplary in the world, but David himself should hav been a paragon of virtue. Let us see: In the first place, he was one of the bloodiest warriors whose name ever stained the pages of history. In the second place, his wives and concubines were so numerous as to outrage every idea of modern civilization. The way he obtained some of them would disgust a Turk or a Mormon. He paid for his first wife in a peculiar currency, coined only in the mint of circumcision.

To take Bathsheba in the manner he did was bad enough, but to murder Uriah, his most faithful henchman, finds no parallel in history for downright meanness and perfidy.

Solomon, the wisest man in all the earth, was the offspring of this unholy alliance.

David's son, Amnon, committed a rape on his own sister, Tamar, and then turned her out of doors. Absalom, another of David's sons, murdered Amnon, and then, as if to outdo any other family in beastliness, he, to use a scripture phrase, "uncovered the nakedness" of his father's concubines on the housetop "before all Israel."

The last scene in the great drama of this wonderful man directed by God is worthy of note. To let the world know that he had no equal among human monsters, and as if to prove "the ruling passion strong in death," when he was "stricken in years" and his last hour had come, and life was ebbing away, he rummaged through "all the coasts of Israel" to find a beautiful woman, Abishay, to fawn around him, that his lustful eyes might close with a harlot in his sight.

Was not that a model family to be under the direct influence of God? Could a family hav turned out any worse if it had been under the direction of devils? Go among man-eaters; seek out the lowest Mussulman among the Turks; go over Utah with a dragnet, and a more loathsome picture could not be drawn than the history of David and his family presents.

Can men who believe that such men and such conduct are worthy of imitation be of any great help to the world?

If God was talking with David every day and knew just what was going to happen, why did he not giv David's elbow a jog when David was looking at Bathsheba and say, "Davy, come away; it is a nasty business for a married man to be looking at a woman while bathing?" And while David was laying the plan to murder Uriah, why did not God say to him, "This nefarious scheme will never do; it will break friendship between us, for such an act would render you so vile that no decent God will hav anything to do with you?"

Now, my Christian friends, I would like to ask you if you would associate with such a family as King David's if they were living among you at the present time. If such transactions are low and brutal now, were they not equally degrading then? Can you believe that such a family was under the special guidance of God? How can you consistently fight the Mormons and believe at the same time that David was heaven's special favorit?

Can you not see that the idea of God talking with Moses and David and Joshua—all polygamists and bloodthirsty robbers—can hav no foundation in fact? The one who can believe that God talked with these men, and gave them instructions from day to day, can hav but a poor opinion of his moral influence. If God ever did talk with these men, he had many an opportunity of talking with much decenter men. God never talked with men, and never wrote a book. In ancient times so-called great men exercised a wonderful influence over the ignorant masses by claiming that their commands came from gods, and that influence is exercised by ecclesiastics even to the present day.

A Catholic told me once that a certain priest had such power over men that by the mere power of his will he could chain me to the ground so that I could not stir.

A man in Johnstown told me that he had a Catholic girl living in his family, and one morning he said to her: "If Father —— should tell you to put poison in our coffee, would you do it?" "Father —— will not tell me to put poison in your coffee; he is a good man," replied the girl. "We do not believe that he will—but suppose he should?" "Well," replied the girl, "if he should tell me to do it, I would, for I should know it was right."

This is in the afternoon of the nineteenth century. How much greater must hav been the influence of those who were rulers and regarded as holy men two or three thousand years ago!

Here is the whole story: Fathers believed those things and taught them to their children; they in turn taught them to their children; and thus the deception passed from generation to generation, and Christians of the present day are determined that the deception shall never die out.

This fraud was written down in a book, and when thoroughly understood, it is safe to say that no book ever written in any language has so much retarded the civilization of the people where it has been introduced and believed in. Because those who believe in it are constantly endeavoring to make everything square with the ignorance and dishonesty of the times in which it originated. The Christian's effort, when fairly sifted, is to exchange the civilization and the attainments of the present age for the ignorance and barbarism of three thousand years ago. This not only acts as a brake upon the wheels of progress, but it absolutely turns them the other way.

I am writing an article on the word of God, some portions of which are so beastly and vulgar that I dare not write them out.

Think of it—a word of God so abounding in filth that a man dare not read it to his children! No man would dare to open the Bible and read a chance chapter to a mixed audience.

I am afraid that some of my Liberal friends will think that I delight in rolling the nastiness of the Bible as a sweet morsel under my tongue, because I write this essay. I write not on this subject because it is a pleasant task, but because the Christian is constantly holding up the Bible as a model of pureness, a proper guide for our daily walk and practice, and as a book the like of which no moral or mental effort of man could reach. My object and my duty is to show the hollowness and hypocrisy of the pretense, and to put honest men on solid ground.

How shall we rid ourselvs of any great evil without holding it up to public gaze? How shall we abate a nuisance without showing where and what it is? It is sickening to see gloved ladies carrying this accumulation of filth and abominations every Sunday to church. But they will continue to do it until they are brought to understand that the gilt edges and gold clasp inclose some of the most salacious thoughts and indecent language that ever disgraced printer's type.

But when Christians talk of making the sublime of nastiness a text-book in schools, or even of having it accessible to the youth of the country, it is time for somebody to speak out and expose the rotten mass to public gaze.

Now, I want to refer the reader to some of God's chaste language, and to some acts of men under God's immediate control. Of course there is much that God has said which I cannot quote *verbatim*, for obvious reasons. But I will giv the chapter and verse, and when you come to read what God has written down in his holy word, you will understand why I do not quote the language. If the Christian could take a hint without being struck on the head with a beetle, I would ask him to ponder the fact that some of the thoughts and much of the language of his God-given book are too low and indecent to be spread out in the columns of an Infidel journal.

Now, I want every Liberal friend who has never been over this ground to get a small Bible, one that he can carry in his pocket, and as he reads this article, mark the passages of scripture referred to, and then, as he has opportunity, call the attention of his Christian friends to these select passages, and ask them how such thoughts and such language comport with the majesty and dignity of a God.

If all Liberals will pursue this course and do it in a proper spirit, instead of trying to force the Bible into the common schools Christians will be looking for something to settle their stomachs.

Christians teach that hell is the consequence of doubt. But if Liberals will be faithful in calling the attention of Christians to these passages, they will doubt whether a decent God could be their author, hell or no hell.

The first portion of scripture to which I will call attention will be found in

GENESIS—

chap. xii, 13. "Say, I pray thee, thou art my sister." This language was addressed by Abram to his wife Sarai. It will be seen by the first verse of the chapter that Abram was under the instruction of the Lord. Abram was trying to get Sarai, his wife, to tell a lie. It will not do to say Sarai was Abram's half-sister—she was also his wife, and that was what he denied, and that was a lie.

Did God ever place a man under circumstances where he was compelled to lie? The one who induces another to tell a lie is the more guilty of the two parties.

What would be the inference of any boy or girl who reads this story? Why, if so good a man as Abram was justifiable in lying, then we may take the same liberty whenever it will help us out of a tight spot. Not a good lesson for school-children.

Gen. xvii, 1: "And the Lord said unto Abram, be thou perfect." Would anyone infer that the Lord would appear to and talk with any man who was not perfect? Now, what must a child think when he or she reads in the Bible that Abram was perfect, and then reads about Sarai, his wife, being barren, and about Abram having a child by Hagar (Gen. xi, 30; xvi, 15)? Would not any boy or girl infer that a man could be perfect and at the same time be licentious to any degree and keep as many fancy women as he might choose? I think the schools will improve in morality when such lessons are introduced.

Gen. xvii, 12, declares that a child must be circumcised when eight days old. Did not God know how to fashion a male child, or must he hav one of those middlemen, transacting business between heaven and earth, to put on the finishing touches? Verse 14 declares that an uncircumcised man-child shall be cut off from his people. I ask every Christian to think of a God who makes it obligatory on some one to circumcise a child when it is eight days old, and damns the child if somebody neglects to do it. As well damn it because somebody does not cut its toenails.

Verse 22: "And he left off talking with him, and God went up from Abraham." How could God get away from Abraham when he fills the immensity of space, and is everywhere present?

Gen. xviii, 10: "And he said, I will certainly return unto thee according to the time of life, and lo, Sarah, thy wife, shall hav a son."

How many children, first and last, hav been born on account of these heavenly messengers, it would be hard to tell. Of all the ideas ever promulgated, that of an amorous God, or ghost, or angel, or spirit is the most ridiculous. If the people of to-day could understand how easy it was in old Bible times for women to be imposed upon, and how willing the chosen of God were to deceive them, there would be little mystery about a child being begotten by a spirit or ghost. Priests and preachers hav followed the example of these heavenly messengers up to the present time.

The key to these heavenly visitors will be found in Josephus (Antiq., book *i*, chap. iii, 1): "For many angels of God accompanied with women, and begat sons that proved unjust," etc.

Again (book xviii, iii, 4): "Then did Mandus leap out, for he was hidden therein [the temple], and did

not fail of enjoying her who was at his service all the night long, as supposing he was the God, and when he was gone away, which was before those priests who knew nothing of the stratagem were stirring, Paulina came early to her husband and told him how the god Anubis had appeared to her," etc.

Paulina was a woman of high standing and great education, and very beautiful. There is every evidence that she meant to be a virtuous woman, for she consulted her husband in regard to the matter before going to the temple. This woman never could hav been imposed upon in the manner she was unless the belief had been common that the gods and their appointed agents often visited women for "holy" purposes. Let this belief again become general, and all the rakes in the country would turn preachers. There are about seventy thousand of them, anyway, and nothing would please them more than to hav the people return to the old superstition.

Naples, N. Y. JOHN PECK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Reason or Authority for Sunday.

Until I was more than fifty years of age, I entertained the dogma that one-seventh of the time must be observed as "holy time," in which mortals must not even think about business matters, nor "do their own pleasure." But since I concluded to officiate as my own priest and to do my own thinking, it appears very plain and correct that Sunday is not only a cheat, a lie, a contemptible fraud, but it is not sanctioned by any reliable and respectable authority. There is no Sunday in the natural world. In the vicissitudes of the seasons, in the changes of the year, in the diurnal revolutions of the earth and annual swinging in its orbit, in all the natural divisions of time, there is no discrimination of Sunday from the other days in the week. There are 365 days in one year, except in the Arctic and Antarctic divisions of the globe. According to order and natural laws, time or days should be observed in the year as the first day, second day, third day, and so on from one to 365, the 365th day of the year. There is no natural division of the year into weeks and months. If the moon revolved around the earth in accordance with the rising and setting of the sun, there would then be an opportunity or reason for indicating weeks and months. But we all know that a lunar day, lunar week, and lunar month do not coincide at all with solar days, solar weeks, and solar months.

To those persons who hav always depended on some one else to do their thinking, Sunday appears a divinely appointed institution. But if we take a natural and scientific view of Sunday, we cannot fail to perceive that Sunday is indicated simply by an arbitrary and unwarranted division of time into weeks and solar days. If we were to go a few hundred miles beyond the surface of the earth, what would become of this holy time, Sunday? Why, we would learn to our profound astonishment that "the holy Sabbath of the Lord" was or is wiped out by the sponge of perpetual darkness! Competent and learned natural philosophers assure us that if we could be transported a few hundred miles beyond the surface of the earth, the intense cold would exceed zero by hundreds of degrees, and the darkness beneath, above, and all around would be more profound than the midnight hour when black clouds shut out the light of the moon and stars, and furious storms wreck the autumnal skies. At the distance of only a few hundred miles from the earth, natural philosophers assure us, the entire canopy of heaven represents the twinkling stars as if they were set in a background of beautiful jet.

What becomes of our Sunday there? When travelers start to go around the world by traveling westward, at the distance of 180° they come to an imaginary line, extending from pole to pole, on one side of which the time is Sunday, while on the opposit side of that line it is Monday. So when a traveler, in sailing to the east, arrives at a point 12,500 miles east from Greenwich, England, he will come to a place where it is Sunday on one side of an imaginary line of longitude, and Monday on the other side, not one inch distant. Furthermore, if the residents of the Arctic regions are required to observe Sunday, where the solar day is six months in length, and the other six months only twilight and darkness, how are they to compute holy time?

We perceive at a glance what insurmountable difficulties are encountered when we attempt to show that there ever was a divine command to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." In fact and in truth and agreeably to common sense and reason, the great creator never gave any such commandment; and the church and civil authorities, the priests and kings, hav no more right to direct anyone as to how he may or may not spend his time on Sunday any more than they hav authority to dictate as to when one may cultivate his garden, or go on a visit to the residence of a friend. Sunday is a lie, a delusion, and a sacerdotal imposition on credulous people.

Orange, N. J. SERENO E. TODD.

The Fall of Christianity.

It is repeating a fact which nearly every Christian pulpit in the land is emphasizing by its silence, to say that hell is no longer popular. And "thereby hangs a tale."

It is impossible at this late day to trace any religious dogma to its cradle. Whether hell had hate for a father or fear for a mother, is not important to know. That this terrible idea is being repudiated by mankind is one of the splendid triumphs of the human heart.

But the decay of this dogma means more than this—that a cruel thought of the past is being outgrown—it means that the religion of which this dogma is a part is also being outgrown. Not only does the highest humanity reject the notion of a hell for man hereafter, but it rejects the entire system of which this notion is the logical conclusion.

The Christian world may not be prepared to admit this statement, but we make it without fear of successful contradiction. The sounds of the falling structure of Christianity fill the air. Everywhere the death of faith is reported. The light on the Christian altar is going out, and it is going out because the oil that has fed it is getting low. The truth is, a new age has dawned upon the world—and a better and brighter age—and its rise portends the end of all religion founded upon superstition.

The dominating power of this age is not faith, but knowledge; not fear, but thought; not ignorance, but intelligence. The teacher is supplanting the priest in the regard of mankind. Preaching has lost its hold upon the world. The fact is, there is no need of preaching. The gospel which the pulpit has to tell is not worth telling. The appeal to fear moves only the weak and cowardly. The strong and brave ask for the truth, and fearlessly go where it leads.

The time when the minister preached "as a dying man to dying men," as old Richard Baxter said, has passed away. The living man and the man who is to liv after him are to be considered. We respect the dead; we would be tender to the dying, but our work is for the living and the unborn. Our steps are all toward the grave, but how we shall enter it should not be our chief care. We hav somewhat to do in life besides pose for a funeral sermon.

The general contempt for Christianity, manifested in the general disregard of its religious commands, shows the fate that treads upon its heels. It is not fear of the church's power that determins thought and action to-day so much as realization of man's power. The God idea is fast dropping out of human problems. Men are acting independent of divine directions. Human necessity is commanding the world.

The worm of death is at the root of every Christian dogma. The arm of the church is paralyzed. It is powerless to arrest the progress of the world which is being led by the forces of civilization. Christianity has no longer a prison for liberty, a stake for honest thought, a scaffold for free speech. Its rod of persecution has been broken; its lash of torture has been wrested from its grasp. All that is left it now is the idle threat of its priest, and this is heard with a smile. The only way left of showing faith in Christianity is by going to church. Such an act requires no virtue; it is only the tribute which fashion pays to piety.

Dead indeed is a religion when the people reject its dogmas and laugh at its priests. The motiv for accepting Christianity is gone. Hell is destroyed in its own flames. The power of Christ is not needed. There is nothing to be saved from. The church must stop preaching Jesus. There is no use shoeing a dead horse. L. K. WASHBURN.

Imbecil or Corrupt—Which?

He who starts out to work a reformation in anything ought to realize his position clearly enough to enable him to avoid injuring the cause which he represents. If it is worth espousing at all it is worth protecting against the opposition which its advocates may arouse by taking a false and vulnerable position with regard to any points of difference between it and existing systems. If it is really worthy of success it should be guarded against the venomous shafts of slander by placing it high above the level upon which such evils grow thriftily.

In an editorial entitled, "A Wise Judge," it is unqualifiedly asserted that the clergy is composed of two classes—"the honest minister, the one with whom a man's character or his wife are equally safe," described as "usually the good, easy-going, childish sort of person, a little weak on Calvinistic theology as well as in worldly enterprises, a man who nowadays would be said to be in the ministerial profession because nature had so constituted him that he was not good for anything else," and the "bustling, eloquent, popular clergyman," who "lacks the confidence of the business world, which keeps an eye on his accounts and also on the female members of his flock." It is further said that the first described is "totally incapacitated by his simpleness of character from undertaking the management of estates, while the second would require altogether too much watching to be allowed to do so."

Whatever may be said of their beliefs on religious subjects; however insecure a foundation such belief may rest upon; however ridiculous religious forms and worship may appear to skeptics, they should remember that a large class of worthy people firmly believe in and practice the, as they esteem them, truths and doctrins of Christianity, and that many of their ministers, bustling, eloquent, and popular though they may be, are men who are, in all their relations to their fellow-man, perfectly honorable and upright in character. The great bulk of ministers are as honorable-minded as any other class of men equally numerous and different in constitution, temperament, training, etc., and equally composit in nationality.

True, there are to be found among them men who are insincere, corrupt, and dishonorable. They are to be found in all professions. They are not more frequent among ministers than among men in other callings. Many instances of what passes for dishonorable action among ministers might be traced to lack of wisdom.

We giv our friend credit with not desiring to be unjust, but we all commit acts of injustice, sometimes unthinkingly. Such a course, if persisted in—and Liberals are frequently very ill-Liberal in this direction—is bound to react to our injury. It is in no unkindly spirit that we would, in these hastily and crudely expressed terms, call the attention of all parties to this evil influence which creates too much bad feeling and distrust to permit candid and useful discussion to take place. We sincerely hope that a spirit of fairness and friendliness will be allowed to prevail ere long which will allow of a nearer approach to the truth than is possible with passion-blinded eyes. It is easy to say harsh things in the heat of argument; it is not so easy to preserve a "judicial balance." M. F. CUPP.

Metamora, Ind.

The Reason Why.

Is God, like other beings, prone to shirk
His business? If not, who will explain
The reason God puts out so much bad work
When he makes babies? Why should he complain
Of raw material? Is it in vain
For him to try fine work when scarce of dust?
Has he run short of "nothing?" If he must
Do jobs inferior, it is not sane
In him nor just to damn the jobs thus thrust
Upon the market without their consent.
Eureka! I will pray and ask God what he meant
When he did deign to make, with little brain,
Witless and all inane, a select few,
In "his own image." Ah! Now, I'll tell you!

For I've been answered, and the reason's plain.
I'm now convinced God knows what he's about
When he makes fools and people half insane.
(I am a Christian; though I sometimes doubt
The word of God, I never let it out,
As do d—d Infidels. I always tell
What I believe; lest I should go to hell
I don't tell what I don't. Surely without
I acted thus I'd be an Infidel.)
But to my subject. There hav been fulfilled
Men's destinies as their creator's willed;
What craft is suited to a driveling lout?
Judge by the world at large; weak-minded creatures
Are fit for naught, succeed as naught, but preachers.

M. H. VEON.

Mr. Moss Explains His Position.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I hav just received the ever-welcome TRUTH SEEKER containing an excellent article on my case. It contains, however, one error. I am not a school-master under the school board. My Freethought views prevented me from getting an appointment of that sort—which requires that you should at least hav a recommendation from a parson. I am an officer of the school board under the "by-laws department," or in other words what is technically known in this country as "school attendance officer." Had I been a teacher I fancy the board would hav got rid of me on the ground that I could not teach all the subjects required by the code—Bible-teaching being one of them—because of my heresy. They may discharge me now, but whether they do or not I shall reappear as a lecturer as soon as the new board is elected in November.

I hav been a servant of the board for eight years, and the fact that they could not find anything against me, either in respect to my work or my personal character, was the only reason that deterred them from turning me adrift.

I am making it pretty hot for Mr. Kelly, M.P., and my Freethought friends will giv the members of the board a lively time of it as the election time approaches. Herewith I send you a brief article on "Bible Miracles." I shall continue to write for you until you or your readers tire of me.

London, July 9, 1888. ARTHUR B. MOSS.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free to any address upon application.

Memorial.

Courtlandt Palmer's Funeral.

Courtlandt Palmer's obsequies were from his home on East Twenty-first street, Thursday, July 26th, and were conducted according to his wishes and permission. Last March Mr. Palmer, not having at the time, as he told his family, any fear of death, but wishing to be prepared, wrote the following letter to Colonel Ingersoll:

NEW YORK, March 16, 1888.

MY DEAR FRIEND: When, after my life's fitful fever, I shall start upon the long sleep of death, I shall want T. B. Wakeman and you to say above my ashes the last good-bye words—he first, you second! Not more than fifteen minutes each.

When I use the word "ashes" I mean it literally, as I wish my remains to be cremated.

If it be thought best to make my funeral a public one, I wish Siegfried's Funeral March performed. I shall write Mr. Walter Damrosch to this effect.

I shall not be buried from any Christian church, nor do I wish any Christian hymn sung. Let one song be a pean of triumph.

Yours very affectionately, COURTLANDT PALMER.

TO COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

P.S.—I hav shown this to my wife. C. PALMER.

As nearly as circumstances would permit, Mr. Palmer's wishes were carried out, though Mr. Wakeman, who was present at the funeral, did not speak. The family, who are members of Heber Newton's church, supplemented the discourse of Colonel Ingersoll with the reading of the Episcopal service, and a few words by Heber Newton, who, to his honor be it said, spoke more as a man than as a minister.

Mr. Palmer died from the shock of an operation designed to relieve him from the disease which would inevitably hav proved fatal within a few hours. But he felt that he had really no hope of life. At 6 o'clock in the morning, just before the operation, he repeated to his wife his wishes as regarded his funeral and dictated anew letters to Colonel Ingersoll and Mr. Wakeman, again declaring his wishes that they should speak at his funeral. He also dictated a letter to Daniel G. Thompson, secretary of the Nineteenth Century Club, giving his ideas in regard to the future life of the club, and fervently hoping for its prosperity and influence. He closed this letter with a poetic dissertation on death, reaffirming the Agnostic philosophy in which he believed. In making these arrangements Mr. Palmer was as cool and collected as if the thought of death in a few hours was furthest from his thoughts. He remembered that Walter Damrosch was away, and that consequently Siegfried's March could not be played at the funeral. He hummed a tune from "Tannhäuser" to his wife, and asked that a quartet render that instead of the march. He made a few slight changes in his will and bade all the members of his family an affectionate farewell. He was the most cheerful man in the room, and smiled sweetly as he conversed. In the few minutes yet remaining before the operation he calmly discoursed on his favorit philosophic topics, and declared again his belief in his doctrins, and that these would in time overspread the earth. "A man should believe," he said, "only what he can prove. He may hav every hope, but he should only believe what he can prove. I don't say there is not a heaven, but I don't know that there is. That is my belief." He talked in this strain for a while, and said: "The general impression is that Freethinkers are afraid of death. I want you one and all to tell the whole world that you hav seen a Freethinker die without the least fear of what the hereafter may be." These were almost his last words. The doctors administered the ether a moment afterward. The operation occupied three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Palmer attained consciousness enough to say that he thought the operation was a success. But the shock was too great, and he sank steadily, and died at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The hour set for the services was 10 o'clock, and at that hour the friends and admirers of Mr. Palmer completely filled the large parlors and hallway of his late residence on Gramercy park, and the stairway was also crowded. Mr. Palmer's friends include a great many, and from every walk in life. Lawyers, artists, journalists, society folks, clergymen of many faiths, doctors, and scores of Freethinkers stood patiently awaiting the arrival of Colonel Ingersoll. The body rested in a rich casket near the center of the dimly lighted parlor, and was clad in evening dress. There was no religious emblem or insignia about the bier. Flowers in tasteful forms were on the mantel and coffin, and perfumed the heated air of the house. At the head of the stairs the relativs of the deceased were gathered, the group being made up of Charles Palmer, Mrs. Courtlandt Palmer, Robert Emory Palmer, Courtlandt Palmer, Jr., Miss May Palmer, Miss Eva Palmer, Richard S. Palmer, and Miss Annie Palmer. Among those in the parlors were Mayor Hewitt, Edgar Fawcett, Judge Lachman, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, Professor Eckel, Edward King, Commissioner Andrews, Lillie Devereux Blake, Chief Engineer Church of the aqueduct, John L. O'Sullivan, ex-minister to Portugal; Manager J. M. Hill, President Foster of the aldermanic board, Assistant District-Attorney Jerome, Mark Eidlitz, Rabbi Gottheil, Moncure D. Conway, and Rabbi De Sola Mendez.

Upon the arrival of Colonel Ingersoll, the services were begun by Macgrave Coxe, who sang "The Hymn to the Evening Star," from Tannhäuser, which Mr. Palmer had requested. It was exquisitly rendered. As the last notes of the piano died away, Colonel Ingersoll took up his position on the main stairway, facing the audience in the main parlor, and began his oration. His voice was clear and musical, and every word could be plainly heard by all the people assembled. As he proceeded, Colonel Ingersoll's voice became low and tremulous, and nearly all his hearers were deeply affected. He said:

MY FRIENDS: A thinker of pure thoughts, a speaker of brave words, a doer of generous deeds, has reached the silent haven that all the dead hav reached, and where the voyage of every life must end; and we, his friends, who even now are hastening after him, are met to do the last kind acts that man may do for man—to tell his virtues, and to lay with tenderness and tears his ashes in the sacred place of rest and peace.

Some one has said that in the open hands of death we find only what they gave away. Let us believe that pure thoughts, brave words, and generous deeds can never die. Let us believe that they bear fruit and add forever to the well-being of the human race. Let us believe that a noble, self-denying life increases the moral wealth of man, and givs assurance that the future will be grander than the past.

In the monotony of subservience, in the multitude of blind followers, nothing is more inspiring than a free and independent man—one who givs and asks reasons; one who demands freedom and givs what he demands; one who refuses to be slave or master. Such a man was Courtlandt Palmer, to whom we pay the tribute of respect and love.

He was an honest man—he gave the rights he claimed. This was the foundation on which he built. To think for himself—to giv his thought to others—this was to him not only a privilege, not only a right, but a duty and a joy.

He believed in self-preservation, in personal independence; that is to say, in manhood.

He preserved the realm of mind from the invasion of brute force, and protected the children of the brain from the Herod of authority.

He investigated for himself the questions, the problems, and the mysteries of life. Majorities were nothing to him. No error could be old enough—popular, plausible, or profitable enough—to bribe his judgment or to keep his conscience still.

He knew that, next to finding truth, the greatest joy is honest search.

He was a believer in intellectual hospitality, in the fair exchange of thought, in good mental manners, in the amenities of the soul, in the chivalry of discussion.

He insisted that those who speak should hear; that those who question should answer; that each should strive, not for a victory over others, but for the discovery of truth, and that truth, when found, should be welcomed by every human soul.

He knew that truth has no fear of investigation—of being understood. He knew that truth loves the day—that its enemies are ignorance, prejudice, egotism, bigotry, hypocrisy, fear, and darkness, and that intelligence, candor, honesty, love, and light are its eternal friends.

He believed in the morality of the useful—that the virtues are the friends of man, the seeds of joy.

He knew that consequences determin the quality of actions, and that whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap.

In the Positiv philosophy of Auguste Comte he found the framework of his creed. In the conclusions of that great, sublime, and tender soul he found the rest, the serenity, and the certainty he sought.

The clouds had fallen from his life. He saw that the old faiths were but phases in the growth of man—that out from the darkness, up from the depths, the human race through countless ages and in every land had struggled toward the ever-growing light.

He felt that the living are indebted to the noble dead, and that each should pay his debt; that he should pay it by preserving to the extent of his power the good he has, by destroying the hurtful, by adding to the knowledge of the world, by giving better than he had received; and that each should be the bearer of a torch, a shedder of light for all that is, for all to be.

This was the religion of duty perceived, of duty within the reach of man, within the circumference of the known—a religion without mystery, with experience for the foundation of belief—a religion understood by the head and approved by the heart—a religion that appealed to reason with a definit end in view—the civilization and development of the human race by legitimate, adequate, and natural means—that is to say, by ascertaining the conditions of progress and by teaching each to be noble enough to liv for all.

This is the gospel of man; this is the gospel of this world; this is the religion of humanity; this is a philosophy that contemplates not with scorn, but with pity, with admiration and love, all that man has done, regarding, as it does, the past with all its faults and virtues, its sufferings, its cruelties and crimes, as the only road by which the perfect could be reached.

He denied the supernatural—the phantoms and the ghosts that filled the twilight-land of fear. To him and for him there was but one religion—the religion of pure thoughts, of noble words, of self-denying deeds, of honest work for all the world—the religion of Hope and Help.

Facts were the foundation of his faith; history was his prophet; reason his guide; duty his deity; happiness the end; intelligence the means.

He knew that man must be the providence of man.

He did not believe in religion and science, but in the religion of science—that is to say, wisdom glorified by love, the savior of our race—the religion that conquers prejudice and hatred, that drives all superstition from the mind, that ennobles, lengthens, and enriches life, that drives from every home the wolves of want, from every heart the fiends of selfishness and fear, from every brain the monsters of the night.

He lived and labored for his fellow-men.

He sided with the weak and poor against the strong and rich. He welcomed light. His face was ever toward the east. According to his light he lived. "The world was his country—to do good his religion."

There is no language to express a nobler creed than this; nothing can be grander, more comprehensiv, nearer perfect.

This was the creed that glorified his life and made his death sublime.

He was afraid to do wrong, and for that reason was not afraid to die.

He knew that the end was near. He knew that his work was done. He stood within the twilight, within the deepening gloom, knowing that for the last time the gold was fading from the west and that there could not fall again within his eyes the trembling luster of another dawn. He knew that night had come, and yet his soul was filled with light, for in that night the memory of his generous deeds shone out like stars.

What can we say? What words can solve the mystery of life, the mystery of death? What words can justly pay a tribute to the man who lived to his ideal, who spoke his honest thought, who was turned aside neither by envy, nor hatred, nor contumely, nor slander, nor scorn, nor fear? What words will do that life the justice that we know and feel?

By the grave of man stands the angel of Silence.

A heart breaks, a man dies, a leaf falls in the far forest, a babe is born, and the great world sweeps on.

No one can tell which is better—Life with its gleams and shadows, its thrills and pangs, its ecstasy and tears, its wreaths and thorns, its crowns, its glories, and Golgothas, or Death, with its peace, its rest, its cool and placid brow that hath within no memory, no fear of grief or pain.

Farewell, dear friend. The world is better for your life. The world is braver for your death.

Farewell! We loved you living, and we love you now.

When Colonel Ingersoll concluded many of his listeners were weeping, and his own eyes were moist with tears. He read a short poem called, "The Future," which Mr. Palmer had sent him shortly before his death. Most of the people present then left the house. The poem was originally published in the Boston *Investigator*, and is as follows:

Trust no future howe'er pleasant.—*Longfellow.*
We know that all spiritual being is in man.—*Emerson.*
The world is my country, to do good my religion.—*Thomas Paine.*

Oh, what has the future in store for me,
The future so dark and deep?
What meanings inhabit its mystery?
What sounds does its silence keep?

How long shall my heart its heart-beats tell?
Shall my days my dreams destroy?
Shall seasons of peace my sorrows quell
Or shall sorrows conquer joy?

And what of the future with this life o'er?
Shall I laugh or shall I weep?
Is death but to open a heavenly door,
Or is it eternal sleep?

I cannot answer. In vain I try
The things of *time* to foresee!
What folly then to prophesy
The events of *eternity!*

But of one thing at least amidst all I am sure,
The one thing that's constant in change,
That matter and force must forever endure
In their limitless, endless range.

And further, of this I am certain, too,
That the chiefest thing on earth—
Which shall rule in the race while the true is the true—
Is the might of human worth.

In the spirit of man lies the spirit of good;
In his soul do the seraphim sing;
In the mind of man lies the masterhood;
Humanity is king.

And when to a sense of the infinit all
The spirit of man is allied
In a noble intent, then whatever befall,
His fate to the highest is tied.

The religious services, to lessen the sorrow of the family so far as such sorrow can be lessened by religion, were very brief. Mr. Newton began by saying that it would be presumptuous on his part to speak there, but for a desire that certain things said in private the evening before should be repeated publicly. He continued: "Two things in the career of our friend command especial respect and attention. In a city not over-famed for intellectuality, it was his part to dream a dream of a society gathered upon the highest plane of the mind. I recall distinctly his first enthusiasm years ago when he arrived at his social convictions. But when he dreamed, he dared to realize his dream. So, while men and women smiled, a club grew in this city—this shrine of Mammon, given over to thoughtless pleasure—a club devoted to generous thought, on whose platform every idea was to stand upon its own feet, by the force of its own merits. This club lived, and will continue to liv, a standing protest against the unintellectuality of our society, against its intolerance, and as a memorial of our far-seeing friend. The other aspect in which his career appears to us with peculiar force is recognized when we consider this city. It is a community of enormous wealth, and there is here also enormous charity. I am convinced that wealth does not harden men's hearts, and yet I affirm that the wealth of our metropolis has not been distinguished for far-seeing charity. It has been content to rest upon the accretion of its earnings and upon a selfish optimism, thinking that the world has been well ordered by the superior skill of the few. I am thankful that one man has lived who acted, in the sense defined by Plato, as a guardian of society; that one man has lived in the nineteenth century, in this metropolis of Mammon, who, set aside by circumstances from the cares of ordinary men, made it his mission to dream and carry out his dream. Wealth is said to be conservativ; it ought to be radical, for it has the advantages wherewith to effect the progresses indicated by new thought. The memory of our friend will liv; may his example remain as an incentiv to striving for a larger tolerance of thought." Mr. Newton closed his brief address by saying: "Hearken to the words written of old," by which he introduced a reading of passages selected from various parts of the Bible. When he had concluded, Mr. Coxe sang the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and Mr. Newton offered a short prayer. In it he confined his petition entirely to the living, asking for comfort to the family in its bereavement.

The remains were afterward taken to the Long Island depot and transported to Fresh Pond, where the body was incinerated. Mr. Charles Palmer said that the ashes would be placed in an urn and interred in Greenwood cemetery, beside the grave of Courtlandt Palmer's daughter.

The governing committee of the Nineteenth Century Club adopted this address after the funeral:

To the Members of the Nineteenth Century Club:

It becomes the inexpressibly sad duty of the governing committee to announce to the club the death of its president, Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, at Lake Dunmore, Vt., on the 23d of this month. While in the hour of sudden bereavement we do not venture to anticipate that expression of feeling which belongs to the membership generally when it shall be reassembled, we feel assured that the members of the club will cherish the organization with the more devotion now that it has become the truest memorial of its beloved founder. In accordance with the provisions of the constitution, the committee has selected from the list of vice-presidents Mr. Daniel G. Thompson as president to fill out Mr. Palmer's unexpired term. By direction of the governing committee.

WM. TRAVERS JEROME, Secretary.

Courtlandt Palmer's name is now a memory. May it be an inspiration and encouragement to every Freethinker in the country to do as much for truth, according to his capacity, as did our dead friend. Mr. Palmer sought diligently for more light, and when he obtained it made his discovery known. He won his splendid reputation by his courage, his honesty of life and expression of thought, his courteous generosity, and his faithfulness to his own opinions.

In Honorem.

Sunday, July 29th, the Chicago Forum was draped in somber hues, festoons of black and white covered the entire space at the back of the platform, and the organ and choir loft were similarly adorned—in fact, both the interior and exterior wore sable hues, with occasional letters in gilt or white, "C. P."

After the organ had pealed forth "Siegfried's March," the quartet sang "Death," from the "Truth Seeker Collection." The president said:

When announcing the death of Judge Arnold Krekel last Sunday evening—a Liberal loaded with honors and weighted with years, and whose departure was soon to be expected—I little thought that another life would seemingly be snapped in midday, and that the Forum would be clothed in the habiliments of mourning out of respect to the memory of him who so recently captured all hearts in Chicago, Courtlandt Palmer, ex-president of the American Secular Union. Having been for several years a member of the board of directors of our national body, during all of which time Mr. Palmer was one of the officers, our official intimacy ripened into a warm personal friendship, and I think I know something of the nobility of the character of Courtlandt Palmer, whose distinguishing characteristics were gentleness, sympathy, and modesty. You who were present at his valedictory at the last Congress will recall a sentence. Referring to the notoriety he had obtained, he said; "'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some hav greatness thrust upon them.' I am of the latter category, for none could be more diffident than I." That was a fact. He possessed the unaffected simplicity of genius, for many literary critics pronounce Palmer's poems as worthy to be placed alongside George Eliot's "Choir Invisible." His "New-Born Soul" has something more than poetry in it; it has a grand and elevating philosophy. He says:

Marvel not that I say unto thee, Ye must be born again.—*John* iii, 7.
Those who can read the signs of the times read in them that the Kingdom of Man is at hand.—*N. Kingdon Clifford.*

Of yore, as *realities*,
Spirits, 'twas sung, over slumber-land stole;—
From such *idealities*,
Deemed *personalities*,—
Fancy has fondly created the soul:

Yea, as an entity
Graspless and ghostly, a vision-made man,
A phantom identity,
Bodied nonentity,
Wafted to heaven when ended life's span.

But heaven's *locality*,
Faded its bounds, to the boundless dilates,—
So, thought's totality
Universality
Sheds in the mind and the *soul* re-creates.

Thus, from past wandering,
Home to man's self-hood his soul has returned
Freed from vain pondering,
Zeal no more squandering,
Strong in the strength for which long it has yearned.

The soul a reflector is,
Casting the image of heaven and earth;
No more a specter is,
But the perfecter is,
Pointing the path unto worthiest worth.

The soul is a trinity,
Intellect, will, and emotion in one;
This man's affinity
Is to divinity,
This is the sainthood by manhood outdone.

So now the role of man
In his own manhood on earth shall be played;
So now the soul of man
Finds the true goal of man
Heavenly realms by this world overweighed.

The soul, in humility,
Turns to the infinit, rev'rent with awe,
But sees the sterility,
Feels the futility,
Godhead to limit in limits of law;

And yet it potential is;
Stars are its chariots, space its domain,
Thought its essential is,
Truth its credential is,
Science its symphony, Man its refrain.

The soul of HUMANITY
Is the good gained, the bad quelled through all time;
From dead Christianity,
New-risen sanity,
Saves us baptized in this race-soul sublime.

Thus in a unity
'Midst nature's processes man will be found;—
From such community
Free opportunity
Flows for the race in one brotherhood bound.

By art beatified,
Roused by the good and redeemed by the true,
Life by love ratified,
Through duty gratified,
Such is the soul's sweetest service to strew.

Oh, the nobility,
Ever with heroes and martyrs to stand!
Strong the stability,
Sweet the tranquility,
Ransomed by hope in earth's Eden-made land.

Taken such attitude,
Souls so attempered *attain* the divine;
Widened faith's platitude
By reason's latitude,
Things of the *spirit* the realest things shine:

And when the birth of us
Shall to the death of our bodies giv place,
Then all the worth of us,
Freed from the earth of us,
Deathless shall liv in the life of the race.

The letter of Mr. Palmer to Colonel Ingersoll requesting him to speak at his funeral was also read.

IN MEMORIAM.

Since last we met, Secularism and Freethought hav suddenly lost one of their most brilliant and distinguished champions, and a gloom is cast over the Liberal cause. Our late president and long-time treasurer of the American Secular Union—whose name stands as a synonym for princely generosity, for noble ideals, for moral courage and intellectual grandeur—has passed to the silent majority, but his disinterested, self-sacrificing, and exalted life adds a halo to the glory and sublimity of humanity. Born to the possession of vast wealth, his environments were cast among conservativs, but he disenthralled himself from all ostentatious pride, becoming the very type of a true reformer, for he sought to remedy the social as well as the intellectual condition of the race. He aimed to interest our American "aristocracy" in the lives of the lowly laborers; to inspire them with loftier ambitions than fashionable dissipations; to lift science and logic in the place of debasing superstition, and above all, to so secularize the state that the light and joy of mental freedom would be the rightful heritage of every citizen of our republic. The death of this fervent Freethinker is an irreparable loss to the American Secular Union. In an age of sordid selfishness Courtlandt Palmer's example shines illustrious in labors for the good of others, and his was the truly noble life, for

Wisdom and wealth and fame are glorious things,
And each may grace a life to which it brings
Its treasures to be shared—not garnered pelf;
No life is noble with only good for self.
Whosoever a noble life would liv
Must toil to aid, and gather still to giv;
Succor the weakling, smooth the rugged ways,
And with wise bounty sweeten all the days
He hath with man; so laying down his staff,
A noble life shall be his epitaph

Upon a rising vote, the memorial was adopted unanimously, and the quartet sang "A Noble Life," arranged for the occasion.

In introducing the lecturer of the evening, the president said: "Dr. McLeod has been one of the foremost figures in our society for years, and, like Mr. Palmer, has been a generous contributor to our cause. The doctor was formerly one of the faculty of the Iowa University, and is conceded to be one of the best biological as well as one of the most distinguished linguistic students. His lectures are careful condensations of the most profound scientific thought of the time, and he has specially prepared these numerous illustrations for this lecture, which is entitled, 'A Study in Organic Evolution.' It gives me great pleasure to introduce Dr. E. S. McLeod." It is a very modest estimate of the lecture to say that it more than justified the introduction.

Before introducing the lecturer Sunday, July 22d, the president announced the death of Judge Arnold Krekel, of Kansas City, Mo., giving his personal recollections of the judge, a brief sketch of his remarkable career, and presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We learn with deep regret of the demise of Judge Krekel, who for years was prominently identified with Freethought and Secular propaganda, and whose talented wife is a vice-president of the American Secular Union; and,

WHEREAS, Judge Krekel is a recognized historical figure in the struggle for freedom in his state, for it was at his house that Governor Reeder, of Kansas, sought safety when flying for his life; and when martial law was proclaimed, President Lincoln placed unlimited powers in Colonel Krekel's hands, for the fearless and faithful performance of which his appointment to the United States judgeship was demanded by all the loyal people of Missouri, from the duties of which he retired only a few weeks ago; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Judge Krekel, the family mourn the loss of a kind and indulgent husband and father; literature and science a patron and co-worker; Freethought an able and fearless ally; humanity a friend; the nation a distinguished soldier, judge, and citizen;

Resolved, That the Chicago Secular Union hereby tenders to the bereaved wife and family its sincere condolence and sympathy.

E. A. STEVENS.

The Truth Against Ecclesiastical Legends.

From the New York Graphic, July 26th.

No candid man, whatever his religious belief, can read the account of Courtlandt Palmer's death without profound admiration for his lofty courage and consistency. He felt that he could not survive the operation which resulted in his death. With calmness and precision he arranged the details of his funeral services and settled his business affairs. Then, before the surgeons came, he discoursed upon those philosophical and Agnostic views which had long been his moral guide. His last words were these:

The general impression is that Freethinkers are afraid of death. I want you one and all to tell the whole world that you hav seen a Freethinker die without the least fear of what the hereafter may be.

Here was a death worthy of Socrates.

Through some singular coincidence most of the stories that hav been given to the world professing to relate the death-bed scenes of noted Freethinkers hav told of their abject fear and their recantation of unorthodox views just before dissolution. Voltaire shuddering with terror and crying for a priest, and Paine praying for mercy to a God whose existence he had questioned, are the most familiar pictures used by the clergy to conjure with. Without questioning the veracity of these ecclesiastical legends, it is highly interesting to observe the peace and quietude possible to a soul conscious of no wrong intent and no base deed, although deprived of the consolations of religion. Courtlandt Palmer's death was certainly a magnificent vindication of his self-respect.

Such an exhibition ought to make more tolerant men of all creeds. It shows that the human mind can overcome that instinctiv fear of death common to all mortality, and die content without the aid of pious promises or immortal expectations. This man died as became a man, because he had lived as became one. Before the mystery of death his trust in himself did not falter. He had done his best, and he left the rest to what might be forthcoming. Happiest of men are those whose religious convictions are unshakable and whose lives are ordered according to the teachings of Jesus Christ. To such the grave has no mystery. But even to those less happy, who see after this life only into the twilight of an unknown country, death need hav no sting.

So liv that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

MR. PALMER'S SUCCESS.

"*Casual Observer*," *in the Graphic.*

Courtlandt Palmer once told the "Observer" that his greatest ambition in life was to make Freethinking fashionable, because it would then be on the high road to public acceptance. And Mr. Palmer was not far wrong—and he not fail utterly in the attainment of his object.

His Life Had Fitted Him for His Death.

From the New York World of July 27th.

The brave and even cheerful manner in which that pronounced Freethinker, Courtlandt Palmer, met his end cannot fail to attract attention.

"The general impression is," he said, just before submitting to the operation which he was assured would almost inevitably be fatal, "that Freethinkers are afraid of death. I want you one and all to tell the whole world that you hav seen a Freethinker die without the least fear of what the hereafter may be." The doomed man conversed cheerfully with his friends, bade the members of his family an affectionate farewell, provided for the cremation of his remains, hummed a tune from "Tannhäuser" which he asked should be sung at his funeral, and then faced what he believed to be an eternal sleep—like one

Who wraps the drapery of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams.

It is not necessary to share Mr. Palmer's Agnosticism—for he only said, "I don't know that there is not a heaven, but I don't know that there is"—to admire his philosophic courage in the face of death.

His life had fitted him for the ordeal. A rich man, he sympathized with the poor and sought to ameliorate their condition. He felt deeply and thought strongly on social questions. If his theories were air castles he at least tried to materialize them. Like Abou Ben Adhem, he "loved his fellow-men."

Colonel Ingersoll's eloquent tribute to his friend will rank high among the best specimens of mortuary eloquence.

Communications.

In a Marble Tomb.

A bequest to the poor children of Philadelphia. That, they tell me, is the royal gift of Stephen Girard; and, by the way, friends, did it ever occur to you that while God is occupying himself in multiplying the families of the poor to the end that his mighty name be praised and glorified, he generally makes just some such Quixotic choice of an Infidel of the Girard stamp for the purpose of doing what in all conscience he himself ought to hav done—or, as the Rev. Mr. Field would probably regard it, for the purpose of setting his own plan of "developing character" by poverty at naught?

These profound "thinks" absorbed my thinker as I gazed with a deep "reverential calm" at the high stone wall which, as per order of the late lamented Stephen, entirely closes from sight the beautiful acres of Girard College. Armed with the necessary document—I believe they call it a permit—we presented ourselvs to the "sentinel on the watch-tower," "guard of the round-house," or whatever that august personage may be called who inspects you with his eagle eye (it occurred to me he might be looking to see if our clothes were clean), majestically waves you to the visitor's register, and after you hav executed a hair-line flourish with a pen which refuses to make anything less than an eighth-of-an-inch mark, allows you to enter the grounds with an air of paternal indulgence that makes you feel "very young." Like Jemima Jenkins, "we did so;" and oh, what a jewel of beauty lay encircled in the gray stone setting!

The warmth of the June light ran like an overflowed river and tipped every tint with its molten glory—every tree, every blossom, every blade of grass shone in the amber air, quivering with life as if it loved to liv. Along the broad white aisles that intersect these living floors of velvet softness, ranged artistic flower-beds. Strange figures grow up from the dark, unthinking earth, and at the left, clear as if carved by a sculptor upon m rble, red foliage plants spell upon a surge of green the letters: "Girard College."

The main building of those beautiful marble edifices is a solid white structure girt all about by magnificent columns, so that it closely resembles the old church of La Madeleine at Paris, only in its extreme plainness. As we entered the broad doorway, we were greeted by—a statue! Standing upon the tomb where sleeps the dust that was once Stephen Girard, there is a man of marble—and its features are those of the sleeper. And oh, if ever a solemn voice spoke out of the silence of stone, if ever the approach of death shone from the blind eyeballs of a sculpture, if ever the deep anger of the helplessly outraged lay quivering in the paralysis of a statue, that voice, that look, that anger are locked in that still figure with its chill white face, its powerless white hands. For there, across the broad white graveled aisle, in a stone's throw from the spot where Girard's bones lie rotting, upon that ground which he bequeathed "to the poor of Philadelphia," with the money which should hav fed the children of the poor, is erected a most magnificent marble church to the honor of that rich God who needs it not, of whom the dead man knew nothing. There—there, so close that could the statue turn but three steps from its pedestal it must behold this huge monument of injustice, Superstition has reared her temple, and the black finger of infamy points to the sky.

And I, a Freethinker, had to stand so near the dead dust of Stephen Girard, powerless as the corpse, powerless as the statue, and see it all. Had to crush down the indignation I felt rise up within me, boiling like a flood, and say the helpless words of John Wilkes Booth, "Useless, useless!" They tell me that there is a law in this country—and certainly Philadelphia is troubled with the law disease about as bad as any place I hav ever seen; but I hav learned that law is not at all times justice; that law, like the Bible, can hav any tune played upon it to suit the whims of the ruling authorities; that law, to borrow a friend's expression, "Law is queer!" "Lex, Rex, Fex," wrote Victor Hugo in "The Man Who Laughs." The law is made to suit the king, and the king of this country appears to be Christ. Not the Christ of Judah either, but—the other fellow.

In this solemn hall of marble a footstep is many times repeated, a whisper echoes far up the silence; the mellow light from the upper air falls very quietly from the sky-lit dome along the wall; one draws one's breath and treads softly. Upon the second floor we see doors, but the doors say, "No entrance"—I suppose that means no entrance for visitors. We were speculating upon the probable translation of the laconic negativ, when a voice from above called, "Coming up?" We signified our intention of so doing, and shortly after we were ushered by the "come-upping" individual into a large room containing bugs and birds and beasts and snakes enough to hav set an ark up in business or started a young bonery. To a naturalist, an ornithologist, a mineralogist, or an anatomist, these dead things with the flashing of far-off seas in their shadowy eyeholes, seas that broke on the shores of a fathomless past, these birds of strange and magnificent plumage, these curious rocks from Bible-confounding strata, these skeletons with the fleshless fingers and toothless jaws, might hav been an interesting population, but to me, as I settled my unscientific gaze on shark's jaws and dugong skeletons and sword-fish and saw-fish and fish that I didn't know the names of, and dead birds sitting on dead limbs, with an astonishing amount of "reverential calm" upon their Gladstonian countenances, and glittering pieces of ore like petrified spray from a metal sea that rolled nobody knew where; and finally took the clammy wire-worked fingers of some "poor Yorick" in my own, I murmured to myself, "Golgotha!" and thought of the time when I heard my old friend M. Babcock exclaim, "Oh, what a set of bones!" This, our guide informed us, was a study-room; a long course of lessons in natural history. I couldn't help wondering if the boys used to dream about it nights.

We were next allowed to gaze upon the immortal Stephen's immortal straight-backed chairs and his old buggy and his strong-boxes, some of which were chalk-marked, "The Rousseau," with a date on them; the rest had some other such reverential name. I don't remember seeing any chalked, "The Paul," or, "The God." Stephen's taste in pictures was not particularly good, his housekeeper's portrait being the only one I recall distinctly. One thing, however, attracted my attention, as it bore witness to Girard's astronomical studies: an orrery, which in those days must hav been a rare and expensiv thing; and as I looked upon the dusty sun and planets with their dusty satellites, I almost fancied I could trace the touch of the dusty fingers in the quiet tomb downstairs upon these ancient spheres.

"That's all," said the guide, as he turned the key, and went bounding down the winding hillway of steps, leaving us to follow at our leisure. Outside once more, we entered one after another of the many adjoining edifices, finding order, cleanness, and silence everywhere. We climbed many stairs, and saw some people, but no one spoke; it was like a veritable tomb. At last, I waylaid a youngster coming from the playground, and sought information, but very little was forthcoming. The boy said he had been there six years, and liked it; if he told the truth (and I presume he did), he ought to hav known by that time. We directed our steps toward the ball-grounds, where the children were running with bats and balls like ants with eggs when you pour kerosene on the hill. Unlike most collegiates, these little heants (possibly I should say uncles) wear no uniforms, it being the will of Girard that the children's dress should be in no way distinguished from that of outsiders. The only thing which is uniform is the small blue cap with forepiece, worn by all; but there is no particular mark upon it. As we stood "considering the ways" of the ants, in accordance with the advice of H. W. (holy writ, not Henry Ward), a teacher began to gather together a certain elect, whose names he called from a written list. To Mr. Elliott's inquiry concerning this proceeding, a lad hesitatingly replied, "Going down-town." I think several more questions were on the wing, when they suddenly lit. Their flight was cut short by the teacher, who brusquely remarked, "Against our rules, sir, visitors talk to pupils." I hav not yet learned that this part of the program is in Girard's will. It seems to me that when an institution puts such a gag as that upon the lips of its pupils, there is "something rotten in Denmark."

But providence favored us at last. "Verily patience hath its reward." In the parlor of one of these marble sepulchers we caught a glimpse of a sweet face. I decided to interview. Happy thought! In a few minutes I learned that there were thirteen hundred pupils and some thirty-five teachers; that morning attendance at church was compulsory; that Jews and Catholics were in no way exempt from the daily sermon of a lay preacher, "which," said the teacher, "is in accordance with the will of Mr. Girard, when he prescribed moral training but not religious training." The preacher takes his text from that book of morals, the Bible—"our Bible," the teacher said. It was news to me that Girard College had a patent-right on any species of theology.

Later the lady, who was a pronounced Protestant, graciously entertained us in her own class-room, throwing open her class library for our inspection. The top shelf was all Bibles—"our Bibles." Each child is obliged to hav one, so we were informed. We then reviewed the hymn-books, which tell about the "lamb of God" and the—calf of Christ, I suppose. This also was a part of the "moral training" prescribed by Mr. Girard. At least, our gracious informant appeared to think so, and felt quite indignant at the assertion of "that man," as she spitefully termed R. B. Westbrook, who should hav insinuated that there was anything of a sectarian nature in the book. It was the regular service of the Episcopal church. This, it appears, had superseded the Moody and Sankey effusions, "because they"—*they* had no definit antecedent—"made such a fuss about it."

By this time it was evident which way the land lay, and perceiving that it was the only method of gaining information, I resolved to follow the example of the preacher who "preached to the Jews because they weren't there," and strike all the heavy blows at Catholic encroachment, reserving my heresy toward Protestantism till the interview was concluded. In the course of the very pleasant conversation, which lasted more than an hour, I should judge, we learned that the one Catholic member of the board of trustees (they are all religionists) exerted more influence than all the rest—that of late the Sisters of Charity hav been permitted to enter the grounds; which was contrary to the intention of Mr. Girard, though he had not specified it in his will. You see, he did not think about the nuns, but it was this very thing he was providing against when he commanded "moral but not religious training." I trust truth seekers will notice the fine discrimination and profound regard for the intention of Mr. Girard's will, that these sisters are ostensibly on begging errands among the hired help, who are all Catholics.

At this point our informant grew very animated in her expressions of fear concerning the possible outcome of these insidious maneuvers. "Step by step," said she, "they are gaining control of the college. I can look over and see point after point they hav already accomplished, and they will stop nothing short of their purpose. Under our former matron's *règime* the sisters were not admitted. Now they come freely, and I can see by the conduct of the help that they are being secretly influenced by Catholic authority." Of course we expressed regret, inwardly consoling ourselvs with the hope that "when rogues fall out honest men will get their dues."

This lady was not entirely orthodox. She had not much use for "Paulianity," and in reply to my quotation concerning the propriety of learning in silence from one's husband, exclaimed: "Yes; a young man preached from that odious text a few mornings ago, and I felt like getting up and leaving the church. We're not obliged to believe that, anyhow—it isn't inspired. What did Paul know about women? He was an old bachelor." "So was Christ," retorted Mr. Elliott, in his smooth, cool voice. In spite of herself, a heretical smile broke like a ripple of runaway sunshine over the expressiv lips, but she gravely "feared we were not very good." I fear she was right.

A visit to the dormitories and the immense dining-room, where the children sat on rows of uncomfortable little backless stools, that simply made one's spine ache to look at, completed our survey of the institution. We went away sadder and wiser, having learned some curious things regarding "Mr. Girard's intentions." We learned that when Girard said "moral" he meant "Protestant;" that when he forbade the entrance of priests and ministers he meant only priests, nuns, and union label preachers; that moral instructors were scab preachers, so to speak; that the Bible, "our Bible," was Girard's idea of a rule of moral guidance; that the Episcopalian service was non-sectarian; that Moody and Sankey was non-sectarian, and was exchanged for the service only on account of that bothersome "they," with no antecedent; that all this, in Stephen Girard's idea, was morality and not religion. We learned that the control of the college is no longer a question between Freethought and religious usurpation—it has passed beyond that, and has become a bone of contention between Protestant assumption and Catholic cunning. Between these two there can be no question of the final result: Rome always triumphs. Across the tomb and its sleeping dust, across the statue with its wide eyeballs of stone, its helpless hands, its powerless limbs, across the soft light and the amber air, across the wide, green stretch of earth bequeathed to the children of the poor, across the broad walks and high up over the guarding wall, a shadow is falling—a shadow stolen from over the sea; creeping, creeping to the dead man's feet, slowly as the tide creeps up and over the rocks. Girard's bones lie covered by the pall of the Vatican. And the statue hears the laughter of his thirteen hundred children, while the shadow grows, and in the darkness the holy conclave weaves its foothold of mystery. The pope has set his foot upon a grave, and when the vicar of Christ moves forward on a staircase of tombs, beware! He never steps back.

What are you Freethinkers doing? Where is your spirit, your honor? Will you see a dead man robbed—nay, will you yourselvs be robbed and make no protest? Long ago, I am sure, the energetic secretary of our National Union would hav brought this outrage to a crucial test, had he but received the necessary support. Wake up! Above the tomb of Girard the church will plant her foot upon another—the tomb of liberty. What are you going to do?

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

From Ingersoll's "Talmagian Catechism."

Question. Do we know where the garden of Eden was, and hav we ever found any place where a "river parted and became into four heads?"

Answer. We are not certain where this garden was, and the river that parted into four heads cannot at present be found. Infidels hav had a great deal to say about these four rivers, but they will wish they had even one, one of these days.

Dr. Silversmith's Theory of the Universe.

[The Chicago Secular Union is indebted to Julius Silversmith, M.A., editor of the *Jewish Occident*, author of a valuable volume entitled, "The System and History of Nature," and one of the most proficient linguists in the West, for his recent illustrated lecture on "A Practical and Comprehensiv Theory of our Universe," which, while quite interesting and highly appreciated, rather astonished his hearers in its demolition of what we hav heretofore considered established facts of science. That a gentleman of such depth and learning should lend this theory his name and influence will be a matter in which your scientific readers will doubtless be deeply interested, so I forward a slight synopsis of this discourse.—E. A. STEVENS.]

The speaker described the primitiv notions entertained by our Egyptian ancestors, and explained how the authors of Genesis and Bible writers conceived the firmament. The people on the Nile, being a nomadic race, saw the planets move from east to west, believing that the earth was a flat body, resting upon huge serpents, these upon a gigantic turtle, and the whole upon the "deep oceans or water." The speaker next showed by a diagram the Copernican, Kepler, Newton, and Galileo solar systems; how the planets moved in concentric and closed ellipses around the sun. At this juncture the speaker showed most conclusivly the falsely conceived notions, despite the great strides made in astronomy, physics, and dynamics, that no planet could revolve in a closed ellipsis if the sun was moving onward in her orbit; that the revolution assigned to our earth would cause every object on her surface to fly off, if the motion of her revolution around herself of three and a half miles per second were true. The speaker introduced the most practical conception of the heavenly planets and our solar system. The diagram exhibited the movement of the three heavenly bodies —the sun, the earth, and the moon. He pointed to the motion of the sun as being in an undulatory line from west to east, proving it by certain dark protuberances near his periphery, first on the under side, then successivly every twenty-seven days near his upper edge. He next exhibited the earth's zigzag motion, moving along with the sun, but in a spiral movement, which would produce the same effect for the seasons.

For lack of time he could not explain in detail the physical effect that caused day and night, but said the motion of the earth could best be conceived by the rising and the setting of the sun, if the zigzag movement is correct. He took to task our modern observatory magnates, who were great in elucidating with mathematical formulas, but gave the world no clear conception of how the planets and our solar system moved; that they weighed, measured, and allowed a kicking attraction demon to play his antics; that they employed the differential and integral calculus (a sort of roundabout way to account for their exact prophecies of eclipses and conjunctions), when a simple periodical-arithmetic calculation could accomplish the same solution with an understanding of this new system; that the motion of the moon (being much more aerial or less dense than our earth) was in like spiral form in a more digressionary orbit, as shown by a diagram in which his peculiar faces were plainly to be seen, and which no modern astronomer had yet been able or willing, if he understood it, to illustrate. The speaker also gave the prevalent or accepted theory of the coming in existence of the heavenly planets, as taught by the famous French philosopher La Place, who teaches that primarily the firmament contained a nebular mass, which, when it became disintegrated, allowed the smaller parts or fragments to revolve around the larger suns; that millions of such solar systems are now roaming through the measureless firmament, and that Lavoisieur, a more recent French philosopher, corroborated this fact.

The lecturer pointed out the fabulous notions entertained by the dogmatic believers and the ecclesiastic, who would brook no abatement from the Genesis account of the creation, and showed how utterly fallacious the idea appears that a deity should hav accomplished such a gigantic feat in seven days, when in fact the laws of nature and the physical principles and conditions would by far be a most comprehensiv and practical means of bringing our firmament to a natural and progressiv existence and to the human understanding; that the mathematical formulas were simply a blinding method; the ordinary mortal (possibly one out of a thousand) could understand them, and even Sir Isaac Newton was compelled to own that the firmament was placed in a sort of *Sensorium Deum*, so as to pacify his ecclesiastical British censors.

The German ecclesiasts were no less bitter on Von Humboldt when he published his "Kosmos." The scientific world was, however, beginning to realize that the theory of Edward Löwenthal was one worthy of credence. Even Professor Noak, one of Germany's savants, coincided with these projections, while in France, Italy, and Spain the new firmamental theory was already largely accepted by scientists. The most important part of the discourse was vouchsafed in the following ideas: Since the motion and orbits of the planets were as shown, the lecture dwelt at length upon the historical cycles of our earth. That while our solar system was in its highest orbit position (perihelion) when the matter spheres are of intense heat, and as heat rises, it follows that only by some vehement magnetic force the species of gigantea, fauna, and flora could be evolved under such a physical status. He showed that the extinct species megatheria, mastodons, dynoteria, were now only formed as paleontological relics. They were now nowhere adduced, because the matter spheres surrounding our globe would not permit their coming into existence. The fern, spruce, and pine species of plants and trees were in the States an adjunct covering the surface of our earth, the physical changes that rent the earth by volcanic eruptions and plications permitting the layers of trees and of vast forests to be submerged by oceans, and in turn, when the waters had again been made to recede, caused the plants and trees that were buried to crystallize into what is now an essential and costly modicum, known as anthracite and bituminous coal, and is designated by geologists as the carboniferous period. Thus the lecturer argued that (as shown in a diagram) the solar system was traversing an orbit which requires, periodically speaking, two and one-half million years, and that it had times without number performed the same journeys; when it reached the aphelion in its orbit, or lowest point, that our earth tended to a cooling or collapsing process, a sort of inflation. This was termed by him the glacial era, in which the late Professor Agassiz had demonstrated that all life would tend to destruction and death, until the solar system would again reach on her ascending node the warm matter spheres, and the germs in all species would be again enlivened by that electro-magnetic force which is always present and developed in the invisible matter spheres surrounding our globe. These cycles he designated as the great summer and great winter seasons, or rather periods. Thus, as all living species were formed according to the contents of the various matter strata, so must man hav made his advent on this mundane sphere, not, as has been taught by Bible writers, from one pair, but, as Lamarck indicates, uniformly all over the globe and simultaneously with the capabilities of the matter spheres. That the species of human being could only hav evolved while our solar course was three-fifths speed in her course toward the aphelion. That in another million of years our earth would again assume an entire physical change by reason of the enlivening light and heat of the sun and the altered position in his upward node toward the perihelion. The speaker regretted that he could not go into the more abstract details of the chemical and physical effects which might help his auditors to understand the plan of the theory enunciated, and hoped that on some future occasion he would elucidate his subject, which he then presented as an outline only.

California Letter.

I rise to second the motion of our fellow-worker, L. K. Washburn, as set forth in his card to the Liberal public in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 23d, to bring out a book of songs and tunes adapted to the use of Liberals at meetings, funerals, and social gatherings.

This is a move in the right direction, as all Liberal thinkers must know that the use of these old words, which stand for myths, only serves to perpetuate the superstitions which, by the logic of facts, we are striving to dissipate.

The words God, Christ, Jesus, Holy Ghost, holy spirit, holy angels, eternal spirit, are all signs and symbols with which the gospel of fear has peopled the unseen realm.

Holy spirit, divine spirit, are terms which are used to express our ignorance, and are the bedrock of belief in gnomes, fairies, sprites, witches, devils, and human spirits; and the constant use of this spooky vocabulary tends to poison the minds of young people and to induct them into the devious paths of false religion.

And I could not help but think during my recent visit to the Oakland camp-meeting of Spiritualists, How changed are these people from twenty years ago! Then they were warm and activ in the advocacy of all reforms which relate to us in this life. Now they are fast crystallizing into a dead level like churchism, and a Liberal speaker who has something to say about the struggles of mundane life is counted out as off-color and foreign to Spiritualism.

To me this great gathering so held down to this one idea of spirits in their songs, speeches, and exercises, and in fact the entire performance, so devoid of any high purpose to stimulate men and women to fight against the evils and right the wrongs in this life, and the constant, monotonous, and dreary platitudes of occultism and summer-land, gave me the sad feeling as if in a graveyard rather than among healthy, living people.

Just enough of occultism to inspire a hope in a life beyond serves a good purpose, while the dogmatic and mercantil aspect of Spiritism drags its votaries down to a morbid eagerness for curious mental antics, and a total disrelish for the great facts of our life which underlie our well-being in this world, and shows clearly that orthodox Spiritualism, as it manifests itself under the management of this camp-meeting ring, is simply another form of religion, with its Fe, fo, fi, fum, based upon the belief that mental wonders in living people prove a future life.

The tests given by John Slater and Mr. Emerson at the meeting were all of that character which, while wonderful, only went to show the power of a supersensitiv brain to worm out from many in the audience the names of their dead, and to point out in some cases the fact of pictures or photographs hidden away in the pockets of strangers, and to tell some persons of the audience what they said and what they did before they came to the meeting. All this is indeed wonderful, and yet I must say that these mental performances, while they seem for the time being to convince many of a future state, come far short of anything like absolute proof of life beyond the grave, to my mind.

And while I may hold a rational belief in a future state, based upon the various manifestations of the occult, or psychic force, I am unable to reach such a conviction as knowledge affords.

Some people do not seem to discriminate between belief and knowledge.

Belief fills the mind with a hankering after more proof; while knowledge, which is verified truth, and capable of demonstration, satisfies and rests the mind.

When a person affirms to me a knowledge of the other life, I simply pass, and feel that it is unfortunate that my friend should hold such vital knowledge and be utterly unable to impart such knowledge to me.

All that deserves the name of knowledge or pure truth can be imparted, and is absolute; while all belief, however rational, cannot be demonstrated, and belongs to the realm of theory, faith, and superstition.

Yea, Brother Washburn, bring out your songs and tunes, divested as far as possible of all spooky words and sentiments, and let us sing, and teach the children to sing, under the natural inspiration of "the good, the true, and the beautiful," and thus grow up free from the nightmare of religious superstition.

Don't take old church poetry and mutilate it to fit the case—as such a bobtail method seems too cheap and too cheeky; giv us some poetry true to nature, and set to modern music.

To sing "Nearer, O truth, to thee!" to the old-time tune of "Nearer, my God, to thee!" is like a dead giv-away.

Aside from a few songs adapted to funerals, we need glee music; and I find that our audiences are best pleased with glee and secular music, and ballads which inspire sentiments akin to nature and truth, and in harmony with what we are trying to teach to the people.

Five years ago, Laura E. Hall, of Seattle, W. T., a noble Liberal worker, and daughter of that stanch Freethinker D. M. Crane, prepared in manuscript a book of songs and tunes for publication, which for some reason did not appear; and we are quite sure our friend Mrs. Hall, who is full of music and song, will be pleased to confer with Brother Washburn, and contribute some of her selections to the forthcoming Liberal song-book.

In conclusion, I will simply say that our fellow-worker C. B. Reynolds has been here and favored us with a stirring lecture, which was well received by the audience; and all seemed to regret that his stay must be so short.

I like Brother Reynolds. He hits hard. On the platform he is like a cyclone, and is a holy terror to superstitious people. Socially, he is as gentle and kindly as a girl, and I bespeak for him in the North good audiences and a generous support, which he richly deserves.

To our friends in the field of Freethought we will say, We are now rested up, and will take the warpath next week to open up a campaign in Seattle and points on the Sound and in Oregon, to last three months, returning home in time to vote for the best principles and best men; and then to begin a campaign against the world, the flesh, and the devil, in Leadville, Col., on November 18th, for which we trust that the Leadville friends will hav all things in apple-pie order.

DR J. L. YORK.

Professor Gunning.

The Liberal cause has suffered a great loss in the death of a man of high scientific attainments and rare courage in speaking his uttermost thoughts. His articles in the *Index* and *Open Court* were brilliant, crowded with interesting facts, and plainly meant to expose the falsity of such popular sayings, as that the world was created for the benefit of the human race. I remember his saying that it would be a great deal better for us if we could get rid of all the animals, except about one species in five hundred, and a similar proportion of the plants. The great hope for our cause is in the progress of science; but so much of what might be gained thus is lost through the willingness of scientists to compromise with popular prejudice, that we ought to honor deeply the memory of a man who never wavered or hesitated in his loyalty to truth.

F. M. H.

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In sending money for a renewal of an advertisment running in these columns for several months, an advertiser writes:

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The School Question Again.

The removal of a teacher from his duties in a public school and the withdrawal of the text-book which he used, both at the command of the Roman Catholic church, by the Boston school board, has helped on the fight over the public schools wonderfully. The press is discussing the matter vigorously, and more people hav had their eyes opened to the iniquitous aims of Rome. But a more flagrant instance of Roman domination has occurred in Kansas, at a little place called St. Bridget, where the priest seems to rule supreme. Not only does he control the education of the children, but he has removed the schoolhouse closer to his church, and completely transformed the school from a public to a parochial institution. The Catholic catechism is taught by him, and the children are compelled to study it or go home. Several Protestant children hav been expelled because their parents objected to this study, and several families hav moved from the neighborhood in order to obtain suitable educational facilities for the youngsters. The rules adopted by this school are thus summarized by Wm. P. Madden, a Catholic resident of St. Bridget, but an opponent of the parochial school system:

"The rules of the parochial school were often read from the altar by Rev. Timothy Luber. The reading was from a book about the size of a United States history. Rev. Mr. Luber said it was written and printed by the bishop. Of course I do not remember it, but it was somewhat as follows: that the books must be the Catholic books and no other; that the catechism and Catholic prayers must be taught *all*. Protestant and Catholic children alike must obey the rules, except that when mass is said all the Catholic children must march into church and the Protestant children may not be required to do so; that no man will be a member of the school board except a practical Catholic, and they must keep to the letter of the law, but not to the spirit of the law, so as to obtain the public funds."

And this destruction of our public schools is going on not only in a few places, but almost everywhere in the country, from Boston to the far West. The fight is here, and will be here until the issue is determined. The church is prepared to force it, and no longer aims at concealment of her intentions. In the July *Forum*, M. Leon Bouland, who recently left the Catholic for the Episcopal priesthood, says:

"The policy of the Roman hierarchy is, for the most part, to work quietly until it shall be ready to assert its authority and enforce its decrees. But, in discussing the public school question, there is no pretense of modesty or toleration. In this one matter, at least, the issue is already clearly drawn. The Roman church will no longer treat with the state upon this subject. She will accept no terms but an unconditional surrender. The orders hav gone forth from the Vatican, and the war upon our public schools has begun."

Commenting upon this announcement by Mr. Bouland, the *Christian Union* says:

"There will be no compromise; there is no evasion; open, determined, and persistent antagonism to our common school system is henceforth the attitude and policy of the Catholic hierarchy. He who hopes to escape this struggle or to outwit or out-maneuver this foe is already beaten; he does not know the antagonist with whom he is fighting."

And the *Observer*, though a bigoted Presbyterian journal, sees the issue clearly:

"We shall not ourselvs, at this time, attempt a discussion of the question which has been raised by the Boston school board touching the Roman Catholic doctrin of indulgences. We shall only add here that we thoroughly sympathize with those who hav set up a standard of revolt against Romanist domination in the schools of Boston. Like them, we can but regard the action of the school board as a dangerous precedent, a movement full of peril to our free educational institutions and our religious freedom. We hav to remember that the hostility of the Roman church to our public school system has always been deep and intense, and that it has lost no opportunity to assail it and destroy its influence. We hav to remember also that very recently this hostility has taken to itself a new and added bitterness; that Roman Catholic journals, evidently acting under inspirations from Rome, hav united in new and vigorous denunciation of the public schools, and in appeals to their people to support parochial institu tions. We must, therefore, regard the removal of an obnoxious teacher and text-book from the schools of Boston as a thing not so important in itself, as it is in the fact that it marks the beginning of a train of evils and abuses of power that must surely follow Roman domination in our government. The revolt against such domination cannot begin too soon, and there is no better place for it to begin than in Faneuil Hall."

During the past year THE TRUTH SEEKER has given dozens of other instances of the subversion of public schools, or of their discontinuance to make room for parochial institutions. The war is upon us, and must be fought out. Those who are indifferent now will wake up too late and find the Catholics hav won. It needs earnest, intelligent, vigorous action to thwart Rome, and equally strong endeavor to prevent the Protestants from practically owning the public sources of education. Protestants will be with us to the point of opposing Rome, but the complete secularization of the schools—the only satisfactory and permanent settlement of the controversy—must be accomplished by Liberals. Every Liberal in every school-district in the country should take it upon himself to do what he can to make his school secular. A few schools are already so; but where they are not, protests to the teachers, then to the school boards, and finally action in the courts, are the methods to be employed in most cases.

The coming few years will determin whether our public schools are to be maintained, or whether the Catholics and Protestants will divide our children and our money.

A Miraculous Well.

Over in Brooklyn, at the corner of Hicks and Warren streets, is located a Roman Catholic church, which recently bade fair to be as favorit a place of pilgrimage for invalids as the Lourdes grotto in France. It is not often that miracles are performed in places where the ubiquitous reporter can investigate them, but the City of Churches had a shrine where miracles were as common as potatoes in the tenements of its worshipers. Between the 5th of last June and the fatal day in July when an iconoclastic plumber appeared on the scene, scores of people hav felt the power of God manifested through a holy well.

The story is this: Two moons ago, in the churchyard at the corner of Hicks and Warren streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. A. (we are particular in identifying the spot in order that skeptics may not say that these miracles occurred far from civilization, where no one could investigate them), water began to deluge the luxuriant grass growing in the sacred place. The water appeared to come from a spring. The matter soon became noised about, and as the water daily increased in volume the parishioners believed that God had sent their good pastor a "holy well." Scores of people flocked to it daily, carrying with them tin pails in which they carried away the miraculous water. Many cures were effected by means of the water. Old ladies suffering from rheumatism and neuralgia found great relief, and many sties were removed from sore eyes after bathing them with the water. The knowledge of these cures came to one of the parishioners, Mrs. Mulvane, whose husband had squandered his earnings in drink for more than a year, and had finally become a habitual drunkard. She thought that probably the water might cure him, and obtaining a quart can of it induced her husband to drink it, telling him at the same time what it was. After drinking the water from the holy well Mulvane suddenly stopped his habits of intoxication and went to work, bringing all of his wages every Saturday night home to his wife and family. No greater proof of the holy nature of the water could be established, and the people in the neighborhood of the church broke down the iron railing in their eagerness to get to the wonderful fluid. Father Fransioli said: "It is the will of almighty God, who has sent me this well as a fountain of gold to pay off the debt of the church." The sexton dug some shovelfuls of earth from the place where the water was, and building a mound around it, gave it the appearance of a bubbling stream. He was about to hav a box built, in which those taking the holy water could deposit contributions, and predicted the church debt of over $100 000 would be paid off in two months. The crowds around the church increased daily, and passage along the sidewalk on Hicks street was impeded by the presence of women praying on their knees before the well. Nor was the belief in its virtues confined to women. Many a laboring man passing the spot would reverently uncover his head, and, after a muttered pious ejaculation, would go on his way. The irreverent, who said the water came from a broken pipe, were called disbelieving beasts, and wonder was expressed that God did not strike them dead.

About a week ago an iconoclastic plumber appeared. Accompanying him was a laborer armed with pick and spade, who began his investigations at once. A score or two of the parishioners, headed by the priest, at once surrounded the spot. As the laborer drove his pick deep into the yielding earth, one old lady said: "Sure it's sacrilege the man is doing." "You'll never hav a day's luck," said another. "Och, never mind yere talk," said a third, "he'll only make the well deeper, and an oratory will be built around it." But the laborer dug away unmindful of the blasphemy he was committing, and soon his shovel grated against an iron pipe, and a ten-inch break was uncovered. "Here's your well," he said most irreverently. "Sure, it's the source of the spring he's struck," said a woman whose belief could not be shaken. Just then a gray-haired woman came to the spot carrying a can beneath her shawl. "Go away, my good woman," said Father Fitzgerald in a sorrowful tone; "it is not a well at all, but only a busted water pipe." "Saving your presence, your reverence," said the woman, "can that be so?" "It is so," said the priest. "Well, well," said the old lady, without any apparent attempt at a pun, "I can scarcely believe it." She gave a long look at the hole, which was rapidly filling with water, and left apparently disconsolate. "That's too bad," said a matter-of-fact old man, who had been watching the digging; "when Mulvane hears of this he'll go on a terrible spree."

So goes another miracle, a source of power and revenue to the church. The cures the water effected were as genuin as the cures at Lourdes or Knock, and it seems a pity that cold skepticism should hav destroyed the wonderful and holy well. But such, alas! is the fate meted out to all miracles nowadays. We do not believe that there is an educated man in the country who would even admit that the dead could come back to life, though twelve hundred apostles asserted it. But for this iconoclastic plumber to ruthlessly expose the source of the Brooklyn old woman's holy well was cruel indeed. And the worst of it is, it will hav a tendency to throw discredit upon accounts of other miraculous cures!

Obscenity Laws.

Mr. E. C. Walker says in his new paper, *Fair Play*:

"THE TRUTH SEEKER avers that the obscenity laws 'are necessary and right when enacted by state legislatures and enforced by the proper municipal officers.' Then regarding the postal statutes it says:

"'The national law, however, is not only cumbersome and tyrannical in its administration, but under it hav sprung up soc eties of private persons who hav taken upon themselvs the task of enforcing these statutes. This is not in accordance with American ideas. Prosecutions for obscenity should be taken out of the hands of these meddlers and put into the charge of the local authorities.'

"Well, is it not possible, nay, more, probable, that these same 'societies of private persons' will manipulate the 'local authorities' just as they now manipulate the federal officials?

"Again THE TRUTH SEEKER:

"'Another difficulty attending the prosecution of the obscenity laws is the delicate judgment required in deciding what properly comes under the statute.'

"May I inquire, Eugene, if you really believe that these 'local authorities,' these 'municipal officers,' in whom you seem to hav such great faith, are endowed with judgments so much more 'delicate' than those of United States judges and jurymen that they can safely be intrusted with the censorship of American literature and art while the federal judges and jurymen cannot?

"Once more I quote from the paper founded by D. M. Bennett:

"'Again, certain people—narrow and starved in thought, dyspeptic, and fanatically pious—regard with professed horror objects to which educated and traveled people never giv a second thought.'

"Of course none of these 'narrow and starved in thought, dyspeptic, and fanatically pious' people get into municipal offices, none of them are village squires or county justices of the peace! We always make United States judges and jurors out of such people, eh? The United States officials are never traveled or educated persons, these always managing to get into fat local positions. Without question the heretical editors of *Lucifer* and *Fair Play* would hav ever so much fairer a trial in a village like Oskaloosa, this county, where the people elected a mayor and council composed entirely of devout Christian women, than they would before an educated United States judge. Of course a censorship is not a censorship when exercised by a local Dogberry! Certainly not, tyranny is tyranny under certain conditions only. If a United States judge (Benedict, for instance) sends you to prison for selling a reformatory pamphlet, it is tyranny. If a country squire sends you to the county jail for doing the same thing, it is 'necessary and right,' and you should be thankful that you hav been enabled to contribute to the glory of the 'local authorities.' Come, come, dear Eugene! Get out of that illogical mire, and never, never again permit the *ignis fatuus* of statute morality to lure you heels over head into another morass of the kind."

This is very fine and satirical and all that, but nevertheless we hav such a regard for facts that it fails to convince us that we are wrong. In this city some years ago there used to be dealers in real obscene books. Their headquarters were in Nassau and Center streets. One fellow was caught by the local authorities and sent up for a year or two—just about what he deserved. Finally he, or another one—it makes no difference which—was hauled into Benedict's United States court, and got ten years—a punishment much too severe. Our opinion upon this subject of obscenity and its punishment is formed from knowledge of this and other facts, and not upon mere speculation.

The real difference between Mr. Walker and ourself is that he would repeal all obscenity laws, while we would not. Living in a country comparativly free from the pest of obscene publications, and where the reading of children may be easily known, Mr. Walker naturally gets the views he expresses. But in all large cities scoundrels are found who will make money by corrupting the most innocent portion of humanity. Such fellows must be restrained and punished. Individuals cannot do this, and therefore society, through its laws and by means of its regularly constituted police force, must take the matter in hand. The United States government should be restricted to those functions granted it by the Constitution.

Mr. Walker cannot escape these conclusions unless he argues for the right of scoundrels to publish their vile literature unrestricted.

Is Solomon in Hell?

Solomon, if we are to believe what the Bible says of him, was not only the wisest but the most polygamous of mankind. He spoke three thousand proverbs, wrote one thousand and five songs, and had one thousand wives, three hundred of the latter being morganatic. In regard to the writings of Solomon, this is what Smith's Bible Dictionary says:

"Something may be learned from the books that bear his name, which, whether written by him or not, stand in the canon of the Old Testament as representing with profound, inspired insight the successiv phases of his life; something also from the fact that so little remains out of so much, out of the songs, proverbs, treatises, of which the historian speaks (1 Kings iv, 32, 33). *Excerpta* only are given from the three thousand proverbs. Of the one thousand and five songs we know absolutely nothing. The poems of the son of David may hav been like those of Hafiz. The scribes who compiled the canon of the Old Testament may hav acted wisely, rightly, charitably to his fame, in excluding them."

But it seems that the ancient compilers did not exclude "the Song of Songs which is Solomon's," beginning with, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine." We forbear to quote any further from this erotic songbook, out of deference to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. But we venture nevertheless to point out what appears to be an intentional mistranslation in the verse above quoted. The Septuagint reads, "Thy *mastoi* are better than wine," and the Douay Bible has the same; that is to say, it has the equivalent of *mastoi* in English, which we forbear to print, in dread of Anthony Comstock.

But there can be no offense in continuing to quote what Smith's Bible Dictionary says about Solomon and his literary work:

"The books that remain meet us, as has been said, as at any rate representing the three stages of his life. The Song of Songs brings before us the brightness of his youth. Then comes, in the book of Proverbs, the stage of practical, prudential thought. The poet has become a philosopher, the mystic has passed into a moralist."

That is to say, the smutty song writer has evoluted into the prosy proverbial philosopher. It is as if Swinburne should become a Tupper.

But we hav not done with the quotation from Smith's Bible Dictionary, according to which Solomon, as a moralist, proves such a failure that he has to be sent to hell at last:

"But the *man* passes through both stages without being permanently the better for either. They were to him but phases of his life which he had known and exhausted (Eccl. i, 2). And therefore there came, as in the Confessions of the Preacher, the great retribution. Here our survey must end. We may not enter into the things within the veil, or answer, either way, the doubting question, Is there any hope?"

That doubting question is softly put. In plain words it means, Is Solomon in hell?

"Our Friends, the Enemy."

The *Independent* has compiled a page of statistics giving the numerical strength in churches, ministers, and communicants of the various religious organizations in the United States. For the sake of ascertaining the net gain it also givs the corresponding figures of last year. The figures for 1888 are:

	Chs.	*Min.*	*Com.*
Adventists	1,563	835	100,441
Baptists	45,434	30,998	3,971,685
Christian Union	1,500	500	120,000
Congregationalists	4,404	4,090	457,584
Friends	700	500	107,968
German Evangelical Ch	675	560	125 000
Lutherans	7,992	4,215	987,600
Mennonites	385	605	93,000
Methodists	48 258	28,313	4,699,529
Moravians	94	108	10,966
New Jerusalem	95	101	5,750
Presbyterians	13,057	9,585	1,136,685
Episcopalians	4,766	3,931	446,785
Reformed	2,028	1,349	269,523
Roman Catholics	6,829	7,596	7,200,000
Unitarians	375	488	20,000
Universalists	730	677	37,807
Total	138,885	94,457	19,790,323

This indicates a gain since this time 1887 of 6,434 churches, 4,505 preachers, 774,861 communicants, without counting the New Jerusalemites, Christadelphians, Plymouth Brethren, and a few other small sects of semi-lunatics. From these figures the *Independent* derives much encouragement.

It occurs to us that there is another side to the figures, allowing that they are approximately correct. The Roman Catholic increase naturally comes from immigration and family increase. Without that the net increase was only 574,861 communicants. This is at the rate of 4.35 to every church, 6.6 to every minister, and 1 to every 21 communicants, if the *Independent* has ciphered rightly. In other words, it has taken a church, nearly a whole minister, and twenty-one church-members to haul four sinners and thirty-five hundredths of another sinner off the coals, supposing the gain to be all from conversions. And what did it cost? Close calculation is impossible, as church expenses vary from tens of thousands for the marble cathedral to hundreds for the backwoods church barn, and the salaries of the preachers run down from Archbishop Corrigan's annual fortune of forty or fifty thousand dollars to the country parson's three hundred and a donation party. Average it up and the expense of a church may be called a thousand dollars, and the preacher's salary another thousand—say two thousand dollars for less than five saved sinners—over four hundred dollars apiece! Miracle of cheapness! pleasing marvel of progress!

Still further. Justice is supposed to be a cardinal doctrin of Christianity. Let's see! We hav 138,885 churches, and some 3,057 Catholic chapels in this country—141,942 edifices untaxed save in California. How much do these rob the people of? Say fifty dollars apiece, though perhaps the estimate should be higher, $7,097,100—pretty big sum to cheat the people out of annually! And nothing said about the church institutions which not only escape taxation, but draw huge sums from state treasuries! And seventeen churches a day building—$850 a day cheating in taxes alone. Cheering for the Christians, no doubt, to see this increase, but it might cheer the tax-payers a little more to see the Christians increase in honesty as well as in numbers.

But giving the Christians their increase, what of it? Go to any non-Christian country whose population is growing, and the same increase of religious edifices and believers will be observed. Mohammedanism is spreading in Africa, and in Asia and Turkey new mosques are building, and additional muezzins call the faithful to prayers. Do these facts prove that there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet? The natural increase of any religious sect as numerous as the Christians will account for greater figures than the *Independent* has given, stretched by "estimates" though they be. Any man with eyes in his face can see that belief in Christianity is waning, and that outspoken skeptics are infinitly more numerous than twenty or even ten years ago. The Christian religion will not go by refusals to build churches or to preach in them, but is going by a gradual transformation of the belief of the people. The Christianity of to-day was the heresy of a generation ago.

Editorial Notes.

THE Jamestown *Journal* reports that Olean, N. Y., is agitated over the matter of music or no music on Sundays For several Sundays past the Forty-third separate company's band has given concerts in the park in the afternoon, and the excellent selections of sacred and other music hav been listened to by hundreds of men, women, and children each Sunday with pleasure. Four ministers hav issued a proclamation requesting the band to discontinue the concerts, as they "corrupt the morals of the citizens!"

JUDGE SLOVER, of Missouri, has decided that personal property belonging to colleges, charitable institutions, and churches is exempt from taxation as well as the buildings and the grounds upon which they stand. The decision adds another class of property to the exempt list in Missouri, and when the list is extended a little farther the farmers and house-owners will be about the only people with whom the tax-collector will hav business. The whole business of exempting any private property is monstrously unfair, and ought to be stopped. The Christian church can hav the honor of originating this robbery, as she will be last to make restitution.

THE New York *Voice*, Prohibitionist journal, recently printed this paragraph: "'I hate God and love Gresham,' said Robert G. Ingersoll at Chicago last week, and he was one of the most honored men, the most loudly cheered man, who appeared before that National Republican Convention. Imagin, if you can, a man uttering a sentiment of that kind unrebuked in the presence of Lincoln, or Sumner, or Chase, or even profane Ben Wade. And now this Republican party makes this blatant Infidel one of its chosen leaders at its most representativ convention. How are the mighty fallen!" It is unnecessary to state that the utterance attributed to Colonel Ingersoll never fell from his lips. The reflections following it, therefore, are only a revelation of the bigotry of the editor of the *Voice*.

IN a political campaign a few years ago in which Colonel Ingersoll took an activ part, the Democratic papers made a great to-do about Infidelity in politics. Speaking of this from Cooper Union platform one night, the colonel said: "I hav made the Democrats pious, pious, pious! And now all the time they get between drinks they spend in quoting scripture." We were reminded of this lately in seeing in the *Word* and *Liberty* and other Anarchist papers quotations from TRUTH SEEKER editorials affirming the Jeffersonian doctrins (also Thomas Paine's doctrins) of government. These journals now claim that these are their doctrins also, and the conclusion is more than implied that Anarchy is only Jeffersonianism. We feel exceedingly pleased at this evidence of the good effects of our labors with the fiery "Reds" of Radicalism. If we hav not made them pious we hav made them sensible; and now all the time they get between writing tirades against all government we hope they will spend in reading Jefferson.

THE following is the passage in Swinton's "Outlines of History" which has caused its removal from the Boston schools on the vote of a majority of the school committee, of whom thirteen are Protestants and eleven liberal Catholics: "When Leo X. came to the papal chair he found the treasury of the church exhausted by the ambitious projects of his predecessors. He therefore had recourse to every means which ingenuity could devise for recruiting his exhausted finances, and among these he adopted an extensiv sale of indulgences, which in former ages had been a source of large profit to the church. The Dominican friars, having obtained a monopoly of the sale in Germany, employed as their agent Tetzel, one of their order, who carried on the traffic in a manner that was very offensiv, and especially so to the Augustinian friars. The indulgences were in the early ages of the church remissions of the penances imposed upon persons whose sins had brought scandal on the community. But in process of time they were represented as actual pardons of guilt, and the purchaser of an indulgence was said to be delivered from all his sins." It is an exceedingly mild description of the ridiculous and infamous indulgence trade driven by the church just previous to the Reformation.

Letters from Friends.

POPLAR BLUFF, Mo., July 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to notify friends in southeastern Missouri, northern Arkansas, and southern Illinois, especially Vienna, that I will lecture for them until September 1st for actual expenses of trip there and back. Subsequent to the 1st I purpose taking a trip through Arkansas and spending the winter in Texas, lecturing for Universal Mental Liberty for Man, Woman, and Child. Address,

DR. S. S. HAYDEN,

P.O. Box 44, Poplar Bluff, Butler county, Mo.

SILVERTON, ORE., July 1, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been on the move lately, and was in Silverton last Monday, just too late to hear Putnam. But I saw him, and learned that Clark Braden was following him and bantering and bullying him to debate. But Samuel would not do it, and the Christians think they hav won by default.

I inclose two clippings of late Christian sermons, one by Dr. Holman on "Skeptics," in Minneapolis; the other, "The Mistakes of Bob," by Col. L. F. Copeland, in Portland, Ore.

I notice that the Sabbath-schools hav had the resurrection of Jesus for a lesson, in which they try to harmonize the different accounts in the gospels, and pass lightly what they cannot explain. I go to church sometimes, and hear skeptics and Infidels preached to and about more and more. Straws tell the direction of the currents. The hit bird flutters.

I do not like the emblem of the flag above the cross. Why not as well above the crescent, or any other superstition?

Yours for Freethought, GEORGE F. ELLIOTT.

PAYSON, ARIZ., July 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I think all of the subscribers ought to send in a note, that we might know where our friends are and if they are outspoken. I am looked upon here like Bill Nye's old Indian, "a heap bad man from away back," and yet there are hundreds of Freethinkers here. But we are not organized and are one hundred miles from the railroad. I hav done no little missionary work. I make all the Liberals I can. But I go about in a civil way.

I look upon the Bible as a fraud. In St. Mark xvi, 9, we read: "Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils." If Mary had seven devils in her nest there's no wonder why the Jews killed Christ. From what we learn of Mary, she was a frail creature to let the Holy Ghost take her in. That Ghost must be around yet in the big camp-meetings. I think Christ made a great mistake in telling the people he'd come back again on earth during the generation then living. As a prophet he was a failure. Maybe he didn't know the Jews would kill him so dead. The church ought to enlighten us Liberals as to why Christ came not back as he promised. Methinks he'd a good excuse, and that excuse was and is just this—he was a human being and could not come back after his death.

I hav helped our cause all I could. I shall do all I can. I will cease, with love to all brothers of the great cause.

ALFRED HAUGHT.

ALLIANCE, O., July 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I see in your last paper that H. L. Green asks the question, Can an honest Freethinker vote for either Cleveland or Harrison? I, for one, must say that I think he should not. My reasons are, because neither of the old party platforms offers one of the Nine Demands of Liberalism. I think the right way for the Liberals to make themselvs felt in political matters is to come square out and indorse a party that offers some inducement to them; and, in my estimation, the Greenback party comes the nearest to the party of any of them. And still there is a great chance for improvement in it. I shall support this party until we get something that comes nearer to our aims. I think this should be one of the main objects of our next Congress, to make some kind of political move. By so doing we would be more heard and felt. I am in favor of going back to the old name of National Liberal League, and coming squarely out on the political issue, and then we will accomplish something. As to the honesty of either Cleveland or Harrison as far as Liberal principles are concerned, I hav but little faith. I do not see how any Liberal could support Cleveland after the part he took in sending the Constitution to the pope of Rome. That, I say, should debar any man from ever holding any law-making position in this free America. And if Harrison is one of those old blue Presbyterians, woe to the Liberal that would vote for him. He would be worse on a Freethinker than he would on a poor railroad man.

Hoping to see this subject discussed in all of our Liberal journals, and that Liberals will take some action,

Yours for U. M. L., R. G. SMITH.

MAZO MANIE, WIS., July 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav received the sample copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER which you hav kindly sent me. I am so well pleased with it that I hav decided to send you $1.50 as a half-year's subscription. I think the illustrations or cartoons are excellent. And the letters of your numerous correspondents are highly interesting. The whole make-up of the paper could scarcely be much better.

If I write what I honestly think of orthodox religion, I fear that my letter will not find a place in THE TRUTH SEEKER. But I can never know that unless I put it to a test. From at least twenty years of investigations of my own experience, and of observation of other people's experience, I am forced to the conclusion that orthodox religion is the principal cause of all kinds of vice, crime, and insanity.

As I am a subscriber to the *American Idea*, published at Liberal, Mo., where Professor Leahy founded the first Freethought University, it was a matter of deep regret to me that there was such a radical unfavorable change in conducting that Freethought college. There can be little doubt that the church is the real fountain-head of the unjust and cruel persecution raised against Professor Leahy. Though the church cannot swerve him from his course of being an advocate and leader in the Freethought ranks of the noble and independent-minded, there are others who are much more under the church's force and influence whom it can squeeze and force against him. But I hope that yet a reaction will set in in his favor, and that he will be reinstated in his proper sphere at the head of the Freethought University.

JOHN LEITOH.

PRINCETON, MASS., July 20, Y.L. 16.

MR. EDITOR: J. Hacker's letter in your issue of the 14th inst. moves me to say that *The Pleasure Boat*, which Mr. Hacker published in Portland, Me., fifteen years or more, was one of the most vigorously radical prints that hav poured hot-shot into the ranks of New England bigotry. Wendell Phillips used to say of the Abolitionists, "We are nothing unless critical." Mr. Hacker is not merely a critic, a negationist; he affirms essential truths; has worked for absolute right for seventy years. As a land reformer he antedates Ingalls, Rowe, Beeny, Day, Weeks, Hume—the glorious old guard of that faith in New York. Free speech, free press, free mails, physiological reform, temperance, woman's rights, negro emancipation, every progressiv movement since 1830, has had him in the front ranks of its activities.

Too many Freethinkers spend their force on church, Bible, God, and other extinct ecclesiasticism, hardly worth the powder. Twenty years ago Mr. Hacker went from priest-ridden Maine to God-damned New Jersey, and his robust work there has helped make it a decent state to liv in; but for such preachers of liberty as Hacker, Reynolds might hav been imprisoned or hanged rather than liberated by Ingersoll's unrivaled eloquence. Unlike most Abolitionists—the old-line lunatics and Anarchists—Mr. Hacker, though eighty-seven years old, is awake to and activ in all living issues—a pillar of fire to light earth's benighted millions in the upward path to ameliorated conditions.

We are always glad to hear from him in the *Word* office, and sorry we cannot print more of his quickening inspirations. Though it has never been my privilege to see him face to face, I am personally under great obligations to him for the vigorous service rendered by his inspired pen in the struggle for mental liberty *vs.* the villainous Comstock law which Bennett bravely defied and gave his life to abolish. No matter what R. Gunther or any other California critic may say, many Yankees rise to recognize in J. Hacker one of the conspicuously notable men New England has produced.

Truly yours, E. H. HEYWOOD.

DETROIT, MICH., July 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It would be very much more interesting and profitable to all parties to the discussion of tariff and free trade that has found room in THE TRUTH SEEKER columns if each or either party would learn some facts that should be the foundation of their arguments. Even Colonel Ingersoll admits that he does not know whether protection or free trade is best for the laborers; but thinks that the laborers of one country ought to be taxed to prevent those of another country from making too large profits out of them. It seems very strange to me to read Mr. Ingersoll's lectures in favor of Liberty for Man, Woman, and Child, and then read his advocacy of slavery by taxation. I hav read with very great interest the criticisms upon Mr. Perry's article of June 10th, especially that by Mr. Sanford; and if Mr. Sanford will put "Slavery pure and simple" for "tariff or tax" he will understand the true position of every person in this country. If people by stubborn bigotry will forever hang on to the silly superstition that this is a free country and that slavery can exist in spots in a land of liberty, then they should never hope for any better condition, while those who love liberty must learn what constitutes liberty. There can be no doubt or denial that this country separated from England because of taxation, and then its people were such fools in the art of government that they immediately made the same laws and put the same tax upon themselvs to raise the means to be free with. They had not the manly confidence in themselvs to even see that they were thus doing to themselvs what they had rebelled against the older government for doing. And for over a hundred years the greatest and best men in this country hav accepted the fraud and treachery which gave them taxation and slavery for liberty, and even the greatest and best still believe the most contemptible falsehood and superstitiously believe this to be a free country. What hope is there for the poor laborer if the most learned are unable to see the way to freedom? When some of the free thinkers can realize that they are not free, with all their thinking, then they will perhaps think to better purpose—think that as there is not the least need of taxation there must be some other deeper reason for taxation all over the earth—that of a truth, if the government did not tax the people, but should create and issue a legal tender money to pay all government expenses, there would soon be no banks or bankers, no debts, no interest, no war, no vice or crime, no more prisons, jails, or workhouses, no need of the gallows nor of electricity to murder murderers, no more poverty or suffering from want. So long as people cling to the superstition of religion and priestcraft, just so long they must be slaves to the church; and just so long as they believe that they are free and liv under a free government they must continue to be slaves to taxation. How ridiculous it sounds for Englishmen to sing, "Britons never, never can be slaves!" with 250,000 prostitutes in the one city of London and paupers and drunkards so thick that government despairs of all control of them! And how silly it sounds for Americans to sing "Sweet land of liberty" while their friends and children are starving to death for want and committing all manner of crimes for the sake of life and the lives of those they love! Let us hav the good sense to learn the truth that liberty is yet to be gained and appropriated.

J. H. WOOD.

ARAGO, ORE., June 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Putnam has been with us again. He lectured at Myrtle Point, Arago, Coquelle City, Langlois (Curry county), Bandon, and Marshfield. The campaign was conducted under the auspices of the Coquelle River Secular Union, and was withal a success.

It rained about all the time during his visit, and some of his appointments were filled under trying circumstances. The trip from Arago to Coquelle City, a distance of eight miles, was made in a skiff, and it rained hard every inch of the way. Putnam was jolly, and stood the trip well. His stovepipe hat, however, had a forlorn and dejected countenance, and looked as though a few minutes in hell with careful attention would improve it. This trip suggested to me a new mode of baptism. I will giv you my thoughts on the subject. I giv them in a humanitarian spirit, that good may result from the same, therefore I shall not patent the process. Now, then, the object of baptism is to wash out the old sins (creed) to make room for the new, if I understand it correctly, and it is done in some convenient pool or in tanks in the churches. Therefore, when half a dozen or more hav been baptized in the same water, it must be impregnated with considerable sin. Is it, then, not reasonable to suppose that the last ones to use the water may be influenced more by it than by the preacher, and therefore eventually backslide? Is it to be wondered at that so many preachers are chockfull of sin under such influences? To avoid this contaminating influence, I would use the rain-water from above. I would stand the converts barefooted out in a good shower, with the creed written in some ink soluble in rain-water suspended over their heads, and leave them out a sufficient length of time to secure a good job. It may require a few experiments first to determin the length of time necessary. Reason, however, dictates that it would somewhat depend on the shower and the quality of the ink used.

You will, no doubt, see the beauty of the new process. There need be no officiating preacher even. Anyone could do it. It is gradual, not sudden. As the rain washes the new creed in from above, the old one would hav to succumb and gradually settle, until it settled in the ground. Gravity would help it; therefore a sitting position is in no case to be allowed. It might be bad on crops, but it would save the preacher.

The night Putnam lectured at Langlois the surf filled up the mouth of Flous creek with sand, causing the low lands to overflow; therefore the next day on his way to Bandon he passed through water three-quarters of a mile with his feet on the dashboard and his bundle of dynamite in his lap. They say the way of the transgressor is hard, but I say unto you that the way of the Infidel in Coos county in June, 1888, was uncommonly soft.

The Coquelle River Secular Union met at Bandon on the 15th inst. in the afternoon, before the lecture. Mr. Putnam was present at the meeting. He was tendered the chair, and presided part of the time. He talked to the Union about the necessity and wants of the national organization, and the Union pledged $20 or more for next year's work.

Putnam is a zealous worker. To hav such come among us givs new impulse to those weak in the cause and food for thought to others. The preachers who attended the lectures are agreeably disappointed. They did not hear what they expected from an Infidel.

We will hav the Blasphemer with us in August, and look forward to another good time. Yours for the cause,

J. HENRY SCHROEDER.

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100 S. 1ST ST., PORTLAND, ORE., July 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Again I send you greeting across the continent, three thousand miles or more. I am agreeably surprised to find THE TRUTH SEEKER in so many homes in this far-away corner. It is doing a mighty work. Heston's cartoons are hitting old orthodoxy most terrible blows, just under the ear, and with those watch-dogs of freedom, Putnam, Reynolds, Jamieson, Remsburg, Washburn, Watts, and a host of others surrounding the old hog of superstition, it ought not to be long before we hav her "corraled," and in the not far off "round up" "lassoed," slaughtered, and buried so deep that she will never be heard of more. All civilization is suffering from priest and pope craft; too much hell; too many devils—calling themselvs "called of God to preach." We know nothing and can know nothing of this ideal being. He, she, or it is but the result of fancy, created by the imagination to answer the question, Who is the creator of all we see? Early man in barbaric conditions could not conceive the idea that our glorious old Sol painted the rainbow upon the clouded sky, or that the rumbling thunder was not the voice of an angry god, but simply the report of the concussion made as the electric flash made its rapid transit from a positiv to a negativ cloud. If man in primitiv ages could hav been scientific, and hav known that all the phenomena that he witnessed in nature were but the manifestation of force through matter, it would hav saved the world from being cursed from pole to pole by an army of gods or one big giant God. Oh, the billions of lives it has cost and the trillions of money spent when men hav raved of Gods! Think of all the past—a religious dream, the martyrs slain, the nations despoiled, crushed, and wiped out in the name of religion and for the glory of God. Think of the millions of desolated homes of love and affection. Think of the long years, centuries, ages, of bloodshed, of agony supreme, all to establish "Thus saith the Lord." Is it any wonder that Agnostics and Infidels are numbered by the million? As the race becomes more educated, more able to reason and philosophize, and understand the "procedure of nature," and as it more and more reads the long black record

of the church and the histories of all religions, the greater will grow its unbelief. It is a wonder indeed that any educated man or woman can be a Christian and believe in the he, she, or it God. All the miracles, so-called, above or on earth—all that is attributed to God and the angels—when understood is as simple as evaporation and rainfall. But, says the Christian, who but the creator God made the law that would cause the water to rise from the earth when the sun kissed the earth with amorous warmth, and to become condensed when it struck a colder current of air above and thus be returned to earth by the law of gravitation? We answer: No God in that, or necessity for one. These laws—if laws they can be called—always were; time, space, matter, always existed, so these qualities, conditions, and attributes always hav been. There never has been a time but when worlds hav been forming, suns growing, moons phasing, lightning glimmering, thunder reverberating, rainbows arching, dewdrops falling, constellations circling, and so *ad infinitum*. No need for a God anywhere. Creation, or rather formation, always has been, always will be, taking place. Throw away the Bible and all other so-called holy books. Let the Gods and devils go to whence they came—the back brain of the wild, unlettered savage. Study nature and nature's methods. Let the lamp of reason shine from the window of the mind. Believe there is nothing in the universe superior to man. Make no prayers and ask no favors, for they indicate slavery, but face the music of the spheres like true men, ever seeking to make humanity happier, wiser, kinder, more loving and tender, and the future will take care of itself. God needs no advice or help from man, and man needs no redemption, only to evolute himself out of his ignorance of nature's methods of procedure. Man is not yet created. He is yet the rough diamond, and must polish himself, must work on, work ever, to finish himself, to in fact become a man—with the selfish passions and appetites all under control of his intellect. Then will the perfect man be born, and this world be the paradise, the garden of Eden. This world is good enough, only let us eat of the tree of knowledge and liv ever true to our highest aspirations. D. C. SEYMOUR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: A dissentient from Freethought doctrin, Mr. J. H. Ohlhausen, of Neosho, Mo., who writes in plain, forcible English, in a letter published in your issue of the 7th inst. says: "I do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER, neither am I in sympathy with its doctrins and views. One of my neighbors takes it, and he kindly givs me the privilege of perusing its columns. To-day he sent me No. 22, of Vol. XV, and calls my attention to the Joplin letter, which I read with care. I fail to detect anything new or grand in the writer's views, but simply a repetition of the Infidel's text which they would hiss into the ears of all Christians, crying, 'Calvin, Servetus! Calvin, Servetus!' as though all Christians were Calvin in person and all parties who suffer wrong were indeed Servetuses."

This quotation opens up a field for profitable discussion which cannot be exhausted in a short letter. A few remarks, however, in the line of thought it suggests may not be amiss. I am not of those who would introduce coarseness, vulgarity, or vituperation into religious or any other kind of discussion. They tend neither to convince nor to convert. I remember the day when I was as orthodox as the devils who believe and tremble, and I was just as honest then as now. I remember, also, how I was shocked when that which I revered as sacred was assailed by taunts and jeers. I do not refer to good-natured sarcasm, however cutting; nor to seemly wit, however pungent, when tipped and tempered by logic. I liked the wholesome smart, the caustic inflicted, even when it made me wince. I recall the struggle through which I passed, and the slow degrees by which I emerged from the chrysalis state, and I am not certain but I wear a fragment of shell on my back at the present time. But to the subject. Why do Infidels refer so often to the burning of Servetus and to kindred examples of Christian cruelty? There are two reasons. 1. Because such inhuman acts are the logical result of Christian doctrin, which is, or professes to be, founded upon scriptural teaching and example. 2. Because of the minor persecutions which to-day are visited upon dissentients from the orthodox faith. I say minor persecutions, for severer penalties than baseless aspersions, business boycotting, and social ostracism, religionists, in free and enlightened communities, are not able to inflict. The spirit which once lighted the torch of persecution still burns, but too dimly to ignite the fagots of the zealous bigot with which he once was wont to consume the hapless martyr to truth and conscience.

The monster intolerance still growls, but Freethought has muzzled the beast, and it can no longer bite. In justice, let it be said that the most bigoted in this country and age would scarcely think of inflicting torture and death as a penalty for unbelief. Freethought, by its benign and ennobling influences, has permeated Christian sentiment and imbued it with more than Christian charity. In the past, men were logical and consistent, even if cruel and unrelenting. The heresiarch was worse than the thief or murderer, and was punished with greater severity. Now men are better than their faith. They hav a religion of the head and a religion of the heart, and the two are in direct antagonism with each other. The one breathes out threatenings and slaughter; the other peace and good-will to all—even to Infidels. We Freethinkers do not charge all Presbyterians with being John Calvins, but we do say that John Calvin, by burning Servetus, carried out his doctrins to their logical consequences, and that he was far more consistent than those who bear his name and profess his creed. We do protest against a religion the spirit and teachings of which, when exemplified in practice, lead to results which appall even its professors. True, its professors are not as bad as they might be, nor as were those who left them the heritage of faith to which they cling, but in lesser degree they are tainted by those effete dogmas which they profess in theory, but ignore in practice.

Will it be said that we liv no longer under the law, but under the gospel, and that the barbarities of the Old Testament are repugnant to the spirit and teachings of the New Testament? Alas! the New has indorsed and commended the Old. They both together constitute the "inspired volume"—the Protestant Christian's "infallible rule of faith and practice." They must both stand or fall together.

W. B. LACY.

SALT LAKE CITY, July 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 16th last there appears a communication from Salt Lake City signed W. Wellock, with an accompanying document which was sent to Dr. J. L. York while lecturing in this city, asking the discontinuance of some objectionable features of the doctor's lectures as seen by some of the leading members of the Union here. I had expected to see a reply from some of the parties Mr. Wellock refers to, but they evidently do not think it worthy of notice, and being a neutral party and somewhat conversant with the matter referred to, I beg your indulgence while attempting to correct some misstatements in the letter of Mr. Wellock. There appears to be a kind of rivalry between the friends of Mr. Putnam and the friends of Dr. York here, judging from Mr. Wellock's letter, which is entirely new to me and doubtless to many others here. That Mr. Putnam is a little gushy is conceded, but this is his style, and is, in my judgment, no serious objection to the man; but it was through Mr. Putnam's efforts that Dr. York came here to fill the engagement of three months last winter, which shows that Mr. Putnam was quite anxious to push the work along.

When Dr. York came here the members of the Secular Union agreed to furnish the Opera House for the course of lectures at $70 a month, the doctor agreeing to accept as his compensation the contributions at the door, which proved to be quite satisfactory to him. But the very parties who were contributing for the rent of the Opera House were also the most generous in contributing toward the support of Dr. York, and I cannot see why Mr. Wellock should come out with such a tirade of abuse against the parties he refers to in his communication. I cannot see how anything but disaster can follow such a course, and it will need a different class of men altogether than Mr. Wellock to make anything succeed. Dr. York is a very powerful speaker, and during his course of lectures here the Opera House was crowded up to the very last meeting. Some went because of their devotion to the cause, many from curiosity, and some, like Mr. Wellock, to hear "the dry bones of orthodoxy rattle." And I am quite satisfied that all got a taste of what they went for. There is a class of thinkers, however, who are long since tired of abusing people because of a difference of opinion, and they think there is sufficient in the platform of Secularism to interest any thoughtful person if properly presented. Christian people generally are just as honest as we are, and to convince them that they are in error it is not always necessary to knock them down. There was doubtless a time in our own history when we also believed in the absurdities of the church, and we were probably as honest then as we are to-day, and should be thankful that we now see and know better. I do not agree with Mr. Wellock that every "preacher or priest knows he is a fraud," and regard such a statement as exceedingly wild. The document sent to Dr. York as a gentle protest against the use of slang, mimicry, etc., speaks for itself; and if any of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will take the pains to read it over again, they will find little in it to complain of. And had the doctor taken it in a friendly way it would hav been much better for all parties. To publish it in THE TRUTH SEEKER was not, I think, a friendly act to Dr. York. Mr. Wellock's reference to the officers of the Secular Union here does not, in my humble opinion, do him much credit. Speaking of the president, W. S. Godbe, as a defunct seer and revelator, might suit some people like Mr. Wellock, but the more thoughtful are inclined to regard such insults as anything but gentlemanly. Mr. Godbe is a gentleman of high standing in this community—generous to a fault, always ready to do a kind act, and always ready to defend the rights of others, however much they may differ with him. Mr. Godbe, Mr. H. W. Laurence, and a few others hav spent a fortune in the Liberal cause in this territory, and hav ever been in the front ranks in all advance measures. No wonder they treat with silent contempt such rubbish as that given by Mr. Wellock. I believe the statement that the petition was presented to orthodox churchmen to sign to be positivly untrue, as is also the statement that those names without an asterisk which were affixed to the petition to Dr. York belonged to any orthodox church. I know every signer except two or three, and not one of them belongs to any church, but they are Liberal-minded men in every sense.

The statement that the Secular Union gave up the Opera House is intended by Mr. Wellock to convey the idea that because Dr. York repudiated the protest the officers of the Union gave up the hall, attempting to turn the doctor out, etc. Now, the truth is that the party from whom the Opera House was leased notified the Secular Union that twelve nights completed the contract, and the latter, presuming that he was correct, regarded the course of lectures as completed. They naturally returned the piano, which was only rented, and also notified the lady soloist. Dr. York, however, who had been doing quite well financially, wanted another night, and argued that he wanted thirteen nights instead of twelve, and he and some friend made arrangements for one more night. This difference was merely the result of a misunderstanding, and not the result of any quarrel. But a reading of Mr. Wellock's letter would impress a stranger with the idea that there was a great disruption here among the Liberals, while such is not the case. We think Dr. York a very useful man in the Liberal ranks, and we would like to see him succeed and prosper, but cannot help thinking that his usefulness would be greatly augmented by giving a little heed to the suggestions offered in the document referred to above. The signers of it hav nothing but the kindliest feelings toward him, and thought it for his own good and the good of the cause, or they would not hav made them at all. We hardly think the advocacy of the doctor's cause by Mr. Wellock has added anything to his importance, and hardly think Dr. York would hav sanctioned its appearance in THE TRUTH SEEKER had he known it beforehand.

SELMA.

BROOKLYN, July, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: When the old Christian faith had received sufficient enlightenment through the more radical denominations of Universalism, Unitarianism, and Swedenborgianism, to say nothing of the outside Liberal movement, it seemed fitting that a final or culminating effort should be made, which would not only bring phenomenal facts to prove the truth of the old faith, but establish the actual knowledge of the new, or scientific one.

Facts, so-called "miracles," or spiritual phenomena hav ushered in all religions, in order to gain the attention of mankind and draw them away from the lusts of the flesh to a study of the infinit. So it was with Christianity; so it is with Spiritualism to-day, except that we hav not as yet reached a grade of miracle comparable as a whole with those performed by Jesus the Christ, or master medium.

Some of these recorded phenomena still seem impossible in the light of reason, though the underlying principles of a major part seem undeniably presented in these latter days. Man first swallows whole his prescription for salvation at the hands of the church, then under the fire of these outside influences he begins to think, and thinking begins to doubt—and doubting either leaves the old and beaten track for a more liberal faith or else, if conservativ in his nature, hangs on and demands more of his pastor.

Thus strong outside influences are brought to bear upon the old storm-beaten ship, which tend to round off her angles through reaction and attrition; so that, while the "come-outers" tend toward a general and special erratic individuality of thought and life, the stanch adherents become more and more enlightened and Liberalized, as the new thought comes to them carefully strained, or sifted, through the mind of their presiding pastor. These become neither "cranks" nor reformers, but they owe what they are in their balance and more Liberal thought to those they dub by such names.

All these movements, except that founded upon the experiences of Emanuel Swedenborg and our own later one based upon the universal facts offered through our mediums, depended upon the growth of reason for their development; the others came through revelation—came through history repeating itself in modern times—came because the time was ripe and God was ready to grant man's prayer for light. How can man understand revelation except through its counterpart, or second coming, in modern times? Jesus said, "I hav many things to tell you, but ye cannot bear them now;" "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God: believe also in me; for in my father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again by and by, that where I am, there ye may be also." At what time could man be more ready for this knowledge than now, when the great body of humanity is so generally enlightened, and the general situation so suggestiv of transition and the need of divine rather than human wisdom so patent, in order to prop erly adjust it?

Forty years of Spiritual work hav prepared the mind of man for still stronger truths than he has yet received and for the fulfilment of Bible prophecy.

Liberalism and Rationalism can pull to pieces and tear down all that seems contrary to human reason at its present plane, but it was left for another despised spiritual movement to complete the last link in the religious chain, and show what revelation, miracles, men of God, seers, prophets, oracles, etc., really were. It has come and spread as quietly as a thief in the night. It has disintegrated ideas and people. It has done harm; it has done good. But it has come to stay, and to grow stronger and stronger as it waxes older and its people wax more united and harmonious.

The "Christ spirit" is being taught again throughout the length and breadth of the movement. Its practice is gaining, and the cause only lacks a recognized head—a divinely appointed medium and mediator as well, to ultimately throw each follower on his own responsibility for his own salvation through personal growth and unfoldment.

It has been said, or given through a medium, that if Jesus of Nazareth ever did come again "in clouds of great glory," it would be through a medium who would be raised up "in the last days" and who would represent him as an "outward visible sign of an inward spiritual grace," if I may use the term.

In place of overthrowing the true church entirely, it would seem as if Spiritualism was really a final proof of its true beginning—a beginning free from forms and ceremonies, where communism, a pure life, and sacrifice of self rather than of animals, of the animal in man rather than out of him, predominated.

That Bible prophecy is being fulfilled, and so the Bible substantiated, I hav not the slightest doubt. It only remains for time to prove the full meaning of so mighty a movement as this, ushering in as it does a new dispensation at the same time that it closes an old one—an age of reason, of science, and of general revelation through mediums—an age in which the highest type of the individual will be a truly balanced mind in a well-developed body. W. J. CUSHING.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Listen, Boys.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys;
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is a gentleman truly refined, boys!

But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

The Everglades.

The portion of Florida south of latitude 28° is called the Everglades. This, excepting a small portion near the eastern coast, is mostly an extensiv swamp or marsh, interspersed with many shallow lakes, which are connected by a network of narrow water channels. The land is covered with a luxuriant growth of vegetation. During the rainy season between June and October the musketoes become so numerous that stock weary almost to death fighting these poisonous insects.

Among the Everglades, and especially along the western border, are several sandy islands sufficiently elevated above high water to be extensivly cultivated. During February, 1888, I visited many of them, and saw several schooners making their bi-weekly trips to collect the products. Cabbages, beans, cucumbers, and egg-plants were being packed for Northern markets. On one island I saw a banana plantation of thirteen acres. Every tree was maturing a bunch of this delicious and wholesome fruit.

On the countless number of islands and islets not capable of cultivation are many species of trees and plants, pines, cypresses, and mangroves predominating.

Mangroves grow to a medium size, and from their branches air-roots grow downward, forming an impassable jungle.

Florida is called "the Land of Flowers." This name seemed to be a misnomer until I saw the Everglades, where the towering trees, with their hoary crowns of Spanish moss—the cactus with its golden bloom, the cocoanut, and royal palms—send their feathered leaves above the great variety of plants and flowering shrubbery to be kissed by the genial sun—every tree, plant, and flower hav individually and collectivly traits of surpassing beauty—and where the move of every leaf, the bud, fruit, or flower of every plant, is an illustration of some beautiful law, or the process of evolution in the kingdom of nature.

T. P. BRINEGAR.

Immortality.

Theology used to teach that the body was the thing that was resurrected. But science proved that to be an impossibility, so they found a nothing in the body and called it a soul. But if men hav souls, why hav not animals? Man is but an animal. Every scientist now believes that man is the top link in a chain which has for its bottom the soft, jelly-like animal called the mollusk. If this is so, at what time did man come to hav this something that no one can describe, called spiritual nature? During the Stone age there roamed the world a being half man, half brute; his body covered with hair; unable to speak; in the habit of eating his children, or even his wife. This creature is the animal now called man. Did he hav a soul? The fact is that the idea of immortality is born of love. When the human race had advanced far enough to love anything, hope, born of love, would whisper to them: "You need not weep. She whom you hav lost is now living in a place where pain and sorrow never come." But stern fact does not giv us any reason to hope. They who are dead are forever dead. The different elements that composed the body hav all gone to the atmosphere. When a sweet odor of flowers pleases your taste, you are then seeing, smelling, and feeling all the dead that hav grown tired of life and lain down to pleasant dreams.

There is but one God—your mother. Any child that treats his mother rudely, that abuses his sister, is not a young Liberal. Sooner than giv any woman any pang of pain, suffer your right arm to be torn from your shoulder. Liv rightly, and when you come to die, and are dead, you will liv forever in the heart of man. R. E. TOUNSLEY.

Correspondence.

SALEM, NEB., July 17, 1888.

MISS SUSAN WIXON: Every Secularist should be proud of the victory won by the brainy children in Chicago. Liberty to think and act develops all powers, and makes beautiful the individual who livs in accordance with its principles. The glory of the coming dawn depends on the freedom of youths from the chains that bind their minds and bodies.

Let us strive to win all of the prizes, and thereby hasten the glory of Secularism.

Children, let us not only think, but act, act. T. P. BRINEGAR.

DAVENPORT, July 12, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As it is raining to-day, I thought I would write a letter to the Corner. The crops look nice this year. The railroad is coming this way right past our house onward to the Columbia river, and onward to Puget sound. Our school closes this week, and I will hav to help my father haying. I am pleased to read your articles in the Corner, as well as the letters from the children. Father has promised us your "Apples of Gold" before long. Wishing you success, I remain, Your Freethinker friend,

NELSON SELDE (aged twelve).

DAVENPORT, IA., July 12, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I saw no letters in the last paper, I thought you were running short. We sent to San Francisco for Putnam's, Macdonald's, and Ingersoll's photographs, and just received them. We all think they are very nice.

I think Si Slocum's pieces about the Badger boy are good. Please tell me where I can get "Apples of Gold," for I want to get it. I already hav "The Story Hour," and I think if I get "Apples of Gold" I will be right.

Yours truly, HENRY SELDE.

["Apples of Gold" can be procured from THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, or of the editor of the Children's Corner. Price, $1.25. —ED. C. C.]

CAMERON, MO., July 15, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I saw my last letter in print, I thought I would write again. I like the Children's Corner; but I think it would be nicer if you would hav a paper with the Children's Corner altogether. I would subscribe for it. I correspond with one of THE TRUTH SEEKER girls, ten years of age. School is out, and harvest begins to be busy. We hav bound wheat, rye, and part of the oats. We hav mowed part of the timothy. We hav had such wet weather for a while; but we had a dry spell too. Last night it rained. It has been very hot for about a week. I spent a hot day on the Fourth of July. I would like to hav one of your pictures if you hav any to spare, and I will giv you one of mine when I get one. This is all for this time. Yours affectionately,

MARY LIVENGOOD.

OAK MILLS, KAN., July 1, E.M. 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I expect you are beginning to think I bother you, with so many letters; but if you will accept this one, I will not bother you again for a while. I read in the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER an article from the New York *World* entitled, "Colonel Ingersoll and His Family." It is a true and interesting description of that happy household. No one can read it without feeling that Colonel Ingersoll's life has been a pure and honest one—that he has made the world better for having lived in it. His devotion to his family, his kindness to his many friends, his honest and able thoughts in behalf of his party and his creed, and his good work for the welfare of all humanity, make Robert G. Ingersoll one of the grandest types of a pure manhood that America ever produced. There cannot be enough good said for him. He is a good, square, honest, upright man; a tender, loving, and affectionate husband and father; "a friend in need, and a friend indeed." As an orator he has never been surpassed for eloquence and keen logic. As a lawyer he is truthful, and to-day is the equal of any lawyer in New York city. This is my humble estimate of that grand statue of purity and nobility, Robert G. Ingersoll.

I am glad to see the "J. Hacker Fund" increasing in amount, but sorry to think that it increases so slowly.

I hav been reading some good books lately; also take great pleasure in reading the valuable articles which adorn the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator* each week. Aunt Elmina's article on "Kindness and Truth," in the last TRUTH SEEKER, was very good.

The Republican convention at Chicago on June 19th was opened with a prayer by Rev. Frank Gunsalus. He "thanked the Lord for the intelligence and courage under which the banners of the Republican party had gone forth." Instead of thanking the Lord, why did he not thank the noble men who hav carried the Republican banners with such "intelligence and courage?" They and not the Lord deserve the praise. It was very foolish, anyhow, to open a convention with prayer. If it had been opened with a good, sensible speech by Colonel Ingersoll, Senator Ingalls, Chauncey Depew, or some other able speaker, it would hav looked better. Religion and politics should not mix. For, as General Grant said, "Keep church and state forever separate." I do not care for religion just so it stays to itself and doesn't interfere with the politics of our country.

As my letter is getting rather long, I will not detain you any longer; but wishing you success and prosperity through life, and hoping for a continuation of the Corner, I remain faithfully, Your Liberal Friend,

GEO. J. REMSBURG.

[A letter from George is always welcome. We regard him as one of our brightest and best correspondents, and we hope to hear from him often.—ED. C. C.]

Eunice Corners Her Mamma Nicely Without Trouble.

Little Eunice, between three and four years old, had to be punished one day, her mother prefacing the operation with the remark that she was sorry to do it, she only did it because she loved her so much, etc. At night, after the little girl was in bed, she called her mother to her, threw her arms around her neck, and said: "Mamma, we love one another, don't we?" "Yes, dear." "You don't like to punish me, do you?" "No, I do not." "You would rather punish your own self, wouldn't you, mamma?" "Yes." "Well, then, mamma, I wish you would."

He Wanted One.

A small boy was following and nagging a big boy on Columbia street the other day when the big boy halted and said:

"Say, boy, if you foller me any farther I'll black your eye!"

"Will you?"

"You bet!"

"Real black?"

"Awful black!"

"Then I'll foller. If I get a black eye I won't hav to go to school for a week!"

A Dust Item.

"Pa," asked a speculativ youngster, "was I made of dust?"

"Certainly, my son; we all were."

"Just common road dust like that ragged boy out there?"

"Y-e-s," admitted the puzzled father, "just the same. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought maybe as I was such a nice little boy I might be made of diamond dust."

A Figure of Speech.

Fond Mother: "And so you saw a little black baby, Ethel? And what did it look like?"

Ethel: "Oh, so funny, mamma! It was black outside; when it rolled up its eyes and showed its little teeth, then I saw it was white inside. Guess a black baby is just like —a—cream chocolate."

What He Does.

Yes, my son, you are right. A "tariff reformer" is a man that spends one-fourth of his time in denying that he is a free trader and the other three-fourths howling for free trade.—*Detroit Tribune.*

What It Is to Hav One Wife.

Johnny: "Mamma, is it bigamy for a man to hav two or three wives at the same time?"

Mamma: "Yes, my dear."

Johnny: "Then is it smallamy when he has only got one?"

A Large Moon.

Teacher: "Tommy, about how large should you say the moon was?"

Tommy: "'Bout the size of the punkin that pa took first prize on at last state fair."

"MAMMA, dear," said little Alice, "Charlie and I hav been playing husband and wife." "How did you go about it, dear?" "Well, first, I laid the table, and then we sat down. Charley tasted a dish and threw his napkin down, saying, 'This dinner is only fit for a dog to eat.' Then I told him he was a fool, and then he swore, and then I got up and called him a brute, and he swore again, and I left the room."

"IT is queer," said Mrs. Spriggins, "that when you are looking for a thing you always find it in the last place you look."

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Decease of a Freethinking Judge.

From the Kansas City, Mo., Times.

Judge Arnold Krekel, who has been in failing health for over a year past, died at 2:15 o'clock July 14th. On that day he experienced a severe chill, and failed rapidly thereafter. His passing away was peaceful and painless; and at his bedside at the final moment were his grief-stricken wife and daughters.

Judge Arnold Krekel was one of the oldest federal judges in the country, both in age and in the length of time he had served upon the bench. He was born near Langenfeld on the Rhine in Prussia, seventy-three years ago, and came to this country with his parents in 1832 and had since resided in Missouri, where his father settled. Before emigrating he had received a village school education, to which he added three years of instruction in St. Charles College. Among other studies, he took up mathematics, and at an early age became a surveyor. He was once a United States deputy surveyor and was twice elected county surveyor of St. Charles county. In 1842 he was elected a justice of the peace, and soon after began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1844, and shortly thereafter was elected county attorney, an office he held a number of years. In 1850 he established the St. Charles *Democrat*, and was for a considerable time its editor. In 1852, Mr. Krekel, still a young man, was elected to the Missouri state legislature, and while a member of that body voted for the first railroad appropriation granted by this state. When the civil war broke out he enlisted in the home guards of St. Charles county, out of which he organized a regiment for actual service. He was elected a colonel, and served throughout the Rebellion. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1865, became its president, and Feb. 11, 1865, signed the ordinance of emancipation, by which the slaves of Missouri were set free. It was while the constitutional convention was in session that President Lincoln appointed him one of the federal judges. His was one of the last names sent to the Senate by the martyred president. The western district of Missouri, to which he was assigned, had then but one division, court being held at Jefferson City. In 1879 the district was divided, and he moved to this city, which had been made one of the places of holding court.

While at Jefferson City Judge Krekel took a leading part in the organization of a colored school, and in 1866, together with Colonel Foster, organized the present Lincoln Institute. When Colonel Foster removed from Jefferson City the institute was left in charge of Judge Krekel and a few other well-wishers. The judge stood by it with time and means, and for ten years lectured free of charge to the normal classes of the institute on civil government and political economy, delivering on an average one hundred lectures a year.

The lawyers of Kansas City all speak in the highest terms of Judge Krekel's ability. He has made a name, they say, which will exist as long as law. Some of his decisions hav taken rank as authority, and hav been accepted as final. Noteworthy among these hav been his decisions in cases of bankruptcy. Bankruptcy was his specialty, and it is said that the bankrupt law as it exists to-day is more the result of Judge Krekel's work than of any other judge in the country. In all bankruptcy cases his decisions were accepted as a finality, and there was no thought of an appeal. The members of the bar here say that his rulings were always marked by strong common sense and a disregard of technicalities that would tend to interfere with justice. In hearing a case he endeavored to discover, as nearly as possible, the equity of the proceedings and to make his rulings accordingly. He hated pettifogging, and had no patience with the legal niceties which endeavor to make the law a medium of injustice. In his court the client with the right on his side always came out ahead. At the time of his appointment to the district judgeship Judge Krekel had amassed considerable property, being worth about $100,000, but this had all vanished, and during his later years he was entirely dependent upon his salary. He first married in 1843 Miss Ida Krugg, daughter of Dr. Krugg, formerly of Bavaria. She died in 1870. In November, 1880, he married Mrs. Mattie Parry, who survives him, together with five children by his first marriage.

Judge Krekel preserved his interest in current events up to almost the very moment that the angel of death beckoned him to the great beyond. As freely as his strength would permit he would talk with his wife, and asked frequently concerning political as well as civic affairs, commenting upon what he heard and evincing an eager desire to know what was going on in the great world that had passed beyond his reach. He seemed pleased with the appointment of Judge Phillips as his successor, and so expressed himself several times. Occasionally in his moments of delirium he would forget that he had resigned his position. He would imagin himself once more in the court-room facing wrangling lawyers and impatient jurymen. Again juries were impaneled and discharged, cases tried and argued. Then with a weary look he would turn his face toward his wife and say: "Mamma, I am not strong enough; it wearies me. I shall hav to resign." When reminded that he had already taken that step, he seemed surprised for a moment, then with a glance of seeming relief would say, "Ah, yes, so I hav."

Although Judge Krekel suffered from chronic inflammation of the bladder, the physicians attribute his demise to general debility resulting from his advanced age.

The dead jurist fully realized that his end might be near, and he spoke of it several times to his still hopeful wife. He requested her not to wear mourning, saying that death was as natural as birth, and that the emblems of mourning were unnecessary and useless. He was very averse to much ceremony, and requested that the last rites be as simple as possible. Although of Catholic antecedents, Judge Krekel was a pronounced Agnostic, and his children and immediate relativs hold Liberal religious views.

Death of George E. Hartley.

From a Turners Falls, Mass., paper.

On Friday, Mrs. George E. Hartley received a telegram from Gainesville, Florida, announcing the death of her husband there, from typhoid fever. Mr. Hartley came to Turners Falls when the village started, and was a contractor here for many years. He first built the brick house at the Greenfield end of the suspension bridge, but, through a flaw in the title of the land, he refused to keep the place. He then began to buy building lots in what is known as Hartleyville, on L street, and erected comfortable houses to rent, until finally he had ten or a dozen houses in that vicinity. Led off with the smooth tongue of a Florida speculator, he invested in that perpetually boomed state, and went down there to clear up and work a large tract of land which he hoped to parcel out in lots to Eastern people, and reap a sizable fortune. His hard work in that hot climate was too much for even his strong constitution. Mr. Hartley was a big-hearted man, liable to be a little stubborn, and he would go to the ends of the earth to help a friend or punish a foe, and it is a question which he enjoyed most. He knew not the word fear, and his superior bravery won him many medals and other tokens from life-saving societies for his skill and endurance and pluck, in saving lives of shipwrecked sailors, when he was a sailor on a merchantman, often risking his own life as though it were a bubble compared with the struggling souls on the boundless sea; which characteristic of his life brings to mind John Hay's thought:

> He saw his duty a dead-sure thing,
> And went for it there and then,
> And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
> On a man that dies for men!

Mr. Hartley leaves a wife—a superior business woman—who has had the management of his extensiv property here for a year or two.

A New Book.

From the Sunday Gazetteer, Denison, Tex.

The Truth Seeker Publishing Co., of New York city, has favored the *Gazetteer* with a copy of a handsome volume just published by them, entitled, "The Universe Analyzed," by John R. Kelso, A.M. Colonel Kelso is not unknown to literary fame. He is the author of several volumes which hav had a good circulation, and has earned a favorable reputation with those of the Ingersoll school of thought as an Antichristian polemic. He is a fine reasoner, and expresses himself in language terse and forcible.

It has occurred to us in reading this last production of Colonel Kelso's pen, that he has attempted to "analyze" a subject a little too extensiv for his mental grasp, but possibly the fault is with the reader. The analysis is conducted in a series of lectures entitled as follows: "The Essential Elements of the Universe," "The Systematic Arrangement of the Universe," "The Formation and the Dissolution of Worlds and of Systems," "The Origin, the Evolution, and the Destiny of Man." The author, in previous volumes, has demonstrated, so far as it is apparently possible to do so logically, that no such event as "creation" ever occurred, and as a consequence, that no such thing as a "creator," in the generally accepted definition of the word, ever existed. In this last volume he proceeds to demonstrate that of necessity the universe "is eternal in its existence and self-sustaining in its powers." The author shows with equal clearness that the universe is illimitable and indestructible, and it follows as a necessary corollary that space and duration are also both eternal and illimitable. The author indulges in several pages of ingenious metaphysical reasoning to prove that space and duration are one and the same, but we are constrained to confess he has not made this last proposition quite as clear as a pikestaff to our mental vision, although we are not disposed to wrangle over it. There is abundant food for thought in the first two chapters, which will interest, if not instruct, those who hav a taste for abstruse metaphysical ratiocinations. The field is certainly broad enough to satisfy the most ambitious. The general reader will no doubt be better pleased with the two following lectures, as the author returns to the realm of reality, or, at least probability. Here we hav the views of scientists presented in readable shape, interspersed now and then, to be sure, with ideas, suggestions, and speculations of the author. But he is never dreary, and the reader, though he may not agree with him, can scarcely fail to be impressed with their plausibility. Passing over that which may be considered speculativ, there is much information to be derived from a careful perusal of these two lectures and the one following. In the closing lecture, which consumes twenty-five pages, the author elucidates a theory of life-development, if in some respects peculiar, at least plausible and original in the method of presentation. He holds that all life is a unity, recognizing not only the "brotherhood of man," but also the brotherhood of all living organisms. And he illustrates this brotherhood of organisms as an *Arbor Hominis*. The tree of life rises from the primitiv ocean, its origin the cell. The trunk separates into five branches, and the center shoot, first in origin and consequently oldest in development, has already culminated in man, being itself divided into five branches, shown in the five races. Space will not permit full explanation of this picture, which so clearly illustrates the author's system. This lecture is the most interesting of the five. Our author arrives at the conclusion that time is divided into cycles, that is, that nature, after making the round of every possible combination, must necessarily repeat itself. Thus it is of human beings, each individual has had exact counterpart in every preceding series, and will hav in the series to follow, although the length of a cycle is inconceivable. As he expresses it: "Every preceding individual of this series has been exactly like me in his mind, his constitution, his character, his every lineament, his every act, his every thought." This attempt to giv to all nature a sort of individualized immortality is clever, but it is not new. Neither is there much consolation to be derived from an immortality which lacks the very requisit to make a future existence desirable—that of recollection. Dr. Ivan Slavanski, a Russian mathematician of some note, advanced a similar argument in a paper entitled, "Periodicity: A Mathematical and Physical Proof of the Immortality of Man." Here is a quotation:

> There will then come a time when all possible place-changes of the atoms hav been exhausted, and nature must return upon its tracks, as when a pendulum has swung to its utmost limit it must return again. When all changes become exhausted, the next position taken must be one which before existed.

Referring to the earth, he continues:

> The geological eras which hav made it what it is will again work out their necessary results, and man will appear again, each individual being precisely the individual he is now, for he will be born of the same parents, be reared under the same circumstances, liv as he now livs, with those with whom he livs, and die as he will die a few years from now.

There is but one weak point in this ingenious theory that occurs to us: If the atoms of the universe are illimitable, the number of possible combinations are illimitable also; hence, instead of the universe resolving itself into an infinity of recurring series or cycles, the universe is itself but an eternal procedure.

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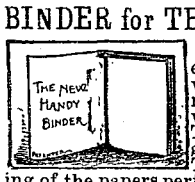
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News of the Week.

THE paper-dealers, bootblacks, icemen, and druggists of Garden City, Kan., are being suppressed by the Sunday despots.

THE San Francisco grand jury reports that the elections there are controled by a few hundred members of the criminal element.

ILLINOIS farms are ravaged by chinch bugs.

RANDALL has been attacked by cancer of the stomach.

SPIRITUALISM at Chattanooga is advancing among the negroes.

CALIFORNIA'S population has reached 1,500,000, double that of 1880.

THE Mills tariff reduction bill has passed the House of Representativs.

KANSAS Prohibitionists hav nominated for governor the Rev. Mr. Botkin.

THE Disestablishment vote in the British Parliament steadily increases.

THE Atlantic cable monopolies hav combined and raised rates exorbitantly.

CHARLES JACKSON, a wealthy furniture-dealer of Reading, Pa., has been crazed by religious reading.

REPUBLICANS continue to charge that their majorities in three or four Southern states are suppressed.

THE New York state Liquor-Dealers' Association has arranged for a vigorous campaign.

OF the 215 criminals in New York prisons r life, fifteen are women.

THERE is talk of the purchase by the United States of Cuba, which is convulsed with gitations against corrupt Spanish rule.

SIR CHARLES DILKE says that the United tates and Russia are the two most sincere nd enthusiastic religious countries in the world.

A GENERAL holiday has been proclaimed throughout Russia in honor of the nine hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity.

WESTERN farms are slowly passing from the possession of working holders into large accumulations in the hands of mortgage-taking capitalists.

HICKS CARMICHAEL, hanged at Knoxville, Tenn., for killing a man in church during the services, stated on the scaffold: "I am dying as a soldier of Jesus."

YELLOW fever is epidemic in Tampa and Manatee, Fla., and the government has assented to a request from the governor of Florida to help suppress it.

ILLINOIS railway men organizing for political action demand repeal of the Merritt conspiracy law and enforcement of the private detectiv law against the Pinkertons.

THE New York Central Labor Union will ask each assembly candidate this fall: "Will you vote to amend the conspiracy law so that it will not make boycotting a crime?"

E. P. ROE, the noted novelist who has made a fortune for himself and his publishers by his novels lacking all literary merit and filled with religion, died a few days ago.

REOENTLY a gang of the brutal Indiana White Caps, after whipping two girls whom they accused of being unchaste, were met by some resolute men and two of them shot.

IN New York city courts the admission of straw bail of worthless bondsmen, through political corruption, continually causes the escape of criminals and the loss of estates to widows and orphans.

MUCH agitation is created by a series of articles in the *Century*, written by a special correspondent sent to investigate, describing the revolting cruelty of Russia to Siberian exiles and all conspirers for liberty.

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A GOOD Christian should never go to law; rather should he giv up his coat and his pants, and everything that he hath. Churchmen never go to law; they are the most docil and easy creatures in the world on matters of business.—*Voltaire.*

"SUPPOSE," said the doctor, "instead of going into the South to subdue or kill our fellow-men, we had organized our vast army for the purpose of draining and reclaiming the Dismal Swamp. That would hav been a noble work. Where now that miserable tract is exhaling poisonous vapors, it might be to-day yielding fruits and grains to feed the children starving in our cities." "But," said Mr. Delano, "while our army were reclaiming the Dismal Swamp, the Southern army would hav been marching into our Northern towns and laying them waste!" "No, I think," said Miss Delano, "they would hav been astounded into very good humor, and would at once hav set about adjusting our quarrel amicably."—*Marie Howland's Papa's Own Girl, Radical Novel.*

A DOCTRIN more convenient for the purposes of tyrants and malefactors of every description than the non-resistance teaching of Christ it would be difficult to invent. At the same time it must be conceded that there is in it some truth, provided we discriminate between fitting and unfitting occasions for its application. It is not the violent man who assaults us, the unscrupulous man who sues us, or the persecutor who tramples on our freedom, who should be met by a benevolent return. But there are offenses of so personal a nature, affecting our individual interest so largely, and the public interest so slightly, that the best way of dealing with them may often be not to resent them, but to receive them with unruffled gentleness. Each person must judge for himself what are the cases to which this possibility applies. But the guiding rule in thus acting must be that we expect by thus returning good for evil to soften the heart of him who has done us wrong, and in the language of Paul to "heap coals of fire on his head." Should the effect be simply to relieve him from the penalty of our resentment without inducing him to change his course, we shall hav done him a moral injury and society a material injury, and the probability or improbability of such result should be measured in deciding upon the conduct to be pursued. Properly guarded, and borne in mind as the occasional exception, by no means as the rule, the return of injustice or ill-will by benevolence and kindly feeling may be of the utmost value, both in cultivating the best emotions in those who practice it, and in calling forth the repentance of those toward whom it is practiced; but as a universal and absolute principle it must be utterly rejected.—*Amberley.*

ON finding in another advanced society that the seats of highest culture are seats of disciplin in barbarism, where the test of manhood is the giving and taking of wounds in fights arising from trivial causes or none at all, and where, last year, a single day witnessed twenty-one such encounters in one university, we are reminded more of North American Indians, among whom tortures constitute the initiation of young men, than of civilized people taught for a thousand years to do good even to enemies. Or when we see, as lately in a nation akin to the last, that an officer who declined to break at once the law of his country and the law of his religion by fighting a duel, was expelled the army, we are obliged to admit that profession of a creed which forbids revenge, by those whose deeds emphatically assert revenge to be a duty (almost as emphatically as do the lowest races of men), presents humanity under an aspect not at all of the kind which we look for in "the adorable Great Being." Not reverence, not admiration, scarcely even respect, is caused by the sight of a hundred million pagans masquerading as Christians.—*Spencer.*

THE drying up of a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.
—*Byron.*

"I AM not come to bring peace but the sword," said the ingenuous founder of a creed which could not fail to produce an irrepressible conflict between the delusions of its doctrins and the inspirations of nature and science—and, of course, also between the would-be followers of its own preposterous precepts—and neither the lust of conquest nor the jealousy of rival nations has ever stained this earth with the torrents of blood shed by the bigots of that creed after its triumph over the protests of Freethought. The fatuous attempt to crush out dissent by substituting a roll of parchment for the book of Nature avenged itself by murderous wars about the interpretation of those same parchments. The dogmatists who had tried to perpetuate their power by the murder of modest rationalists, were assailed by hordes of their own irrationalists, raging about the ceremonial details of the wafer-rite and immersion rite. The bigots who had refused to heed the pleadings of Bruno and Campanella were forced to acknowledge the battle-ax logic of the Hussites.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald's Bible of Nature.*



GETTING READY TO IMBIBE THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

And the Lord came down in a cloud, and spake unto him, and took of the spirit that was upon him, and gave it unto the seventy elders: and it came to pass, that, when the spirit rested upon them, they prophesied.—Num. xi, 25.

Odds and Ends.

SPEECH is silvern, silence is golden, giggling is brazen, and laughter is often ironical.

THERE ought to be a law passed in Connecticut that railway restaurant keepers shall date their apple-pies.

WOMAN always was a siren. Even the five foolish virgins of scripture, whose lamps went out, did their best to beg 'ile!

"CAN a young man marry comfortably on $500 a year?" asks a correspondent. Yes, he can; but he will be deuced uncomfortable afterward.

MAGISTRATE (to small witness): "Teddy O'Toolihan, do you know where wicked people go to who tell lies?" Small witness: "Yis, sorr; they go to confission."

THE Sunday-school class was singing, "I want to be an angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" asked the teacher. "I'm singing as loud as I want to be an angel," explained Bobby.

MISS PRIMSON (in drug store): "I want to get a good sponge bath." Clerk (aghast): "I—er—I beg pardon?" Miss Primson: "I say I want a nice bath sponge." Clerk: "Oh! Certainly."

"BRIDGET, has Johnnie come home from school yet?" "Yis, sorr." "Hav you seen him?" "No, sorr." "Then how do you know he's home?" "'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."

FATHER: "Well, Thomas, you hav graduated from college and are now ready for your life work. What will be your field?" Son (thoughtfully): "Well, to tell the truth, sir, it's a little hard to decide between left and center."

DEACON: "I was terribly shocked, my dear, to discover on my way home from church a match game of baseball being played on the vacant lot near the park." Wife: "Was it that which made you so very late, deacon?"

"ALL the men are not fools, anyhow," snapped Mrs. Curtly to her husband during a little domestic discussion. "No, my dear," replied Mr. C., with true manly politeness. "No, there are a few bachelors left as samples."

"GRACIOUS me!" said old Mrs. Bently, who was reading an account of a public dinner. "What's the matter?" inquired old Mr. Bently. "What an awful amount o' toast these men do eat! I should think it would make 'em thirsty."

LITTLE Chicago boy: "Kin ye help a poor, harmless, helpless boy?" Kind citizen: "I reckon so. Are you an orphan, sonny?" Boy: "I'm wuss nor an orphan. Me fadder an' mudder is both diworced an' married agin', an' I don't know whose boy I am, an' am slowly fergittin' me own name."

AFTER THE MORNING SERMON.—Johnny: "Ouch! Yah-r-r-r-oh! Yiep-p-p!—d-d-don' take th' b-b-ack of th' b-brush! G-g g-rh! I won' d-do it again—ow-wow-wow!!" Grandma: "John William, your father's mother is nigh on to eighty years old, but she worked a well-sweep all her festiv youth, and the next time you feel like giving her a grasshopper in place of a clove during the solemn service of the Methodist Episcopal church, you don't want to do it!" (Clip—swipe—swat!)

"MY friend," said a tariff maniac, "do you believe in free whisky or free wool?" "Free whisky, of course; we must hav clothes." "How's that?" "With whisky cheaper we can drink the same amount and still hav a surplus for clothing."

WORK TOO ARDUOUS.—French maid: "It's mesilf, mum, what wud giv yez a wake's notice." Mistress: "Why, Marie, you get good wages and you hav only to assist me with my toilet." French maid: "Yis, but it's the lacing, mum, that's beyant me strinth."

YOUNG CHATEAUX: "I really don't care to become a lawyer. I should run very little chance of becoming eminent at the bar." Old Chateaux (acute observer): "Never fear. If you fail to achieve eminence you might become chief justice of the United States."

"YOU seem in great haste, young man," he said, solemnly. "Do you know that Sunday should be observed as a day of rest?" "Yes, sir," responded the young man, "and that's the reason I'm in such a hurry. I want to get a seat on the grand stand before they're all sold."

MUST BE RESCUED GRAMMATICALLY.—He was rescuing her from the billowy waves, but it looked as if they might never see Boston again. "Hold on tight, Penelope," he gasped, "hold on tight." "Don't say hold on tight," gurgled the girl, with her mouth full of Atlantic ocean; "say hold on tightly."

YOUTH: "I've got some poetry here I'd like to hav you look over." Editor: "Yes, sir. Hav you got your license with you?" Youth: "My license?" Editor: "Yes; your poetic license." Youth: "N-n-no. I didn't know I had to hav one." Editor: "We never look over any poetry without first seeing the poet's license. Good day."

"O MY love! my angel! To think that you will be my own little wife! May I speak to your father to-day?" "Better wait till to-morrow, dearest George. Papa would not feel that he could part with me were you to ask him to-day, but my milliner's bill is due to-morrow, and papa will jump at the chance to see me safely disposed of."

THE small son of a Baptist clergyman recently had his first pair of boots. They were somewhat hard to get on, and he tugged and stamped and twisted for some time before they were where they should be. "My goodness! mamma. Didn't they go on hard?" he said. "I came near saying devil, but then I remembered papa has told us we must not take the name of the Lord our God in vain."

A TIPSY Indian, having strayed from his wigwam, found himself lost on trying to return to it. After looking about in strange lodges here and there, the Indian exclaimed, in dismay, "Injun lost!" but recovering himself, and unwilling to acknowledge such short-sightedness, continued, drawing himself up, "No, Injun not lost—wigwam lost [striking his breast]; Injun here."

DEAN BURGON, of Chichester, was recently speaking on the nature of man as distinguished from the lower orders of creation. "Man," he remarked, "is a progressiv being; the others are stationary. Think, for example, of the ass. Always and everywhere it is the same creature; and you never saw, and never will see, a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment."

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SOME UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANTS.—REFERENCES ARE NOT ALWAYS RECOMMENDATIONS.

Notes and Clippings.

HERBERT SPENCER is working on his autobiography, but his poor health prevents his making much progress.

AN eminent Boston electrician and a New York doctor are declared to hav fears that legal execution by electricity may not result in the certain death of the criminal. For this reason they advocate the immediate cremation of the electrokteined body, so that, in case he has not been shocked to death, the prisoner may at all events be reduced to ashes and rendered incapable of further mischief.

THE persecution of Protestants in the Baltic provinces of Russia continues. Several Lutheran pastors having lately been acquitted by the lower court of having insulted the Orthodox church, it is now announced that a new law will be promulgated, according to which henceforth any Lutheran pastor accused of having attacked the dogmas of the Russian church must answer before a tribunal composed solely of members of the Greek church.

THE Rev. Dr. Henson, of Chicago, preached in St. Paul Sunday before last, on newspapers, taking as his text the speech of the editor of the New York *Sun* before the Wisconsin journalists. Dr. Henson said: "Dana says that it is the business of a newspaper to publish news. I deny it. There is a great deal that happens that has no business in print anywhere. It is not decent. It may be news, but it is news that ought never to see the light of day." Quoting this, the *Sun* comments: "This is right. We hav always observed Dr. Henson's rule. Reports of immoral acts alleged against clergymen hav never been admitted into our columns except they were brought before the courts." The preachers will in time learn to let the newspapers alone.

FRANCE is surprised at the operation of its new divorce law. The first year such a thing as a divorce was recognized by the law there were 1,800 granted, the second year 4,000, and the third year 4,500. Sixty women demand divorce for every forty men, and in more than half the cases that come before the courts there are no children. There are four divorces for every thousand marriages in France now, and in Paris the rate is forty-seven for every thousand marriages.

"A STRANGE condition of double belief," says the *Independent*, "has been developed under the pressure of a law forbidding the orthodox subjects of the czar to ever change their faith. A man, orthodox for his majesty's and the holy synod's sake and Protestant in his conscience, such a man could be raised only in Russia, under the despotic lay and clerical *régime*. And as the double belief at length leads to no belief, it can be safely stated that of all the governments of our time only that of holy Russia is systematically fostering Infidelity."

THE Jesuit father, F. T. McCarthy, in a late lecture on "Education," delivered at the Church of our Lady of Perpetual Help in Boston, said: "When the state steps in and assumes the role of school-teacher, then there is the invasion of the individual right, the invasion of the domestic rights, the invasion of the rights of the church, and the invasion of divine rights. There is no circumstance under which the state is allowed to teach. It [the public school] is subversiv of the rights of the individual, subversiv of the rights of the family, subversiv of the rights of religion, subversiv of the divine rights of God himself. It [the public school system of America] is a national fraud."

WILLIAM ROBERTS, a farmer of Princeton, Wis., his wife and four children, complain that their house has been bewitched for months by an old German woman named Albright living across the road. Lately Roberts took his gun and started to kill her, and had to be placed in custody to protect her. On the 21st ult. the case came before Justice McConnell, who had, the papers report, a book on occult sciences at his elbow, and had been preparing himself by consulting the authorities on witchcraft. On the witness stand the family told how they had summoned the parish priest and asked him to dissolve the charm, and he had confessed to them that it seemed as if supernatural agencies were at work, and he would hav to consult the bishop in order to obtain the interposition of the church in the afflicted family's behalf. The case has been continued three weeks.

THE law of this state in regard to marriage, as expounded by the court of appeals, is to the following effect: "By the law of this state, a man and a woman who are competent to marry each other, without going before a minister or magistrate, with no previous public notice given, with no form or ceremony, civil or religious, and with no record or written evidence of the act kept, and merely by words of present contract between them, may take upon themselvs the relations of husband and wife, and be bound to themselvs, to the state, and to society as such; and if, after that, the marriage is denied, proof of actual cohabitation as husband and wife, acknowledgment and recognition of each other to friends and acquaintances and the public as such and the general reputation therefor, will enable the court to presume that there was in the beginning an actual and *bona-fide* marriage. The religious press are abusing this decision, as they want marriage to be a "sacrament."

SUDDENLY one morning, a few weeks ago, we were confronted in our morning papers by the announcement that at the meeting of the school board Swinton's text-book, "Outlines of the World's History," was voted to be withdrawn from the public schools because, according to the Roman Catholics, it perverted history. This announcement was a bombshell to the many who had listened and thought with only that vague interest that is provoked by imperfect knowledge of a subject. The keen and watchful observers who had been for years uttering their protests on various occasions, were the only ones who were not surprised. This very kind of crisis was what they had predicted. The tolerant descendants of the Puritans who had worn their governmental suit of clothes so loosely and been so proud of the wearing, were aghast. They had trusted an unknown quantity. They had given to others what they claimed for themselvs, the largest liberty to manage their own affairs, and had discovered that they themselvs were being managed and betrayed by the people whom they had thus trusted, by that unknown quantity of Jesuitism which had been quietly biding its time.—*Independent*.

Selected.

The Divided Household of Faith.

From the North American Review.

Let determined things to destiny hold unbewailed their way.

There is a continual effort in the mind of man to find the harmony that he knows must exist between all known facts. It is hard for the scientist to implicitly believe anything that he suspects to be inconsistent with a known fact. He feels that every fact s a key to many mysteries—that every fact is a deectiv, not only, but a perpetual witness. He knows that a fact has a countless number of sides, and that all these sides will match all other facts, and he also suspects that to understand one fact perfectly—like the fact of the attraction of gravitation—would involve a knowledge of the universe.

It requires not only candor, but courage, to accept a fact. When a new fact is found it is generally denied, resisted, and calumniated by the conservativs until denial becomes absurd, and then they accept it with the statement that they always supposed it was true.

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Most religions—no matter how honestly they originated—hav been established by brute force. Kings and nobles hav used them as a means to enslave, to degrade and rob. The priest, consciously and unconsciously, has been the betrayer of his followers.

Near Chicago there is an ox that betrays his fellows. Cattle—twenty or thirty at a time—are driven to the place of slaughter. This ox leads the way—the others follow. When the place is reached, this Bishop Dupanloup turns and goes back for other victims.

This is the worst side: There is a better.

Honest men, believing that they hav found the whole truth—the real and only faith—filled with enthusiasm, giv all for the purpose of propagating the "divine creed." They found colleges and universities, and in perfect, pious, ignorant sincerity provide that the creed, and nothing but the creed, must be taught, and that if any professor teaches anything contrary to that, he must be instantly dismissed—that is to say, the children must be beaten with the bones of the dead.

These good religious souls erect guideboards with a provision to the effect that the guideboards must remain, whether the roads are changed or not, and with the further provision that the professors who keep and repair the guideboards must always insist that the roads hav not been changed.

There is still another side.

Professors do not wish to lose their salaries. They love their families and hav some regard for themselvs. There is a compromise between their bread and their brain. On pay-day they believe—at other times they hav their doubts. They settle with their own consciences by giving old words new meanings. They take refuge in allegory, hide behind parables, and barricade themselvs with oriental imagery. They giv to the most frightful passages a spiritual meaning—and while they teach the old creed to their followers, they speak a new philosophy to their equals.

There is still another side.

A vast number of clergymen and laymen are perfectly satisfied. They hav no doubts. They believe as their fathers and mothers did. The "scheme of salvation" suits them because they are satisfied that they are embraced within its terms. They giv themselvs no trouble. They believe because they do not understand. They hav no doubts because they do not think. They regard doubt as a thorn in the pillow of orthodox slumber. Their souls are asleep, and they hate only those who disturb their dreams. These people keep their creeds for future use. They intend to hav them ready at the moment of dissolution. They sustain about the same relation to daily life that the small boats carried by steamers do to ordinary navigation—they are for the moment of shipwreck. Creeds, like life-preservers, are to be used in disaster.

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A few centuries ago the art of printing was invented. A new world was discovered. There was a complete revolution in commerce. The arts were born again. The world was filled with adventure; millions became self-reliant; old ideas were abandoned—old theories were put aside—and suddenly, the old leaders of thought were found to be ignorant, shallow, and dishonest. The literature of the classic world was discovered and translated into modern languages. The world was circumnavigated; Copernicus discovered the true relation sustained by our earth to the solar system, and about the beginning of the seventeenth century many other wonderful discoveries were made. In 1609, a Hollander found that two lenses placed in a certain relation to each other magnified objects seen through them. This discovery was the foundation of astronomy. In a little while it came to the knowledge of Galileo; the result was a telescope, with which man has read the volume of the skies.

On the 8th day of May, 1618, Kepler discovered the greatest of his three laws. These were the first great blows struck for the enfranchisment of the human mind. A few began to suspect that the ancient Hebrews were not astronomers. From that moment the church became the enemy of science. In every possible way the inspired ignorance was defended—the lash, the sword, the chain, the fagot, and the dungeon were the arguments used by the infuriated church.

To such an extent was the church prejudiced against the new philosophy, against the new facts, that priests refused to look through the telescope of Galileo.

At last it became evident to the intelligent world that the inspired writings, literally translated, did not contain the truth—the Bible was in danger of being driven from the heavens.

The church also had its geology. The time when the earth was created had been definitly fixed and was certainly known. This fact had not only been stated by inspired writers, but their statement had been indorsed by priests, by bishops, cardinals, popes, and ecumenical councils; that was settled.

But a few men had learned the art of seeing. There were some eyes not always closed in prayer. They looked at the things about them; they observed channels that had been worn in solid rock by streams; they saw the vast territories that had been deposited by rivers; their attention was called to the slow inroads upon continents by seas—to the deposits by volcanoes—to the sedimentary rocks—to the vast reefs that had been built by the coral, and to the countless evidences of age, of the lapse of time—and finally it was demonstrated that this earth has been pursuing its course about the sun for millions and millions of ages.

The church disputed every step, denied every fact, resorted to every device that cunning could suggest or ingenuity execute, but the conflict could not be maintained. The Bible, so far as geology was concerned, was in danger of being driven from the earth.

Beaten in the open field, the church began to equivocate, to evade, and to giv new meanings to inspired words. Finally, falsehood having failed to harmonize the guesses of barbarians with the discoveries of genius, the leading churchmen suggested that the Bible was not written to teach astronomy, was not written to teach geology, and that it was not a scientific book, but that it was written in the language of the people, and that as to unimportant things it contained the general beliefs of its time.

The ground was then taken that, while it was not inspired in its science, it was inspired in its morality, in its prophecy, in its account of the miraculous, in the scheme of salvation, and in all that it had to say on the subject of religion.

The moment it was suggested that the Bible was not inspired in everything within its lids the seeds of suspicion were sown. The priest became less arrogant. The church was forced to explain. The pulpit had one language for the faithful and another for the the philosophical, *i.e.*, it became dishonest with both.

The next question that arose was as to the origin of man.

The Bible was being driven from the skies. The testimony of the stars was against the sacred volume. The church had also been forced to admit that the world was not created at the time mentioned in the Bible—so that the very stones of the earth rose and united with the stars in giving testimony against the sacred volume.

As to the creation of the world, the church resorted to the artifice of saying that "days" in reality meant long periods of time; so that no matter how old the earth was, the time could be spanned by six periods—in other words, that the years could not be too numerous to be divided by six.

But when it came to the creation of man, this evasion, or artifice, was impossible. The Bible givs the date of the creation of man, because it givs the age at which the first man died, and then it givs the generations from Adam to the flood, and from the flood to the birth of Christ, and in many instances the actual age of the principal ancestor is given. So that, according to this account—according to the inspired figures—man has existed upon the earth only about six thousand years. There is no room left for any people beyond Adam.

If the Bible is true, certainly Adam was the first man; consequently we know, if the sacred volume be true, just how long man has lived and labored and suffered on this earth.

The church cannot and dare not giv up the account of the creation of Adam from the dust of the earth, and of Eve from the rib of the man. The church cannot giv up the story of the garden of Eden—the serpent, the fall, and the expulsion. These must be defended because they are vital. Without these absurdities, the system known as Christianity cannot exist. Without the fall, the atonement is a *non sequitur*. Facts bearing upon these questions were discovered and discussed by the greatest and most truthful of men. Lamarck, Humboldt, Haeckel, and above all, Darwin, not only asserted, but demonstrated, that man is not a special creation. If anything can be established by observation, by reason, then the fact has been established that man is related to all life below him; that he has been slowly produced through countless years; that the story of Eden is a childish myth; that the fall of man is an infinit absurdity.

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The church, however, has not been willing to accept these truths, because they contradict the sacred word. Some of the most ingenious of the clergy hav been endeavoring for years to show that there is no conflict—that the account in Genesis is in perfect harmony with the theories of Charles Darwin—and these clergymen in some way manage to retain their creed, and to accept a philosophy that utterly destroys it.

It is, however, still insisted that the Bible is inspired in its morality. Let us examin this question.

We must admit, if we know anything, if we feel anything, if conscience is more than a word, if there is such a thing as right and such a thing as wrong beneath the dome of heaven, we must admit that slavery is immoral. If we are honest, we must also admit that the Old Testament upholds slavery. It will be cheerfully admitted that Jehovah was opposed to the enslavement of one Hebrew by another. Christians may quote the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," as being opposed to human slavery, but after that commandment was given Jehovah himself told his chosen people that they might "buy their bondmen and bondwomen of the heathen round about, and that they should be their bondmen and their bondwomen forever." So all that Jehovah meant by the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," was that one Hebrew should not steal from another Hebrew, but that all Hebrews might steal from the people of any other race or creed.

It is perfectly apparent that the Ten Commandments were made only for the Jews, not for the world, because the author of these commandments commanded the people to whom they were given to violate them nearly all as against the surrounding people.

A few years ago it did not occur to the Christian world that slavery was wrong. It was upheld by the church. Ministers bought and sold the very people for whom they declared that Christ had died. Clergymen of the English church owned stock in slave ships, and the man who denounced slavery was regarded as the enemy of morality, and thereupon was duly mobbed by the followers of Jesus Christ. Churches were built with the results of labor stolen from colored Christians. Babes were sold from mothers, and a part of the money given to send missionaries from America to heathen lands with the tidings of great joy. Now every intelligent man on the earth, every decent man, holds in abhorrence the institution of human slavery.

So with the institution of polygamy. If anything on the earth is immoral, that is. If there is anything calculated to destroy home, to do away with human love, to blot out the idea of family life, to cover the hearthstone with serpents, it is the institution of polygamy. The Jehovah of the Old Testament was a believer in that institution.

Can we now say that the Bible is inspired in its morality? Consider for a moment the manner in which, under the direction of Jehovah, wars were waged. Remember the atrocities that were committed. Think of a war where everything was the food of the sword. Think for a moment of a deity capable of committing the crimes that are described and gloated over in the Old Testament. The civilized man has outgrown the sacred cruelties and absurdities.

There is still another side to this question.

A few centuries ago nothing was more natural than the unnatural. Miracles were as plentiful as actual events. In those blessed days, that which actually occurred was not regarded of sufficient importance to be recorded. A religion without miracles would hav excited derision. A creed that did not fill the horizon, that did not account for everything, that could not answer every question, would hav been regarded as worthless.

After the birth of Protestantism, it could not be admitted by the leaders of the Reformation that the Catholic church still had the power of working miracles. If the Catholic church was still in partnership with God, what excuse could hav been made for the Reformation? The Protestants took the ground that the age of miracles had passed. This was to justify the new faith. But Protestants could not say that miracles had never been performed, because that would take the foundation not only from the Catholics but from themselvs; consequently, they were compelled to admit that miracles were performed in the apostolic days, but to insist that in their time man must rely upon the facts in nature. Protestants were compelled to carry on two kinds of war; they had to contend with those who insisted that miracles had never been performed; and in that argument they were forced to insist upon the necessity for miracles, on the probability that they were performed, and upon the truthfulness of the apostles.

A moment afterward, they had to answer those who contended that miracles were performed at that time; then they brought forward against the Catholics the same arguments that their first opponents had brought against them.

This has made every Protestant brain "a house divided against itself." This planted in the Reformation the "irrepressible conflict."

We hav at last ascertained that miracles can be perfectly understood; that there is nothing mysterious about them; that they are simply transparent falsehoods.

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Let us see what the church, within a few years, has been compelled substantially to abandon—that is to say, what it is now almost ashamed to defend.

First, the astronomy of the sacred scriptures; second, the geology; third, the account given of the origin of man; fourth, the doctrin of original sin, the fall of the human race; fifth, the mathematical contradiction known as the trinity; sixth, the atonement—because it was only on the ground that man is accountable for the sin of another, that he could be justified by reason of the righteousness of another; seventh, that the miraculous is either the misunderstood or the impossible; eighth, that the Bible is not inspired in its morality, for the reason that slavery is not moral, that polygamy is not good, that wars of extermination are not merciful, and that nothing can be more immoral than to punish the innocent on account of the sins of the guilty; and, ninth, the divinity of Christ.

All this must be given up by the really intelligent, by those not afraid to think, by those who hav the courage of their convictions and the candor to express their thoughts.

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Once the pulpit was the leader—it spoke with authority. By its side was the sword of the state, with the hilt toward its hand. Now it is apologized for—it carries a weight. It is now like a living man to whom has been chained a corpse. It cannot defend the old, and it has not accepted the new. In some strange way it imagins that morality cannot liv except in partnership with the sanctified follies and falsehoods of the past.

The old creeds cannot be defended by argument. They are not within the circumference of reason—they are not embraced in any of the facts within the experience of man. All the subterfuges hav been exposed; all the excuses hav been shown to be shallow, and at last the church must meet, and fairly meet, the objections of our time.

Solemnity is no longer an argument. Falsehood is no longer sacred. People are not willing to admit that mistakes are divine. Truth is more important than belief—far better than creeds, vastly more useful than superstitions. The church must accept the truths of the present, must admit the demonstrations of science, or take its place in the mental museums with the fossils and monstrosities of the past.

. . . . . .

As a last resource, the orthodox tell the thoughtful that they are not "spiritual"—that they are "of the earth, earthy"—that they cannot perceive that which is spiritual. They insist that "God is a spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit."

But let me ask, What is it to be spiritual? In order to be really spiritual, must a man sacrifice this world for the sake of another? Were the selfish hermits, who deserted their wives and children for the miserable purpose of saving their own little souls, spiritual? Were those who put their fellowmen in dungeons, or burned them at the stake on account of a difference of opinion, all spiritual people? Did John Calvin giv evidence of his spirituality by burning Servetus? Were they spiritual people who invented and used instruments of torture—who denied the liberty of thought and expression—who waged wars for the propagation of the faith? Were they spiritual people who insisted that infinit love could punish his poor, ignorant children forever? Is it necessary to believe in eternal torment to understand the meaning of the word spiritual? Is it necessary to hate those who disagree with you, and to calumniate those whose argument you cannot answer, in order to be spiritual? Must you hold a demonstrated fact in contempt; must you deny or avoid what you know to be true, in order to substantiate the fact that you are spiritual?

What is it to be spiritual? Is the man spiritual who searches for the truth—who livs in accordance with his highest ideal—who loves his wife and children—who discharges his obligations—who makes a happy fireside for the ones he loves—who succors the oppressed—who givs his honest opinions—who is guided by principle—who is merciful and just?

Is the man spiritual who loves the beautiful—who is thrilled by music, and touched to tears in the presence of the sublime, the heroic, and the self-denying? Is the man spiritual who endeavors by thought and deed to ennoble the human race?

The defenders of the orthodox faith, by this time, should know that the foundations are insecure.

They should hav the courage to defend, or the candor to abandon. If the Bible is an inspired book, it ought to be true. Its defenders must admit that Jehovah knew the facts not only about the earth, but about the stars, and that the creator of the universe knew all about geology and astronomy even four thousand years ago.

The champions of Christianity must show that the Bible tells the truth about the creation of man, the garden of Eden, the temptation, the fall, and the flood. They must take the ground that the sacred book is historically correct; that the events related really happened; that the miracles were actually performed; that the laws promulgated from Sinai were and are wise and just; and that nothing is upheld, commanded, or indorsed, or in any way approved or sustained, that is not absolutely right. In other words, if they insist that a being of infinit goodness and intelligence is the author of the Bible, they must be ready to show that it is absolutely perfect. They must defend its astronomy, geology, history, miracle, and morality.

If the Bible is true, man is a special creation, and if man is a special creation, millions of facts must hav conspired, millions of ages ago, to deceive the scientific world of to-day.

If the Bible is true, slavery is right, and the world should go back to the barbarism of the lash and chain. If the Bible is true, polygamy is the highest form of virtue. If the Bible is true, nature has a master, and the miraculous is independent of and superior to cause and effect. If the Bible is true, most of the children of men are destined to suffer eternal pain. If the Bible is true, the science known as astronomy is a collection of mistakes, the telescope is a false witness, and light is a luminous liar. If the Bible is true, the science known as geology is false and every fossil is a petrified perjurer.

The defenders of orthodox creeds should hav the courage to candidly answer at least two questions: First, Is the Bible inspired? Second, Is the Bible true? And when they answer these questions, they should remember that if the Bible is true, it needs no inspiration, and that if not true, inspiration can do it no good.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Wesley and the Revolution.

An oppressed people hav asked nothing more than their rights.

The above words appear in a letter, concerning the American colonists, which Wesley is said to hav written to the earl of Dartmouth. This letter is being circulated by Wesley's admirers to convince a credulous public that during the Revolution he was the ardent friend of America. But nothing can be more remote from the truth than this claim. Wesley was not the friend but the enemy of America. If he did write this letter, if at first he sympathized with the Americans, like Benedict Arnold, he soon found it convenient to desert their cause, and uphold the despotic rule of the king. The letter to Dartmouth is dated June 14, 1775. A few months later, in "A Calm Address to Our American Colonies," we find Wesley giving expression to such "calm" sentiments as the following:

Brethren and countrymen, The grand question which is now debated (and with warmth enough on both sides) is this, Has the English Parliament power to tax the American colonies? . . . *The supreme power in England has a legal right of laying any tax upon them for any end beneficial to the whole empire* (Wesley's Miscellaneous Works, vol. iii, p. 130).

They hav a right to all which the king has given them, but not to all which they hav given themselvs (Ibid, p. 132).

You hav, therefore, exactly what your ancestors left you, not a vote in making laws, nor in choosing legislators, but the happiness of being protected by laws, and the duty of obeying them (Ibid).

In answer to the claim that the colonists "are entitled to life, liberty, and property by nature," he affirms that the king and Parliament hav "*the power of disposing, without their consent, of both their lives, liberties, and properties*" (Ibid). [The italics are Wesley's.]

After all the vehement cry for liberty, what more liberty can you hav? (Ibid, p. 134).

Should any man talk or write of the Dutch government as every cobbler does of the English, he would be laid in irons (Ibid).

Be warned in time. Stand and consider before it is too late. . . . Let us put away our sins, the real ground of all our calamities! Which never will or can be thoroughly removed, till we fear God and honor the king (Ibid, p. 135).

A short time after the publication of his "Calm Address," in reply to a sermon preached by Dr. Smith, of Philadelphia, in defense of the colonies, he petulantly inquires:

What liberty do you want, either civil or religious? You had the very same liberty we hav in England. I say you *had*, but you hav thrown away the substance, and retain only the shadow (Ibid).

Your rights are no more violated than mine (Ibid, p. 136).

But "a people will resume," you say, "the power which they never surrendered, except——" No need of any exception. They never surrendered it at all; they could not surrender it, for they never had it (Ibid).

In conclusion he says:

You "profess yourselvs to be contending for liberty," but it is a vain, empty profession, unless you mean by that threadbare word, a liberty from obeying your rightful sovereign, and from keeping the fundamental laws of your country. And this undoubtedly it is, which the confederated colonies are now contending for (Ibid).

He characterizes the Americans as "rebels." June 28, 1777, just two years and two weeks after the date of the Dartmouth letter, in a controversial tract, he writes as follows:

Do all these [dissenters] defend the American rebels? Who affirms it? I hope not a quarter, not a tenth part of them (Ibid, p. 486).

In the same tract, again referring to the Americans, he says:

As soon as I was convinced they sought independence, I knew they were in the wrong (Ibid, p. 487).

In a letter to Joseph Benson, written in 1777, Wesley records a scrap of history that ought to be kept before the public so long as boastful Methodism, with its arrogant and meddling priests, survives to curse our country. He writes:

I hav just received two letters from New York. . . . They inform me that all the Methodists there were firm for the government, and on that account persecuted by the rebels (Ibid, pp. 410, 411).

Thus in the darkest hours of the Revolution, when our patriotic fathers were suffering privations and miseries unspeakable, when the cherished hopes of freedom seemed fading forever from their sight, when heroic champions of liberty from other lands—the Lafayettes, the Steubens, and the Pulaskis—were giving their treasures and shedding their blood to sustain if possible the just cause, this Methodist pope was gloating with satisfaction over the assurance that the American dupes were all Tories!

Writing to a friend during the Revolution, he says:

I made an offer to the government of raising some men. The secretary of war (by the king's order) wrote me word "that it was not necessary, but if ever it should be necessary his majesty would let me know" (Ibid, p. 414).

In 1782, in an article entitled, "How Far is it the Duty of a Christian Minister to Preach Politics?" he bitterly denounces those who hav seen fit to censure the king and his ministry for the manner in which they hav prosecuted the war against the Americans. He concludes that generally ministers should refrain from preaching politics; "but when they are censured without any color of reason, and when an odium is cast on the king by that means, we ought to preach politics in this sense also; we ought publicly to confute those unjust censures" (Ibid, p. 137).

When the war had ended, alluding to George III., he affirms that "his whole conduct . . . has been worthy of an Englishman, worthy of a Christian, and worthy of a king" (Ibid, p. 104).

During the Revolutionary struggle George III. did not hav a more fawning sycophant, nor the American patriots a more ungenerous foe, than John Wesley, and every attempt to conceal or palliate the fact will only serve to giv it wider publicity.

J. E. REMSBURG.

An Erring Enthusiast.

Christian history is the history of civilization; Christianity alone is the civilizer of the human animal. At best, the race beyond its pale exhibits only here and there a specimen of true manhood. It is only as enlightened from the manger of Bethlehem and the cross of Calvary that the race ceases to be savage.

Thus carelessly, but dogmatically, writes Bishop Coxe, of New York; and the Chicago daily *News*, commenting on the sentiment, pronounces it "monstrous."

And so it is; and absolutely destitute of truth. One who can thus deliberately falsify history must indeed hav his mental faculties obscured by prejudice.

Those elements that now make up our civilization are, with scarcely a notable exception, gifts to us from the pagan ante-Christian, ante-Christ ages of the world. It was thought proper to say of Moses that "he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" and from Egypt after centuries were handed down to the thrifty and enlightened republics of commercial Phœnicia, the splendidly civilized democracies of Greece, and to immortal Rome, those arts and sciences which, received by Egypt from earlier and not less enlightened governments, enabled that wonderful country, though scarcely more extensiv than our territory of Dakota, to support in peace, plenty, and happiness a population equal to that of the United States in 1887, and to embellish and enrich, at the time of Amasias, twenty thousand cities.

What is civilization? A state of organized society whose members hav the manners of those who liv in cities—manners opposed to those of rustics and barbarians. But, in a more comprehensiv sense, and as we understand it, civilization means the cultivation of the arts and sciences, their adaptation to the needs of man, and the rendering by man of all his duties to his fellow-men, and also the concession to him of all his rights. If civilization means more than this, our lexicographers are grossly at fault. From pagan Greece we hav received architecture, poetry, philosophy, sculpture, tragedy, comedy, geometry, physics, history, and politics; and, in the language of a famous historian, "its monuments of art still form the basis of taste for all civilized nations." The age of Pericles was five hundred years before the "car-

penter's son" walked the stormy waters of Chineroth. Is the civilization of Rome of to-day, of Greece of to-day, of Palestine of to-day (for Mohammedanism is a phase of Christianity), a type of the civilization of Christianity? Christianity found the world enjoying the highest state of civilization; but after a few centuries of Christian enterprise there came upon mankind the dense moral darkness of the medieval ages. Our civilization is not the product of Christianity. The reverse is entirely true. Modern Christianity is one of the peculiar products of the present civilization of Europe and America.

E. RICHMOND.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

The Roll of Honor.

G. A. F. de Lespinasse, M.D., Orange City, Ia	$25 00
Mrs. A. W. Lake, Garrettsville, O	5 00
W. L. Willis, Kokomo, Ind	5 00
J. E. Brooks, McMinnville, Ore., charter fee	5 00
James Gruber, Chicago	2 00
John Courbet, St. Paul, Minn	2 00
A. J. Craft, Grantfort, Ill	2 00
Andrew Beveridge, Perrysville, Pa	2 00
Mrs. James Beveridge, Perrysville, Pa	1 00
Wm. Johnson, Chicago	1 00
Mrs. Mary Martin, Fitchville, O	50

Dr. Lespinasse, a cultured, practical Freethinker, enlists as a life-member. He was born and reared in the atmosphere of reason and imbibed incredulity with his mother's milk. For many years his father was one of the shining apostles of Freethought in Holland, and continued the good fight to the end after coming to this country, being the only person buried in Sioux county whose funeral was not afflicted by the presence of "sky-pilots," as he termed them. The doctor was doubtless preordained as a "lost sheep," for he never read three lines of the holy book until after he was eighteen years of age, his father saying that it was a waste of time, which a subsequent perusal confirmed as the proper diagnosis. Our friend thus states the case *ex tacito:* "I was struck by your arguments in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Certainly no church could exist without free contributions pouring in from the faithful, and no organization can possibly be a success without the wherewith to pay expenses. Lack of enthusiasm among Liberals is astonishingly great. I hav often wondered why. Every Liberal could afford $100 or $50 a year to advance the cause, and while wondering I was constantly guilty myself. I hope this will procure absolution from the heinous sin of indifference."

Mrs. Lake's letters, besides breathing hope and bringing substantial aid, are a flat contradiction to the oft-repeated assertion that woman cannot reason. She is asking the preachers how, if God made man in the "beginning," he will hav an endless life. "Can anything be endless that has a beginning?" Her heroic resolution to fight superstition is here given:

Shall I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease,
While others fight and falter not and always pay the fees?
By all above, around, below,
This is my earnest answer, "No!"

Is there no answer from a hundred others?

Brother Willis, also a life-member, fights superstition and bigotry with a boldness and bravery that challenge our admiration. He also labors for the elevation of mankind by destroying monopolies and improving social conditions with a devotion and persistence which prove that he possesses heart as well as brain. He believes that "religion is humanity's curse, and sustained by ignorance it will liv until intelligence becomes general. So our work is educational—a slow process." He also will be at Pittsburgh.

A Secular Union is planted at McMinnville, Ore., by President Putnam, on whose oriflam is inscribed, "Organize, organize." The noble band at that point, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. Olds and Mr. J. E. Brooks, will not let the watchfires die out at McMinnville for want of attendance.

James Gruber is a true soldier of the Secular cause, a hard-working, enthusiastic member of the Chicago society, and a whole-souled fellow in general. "Jim" is one of our deacons. His charming wife is also the accomplished alto of the Secular Union quartet, and volunteers her services.

John Courbet is one of the numerous TRUTH SEEKER family of St. Paul who believes something should be done in his own city. Brother Marlett's business—American express *messenger*—takes him to that point every week, so I sent leaflets and literature in abundance. Brother Marlett found Mr. Courbet stocked with a vast amount of solid information and discovered that he was quite a reader and thinker. St. Paul will, we hope, be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in the American Secular Union this fall, through Brother Courbet and others with whom we are negotiating.

A. J. Kraft, the postmaster at Grantfork, Ill., is doing his share to disperse the dark clouds of superstition and priestcraft, as he is scattering Liberal literature thickly in his neighborhood. He also forwards $2 more, saying that he feels that duty calls and he must obey. There are a good many thousand Liberals who are dead to the call of duty. We tender our thanks again to A. J. Kraft.

Our Perrysville, Pa., friends, Mrs. James and Andrew Beveridge, are among the sturdy friends of Freethought and humanity, and evidence their solicitude for the Secular cause in a practical way. They express regret that they had not sent sooner, but say "it is better late than never." Well, I should remark it is. We do not wish to prohibit that kind of a beverage, whether late or not.

"Old Mr. Johnson" has been out in Washington territory since May, and has just returned to Chicago. Age has not dimmed his enthusiasm for Freethought, and he feels as interested in the cause as when he helped George Jacob Holyoake to stem the tide of bigotry in England many years ago.

Mrs. Martin sends her contribution with regrets about "What Can a Woman Do?" Her efforts very ably answer that question. If similar responses were sufficiently numerous, it would be seen that women are the very life and energy of all great movements. Without them we cannot hope for success.

Mayor Roche having received some unfavorable criticism at my hands, I readily hasten to record his commendable appointment to the board of education of a leading Scandinavian citizen, a stanch Freethinker, a subscriber and eager reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and a member of the Chicago Secular Union, Chas. J. Sundell. Born in Stockholm, Mr. Sundell came to this city in 1857, and the next year received the appointment of Swedish and Norwegian vice-consul at Chicago, a post he held until 1861. In that year he was appointed by President Lincoln United States consul at Stettin, Prussia, in which position he served till 1867, when he returned to Chicago, and has ever since been the agent of the Allan Royal Mail Steamship Company. Mr. Sundell is considered the intellectual head of his countrymen, being invariably called upon to address any of their gatherings if it is of a progressiv character. His selection reflects honor on the cause as well as on the character and ability of the man. So far as possible the secretary will hav an able ally in Mr. Sundell. Especially will he endeavor to make the schools the secular institutions they should be, nor will he be any cipher on the board when he becomes familiar with the work.

When Brother Jamieson and Miss Helen H. Gardener lectured in Quitman, Mo., it was learned that the principal of the school, Geo. H. Dawes, was a Liberal, and he was consequently made the text of several sermons, and industriously lied about in the pulpit for "Christ's sake" until his dismissal was accomplished. Brother Dawes then moved his family to Pittsville, Wis., hoping to procure the principalship of the school, as he possessed by far the highest qualifications of any applicant, but orthodox hate followed him, and he failed to secure it. He obtained a country school to which he daily tramped through mud, snow, and storms with the thermometer often 50° below zero, for a paltry apology of a salary. Mr. Dawes has again been defeated for the principalship, as the board hav decided he "is not the proper person." Now, so far as known, his reputation is as unsullied as his ability is unquestioned. But his defeat is the modern mode of Christian persecution for daring to possess an opinion—for asserting his right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is just what orthodoxy is doing all the time, and, worst of all, doing it with the aid and consent of Liberals. For I'll venture to say that if Mr. Dawes received but a small per cent of what some Liberals pay to their powerful persecutors, he would be amply sustained.

Mr. Dawes's special desire is to wake up the largely indifferent Liberals of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and, so far as possible, bring them to a knowledge of the purpose and work of the American Secular Union. No one who has read his articles in the Liberal press can fail to question his fitness, for they demonstrate that he is an earnest, philosophic, and scientific thinker and lucid writer. He brings to the discussion of these questions that force which good, pure language and natural dignity impart, and there will be no antics in his advocacy of a philosophy which ought to appeal to advanced intellects. A long time ago, in canvassing the subject, he gave me his idea in these words: "Clownish actions may do in a church, but if we expect Liberalism to expand, our representativ men must possess manners that will pass in good society." His recent contribution, "The Mission of Liberalism," was an admirable consideration of the relativ utility of constructiv and destructiv forces, proving that destructiv arguments necessarily precede constructiv action.

Here is a capable man willing to work in the much-neglected fields of Wisconsin and Minnesota, but if not sustained, he will of course answer calls on any route. Will you Liberals of wealth allow our young friend to depart? There are enough in a few cities alone to sustain a dozen lecturers in those two states. If Liberals in Minnesota and Wisconsin will not keep one man busy, it will not only show their indifference to the world but will be to their lasting disgrace and injury. Nothing exasperates me so much as these contemptible, never-do-anything Liberals, when every orthodox spire is a menace to our liberty and it is the sacred duty of every one of us—vastly more sacred than any Christian duty—to help our Union first to Secularize the state, also to assist the press and lecturers and counteract Christian pernicious influence. A real Liberal will do this to the utmost of his ability when it is properly brought to his attention. *If* not, he is one of two things—a fool or a fraud.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

State, Nature, and Art.

God ought to be a Protestant. I couldn't help thinking so the day I visited the Philadelphia House of Correction; and if anyone has the patience to hear me out, I think he will agree with me before I conclude this narrativ.

There is a perfect anomaly at the gate of this institution—a civil policeman (though that is not the reason God ought to be a Protestant. Civility is ordinarily incompatible with a blue coat trimmed with brass buttons). This gentleman—I am glad to giv him the title—displayed no unnecessary pomp or patronizing air, as he showed us the way toward the queer-shaped brick building with its radiating corridors, where eleven hundred of the "best citizens of Philadelphia" are being "corrected."

Are you surprised? Well, that is what the keeper told us, when I inquired whether the inmates learned trades or not. "No," said he, in a pious accent (the old gentleman was very pious), "this isn't a penal institution; this is a reformatory institution. Some of the best citizens of Philadelphia come here."

For all I could see, the "best citizens" looked very much like any other citizens. As Piety took us around and showed us their various employments, I discerned no very distinguishing characteristics of goodness or of evil on the many faces which seemed to look up with a slight sigh of relief at a break in the monotony, as one sometimes looks at a clock when it strikes. The nature of people appears much the same, whether in the prisons of the law, of the church, or of toil, or of disease. It is a terrible monotony, that is all. It is a pity that people should build places like this to put other people in, and then go look at them as if the human beings imprisoned there were a menagerie of wild beasts. Yet no worse than the prison-houses of thought, nor the gaunt cells of want, nor the torture-bed of suffering. A convict, a house of correction inmate, is only the outward abscess of an inward sore rotting the vitals of society; and a prison appears to me like a very weak piece of salve put on by those quack doctors called law-makers, with the silly expectation that it will purge the blood of poison.

However, I started out to tell why God should be a Protestant, and this is a long way from the mark.

Piety showed us through the clammy corridors of cells, pointing out all the ingenious contrivances for locking in these "best of citizens," whose only crime, he told us, was drunkenness; permitting us to examin the cells (which were as narrow as a hungry stomach), and make all the uncivil remarks we had a mind to. I attended to that part of the program. I was open in my unqualified disapproval of the "dark cell" to which some of these "best citizens" are treated when they refuse to work or are otherwise unruly. That hideous, tantalizing, bound-in-blackness imposed by the state upon the helpless individual, seems to me a good deal worse crime than anything ascribed to these men and women by the pious keeper. Upon the simple washstand with which each cell is furnished there lie three books—a hymn-book, a Bible, and a smaller edition of the New Testament. Verily religion penetrates the marrow of the coldest stones! What a soft snap that institution must be for religious book-agents and pious publishing houses!

Our attention was called to the shoemaker's department and the tailor's department and the laundry department, in which latter the wage-labor outside is brought into competition with one-third rates—collars one cent, cuffs two cents, and other articles in proportion. A diabolic system of robbery, nothing less. By means of this, the quarry, and various other schemes, the "institution not only supports itself, but yields quite a revenue to the city," Piety complacently informed us.

Patience, my friends. I am coming to God's case now. Take notice that all tradespeople committed to the tender mercies of the house work at their trades and get their board therefor. We are now shown into the chapel. Attendance is compulsory! In reply to our questions regarding the quality of the religion, we are informed it is Methodist at present. "Any Catholic inmates?" "Oh, yes; a large number." "Compelled to attend?" "Yes. But our minister always tells them to obey the priest." "Do you think it just to ask a Catholic to outrage his conscience?" "Well, compulsory attendance is our

rule." "You hav a piano?" "Yes, one of the inmates plays." At this point the "committee of entertainment" put in a wedge with a sharp point. "Is the minister a salaried official?" "Yes, sir; oh, yes, sir!" "Ah!" murmurs the unholy committee in an undertone, "couldn't you utilize one of the inmates?"

Now I hope you see why God should be a Protestant. To my mind it is the basest of all base actions for a religionist to steal from God. And since the preachers—especially the Methodist preachers—continually assert that without the spirit of God they are powerless to work good, I say it is a sin and a shame for them to take God's salary. And if I were he I should be a very vigorous *protestant*. Furthermore I, as a member of the American public, object very strongly to paying the wrong individual, and I move that Congress appoint a committee to take charge of the funds raised for the promotion of God's work. And if he does not call for them in sixty days from date of deposit then they will be returned to their donors. I am tired of paying high rent that some one else may pay high taxes, that some one else may build high steeples that some one else may preach high-sounding jargon in and get a high salary for, only to find out in the end that the money was obtained under false pretenses. Will the member from Grand Rapids please take notice?

From the house of correction to the far-famed zoological gardens is a sudden jump, yet altogether a refreshing one. There is no piety here. There are no Catholic monkeys, no Presbyterian kangaroos, no Baptist otters—no, no. I was about to say no Mormon eagles, but I am afraid I had better say elders. I am afraid the eagles were not monogamic. However, they were not setting themselvs up as guides for their fellow-eagles. Wondrously beautiful were those gardens as they lay all embalmed in the sweet June sunshine! Fairmount park is altogether lovely, and this particular portion is more lovely than all the rest. There is such a wealth of beauty; such a flood of sweetness. No stinted measure; no suggestion of narrowed boundaries. From the hedges the rose-leaves come showering down like a rain of kisses, lying red on the earth's upturned lips; the ground vibrates with poetry; the air quivers with song. Our pre-Adamite ancestors—some of them looked very wise, with their venerable beards; their hands on their knees, man-fashion; their philosophic craniums, no doubt as well filled with profound reflections on the inferiority of the female brain as those of some other philosophers who hav been airing their musty ideas of late—our ancestors, as I was saying, hav a delightful Eden. And it would be a beautiful resting-place on the "holy Sabbath;" a sweet escape from the tormenting preacher; a glorious lesson to point the inquirer up the long ascent of progress, but I understand the Sunday law decrees otherwise. I do not wonder at the use of the phrase, "Smart as a Philadelphia lawyer." It must indeed require a very large brain, and one deserving Dickens's title, the Artful Dodger, to retain and defend all the absurd, unnatural, and abominable laws with which the Quaker City is cursed. Not more cramped the aristocratic Chinese foot than Philadelphia nature by this accursed iron shoe of bigot law. It requires a vigorous local agitation, a continual "fuss," an energetic upheaval of independent thought, to make manifest the odiousness of this tyranny; and I hope our Philadelphia friends will go about rooting up facts in the ins and outs of the city, and open the fall campaign by a determined attack on this ecclesiastical insult. Let the voices from the alleys and the cellars and the attics, from factory and furnace and all the treadmills of toil, cry up against this outrage, which chains their liberty to rotting corpses on the only day when the stern struggle for existence relaxes its throttling grasp, and, pointing to the closed places of amusement and instruction, says, with grim satire, "Rest."

For a consideration of $200,000 the art gallery was opened to the public on Sunday—a remarkable concession. There are some magnificent paintings and sculptures there, and I was pleased to notice that, notwithstanding the fact that modest Anthony lectured in the city, Sunday, May 27th, the statues had not donned clothes; and, judging from the throng of people that surged through this painted city of the beautiful, the carved thoughts of the masters and the *spirituel* canvas of the color-dreamers had rather the larger audience. Thus the good, the beautiful, the true, though pleading they reach out their pure white hands through the dark prison bars of hate; though their voices are hushed by the gags of force, and the tyranny of base souls has sought to steep them in the hated rust of its own chains, still, still they triumph. And wherever nature has spoken humanity has listened; where love's dews hav fallen the flowers hav bloomed; wings unpinioned must upward float; back of the clouds the starshine smiles.

And with the certainty that as the ideal of freedom rises over the world, like dawn upon the mountain-tops, the shackles of this fair Eastern city will sink soundless into the past's deep sea, I bid good-bye to my pleasant friends, and once more am borne away into the purple of the evening and the hills.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

A Dangerous Parallel.

From the American Sentinel, Oakland, Cal.

Alongside of the statements of the Elgin Sunday-law convention, given in a foregoing article, we desire to place some facts of history which reveal a threatening danger that the American people do not dream of. By this we intend to show that it was in this way precisely that the union of church and state was formed in the fourth century, out of which grew the papacy in its highest pretensions. There is no need of much argument; all we hav to do is to quote the history, and the parallel can be so plainly seen that argument is unnecessary.

Neander says of the fourth century:

As is evident from the synodal laws of the fourth century, worldly-minded bishops, instead of caring for the salvation of their flocks, were often but too much inclined to travel about, and entangle themselvs in worldly concerns (Church History, vol. ii, p. 16; Torrey's edition, Boston, 1857).

So it is now with these Sunday-law preachers, in their working up of religio-political conventions and their lobbying almost every legislature in the land. But what was the purpose of these worldly-minded bishops in entangling themselvs in worldly concerns? Neander tells:

This theocratical theory was already the prevailing one in the time of Constantine; and . . . bishops voluntarily made themselvs dependent on him by their disputes, and by *their determination to make use of the power of the state for the furtherance of their own aims* (Ib., p. 132).

What, then, were their aims? Their first and greatest aim was the exaltation of themselvs, and second only to that was the exaltation of Sunday. These two things had been their principal aims, and especially of the bishops of Rome, for more than a hundred years, when Constantine gave them a chance to make their aims effectual by the power of the state. The first assertion of the arrogant pretensions of the bishop of Rome to power over the whole church was made in behalf of Sunday by Victor, who was bishop of Rome from A.D. 193 to 202.

He wrote an imperious letter to the Asiatic prelates, commanding them to imitate the example of the western Christians with respect to the time of celebrating Easter [that is, commanding them to celebrate it always on Sunday]. The Asiatics answered this lordly requisition . . . with great spirit and resolution, that they would by no means depart, in this manner, from the customs handed down to them by their ancestors. Upon this the thunder of excommunication began to roar. Victor, exasperated by this resolute answer of the Asiatic bishops, broke communion with them, pronounced them unworthy of the name of his brethren, and excluded them from all fellowship with the church of Rome (Mosheim, Church History, 2d Century, part II, chap. v, par. 11).

One of the earliest things in which these church managers secured from Constantine the use of the power of the state, was the famous edict prohibiting certain kinds of work on "the venerable day of the sun." That edict runs thus:

Let all the judges and townspeople and the occupation of all trades rest on the venerable day of the sun; but let those who are situated in the country, freely and at full liberty attend to the business of agriculture; because it often happens that no other day is so fit for sowing corn and planting vines; lest, the critical moment being let slip, men should lose the commodities granted by heaven.

This edict was issued March 7, A.D. 321. It will be seen by this edict that only judges and townspeople and mechanics were commanded to rest on Sunday. If mechanics were allowed to work, the spiritual temple could not be built "without the noise of the hammer;" don't you see? But this did not satisfy the political managers of the churches for any great length of time.

By a law of the year 386, those older changes effected by the Emperor Constantine were more rigorously enforced, and, in general, civil transactions of every kind on Sunday were strictly forbidden. Whoever transgressed was to be considered, in fact, as guilty of sacrilege (Neander, ib., p. 300).

But these laws only prohibited *work* on Sunday; pleasure-seeking, games, etc., were not even yet prohibited. Consequently a church convention held at Carthage in 401—

Resolved to petition the emperor that the public shows might be transferred from the Christian Sunday and from feast days to some other days of the week (Ib.).

But what was the purpose of all these Sunday laws and petitions for Sunday laws? From the first Sunday law enacted by Constantine to the last one enacted by any other emperor; from the first petition presented by the political bishops of the fourth century to the last one circulated by the political preachers of Illinois, the sole reason and purpose has always been—

So that the day might be devoted with less interruption to the purposes of devotion; and in order that the devotion of the faithful might be free from all disturbance (Ib., pp. 297, 301).

But what was it that disturbed the devotion of the faithful on Sundays in the fourth century?

Owing to the prevailing passion at that time, especially in the large cities, to run after the various public shows, it so happened that when these spectacles fell on the same days which had been consecrated by the church to some religious festival, they proved to be a great hindrance to the devotion of Christians, though chiefly, it must be allowed, to those whose Christianity was the least an affair of the life and of the heart (Ib., p. 300).

But, again, how could a theater or a circus in one part of the city hinder the devotion of the faithful in another, and perhaps distant, part of the city, or even in the country? Thus:

Church teachers . . . were, in truth, often forced to complain that in such competitions the theater was vastly more frequented than the church (Ib.).

Oh, yes! That is the secret of the hindrance to their devotion. If there was a circus or a public show on Sunday, it would get a great many spectators, and "so break up a great many congregations;" the church-members would go to the circus, and "let the hour of worship go by unheeded;" and so their devotion was greatly disturbed and hindered. Don't you see? Just here, please read again the quotations from Dr. Everts's speech in the Elgin convention, where he complains of the Sunday train and the Sunday newspaper. Is not this thing a perfect repetition of that in the fourth century?

But yet those ambitious prelates of the fourth century were not content with stopping all manner of work and closing public places on Sunday. They had secured the power of the state so far, and they determined to carry it yet further, and use the power of the state to compel everybody to worship according to the dictates of the church. And one of the greatest fathers of the church was father to this theory. That was the great church father and Catholic saint Augustine—and, by the way, he is grandfather to National Reform, too, as we shall prove one of these days. Augustine taught that

It is indeed better that men should be brought to serve God by instruction than by fear of punishment or by pain. But because the former means are better, the latter must not therefore be neglected. . . . Many must often be brought back to their Lord, like wicked servants, by the rod of temporal suffering, before they attain to the highest grade of religious development (Schaff, Church History, vol. ii, sec. 27).

And says Neander:

It was by Augustine, then, that a theory was proposed and founded, which . . . contained the germ of that whole system of spiritual despotism, of intolerance and persecution, which ended in the tribunals of the Inquisition (Neander, ib., p. 217).

Of that whole fourth century Sunday-law movement, from beginning to end, Neander, with direct reference to those Sunday laws, says:

In this way the church received help from the state for the furtherance of her ends (Ib., p. 301).

That is the indisputable truth of the matter. And it is just as indisputably true that this Sunday-law movement in our day in this nation is only another attempt of the church to seize upon the power of the state and use it to further her own aims. And just as surely as these political preachers of our day secure the power and the recognition of the state in their first step, they will carry it to the last step, and the logical end to which it was carried in the fourth century, and afterward in the *working* of the theory of Augustine. The church of our day can no more safely be trusted with political power than could that of the fourth century, or of any other century. The only safety for the people, and the only security for the state, is to make it perfectly certain that the church shall never receive the help of the state for the furtherance of her own ends; and that she shall never obtain any recognition at all by the civil power, beyond that granted to every other person or class in the nation.

By these evidences from the fourth century, as well as by the evidences from the church conventions of our own day, it is demonstrated again that there is no such thing as a civil Sunday, and that there is no such thing as civil Sunday laws. The first Sunday law that ever was enacted was at the request of the church; it was in behalf of the church; and it was expressly to help the church. The call for Sunday laws now is by the church; and wherever they are enacted, it is in behalf of the church, and to help the church; and it is so throughout history. The keeping of Sunday is not a civil duty, and cannot of right be made a civil duty. Sunday is wholly an ecclesiastical institution, and the keeping of it can only be enjoined or enforced by ecclesiastical power. And whenever the civil power attempts to enjoin or enforce it, the civil power in that is made subordinate to the ecclesiastical, and becomes only an instrument of ecclesiastical oppression.

That is the use that was made of Sunday laws in the fourth century; it is the use that has been made of them in the United States within the last three years; and that is the use that will be made of them in days to come as surely as the churches secure this help of the state in the furtherance of their own political and ambitious aims. Through Sunday laws the papacy was developed in the fourth century; and through Sunday laws there will yet be developed a living image of the papacy in this country. Therefore we are, and everybody else ought to be, uncompromisingly opposed to the enactment or enforcement of any manner of Sunday laws.

Communications.

God and the Bible.

Gen. xix, 1: "And there came two angels to Sodom at even." Verse 5: "And they [the rabble] called unto Lot, and said unto him, Where are the men which came to thee this night? Bring them out unto us that we may know them." Verse 8: "Behold now, I hav two daughters which hav not known man: let me, I pray you, bring them out unto you, and do ye to them as is good in your eyes." What an estimate that special favorit of God must hav placed upon the virtue of his daughters! There are many men whom God never condescended to speak to or instruct who would never make such a proposition, and who would spill their hearts' blood before they would see their daughters sacrificed.

This serves as a clew to the enlightenment and moral standing of the people, when God was talking with his special favorits and sending his angels and agents. The rank and file of men were given to sodomy, and God's favorits were little better, as will be found by following the story of Lot. Such things could happen only among a people so bestially ignorant and debased as to be elevated but little above the level of the brute. The more ignorant a people are, the nearer they are to God. As man mounts upward in the scale of civilization, he is prone to leave the gods behind, and gets along far better without than with them.

Verse 26: "But his wife looked back from behind him and she became a pillar of salt." No wonder this Munchausenism has been preserved and come down to us, for I am sure it was well salted.

Verses 30–38 are too indecent to be repeated. Let the Liberal mark them in his private Bible and ask the Christian if God ever so framed circumstances as to make it necessary for his favored ones to commit incest.

Here we hav the history of a family so precious in the sight of God that he sent his special agent to conduct them out of a city which he meant to destroy. But before the smoke had fairly lifted from the smouldering mist of the city, this man of God was up into the mountain in a cave drunk and sleeping with his own daughters. God did not kill Lot or his daughters for their beastly conduct, but he did kill the wife and mother for disobeying orders. Hence we are led to infer that looking back when commanded not to is a greater crime in the sight of God than for a man to get drunk and sleep with his own daughters. To obey such a God and imitate such a people is to barter away our civilization for the animalism of such a people.

Gen. xx, 6: "For I also withheld thee from sinning against me." Yes, God withholds one from sinning and givs another over to believe a lie that he may be damned. If such a God should be sent as a missionary among the Kaffirs, it would be more congenial for him and better for civilization. But I should pity the Kaffirs. Why did not God keep David from killing Uriah and from stealing his wife? To follow the example of such heavenly crawfish, one must go constantly backward. Only this morning I was told of a man who still believes in a flat earth. "Is he not very pious?" I asked. "Oh, yes," replied my informant; "he believes it would send a man to hell to split a little wood for a fire on Sunday." Now, that man is just as sure of heaven as though he held the key to the main passage. Men must be made fools of here in order to be made happy hereafter. Grand scheme that.

Verse 12: "And yet indeed she is my sister. She is the daughter of my father, but not the daughter of my mother, and she became my wife." Verse 2: "And Abimilech king of Gerar sent and took Sarah." Thus it would appear that in these good old times when men were on such intimate terms with God they "took" women about as their fancy led, without regard to numbers, or the ties of relationship, or the wishes of the women they "took;" and, further, that on occasion these men of God could lie like troopers, for when Abraham denied that Sarah was his wife, he lied. The end may hav justified the means, but how should a man under the immediate direction of God get pushed into such a corner?

If Liberals would be diligent in exposing the absurdities and crudities of the Bible, the public stomach would soon become so nauseated that instead of trying to push it into the schools it would cease to be introduced into good society.

We hav a Christian woman living in this vicinity who lost a son in the army. He was an idle spendthrift. In order to obtain a pension she had to swear that she was dependent on him for support. Everybody knew that she swore to a lie. She knew it, too, but in extenuation she said, "When the oath was administered I was careful not to kiss the Bible."

These Bible stories of incest and brutality, of rape and robbery, of lies and deception, are well calculated to develop just such Christians, and the crop has been abundant.

Gen. xxv, 1: "Then again Abraham took a wife, and her name was Keturah." Splendid lessons for the young. Men whom God stoops to giv council to, taking wife after wife, held up as patterns for the young to follow. They are made to believe that Brigham Young was a monster of iniquity, and at the same time taught that a man who was one of God's most intimate henchmen could hav twenty wives to his one and still be the wisest man in all the earth. Christians will probably become consistent when they outgrow their Christianity.

Verse 6: "But unto the sons of the concubines which Abraham had, Abraham gave gifts." Is not this enough to shame a Turk? When God was daily talking to Abraham, why did he not tell him that so many wives and concubines were shamefully disgraceful?

I am unable to see that these talks of God with these old Bible worthies were of any more benefit to them or to the world than his talks with Mahound. This leaves the Christian in a dilemma, one horn of which he is compelled to take. These pretended talks of God with men in the olden time were either the greatest lies ever written or else that God did not know that deception and fraud, plunder and concubinage, were crimes.

Verse 21: "And Isaac entreated the Lord for his wife because she was barren, and the Lord was entreated of him."

If Isaac had not entreated the Lord, of course Rebekah would hav remained barren. Oh, what an unchangeable God, to be blown about by every wind of entreaty!

The instances where God changed and repented are numerous. And yet in the face of all this the Christian opens his prayer with: "O thou great and unchangeable God!"

> The Christian is zealous and always persistent,
> Like the mule he is stubborn, but never consistent.

In verses 22–26 will be found the story of the conception and birth of Esau and Jacob. I want the reader to look over these verses and ask himself if God had nothing of more importance than this indecent balderdash to deliver to the world, and also what great loss the world would hav sustained if it had never been written.

In verse 23 it is decreed that the elder shall serve the younger. More heavenly justice. No man with an inkling of justice would want one child to serve another, much less a God who has declared that he is "no respecter of persons."

Notwithstanding the Bible is the word of God, it is one of the most unreasonable and contradictory books which has ever been written. No doubt it is all as clear as mud to the Christian, but I would rather be born blind than see through Christian spectacles.

Gen. xxvi, 7: "And the men of the place asked him of his wife, and he said, She is my sister." Here Isaac, another man of God, is made to lie about his wife as did Abraham. It does beat all how these holy men do get cornered so as to be compelled to lie. It would seem as though trusting in the Lord was no great moral help, after all.

Gen. xxix, 25: "And it came to pass in the morning behold it was Leah, and he said to Laban, What is this thou hast done unto me? Did I not serve thee for Rachel? Wherefore hast thou beguiled me?" Here is a plain statement that a woman was bargained away without her consent—so much work for so much woman. Then a homely, blear-eyed sister given, instead of the beautiful woman for whom Jacob had so faithfully served.

While God was superintending matters, why did he allow such a scurvy trick to be played on one of his pets? In the face of such lessons, ministers are boasting that "women are the main pillars in the church." The sooner the time comes when women are no longer made the sport of the priesthood, the better it will be for the world.

Gen. xxx, 6: "And Rachel said, God hath judged and hath also heard my voice, and hath given me a son." It appears that Rachel had no children, and complained to Jacob, who got indignant, so she gave Jacob her handmaid Bilhah, and she had a son, and God is made to sanction this dirty proceeding. Oh, the Bible is a great book! When it is fully introduced into the schools, will not the youth of the land get a "send off," and will not every minister hav his Bilhah?

I ask to hav the whole chapter read carefully, if not prayerfully. Then I want everyone to ponder this question, Is God the author of such unholy spawn, and for what purpose did he write such disgusting gibberish? Were these the best thoughts which could occupy the mind of a great being who presided over the destiny of the universe?

What would be thought of a people to-day who should follow the example of these men of God? If this low-down balderdash is the word of God, instead of sending missionaries to enlighten the heathen they ought to be sent to the courts of heaven to civilize the Christian's God. Think of a holy old rake whom God is directing having a score of wives, and these wives bantering with each other and trying to buy the services of a common husband with a lot of mandrakes. And think of putting such holy slaver into the schools, as a finishing touch to inoculate the youth of the land with the slaver of a mad dog.

God never had anything to do with such disgusting nonsense. He never wrote a book, and never talked with men. It is all a wicked lie, told by selfish men to deceive and enslave an ignorant people.

Who with a well-balanced mind believes that God sent an angel to call the attention of Jacob to the kind of male cattle which were brought into requisition to propagate their kind, and the manner of doing it (Gen. xxxi, 11, 12)? What benefit has this silly story of ring-streaked, speckled, and grizzled cattle been to the world, anyway? Could not God hav rummaged around the universe and found something of more importance to transmit to the children of men?

Gen. xxxiv, 2: "And when Shechem, the son of Hamor the Hivite, prince of the country, saw her, he took her, and lay with her, and defiled her."

This again givs us a clew to the men and manners of the Bible times. Women were entirely subject to the brute force of half-civilized men. It appears that men simply "took" women as their lust and inclination might lead them, without any regard to their likes or desires.

Verse 12: "Ask me never so much dower and gift, and I giv you according as ye shall say unto me, but giv me the damsel to wife." Is any other evidence required to show that women were in the market; bought and sold like cattle among these men of God? Women are the "pillars of the church," and they will respect themselvs all the more when they stand from under and let the rotten old fabric fall.

Verse 22: "Only herein will the men consent unto us . . . if every male among us be circumcised as they are circumcised." In this the barbarous superstition of God's people is made apparent. What had this savage act of mutilation to do with morality or human progress? God might just as well require every male child to hav an ear cropped.

Verse 26: "And they slew Hamor and Shechem with the edge of the sword."

If the whole of the thirty-fourth chapter is read, it will appear that Shechem, the son of Hamor, debauched Dinah, the daughter of Jacob. Then Simeon and Levi, the sons of Jacob, slew Hamor and Shechem and "spoiled the city," and took their sheep and oxen, asses, and all their wealth, and their little ones, and their wives they took captiv.

In the first place, it would seem like a big job for two men to take a city. In the second place, where was the justice? If an Englishman should come over here and defile an American girl, would anyone say that it would be an act of justice to plunder and destroy the city of London? When the habits and practices of the people in Bible times are studied, the idea of such a rude people being under the immediate control of God will appear most preposterous. It is most wonderful that God has always shown such a partiality for ignorance and brutality. In witchcraft times it was believed that God sanctioned the murder of those denominated witches. So in the days of the Inquisition, God sanctioned the torture and execution of heretics. God had just as much to do with the transactions of these semi-barbarians as he had with the hanging of witches and the burning of heretics.

Gen. xxxv, 11: "I am God almighty." Would not U. S. Grant hav lowered himself in the minds of American citizens if he had boasted of being "The great American general?" The devil is too modest to make such a boast as that. This is what I call Jehovahly bombast.

Verse 22: "Reuben went and lay with Bilhah, his father's concubine." A man of God with a concubine! God on familiar terms with men with scores of fancy women about them. The son of a godly man lying with his father's concubine. Think of it, O ye Christian women—ye pillars of the church! Is it not better to be godless than to hold up such beastly practices before the young as worthy of imitation? For, if these practices were followed by the men of God, are we not bound to imitate them? To follow the teachings of the Bible is to go back to these filthy practices.

Gen. xxxviii, 2: "And Judah saw there a daughter of a certain Canaanite; and he took her," etc. Yes, he "took her." All that one of these godly lechers had to do was to "take" a woman when his inclination led him, without her consent or without as much regard for her feelings as would be manifested by a male brute. We hav only to study those people to understand what a retrograde movement it would be to make the teachings of the Bible the rule of action in this country.

Verse 9 savors too much of beastliness to be quoted. But let the Liberal mark the passage, and then in a proper spirit call the attention of Christians to the savory morsel, and ask them if God is the author of language and thoughts the expression of which would not be tolerated in the lowest bar-room. Is not this a choice bit of literature for young girls in school? Yet Christians are constantly talking about godless schools because the Bible is excluded. Where is Anthony? I wonder if this kind of mental garbage is to his taste? Judge Benedict has sent

many to prison, but if anything more revolting has ever been spread before a court it has not come to my knowledge. There is no clear-minded man who does not abhor such a sickening stench. And then to think that every child who attends a Sunday-school must be taught that such stuff is the word of God. Oh, horrible! One would think that a great God who spoke a family of worlds into existence might hav thoughts of something more edifying to write about than such disgusting obscenity.

The whole of this chapter should be carefully read and noted. If God is the author of this chapter, he is the embodiment of filth, and not a God of purity. Is it possible for anyone to show that any good has ever come from the reading of this chapter? Can such abominable trash result in any good to the race? Was anybody ever made better by reading it? The fact that people can be imposed upon with such outlandish slush shows how far they are below anything like a perfect civilization. If Liberals would be diligent in exposing these abhorrent and unclean portions of scripture, and in showing up the inconsistency of teaching the young that such loathsome obscenity is the word of God, I am inclined to think that the clamor about godless schools would soon cease. It is a duty which every Liberal owes to himself and to the rising generation to do this. Never can the young be trained to pure thoughts and lofty aims while they regard the Bible, with all its filth and absurdities, as the fountain of pureness and the source of wisdom. JOHN PECK.

Naples, N. Y.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

THE "LIFE EVERLASTING."

The best evidence we hav of the durability of human life consists in the fact that notwithstanding the many millions that die annually from natural causes, and the supplementary millions swept away by war, famin, and pestilence, to say nothing of shipwrecks and railway disasters, the population of the globe continues rapidly to increase; so much so that were it not for the continual throwing out there would be barely standing-room for the inhabitants, much less adequate means of subsistence. Eighteen centuries ago a Christian writer ventured to predict that the whole world would not contain the books that might be written on one subject alone. This was perhaps an exaggeration, although the scribes hav been at it ever since as if in fulfilment of the prophecy, but it has not been, that I am aware of, until the present year of grace, that a single book has been written on the subject from a common-sense standpoint. A writer born and reared in an atmosphere of Freethought could not fully enter into the subject. It is only those who hav, like myself, been cradled in superstition and hav shaken themselvs free, that can do justice to it.

How is it that among the million dupes who hav departed this life in "sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection," of saints who hav died in the odor of sanctity, and of martyrs who straight from the stake hav entered into "the joy of their Lord," not one has come back to testify to the truth of the Christian religion or to prove its fallacy? The reason is obvious. As individuals they hav one and all ceased to exist, aud all that remains of them must be sought for in that grand dust-hole or manure heap, the grave. The orthodox notion that they are either twanging harps or praying for cooling lotions in another world is about as absurd as the story of the fall, and of man's redemption. If, as they say, the present life is one of probation only, how is it that good men do not grow better as they grow older, whereas the reverse is most frequently the case?

Youthful saints and sincere believers—and there are but few such—either die young, or outliv their faith and become Freethinkers. The surest way to become convinced of the fallacy of the Christian religion is, honestly and sincerely, to endeavor to act according to it. The best antidote to Christian superstition is an intimate knowledge of the Christian Bible. Read it with your own eyes, and do not use another man's spectacles. And above all, exercise your common sense.

Believers in ghosts and apparitions, including modern Spiritualists, hav an idea that the souls of those who hav departed this life still exist in an individual form, which is, however, invisible and intangible except to those in a similar condition. In support of this hypothesis they quote the Apostle Paul, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." What Paul really meant was evidently to the effect that there is an empty bottle, and there is a bottle of whisky. But the utility of the empty bottle is one thing, and the power of the whisky another. When the whisky is absorbed by the owner thereof, it soon loses its individuality, and evaporates into thin air. It is easy enough to refill the bottle, but impossible to do so with the same whisky. We know not what science may achieve in some future day, but at present it has not learned the way to condense the fumes of the alcohol after it has passed through the human organism, to make it answer the purpose again, and to repeat the process *ad infinitum*. Neither is it desirable to do such a thing. By all means let us hav something fresh. The grain from which the whisky of the future will be made is not yet sown in the earth, and then it will hav to go through all the processes of germination, vegetation, fermentation, and distillation, and after that a long probation in cask and bottle, before it becomes wholesome and fit for human consumption. It is just the same with the spirit that animates our natural bodies. We cannot use and retain it at the same time—

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
'Tis gone, and forever!

And yet the human race, so far from becoming extinct, continues to increase and multiply and replenish the earth. Whole tribes and nations may indeed pass away, but there is an endless "survival of the fittest." To wish the survival of those who are not fit, as Christian philanthropists affect to do, is flat rebellion against the law of nature. And even we who think ourselvs—perhaps not without reason—the best and wisest of mankind will hav in time to giv place to a new generation, born under new conditions and with new surroundings, who will uproot our old landmarks and remove our old limitations. To suppose that a man was wiser or spoke with more authority because he lived and spoke eighteen hundred years ago is one of the popular delusions that will hav to be set aside and exploded before Freethought can make any headway with the masses. The theory of eternal life for the individual man, which Jesus taught and promised, needs no refutation, for it is already refuted. If Jesus be still alive (and if his biographers are to be trusted, he has again assumed his natural body), why does he not come forward and show himself? Or if that be *infra dig* and impossible, why does he not appear by proxy? If such an individual ever existed—and that is doubtful—the species is become extinct like the dodo. Thinkers and theorists there may be who assume like the Apostle Paul that they "bear about in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus"—not the manual and pedal "stigmata" as understood by the ignorant Catholics, but a similarity of life and experience culminating in a fanciful exaltation of spirit known as the "kingdom of heaven." But what good does it produce, beyond a temporary abstraction from the ills of life? Common sense, meanwhile, tills the soil, makes roads, constructs bridges, and opens up hitherto undeveloped resources. The theoretical Christian goes the way of his predecessors and sinks into oblivion. Common sense alone makes the "life everlasting" practicable, and the world worth living in. OUTIS.

Mr. Palmer's Great Work and Heroic Death.

From the New York Sun of July 27th.

The late Mr. Courtlandt Palmer accomplished the surprising feat of making fashionable in New York a sort of discussion which before had been frowned upon as to the last degree pernicious, and especially unbefitting polite and conservativ society. He set people to thinking and talking over moral and religious questions, which they had not dared to consider, and made familiar to them views from which they had turned in alarm as morally poisonous and soul-destroying.

The Nineteenth Century Club was established as a Free-thinking debating society, and not many years ago it would hav been avoided and denounced as an institution for the propagation of Infidelity and odious Radicalism. Yet under Mr. Palmer's lead the club received the stamp of fashionable approval, and its discussions hav been carried on before crowded assemblages of ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, and chiefly from the most conservativ and even Philistine circles of society.

Audiences so composed listened with polite attention to speakers whose very names had been loathsome to them, and whose notions and theories were utterly subversiv of what they held it sacrilege and infamy to doubt or deny. Beautiful women who had trembled at the mere thought that there was such skepticism in the world, for the first time heard it expressed and defended. Where they had been sure there was only one possible side they saw that other people found many sides and qualifications innumerable, and that what to them seemed indisputable was the subject of endless disputation, or was actually beyond the possibility of reasonable proof.

Therefore those evenings at the Nineteenth Century Club introduced most of the audience into a new intellectual world and induced in them reflections altogether novel. It is true that Mr. Palmer fairly apportioned the disputants so that each side should hav its due representation, the champions of faith wrestling with the exponents of doubt; but his innovation, wonderfully successful considering the circumstances, was in introducing the discussion at all, and in securing toleration for it.

What his own views were never was doubtful. For many years past his associations, his sympathies, and his convictions had been with the most advanced of what are called the Freethinkers, so that at one time he thought of establishing a temple for the preaching of their negations. He was an extreme Radical in religion and an extreme Socialist in politics, and, brave and honest man as he was, he never sought to hide his true colors. No Radical and no Agnostic who spoke at the Nineteenth Century Club could go further than he himself was willing to go, and yet by his fair spirit and because of his genuin enthusiasm for free discussion, he was always able to bring into the debates clergymen and laymen to contend for the opposing views.

That was a remarkable thing to do, and in its way the club was really a great transforming power among the very part of the community whom it is the most difficult to turn to free and serious thought. He made even Philistia think, broadened its narrow view, and inspired it with some intellectual courage. Of course, the time was in his favor, for people are getting away from their old moorings, but he was astonishingly successful in profiting by the situation.

Mr. Palmer's deep interest in the undertaking was shown in a letter written by him on the day before his death, and in view of that probability. "I want above all things," he said, "to hav the Nineteenth Century Club kept alive." And his attitude as to religion was indicated in another letter asking that Colonel Ingersoll and Mr. Thaddeus B. Wakeman should speak over the ashes of his cremated body; that he should not be buried "from any Christian church," and that no "Christian hymns" should be sung. He met unflinchingly the fate from which no man can escape, and passed into the unknown, saying, "I suffer no fear in the presence of what Christians generally look upon as the king of terrors."

AGNOSTIC DEATHBEDS.

From the Evening Sun of July 26th.

The death of Courtlandt Palmer is another of the refutations of the assertions that the deathbed of the unbeliever is an agonizing one. Mr. Palmer seems to hav entered the dark valley with serenity and composure fully equal to the many graphic pictures of the last hours of saints which are to be found in religious literature. If it be true that the supremest victory of life is the conquering of the fear of death as a certain school of philosophers, not religious, hold, Mr. Palmer has certainly compassed that victory. He faced the great mystery as Ralph Waldo Emerson, as Dr. George M. Beard, as Matt Carpenter, as John Randolph did, with entire confidence that whatever lay beyond was well, and with the impression that if there was another existence to which death was the threshold it was in accordance with that law of progression and evolution to higher things which is the recognized law on earth.

No one who reads that wonderfully impressiv account of Mr. Palmer's death which appears in the *Sun* of this morning can doubt now that he was sincere in the views which he held. He did not approach death experimentally, as did Beard and Carpenter. His intellect was busy with higher processes of thought than theirs. "I want you one and all," said he to his family just before he closed his eyes to receive the anesthetic preliminary to the surgeon's knife; "I want you, one and all, to tell the whole world that you hav seen a Freethinker die without the least fear of what the hereafter may be." And these were almost his last words. Surely this was a triumph for Palmer, though great may be the shock of it to those who trust in the consolations of religion for their last moments. Here was a man, still young, blessed with every material source of happiness, who had never had a proper desire ungratified, who rejoiced in a delightful home, who had resources for the keenest intellectual enjoyments—approaching death, not nonchalantly nor with flippant affectation of indifference, but like a philosopher about to put his philosophy to the supremest test. He seemed to rejoice in the sense of victory, and to be anxious that the world should know of his experience.

Dr. Beard approached dissolution as a scientist. Like Mr. Palmer, he was an Agnostic who neither denied nor affirmed the possibility of those things which to sacred men are deemed certainties. Dr. Beard, though an alienist who made great reputation in the treatment of nervous and mental diseases of others, carried his own nerves on his cuticle. He was high-strung, capable of periods of great mental exhilaration, and a man of supreme intellectual courage. When it was perilous, even physically perilous, for anybody to doubt the sanity of Guiteau, Beard, utterly careless of the threatened loss of his practice and even of his life, gave to the wretch a most exhaustiv examination, both before and behind the prison bars, and he staked his reputation on the assertion that the poor wretch was the victim of irresponsible delusion that would make his hanging a judicial murder, and he did not flinch in asserting this then most obnoxious opinion.

Only a few months later Beard lay down upon his bed in an uptown hotel to die. Pneumonia had fastened upon his delicate lungs, and he knew that his illness was mortal. Did he then bewail his fate—cut off in his prime, and when his life-plans were far-reaching, and aimed for the benefit of mankind? Instead, he dictated to his wife his experiences as a sufferer. He jotted down with feeble hand what Beard intellectual made of Beard moribund, and when his breath came fast and short and with the agony of pain from each inhalation he still made effort to preserve his experience with the hope that physicians might thereby learn something of this disease which would help them master it when others were afflicted. Once when he returned from the realms of unconsciousness he made a feeble effort to tell its story, and the only agony he seemed to suffer during his illness arose from his failure more fully and satisfactorily to preserve the record of his illness.

We hav read of suicides who with curious intent hav swallowed poison or filled their lungs with noxious gas and hav set down in a diary their impressions until the words became vague, the lines faint, and then the pencil dropped. And such record possesses a ghastly fascination for those who read it, like the echo of one who shouts as he passes over the Styx; but Beard thought he was serving humanity when he gave his last moments to the record of his dying experience, and he was right. Physicians hav read that record with profit, and perhaps hav been enabled to save lives thereby.

Matt Carpenter's dying hours were less unselfish, although strikingly and intensely dramatic. He watched the play of disease on himself as a naturalist watches experiments or a scientist a chemical action. He knew that his disease (Bright's disease of the kidneys) had passed to its third or incurable stage, and he gratified a curiosity, abnormal and painful to his friends, by watching himself the tests which the physicians make to indicate the progress of the disease. He procured chemicals and made the tests himself, with the interest but personal indifference of a young physician in a laboratory. Sometimes he would say to his partner, "At this rate there are two months left me," or again he would assert that nature and medicin had set back the disease a little. One morning after examining a test which plainly indicated that dissolution was not far away, he spoke of it calmly to his partner, discussed it as he would a piece of testimony that he intended to introduce in a law case, and then quietly made some notes of a speech he intended to deliver in the Senate. He entered the Senate chamber, his face whiter than his hair, bantered and perplexed a fellow-Senator on the subject of establishing a consular court in China. With one hand in his pocket and all his exquisit melody of voice and charm of diction, he delivered a speech on this unusually dry subject that entranced the Senate, and then as unconcernedly as though going to the restaurant for lunch, put on his heavy fur-lined overcoat, stood at the door of the Senate a moment, looking around for what he knew was his last glance, and quitted the chamber forever. And while he was making the speech, with his hand in his pocket, he held in it the vial which contained the test that told the story of his speedy death.

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Mr. Bradlaugh's Oaths Bill and the Division Upon It.

Mr. Bradlaugh has carried his Oaths bill through committee of the House and through the "progress stage," and it is now on its way to the third reading. When this will occur no one knows, one or two members having given notice that they will ask to postpone the reading till next January. The bill as amended in committee is as follows:

"Be it enacted by the queen's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal and commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

"1. Every person upon objecting to be sworn, *and stating, as the ground of such objection, either that he has no religious belief, or that the taking of an oath is contrary to his religious belief*, shall be permitted to make his solemn affirmation instead of taking an oath in all places and for all purposes where an oath is or shall be required by law, which affirmation shall be of the same force and effect as if he had taken the oath; and if any person making such affirmation shall willfully, falsely, and corruptly affirm any matter or thing which, if deposed on oath, would hav amounted to willful and corrupt perjury, he shall be liable to prosecution, indictment, sentence, and punishment in all respects as if he had committed willful and corrupt perjury.

"2. Every such affirmation shall be as follows: 'I, A. B., do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm,' and then proceed with the words of the oath prescribed by law, omitting any words of imprecation or calling to witness.

"3. Where an oath has been duly administered and taken, the fact that the person to whom the same was administered had, at the time of taking such oath, no religious belief, shall not for any purpose affect the validity of such oath.

"4. Every affirmation in writing shall commence: 'I, ————, of————, do solemnly and sincerely affirm,' and the form in lieu of jurat shall be, 'Affirmed at ————, this ———— of ————, 18—. Before me.'

"5. If any person to whom an oath is administered desires to swear with uplifted hand, in the form and manner in which an oath is usually administered in Scotland, he shall be permitted so to do, and the oath shall be administered to him in such form and manner without further question.

"6. The acts mentioned in the schedule to this act are hereby repealed to the extent in the third column of the schedule mentioned.

"7. This act may be cited as the Oaths act, 1888.

"SCHEDULE.

"Session and Chapter.	Title.	Extent of Repeal.
"32 and 33 Vict. c. 68	The Evidence Further Amendment Act, 1869.	Section four.
"33 and 34 Vict. c. 49	The Evidence Amendment. Act, 1870."	The entire act.

The bill in its present form is not even satisfactory to some of the Freethinkers of England. The clause which we hav italicized is an amendment moved by Mr. Bradlaugh himself, who "carried all he desired and rejected all to which he was opposed," and is objectionable to such men as Morley, Labouchere, Trevelyan, and Foote, of the Freethinkers, who claim that it authorizes an inquisition by courts into a man's belief, and that Atheists will be prejudiced in legal matters thereby. Mr. Morley said that the clause was going practically to ask the man a question and to make him assert before the judge and jury that he had no religious belief. That assertion on his part in many cases might and probably would damage his evidence. It had been said that the judge and jury knowing the state of mind of the man who gave that answer should estimate the value of his evidence and take it for what it was worth. That was a course entirely inconsistent with religious liberty. They were prejudicing such a man in a court of justice—a proceeding that was opposed to religious liberty and religious equality; and it was putting a man into a position which he ought not to be placed in, because the whole principle of that bill to which they had assented was that a man's religious views, because they chanced to conform to the opinions of the majority of the jury, ought not to giv any extra value or weight to his evidence. He was not now arguing whether that was sound, but he said it was the principle of the bill. The absence of ordinary religious belief, the nonconformity to the religious beliefs of the majority of the community, ought not to take away one jot or tittle from the value of the evidence a man gave. The principle carried out to its logical conclusion would be a justification for the practice of any kind of intolerance. He considered that the amendment entirely deprived this bill of all value.

Mr. Labouchere opposed Mr. Bradlaugh's clause, and supported one by Mr. Hunter, of Aberdeen, who used the words, "who shall declare that he entertains conscientious objections to the taking of an oath." Mr. Labouchere's reasoning was as follows: For many persons an oath had no binding effect whatever. He himself would as soon perjure himself as tell an untruth, and he should not speak the truth one atom more because he was put on his oath. He did not require any terrorisms as to what would happen in the next world to make him tell the truth. It was quite enough for him that it was wrong in itself not to speak the truth, and that if he did not he would be liable to seven years' penal servitude. He had no particular objection to taking an oath, though he regarded it as a relic of a defeated superstition, and absurd, since there could not be two measures of truth. The present oath was the successor to the old forms of libation, of swearing on the head of a flamen, and of the oath of the freebooter who swore by the three kings of Cologne. It was altogether absurd. An oath was either an invocation or an imprecation. If it was an invocation, it was a calling of God to witness. But God was omnipresent whether invoked or not. If it was an imprecation it was a calling down of punishment if the truth was not told. But punishment would follow whether it was imprecated or not. One could not contract oneself out of it, as if this was a matter of employers' liability. The lord advocate seemed to argue that he might tell as many untruths as he liked—though, of course, he would not—but that if he did he would hav a good answer on the day of judgment by asserting that he did not swear to these untruths.

Mr. Trevelyan objected because the question was whether a man was bound to make a declaration of his religious opinions before he was allowed to discharge his duty as a citizen. He thought not, and therefore should vote against Mr. Bradlaugh's amendment. Mr. G. W. Foote voices his opposition to the amendment in the *Freethinker*. He says:

"Mr. Bradlaugh does not seem to hav managed the Oaths bill with his usual skill. He has carried his amendment by a small majority, after opposing Dr. Hunter's, which was, to say the least of it, no more objectionable than his own. But this may not secure the third reading, for several who voted for Mr. Bradlaugh's amendment in order to whittle down the bill hav declared their intention to vote against the whole measure at the final stage. And the worst of it is that Mr. Bradlaugh carried his amendment, as a compromise to conciliate the superstitionists, in the face of the stern opposition of Radicals like Morley and Trevelyan, as well as Labouchere, and even Illingworth, who had backed the bill. It is a pity that the hostility of such men was not discovered before; or, if discovered, that it was not properly reckoned with. Mr. Bradlaugh takes a justifiable pride in associating his name with an Oaths bill, and it is natural that he should feel a parent's affection for his offspring; but we doubt the wisdom of his forcing it through the House in a maimed condition, and by the help of Tory votes, against the protest of all whose sentiments are worthiest of respect. Were it a case of 'now or never,' he would be quite right in carrying the bill in any shape that improved, in however slight a degree, the existing state of things. But there was really no such desperate hurry. Time is with the principle of the bill and all the irresistible forces of progress are making for its success. We are aware that Mr. Bradlaugh is a discreet as well as a courageous fighter, and we hav not overburdened him with gratuitous advice; but the bill is a public measure, the moment is critical, and Freethinkers are entitled to speak. It is rather unpleasant to find Mr. Bradlaugh censured by the Radical press and lauded by the *Times;* and, on the whole, we cannot help thinking that there has been a regrettable miscalculation of the state of feeling in the House of Commons with regard to the latest struggle for religious equality. Some kind of compromise is often necessary in practice; only a fool thinks of carrying his own principles everywhere and always; but a compromise which excites the indignation of the best men on your own side is difficult to justify. A statesman or leader must always reckon with his own party first."

To these objections Mr. Bradlaugh replies that the present bill is the best that he can do, and that he moved the amendment in accordance with an "undertaking to the House on the second reading." In supporting his own rather than Mr. Hunter's amendment he said that the courts had construed conscientious objections to mean religious objections, and therefore that the bill as amended by Mr. Hunter would not apply where a person had no religious belief. It would defeat the object of the bill to adopt a form of words which would prevent the measure applying to the cases of himself and of others who sought to obtain relief in this matter. There were five English statutes and one Irish in which the form of words to which he had referred were used, and the only way of getting out of the difficulty arising out of the honorable and learned member's amendment would be to expressly repeal all those acts. In these circumstances he thought it would be better that the amendment he had placed upon the paper should be adopted, and he felt reluctantly obliged to oppose Mr. Hunter's amendment. He would rather the bill had remained as originally introduced, but he was afraid the House would not then pass it. If the bill becomes law, as amended, its advantages are that "it permits persons without religion to affirm their allegiance either as members of Parliament, justices of the peace, solicitors, barristers, etc.; and (2) it for the first time enables persons whose religion makes them unwilling to take an oath, and who are not Quakers, Moravians, or Separatists, to make affirmation of allegiance under like circumstances. (3) It enables persons without religious belief to giv evidence in Scotland, where hitherto they were absolutely incompetent. (4) It enables jurors without religious belief to affirm in all parts of the United Kingdom; at present this is not legal. (5) It enacts that if an oath be once taken it shall not afterward be set aside on the ground that it was originally invalid because of the want of religious belief of the person swearing. (6) It repeals six acts which at present giv the judges or magistrates or coroners the right to inquire into the sincerity of the religious objection urged by the person desiring to affirm as a witness or juror. (7) It repeals two acts which—by imposing on the judge, magistrate, or coroner the duty of being satisfied that an oath had no binding effect on the conscience of a person without religion—often afforded excuse or opportunity for insult to an unbelieving witness. (8) It provides a simple form of affirmation for written declarations in lieu of affidavits."

To the opposition of the Freethinkers, as represented by Mr. Foote, Mr. Bradlaugh reminds them that the amendments were printed in the *National Reformer;* that they were submitted by him to the executiv of the National Secular Society; that the executiv, on motion of Mr. Foote, unanimously approved of Mr. Bradlaugh's course; that the executiv instructed him to oppose Mr. Hunter's amendment; that he explained his own amendment and invited criticism, and no voice of dissent was heard. And while not desiring to shelter himself behind the executiv, he is of the opinion that he has done the best for the cause and for progress, and can only hope that he may be fortunate enough to carry his bill into law, when all Freethinkers will be able to share with him the advantages it will secure.

From this distance, the question seems to resolve into the old conundrum of whether a half a loaf at present is better than a whole loaf by and by. Of this the practical workers and leaders of Freethought in England are the best judges. There can be no doubt that the amendment is a detriment to the bill, for the mere mention of the fact in court that a witness or party in interest is an Atheist will prejudice a Christian judge or jury against him. Judges and lawyers will comment upon it, and cases might easily be decided on that alone, and not upon their legal or equitable merits. Christians who glibly take the oath are not subject to such prejudice, and the right and permanent settlement of the oath question will never be accomplished until an Atheist is on an equality with the Christian, and all men, Atheist,

Christian, Jew, Moravian, Quaker, or what not, can perform all duties of citizenship without a suspicion of an inquiry into their private religious or social opinions.

But the bill is undoubtedly a step forward—there can be no two opinions upon that. Whether its passage now will not indefinitly postpone consideration of a truly equitable bill, and, therefore, put back for many years the desired solution which by not pressing the present bill might result within the next two or three years, is, as we said, a question of practical politics which perhaps Mr. Bradlaugh is as well qualified to answer as anyone. Mr. Foote's impatience with a compromise—"a bargain in which each party defrauds the other and himself"—is, however, natural. He is straight up and down for Freethought first, last, and all the time. Mr. Bradlaugh has many other irons in the fire, and is a reformer on various lines. But as he told Parliament, in the discussion on the amendment, he has no objections to having the fact that he has no religious belief brought out. Holding the views he does, he said, he never shrunk from accepting the consequences. Mr. Foote would undoubtedly say the same, and there can be no dispute as to the devotion to Freethought of either of our English friends. The dispute is simply over a question of policy, wherein both may be right and both may be wrong.

But Mr. Bradlaugh may do well to remember that Freethinkers alone supported him in his long struggle for legislativ honors; that without their zealous, unselfish aid not even his great ability would hav opened to him the doors of Parliament. Their wishes should be respected, and if this "bargain between a brazen falsehood and a timid truth" is going to defer for many years the complete legal habilitation of truth, it should not be consummated. It is better a thousand times to suffer and be strong, than to partially conquer and be forever weak.

Lambs of Christ in Virginia.

The Rev. F. M. Todd, of Manassas, Va., was arraigned before the presbytery of Washington, a year ago, on the following charge:

"That on the 12th of May, 1887, he was seen by one Robert Turner, a negro, in the woods, about two hundred yards from the road, with a lap-robe spread and lying down upon it, accompanied by a white woman, while his horse was tied to a tree."

The verdict rendered was equivalent to a disagreement, the majority voting to dismiss the case because the evidence of the principal witness was not sufficiently supported. After making the discovery, the negro hastened home. There he met a white man, and both returned to the spot where the scene occurred. They found tracks of a horse, a man, and a woman. The negro said he saw the woman running away on all-fours, and that he recognized Mr. Todd. Mr. Todd denied that he was there, and tried to prove an alibi. But in this he was not very successful, because he had to admit that he was near the spot at the time designated on his way home on horseback. It was also proved that a woman passed that way about that time in a wagon, and her face was veiled. The name of the woman was given in evidence, but was kindly suppressed by the reporters. Nor did she appear to prove an alibi on her part.

The case was appealed by the accused to the synod, and the result was an acquittal. The clergy always stand by each other, if they can.

And now a Catholic priest of Virginia has had to undergo a similar tribulation. The Rev. Father Quinn, pastor of St. Mary's church in Alexandria, was summoned before the mayor of that city on a charge of outraging the eleven-year-old daughter of William Pruitt. On the day before the trial a *Post* reporter called at the parsonage. He was met by Father O'Kane, who said: "Father Quinn has nothing to say about this matter, but I hav no doubt he will be able to prove his innocence at the trial to-morrow."

With this unsatisfactory information, the reporter drove to the house of the Pruitt family, two miles from the city, where Mrs. Pruitt told the following story:

"Father Quinn has been coming about here for some time. He claimed that the city was disagreeable, and that he desired to get into the country where he could breathe the fresh air. On each of his visits he paid considerable attention to the children, and particularly to my daughter Rose. He would giv the smaller children pennies and send them away to buy candy, and would keep Rose with him. Some one told me he was a priest, and when I accused him of being a clergyman he laughed and denied it emphatically. I did not believe, however, that there was any harm in him, and on last Thursday, when he came out here again, and asked the children to go to the river with him, I thought nothing of it and allowed them to go. When they returned I noticed there was something wrong with Rose, and questioned her about it. She refused to answer me and I thought her indisposition was only natural. The condition of her clothes, however, alarmed me, and the next day I spoke to my husband about it, and suggested that I should take her to a physician. He did not think, however, that there was anything wrong with the girl, and so the matter was postponed until Tuesday, when the child's condition alarmed me to such an extent that I took her to a doctor in Alexandria, and had him examin her. The physician told me at once that some one had evidently been tampering with her, and asked if I knew who it was. I questioned the child closely then, and she finally admitted that Father Quinn had outraged her. She said that on Thursday last, when they went to the river together, Father Quinn had sent the younger children away and then seized her. Frightened by his demeanor, she ran away from him, but he pursued her, and catching her threw her to the ground. He placed his hand on her mouth to prevent her making any outcries, and then accomplished his purpose."

At this point in the mother's story the girl herself was called, and in a bashful, hesitating way confirmed what her mother said. The reporter described the girl as pretty, not very well developed for her age, but strong, agil, and intelligent. She was too young to realize the importance of the charge against the priest, but was willing to aid in the prosecution; and yet she had only the most kindly feeling toward him.

On the trial before the mayor, June 21st, Father Quinn appeared to be less disturbed than was Father O'Kane. The accused priest is a large man, about thirty years of age, and has been pastor of St. Mary's church three years. The testimony of the girl was taken in writing while the other witnesses were removed from the room. She repeated the story as previously told to the reporter. On cross-examination she was confused on some points, but the lawyers were unable to cause her to swerve from the main features of her recital. The physician O'Brien, who had examined the girl after the alleged assault, was unable now to testify that he believed an assault had been committed. He thought the girl was diseased, but whether the disease was due to natural causes or not he was unable to determin. The mother gave her testimony; and two colored boys testified that they saw Father Quinn with the girl, but saw nothing improper.

This closed the case for the prosecution, and the counsel for the priest was about to call him to the stand, when the prosecuting attorney kindly interposed, and, after a brief conference with the mayor, announced that the commonwealth had failed to make good the charge, whereupon the mayor declared the case dismissed.

This was received with applause, and Father Quinn was heartily congratulated on the happy outcome of a matter that at first threatened to be decidedly serious. The explanation given of the affair by friends of Father Quinn is that, while he was asleep under a tree, he was rudely disturbed by the children. Angered by their conduct, he ran after them, and catching Rose, he proceeded to chastise her.

The foregoing account of the case is taken almost verbatim from the report in the Washington *Post*. It is quite evident that the priest is guilty. The pretense that he chastised the girl is too lame. The statement of the reporter who interviewed her before the trial is that, "while she is willing to aid in the prosecution, she has nevertheless only the most kindly feeling toward Father Quinn."

The result of the trial is what was to be expected. The "unblemished reputation" of the priest must be maintained at any cost. So Father Quinn remains pastor of the church of the Holy Virgin in Alexandria, and Parson Todd continues to administer the bread of life to his Presbyterian flock in Manassas.

Coarsely Profane.

Mr. Bowen's *Independent*, Congregational organ, was particularly kind to THE TRUTH SEEKER last week. In writing of Courtlandt Palmer's death, it says:

"Last week died the most activ apostle of unbelief in this city, Mr. Courtlandt Palmer. He was a man of education, culture, wealth, and leisure, and he devoted his life to the task of showing that Christianity is inferior to scientific unbelief as a body of doctrin and as a guide of life. Less offensiv and insulting toward Christianity than Mr. Ingersoll and the buzzards of the pictorial Infidel weekly, he yet gave them his abundant support."

Again, in another editorial:

"It may be worth while to print what THE TRUTH SEEKER, the organ of the most pronounced unbelievers in this city, and the most coarsely profane journal in the country, has to say of the late Mr. Courtlandt Palmer."

We are the more grateful for this exhibition of Christian courtesy as it was entirely unexpected. The *Independent* has often used THE TRUTH SEEKER as a text, but never before with such true Christian charity of tone and manner. The buzzards salute you, Messrs. Bowen and Ward.

Despoiling the Stranger.

Receiver Dyer, appointed under act of Congress to administer the affairs of the Mormons, has obtained possession of the following property:

Aggregate of certain sums	$157,666.15
Church farm	150,000.00
Coal lands	100,000.00
Sheep (30,000)	60,000.00
Cattle, etc	75,000.00
Gas stock	75,000,00
Salt Lake tithing-yard	50,000.00
Gardo House	50,000.00
Theater stock	27,000.00
Telegraph stock	22,000.00
Historian's office	20,000.00
Dividends on gas stock	4,000.00
Temple Square	.....
Grand total	$790,666.15

Temple Square, upon which no value is placed, covers ten acres in the heart of Salt Lake City, holding the Tabernacle, the City Assembly Hall, and the great granit Temple, with foundations sixteen feet thick and walls ninety feet high, which, though unfinished, has cost $2,500,000 to date.

We trust that when Receiver Dyer gets through confiscating the church property of the Mormons he will take hold of the church property of the Protestants and the Catholics. He has the same right to confiscate the property of one sect as of the other. But he won't do it.

And now that Congress has set the legislativ example, let us hope that the state governments will profit by it. Let all states confiscate all property in excess of $50,000 of all sects. Let's take the church farms and stock, steal the fruits of their garden, gather in their stocks and bonds and cash, and sell their real estate under the auctioneer's hammer. Probably a hundred millions could be realized in this way in this city and county alone, making the paltry three or four millions garnered in Salt Lake City look small!

Why not? If it is right in Utah it is right in New York. Precisely the same reasons exist for such confiscation, and shall the Christians who boast of their readiness to do and dare for principle shrink from doing the right because it would touch their own pockets?

A Veritable but Hitherto Unknown David.

We hav received the following postal card from Cincinnati:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* An answer from you to the following queries will be esteemed as a great favor: The Rev. Mr. Ganghorn gave a lecture on 'Christian Evidences,' in which he said that he had challenged all the Freethinkers of note, but owing to his great abilities as a debater and the 'powerful' arguments he uses they not only declined to meet him, but were 'all converted' to Christianity. He said this was the reason Colonel Ingersoll left the lecture field, and that the editor of the leading Freethought paper of New York was converted by him. Is this reliable? Yours truly, CHARLES MEYER."

We much fear the Rev. Mr. Ganghorn has been too closely reading the Bible, and become influenced in his historical style by that ancient volume. Fable and myth should not be too frequently employed in the pulpit, lest it become wearisome, and, peradventure, rebound to the confusion of the breaker of the bread of life.

THE Toronto *Secular Thought* reports that week before last, at Kingston, Ont., Mr. George Briggs was the defendant in a case brought before Police Magistrate McKim. It was decided upon the part of the prosecution that Mr. Briggs be sworn; accordingly the following colloquy ensued: Mr. Shaw, prosecuting attorney: "Do you believe in the Bible?" Defendant: "What Bible—that Bible?" Attorney: "Do you believe in God?" Defendant: "What God—the God mentioned in that Bible?" Attorney: "Yes." Defendant: "No, sir." Attorney: "Do you believe in the scriptures and revelations?" Defendant: "No." Attorney: "What do you believe in?" Defendant: "I believe in doing what is right and good." The magistrate refused to hear the evidence after such a declaration, and thereupon decided the case against Mr. Briggs. This, comments Mr. Watts, is a monstrous act of orthodox stupidity and injustice. The defendant was willing to speak the truth, but this, in orthodox estimation, is not sufficient; a silly and meaningless form must be gone through, in direct opposition to Christ's injunctions to the contrary. It is quite time that the right of affirmation was in force in Canada, as it is in England.

Letters from Friends.

SOUTH OTSELIO, N. Y., July 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER is indispensable to our family, and has not lost a particle of its old interest since the untimely death of its dear Editor and founder. I am greatly interested in the pros and cons of Spiritualism. I am glad you are disposed to giv both sides a hearing. Spiritualism I regard as the grandest truth of this or any other age; nevertheless, controversy and criticism are in order, and eminently justifiable in regard to its varied manifestations. The crucible of reason is always essential in dealing with this grand subject. I am glad the splendid articles of John Peck are to be published in book form. MARY PECK.

DEL NORTE, COL., July 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is $1.50 to keep paid up while I try a little longer to raise a club. I hav to contend with many difficulties, among which is a town on the decline in which are a mossback college, the fossilized indifference of the people, and the affliction of poverty which is upon us all. But being the last to giv up, I will succeed finally in introducing THE TRUTH SEEKER in this community.

What is the outlook for getting the cartoons in book form? Hav any steps been taken to that end, or could it be done if the necessary means could be provided? From their first appearance I hoped to see it done, and still hope to see them all saved up for that purpose. An annual compilation of them would be a grand thing for missionary work as well as to hand down to posterity. ETHAN ALLEN GATES.

CONAWAY CO., ARK., June 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Your paper came according to time. The fact is, I sent for the paper for another man. I hav been a Liberal for several years. I hav a small stock of Liberal books, which I furnish the people to read. By the use of your paper and my books I made a warm church-member a stanch Freethinker. The minister told him if he did not hav his children baptized, they would go to hell. His answer was, that if that was the case he already had three there, and he wanted to go there too. He now says that preaching is a pack of foolishness. He also informed me that he wants to continue the paper and purchase some books. The Christians hate this, as he was their main singer in their big meetings. His name is A. W. Broadhurst.

I am very commonly called "Bob Ingersoll." I hav freely spoken my opinions before all classes of people. This has hurt me so badly that I can get credit by just merely asking for it, where the most of my Christian friends hav to giv a mortgage. I will say to my Liberal friends that they may not fear to express their honest opinions, if they do it in a quiet way. There are a great many Liberals in this country. A Presbyterian minister preached here a few Sundays ago, and his text was Infidelity. Of course, he said there was not a contradiction in the Bible. He said that an Infidel was not allowed his oath. I offered him $50 to prove it, so the next time he preached he said if he had hurt anybody's feelings he was sorry for it. I wish to show the common argument of the Christians in this country. They say that all law is founded on the Bible. You cannot prove yourself to be a man, or a horse, or a dog, without the Bible.

Y. W. PRIOR.

JASPER, TENN., July 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 14th F. M. Holland, in answer to Colonel Ingersoll on the tariff, says that "the 30 cents per pound on all imported woolens, whether fine or coarse, increases the price of the poor man's cloth, which costs 75 cents a yard, and weighing 28 ounces, pays a value duty of 26 1-4 cents, and also a special duty per weight of 61 cents, so that his tax is 87 1-4 cents, or 116 per cent." Now, this is all very nice on paper, but the solid facts are against the statements of Mr. Holland, as he could easily hav seen if he had paid attention to market reports of wool and woolen goods. In the first place, clean washed wool, clear of burrs, is quoted in this market at 28 cents per pound; unwashed, 16 to 18 cents per pound. In New York, domestic fleece, 20 to 36 cents; pulled, 18 to 38 cents; Texas, 13 to 21 cents. Now, if the tariff was taken off the farmer would, in order to make Mr. Holland's theory correct, hav to pay the consumer the difference between the home market and the 30 cents tariff per pound, in order to get him to take it off the farmer's hands. I can buy the very best grades of Kentucky or Tennessee jeans at from 25 to 30 cents per yard, and other all-wool American goods in proportion. And American goods of same grade of foreign makes are actually cheaper than the tariff as reported by Mr. Holland. It is not the tariff that is oppressing the laboring man. It is our national banking system and the bonded debt. Let Mr. Holland read "Labor and Capital," by Edward Kellogg, and he will find out what the trouble is.

Mr. Holland seems to deplore the fact that American manufacturers do not sell more goods to foreigners, and intimates that it is the tariff levied by the United States that is the cause of our not doing so. We are not aware of any export tariff on our home industries. And the fact of our manufacturing and selling goods cheaper than the tariff levied, precludes the idea that the tariff interferes with our export trade. There is some other reason besides the tariff that keeps the Yankee from competing in foreign markets. The same is true of iron and other American manufactured articles, except nickel and tin, which I do not use and do not know anything about. It may not be true of those for aught I know, seeing Mr. Holland has missed it so far on articles which hav come directly under my supervision. I refer to current prices paid to the retailers in this neck of the woods by the consumer. AMOS L. GRIFFITH.

ROCK ISLAND, July 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The editorial in the last TRUTH SEEKER on "Sunday" has expressed in it, in my opinion, all the words in the dictionary which could picture the Christian Sunday and the far-away dreams and hopes of waiting Liberals. As I write, my little daughter, ten years old, asks, "Mamma, what shall I do? Sunday is such a mean day! [She has been to Sunday-school, the only resort (?).] I think I will write a letter. How do you spell 'lonesome?'" is her first question. "Mamma" can fully sympathize with her. I am forty-two years old, and hav read for the first time this morning the book of Leviticus. It is tedious, disgusting reading, and I am convinced that those who hav not been brought up Christians, and those who hav, do not read it, and hence the indifference and ignorance concerning this holy book.

I hav spent the last year in the town of my birth, where I was raised a Freethinker. When I was eight years old, it was a daring thing for my father to take a Universalist paper; he dared a few years afterward to investigate and countenance the "philosophy of Spiritualism," and later to take THE TRUTH SEEKER. This is and always has been a so-called Christian town. It seems to me I hav always been under a ban. We hav been that honest in all our dealings with our neighbors that they are known to hold the opinion that if we only belonged to some church we would be the best of "Christians." Neither our money nor our intellectual standing, gaged by "society," is sufficient to giv us much social intercourse with our townspeople, and so this, the little world that I am forced to liv in, is a terribly lonely world, and Sunday, if anything, more miserable than all the other days of the week. Freethinkers, what are you going to do about it? Very truly, M. B. M.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: While we would not advocate the cloaking of a misdemeanor, it would seem advisable to avoid, as detrimental to the best interests of Freethought, all contributions which smack of personal enmity. Every friend of the cause must regret any manifestation of a personal nature. Individuals differ largely on minor points, and it is their privilege; but we can ill afford to sacrifice the great principles of Freethought to petty individualism.

Most persons are inclined to look upon anything which could be construed into a criticism of their methods as a personal indignity, which they must properly resent or be compromised, as instanced in the case of Dr. York at Salt Lake City. Absolute freedom of thought inconveniences no one. An unwise application of the principle of absolute freedom of expression might. "O consistency, thou art a jewel!" But the brain grows weary and the heart sad waiting, hoping, longing for the establishment of thy dominion on the earth. Inconsistency is a natural product of the human soil—an obnoxious, uncultivated principle; the natural enemy of Liberalism. But we do not despair. Nature has a mighty champion, and we know our efforts to eradicate errors are small tributaries emptying into the great sea of evolution, the wash of whose ceaseless tide upon the shores of time shall at last bear away upon its bosom all inconsistency. MRS. J. B. PUFFER.

BOULDER CREEK, COL., July 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Having now been a subscriber to your paper for a year, it givs me much pleasure to renew, and also to send the name of a friend as a new subscriber. Inclosed please find $5, to pay for us both for a year. I am glad to be on the roll as a member of THE TRUTH SEEKER family, and intend to remain there until the final debt is paid.

While I hav been an Infidel all my life, it was only through reading THE TRUTH SEEKER that I became interested in the literature of Infidelity and all the great principles you so ably advocate. I can but wonder at my former indifference. I was from the very first "entertaining an angel unawares." I begin to realize its beauties now. May you continue in your ennobling mission, until every Freethinker in the land is awakened to the intellectual grandeur of the religion of Freethought. It has been truly said that "mental pleasures never cloy," and what pleasure is there equal to a "feast of reason?" Reason is our guide, our star, our hope. It will forever lead us onward and upward. Cultivated as it should be, it will make every moment of every life a pleasure, and continually lead to new fields of happiness. No man or woman can be a Freethinker and not a reasoner, and the more they reason the more they are raised above the common level. No wonder the greatest and best intellectually in every age hav belonged to our ranks. Also the most intelligent in every community.

There are many things about THE TRUTH SEEKER I particularly admire. A grand feature is the food for thought which the most of its writings contain. Also the freedom it givs to every side of every question discussed in its columns. This makes it a truly Liberal journal, and furnishes its readers with a splendid school in which to train the mind to the impartial consideration of every phase of every question. This cannot fail to make broader minds and more intellectual men and women of all those who faithfully peruse its columns.

Another feature that I like is that you giv prominence to our leader, Colonel Ingersoll—what he says and what is said about him. I admire him more than any other living person, towering as he does above all others in the grand and fearless frankness of his honest utterances. He deserves to be better understood and appreciated by his fellow-countrymen. Happily, by his very force of character and surprising genius he is compelling recognition even from his enemies, and as he mingles more and more with his fellow-men he begins to be appreciated. It is a solid satisfaction to perceive that, in spite of his advanced ideas, he is already being accepted at his true worth by the good and true everywhere. As the leading educator of the common mind to a true conception of the "higher and holier faith" that is so slowly dawning on the world, he has still a grand mission before him. He has already done more than any other to rid the world of religious superstition, that cruel blight that still prevails. To popularize the movement of which he is the master mind and unquestioned leader, THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Liberal journals cannot do better than to popularize the man. Let the world hear from him often what he is doing and what he is saying. Let the grand sayings, beautiful sentiments, and surpassing periods of his published writings be quoted often and often, until they become household words. They will awaken interest; interest will lead to research among his classical writings; and research there will lead to conviction as truly as the needle turns to the pole. Let Colonel Ingersoll be once understood and recognized as he deserves, and he will become a tremendous power for the advancement of the cause of Liberalism, if he is not such already.

I cannot close this letter without mentioning our own local Liberal journal, *Freethought*. The advent of Messrs. Putnam and Macdonald on this coast and the starting of this paper was a delightful surprise to the interested Freethinkers here, and the welcome thus far has been at the rate of two hundred new subscribers per month. I sincerely hope that our Liberal people will continue to rally until this undertaking is made an assured success. It deserves it, and we need such an exponent right here in our midst. There are many urgent reasons for this which I cannot elaborate. Organization, fellowship, the popularizing of our advanced ideas, everything socially and fraternally, urges us on to earnest work for the success of our home advocate, *Freethought*. It would be a grand thing for the Pacific coast Freethinkers to make their local exponent as much a power for good as is THE TRUTH SEEKER now. They can do it, and I believe they will. Hoping you may liv long to guide THE TRUTH SEEKER in the cause of justice, truth, and humanity, I remain,

Your earnest Infidel friend and brother,

W. S. RODGERS.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: We hav had another visit from Mr. Charles Watts, editor of *Secular Thought*. This is the third visit within a year, which shows that there are some Freethinkers among the Bluenoses of Nova Scotia.

We tried to get the clergy to meet him on the platform, but found them too wise for us to catch them that way. They contented themselvs by trying to prevent us getting a hall; by threatening Mr. Watts with arrest for blasphemy, and abusing him through their press. This kind of persecution only advertised us, and the result was we had full houses at each lecture.

The subjects were "Evolution and Special Creation" and "Ingersoll and Gladstone—Which Is Right?" The lecturer paid a high tribute to our champion, Colonel Ingersoll; also eulogized Mr. Gladstone as the greatest statesman of the day. Under the special creation, fall of man, and scheme of salvation headings he gave our orthodox friends some hard nuts to crack.

We intend having Mr. Watts deliver another course of lectures here this winter, and will hav him visit some of the towns in the western part of our province. We hav no organized society here. The course we adopt is for two or three of us to join together to run it. We each collect what we can from our Liberal friends, and pay the deficiency out of our own pockets. One of us takes charge of the business, engages the lecturer, hires the hall, attends to the advertising, silver collection at the door, etc. By this course we to some extent overcome the objection that some hav of letting the public know they are in sympathy with Freethought. My own opinion is that, if our reputation is all right every other way, the fact of our being known as Liberals or unbelievers will not injure us, but, on the contrary, many will respect us the more for being candid and honest in the expression of our opinions. Let the churches hav a monopoly of the cowards and hypocrits. Honest, outspoken Liberals hav nothing to fear or be ashamed of.

I send greeting to our brother, F. M. Borden, now somewhere in Colorado, knowing he will be pleased to hear that the stone he set rolling is still moving on, gathering strength as it goes. W. S. HUTCHESON.

COALTON, KY., July 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: If I was only able to giv the old orthodox ship one shot to help sink the old tattered and dangerous hull, I would freely do so. I would like to ask some of your Christian readers—I hav no doubt but you hav some—why Christ did not tell us of all the sins that men are liable to commit. There are many evils which the preachers tell us about now that Christ failed to tell us about when he was here; as, for instance, the use of tobacco, which the preachers tell us now is wrong. Christ did not say anything about it. He did not tell us that it was an ugly, injurious habit, and a slow poison. Why did he not tell us? Because, I suppose, he did not know there was such a weed in existence. He did not say that the opium habit was an abomination to the Lord, a grievous wrong, entailing injury to coming generations. He did not tell us that the use of morphine was a great crime when used to gratify a passion. These are only a few of the many sins which he did not tell us about.

If he was a God all-wise, he ought to hav told humanity how to arrange civil governments so that the greatest good could be derived to the greatest number of persons governed. But instead of that, he told us about a moral code and tried to giv us rules to liv by the following of which was to insure us an entrance into a government—a kingdom at that—where we will be subjects forever to one who wishes to be idolized and worshiped in the most foolish way. He left it to man to discover the power of steam and

electricity, when one word from that all-wise could hav let it be known. It is said that he healed the sick, and raised the dead, and lovingly restored sight to the blind, and through sympathy shed tears at the grave of Lazarus. But now the appeals of the hungry are wasted in mid-air, and the blind must be fed by the charity of their fellows, and left to grope their way in darkness. And yet we are told that he is one and the same God yesterday, to-day, and forever. We are told that healing virtue went out of him when the woman stealthily touched his garments. If he was so easily affected by the association with suffering humanity, how is it that since he has arisen from the dead and is sitting at the right hand of his father in glory on high he turns a deaf ear to the cries of suffering humanity now? If he was so willing to convince a doubting Thomas, who had had every opportunity to inform himself, who had seen the wonderful miracles done—alleged to hav been done—why is it that he is so unwilling to inform an honest doubting Thomas of to-day who has never seen anything of the miraculous done in order to convince him? I used to hear the boys say, "It is a bad rule that will not work both ways."

There was a death on our creek, about six or seven miles from this place, the other day. The friends of the deceased sent for our sky-pilot to preach the funeral sermon. He said he would preach for $5; and got on his horse and went to the house of the deceased, and was promptly met at the door by one of the neighbors of the deceased, and asked if he had come to preach the sermon for $5. He said that he did not know that he would get the $5. Said the neighbor, "You shall not preach it for any sum." This is report, and I had it from pretty good sources. So much for preaching funeral sermons. If there is anything on earth that I hate to hear, it is one of these discourses where the pilot tries every word to touch the tenderest ties in the human heart in order to creep into favor and draw the friends into the church, and thereby extort money from them. I hav seen it done time and time again in my county. It is a very frequent thing in this country to hear ministers bring up deathbed scenes in their sermons in order to excite the weak and start what they call a revival.

The Liberals of this county would like to hav some good lecturer visit us, but we lack organized effort. I greatly appreciate your good paper and the work of Watson Heston.

Yours for U. M. L., SAMUEL P. HERRON, P.M.

HEPPNER, ORE, July 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Once more permit me to occupy a short space in the columns of your paper.

Some time ago Mr. H. J. Ward, of Coaling, Ala., asked me some questions to which I did not then reply because they were irrelevant to the subject under discussion. But after having felt called upon to defend myself, or rather my position, against Mr. Priestley's attack, it seems to me that a brief reply to Mr. Ward's questions would not be out of place.

He asks: "If she had never seen a copy of the New Testament would she ever infer from the Old that she would liv again? Would she not think that all the rewards and punishments were to be here?"

The doctrin of a future life is in the Old Testament as well as in the New, and it seems strange that anyone thoroughly acquainted with the teachings of the Bible would deny it. No satisfactory explanation, other than that the Old Testament writers believed in a life to come, can be given for such passages as these: "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness" (Ps. xvii, 15). "And after my skin, let them destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God" (Job xix, 26). "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory" (Ps. lxxiii, 24). Gen. v, 24, certainly implies the recognition of a future life, as does also 2 Kings ii; 1 Kings xvii, 21-24; 2 Sam. xii, 23.

The fact that the Israelites made a practice of consulting such as were possessed of "familiar spirits" is sufficient to prove that they believed in the existence of the spirits with which they wished to converse. Saul certainly believed in the imperishability of the human soul when he visited the witch of Endor in order to communicate with Samuel (1 Sam. xxviii). Moreover, the doctrin of covenants contains in itself the supposition of immortality, for why should the eternal God of the universe make everlasting covenants with creatures of a day?

The true idea of future reward and punishment is clearly revealed in Dan. xii, 2, 3.

While I might cite numerous other passages bearing on the idea of a future life as revealed in the Old Testament (as for example, Isa. xxvi, 19; xxv, 8; Hos. xiii, 14; Ps. xvi, 10, 11), it seems to me that the answer which Christ gave to the doubting Sadducees of olden times has lost none of its force during the lapse of ages. He quoted a passage of scripture which the Sadducees had heard read hundreds of times, perhaps, "I am the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob." The next statement, "God is not the God of the dead but of the living," must hav been as startling to them as it was conclusiv, for it seems to hav silenced them effectually.

That the Old Scripture writers at times made use of language which, taken by itself, might cause one to think otherwise on this subject, I am willing to admit, but over and against this must ever be arrayed not only such passages as I hav already noticed, but many others as well, some of which, although containing nothing in them expressly declared about a future life, yet are utterly at variance with a Materialistic state of mind.

I hav read the chapter to which Mr. Ward would call my attention (Num. xxxi), and would like to know what his authority is for the statement that the Midianites were an "industrious and peaceable and virtuous nation?" We on the contrary might infer (Lev. xviii, 24, 25; xx, 23) that they were guilty of the most filthy and abominable practices, practices against which it was necessary to warn the Israelites lest they, too, be visited as were the people that dwelt in the land before them. I think that if Mr. Ward will search the scriptures carefully he will find that the sin which the Midianites committed, and also caused the Israelites to commit, must hav been a very grievous one, as it is mentioned in quite a number of places throughout the Bible. See marginal references.

In conclusion, permit me to say that I am well acquainted with that class of objections commonly brought to bear against the Bible, and it is useless to reproduce them for my benefit, as they will hav no effect upon me whatever.

MRS. H. A. RITCHEY.

HALSTEAD, KAN., July 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The churches of America are devoted to raising $1,000,000 yearly for "foreign missions;" and right faithfully do its servants work for that end. In towns where the people are chronically "hard up;" where there is no spare money for books, scientific lectures, rational amusements, and scarcely to buy food and clothing, the ministers will corral an audience, lock the doors, roll up their sleeves, and "raise" $400 or $500 in an hour. Families who must go without butter to their bread in consequence throw in their few dollars, without the faintest comprehension of the condition or necessities of those foreign heathen, or an inkling of their own slavish, church-and-state-robbed condition. Men who work for ninety cents a day, women who wash for a living, even children with a penny a month, "pity the heathen"—as though they could be much worse off—to the extent of all they hav, and feel happy over it.

Not long since I heard a good woman, a mother in Israel, pleading most eloquently for our suffering sisters in heathen lands. I do not know what she did with the injunction or command of St. Paul, "Let your women keep silence in the churches;" "Suffer not a woman to speak," etc. Anyhow, she did speak, even as one having authority. By a rare chance (it is rarely indeed that a poor, unbelieving plebeian is permitted to speak to a patrician believer), I was privileged to speak with her on the subject that seemed so near to her heart—the heathen.

With a boldness quite marvelous for one in my humble position, I said: "The millions of dollars you send to the heathen are stolen from the poor laborers of this country." She seemed quite shocked, but bore the infliction much better than I expected. She looked at me more in sorrow than in anger, as if she almost pitied me. "Hav you no sympathy," she said, "for the eighty millions of heathen women who are kept in harems, never allowed to walk or ride in freedom, but are always under surveillance?" I replied: "I don't know much about them, but I do feel sympathy for the millions of men, women, and children in our own land of boasted freedom and equal rights, whose lives never know the true joy and worth of living, who are strangers to warmth, comforts, and full stomachs, but are painfully familiar with hunger, cold, hard words, and hard work. We hav thousands of women in this Christian land who never walk or ride, save to and from their work, often carrying heavy bundles of cheap coarse fabrics, on which they work fourteen or fifteen hours a day, making cheap garments for cheap pay that barely suffices to keep the wolf from the door. Or in the mines, where mothers lay their wailing babes on the hard, cold ground, while the hands that should and would gladly caress and care for the little one are heaving the coal that helps to fill the coffers of some millionaire, whose generous donations to missionaries are heralded far and wide. And men whose lives know no rest or relief from their wretched homes and scarcely more wretched toil." She looked as if she regarded me as a rare specimen of the *genus homo*, and mildly said: "Oh, well, they must be foreigners. Americans would never submit to work like that. In this country, if any are poor and degraded, it is their own fault."

I did not say all I thought, as I did not like to endanger the possibility of a second interview. I hav learned that these brave "soldiers of the cross" do not return to the charge with alacrity unless they are treated very delicately, so I silently wondered why these same heathen foreigners are entitled to such tender sympathy and devotion that Christians deem it an honor to giv money and even lives to promote their present and eternal welfare, while they are many thousands of miles away. Is it such a crime to seek a home in our bounteous land that those who do so deserve to be treated as criminals and slaves? Is the soul of the heathen Chinee or the African Hottentot so much dearer to American Christians while in his nativ jungle than when he has found his way to the happy land which he imagined must be heaven, as it was the home of the missionaries who brought to him "the glad tidings of salvation?" How bitter must be his disappointment! But is it true that none but foreigners suffer injustice, cruelty, and wrong? Let the millions who toil early and late that a few may liv in luxury and idleness answer. Let little children who never know what childhood is answer. The answer must condemn our boasted civilization—our civil and religious institutions.

PROLETAIRE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 15, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I love to defend the truth from misrepresentation as well as to scatter its seeds on new ground. Our friend Mrs. H. A. Ritchey seems to hav read considerable of the writings of somebody who had a faculty of distorting science and then showing how absurd it is. Irrelevant and unfundamental phrases are selected as the only real and proper principles of evolution, and isolated laws of nature are mentioned, as though there were no others to help them. With her reply to Mr. Priestley I do not wish to meddle, but on the scientific part of her letter I desire to make a few remarks.

She says: "This nebula or gas-cloud, which evolutionists assert is eternal, could not burn if it were not a compound. . . . And compounds are not eternal." Now, here are two statements which I consider as false or misrepresentations. Although some may hav made such statements, I am sure that the majority of the foremost scientists of to-day do not believe or teach that this nebula or gas-cloud is eternal, nor do they to my knowledge talk of its burning. A thing may be hot to luminosity and not burn. Iron and many other things can be made so by pressure or by motion. I hav seen it done.

She seems to forget that "there is nothing without a cause," and that "action and reaction are equal and opposit," and hence that construction or combination and destruction or disintegration are necessarily equal; that nothing can be built till something is destroyed to build it of, whether it is a molecule, a crystal, a plant, an animal, a man, a world, or a solar system, and that while one is being destroyed the reaction must be building one somewhere else. As I hav read science I understand that evolution does not necessarily mean a "change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous" always, but any change that is an advantage in the competition for life. A horse with one toe is very much better able to travel a mile in quick time than if he had three or more toes. The horse is an animal which has been produced by a life on a plain where one solid hoof is best, while the goat, ox, and reindeer liv and hav been kept with two toes by living on mountainous or hilly country where two toes are an advantage for safety in climbing. Again, sometimes under changed conditions an animal is advantaged by degeneration, or loss of size or limbs. (See Haeckel's "History of Creation.")

If all the known elements are eternal, she asks, "hav we then some fifty-seven eternal beings?" I think if she will read the latest books on chemistry and philosophy she will find that it is not claimed that the so-called elements may not be divisible down to even one or two really primary substances. Does she believe in the correlation of forces? If so, she knows that forces are convertible the one into the other. And also she ought to know, if she has read as much real science as she professes, that the ablest scientists not only are unable to define the distinctions between species but they practically assert that, although matter and force in their extremes are as unlike as possible, there is a blending where it is impossible to state which you hav under experiment. Also, that although chemical action and life in their extremes are diametrically opposed to each other, yet, like the positiv and negativ poles of a magnet, there is a half-way place where it is utterly impossible to define whether you are looking at chemical action or at a rudimentary manifestation of life. So there seems to be a great gap between a man and a moneron, but when we look at all the stages of development which lie between, the change from one form to the next is almost imperceptible—at least it is not greater than the greatest differences we observe in different individuals of the human race.

She says that "the law of inertia is a very important one," etc. "Every body continues in a state of rest, or of uniform motion in a straight line, unless acted on by some external force." Exactly, but did she ever see matter that was not acted on by some external force? When you throw a ball against the wall it comes to rest, inertia; but presto, change! reaction sets in, and the ball leaves the wall with the same force with which it struck.

She tells us that "every combination had a combiner," and every "regulated power proclaims a regulator." Yea, verily, and every destruction proclaims a destroyer, and every bungle proclaims a bungler. She simply means that everything has a cause. And, therefore, every cause had a previous cause, and there could hav never been a first cause. To create is to make from nothing, and as from nothing nothing can come, there never was a creator. Think of a first cause in total darkness, in a perfect vacuum, nothing to see, feel, smell, taste, sit on or stand on or to take hold of, or even to think about—think, I say, of such a nonentity creating something out of nothing.

Matter in some form must always hav existed, even if there is a God, for a God who was not composed of some substance would be nothing. Force always existed; for even if there is a creator, a creator without force could not move, think, speak, or do anything. And if matter and force always existed and their principles are sufficient to account for all known phenomena—and they are—where is the need of manufacturing an absurdity and naming it good or God? But as long as nature destroys as fast as she builds, she is not good or bad either. Each particular phenomenon in its effect upon our health and happiness is either good or bad, but not so with nature in general as one vast whole.

As evidence that spontaneous generation is possible, I submit the following facts. Natural forces and substances, namely, air, water, oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, heat, etc., support all the life we witness. The addition of one of these things is often sufficient to change into a living thing what would remain forever dead without it. Therefore, it depends on natural substances and forces for its existence. Subtract one of those and it disappears, just as subtracting one element of a chemical combination causes the disappearance of the particular phenomena it was manifesting. And therefore it seems probable that that which supports life was the original cause of life, and both are still in existence. Of course, life on this earth had a beginning and hence a cause, and will as surely hav an end when the reaction sets in strongly enough.

But I must close, recommending to careful perusal Haeckel's "History of Creation," two vols., preface by Prof. T. H. Huxley.

C. L. HASKELL.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

How the Bear's Tail Came to Be Short.

A FABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

Bruin and Reynard met one day,
As cold a day as one could wish:
Bruin was faint; and, by the way,
Reynard had quite a string of fish.

"Friend," said the bear, "excuse my rudeness,
I am no beggar, it is true,
Though nearly starved; but hav the goodness
To tell me where such luck you drew."

"I angled for it," Reynard said;
"But how?" returned his famished brother;
"The ponds are frozen hard as lead."
"I know it," blandly spoke the other.

"But listen, while I make it clear
Just how by patience you can get
The jolliest meal you've had this year—
The best, indeed, you ever ate.

"Well, over yonder, in the ice,
There's a fresh hole—'tis one I made;
Go, slip your tail in, in a trice,
And sit right down—don't be afraid.

"The fish will find they've extra bait,
And bite and bite—don't mind the pain;
The longer you endure to wait,
The greater in the end your gain.

"At length, all ready, quick jump up,
Pull out your caudal with a jerk,
And, trust me, royally you'll sup,
And long remember this day's work."

Now Bruin hastened to comply
With Reynard's kind and wise suggestion;
He bade his friend a brief good-bye,
Nor stopped to ask another question.

Meekly he sat, and keener grew
The frosty air while thus he waited;
And fierce and strong the north wind blew,
But hunger craved a tail full-freighted.

The pale moon shivered in the east,
Shivered the stars in Charles's Wain;
He gathered up his bulk, poor beast!
And sprang up with all his might and main.

Alas! that day in bleak December!
My story's told—the hour grows late;
But nevermore his caudal member
Will luckless Bruin use for bait.

Biographical.

MICHAEL SERVETUS.

He was born in Spain, near Saragossa, in 1509. His real name in Spanish was Miguel Servedo. We can imagin that he was a thoughtful, studious boy, for he studied both law and medicin, as well as the Christian doctrins, and wrote and published books when only twenty-one years old. He had discovered the correct theory of the circulation of the blood before the celebrated Harvey and Hunter had announced their convictions on the subject. But he is principally noted for his doubts in regard to the leading points of popular Christianity. He did not believe that God was a three-headed monster, or that little children were born sinners any more than they were born saints—they were simply little children. His arguments were powerful and convincing, and because they were so, and unanswerable, too, he was regarded as a dangerous heretic. Then the Christian bigots, with John Calvin at their head, resolved that Servetus should not liv. And they thought, in their foolish ignorance, that it would be serving their God to persecute and destroy this man, for no other reason than that he differed from them in opinions.

Servetus had printed a book called, "The Restitution of Christianity," embodying Unitarian sentiments, and this called forth the ire of Calvin, and it was not long before he caused the author of the work to be arrested by the Catholic authorities at Vienna. There was a trial which ended in the condemnation of the good Servetus. However, he found a means of escape, and fled to Geneva.

Calvin was still watching for him and again he was arrested—for Calvin looked upon Servetus as a rival—thrust into prison, and denied the comforts of life. Nevertheless, he bore up bravely under very severe trials. Without being allowed the means to defend himself properly, weak, sick, exhausted by imprisonment and cruel treatment, one morning he was brought up before the court, and a council of sixty bigots, to hear his sentence.

It is just to say that there were among the sixty a number of fair-minded men who were averse to the death sentence of Servetus. The final discussion as to his fate lasted three days, but his enemies were in the majority, and voted to put him to death.

The method of his death was by burning. Think of it, a man to be burnt alive for his opinions' sake! How cruel! How dreadful!

When he learned what was to be his end, Servetus bent his head and wept, for life was sweet and dear to him, as it is to all. He soon recovered himself, however, and made final preparations for his awful doom.

He sent for Calvin to come and see him, and when he came he kindly and pleasantly spoke of their antagonistic relations, and humbly asked his forgivness for harsh terms used in the heat of controversy. But Calvin only sneered, and left the brave man without one kind word or look of pity.

Servetus was asked to recant and say that his teachings were wrong. But no, he was true to his honest convictions, and he would hold to them through all the tortures that might be heaped upon him, and his last words were a repetition of his firm belief.

So, in Geneva there, Oct. 27, 1553, he was chained to a stake and fagots piled around him. The flame circled and curled around the noble reformer, and thus, panting in agony and fiercest pain, he died.

But above the fire and smoke there arose, lighting the sky with new brilliancy, a wreath of golden and imperishable fame and glory.

It encircled his name, clothed it with that undying and fadeless beauty that great courage, invincible firmness, unswerving constancy, and loyalty to truth always bestow, and made immortal this martyr to religious intolerance—MICHAEL SERVETUS.

Correspondence.

KINZUA, PA., July 26, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: We do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I heard you had a fund started for a Freethought hero, and I want to lend a helping hand by adding my twenty cents for the benefit of Father Hacker.

I think the Liberal children quite slow in coming to the front in this good cause. Hurry up and send in your dimes, or we will not get this debt paid off before snow flies again. Maude must feel this lagging to be almost an insult to her worthy scheme. Yours truly,

WALLIE STEARNS MURRAY.

PAYSON, UTAH, July 18, 1888.

DEAR SUSAN WIXON: Becoming interested in the Children's Corner and seeing so many letters from other children, I ask leave to join the circle. In our town, which has two thousand inhabitants, most of the people are Mormons or Presbyterians, with the exception of a few Freethinkers.

Pa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER about a year, and we all enjoy looking at it and studying out the pictures, which I think are very instructiv.

Payson has two churches—Latter Day Saints and Presbyterian; six schools—five district and one Presbyterian. I am afraid I will tire you. I will hope to see this in print.

Your Freethinking friend,

CORA A. CLARK.

P.S.—In my next letter I will try and tell you about the people of Utah. C. A. C.

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"Boy Billy" and the Beer.

"Boy Billy" was the adopted son of Christian Zende, an honest German, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a lager-beer saloon tossing off a foaming glass of beer. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing till evening. After tea, Zende seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of things. Billy looked on with curiosity.

"Come here, Billy," said Christian Zende. "Why were you in the beer-shop to-day? Why did you drink beer, my boy?"

"Oh—oh—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.

"No, Billy, it is not good to the mouth. I did never see so big faces as you did make. Billy, you think it will taste good by and by, and it looks like a man to drink, and so you drink. Now, Billy, if it is good, hav it. I will not hinder you from what is good and manly, but drink it at home; take your drink pure, Billy, and let me pay for it. Come, my boy. You like beer. Well, open your mouth. I hav all the beer stuff, pure from the shop. Come, open your mouth, and I will put it in."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende: "Don't make me mad, Billy. Open your mouth."

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Zende put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face. A bit of aloes followed. This was worse. Billy winced. The last morsel of red pepper from a knife-point now made Billy howl.

"What, not like beer?" said Zende. "Open your mouth." A knife dipped in oil of turpentine made Billy cry.

"Open your mouth; the beer is not half made yet."

And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime and potash and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. Then came a grain of licorice, hop pollen, and saltpeter.

"Look, Billy! Here is some arsenic, and some strychnin which is used to kill rats."

"I shall die! Oh—Oh—Oh—do you want to kill me, Father Zende?"

"Kill him, just by a little beer, all good and pure! He tells me he likes beer and it is manly to drink it, and when I giv him some he cries I kill him. Here is water. There is much water in beer."

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on.

"There is much alcohol in beer. Here, open your mouth;" and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room and then ran for more water.

"Come here; the beer is not done, Billy;" and seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall. "There, Billy. Here is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, and nux vomica. Open your mouth."

"Oh, no, no!" said Billy. "Let me go. I hate beer. I'll never drink any more. I'll never go in that shop again. Oh, let me go! I can't eat those things. My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take them away, Father Zende!"

"Take them away! Take away good beer when I hav paid for it! My boy, you drank them fast to-day."

"Oh, they make me sick," said Billy.

"A man drinks all these bad things mixed up in water. He gets red in the face; he gets big in the body; he gets shaky in his hands; he gets weak in his eyes; he gets mean in his manners."

Billy was satisfied on the beer question.—*From the German.*

Occupations of Great Men.

The *Medical Age* has been investigating this subject, and says that the father of Demosthenes was a blacksmith; of Euripides, a dealer in vegetables; of Socrates, a mediocre sculptor; of Epicurus, a shepherd; of Virgil, an innkeeper; Columbus was the son of a wool-carder; Shakspere, of a butcher; Luther, of a miner; Cromwell, of a brewer; Sixtus V., of a swineherd; Linnæus, of a poor country minister; Franklin, of a soapboiler; Rousseau, of a watchmaker, and Murat of an innkeeper. The writer concludes that the mothers of these men may hav been the source from which their genius was derived, and, indeed, it is known that some of them were women of more than ordinary excellence.

Manners Between Boys.

There is a good deal of rudeness between boys in their intercourse and bearing with one another that is not really intended as such, but it is not therefore any the less to be disapproved. It is simply the overflow of excessiv high spirits. But the very best humor, unrestrained by the proper bounds and limitations, may become the most positiv incivility.

We often apologize for the coarseness of people by saying, "He means well." It is well if we can make such an apology for them, for if their rudeness is intentional they are not fit to be received into any worthy person's society. But they who mean well should also do well, and the ways of politeness are never so easily learned as in youth.

GOOSES are the biggest birds knone to the human eye, and the he one is a gander. The gander is the monark of the air, but the rooster can lick him, cos the rooster he is brave like General Solmon, but the gander isn't fighty, more like preachers. The goose is a sailer, but not a wicked one, like Jack Brily, wich chews tobacko, and swears, and evry thing, and it has got lethers between its toes for to wolk the wotter like a thing of life. Ducks they are sailers to, but the swon has got a long neck like a giraft, and wen it has got a sore throte it is mighty sick. The little gooses is goslums and is green. My sister, she see a goslum and she ast Uncle Ned wot made it green, and he said, Uncle Ned did, that it was cos it wasn't ripe. Then Billy, he spoke up, and said wen it was ripe, it would be picked. And now I will tell you a story.—*Johnny's Composition.*

THE day had been overcast. Suddenly the sun shone out, and a little patch of sunlight brightened the corner of the carpet. At once Tray got up, and, with a wise look, trotted to the bright place and laid himself in it. "That's true philosophy," said George. "Only one little patch of sunlight in the place, and the sensible little dog walks out of the shadow, and rolls himself round in the brightness. Let not Tray's example be lost upon us; but, wherever there shall be one patch of sunlight, let us enjoy it."

SEVERAL years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney-sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education. With others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you read?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"Oh, I never was at school."

Here was a singular case—a boy could read and spell without a book or master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop-doors which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself, and his book the signboards on the houses. What may not be done by trying?

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Spaghetti Penseroso da Sforzando Rimini
Was burdened with a lengthy list of crime and pedigree.
"How charmingly romantic!" will Matilda now declare,
Though at his table manners, O Matilda, you would stare.

A tender melancholy did his classic features shade,
And twenty-seven inches was his bright stiletto blade.
For yes, he was a bandit chief and with his lawless band,
Successfully he terrorized that far Italian land.

Though steeped in gore he yet possessed a sense of virtue strong,
That made him feel the life he led was very, very wrong.
And crime, no matter what *you* say, he could not well disguise
Was justly reprobated in the most indulgent eyes.

He never slipped his dagger in, and turned it round and round,
But that a feeling of regret within his heart he found.
It shocked him most intensely when his victim chanced to shriek.
His *most* atrocious murders made him ill for quite a week.

'Twas on a sunny afternoon that Signor Rimini
Encountered on a lonely road the bishop of the see.
It pleased him very much indeed, the holy man to meet;
He'd lain for him a dozen times upon that very beat.

"Stay, holy father! I entreat a simple boon," he cried,
"My ethical relations hav of late been sadly pied.
I'd like to ease my conscience up a little, don't you know,
And here's the ready cash. O rev'rend sir, is it a go?"

The bishop hemmed and hawed a bit, and then he hawed and hemmed,
But ready-money customers are not to be contemned.
So when the bandit mentioned terms he took them in a flash,
A scudo for an average sin, with twenty off for cash.

"Oh, sir" (for so respectfully the bandit chief began),
"You hav a heavy contract, for I'm a sinful man.
No crime in all the decalog but that my hand has stained."
"Good," quoth the bishop to himself, though looking deeply pained.

The bishop on the list of horrors kept a tally strict,
So with them, gentle reader, I will not your ears afflict.
The bishop smiled benignly as the lengthy schedule grew,
Indeed, he condescended e'en to cut a joke or too.

A score of trifles commonplace made up the list of crime,
And then the bishop figured up the bill in double time.
It came to twenty scudi odd. "I've nothing but a bill,"
The bandit said. "I'll change it," cried the bishop with a will.

He pulled an ample wallet out and counted down the tin,
Spaghetti strove to steel his heart, but Satan entered in.
"There's just one other little thing" (apologetic cough),
"And if you'll wait a moment I should like to get it off."

"To-day I robbed a bishop, in a gentlemanly way,
And anything that's proper, I am quite prepared to pay."
"Enough!" the bishop, scandalized, with angry voice exclaimed,
"You don't get off so lightly for the trifle that you've named.

"Your sacrilegious act demands a penalty condign,
And five-and-twenty lire is the very lowest fine
I should accept to call it square." "Oh, don't you hesitate,"
The bandit said, politely; "we will call it twenty-eight."

The bishop absolution gave and pocketed the pay,
"And now," remarked the bandit, in his light and blithesome way,
"I'll trouble you to hurry up and turn your pockets out!
For you're that very bishop we were talking all about."

Spaghetti Penseroso da Sforzando Rimini
Rode home upon the bishop's mule and caroled merrily.
The bishop travels little now, but still he could be fetched
A hundred miles at any time to see a bandit stretched.

The conscience fund, you understand, was left untouched and whole,
And so Spaghetti feels assured about his precious soul.
'Twas cheap enough, I think you'll say, his *dolce far niente*,
For only twenty scudi odd and lire eight-and twenty.

—*W. G. van Tassel Sutphen in Time.*

Some Matters and Things.

From the Chicago daily *Times* of July 23d inst. I cut the following:

A PRAYER ANSWERED.

Moody's Church Struck by Lightning in Response to a Request for Divine Manifestation.—. . . The man of God said, "Let us pray." He said: "O Lord! help us to a full understanding of thy great goodness and mercy. Giv us this day, this hour, some manifestation of thy power —" A blinding flash of light, accompanied by a crashing sound on the roof above as if a hundred panes of glass were shattered, interrupted the prayer. This noise was followed by a tremendous clap of thunder. The members of the vast congregation jumped wildly to their feet and cries of "fire" came from the outside. The church had been struck by lightning. Above the shrieks rose the clear voice of the pastor, calling: "Come back; do not disgrace the house of God. There is no danger; the Lord watches over us."

The thoughtful man, without fear, superstition, or stupidity, can see in the above another evidence of the "foolishness of prayer." It is barely possible that somewhere an event has transpired after a prayer which might appear to be an answer to an expressed wish of some pious individual, but it always so happens that the event is in the due course of nature's events—for instance, rain, sunshine, recovery from sickness, subsidence of storms, etc., and not in contravention of fixed laws. And yet there are thousands still clinging to a silly form, wholly without visible power or utility, daily pleading for unreasonable things that they never get by reason of supplication. Belief in the efficacy of prayer begets indolence. How true, "God helps those who help themselvs!" We use the term God to signify that great and unknown power that keeps the horolog in motion.

In the above case the response to the prayer was simply that nature was following her course. Is it not plain enough that if there was a special God, hearing and attending to individual cases, such things would surely never happen to his children? Read the above words of the man of God: "There is no danger; the Lord watches over us." How consoling to the weary Christian! While the Lord is watching lightning strikes. Fire ensues, and women and children are killed in the struggles of a panic; the ship goes down in the storm—yet sane men stand up and preach, "The Lord watches over us!"

On Sunday, July 22d, a few Catholic priests held a convocation in the Joliet penitentiary, to confirm forty-five convicts of Catholic parentage and inclination, although there is a regulation supernumerary called a chaplain, whose paid duty it is to prepare the convicts for sainthood. We quote from the Chicago *Times* words spoken by Bishop Spalding:

Being deprived of liberty and association with the world, even though for an extended period, was not as serious a condition as many believed. Real liberty belonged to the mind far more than to the body. Those he was addressing could strive to make their minds free and could enjoy the better part of genuin liberty. They were removed from many of the temptations of the world, and, in comparison with many in the world outside, enjoyed superior opportunities for turning their thoughts and aspirations to their spiritual interests.

How comforting to the criminal class! Commit crime, get into prison, and be "removed from many temptations of the world," and enjoy "superior opportunities" to become spiritual-minded! Now, doesn't this look like a lovely way to become a Christian? Read the bishop's words again. "In comparison with many in the world outside, enjoyed superior opportunities," etc. Get into the penitentiary in order to hav a chance to become better Christians! A premium on crime! How long will the sensible world continue to giv political and social place to dogmas so offensiv to reason?

JOHN BUSHEL.

That Badger Boy At Sunday-School.

THE LESSON OF DEBORAH AND SISERA.

The teacher read chapter iv of Judges, containing the story of Deborah the prophetess and one Sisera, a fighting man opposed to the God of Moses, *et al*, that Badger boy toeing the scratch, as it were, at once for information.

"Was Deb. a tramp, mum, and had to tie up under a tree?"

"You James Badger, don't you dare to speak so of Deborah, a prophetess of the Lord!"

"No'm. Must a been ruff when it raned, mum. Did she hav a numbriller?"

"It's likely she had a tent, or a little house under the tree, you stupid."

"Yes'm. Was she a poor, lone woman, mum?"

"Didn't I read that she was the wife of Lapidoth, you stupid boy?"

"Yes'm. What'd he do, mum? Lap-the-broth—what a name!"

"James Badger, I'll send you home?"

"No'm—please. Deb. had more sand into her than the duffer 'twouldn't go to fite 'less she went with him, didn't she, mum?"

"If you mean she had more courage, you slangy little thing, then I say yes."

"Yes'm. Did she make the scads, profitin' for the Isrils, mum?"

"You needn't ask any such wicked questions, boy, for I won't answer you."

"No'm. That husband of her'n warn't no grate sugar, was he, mum, to let her go out fitin' with uther men. I'd a fit her myself, 'fI'd been him, and locked her up in the barn."

"You would, eh? Yes, no doubt of it. But you wasn't him—now shut up!"

"Yes'm. Did old Borax, the fiter she went out with, lick the uther gang 'cos she was with him? I s'pose he fit like thunder, to show off, didn't he, mum?"

"No matter what you suppose, you horrid boy; but he did conquer because the propheteess of the Lord was with him!"

"Yes'm. How do you know that was the reason, mum?"

"Because I do. Now you hush!"

"Yes'm. Do you believe they killed every one of Sizzler's men—knocked out every bludy one of 'em, mum?"

"Yes, I do! Doesn't the Bible say so? and isn't that enough?"

"Yes'm. How luvly your obbun hare is this mornin', mum! It's puttier hare'n Miss Higgles's is."

"Oh—now—James—now—don't——"

"No'm. That was ruff on Sizzler, the way the woman fooled him and got him into her tent, warn't it, mum?"

"You mean Sisera, dear. No, James, it served him just right, for he was ungodly!"

"Yes'm. She had offle sand into her to do that job, didn't she, mum?"

"God gave her the courage, James."

"Do you call that currige, mum? Seems to me as it was a mean bloody murder, drivin' a nale into a man's head when he's asleep in your house, and you ast him in!"

"Well, it wasn't, James, for the Lord sent an angel to say that she should be blessed above other women!"

"Yes'm. Wood you tell a man to come in, and cover him all up in bed, and then drive a nale into his head, and croak him when he's asleep, mum?"

"Yes—no—that is, if the Lord—if—er—well, she did it, and the Lord was pleased, so we must not condemn, James."

"No'm. And they had nales then, did they, mum?—and hammers, too?"

"It appears so, James."

"Yes'm. Wunder if 'twas a ten-p'n'y nale she driv into his head, mum?"

"I'm sure I don't know, James."

"No'm. Golly! I s'pose she jest giv it one crack and driv it way in, 'relse he'd a waked up, woodn't he, mum?"

"Oh, I don't know, James. It's awful to think of driving it in—don't talk any more about it, dear. It makes me shudder!"

"Yes'm. So't duz me, mum. But we mustn't shudder if the Lord liked it, must we, mum?"

"James, do, pray, stop, won't you?"

"Yes'm. What was that blessed woman's name, mum?"

"Her name was Jael, dear."

"Yes'm. Jail, eh? If I had her, I'd put her in jail for forty yeers, and drive forty nales into her head, mum! That's the way I'd bless her, mum!"

"Well, you havn't got her, and it doesn't matter what you would do. Now stop!"

"Yes'm. Who seen the angel that blessed her, mum?"

"James Badger, you stop this minute!"

"Yes'm. I guess it was a snide angel, mum, playin' roots on folks, so she woodn't be took up for murder!"

"James Badger, now you go home!"

"No'm, please. Duz God like them offle tricks, mum—drivin' nales into"——

"You awful Badger boy—now you go right straight home! The class is dismissed."

And thus ended the Deborah séance.

SI SLOKUM.

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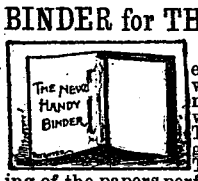
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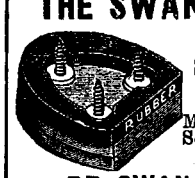
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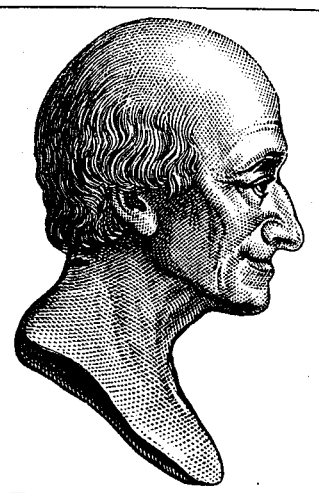
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News of the Week.

PORTUGUESE steamers are carrying many Jesuit monks and nuns to proselyte the Congo region.

A RECENT eruption of the volcano of Mount Iwahassi, Japan, caused the loss of many houses and lives.

SHERIDAN died on the 5th.

BRIGANDAGE flourishes in Cuba.

CHICAGO'S population is 802,651.

GERMANY is industriously arresting Socialists.

CALIFORNIA is having an anti-Chinese crusade.

MANY Chinamen come through British Columbia.

VIOLENCE is ensuing from extensiv Paris strikes.

THE pope congratulates William III. on the birth of a son.

RUSSIA is dunning the Turkish sultan for the war indemnity.

RUSSIA'S new military law will increase her army by 400,000 men.

A ROCKET scattering oil to calm dangerous seas is being perfected.

A NUMBER of Benedictines recently sailed to establish their order in Ecuador.

THE Catholic control of Colombia secured by the late agreement is complete.

IMMIGRATION for year ending June 30, 1888, 339,818; previous year, 483,116.

"THE fatigue of public worship" is discussed by the English medical press.

COÖPERATION in England is growing, and its societies now hav 920,000 members.

THE 1st was the eighteenth anniversary of the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope.

THE institution of public free libraries is an excellent practice being adopted by cities.

THE *Catholic Standard* defends that nation of thieves, gamblers, and cut-throats, Mexico.

SOUTH CAROLINA phosphate-bed owners hav combined, to extort advanced prices for phosphates.

A CONTEMPTIBLE rivalry between two towns in Stevens county, Kan., has plunged that county into a state of bloodshed and confusion.

THE New York Working Women's Society has passed resolutions deploring the death of Courtlandt Palmer, who was their warm and helpful friend.

AT Downs, Kan., there was recently discovered a remarkably well-preserved fossil, sixteen feet in length, either a mosasurus or an ichthyosaurus.

SEWING women and other working-women complain that their wages are kept at starvation point by religious charitable institutions who cut under their prices.

A MAN calling himself Father Hayes recently swindled a Quebec broker out of £450. The other Fathers who spiritually swindle all their dupes are still at liberty.

REVIVALIST HORNER has been ordered by the authorities to leave Fallowfield, a town near Ottawa. He had made twenty persons ill with nervous prostration, and several will end their days in lunatic asylums.

THE restraining influences of Christianity having proved somewhat unsuccessful in keeping Rev. Mr. McEwen, of Evansville, Ind., from insulting ladies, the authorities hav fallen back on the restraining influence of a prison.

"YOU don't look like a prophet," said Justice Power as Revivalist Mnason was arraigned before him the other morning for having come up from Park Ridge, N. J., because he "heard a voice calling him to New York," and caused disturbances. "I am a prophet; God has sent me," was the reply. He was sent to prison.

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MOSES AND MRS. MOSES (DID MOSES HAV A NEGRO WIFE?).

And Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married: for he had married an Ethiopian woman.—Num. xii, 1.

Odds and Ends.

A RUM go—Prohibition.

THE diary of an old maid is the record of a miss-spent life.

A THING that is lightly passed over just now is the fence surrounding a watermelon patch.

WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud? Because it is beyond the reach of prohibitory laws.

THE book-reviewer, unlike other literary men, can do his best work when in a critical condition.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher: "Why did the cock crow at Peter's denial?" Pupil: "'Cause it couldn't holler."

TOMMY: "Mamma, me and Maudie hav been playing doctor. I just giv her some medicin in a spoon, and she lies down and dies."

COMPASSIONATE housewife: "So you were in the army, my poor man. What was your capacity there?" Tramp: "Double rations, mum."

CUSTOMER (getting his hair cut): "D'dn't you snip off a piece of the ear then?" "Yes, sah, a small piece, but not 'nough to affect de hearin', sah."

"HOW'RE you getting along?" remarked one moth to another. "Oh, I manage to keep in clothing." And he disappeared within a fur-lined overcoat.

THIS is the time of the year that a woman packs her husband's coat, containing the book of tour tickets, in the bottom of the trunk that starts just ahead of them.

PROMPTER (to boy): "Tell Mr. Ham that his cue will be given very soon for the death scene. Is he ready?" Boy: "Yes, sir; he's jest got through eatin' a watermelon."

BROWN: "That's a handsome umbrella you've got there, Robinson." Robinson: "Yes." Brown: "About what does it cost to carry an umbrella like that?" Robinson: "Eternal vigilance."

THE negro is a warm-blooded creature; but he can stand right up in a chilling rain and eat his way right through the biggest watermelon in the patch, without the slightest indication of a tremor.

CLERK: "I pelieve ve vill get some pad vedders." Mose Schaumburg: "You believes ve vill get some pad vedders. Vat you means by ve? Since ven haf you been a partner oph mine dot you talks of ve?"

"AH, my friend," sighed a lugubrious stranger at Asbury Park, "there are skeletons in all families. I hav mine, and I s'pose you hav yours?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "she is down there on the beach now."

"I HAV been reading so long, Mr. Sampson," she said, as he came up from the gate, "that my eyes are really very tired." "Lay aside your book, Miss Clara," he replied, with tender sympathy, "and let your tired eyes rest on me."

MRS. CHILSLEY: "I see statistics show that seventy-five per cent of male criminals are unmarried." Mr. Chilsley: "Which shows how many men prefer the penitentiary to matrimony." And the ensuing silence was so deep that Mrs. Chilsley could hear herself reflect.

CITIZEN (to Chinaman): "How are you going to vote, John?" Chinaman: "Me votee against Hallison." Citizen: "Why, how is that? Don't you know his record on the Chinese question?" Chinaman: "Yes. Too muchee Chinaman in countly now."

SHE: "What beautiful texture is Mrs. X.'s stockings; shouldn't think she would wear them in salt water." He (dreamily): "Yes, how beautifully shaped they are, ah—er—that is—er—the stockings, of course, you know." Runs behind a bath-house and kicks himself.

THEY were outside the garden wall. "Well," ejaculated Eve, who, woman-like, gave her alleged husband the greater share of the blame, "I hope you are satisfied now." "We ought to be, my dear," returned Adam, trying to be hilarious under distressing circumstances; "we've got the earth."

YOUNG imp (to returning Father of Evil): "Well, dad, what sort of a time did you hav on earth today?" F. of E.: "I'm only too glad to get home again. Tell Jimmy to put more coal in No. 37,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, and make a roaring fire. I expect two New York politicians to-night."

"No, Mr. Smith," she said gently but firmly, "I can never be your wife." Then he struggled to his feet and said, in broken tones: "Are all my hopes to be thus dashed to pieces? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?" This was too much for the girl, and she succumbed.

"I WILL take," said the tramp to the bartender, "a little free whisky to be used in the arts." "What's that?" growled the drink-dispenser. "Ah," said the tramp, loftily, "you are probably a Democrat, and havn't the platform which we Republicans adopted. We there demand free whisky for the arts, and I will take a little just now to be used in painting my nose."

"MY dear," said a lady, who was sitting on her front stoop, "do you notice that poor man coming up the street?" "Yes," was the reply. "How I pity such people!" she went on, gently. "Their life must be hard indeed. Insufficient food and clothing, no money to buy even the simplest necessaries of——" Just then the wretched object of her compassion vociferated: "Pay cash, clo'!"

"JAMES," said the father of the family, sternly, "your school reports hav been anything but favorable this term. I suppose you failed in your examination as usual?" "No, sir," protested the boy. "I passed, but it was a tight squeeze." "Laura," continued the father, turning to his oldest daughter, "I think I heard voices in the hall late last evening. I hav told you repeatedly not to let that young man stay later than eleven o'clock." "It was just eleven when he left, father." "That's so," testified James, coming to the relief of his sister. "I was at the top of the stairway and saw him go. He got away at eleven o'clock, but it was a tight squ"—— "James!" shrieked Laura.

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Gems of Thought.

To obtain the remission of his sins a Christian should feel a hearty sorrow for actions he possibly took great pleasure in committing. An act of contrition suffices to make one's peace with God, which is very convenient for Christians who, in spite of their contrition, hav no intention of mending their ways.—*Voltaire.*

DOES not the credit system in morals breed extravagance in sin?—*Ingersoll.*

APART from the irrational and immoral character of many of its dogmas, Christianity has exercised a baleful influence upon society by its assumption of infallibility, by its exclusivness, and its insane pretension that finality has been reached, that it is placed on such an immovable basis of truth that all science and all philosophy must take their cue from its crude and untenable creation story and its revolting and immoral redemption myth. It came upon the world when the world was comparativly a baby, and set itself to the task of not only seeing that the baby should not be allowed to grow any bigger, but that it should, if possible, be dwarfed and pinched back to something meaner and smaller. It pronounced an appalling curse upon him who should alter by one jot or one tittle anything in the jumbled incoherences of its scriptures. All knowledge was crystallized, all wisdom put into its eternal shape, eighteen hundred years ago. No secular book was of any use. If it taught what was not in the Bible, it taught what was unnecessary; if it taught anything opposed to the Bible, it was blasphemous.—*Saladin.*

MELANCHTHON, mild as he was, was not behind Luther in condemning Copernicus. In his treatis, "Initia Doctrinæ Physicæ," he says: "The eyes are witnesses that the heavens revolve in the space of twenty-four hours. But certain men, either from the love of novelty or to make a display of ingenuity, hav concluded that the earth moves; and they maintain that neither the eighth sphere nor the sun revolves. . . . Now, it is a want of honesty and decency to assert such notions publicly, and the example is pernicious. It is a part of a good mind to accept the truth as revealed by God, and to acquiesce in it." Melanchthon then cites passages from the Psalms and from Ecclesiastes which he declares assert positivly and clearly that the earth stands fast, and that the sun moves around it.—*Andrew D. White.*

FROM these ghosts our fathers received information. They were the schoolmasters of our ancestors. They were the scientists and philosophers, the geologists, legislators, astronomers, physicians, metaphysicians, and historians of the past. For ages these ghosts were supposed to be the only source of real knowledge. They inspired men to write books, and the books were considered sacred. If facts were found to be inconsistent with these books, so much the worse for the facts, and especially for their discoverers.—*Ingersoll.*

LEGISLATIV reform, the manful renunciation of entangling alliances with the ghosts of the past, is a sword that has more than once cut a Gordian knot of fatal complications. The suppression of monasteries saved four of our Spanish-American sister republics from a brood of vampires that had drained the life-blood of Spain for a series of centuries. In England the timely repeal of the corn-laws averted an explosion that might hav rent the coherence of the entire British empire. The abolition of slavery with one blow destroyed a hydra that had menaced the safety of the American Union by an endless series of political disputes. By the abolition of serfdom Czar Alexander elevated the Russian empire to the rank of a progressiv nation. The very possibility of national progress depends, indeed, on the hope of legislativ reform, for the rigor of unalterable laws prevents social development as the clasp of an iron ring prevents the growth of a tree.—*Oswald's Bible of Nature.*

HERE I may allude to persecution. This is entirely and exclusivly human, and is the most senseless and degrading of all feelings and actions. The man must be utterly insane, or debased, who can persecute his fellow for difference of opinion. Why do not our tyrants imprison and outlaw us for the shape of our noses, the color of our hair, or the size of our heads? It would not surprise me if they did. They hav done their worst in persecuting opinions; in this way they hav plunged to the very depths of madness, and we need not be surprised at any exhibitions they may yet make. In this the animals might well laugh man to scorn, and hold him in perpetual derision; for the persecutor is the very lowest type of being that crawls the earth—the very slime of slime; the last refuge of the world.—*J. Symes.*

FOR my own part, I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon who descending from the mountains carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs, as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practices infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions.—*Darwin.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Vol. 15. No. 33. {PUBLISHED WEEKLY. { New York, Saturday, August 18, 1888. } 28 LAFAYETTE PL.} $3.00 per year.

Notes and Clippings.

IT is thought that in the next hundred years the population of the United States will equal the present population of Europe and perhaps that of China.

THE vicar at Barnaldswick, Yorkshire, discharged his sexton and attempted to run things all by himself. When a funeral procession reached the gates a short time afterward, it found them locked, while the bells were ringing for a wedding. The grave was dug too shallow and in a north and south position, and in attempting to lower the coffin the vicar and his boy let it fall with a crash to the bottom. He offered to dig a new grave, but the relativs concluded that he had done harm enough already.

THE faculty of the Ottawa normal school think that the fact that this year there were no honor students and not one qualified for the governor-general's medal, is due to rules permitting young men of the school to call upon young women of the school, and pass evenings with them. Until recently the rules to prevent the commingling of the sexes were of the strictest kind. They were not even allowed to recognize each other on the streets. If it appears that the relaxed rules are likely to result in too much calling and too little study, the old methods will again be employed.

AMONG the passengers by the steamer Rotterdam, which arrived at this port last week, was the Rev. J. V. Dundas, of Rice county, Minn., who declared that he had no dutiable articles in his baggage. Customs Officer Schaeffer, however, found in his trunk a fine white India crepe shawl, embroidered in silk; a large quantity of men's underwear, ladies' underwear, a silk umbrella, an aneroid, parcels of prayer-books, towels, handkerchiefs, perfumery, and in a false bottom five thousand cigars packed in boxes snugly fitting to the trunk. The trunk was seized. And now the Rev. Mr. Dundas will go home and preach sermons, telling his people that their duty is to be honest, law-abiding citizens. In the eye ofthe law Mr. Dundas is a criminal, but that makes no difference with his piety.

MISS MARTHA A. MCCONNELL was elected deacon, in the McKeesport, Pa., Reformed Presbyterian church, but the presbytery refused to ordain her, as there was no precedent for such action, and referred the matter to the synod. The synod turned the question over to the committee on disciplin, which has just reported in favor of ordaining women as deacons.

COSTA RICA has ratified a contract with the Nicaragua Canal Company, which apparently removes the last obstacle to the progress of this work. It remains only for the construction company to push along the excavations with zeal to hav the canal in operation before its Panama rival. The reports from Panama are not reassuring, and a collapse of the enterprise is prophesied, to take effect probably very soon.

THE Catholic University at Washington has already $700,000 in funds, with $100,000 more subscribed, 656 acres of property paid for, the divinity building ($175,000) ready to be paid for as the contracts call for payment, chapel and library provided for by a donor, and eight divinity chairs endowed.

THE story goes that a young curate once received from a lady an instantaneous photograph which represented the two parties in the act of kissing. The curate, while calling upon the young lady, had in a moment of enthusiasm kissed her, and she, artful belle, by previous arrangement had secured photographs of the scene, one of which she sent to the innocent pastor, as described, with the statement that she had eleven more, which he might hav for the modest sum of $100 each.



THE MOVEMENT OF THE CLERGY.

AUTHORITIES of Ocean county, N. J., hav unearthed an old Sunday law with a very severe penalty, and will stop the fishing on Barnegat bay.

A BERLIN correspondent of the *Journal des Debats* says that Bismarck is declining in health, and has repeatedly expressed a wish to retire to private life.

THE New York *Times*, in issue of July 15th, had a column editorial headed, "The School Tumult in Boston," in which it said: "There has been a strong feeling all over the country that the Roman communion is hostil to our institutions because its hierarchy favors the parochial school, which is the complement of the parish church in the Old World." It further said: "Boston is the first New England city that the Roman Catholics hav captured, and the attempt to formulate a Roman policy for schools indicates what is before the public school in other cities where it is possible for the Catholic to gain control."

THE Rev. J. B. Simmons, D.D., of this city, in an address before the Baptist Publication Society, said: "Beautiful as woman was when God created her, we cannot deny that, in morals and religion, she was a deplorable failure. From the day she turned her back upon God and God's word (both of which things she did without any influence from Adam), she became a heathen. Heathenism originated in her heart." From this it appears that the world is indebted to woman more than generally acknowledged, but it does not appear that woman is very greatly indebted to the Christian church for good opinions held.

THE story of how General Andrew Jackson got the name of Old Hickory is again going its rounds, and will be new to some readers. During the Creek war he had a bad cold, and his soldiers made for him a shelter of hickory bark. The next morning a tipsy soldier, not knowing who was under the bark, kicked it over. As the general, speechless with rage, struggled out of the ruin, the soldier yelled, "Hello, Old Hickory! Come out of your bark and take a drink!" When the soldiers saw Jackson shaking the bark from his uniform they gave three cheers for "Old Hickory," and the name stuck.

THERE hav been more Catholic churches, schools, convents, hospitals, and colleges erected in Tennessee, Alabama, and Arkansas during the past two years than during a decade prior to that time.

Communications.

God and the Bible.

EXODUS.

Chap. xxi, 7: "If a man sell his daughter to be a maid-servant," etc. These texts of scripture act as mirrors to reflect the state of society when God was paying particular attention to things of earth.

A knowledge of the times is all that is required to show that if God was conducting the affairs of men he was a very bad God. The more ignorant a man is the oftener he sees the hand of God.

To hear some of the war sermons during the Rebellion one would think God was fighting the battles instead of the "boys in blue." God always blesses the heaviest shower of well-directed bullets.

In old Bible times the people were very superstitious. They could see the footprints of God when a latter-day scientist could not find the mark of a toe nail. The fact that a man would sell his own daughters and steal the daughters of others and rob mothers of their babes, when all their customs go to show a state of society bordering on barbarism, makes the idea of God having anything to do with such a people as foolish as to believe that he would direct the affairs of a gang of robbers. God is having just as much to do with the affairs of men to-day as he ever did, and he will hav less and less to do as the people grow more intelligent.

Ex. xxxiii, 22, 23: "I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and I will cover thee with my hand while I pass by. And I will take away my hand and thou shalt see my back parts." What a conception of God! A Fiji islander would be shamed by such an idea of God. Did his hand just cover Moses, or was there some left? The length of a man's hand is about one-ninth part of his hight. Allowing six feet to hav been the hight of Moses, then we hav 6x9=54 feet as the exact hight of God.

God chose old Noah above all the men on the earth to be saved when he drowned the world, and yet the first thing he did after he struck dry land was to get drunk and show his "back parts." One would think from his exhibition to Moses that God was on a spree too, for it seems more like the act of a drunken man than that of a sober God.

It is utterly impossible to do justice in ridiculing such ludicrous ideas of God. Suppose this silly part of the Bible had never been written, would the world hav suffered any loss? Has this Jehovahly nonsense had a tendency to lift men to a higher plane of civilization? Such a God is simply a creature of the imagination, and has no more to do with the affairs of men than a stone god.

LEVITICUS.

Chap. xii: I want every woman to read this chapter. Does motherhood render a woman unclean, or did some superstitious barbarian say so and then claim that the fiat came from God? No matter from what source the fiat originated, every mother ought to hold in abhorrence the one from whom it came.

Then she is to be unclean twice as long if she bear a "maid child" as she is if she bear a "male child." And, worse than all, she is to make an "atonement before the Lord" for the sin of having a child. Can the mumble over a lamb and a pigeon and a turtle-dove result in any good to anybody? Does such hogwash increase the happiness of God? If a mother can read this chapter and believe that it was written by the finger of God, she is lost to self-respect. This chapter simply shows the ignorance and superstition of the people among whom it originated. Would God command the race to "increase and multiply" and then put a curse upon motherhood? God had no more to do with this nonsensical bosh than he has with dancing an Irish reel.

I suppose every Liberal has read this portion of the sacred volume. But I want to extort a promise from everyone to read again the book of Leviticus carefully. I opened the Bible, and by chance my eye fell upon the passage in regard to the atonement of a woman who had a child. I felt that it was an outrage upon the race. I went carefully through Leviticus again, and that circumstance gave rise to this article. Does this portion of God's word show forth his glory? said I. If this is God's word, his throne, instead of being the center of pureness, is the fountain of filth. Was it given to man for his good?

The man who would read the book of Leviticus to his daughter and tell her that it is the word of God, would grow fat on the scum of a sewer. If a man should send a book equally indecent through the mail, would Anthony let up because the man claimed that it was written by God? Who does not feel degraded to think that such a scurvy production can be palmed off upon the people for the word of God? A devil in good standing would giv us something more wholesome. To teach the young that such nauseating ooze originated from a source of purity is to spatter with mud and then expect cleanliness.

Must the minds of the young, generation after generation, be infected by the poison from this upas? Think of it, O ye Liberals! I am writing about a book which the young are taught to regard as emanating from the author of their being, portions of which are so repulsiv that I dare not repeat them. And what I am afraid of is that some of my Liberal friends will think that I take delight in wading through this mire of superstition. But there is always more or less unpleasant work for reformers to do. If all could understand the degrading influence that a belief in this nonsensical drivel has over the minds of the people, they would join with me in lifting the public mind above this moral taint.

NUMBERS.

Chap. xii, 14: "And the Lord said unto Moses, If her father had spit in her face, should she not be ashamed seven days?" etc. Does this not sound more like the gibberish of an idiot than the word of a great God? If this passage were not found in the Bible, would anyone pay any regard to it? Ponder this verse and think of the Christians' claim that the Bible carries with it the evidence of a supernatural production, because it is far above anything man can produce. The Bible is like a boil or carbuncle—the only way to improve it is to reduce it. If the filth and brutality were expunged, it would be less cumbrous and more acceptable. Even then it would fall far below many other books which men hav written.

Chap. xv, 4: "And the Lord said unto Moses, take all the heads of the people and hang them up before the Lord against the sun, that the fierce anger of the Lord may be turned away from Israel."

In this verse there is something to be considered. Which is the more rational view, that God gave such a brutal command or that Moses or some other bloodthirsty wretch wanted to cut off a lot of human heads, and tried to make the people believe that God commanded the inhuman act? To a mind not entirely beclouded by superstition, the latter is the more rational view.

Again, is it more rational to believe that Moses or some other human monster was filled with "fierce anger" or that God was burning with "fierce anger?" Could the "fierce anger of the Lord" be "turned away" without his changing?

If it is true that God did command Moses to cut off the people's heads and "hang them up against the sun," he is the most cruel and ferocious God that ever sprung from the brain of a half-barbarous people.

Chap. xxxi, 17, 18: "Now, therefore, kill all the males among the little ones, and kill every woman who hath known man by lying with him. But all the women-children that hav not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselvs." There are thousands of Christians who never read these verses. Their minds hav been studiously turned away from them and many other similarly savage passages of scripture by their ecclesiastical trainers.

Now, I want to make a missionary of every Liberal, and this is the way I propose to do it—mark the passages as I hav directed, and as you find fitting occasions call the attention of Christians to them. Ask them to consider the unreasonableness of God giving utterance to such indecent language and giving such brutal commands. A few passages will make every Christian feel, if he hav a thimbleful of brains, as though he ought to take a purgativ. Verse 35: "And thirty and two thousand in all, of women that had not known man by lying with him."

Think of it! Thirty-two thousand young women to be kept alive for "yourselvs"—that is, handed over to the lustful embrace of the soldiery! Write this hideous command upon every gatepost along the wayside, that every Christian may see it. In all the books I ever read I never found anything more brutal and demoralizing. If we are justifiable in giving homage to a God who gave such a savage command, then we should take off our hats and make the lowest bow when we meet the lowest and most brutal savage.

After Probst had murdered a whole family he was asked why he killed the little children, and if it was possible that they had ever done anything to injure him. "Why, no;" he replied, "but when I got my hand in I rather liked it."

Probably Moses, who was on such familiar terms with the Lord, was about on a level with the man Probst. No doubt he enjoyed the killing of "all the males among the little ones," and probably was delighted when he saw "all the heads of the people hang up against the sun." But the horror of believing that such a ghastly sight would turn away the "fierce anger of the Lord" is enough to nauseate any but a Christian stomach. It is bad enough to be compelled to believe that human beings are savages. But to believe that God is a savage can hav no other result than to produce Christian savages.

DEUTERONOMY.

Chap. xx, 14: "But the women and the little ones, and the cattle and all that is in the city, even all the spoil thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself; and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Could an untamed savage or even a devil do any worse? "Search the scriptures," and you will find some of the most diabolical acts recorded against God that were ever written down in any book. It is enough to bring a blush to the cheek of a Digger Indian. Every man who holds up the Bible as the word of God virtually indorses these barbaric acts, and would lead us back from the civilization and the humanizing influences of the nineteenth century to the corrupt and degraded condition of society in old Bible times. We read with horror of wild Indians scalping helpless children; but the Christian believes that God was actually helping such scalpers as old Moses and Joshua. The one who cannot see how such belief acts as an undercurrent to drag the people back to the crimes and superstitions of past ages has had his sight perverted by wearing theological spectacles.

Verse 16: "But of the cities of these people which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth."

Of all the acts of all the human monsters of which I ever read, nothing more atrocious has ever come to my knowledge. It is said that there are three persons in the godhead, but if God ever gave such a command, a fourth ought to be added—a South Sea Island man-eater.

Chap. xxi, 11: "And seest thou a beautiful woman among the captivs, and hast a desire unto her, that thou wouldst hav her for a wife," etc.

Would any but a sneaking savage hav a wife under such circumstances? A woman bemoaning the loss of parents, home, and country forced into the loathsome embrace of a savage by the command of God! Well, my Christian friend, how many lessons do you want before you learn that your God is the embodiment of brutality, or else that he never gave any such commands?

Verse 14: "And it shall be if thou hav no delight in her, thou shalt let her go whither she will," etc.

Everything is made to hinge on the desire or caprice of the man. The woman is supposed to hav no rights, no will, no choice. She is simply a thing in the hands of a man to be accepted, abandoned, neglected, turned off, bought, sold, used as a wife or concubine, raped, or rejected, as the whim may dictate.

This shows the condition of society when God was giving his special attention to the affairs of men.

It is to be hoped that he will not attempt to supervise our affairs for a long time to come, we get along so much better without him. Yet we hav seventy thousand salaried men in this country trying to impose these barbaric ideas upon the minds of the young, and trying to lead us back to the good old times when the "rigidly righteous" could hav as many fancy women around them as their depraved appetites might crave, and when a priest or other holy buccaneer could plunder his weaker neighbor, and all the people would shout, Amen.

Gorgeous temples are erected in which the people assemble to hav these ancient notions of virtue and morality impressed upon their minds, and to be taught how much higher David and Solomon and bloody old Joshua stood in the scale of humanity than people of the present day, and how much above the literature and scientific productions of the nineteenth century these sacred passages are.

In whole cities nothing is to be "saved alive that breatheth." And the seventy thousand are engaged to teach the young that this brutality is above the highest conceptions of humanity and justice at the present time. Not content with enforcing these primitiv notions of society two or three times a week, the seventy thousand insist that they shall be made a part of the exercises in school each day.

The whole of the twenty-second chapter is interesting as showing the condition of society when God was giving immediate directions to the people. Neither the thoughts nor the language are proper to be repeated in this article. Therefore, let it be read carefully for the purposes before mentioned.

In this chapter it is made to appear that if a man accuse his wife wrongfully, he is to pay the wife's father a hundred shekels of silver. The wronged woman gets nothing. But if the woman is guilty, she is to be stoned with stones that she die. The twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth verses of this chapter require particular attention. They are to the effect that if a man commit a rape on a "damsel" not betrothed, he shall pay her father fifty shekels of silver, and she shall be his wife; he may not put her away all his days.

In the name of all the decent gods, if there be any, I ask what a woman of culture and refinement would think of being the wife of a man "all his days" who had outraged her, with no means of escape. The father of the woman who has been debauched gets well paid, but the injured woman is left out of sight entirely. I expect Talmage will undertake to show in some future sermon that the idea of woman's rights had its rise under the old Mosaic dispensation. And then his sermon will be rehashed by all the pious dugongs in the country who pound Bibles for cold victuals, and all the anxious sisters will shout, Amen. Thanks for the doubting spirit of the age, we hav some women who do not sell out for the faint praise of men in white chokers!

Chap. xxiii, 1: Here it is declared (please read the verse) that if a man meet with a certain accident he cannot enter into the congregation of the Lord. If

the best man who ever lived should meet with the misfortune mentioned in the above verse the day before he died, the gates of heaven would forever be closed against him, and hell will be his portion.

Naples, N. Y. JOHN PECK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

That Fabricated Letter of John Wesley.

By ignorance is pride increased;
They most assume who know the least.

In the *Sun* of May 28th I undertook to prove that a recently discovered letter, purporting to hav been written June 14, 1775, by John Wesley, in defense of the American cause, is a fabrication. The editor of the *Christian Advocate* champions the integrity of the letter and says: "Mr. Burr is not well enough acquainted with Mr. Wesley's works to hav an intelligent opinion upon that subject." And again: "Mr. Burr's 'I pronounce it a fabrication,' simply pronounces himself ignorant of the facts, and brings him under the condemnation of that ancient proverb of Solomon: 'He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.'"

The argument of the *Christian Advocate* in favor of the integrity of the letter is that between 1768 and 1775 Wesley changed his views on the question of American taxation, and, therefore, the editor says:

When he wrote the article referred to, "A Calm Address to Our American Colonists," which was an abridgment of Dr. Johnson's article, "Taxation No Tyranny," he was taunted with having suddenly changed his opinions, and with having at no remote period recommended a book entitled, "An Argument in Defense of the Exclusiv Right Claimed by the Colonies to Tax Themselvs." Wesley defended himself on the ground that he had changed his opinions to a considerable extent under the influence of Dr. Johnson's pamphlet. So that the letter which Mr. Burr pronounces a fabrication was in harmony with Wesley's views at the time of its date.

Not a word does the *Christian Advocate* venture to quote from Wesley's "Calm Address" to prove that its views were in harmony with the letter purporting to hav been written by him in the same year, 1775. I will therefore reproduce so much of the letter as the *Christian Advocate* quotes, and compare it with extracts from Wesley's "Calm Address."

But before doing this I call attention to the confused and blundering chronology of the *Christian Advocate:*

Moreover, Wesley modified his opinions again after the Declaration of Independence, and wrote a letter to Lord North and to the secretary of the colonies, Lord Dartmouth, to whom the letter now in question [dated June 14, 1775] was addressed, remonstrating against the war and pleading for America; and in that letter [of June 14, 1775] is the following passage published from Lord North's copy.

How is this? Did Wesley write two letters to Lord Dartmouth, one in 1775 and another "after the Declaration of Independence?" Or did he write to Lord North "after the Declaration of Independence" a letter exactly like the one written to Lord Dartmouth in 1775 (now first discovered), from which the following is an extract, as published in the *Christian Advocate:*

I cannot avoid thinking, if I think at all, that these, an oppressed people, asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensiv manner that the nature of the thing would allow. But waiving this, waiving all considerations of right and wrong, I ask, Is it common sense to use force toward the Americans? My lord, whatever has been affirmed, these men will not be frightened, and it seems they will not be conquered so easily as was at first imagined. They will probably dispute every inch of ground, and, if they die, die sword in hand. Indeed, some of our valiant officers say, "Two thousand men will clear America of these rebels." No, not twenty thousand, be they rebels or not, nor perhaps treble that number. They are as strong men as you, they are as valiant as you, if not abundantly more valiant, for they are one and all enthusiasts —enthusiasts for liberty. They are calm, deliberate enthusiasts, and we know how this principle breathes into softer souls stern love of war, and thirst of vengeance, and contempt of death. We know men, animated with this spirit, will leap into a fire or rush into a cannon's mouth.

I now say that the sentiments of this letter are in direct opposition to those of John Wesley as expressed in his "Calm Address to Our American Colonies" in 1775. I first quote what he says in regard to the separation of the colonies from England:

But, my brethren, would this be any advantage to you? Can you hope for a more desirable form of government, either in England or America, than that which you now enjoy? After all the vehement cry for liberty, what more liberty can you hav? . . . What civil liberty can you desire which you are not already possessed of? . . . Would the being independent of England make you more free? Very far from it. It would hardly be possible for you to steer clear between Anarchy and tyranny. But suppose, after numberless dangers and misfortunes, you were to settle into one or more republics, would a republican government giv you more liberty, either religious or civil? By no means. No governments under heaven are so despotic as the republican; no subjects are governed in so arbitrary a manner as those of a commonwealth.

Again, compare the following passages with the supposititious letter, which alleges that the "oppressed people" of the colonies hav "asked nothing more than their legal rights:"

Vainly, therefore, do you complain of "unconstitutional exactions, violated rights, and mutilated charters." Nothing is exacted but according to the original constitution both of England and her colonies. Your rights are no more violated than mine, when we are both taxed by the supreme power; and your charters are no more mutilated than the charter of the city of London.

Ten times over in different words you "profess yourselvs to be contending for liberty." But it is a vain, empty profession, unless you mean by that threadbare word a liberty from obeying your rightful sovereign and keeping the fundamental laws of your country. And this undoubtedly it is which the confederated colonies are now doing.

If anything more is needed to prove that the letter of June 14, 1775, is a forgery, I will refer to other publications of John Wesley. For example, "A Calm Address to the Inhabitants of England," in 1777, and "A Compassionate Address to the Inhabitants of Ireland," in 1778. In the first of these he appeals to dissenters who hav "espoused the cause of those who are in open rebellion against their lawful sovereign," and says:

If you do not plead expressly for them, you at least extenuate their crime. Perhaps even scruple to call them rebels, and speak of them with tenderness rather than resentment.

And in the "Compassionate Address to the Inhabitants of Ireland" he givs them the following news from America:

In December General Washington had seventeen or eighteen thousand men in his army. From that time thirty or forty and sometimes fifty of them died in a day by a pestilential fever, and in two months' time upward of fifteen hundred deserted to General Howe, so that many were inclined to believe he had not now much more than five thousand effectiv men left.

In view of this hopeless condition of the rebels in America, Wesley says to the people of Ireland:

Comfort yourselvs, therefore, about General Washington's huge army that melted away like snow in harvest. The English forces meantime are in perfect health (about sixteen thousand), and hav plenty of all things.

The fact is, John Wesley was as bitter a foe to the American cause as Dr. Johnson. Hence these two Tories were the special objects of "Casca's" assaults in *The Crisis*, a weekly paper published in London from Jan. 21, 1775, until after the Declaration of Independence; and "Casca" was Thomas Paine. His first notice of Wesley's "Calm Address" was in the paper of Nov. 4, 1775, from which I quote the following couplet:

Hail, Wesley, hail! thy brass the prize secures;
Even Johnson's front's a bashful front to yours.

"Casca" calls Wesley an "ecclesiastical tool," and in answer to his question, "Am I or two millions of Englishmen made slaves because we are taxed without our consent?" says:

Tell me, then, thou shepherd of the elect, thou inspired teacher of that faithful remnant which shall be saved, thou great surviving limner of the tabernacle, if this is not slavery, what is the difference between slavery and freedom?

Had John Wesley been friendly to the American cause the fact would not hav escaped the notice of Thomas Paine. Indeed, he did giv Wesley due credit for his detestation of slavery. On that question Wesley and Paine were in perfect accord; but Wesley's "Calm Address" was severely reviewed by "Casca" in not less than four numbers of *The Crisis* of 1775–6. Let me quote one more passage:

Where is the man of reason and education (except the servil Wesley) who will expose himself to universal derision and contempt by denying this eternal truth: that governments are instituted not for the sake of the governors, but of the governed? But Mr. Wesley in his "Calm Address" (page 10) is not ashamed to assert the contrary. He has the ignorance and the impudence to tell us that our all—"our lives, our liberties, and our property—are, without our consent, at the absolute disposal of king and Parliament." Neither Mansfield nor Johnson ever ventured so far.

In view of such evidence as this, who now will dare to maintain the authenticity of the alleged letter of John Wesley, pleading for the "oppressed people" of the American colonies, and saying that they hav "asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most inoffensiv manner?"

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* has charged me with ignorance in regard to Wesley's political sentiments, and has quoted a proverb of Solomon as applicable to my case, imputing to me shame and folly. The wisdom of that much-married Old Testament saint is not to be doubted, and there is another of his proverbs which I particularly appreciate, namely, "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him." W. H. BURR.

The Worship of Truth.

While a student, the writer noted a remark by one of the college professors in the course of one of his lectures—he was a clergyman and pastor of that institution—which stands out in his memory, though it was thrown out in an incidental way, as possessing a very serious character.

It was, that there are some things of more consequence than truth.

He was speaking of religion.

Since that time, now thirty years ago, the writer has often asked himself the question: When a man says there is something more important to a building than its foundation, does he not mean that if he could only hav one of the two things he would let the foundation go?

To say that religion is more important than truth is to say that truth as a guide must be dropped when it leads us across the dead-line drawn by a dead past.

There is but one god—Truth; but one religion—to seek it with singleness of purpose and unswerving devotion.

Truth is the Infinit. Its behests include the whole duty, as it does the whole welfare of our race.

To be disloyal to the Infinit it is only necessary that the mind should cherish a rival purpose to that of knowing. The Infinit will brook no divided service.

If you seek the Divinity in all humility, in absolute candor, without one wish but to know and follow without reservation the command, the awe inspiring Presence will welcome you to the universal board where the beggar may feast beside the emperor.

But those who come to force the oracle, to rob the temple for their own purposes, or clothed in their own wisdom to demand a sign from heaven upon their selfish claims; those who bring their tomes and their authorities, decrees of popes and resolutions of synods, yes, or the keys of Peter, to unlock the mysteries; those who dare to personate and degrade to finiteness the Impersonal, setting up their sideshow gawds in place of the Unfathomable, and bar entrance to the Universal Presence with an icy barrier called faith; all these will find truth a dread Sinai, whose beetling crags will afford no doorway, as is given to the humble and faithful learner, but whose massiv boulders may at any moment reduce their presumptuous forms to powder which the mocking winds of the Cosmos will carry away.

Neither they nor their slaves can enter; for the fane unbuilt by hands is not for slaves.

The true worshiper must bear but one emblem—the emblem of inquiry, the badge of interrogation, the question-mark. And it must be worn in the inmost bosom alone.

He must also carry in his hand a white tablet, utterly blank; and let him look well to it that no scholastic dead hand, nor phantom of the past, nor human despot, nor fetich shadow, has left upon it a trace of invisible falsehood, to appear later upon it in semblance of the Divine word.

Whether you set up at the Eternal's door a vain idol called "Salvation," at whose feet you pause terrified by its finger warning you not to proceed within; or whether you desert the temple-guide, Reason, to follow the delusiv specter called Faith, you are from that moment a wanderer in darkness, an infidel, that is, faithless, recreant, a traitor; unfaithful and treasonable to the witness of immutable Truth.

Yet there are many such infidels, professing a two-headed religion. Truth they indeed profess to serve, but only when some finite idol, of the earth earthy, givs them permission.

The sun of Truth the idol givs them leave to serve is but a painted screen in some dark cavern called a church.

The temple of Truth is co-extensiv with the universe; and yet few there be that find it.

Why? Because they lack the honest question in the breast, and the pure white tablet in the hand on which the oracle can appear.

Everyone gets what he seeks. He who goes to the shrine with a lie in the heart and an insincere query on the lips gets what he seeks—delusion. He has his reward.

The worshiper of the True will often find strange and unfashionable songs rising within him; and find himself arrayed in colors not harmonizing with the servil crowd. But the songs will be the memnon-echoes from the arising Dawn; the music will be the voice of the Infinit translated into the speech that quickens humanity; the colors sun-born tints that do not fade.

Later on he will be in the fashion, when the generations discover—as they surely will—that Light is not merely negativ; that it is also warmth and life.

Then they will hail as their noblest friend the Spirit of Skepticism, the Spirit that inquires, tests, and imperiously demands a voucher from every creed; the Spirit of Doubt, that challenges every plausible, quibbling, sneaking, sanctified sample of mystery-mongering that in the name of some almighty emptiness seeks to enslave man; the Spirit that condemns to the limbo of impotence and contempt the orator or the writer who like a thief seeks to kill the vigilant watch-dog Freethought, before he tries to lay his cursed hand on the gem Freedom.

Doubt is a mere negation, is it? What can you giv us in the place of our religion, say they? What indeed? Everything. Release from darkness; liberty to grow and to move and to develop; from whence will inevitably spring, by the great forces that are in you, every positiv good, and all mastery over evil.

There are hosts of worshipers of the True, but they are scattered. There are few forums where they can exchange knowledge, gain the encouragement of intercommunion; few laboratories where they can work together in the absolutely unhampered search for the inestimable Treasure.

The press is everywhere subsidized by, or else in awe of, the enemies of the liberty of mind. When I meet with such a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER, whose Editor seems to care for what he professes to seek, as a paramount consideration; which is open to all views and on that one account, and not because of

the side it takes in the discussion, is reviled and denounced by a discussion-dreading church, I then conclude that the little plant of literary freedom should be most carefully fostered and encouraged. Like a unique specimen of some rare plant whose leaves are for the healing of nations, this spark of smouldering vestal fire must not be allowed to go out; but taken in hand, literally, by everyone who longs for human enfranchisment with a longing that goes deeper than a passing whim.

So long as this organ follows its divine mission —divinely human—let every oppressed thinker subscribe to THE TRUTH SEEKER. BEDROCK.

A Down-Town Revival.

As I was walking up John street the other day after lunching at an old English chophouse on that thoroughfare which I particularly affect, I was aware of a church at my left hand, into and out of which streams of people were passing. I remembered that a revival was going forward in these parts, and as I had not for some years had it in my power to observe under favorable circumstances one of these phenomena, I determined to take advantage of the opportunity and entered.

The meeting was in full blast. I soon learned, however, that this was not the main revival meeting. That was to be held later on in the room above. I was witnessing only a sort of prolog, or preliminary canter, as it were. None of the principal proselytes were present, the meeting being led by a plain layman, who nevertheless turned out to be a fairish exhorter, I thought.

The room, which was in the basement of the church, was fairly well filled as to its benches. Behind stood a crowd of men, brought there evidently, as I was, by curiosity, who loitered for a few moments in this eddy and then betook themselvs to the street and to the affairs of life again. I joined myself to this kaleidoscopic throng.

A brother was praying—that is, he was, with shut eyelids and outstretched arms, indulging himself in, and treating his auditors to, that particular form of eloquence, half petition, half harang, which goes by the name of prayer. His manner was vehement, and grew more so as he drew to a close. He was egged on from time to time by excited groans and ejaculations from the other proselyters who occupied the benches. The purpose apparently was to communicate the exaggerated state of nervous feeling in which the revivalists were or seemed to be reveling to their hearers, so as thereby to mellow them for the harvest which is the object of the revival. This purpose was, however, but indifferently served. During the half-hour I tarried among them, the crowd at the door kept continually changing. Face succeeded face. On each countenance there was the same look of apathy slightly accentuated by curiosity. But I heard no offer on the part of anyone to accept the invitation that was constantly extended to come forward and be saved.

At length the kneeling revivalist concluded his address to the throne of grace. Then the regulator —if that is his proper title—called for remarks from those who were "witnesses," as he expressed it, "of the saving power of God's grace to sinners." These witnesses announced themselvs to hav been saved by the direct interposition of God either from the world, the flesh, or the devil, which being translated into the vernacular, meant, so far as I might judge from what I heard, the temptations to venality, concupiscence, and Infidelity respectivly. There seemed, however, to be a tacit understanding that the second class of witnesses should bear testimony in silence. Very little, either, was heard from the first class. So far as was manifest from this particular batch of witnesses, the saving grace of providence appeared to hav exerted very little influence over either the greeds or the lusts of men. The affiants were all, however, particularly strong on the subject of their rescue, by the express will of God, from the snares and machinations of the devil, which machinations appeared in almost every instance to hav taken the form of the lectures and writings of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

The first witness was an Englishman. He was a medium-sized, grayish, respectable-looking man, who talked with such a double-and-twisted English accent that I was able to follow very little of his discourse. He became intensely excited in the first twenty words. He sawed the air violently with his right arm and forefinger. He "tetered" upon his heels and toes after the manner of a Congressman from the wild and woolly West. He was, however, brief. This was a merit which he shared in common with the other witnesses. All of them were remarkable rather for strong than for long windedness.

The next man was an American of about forty, who looked as if he might be a clerk in some wholesale house. This man had been saved by the direct interposition of God from the sin of Infidelity, into which sin he had been led, as it appeared, by Colonel Ingersoll's fascinating discourses. He had been so saved at a time when he was upon the point of committing suicide. Generally, this gentleman's story reminded me of Mr. Dickens's robber, who, being upon the point of blowing his brains out, heard a cock crow and concluded to forego his intention—because he had once heard a cock crow in his childhood.

This man was less theatrical than the others. He told his story—which it seems he had told before, for it was recognized by the moderator—as though proving an account in court out of a ledger. There was an affectation of precision about him. He had withal the air of one who is telling a wonderful story and does not expect to be believed except after the severest cross-examination, which he is preparing himself for.

The witnesses follow each other in monotonous procession. All hav evidently told their stories before. All are aided by the rest with the same ejaculations and groans, uttered in various keys. But there seems to be no special zest in the proceedings. They are an old story to the brethren. And the sinners obstinately refuse to come in and be saved.

By and by an old gentleman with the hirsute makeup of a first old man in a third-class comedy company hops up in one corner and begins. But a rough Irish laborer has got up no less quickly on the other side.

"A moment, please, Brother ——," exclaims the moderator to the first old man. "We'll hear you after. This man arose first."

Whereupon the old gentleman subsides. The Irishman takes the floor, and is greeted all through his remarks with "Hallelujahs" and "Glory to Gods," not so much because of what he says as because he seems to be in need of encouragement. He has evidently spoken before. Of course he does not speak well. He is very hoarse and can hardly be heard. He is requested to speak louder. He raises his voice, and it then appears that he is of the opinion that those fastidious people who demur to revivals because of the nervous excitement with which they are attended are all wrong.

"Excitement is sometimes a very good thing," says the Irishman hoarsely, "and the excitement of religion is the swatest thing I iver tasted."

He invites his hearers to come and partake of it. Generally, he refers to religious exaltation as a species of tap of which he is particularly fond. His remarks are received with much approval by the brethren.

But the Irishman soon runs dry of speech. He becomes more hoarse, as if his subject had inspired him with a thirst. Directly he subsides into a seat in a dark corner.

"Now, Brother ——," exclaims the moderator, and the brethren turn expectantly to the comic old man, who promptly rises and begins.

He is a tall, thin old gentleman, who has evidently been there before. Indeed, he admits in the course of his remarks that he has been an exhorter for forty years. He is very blunt and straightforward in his speech.

"I once knew a man in England," he begins, "who, when he was a boy, his parents thought they were going to raise to be a gentleman, but when he grew up he insisted on being a banker."

This unexpected sally, which is evidently not at all intended by the old gentleman, is greeted with a burst of laughter all over the room. The old gentleman, not at all disconcerted, goes on to point the moral which adorns the tale of the English banker. Then he drifts off into some remarks about the duel between the French "primeer" and General "Bollinger," which he says was fought because one called the other a liar. The old gentleman's purpose is not at first evident.

"I was down on the docks preachin' the other day," he goes on, "when a rough man came up to me and said: 'You are a damned old liar, and you may go to hell.'"

The old gentleman makes this statement in a very loud tone of voice, swinging his long arm the while and "tetering" perceptibly. I myself am somewhat taken aback by the abruptness with which this coarse vulgarity of the docks is interjected into the calm religious exaltation of the prayer-meeting. But the brethren are evidently familiar with the style of the comic first old man, and he is greeted at this point with several encouraging "Hallelujahs."

"Do you think I invited that carnal-minded, rough man of sin to come off of the dock and fight a dooel with me, because he called me a liar, like the Frenchman did? No, sir. I just looked him right in the eye and I hollered at him just as I do now: 'You go to heaven!'"

The old man made the chandeliers ring with his voice. His arm swiftly sawed the air, once up, once down, and he "tetered" amazingly.

This sally brought down the house. It was decidedly the best thing I heard. It was the climax of the old gentleman's speech, too. For from this point he abruptly dropped the original style and took up the perfunctory exhortativ, if I may so describe it. But this fortunately soon glimmered into extinction, and the Nestor of the docks relapsed into silence and his seat.

He seemed to hav been the *piece de resistance* of this repast, too, for the proceedings now rapidly drew to a close. Directly the moderator announced the hour of adjournment, which he prefaced by an earnest little speech addressed pointedly to the throng about the door and in the hallway. He spoke to us collectivly as "You man," and he told us, with horrid significance in his tone if not in his words, that we had better get on the safe side while yet there was time.

He was a fat young man of forty, with a cleanshaven, smug face. He was very much in earnest, and, for this reason, impressiv.

"Remember, you man," he exclaimed, "when you go out of here what you hav heard and seen. Ponder and reflect upon it. These witnesses are telling the truth. They cannot all be mistaken. And think of this, O you man, when you retire to the privacy of your homes—think in the dim watches of the night of this: If we are right, how terribly wrong you are!"

With this Parthian shot he dismissed us. I wandered up Broadway with the arrow rankling in my bosom. Here was a plain threat of hell-fire and damnation hurled at all those of us who declined or were unable to go through the fit of psychologic seasickness which is otherwise termed getting religion. Here was the threat, I say, and yet hell and damnation had not been referred to once. Here, I thought to myself, is matter for comfort. The proselyter is getting more delicate in his methods. While he still thinks hell and means hell, he has the good taste not to say hell even once.

The world progresses. I remember, as a lad in a country college in Wisconsin, being moved, partly with awe and partly with disgust, and partly, too, with laughter, at the descriptions of hell they used to giv us at the weekly prayer-meetings. There was one little red-nosed professor with the head of a game-cock and the imagination of a Rider Haggard, who used to giv us vivid descriptions both of heaven and hell, which he, at least, enjoyed with evident gusto. Heaven, I remember, he invariably located in the northeast upper corner of the recitation-room in which the meetings were held, while hell as invariably occupied the southwest lower corner of the same room.

My recollection is that his description of heaven was rather a tame affair. But he came out strong on hell. My! how that little red-nosed bantam of a professor did revel in hell! I forget just now what he described the punishments to be, but I believe there was invariably something with boiling oil in them, *à la Mikado*. I used often to wonder in my childish way how he could be so sure that he had escaped all chance of going there himself. But he seemed to be sure of this, and his enjoyment was all for the sake of others.

Yes, the world has rolled forward a bit in the last twenty years. Though the saints still denounce eternal damnation against their dearest foes, the sinners, they do it more in a whisper nowadays. There is a great deal of *absque hoc*, too, in their fulminations. The man of wrath doesn't get hell-fire so bluntly in the face from the pulpit as he used to a few decades ago. Most divines nowadays hav a string attached to their sheols. The "if" grows greater as the world grows older and wiser. "There's much virtue in your if," quoth Touchstone.

I am reminded that there are some exceptions, however. Two years ago I spent the winter in Chicago. I lived at the Grand Pacific Hotel. Sunday evenings used to be very difficult to dispose of—I had few acquaintances, and the loneliest place on earth, I sometimes think, is the lobby of a big city hotel. On one of the most depressing Sunday evenings of the winter, I wandered out to seek diversion in the street. It was about half-past eight. I strolled down Clark street and directly passed a church, where services were going forward. I was lonely, and walked in. I wanted to be in the company of my fellow-men. I had some vague idea, too, that I should hear something of the gospel of peace and good will to men. Somehow, I wanted that evening to hear something about that gospel.

Well, I went in and took a seat. The minister was in the midst of his discourse. He was talking about the power and greatness of the church. Soon after I got there he began to speak of the attacks that had been made upon the church from time to time since the beginning. He told of the persecutions she had gone through aforetime when she was in her infancy, and he followed her history down through the ages. The moral of his story evidently was that an institution that had survived all these shocks and perils could not be successfully attacked.

By and by he got down to the present time, and began discussing the philosophers of the day. He was very bitter against these—much more so, it seemed to me, than he had been against the emperors Tiberius and Decius. He became very vehement. He was a large man, with a coarse mouth and a voice that somehow reminded me of lard. He struck me as being more remarkable for virility than for intellectuality. Directly his subject got away with him.

"I tell you, beloved," he exclaimed, and his voice was hoarse with passion, while at the same time he emphasized his words with an occasional pound on

the cushion of the pulpit, "it is a comfort to me to know that the church of God in this world will go on gaining in strength and triumphing to the end, while these philosophers, these Freethinkers, these Agnostics, these Atheists, these Darwins, Huxleys, Tyndalls, Paines, these Ernest Renans, these Ingersolls, will be all smoking in hell!"

I got up, mad all over, and walked out of the church. But as I descended the steps the better thought came to me. The man, after all, is not to blame, I said to myself. It is the dreadful theology, which has paralyzed his better nature as well as most of his brain, that is alone hateful. He, in the language of the man he pretends to serve, knows not what he does. Oh, for the time when the world shall roll into clearer light, so that these men can see and know what it is they preach, what a ghastly abomination it is they seek to propagate!

And then, as I walked up Clark street to my hotel, a whimsical reflection came to my mind.

"What a comfort it is, after all," I thought, "to learn from such undoubted authority that smoking is allowed in hell!" FRANK H. HOWE.

Hell.

Those believers in a Christian hell who gloat over any kind of punishment as long as it is inflicted upon others than themselvs must hav derived vast gratification from the account of the recent hanging of one Morgan in Columbus, O. It was an atrocious refinement of cruelty worthy of old Jonathan Edwards himself. To such believers the reading of the account of this hanging must hav equaled in joyous effects the heavenly contemplation of the agonies of one's near relations in the flames of eternal torment. Ohio seems to hav been ashamed of the revolting spectacle, for it was enacted under cover of night. The poor wretch had been convicted, rightfully or wrongfully, of murder, and so the state of Ohio, not to be outdone in bestiality, proceeded to convict itself of another murder. He was brought out and the noose fastened to his neck. The platform was sprung, and he fell about seven feet without breaking his neck. His violent struggles loosened his hands, and clutching the rope above his head, he tried to free himself from its terrible grip. His gyrations and agonized cries as he swung to and fro would hav been a choice delight for old Jonathan Edwards. To add to the horror, he had torn the cap from his face, and the distortions of his countenance were terrible. Two so-called physicians, shame to say, seized his arms and held them while he writhed in the tortures of slow strangulation. Even the spectators, who were brutal enough to go voluntarily to witness such a scene, without protest, were appalled. Some fainted; others were taken sick.

Wishing to do something to express my abhorrence of this business, and desirous of aiding so far as in my power in abolishing hell from off the face of the earth, I wrote to Governor Foraker, the man who might hav prevented this atrocity, and a correspondence followed which I herewith submit to the criticism and judgment of the TRUTH SEEKER family.

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4, 1888.

HON. JOSEPH B. FORAKER, Governor of the State of Ohio, *Dear Sir:* Would it not be well, even at this late day, to institute some intelligent inquiry into the question whether "Blinkey Morgan," in whose recent official murder you hav taken such a prominent part, was or was not really guilty of the crime with which he was charged and for which he suffered? Very respectfully yours,

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

COLUMBUS, Aug. 6, 1888.

E. W. CHAMBERLAIN, ESQ., 120 Broadway, New York City, *Sir:* What are *you* charged with?

Respectfully, etc., J. B. FORAKER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11, 1888.

HON. J. B. FORAKER, Governor of the State of Ohio, *Dear Sir:* Your courteous and esteemed favor of August 6th is received, and, although it wanders wide of the question I raised, seems to require a response, at least as considerate and thoughtful as is the answer it makes to the suggestion contained in my letter of 4th inst.

The tone of your letter leads me to suspect that there is at least one person in Ohio possessed of the fallacious notion that a charge of crime is tantamount to a fair conviction. When that fallacy intrudes in capital cases a danger arises which seriously threatens the whole community. If your letter is a fair sample of the methods of thought of those who administer and execute justice in Ohio, it seems to me more than ever proper that my suggestion of an intelligent investigation in the case of Morgan should be acted upon.

The official murder of Morgan neither proves nor tends in the most remote way to prove that he was guilty. The atrocity of it does go far toward furnishing fair grounds for the presumption that the same wanton, brutal lack of respect for human life which complacently looked upon the consequences of conviction otherwise pervaded his trial. It invested him with a dignity superior to that of the court which compassed his death, and gave credit to his final protestation of innocence. Force is not argument. Two wrongs never yet made one right. There seems to hav been on the part of those who charged Morgan with murder a very strong inducement for convicting somebody. Is it not possible that in his case the charge too largely contributed to the conviction?

With no reproaches for the fresh murders that will probably ensue from the example set by the killing of this man, let me ask, Is it not time that measures be taken to prevent the recurrence of such scenes as that enacted in your state on August 3d, and is it not worth your while to inaugurate and prosecute such measures?

Very respectfully yours, ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Bible Miracles and Evolution.

Some of the Bible miracles are great conceptions, such as the creation of the world at the command of Jahveh, and the production of organic beings; but others are infinitly small, such as the story of Jonah's wailing for three days and three nights in the stomach of a big fish; others are stupid. Some are serious but horrible. Some would hav been useful if true, while many are unworthy of a clever prestidigitator. It is now generally admitted that there is a perceptible evolution in the ideas of the Bible writers as to what a real miracle ought to be. And ultimately even miracles hav to be brought to the touchstone of common sense and utility. But let us glance for a while at the miracles of the Bible and see what they are.

The writer of the third chapter of Genesis, for example, thought there was nothing very remarkable in a "subtil" animal like the serpent carrying on a conversation with a lady, though the writer does not say who gave the serpent an introduction to Eve, or whether he opened the conversation in the customary way of "Good evening, madam. Fine day, is it not?" or in what language or dialect he spoke. After the "creation" the first miracle recorded is the deluge; and this, whether considered as local or universal, was a big affair.

Now, the miracle of the flood has always appeared to me in the light of one of the most atrocious of human conceptions. But if it were not a human idea, but an awful reality, wrought by an infinitly wise and good deity, then it was all the more infamous—indeed, inexpressibly horrible alike in conception and execution.

The supposed reason for the deluge was to clear the earth of all the wicked people upon it. The flood did more than this. It destroyed helpless and innocent children as well as inoffensiv and guiltless animals. And when this was done the end for which the flood was designed was not accomplished. Noah and his family, with the germs of inherent depravity within them, remained alive to transmit to their offspring the many bad as well as the few good qualities of their nature.

Is it not incredible that a good God would adopt such a method to remove evil-doers from the earth? If he were all-powerful he could, had he chosen, hav removed the evil from the people without destroying them, and if his goodness had been equal to his power—that is, had he been infinitly good as well as infinitly powerful—he would hav been impelled by his very nature to do it.

Moreover, was he not to blame, in the first instance, for allowing evil to enter into the world. Or, at all events, having allowed it, might he not hav nipped it in the bud, without permitting it to increase in such a fashion as to necessitate the destruction of all living beings, except one favored family?

But when we look at the idea of the flood as a human conception, we see at once what absurd ideas this biblical writer had of nature and of man.

Wickedness was regarded by them as an entity that could only be annihilated with the destruction of the creature. It had no reference to the kind of organization, the instruction, or to the environment of the individual. Not at all. These things did not count. The human heart was black, foul, and corrupt, and men's thoughts were "evil continually;" and the only conceivable remedy, to the mind of the writer, was the miraculous cold-water process by which human beings were to be ruthlessly sacrificed.

It does not appear to hav occurred to the writer that God might hav effected his purpose just as well, nay, better, had he performed a good miracle instead of a bad one, and converted the wicked people into good, wise, and just men and women.

No. Jahveh must do something appalling in its far-reaching consequences to demonstrate his power, else the biblical scribes were not satisfied.

The miracles said to hav been wrought by Moses and Aaron in Egypt are of a different order. They were performed like the tricks of the conjurer, and for no more moral purpose than to demonstrate to the incredulous and hard-hearted Pharaoh the wonderful power of Jahveh. Such alleged miracles as the sun and moon standing still, pillars of fire and pillars of cloud moving in front of the Israelites, the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah, may hav only been highly colored descriptions of phenomena which the writers believed to hav taken place, and are not, therefore, to be critically considered in the light of supernatural events.

Samson's single-handed encounter with a thousand Philistines we are now told by the learned revisers of the Bible to regard as "poetry." Samson's invincible jawbone was merely a poetical one—and we are free to confess that, considered in that light, the story is not without its lessons.

But how this poetic interpretation will help us to understand how Samson rent a lion "as he would hav rent a kid," I still fail to see.

Passing by the books of Samuel as containing nothing of a strikingly miraculous character, I come next to such miracles as the ascension of Elijah to heaven, as recorded in Kings, and the raising of the Shunamite's son to life by Elisha.

Now, the first of these miracles implies that God suspended the law of gravitation, and allowed Elijah to make a rapid ascent to heaven.

When it is remembered that the writer of the book of Kings had no idea of the immortality of the soul, one can understand his ardent desire to convey to his readers that a good man like Elijah did not die like ordinary mortals. This may hav been the reason that induced him to write an account of Elijah's ascent by means of a "fiery chariot," with "horses of fire," into heaven. Heaven, to the writer, appeared to be located just above the clouds.

Nobody to-day would seriously argue that God suspended, or, rather, violated all the laws of nature in order to allow Elijah or any other man to take an excursion to heaven, not only because we hav no evidence that a human being could liv there if he safely arrived, but because the study of astronomy has placed any possible heaven in the skies at such an enormous distance from the earth that Elijah and his fiery chariot would probably not hav reached their destination yet.

It is doubtful whether Elisha's alleged miracle of raising the Shunamite's son was a real miracle after all. At all events, he adopted perfectly natural means to bring about the desired effect. He did not call the child by name and say, "Arise! you that are dead—awake!" No. "He lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and stretched himself upon the child, and the flesh of the child waxed warm; then he returned, and walked in the house to and fro, and went up, and the child sneezed seven times, and opened his eyes" (2 Kings iv, 34, 35).

A quack doctor might hav gone through the same performance with the same result, if the child were not really dead, but only in a state of suspended animation.

But if the child were actually dead if the vital spark had gone out of the body, then it is difficult to understand how breathing into the dead child's mouth would hav been anything more than a disgusting farce.

In both of these cases the miracles were supposed to be accomplished for a good end, and, unlike those in the earlier books, did not bring wholesale destruction in their train. The miracles recorded in the book of Daniel and again in Jonah are of a pueril character, wrought for the sole purpose of showing that the God of Daniel and the God of Jonah was a mighty being whose wonderful performances should inspire fear even if he could not command respect.

In the Pentateuch, then, we hav a record of miracles of a wholly useless, and in many cases of a very destructiv, character. But in the later books—we do not, of course, include the book of Job or other admittedly more ancient productions than the Pentateuch—the character of the miracles undergoes a slight change, until we find that in almost every case the object for which the miracles were supposed to hav been wrought, though the method was dubious, was decidedly good. Turn now to the miracles of the New Testament, and without inquiring too critically as to their credibility, let us see what was their value when tested by their utility. Take first the miracles of Jesus. What were they? Let us see.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of the Brooklyn Philosophical Association, the following resolutions concerning the death of the late Courtlandt Palmer were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We learn with deep and profound grief of the death of our friend and sympathizer the late Courtlandt Palmer, who, with his presence and eloquence, so often graced our platform in the past, and who, had his life been spared, would hav opened our meetings the coming season with the delivery of his latest lecture, "Human Mastership," a man who, unlike the sons of aristocracy, born to wealth and position, was not content with an idle and frivolous life, but sought the higher and broader fields of usefulness in an endeavor to benefit his race and make the world better; who, with the true instincts of a gentleman, used his voice and pen to level class and caste distinctions and pave the way for the future brotherhood of man; and who, a foe to all shams and superstition, recognized cause and effect to be indissolubly linked in the history of mankind as in the works of nature, and while deploring the misery and superstitious ignorance of his time, knew that such was the legitimate outcome of preceding circumstances and so—with charity for all, and malice toward none—bravely combated the wrongs of his age and sought truth in the great ocean of the universe with the rudder of experience for his guide;

Resolved, That by the death of the late Courtlandt Palmer America has lost one of her noblest sons; Freethought and human advancement a fearless advocate; and the army of progress one of its recognized leaders; and be it further

Resolved, That the Brooklyn Philosophical Association hereby tenders his bereaved wife and family its sincere condolence and sympathy in this their hour of sorrow.

Signed: W. V. WINHAM, Secretary.
CHARLES F. GAUL, President.

Brooklyn, Aug. 6, 1888.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free.

Society and Its Criminals.

From the World.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was greatly interested securing for Chiara Cignarale a commutation of the death sentence to imprisonment for life. In view of the fact that the great Agnostic has made a close study of capital punishment, a reporter for the *World* called upon him a day or two ago for an interview touching modern reformatory measures and the punishment of criminals. Speaking generally on the subject Colonel Ingersoll said:

I suppose that society—that is to say, a state or a nation—has the right of self-defense. It is impossible to maintain society—that is to say, to protect the rights of individuals in life, in property, in reputation, and in the various pursuits known as trades and professions, without in some way taking care of those who violate these rights. The principal object of all government should be to protect those in the right from those in the wrong. There are a vast number of people who need to be protected who are unable, by reason of the defects in their minds and by the countless circumstances that enter into the question of making a living, to protect themselvs. Among the barbarians there was, comparativly speaking, but little difference. A living was made by fishing and hunting. These arts were simple and were easily learned. The principal difference in barbarians consisted in physical strength and courage. As a consequence, there were comparativly few failures. Most men were on an equality. Now that we are somewhat civilized, life has become wonderfully complex. There are hundreds of arts, trades, and professions, and in every one of these there is great competition.

Besides all this something is needed every moment. Civilized man has less credit than the barbarian. There is something by which everything can be paid for, including the smallest services. Everybody demands payment, and he who fails to pay is a failure. Owing to the competition; owing to the complexity of modern life; owing to the thousand things that must be known in order to succeed in any direction, on either side of the great highway that is called Progress are innumerable wrecks. As a rule, failure in some honest direction, or at least in some useful employment, is the dawn of crime. People who are prosperous, people who by reasonable labor can make a reasonable living, who, having a little leisure, can lay in a little for the winter that comes to all, are honest.

As a rule, reasonable prosperity is virtuous. I don't say great prosperity, because it is very hard for the average man to withstand extremes. When people fail under this law, or rather this fact, of the survival of the fittest, they endeavor to do by some illegal way that which they failed to do in accordance with law. Persons driven from the highway take to the fields and endeavor to reach their end or object in some shorter way, by some quicker path, regardless of its being right or wrong.

I hav said this much to show that I regard criminals as unfortunates. Most people regard those who violate the law with hatred. They do not take into consideration the circumstances. They do not believe that man is perpetually acted upon. They throw out of consideration the effect of poverty, of necessity, and, above all, of opportunity. For these reasons they regard criminals with feelings of revenge. They wish to see them punished. They want them imprisoned or hanged. They do not think the law has been vindicated unless somebody has been outraged. I look at these things from an entirely different point of view. I regard these people who are in the clutches of the law not only as unfortunates, but, for the most part, as victims. You may call them victims of nature, or of nations, or of governments; it makes no difference, they are victims. Under the same circumstances the very persons who punish them would be punished. But whether the criminal is a victim or not, the honest man, the industrious man, has the right to defend the product of his labor. He who sows and plows should be allowed to reap, and he who endeavors to take from him his harvest is what we call a criminal; and it is the business of society to protect the honest from the dishonest.

Without taking into account whether the man is or is not responsible, still society has the right of self-defense. Whether that right of self-defense goes to the extent of taking life depends, I imagin, upon the circumstances in which society finds itself placed. A thousand men on a ship form a society. If a few men should enter into a plot for the destruction of the ship, or for turning it over to pirates, or for poisoning and plundering the most of the passengers—if the passengers found this out certainly they would hav the right of self-defense. They might not hav the means to confine the conspirators with safety. Under such circumstances it might be perfectly proper for them to destroy their lives and to throw their worthless bodies into the sea. But what society has the right to do depends upon the circumstances. Now, in my judgment, society has the right to do two things—to protect itself and to do what it can to reform the criminal. Society has no right to take revenge; no right to torture a convict; no right to do wrong because some individual has done wrong. I am opposed to all corporal punishment in penitentiaries. I am opposed to anything that degrades a criminal or leaves upon him an unnecessary stain, or puts upon him any stain that he did not put upon himself.

Most people defend capital punishment on the ground that the man ought to be killed because he has killed another. The only real ground for killing him, even if that be good, is not that he has killed, but that he may kill. What he has done simply givs evidence of what he may do, and to prevent what he may do, instead of to revenge what he has done, should be the reason given.

Now, there is another view. To what extent does it harden the community for the government to take life? Don't people reason in this way: That man ought to be killed; the government, under the same circumstances, would kill him, therefore I will kill him? Does not the government feed the mob spirit—the lynch spirit? Does not the mob follow the example set by the government? The government certainly cannot say that it hangs a man for the purpose of reforming him. Its feelings toward that man are only feelings of revenge and hatred. These are the same feelings that animate the lowest and basest mob.

Let me giv you an example. In the city of Bloomington, in the state of Illinois, a man confined in the jail, in his efforts to escape shot and, I believe, killed the jailer. He was pursued, recaptured, brought back and hanged by a mob. The man who put the rope around his neck was then under indictment for an assault to kill and was out on bail, and after the poor wretch was hanged another man climbed the tree and, in a kind of derision, put a piece of cigar between the lips of the dead man. The man who did this had also been indicted for a penitentiary offense and was then out on bail.

I mention this simply to show the kind of people you find in mobs. Now, if the government had a greater and nobler thought; if the government said: We will reform; we will not destroy; but if the man is beyond reformation we will simply put him where he can do no more harm, then, in my judgment, the effect would be far better. My own opinion is, that the effect of an execution is bad upon the community—degrading and debasing. The effect is to cheapen human life; and, although a man is hanged because he has taken human life, the very fact that his life is taken by the government tends to do away with the idea that human life is sacred.

Let me giv you an illustration. A man in the city of Washington went to Alexandria, Va., for the purpose of seeing a man hanged who had murdered an old man and a woman for the purpose of getting their money. On his return from that execution he came through what is called the Smithsonian grounds. This was on the same day, late in the evening. There he met a pedler, whom he proceeded to murder for his money. He was arrested in a few hours, in a little while was tried and convicted, and in a little while was hanged. And another man, present at this second execution, went home on that same day, and, in passing by a butcher-shop near his house, went in, took from the shop a cleaver, went into his house and chopped his wife's head off.

This, I say, throws a little light upon the effect of public executions. In the Cignarale case of course the sentence should hav been commuted. I think, however, that she ought not to be imprisoned for life. From what I read of the testimony I think she should hav been pardoned.

It is hard, I suppose, for a man to fully understand and enter into the feelings of a wife who has been trampled upon, abused, bruised, and blackened by the man she loved—by the man who made to her the vows of eternal affection. The woman, as a rule, is so weak, so helpless. Of course, it does not all happen in a moment. It comes on as the night comes. She notices that he does not act quite as affectionately as he formerly did. Day after day, month after month, she feels that she is entering a twilight. But she hopes that she is mistaken, and that the light will come again. The gloom deepens, and at last she is in midnight—a midnight without a star. And this man, whom she once worshiped, is now her enemy—one who delights to trample upon every sentiment she has—who delights in humiliating her, and who is guilty of a thousand nameless tyrannies. Under these circumstances, it is hardly right to hold that woman accountable for what she does. It has always seemed to me strange that a woman so circumstanced—in such fear that she dare not even tell her trouble—in such fear that she dare not even run away—dare not tell a father or a mother, for fear that she will be killed—I say that, in view of all this, it has always seemed strange to me that so few husbands hav been poisoned.

The probability is that society raises its own criminals. It plows the land, sows the seed, and harvests the crop. I believe that the shadow of the gibbet will not always fall upon the earth. I believe the time will come when we will know too much to raise criminals—know too much to crowd those who labor into the dens and dungeons that we call tenements, while the idle liv in palaces. The time will come when men will know that real progress means the enfranchisment of the whole human race, and that our interests are so united, so interwoven, that the few cannot be happy while the many suffer; so that the many cannot be happy while the few suffer; so that none can be happy while one suffers. In other words, it will be found that the human race is interested in each individual. When that time comes we will stop producing criminals; we will stop producing failures; we will not leave the next generation to chance; we will not regard the gutter as a proper nursery for posterity.

People imagin that if the thieves are sent to the penitentiary that is the last of the thieves; that if those who kill others are hanged society is on a safe and enduring basis. But the trouble is here: A man comes to your front door and you drive him away. You hav an idea that that man's case is settled. You are mistaken. He goes to the back door. He is again driven away. But the case is not settled. The next thing you know he enters at night. He is a burglar. He is caught; he is convicted; he is sent to the penitentiary, and you imagin that the case is settled. But it is not. You must remember that you hav to keep all the agencies alive for the purpose of taking care of these people. You hav to build and maintain your penitentiaries, your courts of justice; you hav to pay your judges, your district attorneys, your juries, your witnesses, your detectivs, your police—all these people must be paid. So that, after all, it is a very expensiv way of settling this question. You could hav done it far more cheaply had you found this burglar when he was a child, had you taken his father and mother from the tenement house, or had you compelled the owners to keep the tenement clean; or if you had widened the streets, if you had planted a few trees, if you had had plenty of baths, if you had had a school in the neighborhood. If you had taken some interest in this family—some interest in this child—instead of breaking into houses, he might hav been a builder of houses.

There is, and it cannot be said too often, no reforming influence in punishment; no reforming power in revenge. Only the best of men should be in charge of penitentiaries; only the noblest minds and the tenderest hearts should hav the care of criminals. Criminals should see from the first moment that they enter a penitentiary that it is filled with the air of kindness, full of the light of hope. The object should be to convince every criminal that he has made a mistake; that he has taken the wrong way; that the right way is the easy way, and that the path of crime never did and never can lead to happiness; that that idea is a mistake, and that the government wishes to convince him that he has made a mistake; wishes to open his intellectual eyes; wishes to so educate him, to so elevate him, that he will look back upon what he has done only with horror. This is reformation. Punishment is not. When the convict is taken to Sing Sing or to Auburn, and when a striped suit of clothes is put upon him—that is to say, when he is made to feel the degradation of his position—no step has been taken toward reformation. You hav simply filled his heart with hatred. Then, when he has been abused for several years, treated like a wild beast, and finally turned out again in the community, he has no thought, in a majority of cases, except to "get even" with those who hav persecuted him. He feels that it is a persecution.

Do you think that men are naturally criminals and naturally virtuous?

I think that man does all that he does naturally—that is to say, a certain man does a certain act under certain circumstances, and he does this naturally. For instance, a man sees a $5 bill, and he knows that he can take it without being seen. $5 is no temptation to him. Under the circumstances it is not natural that he should take it. The same man sees $5,000,000, and feels that he can get possession of it without detection. If he takes it, then under the circumstances that was natural to him. And yet I believe there are men above all price, and that no amount of temptation, or glory, or fame could mislead them. Still, whatever man does is or was natural to him.

Another view of the subject is this: I hav read that out of fifty criminals who had been executed it was found, I believe, in nearly all the cases that the shape of the skull was abnormal. Whether this is true or not, I don't know; but that some men hav a tendency toward what we call crime, I believe. Where this has been ascertained, then, it seems to me, such men should be placed where they cannot multiply their kind. Women who hav a criminal tendency should be placed where they cannot increase their kind. For hardened criminals—that is to say, for the people who make crime a business—it would probably be better to separate the sexes; to send the men to one island, the women to another. Let them be kept apart, to the end that people with criminal tendencies may fade from the earth. This is not prompted by revenge. This would not be done for the purpose of punishing these people, but for the

protection of society—for the peace and happiness of the future.

My own belief is that the system in vogue now in regard to the treatment of criminals in many states produces more crime than it prevents. Take, for instance, the Southern states. There is hardly a chapter in the history of the world the reading of which could produce greater indignation than the history of the convict system in many of the Southern states. These convicts are hired out for the purpose of building railways, or plowing fields, or digging coal, and in some instances the death-rate has been over twelve per cent a month. The evidence shows that no respect was paid to the sexes—men and women were chained together indiscriminately. The evidence also shows that for the slightest offenses they were shot down like beasts. They were pursued by hounds, and their flesh was torn from their bones.

So in some of the Northern prisons they hav what they call the weighing machine—an infamous thing, and he who uses it commits as great a crime as the convict he punishes could hav committed. All these things are degrading, debasing, and demoralizing. There is no need of any such punishment in any penitentiary. Let the punishment be of such kind that the convict is responsible himself. For instance, if the convict refuses to obey a reasonable rule he can be put into a cell. He can be fed when he obeys the rule. If he goes hungry it is his own fault. It depends upon himself to say when he shall eat. Or he may be placed in such a position that if he does not work—if he does not pump—the water will rise and drown him. If the water does rise it is his fault. Nobody pours it in upon him. He takes his choice.

These are suggested as desperate cases, but I can imagin no case where what is called corporeal punishment should be inflicted, and the reason I am against it is this: I am opposed to any punishment that cannot be inflicted by a gentleman. I am opposed to any punishment the infliction of which tends to harden and debase the man who inflicts it I am for no laws that hav to be carried out by human curs.

Take, for instance, the whipping-post. Nothing can be more degrading. The man who applies the lash is necessarily a cruel and vulgar man, and the oftener he applies it the more and more debased he will become. The whole thing can be stated in the one sentence: I am opposed to any punishment that cannot be inflicted by a gentleman, and by "gentleman" I mean a self respecting, honest, generous man.

What do you think of the efficacy or the propriety of punishing criminals by solitary confinement?

Solitary confinement is a species of torture. I am opposed to all torture. I think the criminal should not be punished. He should be reformed, if he is capable of reformation. But, whatever is done, it should not be done as a punishment. Society should be too noble, too generous, to harbor a thought of revenge. Society should not punish, it should protect itself only. It should endeavor to reform the individual. Now, solitary confinement does not, I imagin, tend to the reformation of the individual. Neither can the person in that position do good to any human being. The prisoner will be altogether happier when his mind is engaged, when his hands are busy, when he has something to do. This keeps alive what we call cheerfulness. And let me say a word on this point.

I don't believe the state ought to steal the labor of a convict. Here is a man who has a family. He is sent to the penitentiary. He works from morning till night. Now, in my judgment, he ought to be paid for that labor over and above what it costs to keep him. That money should be sent to his family. That money should be subject, at least, to his direction. If he is a single man, when he comes out of the penitentiary he should be given his earnings, and all his earnings, so that he would not hav the feeling that he had been robbed. A statement should be given to him to show what it had cost to keep him and how much his labor had brought and the balance remaining in his favor. With this little balance he could go out into the world with something like independence. This little balance would be a foundation for his honesty—a foundation for a resolution on his part to be a man. But now each one goes out with the feeling that he has not only been punished for the crime which he committed, but that he has been robbed of the results of his labor while there.

The idea is simply preposterous that the people sent to the penitentiary should liv in idleness. They should hav the benefit of their labor, and if you giv them the benefit of their labor they will turn out as good work as though they were out of the penitentiary. They will hav the same reason to do their best. Consequently, poor articles, poorly constructed things, would not come into competition with good articles made by free people outside of the walls.

Now many mechanics are complaining because work done in the penitentiaries is brought into competition with their work. But the only reason that convict work is cheaper is because the poor wretch who does it is robbed. The only reason that the work is poor is because the man who does it has no interest in its being good. If he had the profit of his own labor he would do the best that was in him, and the consequence would be that the wares manufactured in the prisons would be as good as those manufactured elsewhere. For instance, we will say here are three or four men working together. They are all free men. One commits a crime and he is sent to the penitentiary. Is it possible that his companions would object to his being paid for honest work in the penitentiary?

And let me say right here, all labor is honest. Whoever makes a useful thing, the labor is honest, no matter whether the work is done in the penitentiary or in a palace; in a hovel or the open field. Wherever work is done for the good of others, it is honest work. If the laboring men would stop and think they would know that they support everybody. Labor pays all the taxes. Labor supports all the penitentiaries. Labor pays the warden. Labor pays everything, and if the convicts are allowed to liv in idleness labor must pay their board. Every cent of tax is borne by the back of labor. No matter whether your tariff is put on champagne and diamonds, it has to be paid by the men and women who work—those who plow in the fields, who wash and iron, who stand by the forge, who run the cars and work in the mines, and by those who battle with the waves of the sea. Labor pays every bill.

There is one little thing to which I wish to call the attention of all who happen to read this interview, and that is this: Undoubtedly you think of all criminals with horror, and when you hear about them you are, in all probability, filled with virtuous indignation. But, first of all, I want you to think of what you hav in fact done. Secondly, I want you to think of what you hav wanted to do. Thirdly, I want you to reflect whether you were prevented from doing what you wanted to do by fear or by lack of opportunity. Then perhaps you will hav more charity.

What do you think of the new legislation in the state changing the death penalty to death by electricity?

If death by electricity is less painful than hanging, then the law, so far as that goes, is good. There is not the slightest propriety in inflicting upon the person executed one single unnecessary pang, because that partakes of the nature of revenge—that is to say, of hatred—and, as a consequence, the state shows the same spirit that the criminal was animated by when he took the life of his neighbor. If the death penalty is to be inflicted, let it be done in the most humane way. For my part, I should like to see the criminal removed, if he must be removed, with the same care and with the same mercy that you would perform a surgical operation. Why inflict pain? Who wants it inflicted? What good can it, by any possibility, do? To inflict unnecessary pain hardens him who inflicts it, hardens each among those who witness it, and tends to demoralize the community.

Is it not the fact that punishments hav grown less and less severe for many years past?

In the old times punishment was the only means of reformation. If anybody did wrong, punish him. If people still continued to commit the same offense, increase the punishment; and that went on until in what they call civilized countries they hanged people provided they stole the value of one shilling. But larceny kept right on. There was no diminution. So, for treason, barbarous punishments were inflicted. Those guilty of that offense were torn asunder by horses; their entrails were cut out of them while they were yet living and thrown into their faces; their bodies were quartered and their heads were set on pikes about the gates of the city. Yet there was a hundred times more treason then than now. Every time a man was executed and mutilated and tortured in this way the seeds of other treasons were sown.

So in the church there was the same idea. No reformation but by punishment. Of course in this world the punishment stopped when the poor wretch was dead. It was found that that punishment did not reform, so the church said: After death it will go right on, geting worse and worse, forever and forever. Finally it was found that this did not tend to the reformation of mankind. Slowly the fires of hell hav been dying out. The climate has been changing from year to year. Men hav lost confidence in the power of the thumbscrew, the fagot, and the rack here, and they are losing confidence in the flames of perdition hereafter. In other words, it is simply a question of civilization.

When men become civilized in matters of thought they will know that every human being has the right to think for himself, and the right to express his honest thoughts. Then the world of thought will be free. At that time they will be intelligent enough to know that men hav different thoughts, that their ways are not alike, because they hav lived under different circumstances, and in that time they will also know that men act as they are acted upon. And it is my belief that the time will come when men will no more think of punishing a man because he has committed the crime of larceny than they will think of punishing a man because he has the consumption. In the first case they will endeavor to reform him, and in the second case they will endeavor to cure him.

The intelligent people of the world, many of them, are endeavoring to find out the great facts of nature that control the dispositions of men. So other intelligent people are endeavoring to ascertain the facts and conditions that govern what we call Health, and what we call Disease, and the object of these people is finally to produce a race without disease of flesh and without disease of mind. These people look forward to the time when there need be neither hospitals nor penitentiaries.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

SKAMOKAWA, WASH. TERR., July 14th, 15th, 16th.—This is a unique village, a fisherman's paradise. The inhabitants, from little boys and girls of seven to the old folks of seventy, all are experts in the use of rowboats.

Here Friend Thornburg, of the firm of Thornburg & Brooks, "Willie," as everyone delights to call him, the genial, earnest young Liberal, and most enterprising merchant in the county, gave me a right royal greeting.

This place is where a three-mile bayou empties into the Columbia river, in the midst of the lumber and fishing region. It consists of a hotel, a few stores, and a few dwelling-houses. In its rear, up the mountain, are excellent farming lands and many logging camps.

The lumber supply of Washington territory is prodigious. Regular shipments to the eastern markets were begun in 1885. Since the trade began the shipments each year hav doubled those of the preceding season, until this year. Next in importance to the lumber is the fishing industry. The Columbia river pack of salmon for 1887 was 375,000 cases, valued at nearly $2 000,000. This will be greatly exceeded this year. There are now 3,000 boats engaged in salmon-fishing out every night except Saturday. Great vigilance is used to enforce the law so that the fish shall not be exterminated. No one is permitted to capture salmon on Saturday nights, either by net or trap, nor before or after the prescribed season, under severe penalties. The season lasts one hundred nights, ending on July 31st. Then in September and October they hav a short fall season of about thirty nights.

Each boat will average a catch of six salmon per night—over a million and a half taken in one hundred nights. The size of the meshes of the nets is regulated by law, so as to prevent catching or in any way doing injury to the young or small fish. The fishermen receive $1 25 for each fish, regardless of size. Those taken vary from twenty-five to sixty pounds each. All the canneries hav to pay the same price for fish. The amount is decided on by the fishermen's union. A few years ago fourteen to sixteen cents per fish was all that could be obtained.

The canneries employ Chinese labor, but it is not true that there is anything dirty or objectionable in the canning of the fish. I visited several canneries and found the work done in a very systematic, neat, and cleanly manner. Those who purchase Columbia river salmon are sure of obtaining the very finest fish.

The fishermen are a hardy, jolly, generally reckless class. They work very hard, but spend their earnings freely. Many of them are outspoken Liberals. The most devoutly pious never fail to go fishing Sunday night. But this is in accord with Peter, the patron saint of fishermen.

Fishing for salmon is a good, paying business, but a very bad one for young men to engage in. Its uncertainty is its charm. Some nights only one or two fish; some nights fifty. To make $25 to $30 per night renders them dissatisfied with any regular work, however good the wages. They forget all the hardships and bad nights and remember only the big hauls; so become discontented. It has all the charm and excitement of gambling. At Skamokawa I had the pleasure to meet a host of right noble, good Liberals. They came in rowboats many miles. A few came from the mountains, by the one only road.

I had the good fortune here to meet S. F. Albert and wife. Friend Albert is the genial and very popular sheriff of Wahkiakum county, and his sprightly little wife one of the most devoted and energetic Liberals on the Pacific coast.

Here, too, I had the glad delight to meet Professor Seymour and his amiable and accomplished wife, daughter of Sister Saunders, of Portland. Professor Seymour is a brainy, intellectual man; an able, experienced phrenologist and hygienic physician; of ready wit, fluent of speech, and an effectiv worker for universal mental liberty.

It would take too much space to name the brave, genial, jolly host of friends I had the honor to shake hands with at Skamokawa. The river is full of them. I delivered four lectures at the improvised hall to large and deeply interested audiences, and left with regret, hopeful to be able to gratify the earnest wish of many to return there in the fall of 1889, accompanied by Mrs. Reynolds. Under any circumstances, should I ever revisit the coast, Skamokawa will be one of the points I shall be most anxious to make. Young Brother Thornburg promises to erect a handsome hall by the time of my return, to be dedicated to universal mental liberty. C. B. REYNOLDS.

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That English Oath Bill.

Mr. Bradlaugh's amendment to his Oaths bill still causes division and strife among the Liberals and Radicals of England. The Northampton political organization which supports Mr. Bradlaugh passed at its latest monthly meeting a resolution to the effect: "That in the opinion of this meeting the value of the Oaths bill is taken away by the amendment recently introduced." This action of the Liberal and Radical Unions the junior member for Northampton regarded as very important and demanding his most serious consideration. Mr. Bradlaugh says:

"On each occasion on which I stood for election I invariably declined to stand as a mere delegate, but I repeatedly stated that in the event of my disagreeing with my constituents on any serious question I would at once place my resignation in their hands. On learning this resolution from the public papers I at once, in accordance with such pledge to my constituents, wrote to the secretary asking him to submit my letter to the executiv. In this I asked for the formal judgment of my constituents as to my action on the Oaths bill, and stating that if that judgment should be unfavorable it would be my duty to resign my seat."

In response to this the secretary of the Union summoned the proper committee, and on the day the committee met the Union also held a general meeting. The following resolution was passed:

"That this meeting desires to express, and hereby expresses its entire confidence in Mr. Bradlaugh, and acknowledges with thanks that he has worked sedulously and conscientiously in the interests of the community, and especially of the working classes."

Mr. Bradlaugh, by another resolution, was invited to attend a meeting of his constituents and explain the matter further, an invitation which he promptly accepted. It is probable, therefore, that the voters of Northampton will support the amendment, as their disagreement with its author is not of sufficient moment to induce them to accept his resignation.

In the *Pall Mall Gazette* Dr. Hunter, M.P., urges further objections to the bill, two or three of which only are of importance. He writes:

"The objection to his amendment is twofold. It makes the performance of a public duty an occasion for a needless inquiry into private opinions on religion. And although it satisfies those who are able to say they hav no religious belief, it prevents the large class of persons who are not in that position, and, at the same time, who object to oaths, from making an affirmation. The oath, as construed by the English courts of law, is inconsistent, not with their religious opinions, but with their common sense. There are many persons who, without being Quakers, entertain the objections of that sect to oath-taking. The bill would not be a settlement of the question, but if passed with the acquiescence of the Liberal party would be an obstacle for years to come to a satisfactory and final settlement. The bill as introduced by Mr. Bradlaugh was based upon sound Liberal principles. The inconvenience, such as it is, of the present law, is not of so urgent a character as to make any sacrifice of principle necessary."

To these cavilings Mr. Bradlaugh replies that there are no words in the bill, as amended, which authorize inquiries into a person's belief; but, on the contrary, eight statutes which do authorize such inquisition are repealed by the bill. That all people who object to taking an oath can say either, "I hav no religious belief," or, "The taking of an oath is contrary to my religious belief." And that people not Quakers who entertain that sect's objections to oath-taking must surely come within the last-quoted words, because the Quaker objects that the oath is contrary to the scriptures, which say, "Swear not at all." But Mr. Bradlaugh does not say how a man who rejects both scriptures and oaths-taking, yet has a religious belief, would get around the amendment. The need of a bill of some sort Mr. Bradlaugh urges as follows:

"It is all very well for Dr. Hunter to say that there is no urgency, but surely I may be permitted to plead the urgency of my own case and its almost ruinous consequences to myself. I may plead the case of a full score justices of the peace whom I know personally, all of whom are liable to serious penalties as the law now stands. I may plead the Freethinkers absolutely outlawed in Scotland at the present moment. I plead the insults to Freethinking jurors of daily repetition, and add my regret that Dr. Hunter thinks that these cases are not urgent. I utterly deny that I hav made any sacrifice whatever of my principle, and challenge Dr. Hunter or anyone else to state in precise terms the principle I am alleged to hav sacrificed."

But after all that is said, there can be no doubt that the bill *with* the amendment is not so good as the bill *without* the amendment. Mr. Bradlaugh himself admits this. It practically makes the people of no religious belief a sect who are allowed to affirm *as a favor*, as is a Quaker. Most Freethinkers will object to taking a right thrown at them in this way. Second, Dr. Hunter is right in saying that the bill is not a final settlement of the question, and if its passage will defer a satisfactory settlement it should not pass. Mr. Bradlaugh is in Parliament without it, and it is not so important that Freethinkers should sit on juries as it is that all men should possess equal rights as citizens—not as favors but as a natural and inalienable right.

We are sorry to see Mr. Bradlaugh pursue any course which shall dim the luster of his victories over the foes of liberty. Success should not make him conservativ, as it usually does smaller men. The bargaining for the reading of the bill—what in this country is called log-rolling—is politics, not statesmanship.

The Fellows That Solomon Meant.

The serene death of Courtlandt Palmer, following upon his generous and unselfish life, has been a source of wonderment to the Christians, inasmuch as they do not know just what to say about it. According to Christian tradition every Freethinker dies with the clank of devils' chains in his ears and visions of frightful hobgoblins filling a sulphurous air before him. As children they hav been frightened with these pictures, as men they hav believed them, and as religious teachers they hav passed them down to the younger generations. And now to hav one of the foremost Infidels of the land, a man of such public prominence that every paper in the country chronicles his death and last words—to hav such a man die in tranquility, not only without fear, but as bravely as any hero ever died, is too much for their weak brains to comprehend. The sermons preached about the occurrence are wonderful, and the comments of the religious press astonishing.

The views of these preachers and editors may be cataloged as follows:

1. As Mr. Palmer lived a good life, was generous, able, and a prominent man in his community, he must hav been a Christian, though he did not intend to be. Therefore, of course he died peacefully.

2. That he died as a Stoic, and there is a great difference between Stoicism and Christianity, though Stoicism may sustain a philosopher in his last hours. Therefore, Mr. Palmer's death is a warning.

3. That though Mr. Palmer was an Agnostic, he had hope of a future life, as the Christians hope, and consequently died resignedly trusting in the future.

4. That as Mr. Palmer was an Agnostic, he could hav no hope of a future life, and died bravely and peacefully because he believed that death is an eternal sleep, with no future punishment for his Infidelity in this world. The religious holders of this last view usually add a quotation from Solomon.

Mr. Palmer's death has also been the occasion for a revival of the old tales about Voltaire and Paine, with some animadversions upon David Hume because he chose to crack a joke just previous to his final dissolution. It is useless to try to enlighten the preachers and editors who talk thus. They are steeped in their own religious stupidity and would not admit themselvs to be wrong were it shown them never so plainly. Besides, it is their business to warn the living from following in the footsteps of men like Courtlandt Palmer. If the world should say, Here is a philosophy antagonistic to Christianity which makes men good, generous, humanitarian, loving, kind, and enables them to pass away with minds in a normal condition, neither afraid nor fanatical, and the world should conclude that that philosophy is good enough for it to liv and die by, then the preachers' occupation would be gone, and they could no longer liv on the fears of their followers. To prevent this, they moralize and lie and deceive and conceal and distort and squirm, and speak words, words, words without meaning or sense, and then pose as great teachers and logicians, and destroyers of a heresy which if accepted would eternally damn the world!

It is of no sort of use to tell these fellows that Voltaire did not die in fear; that Paine passed away serenely; that David Hume's example was, to say the least, more cheering than Jesus Christ's; that scores and hundreds of great and good Infidels hav died calmly and serenely, while scores and hundreds and thousands of Christians hav died in fear of God and the devil, shrieking in agony, and uncomforted by their religion. They would still lie about the dead and deceive the living, would still conceal and distort and squirm, and deluge the public with their sentences which hav no sense and words without meaning, and still pose as world-saviors and great teachers and logicians. Solomon must hav had just such fellows in his mind when he wrote what we now find as the eleventh verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of Proverbs.

Two Views.

We find the following in a recent issue of the New York *World:*

"There were several incidents of the funeral of Courtlandt Palmer which did not come under the observation of the reporters present. Probably a more heterogeneous audience has been rarely seen together in this city, and especially in the luxurious parlors of a wealthy man's house. Leading Socialists and Freethinkers sat or stood side by side with prominent society women and notable orthodox pulpit lights. The Jewish church was represented by Rabbis Gottheil, of this city, and Moses, of Louisville, Ky.; literature, by Moncure D. Conway, Edgar Fawcett, and George Montgomery; society, by Mrs. Charles Stebbins, Mrs. Putnam, and other ladies; politics, by Commissioner Andrews and Mayor Hewitt; the law, by Colonel Ingersoll, T. B. Wakeman, and William Travers Jerome; the church, by Heber Newton and Dr. Rylance, and medicin by Dr. Abbe and Dr. Swasey. All these representativs of different professions assembled to do honor to the man who set society thinking, and who, as Heber Newton eloquently said, 'in this city, not over-given to intellectuality and ruled by Mammon, dreamed a dream of intellectual progress and of the brotherhood of man which he strove with all his might to realize.' The holding of two services, that conducted by Colonel Ingersoll and that by Mr. Newton, struck many of those present very strangely, but the second service, which was attended by only about fifty people, the Freethinking element leaving almost precipitately when it was announced that a religious service would be held, and of which little notice has been made, was in some ways the more notable of the two. Contrary to report, Mr. Newton did not read the Episcopal burial service, but simply one or two psalms and prayers. The hymn, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' was exquisitly sung by Mr. Coxe, and then Mr. Newton delivered an address which in loftiness of thought, beauty of imagery, and eloquence of delivery almost equaled Colonel Ingersoll's magnificent effort and was fully worthy of as wide an audience. Mr. Newton knew and esteemed Mr. Palmer, and spoke from his heart. He paid a fine tribute to Ingersoll, and a finer to the dead man. His remarks were characterized throughout by a freedom from cant and by a lofty thought which should at least hav won for him the presence and attention of that part of the assemblage which left so hurriedly after Colonel Ingersoll had closed. The few who remained to the religious service had been present also at that which preceded it, and the question is being asked as to which portion of the assemblage showed the least bigotry and the most charity."

That is one side of the matter. The other side is stated by Helen H. Gardener in *Secular Thought.* She says:

"I did not stay to hear the mockery of prayer and burial cant which were read over the remains of this brave man who scorned and nobly fought, with all his force, the creeds and dogmas of a cruel faith. How any man, whose heart within his breast held but one particle of human tenderness, could stand or kneel by Courtlandt Palmer dead, and—with a creed that damned for evermore that tender, gentle soul—retain his reason and his creed, transcends my mind. If the clergyman did not believe his creed, what mockery of all

that was most dear to Courtlandt Palmer would his mouthings be! For loyalty to what he thought the outspoken utterance of his real self was to him, whose passion for the truth was first and holiest, what the heart's best blood is to the brain of man. Hypocrisy he loathed. And yet here, kneeling beside his bier, is one who believes he is damned—an everlasting convict for his unbelief—or else this clergyman is a mouthing hypocrit, who does the service at a master's nod, which he himself discards and holds as naught, except as it may serve to lash into subservience the weaklings of the pack. A hypocrit at Courtlandt Palmer's grave, babbling of Gods and of a future life, is a greater insult to the memory of that truthful man than one who truly thinks that he is lost, who sees no loophole for the good and great by which his creed may yield, or stretch, or break, to cover all mankind and set at naught his very deity. There is no middle ground.

"He is a hypocrit and sells his soul for place, or to his mind, his friend and brother is lost forever, to himself and us, and but deserves the whip and lash, the scourge and thumbscrew of a world of pain, where angry Gods and gleeful demons join in endless deviltry. There is no middle ground.

"The Christian creeds are true and our loved one is damned, or they are false and hold their million dupes by fraud and pretense, such as good men scorn and Courtlandt Palmer loathed. There is no middle ground.

"This preacher, mouthing over Courtlandt Palmer dead, is but an insult to the name of friend. Integrity of mind must damn his friend. Integrity of heart but damns himself. In either case he is not fit to stand erect by Courtlandt Palmer's grave, nor kneel thereat—except in shame and grief for his unworthiness to touch the shoes of him who sleeps within. My heart is all too full to write as I would wish. There are no words at present at my command to giv the gorge of indignation force and scope. How dare a Christian wag his tongue at such a time and place as this, and read a service which holds only threats above the lifeless form of one he called his friend? Can impudence and cruelty add one grain to this?"

The truth lies midway between the two. There was no disposition on the part of the Christian side to insult either the dead or the living. We understand that previous to his death, Mr. Palmer consented that a "Liberal Christian" minister might attend the funeral. He did this to alleviate his wife's distress. Mr. Newton recognized that really he had no business there, saying that, but for certain circumstances, his attendance would be presumptuous. His published address contains nothing but praise for the dead, and the worst breach of good faith was the singing of a religious hymn. But if Mr. Palmer consented to Mr. Newton's presence, his friends should not find too much fault. Remember the living wife, whom the departed husband loved too deeply to forbid all rites which to her are a source of consolation to the mind if not to the heart.

However, the *World* has spoken too highly of Mr. Newton. His words at the funeral show him to be of gentlemanly instincts, but as a minister Helen Gardener more nearly describes him. Mr. Newton is a member of a church whose creed he does not uphold. Intellectually he is nearer to Courtlandt Palmer than to his mother church. Moreover, he some time ago wrote a book in which he very vulgarly abused his religious opponents—a proceeding which Liberals will never forget. But as he was at the time smarting under his bishop's lash, applied for heretical teaching, it may be possible to forgiv him if his future conduct shall warrant such exercise of mercy. While we regret that any enlightened and civilized people should cling to the superstitions of the church, we cannot forget that wives and families hav their rights, with the consent of the dying, and surely he would be il-Liberal indeed who would deny to a grief-stricken wife any consolation that did not compromise the reputation of the husband. The world knows what Courtlandt Palmer was, and ten thousand Heber Newtons could not tarnish his fame as a noble and independent Freethinker. Colonel Ingersoll's eulogy will stand through all time as the fitting tribute to the man over whose ashes it was spoken.

"True Liberty."

The pope recently published an encyclical letter on Liberty. Its scope is narrowed to Catholic ideas of that subject, and its publication at this time is doubtless intended to influence Catholics in Italian politics. A Roman Catholic journal givs the following summary of the letter:

"Liberty is liable to abuse. Modern liberties are abuses. Natural liberty belongs to men as rational beings. It is derived from the soul. It is, therefore, dependent upon the intellect. True liberty, therefore, follows the dictates of the intellect. Liberty needs to be helped by a law. This law is an eternal law. The individual law applied to society becomes human law. Liberty is, therefore, restrained by obedience—(*a*) in the individual to the natural law; (*b*) in society to the human law. Liberalism proper refuses this obedience, and its own pleasure is its only law. Another form of Liberalism refuses obedience to eternal law in the state, but acknowledges it in the individual. Liberty of worship should be restricted by the true religion, and Atheism is contrary to reason. Religion in the state confirms true morality. Liberty of speech and writing should be restricted to the moral law. Liberty of teaching should also be restricted by the moral law, and therefore all teaching should fall within the truth. Liberty of conscience should be restricted to the true religion, and within these limits boldly defended. Liberalism bears evil fruits. God allows evil for greater good. Rulers should keep this example before them. But Liberalism allows no tolerance. Man should submit to God, which Liberalism does not allow. One form of Liberalism wishes to separate the church from the state, and allow the church to work thus separated. Another form denies any power to the church further than that of exhortation. Some wish the church to go with the times. All these opinions are false and should be substituted by the true doctrin previously laid down. The church desires her sons, except under certain conditions, to take part in public affairs where possible. Saving faith and morals she approves every kind of government."

The jaunty manner in which the church has here disposed of Liberty, paving the way, step by step, to the final position of the church that heresy must be suppressed by law, and that the church followers must take part in politics and act as the church directs—all of this would be amusing were it not too serious to pass over lightly.

The reasoning of the pope in this letter is the traditional sophism of the Jesuits. Every priest graduated from a Catholic college can repeat the formula. False premises and assumptions are what it is composed of, and it always leads to the same conclusion, which is, that the church has the right to rule the world, and the people must obey her or suffer God's displeasure.

The church holds that liberty is liable to be abused because she also holds that God (*i.e.*, the church) grants the liberty, and consequently it is abused when the conduct or thought of men is contrary to the rule of the church. Such an idea of liberty is held only by tyrants. To declare modern liberty an abuse is absurd, for the abuse of liberty consists in abusing the person, property, or reputation of our fellows. Modern liberty, so far from doing that, is the very force which secures individual freedom and at the same time secures protection for person, property, and reputation. The Catholic church limits liberty to belief in the Catholic church and obedience to her officials. That she calls "true liberty." Then follows the condemnation of Atheism and heresy and the assumption of the right to suppress them. So, too, she demands the alliance of church and state to promote "true morality," because the church orders what "true morality" is, and, consequently, becomes the real state. Liberty of conscience and liberty of worship is likewise restricted within the limits of "true religion." And as the church defines the "true religion," she again rivets her chains upon the people. Then she restricts liberty of speech and writing to the moral law, which moral law is, of course, of her enacting, and here once more is the church on top. Desiring her sons to take part in government, she holds them to her will because she is the authority for faith and morals, and government is a part of morals. Therefore the real meaning of this encyclical letter is that everybody but obedient Catholics is denounced here and damned hereafter, and that nothing and nobody can be right except the holy Roman church with the pope as her mouthpiece.

But the opinions of an aged Italian gentleman on religious matters, which are meant by the title Liberty, would be of small moment to us here in the United States were it not for two or three things. One is, the history of the church for which he speaks, and another is the dangerous growth in numbers and power of that very church right here in the land of supposed freedom. With every prospect of that church getting a large share of governmental control in the near future, it is well to stop and think what will happen in that event. If we judge by history, the answer is plain. And if we judge by this latest published pronunciamento of the self-same church whose history is so bloody and so damnable, is not the answer equally plain? No liberty but the liberty to belong to the Catholic church! Liberty to think as the church thinks; liberty to speak and write as the church dictates; liberty to worship at the church's altars, and liberty to vote as the church directs! That is the liberty described by the pope as "true liberty," and the liberty which he proposes to substitute for "modern liberty." The prospect is indeed pleasing.

Editorial Notes.

THE *Graphic*, printed in Denver, Col., thus talks to the ministers and lay bigots who are trying to enforce Sunday laws in that city: "Some cranks are complaining against the Sunday sale of ice cream, soda water, and the mysterious but delicious milk-shake. There are some people who would make this world a place of torment in the mistaken notion that they are working for the glory of God. But the dark days of the cerulean laws hav gone forever, and if a man craves a milk-shake on Sunday he has a perfect right to tap the first lemonade stand he sees. The more dispensers of the thirst-slaking fluids there are, just at this time, the better it is for humanity, and the less the liability of a fracture in the Commandments."

HUGH HARRISON has been nominated by the Prohibitionists of Minnesota as their candidate for governor. In accepting the nomination Mr. Harrison got off these remarks: "I call upon the people of Minnesota, the Bible-reading, God-fearing people, where are they going to vote? Will they vote for a president who honors Robert G. Ingersoll? [Cries of "No, no."] Where is the Irish vote going? To a party that respect Ingersoll? A party that reveres Pope Bob more than it does Pope Leo XIII.? I will go into this fight to win. Admit my qualifications for the place, but I want the vote of every God-fearing, rum-hating Republican and Democrat." Mr. Harrison appears to be something of a religious enthusiast.

THIS is the way the Maurepas, La., *Gazette* greets two recently elected members of the legislature: "At the late election two ignorant backwoods Bible-whangers, the Hon. N. W. Warren, of Bienville, and Hon. John Franklin, of Vernon, varied the monotony of sky-piloting in their backwoods gospel-mills by becoming 'reform' candidates for the legislature, and most unfortunately they were returned as elected. These eminently pious seekers of the loaves and fishes and longers after the fleshpots of Egypt, notwithstanding their professions of being followers of the 'meek and lowly Jesus,' who commanded those who would come unto him to sell all they had and giv to the poor, went for the swag with all the ardor of veteran 'reformers.' These two reverend gentlemen each opened the house of representativs with prayer once, for which, notwithstanding it being unconstitutional, they received $50 each. They also received $60 each as mileage. From all such pious, reform legislators, good Lord, deliver us!"

THE Catholic church boasts that she is the refuge and the haven of poverty. That she dispenses heavenly treasures without money and without price, and that through her gates the way to paradise is perfectly free. But it seems by the testimony of Nicolo d'Aloe, a poor Italian immigrant, before the Congressional investigating committee, that this is not so. When asked what church he attended it was hard to make him understand, because he knew of but one church, the Romish. He said he had tried to go to church here, but he found that it required money to go to church in this country. In reply to Mr. Guenther's further questions, the witness said that he had endeavored to attend two churches since he came here, and on each occasion he had been refused admittance because he had no money; five cents had been demanded for a seat at each church, and because he had not got it he could not go in. The next witness was Guiseppe Bedome. He, too, went to church in Italy, but when he went here to the church in Mulberry street they wanted five cents, and so he did not try again. These men were undoubtedly as well off as though they had been admitted to the churches, but in view of the Romish church's great pretensions the incidents are interesting.

THE New York correspondent of the Galveston *News* writes to his paper this story about two New York reformers, both now deceased: "Courtlandt Palmer and Stephen Pearl Andrews had an agreement that the one who died first was, if possible, to communicate from the spirit land with the survivor. A year was to be allowed for the phenomenon to take place, and in case it did not, the conclusion was to be that the theory of Spiritualistic intercourse was false. Andrews was a Spiritualist. Palmer was an unbelieving investigator. Andrews, who was commonly called the Pantarch, founded the Colloquium, a society of philosophers of diverse views, to meet for discussions. That was the original of the Nineteenth Century Club, of which Palmer was president and chief financial sustainer. The two men were anxious to settle the question, while at least one lived, whether the spirits of the dead communicated with the living. So they made the agreement described. Each memorized a sentence, and this was, if feasible, to be sent by the one who died to the one who yet lived through some medium hundreds of miles away. Nobody else was to know the words. Andrews died last autumn, and Palmer, although without faith, waited for the promised message. It did not come. The Pantarch was frequently represented as speaking through various mediums here and there, but he did not mention Palmer or the compact. Not long before Courtlandt Palmer's death he talked with several friends about the unkept promis by Stephen Pearl Andrews, and declared that if the expiration of the year did not bring the proof to the contrary he should set down Spiritualism as a sure delusion. As he died before the end of the year, and without, so far as is known, disclosing the test sentence to anybody, this attempt to ascertain the truth as to Spiritualism comes to nothing satisfactory."

Letters from Friends.

ALBION, MICH., Aug. 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber and reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for a number of years and can hardly get along without it, and most heartily commend you for your Liberality and tolerance in allowing all parties to be heard in its columns. But I fully agree with De Lespinasse, in the number of July 28th, that our Spiritualistic writers are the most "tiresome friends that one can possibly be afflicted with," and I would most earnestly appeal to the Burr family to "giv us a rest." W. BIDWELL.

MINNESOTA LAKE, MINN., July 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am very much interested in your valuable paper and its cartoons. I hope to get more subscribers in this—this Lord's country, where, however, I cannot see any good done by his power. His weather is bad; it rains twenty-eight days. I hoped that would kill the chinch-bugs, but it did not, and they are destroying our crops. If prayers arc not answered—as Mr. Bell told our Methodist brethren in a lecture that made them very angry—then we are losing time in telling God that he is a very powerful beiñg and can do anything. We want more bells ringing the truth, as Mr. Bell did here, at Delavan and Minnesota Lake, to show our faithful brethren how far they are behind in progress. We want a host of Liberal lecturers to visit us oftener; then we shall reach our heaven—on earth. Notwithstanding the failure of expected help from some Liberals, I am not discouraged, and we shall try to hav more lectures. E. S. GLICK.

MILTON, DAK., July 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I write you this to say that we hav had three lectures by Mr. Bell, of Chicago. I heard that he was in Jamestown, Dak., and I could not bear the thought of his going home without having him ring his bell for us. So we sent for him, and I must say I liked the ring; it is clear, distinct, and every time the clapper strikes the holy grunter quails. Only one minister came out to hear him, and after Mr. Bell got through the audience called on him to reply, but he could not be induced to go forward. No; this man, who is receiving a salary, who is the paid guardian of the Christian religion, when it comes to real work jumps the track and lets the train go to the devil. I hav heard some of his members say it looked very cowardly. Well, it is characteristic of the whole tribe of preachers.

I like Mr. Bell, and I would say to all brother Liberals, if you want lectures in your towns giv Mr. Bell a call, and I know he will be appreciated by all good, sound Secularists. His lectures are giveu in a manner that impresses his audience with his sincerity. S. E. HAIGHT.

LINCOLN, NEB., July 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: After several weeks of ineffectual bickering, the Liberals of Lincoln hav at last completed organization, electing the following officers: President, Geo. B. Scott; secretary, John S. Johnson; treasurer, S. B. Timmons; executiv committee, A. T. Gowe and A. W. Day, with officers *ex officio*. For the present we will work as an independent society, but will soon obtain an American Secular Union charter.

There are quite a number of Liberals here—I suppose at least two hundred—but public sentiment is so strong in favor of Christianity that the most of them are afraid to become identified with the cause of freedom for fear that it will injure them in business.

We hav secured Mr. S. P. Putnam for a lecture September 9th. The managers of the leading Opera House—Crawford and McReynolds, who control most of the opera houses west of the Missouri river—hav refused to rent us the house for that occasion, saying it would hurt the reputation of the house, and they could not afford to lose the good will of the church people. We hav secured a large hall that will seat two thousand people, and will giv the people a free lecture. It is a little uphill work now, but I think we will soon be strong enough to do some good in this church-cursed city. In a population of forty-five thousand we hav seventy-five churches, and on Sunday there is no other place to go to, except one suburban park where gospel services are held from 2 o'clock until 6, so the people are naturally church-goers and a hard class for Liberals to deal with. But in the name of Freethought and Reform we will do our best, and indulge the hope that some good may result from our labors.

Fraternally, A. T. GOWE.

COLUMBUS, KAN., Aug. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Another of truth's, liberty's, humanity's defenders has fallen—alas, too soon! I never knew him personally, but I hav some of his grand and lofty poems he sent me with a two-dollar bill four years ago, and his photograph with that great, expanded brow, that temple of mentality, spirituality, and ideality, with too small and weak a basis of vitality and physical hardihood. I had written him of my long devotion to unpopular truth and the costs I had paid in every sense in its defense, and he responded with sympathy and appreciation. I ever drank in with avidity his poems, essays, and public discourses, and appreciated him for his humanity, his lofty manhood, his inspiring ideal of prospectiv possible higher, purer, and better life on earth, the life of a dominant frontal, upper brain like that of his own. Courtlandt Palmer was one of nature's few noblemen, and as a truth seeker and mind-reader I can worship that grand and humane organism. In his great poem depicting the three progressiv stages and upward transitions of humanity, his first line reads:

I stood upon the uplands of the earth.

Yes, he was born there, was naturally there, lived there, and reached down after and lifted humanity up to "the higher law," to the high plateau of life where he lived, and to this summit of manhood he would fain elevate humanity. He has now verified and will verify his own words:

And when the birth of us
Shall to the death of our bodies giv place,
Then all the worth of us,
Freed from the earth of us,
Deathless shall liv in the life of the race.

Pure, ideal, logical, methodical, exalted, expanded, comprehensiv, humane, and refined Courtlandt Palmer, indelible upon my mental tablet, farewell! J. H. COOK.

BROWNFIELD, ME., July 31, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Our town of about twelve hundred inhabitants has now three sky-pilots or gospel bummers—one Congregationalist, one Baptist, and one new-fledged Universalist. To see how the latter is petted, it is not so much of a wonder why men play the hypocrit and become sky-pilots.

Where are we drifting, that almost all are so indifferent to the signs of the times? I hav read "Danger Ahead," and loaned it to a minister of this place, and he said it was a big scare, so we see that Protestants and Catholics will unite to fight a common foe. We ought to hav ten such books where now there is one, for before we Freethinkers know it we will be bound hand and foot by the church-made laws. I am the only Freethinker in this place that openly and publicly declares his opinion on these subjects; and you all well know that it takes some moral courage to face public opinion and bigotry. I wish some one like A. J. Grover, Ingersoll, or any other able writer would in every Freethought paper sound the warning note, so that we need not lie asleep while the churches and their minions enact laws to persecute all that will not subscribe to their narrow and bigoted creed. Suppose the Freethinkers were in the majority and should pass laws as detrimental to the welfare of so-called Christians. what would be the result? Would they not call it persecution? What else could they call it? And the worst of the whole is, we are so indifferent to the fate of others. But when our turn comes, we shall wish we had been awake to the fact that they are only waiting until they get a few more laws of the Comstock kind, then we shall, like Elmina, Walker, Bennett, Heywood, etc., feel the soothing effect of Christian mercy, which past history tells us is not to be desired. Now, I hope all readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will wake up, especially at the coming election, and look out and giv any and all churches as little support as possible, and if they can't go the whole hog, of the two evils, as between the Protestant and Catholic, choose the least. H. W. SEAVEY.

LEHIGH, IA., July 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed postal order to pay for another year's subscription to the grand old TRUTH SEEKER We take great pleasure in looking at the pictures and reading the diverse opinions expressed in its columns. But we do not say that all others who entertain a difference of opinion are, as some claim, fools and liars. No; such men and women, although Spiritualists, are honest in their opinions and are at liberty to giv their honest convictions as they see fit, and learn in that light. The diversity of ideas makes us express our thoughts very differently one from another, and it is not necessary, besides, it is utterly impossible, for all parties to arrive at the same conclusions, especially about matters not definitly demonstrated. And for this reason I think it would be wise for a majority of so-called Freethinkers to allow others the same rights which they ask for themselvs. At any rate, everyone should be allowed the free expression of ideas, without being stigmatized with such personalities as fool, liar, etc. This is rather too much of a Christianized, bigoted spirit to be tolerated amongst good, broad-minded Liberals, no matter if they are Atheists, Materialists, Spiritualists, or Agnostics. And all which hav elevated and cleared their skirts from the corrupted pools of Christianity and hav classified themselvs with any of the above-named branches of Liberals will scorn the idea of belittling themselvs to stoop down to use such low, slangy language, instead of using stubborn facts and arguments which will prove to the contrary. I trust the day will soon dawn upon the Freethinking community when they shall respect one another's rights more than they do, and then, but not until then, shall they go forth in a body to meet the foe and gain the victory.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr's letters were very interesting to me, although I am a Materialist. And I am always willing to hear all sides, and hav due respect for all such people, and would encourage them in their investigations.

ROBERT FLEMING.

KENT, O., Aug. 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to propound the following questions to the honest Liberals and Freethinkers of our much-loved country. Is it not time that we unite to resist the papal monster that is fast entwining its pythonic coils around us, to deprive us of our much-loved free schools? Are we to sit idle until our arms are pinioned before we bestir ourselvs to grasp with the Jesuitical cunning and pythonic strangulations being used by the papal hierarchy to despoil and contaminate what little virtue our country has in possession? It is not strange that the old parties will cater to the Roman church when she holds the balance of power in our country, and none can be elected unless they control the Catholic vote. Is it not time the Liberals and Freethinkers nominate a candidate who would take the public stump and enlighten the common people on the subject of rescue? When can we expect to grow if we do not organize for that purpose? There are thousands of thinking voters who are only waiting to vote right who dare not or who will not let their views be known for fear of public [illegible].

Are we to sit idle and see the fagots piled for our destruction? Do we need greater warnings than to see the wills and contributions of our Liberal associates stolen by first one set of sacred thieves and then again by another, and the very last wish and decree of the donor ignored and his wealth applied to build up such institutions as he willed should not be fostered? Can we not see the intrigue being used to legislate against those who cannot accept the superstitious dictates of ecclesiastical authority? Giv us a chance to vote, that we may show our adverseness to ecclesiastical authority and dogmatic rule. We must not allow the contaminations of priestcraft and papal interventions to destroy the purity of our free school system, neither free speech nor free press, for in these lay our strength, and like Samson of old, shorn of our agency of power we are forever impotent to resist our would-be destroyers. Let us down the monster before it is everlastingly too late. No weapons are needed but free speech and free ballots. A. D. SWAN.

COOPERSTOWN, PA., Aug. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It amazes one to observe the tenacity with which many alleged champions of the Woman's Rights cause cling to the Bible as the "inspired word of God," when it so indisputably teaches the subjection of woman. I am in favor of Prohibition. I do not see much that is objectionable in Woman Suffrage. But how inconsistent it is in a man to say he is a Prohibitionist, *i.e.*, a Woman Suffragist, and at the same time to affirm that the oldest chestnut in the universe, the Bible, is the inspired criterion of his conduct, his morality, his principles, etc.!

I quote a few passages for the edification of Christian Prohibitionists who say a woman should be permitted to enjoy all the privileges of her husband: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection." "But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence" (1 Tim. ii, 11, 13).

Think of it, ladies! That inspired old bachelor said you ought not to so much as "teach"—so much as tell your husbands it is unbecoming in them to get drunk and abuse their families. All God requires of you is to keep on "learning in silence with all subjection." Nor hav you any right to "usurp authority" over your husbands by going to the polls and voting Prohibition; for you might thereby hinder them from making brutes of themselvs and your home an orthodox hell. And why? Read on: "Because Adam was first formed, then Eve." Oh, the sublimity of such reasoning! Such uncontrovertible logic is only to be found in the "book of books," the chestnut of chestnuts. It must hav cost God and Paul, jointly and severally, a mighty effort to get such principles clinched by an argument like that.

Poor women! They shall not even smile and look up joyfully in their husbands' faces if the tyrants happen to come home sober, but rather shall they hang their heads—"adorn themselvs in modest apparel with *shamefacedness* and sobriety," or "adorn themselvs with good works" (1 Tim. ii).

I hope no Christian lady will ever be put to the necessity of either going nude or utterly disregarding the inspired man's teachings. Ah, yes, dear ladies, these passages are inspired, or they would not be a part of the inspired chestnut! M. H. VEON.

GROVELAND FARM, ORE., July 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: On July 15th we had the pleasure of listening to two splendid lectures from our noble president, S. P. Putnam. His subjects were "The Bible" and "The American Republic." The last-named was a grand lecture, and delivered to a full house, composed principally of Christians. The reason of this new departure was, a mountebank had announced that he would make a reply to S. P. Putnam. Brother Putnam presented his unanswerable arguments in his usual effectiv way, and was followed by this creature—Braden—in his usual style, which consists of coarse personalities, sneers, denials, and ruffianly abuse of everyone that does not let Braden think for him. He denounced Mr. Putnam as a coward and falsifier, and all Liberals as idiots; compared them to hogs, young robins, and a variety of other pleasant things—but did not stoop so low as to compare any of us to that moral leper Clark Braden, for which we giv him thanks.

I inclose an item in regard to the hanging of a most brutal murderer:

Landreth, the Polk county murderer, was hanged at Dallas last Friday. It will be remembered that Landreth murdered his stepdaughter a few months ago, using a huge knife to accomplish his fiendish purpose. Fourteen frightful gashes were cut in the girl's body, any one of which would hav proved fatal. Although he denied illicit intimacy with his stepdaughter from the time of his arrest till his fatal drop from the gallows last Friday, the public is willing to believe none of his statements, and from his brutal bearing feels that the crime was committed to cover up the wretched condition of the girl, which would soon hav become public in motherhood. Hanging of brutes like Landreth is necessary to the public safety. He went down to his death unmourned by one friend.

It was a terrible affair, but he was a true Christian and faithful saint, and doubtless has his halo fitted by this time. He told the minister who came to pray with him that his peace was made with God. Then he kindly marked the passage in his pocket Bible, "Come unto me, all ye weary and heavy-laden, and I will giv you rest," and sent the Bible to his wife. I should think that Bible, hot from the hand of the murderer of her child, would be a great comfort to the grief-stricken mother. What a friend we hav in Jesus, etc.

You will see by "News and Notes" in *Freethought* how the grand army of Liberalism is increasing in Oregon. What a grand fight Brother Putnam is making here! Oregon will soon be the banner state in Liberalism. Then we can all say, as the old man did in prayer-meeting, "Oregon is good enough for me." I don't think that story is "a chestnut," so will giv it here: A large number of the faithful were gathered together at a "love feast"—I think they call it—and the minister called on all who wished to go to heaven with him to arise. All arose but one old man, who sat quietly

near the pulpit. The minister looked sorrowfully at him and said, "Why, my old friend, don't you want to go to heaven?" "No, sir, I don't; Oregon is good enough for me."

Wishing you grand success in the future, I remain,
Yours for universal mental liberty, SARAH C. TODD.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Once again I take up my pen in defense of Freethought and free speech, that all may be free to think, act, and speak as one thinks best, provided we do not injure our neighbor. I hav been listening to a vile tirade of holy lies against one of our ablest speakers, Colonel Ingersoll, a man the church advocates might pattern after with advantage in all things. The speaker is a Colonel Copeland. Who he is we do not know, but that he is one of Los Angeles county's floating population and makes his bread and butter by hurling mud at his betters and defending poor God, the garden of Eden, snake, deluge, and all. The speaker said Ingersoll reminded him of a certain bird. This bird was gifted with unusual powers of flight, watching with eager eye the beauties of the world spread out beneath him, but all the object he can discern is carrion, and that bird was a buzzard. What a comparison for a lowly follower of the lamb to make of his fellow-man! Why? Because he picks out passages in God's holy writ and tells the truth about the Bible, and says it is unfit to be read among decent people. I suppose he thinks he has given Freethought its death-blow. They seem to be having quite a powwow here, and the Lord is very much pleased, no doubt.

Is it possible these people defend these absurd Bible stories through ignorance? If so, we pity them; but it is presumed to be policy with the educated clergy and teachers, for we know they know better, for if they really believed the old legend we would not hear of so much crime among them. But Freethought will continue to spread until it envelops the whole earth, in spite of bigotry. As I hav not been long a resident of this beautiful city of The Angels near the sea, I do not know how it stands as to Freethought, but will try and find out in the near future. But it seems to me this lovely climate, with its summer heat made bearable by its gentle zephyrs wafted from the sea twelve miles away, would unwarp and giv its population a disposition to love one another, and not want any hell. Yet I fear it will take a good deal of fine climate and sledge-hammering lectures such as our talented lecturer Dr. York, of this state, can giv, to crack the crust of prejudice and superstition with some, as their narrow minds cannot see God in the clouds or hear him in the wind, but expect to see him on the other side, with hat, coat, boots, and all, sitting on a throne.

Yours truly, MRS. O. A. BENJAMIN.

GRAHAMSVILLE, FLA., July 31, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I suppose so many will reply to Elmina's questions, "Where is one grand painting produced by or through a single medium? Where are the invaluable prescriptions that great physicians should be able to now transmit to us?" that my reply, though I but draw the outlines of proof stored within the brain, will lodge in the wastebasket. Anderson, "the spirit artist," has produced many "grand" drawings. I hav seen them in many homes, where they were greatly appreciated for their grandeur and on account of their close resemblance to spirit friends. At Lake Pleasant, a lady who had but one arm took the rostrum. Her cardboard was circulated for inspection. She had sixteen thicknesses of cloth put over each eye; then a four-double handkerchief tied over them. Then various dishes of paint were placed on a stand, with brushes and board. It was about midday. She worked rapidly, occasionally making some witty remark to ladies near her. She painted three pictures at that séance. People professed to get grand tests of spirit friends by her painting wreaths in which were buds and flowers typical of spirit friends. I saw one at the home of Dr. Fairfield which was "grand," each bud and flower representing spirit friends, which she described to him. As regards clairvoyant doctors and "prescriptions," I hav some of the latter; hav been very sick, and sent a lock of hair miles away to a medium; received her prescriptions; used them, and, when M.D.'s had failed to help me, received great benefit; used this method for months, not informing my doctor at all how I was, and everything worked like a charm. I hav tested many clairvoyants, and know that they can tell all the symptoms of a patient without tiring a patient with questions. Clairvoyant doctors hav done all I could expect outside of miracles, which, as a scientist, I don't hope for.

I am wondering how long THE TRUTH SEEKER will continue the Spiritual and spicy element it now maintains. I long since remarked, "Even the cartoons are worth the price of the paper," and now its value in my estimation is doubled. Though an ardent Spiritualist, I admire argument. I wish all Spiritualist papers success, for even though I tire of the Christian tendency of most of them, the "Christian Spiritualists" need them. I "sympathize with Materialists and Agnostics"—especially Si Slokum and "the BadgerBoy."

I often wonder if the "refined" Spiritualists who hav so much use for "God," "Jesus," and "Christ" consider how much those words are used in the slums. Those words will do occasionally in argument, but I really am disgusted with the common use of them in Spiritualist papers. THE TRUTH SEEKER at present is Spiritual enough for me, and if it is "gross" it surely has less "rotten timber" than some Spiritualist papers. I hav often thought that Materialists generally had too much fear of the "rotten timber" of Christianity, but Mr. and Mrs. Burr's acknowledgment givs me new hope that Materialists would admit it if they got solid tests. The trouble seems to be to get them to investigate fairly and enthuse them with the rational idea that spirit manifestations cannot be obtained except through natural laws and forces. I am pleased to raise corn without witnessing the sprouting process; I would be equally as willing a spirit should hav darkness to produce a negativ aura, necessary to draw to itself a tangible form. Mrs. Burr seems to appreciate natural phenomena, instead of asking for miracles. Fraternally, J. A. DOANE.

MILWAUKEE, ORE., Aug. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am truly sorry that Mrs. Ritchey has got discouraged so soon. If she knows of a Christian paper that will giv me the chance which THE TRUTH SEEKER givs her, I will, at least, assume a position which I am willing to defend without equivocation.

Mrs. Ritchey started out courageously. She was first going to upset Darwinism and then proceed to the other defenses of Infidelity, and she said she "would be a double-dyed coward" if she held her peace. Now, after skipping all the points she had raised, she proposes to hold her peace.

She says Smith did not believe that the Bible teaches that the sky is solid, because he knew that there were *metaphors* in other places conveying the opposit idea. Then she quotes from Smith a passage showing he did believe this, and justifying it on the ground that the Bible writers "describe things as they appear rather than as they are," and that in this respect they agree with the ancient myth-makers of Greece, Italy, and Germany—which is true. It is also true that accompanying these false statements about physical facts are commands from God for the slaughter of helpless women and children captured in unprovoked and aggressiv warfare, the killing of people for a difference of opinion, and for the perpetration of every conceivable barbarism and murderous crime. Mrs. Ritchey—if she knows—will indeed be a "double-dyed coward" if she does not tell what was the need of a special revelation to convey these absurd notions of the physical world, and to urge the Hebrew nation to a career of murder and barbarism in which other nations succeeded almost as well without any revelation.

Mrs. Ritchey then quotes this from another writer: "One stage among these mysterious processes was the separating of the waters enveloping the earth into the waters above and the waters below." The watery vapor is diffused equally throughout the atmosphere, and when at any point it becomes condensed into drops it begins to fall toward the earth. There is less than vapor enough in the air at any one time to make six inches depth of water over the whole earth. So there is no expanse "between the waters above and the waters below."

Mrs. Ritchey says that the literal meaning of the word *rakia* is, "the expanse." Smith says that the idea of solidity is the fundamental idea implied in the word and all its derivativs. The ideas are exactly opposit. I know nothing of Hebrew, and Mrs. Ritchey may be a better scholar than Smith. I once heard a Hebrew scholar say that a certain passage in Job was a mistranslation—that Job's wife advised him to *bless* God and die. The learned Dr. Scott says of the Hebrew word *Azazel* that this great and terrible name of deity has been variously rendered by learned and erudite scholars, as God, the devil, and a he-goat. It looks, to one entirely unfamiliar with that wonderful tongue, as if a language the separate words of which had such a wide range of meaning was liable to more or less ambiguity, and not exactly adapted to an infallible revelation.

Mrs. Ritchey has hunted up several passages in the Bible which she thinks hint at rational ideas concerning the world we liv in. I will not dispute that some sensible ideas are scattered here and there through that old book, but why anyone, who professes to think that the whole book is a revelation from God, should so laboriously pick them out and ask us to be surprised at them is a wonder. Is it a surprising thing that a revelation from God should contain a little sense?

Newton, in the preface to his "Principia," says that Pythagoras, who wrote about 500 B.C., taught the true relations and motions of the solar system. He taught that the sun was in the center, and that all the planets, including the earth, revolved around it; that Mercury was nearest to the sun, Venus next, the earth next, then Mars, then Jupiter, then Saturn. Dr. Draper tells us that Pythagoras obtained his knowledge from India. Yet, after these correct ideas of the solar system had been taught, not vaguely but plainly and in detail, for at least two thousand years, Galileo went to prison and Bruno to the stake for proclaiming them, because they were "contrary to the holy scriptures."

I asked Mrs. Ritchey if she believed that "in six days the Lord made the heaven and the earth, the sea and all that in them is." She says she does not, and that the Bible teaches no such doctrin, and she justifies this declaration on the ground that the word day is *sometimes* used indefinitly in the Bible. I was not quoting from one of those indefinit places, but from a statute law upon which God himself, according to the Bible, has put a literal interpretation over and over again. Listen: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work . . . for in six days the Lord made the heaven and the earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day." God commanded that people should be stoned to death for working on the day on which he rested. And all Sabbath legislation and Sunday laws are based on the literal and only possible honest interpretation of this passage. When Christians are trying to work out the impossible problem of reconciling the Bible with science, the word "day" becomes very elastic; but when they wish to legislate away other people's rights, or enact tyrannical laws, the word "day" becomes entirely definit.

If the editor can find room, I will soon furnish some of the facts which justify the assertion that man has existed on this earth for at least hundreds of thousands of years.

I hav read up on the "harmony" of the two genealogies, and hav found as pitiable a mess of quibbling as that relating to the days of creation. For instance, Smith goes through the whole list of Luke and Matthew in parallel columns, till he comes to the last name in Luke's list, and then he coolly puts Mary in place of Joseph, as it is in the text. If Smith had any regard for Luke, would he lay him in the lie like that? No doubt Luke might hav been lying, but in what sense are they to be called believers who so glibly assume that he was?

Mrs. Ritchey discusses the eternity of matter. She affirms, in the first place, that all known substances are composed of several elements. But suppose we use the word "substance" with a little broader meaning. Then an elementary substance will be one that is simple, indivisible, and, hence, indestructible; and a compound substance will be one that is divisible into two or more of these indestructible substances.

Mrs. Ritchey thinks the conclusion irresistible that every combination of matter had a combiner. The combinations effected in this world are all caused by sunlight; and as the stars are seen I infer that the same causes are producing the same effects throughout the universe. But Mrs. Ritchey says there was a distinct time when the several elements were brought together. That time is now, as much as ever, in the infinit past. If there ever was a time when the elementary substances existed and no chemical action had taken place, the burden of proof rests upon those who affirm it.

With regard to the distinction between varieties and species, if we say that all animals which interbreed freely when crossed are varieties and all whose offspring are more or less infertil are species, we only reason in a circle without settling anything or making any addition to our knowledge. There are different degrees of fertility among crosses and hybrids. If the theory of evolution were true, animals or plants with a common ancestry would ultimately become so different, sexually, as to become incapable of crossing. If the theory of the creation of distinct species were true, there should be no degrees of fertility. I hav perfect confidence in Darwin's statement that, as a matter of fact, "the degree of fertility both among first crosses and hybrids graduates all the way from zero to perfect fertility." This corresponds with the theory of evolution, but not with that of creation.

In a work just out by Professor Le Conte, entitled, "Evolution in Its Relation to Religious Thought," occurs the passage: "Now, in fact, by diligent search such intermediate links between well-recognized species hav been found in some cases. . . . Certain forms hav long been known from widely separated regions and universally regarded as distinct species, as distinct as any. Then, by minute examinations of intermediate regions, a complete series of intermediate forms hav been picked up. This has occurred not only in one case but in many cases, and not in birds only but in many other classes—examples increase with our increasing knowledge. The only answer to such evidence is that these are not true species. Now see the fallacy lurking here! They define species as ultimate elements of taxonomy, as distinct without any intermediate links, and then require us to find such intermediate links; and, finally, when with infinit pains some such links are found, they say: 'Oh, I see! we were mistaken; they are only varieties.'"

Mrs. Ritchey says she is aware "that the imperfection of the geological records is a great resource of evolutionists." It seems to be much too perfect to suit her, else why does she confine herself in quoting authorities to writings upward of twenty years old? Mrs. Ritchey thinks a horse's foot is clumsy and that it is a disadvantage to him, in point of speed, to hav been elevated upon his middle toenail. The bear is a plantigrade. He walks down on his heel like the eohippus. Now, if Mrs. Ritchey were mounted upon a bear and I upon a horse and we were to hav a race, I would, in time, distance her as far as I hav in this argument.

Mrs. Ritchey observes that "the production of some five or six intermediate forms is not sufficient to prove the evolution of the horse from the marsupial," etc. Five or six? Well, that *is* old! That count must hav been made "previously before the late war." Over thirty distinct forms hav been described between equus and eohippus.

Again: "It seems strange that evolution should deprive an animal of any of its toes so long as it was supposed to be constantly using them." It seems strange that evolution should deprive a polliwog of his tail, but it has to go.

I do not believe in spontaneous generation. I do not believe that matter is dead and that there is an impassable gulf between the dead and living. Evolution covers the whole ground that has been investigated, and, I believe, covers all that exists.

I am not good at solving "knotty points." Mrs. Ritchey wants to worry me about a little fool fixing which she says exists about half-way down or up the intestins. "It is about the size of a goose-quill, and three or four inches long." She wants to know what it is for. She seems to hav found the first use for it—to puzzle me. On the subject of that nameless little excrescence I am entirely Agnostic. But because I don't know anything about it that does not seem to be a sufficient reason for giving up evolution, which agrees with everything I do know. Dr. Johnson says that "he who determins what he knows by what he does not know is not to be admitted among reasonable beings."

For Mrs. Ritchey I entertain the highest respect. I hav not presumed on her ignorance, but, in attempting to set her right, hav felt that my task would hav been easier if she had posted herself on the subject down to date. I contemplate the person who at this day essays to overthrow evolution with a feeling akin to that of the Irishman when he saw the bull preparing to butt the locomotiv off the track. He said, "I admire your pluck—but dom your judgment!"

D. PRIESTLEY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Pretty Maid of Picardy.

I stopped to rest a summer day,
The sun glow like a brazen sea—
Then sweet her welcome was to stay,
The pretty child of Picardy.

She brought me flowers fresh and fair,
With piquant mien so sweet to see—
Inheritance of charming air,
The inborn grace of Picardy.

A bird-like fashion had her hands;
Her face beamed with sincerity—
Sweet pioneer of prairie lands,
This little maid of Picardy.

Her bright bouquet of garden flowers,
Each named, and each instructing me,
Was not, though choicest of her bowers
Yet like the rose of Picardy.

O sunny land upon the Rhine!
Your banner bears the fleur-de-lis,
Yet sweeter far this flower of mine—
The bonny maid of Picardy.

Frenchtown, Neb. MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Infidel.

The word is derived from the Latin *fides*, faith—*fidelis*, faithful; the preposition *in* making it *infidelis*, unfaithful. In its general meaning, Infidel refers to one who has no faith that the Bible was written by inspiration of an unknown being away up in the skies somewhere, sitting upon a great white throne like a king, and generally designated by the term God. He who rejects this idea, and does not believe that Jesus and all the fabulous stories concerning him hav any origin in truth, is regarded as an Infidel. The true Infidel is one who spurns error, from whatever source it may arise; will hav nothing to do with falsehood, wrong, crime, deceit, hypocrisy, or villainy of any description. He loves the truth for its own sake; loves investigation, science, and ratifies all belief by evidence. He proves all things, and while putting aside the evil and the false, holds fast to that which is good and true. He is honest and honorable; the good man worthy of confidence and respect; square and upright in his dealings; doing *right* not because he expects a reward or fears punishment, but because it is the best thing to do always. To be an Infidel, in the usual acceptation, is to be really and truly good and great. Some of the greatest, wisest, noblest, and truest men and women of this and other countries were Infidels. Many of the greatest benefactors of the human race were not churchmen but Infidels. Nearly all reformers of this and other times hav been styled Infidels. The term is rather to be coveted, since to liv up to all its requirements, to its grandest meaning, in all its manifold bearings, is to be wise, good, great, and true. S. H. W.

"Little Phil."

THE HERO OF WINCHESTER.

Before me on the wall hangs a portrait of General Sheridan. I gaze with admiration upon the features of this brave and noble soldier and recall the many deeds of valor he performed.

Philip Henry Sheridan was born of Irish parents in Ohio, on March 6, 1831. He was a poor boy, and at the age of twelve years he began work in a country store, where he made only fifty cents a week. He was very fond of books and studied with deep interest books of military history and biography. Little did he think that his name would some day crown the pages of military history.

He entered West Point Military Academy, where he graduated in 1853, at the age of twenty-two. His first military experience was in Texas and Oregon, where he did good service as an Indian-fighter. An interesting and thrilling story is told of his early days. One day while Sheridan was outside the fort with two other men a band of Indians swooped down upon them. The chief jumped from his horse to seize his prisoners, when Sheridan instantly sprang upon the animal's back and galloped to Fort Duncan. Hastily summoning his troops, he rushed back to save his two friends. The enraged chief sprang toward him, when a ball from Sheridan's rifle laid him dead upon the ground. Thus Sheridan's quick thought and his superb bravery had saved his own life and that of his friends. In 1861 he was made captain, and in the summer of that year he served as president of a military commission to adjust claims in Missouri. In the winter of 1861 he was made chief commissary of the Army of the Southwest, and participated in the battle of Corinth on the staff of General Halleck. In May, 1862, he was made colonel of a Michigan regiment of cavalry. His first exploits were successful and the country began to realize the worth of his gallant services, and from this he rose rapidly. In July, 1862, he was placed at the head of a brigade of cavalry with the rank of brigadier-general. He was a splendid cavalryman, and in August he defeated Faulconer's cavalry in Mississippi. In September he was in command of a division of the Army of the Ohio. He took part in the battles of Perryville and Stone river, and for his gallant fighting in the latter he was made major-general of volunteers. He also participated in the great battles of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, and in April, 1864, was made chief cavalryman of the Army of the Potomac.

During the Richmond campaign he made several destructiv raids on General Lee's army, and in the Shenandoah valley campaign he won several victories. His great Winchester ride has passed into history as one of the greatest acts of the war, and has won for General Sheridan the name of "the hero of Winchester."

He did good services in the campaign against Petersburg and Richmond, and his military career is one of the most brilliant in American history. After the war he commanded an army in Louisiana and Texas, and enforced the "reconstruction" acts there, for which he was removed by President Johnson in 1867. He was made lieutenant-general of the United States army on March 4, 1869, and in 1888 he rose to the rank of general. GEO. J. REMSBURG.

[General Sheridan died on the 5th inst. at his summer residence, Nonquitt, on the shore of Buzzard's bay, in Massachusetts. Thus passed away a noble soldier, a brave hero, and a true friend and lover of humanity. The country he helped to preserve mourns his loss.—ED. C. C.]

Correspondence.

OAK MILLS, KAN., Aug. 3, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I send to the Corner a sketch of the life of "Little Phil." It is rather long, but if you can find space for it I would be pleased. General Sheridan was, I presume, a Catholic, but it is not his religion that I admire; it is the noble deeds he performed in behalf of his country.

Yours truly, G. J. R.

COAL CREEK, TENN., Aug. 2, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I now will write to you for the first time. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER. My grandpa takes it. I like to read the Corner. I hav the "Story Hour" and "Lessons for Little Folks," and I think them splendid. Our school is out. My studies are geography, grammar, arithmetic, spelling, and the Fifth Reader. I am nine years old, and I hav two sisters. I guess I am tiring you, so I will close. Yours truly, CLARA LEINART.

HARMONY DISTRICT, July 27, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: This is my first letter to any paper. I will do the best I can. I am ten years old. I hav three brothers and three sisters. Papa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER about six months and likes it very much. We liv two miles from the railroad track. Martha Deming wishes to know the real definition of the word "Infidel." Hoping to see my letter in print, I will close for this time.

Your unknown friend, LUCINDA CLARK.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., Aug. 1, 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Here I come again to offer one of my little effusions, but I hope you will not let me crowd away others who hav better things for the Children's Corner. I like to see young writers come to the front, and am glad you encourage all such. Where is Darlina Bell? I am always interested in her stories. Let us hear from you, Darlina, and your Southern home.

With best wishes for the Children's Corner and the woman at the helm, I am,

Respectfully, MARY B. FINCH.

A Natural Mistake.

Nature appears in a very similar garb to the youngsters, no matter in what department she shines. Little three-year-old was out in the fields the other day, and came running in with, "I saw a pansy and I was going to pick it, and it was a butterfly and it flied away."

She Saw the Gold.

"Mamma, I know it's true about the golden streets in heaven."

"Why, how do you know, Maud?"

"Because, when I was on deck with nurse last night something made a noise and the sky split clear across, and then I saw the gold shining through."

The Savage and the Magician.

Professor McAllister, the prestidigitator and ventriloquist, happened to be traveling across lower Idaho some years ago on his way from one town to another. It was in the days of early stagecoaching, before railroads were quite so plentiful as at the present time. The professor one afternoon, before the show commenced, in wandering about the streets of, I think it was Lewiston, encountered on the outskirts of the town a small band of Indians. Two or three companions were with him. While chatting together, looking about and observing things generally, McAllister became quite familiar with a mongrel dog owned by the redskins, whom he proceeded to pet nonchalantly.

"Fine dog," said the professor.

"Ugh!" grunted the buck.

"How much you sell him for?" asked the magician.

"Ugh! two dollar," replied the buck, holding up a pair of dirty fingers to indicate the amount.

"Him very fine dog," said McAllister, stroking the cur down the back and taking a gold piece from the end of his tail.

"Hi! hi!" exclaimed the redskin, looking on in astonishment, his eyes ready to start from his head in excitement.

"Him very fine dog indeed," quietly continued the professor, this time taking a whole handful of coin from the cur's tail, and picking stray pieces from his mouth, nose, and ears, which he transferred to his pockets.

Strange noises were heard proceeding from the interior of the animal. He groaned and laughed and howled and barked, at all of which the poor deluded redskins stood in the utmost awe and astonishment, and couldn't for the life of them understand what had come over the spirit of the animal. It was hard to tell which was the most surprised, the Indians or the dog. After filling his pockets with gold and taking another fistful from the cur's tail the professor left the redskins in peace. He had not gone ten minutes before the latter pounced upon the poor, doomed animal and cut him wide open. Like the goose that laid the golden egg, there was nothing inside, and it is but fair to presume that the only reward was a fine feast upon ribs of roast dog, browned to a turn.

A Sample Bit of Misery.

A small boy who happened to bruise his leg said to his mother: "O mamma! how awfully it must hurt to be a colored man!" "Hurt, my dear? Why, what do you mean?" "Why, don't you know, I tumbled down this morning and made that black spot on my leg, and it's just as sore as it can be all the time."

Not Comforting Assurance.

A little girl while on a visit to her grandmother had been seriously ill, and, as she grew better, was spoken of as convalescent. Thinking it would be very smart to use a long word, she wrote home: "Dear mamma, I am happy to say that I am convulsiv."

Quieting.

A little Burlington girl persisted in singing while her grandfather was taking his nap. She explained that she was "trying to sing grandpa's nose to sleep."

A LITTLE boy up-town who has just learned to say his prayers, with considerable opposition, was at breakfast the other morning and the waiter was putting lumps of sugar into his coffee. When the fourth lump went in the boy put his hand on the waiter's arm. "Amen," he said, briefly. "Why, Tommie, what do you mean by that?" inquired his mother, greatly shocked. "That means I've got enough," replied the youngster, with his mind on his devotional exercises.

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From the New York Sun.

Highly interesting news comes from the great Lick telescope. A few weeks ago we referred to the discoveries that had been made with it in the Orion nebula and Saturn's ring system. Since then its powers hav been tried upon many other celestial phenomena with the most gratifying, not to say astonishing, results. It is plain that not only is this the most powerful telescope in the world, but that, planted on a mountain-top in the superb'y clear air of the California coast, it is far and away the most wonderful instrument of vision that has ever been applied to the assistance of the human eye. Professor Holden's recent descriptions of its performances appear to fully warrant the expectation that we are on the eve of some most important discoveries to be announced from Mount Hamilton. Already the great lens has revealed undreamed-of things. So surprising hav been its revelations, that the director exclaims in these words:

Our final conclusion is that we hav to use the large telescope in a new way. There is absolutely nothing to be taken for granted, and there is no object in the whole heavens which we must not observe as if viewed for the first time.

Again, in speaking of the powers of the great telescope, which he is just learning to use, Professor Holden says:

I am, as you know, familiar with the use of large telescopes, having observed for many years with the great refractor at Washington, but I confess I was not prepared for the truly magnificent action of this, the greatest of all telescopes, under the best conditions. I hav had such views of the bright planets, Mars and Jupiter, of nebulæ, the Milky Way, and some of the stars as no other astronomer ever before had.

But let us take an example of these wonderful revelations. Every owner of an amateur's telescope knows the celebrated ring nebula in the constellation of Lyra. It is an exceedingly beautiful phenomenon, hanging there against the black background of the sky like a most delicate, yet perfectly formed ring, or wreath of smoke. It is only when we reflect on its real size that the mind passes from admiration to awe at the sight of this ring. If our solar system were placed in its center, the gigantic sweep of that luminous ellipse surrounding us would belt the heavens as with a new and grander galaxy. The form of this object, and the fact that it is nebulous in character, hav naturally led to many speculations based upon its resemblance to the nebular rings, out of which, according to La Place's hypothesis, the planets of our system were formed. Here was an actual phenomenon in the heavens which showed at least that there could be such things as nebular rings.

The best telescopes hav shown a few faint stars near the ring and one within it, but nothing that could be regarded as evidence of any probable connection between the stars and the ring. But at one glance the Lick telescope has revealed a marvelous structure. Here is Professor Holden's account of it.

This bright nebula has been looked at by every amateur and professional astronomer, by every large and small telescope in the world. Sir John Herschel describes it as a ring and figures a small star following it. Lord Rosse, with his six-foot reflector, gave five small stars outside of it and none inside. Mr. Lassell, with his four-foot reflector, figures it with thirteen faint stars in an oval outside and one inside the ring. So I saw it with the Washington refractor of twenty-six inches aperture in 1875. Our first look at this nebula with the thirty-six inch telescope showed a great variety of new detail, and a careful examination has disclosed to us not only the single star inside, but likewise eleven others inside the inner oval or projected on the bright nebulosity between the outer and the inner ovals. Not only this, but it is obvious that the plan on which this nebula is built is that of a series of ellipses or ovals. There is first the ring of faint stars outside the nebula; then the outer and inner bounding ovals of the nebulosity; next a ring of faint stars around the edges of the interior ring, and finally a number of stars critically situated on the various parts of the nebulosity and outer oval. The object is entirely a new one in its appearance and in its suggestions as seen here.

One cannot read this description without recognizing the strong probability that there is an intimate connection between the nebulous ovals and the rings of stars. Here, then, it seems, we behold a corner of the universe where the great work of creation is now actually in progress. Here in this cosmic workshop of Lyra are scattered raw materials and finished solar bodies; rows of suns ablaze with pristin light, and masses of unformed vapor, in whose bosom the carbon atoms may be floating which, in the ripeness of time, shall assume forms of beauty and life. There are other spots in the heavens where stars and nebulous matter are mingled in a way that suggests a close relationship, but none so remarkable as this discovered by Professor Holden. Even the curious group called the Pleiades, where, as recent photographic discoveries hav shown, nebular masses and streams are mingled in the strangest fashion with the stars, there is nothing so remarkable as the concentric rings described by the director of the Lick Observatory. In the constellation of Aquarius there is a small nebula—small, that is, as seen from the earth, though enormously large in reality, which presents the suggestiv phenomenon of a globular mass, apparently surrounded by a flattish ring, recalling the appearance of Saturn. But even this must be regarded as a less interesting object than the ring nebula of Lyra now appears to be, with its marvelous wreaths of suns and sun stuff.

What Professor Holden says of his views of the planets also givs us reason to expect most interesting discoveries within our own system. He remarks that "a transit of the shadow of one of Jupiter's satellites recently observed has given us quite new ideas on the subject of the refraction and density of the atmosphere of this planet." Jupiter has been assiduously observed by many astronomers within the past ten years because of certain strange appearances on its disk, such as the celebrated "red spot;" and any news that may come from Mount Hamilton about it will be most eagerly received. At least we may reasonably expect to hav considerable light thrown upon the questiou whether Jupiter, a world whose surface is a hundred and twenty times as extensiv as that of the earth, is just emerging from a semi-solar into a planetary condition.

The Lick telescope has been mounted on its pier only a few months, but already it may fairly be said to hav opened up a new vista of creation. It is gratifying to know that this marvelous instrument of research is in the hands of a man who so promptly givs evidence that he will use it, not as many great telescopes hav been used, for mere technical, humdrum observations, but for the exploration of the universe in which our little globe is but a particle.

Balaam's Ass Heard From.

From the New York Sunday Dispatch, August 5th.

An editorial in last Thursday's issue of the *Mail and Express* bitterly assails the memory of the late Courtlandt Palmer on account of his Freethinking views. The article bears the earmarks of Deacon Elliot F. Shepard, and the spirit which animates it would do credit to those fine old fanatics Calvin and Knox, who gloried in the temporal destruction and spiritual damnation of those who refused to accept their religious dogmas as truth.

Deacon Shepard's canting tirade will not affect the opinions of the thousands who knew, esteemed, and loved Courtlandt Palmer, nor will it be likely to impair the growth and usefulness of the Nineteenth Century Club, which Mr. Palmer was instrumental in founding for the discussion of great social, moral, and religious problems. Biblical objurgations are not arguments, and no person skeptically inclined will be moved to accept the Christian religion as true beyond all doubt by editorials written in the peculiar vein adopted by Deacon Shepard in this instance. On the contrary, fair-minded men will arrive at the conclusion that Deacon Shepard should pay more attention to the command of the great founder of Christianity, "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

Courtlandt Palmer was a philanthropist, and the chief end and aim of his existence was to alleviate the sorrows and sufferings of his fellow-men. That he was sincere in his beliefs and disbeliefs is beyond a doubt, and nobody this side of the grave will ever know whether his conclusions were right or wrong. In any case, we do not believe that the man who did so much to lessen the burdens which weigh so heavily upon unfortunate humanity will be doomed to everlasting torment for exercising his honest judgment according to the best light afforded him.

In conclusion, we beg leave to call Deacon Shepard's attention to the following paragraph, taken from the book he is so much given to quoting on all occasions, appropriate or otherwise:

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrits! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Even so ye outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

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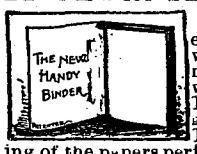
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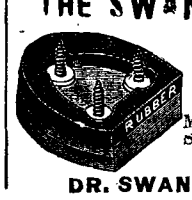
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GREECE will institute a national library.

ON the 8th a bomb was thrown by Paris strikers.

YELLOW fever has broken out at Jacksonville, Fla.

ALARM at Catholic enmity to public schools increases in Boston.

THE Italian government is making a brave stand against the church.

A DRUNKEN saloonkeeper at Rockaway, N. Y., recently gouged out his wife's eyes.

THE bill which was to increase Russia's army 400,000 will eventually increase it 1,500,000.

THE Rev. Mr. Bott, of Tottenville, N. Y., is in trouble for covering his wife's face with cuts and bruises.

ALREADY $13,000 has been subscribed to the Knights of Labor fund to educate workingmen on labor's rights.

A MAN lately tried at Leeds, England, for killing his wife for adultery was let off with one day's imprisonment.

FAITH cure is spreading, and great numbers take oath to miraculous cures.

AT Halifax recently, Rev. J. R. Hutchinson deserted his wife and child to elope with a young girl.

THE New York Central Labor Union has passed resolutions deeply deploring the death of Courtlandt Palmer.

CHRISTIAN and Jewish converts to Mohammedanism the last year number 222—far more than Mohammedan proselytes to Christianity.

CORRUPT speculators with the funds of the Middletown, N. Y., bank hav caused a sad loss to hundreds of poor people who had small deposits.

THE suffering poor of England grow in radical ideas, and recently hooted Prince Albert Victor as he unveiled a statue of his grandmother the queen.

A BAPTIST preacher named Washburne was arrested at Lake Pleasant, Mass., on the 11th, for extensiv swindling under various aliases, and for endeavors to compete with Solomon in wives.

THE latest among the miraculous cures reported from the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Can., are those of an old lady totally blind, a man who has always used crutches, and a confirmed epileptic.

CHIEF Secretary for Ireland Balfour will intermit the enforcement of his coercion policy long enough to address the Manchester Church Congress on "The Needs of Human Nature and Their Supply in Christianity."

THE latest annual reports of persons killed by wild beasts and reptils in India is as follows: by hyenas, 24; wild elephants, 57; bears, 113; leopards, 194; wolves, 222; tigers, 928; other animals, 1,169; snakes, 22,134.

EXPOSURE is made of the utterly groundless lie, telegraphed from New York to the Canton, O., *News-Democrat*, that a woman carried into Rev. Thomas Harrison's revival on a stretcher rose and walked, cured of a disease that had kept her bed-fast five years.

IN a letter "in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to him be praise and glory, from Johannes, anointed by God, king of Zion and king of kings of Ethiopia, to the most glorious Queen Victoria, defender of the Christian faith," said anointed king of Zion and Abyssinia argues on the relations with European powers of "the country Jesus Christ gave to him."

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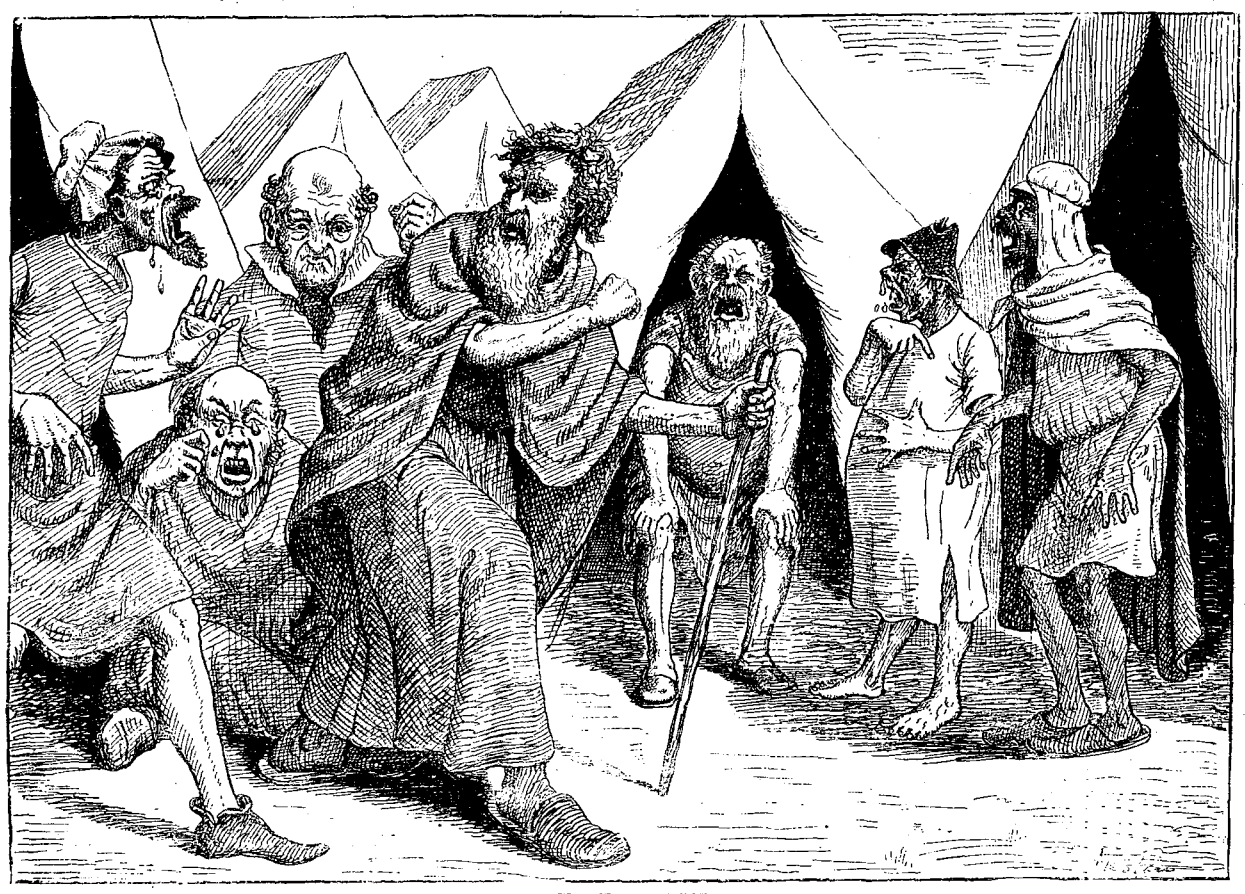
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Then Moses heard the people weep throughout their families, every man in the door of his tent: and the anger of the Lord was kindled greatly; Moses also was displeased.—Num. xi, 10.

Gems of Thought.

WHAT shall we say of the wisdom of those, including nearly all who occupy influential positions, who persist in thinking that preparation for successful and complete living (which is the purpose of rational education) is best effected by learning to speak and write after the manner of two extinct peoples, and by gaining knowledge of their chief men, their superstitions, their deeds of war, etc.—who, in their leading school, devote two hours per week to getting some ideas about the constitution of the world they are born into, and thirty-six hours per week to construing Latin and Greek, and making verses, of small sense or none; and who, in the competitiv examinations they devise, giv to knowledge of words double the number of marks which they giv to knowledge of things? That, it seems to me, is not a very worshipful degree of intelligence which fails to recognize the obvious truth that there is an Order of Nature, pervading alike the actions going on within us and without us, to which, from moment to moment, our lives must conform under penalty of one or other evil; and that therefore our first business must be to study this Order of Nature. Nor is estimation of this intelligence raised on contemplating the outcome of this established culture, as seen in Parliament; where any proposal to judge a question by reference to general laws, or "abstract principles" as they are called, is poohpoohed, with the tacit implication that in social affairs there is no natural law; and where, as we lately saw, three hundred select spokesmen of the nation cheered frantically when it was decided that they should continue to vow before God that they would maintain certain arrangements prescribed for them by their great, great, great, etc., grandfathers.—*Spencer.*

ANTIQUITY is infallible, and cannot err. Its antiquity is the indubitable proof of the soundness of an opinion, of a custom, or a ceremony. It is highly important to repulse and discourage all attempts at innovation. The clergy must never relinquish whatever they hav hitherto practiced. —*Voltaire.*

THE bodily health of a community was held so utterly below the attention of a Christian magistrate that every large city became a hotbed of contagious diseases; small-pox and scrofula became pandemic disorders; the pestilence of the Black Death ravaged Europe from end to end—nay, instead of trying to remove the cause of the evil, the wretched victims were advised to seek relief in prayer and self-torture, and a philosopher uttering a word of protest against such illusions would hav risked to hav his tongue torn out by the roots and his body consigned to the flames of the stake. —*Prof. Felix L. Oswald in The Bible of Nature.*

EARLY in the last century, Boyer presented inoculation as a preventativ of small-pox, in France; thoughtful physicians in England, led by Lady Montagu and Maitland, followed his example. Theology took fright at once on both sides of the Channel. The French theologians of the Sorbonne solemnly condemned the practice. English theologians were most loudly represented by the Rev. Edward Massy, who, in 1722, preached a sermon in which he declared that Job's distemper was probably confluent small-pox, and that he had been doubtless inoculated by the devil; that diseases are sent by providence for the punishment of sin, and that the proposed attempt to prevent them is "a diabolical operation." This sermon was entitled, "The Dangerous and Sinful Practice of Inoculation." Not less absurd was the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Delafaye, entitled, "Inoculation an Indefensible Practice." Thirty years later the struggle was still going on. But as late as 1753 we hav the rector of Canterbury denouncing inoculation from his pulpit in the primatial city, and many of his brethren following his example. Among the most common weapons hurled by churchmen at the supporters of inoculation, during all this long war, were charges of sorcery and Atheism.—*Andrew D. White in The Warfare of Science.*

WHOEVER endeavored to account for these things by natural causes, whoever attempted to cure diseases by natural means, was denounced by the church as an Infidel. To explain anything was a crime. It was to the interest of the priest that all phenomena should be accounted for by the will and power of gods and devils.—*Ingersoll.*

IT was in the reign of pagan emperors, and especially of Hadrian and Alexander Severus, that nearly all the most important measures were taken redressing injustices, elevating oppressed classes, and making the doctrin of the natural equality and fraternity of mankind the basis of legal enactment. Receiving the heritage of those laws, the Christians, no doubt, added something, but a careful examination will show that it was surprisingly little.—*Lecky.*

I LOOK upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character.—*Emerson.*

Odds and Ends.

THE thermometer must register even though it does not vote.

A MAN with rheumatism ought to hav hinges put on his gait.

WHEN the fair private secretary dies, of course she departs typewriter fields above.

AN Atlanta, Ga., belle weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. This is another case of solid South.

THE Russian law prohibits joking about the emperor. That's why no one in Russia ever refers to Alexander as an old czardine.

"EXCUSE me," said Poseyboy to his best girl the other morning, "but somehow your eyes don't look just right. I think they need dotting." And he dotted them.

A SIGN before a New York office reads: "Women treated for ugliness." If somebody would treat men for ugliness there would be a wild rush for the bar without a moment's delay.

THE Prohibitionists of Genesee, N. Y., hav adopted the watermelon as their campaign symbol. The party is rather weak in numbers in Genesee, and the object of adopting such a symbol, it is presumed, is to double them up.

"THE trouble with you women," he said, "is that you giv so much thought to trifles." His conscience-smitten wife, looking out of the window ten minutes later, saw him still standing on the sidewalk. He was watching a bootblack extract a cent from a crack.

"YAIS," said Mr. Hoopenheimer, "ve vos qvite a liddle faemily down at dot Hotel Bacharach at Long Branch. Dere vos vun liddle chob-lot of Ghristians ofer at dot taple near de kijjen, bot I kess dey go avay puddy soon. Dey seen ve don't vant to be unkaind by dem, bot ve kain't associade mit 'em, nohow."

A MAN strolled into a fashionable church just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder, and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said: "Dogs are not admitted." "That's not my dog," replied the visitor. "But he follows you." "Well, so do you." The sexton growled, and removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

STONE: "Hello, Upson, old man, you're looking fine; you must hav struck luck since I last saw you." Downes: "Yes, old boy; I've struck the boss fake; no more poverty for me; no more small salaries. I've written a book, and my fortune is made." Stone: "I'd like to know what you could write about." Downes: "Hush! don't giv it away; great snap; hav written on, 'How to Liv Comfortably on Ten Dollars a Week.'" Stone: "But you never could." Downes: "Nor anyone else—that's why they all buy the book to find out." Stone: "H'm, yes—I see."

THEY were on their bridal tour, and she said gaily: "Now, Fred, we don't want everybody in the car to know that we are newly married, and hav them all staring at us. Let us act like real old married people. It'll be such jolly fun." "All right," said Fred, calmly. "You just let me hav that end of the seat; it's *lots* pleasanter than this. I'll take the pillow, too, and I guess I'll go to sleep for three or four hours. You waken me when we come to the dinner station. Spread that shawl over me, and——" "Oh, I don't care who knows that we're just married," she said. "Sit where you are, dear, and hold my hand."

THE NEW FIRST READER.

Lesson 1.—"Let us go upon the street car and take a long ride. Do you see with what swiftness they move?"

"I do. The motion almost takes my breath away."

"You must hang on to your hat or you will lose it. Do you see the lady with pink strings on her bonnet?"

"Yes, I see her. She is very pale and nervous. Is she afraid that the car will run off the track?"

"Not exactly. She is worried about the conductor."

"Is he not a good man?"

"He is a noble fellow, with a wife and ten children to support; but she is afraid of his eyesight. Do you see that coin in her fingers?"

"Yes. It is a silver quarter."

"No, my son; it is a lead quarter—one she has been trying to get rid of for a month. Now he comes along and she hands it out and smiles and sweetly exclaims: 'Tickets, please!'"

"And the conductor?"

"He smiles sweetly but sadly."

"And——"

"And returns it with the remark that she ought to hav worked it off on circus day."

"And is she sorrowful?"

"Oh, no! She is as mad as a wet hen, and she takes the number of the car and will try to hav the conductor bounced for incivility to passengers."

Lesson 2.—"It is night, but if you hav sharp eyes you can see a man in the shadow of the trees across the way."

"Yes, I see him. He seems to be spying on that house near by."

"So he is. Some folks might jump to the conclusion that he was a burglar, but he is not. He is, on the contrary, one of our most estimable citizens, and livs in that very house."

"Why does he act so queerly?"

"They all do when out till this late hour. He is taking time to decide."

"Must he decide something?"

"He must. He must decide whether to walk in openly and boldly tell his wife that he was detained at the office on important business, or sneak in and hope to find her asleep, and then vow next morning that it was only 10 o'clock."

"But wasn't he detained at the office?"

"Oh, yes! but it's an old chestnut with her, you know."

"Perhaps she is asleep."

"Perhaps she isn't. That's her at the upper window, and she is watching him. Poor man! How sad his lot! But such is life in a great city."

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

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ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT.

Notes and Clippings.

A MAN writes to the *Sun* that a Jew is not eligible to the presidency, as "ours is a Christian government, founded on Christian principles." The *Sun* replies that the man is mistaken.

SENATOR BLAIR has given up all hope for the success of his Educational bill. His peculiar legislativ genius will not long droop under the weight of disaster, however. Blair is too pious to permit the treasury surplus to bite its thumb at him forever.

PASTOR THUMMEL, an evangelical preacher in Solingen, created a sensation by accusing the archbishop of Cologne and the canons of Aix-la-Chapell of blasphemy and the breach of the third Commandment. The burgomaster immediately rose and declared the meeting at an end. It broke up after much excitement, and the pastor will prosecute the burgomaster for brawling in church.

THE fifth article of the constitution of Brazil reads as follows: "The Roman Catholic shall continue to be the religion of the state; all others shall, however, be tolerated, with their special worship, in private houses designated for this purpose, without the exterior form of a temple." Great liberty has been allowed in interpreting this article, only steeples and bells being forbidden to very churchly structures; and even one or two inconspicuous towers hav been built. A recent attempt to compel the removal of these ornaments led to the introduction of a bill last October to revoke the fifth article and allow full liberty. No action would hav been taken, however, but for a recent outbreak; and, after a full discussion, the bill has now passed the legislativ assembly. The bill, the *Independent* says, provides for the fullest religious liberty.

DR. CAMPBELL, who has been delivering lectures on his different "theories" at Versailles, Ind., for several days, claims to hav located the garden of Eden in the United States. He says that the city of St. Louis is erected on the site of the garden, and that the Mississippi is none other than the Euphrates river. He calls on the Bible to prove all his statements, and says that within two months he will hav all the world agog on the subject.

THE *Congregationalist* wails: "Now and then Christians are both pained and alarmed by rumors from the Hawaiian islands that idolatry is resuming its sway among the nativs, and that Christianity is being rapidly crushed out. That the alarm in Hawaii is well founded is proved by the action of the American Board, a year ago, in sending out reinforcements to that field; and it is evident from statements in the last Honolulu *Friend* that still further measures may be necessary to check the evil. Since 1880 there has been a systematic effort to reinstate old heathen practices, some of them unspeakably revolting in character, and the corrupt legislature of 1886 actually organized a board of heathen sorcery, though under the innocent title of a board of health. The natural result is a sad moral deterioration." The *Congregationalist* should hav given us a bill of particulars, so we could know just what the heathen are doing, and determin whether or not it is necessary to go down and kill them in order to make them moral Christians.

THE memorial of San Francisco citizens calling for the impeachment of two federal judges of the Pacific coast was submitted to Congress on Monday. The petitioners charge that these judges hav virtually nullified the Chinese Restriction act by taking its enforcement out of the customs collector's hands and usurping his power. Mercenary motivs are alleged, a relativ of one of the judges being directly interested in fees received in the numerous *habeas corpus* cases brought in behalf of the incoming Chinamen. The memorial is a very savage arraignment.

COL. JACK CUNNINGHAM, one of the leaders in politics in Charleston, S. C., has awakened that city by his charges against the Democrats and Catholics. He says that the Democratic party hires Irish citizens to do its dirty work, and adds that the pope claims the right to rule all mankind in all the various relations of life. "It is known," he says, "that the free schools hav been antagonized and denounced by the Romanist sectarians in our midst as 'schools of hell;' that the simple imparting of knowledge in the schools and colleges of our country is a crime against the Roman papacy, although it would be a crime against the God of the universe not to reason and not to learn." He also charges that the pope has, through his cardinal at Baltimore, issued the dictum of the Roman Catholic church corporation against the system of American free education, and its mandate to its missions is that Roman Catholic bishops shall be excommunicated unless they establish Romish parochial schools everywhere they can, and they hav the hardihood to demand state aid to help them cram Romanism down us. The real and ultimate object is to control American education and subordinate it to the papacy, and thus secure ecclesiastical despotism."

THE Cleveland *Leader* says editorially: "According to Christian doctrin, Catholic as well as Protestant, it is a sin for a man to marry his brother's or sister's daughter. Under the laws of this and other states, and of some of the nations of Europe, it is a high crime punishable by long imprisonment. The duke of Aosta fell in love with his niece and desired to marry her. He sent $20,000 to the pope for a dispensation or indulgence to commit this crime against the laws of the church and of most civilized governments, and the pope has just sent him the desired permission in writing. The Catholics of Boston, who control the public schools of that city, hav just thrown out Swinton's History as a text-book because it says the popes sold indulgences to commit sin. The facts related above show that the pope does sell indulgences to commit sin, and there is no doubt that those before him did likewise. In view of this latest proof of such sale, we fail to see on what grounds the Catholics of Boston or any other city can reasonably complain of the historical statement in Swinton's text-book. The example of the duke of Aosta and the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, his niece, goes to show that $20,000, in hard cash, will obtain papal sanction for an incestuous intercourse that would send a poor man to the penitentiary and debar him forever from access to decent society. There are a good many queer things in this world, and this is one of the queerest."

Selected.

Woman's Right to Divorce.

From the World.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the great Agnostic, has always been an ardent defender of the sanctity of the home and of the marriage relation. *Apropos* of the horrible account of a man's tearing out the eyes of his wife at Far Rockaway last week, Colonel Ingersoll was asked what recourse a woman had under such circumstances. Said he:

I read the account, and I don't remember of ever having read anything more perfectly horrible and cruel. It is impossible for me to imagin such a monster, or to account for such an inhuman human being. How a man could deprive a human being of sight, except where some religious question is involved, is beyond my comprehension. We know that for many centuries frightful punishments were inflicted, and inflicted by the pious, by the theologians, by the spiritual-minded, and by those who "loved their neighbors as themselvs." We read the accounts of how the lids of men's eyes were cut off and then the poor victims tied where the sun would shine upon their lidless orbs. Of others who were buried alive. Of others staked out on the sands of the sea to be drowned by the rising tide. Of others put in sacks filled with snakes. Yet these things appeared far away, and we flattered ourselvs that, to a great degree, the world had outgrown these atrocities; and now, here, near the close of the nineteenth century, we find a man—a husband—cruel enough to put out the eyes of the woman he swore to love, protect, and cherish. This man has probably been taught that there is forgivness for every crime, and now imagins that when he repents there will be more joy in heaven over him than over ninety and nine good and loving husbands who hav treated their wives in the best possible manner, and who, instead of tearing out their eyes, hav filled their lives with content and covered their faces with kisses.

You told me last week, in a general way, what society should do with the husband in such a case as that. I would like to ask you, to-day, what you think society ought to do with the wife in such a case, or what ought the wife to be permitted to do for herself?

When we take into consideration the crime of the man who blinded his wife, it is impossible not to think of the right of divorce. Many people insist that marriage is an indissoluble tie; that nothing can break it, and that nothing can release either party from the bond. Now, take this case at Far Rockaway. One year ago the husband tore out one of his wife's eyes. Had she then good cause for divorce? Is it possible that an infinitly wise and good God would insist on the poor, helpless woman remaining with the wild beast, her husband? Can anyone imagin that such a course would add to the joy of paradise, or even tend to keep one harp in tune? Can the good of society require the woman to remain? She did remain, and the result is that the other eye has been torn from its socket by the hands of the husband. Is she entitled to a divorce now? And if she is granted one, is virtue in danger, and shall we lose the high ideal of home life? Can anything be more infamous than to endeavor to make a woman, under such circumstances, remain with such a man? It may be said that she should leave him—that they should liv separate and apart—that is to say, that this woman should be deprived of a home; that she should not be entitled to the love of man; that she should remain for the rest of her days worse than a widow. That is to say, a wife hiding, keeping out of the way, secreting herself from the hyena to whom she was married. Nothing, in my judgment, can exceed the heartlessness of a law or of a creed that would compel this woman to remain the wife of this monster. And it is not only cruel, but it is immoral, low, vulgar.

The ground has been taken that woman would lose her dignity if marriage were dissoluble. Is it necessary to lose your freedom in order to retain your character, in order to be womanly or manly? Must a woman, in order to retain her womanhood, become a slave, a serf, with a wild beast for a master, or with society for a master, or with a phantom for a master? Has not the married woman the right of self-defense? Is it not the duty of society to protect her from her husband? If she owes no duty to her husband; if it is impossible for her to feel toward him any thrill of affection, what is there of marriage left? What part of the contract remains in force? She is not to liv with him, because she abhors him. She is not to remain in the same house with him, for fear he may kill her. What, then, are their relations? Do they sustain any relation except that of hunter and hunted—that is, of tyrant and victim? And is it desirable that this relation should be rendered sacred by a church? Is it desirable to hav families raised under such circumstances? Are we really in need of the children born of such parents? If the woman is not in fault, does society insist that her life should be wrecked? Can the virtue of others be preserved only by the destruction of her happiness, and by what might be called her perpetual imprisonment? I hope the clergy who believe in the sacredness of marriage—in the indissolubility of the marriage tie—will giv their opinions on this case. I believe that marriage is the most important contract that human beings can make. I always believe that a man will keep his contract; that a woman, in the highest sense, will keep hers. But suppose the man does not? Is the woman still bound?

Is there no mutuality? What is a contract? It is where one party promises to do something in consideration that the other party will do something. That is to say, there is a consideration on both sides, moving from one to the other. A contract without consideration is null and void; and a contract duly entered into, where the consideration of one party is withheld, is voidable, and can be avoided by the party who has kept, or who is willing to keep, the contract. A marriage without love is bad enough. But what can we say of a marriage where the parties hate each other? Is there any morality in this—any virtue? Will any decent person say that a woman, true, good, and loving, should be compelled to liv with a man she detests, compelled to be the mother of his children? Is there a woman in the world who would not shrink from this herself? And is there a woman so heartless and so immoral that she would force another to bear what she would shudderingly avoid? Let us bring these questions home. In other words, let us hav some sense, some feeling, some heart, and just a little brain. Marriages are made by men and women. They are not made by the state and they are not made by the gods. By this time people should learn that usefulness to human happiness is the foundation of virtue—the foundation of morality. Nothing is moral that does not tend to the well-being of sentient things. Nothing is virtuous the result of which is not a human good. The world has always been living for phantoms, for ghosts, for monsters begotten by ignorance and fear. The world should learn to liv for itself. Man should, by this time, be convinced that all the reasons for doing right, and all the reasons for doing wrong, are right here in this world—all within the horizon of this life. And besides, we should hav imagination to put ourselvs in the place of another. Let a man suppose himself a helpless wife, beaten by a brute who believes in the indissolubility of marriage. Would he want a divorce?

I suppose that very few people hav any adequate idea of the sufferings of women and children; of the number of wives who tremble when they hear the footsteps of a returning husband; of the number of children who hide when they hear the voice of a father. Very few people know the number of blows that fall on the flesh of the helpless every day. Few know the nights of terror passed by mothers holding young children at their breasts. Compared with this, the hardships of poverty, borne by those who love each other, are nothing. Men and women truly married bear the sufferings of poverty. They console each other; their affection givs to the heart of each perpetual sunshine. But think of the others! I hav said a thousand times that the home is the unit of good government. When we hav kind fathers and loving mothers, then we will hav civilized nations, and not until then. Civilization commences at the hearthstone. When intelligence rocks the cradle—when the house is filled with philosophy and kindness—you will see a world at peace. Justice will sit in the courts, wisdom in the legislativ halls, and over all, like the dome of heaven, will be the spirit of liberty!

What is your idea with regard to divorce?

My idea is this: As I said before, marriage is the most sacred contract—the most important contract—that human beings can make. As a rule, the woman dowers the husband with her youth—with all she has. From this contract the husband should never be released, unless the wife has broken a condition; that is to say, has failed to perform the contract of marriage. On the other hand, the woman should be allowed a divorce for the asking. This should be granted in public, precisely as the marriage should be in public. Every marriage should be known. There should be witnesses, to the end that the character of the contract entered into should be understood; and as all marriage records should be kept, so the divorce should be open, public, and known. The property should be divided by a court of equity, under certain regulations of law. If there are children, they should be provided for through the property and the parents. People should understand that men and women are not virtuous by law. They should comprehend the fact that law does not create virtue—that law is not the foundation, the fountain, of love. They should understand that love is in the human heart, and that real love is virtuous. People who love each other will be true to each other. The death of love is the commencement of vice. Besides this, there is a public opinion that has great weight. When that public opinion is right, it does a vast amount of good, and when wrong, a great amount of harm. People marry, or should marry, because it increases the happiness of each and all. But where the marriage turns out to hav been a mistake, and where the result is misery, and not happiness, the quicker they are divorced the better, not only for themselvs, but for the community at large. These arguments are generally answered by some donkey braying about free love, and by "free love" he means a condition of society in which there is no love. The persons who make this cry are, in all probability, incapable of the sentiment, of the feeling, known as love. They judge others by themselvs, and they imagin that without law there would be no restraint.

What do they say of natural modesty? Do they forget that people hav a choice? Do they not understand something of the human heart, and that true love has always been as pure as the morning star? Do they believe that by forcing people to remain together who despise each other they are adding to the purity of the marriage relation? Do they not know that all marriage is an outward act, testifying to that which has happened in the heart? Still, I always believe that words are wasted on such people. It is useless to talk to anybody about music who is unable to distinguish one tune from another. It is useless to argue with a man who regards his wife as his property, and it is hardly worth while to suggest anything to a gentleman who imagins that society is so constructed that it really requires, for the protection of itself, that the lives of good and noble women should be wrecked. I am a believer in the virtue of women, in the honesty of men. The average woman is virtuous; the average man is honest, and the history of the world shows it. If it were not so, society would be impossible. I don't mean by this that most men are perfect, but what I mean is this: That there is far more good than evil in the average human being, and that the natural tendency of most people is toward the good and toward the right. And I most passionately deny that the good of society demands that any good person should suffer. I do not regard government as a Juggernaut, the wheels of which must, of necessity, roll over and crush the virtuous, the self-denying, and the good. My doctrin is the exact opposit of what is known as Free Love. I believe in the marriage of true minds and of true hearts. But I believe that thousands of people are married who do not love each other. That is the misfortune of our century. Other things are taken into consideration—position, wealth, title, and the thousand things that hav nothing to do with real affection. Where men and women truly love each other, that love, in my judgment, lasts as long as life. The greatest line that I know of in the poetry of the world is in the 116th Sonnet of Shakspere:

Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds.

Why do you make such a distinction between the rights of men and the rights of women?

The woman has, as her capital, her youth, her beauty. We will say that she is married at twenty or twenty-five. In a few years she has lost her beauty. During these years the man, so far as capacity to make money is concerned—to do something—has grown better and better. That is to say, his chances hav improved; hers hav diminished. She has dowered him with the spring of her life, and as her life advances her chances decrease. Consequently, I would giv her the advantage, and I would not compel her to remain with him against her will. It seems to me far worse to be a wife upon compulsion than to be a husband upon compulsion. Besides this, I hav a feeling of infinit tenderness toward mothers. The woman who bears children, certainly she should not be compelled to liv with a man whom she despises. The suffering is enough when the father of the child is to her the one man of all this world. Many people who hav a mechanical apparatus in their breasts that assists in the circulation of what they call blood, regard these views as sentimental. But when we take sentiment out of the world nothing is left worth living for, and when you get sentiment out of the heart it is nothing more nor less than a pump, an old piece of rubber that has acquired the habit of contracting and dilating. But I hav this consolation: The people who don't agree with me are those who don't understand me.

Some Comments on Hell.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal (Matt. xxv, 46).

Hell is the abode of the damned! The road to hell is strewn with roses. All the pleasures of life, all the joys of this world, all the desires of the flesh, are just so many snares of the devil to drag us down to perdition. This is according to Paul. What is hell? It is a lake of fire and brimstone, a bottomless pit (Rev. xx, 3). It is the place where unbelievers will be punished forever. The old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, is the king of hell. We are brought into this world without our own volition—our brains are not of our own making. No two of us are alike in mind or body. One will believe on a class of evidence another will wholly reject, and both be equally honest, and as far as God and the devil are concerned no harm is done, unless the belief happens to be concerning the son of God; then all is different. If it is averse to Bible teachings, God frowns; the devil smiles. God passes the soul of that person over to the adversary of souls, and he

makes a special effort to make it as uncomfortable as infinit power and satanic malignity can contrive, and the more pain, sorrow, and suffering he can inflict, the happier he is; and this most infernal, stupendous tragedy goes on and on. Systems change; almost infinit periods of time elapse; suns fade; eons of ages go by; other suns and systems spring into existence and run their cycles of change—the human soul remains through all, like the vitals of Prometheus, ever being devoured, but never diminishing—ever writhing; everything lost except the acute capacity to suffer. Not a ray, not a shadow of hope—all gloom; all remorse; all woe—an endless pilgrimage of unrest, of wretchedness; the heart desolate and sick—despair, utter hopelessness, wreck, ruin, grief, misfortune, regret, unavailing groans—all that language can express, all that the mind can conceive, of hellish suffering through the long-drawn ages and never-ending time. Continued and continued suffering. This is hell! How do you, miserable hypocrits, like the picture?

You are all bound to go there—you who do not love the Lord—who make a pretense, and groan out your long, whining, sanctimonious prayers, deceiving yourselvs, thinking your precious taffy will please the Lord. Your lot, gaged by your own doctrin, will be worse than that of the Infidel.

Who will go to hell? All Infidels, idolators, liars, thieves, and murderers who do not repent before death—all adulterers, except Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Solomon, together with a lovely lot of prophets, priests, and kings who stood in with the holy God, on the ground floor, as it were—all who are positivly wicked, and negativly all who do not crawl into heaven. This includes all Brahmans; all followers of Confucius and Buddha; all the untamed tribes of Africa; all Mohammedans; all the Indians of all the isles and continents; all the inhabitants of Arctic climes where it is too cold for missionaries to bask in "innocuous desuetude"—in fact, all and singular of the sons of men who hav never heard some sky-pilot tell the glorious tidings that Jesus has brought life and light to a fallen world.

There is no other name under heaven whereby poor man can be saved. In fact, let us ask, Is man lost? (This reminds us of a lone Indian, wandering in search of his tent. He was confused—turned round. Some one asked him: "Ain't you lost?" "No; wigwam lost. Me here!") Four-fifths or more of all the men in the Christian world, a majority of the women, most of the boys and girls who hav arrived at maturity and accountability—all these will be inhabitants of hell. In the list will be nearly all the men and women of brains—nearly all the great philosophers, poets, philanthropists, geologists, astronomers, and naturalists. Darwin is there. Humboldt, Spencer, Volney, Goethe, Hume, Jefferson, Franklin, Emerson, Longfellow, *et al*, will be writhing in agony, suffering the torment of the damned; while Bonaparte, serene and calm, with all the infamous murderers of Europe who drenched the world in gore to bear the cross—all the movers in the frenzied wars who bore the "sword of the Lord and Gideon"—the rank and file of the armies of extermination and Canaanitish conquest—all the Inquisitors who racked their brains to invent instruments of torture to rack the bodies of heretics—armies of religious fanatics and ignorant bigots; narrow saints—all these will stand on the battlements of heaven, watching with "reverential calm" the writhings of the damned.

God does not want intelligent men and women in heaven, for "he has concealed the things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them to babes"—and he might hav said, and fools. I take this occasion to thank him for not sending his fools to hell. I do not want their company. The devil reaps the harvest of the world; he husbands the wealth of brains and intelligence, leaving God the empty skulls. Hell is crowded with philosophers, heaven with stupidity; hell with progress, heaven with faith; hell with humanity, heaven with sycophancy; hell with genius, heaven with the silly; hell with the noble and brave, heaven with cringing cowards. Hell is peopled with Shaksperes, Byrons, and Shelleys; heaven with Calvins. Constantine, the pious murderer of wife and son; Moses, who slew the poor Egyptian; Jacob, the bigamist and adulterer; Samson, the liar and adulterer, will bask in heaven. (Wonder if David won't say to Uriah: "Here's your wife. Take her. I'm done with her!" Uriah will love him, sure.) Solomon, the hero of a thousand women, will be there in heaven's rays; while the Rev. Ingram Corbin, M.A., D.D. (Doctor of Sick Divinity), and author of "Notes and [so-called] Reflections," editor of "The Domestic Bible"—all these will revel and laugh and gloat over the unfortunate in hell, themselvs serene on that cloudless shore. Bruno, Pope, Byron, Shelley, Hood, Paine, Galileo—yes, hosts on hosts who hav added untold wealth of knowledge to the world—hav been rewarded for their poetry, patriotism, and philosophy by back seats in hell. Tyndall, Huxley, Eli Perkins, Halstead, Joe Medill, Mark Twain, E. A. Stevens, Putnam, Ingersoll, John Peck, John Bushel, glorious old Aunt Elmina, young, bright, and worthy Helen Gardener, Voltairine de Cleyre—and, yes! Brothers Seaver, E. Macdonald, Somerby, Si Slokum, Denslow, Palmer, with hosts of others, many of them hoary with the age of usefulness—will wake up in hell, and eternally lament that they could not see the great love of God and believe that three times one are one.

What shall we do with hell? We will slay its king with the club of reason, of philosophy, of science, of humanity, of truth and courage. We will extinguish the fires with the tears of charity and hope and love. There is no space in the universe for this monstrous prison. We want the space for stars and worlds and suns. As we educate, hell recedes. Already the fires are burning low. The flames no longer overtop the temple of reason. Justice has declared that hell is no longer wanted. The great benevolent heart and brain of the closing century says hell must go! The Universalist is drowning the fires with the tears of universal brotherhood; the advanced theologian is smothering the fires with the coming religious love, and bringing a better religion of the future to the front. For a while yet the priest will feed the flames with oily sinners, but the people are rising in arms against the blasphemy of a universal power some call God. Hell must go!

New Windsor, Ill. REV. GEO. ENDERTON.

Shame, Where Is Thy Blush?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER; *Sir:* I am a Hebrew, consequently could not be a Christian, but neither am I an Infidel. Therefore, if anybody will interpret my writing into Infidelity, he will be mistaken. The intention of my present writing is neither to uphold nor to degrade any creed or dogma. My sole object is to endeavor to rescue truth from its sworn enemy falsehood. The abstracted sermon of Rev. Chas. B. Smyth in the *Herald* of August 6th I will take as a text for my present sermon. Rev. Mr. Smyth, on a midsummer Sunday, became warmed up on account of the few remarks made by Colonel Ingersoll over the body of the late Courtlandt Palmer. What I can't comprehend is how Christianity, in its ripe old age of nineteen centuries, with hundreds of millions of adherents, consisting of many crowned heads, royalty, nobility, military, press, infallible and fallible priestcraft, and a host of other powers too numerous to mention, should display timidity whenever teased by baby-like Infidelity.

At the time when civilization was in its infancy, Christianity drained many rivers of human blood to extinguish the feeble spark of Infidelity. Ever since civilization matured and became of age, substituting the mighty pen for the sword, Christianity was never idle in its endeavor to obliterate everything and everybody that led to Antichristianity, but with the most unsatisfactory results. Now it begins to realize that all its literature served as fuel to blazing Infidelity. The conversion of Christian ministers to Freethought by far exceeds that of Infidels to Christianity. The spasmodic revivals, the overcoming of their ministers by the presence of God, all evaporate like soap-bubbles. The only thing permanent is the enormous salary of the boy and men preachers. The press, which is more or less Christian, serves refreshing burlesques from the revival men.

Should my question remain unanswered, I will endeavor to find a solution myself. To present all the reasons, I fear, will be too monotonous. I will, therefore, pick out one of the many reasons. In my estimation, Christianity is at fault for wasting all its energies to cement the prophecies of both the Old and the New Testaments. It never stopped to reflect whether the prophecies of the New Testament were ever fulfilled. Has anybody ever feasted his eyes upon a New Testament Christian? While numerous instruments of torture are displayed in royal museums as relics of Christian barbarism, never was any Christian, dead or alive, exhibited who turned his left cheek after having been smitten on the right. Every sect of Christianity boasts its faith to excel that of its opponent; but, strange, never was a Christian produced who removed a mountain, resurrected the dead, or healed the sick. All these things, according to the gospel, could be produced by faith the size of a mustard-seed grain. Hav those Christians who found Spiritualism in the New Testament ever produced a paragraph set up and printed in the spiritual world? To the contrary, we see paragraphs, composed by the printers' devil on earth, telling how some faith curists are accused of manslaughter. The same devil furnishes us with the startling news that the kings and queens of Spiritualism, who made specialties of valuable oil paintings, are now languishing behind prison bars and make shrouds for the pauper dead.

In order to demonstrate my assertions by living facts, look at Judaism, which, though tottering from old age of thirty-two centuries, with a handful of followers, without kings, popes, or power of any kind, persecuted from the cradle to the grave, yet stood the test of fire, water, blood, and iron. And why? Because it wants to prove nothing and stands independent of its scriptures. Though many deny the sacredness of its book, their belief, however, in a creativ power is unshaken. The reason for this is their belief in a God who, though enveloped in mystery and surrounded by miracles, is yet unlimited. The Jew believes because God is incomprehensible and unlimited. Nay, no sooner does he attempt to comprehend or limit his God to nature, science, and evolution, than he ceases to be a believer. The true believer *adds* nature, science, and evolution to his God.

But why enter into a philosophical discussion when plain, living facts are in abundance? Reverend Smyth is smiting hard Christian blows upon both cheeks of Infidelity. I am far from protecting it. In fact, a few blows will do it no harm. But why not repeat the words of the New Testament, Matt. vii, 3: "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" Rev. Mr. Smyth upbraids Infidelity; why not upbraid Christian ministers who, in the name of Christianity, not only tell falsehoods but write and print them? There is a missionary to the Jews, who, though he livs on faith, yet for a dessert swallows thousands of Uncle Sam's silver and paper dollars; whose depravity of character and false motivs in general, and ignorant state in particular, I hav substantiated and repeatedly proved. But with what result?

An eminent Christian divine, a trustee of the conversion establishment, offered his services as bearer of my letter to the president. After complying with all the necessary requisitions, I received a letter from that divine stating that he had forwarded my epistle to the president, etc. Finally, when I informed him that the president never received the letter in question, the divine, after deluging me with abuse *à la* Christianity, for penetrating beyond the mask of hypocrisy, was forced to confess that he acted contrary to his writing, and instead of sending it to the president delivered the letter to the arch-falsifying missionary against whom my charges were made.

Again, an influential Christian editor invited me to prove my charges. After my granting his request, he coincided with me privately, but ignored me publicly. Another eminent reverend doctor and editor of Rev. Mr. Smyth's denomination told me repeatedly that while he believed the missionary to the Jews to be a fraud, he excused himself from coming out publicly for fear of hurting the cause. What would Rev. Mr. Smyth say if such a state of things were the ruling power in the camp of Infidelity? In his fiery sermon he exclaims: "O ruinous Infidelity! Away! Away! Hide thy face in ignominy!" If, as says the American adage, "what is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander," why not return the compliment and exclaim: "O ruinous falsehood! Away! Away! Hide thy face in ignominy?" An ignorant tramp is receiving thousands of dollars knowingly falsifying himself under every hypocritical mask imaginable, such as fringes, phylacteries, scrolls, in fact, anything to make money in the name of—not Infidelity, but Christianity.

My Christian friends, the truth, like a gem, retains its beauty and value everywhere. The truth, told by king or peasant, in the palace or in the hut, is the same truth. It is falsehood that fluctuates in value and changes its color, depending upon where it is told and whom by. The falsehood told by the king in the palace shines brighter than that told by the peasant in his hut. It is falsehood when told that out of a Jewish population in Kishineff of twenty-five thousand, fifty thousand Jews embraced Christianity; it required no other authority than the *Christian at Work* to tell it. It is falsehood that required the columns of the *Herald* for weeks to daub with the title "ex-rabbi" Missionary Slamowitz, who threatened, through the *Herald*, to convert the Jews of New York quicker than he could say Jack Robinson. Where is he now? It was falsehood that required the *Sun* to do the same thing for Ex-Rabbi Rosevalley. Where is he now? In an Ohio penitentiary, not for preaching the gospel, but for interleaving his New Testament with counterfeit greenbacks. And it is falsehood that launched the boss ignoramus, Freshman, into a "son of a rabbi." And where is he? Laughing in his sleeve when his back is turned against his dupes. And they in return do likewise. But when facing each other they all resume serious, hypocritical faces, protecting each other against being exposed before poor, absurd truth.

I doubt very much whether Rev. Mr. Smyth will use my assertions as text for his next sermon. Should he do so, it will certainly not be abstracted by the *Herald*. That paper will utilize the space for "copyrighting" from head to foot some renowned Christian pugilist.

I would hav continued my arguments were it not for the sheolic weather on earth. I will, therefore, wind up with Freshman's gospel, and apply the following verse to Rev. Mr. Smyth: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." A. BENJAMIN.

New York, Aug. 12, 1888.

SEND for catalog of our publications. Sent free on application.

The American Secular Union.

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Cleveland and Pittsburgh.

After an all-night's ride we are landed in the expansiv and beautiful city of Cleveland, celebrated for its broad thoroughfares, its marvelous aqueducts, its couple of cannon captured by Commodore Perry, its "magnificent distances" and considerably contracted theology, which, since its Secular Union has fallen into "desuetude," has held undisputed sway. My presence was for the purpose of breathing the breath of life into this once activ band of Liberals.

My first call was on S. F. de Jones, for years president of the Pittsburgh society, and who, with Staley and Hoover, formed the triumvirate of that splendid host. De Jones has not lost his old-time enthusiasm, but will be deterred from similar effort in the future only by lack of opportunity.

Tom F. Lucas made a splendid record as secretary of the Cleveland society, and arrangements were made for my visiting the old members, the result being that all seen expressed a desire to revive the work, and about September 15th the Union of Cleveland will rehoist the Secular flag, and it is expected that they will be strongly represented at the coming Congress. It was quite a disappointment not to meet Mr. Lucas's amiable and earnest Liberal wife.

The intellectual needs of the Liberal movement in the city of Cleveland are Judge Blanden and Ex-Sheriff John M. Wilcox. The distinguished judge recently thwarted the schemes of the Catholics to secure free water for their institutions. He has often lectured for the society and is willing to aid them again. Mr. Wilcox is now managing editor of the *Press*, whose circulation, for years ahead of all other dailies, has doubled under his control.

A very pleasant evening was passed with Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, both persons of unusual culture and natural refinement. Mrs. Pearson was formerly a teacher, coming from a family already prominent in literature. She has prepared several excellent papers for the society herself.

Sunday evening I called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gillsen, a venerable couple of veterans who hav drawn their inspiration from the *Investigator* for over forty years, and who are seventy-six and seventy-nine respectivly. Mr. Gillsen has more enthusiasm than many young Liberals now, although he still labors every day. Englishmen seldom grow old.

President Copeland said that he was glad to hear the organization was to be revived, and Brother Thomas Lees also rejoiced on the same score. During the canvass of the situation, I discovered quite a number of additional Liberals who purpose joining the society when the reorganization is effected.

One day, while "killing time" for an appointment, I sauntered into the Public Library, looked up the list of books, and can say, without fear of contradiction, that Cleveland has the trashiest public library of any city of importance in the world. It was so marvelously apparent that I could not refrain from asking the attendant for the names of the members, when behold, among the list I recognized the name of an old friend whom I knew was in no way afflicted with religious rabies. I determined to call upon him, and, after spending several hours in the search, found him at his elegant suburban home. He had not been long on the board, but had revolutionized the German department, and the class of works he had introduced made a commendable increase of patronage. He pledged me that if I would furnish him a list of good standard works, Liberal literature, such as were in other libraries, he would secure their adoption. That will be done. For nine years the Cleveland library board hav had a secretary who considers it his bounden duty to look after Jesus's interests, apparently afraid he can't take care of himself, and he has thrust into this library forty-five per cent of exclusivly religious literature. It is the duty of individual Secularists as well as societies to see that public institutions are not maintained merely for Christ's sake. My friend will also join the Secular Union, and can enlist the German Freethinkers in our movement better than any other person, for besides being president of the local Turner society, he is also president of the whole district, including Ohio, Pennsylvania, and part of Michigan. He will be a valuable acquisition.

With assurances of activ work in the future, I was ready to depart, but a letter from Helen Gardener notifying me that Elizabeth Cady Stanton was probably then in Cleveland, and as we were negotiating with her to attend the next Congress to lecture, I determined to delay a couple of days. But as the head of the woman's movement in America came not, I bade our good friend De Jones good-bye, and was soon whirling over the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie railroad through one of the most delightfully beautiful and wonderfully varied panoramic scenes the American continent affords. As far as Youngstown we pass through a rich agricultural district. The rolling lands and lovely dells, woods, and copse, the "verdure-clad" mountain ranges in the distance, speak volumes of Mother Nature's loveliness. In Pennsylvania we skirt round the base of lofty mountains where rugged rocks seem ready to crush the innocent traveler; then we plunge across streams until we move slowly over the broad Ohio, suspended about one hundred feet in air on a slim-looking bridge. Then more skirting of rivers; higher appear the mountains, though now their sides are dotted with homes, and the merry laugh of children rolls into the car as they pluck the ripe pears which hang so temptingly near our window. Everybody here has a home on the hillside. A bright little miss of thirteen takes a part of my seat and me into her confidence, as she relates all about her homesickness in the country and desire to return to Pittsburgh, and catechises my considerably. But here we are, and I regretfully bade the pretty prattler good-bye.

Crossing the Monongahela, I report at once to Staley's bookstore, the headquarters for all heretics. He was not in, but, much to his surprise, I stopped him on the street and received a hearty welcome from the only Roman of us all. Next morning Harry Hoover's familiar face lights up as we enter. From what I learned from our stalwart workers here, they are making most elaborate preparations, and we soon settled the necessary preliminaries of the coming twelfth and most important Congress the Union has ever held Thankful that no drumming up of discouraged members was required here, as our standard has floated at full mast ever since this loyal host was formed within its limits and gallantly led by De Jones, Roman Staley, Harry Hoover, and F. A. Pierce, the editor of that bright little paper *Truth*. Brother Timby, Mr. and Mrs. Abel, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, Brothers Schade, Aggas, Fischer, and Bambach are all sterling, good Secular soldiers, who stand in the front rank, and each anxious for the success of the coming Congress.

Before I forget it, let me mention to your readers that excursion rates hav been granted by the Central Traffic Association to all parties attending the Congress. That is, for a continuous passage and return each person must procure a certificate from the ticket agent where he purchases his ticket, paying full fare to Pittsburgh, but when I sign their certificate here they will get a one-third fare for their return trip. Of that I shall speak hereafter.

With myself, most people who hav not seen Pittsburgh since the natural gas has been introduced remember only a dingy, sooty town where, even on a sunny day, the gas would be lit in the stores. All that has been changed, and Pittsburgh is now one of the cleanest cities on this continent, so far as soot is concerned.

Roman Staley took me to the public park in Alleghany Tuesday night, to listen to the Great Western Band, under the leadership of Professor Wise, where we spent a most delightful evening. The selections, which they executed in faultless style, were from the most difficult operatic arias, and several musical novelties were introduced, much to the delight of about twenty thousand listeners. This entertainment was furnished by one of the leading dry-goods houses. The band is a credit to Pittsburgh, or any other city.

Like Rome, Pittsburgh sits upon seven hills. They are mountains in hight, and rugged in appearance; but like well-kept terraces, hundreds of paved streets and avenues scale their slopes. Houses are preferred on these summits, and the dizzier the altitude the happier are the people. For this reason it has become a city of hill-climbers, and I guess that accounts for the multitude of pretty girls, as the exercise necessary to the climbing of these hills naturally develops and rounds their forms, and givs a healthy glow to their cheeks. As the great iron-mills people this city with thousands of Vulcans, it is strikingly appropriate that they should hav their Venuses, for Venus married Vulcan, you'll remember. Some one informed me that ice-creepers were necessary even in summer for those who liv in the more precipitous pathways. Rough-shod horses must be driven by their fashionable drivers just as carefully up these winding roadways as though a sheet of ice were under them; meanwhile the horses are white with sweat. A spool of thread dropped from the lap of a busy housewife sitting on the porch of her hillside home will madly rush to the muddy gutters five hundred feet below.

Your secretary, like a certain historical character, was taken by Harry Hoover up a high mountain and offered the whole job lot for a small consideration, but with that moral fortitude for which Chicagoans are famous, he, like Cæsar, thrice refused—he could not cart it off. Baggage limited to one hundred and fifty pounds. We are on Mount Washington, which rises from the water's edge on the south shore of the Monongahela to an altitude of at least four hundred feet. On a lovely plateau extending back from its brow liv thousands of people. An inclined-plane railway carries you up an almost perpendicular mountain side. You are shot up in a minute, while to attempt to walk it would consume at least an hour—if you ever reached the top. A freight elevator carries teams, and the horses seem quite unmindful that they are being shot up in air. It beats all the aërial navigation I hav heard of. There are eight inclined-plane railways in the twin cities of Allegheny and Pittsburgh. Up to this time no passenger car has jumped the track, but the freight elevator had a smash-up. As may be imagined, the view obtained from this lofty eminence is a grand one, presenting a panoramic stretch of nearly thirty-five miles, including the entire twin cities, the graceful curves of the Alleghany, Monongahela, and the Ohio—for at the foot of this mountain is the source of the Ohio; here is the meeting of the waters. It was Partington who, looking from this awe-inspiring altitude down into the flaming chimneys and blazing furnaces which in the night mark a fiery procession miles in length, said it "looked like hell with the lid off." From Du Quesne Hights is commanded the best bird's-eye view of the sister cities, taking in both the closely built-up sections, the suburban wards, and charming bits of sylvan scenery. Serpentine paths, narrow and perilous, seem indeed to descend to the lower regions.

Penn avenue, one of Pittsburgh's most prominent thoroughfares, is nearly two hundred and fifty feet higher at a certain point than it is just half a mile distant. Only thin people, a Pittsburgher informs me, liv on that portion of the avenue, for fat women can't stand the climb, and the car-horses die too soon pulling them up. Some of the streets are even steeper than Penn avenue, and to drive up them givs a person a going "up in a balloon" sort of a sensation.

Some of the poorer classes liv on hillsides so steep that there are no regular streets or paths, and coming into the city on certain roads used to almost take away my breath to see those wretched shanties poised in mid-air from two to three hundred feet above the tracks, and when the clouds are low they are completely hidden from sight. Their rents are practically nothing, but the absence from municipal accommodations more than offsets the advantages. The children learn to become a sort of human fly, or else they would certainly fall over these precipices.

The utilization of natural gas has been the greatest boon that could possibly fall to the city of Pittsburgh, and clear skies hav taken the place of dense clouds of smoky darkness which certainly might, like that of Egypt, be felt. From force of habit, the barbers continue to wash your face over three times, which was merely intended to take the fresh, grimy soot off in the past.

In the matter of buildings Pittsburgh has a court house which rivals in massiv Norman architectural grandeur that of any city on this continent, and in all other directions its progress and prosperity are remarkably of the metropolitan order. Those who take advantage of the low rates to the Congress will be well repaid for their visit by the unusual attractions Pittsburgh presents.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Courtlandt Palmer's Funeral.

From Secular Thought.

The indignant protest of Miss Helen Gardener in the last issue of *Secular Thought* against the part that Dr. R. Heber Newton took at the close of the funeral of our friend Palmer, has been followed by intimations that he in some way went back upon his religion or his friend at the last moment, or that his friend failed to comply with his oft-repeated and published request to join in the last words over him.

It is proper that all these protests, insinuations, and suspicions should be put at rest by the following letters and by an explanation honorable to all concerned.

It had been for many years an understanding between Mr. Palmer and myself that the survivor should speak at the funeral of the other, and with Colonel Ingersoll, if his participation could be obtained.

On the 19th of March last I received the following letter, and was told that one, containing the same directions as to his funeral, was at the same time sent to Colonel Ingersoll, which has been recently published in *Secular Thought*:

No. 117 EAST 21ST ST., GRAMERCY PARK, N. Y.,
March 16, 1888.

MY DEAR WAKEMAN.—The sacrilege of the Christian service over the remains of the dead Freethinker, Henry Bergh, which I attended this morning, has led me to speak again of what I desire done when I shall start upon my rest.

I shall hav my remains cremated, and hav written to Mr. Walter Damrosch about the music. The addresses are to be from you and Colonel Ingersoll; you first, and Ingersoll second. I would like neither of you to talk much more than fifteen minutes.

Hav you any idea of what was done with that form of funeral service which I worked out with considerable labor? I think it was left in the hands of Mr. Hugh B. Brown. Do you know of any good printed forms for the burial of Freethinkers? I should like to see them.

Yours sincerely, COURTLANDT PALMER.

P.S.—I hav shown the above to my wife.—C. P.

At the next interview with Mr. Palmer, after re-

ceiving this letter, I called his attention to its postscript, and intimated that Mrs. Palmer's wishes in such a matter must be regarded, and that I would not like to speak without her consent. The next reference to this matter was contained in the following letter, which was evidently dictated, but was signed by his own hand. It was about the last thing he did, and is of inexpressible value as evidence of his friendship, and of his confidence in, and devotion to, the new faith. It shows him happy, fearless, and true in the face of death, and that he kindly deferred to Mrs. Palmer's wishes, so as not to deprive her of the consolation of her faith in the hour of her affliction.

BRANDON, VT., July 22, 1888.

DEAR WAKEMAN: I should not wonder if, ere this reaches you, life's fitful fever over, I might be sleeping soundly the sleep that knows no waking, and that is so full of peace.

I am suffering from an acute attack of peritonitis that began less than a week ago, and has kept me in fever and pain since then, relieved only by morphine.

I shall send some memoranda to-morrow about my funeral, in case a proposed operation, which the doctors deem necessary to my recovery, should not terminate as they hope. My secretary has all my writings.

I think my little poems, called "The Future" and "The New-Born Soul," had best be read at my funeral. From the latter, however, reject the more abstruse verses in reading.

Mrs. Palmer is very anxious to find some liberal theologian who will officiate with Ingersoll. In that case, probably, you had best withdraw, because the most effectiv tribute I can receive anyhow is a short encomium as a Freethinker, and Ingersoll's eloquence will accomplish this better even than your knowledge and friendship. Please consult Mrs. Palmer, Mr. D. G. Thompson, and Colonel Ingersoll about details of funeral.

You and I hav stood side by side for many long years as religious co-believers in this world. And, with no knowledge of a life beyond the grave, I do not hesitate to affirm, in the expected presence of death, that the religion of humanity is a faith to liv and die by.

I hav asked Mrs. Palmer, in the settlement of my estate, to giv to you five hundred (500) dollars as a contribution toward the publication of your works.

As ever, Your friend, COURTLANDT PALMER.

Before the receipt of this letter death had left only the following response possible:

No. 93 NASSAU ST., N. Y., July 24, 1888.

MY DEAR MRS. PALMER: In this terrible and sudden affliction, if I can be of any service in any way, let me know where I can meet you or friends.

Mr. Palmer, in a letter to me on Sunday, the 22d, suggested that some liberal clergyman should speak with Colonel Ingersoll at the funeral in my stead, as he originally intended. Let this be done by all means, if possible. I feel too much burdened with grief to say more now. With sincerest sympathy, Yours, T. B. WAKEMAN.

The wishes of Mr. Palmer as to his funeral, and even his cremation, were in fact fully complied with. The presence, at its close, of his wife's pastor, a liberal theologian, was no exception. His consent to that presence, though evidently obtained during his last hours, was a double victory—a victory over himself in deferring to the wish of another; and a victory for Freethought, in placing it in his own family and home by its greatest advocate, and having it recognized there at the same time on an equal footing, by the presence of the accredited representativ of the elder faith. Thus "the amenities of the soul" and of the faiths were properly regarded. As to the propriety of having Colonel Ingersoll to speak, if he could be obtained, neither of us ever had a doubt. No one could hav uttered that true, noble, beautiful, wonderful eulogy over our friend but he to compare with whom, as has been said of Shakspere, sane ambition does not even dare to aspire.

T. B. WAKEMAN.

Courtlandt Palmer and "The Aristocracy of Freethought."

Of the many devoted Liberal workers whom I hav met since I entered the lecture field, more than two hundred now repose in the grave. In this mortuary list are recorded the names of some of the ablest and most distinguished apostles of Freethought: The tireless and fearless D. M. Bennett; that eloquent Radical and martyr to science, William Denton; that lifelong reformer and subtle thinker, Stephen Pearl Andrews; T. C. Leland, whose pen was a dagger, but in whose breast throbbed the heart of a child; that sturdy Western warrior, D. R. Burt; that humble, but indefatigable itinerant, F. F. Follett, who planted the banner of Liberalism and sowed the seeds of Freethought in every county of Illinois; that grand old patriarch, Elizur Wright, ever to be found in the front rank of freedom's soldiers; the venerable editor of the *Liberal*, W. S. Bailey; the frank and genial Dr. T. L. Brown; the great Freethinking jurist, Arnold Krekel; and now our beloved comrade Courtlandt Palmer.

The death of Courtlandt Palmer is a peculiarly sad and lamentable event. The others named had, for the most part, lived to a good, ripe age; but he is stricken down in the noon of a useful life. Nature was prodigal in many respects in bestowing her gifts upon him. He possessed in a high degree everything calculated to make man happy, save health, and this, during the last decade of his life at least, was denied him. He suffered much. I was with him six times during the last six years—in New York, in Albany, in Rochester, in Cleveland, at Watkins, and at Cassadaga—and I never saw him when he was free from pain.

He suffered. But in spite of his sufferings he toiled, and the world has been enriched by his labors. In this brief, tortured life he dreamed splendid dreams in behalf of humanity. Some of these dreams he made realities; and but for disease and death he would hav achieved still greater triumphs for the cause so dear to his heart. I remember with what enthusiasm he unfolded to me the plans of his great Freethought temple, and then with what keen sorrow he referred to his failing health and his consequent inability to proceed with his cherished enterprise. Could he hav been assured of twenty years of health that magnificent project would hav been successfully carried out. But he feared that his years were few, and he realized that whether few or many they would be weighted with the burden of ill-health, and so it was reluctantly abandoned. But in the parlors of his home sprang up and flourished the Nineteenth Century Club, a society whose work can hardly be overestimated.

On the platform Mr. Palmer was one of our ablest advocates. He did not speak often, but few spoke better. His address at Watkins, in 1882, was a masterpiece of eloquence. His scholarly effort at Rochester, in the following year, was much admired. Those who attended the Cleveland Congress in 1885 will recall, in addition to Colonel Ingersoll's last great lecture, "Myth and Miracle," two noble vindications of Freethought delivered there—two of the most sublimely eloquent discourses that this generation has listened to—"The Glory of Infidelity," by Samuel P. Putnam, and "The Aristocracy of Freethought," by Courtlandt Palmer. Neither of these discourses has, I believe, been published. Both ought to be, and it is to suggest and urge the publication of Mr. Palmer's address that I hav taken up my pen. It can, I think, be procured, and it should be printed. In no other way can we more fittingly do honor to the memory of our departed brother than to read and cherish the brave and inspiring words which in life he uttered in defense of our cause. Will THE TRUTH SEEKER endeavor to favor the Liberal public with Mr. Palmer's address?

J. E. REMSBURG.

Robert Dale Owen on Miracles.

The late Robert Dale Owen was a Spiritualist. He published a book entitled, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," and he believed in the materialization of Katie King. But Mr. Owen became a convert to Spiritualism rather late in life. In 1831, when he was twenty-seven years of age, he had a discussion with Origen Bacheler on the "Authenticity of the Bible," and it is amusing now to read his argument against miracles. He said:

> I heard a Scottish Highlander declare, with a voice and manner which left no doubt of his sincerity, that he possessed the faculty of *second sight*, and he related to me the instance in which he had exercised it. I disbelieved him. Why? *Second sight is a miracle.*

The italics are Mr. Owen's. Then, after citing from Cotton Mather about specters and demons, and particularly the case of a specter-ship that was seen by an assembled multitude to enter the port of Salem under full sail, and suddenly vanish while they were singing, under the direction of the Rev. Zebidee Stebbins, the forty-sixth Psalm, Mr. Owen says:

> In the face of this mass of evidence, we do not believe Cotton Mather's stories. Why? For the simple reason: *they are miraculous.*

And in a note appended to the foregoing he adds:

> I cannot consent to waste my own and our readers' time by disproving witchcraft. If anyone still believes in the stories of Cotton Mather and Jack the Giant-Killer, I leave the assailing of his faith to others who hav more leisure and patience than I hav.

Such was the summary manner in which that question was disposed of by one who twenty-five years later became a believer in phenomena far more miraculous than the Scotchman's second sight, and quite as incredible as the phantom-ship of Salem.

Mr. Owen's opponent, on the other hand, not content with upholding only ancient Bible miracles, adduced several modern ones; for example, the vision of the Rev. Wm. Tennent, of New Jersey, who died in 1777. Mr. Tennent, in a trance, saw "an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory in acts of adoration and pious worship," but "not any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance." He heard also "their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise, with unspeakable rapture." Not only did Mr. Tennent hav this trance, but at another time, being under trial in court for an offense, the nature of which is not stated, he was honorably acquitted by strangers who were directed to the place of trial by a dream.

Another remarkable fulfilment of a dream was adduced by Mr. Bacheler as a modern miracle. Also a case where two young men at Port Royal, Jamaica, having "argued that earthquakes and all other things come by nature, and denied a supernatural power," were so astonished at an earthquake that they took to their beds and "never spoke more, but died soon after."

It is not surprising that Mr. Owen disdained to notice these alleged proofs of modern miracles, having defined his position so positivly; but it is curious to compare his views as expressed in 1831 with those he entertained and published in the latter years of his life.

Had Origen Bacheler lived as long as Robert Dale Owen it is quite possible that his views would hav undergone a change in the opposit direction, so that we might hav seen the Infidel upholding modern Spiritual manifestations, including Salem witchcraft, all as miraculous, and the Christian denouncing all of them as gross frauds or works of the devil.

W. H. BURR.

An Important Question.

Please decide it immediately. To all readers of Liberal papers and dear friends: I am now in the eighty-eighth year of my life, and feel that I am drawing near to its close; am liable to drop away at any moment, but hav not the means to accomplish what I wish to before I die, therefore I appeal to you.

In 1845, forty-three years ago, after lecturing more or less for more than twenty years, I started a paper, the Portland *Pleasure Boat*, in Maine—with $5 given me by the first outspoken Infidel or Liberal I had ever conversed with, at the close of one of my lectures in a city, and a small sum more, for which I pledged my clothing—and published the paper about seventeen years.

At that time the Boston *Investigator* was the only Liberal paper published. I was influenced to start the paper by witnessing the influence the clergy had over their ignorant and credulous dupes, and from a desire to dispel that influence and set them free.

The *Boat* was not started to advocate Infidelity, for I did not believe the people were prepared for it, but its aim and object was to convince the people that they were not Christians, and thus break their hold on their false and vain hopes and prepare them to look for something better; and this work it did thoroughly accomplish on the minds of many thousands. All who carefully read the paper became convinced that the churches of that day were no more like such churches as the better part of the New Testament doctrin would establish than they were like the synagog of Satan. The clergy of that day never attempted to dispute or disprove my facts, but spent their time in calling me a blasphemer, in declaring that I ought to be hanged, and in laboring to prevent people from reading what I wrote.

Every week while publishing the *Boat*, during seventeen years, I laid aside a quantity of the unbound volumes, intending near the close of life to giv them to the people of this generation that they might see the difference in opinions between the people now and twenty to more than forty years ago.

The time has now come when I want these papers scattered over the land, for I know they might open the eyes of thousands who are yet willing dupes and slaves to priestcraft; but I am not able to spread them free, as I intended. I hav been confined to my couch most of the time for several months. Mittie, my faithful companion, who has borne with my deafness nearly half a century, is now confined to her bed; I hav not the means to hire housekeeper or nurse; if we should linger along till winter comes, we hav not the means to procure fuel, food, or necessary clothing, and I see no way to procure means except by selling these unbound volumes of my old paper. And there are two ways in which to do that. I will send them to those who order them, postpaid, at fifty cents a volume; the original price was $1. If Liberals will buy these papers to read and distribute among their friends, all will be well; the wolf will be driven from the door for a while. If not, I must sell them to the paper-makers, to be ground over, and perhaps worked up into Bibles and tracts, to aid the priests of all sects in deceiving and misleading the people another thousand years; and here, friends, is the question I ask you to solve, Will you buy these papers to do good with, or must they be destroyed?

As I was the means of starting the "Children's Corner" in several papers, I would like to hav one volume go into the hands of every child of the "Corner." Two children can send for one volume each and hav different ones, so by paying fifty cents each and changing papers each can read two volumes; and a dozen can send for one each, all different, and read a dozen volumes for fifty cents each child, if they liv near each other.

For some years past the Boston *Investigator*, New York TRUTH SEEKER, the *Light-Bearer*, and other Liberal papers hav been kindly sent to me free, and I hav a large quantity of them on hand now, and specimen copies of them all will be sent out in every package of mine, so that many will see papers they hav not seen before.

Now, friends, if you act, be quick, for time is short. Write names and post-offices plainly. I hav several orders for my "Lecture and Rhymes" that I cannot answer on account of errors.

Will all Liberal papers copy this, and aid one who has spent his life in battling superstition?

Berlin, N. J. JEREMIAH HACKER.

Communications.

God and the Bible.

DEUTERONOMY.

Chap. xxiii, 2: More heavenly justice. Generation after generation sent to hell for what they cannot help. Better that a God or Bible had never been heard of than such infernal doctrin taught.

If every man who would enslave another could be forced to wear the chains himself, there would not be an advocate of slavery in all the earth. And if Christians who are bedeviled to get the Bible into the schools could be compelled to display some of these precious chips from God's hewing-block before the scholars in school every morning, their own children included, they would soon die of dry-rot.

Chap. xxiv, 1: "When a man hath taken a wife, and she find no favor in his eyes, then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and giv it in her hand, and send her out of his house."

But suppose the husband find no favor in her eyes? That was quite a different thing in old Bible times when God ruled the people. No wonder Christian ladies are so fond of carrying gilt-edged Bibles, nor why they are so taken with black-coated gentlemen, nor why they are considered the main pillars in the church. Talmage has given the reason: "It is through the Bible and Christian teaching that woman has been lifted to her present high position."

Chap. xxv, 11, 12: These two verses I call Christian ladies' tidbits. Unless my Christian lady friends take the trouble to look up these choice morsels dropped from the throne of God, these remarks, in a measure, will appear pointless. No penalty for "ripping up women alive," no penalty for giving over young girls to lustful soldiers when they fight on God's side. But when a woman attempts to rescue her husband from the man who "smites him," then she is to hav her hand cut off, and none is to pity her. "The Bible is woman's friend—it has brought her up to her high position in society." Yes, and it has made Talmage crazy, and caused him to tell hundreds of lies, and play the harlequin, and deceive the people.

One would think that if he should put some of these select passages of scripture so edifying to Christian ladies into his sanctimonious pipe and smoke them, they might clear his vision, so that his statements would not disgrace a certain long-eared animal mentioned in holy writ, owned by one Balaam.

Chap. xxvii, verses 20, 21, 22, 23: Lot and his family were so precious in the sight of God that he sent a special agent to warn them when the city in which they lived was to be destroyed. Yet Lot's daughters got the father drunk and were guilty of incestuous acts that would shame a Hottentot. But in the passages above cited God pronounces curses upon those guilty of incest. This shows that God is unchangeable and no respecter of persons.

JOSHUA.

Chap. v, 2: "At that time the Lord said unto Joshua: Make thee sharp knives and circumcise again the children of Israel the second time." This sounds just like some of God's talk. The only wonder is that he didn't order their ears cropped and their noses slit. God must hav been tickled when his command was carried into execution. After the job was completed, I wouldn't wonder if he and his old Josh "took a smile." It is to be hoped that the second operation afforded God sufficient delight to balance the torture to those who had the operation performed on them. A great deal of human suffering on account of a godly whim—but "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Chap. vi, 2: "And the Lord said unto Joshua, seven priests shall bear before the ark seven trumpets of rams' horns." Verse 20: "The people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat." Great Scott! If they had been bulls' horns instead of rams' horns, the whole city would hav been gulped down by an earthquake.

Now, my Christian friends, if you don't believe this story about the rams' horns you will be caught on Old Nick's horns. Verse 25: "And Joshua saved Rahab the harlot alive." And one prostitute was all that was saved of the city. Surely "God's ways are past finding out."

JUDGES.

Chap. xi: It appears from this chapter that Jephthah was a bloodthirsty wretch. He wanted to fight Ammon, and he promised God that if he would giv him the victory, then after he returned from the fight he would offer up to the Lord as a burnt-offering whatever might come from his house.

His only daughter came out to meet him when he returned, and he "did with her according to the vow which he had vowed." God could not possibly let Jephthah off, and the poor girl was murdered. Why did not God tell Jephthah better? He had not yet lost his voice when this occurred. Who can doubt that God was well pleased when this unnatural murder took place? What kind of a God can delight in the shedding of innocent blood? Is it possible that God would hav suffered if the daughter had not been killed? It certainly could not hav served any good purpose to kill her.

If God was pleased with this transaction, who knows that Freeman will not get an extra string on his harp and hav the largest diamonds in his crown for killing his little girl? Who can calculate the awful consequences of teaching such monstrous absurdities as the word of God? Better if a Bible and a God had never been heard of among men. The Bible is not the word of God, or God is a savage.

He let Abraham off when he was going to kill his son, because he found out that Abraham was savage enough to do it, but perhaps he had some doubts about Jephthah. He might hav spit upon a stone, and thrown it up and let it come down, "wet or dry," and given the poor girl an even chance.

Chap. xiii, 9: "And God hearkened to the voice of Manoah, and the angel of God came again unto the woman as she sat in the fields, but her husband was not with her." Just so. Here another conception is made to hinge on the visit of a heavenly messenger. Verse 24: "And the woman bare a son, and called his name Samson." "But Manoah, her husband, was not with her." Of course he was not. If he had been, the world would hav been short one great fox-hunter. These angels were a little inclined to visit women in the absence of their husbands. How many women hav borne children on account of these heavenly embassadors the world will never know. Now the angels are all beautiful women with wings; then they were all young men, and everyone a "masher." It is a little curious that women do not bear children after the visits of angels in flowing robes.

Chap. xv, 4: "And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands and turned tail to tail and put a firebrand in the midst," etc. Great God and Gulliver! did any half-drunken tar ever spin a yarn that beats that? I wonder what he did with the two hundred and ninety-nine foxes while he was running down the last one! What a torchlight procession that must hav made!

Chap. xv, 15: "And he found a new jawbone of an ass, and he put forth his hand and took it and slew a thousand men therewith." Jehosaphat, what a whopper! (I mean the jawbone.) If he had got hold of an entire skull of an ass, he would not hav left a man living on the face of the earth.

Samson was a sharp-sighted slugger, and knew the difference between a "new jawbone of an ass" and a jawbone of a new ass.

O my Christian friends, I pity you! Think of this as the word of God. It is worse than old Zeke's homeopathic pill, but you must down with it—"believe or be damned."

Verse 19: "And God clave a hollow place that was in the jaw, and there came water thereout, and when he had drunk his spirit came again," etc. That jawbone would hav sold for a high price during the drouth out West. But I will just hand over this whole jawbone business to Heston. I think he can kill more Christian fools with it than Samson did Philistines. He can cause a stream of holy water to flow from it sufficient to sprinkle all the Christians in the land.

Chap. xix, 22: "And they spake to the master of the house, saying, Bring forth the man that came into thine house that we may know him."

In such ignorant times, when society bore every mark of brutality, when the people would descend to such acts of bestiality, is it any wonder that they had heavenly messengers to visit them—that children were begotten by these celestial visitors, and that many were talking with God and under his immediate direction?

I can remember, fifty years ago, at every revival and camp-meeting blow-out, men and women in telling their experiences would tell about hearing the voice of the Lord, and would repeat words which they claimed God spoke to them. God has ceased to talk with these fanatics, simply because the people hav become too intelligent to hav such holy nonsense crammed down their throats. If men and women should tell such stuff now, intelligent men would know they lie, and perhaps tell them so.

Down South, among the colored Christians, they hav the same experience to-day. They see wonderful sights and hear voices in the air. At their meetings they get filled with the power and roll on the ground, and steal chickens on their way home.

When the ignorance, superstition, and brutality of the people in Bible times are considered, all the miraculous events can be accounted for.

Prophets prophesied until they could fool the people no longer. People held communication with God as long as anyone would credit their statements. Women were visited by celestial messengers, until the entertainment of such visitors was regarded as prostitution.

In a state of society when sodomy was practiced, when holy men could hav scores of wives and concubines, when people could be made to believe that walls of solid masonry could be blown down with rams' horns, when men were so ignorant as to believe that they could build a tower to reach to heaven, when men were so brutal as to rape their own sisters, when men believed that magicians could turn all the waters of a great country into blood, when men were so barbarous that they "took" women wherever they found them, without their consent; when armies were so brutal as to plunder a country and utterly destroy all the people, without regard to age, sex, or condition—there the most miraculous events may be looked for.

Where the people are most ignorant, there superstition most abounds. God, being simply a creature of the imagination, will be made to giv commands to a warring savage to commit the most diabolical and inhuman acts practiced among such a people.

The Bible is all easy if understood in this light. It would be interesting to trace these Bible stories to their supposed origin.

Take, for instance, the legend in regard to the magicians turning the waters of Egypt into blood. If one could get back to the time when it was first written it would be found to be an old story, the writer knowing no more about the time of its occurrence than we do. Perhaps the story of Daniel being cast into the lions' den would be found to be an old tale, handed down from generation to generation, revamped and applied to a new subject. There was, perhaps, a belief in a flood ancient to the writer. Nobody even then could tell when it was said to hav occurred. And so of the Jonah story and many other stories of the Bible. It is like chasing a rainbow—it recedes as you approach the place where it was first seen. These legends no doubt were regarded with such veneration by those who recorded them that in their superstition they believed they were directed by God, of whom they had about as rational ideas as the wild tribes of American Indians.

Verse 29: "And when he was come into his own house, he took a knife and divided her, together with her bones, into twelve pieces, and sent her into all the coasts of Israel." Here is a clew to the civilization—or want of civilization—of the people in Bible times. That God was superintending the affairs of such a people is the most preposterous idea that could be imagined.

Of all the abominations which hav ever been recorded, those of the Bible are the most sickening and revolting. In many instances the language is the most unchaste and vulgar that could well be used. Sometimes the sentences are made redundant, it would seem, in order to use obscene terms and vulgar phrases. That God is the author of such sublime nastiness is too ridiculous to be believed by those who seek to keep on good terms with a clean mind.

Not only are the most vulgar terms used, but they are used in the most bungling manner. Oh, what a book for the schools! How the world has ever been benefited by the narration of the rapes, murders, wars, and robberies of those old barbaric times it is not easy to see.

Chap. xxi, 21: "And see and behold, if the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances, then come ye out of the vinyards, and catch you every man his wife of the daughters of Shiloh, and go to the land of Benjamin."

My Christian lady friends, how do you like this way of selecting a wife? How would you like to hav a half-savage man spring out upon you like a tiger, and drag you away from your friends to another country? All through the Bible women are treated like beasts. In the choice of a wife a woman's feelings are not consulted or regarded any more than those of a female brute. Penalties are imposed upon them which are not imposed upon men. Women were made the subjects of barter and trade. Frequently money was paid to the father for the daughter without consulting her. Men simply "took" wives when and where they found them.

Nothing could be more abhorrent to a noble-minded man than "taking" a wife and forcing her to liv with him against her will and desire. In those days God was on speaking terms with the people, clothed with infinit wisdom and power—why did he not tell the people better?

How an intelligent woman can regard the Bible with feelings other than of contempt, I am unable to see. The Bible has been her seducer, betrayer, and enslaver. How in her dignity she can do anything but spit upon it is an unsolved mystery. But she is its advocate and upholder. But there are many instances on record where the enslaved hav sacrificed their lives for their enslavers.

RUTH.

Suppose this book should be expunged, would we relapse into barbarism on that account? Would anyone be less interested in the welfare of the race? Would men be less truthful or less honest? If it were bound by itself in pamphlet form, would anybody want it? The pamphlets could not be sold for a penny apiece. The story would not be as valuable as that of Cock Robin. It is said that the Bible carries the evidence of its divine origin upon the face of it. But I'll bet you a prayer-book that Charles Darwin would rather hav any decent man spit in his face than to be charged with the authorship of such a composition as the book of Ruth. The same is true of a great part of the Bible.

If the task were assigned me to improve it, I would

begin just as I would with an old slaughter-house which had become a nuisance, by removing the filth. There would be but a small book left. And even this would be far below in literary merit many productions of the present day.

The story of Ruth can be told in a few words. She loved her mother-in-law Naomi. She gleaned in the harvest-fields of Boaz, and slept with him on a threshing-floor, and took her pay in some measures of grain. And finally Boaz declared "unto the elders and unto all the people, moreover, Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, hav I purchased to be my wife." JOHN PECK.

Naples, N. Y.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

STELLA, WASH. TERR., July 17th–19th.—Leaving the dear friends at Skamokawa, who expressed kindest wishes for my success and insisted on a promis of my return, I took steamboat for Stella. When about half-way—at Cathlamet—the genial Sheriff Albert and his bright, energetic little better half came on board and accompanied me to Stella, remaining through the lectures. I the more appreciated their presence on arriving at Stella, which consists of two buildings, all told. Where would the hearers come from? But when night came the ever-beautiful river proved the highway, and boats filled with happy, gleesome folks arrived; and for miles and miles through the woods friends came down the mountain, and the new hall of Brother H. Lawson was filled with intelligent, interested hearers.

Henry Lawson is an Infidel, with an Infidel family, all careful readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. They hav neither need nor desire for any sky glory, for their home is as happy and perfect a heaven as mortal could desire. Love and peace reign supreme; each and all evince a spirit of emulation as to who can do most to make all others happy. It reminded me of the dear home of the Booths, of Boonton, N. J., and of Wm. Thorpe, the Infidel blacksmith, of Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Frank Howard, a fisherman, zealous for the cause, could not himself attend the lectures, for with July ends the salmon-fishing season; each night's catch counted big. But he rowed over to deposit his $5 toward lubricating the wheels of progress. He is an Infidel who livs a life of good deeds, scorning empty professions of creed.

The old, eccentric Infidel, F. C. Scharnharst, one of the first settlers in this section, a pioneer and able champion of Freethought, rejoiced in the glorious progress of the good work.

Having delivered the first Liberal lecture in the place, and dedicated Brother Lawson's beautiful and cosy hall to the cause of Freethought, again came the hard, sad word. But they would not say "Farewell," but "Good-bye," and in response to earnest appeals I promised, should her health permit, bringing Mrs. Reynolds with me in the fall of 1889. Under any circumstances, if I ever again visit this coast, Stella will be one of the places I shall with eager delight long to arrive at.

PORTLAND, ORE., July 21st–23d.—Portland is a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, situated on the west bank of the Willamette river, twelve miles from its confluence with the Columbia and one hundred and fifteen miles by river from the Pacific ocean. Portland is the metropolis of the Northwest. It needs only a continuance of public spirit in erection of public buildings, setting out public parks, widening the streets, and a good dynamite blow-up or juvenil earthquake to remove the leprous Chinese town—the best business blocks in the very center of the city—to make Portland one of the most progressiv and handsome cities in the United States.

Washington and Oregon, with their regular and abundant rainfall, their enormous agricultural territory, immense forests of finest timber, wondrous water routes—navigable for the largest ships—their inexhaustible fisheries, unrivaled water power, vast mining interests—coal, iron, silver—and, above all, the grand onward march of intelligence of the people, make this part of the world the most desirable place of abode beneath the sun.

The early settlers and their descendants who, forsaking their old homes and notions, had the hardihood to cross the plains and mountains, heroically fighting their way, with patient, persistent energy overcoming every obstacle, form a nucleus around which rally all friends of progress, all lovers of universal mental liberty, who immigrate here.

I found a good home with that noble, unostentatious and genuin, hospitable, kindly-hearted veteran, Calvin H. Saunders. His wife is indeed his true helpmate and co-worker in every good work. All the children are practical, conscientious Liberals. Charles, the enterprising young merchant, is the most outspoken of Infidels, the most obliging and kindly-hearted of men, winning the hearts of his customers, and is truly a worthy son of a noble sire. Here, too, I found Professor Seymour and wife, home, resting from their labors, yet ever vigilant to see and profit by any opportunity afforded to do all in their power to advance the cause of Freethought.

There are many good Liberals at Portland, but there is much need of practical organization; now there is altogether too much of "willingness." The willing burden-bearers find too many quite willing to shirk all labor or responsibility.

Individual efforts made in divers directions fail to count or accomplish half what the same effort with unity of forces would effect.

With proper advertising, there would hav been twenty-five hundred instead of two hundred and fifty people at the lecture at City park, Sunday afternoon at 2:50.

I lectured Sunday evening at Turner's Hall, and Monday evening at Snyder's Hall, in close proximity to the Chinese theater. I am a great admirer of the theater, but with Chinese theaters, as with Chinese people, distance lends enchantment. The horrible discords, clanging of tomtoms, etc., are not needed helps to a Liberal lecture.

Mrs. Davidson and daughter came fifteen miles to attend the lectures; Mr. McEllsander and others from Eagle Creek, twenty-two miles, to see and hear the Jersey blasphemer.

TRICKS OF A MENDACIOUS FRAUD.

While at Silverton I was shown a newspaper, the *West Side*, published at Independence, Polk county, Ore., dated July 27, 1888, which contained a column-and-a-half letter indorsing Clark Braden, to which were appended the names of three Christian gentlemen of Silverton as committee.

Any person who had ever read one of Braden's characteristic effusions of billingsgate, bombast, and falsehood could not fail at once to detect its authorship as that of Braden himself. I quote a couple of sentences: "Christians know they hav selected the right man, and if Infidels ever debate with anyone in Silverton it is Clark Braden, the man Infidels fear to meet." "Churches, papers, and conventions hav indorsed Mr. Braden hundreds of times, and over one hundred times as representativ in debate."

Mr. R. S. Allen, secretary of the Silverton Secular Union, speaking of the letter to one of the gentlemen whose name was signed thereto as one of the committee, was astounded to learn that the gentleman never authorized the use of his name; never before had seen the letter or known of its existence; had never signed, or sanctioned, or in any way authorized Braden, or anyone else, to so use his name. And it appears that the same was true of the other signers.

Braden himself wrote the letter—a silly tissue of falsehoods about Infidels, and fulsome adulation of himself—and forged the names of the three Christian gentlemen to it.

We need no longer wonder how this disreputable fraud obtained indorsement of a hundred churches, papers, and conventions.

The object of Braden in perpetrating and publishing this forgery is self-evident. He cared nothing for Silverton folks, for he had already worked the credulous Christians there for all they would stand. But he could use copies of the paper containing the letter in places far away as an indorsement by the Silverton Christians, and so deceive them into hiring him to deliver lectures against Infidelity, and challenge Liberal lecturers to discussion, whom he well knew would not condescend to meet him.

This bombastic fraud, finding Mr. Putnam would not under any circumstances recognize him, much less meet him in debate, like the low bully he is has for a number of weeks followed Mr. Putnam to every place he lectured, seeking opportunity to insult and abuse him, and published in local papers under Christian influence long tirades of calumny and abuse.

That the true inwardness of the mercenary Bombastes might be made manifest to the Christians, and to save them from being deceived by his fraudulent pretenses, after consultation with the committee of the Silverton Secular Union, I issued a manifesto stating that while self-respect forbade my meeting so foul a calumniator and unprincipled blackguard as Braden has proved himself to be, yet, if he could obtain the indorsement of any number of orthodox ministers in good standing in their own denomination, that they regard him as a good, moral man and a worthy representativ of Christianity, I will listen and reply to the mouthpiece of such ministers.

But, as I do not propose to be entrapped into in any way helping him in his mercenary and nefarious schemes to extort money from credulous Christians, the conditions of the discussion shall be:

That the disputants shall each pay one clear half of hall rent, advertising, and all and every expense of holding such discussion.

That each disputant shall publish over his own signature a pledge to promptly pay over to the chairman of the committee of arrangements all and every cent of money or moneys paid, given, or devoted to them or either of them, directly or indirectly, on account of said discussion.

That the chairman of the committee of arrangements shall giv and bestow all such sum or sums of money so received to the destitute sick or needy poor of Silverton, and publish a receipt of the recipient in the local newspapers of Silverton.

That each disputant shall publish in the local papers of Silverton all and every money or gift received by them or either of them on account of said discussion, giving date, amount, and name of donor.

Thus the discussion would be held for truth's sake the poor, sick, and needy be benefited, and neither disputant receive, directly or indirectly, any financial recompense, but each from his own private resources pay one clear, full half of all the expenses of such discussion.

Braden makes no undue haste to accept these conditions.

Preserve this number of THE TRUTH SEEKER and let the facts be known, so that honest people may no longer be victimized and deceived by the mendacious fraud, Clark Braden. C. B. REYNOLDS.

Our London Letter.

The petty tyranny on the part of the godly members of the London school board in the case of Mr. A. B. Moss, the well-known Freethinker, is scarcely surprising, as these individuals, having been accused of misapplying the money of the ratepayers, would be very glad to stave off an inquiry into their acts of jobbery by an excessiv show of piety. Mr. Moss was an activ member of the Freethought party, but as his lecturing would not furnish him with a superfluity of riches and he had a family depending upon him, he can scarcely be blamed for considering them, and temporarily sinking the expression of his opinions to retain the post he holds under the school board. As interference with a man's speculativ opinions can scarcely come within the duties of the board, this despicable act ought to hav some influence with the more enlightened electors, and prevent them from voting for any more parsons.

If Mr. Foote succeeds in his candidature, possibly he will make it rather lively for his fellow-members, more particularly the clerical party. It would certainly be much more profitable for the ratepayers if a few prominent Freethinkers had seats, and the jobbers would not be able to make such a good thing of it for themselvs. The impending inquiry will doubtless show that the champions of the Lord are not quite so disinterested as they pretend.

The editor of the *Freethinker* surely could not hav supposed the *Congregational Review* would accept his advertisment of Ingersoll's Reply to Gladstone. If the proprietors were to allow such a thing to appear, some of their subscribers might be inclined to buy a copy; and, if they read it carefully and possessed fair intelligence, would very possibly hav their eyes opened a little too wide, which would not be good for the *Congregational Review*. I think the proprietors showed they possess a decent amount of worldly wisdom. It would not hav paid them if they had received £1 a word for such an advertisment.

Mrs. Besant has done a good work in her successful efforts on behalf of the watchmakers employed by Bryant & May. The wretched pay they receive for a long week's work is disgraceful, though when it is considered that a considerable percentage of the shareholders are clergymen, it can scarcely be expected that the wage-earners should be treated with any degree of fairness. A dividend of over twenty per cent will reconcile any parson to the most iniquitous practices. And if through their greed a girl has to supplement her scanty earnings by prostitution, what do they care?

The Bishops' Congress wound up with a sermon by the archbishop of York on "The Terrible Problem of the Poor." But I do not see it stated anywhere that he suggested the richer clergy's giving of their means to assist the poor and needy. His suggestion that the rich should help the poor did not apply to his own class, or, of course, he would hav stated how much he was going to giv up by way of setting a practical example. It is disgusting to hear these hypocrits discoursing on the want of thrift amongst the poor, thousands of whom would consider themselvs rich on an annual income equal to a day's pay of an archbishop. If there is any truth in the hereafter these men preach, how great will be their own damnation when they appear to receive judgment! J. D.

London, Aug. 3, 1888.

Key to Escape from Spiritualism.

Is it more probable that nature should go out of her course, or that a man should tell a lie? We hav never seen, in our time, nature go out of her course; but we hav good reason to believe that millions of lies hav been told in the same time. It is, therefore, at least millions to one that the reporter of a miracle tells a lie.—*Paine.*

Is it more probable that eminent men should liv centuries in another sphere without acquiring a single new fact to communicate to us, or that a professional conjurer should perform legerdemain? We hav never seen, in our time, multitudes of able men pass ages unfruitfully; but we know that millions of tricks like those of mediums hav been performed by avowed prestidigitators in the same time. It is, therefore, at least millions to one that Spiritualistic phenomena are prestidigitators' tricks.

BICKERSTAFF.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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The Same Old Story.

Within the last week another instance of the Roman Catholic church's determination to run our public schools has come to our notice. This time it is right here in our neighborhood, and the church tool is the Catholic Protectory of Westchester, an institution which robs the taxpayers of New York of more money than any other institution in the county. The facts are these: For the last six years Michael E. Develin has been principal of the Union Free School, No. 1, of Westchester. As he is a friend of the Protectory people, and a good Catholic, the church was satisfied. But Mr. Develin's partisanship, or sectarianism, at length became distasteful to the townspeople, even some Catholics condemning his conduct, and on the 7th inst. the board of education replaced him. The board is composed of seven Catholics and two Protestants, and three of the Catholics voted against Mr. Develin and for the new principal, who is a Protestant.

In the board of education itself, no question of religion arose, but upon Mr. Develin being deposed and the Protestant principal elected, Brother Leontine, director of the New York Catholic Protectory, began, presumably at the instigation of the deposed principal, to raise sectarian issues, and is now using the influence which a director of the Protectory can wield to secure at the coming school meeting, which occurs on August 28, 1888, the election of trustees in favor of reëmploying the deposed principal at the end of the expiration of the term of the present newly-elected principal, which will be one year from August 28, 1888. None of the brothers in the New York Catholic Protectory is entitled to vote at the school meetings, not even Brother Leontine himself, and yet they hav at past school meetings attempted to vote until they were challenged. Among the inhabitants of the district there is no feeling upon the question of religion, as the vice-principal is a Catholic, and the entire board, save two, are Catholics. No sectarian issues can arise to the detriment of the Catholics, and the efforts of the Protectory director are exerted solely because he desires to control the school. He desires to punish the three Catholic trustees who refused to support his friend, and to replace the two Protestant members with two Catholics who will do his bidding.

In this case we see the whole scope of the Catholic scheme, as well as the policy which the church has pursued and intends to pursue. Note the presence in the board of seven Catholics to two Protestants. No one has had his attention called to this. Quietly the church has put her men in position; for six years she has run the school, until the arrogant bigotry of the chief tool awoke opposition, and still the church would hav been secure, so strongly did she think herself intrenched, had she not made a mistake in three of her men. The "still hunt" has been the method of Rome, until now she finds herself so strong that she can throw off her disguise and fight in the open field. With the quarter of a million dollars annually presented to the Protectory by the county of New York, Brother Leontine can bother the Protestants a good deal, and unless they take more interest in the school question than heretofore, he will win, and Westchester's schools will be modeled on the Romish plan—a plan against which not a word need be written to show its dangerous incompetence. Everybody knows that Catholic schools are the most miserable of educational farces, and that the dominance of Romish ecclesiastics is a most serious source of danger to free institutions.

Why don't the people wake up to their danger?

Christian Science.

Notwithstanding the legal troubles that many Christian scientists hav lately been subjected to—troubles in which policemen hav followed closely upon the death of neglected patients—the humbug is still flourishing, and has taken deep root in many large cities. New York has a pretentious "school" on Forty-second street, whence is issued a monthly magazine advertising for dupes.

This science, according to this school, "is the science of spirit." And "the science of spirit is the essence of all religions. Spirit is causation, hence back of all the arts and sciences. Christian science, then, is the science of the sciences." Such is the dogmatic definition given of the "philosophy" of the cult, and argued for on scriptural and Christian grounds. This science further aims in practical work to monopolize the professions of medicin and preaching. "Healers" and "teachers" are numerous, and as "healing is the most easily accomplished, it is the first step," and relied upon to prove the truth of the science. Colleges for teaching the science are also plentiful, and connected with each is a healing department where patients are either treated in person or "absently" for so much cash. These present or absent treatments are always "in strict accord with Divine Mind-Healing," terms given upon application, and testimonials forwarded free of charge. One establishment advertises to cure by the "apostolic method," and to instruct in theology and practical ministry and fit the pupil for general public speaking and biblical exposition according to Christian science—tuition fifty dollars, board reasonable. Some of the testimonials are unique in their simple trust in the capacity of the ordinary mortal to be humbugged. One patient writes that "while saying over my lesson, repeating, 'Nothing in all the world can harm me,' I picked up a cloth, and while holding it in my hand an immense centipede crawled over my arm and tried to fasten itself in my flesh. I shook it off and was unharmed." This is very miraculous, but the next day brought the same patient another benefit from the science. The writer goes on: "While driving, two horses ran away with me. I thought of my principles; all of a sudden the horses stopped, and one turned its head around and looked at me." Another equally conclusiv case is this: "A child was subject to convulsions for three years until she was reduced to idiocy—seemed possessed of a demon. Her bowels were entirely inactiv. In despair her parents applied to Mrs. L. In one week the spasms had ceased; in four weeks she was entirely restored and began to talk. She can now walk." But perhaps the most astonishing testimonial is the following. It happened in Brooklyn, and Mrs. V. M. Carhart is the healer: "A woman suffering from varicose vein and ulcers to such an extent that the leg had to be supported on a chair beside the washtub (by which she earned her living). After conversation with the woman, she was given absent treatment for three or four weeks before time was found to go to her. The practitioner then found her patient had moved two weeks before, carrying her furniture herself, walking on the limb without difficulty. And this is the work done by Mrs. Carhart while sitting evenings trimming bonnets."

The scientists, however, hav their dissensions, which sometimes lead to disastrous results. These dissensions, says one teacher, "hav so dechemicalized the sick that there is a great deal of poor work being done." From which we may infer that when a patient fails to recover, it is because of dissensional dechemicalization. These dissensions are surely to be regretted.

The creed of the scientists may be gathered from the following report of a meeting in Chicago:

"The president introduced the divinely precious creed of the Christian scientists, with some appropriate remarks on the obligation to state our belief before its excellence is perfectly apparent. The association repeated in concert:

"'I believe in thee as here present with me.
"'I believe in thee as my life.
"'I believe in thee as my strength.
"'I believe in thee as my health.
"'I believe in thee as my peace.
"'I believe in thee as a healing presence.
"'I believe in thee as my savior and deliverer from all evil.'"

There is nothing more ridiculous or mischievous in this creed than in the orthodox church creeds, but the harm this humbug does is in duping sick people to neglect medical attendance, relying upon the superstitious nonsense of a healer for cure. Think of a woman trimming bonnets and curing the varicose veins of another woman miles away!

The extent to which this absurd faith has spread is wonderful, and can be accounted for only by the fact that centuries of belief in the supernatural hav prepared the soil in which it grows. Alongside of Christianity the silliest of metaphysical speculation does not appear out of place. In fact, it may be said to be really rational. The preachers of this new fad of Christian science depend on the gullibility of the average religionist, and their dependence seems not misplaced. Men and women will pay more money to be humbugged than to be enlightened—hence the great support the church obtains, and the prevalence of the Christian scientists.

The Faith of Low-Down Slaves.

To illustrate the Bible promis that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord, the Richmond *Religious Herald* tells this story:

"The Rev. George J. Hobday preached to his congregation in Berkeley from the text, 'All things work together for good to them that love God,' and three days later his church was destroyed by fire. The afflicted little flock gathered around the pastor and asked: 'How is this, Brother Hobday? is this for our good?' 'Yes,' replied the pastor, 'of course it is for your good.' They went to work to collect money to build another church, and placed it ($1,000) for safe keeping in the Exchange Bank of Norfolk, and a few days later that bank broke. The discouraged little flock once more visited their pastor and said: 'How is this about the bank going down with our money in it—is that for our good?' 'Of course it is for your good, brethren,' said Brother Hobday, 'there can be no doubt of that. But don't stop to discuss that. Let's try again.' And they did try again, and now the prettiest church in Berkeley—the prettiest in Virginia, some might say—is the house this heroic little band of Baptists hav built. And now every one of them sees that the struggle has not only given to them a far better church, but that, better still, it has put a brighter, sweeter, stronger faith into their hearts."

Reprinting this object-lesson in faith, another religious journal comments:

"The Rev. Mr. Hobday did well to stick to the doctrin of his text and sermon, notwithstanding the facts for a time puzzled his people. God always keeps his word, and in the end so makes things work that they all work together for good to them that love him. He knows just how to do it in the best way, and never fails to do it in his own way. It is worth something to the soul to hav such a God to love and serve."

A faith which induces comments like these is certainly remarkable. As an expression of hopeless, utter, and abject slavery to a monster of injustice we never saw its equal. The cringing cur becomes beside that editor an animal of superb bravery. The slave crouching under the uplifted lash, without daring even to run a rod, is a marvel of manly courage compared with the worshipers of such a God. The believers in fetichism, the idolators who smash their idols when angry, are the highest type of independence alongside the man who says to the tyrant who is destroying him, "It is worth something to the soul to hav such a God to love and serve."

Religious Selfishness.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart at 137th street was burnt Monday night, the 13th inst. The convent is a school for girls, and about one hundred and fifty nuns found employment within its walls. No lives were lost, but the buildings are ruined. The loss is about $200,000, fully insured.

Three engin companies were employed in subduing the flames, and since the fire a police sergeant and forty-four policemen hav been constantly employed watching and guarding the premises, which consisted of ninety acres of ground and the magnificent buildings now in ruins. The grounds were purchased about 1830 at a cost of some $40,000. The value of the land now is about a million dollars. The grounds extend from 6th to 10th avenues, and from 130th to 137th street. The ninety acres are the door-

yard of the convent, and because the institution is religious and educational it has escaped taxation.

For years this convent has stood in the way of improvements in that part of the city, the sisters refusing to allow streets to be cut through, and holding their large block intact. The city map provides for streets, but the church has been more powerful than the municipal government. The convent fire has revived the efforts of property owners to push forward the opening of the streets which will cut through the convent grounds. They claim that these improvements hav been delayed too long, and insist upon their right to ready access to their lots, so as to enable them to build or realize on the real value of the land. The reply of the church is, as given by a priest, "It would be vandalism to disturb the convent."

Here we hav it again. For years this immense tract of valuable land has been held by the church, paying no taxes; the city has provided engins and men to subdue the flames and save a portion of the buildings, furnished policemen to protect the property of the sisters, yet the church in her selfishness fights the city, denies the rights of neighboring property owners, and screams vandalism when they are asked to build their new school where it will not block the way to all improvements. If arrogant selfishness can be more strikingly illustrated, the public would, no doubt, like to see it.

The Female Academy of the Sacred Heart, as this institution is legally known, is a private money-mak ing school, and the sisters are no more entitled to the exemption given charitable institutions than any business college in the city. Because they are religious, however, our truckling and superstitious legislators hav allowed them to gather wealth by the hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the city is rewarded by a refusal to allow any improvements to be made. The sisters care for nothing but their own welfare, though begging the public to help them in their misfortune.

The Women.

It can never be sufficiently repeated that organization is the secret of success. Above everything else, this is necessary, and must be forwarded. Our enemies—the enemies of progress, civilization, of all human happiness—are strengthening their already formidable organizations every day. What their purposes are, we well know. In these purposes they are firm and determined; they see their end clearly before them—know just what they want and are determined to hav it. When they grow a little more, they will unite on their purposed action. It may be said to be a race whether they or the influences of civilization and Secularism first reach the goal of adequate power. It cannot be too much repeated that we must organize. What has been done is very little, and as nothing to what is needed.

A special need is of attention to growth of the social side of our organization. Great rewards await efforts made on this line. Feminin aid will be found of the very highest value, and all pains should be taken to procure the women's attendance. Growth will then be rapid. The goddess Truth is very beautiful to us, but we are afraid that the young man not long in the cause would be more persuaded by the presence of his private goddess of flesh and blood. We attend our meetings to worship the divinity of Liberty, but it would surely be policy not to despise the help of the neophyte willing to come and worship a material divinity on the back bench.

Laying aside jocoseness, it is a truth, how serious the signs of the times show, that we must, above all else, organize.

Proper Gratitude Shown.

Christianity is the source of our civilization. It has given us all we enjoy. It has given us all that we hav of morality and refinement. Likewise of the arts and sciences. It has been the great factor in the world's progress. It has made us all we are. It has also kept us from being all we aren't.

We know this because so told by a large body of men who are supported for the express purpose of studying such matters. Besides, a good way will be to consider in detail what our civilization consists of, to analyze it, and observe the production of each factor by Christianity.

The development of industrial arts is thought to hav done much in producing civilization. By them we hav more, know more, enjoy more; by them our hours of labor hav been reduced and will be still more reduced, allowing us more time for leisure and culture; by them militarism with its harsh and imbruting influences is being superseded. Now, if it were found that the source of all our knowledge, the Bible, failed to contain proper and decent instruction on this head, skeptics might indeed show some reasonable basis for their claims. The facts being quite the opposit, it is evident that they are willful walkers in darkness. Everyone knows how full the Bible is of designs of labor-saving machinery. Any not knowing that it is a complete body of knowledge on applied mathematics, navigation, land surveying, geometry, mechanics, building, engineering, metallurgy, bleaching, dyeing, manufactures, and domestic economy would better go to school over again. Reference by any reader to his pocket Bible will show beneficent designs of the mower, the reaper, the reaper and binder, the thresher, and the seed-drill. Likewise of the steam-engin, the locomotiv, and the electric telegraph. Though we hav no direct knowledge on the subject, it is probably safe to say that the Bible forms the essential part of Edison's laboratory, and is consulted on all occasions. Probably without it we should never hav got the electric light and the telephone. The cotton-gin, the spinning-machine, the printing-press, will all be found fully described and explained by diagrams in the book God gave us.

So with all the arts and sciences in general. Just consider for a moment what is our present knowledge of acoustics, thermology, meteorology, optics, magnetism, hydraulics, and pneumatics—recollect how, when, and where that knowledge was obtained, and one will see it all to come from Christianity. To contemplate for a moment where we should be in chemistry, pharmacy, medicin, pathology, and clinics without our revelation makes one feel as he does in a nightmare when the ground disappears from under him. Christianity's fondness for logic has always been notable. We are struck speechless when we wish to describe its discoveries in biology and protistology. Think of all the useful principles of botany and zoology contained in the XXXIX Articles and Calvin's five points. Geologists get up in the night and praise God when they think of the valuable additions religion has made to the knowledge of their science. What would philology be without Christianity? Without it, it is clear, we should be quite oblivious of any such things as linguistics and hermetics. Its value in the development of psychology is simply unspeakable. Anyone not testifying to the derivation of physiology and anatomy from the scripture is one choosing the evil rather than the light. Could there be astronomy without Christianity? Would evolution be known without it?

Examination of the fields of sociology, ethics, government, and art uniformly givs corresponding results. Probably no one will deny that without the Bible we should be mere beasts of the field in morals, utterly devoid of principle and seeking evil continually. Christianity abolished slavery. A full exposition of the wrongfulness of that institution will be found in the good book. Our esthetics would not be worth a cent without said volume. If there is one thing in the world for which we should be thankful more than for another, it is the science of government divinely revealed to us. A judicious assortment of Christian calumnies may be applied to any affirming non-scriptural origin of the axiom, "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Christianity is justly celebrated for its impartial and beneficent investigations into occult phenomena and science. To it we owe the true scientific method. Spiritualists know what they owe it. The same may be said in regard to animal magnetism, mesmerism, somnambulism, and clairvoyance. The debt heredity owes scripture it will probably never find words to express. In regulations of marriage and kindred social matters Christianity quite surpasses itself.

All this is caused by its uncontrolable desire for facts. Facts, facts, are what it calls for; facts it wants and facts it must hav.

Limits of space preclude our doing this very glorious, surpassing, and ineffable subject full justice. We hope this will satisfy the darkened and perverted minds of skeptics and cavilers. If it does not, they can get satisfied pretty quickly when the National Reform Association "places all Christian laws, institutions, and usages on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental law of the land."

Courtlandt Palmer's Life.

As a specimen of ignorant Christian claptrap, the following concluding paragraph of an editorial in the Savannah, Ga., weekly *News* is printed:

"Courtlandt Palmer did nothing to help his fellow-man, but he did much to deprive him of the faith which not only affords him comfort and joy in this life, and helps him to bear the ills which afflict him, but also promises him a future which robs the grave of its terrors. Whatever the Agnostics may say, and however much they may praise his honesty and promptness, Mr. Palmer's life was a failure."

Mr. Palmer's life was full of good works. He helped everyone he could. Hundreds can testify to personal kindnesses at his hands, and the community of New York was made better, more Liberal, by his teaching. He was in almost every movement for the betterment of the condition of the poor, and he educated the rich. His life was eminently successful, if we call that success which succeeds in doing something for the race, leaving your impress upon the world, and stimulating others to do good. Christian success is in thinking you hav saved your own miserable little soul even at the expense of damning everybody else, and in that way Courtlandt Palmer's life was not a success. In a decent definition of the word, Mr. Palmer's life was a monumental triumph.

Editorial Notes.

THE cable from Berlin says: "Under the new leader, young Kaiser William, a touch of stern religious fanaticism may be trained into the army, for the new set headed by the kaiser is excessivly and very activly religious." This, the correspondent thinks, means war. Queer, isn't it, that the more religious a ruler is the more ready he is to see men mangled and slain?

MRS. A. M. FREEMAN will make dates for lectures between Chicago and Pittsburgh previous to the Secular Union Congress, and also after that event anywhere in the state of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and probably in other localities near by. We hav often spoken of Mrs. Freeman's ability and eloquence on the platform and her agreeable qualities in private life. She is sure to do good wherever engaged, and it is hoped that she may be kept busy this fall. Write her in care of the Union secretary, Mr. E. A. Stevens, 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, the pious journalist, still prints his scripture motto, abuses Colonel Ingersoll and other Infidels, appeals for Sunday laws to stop the Fifth avenue stages, shrieks for a "Christian government," and thinks every man who is not a church-member or who does not agree with him in politics is on the broad road to destruction. His attack on the late Courtlandt Palmer was perhaps the most indecent specimen of hateful journalism ever seen except in a purely religious paper. Mr. Shepard's conduct recalls what old Commodore Vanderbilt said of him when he came courting his daughter: "He's more kinds of a damn fool than any other fellow I ever struck!" Mr. Shepard has not improved much since those ancient days.

THE correspondence between the late Courtlandt Palmer and T. B. Wakeman which we reprint from *Secular Thought*, settles the question of responsibility for the presence of a clergyman at the former's funeral. A true man and kind husband, Mr. Palmer waived his own feelings in the matter to allow his wife to do that which seemed necessary to her. Heber Newton, as the pastor of Mrs. Palmer's church, as a personal friend of Mr. Palmer, and as a heretical or Liberal Christian, was the natural choice. It is not in our heart to judge harshly of Mrs. Palmer, a most estimable and intellectual woman, nor shall we criticise anyone for yielding to a wife's wish where equal liberty for his own philosophy is allowed. Mr. Palmer's funeral was, as he wished it, a Freethinker's sepulture. It could not be otherwise with Colonel Ingersoll as the panegyrist. Now that Mr. Wakeman has thought it proper to giv the letters to the press, there is no room for further misunderstanding. Denunciations of the Palmer family, either as "aristocrats" or orthodox and bigoted Christians, are quite out of place.

THE Montpelier, Vt., *Argus and Patriot* has some caustic remarks upon the brethren in its section of the country: "A number of the professedly would-be saints were taken in and done for over at Lyndonville by the skin games attached to the Wallace circus. The St. Johnsbury *Caledonian* said that one worthy Christian lost nearly $100, but recovered it over at Morrisville the next day. It is a notable fact that every time anything of this kind has happened in Vermont in connection with the gambling connected with that circus, those who hav been implicated hav been members of some religious organization, and another noteworthy matter connected with it is that the men who hav squealed the loudest were these same professed Christians. They appear to be perfectly willing to engage in gambling, notwithstanding that it is a device of the devil, so long as they can win, but the moment that the sinners who run the game get the better of them they squeal. We fear that the Christianity of a man who will do as they hav done is certainly not more than skin-deep. A worthy Christian, who has the fear of God before his eyes in his daily works and conversation, will not be so easily overcome by temptation and fall into the traps of Satan." We opine, however, that "worthy Christians" are scarce, as the number of saints constantly getting into trouble is increasing.

Letters from Friends.

EVERETT, Mo., July 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The more I read the old TRUTH SEEKER the better I like it. The pictures are worth more than the subscription price, and the paper is simply immense. I hav succeeded in procuring four new subscribers. I could hav got more, but hav been too busy with my work to get around among the people. We hav a few very stanch Liberals in this community. You may expect to hear from me at least once a year as long as THE TRUTH SEEKER is published and I am able to read. Yours for truth, W. H. STEEN.

SILVERTON, COL., July 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just got two new names for your valuable paper for three months. My husband is operating in the mines and running a force of eight or ten men; and they are all Freethought men, save one or two. In fact, I think the San Juan country is at least two-thirds Infidel. But some do not know of your paper, and others hold positions that they are afraid of losing if they let it be known. But I hope the latter class are few. For my part, I feel proud to own myself an Infidel. I hope there will be many more in the near future. Respectfully yours, MRS. PERRY FISHER.

WINNIPEG, MAN., July 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The other day I was reading the fine old paper, which had been sent up from St. Johns, and as I was reading an idea dropped into my mind which I think would be worth repeating. Now, there are thousands of churches in the United States that are only used for a couple of hours on Sundays. I do not see any reason why the Liberals should not use them the balance of the time, and instead of preaching, teach science in those churches. Then, instead of having to travel all over the country to deliver lectures, they could teach the young through the day and their parents at night. As we pay the taxes for the churches, I do not see but that we hav the right. T. ROLLINS.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to call the attention of your readers to the work of our Liberal friend and artist, F. E. Sturgis, now of Danville, Ind. I hav from his hands a life-size crayon portrait of my deceased husband, which I am perfectly satisfied with. I hav shown it to a number of professional artists, and all agree that the work is first-class. I am so well satisfied with the work and price, as well as with Mr. Sturgis's thorough integrity of purpose, that I heartily recommend him as entirely deserving of the confidence and patronage of all Liberals. His unfortunate condition of health and devotion to Freethought principles should be an additional commendation to all lovers of our good cause.

Fraternally yours, ANNIE EDWARDS KIRK.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., Aug. 5, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: I was chosen to read the Declaration of Independence on the occasion of our Fourth of July celebration, and to make a short address, which I did. The Christians said it was a mistake, as no Infidel was a fit person to address the people of this county, as the cloud of ignorance was so dense over the mind of an Atheist that no light could possibly emanate therefrom. A friend of mine told me this a few days before the time. So I made up my mind that I would let them down with a crash, and so I did. Several Christians complimented me and said they would never say again that an Atheist was a fool. A few did not like it, because I did not say that "God"—whatever that is—was the source of all these blessings; but I am glad to say that the sunlight of reason has begun to dawn since I made those few remarks. Let us hope the seed may take root.

WM. THORPE.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Your paper is the best one I hav ever had the pleasure of reading. Not only are its editorials exactly to my mind, but its selected articles show that you know a good thing when you see it. The article of W. D. Lesueur was well worthy of quoting—equal to Ingersoll in conciseness and intelligibility of style. I do not agree with Putnam and others in their refusal to meet in debate—what's his name? I gave, as I am in the habit of doing, one of my TRUTH SEEKERS to a Christian friend, and the only thing he seemed to notice in it was the refusal to debate. You can imagin what he said as to Infidel cowardice. Strange that in your notices of the great Ingersoll-Gladstone controversy, I never see anything to indicate that the slightest notice is taken of it in England. Can you not giv us some English notes on the subject? GEORGE F. MOORE.

STURGIS, MICH., Aug. 11, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Those who can look back at the church of forty or even thirty years ago can observe many and great changes which hav taken place in its methods and style of teaching. The old-fashioned enthusiasm, which was so common, even in city churches, producing such explosivs as "Glory to God!" "Bless the Lord!" "Amen!" and so forth, we rarely hear now except in log school-houses of the backwoods. The horrifying descriptions of hells and devils which were so potent in bringing sinners to the fold we never hear at all now; in their place we hav the insinuation that to unite with the church is to enter "society." Thus an appeal to pride has taken the place of the appeal to fear; whether this is an improvement is a debatable question. It may be quite as enslaving, though not so brutalizing. It seems that outsiders are refining "society."

Then look at the doctrins which were invariably and energetically impressed upon public attention; such as total depravity, personality of the devil, damnation of the unconverted, and many other "divine" sentiments—they all seem to hav been dropped as things too vulgar for the delicate sensibilities of the refined sheep and lambs within the "society" inclosure.

The preacher in those past days was looked upon as a mysterious personage who, next to the Lord himself, was to be approached with reverential awe; but the times hav changed, and his reverence is now regarded by most people as a common man, and by some as even a "little more so." Some think that bigotry and intolerance are leaking away from the church; while others are of opinion that this is but outwardly apparent, and that the priest is only waiting until an opportunity offers to make another spring upon unsuspecting humanity.

For my part, I do not think that the church will ever be Liberalized or reformed out of existence, but I do expect that she will go on adapting herself to public sentiment until scarcely a vestige of the old leaven can be found in the lump. That anecdote about the Irishman who saw a street watering-cart for the first time is suggestiv when applied to the declining theology of our time. "Hould on!" he shouted to the driver of the cart; "hould on! all the wather is laking out of your tub! Be my sowl! you won't hav a drop of it be the time you get home!" THOS. HARDING.

AUDUBON, IA., Aug. 4, 112 I.U.S.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER comes to hand regularly. It is sure death to superstition, ghosts, spooks—all the hosts of pious fraud imaginable.

I am well pleased with Gibbon's "History of Christianity." It is well backed with facts.

We had a big revival meeting in our vicinity last winter, which resulted in the erection of a joss-house. But, alas! the members hav mostly backslid. And, as Christ said of the persons who had the devils knocked out of them, they are more the children of hades than before. The preacher and most of the members are fighting Agnostics and moralists, but the church is like a wounded bird fluttering and the wound hurts only itself.

I am well pleased with the TRUTH SEEKER circle of readers. I hav received kind letters from some of the brethren.

It is 108° of heat in the shade as I write. Now, if Joss makes this weather, I do not think he knows much about the human constitution. It may suit an idle preacher or an Angel Gabriel, but it takes brains to deal with animal life this weather. D. A. MORRISON.

LOCUST DALE, PA., Aug. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I became a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER about two years ago, and I think it is an excellent paper, pictures and all. Locust Dale is a town of about eight hundred inhabitants, in the anthracite coal fields of this state. There are three or four who take THE TRUTH SEEKER in this town, but it is read by ten times that number, who take an interest in its contents. We hav organized a Secular society, and hav applied to E. A. Stevens, secretary of the American Secular Union, for a charter. We were greatly surprised to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Palmer. At a meeting of the society a committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressing the feelings of the members for the loss of one of liberty's truest friends. The following are the resolutions:

WHEREAS, The members of this society hav learned with deep regret of the sudden death of Courtlandt Palmer, ex-president and vice-president of the American Secular Union; and,

WHEREAS, We hav met to express our deep sorrow at the decease of so distinguished a scholar, humanitarian, and philanthropist; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Courtlandt Palmer the American Secular Union has lost one of its greatest supports and friends, the nation an honored and respected citizen, and the world one of nature's own noblemen; and

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the journal of this society, and published in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Committee { CHARLES NEUMANN. RICHARD BOELCKE. JEREMIAH RUBRIGHT.

JEREMIAH RUBRIGHT.

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed post-office order for one more new subscriber.

The following will show how much the love of Jesus will do to make good a man who is naturally inclined to crookedness. In talking with a Christian a few months ago, I told him that all there was in his religion that was distinctivly Christian was a belief in certain strange things about the birth, death, and resurrection of Jesus. To this he replied that there was something greater than all those things, which was the glorious feelings in the heart—the result of the presence of Jesus and God in the heart. He admitted that I was a good, honest, kind man, but said I could not be saved that way. I must be "born again" and get the "love of God" in my heart. To-day he was telling me of a mistake that was made in a bill of goods he had bought. He said the price of the article was $3.60, but it was entered by mistake at twenty cents. He said: "I kept quiet, and they don't know it to this day." But then, I suppose the love of God in his heart will make up for such robbery.

He evidently does not think he did anything wrong, and God, who is present in his heart, does not even nudge him to tell him he is giving himself away to a wicked unbeliever, nor yet that what he did was a sin.

Again. We hav some heavy storms in Illinois. One Sunday evening after church—which I did not attend—a heavy storm arose. All the persons in my house, including my wife and some young ladies, had been to church twice. When the lightning began to flash beautifully and the thunder to roll majestically—all of which I enjoyed hugely—they, one and all, found refuge in our bedroom. They—my wife also—sat around on the edge of my bed in their night-dresses, and spoke in subdued whispers of the awfulness of the storm. They were terrorized. They were afraid that the God whom they had been so faithfully serving would hav so little of the real gentleman about him that he, in his anger, would hurt his own lovers. I told them I should think they would be afraid to stay so near an Infidel when God was mad, because if he sent the lightning to kill the blasphemer he might in his blind rage make a mistake and strike some other person. JOHN HUDSON.

HILLSBORO, ORE., July 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: James Campbell, V.D.M., a celebrated Oregon Infidel-smasher, has recently issued a small pamphlet entitled, "Replies to a Skeptic." It is a fair sample of the average Oregonian parson's dishonesty, ignorance, Bradenism, and Jo Cookism. This little parson is suffering with a severe attack of the nightmare, and is laboring under the hallucination that there is an Infidel who has been writing letters to him which contain strong doses of Infidelity. He claims that these letters (anonymous) were the cause of the birth of the wonderful pamphlet. There are many people who differ with the reverend and claim that it is a straw man set up by the reverend for the purpose of having an excuse to show his prowess as an Infidel-smasher and to gain the name of author. After demolishing the argument of his straw man, he barks at Ingersoll. He attempts to do what such intellectual giants of theology as Gladstone, Black, Field, and Fisher failed to do—overthrow Ingersoll's arguments. The reverend does not follow in the footsteps of the others. He does not attempt to tackle any of Ingersoll's strong points, but finds some point of minor importance, and then, with his little scattering bell-muzzled blunderbuss, he fires. The following extracts from his pamphlet show the caliber of the gun and the force of the charge that he smashes Infidels with. Theological popguns loaded with falsehood, theological gas-bags filled with misrepresentation, will not affect truth.

Asylums for the insane, for the orphans, for the poor, the inebriate, and a thousand others, are the outgrowths of Christ.

Here the reverend advertises his ignorance of history, or else knowingly falsifies for Christ's sake. If the reverend is not ignorant of history, if he has read other than Holy Queer history, he would know that hundreds of years before Christianity was born there were in India and Egypt hundreds of asylums and hospitals, not only for men, women, and children, but also for beasts. The ancients cured the insane by music, flowers, and kindness. Long before the time of Moses there were hospitals, schools, libraries. Does the reverend know that when the Christians were imprisoning people for claiming the world was round, the pagan Moors of Spain were teaching geography with globes? The Mohammedans were in advance of Christians in hospitals. Christians simply patterned after the pagans in building hospitals, the same as they hav borrowed from paganism nearly every ceremony and dogma that is in the Christian religion. Can the Rev. Mr. Campbell, V D M., deny this? Why does not the reverend inform his followers that the doctrins and ceremonies of the atonement, trinity, sacrament, baptism, confession of sins, Holy Ghost, were borrowed from heathen religions; that long before the time of the mythical Christ there were divinely begotten and crucified saviors? The story of Christ is borrowed from heathenism. Can the reverend deny this and tell the truth? Christians even claim the Golden Rule as the outgrowth of Christianity. Civilization is not indebted to Christianity for advancement in morals. The reverend should read Buckle, Lecky, and other writers on civilization in Europe.

And it may be truthfully said that the teachings of skeptics are guilty of none of those things [building asylums, etc.].

Here the reverend shows the cloven foot of malice, in the face of the fact that in the adjoining state, California, are Lick's Observatory and Home for Women. This reverend is ignorant of that fact. I wonder if the reverend ever heard of Girard College and other institutions built by Infidels. Assuredly not, as the average Oregon priest rears upon his hind-legs and brays: "What hav you Infidels done?" What answer would these priests hav made some centuries ago, if they had been living then, to the pagan who would hav asked: "Where are the asylums and hospitals you Christians hav built?" These priests would giv them this answer: "We hav not been in power; we are in the minority." The church has tried for many years to stifle Freethought, using force and slander. Can the reverend refute this?

The few good and noble things they hav done and are doing for the alleviation of suffering are in no way attributable to their philosophy, but they copy after Christianity.

The reverend here acknowledges Infidels hav done and are doing good. How the reverend contradicts himself in the preceding sentences! He says that Infidels are not guilty of any of the thousand good things. The reverend is ignorant of the fact that the philosophy of the Infidel is to do right. Can the reverend name any Infidel that teaches contrary? Are morality, kindness, love, etc., the children of Christianity? Will the reverend stand up and say that before Christianity these qualities were unknown to man? Right here I ask the reverend if it is not a fact that in the countries that are the most Christian there can be found the most immorality and crime, and in the countries where Freethought is the most powerful there are the most morality and least crime? Compare Christian Spain with Atheist France; pagan Japan with Christian Spain, Italy, Abyssinia, and Ireland. Infidels hav no book as a guide that teaches and commands the infamous practices of polygamy, slavery, persecution for opinion's sake, and other teachings that are not moral. Will the reverend deny that one little verse in the Bible has caused the death of thousands of innocent women? Will the reverend deny that Christ taught that the institution of marriage was wrong? Is that morality? Were not the Christian kings, queens, popes, and leaders of the church the most villainous criminals that hav darkened the pages of history? Are not

the preachers of to-day the most criminal of the professions? Hav not the Infidel presidents, generals, and statesmen of America done as much good for the people as the Christian? Hav not the pioneers of reform been Infidels? Who were the pioneers of the antislavery movement? Infidels. Did not every church in Puritan Boston close its doors against William Lloyd Garrison? Was not the mob that mobbed him in the streets led by preachers? Was it not an Infidel hall, the Investigator Hall, that opened its door to Garrison? What preacher can you point out that did as much for American Independence as Thomas Paine? Was not one of the most bitter foes to American Independence the founder of Methodism?

Can you name one Infidel lecturer that is in the prisons of America, while the preachers are many who are gazing through the bars, to say nothing of hundreds that would be there if they had their just deserts? Do you know that the clergy of the United States hav during the last five years committed over five thousand crimes? Do you know that, according to the census, there is not an Atheist in the prisons of Atheist France, as the clergy call it, while there are hundreds of believers in Christianity and God languishing in prison? I would ask the reverend if the Christians are more moral than the Infidels, and request him to produce facts and figures, not priestly assertions. Hav not the Bible and Christian leaders degraded woman? Does not Christian philosophy teach that a person can from his cradle to the scaffold commit crime and that if he believes in Christ he will be rewarded? Can you disprove this? Why do you not claim the art of printing, the good morals of the Japanese, the temperance of the Mohammedan, the science of astronomy, the morality, kindness, and just laws of the tribes of wild people spoken of by the author of "Sea and Land," who says they were without any religion and idea of gods or devils, pure Infidels, and yet far better than the adjoining tribes who were religious? Were these the outgrowth of Christ? Is it not an old chestnut, this idiotic whine and pious cant about Christian morals? I would advise the reverend and his class to peruse the historians of Europe—Buckle, Lecky, and others. Professor Draper's works will throw light on the theological darkness of preachers. Mosheim, a good religious authority, will enlighten them. If preachers would read more reliable history and less of the Holy Queer, they would be better informed and would evolute from their religion and unfairness, and be led to tell the truth.

Your churches are becoming freed from bigotry. Christians are evoluting from their creed.

Infidelity has but one representativ in America, and he fears and shuns an oral discussion.

Now, no minister in the world who was honest, and who had a reputation for veracity, would publish such a self-evident falsehood, or rather double falsehood. There are hundreds of representativ Infidels in America. A few I will name: Ingersoll, Putnam, Remsburg, Parton the historian, Reynolds, Watts, Jamieson, Underwood, etc., and others falling into line—such men as Hugh Pentecost, Heber Newton, etc. If the Rev. Mr. Campbell will read the Companion to the New Testament, he will see that the committee who recently revised the Bible are on the fence. The statement that Infidels were afraid of discussion comes with very bad grace from one who to-day dares not meet any Infidel who is a representativ Infidel. Reverend sir, can you deny this by accepting an invitation to debate with any of our Infidel speakers? Did you not back down from a challenge after accepting? Can you name a single Infidel, who is a representativ Infidel, who refused to debate? Do not point to the polecat Braden, a man who is guilty of publishing the most contemptible lies about R. G. Ingersoll and family—lies so infamous that Christian papers of his own denomination denounced them as lies and Braden as a liar. Can you deny this? Can you name a Christian publishing house that has ever published any debates between Infidels and Christians? What Christian newspaper has published the debates between Ingersoll and Black, Fisher, Field, Gladstone; between Bennett and Mair, Humphrey, and other Christians; or between Jamieson and Ditzler, Eccles, and other Christians; or between Underwood and Marples, Burgess, and other Christians, and other discussions? After Ingersoll's unhorsing of several representativ Christians in America, and then Christianity's picking out a champion in England, the Honorable Gladstone, to debate with him, then after Gladstone is unhorsed and beaten in every point, does it not sound childish to say that Infidels fear discussions? If you are itching for a debate, I presume you can be accommodated. Whenever you feel inclined to discussion, the Infidels of Hillsboro will find one to accommodate you.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no god.

That is good Christian argument to prove the existence of a God, although it is neither courteous nor fair, but, reverend sir, do you not know that as a rule children and fools tell the truth?

Clark Braden is one of the best-learned men in America.

If Braden is the most learned man in America, there are very few outside of J. Campbell, V.D.M., that know it. He is better known as a notorious liar, denounced as a liar by his own church papers, denounced as a liar by B. F. Underwood before an audience in Salem, O., and requested then and there to take the platform and defend himself from the charge. He failed to do so. The local papers printed the particulars at the time. His *forte* is to dog some Liberal speaker who will not notice him. Why does he not dog the lecturers Underwood and Jamieson? He has debated with both, and was badly defeated. Like a whipped puppy, he declines. Do you know that one of the leading Campbellite papers defended Ingersoll, and characterized Braden's pamphlet as lies and a libel and Braden as a liar? A sample of his meanness was shown here when he by the aid of his brethren tried to crowd Putnam out of the court house. At the conclusion of Putnam's lecture, Braden brought out the Christian snake, with its hisses. Are you not proud of your Christian hisses? The Christian snake can hiss, but its bite is weak. Did the Infidels hiss Braden, even when he was lying his best? Which acted the most morally?

W. C. Clow.

Upper Mattole, Cal., July 31, 1888.

Mr. Editor: I see that one of your essayists has taken the pains to write an answer to Robert Ingersoll, in which he attempts to show how absurdly the colonel spoke, and which party is in favor of the poor man and the people in general. I am not a politician, neither do I pretend to be, but as ignorant as I am, I can easily show your free trade essayist a few points in politics.

He tells us that the Republican party is opposed to the surrender of any part of the protectiv system, even in order to reduce the surplus in the treasury, which surplus, he says, is $580,000,000. The best way of answering this is to show the action of the Republicans in Congress.

Mr. John Sherman, in his celebrated speech delivered in the United States Senate Jan. 4, 1888, said: "I am willing, as requested by the president, to join in a careful examination of the details of our tariff laws with a view to the reduction of taxes to the extent stated by him, but not in a manner recommended by him. . . . I prefer that policy which looks to the interests of our own people rather than to those of foreign nations. I prefer the policy of reducing prices by home competition rather than by foreign competition; of cheapening raw materials by increased production, and the improvement of our rivers and harbors, and the competition of our railroads. In other words, I prefer the development, increase, and growth of the production and employment of our own countrymen by the aid of our revenue laws, without respect to the policy or theories or interests of other nations."

Hon. Joseph N. Dolph, in his speech delivered in the United States Senate March 12, 1888, said: "The reduction of the revenues under the protectiv policy should be made in such a manner as not to destroy our manufacturing industries, or to disturb unnecessarily the business interests of the country. Instead of placing upon the free list articles which come in direct competition with our great domestic industries, as is proposed by the Mills bill, if there are articles now subject to duty which are not produced in the United States, they should be placed on the free list."

Hon. Wm. P. Fry said in his speech delivered in the United States Senate Jan. 23, 1888: "But, Mr. President, there is a surplus. What shall be done with that? I object to the surplus just as vehemently as does the president. We need nothing and ought to hav nothing more than a working surplus. Democratic incapacity has afflicted us with this evil, and if we are not careful the same incapacity in providing a remedy for the disease will by mistake administer poison to the patient. The disposition of this surplus does not seem to me a very serious problem. Some of it ought to be wisely expended in the restoration of our merchant marine; in the building of a navy; in the erection of necessary coast and harbor fortifications; in the education of the people." If I had room and time, I could cite dozens of other cases equally as conclusiv as these I hav just quoted, from such men as Hoar, Edmunds, Harrison, Cameron, Platt, Wilson, etc., that compose the Republican party.

The gentleman has said in his article that the surplus was $580,000,000. I am surprised to think that a free trader could come as near as $520,000,000 to that surplus, which is about $60,000,000; but I am not surprised to see that those numbers are more instead of less.

Again, Mr. F. M. Holland attempts to make a free trade point by giving a case where, under a protectiv tariff, the people of the United States are forced to buy nickel from a few mines in the United States for a trifle more than they would under free trade. Why does not the Democratic party, if she is in favor of the poor man and against a few rich men, put sugar and molasses on the free list? The Republicans are. No other articles are of more universal use, and none more generally placed in the list of necessaries. They are found in every home, the rich and the poor alike. Louisiana is the only state that produces these articles to any extent, and all of these two articles produced in the United States is but a small fraction of what is consumed annually. From those the government collected impost duties in the fiscal year 1886-1887 to the amount of $58,004,358. Thus the poor people hav to pay annually the greater part of $58,000,000 under Democratic economy, while a few rich men hav to pay a few thousand dollars for nickel.

The gentleman says "that the great question is not tariff against free trade, but simply tariff *vs.* tariff." Almost any intelligent American knows the difference between the two parties on the tariff question. The Republican party is in favor of protecting all great home industries against foreign competition, while the Democratic party wants to put them on the free list and only retain a tariff for revenue, which simply means no protection at all. The conclusion that Mr. Holland comes to is that the question is, Tariff *vs.* tariff. I might say that it is, Free trade *vs.* free trade; but both statements would be dishonestly misleading and fallacious.

Mr. Holland writes that Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and the full line of those old heroes were as the Democratic party is to-day on the tariff issue. Let us go ahead and look for the truth of this, whether our examination confirms our preconceived ideas or not. The first Congress that assembled under our national Constitution determined to secure the needed revenue to run the government and pay their debts by a duty on imports. They proceeded to declare that in the imposition of such duties regard should be had not only to revenue but to the development of American industries, in the following express terms: "Whereas it is necessary for the support of government, for the discharge of debts of the United States, and for the encouragement and protection of manufactures, that duties be laid on goods, wares, and merchandise imported; therefore, be it enacted," etc.

George Washington, in an annual message, said: "Congress hav repeatedly and not without success directed their attention to the encouragement of manufactures. The object is of too much consequence not to insure a continuance of their efforts in every way which shall appear eligible."

John Adams, in a special message to Congress, said: "The manufacture of arms within the United States still invites the attention of the national legislature. At a considerable expense to the public, this manufacture has been brought to such a state of maturity as with continued encouragement will supersede the necessity of future importation from foreign countries."

Thomas Jefferson in his annual message said: "To cultivate peace, and maintain commerce and navigation in all their lawful enterprises, to foster our fisheries as nurseries to navigation for the nurture of man, and to protect the manufactures adapted to our circumstances, these are the landmarks by which we are to guide ourselvs."

These quotations are sufficient, but I might multiply them indefinitly, however. I will end with the words of General Garfield. In his letter accepting the Republican nomination for the presidency in 1880, he said: "In reference to our customs laws a policy should be pursued which will bring revenues to the treasury, and will enable the laborer and capital employed in our great industries to compete fairly in our own markets with the labor and capital of foreign producers. We legislate for the people of the United States and not for the whole world, and it is our glory that the American laborer is more intelligent and better paid than his foreign competitor. Our country cannot be independent unless its people with their abundant natural resources possess the requisit skill at any time to clothe, arm, and equip themselvs for war, and in time of peace to produce all the necessary implements of labor. It was the manifest intention of the founders of the government to provide for the common defense—not by standing armies alone, but by raising among the people a greater army of artisans, whose intelligence and skill should powerfully contribute to the safety and glory of the nation."

I do not know what Mr. Holland has said in The Truth Seeker before the 14th of July issue about the prosperity of the country under low tariffs; but I do know, and so should everyone know who is familiar with the history of the United States, the financial condition of the country from 1848 to 1860, when the country had free trade. Money was scarce, people were unable to pay their debts—commercial distress and a bankrupted government in the end. This is the brilliant record of free trade which the Democratic party compliment themselvs in following.

If Mr. Holland will study the financial records of our country from the beginning, he will find that in 1860, the close of the last period of a low tariff, our exports were only $336,576,057, and imports $356 616,119, leaving a balance of trade against us of $20,040,062. In 1880 our exports had risen to $835,638,658, and imports to $667,954,746, leaving a balance of trade in our favor of $167,683,912, an amount one-half as large as our entire export trade in 1860. Our total commerce in 1860 aggregated only $687,000,000, while in 1880 it reached $1,500,000,000.

It is an interesting fact that during the period of a low tariff, from 1848 to 1860 inclusiv, there was but one year in which the balance of trade was in our favor, and the net balance against us in these thirteen years was $396,216,161, drawn out of the country in gold to pay for foreign goods. Yet during the last thirteen years under a protectiv tariff only one year has the balance of trade been against us, while the aggregate in our favor has reached the magnificent sum of $1,612,659,755.

Mr. Holland is very decided about which party he will join, because he is in favor of the workingman and no other party and the Democratic party exactly meets his wishes. I do not see how one's ideas can be so inconsistent—so absurd and unjust. But before we approve what he says, let us examin one of the late acts of that party and we shall be surprised that it is quite opposit to what he writes.

Senators Hoar, Blair, and Stewart, three Republican members of the United States Senate, hav interested themselvs in protecting government laborers from the encroachments of officials. The Blair bill provides that all laborers who hav worked more than eight hours per day since the Hoar bill passed shall be allowed pay for the extra time. And the Stewart amendment provides that it shall be unlawful for any agent or officer of the government to make a contract with any laborer to work more than eight hours per day except under certain conditions, or contract for any lower rate of wages on account of such lessened hours of work. This eight-hour labor bill passed the United States Senate, every Democratic senator but four voting against it.

Now, I say that the Democratic party is against the poor people, the laboring people—in fact, the American people. Being in with the Cobden Club, they are against the American and for the English and foreign manufacturers, English and foreign capitalists—in fact, in favor of every country but their own. They want our well-paid workmen to work for foreign wages. Where they now get $2 a day and are able to make fortunes, to work for twenty cents a day and die serfs. Instead of having millions of money coming into our country annually, to hav millions of money going out.

I now ask Mr. Cleveland's *legatus pro prætore* to make a more thorough investigation of the subject he has been writing on, and to be more satisfactory in his demonstrations.

W. T. S. Hadley.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Death of Jerry.

[Jerry was the name of a beautiful skylark, a great pet of its owner, James Warburton, proprietor of Crossbrook greenhouses. The bird was much admired by all who had the pleasure of listening to its wonderful and melodious notes.]

No more we list thy matin song,
O minstrel bright and fair!
No more shall thy clear notes resound
Upon the perfumed air.

Thou gavest freely music sweet,
In full, unstinted measure;
Thy mission great and grand and good—
To giv to others pleasure.

Thy notes grew sweeter every day,
Nearing the shore of rest;
Deep, rich, and full, with cadence clear,
Thy last song was thy best.

But now a hush is on thy breast,
Mute is thy tender throat;
No more 'mid Cressbrook's buds and flowers
Will float thy thrilling note.

No more the rounds of daily toil
Thou'lt cheer with woodnotes soft,
Or bear the thought of wearied brain
On wings of hope aloft.

No more thou'lt greet with happy chirp
The tread of welcome feet.
The film of death is on thine eyes;
Thy heart has ceased to beat.

Whence came that glorious gift of song,
Poured forth on rising wing?
Whence the wealth of echoing trill
That made the welkin ring?

Alas! we know not. We but know
Thou'st lived thy life, like man—
Fulfilled thy destiny, like him,
A part of nature's plan.

I question all of time and space,
All that we learn and know,
If I'm forevermore to liv,
Why shouldst not thou, also?

Thou canst not tell, nor need we seek
With speculativ thought,
The mysteries of life to break—
To solve the common lot.

But may we take to heart and heed
The lesson of the lark—
With hope and trust, with love and truth,
The hours of life to mark.

To rise above all things that harm,
All clouds that dim the light;
With flood of song to greet the dawn,
After the stormy night.

Skyward to soar from fretful ills,
From wounds that hurt and bind;
Earthward to seek for good to do,
For help to human kind.

Thus, may we grow in tender grace,
By making others blest;
And our last songs, so sweet, so true,
Shall, like the lark's, be best.

Fall River, Mass. S. H. W.

High-Chair Philosophy.

From Babyhood.

The pastor's little girl, three years old, had been running up and down the room for some time, when she suddenly tumbled down. Papa looked up from his book, expecting her accustomed yell, when, to his surprise, she repeated in her indescribably droll manner the Golden text of the previous Sabbath: "God is the judge; he putteth down one and setteth up another."

It is well known that pins grow yellow with age, but little Georgie B—— has a new name for them. The other day his mamma sent him to her toilet cushion in great haste, exclaiming: "Run, Georgie, and see if you can find me a pin of any kind." Georgie returned pinless, and demurely reported: "Mamma, I can't find a pin of any kind, neither white, black, nor cream-colored."

Ruth, three years old, had patiently committed to memory the twenty-third Psalm. One day, at the table, as was frequently the case, she upset her cup of milk. Mamma's reproval was arrested by her quaint application of scripture: "Mamma, that's *my* cup that runneth over."—*Mrs. M. E. B., Lowell, Mass.*

"Tommy," said the teacher, "if you should eat two-thirds of that apple and giv one-third to your little sister, how much would be left for me?" "I guess, ma'am, you would hav to eat the core."

A bright little girl of three, seeing a cloud envelop the moon, said: "Auntie, the moon is going to sleep now; see 'em pull the sheet up over it."

A teacher was hearing a grammar class of small beginners, of which Jim was a member. She was trying to make them understand about nouns. "Can you tell me," she said to the little boy, "what 'Jim' is?" He answered: "Mamma says I'm a case."

A little fellow, who had never seen cake with coriander seed in it, went visiting with his mother, and such cakes were handed around. After a little it was discovered that he was picking his cake to pieces. "Don't you like it, sonny?" asked the lady. "Oh, yes'm," he replied, "and I am going to eat it, as soon as I pick all the fleas out."

Baby Fanny had been learning the catechism. So seeing a man pass who had but one arm, she called out: "Mamma, didn't God hav enough dirt to make that man another arm?"

A little boy laid his stick of candy on the mantel while he buttoned his shoes. His sister, seeing it, waltzed around the room, reaching the candy as she passed and hastily eating it. When her brother had finished buttoning his shoes and reached for it, lo! it was gone. "You hav my candy, miss; giv it to me," he cried. "Brother," she answered, "if you ever eat that candy, you will hav to be the whale and I'll hav to be Jonah."—*Mrs. B. R. I., Lexington, Mo.*

Our four-year-old thus settled the question of his whereabouts on a Sunday morning not long since. One of his special lady friends said to him: "Homan, I did not see you in church yesterday; were you there?" "Oh, yes. I was there." "Where did you sit?" "I sat with mamma." "Where did mamma sit?" "Why, she sat with me, of course." "Well, then, where did you both sit?" "Why, we sat together, of course." We enjoy watching his mental development, and are often amazed by his readiness to define some new word which he has added to his rapidly increasing vocabulary. The other day he used the word promis, and he was asked to tell its meaning. He replied: "To promis is to keep it in your mind, keep it in your mind, keep it in your mind till you do it." Webster givs no better definition, I am sure.—*W., Medina, N. Y.*

He Pawned His Baby's Clothes.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a well-dressed young man to several companions, as they settled down in an uptown café the other evening, when the decanter was passed. "The fact is, boys, I hav quit drinking; in fact, I hav sworn off." He was greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly fellows around him; they put the decanter under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking something's up. Tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, though I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you just the same. I hav been a hard drinker all my life; ever since I was married, as all you fellows know. I love whisky; it's as sweet to me as sugar, and God only knows how I'll quit it. For five years not a day has passed over my head that I didn't hav a cocktail before breakfast and many drinks through the day. But I'm done.

"Yesterday I was over on the East Side. Down in the Bowery a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop. I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing seedy-looking clothes, and with the appearance of not having seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little parcel in his hand.

"Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker. 'Giv me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes—little bits of things, with the bottoms only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn once or twice.

"'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker.

"'Got them at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face, despite his sad condition. 'My wife bought them for my baby. Giv me ten cents for them; I want a drink.'

"'You had better take these shoes back to your wife. The baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker.

"'No, she won't need them, because she's dead. She's lying in the house now; she died last night.'

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the counter, and wept like a child. Boys, you can laugh if you like, but I hav a little baby of my own up home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop." As he got up and went out his companions ceased laughing, and in a moment each was busily engaged in reading a newspaper. Even a *Mail and Express* reporter, who chanced to be in earshot, felt a moisture about his eyes.

Bootblacks Who Help One Another.

A reporter called to a little bootblack near the city hall to giv him a shine yesterday. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and planted his box down under the reporter's feet. Before he could get his brushes out another larger boy ran up and calmly pushing the little one aside, said: "Here, you go sit down, Jimmy." The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out. "Oh, dat's all right, boss!" was the reply. "I'm only goin' to do it fur him—you see he's been sick in the hospital for more'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and giv him a lift when we can, savy?" "Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly, go ahead," and as the bootblack plied the brush, the reporter plied him with questions. "You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselvs, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean?"

"I mean what part of the money do you giv Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet yer life I don't keep none; I ain't no such sneak as that."

"So you giv it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys giv up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy, I would."

The shine being complete, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying: "I guess you're a pretty good fellow; so you keep ten cents and giv the rest to Jimmy there."

The Diet of Strong Men.

The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads, and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion, and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olivs, yet he walks off with his load of a hundred pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more activ, and can endure more, than the negro, fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisit of endurance.

Laughter.

Chavasse, an eminent surgeon, says: Encourage your child to be merry and to laugh aloud; a good, hearty laugh expands his chest and makes his blood bound merrily along. Commend me to a good laugh—not to a little snickering laugh, but to one that will sound through the house; it will not only do your child good, but will be a benefit to all who hear, and be an important means of driving the blues away from a dwelling. Merriment is very catching, and spreads in a remarkable manner, few being able to resist the contagion. A hearty laugh is delightful harmony; indeed, it is the best of all music.

Correspondence.

PACIFIC, MO., Aug. 8, 1888.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON: Please pardon my intrusion. I am a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav read the letter of R. E. Tounsley to the children, Aug. 4, 1888. If ever the truth comes uppermost and ever is justice done, it will only be when people will cease to confuse, to misplace, here to deny, there to defame it. I am confident that no honest truth seeker knowingly will do either, least of all yourself.

We are afflicted with many evils, but the fact is, man is the greatest cause of all evil himself. In fact, there is nothing in this wide world, in this broad universe, from which life in general, and man particularly, suffers as much. He not only confuses his fellow-being by subjecting his thoughts to his own thoughts, his own ignorant assumptions of life and laws, but endangers the ways to liberty, and the finding out of the truth itself, of unity of action, and reform. Man throughout this world rules and designs. And yet this power with which he does this is made out to be, by some Liberal thinkers, a nonentity. It is made out that man is void of a soul.

Such is the drift of Mr. Tounsley's letter. And you, Miss Wixon, saw fit to lay it before the children. To convey an idea to a child that it has no soul, that there is no soul in things even, is barbaric, inhuman; is against oneself, against broad nature, does not tend to moral self-conviction, givs no incentiv to act and liv well. Man, as such, is the soul of the universe at large, of eternal matter. What is his thought, his consciousness, his reason, his volition? Is it not his soul that givs him mental sight, that makes him what he is, a man? Is man a man, a conscientious being, because of his physical constitution, or because of his brain, his intellectual capacity? Without that a child can hav no thought of duty, nor honor for its parents nor anything. Man to hav no soul! That idea has often found its vent through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Bennett had none, then; Paine had none; all the great, the noble, that ever lived had none; all whose thoughts are yet activ and inspiring. Ingersoll has none, and you, dear Miss Wixon, hav none, with all your hopes, your love, and inspiration. No, such doctrins are repulsiv and degrading, instead of elevating.

Yours truly, AUG. H. KRUGER.

LEADVILLE, COL., July 28, 1888.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON: Inclosed you will find $1 which some little friends of mine wish placed against their names on the Father Hacker Fund: Jennie Dumphy, aged seven years, fifty cents; George Dumphy, aged thirteen years, twenty-five cents; Emma Dumphy, aged eleven years, twenty-five cents. Their father reads THE TRUTH SEEKER, and they became interested in the good old man because he is sick; they want to know how he is in health every week when the paper comes. Georgie works for a dairyman on a ranch; Emma helps her ma about the housework. When there is school, then they go to school. Jennie says to tell you that she has two brothers and three sisters; that she can write some, but not good enough to write to you. I am,

Respectfully, MRS. J. A. AKEAS.

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Jennie, George, and Emma Dumphy	1.00
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[The above sum has been duly forwarded to Mr. Hacker, and we are sure our aged friend feels very grateful to our young Liberals for their kindness. If any child desires to write him, his address is Berlin, N. J.—ED. C. C.]

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(Which, TRUTH SEEKER observes, is common sense,
Beyond the average poem's just pretense),
But scribbling out a simple little story.
For any fibs you'll please giv God the glory,
For any merit please giv me the credit,
And render all due thanks when you hav read it.

There is a place that's called the Smoky City;
It has that reputation, more's the pity
That nicknames cling when we hav long outgrown
them;
In cases like this people shouldn't own them;
For 'tis most undeserved—a clearer air,
A purer sky, you'll not find anywhere.
And when the "heathen" pilgrim's feet here roam
A faithful chorus bids him welcome home.

And so it was that when the glowing mist,
Hiding the rose-blush, where the sunrise kissed
The tender east, unveiled the morning light
Laughing the dewdrops into jewels bright;
When the long journey o'er the purple hills
Became a past, whose benison distils
The peace of Liberty, that dwells on hights
Lifted toward stars—heeding no lower lights;
When all that I hav written heretofore became
A part of yesterday's eternal claim,
I met again those veterans of wars
Whose peaceful battles left no hideous scars:
But yet upon each forehead sealed the seal
Of purpose highly wrought, of earnest zeal,
Of long endeavor in the cause that burns
Within their hearts, and gloriously turns
E'en dim-eyed Age into a lustrous glow,
Like glancing north-light on the Arctic snow.

And, *a propos*, our secretary's call
Bids all the faithful gather here next fall,
When the soft haze of Indian Summer reigns
About the hill-tops, like Love's tender chains.
Now, brethren—"sistern" too—from far and near
He that hath ears to hear, let him hear:
Don't fail to come! Miss it and you'll be sorry.
My word—I've been there! There's the stanch
"Old Harry,"
The "noble Roman," and our Mr. Grundy,
His wife too, God bless her—no outlandish Sunday
Of Pennsylvania Blue laws chains her nature;
No church can bind that democratic creature.
Then there's the jeweler with his Russian name—
'Twould take too long for me to write the same,
And even if I did, 'twere sad to tell
Whether 'twere harder to pronounce or spell.
However, this is all a moonshine matter—
A name's a name—no more; of course rose-attar
Would smell as sweet if 'twere written sk——
Oh, now I've done it! Pardon—didn't "thunk!")
Well, when you feel a trifle too important,
As if you owned a few worlds more or less,
Had solved all problems in and out of court, and
Had some knowledge to throw in, address
This modest, unpretentious little Russian,
And get yourself into a good discussion.
Just lay your theories out coolly, slowly
(Be careful not to put in any "holy,"
For by the gods you'll find you've holes enough in
Before you finish with your mental scufflin');
Elaborate, with all due ostentation,
On every detail giv full explanation,
And when you've finished to your satisfaction,
Giv him his cue. O Lord! A double, back-action,
Two-edged, three-ply play of forked lightning
Were slow beside his cuts! To put in writing
The naive and gentle way he asks a question
That sets you spinning, like a last year's nest on
Fall winds borne, is more than I can hit off;
It must be heard—it can't be read or writ off.
But, Marc-us, mark *me*, though I cannot catch
you,
You're growing up some children that'll fetch you.

Yet do you know the last day of the season
(I lectured on replacing God with reason)
This modern Socrates liked the discourse
So well he moved a vote of thanks; of course,
The Union seconded and said Amen,
"Old Harry" handed me the vote, and then—
I hate to own it, I'm not sentimental—
But somehow that did touch me—it unbent all
My small dignity, and a big wink dropped!
Do you suppose they thanked *because I stopped?*
Maybe 'twas so—the day was awful hot;
'Twas weather most unrighteous, freshly brought
By some Calvinian crank from Old Nick's kitchen,
With broiling smells, such as God's word is rich in.
Yet that conclusion makes my vain heart grieve;
it
Isn't flattering, and I shan't believe it.
I've very little faith in myth or fable;
But I believe those people wear the label
Of clear, deep candor in their honest eyes;
They can't be roasted into telling lies.
They won't be scared—more than one preacher's
tried it.
Each owns his mind; no other can decide it.
And so, by putting this and that together,
I don't believe it was the sweaty weather:
I don't believe that vote misrepresented.
Think what you like, but I believe they meant it.
For I believe the long-contested battle
With God's hot-shot, and hell's infernal rattle
Dinned in their ears by Presbyterian preachers,
Has made them honest toward their fellow-creatures,
Hating the fraud, the shallow, base pretension,
Of those who offer prayerful intervention
To save the soul from Christ's paternal yearning
To show his love by an eternal burning;
Whose panacea for desire is "Pray for it,"
Then pass the hat that you may meekly pay for it
The prayer, I mean); who tell of gold-paved
streets,
And feather-legged angels, piteous bleats
Of *Agnus Dei's*, till John's "towers of jasper"
Turn into hitch-posts in a big sheep-pasture—
Hating these things, I say, the Pittsburgh Union
Has, by sheer opposition, earned a boon, one
Can but envy them—a disposition
To uphold truth. It is an acquisition
All Liberals are proud of! It will pierce
Like Voltaire's dagger, polished, steel-like, fierce,
Into the marrow of the church's bones.
En parenthese, it's run by Pierce and Jones,
Not Davy, but the other.

Ah, dear Truth!
Bright as the glance of starbeams, strong like
youth,
Flashing thy splendor through the heavy night,
Heraldic emblem of the coming light!
How many, struggling for thy glorious prize,
Hav breathed their lives out like a sacrifice!
How willingly hav laid at thy fair feet
Their little all that it might be complete;
And had no hope, no thought of petty gain,
No care that all the world mocked it as vain.
'Twas not in vain! Nay, while the rolling world
Sweeps down the cycles—while the shadows curl'd
And gray and shrunken, like a rim of smoke,
Volcanic whisper from the rock-lips broke,
Are torn and shredded by thy lightning-stroke!
Long as the east shall womb her suns unborn
And night's trailed splendors rush to meet the
morn,
So long their deeds will liv in heart and brain,
Pointing the higher way! No truth is vain.

But here am I up in a peroration!
I'll clip my wings and get back to narration.
The long and short is this—these, *in truth*, rich
ones,
Hav had so many tussles with the Christians,
And worsted them so oft, that, though their hell
Has lost all flavor save an oldish smell.
They've aped so well their God—pray hav no
doubt of 'em—
With little hells they've cooked the lies all out of
'em.

And yet to hint that 'tis their sole attraction,
This creed of truthfulness, were base detraction.
They've all the romance of the blue-bent skies
Lanced, like a Moorish veil, by starry eyes;
And all the music of swift-running waters,
Like laughter rippling from Joy's bright-lipped
daughters;
And all the majesty of solemn hills
Whose rocky echo like a deep song thrills,
Kingly, sublime, yet all uncrowned of men,
Wearing the sun-gold for a diadem.
And all the gifts that breathe poetic passion
Fall free from Nature's hand, as rain-drops plash
on
The fair green earth, which brightens into bloom
Even as hope which blossoms on a tomb
Where tears hav fallen.

'Tis a pretty sight
To stand upon Mount Washington at night,
And look away over the glowing stage
Whereon these thousands play their parts. Fierce
Rage,
Pride and Ambition, Anger, Hate, and Lust
Are stalking there Want gnaws his meager crust,
Red Murder lurks in hollow, caverned eyes,
Grief, Sorrow, and Despair breathe unheard sighs.
And still the stage is lit! Love drops her smiles,
And Gaiety whirls down the brilliant aisles:
Joy treads with happy feet and laughs at tears,
Hope points her hand and bids good-bye to fears.
What need hav they, these happy ones, to know
The pain that rends the suffering hearts below?
Why should they see the gaunt and shadowy
things
Cowering and cursing in the darkened wings?
Trip "down the front"—your act, O Joy, is brief,
And all too soon you'll play the part of Grief!
And all too soon you'll feel the dagger-dart
Driven by woe into your very heart!
The wave is light, but down beneath the wave
Lies the dark ocean-bed, a giant grave!
Life's wine waves laugh, but down beneath the
laugh
Lies the dark misery no throat can quaff!
And well for him who dwells upon the hights
Untouched by joy or grief. The red stage lights
Show to his clearer gaze the coming time
When the "drop" bell will peal a deadly chime
To ring the curtain down upon an awful crime.

But here again my wings are growing out;
It is remarkable how fast they sprout!
I've serious thoughts of making application
To God, or Beelzebub, for a situation,
To hunt up comets, or waylay the preachers
And scare 'em on dark nights. The holy teachers
Might think about that song the faithful sing:
"Take me beneath the shadow of thy wing;"
And then, again, they might, which is more
likely,
Run like a sinner, hollering, "God almighty!"

I hope my nonsense doesn't "make you tired;"
This poem's what John Byers calls inspired,
Though not to spoil it by anticipation
I'll tell that further on in the narration.
You see, Friend Byers, a long time ago,
Pulled himself out of superstition's slough,
And feeling, as God did, that "it was good,"
Wanted to help his neighbors all he could.
And so, last June-time, he secured a hall,
Engaged your scribe, made the thing free to all,
And one bright evening in the perfumed weather
A crowd of solemn Christians got together.
(Of course, there was a sprinkling of the heathen,
Doubtful of soul—waiting for God to breathe one.)
Well, the good people put on nice, long faces,
Like they were going to twang off David's praises,
Puckered their foreheads, scanned me with their
eyes,
Folded their arms, and looked, oh, very wise!
I thought: "Dear Christians, if looks don't disguise us,
You're fairly stupid and most awfully righteous."
And do you know, I talked for one straight hour
Before they felt their livers turning sour?
For fact, they would hav swallowed the whole
dose,
Had I not shocked them just about the close,
And never known but what 'twas good, sound
preaching,
Until their stomachs gave a mighty retching.
I spoke about that lie, "In God we trust,"
Hoping the time was coming, as it must,
When money'll be on such a solid basis
No *trust's* required in God. Oh my, the faces!
The livers all at once began to frolic,
And out they went as if they'd all the colic!
Of course, the Liberals were all amused,
Myself among them. May I be excused,
Dear Christians—I don't like the game of trust;
But clearly in your case it's "trust or bust."

This lecture was delivered in the country
Six miles from Greensburg; 'tis a pretty place,
But when the Ghost-killer is on the hunt, he
Can't do better than to run a chase
Around these hills and kill a few old ghosts,
Such as the churches hoard here, by the hosts.
I met my pleasant friend old Mr. Null
(Though *void's* no name for what's inside his skull)
And had a chatty time on various topics,
Including crops and gods, frigids and tropics;
On politics we struck a different note—
He votes for Ingersoll, and I—don't vote.
A good, tried thinker, though; been through the
fires
Of fierce church hatred; so has Mr. Byers.
About that theory of inspiration,
The best I ever heard. "Moses's creation,
And Josh and Jim and Peter, all inspired!"
"Yes," says our friend, "and here's the thought
he's sired.
One day while talking with a Christian neighbor,
Trying to get his thinking powers to labor,
Which, by the way, was rather a newish field,
The Christian said: "Our law has been revealed
By inspired writers."
"Well, what's to inspire?"
"Oh, to be filled up with God's holy fire."
"Not so, my friend; 'tis to draw in one's breath,
A thing we'll all do, till we're choked by Death.
An *in*spired man, then, is a man that's living;
An *ex*pired man is dead. The thing is plain,
Of course you're right—don't hav the least misgiving,
No dead man wrote it." Comment would be vain.

I passed some pleasant days at Frankfort Springs,
Days when the sunlight spread his golden wings
And rested softly on the rose-wreathed earth,
Kissing the buds until the bloom came forth.
And when the night queen's silver shining bark
Sailed slowly up the long blue bays of dark,
Gliding serenely o'er the heavenly lake,
The star-foam rushing in her whitening wake;
When every blade of grass a shining tear
Dropped, like sad lashes, on the dead Day's bier;
When the warm breezes nestled in each tree,
As children nestle 'gainst their mother's knee,
As sleepy children, weary with their play,
Close their sweet eyes, while Slumber steals away
Their tired senses, so the breezes creep
Into the silence of a dewy sleep;
Only the lit leaves' gentle flutterings seem
The quivering smile of childhood's happy dream;
When all the soothing sounds that fold and press
And fill the soul full of life's blessedness,
Stole o'er the landscape like a tide of peace,
Hushing all harshness with a gentle "Cease,"
The better life, the higher hopings, came
Like speaking things, and gently called my name,
And bade me look forever toward the best,
So a wide love might ever be my guest:
Might steal from hatred all its keenest sting,
And take from life its every bitter thing.
For who can know each joyless circumstance,
Each fair deceit, that served but to enhance
The struggles for the Right, misunderstood,
Misnamed, misplaced, the bad accounted good?
And who can know the years of lonely strife,
Or by a single act, dare judge a life?
Hatred is garish—'neath its yellow ray
Acts gleam like points; the rest is torn away.
But Love's white radiance throws a mystic veil
That puts all action from our judgment's pale.

Long, long I shall remember those clear springs
Under the rock shades, where the water sings.
Nor less recall the gentle poet guide
Who showed the wonders of that country-side.
A man whom nature gifted with a pen
Which might hav stirred all that is best in men;
But yet, so simple, modest are his words,
They fall unconscious as the song of birds;
And like the bird whose sweetest music rings
Where solitude its freest echo flings,
The soul which breathes these thoughts where
genius thrills,
Livs all unnoticed, 'mong these green-crowned
hills:
Loving the lowly, toiling with the poor,
Asking the right to lift and help—no more.

And then, oh, then, that blessed Christian lady
Who used to tell me when my meals were ready!
Look at this picture of religious folly!
A visage sallow, lean, and melancholy,
The most lugubrious eyes, a prayerful pose,
Mouth like a trap, a hatchet for a nose,
As pleasant to converse with as a dummy,
The *tout ensemble* like an Egyptian mummy!
Heavens! what a lot of God she did hav in her!
I know she must; no ordinary sinner
Could hav withstood my long attempts to win her.
But when one day the milk was sour at dinner,
I gave it up—I knew it was no use;
Defeat is odious, but I couldn't choose.
It is so strange that, to be good, these people
Hav to make faces long as a Christian steeple,
And hate themselves and everybody else,
Turning their homes to ably patterned hells.

One Sunday, 'twas the twenty-fourth of June,
The broad Ohio's waters were in tune,
As down their bosom swept a picnic boat;
The Sabbath breaking wicked were afloat!
Our pious friends will please note this deduction:
Christians on board—that saved us from destruction.
The skurrying ripples laughed and danced and
sung,
The naiads' arms about our craft were flung,
The people got the fever in their feet
And danced and laughed too. Down the watery
street
We swept swift past the famed McKeesport rocks;
Presto! they had us shut within the locks.

Ah, what rare music's in a waterfall!
Down, down it shivers like a silver wall,
Above, the foam curls like a snowy smoke,
Below, the chimes ring like a clear bell's stroke;
Down, down we float between the shimmering
banks,
Where Nature's Antony marshals his shining
ranks,
Assaults the shadows, puts them all to rout,
Then finds his Cleopatra in a cloud.
Ah, many another conqueror finds it sweet
To yield his triumph for love's dear defeat!
We talked, played cards, and ate, and ate, and ate,
And ate again; and got home very late.
Moral: Successful picnics ground in this short
sum-up,
A lot of viands, and a hungry stomach.

The Tuesday after, having packed my grip,
(And got the train-time right), prepared to "skip:"
Said *Au revoir* until the coming fall,
When, once again, I hope to meet you all.
Be sure and come, now—you will be delighted;
Besides, refusal's rude when one's invited.
Hotels are good—the bedsteads hav nice springs—
Not too many of the "get there's" "without wings."
To set a stylish, neat, and tempting table
There's no one better than our Pittsburgh Abel;
Always obliging, ready to meet your wishes
With widest choice—foreign and nativ dishes,
With pretty titles that are most delicious.
And then, if opposition's what you crave,
There's lots of that—churches enough to save,
If that would do it, the whole population
The earth has witnessed since her first formation.
You'll find Christ's braves with all their bright
war-paint on,
Plotting to slay a thing that doesn't exist,
Praying you'll put God's armor of restraint on,
And swearing you're possessed if you resist:
Fools, frauds, fanatics cutting up their capers,
And any saints' amount of lying papers.

I met some Liberals at Ashtabula,
Had a discussion on the Greek in school, a
Series of nice naps, and altogether
A pleasant time, in spite of rainy weather.
At Cleveland, on the Fourth, we celebrated
By visiting the graves—to get elated.
So quiet is it in that solemn city,
Where the pale headstones gleam like white-armed
Pity,
Seems the great silence of the sacred dead
An altar dear, where Hope and Sorrow wed.
From that tall monument, whose sad gray stone
Marks where a nation's friend finds his last home,
We look upon the peaceful streets below,
Where, soft as flakes, Time's footfalls come and go,
Leaving no touch upon the reflex face,
Whose lineaments our memories still must trace
As we hav known them, when the light showered
round,
Ere we consigned them to the underground.
The grasses sleep, and gently o'er their sleep
The breezes pause and sigh, "O Grave, thou'rt
deep!"
Far off the waters roll; in their dim blue
The eye sees, till it sees no more; they strew
On the near shore, vague fragments, torn and
tossed,
Like half-remembered deeds in distance lost;
And then they go out on the endless surge
That rolls and breaks on the horizon's verge:
Little we know the near, and less can tell
What things are floating on the far-off swell:
Little we know of Life; still less can say
Whether Death laps the shores of Night or Day.

. . . . . .

Out upon Erie's waves—the gliding Dark
Puts out her lamps; the east shoots up a spark
That kindles to a flame—the dawn is lit!
Anon dark clouds roll sullen over it.
The Storm is on the water—its great feet
Pass with wide trampling, like an army's beat;
The white caps rise, the foam is whirled like snow.
Sudden athwart the gray, a brilliant glow
Streams like a meteor, dazzles, disappears,
Gleams out again; the sunlight's fiery spears
Hav pierced the Storm-heart! A wide-gushing
flood
Pours as he dies, and tints the sky with blood.
The red light pales into an amber hue,
Morn opes her eyes, and lifts their glorious blue!

And with the trust that still through ev'ry cloud
May shine the radiance no gloom can shroud,
That each of us may still behold "the true,
The good, the beautiful," I bid adieu.

V. DE C.

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In the bright golden season of fruits and flowers,
With changing season and changeless sun,

With voiceless stars and tuneful birds,
With whispering zephyrs and gentle dews,
We leave this loved wife and mother
Sweetly sleeping, sweetly sleeping, never
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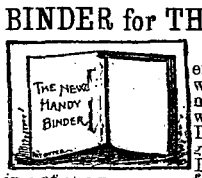
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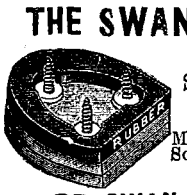
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News of the Week.

CUBAN annexation is talked of.

STRIKES and confusion increase in France.

RAILWAYS throughout Asia Minor are projected.

IRELAND'S Peter's pence hav fallen off since Leo's anti-Nationalist action.

BRAZILIAN planters ask compensation for slaves, but they will not get it.

IN Scotland Catholics hav increased from Irish immigration, and hav established sixty new churches.

ON the 14th the steamship Geiser, from New York, was sunk by collision and 105 lives were lost.

CONGRESS has appropriated $250,000 to investigate the application of irrigation to our arid regions.

A CATHOLIC newspaper announces the conversion to Catholicism of a princess nearly related to Victoria.

CATHOLICISM continues its powerful aid to German Conservativs in suppressing Radicals and labor reformers.

THE National Greenback party is by no means dead, and will hold a convention at Cincinnati September 12th.

AT San Antonio, Tex., Bishop Neraz recently laid the corner-stone of a $10,000 church for colored Catholics.

PARIS scientists are investigating mesmerism and clairvoyance with commendable application and excellent method.

THE patent office pronounces De Bausset's air-ship impracticable, and Congress will not make the expected appropriation.

THE Irish-American Military Convention, held at Albany, N. Y., after electing its national officers adjourned on the 16th.

SEVERAL witnesses who testified before the investigating committee as to immigrant labor hav been discharged by their employers.

REV. GEORGE ELLIS, a rector of Suffolk, Eng., is commencing a seven-year term of convict labor for forgery and other crimes.

PARSON BOTT, expelled from Tottenville, N. Y., before leaving hunted up an editor who had exposed him and dared him to pugilistic combat.

TENANT SOMERS, of Coolroe, Ireland, fortified his place against evictors with earthworks and trenches, and resisted 200 police for some time.

RABBI JOSEPH has been brought here to maintain orthodoxy among the young Jews, who are being made liberal by common schools and association with other races.

ITALY threatens withdrawal of subsidies from Catholic missions in Asia and Africa unless they permit government regulation, and inspection of their curriculum and books.

C. H. COY, a leader in church work at Belvidere, N. J., having beaten his wife and assaulted her with knives for two years, has disappeared, abandoning her and two children.

SCOTCH and English religionists are set by the ears by an address of Dr. Gairdner, president of the British Medical Association, expressing advanced scientific anti-supernatural views.

CHRISTIAN dignitaries warn those going to study in German universities against skepticism and the corrupting customs there, as "the Sabbath is regarded as a day of recreation and pleasure." How corrupt!

THE *Evangelical Messenger* urges religious dominance of politics, and says: "The people of God ought to control this country. Then Christianity may 'mold a mighty state's decrees, and shake the whisper of the throne.'"

CHRISTIANS are taking sides on the utility of praying for rain. "But the only way," remarks the New York *Tribune*, "to reform the Christians whose scientific studies hav led them to distrust the utility of prayers for rain or fair weather would be to keep them from all knowledge of science."

A NATIONAL party called the American party has been organized, and has nominated for president James Langdon Curtis, of New York. It wishes to limit the voting of foreigners, tax church property, and advance our free schools. Catholic papers are alarmed "that the old Knownothing viper should rear his cursed crest again."



A COMPANION TO THAT FISH STORY.

And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.—Num. xiii, 33.

Odds and Ends.

IT is a cold day when the bald-headed spectator gets left. If there is no ballet at the theater there is surf bathing at the beach.

CITIZEN (to stranger): "What are your politics, my friend?" Stranger: "I hav no politics this year; I'm leader of a brass band."

THE small boy may not hav a general knowledge of Shakspere; but if he has a mother he can giv you a definition of "the slippered pantaloon."

A WOMAN in Georgia, while smoking a pipe, was struck by lightning and killed. Lightning shows very poor judgment, considering the number of boys that may be seen smoking cigarets.

HE (gazing at the recent eclipse of the moon): "Ah, dear, isn't it wonderfnl, wonderful?" She (sad and disappointed): "Yes, George; but it isn't nearly so dark as I thought it would be."

BROWN (an editor): "They say half the reading done by the public is of fiction. How dreadful!" Jones (a novelist): "Frightful! I did not suppose the newspapers were perused so extensivly."

MINISTER'S wife (whom illness has kept home from church): "You look tired, my dear." Minister: "Yes; I preached a very short sermon today, and such an unusual exertion has rather exhausted me."

SOME one is advocating gardens on the roof. This will be convenient, at least. When your wife wants a mess of potatoes for dinner, all she will hav to do is to go to the garret and pick them off the ceiling.

FIRST New Yorker (on Broadway): "What's your hurry, Brown?" Second New Yorker (breathlessly): "Hanged if I know! What's yours?" First New Yorker: "Hanged if I know! Let's go and take something."

ALL the pope's jubilee wine is to be distributed among the Italian hospitals, and the orders for extra cots, fire-escape bedrooms, roof facilities, etc., for these institutions are coming in with the precipitancy which might be expected.

"Now, Tommy, don't you feel sorry for all the naughty things you've done to-day?" "Not now, teacher." "You don't?" "I shall be sorry, though, at bedtime, teacher." "Tommy!" "Well, you wouldn't hav me spoil the day bein' sorry, would you? At night I can be sorry for all my sins at once, and save time."

"MY friends," shouted a frenzied temperance orator, "Boston sent last year to Africa one million gallons of rum—accursed rum—while the missionaries on that dark and benighted continent can almost be counted on one's fingers!" "How many—hic—gallons o' rum?" hiccoughed a listener. "One million gallons, sir." "Gra—gracious! An' only few missionaries?" "Yea, friend!" "Gra-gracious! Missionaries in—hic—big luck!"

HIGGINS (meeting his friend Wiggins in restaurant): "By Jove, Tom! I should think you'd be afraid to eat that dish. It's fatal!" Wiggins: "What's the matter? It's only spare-rib and apple sauce." Higgins: "Well, isn't that just what knocked out Adam?"

PRETTY cousin: "And what are you going to do, Bob, when you grow up to be a man?" Bob: "Oh, I mean to be a park policeman, and you shall be my nurse." Cousin: "But policemen don't hav nurses, Bob." Bob: "Oh, don't they, though?" That shows you've never been in the park."

REGINALD: "Elsie, I love you. I——" Elsie (interrupting): "Really, Mr. Regin——" Reginald (interrupting): "Before you finish, come out and hav some wine-jelly, ice-cream, cocoanuts, lemonade, fried oysters, and a sherbet." Elsie (fondly): "Reginald, I *always* loved you."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher: "Johnny, you did splendidly to-day." "Yes, ma'am." "I wish all the little boys in the class would study their lessons as you do. Are you struggling to win the prize?" "Naw. Dad said he'd gimme a ticket to the circus if I got off my lesson without a break."

COUNTRYMAN (to dealer): "I see ye advertise outside 'everythin' supplied fer weddin's.'" "Oh, yes, sir." Countryman: "Ye go the hull business?" Dealer: "Yes, sir." Countryman (earnestly): "I say, mister, how much would ye tax me fer a good, healthy gal what kin milk, an' ain't afraid of work."

THE Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, the great pulpit athlete of Brooklyn, always did expect too much. While preaching to the Thirteenth Regiment the other Sunday at the Peekskill encampment, he cried: "Come up, Robespierre, Talleyrand, Henry the Fifth! Come up from the depths of hell, and with your ashen lips shout a warning against evil doings!" Now, according to the theology expounded by Dr. Talmage himself, the three gentlemen he appealed to could not come up, even if they cared to see the Thirteenth drill: and, if they did, the very circumstance that their lips are ashen would prevent their shouting. Was Dr. Talmage making a bluff?

I MEET him on the corner
Every day in sunny weather.
How he has changed! Why, yes, the man
Is different altogether.
"My family?" 'Tis very queer,
I never thought he knew them.
"He wonders if there's any
Little kindness he can do them?"
"How is my business?" Why, yes;
He's really philanthropic.
He chats on this and that with me,
But lets me choose the topic.
Perhaps he's had a change of heart,
Or is the fellow crazy?
For commonly he is *distrait*
(Another name for lazy).
At last he asks for my "support,"
And "Am I for protection?"
Oh, yes! I'm sure of one warm friend—
Till after next election.

Gems of Thought.

CHRISTIANITY has always opposed every forward movement of the human race. Across the highway of progress it has always been building breastworks of Bibles, tracts, commentaries, prayer-books, creeds, dogmas, and platforms, and at every advance the Christians hav gathered together behind these heaps of rubbish and shot the poisoned arrows of malice at the soldiers of freedom.—*Ingersoll.*

BRUNO, Campanella, Kepler, Vanini, Galilei, Copernicus, Descartes, and Spinoza had to force their way through a snapping and howling pack of monkish fanatics who beset the path of every reformer, and overcame the heroism of all but the stoutest champions of light and freedom. From the tenth to the end of the sixteenth century not less than three million "heretics," *i. e.*, scholars and free inquirers, had to expiate their love of truth in the flames of the stake.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald in The Bible of Nature.*

THE affections of the higher animals are not less tender and warm than those of man. The fidelity and devotion of the dog, the maternal love of the lioness, the conjugal love and connubial fidelity of doves and love-birds are proverbial, and might serve as examples to many men. If these virtues are to be called "instincts," then they deserve the same name in mankind. Lastly, with regard to *thought*, the comparativ consideration of which doubtless presents the most difficulties, this much may with certainty be inferred—especially from an examination of the comparativ psychology of cultivated domestic animals—that the processes of thinking here follow the same laws as in ourselvs. Experiences everywhere form the foundation of conceptions, and lead to the recognition of the connection between cause and effect. . . . Many Christian missionaries, who, after long years of fruitless endeavor to civilize these lowest races, hav abandoned the attempt, express the same harsh judgment, and maintain that it would be easier to train the most intelligent domestic animals to a moral and civilized life, than these unreasoning, brute-like men. For instance, the able Austrian missionary Morlang, who tried for many years without the slightest success to civilize the ape-like negro tribes on the upper Nile, expressly says "that any mission to such savages is absolutely useless. They stand far below unreasoning animals; the latter at least show signs of affection toward those who are kind toward them, whereas these brutal nativs are utterly incapable of any feeling of gratitude."—*Haeckel.*

MAN is possessed by superstition, and scarcely one in a generation has been found, till modern times, totally destitute of it. We hav, I believe, no proof that the animals are superstitious, except those that regard man with so much misplaced reverence. Sir John Lubbock throws out the suspicion that possibly some ants may be superstitious since they keep in their nests, and tend, with the utmost solicitude, certain insect that seem to be absolutely useless to them. This seems very much like the folly of men, who carefully keep and pamper gods, priests, kings, and other nuisances.—*J. Symes.*

HIS majesty in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He asked: What methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who were to be created new lords: whether the humor of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposit to the public interest, ever happened to be motivs in those advancements? What share of knowledge those lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could hav no place among them? Whether those holy lords [bishops] I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilly to follow after they were admitted into that assembly?—*Swift.*

IN Swift's eyes, "ignorance, idleness, and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them." A noble is a wretch, corrupted body and soul, "combining in himself all the diseases and vices transmitted by ten generations of rakes and rascals." A lawyer is a hired liar, wont by twenty years of roguery to pervert the truth if he is an advocate, and sell it if he is a judge. A minister of state is a go-between, who, having disposed of his wife, or brawled for the public good, is master of all offices; and who, in order better to rob the money of the nation, buys members of the House of Commons with the same money. A prince is a practicer of all the vices, unable to employ or love an honest man, persuaded that "the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that confident, positiv, restiv temper, which virtue infused into a man, was a perpetual clog to public business."—*M. Taine.*

STAY at home in your mind. Don't recite other people's opinions. See how it lies there in you, and if there is no counsel, offer none.—*Emerson.*

WHAT is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first to something better.—*Wendell Phillips.*

THE resolute alone can be truly good-natured; those who commonly seem so are weak, and easily soured.—*Rochefoucauld.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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Notes and Clippings.

ARCHITECTS complain that church committees are the most dishonest of all classes with whom they hav dealings.

DURING the present session Congressmen hav already sent out eleven million speeches. The two great national committees are now sending out thousands of documents every day.

WALT WHITMAN is feeling much stronger. He is able to sit up, and works every day on what he calls his "booklet." "November Boughs" is the title, and he hopes to hav it ready for the public in September. It will be made up of short poems and prose articles.

A BUDDHIST priest who came to this country to beg money to build a Buddhist temple has gone back to Japan with empty pockets, having discovered that it is no time to talk religion in this country during a presidential campaign.

THE statistics of suicides in France show for the past twelve months 7,572, one-fifth of these being in and around Paris. Poverty caused only 483, and this figure includes a morbid fear of impending misery without actual privation; 1,975 cases may be traced to mental aberration, and 1,228 to physical suffering. Among the moral causes, domestic trouble stands first and alcoholism next. There are 200 cases of disappointed love, 27 from jealousy, and dislike of military service givs 25.

THE shah has caused a great stir in Persia by issuing an imperial edict telling his people that "they may engage with perfect confidence in all industries and enterprises which are the basis of civilization and the sources of happiness and prosperity;" that they "may without fear or apprehension of any kind exercise all rights of ownership over their property;" and that they "may undertake any enterprise requiring the combination of capital or the formation of companies, such as the construction of public works, roads, etc."

THE Infidel weekly of this city has its first-page picture of last week showing the commanding maiden, Freethought, before whom the clergy flee away into the darkness; for she holds in one hand the blazing torch of "Science," and in the other a "roll of honor," with the names inscribed on it of "Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire, Volney, Shelley, Humboldt, Darwin, Draper, Huxley, Tyndall," etc. The order shows that Freethinking has more honor than scientific thinking.—*H. C. Bowen's Independent.*



HERE IS OUR GOLIATH.—BRING ON YOUR DAVID.

THE members of the Nineteenth Century Club, says the *Sun*, hav already begun to realize that the death of its founder will interfere with the carrying out of its original objects, and that Courtlandt Palmer could do things that cannot be done by a board of trustees. It was Mr. Palmer's personal and social qualities, aided by his inherited fortune, that enabled him to form that remarkable club. He brought together under the roof of his mansion in Gramercy square, or, upon certain occasions, in more spacious quarters, groups of people of the most varied kinds—Agnostics and believers, Jews and gentiles, rich and poor, radicals and conservativs. "White spirits and black, brown spirits and gray," mingled in peace at the Nineteenth Century Club, and held high debate upon questions about which they differed in every possible way. Mr. Palmer knew them all, was on friendly terms with all, and enjoyed the respect of all. Upon one occasion, and it was not an unusual occasion, a noted Socialist gave a discourse upon his theories, and his chief antagonist was the wealthy president of a great corporation. Both Lazarus and Dives had a fair show before an audience numbering about one hundred, twenty of whom were possessors of fortunes that aggregated over $300,000,000. After the battle of the two chief combatants there was a free field, opened to all comers, and it was well filled. On another occasion, and it was not an unusual occasion, Infidelity, orthodoxy, Judaism, and Liberalism confronted one another in argument before an audience that differed in belief as much as the speakers did. These were not exceptional incidents, but were among the ordinary experiences of the Nineteenth Century Club under the presidency of Mr. Palmer. There is no likelihood of another president being found who can bring together such heterogeneous groups as he formed, or get up such rare debates as characterized the management of the club's founder.

JUDGE BREGY, of Philadelphia, has refused naturalization papers to an applicant who didn't know what the Constitution was, and was possessor of the information that a king, name unknown, was the ruler of this country. To this information the *Sun* adds these caustic comments: "A sweet variety of citizen lunkheads like that would make! The fact is getting painfully protuberant that a good many of the people sent over here to grow up with the country don't grow."

MANY thousands attend the faith cure camp-meeting held Sundays in New Jersey. One woman has been thrice taken to heaven in visions.

BUTLER, Ga., claims to hav a vein of natural glass. It is found at a depth of 317 feet in round, hollow, and very rough pieces, which appear to hav come from the fusing of the sandy soil by intense heat.

THE new German emperor is troubled by the Socialists as his grandfather was, and strenuous efforts are being made to defeat their candidates in the elections for the Prussian Landtag. These Socialists are not of the Anarchist type, but desire to gain their ends through legislation by peaceful means. But the young kaiser is aware that if these ends were gained there would be no kaiser in Germany.

ACCORDING to the Roman Catholic returns for 1888, there are in England and Wales 2,314 priests, as against 1,728 in 1875, serving 1,304 churches, chapels, and missionary stations. In Scotland there are 5 bishops and 334 priests, serving 327 chapels, churches, and stations. The estimated Catholic population in England and Wales is 1,354,000; in Scotland, 326,000; in Ireland, 3,961,000; total, 5,641,000.

Communications.

God and the Bible.

1 SAMUEL.

Now, Uncle Sammy, it comes your turn to be laid on the gridiron. Let us punch up the fires, for you are to be "done brown."

Chap. i, 2: "And he had two wives." Very moderate for Bible times. If old Solomon had been restricted to that number, he would hav cried out like Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

Verse 5. I cannot quote it. I want you to read it. God had so much of this "shutting up" and "opening" business on hand that it is no wonder he left much important business unattended to. It is a great pity that he did not "shut up" on most of the Bible writers.

Chap. xi, 21: "And the Lord visited Hannah so that she bare three sons and two daughters." It beats all how many women in Bible times "bare" children in due time after the visits of these heavenly agents. It may seem a little insipid to refer so many times to these peculiar visitors and the nature of their missions, but I want the reader to understand how possible it is for a spiritual visitor to become the father of flesh and blood.

Chap. xviii, 25. Worse and worse. Was this savage balderdash spread before the people by the fiat of a supreme ruler? Is not this interesting literature for the nineteenth century? Some things we can let pass by saying they are silly, but this is savage. Read it, gentle Christian, and then say your prayers.

Verse 27. Not quoted, but to be read. Wasn't he a scalper? These trophies would hav made David a chief among a tribe of redskins. Such passages may hav been written for the glory of God, but they would disgrace any author of modern times.

Chap. xix, 24: "And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that day and all night." I wonder what Christians think about such a bare-buff prophet as that? He must hav prophesied the naked truth, and no mistake!

Chap. xxi, 5: "Of a truth women hav been kept from us about these three days." What a long fast for old David! Too bad, too bad!

Verse 13: "And he changed his behavior before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scribbled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down on his beard." Is such driveling nonsense of any benefit to the people? David no doubt drew his inspiration from God, but I hav known men to act in the same way who were inspired by John Barleycorn.

Chap. xxv, 22. Isn't that a dainty morsel to drop from the "great white throne?" Must I be eternally tormented because I do not believe that such slang was written by the finger of the almighty? I guess there were no societies formed in David's time for the suppression of slang phrases. A half dozen times this indecent expression is used in the Bible. It is without point or purpose, and only shows that the mind of the writer, whoever he may hav been, was of the lowest order. Can writings be inspired when they are so loaded with vulgarism and animalism that they would be nowhere tolerated in decent society?

Verse 42: And "Abigail hastened and arose, and rode upon an ass, with five handmaids of hers that went after her, and she went after the messengers of David and became his wife."

Verse 43: "David also took Ahinoam of Jezreel, and they were also both of them his wives."

Christians, don't you think that was pretty business for one of God's right-hand men? Don't you think if you had more wives you would be more acceptable to God? No doubt David and Brigham Young are on God's staff to-day, assigned special duties, with full rations. If it be true that what is loose on earth shall be loose in heaven, both are surrounded with a retinue of fancy women, singing hallelujah to the great Jew and having a good time generally. It would seem that in the good old times, the nearer men were to God the more wives and concubines they were allowed.

2 SAMUEL.

Chap. v, 13: "And David took him more concubines and wives out of Jerusalem, and there were yet sons and daughters born to him."

One would think that David must hav been considerably married by this time. If his conduct was pleasing to God, should good Christians fight the Mormons? Has God changed?

Chap. vi, 20: "How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself."

Solomon was the wisest of men in all the earth, and David was the embodiment of goodness. As the thousand fancy women whom Solomon sported must be taken as evidence of his wisdom, so this naked exhibition of David before the women must be taken as evidence of his goodness. If David was a man after God's own heart, this act must be worthy of imitation. What say you, Anthony? No man left with his natural reason would believe that a man void of humanity and decency could be the best man that ever lived. That men do so believe simply shows the power of the church and the priesthood to pervert the minds of men.

Chap. xi, 2: "And from the roof he saw a woman washing herself. And the woman was very beautiful to look upon." Verse 4: "And David sent messengers and took her, and she came in unto him and he lay with her." Verse 6: "And Joab sent Uriah to David." Verse 14: "And David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah." Verse 15: "And he wrote in the letter, saying, Set ye Uriah in the fore front of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die." Verse 26: "And when the wife of Uriah heard that he was dead she mourned for her husband." Verse 27: "David sent and fetched her to his house, and she became his wife and bore him a son."

For hellish depravity and sneaking perfidy this infamous act has no parallel in history, as far as I am informed.

Christian, do you believe that David was a man after God's own heart? If you do, then you believe that a man can be guilty of the most heinous crimes and still be on good terms with God. But you will say that David repented of this crime. But did he not cling to Uriah's wife? Can a man be forgiven and still retain the offense?

It will be found by consulting chapter xii, verses 4 and 5, that a man stole a lamb, and for this act David said: "As the Lord liveth, the man who hath done this thing shall surely die." Yes, this bloody old criminal and hypocrit, who had killed a man and taken his wife, was ready to kill another for stealing a lamb. Such are the ideas of justice derived from the Bible. And yet we are told that all our ideas of right and justice are derived from the Bible. Priests and ministers are mainly responsible for such teachings. But a license to preach includes a license to lie and deceive.

Verse 13: "And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sins. Thou shalt not die." Though David had wives and concubines too numerous to mention—though he was one of the bloodiest warriors that ever trod the earth—though he robbed and plundered and murdered those taken captiv—though he murdered a man and stole his wife—yet we do not read that he was ever brought before any tribunal to answer for his crimes. And even the Lord "put away his sins." If such a man can escape, who should be afraid of hell?

If the thirteenth chapter be read, it will be found that Amnon, the son of David, committed a rape on his sister Tamar and then turned her out of doors. Then Absalom, another son of David, killed Amnon. And then, chapter xvi, 22, he lay with his "father's concubines on the top of the house in sight of all Israel." And then David took the concubines which Absalom had debauched and shut them up "unto the day of their death."

If God sanctioned these acts, would he not sanction them to-day? If he did not sanction them, should he not put a curse upon them instead of saying that David was a man after his own heart? The story of David simply shows the moral and intellectual standing of the people in the ancient time. The masses believed that their leaders and rulers were under the immediate direction of the gods, and that many of them were born of the gods. The common herd were very ignorant, and were greatly imposed upon by the rich and powerful. David was a great man in his day, and notwithstanding his numerous wives and concubines, and his marauding life, he wanted his people to think that he was good—he told them that he was good and they believed him. But God had no more to do with him than with many another plundering tyrant.

1 KINGS.

In 1 Kings i, 1–5, will be found the last scene in the great drama of this holy sprig of the heavenly kingdom, and it shows the ruling passion strong in death. Like an old miser whose last gaze must rest upon his gold, David, who had taken to himself many wives and concubines, must die in sight of a beautiful woman.

The vast number of women which he had around him, including the beautiful Bathsheba, did not satisfy the old lecher, and so, when he was "old and stricken in years," even on his dying bed, he must needs hav a new woman. So they rummaged "throughout all Israel" to find a "fair damsel" to cherish the king, but he "gat no heat."

Look upon this picture, ye pious hucksters and Bible bangers! ye pious dames who teach the young that the Bible is the holy word of God, and say if you want your sons to pattern after this scourge of man and blister on humanity. Would you keep polecats in your parlor, or lions' whelps for your children's pets? If King David is in heaven, Brigham Young is in heaven. If the history of David is proper mental food for your daughters, send them among the Mormons, for Mormonism is purity itself compared with the sickening story of David.

What an interesting group old Mose and Abe and Sol and Davy and Josh would make in heaven! I would ask no better fortune than to get in with a thousand fancy women—they would be at a premium among the old patriarchs.

Chap. xi, 1: "But Solomon loved many strange women." The devil he did. Is Solomon in heaven? Then heaven is the reward for polygamy. Was Solomon the wisest man? Then ungovernable lust and licentiousness must be taken as evidence of wisdom.

Chap. xv, 10; chap. xvi, 11; chap. xxi, 21, and 2 Kings ix, 8. I cannot quote these passages, but please turn to them and you will find language that must hav dripped right through the throne of God. Was God compelled to use such low-down language? Would not the language hav been as impressiv if these low expressions had been left out? Ask yourself if God ever used such phrases. It is only by calling attention to such vulgar stuff that the people will ever rid themselvs of the Bible craze; otherwise I would pass it with silent contempt. It is my object in calling attention to these passages to show their hideous deformity, and to show how unreasonable it is to believe that God ever used language so utterly at variance with every idea of decency and propriety.

Chap. xi, 3: "And he had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines." Let Christians keep up the fight with Mormon polygamy; the blacker they make the picture the better it will suit me. But where is the consistency in keeping up this fight and at the same time holding up King David as the best man, and King Solomon as the wisest man, in the world?

2 KINGS.

Chap. iv, 14: "And Gehazi answered, Verily she hath no child, and her husband is old." Verse 16: "And he said, About this season, according to the time of life, thou shalt embrace a son." Verse 17: "And the woman conceived and bare a son, at that season that Elisha had said unto her."

It is not at all likely that Elisha had anything to do with that "conception," and he was too holy a man. It may be a good thing after all that men in latter-times are kept in ignorance of the many "conceptions" which take place on account of visits from men in white chokers. How many lessons does the Christian want to understand the nature of these conceptions which followed these prophesies and the visits from heavenly messengers.

2 CHRONICLES.

Chap. xi, 21: "For he took eighteen wives and threescore concubines, and begat twenty and eight sons and threescore daughters."

Such a man is all right in the Bible, but Christians would giv him "*l*" in Utah.

Chap. xi, 21: "But Abijah waxed mighty and married fourteen wives, and begat twenty and two sons and sixteen daughters."

God must hav paid considerable attention to those men, for in those days he favored the men who had the greatest number of wives and concubines.

In Bible times the rank of a man could be determined by the number of eunuchs and prophets and fancy women a man was able to keep around him. Solomon kept the greatest number of women of any men of whom we hav any account, and it must be on that account that he was called the wisest man. It certainly was not on account of his acquired knowledge.

It will be seen from the last text quoted that Abijah was considered "mighty" for no other reason only that he had many wives and begat many sons and daughters. It is said that the hair of a dog cures the bite, and that one must fight the devil with fire. And I think if Christians would go among the Mormons armed with some of these passages of scripture they could shame every Mormon out of Utah.

JOB.

Chap. x, 18 and 19: "Wherefore, then, hast thou brought me forth out of the womb? Oh, that I had given up the ghost and no eye had seen me! I should hav been as though I had not been."

Did Job know whereof he affirmed? The Christians are bound to take his word, and he says if he had given up the ghost he would hav been as though he never had been. If this is true, what becomes of the Christians' New Jerusalem and golden streets? Why trade off the good things of earth for golden harps and crowns? Why not make the very best of this life if there is no soul to enjoy heaven? Why build costly churches and pay an idle herd of ministers to save souls when there are none to save?

Chap. xl, 16, 17: My eyes! What would hav become of the human family if this silly stuff had never been written? I could refer to numerous passages of scripture which never hav been and never can be of any value to the race. They are simply low, vulgar, and beastly. If printed on cardboard, I know of no place low enough to allow them to be suspended from the wall. And yet Christian ladies carry this abominable filth to church every Sabbath, and display it conspicuously, as if to say to others:

> Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
> I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.

The Christian's eye is constantly turned toward heaven. He cares but little about conditions in this life. The more filth he wades through here, the purer he will be in heaven. Selah.

PSALMS.

Psalm cix, 12: "Let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children."

There is scarcely a savage who would not favor a fatherless child. If God is the author of such language he is not worthy of recognition by a Comanche chief. Are such passages calculated to soften the heart or wake up sympathy for suffering humanity? Where would we all be if there were none to show mercy? Will the Christian ever learn that he has been imposed upon—that God never gave such a command—that some man with brutal instincts, in half-civilized society, gave the command, and then, to giv force to his command, said that it came from God? Can he not see that this view is more easy and rational than to rob God of his mercy?

Naples, N. Y. JOHN PECK.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

My Second Experience at the Revivalist's.

Last Friday, while crowds gathered opposit the Equitable Building to watch how nearly their timepieces coincided with the sliding ball, the sample rooms in John street were equally crowded with men, saying, "Drink it up and hav another, as the hour for the business men's jubilee is near at hand." A clove tossed in the mouth, and a pretzel prematurely masticated, the business men marched out in Indian file and took a bee-line for the church. Following the crowd, I entered, and stationed myself behind the stove and the last pew. Turning to my next standing neighbor, I inquired whether drunkenness and other crimes hav diminished on account of this jubileeing business. This was overheard by an elderly gentleman sitting right in front of me. He turned around and began to explain to me the beauties of this revival. But as his explanation did not bear upon my question, I held on to my original inquiry. The gentleman, after scrutinizing me more closely, exclaimed: "I see you are a Jew. I would, therefore, recommend you to visit a gentleman by the name of Freshman, who is especially engaged to promote Christianity among the Jews. Not only will he make a good Christian out of you, but a good man as well."

"My dear sir, in order to convince you that I am a Jew not only by birth but also by action, I will not mislead you. Here's a two-column article in which I exposed, not only Rev. Mr. Freshman's infamous mode of operation, but also the depravity of his own character and that of his converts."

The gentleman, adjusting his spectacles when through reading the clipping, suddenly remembered an important engagement and left. Seeing no special interest in store for me, I, too, made a move for the streets, but was stopped by a bald-headed, smooth-faced individual, in whom I recognized the elder with whom I had a pleasant conversation at the last jubilee in Jane street church.

"Allow me to welcome you to our twenty-five-hundred jubilee. Glory! hallelujah! amen! I hope that the extraordinary success in our revival has awakened in your heart the truth, the only truth of our blessed savior. Hallelu——"

"But pardon my interruption. I fail to see how the figures '2,500' worked out by the florist should affect my heart. An additional floral cipher would increase it to twenty-five thousand."

"You must be indeed a hardened sinner, impugning our veracity. Do you suppose we would present the figures to the public if we did not hav so many names in our register? If for nothing else, you ought to be converted so as to increase your faith in both God and man."

"My friend," I replied, "I hav all the implicit confidence as regards the number of the converts, but I doubt whether their conversion accomplished any good. In fact, I hav reason to believe that it does more harm than good."

"Only those who force themselvs to be blind could fail to see the good achieved. While the converts caught by the Jane street church consisted of a miscellaneous crowd, the net spread in these quarters is especially adapted for the fishing of moneyed sinners. The ferocious bulls and bears of Wall street, after participating in a few love-feasts here, become transformed into harmless lambs and loving doves."

"Here is just where I differ with you. In my opinion, there is too much Christianity in Wall street already. Look how all those bank presidents, cashiers, boodlers, *et al*, occupying prominent places as church dignitaries and Sunday-school superintendents, helped to the increase of confidence placed in them by their dupes, with the inevitable result—instead of instilling religion into the Sunday-school children, they are now promoting cleanliness by laundrying the clothes of their fellow-convicts at Sing Sing. Since you are determined to hav revivals, they should be to help the decrease of Christianity and the increasing of manliness among the Wall street gentry. At present you hav bad *modus operandi*, telling people that, no matter how corrupt they may be, by only kneeling before the altar, singing a few hymns, and contributing a few coins regularly he or she is cleansed of all past, present, and future iniquities. The revivalists are flourishing over sea and land, with what result? Murders in Asbury Park—the hotbed of religious fervor—elopements, fighting, drunkenness, and every conceivable crime are the results everywhere. Two weeks ago an officer of the Salvation Army forfeited his life on the gallows for willfully murdering his sweetheart, a Salvationist lass. The unprecedented crimes committed by clergymen of the gospel in particular, and religious laymen in general, are something appalling. Though it would be folly to charge all such un-Christian conduct as the outgrowth of the revivals and other Christian fanaticism, yet I firmly believe they hav an indirect influence, and no wonder. That same Friday, when one thousand converts were jubileeing, six executions were chronicled by the press, but happily they all died Christians on the gallows. But nobody ever troubled himself to inform us how the victims died. Nay! If the victim of his Catholic assassin happened to be a Protestant he is denied consecrated ground by his religious opponent, the Catholic, and *vice versa*.

"The lesson derived from your present Christianity is that the murderer or assassin who, besides extinguishing the light of his victim, also obscures the light of the surrounding widow and orphans, having perfunctorily professed Christianity on the gallows, is furnished, in addition to a pair of wings, a harp, a hand-organ, or a brass trombone, according to the gallows candidate's nationality, and is playing and jubileeing in the celestial resorts, while his victim is weeping and gnashing his teeth in an uncomfortable, overheated abode, because his sudden departure from earth prevented him from choosing his religion.

"But let me not dwell upon things at the gallows. I will confine myself to matters within the church. Should Gabriel blow his trumpet and bring down Christ to this very spot, I doubt whether he will recognize in any of the twenty-five hundred converts a single follower of his teachings. How many will he find who after being smitten on the right cheek, will turn the left also? How many who after having been forced to part with their coat, offered the cloak also? How many who relieved themselvs of their earthly possessions in order to enter the heavenly kingdom with ease? He no doubt would ascertain how much out of the tens of thousands spent on the revivals was devoted toward paying the rent of poor widows and orphans, so as to prevent their Christian landlords from turning them out in the streets. Should you reply, 'Master, we are glorifying thy name, which we incessantly chant,' his answer would be, pointing out your neglect of the study of his Testament, 'Not everyone that sayeth unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter unto the kingdom of heaven.' Especially will he complain to you about the Jew who, though you despise and persecute him for his non-conversion to Christianity, is more faithfully following Christ's teachings. He who is smitten by a Russian, drunken mob, when celebrating Christmas and Easter, on the right cheek, before he has time to turn over his left is covered with bruises from head to foot. He is also made to part with both his garments, coat and cloak. Is it to be wondered why he does not bear the cross when he is loaded with so many counterfeit crosses, manufactured by every so-called Christian sect, thus misleading him as to which is the genuin one? Unlike the Jews, who form missionary societies, revivals, and camp-meetings to impart to the Christians lessons in sobriety, family sanctity, and forbearance, Christianity forces itself upon the oppressed Jew, engaging all sorts of trickery—the Russian knout, the German anti-Semitism.

My friend, the elder, in his confusion blurted out: "I wish I had not prevented you from going. I am too weak to refute your arguments. What do you want me to do?"

"It is you who want everything from me," I replied. "You want me to emulate the Freshman clique, to profess Christianity for so much with my mouth minus the heart. You want me to join the Protestant church so as to add one more enemy to Catholicism."

By this time we were interrupted by a uniformed official depositing a small envelope with printed directions how to utilize it for free contributions. "You see," I resumed, "you want me to join your forces so as to avail myself of the use of the envelope."

"Hush!" he whispered in my ear; "the Boy Preacher, Harrison, is leading a man to the altar, where my presence is indispensable. Do leave me at present. Here is my card. Call upon me at any time, but leave me now. Do."

And I did. A. BENJAMIN.

The Peer of Balaam's Ass.

As text-purveyor godly Shepard shines
As Moses shone of yore, like burnished brass,
And as an editor, on worldly lines,
Could scarce be downed by Balaam's fluent ass!

SI SLOKUM.

Wool or Whisky?

This is the great question in politics. The Democrats want to giv the factory cheap wool and the people cheap cloth. Rather than allow this, the Republicans are willing to let whisky drop to one-fifth of its present price, which would, as Mr. Blaine has recently acknowledged, "increase its consumption enormously." Such promotion of drunkenness would be a much worse evil than can even be predicted as a result of having cheap wool.

My own belief is that the Cleveland plan will giv the laborer more dollars for his work, as well as more goods for his dollar. The wages problem is so important that I mean to take it up by itself; but as what I hav said about the burden imposed on poor people by the tax on woolen goods has been misunderstood by at least one reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will try to state the facts as plainly as possible. There are two taxes on woolen cloth, one according to value, which both parties are willing to keep up, and the other according to weight, which the Republicans would retain and the Democrats would abolish. This latter tax is the same on all woolen cloth of the same weight, however much or little it may cost. The rates, thirty-five cents a pound on cloth and forty on ready-made clothing, are fixed by the law of 1883 as may be seen from the printed copies to be found in any large public library. If this tax does not affect prices, it is of no benefit to anyone, and no one can object to abolishing it. The very fact that so much opposition is made to the Mills bill proves that the price of American woolens is higher than it would be if imported cloth were not taxed per weight. Why some grades are as cheap as Mr. Griffith says, is a question which I cannot answer until I see samples and know the weight. There can be no reasonable doubt about the fact that prices are increased by this tax, or that it weighs most heavily upon the buyers of the cheapest goods. Purchase cloth at $2 a yard, and you are thus taxed thirty cents on the dollar. Take cloth which is of the same warmth, but double the price, and your tax is reduced to fifteen cents on the dollar. The buyer of a $10 suit has to pay $2 more on account of this weight tax than he otherwise would, and he is thus taxed twenty cents on the dollar; whereas, if he could afford to buy a $50 suit of equal warmth, he would be taxed only four cents on the dollar. Such a discrimination against the poor is plainly an iniquity. The platform which insists on prolonging this outrage, and is willing, rather than hav it cease, to encourage drunkenness, is dangerously wicked.

As for the manufacturer, this weight tax on cloth merely repays him for what he loses by the tax on wool. The Democrats propose to take off both these taxes and thus enable the manufacturer to make just as much profit as at present per yard. The only difference is that he could afford to sell cloth much cheaper, especially such as is bought by the poor.

That he will be able to export more cloth if he can thus reduce the price without changing the quality is so certain a result that I am surprised to find the statement misunderstood. What I hav said about the wool tax, is simply that it hinders the exportation of our woolen goods, by making them too dear for foreign markets. This is just as bad as an export tax would be. As proof, we hav the fact that we now export three times as many dollars' worth of leather goods as we did when there was a duty on hides. As soon as they were let in free boots and shoes were made more cheaply, and thus it has become possible to sell them in Canada and other markets which hav been closed by the tariff. Precisely the same thing will happen as soon as wool, too, is let in free of duty. The Democrats would hav wool treated like hides. Would the Republicans treat hides like wool, and giv up exporting boots and shoes? Why not follow the same rule in both cases?

And I must add a word in reply to the argument that, as has been often urged in THE TRUTH SEEKER, "The fact of our manufacturing and selling goods cheaper than the tariff precludes the idea that the tariff interferes with our export trade." Is that really the fact with any article at the present day? It certainly is not the case to any great extent. Steel rails were sold below the duty a dozen years ago, when the home market was glutted in consequence of the over-production resulting from excessivly high duties. A few years earlier, we had so many blast-furnaces, in consequence of high protection, that pig iron was sold for less than the duty. The result was that half the furnaces shut up and the laborers had to go on the tramp. Is that a state of things to be proud of? Does anyone want to bring it back?

Nothing of the sort has happened, so far as I know, of late years; and the reason is that the trusts keep prices up by keeping production down. This, too, is an evil; and the only way to get rid of it is to allow more competition from abroad. There is, however, one class of articles with which the market is likely to be glutted. If the Republicans ever manage to carry out the plan they announced at Chicago, of "the entire repeal of internal taxes, rather than the surrender of any part of our protectiv systems at the joint behest of the whisky ring and of the

agents of foreign manufacturers." The whisky ring works with the internal taxes to make whisky dear. The Republicans are going to work in the opposit direction—that is, to make whisky cheap. Distillation is so cheap and simple a process that no ring can prevent a great reduction in whisky and brandy as soon as the internal tax on distilleries is taken off. If anyone wishes to see the market glutted with brandy and whisky, and the gutters lined with their consumers, he knows how to vote.

F. M. HOLLAND.

The American Secular Union.

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Official Call for Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

To the Local Secular Unions, Life, Charter, and Annual Members, and all Liberal citizens who support the Nine Demands of Secularism, Greeting:

You are hereby invited to attend the Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, which will convene at Lafayette Hall, Wood street, near 4th, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, October 5, 1888, at 10 A.M., for a four days' session—5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th inclusiv.

All Charter and Life Members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of State or Executiv Committees, and all duly accredited delegates from Local Secular Unions are entitled to seats and votes in this Annual Congress. Each Local Secular Union is entitled to send its President and Secretary and three other members as delegates. Annual Members who pay or hav paid $1 in the national treasury are entitled to seats, but not to votes, except by unanimous consent of the Congress.

This Congress will specially consider practical questions tending to further agitation for taxation of church property; the abrogation of state aid to sectarian institutions; abolition of state, national, military, and prison chaplaincies; repeal of judicial oaths, Sunday and other oppressiv and unjust ecclesiastical laws; nullification of attempts to subvert our Constitution by a legal recognition of Theism in the American Magna Charta, and such other measures as will not merely thwart intended theological encroachments, but will absolutely expunge from our laws, state and federal, such insidious acts as hav already crept in to blot out mental freedom from our republic.

It is to be hoped that the addresses delivered will deal with the practical issues of the organization, so that there will be such an awakening of the people to these vital questions of the hour that a revival of the instinct of liberty and justice for all will necessarily result; that again from the Keystone state—the birthplace of our association—the clarion voice of freedom shall vibrate throughout the land.

Pittsburgh being situated almost in the center of a district containing many of our most distinguished workers, thinkers, and writers, besides the activ host within its limits, there is little doubt but that this Congress will be a glorious gathering of the forces who stand for mental liberty, as expressed in the desire for complete Secularization of the government.

S. P. PUTNAM, Pres.
E. A. STEVENS, Sec.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com.

Instructions to Members, Delegates, and Visitors to the Congress.

Through the courtesy of the Central Traffic Association, persons attending the twelfth annual Congress, to be held at Pittsburgh, commencing October 5th, will be granted a reduction in their return railroad fare only, under the following circumstances and conditions:

1. Each person must purchase (not more than three days prior to the date of the meeting) a first-class ticket (either unlimited or limited) to the place of meeting, for which he will pay the regular fare, and upon request the ticket agent will issue a certificate of such purchase, properly filled up and signed by said ticket agent.

2. If through tickets cannot be procured at the starting-point, parties will purchase to the most convenient point where such through tickets can be obtained, and repurchase through to place of meeting, requesting a certificate from ticket agent at the point where repurchase is made.

3. Tickets for the return journey will be sold by the ticket agents at Pittsburgh, at one-third the highest limited fare, only to those holding certificates, signed by the ticket agent at point where through ticket to the place of meeting was purchased, and countersigned by myself, certifying that the holder has been in attendance upon the Congress.

4. It is absolutely necessary that a certificate be procured, as it indicates that full fare has been paid for the going journey, and that the person is therefore entitled to the excursion fare returning. It will also determin the route via which the ticket for return journey should be sold, and without it no reduction will be made, as the rule of the Association is that "no refund of fare will be made, on any account whatever, because of failure of the parties to obtain certificates."

5. Tickets for return journey will be furnished only on certificates procured not more than three days before the meeting assembles, and will be available for continuous passage only; no stop-over privileges being allowed on tickets sold at less than full fares. Certificates will not be honored unless presented within three days after the date of adjournment of the Congress.

6. Ticket agents will be instructed that excursion fares will not be available for return journey unless the holders of certificates are properly identified, as above described, by the secretary, on the certificate, which identification includes the statement that one hundred or more persons, who hav purchased full-fare tickets for the going passage, and hold properly receipted certificates, hav been in attendance at the meeting.

The certificates are not transferable, and the signature affixed at the starting-point, compared with the signature to the receipt, will enable the ticket agent to detect any attempted transfer.

N.B.—Please read carefully the above instructions. Be particular to hav the certificates properly filled and certified by the railroad agent from whom you purchase your going ticket to the place of meeting, as the reduction on return will apply only to the point at which such through ticket was purchased.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Secular vs. Religious Education.

[B. H. Marlett was the first president of the Young People's Secular Mutual Improvement Society of Chicago, and gave several excellent addresses. The following struck me as worthy of being read by THE TRUTH SEEKER family. Brother Marlett is activ not only in the junior society but also among the older folks. He is an American Express messenger, which accounts for the reference to the weight of golden ingots. The address contains much sound sense. —E. A. S.]

The subject I hav chosen was suggested by a conversation with a friend a few days ago in regard to the respectiv values of secular or religious education for the young. He entertains some very Liberal ideas, and a few that are decidedly illiberal. His wife, being a Roman Catholic, desires to rear their children in the faith of that church, and he asked me for my honest opinion and advice whether it would be advisable to teach them the principles of Liberalism while young, or allow them to be brought up under the teachings of the church and instruct them in Liberalism when they grow older. I outlined my views as here written.

I told him that I once heard of a priest who said that if he could control the education of a child until he attained the age of ten years, he cared not who had him afterward.

I told him to teach them to be honest; teach them to be temperate; teach them to be truthful. Love them if you wish to be loved; do not deceive them. Teach them facts in nature as demonstrated by science. Do not fill their young minds with fear because of an angry God or a hideous devil. Tell them honestly these are myths born of ignorant superstitions and simpering credulity. Place in their hands such pure books and papers as are absolutely free from the corroding influence of superstitious fears and dogmas. Teach them to become honorable men and women. Teach them to deal honestly with their fellow-men, and that such a course is followed by rewards here in this life, rather than in a life beyond the clouds.

When they see that beautiful bow stretched across the heavens and ask from whence it came, tell them the truth. Don't say that it was placed in the heavens as a promis that God would never drown the world again. Tell them the natural causes that produce it—that it is the refraction and reflection of light through drops of falling water, and had reared its graceful arch from zenith to zenith for thousands, yea, millions of years, before Noah was born, and will ever exist as long as there be sunshine and shower.

When he sees a vivid flash of lightning and hears the mumble of distant thunder, and asks concerning it, do not lie about it and say that God is angry with him because of some sin he has committed; tell him it is the rush of air into a vacuum made vacant by the discharge of electricity. When he sees the gladdening and refreshing shower, and asks if God sent it in answer to prayer, don't deceive him and say Yes, but tell him that when conditions are favorable, when the mists hav been gathered up from the face of the oceans into vapors and clouds, they are condensed and fall in copious showers on the just and unjust alike, only to return in the same manner and fall again and again forever and ever. When he feels the earth tremble beneath him, and hears the mighty mutterings of an earthquake, and sees the toppling towers and shattered cities, do not lie to him and say that it is a visitation of God's wrath upon his children, or that it is the struggles of countless devils in the earth's center, the future home of the wicked. Do not teach him such stuff, but tell him it is the gradual settling of the earth's surface, or crust, as it follows the receding and cooling fires in its center. Do not fill his young mind with such insane nonsense as that holy angels guard his bed, or ideas of the New Jerusalem with streets of glittering gold, walls of rubies and precious stones, palaces of pearls and jasper, fountains of sparkling waters, and the grandest of imaginable flowers exhaling eternal perfume.

Some weeks ago I saw in one of our theaters some beautiful stereoscopic views, and among them was one that represented two angels having in their spirit arms the spirit of a child. I admit the picture is indeed beautiful, and appeals to the emotional nature of man, but is it true? What is the spirit? I answer, If it is anything, it is nothing. I repeat and insist, if it is anything, it is nothing. It is without body, shape, or form; it is indestructible, indivisible, without force or resistance; it is absolutely nothing, and yet the Christian mythologists clothe this nothing with long, shining robes of spotless purity, and attach to this nothing great, graceful, sweeping wings, and place in its hands a golden harp and on its head a crown.

Now, about this golden harp. I hav handled vast quantities of gold. Long before the Chicago and Northwestern extended its lines up the Elkhorn and Niobrara valleys into Deadwood, the products of three gold-mines were forwarded by stage across the plains to St. Pierre and there delivered to us. A brick of gold, about 12 inches long by 8 inches wide and thick, will weigh about 132 pounds. If the heavenly harps are of the same size as those of earth, it would require the united efforts of three strong men to lift it, and yet you tell the child that this "nothing" picks it up and flits about from flower to flower and fountain to fountain, singing and playing heavenly strains.

I don't know, but I suppose the strings of those heavenly instruments are of the same material as earthly strings, and, if so, it's a little rough on those nocturnal, flower-climbing warriors. Now, I can't play any kind of a musical instrument. There is no music in me, and when I'm called upon—but probably I will be down below industriously fanning myself—just suppose that I am with that angelic host and asked to join in the grand chorus by the musical director. I would be as liable to knock out "Marching Through Georgia" or "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" as anything else, and I am of the opinion it would be anything but delectable music.

. . . . . .

I maintain that a tenacious, dogmatic belief in the Bible theory of the creation and the birth of man and the presumably sacred character of Christian relics stultifies the mind and retards mental progress and enlightenment. The cross has long been considered a Christian emblem—an emblem to which the eyes of all Christendom look up in adoration and love. A belief in this precludes the belief that the cross was used for centuries and centuries before the Christian era by many nations as an object of veneration and worship, and by others upon which to execute their criminals. 332 B.C., Alexander ordered the execution of two thousand citizens of Tyre to degrade this religious emblem.

A belief that Eden was the birthplace of the human family bars the door to mental investigation. There flourished a civilization in Central America that antedates that of the Old World, as, when we free our minds from the myths of biblical lore, we may learn from the inscriptions on the monuments and temples of Copan, etc. We may yet learn that America gave birth to the originators of the human family, and that a continent lying between Africa and America, now submerged, afforded easy communication between the New and Old Worlds.

Don't burden his young mind with that vicious fear of hell. Don't reward error with eternal life. I hav but little faith in the honesty of him who is honest through fear of punishment if he transgresses. Teach him that good results necessarily follow good deeds, and that we should be honest, kind, affectionate, and charitable for the good fruits they bear in this life. Tell the child honestly that when the lamp of his life faintly flickers in its socket—when the sands of his time are run—when his eyelids close in death—he simply returns to the elements from which he came.

Fame Enduring and Fame Ephemeral.

As a certain aspiring youth who, with no fear of eternal punishment before his eyes, set fire to a certain pretentious structure in Ephesus devoted to religious mummery, outlivs in fame a certain pious fool who reared the edifice, so

The founders of the journals two, the old *Express* and *Mail*—
The two consolidated now, say wedded, if 'twere fit—
Will long outliv, in envied fame, the pious dinglefag
Who owns the double-header now, and thinks he edits it!

SI SLOKUM.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

CANBY, ORE., July 24th, 25th, 26th.—The bills were out, the lectures very thoroughly advertised, but I confess to having entertained fears of failure when I found I was advertised to lecture afternoons and evenings July 24th, 25th, 26th, at Lee's Grove. Canby is a very small place; no time of the year could hav been more unpropitious; it was the very busiest season of the year for farmers—they were all working early and late; had to make the very most of every hour, and work so hard that, when the day's work was done, exhausted strength demanded immediate sleep and much-needed rest. I was most agreeably surprised at the good attendance every afternoon and crowds each evening. The afternoons were very profitable seasons, for a large proportion of those present were women and children, for the first time interested in hearing on "the other side." Facts were impressed on the minds of the young that can never be effaced. Just think what grand results may be accomplished, even under most discouraging conditions, by a little self-sacrifice and energetic effort.

Brother Heman Lee's health is not good, but his devotion to the cause of human progress is very hearty. He fixed up his grove very nicely—no hall was obtainable—arranged comfortable seats, and built a speaker's stand which the ladies very tastefully decorated with evergreens and mottoes.

The Lee family are Spiritualists, but not the orthodox kind; on the contrary, they are bright, cultured, intelligent devotees of genuin Liberalism, making sure of heaven here and now by lives of love and ministrations of benevolence, as the only sure preparation for the highest and best possible conditions in spirit land, their hoped-for heaven of the future.

Quite a number of Liberals came from a distance, and the hospitable Lee mansion was crowded with welcomed guests. Mrs. L. E. Wright and friends came from Union Mills; Mr. B. F. Linn from Oregon City. I had a short but most enjoyable visit at the happy home of George Knight, the postmaster of Canby. He and his good wife are united in the good work, and their dear children make their home a gleesome paradise—a very Eden of peace, love, and comfort.

I felt to cordially second the many wishes that Mrs. Reynolds could hav been there, and kept the meetings going for three more days. An able woman lecturer, following up the work, could hav won over the entire community. I left the dear friends with interchange of kindest wishes, and promised to return, if possible, with Mrs. Reynolds in the fall of 1889.

SILVERTON, ORE., July 28th, 29th.—This is the Gibraltar of Freethought in Oregon. The impetus imparted to Liberalism here by the wonderful energy and enthusiasm of S. P. Putnam at his first visit has had grand results. Infidels are in the majority in this place, and love, peace, and unity prevail. The Universal Mental Liberty Hall, built and owned by the Liberals, is a splendid, large brick building—an immense, very handsomely fitted up store below, and a splendid hall, fitted with stage, scenery, etc., with a magnificent, smooth dancing-floor and abundance of most comfortable seats. It is the handsomest and best property in the town.

On Saturday, Mr. Reuben Wright, of Union Mills, came to see me at the home of Lewis Ames, where I was reveling in cosy comfort, and informed me of the death of Mrs. Sarah Trullinger, and delivered the message of entreaty from the bereaved and sorrowing husband for me to go out there and conduct the funeral services on Sunday. The advertisments were out for an all-day meeting and basket-picnic in the grove at Silverton on Sunday; but on consultation with friends, and learning that by fast driving and vigorous push I could make it, so that I could deliver a lecture at the grove in the morning at 11:30, as advertised, and return in time for a lecture at the hall at 8 P.M., they gave up the day's picnic. If it spoiled my opportunity to make acquaintance with the kind friends of Silverton and vicinity, and deprived them of enjoyment of their anticipated grand holiday, it proved to the Christians that we practice what we teach, and at self-sacrifice are ever desirous to minister to others in their time of need or sorrow. The occasion will be tenderly remembered by all alike at Silverton and Union Mills.

So on Sunday, immediately after delivering a lecture at the grove, concluded at 12:35, I stepped into a buggy, and with genial young Brother Reuben Wright for Jehu, we at once sped over the rough and rugged mountains—eighteen miles—on an errand of mercy. The funeral had been postponed till 3:30 P.M., and at 3:35 we arrived. I at once delivered the oration. It was not known who was to preside. The high esteem in which Mrs. Trullinger and her husband were held brought an immense gathering. Many Christians who never had listened—who under no other circumstances would hav been induced to listen—to a Liberal lecture, learned many truths. It was the first funeral in that section ever conducted by an Infidel lecturer—a burial without prayer, priest, or parson.

After leading the procession to the grave, and consigning our sister to the sweet, eternal, peaceful sleep, to know awakening to pain and sorrow nevermore—omitting the horrid barbarism of throwing clods of earth upon the coffin when in the grave, to jar upon the bruised and bleeding hearts of the mourners—I bade the bereaved husband and friends adieu and again entered the buggy, and Brother Wright made such good time and drove so rapidly that we had four minutes ahead on the arrival at his mother's house. She had with loving hospitality intent provided us a nice lunch and a most refreshing and much-needed cup of coffee. With brief but kind adieus, again on, on, on, and we arrived at Silverton at 8 P.M., and I at once delivered a lecture to an eager, expectant crowd, and all seemed greatly pleased. I slept that night without need of rocking, lulled to sweetest repose in the glad thought that I had not lived that day in vain. C. B. REYNOLDS.

A Movement to be Watched.

From the Nashville Christian Advocate.

In our issue of March 31st, we gave an account of a proposed Romish movement to propagandize the South. The particulars we gave were taken from an interview of the Catholic priest at Rome, Ga., Rev. J. M. Clifford, with a reporter of the *Tribune*, the daily paper of that city.

In the account it was set forth that the Romanists had a scheme on foot for planting several colonies in the South; that the bishops east of the Mississippi river had the matter in charge; that the plan was to be fully developed at a convention of these bishops to be held at Hot Springs, N. C., just after Easter, at which Cardinal Gibbons would be present to aid in the matter; that it was proposed to form a company with a capital of $2,000,000 to be raised by issuing two hundred thousand shares of stock at $10 per share; that wealthy Romanists and outsiders were to aid the movement; that immigrants were to be sought from the Northwestern states in this country, and from England, Ireland, Germany, and France, in the Old World; that points in north Georgia, north Alabama, north Mississippi, Tennessee, and North Carolina were to be selected for these colonists, and tracts of land secured to them in lots of ten to one hundred acres, allowing them ten years in which to pay for the property, etc.

The account was, in the main, confirmed by published utterances of Romish authorities in Nashville soon afterward, and is now further confirmed by the correspondent of the Chicago *News*, who was sent to observe the proceedings of the meeting and ascertain further particulars of the movement. From the correspondent's account it seems the convention finished its labors April 25th, though his account did not appear in the press dispatches until May 6th.

It appears an association was organized to be called by the taking title, the "Southern Immigration Association." Of the composition of the body forming this association the correspondent of the *News* says it "was unique." Cardinal Gibbons, the archbishop of Baltimore; the bishops of Nashville and Savannah, and many other priests were present, representing the Romish hierarchy. Besides these, he says, "the Southern states were represented by General Fitzhugh Lee, governor of Virginia, who presided; by Governor Gordon, of Georgia; by the governor of South Carolina, and by delegates appointed by the executivs of eight other states. In addition to these prelates and priests, there were at least two hundred gentlemen from all parts of the South, representing their respectiv communities; also a very considerable number of the foremost railroad officials of the trunk lines east of the Mississippi river."

Concerning the moving spirit of the convention he affirms:

> The speech of Cardinal Gibbons was a masterpiece of policy. From the moment he took his seat until the convention adjourned all the proceedings were in harmony with his thoughts. The resolutions adopted provide for the organization of the Southern Immigration Association, with headquarters in New York, and for the raising of a large fund by $1,000 subscriptions from railroads, from public and private corporations, and from trade and industrial organization in all the Southern states east of the Mississippi river.

Of the aims and motivs involved in the meeting the *News* correspondent speaks as follows:

> Why has Rome developed such an interest in the South as to hav Cardinal Gibbons, her bishops of Nashville, of Savannah, and a halfscore of growing cities in the South, leave their labors to attend a convention that ordinarily would hav drawn to it none but business men and railroad magnates? The intention is clear. Rome has decided to propagandize the South. The Southern states are aroused to their need of greater populations, of an increased diversity of industries. The railroads desire to swell the volume of travel and freight transportation. Rome, ever watchful, has noted these things carefully, and in them sees her opportunity. The future wealth of the South is assured. Europe is overcrowded. Tens of thousands of Rome's children could be influenced by the church to leave their nativ lands and settle in the South. They could be planted in colonies in all the states, and thus form the nucleus for the spread of Catholicism.

In conclusion, the correspondent sets forth the shrewdness with which the Romanists pursued these aims:

> Rome's plans hav been kept out of sight. Immigration from Europe was suggested, nothing more. Had the idea been made conspicuous that the work in hand was to bring as many colonists as possible from Europe to the South, there would hav been some dissent, for there were many members of the convention who represented communities that are totally opposed to an influx of foreigners. Had it been boldly put forth that special efforts would be made among European Roman Catholics, there would hav been many objections, for the South, as a whole, is overwhelmingly Protestant. But corporations are soulless. All these powers will naturally join the organization. Evidently the hierarchy studied the situation carefully, and enters upon its work with reasonable hopes of success.

Having given our readers an insight into the true inwardness of the movement, we desire to add some observations.

We suppose the governors of Georgia, Virginia, and South Carolina, and perhaps the eight other state executivs who appointed delegates to the convention, were kept in the dark as to the real purposes of the meeting. They surely would not knowingly ally their official positions with a sectarian movement, and it is preposterous to think they hav gone to Canossa for political purposes.

The railway magnates hardly stopped to inquire what the movement meant. They are ready to serve without question anything, from a circus to a camp-meeting, which offers passengers or freights to their lines.

But the Romanists understood clearly why they had come together, and we of the South who hav hitherto escaped the worst evils of Romanism had as well view the case from the standpoint of their intentions, and govern ourselvs accordingly.

Much as we may desire to treat the church of Rome with the same tolerance and fraternity as we extend to other denominations, the facts of its own making do not allow us to do so with safety. It is a political body as well as a religious organization, and it is a political body which persecutes for religion's sake. It votes solidly—which means its attitude givs it power to compel parties to treat with it. It is worse than folly to interpose in behalf of such a body a plea of charity. Charity cannot tolerate uncharity, and toleration ceases to be a virtue when it is invoked that intolerance may go unrebuked.

This movement is a part of a series of schemes which hav been going on some time to secure the balance of power in the United States. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, not a great while ago reminded Lord Randolph Churchill that the Romanists held the balance of power in Canada, and thereby controled elections. And he went on further to say that in due time presidential elections in this country would be determined in the same way. It is not difficult to see how necessary to such a plan is a good round vote in "the solid South."

Let no man say our words are the utterances of an alarmist. What Rome openly avows as a purpose is not to be pooh-poohed as a nightmare. As a matter of fact Romanism is already a political factor in this country. Just the other day a dispatch from Washington said: "The House Committee on Indian Affairs yesterday considered the Indian Appropriation bill. Among other items adopted was one to appropriate $150,000 to provide for the education of one hundred and fifty boys and girls at St. John's University at College Grove, Minn., and St. Benedict's Academy at St. Joseph, Minn. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty boys and girls hav been educated at these schools yearly, but the Indian commissioner has been steadily decreasing the price allowed for them, until it now reaches $108 a year." These are both Roman Catholic schools. The allowance of $108 per capita for their Indian pupils is an extravagant sum, but it has been larger in the past, and now it is proposed to raise it to $1,000. It would be interesting to know the history of this item in the Indian Appropriation bill, as it would also be to know why the Romanists receive from the general government more money for Indian schools than all the other denominations put together.

Romanism has lived in the Old World so long at public expense it has acquired the habits of a political parasite, which we might well despise except for its deadly bite.

But what remedy shall we adopt to meet this movement? Can we forbid these people buying and occupying lands? No; but we can unite our Protestant forces so perfectly to defeat the ends they aim at that we can make it undesirable for them to come with such designs among us. This we can do, and this we ought to do, both for their good and our own.

We say for their good as well as our own, and the point is well taken. Romanism, if we may trust Lord Macaulay, has blighted some of the fairest sections in Europe and pauperized the people. If we permit them to control our country it will soon be unfit even as a refuge for the unhappy peasants now sought to be brought among us.

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Communications.

New Testament Miracles and Evolution.

The alleged miracles of Jesus are fairly numerous, but upon the assumption that he was the very God, their utilitarian or moral value is open to doubt. The gospel writers not only believed that Jesus was capable of performing miracles, but that any of his disciples who possessed the necessary faith might acquire the power by the help of deity.

Jesus may be applauded for curing a man of leprosy, for healing the centurion's servant, or even "removing" the fever from Peter's mother-in-law, but if Jesus were God it is difficult to understand why such persons should be afflicted with these diseases at all, especially if their conduct was meritorious, and if such diseases were sent as a punishment, it is equally hard to understand why Jesus should select these among so many for cure, and leave all other afflicted persons to deal with the diseases by natural methods or perish. These were undoubtedly useful miracles if they occurred, but as no amount of evidence would prove them to hav been performed by supernatural means—no man being able to set a limit to nature's capabilities—we are open either to believe that those who recorded these events were mistaken or that they were deceived, or that they were accomplished in a purely natural way.

Jesus is said to hav turned devils out of two men possessed. But what are devils? Theologians do not know. They profess to know something about a personal being whom they describe with this name, but devils in the plural they know nothing about.

Some say that the devils referred to were "fits." But fits are not entities—they are a physical condition resulting from a derangement of the nervous system.

In the same chapter we are told of devils that were transferred from the stomach of a man to the bodies of some poor pigs, whose constitutions were so disturbed by such extraordinary and unexpected internal sensations that they, with one accord, made an end to their existence (the pigs, not the devils) by rushing furiously down a steep place into the sea. Now, if it were a good thing to turn devils out of the stomach of a man, how can it be regarded as a moral act to giv them a temporary lodging in the stomachs of a number of poor pigs? And if these devils were "fits," is it possible to transfer the fits of a man to pigs?

It is said that Jesus "stilled the tempest." But though this would be in itself a meritorious performance, there were very few lives at stake. And if it was a good thing for Jesus to still the tempest, by rebuking the winds and the sea, to save a few disciples, it is not unnatural to ask if it would not be still more praiseworthy on his part to calm the fury of the waves when some great vessel heavily laden with human beings was about to be engulfed.

Do we not all in our best moments feel with Miranda when she exclaimed:

> If by your art, my dearest father, you hav
> Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them;
> The sky it seems would pour down stinking pitch,
> But that the sea mounting to the welkin's cheek,
> Dashes the fire out. O, I hav suffered
> With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel
> Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
> Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
> Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished!
> Had I been any god of power I would
> Hav sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
> It should the good ship so hav swallowed, and
> The freighting souls within her.

Now, if Jesus, as a God, wished to demonstrate his power over the winds and the waves, surely he might hav selected an opportunity when more lives were at stake than a few favored apostles. When the London went down, heavily laden with young and hopeful emigrants, or when the Princess Alice was cut in twain by a massiv iron vessel—on such occasions as these a big miracle would hav been of undoubted utility. But when miracles are most needed, then are they most conspicuous by their absence.

But Jesus is said to hav opened the eyes of the blind. A useful miracle undoubtedly, if it were ever performed.

With no more difficult surgical operation than daubing some clay upon the sightless eyes, and calling upon the man to see, Jesus is alleged to hav wrought this change.

Jesus did not giv the man new eyes, nor supply any deficiency in the aqueous or vitreous humors.

No. He went through a singular performance with some soft clay, and, calling upon the man to receive his sight, the trick was done.

The gospel narrativ, however, itself throws grave doubt upon the genuinness of this miracle, for it goes on to declare that Jesus himself adjured the man on no account to divulge to any man the secret of how his sight had been restored.

Imagin a surgeon who, having performed a successful operation, should implore his patient to tell no man, lest his practice should increase beyond his power to cope with it! If Jesus could restore the vision of one blind man, why not of a thousand? Or, indeed, why not of all? And if it was a moral act to cure one, would it not be more moral to cure all?

It will ever appear strange to the thoughtful that, in a world governed by a good, just, and almighty being, there should be any blind persons at all. Why should a God make organs that are useless? Upon the theological hypothesis, there can be no rational answer to this question. But upon the evolution theory—the theory that organs develop by use, and decay from disuse—the explanation is easy enough. Two other miracles of Jesus may now be considered before summing up. The first was the miracle of feeding five thousand hungry persons on five loaves and two fishes—a very useful miracle of its kind—and the alleged raising of Lazarus to life.

In the feeding of five thousand, we are told that they sat down in hundreds and fifties, and that when Jesus "had looked up to heaven, and blessed and brake the loaves, he gave them to his disciples to set before them."

Now, whether the loaves expanded before leaving the hands of Jesus or after, the writer of Mark does not say. But if neither the loaves nor the fishes were increased in size, we must assume either that they were of enormous dimensions at the start, or that the people could not hav received more than a crumb of bread apiece, and a bit of fish of such infinitesimal proportions as to require the aid of the most powerful microscope in order that they might grasp it.

In my debate with the Scotch novelist Agnes Rollo Wilkie ("Was Jesus an Impostor?"), my gifted antagonist suggested an explanation which she imagined to be of a rational character. She affirmed in her grandiloquent way that Jesus did not feed the five thousand on five loaves and two fishes. Certainly not. He supplied them with something far better than that—for he "fed them with the imperishable bread of wisdom and truth." But Mrs. Wilkie did not say whether the twelve baskets of fragments which were taken up after the feast were of the same unsubstantial character.

Feeding five thousand hungry people is, without a doubt, a moral act. But feeding thousands of people who probably had food enough at home, who could easily obtain it if they chose, is scarcely so useful as supplying those who, in the time of famin, are entirely destitute of the means of existence.

The resurrection of Lazarus is regarded by Christians as the very best example of the great love of Jesus for his friend and compassion for the bereaved sisters, Martha and Mary. Looked at with the clear eye of reason, the alleged event bears a very different complexion. Jesus knew that Lazarus was going to die, yet he went away and did not return until Lazarus had been dead some days. Then, although he knew he could raise him from the dead, he came down to the grave-side and wept. Why these tears? Was Jesus sincere, or was he but enacting a wretched farce? But Jesus called Lazarus from the grave. With a "loud voice" presumably. The dead take no heed to soft voices. Jesus bade him "Come forth." Although Lazarus was "bound hand and foot with graveclothes," he managed to dextrously wriggle out of the grave.

It may hav been gratifying to Martha and Mary to hav their brother restored to them. It may hav excited wonder and admiration in the crowd who are alleged to hav witnessed the event; but it certainly was rather hard on poor Lazarus, who had suffered the agony of pain that invariably precedes the passage to the "valley of the shadow of death," to be called to life again only to endure a little later on a repetition of these sufferings. And the morality of such a miracle, viewed in this light, is very questionable.

The resurrection of Lazarus seemed to hav no perceptible effect on the people—it converted none, and Lazarus took no steps to demonstrate the genuinness of the miracle by going among the people and proclaiming the wonder that had been performed upon him.

The alleged resurrection of Jesus is a miracle into the utility of which we need not inquire, since if Jesus were God he could not die, and if he were a man he could not raise himself from the dead.

We hav seen that the miracles of Jesus were mainly of a useful character, supposing they were performed; for, with the exception of the cursing of the fig-tree, a wholly useless and silly performance, the rest of the wonders said to hav been wrought by the Nazarene were performed for distinctly desirable purposes—for ends the consummation of which meant the increase of human happiness.

But whether we are dealing with the miracles recorded in the Old or in the New Testament, whether with the wonders performed by Jahveh or by Jesus, or by less prominent "instruments," such as Moses, Joshua, or Samson, there is one fatal error running through them all. They all assume that the laws of nature are variable; that they may be changed, varied, or broken at the mere fiat of deity—a purely gratuitous assumption—to which human experience, common sense, and, above all, the great doctrin of evolution, are utterly opposed. The study of the evolution doctrin demonstrates that all the phenomena of nature are natural; that effects follow causes in a never-ending succession; that natural forces go straight to their end, mowing down whoever or whatever happens to be in the way with perfect impartiality; and that, if miracles had ever happened or were ever likely to happen, man would be the most miserable of all beings—the sport and toy of nature, or of any being that happened to be behind natural forces—for, unless the laws of nature were fixed and unalterable, he would be unable to calculate for a single instant what was likely to happen about him; he would be unable to pursue his daily avocation, but, in abject fear, stand in idleness day by day awaiting the fatal force that would deprive him of existence.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

Angels.

Laurence Sterne has put it on record—in "Tristram Shandy," I think—that the recording angel one day, while making an entry in his journal, dropped a tear upon a certain word and blotted it out forever. Laurence is a bit hazy as to whether it was the tear or the word which was obliterated by the angelic weep, but, not to be too hypercritical, we will suppose it was the word. The kernel of Sterne's little incident is the consoling intelligence that angels, like teething children and defendants in breach-of-promis cases, can occasionally indulge in the luxury of a thorough good cry. From biblical sources, too, we learn that angels can peck a bit when occasion demands, for does not the venerable lady-killer who wrote the Psalms make a remark that, once on a time, "man did eat angels' food?" The "angels' food" would, I fear, hardly satisfy the epicurean of A.D. 1888, for coriander seed doesn't come within miles of roast beef and plum pudding, *pâté de foie gras*, or ham boiled in champagne. Still, it was "grub" of a sort, and the fact that it constitutes the angelic *menu* ought to be a sufficient barricade to the caviling of the "scoffer." Thus far we hav learned that angels can weep and, if needs be, utilize their masticators—if they hav any. Besides this, it is on record that an angel has before now shut the mouths of a few refractory lions, and that his brother and sister angels hav driven chariots and blown trumpets, while it is distinctly stated that one of their number was, on one occasion, by no means averse to taking the brag out of Jacob by a pretty little maneuver of the early days of the prize-ring. Further, we hav it on the authority of Campbell, in his "Pleasures of Hope," that angels can blush if necessary, and that they are also capable of paying visits at intervals few and far between. Here, then, is a whole pile of angelic possibilities—they can eat, weep, muzzle lions, tool chariots, cornetize, wrestle, blush, and pay afternoon calls—and yet, with all our knowledge of angelic characteristics, there isn't one of us would recognize a heavenly messenger if we met him in the street to morrow, if he had taken the precaution to discard his wings and white surplice for an orthodox black coat and stovepipe hat. Such is fame!

But *do* angels wear a $20 suit of surplice and a pair of wings as their ordinary work-a-day apparel? Or is it only when they step into cheap engravings and carry a little boy through the roof, while the same little boy, wrapped in "the dreamless draperies of eternal peace," lies in his little cot below? Or do they really dress up for the occasion when they visit a sleeping seamstress and finish her work for her as she slumbers? And how do they get their surplices on over their wings? And how—— But there, if I go on with conundrums of this sort you will think I want to play at being a member of a Christy minstrel troupe, instead of concentrating my attention on the subject in hand. Still, angelic costume is really a matter of a good deal of speculativ interest. Father Henriques, the Jesuit, was of opinion that angels were in the habit of cavorting around in the dress peculiar to the female portion of the community. It is only fair, however, to the good old Jesuit to suppose that, had he lived a century or two later, and been present at an "at home," "reception," or ball of our own day, he would probably hav qualified his opinion on angels' dress. The good father further believed that the heavenly messengers wore their hair curled, affected waistcoats, farthingales, and such-like human vanities, and that up in heaven there were plenty of beautiful baths, where the angels swam about like celestial gold-fish; and enlivened the Beckwithian performance by singing "melodious madrigals." To the intelligent readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER—one can hardly imagin an *un*intelligent reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER—Father Henriques's idea of the dress and doings of the inhabitants of heaven must appear quaint, to say the least of it. Yet, after all, is there anything more than a difference of degree between the quaint ideas of the author of "The Business of the Saints in Heaven" and the popular superstitions of A.D. 1888? Is the idea of a farthingaled fish singing a merry madrigal so very much more ridiculous than that of a feathered lady blowing a horn?

The idea of wings forming a portion of an angel's traveling impedimenta has probably arisen from the

early accepted notion that angels liv in "the sky"—whatever that may mean—and that, as "the sky" seems scarcely solid enough to lay a tram-line on, it was probably imagined by our early ancestors, who had no knowledge of ballooning, that some propelling power was necessary for the conveyance of the "guardian spirits" from place to place. In early days folks were in the habit of limiting their ideas of the unknowable to their acquaintance with the knowable. Birds, they reasoned, were the only animals which could utilize the atmosphere for traveling purposes. To so utilize it they required wings; *ergo*, angels must hav wings. And so the old myth has come down through the ages. Famous painters hav pandered to the superstition, and daubed their angels after the conception of early man. Andrea Orcagna, in his fresco at Pisa, painted his angels as prettily colored birds, whose heads were heads of beautiful women; while he made his devils, as per the stereotyped idea, in the forms of beasts and snakes. Old Saxon artists clothed their "guardian spirits" in shirts and undershirts, a far more sensible notion than that usually adopted by would-be "great" masters. In literature, as in art, the changes hav been so constantly rung on the ideal angel that the popular mind—though it would probably deny the soft impeachment if challenged in black and white—actually accepts ideality for reality, and tutors the juvenil intellect to believe in the feathered lady who hovers over the cot. Milton's angels were an angry, forbidding crowd; Longfellow's were decent souls, if we take the one mixed up with Rabbi Ben Levi as a sample. Yet both Milton and Longfellow hav helped not a little to fix in the popular mind a myth as a reality. In our churches to-day the same idea covers all the available stained glass of the establishment. Good, sensible church-going people, of course, would laugh at you if you suggested that the angelic pictures were anything more than poetic representations. But, all the same, there isn't a mother's son of them would like to be shut up in a church for a night with nothing to engage his attention but the feathered folk on the stained-glass window.

Of course, as good Christians, you and I, dear reader, expect to become angels some day or other, though I am sorry to say that most of us don't seem to care how long that day may be in coming. All the same, however, there is no earthly necessity for our aspirations to be damped by the prospect of wings and coriander seed. We can still be good Christians, and still believe in, or, more correctly, wish for, a happy hereafter, without tacking on to it absurd costumes and occupations. It is not absolutely compulsory for us to believe either in a devil with a tail or in an angel with ærial propellors.

When two-legged man was a very little boy, he believed that the spirit when it left the body departed into some far-off isle of the blessed, and enjoyed to a fuller extent all that made life worth living here. Whether man's pleasures were coarse or otherwise, he expected to enjoy them tenfold, and he created his gods and his heaven to suit his own uneducated taste. Man has grown up now—to a certain extent—yet he still holds to the material hereafter with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. Let us, by all means, stick as long as we can to the hope of meeting those we hav "loved long since and lost awhile." It is a hope which, whether reasonable or not, will lead us on to higher and better and purer life here; but now that we hav banished our witches and men in the moon and churchyard ghosts, the time has surely arrived when bodiless cherubim and golden-haired ladies may be relegated to the oblivion of rejected myth.

Here endeth my sermon on Angels—written entirely in the interests of Christianity. Ahem!

WHYTE TIGHE.

The Present Cloud.

The so called civilized world speak of "the Dark Ages," as though they thought that the present age with them was as clear as the sun in a cloudless sky.

If we had all been without eyes from the beginning our sense of perfect joy would hav been fully realized upon the most dim and misty vision of Nature and our surroundings.

What do we mean when we speak of the Dark Ages?

Do we not mean the time when the world was not allowed to think, but was compelled by law to use the brain of one man, the head of the Christian church?

Why are we not to-day in the same darkness?

All will say, because of that great hero Martin Luther. He broke the shackles that bound the world to the dogmas of the pope at Rome. All must admit that what we call the Reformation was the coming from darkness to light by the appeal of Martin Luther to the reason of mankind. But I ask: Are we yet out of the darkness? Luther only started us toward the light.

Must we stop and say because Luther was a great and brave man that there is nothing better? Must we say that a man that lived three hundred years ago has done all the thinking we need? Was it enough of astronomy when Bruno said there was a plurality of worlds? Was it enough of electricity when Morse proved it a means of communication? Is it enough of light that it enables us to see each other? or of water that we quench our thirst?

Because Martin Luther discovered that the pope at Rome was not infallible, and denied his authority, must we stop there and deny the right to all others to think on this subject of Christianity?

We are told that we must not use our reason; that we must believe by faith alone.

That is just what the pope at Rome said. But Martin Luther gave light to the world through reason, which we call the Reformation, and our greatest joy.

My Christian friend, hav you not a right to think as much as Martin Luther? Can you not see that the world moves by thought? Can you deny me the right to question the justice of Christ's suffering on the cross for my sins?

Your answer is: There is no justice in it, but it had to be to fill the law of God.

Was it moral or reasonable?

No, you say, but we must accept it, because it is the law of God.

The pope at Rome said the same thing to Martin Luther.

The pope said to Luther: "I command you by the power sent me direct from Jesus Christ through St. Peter, his chosen apostle, in whose name I carry the keys to the kingdom of heaven, and whosoever I shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, to stop this talk about me and my business."

Did Martin Luther stop his talk? No. He had a thought, and persisted in telling it to the world.

Shall we stop thinking, because Martin Luther three hundred years ago had a good thought? Is this the end and aim of the Christian religion?

Must the Christian religion mean now, in this nineteenth century, the same as it did in the fifteenth century—the end of progress? If so, why do we glory in the work of Luther? Hav not we the right to think as Luther did?

Hav we not as much right to question the ideas of Luther as he had to question the pope at Rome? Why, in this enlightened age, will our sense allow a priest to stand before the people and say that faith is better than reason? Why should our sense allow a man to stand before the public and proclaim that Jesus Christ died that we might hav a future life?

Even if the Bible is the word of God, it is plain that it never was intended to teach us of a future life.

The old Bible does not say anything of it, and Jesus Christ seldom spoke of it.

The blood shed under the Jewish law was only to satisfy an angry God. Abraham never had a promis of a future life, even for the giving of his only begotten son to God.

Is it reasonable to think of a law that was not known to the Jews as coming from God, while Christ always said: "To the Jew first and after that to the gentiles."

Is it not plain that this future life is of modern birth, for the purpose of establishing the Christian church?

Is it not a fact that all that exists in any church worth anything is embodied in morality?

Is it right to teach our children of the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, while we know the thought to be immoral, unjust, and unreasonable? If it was to fill a law of God, why did not he tell the Jews of a future life?

Is it not plain to all Bible readers that this story was got up as a scheme to establish the church?

My Christian friends, allow no man or priest to tell you that faith is better than reason. Follow the example of Luther. The church told him the same thing. Will you persist in doing what you honor him for not having done?

This is an age of rapid progress. Thought and reason hav been partly let free and the cloud is slowly passing.

W. H. PENFIELD.

Some Contrasts.

I hav before me the *War Cry*, a Salvation Army paper which some one was kind enough to send me, the sender no doubt thinking that I was much in need of salvation. While I am not disposed to accept their offers of "salvation without money and without price," yet, whoever the person is that sent me the paper, he has my thanks, for it furnished me something to think about—furnished me something to contrast with the indifference of Freethinkers.

The *War Cry* is filled with reports of their meetings from New York to the Pacific ocean. I particularly noticed the "Wisconsin Division." Means can be furnished these fanatical bigots to travel all over our state shouting their crazy religion in numerous and important towns, beating drums and blowing horns for Christ's sake. The towns that hav been blessed with a call from the Salvationists are Beloit, Brodhead, Evansville, Monroe, Browntown, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, and Ashland.

The first sentence of the report from Ashland is: "The Salvation Army just suits Ashland." If this be true, then Ashland must be allowed the privilege of having just as much salvation as it wants.

Is it really possible that ninety-nine of every hundred people must be fed upon the marvelous—is it possible that even in this age of learning and science superstition is more congenial to the mind of the average man than Rationalism? I can not help contrasting the successful efforts of the most irrational religionists with the unsuccessful attempts of Liberal lecturers to secure engagements on the most generous terms. A Freethinker may write a hundred letters for engagements to lecture, and, business-like, inclose stamps for reply, and if he gets answers to one-fifth of his letters he is quite fortunate indeed.

Another publication lying on my writing table is the "Methodist Year Book," 1888, in which I find generous, magnificent sums given for the purpose of spreading the religion of "believe or be damned" among the heathen and unbelievers in Methodism. Their sums apportioned for missionary purposes, foreign and domestic, foot up the grand total of $1,201,819. And this great sum is raised and expended by the Methodist church alone in one year. I find, too, that $10,000 is appropriated for missionary purposes in the heathen state of Wisconsin. What an unfavorable contrast these figures make with the reports of the funds raised and disbursed by the American Secular Union! Why is it that a religious organization can be so generously sustained and a Liberal organization be allowed to perish for lack of finances? Is it that there are principles in Christianity that are more enduring and more to be commended than in Liberalism? Or is it that Christians are more earnest and sincere than Liberals Or is it that Christians as a class are generous and free to giv and that Liberals are niggardly and mean?

No, it is none of these reasons.

Liberals as a class are generous and free—hold to their principles as honestly as Christians do to theirs. True, there are many half-hearted Liberals who care nothing for the ignorance and bigotry of the world There are also too many Liberals who are intimidated by Mother Grundy. So there are Christians who are careless and indifferent—who are thoroughly selfish.

What then is the difference between orthodox success and the abortiv efforts of Freethought? If we study the history of any religion, or any Secular movement, we will see how little its success depends upon the nature of its doctrins, and how much success depends upon effectiv organization. If Liberals wish to succeed—if we wish to get a respectful hearing—we must organize to accomplish our purpose. There are sufficient numbers of Liberals in almos every town to hav an organization and well-conducted meetings. Then we would be as respectable as any of the churches. In this way we would command the respect of our opponents, and the petty persecutions of the church would cease.

Pittsville, Wis. GEO. H. DAWES.

A Christian Giv-Away.

In the *Commercial* of August 18th appears an extract from the *Contemporary Review*, from an article called "The Future of Religion," in which occurs the following remarkable passage:

> An Atheist, if he argues consistently, will not expose his life to defend either his country or his fellow-man; for, if *all* really dies with the body, why should he sacrifice that by which he enjoys all the rest? Abnegation such as this would be absolute folly, and the sacrifice complete trickery. The denial of the spirituality of the soul uproots all reasonable motivs for being just and honest. If I can enrich myself and escape the penal code, why should I not do so? The blaze of gold soon makes men forget a slur on the moral character. I see no good reason for abstaining from any indelicacy of conduct, from an abuse of another's confidence, or even from theft, if all this may go unpunished and be profitable to myself. Apart from religion, what influence is there to encourage good and withstand evil propensities?

Can there be a more glaring illustration of the deadening moral effect of Christian teaching than this?

Note the opacity of moral perception which prevents the writer from even seeing his own self-condemnation through his own words.

This is about the "freshest," the most *naïf* giv-away of the gospel system that can be found anywhere.

Without some selfish motiv of direct personal interest, he says, there is nothing in patriotism and right to induce their practice.

If *he* were an Atheist, he would lie, rob, seduce, murder, and betray his country because he would hav no expectation of being paid for not doing so.

Why! love of offspring, love of his master, will cause even a beast to risk and also sacrifice his life.

Here, Freethinkers, is your opportunity. You are forever being twitted with being negativ, with pulling down. Let it be shown that the *true* believers, who believe in the power of goodness over man for its own sake, can do more to raise man than the *real* infidels who are utterly devoid of confidence in the noble's being in any way, in itself, preferable to the base.

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Liberal or Secular.

We hav found in the *Investigator* during the past few weeks an animated and ardent discussion as to whether the word Liberal or Secular best described the work of the American Secular Union. Mr. Seaver and most of his correspondents seem to favor the word Liberal because Secular "may refer to trade, commerce, politics, shops, manufactures, or anything else; but Liberal relates to mental reform, to free thought, free speech, opposition to bigotry, priestcraft, and every species of tyranny over the mind of man."

The writers of these kinds of reasons seem to forget that Liberal is used in politics in England and Canada, and means not at all what Freethinkers mean when they call themselvs Liberal. In fact, the Liberal party of England is exceedingly il-Liberal toward Infidels. So when we say in this country that such a party has adopted a Liberal policy, it does not follow that it has adopted the policy of the Liberals. Again, the word is used to denote a heretical portion of the church people—pale phantoms eternally suspended between heaven and earth—"Liberal Christians." On the other hand, the word Secular always means, of this world and its affairs, and must necessarily exclude the other world, and is consequently opposed to Christianity or any other-world religion. Of course, it expresses no opinion as to the truth or falsity of other-world religions, but simply denotes that he who is a Secularist is attending to this world and separating its affairs from the other. Under a secular government, no union of church and state is possible.

Moreover, there is a broader ground in favor of the word Secular in describing the Union formed to enforce the Nine Demands. Mr. Putnam, president of the Union, states them admirably in a communication which Brother Seaver prints in the *Investigator*. He points out:

"The reason for the name is found in the Nine Demands of Liberalism, wherein it is stated that the supreme purpose of the Union is the establishment of a 'purely secular government' in the American republic. The word Secular in this case is thoroughly plain in its meaning. It means a total separation of church and state. There is no other word that means this exactly.

"'Liberal' does not mean it. 'Infidel' does not mean it. 'Freethought' does not mean it—that is, exclusivly. These terms are general terms, and include Secularism, though not necessarily; and if they include that, they also include many other things, and therefore they are not defining words of the intent and sole intent of the American Secular Union. This Union is organized for a particular purpose—not a general purpose—as were the old antislavery societies. It proposes to do one thing, and only one thing, and when this one thing is accomplished the function of the Secular Union is over. It has no need of further existence as an organization.

"Liberalism, in its broad and deep meaning, is something far more than this. It includes the whole of life and thought, and its universal aims are as lasting as the human race. It has a mightier function outside of the state than in it, in the development and education of humanity in every realm of mental, moral, and social activity. It is a general, all-comprehensiv word, and for that very reason is not the word we want. We want a particular word, a defining word, a business word, a word that shows just what the organization means—no more, no less. We want a specific term, not a generic. No one organization can include the whole of Liberalism. Specialization is the law of progress, and thus is the law of Liberalism. It must hav many instrumentalities for its growth, and the American Secular Union is one of these instruments. The attempt to combine Liberalism into one vast organization would be a stupendous failure. This is the curse of the church—that it tries to do too many things, to include the whole of life. The only way for the church to save itself, in the vastness of modern civilization, is to specialize its efforts, confine itself to a few things.

"So with the American Secular Union. It must be a special organization, not a general organization. It represents the concentration of Liberalism upon one point, and the word Secular expresses the concentration and the meaning of the concentration, and therefore it becomes a grand rallying cry like the cry, 'On to Richmond!' That did not mean everything to the cause of the American republic, but it meant a mighty advance to the universal victory. A secular government is not all. Grander ideals are in the future, but it represents a tremendous gain."

The difference may also be stated in another way. Liberal means our religion, or professions as to religious belief. Secular means our politics, or political objects. And as the Union is formed for political work, Secular is obviously a better word to describe the organization. If we say we desire a Liberal government, no one knows just what we want. Liberal may mean liberal in expenditures, liberal, or broad, in policy, or liberal in law-making. Secular government, however, always means, and is so understood, a government without church entanglements or religious bias. The word Liberal, therefore, conceals our political objects, while Secular defines them boldly.

But unless the Union is supported a little more unitedly, enthusiastically, and Liberally in the future than in the immediate past, it will not make much difference as to the name. The organization will lapse back into that state of helpless desuetude in which it was found by the annual Congress at Cassadaga.

An English Institution.

In England, as is well known, there still linger, amid all the wealth of knowledge and intelligence of thought that we hav secured for our age, certain fragmentary remains of ancient superstitions that used to flourish strangely and balefully among old and semi-civilized peoples. These remnants of superstition, it also appears, are not to be observed in a great part of the population; and in the portion where they are found they present varying degrees of harmfulness and intensity.

Indeed, the particular supernaturalism fallen to the English is of a nature so antagonistic to human welfare—so incomparably more ruinous and deadly than any other on the wide earth—so opposed to nature, inimical to reason, incompatible with peace, obstructiv to progress, and fatal to health and to life itself—that obviously the attainments and advancement of that people could hav been made possible only by an ignoring of all its essential principles and a limitation of its duties by most to a mere mechanical routine of ceremonies and unmeaning forms. This is the course that the masses, thanks to their nearness to nature and a bit of leavening common sense, hav followed.

A considerable portion of the professed adherents of the irrationality seem almost totally uninfluenced by it in their conduct of life. Its formulas repeated, its genuflexions made, its payments placed in the right hands, they are seen proceeding to their vocations, their civil affairs, their investigations and works of utility, substantially unimpeded and unpoisoned by the fixed averments and noxious fantasies of their creed.

Another portion of the followers of the faith are evidently more under its dominion. They devote some money and effort to its advance, regulate their acquaintance by it, and endeavor, with the usual unfortunate effects, to adjust to it some of the functions of their daily life.

Still others present a more deplorable aspect of the aberration. Its singular antinatural impulses seem engrafted into their natures, by early training, to a great depth, and they exhibit a lamentable diminution of that openness to new thought and conviction so necessary to progress.

Yet, through all these classes, there is much of healthful recognition of rational principle, much of liberality of conduct, of amenability to reason, of wholesome holding by nature and the known, of love of progress and the right. With that strange but fortunate faculty of mankind for honestly holding in words and profession a formal belief and at the same time unconsciously regulating their conduct upon principles absolutely interdicted by that belief, all of these classes, even the backward and bigoted class last enumerated, hav, though with slow and painful surmounting of traditional and supernatural obstacles, yet made a considerable and distinct advance in civilization. The truth is, there is in nearly all of them a tacit recognition of the pernicious and impracticable nature of their creed. Though unconscious to its exhibitors, and though they would indignantly deny its existence, this recognition, this admission of the folly and evil of their faith, is evident in their every act. Recognizing, then, as they do, in their tacit, practical way—by the kind of double consciousness mentioned—the folly and mischief of their creed, the people, it might reasonably be supposed, would instantly unite to suppress as insane and perilous a class even more deeply sunk into groveling superstition than any of their own number—more incased and hardened against social change, more bitter and malignant toward free inquiry and popular rights, more determined in reactionary measures and class rule and venomously hostil to progress and science. At least, it might confidently be presumed that the people, if by their principles prevented from disarming by political disability such dangerous foes of the state, would concentrate upon them a storm of contempt, and brand them as among the lowest and most reprobate of mankind.

Well, there is in England just such a class. Let us see what it is, and then what the people do with it.

Beyond the many who adhere to Christianity in name but practice few of its precepts and enter willingly any liberal and rational reform; beyond the numbers who furnish attendance and money at churches and are mildly shocked at aught heretical; beyond the more devoted supporters who bend with energy to their work, but though blinded and misguided retain some conscience and justice—beyond all these, there is in England a class of Christians irremovably rooted in fixed opinions received from barbaric ages; utterly devoid of principle; uniformly antagonizing every innovation; influencing and intriguing against every move for liberty either political or religious; invariably bent upon thwarting education and enlightenment; unfailingly abetting governmental injustice and tyranny; conscienceless and sycophantic, insidious and deceiving, hypocritical and tyrannical, corrupt and dangerous; oppressors of all that is manly and free, maintainers of ignorance and its pain, foes to every condition that can bring forth intelligence and joy.

What do the people do with such a class?

They constitute it a governing house of legislature for the realm. It is called the House of Bishops.

It may be said: But do the bishops really vote and intrigue in the directions charged? Let us review the history of the Established church and House of Bishops and see.

Commencing from the Reformation, the Anglican church, through the whole of the struggles for constitutional liberty against kingly despotism, exerted in every period and every conflict the whole of its tremendous power for the maintenance of tyranny and wrong. Every history of every reign tells this; it is a matter of common ascertainment and overwhelming proof, and though the duplicity of the church still diverts from it the attention of the uninformed masses, it is as household words to every scholar in the world.

When Charles I. attempted to convert the monarchy into a despotism, the church gave him its constant and enthusiastic support.

When after the Restoration the current of opinion set in against all liberal opinions, the church directed the stream, allied herself in the closest union with a court of unexampled corruption, and exhausted her anathemas, not upon the tyranny and extortion surrounding her, but upon the patriotic principles of Hampden and his friends.

Through the continual encroachments of the Stuarts on the people's liberties, she maintained the same course.

The University of Oxford solemnly condemned the democratic writings of Buchanan and others, and proclaimed it unlawful "on any pretense whatever to take up arms against the king."

During the reign of William the whole energies of

the church were directed to the subversion of the constitutional liberty that was then firmly established.

Through the movement against public rights under Queen Anne, through the still stronger movement under George III., the same spirit shaped all her acts.

Of all supporting the wars against America and against the French Revolution, the Anglican clergy were the most ardent. From first to last their conduct was the same, and every victory of liberty was their defeat.

For the space of two hundred years there flowed from the Christian dignitaries a stream of volumes inculcating support of whatever monarchy was in power, and denouncing upon all reformers the flames of hell. Everywhere the priest called down the wrath of his God on opponents to the king, and everywhere was the scripture cited as proof and warning. That no tyranny, however gross, that no violation of the constitution, however flagrant, can justify resistance; that all those principles concerning the rights of peoples on which constitutional government is based are false, and all those efforts of resistance by which constitutional government is achieved are deadly sins, was her emphatic and unchanging teaching. "Heaven," said the "Homily on Willful Rebellion," "is the place of good, obedient subjects, and hell the prison and dungeon of rebels against God and their prince." "We may not in any wise," said the "Homily on Obedience," "withstand violently or rebel against rulers, or make any insurrection, sedition, or tumults, either by force of arms or otherwise, against the anointed of the Lord." Jeremy Taylor and Ussher vied in denouncing the man "who can think it lawful to fight against the supreme power of his nation." Berkeley attempted ("Discourse on Passiv Obedience") to show that obedience to royalty was ordained by the law of nature.

During all these generations there were just two instances of the church's taking an attitude of opposition to royalty. Who needs to be told the cause of these departures from her course? When her own dignity and property were touched by James, she suddenly forgot her teachings of submission; when Mary threatened persecution, she rose in convulsions of rage, sowing sedition and advocating tyrannicide ("A Short Treatis of Politique Power," by the bishop of Winchester, 1558).

Now let us examin the votes of the House of Bishops in our own time. And let it be remembered that though in its now weakening condition this House has no direct legislativ power save in so far as what its convocations agree upon may be made the subject of an act of Parliament, these convocations, as is testified by the Encyclopedia Britannica, hav by influence and as "spiritual advisers" in many instances procured their determinations to become the law of the land.

In 1810 they procured the defeat of the bill abolishing capital punishment for stealing from shops property of the value of five shillings.

In 1807 they procured the defeat of the appointment of a Privy Council committee to forward the education of the people.

In 1833 they procured the defeat of the bill rendering Jews eligible to sit in Parliament.

In 1834 they procured the defeat of the bill admitting Dissenters to the Universities.

In 1839 they procured the defeat of the national education bill.

In 1867 and 1869 they procured the defeat of the bill abolishing ecclesiastical tests preventing Nonconformists from enjoying the rights and privileges of the Universities.

In 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, and 1865 they procured the defeat of the Qualification for Offices Abolition bill, which abrogated the declaration "not to exercise power, authority, or influence, possessed in virtue of any office, to interfere with or weaken the Protestant church as it is by law established in England, or to disturb said church, or the bishops and clergy of the said church, in the possession of any rights or privileges to which the said church and the said bishops and clergy are or may be by law entitled."

In 1876, and three times in 1877, they procured the defeat of the bill permitting in churchyards "Christian and orderly" funeral services other than those of the Church of England.

In 1883 they twice procured the defeat of the bill allowing a man to marry his deceased wife's sister.

"The Church of England," says Macaulay, "continued to be for more than one hundred and fifty years the servil handmaid of monarchy, the steady enemy of public liberty. The divine right of kings and the duty of passivly obeying all their commands were her favorit tenets." "Anglicanism," says Lecky, "was from the beginning at once the most servil and the most efficient agent of tyranny. In all those fiery trials which English liberty has passed since the Reformation, she invariably cast her influence into the scale of tyranny, supported and eulogized every attempt to violate the constitution, and wrote the fearful sentence of eternal condemnation upon the tombs of the martyrs of freedom." "Every inch of ground," says Samuel Morley, "toward the religious liberty now enjoyed in these kingdoms, has been won by hard fighting against prelates, clergy, and against the powerful landed aristocracy, whose pliant servants the former hav always been." "Hav we found Bishops," asks Joseph Hume, "standing between the government and the people to prevent the exercise of arbitrary power? No; they hav been aiders and abettors of every tyranny and oppression which the people hav been compelled to endure. When did they rise to oppose an act intended to abridge liberty? They hav always been the political tools of a designing ministry, and ready to sacrifice every principle in the support of arbitrary power."

This, the Anglican church, headed and managed by these bishops, is the institution to which the people of Great Britain in their wisdom annually pay through their government, according to the total estimates of the Financial Reform Association, the sum of nine million five hundred thousand pounds, or over forty-five million dollars.

Mr. Everett and the Knights of Labor.

It seems that at last Arthur C. Everett will be able to get his case against the Knights of Labor of Indiana taken up and investigated, though it will be strange if justice shall be finally done him.

The readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will remember the circumstances connected with the trouble, related in detail in these columns months ago, but now being for the first time noticed by the general press. Mr. Everett objected to the use of the Bible in the lodge room, on the ground that the order is secular and composed of both Infidels and Christians. The Bible was retained, the Christians being in the majority, and an appeal from Mr. Everett to Mr. Powderly produced no good effects.

Mr. Everett was perhaps the most earnest and enthusiastic worker in the cause of labor in Wabash, and he began the publication of a little journal in the interests of the order. But he is also an indefatigable Freethought advocate, and the official presence of the Bible in the lodge room was excessivly distasteful to him. In his paper he each week protested, and published besides heretical editorials and communications. The Knights resented this, and tried to force him to stop. As he would not stop under threats they tried bribery, offering to buy him a new press if he would join the Methodist church and cease printing Freethought articles in connection with labor intelligence. His refusal to listen to these overtures was followed by threats and persecution on the part of the Knights. He was stoned as he sat upon the porch in front of his residence. He was threatened with tar and feathers, and assured that his type would be dumped into the streets. They made it so hot for him that he moved to Mt. Vernon, Ind. They followed him there with the boycott, writing to the prosecuting attorney there that they were going not only to ruin his business, but to drive him out of the state. He did go to Grand Rapids, Mich., but failing to support himself returned to his old home at Wabash, where he livs in constant fear, not daring to venture upon the streets at night, and unable to obtain employment, as all are afraid that the Knights will boycott them if they giv the heretic work.

The matter will be taken by Mr. Everett to the state assembly of Knights, soon to convene. Mr. Powderly, to whom Mr. Everett has written several times asking to hav the trouble adjusted, has at last got off his knees before Cardinal Gibbons long enough to write: "If the case stands as reported by you, then a wrong has been done. I will cause an investigation to be made. You will hear from me later on."

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that Mr. Everett is in a bad way financially, with no money, few personal friends, and unable to get a day's work whereby he could earn even a few dollars. He is in pressing need, and suffering because the meek and lowly followers of Jesus hav so much love of God in their hearts that there is no room for justice and decency.

That the investigation will help Mr. Everett, we hav doubts. Powderly is too closely pressed under the thumb of Cardinal Gibbons to do justice to an Infidel; but whether the boycott is removed or not, the public agitation of the injustice will tend to prevent other like instances.

The Thievery of Credit.

A good many thoughts are suggested by the following paragraph in a recent issue of the San Francisco *Freethought:*

"Those were queer ceremonies that attended the transfer of the Lick Observatory to the State University of California at Berkeley last week. In the first place there was prayer, and afterward Professor LeConte, in accepting the gift on behalf of the board of regents, defended the study of astronomy on the ground that it is an investigation into the "modes of the divine intelligence." His address, as reported, was as much an exhortation to piety as to the study of science. In consideration of the fact that James Lick was a Freethinker, and made this contribution to science because he believed that science would be the death of superstition, it is to be deeply regretted that the ceremonies could not hav been secular, even if the orators of the occasion had not generosity enough to pay to Freethought the tribute which was its due."

In a few years we shall probably be told that James Lick left his magnificent bequest for the sole purpose of aiding Christianity. Like Girard College, the ghouls will steal the institution and use it to propagate the very superstition that the founder most heartily detested.

But it will be only one more instance of the church's claiming the credit for a good work which she strenuously opposed, and approved only when she was forced to or found there was money in it which she could steal and put to her own uses.

Editorial Notes.

THE ghost of Thomas Paine is said to be wandering around New Rochelle, and occasionally visiting this city. The story goes around New Rochelle that the ghost flits around the Mount Paine milk farm every twenty-four hours. It is, however, a circumstance worthy of note that it has not visited any of Paine's admirers, but is seen only by the Christians.

THERE are some pious people whose zeal outruns their discretion. Of such appears to be Dr. Arnold, proprietor of a music school in Chicago, who was fined $10 by a justice of the peace, on a charge of assault and battery committed on a young lady pupil for refusal to attend prayers in the parlor. Dr. Arnold's militant religious zeal will yet get him into trouble, though it is by no means certain that it will get him into heaven.

THE *Northern Weekly Leader*, England, says of Mr. Bradlaugh's explanation to his Northampton constituents of his course on the Oaths bill: "The address was a masterpiece and model of political sincerity. It was something more than that, however—it was a conclusiv vindication of the course which he has adopted in the House of Commons with regard to the Oaths bill. The fate of that measure depended, as he explained to his audience, on his being able to secure a majority for it in face of a Government which was really hostil, and of an Opposition which by itself was powerless. It says much for Mr. Bradlaugh's management that under such circumstances he has saved the bill in principle and in effect. On Wednesday Northampton Liberals showed that they know when they are well off." While not wishing to detract from Mr. Bradlaugh's reputation as a bold and skilful leader, we cannot see how the true secular principle of government is preserved when a man has to say a word about religion, either negativly or affirmativly, before performing a public duty. If the bill is accepted as the best that can be done at present, as a compromise unwillingly entered into by the Infidels, then its passage is a question of opportunism to be determined by the necessities of the oppressed.

Lectures and Meetings.

THE Kent, O., Secular Union will hold a mass meeting on the Old Pioneer Grounds, Kent, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, September 1st, 2d, and 3d, two sessions each day at 2 o'clock and 7:30 P.M. The evening meetings will be held in Kent's Hall. Miss Voltairine de Cleyre is engaged to unveil convent life, and J. H. Burnham to compare constructiv Secularism with other systems of morality. There will be both vocal and instrumental music at each meeting. The admission is free. All people in that vicinity and other vicinities are cordially invited to attend.

GEORGE H. DAWES will lecture at Deuster, Wis., September 9th; at New Lisbon, Wis., September 10th, and at Merrilon, Wis., September 12th. All the Freethinkers in the vicinity should go and hear him, and take their Christian neighbors along.

Letters from Friends.

GENESEO, ILL., Aug. 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I understand a good Liberal of Orion, Ill., had the misfortune to lose one of his children, and that he had an orthodox minister to preach his funeral. I thought perhaps he did not know where he could get a Liberal to speak a few kind words in the dark hour of his trouble and that that was the reason he had to do as he did.

The lady who informed me seemed to think, even boasted, that Liberals under such circumstances would come to the preachers or the Bible for consolation. I regret to hear our brother Liberal would or did hav anything to do in that way with orthodox ministers. Now, I hope you or some of the TRUTH SEEKER family will tell all Liberals where they can procure a Liberal speaker, in case his or her services are needed. Many good wishes for you and all the TRUTH SEEKER family.

Inclosed find $5 to renew my subscription and for a new subscriber. L. G. BARNES.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: If your rules will admit, please giv in your paper the purport or substance of the following:

Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., who has for weeks been confined to his bed from severe and painful illness, will, on the 31st of August, 1888, celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his ordination as an evangelist, the sermon on that occasion being preached in Herkimer, N. Y. (his nativ town), by Rev. Dolphus Skinner, then of Utica, N. Y., but now in spirit life, the text being, "Go preach the gospel to every creature." As far as able Mr. Harter has done so, almost without money and without price. And now, in his disabled condition, he humbly asks his friends, "divine fragments" and "divine helpers," to lift up, in his behalf, holy, financial, substantial prayers, of deeds rather than words, on the 31st of August, 1888, and forward the result to him or to Mrs. J. H. Harter, at Auburn, N. Y., as soon as convenient after the prayers hav taken a materialized form, in the shape of provisions, greenbacks, silver, or gold.

J. H. HARTER.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Aug. 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: From present indications it would seem that Freethought in Utah is on the eve of a veritable boom. Never before in the history of our territory hav the prospects seemed so flattering for the Liberal cause.

The lecture season will be opened on the 26th of the present month by S. P. Putnam, who is a thorough organizer, a deep thinker, and a polished speaker, who always commands the respect of his auditors be they Radical or otherwise. He lectures in other parts of the territory before going East.

Mr. C. B. Reynolds follows, commencing the last of September and will hold the boards for four weeks, giving four lectures in this city. Of Mr. Reynolds we know but little; he seems to be meeting with marked success on his present lecture tour.

The executiv committee hav completed arrangements with B. F. Underwood for a course of twelve lectures, commencing January 6th.

Mr. Chas. Watts has signified his willingness to giv a like number of lectures immediately after the conclusion of Mr. Underwood's engagement, and the committee hav accepted his proposition.

The scholarly attainments, gentlemanly deportment, and refined and polished manners of these lecturers will contrast pleasantly with the buffoonery that has characterized our lectures of late. We may look for splendid results in the near future. B.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Aug. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am afraid Jennie Doan did not quite catch my meaning concerning the great paintings produced by or through mediums. I did not mean that no medium had painted good pictures, but meant that none had yet painted any that had made the impression upon the eye that those of Rubens, the great Flemish painter of some two hundred and forty-eight years ago, did, or those of the Dutch painter Rembrandt, who died two hundred and nineteen years ago. Now, if these dead painters, with all the accumulated aids of life in the summerland, and the study and practice of over two hundred years more upon them, should giv us pictures through a medium, they ought to far excel anything ever done by mere mortal skill, and make a world-wide reputation for themselvs—in fine, to be so superlativly excellent as to create a furor in art circles beyond anything we can possibly conceive of.

Clairvoyant doctors may diagnose diseases and cure them, but where are the millions of remarkable cures that should startle the world, and find place in all medical works—cures excelling all that could be done by a doctor who has only had seventy or eighty years of study and practice here on earth?

Several hundred years over there, spent in such superior schools, should giv us remedial appliances such as would confound, startle, and convince the most skeptical. It is not miracle that I ask, but simply the results of hundreds of years of study and practice, as it would naturally crop out in the work of the greatest doctors of the past, could they still be students and practitioners, and giv us the results and experiences thus gathered.

I do not wish to seem stubborn or bigoted, but I do want facts and realities just as they are—just as they would be did death end all, or not end all.

What really is, I desire to know. I feel a warm friendliness for all true believers, and if I could reconcile it with right would gladly let them enjoy even what I believe to be delusions and dreams. But, somehow, it seems wrong to me to let a single chance pass by of correcting an error or pointing a truth.

So, kindly yet earnestly, I giv my best and liv my best, hoping truth will win and happiness be the outcome.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path,
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find out sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

ELMINA.

Aug. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Could not some of your folks—or our folks—compile a list of Freethinkers, and what they hav done for the world and society—Freethinkers who hav been prominent in the various reforms—educational, temperance, anti-slavery, hygienic, sanitary, social, political, etc.? I am under the impression that the progress being made by humanity is due primarily to Freethought, while Christians claim all honors.

Bennett's great work, "Champions of the Church," and its companion, are out of the reach of many of us. The information we want might be given by some young person in need of practice who has access to biographical works, and not take much editorial time. It would be very handy to fire at the goody-goody people. J. TREFFRY.

[Here is a chance for some industrious writer. Partial lists hav often been given, and in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL and "The World's Sages" the most are found, but patient industry in the libraries might reveal information of great value in controversy.—ED. T. S.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of the 11th inst. there is a little story in the "Children's Corner" the philosophy of which I consider very bad. The story is of "Boy Billy and the Beer."

It strikes me that it would hav been just as appropriate for some one to hav taken Christian Zende in hand and said: "Ah, ha, Mr. Zende! so you like bread, do you? Well, you shall hav bread—all you want—but don't go to the bake-shop for it, where they cook and mix all the ingredients together, but stay at home and get your bread pure. See! I hav all the stuff here from the store, and you shall hav plenty of bread. Come, now; open your mouth!"

Mr. Zende's face opens; the artist puts in a teacupful of flour, then a spoonful of yeast, a pinch of alum, a bit of butter, a dab of molasses, and to make sure of having the kind of bread that Mr. Zende will like, he puts in a half teacup of salt emptyings, a little ginger and wheat middlings, and perhaps a little corn-meal; then, to make sure that the bread shall be light, he puts in some saleratus and baking-powder, and other ingredients too numerous to mention.

Now, to my mind, it is very plain that by this time Mr. Zende will cry out, in the language of the story: "Take them away! take them away! My mouth tastes awful now! I can't eat those things; they make me sick. I'll never eat bread any more!"

Now, it is a fact that will be recognized by all, after a moment's thought, that there are many compounds, both palatable and profitable, the ingredients of which could not be taken separately in a raw state with any great degree of relish; and my experience and observation teach me that lager beer and bread are some of them. M. L. NICHOLS.

COALING, ALA., Aug. 18, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER, August 11th, Mrs. Ritchey has replied to a letter I wrote some time ago. When Mrs. Ritchey wrote her first letter, I supposed, from its reading, she wanted to know the truth; but I find, from subsequent letters, she is fixed in her opinion, and proposes to instruct and seems to sneer at Infidels. Mrs. Ritchey refers me to Lev. xviii, 24, 25; xx, 23, to justify the slaying of the Midianites. That is in keeping with the God of the Hebrews. He never perceived the mistake in saving thirty-two thousand of the same women. It is not much worse than his mistake in the garden, and also in saving a few of the antediluvians for seed and one of them a drunkard. She also refers me to Psalms, Job, and Kings. The same books teach that this life is all. "If a tree is cut down there is hope for it; but man dieth and where is he?"

Mrs. Ritchey failed to answer where the pagan got his hell and heaven. I hav been a student of ancient, modern, profane, and sacred history, and I hav never read of a worse man than David. If he is a man after God's heart, I hope to never make his (God's) acquaintance. Mrs. Ritchey asks how I know the Midianites were industrious, peaceable, and virtuous. By the amount of spoil. Bishop Colenso estimates those killed at 116,000, and the saved at 32,000, making 148,000. Now, average the spoil according to our census rates, and we hav 20 odd head of sheep, nearly 3 beeves, and 2 asses to the family. The officers alone offered 16,750 shekels in gold, and there were only about 130 officers; the privates made no offerings of any moneys they had taken. You will admit they were industrious for that age. The number of virgins justifies the assertion of virtue; and we hav no account other than that they were peaceable. Will Mrs. Ritchey tell of what account the Bible has been to mankind in any way—what it has given they did not hav? Can she find a better lawgiver than Solon in any Christian land? Yet he lived 600 B.C. One day, at the court of Periander, the question was asked, Which is the best popular government? Seven wise men of the different countries of Greece gave their opinions. Can she point to a single government on this globe where their laws excel the sentiments embraced in either of those seven opinions? Yet they were not inspired, but pagan. This was 600 B.C. Solon declared that his code of laws were not the best, but the best Athens was capable of receiving, and history says his civil and criminal codes were so ably formed that the Romans made them the basis of their legislation, and from thence they hav been transferred into all the judicial systems of modern Europe. Yet Christians will say, If it was not for the Bible we had been savage yet. Will Mrs. Ritchey cease being so downright and short-off in her replies? When she converts one Freethinker I want to see it announced in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

H. J. WARD.

FONTHILL, CAN., Aug. 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I should hav liked to send you another subscriber, but this is a very God-fearing community—three preachers to guide them on the road to the kingdom, and they don't forget to giv it to the Infidels. But that is the way they make a living. I was passing one of the churches a short time ago. I heard the preacher say the Infidels had changed their name, for a few years ago they said that there was no God; now they call themselvs Agnostics and say that they do not know. But he was trying to make his hearers believe he knew all about it. They had a Union revival every night for about three months last winter. They converted upward of one hundred and thirty, and the most of them gave their experience, but I don't think they told it all. I found out the preachers don't believe what they preach, for we had two fires here last May that burnt a great part of the village and I noticed they did not hav much faith in prayer, for two of them were working away but I did not see them pray, and I remarked it at the time. I can't understand how men who hav been to college, and hav had the chance to read, can stand up in the pulpit and preach what they do. They must know it is all lies. I am down on the preachers, and they know it. I was having an argument with an ex-preacher, and I told him they were no good, and I argued like this: "If a man was to come round here with a book that you could not understand, saying there would be a man round here in a month that would explain the book for you for $2, would you buy the book?" He said, "No." "Well," I said, "you get people to buy a Bible, and then want the people to pay you to explain it. If it is in plain English, we can understand it for ourselvs, and when it says Samson, I don't expect it means Barnum's elephant."

There is only one more subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER in this village, but I hav hopes of living where there are a number of Liberals. I see, from the "Letters from Friends," they are farther advanced in Liberal ideas on the Pacific Coast than we are here. Perhaps the preachers are scarce there, for fear they might hav to work. Success to THE TRUTH SEEKER, Heston and the pictures, in which my wife and family heartily join. I am bringing my children up to Liberalism's principles. Kind regards to THE TRUTH SEEKER staff and all Liberal friends. I remain,

Yours for this life, RAYMOND COLE.

IPAVA, ILL., Aug. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I receive many papers and magazines, and they are all good, but I really enjoy THE TRUTH SEEKER more than any one of them. It seems to awaken thought and attemper the mind and fit it to receive things that are just and reasonable. It does not hesitate to speak the truth and rebuke the crimes of the pretended good. It teaches that true worth is the gem that should glitter on the throne. It fills up a vacancy that the majority of the papers leave.

The people hav elevated themselvs to the platform of inquiry. They are prone to investigate anything that is not reasonable, and reject that which is not good. Some of our citizens seem to think it is a crime to judge the history of the people four thousand years ago. They would hav us cultivate our voices so that when we speak of Moses or the God of the Bible the tone of our voices would be as sweet and soft as that of a prima donna.

I was at church on the 6th inst. In fact, I am a regular church-goer, and also a Sunday-school scholar—not as a believer, but as an investigator.

I love to read history and make comparisons. And I find by comparisons that the people are growing better all the time. We don't hav to look around long in our country to find men who are kinder than Abraham, Jacob, or Moses, and women who are more honorable and more truthful, with a greater pride in virtue, than Jacob's mother or his wives. A gentleman who taught me in school when I was a little boy spoke in Sunday-school on the 29th ult. He spoke quite lengthily on the terrible punishment in the future for those who do not believe. Believe what? That the creator of all things is the author of the Bible? I could not believe such a thing under any circumstances. He also spoke quite lengthily on the efficacy of prayer. He brought out the idea that earnest prayer would be answered. I asked him after Sunday-school if earnest prayer ever had been answered. He replied that certainly it had. I then asked why James A. Garfield was not saved. He replied that God thought it best for him to die. "Well," said I, "earnest prayer went up for him from every intelligent people on the globe." "True," said he, "but the people did not know what they were praying for." Now, if the people who prayed for Garfield did not know what they were praying for, how can anyone know when he is right? Again, does God hav to be asked to do right? Is it necessary to ask an unchangeable being to do right? Can man persuade a God to do what is outside of the natural course of events?

Then came the sermon, which was devoted to the missionary cause, and the noble men and women who go out to preach the word of God and how God was with them, and how very liberally we ought to giv. It seemed to me while the minister was talking that the people were hoodwinked more for Christ's sake than for any other one thing. The people are asked to support the preachers while they can preach, and then they are asked to contribute to the

sinking fund for broken-down ministers. They are asked to support the missionaries while the latter are visiting the heathen, and then they are told they ought to giv liberally to the support of the missionaries after they are too old to work longer for the Lord. Then, we hav the Women's Christian Temperance Unions and the Young Men's Christian Associations and the Roll of Honor all working for Jesus and the missionaries.

Many of them are honest in their work and are good and kind citizens. I find no fault with the individuals that are honest, but the creeds that impel them on—how long, oh, how long must we endure such teaching? How long will it be? How long need we wait before the people will learn to liv for humanity instead of living for Jesus? If we could hav every church converted into a science hall and hav the pulpits filled by scientific men instead of by preachers, the congregations would be large. The people would be taught how to liv in this world to enjoy health. There is no reason why man's allotted time or natural life should not be one hundred instead of thirty-five years. Then men would become optimistic instead of pessimistic in their views. They would cease stealing from one another to be able to giv to Jesus. And then men would minister and giv to mankind instead of sacrificing so much time and money for God. If we hav a mission, that mission must needs be to our fellow-man.

I am a great admirer of Col. Robert Ingersoll, or any man or woman who believes as he does. I believe the world is better, I believe the world is more charitable, I believe the world has more wisdom, because Col. Robert Ingersoll is living in it. Yours truly, C. S. RANDOLPH.

GIDEON, KAN., Aug. 10, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Having a little time, I will put a few ideas of a young farmer on paper. One who has to work sixteen hours in a day hasn't much time to speculate or theorize, but we farmers do think a little, and there are quite a number of Liberals sandwiched in among the farmers. Of course we hav not the benefits derived from a large city with her libraries, etc., but, as a rule, take a large number of papers, which in a very large measure is an excellent school. Some of your writers seem to think that the tariff is all that needs fixing and if we only had it fixed—had free trade, or protection, as some claim—times would be good, and farmers and all laborers would be happy. Now, we say the tariff is a delusion, a snare thrown out to catch the votes of gudgeons by old party leaders. The Democrats in their platform declare for tariff reform; the Republicans are for a reasonable reduction of the tariff, and reform in tariff. Each party wants to take duty off some things and put a higher duty on others. Each old party gets down and crawls and cringes to the money power, and the Republicans, to go the Democrats a little better, who hav always been for free whisky, declare for both free whisky and tobacco to get the saloon element. Now, as to Anarchy, we think there is no need of it in this country, and if the overcrowded laborers of the cities will scatter out and get homes away out on the great and noble prairies of the great Northwest and New South, this question of Anarchy will then be about settled, and without bloodshed on either side.

Now a word about a revival we had in this valley last winter, held by a sky-pilot named Testaman, who preaches the old version of the New Testament with all the variations added. During one of his hottest revival meetings last winter one of our young Freethinkers, Mr. F. O. Hellstrom, happened to smile at some of this "New Testaman's" remarks or antics, we don't know which, when the aforesaid Testament, marching down the aisle and pointing his finger at the above-named Freethinker, said: "Every neighborhood has a baboon. This neighborhood has one, and there he stands with a grin on his face." When meeting closed young Hellstrom walked up to Old Version of the "New Testaman," and shaking him by the hand said, "I am glad to meet a brother baboon without having to go to Africa," when lo! this meek follower of Jesus lost his "reverential calm" and became irate, and seized him by the collar with all the power of Jesus to help him, and was going to wipe up the floor with the poor Infidel, but the Infidel simply stretched forth his arm and grasped this mighty juggler for Jesus (the almighty dollar), and held him fast until the little knot set upon his shoulders cooled off, while it is said Frank was as cool as a cucumber, and smiled all the time.

Now about Spiritualism, of which there has been heard so much in THE TRUTH SEEKER of late. It always seems strange to me that spirits never show themselvs or make manifestations without some medium, who must hav curtains, cabinet, etc., with lights turned down before the spooks will come out, and then you must pay him a big fee whether you are satisfied or not. There is so much similarity between Spiritualism and Christianity that I cannot help thinking and calling them twin sisters of superstition and ignorance. All the priests (mediums, *et al*) need is people who are gullible, and, we are sorry to say, a large majority of mankind are easily gulled, and they can be as easily gulled and made to believe in hells and devils, spooks and spirits, as it was for Moses to gull the Israelites in ancient days. Now, I make this offer through THE TRUTH SEEKER. If any medium or person in the United States who sees this will convince me (and I am open to conviction) that the dead liv after death, I will make him or her a present of $25 in cash.

I think the cartoons are just the things to amuse and instruct, and would continue them right along. I think THE TRUTH SEEKER gets better and brighter as the years roll by. This valley has some twenty outspoken Liberals; enough to form a Secular Union if they were only organized; but it is a pretty hard job to organize farmers. and then the most of us are hard up, can't afford to take many Liberal papers or buy books, as taxes, interest, etc, take about all of our surplus, and more too, some years. But the time is drawing near when all Liberals will hav to be brought together in an organization, or giv up all our liberties and let that infernal machine known as the Catholic church reign supreme.

J. W. WATKINS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The tariff question having been urged upon our attention, courtesy requires that we should giv it all the attention that can reasonably be desired. With a view to qualifying myself to discharge the duty of an American citizen understandingly, I hav endeavored to acquire a knowledge of the cardinal principles of our national politics, or political economy, on which party lines were originally drawn.

I hav found that on the question of national organization one side proposed federal union, that has made the states a national unit; the other side proposed a confederation of independent states that would not giv them even the name of a nationality.

On the currency question one side proposed a national system of issue that would giv us a currency worth a hundred cents on a dollar everywhere within the states; the other side proposed free or independent bank issue, and gave us a currency that was at a discount all the way from naught to one hundred per cent.

On the question of international commerce one side proposed a protectiv tariff that would enable and encourage our people to do their own manufacturing and save the entire cost of employing other nations to do it for us. A penny saved is the equivalent of twopence earned. The other side proposed free trade—to hav our manufacturing done by those who will do it for less than we are willing to do it for ourselvs. As a measure of economy that is worse than "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung," for it will waste at both.

The advocates of free trade admit that high tariff will benefit manufacturers, but say it will ruin agricultural interests. Having a relativ who had been in the farming business more than half a century and made money at it, I applied to him for information on that point, and was informed that when we had high tariff he could obtain a ready market and good prices for his produce; but when the tariff was low he found it difficult to obtain a market for his produce at a price that would pay the cost of cultivation. He also suggested that some of the neighboring farmers were so bewildered by free trade sophistries that they doubted the evidence of their own experience and voted for free trade.

Your free trade correspondents hav contributed a liberal supply of those sophistries, and obligingly refuted most of them with their admissions, to which I will simply add the suggestions that, if we really deplore the overproduction and ruinous competition to which we are subject in spite of protection, I shall fail to see the consistency of desiring free trade with countries where overproduction and ruinous competition hav been so long chronic that their working population are forced over the verge of starvation, and are flying to this country for protection, of which the advocates of free trade would fain deprive them even here. Protection being indispensable to preservation, if self-preservation is the first law of nature, I shall think it absurd to assert that "protection violates the laws of nature."

One of your free trade correspondents contributes facts and figures that prove free trade to be a more villainous outrage upon the people than protectionists appear to hav suspected. They prove that the people of free trade countries pay about forty per cent more for imports than they get for their exports. It being obvious that a people who pay more for that they buy than they get for that they sell must inevitably become bankrupt, it is no wonder that the working people of free trade countries are miserably poor. Hence, it being a commercial necessity that a nation should obtain as much for their exports in the markets where sold as they pay for imports in the markets where purchased, I think it obvious that the figures given by your free trade correspondent prove conclusivly that the people of free trade countries are annually swindled out of hundreds of millions of dollars for the enrichment of importers. A desire to subject the people of this country to a like outrageous swindle, for a like purpose and on a much larger scale, appears to be the only rational incentiv to, or solution of, the free trade mania that is visible to an intelligent and fair-minded observer.

Nevertheless, I shall freely admit that neither high tariff, low tariff, nor no tariff can possibly protect us from the robbery and slavery that ownership of wealth subjects us to. That appears the only discoverable cause why protection fails to protect; for the advocates of free trade admit that a high tariff should protect us from the overproduction and ruinous competition of foreign manufacturers, and nobody pretends that it will protect us from overproduction and ruinous competition that ownership compels us to practice among ourselvs. Nothing but the entire abolition of the cause can cure that effect, political demagogs and economic quacks to the contrary notwithstanding. It being impolitic to propose and advocate abolition of the cause, the next best thing is to prove that complaining of and endeavoring to modify the effect is virtually condemning and protesting against the cause.

J. A. TUTTLE.

UPPER YARRA, VICTORIA, AUS., June 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The question of a future life at times engrosses the thoughts of almost everyone who thinks beyond the grave. Vague theories may be advanced, but no philosophy can substantiate the doctrin of immortality. In this paper I propose to giv my view as nearly in accordance with the laws of nature as reasonable assumption will admit, and in order to illustrate those views I will call in the aid of arithmetical progression. I suppose it is admitted by most philosophers that organic matter is an amalgamation of atoms that hav passed through animal and vegetable life millions of times within the infinit grasp of immutable law. There are no accidents in nature, and surely that which has been shall be repeated during the long ages of eternity. But all assumption goes for nothing in dealing with the immortality of the soul, which, I suppose, means the mind or memory. If such had been the case we should hav been conscious of all events during the past eternity. It is then evident that we hav only got to deal with the possibility of a series of lives unconnected by conscious memory. In reasoning thus, we must bear in mind that the dissolution and amalgamation of the atoms of worlds must take place, which finity must regard as a young eternity. This is the most difficult phase in the problem, although the longest thinkable time would neither increase nor diminish the duration of the infinit. Still, it stands very much in the way of finite calculation.

We can't conceive of eternity. To us it seems an imaginary point, round which revolve time's endless cycles, which mark on endless lines the records of events, and unless we are perpetual witnesses of those events we cannot be immortal. Immortal means eternal. Eternity had no beginning. We had a beginning, therefore we are not immortal. Viewed in this light an after life does not mean immortality—it mean a repetition of similar conditions, which I will endeavor to illustrate by arithmetical progression.

For convenience we select the first ten cards in the pack From ace to ten we mix them thoroughly as for dealing. Taking one from the top, we place it under the pack and turn one face up on the table. The third card is placed under, and one turned face up on the table, covering the one already turned up. Repeat the same until the cards are exhausted. The pack will then be inversely on the table. Take up the cards carefully, guarding against mistake, and subject them to the same manipulations, and at a given time they will turn up one, two, three, etc., in regular arithmetical progression. This operation represents the law of involution and evolution *ad infinitum*. Of course, it is impossible to giv an adequate idea of the infinit workings of nature by illustration. These evolutions are infinitly interwoven, and it would require infinit illustration and an infinit mind to comprehend them. We therefore assert nothing, but merely assume possibilities. Suppose, then, that the progression were carried out to countless billions? We need specify no commencement—we are always between two eternities, which is strong proof that the mind, memory, or soul of man is not immortal, or else we should hav carried the memories of the past eternity up to the present time. But suppose it took millions of years to pass the atoms through all the different forms? Is it not possible that the identical atoms which once constituted the physical body would be reunited in forms of physical life? But whither, oh, whither, has fled the boasted immortal mind? But it might be argued that the same identical body would produce the same identical mind. Such an argument would prove futil in the presence of the destructible. The mind is a creation. If the mind produced the body, then the body would be destructible and the mind immortal. This, we know, is not so. Matter is originless and eternal, therefore it is the body that is immortal—subject to change of condition. After all, it might be as well for even the Atheist to indulge in the illusiv but pleasing hope of a conscious future life connecting the memories of the present. Immortality is a beautiful picture painted by love on bright realms of hope and joy, and it is almost a pity to cast a blight on that fair paradise with the cold breath of philosophy.

I hav thus endeavored to giv my views of a future life in such language as I hav at command. I hav never been much enamored of the pedantic phraseology of the Middle Age philosophers, begotten of monarchical institutions, and so flippantly indulged in by their imitators of the nineteenth century. Why, the most insignificant ape who writes a one-page article would hav puzzled Ralph Waldo Emerson to tell what he was driving at. Tennyson, the poet, is of that type; but being the pet of royalty, no one takes any notice of him except the aristocracy and their flunkeys. We want a republican style of phraseology, that every man, woman, and child who can read will understand readily. It seems to me as though it was an effort on the part of some writers to bewilder the public at the expense of dead philosophers. In the present case, however, the total absence of books of reference rendered it a necessity to be extremely crude. Of what valuc are old, musty books to a modern thinker—such as the Hebrew Bible, compiled from nicks on sticks, marks on preserved leaves of trees, and all such authentic records, and then at the discretion of an ignorant savage compiler? If Jehovah was so poor a scholar that he couldn't write his own book, why not appear to all mankind as well as the Jews and giv verbal instructions until he had finished his education? Probably he had no room for a school-house before he created space, and having lived nowhere from all eternity he thought he would play the truant through all time. He was only a boy-God then; but surely he's a grown-up God by this time.

You will no doubt be surprised at receiving a correspondence from this far-off land of the bonyup and kangaroo; but although a storm of years hav swept across the plain of memory, I hav not been altogether a stranger to your great city; although I claim more familiarity with the city of Boston. I attended Mr. Seaver's lectures in 1852 Freethought lecturing was carried on in a rather modest way in those days—no mighty Ingersolls had swept through the orthodox camp like a pompero, placing *hors de combat* the whole host of superstition on the ruins of their favorit hell. Yet Mr. Seaver has lived to see the intellectual giant expose the theological sham to the gaze of an applauding world. I hav been a Freethinker since I can remember. In obedience to the laws of nature, it seemed a necessity of the mind. I hav been a gold-digger for thirty-five years, which was a vagary of the will. But I must continue for the remainder of this life. And if there is any other life they had better look out for the pavement of the new Jerusalem.

F. W. HARRIS.

Children's Corner.

Edited by Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Baby Anarchist.

Around the house all day he goes,
By baby fancies led;
He sometimes stands upon his toes,
And sometimes on his head.

He takes the flower, pot and all,
And puts it in his lap;
He spills the syrup in the hall—
This naughty little chap.

Your silk umbrella, spick and span,
He sticks in deep rat-holes;
And with his mother's rarest fan
Hammers your frailest bowls.

He ties the pendulum with a string
While singing baby songs;
He's always sure to put one thing
Where something else belongs.

He'll take a match and light the cat,
He'll paint the poodle's head;
And pour frail crackers in your hat
And leave them in your bed.

Adown the register he'll throw
The spools with nimble wrist;
He's often wished in Jericho—
The baby Anarchist.

But never war upon him wage,
Nor whip him till he roar—
Suspend him in a roomy cage,
Five feet above the floor. —*Puck.*

Children and Good Behavior.

We often hear excuses made for the bad manners of children. "Oh, they will outgrow all those naughty tricks!" "They will learn better as they grow older!" are words often heard in regard to little folks. The better way is never to learn what must some day be unlearned; never to grow into habits that some time hav to be outgrown.

Good conduct is good behavior, and good behavior means good character, and children should be taught this as soon as they begin to observe and notice.

To know what children really are, we hav only to see them at home in their every-day clothes and their every-day behavior.

If they are gentle, kind, considerate at home, we need hav no fear of them abroad.

But mark that boy or girl who is rude and unkind at home. He may put on his, or she may put on her, company manners when meeting strangers, but it is like the tinsel covering of a defectiv image. It is not genuin.

The boy who is in the habit of saying to his mother or sisters, "Oh, hush up!" "I won't!" "I will!" "Shut up your head!" is not a well-behaved boy, no matter how nicely he may appear when in some other home. Nor is a girl possessed of good manners who snaps and snarls at home, but who is polite and agreeable when away from home.

If some children behaved as badly in a neighbor's house as in their own home, they would not be allowed to enter the doors.

What is good behavior? Some mothers always tell their children to "behave," but never explain the meaning of that word.

The best behavior is the being gentle and considerate toward others, thoughtful and kind to those in the home circle, and then these qualities will be sure to appear abroad. The best definition of politeness is this:

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way.

A secular school situated in England does not open with prayer or reading the scripture, but begins every day with an exhortation that should be repeated in every home, school, and college in the world. The words are as follows: "Be good, be honorable, be true, and let your speech be pure."

This advice, if acted upon generally, would insure correct deportment, and giv to the world a superior order of human beings among grown people as well as children.

S. H. W.

A Ten Days' Drive.

It lacked but three weeks of September and the opening of school. So far they had contented themselvs with short drives, and gone on excursions for a day at a time.

That afternoon they sat in solemn council on the side piazza—a committee of ways and means for a longer trip. There were the children, Lizzie, Daisy, and Fred, and the "lady of the house." Plan after plan had been suggested and ruled out. Lizzie, however, was silent, such a change that they all began to wonder, when finally she showed signs of "coming to," and announced her plan.

Her eyes turned toward the stable and their eyes followed, and saw through the open door the carriage, its cover bearing the dust of days. With her head over the back fence was the horse—a great fat horse not used enough to giv her sufficient exercise.

Then Lizzie spoke: "I propose a plan that will doubtless cause some of these city friends to shake their heads. Attention! Means: Essie and the carriage, a pocket-book, a basket of lunch, and a few "duds." Plan: A ten-day carriage trip, starting from our city of Cleveland, state of Ohio, to-morrow morning at 7:30. Ladies and *gentleman*," gazing fixedly at Fred, "I pause for further suggestions."

Well! This was rather startling. The other plans had been a little vague, but here was one so definitly laid out and withal so practical; but "to-morrow morning at 7:30" was the most startling part. But still, as Lizzie said, that was the very point. "No puttings-off; no grand preparations. Only a regular gypsy trip."

Lizzie met the "gentleman of the house" first in the evening, and had told him the whole plan before he entered the gate, whereupon he said that they "might go for ten days, but expected he'd see them in a few over ten hours." Lizzie instantly resolved that her plan should not fall as flat as that.

Next morning they were off. The gentlest horse in Cleveland and a two-seated open carriage; two umbrellas and some rubber traps close against one side; under the front seat a basket of dry food for lunches; under the other seat a bag of grain, and under Daisy's feet a satchel containing as few clothes as possible.

That is how they drove out of the yard and left the "gentleman of the house" to keep "bachelor's hall."

Their destination was first the home of the brother of the "lady of the house." There were five cousins there. Their place was sixty miles east of Cleveland, on the lake. They calculated to considerably surprise these folks by driving there.

Just here I find I am having considerable trouble in writing "they," when I really mean "we," for it was mamma and we three children who started on this wild-goose trip two summers ago.

We drove out Euclid avenue, which is a continuous road to Buffalo, N. Y., passing Lake View Cemetery, where General Garfield lies, and where stands the great monument to his memory. Beyond there is a great grape country, where were acres of vines, with the fruit slowly ripening.

A few miles beyond we passed an old inn, which we still laugh over. One Sunday papa drove us out there, and we took dinner at the inn, but the old German landlord refused to receive payment. A few questions showed that papa had been mistaken for the Catholic priest, which is the best joke we hav ever had on him.

We lunched a little farther on, buying some milk and apples at a farm-house. In the afternoon we passed the Garfield home in Mentor, with the stone memorial addition, and proceeded toward Little Mountain, up which we drove—only we all walked! But that was always the way with all the hills. We would jump out and walk, until finally Essie would stop at the foot of every little incline, and look back at us, expecting it.

Reaching the top, we had a fine view of the surrounding farming land and little towns. Descending, we rode on toward Painesville, inquiring for room to stay over night, which we soon found—and how good the bed and board were it takes a thirty-mile drive to find out!

Next morning at 6 we were off. By 10 it began to rain, but we pushed on, wanting to reach the cousins that day. However, it came down so thick and fast by noon that we were glad to drive under shelter. Then we dried ourselvs by a strange fire—a sort of gas jet in a sheet-iron stove—the fuel being supplied by a natural gas well!

In three minutes after the fire was started the stove was red-hot and we were steaming, and were soon ready to start on, although the rain wasn't yet over, and the roads were very slippery, the soil being largely clay.

We had intended to surprise our folks, and I am sure we did, driving in solemnly with rain falling, mud splashing, and umbrellas in the air.

We had a first-rate time during our three days' stay—but how could eight cousins all together hav any other kind of time?

I guess they thought it rather a wild idea, but it had been pretty much all fun so far. We were even glad it had rained, because now we appreciated the fine weather.

Having been along the Lake road, east, so far, we determined to strike south toward Warren, Ravenna, Cuyahoga Falls, and Akron. From Warren we went quite out of our way to visit Nelson Ledges. We had thought Little Mountain rather nice for an Ohio hill, but this was "more like it." There were great rocks and caves, beautiful trees, moss, ferns, and wild flowers. I am tempted to say they are a very little like our Rocky Mountains on a small scale, but it would be a very small scale indeed.

We still hav two pictures in mind from the homeward trip. The first was beautiful. Essie had cast a shoe on the country road, but luckily enough we soon found a blacksmith, and then it was we saw the first of the pictures. An old house, of no particular color, amidst trees, covered with climbers of all sorts and set rather far back from the road. Close to the front fence the shop, with a smoldering fire, over which bent the gray and stoop-shouldered old smith. There was a large door, and directly back of it a square window containing no sash. An inquiring old cow had her head through the window, nestling comfortably against the barefooted little granddaughter, who was petting her softly, while for the background were green and yellow fields, bowed-down trees, and comfortable farm-houses.

The second picture was comical enough. It would make a good drawing for the ridicule of our "national game," as base-ball is now called. There were two "nines" in a large field by the road, and every man in each set had a different costume, picked out, we said to each other, from the wardrobe of his entire family, with the express desire that no two pieces should in the least match. One, we said, had on his grandmother's gaiters, his grandfather's long, knit stockings, and his little brother's knickerbockers. Nor were any two players of the same size, and the pitches were very wild. We named that picture "Home Talent," and I do not doubt but there was plenty of fun there, and only hope they enjoyed it as much as we did.

The Cuyahoga river, at Cleveland, is as ugly a stream as can be found—a very slow and dirty river, but certainly very useful. But the river there, just before losing itself in the lake, sees only tall ships, great bridges, immense lumber yards, and the filthy oil refineries, while it is still a youthful river at Cuyahoga Falls, has great times among green grass and trees and flowers and birds, playing hide-and-seek with itself among the rocks, and dashing headlong over the stone ledges.

We admired Akron very much, but thought it much too hilly for people who get out of their buggy and walk at every hard place. There are also great flouring-mills there, and many fine residences.

From there we took the Cleveland road, and reached the city just at dark.

Lucky it was dark, too, for a muddier, dirtier, dustier set never were seen in that most proper city.

We drove through the gate just ten days from the time we had driven out, having accomplished over two hundred miles, and were triumphant that our plan had not "fallen flat," but had come out of the oven "light as a honeycomb." Laura Prioe Stewart.

Correspondence.

Denver, Col., Aug. 12, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: Having been interested myself in Nettie Olds's story of their Oregon drive, I wrote a sketch of our long ride through Ohio, and now send it, hoping it may prove acceptable for our Corner.

With much love, Laura Prioe Stewart.

Tilden, Neb., Aug. 11, 1888.

Dear Miss Wixon: I thought I would write you a few lines. I havn't written to the Children's Corner for a long time. It has been very bad weather lately—raining and misting two or three days. We hav very bad crops here. My father is not going to thrash his wheat at all. His oats are very poor too—they were struck by rust. I was going to a picnic, but it rained. We hav fourteen kittens and seven old cats. It is vacation now, and school commences the first Monday in September. Our teacher's name is Peter McGinty.

Wishing success to the Corner, I remain,
Your true friend,
George Quintion Whitney.

Berlin, N. J., Aug. 19, 1888.

Miss Wixon: Your letter with the money from the children of the Corner came safe to hand. We thank you with all our hearts for your kind, cheering words, and the interest you take in our welfare, and hope you may ever find friends as kind.

We thank the children for their gifts and good wishes, and assure them that, if they cherish the virtues of humanity, benevolence, love, and kindness, they will never lack for friends. May they all continue to write for the Corner, and become as intelligent and useful as their teacher, for then the world will be the better for their having lived in it.

Now, if all the children who hav helped to make up the fund you sent me will write me, and giv their names and post-offices, I will send each a volume of my old *Pleasure Boat*, published long before they were born. Thanks to you all.

Your friend, Jeremiah Haoker.

Amusements for Children.

On stormy days the activ child resents his confinement within doors, and is more than usually troublesome. There is nothing which will afford him surer amusement than the making of scrap-books. Provide the little ones with a pair of blunt-pointed scissors, and let them cut out and trim neatly the pictures from papers you do not care to preserve, circulars of farm machinery, or anything they fancy, and then, armed with a cup of boiled starch and an old tooth-brush—if you hav one—let them exercise their ingenuity in filling the book with their collections. Quite small children find enchantment in this kind of work. A large picture may be put in the center of the page, and the space around it filled with small ones or short pieces of prose or poetry.

Very pretty ornaments for these juvenil scrap-books may be cut out of the illustrated books for children which hav become badly tattered with use, so that the pictures are all that are worth preserving. When two pages are full, the book should be left open until dry before going on. This amusement need not make much litter about the house, and the little workers can easily learn to pick up their scattering scraps after themselvs, and wash their starch-cup and brush after them, so that they will be ready for the next day to spend indoors.

A Burial in Algiers.

One day I witnessed here the burial of a child. The young boy was laid in the grave wrapped in a yard or two of white cotton; a small hole was dug at the bottom of the grave and served as a coffin, being covered with flat slabs of stone to prevent the earth from falling directly on the body. Twenty or thirty men stood round in silence, the earth was hastily replaced, and temporary stones were placed at the head and feet; the cushions and pieces of embroidery in which the body lay on the donkey which bore it to the final resting-place were put back on the animal, and the procession moved silently away. The women and girls always come afterward to weep on the grave and place flowers, and especially branches of myrtle. They often spend the greater part of three days round a new grave, sitting on matting and carpets.

An Experiment in Animal Magnetism.

A mysterious experiment in "animal magnetism," says *La Nature*, may be performed by taking a piece of paper two or three inches long and half an inch wide, and turning the opposit corners up and down. Balance it carefully on the point of a needle, which may be supported by a cork, and we hav a little windmill which, when the hand is brought near it, will revolve with more or less rapidity. The motion, of course, is due to the currents of air arising from the warm hand; and the varying rapidity of rotation with different persons is not due to any occult "magnetic" influence, but simply to the degrees of warmth in their hands. The movement is more rapid if both hands are placed around the apparatus instead of one.

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Poetry.

Faith vs. Reason.

Hard by a mean old hut down on the moor
  Our Abraham had toiled away his life.
He always loved the place, though 'twas so poor
  That to subsist there was a constant strife
With famin and distress, and yet his wife
Had liked it too, because they both were sure
Their farm contained a hidden mine of gold.
And he had dug for it till they were old.

His race was almost rnn: about to die,
  He called his son and said: "Before I go,
I want to tell you gold is very nigh
  To where we've just been diggin', that I know—
  I know it 'cause my daddy told me so!
You'll find it, Abe, in the 'sweet by and by,'
If you hav faith like your grandsires of yore,
And their grandsires who dug here years before."

So little Abe took up the pick and shovel,
  And delved in mire in which his grandsires dead
Long years before had loved to scratch and grovel.
  It never entered once his foolish head
  That what his poor, benignted sire had said
Might be a lie; and in his father's hovel—
That ancient, crumbling, orthodox old shack—
He took up his abode, and bent his back.

And years rolled by, and he was getting old,
  But his son Thomas didn't like to work
In "diggin's which panned out so little gold."
  As big an Infidel as any Turk
  When 'mongst the Christians, Tom was wont to shirk
His work entirely. "Old man, you've been sold!"
He told his father. "Nay, my son, believe!
Hav faith and we will mighty things achieve!"

"How do you know your daddy didn't lie,
  When he said this old ranch contained much gold?"
"Because, my son—it matters little why!—
  But he by his grandsires before was told.
  My boy, you see the fact was known of old;
And it is very wrong in you to pry
Around—to 'doubt' what by my 'faith' is truth.
For that *my* father whipped me in my youth."

Unrighteously the lad still shook his head.
  The torch of reason flashed a sudden beam
Across his brow, and pointedly he said,
"Tell me who told the first man?" "It would seem
  The first man learned it one night in a dream."
Their old abode—that orthodox old shed—
Fell down just then, and in the bitter cold
The old man died. His son doesn't dig for gold.

MORAL:

Credulity is oftentimes a curse.
  A lie's a lie, and faith can't make it true.
Faith that could save could surely fill a purse.
  A blind man may hav faith that black is blue;
  Some may believe by faith that two and two
Make half a dozen. Many believe worse
By that same faith by which they liv and die,
Yet truth, in spite of faith, is not a lie.

Cooperstown, Pa., Aug. 22 1888. M. H. Veon.

Joseph.

Joseph, the son of Jacob, the son of Isaac, the son of Abraham, the first recorded chum of Jahveh, if not born to greatness, or what he would hav accounted such, was certainly born to luck that led him to a tide that bore him on to very considerable greatness and fortune.

When Joe was put in a hole by his brothers, he thought it "hard lines," no doubt; when he was sold to the Ishmaelites, and at the paltry price, too, of twenty pieces of silver, the "pieces" equivalent to dollars perhaps, harder yet were the "lines;" when sold to the Egyptians, at an advance, of course—this was some consolation—and cleaning lamps and things in the Potiphar scullery, still harder were the "lines;" and when he was jugged on account of a "woman scorned," he having brought about this state of affairs by refusing to entertain a proposition which, assented to, would hav given him a soft snap in the Potiphar household, with no more lamp-cleaning, knife-scouring, etc., the "hard lines" could scarcely be harder, no doubt he thought. These jabs of fate, however, were but so many "reaches" on the tide that was to bear him on to fortune—to place, power, and persimmons, so to speak. Which goes to show that no man wots of that which is in store for him on the morrow, even though to-day may furnish him with gum-boils of "exceeding much" fervency of cussedness, as it were.

It is said that it is better to be born lucky than rich. I think so. He that is born with a gold spoon in his mouth is quite apt to go to the "demnition bowwows," via the Wall street maelstrom or gin cascade; while he that is born lucky ascendeth to the "high places," even unto the White House ascendeth he, and, if born very lucky, he goeth not forth at the end of the first term, but stayeth through a second, even unto the end of eight years stayeth he; therefore, I say unto ye, it is better to be born lucky than rich, and I'll lay ye shekels on it.

The sorriest jab of fate, as Joe no doubt considered it, the durance-vile racket, of which he put in two years, proved the immediate precursor of fortune's smiles. H. E. M.—this means His Egyptian Majesty—Pharaoh, a high liver, and fond of stealing awhile away to feed upon the mutton-pie when cold, before retiring to the royal couch, was, in consequence of these untimely feeds, much given to dreams of "exceeding much" pokiness of construction and more muchness of opacity, or insolubility. One night, after absorbing more mutton-pie than usual, he had one of those pokey dreams of his, and a double-header, so to speak; and not all the wise men of Egypt, and not all the sharps, maintained at the court of H. E. M. for soothsaying purposes, could expound the hokey-pokey dream or even get onto the trail thereof, their failure throwing the king into a state of mind bordering on despond, and upon the ragged edge of a paroxysmal anger that augured N. G. for the continued welfare of said sharps—even a king wants something for his money, you know, and soothsayers as well as sausage-stuffers are expected to earn their salaries.

While Joe was in jug, where he had as soft a thing as possible, a butler and baker of the royal household, cooped in the cooler for peccadilloes, dreamed dreams as queer as quills on quacking quahaugs quitting quadratures in quinquina, which dreams did Joe unfold as heat and light unfold the joyous cauliflower, it coming to pass as he the tales unfolded, he charging nothing for exercising his "second sight," in shekels, but charging the butler to remember him when restored to the good graces of the king, as he was three days later. And the butler remembered him. To be sure, it was not until two years later that he remembered Joseph; but it must be remembered that kings' butlers are busy men, and that grape-juice and things must be looked after though gratitude goes to the wall.

But he remembered Joseph on the occasion of the king's hokey-pokey dream, "insoluble to the understanding" of the seersuckers, and told the king of his dream and the baker's, and how Joe had foretold the things that came to pass, on being told the dreams, whereupon Pharaoh issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, and had Joe brought before him at once, telling him how he had dreamed of "seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favored, that came out of a river and went to feeding in a meadow;" that the river then gave up seven rack-o'-bones of steers that the crows would laugh to scorn, which immediately gobbled up the "fat-fleshed kine," but still retained their gauntness, and hollow-eyed and hungry expression of countenance; also of a refracted vision in the cereal line—fat and lean ears of corn in lieu of kine—making his dream a double-header, as it were.

Joe braced up to the occasion, and told H. E. M. that that was an easy one, looking the assembled soothsayers over with a supercilious eye, then in an off-hand way telling the king that the seven fat cattle meant seven years of plenty, when the earth would "bring forth by handfuls"—somehow, this doesn't seem to express unbridled and reckless plenty; cartfuls would hav expressed it better—and the seven rack-o'-bones seven years of famin, presuming, then, to advise Pharaoh how to proceed, so as to hedge on or discount the famin, being particular to impress upon him the necessity of selecting a "discreet and wise," square up and up man to look after things during the years of plenty, that the years of famin might not catch them with their boots off, so to speak.

Pleased that his double-headed dream had been solved, Pharaoh heeded not the gall of Joe, but told him he appeared to be just the "discreet and wise" man desired, and engaged him at once, at a liberal salary no doubt, to look after things, appointing him ruler in Egypt, second to none but him. There was greatness gobbled at one fell swoop, as it were, and no picayune greatness neither! Besides, he gave Joe his seal ring then and there; "arrayed him in vestures of fine linen"—I presume the weather was hot—put on his neck a gold chain—eighteen carats, probably, and of much pennyweight power—gave him a chariot with second place in the procession; gave him to wife—didn't ask if he was married, or wanted to be—the daughter of a priest, and, to cap the climax, "called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah." How was that for high? And the whole thing, wasn't it bully and fairy-like? What a crop of honors in one day, eh? Certainly enough for one man, and that one the son of a sheep-raiser, late a scullion, and just *habeas corpused* out of the cooler!

Proudly launched upon the tide of men's affairs, with place his own and power at will, our Joe sailed on to fortune—in the vulgar sense, "sugar"—and, from all I can gather concerning his operations during the years of plenty and famin in Egypt, as set forth in the Holy Queer, which is silent with regard to his acquisitions, there is no doubt that he "got there," not the slightest. Read the history of his doings—some mighty sharp practice you will find chronicled therein—and, judging the man from these, and having in view human nature as she are built, on the average, if you think he failed to connect, why, think so; it is your privilege.

I hav a notion that Joe "waxed so exceeding great" in the direction of shekels, as represented by "talents of silver and talents of gold," that Jahveh thought best to lay low and keep dark with respect to this "greatness," lest he should be charged with aiding a pal to lay up a store of this world's goods at the expense of the poor devils who, their scads all gone, were obliged to giv up their cattle and lands for bread to eat, in the end becoming serfs! I don't know but it was all right. Perhaps it was. Egypt was his for the plucking, in cahoots with Pharaoh, who was not troubled with such weak trash as compunctions, probably. What were the Egyptians to Joseph, or Joseph to the Egyptians, that he should consider them? Egypt, by the grace of Pharaoh, moved by Jahveh, was his oyster. That settled it. Further remarks are uncalled for.

Anyone who wastes sympathy on Joseph, on account of his sufferings previous to his sudden rise to place and power, is a sentimental spendthrift with no sense of the eternal fitness of things—if this fits the case. Whether or not, it goes. There is no use saying a thing and then crawfishing, or trying to explain it to obtuse intellects. Who wouldn't be put in a hole for half a day; hauled out by one gang of "speculators" and sold to another—even for the paltry sum of $20; resold at an advance—some slight satisfaction in this; wash pots and kettles and clean lamps for a season; do two "stretches" in the cooler even, provided then, at one jump, he could reach the second rung from the top of the ladder of fame, fortune, and felicity? Who wouldn't was cut for the cobbler's bench, where he can wax on, wax ever, but never, as did Joseph, "wax great," with "exceeding much" lucre.

Concerning Mrs. Potiphar, the "woman scorned" in the case, it goes without saying—and the H. Q. does not say—that she was awfully cut up by the great and sudden rise of her whilom bondman, awfully cut up; but as Joe was a good second in the affairs of the kingdom, she was forced to assume a "reverential calm" not in accord with the tumultuous heavings of her surcharged bosom; in other words, she had to grin and bear it.

Joseph ended his career at the age of one hundred and ten years. He didn't "sleep with his fathers;" in fact, he wasn't even buried. "They embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." Perhaps it was the fashion there for people to keep their defuncts at home, coffined; I don't know. Well, having put Joe in a coffin in Egypt, we hav no further use for him. Selah!

Si Slokum.

A Painful Story.

From Puck

A Christian scientist, who derived a handsome income by insisting that the pains and aches of other people did not exist, was once attacked by a Jumping Toothache.

The unwelcome guest nestled down into a large molar in the lower jaw of the doctor, and proceeded to make itself at home by none too gently titillating the inferior dental nerve. Notwithstanding the fact that he had been telling his patients all the morning that their sufferings were imaginary, he was compelled to recognize this pain, and proceeded to giv himself a $2 treatment, thus:

"Pain is evil; evil does not exist; ergo, pain does not exist, and hence there can be no pain in my teeth."

At this logical demonstration the Jumping Toothache smiled a smile of superior wisdom, and gave the dental pulp a bang so powerful that the Christian scientist was unable to restrain a mournful howl; but he heroically proceeded.

"The pain I seem to feel in my tooth is not real; it is merely an evil thought. I will cease to think this thought, and the discomfort will cease."

On hearing this, the Jumping Toothache rolled up its sleeves and went to work in earnest. It jumped with both feet upon the quivering nerve ends, and stamped, kicked, squeezed, and tugged at them the whole night through, with so savage vigor that when the blear-eyed dawn began to brighten in the east, the Christian scientist, who had spent the night in walking up and down, and moaning, and trying to convince himself of the unreality of his suffering, was in a thoroughly knocked-out condition.

Suddenly, after an unusually atrocious twinge, he hastily seized his hat and coat.

"Where are you going?" inquired his wife, who was also a metaphysical healer.

"I'm going to hav this damned tooth pulled out," said he shortly.

"Pain has no real existence," replied his wife calmly; "you know that——".

"You havn't got this toothache!" cried the Christian scientist, as he slammed the front door and made a bee-line for the nearest dentist.

No Hatred Like Religious Hatred.

George Alfred Townsend, the noted correspondent for the Boston *Globe* and other equally responsible papers, in illustrating "Compensation for Too Much Hatred" in the Sunday *Globe* of August 12th, says:

The competitions of intellectual hatred are always meaner than the conflict of arms. You see three such kings as Charles, Francis, and Henry meeting in perfect cordiality on the field of the cloth of gold; but when you come to the holy and perfect man, like John Calvin, you see him, having nabbed his adversary, Servetus, selecting the green-wood stakes to burn him slowly, and, after the poor soul was nothing but ashes, the gallant Calvin, whose intellect could not be appeased by pain and dissolution, wrote to one of his friends that "the rascal bellowed like a bull in the fire."

Here is news, for we do not remember of having heard before this addendum, "The rascal bellowed like a bull in the fire," and we feel very grateful to George Alfred Townsend for the information—for fact doubtless it is, else such a careful and popular writer would not hav stated it—so we forward it to The Truth Seeker, that its readers may enjoy another sweet compensation in the heroic piety of the sainted founder of the rich and consoling doctrin of Calvinism.

Barre, Aug. 12, 1888. Ella E. Gibson.

THE
FIELD-INGERSOLL
DISCUSSION.
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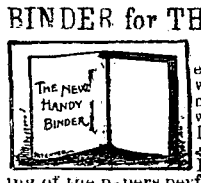
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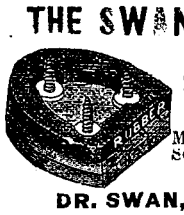
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News of the Week.

AN expedition of nearly 1,000 men has started after Stanley, and will trace his route step by step.

THE New York banker Eugene Kelly offers to head a subscription to erect a statue to Father Mathew in Central park.

KING OTTO of Bavaria is sinking in insanity.

YELLOW fever is increasing at Jacksonville, Fla.

THE German war party seem triumphing in politics.

ANTI-HEBREW agitation is increasing in Europe.

GERMAN Catholics will hold a national convention at Cincinnati on the 3d.

FRANCE seems threatening Italy with war for her seizure of Massowah.

PRESBYTERIAN converts for 1887, 98,992; benevolent contributions, $1,019,937.

CATHOLIC dignitaries wish the progress of Mohammedanism in Africa arrested by force.

THE Anglican bishops urge in an encyclical that divorce be only for scriptural reasons.

THE Catholic newsboys of New Orleans hav their own chapel and attend mass daily at 5 A.M.

REPORT is made of the shooting of Captain Kinney, leader of the Missouri Bald Knobbers, an organization formed to suppress outlaws which ended by becoming a gang of outlaws itself.

A HERMIT who recently died at Plainfield, N. J., left $250,000 to a Baptist church.

THE coal monopolists of the East met on the 24th ult. and advanced coal 25 to 50 cents per ton.

BOULANGER a few days ago was reëlected to the chamber of deputies, from which he had just resigned.

ON the 23d ult. 300 Royalists attended a banquet at Paris to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Comte de Paris.

K. OF L. District Assembly 49 of New York, once having 80,000 members, has been almost totally ruined by quarrels among its leaders.

THE Indiana White Caps, a gang of rowdies who go about whipping everyone whose morals don't suit them, are being forced to disband.

CATHOLIC papers defend the miracles at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, saying that "one ounce of fact is worth a ton of argument and sneers."

REVIVALIST HARRISON says: "We must giv up all worldly amusements and be conservativ. I never knew a man that went to the theater that did not go to hell."

AT a Baptist association meeting at Monticello, Ga., on the 23d ult., the Tyler and Malone families commenced shooting over an old feud and several were killed.

THE blacks of Irwinsville, Ga., ascribe unaccountable sicknesses they hav had lately to conjuration, and hav ordered from the town a negro whom they accuse of the mischief.

THE masses are reveling in descriptions of the visits of European emperors to one another, with accounts of their clothes and trappings and reviews of their hordes of military butchers.

DAN LYONS, the murderous New York rowdy hanged a few days ago, spent his last day in religious conversation and securing commutation of his crimes in heaven, and died, his mother said, "a good Christian."

THE churches are busy in their usual works of high utility to mankind and are agitated in one place over close communion, in another over the proper material for images, and in another over probation for the heathen.

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And Moses said unto the Lord, Then the Egyptians shall hear it, . . . And they will tell it to the inhabitants of this land: for they hav heard that thou, Lord, art among this people; that thou, Lord, art seen face to face; and that thy cloud standeth over them; and that thou goest before them, by day-time in a pillar of cloud, and in a pillar of fire by night.—Num. xiv, 13-16.

Gems of Thought.

ECCLESIASTES said that "all is vanity;"
Most modern preachers say the same, or show it
By their examples of true Christianity.—*Byron.*

THE church in the days of Voltaire contended that its servants were the only legitimate physicians. The priests cured in the name of the church, and in the name of God—by exorcism, relics, water, salt, and oil. St. Valentine cured epilepsy, St. Gervasius was good for rheumatism S. Michael de Sanatis for cancer, St. Judas for coughs, St. Ovidius for deafness, St. Sebastian for poisonous bites. St. Apollonia for toothache, St. Clara for rheum in the eye, St. Hubert for hydrophobia. Devils were driven out with wax tapers, with incense, with holy water, by pronouncing prayers. The church, as late as the middle of the twelfth century, prohibited good Catholics from having anything to do with physicians.—*Ingersoll.*

PHYSICAL training was tolerated as a secular evil indispensable for such purposes of the church militant as the hunting of heretics and the invasion of Mussulman empires; but its essential importance was vehemently disclaimed; the superior merit of sacrificing health to the interests of a body-despising soul was constantly commended, and the founders of the monastic orders that superseded the pagan schools of philosophy did not hesitate to enforce their dogmas by aggressiv measures; the wretched convent slaves had to submit to weekly bleedings and strength-reducing penances; their novices were barbarously scourged for the clandestin indulgence of a lingering love for health-giving sports—wrestling in the vacant halls of their cloister prison, or racing conies on their way to their begging-rounds. The Olympic festivals were suppressed by order of a Christian emperor.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald's Bible of Nature.*

EARTH, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent.—*Bryant.*

WHAT thing more instituted to the solace and delight of man than marriage? And yet the misinterpreting of some scripture . . . hath changed the blessings of matrimony into a familiar and coinhabiting mischief—at least into a drooping and disconsolate household captivity, without refuge or redemption. . . . Now, if any two be but once banded in the church and hav tasted in any sort the nuptial bed, let them find themselvs never so mistaken in their dispositions, through any error, concealment, or misadventure, that through their different tempers, thoughts, and constitutions they can neither be to one another a remedy against loneliness nor liv in any union or contentment all their days; yet they shall, so they be found weaponed to the least possibility of sensual enjoyment, be made, spite of antipathy, to fadge together. . . . What a calamity is this!—*Milton.*

ON a vast social subject—that of divorce—Jesus pronounced an opinion which givs us a little insight into his mode of regarding that most important of all topics, the relations of the sexes. The Pharisees, it appears, came to him and asked him whether it was permissible for a man to put away his wife, Moses having allowed it. Jesus explained that this precept had been given for the hardness of their hearts. His own view was, that man and wife are one flesh, and that if either should leave the other, except on account of unfaithfulness, and marry again, that one would be guilty of adultery. This severe doctrin he supported by one of his short sayings: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder" (Mark x, 1-12; Matt. xix, 1-12; and v, 31, 32). But surely this judgment assumes the very point at issue. The joining together in wedlock is ascribed to God; the putting asunder to man. But granting the sacredness of the marriage tie, it would still be no less possible to invoke the divine sanction for its dissolution than for its original formation. And in many instances the maxim might be exactly reversed. So unfortunate is the result of many marriages, that it would be easy for a religious reformer to say of them, with perfect sincerity, "What man hath joined together let God put asunder."—*Lord Amberley.*

O THAT the wise from their bright minds would kindle
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
That the pale name of priest might shrink and dwindle
Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure;
Till human thoughts might kneel alone
Each before the judgment throne
Of its own aweless soul, or of the power unknown!
—*Shelley.*

Odds and Ends.

THE first assisted Italian immigrant to this country was a person named Christopher Columbus.

PHILADELPHIA girl at the seashore: "Do you ever find bottles which tell of wrecks?" Nativ: "Yes, mum, often—empty bottles."

QUEEN VICTORIA has not been cruising around Cowes for nothing. She has just been made president of the Royal Agricultural Society.

IN the porcine society of Chicago plutocracy they do not speak of a couple's becoming "engaged." They say they "plight their trough."

CITIZEN (to office-boy in counting room): "Your durned paper had an outrageous attack on me this morning, and——" Office-boy (briskly): "Yessir. How many copies will you hav?"

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ANGRY subscriber (to editor): "I'm mad all the way through, an' I want my paper stopped." Editor: "Yes, sir; do you want your bill made out?" Angry subscriber: "No; I ain't mad enough for that."

"YES, boys," said the retired naval officer, as he returned his glass to the bar, "the navy is improving. For instance, there is not so much drunkenness now as there was when I was in it." "No, indeed!" shouted the boys.

"YOUNG man," he said sonorously, "are you ever abroad in the early morning, when the great orb of day rises in all his majestic and brilliant glory?" "Well—er—yes, sir, sometimes," replied the young man, "but I generally try to get to bed earlier than that."

"MY beloved brethren," said a Dakota preacher from his pulpit, "on looking over the collection of last Sabbath morning, you can imagin my pleased surprise to discover therein a blue chip. Our dear brother, Deacon Dewrite, kindly cashed it in. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

SHE (in great agitation): "O George! I hear papa at the front gate, and he is very apt to be impulsiv when he comes home late." He (reassuringly): "Calm your fears, dear. I'm in the coal business, you know, and he has owed the firm money for coal for over nine months."

CUSTOMER (to grocer's boy): "Proprietor in?" Boy: "Yessir; he is in the back room readin' de news." Customer: "Is he a society man?" Boy: "No, sir; but he's got lots o' swell customers, an' he wants to find out when they're coming back to town. He's wery anxious to see some of 'em."

CUSTOMER (to Mr. Isaacstein): "That coat ain't worth seventeen dollars, Dutchy. I'll giv you six for it." Mr. Isaacstein: "Vas you a Republican?" Customer: "Yes." Mr. Isaacstein: "Und vote for Benjamin und Levi?" Customer: "Yes." Mr. Isaacstein: "My frent, you dake dot coat along for twelluf tollar. Dot vas a party sacrifice."

SIMPKINS: "I was grieved, Maria, to see Tommy looking over the morning papers to-day." Mrs. S.: "Why, I can't see what harm it can do the boy to keep informed on the questions of the day." Simpkins: "Madam, don't you know that I am running for office? I don't want my son to disown me."

OUR DISSENTIENT CHOIRS.

Minister: "Your daughter is very handsome, Mr. Snapper." Snapper: "Yes, she is. I'm thinking of having her join the church choir." Minister: "That's good. Is she a fine vocalist?" Snapper: "She can't sing at all, but she's got a devil of a temper."

IT was a New England deacon who said: "We are thankful for one spark of grace, and are confident that it will be watered." But it was a minister who one day announced to his congregation: "You will be sorry to hear that the little church at Janesville is once more tossed upon the waves a sheep without a shepherd."

FRED (to chum): "What luck, Charley? Congratulations in order?" Charley (faintly): "Fred, she told me that she loves another." Fred (sympathizingly): "That's tough, Charley, after all your devotion." Charley: "Tough? Why, Fred, in the past three months her father's dog has bitten me no less than seven times."

A MAN with the blue badge of temperance in his button-hole was addressing a Sunday-school in Michigan, and put this question: "Now, can any little boy or girl tell me why I do not drink, and why I am not a drunkard?" "I can," said a little fellow. "Very well, my boy; now speak right up, so all the children can hear; why is it?" "Because this is a Prohibition town!"

WOMAN: "Hav you been a tramp long?" Tramp: "Pretty much all my life, ma'am; it runs in the family. My poor old father was a professional for twenty-seven years, but the other day he struck big luck." Woman: "Did he come into an immense fortune?" Tramp: "Well—er—no; not quite. Some influential friends of his got him into the poorhouse."

SEASIDE pastor: "Short bathing costumes demoralizing spectacles? Really, sir, you amaze me! I had not noticed anything of the kind." Strange caller: "Such things might be and you not see them, you know. Surely you won't refuse to preach against them. Deliver a sermon that will make the walls resound—such a sermon as you did three years ago. You will do it, I hope?" "Certainly, certainly, sir; next Sunday." "Thank you; many, many thanks. I will hav your sermons reported in all the city papers." "You? Are you an editor?" "No, sir. I am the proprietor of the Sea Foam Hotel, and if we don't do something to start an excitement I'll be bankrupt."

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THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Notes and Clippings.

A GODLESS religion, consisting simply in doing good to men, is really no religion at all. He who calls it such uses the wrong word.—*Independent.*

PENNSYLVANIA has some girls worth having. In the haying season a gentleman during a short drive counted nine young women driving two-horse mowers, and seventeen managing horse-rakes.

THE Boston school controversy over Catholic indulgences suggests to the *Christian Register* that there are certain Protestant indulgences that ought to be stopped, such as permitting a man to stay at home and read the Sunday paper when he ought to be at church.

THE *Woman's Journal* says: "Women owe much to Courtlandt Palmer, of New York, who established the club known as the 'Nineteenth Century,' the privileges of which were equally shared by men and women. This is one of the best prophecies of our time, even as the great increase of the popularity of clubs open only to men is a menace to the unity and happiness of home life."

A MAINE veteran applied at the state agency in Augusta the other day for a pension, on the ground that he was a drunkard. The agent thought it a good joke. "You grant pensions for disability contracted in the army?" asked the applicant. "Yes." "Well, drunkenness is a disability, isn't it?" "Yes; I guess so." "Well, drunkenness is my disability. I contracted it in the army, and I want a pension."

A NEW glass recently invented in Sweden is said to be capable, when made into a lens for a microscope, of "enabling us to distinguish the 204,700,000th part of an inch." It is also said that there is great promis of this glass producing wonderfully powerful telescope lenses and a new departure in astronomy.

REFUTING the assertion that meat diet causes cancer, Surgeon-Major Hendley reports from India that out of 102 operations for cancer performed at Jeypore since 1880, forty-one were on the persons of meat-eaters and sixty-one on those of strict vegetarians, who had not known the taste of meat from their births.

THERE is no more important question, says *Freethought*, for Liberals to consider just now than that of organization. A large and strong organization will lead outsiders to inquire our objects, and will furnish renewed opportunities for setting them forth. Following this the whole of the claims of Freethought must be stated and reiterated. Organization for action will alone make it possible for us to gain the attention of the whole country.

AT the camp-meeting in Douglas, Mass., the other day a man arose and said that he was a recently escaped convict from the Rhode Island state prison, that he had determined to lead a better life, and that as a beginning he should go back to the prison and serve the remainder of his term. The prison chaplain was present and heard him, and knowing something of human nature, helped the convict in his good resolution by telephoning for officers and capturing him before he weakened.

ACCORDING to Brother Watterson's reliable newspaper, Kentucky has six counties—Harlan, Knott, Perry, Letcher, Bell, and Leslie—that hav never had a church within their borders during the sixty or seventy years of their existence as counties.

THE managers and directors of a real estate exchange in New York giv an emphatic indorsement to the employment of women as clerks and assistants. Women, under the direct supervision of Manager Benjamin Hardwick, do the clerical work in all the departments. They are bright-faced and earnest, and business seems to run smoothly where they are concerned.

SPEAKING of the late Courtlandt Palmer's directions for the cremation of his remains, a New York correspondent of the Rochester *Democrat* says: "Cremation eventually must become the custom in our large cities. At present three thousand acres are absorbed by cemeteries in the suburbs of this city; and Greenwood, which has the greatest run of interments, will eventually be indicted as a nuisance. The noxious effluvium is already felt in South Brooklyn, and naturally must increase."

AN authority on laughter says: "It has been observed that laughter is indicativ of a particular kind of temper and character, according to the sound of the vowel that prevails in cachinnation. Persons that laugh in a broad Latin *A* are open-hearted, honest people, fond of noisy jocundity, but perhaps of voluble mood. Excessiv, jerking laughter, however, is an evidence of vulgarity. Those laughing in a dry *A* are respectable, but little expansiv, and a hard lot of people. When the Latin *E* prevails there prevails also a phlegmatic, melancholy temper. Timorous, unsteady people, also those imbued with malignity, laugh in a kind of swelling *I*. Laughter in *O* is the utterance of bold, imperativ, somewhat bantering people. Beware of those that laugh in *oo* (*U*). They are traitors, haters, scorners.

A RECENT act of Vicar-General Prendergast, of San Francisco, shows how much respect the Catholic church has for either the laws of the state or the laws of nature. For a sum of money to him in hand paid he granted a dispensation whereby Joseph Bijani was allowed to marry his niece. The groom took the girl and a priest aboard a tug and went outside the jurisdiction of the United States and had the ceremony performed on the high seas. This was done under the sanction of a church which declares that the marriage of divorced persons is illicit!

THE *Jewish Messenger* givs the trading politicians a rebuff so far as the Jewish vote is concerned, which it declares to be a myth when considered as an aggregate influence. "There are," it says, "unhappily, many synagog-goers who do not appreciate their obligations as citizens, and vote blindly, as do their neighbors who attend church, and there are tricksters among the Jews, no less, in proportion than among classes of Christians, who trade on the credulity of party managers and candidates; but it is time that the latter fully understand the futility of reaching the 'Jewish vote;' it cannot be cajoled, forced, bought, or sold, because it has no existence as such. There are Democratic Jews, Republican Jews, and many Mugwump Jews; but we doubt if there are any Jews in the Prohibition ranks."

Selected.

Secularism and the Knights of Labor.

Colonel Ingersoll in Secular Thought.

Colonel, what is your opinion of Secularism. Do you regard it as a religion?

I understand that the word Secularism embraces everything that is of any real interest or value to the human race. I take it for granted that everybody will admit that well-being is the only good; that is to say, that it is impossible to conceive of anything of real value that does not tend either to preserve or to increase the happiness of some sentient being.

Secularism, therefore, covers the entire territory. It fills the circumference of human knowledge and of human effort. It is, you may say, the religion of this world; but if there is another world, it is necessarily the religion of that as well.

Man finds himself in this world naked and hungry. He needs food, raiment, shelter. He finds himself filled with almost innumerable wants. To gratify these wants is the principal business of life. To gratify them without interfering with other people is the course pursued by all honest men.

Secularism teaches us to be good here and now. I know of nothing better than goodness. Secularism teaches us to be just here and now. It is impossible to be juster than just. Man can be as just in this world as in any other, and justice must be the same in all worlds.

Secularism teaches a man to be generous, and generosity is certainly as good here as it can be anywhere else. Secularism teaches a man to be charitable, and certainly charity is as beautiful in this world and in this short life as it could be were man immortal.

But orthodox people insist that there is something higher than Secularism; but, as a matter of fact, the mind of man can conceive of nothing better, nothing higher, nothing more spiritual, than goodness, justice, generosity, charity. Neither has the mind of man been capable of finding a nobler incentiv to action than human love.

Secularism has to do with every possible relation. It says to the young man and to the young woman: "Don't marry unless you can take care of yourselvs and your children."

It says to the parents: "Liv for your children; put forth every effort to the end that your children may know more than you—that they may be better and grander than you."

Secularism says: "You hav no right to bring children into the world that you are not able to educate and feed and clothe."

Secularism says to those who hav diseases that can be transmitted to children: "Do not marry; do not become parents; do not perpetuate suffering, deformity, agony, imbecility, insanity, poverty, wretchedness."

Secularism tells all children to do the best they can for their parents—to discharge every duty and every obligation.

Secularism defines the relation that should exist between husband and wife; between parent and child; between the citizen and the nation. And not only that, but between nations.

Secularism is a religion that is to be used everywhere and at all times—that is to be taught everywhere and practiced at all times. It is not a religion that is so dangerous that it must be kept out of the schools; it is not a religion so dangerous that it must be kept out of politics. It belongs in the schools; it belongs at the polls. It is the business of Secularism to teach every child; to teach every voter. It is its business to discuss all political problems, and to decide all questions that affect the rights or the happiness of a human being.

Orthodox religion is a firebrand; it must be kept out of the schools; it must be kept out of politics. All the churches unite in saying that orthodox religion is not for every-day use. The Catholics object to any Protestant religion being taught to children. Protestants object to any Catholic religion being taught to children. But the Secularist wants his religion taught to all; and his religion can produce no feeling, for the reason that it consists of facts—of truths. And all of it is important; important for the child, important for the parent, important for the politician—for the president—for all in power; important to every legislator, to every professional man, to every laborer and to every farmer—that is to say, to every human being.

The great benefit of Secularism is that it appeals to the reason of every man. It asks every man to think for himself. It does not threaten punishment if a man thinks, but it offers a reward, for fear that he will not think.

It does not say, "You will be damned in another world if you think." But it says, "You will be damned in this world if you do not think."

Secularism preserves the manhood and the womanhood of all. It says to each human being: "Stand upon your own feet. Count one! Examin for yourself. Investigate, observe, think. Express your opinion. Stand by your judgment, unless you are convinced you are wrong, and when you are convinced you can maintain and preserve your manhood or your womanhood only by admitting that you were wrong."

It is impossible that the whole world should agree on one creed. It may be impossible that any two human beings can agree exactly in religious belief. Secularism teaches that each one must take care of himself; that the first duty of man is to himself, to the end that he may be not only useful to himself, but to others. He who fails to take care of himself becomes a burden. The first duty of man is not to be a burden.

Every Secularist can giv a reason for his creed. First of all, he believes in work—taking care of himself. He believes in the cultivation of the intellect, to the end that he may take advantage of the forces of Nature—to the end that he may be clothed and fed and sheltered.

He also believes in giving to every other human being every right that he claims for himself. He does not depend on prayer. He has no confidence in ghosts or phantoms. He knows nothing of another world. He knows just as little of a first cause, but what little he does know he endeavors to use, and to use for the benefit of himself and others.

He knows that he sustains certain relations to other sentient beings, and he endeavors to add to the aggregate of human joy. He is his own church, his own priest, his own clergyman, and his own pope. He decides for himself; in other words, he is a free man.

He also has a Bible, and this Bible embraces all the good and true things that hav been written, no matter by whom or in what language or in what time. He accepts everything that he believes to be true, and rejects all that he thinks is false. He knows that nothing is added to the probability of an event because there has been an account of it written and printed.

All that has been said that is true is part of his Bible. Every splendid and noble thought, every good word, every kind action—all these you will find in his Bible. And, in addition to these, all that is absolutely known—that has been demonstrated—belongs to the Secularist. All the inventions, machines—everything that has been of assistance to the human race—belongs to his religion.

The Secularist is in possession of everything that man has. He is deprived only of that which man never had.

The orthodox world believes in ghosts and phantoms, in dreams and prayers, in miracles and monstrosities; that is to say, in modern theology. But these things do not exist, or if they do exist, it is impossible for a human being to ascertain the fact.

Secularism has no "castles in Spain." It has no glorified fog. It depends upon realities, upon demonstrations; and its end and aim is to make this world better every day—to do away with poverty and crime, and to cover the world with happy and contented homes.

Let me say, right here, that a few years ago the Secular Hall at Leicester, Eng., was opened by a speech from George Jacob Holyoake entitled, "Secularism a Religion." I hav never read anything better on the subject of Secularism than this address. It is so clear and so manly that I do not see how any human being can read it without becoming convinced and almost enraptured.

Let me quote a few lines from this address:

The mind of man would die if it were not for thought, and were thought suppressed God would rule over a world of idiots.

Nature feeds thought, day and night, with a million hands.

To think is a duty, because it is a man's duty not to be a fool.

If man does not think himself, he is an intellectual pauper, living upon the truth acquired by others, and making no contribution himself in return. He has no ideas but such as he obtains by "outdoor relief," and he goes about the world with a charity mind.

The more thinkers there are in the world, the more truth there is in the world.

Progress can only walk in the footsteps of Conviction.

Coercion in thought is not progress; it reduces to ignominious pulp the backbone of the mind.

By religion I mean the simple creed of deed and duty, by which a man seeks his own welfare in his own way, with an honest and fair regard to the welfare and ways of others.

In these thinking and practical days, men demand a religion of daily life which stands on a business footing.

I think nothing could be much better than the following, which shows the exact relation that orthodox religion sustains to the actual wants of human beings:

The churches administer a system of foreign affairs.

Secularism dwells in a land of its own. It dwells in a land of Certitude.

In the kingdom of thought there is no conquest over man, but over foolishness only.

I will not quote more, but hope all who read this will read the address of Mr. Holyoake, who has, in my judgment, defined Secularism with the greatest possible clearness.

What, in your opinion, are the best possible means to spread this gospel or religion of Secularism?

This can only be done by the cultivation of the mind—only through intelligence—because we are fighting only the monsters of the mind. The phantoms whom we are endeavoring to destroy do not exist; they are all imaginary. They liv in that undeveloped or unexplored part of the mind that belongs to barbarism.

I hav sometimes thought that a certain portion of the mind is cultivated, so that it rises above the surrounding faculties, and is like some peak that has lifted itself above the clouds, while all the valleys below are dark or dim with mist and cloud. It is in this valley region, amid these mists, beneath these clouds, that these monsters and phantoms are born. And there they will remain until the mind sheds light—until the brain is developed.

One exceedingly important thing is to teach man that his mind has limitations; that there are walls that he cannot scale—that he cannot pierce—that he cannot dig under. When a man finds the limitations of his own mind, he knows that other people's minds hav limitations. Then, instead of believing what the priest says, he asks the priest questions. In a few moments he finds that the priest has been drawing on his imagination for what is beyond the wall. Consequently he finds that the priest knows no more than he, and it is impossible that he should know more than he.

An ignorant man has not the slightest suspicion of what a superior man may do. Consequently he is liable to become the victim of the intelligent and cunning. A man wholly unacquainted with chemistry, after having been shown a few wonders, is ready to believe anything. But a chemist who knows something of the limitations of that science—who knows what chemists hav done and who knows the nature of things—cannot be imposed upon. When no one can be imposed upon, orthodox religion cannot exist. It is an imposture, and there must be impostors and there must be victims, or the religion cannot be a success.

Secularism cannot be a success, universally, as long as there is an impostor or a victim. This is the difference: The foundation of orthodox religion is imposture. The foundation of Secularism is demonstration. Just to the extent that a man knows, he becomes a Secularist.

What do you think of the action of the Knights of Labor in Indiana in turning out one of their members because he was an Atheist, and because he objected to the reading of the Bible at lodge meetings, and hav you read the account?

I hav. In my judgment, the Knights of Labor hav made a great mistake. They want liberty for themselvs—they feel that, to a certain extent, they hav been enslaved and robbed. If they want liberty, they should be willing to giv liberty to others. Certainly one of their members has the same right to his opinion with regard to the existence of a God that the other members hav to theirs.

I do not blame this man for doubting the existence of a supreme being, provided he understands the history of liberty. When a man takes into consideration the fact that for many thousands of years labor was unpaid, nearly all of it being done by slaves, and that millions and hundreds of millions of human beings were bought and sold the same as cattle, and that during all that time the religions of the world upheld the practice, and the priests of the countless unknown Gods insisted that the institution of slavery was divine—I do not wonder that he comes to the conclusion that perhaps, after all, there is no supreme being—at least none who pays any particular attention to the affairs of this world.

If one will read the history of the slave trade, of the cruelties practiced, of the lives sacrificed, of the tortures inflicted, he will at once wonder why "a God of infinit goodness and wisdom" did not interfere just a little; or, at least, why he did not deny that he was in favor of the trade.

Here, in our own country, millions of men were enslaved, and hundreds and thousands of ministers stood up in their pulpits, with their Bibles in front of them, and proceeded to show that slavery was about the only institution that they were absolutely certain was divine. And they proved it by reading passages from this very Bible that the Knights of Labor in Indiana are anxious to hav read in their meetings.

For their benefit, let me call their attention to a few passages, and suggest that, hereafter, they read those passages at every meeting, for the purpose of convincing all the Knights that the Lord is on the side of those who work for a living:

"Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt hav, shall be of the heathen round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids.

"Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families which are with you, which they begat in your land; and they shall be your possession.

"And ye shall take them as an inheritance, for your children after you to inherit them for a possession. They shall be your bondmen forever."

Nothing seems more natural to me than that a man who believes that labor should be free, and that he who works should be free, should come to the conclusion that the passages above quoted are not entirely on his side.

I don't see why people should be in favor of free bodies who are not also in favor of free minds. If the mind is to remain in imprisonment, it is hardly worth while to free the body.

If a man has the right to labor, he certainly has the right to use his mind, because without mind he can do no labor. As a rule, the more mind he has, the more valuable his labor is, and the freer his mind is the more valuable it is.

If the Knights of Labor expect to accomplish anything in this world, they must do it by thinking. They must hav reason on their side, and the only way they can do anything by thinking is to allow each other to think.

Let all the men who do not believe in the inspiration of the Bible leave the Knights of Labor and I do not know how many would be left. But I am perfectly certain that those left would accomplish very little, simply for the lack of sense.

Intelligent clergymen hav abandoned the idea of penal inspiration. The best ministers in the country admit that the Bible is full of mistakes, and while many of them are forced to say that slavery is upheld by the Old Testament, they also insist that slavery was and is, and forever will be, wrong.

What hav the Knights of Labor to do with a question of religion? What business is it of theirs who believes or disbelieves in the religion of the day?

Nobody can defend the rights of labor without defending the right to think.

I hope that in time these Knights will become intelligent enough to read in their meetings something of importance; something that applies to this century; something that will throw a little light on questions under discussion at the present time. The idea of men engaged in a kind of revolution reading from Leviticus, Deuteronomy, and Haggai, for the purpose of determining the rights of workingmen in the nineteenth century!

No wonder such men hav been swallowed by the whale of monopoly. And no wonder that, while they are in the belly of this fish, they insist on casting out a man with sense enough to understand the situation!

The Knights of Labor hav made a mistake, and the sooner they reverse their action the better for all concerned. Nothing should be taught in this world that somebody does not know. R. G. Ingersoll.

Is There a God?

By God, the intelligent reader will not understand me to mean the God of Moses, the God of Paul, or the God of Mohammed, but rather that supreme and unknown power which controls the workings of nature. Taken in this sense, I find the proofs of a God's existence in the same sciences whereby the Atheists are wont to disprove it. That this God ever demonstrates his existence to us by special marks of divine favor or displeasure, I will not attempt to assert. On the contrary, I think it far more reasonable to hold that he originally set the universe in motion, in accordance with certain infallible laws, and then left it to take care of itself. Do not understand that I contend for the masculinity of God; I only take the same liberty of personification which I would in applying the feminin pronoun to nature.

Suppose that some one in traveling come upon a mysterious machine which sets itself in motion and stops at pleasure, which supplies itself with the fuel necessary for continued activity, and which communicates intelligent ideas to other similar machines, will anyone believe that this wonderful machine has sprung into existence by mere chance? "Oh!" says the Atheist, "it is not chance which has produced your machine, but the methodical operations of the laws of nature for millions of years." Its first progenitor was a mere mass of undifferentiated protoplasm possessed of contractil, irritable, automatic, receptiv, assimilativ, metabolic, secretory, respiratory, and reproductiv powers. This through past ages has evoluted into what we call man. This fine array of big words takes my breath away, but, I say, what caused these laws of nature to be laws? I think you unconsciously ascribe to nature the same properties I ascribe to God. Whence arose the protoplasm? Did it just spring into existence spontaneously after the cooling of the earth? Why is it that at this day scientists hav utterly failed to produce spontaneous generation of even the simplest forms of animal and vegetable life? I think you will hav to admit with our Christian friends that the day of miracles is past. However, admitting all this to be correct, did these wonderful laws hav no originator? It is impossible to conceive of the existence of time, and perhaps of matter, but no scientist would undertake to claim that matter has always existed in its present state; hence, is it not at least possible to suppose that matter once obeyed other laws? If evolution be a general truth, why cannot nature's laws evolute also? Though her laws are invariable, they certainly do not in millions of cases work best for individuals. May we not, therefore, suppose that they were once more imperfect than now, and that in the course of ages they may be gradually perfected? At any rate, it reduces the position to an absurdity to assume that such remarkable laws emanated from nothing. As to protoplasm, I say of a God who can make living protoplasm out of a peculiar combination of elements, and by causing it to observe a code of infrangible laws through countless ages, develop it into a human being, is he not as great as the God who makes a man of mud, leans him against the palings to dry, and then breathes the breath of life into him? I think we assume entirely too much when we say that evolution explains the mystery of creation. It merely offers us a reasonable explanation of some obscure points, without our getting any nearer the first cause than we were before.

Let us now take a brief glance at astronomy. Every planet of our solar system has its distance from the sun, its orbit, its period of revolution around the sun, its length of day and night, and these are practically invariable. Some of these planets hav in turn satellites which obey equally fixed laws. This is wonderful, but when we consider that each fixed star is a sun with his system, and that the telescope reveals to us that there is apparently no end to these suns, we get entirely beyond our mental grasp. "That's all true," says our Atheist, "but what of it? These suns, planets and satellites simply obey the law of gravitation." Very good; but what causes this law? "Oh, it's an inherent property of matter to attract other matter." Well, I'm about as wise as I was before. When Newton "discovered" the attraction of gravitation he only gave a name to what was already known. What he really discovered was the law of gravitation, and, by bringing his mathematical mind to bear upon the workings of this law, he accomplished wonders. For this no one reveres him more than I; yet he never told us why matter attracts matter. Being a Christian, he probably took it for granted that the law had come into existence by some creativ agency unknown and unknowable to him; and in this I heartily concur with him. For the sake of argument, however, let us imagin that gravitation just "naturally" exists. Then, I ask, how does it happen that the weights and distances of the planets are so nicely adjusted? I confess that I cannot understand what the Atheist means, but he dumfounds one with something about chaos, terrible heat, splitting up into masses, etc. Did it happen, then, just by accident that these molten masses bore such definit relations to one another? Suppose you charge a gun so heavily that it explodes on firing; will the size of the fragments follow any other rule than that of least resistance? Is it not much more sensible to suppose that an intelligent power superintended things about that time?

Let us now descend at one step from the boundless to the infinitesimal; from astronomy to chemistry. The laws governing chemical action are quite as wonderful as those regulating the movements of the celestial bodies; though, indeed, they are not nearly so well understood, the explanations usually given being, for the most part, only well-framed theories. Yet we know enough to tell that it is a science of such wonderful exactitude as hardly to be excelled by mathematics itself. Why do chlorine and sodium, for instance, invariably combine in the same proportion, and why is the compound thus formed so widely different from either element? We hav the atomic theory, but if this be correct, we are but little further advanced toward the bottom facts than before. It is very easy to say that certain elements hav certain atomic weights, and so on, but it is quite another matter to make us understand how such an element came to hav these properties, or how it could hav existed at all without a creator.

In like manner, what has been said concerning evolution, astronomy, and chemistry might be applied to every other science under the sun. The only argument opposed to my views is that, according to my own idea, this wonderful God must himself hav had a creator. This is a certainly a clincher, to which I can only say that such questions as this would upset any system of theology. I do not claim to hav advanced a single new idea. All I wish is to call the attention of Atheists to what they hav neglected, and that is, to giv an explanation of how matter came to exist without a first cause. Macbeth.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF IT?

As a quondam believer in the divine origin of the Christian religion, I can look back without prejudice on the records of a tolerably long life, and inquire, not what I hav done for Christianity, but—which has a far more personal importance—What has Christianity done for me? Many of the contemporaries of my youth hug the flattering delusion that for the last fifty years they hav been preaching "Christ," and instrumental in bringing many souls into the fold of the church. But if we inquire what effect the "good work" has had upon the preachers themselvs, we are met by the fact that one and all are either driveling imbecils or crafty worldlings, still hammering over the A B C of their spiritual childhood, or constructing false rules in the grammar of their language to make it mean that which it meaneth not. That genuin Christianity, as taught by Jesus himself, is utterly impracticable, is demonstrated in the life and practice of all so-called Christians, including the very best of them. A sincere truth seeker, entering the fold of the church, may go from pillar to post until he has made the complete circuit of the churches without finding that which he wants. It sometimes happens that he settles down with some obscure and unpopular sect, whose members hav a crank similar to his own. But if he hav judgment and perseverance, he soon finds the bed too short and the covering too narrow (Isa. xxviii, 20). Sooner or later the earnest inquirer after truth will find himself floating in the boundless ocean of Freethought, or stranded on the terra firma of common sense. If he drink deep of the fountain of ancient wisdom, it is only to find that the ancients knew no more than himself, and were for the most part even farther from the perception of their own ignorance. A really wise man never yet set himself up as a teacher or founded a sect. Any fool can teach religion, and fools are the most apt pupils. They receive it with the greatest facility, and hold it with the greatest tenacity. But it is a popular mistake that religion conduces to morality, or makes men chaste and honest who are constitutionally otherwise. In fact, religion is offered as a substitute for morality. Thieves and prostitutes, prodigal sons and adulterous wives—of such are the kingdom of heaven. The "righteousness" required is that of another; the punishment inflicted is suffered vicariously! These are the fundamental doctrins of the Christian church. Decent, honest, and law-abiding people cannot participate in the promised benefits, unless they pose as "miserable sinners" and class themselvs with the "ungodly." What can be more illogical and absurd than to offer a premium on vice and depravity, either real or assumed, and leave honest virtue out in the cold? We usually find the fraudulent debtor, the pitiless creditor, and, of course, the lascivious preacher among the members and supporters of the Christian church. It would, perhaps, be unkind to deny to the frail sisterhood the consolation of religion, if they can find consolation therein, but if they would lead a new life and see good days, let them beware of clerical consolers. "Christian love" is Eros in the disguise of a lamb, creeping into houses and leading captiv silly women, laden with divers lusts (2 Tim. iii, 6). The ancient Greeks were more outspoken in their amours, but when they built a temple for Aphrodite, they did not dedicate it to Jesus Christ. They did not debauch their proselytes under pretense of making them fit for the kingdom of heaven. I hav already shown what the kingdom of heaven—a kingdom of air and emptiness—is worth in this world. The reward of the faithful depends on a promissory note or *post obit* payable in the world to come! It is an ingenious way the parsons hav of getting rid of their debts, knowing that their creditor will be unable to protest the bill when it arrives at maturity. What can be said in favor or extenuation of a fraud so palpable and barefaced?

No mistake can be greater than to suppose that the Bible furnishes a rule of life and conduct. Taken separately, here and there are scraps of poetry, history, and philosophy perhaps as good as any to be found in the writers of antiquity, but as a whole it is a mass of absurdity and contradictions. There is not a crime in the calendar, recognized as such by the common law of a civilized nation, but may be justified by an appeal to the supposed law of God. Bigamists, adulterers, thieves, and murderers may adduce as an apology for their misdeeds the examples of men supposed to be special favorits of the almighty. Mormonism is as scriptural as Methodism, and equally moral. The Mormon takes too many wives of his own; the Methodist consoles himself with the wives of other men. It is a nice point for casuists to decide, whether a bigamist or an adulterer is the greater scoundrel of the two.

According to popular belief, the government of the world is theocratic. The question arises, Who or what is the God? The Bible reveals to us God the father as a sanguinary despot; the Testament shows us God the son as an unpractical crank and a failure. Neither of them fortunately has anything to do with the government of the world at present, except by self-nominated and self-appointed proxies. But the proxies do not agree among themselvs, which induces a grave suspicion that they are all spurious. Moreover, they practice neither the sanguinary code of the Old Testament nor the self-denying ethics of the New. The so-called "gospel" is in fact a purely human invention, begotten by priestcraft out of superstition. How that which is fundamentally false and practically vicious can be productiv of any good effects, I leave to abler logicians to decide. Outis.

The Oaths Bill Read Three Times.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Bradlaugh, after shepherding his rather mixed flock into the lobby, was able to read out the triumphant numbers of 147 to 60. *Finis coronat opus.* The Oaths bill has been read a third time. And all parties were ready to honor the indomitable grit which has carried it to its goal.

Mr. Washburn, of Massachusetts.

From San Francisco Freethought.

As next president of the American Secular Union the choice seems to be centering on Mr. L. K. Washburn, of Massachusetts. The selection is a natural and fitting one.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.
E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Official Call for Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

To the Local Secular Unions, Life, Charter, and Annual Members, and all Liberal citizens who support the Nine Demands of Secularism, Greeting:

You are hereby invited to attend the Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, which will convene at Lafayette Hall, Wood street, near 4th, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, October 5, 1888, at 10 A.M., for a four days' session—5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th inclusiv.

All Charter and Life Members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of State or Executiv Committees, and all duly accredited delegates from Local Secular Unions are entitled to seats and votes in this Annual Congress. Each Local Secular Union is entitled to send its President and Secretary and three other members as delegates. Annual Members who pay or hav paid $1 in the national treasury are entitled to seats, but not to votes, except by unanimous consent of the Congress.

This Congress will specially consider practical questions tending to further agitation for taxation of church property; the abrogation of state aid to sectarian institutions; abolition of state, national, military, and prison chaplaincies; repeal of judicial oaths, Sunday and other oppressiv and unjust ecclesiastical laws; nullification of attempts to subvert our Constitution by a legal recognition of Theism in the American Magna Charta, and such other measures as will not merely thwart intended theological encroachments, but will absolutely expunge from our laws, state and federal, such insidious acts as hav already crept in to blot out mental freedom from our republic.

It is to be hoped that the addresses delivered will deal with the practical issues of the organization, so that there will be such an awakening of the people to these vital questions of the hour that a revival of the instinct of liberty and justice for all will necessarily result; that again from the Keystone state—the birthplace of our association—the clarion voice of freedom shall vibrate throughout the land.

Pittsburgh being situated almost in the center of a district containing many of our most distinguished workers, thinkers, and writers, besides the activ host within its limits, there is little doubt but that this Congress will be a glorious gathering of the forces who stand for mental liberty, as expressed in the desire for complete Secularization of the government.

S. P. PUTNAM, Pres.
E. A. STEVENS, Sec.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com.

About the Pittsburgh Congress.

WHO WILL BE PRESENT.

First among those who will be present is he whose voice and pen hav thrilled the Liberals of this country from the rock-bound coast of New England to the Pacific's golden shores; who inspires his hearers and readers to activly espouse the Secular cause; whose ceaseless energies bestowed on our Union entitle him to rank as the "peerless"—our poet pre-eminent and genial president, Samuel P. Putnam, of *Freethought*.

If years of unpaid, incessant, unselfish devotion of talents of the highest order to the upbuilding of the Secular cause entitle anyone to our thanks, that person is the bright, brave little moral heroin who has won enduring fame in literature as well as on the rostrum, and of whom we of Chicago are justly proud, Mrs. M. A. Freeman, chairman of the finance committee. She has specially prepared a lecture for this Congress entitled, "Cross and Crown."

To Chas. Watts, editor of *Secular Thought*, all, I think, will concede the palm as our most powerful and effectiv lecturer and keen debater. For twenty-five years he has stood foremost as a champion of Freethought in his own country, and is certainly unrivaled in this. His address will be, "Religion and Science—Their Relation to Civilization."

One of the best workers for the Liberal cause, who performed marvelous service in Michigan in the early history of our movement, was Brother J. H. Burnham. As a profound student and thinker he has few equals, and his lectures and essays are among the most logical specimens of Liberal literature. Brother Burnham will instruct us in the matter of "organization."

I heard L. K. Washburn, of Boston, lecture but once, but hav longed for a repetition of that experience, for it certainly was one of the most faultless, forcible, and ornate pieces of rhetoric I hav listened to from a Liberal rostrum. He possesses a charming voice and has a masterly delivery. Washburn's discourse is, "The Christian Menace to Our Republic;" and he will represent the *Investigator*.

Voltairine de Cleyre, of Grand Rapids, Mich., at our invitation made her first appearance at the last Chicago Congress as a Liberal lecturer, and has since been activly employed. Having been educated at a convent school, from which she graduated with honors, she possesses many accomplishments, and as a poetic writer has earned distinction. Her subject will be, "The Drama of the Nineteenth Century."

Prof. W. S. Bell, one of the pioneer lecturers, who is preparing a text-book for Freethinkers, and is the author of "The Conflict between Christianity and Civilization," "Liberty and Morality," "The Sunday Question," and "Anti-Prohibition," will be present, and deliver an address on "Common Sense vs. Superstition."

Prof. D. G. Crow, for years principal of schools in Illinois, New Mexico, and the Indian Territory, and a scientist of note, is also about to enter the Secular lecture field. He is coming all the way from Fort Supply, Indian Terr., at his own expense, to hear the old pioneers, to meet those with whom he expects to labor, and determin what course he will pursue. He says neither pressing business nor greatest distance will keep him away from the Congress. Such determined devotion deserves to succeed.

Last in the list of those who "certainly" are expected to be present, but by no means the least on the rostrum, is our gallant co-worker from Texas, J. D. Shaw, editor of the *Independent Pulpit*, whose clarion tones are rousing into activity the hitherto scattered elements of Freethought in the South, and whose splendid services in that forbidding field are worthy of all praise. Brother Shaw's lecture will be, "Civilization and Its Causes."

EXPECTED TO BE PRESENT.

The hero of Abolitionism, that intrepid figure so prominent in the greatest epoch of American history, whose name still stands like a statue of liberty, and to whom love and reverence are due from all Freethinkers for her fight for freedom, Lucy Colman, will if present favor us with at least a brief address. This will be a splendid opportunity to salute this brave champion of Freethought.

Whatever of success the American Secular Union has attained is due more largely than to any other circumstance to the unswerving encouragement and support it has received from one individual, who has placed a department at the disposal of the secretary, no matter how crowded his columns, and thus—in spite of opposition—has been the mainstay of the organization; and to him we owe a big vote of thanks. He will be "taken' notes ameng us, and i' faith he'll prent 'em," so it behooves us to be on our best behavior. I allude to the Editorial genius of THE TRUTH SEEKER, "'Gene."

When the biographies of Freethought philosophers are written, high among the Eliots and Comtes, the Spencers and the Mills, will be the name of the distinguished American representativ of Positivism, Thaddeus Burr Wakeman, who for years was our president, and to whom Courtlandt Palmer left a legacy to assist in the publication of his works. As we are to take some action as to whether we shall endeavor to wrest Girard College from its shameful perversion, Mr. Wakeman, who is familiar with that subject, will be able to giv us the necessary information.

Helen H. Gardener, who has justly won renown as the author of "Men, Women and Gods," who is so widely and favorably known in the Freethought lecture field, and whose presentation of the ablest paper ("Sex in Brain") at the Woman's International Congress created such a *furore* and set Washington society agog, will be deterred from attendance only—if at all—by severe physical disability. We hope she will be present.

The intellectual head of the progressiv women of America, if not of the world, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, was to hav lectured, but we regret to learn she can not endure a long journey. She will, however, send a letter in which she will present a Woman Suffrage view from a Freethought standpoint. Mrs. Stanton and Helen Gardener are preparing a "Woman's Bible."

Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, of Kansas City, one of our vice-presidents, who was distinguished as a professional speaker before her marriage with the lamented judge, is expected to lecture.

Next to Colonel Ingersoll, John E. Remsburg is better known to the Freethinkers of this country than any other Liberal lecturer, and his pamphlets are more widely circulated. A universal favorit is John E. If possible, he will speak on "Sabbath Breaking."

In deference to the many Spiritualists who giv their aid and support to the American Secular Union, Mrs. Amelia Colby, a wonderfully powerful speaker who is a great favorit with our Pittsburgh friends, will be present.

H. L. Green, the veteran worker, is doing as valiant service in the publication of his most excellent magazine for the Secular cause as when he was famously energetic as chairman of the executiv board of the National Liberal League. He returns to the arms of his old love, although she has changed her name.

Then there will be the Drs. Foote (senior and junior), who, since our lamented Courtlandt Palmer has passed away, we look upon as our pillars. Requiring rest, they refuse to lecture, but their munificent liberality entitles their counsel to profound consideration.

Our noble, open-hearted friend, Leonard Geiger, will certainly be present, accompanied by his generous coadjutor and brother life-member, J. A. Smith.

Dr. Lespinasse will come from Orange City, Iowa, as will also be present from Kokomo, Ind., our worthy friend Willis, both life-members.

Brother Goodbe, president of the Salt Lake Secular Union, one of the most distinguished citizens of that territory, will endeavor to be present.

Chas. Eckhard, treasurer of the association, will, we presume, be on hand to render an account of his stewardship.

The Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Enon Valley, one of the philosophical, yet radical, Nestors of the Secular cause, will be present.

Jas. E. Emerson, of Beaver Falls, who presented the Pittsburgh society with the splendid ideal portrait of Thomas Paine, of the design of which he was the author, will attend, but it is to be regretted that an accident has greatly impaired his health.

Dr. E. A. Wood, who is the president of the Pittsburgh Medical Society, and who has favored our friends with several Radical lectures, will, without doubt, be present, as will hosts of other prominent Freethinkers, we hope.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Joseph Haigh, Chebanse, Ill.	$5.00
John Engstrom, Aspen, Col.	5.00
Almond Owen, Milwaukee, Wis.	5.00
John F. Plow, Chelsea, Mass.	5.00
Wm. Bondies Forney, Tex.	5.00
Clinton, Ill.	5.00
Jeremiah Rubright, Locust Dale, Pa. (charter fee)	5.00
Thos. Knight, Ceresco, Mich.	5.00
John Mahara, Charles City, Ia.	2.00
M. H. J. de Crane, Orange City, Ia.	1.00
D. van de Merwede Quarles van Ufford, Orange City, Ia.	1.00
Chas. Neumann, Locust Dale, Pa.	1.00
John Hudson, Chicago, Ill.	1.00

Joseph Haigh has acquired fame as a Freethought poet, especially for his ever-pertinent inquiry as to "Why Doesn't God Kill the Devil?" His last effort, "Creation According to the Bible," is highly descriptiv, ironical, and philosophic. The moral which adorns the tale is that the—

> Poor, God-forsaken human race,
> Left to their own resources,
> Hav turned their thoughts to worldly things,
> And found out nature's forces.
> They learned the laws of life and health,
> A boon to everyone,
> And earth is now a better world
> Since Gods and ghosts are gone.

Brother Haigh subscribes $5 and is full of hope for the Union's future, flatteringly terming us a "success."

Though a life-member, John Engstrom still continues to contribute $5 annually toward the life of the organization to which he proudly refers as "the noble American Secular Union." Friend Engstrom has not become so mentally enervated that he does not see the absolute necessity for a devoted work which can only be effectiv through a chain of organizations. Such Liberals as Engstrom giv us courage to press on to ultimate triumph.

A sturdy veteran whose eighty-three winters—a good many of them the Wisconsin product at that—hav not chilled his enthusiasm, and who though slightly infirm in body is thoroughly sound in mind, forwards $5 and some valuable suggestions which we hope may hav weight at the coming Congress. We concur that "every Liberal who has a decent living should take at least one Liberal paper." If every Liberal did that, the American Secular Union would be a powerful body indeed, and the papers could afford to send out the lecturers at their own expense.

Brother Owen believes in the Nine Demands, and knows how they should be sustained. Where are all the rest of Milwaukee's Freethinkers?

Another old hero of Ceresco, Mich, who, though nearly eighty-three, still seems filled with a wonderful fire and energy for Freethought, responds with $5, rejoicing that the American Secular Union is showing an aggressiv front. Afraid, as he puts it, "that old people are liable to drop off," he hastens to insure his share of duty being duly performed, closing with, "Yours with big hope, Thos. Knight." May his life be as long and pleasant as he could possibly wish.

The products of Plow's art tile works are well-known to connoisseurs, and Mr. J. F. Plow forwards us $5 and hopes that the coming Congress may be successful, and that more adherents to the Nine Demands will be the result; he sincerely subscribes himself a friend of universal mental liberty. Art and evolution should go hand in hand, for Christian vandalism almost obliterated the former in the Middle Ages.

From Forney, Texas, Wm. Bondies sends words of

cheer and practical help. He considers the Christian religion a very powerful enemy to human liberty, and it givs him pleasure to contribute to an organized effort to compass its defeat, and he proposes to keep up the entertainment at stated intervals. His letters hav the ring of the true Radical. We hope that many other Liberals will find huge enjoyment in the same way.

Some modest Liberal sent us a $5 postal order without a word from Clinton, Ill. It looks like some of Brother J. A. Greenhill's generosity; at least, he is our "suspect." Whoever it is, he has our thanks.

Jeremiah Rubright, of Locust Dale, Pa., secures the necessary signatures and applies for a charter, so that we may hope that this new society will doubtless be represented at Pittsburgh. Chas. Newman, besides being one of their local society members, sends us an annual membership fee.

John Mahara, of Charles City, Iowa, whom we met at the last congress, has a real Liberal household, for we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Mahara, her sturdy son and intellectual daughter, with whom we spent a couple of pleasant hours the other evening. Brother Mahara forwards us $2 for the cause.

M. H. J. de Crane, a cultured gentleman of Orange City, takes an annual membership this year, and we are pleased to welcome him to our ranks. It seems as though Dr. Lespinasse had gone into the recruiting service, as the next is also from Orange City.

It is not often the card of an applicant for membership bears the crest of a noble house, but such is the case with D. van Merwede Quarles van Ufford, who also pledges $5 from now on each year to assist in the advancement of the Nine Demands, which he fully indorses. It is far better to belong to the intellectual "aristocracy of Freethought" than to depend on inheritance.

My friend, John Hudson, besides helping the local society, takes an annual membership in the American Secular Union. Hudson is one of our most enthusiastic Chicago workers, and possesses no mean ability as a versifier and writer.

P. S.—There are a number of persons whose pledges made at the last congress hav not been fulfilled. When this meets your eye do not lose a moment in discharging your obligation. This is your last chance to do your duty. I should receive it, if possible, before September 20th. As the expenses the last two months hav been unusually heavy, I hope there will be many other responses, and, at least, that there will be no delinquents. To those who hav pledged for next year's work I wish to return thanks, and notify all such that money will be acknowledged upon receipt. E. A. Stevens, Sec. A. S. U.

The American Secular Union.

The lack of any definit plan has occasioned lack of harmony, and is the reason of lack of success.

But it is vain to bemoan the past. We can only console ourselvs with the experience gained, and profit as best we may by the mistakes made. All are liable to error in judgment, therefore let us giv full credit to all for having done the very best they could under the circumstances.

Mr. Putnam's declining re-election necessitates a change of officers, but a change of officers can never of itself effect the needed change in the practical work of the organization. True, much depends on the president, and very much more on the secretary, but it is not enough that these officers possess ability, energy, and perseverance; for all must concede the possession of these qualities in the highest degree by our retiring president. The most able and efficient officers will surely fail of success unless the great body of Liberals hav full confidence in their plan of work, as well as in their character and ability. What is needed is a plain statement of aims and objects, and an equally plain statement of plans and methods by which it is proposed to obtain them.

It is very generally conceded that we need a national organization of Liberals devoted to the secularization of our government, whose chief aim shall be the securing of the Nine Demands, thus insuring equal rights and privileges to all, regardless of religious faith or the lack of it, and the total separation of church and state, and the repeal of any and every law that infringes the rights of conscience or favors any practice in the name of religion, or aught else that interferes with private right or the public welfare; and, secondly, to aid Liberals and their children to greater advancement in all that pertains to truth, science and sociability.

The mooted questions are:

Should the national organization use its best endeavors to perfect and carry out practical methods by which to aid and establish local Liberal societies?

Should the national organization use its funds in furnishing local societies leaflets suggesting a basis of by-laws, duties of officers and committees, telling how to make regular weekly meetings interesting to old and young, how to conduct science school on Sunday without a teacher, how to conduct extempore speaking class, how to provide amusements and increase sociability, so that the local Liberal society shall in all things be superior to church and Sunday-school?

Should the national organization aid and help sustain the infant society, or should the infant society at birth contribute to the sustenance of the parent society?

Should the national organization prepare and issue leaflets that not alone expose the fallacies and false claims of Christianity, but especially educate the masses to a knowledge of the justice of the Nine Demands, proving that it is to the best interest of all to help secure them?

Should the national organization use every possible endeavor to induce women not alone to become members of local Liberal societies, but to become officers, leaders, and enthusiastic co-workers for the cause?

Should the national organization hav able men and women—earnest, experienced local workers—for officers, and leave the lecturers free to devote their every effort to the field where they are so much needed?

Should the national organization do all in its power, unofficially, to insure the speedy organization of a Liberal cooperativ insurance society, to be independent and separate from the national organization, so that we can carry out our principles of justice, love, and mercy, thus making provision for the widows and orphans of Liberals?

It is not enough to hav good and noble purposes; they must be practically, faithfully, persistently worked for.

Only by agitation, by free and full discussion, by awakening thought and comparing ideas, can we hope to attain the much needed practical organization.

There must be unity of purpose, harmonious working, prompted by the conviction that we are all striving for definit aims and objects by practical methods—methods that hav the hearty approval of the leading workers, after full discussion and deliberation, and therefore indorsed and zealously carried out by the great body of Liberals. C. B. Reynolds.

Mr. Everett's Charge Against the Knights.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Inclosed please find pamphlet, "Concern of All is to Injure One," which I hav published to be presented to the general assembly of the Knights of Labor at Indianapolis in November. I would like the address of every Freethinker that is a delegate from either a district or local assembly, to whom I will send a copy. Soon after I commenced the publication of this pamphlet I was interviewed by a correspondent of the New York *Star*, which report went the rounds of the press, resulting in so changing the public feeling here that I hav work, the first I hav been able to procure in over two years.

The inclosed clipping will furnish inspiration for a suggestiv cartoon from Friend Heston. Furthermore, only two miles from this city, at the poorhouse of this county, an illegitimate child of this same Elder Jordan is being supported by the county, and the father engaged in pulling the wool over a few more black sheep's eyes. Great is Christianity of the Wabashites! Arthur C. Everett.

THE CLIPPING.

The colored people of this section will engage in some novel religious exercises at Smith's grove, in LaGro, six miles from Wabash, August 26th, when Elder Jordan will preach a sermon on "The Return of the Prodigal Calf." It is proposed to giv the sermon a measure of dramatic interest by following it with a representation of the prodigal son and the feast of the fatted calf. It will be a genuin roast calf, and the hungry prodigal will be enacted by a wild-eyed Wabash barber named Jordan, whose appetite, though constructed with a preference for roast coon, is warranted to do justice to the roasted calf. After Brother Jordan has done justice to the calf the remains will be served to everybody on the ground. In the evening there will be a grand march with orchestral accompaniment and climacteric effects to represen t the twelve tribes of Israel crossing the river Jordan and the laying of the twelve memorial stones. The barbecue is expected to draw a crowd.—*Wabash Times.*

Our London Letter.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* The recent articles in the *North American Review* on Christianity hav been read with considerable interest by many on this side the Atlantic, but possibly with less satisfaction by the religionists than by their opponents. Mr. Gladstone should by this time hav fully satisfied himself that his defense of this particular creed has not helped it in any way, and it would be wise on his part to refrain from entering the arena again with such a formidable antagonist as the unconquerable American exponent of Freethought. All the organs of the party hav had lengthy articles on the controversy, while the orthodox papers hav kept pretty quiet over the matter. They certainly hav not much cause of congratulation on the result of the combat, and can scarcely be very thankful to their self-appointed champion for his trouble in getting the fallacies of the Christian religion so thoroughly exposed. The only consolation he can hav is that he is no worse off than others who hav entered the lists in the same hopeless cause. If, however, he is like the generality of his fellow-believers, he is too thick-skinned to understand how thoroughly he has been defeated on all points, and may yet take another opportunity to try a further fall, though the result is bound to be the same.

The members of the metropolitan board of works are nothing if not pious, and hav endeavored just lately to giv a little assistance to the church by prohibiting collections at public meetings in the public parks. It appears to be a sinful act to collect money in the open air, and a good one to do the same thing in a covered building so long as it is one of God's houses. Of course, it is wicked to take money at lecture halls on Sunday, but although efforts hav been made to prevent it being done, so far they hav failed. It is interesting to note that notwithstanding the inquiry now going on respecting the rascality of certain of the members, the chairman of this sink of iniquity laid the foundation-stone of a church in London last week, and made a most saintly speech at the time.

It has often caused wonder to those who scoff at godly things why there are so many bishops, particularly colonial ones, but it appears that they are of use in attending conferences at Lambeth Palace, and banquets at the Mansion House. No doubt they make a very fine show in full canonicals, though their lawn sleeves must be rather in the way during feeding operations, though handy when playing cards if they are given to the practices of the Heathen Chinee immortalized by Bret Harte. J. D.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. Bell will lecture in Ashland, Ky., September 28th, 29th, 30th; Cannelton, W. Va., October 3d; Kanawha Falls, W. Va., October 4th.

C. B. Reynolds will lecture at Ellensburgh, Wash. Terr., September 7th, 8th, 9th; Walla Walla, 10th, 11th, 12th; Ogden, Utah, 15th, 16th; Hooper, 21st; Salt Lake City, 23d; Morgan, 24th, 25th; Uintah, 26th; Echo, 27th; Coalville, 28th, 29th; Salt Lake City, 30th.

Jno. Geo. Hertwig, of Washington, D. C., desires to lecture during the coming winter, and solicits engagements for this purpose. In religious matters he is an absolute Freethinker, and as to public questions generally, he is a thorough Radical. He was born in Germany, where he received a collegiate and university education, and has lived in the United States thirty years. He will lecture in English. His address is, P. O. Box 706, Washington, D. C.

The Agnostic and the Editor.

"Who is the great editor, pa, who won't allow Mr. Ingersoll's name to be mentioned in his paper?"

"That great editor, my son, is George Washington Childs, A.M., P.O.B., and P.Q. (Poor Old Bigot and Pious Quack), of the City of Brotherly Love, as ironically named."

"Is he a very good man, pa?"

"He is truly good, my son, truly good; in short, he is the personification, *per se*, of goodness on earth!"

"Then he is as good and holy as God, isn't he, pa?"

"Quite as holy, my son, and of superior goodness, most assuredly."

"How is he superior in goodness to God, pa?"

"Because, my son, he would, in his great righteousness, had he the power, wipe Colonel Ingersoll, the Prince of Agnostics, off the face of the earth in three shakes of a lamb's tail, whereas God permits the colonel to liv and move and hav his being here, and even shake the pillars of his church!"

"Why, it seems to me, pa, that God is a better man than George Washington Childs, A.S.S., P.D.Q., and N.G."

"You don't understand matters, my son. You don't appreciate that quality of goodness which looks only to the welfare of the church, via intolerance and persecution."

"Oh, I think I see, pa. To be intolerant and persecuting is to be good—the more so, the more truly good; eh, pa?"

"Yes, my son; from religion's standpoint that is the case, the Christian religion particularly considered."

"Yes, pa. Would George Washington Childs, with the long alphabetical tail——"

"My son, never stoop to levity when discussing truly good men or their merits."

"No, pa. Would this truly good editor, who livs in the City of Brotherly Love, and who won't mention Colonel Ingersoll in his holy paper—would he wipe the colonel off the face of the earth, pa, if he could?"

"Most assuredly, my son. Given the power, and this truly good and great editor of the City of Brotherly Love would at once proceed to hump himself, when this sublunary sphere would be found to be too circumscribed for the Great Editor and the Great Agnostic; and then, at one fell swoop, as it were, would the G. A. be stamped out by the G. E., the places that know him knowing him no more forever! Of such timbre is the truly good Christian, my son—even the truly good Christian editor—and of such timbre, happily for Agnostics and Infidels, is the kingdom of heaven!"

"Yes. pa. I am glad that George Washington Childs, P.D.Q X.Y.Z. &c., has not the power to stamp out Colonel Ingersoll."

"Ah! that is because you are not truly Christian, my son, and because you cannot truly say from your heart of hearts, Down with Agnosticism and Infidelity, and up with the beneficent Christian Church—more power to its mighty arm! Retire, my son. You weary me with your benighted understanding and conception of churchly affairs. Go."

Si Slokum.

Only One Question for the Church.

From the Freeman's Journal.

The tariff is a burning question. But the real question for us is, how shall we make good Catholics and good citizens of our children? We must send them to Catholic schools and put some religion into politics by protesting in season and out of season that Catholics must hav their educational rights. It is an outrage against the essential principles of American institutions. Good Christians are the best citizens. As Americans, we cannot approve by our silence of godless education. We must not let silence seem to be consent.

Communications.

God and the Bible.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

Let this composition be carefully studied. I think every unbiased mind will agree with me that for lasciviousness it has no equal.

ISAIAH.

Chap. xiii, 16: "Their children shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes, their houses shall be spoiled, and their wives ravished."

If the object in educating the young be to uproot the last vestige of humanity—to dull the finer feelings and make brutality take the place of human sympathy—such lessons will hav the desired effect. Is it any wonder that a belief in the Bible has turned men into monsters and made them torture and murder each other?

Chap. xlii, 13, 14: "The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man; he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war, he shall cry, yea, roar: I hav long time holden my peace; I hav been still and refrained myself. Now will I cry like a travailing woman. I will destroy and devour at once."

Does such language become a God? If a man should be guilty of such an outburst of passion, would he not lower himself in the estimation of all good men? God never spoke such words, nor authorized anyone to write them. The people were very ignorant and had not yet outgrown many savage traits, and they put into the mouth of their God words which expressed the brutal feelings by which they were actuated.

And so the Bible and all other sacred writings are made up. We read the "Song of Solomon," and reasonable it is to suppose that just such a salacious old cur should write just such a song. The Bible simply reflects the state of society when and where it originated, and sets forth the temper and disposition of a people whose example it would not be wisdom to follow.

Chap. xlvii, 2: "Take millstones and grind meal, uncover thy locks, make bare the leg, uncover the thigh."

Does anyone want to ponder a great while to find out that God never wrote such trashy nonsense as that? I ask the reader to consider the claim put up by Christians that the Bible is far above any production which ever emanated from a human brain. No; all the great writers, ancient and modern, could never produce anything which would compare with the above. Shakspere and Dryden must throw up the sponge. God alone can write about bare legs and uncovered thighs. And as Anthony has such an aversion to the nude in nature, he ought to arrest God for writing the above and for his exhibition to Moses.

JEREMIAH.

Chap. v, 8: "They were as fed horses. Every man neighed after his neighbor's wife." I commend this passage to the consideration of the priesthood and the ministry. After reading the crimes of preachers, perhaps they will be able to make a spiritual application of it.

JOEL.

Chap. xiii, 16: "Their infants shall be dashed in pieces, and their women with child ripped up."

First indecent, and then barbaric. If there is a type of innocence, it is a young child. Would a merciful God dash a young child to pieces, or commit the double murder of ripping up a woman with child? Is this the way God manifests his mercy and loving kindness to the children of men?

Pause for a moment and consider this question. Is it more reasonable to believe that God uttered such language, or that some bloodthirsty monster wanted to terrorize the people by making them believe that God said so?

Now I hav gone hastily over the ground in this article, and could the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know the disadvantages under which I hav labored, I know they would be very charitable in their criticisms. But, to any clear-sighted mind, I think I hav established the following facts:

1. That the state of society was such in Bible times that it would hardly be considered half-civilized at the present day. Perhaps the condition of society could not be better represented than by the Bedouins of Arabia.

2. That the holy men of those times were very bad men. Though they may hav been considered good men in their day, they would not be considered such now, as their system of polygamy and concubinage, their wars and inhuman acts, sufficiently show. They were tyrannical, treacherous, and savage, as well as superstitious.

3. That it is very unreasonable to believe that God ever talked with those men any more than he talks with men now. There is very convincing evidence that the masses were very ignorant, and that their leaders, these so-called holy men, could sway the people more effectually by telling them that their commands came from God. In other words, that, in giving their savage and brutal orders, the people would the more readily obey if they could be made to believe that they were carrying out the will of God.

4. That women were greatly imposed upon by so-called heavenly messengers. It is just as impossible for a woman to hav a child by an angel or spirit or ghost as it would be for one of the lower animals. Every child that was ever born was begotten by a progenitor—a "father of its kind."

5. That women had no rights which were respected by the men. That they were bought and sold and "taken," and treated little better than slaves.

6. That the big stories in the Bible, like that of the flood and the children of Israel passing through the Red sea and turning the waters of Egypt into blood, etc., were probably believed to be true when written. But if it were possible to go back to the time and converse with those who recorded them, we should find that even then they were traditionary. The writers themselvs would be able to giv no dates. All that could be learned would be that they happened in the "long ago." And if we could get back far enough we should come to the vanishing point, viz., where nobody knows anything about them.

To find out the exact time and place when and where they happened would be as difficult as to mark out the exact "snow line" between a cold and a warm climate.

7. That God had no more to do with writing the Bible than he had with writing any other book. The sacred-book business has been too much overdone to giv to any one book particular significance. There are too many peoples who hav God-written books, each claiming that God gave his especial attention to their particular book, but ignoring all the rest.

The claim put up by Christians that man could not write such a book is without foundation. In fact, man has written many better books. In fact, most books written in latter times are above it in point of literary merit. The stories in Sindbad the Sailor and Gulliver's Travels and Baron Munchausen are fully up to the Samson story and the Jonah story, and the story about building a tower to reach to heaven, and that of blowing down walls of solid masonry with rams' horns, and told in better style. As for the morals of the Bible, I think Utah will compare favorably with Palestine, and he is a bad man indeed whose morals are below those of King David.

8. That Christianity has always retarded human progress in proportion to its power, and always will. There is no sincere Christian who helps on the world's progress to any great extent. His mind is occupied with another world more than with this, and as far as his influence goes, he fashions the minds of others to correspond with his own. If a priest or minister has ever made an important discovery or brought out any useful invention, the fact has not come to my knowledge.

There are ninety thousand men in this country who are constantly interested in the affairs of another world, and consequently not much interested in the affairs of this world. To hav all men engaged in like manner would be to take us back to the Dark Ages. If the minds of the seventy thousand could be turned to the affairs of this world, and the influence which they now exert were used to induce others to study and work for the world's good, what an impetus would be given to human progress! But the world is made no better by studying the Bible and saying prayers.

It is science which has shed the richest blessings on mankind, and not Christianity. Sincere Christians are not, and never hav been, the promoters of science. Everyone who believes that a perfect God has written a perfect book will be trying to shape everything to his book, and it will be a sorry day for the world when science is made to square with the Bible. It is a strange fact that scientists and Christians are always found pulling in the opposit direction. I am afraid that Liberals do not duly consider the cost of Christianity to the world. Science and Christianity hav never been co-workers. As the one goes up the other goes down—they never can triumph together. This being the fact, the world's progress must depend upon which side of the battle succeeds. The trend of Christianity is back to primitiv times; that of science, in the direction of progress and better conditions. Oswald says that "Christianity always marches behind." True, but if it were not pricked on by the onward sweep of civilization it would not march forward at all.

It is the discoveries of the scientists, and the application of such discoveries to the bettering of human conditions, which hav produced the difference between the state of society at the present time and that of society in the Dark Ages. These discoveries hav not only carried the world forward, but they hav supplied the motiv power to drag Christianity after them; Christianity not only "marches behind," but its eyes are always turned to the rear.

If Christians think these statements unfair or untrue, let them answer the following questions: Who burnt Bruno, and for what was he burnt? Who persecuted Copernicus, and Galileo, and Priestley, and hundreds of others who could be mentioned? What has been the condition of society in every country where Christianity has held undisputed sway?

Christians not unfrequently refer to this country, and claim that it is a Christian country, and the grandest on the face of the globe. But they should be reminded that we are not indebted to Christianity for what we enjoy, but to such men as Paine and Jefferson, Adams and Franklin, who were anything but orthodox Christians. They even go so far as to claim that ours is a Christian government, and make thousands believe it. The fact that they are constantly trying to get the Bible into the schools, and God into the Constitution, shows that they are trying to make the government what they now know it is not. Let them succeed in their plans and then will be realized what I hav so much tried to establish, viz., that the traction and tendency of Christianity are backward, and that every advance movement is a test of Christian strength, for its force is always exerted in the opposit direction.

Let their hope be realized and their boast will be carried out. The Comstocks will multiply; the Freethought papers will be "stamped out;" Liberals will become so discreet as to remain silent, or be compelled to share the fate of poor Bennett. Giv the Christians a chance for a retrograde movement and they will take to it as ducks do to water.

Can anyone expect a man loaded with dead weight to win the race? Neither can the progressiv minds of the age accomplish their full mission until they are cut loose from the clog of Christianity.

Naples, N. Y. JOHN PECK.

A Promis of Proof.

Oh, we are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy,
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us.—*Coleridge.*

In her article headed, "Kindliness and Truth," Mrs. Slenker commences by saying: "It seems almost impossible to make an article so impersonal that some one will not feel as if trodden upon and wish to turn and sting you."

As it is evident that this applies to me, I propose showing Mrs. Slenker that it is she, and not I, who is trying to do the stinging.

In my article published in THE TRUTH SEEKER June 16th, I called the lady to order on account of her exhibition of a spirit of unfairness, and claimed then, and claim now, that it is the same spirit which makes religionists so intolerant; the same spirit which pervades many so-called scientific societies; a spirit which assumes that its possessor, and he alone, has all the truth, and nothing but the truth, and positivly refuses to investigate opposing claims.

Now, I hold that the word "impossible" should be stricken from our language. I do not remember ever having met a man, or woman either, who was mentally qualified to determin the possibility or impossibility of anything. Any given occurrence may be *improbable*, but still there is a *possibility* of its having happened.

Omniscience alone can determin such a thing, and it would not be very difficult to prove that omniscience and idiocy are synonymous terms.

"It requires not only candor, but courage, to accept a fact," says Ingersoll. "When a new fact is found it is generally denied, resisted, and calumniated by the conservativs, until denial becomes absurd, and then they accept it with the statement that they always supposed it was true."

The various Spiritual phenomena take place daily. No two mediums seem to be developed alike; no two circles are held under the same conditions. Yet Mrs. Slenker assures us that they are "impossible" and "incredible." That Wallace, Varley, Crookes, and other scientists may "hav been just as incompetent, from bias, heredity, and other influences," as "many a lesser light."

Correct. But let us carry this a step further. If one of her many correspondents were to ask Mrs. Slenker the distance from the earth to the sun, she would giv the exact number of miles according to the latest scientific declaration, without inquiring into the "bias, heredity, or other influences" of her authority. And why?

And does the "bias, heredity, and other influences" theory only apply to Mr. Burr when treating of the Spiritual phenomena? Why not to "Antichrist" in his antiquarian researches? Is "Antichrist" more observant than W. H. Burr?

But before I go any further, I wish to assure the lady that I am not "angered even to a bitter enmity." I simply take exception to her position, as it is incompatible with the principles of Liberalism, as I understand them; and I think that, being a pronounced Liberal myself, I hav a right to object to a Liberal writer and teacher of youth walking hand in hand with the Brooklyn Hippodromist.

None of us is perfect; we all hav our prejudices, and if Mrs. Slenker were to indulge in an occasional introspection, it is not altogether impossible that she might find herself equally incompetent to judge of the Spiritual phenomena, owing to "bias," if not to "heredity and other influences."

Moreover, articles such as hers do an incalculable amount of harm, engender bad feelings among Liberals, and cannot possibly be productiv of good.

Not many months ago, a writer in THE TRUTH SEEKER remarked: "All Spiritualists are Infidels; but all Infidels are not Spiritualists." This is practically true. Those of us who are not Infidels are new-comers from the church, bringing some of their old superstitions and trying to engraft them on our philosophy.

We are all Liberally inclined; invite honest investigation; try not to be dogmatic, and are willing to assist in his investigations any non-omniscient inquirer. We are numerous, for, according to a statement made at the last church congress, we number over ten millions in the United States alone. If true, this would make us stronger than all the Christian sects combined.

Now, why cannot there be more harmony among us? I say us, for practically we are all in the same boat—all Infidels. United we would be a power, but as we now stand we are little less than nonentities.

I know many Spiritualists who would eagerly join the American Secular Union, for they are in perfect accord with its claims, and would willingly contribute to its success. But they are deterred—and why should they not be?

Liberal lecturers, without investigation, cry down their claims, and Liberal writers, forgetting the very fundamentals of their own philosophy, pronounce the phenomena "impossible," or that, from "bias, heredity, and other influences," the investigator is incapable of forming a correct opinion of what he sees and experiences.

This is a polite way of telling a man he is a fool, by throwing the onus on his progenitors, and no one, with the proper amount of self-respect, will care to associate with those who consider him their mental inferior.

So, if we could only manage to treat each other and each other's claims with consideration, there would be a possibility of our becoming united. We would then be a power, and would make ourselvs felt, and the Secularization of the states might be looked for in the immediate future.

From the comments made by various friends in THE TRUTH SEEKER, it is very evident that some of them hardly grasp the scope of this discussion.

There is no claim made that miracles are performed, or that there is anything supernatural about the phenomena. They are as natural as nature itself, and while there may be some who, from lack of education, are imbued with awe while witnessing them, yet, to the educated man—to the thinker—they appeal as simply a higher manifestation of man's power than is possessed by those of this sphere. They are simply the proof of the old saying: "Knowledge is power." They are proof to me, at least, of the truth of the theory of evolution.

The supernatural belongs only to the church. We Spiritualists hav no need for it, and I can candidly say that I hav never witnessed anything in any séance I hav ever attended that could not be accounted for by purely natural causes.

But it is the habit of some men, when attempting to combat an idea and being fully aware of their inability to cope with it unassisted, to quote from some illustrious author any passage which may seem to serve their purpose, regardless, possibly, of the context, or of other dogmatic ideas of the same writer, which are at variance with their own.

Thus: In the August 25th issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER I find the following:

KEY TO ESCAPE FROM SPIRITUALISM.

Is it more probable that nature should go out of her course, or that a man should tell a lie? We hav never seen, in our time, nature go out of her course; but we hav good reason to believe that millions of lies hav been told in the same time. It is, therefore, at least millions to one that the reporter of a miracle tells a lie.—*Paine.*

Is it more probable that eminent men should liv centuries in another sphere without acquiring a single new fact to communicate to us, or that a professional conjurer should perform legerdemain? We hav never seen, in our time, multitudes of able men pass ages unfruitfully; but we know that millions of tricks like those of mediums hav been performed by avowed prestidigitators in the same time. It is, therefore, at least millions to one that Spiritualistic phenomena are prestidigitators' tricks. BICKERSTAFF.

Now, these are Mr. Paine's ideas, and I most heartily agree with them; but the objection is to the direction in which Bickerstaff sends his shaft.

I should like to call his attention to the first page of "The Age of Reason," and thereon he will find the following, which, in order to be fraternal, I will call

KEY TO ESCAPE FROM MATERIALISM.

I believe in one God and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

Now, how far does Bickerstaff agree with Paine? Paine certainly was a religionist—a Unitarian—and the very fact of his advocacy of the existence of a God is proof of his belief in supernaturalism.

It seems strange to me that there is such an unconquerable opposition to Spiritualism among a certain class of Materialists. They fill the papers with denunciations of a philosophy which they call childish and therefore never hav studied; pronounce "impossible" and "incredible" what are facts to hundreds of thousands who are as intelligent as themselvs, and, claiming that as matter always existed, mind must of necessity be its product, are content with this easy solution to a very knotty subject, and determin, notwithstanding their acceptance of evolution, that in man's case alone nature's laws hav changed.

It may be gratifying for them to think, when they hav closed their eyes in the last, long sleep, that everything is ended. But to me it is different. As Mr. Ingersoll remarked, "Immortality is born of love;" and when I hav a philosophy supported by facts to sustain me, I prefer rejoicing in the thought that the day will come when I can rejoin those who hav passed on before me.

I do not propose answering any of Mrs. Slenker's questions. With due respect to the lady, she is not in the fight.

When a Liberal writer nails to her masthead the ensign:

> A man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still,

she simply writes herself out of the contest. I will waste no time in attempting to convince her against her will.

But, with any who are willing to ignore the word "impossible," and place "bias, heredity, and other influences" on the shelf alongside of Gladstone's "holy and reverential calm," I am willing to argue the claims of Spiritualism from a philosophical and scientific standpoint.

Now, in regard to the slate-writing business.

When I made the proposition to "George," I did it honestly, and no reader of the article can with justice accuse me of unfairness. I stated my position plainly, and was and am still willing to back up my proposition.

I hav had numerous experiences with slate-writing mediums, and, though not always successful, yet hav had sufficient evidence through this source to satisfy me. I consider it, if properly protected, as possibly the most convincing of the various forms of the phenomena.

I think it was in 1882 that the slate-writing medium A. H. Phillips was in New York. I had had a very successful sitting with him in Boston, and felt so thoroughly satisfied of his genuinness that I sent many of my friends to him on precisely the same terms that I proposed to "George."

I will relate one out of many. I had occasion to call on a lawyer friend, and after our business had been transacted, we dropped into a cosy chat.

He seemed dull and dispirited, and when, in the course of conversation, he blurted out that religion had ceased having any charms, any consolation for him, I was much surprised, for I remembered him as a very religious boy, and, as a man, had considered him such a strong and sincere religionist that I always avoided wounding his feelings with my Infidelity.

But I now announced my convictions, relating some of my experiences which so interested him that he exclaimed, "If I could only feel as you do, I would be the happiest man in this city."

I then made him my usual proposition. He accepted it; went out and bought two slates, and in his own office did just as I had requested "George" to do.

Wrapping them in paper, he went at once to see Phillips, agreeing in advance that, no matter what might be the result, he would bring them back to me unopened.

In less than two hours he returned and assured me that the slates had never left his possession, and that the medium had only just touched them with one hand. We then carefully examined the screws and other fastenings and found them intact.

My friend then opened the slates and on one was written the following message, as near as I can now remember:

My Dear Brother: You are shortly going to Chicago to attend to —— business. It is very important; more so than you will at first imagin. But if, at critical times, you will remain passiv, I can come near enough to impress you what to do, as you most certainly are very mediumistic.

Your affectionate brother,

———.

My friend looked at the message in blank astonishment, reading it over and over again; expressions of incredulity ever and anon escaping him.

Finally we sat down to examin it critically, and he admitted having lost a brother of that name many years before, but knew nothing of the journey to Chicago, or of the law case.

Within a week he informed me that he had had the case given him and was preparing to start for Chicago.

Now, I reason that there could hav been no deceit in this case, for the simple reason that there was no possibility—nor was there an object for it. My friend paid the medium his fee, paid for the slates, paid for his ride up-town, lost two hours of time, and if he did it to play a joke, even supposing he could hav removed the set screws undetected, it was expensiv for him and perfectly harmless for me.

I regret that "George" has been unsuccessful, and agree with him that the action of Mr. Evans is unaccountable.

But, by this mail, I forward an open letter to a new medium, sending it via "George," and asking him not only to read, but to deliver it.

In this letter I hav made some suggestions which may facilitate matters, at least I hope so, as I am confident that the result can be obtained.

McARTHUR.

Hurrah for Protection!

The proper way in which to settle Alabama claims and Canadian difficulties: The capitalist who has a manufactory wants a protectiv import duty imposed upon all articles similar to those which he manufactures, and for many long years we average American gawkies in the Benighted States under the star-strangled banner hav been giving it to him, while he has been, and now is, importing his labor free of duty, contracting for and buying it wherever he could and can secure it for the lowest possible price.

The average laborer coming to the United States will, during life, perform labor to the extent of about $3,000. Therefore, to do equity to labor, by placing it upon an equal footing with capital, every laborer coming from a foreign country to the United States should be compelled to pay an admittance duty of $1,500, fifty per cent. This would protect our laborers.

The consumers within the country that levies import duties are the ones who pay those duties, while all export duties are paid by the consumers in foreign countries.

Before the war, Europe bought our cotton for ten cents per pound. During the war she paid $1 a pound for as much of it as she could get. Were we to blockade our Southern ports again now, Europe would pay at least seventy-five cents per pound for as much of our cotton as she could get.

Now, why, in the name of common sense and commercial ability, don't we amend our United States Constitution and levy an export duty of about ten cents per pound on our cotton? Had we done so from the close of the war till now, we must hav been benefited to the extent of at least $4,000,000,000. Europe could not hav competed with us in the sale of cotton goods in any country on earth, our cotton mills would hav been running on a grand scale, and all our poor people would hav been busy as bees and at good wages. And instead of working for foreigners, foreigners would hav been working for us. And instead of being such an oppressed people that many are only too glad to return to poverty-stricken Italy, we would hav been a very prosperous and happy people.

In 1867 I chartered a small schooner at Vera Cruz, Mexico, took her up to Nautla, loaded her up with coffee, took that coffee to Galveston, Tex., and sold it to Messrs. Haus and Gengler of that city. I paid—no, the consumers of that coffee paid five cents per pound import duty on it to Mr. J. O. Kishpaugh, collector of customs at Galveston. Some time thereafter our Congress took off that five cents per pound import duty on coffee, but the price of coffee did not fall any in the Benighted States, because Brazil then levied an export duty on coffee, and the average American gawky has been compelled to pay that export duty into the treasury of Brazil to sustain a monarchy in America.

Now the question is: How much money did Brazil use to bribe our Congress to do such iniquity?

New York, July 4, 1888. GEORGE NEWTON.

Reason and Sense.

There are four geological ages, namely, the primary, the secondary, the tertiary, and the quaternary. And there are four psychological ages, to wit, the fetich, the mythological, the Materialistic, and the scientific. The true scientist will not ignore phenomena that transcend the known laws of Nature. Fetichism cannot reason; superstition will not. Don't trust your reason, says the deluded Christian. Don't trust your senses, says the dogmatic Materialist. Science will create a new earth and a new heaven over the tertiary stratification of Materialism.

SCIENTIST.

Prestidigitation.

Let me stand or sit near a conjurer at six performances of a given trick, on six successiv days, and if I can't explain how it is done you may call me a fool.

BURR.

One Journalist's Sympathy for Another.

E. H. Heywood in the Word.

Sorry for Moses Harman's illness; hav wondered how flesh and spirit hav borne up under the heavy load he carries; thanks to his very capable and devoted son Geo. S., to Lillian and Mr. Walker (editors and publishers of *Fair Play*), *Lucifer* appears, though its stout-hearted and steady-nerved chief has to write editorials while propped up in bed; how they hav time, money, and physical strength to keep two vigorous, cranky, unterrified reform papers afloat no one on earth, in air, heaven, or hell, informs us; that Mr. Harman may soon be on his feet again and liv to stand over Comstock's grave is the wish of all Wordocrats. *Lucifer's* case is to be tried in October, unless God kindly removes the devilish district attorney at Topeka before then.

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The Glory of the Freethinker.

No one who has once entered the Freethought ranks need aspire to anything higher—there is nothing higher; none who enters the service of humanity need wish a grander distinction—he could find none grander though acclaimed by a thousand multitudes and shining and splendid with all the insignia in the gift of kings.

Let us throw a glance upon one aspect of the Freethinker's glory. Let us survey the order of which he becomes a member—the band into which the Freethought worker steps as brother and peer.

The world's great patriots, heroes, and martyrs, its philanthropists, scientists, and philosophers illustrious to the close of time, are the ones into whose fellowship gloriously enters that individual, no matter who or where, whose tender heart has felt for the struggles and sufferings of his race a pang of pity and who with earnest and honest thought has then wrought out one useful truth to destroy the wrongs and frauds that pierce mankind. Diderot and Schiller, Hegel and Schopenhauer, Bentham and Hobbes—these are the men whom he may consider himself clasping by hand. Galileo and Servetus, Comte and Descartes, Leibnitz and Spinoza—it is such as these that welcome him to the ranks of the benefactors of man. If a Freethinker be repulsed and dispirited by unreason and spite, let him be cheered and enheartened—around him float the dear and inspiring memories of Owen and of Lewes, of Amberley and Hume, of Volney and Rousseau, of Garibaldi and Mill. If he feel weak and helpless amid a blind and unreasoning rabble in city streets, let him think: So lonely and musing walked Copernicus; so was it with Kneeland; thus unpopular and unminded trod Phillips and Garrison, Massey and Godwin, Wollstonecraft and Sand. If he be a country-dweller, let him say, thoughtful at the handle of the plow: Around me are seen the houses of the stupid and the obstructiv, the barbarous and the brainless, but by me in the field walk the manes of Bruno and of Bolingbroke, of Shaftesbury and Clifford, of D'Holbach and Locke. By such a one on the hill or in the grove let him see the kindly visage of Parker, Kant's great brow, D'Alembert with bowed head pacing to and fro, the gracious aspect of George Eliot, that devoted spirit that brooded over mankind's pains and woes with a motherly compassion painful and unspeakable, and the sad and thoughtful eye of Paine seeking some altar on which to be offered up for mankind. If he be one of those hoping the immortality of our dead in other spheres, sublime must it be to reflect at each stout blow for reason: At this there will be a smile on Voltaire's face—for this deed is there now approval in the gaze of Fourier—now am I ennobled by a benediction from Emerson's pure lips.

With that affectionate and sensitiv spirit, expatriated by Christian calumniatiors and boorish bigots, who closed in the uniform of liberty-seeking Greece a life spent in seeking one worthy of his love—Byron. With that sweet and gentle soul, convulsivly struggling beneath time's mountainous growths of wrong—Shelley. With that great luminous personality, glancing like a demigod over every field of man's labor and life, grave and sad with the error and anguish there beheld—Goethe. With that splendid champion of Spain's oppressed and wronged, the silver-tongued consecrator of the memories of liberty's heroes and eloquent defender of Byron's fame—Castelar. With that grand old hero, patient and painstaking, laborious and irresistible, signal victor over orthodoxy's hosts—Darwin. With that great civilizer, and expositor of the age's accumulated truth, simple yet profound, minute yet all-comprehensiv—Spencer. With those beneficent promoters of progress and disseminators of helpful knowledge whom all coming generations shall rise and call blessed—Tyndall, Huxley, Youmans, Lecky, Draper, Buckle. With that kindly and earnest worker for humanity's good so lately gone from our side—Courtlandt Palmer. With Robert Ingersoll. With these it is the superb and illustrious privilege of the Rationalist, no matter how humble his gifts or sphere, to work as a loved and honored brother, and finally to take his place, bathed in all the streaming glories of the heavens, sublime on the blazoned hights where stand the band ever thanked and remembered as lovers and benefactors of their kind by women and children and men.

Our State Church.

Still our money continues to be stolen from our pockets to serve the purposes of superstition-pedlers; still the hard-earned pennies of every American toiler go to the aid and comfort of the known and necessary foes of every American principle and maxim of free government; still each Secularist may strike his spade and swing his scythe with the cheering thought that each blow and each stroke tumbles a coin into the treasury of the joy-destroying creed he hates.

How much is being done to secure our freedom from Christian taxes, and the refusal of our funds to sectarian schools turning the young of the land into our bitter enemies? The evils of this sectarian support are incalculable. Every youth as he grows and receives his lessons in manly affairs from those around him, asks: "And why don't the churches pay taxes like the rest?" "Because of their value in teaching morality, which renders them indispensable to the state." Here is sown the seed of years of perverted thinking. And what a pure and unsupported assumption—what a monstrous and obvious untruth—is the statement that the church promotes in the least degree—to the most infinitesimal amount—the morals of the community! Leaving out of question the Freethinker's absolute knowledge that it is of all enemies to morals the most powerful and insidious, of all causes of ignorance and crime the most prolific; and decently asking for proof, before we giv up our money to it, of some perceptible good effect on conduct, what possible iota of proof can Christians giv? Let Freethinkers argue this matter with their neighbors, and ask them to clear away from before their eyes the obscuring veil of early-taught tradition and look about them to see with their own faculties, with their own honest perceptions, among their own friends, whether the Infidels average a bit lower in goodness and justice than the Christians. Let the Christians be told to pick up the first book of travels they see and try to attend for a minute with unclouded mind to the facts there stated, and now stated over and over again, that of adjoining savage tribes the ones found the most corrupt, debased, and bloodthirsty hav nearly always been the most religious ones, and the gentle and honest those utterly without any knowledge of immortality or divinity and with moral feelings totally devoid of any supernatural sanction.

And while this state maintenance of religion exists it is a continual source of danger. Amid the revolutions of nations and the endlessly changing relations of classes going on all about us, with industrial elements concentrating upon radical changes in government, majorityism agitated, female suffrage probable, and the referendum, or legislation upon every bill directly by the people, proposed, no one can tell what contingencies may at any moment appear, or what may be claimed and secured with our present civil support of ecclesiastics as a precedent. Meanwhile nine out of ten of us stand idly gaping, our amazement divided between the preachers pacifying the few among the masses who hav not forgotten all American traditions with the statement that we hav no union between church and state, and the preachers who think the time has come safely to avow the union and base upon it as a precedent demands for a complete theocracy; while our moneys are being as duly divided between those prepared to secure by the rack and thumbscrew for a fanatic Italian the position of supreme ruler of all peoples and governments, and those who, every time they get the power, burn witches, bore heretics' tongues and cut off their ears, and forbid learning, music, dancing, smiling, bathing, healing—whatever is natural, whatever is joyful, whatever is good.

If these people are so determined to hav all this that, like the very devout woman who, out of pure regard for religion, stole Tillotson's sermons from a lady of her acquaintance—if, we say, these people are so determined to hav religion that they will steal money to get it, we at least earnestly wish that they would not steal ours. The fact is, by the force of preponderating numbers and reverend customs we hav become altogether too awed, too intimidated and diffident, until we almost seem ashamed to demand the plainest rights, and blush to proclaim the cause of truth. It is time we advance our Demands with a resolution that will not be denied and refuse to take No for an answer. We are full-bearded men, and it is time we use a little less ceremony with the intellectual infants mewling and puking in the arms of the church. By every principle of American government, by every truth of political and religious liberty, our rights are clear and plain. We want our money, and we do not want "heaven nor hell nor any other creature" to stand in front of us and keep us from it.

A Sample With a Moral.

Another sample of the converts made by the New York Society for the Conversion of the Jews is given in a recent number of the *Jewish Messenger* by Mr. Benjamin, who is a thorn constant and sharp in the side of Mr. Freshman, the son of a rabbi, but now a Christian missionary.

Two years or so ago the newspapers of the city printed columns of sensational descriptions of the conversion of a remarkably bright young Jew to the Christian faith. For a few days it looked as though the Jews of the city were in a fair way to all become Christians, if one could believe the jubilant stories of the interviewed Christians. Then the subject was dropped, no more conversions were bulletined, and the unregenerate Jews went to their synagogs as of yore. The iconoclastic Mr. Benjamin, however, did not let the matter escape his memory, but pursued it even until the present day, and now he prints the result of his research. The story is in four parts:

1. Mr. Rubin's conversion.
2. " " baptism.
3. " " disappearance.
4. " " real character.

1. The conversion: One evening while the crank of the prayer-machine was being turned by Missionary Freshman at his establishment, the young man rushed in, dropped upon his knees exhausted, and repeated the oft-told story—how he was once a sinner and scoffer, but passing by he was struck like Saul of Tarsus. He insisted upon being converted then and there. With difficulty he was persuaded to postpone it until the next Sunday, so as to enable the religious and secular press thoroughly to spread these good tidings.

2. The baptism: The next Sunday the young candidate was solemnly led to the altar in a black suit to which any convert, alleges Mr. Benjamin, is entitled. The usual ceremony of baptism, together with the usual collection, was gone through. The face of the son of a rabbi was wreathed in smiles. The religious and secular press spread the news.

3. The disappearance: Hardly had the baptismal water dried on Mr. Rubin's head when he vanished, and St. Mark's place knew him no more. Speculation was rife as to his whereabouts. Some suggested that he was too good for this wicked world, and that he strolled off into the next world with his boots on. Others concluded that he went to preach the gospel to the wicked villagers of Brooklyn. But they were all wrong.

4. Mr. Rubin's Real Character: For the following facts we are indebted exclusivly to Mr. Benjamin: Mr. Rubin had been already converted by Rosen-

thal, the London prototype of Freshman, this resulting in a bitter contest over thirty shillings, which Mr. Rubin claimed were still due him, and which Mr. Rosenthal denied. In order to get square with Missionary Rosenthal, young Rubin went to Stuttgart and played there the sudden-seizure-with-Christianity dodge with financial success. Claiming to hav relativs in America, he was not only furnished with the means of traveling, but with plenty of pocket money as well. Reaching New York and seeing Freshman's church, he was once more seized with a spiritual impulse. Becoming convinced that the $10 cash, suit of clothes, and lots of promises from Mr. Freshman were all that he could realize, he laid hold of the cash and outfit, discarded the promises, and returned to London, where he became reconciled with his original godfather, Rosenthal.

There is a moral to this somewhere for the Christians, and it seems to be about as follows: The Jews who are worth converting are beyond the reach of the missionaries. The Jews within the reach of the missionaries are not worth converting. Mr. Rubin is by no means a solitary example.

The Most Laughable Thing on Earth.

It is a mistake to think, as we suppose some do, that Christianity, though it may be by argument demonstrated untrue, yet bears on its face somewhat of sense and probability, and is at least more reasonable than pagan religions. The fact is, there is not a religion on earth more monstrous and outrageous than this one. It is not that it is merely somewhat inconsistent, and unproved and untrue, but it is the very hight of gross and glaring preposterousness. It is the most absurd and laughable thing on earth. Truly pitiful and shameful it is that one should hav to multiply confuting books of argument on its every detail, and that we should hav to spend any time on the monstrous thing at all.

The hodge-podge of unconscionable lies and nonsense starts off with what Voltaire calls: God, who became so angry with God that he killed a part of God to pacify God. Then we hav the Catholic church getting its authority from the scripture, and yet that same scripture gets its authority solely from the church. The scriptural books were decided to be such and the false ones rejected by councils that varied in their decisions and often accepted or condemned a book by a few majority votes. Of authority for all the countless money-making ceremonies tacked onto Christ's simple doctrin by the Catholic church, and the fewer maintained by the Protestant, there is not a word in the Bible that can by any sane man with his wits about him be twisted into meaning anything of the kind. Jehovah is unchangeable, yet represented frequently changing his mind; all-powerful, yet continually foiled; knowing the future, yet trying experiments to see what will happen. We are told that prayer in faith will procure positivly anything, yet the very body of men who would be expected to hav faith if any could, the clergy, were never known in one solitary instance thus to procure a salary, but in every case hav recourse for that to a carnal world. In miracles the same mysterious exception is made; among all the miracles recorded as performed by God there is just one kind that cannot be found, and that is the creation of a pot of gold for one of his preachers, but for this they are always seen chasing about after the worldly man outside like a dog after a hare. We are to be saved by faith, but must hav good works; and we are to be saved by our good works, and yet must hav faith. Christ refused the title "master" and enjoined humility, yet his successors dwell in princely splendor and are called "Your reverence," "Your illustrious eminence," etc. But few there are that walk not in the broad and easy path that leadeth to destruction, yet this disturbs nobody, each Christian simply assuming that he is one of the mentioned few. And on the other hand, though all profess to enter at death a state of joy ineffable, nobody seems a bit eager about entering said state; but on the very contrary every Christian tries his best to remain in this troubled world just as long as he possibly can, fights against leaving it tooth and nail, and is finally dragged into heaven scratching and clawing like a cat forced into a bath. Christians tell us we should follow the biblical command to imitate God in everything, but the instant we attempt to act in a single thing as God is recorded as acting in the Old Testament they seize us and shut us up in jail. They hav given up the inspiration of most of the early parts of the Bible, and begin to say, like Dr. Ladd, D.D., that no one passage can be pronounced inspired, but that somehow the inspiration is in the book notwithstanding this; that is, the parts of a thing are severally not inspired, and yet the whole is; in short, it is and it isn't. The only scriptural doctrins practiced now are certain moderate and compromised ones; the worst precepts the law will not let the Christians practice, and the good ones they won't.

In fact, it is only because of the imposing numbers that hold Christianity that we hav become habituated to treating it with any soberness at all. If in the midst of the rational peoples of the future there should rise a person uttering the doctrins of a present-day Christian, inside of six hours he would be found within the walls of a lunatic asylum, in a straitjacket, bled and blistered, and with a dozen cold-water bandages tied about his head.

Mr. Walker's Wearisome Efforts.

Mr. E. C. Walker rises to say this about THE TRUTH SEEKER and the obscenity laws. It purports to be an answer to some remarks of ours on one of Mr. Walker's previous efforts to misrepresent us:

"THE TRUTH SEEKER says that unless I am in favor of such matter I must want some kind of law to prevent the dissemination of *really* obscene literature. You are begging the question, Eugene. Did it follow that you were an advocate of the principles of revolutionary Socialism because you opposed the hanging of the eight in Chicago? Because you oppose the attempted extirpation of Catholics by means of fines, imprisonment, and confiscation, can we therefore be justified in asserting that you wish to see that church extend and strengthen? No more do I in opposing all so-called obscenity statutes wish to disseminate anything that can in the least weaken true reverence for the sex nature of men and women, but I firmly maintain that, as all the prohibitory laws in existence hav not diminished the sum total of intemperance, so the Comstock and other obscenity statutes—national, state, and municipal—hav had no good effect, taking into consideration all factors of the problem. The sincere fanatics who are furnishing the moral and financial backing to the knaves engaged in enforcing these statutes may think that they are accomplishing wonders, but it does seem that observant and thinking men like the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER should not be deluded when the facts are so clearly against the claims of the statute moralists."

Now, the fact is, we never said any such thing, and Mr. Walker knows it. We said that "in all large cities scoundrels are found who will make money by corrupting the most innocent portion of humanity. Such fellows must be restrained and punished. Individuals cannot do this, and therefore society, through its laws and by means of its regularly constituted police force, must take the matter in hand. The United States government should be restricted to those functions granted it by the Constitution." Then we added the conclusion which Mr. Walker distorts in his opening sentence: "Mr. Walker can not escape these conclusions unless he *argues for the right* of scoundrels to publish their vile literature unrestricted."

Arguing for the right of a man to do a thing and indorsing his act are two different things, and we never accused Mr. Walker of indorsing the dissemination of obscene literature. But if Mr. Walker means to say that the state statutes against obscene literature hav done no good in this city, he simply shows that he does not know what he is talking about.

We hold now the same opinions about these statutes that we hav held since our attention was first called to them, and we may add, also, that D. M. Bennett, the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER, held the same. We are opposed to the national government's going outside its constitutional functions, and we are opposed to the enforcement of laws by private societies officered by knaves and religious bigots, who use the statute in a tyrannical and blackmailing manner to wreak vengeance upon enemies and to fill their own pockets.

The next time Mr. Walker gets up to misrepresent us we trust he will hav the honesty to quote our words. His labored efforts to confute something we never said hav a tendency to make us weary.

Busy Christians.

It is a remarkable fact that nearly all the appliances of industry and industrial, social, and governmental methods which now exalt civilized existence hav originated in the last few generations. Thirteen centuries of ignorance, superstition, fierceness, war, oppression, squalor, and misery—this frightful sight meets our backward gaze.

The forces utilized by us were present in those old times—were all around the people just as now, and might hav been used. But the Christian gentlemen of those days were too busy—they had too much else to do.

Instead of ascertaining the value of electricity as a means of communication and motiv power, they had to determin: "Whether the divine essence engendered the son, or was engendered by the father; why the three persons together are not greater than one alone; whether attributes determin persons, or substance, that is, nature; how properties can exist in the nature of God, and not determin it; if created spirits are local or circumscribed; if God can know more things than he is aware of."

The time that would hav sufficed to invent the steam-engin, the spinning-machine, the telescope, was devoted to reasoning on: "Whether God can cause that, the place and body being retained, the body shall hav no position—that is, existence in place."

Surely it would be unjust to expect them to hav discovered the compass, the time-piece, the orrery, the railroad, and at the same time hav decided: "Whether the impossibility of being engendered is a constituent property of the first person of the trinity. Whether identity, similitude, and equality are real relations in God. Whether it be right to distinguish matter trebly, as firstly first, secondly first, and thirdly first."

Some might think our pious progenitors should hav contrived air-pumps, paper-manufacture, engraving, balloons, and stenography. But, bless you, how could these good people hav done all this before having determined: "Whether the body of Christ arose with its wounds. Whether this body moves with the motion of the host and the chalice in consecration. Whether at the first instant of conception Christ had the use of free judgment. Whether the dove in which the holy spirit appeared was a real animal. Whether in the state of innocence all children were masculin."

Some are unreasonable enough to think the people ought to hav found out something about government—whether it is instituted for the benefit of the governed or for that of those who govern—and what kind is best. Oh, no; they had more important matters to investigate first. For instance: "Whether the ceremonies of the law are before the law. Whether God could become a pumpkin or an insect. Whether the irascible and concupiscible parts are parts of the intellectual appetite. Whether there be an essential difference between catagorematic and fincatagorematic."

Is there any more sense in what the churches dispute over now than there was in what they disputed over then?

Editorial Notes.

ANY of our subscribers having copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 1st that they do not wish to preserve will confer a favor upon us by sending them to this office. A blunder of the printer has left the supply short.

ITALY'S prime minister Crispi is exceedingly hostil to the pope. He has through the state council recently declared that all business transactions between the pope and private Italian individuals must be considered as matters settled between private Italian people, and therefore must pay to the register's office the usual fees. The papal business transactions hav hitherto been considered as made by a foreign power, and, therefore, hav had to pay to the register's office less than others. Signor Crispi also proposes to take all elementary schools under the care of the state. This is bitterly resented at the Vatican, and the pope is about the angriest old mortal there is in Europe.

CONCERNING the Rev. J. V. Dundas, who was detected in smuggling a week or so ago, the *Advocate* comments: "We shall be glad to register his degradation and expulsion from the ministry. He lied when he declared that he had no dutiable articles, and lied to cover stealing. There is no crime that a minister who would do these things would not commit if allurement and opportunity should concur. Ministers proven guilty of crimes of deliberation should receive justice without mercy, and the time is rapidly coming when all honest ministers and Christians of every denomination must combine to expel, without hope of readmission to the ministry, such persons." Custom-house officers say that Christian people are just as likely to attempt smuggling as anybody else, which Mr. Buckley thinks is slander, though he is compelled to admit that there are cases enough on record to giv color to it, some of the cases involving ministers. But what a jubilee honesty will hav when every dishonest and unchaste clergyman is properly and promptly punished!

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free.

Letters from Friends.

GRAND FORKS, DAK. TERR., Aug. 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 to pay on subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER and books, from an old heathen—as I am called because I do not believe in hell, hate, and the river Styx, and pay the preachers for lying to us as Christ did, to keep us in ignorance, but believe in friendship, love, and truth, and that a man's word is his bond. I hav fought the good fight and kept the faith from my youth, and now, at seventy-five years, I hav had a pretty rough time of it in a Christian community, and alone at that. But I stood my ground, as I will to the death. But I am sorry to say that our great statesmen and politicians are selling our dear-bought and beloved country to the pope for a mess of pottage. But they are. Long life to Heston and the TRUTH SEEKER family.

I am trying to get one or two new subscribers, but it is hard work to take the scales off their eyes.

Respectfully yours, in friendship, love, and truth,

LEVI BANCROFT.

MILL BROOK, CONN., Aug. 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is $5 to renew my subscription for two years.

I am glad to see, now and then of late, a little Spiritualism in your paper. I think it more than probable that no inconsiderable number of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER are favorably inclined toward Spiritualism, as was its founder, D. M. Bennett, of blessed memory. I think that if you can contrive to mix in more of it from time to time, it will be of advantage to the paper, by eventually increasing its circulation.

I was pleased with the letter of Mary Peck in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 11th; she spoke my mind exactly. I agree with her in regarding Spiritualism as the grandest truth of this or any other age. I also read with pleasure the letter of J. A. Doane in last TRUTH SEEKER. I hav been a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER for many years—almost from its commencement—and I hav been a Spiritualist from away back. Spiritualism is in the ascendant, and has already leavened, so to speak, the whole lump of what is called Christendom, and I doubt not it is destined to do more than that, Talmage to the contrary notwithstanding. I hope to see more of it in THE TRUTH SEEKER. H. W. PINNEY.

STEWARTSVILLE, Mo., Aug. 11, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3, which will set me ahead one year more. No matter how poor a man may be, it seems to me he should not neglect to pay you for the great work you are doing for mankind. The Christians pay pretty well for the work the preachers do for God. And if there is a God, he needs no one to work for him. He ought to be able to get along without the help of poor, insignificant man. How much more reasonable it would be to giv the Gods and ghosts a rest and turn our attention to mankind! We cannot help the Gods if they are there. But we can help poor, suffering humanity, which your TRUTH SEEKER is doing. Long may she wave! As long as I liv you will be sure of at least one subscriber. I would like to send you some more new subscribers, but the God-and-ghost party here are so blinded by the old, old story of Jesus and him crucified, that they dare not think any other way than that pointed out by the sky-pilots, which makes the poor dupes poorer and the priests richer. I was a Christian for more than thirty years, and spent much of my time howling after imaginary beings above the clouds, and after a long time getting no returns I began to doubt. Then I was told I was a bad man and would surely go to hell. I used to feed the priests pretty well and gave of my money pretty freely; and now nothing makes me think so meanly of myself as to think they, the priests, went off laughing in their sleeves, to think what a poor fool they made of me. S. N. BRADFORD.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Free trade or protection—which? This is the great question of the day which needs to be explained, and which will be treated in this presidential canvass according to the speaker's opinions for or against. Honest men and good citizens differ in this question more than in any other; but to a rational being it is clear that both cannot be right and good for a country. I hav read much for and against for years past. In THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 23d last appear two articles, one, "Colonel Ingersoll's Economical and Political Opinions," for protection, and another entitled, "Principles of Freedom in Trade," from Robert C. Adams. The last one, from Mr. Adams, is handled in a masterly way, and will and can not be answered, and I should invite and ask Mr. W. T. S. Hadley to read it.

Forty years ago I was a reader of the *Tribune*, edited by the great protectionist Horace Greeley, and I then followed his teaching, but hav since evoluted to the principles of free trade. At that time I believed and considered that our manufactures were weak and in their infancy, and needed help; that it would be good for the country to help them up and make us independent of foreign importation. I find and believe now that our present manufacturers not only are strong, but grow to rich millionaires, and combine into trusts to tyrannize over us and put down all competition, so as to be able to dictate the prices for the wares they buy, and also make their own prices for the products they sell.

That the tariff is a good thing for the manufacturers no one will deny, but these men try to demonstrate that it is also for the interest of labor, and this is a great delusion. Higher wages are no measure of proof that our workingmen are better off than Europeans; it depends on what a man can buy with his money and how much. Do not these protectionists pay only so much and so little wages to their men as they can help? Do they not import these very much decried pauper laborers from Europe against the laws? These manufacturers care more for their horses than for their men. Would it not be fairer for a government to protect the poor laborer instead of the well-to-do by stopping partly the immense immigration? Put a tariff—that is, a tax—on imported labor; then the wages of labor will surely rise. But I am not for a general restriction in immigration.

Forty years ago there were no tramps, but millionaires were also very few; now we hav these millionaires by the thousand and tramps and paupers by the million. For this state of society I blame the Republican party. This party for a long time has been corrupt and rotten. Railroads were built entirely with subsidies, banks received double interest for their money, and for manufacturers and mine-owners they taxed all the people; but these Congressmen were stockholders and owners in all these affairs, and of course they fixed and made the laws in Washington to do the most good for themselvs.

Manufactures would grow up in spite of free trade, and hav then a healthier existence, and could compete in the trade of the world with other nations.

We claim to be the most intelligent people, are three thousand miles distant from Europe, and yet contend that our manufacturers need bounties or extra protection. Shame!

FREDK. KOEZLY.

WOODBURY, PA., July 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: There is a little town in Blair county, Pa., called Martinsburg, that, if it cannot take the largest pumpkin to the county fair, can surely take the prize with a few samples of the genus *homo* whose craniums contain the minimum of sense and the maximum of bigotry and egotism.

Some time last winter, Mr. D. R. Christian, of Woodbury, Pa., a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER and a friend of liberty and humanity, was asked by Mr. Robert Bookhamer, of Martinsburg, for the loan of a book called "The Gods," by Col. R. G. Ingersoll. The request was granted. The book was taken home and read appreciatingly, as the young man is fairly intelligent, though this is not inherited from his father's side, as the sequel will show.

The father found the book in his son's possession—ye gods, what a discovery!—then it was that the demon of Christianity began to show its teeth; then it was that the tender, peaceful, forgiving, and generous teachings extracted by that father from the "holy Bible" stood him in good stead, and he began to explain to his son how wicked it was to read the sublime language of the greatest orator on earth, and I imagin advised him, if read he must, to go and get the dear old family Bible and read the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis, portions of Ezekiel and Deuteronomy, and other portions of the "holy scriptures" that had similar elevating and moralizing tendencies. He told his son that it was wrong to read these wicked books, and then proceeded to demonstrate to the young man that it was right to burn another man's property, and forthwith consigned the book to the flames. Mr. Christian called for his book, and was informed by Mr. Bookhamer that he had burnt it. The owner then brought suit before Recorder Doyle, of Altoona, against this mossbank relic of barbarism for restitution, and the old Christian champion of the fagot and torch had to pay for the book and pay all the costs.

Shortly before the trial the ignoramus scissors-jerker of the Martinsburg *Herald* gave his valuable opinion as to the result of the suit in the following language: "The *Herald* is not sufficiently learned in the mysteries and intricacies of the law to venture a prediction as to the outcome of the pending suit, but it is of the opinion that Mr. Bookhamer was justifiable in the course he pursued, and looks forward with confidence to such a decision by Recorder Doyle."

How far this follower of the lamb was off in his prediction the result of the trial, as given above, will show, and it will not take anyone very long to conclude that the devil's proverbial off-side ox would be a paragon of intelligence by the side of this numskull of a would-be Christian editor.

A NEIGHBOR OF MR. D. R. CHRISTIAN.

RÖCHLITZ, No. 1 BEI REICHENBERG, BÖHMEN, July 31, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am in the Giand mountains. One mountain, by the name of Jeschken, is thirty-six hundred feet above the sea. I went up there. Oh, what a wonderful sight! I felt as if I were in a balloon high over the earth. I could see nearly fifty villages and a good many cities with the telescope. I could see Prague, sixty miles distant, and the Snow mountains to the east, where snow can be seen in July. The valley where I am living is five miles broad and eight miles long, with mountains all around. Some narrow, deep valleys go far up in the mountains, where a good many springs come together and form a stream. There is so much fall that the factories are built almost one on the other. They are mostly wool and some are cotton factories. These mills giv many thousands employment. The most of their employees are females. There is the same slavery in these factories that there is in America. Pay is somewhat lower, provisions lower, meat higher, cotton the same, and wool lower. Government revenues are put on almost everything to keep a standing army. The people never get over paying taxes until the year is around, and then it commences again. Females of the lower and middle classes all hav to work hard to help pay rent or tax, and get provisions. A father cannot alone supply the necessaries for his family. Females are almost all slaves here, and that is what the Bible made them. (See Paul in 1 Cor. xiv, 34, 35; Paul to the Ephesians, v, 22-33; Paul, 1 Tim. ii, 11-15. This I took out of a German Bible.) But these females are satisfied with their slavery. They are like the Mormons—they do not know any better. Superstition is manifold here. In almost every house and beer-house, even in brothels, there is in the room over the door the sign: "With God." Every quarter of a mile is a holy statue or an iron cross, where the women when they pass make the sign of the cross and the men raise their hats. But not all; there are some Liberals also.

I know a man here who was burnt out. He saved a good many things out of the fire, among them a large iron cross with Jesus on it. He calculated to move out of town, so he had an auction sale. He sold everything except the iron cross. Nobody would bid on it. Afterward one man asked him what he would do with the large iron cross. He said he would sell it for old iron. This is a sign where the wind blows from. They hav also Liberal societies here, and when they meet a secret police is always amongst them. If they say anything against the government or religion, then they break the society up.

People here hav a friendly polish. If a person goes into a beer saloon, they treat a man like a gentleman, and in America, in ordinary saloons, like a knave.

If nothing happens, and I am well, I will leave here August 30th for Bremen. The steamer Eider, which I came over in, sails for New York September 1st.

I am too much of an American Liberal to stay here any longer. When I come to New York, if possible I will make THE TRUTH SEEKER office a visit, and renew my subscription for the grand TRUTH SEEKER. JOSEPH WENZEL.

LIME KILN, CAL., Aug. 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to reply to R. G. Smith, in THE TRUTH SEEKER, issue of August 4th, wherein he says, "I do not see how any Liberal could support Cleveland after the part he took in sending the Constitution to the pope of Rome." Not so, Friend Smith; the gift was timely and the selection most emphatically significant. Going forth as it did from the guardian of our liberty, it was like the warning cry of the goddess of Liberty to her arch-enemy: "Beware! Beware! Your present course is a violation of our Constitution, a copy of which I send you for your enlightenment. Study it carefully, that you may comprehend where your present aggressiv policy must end. You shall not subvert the liberties of this people. We recognize your treasonable designs, and we warn you before forbearance ceases to be a virtue."

No; as far as Mr. Cleveland's catering to the powers at Rome, I think he is very much misunderstood. He has the courage and manhood to be courteous to an enemy, and the selection of a copy of the federal Constitution is firmness demonstrated as well as significant. It is like a shipper dictating the cost of transportation to a railroad company, when the agent, in a courteous and dignified manner, presents the dissatisfied shipper a copy of their freight rates. Further contravention becomes criminal. That the pope of Rome has designs on this republic, no well-informed person can doubt. The duke of Richmond, formerly governor-general of Canada, in a letter says: "It [this republic] will be destroyed; it ought not, and will not, be permitted to exist. So long as it exists no prince will be safe on his throne, and they are determined on its destruction by subversion rather than by conquest. All the low population of Europe will be carried into that country; these men will become citizens, and invested with the right of suffrage, hence discord, anarchy, and civil war will ensue." T. J. CONLEY.

ELBA, O., Aug. 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: About two weeks ago Rev. E. V. Zollars, president of Hiram College, delivered two lectures at Lower Salem, O., in answer to the ones J. E. Remsburg delivered there last May.

Mr. Remsburg's subjects were "Sabbath Breaking" and "False Claims," and Rev. Zollar's subjects were "The Sabbath Question" and "Infidelity: The Most Gigantic Failure of the Age."

Rev. Mr. Zollars was advertised a very learned, able man, specially qualified to treat these subjects, and many expected to hear a complete refutation of the arguments presented by Remsburg.

It was conceded by all that Mr. Remsburg used no language unbecoming a gentleman, and he did not stoop to personal abuse and vilification, but presented his subjects in a clear, logical, and eloquent manner. Some Christians at his lectures were somewhat surprised at this, for I presume they had been taught to believe that an Infidel lecturer could be nothing but a coarse, foul-mouthed, conceited ignoramus. It made Liberals smile to hear the distinguished Rev. Mr. Zollars describe them as such to an audience that knew better by experience.

There was nothing remarkable about the first lecture of the reverend gentleman, judging by its effect upon the audience, for the majority seemed to be dozing, and were apparently greatly relieved when he finished. He assumed his premises and went through a long course of reasoning to reach a conclusion which may hav been logical for anything I know to the contrary, for I confess I could not always follow him.

There was nothing particularly objectionable to Liberals in this lecture except his premises, which a Christian never condescends to prove or establish. However, he did not attempt to claim the $100 Remsburg offered to anyone who would show him a passage of scripture in the New or the Old Testament commanding or even authorizing the keeping of Sunday as the Sabbath instead of the seventh day.

He promised his sleepy audience a more interesting lecture the next evening, for which we were all thankful. Rev. Mr. Zollars has the reputation of being an able minister of the Christian Campbellite church, and was lately elected president of Hiram College.

With these credentials we supposed he would at least giv us a scholarly, logical presentation of the subject, without resort to abusiv language and small talk—the weapons of a cheap Methodist circuit-rider—but we were disappointed. He not only denounced Infidelity, but stooped to ungentle-

manly personalities and denounced the Infidels of the community as ignorant, base, and uncharitable; and I presume Universalists were in this denunciation, as they are as much Infidel to orthodoxy as Ingersoll himself.

He did not substantiate a single assertion, and his charges in general were so notoriously false that they excited only laughter from the Liberal portion of his audience, as they well knew he was damaging his own cause, and, although he was loud in his challenges, that lecture at least needed no answer. The most amusing part of the lecture was his attempt to prove Franklin and Jefferson Christians by reading some of their letters, which most decidedly proved them unbelievers. He probably thought the credulity of his audience unlimited.

Rev. Mr. Zollars said he could name twenty men who would be glad to come here at any time to debate the subject, but that we would find that Infidel lecturers would not debate.

We intend to find out whether this is correct or not, and if it is not, you will get an account of a debate here.

Respectfully, W. J. DUTTON.

PLUM CREEK, NEB., Aug. 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am traveling most of my time, and consequently I see much gospel bigotry and criminality. An article in the Chicago *News* tells how a frolicsome preacher of Plum Creek was discovered not only betting on horse-races, but even getting into a fight on the Fourth of July in a neighboring town. That's nothing; we had a preacher that was well known in this community as being very intimate with his wife's servant girl. Another preacher, "evangelical," the Rev. Mr. Petit, was published as a liar in the Dawson county *Herald*, a little over a year ago.

Another gospel-banger, the Rev. Mr. Webster, published an article against Freethinkers in the Dawson county *Pioneer* of Aug. 13, 1887. The following is an extract: "Hypocrits and adulterers are not Christians. They are not in Christ's kingdom. They are outside with 'Freethinkers.' Who makes this class? Where do they come from? Not Christ and the church, but of the devil, who is the chief Freethinker." This same gospel-drummer, Webster, has a son about sixteen or seventeen years old, who is kept in the Kearney reformatory, a very bad boy, known personally to me. Comment is unnecessary; a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit. The above gospel-nostrum vender is now, I believe, at Chadron selling gospel for cash down in this world, and promising returns in a country or world nobody knows anything about. These preachers are like tramps—anything but muscular work.

But our German-born fellow-citizens fare no better with the preachers than do we nativ Melican men. A few years ago a preacher was caught using indelicacies toward a lady not his wife. He was sent away. Soon after, the same holy man was called before a church committee to answer a charge of attempted rape at Waukon, Ia., but, like a sensible little man, he avoided fooling with church committees by going away. May he always do the latter. They—our German-Americans—soon got another gospel-banger named Brickert, from Omaha, whose congregation were informed of the man's unholiness in Omaha. But the reverend brother was equal to the occasion, and explained that he had been collecting money for the church, and, being unacquainted with the inhabitants, he happened to get into houses of ill-fame, unbeknown till wicked people made public talk. His explanation was accepted as satisfactory, and praise sung "zumberrgott." But this holy man was a stranger to the habit of minding his own business, and soon was called a damned liar by one of his own congregation and by myself. I used to get tired listening to his fast-woman and house-of-ill-fame stories. When the gospel-banging contract expired, he was shipped again and exchanged for the Rev. Mr. Schadel, or Stradel—the latter ought to be the correct name, the way the little shoemaker-looking preacher straddles gospel humbuggery. This reverend straddler had a buggy and a pair of grays. When my friend K. offered to insure his team and stable, he refused to hav them insured, saying he had faith in God—when, in less then a week after, whack came a lightning flash and a thunderbolt and killed one of the grays. Since, he has had to drive a one-horse rig, as the congregation is becoming doubtful about the Lord's being on the side of this holy man. When an honest old farmer Freethinker was lying a corpse in his coffin, this malicious, idiotic, and ill-cultured preacher stated most idiotically and falsely that the corpse or soul of honest old Jacob Kramer was at that moment suffering in hell for his unbelief. Oh, shame! When will foolish people cease employing and paying mind-destroying one-horse preachers to malign their fathers or friends at the grave?

Last week the editor of a Sunday-school paper, and a weak-minded Sunday-school crank, Mr. Signor, a long time superintendent of the Union Sabbath-school, had to be taken to the asylum as an incurable lunatic. It is sad how the Bible destroys mental vitality.

The wife of a hard-working and honest farmer, Mr. D. Lange, after living two winters by a school-house that had been turned into a gospel-shop for holding revival meetings, and after attending prayer-meetings awhile, taking all kinds of gospel nostrums, succumbed in reason, and had to be taken to the lunatic asylum. And so they go, single, pairs, and in groups, from different church routes to the lunatic asylum.

Nebraska is at present unable to build insane asylums fast enough for the requirements. Why the Republicans of Nebraska are so wicked, and allow their public schools to be transformed into gospel-shops, and allow the lazy gospel-bangers and Sunday-school cranks to steal taxpayers' coal, when Nebraska is more highly tax-ridden than any other state in the Union, is hard to explain by any other fact than that the Republican party does not possess any more honesty in any shape or form. Right now, the slim-legged preachers, with the assistance of the priest-ridden, ignorant women, are trying to stop people from playing ball on Sunday. Let him buy "One Hundred and Forty-Four Self-Contradictions of the Bible," fifteen cents, "Bible Morals," twenty-five cents, and "False Claims," and every Nebraska citizen will come to my own conclusion, and that is that every judge who compels a witness to swear by the Bible, or rules a witness out, is a liar and a perjurer. And that every person who says he believes in the Bible tells a falsehood and a lie. And that every person who swears on the Bible in a secret society commits a lie and perjury. The above pamphlets will prove, and more pamphlets will giv broader and additional proofs. Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER and Watson Heston.

A MUGWUMP.

EUREKA, CAL., Aug. 14, 1888.

TO J. HACKER: *Dear Sir:* Your note to me in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 14th I happened to see by mere accident, the paper lying open on my desk with the note in sight. I was busy haying then and had no time to read papers of any kind. Now I am through haying and will cheerfully accommodate you.

You want me to prove the assertion I accidentally made in THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 19th, that you were full of things not worth knowing. I keep no file of TRUTH SEEKERS, and must, therefore, quote from memory what you hav written, and I hope you will correct me if I misquote. Your writings hav been in the John Swinton style, and the good both of you hav done may be expressed by the cipher 0. You hav stated repeatedly that the government, rich corporations, and capitalists rob the people of their substance, and that land ought to be as free as the air we breathe. This looks well to a man without reflection and experience, but will not bear scrutiny. No instance, as far as I know, can be produced where the government of the United States has favored the rich and oppressed the poor. Even in the case of the protectiv tariff, which favors rich corporations and proves a hardship to the poor, the intentions of those who imposed it were undoubtedly good, but ill-advised. How thinking men like Mr. Ingersoll can find arguments to support that robbery, is more than I can comprehend. Mr. Ingersoll appears to admit that a protectiv tariff is a robbery, but he justifies it on the ground that it will make better mechanics. Can anything be more absurd? Europe always produced and always will produce as good mechanics as America. The hight to which a mechanic may raise his mechanical ingenuity is in no way depending upon wages, but on the amount of talent and ingenuity the man originally possessed, and on the opportunities put within his reach to develop them. And although it appears on first sight that the United States can offer better opportunities with a protectiv tariff than without it, on taking everything into consideration the idea falls to the ground. Instances hav occurred where the government has defrauded the people—the Forty-second Congress being a case in point—or where the government is tyrannizing over a part of the people, as in the case of the Comstock laws; but those frauds are directed against the rich and poor alike. Rich corporations, if not interfered with by law, direct their energy more to devouring one another than to imposing upon the public. When interfered with by law they combine, and the result is, the public suffers, as in the case of the Inter-State Commerce commission. In regard to capitalists, they are an absolute necessity to progress. We hav arrived at an age where everything is tending to production on a wholesale scale, which makes capital a necessity. Experience has taught the public that anything, from a needle to a locomotiv, can be produced or transported more cheaply on a large scale than on a small one. Before the invention of cut nails a nailsmith made but few nails a day; now thousands of nails are turned out by the man in nail factories. Before railroads came into use, farmers living away from big cities did not produce large crops, because they could not get them to market. Now they can market everything they can produce, and in consequence, those who would liv in poverty without railroads hav risen to affluence by their use. Yet such is the innate cussedness of some people that they will curse the railroads who raised them out of poverty. Your idea in regard to the free use of land is equally ridiculous. I hav known people who held your ideas who lived almost within a stone's throw of government land. If I asked them why they did not take up government land, they would reply that they could not make a living on it. And they told the truth. A family cannot settle on government land and stay there unless they hav means enough to subsist for a year or two, as not only no crop awaits them when they come there, but the ground is not even ready to put a crop in. Therefore men with your ideas content themselvs with howling about free land, but they could not be induced to take the land in its wild state. The fact is, people who clamor for free land do not want the land at all, and would not accept it if offered to them in its natural state, except to speculate with it. They want cultivated farms, so they can profit by other people's labor—or, in other words, they want that for which they hav not labored.

Yet you will say: "All this does not prove that I am full of what is not worth knowing." I will proceed to make my meaning clear. As far as your articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER are concerned, they were all written with one intent—to show to the public how they were prevented from earning money, and how they were robbed after they had earned it. This is really a negativ way of teaching people how to accumulate property. Now, you will admit that a person may be posted in mathematics, astronomy, or hygiene and yet be poor. But before a person can teach others how to accumulate property he must hav accumulated some himself. You hav not done that. You cannot teach others how to avoid being robbed when you cannot avoid it yourself. Therefore, like our pulpit-pounders, you are full of that which is not worth knowing. You cannot say that you could not possibly hav risen above poverty by leading a strictly honest life, since you must admit that others strictly honest hav risen above it. The truth is, you were not robbed, but you were incapable of accumulating. That you hav lived a long life, hav written for papers, lectured, and published a paper yourself, amounts to nothing in this case, since pulpit-pounders do all that and more and still die full of that which is not worth knowing. Age often produces conceit and superciliousness. It takes experience, combined with observation and reflection, to produce wisdom.

When will people ever get sense enough to know that our laws, customs, habits—in fact, everything belonging to society—is a growth, influenced by circumstances like any other growth, and that things are as they are because they cannot be otherwise, everything being true to the cause that produced it, and that to improve society instead of howling about things we think wrong and which to other people may seem right we must try to elevate ourselvs, and then by precept and example we must try to induce those with whom we come in contact to come up to our level?

You are anxious to find out through others who and what I am. Since no one may respond, I will tell you myself. I was born in Saxony. My father was poor, and all I inherited from him was a roving disposition. When a little over thirteen years of age I left home, and, true to instinct, I went a good way off. I hired out to a farmer for nine months for thirty-three and a third cents per month, or a trifle over one cent per day, and I had to work from 4 o'clock in the morning till 8 o'clock in the evening. Next, I hired out to another farmer for $7 a year, which netted me nearly two cents per day—of course, board and lodging always included. Not liking farmer's wages, I engaged myself to a miller. I was to serve an apprenticeship of three years, during which time I was to receive twelve cents per week and board. I worked fifteen months, and finding that I could not get my wages, I packed my trunk one day and left at night when everybody was asleep. I went to another mill and hired out for twenty-four cents per week. But finding I had to play the farm hand during the day and the apprentice at night, I left again and went to the third master, on condition that I should get my diploma—without which no tradesman could do anything in Germany in those days—at the expiration of six months. I got my diploma, and at the age of twenty years I was foreman in a grist-mill. Then I got dyspeptic, and the doctors told me that I had to quit work in the grist-mill. And as people in those days could not shift from one trade to another on account of the then existing guilds, my outlook for the future became dark. On studying the matter over, I concluded to go to America. I arrived in New York in the spring of 1853. Here I found a paradise—plenty of work and good pay. I had now a chance to gratify my roaming disposition. As I had no expensiv habits and could turn my hand to almost anything and get good wages, I would work till I got a few dollars ahead and then go somewhere else, just to see what the world was made of. In the spring of 1855 I found myself again on the other side of the Atlantic. I brought up in France without a cent in my pockets. Necessity compelled me to take work in a sugar refinery at forty-five cents per day, working from 5 o'clock in the morning till 7 o'clock in the evening. And as I had to pay forty cents for board and lodging, I had five cents left for a day's work. That was rough. But, instead of complaining, I soon found means to get back to America. I worked my passage to New York. Back again on American soil, my former friends helped me into a machine-shop, and I was apprenticed to become a practical engineer. That was in Cleveland, O., in the Cuyahoga furnace. Here I worked some time. Then a man who started a rake factory right across the river tried to hire me as a foreman, I having held a position in a rake factory next to the foreman. I agreed to work for him on condition that he would make it right with the managers of the machine-shop. He did so, and I left the machine-shop on condition of being taken back again any time I wanted to go back. In 1857 there was a general crash in business and the rake factory went under. Being offered a situation as engineer, I did not go back to the machine-shop. Here I worked till I had money enough to go to California, and in 1858 I landed on what is now known as the city of Eureka, at that time a wilderness. Here I worked as engineer, and getting good pay I accumulated money. Then I bought the island on which I now liv and which bears my name. The island contains two hundred and seventy-two acres, lies opposit Eureka, and is five feet below high-water mark. I hav dyked about one hundred acres of it, which cost me thousands of dollars and the best years of my life. I hav been a wage-worker about twenty-five years, and my wages hav ranged all the way from a little over one cent to $5 per day. At present, as for many years back, I liv on my island. I employ one man, who has been with me over three years. I pay him $35 per month and I find everything. He was penniless when I hired him, while now he is worth over $1,000. And to show you what a lucrativ business it is to be a landowner, I will giv you the figures that I made on the place during that time. In 1885 I cleared $137; in 1886 I went $246 behind on account of a tidal wave which ruined my dyke; in 1887 I cleared $377, which leaves a clear profit to me of $268 for the three years, and I work nearly all the time and hav thousands of dollars invested. I admit this is not all the income I derive from my island, but it is all I derive from that part of it on which I hav spent my labor and my money.

Should this explanation be still unsatisfactory to you, you will find no difficulty in obtaining information about me by writing for it, as I am well known here—not known as a millionaire, although I hav more than my share of this world's goods—but known as a man who has an opinion of his own and is not afraid to express it.

ROBERT GUNTHER.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Baby's Pigs.

Ten little pigs that grow and thrive,
Rosy and plump and clean;
Two little pens, each holding five,
And the owner is Baby 'Gene.
They wiggle about and root and dig,
And push again and again,
Till at last we find one dear little pig
Is out of the little red pen.

Baby 'Gene is a little, old man,
Bald and serious too.
He looks to the pigs whenever he can,
But he has a great deal to do.
And this little pig says he'll get some corn,
And the next one cries, "Oh, where?"
And the little one says, "In grandpa's barn!"
And the great one knows it's there.

Four pearly grains he can plainly see;
Hav them he must and will;
He strains and struggles—but, "Quee-quee-quee,"
He can't get over the sill!
So he's given it up, and off he goes—
With Grandfather 'Gene before—
Snubbing and rubbing his little bare nose,
On the way to the pantry door.

You queer little pig, you're ever so bold,
But it never, never will do!
The great, wide world would be cruel and cold
To a little pink mite like you.
Mamma must bring her needle and yarn
And build up the fence again,
For the five little pigs would be quite forlorn
Outside of the little red pen.

—*Eudora S. Bumstead.*

Good Company.

A traveler, toiling on a weary way,
Found in his path a piece of fragrant clay.
"This seems but common earth," says he, "but how
Delightful! It is full of sweetness now!
Whence is thy fragrance?" From the clay there grows
A voice, "I hav been very near a rose."

—*J. J. Platt, translated from the Persian.*

Polly's Twenty Friends.

Polly was a queer little genius.

You would hav laughed to see her when she was eleven years old, arrayed in a blue and white calico gown, her long hair streaming down her back, and her little bare feet all scratched and torn by the briars growing in tangled confusion near the brook, as sober as a judge, thinking.

Polly was the child of poverty. There are a great many children of the same parent.

"I cannot go to school," she said, drearily; "I hav no shoes," and she rubbed her toes on the green grass. "If I try real hard," she continued, "I might get a pair."

"I'll help you," and "So will I, and I, and I, I, I, I," screamed twenty little voices—little fairies or sprites from thought-land, who are always near at seasonable or unseasonable times and places.

Polly jumped up quickly, exclaiming: "It's a bargain! Come on!"

And away she went—berrying. She picked nimbly, assisted by her twenty friends, and sold them—the berries—quart after quart, till she had earned $4 in pennies, and then she bought shoes, stockings, and a pretty straw hat.

Thus equipped, Polly went to school and studied faithfully, like one finding new treasures every day.

By and by, the shoes wore out, and—— "Now, what shall I do for more shoes?" was Polly's perplexed query. The berry season was over and gone, and—— "What *can* I do?" sobbed Polly.

"Go clamming!" shouted one of the thought-land nymphs.

"I will! I will!" said Polly.

"I'll go with you!" and "So say we all of us!" from the whole score of ever-attending friends. And armed with a basket and hoe, our brave little Polly betook herself to the beach, near which she lived, on the coast of Massachusetts.

She imagined the clams *smiled*, as, one by one, she pushed them from their sandy beds, where they were nicely tucked away, enjoying a nap perhaps, lulled by the charming sea-breezes and the soft lullaby of the outgoing tide.

Her twenty little friends helped her to carry her basket of clams to market, and the market-men readily purchased all that she could bring. Some silly boys and girls laughed when they saw Polly's quaint figure trudging to market with a basket full of clams, and said, sneeringly: "*We* wouldn't do it! We hav money in the bank, we hav!"

"*Your* bank may break," answered back Polly. "*My* money is safer in a clam bank!"

To make a long story short, Polly educated herself, helped, as she said, by her twenty friends, without whose aid she declared she could do nothing. She became eventually a successful teacher herself, and this year has gone to Paris. She is very talented and bright, and has plenty of money that she has earned herself. I asked her once to introduce me to her cherished twenty friends that she is always talking of. She immediately showed me the daintiest ten toes and loveliest fingers and thumbs I hav ever seen. They were all dressed in pink and white, as in the days gone by, and bordered with nails as fair and delicate as the tiny sea-shells you hav seen, maybe, and which are brought to this country from foreign ports.

Now, you, my dears, hav twenty just such friends as Polly; so do not despond, do not be discouraged, but do the very best you can, and ever try to achieve some great and moral purpose, and these twenty friends will ever stand by, ready to help and befriend you, to aid you in your ascent up the hights of knowledge and independence; up the ladder of truth, honesty, and goodness.

S. H. W.

Little Nellie is Dead.

Shut the door. Pull down the curtains. Shut out the world. My eyes are moist. My soul is sad. Little Nellie is dead. While at play she fell and dislocated her neck. Death was almost instantaneous, and as nearly painless as it is possible for death to be. It was so sudden that her countenance was wreathed in smiles after she was dead.

Every Sunday morning she came up to see "grandpa." In the afternoon I went down to see little Nellie and spent the happiest hour in the week.

She was a rosy, chubby, bewitching child, and the idol of my heart—the one bright spot in my life—but it has gone out forever. She was as bright as a star, as pure as the dewdrop, and as lovely as the dawn.

It is a source of great pleasure to me to realize that there are thousands of "grandpas" whose hearts are thrilled by the winsome ways of bright little grandchildren, who are as dear to them as little Nellie was to me. What a blessing to the world that these little innocents hav such a strange faculty of finding the soft place in the human heart!

It was an old-fashioned funeral, held in a church, and the minister said "it was all for the best." But I cannot believe that "it is all for the best" to bring a child into existence only to receive the love and caresses for a short time of those whose hearts are made glad by its coming and then to be laid cold in death. I cannot believe that "it is all for the best" to tear asunder the tenderest fibers of the heart and burn a blister on the soul.

Why should the tongue giv assent to such a sentiment when there is a house of mourning set up in the heart?

There was a profusion of flowers, but they seemed like a mockery to me. The fairest flower was cold in death. The stem had been broken, and the pure white lily had withered.

The grave was lined with white and strewn with vines and flowers, but it was beyond the art of man to render it attractiv to me. Its jaws were open to take little Nellie forever from my sight. And when I saw the little form, robed in white, lowered into the grave, the world never looked to me so blank and dark and worthless before. And if a tear stole up from the soul's deep well, count it not a weakness. In the changing scenes of life occasions arise when the world's bravest men shed tears.

There can be but one consolation drawn from the death of those we hold dear, and that is, we hav loved them. As hatred and malice and revenge lower and debase us, so love lifts us up and makes us purer and better.

Though Nellie is beyond the reach of harm, and enjoying an undisturbed repose, yet we miss the smiles, the childish talk, the innocent prattle—we miss a thousand things which none can appreciate or understand but those who hav been bereft of the dear ones they loved.

In spite of reason, in spite of philosophy, there is an aching void—and a sepulchral voice keeps saying, "Little Nellie is dead."

Sleep on, sweet babe—the roses fair
Shall blossom on thy bed,
And lovely birds that wing the air
Shall warble o'er thy head.

But there is no reflection that can make the grave yield up its treasure. There is no consolation to be drawn from a mound of earth. Little Nellie is dead.

Naples, N. Y. JOHN PECK.

[The editor of the Corner extends her heartfelt sympathy to all the bereaved friends of "little Nellie." The sweet little bud snapped so soon from its parent stem can never know pain, disease, or blight of any kind. She can never know suffering or sorrow. Her mission of love and happiness is over, and she has become a blessed memory—"her countenance wreathed in smiles" forevermore.]

A Pleasant Letter from a Former Editor.

"ALL IN A LIFETIME."

DEAR MISS WIXON: It givs me great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your book, "All in a Lifetime." I hav given it a careful perusal and I frankly tell you that I am most agreeably surprised at its great strength and beauty; and it entirely coincides with the sentiments and opinions long entertained by myself. It is a great work, and reflects high honor upon its author for the faithful, finished, artistic, and masterly manner in which she accomplished it. For pungent wit, rollicking drollery, startling surprises, dramatic situations, original and ingenious treatment of characters, graphic delineation of human nature lighted up by flashes of truth so vivid as to carry instant conviction to the mind, we hav not seen its equal since the advent of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The work shows its able author to possess a knowledge of facts in real life in American society, a keen eye for observation, and a marvelous insight into human nature, wherewith she searches the human heart with an acumen that brings plainly to view the secrets of its deepest recesses, and unfolds human character with unsurpassed truthfulness. I shall take pleasure in commending "All in a Lifetime" to friends and the trade.

Hoping that this beautiful summer weather will improve your health, I remain,

Very truly yours, JASON WATERS.

W. Sutton, Mass., July 8, 1888.

What the Little Ones Are Saying.

Little Rose, aged four years, saw a bunch of keys hanging from her Aunt Mary's belt. Running up to her and taking up one, she asked: "Aunt Mary, what's this the key to?" Aunt Mary: "Oh, that's the key to my trunk." Rose, taking up another: "And what's this the key to?" Aunt Mary: "This is the key to my bureau drawer." Rose, taking up a third: "And what's this the key to?" Aunt Mary: "Well, that is the key to my portfolio." Rose, still persistent, holding up a fourth: "Aunt Mary, what is this the key to?" Aunt Mary, somewhat annoyed, and wishing to quiet the little questioner: "Oh, that's the key to my heart!" Rose, looking up gravely into Aunt Mary's face: "Then you had better giv it to me and let me open it."

Little Clarence, aged three, had been taught to be very careful not to spill his milk while drinking. One day when at dinner he suddenly cried out to his aunt, sitting beside him: "Oh, Auntie Short, I'm spilling my milk!" Auntie, looking down and seeing him drinking very carefully: "No, Clarence, you are not." Clarence: "Yes, I am. I'm spilling it down my throat."—*Mrs. E. M. S. B., Lowell, Mass.*

Adelaide, aged four, sat on the floor playing with her doll, and asking her mother various questions about God and what he had made. After several fruitless efforts to make her doll stand, she was heard to exclaim: "Well, while he was about it, he might as well hav made this doll so she could stand up."

On another occasion she wanted to know who made the sky, and, on being told, asked what God stood on while he was making it. A little later she propounded the question: "What does God hav to sit on now up in heaven?"

Louise, aged three, was spending Washington's Birthday at her grandfather's. On coming in to lunch, after a searching look at the table, she turned to her aunt with a disappointed expression on her face, and asked: "Where ith the cake and candleth?" On being told there were none, she then asked how soon the party would begin. On having it finally explained to her that George Washington was dead, and that his birthday was still kept because he was such a great man, she exclaimed in a tone of great disgust: "Well, if he ith tho deaded he can't hav a cake or a party, I don't thee what he wanth to hav a birthday for at all then."—*M. A. I. New Brighton.*

Correspondence.

BERLIN, N. J., Aug. 13, 1888.

MISS WIXON: I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER that you hav started a collection for us "poor old critters" among the children of the Corner. Will you be kind enough, if it is not too much trouble, to giv me the names and post-offices of all who hav contributed to that fund, as I wish to send them all my "Lecture and Rhymes," and copies of my old *Pleasure Boat*, which I started forty-three years ago and published about seventeen years? I hav many volumes of that old paper that I saved for a coming generation. That generation has now come, and I want them to hav the papers. I wrote an article about them for THE TRUTH SEEKER, offering to send them postpaid for fifty cents a volume, together with a copy of my eight-page lecture and eight pages of my "Rhymes," but in the two numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER printed since I sent it not a word has been said about the *Boat*, and I feel dreadfully disappointed and fear I shall hav to sell them to the rag-men. My *Boat* turned thousands of the people from the churches. I know several cases where the whole church was broken up and the people turned to holding Liberal meetings and reading Liberal books, and are now a more humane, sensible, and progressiv people.

I hav lately read that one-third of the churches in Maine are closed, and my paper had as much or more to do with that than all other causes, because it started the reform. The *Boat* is just as interesting now as it was thirty or forty years ago, and just as much needed among churchmen, and would be just as helpful to Liberals in their arguments as it was then. If you can do anything to bring these old papers before the people and let them know they can hav a volume for fifty cents, half the original price, you will do me a great kindness.

Two-cent postage-stamps will do for odd change. A dozen can send fifty cents each and get a dozen different volumes, and hav the reading of them all.

Yours, J. HACKER.

VISALIA, Aug. 13, 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: In the Children's Corner of THE TRUTH SEEKER, August 4th, is an article, "Immortality," in which the writer says: "But if men hav souls, why hav not animals?" And the writer might hav added: plants also? For in tracing the analogy between animals and plants the most striking characteristics are manifested. A close observer can draw but one conclusion—that the life principle within man, beast, bird, or tree is a unit varying in form only, not in principle. That plants think, or manifest what is termed instinct in animals or reason in man, is not generally supposed, and some courage is required to boldly make the assertion. And yet a close observer of the habits of plants daily witnesses manifestations of intelligence in their search for food, for support in climbing, and more particularly in the selection of the sexes, showing plainly that plants either think for themselvs, or some one for them, which makes the analogy between them and many men almost perfect. Plants hav, to the full extent of their necessities, a power of observation in the selection of their food, and where, to a considerable extent, to obtain it—for instance, bury the carcass of an animal in the garden say twenty feet from a grape-vine, and the underground part of the vine will at once change its direction, and make a direct march for this new storehouse of food, and upon reaching it will put out an incredible number of roots for the consumption of the food. If anyone wishes to witness the persistency of the vine in its efforts to obtain food, let them dig a trench two feet deep between the vine and the carcass. When the vine reaches the trench it, as it were, takes in the situation at a glance, and takes a downward course until it reaches the bottom of the trench, then tunnels under, comes up to near the surface on the other side, and finishes its journey. The movements of the squash-vine when pressed by thirst are truly wonderful. During a severe drouth place a basin of water at night say two feet from the vine, and in the morning it will be found bathing in the basin. Does not this indicate a knowledge in the vine analogous to reason in man or instinct in animals? There must be some agency employed to bring the vine to the basin—either the plant's own volition, or its direct guidance by the unerring laws of nature, analogous to cause and effect. T. J. CONLEY.

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'Tis said that when hope dies the man must die.
Then I am nigh to death. I look all round
The horizon of life and see no ray.
No! not one ray of light, of hope, amid
The dull, black void, the dense obscurity
Of this my world, my cold and cheerless world.
There is one good in life; to many 'tis
The first, last, only good—the terminus!
What is that end? A great leap in the dark,
I grant you. What of that? 'Tis but to share
The fate of millions, billions, trillions,
Who hav gone before.
Man, wild, in nature
Savage, primitiv, believes and doubts not
In immortality. The more his mind
Becomes enlightened—as Science sheds
Her gilding rays upon his wandering way—
The more he tends and drifts toward cold belief
In sad Materialism.
Mind
Never yet was found apart from clay;
Until we know it can exist alone,
Separate from matter, how in the name
Of common sense can we declare it doth?
Eternal matter! grand immortal clay!
May change eternally but never waste—
The mass of matter ever just the same!
In all the universe man knows but two
Identities—these mind and matter called.
As matter changes form and still remains,
So mind may change the dwelling, still exist.
Be there one mighty being, he must bow
To nature's law; because the law compels.
A god immortal cannot kill himself,
Hence law is higher, mightier than a god.
No greater insult, greater blasphemy,
Can human lips output than to declare
The "word of God" a book enwritten by
The hand divine!
The scriptures tell us, clearly, Jesus Christ
Was illegitimate, and by these words:
"He was a man like unto us"—and hence
He was the son of man, by no means God.
The Christian is
The silliest being e'er the sun shone on.
In any age ne'er lived in all this world,
Howe'er grotesque his superstition was,
The poor idolator so much a fool
As to bow down before a natural son
Of any woman, to adore as God.
The so-called "revelation" is, must be,
A glaring insult to the modern mind;
A ghastly, hideous fiction; worthy, fit
For days of darkness, ignorance, and fear!
The devotee can never draw the line
Between imagination, revelation—
The terms are interchangeable with Faith.
Poor Christian with a gruesome look, and tone
Most awful, solemn, yells in frantic fear:
"Art thou prepared to die?" Poor coward man,
Hast thou one grain of sense? Then con this well:
Life, not death, prepares for death; that is,
A good, pure life smooths down the path of death.
As good, eccentric Dow the younger
With wit and wisdom graphic puts the point—
The sinner livs the devil's servant till
The hour supreme, then in *articulo*
Mortis says that he repents, or, as Dow
In his quaint words depicts it: "He burns the
Candle of his life to serve the devil,
And blows the snuff in the face of the Lord."
The man who tries to do the right commits
No sin; the man who shuns that which he knows
Is wrong commits no sin. Judgment's errors
Cannot be a wrong; though awful sequence
May full oft result from Error's judging.
If there be a life beyond the grave,
A good life here is better than a bad;
If there be no life beyond the grave,
A good life here is better than a bad. J. L. C.

Washington, D. C., August, Year of Independence 113.

A Dream.—A Future State.

Wednesday morning, March 14, 1888, just after broad daylight, while lightly dozing in bed, came to me a peculiar conviction of another state of existence after death, in a dream. In the dream I was thinking—seemingly while on the street in the city, with people in sight and hearing—about a future state, and as to the reality or unreality of such a state, reasoning upon the matter, when there came like a flash—that is, quickly—to my mind, with a thrill of gladness, a conviction of its reality and a realization of its condition, which was that of great happiness and joyfulness, in company with others, as in a sort of heaven or spirit land. Upon the realization of this conviction and experience, I shouted "Glory! glory! glory!" accompanying the cry with an equally joyful clapping of my hands, like a "new convert," as if I had just "got religion." (My parents were Methodists. I was reared in the atmosphere of "protracted meetings.") Immediately upon coming to this conviction my mind reverted to what I had thought and written upon this same subject of future existence about twenty-five years before, which was that, inasmuch as we hav a natural desire for a future or continued life after death, we will hav it, and I then put it somewhat in this wise:

All unvitiated natural desires
Are possible of access,
To which the aspirant aspires—

on the ground that otherwise nature itself, as embodied in ourselvs, would be a cheat. Accompanying this thought was this other thought—I mean on the occasion of the dream—that, considering all the sublime wonders and possibilities of nature, as revealed to us through the telescope, microscope, solar spectrum, astronomical photography, and the still greater wonders, if possible, of the psychical world, there is nothing impossible for nature to accomplish that it is desirable she should accomplish; and that being, on the whole or in the "long run," beneficent, she will and does accomplish in some way, in some time, the desirable in this general and large sense.

So much as to the dream. Now, a few words as to the possible or probable immediately exciting causes of it may be interesting. I had read the Sunday before the autobiographical sketch of Miss Owen, and the address of Rev. Mr. Williams, lately delivered before the Nineteenth Century Club, on "Sectarianism." Both interested me very considerably; and especially Miss Owen's experience in her skepticism, Spiritualism, and what she called her conversion to Christianity. I thought, and still think, her account of her "conversion" very remarkable, considering her, as I am bound to do by the way she impresses me, a very honest and sincere as well as intelligent person. I was interested particularly in that portion of Mr. Williams's paper representing his views on the two forces or influences in religion, viz., of individual or isolated experience and associativ or combination experience as in an organized church or assemblage. Then, I had just read the evening before a portion of an article in the *Fortnightly* (for February) by Frances Power Cobbe, entitled, "The Education of the Emotions," which treats of the contagion of the emotions, showing that but a small portion of our emotions were at first hand, or from independent stimula, and that the larger share came from the contagion of sympathy with the emotion of others. And upon the theory that our dreams are likely to come from what has occupied our thoughts most while awake, this dream of mine may hav been incited in part by the reading of these essays.

As to the argument that the desire for a future life is evidence of it, I will add that such a desire may first be a cause of it, on the principle that "the wish may be father to the thought," and that the wish and the thought together may be the father of the deed or the fact, that is, may create or bring about the reality of the condition or state desired. And are we not creators? Do we not every day make conditions and circumstances for ourselvs and neighbors, or fellows? We are all indeed no less—except in degree—*makers* of circumstances than was Napoleon, or than we are—again except in degree—*creatures* of circumstances.

We are all creatures of circumstances,
Yet to them go to school,
Learning and helping,
All other things to rule.

Am I convinced of the reality of this future existence? No; not altogether. Not yet. Hav I searched for further evidence? Yes. I hav looked into mesmerism or hypnotism, and hav practiced it in its various degrees of clairvoyance, etc. Also into Spiritism, for as many years. And hav not neglected Rosicrucianism, nor esoteric Buddhism, nor Indian Theosophy. What is my belief? I am a scientist. That is, I believe there is such a thing as truth. That it is possible for man to discover it. That it is worthy of, or demands, our highest confidence or faith concerning the here or hereafter, if there be a hereafter, or if there will be a hereafter when we shall hav made one, or helped to do so. And that the way to find it, and to demonstrate it, and to be sure we hav found it, is by the use of the scientific method.

These additional thoughts I am writing ten days after I had the dream. On the day following the morning of the dream I undertook to narrate the dream simply—to hav and to preserve a record of it and to relate it, for I then *felt* and thought it to be of importance. It added to my cheerfulness and happiness at the time. It does not now seem to me of so much importance, but still of importance.

It is a well-attested fact in psychology that persons hav worked out difficult problems in their sleep which they hav been anxious to solve, but had failed to solve while awake.

It just occurs to me to add that "a future state" does not necessarily mean "immortality." Immortality is an impossibility and absurdity—that is, if we grant a commencement; for,

A line that has one end must hav two,
Is a thing as plain as it is true.

There must be an *end*, some time or other, to what *begun* some time or other. The question here is, when this end? Does it come at the period of what we call death or the ending of the body, or does there continue till some other period an individual consciousness of being? As to the time of the final end, may it not be that,

When we hav lived
Till all selfishness is dead,
Then we'll blend in
With the great fountain-head?

The Buddhists seem to hold to this view in their doctrin of Nirvana. The theory of evolution would seem to demand this sort of return. Evolution implies involution or dissolution. And this alone answers to the rhythmic law of Spencer. This sort of return to whence it came seems as natural and logical a necessity in the case of the "mental" or "spiritual" being as in the case of the physical.

Nor does any of this conflict with the doctrin of monism. Body and mind may be but different aspects of the same thing, the two colors of the two sides of the same shield. W. M. BOUCHER.

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IT is rumored that the pope will remove from Rome.

JAMES PARTON is 65 years of age, Max Müller 64, Huxley 62, and Haeckel 54.

A BILL providing federal punishment of members of monopolies has been introduced.

THE Prohibition national headquarters hav been transferred from Chicago to New York.

THE cupolas of the Church of St. Savior at Moscow are gilded with 900 pounds of solid gold.

THE collections at a late sermon by Bishop Taylor on missionary work at Ocean Grove, N. J., were $5,000.

THE whisky trust has raised prices so high that liquor-dealers hav combined to start a distillery of their own.

THE orthodox are hunting up disputants to contradict Max Müller's Antichristian speculations on oriental myths.

CARDINAL MANNING reaffirms in a late sermon the decision of Gregory VII. that secular powers reign only as fiefs of the pope, who may abolish governments and absolve subjects from their allegiance.

THE nine British missionary societies in Africa expend annually $1,000,000.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Knights of Labor wish membership restricted to Americans.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT will occupy the palace of the duke of Sutherland in London.

LOCAL labor parties throughout the country continually go to pieces from jealousy and wrangling.

THE Anglican bishops remind temperance reformers to be careful not to advise the substitution of unfermented for fermented liquor in the sacrament.

THE ecclesiastical synod of Servia refused King Milan a divorce because threatened by the czar with stoppage of their salary, over which he has indirect power.

AN Irish band refused to play the British National Anthem at the Irish Exhibition in London, saying that its members would not dare return to Ireland if they did.

A CHRISTIAN writer condemns the late practice of argumentativ defense of Christianity as weakening the cause, advising: "Affirm, do not prove; command, do not explain."

PREACHER HARRISON reports from his Sing Sing camp-meeting "1,000 souls blessed," classified as follows: "Converted, 500; sanctified, 150; reclaimed, 125; glorified, 100; redeemed, 50; seeking light, 75."

IN regard to the fisheries affair, Cleveland proposes a course of severe retaliation, but Congress is divided on the matter. Possibilities of a war with England giv the masses loving national hatreds something to talk about.

DR. HAY, an English chemist, proposes as a substitute for cremation the reduction of the body to fertilizer, or, by another method, to illuminating gas, ammonia, tar, animal charcoal, sulphate of ammonia, aniline colors, and carbolic acid.

AN international Spiritualist congress is to assemble in Barcelona, Spain, this month. Viscount Corressolanot will preside. M. Flammarion, the French astronomer, Williams Crookes, F. R. S., the distinguished chemist, and other prominent scientists will attend.

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By Woden, god of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulcher. —*Cartwright.*

BLOCKHEADS can never find out how folks cleverer than themselvs came by their information.—*Scott.*

THE time has come when scientific truth must cease to be the property of the few—when it must be woven into the common life of the world.—*Agassiz.*

GOD is incomprehensible, as are likewise the mysteries of his church. The priests alone are able to comprehend both the one and the other, a fact to be ascribed to the wonderful formation and capacity of the priestly brain.—*Voltaire.*

EVEN before chemistry and physics were out of their childhood, the champions of that old mistaken conception of rigid scriptural interpretation began the war. The catalog of chemists and physicists persecuted or thwarted would fill volumes.—*Professor White's Warfare of Science.*

A FOOL in revolt is infinitly wiser than the philosopher forging a learned apology for his chains.—*Kossuth.*

THE nearest perfect popular government is that in which an injury offered to the meanest individual is considered an insult upon the whole constitution.—*Solon.*

FOR fifteen hundred years the noblest nations of the Middle Ages were tortured by the insanities of an antinatural religion. The time has come to found a Religion of Nature.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Bible of Nature.*

A PERFECTLY civilized man can never be perfectly happy while there is one unhappy being in this universe.—*Ingersoll.*

THE most dangerous class in any society are those who make and execute the laws.—*Charles O'Conor.*

SCIENCE has never sought to ally herself to civil power. She presents herself unstained by cruelties and crimes.—*Professor Draper.*

GOOD manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.—*Swift.*

THE works of man, bury them under what guano-mountains and obscene owl-droppings you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Light was in a Man and his Life, is with very great exactness added to the Eternities; remains forever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things.—*Carlyle.*

O MAY I join the choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who liv again
In minds made better by their presence: liv
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues. —*George Eliot.*

BUT heard are the Voices—
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
"Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless!

"Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fullness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not!" —*Goethe*

LIVES of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
—*Longfellow.*

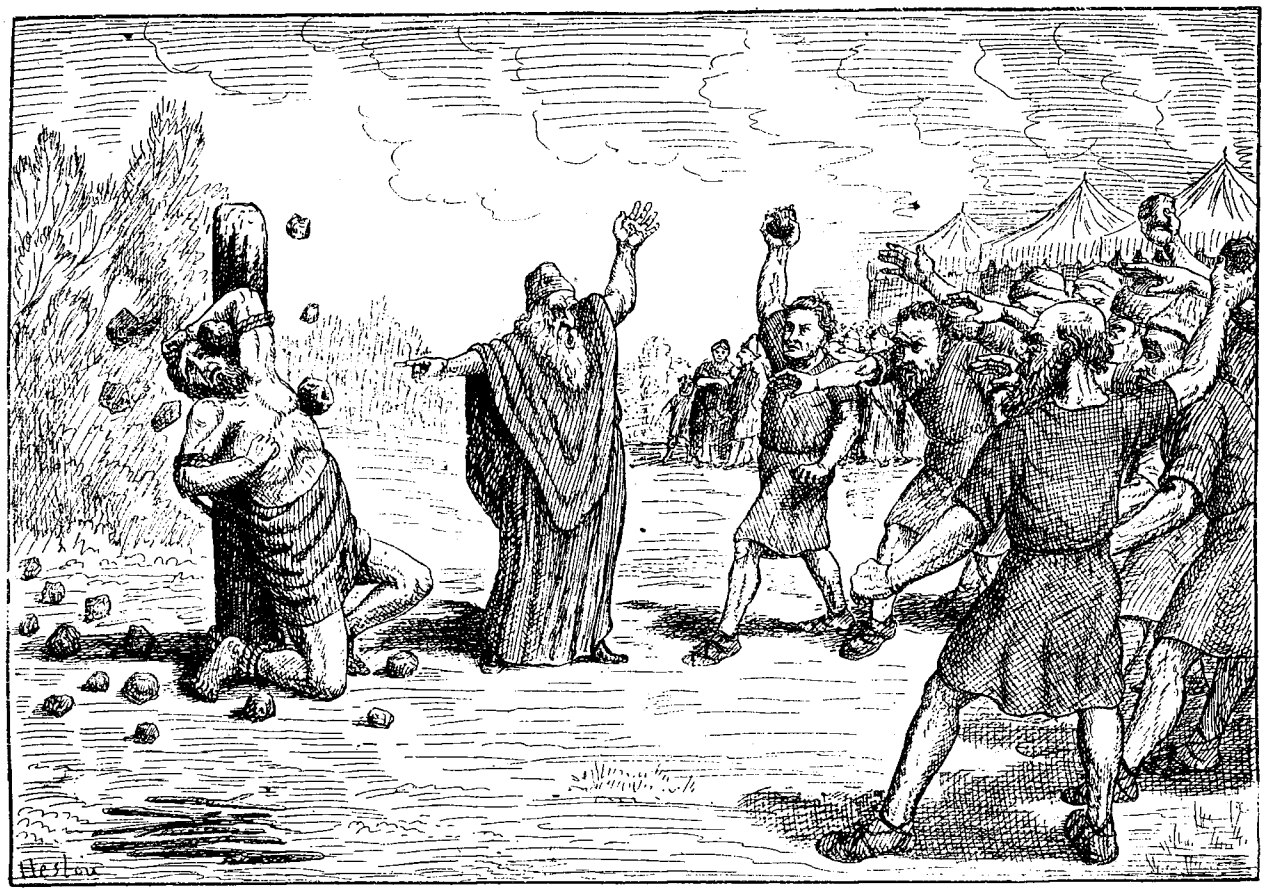
AND when the birth of us,
Shall to the death of our bodies giv place,
Then all the worth of us,
Freed from the earth of us,
Deathless shall liv in the life of the race.
—*Courtlandt Palmer.*

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why liv!*
The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and giv
Away thy breath.

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest. —*Byron.*

TAKING into consideration everything connected with these verses, "On This Day I Complete My Thirty-sixth Year"—the last tender aspirations of a loving spirit which they breathe, the self-devotion to a noble cause which they so nobly express, and that consciousness of a near grave glimmering sadly through the whole—there is perhaps no production within the range of mere human composition, round which the circumstances and feelings under which it was written cast so touching an interest.—*Moore.*



MURDERING A MAN FOR GATHERING STICKS ON SUNDAY.

And they that found him gathering sticks brought him unto Moses and Aaron, and unto all the congregation. And the Lord said unto Moses, The man shall be surely put to death: all the congregation shall stone him with stones without the camp.—Num. xv, 33-35.

Odds and Ends.

IT is always bad for the truth when a liar speaks it.

FIRST Newporter: "There's another English duke coming here soon." Second Newporter: "You don't say! What's his scandal?"

TRAMP: "You wouldn't think, madam, that not so very long ago I was at the top." Woman: "Well, I dunno—I s'pose they put you in one of the upper tiers."

A FARMER writes to an agricultural paper asking, "How to make fence-posts last?" and the editor wisely restrains an impulse to tell him to make the fence-rails first.

MAGISTRATE (to plaintiff with lump on his head): "If your wife threw a sad-iron at you, why didn't you dodge?" Plaintiff: "I did, your honor, and that's how I came to get hit."

THE paradox in political strife,
We think, has nothing to match it;
The hotter the war goes on, we see
The deeper is buried the hatchet.

THE girl who has fine teeth may not hav a keener sense of humor than other women, but you can depend on her to show all the appreciation she has of a joke or a funny story.

HE kissed her 'neath the moon's pale rays,
He kissed her on the lips and "forrid,"
She bent on him her melting gaze,
And softly murmured, "Ain't you horrid?"

THE truth of the theory contained in Darwin's chief work does not burst upon one so suddenly while reading the book as while visiting almost any high-priced, so-called aristocratic resort.

MCSHANE: "Oi doan't know phwat this counthry is comin' to, indade Oi doan't! Thim furriners is runnin' things all their own way." Morgenstern: "Dot vas yust so. Ein natif Amerigan don'd haf no chance, ain'd it?"

MRS. MURPHY: "And how is your husband today?" Mrs. McGinty: "Shure, it's bad he is. He's wastin' away wid the consumption. If he kapes on getting thinner and thinner he'll make a devil of a poor corpse, I'm thinking."

STREET-CAR conductor (to countryman): "If you saw him picking the gentleman's pocket, why didn't you interfere, instead of letting him get away?" Countryman: "I saw that sign up there, 'Beware of Pickpockets,' an' b'gosh I was afraid to!"

MASTER: "No, Pat; there's no use your asking me for more money. You're your own worst enemy, and will drink yourself to death." Patrick Monahan: "Thrue for ye, sir. Oi'm me own wor'rst inimy, but the dhrink puts me on good ter-rms wid mesilf."

"Do you solemnly swear," said the clerk to a witness in court, "that the evidence you shall giv in the case shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" The witness hesitated and then said: "I've been circulation editor of the New York *World* for several years, but I'll do my best."

"I CONFESS that I am not indifferent to you," she said, with an assumption of shyness, "but I am afraid that my papa will think I am not yet of a proper age to marry." "Nonsense," he argued, passionately, "I've known women sixty and seventy years old to marry."

"AND do you doubt my love?" he asked, passionately. "No, George," she answered, with admirable tact; "but when you say that the day you call me yours will usher in an era of lifelong devotion and tender solicitude you—pardon me, dear—you put it on a trifle too thick. You seem to forget, George, that I am a widow."

A MINISTER once told Wendell Phillips that if his business in life was to save negroes he ought to go South, where they were, and do it. "That's worth thinking of," replied Phillips; "and what is your business in life?" "To save men from hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business," said Mr. Phillips.

MR. ISAACSTEIN: "I sells you dot coat, my frent, for sayventeen tollar; you dake hum along!" Customer: "I thought, Isaacstein, that you didn't do business on Saturday. Isn't this your Sunday?" Mr. Isaacstein (in a low, reverent tone of voice): "My frent, to sell a coat like dot for sayventeen tollar vas not peesness—dot vas charity."

"THEY are making a door with five keyholes," said Mrs. Augur. "What is the use of so many?" asked Mr. Augur. "It will be much easier to unlock. You can find it much more easily when you come home late," responded the kind lady. "Rubbish!" responded Mr. Augur. "Idiocy! When I come home late one keyhole is about as much as I care to find."

"BRETHREN," said the Arizona minister, pausing a moment in his discourse, "to save you the trouble of climbing up on your seats to look out of that window every minute or two, I will state that I hav a written assurance from the captain of the Bear Gulch regulators that the hanging of the horse-thief who was caught yesterday will not take place until 2:30 o'clock, and it is now only half-past 11. There is nobody in the adjoining grove yet. If there is any more fidgeting I shall take up a collection. I now proceed to the consideration of the third clause of my text."

Now trouble brioux among the Sioux,
Because the whites their rights abioux,
The sky is red with battle hioux,
Big Injun, squaw and young pappioux
Are on the warpath by the slioux;
They're filling up with fiery bioux,
They swear their lands they will not lioux,
The thought of it givs them the blioux,
To yield an inch they will refioux;
They'll kick against the white man's vioux,
And vow they'll raise the worst of stioux;
"War to the knife" is what they chioux,
And they'll shake some one out his shioux
Before the later autumn dioux,
If they don't from their lands vamioux.
So it is certain as the Jioux
That whites would better mind their quioux
According to the latest nioux.

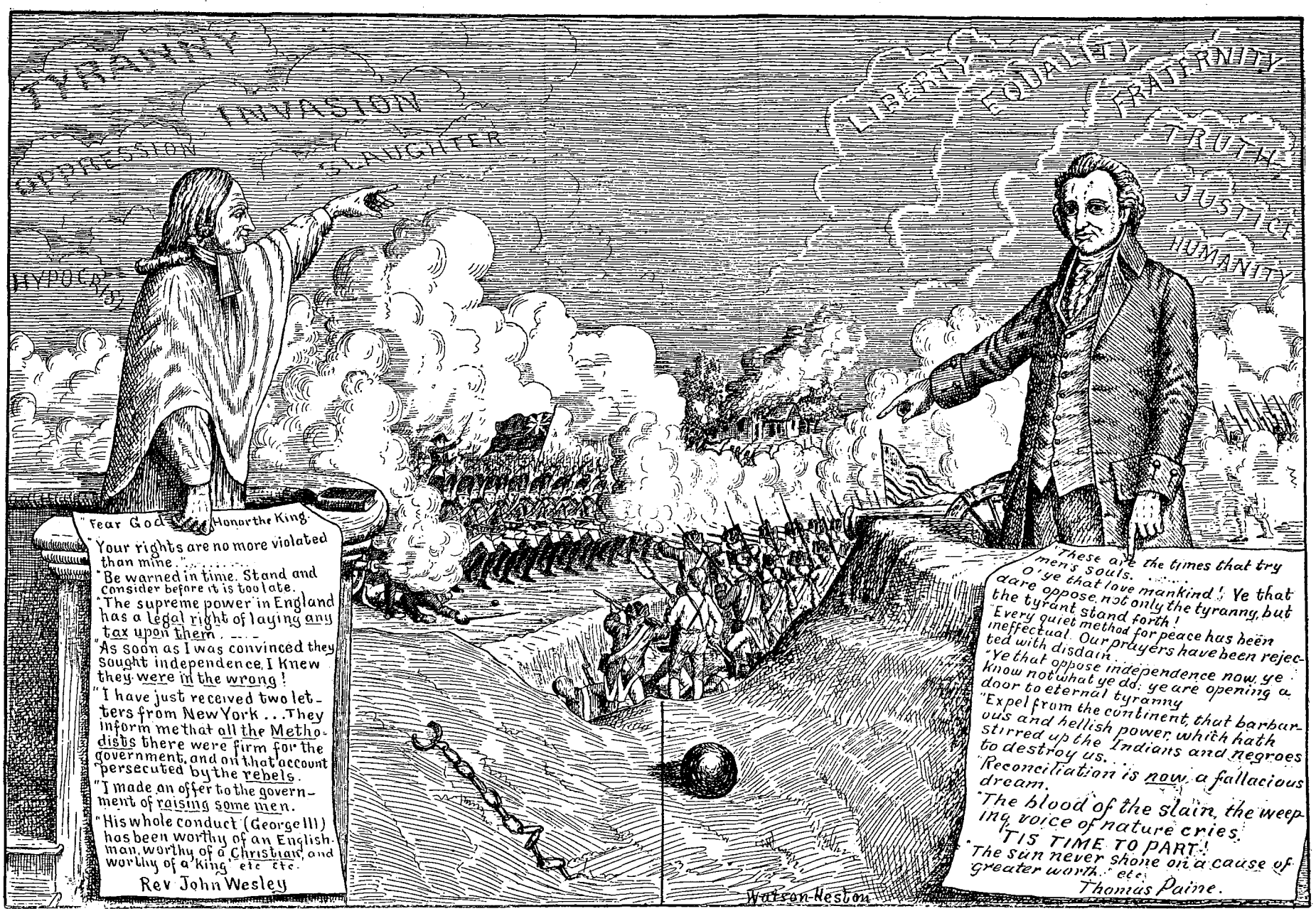
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A COMPARISON OF RECORDS.—THE PREACHER VS. THE PATRIOT.

Notes and Clippings.

THE holding of the Spiritualist congress in Barcelona calls attention to the fact that Spiritualism is very popular in Spain, especially in the army.

THE Boston *Herald* points out the fact that Professor Lowell, in reviving his political essays, as he has in his latest published volume, subjects himself to scrutiny as a prophet. It seems that he declared in writing, in the year 1860, on the eve of the Rebellion, that there was no occasion to apprehend serious efforts toward dissension on the part of the South. The professor, however, owns up like a little man, and does not suppress his verbal miscue, so to speak.

A LARGE number of orthodox clergymen hav accepted the invitation of Duke Erastus Wiman to go down to Staten Island and witness the "Fall of Rome." They are encouraged by the fact that the spectacle will make clear the sufferings of the early martyrs of the church. When they find that the show provides seventy-five lithe-limbed ballet-girls for every martyr they will doubtless be shocked. They may regret that Rome does not fall oftener and harder.

PROF. C. M. MEAD, writing to the *Advance* from Interlaken, says the accession of William II. is a good thing for evangelical religion in Germany. He charges that Empress Victoria is a Freethinker and would hav exerted her influence with Frederick to organize a Rationalistic court. The new emperor is a religious man of orthodox views and his wife is a "most earnestly religious woman.' Yet the whole world knows that the Rationalist Frederick and his Freethinking wife would hav made Germany peaceful and civilized, while William and his pious spouse are aching for war that their Christian subjects may kill some other tyrant's Christian subjects.

A TELEGRAM of a few days ago from Fall River, Mass., announced that at a Jewish wedding held there on Sunday last there was the characteristic revelry and happiness. Some stupid and officious policeman, considering the event a violation of the Sunday laws, arrested the entire party and locked them up for the night, the bride and bridegroom being in different cells. Citizens in general protested against the gross outrage, but could not avert it. Such an invasion of sacred rights could not happen in California, and Massachusetts is to be pitied for her Puritan views and the prudish officers who enforce them.—*San Francisco Jewish Times.*

A PARIS philanthropist induced a number of generous merchants, manufacturers, and tradespeople to take into their employment such unemployed men as he should send with letters of recommendation. Then he advertised for men out of work, got together a great throng, talked to them of the dignity of labor, the blessings of economy, the dangers of intemperance, and then directed them to call for letters of recommendation that would put them in the way of getting work at the minimum rate of eighty cents a day. Immediately more than half of his throng of 727 unemployed men disappeared, and that was the last he saw of them. Of the remainder some took letters and never presented them; some worked half a day and then wanted the wages of that time, and at the end of three days only eighteen men were at their posts, and these were all genuin artisans and laborers.

IT is claimed to be proved beyond all doubt that waters which circulate or stand in leaden pipes or vessels, not only take up particles of lead through mechanical action due to friction, but attack the metal, the result of this being generally lead carbonate. According to the most eminent authorities in this line, minute quantities of lead thus introduced into and accumulating in the system must rank among the causes of anemia and defectiv nutrition in large towns.

MR. SHEPARD, of the pious *Mail and Express*, in a speech before the Chautauqua assembly, said: "To attempt to abolish poverty is an attempt to discredit our Lord Jesus Christ's declaration and prophecy, 'The poor ye hav with you always,' and either one of these attempts is as sensible, and not more so, as to attempt to abolish appetite." The *World* of this remarks: "Mr. Shepard is a son-in-law of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt. His poverty was miraculously abolished several years ago in the face of Christ's declaration and prophecy, and it is but natural that he should regard the effort of his fellow-beings to benefit themselvs as more or less sacrilegious."

THE Brazilian papers, says the *Sun*, giv satisfactory accounts of the working of the new law for the total abolition of negro slavery in Dom Pedro's empire. It is nearly seventeen years since the adoption of the project for the gradual emancipation of the Brazilian slaves, whose number was then given as nearly 1,500,000, but the operation of that project was not according to the desire of the emperor, who, when he visited this country in 1876, was favorably impressed with the results of negro liberation in our Southern states. Three years ago he brought about the adoption of a measure to hasten the progress of emancipation; but when he realized that even this would continue the existence of slavery beyond his own lifetime, he became impatient to secure a law which would put an end to the system during his reign. While he was absent in Europe, from which he has but recently returned, the desired measure was adopted by the Brazilian Parliament, and, with the gathering of this year's coffee crop, all the slaves of Brazil are entitled to freedom. The slaveholders receive no compensation for the loss of their chattels, yet readily accept the new order of things for which their emperor has so long striven. We learn from the Brazilian papers that the negroes are jubilant over their emancipation, and they participated in the grand ovation which was given to the emperor upon his arrival in Rio de Janeiro. There has been no disturbance of the public peace in any of the provinces of the empire. The great mass of the negro workers on the plantations hav given evidence that they will continue at the labor to which they hav always been accustomed, and those who hav been household servants will do the same thing. In short, the reports from all quarters are favorable. Dom Pedro is to be congratulated upon the accomplishment of the great and noble object to which he has devoted his best efforts during the whole of his reign, and upon the way in which the freedmen hav justified his action.

Communications.

Wages and Tariffs.

Is Mr. Blaine right in predicting that, "if we hav free trade, the factories will be run at half the wages that are now paid?" Is he doing the greatest possible service to American laborers in calling upon them to vote against "the Democratic presumption that offers to put them on the basis—the low-level basis—of European wages?" Are the Republicans really working in the interest of workingmen?

If I thought so, I would vote that ticket. But I cannot overlook the fact that the same men who say on the platform to the laborer that they are his best friends, are sending round a confidential circular, issued by the Republican League of the United States from their headquarters, 32 West 28th street, New York, and calling for contributions from the manufacturers, on the ground that these latter are getting "practically the sole benefit, or at least the most directly important benefits, of the tariff." Do the men who send round that circular really think that the tariff is keeping up wages? They are working in the interest of the manufacturers, and that means trying to keep wages down.

They talk about European wages, but they do not mention the fact that those countries where the laborer is worst off, namely Germany, Italy, Spain, and Russia, hav high protectiv tariffs. The wages in Europe are highest where the tariff is lowest, namely, in Great Britain. They are not so high even there as here. How can they be amid a dense population, with no cheap land, and under a social system which keeps the poor man down? America will always be a good country for the workingman, whatever may be the tariff. And why talk of European wages? Why not say Australian? There is New South Wales, with as low a tariff and as cheap goods as England, and yet with higher wages than ours. The rate is nominally the same—$2 a day for common laborers and $2 50 to $3 for mechanics—but their day is only eight hours. Why don't the Blaine men tell this to the workingman, if they really are his friends?

And why, again, do they all forget to mention some other important facts. For instance, men are paid much higher than women for doing the same work here, as is especially the case in our schools. Then again, wages are much higher on the Pacific than on the Atlantic coast, and in New England than in the South. The tariff has nothing to do with either of these differences, nor, again, with the fact that some of the highest wages paid in this country are earned by carpenters, masons, and house-servants, who get no special protection against foreigners. Take all these facts, with those about Australia and Germany, and we see that it is not true that wages are high or low just as the tariff is.

The real state of the case is simply this: Wages are always high in countries where the amount of production is great in proportion to the number of producers, and low where that amount is small. Call one class of countries rich and the other poor; and we see that wages are high in Australia as well as in America, because both countries are rich, though they differ in their tariffs. So India, Russia, and China are all poor countries and hav low wages, although two of them are protected highly. We all know that the laborer is better off in a rich and prosperous community than in one where there is no business or wealth. All patriots agree in wishing to hav our country produce much and prosper greatly. That will be best for the laborer and everyone else. The only question about the tariff is, What rate of duties will be most favorable to the productivness and prosperity of the United States?

And what hav I to say about free trade? Only this: These words hav but two honest meanings, either abolishing the tariff altogether, or else reducing it, like the English, to a purely revenue basis. Any other meaning given to the words is either a blunder or a fraud. Take them as they ought to be taken—honestly, and there is no more danger of the establishment of free trade by the Democratic party, than there is of their setting up the messianic kingdom.

The only real questions between the two great parties are, Whether the tariff is to be so reduced as to make the average rate of duties forty-two instead of forty seven per cent, and to put wool, salt, and a few other necessaries of life on the free list. Whether these changes are likely to lessen the productivness of our industries, or to put down wages, or in any other way to injure the laboring classes, is a question not to be answered by wild tirades against free trade, but by careful study of the actual facts.

Now, the boot and shoe business is one of our most flourishing industries. It supplies the home market completely; and our exports of leather goods hav risen since 1872 from $3,700,000 to nearly $11,000,000. During that time we nearly doubled our import of foreign hides, and domestic hides continued to be used up as fast as they were supplied. No state of things could be better for the earners of wages; and it is largely due to the fact that this is almost the only one of our industries which comes anywhere near having free raw materials. Hides hav been imported free of duty since 1873, and the result is the best possible for all parties, even the farmers. Would it not be well to take another step in the same direction, and giv to the boot and shoe men, as well as to all the other manufacturers, cheaper iron and lumber? The less the factory pays for raw materials, the cheaper it can make goods; the cheaper the goods, the larger will be the sales; and the greater the production, the higher will be the wages. No one can doubt the advantage of free raw materials, when we consider that the manufacturers and workingmen in foreign countries all insist on having them, whatever may otherwise be the tariff. Many of our own manufacturers and operativs take the same ground; for here is a point where the interests of employed and employee coincide. There are, however, some manufacturers who do not try to increase their products, because they are members of trusts which keep prices up by keeping production down. These trusts lower wages, and at the same time raise prices against the wage-earner. Nothing would be more for his interest than to break up every trust. The only way is to let in competition from abroad. The lumber trust is enabled, by the duty on lumber, to run up its price against every farmer and manufacturer. This increases the cost of production in all industries, and so makes it harder to dispose of the products. Put lumber on the free list, as is proposed by the Democrats, and the trust would hav to giv way under the competition with Canada. The American farmer and manufacturer would be able to produce grain and goods at lower prices without loss. The demand for American products would increase both at home and abroad, and would be met by employing more laborers at higher wages. The trusts may benefit the employer, but it is at the expense of the laborer, as well as of the whole community. The only way to abolish trusts is to reduce the tariff.

I say "reduce," not abolish. I am no free trader, but I am a free-raw-material-ist; and that is precisely the position of Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic party. The reductions they propose, not only in the Mills bill, but in the more recent ones just introduced by Mr. Breckinridge, are precisely such as are best adapted to break down the trusts, to cheapen raw materials, to diminish the expense of manufacturing, and thus in every way to increase the amount of production and rate of wages.

Nowhere would this be more certain than in the woolen mills, which would gain as much from free wool as the shoe shops gain from free hides. The cost of making cloth is now increased about 40 cents a pound by the tax on wool; when this is taken off, as it will be if Cleveland is elected, the factory will make just as much profit out of woolens at $1.50 a yard as now out of the same goods at $2.

There will be no more danger of being undersold by foreigners than at present, for the protectiv duty, which is now 35 or 40 per cent, will be 40 per cent on all grades. A secondary duty, which is now imposed per weight in order to repay the manufacturer for what he loses by the tax on wool, will cease to be needed for his protection. He will hav just as much protection as before, and the people will hav cheaper cloth. As our woolens sink in price there will be a greater demand for them, not only at home but abroad. How much we hav to gain in foreign markets may be judged by such facts as that in 1880 England exported four hundred and fifty times as many dollars' worth of woolen goods as we did, and how much is still to gain at home is shown by the fact that our import of them is worth 12 per cent of all the woolens we use.

How much our cotton and other industries would gain in productivness, and how wages would thus rise as raw materials become cheaper, I leave it for the reader to judge. So much is said by the champions of trusts and monopolies about the mischief which was done before the war by reduction, that I must call attention to the facts. The first important reduction was a gradual one, which went on from 1833 to 1842. Harriet Martineau, Lyell the great scientist, and other travelers who visited us at this time speak of the entire absence of want or pauperism, and call America the laborer's paradise. They saw no beggars, even in New York city, in 1841, and Lowell looked as if it were full of "ladies and gentlemen playing at factory for their own amusement." That is the time when the factory girls published their own magazine, the Lowell *Offering*. The tariff was raised in 1842, but lowered again in 1846; and this reduction was found so beneficial that the rates were lowered in 1857, with the approval of the leaders of both parties, to about one-half of their present average. The result was that between 1850 and 1860 the number of operativs increased 10 per cent faster than the population, and the annual value of factory products more than twice as fast, while the average amount of wages paid in factories increased 20 per cent. It should also be remembered that we were enabled by tariff reduction to export nearly four times as many dollars' worth of manufactured goods in 1860 as in 1847. The savings banks commissioners of Massachusetts, in their report for 1887, state that the average annual increase of deposits during the twenty-seven years of low tariff, before 1861, was much more rapid than during the twenty-seven years of high tariff since 1860. The amount of savings per inhabitant increased 159 per cent from 1850 to 1860, but only one-fifth as much (31 per cent) from 1870 to 1880, while the rate since 1880 has been only one-tenth as high as under low tariffs.

These facts I present at length, because Mr. W. T. S. Hadley, in THE TRUTH SEEKER for August 25th, says that the Democrats "want our well-paid workmen to work for foreign wages," and "where they now get $2 a day and are able to make fortunes, to work for twenty cents a day and die serfs." Was that the case here in 1860? Is it the case now in Australia, where they actually hav the eight-hour law which Mr. Hadley desires? Is the skilled laborer a serf in New South Wales or even in England, where wages rose nearly 10 per cent between 1872 and 1883, while they fell more than 5 per cent in Massachusetts? Is that the best possible state of things for our laborers which leaves a million of men out of work, according to Mr. Powderly? How about the strikes and the tramps? How about the figures presented by the labor bureau of Massachusetts, showing that, on the average, ten laborers in every hundred were without work during the year ending with April, 1885? How many of the men who read these lines are "able to make fortunes?" Or suppose that, instead of answering these questions, Mr. Hadley will tell us what he thinks of this assertion by a Republican senator, Mr. Sharon, quoted from the Nevada *Chronicle* by Heath's "Labor and Finance Revelation," page 259, and Willey's "Whither are We Drifting?" page 62: "The moneyed interests of the country, for self-preservation, must sustain the Republican party. The railroads, the banks, the manufactories, the heavy importers, and all classes of business in which millions are invested will maintain the supremacy of the Republican party." That is the way that party talked while it held the administration. What right has it to ask the workingman to restore the supremacy it has forfeited?

Mr. Hadley givs no proof for his assertion that "the Democratic party wants to put our great home industries on the free list and only retain a tariff for revenue, which simply means no protection at all." There is no better statement of what the Democrats want than the Mills bill, which is a plan for a protectiv tariff. Read it for yourselvs! I say once more that the real question is tariff *vs.* tariff. Mr. Hadley had better prove his charge that this statement is "dishonestly misleading," or else withdraw it, to avoid being suspected of having painted his own portrait.

Having no copy of the article of July 14th, I can only say that my estimate of the money now in our treasury at $530,000,000 errs on the safe side, as business men say it is $733,000,000. What part of the annual revenue is strictly to be called "surplus" is another question. The secretary of the treasury put it at $113,000,000. One of the latest estimates I hav seen is $133,000,000. Mr. Hadley says $60,000,000, and even that is large enough to demand a reduction of the tariff. When I said that the Republican party is unwilling to "surrender any part of our protectiv system," I merely quoted the Chicago platform, which is a much better authority than last winter's speeches. As regards sugar and molasses, it is to be remembered that the Democrats did offer to reduce those duties in the Mills bill, which was and is opposed by the Republicans, and also that Mr. Breckinridge has just introduced a special bill, which would make just these reductions and no others, and which will break down the sugar trust, if the Republicans will consent to its passage. The fact that Washington and Hamilton were satisfied with duties only one-sixth as high, on the average, as those now in force shows that there is nothing very "absurd and unjust" in favoring a reduction of duties which would leave them five times as high as the standard adopted by the "old heroes." I say further that the last panic we had took place under a high tariff—essentially that now in force—and that we could afford perfectly well to use part of the gold, which began to pour in from California before 1850, in making such purchases abroad as raised the value of exports above imports. What can we do better with our gold than to spend it for whatever we need? But I hav said enough to show that the tariff and wages problem is not to be solved by taking it for granted that the Democrats are trying to turn all our mechanics into serfs.

F. M. HOLLAND.

Biographical.

From the Chicago Times of September 4th.

Rev. James S. Greene, nearly eighty years of age and former rector of St. Matthew's Reformed Episcopal church on Larrabee street, was evicted from the Grand Pacific Hotel last night, where he occupied elegant quarters with an innocent bride, on the charge of bigamy preferred against him by a legal wife who left him a short time ago in fear of her life.

For over half a century a minister of the gospel, if the best evidence is true, he has between family prayers, during which he fell over with intoxication, been not only addicted to the inevitable minor vices, but has been a forger, a state-prison convict, three times divorced from wives, who hav died of insanity and broken hearts, and has married six women.

Shame, Where Is Thy Blush?

While sympathizing with everybody and everything that tends toward truth seeking, with those choosing attacks on the Bible as their means I consider love's labor lost. I look upon them as upon the small boy who, after having succeeded in chipping off the corner of a huge cake of ice, rejoices over his success and thinks that because that piece was sufficient to cool off his small body, the cake is utterly ruined. But we know differently, for the value of the cake is unimpaired. The identical case is with the Bible-attackers. Some would-be iconoclasts, after succeeding in chipping off a corner of it, rejoice in the thought, because it satisfied their minds, that the remainder is ruined; but we know better.

To fight for the truth against its assailant, falsehood, I would suggest that theology, like physic, should be thrown to the dogs. As a substitute take up hard facts, uncomplicated and comprehensible to all. As champion in the innovation, I will lead in the van. The followers of the Nazarite are exulting in having found the foundation of truth, love, justice, humility and forbearance, in fact, everything that is good and noble, in the person of Jesus Christ. But in the annals of history we are confronted with many black pages relating to the modes of infusing these noble qualities into the world. They are certainly too revolting for specification. How much love does the Catholic bestow upon the Protestant, the Protestant upon the Catholic, and both upon the Jew? Thousands of ministers are explaining every Sunday to multitudes of adults and children the loveliness of Christianity by displaying a diagram of sheol where the unbelievers in Christianity are constantly bathing in a sea of brimstone. If occasionally the bathers are taken out to dry, then they are hung up on hooks by the bathing-master, Satan. This is love with a vengeance.

As to Christian truth and justice, I will disprove their existence, by living facts, minus theology. Christianity has taken upon itself the sacred duty of spreading the gospel far and wide. It singled out the Jew as a specialty, according to the gospel: "To the Jew first, and also to the Greek." A stock company, under the firm name of missionary societies, is established all over the world, with a capital stock of unlimited millions. While the principal is enjoyed by the missionaries here on earth, the dividends are paid out in heaven upon the presentation of coupons by the enterprising stockholders. In New York, the metropolis of Uncle Sam's dominion, with an enormous, growing population of the unconverted Jew, many attempts at establishing a Christian clearing-house where the Jew should be stamped and canceled were incorporated, but met with failure. The head managers, the missionaries, though never having decamped with their boodle to Canada, too often were carried off to penitentiaries. But it came to pass in those days that a ruler after their own heart was secured. His name was Freshman. He not only was baptized in the spirit, but also branded himself son of a rabbi. Though his parents' history would be quite interesting, they being dead I will take up the thread of the loving prodigal son. This son of a rabbi was taken upon the wings of many prominent divines, but their strength failed them. It is true that the first two weeks, the *Herald* announced, yielded sixteen Jewish bodies, with as many Christian souls in them. But it turned out to be a regular *Herald* delusion, as neither the souls nor the bodies could be produced. This falsifying statement, though emanating from the son of a rabbi himself, did not stop the flow of Christian shekels into his coffers. He, in return, resolved not to touch a single cent of the thousands pouring down upon him, for he did not know how to utilize the money, since he and his good lady resolved to liv upon faith, the whole faith, and nothing but the faith. For this we hav his own words, in his sixth annual report, page 13, line 8. This of course accounts for not keeping an account of either receipts or disbursements.

With all his faith and the faith placed upon him by his hypocritical *aides de camp*, he would hav remained in obscurity and died the death of the faithful. But in an evil hour I became a truth seeker, arguing that since the entire missionary scheme is intended for the salvation of the Jew I, as one of them, though perhaps a bad Jew—but was there ever a Jew bad enough not to be a fit subject for embracing Christianity?—acting upon the impulse of the moment, led myself like a sheep to the slaughter and introduced myself to the lord high executioner Freshman. With tears in my eyes I unbosomed myself to the high priest Freshman—that a bad Jew wished to be converted into a good Christian. With his once Jewish instinct he took in the situation at a glance, and no doubt was directed from heaven, with which he is commercially connected, as related in his fifth annual report, page 8, line 14, where he draws upon it as follows: "Lord, be pleased to send me $50." He emphatically refused to convert me into either an ex- or son of a rabbi, which, as a rule, the convert is entitled to. This barefaced falsehood so enraged me that I sounded the alarm to his divine supporters, taking it for granted that they were not aware of his huge ignorance and black, depraved, false character. Instead of hailing the great tidings of truth with gladness, they began to put me off in such a manner as only Christian ministers know. After years of postponement, I made it so hot for them in THE TRUTH SEEKER that it brought out the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, one of the advisory board of that money-making scheme, who took me in his confidence and imparted to me a fatherly advice that I ran the risk of being lost in the meshes of newspaper notoriety. I should in the future adopt a more rational *modus operandi, i.e.*, to hav the stated facts directed to the president of the board of trustees. He, as one of them, would see to it that it should reach its destination and hav the desired effect. With tearful eyes and bended knees I thanked him from the bottom of my heart, for I felt sure to be on the right road of truth avenging itself upon falsehood. In twenty-four hours the desired facts were in the possession of Dr. Deems, who favored me with a prompt acknowledgment. After patience refused to be a virtue, I began to shower upon him epistles for his negligence. This brought out an explanatory letter from Dr. Deems, that after sending my letter to the wrong chairman, he succeeded in finding out the right one, to whom he forwarded my facts, and that it was under consideration. Weeks of patient waiting brought no results. Finally, I presented myself before the august body of the president, H. B. Turner, Esq., a prominent lawyer of No. 20 Nassau street. After showing him the letter of Dr. Deems, I inquired what action had been taken. "My dear sir," he replied, "it is all Hebrew to me. I never either saw or heard anything about the letter in question. With difficulty I succeeded in seeing Dr. Deems. When I broached the subject to him, apprising him of the President Turner episode, Dr. Deems became white with rage, and made use of epithets that you need not look for in a Sunday-school textbook.

"But, doctor," I calmly replied, "no amount of rage on your part will make me return the compliment. I simply expect to receive a civil answer to my civil question. What has become of my letter?"

"I gave it to Mr. Freshman."

"Thank you, doctor. Good-bye, doctor." And I left.

Ye theologians! Why waste your tangled talents when tangible facts are in abundance?

The next step was to the reverend doctors, editors of the Christian weeklies. But as my experience with them was rather lengthy, I will leave it to be continued in my next. A. BENJAMIN.

New York, Sept. 2, 1888.

The Gospel According to Common Sense.

THE BIBLE AND SPIRITUALISM.

The fable of the rich man and Lazarus presents the doctrin of a future state—which, by the way, is of heathen and not of Hebrew origin—in an aspect than which nothing can be more absurd or illogical. If it be a crime to be rich, then are most of us criminals at heart, whatever our actual condition. If to wear purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day be sinful, then a dry man who wears broadcloth and a boiled shirt, and whose meals are plentiful and well-cooked, as with the average American dinner—every such man is in danger of hell fire. On the other hand, if it be meritorious to follow the profession of a beggar—if in addition to this the postulant be covered with sores and swarming with vermin and so insures an additional claim to a heritage of bliss—it would be a grand mistake to consign such a one to the hospital or the poorhouse, as it would be our first impulse to do. Better employ him as a mediator with the powers that are supposed to be and whose special favorit he is. If he once leaves the world he will never be allowed to come back. "Father Abraham" has said: "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one came to them from the dead."

Believe what? There is the rub. For many centuries both Jew and gentile hav believed in Moses and the prophets, and Moses inaugurated that belief in the first place by a series of cunning juggling tricks performed before Pharaoh and his court for the mystification of the Egyptian jugglers, who were great adepts at the same sort of thing. We hav but an *ex parte* statement, supposed to hav been written by Moses himself, and of course he made his own case good. Aaron turns his rod into a snake, and then the magicians of Pharaoh turned their rods into snakes. And then Aaron's rod, in his character of a snake, swallowed up the rods of the magicians, and still Pharaoh refused to believe that there was any special superiority in Aaron's snake, or, in short, to swallow either one of them. It is needless to go through the whole list of electro-biological experiments by which Moses succeeded in convincing the Israelites that he was sent to be their deliverer, but by which he failed to convince Pharaoh. Yet on the juggling tricks of a charlatan and impostor is founded the whole system of Hebraic theology, and the monarchical and supposed theocratic government accepted by the Jews down to the present day. At the time of the Christian schism it was found necessary to produce some new miracles—they had long been suppressed—in order to revive the drooping faith of those who looked in vain for a fulfilment of ancient prophecies and a realization of the grand promises made to Abraham, "the father of the faithful." The miracles imputed to Jesus Christ were certainly of a better class than those wrought by Moses. Jesus did not cause the earth to open and swallow up those who opposed him. He was singularly mild and forbearing under the greatest provocation. Yet it must be acknowledged that his miracles were one and all failures if judged by results. He did *not* rise again from the dead, or where is he? He did *not* endow with eternal life those who believed in him, or where are they? Common sense refuses the explanation that they are translated to and living in another sphere. Jesus promised a corporeal resurrection, and lo! nearly twenty centuries hav elapsed and the bones of the saints still remain as the amulets of the faithful. It is extremely difficult to shake off an illusion, however absurd, or to get rid of a superstition, however unreasonable. A thousand generations hav passed away and twenty centuries hav elapsed, and still Christendom is looking forward to a general resurrection that has not taken place according to prophecy and certainly never will. And lest superstition should after all die a natural death or be exploded by science, a new feature of importance has arisen—or rather, an old one has been revived, to wit, Spiritualism. It was invented by the heathen poets centuries before Jesus founded thereon his hypothetical heaven and hell. Medieval laws proscribed what medieval priestcraft claimed as its own peculiar province—the exercise of thaumaturgical powers by the laity. And that is the reason "Spiritualism," according to the modern acceptation of the term, has been so long in abeyance. Now pretenders to the art may in this country be reckoned by thousands. And, if we may credit apparently *bona-fide* reports, they produce miraculous effects and appearances equal to anything described either in the Old or in the New Testament. All this is calculated to put *bona-fide* "truth seekers" off their guard.

Once admit the possibility of the supernatural, and the existence among us of unseen beings and intelligences who make themselvs visible through the mediums of a select circle, closed doors, and lowered lights, and where are we to stop? We know from daily observation and experience that the highest order of human intelligence is invariably developed from a well-organized brain, and that brain is a material one. So close is the relationship between mind and matter that the disease of one invariably affects the other. When the brain ceases to act, the intelligence ceases to exist, nor can it be brought back again to the defunct body. That the spirits of our deceased friends, endued with supernatural intelligence, are still hovering around us—that they still take an interest in mundane affairs, and are able to advise in circumstances which to disembodied spirits hav neither interest nor meaning—that they occasionally not only make themselvs visible to sight (at a safe distance from the spectator) but obtrude a hand which is tangible as well as visible, proves that professional mediums are able to obtain a wonderful influence over the imaginations of their dupes and converts, but really proves nothing besides. All the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, including table-rapping, were described by Iamblichus in his treatis, "De Mysteriis," etc., more than two thousand years ago. No advance in the art has been made since that time, but, if anything, it has actually gone back. It no longer occupies the attention of philosophers and men of sense. The only ones who practice or avail themselvs of it in the present day are designing knaves on the one hand and fools on the other. I grant that there are honest Spiritualists as there are honest Christians, who see what they believe and believe what they see. But if we take stock of the utility either of Spiritualism or of Christianity, we must seek for results in the lunatic asylums, and not among the ranks of those who are most useful and valuable to their fellow-men. OUTIS.

What Is Religion?

Religion is a compound consisting of forms, ceremonies, rites, dogmas, and beliefs that are inconsistent with reason or sense, and derogatory to infinit power and wisdom. Religion is a human invention, made to govern, to obtain riches, honor, and power; and, as these acquisitions are obtained from the fount of ignorance, it has ever been the study, aim, and object of the priesthood to keep the people in this low, degraded, and servil state. Hence the interdiction of thought, the sentencing of philosophy as vain and of reason as carnal and groveling. Morality is not religion; there is nothing in common between them. The doctrin of total depravity destroys all the moral principles and paralyzes every pure and good faculty of the soul. Truth, justice, honesty, love, virtue—all the moral attributes of our being—do by this means become evil devices and decoys to lead down to perdition. Religion repudiates the power and wisdom of the creator; it represents the deity as deficient in power and ability—nature is wrong, all wrong; man, the consummation of his skill, has proved a failure, and has to be made over again. Sum up the causes of all the evils that permeate society, of all the wars that hav desolated the world and heaped untold miseries on the human race, sacrificing the philosophers and the learned, slaughtering unnumbered millions, drenching the earth and dyeing the seas with blood, and you hav religion.—*Rollin Bradley.*

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.
E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard Chicago.

Official Call for Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

To the Local Secular Unions, Life, Charter, and Annual Members, and all Liberal citizens who support the Nine Demands of Secularism, Greeting:

You are hereby invited to attend the Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, which will convene at Lafayette Hall, Wood street, near 4th, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, October 5, 1888, at 10 A.M., for a four days' session—5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th inclusiv.

All Charter and Life Members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of State or Executiv Committees, and all duly accredited delegates from Local Secular Unions are entitled to seats and votes in this Annual Congress. Each Local Secular Union is entitled to send its President and Secretary and three other members as delegates. Annual Members who pay or hav paid $1 in the national treasury are entitled to seats, but not to votes, except by unanimous consent of the Congress.

This Congress will specially consider practical questions tending to further agitation for taxation of church property; the abrogation of state aid to sectarian institutions; abolition of state, national, military, and prison chaplaincies; repeal of judicial oaths, Sunday and other oppressiv and unjust ecclesiastical laws; nullification of attempts to subvert our Constitution by a legal recognition of Theism in the American Magna Charta, and such other measures as will not merely thwart intended theological encroachments, but will absolutely expunge from our laws, state and federal, such insidious acts as hav already crept in to blot out mental freedom from our republic.

It is to be hoped that the addresses delivered will deal with the practical issues of the organization, so that there will be such an awakening of the people to these vital questions of the hour that a revival of the instinct of liberty and justice for all will necessarily result; that again from the Keystone state—the birthplace of our association—the clarion voice of freedom shall vibrate throughout the land.

Pittsburgh being situated almost in the center of a district containing many of our most distinguished workers, thinkers, and writers, besides the activ host within its limits, there is little doubt but that this Congress will be a glorious gathering of the forces who stand for mental liberty, as expressed in the desire for complete Secularization of the government.

S. P. PUTNAM, Pres.
E. A. STEVENS, Sec.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com.

The American Secular Union.

This constitutes the first of a series of three tables, representing, as far as I am aware, the only list of church property ever arranged in Chicago. It is reliable, and, if anything, underestimates this property, some of which is not now used for "divine" service but for producing dividends in the shape of rents for schemers who, under the guise of saving our souls, "skin" our pockets by this process of plundering and false-swearing. The state neglects, or refuses, to hav the church property valued, so that the American Secular Union has been to no little expense to produce a fair valuation which shall approximate about one-third of the real valuation. The gentleman who made these estimates for us has been deputy state auditor and assessor in Indiana, and we were most fortunate in finding so efficient a person to prepare the tables. Several official friends hav been of great assistance, and by their counsel we are enabled to present statistics that cannot be controverted. To better bring the matter clearly before your readers, let me say that this $2,248,000 on the North Side should be multiplied by three and we would find $6,754,000 as the result. An annual tax of 10 mills must amount to $60,754.

UNTAXED CHURCH PROPERTY IN NORTH DIVISION OF CHICAGO, ILL.

	Sub-Lot	Lot	Blk	Value
SHEFFIELD'S ADDITION:				
Re-Subdivision W 1-2.		1	1	
Pres. Ger. church.	7 to 10	"	"	$ 7,000
Scott's Re-Sub. W 1-4.			1	
Parochial school.	1 and	2	"	3,000
Heath's Sub. E 1-2.		19	1	
Ger. Bap. church.	8 to 11	"	"	5,000
Co. Clerk's Div. of W 1-2.	9, 10, 11, and pt.	12	2	
Church.	1	12	2	$ 6,000
Parochial school.	pt. 17, 18	"	"	7,000
Re-Sub. of W 1-2.	20 to	24	"	
Church orphan asylum.	29 to 35	"	"	25,000
Civ. Court Part W 1-2.		25	"	
Pres. Sem. E. 5 acres and N 1-2.			3	110,000
Re-Sub. of S 1-2.			4	
Church.	1 to 4	6	"	5,000
Church.	19 and 20	"	"	4,000
Re-Sub. E 1-2.			11	
Church.		3	"	80,000
Catholic Bishop Sub.	25 to 36	4	12	
Catholic Bishop of Chic.	A 36	"	"	25,000
Re-Sub. of		6	13	
Parochial school.	41 to 48	"	"	15,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB.: Pt. S. 1-2, 33, 40, 14.				
Church.		1	7	7,000
Central Baptist church.	34 to	38	8	20,000
G. M. Atwood.	4, 5, and	6	9	25,000
Grant Pl. M. E. church.	13 to	17	"	15,000
Sisters of Charity Sub.			25	
Sisters of Charity.		A	"	60,000
Re-Sub. W 1-2.			26	
Lutheran Orphan Asylum.	32 to	53	"	80,000
Reisch Sub.		1	28	
L. Park Cong. church.	23 and 24	"	"	30,000
Church hospital.	20 to	24	29	10 000
Church (Sub. of 20 to 25)	3		40	6 000
Redemption fathers of Chicago.	1 to	10	54	25,000
Sisters of Charity.	14 to	17	"	40 000
St. Michael's church.	22 to	25	"	60,000
NORTH ADDITION TO CHIC.: Edson's Sub. of		11		
New Jerusalem.	5 and 6	"		5,000
BRONSON'S ADDITION TO CHICAGO: Co. Clerk's Division.	33 to	40		
La Salle Baptist church.	20 and 21	"		40,000
Re-Sub. of		137		
Alexian Hospital.	63 to 82	"		30,000
Dominican Sisters.	129 to 132	"		40,000
Catholic Bishop of Chic.	133 & 134	"		40,000
Re-Sub of		151		
Catholic church.	27 to 34	"		70,000
Catholic church.	55 and 56	"		30,000
STATE BANK OF ILL. SUB.: N.-E. 1-4, N.-W. 1-4, 4, 39, 14.				
N.-E Cong. church.	6 and	7	8	20,000
BUTTERFIELD ADDITION TO CHICAGO:				
Church.		46		5,000
Assessors' division.		81		
Parochial school.	3 and 4	"		7,000
Parochial school, S.-E. 1-4.		83		7,000
Parochial school.	5 to 8	"		5,000
Parochial school.	10	85		3,000
Church.		109		5,000
St. Paul E. L. Soc., S. 1-2.		143		10,000
EELSTON'S ADDITIONS TO CHICAGO:				
Unity church.	1 and	2	89	5,000
BUSHNELL ADDITION TO CHICAGO: Assessors' division.			5	
Grace M. E. church.		1	"	50.000
Moody church.	1 to	4	4	50,000
Re-Sub. of	8 and		9	
N.-E. church, 1 in	1, 2, and 4	A	"	70,000
Church, 2 in	" "	"	"	60,000
Episcopal church.	18to20and	21	19	80,000
JOHNSON, ROBERTS AND STORS' ADDITION TO CHICAGO:				
Magdalen asylum.	1 to	8	5	60,000
Co. Clerk's division.			6	
St. Benedictine Order.		1	"	25 000
Franciscan Sisters.		2	"	30,000
Assessors' division.	Part.		9	
Parochial school.	5 to 8, and 16 and	17	"	40 000
Sisiers of Charity school.	18 to	24	11	30,000
Scandinav'n church, S. 1-2.	1 and	2	13	5.000
Swedish church.	7 and	8	21	15,000
Swedish church.	2, 3, and	4	22	5,000
Church.		1	25	35,000
Parochial school.	1 to	5	35	25,000
DELIVAN'S ADDITION TO CHICAGO:				
Catholic school.	1 to	5	8	20,000
Swedish church.	11 to	14	"	10,000
Rogers' Sub., N.-E. 1-4, S.-W. 1-4, 4, 39, 14.				
N. S church.	Part.	6	1	10,000
Church.	Part.	6	"	6,000
Home of Good Shepherd.			10	60 000
Church.	11, 12, and	13	13	20 000
Parochial school.	20 to	26	14	15,000
Church.	Pt. 6 and	7	19	5,000
BUTLER, WRIGHT AND WEBSTER'S ADDITION TO CHICAGO:				
Church of the Assumption.	7, 8, and	9	4	15,000
Ev. Lutheran church.	24 25, and	26	13	15,000
Grace Ev.	1, 2, and	3	17	15,000
St. Paul German Ev.	23 to	26	"	15,000
WALCOTT'S ADDITION TO CHICAGO:				
St. Paul United Lutheran.	4, 5, and	6	13	25,000
Chicago Historic Sc.	1, 2, and	3	23	15,000
Chicago Historic Sc.	Pt. 14, 15, and	16	"	20,000
St. Vincent's Church Asylum.	1 to	5	30	20,000
KINZIE'S ADDITION TO CHICAGO:				
St. James's church, N.-E. 1-4.			40	80 000
St. James's church.		5	"	60.000
Roman Catholic cathedral.			51	160.000
Fourth Pres. church.	1 and	2	52	80,000
				$2,248,000

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

BROWNSVILLE, ORE., July 30th, 31st, Aug. 1st.—Very few Liberals are in this place. Friends Rockwell, French, and McCormick constitute the trinity of Freethought. The Liberals, although few in number, being outspoken and generous-hearted, are a power for good. The three lectures were well attended and aroused considerable interest; many were for the first time induced to read and think for themselvs; some of the most bigoted discovered there was such a thing as "the other side." They hav greater respect now for the "ignorant Infidels" since learning that all the facts of history and science are on our side.

Here I met John Diamond, of Coburg, who came to attend the lectures and to escort me to Coburg—a veteran aged seventy-three, a '49 pioneer, a diamond of the purest, brightest kind. In this long tour—it is over a year now since I left home—I hav met many noble old Liberals, sturdy, consistent, fearless friends of human progress, who, in the long past as in the present, hav ever fearlessly proclaimed their convictions, bearing the burden and heat of the battle when it cost something more than the loss of recognition by Mrs. Grundy.

To me it is always a source of encouragement, pride, and joy to hear the dear old veterans testify of the peace and comfort Liberalism affords them, making happy their lives and enabling them to look forward to death with "reverential calm," with no more of fear or dread than they hav of their next night's restful sleep. Of all the many such I hav met, none excel John Diamond in living out the principles of Liberalism. Possessing a heart of tenderest love and gentle sympathy, to promote others' happiness is a thing of very joy. If he knows or sees any creature in need—and he has a quick eye to see—with unobtrusiv kindness he affords the needed aid, and the kind service is rendered, the benefit conferred, as though he alone were the favored one. Of course he is an enthusiastic admirer and worker for THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, and *Ironclad Age*.

COBURG, ORE., Aug. 3d, 4th, 5th.—This is the home of John Diamond. He has owned very large ranches here, but as age crept on he has sold out so as to be free of care and hav more time to enjoy the delight of making others happy. The town hall where the three lectures were delivered is quite a little distance from the village. Coburg is a very small place. I was surprised at the good attendance and the eager demand for Liberal literature. The hall is a handsome, commodious building erected especially for the general public, and, strange to say, the conditions are kept, and the hall is free to all.

HARRISBURGH, ORE., Aug. 7th, 8th, 9th.—Goldsmith's deserted village, the most sad case of "has been" I ever visited. It once had a large trade. It is very favorably situated, has good navigable-river frontage, and it is a rich country all around it. A few years ago the people wanted a railroad, subscribed liberally and got it, and at once the business of the place fell away. It ceased to be a great supply center. To-day there are three times as many vacant stores and warehouses as there are occupied ones.

Oregon has a very sleepy climate, and Harrisburgh is entitled to the medal as the drowsiest place on earth. The butcher leaves a bell on his meat-block and goes over to chat and snooze in a chair on the sunny side of the street with the drug-store man. If a customer comes, the bell can be rung to arouse him. The barber, finding lack of customers, goes fishing for exercise.

The Wright brothers are right good Liberals, but in the wrong place, for they are young men of energy and enterprise. Strange how they can persevere amidst so much of moldering decay.

The banker and his accomplished wife and the postmaster are genuin Liberals. Of course there was but small attendance at the lectures, yet those who did attend evinced great interest. Not one of

the audience slept or even nodded, so there is yet hope, if sufficient Liberal element could be imported, that the place might yet be redeemed. Brother John Long was to hav attended to matters pertaining to the lectures, and things fell short because of Long's shortcoming.

CORVALLIS, ORE., Aug. 11th, 12th.—Here I was greeted by that reliable, whole-souled working Liberal, B. F. Hyland. This is quite a good-sized town, quite a business center. The sleepy climate of Oregon seems to lull people into inactivity, for nature with lavish hand supplies every want—grain, fruit, fish, coal, lumber, in luxurious abundance, and a genial climate. Winter's icy pinch is all unknown, so that there is little need for the laborious activity of less favored sections to supply all the necessaries of life. Brother Hyland is a born hustler, and even Oregon, while it may subdue, can never take from him his spirit of energetic push. He and his handsome son are the workers, the standard-bearers, in Corvallis. The lectures were delivered at the city hall; and as Ben Hyland has the happy faculty of imparting his own enthusiasm to others, thanks to his self-sacrificing efforts the lectures were a success. Several on Monday morning acknowledged to me the benefit received. There are few more generous, able, and efficient workers for Liberalism than B. F. Hyland and son. I go for the next fifteen days to Coos county.

I am reluctantly compelled to cancel many engagements (see appointments below). I hav now been absent from my loved ones over a year. At best, I cannot reach home until last of April. I throw myself on the mercy of the disappointed ones, and hope to compensate them by returning with Mrs. Reynolds in the fall of 1889.

My appointments are: Wash. Terr.: Pasco, September 2d, 3d; N. Yakima, 4th, 5th, 6th; Ellensburg, 7th, 8th, 9th; Walla Walla, 10th, 11th, 12th. Utah: Logan, September 15th; Ogden, 16th; Deweyville, 17th, 18th; Plain City, 19th; Hooper, 20th; Kaysville. 21st; Salt Lake City, 23d; Uintah, 24th; Morgan, 25th, 26th; Echo, 27th; Coalville, 28th, 29th; Salt Lake City, 30; Wanship, October 1st; Peoa, 2d, 3d; Kamas, 4th, 5th; Park City, 6th; Salt Lake City, 7th; Grantsville, 8th; Stockton, 9th, 10th; Murray, 11th, 12th; Sugar House, 13th; Salt Lake City, 14th; Lehi, 15th; Provo, 16th, 17th; Springville, 18th, 19th; Payson, 20th, 21st; Goshen, 22d; Salt Lake City, 23d. C. B. REYNOLDS.

A Minister's Complaint.

[The following is from an activ preacher in one of the Western states. His name and denomination we are requested to withhold.—ED. T. S.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I do not suppose you often get letters from ministers; however, I shall write a few lines either for the paper or for the waste-basket. I am not orthodox enough to swallow down "By the decree of God," "For the manifestation of his glory," etc., or, in other words, that a God of love creates beings on purpose to torment them through the ceaseless ages of eternity. Because I do not swallow down that trash some of my more orthodox friends, especially ministers, frequently call me pet names and say I am an Infidel. One good preacher tackled me one day and I finally said to him, "If you honestly believe in this doctrin of a never-dying soul and eternal torment, why don't you be honest and preach it?" "Oh, my brother," said he, "the Bible says the time will come that they will not endure sound doctrin—the people will not endure it." I told him I would preach what I believed, let them hear or refrain. When I think of the way people hav been imposed upon, swallowing down whatever comes from the pulpit, asking no questions, I am reminded of how we boys used to serve the birds when we found their nests of young; they would think it the mother bird and would at once throw back their necks, open their mouths from ear to ear, and, whatever was put in, gulp it down and open for more. One boy whose elder brother was a soldier secured some soldier buttons and the birdies gulped them down and soon the poor birdies were no more.

When C. B. Reynolds came to Colorado, some of my friends of Liberal ideas wanted me to go and hear him. I accordingly took up my meetings two nights and listened candidly. Of course I did not indorse all he had to say, and consequently I decided to deliver a lecture on the inspiration of the Bible. I went to Mr. Reynolds and told him my intentions—that I did not wish any controversy, but that as I had invited my friends to hear, I felt it my duty to defend the Bible. He said he would if he was in my place and in his lecture that night urged all to come and hear me. I called on the Methodist Episcopal and Baptist ministers, who, by the way, had started a protracted meeting, in order to draw attendance off, the night before Mr. Reynolds was billed to commence his lectures. I told them my purpose to defend the Bible and invited them to take up their meeting to let all come and hear, when lo: No, sir; they believed in treating such things with silent contempt, and it was very injurious to a protracted meeting to break in, even for one night, etc. "Very well," I said, "I shall lecture at the court house to morrow night." And I did so, to a full house. How many they had at the protracted meeting I never learned, but the night before a friend was there and told me there were himself and another man and three or four women and the two preachers trying hard to keep it warm.

When I see the course most are pursuing, I don't wonder Infidelity is growing fast. I told the people in my lecture that such things made Infidels. I am a firm believer in temperance, but when I see the Prohibition party fast going over to the sworn enemy of liberty, the National Reform party, I am led to say, "Where are we drifting?" I believe in religion—a religion that makes men better citizens—but do not believe in forcing it upon any. I want my children to read the Bible, but I do not want my neighbor's children compelled to hear it against his wishes. The place to advance religion is the home and the church, and when any party undertakes to legislate on religion they are simply going backward, not forward. There is much in your principles that I cannot indorse, but here is my hand in opposing the party working for the union of church and state.

Key to Escape from Spiritualism.

We are told that prayer in faith will procure positivly anything, yet the very body of men who would be expected to hav faith if any could, the clergy, were never known in one solitary instance thus to procure a salary, but in every case hav recourse for that to a carnal world. In miracles the same mysterious exception is made; among all the miracles recorded as performed by God there is just one kind that cannot be found, and that is the creation of a pot of gold for one of his preachers, but for this they are always seen chasing about after the worldly man outside like a dog after a hare. . . . It is the most absurd and laughable thing on earth.—*Truth Seeker Editorial, September 8th.*

We are told that spirits can pass through all substances and bodies, thus being enabled to enter brokers' and financiers' offices and hear all that is said, yet the very body of men who would be expected to profit by this if any could, the mediums, were never known in one solitary instance thus to obtain information enabling them to invest in the right quarters, and thereby to make money, but in every case hav recourse for that to a carnal world. In discovery of unowned hidden wealth the same mysterious exception is made; among all the feats recorded as performed by spirits there is just one kind that cannot be found, and that is the indication of a pot of gold or a lode of ore for one of their mediums, but for this the mediums are always seen chasing about after the worldly man outside like a dog after a hare. . . . It is the most absurd and laughable thing on earth. BICKERSTAFF.

The Andersonville "Providential Spring."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* You will please find inclosed some clippings from the *National Tribune*, Washington, D. C. I wish you would print them in THE TRUTH SEEKER. For years I hav read of this "miraculous spring," but this, like the "holy well" of Brooklyn, proves to be a busted miracle.

It is wonderful the amount of bosh that has been written about this Providential Spring. If God wished to perform a miracle, why did he not miraculously break down the stockade? Why did he not giv them their liberty? If that was a "providential spring," then God was on the side of the Southern Confederacy, because, while he was in the miracle business, why did he not giv liberty as well as water, or, for the matter of that, both? The believers in miracles can take their choice between two things: If God wanted these prisoners to hav water, and performed a miracle in order that they might hav it, then it is just as logical to say he did not want them to hav their liberty, because an "almighty power" can perform a big miracle just as easily as a small one. The fact of the matter is, none of these so-called miracles will "hold water"—they cannot stand the scrutinizing test of reason.

There is a sky-pilot near here who has been "cured by prayer of a cancer and a rupture." If God would perform one more miracle and cure him of lying, he would hav my thanks.

What wonderful liars they are
These miracle-performers by prayer!
If they continue their lies
When they get in the skies,
Munchausen will wish he warn't there.

Staples, Minn. D. C. JENKINS.

THE CLIPPINGS.

EDGAR SPRINGS, MO.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your issue of July 12th I find a communication from Comrade Lowden concerning the Providential Spring at Andersonville. I also notice others on the same subject, all agreeing in substance with Comrade Lowden's statement. I was in Andersonville from early in the spring of 1864 till September, when I was sent to Charleston, S. C. My recollection of dates is very dim, and I am uncertain about the time I left, but I was among the first to go, only two or three parties leaving before mine. My first knowledge of this spring was gained from the papers of a religious weekly just after the close of the war. It was pronounced a modern miracle, a special interposition of divine providence, etc. Of course I did not believe it. I hav since become convinced, however, of the actual existence of such a spring, and am now able to throw a little light on the source of it.

For some time before I left I remember there was a small seep between the dead-line and the stockade of pure spring water. Some enterprising Yankee fixed a spout so as to convey this water within the limits of safety, and a person possessing sufficient patience could secure a tin cup full of pure water occasionally, but I never had enough of that virtue to get a taste, and always slaked my thirst at the branch. The spring always presented a similar appearance to the surgeon's tent at sick call, when we were having three hours' drill per day. I presume this was about the place where the Providential Spring broke out. Three years ago, while traveling through the state of Arkansas, I stopped for the night with an ex-rebel. After getting myself outside of a liberal amount of rusty bacon, soda biscuits, and black coffee, we lit our pipes, and took a seat on the porch to allow the provender to digest, and to gather strength for the coming combat with the insect kingdom.

The conversation turned on the late unpleasantness, and we exchanged yarns. My host told me that he assisted in building the stockade at Andersonville. He said that on the north side of the swamp was a very fine spring that afforded a right smart quantity of good water, and that the stockade was built right through it, and that it troubled them considerably to get the logs solidly set there, but it was done, and the spring completely choked up, so that no sign of it could be seen. He wondered at the time why the spring was not inclosed, but calculated the officers knew what they were doing, and they probably did. I hav no doubt but this was the Providential Spring, which, after being choked up, made for itself an underground outlet to the creek, through which the water escaped, till it became flushed by the heavy rain spoken of, when it broke out in a new place.

JOSEPH HALL, Co. A, 22d Mich.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: During a hard thunder-storm the spring broke out from an old well that the prisoners had dug for water on the north side of, and perhaps thirty yards from, the slough and about the same distance from the west stockade. So heavy was the rainfall during this storm that a portion of the stockade on the upper side was washed away. We all shouted at the sight as the Israelites did when encompassing Jericho. God caused to burst forth a living spring of pure water to moisten the parched tongues of the dying and to refresh the yet living of the starving hosts of the hated Yankee prisoners. No! If my memory is correct, he would far rather hav constructed troughs to run the water from than to us. This is my remembrance.

BENJ. WILLIAMS, Co. B, 5th Iowa Cav.

DAYTON, O.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was in Andersonville, Ga., in the 92d Detachment, 3d Mess, and remember about the spring breaking out after a very heavy rain, Aug. 9, 1864; but it is only within a few years that I hav learned that there was any special dispensation of providence in this, and it was generally understood that the Southern Confederacy was so far removed from all humanity and God, that there was no chance for any miracles; besides, the conveniences for getting water were so inadequate to the vast number of prisoners, that if there was any providential meaning it was only for a few. Let us stop this bosh.

JOHN A. MILLER, Co. E, 1st Ohio.

Lectures and Meetings.

MR. F. M. HOLLAND has changed his address from N. Truro to Concord, Mass. He will probably not write another tariff article.

JNO. GEO. HERTWIG, of Washington, D. C., desires to lecture during the coming winter, and solicits engagements for this purpose. In religious matters he is an absolute Freethinker, and as to public questions generally, he is a thorough Radical. He was born in Germany, where he received a collegiate and university education, and has lived in the United States thirty years. He will lecture in English. His address is, P. O. Box 706, Washington, D. C.

THE Chicago Secular Union's program for the rest of September is as follows: Sunday, the 16th, at 7:45 P.M., Horace C. Bennett, on "Practical Politics;" Sunday, the 23d, S. P. Putnam, at 2:30 P.M., on "Fair Play;" at 7:45 P.M., on "Priest, King, and People." Sunday, the 30th, F. M. Williams, on "Prohibition." The Union meets at the Forum, corner of Washington Boulevard and Sangamon street. Free discussion follows the lectures, and good vocal and instrumental music is enjoyed. The seats are free and everybody is invited.

FROM the Ellsworth, Me., *American:* "Capt. Robert Adams, who with his wife and son are spending their second summer in Bluehill, delivered a very interesting lecture on 'Freethought,' in the town hall, Monday evening. The captain is a fluent speaker, trusting almost entirely to his memory, which never once failed him. He showed himself thoroughly conversant with the writings of all the great Freethinkers, quoting largely from Voltaire, Diderot, Ernest Renan, Huxley, Darwin, and others. He not only has read, but traveled, and so could describe as an eye-witness the evolutions and changes of religion in India, China, and Japan."

An Opportunity for "Christian Scientists."

Letter to the New York Sun.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I notice in a recent Sunday edition of the *Sun* a full-page article on Christian science healing. Now is the time for a test.

The Christian scientists claim to heal without attendance or the presence of the patient. Jacksonville is panic-stricken and the fever is in full blast. If our Christian scientists believe in Christian science, they should help the sufferers, and if they are not willing to go to the scene and "face the music," they might treat the Jacksonville sufferers as absent patients.

If their science is Christian and can do what it claims, it belies its name in refraining from rendering aid in this great need. Yours respectfully, E. W. BRYANT.

7 E. Thirteenth st., Sept. 10th.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free.

Communications.

"History Repeats Itself."—Evolution.

Sarcasm, wit, satire, and others of that family are the light infantry of wisdom, deployed as skirmishers in front of the massed corps of science and statistics which form the great armies of progress, and are at all times in the van. What is the needle-gun or the chassepot of the modern arsenal, what even the Gatling pet of the police department, compared with the projectils of the intellect? There is more real progressiv force in a battery of well-directed raillery, in dissipating an intrenched evil, than there is in a well-fought campaign. What leaders of armies, ancient or modern, can equal Voltaire, or yet rank with Paine? Without such souls as rousing agencies, the Bastile never would hav lost its prestige; the Revolution of '76 might still be waiting for the Declaration of Independence. Having such names, there is nothing left to be done but a short tumult of barbaric work—leveling walls and butchering a few defenders of the wrong.

Wars conducted by forces of the intellect would hav besides the advantages of leaving no rankling scars of body, no mutilations of limb, no pensions, no revenue collections to drain the public purse, and, more important than all these, there would be no foolish hero-pride evoked, no diablerie of national traditions appealed to, and all other absurdities that go to make up what goes for "military glory," while the barbed mental arrow, sinking deep below the cuticle, would make wounds apparent to the least observant, and from which would trickle the issues of life.

Religious wars hav but added to the rancors of society, and given greater vitality to both sides. Prejudices were deepened, faith strengthened by trials, while reason, beclouded by a cultivated sense of duty, became uncertain.

Religion, in these days, though on one side greatly clipped of its numbers, can still array a following devotional and ambitious as erewhile ranged beneath the cross in the palmiest days of popery. Without an actual arraying of "front against front," however, which is most unlikely to take place at this stage of progress, there would be little chance for additions to be made to the martyrology of Christendom, or yet occasion for the exhibition of such degrees of virtue in individuals as to swell the list of the saints. No Inquisition would be sought to rival the *régime* of Torquemada. The descendants of the Puritans would find their ears intact at the end of each week, showing in their pews conspicuously as ever. A Peter the Hermit might spring up like a Jack-in-the-box, but, as an apostle, he would find himself a failure, and be dubbed a crank. The Crusades can never be repeated.

It is a mistake to say, "History repeats itself." The phrase, as a sounding euphuism, rings well in the ears, but in itself it is the merest negation, and to attempt to establish it as an aphorism by turning pages, would be found to be about as thankless and unsatisfactory a task as explanations of St. John's beast with the seven heads and the seven horns.

It might be admissible to say that governments show more or less of the kaleidoscope in their action—oscillating between the extremes of despotism and the most yielding paternalism; sometimes, indeed, in the exercise of their functions leaning to the protectorate rather than to the absolute, but at all times exhibiting the bossism of authority, so falling short of the object of their "institution among men." There must be no investiture of the individual with an authority that places him beyond the reach of the referendum. He must be denied all right of appointment of officials, and be satisfied in the matter of compensation for services with the rate of wages paid to other workers, or he can "turn his attention to coals."

Cæsarism comes of unrestricted functions in the administration of national affairs. Cæsar must be made to feel the bit of authority as well as the ruled are made to feel it; indeed, giving him to understand that his office is a something that will in time entirely be dispensed with, for to that complexion things must come at last; the race, through evolution, at all times gravitating toward self-government—Anarchy—an Anarchy of wisdom, however.

I copy a line or two from Guizot's History of France: "So soon as the Franks were gone, the king of the Lombards continued occupying the places in the exarchate, and molesting the neighborhood of Rome. The pope, in despair, and doubtful of his auxiliaries' return, conceived the idea of sending to the king, the chiefs, and the people of the Franks a letter written, he said, by Peter, apostle of Jesus Christ, son of the living God, to announce to them that if they came in haste he would aid them as if they were alive according to the flesh amongst them; that they would conquer all their enemies, and make themselvs sure of eternal life. The plan was perfectly successful. The Franks once more crossed the Alps with enthusiasm, once more succeeded in beating the Lombards, and once more shut up in Pavia King Astolphus, who was eager to purchase peace at any price." That knocks the spots quite out of all modern boodleism, methinks.

It was a bit of papal boodleism altogether ahead of anything of the sort in our day; indeed, so very much so that the historian dubs it "perfectly successful." Pope Stephen worked that card, and no doubt wears a triple crown of glory now, in honor of his enemies, while he hobnobs with the prince of peace. I can imagin the old fisherman, however, casting an occasional squint of contempt at Stephen for so using his name, and without his consent, seeking to change the character of his earth-vocation to that of blustering warfare. And yet Peter was not without the qualities needed in the make-up of the warrior, as witness his swordmanship in the court-room, when he "smote the high priest's servant and cut off his right ear"—a piece of contempt of court to which "his honor" paid no attention, as far as heard from, but which would in our day hav drawn a round sum as a fine from Uncle Pete, or a ride in the Black Maria with six months in quad.

Queer times were those of Stephen, in respect to both state and altar; and immensely indebted to evolution we ought all to feel for turning up as trumps the hearts of our times, over the clubs of 754.

Evolution is a big thing. Commencing with our world at its first gush of flaming existence, it has done its level best in the way of development; cooling here and hardening there; converting steam into seas and molten masses into continents, calling wonders into light in ocean and on land; tumbling mountains over forests for future coal; calling monads into crawling and skimming life in air and water; and using the sun as a "pardner" in the business, resting neither night or day in its tireless industry, until from monsters it came to monkeys; from monkeys on to man. Then what?

Imagin, if you can, a modern Charlemagne ordering the cutting off in one day of forty-five hundred human heads, because the owners of the heads couldn't go Christianity any longer—in modern phrase, for refusing to "come to Jesus." We hav only to swell the hundreds of the Salvation Army into as many thousands to hav as large a force as the son of Pepin had when he ordered the butchery spoken of. And if, in addition, the members of the Young Men's Christian Association were united as allies, the modern host would far outstrip the followers of the Christian king. Then, placing the whole under a first-class crank as leader, to cry "Havoc!" how many do you think could be got to take a hand in, particularly if the boys were as sure of their hard-tack on the one side as the other? History couldn't be so repeated, I guess.

Then, what bishop of our own day would be willing to rival a bishop of France as a liar, by asserting that one of the saints of holy mother church was "transported to the realms of eternity, and there, amongst other things which the Lord did show unto him, he saw Prince Charles delivered over to the torments of the damned?" And for what was the prince so treated? Because he had, when alive, conferred ecclesiastical honors on some of his army officers. And this liar is now a saint in the holy Romish calendar.

We find pages taken from the history of the bygone about equal to the "full, true, and particular account of the last moments of the murderer just hanged," sold in sheets by the street pedlar. History is at best a series of distorted accounts of events, twisted by the author to suit the prejudices of his party. There is one feature, however, which is at all times the same: the priest playing into the hands of the king, and *vice versa*. Like the pals of the gambling profession, their study is to fleece all others. And in this respect only can it be said, "History repeats itself."

Is the colossal stronghold of the Vatican bound to revert to its standard of a century ago? No, it is not possible. History is already closing on it. It may be that the last chapter, like the Alexandrine line, may "drag its slow length along." But as for having it said of it,

> The snake is scotched, not killed;
> 'Twill close and be itself again,

let not its friends "lay the flattering unction to their souls." The Irish question will dismember it, Secularism failing. It is monstrous in its proportions, it is true. But even

> Giants die, despite their Fee, fo, fum.

The mother of abominations is doomed, and it is high time. Through the long period since she became mistress, she has dominated all interests to subserve her enslaving purposes, carrying the hauteur of a despot, with the affected humility of a beggar. Holding aloft a bleeding savior, calling him the prince of peace, she has drenched the centuries with blood. Holding aloft the banner of the cross, she has sent forth her slaves, with gyves and with manacles, to drag men to dungeons and to death. Taking the horrible God of the Jews as her exemplar, she has slaughtered in wrath to prove her God "the very God"—the simon-pure Jehovah of the pantheons. As, in the fable of Eden, the garden of the holy one was protected from invasion by flaming swords in angel hands, she has used the sword of the warrior to smite and subdue opposers. Fraud and force hav been the instruments of her propaganda.

And now, holy mother church disposed of, I expose myself as Cheap Jack, offering, without money and without price, from the back-board of my cart, the last and the best of patent articles yet offered to an afflicted public—an article destined to take the rag off all bushes as a panacea for doubt—an article not "recommended by an aged clergyman, himself for many years a sufferer;" but an article extolled by the most astute and brilliant souls of our century—evolution.

Take it to your bosoms, my friends. Place it in the bosoms of your families. Put it in the bosoms of your neighbors. Let it be unto you as were the lares and penates of the ancients. Hail it as the Deliverer, the Redeemer, the Rescuer. Last on the Index Expurgatorius of the Vatican it stands anathematized—an advertisment in itself *par excellence;* the subject of proscription in encyclical letter; of ban in pastoral remonstrance; of papal bull, it is bully. Here you are now. Who will refuse acceptance of so great a gift? I cry aloud to you from among the sellers and the buyers of adulterated goods, offering you the last, the purest gift of time. I lift up my voice, yea, shout unto you as unto men who, having ears, are prepared to hear:

Ho, ye grace-deserted loons of faith-adoring fathers! Moderns who hav lost all trust in Gods, popes, and creeds, why stand you here without faith and without hope in the world? Behold Evolution, seeking to fill the God-space within you, offering the tranquillity erewhile promised, but not received, from ghostly marvels, miracles and heavenly prodigies—shadows gone by the board never to return. Cast aside their vestiges, my friends—all sophistries of prophets, popes, and priests; all trivialities of scriptures; all ordinances, symbols, sacraments, pulpit vestments, altar tomfooleries, fetiches of every hue and dye; and, clutching at evolution, walk henceforth in unshackled manhood, larding lean life with truth.

I do not seek, my friends, to deal in personalities—dragging unfortunates from the crowd as terrible examples of sufferings borne. I must, however, for the nonce, appear to so offend. There, as I point, I see a face dark of brow and with malignant eye—a chap who might hav worn the frock of monk in days gone by, but now only a Presbyterian. Come, my much abused friend—abused by heredity and afterward by cruel teachers corrupting all sources of kindly sentiments by scourging, wrathful treatment. He speaks. Listen to him: "Is thy hearer a dog, that he should be satisfied with evolution, a nostrum from the pit? Bah!" 74.

Le Roy, N. Y., July, 1888.

Some Thoughts on Evolution.

A boy bought a fiddle having but one string, being told it was a new invention and a new idea, that it was adjustable and would pull out, with no limit to the number of tunes it would play. When its defects were shown to him, his reply was: "It is a new thing in the way of a fiddle, and I can play more tunes on that one than you can on your old ones that hav half a dozen."

In his simplicity that boy thought he actually had something new, and every time he drew his bow across that one string believed that he was playing a new tune never played before.

An original, an entirely new thought, one that can be demonstrated, and never was before, is as rare as to find a gem growing inside a potato.

In noting the number of tunes with the variations that some of our friends play with the words, evolu tion, survival of the fittest, etc., I am reminded of the boy and his fiddle with, as he thought, its wonderful capacity for music.

They appear to think that with those words, as they interpret and use them, can be solved all the mysteries of the past—all that pertains to the earth, vegetable, animal, man, space, and the universe, the magic of the words, or phrase, is so easy to be understood, let them tell it; unfortunately, all are not equally gifted, particularly those Agnostics who hav not evolved far enough, or fast enough, to suit those progressiv fellows like Milleson, who know what they know, and no mistake.

A Dutchman and an Irishman had an altercation; the wife of the former fearing it might end in something more than words, said, "Come away, you fool, before he hits you mit a stone, and knocks you sensible."

Some of us will consider it a favor if you will just condescend, be a little more explicit, tell how you know, then, if we fail to sense it rightly, try to persuade us mit a stone.

Evolution: The act of unfolding; a series of things unrolled, or unfolded.—*Webster.*

Simple enough, not difficult to be understood in its true sense and application, and in that way is

most generally accepted. But whatever part of the theory has no other base than guess, and falsely maintains that science has demonstrated, has no more value than the guess of an unlearned plowman.

A summary of the popular idea would read about like this: Away back somewhere, or nowhere, the earth's surface was covered by water. Where the water or the earth evolved from is not in the lesson, presumably overlooked as unimportant. Then, when time began a something from the bottom, middle, or surface of the mighty waters, called protoplasm, which, being interpreted, means the first, or the beginning, appeared, having but little substance and no regular outline or form; without nerves or sensibility; neither organs nor sex; the affirmation is that from that protoplasm has evolved, or unfolded, all that has life with an outline of form in the vegetable and animal world.

Nor does it limit the assumption to this world, but takes in and embraces the universe, with its countless systems and suns, and space that holds them, and maintains that all evolved out from universal chaos or nothing.

To learn how nature is making vast luminaries throughout the otherwise hideous darkness and space—until we all are familiar with the endless growth and decay of worlds, suns, etc., surely as pollen grains develop into seeds, crystals unite into ærolites, which collectivly form asteroids, capable of developing into satellites, and then into planets, etc.—*Milleson in The Truth Seeker, July 7*, 1888.

Any botanist will say that from the seeds the stalk is produced, from that the flower, and, there being sex in flowers, the pollen is the germinating principle, and by its operation, impregnation, the species is continued, and is not or ever was in any other way.

There is in flowers not only sex, but almost all and everything, except the "brain"—Miss Helen Gardener is right about that. From the smallest animalcule to the gigantic mastodon, all physiologists and anatomists are in accord with me as to the truth of what I affirm, that all life that is or has been is propagated and continued by that same universal rule and law of sex, and but for such intermingling there would be no life.

And now, what is life? Will our friends who think they know what they know tell, and when it began? Is it any wonder that the magnitude of the question overwhelmed Mr. Darwin and impelled him to exclaim that "it may hav been breathed by the creator into a few forms or into one," and that "it is a question for the distant future, if ever solved by man."

It is a bold assumption to say that all the organs, with their functions—that is, the necessity or want of them—lungs to breathe, heart to pulsate, blood to course through arteries and veins, organs to propagate and sex, simply and slowly unfolded, appearing from time to time as the necessities of the case demanded. Did the brain, the mind, the socket, and the eye unfold at one or different periods of time? If at intervals, which first?

It is only by the operation of the mind through the brain, with the function of the eye, that we recognize objects.

With the exception of the unborn fetus, can life be sustained or continued without lungs? Besides, is there a single vital organ that can be dispensed with and life continued?

"Crystals unite into ærolites," etc. If that is not an assumption, it admits of proof. Where, and from what, did the crystals evolve? Again, how is it known that, collectivly, they form satellites and worlds, and how do they manage to get the right place in space, then circle around some convenient friendly sun for a time and die, and what becomes of the remains and skeleton? To withhold knowledge of that kind is not generous—they are questions of too much importance to make guess-work of. And Agnostics, being somewhat dull of comprehension, would respectfully beg of those friends who, with so much assurance, know all about it, to tell.

And suns being made—evolving, unfolding, actually in process of growth and decay, dying, why not say being annihilated?

This must be considered as the most daring presumption possible. And does science verify, demonstrate, that such affirmations are facts?

Usually it has been supposed that science dealt only with tangible things, not abstract theories.

The once somewhat popular theory that from the distant nebulous light suns were being manufactured, suns in embryo, is no longer tenable.

Astronomers are not supposed to make mistakes in figuring distance, etc. They tell us that light moves with a velocity of 186,000 miles per second, and there are stars so distant that their light could not reach us in less than 10,000 years; and to traverse the Milky Way, of which our solar system is a part, it requires 1,500 years, and many times that, or 5,000,000, to reach us from the most distant nebula.

The time it would require for the matter of worlds and suns, meeting as they would with much more resistance than light, to pass through space, can not be estimated by figures; neither could the mind grasp it. It will be granted that the mind of the most distinguished Agnostic could not. Mr. Darwin, and others his equals in research and knowledge, would yield. I suggest that some of our knowing friends take hold of it as a part of the next lesson.

Law is unchanging with plants, and all of the animal world. Clover blossoms will never be grown or evolved from the seeds of thistles. Neither from the cone, or seed, of the pine, or acorn of the oak can fruit-bearing trees be evolved.

When, by the art and skill of the floriculturist, an ever-blooming rose or a lily of the valley has been unfolded from the burdock burr, then it will do to say that nature's laws hav changed.

In all that pertains to the nature of trees, plants, and animals, by which life is derived and continued, is this law of nature, that like produces like, and only for this germinating principle, and sex, there would be no life.

It will not do to say that the honey-bee unfolded from the ant, though much like in anatomical structure and form. The ant likes honey, but has neither the external nor internal arrangement for getting it; and is a fighting fellow besides, but will never hav a sting in his tail.

Survival of the fittest! Who is competent to tell how much survives that ought not to hav existed: war, want, with nations and peoples; with individuals, hate, revenge, malice?

A splendid race of animals—bisons—hav almost become extinct, under our own eyes, and not because the older and stronger killed the younger and weaker ones. And with them will pass away another race—a race of men that hav some noble qualities, traits, and characteristics.

When this generation is gone there will hardly be a solitary survivor of either. Coeval with both, still surviving, are those cowardly, cruel, worthless wolves, existing simply because there hav been others to destroy.

As to the man, that gallant and chivalrous soldier, General Sheridan, is credited with the saying that the only good Indian is a dead one. One is pagan, the other Christian.

And it may be said of the distinguished soldier and Christian, in accordance with his ideas of right and duty to the state church and humanity, that he did his part well in the endeavor to exterminate and make all Indians good. For two centuries the dusky pagan has struggled with the pale-faced Christian for his home and a burial-place. His fight has been for life and permission to exist; the other's, for glory and his country. Distinguished soldiers who profess and call themselvs Christians hav, by stealth and darkness, surrounded their homes, and while men, women, and children tried to escape by the light of their burning homes, dealt them an indiscriminate and merciless slaughter.

It will remain for other times and other men to impartially decide which of the two peoples were the fittest to survive. It may be the man from New Zealand that John Stuart Mill fancied might some time stand on a broken arch of London bridge and survey the ruins. Occasionally I meet a venerable toad in my walks. He has a voice and can sing. I fancied once I heard a murmur not the song. Venturing the inquiry, I said: "Is that you, my friend, and are you unhappy?"

Replied he: "You hav guessed the situation exactly. You see that skylark and hear him sing, see him mount higher and sing louder—and you know, by the process of evolution that is unfolding, this fellow has been provided with wings, plumage, tail feathers, and all. And you must grant his song is more varied and beautiful than mine, and doubtless will say he is happy. Once he was down in the mud as I am, and could only sing his toad song. Please tell me why all toads were not made happy by being unfolded into skylarks." The toad then suggested that I make of the lark the inquiry.

The lark answered: "In accordance and in harmony with the so-called science or philosophy of evolution, all skylarks were once toads. You will hardly question the truth of the statement, I think, simply because it has not been demonstrated. It easily can be. It is not necessary, because all who are not dullards or Agnostics will grant it.

"Happiness or content is not for birds or mortals. Many birds can sing just as finely as we can and hav much nicer plumage—can sing from the tree-top, without mounting.

"Is that all? You see that savage eagle up on the crag? He is watching if I sing too long or soar too high. He will pounce on me and tear me to pieces. No, I am not entirely happy. I fancy his life is preferable to mine.

"Please interview him. He is called the king of birds. But for him our songs would fill the air with melody." I addressed the eagle: "Now, O king of birds! what will you answer to these accusations, and from what did you evolve?"

"Your questions are at least presumptuous, if not foolish. Eagles were always eagles, the same as now; always had wings, beaks, and talons; and our business has been about the same always. What could the king of birds unfold from or change to? That is presumptuous nonsense. And but for me your little birds would destroy your grain-fields, and the melody of their songs would annoy you. Besides, eagles never make war on their own kind, or kill one another, which has been the principal part of your business and recreation; you claim to hav evolved from the ape—it would be a cowardly falsehood to accuse him of doing anything of the kind. Hav you in the transformation gone up or down?"

The lion made about the same answers, but said in relation to the social condition and standing of his race in comparison with some others, that it was far superior. No promiscuous intercourse, and no complex marriages.

The elephant was positiv that his trunk and tail unfolded at the same time, and the whole menagerie shouted in chorus the same of themselvs: "All right, no change would help them." Even the monkey declared that the devil could dispense with his tail and be less inconvenienced than himself. I gave up in despair, and was more than half convinced of the truth of their assertions.

J. VAN DENBURGH.

Abolition of the Death Penalty.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Dear Sir:* Murders, suicides, and hangings hav become so common that nobody seems concerned to ask whether so many are necessary, and still less whether any are necessary. But I think somebody should call a halt to the horrible business, or at any rate a stay of such proceedings till an inquiry be made whether the best is now doing that is possible for humanity down here in the very evening twilight of the nineteenth Christian century.

Our Declaration of Independence proclaims the inviolability of human life. If human life be inviolate, why do governments take it by sweeping wholesales in war, and constantly in lesser numbers in peace, as penalty for crime? Or how dare individuals murder and mangle one another in duels, or, by ordinary assassination, to avenge real or fancied wrongs? Or how can so many, old and young, men and women, lay violent hands on themselvs in frightful suicides? Why, Mr. Editor, nothing in the world is cheaper today than human life—that sacred inviolate thing which neither God nor man should invade for any cause!

Our Declaration of Independence pronounces human life inviolate, and also declares all "just governments derive their power from the consent of the governed." And yet we take away the *inviolable* lives of women, without condescending so much as to ask their consent, by giving them vote or voice in enacting the laws. Thus is the government doubly damned by its own primest Declaration!

But I hav here a petition to the law-making power of the states, to which I would respectfully ask to call the attention of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, in the hope of awakening attention to the whole question of capital punishment:

PETITION FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE DEATH PENALTY.

To the Senate and House of Representativs: The undersigned earnestly desire you, the legislators of the state, immediately to revoke the penalty of death as now due to crime, particularly as relates to woman, who, though a citizen, property-holder, and tax-payer, cannot vote to enact that nor other laws, being denied the right of suffrage.

But if the penalty must be executed on man, who makes the laws, then your petitioners ask that the execution, being the most fearful and solemn act ever done by man, shall be made wholly a religious service, and committed to the clergy; provided always that no human being shall ever be sent into the unknown realities of eternity until, in the judgment of a clergyman of his choice, or of his nearest friends, he is prepared to meet them, and shall hav witnessed that preparation by receiving the ordinances of baptism and the sacramental supper, thus becoming a member of the visible church; and that then the dreadful act of hanging shall always be performed by an ordained clergyman, a doctor of divinity, or bishop, when practicable, with appropriate religious services, and on the first day of the week, commonly called the Sabbath.

Now consider the mighty prerogativs claimed by the priesthood of Christianity. First: They claim to know more than anybody else, or everybody else, about the vast unknown that lies beyond the veil of present sight. And, more, they claim to hav special commission from the most high God to teach the whole human race, born and to be born, the doctrins and duties designed to fit that race for a new existence in that dark beyond. And thirdly, they often quote with a shuddering solemnity the words as part of their commission: "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." And multitudes of them even go much further than that, and pronounce sentences dooming their fellow-mortals to eternal fire.

Now, who, in the name of all common sense, reason, justice, righteousness, should perform the dreadful act of hanging if not those whose very office treats of life and death, especially of death, and what may lie beyond, in a way and with meanings unknown to any and all other callings or works among men? By common consent governments send the clergy, not the school-master, to the condemned in their cells in the last dreary hours. Why, then, should they not perform the terrible deed of death on the victims so soon as, in the judgment of the constituted authorities, they are prepared? Tell me, O Editor! who should solemnize the awful scene, not by their presence only, but by their own ordained and sanctified hands, if not they?

Concord, N. H. PARKER PILLSBURY.

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A Good Move.

We understand that the secretary of the American Secular Union designs for one item of next year's work, if he shall be furnished with the necessary funds, to begin legal proceedings against the trustees of Girard College, in Philadelphia, because of their shameful betrayal of their trust and willful and wicked violation of the conditions of Girard's will.

This is a wise determination, and one that we hope will not be departed from. Stephen Girard left money and property for a specific purpose under specific conditions. The United States Supreme Court has decided that his conditions were legally binding, as of course they were morally right. The Christians hav stepped in and under the pretense of fulfilling the purpose hav virtually stolen Girard's millions to use as a missionary fund for the conversion of orphans. The facts are well known; abundance of evidence is at hand, and it only remains to take the proper steps in the courts.

The American Secular Union is the proper organization to undertake the case, and it should be done at once. As Judge Westbrook, in his book, "Girard's Will and Girard College Theology," says, "the best interests of morality require the strictest adherence to a trust," and when that trust is for the benefit of Liberalism the American Secular Union should see to it that the Christians are not unpunished for their knavery. Stephen Girard ordered in his will that the orphans who should derive advantage from his bequest should not be religiously instructed, but should be left unprejudiced to adopt, when they departed from the college, "such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer." And especially did Girard forbid sectarian teaching. But, as is well known, the orphans are taught religion, and sectarian religion at that—Protestant sectarianism as the groundwork, and Episcopalianism as the divisional superstructure. The college curriculum is as full of piety as that of a theological seminary.

We should like to see the Secular Union take hold of more practical issues like this. In fact, we think the Union can do better propagandist work in this way than in any other. If the Union will furnish the *news*, the daily press will spread the *arguments* of the Union. A few cases in the courts, a few speeches in the legislatures, a few vigorous fights against the tyranny of the church, a few school-board trustees made to answer for their conversion of public into parochial schools, will do more for the cause of justice than all the speeches that can be spoken and tracts that can be written in a twelvemonth. The daily press will be our orator and our writer. Facts tell, and more men are interested in a fight than in a lamentation over wrongs inflicted. If thine enemy smite thee on one cheek, hit him in both eyes.

If the officers of the Union will for one year spend every dollar they can get over the secretary's salary in legally compelling the Christians to be honest and just, the Union will be stronger and hav more to work with than it ever had before.

Cardinal Manning to the Rescue.

In the *North American Review* for the current month Cardinal Manning has a twenty-eight-page article on the Gladstone-Ingersoll controversy, in which he contends that the church is its own witness—meaning by the church the Roman Catholic organization in which he holds office. It is a rehash of the affirmativ propositions which Rome relies upon to support her claims.

The cardinal in one way or another many times repeats the phrase, "Sift and test the evidence that Christianity is a divine revelation as strictly as if it were in a court of law;" and he talks about the "twofold processes" of intellectuality and faith. An ignorant person, bewildered by a multiplicity of words, and setting down as an extraordinarily smart man any person who can use words of which the commonalty of mankind do not know the meaning; unused, too, to going behind the glittering but often meaningless rhetoric of the advocate for the idea which he has concealed—such person might conclude from reading the article that Cardinal Manning had offered some valid argument in support of his favorit theology. But he hasn't, for the very simple but all-powerful reason that he starts from an unproved assumption. He asserts that the church had a "divine" founder, which founder is "God," through Jesus Christ, and upon these unproved and unprovable hypotheses he builds his house of cards. It needs no argument to show that such a house cannot stand the assaults of logic.

Again, he takes for granted that the world will admit the church to be its own witness, because the church itself has declared that it is, "by its marvelous propagation, its eminent sanctity, its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things, its catholic unity and invincible stability, a vast and perpetual motiv of credibility, and an irrefragable witness of its own divine legation." Even if this were all true it is only an assertion of an interested organization as to itself, which could not possibly be allowed as evidence, even in a court prejudiced in its favor, unless corroborated by outside testimony. And so far from being true, it is all false; and besides, would prove too much, as any other religion claiming the same would be entitled to claim divine creation and conduct. If "marvelous propagation" proves divine assistance, surely Mohammedanism had the aid of God. Catholic unity is a high-sounding phrase, but why did Protestantism lead half the Catholics out of the church? Why are there *two* bodies of Catholics? Why did Roman Catholics separate from their older Greek Catholic brethren? The sanctity of the Catholic church, and its fruitfulness in good things, may well not be dwelt upon by its defenders, else the unbeliever will catalog again the infamous and almost infinit wickedness and evil of that same church.

Argument based on such fallacious premises can convince no thinking person, though the changes on them were rung through twice twenty-eight pages of the *Review*. No doubt, when he gets ready, Colonel Ingersoll will expose Cardinal Manning's weaknesses in detail.

A Change of Diseases.

An anti-Catholic society has been formed in Minneapolis. It is only six months old, but its organizers claim a membership of over eight thousand. The order has a division in nearly every ward of the city. It is composed of Protestants who hate their fellow-Christians, and is about like the old Know-nothing organization. The following is the "creed" of the order:

"Nationality no bar to membership.

"(Confidential).

"In view of the intolerant, persistent, aggressiv efforts of Romanists, their evident determination to control the government of the United States and to destroy our civil and religious liberty, I desire to submit to you the following questions:

"1st. Are you a Protestant from principle or from chance?

"2d. Are you in favor of preserving constitutional liberty, and maintaining the government of the United States?

"3d. Do you regard Romanism as the enemy of civil and religious liberty?

"4th. Is it not in your opinion unwise and unsafe to appoint to civil, political, military offices in this country men who own allegiance to the pope of Rome, and who hav sworn to obey him?

"5th. Are you in favor of maintaining the principles of our general unsectarian, free school organization?

"6th. Are you opposed to all attempts to use the public funds for any sectarian purposes whatever?

"7th. Are you willing to be governed by these principles in your future political actions?

"8th. Are you willing to unite with others who hold these principles, and henceforth devote yourself to the perpetuation of civil and religious liberty and the great American Union?"

The main trouble with this organization is that it would substitute for the rule of one church the rule of another about equally bad. The Bible is as malodorous in our public schools when read by Protestant teachers, as the catechism of the Catholics taught by the sisters. While the Catholics would destroy religious liberty if they had the power, so would the Protestants. The religious persecutions in this country hav been by Protestants, and their Reform Association is one of the most activ agencies at work to-day in revamping our Constitution in favor of their own sectarianism. The Protestants are scarcely less inimical to freedom than the Romanists.

In the mind of a Protestant, "unsectarian" means Protestant Christianity. We don't want that sort of religion any more than we want Roman Catholic religion. Ostensibly, the Minneapolis organization is all right, but in reality, it is as bad as the Romish organization. And in it we think we see the "fine Italian" hand of the National Reform Association, otherwise known as the God-in-the-Constitution party. It never yet benefited the patient to replace small-pox with yellow fever.

The Church in the Arena.

A writer in the *Christian at Work* winds up a long catalog of efforts at Sunday closing in various towns in the East with these general reflections:

"These facts certainly show favorable openings for the friends of the Lord's day. The laws against labor on the Sabbath can be more easily enforced when a majority in each trade and occupation demand it. Those who resist will hav the sentiment of their own guild against them. Now is the time for the church to enter the arena, and develop this under-current of Sabbath observance. Indeed, on almost every side economic and ethical questions are arising and looking about for wise leadership, and we hav at hand Christian principles, by the application of which these struggles can result in the attainment of righteous ends."

This pietist has got the cart before the horse. Once upon a time the Christians ran this country. They had Sunday laws, and they enforced them. The man who dared kiss his wife on Sunday was punished, and the wretch who followed the Lord's example and took a walk in the cool of the evening paid the penalty by standing in the stocks. The church was in the arena in full panoply of power, and the "under-current of Sabbath observance" was exceedingly well developed. Ethical questions were all settled, and very economically for the clergy, who benefited by the various pounds of tobacco and cash squeezed from the wicked.

Since then the world has advanced considerably, and the attempt of the church to "enter the arena" is not the beginning of a crusade for righteousness, but an effort to move the country back something like two hundred years. That it will succeed more than temporarily and locally, in some ignorant districts, does not seem probable. There are too many folks in the country who can reason, for the Christian church to ever do again what she did in colonial days. Our Sunday laws are becoming virtually, and except spasmodically, dead letters. The effort to breathe the breath of life into them is like blowing into the nozzle of a blacksmith's bellows—the wind comes back into the blower's face with increased force.

The Lord and Colonel Ingersoll.

The yellow fever plague now decimating Jacksonville, Florida, is one of those horrible penalties which sometimes follow a compliance with nature's malevolent laws instead of her beneficent rules. The distress in the stricken city is terrible, and the suffering of the people appeals to every sympathetic and generous heart in the country.

The righteously pious regard the plague as a punishment for sin, the Lord having become angry at his children. No good Christian doubts that the Lord could stay the disease were he so inclined, but the fact remains that he does not, and every day adds to the long list of the dead. Other folks take a very different view of the matter, and are endeavoring by human effort to cleanse the city of Jacksonville to prevent the further spread of the poison germs. With this object in view, wicked Wall street of this city has contributed thousands of dollars, and merchants generally are going down deep into their pockets in response to humanitarian sentiments. Other cities are helping the noble work along, and

with the means thus raised it is probable that Jacksonville's horrible scourge will be overcome.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, always first in good works, besides giving his cash donation, offers to go upon the platform and lecture for the benefit of the yellow fever victims. This means, in this city, another one or two thousand dollars.

We cannot help constrasting the conduct of Colonel Ingersoll with that of the Lord. The latter personage will do nothing, though amply able; while the former not only contributes his cash, but his services to get cash from others who will not contribute unless some service is rendered them in return. We think the Lord might, if not willing to forego his revenge upon the wicked, contribute at least a few of his cattle upon a thousand hills for the benefit of those who hav not offended him, but yet suffer through the punishment of the wicked.

The Jews.

The *Christian Advocate* says:

"Rabbi Joseph is a noted Jewish dignitary brought over from Russia to be the head of the orthodox Hebrews in this city. His arrival has been hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. The address which he made sets the standard of piety high. He rules with an iron hand, but consistently. A congregation had bought a Christian church and were about to dedicate it. Rabbi Joseph, on arriving, perceived the crosses still upon it, and would not allow the services to proceed. He was right. When the Jew truly reveres him who died on the cross, he is a Christian. Till then the cross is out of place on the synagog. Rabbi Joseph has not arrived a day too soon, for many of the seed of Abraham hereabouts are Infidels."

We fear, however, that the presence of Rabbi Joseph will do little to counteract the Infidelity prevailing among the Jews. Orthodox Judaism is not very powerful in this city, very few of the younger generation understanding even the language in which Rabbi Joseph exhorts them. The Reform or heretical wing of Judaism are the supporters of the Jewish institutions, and, as one Jew said to us recently, all the orthodox party do is to furnish paupers for the united charities, orphans for the asylums, old people for the Home for the Aged, and incurables for the Montefiore Home. We doubt if Rabbi Joseph will get many of the Reformers back into the fold, and as for the Infidel Jews, they smile scornfully when asked to again believe in the ancient rubbish of the Mosaic times, though many of them attend the synagog regularly. The Jews of New York, especially those of German nationality, are a level-headed and rationalistic race. The orthodox Jews are Russians and Poles, and will not hav intelligence enough for several generations yet to become Infidels. But a Jew once Liberalized seldom or never goes back to either Jewish or Christian superstition.

It is queer, though, that the Methodists would rather see a Jew superstitiously orthodox in his Judaism than an Infidel. Is it one slavedriver sympathizing with another?

Longevity and Exegesis.

With a late sermon of Dr. Talmage's on "Longevity" we take it to be our duty to express a decided dissent; and against it we shall direct all the forces of confutation in our humble power. Dr. Talmage's words are as follows:

"It is said in Isaiah: 'The child shall die a hundred years old.' Now, if according to scripture, the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to three hundred and five hundred? Religion has only just touched our world. Giv it full power for a few centuries, aud who can tell what will be the strength of man, and the beauty of woman, and the longevity of all? Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years. My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of long life."

Here is the statement distinctly made, that certain persons attained a vast age, and that the cause of that longevity was Christianity. Authority is given, citation made, and the statement started on its rounds for the misleading of Freethinkers. But we shall take the liberty to deny Mr. Talmage's assertion *in toto*. It is not that we underestimate the strength of his position, or place too high a value upon our own powers; no, we are fully sensible of the serious nature of the task; but we are immovably convinced that the attributing of the mentioned longevity to religion is fallacious, for we hav the best testimony to the existence of equal longevity dissociated from religion; and authority for authority we will meet his statement and from works of the same known trustworthiness establish this position. Swift's works, Gulliver's Travels, Part III.—A Voyage to Laputa, Balnibarbi, Luggnagg, Glubdubdrib, and Japan; Edinburgh ed., 1869, p. 184:

"One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality whether I had seen any of their struldbrugs, or immortals. I said I had not; and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation applied to a mortal creature. He told me that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. He said these births were so rare, that he did not believe that there could be above eleven hundred struldbrugs, of both sexes, in the whole kingdom. I cried out, as in a rapture, 'Happy nation, where every child has a chance for being immortal!'"

Comment is unnecessary. It is distinctly stated that numbers of Luggnaggians, totally without Christianity, possess not merely longevity but immortality.

But we need not go so far for the needed proofs. What says the well-known Mother Goose? "Rhymes," page 264:

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a tub.
If the tub had been stronger
My story had been longer."

Page 292:

"There was an old woman lived under a hill,
If she's not gone, she livs there still."

Now, here, doctor, you will see a meaning so near the surface as not to be overlooked. The truth is, you display distinguished merit in getting the meanings out of scriptural passages later on in your sermon, and we are not averse from showing you that you may hav your equals in this, at the same time that we attend to longevity. We find mention of two parties, of great age, and then allusion to a prolonged and indefinit continuance of those parties supposing immunity from, in the one case, bodily accident, and in the other, removal of place. If it be asked why the men of Gotham are accounted aged, the explanation is made by simply referring to the adjectiv "wise." It is proverbial that wisdom is attained only with age; and why, we ask, if it be not intended to convey this signification, is there made this remarkable use of the word? There are a hundred other words any one of which would equally hav served any other intention; why not three simple men of Gotham, or three fat men of Gotham, or three bad men of Gotham? The selection of this one quality peculiar to an advanced period of life we can consider only as part of a deep design, and that design the indication of their great age. If the tub had been stronger, this story "had been longer." "Longer?" We think the meaning here evident. If for a mere few years, why is it not so stated? Why this indefinitness, if it be not to darkly shadow forth the extended life-term surmised? In law omission of facts that would naturally hav been mentioned justifies presumption of design. If these men had had any ordinary natural limit affixed to their lives, clearly it would hav been mentioned; and we shall so assume. The testimony of the second extract is even more direct. Critics may forever carp about what they call forced interpretations, but they at least can charge nothing here. If the old woman is not gone, she lives there—how long? An ordinary period? No; note the language used. She livs there *still*. That is, to this day. Further remarks would be supererogatory. Under the mention of a tub and a hill are no doubt symbolized great and beneficent truths; but confidently leaving these to the penetration of future laborers, we close the argument.

Then here, reverend sir, is testimony that we conceive irresistible; clothed, it is true, in the allegorical language of which you and your fellows find your own book so full, but sufficiently clear to strike at the first glance anyone who has had the least experience in the ways of exegesis. To say nothing of the direct evidence of Gulliver, we hav two indubitable traditions, handed down through Saxon folk-lore from peoples that had never heard of Christianity; the traditions hav been providentially preserved for us to this day with a care that reason forbids us to declare unintentional, and they clearly attest a longevity vast and practically illimitable.

No, no, Dr. Talmage; you hav sent forth an unhistorical statement, and but for the watchfulness of some might by now hav deceived and converted Freethinkers more numerous than Vallambrosa's leaves; but learn that the greatest abilities must meet with failure when enlisted in the cause of untruth—that you are not the only scholar in the world and that there is erudition besides your own.

Editorial Notes.

THE following remarks, which are accurate in fact and expression, are from the *Sequachee Herald*, published at Jasper, Tenn.: "THE TRUTH SEEKER, published at 28 Lafayette place, New York city, subscription price $3 per annum, is one of the ablest Freethought papers published in the United States. Its corps of correspondents are the brainiest set of men of any that write for literary papers."

THE danger of intimacy between ministers and the sisters of their congregations are vividly illustrated in the adventures of Mrs. Hayden and the Rev. Mr. Holden, of Hazleton, Pa. Mrs. Hayden had invited her pastor to accompany her in a pleasure ride through the country. Their route lay across a railroad track, and as Mrs. Hayden was driving along at a very moderate speed—so the account states—and deeply interested in the conversation of her companion, the phaeton was lifted several feet into the air by an engin, bringing up against a neighboring telegraph pole. Mrs. Hayden was found to be injured internally, while the minister had his shoulder and leg both broken. The horse was killed, and the phaeton smashed. THE TRUTH SEEKER has often warned the clergy and the sisters of the danger they run in seeking lone companionship, and we trust others will now giv heed to what we hav said.

THE subjoined letter has been received in due course of mail:

"SAN RAFAEL CAL

"Truth Seeker and Co I see my suboription is up Sept 4 is up please discontine it ltle to much Anathist floting arround fur me in it Yours T M Josselyn"

If any of our readers will, from reading this letter, tell us Mr. Josselyn's reason for discontinuing, we shall be grateful indeed. At present opinion in this office differs as to whether it is because he finds Atheist or Anarchist articles in the paper. The beautiful young lady who records the reception of cash hugs the idea that Mr. Josselyn finds the paper Atheistic; our devil, a product of Pennsylvania, thinks Mr. Josselyn has found in our columns a communication with Anarchistic sentiments concealed therein. The balance of the working force are about equally divided in their guesses. While we regret to lose Mr. Josselyn as a subscriber, the poignancy of parting is softened by the hope that he will use the annual price of the paper to purchase a spelling-book and grammar.

MR. SOHUOK, priest of St. Mary's church at Millhausen, Ind., has been to Rome, and returns with gloomy reports of the church's prospects in Italy. "I cannot express my sorrow at the lamentable condition in which I found the affairs of the church in Italy, and especially in Rome," said the priest to a Pittsburgh reporter. "The only property now owned by the church is the Vatican, where the pope livs. His former summer palace is now being used as a residence for King Humbert. The Italian government and people are continually subjecting the pope and priests to every insult they can on the streets. Priests are spit on and insulted by the people. I escaped this myself, but know it to be a common occurrence. As matters now stand I hav positiv information that the pope will not remain in Rome more than two years more, and from the way matters now stand I expect he will hav to leave there within the next six months. He will go to Spain, where he has been invited to come, and is sure of a cordial reception. The headquarters of the Catholic church will then be located in Madrid. Even now preparations are being made for the departure that is liable to take place at any moment. The great hatred of the Italian people toward the church arises from the fact that so many of the former are Infidels, and hav no respect for God or man." Perhaps it is now in order to pity the sorrows of the poor old pope, but we cannot help thinking that the Indiana priest exaggerates in his statements. It is true that the educated Italians are largely Infidel, but the ignorant peasants are nearly all Catholics. The pretended removal of the pope is a political scare.

THE London Freethinkers, aroused by the official gagging of Mr. A. B. Moss, a TRUTH SEEKER correspondent, are moving energetically in the school-board elections, and intend to place as many Freethinkers in office as possible. A recent meeting is thus reported by Mr. G. W. Foote's *Radical Leader*: Mr. G. W. Foote presided, and was supported by Mr. Bradlaugh, M.P., Mrs. Besant, Mrs. Bonner, Mrs. Sowden, Messrs. R. O. Smith, J. H. Ellis, G. Standring, Hubert Bland, and A. B. Moss. The chairman stated that it was the intention of the London Secular Federation to maintain the Radical program of compulsory, free, and secular education. They were willing to work with Liberals and Radicals, but not to compromise their principles. They were securing candidates, who would be run in various divisions, and they meant to change the complexion of the London school board. Mrs. Besant and Mr. Bradlaugh made stirring and eloquent speeches. Mr. Bradlaugh said the real truth was, the Freethinkers had to fight the Catholic church and the principles of Cardinal Manning, and believed that in every division the Freethinkers might carry a candidate by the cumulativ vote. Many subscriptions were received for the expenses of the coming fight. The following resolutions were adopted: "(1) That this mass meeting of London Secularists resolve to fight for the secular ticket at the approaching school elections. (2) That while willing, and indeed anxious, to work in our various divisions with Radical Associations that are prepared to stand by the old Radical program of "free and secular," we shall feel at liberty, wherever the secular part of the program is sacrificed or neglected, to run our own candidates and giv them our fullest support."

Letters from Friends.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Aug. 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am surprised that every person in this world does not seek a truth and liv it, as this should be the foundation for everything in this world, and he that buildeth on this shall never fail. The Bible declares they that worship God must worship him in spirit and in truth. It also says we must prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. This is the position of the real truth seeker. How any Christian can possibly hold a truth seeker otherwise than one of the best of men, I am wholly unable to conceive.

Yours for all truth. CHARLES SACH.

SANTA ANA, CAL., Aug. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I write a word of advice to Frank H. Howe, and trust it will be of great service to him. In his article, "A Down-town Revival," he speaks of the loneliness of big city hotel lobbies on Sunday evenings. Now, he will never be troubled that way if he will spend his Sunday evenings in writing such articles as the above. It is the most interestingly written article I hav read in a long time. The spirit and style are very agreeable and his moral is well pointed. Please giv us your experience oftener, Mr. Howe.

Yours, D. EDSON SMITH.

MONTE VISTA, COL., Aug. 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The article in your issue of the 18th inst. entitled, "Society and Its Criminals," from that wonderful brain of Colonel Ingersoll, is worth many times the price of a year's subscription. If I were to say fully what I think in regard to that great and good man, I suppose some crank would put me under the sod. No witch or God, devil, ghost, priest, or preacher ever bothers me, because of the power of the colonel's brain on paper. I keep my library stocked with those gems from his magic brain. I once knocked at the door of Courtlandt Palmer, and he opened unto me. Respect to his memory. JOHN TRUEBLOOD.

PARSONS, KAN., Aug. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Being interested in your paper and having been a subscriber for a few years, I thought I would write and tell you some things that I hav been doing in this priest-ridden town.

I do all the good I can with the grand old TRUTH SEEKER; I lend it to anyone whom I think will read it.

I hav made a few conversions, I am quite sure, and I might hav gained some new subscribers were it not such hard times among the working classes.

I am now an old man sixty-eight years old, and hav never seen a time so necessary for every Liberal to try and do what he can for the cause.

The churches being organized and very badly scared, knowing they cannot argue with a Liberal, will use all the stratagem and lies they are master of to put down our cause. Yours truly, M. WELLINGTON.

QUAKERTOWN, PA., Sept. 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am always anxious to receive THE TRUTH SEEKER, and when it does not arrive on time I always fear something has happened.

I like the illustrations, and they should be continued, but on looking at the illustration on the front page of the issue of September 1st, I could not help thinking that the idea of the loving and kind Robert G. Ingersoll scalping his opponents, showing the scalps on a pole and the heads from which they had been removed, was too barbaric. The balance forms a noble picture: Ingersoll with his sword of truth, breaking the swords of Presbyterianism and old Orthodoxy, of Field and Gladstone; besides, the parsons' slings might be loaded with lies. With these alterations, and got up in good size for framing, I think it would make a fine picture to decorate the homes of Freethinkers, with the one of Ingersoll and Gladstone on horseback as a companion. D. C. WISMER.

SYLVANIA, O., Aug. 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of August 11th, page 505, is an article headed, "Despoiling the Stranger," containing views on the Mormon question which do not correspond with mine. In that article, and in other previous ones in THE TRUTH SEEKER, it seems to be presented that the Mormons are being persecuted and their property confiscated on account of their peculiar religious views or opinions, or, in other words, because they differed with other Christians. Now, I think this is a lamentable mistake. They are being treated as criminals, and such they are. They are, and hav been since they settled in Utah, engaged in advocating and practicing that great crime against civilized society—polygamy; a crime punished by imprisonment in every state of the Union; a crime no less a crime because Jehovah was represented in the Old Testament as a believer in it.

I agree with Colonel Ingersoll's views found on page 498 of that issue: "If anything on earth is immoral, that is. If there is anything calculated to destroy home, to do away with human love, to blot out the idea of family life, to cover the hearthstone with serpents, it is the institution of polygamy."

Now, it being conceded that the practice of polygamy is a crime, is it not the duty of the government to break it up even if it become necessary to resort to confiscation?

What does the law require to be done with the property and tools used in smuggling, counterfeiting, burglary, etc.?

Mormonism looks to me as a gigantic criminal, an organized conspiracy against law and decency and a defiant rebel against our government, and is entitled to no protection any more than any other combination of outlaws.

I do not understand that the government has instituted proceedings against the Mormons on account of their religious belief, but on account of their criminal acts. And I shall be glad to realize it as a fact that by the simple operation of law that great nest of crime can be broken up. I hope the government has at last, after tampering with the crime so many years, taken effectiv steps to suppress it.

Inclosed please find $1, for which send me the "Field-Ingersoll Discussion," cloth-bound, and oblige,

Yours truly, J. M. HOPKINS.

VAN BUREN, ARK., July 12, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find small order, which please forward as directed.

In your issue of August 4th I notice that George Elliot says: "I do not like your emblem of the flag above the cross. Why not above the crescent, or any other superstition?" I do like the emblem. The crescent has no power in the United States. The cross has. If the devotees of the crescent were trying to place the crescent above the flag, and make the doctrins for which it stands paramount, then I would say, keep the flag above the crescent. If we retain our liberties we must keep the flag above the cross. Long may she wave above all ecclesiastical interference—the guardian of the rights of the people against the encroachments of all tyrants, religious or social.

If Clark Braden will come this way we will try and furnish him amusement for a few evenings. There are a few Freethinkers here who are always ready for any preacher that may come along. None of our local preachers is willing to meet any one of us in joint discussion, and if Clark Braden, or any other Christian, is thirsting for Infidel blood let him come around and we will accommodate him. It used to be that an Infidel who would undertake to talk religion here would hav two or three Christians "on him" in a minute; exactly the reverse of that is the way things stand now.

Yours for truth and justice, HENRY ADDIS.

NATIONAL HOME, WIS., Aug. 23, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Here is a sample from the *Banner of Light* anent what they call Antichristian: "We still liv in an Antichristian age, more or less, as the late death by hanging of culprit Maxwell at St. Louis will demonstrate. There he hung fully fifteen or twenty minutes before life became extinct," etc. "Antichristian," is it? O shades of our mighty dead martyrs to science and philosophy! look down with scorn and contempt on this new-fangled curse called Christian Spiritualism. Consistency is the jewel that stubbornly refuses to materialize for the benefit of Brother Colby's readers. Is it possible that on this continent, and in this nineteenth century, there exists one who would so defame the Spiritual philosophy as to connect it with this multiplicity of blood-stained creeds of Christendom? Antichristian forsooth! Who hanged Maxwell? Who murdered the five so-called Anarchists in open defiance of law in Chicago? Who instituted the holy Inquisition, and kept it in force? Who caused millions to perish in the Crusades, and nearly depopulated Europe? Were all these Infidels or Antichristians?

Shame, shame, Brother Colby! It would not take much of a clairvoyant to read thy future occupation for some time to come. In old, forsaken habitations on earth thou wilt make the night dolesome holding séances with bats and owls a hundred thousand years hence. NELSON HUNT.

JERSEY CITY, Sept. 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send the obituary: Died, Aug. 29, 1888, at Jersey City, Pamelia Dewey, aged seventy years. These few words announce to the world that one of the most practical and consistent Liberal women has passed away.

To me they bring a painful realization of the fact that my mother has gone. After an illness of nearly one year's duration, suffering constantly, and with the knowledge that she could not recover, mother died one of the grandest deaths known to my experience.

Born in 1818, in the midst of a Methodist hot-bed, compelled by custom and fanaticism to unite with the church, still she had inherited from her father skepticism sufficient to deny the doctrin of eternal punishment. This was her salvation, and through it she was enabled to throw off every yoke that superstition had fastened upon her, and in its stead to develop a grand, independent life filled with good deeds. Her children had the first claim upon her, and hampered by poverty, opposition of every kind, she succeeded in implanting in all of their minds the necessity of living right and never at the expense of others. She never tried to control their religious views—left them free to act as best they could. She felt that the influence of church and creed could never, never outweigh her love, and it never did.

She openly identified herself with the Liberal world about ten years ago. Since that time, and particularly since the persecution of D. M. Bennett, THE TRUTH SEEKER has been her companion. Ingersoll's writings she adored. She was conversant with them from the time Robert shook hands with Moses until he left Gladstone in a deep, reverential calm. She believed that death was one long sleep. To her children she said: "If there is a God I am not afraid to meet him. I hav done the best I could. If there is a heaven I hav done nothing that can debar me from it."

During her long sickness she became quite attached to her physician. He would often spend an hour with her conversing upon the prevailing topics, religion and politics. About nine hours before her death he was sitting beside her. The family stood close around the bedside. All were crying, all thought the end was near. She suddenly opened her eyes and said: "Doctor, who do you think will be elected president?" The doctor managed to say: "Cleveland, I think. Is that all right?" She nodded and closed her eyes. Only a few words were spoken after this. She passed away in a sweet sleep at 1 A.M. No pain or suffering, not even the trembling of the eyelids or lips. The last breath was drawn and all was over.

Mother made her arrangements for the funeral and post-mortem examination. She attended with me the funeral of Mr. Leland. To her it was an ideal funeral, and she wished that Mr. Wakeman might say a few words for her. But before her death she thought that father and some of the family might feel better if a minister officiated. Accordingly she requested me to secure the Universalist minister of this place. I did so, and, to his credit be it said, he preached a grand Freethought sermon, never mentioning the word God, and freely acknowledging that in the presence of death we did not know what the future would be, but when we considered the life of the departed we did know what the past had been. In fact, it was a manly, consistent sermon, and one my mother would hav indorsed. All of her wishes were carried out except this—she wanted me to write to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav done so. Good-bye, my loving, Liberal mother. May your grand principles govern me through life. CHARLES M. DEWEY.

SNOWVILLE, VA., July 31, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Friend Wilson in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 28th says: "Once enfranchise women and the preachers would decide all elections." I doubt it very much, for really women are superior in intelligence to men; and they are now "the power behind the throne" and if they had the will the coming election would go precisely as they would determin. And if they decided on making Jo Cook or Talmage or Clark Braden president they could do it.

As to wars and fighting, if the mother who bore and raised her sons has no right to say when they shall go to war, who has a right? So long as we are social beings and liv under common laws, each sex must yield certain rights and wishes in deference to the rights and wishes of the other.

I may hav a right to sing, shout, thrum the piano, or ring a bell in my own house, but if there is a sick neighbor living in an adjoining house I hav no right to disturb him by making unnecessary noises, and even if said neighbor be simply nervous and annoyed by it, I should in all kindness refrain from making superfluous din.

Every argument against the right, or even expediency, of woman's vote has been met and refuted, but still they come, like ghosts at a séance—and about as substantial too.

Right is right, and no scare will long suppress it.

The ballot is sure to be in our hands, and if it fills every office with a preacher, and the preacher be not the best man for the office, he will hav to step down and out till the best is there, and probably that best will be a woman.

> Among the sons of men how few are known
> Who dare be just to merit not their own!—*Churchill.*

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

DETROIT, Sept. 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to say a few things upon the subject of your editorial in the last week's TRUTH SEEKER. I hav for the last three or four years endeavored to enlist the Liberals, and especially the writers and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, in a new—and the only true—method of obtaining the objects for which we are all working and hoping; and the last sentences of your remarks upon the names Liberal and Secular do most surely coincide with my earnest convictions for years past. Will the readers of our Great Paper please take heed and think? It is now twelve or fourteen years since I entered the labor organization called the Sovereigns of Industry, and all through the life of that order I earnestly pleaded with the leaders to drop all other points they were seeking for and work for the removal of all debts, as the sole cause of all other evils. I assured them that the order could last but a short time unless they aimed at some permanent good. Time proved the truth of my words. Then came the Knights of Labor, and my brother laborers kept at me until I joined them. I told them, the same as I had said before, that nothing but failure could come of their having twenty-two demands, which were only aimed against evils which were the natural results of the government that they upheld, and it has proved just according to my words. They made me their treasurer on the night that I joined, and after five years the assembly has gone out and left their treasurer alone. And I hav said the same to the Liberals and truth seekers. The Nine Demands are absolutely useless. There is no point, no power, in them. They simply are opposed to the—claimed—rights of other people. They cannot giv us any permanent good. We must do something. We must hav a live issue which will enlist the great body of the people. We must advocate Liberty—liberty to act, to be free from debt. We must teach the people the truth that we are yet in slavery. It is only hypocrisy to hoodwink ourselvs with the cry of the past century, that this is the land of the free. We must look down deep into the history of this past hundred years in which we hav been building prisons, jails, workhouses, and asylums; creating gallows and ornamenting them with the bodies of our fathers, brothers, and friends, while supporting an army of soldiers and another of police and spy detectivs. I was quite surprised in reading the interviews of the New York *World* with Colonel Ingersoll that the great lawyer entirely forgot or ignored the causes of crime. In his remark upon the inhuman crime of the man who dug out his wife's eyes, he does not even allude to the fact that the wife had $4,000 in bank; that he undoubtedly married her in the selfish hope of getting that money; that her refusal to giv him the money was the inciting cause of his brutal crime. And the same is the true cause of every evil on earth socially and politically. No one can name any sort of evil or crime that our daily papers are flooded with to-day that would ever happen were the enormous loads of debt removed from the land and every cause for the payment of debt or interest removed forever off the minds of the people. A year ago, in this city, a man

murdered another for the value of a five-cent glass of beer. A few weeks ago a man murdered his brother's wife because she demanded that he should pay his board. A few days ago another man shot and killed his own brother for the value of a three-cent glass of beer. Writers hav written for ages of the power and influence of the almighty dollar and yet hav never learned the wisdom of compelling their government to make them free and keep them free from this almighty evil and curse. I hav not the least hesitation in saying that the Constitution of the United States was the work of traitors; that the Tory enemies who were unable to beat the colonies in war so managed and manipulated in the convention that every shadow of those rights which were in the Declaration of Independence affirmed the inalienable property of every person born was entirely obliterated. If ever liberty is to be enjoyed by any people on earth, they must deprive their government of all right or power ever to lay a tax of even one cent upon the people, for taxation is slavery, and there never was and never can be any other way to enslave a people than by taxation.

I want to see the Secular Union take this, the one only true stand for liberty and humanity. We demand that our government shall cease all taxation and that the Constitution shall be so amended as absolutely to prohibit the laying of any tax, and we demand that the government shall create a full legal tender money receivable for all dues and with it pay all expenses of the government.

Let us take the lead in the way to our first and only emancipation from slavery. We cannot be too early. We hav no time to lose or waste. The Catholic church is wasting no time or opportunity in getting in its work for our enslavement to her rule. Not only are they building parochial schools for every church, but they are organizing and drilling one or more military companies of soldiers in every church society. We do not see that every man, almost, in each and every company will be able to command and drill a hundred more men when the Catholic church shall need and so order them. The only way to beat the Catholic church in this country and all others is to make this country free. Make one country free and all other countries must follow. Demand that this government shall cease all taxation and create a real money to pay all its own expenses, recognizing no other money, and the storm that will be raised all over the world by money-lenders will show you that you are for the first time seeking for true liberty. If the bankers of Europe could pay $300,000 to get the two "excepts" put upon the greenbacks, they will be willing to make it millions to prevent our gaining our liberty. All other questions are quite insignificant compared with this. Giv us liberty or death. Yours for liberty, J. H. Wood.

San Diego, Cal., Aug. 12, 1888.

Mr. Editor: In your issue of July 28th is an editorial headlined, "Christianity and Slavery," in which you furnish abundant proof of the fact that Christianity has always opposed every progressiv step until its final success was assured, and then with brazen effrontery stepped in and claimed all the credit.

"Christianity," says Gladstone, "abolished slavery. And Leo XIII. repeats the claim," etc. So, too, did Christianity claim, and try by every artifice to prove, that the great and good Lincoln was a Christian; but did it succeed? Not much. But what I wish to call the reader's attention to is, who and what actuating principle governed the proclamations, ukases, etc., which gave liberty to the slaves of the United States, the serfs of Russia, and, lately, to the slaves of Brazil. No doubt my statements will meet with denial and bitter denunciation by the majority, and, perhaps, by a majority of your readers, and no doubt those who claim the credit for Christianity would sooner hav slavery still dominant in all these countries than to admit the truth and giv the proper meed of praise to the cause that is entitled thereto; nevertheless, the facts that I shall state are susceptible of abundant proof, and history, in time, will so record. Abraham Lincoln was a Spiritualist, and issued his immortal emancipation proclamation by the direct advice and solicitation, given through a medium, of some of the founders of this government, which medium, I believe, still dwells in the mortal form. In fact, the latter part of his administration was largely conducted by the advice of these invisibles, so communicated.

Alexander of Russia emancipated twenty million serfs, and at the imminent peril of both crown and life, by and with the advice and earnest solicitation of his father in spirit-life, the late Czar Nicholas.

Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil, is and for many years has been an intelligent and earnest Spiritualist, and although I am not advised as to his efforts and agency in the late emancipation in his empire, yet it is only a logical deduction from his well-known enlightened and Liberal policy, and the—to all intelligent Spiritualists—well-known teachings of all progressiv spirits, that he has been the activ agent, under spirit advice, of this last great move on the chess-board of human progress.

Spiritualism has for its be con star the liberation of every human being from all that enslaves either mind or body. All spirit phenomena are produced, not as an end, but as the means to an end, and that end the enlightenment and purification of the whole human family, until each and every individual shall be a law unto him or herself—until courts, jails, prisons, priests, preachers, and churches shall no longer cumber and disgrace the earth and the dwellers thereon. Without the phenomena the angel-world could not make their presence known, nor enlist the coöperation of mortals in their beneficent and benevolent work of uplifting humanity, coöperation of the two being indispensable to the accomplishment of the grand work so essential and so sure of ultimate attainment.

Opposition, now so rife, or indifference, on the part of mortals, may and will retard, but cannot prevent, the ultimate fulfilment of the grand purposes now being wrought out by the coöperation of spirits and mortals. The circle is broadening and the current flowing stronger day by day. Amid all the persecution and cries of fraud, new medial agents are being developed, while the persecuted ones are receiving greater powers, and new converts are being made as never before. The present and past opposition, so blindly and foolishly, not to say unscrupulously, carried on, must and will spend its fury and gradually wear away, and when men can and will look at and investigate without prejudice or preconceived opinion, they will find that they hav been warring against their own best friend, and also against the best interest of humanity.

Let no one who loves truth for its own sake pass, or treat as an idle tale, the statements above made, and especially those referring to the emancipation of the slaves of the Americas and the serfs of Russia. The truths that I hav stated with regard thereto are, as before stated, susceptible of abundant proof, and anyone wishing that proof can, on application to any well-informed Spiritualist, be supplied therewith, or referred to parties who will so supply him.

For humanity's sake, all true Spiritualists deplore the blind war so furiously being waged against our best mediums, and especially do they deplore the worse than foolish opposition of those calling themselvs Spiritualists; all of these are their own worst enemies, and will so understand in time. But no opposition can prevent the ultimate triumph of the cause now so little understood and so bitterly persecuted. Nor does the loud cry of "Fraud exposed" in the slightest degree weaken our confidence in the honesty of the manifestations occurring in the presence of our materializing mediums, against whom so much is published and said.

Liberalists hav few or no friends outside the ranks of Spiritualism, and it does seem strange that so much opposition and denunciation should be heaped on us from Liberal sources. What harm, my good "Liberal" friends, can come to you if you should learn for a fact that life for all is continuous and unending? Would that be such a calamity that you must needs fight the proof thereof? We do not abuse you for not knowing, although we would, for your own sake and for humanity's sake, that you might know. Then why abuse us when we tell you we do know?

Let us contend against the common enemy and be friends. Meet us one-third of the way and we will gladly travel the other two-thirds to meet you. O. B. Lisher.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. Editor: I hav been very much interested in the articles that hav appeared in The Truth Seeker of late on the subject of protection and free trade. While I do not consider it the all-important question to be settled at the present time for the laboring classes, as other questions of still greater importance should be discussed, nevertheless, the two parties, Republican and Democratic, are making this their principal issue in the coming campaign, and one of their main objects in doing so is to draw the attention of the people from the more vital questions of the hour, and blind them with their arguments upon this subject.

But as this subject is before the people, and will not down during the campaign, I hope and expect it will do good in the way of education so that the people will become better posted in our system of government. But how a wage-worker can see that protection protects him is what puzzles me. It protects the man that employs him, if he is engaged in any of the industries, and puts money in his pocket.

But as long as he can go into the market and buy labor wherever he chooses in any country and import it free from duty, it seems to me that he enjoys the privilege of free trade in what is the most expensiv article he has to buy—that is, labor. But the laborer cannot buy even the necessaries of life—not even the articles he helps to manufacture—unless he pays a high tariff upon them. In that case, I do not see that the laborer is protected at all.

Protection is class legislation in the interest of certain persons engaged in certain kinds of business, and not in the interest of the whole people, as all class legislation is an injury to the whole people.

You might as well say, make a man a millionaire and he will be able to do a great deal of good with his money by employing so much more labor. But don't you see that it takes the hard earnings of thousands of laborers to make one millionaire to begin with, and then he must hav all the benefits of protection, so that he can afford to employ labor, and the laborer must bless him because he givs him a chance to earn a mere subsistence to barely liv?

I was well pleased with the article by the man from Canada. I hav forgotten his name. But in the same paper I saw what was reported as said by Colonel Ingersoll to a reporter on the subject of protection.

He said we must hav protection for the interest of labor, or words to that effect, and I was sorry to see that he had not any clearer conception of that question, after reading his controversies with Field and Gladstone, and to see how grandly and magnificently his arguments and logic entirely demolished his opponents.

And then he comes down to the cry of the politician: "Protection for labor!" The politicians, every campaign, are so wonderfully interested in the laboring classes!

I do hope the the laborers themselvs will study this question for themselvs, and not be led by political demagogs any longer, but think for themselvs earnestly and strongly, and act with manly courage in casting their vote for their own interest. A. B. Severance.

Vineland, N. J., Aug. 28, 1888.

Mr. Editor: "Passiv resistance." Very well, but it must be of an order that has vital significance and results. Progressiv sentiment must take certain action or it is a dead letter. Even if written and circulated, practical change must accompany to effect aught against activ aggression. Mere demand may aid tyranny by revealing the weakness of victims who knowingly but listlessly suffer wrong. Passiv resistance is the true method, and should be ever watchful, instilling, and moving—not delaying till great advantage is gained. Delay is recklessness that admits minor slaveries, till atrocities invite revolutions. Applied to present wants of this country, to inflictions on laboring majorities, and on seekers for constitutional and natal liberties, passiv resistance means just inculcations accompanied by deeds corresponding with the whole people's needs. It means the doing of what has been neglected—the educating of the masses in what their real needs are; what they now do that sustains tyrannies, and what human rights and sound characters require to be done. In other words, in what speculating and sectarian interests hav entailed upon them and must be discarded and what true customs should be adopted instead. Not only the views of sordid compacts, but usages sustaining the system, must be shown to be false, and the wholesome aspiration to abandon them and institute the health-reviving and truth-supporting habits must be practical features of the education. National prosperity under insidious manipulations fostered vain opinions of reputation, which laid a basis for cowardice that could not face ridicule and scandal, which had become the inquisitor's rack, and courage to enact convictions failed. Traits characterizing free men and women of a hundred years ago withered to the status of invalids and slaves, or took the warped opposit of knaves of all grades, tyrants in all lines. Under auspices like these the reformation of oppressors must needs come through the uplifting of the oppressed and abated service. This necessitates much judicious labor, but it is the humane work the whole world calls for. It will be done for all nations when done for our own, and naught else can save from darkest doom. Past neglect of privileges, indifference to evident treachery, to declining principle and enfeebled freedom, hav evidently precipitated this overwork that work in due season would hav obviated. It will now avert, if aught can, a sanguin struggle and a series of agonizing ages. It will direct toilers to prosperous pursuits and giv women understanding of themselvs. Are those having wealth who know these wants prepared to wisely choose between lending portions to the most needed purposes and having it robbed by the craft of greedy despots? Are teachers for these wide lazar-fields of delusion prepared for the call to dot them with lyceums that will thrill with real life and hope the thoughtless dupes of superstition and vanity? Liberal thinkers must be aware that while the usages of false systems are conserved their aims are answered, the vassalage of the many secured, and liberty but a sound without leverage.

Foolhardy daring on one hand is complemented by helplessness on the other that cannot change a beaten course without direction by firm instructors. There is much in common society, in manners, fancies, fashions, and appetites, that are almost as stupefying and injurious as the strongest stimulants. These well explained, with encouragement for sustainment in right, in view of the dangers ever lurking in falseness, now seen in general disasters, and people will enlist with earnest heed. When good work makes inroads on yielding ground, and government becomes less crazed and corrupt, public funds will be furnished, but events do not admit of waiting—we are too near being captured by monstrous combinations. Small beginnings in counteracting evils may grow to triumphant powers. A revolution of arms would but destroy men and means, leaving survivors as ignorant and more helpless, with all the educating and self-governing ability to acquire afterward. Since in any state of national peace or strife, the empowering by knowledge with the rich of the poor, the folly-dazed and craft-betrayed population, is the momentous consideration of a just and stable nation, there is more than double inducement in saving for good uses, noble achievements, and world-wide progress in scientific truth this peerlessly beautiful and productiv country and its as peerless people. To do otherwise is yielding a continent to unscrupulous ravages, a hemisphere to inushering pestilence. History furnishes abundant examples of the cruel nature of bigotry and hypocrisy, also of corrupting tendencies of great wealth in sordid hands, through ambition, vanity, and excessiv luxury ever engendering opposit extremes of penury, misery, and ultimate general calamity. These warning blights hav long been visible in modern ages, still men of large capacities tread the despots' mills for shares of gain, unsound position, and unworthy fame, compelling labor to accept the offered task and wage, and sanctioning old conspiracies against women's freedom in all things, save the freedom to accept some open services. And women, though grown to artists and thinkers, are so stifled by wily appeals for popular reputation and morbid desires for artificial prettiness, that they acquiesce in sinister measures and savage demands, even to pledging their persons for life to legal masters' dictates; to deforming, trammeling, and diseasing their bodies by unnatural fashions, urged by mercantil avarice and sensuous cravings. This derangement of the functions of motherhood conserves oppression by heredity, by culture, and example, yet an age in which science has influence, and sanitary laws hav advocacy, has no reasonable apology for subjecting further generations to barbarous customs and their slavish results. Integral education for both sexes, old and young, in my judgment, and not mine alone, must balance the scales of normal life ere human equity has a basis. While there are many free minds, many sterling lovers of justice, and large surplus treasures in the land, such culture should and might be put in permanent operation.

Scholars, physicians, thinkers, authors, editors, teachers, and well-wishers, can you reason on these conditions when false life and fatal schemes are merging into chaos, and still work oppression's machinery, still sleep over its abyss?

M. E. Tillotson.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Child's Hymn.

SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong!
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it;
That it speak no wrong.
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight;
Prying is not wise.
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil word come in
That may cause the soul to sin,
Wicked words will sear;
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be!
Guard, while thou art young,
Ear, and eye, and tongue.

Birds and Boys.

Down in the meadow the little brown thrushes
Build them a nest in the barberry bushes;
And when it is finished all cosy and neat,
Three speckled eggs make their pleasure complete.
"Twit-ter-ee twitter!" they chirp to each other,
"Building a nest is no end of bother;
But oh, when our dear little birdies we see,
How happy we'll be! How happy we'll be!"

Up at the cottage where children are growing,
The young mother patiently sits at her sewing.
It's something to work for small hobbledehoys
That will tear their trousers and make such a noise;
"And one must admit," says the dear little mother,
"That bringing up boys is no end of a bother;
But oh, when they kiss me, and climb on my knee,
It's sweetness for me! It's sweetness for me!"

On Circulation.

As seen by aid of the microscope, human blood is composed of two parts—the "plasma," which is a white fluid containing the nutritiv material, and the "corpuscles," which are somewhat the shape of little pearl buttons, but are so wonderfully small that it would take fourteen thousand one on top of the other to stand an inch high. These corpuscles giv the blood its red color. They differ in different animals, which fact has often proved very important in trials for murder.

The canals through which the blood passes are called, as a whole, blood-vessels; they are, however, divided into two classes—"arteries," which carry the pure blood, which is of a bright-red color—and "veins," which contain the impure blood, which is dull blue or purple, after the good part has all been given up and it has absorbed all the waste matter in its journey through the body.

When a wound is made so that it causes blood to flow, it is noticed that in a short time it begins to "coagulate—" that is, to become half solid. This is a most important property, and it solidifies much more rapidly in the lower animals, and in birds almost immediately on exposure to the air, which is one of those most wise provisions of nature.

The arteries are, of course, better protected than the veins; but in case of a serious injury to any blood-vessel, it is important to know how the flow of blood may be checked. As the arterial blood flows from the heart, the pressure should be made above the wound—that is, between it and the heart. In case of a vein, apply the pressure below the wound. The arterial blood does not flow evenly, but flows with every heart-beat, while the venous blood is sluggish and steady.

While we liv, the blood is in constant motion, flowing, with the heart as a center, over the entire body, excepting such parts as the hair and nails.

From this circular movement it is called the circulation of the blood, the true theory having been given to the world in 1619, by William Harvey, the great English surgeon.

The heart, which is the "forcing engin," is but little larger than a man's fist; it is in the chest, slightly to the left of the breast-bone. It is hollow and contains four cells—two "auricles" at the base and two "ventricles" at the point. Each auricle connects with the ventricle next it, but between cells of the same kind is no connection. The muscles of the heart are involuntary—that is, they are not governed by the will. Its movements consist of contractions and expansions, the expansions being the time the heart rests—one-third of a second at a time, which in twenty-four hours amounts to nine hours of repose. This organ retains life longer than any other part of the body. In cold-blooded animals its wonderful power is more remarkable, the blood of a turtle having been known to circulate for several days after the head had been cut off.

And now let us follow the blood in its journey through the body.

The impure blood returns by the veins to the right auricle, which it enters as that cavity expands. It contracts again almost instantly and sends the blood to the right ventricle. As this contracts the blood rushes on to the lungs, where it is purified by coming in contact with the oxygen we hav breathed, and then it is hurried to the left auricle and again to the left ventricle, and, pure and bright, once more it goes forth to nourish the different tissues of the body and in less than half a minute has returned to the lungs.

And now, to think of it, what a grand and wonderful study is Physiology, the study of our material selvs.

Ralph Waldo Emerson must hav realized the whole truth when he said, "The human body is the magazine of all inventions—the patent office where are all the models from which every hint was taken."

LAURA PRICE STEWART.

George Washington's Youth.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Va., on the Potomac river, Feb. 22, 1732. His father was a planter, and he died when George was about ten years old. George's mother, a woman of ability and intelligence, taught him his first lessons. He went to several common schools, but was never sent to college. George was very bashful and hesitating in his speech, but his language was clear and manly. His favorit amusements were military and athletic sports, and he also delighted in horsemanship. He was a lad of superior physical strength and fine build, and was hard to beat in athletic exercises. He was a lad of good moral character, truthful, honorable, and intelligent, and his youthful examples are worthy of imitation by all young folks of this and future generations. G. JACOB REMSBURG.

Correspondence.

DENVER, COL.

DEAR MISS WIXON: You see I am much interested in the study of physiology, this being the third article I hav written in that line.

I hope there are no mistakes. But if there are, I shall be glad to hav them corrected by you or the readers of the Corner.

Your friend, LAURA PRICE STEWART.

COAL CREEK, TENN., Sept. 1, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I now will write to you, after so long a time. We hav two boarders. I am going to start to school. We hav moved up to a place. They are talking about naming it Carbondale, Tenn. I like the name. Our town is building up fast. They argue very much about Infidelity. I like to liv here. We liv between two stores, where everything is handy to us. I was glad to see my letter in the paper. I would like to see this one too. There are three stores in this town. So I will close.

Yours truly, CLARA LEINART.

GRANTFORK, ILL., Aug. 31, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I would like to call the attention of the readers of the Children's Corner to the letter of Father Hacker in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Aug. 25, 1888, on page 533. I think any boy or girl that can afford it ought to send for a volume or two and try to get others to take a volume or more. Even those that hav contributed to the J. Hacker Fund ought to respond to his call again, for it would not be throwing money away. So let all of us help the general again (for he was a general in battling against superstition and the church). I hav sent for two volumes.

Hoping I hav not taken too much space away from the Children's Corner, I remain,

Your Infidel friend, NICHOLAS J. KRAFT.

DECATUR CITY, IA., Aug. 22, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I havn't written to the Children's Corner for some time, so I thought I would write a letter, if you hav room for it. We had a holiness camp-meeting here, and they got only two converts, and one of them was an old woman that had fits, and the other one was an old maid and didn't hav very much sense. The preacher said he was a prophet, and said if the people didn't come and be saved that something terrible would happen to them. But nothing ever came of it, only a wind storm, that blew all of the tents down, and the preacher and crew got wet. I was very much interested in your piece about the polliwigs, and I want to know if you wouldn't tell me how wiggletails get in rain water. I hav my playhouse in our tent, and I hav lots of fun in it.

Yours truly, MAUD PARRISH.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

Twenty-five years ago a boy went for a pint of milk. He hid the can beneath a stone, directed his course to the nearest wharf, shipped as a cabin-boy, and went to sea. Years went by and he was given up for dead. But he wasn't dead; he was amassing vast wealth—a common thing, by the way, with sailors. The other day he returned, found the can where he hid it, procured a pint of milk, and going to his boyhood's home entered and said:

"Father and mother, here's your milk."

He was given a warm welcome, but he noticed that there was a change in his parents' appearance; they had not the old, familiar look. He questioned them and explanations followed, through which, though they were still his parents, the change in their appearance was accounted for. Shortly after his departure from home his father died and his mother married again, then his mother died and his new father married again. Thus on his return he found the old home as he left it, the only difference being that he had a new father and mother. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.—*Courier.*

What the Little Ones are Saying.

Little Philip fell down stairs one day and injured his face so seriously that for a long time he could not speak. When he did open his lips, however, it was to no complaint of pain. Looking up at his mother, he whispered, trying to smile:

"I'm pretty glad 'twasn't my little sister!"

TOO MUCH SWEETNESS.—How easily bitterness may be produced by too much sweetness was illustrated the other day by a car incident. One little girl about five years old leaned over the back of the seat in front and whispered in the ear of a small boy, "I love you." Having no reply, she again said: "I love you."

"Yes," said the boy, "but don't say that again."

"I will," was the determined answer of the girl.

"You won't!" replied the boy with equal determination, and thereupon began a fast and furious quarrel which lasted until the girl was borne away by her nurse, her voice sounding shrilly down the car aisle, "I love you, I love you, I love you," over and over again.—*Boston Journal.*

A HANDSOME PROFIT.—Aunt Emily: "Why do you think you will be a doctor, Bobby, when you grow up?" "Because I swallowed a ten-cent piece the other day, and the doctor charged pa $2 for curing me. That's a good business."

A child of seven or eight said that when the Bible speaks of "children's children" it must mean dolls.

Minister: "And do you like to go to church with your papa and mamma, Bobby?" Bobby (inclined to be non-committal): "Well, I guess I like it as well as pa does."

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—o—

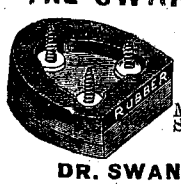
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The heart that makes us hope and dream and toil,
Though sorrow crushes and death gives no sign
Above the marble stillness of its face?
Why is it that we cannot be shut in
To narrow walls, however poor we be,
But still must pierce beyond the seas of light
And summer skies, and claim them for our own?

Will it be ever solved what life may be,
Though one might circle the eternal round
And pass the gates of death a thousand times
To higher, brighter, and diviner spheres?
Would one then pass all sorrow and all pain?
Would not the shadows be as deep as now,
And grief as terrible, and love as sad?

Such thoughts crowd o'er me when the sudden pall
Of thy heart's silence doth make blind the sight.
Life is more great than ever in thy death;
The rushing tide grows still—a mirror vast,
Wherein the majesty of time appears
Like crystal sky within a crystal sea,
When not a breath is on the boundless deep.
A moment I must pause, and let the past
Make sweet the present with unquestioned joy.
More than a name thou art, dear friend;
A beautiful and noble spirit thou,
Bright, delicate, like Shelley's glorious soul,
And shining with the ardor of his mind.
Like him thou wast to me an impulse, mild,
Beneficent, with youth's sublime romance,
And manhood's power, and thought's far-reaching flame.
In mine own struggle did I find thee brave;
Midst varying fortune ever still the same,
Thy word a summons and thy hand a help.

Knight of the people, in the people's cause
Is thy true claim to honor and renown.
With thee no bounds were set; no narrow creed
Of wealth or fashion marred thy soldier's grace.
The toiler was thy comrade; earnest hand
And earnest brain were royal in thy choice;
The chivalry of labor was thy pride,
The reign of freedom thy most loyal wish.

O blessed friend, and art thou dead to these?
Thou canst not be, but living unto all
The beautiful, the noble, the sublime.
I greet thee still in hope's immortal realm.
Thou art not fallen in the flush of life,
Like flower cut off and never more to bloom
And make the summer's air a sweet delight.
Thou art an inspiration now, a star
In the bright firmament of time's elect.
From mortal to immortal thou hast passed
In the clear purpose of thy noble life.
Thou hast become a part of that great world
Wherein all love is centered and all hope—
The world sublime above life's restless sea,
Where genius triumphs, and the glorious throng
Of human virtues make the heaven we seek.

Liv on, brave spirit, in our hearts' deep throb;
Liv in our hope, our virtue, and our toil;
Liv in our dreams of happier life for man;
Liv in our consecration to the truth.
Thy stream runs to the ocean vast and bright,
And makes the ocean a more glorious world
Of symphonies magnificent. Life's frailties drop
From thy exultant and heroic course.
Thou hast burst forth to death's white, radiant crown;
In tears we see thy perfect grace of life,
That could not be except through sorrow's gaze.

Our task is nobler for thy golden sheaf;
Our harvest gladder for thy presence still.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

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"Let one song be a pean of triumph."

O tender, brave, and faithful soul,
Above whose bark the waters roll—
The Silent Sea—
Yours is the good man's gentle fame,
In grateful hearts to write a name
Immortally.

O hero in the soul's deep war,
Of superstition conqueror,
Your fear was slain;
No more the cark and care of life,
No more confusion, no more strife,
And no more pain.

. . . . . .

Weep not the tear, withhold the sigh,
As brave as this how sweet to die,
So wisely calm;
It cometh swiftly to us all—
To close the act the curtains fall—
And death is balm.

Quenched is the corse's funeral flame,
All quenchless burns the living name
We read and bless;
Enshrined within the people's heart,
His fadeless, deathless, better part
We still possess.

We leave him where his field was won,
In dreamless sleep of duty done
(Wreathe asphodel);
He is relieved, and he may sleep,
But ours is still a watch to keep—
Comrade, farewell!

J. WM. LLOYD, *in Liberty.*

Walk, —— You, Walk!

Up the dusty way from "Frisco" town,
To where the mines their treasure hide,
The road is long, and many miles
The golden store and town divide.

Along this road one summer day
There toiled a tired man;
Begrimed with dust, the weary way
He cussed as some folks can.

Our traveler hailed a passing team
That slowly dragged its load along
His hail roused up the teamster old
And checked his jolly song.

"Say, stranger!"
"Wal'? whoa!"

"Kin I walk
Behind yer load
A spell on this road?"

"Wal', no, ye can't walk;
But get up on this seat,
An' we'll jest talk.
Git up, hyar!"

"That ain't wot I want;
I ain't thet kind;
Fer 't is on behind,
Right in yer dust,
Thet's like a smudge,
I want to trudge,
Fur I desarve it."

"Well, pard, I ain't no hog;
I don't own this road 'afore nor 'hind,
So jest get right in the dirt an' walk,
Ef thet's the way yer 'clined!

"Yeh hup! gelang!" the driver said;
The creaking wagon moved amain;
While, close behind, the stranger toiled,
And clouds of dust rose up again.

The teamster heard the stranger talk,
As if two trudged behind his van;
Yet, looking 'round, could only spy
A single, lonely man.

Yet heard the teamster words like these
Come out the dust, as from a cloud;
For the weary footman spoke his mind,
His thoughts he uttered loud.

And this the burden of his talk:
"Walk, now, —— you, walk!
No use to talk.
Don't like it, eh?
Not the way
Ye went at 'Frisco?'
Walk, —— you, walk!

"Went up in the mines
And made yer stake;
'Nough to take
Ye back to ther state
Whar ye wuz born.
Whar, now, is yer corn?
Walk, —— you, walk!

"Dust in yer eyes,
Dust in yer nose,
Dust down yer throat
An' thick on yer close;
Can't hardly talk.
I know it; but you jest
Walk, —— you, walk!

"Wot did ye dew with yer tin?
Oh, blew every ounce of it in!
Got drunk, got sober; got drunk ag'in.
Wal', walk, —— you, walk!

"Wot did ye dew? Wal', I swar,
When ye wuz down thar,
Tell me wot ye didn't dew?
Yer gold dust flew;
You thought it fine
Fer ter keep op'nin' wine.
Now, walk, —— you, walk!

"Everyone wuz yer friend,
When ye had dust fer ter lend
An' coin fer ter spend;
Didn't think of the end;
Tried to 'buck a queer game'—
Nary a red, now, to yer name.
Wal', walk, —— you, walk!

"Had a cool forty thousand or so.
Now, wot yer got ter show
Fer all thet?
Not a cussed red cent.
You let her went—
Nuthin' too good
Fer yer youthful blood.
Now, walk, —— you, walk!

"Chokes ye, this dust?
Wal', that ain't the wust—
When ye git thar
Whar the diggin's are,
No pick, no shovel, no pan!
Wal', yer a healthy man—
Jest walk, —— you, walk!

"Wish ye could stop to drink—
What—water? Wal'! jest think
How at 'Frisco'—wal', water thar
With ye wa'n't anywhar—
It wuz wine—'Extra Dry.'
Oh, you flew high!
Now, walk, —— you, walk!

"Ye say ye've 'sunthin' larned.'
Wal', I'll be darned!
Hearn ye say thet afore;
Yet ye tried—jest wunct more."
'Wal', thet's so; but this is the last!
I'm done! Jig's up! All's past!'
Ye hear me talk?
Walk, —— you, walk!

"'I've swore off.' Guess yer late.
"No more on my plate.
Ef I ag'in git my DILE—
Wal', I should smile!—
Let me ag'in salt her down;
I'll go 'roun' that 'Frisco' town
If I walk;
Yes, —— *me*, walk!"

MORAL.

The fools don't all go to "Frisco" town;
Nor do they all from the mines come down.
About all of us hav, in our day,
In some sort of shape, some kind of way,
Painted the town with the "old stuff;"
Dipped in stocks, or made some bluff;
Got caught in wedlock by a shrew;
Mixed wines, old and new;
Seen the sights, been out all night,
Rolled home in the morning light,
With crumpled tie and torn clawhammer;
Waked up next day with a "Katzenjammer"—
Then walked, ——! how *we* walked!

Now, don't try to yank *every* bun:
Don't try to hav *all* the fun;
Don't think you know it all;
Don't *know* that stocks will fall;
Don't try to bluff on an ace;
Don't know *the* horse in the race;
Don't get scooped by a pretty face;
Lest, when you awake,
You may talk,
And the burden be:
"Walk, —— you, walk!"

—*Elok in Puck.*

A Late Obituary.

DIED.—May 2, 1888, Barnabas Smith, of paralysis, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. N. Amsden, near Lupton, Weld county, Col., aged seventy-six years.

The subject of this sketch was born at Earnestown, Lower Canada, in 1812, and was the eldest son of Rev. Joseph H. Smith, a minister of the Methodist denomination, and whose ancestry is traced back to the settlement of Windsor, Conn., in 1630. Mr. Smith was a man of more than ordinary ability and of marked characteristics, being remarkably well read and much of a philosopher, as the character and extent of his library, before he scattered it during his later years, attested, and he was very outspoken in the promulgation of his opinions.

In 1820 Mr. Smith's father moved to the region of Detroit, Mich., and in 1833 Barnabas was married to Miss Anna Cornwall, at Maspeth, Ont., and in 1840 they moved to Boone county, Ill., where he lived for many years.

When slavery was the absorbing subject before the American people Mr. Smith was in the prime of manhood, and he devoted much time and talent to the cause of the enslaved black man. His voice was heard from the platform, and his pen did manly service, by means of the press of the country, against the institution of slavery.

He was among the most prominent of the few Abolitionists of that part of the state, and the writer of this imperfect sketch, as a mere boy, often listened to him as he championed the cause of the oppressed race, and as a hero who worked and talked for liberty, and for this work has ever revered him.

In 1857 Mr. Smith moved to Minnesota, and in 1860 to Cuba, Mo. This was a hot place for him at this time, and the rebel element repeatedly notified him to leave, but he was not the leaving kind of man.

Once they came for him while he was away from home, but one of his boys received them so well that one of their number was left dead.

While in Missouri Mr. Smith was, for two years, collector of internal revenue for the second district of the state.

In 1872 Mr. Smith came to Colorado, and moved here in 1873 at the head of a mining company he had organized. This scheme was not a success, and this same year our friend was stricken with paralysis; but his iron constitution withstood the disease for nearly fifteen years.

In religious belief Mr. Smith was an outspoken Infidel of the Spiritualistic stamp. At the age of fifteen years he joined the Methodist church, and when, ten years later, his father left them and joined another denomination, young Barnabas undertook to convince him of his error. He was himself convinced, and, like an honest man, joined the other sect. Soon after the advent of Spiritualism he investigated the phenomena, and soon became a convert to the same, in which belief he remained steadfast to the end.

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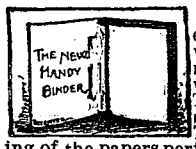
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News of the Week.

SHERMAN'S son will be ordained a priest of the Society of Jesus.

CARDINAL MANNING'S jubilee will be celebrated by a present to him of £60,000.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF GENERAL SCOFIELD and his wife are enthusiastic Catholics.

TEXAS has race riots.

LESTER WALLACK is dead.

A CANAL across Italy is proposed.

RUSSIAN territory is being developed.

MORMONS are establishing their church in Mexico.

A STORM at Cuba sunk vessels and inundated cities.

PHILADELPHIA officials are detected in malfeasance.

WALES anti-tithe agitators burnt a rector's house.

CONGRESS will spend $4,000,000 on coast defenses.

ENGLISH papers are discussing, "Is Marriage a Failure?"

IN Henry county, Ala., whites killed seven blacks on the 7th.

MORE moderate Prohibitionists expect only 500,000 votes.

FRANCE presented a railway train to the Chinese emperor.

THE wealthy clergymen are returning from their European vacation.

LEO XIII. is writing a history of Rome in the Middle Ages.

A FRENCH fishing fleet sunk off Iceland, with a loss of 137 lives.

TOTAL cases of yellow fever at Jackson ville so far, 604; deaths, 73.

MR. PIERREPONT, ex-minister to England, predicts Canada's annexation.

SENATOR STANFORD, of California, is having built for himself a tomb costing $250,000.

THE Anglican church is discussing the doctrin of the real presence and other useful matters.

RUSSIAN factory inspection givs the hours in 74 6 per cent of the factories as from 5 A.M. to 9 P.M.

GERMAN Catholic bishops combat the clauses on offenses by the clergy in Italy's new penal code.

PARSONS lament that notwithstanding their denunciations of theater-going it is increasing among their flocks.

THE evangelical cry of "$1,000,000 for missions" is advanced this year to "A million souls for Christ."

HENRY GEORGE will debate protection with a worthy opponent, preferring Colonel Ingersoll, but the latter is too busy.

A LONDON sensation is that of the successiv murder and horrible mutilation of four women, seemingly by a maniac.

LORD WOLSELEY deplores the growth in England of a tendency toward peace and democracy, and wants despotism and wars.

WILLIAM II. will visit Rome to get Italy and the pope to help him add another half-million men to his army, and Leo is preparing a magnificent reception.

CLEVELAND'S letter of acceptance disclaims radical tariff change and professes care for established industries, and proposes restriction or prohibition of immigration.

THE pope wishes Germany and Austria to induce or compel Italy to restore his temporal power, urging that in return he can more effectually suppress democracy in Italy.

AT Allasac, France, the bayonets of soldiers blocking the way of 500 strikers and 50 women to their place of meeting were rushed upon by the women, many of whom were wounded

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VIRTUE owns a more eternal foe
Than force or fraud: old Custom, legal Crime,
And bloody Faith, the foulest birth of time.
—*Shelley.*

IT is on opinion only that government is founded; and this maxim extends to the most despotic and most military governments, as well as to the most free and most popular.—*Hume.*

AN idle reason lessens the weight of the good one you gave before.—*Swift.*

SLAVERY, its perpetuation and crimes, are an eternal blot upon the Christian church of America.—*D. M Bennett.*

I CANNOT get rid of the idea that the Christian creed will yet be traced to a Buddhistic source.—*Schopenhauer.*

MEN who are singularly shrewd and hard to impose upon in their own line of things, are often the most weak and credulous in everything else.—*Herron.*

Is it the arm of God which has carried the sword into your cities, and fire into your fields, which has slaughtered the people, burnt the harvests, rooted up trees, and ravaged the pastures, or is it the hand of man? Does sanctity consist in destruction?—*Volney.*

THE preservation of health is at least not less important than the preservation of Hebrew mythology; and communities who force their children to sacrifice a large portion of their time to the study of Asiatic miracle-legends might well permit them to devote an occasional hour or two to the study of modern physiology.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Bible of Nature.*

THE Christian divines declared geology "not a subject of lawful inquiry," denouncing it as a "dark art," as "dangerous and disreputable," as "a forbidden province," as "infernal artillery," and as an "awful evasion of the testimony of revelation."—*The Warfare of Science, by Professor A. D. White, president of Cornell University.*

ATTEMPTS hav been repeatedly made to reconcile the revealed with the discovered facts, but they hav proved to be unsatisfactory. The Mosaic time is too short, the order of creation incorrect, the divine interventions too anthropomorphic.—*Professor Draper, LL.D. (University of New York).*

SOME drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn
That he who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age!—*Cowper.*

ALL orthodox ministers now know that fossil animals—that is, representations of animals in stone, were placed in the rocks on purpose to mislead men like Darwin and Humboldt, Huxley and Tyndall. It is also now known that God, for the purpose of misleading the so-called men of science, had hairy elephants preserved in ice, made stomachs for them, and allowed twigs of trees to be found in these stomachs, when, as a matter of fact, no such elephants ever lived or ever died. These men who are endeavoring to overturn the scriptures with the lever of science will find that they hav been deceived. Through all eternity they will regret their philosophy. They will wish, in the next world, that they had thrown away geology and physiology and all other "ologies" except theology. The time is coming when Jehovah will "mock at their fears and laugh at their calamity."—*Ingersoll.*

WHAT are theologians good for? A fool after repeating every piece of scholastic nonsense for two years, receives his cap and bells with ceremony, and struts and decides on every subject; and it is this school of Bedlam which leads to honors and riches: what can be said to it? Thomas and Bonaventure hav their altars, and they who hav invented the plow, the saw, and the plane are not even remembered!—*Voltaire.*

VOLTAIRE was the intellectual autocrat of his time. From his throne at the foot of the Alps he pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrit in Europe. He left the quiver of ridicule without an arrow. He was the pioneer of his century. He was the assassin of superstition. Through the shadows of faith and fable, through the darkness of myth and miracle, through the midnight of Christianity, through the blackness of bigotry, past cathedral and dungeon, past rack and stake, past altar and throne, he carried, with brave and chivalric hands, the torch of reason.—*Ingersoll.*

So died the Chevalier de la Barre. He was nineteen years of age. Then, O Voltaire! thou didst utter a cry of horror, and it will be thine eternal glory! Then didst thou enter upon the appalling trial of the past; thou didst plead, against tyrants and monsters, the cause of the human race, and thou didst gain it. Great man, blessed be thou forever!—*Hugo.*

THE world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society; and actually, or ideally, we manage to liv with superiors. We call our children and our lands by their names; their works and effigies are in our houses.—*Emerson.*



THE LORD LOVETH A BEAUTIFUL FRINGE.

Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a riband of blue.—Num. xv, 37-38.

Odds and Ends.

THE man who supplied the Inquisition with machinery was the original rack-renter.

"WHAT were the last words of Brigham Young?" asked the teacher. "He never had any," replied the smart bad boy; "he was a married man."

THERE was an old maid of Ft. Wayne,
Who industry had on the brayne;
So she learned to crochet,
And kept busy all dhet,
In knitting a great counterpayne.

Ye spinster who singeth ye psalm
In alto and black cashmere pcalm,
Doth extract from it pbalm,
And a somber-hued pchalm,
Which keepeth at distance all phalm.

Tho' wicked, no doubt, to say damn,
When stuck with a rancid old hamn,
Or, when paying for lamb,
To be bilked with old ramb,
I'd cuss if 'twere only by Samn!

"I'M very glad to hav been of any comfort to your poor husband, my good woman. But what made you send for me instead of your own minister?" "Well, sir, it's typhus my poor husband's got, and we dinna think it just reet for our ain minister to run the risk!"

AND now with "reverential calm,"
Vacation past, each reverent sham,
His old dead horse astride,
Doth in the holy places *stand*,
The bridle firmly in his hand,
Nor knows his horse has died.
—*John Hudson.*

MARY: "Don't you dislike to hav a man talk shop when he comes to see you?" Jennie: "Indeed I do! Who's been talking shop to you?" Mary: "Oh, my young man. He's a street-car conductor, you know, and nearly every time he comes to see me he gets off his shop talk." Jennie: "What does he say?" Mary: "Sit closer, please."

SUPERINTENDENT (of bobtail horse-car line): "The driver of No. 75 ran over an old lady to-day, and broke her arm." President: "Well, people ought to be more careful." Superintendent: "And the amount of money in the box indicates that he is careless about fares." President: "Wha-at? Discharge him at once!"

THE CHRISTIAN'S LAST TRUMP.

To prove there is a hell to him
Who does to doubt it dare,
The saint with satisfaction grim
Does always send him there.

Oh, oh, the awful judgment day
When Gabriel shall a solo play—
His strength upon his horn expend
Till eyes bulge out and cheeks distend
(For need his lungs will great inflation,
To send a blast through all creation),
To call the dust and mummies dried
Of all the people who hav died
Since man's innumerable army
Began its march on *terra firma*.
And since men walked, not only earth,
But countless worlds of older birth,
Adown to time's conclusiv tick,
When nature givs its dying kick,
Unto Jehovah's great white throne,
To be restored to flesh and bone.
There, if no sad mistakes are made,
Each shell receives its former shade.
God's ledger's opened, and the record
Of every soul, however checkered
Has been its course, is ascertained,
As severally all are arraigned
Before the final judgment seat,
Which sweeps the docket's page complete.

No lawyer is allowed about,
For "saving grace" is all played out;
Their faith in Christ the judge does gage,
And if they born were since his age,
And disbelieve he was their savior,
He won't be, even for good behavior,
And with the bad goats they must go
Who Christ's name ne'er before did know,
For ignorance of law helps none,
And they are all lost, every one.

None chance hav now to be enticed
To ramble with the sheep of Christ,
And many scores to one are sent
To suffer endless punishment.
In fine, a mighty mass of souls
God's faithful sheriff soon controls,
Who takes them to his stew-pan vast,
Within which they are quickly cast
To be well cooked, but full done, never,
For they must fry in hell forever.

Brothers and sisters—some in heaven
And some below—are places given;
Parents can hear their children groaning
While they celestial songs are crooning;
Children can see their parents burning
While they the heavenly tunes are learning;
Wives can behold their husbands frying
While they the golden harps are trying;
Husbands can hear their wives' cries ringing
While they the lambkin's praise are singing;
And angels look from bowers of bliss
With joy on the fire-swept abyss.

What nonsense, for sane men to preach,
Make weak men howl and women screech,
Or on the floor roll in a fit,
And wallow in tobacco spit—
An exhibition of human folly
More ridiculous than melancholy,
Which has been witnessed many a time
In this poor saint-infested clime.
Methinks that God and son, when they
The fools innumerable survey
Whose cases they hav called to try,
Will soon adjourn the court *sine die*,
Concluding that it does not pay
To try such idiots, anyway.

As for this hell your Bible teaches,
And every reverend ninny preaches,
It seems high time that men disclaimed
The thing, or of it were ashamed.
Yet oft we hear the holy "crook,"
With naught of wisdom but his look,
In grum, or solemn long-drawn voice,
As though he a *morceau* had choice,
Thus speak of satan's principality—
"Hell—is—a—ter—rible reality!"

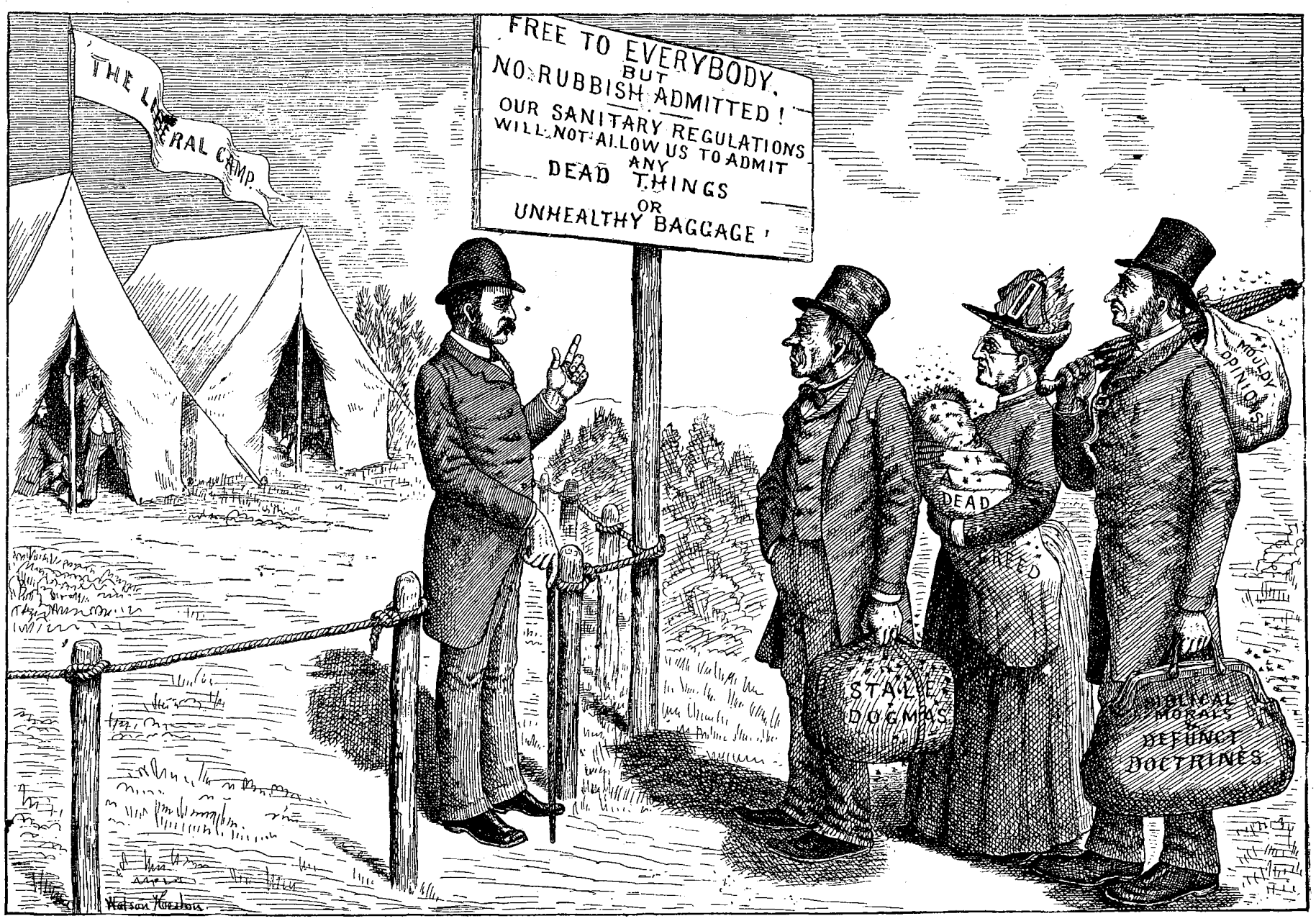
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THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Vol. 15. No. 38. {PUBLISHED WEEKLY. {New York, Saturday, September 22, 1888.} 28 LAFAYETTE PL.} $3.00 per year.



A HINT.

Notes and Clippings.

OF the population of Greeley county, Neb., ninety per cent is Catholic. This county contains the Catholic colony organized by Bishops O'Connor and Spaulding.

A WRITER in the *Open Court* says: "It is the chronic state of every man in this country, that he wants to hav a law passed. What sort of individualism is that?"

MITCHELL hopes to be the episcopal city of the Dakota diocese, and Protestants and Catholics alike are working to make the place the future residence of Bishop Marty.

AT Kenosha, Wis., on the night of the 12th, boys played "tick-tack" on the Rev. E. C. Taylor's house. The reverend waited for them with a pistol and shot at them, hitting one.

IN 1886 Salt Lake City was visited for the first time by a Catholic priest, but none permanently resided till the following year. Now the place has a bishop and six resident priests.

THE only woman lawyer in Philadelphia is Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore. She has an enviable reputation at the bar, and there is not a judge in the city who does not respect her for her legal ability.

A CINCINNATI lawyer, who has extensiv dealings with business men, says that those of Chicago are the best pay and those of Boston the poorest. The general idea that Chicago business men were tricky is erroneous, he says, as also the idea that Boston business men were religious..

FOR the first time in her royal history, during her recent visit to Glasgow, while she was responding to the address of welcome, some one in the back of the hall shouted to Queen Victoria, "Speak up!"

JUDGE FOSTER, of the United States district court for Kansas, hangs murderers on Tuesday instead of Friday, and in passing sentence leaves off the usual pious slush about God having mercy on their souls.

THE telephone was allowed to be used on Sunday for the first time in London a few weeks ago. The managers of the company, it is said, had grave doubts about the result of such an innovation, but the large use that was made of the privilege satisfied them.

THE Galveston *News* says of Elliott F. Shepard: "The colonel is a deacon in the church, and so pious that he never allows a copy of his paper to be printed without a text from the Bible at the head of the editorial column, and yet he originates and publishes falsehoods in the most brazen manner."

THE *Christian Register* finds comfort in the thought "that if matters should come to an issue and a free fight, the Methodists alone in this country outnumber the Catholics; and we can offset the Methodist vote against the Catholic vote, and leave all other religious denominations as a superfluous majority."

THE local Law and Order League of Warren, O., which has been trying to enforce some of the old Blue laws of the state, notified cigar, soda-water, and news dealers to keep their places closed last Sunday, and threatened to prosecute any violation. About half of the tradesmen complied, while others sold openly and in a more bold manner than usual. Whether the order was only a bluff remains to be seen, but as yet no informations hav been made.

JUDGE NEY, of Iowa, has decided that under the Prohibition law of that state it is positivly illegal for a man to manufacture cider for his own family to drink. Life in Iowa, says the *World*, must hav been very easy before the cranks set everybody to doing penance. It will be against the Prohibitory law, the first thing Iowans know, for them to hold converse with spirits at a séance.

JOHN TUTTLE, a religious crank, boarded a steamer at Wilson Point, Conn., a few days ago, proselyting for the Salvation Army, and got into an argument with the crew. He was ordered to leave the boat, and Edward Bellevive was leading him away when Tuttle struck him with a heavy cane, nearly severing his ear from his head. Bellevive picked up a shovel and struck Tuttle on the head, inflicting injuries from the effects of which the intruder died.

ST. PAUL, Minn., dispatch of the 16th: More than a hundred women and children ran out of the Westminster Presbyterian church this morning yelling at the top of their voices, "Murder! help! police!" There was a great commotion inside, and in five minutes more than a thousand people had gathered about the sacred edifice. A free fight was going on in the church, in which everybody seemed to be taking a hand. Organist Joseph Sayles was pulled backward from his stool by Elder Jefferson, and fists and feet were used with effect by the angry parishioners. Finally the police rushed in and quelled the disturbance. The fight was the culmination of a quarrel between factions in the parish over the immorality of Pastor W. H. Roberts.

GERMAN journalism has just entered on its third century. In 1688 Christian Thomasius, who thought that the exclusiv use of Latin was an impediment to learning, and who wanted to see Germany free from the influence of scholastic pedantry, established at Leipsic a monthly periodical in the German language, in which he showed great skill in dealing with the questions which interested him. Thomasius's monthly lived two years, and was the first journal or periodical printed in the German language.

A DISEASE has been discovered among church-members which has been called "Morbus Sabbaticus," or Sunday sickness. The *Presbyterian* describes it thus: "It attacks church-members with violence on the Sabbath from 12 to 12 o'clock, and it takes the rest of the day to recuperate, for in no case does it continue until Monday morning. The patient begins to convalesce after the meridian, and about 3 o'clock a stroll is taken, or if his finances will permit, a drive in the park. It is very fatal in large cities. In the country it attacks the horses, and during these same hours they are too sick or stiff for duty, and the pious family that owns them is obliged to stay from church. Like malarial diseases, it observes the law of periodicity, and runs through the scales of sevens. This disease never interferes with either sleep or appetite, but is so regular in its return that many take pills on Sunday and repair themselvs for Monday, as some Christian manufacturers stop their mills piously on Saturday night, but devote Sunday to cleaning their boilers."

Communications.

Resurrection and Ascension.

Of all the many untruthful, contradictory, and absurd stories in the Bible, this story of the resurrection and ascension, as told by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, is the most preposterous, unreliable, contradictory, and unnatural. Who are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? All we know about them is the assertion that they were fishermen. Does the occupation of fishing giv men engaged in it such a character for truth and veracity that we are to take their words when they tell us of the most unnatural, the most improbable, and the most wonderful events that ever happened, without a doubt, or without an if or an and?

The pulpit for ages has preached and taught the false doctrin that these apostles were something more than mortal—superior beings—that it would be almost sacrilegious to doubt or question one word of their alleged writings, be they ever so contradictory or improbable. These false teachings hav been emphasized from the pulpit for nearly eighteen hundred years, until to many they hav become almost a second nature. Now, if we could only divest our minds of this priestly influence and look at these four men as they really were, namely, low, illiterate fishermen, and, as far as we know, without character or standing, and belonging at that day to a nation of people steeped in ignorance and superstition, we could then determin in our own minds the truth or falsity of their alleged writings, unbiased and unprejudiced. To show the savage, ignorant, and barbarous condi tion of the Jewish nation at the time of Jesus, I quote from an ancient historian, Tacitus. He says: "In point of ignorance, superstition, and exclusiv bigotry, they had no equal in the Roman world. As a nation, they could scarcely be said to hav a common language. By some, no doubt, in the neighborhood of the capital, Hebrew was spoken; by others, farther removed from it, Syriac, Arabic, and a language made up of a conformation of all these languages. The means of communication seemed to be almost entirely on foot, and not one in a thousand could read or write; and, indeed, it would be a great chance whether a verbal narration of an event that had happened in one district could be understood in another, or even the same."

This fact alone should be sufficient to convince anyone that the four gospels were not written by Jew fishermen. If we knew they were, and knew the characters of these men for truth were good, such testimony as they furnish in regard to these miracles would not be taken in a court of justice to-day where the small sum of $5 was involved. First, because it is hearsay evidence; second, because on most of the important points they do not corroborate or agree with one another; third, because none of them say they saw either the smallest or the greatest of the events narrated, but on the contrary say they were told these things by others, and they did not believe them themselvs. If such miraculous stories were related to-day by eye-witnesses, and by men that we knew to be credible, very few, if any, would believe them, and among the disbelievers would be many of the intelligent people that believe these fabulous stories of centuries past. And further, it would be well to bear in mind that the Old Testament was written first, and the fact that we are told in the New Testament that such and such things were done, or had to be done, in order to fulfill prophecies in the Old, shows that the writers did or could make these records of events in the New Testament fit into prophecies in the Old.

Profane history informs us that there were many dissolute and bad men at the head of the church when the New Testament was written—supposed to be about the third or fourth century—and also that the people, under the influence of the Catholic church, were becoming grossly ignorant and superstitious, and therefore required a Bible and religion suited to their ignorant and superstitious ideas.

To show how obscure this man Jesus was it is only necessary to mention the fact that, when the officers came to arrest him, he had to be pointed out to them by Judas giving them a sign (Matt. xxvi). On the first sign of danger every one of his disciples forsook him and fled (Matt. xxvi). A pretty lot of disciples truly! Now, here was a case of the blackest ingratitude on the part of these disciples, and cowardly, too, for there seemed to be no danger that these followers of Jesus were in that they need desert him and flee for their lives. This man Jesus had been their leader for three and a half years; had done much for them; had preserved them from shipwreck, and done many other miraculous things for their benefit. They had called him master, and professed great friendship and love for him, and yet scarcely had the officers appeared to arrest their beloved master when everyone, like a cur dog, fled, leaving him to his fate—leaving Jesus to fight his own battles, and to perish ignominiously on the cross between two thieves—and not one of these men that he had done so much for was present to giv him a cup of water to relieve his thirst in his terrible sufferings and agony. Among bands of robbers and banditti we find more gratitude and honor for their leaders than in this case. At the time of the crucifixion we read that there was darkness, and the temple was rent in twain, and graves were opened and the bodies of saints came out and were seen walking in the city. (I always thought that the souls of saints were all in heaven, and I suppose in this case they were, as only the bodies came out of the graves. Consequently the bodies must hav been seen walking in the city without souls.) Now, it is possible that there might hav been a storm just at the time of this execution lasting for two or three hours, making it darker than usual for that length of time, and a flash of lightning may hav rent the temple in twain, but it was real cruel in these writers to tell us that bodies came out of their graves and were walking around the city, and not tell us who saw them, where they went, or what became of them, thereby keeping us all in terrible suspense. Perhaps instead of there being but one Wandering Jew there may be many, and these are all Wandering Jews and are walking unto this day.

The chief priests were afraid the disciples would take the body out of the sepulcher, and no doubt it was done, for notwithstanding that story of the watch taking money for circulating such a report, Matthew says it was generally believed among the Jews of that day; and that is the reasonable and natural explanation of the story. It would seem from this fear of the high priests that these disciples would commit the crime of body-snatching, that they were no more above suspicion of wrong-doing than their pulpit-followers of to-day are.

I quote from Mark xiv, 59, upon the trial of Jesus: "But neither so did their witnesses agree together." As we proceed to review the testimony of these four writers in their relation of these supernatural wonders, let us keep this passage of scripture in mind. Now let us see how these four witnesses agree together.

First. As to the time the sepulcher was found empty: Matthew says it was at the dawn of day. Mark says it was at the rising of the sun. John says it was yet dark.

Second. As to what was seen at the sepulcher: Matthew says there was a great earthquake and an angel descended from heaven and rolled away the stone and sat upon it. Mark says the stone was rolled away, and Luke says the people that went to the sepulcher found the stone rolled away. John also says the stone was rolled away. Neither of the last three writers says a word about earthquakes, or an angel descending, rolling away the stone and sitting upon it. Common every-day occurrences in that day, I suppose, and not worth mentioning.

Third. As to what was seen inside the sepulcher: Matthew says nothing about what was seen inside. Mark says there was a young man sitting on the right-hand side clothed in a long white garment. Luke says two men were there, standing up in long, white, shining garments. John says there were two angels, one sitting at the head and one at the foot of where Jesus lay.

Fourth. As to who was at the sepulcher: Matthew says there were two women, Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary. Mark says there were three, Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Salome. Luke says there were an indefinit number of women, namely, Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and other women. John says there were one woman and two men, Mary Magdalene, Peter, and the other disciple.

Now, who told Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John of the resurrection and ascension of this man Jesus? Mary Magdalene and Peter were the sources from which they obtained these wonderful and contradictory stories.

Who was this woman, Mary Magdalene? Mark says she is the woman that Jesus cast seven devils out of a few days before his death. A woman with seven devils in her must hav been a terror in the land, and it is possible that he might hav left one remaining. If so, I suppose he was the one that is said to be the father of lies. Is it any wonder, then, that the apostles did not believe her, and her words seemed to them as idle tales (Mark xvi, 11, and Luke xxiv, 11)? Peter, the other prominent witness in relating these marvelous stories, according to the record in the New Testament was a hypocrit, a perjurer, and an utterer of profane oaths. Jesus was always suspicious of Peter, for he called him Satan, and told him to get behind him, for he savored more of man than of God (Mark viii, 28); and again in Luke xxii, 31: "And the Lord said: Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to hav you, that he may sift you as wheat." I always thought that bit of sarcasm, "Sift you as wheat," uttered by Jesus, was applicable to Peter in this case. This is the man that the church exalts to the highest position and invests with the keys of heaven. This man, whom Jesus said the devil desired to hav that he might sift him as wheat; this man, with hypocritical protestations declaring, "that should all be offended, yet will not I," and, with greater vehemence still, "said he would die before he would deny Jesus"—this is the man that stands at the head of the calendar of saints; and this is the man whose word we are to take of these supernatural and wonderful events. Is it any wonder, then, that Jesus was suspicious of him? And these suspicions are what made Jesus prophesy that Peter would deny him, and happening to think of cock-crowing, he mentioned that as the time, even if there are different times in the night that cocks crow. According to orthodoxy this Saint Peter must be suffering in the place set apart for the wicked, for after declaring he would never deny Jesus, he swore great oaths at divers times, saying, "I know not this man of whom ye speak." How do the two following passages of inspired writings "agree together:"

Matt. xxvii, 5.	*Acts* i, 18.
And he [Judas] cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and went and departed and hanged himself.	Now this man [Judas] purchased a field with the reward of his iniquity, and falling headlong, burst asunder in the midst, and his bowels gushed out.

Peter told the story in Acts. Could I humbly ask the clergy which one of these saints uttered such a glaring falsehood? If such a question was propounded to me, I would say: Peter, thou art the man, though I hav my suspicions of both. Only two of the apostles—Mark and Luke—say anything about Jesus going up. The other two deserve credit, at least in this instance, for lacking such elastic consciences. Luke says this upward flight of Jesus took place at Bethany. He does not say a word about anyone being present but the apostles, and for such a wonderful occurrence, givs a very meager account indeed. Perhaps his conscience smote him when he wrote this fiction, for he told it in the least number of words possible, as also did Mark. In those anonymous writings called the Acts some writer says—and from the character the book givs Peter, he is a man whose conscience would not trouble him much in writing any kind of a story—this upward tendency of a human body took place at a lonely place in the country called Olivet, where two men stood by in long, white apparel. This last writer, like Luke, givs no particulars of the *modus operandi* or manner in which this ascension was made. We read that Elijah took his aerial flight in a chariot propelled by fire and wind-power. There is a similar and much more important occurrence, and we are left entirely in the dark as to particulars. Now, if it had only been known at the time who the men mentioned by the last writer, that stood by in long, white apparel, were, there might hav been considerable information obtained from them in regard to this upheaval.

Strange that men and women that were familiar with the features of Jesus, and only about three days having elapsed since they parted from him, should not recognize him after the resurrection. Mrs., or Miss, Magdalene thought he was the gardener, and no doubt she thought correctly. When his disciples saw him, some doubted. A man should hav been selected with features more closely resembling the man the Jews crucified than the gardener in order to make a complete success of this part of the farce. Mark says Jesus was received up into heaven and sat at the right hand of God. As we hav no account of Mark having a telescope, would it be considered impertinent to ask the preachers how he could see this man sitting at the right hand of God? Perhaps heaven was nearer earth then than it is now, or the men of that day had more powerful vision—I think the latter, for the apostles certainly saw some wonderful things.

Luke says Jesus ascended the same day he arose. John says he did not go up until the eighth day, and in Acts he was seen on earth forty days after the crucifixion. Luke xxiii, 43: Jesus said unto the dying thief, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." In this passage these writers not only contradict themselvs, but make Jesus utter a falsehood; for according to Luke he was not with the dying thief in heaven until three days after Jesus said he would be. John says it was eight days afterward. And the Acts makes it forty days from the day Jesus was crucified until he was with the dying thief in paradise.

Jesus says that in the resurrection they are as angels in heaven. If resurrected men are as angels, and angels are spirits, that was not Jesus that appeared to the disciples after the resurrection as described by Luke. This man that was representing Jesus to the disciples says: "Behold my hands and feet; that is I myself; handle me and see. For a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see I hav." That Jesus then, or the gardener, was not the resurrected Jesus, but a mortal man, for the fact that he ate baked fish and honey proves it, for no spirits like angels in heaven could eat such a mess. I hav asked the pulpits so many questions that I feel like giving them a rest. But I am dying to know whether a resurrected man is a spirit or a man of flesh and blood that eats baked fish and honey and calls for meat.

There must hav been thirteen disciples after Judas hanged himself, then afterward stumbled and fell with such fearful results, for Luke says that two disciples went to a village called Emmaus and Jesus appeared unto them there and they arose up at the same hour

and returned to Jerusalem and found the eleven gathered together there. One passage in the New Testament says Jesus was the first to arise. What about Lazarus, whom Jesus himself stood up? It certainly is easier and more convenient for a man to arise that is laid loose in a sepulcher than those that are put in a box and the lid screwed down. In this case of resurrection some one must hav been assigned the duty of furnishing the resurrected party with clothes—as the grave-clothes were found in the sepulcher—for it would be necessary for even a resurrected man that sojourned upon the earth forty days to hav some wearing apparel. Instead of arising on the third day he arose some time during the second night. For further particulars we will hav to inquire of the men that had part of the play assigned to them. The body was put in the sepulcher Saturday night about 6 o'clock. Then the following Monday morning—according to Matthew, at dawn of day; Mark, at the rising of the sun; and John, when it was yet dark—the sepulcher was found empty.

These four apostles in their writings hav reference to but one visit to the sepulcher. That has never been questioned. Then all four relate the time the visit was made, who went there, and what was seen there at this one and the same time only.

Chicago. JOHN IRWIN.

We Are as We Think.

I hav come to the conclusion that all the miseries of mankind, aside from those few caused by nature, are the result of opinion. If we all had knowledge of the truth, our conduct would be in accordance. The masses hav ever been enslaved or outwitted because of wrong views carefully instilled into them by interested persons. In savage society a few superior men combine and terrorize (that accounts for the many cruel practices of savages who are not unkind by nature). In semi-civilized society these few dominate by force and cunning; in enlightened, by cunning mostly. As to the masses, half of whom are women and the remainder children and feeble men, they hav nothing to say under any form of government ever devised.

Wrong opinions are instilled, and customs based on such views, or institutions, grow up and become stronger than the people. It then becomes a mighty task to reform, and, indeed, those who try to instil the right ideas are looked on as wretches, and persecuted horribly. All human sympathy is withdrawn; they are mocked and maltreated even on the scaffold, where the vilest murderers and human tigers hav kind and tender consideration; they are reviled; they are stabbed; gall is given them to drink, and their last dying words are choked by the rope. There is no demon raging from the burning gates of hell so relentless as the tyrant when questioned of his rights. Let us not be mistaken and deceived. Ladies and gentlemen would to-day, as they did a few years ago at Valadolid, Spain, travel hundreds of miles to see offenders against authority burnt to death, and Charles Dickens wrote the literal truth when he said that here in the United States it was infinitly safer to slowly roast a man to death in the public streets than it would be to teach him his letters. Questioned authority is a heartless devil, and always has hordes of servants to obey its dictates and curry its favor. But nowhere could tyranny hav such a hold over mankind were it not for error of opinion in the masses. Never was a monarch more absolute than the French king when he could declare: "The state! I am the state." Nobody seemed to doubt it. Opinion changed slowly and quietly, but almost unanimously. Then, at the first attempt of the monarch in name to assert power—alas, poor king! He found none poor enough to do him reverence.

Opinion made such monstrous revolution, the very hirelings of the throne fraternizing with the *sans-culottes*. To be No breeches—Tog-rag—was far more honorable than to be my lord duke and infinitly safer. The epaulet was exchanged for a patch—all fashion—merely a matter of opinion.

Wealth itself is merely a creation of opinion. Nothing could make a people who hav no wants whatever any richer than they are. There is no wealth except commodities—creations of the labor of man, or of his care and risk. Money is only the representativ of those forms of wealth, and except as a convenience of very little importance. Compared with many commodities it is of no importance to mankind. The opinion that money is anything of intrinsic value is one of these errors of mankind that, like many others, has led to fatal evil. So long as it prevails man will be more or less a slave. Had all men the correct idea of money some very great changes would come over the face of human affairs, unless some other species of idolatry should take the place of the present. Even some of the greatest writers on the subject, who hav perfectly "orthodox views," admit that money bears to the ideal transaction of an exchange the same relation that the exchange itself bears—the latter being a physical act, but incomplete because it requires something to perfect it. All admit that money is merely an instrument to facilitate the exchange of commodities. Had every transaction from the beginning of the world been equal, money had never been thought of. It is an invention made to square uneven trades, and all the business of life is merely the exchange of commodities when you reduce it to the last analysis. Labor may exchange for labor, but the basis is commodities in the ultimate. It is as though some transaction was had—some trade of things—all perfected, but lacking something whereby to move the things. Money does ideally what the power to move does physically. Money is then merely an instrumentality used for convenience in squaring exchanges. How comes it then that this thing, this mere tool, this invention of man, has become ascendent lord? Simply because we hav been taught that money is a thing of intrinsic value. A sends a cargo worth $100,000 to B, at Liverpool. B, having credit at A's place, sends a draft, which draft A turns over to C, who has sent him a cargo; C in turn delivers the draft to D, whom he owes. And this is all money can ever do—square trades or exchanges. In the great trades of the world money is hardly ever seen. Small change is used in the petty transactions. I buy some tobacco and sugar, etc., and pay the merchant $1. But I got the dollar for some commodity or my labor.

I believe that the best study for the people is this money and trade question. Commerce is nothing but exchange of commodity. The United States is constantly exchanging farm products for manufactures of various kinds. Each farmer sells his surplus for cash, but the result is that the aggregate surplus of all finds its way to England or France, and other lands. So with the cargoes brought here from other countries. If by reason of any law our surplus is discouraged from leaving here, its price must fall till it is so very low that empty ships can afford to come here to buy. But such a case will rarely occur. This may be dull reading for some people, but if we do not get to understand such questions we shall become little better than poor slaves of designing classes.

To come back to the point where I began, we must get correct opinions. All the constitutions and statutes and institutions in the world cannot prevent an ignorant people, or, what is worse, a wrongly opinioned people, from becoming little better than slaves. How shall we know we are right when we see so many people divided in opinion? Use your common sense, guided by the grand doctrin: Liberty, equality, fraternity. Anything that givs a few men advantages over all; any law favoring a few at the expense of all; any law that requires thousands of spies to enforce it, and givs a few the opportunity to annoy and prosecute others on trifling charges; any law that increases what courts call *mala prohibita*—all such are unworthy of a free people, and contrary to liberty, equality, fraternity. Miseducation is worse than no education. Books, newspapers, and schoolhouses will not save us if the great masses are constantly taught to be narrow and il-Liberal, and to hate those who think differently from them. HOLT.

Fairness and Generosity.

The generous heart
Should scorn a pleasure which givs others pain.
—*Thomson.*

It is natural for us all to wish to defend ourselvs when misrepresented, and as McArthur commences his "Promis of Proof" by misrepresenting or misunderstanding me, I "rise to explain." First I wish to say that, born of a race of preachers and schoolteachers, and having been myself a Yankee schoolmarm for fourteen years, off and on, I hav become, by inheritance and environment, rather dogmatic and dictatorial in speech, despite all my efforts to the contrary.

While feeling kind and tolerant, I speak more positivly than I should do.

But I qualified the word "impossible" by the prefix "almost," and therefore the strictures of our friend upon it are out of place, so far as my use of it is concerned, while he himself uses its equivalent when he says, "There was no possibility" of deceit.

This very impossibility is just what so many were certain of when witnessing the phenomena at Liberal, Mo., which Dr. Bouton has confessed were all deceit, proving it by explaining how they were done.

And again, in quoting the rhymes "Convinced against his will," as having my indorsement, McArthur neglects to say that in the first sentence after repeating them, I controverted the old couplet and made it null and void, by saying that so long as he was of the "same opinion" he was not converted at all!

I cannot possibly believe that a coat or vest can be dematerialized into atoms so as to be removed from a medium, and then come together again fiber to fiber, even to a knot in the thread it is made up with!

You may cut a globule of mercury all to pieces and the fragments will unite again, into apparently the same identical ball, but the particles never will take their same old places, as do those in the coats and vests!

If the "distance from here to the sun" were disputed, denied, and debated over as are the main points of Spiritualism, "bias, heredity, and other influences" would no doubt come therein as factors of belief or unbelief. "'Antichrist' in his antiquarian researches" tells us nothing so improbable as that the dead still liv, and write between screwed together slates, and appear to us in their real forms as living flesh and blood palpable to our senses. No one loves "harmony" better than I do, and few would do more to promote it; but would it be right in me to keep back my honest opinion, and especially when letters pour in upon me on all sides asking for it?

Why can we not giv our arguments pro and con in perfect good humor?

I hav no feeling of hardness towards any Spiritists, but claim them all as Liberals. I hav taken from one to five Spiritual papers for twenty-five or more years, and read and circulated them all—does this look as though I meant war or peace, disunion or union?

I think McArthur's experience with George will be similar to Mr. Lacy's with me. At first Lacy was sure he could point me to a plenty of genuin slate-writing mediums, but when he commenced looking in earnest among such as he knew, they narrowed down to one, and he was so habituated to drunkenness he would not recommend him, but proposed that himself and others interested should help pay my way to New York and vicinity, where I could see all phases of the "ism" and report thereon.

I got slate-writing then, but not on my slates, and not on the two the medium insisted I should take, for I marked the frames of those, and when I received the two with the messages on the marks were minus.

If there is genuin independent slate-writing, I hope George will be able to testify to it.

Of course I grant that all that is, is "natural," but the dispute is whether it is fact or fraud, and I trust that patient investigation will decide that question in the near future. I congratulate McArthur on his willingness to help along this investigation by keeping George "in the fight," even if he puts Elmina out of it!

"To speak his thought is every free man's right," male or female, but please feel that I speak it in kindness, love, and an earnest desire for truth.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Snowville, Va., Sept. 8, 1888.

What We Need.

Labor's Reply to the Letters of Acceptance of the Democro-Republico-Rebel Party: We need, throughout our Union, millions of laboring immigrants; but we need, also, a well-regulated currency, a fixed, honest measure of values, such as was suggested in the last of "Letters from Friends," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 18, 1887, else the laborers that are already here must starve to death, under the star-strangled banner of the Benighted States.

The "trusts," "syndicates," "associations," and "courts" (conspirators and shysters!), by and through robbery and bribery, under the misnomer of "interest on bonds" and "retainers," now wear the stars, and hav about strangled honest labor, which bears the stripes.

A custom house for duties on imports is, like a Christian church or a Mohammedan mosque, a premium on crime and a relic of barbarism. He who, through temptation, smuggles most—commits the most crime—makes the most money. The barbarous Africans exacted import duty, to the extent of a few bandana handkerchiefs, of Dr. Livingstone, to permit him to bring his goods into their territory. They did not learn that from civilization: civilization learned it from them. G. N.

The Democratic Plan.

This is stated nowhere so fully as in the Mills bill, which the party has indorsed formally. The New York *Evening Post* has just printed all the provisions, and shown what changes would be made in the existing rates of duty. Among the most characteristic of these alterations are the following:

In the first place, a number of articles, which are now taxed, would be admitted free of duty, for instance, timber, lumber, salt, flax, garden seeds, grain bags, tin plates, soap, needles, dates, figs, Bibles, rags, books in foreign languages, and wool.

In the second place, most of the protectiv duties on manufactures would be slightly reduced. Some typical cases are paris green, 25 per cent to 12 50; paints, 25 to 20; plain china, 55 to 40; pig iron, 56 60 to 50 50; steel rails, 84 to 55; nails, 43 to 37; screws, 40 to 30; manufactured metals, 45 to 40; wooden ware, 35 to 30; sugar, 82 to 67; corn starch, 95 to 48, and oilcloth, 40 to 25. The duty on cotton thread is now from 42 to 53 per cent, and on cotton cloth, 48 to 75; but it would be 35 or 40. The duties on woolen goods now range from 45 to 90; but these last figures include the weight tax, which simply repays the manufacturer for what he loses by the tax on wool. His protection has been 30, 35, or 40 per cent, and would now be either 40 or 45.

Which of these changes would do any harm, except to the trusts? F. M. HOLLAND.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.
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Official Call for Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

To the Local Secular Unions, Life, Charter, and Annual Members, and all Liberal citizens who support the Nine Demands of Secularism, Greeting:

You are hereby invited to attend the Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, which will convene at Lafayette Hall, Wood street, near 4th, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, October 5, 1888, at 10 A.M., for a four days' session—5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th inclusiv.

All Charter and Life Members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of State or Executiv Committees, and all duly accredited delegates from Local Secular Unions are entitled to seats and votes in this Annual Congress. Each Local Secular Union is entitled to send its President and Secretary and three other members as delegates. Annual Members who pay or hav paid $1 in the national treasury are entitled to seats, but not to votes, except by unanimous consent of the Congress.

This Congress will specially consider practical questions tending to further agitation for taxation of church property; the abrogation of state aid to sectarian institutions; abolition of state, national, military, and prison chaplaincies; repeal of judicial oaths, Sunday and other oppressiv and unjust ecclesiastical laws; nullification of attempts to subvert our Constitution by a legal recognition of Theism in the American Magna Charta, and such other measures as will not merely thwart intended theological encroachments, but will absolutely expunge from our laws, state and federal, such insidious acts as hav already crept in to blot out mental freedom from our republic.

It is to be hoped that the addresses delivered will deal with the practical issues of the organization, so that there will be such an awakening of the people to these vital questions of the hour that a revival of the instinct of liberty and justice for all will necessarily result; that again from the Keystone state—the birthplace of our association—the clarion voice of freedom shall vibrate throughout the land.

Pittsburgh being situated almost in the center of a district containing many of our most distinguished workers, thinkers, and writers, besides the activ host within its limits, there is little doubt but that this Congress will be a glorious gathering of the forces who stand for mental liberty, as expressed in the desire for complete Secularization of the government.

S. P. PUTNAM, Pres.
E. A. STEVENS, Sec.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com.

Hotel Rates for Those Attending the Congress.

Central Hotel, Smithfield street, near Third avenue, $2.00. St. Charles Hotel, corner Wood and Third avenue, $2.00; two in a room, $1.50. Boyer Hotel, corner Du Quesne avenue and Seventh street, $2.00; double in room, $1.50. Hamilton, Penn avenue, near Sixth street, $1.25; double in room, $1.00. Keystone Hotel, 36 and 38 Fourth avenue, $1.00. The Durr Hotel has elegant rooms at seventy-five and fifty cents per night. Those who desire to eat at Friend Abel's Marble Hall Dining Room, 101 Fifth avenue, will find excellent meals served at twenty-five cents, twenty-one meal tickets, $4.00.

E. A. S.

"Freethought at the Tabor.

"A GREAT CROWD LISTEN TO A PROMINENT AGNOSTIC LECTURER."

The above are the display lines which the Denver *Republican* givs over its report of President Putnam's lecture in that city. The celebrated Opera House, built by Senator Tabor, was completely crowded, the report informs us. Lawyer C. W. McCord introduced the lecturer in a brief speech, extolling the intelligence of an age of steamships, telegraphs, telephones, steam-cars, and newspapers, and the toleration that greeted a disciple of Freethought with so vast an audience.

"From first to last," remarks the *Republican* reporter, "Mr. Putnam's lecture was a clear, able, and eloquent exposition of modern Agnosticism. He began by stating his ideas of the differences between Christians and Liberals in search for truth. All people must understand that there is a great difference, in the consideration of the Bible, between the book and the theory concerning it. A minister had claimed to him that, in his degenerate days, he had been an Infidel and taught that the Bible was a humbug. If the minister had ever taught that, he could not hav been an Infidel. All Infidels accept the Bible for what it is worth as literature. They object to the claim of its inspiration, as they denied its genuinness, its authenticity, and its infallibility. The speaker dwelt for some time on the position now generally held by Liberal scholars as to the doubtful authorship and time of origin of the divine book.

"In regard to a God, the position of the existence or non-existence of such a being transcends the limits of human reason. Even Sir Wm. Hamilton, the Christian scientist, declared it impossible that anyone could, from science, prove the existence of God. Through faith alone could the supreme being be accepted. He quarreled with no one over his faith.

"The Darwinian theory had proved false the claim of infinit love in nature. Thousands and thousands of forms were brought into life, and but few of them survived. If we had the sunshine and the flowers, we also had the viper and the lion. The study of nature taught that every motion in the universe was a continued struggle for life. Mr. Putnam paid eloquent eulogies to the great Deists, dwelling for some time on Thomas Paine."

At the conclusion of Mr. Putnam's brilliant address, an informal meeting of Colorado Liberals was held, during which arrangements for future work were perfected and contributions received.

A ludicrous incident of the evening was the exhortation of a member of the Salvation Army to the crowd to turn from Satan's path to the Lord's.

The Liberals of Denver are doing splendidly.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Untaxed Church Property in South Division of Chicago, Ill.

	Sub-Lot	Lot	Blk	Value
ORIGINAL TOWN:				
Assessors' division.	Pt. 1 to	8	21	
Garrett Bible Institute (leased out).	7, 8, and 9	"	"	$100,000
Garrett Bible Institute.	3, 4, & pt.	7	31	100,000
Assessors' division.	4 and	5	34	
Relief Aid Society.	11	"	"	65,000
M. E. church (leased out).		4	57	50,000
SUB. OF FRACTIONAL SEC. 15, 39, 14:				
Re-Sub of Swedenborgian church.	7 and alley ex. & 4 and 5	10	8	100,000
St. Mary's Cath. church.		4	20	60,000
Olivet Baptist church.	Pt. 1 and	2	22	60,000
SUB. OF SCHOOL SEC. 16, 39, 14:				
St. Peter's church.	1, 6, 7, 12 &	13	10	100,000
Jewish synagog.	Part.	5	111	75,000
N.W. University (leased out).	15 to	32	116	500,000
Y. M. C. A.	3 and	4	118	150,000
African M. E. church.		11	132	50,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB. FRACT. S.-E. 1-2, 21, 39, 14:				
Catholic church.	Pt. 2, 3 to	7	12	120,000
ASSESSORS' DIV. OF N.-W. 1-4, 22, 39, 14:				
Garrett Bible Institute (leased out).	12 to	25	3	50,000
Garrett Sub.	7	8 & 9		50,000
HERRINGTON'S SUB OF SAME:				
St. Luke's Hospital.	14 to	20	15	55,000
Presbyterian church.	Pt. 5, 6, &	7	16	60,000
Methodist church.	Pt. 5, 6, &	7	16	65,000
R. R. chapel.	14, 15, and	16	17	20,000
SPRING'S SUB. OF SAME:				
Grace church.	14, 15, and	16		50,000
St. Luke's Hospital.		25		20 000
Jewish church.	29 and	30		40 000
St. Luke's Hospital.		31		15,000
ASSESSORS' DIV. OF SAME:				
Second Presby. church.	Part.	4	15	70,000
Mission church.		3	16	70,000
Gurley's Sub. of Jewish synagog.	1 and	2	26 "	75,000
CLARK'S ADD. IN S.-W. 1-4, 22, 39, 14:				
Clark's Sub. Pt. W. 1-2.			2	
St. Paul's Univer. church.	1, 2, and	3	"	75,000
SMITH'S ADD. IN S.-W. 1-4, 22, 39, 14:				
Second Presby. church.		1	2	30,000
Presbyterian church.	Pt. 15 and	18	4	50,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB. W. 1-2, 27, 39, 14:				
Assessors' division.			22	
Wabash Ave. Bap. church.	5, 6, and	7	"	80,000
Church of the Messiah.		2	23	80,000
Moseby school.			34	120,000
Episcopal church.		6	36	80,000
Church.	Part.	8	44	40 000
Christian church.	5, 6, 7 and	8	56	70 000
Plymouth church.	Pt. 9, 10, &	11	61	65,000
Foster's Sub. of		64 to	67	
Mission church.		23	"	60 000
Assessors' division.			76	
French church.		6	"	60,000
Mercy Hospital.			77	150,000
Trinity church.	9 to	15	80	80,000
Church.	23 to	26	80	60,000
St. Xavier's Society.	Pt. 31 to	42	88	60,000
St. James church.	20 to	29	93	100,000
Catholic bishop of Chic.		17	94	40 000
Fifth Presby. church.	15 and	16	98	60,000
ARCHER'S ADD. 28, 39, 14:				
Church.	9, 10, and	11	5	12,000
Trinity Ch. Mission School.	24 and	28	6	25,000
St. John's Cath. church.	21 to	24	9	30,000
Rogers' and others' Sub.	29 to	33	10	
St. Stephen's church.	3	"	"	15,000
Baptist mission.	36 to 39	"	"	15,000
WALKER'S SUB. E. 1-2, S.-E. 28, 39, 14:				
St. Thomas church.	39 and	40	8	25,000
Church of Holy Communion.	47 to	50	"	35,000
Swedish church.	1, 2, and	3	12	12,000
THERMAN'S AND OTHERS' SUB. E. 1-2. W. 1-2 S.-E. 1-4, 28, 39, 14:				
Ger. M. E. church.	2 and	3	6	20,000
Swedish church.	14 and	15	"	10,000
" "	18 and	19	"	
Second Swedish Bap. Ch.	4 and	5	10	
" " "		4	11 to 20	15,000
Baptist church.		5	"	
DAVIS'S SUB. N. 1-2, E. 1-2 S.-W. 1-4, 28, 39, 14:				
St. George's chapel.	Pt. 28 to	30	5	15,000
SOUTH BRANCH ADD. 28 39, 14:				
Springer's Sub. of	Part.		14	
All Saints' church.	1 to	6	"	30,000
Ger. Lutheran church.		11	24	10,000
Church of St. Anthony.	9, 10, and	11	25	40,000
St. Peter's church.	9, 10, and	11	26	40,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB. 29, 39, 14:				
Church.	1 and	5	18	10,000
Church.		3	19	15 000
Parochial school.	13, 14, 15	3	27	6,000
Baptist church.	21	2	28	10,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB. E. 1-2, 31, 39, 14:				
Church.	34 to 37 and 50 to	53	13	25,000
Swedish Meth. church.	15 and 16	2	19	10,000
Episcopal Luth. Cong.	7 and	8	27	10,000
ASSESSORS' DIV. N. Pt. 32, 39, 14:				
Wall. B. & C. Sub.			2 & 3	
Church.	1 and 2	2	D "	5,000
Church.		10	4	5,000
Parochial school.		27	"	5,000
LYNCH'S SUB. N.-W. 1-4, N.-W. 1-4, 32, 39, 14:				
Decreet's Sub.			21 to 23	
Church.		11	"	5,000
SPRINGER AND FOX'S ADD. N.-E. 1-4, N.-W. 1-4, 32, 39, 14:				
Ger. M. E. church.	1, 2, and	3	2	15,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB. 33, 39, 14:				
Church.	51 and	52	3	10,000
Asbury M. E church.				10 000
Ill. Conference Assoc.	78, 79, and	80	11	15,000
Armour Mission Hospital, N.-W. 1-4.			16	70,000
Parochial school.	1 to	9	"	20,000
Colored Baptist church.	29 and	30	"	5,000
Church.	1 and 2	2	17	7,000
Church.	28 and 29	1	25	7,000
Church.	6, 7, 8, & 9	3	"	10,000
Church.	42 to 45	"	"	5,000
Church.	2 to 15	2	26	15,000
First M. E. church.	60 and	61	31	7,000
UNIVERSITY SUB. FRACT. 34, 39, 14:				
Baptist Seminary.	1 to	4	6	135,000
ASSESSORS' DIV. OF N.-E. 1-4, 34, 39, 14:				
Church.		4		30,000
BROWN'S SUB. N. 1-2, S.-W. 1-4, S.-W. 1-4, 34 39, 14:				
St. Luke's Free Hospital (leased out).			11	50,000
SCAMMON AND NELSON'S SUB. S.-W. 1-4, 34, 39, 14:				
Central Ch. of Christ.	28, 29, and	30	2	30,000
ELLIS'S WEST ADD. S.-E. 1-4, 34, 39, 14:				
Dobbin's Sub.	10 to	15	4	

	Sub-Lot	Lot	Bk	Value
Sixth Presby. church.	30 and 31	"	"	25,000
Church.	2 and	3	7	20,000
Ellis's East Add. S.-E. 34, 39, 14:				
Church.	5 to	9	27	20,000
St. John's E. church.		34		20,000
" Orphan Asylum.	91, 92, and	93		15,000
				$4,526,000

E. A. Stevens, Sec. A. S. U.

Kent and Cleveland.

In the beautiful blush of the first autumn days our friends in Kent gave a course of lectures for the enlightenment of the believers of Kent and all the country "which compasseth it round about." That noble exponent of the philosophy of Freethought, ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham, with your scribe, were the speakers of the occasion; and, what with the favoring influence of golden weather, attentiv audiences, a splendidly organized working force, due mainly to the untiring exertions of the energetic secretary, Marius Heighton, the venerable president, Mr. Joseph Heighton, and such earnest workers as L. G. Reed, A. D. Swan, and others, the lectures were a pronounced success. Nor must I forget to speak of the kindness of the Hon. Marvin Kent, a model for all rich Infidels, to whose kindness we were indebted for the free use of hall and grove. I wish that in every place the Liberal cause might find such help.

The effects of that great platform educator, Chas. Watts's, teachings, are to be found in the Liberal mind of Kent. Mr. Watts has often treated the Secular Union with his wonderfully powerful logic, and on repeated occasions put the belligerent Father Leeming to rout. Whether he considered discretion the better part of valor after his drubbing of last March and so concluded not to attack us upon this occasion I am unable to determin, but certain it is that the exponent of Roman Catholicism "failed to materialize."

The Campaign Fund of the American Secular Union received a $5.20 contribution, the donators being L. G. Reed, B. F. Conaway, Joseph York, Joseph Heighton, and several others whose names were not given. The city of Kent itself is a pretty little place of between four and five thousand inhabitants. The country all around is a wonderful rolling of low, green hills, with bright roads winding in and out like yellow ribbons, with bending trees in this rich fall time all laden with blooming, downy fruit, and shining fields all mellow with the hazy light. Pippin Lake Farm, the residence of the pleasant-voiced, smiling-eyed secretary, who can manage to do more effectiv work in a day than some can do in ten, is a lovely home of quietness and content; and the dwelling of that stanch old Abolitionist, Joseph Heighton, is fairly a garden of sunshine. It was not without regret that I bade them all adieu, but yet with a lively hope that some time in the future I may once more hav the pleasure of meeting them all in this world. The Kent Secular Union is certainly a noble monument to Freethought, and all I can wish is that they may continue as they hav begun, and "be not weary in well-doing."

Betaking myself to Cleveland, I was met at the depot by that earnest worker so well known to Liberals, especially about Pittsburgh, Mr. S. F. De Jones. Mr. De Jones is one of the quiet kind, armed with a faultless appearance and no less faultless sarcasm, which he administers in concentrated doses whenever the orthodox savages air their barbarous doctrins too "freshly." That evening I had the additional pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Mr. G. R. Griffith, also an ex-Pittsburgher. These two black-eyed individuals are anxious to see the work once more well on foot in Cleveland, and, judging from the developments of the past few days, their wishes are likely to be realized.

After consulting with T. F. Lucas, the social little secretary of the old society, and further with Thos. Lees, the man whose energy has built up the Spiritualistic society of Cleveland, with reference to obtaining a hall, a lecture was arranged for; and on Sunday evening, Sept. 9, the cases of Justice and Jehovah were reviewed before a fair-sized audience—indeed, considering the short notice, one might say an excellent audience. After the lecture, a number of the wicked remained to decide upon the appointment of a place of business meeting; Mr. L. B. Silver kindly offered the use of his elegant office on Euclid avenue for that purpose, and on Sunday, Sept. 16th, the members of the Cleveland Secular Union, together with quite a number of new-comers—among whom are Mr. See, formerly secretary of an English society and a very able and enthusiastic gentleman, two Canadian friends who hav recently settled in Cleveland, Mr. F. S. Merrill, who has enthusiasm enough for half a dozen and energy to economize it too, Mr. De Jones and Mr. Griffith—will meet for the elect on of officers and the discussion of the best methods of work.

I am pleased to be able to say that the most radical person in Cleveland is a woman, and those John Geo. Hertwigs who are afraid of the subversion of mental liberty as a result of the extension of the franchise to women, want to call on Mrs. Mary Smith, and then forever after hold their tongues.

To speak of Cleveland Secularism without mentioning Mr. and Mrs. Gillsen, that venerable old couple over whose grand white heads the snows of seventy years hav fallen, yet in whose hearts burns the young fire of a bright hope—a hope that livens and warms and throws up a clear, pure flame, as sometimes you hav seen shooting from a red, warm core of coals a playing flame that leaps about over the rifted and fallen ashes of whiteness—to speak of Cleveland Secularism without mentioning them, I say, would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. They are as anxious as the youngest to see the work go on, and will render all practical assistance in their power to keep it moving.

Anyone who visits this most beautiful city can see at once the appropriateness of Liberal ideas in a place like this. Everything is broad and wide and free. The streets are straight and level, with a generous disregard of economy in space, which would paralyze an Easterner who is accustomed to economize even in air. No need of that here. The great fresh breeze comes blowing up from the blue lake, and a grand rush of freedom seems to sink into the lungs when one inhales that invigorating breath. The houses do not wear the cooped-up look of the larger cities, and wide, velvety lawns make a sheening border to the beautiful drives and walks which invite one to try his horsemanship or pedestrian endurance. It is a beautiful child of the lake, set smiling here by the broad, fair waves; and as it is liberal in air, and earth, and sea, it should be Liberal in thought.

I can cannot close without extending my thanks to Messrs. Lucas and Copeland for that kindness on my behalf, and perhaps, too, to that anomaly of a reporter who gave the most correct, impartial, and gentlemanly report in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* I hav ever received at the hands of the daily press.

With gratitude for the past and hope for the future,

V. de Cleyre.

Sketch of Professor Proctor's Life.

From the World.

Richard Anthony Proctor was born in the quiet little city of Chelsea, England, March 23, 1837, when his father, who was very well-to-do, had retired from business. In early boyhood he was very sickly and unable to attend his school. In his eleventh year he became restless at home and was entered in the academy in Wilton-on-Thames, where he remained for three years, and soon became the head boy in the institution. His father died in 1850, and the family property got tied up in a chancery suit. So Richard took a clerkship in a London bank.

After hours he devoted himself assiduously to mathematics, for which he had developed an early fondness. When the chancery suit was settled he entered King's College, London, and subsequently entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1860 as twenty-third Wrangler. Immediately after his graduation he married. For the next three years he devoted himself to study, and in 1863 his first article on astronomy, entitled "Double Stars," appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*. It drew considerable attention to him, but as he was so young he found it hard work to get his ideas accepted. Nothing daunted, however, he followed it up, and in 1865 published a monograph on Saturn, and early in the following year his "Gnomonic Star Atlas" and his "Handbook of the Stars" appeared. These works were not of a popular nature, and he did not reap much of a substantial harvest for his labors. His ability, however, was acknowledged, and he was appointed Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society.

About this time a bank in London in which he was interested failed, and he lost the whole of his fortune. He was a man of strong will-power, and set to work at once to make a fortune of his own. In 1869 he made some suggestions to the Astronomer Royal, Sir George Airy, as to the best methods of observing the approaching transit of Venus. At a meeting of the principal astronomers held at Greenwich in 1873 his views were unanimously adopted. To assist him in his work he analyzed the results collected by the Herschels, Struve, and others, and carried out original researches, including the construction of a chart of three hundred and twenty-four thousand stars, and was led to a new theory of the structure of the stellar universe. He maintained on theoretical grounds in 1869 the since established theory of the solar corona, and also that of the inner complex solar atmosphere afterward discovered by Professor Young.

He was appointed honorary secretary of the Royal Astronomical society and editor of its proceedings in February, 1872, but resigned both of these offices in November, 1873, that he might hav more time for his researches.

He was a most prolific and entertaining writer. In 1868 he published, "Half Hours with the Telescope," and a year later, "Half Hours with the Stars." In 1870 he published a work entitled "Other Worlds Than Ours," which had an extraordinary success and attracted the general attention of the scientific world. Since that time he has been a most fertil and popular writer on all astronomical subjects. Among the well-known works which he has published are: "Light Science for Leisure Hours" and "Elementary Astronomy," in 1871; "Border Lands of Science," in 1873; "Transits of Venus," "The Expanse of the Heavens," "The Moon," and the "Border Lands of Science," in 1874.

He first visited this country in 1873 and delivered lectures on "Birth and Death of the World," "Life in Other Worlds," "Religion and Astronomy," and "Other Suns Than Ours." He made a trip to Australasia in 1879, visiting all the principal cities, and in 1881 he started a weekly journal called *Knowledge*, but it was altered to a monthly form in 1885.

His great ambition when he came to this country was to found a monster observatory at Corona, Orange Lake, Fla. He had been offered the assistance of a great many wealthy people, but when everything was ready the plan fell through, and Mr. Proctor said that some of his associates broke faith with him. This was a severe blow to him, as he had based the hopes of some new discoveries on the observatory at Corona. He settled down in St. Joseph, Mo., a few years ago, having previously married a lady of that city, who still survives him. While there he wrote a great many articles, but left the state because the climate was too dry for him, and it seemed to make his flesh crack. He went to England and, returning some three years ago, took up his abode in Florida. He was charmed with the climate, and proposed to make that state his home.

Of late years he has devoted himself largely to writing for newspapers, and was a regular contributor to the *World*. His last article, "The Canals of Mars," appeared three weeks ago. Among some of the subjects on which he has written short articles are, "Weighing the Earth," "Moon Eclipse," "Solar Heat," "The Sun and His Satellites," "Comets and Meteors," and "The Genesis of Life." About a year ago he wrote a scientific treatis on the game of whist, and it was published in pamphlet form. He advanced the theory that certain combinations were invincible and got into several controversies on the subject with celebrated whist-players, and notably with the Troy Whist Club, which took issue with the professor, and the views on both sides were published far and wide. His treatment of well-known subjects in a purely scientific way was very popular, and he wrote on dice and poker.

Only recently he got into a controversy with John M. Ward on the subject of baseball. The latter claimed that it was purely an American game, while Professor Proctor held that it was simply an adaptation of the old English game of rounders, played by every English lad. The wordy fight was bitter, and before they finished both of the contestants admitted that they found evidence to prove that the game first started among the ancient Greeks.

Personally Professor Proctor was a most pleasant man. Very few equaled him in conversational powers, and he had a rapid and sharp way of talking that charmed his listeners. One of the most striking things about him in the drawing-room and on the lecture platform was his aptness of illustration. When asked a question he gave the answer so quickly and in such an accurate manner as to create the impression that he had given great study to that particular answer. In figures he was a phenomenon. His old training when he studied mathematics after working in the bank never deserted him, and the mental calculations which he made with comparativ ease were wonderful.

The last letter that Professor Proctor wrote to the *World* in reference to one of his articles was almost prophetic in one of its sentences, where he said that he intended to make his home in England, but this was "a world of changing plans and purposes." The letter was as follows:

Corona Lodge, Orange Lake, Fla., Sept. 7, 1888.

To the Editor of the World: I am sailing, or proposing to sail, from New York Saturday, the 15th, for England, where I hav arranged to giv lectures at the St. James Hall—two courses in October, 1888, and February, 1889—and other lectures throughout the country. I think it somewhat doubtful whether I shall leave England after that—but this is a world of changing plans and purposes. Believe me, very truly yours,

Richard A. Proctor.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. Jamieson will begin his fall and winter lecture campaign by giving courses of lectures in Alamosa and Monte Vista, Col., some time in October. Address at Monte Vista, Col.

Mr. Charles Watts will lecture for Friendship Liberal League, of Philadelphia, in Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets, Sunday, Oct. 14, 1888. Subject at 2:30 P.M., "Bible Morality: What is Taught as God's Word;" 7:30 P.M.: "Evolution and Special Creation." The public are cordially invited to these free lectures.

Jno. Geo. Hertwig, of Washington, D. C., desires to lecture during the coming winter, and solicits engagements for this purpose. In religious matters he is an absolute Freethinker, and as to public questions generally, he is a thorough Radical. He was born in Germany, where he received a collegiate and university education, and has lived in the United States thirty years. He will lecture in English. His address is, P. O. Box 706, Washington, D. C.

Communications.

Reason and Justice.

Where there is the most so-called divine law there is the least justice, as shown by the pages of the history of the race.

In the family of the Bible God Hagar was made an abandoned outcast. Eve's posterity were characterized as sons of God and daughters of men. Solomon required one thousand women for his seraglio.

When God sent out his salvation armies for conquest, the order was to kill all, and take or destroy all property. In the case of the Midianite slaughter, when the army returned and reported success in killing all except some women and children, they were rebuked and ordered to "kill every male among the little ones, and every woman that hath known man by lying with him; but all the women-children that hav not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselvs." This barbarity continued not only during the direct rule of the supreme autocrat but after, when he called to his aid the mythical Moses. Still after that failure, a boy called Jesus was taken in hand by a syndicate of God-makers to be made the antidote of past failures and blunders. This boy, a son of a grass-widow virgin, was told by his mother that about nine months before his birth she was visited by a tramp who said he was an angel, and told her that she would hav a boy, and that he would become, essentially, the future god.

Jesus, or his God-makers, while holding allegiance to the boss God, refused to accept or ignore the burning to death of the people of Sodom with fire and brimstone from heaven, the indiscriminate destruction of all life by drowning the world, and other tragical horrors so abhorrent to humanity. They concluded to abandon the old failures, and invented an everlasting hell of fire and brimstone on the life insurance plan. Churches must be organized under the guidance of a preacher or priest. He receives premiums, and issues policies. The policies, to the superstitious man or woman, are as essential as a stamp is to a letter. Without the stamp of the church they are thrown in the waste-basket of hell.

I hav read the Bible carefully for the past six or seven years to see if I might be wrong in considering it the most stupendous calamity that ever befell the race of man.

I find there are two ways in which the Bible is read. One is through prepared theological goggles that, by reflex law, throw back upon the mind the word, God, God, God, until everything is thus colored. The other way is through the naked mind's eye of reason. Hence the conflict.

The Bible and Bible God was a plan, a scheme. It was not started until about twenty-five hundred years after the so-called genesis—say in the days of the mythical Moses, and of Joshua, and of David, Solomon, etc.

Mythical Moses was sent back these twenty-five hundred years to make a genesis, and report what the god they proposed to make had been doing during this time.

His report is the Pentateuch, or first five books of the Bible, the most sanguinary, brutal history ever published, though closely imitated in the early reign of Christianity.

Henry Ward Beecher, and some other so-called eminent divines, could not die in peace with themselvs until they declared the Pentateuch an allegory and postulation. What of it, so long as the word God is in the first chapter thirty-one times, and the whole thing a disgusting picture of fantastic idiocy? Not an act of charitable kindness, but insidious acts of cruelty and inhumanity imitated and justified through subsequent ages, the master over slave, the husband over wife, or "sons of God over the daughters of men."

Such has been the rule since these God and Bible makers, in the shadow of prehistoric times, undertook to destroy polytheism, the gods of the people, and merge their attributes in one grand, boss God Their object was rule and dominion over the masses by the use of this boss God.

Our country, under a Secular though tolerant Constitution gained, organized, and carried on for nearly a century by men nearly all outside the church and mostly admitted or pronounced Freethinkers or Infidels, has not as yet suffered much in comparison with what it may suffer, judging by the now threatening outlook. How do we stand?

Rome has a secular pope stationed here, whose mission appears to be to organize disorder and general perturbation. Secret societies, or associations, are said to be nests in which nearly all crime is hatched. Such is their method whether secular, religious, or political.

Catholics giv birth to their children in the church, and embalm them in ignorance and superstition that make them mummies for life.

Of the less than about 19,000 000 of all sects and denominations in our country, Catholics claim about 7,000.000, leaving say 12,000 000 of souls, as they call them, to nearly one hundred other different creeds, societies, organizations, or churches, and their Gods.

The millions and millions of dollars expended for the support of the useless clergy and their stipendiaries, would, if properly applied, giv a good secular education to every child in our country. The Secularist, or Infidel, would not destroy the temples of so-called worship, but preserve them for schools, academies, and institutions of learning, and let them stand, as now, free from taxation.

Dr. Darling, when forced to notice this growing complaint, brought it into his pulpit in Albany, and argued the necessity of the embellishment of the churches with costly beauty, and spires on steeples pointing toward heaven; because—"because it pleased God."

About this time, Protestantism made a contract with a theological syndicate to reconstruct the hell made by Jesus. When they finished the job, their reported revision showed they had not meddled with hell except to freeze it over with a patented ice called sheol, to make a skating-park large enough to accommodate all creeds and sects in their growing festivities. About this time, the Protestants here in Albany joined in a grand Sunday-school festival, and hired two professional magicians in New York to come and amuse the children.

Thus the two nominal antagonisms are moving passivly on side by side, the Catholic looking for power, the Protestant for aggrandizement. Both being cannibals, and eating the same flesh, they dare not quarrel, as between themselvs, but unite in robbing the state and taxpayers for their support and aggrandizement.

How much longer in our land will this last? All founded on Bible postulations thousands of years old, postulations that never hav, nor never can, be proved; inventions of God-makers like Moses and David and Solomon, monsters who would not be tolerated in any respectable community in our country, not even in their modern Utah.

As a rule, our Protestant clergymen do not know what they are talking about, or, if they do, they do not believe what they say.

Which way are we drifting?

Albany, 1888. M. McGowan.

Mr. Benjamin Continues His Assault.

My experience with the press was, to say the least, unique and extremely amusing. The editors of the secular press pleaded that their columns were too profane to enter into a religious discussion. When I expostulated that my sole object was to demonstrate the sacrilege practiced by the irreligious fraud Freshman, they gravely replied: "It is a religious question, all the same. Our columns are for the sole purpose of catering sensations, scandals, murders, etc. If you could giv us 'tips' on sporting matters, such as walking matches, dog and man fights, we would copyright you from head to foot. At present, however, we would advise you to appeal to the religious press." Thence I wended my way. At first, the religious editors informed me that the subject is too profane for their sacred columns, each claiming that his contemporary's columns are better adapted for such a subject. Thus I traveled for a few years among the religious *sanctum sanctorums*. Finally I returned whence I started—the *Independent*. There I met its chief, Dr. W. H. Ward, a most scholarly gentleman. At first he tried to bluff me off by claiming Freshman to be honorable. But he soon caved in by telling me that he would consider it a calamity were I to cheat my God and myself by emulating Freshman and becoming a convert like himself.

Encouraged by Dr. Ward's confession, I moved to the *Christian Intelligencer*, whose chief is Dr. Ferris. His venerable appearance gave promis to lend his ear for truth and justice. He, like his predecessor, dragged me for fourteen months, feeding me upon promises which were never fulfilled. Finally he, too, confessed that Freshman was an A 1 fraud.

Fortified by this, I dragged my weary limbs to the *Christian Union*. Its editor, Hamilton W. Mabie, though not a doctor, is yet very intelligent, sporting a pair of genuin English mutton-chop whiskers. He received me very cordially until I let the cat out of the bag and began to talk Freshman to him. Then he became suddenly busy and remembered that it was press day, which in truth it was, Wednesday, when the paper had just come out of the press.

To present my other experience and a detailed account of the correspondence passing between me and the Christian editor gentry, The Truth Seeker would resemble Webster's Unabridged. Suffice it to say that the editors, after exhausting all their trickery, became convinced that I am thoroughly familiar with all their newest designs of tricks. More than once I gave them to understand that there is more honesty among burglars than among the religious editors' fraternity.

In the mean time, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, chairman of the so-called advisory board of the Freshman swindle, felt the pressure of my writing so burdensome that he humiliated himself by coming out in Freshman's "organ" imploring the Jews not to molest or run away with poor, helpless Christianity. This the Jewish press grabbed as hungry mongrels would a shin of beef. In plain English, they went for the meek and humble Dr. Crosby. Dr. Ward, of the *Independent*, came to Dr. Crosby's rescue and flung a column's worth of editorial, challenging me to put up or shut up. I chose the former. I put up columns of proof in the *Jewish Messenger*, exposing the rascality of Freshman and his converts so plainly that a blind man could see it. As a matter of course, I paid a visit to Dr. Ward, who felt like the small boy when caught at the jar of preserves. Since there was nothing for me to blush for, I boldly remarked, "Doctor, how do we stand now? Will you let me say something in the *Independent*?"

"No, thank you. I would prefer it should come editorially from a respectable Jewish weekly." Accordingly, the *Jewish Messenger*, one of the most reputable and oldest of Jewish weeklies, came out the next week with a few columns of editorials. The *Independent* still held on to the Golden Rule of silence, but dumped out a column of petrified stuff furnished by the champion fraud, Freshman, into the columns of the *Independent*. That shameless ignoramus, instead of disproving my statements, confirmed them, admitting that Oppenheimer, Feinstein, and others, after being baptized into Christianity in the name of faith and holy greenback, could not now be found in its ranks.

No sooner did I see how the *Independent* permitted pollution of its columns with such inconsistency, than I paid another visit to Dr. Ward, inquiring whether I would be permitted to reply to the silly and laughable assertions made by fraud Freshman. This time he consented, providing I could make it short enough. I wrote an article—a model of brevity.

"Will this suit, doctor?"

"Admirably," Dr. Ward replied. But in vain did I scan the *Independent* for my brief reply. It was nowhere to be found. Once more I climbed two flights, which brought me to the *sanctum sanctorum*.

"Why, doctor," I remarked, "has somebody stolen my thunder?"

"No, but it was crowded out."

"Will it appear next week?"

"Yes." Next week did come, minus my article. Another tramp up the stairs.

"Why, doctor," I hinted, "my article seems to be rather lazy in coming out."

"It has been misplaced, and now it is lost."

I appeal to thee, O Christianity!—not the Christianity of Freshman or that of the culprit when at the gallows, not even the Christianity professed by Madam Diss Debar, but the true and pure Christianity of Peter Cooper, President Garfield, and Frederick II.—to look down upon the Christianity counterfeited by Freshman and passed through the clearing-houses of the Christian pulpit and press as genuin. I appeal to every truth seeker to see the falsification stamped upon Christianity by paid ignorant agents indorsed by learned ministers and editors who force the truth to the rear by the unlimited power which Christianity monopolizes. Here is a pretty state of things. Tens of thousands of dollars is appropriated for the saving of Jewish souls. A board of trustees of eminent divines, in whose hands the business is intrusted, engaged a manager whose salary consists of faith only. This faith paid for Mr. and Mrs. Freshman's first-class passage to Europe. The same faith pays for their luxurious living in New York. In fact, the expensiv bric-a-brac that adorns their dwelling, and the hight of fashion followed by the faith-consumer, Mrs. Freshman, would keep many a poor family whose faith in substantial necessities of life and rent by far excel the faith manifested by Freshman and wife. Yet this faith-champion lost faith in me when he smelt the rat that my seeking Christianity was not to obtain his faithful $10, but that I was willing to pay a thousand dollars toward his movement providing he could substantiate that he is not a black, falsifying, hypocritical, ignorant tramp. This, of course, he could not do, hence my clamoring for truth and justice.

His backers, the clergy, whose duty it should be to court investigation—especially when "my yoke is easy and my burden is light," as all I desire is to pay dearly for one hour's private conversation—not only permit Christianity to be criticised but adopt means of defense which are decidedly unchristian and unmanly. One permits himself to make false statements over his own signature; another lowers his dignity and winds up the so-called sixth annual report: "But the gospel will always bring a sword before it brings peace to the human heart."

My dear Dr. Crosby, let the dead past bury its dead. Leave the sword out altogether. Let it serve as a monument upon the graves of the grand inquisitors. Let us substitute the pen of civilization, which is mightier than the sword of the medieval period. Christianity ought to be convinced by this time that the Jew is proof against the dull sword, but is sensitiv to the keen edge of the pen. Consequently I keenly feel when you write, "Earnest Israelites hav come forward and confessed Jesus as their savior." I hope you are not alluding to the Feinsteins, Oppenheims, D. G. Rubins, etc.

All that I know and am ready to prove is, that

Freshman's establishment, of which you are the honorary chairman, is a school for scandal, and, like the grog-dens on a Sunday, whose rear entrance is open but whose front doors are guarded by a policeman's club, has its rear entrance too, which is open to all who are willing to confess Jesus as their messiah for $10 and a suit of clothes; while the front door is guarded by eminent divines against honest inquirers like myself.

I am a branded Saul of Tarsus, but am prevented from becoming a modern St. Paul simply because I am willing to pay for my Christianity, provided it is the pure, genuin article, but not the Christianity manufactured by the famous ignoramus son of a rabbi, Freshman.

Shame, where is thy blush? A. BENJAMIN.

Tariff Fallacy.

A great deal is said about England in the political contest this fall. It is urged that she was a protection nation until she had built up her manufactures and was ready to beat the world, and that then she proclaimed free trade. Let us see about this. Surely the speeches and proceedings of her statesmen in parliament during the time of her protectiv tariff will enable us to judge. Knight's History of England is a good authority. Brougham's speeches on "manufacturing distress" in England during her tariff era will be a good authority. I quote from his speeches referring to the periods of distress from 1816 up: "Everyone is aware that there exists in this country a great and universal distress—a distress wholly without parallel in any period of its history. We hav known former times of great national sufferings, but no man can find an example of anything like the present." He then examins the different trades to show their condition. In clothing he shows that one-third of the cloth-dressers are wholly idle, while of the remainder, who hav any work, only two men out of each nine hav full employment. In the iron trade, he takes Birmingham as an illustration. "Out of eighty-four thousand iron-workers, over twenty-seven thousand were compelled to accept pauper relief. Of the remainder only two-thirds hav half work and the others none."

Bad as this is, yet it is "far worse in the cotton manufactures. In Lancashire over half a million souls derive their support from weaving. Their wages hav fallen from thirteen shillings and three pence, $3.31 cents, per week, to three shillings and three pence, eighty-one cents, per week. This to support human life for seven days. When I paused over this scene of misery, unequaled in the history of the civilized world, I felt impelled to ask how it was possible to sustain existence in such circumstances."

At another point, when it was proposed to still further raise the duties, he remarks that, "generally speaking, our duties are now so near amounting to prohibition" that no hope can be in that direction.

I think that ought to be enough to prove that England had not built up her manufacturing industries to such a mighty hight under protection. Why, her exports had never exceeded £50,000,000 sterling and were mostly £37,000,000 in the average until after she accepted free trade. She reduced her tariff in five different installments, and her trade expanded after each reduction, until now it amounts to $3,500,000,000 per year—this, too, without any addition to her territory or population, but, on the contrary, while she was giving to other nations millions of her people and billions of dollars to build up factories in opposition to her. She has built up in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Canada, Australia, and the United States, enormous factories. And yet they say she is jealous of us. Thus has her trade grown since 1847. In 1854 we were leading her in almost every respect and our shipping was about twice as much. Since then we hav added all the South and the great prairie West to free labor. We have doubled our population by natural increase and drafts from other lands, and yet our shipping has become insignificant and our trade is not half as much as England's. The trade per capita of all progressiv nations far surpasses our own.

England's trade was a mere trifle, a mere flea-bite, before she became a strictly revenue-tariff state. Our trade is little ahead of that of Russia, Turkey, Mexico, and other protected states. CLARKE IRVINE.

Infernal Deception of Rome.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 18th you say: "The latest among the miraculous cures reported from the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, Can., are those of an old lady totally blind, a man who has always used crutches, and a confirmed epileptic."

Hav you read Charles Chiniquy's "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome?" If not, you may here read what he says of the "miracles" wrought at the "Church of the Good St. Anne du Nord." Before making the quotation, I should say that Mr. Chiniquy, as priest, had charge of the marine hospital of Quebec, Can., at that time, 1837, and was brought down with a ship-typhoid fever and came near dying, but a vision appeared to him, as he then supposed. It was the two saints, St. Anne and St. Philomene. To them he prayed. He promised that, if they would restore him to health, he would hav their portraits painted and hung in the Church of St. Anne. He recovered and fulfilled his promis. His cousin, a much older man than himself, was curate of St. Anne's, and was a sensible man though he was a priest, as will be seen by what follows:

As soon as we were left alone the old curate said: "Is it possible, my dear young cousin, that you will make such a fool of yourself to-morrow? [This refers to his formally placing the portrait in the church.] That so-called miraculous cure is nothing but '*naturæ suprema vis*,' as the learned of all ages hav called it. Your so-called vision was a dream of your sickly brain, as it generally occurs at the moment of the supreme crisis of the fever. It is what is called the 'turning-point' of the disease, when a desperate effort of nature kills or cures the patient. As for the vision of that beautiful girl, whom you call St. Philomene, who has done you so much good, she is not the first girl, surely, who has come to you in your dreams and done you good!" . . . When he had laughed at me to his heart's content, he said: "My dear cousin, you are the first one to whom I speak in this way. I do it because, first: I consider you a man of intelligence, and hope you will understand me. Secondly, because you are my cousin. Were you one of those idiotic priests, real black-heads, who form the clergy of to-day—or, were you a stranger to me—I would let you go your way, and believe in those ridiculous, degrading superstitions of our poor, ignorant, and blind people. But I know you from your infancy, and I hav known your father, who was one of my dearest friends. The blood which flows in your veins passes thousands of times every day through my heart. You are very young and I am very old. It is a duty of honor and conscience in me to reveal to you a thing which I hav thought better to keep till now a secret between God and myself. I hav been here more than thirty years. And though our country is constantly filled with the noise of the great and small miracles wrought in my church, every day I am ready to swear before God, and prove to any man of common sense, that not a single miracle has been wrought in my church since I hav come here. Every one of the facts given to the Canadian people as miraculous cures are sheer impositions, deceptions, the work either of fools or of skillful impostors and hypocrits, whether priests or laymen. Believe me, my dear cousin, I hav studied carefully the history of all those crutches. Ninety-nine out of every hundred hav been left by poor, lazy beggars, who, at first, thought with good reason that, by walking from door to door with one or two crutches, they would create more sympathy and bring more into their purses. For how many will indignantly turn out of doors a lazy, strong, and healthy beggar, who will feel great compassion for and giv largely to a man who is crippled, unable to work, and forced to drag himself painfully on crutches! Those crutches are, then, passports from door to door. They are the very keys to open both hearts and purses. But the day comes when the beggar has bought a pretty good farm with his stolen alms, or when he is really tired, disgusted with his crutches, and wants to get rid of them! How can he do that without compromising himself?

"By a miracle! Then he will sometimes travel again hundreds of miles from door to door, begging as usual, but this time he asks the prayers of the whole family, saying: 'I am going to the good St. Anne du Nord, to ask her to cure my leg [or legs]. I hope she will cure me, as she has cured so many others. I hav great confidence in her powers.' Each one giv twice, nay, ten times as much as before to the poor cripple, making him promis that, if he is cured, he will come back and show himself, that they may bless the good St. Anne with him. When he arrives here he giv me sometimes $1, sometimes $5, to say mass for him. I take the money, for I would be a fool to refuse it when I know that his purse has been so well filled. During the celebration of the mass, when he receives the communion, I hear generally a great noise, cries of joy. A miracle! A miracle! The crutches are thrown on the floor, and the cripple walks as well as you or I. The last act of that religious comedy is the most lucrativ one, for he fulfills his promis of stopping at every house where he had ever been seen with his crutches. He narrates how he was miraculously cured—how his feet and legs became suddenly all right. Tears of joy and admiration flow from every eye. The last cent of that family is generally given to the impostor, who soon grows rich at the expense of his dupes. This is the plain but true story of ninety-nine of every hundred of the cures wrought in my church. The hundredth is upon people as honest, but, pardon me the expression, as blind and superstitious, as you are. They are really cured, for they were really sick. But their cures are the natural effects of the great power of the will. It is the result of a happy combination of natural causes which work together on the frame and kill the pain, expel the disease and restore to health, just as I was cured of a most horrible toothache some years ago. In the paroxysm I went to the dentist and requested him to extract the affected tooth. Hardly had his knife and other surgical instruments come before my eyes than the pain ceased. I quickly took my hat and left, bidding a hearty good-bye to the dentist, who laughed at me every time we met to his heart's content.

"One of the weakest points of our religion is in the ridiculous, I venture to say diabolical, miracles performed and believed every day among us, with the so-called relics and bones of the saints.

"Don't you know that, for the most part, these relics are nothing but chickens' or sheep's bones? And what would you say were I to tell you of what I know of the daily miraculous impostures of the scapulars, holy water, chaplets, and medals of every kind? Were I a pope, I would throw all these mummeries, which come from paganism, to the bottom of the sea, and would present to the eyes of sinners nothing but Christ and him crucified as the object of their faith, invocation, and hope for this life and the next, just as the apostles Paul, Peter, and James do in their epistles." (From pages 328, 329, 330, and 331.)

Mr. Chiniquy has now published the foregoing to the world. It may be asked: "If the Rev. Mr. Ranvoize saw thus the corruption of Rome, why did he not leave that church?" Well, let us thank the gentleman for the favor of revealing so much, or rather, thank Mr. Chiniquy for publishing it. His "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome" is the most captivating work I hav ever read. The most delicate and corrupt subjects are written on in such pure language as to be inoffensiv to the most sensitiv ears. The book should be read by every lover of liberty in the United States. JOHN DAVEY.

Gotham's Saintly Editor.

"Pa, there is one good, pious newspaper editor in New York, isn't there?"

"Oh, yes, my son; one truly good and properly pious editor—piety personified!"

"What is the name of this piece of personified piety, pa?"

"The name of this truly good and properly pious editor, who really outpiouses the pious Childs of the City of Brotherly Love, is Shepard, my son—Elliott F. Shepard."

"Yes, pa. Does he write pious pieces for his newspaper?"

"Well, he does not greatly expand himself in pious composition for daily consumption—more is the loss to his subscribers—but he does better, my son, in daily printing a scriptural text at the head of his editorial page!"

"Every day, pa?"

"Every day, my son, Sundays excepted. Not for all the world would this truly pious saint and editor issue a paper on Sunday."

"Not if he was offered the whole world, pa?"

"It will never be offered, my son, and my proposition must stand as presented."

"Yes, pa. Is the text the first thing on the page?"

"Yes, my son. It is the Alpha, and, I may say, the Omega, with everything betwixt and between. You see, the readers of his paper earnestly peruse the text the first thing, skip through the rest of the matter, then peruse the text again, most earnestly, deciding that it is the most newsy article presented. So you see that text is all my fancy painted it—the Alpha, the Omega, and all betwixt and between, so to speak; in short, altogether lovely and divine!"

"Has he got a pious name for the paper, pa?"

"No, he has not, my son; and this worries the good Shepard greatly, I hav no doubt. You see, the paper—two papers in one—was not a bantling of his, but a publication of age, and to change the name would be to commit financial harikari, you know; and our pious ones never do that if they can help themselvs!"

"Does he want to make money, pa?"

"Does a duck want to swim, my son? Yes, he—Shepard, not the duck—follows his great prototype, David, in this respect. David, 'a man after God's own heart,' engaged in all sorts of enterprising trusts, and waxed great with 'exceeding much' wealth."

"Has this good editor waxed rich, pa?"

"Well, yes, but by a slant as it were. It was not the waxing of the worker but the waxing of the wooer, my son, that led him on to fortune—he married one of Commodore Vanderbilt's daughters."

"Yes, pa. Didn't the commodore say something funny about him, one day?"

"It was reported that, one day in facetious mood, he declared the pious Shepard to be 'more kinds of a damn fool than any other fellow he ever struck!' But then the commodore was nothing if not brusque at times, and luridly extravagant of speech, my son."

"Would this good Shepard print Colonel Ingersoll's name in his paper, pa? George Washington Childs, P.X.Q.Y.Z., wouldn't."

"Oh, yes, my son; of a surety he would. The good Shepard will admit the colonel's name to his columns whenever a chance offers to say anything derogatory to that good name."

"But is that good and fair, pa?"

"My son, you pain me by your lack of understanding. Don't you know, can't you see that falsehood, detraction, vilification, slander, *et hoc genus omne*, are eminently Christian, and that to be eminently Christian is to be eminently good and fair?"

"Yes, pa. This pious editor wouldn't knock out poverty if he could; would he, pa?"

"Most assuredly not, my son. For his own sake he would retain it, that he might shine by contrast, and for Christ's sake, because Christ said the poor would be with us ever, and, consequently, it would be most sacrilegious to abolish poverty! It would be flying in the face of, and kicking against, the 'prince of peace,' who brought a sword! Oh, but he is a saint, my son—I refer to Shepard, not Christ—and a sweet-scented son of sanctification!"

"Yes, pa. What does this saintly editor print texts for?"

"What does this sanctified son print texts for? O my son Absalom! O Absalom, my son, my son, you make me tired! Get thee apart from me and commune with thyself closely. If you don't tumble to the 'why' within a week or so, go and buy the newest puzzle out and wrestle with it You may possibly solve *that*. Go, I would be alone."

SI SLOKUM.

No Disguise In This.

From the Freeman's Journal (Catholic).

In England, which has an Established Church, separate schools are practicable. But here, where there is no Established Church, a school system without Christ is forced on men of all beliefs. What Great Britain has granted, the United States does not dare to grant. It must come. Catholics are improving and strengthening their school system in every conceivable way. In New York no step forward in secular education made by the public schools will be lost on the directors of Catholic schools. One has only to glance at the report of the Fort Wayne school board and the Detroit school board to see what great advances the parochial schools hav made in the West. This school question, on its political side, is, in one sense, a local question. Its satisfactory settlement would be easier in New York and Brooklyn than in Philadelphia or, perhaps, Boston. It is not really a question for the politicians, but a question for the courts. Can a large body of the people of New York and Brooklyn be forced to bear a double tax because the authorities insist that they must accept a non-Christian education or go without any? This burden is forced on them now. How long, as the protesting population increases, and as public opinion becomes more enlightened, can it remain? If the Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians prefer Christless schools to the loss of money made necessary by the founding of schools of Christian morality, their demands for a share of the school fund on conscientious grounds might well be looked on with suspicion. In our political system, numbers count. The majority is supposed to settle all political questions. But the opinion of a large minority has weight in proportion to its numbers. As Catholics we are bound to hav what we want, for two reasons: we are right, and we are numerous. Moreover, we hav always been consistent on this public-school question. Catholics ask for what they save the state. It is an enormous sum. With the multiplication of Catholic schools, it becomes greater every year. If the Protestant Episcopalians build schools, let them hav what they save the state. When the Congregationalists or the Hebrews can show schools like ours, they may consistently make the demand that we are making.

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Professor Proctor Dead.

No necrological event has been more unexpected than the death, in this city, on the 12th inst., of Prof. Richard A. Proctor, the eminent astronomer. For weeks Jacksonville, Fla., has been ravaged by yellow fever, but it was not known that the germs of the disease had reached other places, and probably last of all to suspect the nearness of his death was Professor Proctor himself.

Professor Proctor had been spending several weeks with his family at Oak Lawn, Marion county, Fla., where he has an observatory, and arrived in the city Monday the 10th to make preparations for his departure for Europe next Saturday. He had secured passage on the steamship Umbria, of the Cunard line. He went direct to the Westminster Hotel, at Irving place and Sixteenth street. On his arrival he complained of fatigue and general indisposition, and went directly to his room and summoned a physician. His symptoms were peculiar and mysterious, and he was kept in his room in practical isolation, no one but the attending physician being admitted. Tuesday morning the professor grew worse, and his symptoms were so much like those of yellow fever that his physician advised the board of health of the suspicious circumstances of the case, which he diagnosed as that disease. Dr. Edson and his most expert assistants visited the eminent patient in his room, and they coincided promptly with the diagnosis already made, which pointed so unmistakably to the Florida epidemic.

Tuesday, an attempt was made to remove him to the hospital on North Brother island, but the storm prevented the passage of the carriage farther than the foot of East Sixteenth street, where he was cared for in the Wilard Parker Hospital. The physicians no longer doubted the character of the disease. They decided it to be yellow fever, with a strong probability of a fatal termination before daylight Wednesday morning. A telegram was sent to the family of Professor Proctor at Oak Lawn, Fla., advising them of the condition of the patient, and of his expected death within a few hours. When the professor was taken ill he told his physician that Marion county, Fla., had had no case of yellow fever, as it was some distance from any of the infected centers. It was learned also that he was a sufferer from Bright's disease and weak action of the heart, and these complaints, the doctors say, made his recovery a grave question of doubt from the outset of his illness. Death occurred about seven o'clock Wednesday night.

We giv elsewhere a brief sketch of Professor Proctor's career, with the work he has accomplished. He has been an exceedingly industrious worker in his chosen field, and his labor has been of great importance to astronomy. As an author he made astronomy a popular study by his complete and easily understood books. He possessed the faculty of making difficult subjects plain to the ordinary comprehension, and it was this faculty as much as his great attainments that gave him fame.

Professor Proctor was one of a quartet of brilliant Englishmen to whom the present generation are incalculably indebted for the facts and generalizations which hav shown our present religious system to be so ill founded and illogical. Darwin, the gentlest and most patient investigator in all fields of nature; Huxley, the biologist; Tyndall, the chemist and philosopher; Proctor, the astronomer—to these four the world owes an enormous debt of gratitude. Previous to locating here, Professor Proctor made two lecturing tours in this country—the first in 1873–4 and the other in 1875–6. Those who heard him will recollect his easy and graceful style on the platform, and his instructiv and entertaining subject-matter. He was one of the very few men who could put sufficient interest in a column of figures to hold the average audience for an hour and a half. It was during one of these tours that Professor Proctor lectured upon "Religion and Astronomy," a lecture which at once drew down upon him the anathema of the pietists, and he was vehemently denounced as an Infidel, an epithet he never cared to disown. A few of his most pointed sentences were the following: "Between astronomy and dogmatic religion there has been a long-standing feud. Astronomy, first of all the sciences, introduced doubts respecting the truth of portions of the Bible record. These doubts were not met by reasoning or expostulation, but by a resort to force and cruelty. Galileo was tortured for opposing the doctrin of a central earth. Giordano Bruno, venturing further to assert that other worlds besides our earth exist, was for that and similar heresies burnt at the stake. . . . But soon after securing the first success, science raised new and more troublesome issues. Again astronomy was the offending science. . . . This attack, as it was considered, on the Bible narrativ, though fiercely opposed by the few among the theologians who understood its significance, caused by no means so widespread an excitement as the first attempt to introduce the system of Copernicus. It was not till geology began to present the evidence of the earth's crust, indicating a history far older than the Bible account, that theologians began to be notably disquieted. I need not remind you of the fierce contest which thereupon ensued."

Of late years Professor Proctor has not offended the Christians save by his statements of facts, which, if true, proved that Christian theology could not be. He left the generalizations and applications for others to make. It is, perhaps, a matter of regret that he could not hav been put in charge of the magnificent Lick observatory, so that the bequest of the millionaire Freethinker should not be belittled by such religious ceremonies as attended its transfer to the state university. Professor Holden may be Professor Proctor's equal in astronomical knowledge, but certainly not in courage.

The English-speaking world is a good deal wiser because of Professor Proctor's existence here, and his death will be sincerely and deeply lamented.

The Real Danger.

In the *Daily Saratogian* lately, a Mr. John Alexander, on behalf of the "National Reform Association," made these remarkable statements:

"The fact that no man or association in the country advocates a union of church and state, and the fact that a deep-seated opposition to such a union in any form or degree, is a deeply settled American conviction unequivocally maintained and expressed in the constitution and teachings of the National Reform Association, shows that a reunion of church and state is impossible in this country.

"The National Reform Association was organized about twenty-five years ago. Its object, as stated by the *Christian Statesman*, its weekly organ, published in Philadelphia, and other publications and oral teachings from pulpit and platform, is to aid in cultivating public sentiment in behalf of the improvement, maintenance, and perpetuity of the religious laws, institutions, and usages of our nation.

"The so-called Liberal League, with the *Index*, a periodical published in Boston, as their organ, is an association of Infidels or Freethinkers who are aiming at the abolition of these Christian laws, institutions, and usages which our organization is laboring to uphold. They demand the repeal of all laws against blasphemy—against the so-called oppressiv laws which require the preservation of the Christian Sabbath, the maintenance of chaplains in Congress, the army and navy, and in the state legislatures, and the Bible in the public schools. The Liberals hav their auxiliary organizations throughout the country. Their work and that of the National Reform Association are directly antagonistic. They seek to repeal; we seek to build up and preserve. And as an important means for securing our ends we are laboring to secure an amendment to the Constitution of the United States that will furnish an undeniable legal basis for all our Christian laws, institutions, and usages in the fundamental law of the land.

"Our association has, in its work, become greatly broadened in late years. As occasion offers, all moral reforms for the good of our race and nation receive attention and discussion. It may, however, be said that the central idea of the National Reform movement is 'the kingship of Christ' and 'the supreme authority of his law in the church and state.'

"From this fundamental central principle and the logical deductions that flow from it, we derive the authority and incentivs for our work."

Without commenting upon the back-date knowledge of Mr. Alexander regarding the Liberal League, we should like to know how he reconciles his first statements with his last. If the National Reform Association is not seeking to bring about a closer union of church and state, the English language needs revision. With the "kingship of Christ" legally acknowledged, and the "supreme authority of his law" as the basis of legislation, the church and state, it seems to us, would be pretty thoroughly united, with the church as the head.

It is fortunate for the people of the country that the Reform Association is as yet as impotent as it is designing. The coming religious war is not with it, but with the Roman Catholic church, which is attaining dangerous power in various states. The New England and the Middle states are perilously near being priest-ridden, and in Senator Blair's own state the Protestants are being bulldozed into building parochial schools while the militant senator is lobbying in the interests of his church. Mr. Alexander and his Reform Association are infinitly less dangerous than the pope and *his* association.

The Harm Done Now.

Sometimes a person is heard to say that though he knows Christianity to be false, and is aware that it persecuted and did vast evil of old, he sees no great need of consuming energy in combating it now. Such a one's penetration into social matters has not been very deep.

Saying nothing of the harm that has already been done by that belief—calling no attention to a picturing of the state of knowledge and happiness we should by now hav reached had the healthful naturalism of the pagan empires been allowed to keep its course unbroken by the thirteen centuries worse than wasted on the Galilean's earth-blighting fantasies—ignoring, for the moment, all this, let us consider merely the harm done by Christianity at the present moment.

Man's happiness is constituted by the gratification of his desires, and the gratification of those desires is secured by the means of knowledge, and is great or less just in proportion as his knowledge is great or less. If a portion of what is accepted by him as knowledge is not such, but misinformation, by so much is his power of obtaining happiness decreased. In the devotion, then, of incalculable time and effort to the untruths of Christianity, is sufficient motiv to urge every person with pity for his fellow-creatures' pain to earnest and sustained efforts for the abolition of that religion.

However, let us see if there is not about Christianity something distinguishing it from other bodies of untruth, that may explain the peculiar bitterness with which thinkers regard it.

Suppose that among various mistaken systems of thought there be one that makes the strange claim of finality—of having reached the point beyond which there can and shall be no further advance. Suppose one that interpenetrates and ignorantly treats upon all other branches of knowledge and assumes a superior authority over all, and then interdicts all inquiry beyond the lines it has drawn.

Suppose a mistaken system that besides teaching its untruth singles out for destruction every principle that could possibly lead to its investigation and a progress beyond it—every principle, indeed, conduciv to human welfare, either physical or mental. Consider for a moment a system that unwearyingly strives to eradicate every condition essential to its own removal; that endeavors to subvert man's whole nature, extinguish every normal instinct, and leave a ruined race weltering in fantasy, miracle-worship, helplessness, and faith. The use of the wrong drug for a disease for centuries, the practice of an imperfect system of mining, do not eradicate the conditions necessary to the discovery and use of new drugs and new mining apparatus. Is there a grave difference to be discerned here?

Suppose a system tha [provides men with a coun-

terfeit of virtue—a formalism adherence to which gradually comes to determin one's standing, to the supplanting of the criterion of real morality and worth.

But this is not all. We hav yet to consider what may be the safety of society while there exists a creed the necessary logical outcome of which is the duty to deprive of life, even as a humane act, every person rejecting that creed, the only escape from an eternal hell.

And, finally, let the reader conceive such a system as we hav described, flourishing and powerful, controling a majority and wielding the civil power, working unremittingly for a return to its blackest periods of bloody massacre and slothful misery.

These are the differences between Christianity and all ordinary bodies of untruth. A little time devoted to these considerations will giv some glimpse of why thinkers so bitterly hate Christianity, the most dangerous and successful system ever devised to ruin mankind.

Two Dispatches.

We call the attention of the public to the following. The first is to the *Herald:*

"BOSTON, Sept. 8, 1888.—The excitement which prevails in this community over the 'Catholic question' received a new impetus to-day, when last night's action of the Waltham school committee was made public. A parochial school has just been built in that city in a parish which has a population of seven thousand, and on Monday it was opened for business.

"The public schools began their sessions on the same day. It was then found that some eight hundred boys and girls had been withdrawn from the public schools to fill the desks in the rival institution. Rev. Dr. Fulton, whose crusade is just now carried on in this vicinity, addressed a meeting in the Baptist church last evening, using very strong language on the subject, and advised the Protestants to wake up to the danger which, he said, was menacing our public school system.

"The Waltham school committee held a long and important meeting last evening, at which the whole subject of the opening of the parochial school and its effect on the public schools was discussed. The result of their deliberations was a decision to close the Exchange street and East schools, and a vote to dismiss two teachers, viz., Miss Cecil McBride and Miss Mary Mullen. The Exchange street school had only three scholars left, and the East school about seventy. A change in the rules governing the admission of pupils to the High school was determined on, and it is very possible that a further cutting down in the force of teachers will be made at an early date."

The second is to the *Sun:*

"MALDEN, Sept. 10th.—Father Flatly of St. Mary's church yesterday announced at all the masses that he had received instructions from the archbishop that at a meeting of the church dignitaries held at Baitimore instructions were issued that all Catholic parents having children must send them to the parochial schools under pain of sin. A number of pupils who formerly attended the public schools began to-day to attend the parochial school."

It is unnecessary to say anything concerning these dispatches. The facts are ample danger-marks.

Swallowed by the Church.

It is said that Rome has "recognized" the Knights of Labor, and that the order can now go on without fear of the church. This means that the church has obtained what she wanted from the Knights, and has been allowed to revise their constitution.

When the order was working in secret it aroused the animosity of the clergy, and many Catholics refused to join it. At the general assembly of 1881, held in Detroit, Mr. Powderly, who was then grand master, said:

"At the beginning of the year many locals were anxiously awaiting the result of the deliberations of the general assembly on the question of making the name of the order public. Many locals were already working under protest, the alternativ of leaving the order or the church in which many of them were born and raised staring them in the face. Night after night hav I sat thinking and deliberating this matter over; for, gifted with what intelligence we may be, as unwilling to yield to its influence as we may be, yet we must admit that we want the men of all religions, and to get them we must make concessions to the church, for its influence is too vast to be idly passed over."

At that session the name of the order was made public, but still the Catholic clergy refused to admit members of the order. Two years ago Cardinal Taschereau, of Canada, issued a mandament against the Knights. The general master workman laid the matter before Cardinal Gibbons, instructing him in the secret work of the order, and that prelate undertook to hav a proper presentation of the case made to the pope. A stay of proceedings was granted in Canada, and the decree will now place the Knights in full accord with the church, and the result will be that the church will control the order.

Workingmen who hav joined the Knights with the hope through organization to better their condition will soon find that the Catholic church is not a poor man's friend. She is bent upon conserving the Christian system of society, which assumes that God made some men to rule and hav an easy time, and some to be ruled and to do the work.

The Oaths Bill.

Mr. Bradlaugh further explains his Oaths bill in the *Reformer* of September 2d. He says:

"The Editor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER disapproves the Oaths bill as it has gone to the House of Lords, and adopting the view of Dr. W. A. Hunter, it says the bill

"'practically makes the people of no religious belief a sect who are allowed to affirm *as a favor*, as is a Quaker. Most Freethinkers will object to taking a right thrown at them in this way.'

"But by the law of Great Britain, as it has existed for many years, Quakers affirm as of right. There is no favor in the matter; they can insist on affirming. If the Oaths bill becomes law, Freethinkers who object to an oath, who are without religious belief, will be able to affirm as of right. Then the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER says

"'that the bill is not a final settlement of the question, and if its passage will defer a satisfactory settlement it should not pass. Mr. Bradlaugh is in Parliament without it, and it is not so important that Freethinkers should sit on juries as it is that all men should possess equal rights as citizens—not as favors but as a natural and inalienable right.'

"No bill is a final settlement of any question; but every statute which diminishes penalty or disabilities for opinion helps to hasten more complete liberty. If the Oaths bill is passed by the Lords, persons without religious belief in Scotland will be competent as witnesses. None of them are at present so competent. If my Oaths bill did nothing beyond this, it would be an enormous advantage gained to the Freethought party and, I think, to the general public. No Oaths bill could giv all men equal rights as citizens, and if the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER only means equal rights in cases where oaths are not exacted, the Oaths bill does place persons with and without religion in equal position. The words 'natural and inalienable right,' when used in relation to affirmation or oath, seem to me misplaced. The common law duty and right of every subject of the British realm was to swear his allegiance. The common law right to swear as witness was subject to many restrictions. The common law has been modified in some respects and extended in others by statute. My bill, if it becomes an act, is an ameliorating and extending measure. The Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER adds:

"'Mr. Bradlaugh does not say how a man who rejects both scriptures and oaths-taking, yet has a religious belief, would get around the amendment.'

"All he has to do in such a case is to say that the taking of an oath is contrary to his religious belief if it be so; and if the taking of an oath is not contrary to his religious belief, it is no part of my duty to legislate for him. The Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER winds up his condemnation by saying:

"'The bargaining for the reading of the bill—what in this country is called log-rolling—is politics, not statesmanship.'

"I am unaware of any bargain save that openly made in the House of Commons on the 14th of March, and which was then approved and supported by the whole of those in the House who hav since objected. I hav strictly adhered to what I then promised, and if that be 'log-rolling,' then I can only say log-rolling is more honorable than I imagined."

We trust that the bill will work just as Mr. Bradlaugh anticipates, and certainly it is a generous concession to wring from the Christians. But it is, after all, only a concession. The Christians in Parliament who hav voted for the bill will claim great credit for their "toleration" in allowing Atheists to giv evidence in Scotland and sit on English juries. And the acceptance of this toleration carries with it the admission that the right exists in the state to deny such favor. The position is this: The Christians of one sect are in power. At first no one belonging to another sect is allowed any rights. Gradually the other sects obtain legal rights—not given them because the members possess them naturally, but because it saves trouble to the ruling sect. The Quakers, for instance, obtained the right to affirm not because the Episcopalians held that the members of that sect naturally possessed all the rights of other citizens, but because the Episcopalians were pleased to grant it. Lastly, come the Freethinkers, and a bill is to be passed giving them the right to affirm if they will tell the judge that they are Freethinkers. The point that we object to is that any man should be obliged to open his lips at all about his religious belief or lack of belief. When this bill becomes a law Freethinkers, so far as oaths and jury duty go, will be a legally recognized sect. Giving them legal rights is not recognizing their natural rights.

Our criticism of the bill was, and is, that a man must declare himself to hav no religious belief in order to obtain its advantages, and this will prejudice his case or himself in court. What is wanted is, that nothing whatever need be said about religion. This alone will secure equality.

We notice that the Freethinkers of England are withdrawing their objections and accepting the bill as read. Mr. Bradlaugh is a powerful and persuasiv leader.

Editorial Notes.

CONCERNING the Rev. Mr. Green, a brief biographical sketch of whom we printed last week, a Chicago correspondent sends the following verse:

"Now languishes the reverend Green
In durance vile, for being mean
To women six or seven.'
He is a patriarch, you know—
He's growing very old; and so
He soon will go to heaven."

It has a merit unattained by most poetry, inasmuch as it is stern truth.

THE London *Radical Leader* publishes this pleasant paragraph about a Hindoo gentleman who used THE TRUTH SEEKER composing-room as a base of supplies while taking observation in this country: "We see from the journal *Hope* of Calcutta that the editor, Babu Amrita Lal Roy, is issuing two new works. The one is entitled 'Three Years Among the Americans,' and the other, 'England and India.' We know Mr. Roy to be a cultivated gentleman, fully competent, from his residence in this country and in America, to write with instruction upon the topics he has undertaken." Everyone in this office who knew him has a warm corner in his heart for the little dusky-faced philosopher and scholar, whose modesty kept him in positions below his merit, but whose courage and worth made him known in spite of himself.

IN the *National Reformer* of August 26th Mr. Bradlaugh wrote:

"Many folks write me as though now Parliament stood adjourned I could be easily taking holiday and rest. I wish this were possible, but in truth I hav to work very hard to reduce my debts and liv. I shall, I hope, hav four and a half days' fishing in Loch Long from midday on Monday, September 3d, to the morning of Saturday, the 8th, but this short holiday is more than counterbalanced by the heavy lecturing work of the recess. This week, for example, address seven meetings, next week eight. Many write me to giv lectures in aid of branches, clubs, and associations, and I do help very often, but surely it is not necessary for me to constantly repea that my only means are those I earn from day to day by tongue and pen. My great trouble now is lest I should be unable to earn enough to meet my many heavy obligations, in which case I should be most reluctantly obliged to relinquish my parliamentary career.

In the very next issue of the *Reformer* he acknowledges the receipt of several hundred pounds, subscribed to clear off his debt of about £1,500 remaining due from his six years' parliamentary struggle, and records the formation of a committee to raise the balance. This shows the regard in which the Atheist champion is held not only by the Secularists, but by the Liberal public. The address of the treasurer of the committee is, George Anderson, 35a Great George street, Westminster. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Star*, and other journals are actively aiding in the collection of the fund.

POLITICS and religion run hot down in South Carolina, and the ministers occasionally take a hand in. In the *Farmer's Friend*, published at Timmonsville, we find the following ministerial protest against the election to Congress of a Freethinker. The writer is the Rev. S. M. Richardson: "The continued renomination of Hon. G. W. Dargan for Congress is a thing which demands a protest. It is well known that Mr. Dargan some years since became a convert to Agnosticism, and in consequence abandoned the church of his early choice. That Mr. Dargan is not an aggressiv opponent of Christianity as is Colonel Ingersoll, the arch-apostle of Agnosticism in this country, will be readily acceded. Still, his position, well understood by those who hav a right to know, is that of a rejecter of revelation. The writer maintains that the selecting of Mr. Dargan to represent this congressional district is a grave mistake. 1. It is an injustice to the Christian sentiment of these counties. This people are emphatically a people of simple trust in the reality of a God, a life to come, retribution for sin and a reward for righteousness. Surely some one could be found in six counties competent to fill this office who would not misrepresent the dearest convictions of the heart of a noble people. 2. It is a wrong to Mr. Dargan himself. The temptations of political life are too well known to need mention. The allurements of political life in Washington are well-nigh irresistible. Few, and only such as are supported by strong religious convictions, can withstand them. The wine-cup and the gaming-house spread their enticements upon every side. A man of loose views on those points of belief which underlie all moral principle will almost inevitably run down in the corrupting atmosphere of the capitol. History, the 'only prophet' of Agnosticism, will bear me out in this assertion. 3. It is an insult to God and a dangerous experiment." Not being familiar with South Carolina politics, we know not what effect this protest will hav, but we imagin that if Mr. Dargan gets the regular Democratic nomination, he will be elected, and take his chances in wrestling with the wickedness of Washington.

The Higher Morality.

From the London Commonweal.

Hardly has the pope responded to the cry of the Irish landlord with a plea for the high morality of rent-paying by compulsion, when he is to be asked for what in a lower rank of life would be called a legislation of incest. As it is the brother of a king and the daughter of a prince, and the union is to produce an heir to a throne, it would be impolite to use such a word, and the whole thing is again in accordance with the higher morality reserved (by divine grace) for the great ones of earth.

Letters from Friends.

CHILLICOTHE, MO., E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: We are in hopes, upon my renewal, to hav the pleasure to send in a few subscribers to your noble and instructiv journal, and thereby gladden the hearts of the Truth Seeker Company, including the devil—printer's devil, of course, as you hav no use for any other. L. CHUTE.

BABYLON, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Yes, there is no more important question for Liberals than organization. When your Courtlandt Palmers, rolling in wealth, are desirous of such proceeding, they will certainly hand over to the Secular Union funds enough to make a start, and build up a monument of what might adorn our professions. For my part in similar proceedings, between 1850 and 1855 I was associated in what we termed the Independent Order of Liberals of the City of New York. We had a fund of several hundred dollars. We had associated with us a Mr. Palmer, G. Vale, Dr. Hull, and many others. The operations of the Paine farm movement were the means of breaking us up, and throwing cold water on our movement. If there are any survivors, I would like to hear from them. P. H. FOSTER.

ESTELLINE, DAK., Aug. 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs. Ritchey wishes to know the use of that "peculiar projection about the size of a goose-quill half-way down the intestins, and which is found only in the human system." I presume she refers to the "vermiform appendix." Now, in the first place, it is an error to say it is found only in the human system. That portion of the large intestin from the closed end to the valve leading from the small intestin is called the cæcum. In the human system the cæcum has been shortened by the shriveling up of the closed end, and this shriveled or atrophied portion is what Mrs. Ritchey wishes to understand. It is inexplicable except from the evolutionary standpoint. The very fact of its atrophying proves that it has ceased to perform any useful function in the physical organism. The only purpose which it serves now is to teach man the lesson of his humble origin. As the assumption of the upright position is known to hav produced other structural changes in the human system, it is probable that it also had something to do with this. The present is merely a transitional stage. As we shall never get down on all-fours again, the "vermiform appendix" will continue to atrophy until it wholly disappears. That this is the correct explanation of the matter is proved by careful researches in comparativ anatomy and physiology and the development of the human embryo. Yours truly, C. L. ABBOTT.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., Sept. 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The views of Colonel Ingersoll on divorce, like everything else he advances, contain some food for reflection. Colonel Ingersoll would put it in the power of the woman to be divorced on demand, while he would grant no divorce to the man except for a breach of the contract. This is in many respects an improvement on the present rule, which does not grant a divorce to either party except for a breach of the contract. But what is a breach of the contract? Colonel Ingersoll, being an eminent lawyer, must be aware that it is a capital breach of the contract for the woman to refuse satisfaction to her husband's lusts, and his own reason for the discrimination, that her youth is her capital, does not suggest the idea that he feels very strongly on this fundamental point. The woman oppressed in this way would, under his program, hav only two remedies: to demand a divorce herself, or be divorced for breaking the contract. In either case, it is not very clear how her youth, or an equivalent therefor, is to be recovered. But perhaps Colonel Ingersoll thinks that unnecessary, if she chooses to break the contract in that way. Is not the reason he givs for granting the woman a divorce at will a reason rather for such arrangements about property that her youth will no longer be her capital? And would not absolute freedom in the relations of the sexes be more likely than anything else to bring about such arrangements? But if Colonel Ingersoll should advocate that, the long-eared animals which he mentions, and also some animals with shorter ears, would be apt to call it free love. And if the animals with long ears should call it free love, I fear Colonel Ingersoll would forthwith hunt his hole. Aside from the fallacious reason given, I see no cause for discriminating against us "unprotected gentlemen." Helen Wilmans, a lady who would hav been reckoned among the first humorists in America if she would hav let reform and mental healing alone, lately published a very just and very long tirade against the brutalities of husbands. Having exhausted this part of the subject, she suddenly changed it with this fitting sentence: "The brutes are not all males." That is dreadfully true. The brutes are not all males. Swine, snakes, and polecats are of both sexes, and a female of either of these interesting species, once covered with the ægis of matrimony, can make a man so miserable without technically breaking the contract that, if divorce were denied him, it would probably end in his taking either his own life or hers. In short, Colonel Ingersoll's plan is as practical as the proposal of Joseph Cook to grant a divorce after a jury consisting of Lucretia, Panthea, Cæsar's wife, and Queen Elizabeth, has signified approbation.

I, as an Anarchist, believe liberty the true panacea for sexual as for other evils—the cure for incontinence, excess, infant mortality, "contraception," abortion, infanticide, prostitution, obscenity, matrimonial murder, and over-population. Evidently I am one of those who do not understand Colonel Ingersoll. To me it appears, very much to my gratification, that his view of marriage, instead of being the opposit to what is known as free love, resembles free love considerably, and is getting more like it the more he reads and thinks. C. L. JAMES.

LEXINGTON, KY., Aug. 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: We hav Mr. O. Barnes lecturing in our vicinity. He proves, it is said, that Christ was illegitimate. No one is surprised and only a few are indignant at this assertion. So does one doctrin after another fade before the light of truth. The Swedenborgians hav lectured here, but made no impression. Like Averroes and others, they make spirit the cause of sensation: "God positiv; his creation negativ." Such overwhelming force, however, would destroy as fast as it could create. "Our God is a consuming fire."

Genius may sometimes be capable of synthetic judgment, but to assert that thought is created first and the brain afterward is an affirmation too disgusting to proceed from any but an ignorant and cowardly source.

A life of pleasure consumes the meanest atoms, but benevolence and knowledge require nobler materials, and feed the brain with grand discrimination.

Matter is semi-intelligent, and craves that which it needs for industrious action, while the revels of indolence weaken the organization. The progressiv spirit soon becomes aware of this. If it takes so long for an individual to know itself fully, how could a stranger, a God-fragment, irradiate the darkness of matter? Intelligence is predicated of exertion, involving means to an end. The finest sentiments belong to abnormal states of the brain, when secret chambers are opened, filled by unconscious cerebration. Unusual influences appeal to subtle magnetic forces, and we become a wonder to ourselvs. I hav means of explaining this further, and Spiritualists may, perhaps, assist me in such elucidations.

But, with regard to civilization, we hav abused the clergy sufficiently. Now, let us turn our attention to the editors. On them we depend principally to guide us out of the labyrinths of ignorance. Think of the multitude of them, molding our opinions as they please! How do we find them? Head up, like men, speaking the truth? About a dozen in the United States, perhaps, hav souls and can do this. But the majority, a vast crowd of thinking beings, supposed to hav brains, are crawling, hat in hand, after the meanest of the clergy. Flattering, fawning, licking up their spittle, praising their sermons, from which proceeds not a glimmer of original thought, repeating their idiotic ravings about a ghost who acts upon the human mind, to make fools of us, and candidates for the lunatic asylum. What style of civilization is this, and how will it read in history? When prominent men are time-serving, imbecil, pusillanimous, insincere, crawling, effeminate; prevaricators, defamers, underminers, mental lepers, breeders of moral pestilence? To succeed in business, they must belong to a church.

The Prohibitionists hav left the Republicans, who only wanted to make little servants of them. And now, if the women could vote for them, they would be delirious with joy. Let the women, then, seek political equality—at least, to bring matters to a crisis. When they come to know their strength, they will no longer be humble servants of the clergy.

The mighty streams of moral and scientific advancement did not take their rise in religion. When the pressure of God's footsteps, the burning of his sacred heart, were facts in the Holy Land, the names of towns, the conversation of friends, were too indelicate to be mentioned at the present time. A decent prophet, now and then, tried to reform the people, even in ancient times, but such were thrown into pits or sawn asunder. A force of mind almost superhuman was requisit to break up the darkness, corruption, and stupidity of the Middle Ages—the boldness of Philip the Fair, who humbled the lordly will of Boniface, or that of Frederick II., who rebuked the base tyranny of the pope of Rome. The order of the friars were ashamed of the deep ignorance of the masses under priestly rule. A schism in the order of St. Francis d'Assisi was a successful effort in the direction of Protestantism. The University of Oxford "resisted papal exactions." For going too far, Wickliffe was banished from this seat of learning. The masses were trampled under the feet of church dignitaries. There was no chance for education or morals. Thumb-screws and other instruments of torture were found on Spanish vessels after the destruction of the Armada. Was the church the mother of truth, holiness, and civilization? ALHAZA.

JASPER, TENN., Sept. 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 1st inst. Mr. F. M. Holland has undertaken to answer Mr. Griffith on "Wool and Whisky." Whether his answer is intended for me I am unable to say, as one TRUTH SEEKER failed to reach me, and it may hav contained a letter written by myself.

Mr. Holland says that Mr. Blaine says that "the repeal of the internal revenue laws will make whisky cheaper," and increase its consumption. From the tenor of Mr. Holland's article we take it that he is opposed to taking the tax off whisky and tobacco, and would instead reduce the tariff. Mr. Holland appears to be a friend of labor, and wishes the tariff reduced in order to benefit labor. Our object for repealing the tax on whisky, tobacco, etc., and retaining the tariff, is also for the benefit of labor. Labor pays all taxes, both national, state, and municipal, and that mode of taxation which will be the lightest on labor is exactly the kind of taxation we are in favor of. Labor not only pays all taxes, but it pays all debts of every description, national, state, municipal, and individual. Labor not only pays all taxes and all debts, but labor actually produces all wealth, and supports the world. Labor doing all these things, that system of laws and legislation which will make it the easiest for him to bear the burden of the world, is the system of laws that I am in favor of, if it can be come at and put in force. Being a friend to the laboring man, who pays my taxes and furnishes me grub, and also being grateful to him for his kindness, I will giv my reasons for wishing the repeal of the internal revenue laws. The United States does not need the money derived from the taxes levied under them. Many, if not all of the states are in debt, and do need the taxes that are now paid the government by tobacco and liquors. The repeal of the law would do away with an army of internal revenue officers that are now acting as spies and informers, and exercising a species of espionage and inquisitorial powers over our citizens that is humiliating to our pride, as well as engendering strife and law-breaking in many portions of our country. For the past twenty years internal revenue officers hav acted as judges, jury, witnesses, and executioners, all through the mountains of Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, Virginia, etc., and hav destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property in these states, without the semblance of a trial, much less a conviction of any of the parties upon which they vented their power, under this infamous law. We hav been present and seen distilleries demolished and thousands of dollars' worth of property destroyed without even the owner having been summoned before any court of the country to answer whether he was amenable to the laws for any violations of their commands or edicts; the officer committing the destruction not even having a warrant or summon for the owner at the time of the destruction of the property. Talk about Anarchy! Is it any wonder that the poor devil who livs in the mountains, away from any market for his surplus of corn, or apples, or other fruits, should hate a government, or its laws, that deprives him of the privilege of putting it in the only shape in which it can be transported over his rough-and-tumble roads to market? It was the loyalty of these very same hardy mountaineers that made it profitable for the United States to maintain its independence at a time it needed assistance. Had it not been for the huudreds of thousands of these same poor men joining the forces of the late United States army, the tide of battle would not hav progressed so smoothly, or it might hav had a different termination altogether. These same hardy sons of toil feel that the state needs all the taxes they are able to pay, without the government forcing them to abandon their farms because they hav no market for crops. I am a Prohibitionist in principle, but at present the people are not ready to receive Prohibition. In reference to the tax on wool I will say that in the history of our tariff laws since the first tariff act went into effect, the price of the articles on which the tariff was levied went down, and the higher the tariff the cheaper the article. And when the tariff was removed or lowered, the price went up. There is only one exception that I now remember in which the rule did not work, and that was quinine. It got cheaper as soon as the tariff was taken off, while coffee went up. So they will offset each other. Why this has been so, I confess I am unable to tell, but it is a fact all the same. It is cheaper to collect the money to run our government at our ports of entry and in our custom houses, when it only requires a few officers to collect the tariff, than it is to collect the taxes on property of the citizen. If the tariff is removed it will require an army of internal revenue officers to collect the taxes, where only a few will be necessary under a tariff law. This makes it lighter for the laborer, who has it to pay anyway, no matter how it is levied, or on what. Foreigners pay no internal taxes to run our state or municipal governments, and it would not be treating our home folks right to allow the foreigner to bring in his goods, wares, and merchandise and sell them in competition with our home merchants without requiring him to at least pay his modicum of taxes for the protection given the foreigner and his goods. To sum up. The government does not need the internal tax; the states do need it. The law works a hardship to the citizen, and is more expensiv to collect than a tariff. Repeal the law and the officers will not be here to pay, in fact, will not exist. The foreigner, not being responsible or liable to taxation under our state laws, ought not to be allowed to sell in competition with home folks without contributing toward paying the expense of the government for the protection and privilege of selling. As the poor laborer pays the taxes anyway, a tariff is the easiest and lightest on him because the cheapest. It is not the tariff that is grinding the poor. It is our interest laws that are acting as a wedge that is lifting the rich up, making him richer, and pressing the poor man down, making him poorer. Interest pauperized the labor of the Old World, and it is pauperizing the labor of the United States. Read "Labor and Capital," written by Edward Kellogg, and study it, and you will find where the trouble is between the rich and the poor. You will find out the exact cause of financial panics coming over the country every few years. It is a book well worth reading by all, and especially by the laboring man. If we can find out what is the matter, we can then, perhaps, find a remedy. AMOS L. GRIFFITH.

COLUMBUS, KAN., Sept. 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Many years ago I read our veteran hero's *Pleasure Boat*, that dealt such strong and effectiv blows to priestcraft and the inhuman absurdities and practices of popular Christianity. Twenty-one years ago I met Father Hacker at a convention of all sorts of reformers at Ancora, N. J. Among the many speeches I reported was one made by our venerable friend in behalf of poor, suffering, down-trodden humanity. It was impressiv and effectiv. I hav been in sympathy with him and hav been his coadjutor for fifty years. Seven years ago, when I was sick, a friend sent me $2, and I sent Brother Hacker one of them. Now, reader, if you hav a head to think and a heart to feel, I want you to realize that "it is more blessed to giv than to receive," by sending an aged and worthy pioneer, to whom we are all so much indebted, money in proportion to your ability, and let his last days be made happy by substantial gifts which, with the spirit that they will indicate, will cheer and inspire him, and cause him to feel that Freethought and Liberalism are not mere abstractions. That noble humanitarian, Mrs. Slenker, has pleaded for our brother several years, and he has received

but little. Let him now receive much. I hav to liv on five cents a day, but I will send him a letter and a mite. Perhaps my plea is not necessary after Father Hacker's own appeal. I hope not. O ye Liberals and Infidels! do you realize how much you owe our aged veteran? J. H. Cook.

WHY NOT PRINT BOTH SIDES?

Monte Vista, Col., Sept. 1, 1888.

Mr. Editor: Several weeks ago (July 31st; this is September 1st) you wrote me, saying: "I don't propose to advertise Braden any more," and you returned my article, "Is it Liberal?" in which I discussed the il-Liberal position of the editor of *Secular Thought* in reference to Braden. Nearly every issue of The Truth Seeker, since my side of the debate question was refused a hearing, has contained Braden's name, so I hav concluded that you reversed your decision about not advertising the elder, and that you are now willing to publish both sides. Indeed, I do not see how a Freethought paper can consistently refuse to do so. We profess to hold firmly to our principle, old as our system of thought, "Hear both sides, then decide."

In your last number Brother Reynolds has an article couched in language far from polite, denouncing Braden.

For nearly three months I hav been in correspondence with Silverton, Ore., Liberals, having been invited by them to meet Braden in debate. It now appears from Brother Reynolds's letter, printed in The Truth Seeker of August 25th, that in July he consulted with the Silverton Secular committee, and offers to lay aside his "self-respect" and debate with Braden at last, and do it for nothing, besides paying from his "own private resources" one-half the expense of hall, advertising, etc., and devoting the proceeds to the sick and needy of Silverton, Braden to do likewise.

If Braden is as bad as Reynolds charges—"mercenary," extorts money, etc.—Mr. Reynolds knew he would be safe from debate. Why should a man be expected to debate for nothing any more than lecture for nothing? In his California travels Reynolds complained bitterly of Los Angeles Liberals and of Liberals of other places, on account of their unwillingness to pay him, and accuses them of having "no respect for their word," and of having "lost all sense of common honesty." The burden of our brother's song was inadequate pay.

If Braden accepts, the Oregonians—from all I hav heard of them—will not stand idly by and see both men disburse private funds for the benefit of those who are in good health and deriving benefit from the free speech of both disputants. In spite of Reynolds's few stray legal phrases, "paid, given, or devoted to them or either of them, directly or indirectly," both would be well paid, as they ought to be. For my opinion is, that Reynolds would make a good debate, and Braden would keep it interesting.

I wish our brother could hav had this change of heart earlier in the season. It would hav saved the Pacific coast Liberals and myself much correspondence. I was willing to debate with Braden on the coast, because I was invited, and none of the lecturers there were willing to "associate" with him, while I could meet him without a sacrifice of self-respect, which they cannot do.

I would hav been glad if Brothers Reynolds and Putnam had encountered Braden, instead of retreating. It would hav looked better for our side, for we hav ever challenged the entire Christian world to meet us in debate through their chosen representativ indorsed by some Christian denomination. The Christians of the coast are so uncharitable that they make no allowance for a lecturer's self-respect, and openly charge that our men are afraid and run away. It only seems so. But Christians will not discriminate.

Virginia E. Vance, in The Truth Seeker, Nov. 26, 1887, thought it would be difficult to "find an opponent for this delectable gladiator," Braden. Yet at that very time, as publicly announced, Mr. Hull, a natural-born debater, to whom even enemies listen with undisguised pleasure, and myself, were ready to meet him. Since then, as I showed in the letter you returned to me, B. F. Underwood, a host in himself, published his willingness to debate with the "gladiator." It is agreed, on all sides, that a more self-respecting Freethinker and scholarly gentleman does not liv. There surely is something the matter with the assumption of nearly all the Liberal papers and some Liberal lecturers that no self-respecting lecturer would "condescend" to encounter Clark Braden. Even cartoons failed of their aim in this instance.

At the eleventh hour, as "one born out of due season," Brother Reynolds shies his castor into the ring, and he announces himself ready, at last, to tackle the animal that has been chasing Brother Putnam, olfactories or no olfactories. I sincerely hope that he can go into the debate retaining his self-respect and good humor both. For, if he does not, he will be giving the Christian an advantage at the very start. No debate is of so much value when interlarded with such personal epithets as he employs in his last article—"mendacious fraud," "disreputable fraud," "bombastic bully," "foul calumniator and unprincipled blackguard," etc. How such expressions can help the cause of him who uses them is hard to discern—I mean a good cause, full of humanitarianism and Liberalism. Their use by Christians may not hurt Christianity, but it appears to me that when employed by a reformer they injure manhood, true dignity, and genuin self-respect. For the use of such expressions we hav often censured Braden and other preachers, conscious all the while that "'tis their nature to." But when it comes to Freethought lecturers we do look for better things.

Brother Reynolds loads his offer to debate with so many conditions that even the "credulous Christians," of whom he writes, may, in their blindness, say it is only a "ruse" on the part of our lecturer to avoid debate. While he may retain his self-respect, he will not win their respect. They may even go so far as to hurl "Cuttle-fish!" at him. I would hate to hav them do that, but it is just like them.

Frequently Christian clergymen hav said, if we lecturers really love truth and our fellow-man, why not lecture and debate for nothing? It is noticeable that after giving that unselfish advice, the preachers continue to pass the hat for Christ's sake.

Brother Reynolds requires Braden to be indorsed by "any number of orthodox ministers in good standing in their own denomination, that they regard him as a good, moral man, and a worthy representativ of Christianity." That is a new rule for debate, and a very weak one.

1. Suppose Braden should require Reynolds to obtain the indorsement of "any number" of lecturers in good standing among Freethinkers? Those lecturers who hav too much self-respect to debate with Braden, knowing the use to which their indorsement would be put, certainly would hav too much self-respect to let it go on such an errand.

2. Underwood, Hull, and myself hav lost our standing for self-respect. Our indorsement would be rejected.

3. Orthodox clergymen, who can regard the Bible as a good, moral book, will hav no difficulty in indorsing Clark Braden as a "good, moral man." As a debater Brother Reynolds ought to hav seen this.

Mr. Reynolds, in order to prevent Mr. Braden's "mercenary and nefarious schemes to extort money from credulous Christians," he says, will require Braden and his opponent to pay hall rent, advertising, "and all and every expense of holding such discussion."

It is a favorit pastime with Christians to represent Colonel Ingersoll's dollar admission to his lecture as a "mercenary and nefarious scheme to extort money" from the people.

The proposition to devote all moneys received on account of the discussion to the "poor, sick, and needy of Silverton" has, to say the least, a benevolent cast of countenance. "Thus the discussion would be held for truth's sake," he says, and the "poor, sick, and needy be benefited."

Infidel lecturers get such counsel often from the church—to prove their love of truth and humanity by lecturing for nothing and "find themselvs." This would satisfy the Christian's conscience that it is not for gold they speak.

Notwithstanding the Silverton committee requested me to hold myself in readiness to debate with Braden, and I refused calls to lecture East on account of the prospectiv debate West, I will release the gentleman, and Brother Reynolds will conduct the debate at a cheaper rate than I possibly can; hurt Braden worse than I could find it in my heart to do; vindicate Freethought; prove that it was not Braden the coast lecturer feared, but that credulous Christians would hav money extorted from them! This ought to hav come out earlier in the campaign. Deeply as Brother Reynolds loves Silverton's sick, it cannot be that he would turn a deaf ear to the cry of the sick of other cities. Let them be visited, by all means, for "truth's sake." It will strain the brother's purse-strings to "pay," as he says, "from his own private resources half of all the expenses of such discussion." But, like blind Samson, he is willing to bury himself if he can also smother his enemy. The scheme is a good one, if it can be made to work and nobody sees through it.

W. F. Jamieson.

Vallejo, Cal., Aug. 31, 1888.

Mr. Editor: Some time ago a Methodist minister of this community propounded twelve questions which he proposed to answer publicly after his own orthodox fashion, for the edification of the people generally, irrespectiv of creed.

I presumed to attempt to answer the said questions. I published the series in a daily morning paper. The audacity of this action of mine well-nigh cost me my social, and I might add, my political existence.

I hav been horribly abused. But I bear it. Some time I shall take the liberty of telling you of the persecutions that I hav undergone at the hands of the priestly jackals of Rome.

I send you two of the answers to two of the questions in the series referred to.

The church or the playhouse: which shall survive?

"The passions act as winds to propel our vessel, our reason is the pilot that steers her; without the winds she would not move, without the pilot she would be lost." The passions are the great main-springs of existence. They are like unto a throbbing, never-ceasing engin that turns a multitude of wheels. Their action is ceaseless. Their mighty results are as hard to gage and are as boundless as the workings of the brain in the wondrous realms of thought. They are the great lever of humanity. They are the motiv power of the world through all the stages of progress. Through them man is governed; through them he rules. Through them the mighty fabric of civilization was woven; through them kingdoms, empires, and republics arose and fell; through them man was raised to his high estate; through them he livs and thinks and knows; and through them he is supreme.

I hav presumed with my dearth of knowledge to fathom the restless depths of the soul of man; I hav tried to gage the boundless limits of his possibilities; I hav tried to measure the cycles of time, and picture the grandeur of his limitless future. I hav seen, through the vista of unborn ages, the majestic splendor that shall clothe the coming man, and I hav cried in rapture—Man is God!

We are moved by the passions and guided by reason. The portrayal of the passions in mimic life is the lesson of morality. In a well-written, well-constructed play we hav presented to us, in a vivid and entertaining manner, the every-day workings of life, the continuous and varied play of the passions. We see the innocent suffer and the wicked triumph for a while; and then we see avenging justice change the course of events and draw a pretty moral.

We see in Othello the terrible effects of fierce, unbridled love that dotes one moment, then kills the next. We behold love and jealousy fiercely contending for the mastery of the troubled heart of the Moor. We see jealousy triumph—triumph over the confiding, fearful love and purest constancy of the faithful Desdemona. We see the crafty, villainous Iago working out his terrible revenge. We see with mingled pleasure and pain and horror the workings of these sublime and awful passions. With chastening awe we regard the terrible Moor when he tells in remorseful agony of

> One that loved not wisely but too well;
> Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
> Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
> Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
> Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes
> Albeit unused to the melting mood
> Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gum.

Who will dare assert that we do not here learn a moral lesson richer in truth, grander in intellectual scope, and nobler, in its great moral results, than we can ever receive from churches and parables and prophets and Bibles full of goblin tales to frighten little children when they are bad?

If every church were a playhouse we would see an increase of intelligence amongst the masses, and no more, if not less, crime than we hav with a church upon every corner. They cry out, "Abolish the theater, and the saloon and crime will decrease." But let us lay the ax at the root. Let us abolish the church and the Bible. Let us make the masses intelligent, and then we shall make them good. To make them intelligent we must abolish superstitions that are degrading and that teach men that it is not orthodox to "drink deep of the Pierian spring," and that it is a crime to doubt. Let us teach that a "doubt is the bud of an idea; if you giv it the sunlight of thought it will blossom" and bear rich fruit to its maker; it will enrich and adorn him, and bring forth from the endless caverns of the mind eternal and ever resplendent jewels of thought that will liv in the limitless years of the future when time shall be for him no more.

Christianity or Infidelity to control public sentiment—which?

The dread history of the past stands as an awful witness against the manifold crimes of the church and the debasing influence it has ever exerted upon civilization. The archives of outraged justice are replete with the data of bloody deeds that never received retribution because, forsooth, they were committed in the name of that good and merciful God whose name is the synonym of love and mercy, and whose time is so taken up in "feeding the little sparrows" that he cannot find space to care for the poor starving, wretched, suffering images of his godly self.

Christianity control public sentiment!

Let us see what claim she has.

Away back in the ages, ere Christianity was born, there flourished a civilization wrought by the omniscient brain of man, whose brilliant fabric has been the guiding star of following ages to wisdom and enlightenment. All the rudiments of law, of art, of science, of letters, of logic, we learned away back on the banks of the Nile, where rose the wondrous kingdoms of the Ptolemies; where lurks the red Tiber in its placid bed as it did when arose and fell the glorious empire of Romulus; where the blue Ægean shakes its foamy crests against the rock-bound coasts of Hellas, "where burning Sappho loved and sung," and Homer touched his magic lyre and sung to unborn ages his immortal epic. There we heard, for the first time, the enunciation of the rights of man. There grew the eternal principles that hav reared upon the shores of North America the throne of liberty and the seat of reason. All that we know, and all that we hav, we owe to that wondrous civilization that began to decay and fall about the time that a certain man rode into Jerusalem on an ass and told the jeering Jews that he was the son of the eternal God.

Then began the dawn of another era.

Eighteen hundred years ago man broke his mythological idols, destroyed Olympian Jove, and built another roost for another God, who managed to retain many of the tricks of his deposed predecessor. Then arose the church of Rome upon the ruins of old Jupiter's temple. Then began that awful reign of blood and tyranny that lasted for centuries. The arts and sciences were lost to all but scoundrel monks, who sold for dross the mercies of their God. Europe was deluged with blood, and the sword and the fagot intrenched and made firm the despotism of the church. She was supreme. This was the age of crime, ignorance, and intolerance. This was the golden age of the church.

But through the dim vista of years arose the immaculate form of murdered Reason, phenix-like, from the chaos of blood and smoke and crumbling empires. And the church quailed before the resplendent face. Slowly she came until burst the glorious dawn of liberty, when kings and gods and idols were swept aside, and the united lovers of liberty upon two continents arose and established her upon her everlasting throne.

And so the world was enlightened long before Christianity was known. When she came she retarded progress in every age of her existence. She has made the rivers of time run crimson with the blood of her victims. She has sent down through the years of her rule the suffocating smoke of the burning bodies of noble men and women who dared to think. She is a curse that Time and white-robed Reason will surely dispel. No God, no church, no collection of sky-pilots has given us our government. It is the grand bulwark of liberty and equality builded in the age of reason and light, and shall exist in grandeur and power when the church shall lie wrecked upon the shores of time, her idols shattered and her superstitions a dead mythology; when her memory shall be to men but a horrid dream of a dethroned and dismal specter shrouded in all the gloomy horror of her own fabled hell.

Christianity control public sentiment!

On what grounds?

We owe her nothing. W. J. Tobin.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Partner Wanted.

There's a junior partner wanted
By Will Succeed and Co.,
Who do a rushing business
'Way up on Fortune Row.

I've seen their advertisment—
"No capital required;"
But boys with pluck and courage
Are just the kind desired.

They want a boy who has no fear
Of steady, plodding work,
Who does not wait for luck or fate,
Who scorns a task to shirk.

Who slowly, surely digs his way
Through problems hard a score,
And still has grit and courage left
To try as many more.

Who can view a two-foot column
Of figures undismayed,
And through a tough analysis
Or conjugation wade.

Who takes each school-time lesson
And makes it all his own,
Thus laying up his future
On good foundation-stone.

Who does not wait for help to come
From fairy, witch, or elf,
But laying hold on "fortune's wheel,"
Turns it around himself.

And if it grinds and will not move,
With all his care and toil,
He rubs each shaft and gearing well
With "perseverance oil."

Who knows that luck is but a myth,
And fate is but a name,
That plod and push and patience
At last will win the game.

And lads like this are just the kind
For Will Succeed and Co.,
Who are wanting junior partners
'Way up on Fortune Row.

Wise Sayings Well Said.

Regimen is better than physic.—*Voltaire.*

He that dies pays all debts.—*Shakspere.*

Spices smell best when bruised.—*Bogatzky.*

Bad temper is its own scourge.—*Charles Buxton.*

Where necessity ends curiosity begins.—*Johnson.*

Keep cool and you command everybody.—*St. Just.*

Temperate anger well becomes the wise.—*Philemon.*

Agreeable advice is seldom useful advice.—*Massillon.*

It is double pleasure to deceive the deceiver.—*Fontaine.*

The best armor is to keep out of gunshot.—*Lord Bacon.*

Heaven ne'er helps the man who will not act.—*Sophocles.*

How strangely easy difficult things are!—*Charles Buxton.*

The thirst of desire is never filled nor fully satisfied.—*Cicero.*

Time and adversity are two powerful destroyers.—*A. de Musset.*

The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood.—*Samuel Smiles.*

The greatest difficulties are where we are not looking for them.—*Goethe.*

Our deeds determin us as much as we determin our deeds.—*George Eliot.*

Youth is in danger until it learns to look upon debts as furies.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

What we call our despair is often only the painful eagerness of unfed hope.—*George Eliot.*

A Persian Fable.

A rat, says a Persian Æsop, seeing a cat approaching, and finding no avenue of escape, went boldly up to her and said: "Madam, I hav just swallowed a large dose of bane, and in accordance with the instructions upon the label hav come out of my hole to die. Will you kindly direct me to a spot where my corpse will prove peculiarly offensiv?" "Since you are so ill," replied the cat, "I will myself transport you to a spot which I think will suit." So saying she struck her teeth through the nape of his neck and trotted away with him. This was more than he had bargained for, and he squeaked shrilly with the pain. "Ah," said the cat, "a rat who knows he has but a few minutes to liv never makes a fuss about a little agony. I don't think, my fine fellow, you hav taken poison enough to hurt either you or me." So she made a meal of him. If this fable does not teach that rats get no profit by lying, I should be pleased to know what in the name of common sense or uncommon sense it does teach.

The Old Hand-Loom.

Nobody can tell where or when it originated. We know only that it was used among the Chibcha Indians of New Granada long before the discovery of this country by the Europeans, and simultaneously in China and northern Europe. And yet, whether seen in China, Sweden, Scotland, South America, or in north Georgia and western North Carolina, it is identically the same as respects design and mechanical appliances. Here is the same system of beams and treadles, the same gearing and stretchers, the same swinging lever or baton, the same sley and shuttles. The finest silk velvets of Souchow or of Canton, like the coarse blankets of the Incas, or the "linsey-woolsey" of our ancestors, were all woven on an instrument of identical design and form. The Chinese scholar will tell you the machine originated with one Foh-he about six thousand years ago. The Indian will tell you it was mercifully revealed to his ancestors long before the white man was created, or at any rate long before he knew anything about him. And the Briton will tell you it was in common use among his half-savage ancestors long before the Norman conquest.—*Southern Cultivator.*

Seven of the First Things.

The first use of a locomotiv in this country was in 1829.

The first table cutlery of American manufacture was made at Greenfield, Mass., in 1834.

The first cotton mill in the United States went into operation in 1787, at Beverly, Mass.

The first dwelling-house in Kentucky was erected in 1774, on or near the site of Harrodsburg.

The first iron forge in America was established in Raynham, a town of the Plymouth colony.

The first Quakers in New England arrived in 1665, in Massachusetts, and were banished from the colony.

The first newspaper published in America, outside of Boston, was issued in Philadelphia, and called the *American Weekly Mercury.*

Science Column.

Cats.

The cat is a useful, domestic animal, a mammal, carnivorous in its nature. Its head is large and round, and it has big round eyes, the pupils of which contract and dilate to a remarkable degree. By daylight the pupil of the eye is contracted, so that it appears simply like a perpendicular line; but at night it dilates, assuming a circular form, shining like a jewel, thus admitting more light and enabling the cat to see by night.

The tongue of the cat is very rough, being well supplied with hard papillæ. It has five toes on its fore feet, and four on its hind feet, each toe armed with a long, sharp, rounded claw, which can make a painful wound, as you can testify who hav been scratched by a cat. Sometimes, owing to some freak of nature, the cat has one, two, or more additional claws, and then it is known as a mitten pawed, or double-clawed, cat. The teeth of the cat are long and sharp, and the jaws are strong and powerful. Domestic cats are supposed to hav originated from Egypt, and there are fifty varieties, of nearly all colors, and some very handsome varieties. The Maltese cat is bluish-gray in color and is very intelligent. The Angora cat has long hair, soft and silky. The Manx cat is born without a tail, and is noted for its oddity. It is found in Cornwall and the Isle of Man. The Spanish or, as some call it, the tortoise-shell cat, from the resemblance of its mixed color to that of a tortoise, is noted for its beauty.

In the island of Java there livs a queer animal, by some supposed to be the connecting link between the cat and the ferret, having the appearance and qualities of both these animals.

Wild, or wood cats, who liv in the woods, are very large, measuring thirty-three inches in length, the tail being eleven inches long. They are wild and ferocious in the savage state.

Cats do not prowl around to hunt food, but lie in wait for it. Mice, rats, and birds they consider as rightly belonging to them, and they generally bring that which they hav caught home, to show it to the family before devouring it, and it is with great apparent pride that the exhibit is made, except when it has stolen and killed a chicken, when it seems as though it would leave the affair involved in mystery.

Cats are thievish by nature, deceitful and sly. They are not to be trusted alone in the pantry, nor in a room with a canary bird for companionship. But they are usually neat and cleanly in their habits, always washing the face after meals. The superstition that they draw away the breath of young children has no foundation, though formerly such a thing was generally believed. Unlike the dog, who is attached to persons, cats are attached to places, and will liv in a deserted house after the family has gone. They like to wander about the streets nights, and the voice of a cat has a very piercing and unearthly sound, especially when a number of cats are talking or scolding all together upon a neighboring woodshed in the middle of the night. Bootjacks, chairs, billets of wood, and other articles hav been thrown at their heads by people who were unable to sleep on account of their hideous screams and shrieks.

The Egyptians held cats in great veneration, representations of them being found upon tablets and monuments, and their skeletons hav been discovered in Egyptian tombs. In olden times supposed witches were thought to be able to change into cats, and black cats were called "witch cats" and "devil cats," and were shunned as uncanny creatures.

The young of cats, their little kittens, are very cunning, soft, downy, and playful, but as they grow older many of their cute and winning ways seem to depart.

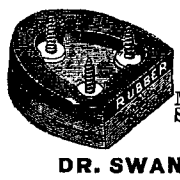
Cats dislike water as a rule, and do not like getting wet, although I once owned a cat named Tip who would put his paw under the faucet to catch drops of water to wash his face. They are not, generally speaking, quick to learn, but, by patience and perseverance with them, they can be taught to sit up, to walk on the hind legs, to jump, and some other tricks. They are fond of perfume, notably that of valerian and catnip, rolling over and upon these herbs and sniffing them with great delight.

By some unaccountable instinct they are able to find their way for long distances through intricate windings for miles to their old homes, even when they hav been carried off in a bag so that they could not see which way they went. They hav great endurance, and it is a common saying that a cat has nine lives—perhaps because it is nine days before their eyes are opened after they are born.

In the tenth century, it is said, the prince of Wales, called Howel the Good, made laws regulating the prices of animals of various kinds. A kitten with eyes unopened was worth one penny; after it had caught a mouse its price went up to twopence; while a good mouser was valued at fourpence. If anybody stole or killed the cat that took care of the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on a cat suspended by its tail, with its head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the cat to the tip of its tail. S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—What can you say of the cat? What is the meaning of mammal and carnivorous? Describe its eye, its tongue, its toes. What is it called when it has additional claws? Where did cats originate? Name some of the varieties of cats. Where is found the supposed connecting link between the ferret and cat? Tell what you can about the wildcat. What is the natural food of cats? What of their nature? Can they be trusted? What of their attachments? What about the cry of the cat? What did the Egyptians think of the cat? What about witchcraft and cats? What of little kittens? Do cats like water? Can they be taught? What special perfumes are they fond of? What special instinct do they possess? Relate the story of Howel the Good?

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Herbert Spencer is working again, though with difficulty, for he says it took him from the middle of March to the first of June to write the article on "The Ethics of Kant," which he contributes to the August *Popular Science Monthly*. Mr. Spencer combats Kant's idea that only right things done in obedience to duty hav moral worth, while the same things done from love of the right in and for itself are morally valueless. This, we feel compelled to remark, seems to us a profitless study of words and definitions, instead of a useful study of things.

An excellent new magazine is the *Historical American*. Its purpose is, as its name indicates, to deal with the persons and affairs prominent in America's history. The first number, that for July, contains among other articles: "Thomas Paine," with portrait, by our friend Wm. Henry Burr; "Thomas Paine and the American Revolution," by George Lippard, and essays on Lincoln, Civil-Service Reform, and Scientific and Pseudo Legislation. The August number contains an article on Darwinism, by Prof. Lester Ward, and "Thomas Paine—Was He Junius?" by W. H. Burr. Per year, $3; M. H. Meagher, 90 Euclid ave., Cleveland, O.

We hav received the third annual report of the national commissioner of labor, 1887. This volume is devoted to Strikes and Lockouts. This is a useful book for students of the labor question, and can probably be obtained of the government printing office. Its 1,200 pages contain tables of strikes by years, states, industries, and causes; of lockouts classified as preceding; decisions of courts concerning strikes, combinations, conspiracies, boycotts, etc.; general analysis. "The industrial disturbances," says the commissioner, "which hav been so frequent in this country since 1877 really establish the period as one of strikes and lockouts."

A few who disbelieve in the anthropomorphic Jehovah yet feel a spirit of devotion toward the Force, the Unknowable, which some skeptics continue to predicate behind all phenomena. Edward Reynolds Roe, M.D, in "God Reigns," advocates the veneration of some such being, and even wishes the employment of the term God. His book is written in a style of eminent clearness, is very interesting, and will be welcome to all of similar thought. Copious quotations are made from Darwin, Haeckel, Huxley, Tyndall, and other scientists. Boston: Laird & Lee.

We hav received "Sacred Chronology," a Christian defense of biblical records, Pacific Press Publishing Co., Oakland, Cal.; "An Essay on Immortality," Spiritualist, by Mary and James Vincent, Tabor, Iowa; an absurd work called "The Inspiration of the Bible," No. 1 of the Anti-Infidel Library, Scriptural Tract Repository, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.; "The Higher Education a Public Duty," advocating collegiate education for all, by J. Edward Simmons, LL.D.; a book requesting "International Copyright in Works of Art," by Thomas Humphry Ward; "The Human Soul," by W. Parker, M.D., Nashville, Tenn., a work strangely citing as authorities Huxley and Job, Tyndall and Nehemiah; Dictionary of Volapük, L. Schick, Chicago, 50 cents; "The Great Pyramid," holding that "the Great Pyramid was built by men inspired by God," written by Chas. Latimer and published by C. H. Jones, Chicago; an immoral book called "The Song of Songs," translated from the Hebrew by Rev. W. C. Deland, Leonardsville, N. Y.; and a faith cure work, "A Modern Pentecost: An Account of the Marvelous Ministry and Mediumship of the Rev. John Crapsey."

"Mildred Eagleton and other Good and Bad Ballads," by A. N. Nichols, published at Chicago by Dodder, Nichols & Fagg, at 25 cents, contains wicked but amusing and witty poetry and prose, of which we present as samples:

RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION.

The church, in this progressiv age,
Is changed in names, if not in nature;
Its shrewd, time-serving managers
Hav softened down its nomenclature.

No more they preach eternal "hell,"
To shock the ears of youths and ladies;
But sometimes, in an undertone,
Politely speak of hades.

Sinners of old were "damned," by God,
Who poured his wrath in stintless measure;
But now the worst that can befall
Is to incur "divine displeasure."

If this goes on, in course of time,
When things shall reach their final level,
They'll make the "pit" a pious place,
And canonize the devil.

MIRACLES MADE EASY.

To turn water into wine—dilute your claret.

To raise the dead—join a resurrectionist party of medical students.

To make the deaf hear—make a disparaging remark about him in his presence.

To make the lame walk—take him to the theater and get some fool in the gallery to yell "fire!"

To make the blind see—let him fall on the ice with full force on the back of his head. He will immediately see stars.

Those interested in metaphysics will find it profitable to read "Hylo-Idealism, or Auto-Centricism: A Unification of Natural and Transcendental Philosophies," published by Watts & Co., London. The book aims at a reconciliation of Materialism and idealism or transcendentalism, on the lines of thought laid down by Robert Lewins, M.D., a noted liberal Materialist. Perhaps a more useful book is "The Future of Morality," by M. S. Gilliland, published by the same firm. The writer shows that morality is not dependent upon religion. We extract:

"One may not believe in religion, but one must support it for the sake of morality," is the expression of a prevalent state of mind. . . . Let us examin our consciousness a little on this point. If there were no code of morals backed by supernatural authority, and telling us "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," would it be a matter of perfect indifference to us whether our property were stolen, our lives in hourly danger, husbands and wives habitually unfaithful, society generally impure? Obviously not. But, if not, what need of a supernatural revelation to inform us on these points? It is surely inconceivable that, if religion were universally destroyed to-morrow (wholly impossible as an occurrence, but intelligible as a supposition), the order of things should be so changed that a liability to be murdered would be thought desirable, a thief eagerly welcomed in every community, a cheating tradesman patronized and an honest one slighted, kindness and faithfulness in the married relations regarded with contempt, licentiousness and cruelty admired. If rightness or wrongness in conduct, then, is to be decided by an estimation of results, and if the results are clearly discernible by unaided human reason, what possible grounds can we hav for fearing that, if deprived of the guidance of a supernatural authority, we shall be without adequate means of knowing good from evil?

Freethinkers wishing arguments and testimony to combat the gross and baseless mendacity that Christianity elevated woman should procure Vol. II, just published, of Saladin's "Woman: Her Glory, Her Shame, and Her God." The writer has ransacked ancient history and modern records, and compiled evidence of countless cases bearing on the subject of his book. The work is racy in anecdote, bitter in denunciation of Christian hypocrisy and wrong-doing, and merciless in exposing the depravity of phases of Christian civilization and in stripping the veil from Christian professions. Saladin's indignation reaches a white heat when he considers the abuse the women are subjected to by brutal husbands, good Christians all, and he also uses scorching language in writing of the pestilential institutions known as monasteries and nunneries of the Romish church. We may present a few of the confirmatory citations he has collected so exhaustivly and overwhelmingly, with one or two of his own numerous charges against Christianity generally:

Beyond a few hackneyed texts that are repeated as cabalistic charms rather than as aphorisms with any rational and specific meaning, the ordinary Presbyterian or Episcopalian Christian knows next to nothing of Christianity. He is utterly ignorant of its career through history, and he is not possessed of the power of generalization necessary to recognize its aggregate effect upon the tone and the polity of modern life. The one thing the ordinary Christian is ignorant of is Christianity. . . . What has the ordinary Christian to do with thought and study? They require more self-abnegation and toil than he cares to command. Besides, in his fullness of the holy spirit he can dispense with thought and study. He can carry on a big debate with the saber and conduct a domestic discussion with a poker; why should he trouble to be thoughtful and studious? . . . Woman is now the last and only pillar of Christianity on the globe. . . . He who takes to gospel-mongering as a business lies instinctivly. . . . "No society which preserves any tincture of Christian institutions is ever likely to restore to women the personal liberty conferred on them by the middle Roman law," writes Maine. . . . "We are continually told," remarks John Stuart Mill, "that civilization and Christianity hav restored to woman her just rights. Meanwhile the wife is the actual bond-servant of her husband; no less so, as far as legal obligation goes, than *slaves* commonly so called." . . . "Women," says Gage, "were taught by the church and state alike that the feudal lord or seigneur had a right to them, not only against themselvs, but as against any claim of husband or father. The law known as *Marchetta*, or *Marquette*, compelled newly-married women to a most dishonorable servitude. They were regarded as the rightful prey of the feudal lord from one to three days after their marriage, and from this custom the eldest son of the serf was held as the son of the lord, 'as perchance it was he who begat him.'" . . . And it is God's strongest evidence of his mercy to the human race that the faith of the Nazarene carpenter has ceased to succeed. Where "Christ and 'im crucerfied" goes bayonet goes, brandy goes, syphilis goes, and all the black items in the calendar of crime. We hav the testimony of contemporary chroniclers that, in the church's infancy, Christ and crime were nearly synonyms. And now, in the dotage and decrepitude of the same church, Christianity and criminality go hand in hand. That the European and Christian quarters of such cities as Calcutta, Canton, and Constantinople are far more immoral than the nativ quarters of these cities is a mere truism. As far as India is concerned, according to figures recently published under Christian auspices, thus stand the statistics of crime:

Among Europeans in India.....	1 in 274
Among nativ Christians.....	1 in 699
Among Hindoos.....	1 in 1 361
Among Buddhists.....	1 in 3 784

Christians hav such a convenient subterfuge of casting all their sins on Jesus that they seem to commit sins at such a tremendous rate as if it were their intention to try how many sins Jesus can bear without breaking his back. . . . Well may Buckle remark: "The increase of the power of the clergy is incompatible with the interests of civilization. If, therefore, any religion adopt as its creed the necessity of such an increase, it becomes the bounden duty of every friend of humanity to do his utmost to destroy the creed, or, failing that, to overturn the religion."

The price of "Woman," Vol. II, is $1.25.

ELMINA ON AN ANTI-SPIRITUALIST BOOK.

"Two Years Among the Spirits, in the Godless Town of Liberal." This is the title of a pamphlet published at 25 cents by Dr. J. B. Bouton, Liberal, Mo., giving the history of his experiment at playing the medium. While I cannot approve of the deception practiced by the doctor and his confederates, yet in accordance with the theory of making the most and the best of what is, I believe in utilizing to the utmost the information and record of experience thus given to the world. The result of Dr. Bouton's work has been precisely the same as was that of Mr. Truesdell's, though in a less degree, as his experience was only for two years, while Truesdell's went on for fifteen or twenty years. But the great importance of Dr. Bouton's scheme rests in the fact that it occurred in the only Infidel town in the world, and among supposably the most radical of unbelievers, and yet it proved a perfect success, even taking in and blinding G. H. Walser, the founder of the town, himself, and I must confess that so firmly was my faith established in the honesty and practical integrity of the Liberals at Liberal, that I was staggered at the published accounts and private letters I received from them, and though still believing that death ended all, I thought it possible that there might be real phenomena there worth going to see. But the slate-writing I had no belief in. The two slatefuls sent me, purporting to come from my dear old friend D. M. Bennett, had not a single line in them that one such as Bennett would naturally hav written me. I cannot begin to giv you an idea of the book, more than that it is such an exposé as probably nine out of ten of all the public mediums might make if they only would honestly do so. But few people hav courage, even if they hav the desire, to own up to a systematic effort at deceiving their fellow-creatures, even though the deception were done for their own good. The role of the detectiv is never a pleasant one, or an exactly honorable one, though the end may justify the means. Even when a medium does confess it was all deception, the believers in the ism will insist they were real mediums, but in a few cases simulated phenomena for purposes of greed and gain. There is a record in this book of "five good men and true" who swore before a notary that it was "utterly impossible" that the slate-writing could occur through visible and tangible human agency, yet the fire upon the premises exposed the means by which it was done. And right here let me say that I believe that if Keeler would honestly confess the bed-rock facts we should learn just how the "impossible" in the experience of the Burrs could be removed, and most, if not all, of the phenomena in the case be simply and naturally explained. I hope hundreds of thousands of these books of Bouton's will be sold, read, and pondered upon. I think that my own special friends will be interested in reading the letters from me that are a part of the history also, and those of my opponents, who were so "sure." We may see from it all how easily people may be mistaken, and how supremely easy it is to deceive and dupe even wise and intelligent thinkers. I hav some of the very warmest and best of friends among the believers in Spiritualism, and many of them far more wise, learned, and intelligent than I ever claimed to be, but I cannot take their dictum or judgment when it antagonizes the whole body of my present philosophy, experience, and information. I believe that the book of Dr. Bouton, like the "Bottom Facts of Spiritualism," will be a means of unveiling the naked truth to thousands of anxious inquirers all over the land. Yours for real facts, though they shake the foundations of every beloved and cherished theory of a lifetime.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

OUR UNCLE AND AUNT. By Amarala Martin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 223 pp., $1.00. Can be ordered, like every other book mentioned in these columns, of the Truth Seeker Company.

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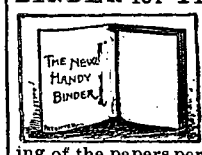
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GERMAN theological students hav increased threefold in twelve years, now numbering 4,657.

ONE of Leo XIII.'s works, "The Practice of Humility," has just been translated into English.

STRIKERS and soldiers had a serious conflict at Pierre Briffierre, France.

THE pope invites the Armenian church to join the church of Rome.

YELLOW fever cases number over a thousand; deaths, over one hundred.

MRS. CLEVELAND is collecting money to finish the American church in Berlin.

AN international Socialist congress will be called at Paris during the 1889 Exhibition.

COWDREY and Wakefield, United Labor party candidates, are stumping New York.

AN English company has secured a monopoly of salt, and will raise its price fourfold.

MAJOR BARTTELOT, leader of the Stanley relief expedition, is murdered. Anxiety for Stanley and Emin Bey is felt.

THE pope intimates to the Belgian government his willingness to be honorary president of the International Slave Conference.

AT Buffalo, N. Y., on the 16th, a seven-ound prize-fight was held between two women, for $250 and the gate-money.

PASTOR GREEN, of Chicago, will never get as many wives as Solomon. The law has clutched him now that he has got only two.

THE doctrins and ritual of the Lord's Supper is a question of great importance absorbng the attention of multitudes of pious English.

NEGROES at an Alabama camp-meeting attempted to force their way into a white man's house, and in a consequent conflict seven were killed.

CHICAGO Methodist ministers hav arrayed themselvs against foreigners, and against the mayor because he does not enforce Sunday laws stringently.

HARRISON'S letter of acceptance condemns the Mills bill as a step toward free trade, and says that the surplus should be used to liquidate the bonded debt.

THE miracle-working town of Knock, Ireland, was visited on a recent date by 20,000 pilgrims from all lands. The miracles on this occasion were two—restoration of sight to a blind girl and a cure of lameness.

THE fifteenth congress of the Women's Christian Temperance Union opened at New York on the 19th, with 400 delegates from all the states and territories in the Union, representing 10,000 local auxiliaries and 200,000 members.

THE
ORDER OF CREATION.

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN
GLADSTONE, HUXLEY, MULLER, LINTON, REVILLE.

On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

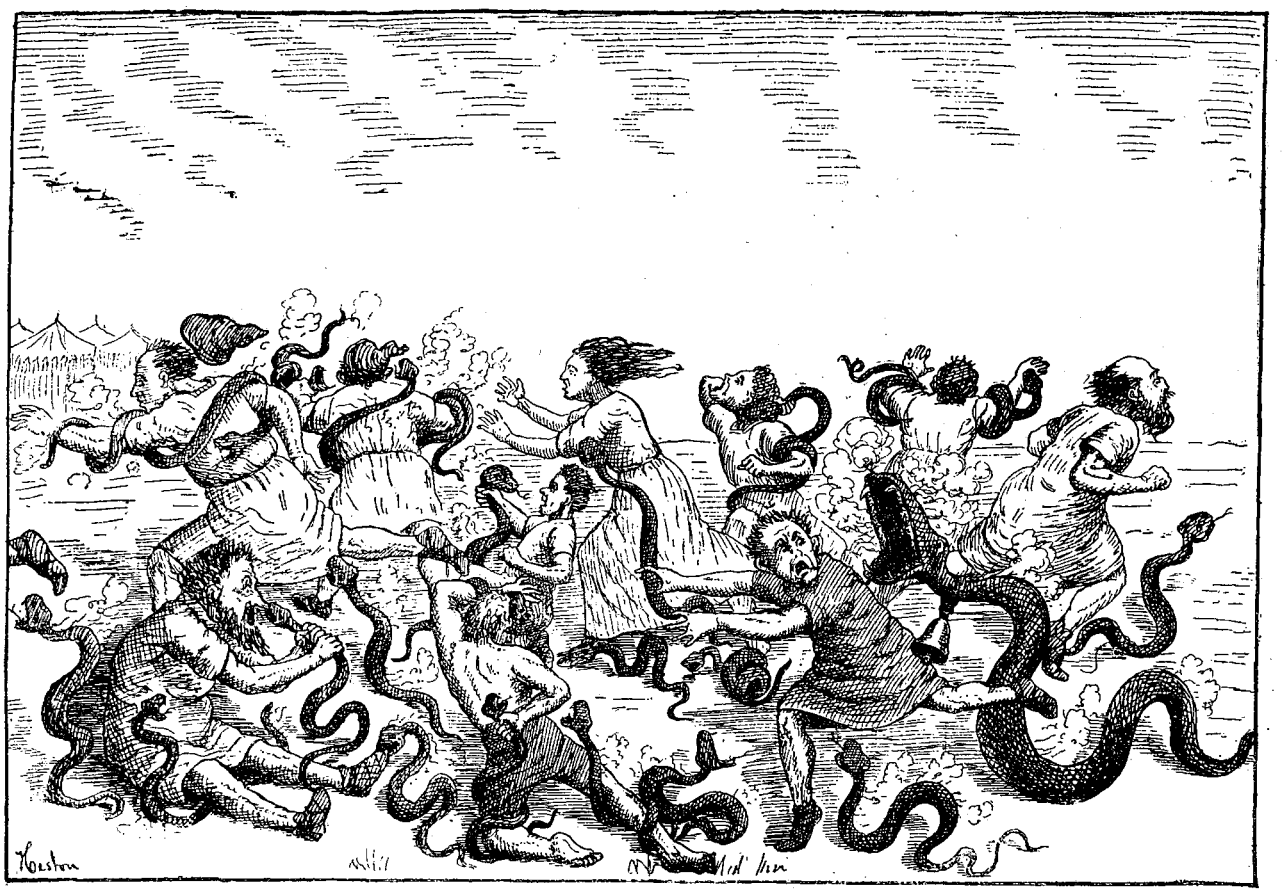
CONTENTS:

I. Dawn of Creation and of Worship. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
II. The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
V. Dawn of Creation. An Answer to Mr. Gladstone. By Albert Reville, D.D.
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SNAKES!

And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died.—Num. xxi, 6.

Odds and Ends.

"Now, Waldo," said a Boston lady, "the minister is to dine with us to-day, and I want you to be a good little boy." "Yes, mamma." "And if the subject of prize-fighting is introduced at the table, you must be sure and say slogger, not slugger."

WIFE (to country editor): "Aren't you feeling well to-night, John?" Country editor: "Not very, my dear. An indignant subscriber came into the office this afternoon and mopped up the floor with me." Wife (anxiously): "Heavens, John, I hope he didn't stop his paper, too!"

FIRST speculator: "I see by the paper that dueling is being revived in France." Second speculator: "I go to France on the first boat." "Not to fight a duel?" "No; going over on business." "Business?" "Yes, I'm going to take over a cargo of blank cartridges."

SHE: "Were you at Saratoga last season, Mr. Van Couver?" Mr. Van Couver (a nine-dollar-a-week clerk): "Aw—no; I spent last summer—er—abroad." She: "Why, so did I, Mr. Van Couver, and the musketoes were something terrible, particularly about Bergen Point."

"AND so that is the 'Adams House?'" he said inquiringly to his companion, as they stopped on the opposit side of the way, and watched the crowd of elegantly dressed ladies at the marble portals. "Why, I don't see any name on it." "No," said his informant, "I only judge by the eaves."

"PAPA, what do they hav that crowbar strapped up there for?" said the small boy in the railway car. "That, my boy," replied *pater familias*, sinking hot and frantic into his seat with a sprained wrist and half his thumb-nail gone after a three-minute wrestle with the car window; "that, I suppose, is for the brakeman to open these blanked windows with."

"I AM in terror," sighed poor Mrs. Goodmother, "every time I hear the bell ring. I know I'll hear something dreadful about Jack. I'm sure he's been into some awful mischief." "What makes you think so?" asked her husband. "Oh, he came directly home from school this afternoon, sat down and studied his lesson for to-morrow for nearly two hours, and has been as good as an angel ever since. Dear, dear, what has that boy been up to, I would like to know."

JACK HOPKINS had been in the workhouse as a vagrant, in jail for stealing, kicked out of all the free-lunch rooms, and finally smuggled himself into a gambling-room to beg for a quarter to get something to eat, but all refused him. He stood for a time looking very sad and forlorn, when a gambler slapped him on the shoulder and said: "What lay will you try next, Jack?" "I'm going to join the church." "When?" "To-morrow night at the prayer-meeting." "All right, some of us will be up and see how you do it." Next night found Jack well forward at the prayer-meeting, at the south end of the room, and a gambler in the northeast corner, with another in the southeast corner, so disguised that Jack did not know them. When opportunity came Jack rose, looking extremely sorrowful, and began: "My Christian friends, I hav experienced a change of heart, and——" "Louder!" shouted the gambler in the northeast corner. Jack knew him and was very angry, but he began again, in a louder tone: "My Christian friends, I hav experienced a change of heart, and——" "Louder!" yelled the other gambler. By this time Jack was mad all through, and he fairly shrieked: "My Christian friends, I hav experienced a change of heart!" With a demoniacal expression on his face he stared at the second gambler for a moment, and then added: "Did you hear that, you damned cuss?"

ON THE BEACH.

HE:
Bel'e, I've sought you all the morning,
I return to town to-day;
Pardon if I gave no warning,
There is something I *must* say.

SHE:
Sought *so* long! you *must* be weary!
Are you ill? You look quite pale;
When you go life *will* be dreary!
Well, I'm ready *for* your tale.

HE:
I can keep it back no longer—
Belle, I need you in my life;
Will is strong, but love far stronger—
Dear one, will you be my wife?

SHE:
Be your wife? Your words seem braver
Than they seemed in days of yore;
But your love would surely waver,
Now as then—please say no more.

HE:
Ah, you jest! Though once I faltered,
Failed your heart to comprehend,
Never once my feelings altered,
Not alone did *I* offend.

SHE:
Was I fickle in those hours?
Ah, perhaps 'twas better so;
'Mid the score that owned your powers,
My poor heart was quite *de trop!*

HE:
So it ends, then? I hav spoken
Words that liv until I die;
And you smile while hearts are broken!
Belle, God bless you, dear! Good-bye!

SHE:
Good-bye? I could always tease you!
Take my hand before you go,
And, if it would really please you,
Keep it, Jack, for weal or woe.

—*Wheaton B. Despard in Life.*

JUST OUT.

Christian Absurdities.

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Gems of Thought.

WAR is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade.
—*Shelley.*

PRIESTS, pale with vigils, in Christ's name hav blest
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest.
—*Whittier.*

EACH of two conflicting nations consecrates its flags; and whichever conquers sings a Te Deum.—*Spencer.*

As to those other moralists who are called preachers, none of them hav ever dared to preach against war. They declaim against the sensual appetites after taking their coffee. They anathematize love. They labor to prove mysteries of which they hav not the least idea. But they are careful not to decry war, which unites in its manifestoes everything which the vilest perfidy can suggest, which exhibits the basest knavery in the fitting out our armies, and which in its plunder, violation, theft, homicide, destruction, and devastation, affords everything that is shocking in the most abandoned robberies. On the contrary, these good priests bless and consecrate the standards of murder; and their brethren, for the sake of money, chant Jewish songs when the earth has been covered with blood.—*Voltaire.*

VOLTAIRE died immortal. He departed laden with years, laden with works, laden with the most illustrious and the most fearful of responsibilities, the responsibility of the human conscience informed and rectified. He went cursed and blessed, cursed by the past, blessed by the future; and these, gentlemen, are the two superb forms of glory. On his deathbed he had, on the one hand, the acclaim of contemporaries and of posterity; on the other, that triumph of hooting and of hate which the implacable past bestows upon those who hav combated it.—*Hugo.*

No man can read Hugo's oration on Voltaire without feeling the vast absurdity of human beings' doing anything but to pity, love, and help one another.—*James Parton.*

A SKEPTIC is not one who doubts, but one who examins.—*Sainte-Beuve.*

SIMPLICITY, when set on its guard, is often a match for cunning.—*Fielding.*

WHAT a state of society is this in which "*free thinker*" is a term of abuse!"—*Winwood Reade.*

SOCIETY is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs.—*Emerson.*

IF the people are silent under oppression, it is lethargy—the forerunner of death to public liberty.—*Jefferson.*

THE latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.—*Swift.*

THE experience of the Middle Ages has, indeed, been bought at a price which the world cannot afford to pay a second time.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Bible of Nature.*

THOSE who take honors in nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.—*Huxley.*

CAIN. And this is
Life!—toil! and wherefore should I toil?—because
My father could not keep his place in Eden.
What had *I* done in this?—I was unborn:
I sought not to be born; nor love the state
To which that birth has brought me. Why did he
Yield to the serpent and the woman? or,
Yielding, why suffer? What was there in this?
The tree was planted, and why not for him?
If not, why place him near it, where it grew,
The fairest in the center? They hav but
One answer to all questions, "'Twas *his* will,
And *he* is good." How know I that? Because
He is all-powerful, must all-good, too, follow?
—*Byron's Cain.*

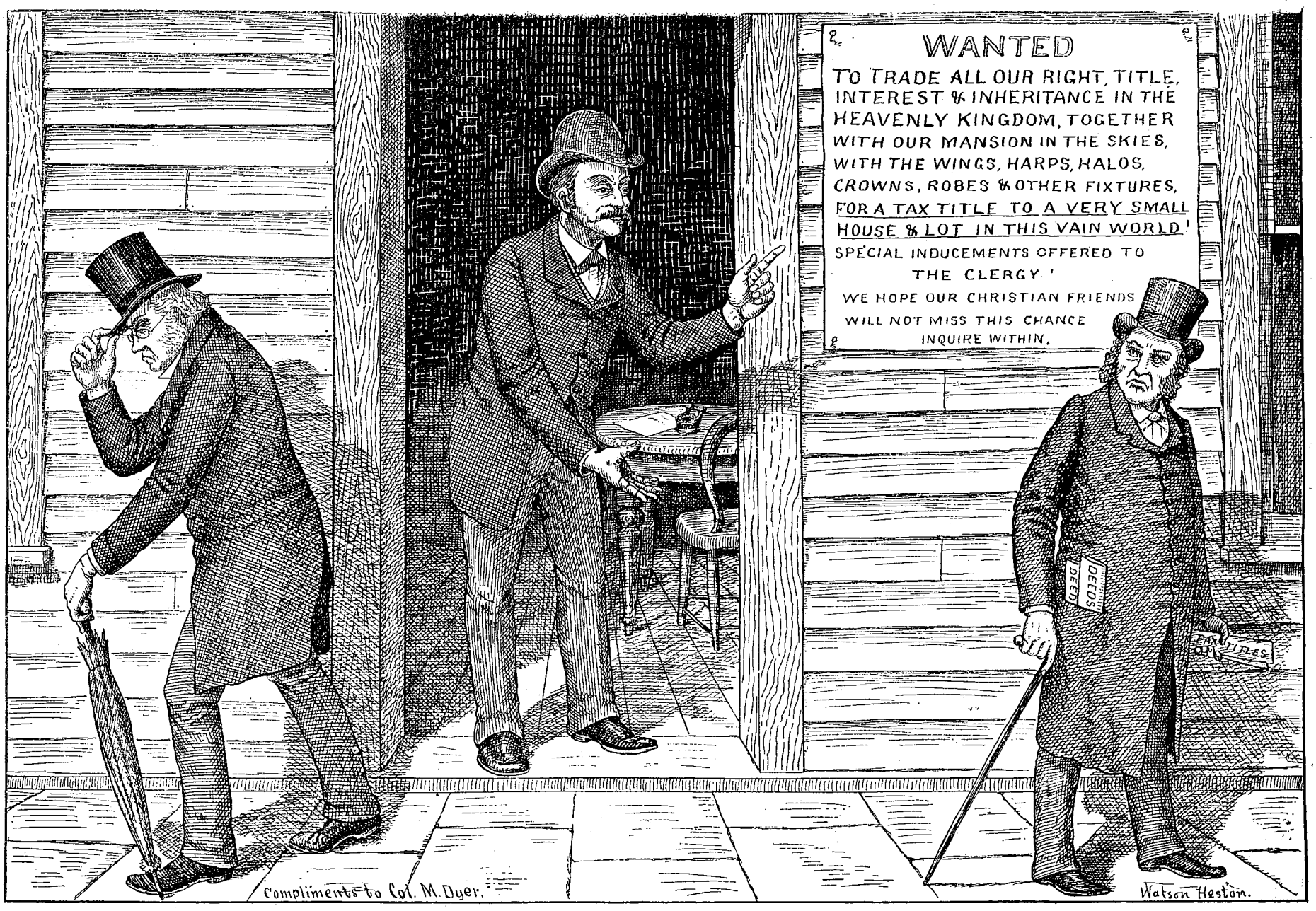
[IT may be amusing to read the lord chancellor's decision on an application by Byron's publisher, Feb. 9, 1822, for an injunction against publishers who were pirating "Cain:" "This court, like the other courts of justice in this country, acknowledges Christianity as part of the law of the land. . . . Now, this publication, if it is one intended to vilify and bring into discredit that portion of scripture history to which it relates, is a publication with reference to which . . . the party could not recover any damages in respect of a piracy of it. . . . This court only administers justice for the protection of the civil rights of those who possess them." The injunction was refused accordingly.—*Collaborator.*]

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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A LUMPIN' BARGAIN (*Burns*).

Notes and Clippings.

AN old gypsy named Rafael has asked the emperor of Austria to invest him with the dignity of king of the gypsies, because he can prove his direct descent from King Pharaoh.

IN case of Harrison's election, says the *World*, his $10,000 subscription ought to entitle Elliott F. Shepard to a consulship. The Sunday Islands would be just the place for him.

A WOMAN has been elected superintendent of schools at St. Johnsbury, Vt. Her name is Miss Belle P. Small, and she is a graduate of the New Hampshire normal school of Amherst.

JUDGE DAVENPORT, of Kansas City, refused to fine three girls brought into his court on charge of wearing male apparel, holding the law to be unconstitutional, and remarking that he presumed there were twenty-five thousand women in the United States wearing male clothing.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN says that the only way to stay the ravages of the yellow fever in Florida is to re-establish pub ic confidence. The Galveston *News* thinks that though this is a new treatment, it may possibly be better than firing a cannon at invisible germs, which resulted in actual harm by breaking windows and annoying the sick.

THE late Prof. Richard A. Proctor will be greatly mourned in England. Of him Edmund Yates says that he was perhaps more widely known than any other scientific man of the day. "As a lecturer he was unsurpassed. His fugitiv articles, conversations, and letters hav familiarized outsiders with the deepest thoughts of experts. A very potent force and a stimulating factor is extinguished."

CHILI has seized Easter Island, in the eastern part of the Pacific, distant about 2,300 miles from the coast of South America. It is inhabited by Polynesians. This is the island upon which are to be found gigantic stone statues fairly well chiseled into likenesses of the human form. Who the sculptors were who cut these stones has never been learned. Chili wants to make a penal colony of the island and put her prisoners to work in the quarries.

THE Prohibitionists of Leavenworth, Kan., are crusading against the saloon-keepers and fining them from $100 to $200 each, and putting them in jail for thirty or sixty days. Sheriff Churchill, however, seems to sympathize with his prisoners, for he is accused of making "trusties" of them and giving them the freedom of the city during the day and once going off on a fishing excursion with some of them to Missouri, and a suit has been brought to oust him from office.

THE *Christian Advocate* says: "It is obvious that the Romanists mean an aggressiv war upon the public schools. The supporters of the public-school system need to exercise the best judgment, avoid extravagance, and take only positions which they can maintain, and which can be defended upon the principles of our government; and then make a defense so vigorous as to show that the American people will not close their public schools and remand education to the sects, nor pay one dollar of taxation to support sectarian schools." But the *Advocate* desires that Protestantism should be taught in all public schools.

THERE is an inclination at present, says the *World*, to omit the word "obey" in the marriage service. Under the new order of things a woman promises "to love, honor, and cherish" her husband, but does not contract to submit to his commands. There is good reason for the change. A man who takes to himself a wife acquires a helpmeet, not a slave. But, for all that, in a well-regulated household the man should be chairman *ex officio* when matters of importance are under consideration. When a wife seizes the scepter peace is apt to fly out at the window.

WHEN Mrs. Mary E. H. G. Dow was made president of the Dover (N. H.) Horse Railroad Co., in January, 1888, the stock of the concern was worth only $5 or $7 a share, and the road was heavily in debt. The directors hav just declared a twenty per cent dividend, and shares are now worth more than $100 apiece. The dividend is paid from the earnings of the road, and there is a surplus in the treasury. All this has been accomplished by the energy and executiv ability of Mrs. Dow. When she was elected president many people thought that a mistake had been made. They were greatly at fault.

FREDERICK W. CLOUGH, an engineer of the Comstock mines, has returned from a trip among the Sierras, in Tulare county, Cal., and reports finding a tree of the sequoia species which he thinks is bigger than the biggest big tree of Mariposa or of Calaveras. He and his companions had no measure except a rifle which they knew was four feet long. They measured the tree as high above the ground as they could reach, and it was forty-four lengths of the gun in circumference. This monster stands in a small basin near the Kaweah river, and is surrounded on all sides by walls of rugged and steep rocks.

OVER 200 deaths hav occurred at Jacksonville since the yellow fever appeared there. Last week 118 new cases were reported in one day. The fever seems to be spreading, and a state of panic exists in many parts of the South. Jackson, Miss., reports severa cases of fever which hav the characteristics of Yellow Jack, and Memphis and Vicksburg hav established vigorous quarantines. Decatur, Ala., claims to hav some cases of genuin yellow fever. Six weeks, at least, will elapse before the South can hope for sufficient frost to destroy the fever germs, and the outlook is anything but pleasant for that section.

THE directors of various public libraries in England hav declared that "Robert Elsmere" is a pernicious novel and should not be permitted to poison the public mind. There is something ludicrous about this. In those same libraries can be found Ouida's works, "As In a Looking-Glass," translations of Zola's novels, and other books equally objectionable on high moral grounds. But none of these works suggest revolt against any of England's cherished institutions. They put forward, for instance, no doubt regarding the vigor and grandeur of the Established church of England. They are evil, in their way, but they do not shock British conservatism. But "Elsmere," an elevating book morally, attacks certain theories dear to England, and so it is boycotted!

Communications.

Babylon.

It is said in the Bible that to stop the tower of Babel from reaching heaven God confounded the language of the workmen. Now, there is scarcely a sane person on earth to-day, nor do I suppose there was in that day, not knowing that if heaven was more than one thousand five hundred feet above the earth, no human hands could rear a tower to it. Surely the God of the Bible knew that. And, besides, it is a conceded fact that this tower was erected for an astronomical observatory, and was used for that purpose as long as it stood, which was about one thousand three hundred years. Says the Christian's adopted God: "Go to, let us." Now, it seems that the words, "Go to," are of the same nature as "catch on," "tumble to the racket," and the like, and are, therefore, not as dignified and majestic as we would expect to hear from an infinit and supreme being. "Go to, let us." Now, I most respectfully ask who is "us?" "Confound their tongues." I quote from Rollin's history of the Assyrians. Rollin was a religious enthusiast, and whenever he could insert in his writings a word favorable to religion and the Bible he would do so. And whenever profane history conflicted with the Bible he would invariably discard the writings of ancient historians and substitute those of the Bible instead. But occasionally in his writings, and quotations from ancient authors, who wrote long before we hav any evidence of the existence of the Bible, he was honest enough to write some things that did conflict with the Bible. For this the church placed his writings under a sort of a religious ban, and tried to make it appear they were not authentic. The church has done the same thing with almost every author that ever wrote a word conflicting with the Bible, no matter how truthful his works might be.

Rollin says, then: "That it is generally conceded that Semiramis, the widow of King Ninus, who was a son of Nimrod, and consequently a great-grandson of Noah, founded Babylon about the year 2204 B.C." The Bible says Nimrod built Babylon, and the author I am quoting from says Nimrod and Belus were the same, and were afterward worshiped as a god.

From what can be gathered from ancient writers on this subject, this great city was partly built by Ninus, who died before it was finished, and his widow Semiramis completed it in the year 2204 B.C., making it one hundred and fifteen years after the deluge, according to the chronology of the Bible, and according to the Chronologica Index fifty years before the flood. Now, the reader will bear in mind that according to the writings of Diodorus, Herodotus, and other ancient historians, this great city of wonderful temples, palaces, bridges, aqueducts, hanging gardens, and other great structures, was built by the descendants of one man—Ham—of the four that survived the flood one hundred and fifteen years previous. Rollin says—and for the truth of it he refers us, giving book and page, to the ncient authors he quotes from—"that Ninus, after aving received powerful succor from his neighbors, he Arabians, took the field, and in the space of seventeen years conquered a vast extent of country from the Egyptians. Upon his return he built Nineveh, a city of sixty miles in circumference, with walls one hundred feet high. After he had finished this prodigious work, he resumed his expedition against the Bactrians. His army consisted of one million seven hundred thousand foot, two hundred thousand horse, and one thousand six hundred chariots armed with scythes."

This, of course, was a very small portion of the descendants of one of the sons of Noah in one hundred and fifteen years. Soon after this Ninus died, leaving his widow, Semiramis, queen. She proposed to herself to surpass all her predecessors in magnificence, and to that end she determined to complete Babylon. She had two million men in her employ, and when done the walls that surrounded it were three hundred and fifty feet high and eighty-seven feet thick, with one hundred brass gates. A branch of the river Euphrates ran through it, and it was spanned by magnificent bridges. Then there were the sculpture, palaces, hanging gardens, and other wonders, that almost everyone is familiar with.

Another of the great works of Babylon was the temple erected to the worship of Beles, or Baoul—strange that the third or fourth generation from Noah should be worshiping strange gods. The most wonderful thing about this temple was a finished tower higher than the pyramids, upon the top of which was an astronomical observatory. Students of ancient history, as well as authors that hav written upon this subject, almost universally agree that this is the tower that the God of the Hebrews is said to hav stopped the work upon by the confusion of tongues. Instead of the work being stopped, it was finished, and the tower stood for over thirteen hundred years. It was finally destroyed by Xerxes after he conquered Babylon, about 500 B.C., so that the "Go to, let us go down [it seems he must hav been up] and confound their tongues" story won't stand the test.

We hav, then, the fact of the existence of two wonderful cities. In the building of one of them there were engaged two million men; and as an additional example of their wealth may be mentioned the temple of Belus, containing a statue of gold forty feet high, and total treasures amounting in value to the enormous sum of £21,000,000 sterling. These statements are generally conceded to be true, and we see it simply impossible for this immense number of people and these enormous treasures to be the increase and accumulations of the descendants of one man of the four that survived the flood one hundred and fifteen years previous. Is it any wonder, then, that Rollin should say: "I must own I am somewhat puzzled with a difficulty that may be raised against the extraordinary things related of Ninus and Semiramis, as they do not seem to agree with the time so near the deluge. I mean such vast armies, such numerous cavalry, so many chariots armed with scythes, and such immense treasures of gold and silver, all of which seem to be of a later day." Such an increase could not be even if we could extend the time back to Adam without a universal deluge intervening. The time from the creation to this period is some less than the time from the Christian era up to the present. Now, if there was but one man and woman in the world eighteen hundred and eighty-eight years ago, no one nation could to-day raise such vast armies, such immense treasures, and no nation could put two million men to work to build a city. It could hardly hav been done even if we include the populous nations that existed before Christianity began. Then, the only way out of this puzzle is to admit that Adam and Eve were not the first people that existed, but that the world was thickly populated before the so-called creation, and that the flood only covered a very small portion of Asia instead of the entire earth.

How much better it is to assign to extraordinary occurrences, or stories, a natural meaning or explanation, than an unnatural one? In reference, then, to the story of the flood. The author—whoever he was—was narrating the history of one man and one woman, whom he called Adam and Eve, who, he says, came into existence in a miraculous way. The Bible itself is evidence that the author of the five books of Moses intended to serve up in these books a dish of horrors, miracles, mysteries, and exaggerations. This he succeeded in doing. He conjures up in his brain a supernatural and miraculous being, and, of course, such a being must do supernatural and miraculous things. Hence this being, according to this unknown author, made Adam out of dirt somewhere in the Eastern countries—he does not say where—and also did many other strange and wonderful things. Then the author says nothing about the immense number of people and nations that must hav existed at that time in other parts of the earth, but givs us a brief history and fabulous account of these two and their descendants. In the interval of time between the creation—as he calls it—and the flood, the descendants of these two people had increased to probably a million or more, and settled in some of the great valleys of that country, probably contiguous to some large river; then, as the book—in its exaggerated way—says, "The windows of heaven were opened, and the rain descended," causing this river to overflow its banks and arise to a greater hight than was ever known before, thereby causing a great flood in that part of the country and drowning many of the inhabitants of these valleys. Among the saved was one old fellow called Noah, who was the owner of a large boat in which he and his family, and all the animals he could get in it, embarked, landing safely on Mount Ararat. He, immediately upon landing, planted a vineyard, and as soon as it bore grapes, made wine and got gloriously inebriated in commemoration of this event. If there is any truth at all in the story, is not this version more reasonable and more natural than the wild and unnatural story of the Bible—especially that part of it that says that all the different animals, fowls, reptils, and insects went in two by two, male and female, after their kind? Now, there were at that day upon the face of the earth beasts, fowls, and creeping things of different species, that inhabited different portions of the globe, that would hav to swim or fly at least three thousand miles to get into the ark to keep from drowning, many of which could swim but a short distance, others could fly no further, while many others could neither fly nor swim, and no doubt would prefer to remain in their nativ jungles, even if they perished, to taking the risk of making such a long voyage by water to get into the ark. But let us stop here, and retrace our steps back to Babylon.

In the prophecies of Jeremiah, Isaiah, and other Bible fortune-tellers, there were dire calamities to befall Babylon, not one of which was ever fulfilled as prophesied. Isaiah xiii, 15–18, we read: "Everyone that is found shall be thrust through, and everyone that is joined to them shall fall by the sword. Children shall be dashed to pieces, wives ravished, young men dashed to pieces, and women ripped up." For the sake of mercy and humanity, every good-hearted person and Christian should be thankful that not one of these barbarous, savage, and inhuman threats and prophecies ever was fulfilled, for King Cyrus, the heathen that these self-made prophets said their God had selected to do these horrible deeds, was a good, humane, and merciful ruler, therefore he was the wrong man to select to do such bloody deeds.

From the writings of Diodorus, Arias, and other ancient authors can be gathered the facts that Cyrus, after besieging the city for some time without success, gave all necessary orders and exhorted his officers to follow him by representing to them that he marched under the order of the gods (not God). He caused the receptacles or ditches on both sides of the city to be opened, thereby draining the river Euphrates. Then by the river bed the troops entered the city. Instead of Isaiah's God drying up the river, as Isaiah said he would, Cyrus simply opened up the sluices, and the water ran out. To help Cyrus capture Babylon Isaiah said his Lord would make Belshazzar and his officers drunk. In these words: "I will make them drunken, saith the Lord." Does any Christian believe that their God ever made men drunk, or threatened to do so, especially in a case like this, so that they could be captured and their city destroyed? If the church claims that the prophecy of making Belshazzar and his fellow-revelers drunk was fulfilled, I shall not dispute the claim.

Cyrus having got possession of Babylon almost peaceably, only two or three thousand being killed, the garrison was pardoned, and all the inhabitants yielded. Not a woman ravished or ripped up, not a child dashed to pieces, not a stone of a house thrown down; on the contrary, for the size of the city, fewer lives lost, less destruction of property, than at any other conquest on record, considering the resistance that was made. Isaiah again said: "The Lord has raised up the spirit of the king of the Medes whose device is against Babylon to destroy it, because it is the vengeance of the Lord. And Babylon, the glory of the Chaldees, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah." The Lord of hosts then swore to all this, as though we would not take the word of the Lord of hosts unless he would swear to it. The Lord said to his anointed king, Cyrus (Cyrus was a heathen and a worshiper all his life of the gods of the pagan religion; for all that, according to this old Bible prophet, he was God's anointed), whom he had selected to destroy Babylon: "I will go before thee and make crooked things straight. I will break in pieces the gates of brass and cut asunder the bars of iron." Now, this was all to be done at the time Cyrus took Babylon, as already stated (see Isaiah). There was not a brass gate broken, no bar of iron cut asunder, not a house demolished, nor was the city destroyed to satisfy the vengeance of the Lord.

If the Lord said anything to his anointed king, Cyrus, this heathen king never said anything to the Lord; for he never in his entire life worshiped him, acknowledged him, or even knew of his existence, if we are to believe ancient history. Even that prognosticator of evil, Isaiah, says in chap. xlv, 4, 5, in speaking of Cyrus: "The Lord surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me. I girded thee, though thou hast not known me." JOHN IRWIN.

Chicago, Ill., April, 1888.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A Reminiscence.

From Zion's Watchtower.

A large number of copies of the Bible were recently burnt in Barcelona, Spain, by order of the government—of course at the instigation of the church at Rome. The following, translated from the *Catholic Banner*, the organ of papacy there, shows that they approved and appreciated the action. It said:

"Thank God, we at last hav turned toward the times when those who propagated heretical doctrins were punished with exemplary punishment. The reëstablishment of the holy tribunal of the Inquisition must soon take place. Its reign will be more glorious and fruitful in results than in the past. Our Catholic heart overflows with faith and enthusiasm; and the immense joy we experience as we begin to reap the fruit of our present campaign exceeds all imagination. What a day of pleasure will that be for us when we see anticlericals writhing in the flames of Inquisition!"

To encourage another crusade, the same paper says:

"We believe it right to publish the names of those holy men under whose hands so many sinners suffered, that good Catholics may venerate their memory.

"By Torquemada:

"Men and women burnt alive	10,220
Burnt in effigy	6,840
Condemned to other punishments	97,371
"By Diego Deza:-	
"Men and women burnt alive	2,592
Burnt in effigy	829
Condemned to other punishments	32,952
"By Cardinal Jiminez de Cisneros:	
"Men and women burnt alive	3,564
Burnt in effigy	2,232
Condemned to other punishments	48,059
"By Adrian de Florencia:	
"Men and women burnt alive	1,620
Burnt in effigy	560
Condemned to other punishments	21,835
"Total number of men and women burnt alive under the ministry of 45 holy inquisitor generals	35,564
Total number burnt in effigy	18,637
Total number condemned to other punishments	293,533
"Total	347,704."

Man in Relation to the Lower Animals.

Prof. Edwin Emerson in Popular Science Monthly.

On the published bills and circulars of the Fidelity Trust Co., Philadelphia, is a representation of a strong-box guarded by a watchful dog. The faithful protection of the dog is a striking emblem of the mission of the Fidelity Trust Co. Fidelity to a trust is certainly a moral quality of a high order. This is such a well-known characteristic of the family of dogs as to hav become proverbial. It is a matter of common observation that members of the better class of dogs, such as Newfoundlands and St. Bernards, show also other moral qualities. They hav a high sense of honor, cannot be bribed, will not steal, etc., and are true to the death as to matters committed to their trust. To deny to such animals the possession of moral qualities seems to be absurd. But moral qualities and reasoning faculties are not confined, in the animal world, to dogs alone; far from it. Many tribes of animals hav the habit, when necessity seems to require, of posting sentinels to guard from surprise. This practice is in use by the chamois, the deer, the wolf, the goat, the wild horse, the elephant, the beaver, the monkey; the raven, the crow, and many other birds. To consider in advance as to the necessity of placing sentinels, and then to resort to that form of strategic device, is a decided proof of the possession of no small perceptiv and reasoning power; and the fact that the sentinels faithfully fulfill the onerous duties of their trust is a striking proof of advanced moral qualities.

Any theory in regard to man's place in nature which denies some degree of reason and moral perception to the lower animals is so wide of the facts that it must be a mistaken theory. It places man too high, and assigns to the various tribes of lower animals too low a position in the moral and intellectual scale to agree with observation. A wide and unnecessary chasm is thus placed between man and the inferior animals, when, in fact, the lower tribes of men and the higher tribes of animals, such as elephants, foxes, dogs, and monkeys, are not so greatly apart in the line of intelligence and moral perception. Savages recognize this affinity. Thus we are assured that certain tribes of negroes regard monkeys as their near relativs, who hav been deprived of the power of speech on account of their mischievousness and badness.

The wonderful manifestations of instinct are so remarkable that the old theory ascribed it to God himself having directly implanted it, "from without and from above;" but that theory has been set aside by modern investigation, and it is now very generally recognized that instinct is the hereditary result of long experience. This being the case, all the manifold exhibitions of reflection and reason, and careful, self-denying affection, shown by the various tribes of animals, must be ascribed to the workings of their intellectual and moral faculties through long periods of time.

Dr. Mark Hopkins, in his "Scriptural Idea of Man," teaches that man alone, among the animals upon the earth, is dignified by the possession of what constitutes him "a person." Personality, according to Dr. Hopkins, arises from consciousness, reason, and a moral nature. Consciousness is defined (p. 48) as "the knowledge of his own existence by a being who knows himself to be. . . . Thus arises a knowledge of rights and obligations. . . . Thus man is formed to rule over the lower creation. . . . From all that is below him man is most widely separated" (p. 106). "Of dominion over itself, over nature, or over its fellows, no brute can know anything; nor can it know anything of an intelligent mediation between nature and God. Being destitute of rational and moral elements, the brute cannot hav the first dawning of either of these ideas" (p. 103).

In reply to these statements we observe—that brutes do rule over themselvs, oftentimes exhibiting remarkable self-control. Nothing is more common than for the parent animal to abstain from food until the young ones are provided for. Brutes do rule over each other—scarcely any of the gregarious animals fail to show this power; it is true of monkeys, stags, elephants, bulls, and birds in their migrations. The shepherd's dog rules over the flock committed to his care almost as well as his master. As for dominion over nature, the brutes exercise just as much of it as is necessary for their well-being and preservation. A bird that builds its nest in a sheltered place exercises control over nature, in its degree, quite analogous to the work of a human architect. "The foxes hav holes, and the birds of the air hav nests." How does the fox get its hole, or the bird its nest? They make them for their purposes, and this is certainly control over nature to that extent. How does the fox support his family if he has no control over nature? Do hens and chickens run into his hole and ask to be eaten? Dr. Hopkins does not seem ever to hav heard of the way in which a tribe of monkeys prepare to rob a corn-field. Let us describe it. When they get ready to start on their expedition, an old monkey, the leader of the tribe, with a staff in his hand, so as to stand upright more easily, marches ahead on two legs, thus being more elevated than the others, so as to see signs of danger more readily. The rest follow him on all-fours. The leader advances slowly and cautiously, carefully reconnoitering in all directions, till the party arrives at the corn-field. He then assigns the sentinels to their respectiv posts. All being now in readiness, the rest of the tribe ravage and eat to their hearts' content. When they retire, each one carries two or three ears of corn along, and from this provision the sentinels are regaled on arrival at their lair. Here we see ability to rule and a willingness to submit to rule; a thoughtful preparation of means to the end in view, and a recognition of the rights of the sentinels to be suitably rewarded at the close of the expedition. Wherein does all this differ from a similar foray of a tribe of savage men? The only difference is in degree; otherwise, it is much the same. Dr. Hopkins's proposition that animals are not possessed of consciousness is mere assertion. He offers no proof whatever. A dog appears to be perfectly conscious of his existence. All his actions are in entire accordance with that view of his activity. Giv him a bone, and he seems to be conscious of his rights, too, and is ready to defend them. Observe a dog of one or two years of age and a child of four or five years playing together; they understand each other perfectly well, and seem to get equal pleasure out of the sport. Their consciousness of existence is about the same. When the dog gets older, and accompanies his master to hunt, he understands his duties, and performs them about as well as the man performs his share. The dog hunts as truly as the man; takes a lively interest in all the proceedings; is joyous over success, and cast down in case of failure. To deny consciousness to such a being is absnrd. It is quite true that the dog has not studied the Cartesian system of philosophy, and cannot say to himself, *cogito, ergo sum;* but neither can the boy who plays with him, nor, probably, the man who hunts with him. A power of analysis and metaphysical introspection is not possessed by young persons; nor, generally, by uncultivated men. They liv in the present. They are satisfied with a consciousness of existence, without prying curiously into its constituents. The power to dwell on the varying phases of the inner life, to analyze them, and to base the outlines of a system of intellectual and moral philosophy upon them, is the result of a high degree of culture and a habit of observing the operations and power of the mind.

It thus seems that what Dr. Hopkins demands as prerequisits of personality, viz., consciousness, reason, and a moral sense, are all to be found, in some degree, entering into the constitution of the lower animals. If man is a person, with the accompanying rights growing out of his personality, so is an elephant a person, in his degree, and has his rights accordingly; so is a dog, or a fox, etc., each in his degree. In this manner the immense chasm which Dr. Hopkins has invented as existing between man and the lower animals disappears, and the whole realm of animated nature is restored to unity, as the product of the divine mind. This view, as Dr. Hopkins acknowledges (p. 100), is entirely in accordance with the opinions of the great majority of naturalists now living.

A few words, in conclusion, as to Dr. Hopkins's idea of man being formed for dominion over the whole lower world of sentient being. While we admit that his higher powers giv him a certain amount of control over some of the lower and humbler creatures, it is to be borne in mind that innumerable millions of animals lived and roamed over the earth, through many geologic ages, before man appeared on the scene. Were they waiting all this time for their ruler? Man is a very recent animal, and does not go back, probably, further than the Tertiary period at the utmost. But, even since man appeared, his rule over the lower creation has been extremely limited. He has not exercised control over one in a million of the other orders of animals. Beyond a few animals he has been able to domesticate, his rule and kingship hav been practically null. Dr. Hopkins feels this difficulty as to his theory when he says (p. 105), "In this sphere his dominion is evidently most limited and imperfect compared with what it would hav been if he had not lost dominion over himself." If this is correct, it may be said in reply, that, since man has lost his dominion, it is needless to build up a theory upon the basis of his still retaining it.

Our London Letter.

The concessions made in the Oaths bill do not appear to hav given general satisfaction, and it is an open question whether it would hav been better to let the Bill be defeated on its merits as originally constructed, or to accept it in its mutilated form as an installment of a complete act of justice. It will be considered by the conservativ party as a final measure, and consequently prevent for some long time the matter being raised again, while on the other hand, had the bill been thrown out, it would hav been brought forward year by year until it was passed in its entirety, and with a radical government in power, there would scarcely be a difficulty in getting it through. As it originally stood it was a stumbling-block and a rock of offense to the orthodox party, who firmly believe in the virtue of an oath, probably because they are enjoined to "swear not at all," and it appears to many Freethinkers an act of weakness to study their prejudices, as they are so little inclined to giv way in the slightest respect to any wish expressed by their opponents.

Mr. Ross's action against the authors of the "Life of Bradlaugh," a scurrilous work that has missed its mark, has not resulted in any profit to himself, as he has lost his case and will hav to pay the costs of the proceedings. It is a pity he ever mixed himself up with such a crew. So able a writer should find himself well enough employed in attacking the Christian party, and compiling and editing his educational works, and not fall foul of one who is working in the same cause, though perhaps not exactly on the same lines as himself.

The godly-minded who regularly attend some particular "house of prayer," would be slightly astonished if they occasionally broke their rule and listened to a few of the peripatetic preachers in various parts of the metropolis. Any Sunday one may find at certain open spaces four or five different exponents of "gospel truths" stationed only a few yards from each other, and holding forth with much gusto upon their own particular interpretation of the "sacred scriptures." One of them will be denouncing all unbelievers, and consigning them to a place "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," and his next neighbor will clearly show that there is no such thing as eternal torment, as all who disbelieve in Christ hav no hereafter. A little further on, another will prove that those outside the pale will go to a modified kind of hell for purposes of disciplin, and will eventually drift into the realms of bliss, only they must not expect reserved seats. As all these different tenets are found to be in the "word," it is scarcely surprising that the humble doubter should be somewhat bewildered, and conclude to continue doubting and take his chances, as he can not very well believe in all the sects, and it is not to be expected that those who hav only one day in seven to themselvs can find time to discover which of them is correct.

J. D.

Christianity in India.

From the Calcutta National Guardian.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS WIDOW.

Hitherto the Christian missionary in India has been chiefly, if not solely, indebted to the periodical advent of famin for what success his proselytising mission has achieved in this land of the so-called "heathen." But the times are now sadly out of joint, and a case has recently occurred in the vicinity of Calcutta in which an old father, married, for the second time, to a necessarily young wife, embraced Christianity, not to attain his spiritual salvation, but to attain that very mundane consolation which is begotten of the assurance that his young widow will not be molested after his death—which in the nature of things cannot be too far off in his case—by her stepson. This son, the father apprehends, will neglect his stepmother when she becomes a widow, and will also deprive her of her property. So, to prevent the possibility of a consummation which he so devoutly dreads, the astute father has stolen a march upon his unsuspecting son by turning a Christian and indirectly cut him off with a shilling, while thus securing for his prospectiv widow every penny he may leave her. Such is the popular version of the secret cause of the conversion of Babu Russick Lall Sircar to Christianity at the age of sixty. The Babu is well known as the manufacturer of a series of keys to university textbooks, and has the reputation of being fairly well read in English literature.

ALL TO LEAVE AND FOLLOW THEE.

From the same paper.

The Rev. Mr. Phillips, of Moorshedabad, has, we presume, come out to India to glorify his Lord Jesus. But the way he does it can only serve to bring Christianity into disrepute and contempt. He is very proud of his success in having baptized a Hindoo woman named Brojeswari who has cheerfully left her husband and home for the sake of the Lord. He triumphantly seeks to demonstrate the potency of Christianity by referring to the fact that although the woman was kept in confinement, although her relativs left no stone unturned to prevent her from deserting her home, still such is the power of the Lord, such is the magical influence of his attraction, that no power on earth could stand between Brojeswari and her new-found Lord. We need not pause here to inquire into the antecedents of this woman, but the fact that she deserted her husband and decamped from her home is sufficient to indicate her character. The Rev. Mr. Phillips may be congratulated on this feminin acquisition to his fold, but we hold that man to be a greater sinner than the most sinful of "heathens," who allures a woman from her peaceful home and brings desolation upon her family and then takes glory on himself for his share in the business. As for Brojeswari, time alone will show whether in deserting her husband she obeyed the call of her heavenly Lord or that of a terrestrial substitute, and meanwhile we congratulate the Hindoo community of Moorshedabad on having got rid of her.

Sonnet to Shepard.

O Shepard of the blooming, star-eyed text,
Deep delver in the most bizarre of books
For that which cheers and oft inebriates;
O mortal who, if not a god then next,
A demigod—so help me all the spooks—
Of holiness that never abdicates!
O mortal banging on the edge of time,
With no particular desire to climb;
O man of full belief in Jonah's whale,
Of nickel-plated, jeweled righteousness,
Who takes the devil by the horns and tail,
And rattles him with strident printing-press!
O man of thews of gold and cheeks of brass,
Thou art almost the peer of Balaam's ass!

SI SLOKUM.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.
E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Official Call for Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

To the Local Secular Unions, Life, Charter, and Annual Members, and all Liberal citizens who support the Nine Demands of Secularism, Greeting:

You are hereby invited to attend the Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, which will convene at Lafayette Hall, Wood street, near 4th, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, October 5, 1888, at 10 A.M, for a four days' session—5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th inclusiv.

All Charter and Life Members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of State or Executiv Committees, and all duly accredited delegates from Local Secular Unions are entitled to seats and votes in this Annual Congress. Each Local Secular Union is entitled to send its President and Secretary and three other members as delegates. Annual Members who pay or hav paid $1 in the national treasury are entitled to seats, but not to votes, except by unanimous consent of the Congress.

This Congress will specially consider practical questions tending to further agitation for taxation of church property; the abrogation of state aid to sectarian institutions; abolition of state, national, military, and prison chaplaincies; repeal of judicial oaths, Sunday and other oppressiv and unjust ecclesiastical laws; nullification of attempts to subvert our Constitution by a legal recognition of Theism in the American Magna Charta, and such other measures as will not merely thwart intended theological encroachments, but will absolutely expunge from our laws, state and federal, such insidious acts as hav already crept in to blot out mental freedom from our republic.

It is to be hoped that the addresses delivered will deal with the practical issues of the organization, so that there will be such an awakening of the people to these vital questions of the hour that a revival of the instinct of liberty and justice for all will necessarily result; that again from the Keystone state—the birthplace of our association—the clarion voice of freedom shall vibrate throughout the land.

Pittsburgh being situated almost in the center of a district containing many of our most distinguished workers, thinkers, and writers, besides the activ host within its limits, there is little doubt but that this Congress will be a glorious gathering of the forces who stand for mental liberty, as expressed in the desire for complete Secularization of the government.

S. P. PUTNAM, Pres.
E. A. STEVENS, Sec.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com.

Untaxed Church Property in West Division of Chicago, Ill.

	Sub-Lot	Lot	Blk	Value
YINKHAM'S ADD. TO HOLSTEIN:				
Fullerton Ave. Ger. M. E. church.	7, 8, and	9	5	$3,000
SHERMAN'S ADD. TO HOLSTEIN:				
Ger. Lutheran church.	1 and	2	6	5,000
ASSESSORS' DIV. IN S.-W. 1 4, 31, 40, 14:				
Horton's Sub. of.	Part	5		
Meth. N.-W. University.	8 and 9	"		10,000
SHEFFIELD'S ADD. TO CHIC.:				
Fitch's Re-Sub. of.			26	
Annunciation Cath. ch. 1 to 11–62, 63, 98, 9, 100.			"	25 000
Church.	60 and	61	33	5 000
Grace R. E. church.	58, 59, and	60	35	10 000
Ger. Baptist church.	82 and	83	87	5,000
ELSTON'S ADD. TO CHIC.:				
St. Stanislaus' Kasthas ch.	1 to	13	25	25 000
Polish church and school.	42 to	46	26	10,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB. IN W. 1 2, 5, 39, 14:				
M. E. church.	23 and	24	5	5 000
Parochial school.	88 to 94		23	10 000
Church.	1 to 5		28	10,000
CHATFIELD'S ADD. IN W. 1 2, 5, 39, 14:				
Re-Sub. of.		16	& 17	
Holy Family church.	46 to 50	1	"	10,000
MCREYNOLDS'S SUB. Part E. 1 2, N.-E. 1-4, 6, 39, 14:				
Ger. Baptist church.	25 to	29	5	10,000
PICKETT'S ADD. 6, 39, 14:				
St. Paul's church.	13 and	14	2	20,000
LEE'S ADD. 6, 39, 14:				
Wicker Park church.	13 and	14	3	20,000
WATSON, TOWER & DAVIS'S SUB. N.-W. 1 4, 6, 39, 14:				
Sisters of Charity.	11 to	48	2	35.000
Catholic bishop of Chic.	30 to	39	4	35,000
JOHNSON'S SUB. S.-E. 1 4, 6, 39, 14:				
Baptist Theolog. Union.	1, 2, 4, 5, 6, and	35	9	10,000
Church.	7 and	8	14	3 000
St. John's Luth. church.	7 and	8	20	5 000
BRAINARD & EVAN'S ADD.:				
Polish church and school.	18 and	19	3	25,000
" " "	10 and	11	5	
OGDEN'S ADD. TO CHICAGO:				
Berthana church.	14 and	15	12	10,000
Church.	14 and	15	13	10,000
Norwegian church.	1 and	2	14	15.000
St. Stephen's convent.	4 and	5	20	30.000
First Norwegian church.	10 and	11	'	15,000
Catholic bishop of Chic.	13 to	16	"	15,000
Sevea Baptist church.	3 to	6	25	15 000
Norwegian Baptist ch.		8	28	5,000
Swedish church.	1 and	2	41	8.000
Norwegian church.	10 to	13	"	5,000
Luth. Beth. Norw. church.	54 and	55	42	6 000
Jewish synagog.	35 and	36	43	10,000
CIRCUIT CT. PARTITION, N. E. 1 4, 8, 39, 14:				
Colgate's Re-Sub.	6 to	14		
Eastman's Re-Sub.	7 and	8		
Baptist Theolog. Union.	5	"		30,000
Baptist Theolog. Union (except improvements).	1 to 19	"		
ASSESSORS' DIV. N.-W. 1-4, 8, 39, 14:				
Taylor's Re-Sub of			1	
Parochial school.	10 to 17	4	"	6 000
Church.	26 27 & 28	5	"	15,000
First Lutheran church.	48 49 & 50	"	"	15,000
Parochial school.	218 ft.	6	"	10,000
Re-Sub. of			2	
Advent church.	19		"	8,000
Yale and others' Sub of			"	
Meth. N.-W. University.	31		"	10,000
Church.	114 to 116		"	10,000
BICKERDIKE'S ADD.:				
Ger. Lutheran church.	24 to	30	2	10 000
Danish Lutheran church.	1 to	2	5	5,000
First Baptist Ger. church.		30	5	10,000
" " "		1	6	
Baptist church.		30	12	6 000
Theological Seminary.	33 to	36	20	12,000
CARPENTER'S ADD. TO CHIC.:				
Free Methodist church.		11	22	8,000
Episcopal cathedral.	13, 14, and	15	38	50,000
Rt. Rev. W. E. McLaren, E. 1 2.		10	"	10,000
First Cong. church.	1, 2, and	3	46	40,000
MAGIE & HIGH'S ADD.:				
Elizabeth St. church.	17 to	24	2	55,000
UNION PARK ADD.:				
Church.	Part	3	4	20.000
Church Sc. of Jerusalem.	4 and	5	4	25,000
Ada St. church.	26 and	27	5	20,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB. 7, 39, 14:				
Ger. Baptist church.	26, 27, and	28	1	30,000
Apostolic Mission.		28	2	50,000
Nicholson's Sub. W. 1 2.			3	
Church.	Pt. 13 & 15		"	10,000
Re-Sub. of	Part		17	
And Vacated Alley in			"	
Catholic bishop of Chicago, N. 1 2.	52 to 56 &	A	"	100.000
St. John's church.		9	39	20 000
Baptist church.		52	"	20.000
Church.	5, 6, & Pt.	10	41	20,000
Assessors' div. E. 1-2.			45	
Chic. Theolog. Seminary.	6	2	"	5.000
Re Sub. of W. 1-2.			45	
Theological Seminary.	10 and	11	"	20.000
Parochial school.	Pt. 20 to	24	47	5 000
Church.	10, 11, and	12	52	15.000
Presbyterian church.	Pt. 38 39 &	40	53	10,000
Catholic bishop of Chic.	1 to 5 and 18 to	20	56	40.000
M. E. church.	66, 67, and	68	57	15,000
Carpenter's Sub.	1 and	2	64	
Union Park Cong. church.	1 to 4	"	"	60.000
Chic. Theolog. Seminary.	5 to 10	"	"	30,000
SCHOOL SECTION ADD.:				
Church.		11	14	20,000
Parochial school.		11	15	20 000
Parochial school.	42 to	47	17	20 000
Catholic church.	5, 6, and	8	23	80 000
Church.		14	35	15,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB. 17, 39, 14:				
Ref. Protestant church.	1, 2, & Pt.	3	5	15,000
Ger. Lutheran church.	22 to	28	22	25,000
St. Joseph's Home.		17	25	25,000
" "	9 and	10	26	
Church of Holy Family.			27	
" " "	1 to	62	28	120,000
Church of Holy Family (vacated alley).			"	
Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ.	23 and	24	30	20,000
St. Stephen's E. church.	65 and	66	"	25,000
DUNCAN'S ADD.:				
Christian church.		6	2	15,000
Church, W. 70 ft.	9 and	10	3	15,000
Church.		16	13	15 000
Seventh Presby. church.		1	18	20,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB. W. 1 2 and W. 1 2 N.-E. 17, 39, 14:				
Christian Mission church.	49 to	52	1	60,000
Washington Home.	12 to	15	6	15 000
Third Unitarian church.	45 to	47	"	20,000
Jefferson Park church.				40,000
Assessors' division.	Part.	1	13	
Second Baptist church.	1	"	"	35,000
Horner's Sub. of	17 to	37	19	
Epiphany church.	1, 2, and 3	"	"	60,000
" " 3 vacant lots on Laflin st.				
Parochial school.	85 to	92	49	25,000
VERNON PARK ADD.:				
Porter's Sub. of			2	
Little Sisters of the Poor.		1	"	30,000
Oliver's Sub. of			3	
Catholic bishop of Chic.	22 to	32	"	50,000
Martin's Sub. of			12	
Jesuit College.	1 to	34	"	80,000
" " (vacated street and alley).			"	
SMITH'S SUB. OF N.-E. 1-4 N.-E. 1-4, 18, 39, 14:				
Re-Sub. of	Part.		1	
St. John's Epis. church.	5 to	8	"	40,000
Walker's Re-Sub. of		12	& 13	
First United Pres. church.	1 to	3	"	25,000
Ger. Ac. of Chic.	40 and	41	"	40,000
ASHLAND'S ADD. 18, 39, 14:				
Catholic bishop of Chic.	22 to	31	4	60,000
Reynolds's Re-Sub.	Part.		8	
Emanuel M. E. church.	6, 7, and	8	"	30,000
McKay's Sub. of			11	
Presbyterian Hospital.	17 to	27	"	40,000
ASHLAND'S SECOND ADD.:				
Assessors' division.	2 to	16	9	
Chic. Theolog. Seminary.	4	'	"	25,000
Baptist church.	10 and	11	15	25,000
ROCKWELL'S ADD. IN 18 39, 14:				
Travers's Sub of	1 to 13	10	10	
First Christ. ch. of Chic.	10 to 12	"	"	25,000
Freeman's Sub. of	14 to	17	"	
Leavitt St. Cong. church.	27 to 30	"	"	25,000
SUTTON'S ADD. 18, 39, 14:				
Henderson's Re-Sub.	27 to	32	2	
Church.	1 and 2	"	"	15,000
CODWISSA'S SUB. W. 1-2, S.-E. 18, 39, 14:				
M. E. church.	45, 46, and	47	9	15,000
Wait's Sub. of	Part.		10	
Catholic bishop of Chic.		1	"	10,000
FLAWNEY'S RE SUB. OF J. & P. ADD. 18, 39, 14:				
Ogden Ave. Ev. church.	1 and	2	2	25.000
Camden Park church.	26 to	29	3	25,000
TIERNAN'S ADD. 18, 39, 14:				
Horner's Sub. of	1 to		6	
Ger. Lutheran church.	27 to	30	"	20,000
MORRIS AND OTHERS' SUB. W. 1-2, S.-W. 1-2, 18, 39, 14:				
Foster's Sub. of		3	& 4	
Re-Sub. of	5 to 10	1	"	
First Cong. Society.	2, 3, and 4	"	"	15,000
Episcopal bishop of Chic.	9 and 10	"	"	20,000
SECTION 19, 39, 14:				
Reunion Presby. church.	69 and	70	16	6 000
Lutheran Emanuel Cong.	80 and	81	"	6,000
Re-Sub of	25 to	29	33	
And Vacated Alley S of same.				
Cath. bishop and ch.	1 to 4 and 30 to	34	"	40,000
St. Paul's church.	1 and 2		47	15,000
Church.	43 and	50	"	10 000
Union Tabernacle church.	10 and	11	49	10,000
Ger. Evangelical church.	43 to	50	54	15,000
WALKER'S DOCK ADD.:				
Methodist church.	25 and	26	3	10 000
M. E. church.				15,000
MOORE'S SUB E. 1-2, N.-W. 1-4, 30, 39, 14:				
Catholic bishop of Chic.	41 and	42	1	15.000
St. Paul's Ger. Cath. ch.	49 to	54	"	30,000

	Sub-Lot	Lot	Blk	Value
BRAND'S ADD. E. 1-2, N.-E. 1-4, 20, 39, 14:				
S. F. church.	Part.		1	15,000
Parochial school.	220 ft.	3	2	65 000
Catholic church.	200 ft.		4	80,000
Mission school.	60 ft. / 18 to 21		9	35,000
Ger. Ev. church and parsonage.	5, 6, and	7	11	10,000
Barron's Sub.			14	
St. Ignatius College.	12 and	13	"	30,000
SAMSON AND GREEN'S ADD. N.-W. 1 4, 20, 39, 14:				
Ger. Reformed church.	57, 58, and	59	5	15 000
Church.		60	"	5.000
St. Ignatius College.	6 and	7	6	15 000
Church.	87 to	90	7	20,000
JOHNSON AND LEE'S SUB. S.-W. 1 4, 20, 39, 14:				
Claflin's Sub.			1	
Order of St. Francis.	19 and	20	"	10,000
Benedictine Order.	31, 32, 38, 39, 40, 41 &	42	"	15,000
Catholic bishop of Chic.	25 to	30	"	25,000
Stewart's Sub.			7	
Zion Luth. Cong. church.	1, 2, and	3	"	15,000
Methodist church.	55 and	56	12	10.000
Church.	71 to	80	"	20,000
ASSESSORS' DIV. OF N. 1-2, S.-E. 1 4, 20, 39, 14:				
Church.	10, 11, and	12	2	25 000
Church.	Pt. 15 and	16	"	10,000
WALCH AND MCMULLEN'S SUB. S.-E. 1-4, 20, 39, 14:				
Ev. Lutheran church.	35 to	40	4	20,000
St. Ignatius College.	37 to	46	15	15,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB. N.-W. 1-4, 21, 39, 14:				
Parochial school.	5 and	6	56	10 000
Polish church.	2 and	5	61	6 000
Church.	4 and 5	7	64	8 000
Parochial school.	7 and	8	68	8,000
CANAL TRUSTEES' SUB. W. 1 2 and Pt. S.-E. 21, 39, 14:				
Zion church.	35 to	38	39	15,000
WINSTOW, JACOBSON AND TILLMAN'S SUB. 1, 39, 13:				
Second Norw. M. E. ch.	30, 31, and	32	4	10.000
First Ger. Pres. church.		24	6	10,000
LEE AND OTHERS' SUB. S.-W. 1-4, 12, 39, 13:				
Chic. Theol. Seminary.	1 to 15 and 20 to	23	2	
" " "	2, 3. 4, 6, 10, 12, 15, 16, 17, 22 &	31	& 13	50,000
GAUCHER'S SUB. S.-E. 1-4. 12. 39, 13:				
Chic. Theolog. Seminary.	25, 26, and	27		15,000
WAKEMAN AND OTHERS' SUB. S.-E. 1 4, 12, 39, 13:				
Boon's Add. S.-E. 1-4.			1	
Western Ave. Baptist ch.	41, 42, and	43	"	15,000
Turner's Sub.			4	
Western Theol. Seminary.		13	"	15,000
ROCKWELL'S ADD. IN 13, 39, 13:				
West Side ch. of Christ.		23	5	15,000
Bryant's Sub.	Part.	p' 1	& 2	
Immaculate Heart.	1 to	24	"	40,000
Couch's Sub.			9	
Immaculate Heart.	1 to	23	"	30,000
LAWTHER'S SUB N.-W. 1 4, 13, 39, 13:				
Church.	27 and	28	4	10,000
MILLARD AND DECKER'S SUB. 26, 39, 13:				
Church.	1 and	2	6	5,000
				$3,504,000

American Secular Union.

The following will be the order of business, and, as nearly as possible, the program of the Twelfth Annual Congress:

FRIDAY'S PROGRAM.

10 *A.M.—Business Session.*

Congress called to order by president.
Appointment of Committee on Credentials.
Intermission.—Introductions, etc., until Committee are ready to report.
Report of Committee on Credentials.
Reports of officers.
Appointment of Committees on
"Resolutions and Rules,"
"Nominations,"
"Finance, and Auditing."
Committee on Rules report.—Adjournment.

2:30 *P.M.—Public Session.*

Address.—Hon. A. B. Bradford.
Lecture.—John G. Hertwig, "Religious Freedom."
Address.—Prof. D. G. Crow.

7:30 *P.M.—Public Session.*

L. K. Washburn: "The Christian Menace to Our Republic."
Dr. Juliet H. Severance.
Letters from Elizabeth Cady Stanton and others.

SATURDAY'S PROGRAM.

10 *A.M.—Business Session.*

Topics for discussion:
1. What are the best agencies to further the taxation of church property?
2. How shall we prevent sectarian institutions from receiving public funds?
3. What action shall be taken by the Union in reference to recovering Girard College from the control of those who daily violate its founder's will?
4. Shall the Union publish a memorial pamphlet on Courtlandt Palmer?

2:30 *P.M.—Public Session.*

E. A. Stevens: "Romish Rubbish."
Prof. W. S. Bell: "Common Sense *vs.* Superstition."
7:30 P.M.—Ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham, "Organization."
Mattie A. Freeman, "Cross and Crown."
Letters, telegrams, etc.

SUNDAY'S PROGRAM.

10 A.M.—Report of Committee on Nominations.
Election of officers.
Report of Committee on Resolutions.
Discussion: What action shall the American Secular Union take to actively enlist lecturers to organize and work specially for the up-building of the organization? What shall be expected of them, and what shall the American Secular Union do for them?
2:30 P.M.—Voltairine de Cleyre, "The Drama of the Nineteenth Century."
Lucy N. Colman.
J. D. Shaw, "Civilization and Its Causes."
7:30 P.M.—Charles Watts, "Religion and Science: Their Relation to Civilization."
S. P. Putnam, "The Reign of the People."

MONDAY'S PROGRAM.

10 *A.M.—Business Session.*

Report of Finance and Auditing Committee.
Final report of Committee on Resolutions.
What publications should be circulated.

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

2:30 *P.M.—Public Session.*

Thaddeus B. Wakeman.
Evening.—Grand ball and perhaps a banquet.

Knocking the Bottom out of the Yellow Fever Scare.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I presume it is proper for me at this time to write you a few lines regarding the yellow fever, or the prevailing disease at Jacksonville. My health never was better than it is at present. I am not scared and I do not use any preventiv of the fever. If I die I want to die of the genuin yellow fever and not of its remedies. My family and my many clerks all enjoy good health and happiness. Was I the head ruler of the city the citizens should enjoy the same good health that I and my family do. I trust in purity, in an unadulterated atmosphere, pure as our god that a Freethinker loves to worship. Our church-going people seek protection, not of a wise god, no, but of a tar-and-sulphur fire and of other fumes emanating from poisons destructiv to pure air and human life. None of their remedies are good to ease the fever scare or cheer up the people and make them laugh, nor do they cool the hot fever of a suffering patient. All the remedies these God-forsaken people use as preventivs of yellow fever look to me precisely like a man's throwing heaps of dry wood onto a fire, hoping to extinguish the fire by that process. It is the scare and the remedies, not the yellow fever, our citizens suffer of. It is the fever scare, and the use of the poisonous disinfectants for fumigating the house, the clothes, the patient, and his companions, that increases the spread of the disea e It is the remedy, not the disease, that is contagious. I say it is exceedingly unwise and wicked of persons to expose timid, scared, and sickly persons to fumes emanating from the most powerful poisons destructiv to pure air and human life, under a pretext of protecting from a contagious disease and preserving their health and life. Is there anything more inhuman than this? It is an insult to the intelligence of the people of the United States to allow persons to remain in office who imagin that tar-and-sulphur fires, concussion, and the free use of powerful poisonous disinfectants and quarantine, could protect us or even cure us from ills caused from excessiv scare, fright, work, idleness, cold, heat, worry, drinking, eating, or inhaling adulterated atmosphere full of poison, to obviate the effect of the cause? Even if I admit, if it make their case on the other side any better, the existence of an invisible germ floating up in the atmosphere, even then it is an insult to the intelligence of the people of this whole country to teach that a picked guard, armed to the teeth, and quarantine officers stationed at the city lines, under a pretext of preventing the invisible germs and atmosphere from leaving the city line, can protect.

Jacksonville, Fla. AUGUST BUESING.

STATE OF FLORIDA, DUVAL COUNTY.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state of Florida at large, personally appeared A. H. Joplin, who being duly sworn, says that on or about Dec. 12, 1887, he was stricken down with what is now popularly termed yellow fever, which prevailed in the city of Tampa, Fla., at that time. He (the said A. H. J.) is of the opinion that it was the fumes and gases from the too free use of such powerful disinfectants as bi-chloride of mercury, sulphate of iron, and sulphur smoke, etc., that caused his sickness, and not the microbe.

To substantiate this view he states that at the time the supposed yellow fever broke out in Tampa he was engaged in teaching school, and was constantly exposed to the fever, on account of which some of the above-mentioned disinfectants were used every night in his room under a pretext of protecting him from the fever. On the night that the fever was contracted he states that sulphur was burnt and other disinfectants used in abundance, and that he was not sick at any time previous to the use of said disinfectant; but on the following morning, after having inhaled all night sulphur smoke, he was declared sick of yellow fever.

Sworn to and subscribed this 15th day of September, 1888.
[Seal.] A. H. JOPLIN.
A. R. JONES, Notary Public State of Florida at Large.

STATE OF FLORIDA, DUVAL COUNTY.

Before me, August Buesing, a notary public in and for said county, personally appeared R , who being duly sworn says: I was living at Jacksonville, at the Grand Union Hotel, in July last, and at the time when Mr. McC. was declared sick of yellow fever. He had just arrived from Tampa. He was taken at once to the pest-house with his whole family. His family never took sick at all, showing that the disease McC. suffered of was not a contagious disease. The announcement of the yellow fever being in the house frightened me and the rest of the boarders of the house. The whole house then was fumigated, under a pretext to stamp the yellow fever out of existence, and under a pretext to protect us from taking sick and to preserve our health and lives from ruthless destruction. No one of us was sick previous to the scare and the use of poisonous disinfectant. I and others soon took sick; some recovered, and some hav died.

Sworn to and subscribed this 15th day of September, 1888.
[Seal.] R.
AUGUST BUESING, Notary Public.

IS YELLOW FEVER A PRETEXT?

All persons who hav been inhumanly subjected and exposed to poisonous fumes of fumigation, and since hav suffered a disease from the effect of inhaling that poisonous air, and then hav been declared sick of yellow fever, or hav suffered other cruel treatment, are kindly requested to complain of it to August Buesing free of charge. Contributions to aid this investigation and the cure of the prevailing disease will be thankfully received. Call on, or address, AUGUST BUESING, Jacksonville, Fla.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Aug. 15, 1888.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES-UNION: Allow me to ask, What seems to constitute at Jacksonville a yellow fever patient?

I regret to say, but I consider it a duty of mine to say it, that when a person in the months of August and September is found vomiting in consequence of a foul stomach that originates from excessiv drinking of intoxicating beverages, or gets bilious from an excessiv eating or of excessiv heat, scare and fright constitutes in Jacksonville the yellow fever as soon as one patient of this kind is found within the city. Yellow fever is, I presume, either ignorantly or foolishly officially declared epidemic.

How is the invisible yellow fever germ created?

You may not believe it, but let me tell you, it is created the moment the officer makes the declaration public that the yellow fever now is epidemic; it is the declaration that creates the invisible yellow fever germ from this moment on—every person gets crazy, frightened to death. This panic, this fright, the imagination of yellow fever on the brains and minds of the persons, is the real invisible yellow fever germ that all now hav in their systems; this scare, this fright, causes sickness and death. There is no poison in existence stronger to produce diseases, and that can kill human beings faster, than fright. I pronounce such declaration that frightens persons to death wicked. Concussion, the burning of houses, tar, sulphur, and other crazy suggestions that I hav read, must be considered wicked and foolish.

Well, what is the remedy?

PREVENTION.—REMEDY AND CURE OF YELLOW FEVER.

The following is respectfully suggested:

"Be it enacted by the legislature of the state of Florida:

"Any person who shall hereafter declare a person or persons as having the yellow fever, shall, on conviction, be punished by imprisonment in the state penitentiary, not exceeding nor less than ten years, or by a fine not more than $10.000."

Such a law will stamp the yellow fever forever out.
Jacksonville, Fla. A. BUESING.

High Old Times Ahead in Chicago.

From the Ameri an Magazine.

Just at this time, I met an old army friend, whose work of a detectiv had led him to disguise himself and frequent the haunts of the Anarchists in quest of a criminal supposed to be in hiding among them. He told me of the plans they were hatching for a bloody and terrible avengement of their Chicago comrades, and for overturning society, and seizing and dividing among themselvs and the workingmen whom they expect to join them, all the money in bank vaults, the sub-treasury, and the portable valuables in stores and private houses throughout the city. I laughed at his pretty fable, and advised him to dramatize it, promising him at least a run of a hundred nights in all the principal cities. But the captain was not to be laughed down; he was terribly in earnest, and finally, his earnestness impressed me to the point of consenting to disguise myself and investigate in his company, to be vouched for by him as an English convert to Anarchistic principles. My friend's influence brought me at once into contact with the leaders; and, under the pretext of a burning desire to be of assistance in the grand *coup d'etat*, the captain's story was quickly confirmed.

Notice!

L K. Washburn is prepared to lecture in New England and New York. For subjects and terms address him at Revere, Mass.

THE Kent Secular Society will hold two mass-meetings in Kent, O., Monday and Tuesday evenings, Oct. 1, 2, 1888. A cordial invitation is extended to all, that the truths of Secularism may be better known. By order of the Kent Secular Union executiv committee. Charles Watts will be the chief speaker.

Communications.

Thoughts on Agnosticism.

Prophetic eyes that hav been gazing with hopes so long deferred cannot fail to see faint but glorious gleams of a dawning age of progress and enlightenment; an age in which the dogmas and dicta of established beliefs are closely scanned and weighed before accepted, in which credulity ceases to be regarded as a virtue and investigation takes the place of blind faith; an age in which the practice of humanitarianism drives out the dogmas of a heartless and theoretical theology.

The best elements of Infidelity are not endeavoring to tear down obsolete idols and place new ones on their pedestals, but to build up and ennoble the human mind; to teach men not to investigate the intellectual and ethical world on crutches, but to rely on their god-given reason and the intuitions which our Mother Nature has given us.

Observant minds of the nobler cast look on man, the consummation of nature's grandest work, and where there would hav been under rational culture souls of god-like attributes, see souls dwarfed and deformed by religion; souls which if metempsychosized would seek the garb of the serpent, whose colors charm to look at while its kiss is death; or of the horrible jackal, who feeds on the human flesh of death, and with a malicious snarl fearfully flees at the approach of dawn to some catacomb which it has already desecrated and rifled; souls that would hide themselvs in the shaggy coat of the lion, "king of beasts," and exponent of physical bravado; souls that would clothe themselvs in the varying colors of the chameleon —nature's sycophant and hypocrit; souls that would masquerade as the vampire that steals on its victim in the night, soothing by the fanning of its wings while it sucks up the life-blood.

The church seems to hav retrograded till there is no ethical distinction between its adherents and those indifferent. It is true that it has its professed creeds and codes of morals, but these, in every-day life, are disregarded as being unpractical and unbusiness-like. The church has, in fact, lowered itself to the level of the ordinary society organization for mutual aid and social development. The virtues are eulogized and evils denounced in church, but evil in broadcloth in the bustling marts of commerce is greeted as deferentially as one of the canonical saints. Honest poverty is ignored. Charity is considered encouragement to idleness. Social intercourse is desired only from those of a superior or equal social and financial standing, without regard whether the man be a villain or an honest man.

The influence of the church is felt in all circles, not for the amelioration of the condition of man, but for means political, social, and commercial. Men who are in business adhere to the church, or keep up a strict neutrality, on motivs of policy. Women embrace the church for its undoubted social advantages. The church stands in relation to its members as a policeman to the citizen. Superficial obedience to the rules of the church are strictly enforced, but then the arm of authority reaches no farther. The church can insist on the observance of the Sabbath by an attendance to church formalities and a cessation of business, but they cannot drive out the selfishness of worldliness.

It may prohibit one from indulging in the orgies of the gambling-hell, but not from driving out all the joy and sunshine of his neighbor's home. The church is, in fact, a refuge to those whose lives and actions would not bear the scrutiny of an unprejudiced world; since from a feeling of fraternity, and, perhaps, mutual feeling of dependence, suspicion is not confirmed. It holds a sort of surveillance over public institutions and offices. An aspirant must certainly acquiesce to its dicta, or maintain a discreet neutrality, to attain to any degree of public patronage.

How many great minds there hav been who, having the courage to differ with its mythical and heartless creeds, hav blasted lives otherwise of success and honor—although, perhaps, to gather laurels for themselvs in posthumous ages! Yet brave souls unawed hav defied the most cruel fanaticism that ever existed, and advocated man's individuality, and liberty to think and to investigate the laws of nature and of morals. We owe a boundless gratitude to these intrepid men. Men who, without the mercenary fears of hell or hopes of heaven, hav heroically died for principles. Men who with the horror of the Inquisition staring them in the face hav declared the cosmogony of the scriptures to be only the crude and erroneous conception of man, instead of the inspiration of the Unknown. Men who hav braved all the monsters of the church, denounced the miracles as contrary to nature, and asserted they were only an effect of legerdemain or a natural exaggeration resulting from the repetition of facts from one to another and a tendency to impute a supernatural agency to any phenomenon they could not understand. Men who hav declared the plan of "atonement" to be a license to the hypocrit and scoundrel; an escape for the seducer, the murderer, and the criminal from a just punishment; an eternal inquisition to the investigator and honest doubter; a monster that severs prospectiv ties of family and friendship in the next world, and a bottomless gulf that swallows up the grand souls who hav parted the gloomy clouds of superstition, who hav vanquished the monsters of an infinit vengeance, and who hav made possible all the benefits of our modern civilization and enlightenment.

Men of this character liv to-day—men whose brains are too large and whose hearts are too full of the "milk of human kindness" to believe that an infinit father could institute and maintain an eternal inquisition that would make the hair of horror stand, for finite creatures of his own creation—men who will not believe that the largest part of all creatures made in God's own image are to be allowed to walk blindly into traps and snares set for them, the only exit from which is hell.

The church says that if we were to disperse these threatening clouds from the horizon of human joy—remove all the fears of hell and of a difficult path to heaven—there would be no restraints for the bad or incentivs to the good, the fears of natural and civic laws not being a sufficient restraint. Can they be justified in keeping this horrible menace in the mind's eye of ignorance and credulity solely for the supposed good it may produce as a restraint?

Do you think childhood will hav more mercy in its little heart for its dumb playfellow if it is taught these myths of an implacable vengeance? Do you think you produce better results in making man a moral creature through fear than through the medium of principles? Of what value is the obedience of quaking hypocritical cowardice? Is homage from the pale reluctant lips of cringing fear more sweet than the honest involuntary admiration of a healthy independence?

Do not add to the burdens of the bereaved mother "by preaching a creed that should only be shrieked in a mad-house." Do not giv her the consolation that she will so appreciate the justice of Divine Vengeance "that she will join him in the damnation of her own son." Do not thus brutalize the soul of childhood. Tear from every soul the chains of fear.

Let every soul fly out into the pure air of an honest morality. Let every man feel as if he were a king with unbounded dominions; as if every faculty and passion were a subject and not a master; as if he were a distinct individuality and not a fac-simile of any other; as if it were better to rescue misery from the slough than point the finger of scorn at him; as if the rule of love were better than the club of fear; as if it were better to be with the one we love in hell, than in heaven without her; as if it were better to love and protect the home, than leave all and follow one who never said a word to ennoble the domestic ties, but on the contrary taught their abandonment; as if it were better to believe that we would be punished according to our deeds, than that we held an unlimited letter of credit for all our misdeeds; as if it were better to believe that the greatest sum of human joy is made up by the purity of our life, than that the ægis of hypocrisy would shield us from the eye of a divine justice; as if it were better to send one ray of happiness into some poor outcast soul, than build a cathedral; as if one little deed of kindness were worth more than a thousand ostentatious prayers declaimed within the grandest specimens of church architecture.

> For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
> In faith and hope the world will disagree,
> But all mankind concur in charity.—*Pope.*

Lincoln, Neb. E. K. PACKARD.

The Clergy and the Ballet.

A practical joke has been played on the clergymen of New York and Brooklyn by a theatrical manager. The spectacular drama of "Nero," at Staten Island, was the trap into which they were led by a circular sent to all the clergy of the two great cities and vicinity, reading as follows:

> The closing scenes in the life of Nero hav always had a special interest for the Christian world. The final triumph of the cross is a sermon in itself, rising, as it does, amid the strains from the "Stabat Mater" above the ruins of the great city whose terrible destruction is so vividly set forth. If you will do me the favor to accept an invitation to visit this spectacle and notify me on the within postal card, I will gladly send tickets for yourself and family. Transportation over the Staten Island ferry will be included.

On the back of the inclosed card the clergyman was requested to write the number of tickets he wanted, and sign his name. In less than a week 313 ministers responded from the two cities and vicinity, asking for 1791 tickets in the aggregate. A very few were modest enough to ask for only 2 tickets, but one wanted 34, another 30, and so on down, the average being nearly five and a half to each preacher.

The Rev. George H. Mayer, of Brooklyn, having a large family, asked for 10 tickets, and he promised to "invite others to pay their way in," believing "it is our duty to send our Christian people to receive two hours' impressiv illustrativ instruction upon the truths of Christianity."

The Rev. William Walton, of New York, wanted 10 tickets for himself and 20 at a reduced price for his Young People's Literary Association. He, too, regarded such an exhibition as "an incentiv to the study of early Christian history," and calculated to impress upon the mind the fact that:

> Others fought to win the prize,
> And sailed through bloody seas.

The names of all these 313 ministers are given to the public in the New York *Sun* of Sunday, September 9th. And the *Sun*, you know, is a religious paper. So, at least, its learned editor has repeatedly asserted; but if the question were now left to the 313 ministers their verdict would doubtless be unanimous and emphatic that the *Sun* is not a religious paper.

The principal feature of the performance of "Nero" is the evolution of four hundred bare-armed and short-skirted sylphs who dance in a grand ballet. In this exhibition the 313 clergymen and their families hav learned as much of "the truths of Christianity" and of "early Christian history" as in anything else they saw or heard. The fact is that the whole history of Nero—that is to say, all we know about him except what little the Jewish historian Josephus tells us, with possibly a few fragments of uncertain pagan history—is a fabrication, written by Poggio Bracciolini, a papal secretary, in the fifteenth century. There never existed such a royal monster in any civilized country as the Nero described by Poggio in the pretended "Annals of Tacitus."

Early Christian history is almost a blank outside of the four gospels and the book of Acts, which are themselvs substantial fictions. There was no Christ crucified under Pontius Pilate in the reign of Tiberius. The first three gospels describe the crucifixion as occurring on a Passover Friday. There could hav been but one Passover Friday between the years 28 and 35 inclusiv, and that was the year 30. But again, the Jews never allowed a trial or execution on the holy Passover day any more than we Americans allow the same on the Fourth of July. But still further, the Jews never allowed the Passover to be celebrated on Friday.

So, then, the three hearsay witnesses are self-convicted liars. They were probably ignorant priests who knew little or nothing of Judaism, and had no scruples about telling lies for the promotion of Christianity.

The fourth gospel correctly puts the crucifixion on the day before the Passover, but falsely in the time of Pontius Pilate. The author of that gospel pretends to be the disciple John, but he is evidently a gentile priest and a hater of the Jews. He reports a prayer of the pretended son of God in which he absurdly calls himself Jesus Christ. He reports an insolent speech addressed to the Jews, in which Jesus, a fellow-Jew, says to them: "Ye are from beneath; I am from above. . . . Ye are of your father the devil. . . . Before Abraham was I am." No wonder they believed him insane and drove him away with stones.

There are a few scraps concerning the martyred Jesus in the Jewish Talmud. He is there described as a sorcerer who was stoned and hanged on the day before the Passover, about the year 75 B.C. This was the Jesus of Paul, who, after preaching him in Arabia, returned and attempted to do the same in Damascus; but the military commander of that city, under the rule of King Aretas of Arabia Petrea, sought to arrest Paul, and he escaped by being let down from the wall through a window in a basket.

This was a little prior to the year 62 B.C., for from and after that date Damascus was governed by the Romans, and no petty king of Arabia ever again ruled that city. ANTICHRIST.

Santa Claus and God.

As the child believes in Santa Claus, so man believes in the Bible God. I remember when I was a little boy I was deluded into the belief, and for a time was fearful of ghosts and hobgoblins. My good old mother told me that I was a very inquisitiv boy; that I desired to know many things that were not proper for little boys to know. Consequently, they had to tell me Santa Claus came down the chimney, that there was an Uncle Sam at Washington, that little lambs were found in the grass, and that the doctor found little babes in the woods on his way to see the mother. All those things I believed until I outgrew them. I hav often thought it would hav been better to tell me I was too small to know such things, that I could not understand, and just as soon as I could they would tell me all about it. This would hav been honest and truthful.

Now, my TRUTH SEEKER friends, the God of the Bible is the Santa Claus of the grown man. Just as soon as you grow large enough intellectually you will laugh at yourself for having been so stupid as not to hav seen the book as it is sooner. I am fully satisfied the fish story is a very large one. I am fully convinced, from the miraculous birth, the goodness of the heart, the greatness of the strength, the skilful use of the ass's jawbone by Samson, that the writer of his life told a whopper.

Baron Munchausen and Eli Perkins are but very little liars in comparison.

Now, for the love of humanity, the pride I hav in the elevation of men and women, I will never teach such things as being the word of God. I would suggest to any man or woman who reads that book called the Bible, the barbarous history of the Jews, to read it just as they would any other history, and get away from such dogmas and superstitions as are taught from that book. How can any good man or woman read and follow—yea, teach their children to follow—the lives of men who, if living to-day, would not be recognized as decent, surely not as leaders, teachers, and models of honor and goodness? I am greatly surprised that King David has so many warm friends and stanch supporters among the good people, for I hav never read the life of any man that was so wicked and lustful. The late Jesse James was very meek and gentle in his killing compared with the king after God's own heart.

In my travels West and North I hav been associated with nearly all classes and a sample of nearly all nations. I hav sat around the camp-fire of the Sioux Indians a number of times; I hav seen them in their war-paint; I hav seen them dance their war-dance, yet I cannot call to mind anything so monstrous, so cruel, and outrageous as David's treatment of Uriah. And yet we hav good men, educated men, who believe that the selfish lives of such men hav elevated the people to their present standing—men who are, I believe, honest in their statements when they say the Bible has made us and lifted us to our exalted station. How foolish and weak for men and women to allow themselvs to grow up squeezed and cramped like a pickle grown in a flat bottle! Knowing that men are so easily deluded makes me more anxious to hav everybody educated. Our free schools hav been instrumental in starting men, and Freethought has developed the mind and placed them far up on the hill of science—so high that they know they cannot see the whole world from a mountain-top. Some hav been foolish enough to carry that old book up with them, and claim that the book took them up.

As the result of a gradual growth Shakspere and Shelley are allowed a place on the center-table beside the Bible to-day. The time is coming when Shakspere, Shelley, Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll, and many writers like Helen Gardener, will be considered far above the Bible by all students. The New Testament deserves a shelf above the old Bible, as the teachings of Christ, according to the apostles, were some better than those before Christ. Really Christ's teachings pointed toward Infidelity. The writer of this article has said a thousand times, paraphrasing Colonel Ingersoll, "I wish I was the poorest specimen of humanity living," *i.e.*, I would hav everybody above me physically, morally, financially, and mentally, *i.e.*, I would be just as I am now and everybody else elevated above me. I would then hav something to build to, something to cling to. A great many men and women hav a desire to get on top, no matter what the conditions of the majority are, just so they can occupy a conspicuous place. Each is anxious to be the favored one; to be a chief, a teacher, a ruler, or an office-holder, a representativ of the people, whether they hav the ability or not. It is the same with the Christian element, they want to be the leaders, the deacons; they are desirous of gaining admittance to the golden city, no matter what the cost is.

As one ambitious girl said to me not long since: "I will be satisfied if I can get there, even though all my friends and relativs are left out." How can anyone be so selfish? But those who worship and expect to meet, in fact, desire to meet, a selfish God, will be very selfish themselvs. With me it is different. I could be happy, I believe, with my relativs and friends in and myself out, but with them out and myself in I could never be happy. In fact, I could not be happy as long as there was one soul in the fire.

Now, just think of an individual who could be happy in a nice feather bed in mid-winter, with his wife and child out in a snow-storm. According to the Christian teaching there are but two places in the next world—heaven and hell—so if we don't find our friends in heaven they are evidently in the other place. Now, just imagin a man or woman that could sit in a beautiful conservatory of flowers and music singing and playing on a golden harp, while their child was scorching in hades.

Do you think it possible to find a civilized man or woman that could endure it? It ought to be impossible to find a man or woman that is ignorant and superstitious enough to believe such a horrid doctrin. If I believed such a thing, I would voluntarily go to an insane asylum and insist on being shut up. I am glad some of the educated women are coming to the front. Such women as Mrs. Cady Stanton, and many others, are doing a great work. Women hav been instrumental in inculcating this Santa Claus story into the tender mind of the children. Now it is only just that she aid in teaching light to extinguish the darkness of her former teaching.

When mothers become educated and truly enlightened, and teach their boys to represent their principles, even though they be denied their franchise, their true principles will be represented by the sons. Mothers, teach your boys to read that old book as history, teach them truth and honor, and in a few generations all the inspiration will be shut out. Why, if the good people would spend Sunday hunting up those in distress and administering to their wants, instead of meeting and paying tribute to an ignorant, imaginary being, the day of rest would be well spent, and many people made happy.

Not long since there was a good, old, sanctimonious, or rather, harmonious (when everything went to suit her), woman, who was our guest while the Woman's Christian Temperance Union meeting was in session. As I said, she was a good, harmonious woman. During a conversation one evening, she said, "If my husband was dying I would not giv him a teaspoonful of liquor, if it would save his life." Well, I could not help laughing at an intelligent lady who would talk that way. I said, "My dear woman, do you like whisky better than you do your husband?" "No," said she, "why do you ask?" "Well," said I, "I was thinking you did, as you would save the whisky and let him die."

Now, while I am temperate in its true meaning, and hav been all my life, I would giv a barrel of whisky if it would save a life. I do not believe we hav a right to allow anyone to die when we can save him. I do not believe it is right to take human life except in self-defense.

A word of admonition to the women before I close. Read the book by Helen H. Gardener, "Men, Women, and Gods," and you will wonder how you could be so stupid as not to hav seen the absurdities without having them pointed out to you.

O woman, thou wert made to temper man;
We had been but brutes without you;
Angels were painted fair to look like you.
There is in you all we believe of heaven;
Amazing righteousness, purity, and truth;
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

C. G. RANDOLPH.

Prohibition Delirium Tremens.

I had a dream the other night. I dreamed that I was leading a little platoon of men in an engagement with the outposts of rum and beer.

Soon the friends of the saloon concentrated from all quarters, and I wondered why there was such a multitudinous force gathered against so small an opposition as mine.

Then I heard a whir and a whizz, a clatter and a crash, a hum and a howl, with mingled commands and cries, as another and mightier army of men arrived, escorted by a phantom host from above, led on by Jesus Christ, mounted on a red horse, caparisoned in martial array.

There next advanced to the aid of the liquor legions a company of men in plain clothes, who bore a banner of purple, on which was printed the inscription, "Independent Philosophers." At their head the world's orator, Colonel Ingersoll, waved his sword and shouted: "There is the enemy—the swarm of superstition! In the name of reason, strike for freedom!"

The devil then loomed out of the dust and smoke, flourished his tail, held up his cloven foot, shook his horns, and said, with a leer and a grin: "Them's 'um! There are the philosophers for me. Of such is the empire of hell. Come on, my boys!"

I began, in my dream, to think that the "battle of the great day" was in progress, and thought it amazing strange that an avowed Atheist like me should find himself reinforced by such pious battalions, while the talkativ friends of Freethought were ranged for an onset upon me.

Just then there came over to me Mr. Burnham and Mr. Wakeman, of the Secular Union phalanx, and asked me: "Why are you here helping the Lord? We want you back on our side where you belong. Don't you see, we hav the great Ingersoll with us? We are out to-day to a man—all but you. Come, now is our time or never! We must strike superstition dead to-day or go under!"

"Sorry to be in your way, gentlemen, but so I must," said I, "so long as you choose to go back on sobriety and ally yourselvs with alcohol; for superstition has no folly like the folly of drunkenness, and the church never wielded a tyrany that could compare with the saloon. I am not to be whipped in, and refuse to surrender my individual judgment and personal support, even to so great a genius and philosopher, when I think him wrong, as Robert Ingersoll, who looks beside himself giving cheer to those whom he once so roundly denounced as the world's worst curse."

"Oh! never mind that now," said they; "we can deal with that issue later; down with Christianity first."

"No, sir," said I, "not for Joseph. I am down on drink first, last, and all the time, in spite of hell; and if Christianity, Jesus, and the Holy Ghost, *plus* Moses, and all his mistakes, hav come thus late to down the fluid devil, I say, Amen!"

Whereat my solicitors marched off to rejoin their own ranks.

Jesus himself then came riding rapidly toward me, and I thought that he intended to cut me out of the contest as one having no right to a part in the play—no business in the battle. He was immediately at my side, and, shaking hands with me most heartily, he said, "You are doing well, Mr. Guild; remarkably well. I hav watched you all the while, and saw that you had grit, and needed no orders. When the victory is ours, I shall want you to sit with me on the right hand of my throne in my kingdom."

"I am not striving for any place whatever in your kingdom, nor in any other, your lordship," answered I, "but just lighting on the liquorites because I can't tolerate their cursed trade in a civilized country. I hav, for a long time, declared against you and your church, and I ask and expect nothing at your hand; I go my own gait."

"Never mind the church," said he; "that is none of mine—at best not much of it, and as for me, why, you would hav thought better of me had you been better informed, instead of imbibing so many orthodox errors when you were younger. I excuse your ignorance of my real character, as your over-pious early training was alone to blame for that. And though you honestly claim nothing from me, I shall simply reward you the more, as my rule of grace is—giv honor to whom honor is due. Who is against my enemies is for me. I will see you when the fight is finished. Go on!"

Saying which Jesus waved me adieu and galloped away to speak to the chief of the army of Christian Prohibitionists. Therewith terminated my night vision. Though but a dream, it is not without significance. It is the interpretation of my sentiment in reference to the prohibition of the liquor traffic, which traffic has my unlimited enmity as an unmitigated evil to humanity, and which, unabolished, leaves every other effort for man's well-being boggled and blocked. To license it is to own it; to countenance it is to court it; to aid it is to wed it, and to profit by it is to share its pollution. Honest men do not want its help, but its hate. Freethought and a free country cannot afford the friendship of the constant curse. The sort of excise to put on it is to excise it out of existence forever. JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

The Greatest Writer of the Revolution.

A. R. Spofford, Congressional Librarian, in the Historical American.

The meed of honor as the most powerful pamphleteer of the Revolution must unhesitatingly be awarded to Thomas Paine. His plain, perspicuous style, homely illustrations, force of reasoning, and nervous strength of utterance, rising sometimes to eloquence, gave to his best writings, which were those on American Independence, great popular acceptance. His "Common Sense," which ante-dated the Declaration about six months, was printed and reprinted in 1776 a dozen times, in eight different places of publication. His "Crisis," a series of pamphlets appearing occasionally from 1776 to 1783, reanimated the sometimes flagging zeal of the army, and his pungent wit and freshness of treatment kept public attention fastened to Paine's masterly productions. While they were far from being the first emphatic utterances for separation, they were the most direct, systematic, and effectiv. Paine's merit as a patriotic and influential writer cannot be impeached by detraction as to his habits, or his opinions. Governor Morris said that he had written "Common Sense," "a quality which Paine wholly lacked;" but the force and spirit of his writings in timely advocacy of a determined resistance to oppression were praised by Washington, Lee, Adams, Rush, and others, as among the foremost influences which contributed to the grand result.

Revivalist Barnes's Latest Opinion.

From the Douglasville, Ky., Democrat.

You hav heard of the *North American Review?* Four of the champions of the Christian world hav been successfully routed in that magazine. Black, the able lawyer, Field, the editor, Fisher, the professor, all took a hand at defending the monster, and Ingersoll whipped them every one—shamed and disgraced them before two continents. The old defender of the false God took the great premier, Gladstone, to combat him, and he proved the weakest card of them all. Ingersoll is secure, because he and all civilization know that his position is invulnerable. This is the most humiliating, melancholy truth that this century of wonders has to face. But it must be met. If God is not good, then I, to be honest with myself, must abandon the field. With humbleness of humility I say to you that God is good—that he is not a God of cross-purposes. This is my new departure. I am devoting the remnant of my life to the new idea my good God givs me. If you are an Infidel, the theology of evil has made you so. I hav found a place to stand. It may not be big enough for my feet, but I will hang on to it by my eyebrows. I cannot defend the God that afflicted people; that was a murderer; that gave us Ten Commandments to keep, all of which he shattered to pieces. I cannot defend a bad God. I'd rather be an Atheist. I hav the light, and that light is Jesus of Love and nothing else.

Pray for the Editors of San Francisco "Freethought."

From the Melbourne Liberator.

A tourist of world-wide experience puts forth the theory that the climate of California fosters mendacity, irreverence, and meretricious morals. He holds that the habit of sin in that state is not so much a matter of diseased conscience as of atmospheric pressure and sinister influences of weather. They hav practically no winter there, and so "miss the best means of keeping alive a realization of the presence of a higher and an ever-ruling power, which people living in a sterner climate can so easily comprehend." The skies are so soft and the temperature so pleasant that men are led to think lightly of serious things, to forget how to cultivate the virtues.

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Marriage and the Church.

The conundrum set a-going by Mona Caird in the *Westminster Review*, "Is Marriage a Failure?" has stirred England and the United States wonderfully. Everybody seems to be answering it one way or the other, according as his or her experience has been pleasant or otherwise. In England the latest phase of the controversy is an attack upon the Established church. One disputant, a woman thirty years married, says:

"The Anglican service lowers the wife, and sets the husband on a pedestal not at all suitable to him, filling him with notions of marital supremacy which are the cause of half the unhappiness of married life."

Another writer, who lays most of the blame for unhappy marriages upon female physical defects, says:

"I am well aware of the storm of indignation that will be raised in many a fair—I had almost said bosom—mind by remarks like these; and I am quite prepared to hear the indignant exclamation, 'Are we not all as God made us?' To which I reply: 'No, my dear young lady, very few of you are as God made you, or would hav you to be. Doubtless you will call this rank blasphemy; but it is the simple truth, for by neglecting your physical development you hav slighted God's laws. The church, I am sorry to say, is responsible or a good deal of the ignorance that prevails. It descants so much about man's soul that it almost forgets he has a body.'"

There can be no doubt that the church deserves this censure and more. From Eden to the present time the church has made woman the dependent creature—the slave, the servant, the toy. Through her transgression Adam sinned, and she has borne the punishment. Every Christian man regards his wife as the cause of his sinful nature. She is to blame that he is not an angel. The writer of Genesis pitched the tune; Christ took it up; Paul increased its discordant volume; and the church fathers stereotyped it. The Jews used woman as a slave. Paul considered her an unclean thing. The church fathers expressed their views in various ways, but all are of the same tenor. According to St. Bernard, "woman is the organ of the devil." According to St. Anthony, she "is the fountain of the arm of the devil; her voice is the hissing of the serpent." St. Bonaventure said that "woman is a scorpion, ever ready to sting. She is the lance of the demon." St. Cyprian thought her to be "the instrument which the devil uses to gain possession of our souls." St. Jerome called her "the gate of the devil, the road of iniquity, the sting of the scorpion." And St. John Damascene gave this estimate of his mother: "Woman is a daughter of falsehood, a sentinel of hell, the enemy of peace; through her Adam lost paradise." St. John Chrysostom agreed with Damascene, holding that "through woman the devil has triumphed, through her paradise has been lost; of all wild beasts the most dangerous is woman." St. Gregory the Great declared that "woman has the poison of an asp, the malice of a dragon." That is the ancient opinion. The opinion of the modern churchman, represented by a doctor of divinity before a Baptist association, is: "Beautiful as woman was when God created her, we cannot deny that in morals and religion she was a failure. From the day she turned her back upon God and God's word (both of which things she did without any influence from Adam), she became a heathen. Heathenism originated in her heart."

Holding these opinions of their wives, how can Christians ever hav happy marriages? The man is domineering, tyrannical, brutal, and careless of the feelings of his inferior partner. The woman becomes fawning, cringing, crafty. The children possess all these qualities, and so the race is perpetuated in brutality, fear, and cunning. The wonder is not that there are so many unhappy marriages, but that all unions of Christians are not unhappy. The Christian religion is responsible. Make the woman an equal, an individual instead of an echo; civilize the men and get the superstition of Christianity out of them, and marital partnerships will be a source of happiness instead of pain to one or both. And, when the world is civilized, if people make mistakes, they will not be chained together for life to fight it out, but will be allowed to rectify the error without a stain upon either father or mother or child.

And the church is as truly responsible for the low physical development of the human race as she is for the degrading estimation of woman which brings so great a train of evils. Antinaturalism is the cornerstone of Christian theology. Every saint in heaven got there by cursing the natural human instincts and subduing them by mortification of the flesh. Simeon Stylites on his tower is a good illustration of what religion pure and undefiled has made its devotees. This will be seen more and more clearly as men learn to study and reflect. The crimes of the church against human nature are complete and all-inclusiv. Professor Oswald, in his "Bible of Nature," has pointed them out as few can do. "Mirth," he says, "is the sunshine of the human mind, the loveliest impulse of life's truest children; yet the apostle of Antinaturalism promised his heaven to the gloomy world-despiser. 'Blessed are they that mourn.' 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily.' 'Be afflicted, and mourn and weep; let your laughter be turned to mourning and your joy to heaviness.' 'Woe unto you that laugh.' 'If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, his wife and children, his brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.'

"The love of health is as natural as the dread of pain and decrepitude. The religion of Antinaturalism revoked the health laws of the Mosaic code, and denounced the care even for the preservation of life itself. 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.' 'Bodily exercise profiteth but little.' 'There is nothing from without a man that, entering him, can defile him.'

"The love of knowledge awakens with the dawn of reason; a normal child is naturally inquisitiv; the wonders of the visible creation invite the study of every intelligent observer. The enemies of nature suppressed the manifestations of that instinct, and hoped to enter their paradise by the crawling trail of blind faith. 'Blessed are they that do not see and yet believe.' 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.' 'He that believeth not is condemned already.'

"The love of freedom, the most universal of the protectiv instincts, was suppressed by the constant inculcation of passiv resignation to the yoke of 'the powers that be,' of abject submission to oppression and injustice. 'Resist not evil.' 'Of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.' 'Whoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.' 'Submit yourselvs to the powers that be.'

"The love of industry, the basis of social welfare, that manifests itself even in social insects, was denounced as unworthy of a true believer: 'Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the gentiles seek.' 'Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.' 'Ask and it shall be given you,' *i.e.*, stop working and rely on miracles and prayer.

"The hope for the peace of the grave, the last solace of the wretched and weary, was undermined by the dogmas of eternal hell, and the preordained damnation of all earth-loving children of nature: 'He that hateth not his own life cannot be my disciple.' 'The children of the kingdom shall be cast out into utter darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' 'They shall be cast into a furnace of fire, there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.' 'They shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb.' 'And the smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever, and they hav no rest day nor night.'"

This is the foundation of the prevailing Antinaturalism for which the English artist upbraids the church, and it has gone on and on through all the centuries. The conditions for getting to heaven are grief, and disease, and ignorance, and subjection, and torturing fears. Let the body go; look out for the soul. Mortify the flesh and attain eternal bliss. The Lord loves a sick man, because it givs the patient a chance to glorify Him. The body is of no importance if the mind is properly subdued. Such has been the teaching of the church forever and aye, and it is no wonder that at last people are saying with Alice Carey,

> "I am sick of hearing the same old song,
> 'Save your soul! Save your soul!'"

What we want is salvation for the body—good health, strong limbs, sound lungs, and a chance to laugh, not cry. Then men and women may marry, and instead of the marriage being a failure it will be a jolly success.

"Divine Healing."

The Rev. Mr. Simpson, leader of the "Divine Healers" of this city, has risen to explain, through the *Sun*, his faith and work. Mr. Simpson was formerly a Presbyterian pastor in New York, and he believes himself to hav been miraculously cured seven years ago, "after twenty years of physical prostration and much suffering," so that he is now enjoying "strength and vigor never known before." With this increased health and force he has been engaged since his cure in preaching to those who do not attend ordinary churches, and to carry on the work more independently he "withdrew honorably and in good standing from the presbytery of New York." After he had been preaching for several years in halls and theaters his followers founded a church of their own on "an unsectarian basis, yet thoroughly evangelical in its doctrins and spirit." It calls itself the Gospel Tabernacle church, and is now putting up an edifice for its occupancy at Eighth avenue and Forty-fourth street. At the beginning of his work Mr. Simpson did not proclaim the system of Divine Healing, but soon its propagation became a chief part of his preaching, the fame of his own miraculous cure having spread within his congregation and outside of it, until at last a home for the healing, known as the Barachak Home, was established in two houses at the corner of Sixty-first street and Park avenue. One of Mr. Simpson's patients in this home committed suicide, and others hav left it for various insane asylums. Mr. Simpson forgets to state these last facts, but they are important as bearing upon the "science."

Mr. Simpson's method of treating disease is founded upon the epistle of the apostle James:

"Is any sick among you, let him call for the leaders of the church. Let them pray and anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up. If he hav committed sins they shall be forgiven him."

Mr. Simpson says, with truth, that the church in the early days took these verses literally, and if true then, he urges, why not now? The words can be interpreted in no other way than as meaning just what they say, and the Lord is the same now as when the apostles traveled about the East. Martin Luther is quoted by Mr. Simpson as having trusted it, and also John Wesley and George Whitefield, the great Methodists. He finds a survival of the apostolic method in the extreme unction of the Roman Catholic church, though, in his opinion, that church perverts and abuses the means as authorized by St. James, they being "not for death, but for life."

The *Sun*, in considering the faith of Mr. Simpson and his increasing number of followers, finds it to be "only a feature of the Christian system as he receives it. It is a holy ordinance, as much binding on the faithful as the sacraments, and obedience to it must be no less unquestioning than obedience to the other commands of Christ and his apostles."

And then the *Sun* says: "It is a very serious matter, the spread of this belief, or delusion, and it is one of the most astounding of modern developments. Of course, such practical results as it achieves are mere illustrations of the power of mind over matter, of the imagination over the actual and material, but it is now pushed to an extreme of perilous fanaticism. On the one side science is fighting against supernaturalism as a figment of superstition, and on the other there is a growing tendency to set aside the teachings of science in favor of supernaturalism pushed to its furthest extreme."

This is a remarkable utterance for a religious journal, as the *Sun* professes to be. First divine healing is found to be a part of the gospel teaching and of Christianity—as much so as any sacrament or teaching of the church—and then it is found to be delusion, supernaturalism, a figment of superstition! If this be so—and we are fully convinced that it is—what becomes of the balance of the religious system of which it is a part? Are the other holy ordinances, the sacraments, the teachings of the apostles, all delusions, supernaturalism, figments of superstition? Verily, they hav that appearance.

France.

Bernard O'Reilly, the pope's biographer and general Catholic advocate, writes to the *Sun* of this city detailing a number of miraculous cures performed at Lourdes last month. Of course the only miraculous thing connected with the affair is that people should believe and be so easily humbugged. One paragraph, however, in Mr. O'Reilly's communication is worth quoting, as expressing the feeling of Rome over France. He says: "We are advancing fast toward the last decade of this Materialistic, unbelieving, and Agnostic nineteenth century. In the once most Christian land of France, Atheistic doctrins and Antichristian sects are fast leveling all that remains of the social edifice reared by so many generations of believers. Miracles, miracles public, patent, of overwhelming evidence, are more needed to-day than in Egypt in the days of Moses, than in Judea in the days of Christ, than in Rome when Nero's brutal ferocity wielded for destruction the force of an empire."

If France can be saved from Infidelity only by "miracles public, patent, of overwhelming evidence," we fear that France will go to the devil. But it is not a little remarkable, viewed from a Christian standpoint, that the nearer France gets to his satanic majesty, the more prosperous she is, the more comfortable her people are, and the more influence she wields in the world. When France was all Catholic, under priest and noble, it required an ocean of blood with a Revolution so violent as to be a landmark in history for the people to obtain sufficient of the products of their labor to support life. No highway robber was ever more skilful than the French priests in skinning their victims. Going to the devil, France is better off than when she was going to God.

Mr. Davis's Martyrdom.

The Christian press is making a great to-do over the fact that the Rev. Mr. Davis had to serve his term of imprisonment for preaching on Boston Common without permission of the municipal authority. A sample of its ranting is the following by Thomas H. Pearne, a doctor of divinity:

"About a year ago Mr. Davis was tried, convicted, sentenced, and imprisoned in Hampden county, Mass., for preaching the gospel upon Boston Common. All these many months since he has languished in a felon's cell for no crime except as a corrupt municipal board may hav declared it a crime by a statute to offer Jesus in the public streets and places of Boston to sinners who need him. A brass band may toot and drum any day in the week on Boston Common or in Boston streets, and it is not hindered; a quack medicin dealer may auction his wares in the streets and squares of Boston, by day or by night, without let or hindrance; the giant crime of the nineteenth century, the vending of poisonous intoxicants, may go forward in cultured, Christian Boston on every street eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, abetted by a tax or a license, and no one demurs, except as mothers who see their sons ruined in body, soul, and estate, may in secret cry to heaven, 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

"But here comes a man with the spirit of the divine savior, who, like Jesse Lee a hundred years ago, preaches on Boston Common Jesus the savior of men—a gospel that has done so much of blessing for Boston and the whole country—and, forsooth, he is arrested and punished by a year's imprisonment! A century and a half ago Whitefield and the Wesleys shook England by street-preaching in all the larger cities, receiving for it insults and mob violence. To-day English liberty and civilization are purer and better and higher than they could otherwise hav been; and yet in this free republic, in Boston, which boasts a Faneuil Hall, cradle of liberty, Mr. Davis, for preaching Jesus, languishes a year as a felon within prison walls!"

The facts in this case are very different from this statement of them. There is a municipal ordinance in force in Boston that the Common shall not be used by anyone for gatherings without a permit from the city council. It is a good ordinance, for without it every crank in the city would hold meetings there, destroying the improvements, and making the place a nuisance to the neighboring business men and residents. The ordinance is for the protection of society against individuals whose egotism makes them think they are the most important people in the world, with rights peculiarly their own and superior to the rights of others.

Mr. Davis is one of these fellows. He imagined that because he is a Christian and preaches Christianity, his rights are superior to the rights of the community as expressed in the ordinance. He refused to ask for a permit on the ground that no community could stop him from preaching Jesus. He was warned that he was breaking the law; was admonished three times by the court, but he still persisted in declaring that a man who preached Jesus had the right to do so wherever he pleased. Finally he was told that if he again preached on the Common he would be imprisoned. And he was, though if he had promised to obey the law he could hav gotten free any time. He was dealt with very gently and forbearingly, but his egotistic religion determined him to override the rights of every citizen of Boston to please himself and his savior.

The attempt to make him a martyr to the anti-religious spirit of the day is a ridiculous failure, and only self-conceited religious bigots can so view his imprisonment.

Then and Now.

In sixteen hundred and eighty-eight—just two hundred years ago—the good Christians of Boston found that one of their townswomen had cast a spell over a neighbor's children. Cotton Mather, an eminent, a learned, a pious Christian, tells us that these children "would bark like dogs, and then again they would purr like cats. Yes," said he, "they would fly like geese and be carried with incredible swiftness, having but just their toes now and then upon the ground, sometimes not once in twenty feet, and their arms waved like the wings of a bird."

The old woman who had bewitched these children was killed.

The following is from a daily paper of September 18, 1888: "San Francisco, Cal.—Ranchers who came to Los Angeles from the Indian camp in the eastern end of St. Bernardino county tell this story: For the past two months a strange disease has attacked members of the Mojave tribe. Its spread at last became so alarming that the Indians slaughtered dogs and burros to appease the anger of the Great Father. This proving of no avail, a council was held. The medicin men sat around a huge pot which was filled with herbs and water which simmered down to a teacupful of liquid. Then a male pigeon and his mate were taken from a basket and the liquid poured down their throats. The male bird, when released, flew away. The female bird fluttered a few yards and fell dying on the ground. The medicin men declared that there was a witch in the tribe, because the female bird had died, while the male bird had flown away. Then with fierce yells and imprecations the frenzied red men drove their women to the place where the council had been held and where the white pigeon still lay among the herbs and grasses. The medicin men watched the face of each as she passed the bird. Finally a young squaw, the daughter of Craso, a subchief, stepped out of the ranks and was about to pick up the bird, when the medicin men, with loud yells, seized her and pinioned her arms. She pleaded piteously for her life, but her own relativs dragged her to the council-place. They took off her clothes, tied her to a stake, and built a slow fire under her. For two hours she lingered in agony, and while her death-screams filled the air the braves danced about the fire and the medicin men muttered incantations."

The Mojave Indians seem to be about the same kind of folks as our honored Puritan and Christian ancestors. The explanation of the ancient bewitchment is that Cotton Mather lied. The explanation of the plague now afflicting the savages is that the Indians hav typhoid fever.

Christianity is still the same great and consoling religion that it ever has been, but only Mojave Indians now believe in witches.

A Question for the Churches.

The Rev. S. C. Swallow, D.D., of Harrisburg, Pa., says: "There are, perhaps, in the aggregate, millions of our people, representing all political parties, all churches, Protestant and Catholic, and all enlightened nationalities, who hav not and will not bow the knee to the Baal of Sabbath desecration. They hav never bought or sold, traveled by public conveyance, even to camp-meeting, on Sabbath, nor in any other way, by word or deed, consciously encouraged the lawlessness that to-day threatens the very existence of our Christian civilization. If appealed to, will they not eagerly enter into a sacred compact to stand together, to organize, agitate, and educate till at least the outward conformity of the masses to respect for the sanctity of the day shall bear some fitting relation to the inward reverence of those who love it as the day of their father and their Lord?"

That is to say, Mr. Swallow would by law and physical force compel three-fourths of our population, whether Christian or not, to do as one-fourth thinks they ought to do. Now, if one-fourth possess this right, why is it not possessed by one-eighth, one-hundredth, or one-millionth of the people? Why not by every individual?

If a small minority of Mohammedans should settle here, and attempt to force the rest of the people to observe Friday—refusing them permission to buy, sell, travel, even to religious meetings, on that day, or to do anything by word or deed which should desecrate that day which the Mohammedans "inwardly reverence"— the great majority of the folks here would call the Mohammedans insolent, tyrannical, arrogant; and would resist such an attempt with rifle and sword if necessary.

But is there any difference in the principle, which sect or religion plays the tyrant and governs the rest of the world? We respectfully invite the attention of Mr. Swallow, and his aiders and abettors, to this question.

Editorial Notes.

Subscribers having copies of The Truth Seeker of August 25th, September 1st and 8th, which they do not wish to file, will confer a favor upon us by mailing them to this office. The interesting communications which appeared in those issues hav led to an unusual demand for extra copies.

George Chainey climbed our editorial stairs last week, bringing his soul with him. He has got as far as New York on his way to heaven. Mr. Chainey's philosophy last week was that the universe is held together by a spiritual essence, no two particles of matter touching, which essence or spirit of affinity is the real thing, the matter being but the tool or means. These are not Mr. Chainey's exact words, but we giv him full credit for the idea. The matter surrounding the egoic essence composing George Chainey was looking well and hearty, and we were glad to notice that the immense amount of knowledge about unknowable things which he possesses has not impaired his genial smile. Since he adopted the new philosophy—the like of which man never saw before—Mr. Chainey has wandered to California, thence to Australia, back to San Francisco, and now here. The Freethinkers of Australia, he says, liv on a low mental plane; and his erstwhile Agnostic friends here are hardened in philosophy, and deaf to all angel calls. But to him the other world is the only one worth thinking of. The *Gnostic Magazine*, of which Mr. Chainey is editor, is to be translated from San Francisco to this city. All who would like a sample copy of the same are invited to send name and address to the Gnostic Publishing Co., 22 University place, New York city.

It is painful to explode the Sunday-school stories of our youth, but the iconoclastic hand of Truth is one by one tearing them from the wall of memory. The Hartford, Farragut's ship, is laid up at San Francisco, and was recently visited by a party of old naval officers and scribes. One of the latter writes of the fight before Mobile: "One of the party well remembered the awful crash, the great bow of the misguided Lackawanna as it came tearing into the flagship's waist, the shock to the crew standing to their guns and never flinching, the ripping and tearing of the Lackawanna's cutwater and her head-booms and rigging; but better than all was remembered the little figure of the white-capped admiral, as, with hand high in air, he showered objurgations upon the head of poor old Captain Marchand. Sunday-schools and Christian associations hav recorded in history that, before going into the great Mobile fight, Farragut retired to his cabin and prayed. Perhaps he did, but before that day's work was over the angel that records such things must hav had a hard time striking a trial balance, for very many utterances that came from the old admiral's lips that day the newspapers hav no type to express. But the brass rail over which he leaned and swore is yet there. Another interesting thing in connection with the historic ship is the brass plate which adorns the break of the poop, and which was, of course, put in after the close of the admiral's career. It reads simply: 'Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!'" William Tell never said of his hidden arrow: "I kept it, tyrant, for thee, had I slain my boy," George Washington never owned a hatchet, and Farragut did not pray, but did swear, when he won the most brilliant naval victory of the late war! Our Sunday-school books will hav to be revised.

Letters from Friends.

BURLINGTON, KAN., Aug. 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed notice of our dearly beloved.

Yours truly, C. K. LEVERING.

THE NOTICE.

HUTCHINSON, KAN., Aug. 17th.—E. H. Fleming, a minister of the gospel, eloped yesterday with one of his congregation, Mrs. Fryreat. The wayward preacher leaves a wife and six children and his mother in destitute circumstances. The woman is young and artful, and had plenty of experience in this line, having eloped twice before.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In a recent conversation with a devoted Christian lady, very activ in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I took occasion to refer her to Keeler's "Short History of the Bible." She refused to read any such book, stating that she did not wish to read any such stuff; that she believes the Bible as it is; that she believes every word that is in the Bible to be inspired; that she believes that the whale swallowed Jonah, that she would even believe that Jonah swallowed the whale if the Bible said so—showing herself willing, for the sake of her belief or faith, to swallow the Bible, Jonah, and the whale. She is the boss Christian, when it comes to believing all that is in the Bible. She explains the—what Infidels call the bad parts of the Bible, by saying we do not read them in the right spirit—meaning, course, we should giv up all reason, and just swallow them down. Yours truly, W. B. PAGE.

CATHLAMET, W. T., Sept. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: There hav been so many excellent things in our paper that I must send a word to show our appreciation of them.

Brothers Putnam and Reynolds hav visited our little county, and roused some of the lukewarm Liberals and made some converts to our grand army of brave soldiers, not of the cross, but of humanity. How we would like to be with you all at the Congress! But it is impossible this year.

The last illustration of "Our Goliath" is worth the subscription of the entire year.

Courtlandt Palmer's death caused sorrow in our ranks here. We cannot easily spare such earnest workers.

We are thinking of having a Liberal hall erected in Skamokawa by this time next year.

Good-speed (ne'er a God) to you in your work of enlightening the mind of priest-ridden humanity.

LEDA I. ALBERT.

SANTA ANA, CAL., Aug. 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It givs me great pleasure to read anything that stands up for Freethought and liberty. What has caused more trouble and bloodshed than Christianity? It has separated thousands of families. I know what I am talking about. I had my wife taken from me because I would not be led around by the nose by the church that she belonged to. When she left me she had $3,000; when she died, three years after, she had only $400. I am confident that the church got the most of it. And then after they had caused all her trouble and mine, they sent for me to bury her, and there was not one of the church-members who went to her funeral. I never want to marry another woman that believes in, or belongs to, any church. There are many people in this state who are Freethinkers, but they are afraid to say anything about it. It would hav been better for me if I had kept my thoughts to myself, but I never could be a hypocrit. G. W. FUSEN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. J. M. Hopkins criticises in your last TRUTH SEEKER an editorial from August 16th unfavorably. He writes, "'Despoiling the Stranger' contains views on the Mormon question which do not correspond with mine." But I agree to every word said therein, and will go further still. Any observer must know that the church is the greatest persecutor of the Mormons. The more zealous a church-member the worse will he hate the Mormons—to the contrary of the Bible, as polygamy is nowhere forbidden therein, for all the good old patriarchs hav been of that faith a great deal.

Now, consider the fact that the Mormons went by themselvs into a wilderness, and changed it into a garden. There were no other people there then that were or could be taxed for their (the Mormons') benefit, as is the case here with us, where we are the more taxed for all the churches because they are left untaxed. Out of malice and spite, and against the spirit and letter of the United States Constitution, a majority of loving, pious, good Christian members of Congress enacted such an unjust law of despoiling the Mormons and robbing them of their own earnings. Why, then, not confiscate right here at least one-half of all the church property? The most, or at the very least one-half, of it has been accumulated and amassed in a most unjust and unrighteous way, through legacy-hunting, through begging for ground and money, and through not paying any taxes for their property so justly due to a community. The church property has increased so enormously that the time will surely come to pass that the states will be compelled to confiscate at least one-half part of it, for the good reason above cited, as it so happened all over Europe.

Mr. Hopkins writes: "Now, it being conceded that the practice of polygamy is a crime." I deny without hesitation this premis. Our Christian lawmakers hav stupidly denoted too many acts as crimes, of which our boasted civilization ought to be ashamed. Any act of violence to body, life, property, or honor may rightfully be called a crime, but any deed done which harms no one cannot be a crime, or any agreement not fraudulent between two or more persons of age, made with and by their own free will, cannot be a crime. I so contend, to the contrary of present public opinion. We hav too many meddlesome busybodies, who take it upon themselvs to be other people's keepers, instead of minding their own business.

In my views I hold polygamy a hundred thousand times more preferable, and honorable, too, without the so-called social evil existing among it, than a monogamy in name only, and with the social evil in full blast. Any reader must be astonished at the numbers, especially among the rich men, who liv with more than one woman, to the contrary of laws, morals, and customs.

To make such laws, which will not be kept or obeyed, will only produce and increase hypocrisy.

Wise men said that the country with the fewest laws will be best governed.

I myself prefer and believe in monogamy, but that is no reason why I should interfere with others who practice polygamy or polyandry. Would it not be much better if ministers and priests kept harems of their own, at their own cost, if they would then let alone other men's wives and daughters?

I can think of cases which will giv good ground to enter polygamy or polyandry, and be morally excusable. We might with just as good right make laws to force maidens and bachelors into marriage or yoke together.

I ask now, why not allow the greatest personal liberty as long as no one gets hurt, and stop these meddlesome busybodies? FRED. KOEZLY.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: "A man should believe only what he can prove. He may hav every hope, but he should believe only what he can prove" (last words of Courtlandt Palmer).

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 8th, under the heading, "Is There a God?" "Macbeth" asserts his belief in a God because science, as yet, is unable to explain the origin and mystery of all natural phenomena, and intimates that the Atheist is wrong in his disbelief, because he is unable to explain the cause and continuance of the operations of nature.

If science was able to explain the source of all of nature's operations, her mission would be done, she could make no further progress, and the deep interest now taken in her promotion would cease; but with the multitudinous problems that are, and will be, brought forward, it is highly probable that science will never be able to fully explain all that is asked of her. It should be remembered that she has a hard road to travel, and every explanation she makes must be proved before it is ultimately accepted.

Because science has not yet discovered the source or purpose of all of nature's operations, it does not signify that a God exists; it rather indicates undiscovered causes. It is well known that but a few centuries ago the thunder and lightning, the rainbow, and the eclipses were regarded as manifestations of divine power. We now know, however, that they are but a demonstration of the immutable laws of nature, and from this we may reasonably infer that all of the phenomena that "Macbeth" now attributes to a God, may, on some future day, be rationally explained.

ALEX. D. BLAIR.

KANAWHA FALLS, W. VA., Sept. 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The Christian churches no doubt view with considerable wonder and apprehension the growth of skepticism in this country.

A few years ago there were but a small number of pronounced Freethinkers, and not much Freethought literature was circulated. Now there is quite a large number of professional Freethought lecturers, and some fifteen or twenty periodicals devoted to Freethought. Several of them hav quite a large circulation; Freethought literature is abundant, which indicates that there must be a considerable demand for it. The spirit of unbelief and incredulity is evidently on the increase. Nearly every community has at least a few Freethinkers in it. There are, no doubt, many who are not avowed unbelievers who are so in fact. They do not find it politic in orthodox communities to express themselvs freely on this subject, knowing that persecution for opinion's sake has not altogether ceased, even if the methods hav changed. The church is still powerful, and not every Freethinker likes to array its influence against himself; still, these silent Agnostics do not join the church or take any particular interest in religious matters. The church does not regard them as Infidels or Freethinkers at all, but only as unconverted sinners, who really do believe the fundamentals of Christianity yet who cannot make up their minds to break away from the world and accept "the easy terms of salvation offered in the gospel." There are, perhaps, some Freethinkers in the church, and many others who perhaps would be if they would venture to read Freethought works, or attend Liberal lectures, where they would hear the other side of the question. We would advise all who desire to remain firm in the orthodox faith, however, not to do this.

J. C. WATKINS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send you a clipping from the Washington *Post*. It reads like reality, and if it be a genuin find it more than hints at an antiquity of man on the earth which almost bewilders imagination. First we behold in the record of the rocks the Azoic, or crystalline and metallic age; next the Silurian with its salt beds, conglomerates, shale, limestone, and sandstone, and its fossils, showing what appear to be the beginnings of animal and vegetable life; and next in order the Devonian age, where the remarkable fossil referred to in the subjoined article was found. Next we hav the Carboniferous age with its creeping worms with multitudinous legs, its lizards and flying insects. Next the Reptilian age, when flourished the fern trees and the palm, with birds and scaly monsters of the waters. Next the Mammalian age, subdivided into the Tertiary and Post-tertiary periods, in the latter of which, as heretofore supposed, man first appeared upon the scene. This is but a partial and, perhaps, very imperfect outline of the successiv orders of animal and vegetable creation, yet I trust it will be suggestiv of the great scientific value of the alleged discovery, if it be genuin. If it prove so, I hope it may call forth from your very able scientific correspondents such disquisitions as its importance demands. But suppose it all a sham! Well, we'll smile and pass along! B. W. L.

CARLISLE, PA., Sept. 6th.—Our usually quiet city is considerably excited over the discovery of a wonderful fossil, which was found yesterday by Francis W. Gibson, a resident of Spring township, near this city. The fossil is of the Devonian period, and composed entirely of shells and sand. The shells are well defined, and many of them are visible to the naked eye. It contains an impression of a human face. The specimen was placed in charge of Dr. W. F. Horn, who made a plaster cast of the face and forwarded the same to the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, and a number of leading scientists were notified of the find. The cast shows a face indisputably human, with prominent forehead. The bones of the nose are well marked, and the division between them is also well defined. The upper jaw contains six teeth, the centrals, laterals, and eye teeth, one of which is worn off by usage. The lower jaw is missing, and the farsel has the appearance of having been broken at that point. Many of our leading scientists hav examined this specimen, and hav pronounced it of great antiquity.

CONCORD, N. C., Sept. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send you Winston *Republican*, containing the account of the falling from the upper round of the ladder of the church of one of the chosen of God's people. Mr. Connelly had been in office sixteen years—an office paying him about $1,500 to $2,000 per annum. He was a Methodist, and professed to believe in a gilt-edged Bible; sung psalms and hymns and prayed, and stole guardians' and orphans' money. He has fled the county and state. Suppose he had been an Infidel? That is not supposable, for no Infidel can hold office in North Carolina. None but church-members can gain the confidence of the people. How long will this hypocrisy misnamed religion continue? A few years since, the people of this county elected a man to a $1,500 office who had forged two names to a note. He was a church-member in good standing, and no fuss was made about it.

There is now in office here, and has been for ten years, a defaulter for $500. He is an officer in the Lutheran church. No sin, as he pays liberally to the church and attends divine service. J. W. MEHAFFEY.

MARION, CONN., Sept. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The replies to the following questions, as furnished by the writer, are, in his opinion, such as would, or should, be given by at least four-fifths, if not by all, of the believers in the Christian religion. All Protestants who may feel grieved by this assertion can console themselvs with the thought that they consider the Roman Catholics very ignorant Christians.

Question. What is the only true religion? Answer. Christianity.

Q. Which church is the sole correct one? A. By a Catholic—the Catholic church. By a Protestant—the Protestant church.

Q. Who founded the only true church? A. By a Catholic—Christ and St. Peter. By a Protestant—Christ and Martin Luther.

Q. What kind of a man was Martin Luther? A. By a Catholic—he was once a priest in the Roman Catholic church, but, being desirous of entering the matrimonial state, he sold himself to the devil; hence he was excommunicated. By a Protestant—Martin Luther was a very righteous man. He was a priest in the Roman Catholic church in the sixteenth century, but becoming disgusted with the wickedness of his superior officers, and the stupid ignorance shown by a large majority of the members of the church, he protested against the same.

Q. Which was the only true church prior to the protestation of Martin Luther? A. By a Catholic—the Catholic church. By a Protestant ——

Q. Hav you read Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?" A. No.

Q. Hav you ever read "Common Sense," "The Crisis," "Rights of Man," and the "Age of Reason," by Thomas Paine?" A. No.

Q. Did you ever hear of such publications? A. No; except the "Age of Reason."

Q. Hav you ever heard of Paine? A. Yes.

Q. Ever heard anything good about him? A. No.

Q. Who told you of Paine and the "Age of Reason?" A. My Christian friends and the minister.

Q. You say you hav never read the "Age of Reason"—what do you think of it? A. It is a bad book.

Q. What you hav heard of Paine, then, has been to the effect that he was a very wicked man? A. Yes.

Q. Your Christian friends and ministers said nothing about Paine being the author of works other than the "Age of Reason?" A. No.

Q. Did they tell you he was a mover of the Declaration of Independence, a secretary of foreign affairs under the first American Congress, and a member of the National Convention of France? A. No.

Q. You hav been informed Paine was an Infidel? A. Yes.

Q. What is an Infidel? A. Invariably a very malicious individual.

Q. Hav you ever perused the writings of any Infidel? A. No.

Q. You say Christianity is the only true religion? A. It certainly is.

Q. Do you know that there are other well-established religions in this world at the present time? A. Yes.

Q. Hav you any knowledge concerning the doctrinal beliefs of any of these other religions? A. Not much, if any.

Q. Jesus Christ was not an impostor? A. You insult me with such a question.

Q. Were all the originators of all the religions, excepting Christianity, impostors? A. Of course they were.

Q. I do not insult you by the last interrogation? A. No.

Q. If I asked a follower of Mohammed whether or no Mohammed was an impostor, would I thereby insult him? A. ———.

Q. You hav never investigated any religion except your own? A. No.

Q. Do you regard the hat you wear made by the best maker of hats in the world? A. I do not know whether it is or not.

Q. Having never sought to become acquainted with other religions, how can you positivly know Christianity is the only right one? A. Because it is.

Q. What religious denomination do you favor with your membership? A. ———.

Q. Do you know the creed of your church, or, let us say, hav you at any time studied it and thoroughly grasped its meaning? A. No.

Q. Hav you any knowledge regarding the creeds of any other denomination, or rather, hav you investigated the same, and was your investigation made before you joined the ——— church? A. No.

Q. Why are you a member of the ——— church? A. Because the girl I wished to marry was; or because my father or mother was. Various other similar reasons could be given.

Q. Will you purchase some Infidel books of the Truth Seeker Company and carefully read them? A. NO!

Q. If I will loan you a few will you peruse them? A. *No.*

Q. If I make you a *present* of the "Age of Reason" will you not look it through? A. No; I guess I hadn't better.

Q. Why? A. I am on the safe side, and I do not wish to be annoyed by doubt.

Q. Do you think the Bible is the word of God? A. Do I think? I know it so to be.

Q. Do you ever read it? A. Yes; occasionally.

Q. When you read the Bible do you giv it the largest possible construction? Do you endeavor to ascertain the *meaning* of what you read? A. I usually select passages easily understood.

Q. When reading the book of books are you ever threatened with submersion in the ocean of doubt? A. No. I believe all I do not understand.

Q. Why do you accept as true all you cannot comprehend? A. I am afraid of hell-fire, everlasting torment, etc.

Q. Which is the Bible a revelation to, our *reason* or our faith? A. To our faith.

Q. If the Bible did not threaten a disbeliever with hell-fire, etc., which would it then be a revelation to? A. Our reason.

Q. If unbelievers in the "sacred volume" (scaring volume) were not to be punished with hell-fire, or something else equally unreasonable or revolting, would you then regard it as the word of God? A. No.

Q. Would you yourself delight in seeing the vilest criminal the earth ever supported tortured in hell-fire? A. No. Yes.

Q. Why no? A. I am too tender-hearted.

Q. Who made you so? A. God.

Q. Why yes? A. Because David said, "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous, for praise is comely for the upright. . . . Praise the Lord with harp. . . . For the word of the Lord *is* right; and all his works *are done* in truth. . . . Delight thyself also in the Lord."

Q. When attending church and joined in singing,

> Lord, I care not for riches—neither silver or gold—
> I would make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold,

what do you mean? Is not your song symbolical? A. ———.

Q. Why do you refuse to associate with those who are traveling the "broad road to destruction," and treat them with brotherly affection? How dare you socially ostracize an Infidel in the face of that noble utterance: "For if ye love them which love you, what thanks hav ye? for sinners also love those that love them?" A. ———.

Q. Who said: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you?" A. ———.

Q. Hav you no pity for an unbeliever who is morally honest, etc.? A. No.

Q. Why? A. Because if such a person dies persisting in Infidelity, God then has no pity for him.

Q. So, then, you know, no matter how good, kind, generous, virtuous, and merciful a man is, if he does not believe Christ was God he will eventually go to hell? A. ———.

Kind reader, I put this last question to a Sunday-school superintendent, in a Sunday-school about four years ago, and he answered me with such precisiv reason that I hav never dared to attend his school since, fearful lest I might be influenced to renounce Deism. He argued thus: "No one in this enlightened nineteenth century has any business to believe except in Christ." The force of such *claeque* tends to overawe me.

EDWIN N. BEEOHER.

HEPPNER, ORE., Sept. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I admire the skill Mr. Priestley has shown in conducting his argument. As a tactician he deserves praise. Mr. Priestley, I greatly fear, does me too much honor thereby, placing a higher value on my articles than I was aware they possessed. It has never been my desire to take prominent issue with THE TRUTH SEEKER, and this, I think, was indicated in my first letter. Being naturally of a retiring disposition, it seemed to me that it required a great deal of moral courage for me to assume even the position which I did. I did not care to continue this controversy for reasons of my own, and if I do not choose to gain notoriety in this particular manner, my wishes certainly ought to be respected.

Mr. Priestley wants me to tell "what was the need of a special revelation to convey these absurd notions of the physical world," etc. The answer as far as I am concerned is easy. I simply deny that a "special revelation" of "absurd notions" was ever made. Those "absurd notions" never existed save in the brains of those who oppose the Bible, and of some ignorant but well-meaning believers.

My worthy opponent may succeed in making some people believe that there is no such thing as an expanse between the clouds above and the earth and sea below, but I, for one, beg to be excused from being placed with that class of persons. Only a few evenings ago I stood gazing at the fleecy clouds, so perfectly balanced in mid-air, as if upheld by some strong invisible power, against which they seemed powerless to resist. And standing thus, I thought of "the wonderful works of him who is perfect in wisdom."

Mr. Priestley says: "Smith says that the idea of solidity is the fundamental idea implied in the word *rakia* and all its derivativs." W. L. B., the author of the article first quoted from by Mr. Priestley, says: "The sense of solidity is combined with the ideas of *expansion* and *tenuity* in the term *rakia*." T. J. C., the author of another article on the same subject, says: "The etymological argument in the preceding article only proves that the sense of simple expansion, as in all such cases, originated in an act observable by the senses." The idea of solidity may be said to be the fundamental idea of the word expanse, as may be seen by examining the etymology of the word as Webster givs it. It looks very much as if, in this respect at least, the scripture translators knew what they were doing.

Regarding the *azazel*, it might be well to say that it occurs only in one chapter in the Bible (Lev. xvi), and is rendered "scapegoat" in the authorized version. Among eminent scholars, however, this rendering does not obtain, as the way in which the word is used shows that it denotes not the goat itself, but its destination. It is derived from a root meaning "to remove," and may, perhaps, be more properly regarded not as a proper noun, but as an abstract term signifying "dismissal" or "removal." The goat thus disposed of typifying the removal of sin and guilt, "to be remembered no more forever."

Mr. Priestley wonders why anyone who professes to believe that the whole of "that old book" is the work of inspired men should "so laboriously" pick out certain passages and "ask us to be surprised at them." I was not aware that anyone had asked him to be surprised, but I judge from this that he was. It is a surprising fact that the majority of those who oppose the Bible are in reality unacquainted with its teachings.

I do not believe that the heavens and earth and all therein were made in six solar days, because, in the first place, I find (Gen. i, 14–19) that the light of the sun did not shine upon the earth until the fourth day. If the light of the sun had nothing to do with determining the length of the three preceding days, it is not reasonable to suppose that it did with the four which followed. But that part of scripture to which Mr. Priestley has called attention is the commandment given by the mouth of Moses: "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh shall be to thee a Sabbath [a rest]. . . . For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, . . . and rested the seventh day." Well, that seventh day has already lasted some six thousand years, and no one can tell how much longer it may last. It is quite probable that the six preceding days were each as long. If the objector insists that God's day and man's day are the same simply because they are so intimately connected, then, according to this style of reasoniug, God's work and man's work, and God's weariness—speaking from a human standpoint—and man's weariness, are the same, or on the same grade, for the same reason. Such a view as this destroys the analogy of the scriptures, by which the less is always made a memorial of the greater, the temporary a type of the eternal. It makes the human Sabbath a memorial of something no higher than itself, instead of being the ever-recurring type of a standing antitype. Such a pointing to something higher is also represented in the Jewish Sabbath year, and in the jubilee period at the end of every forty-nine years, or of seven times seven years.

On the harmony of the two genealogies of the gospels Mr. Priestley has made some statements which, I am willing to suppose, were made unintentionally. For instance, that in regard to Luke. If he will look again he will find that Smith and Luke are in perfect accord. This is neither the time nor the place to enter into the discussion of a subject like this. Suffice it to say that I hav failed to find that "pitiable mess of quibbling" which Mr. Priestley seems to hav found. I regard the article on the "Genealogy of Jesus Christ" in Smith's Bible Dictionary as a most excellent treatis.

With regard to the sterility of hybrids, it is only necessary for me to say that it is vain to attempt to explain this great fact into conformity with the development hypothesis; for, according to this theory, all species are only varieties having a common ancestry, and such a thing as sterility of hybrids ought not to occur, as it actually does, between species apparently so closely allied. This, taken in connection with the fact that never, within the range of man's observation, has a variety been produced so essentially different from other varieties of that order of animals whence it sprang as to produce steril offspring by cross breeding, ought to, and, in fact, does, form an important obstacle in the way of the transmutation theory.

Again: "If Mrs. Ritchey were mounted upon a bear and I on a horse," etc., "I would in time distance her as far as I hav in this argument." In my estimation, it is always better to let some one else do the praising, consequently I will merely pause to remark that Mr. Priestley may possibly hav mounted the wrong beast. As for any advantage which the foot of the horse may giv him over other animals, in point either of speed or endurance, anyone who has ever chased an antelope or elk, or followed the hounds, can readily testify on this point. Even the miserable cayote laughs in scorn at his enemy on horseback.

Being at present immured in the wilds of eastern Oregon, and the years of my life having been few, I don't happen to know how Mr. Priestley knows in what particular manner the eohippus may hav walked; but taking for granted that his statements are true, what reason is there why the change which is supposed to hav occurred ought not to hav taken place by a gradual diminishing of all the toes at once, instead of a sudden dropping off of one or more toes in the peculiar manner which has been described? In any view of the case, each time a toe is lost there is a break in the chain of evolution which natural selection fails to account for, to say nothing of the other points of difference between the several forms of 'hippus. It might reasonably be asked, Do not the facts concerning the different forms of 'hippus, as they are presented by those who favor the development hypothesis, prove the necessity of inventing some other way of accounting for them? Or must not evolutionists, in order to escape the charge of inconsistency, again fall back on the imperfection of the geological record? In order to show the reasonableness of such questions, let us hear what Mr. Darwin has to say. He says: "We should not be able to recognize a species as the parent of another and modified species if we were to examin the two ever so closely, unless we possessed most of the intermediate links; and owing to the imperfection of the geological record we hav no just right to expect to find so many links." "Although geological research has undoubtedly revealed the former existence of many links, bringing numerous forms of life much closer together, it does not yield the infinitly many fine gradations between past and present species required on the theory" ("Origin of Species").

Mr. Priestley objects to a statement which I made regarding the evolution of the horse from the marsupial. The state of my knowledge "previously before the late war" was in an exceedingly limited condition, as at that time my earthly pilgrimage had not begun. But if Mr. Priestley will kindly modify that statement by using the word eohippus instead of marsupial, and four or five in place of five or six, it will serve my purpose equally as well. The question still remains to be answered—In what way could natural selection hav anything to do with the change which is supposed to hav taken place, from the differentiated foot of the eohippus to the simple club-like foot of the horse?

In my first reply to Mr. Priestley I remarked: "It seems strange that evolution should deprive an animal of any of its toes as long as it was supposed to be constantly using them." To which Mr. Priestley replies: "It seems strange that evolution should deprive a polliwig of his tail, but it has to go." What kind of an answer is this for anyone to make who offers to assume a position which he will "defend without equivocation?" What similarity is there between the metamorphosis of the polliwig and the point in question? In the first place, the change from the foot of the eohippus into that of the horse has, according to the evolution theory, been accomplished only during the lapse of ages, while the change through which the polliwig passes while losing its tail takes place within a few days. In the second place, while one is a process of degeneration, the other is that of progression. The little animal above mentioned passes the first four days of its life having neither eyes, ears, tail, nor respiratory organs. It breathes through its skin, then the different organs are developed, including gills and a long, limber tail. But these, too, hav their day and are succeeded by an entirely different set of organs. Up to this time this little animal uses its tail for the purpose of locomotion, and this organ only steps out when other means of locomotion step in, rendering it a useless appendage, *i.e.*, it is carried away piecemeal by the absorbents, when the tadpole becomes a frog. Now, if natural selection had anything to do with this, it is certainly an exceedingly capricious way of doing business, to spend so many long years in developing so useful an animal as a horse, and only a few days in producing so worthless a thing as a frog. But the wonder of it all is, if the evolution theory be true, that, after passing through so many wonderful changes in so few days, this little animal should always stop at exactly the same place, and, when it dies, is no farther advanced in the line of development than its parents and grandparents were before it. To me this is the most wonderful part of the whole business.

That little "fool fixing," as Mr. Priestley calls it, has puzzled many an anatomist, and I can sympathize with him in this respect, for on this particular subject I, too, am an Agnostic. We are constantly being brought face to face with the fact that we are creatures of limitation. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our science and philosophy."

Mr. Priestley has compared the person who attempts to overthrow evolution to a certain obtuse bovine which once essayed to derail a locomotiv. It is really too bad the silly little thing didn't know any better, but, judging from the amount of puffing and steam which has been emitted, it looks as if the poor little animal had succeeded almost beyond its expectations. However, I am not seeking to overturn evolution, but, on the contrary, to establish it. I believe in an evolution which is the unfolding of an intelligent plan. The best naturalists hav regarded this as a sufficient explanation of the gradation of plants and animals, and hav prosecuted their researches accordingly; but the fact that there is a gradation in nature is not a sufficient foundation for that eternal development theory which, as one has said, "in opposition to the axiom, *de nihilo nihil*, or, what is equivalent to it, that more cannot come out of less, would bring the highest life out of the lowest forms of matter, and make God himself—supposing it to acknowledge something under that name—the end, instead of the beginning of nature."

MRS. H. A. RITCHEY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Little Bird-Sellers.

The mocking-birds came from the South
One time, as I remember—
A silver pipe was in each mouth
From May till late September.
And two little children so pretty and fair,
With the truth in their eyes and gold in their hair,
Brought home a full nest of the twittering things,
With scarcely a speckled quill yet in their wings.

Their poor grandame was lying ill,
For many comforts sighing,
When they espied a yellow-bill
Swift o'er their heads a-flying.
And they took down the oriole's nest from the tree
With little birds golden as golden could be;
And while they yet smiled their tears overflowed
For the birds—and the grandmother down by the road.

They sold the mocking-birds in town
And orioles so yellow,
But all the bright gold could not drown
The lone cries in the willow.
And their mother decided this strangest of tests,
That "a friend should be more than the birds in the nests,"
And soothed them as only a true mother could,
While her own heart went out to the birds in the wood.

MARY BAIRD FINCH.

Frenchtown, Neb., Sept. 12, 1888.

A Bit of the Rocky Mountains.

A very small bit, too, when we think of that wonderful mountain system extending from the most northern part of our continent to the Caribbean sea, of which the Andes of South America are but a continuation; but, to us, the eighty-mile trip was all very wonderful and beautiful, for we had never before seen a "real, live mountain."

Before we had fairly left Denver behind us, "the smelters" came to view. They consist of four or five large buildings, employing several hundred men in the work of smelting the mineral from the rock in which it is hidden. The furnaces are never allowed to cool, lest so much metal should be wasted, and many hundred tons of rock are melted each day.

Then for ten miles we passed through a beautiful farming country—some fields yellow with ripening grain, others green with alfalfa. This alfalfa is the South American clover, which thrives here. The leaves are a deep, rich green, and the blossoms a beautiful purple, and nearly as fragrant as our own pink clover blossoms.

As rain is scarce here, irrigation is the means by which the crops are watered.

How the water is brought down from the mountains we shall soon see, but here it flows calmly along in the main ditch, and is "tapped" for the small farm ditches, and at the end of it all are the tiny furrows of water running along between rows of corn or among alfalfa roots.

So much for the farms, or, since this is Colorado, perhaps we had better say "ranches."

We soon strike Golden—fifteen miles hav been passed—and now we are in the foothills, which get higher and higher as we proceed, until they finally reach the dignity of mountains, and whichever way we may turn they are there.

The grade is so steep that the eighty-mile trip covers from five to six hours, with two engins to do the work.

Growing tired of twisting and turning about to get glimpses of the mountain-tops, we find seats on the platform, with feet on the steps and hands clasping the iron framework tightly. This is by far the best way to see the wonderful scenery and breathe the mountain air, and it seems to be appreciated by the people filling the steps.

High mountains are on every side, and the creek, which we are to follow all the way, foams beside us, as if angry at the rocks that hinder it. Bare rock rises on both sides of us, so that it seems a great wonder where the ledges of earth came from in which grow the pine-trees—some mere sprouts, some sixty feet high—at their feet delicate ferns and bluebells, scarlet poison berries and purple choke cherries.

Here the irrigating water, on its way to the farms below, flows in wooden troughs along the mountain sides, and at other times in large pipes.

Between Georgetown and Silver Plume is a great piece of engineering skill, known as the Loop.

We thought we had left Georgetown behind us, as we crossed a low bridge and made a sharp turn; at any rate, it was out of sight. However, after going several miles, we found the town stretched out beneath us, and saw we had come back to the same place, while many feet beneath us lay the low bridge and the creek. Then, looking back, we realized what the Loop over which we had passed was, and how we had had to wind around the mountain.

In many places, all along the road, the turns were so sharp that the engin in front seemed coming right toward us on the rear car.

When we reached our destination, we were ready for a good wash and a rest, and then started for a walk down the track, and in a few minutes reached the tunnel leading into one of the mines, and stood watching some lights away in it that were bobbing to and fro, coming nearer and nearer, which we found to be candles carried by a party of ladies who had been into the mine.

We took the candles then, and the mine-boy went before us back into the tunnel again, walking along on the ties of the track on which the little ore-car runs back and forth.

The tunnel was seven feet wide and of the same hight; water was dripping from the walls; it was very cold, and pitch-dark, except for our feeble lights.

All around us was solid stone with the mineral streaks shining, and a white, moldy substance hanging from the stone.

Straight into the mountain we went, with never a turn for nearly a quarter of a mile, and then the darkness, the damp and cold, overcame us, and we turned and tramped back; and, once out, found many beautiful specimens of the silver and lead ore.

We saw a drove of "burros" laden with ore sacks, coming down the mountain road. They were great curiosities to us at first, with their dwarfed bodies, tiny hoofs no more than two inches across, and their immense heads and ears. There was a little baby burro, too, no larger than a lamb, but its mouse-colored "wool" was several inches long; the largest part of it was its "bray," like a hoarse tug-whistle, and it kept it up all night.

Early next morning we started out for a mountain climb, two of the girls, who were acquainted with the paths, accompanying us.

Beautiful pines and spruces, delicate ferns and dainty bluebells, and the little wild, red raspberry bushes, five or six inches high, all around us, and blue sky, with white clouds and the bright sun, above us, while below were the town and the creek, and across on the other mountains, the mines.

In some places there were bare rocks that we had to find a way around, climbing over them being impossible, and again, we had to take hold of bushes and almost pull ourselvs up. Most of the way was so steep that a rest was necessary after every three or four steps.

Having tired ourselvs out pretty well, and being not yet half-way up, we sat down on logs and stones to eat our lunch, and soon started down, being careful not to begin a run, from which we would hardly hav stopped ourselvs, and resting, from time to time, at the cold springs that were so numerous.

On reaching comparativly level ground again, we tried to rest our feet by wading in the creek, but even in August the water seemed ice-cold.

We enjoyed the ride home that afternoon very much, accomplishing the distance, on account of the down-grade, in half the time it had taken to go up, and returned home well pleased with our "bit of the Rocky mountains."

LAURA PRIOR STEWART.

What the Little Ones Are Saying.

Mother: "Tommy, why don't you say your prayers like your sister Alice?" "I would, mother, if I knew a short prayer like Alice says." "Well, what is it that Alice says?" "Why, she jumps into bed and says, 'O Lord! I wish I had a new bonnet.'"

"Mamma," said little Mabel, who had just come home from church, "what made that man in the corner say 'Amen' so often while the preacher was talking?" "I know," said Willie, confidently. "Well, Willie," said his mother, "why is it?" "It's a way he has of calling time on the preacher."

A boy in the Summer avenue school, in the Eighth ward, scratched his head for a long time before attempting to "compare the animals of North America with those of Europe." At last, in his desire to say something, he wrote: "The animals of North America are not as large as those of Europe, but they get there just the same."

"Ma," remonstrated Bobby, "when I was at grandma's she let me hav two pieces of pie." "Well, she ought not to, Bobby," said his mother. "I think two pieces of pie are too much for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain." Bobby was silenced, but only for a moment. "Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are."

How the Cat Was Good to a Bird.

From Our Dumb Animals.

I can tell you a strange story of a cat. "Is it true?" Yes, it is true. A friend of mine had a pet cat and a tame bird. The name of the cat was Fun, and Fun was so fond of the bird that it would play with it for an hour at a time.

The bird would hop out of its cage and fly down to the cat, and the cat would put out its paw and giv the bird a soft pat on its head, as much as to say, "How do you do? I am glad to see you!"

And then the bird would sit and sing to the cat, and the cat would say, "Mew, mew, mew," as if it would like to say, "Thank you." And then the bird would fly a short way off, and the cat would run to try and catch it; and then the bird would hop off once more, and the cat would run and jump, and do all that it could to get up to the side of the bird, and then the two would hav a game of play.

One day, when these two were at high romps, all at once the cat made a great spring, took the bird and ran with it out of the room. Did it harm the bird? You shall hear. It was all done in so short a time that my friend could not stop the cat. As quickly as she could she got up from her chair and went to see what the cat had done with the bird. But just then, what should she spy but a strange cat that lay hid like a thief at one end of the room? So my friend drove the strange cat from the room and then went to the door and called, "Fun, Fun, Fun! come here, Fun!"

And then in came the bird, hop, hop, hop; hop, hop, hop; and our good cat Fun came close by its side. And when Fun saw that the strange cat was gone, it put its soft paw on the bird and gave it a pat, as much as to say, "There, now you are safe, quite safe! That strange cat is gone; now we may play and romp again."

And the bird sang a little song that seemed to say, as plain as words: "My good cat, my brave Fun, how I thank you!"

If a cat and a bird can so learn to agree,
How kind to all creatures should we learn to be!

Correspondence.

SODUS, MICH., Sept. 15, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I went to the United Baptist church last Sunday night to listen to a Methodist Episcopal preacher. He said a good many funny things. I thought perhaps it would interest some of the Corner friends—Uncle Joe especially—to hear some of them, too. He said his father, mother, wife, and child were all in heaven, and he thanked God for it. He didn't believe God would damn babies and heathens, but he certainly believed in future rewards and punishments. He had a foretaste of hell when his conscience upbraided him, and he said that he had jumped up and down, and said, "Who was Lord Jesus Christ that he had to serve him?" I suppose that happened when he was a bad Infidel. Well, the United Baptist man got up when the Methodist Episcopal man sat down, and he said that man said there was no hell, but God said there was a hell, and he proposed to take God's word for it. I suppose all he is sorry for is that "Jonah didn't swallow the whale," so he could believe that, too. I hav often heard Uncle J. Fitzpatrick say that he would giv any preacher $5 that would read his selection from the Bible before an audience. He would soon lose his money here. But there are a good many around here that are not so superstitious.

Your Liberal friend,
ZELLA FITZPATRICK.

SEWARD, NEB., Sept. 9, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Of S. P. Putnam, who has given us three excellent lectures in the last week, I purchased your "Story Hour."

In reading it to my boys, I noticed the picture of your little niece, and your dedication, showing your sympathy with children, and I take the liberty to mail you a picture of my youngest boy to put in your gallery of boys and girls, which I feel you must hav. Perhaps the fact that I was a Massachusetts boy twenty-five years ago, and that "Jonah's" (George's) mother was a Massachusetts "school-marm," may, with the common fellowship of Freethought, excuse me for this liberty.

I shall attend the Congress in October at Pittsburgh, where I hope to meet many of THE TRUTH SEEKER family, of which I hav been a member many years.

In common with all Liberals, I appreciate your work in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and, although forty years old, seldom fail to scan the Children's Corner. Yours for Freethought,

G. BABSON, JR.

[Thanks for the lovely photograph of an exceedingly bright and intelligent baby Freethinker, the youngest in our picture gallery of handsome, wide-awake boys and girls of the Corner. We thank our friend for his kind appreciation of our efforts.—ED. C. C.]

FRENCHTOWN, NEB.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The incidents related in the lines I inclose are strictly true. And the children, now grown up, feel sorry to this day for taking the little birds from their mother.

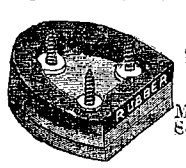
The $10 which the birds brought, and the delicacies purchased for the grandmother, could not quite stifle the voice of conscience in those who had been for several years little "bird defenders." With best wishes for yourself and the Corner, I am ever,

Your sincere friend, MARY B. FINCH.

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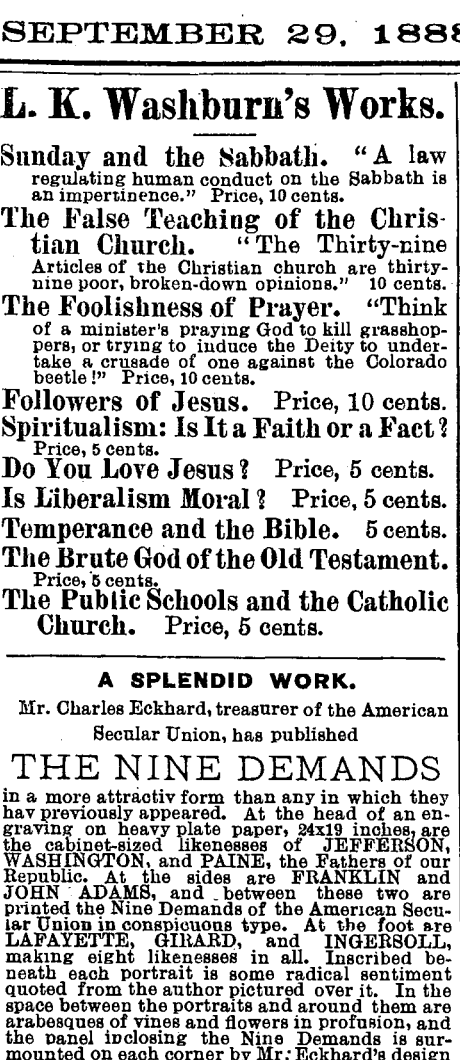
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FURTHER AND MORE WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES WITH THE LICK TELESCOPE.

From the New York Sun.

While the Lick telescope has failed so far to solve the enigma of the so-called canals on Mars, or to cast any important light upon those phenomena beyond confirming the fact of their existence, it has made some astonishing discoveries in the nebular regions of the universe. But for Professor Holden's assurance to the contrary we might, in fact, be led to think that the mighty lens on Mount Hamilton, like Lord Rosse's huge mirror at Parsonstown, would prove less useful in observations requiring accurate definition than in those which demand great light-gathering capacity. We recently described Professor Holden's discoveries in the celebrated ring nebula in the constellation Lyra, where he found a marvelous structure of concentric ellipses, composed alternately of stars and nebulous stuff—in short, a half-finished creation, where, it would seem, the great sun-smith is still forging the orbs of light. Since then Professor Holden has kindly sent us photographs showing the appearance of two other nebulæ as viewed with the giant telescope. One of these, he thinks, must be regarded as the first representativ of a new class of nebulæ, in which the nebulous stuff is arranged "in the form of a helix or screw, just as if the nebula had been formed by one brilliant particle revolving around the central star and leaving a brilliant train, while the central star itself was rapidly moving through space.

Not since William Herschel surprised the world with his accounts of the wonders revealed for the first time to human eyes by his telescope, has any news been received from the celestial spaces of such absorbing interest as these announcements from the director of the Lick observatory. The nebula in question is one of those contained in Herschel's catalogs, and is situated in the constellation of Draco, in the north polar quarter of the heavens. The photograph shows a central point, or star, surrounded by two superposed nebulous spirals, the appearance of which certainly justifies Professor Holden's suggestion that they may be the train of luminous matter left by a brilliant orb in its spiral path around a moving center. The reader can obtain a clear conception of this by considering the case of the earth and the sun. The earth makes a complete journey around the sun once in a year. But the sun meanwhile is not standing still, but is moving forward on an apparently straight course toward the constellation Hercules at a rate which, though undetermined, is certainly not less than two or three hundred million miles in a year. If the earth in its journeying left a luminous wake in space, its path would appear in the form of a vast spiral, resembling that actually seen in the nebula in Draco. So far from this being a unique object, Professor Holden says that several other nebulæ examined show evidences of a similar form, and he expects to discover further examples, perhaps still more perfect, of the same class of phenomena.

It is difficult to suggest a satisfactory explanation of such a structure in a nebula. In the well-known "spiral nebula" we hav long had examples of nebulous forms made up of flat concentric rings or ovals, but these seemed naturally to suggest a likeness to the imagined condition of our solar system when it was in the earlier stages of its formation from a nebulous mass that had been shaped by rotation and condensation into a central aggregation surrounded by rings. But the helix-shaped nebula in Draco is something very different. There, if the nebulous spirals really imitate the form of the thread of a screw, the matter of which they are composed must hav been left behind the moving body from which it was cast off, and the difficulty is to understand exactly how that could hav occurred unless some medium is supposed to exist in the space through which the system is moving.

It is evident that these discoveries will pretty certainly lead to new and important views not only of the contents of space, but of the laws that prevail throughout its unbounded domains, and govern the birth and growth and destiny of its countless and marvelously varied creations.

THE MISSING "CONTINENT," LIBYA.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

MT. HAMILTON, Aug. 21.—The Lick Observatory has been officially "completed" for something like eleven weeks, but the first six of these were hardly available for regular observations. There were many changes to make in the preliminary arrangements in order to turn the observatory from a mere collection of buildings and instruments into a busy laboratory of work. We are even yet far from the last and highest state of efficiency, but, at least, our work is going on with full activity, and we see the way out of every difficulty yet remaining. The testing of the great photographic lens of thirty-three inches aperture is now in progress, and during the present lunation we hav secured some exquisit pictures of the moon, several having been taken every night (for all the nights are clear in this astronomer's paradise).

These pictures are to form the first chapter, as it were, of a work on the moon, which seems to be admirably well worth doing in a systematic manner. As soon as we hav completed the arrangements for enlarging the photographic pictures in the telescope itself, we shall proceed to study special regions and craters in detail by photographing them also every night, under all conditions of illumination, and enlarged about five to seven times. These enlarged pictures will giv the craters on a scale of about twenty-five to thirty-five inches to the moon's diameter; and they will bear a second enlargement in the camera of perhaps two or three times more so that finally we expect to be able to hav photographs of certain regions of the moon on a scale of fifty or more inches to the diameter. This ought to present really important testimony in regard to the vexed questions of changes on the moon's surface, and as to whether or no we hav to regard the surface of our satellite as simply dead; since life is nothing but change.

It is rather the fashion among many practical astronomers to slight observations of the moon, as if nothing more was to be learned by such work. But I think that all of us hav learned one lesson already in our use of the large telescope, and that is to look at every celestial object with a free and open mind, just as if we were seeing it for the first time. There is a kind of professional nonchalance which will not do here, unless we are willing to miss some golden opportunities. I hav always admired the spirit of the section in Maedler's "Kurzgefasste-Beschreibung des Mondes" where he treats of the rather dangerous question of the inhabitants of the moon. He is not afraid to include such a subject in a strictly scientific work, and yet he treats it in a dignified and scientific manner. As this work is probably unknown to many of your readers, I venture to translate the section in question, which will be interesting from a literary as well as from a scientific point of view:

> Only with reluctance do I touch upon a second question, that of the inhabitants of the moon. Not that I would deny the great importance of the subject, or that an answer good for all future time would be impossible, but because the subject, on account of the careless way in which it has usually been treated in the past, has fallen into discredit with those who earnestly reason in a truly scientific spirit. I hav discovered nothing certain in this matter—as little as others before me. I can entertain no hope of success in the future, and I cannot prevail upon myself to consider many uncertain, and in all probability needless, speculations. That everything created was made for wise and noble purposes is a thought which necessarily forces itself upon our consciousness. Again, as living matter fulfills higher and nobler purposes than that which is without life, so everywhere, when life is a possibility, we are really to assume its presence. In what has gone before, everything that has been said about the moon proves, it is true, that neither we, nor any living creature on our earth, could liv on the lunar globe, but it by no means does away with the possibility of all and every form of life upon the moon, so that living forms are to be expected.
>
> But much that is indispensable to us is inaccessible to them, and, on the other hand, many things for which we hav no name may be indispensable to the inhabitants of the moon. Their organs of sight must be adapted for stronger light, and they must be able to endure greater contrasts of light and darkness without injury. Just as little can their notions correspond to ours. In comparison with us it appears that they must be disproportionately lighter. How their days and nights are arranged, how the firmament appears to them, has already been stated in detail. All this, however, is insufficient to giv us more than an imaginary picture of their form, hight, mode of living, etc., and it will remain just as impossible to see as to reach them; even the idea of corresponding with them, although suggestions in that direction might not be wholly illusory, would seem to be just as far from realization. Works that would be similar to our own are probably not to be thought of, so that it will always remain a doubtful matter correctly to understand that which, in this respect, our telescopes might possibly show.
>
> Viewed in this light our hopes as to better knowledge of the Selenites in the future are extremely scanty, and tend little to satisfy the impatient imagination of many an inhabitant of the earth. However, the object of our investigation of the heavens is by no means to be looked for in this direction. With reference to the moon in particular, there are questions to be answered which are of a totally different and, in fact, of a much more important nature. How was the moon created in the beginning? What finishing process did it undergo? Was the rotary motion always as it is now, or not? How did these motions harmonize with the position and magnitude of the axis? In what ways can the moon's influence be shown, and what laws govern these influences? These are only a few points about which we may in all probability expect information in the future, and will, if properly handled, furnish us more and better knowledge of the moon and its relation to the earth than could be obtained from a living Selenite, if we were able to lay hands on him.

We are extremely fortunate in having in our corps of astronomers two who are photographers of distinction—Mr. Burnham and Mr. Barnard. Together they constitute a most efficient working force, and hav already obtained results of real value. Among the interesting things which hav been done in this direction is Mr. Barnard's discovery that the twelve-inch Clark equatorial which was designed only for visual work is in fact also a most efficient photographic telescope. Mr. Barnard has succeeded in making capital pictures of the moon, of the Pleiades, of the cluster in Perseus, of double stars, of Jupiter, etc., by its use, and we find the star images to be excellent over at least one degree. We hav not tried more up to now. To utilize fully this instrument, a more powerful driving clock is needed, and one of our problems of to-day is how to get such an addition. We find it a misfortune to hav the observatory reputed to be "completed," and would prefer it to be regarded as yet incomplete until we hav tested its capabilities in every direction. Legal terms often stand in the way of rapid progress.

Perhaps the most generally interesting work of the large telescope has been done on the planet Mars. It will be in the memory of all that Professor Schiaparelli, of Milan, has devoted much time to a minute study of the surface features of this planet, and that lately he has reported a very interesting and novel phenomenon, namely, the duplication of the "canals" on Mars. "Canals" is a very unfortunate word, for the markings, so-called, may not be water at all, and, at any rate, they are too broad to bear any analogy to canals on the earth. However, Professor Schiaparelli has repeatedly seen these "canals," which were ordinarily single, duplicated—paralleled—by similar markings. So that his map is crossed in every direction by sets of parallel streaks—the canals in question.

The opposition of Mars took place this year on April 11th, and the months of March, April, and May were the favorable ones for a study of its surface. The observatory was officially completed on June 1st, but it was not until July 16th that regular observations of Mars could be undertaken. Since that time more than forty careful drawings hav been made at the large telescope by Mr. Schaeberle, Mr. Keeler, and myself. These drawings were made when the planet's diameter was less than nine seconds, when its zenith distance was more than sixty degrees, and in the early evenings before the object glass had the time to cool down to the temperature of the external air—that is, our work was done under conditions as unfavorable as possible. Still, the drawings show a great amount of detail, are consistent among themselvs, and all agree in showing single broad streaks of dusky marking which cover the regions where Professor Schiaparelli givs two parallel dark canals with a bright region between them. It would be a very simple explanation of the difference in our observations to say that the Lick telescope was lacking in defining power. But our observations of hundreds of difficult double stars, of nebulæ, and of the surface of Jupiter, quite dispose of that alternativ. It appears to me that so far as the question of the double canals is concerned we must wait until the next opposition in 1890 to obtain entirely satisfactory evidence from our own observations.

We hav, however, obtained satisfactory evidence on another point of equal importance relating to the surface of Mars in spite of the late beginning of our observations. I refer to M. Perrotin's announcement of the submergence of the "continent" Libya in April last. Writing to the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Perrotin, the director of the great observatory at Nice, speaks first of the canals on Mars (some of which he was able to see doubled), and then goes on to say that of the modifications on the surface of Mars the most important is "the disappearance of a continent which extended on both sides of the equator in longitude 270° (the continent Libya of M. Schiaparelli's map). This continent is of a triangular form, and is bounded on the south and west by a sea and on the north and east by canals. Although plainly visible two years ago, it exists no longer. The neighboring sea (if sea it is) has totally submerged it. To the reddish-white color of the continents has succeeded the black or rather deep blue hue of the seas of Mars."

I do not know the exact date of these observations, but I presume them to hav been made in April and early May of this year, since they were printed by the Paris Academy on May 14th. They hav been made the basis of far-reaching speculations. For instance, we read in the French journal *L'Astronomie* for July, 1888, that "important occurrences from the climatological, meteorological—and, perhaps, 'human'—point of view, are just now taking place on the surface of this neighboring world"—and much more of the same kind. From the scientific journals this news has gone into the newspaper press and into current information. A hundred visitors to the Lick Observatory hav inquired if these changes on Mars were observed here, and hav been deeply disappointed when they hav learned that our observations do not agree with those just quoted.

In fact, out of the forty drawings which we hav been able to secure since July 16th no less than eight represent the continent Libya in its accustomed place, just as it was portrayed by M. Schiaparelli in 1877-8, not to speak of many later drawings by others. In fact, drawings by Mr. D. Smart, of London, on May 7th, and by M. Flammarion, of Paris, on June 2d, hav recently been published, and help to fill up the history of Libya, from the date of M. Perrotin's announcement to the date of our first observations. Both of these drawings show Libya in its accustomed state—well out of the water of the neighboring sea. If it really had been "submerged" in April, and had really emerged by May 7th, this would hav been indeed a singular fact. But it seems to me that these astounding revelations of even "human" import hav their basis in a confusion of terms. Who knows that the continent Libya is a continent at all? Who knows that the neighboring parts are really "seas" and canals? We know that Mars has aqueous vapor in its atmosphere; but who has yet decided which part of its variegated surface furnishes this by evaporation?

Suppose that the region viewed by M. Perrotin had been simply under clouds for a certain period. Might they not hav produced the change in color which he undoubtedly observed? However we may account for the appearances before the beginning of May, it seems clear from our own observations that this "continent" has remained in its normal state from July 16th until now, and the drawings of Flammarion and Smart seem to show that it was so in early May and in early June.

Scientific men are often blamed for not putting their observations before the public promptly. They usually defend themselvs by quoting such cases as this, and by pointing out the harm that is done science when sensationalism creeps in, and wrong or hasty conclusions are drawn and run their course of error around the world. It appears that there is still something to be said in favor of an early communication by the scientific men themselvs. But as they realize the danger of misinterpretation of their observations, they will, or should, be careful to giv them in sober words which cannot be exaggerated or misunderstood.

To return to the case in point, it seems that our observations clearly show that Libya does still exist—just as it has in the past. And it is a reasonable inference that the obscurations observed by M. Perrotin were something in the nature of veiling by clouds, rather than the terrific catastrophe of the submergence of a continent.

Our observations upon the nebulæ in the last five weeks hav been most interesting and important. The power of the great telescope is nowhere better shown than in reviewing objects which are familiar in other great and small telescopes, and by the drawings and descriptions of Lassell, Herschel, and Lord Rosse. The nebula in Lyra, known to all possessors of small and large telescopes, has not only showed us new features and many new and minute stars within it, but it has also afforded by the critical situations and arrangements of these stars new proofs that the force which formed this nebula was a central force. If we please, we may assume that this force was gravitation; if this step is too hazardous—and it certainly is not proved by any nebula—we can with certainty say that this particular nebula, with its ovals of stars and nebulous matter, was formed by the action of central forces.

Other well-known nebulæ hav afforded striking and interesting features which it is difficult to describe without the aid of illustrations. One in particular has seemed to be of especial import. I refer to the planetary nebula 37 H. iv. Draconis. Mr. Schaeberle and myself hav observed this on many occasions, and it seems to be the first representativ of a new class of objects—a class of nebulæ where the nebulous matter appears to be, and very probably, in fact, is, arranged in the form of a helix or screw, just as if the nebulæ had been formed by one brilliant particle revolving around the central star and leaving a brilliant train, while the central star itself was rapidly moving through space.

Sir William Herschel was the first to enumerate and to classify the nebulæ. Lord Rosse's giant reflector resolved many of Herschel's nebulæ into stars, while many others remained unresolved. The spectroscope appears to hav shown that many of these last are truly gaseous. Lord Rosse added a new class of highly interesting nebulæ, namely, those whose parts were disposed in spirals on the flat ground of the sky. It appears to us that in this planetary nebula of Herschel's we hav the first example of still another new class, in which the parts, at least, appear to be disposed in the form of a helix. Several other nebulæ already examined show evidences of the same form, and it is more than likely that other perfect examples of the class can be found.

There are many large telescopes in America which will easily show this structure, and we hope they may be turned on this object. I add the remark that the focus for the central star, which is yellowish, and for the nebula, which is blue, are not quite the same, and that the helical forms are best seen when the focus for the star is changed slightly, for Clark telescopes about 1-2,000 to 1-1,000 of the focal length.

Our observations of Jupiter hav been much interrupted by the necessity of observing Mars, and of photographing the moon at the most favorable hours for viewing this planet. Still, we hav seen enough to know that much yet remains to be done here.

Mr. Burnham has also utilized the hours when the telescope was not in use for other purposes by discovering new binary stars. He has already a list of some twenty or more such, all with distances not over one second of arc. Perhaps the most interesting of these is Gamma Cassiopea, a star of the second magnitude, with a most minute companion close within the rays not two seconds off. It is in a favorable situation at present, and will be a fine test for the largest telescopes.

With the twelve-inch telescope Mr. Barnard has discovered some twenty or more new nebulæ, mostly very faint, and has made several series of observations on the comets of Faye, Encke, Brooks, Sawerthal, and Olbers. Mr. Barnard's observations of the Olbers comet are especially important, as they are more than a month later than any others of which we hav heard, and thus will serve to determin the orbit of this famous comet with a high degree of precision. One of the chief services of the Lick Observatory to the science will be in utilizing its splendid equipment and its beautifully clear skies in observations of faint and difficult objects which are lost elsewhere. I hav not spoken of several other series of observations which hav been made within the few weeks of our astronomical activity, because of their more technical nature; but I hav, I trust, given an account of our work sufficiently in detail to show that the Lick Observatory will fulfill the design of its generous founder, and will in fact be, as he prescribed that it should be, "useful in promoting science."

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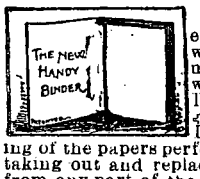
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KING HUMBERT recently unveiled monuments to Garibaldi and the martyrs to the cause of Italian liberty.

JOHN MCCORMICK, an English Socialist speaker, was tried and reprimanded for saying the queen would better be doing washing.

FLOODS in Spain drowned hundreds.

GERMAN troops are going through sham battles.

BOULANGER is as influential and dangerous as ever.

LEO XIII. is reviving and extending the use of the rosary.

THE pope is indefatigable in German and Austrian intrigue.

GREENBACKERS decided not to nominate a ticket but to issue a manifesto.

THE third and final great papal jubilee ceremony takes place on the 30th.

ONE line in which the pious unintermittingly exert themselvs is in keeping closed on Sunday all expositions, centennial shows, etc.

THE Irish people hav been made so peaceful and civilized by Christianity that they continue daily religious riots to evidence it to the world.

PROFESSOR JAMIESON, with the Stanley relief expedition, is dead, and Surgeon Bonny, the only white man left, will probably hav to giv up the search.

BUDDHISM has gained a foothold in Boston.

THE European powers are dividing up Africa in large slices.

BRITISH lords are very happy killing grouse on the land from which they drove the people.

THE Catholic Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools has in all countries 307,387 pupils.

CATHOLICS are trying to render unpopular and to hav discontinued a London play, uneasy at the people's beholding a scene of Inquisition torture that it contains.

IN Union county, Ark., sixteen negroes were killed, many wounded, and a Union Labor party printing office wrecked by armed men in an attempt to coerce negroes in politics.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S jubilee was attended by Banker Eugene Kelly, Senator Ecclesine, Frederick Coudert, Commissioner Brennan, Congressman Mahoney, and Judges McGuire and Daly.

ROME and the Knights of Labor are at agreement, the matter having been settled by decree of the holy office; but members of the order can receive absolution only on promis of obedience to future decisions of the holy see.

BISHOP DAVID PATTERSON, founder of a straggling twelve-year-old sect called Children of Zion, got his disciples so convinced of his supernatural powers that they affirmed that he could not die, and then astonished them by dying on the 13th.

REV. FRANCIS JANSSENS, promoted to the Catholic archdiocese of New Orleans, was attended by a procession of Catholic societies to the cathedral, where was held the solemn ceremony of placing him on a throne, with a speech, among others, by Senator-elect White.

WILLIAM II. says in a speech: "For elevating the people, for strengthening their moral and religious nature, I need the support of the noblest in their ranks—namely, my nobility. Aided by this order, I hope to raise my people's sense of religion and Christian morals." Then he goes inside and works with the capitalists to keep women and children laboring fourteen hours daily, and with the war classes to ravage neighboring lands.

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And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole: and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.—Num. xxi, 9.

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THE perversion of our moral standards by the dogmas of an antinatural creed is still glaringly evident in the prevailing notions of natural justice and the precedence of social duties. The modern Crœsus who deems it incumbent on his duties as a citizen and a Christian to contribute an ample subvention to the support of an orthodox seminary, has no hesitation in swelling his already bloated income by reducing the wages of a hundred starving factory children and taking every sordid advantage in coining gain from the loss of helpless tenants and derendants. . . . The bank cashier who would never be pardoned for kicking the hindparts of a mendicant missionary is readily absolved from the sin of such secular indiscretions as embezzling the savings of a few hundred widows and orphans.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Bible of Nature.*

JUST in proportion that the human race has advanced, the church has lost power. There is no exception to this rule.—*Ingersoll.*

WHEN a true genius appears in this world, you may know him by this sign, that all the dunces are in confederacy against him.—*Swift.*

EACH nation made its god and devils not only speak its language, but put in their mouths the same mistakes in history, geography, astronomy, and in all matters of fact, generally made by the people.—*Ingersoll.*

A CLEVER theft was praiseworthy among the Spartans; and it is equally so amongst Christians, provided it be on a sufficiently large scale.—*Spencer.*

SUCCESS has no tendency to inform the understanding. It rolls over us like a summer billow, leaves us where it finds us, and lets in no new ideas to the mind. But failure, thrusting us rudely from our position, compels us to take a survey of the past, to glance sharply into the future, to acquaint ourselvs with a new condition of things, and thus furnishes new facts to the reason, and new materials for reflection.—*S. P. Herron.*

I HAV often concluded that the honest part of mankind would be much too hard for the knavish, if they could bring themselvs to incur the guilt, or thought it worth their while to take the trouble. —*Fielding.*

EVEN your brethren do not claim that men are to be eternally punished for having been mistaken as to the truths of geology, astronomy, or mathematics. A man may deny the rotundity and rotation of the earth, laugh at the attraction of gravitation, scout the nebular hypothesis, and hold the multiplication table in abhorrence, and yet join at last the angelic choir. I insist upon the same freedom of thought in all departments of human knowledge.—*Ingersoll to Dr. Field.*

EVERY noble work is at first "impossible."—*Carlyle.*

THERE is, in fact, almost as much to be said on moral grounds for the divorce of unhappy couples as for the marriage of happy ones. Nor does Jesus by any means face the real difficulties of the question by allowing divorce where either of the parties has been guilty of adultery. This, no doubt, is the extreme case, and if divorce is not to be given here, it can be given nowhere. But why is adultery to be the sole ground of separation? Why is an institution which may bring so much happiness to mankind to be converted into one of the most fertil sources of human misery? Why, when both parties to the contract desire separation, is an external authority, whether that of opinion or of law, to enforce union? None of these questions appear to hav presented themselvs to the mind of Jesus. Supposing even that his decision were right, he assigns no reasons for it, but simply lays down the law in a trenchant manner, without giving us the least clue to the process by which he arrived at so strange a conclusion. Nor is it in the least likely that the many perplexities encompassing this, and all other questions affecting the morals of sex, had ever troubled him. His mind was not sufficiently subtle to enter into them.—*Lord Amberley.*

THE soberest and best-governed men are least practiced in these affairs; and who knows not that the bashful muteness of a virgin may oftentimes hide all the unloveliness and natural sloth which is really unfit for conversation? Nor is there that freedom of access granted or presumed as may suffice to a perfect discerning until too late. And, lastly, is it not strange that many who hav spent their youth chastely are in some things not so quick-sighted, while they haste too eagerly to light the nuptial torch? Nor is it, therefore, for a modest error that a man should forfeit so great a happiness and no charitable means to relieve him, since they who hav lived most loosely, by reason of their bold accustomings, prove most successful in their matches, because their wild affections, unsettling at will, hav been so many divorces to teach them experience.—*Milton.*

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"YES, father," he said to old Mr. Hayseed, "I've graduated, and my education is complete. I s'pose I know about everything. Now I must choose a field where my abilities can be used to the best advantage. I want a large field where I will hav plenty of room." "Son," replied the old man, "there is the ten-acre cornfield, and you kin hav it all to yourself."

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SHE (blushing): "What did pa say last night, George, when you went to gain his consent to woo and win me?" He (somewhat embarrassed): "Well—er—to tell the truth, Clara, in some way we got to discussing politics, and I forgot all about the other matter. Ah, darling, are you sure that you will always love me as you do now?" She (coldly): "I beg of you, Mr. Samson, let us talk about the tariff question."

"MY young friend," said old Mr. Surplus to young Mr. Giddiboy, "do you not think that you were rash to ask my daughter to marry you when you are not able to support her?" "Well," said the young man craftily, "perhaps I was. I admit my fault, and throw myself on your generosity, sir." "That's right," declared the old gentleman. "You shall not lose by it, I assure you. There, sir, is a nickel to pay your car-fare home. No thanks, if you please. Good-day, Mr. Giddiboy."

EDITORIAL in the Hickory Fork *Sentinel:* "It has come to our ears that the Rev. John Horn, during a prayer before his congregation at Elk Creek church last Sunday, made some very uncomplimentary and uncalled-for remarks in regard to the editor of this paper. He prayed that our paper might wither as it falls from the press, and that the hand that writes its editorials might be paralyzed. Now, here is the reason why Mr. Horn uttered such a prayer: Last year he came out as a candidate for justice of the peace. We had nothing against him, although he is a Methodist and we a Baptist, and would hav supported him, but when we asked him to put his announcement in our paper he hemmed and hawed, and that, too, after we had offered him the half rate which we usually extend to the clergy. Then we to'd him that if he would giv us $3 we would print his announcement. What did he do? He wrote out a lot of notices and stuck them up on trees. Could an American citizen brook such an insult? We think not. Is a citizen of this great commonwealth called upon to bear such contempt? We do not think he is; so, with the pen of just retribution, we 'pricked this bull-calf till he roared again.' We threw ourselvs into the campaign; we, in the language of Logan, chief of the Mingoes, glutted our vengeance. We saw the reverend gentleman defeated and then we quietly sought our humble abode. Now this man must run us into one of his prayers. He must hold us up before a congregation and persuade his hearers to look upon us with contempt. Pray on, weak vessel, covered with the rust of iniquity—pray on, for the prayers of the wicked are of no avail, but if ever you come near us, you gobbler-headed hypocrit, we'll giv you a kicking that will appeal to every ungodly joint in your body."

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR LAW.

From an Original Shaksperean Manuscript.

MANTUA, with a Sunday liquor law. (A street.)

(Enter Romeo, attired in the unostentatious manner of a dude.)

ROMEO (pausing before a gilded den of vice after the manner of a thirsty traveler):

An' if a man did need a beverage now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him,
I know him well—
A portly German with a crimson face,
Rotund of belly and of massiv hip,
Who with each thirsty guest could smile and smile
And keep his balance still.
Full well do I remember in the past
Long evenings I hav spent within well-full,
And now my tongue quite hangeth out a yard.
This man shall aid me. What, ho! within.

(Enter saloonkeeper.)

SALOONKEEPER: Who's raising such a racket?

ROMEO: Hold! there are forty ducats; let me hav
A dram of pizen; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary drinker may feel happy.

SALOONKEEPER: Such mortal drugs I hav; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them o' Sunday.

ROMEO: Dost thou perceive aught in my eagle eye
That looks like verdant color?

SALOONKEEPER: Methinks you hav,
As Shylock says, "a damn ask cheek."

ROMEO: I do admit the multitudinous flies
Hold not conventions on my person.

SALOONKEEPER: Then what's the matter with the side door?

ROMEO: Oh, it's all right! (Exit hastily around corner.) —*Tom Hall in Life.*

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THE "BURDEN OF THE CROSS."

Notes and Clippings.

THE *American Israelite* thinks that hell is a "purely Aryan institution," and that therefore there are no Jews there.

WALLA WALLA, Walla Walla county, Washington territory, has a Volapük club. And there is no *w* in Volapük.

A DISCUSSION of the Malthusian theory in England elicited the statement that clergymen, as a rule, hav the largest families.

A LONDON preacher placarded the city with notices that he would preach in Spurgeon's Tabernacle on the subject: ";—;—:——?—!—." There was a large congregation, to whom he announced the text: "Stand thou still awhile," and then said that his subject was, "The Pauses of Life."

AN observant Bible student says: "I hav never known, in all my observations, of a Jew who was a carpenter, and whether the fact that the Bible tells us that Jesus was a carpenter has put any odium upon that occupation in the eyes of the Hebrews has been a question that I hav never heard answered."

THE pope has at last drawn on the Papal Guaranty Fund, established by the Italian government in 1871. By this fund the pope was to receive an annual grant of $600,000. Pius IX., in resentment at his deprivation of temporal power, would not touch it, but Leo XIII. has been driven, it would seem, by financial exigency to draw on it.

"BRETHREN," said a Tennessee preacher, "don't put Pontius Pilate down as a bad man. He wasn't a bad man; he was only a weak one. He himself would much rather hav released our savior, but he couldn't resist the pressure of the scribes and Pharisees and the howlings of the rabble. He didn't hav any backbone. He wasn't bad, but he was a poor creature—in fact, there was nothing to him. Brethren, if Gen. Andrew Jackson had been in Pontius Pilate's place that trial would hav had a different ending."

A WRITER in a Chinese paper asserts as a physiological fact that the Chinese lack the full complement of nerves that are possessed by Western peoples, or that their nerves are less sensitiv than those of other races, and explains in this way the wonderful endurance of the Chinese, their impassivness, and their ability to get along without bodily exercise.

DR. MARY WALKER is a plucky woman. She wants to go to Florida to tend yellow fever patients. She has applied to the health officer of Washington for the necessary authority. She quotes her record as a surgeon in the regular army during the war, and asks for money to enable her to make such purchases as will render her outfit for the work of Jacksonville effectiv.

RAJHIB BEY, a Turkish official, was recently arrested in Constantinople for accepting bribes. He has now been released and is engaged in investigating the charges against Osman Bey, first chamberlain of the sultan's palace, who is accused of stealing civil-service funds. The explanation is given that Rajhib Bey robbed none but unbelievers, while Osman stole from the faithful.

IMPORTANT news from Washburn, Wis.: "The Congregational church, by a unanimous vote, hav asked the present incumbent, the Rev. Mr. E. Cory, to remain as their pastor another year. Mr. Cory has made himself very popular among all classes of people during his brief stay here. He is catcher for the Washburn Baseball Club, and can play ball as well as preach. His presence on the ball-ground has had a great restraining influence among the boys. Scarcely an oath or profane word is ever heard. He takes great interest in all athletic sports."

THE process of sheep-shearing by machinery is now performed in Australia by an ingenious kind of device, the results, as represented, being very satisfactory. The apparatus in question is a very simple one, being made on the same principle as the cutter of a mower or reaper, and the knives are worked by means of rods within the handles, these in their turn being moved by a core within a long, flexible tube, which is kept in a rotary shaft, and wheels driven by a stationary engin. The comb is in the form of a segment of a circle, about three inches in diameter, with eleven conical-shaped teeth. Each machine is worked by a shearer, and, as the comb is forced along the skin of the animal, the fleece is cut. The machine can be run either with a steam or gas engin, or by ordinary horse-power, and does not easily get out of order.

THE fact that colored persons in Orlando, Fla., attended the Central Avenue Methodist church called forth protest from some of the white members of the congregation, and these drew from the pastor, the Rev. P. J. Reeves, the following letter, which was published in a Sunday newspaper there: "I now wish to inform the people of Orlando that I hav not been sent here into your town for the purpose of harmonizing the two classes of colored and white into church fellowship, not by any means, and neither do I intend to attempt any such thing. As I only hav the very best interest for the people, I shall not allow them to keep back any who may desire to worship with us, or bring their friends to our meetings. Therefore, from this date no colored person will be allowed to attend the Methodist Episcopal church services of which I am the pastor."

THE contemplated Channel bridge, as outlined by French and English engineers, is expected to cost some $200,000,000, the shortest distance being some 22 miles, that is, on the score of shallowness. The depth of the Channel is declared to be much less than is commonly supposed, and there are two shallows—those between Cran-aux-Aufs and Folkestone—where the depth is only 20 feet, and these, it is expected, will insure a material difference in laying the foundations and huge piles which will be required for such a gigantic structure. From the French coast to these shallows the depth is about 160 feet, and from the other shallow to Folkestone about 100 feet. The plan is to hav a bridge with two slight bends, the first deviating a little to reach one shallow, and the other falling back to reach Folkestone. The piles required would be blocks of concrete and masonry 160 feet long by 100 broad, these to be placed at intervals of about 550 yards, these measurements to be possibly augmented in order to insure to the bridge a strength capable of bearing some 25,000 tons weight. The causeway of the bridge will be about 160 feet above the sea level, or of sufficient hight to enable vessels of any class to pass freely beneath it.

Communications.

How to Convert Atheists.

The word Atheist means simply a person without an idea of God, and the word Atheism describes but one negativ quality of a very copious and extensiv positiv philosophy of which the word itself givs no hint. This system is more properly called universology, natural cosmogony, or monism. Of course there may be individuals called Atheists who are very ignorant and not well versed in philosophy and science, but such are extremely scarce, if they exist at all. It will be generally found that when anyone openly avows Atheism he thinks he has all the true science in the world to back him up. And he will appeal to the fundamental axioms of the greatest and most progressiv scientific and philosophical schools in support of his position.

The task, then, for the Christian is simply to find out and refute those particular axioms, and show that the science and philosophy which teaches them is thus far false.

It is generally admitted that the starting-point of all knowledge is the knowledge of one's own existence. As the reality of one's own self is self-evident, so it is also self-evident that anything capable of producing an effect upon a reality, one's self, must be as real as the self or reality affected. Atheists observe countless changes produced by such causes as light, heat, sound, odor, electricity, gravitation, work, and so forth; and that all these things affect themselvs, therefore they conclude that they are as real as themselvs. Hence they infer that by long-continued observation of these realities man can discover the true causes of all phenomena in proportion as the observations hav been accurately made, recorded, and systematized. Thus, the eye everywhere rests on existing substance of some kind or other. There is no record of its having been otherwise. Countless experiments of the severest kind hav failed to reduce a single one of these substances to nothing. Therefore they conclude that, in the absence of a single exception and in the face of universal observation, substance is absolutely indestructible. That it is utterly impossible for something to become nothing; and if this be true, its converse follows as a self-evident necessity—that is, that something could not come from nothing. Hence "from nothing nothing comes" is one of their most, if not the most, fundamental axiom of Atheism so called. They contend that no person who really believes this to be a true axiom can consistently believe in the creation of a world by a God with nothing as a raw material. That if infinit nothing were multiplied and condensed to all eternity, it would still be nothing and weigh nothing. That if there was ever a time when nothing existed but a God, he being of necessity in total darkness, having yet to make light, with nothing to stand on, nothing to look at, nothing to take hold of, nothing to speak to or to move, and himself wholly immaterial, without "body, parts, or passions," existing eternally in a perfect vacuum, anything he could make would be quite immaterial also. They claim that such is the logical result of the theological belief and that it is the very climax of absurdity. They think it is far more reasonable to believe that substance has always existed in some form or other. They claim that all forms are subject to change—or, in other words, that nothing has ever been made till something had been destroyed or dissolved to make it of, and that this process of dissolution and formation has had, like a circle, no beginning or end. That it has existed through the countless ages of the past and will continue in like manner to all eternity. And that this eternal repetition is a necessity from the fact of the axioms to be mentioned a paragraph or so later on. Hence they claim that if a God did exist he could not, from the very nature of things, be a creating God, but only a director, former, or modeler of what already existed equally with himself. No refutation of Athei m will be successful or complete till this principle of "From nothng nothing comes" is proved to be false.

The second great principle is arrived at something on this wise: Man has ever observed that adequate causes always precede effects, and that these effects become, in their turn, causes of following effects, and so on without limit. And as not a single exception has ever been recorded, therefore they conclude that there can be nothing without a cause—that is, that everything has had a cause. Therefore, if all causes are caused by previous causes of which they were the temporary effects, it follows that there never could hav been a first cause, any more than a cause can fail to produce an effect. To suppose a first cause is to break the axiom, for it is to suppose that something can come from nothing.

This axiom, they claim, makes it impossible that there ever was a God who could be the primitiv cause of motion, forms, or substance. If it is claimed that he had a limitless string of causes preceding him which were sufficient to cause him to exist, then it must be admitted that he cannot be the first cause. And also if he was caused, he, as a God, had a beginning, and therefore is not eternal or infinit.

The next great principle to be mentioned is the self-evident outcome of the preceding, and is that "Action and reaction, all things considered, are equal and opposit." This they may consider proved, not only by all natural phenomena, but by thousands of careful experiments. The alternate growth and decay of vegetation, the rise and fall of empires, the facts of history seeming to repeat themselvs, the evaporation and condensation of water, and almost numberless other things, are considered as illustrations of this principle. It is by this theory of all things progressing in cycles, so to speak, that they account for the formation of our earth and all other astral spheres; and they also believe that when the reaction sets in they will all in their order disappear from their present places, and their substances be more or less mingled with each other, till the next reaction shall form other spheres in their places of a more or less similar character, but never exactly the same.

The cause for the manifest adaptation and what harmony there is to be seen in nature they ascribe to similar principles, which it is unnecessary to fully explain in this paper. But an illustration or two will perhaps serve to giv the reader a faint idea. Thus, when any number of free molecules or particles of substance are attracted to each other, their forms and polar magnetisms necessitate their union in some uniform configuration. If the particles are each spherical and are very numerous, a sphere cannot help being formed, as is the case with a drop of water; but, if there are but eight molecules, a cube is necessarily formed; if four, a square; if three, a triangle. And as all forms are composed wholly of these two elements, the curve and the angle, it seems plain to them how all naturally existing forms came to be as they are, without there being any intelligence either in the particles themselvs or outside of them.

It thus appears to them that the systematic, uniform, angled, and even-sided appearance which minerals and some vegetables manifest is as necessary as that three and two should make five and not four or six. The reader is recommended to read Haeckel's "History of Creation," four volumes, for further exemplification of their ideas.

The doctrin of the "conservation of energy," which means that all energy is indestructible, is but another aspect or wording of the preceding principle. It declares the same of force that the first great axiom does of substance.

The third great principle held by most Atheists is that "all intelligence comes from forms," *i.e.*, organisms. That everything is adapted to a certain use, first, according to its form; second, according to its size; third, according to the quality of its substance, and fourth, according to the force that is made to actuate it. In brief, that organisms manifest intelligence according to their form, perfection, size, quality, and actuating force. And that no substance of any size or quality actuated by ever so much force can manifest intelligence unless it is in a certain form. That if anything exists without form, it must of necessity be wholly inert and utterly void of any intelligence whatever. As the infinit means the limitless, so it follows that the infinit is really the only thing conceivable that has no form, bounds or limits. All are accustomed to think of the boundless expanse of the universe, or of space. So they infer that if there is an infinit God and the infinit is formless, and the formless is non-intelligent, that it follows conclusivly that an infinit God must of necessity be totally lacking in intelligence, because lacking in form.

It is claimed that intelligence is purely an attribute of the finite and hence if an intelligent God exists he must be finite, for it would be impossible for him to hav either will, wisdom, memory, justice, mercy, or goodness, without organs of some form capable of producing these qualities. Hence it will be seen that before the Atheist can be convinced that there is a good, just, and wise God, it must be demonstrated to him either that intelligence depends in no way whatever upon forms; or else that God is simply a great giant but still only finite.

And now to sum up the position of most Atheists in a few lines; it is this: First, from nothing nothing comes, therefore, as something exists, something must hav always existed. A creation from nothing and a creator are both utter impossibilities. Second, there is nothing without a cause, and therefore there never could hav been a first cause. Third, action and reaction are equal and opposit, and all forces are indestructible, therefore there can be no personal governor or director of the universe. Fourth, no form, no intelligence; therefore, if a God should exist and be infinit, he must be formless, conditionless, and limitless, hence would be utterly destitute of intelligence, wisdom, justice, goodness, badness, or any other attribute of forms.

When these four principles of science hav been completely and publicly overthrown, Atheism, as now existing, will be so completely unarmed that if positiv proof of a God can be shown all will cheerfully accept it. And until then all minor arguments are utterly futil.

A few more things should be added which Atheists generally believe, but which if proved false might not affect their position regarding a God.

First, that old forces are correlativ—that is, that they can be changed from one kind into another. For instance, heat may be converted into work, work into electricity, electricity into magnetism or light, and light may be converted back into heat, electricity, magnetism, work, etc. The same being true of all kinds of force. Hence it is claimed that as thought and will are but sublimated kinds of force, they are subject to the same principle. As one of the products of life, namely heat, can in its turn be made to contribute to the support of life, so it follows that as mind can cause motion, the motion of organs of certain form and quality can reproduce mind. It is in perfect harmony with the old axiom, "Action and reaction are equal."

In short, if the correlation of forces be true, and if mind and life are forces, other forces can, under proper circumstances, produce life and mind as readily as life and mind can produce the other forces.

To illustrate: A man can consume sugar (carbon), take in water, and breathe air, and the resultant force, when acting through his physical form, may turn the crank of an electric dynamo which converts his work into electricity, which may appear as heat in one place, as power in another, as light in another, and as sound in another. Parallel: A steam engin and boiler may consume sugar or coal (both carbon), take in water and air, and the resultant force, acting through the form called an engin, can turn the dynamo, and produce the same identical results. And if either form or machine be sufficiently impaired, or the supply of either the air, water, or carbon be shut off, they both alike come to a stop.

Therefore, they seem to think that when the organism, *i.e.*, the machine, that converts crude substances and forces into the finer ones of thought and will is destroyed or broken, the thoughts and mind that came from it must cease to be evolved, and only exist in history. This is one reason some hav for thinking that death ends all conscious, personal existence. The second is that, "Whatever has had a beginning must hav an end." Therefore, if life, thought, feeling, love, hope, joy, and sorrow had beginnings, they feel sure that their end is equally certain. Third, that, "All forms are perishable." And as change of form is change of character, personality, and identity, and as man and the earth he livs upon are forms, they think that it follows that he and it must also vanish away. The particles of each helping to form other worlds, and other men or animals, it may be, some time. Construction and destruction in the universe, as a whole, must be equal.

And now, in conclusion, a brief statement of a few of their moral or ethical rules and maxims will not be amiss. "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." "The time to be happy is now, the place to be happy is here, and the way to be happy is to make others so." The Atheists' try-square enables them always to detect right from wrong. It is understood in the fullest extent of the meaning of its words and includes mind, body, property, prospects, or position, present and future. It is this: "Whatever injures yourself or another is wrong; all else is right." "Without liberty there is no virtue." "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." "All men and women are born free and equal and hav an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "Reason is the lamp of the mind." "Hear, read, and investigate all sides before deciding." "Error alone fears investigation; truth courts it." "Freethought, investigation, and discussion will giv us truth."

They believe in the trinity of father, mother, and child, and in the pricelessness of love, purity, and truth. They believe that their word, their liberties, their honor, their homes, and the rights of others are sacred. They believe in the school-house, in temperance in all things, in order, in the freedom of speech and press, and in universal mental liberty for man, woman, and child.

They believe in doing right because it is right and not from fear of punishment or from expectation of reward.

They think the best preparation for the next world, if there should be one, is to do one's duty in this. That as one man cannot believe all religions at once, he is safest who is truest to his own convictions, while he seeks for truth and then livs nearest to his highest conceptions of duty. They worship truth. They bow to demonstrated facts. They pray for the naked truth, but they believe work is the prayer most likely to be answered. They praise a noble, generous, magnanimous deed. They love all mankind as brethren. They hate error, superstition, fraud, hypocrisy, cruelty, tyranny, and oppression. They hav no respect for ancient lies or reverence for old mistakes. They oppose Christianity because they hav reasons for thinking it fundamentally false, wrong in theory, and partially demoralizing in practice; and because they think it is a foe to the progress and higher morality of which the world is in such sad need.

"Be thyself," "Know thyself," "Think thyself."

Whatever may be done to their philosophy, how

can one fail to admire their ethics? The hope that this exposition of Atheism may promote the cause of truth, virtue, and human happiness is the sole desire and motiv of the author, who has tried both sides and is now happy to subscribe himself as an ex-Christian. PROF. C. L. HASKELL.

The Jew to the Christians.

To further demonstrate the utter inadvisability of wasting theology to prove the inconsistency of Christianity, especially that which is practiced by the arch-falsifying Freshman and company, I will, as usual, avail myself of facts only. There are more than one hundred million individuals whose Christianity hinges upon the faith of the pope's infallibility, and all are honest in their belief, yet nobody ever stopped to examin whether this infallibility was ever realized. I will not disturb the musty pages of history, but will confine myself to the present day. One of the pope's most eminent subordinates committed a certain crime againt his holiness, the infallible. The highest punishment for such iniquity is excommunication. After repeatedly warning the erring divine, the fatal act of excommunication was pronounced.

I wish from the bottom of my heart that Dr. McGlynn should die of a very ripe old age, but, for argument's sake, suppose that when the excommunication was read to him, he had been struck down by lightning, apoplexy, or even slipped down on a banana-peel and fractured his skull—would we ever hav heard the end of such a miraculous conception? I believe not. This would certainly hav added thousands of converts to Catholicism. But, thank God! Dr. McGlynn, besides not being stricken down, is alive and kicking. With what result? The Catholics are as silent as the grave. Not a suggestion is made, not a whisper is heard, to question the pope's infallibility and suggesting a screw loose somewhere. The only satisfaction left for us is that hundreds of millions protest against the pope's infallibility, but supplant it with faith. Their faith then becomes infallible. Hence, they place faith in the faith devoured by Freshman and his $10 faithless converts. Nay, according to the gospel of the New York *Herald*, a faith curist, a policeman of Newark, testified how the holy faith not only cures humanity, but also killed multitudes of bedbugs, swarms of roaches, and herds of rats. The *Sun* a few Sundays ago devoted an entire page to the infallibility of faith, and its capability of curing people, from a musketo bite to hydrophobia.

I, who am wicked enough to lose faith in what Mr. and Mrs. Freshman liv on, am made the target for revenge, by Freshman's being selected as the mouthpiece of Christianity to proclaim the good tidings that Jews of the Montefiore type are damned for ever and ever, while those Christians prematurely dying upon the scaffold in the faith of Freshman are as happy in heaven as they were miserable upon earth. This sort of faith is especially attested to by the following LL.D.'s and D.D.'s: Crosby, Deems, Buckley, Ormiston, Taylor, Vincent, Sabine, McChesney, Virgin, McArthur, Kidd, Wales, Warner, Colgate, and Van Norden, comprising the board of trustees of the faithful son of a rabbi Freshman, and company. The above eminent divines are so enraptured with Freshman's faith that they humbly submit to the unpleasant truth heaped by me upon their sacred heads. As for Freshman himself, nobody but a saint would undergo the lashing of my pen. More than once I concluded that he was a genuin saint, but for his unsaintly performances in his rabbinical habiliments upon the Christian pulpits, where, after each performance, the hat is passed around and emptied into his pockets, which are filled up with faith to the brim. Since such mode of proceeding is far from being saintly, I am convinced that he is the typical black-souled and black-hearted specimen of humanity, devoid of every feeling of sensitivness, who, when thrown out of the front door, will enter through the rear, as long as his greed for notoriety and gain is satisfied. To use a biblical phrase, slightly changed, "He eateth and wipeth his mouth and sayeth, I hav done no wickedness" (Prov. xxx, 20).

These are thy gods, O Christianity!

He is protected by the Christian clergy and editors. He is permitted, like the Balaamic quadruped, to open his mouth so as to wean away the Jew from the barbarity and fierceness of his Judaic lion to join the lamb-like and dove-like Christianity which erased the word persecution from its dictionary, especially the one in vogue in Russia and Roumania.

Yet Christianity is agitated and tries to solve the problem why the Jew is persecuted ever since the tragedy upon Calvary, jumping to the conclusion that it is a retribution for not joining Freshman's faith. This reminds me how once a man, holding on to a mule's tail, was crying out that the creature would kick him to death. When a bystander suggested, "Let go the tail and you are safe." Here, too, Christianity is shamefully persecuting the Jew searching for the reason. Why, my dear Christian, let the Jew alone, and there will be no more mystery.

As I am confining myself to facts only, I will endeavor to add a few more concerning the depravity of St. Freshman, and the inconsistency of his guardian angels, the clergy. The business cards of Freshman and company were for years printed on both sides. While advertising his holy wares on one side in English, the specialty of his trade was announced on the other side in Hebrew. As a son of a rabbi, Hebrew scholar, he paraded a verse from the Psalms. Through a typographical error the sense of that verse was converted into that Christ was to sit upon *hades* instead of *footstool*. These cards were piled up mountain-high in his religious depot of faith, and were freely circulated for years. Finally I submitted them to Drs. Crosby, Deems, Ward, Ferris, and a few others. My revelation was, of course, quietly transmitted to the apostle Freshman, who in return quietly destroyed the objectionable cards, substituting soft paper circulars for the hard pasteboards. But, alas! this innovation, too, bore the stamp of Freshman's huge ignorance. This time the Hebrew, on account of a wrong vowel sign, presents Christ in the feminin gender. This error was even detected by Dr. Ward of the *Independent*, who is a profound Hebrew scholar. But, in order to shield his fraudulent protege, Freshman, he is silent on this point also.

As to Freshman's backers, Drs. Crosby, Deems, Buckley, and the rest of the trustees, they don't care a snap what Freshman makes of Christ and Christianity, as long as he is fed upon faith, and produces as many converts as the eighth plague—the locusts in ancient Egypt about which the Bible tells us, "and they shall cover the face of the earth"—for according to the gospel of St. Freshman, from Dan to Bethsheba, and from Maine to 'Frisco, the roads are swarming with faithful converts. In fact, so much so that Mr. Freshman is perplexed how to provide faith enough for the multitude of converts to liv on.

In the current number of Freshman's tract, a letter from Dr. Crosby is republished, as follows: "The matter, then, is reduced to this: That the Hebrew-Christian church, which we support, is an institution of despicable, disgraceful, mercenary, convert-mongering. This I deny. I assert that it is an honest, honorable church, and that there is nothing in it mercenary." Dr. Crosby, who formed this epistle, certainly never thought of the Feinsteins, Oppenheimers, Brumers, Sterns, Salzmans, Rubins, etc. All of them, I believe, stand as living witnesses of the "despicable, disgraceful, mercenary convert-mongering."

But why wander away from the subject, when I repeatedly offered, and am still willing to pay, a thousand dollars toward the missionary fund for the privilege of proving the rascality, falsification, and gross ignorance of even Freshman himself? Since the clergy are shy to accept my offer, it is conclusiv evidence that they are fully aware of the truth of my statements, but rely upon the scepter of herculean power they sway, and the utter helplessness of myself.

The Christian editors, God bless them, repeatedly admitted the fraudulence and ignorance of Freshman, hence his professing Christianity must be for mercenary motivs only—barring faith. Will Dr. Crosby make a note of this in Freshman's organ?

Another matter I would like to call Dr. Crosby's attention to is, how one hundred and four times annually, every Saturday and Sunday, the *Herald* announces the following good tidings: "Rev. Jacob Freshman will preach; Israelites especially invited." I challenge Dr. Crosby to prove that the Rev. Mr. Freshman preached half of the time in his church. The fact of the matter is that he hires an old gentleman, the Rev. Mr. McLane, of Brooklyn, for a couple of dollars, to preach in his church, while Freshman himself is passing around the hat elsewhere in his religious costume. How does this correspond with Dr. Crosby's proclamation, "I assert that it is an honest, honorable church?"

In the misnamed sixth annual report, Dr. Crosby again asserts, "The services are well attended." The good doctor could certainly not hav attended the services himself, for I hav put down the attendance during twelve times, and they averaged a fraction over twenty-one, including the man and wife faith-eaters.

The Jew, as a rule, is supposed not to be very liberal in flinging away $1,000. If I am willing to do so, I must know whereof I speak.

Will ye, Christian ministers and editors, who hav everything to gain and nothing to lose, come up to rescue Christianity from its assailants?

Shame! where is thy blush? A. BENJAMIN.

History Our Witness.

History repeats itself, and upon this rock we Secularists and Infidels are proud to stand. This week's TRUTH SEEKER brings the glad tidings that Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll will go upon the platform and lecture, and devote the proceeds to the yellow fever fund. Good! One hundred and five years to-day on Sunday (save the mark!) Stephen Girard, a wealthy merchant, a nativ of France, and one of the members of the committee sympathizing with the wretched situation and condition of the sufferers of Bush Hill Hospital, voluntarily and unexpectedly offered himself as manager to superintend that hospital. The surprise and satisfaction can better be conceived than expressed. Peter Helm, a nativ of Pennsylvania, also volunteered his services. Their offers were accepted, and the same afternoon (Sunday) they entered upon execution of their dangerous and praiseworthy office. Did they go with holy water and a cross and open with prayer? No. Did they present every patient with a Bible, as they do the pupils in Girard College? Matthew Carey, Esq., thus extols him: "The perseverance of the managers of that hospital has been equally meritorious with their original and magnanimous beneficence. During the whole calamity to this time they hav attended uninterruptedly for six, seven, or eight hours daily, renouncing almost every care of private affairs. Stephen Girard, who was stationed in the interior of the hospital, has had to encourage the sick, to hand them necessaries and medicins, wipe the sweat off their brows, and to perform many disgusting offices of kindness for them which nothing could render tolerable but the exalted motivs that impelled him to this heroic conduct" (Girard's Life, by Simpson, page 62).

Girard's Bank never refused specie for its notes. In 1814, when the government credit was exhausted and the treasury bankrupt, Girard subscribed to a loan of $5,000,000. When he died he bequeathed to the Pennsylvania Hospital $30,000; Deaf and Dumb Institution, $20,000; last, but not least, Girard College, where thirteen hundred orphan boys are fed and clothed, which trust is now shamefully violated by the trustees by allowing religious services and erecting a chapel, which is contrary to his will. So much for a man who was a student of Voltaire and Rousseau. Simpson, his biographer, says (page 215): "Perhaps this is the only instance on record in which no clergyman walked to the grave of a man as rich as Stephen Girard, not only without impairing his popularity, but adding to his celebrity and fame." I say that there is an institution that the Secularists can point to with pride, and which no clergyman can enter and maintain his self-respect. Had he died in the Roman Catholic faith and left his estate to the pope, he, in all probability, would hav been sainted, and the institution would hav borne the name of St. Stephen's Orphan Asylum, and its cross would hav been higher than any church in America. His deeds were his life, and his actions speak for him. I hope this will answer the question as to whether the teachings of Secularism are beneficial.

Sept. 16, 1888. J. B. ELLIOTT.

A Spirit's Tribute to Paine.

Whilst Spiritualists sometimes say savage things of Materialism, there are those among them who can appreciate the Liberalizing work of Materialists, as witness the attached extract in praise of Thomas Paine, given in a Fourth of July oration by J. J. Morse, London, or by his purported "spirit control," printed in the *Banner of Light*, July 7th. The entire address is admirable, whether coming from a ghostly source or originating with the sensible orator.

Then follow the thunder of cannon, the clash of arms, the conflict of opposing forces, and the Continental troops grow weary and dispirited. Some are afraid that ammunition, the commissariat, and money will fall short, that for lack of numbers and lack of material the conflict will hav to dwindle into an ignominious conclusion. At this time one of the stanchest lovers of liberty that stood upon the scene of continental strife makes his voice heard and presence felt. For some years a mighty agitation had been inaugurated by this man, whose voice that had vigorously assailed the old systems of ecclesiasticism and politics was yet sounding on the air. This man's bright mind and earnest soul were cast with full weight and force into the destiny of the Continental struggle, with heart and soul, mind and brain, tongue and pen, so that when the Continental forces were growing weary, "The Rights of Man" rung out upon the breeze. Those writings were printed, distributed broadcast, and read at the head of every company of the Continental forces. There was the pivotal point; "The Rights of Man" stirred every soldier's breast, gave new life and fresh courage to the army, and from that sprang such determination to do or die that it conquered in the end, and gave you the liberty you now fully enjoy. This man has been denounced; bigots hav reviled him, ignorant fanatics hav obscured the labor he did and the service that he gave you, but the enlightened present and a still more enlightened posterity will tell you who he was, and it will be found that you will hav to giv him his due and proper place in the framing of that Declaration of Independence whose principles you celebrate to-day. When, hereafter, that name stands revealed, all will know the soul who did so much to revive the courage, stir the pulses, expose the errors and the evil that were oppressing your forefathers, who helped them forward in their hour of trial, and then the world will write in letters of gold in the heart of Columbia herself the name of Thomas Paine.

No wonder religious people feared him in the country across the sea. If his doctrins were true, he had undermined a state that sanctioned the theory of the divine right as associated with kings; torn the mask away from a hereditary ruler, uprooted the fiction of an aristocracy that, like leeches, sucked the blood from the common laborers of the land. No wonders they denounced him, for his voice was as the voice of a god, kindling life and action in the hearts of men, that, in the name of liberty, they might drive the evils that oppressed them from the world!

JOHN P. GUILD.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free.

The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Official Call for Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

To the Local Secular Unions, Life, Charter, and Annual Members, and all Liberal citizens who support the Nine Demands of Secularism, Greeting:

You are hereby invited to attend the Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, which will convene at Lafayette Hall, Wood street, near 4th, Pittsburgh, Pa., Friday, October 5, 1888, at 10 A.M., for a four days' session—5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th inclusiv.

All Charter and Life Members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of State or Executiv Committees, and all duly accredited delegates from Local Secular Unions are entitled to seats and votes in this Annual Congress. Each Local Secular Union is entitled to send its President and Secretary and three other members as delegates. Annual Members who pay or hav paid $1 in the national treasury are entitled to seats, but not to votes, except by unanimous consent of the Congress.

This Congress will specially consider practical questions tending to further agitation for taxation of church property; the abrogation of state aid to sectarian institutions; abolition of state, national, military, and prison chaplaincies; repeal of judicial oaths, Sunday and other oppressiv and unjust ecclesiastical laws; nullification of attempts to subvert our Constitution by a legal recognition of Theism in the American Magna Charta, and such other measures as will not merely thwart intended theological encroachments, but will absolutely expunge from our laws, state and federal, such insidious acts as hav already crept in to blot out mental freedom from our republic.

It is to be hoped that the addresses delivered will deal with the practical issues of the organization, so that there will be such an awakening of the people to these vital questions of the hour that a revival of the instinct of liberty and justice for all will necessarily result; that again from the Keystone state—the birthplace of our association—the clarion voice of freedom shall vibrate throughout the land.

Pittsburgh being situated almost in the center of a district containing many of our most distinguished workers, thinkers, and writers, besides the activ host within its limits, there is little doubt but that this Congress will be a glorious gathering of the forces who stand for mental liberty, as expressed in the desire for complete Secularization of the government.

S. P. PUTNAM, Pres.
E. A. STEVENS, Sec.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Ch. Ex. Com.
MATTIE A. FREEMAN, Ch. Fin. Com.

President Putnam at the Forum.

The Chicago Secular Union has had another feast of Freethought, for our poet president has just given us two inspiring lectures not soon to be forgotten in the history of the Forum, where good lectures are always looked for. Samuel P. Putnam's Sunday afternoon and evening addresses surpassed all his previous efforts here, and won frequent and heartiest plaudits from his host of admirers. "The Bible and Modern Thought" is a severely logical argument which shows the wild impossibilities which orthodoxy atraches to "holy writ," and the wreck of reason and experience necessary to accept the definitions and limitations of the so-called religions. Our Secular soldier assails this citadel of dogmatism—the Bible—as though at the head of a courageous, indomitable, and irresistible storming party, and quickly levels the enemies' ramparts to the earth, playing havoc generally with their munitions and supplies and floating the standard of reason aloft. By special request he gave in the evening "The Glory of Infidelity," and took us to traverse hights sublime with heroic thoughts and deeds of those who, in the troublous past, then trod this ignorant, ungrateful world. "The Glory of Infidelity" makes us proud to bear that term of reproach; it makes life eminently elastic and proves that the heretics increase the world's wealth of knowledge; it givs us clearer, wider, deeper stretch of mental vision, and thus confronts us as Secularists with the importance of our present duty, besides picturing the substantial realization of a Secular paradise, where peace, wisdom, and justice may find a resting-place, and bigotry, hatred, and superstition be forever banished. It was a refreshing draught of mental ozone.

E. A. STEVENS.

Proportionate Robbery.

The following tables show the value of the property in the various towns named, and also the amount of property which the church holds untaxed:

CITY OF ALPENA, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$1,721,870
" " personal property,	1,564 550
Approx. value of church property,	150,000
" " benevolent institut'ns,	10,000
" " private libraries,	100,000

CITY OF BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$2,544,342
" " personal property,	790,585
Approx. value of church property,	123,000
" " denominational schools,	102,000

CITY OF COLDWATER, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$343,417
" " personal property,	171,708
Approx. value of church property,	50,000
" " public libraries,	20,000

CITY OF CHARLOTTE, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$965,770
" " personal property,	489,230
Approx. value of church property,	55.000
" " private libraries,	25,000

CITY OF CADILLAC, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$383,285
" " personal property,	250,832
Approx. value of church property,	33,000

CITY OF DETROIT, MICH.

Estimate of amount and valuation of church property and buildings as appears from the assessors' rolls in January, 1887.

	Buildings.	Land.	Total.
First ward,	545,500	188.100	733.600
Second "	350.000	208,150	558,150
Third "	355,000	170.650	525,650
Fourth "	70,000	41.640	111,640
Fifth "	128,000	71,310	199.310
Sixth "	83,000	27,500	110,500
Seventh "	40,000	21,300	61.300
Eighth "	11,000	12,080	23,080
Ninth "	10.000	18,190	28,190
Tenth "	50,460	122,000	172.460
Eleventh "	10,000	30,280	40,280
Twelfth "	6,000	3,840	9,840
Thirteenth "	68,800	15,200	84,000
Fourteenth "	7,000	2.890	9,890
Fifteenth "	41,800	9,100	50,900
Sixteenth "	25,000	33,910	58,910
Total,	$1,801,560	$976,140	$2,777,700
1-2 in 1886, first, second, and fourth wards,			250,000
			$3,027,700

CITY OF DOWAGIAC, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate and personal property,	$1,000,000
Approximate value of church property,	30,000

CITY OF FLINT, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$3,165,575
" " personal property,	1,397,210
Approximate value of church property,	175,000

CITY OF GREENVILLE, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$722,009
" " personal property,	299,200
Approximate value of church property,	37,000
" " benevolent institutions,	1,000

CITY OF HILLSDALE, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$1,900,000
" " personal property,	400.000
Approximate value of church property,	40,000
" " college property,	125,000
" " private libraries,	60,000

CITY OF HOLLAND, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$597,260
" " personal property,	286,300
Approximate value of church property,	35,000
" " city libraries,	1,000

CITY OF ISHPEMING, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$5,285,070
" " personal property,	423,700
Approx. value of church property,	50,000
" " charitable institutions,	5,000
" " private libraries,	20,000

CITY OF KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$4,532,860
" " personal property,	1,636,250
Approx. value of church property,	205,000
" " charitable institut'ns,	10,000
" " benevolent "	4,000
" " scientific	210,000
" " ladies' private library,	15,000

CITY OF LUDINGTON, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$803,605
" " personal property,	567,948
Approx. value of church property,	20 000
" " benevolent institut'ns,	5,500

CITY OF MANISTER, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$1,798,430
" " personal property,	664,535
Approx. value of church property,	85,700
" " benevolent institut'ns,	51,000

CITY OF MARSHALL, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$1,118,490
" " personal property,	452,835
Approx. value of church property,	70,000

CITY OF MARQUETTE, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$1,977,920
" " personal property,	275,800
Approx. value of church property,	10,000
" " charitable institut'ns,	2,000

CITY OF NILES, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$1,398,290
" " personal property,	452,670
Approx. value of church property,	75,000
" " private libraries,	10,000

CITY OF NEGAUNEE, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$2,236.500
" " personal property,	513 400
Approx. value of church property,	64,500
" " school institutions,	12,000
" " private libraries,	10,000

CITY OF OWOSSO, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$861,335
" " personal property,	223,625
Approx. value of church property,	31,000
" " private libraries,	2,500

CITY OF SAGINAW, MICH.

Assessed value of real estate,	$3,755,100
" " personal property,	1,156,400
Approx. value of church property,	200,000
" " benevolent institut'ns,	70,000
" " private libraries,	50,000

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

COOS COUNTY, ORE., Aug. 15th–28th.—It is a long railroad ride from Corvallis to Roseburgh, where I arrived at 2:30 in the morning, and at once sought a much-needed bed, with only two hours and a half of repose. I rose at 5 A.M. to take stage to Dora. The so-called stage proved to be a wretched old buckboard, loaded with trunks, grips, boxes, and bundles, with the unfortunate passengers squeezed in between. They charged me $8.50 for jeopardizing my life, smothering me with dust, jolting my internal and bruising and cramping my external organization, from the effects of which I am not yet fully recovered. The road is execrable, and so narrow that when teams meet one has to back down sometimes over a quarter of a mile, then the passengers hav to assist in lifting the stage up the bank, and the other vehicle passes, rubbing the wheels of the stage on one side, the other tilting over a precipice at an angle of 95°. But they are used to it. It is only occasionally—not oftener than three or four times a month—that horses and people are pitched down the precipice and mangled or killed.

The scenery is romantic and grandly beautiful, but nineteen-twentieths of the time you cannot see through the thick clouds of dust, even if you could get the dust out of your eyes so as to see at all. I reached the home of that stalwart Liberal, James Laird, at 3:40 P.M., only to learn that he was absent, and that I had yet twenty-seven miles more to travel ere I reached Myrtle Point, where I was advertised to lecture at 8 P.M.

Despite every effort, the road was so bad, and over such steep mountains, that I did not reach Myrtle Point till 9:30 P.M. Friends had come in from a great distance, but had gone home discouraged, not knowing if I should come at all or not. Yet the Liberals of Myrtle Point gave me a right cordial greeting, and the next night I had a most enjoyable time delivering a lecture on "What Liberalism Teaches" to a large and very enthusiastic audience. The friends all expressed regrets that I could not stay another night.

Myrtle Point is full of jolly, genial, whole-souled, intelligent Liberals, who will never permit the car of progress to halt for lack of earnest, self-sacrificing efforts on their part.

COQUILLE CITY, Aug. 16th, 17th.—This is the one dark spot on beauteous Coos county. Here is where all the little, narrow-minded, penurious folks of the county congregate. They are under the spiritual control of an uncultured gospel-shouter, whom, despite his followers' great reverence for his spiritual attainments, they yet fail to pay enough to keep him from beggary.

Good, loyal, tried and trusty Henry Nichols did all he could, but the Liberals are so few, and even a majority of the few are so weakly, so overawed by Mrs. Grundy, they dare not aloud claim any proprietorship of their own souls.

At the first lecture there were only twenty persons present, and even at the second not over sixty. Yet I am glad I made an effort in the place, for the lectures stirred the stagnant putrescence into which even the good were sinking, and aroused a spirit of inquiry and discussion, so that lively debates were held in store and mill, forcing Christians to hunt the evidences of their faith, and may yet result in a healthier state of things, although it must be admitted the average Coquille citizen is so small-souled, dwarfed in intellect, and penurious that it will be slow, hard work to evolute him to anything like Liberalism.

ARAGO, Aug. 18th, 19th.—This is the home of J. Henry Schroeder. His name is the synonym for all that is manly, generous, public-spirited, and Liberal. Although he is an outspoken Infidel, there is no place or position of honor or trust in their gift which the citizens of Coos county would not gladly bestow on him. Here is additional evidence that Infidelity lived out helps, instead of injuring, popularity and good standing in an intelligent community.

The lectures were held at the pavilion on the county fair-grounds. (The spacious and admirably fitted up fair-grounds, with a splendid full-mile race track, are mainly due to the enterprise and liberality of J. Henry Schroeder and the Infidel friends.) There was quite a good attendance at the lecture on Saturday night. On Sunday we had a grand picnic, and lectures morning and afternoon. Large delegations came from Myrtle Point and adjacent places. The Schroeder brass band attended in full force, and performed some choice selections with admirable taste and skill. Dinner was held in the grove, a sumptuous repast—every delicacy,' fish, flesh, and fowl, and the luscious fruits for which this part of Oregon is unrivaled on the earth. There were over one hundred and fifty persons present. I sold large quantities of Liberal books and pamphlets, and obtained a number of new subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER. All heartily enjoyed the occasion, and besought me to return next year, and bring Mrs. Reynolds with me.

BEAR CREEK, Aug. 20th.—Judge F. S. Lowe is the standard-bearer in this vicinity, and one of whom the Liberals may well feel proud. He is of the first settlers on the river, and has a very large and lovely ranch. His two sons are well worthy of so noble a sire, earnest Liberals, bright, intelligent workers for universal mental liberty.

The lecture was delivered at the school-house up Bear Creek. After rowing across the river from the house of Judge Lowe, we marched a mile and a half through the woods, along the creek's banks, to the school-house. Yet here, so seeming far from anywhere or anybody, there was quite a goodly rally of intelligent people who appreciated the truth made plain, and expressed determination to read and investigate, and do what they could to help others by circulating Liberal literature. In the morning I took the steamer to Bandon, of which more anon.

BANDON, ORE., Aug. 21st, 22d.—This is a thriving little town on the ocean shore. Its people are quite Liberally inclined. The newspaper folks take the lead in every good word and work. I found a curiosity—a perfect wonder—in the printing-office here. A crude, home-made printing-press, built thirty years ago by J. H. Bandon, with only a saw, maul, and ax for tools. It is made entirely of wood, except a marble slab used as a bedplate. The bedplate is 24x18 and runs in wooden grooves. The power of the press is constructed on the plan of a notary's seal. It does really excellent work. Such a press would not cost over $25, and would be invaluable in any small printing or newspaper office.

Thanks to the energetic efforts of J. Henry Schroeder, who imparted his own spirit of enthusiasm to all the Liberals in the vicinity, I had a good attendance, and aroused considerable interest by the delivery of two lectures.

MARSHFIELD, ORE., Aug. 23d, 24th, 25th.—This is the banner city of the banner county for Liberalism in Oregon. There are a few parsons and a number of Chinese who are not Liberal, but they are scarcely worth mentioning. Of course there are some intelligent birthright Christians, but they don't work at it much. Their piety is of the mildest kind and their real inclinations are toward Liberalism.

This is the home of the ever-genial Garfield, a whole-souled, generous-hearted Infidel and enterprising merchant, doing a very extensiv hardware business. Here, too, I enjoyed a visit with dear old Fred Mark, a Dane, a thoroughly naturalized American, one of nature's noblemen, a born mechanic, who has earned a handsome competency by his skill, industry, and enterprise. Despite his openly avowed Infidelity, he does the furniture business of the whole county, and, like Friend Garfield, is by all loved and respected.

I really greatly enjoyed lecturing in this place. My audiences seemed so fully in sympathy with me; even the Christians present were of the manly, honest kind, and acknowledged I had proved things from the Bible that were entirely new to them, and that necessitated their careful revision and investigation as to the evidences of their religious belief.

NORTH COOS RIVER, ORE., Sunday, Aug. 26th.—Sunday was a busy, happy day. Up at 6 A.M., on board the little steamer Bertha at 7 A.M. sharp, and steamed away along the north fork of Coos river. There were only a few passengers, and I felt a little doubtful of the success of our proposed picnic, but every few miles we made landings and took on passengers at the ranches along the river till our little craft was overloaded. On reaching my destination I was delighted at the beauty of the place, and agreeably surprised to find two hundred and fifty people there, and a happier, jollier crowd never assembled. I at once urged the duty of subscription to Liberal periodicals and delivered a lecture. After supplying the eager demand for Liberal publications, we adjourned to dinner.

Coos county is greatly favored by nature; she glories in superabundance of all desirable gifts, fish, fruit, grain, grass, cattle, lumber, and coal, and the people seem to partake of the same generous nature and liberal spirit. Oh, what a sumptuous, bounteous feast the ladies spread in that grove! No wonder the men are stalwart, jolly, and content; the women sprightly, bright, and happy. After dinner I gave the second lecture; it was listened to with deep interest and attention. At 4 P.M. I reëmbarked on the steamer and enjoyed a delightful sail back to Marshfield, only marred by having to bid good-bye to the kind friends along the route. I arrived at Marshfield at 7 P.M., and at 8 delivered a lecture in the hall, subject, "Salvation: Christian or Secular, Which?"

EMPIRE CITY, Aug. 27th, 28th.—This is a sawdust town on the coast, mainly depending on its mammoth saw-mill. S. H. Hazard, the able and distinguished lawyer, is the leading Liberal, and he knows just how to marshal the forces. The lectures were delivered at the court house. The first evening the attendance of ladies was small, but the second night there was a full delegation.

On the journey to Portland I had the pleasure to hav Ex-Governor Thayer (now judge of the supreme court of Oregon) and his good wife for *compagnons de voyage*. They are a most kindly, unassuming, lovable couple, both stanch Liberals, and interested in all that pertains to human progresss.

Thanks to good J. Henry Schroeder, who so self-sacrificingly and intelligently arranged for me, I had a most successful campaign in Coos county.

Poor Jamieson is grieved a column and a half, in the letter department of THE TRUTH SEEKER, over my proposition to debate with Braden, if he, Braden, would, from his own resources, pay half the expenses, and I the other half; and each pledge to giv all money received on account of such discussion to the sick and destitute.

Jamieson's "debating with Braden" has had its contaminating influence. The odor of the skunk has permeated him. In his long, silly tirade he evinces the same reckless disregard to truth—bombastic self-laudation—and the same mean, mercenary spirit of his dear friend and teacher, Clark Braden.

Jamieson's lachrymal whining is all on account of his loss of his job to debate at Silverton. Like Braden—his prototype—he givs himself away.

"Notwithstanding the Silverton committee requested me to hold myself in readiness to debate with Braden, and I refused calls to lecture East on account of the prospectiv debate West, I will release the gentleman, and Brother Reynolds will conduct the debate at a cheaper rate than I possibly can."

I never "retreated from Braden;" never, to my knowledge, hav been within a hundred miles of him, so could not possibly run from him. I never ran from Braden, or any other creature, but one—that was a rattlesnake on Lookout mountain. It takes a Jamieson to run after Braden—to laud and defend him for the sake of the money to be obtained by debate with him.

The wisdom of the advice of THE TRUTH SEEKER to avoid the skunk is fully demonstrated. Jamieson's contact with Braden has so demoralized and corrupted him that he cannot conceive the possibility of anyone being honest in offering to make any real sacrifice for the cause of truth, since neither he nor Braden would advocate or defend any cause only for the money they obtain by so doing.

What next? Jamieson and Braden in partnership—arranging series of debates, and traveling together—for what money there is in it. Alas! poor Jamieson to become the mere tool of such a thing as Clark Braden—too bad, too bad! But it is the natural effect of bad associates.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

Lecturing in the Lake States.

Saturday, September 8th, I bid my wife and babies an affectionate farewell—even the little black dog had to shake his master's hand good-bye—and started on my first lecturing tour of any extent.

With not a few misgivings and fears as to the results of the future did I take this step. It is no easy thing for a young man, without fame or fortune, to break away from home, when he knows that his absence causes many a heart-ache and lonely sigh from those who are dearer to him than his own life. Nevertheless, having determined, several years ago, to devote the best years of my life to the service of humanity, I felt that the time had arrived to commence work.

I reached Deuster, Wis., the place of my first appointment, late Saturday night; there is no town there, nothing but a platform where the train stops for passengers. There was no light to be seen—no sound even reached me but the rumbling of car wheels, as the train was vanishing in the distance. What could be the matter—had Mr. Kruschke failed to receive my card announcing the date of my visit?

As I stood there revolving in my mind what to do, I saw a shed I took to be a horse-stable, and being of an ever-hopeful disposition, I was about to see what chance there would be for a Liberal missionary to get lodgings. I began to sympathize with him "who had not where to lay his head," when I heard buggy wheels rattling along the road. Soon an old gentleman drove up and asked the lonely wretch standing there if he answered to the name of Dawes, being answered in the affirmativ. I received a hearty hand-shake, and was made to feel at home. We drove to Mr. Kruschke's house, two miles from the railroad, and there being a social dance at another one of the Kruschke's, we were also taken there, and spent part of the night in visiting. Word was given out that there would be a Freethought lecture at the hall over Mr. Kruschke's cranberry house the next evening.

Where an audience was to come from was a query with me. But Mr. Kruschke drove around to the neighbors, far and near, inviting them to the lecture. Then, to my surprise, an audience of nearly one hundred greeted me. After the lecture the young folks enjoyed themselvs again, for two or three hours, with a social dance. No hesitation in enjoying oneself in that neighborhood on account of the Lord's day—no church within ten miles accounts for it. Preachers are about as conspicuous for their absence there, as they are at present in Jacksonville, Fla.

From Deuster I came on to Minnesota Lake, but no arrangements had been made for a lecture; we tried what could be done in so short a time, but a ball in town spoilt affairs for us. Arrived at Delavan and met Mr. Horton and Mr. and Mrs. Geddes. I had been advertised to speak there, but nearly everyone was away to the state fair, so thought it best to postpone the lecture until after my engagement at Fairmont. I crowded myself onto the friends at Fairmont a day ahead of time, but I was made welcome with Mr. and Mrs. Merritt and Mr. and Mrs. Bonney, who are enthusiastic Liberals. There is also Mr. House, the harness-maker, and Mr. Kendall and his aged mother-in-law, Mrs. Moore.

The meetings at Fairmont were a grand success. The lecture Monday night was, "What Objections to Christianity?" and Tuesday night, "Has Christianity Benefited Women?" The hall was well filled each night by intelligent and attentiv listeners. The ladies placed on the table each night two beautiful bouquets, and helped to make the meetings successful.

At the close of the lecture, Tuesday night, we organized a Secular Union of ten members, and there will be others with them soon. And we hav every hope of the success of the Union at Fairmont, as the ladies are engaged, and when they are for us there is something encouraging—the orthodox ask if God is for them, who can be against them, but if it were not for the support of the women, their Gods, devils, saviors, and churches would hav been laid down in brine long ago.

The charter-members of the Union at Fairmont are: J. House, president; Mrs. John Merritt, secretary; Mrs. H. Bonney, treasurer; John W. Merritt, H. H. Bonney, H. I. Townsend, A. B. Payne, G. Kendall, Mrs. E. Moore, Delbert Dale. Long will I remember the pleasant visit and kind friends at Fairmont, Minn.

I can assure any lecturer who may be called to Fairmont that he will be received by as good and sensible and hospitable a class of Liberals as there is in the world.

From Fairmont I returned to Delavan, but things worked a little out of joint again at Delavan. Political conventions and fairs had taken most of the people friendly toward Liberal ideas out of town. But a very small and very attentiv audience of gentlemen gathered about half-past 8, and I gave a talk of thirty or forty minutes.

At Delavan I was entertained at the home of Mr. Giddes, who is ever ready to put forth some effort in behalf of liberty of thought and speech. From Delavan I go to Waterville, Minn. Liberals in Iowa and Missouri wishing lectures, and who would like to favor me, can address me at Waterville, Minn.

GEO. H. DAWES.

Lectures and Meetings.

MRS. M. A. FREEMAN'S lecturing engagements are as follows: Pittsburgh, October 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th; Farmdale, 11th, 12th; Andover, 13th, 14th; Painesville, 16th, 17th; Canal Fulton, 18th, 19th; Akron, 21st, afternoon and evening.

OWING to illness, Mr. G. H. Hertwig notifies us that he cannot attend the Pittsburgh Congress of the American Secular Union. He will fill his other lecturing engagements when he recovers, which he thinks, and we trust rightly, will be very soon.

THE Manhattan Liberal Club begins its fall and winter meetings on the 5th instant. The first lecture is by Henry Nichols, who will consider "A Protectiv Tariff." October 12th S. P. Putnam will speak on "The Reign of the People." Dr. Foote, Jr., the genial president of the club, hopes the hall will be crowded on October 5th, though he will be in Pittsburgh. The place of meeting is the old one, German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street.

Communications.

Babylon.—Concluded.

All the ancient religions of centuries and ages before the Christian era had their prophets, seers, and oracles, so the God of the Jews must hav his also; and every one of them, Jew or pagan, was a self-made prophet.

Of what use are prophets and prophecies at any time, or in any age?

Can anyone giv a good reason why God's prophets are not on earth to-day as well as three thousand years ago?

What is the reason that miracles and violations of the laws of nature do not occur now as well as in centuries past?

And why did God appear on earth and talk familiarly and flippantly to men at the time these Bible prophets say he did, and at no other time?

The first thing that King Cyrus did after getting possession of Babylon was to thank the gods—not God—for the success they had given him. Then in honor of the taking of the city—by the orders of King Cyrus—a great religious pageant and feast was held, of the last of which I quote from Rollin the following description: "When they came to the field consecrated to the gods, they offered the sacrifices, first to the sun and then to Jupiter. To the honor of the first they burnt bulls, and to the honor of the second horses."

When the church talks about the barbarity of heathen sacrifices, and the idolatry of the pagan religion, it should bear in mind that King Cyrus was God's anointed, and his beastly and inhuman sacrifices, and idolatrous ceremonies, the accounts of which are in the five books of Moses, where they were ordered by the Christian's God and participated in by Aaron and the high priests, far exceed others. King Solomon, one of this God's favorits, sacrificed to his and the Christian's God at one time twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep. King Cyrus lived about thirty years after the capture of Babylon, which event took place about 500 B.C. His last words were: "My sons, fear the gods [not God], who never die; who see all things, and whose power is omnipotent. Fear them and let that fear prevent you from ever doing anything contrary to justice and right."

Compare the last words of this heathen king with the last words of that God-exalted and Christian saint, King David, as recorded in 1 Kings ii. Does any unbiased man believe for a moment that King Cyrus ever spoke the words that the last verse of 2 Chronicles says he did, namely: "All the kingdoms of the earth hath the Lord God of heaven given me, and he hath charged me to build him a house in Jerusalem?" This is untrue, for Cyrus never owned all the kingdoms of the earth. The latter part of this verse condemns itself, for no devout worshiper of paganism, as King Cyrus proved himself to be, would ever forsake the gods of his religion by turning infidel and acknowledging other gods. any more than a devout worshiper of the Hebrew God to-day would in any way acknowledge or build a temple for heathen gods.

The character of this heathen, this idolator, whom the scriptures say was God's anointed, and the man that Israel's God chose to do those horrible deeds prophesied by Isaiah, was good. We hav no account of him doing or allowing his soldiers to do such atrocious deeds as this man Isaiah—who claimed to be God's prophet—said he would do. Therefore he put into the mouth of his God the name of the wrong man for such diabolical purposes. This deity of the Jews, about the time he chose Cyrus to do his work, was almost destitute of followers. For over four thousand years, amongst the many populous and enlightened nations that surrounded this Jewish nation not one worshiped or recognized this being in any way, and, as far as ancient history informs us, did not know of his existence; and in this respect profane history is sustained by the Bible. This book savs further that at about the time King Cyrus took Babylon, or some years before, the Jews, with the exception of a few Jew priests, had deserted their God and turned pagans. Strange that these people, continually seeing the wonderful things done, and miracles performed right before their eyes, should hav no fear or veneration for the being that did them, but were continually rebelling against him. It was about this time that occurred that wonderful miracle, as related in 2 Kings, of the angel of the Lord that went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians one hundred and fourscore and five thousand. When they—it must mean those he smote—rose early in the morning they were all dead corpses. Also that miracle of knocking down the walls of Jericho by blowing ram's horns, and many others equally absurd and surprising. All these seemed to hav no effect on the chosen people of this Bible God. This being, then, had but the one nation of followers for about four thousand years, and a great part of the time but few of them. And even at this day there is not one nation of people that show by their deeds and actions that they believe in this God of the Hebrews and the Christian religion.

The Rev. H. W. Beecher declared there was not a Christian nation on the face of the earth. He was right. I suppose this country comes as near to being one as any other, and yet, as nearly as I can estimate, there is not to exceed fifteen per cent of the population of America that dies Protestant Christian, and of the world's population not two. Then to call this a Christian nation, where eighty-five per cent of the people die outside of Protestant churches, would be a clear case of the tail wagging the dog.

But, from this digression, let us return and finish Babylon. Amongst all the nations that existed before the Christian era, the Jewish nation stood lowest in the scale of civilization, and their God was theirs alone. Every reader of ancient history knows that Rollin wrote the truth when he said, "Through the multitude of profane history which heathen antiquity furnishes, and in every part thereof, there reigns an entire oblivion, not to say worse, of the almighty. The Jews were the only people who, in that age, acknowledged God." And, again, he says in speaking of some of the best and wisest men of ancient Rome and Athens: "I hav observed that certain examples exhibit a noble and grand scene in history. But only one country, and that of very small extent, knew the true God. In Judah is God known. His name is great in Israel. Elsewhere all mouths are mute in respect to him. Men adored everything but God, and other religions had deluged the whole earth."

Isaiah, in his fearful prophecies against Babylon, said the city should be overthrown and no traces of it left, and wild beasts of the desert shall roam there. Now, this was all to happen soon, for he said, "And her time was near at hand; and her days shall not be prolonged." To show the utter falsity of these prophecies, it is only necessary to state that Babylon, after it was conquered by Cyrus, remained a great city until Alexander the Great captured it four hundred years afterward, and it was then a great and magnificent city. And among other gifts presented to Alexander when he captured Babylon, was a set of astronomical observations taken by the inhabitants for a space of nineteen hundred and three years, which, consequently, went as far backward as the age of Ninus.

Babylon never was destroyed by fire or the sword, as these impostors said it would be. On account of the Persian kings removing their places of residence to other cities, it went into gradual decay, and about 100 B.C. the last of its inhabitants removed to a rival city, the abode of the Persian kings. Some years after this, a portion of Babylon was used as a public park and zoological garden. Fanatical theology, like drowning men catching at straws, because wild beasts were kept in cages in this park tried to construe it into the fulfilment of the prophecy, "That wild beasts shall lie there." Nations and cities, like human beings, are born, grow, liv, and die. This great city of Babylon lived much longer than the average life of cities. It stood as one of the wonders of the world for over two thousand years, notwithstanding hundreds of cities all around it were destroyed by wars, desolation, and the ravages of time.

Babylon, therefore, remained a monument to refute false prophecies, and to defeat the vengeance of the wrathful God of these (at that time) marauding, barbarous, and savage tribes of Jews. At the time the Bible says Nebuchadnezzar was eating grass with cattle (why did not the writer of this book write a probable lie instead of an improbable and ridiculous one?) profane history says he was engaged in a thirteen years' siege of Tyre. Isaiah said his God swore he would destroy this city also. Now, I for one agree to take the word of any God that selects Isaiah or any other of these Bible prophets to make evil prognostications for him, as well without swearing as swearing, for I do not think swearing is a divine attribute. I hav not, nor hav other people, much respect for prophets that flourish to-day, and I cannot see why we should respect men that assumed to be oracles, seers, prophets, or sorcerers three thousand years ago. And I can see no difference between those that do business for pagan gods and those who do business for Israel's God.

Damascus was another city of which Isaiah prophesied destruction, in these words: "The burden of Damascus. Behold Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap." Damascus can be traced back for forty centuries, and was a city in the days of Abraham. It never was destroyed, and is one of the oldest cities in the world, and a flourishing city to-day. So much for lying prophets and prophecies. The prophecies of Daniel and Revelation are wild, dreamy, and visionary, written by cunning and demented Jews in vague, symbolic, and ambiguous language. And as in all other prophecies in the Bible, there is no specified time mentioned when these terrible predictions of evil are to be fulfilled. They can be construed to mean everything and anything, but they really mean nothing. Like the darky's trap, they are sot to cotch the coon a-going and a-coming. Prophets and prophecies are bad, and of no benefit whatever. On the contrary, they hav an evil tendency, and hav done much harm in all ages. The predictions are almost invariably of disaster, pestilence, famin, destruction of cities, the end of the world, and similar evils. The foretelling of these horrible calamities unsettles the minds of weak-minded people, and, like all religious excitement, has a tendency to produce insanity and suicide.

JOHN IRWIN.

Chicago, April, 1888.

Higgledy-Piggledy.

Of the multifarious higgledy-piggledy that adorns the pages of the Holy Queer, and appropriately so, perhaps, the sample to be met with in the latter portion of the fourth chapter of Exodus, takes, if not the entire cake, a very liberal slice thereof. It appears that Jahveh and Moses had had a confab regarding Pharaoh and his personal or primogenial belongings, Jahveh threatening to do thus and so, if Pharaoh did not do so and thus, as it were. This confab I speak of winds up with the twenty-second and twenty-third verses, as follows, Jahveh speaking to Moses:

22: "And thou shalt say unto Pharaoh, Thus saith the Lord, Israel is my son, *even* my first born." 23: "And I say unto thee, Let my son go, that he may serve me; and if thou refuse to let him go, behold, I will slay thy son, *even* thy first born." This ends the discussion, the twenty-fourth verse opening out as follows: "And it came to pass by the way in the inn, that the Lord met him and sought to kill him."

Now, the question is, Who did Jahveh meet by the way in the inn, and seek to kill? Was it Moses, some time after the confab had terminated, or was it the primogenial chip of the old block, Pharaoh? This verse, sprung as it is upon one without hint or warning, startles and shocks, and quite considerably flabbergasts the reader, unless he be of the Talmage type, which bolts everything at a gulp, without a thought. To the members of this type, who are never startled or incited to think, the course over the cross-cut sea of higgledy-piggledy and incongruity in this and other chapters is plain sailing, and they never hav to start a sheet or brace a yard.

The ordinary reader, somewhat startled by the alleged murderous intent of Jahveh, takes it that the latter met and sought to kill Moses, and lets it go at that, feeling that it is no funeral of his; but the reader who is shocked by said intent, as set forth, asks himself, Who did Jahveh meet and seek to kill? and concludes that it was the "chip" as above mentioned; then he goes back and reads over again to find that he couldn't safely bet on said chip, winding up by refusing to bet on either party; and this is the position in which I find myself. I would like to bet, but want to bet safely, and can't, for the life of me, decide whether to bet on Mose or the "other feller." Talmage and, no doubt, the good Shepard man of the *Mail and Express* could each giv me the tip, but unfortunately I should hav no confidence in the winning power of either tip.

That Jahveh met some one "by the way in the inn [take notice that no previous mention is made of the inn] and sought to kill him," is a cocksure thing, it being thus recorded in Ex. iv, 24. Now, who was that somebody? If Moses, why did Jahveh seek to kill him? If the primogenial scion of the house of Pharaoh, why didn't he kill him? Was the intended victim too many for him—too cute, too fly, as it were? We read of no one else in the Holy Queer who ever got away when Jahveh "sought to kill him," and the devil of it is, we don't know who this lucky fellow was.

It is taken for granted, of course, that Jahveh didn't accomplish his object, but why? Did he repent him of his murderous intention? Hardly, else had the fact been chronicled with other, and by no means few, repentances of his. It follows, then, that the party, whether Moses or the "other fellow," was too fly for him, which is a sockdologer! The party who was too cute for Jahveh, when the latter was on the warpath, was some tar on a stick, and don't you forget it. Satisfied that Jahveh did not repent him of his death-dealing intention, also that he did not carry it out, as would hav been recorded in either case, I am completely flabbergasted to think that the intended victim escaped the would-be killer! It knocks me galley-west to think that such a thing could be to overcome one like a summer cloud, or a wet blanket, say.

There must be some mistake about this circumstance or the report thereof, it seems to me. If Jahveh really met anyone "by the way in the inn, and sought to kill him," that fellow's goose was as good as cooked, if Jahveh was what he cracked himself up to be, for when he was on the kill, it was woe to those he sought to get away with; they were doomed and as good as done for! That he didn't carry out the bloody program, goes without saying, as otherwise it would hav been recorded that he was in at the death, sure pop. Of course it is barely possible that he repented and let up on the mysterious party, but I take no stock in such a hypothesis, as he was not at all bashful about admitting repentance. Now, he either met a person "by the way in the inn, and sought to kill him," or he didn't. If there was such a meeting, with such intent, then was

Jahveh euchred and not the party he cracked himself up to be, and as he showed himself to be on many occasions when in pursuit of gore; if there was no such meeting, then he allowed a senseless, lying report concerning himself to get into the columns of the Holy Queer, the same to muddle all creation for all time, save those of the Talmage type. But this is not likely. The report, such as it is, is there, and the occurrence, such as it was, took place, of course, simply for the reason that it is recorded in the H. Q.

That Jahveh was euchered, somehow, in that transaction, is rather surprising and not a little gratifying, but what exercises me is, Who was the party that escaped him—Moses or the first born of Pharaoh? With all my lamps, search as I may; with all my augers, bore as I may, I cannot determin which was the he that Jahveh met in the tavern and sought to kill. Can any of my readers make it plain to me that it was Moses? Can any make it plain to me that it was the primogenial scion of the house of Pharaoh? Who says Moses, I will bet him 'twas the "other feller," who says the latter, I will bet him 'twas Moses, when, if they bet, they will hav to prove up, I in the mean time holding the stakes. If this is satisfactory, come one, come all, the more the merrier!

Now for more higgledy-piggledy; in fact, higgledy-piggledy on higgledy-piggledy's head accumulates in Exodus, chapter iv. Immediately following the verse relating to the meeting in the tavern, comes one (the 25th) leading off thusly: "Then Zipporah [no previous mention of "Zipporah" in the chapter] took a sharp stone and cut——" well, she performed a surgical operation peculiar to Hebraic medical jurisprudence, yelling after the operation, that some one —no name mentioned—was a "bloody husband" to her, when, in fact, she was the bloody wife, as it looks to me. Immediately the 26th verse gets in its work, opening out in this wise: "So he let him go"—the rest of the verse is but a repeat of the woman's words. Here's higgledy-piggledy for you in all its richness, in the two verses immediately following that relating to the tavern episode—higgledy-piggledy of a three-ply, triple X pattern!

"So he let him go." Now, that's as clear as river mud permeated with sludge acid, but no clearer, and all may not get onto it—I don't, for one. Who let him go? Who let who go? Who was "he" and who was "him?" What did he let him go for? Who was it that let him go, anyhow? I tell you this would flabbergast a Bismarck, but would it a Talmage? Never! Why, that most remarkable saw-mill-swallower could, blindfolded, and with his hands tied behind, tell us who was which and which was who without turning a hair, and I'll bet on it. Alas, we are not all Talmages! This is not our fault, but our misfortune, and for one I exclaim, in accents wild, Bully for the misfortune!

The higgledy-piggledy continues, the 27th verse bouncing us to a distance and an interview in which Jahveh and Aaron appear, but which is of no consequence, as Toots would say, only going to show that higgledy-piggledy appeared to be Jahveh's strong holt the day he got up the fourth chapter of Exodus! I read the latter portion of said chapter to a Bible-bawling acquaintance and asked him who the "Lord met by the way in the inn, and sought to kill?"

"Moses," said he at once, without a gasp.

"Are you sure?" said I.

"Let me read that myself," said he.

"Oh, that was Pharaoh's first-born," said he, after his own reading.

"Cocksure of that, are you?" said I.

"Well, it was one or the other," said he, with all the wiseacre look of Sir Oracle, I feeling that I stood by the fount of "exceeding much wisdom," being correspondingly elate! SI SLOKUM.

A Christian Jumps on Comstock.

Don Platt in Belford's Magazine.

Our peculiar form of government, that is construed to mean the largest liberty to those who can seize it, generally the self-willed and selfish, and a corresponding limit to the timid and helpless, has largely developed a pest that is restrained and in a measure abated under more despotic governments. In this we refer to the self-constituted reformers who go about looking after the morals of other people.

The principle underlying the European despotisms is that it is easier for one class to govern another than it is to govern itself. This is practical politics, and has been demonstrated to be sound and safe through many thousands of years.

We are not advocating this European and Eastern system. We are only stating a fact, for we are truly patriotic and believe in self-government as constituted by the fathers. But with this condition before us it can be seen that we hav no place for the self-constituted reformers whose business in life is to look after and govern other people than themselvs. It is strange, therefore, that we should be beset more than any other people with this pest.

Of course, as this is a self government, the care of the people's morals is eliminated from our political structure. It is one of the foundations of our constitutional law that every man is left to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. True, some well-meaning but gravely mistaken people insist that this does not preclude the enforcement of some sort of worship. Such provision would nullify the right of entire liberty in that respect. It was meant by the fathers, who knew in this what they were doing, that all moral questions were to be left open to a settlement between the man and his maker. They limited the intervention of the government to overt acts of violence against the peace and well-being of the community. A man may be arrested, tried, and punished for blasphemy, not because his mind and morals are in a shockingly bad condition, but for that he disturbs the peace of the neighborhood by his violent and and unseemly language.

Of course, under this state of facts there is no place given for moral legislation, for no man has a right to look after the moral condition of another man; for if he had, self-government would cease at once to exist. It is true we recognize the authority of the church, with its moral suasion and the power given it in public opinion—that public opinion which crucified our savior, and is ready now to crucify anyone who fails or refuses to worship him. But the moment the church calls in the aid of the government, and drops its reliance on moral suasion and the consequent public opinion, it crosses the line so clearly laid down by our blessed redeemer when he said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

And yet in spite of all this we meet at every turn, almost, a self-constituted reformer, more or less earnest, who makes himself extremely unpleasant by a vociferous demand on one to correct his moral condition by the standard such animated nuisance sets up and believes in. Sometimes this unpleasant person appears in the shape of a temperance advocate. He will brook no denial. He would hav dealers in liquor hanged, drawn, and quartered. He wants stringent laws and a quick execution of them. Now, all thoughtful minds recognize the evils of intemperance, and the temperance organizations hav wrought out great good to the community through their efforts. It will be found, however, that this good has come from moral suasion and public opinion. So far as legislation is concerned, Henry Reed, an able journalist, disposed of it in a few terse sentences when he called attention to the fact that the law against selling liquor could be of no avail so long as the law of God recognized the right to drink liquor. The abuse of the natural appetite found in overt acts of violence against society can be taken cognizance of and restrained or punished, but to assail by law a class for selling what the citizens hav a right to use cannot be made successful.

Of this sort of unpleasant person is the Communist, who seeks to reconstruct the social world by law. Yet more offensiv is the Anarchist, who goes to the other extreme. And of this sort, and the most intolerable of all, is Anthony Comstock.

Now, there is nothing in the moral law, nor in the Constitution as amended, that prohibits a man from asserting in a mild, gentlemanly way that he is more chaste than his neighbors. There may be an opinion among the listeners that the boaster is lying, or that he is restrained by some natural or other defectiv condition from the abuse he claims to be free of. But we all recognize the virtue of chastity, and we would that all men, especially other men, were chaste; therefore we are patient with the modern Joseph so long as he remains gentlemanly in his claims. But when such a remarkable man gets vociferous and crowds, as it were, his chastity down our throats, when he goes further and seeks and obtains the aid of law, the indignation is deep, wide-spread, and justifiable.

To say that the modern St. Anthony is extremely offensiv in this way to the people of the United States, and especially of New York, is to express but feebly the feeling his existence creates. He appeals to that class of our fellow-citizens who recognize but one crime in all the calendar, and devote themselvs to its punishment. Cruelty, intemperance, treachery, fraud, theft, murder—in a word, the entire list, exists in their eyes as of small concern beside the one offense of incontinence. These are mostly elderly gentlemen, and St. Anthony has succeeded in organizing them into a body which may be entitled, "An Association for the Immediate Control and Future Suppression of the Sexual Passions." St. Anthony's stock-in-trade consists of some awful instruments and hideously obscene books that he carries about with him, and exhibits to the curious gaze of the bald-headed patriarchs, who are filled with horror, and incontinently resolve things.

It is a singular law of our being that when the passions are burnt out through excess, a sense of disgust sets in that makes its victim a misery to himself and all with whom he comes in contact. It is the shirt of Nemesis that is given as a punishment for such excess, and the sufferer finds himself possessed of a strange fascination that holds him to a consideration continually of what givs him nothing but horror and disgust. And recognizing this fact, we ought to feel a pity for St. Anthony and his aged followers —as much so as we do for the miserable wretches in Eastern lands who are purposely reduced to this condition for the better protection of seraglios.

This would be our feeling—one of mingled disgust and pity—were it not for the mischief and irritation they cause by their control of the law-making power. Any wrong may be perpetrated upon us if done in the name of God and morality. It is like the cry of liberty in France, since broadened into "equality, fraternity, liberty," under which poor Madam Roland, when about to lose her fair and capable head, said all crimes were done. St. Anthony's first achievement was getting a law through Congress making the post-office department a great moral machine. The integrity of that necessary arm of the government was violated in an attempt to prevent the transmission of immoral letters. Not only this, but the pernicious author of the measure was given an office that covered the cost of transportation, and the right to open letters at will where he suspected the contents were objectionable.

No other civilized people on earth would permit such an outrage. When the head of the English post-office department, in the troublesome times of Garibaldi, had reason to believe the mails were being used to further assassination, and tampered with the letters intrusted to his care, such an indignant cry went up that he was forced to resign. Under the despotism of Louis Napoleon, when the emperor's life was in peril at all hours, the revolutionary committee at London could use the French mails with an impunity that was limited to the watchfulness of an army of detectivs, who seized the circulars and letters after delivery. Neither the czar of Russia nor the iron duke of Germany dare attempt what this man Comstock has accomplished in the United States.

The latest phase of this chaste war is an attack on the nude in art. It is laid down as the law that, in art or in nature, for a human being to appear or to be made appear as God created him or her, especially her, is to commit a crime. We owe all our virtue to the tailor and the dressmaker, for, according to this, our modesty depends on our clothes, and when we retire at night, or take a bath, we hang our modesty on hooks or chairs. A gentleman's pure wife or innocent daughter who dresses for an entertainment with exposed bust and bare arms is to that extent immodest, or, as the "Society for the I. C. and F. S. of the Sexual Passions" would assert, to that extent without chastity.

This is not only the talk of moral eunuchs, but the vulgarity of brutal ignorance. Of course there are men filled with evil thoughts at the sight of an innocent girl's bare shoulders; but that is the crime of the man, not of the girl; and such a brute would hav the same feelings before the shrine of a saint.

True, there is, we are pained to write—for we would all men were chaste—such a thing as lascivious works of art. But such evil finds more expression in pose and look of countenance than in drapery, or in the absence of it. Indeed, the clothing so much harped upon often serves such evil far more than nakedness. As a learned judge said, in a puzzled way, not long since, when a number of pictures were seized by the society for the I. C. and F. S. of the Sexual Passions, in his eyes the most objectionable painting was one with the figures clad in accordance with the law. Indeed, it is common for the front row of bald-heads at a theater—old gentlemen graduating into the S. for the I. C. and F. S.—to look weariedly at the nude bodies of the ballet, and awaken into intense interest when a wicked little singer leers at them from her lovely face as she lifts her skirts and exhibits a shapely foot and a round ankle.

The worst feature of all this chaste fad is to be found in the insult it offers our women. They are treated as if they were an inferior class that had to be protected by eunuchs as the slaves of the East are. God help us if the virtue of our mothers and daughters depend on legal enactment and the assinin activity of Comstock! They were saints through generations before this Comstock was born, and saints the blessed women—the mothers of the people—will continue long after the animated nuisance is dead and forgotten.

It is, also, an insult to the church, whose holy office it is to care for the morals of the people. We discern no loss of power in this direction, nor are we likely to, for such would force the confession that the mission of our savior was a failure. The law under which this Comstock and his associates are doing their mischief should be entitled "*An Act to Amend an Act entitled the Act of God*," and it is the duty of the church to say that no such legislation is called for.

It is a shame and a disgrace to our people that this gang of ignorant and vulgar cranks should be permitted to enter the house of a respectable merchant and drag him and his wares into a criminal court, on the prurient beastliness of their low tastes. If such laws are to pollute our statute-books, regularly appointed officials should be commissioned to execute their provisions, and not allow and encourage these pests in their crazy raids on civilized humanity.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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Badness.

We find the following in the *Christian Advocate*, Methodist organ, of September 27th. The *Advocate* is edited by the Rev. James M. Buckley, D.D., at college called "Jim," and noted for his facility in constructing sentences which bore little relation to the events or sentiments which they purported to describe. Inasmuch as the words quoted are those used by the Editor of this journal, we fancy Mr. Buckley means THE TRUTH SEEKER:

"The most blasphemous, malignant, and vulgar Infidel paper ever published in this country, and probably as bad as any ever conceived by the human mind, speaking of a note published in the *Christian Advocate* on Rabbi Jacob Joseph, in which it was stated that he had come none too soon, for many of the Hebrews hereabouts were Infidels, says: 'It is queer to see that the Methodists would rather hav a man a superstitious Jew than an Infidel, or words to that effect,' and then asks: 'Is it one slavedriver sympathizing with another?' No, it is rather two ships in somewhat different kinds of legitimate business uniting against a pirate."

While it grieves us to see our beloved contemporary in such a state of mental perturbation, we are grateful for the authoritativ information that religion is a business, though the legitimacy of that way of making money is at least open to criticism. But we hav always held that the preachers were in the business for revenue only, and they naturally regard as pirates all who seek to take their customers away from them.

We admit the "blasphemy" of THE TRUTH SEEKER, deny the malignancy, and challenge Mr. Buckley to find in our columns any vulgarity whatever, or even anything one-thousandth part as vulgar as the "word of God," commonly called the Bible. There are chapters upon chapters in that work which we would not reprint in these columns for any consideration. In fact, we do not believe Mr. Buckley would print them in the *Advocate*. The charge of vulgarity is the unsubstantiated and untruthful assertion of an enemy of mental freedom and human justice.

Why is THE TRUTH SEEKER bad? How is it bad? We and our correspondents are simply showing that Christianity is as false as any other supernaturalism; that it is not true in fact; that it is absurd and illogical in theory; that the Old Testament, "from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse in Malachi," is only the ignorant record of a barbaric people; and that the New Testament is a conglomeration of all the spiritual myths and legends that hav bothered the race from the cave man to the third century of our present era—in fact, to the last Revision. We simply ask as a matter of justice that the word of an honest Agnostic shall be put on an equality with that of a dishonest Christian; that the honest Agnostic shall not be taxed to support the dishonest Christian's religion; that the Agnostic shall not be compelled by law to observe a day which to him has no significance above other days; that he shall not be compelled when he goes to a public assemblage to hear an invocation to the Mumbo Jumbo of some ignorant and superstitious instructor in the art of guessing; that he shall not hav his pockets picked to pay for religious teaching in our schools, nor to support fat priests and lean ministers in soft positions in public institutions; and that he shall not legally be held to fast and pray and giv thanks when he is hungry and without cause for thankfulness. We only ask that every citizen of this country shall hav equal rights, civil and political, without regard to his religion or lack of religion. That is all. And these things are denounced by the Christians as "as bad as any ever conceived by the human mind." This denunciation shows the mental and moral obliquity of brains distorted by religion. Because we speak our honest thought, we are condemned as vile! Because we tell the truth about Christianity, we are blasphemous! Because we show up the ignorance, hypocrisy, and cruelty of the church, we are malignant and vulgar! A few decades ago we would hav been loaded with chains, tortured on the rack, strangled on a Puritan gallows, or burnt at the stake. Denunciation now takes the place of murder.

But, really, is it as bad to say that Christianity is but one among many false systems of religion as it was for David to kill Uriah to obtain his wife? Is it as bad to say that the Old Testament is full of mistakes as it was to kill all the male children and save the girls to satisfy an army's lust? Is it really as bad to say that Jesus Christ is an unhistorical character as to threaten everyone who doubts it with eternal torture? Is it as bad to remonstrate against the appointment of religious fasts, which are but occasions of gluttony—of thanksgivings which are for many but weeping mockeries—as it was for the Lord God to depopulate a country, smiting all the country of the hills, and of the south, and of the vale, and of the springs, and all their kings, leaving none remaining that breathed, "as the Lord God had commanded?" Is it as bad to ask for the taxation of church property as it was to hang Quakers for holding their own opinions? Is it as bad to ask to be permitted to enjoy Sunday as one pleases as to burn a physician because he disagreed with a doctor of divinity? THE TRUTH SEEKER has done the asking for these things; the Lord and his followers and worshipers hav done the deeds. Who is the guilty party? And to whom should the word bad be applied?

The church hates a Freethinker, because he is one less victim for the priests—one pocket buttoned too tight for their nimble fingers. And when that Freethinker sets about making other Freethinkers, her hatred is multiplied by the numbers of his converts. The church used to kill all Atheists. A step in toleration was taken when, as Jonathan Edwards said, an Atheist might be "tolerated" if he kept quiet. To-day, when the Atheists *won't* keep quiet, they are regarded as bad, bad, bad. "No rogue e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law." We commend that little couplet to the serious attention of our Christian contemporary.

The Fight of the Women.

In December the municipality of Boston—a city in which the Calvinistic Congregationalists used to hang Quakers—will hold an election for school committeemen. The law in Massachusetts provides that in such elections a female vote counts just as many as a male vote, provided the female who casts it has been assessed by the tax assessors, paid her fifty cents poll tax, and registered. Reports come from Boston that the women are now flocking to the assessor's office in such numbers as to overwhelm the working force of the institution. About eighteen thousand are now on the assessor's roll.

The cause of this new phenomenon is the school question. Early this summer a school history, because of a paragraph about the sale of indulgences, was tabooed by the school committee, and a high school teacher who had commented on the subject in a manner which wounded the feelings of his Catholic pupils was transferred to another post of duty. The Catholics hav also established a great many parochial schools, and the whole educational question has gone to the legislature in the shape of a proposed law that no one can teach in any school who has not first been licensed by a state board, and that all schools shall be under the supervision of the state. The Catholics hav succeeded in putting their men upon the public school committees, and at present are in a position to direct the course of education.

The Protestants, through the efforts of Justin D. Fulton, a Baptist preacher who hates Romanism, hav aroused public interest in the matter, meetings are held almost nightly, and the watchword is, No more Catholics in the school boards; no more Catholic teachers in the schools. The desire of the Catholics to wreck the public schools is fully known, and the Protestant ministers hav started a campaign which is resulting in this unprecedented rallying of the women to vote.

In the mean time the priests hav not been idle. The Protestants got the best of the start, but last week it was estimated that nine Catholic women for one Protestant visited the assessor's office. Many of them, however, could not stand the test of the naturalization laws, but all nativ-born Irish women are capable voters, and there are a great many of them in Boston subject to the orders of the priests. The higher authorities in the Catholic church pretend to be indifferent in the matter, but it is evident from the number of Celtic and Italian faces in the crowds which last week thronged the assessor's office that the church is saying one thing and doing another.

The outcome of this fight will be of great interest to the country. It will show whether the ministers or the priests hav got their women best in hand. It will also show whether the Bostonese are indifferent or alive to the encroachments of the Roman church upon the public schools. Protestant religious teaching in any school is bad enough, but to substitute practically parochial schools for the present public institutions would be the most dangerous innovation that Boston could suffer.

Students of the woman suffrage problem can also learn a lesson from this contest. It is conclusivly evident that the ministers and priests control the female vote of their parishes, and the probabilities are that when fully enfranchised the women, so far as their votes will do it, will hand the country over to the blackcoated gentry. And while this is no reason for robbing them of a natural right possessed equally with the men, it is a very good reason for Freethinkers to make strenuous endeavors to educate them out of their devotion to the pastor and into a devotion to reason and justice.

Our Canadian Co-workers.

The convention of the Canadian Secular Union, held at Toronto September 15th and 16th, appears from the reports to hav been a large and earnest gathering, composed of men determined to sustain and spread their principles even at considerable sacrifice.

The work in Canada seems to center around Mr. Watts's *Secular Thought* and the Toronto society before which Mr. Watts lectures almost constantly. But outside of Toronto there are several societies, and although Secularism is not as popular in Canada as its merits deserve, Mr. Watts thinks the prospects are encouraging. The Secularists, he said, hav gained the public ear, partially secured the attention of the press, and made the church feel their existence. In Halifax and St. John, N. B.; in Summerside, P. E. I.; and in Hamilton, Ont., Secularism is flourishing. The Toronto society is in fair condition—the main difficulty being financial—and possesses many self-sacrificing and hard-working members. Mr. Watts said that one of the drawbacks to Secularism's progress is from "having in our ranks men who are *with* us, but not *for* us. They are," said Mr. Watts "the paupers of Freethought, constantly taking from us without giving us anything in return. Be it remembered, such persons are not Secularists at all, their conduct is the very opposit to what our principles inculcate. They are 'hangers on' in the Freethought camp, mere speculativ adventurers, like Micawber, always waiting for something to turn up to their own advantage. Secularism is frequently blamed for the misdeeds of these parasites. Our duty in future must be as much as possible to guard our movement against their evil associations."

The convention passed a resolution of respect to the memory of Courtlandt Palmer, and another of greeting to the Pittsburgh Congress of the American Secular Union. Mr. Watts was also requested to suggest to the American organization the propriety of amending the Ninth Demand of Liberalism, "so that an opposing critic could not make it appear that we are in favor of abrogating every detail of what is called Christian morality." Mr. Duval, of Toronto, who brought the subject up, was satisfied that it is the system as a whole that should be abrogated, and that this was the real meaning of this particular demand, but he thought it placed Secularists on the defensiv by being compelled to explain. A verbal change was desirable. A committee was appointed

to consider ways and means to sustain Mr. Watts's paper, which reported in favor of raising one thousand dollars annually, for three years from January 1, 1889, to be devoted exclusivly to the aid of the paper. The report was adopted, and the larger portion of the first year's subsidy raised upon the spot. The officers chosen for 1888–9 were as follows: President, William Algie, Alton; secretary, J. A. Risser, Toronto; treasurer, A. Earsman, Toronto; central executiv committee, T. Littlehales, Hamilton; W. G. Hay, Listowel; A. Roe, Wingham; J. G. Jopling, F. Armstrong, and R. Stevens, Toronto. Speeches, and good ones, were made by Charles Watts, William Algie, Thomas Littlehales, Mr. Duval, and others. The convention recommended that the Toronto society sustain the "Open Air Propaganda," and also arrange for lectures by local talent for the benefit of a literature fund. Letters from a great number of Freethinkers in the United States and Canada were read, and altogether the convention was harmonious, enthusiastic, and well attended and lectured to. Mr. Watts givs the results as follows:

"The elements of practical work were there, and men were present to giv them their proper force. The invitation to earnest workers to rally round the cause at this important juncture of its career in Canada was well responded to. Willing toilers in the Secular ranks, young and old, men and women, came from far and near to aid in the deliberations as to the best course to be adopted to advance the interests of Secularism throughout the Dominion. There could be no doubt that one desire actuated the many delegates and friends present, and that was, to immediately take activ steps to extend and consolidate the usefulness of the Secular organization in Canada. Never before, so far as we know, was there such an unmistakable determination shown by the members of a Toronto Secular convention as that manifested in Science Hall last week, to avail themselvs of the advantages already gained against the machinations of priestly power. Not only was this proved by the voices of those in attendance, but the assurance came in the many letters from 'all parts,' which were printed in this journal last week. It is such encouragement as this that givs us bright hopes for the future, and imports new life into the conflict in which we are now engaged with the theological errors of the day."

Surely these are encouraging words, and in the words of the convention's resolution to the Pittsburgh Congress, we "express our hearty sympathy with the useful work being done by our brothers and sisters, the members of" the Canadian Secular Union, which is one in its objects with the American Union. If we could without trenching upon politics, we would say with the poet,

A union of hearts, a union of hands,
A union that none can sever;
A union of lakes, a union of lands,
The Secular Union forever!

A Righteous Decision.

The supreme court of Illinois has made a good beginning in checking the extravagant appropriation of public money to pay the bills of sectarian institutions engaged in manufacturing Roman Catholics out of the raw material furnished by improvident parents.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 25th last, Mr. E. A. Stevens furnished a report of the trial of the case of the Chicago Industrial School for Girls against Cook county, the school suing for various sums for the care and maintenance of girls committed by the county court to the institution, and the county refusing payment. The county's defense was that the industrial school system was unconstitutional; that the Chicago Industrial School for Girls was an institution existing on paper for the benefit of two sectarian institutions—the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum; that the county had no right to pay money to institutions controled by any church, and that a number of commitments by the county court were not legally made. For the church its attorney submitted the act incorporating the school, the approval of the governor, the record-book kept at the House of the Good Shepherd, duplicate warrants for the committal of the girls, and warrants for supplies.

When the evidence was submitted, the following facts were shown: That the Industrial School had no real existence; that it was organized in the parlor of the House of the Good Shepherd; that girls committed to the Industrial School were to be turned over to the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Joseph's Home; that in fact the Industrial School was in these two institutions, and nowhere else; that they were Roman Catholic charities, and derived a revenue from laundry work performed by abandoned women who temporarily lodged there; that no portion of the buildings of the House of the Good Shepherd or St. Joseph's Home was set apart for the Industrial School; that, the Industrial School having no location, its supposititious inmates were mixed with the inmates of the two institutions, and that the managers of the House of the Good Shepherd were also the managers of the Industrial School. The state claimed that the Industrial School was a swindle, and the county attorney attacked the whole system of "industrial" schools with a large and heavy cudgel. "They existed," he said, "only by special legislation, and that is unconstitutional."

Judge Tuthill, before whom the case was tried last February, held that the commitments made by the county court were legal; that the article of the state constitution which says that no public funds shall be used for sectarian purposes has not been violated; that the Industrial School was duly incorporated, officers elected, and reports made from time to time, and the fact that the members of a particular church predominated in its management made no difference. There was nothing of sectarianism in the character of the work for which the school was organized, and the fact that it had, by contract, turned over its pupils to the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Joseph's Home was a good thing rather than otherwise, as the children were well cared for. The county must, therefore, pay the Industrial School the $19,585 asked for.

The supreme court has now reversed this decision, on the following points argued before it by the county attorney: 1. The act under which the commitments were made was in itself unconstitutional. 2. He maintained that the grant of money to the House of the Good Shepherd under an assumed name was an illegal contrivance to evade the constitution. The act which is said to hav been drafted by Judge Prendergast was in the nature of special legislation, and ought to be declared void. The irregularity of the commitments he held was censurable, but they were but incidents of the case. By threatening to place all the church authorities, the archbishop, and the heads of the religious orders on the stand, he got the attorneys for the school to admit in their stipulations the sectarian character of the House of the Good Shepherd and the St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, and that the money obtained for the Industrial School was turned into the common fund of those institutions.

The decision of the court will probably affect all the industrial schools of Cook county. There is one at Feehanville, to which Catholic boys are committed, and another at Evanston, to which Protestant girls are sent. Mr. Bliss, the county attorney, has conducted this case, says the Chicago *Tribune*, "in a manner entirely free from sectarian prejudices or prejudices of any kind. He presented the questions involved free from all spirit of controversy, and purely as a question of law." The victory, therefore, is not of Protestants over Catholics, but of Secular over sectarian government. It is a decision in accordance with the third of the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

There are two parties to whom the tax-payers of Cook county should be particularly grateful. It is to Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll that Illinois largely owes her secular constitution, and the prohibitions upon which the decision of the supreme court rests. The Chicago Secular Union, under the leadership of E. A. Stevens, has been behind this case all the way through, and hopes to wipe out other frauds of a similar nature. Now for Girard College!

Buddhism and Christianity.

An interesting comparison of the missionary efforts of the Japanese Buddhists to convert this country, and of the American Presbyterians to evangelize Japan, is made by the *Sun*. The Presbyterian and Congregational churches, according to the official organ of the missions of the Presbyterians, are endeavoring to unite their work in Japan, in order to make greater progress. The Buddhists, however, are going into the work of consolidation with even greater zeal, proposing to unite all of the nine sects of Buddhism in the effort to spread that religion throughout the United States. Both religions are extremely hopeful of ultimate success. A missionary writing from Japan says:

"There seems of late to be a new development of interest even among this interested and inquiring people. In what forms these unsettled elements will crystallize next no one can tell; but during this plastic state we must impress the mold of Christ as firmly as may be, so that when the new form of civilization is seen it will be not simply modern, but Christian."

But the Buddhist disciples in this country are just as sanguin. One of them writes to the Japanese journal:

"If we had among us some persons who could intelligently expound the doctrins of Buddhism as they really are, and who were authorized to admit candidates into the church, I hav no doubt that many people would openly embrace the faith, and receive the doctrins of the great teacher."

Another says:

"Christianity is on its decline, even in this country, much more than in Europe, and it would be a good thing if some Buddhist missionaries would come here and preach. They would be received by the Theosophists with open arms."

So it seems that each sect is sure that the religion of the other is going to decay in its own country, and that it has but to step in to reap a rich harvest. But Buddhism has as yet made no appreciable progress over here, and we doubt if Christianity has in Japan. Touching this point the organ of the Buddhist says:

"Some missionaries from France, England, the United States, and Russia are endeavoring to Christianize this country, but for the present their followers are few and the influence of their religion is very weak upon society. Meanwhile our young Buddhistic men, particularly those of the Shin Shiu sect, exhibit a strong spirit to propagate the truths of Buddhism over the face of the world, and they are making preparations in learning English and other languages."

We are inclined to believe the Buddhist organ, for we know that the rosy reports of returned Christian missionaries are made to encourage the giving to the missionary fund, to the end that their own supply of bread and butter may be plentiful. An interested witness is not often a strictly truthful one.

The Japanese are the most progressiv of the oriental religious people, as the inhabitants of the United States are certainly of the western religions. Neither Buddhism nor Christianity is suited to progress. Both of them are ancient creeds, effete philosophies, impossible of historic certification. It is probably true, therefore, that Buddhism is being gradually abandoned in Japan, as it is assuredly true that orthodox Christianity is waning in this country. But we cannot believe that either religion will replace the other—certainly Buddhism will never be more than a transient "fad" in this part of the world. Christianity here is being replaced with common sense and science. After it has gone through the various stages from orthodoxy to free religion, if it blossoms out as a religion at all, it will be into one founded on humanitarian principles, and not in the dreams and metaphysical jargon of a religion as absurd as the one abandoned.

Neither the Buddhists nor the Christians should build too lofty missionary castles in the air. To borrow a simile from our national game, Human Nature and Science are yet to hav their innings when Superstition has been struck out.

Editorial Notes.

THE following dispatch is dated Pittsburgh, October 1st: "The state superintendent of public instruction, Mr. Higbee, to-day decided against Father Sheedy in the parochial school matter. Father Sheedy's church and parochial school are located in the eighteenth ward of this city. A majority of the citizens are Catholics and they elected a Catholic school board which leased to Father Sheedy four unoccupied rooms of the public school building for parochial school purposes, and both schools hav been conducted in the same building since the first Monday in September. There was no jar, because the public school principal and his assistants are Catholics. Father Sheedy had nuns for assistants. The Protestants were much incensed at the action of the school board, and in mass-meeting passed a resolution instructing a committee to call upon Superintendent Higbee, who in reply writes a letter condemning the use of a public school building for a parochial school as illegal." Now let Mr. Higbee bounce the Romanists, and let the school committees make no more dickers with the church. The prosperity of a parochial school means the deterioration and ultimate extinction of the public school. Both cannot flourish, and it never was the design of the Romish authorities that they should.

WE learn from the *Investigator* that the "Writings of Horace Seaver" hav been compiled and put in book form by his friend L. K. Washburn. The selected writings comprise the best editorials written during the past forty-five years, and touch a great variety of subjects—religion, politics, science, Spiritualism, and Materialism. The book makes over two hundred pages, and is illuminated by a fine likeness of the venerable editor of the *Investigator*. It will be ready for delivery October 15th, price $1.50. No Liberal can forget the service to mental freedom of Horace Seaver, and this, a memorial volume as it were, should be in the library of every Infidel, if not for what it contains then for what its author has done. But its contents will win it a place. Courteous, kind, manly, straightforward Mr. Seaver has written himself into the *Investigator*, and his work is like him. His love of truth, his courage, his ability, make his readers his friends, his friends his lovers. In the nature of things he can be with us but a few more years. Let us giv him his reward of praise, of fame, of substance, now, and make the last decade of his life the happiest of the many he has lived and labored. Mr. Seaver's older friends will, we know, appreciate his book; let the younger generation also rise up and thank him for helping to make the substantial freedom which they enjoy.

Letters from Friends.

JOPLIN, MO., Sept. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 1st, page 550, over the signature of Arthur B. Moss, in the second column, is the statement: "The resurrection of Lazarus seemed to hav no perceptible effect on the people." Johu xi, 45, says: "Seeing the things he did, many believed on him." If Mr. Moss is a truth seeker, let him reverse his statement in another issue, for it is the very opposit of truth.

ELD. T. J. JACKSON.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The contrast between Paine and Wesley in this week's paper shows first-rate for Thomas Paine. I, being a college graduate, object to being called an Infidel, as I know that means "unfaithful" literally. I prefer to be called a Secularist as a positiv designation of a believer in all there is useful in this world, or any other that we know of. But to be designated as "Infidel to" or "unbeliever in" the Christian, or Mohammedan, or any other religion, is too negativ to please me.

HENRY N. STONE.

DEUSTER, WIS., Sept. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Please let your readers know that George H. Dawes, of Pittsville, Wis., is on a lecture tour. He selected this wild settlement to start on. He gave us his fine lecture last night, "What Objection to Christianity?" which was well received and very attentivly listened to by about a hundred persons in H. O. Kruschke's Hall, 32x45 in dimensions.

Mr. Dawes is a fine and fluent speaker, but his voice was hardly strong enough to penetrate in this board structure; still, the best points were all heard, and of these there were many. This was the first time that a lecture was listened to in this part of Juneau county, Wis., but it will not be the last one. Mr. Dawes was well pleased with the result, and is willing to come again. After the lecture we engaged in a social hop for about three hours.

J. W. KRUSCHKE.

CHAMPLIN, MINN., Sept. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It is quite a matter of interest as well as encouraging to progressiv Infidels to notice within the last twelve months an increase of Atheistical productions on the God question in THE TRUTH SEEKER, from the pens of able and creditable writers. I will name, for the want of space, but three, Washburn, Longshore, and Peck. I hope they will continue their discourses until this basic question is settled in the negativ, for as long as there is a vestige of belief in a God of any form, so long will orthodox Sunday-schools be run and God-houses be erected.

The facility for the propagation of Freethought has never been so cheap and near at hand as now. Then let us take courage and act. We can hav at very short notice from publishing-houses, book-stores, and from all Infidel paper offices, anything we need in support of the Freethought cause; and, more than this, there is scarcely a town or community but has a sufficiency of Infidels and Atheists to form a league, and plenty of home talent to govern it and make it attractiv. And, as the long evenings are coming on, it will be a pleasant change for us Infidels to step into the lodge for an hour and talk on the subject or listen to others. I am so much interested in the cause that I feel sometimes like throwing off my coat and going to work in starting one; but I am taken back when I think of the attempt I made once in that business. When it was brought almost to working order, the day set for organization came, one and myself met, and the other members stayed at home. There is no move we can make that will forward the Secular cause so rapidly as to unite. Let us form clubs for strength and self-defense. The church is a regular body-snatcher, and when an Infidel dies the first thing she does is to make arrangements to hav the body run through the meeting-house, and then she boasts.

One thing more, and that is a little criticism on the way the "Letters from Friends" department is edited. Two pages are exclusivly devoted to letters from subscribers. These, I naturally suppose, should be to the point and short. Now, there is not more than one in ten but will sustain me in saying that it is unjust for writers to take up from one to two and sometimes three columns, to the detriment of many others. Surely, letters of three or four hundred words should be sufficient to explain our ideas on almost any question.

J. KINSER.

KENT, O., Sept. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Sunday evening, September 2d, the Kent Secular Union concluded a series of five mass-meetings held in the interest of Secularism, and addressed by ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham and Miss V. d Cleyre, of Michigan. Fortunately the weather was all that could be desired. A harmonious executiv committee, after having made every preparation, allowed a want of government—Anarchy—to creep in, which compelled Miss V. de Cleyre to deliver the same address, "Convent Life Unveiled," twice, and prevented her friends from hearing her on her favorit themes. But while we were thus denied, we heard her dramatic recital of "Nameless," which won for her many encomiums, and must hav made her hearers realize society's unjust discrimination against the fallen of her sex, while it condones the conduct of the worse than fallen seducer. As the *finale* the choir played "Home, Sweet Home," with thrilling effect.

Brother Burnham's address, "Does the Genesis of Evolution Explain the History of Man?" deserves especial mention for its deep thought and clear elucidation of a deeper subject. It is not too much to say that from our rostrum its equal has not been heard.

Now, brother Secularists, wherever you find priests trading upon the religious emotions of their dupes, advertise a Secular meeting, admission free, and invite Brother Burnham to come and deliver his lecture on the "Philosophy of the Religious Emotions." The resulting light will open their eyes to see the delusion, and the world will contain fewer fanatics like Freeman, and more stalwart freemen.

Remember, you must invite him, for he is too modest to invite himself. He is a man you cannot help liking—a true Secularist in faith and practice.

As we were about to inaugurate the experiment of a series of grove mass-meetings, our local press advised our executiv committee to look well to the moral status of our future speakers, lest they should by their example demoralize our citizens. It is needless to say, as far as Miss V. de Cleyre and Brother Burnham were concerned, the advice was uncalled for. We hope to meet both again in Kent.

Thanks to the judicious conduct of the speakers, to the generosity of its promoters, and to the tireless efforts of the workers, this series of meetings was a success numerically, socially, educationally, and financially, the subscriptions and collections having exceeded any previous efforts in the history of the Secular Society of Kent, O.

MARIUS HEIGHTON, Secretary.

PETOSKEY, MICH., Sept. 16, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: As this section of the country had got to be noted for its pure and healthful atmosphere, and hundreds and thousands of people, old and young, male and female, and from the far South, East, and West, were making this their resort, and had been for a number of years, in order to escape that tormenting trouble about the throat, lungs, and head which I hav suffered with, I concluded to giv it a trial, and came up here the latter part of August. I can truly say that it has given me much relief, and by another year, I now think, I will make this my home for at least three or four months—say from the middle of July until the white frosts come. If any of our people want to know more about this place as a refuge from the asthma, phthisis, hay fever, bronchitis, catarrh, etc., I will be glad to tell them what I can by printed letter.

But this was not what I had on my mind to write about when I began to write, but I wished to say something about THE TRUTH SEEKER and the National Liberal League, now the American Secular Union.

At the time that Mr. D. M. Bennett came to New York with THE TRUTH SEEKER I was taking the Boston *Investigator*. As THE TRUTH SEEKER was a new paper, I concluded to try it for one year, and by this time I found that the Christian church was dead-set against THE TRUTH SEEKER, and so concluded to continue on with it another year, as I had learned this much about the church, that when it turned its face against anybody, or body of people, there was something about these people that was worth our attention, so I gave my attention to THE TRUTH SEEKER and its grand old hero, proprietor, and editor.

This autumn nine years ago D. M. Bennett was in the national penitentiary at Albany, sent there through the influence of this Christian church for no crime whatever, but purely through spite, and to get him out of their way and break down THE TRUTH SEEKER. But, as far as breaking down THE TRUTH SEEKER was concerned, it was an entire failure, and worked right the other way.

I went down to Cincinnati to attend the third annual Congress, and a noble, good one it was. The next annual Congress was held in Chicago, at which time there was a little difference of opinion in reference to our duties on the subject of what is commonly known as the Comstock laws; but at the next annual Congress in the same city this matter was pretty well smoothed over, and there left for the present.

The next annual Congress was held at St. Louis, Mo.; but, as there were some side issues brought into the convention, it did not accomplish much.

The next annual Congress was held at Milwaukee. I was not there; but when I read its doings in THE TRUTH SEEKER I was almost ready to giv up the Congress as dead, killed by overloading it with side issues.

The next annual Congress was held at Cassadaga. At this convention these side issues that had been loaded onto the Liberal League were all removed, and the Nine Demands were considered all-sufficient for a base to work from, and a proposition was made to change the name from the National Liberal League to that of the American Secular Union, which proposition was adopted at the following Congress. I gave my approval most heartily to this change, and added that we ought to be able to publish a paper that would fully represent us before the public, and to hav it called the *American Secular Union*. We hav one good, substantial paper in Boston, one in New York city, and one in San Francisco, and now here is the place for a central organ to hold Secularism up to the whole nation, Canada included—I mean Chicago as this central point—and although now nearing my seventy-seventh year, I am still ready to help on this noble work, and hope to see something done at our coming Congress that will tell in the right direction. But all side issues must be left out of the convention, and we must hav it a purely Secular one, based on the Nine Demands.

SAMUEL D. MOORE.

Sept. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of September 8th appeared an article by "Macbeth," entitled: "Is There a God?" The article was addressed to Atheists, with a view of convincing them, if possible, of the existence of a God, or some supreme, unknown power which controls the workings of nature. The first great difficulty I had to contend with was, that he had utterly neglected to define what he meant by the word "God." To me the word itself is a word without meaning. The first and essential point to be established in the discussion of any subject is a strict definition of the lines or principles of the subject under consideration. This "Macbeth" has neglected to do, which, therefore, renders the task of answering more difficult.

Arguing from a "sentimentalist" standpoint, "Macbeth" "assumes" that there must be a God. Perhaps he feels the necessity of one. I do not. How can he hav an intuitiv feeling which I cannot experience? If there is an innate idea respecting God, why should I not hav it as well as he? If there is something in nature which "Macbeth" cannot understand, what right has he to fix limits to that "which he admits he cannot understand," and ascribe what are as yet secrets in nature to something out of nature? It is no answer to invent a name and call it God.

"Macbeth" can understand that part of nature which keeps our planetary or solar systems in their course, which keeps them in their orbits moving round that mighty luminary "the sun." He can understand all this, but he cannot understand how the universe came there without a creator. If "Macbeth" contends that the universe could not be in existence without having been made or caused, but that the maker could so exist without having been caused, he is simply answering one seeming impossibility by proposing another. He asks: "How could matter exist without a first cause? One question may be legitimately answered by another. So I ask, where, then, or what, is the first cause? The question is unanswerable—indeed, it is unthinkable; it is impossible to conceive a beginning, a first cause. We cannot imagin an uncaused cause, neither can a cause cause itself, for then it would cease to be a cause and would become an effect. The whole of nature is one continuous line of evolution, which line the human understanding can only conceive as cause and effect, each effect being a cause to all that follow, and each cause being the effect of all that preceded. To imagin an origin you must break the line somewhere and annihilate existence. This is impossible. It is not sufficient to invent a first cause and call it God, because I require to know how he could hav had an existence without being caused. Neither is it any answer to say that he always was, because the same can be said of matter. Matter has always existed and always will exist. It can neither be destroyed nor created, neither increased nor diminished; therefore in that sense we do not require a creator. If matter is eternal then God is only number two. Matter is subject to certain laws, which may rightly be considered as laws of matter. Gravitation is law or quality of matter, not a property, as "Macbeth" says. A property is a substance. Gravitation is not a substance, but a quality, which every particle of matter in the universe possesses in greater or less degree, according to the size and weight of the body. The specific gravity of a given body may be determined by the third law of Kepler. Again, the laws of nature never change. Nature, under exactly the same circumstances, will produce exactly the same results. If the laws of nature were subject to evolution, they must of a necessity change. But all science is built upon the unchangeableness of the laws of nature; therefore, if nature's laws could change, we could hav no science.

"Macbeth" also says that it is an absurdity to assume that such remarkable laws emanate from nothing.

The absurdity is of "Macbeth's" own proposition. No Atheist ever yet said that they did emanate from nothing. The Atheist does not know of a time when nothing existed. He says existence always was and always will be. I myself cannot think of nature's commencement, discontinuity, or creation. I am unable to think backward to the possibility of existence not having been, and I cannot think forward to the possibility of existence ceasing to be.

It appears to me "Macbeth" argues as in a circle, commencing in a certain place and when he has done finding himself in the same position that he started from, and not being able to extricate himself from the dilemma in which he is placed, he calls that dilemma God, as the easiest way in getting out of the difficulty.

"Is there a God?" The question is undecidable. It is as difficult for "Macbeth" to prove as it is for me to disprove. No truly scientific thinker would be so dogmatic as to declare emphatically, "There is no God." The question is undecidable, and to the scientist is a matter of no very great importance.

"Is there a God?" is a question which many might ask with good reasons to justify the inquiry. The poor unfortunate girl, now an outcast, who is shunned by her Christian sisters, having fallen low in the toils of vice, being without hope, sinks lower in misery and disease, accelerated by want and privation, and in painful expectancy of an approaching death, cries out with faint and piteous accents: "Is there a God?" The patriot struggling for freedom fails in his effort, is torn from his home, his wife, his children, and all that he holds dear in this life. He is cast into prison and lies languishing in a cold, damp dungeon, his life slowly ebbing away, while the tyrant still rules in luxury; he will strike his breast, and raising his hands on high will cry out with painful voice, "Is there a God?" Let "Macbeth" look around him. Let him see the misery, the wretchedness, and the crimes that are endured by thousands of his fellow-creatures, and ask himself the question, "Is there a God" or some suprême, intelligent power superintending things?

A short time ago we read an account of a collision in mid-ocean between two vessels, in which hundreds of lives were lost. Was that supreme, intelligent power superintending things about that time? "Macbeth" must also be aware of that dreadful scourge which has afflicted Florida, and by which, through no fault of their own, thousands of victims are sent to premature graves. Can he complacently say that this supreme, intelligent power, which he calls God, is superintending things there? Perhaps in all these evils to which I hav alluded "Macbeth" can see the manifestations of God, but this is entirely beyond my comprehension. I see no necessity for one. There is no need to go outside nature

before we thoroughly understand nature herself. Does "Macbeth" affirm that he knows all that nature can do and how she does it? If not, then why does "Macbeth" demand from me a belief in the supernatural until he can account for the natural? Does he know all that matter can do? How could the first material forms hav appeared on our globe except by material influences? Is it logical, is it natural, to ascribe material effects to immaterial causes? It is an absurdity known only in theology. Science ignores it, reason shuns it, and common sense despises it. The priest, and not the philosopher, suggested the delusion. And as the light of secular knowledge dawns upon the world, it will pass away as a fiction of man's mental babyhood.

Then, in conclusion, I would ask "Macbeth," If there is a God, why does he permit misery? Why does he permit crime and tyranny to exist in the world? Why does he permit poor men to be oppressed and enslaved, when by an intervention on his part these evils may be averted?

JOHN R. CHARLESWORTH.

ENON VALLEY, PA., Sept. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: When I became a Secularist I quit drinking whisky and going to church simultaneously. Dread of the devil and fear of the Lord did not make me temperate, for I was formerly a very intemperate Christian who didn't doubt for a minute but that I was booked for hell. A perusal of some Secular works brought me to my senses. I hav ceased to spend the "Lord's day" in dissipating or in idleness, and hav learned to control myself without the aid of prayers, gods, or ghosts; and now I spend my Sundays reading my Bible in connection with THE TRUTH SEEKER, visiting my friends, and having a pleasant time generally. The other evening as I was going past a church I heard a lamb of God who occupied a seat in the choir bleat out in a superbly orthodox voice, "Shout the glad tidings." He was accompanied by an orthodox organist, assisted by an orthodox choir, and no doubt the music deeply affected the orthodox ear of God. I thought to myself, such music may be good enough for God, but it does not come near up to my standard. Perhaps heavenly music should receive a spiritual interpretation. If Mozart is in heaven, I mused, I wonder if he can listen to heavenly music and maintain a holy and reverential, Gladstonian calm. But, I reflected, Mozart is not in heaven after all; Mozart got drunk occasionally, and wrote operas, besides. People who write operas must be worse than those who go to hear them; therefore, Beethoven, Wagner, and all the rest of the great masters must be in hell. I am a musician myself, and it consoled me, somewhat, to think that all those poor devils who are lost can dance to good music.

Surely most Christians who shout so much about the "glad tidings of great joy," do not know what these glad tidings are. Most Freethinkers hav investigated the matter, but for the benefit of my Christian friends I will for a few moments cast aside my self-respect, imagin I am a Presbyterian, and sum up their glad tidings for just what they are worth.

Adam sinned, and we, in all reason and justice, ought to be eternally damned for his guilt. But God "out of his mere good pleasure from all eternity" elected some to everlasting life. We are not to inquire why it did not suit his "mere good pleasure" to elect us all; that is too sublime a "mystery" for us to contemplate. It is all for the best. (Of whom?) If God, out of his "mere good pleasure," elected the minority to everlasting life, it is logical to conclude that on the other hand the instigator of everything out of his mere good pleasure elected the majority to everlasting death. Though we are aware that countless billions of our fellow-creatures will suffer eternal agony, we expect to be happy when we are in heaven with God gloating over their sufferings; and even though we feel badly for them when we are in this world, in heaven we will not care, and will be "perfectly happy" notwithstanding their misery. We know that we are all totally depraved, and that we, the elect, merit damnation if we were to get our deserts, as richly as the rest of humanity. Why we were "elected" in preference to all others is, perhaps, another mystery, unless it is because we are credulous suckers who are willing to be agents for God, and no questions asked. God hates inquisitiv people, and we, the elect, never doubt his "goodness, justice, mercy," etc. We know God has a right to damn us if he wants to, because he made us. The "glad tidings" are that we shall not get our just deserts, and the great joy will consist in gloating with the merciful God over the agonies of his "damned mistakes."

Who can possibly conceive of a more contemptible creed than this? How can a man who has any respect for his family, his friends, or himself adopt such a doctrin—a doctrin which indirectly says that a just and merciful God created enemies merely for the satisfaction it will afford him to damn them? Why does not God love his enemies, as he recommends men to do? And by the way, Christians who love their enemies must love the devil, at least, next to God—upon whom all sensible Christians should look as their worst enemy. I do not wonder that men who love their enemies adore the Lord God so heartily.

We are told that if we lead another astray, induce another to do wrong, we must answer to God for the other's sin, *i.e.*, our sin. On the same principle, why does not God hold himself responsible for our sins, *i.e.*, Adam's sin, *i.e.*, the devil's sin, *i.e.*, God's sin; for he made the devil, and was thereby the author of evil. Or if, as they say, the devil was the author of all evil and was entirely to blame, why in the name of justice did he not crucify the devil instead of Christ, and thereby get "square," satisfy his wrath, and out of his depraved "mere good pleasure" save us all? Imagin if you can a "merciful, loving" father who was so revengeful that he must hav blood, even though it were the blood of his own son—the blood of the innocent—to satisfy his infernal "wrath."

Show me a Christian who can honestly say he would not be happier were these "glad tidings" a myth, and, even though he may be satisfied as to his own salvation, if he tells the truth, he is as big a brute, as much of a savage, as his God; for any civilized man, any decent barbarian, would rather be annihilated himself than that countless millions, that a single soul, should suffer infinit torture forevermore. Would not all good Christians be happier knowing that death ends all, than they are shouting such "glad tidings" as this: We, the elect, think most of us will be saved, though the chances for some of us are slim. We cannot hope for the salvation of all of our dearest friends. Our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, children, a few of these we may pray into heaven if the Ghost happens to roost on them, but the Bible says we cannot expect to meet them all in heaven.

If I believed this doctrin and were entirely satisfied as to my own salvation, it would still be awful tidings of despair to me. I repeat, I am not surprised that Christians who love their enemies love their God. It would be easier for me to love the devil than such a God. If the Presbyterian God is the true God, I'm content to go with the crowd—the more the merrier. I'm fond of music, and I like opera better than doxology. I'd rather watch devils dance a can-can to a fandango by Mozart, than join old bigots praising a tyrant.

M. H. VEON.

BREATHEDSVILLE, MD., Sept. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: W. T. S Hadley, whom I suppose to be a Liberal, is very orthodox on tariff, as he quotes Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, etc., but skips the father of protection, and says that the expression at present, tariff *vs.* tariff, is misleading. As to the last, it would perhaps be better to say a tariff of forty-seven per cent against a tariff of about forty-two per cent, much higher than we ever had so long during a time of peace. It is not with a view to help Mr. Holland, as I think he is able to take care of himself, but to giv perhaps nearly the same result in a different solution, that may be plainer to some, that I write these few lines.

Now, what use his quotations serve in the present discussion to get us to the truth of what is best for the laboring man in the United States, when manufacturing has been so improved since then that the old state of things has passed away, is hard for me to see.

Let me quote a little from my political bible, the "Life of H. Clay," on protection, from the second volume, part of page 169, viz.: "The theory of protection supposes, too, that after a certain time the protected arts will hav acquired such strength and perfection as will enable them subsequently to stand up against foreign competition. If, as I hav no doubt, this should prove to be correct, it will, on the arrival of 1842, encourage all parts of the Union to consent to the continuance of longer protection to the few articles which may need it." This he said on Feb. 25, 1833, fifty-five years ago, when England had a high protectiv tariff, which we had to pay on all our exports to her; but in 1846 she repealed her tariff laws, leaving a tariff on only some twenty different articles, thus starting as a comparativly free trade country.

Now, although H. Clay was in the United States Senate and made his memorable speeches on the compromise resolutions in 1850, he never reiterated his protection sentiments after 1846, or his historian failed to report them in his Life; but, if he had, he would not hav had the light on this subject that we hav to-day.

To-day we behold England, having outstripped all her protectiv neighbors in substantial progress, the greatest manufacturing and commercial nation on earth, with the condition of her laborers or common class much improved after a practice of comparativ free trade during forty-two years, thus giving the lie to all protectiv theories of the past. Is England's success under comparativ free trade a sure guide to our ruin if we dare to lower our tariff only a little?

Is it wisdom in the broad daylight of to-day to parade the same twaddle as of fifty years ago about our infant industries and their owners, when they hav made nearly all the money that was made during the last twenty years and hav become millionaires, and the heads of combinations and trusts, which are determined to extort even what little is left to the agriculturists and common laborers (who hav become poorer and poorer all this time), even that little that the high tariff was not able to clean up? What would old, honest Henry Clay think if he could to-day see his infants and wards so pampered into monopolies, trusts, etc., by the Republican party's high tariff that our nation has become their helpless ward, and the majority of laborers their slaves?

As to the times before 1860, let me answer, we knew nothing about strikes among laborers or trades unions, as far as any inconvenience from them to the public was concerned. This ought to be answer enough so far as laborers and hard times are concerned. The Rebellion caused the high tariff, and the high tariff caused the strikes and discontent among our laborers, as everyone living during this time ought to know. To tax the poor man to make the times for him good is on a par with these lottery agents who advertise to giv a man a prize in a certain locality in order to induce others to buy tickets, but in order to get this favor he must first send $5, and that is the end of the transaction. I answered the agent to consider I had bought the ticket on credit, and then when it drew the prize, which he was sure it would, to deduct double the amount of the ticket, and remit the balance. That ended the matter; because he knew I knew he was a liar, and he could not fool me.

Let us look a little how the Republican party treated the poor man since the war. Along with our high tariff there was an income tax, a stamp tax, etc., borne almost exclusivly by those well able to bear them, yet the Republican party repealed these taxes so long ago, without any compunctions of conscience, that young voters scarcely knew they ever existed, but when it comes to cheapening the clothing, etc., of the poor laboring man and his family five per cent there is a terrible howl of impending ruin from one end of the country to the other. It did not hurt the country to lower the taxes which bore only on the rich, but it hurts terribly to do the least bit of the same kind of work for the poor man. Shame on such duplicity!

As to the wages of laborers in different countries, let it be known by all laborers that England pays better wages than any of its surrounding high protectionist neighbors, and that it has a population of 290 inhabitants to the square mile, while the United States has but 14; therefore, knowing that wages are less in proportion as population increases, in our own country, as in the East and West, all things considered, England pays the best wages to-day.

As to the Cobden Club, I know nothing, but I would like to know its price to ruin us as it has ruined England to-day, as I understand the poor man is not taxed there by his loving friends as here, and his wages in proportion to popu'ation are better than in any other country on earth. My own view of honest taxation to support governments is this: All taxes ought to be collected from those able to pay them, at a certain per cent, after exempting $1,000 from taxation and execution for every family. Thus, on less than $20,000, a certain rate per cent; after $20,000 and less than $40,000, an increased rate; after $40,000 and less than $60,000, the rate increased again; and so on, making the richest and ablest pay much the highest rate, as it comes from their superabundance. All tariffs and license taxes are unjust to the poor, because, according to their consumption, they pay even more than the millionaire, who, as a rich man, can always buy cheaper than the poor man. Therefore, I say, when we become as honest to the poor as we now pretend to be to get his vote, we will arrange taxation on some such basis to relieve the poor man entirely, and that will be the end of strikes, Anarchy, etc. But so long as we ask him to throw money into the tariff-pot, with a view or make-believe that he will get it back in some unknown way to him, it seems to me we ought to doubt our own words at least a little. Of course, the tariff tax is so insidious that it is hard to say how much anyone pays, but he pays it all the same, nevertheless.

As a farmer, I looked up the matter on transportation. I saw last January that, when steel rails sold in England for $20 per ton, the same sold here for $33, or sixty-five per cent more. But let us say sixty per cent in round numbers. Then five-fifths the English price, plus three-fifths, our tariff, makes eight-fifths, or the English price as five is to eight. I ship every year about two thousand bushels grain to the seashore, and at our tariffed price it costs me eight cents per bushel, instead of five cents, a difference of $60 in transportation to the seashore; but that is not its destination, for it competes with or derives its price from the English market, so we must consider what it will cost to take it there—more than it ought to under fair competition—therefore, as we hav only one sailing-vessel and one steamship, it is safe to say I lose at least another $60 till it gets there. I also sell beef and pork, and buy fertilizers and coal, and travel some, like most people, so that my extra tariff tax in transportation would be a nice income in a year, even for so small a farmer as myself.

But this is not all, for we must allow the extra cost of farm machinery, stone goods, etc, which makes another bill, one year with another, to equal the other, and all this without a cent's worth of benefit in return to me. This every grain farmer has to pay and does pay, yet many seem never to learn any better than, the more money they pay in this way, the more they make, and keep adding mortgage, from year to year, to square up.

They are certain that their religion and their politics are all they claim for them, without any examination whatever, and their noses are counted every year all right, and their votes prove afterward there was no mistake. Their prejudices would not allow them to read a Liberal book, or a paper of the opposit political party; they would rather burn them, so conservativ are they. And yet, with all this, in many ways they are good, honest, respectable people, and the best of neighbors; but as wise when they can form their first idea or opinion on any subject, as they ever get, no matter how old they might become, because they imagin it would be an unpardonable disgrace if they ever found they had once been on the wrong side of any subject during their lives.

Now, while things do not suit me politically, as you can see, yet, when I go to vote, I shall be sure to think of those Methodist preachers who sent their memorial to Governor Oglesby in favor of hanging those Chicago Anarchists, who were proved about as guilty as myself or any other innocent person, also of Governor Oglesby and his party, and be sure not to cast my vote for a side-show candidate, but to hav my vote tell in opposition to theirs, and hope that every poor laboring man will do likewise.

I place those martyrs for the cause of the poor man side by side with John Brown of Abolition fame. They were only the fore-runners showing up capitalists, monopolies, and trusts, the drones in our national hive who won't labor, and through their dishonest methods reduce all common laborers to a worse condition than our former negro-slavery. How many in this land of plenty hav been starved and how many frozen to death through the heartless acts of these extorting monopolies? Are such indirect deaths not murder in the nineteenth century?

It makes me shudder when I think that when injustice has been suffered to continue too long in the past, it has been invariably wiped out in blood, and that we are every day nearing the terrible day of retribution. Above all things, let us be merciful and honest toward all mankind.

Yours respectfully, JNO. M. GROH.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Lines Written on the Death of Allen Butler Gleason.

We hav put the little dresses,
Shoes, and stockings all away—
Empty are the cot and cradle,
Baby left at dawn of day.
Left us when our hearts were breaking,
Heeding not our tears and cries,
But gently breathed his life away,
Gently closed his dark brown eyes,
And floated off to fairer skies.

Oh, how short the time has seemed
Since he came to bless our home!
His life was like a summer dream,
But now a cold and gleaming stone
Will tell where lie our buried hopes,
Underneath the sunny skies.
While gentle dews are falling down,
Our thoughts will wander to the spot
Where he lies, still unforgot.

Though brief, his life was full of joy,
Sparkling like a crystal stream.
Sweetly lisping, "Mamma!" "Papa!"
He held our hearts with love supreme.
His memory we shall ever cherish,
As onward flies each fleeting hour;
Our tender love can never perish,
But lingers round that little bower,
Blooming with many a lovely flower.

ALICE M. SANDERS.

A Little Woman.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child;
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must hav left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her,
With kindly look, yet keen,
"Is ——?" "Mary Maguire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read—
"You are charged here—I am sorry to say—
With stealing three loaves of bread."

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her tears in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir;
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brothers and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them,
By working hard all day,
But somehow the times were hard, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold;
The young ones cried and shivered—
Little Johnnie's but four years old—
So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn.
I took—oh, was it stealing?—
The bread to giv to them!"

Every man in the court-room,
Gray-beard and thoughtless youth,
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spake the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from old, faded wallets,
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study,
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the law.
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
When at last these words were heard:
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is for the present deferred!"
And no one blamed him, or wondered,
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room,
Himself, the "guilty" child.

What the Little Ones are Saying.

Josie and Lawrence on their return from Sunday-school were questioned as to their lessons. Josie said her teacher told the children that Jesus swept! Lawrence declared that his teacher had a good word for the dressmakers. "What was it?" inquired his mamma. "Well, the lesson was all about the Beatitudes, and the teacher read, 'Blessed are the *dressmakers*, for they shall inherit the earth.'" Lawrence had evidently got the dressmakers and peacemakers somewhat mixed.

A Worthy Deed.

An old and feeble man, in the winter of his existence, with silver hair and furrowed brow, trembling frame and ill, on Tuesday, Sept. 11, 1888, stood leaning his aged form against the walls in the Union depot at Kansas City, Mo., a friendless, homeless wanderer. No seat was empty for him in which to rest his aching bones, and nobody cared. All but one of the surging throng about him passed on—here, there, and everywhere—and heeded not this aged pilgrim. This one exception was a young, and, withal, beautiful young woman. She saw his searching eyes as they hopelessly gazed about the room for the face of some old acquaintance of years gone by, and, beholding the old man's dreary situation at one glance, asked him, "Are you looking for somebody?" The reply was: "No;" and then she said: "You look ill; won't you eat a bit?" He was too ill to eat, but, more to gratify the wish of his benefactor than to appease hunger, he partook of a cup of coffee at the depot lunch-counter. She paid for it with a piece of silver and bade the old man keep the change. She plied him with questions. "Where are you going? Hav you come far?" He had a ticket for Leavenworth purchased with the last of a meager purse of money. "Hav you friends there?" He had no friends there. He was homeless indeed. This young woman therefore gave him her address, and bade him be sure to write and let her know if he should not fare well in his destination and she would aid him; she had enough to spare and would be only too glad to tender him what help she could. And with an encouraging smile she vanished in the crowd to escape his thanks.

The foregoing is an incident of virtue that is not fiction, and I giv it to the Corner for the special benefit of the young men and women "of the period." It matters not whether this young woman was Jew, Christian, or pagan, her deed was noble, and I wish to pay a tribute to her virtue. Such deeds as these bear the stamp of sincerity on their face and do not seem to hav for their aim the printing of a given name before so many dollars; and they are to a better purpose than the building of costly church edifices with sky-reaching towers. Such deeds as these—and I sincerely believe that there are many more of them than ever gain publicity—urge me to scorn the doctrin of the total depravity of man, and inspire me with an ardent belief in a glorious future of better men and women.

The old man has fallen into the hands of kind and generous people, and if the young lady from Kansas City should read this, she may be glad to hav the assurance that the old man is doing well under embarrassing circumstances. HERMAN TIEDJENS.

Leavenworth, Kan., Sept. 20, 1888.

Benj. Franklin's Youthful Struggle.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, Mass., Jan. 17, 1706. His father was a soap maker and tallow chandler. At the age of ten young Benjamin began work in his father's shop, but being unpleased with the routine of this trade, he desired to go to sea. Fearing the lad would carry out his desire, his father placed him in care of his brother James, who was a printer, and it was from him that Benjamin learned the printer's trade. While at this business he commenced writing for the paper which his brother published, and his productions were always bright and interesting, although he had no education. He was fond of books, but as his parents were very poor, they were unable to furnish him with them. Young Benjamin resolved to save what little money he could earn, so as to purchase a few books. By hard work, and by abstaining from meat, he finally managed to buy a few books, which he studied diligently day and night. And this is the way he got a start. His brother was very severe with him, so he ran away from Boston without informing any of the family. He stopped in New York awhile, but finally landed in Philadelphia, where he obtained employment in a printing-office. His ambition was to engage in the business alone. He went to England to purchase printing material, but being disappointed in his view, he was compelled to remain in England over a year. But he was industrious and ambitious, and he went to work making a good living and many friends. He returned to Philadelphia in 1826, and in 1829, aided by friends, he started the printing business once more. Benj. Franklin's early life was one of hardships, yet he was very ambitious. He had a strong desire to make something of himself, and by brave endeavor he did it. His youthful struggle should be an inspiration to all young folks, for "a strong desire, backed by brave endeavor, ever leads to grand achievement."

GEO. J. REMSBURG.

A Good Dog Story.

Among the early arrivals this season at Block Island was a large black dog named Rover, the property of Bishop Brothers, of New London. He came on the steamer Block Island, and liked the trip so well that the next day he ran away and came on his own responsibility. Temptation increased with indulgence, and since then he has not missed a trip. When the boat touched the wharf here he would jump off, being always the first to land, and would made a rapid tour of the immediate vicinity and exchange New London for Block Island news with all the dog gossips he met, when he would hurry back to the boat, usually getting on board about the time the last of the passengers had landed.

On a recent trip, however, he did not get back until the steamer was fully two hundred feet away. He seemed to comprehend the situation and did not waste any strength in barking, but stood on the very edge of the wharf, gazing wistfully at the retreating vessel until she disappeared around Clay Head. He then climbed the bank, and after looking at the hotels before him, went straight to the Ocean View, where the porter explained his presence. The daughter and daughter-in-law of the proprietor took pity on him, and for twenty-four hours he fared like a prince, sleeping in the private office. The next morning, when the steamer Danielson blew her whistle, he hurried down, but saw it was not his boat, and did not try to go on board. Later, when the Mount Hope came, he was on her decks before the gang-plank was out. A hasty inspection, however, showed him his mistake, and he went ashore. When the Block Island came, a half hour later, his delight could not be restrained, and he was not satisfied until he had seen every officer and man belonging to the steamer.—*Providence Journal.*

Correspondence.

DORA, Coos Co., ORE., Sept. 13, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav never before written any in the Children's Corner. I am a little boy ten years old. I hav a pony, and I ride him three miles every day after the cows. I liv in Brewster valley. There is no school here, but I study my books at home. My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I think the pictures very funny.

Fearing to tire your patience, I will close. Hoping to see my letter in the paper, I remain,

Yours truly, JOSEPH LANE LAIRD.

SHERIDAN, MICH., Sept. 20, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I send you a poem for publication written on the death of a very bright and beautiful baby ten months old. His parents are earnest, zealous, independent advocates of Freethought, and the funeral services were purely Agnostic. I hope you can find a place for the poem.

MRS. A. M. SANDERS.

[The dear little baby boy has escaped many trials and sorrows. We trust his parents may find true consolation in the thought that nothing can harm him evermore. The little bud has entered into the perfect peace that passeth understanding, and the parents are better and nobler for the love that was born with him. All the readers of the Corner, we are sure, sympathize with them in their loss. —ED. C. C.]

LEAVENWORTH, KAN., Sept. 20, 1888.

MISS WIXON: I was made acquainted with the facts related in the inclosed letter to the Corner by the old man mentioned, and thinking the story might be a source of pleasure to the children of the Corner, decided to forward it to you. The story is beautiful to me for the reason that it is clad in the garb of truth, and has lost nothing by passing through the hands of fiction-mongers.

Also, permit me to compliment you on the able management of the Corner; but I hope you will forgiv me if I suggest that the Corner has lost much by the continued absence of the puzzles. Respectfully,

HERMAN TIEDJENS.

[We thank our friend for the beautiful incident illustrating the power of human kindness and sympathy. In regard to the puzzles, we are quite ready to open the Puzzle Box whenever our wide-awake puzzlers are ready to furnish it with the wealth of their activ brains.—Ed. C. C.]

VERSAILLES, IND., Sept. 23, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I again take the liberty of writing to you and the other dear friends of the Corner, after seeing you were kind enough to publish my first letter. I would be very happy indeed if I could open the dear TRUTH SEEKER and find in the Corner about twelve letters from about as many of my orthodox friends here. I would feel as if I was some relation to them all. If some enthusiastic Infidel lecturer would come here and lecture for a week or so, then I think I would begin to see letters from this Christian town.

There is a vast amount of difference between living in a town and living in a city. In a town everything is monotonous and lonely, and consequently the majority of the people rush to church merely for a change, or, in plainer language, to hav some place to go, while in a large city you hav so many other entertainments, etc., that you don't think or wish to attend church, except those who desire and hunger for those doleful meetings or really something doleful. But no! the doleful meetings I never attend. In the first place, they are too doleful and hypocritic. In the second place, my views on the same subject do not agree with theirs, and in the third place, because I am an Infidel and read THE TRUTH SEEKER, which they so many times hav regarded as a "lie paper."

Young folks like myself desire something livelier than such doleful meetings, where one cannot hav the pleasure of even smiling, unless it be at the parson.

The other day one of my friends came in to see me, and I was reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, when she took it out of my hands and inquired what paper it was. Then she read the headings and expressed her opinion that it was a "lie paper." She then asked me, "What would the world come to if it were not for the churches?" Then I asked her to please tell me what benefit they ever did our country. She left my question unanswered by informing me that she must go home.

Well, I wish to thank all the writers of the Corner for their good and entertaining letters, especially Nettie A. Olds and Laura Price Stewart for their instructiv compositions. I wish they would write to me and also oftener to the Corner. I wish they would all write about some travel, describing everything they witnessed, no matter how brief. It would interest and benefit us all, old as well as young. Whenever my mind is worried, I go to THE TRUTH SEEKER and read the letters from various pens, until my mind is refreshed and invigorated; then I feel well. I will bring my letter to a close for fear it will be too long to find a place in the Corner.

Hoping you will long continue your good work, I remain, Your true Infidel friend,

ANNIE H. STOCKINGER.

[If all girls possessed as bright, inquiring minds as Annie Stockinger, the world would be the better, and church edifices would soon be changed into something more useful and elevating.—ED. C. C.]

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"It cannot be done, nor will I consent from primitiv custom to vary,
And as for my reason, this must suffice—'*Nolumus lex Anoliæ mutari*;'
For a breach condoned of immutable law, you in vain for a precedent search."
(By England's *immutable* law, of course he meant the law of the church.)
"I grant that in other respects your client has led an exemplary life,
But she willfully broke that law to become her deceased sister's husband's wife.
By which reprehensible act she forfeits all hope of eternal salvation,
Except through a course prescribed by the church of penance and mortification:
Which course I hav urged, that her soul might be purged, when speaking a kind word in season.
But she laughed in my face, and said, in her case 'for repentance there was not a reason,'
And rather than part from her partner in sin, the ban of the church she defied,
And, whilst she had breath, in contumacy lived, and thus excommunicate died.
It cannot be done. My conscience forbids, in so grave a case of defection,
To promis a 'sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection,'
To perform the rite of our holy church o'er one unlawfully mated,
Or mingle the dust, defiled by lust, with dust that is consecrated;
It would alter the case had she died in a place where her history was unknown;
And deeply it pains me the rite to refuse, but by *me* it cannot be done."

The family lawyer gravely bowed—the obstacle plainly saw—
(And none than he more versed could be in the subtleties of the law),
And gravely smiled the man of law (he had gained his point no doubt),
As from a blue-laid envelope he drew the document out.

"To set the matter quite at rest, I hav brought my client's will,
To which a year before her death she added a codicil,
Bequeathing (with certain conditions that in due rotation follow)
A hundred pounds, from duty free, to the Reverend Maximus Swallow,
Provided that he, in peace and love, shall lay my bones to rest,
And leave the judgment of my case to those who know me best,
Acknowledging, to end the strife, and heal an open sore,
That I was a true and lawful wife to him that's gone before.
But, if so be he should refuse that justice to render me,
The hundred pounds hereby devised, from legacy duty free,
I bequeath to mine executor (he may charge it in his bill),
Provided he succeeds in finding somebody else that will."

The parson muttered between his teeth (an unclerical oath he swore),
"God bless me! what the —— ! you should hav told me of that before,
Or otherwise how was I to know, and claim my due,
That your late lamented client died of the church a daughter true?"

"Excuse me, sir," the lawyer said, "I thought you must hav known,
For thrice, in most emphatic terms, you said 'it can't be done.'"

The parson drew the lawyer aside, and low was his reply,
As with his finger he pressed his nose and closed his dexter eye.
"'Tis true, my friend, that in mine haste I said it can't be done;
But, then, you see—an emergency—there are more ways than one.
'Tis true that, by my sacred duty, I am strictly bound
To bury none who die in sin in consecrated ground;
But then—we may contrive a grave *twelve* feet below the flat—
The holy ground extends to ten—and so get *under* that.
And then the service? well, the undertaker must provide
A pauper's funeral for the nonce, and lay them side by side;
I thus perform a double cure, nor violate mine oath,
And read the service over one, and benefit them both."

To meet the case, you must confess, a most ingenious way,
But whether or not it was carried out, my informant did not say. OUTIS.

CITIZEN: "I see, Uncle Rastus, that you wear a Cleveland button on one side and a Harrison button on the other." Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah, dem is my politicks up ter date. I'm kinder on de fence, Mister Smif, an' which button comes off fust, sah, depen's on de pa'ty what has de greates' 'mount ob—ob patriotism. Wow, wow, wow!"—*Sun.*

What Must We Do to Be Saved?

Whosoever desires to be hopelessly confused, it is necessary only that he should study and try to understand the orthodox creed, which creed, unless we *profess* to believe, all orthodox believers believe that we shall perish everlastingly.

And the orthodox creed is this: that we worship after some orthodox form, as approved by some orthodox body of worshipers.

Neither "confounding" the formality, or questioning the utility of such form of worship.

For there is one parson who wears a miter, and another parson who wears a surplice, and a great number of persons who wear neither the one nor the other.

But the understanding of the parson who wears the miter, and the other parson who wears the surplice, and the great number of persons who wear neither the one nor the other, is as one. Their ignorance is equal, and their bigotry deplorable.

Such as the bishop is, such is the parson, and such also is the congregation.

The bishop is created, the parson is created, and the congregation is created—somehow.

The bishop incomprehensible, the parson incomprehensible, and the congregation uncomprehending.

Yet their form is eternal, their pretense eternal, and their ignorance is eternal.

And yet they are not exactly eternal, but subject to modifications and synods.

And also the three estates are not represented in the synods; but the bishop (who is created) creates a creed, and the creed is incomprehensible.

And the synod is, as it were, almighty, and the bishop almighty, and the parson almighty.

And yet the congregation is not almighty, but only the parson.

So, likewise, the synod is fallible, the bishop is fallible, and the pastor is fallible.

And not only is one of them fallible, but all are fallible.

So also the bishop is a fool, the pastor is a fool, and each member of the congregation is a fool. And not only is one of them a fool, but all of them are fools.

For like as we are compelled by Christian conformity to acknowledge every parson to be of himself a representativ of God amongst men.

So, likewise, are we forbidden by Christian humility to say that there be any representativs of God outside the pale of conformity.

The bishop is appointed by the crown—neither born a bishop, nor fitted for a bishop, but created a bishop.

The parson is ordained by the bishop—neither born a parson, nor fitted for a parson, but ordained by the bishop.

The synod is composed of bishops and parsons, who settle among themselvs what men ought to believe, and how, in ecclesiastical matters, they ought to act.

So there is not one synod, but many synods; not one orthodox conclusion, but many orthodox conclusions; not one form of belief, but many forms of belief.

And in these diversities of opinion, not one opinion is wiser or preferable to others—not one is more reasonable or logical than another.

But all creeds which hav been founded on or compiled from the doctrin of Christianity, are alike unmeaning and unintelligible.

So that in all things as aforesaid men are supposed to worship that which they do not see, and to believe in that which they do not understand.

He, therefore, that would be saved (according to this creed) must *not think* anything about the matter.

Furthermore, it is necessary to everlasting salvation to believe in the historical account of the incarnation of Jesus Christ, although it is contrary to the usual course of nature.

For the orthodox faith is, that we *profess* and believe in the incredible and to follow the unapproachable, although we do neither the one nor the other.

Perfect fools and perfect hypocrits, of a darkened understanding and unreasoning mind subsisting.

Equal to the brutes as touching our ignorance, and inferior to the brutes as touching our superstition.

For as pretense and arrogance make one parson, so superstition and ignorance make one orthodox Christian.

A Christian, not by assimilation of virtues, but by confusion and misapprehension of terms.

Such is the orthodox creed, which unless a man professes to believe he is reckoned an Infidel.

Glory be to the father, etc.

As it was in the days of the prophets and apostles, is now, and, to all appearance, ever will be, world without end.

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We think you all know about Aunt Elmina by this time; that is, you know she loves children, and is always ready with pen and voice to teach them the truths of life, and add to their knowledge some fact that will help make life better, and so bless the world in which we liv. Aunt Elmina has written a book entitled: "Little Lessons for Little Folks," and the good lady has sent us a copy, and we are so very much pleased with it that we shall make several extracts for this department from time to time. This little work of a hundred pages is neatly bound in board covers, and some twenty subjects are treated in the author's pleasant style, so attractiv to the hearts of the young. Aunt Elmina talks of Stars, Monkeys, Fishes, Fresh Air, Books, Clover, Water, Stones, Leaves, Nerves, Animals, etc., and so much rich knowledge is presented in an attractiv form that the book should be in every household. Our little ones cannot learn too much about Life and her Children, and this handy volume is just what they want.—*The Children's Half Hour.*

AMERICAN FREETHOUGHT.

We hav received from the Truth Seeker Co., 28 Lafayette place, New York, a packet of their publications, including both bound books and pamphlets. All are excellently printed, and the books are tastefully and substantially bound in uniform style. Perhaps the most important is "The Secret of the East," by Felix L. Oswald. Mr. Oswald holds that Christianity really arose in India, and that it is but the Western counterpart of oriental Buddhism. To the anti-natural tendency of the Christian religion was due the long night of the Middle Ages. Mr. Oswald asks: "Did the apostle of Galilee ever speak one word in favor of industry, rational education, the love and study of nature, physical and intellectual culture? Not one. Has his mission promoted our progress in the paths of science and freedom? Not one step. His doctrin in all its tendencies is wholly unearthly, and, therefore, wholly unavailable for secular purposes." "The Secret of the East" is full of such vigorous writing. Every page has some telling fact or argument. There are a few marks of hasty writing. Thus, one might think from an expression on page 25 that the Socinians were a sect of early Christians. But these are blemishes easily removed. The book, as a whole, is well worth the attention of anyone grappling with the problem of Christianity.

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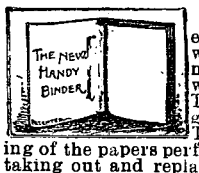
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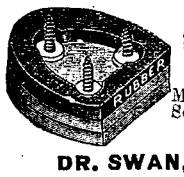
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News of the Week.

THE conferring of the pallium on Bishop Ireland of Minnesota took place at St. Paul on the 27th ult.

FRANCE took possession of the Marquesa group of South Sea islands, after bloody fighting with the nativs.

THE first snow of the season fell on the 29th ult.

IT is reported that a grocers' trust is being formed.

YELLOW fever cases to date, nearly 3,000; deaths, nearly 300.

IRELAND'S poor hav a disheartening outlook for the winter.

JAPAN is having disastrous volcanic eruptions and earthquakes.

THE Christian nations of Italy and Abyssinia continue their war.

WORKINGMEN demand change in the conspiracy laws that will allow boycotting.

ENGLAND and Wales hav 593,427 Sunday-school teachers and 5,200,776 scholars.

WILLIAM II. is renewing persecution of the Jews, and disgusting advanced peoples by other brutal acts.

THE latest collection of Peter's Pence in the Dublin diocese was $8,000, falling off only $500 from the previous average.

FRENCH scientists continue their investigation of mesmerism and other occult psychical phenomena.

NEW YORK Italians commemorated by a parade the occupation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel.

CATHOLICS continue indignant at their "persecution" by the fearless liberal Italian prime minister, Crispi.

THE bishop of London gets $50,000 a year, two palaces to liv in, a valuable patronage, and other perquisits.

LAST Sunday was observed throughout the Catholic world as a day of prayer for relief of souls from purgatory.

LEO is vexed with Bismarck because that statesman does not force Italy to restore the papal temporal power.

POLITICIANS utilize every trouble with foreign nations to gain applause from the masses filled with race hatreds.

LONDON stay and corset makers report that the size of the female waist has decreased two inches in twenty-five years.

PUBLICATION of the diary of Frederick III. givs fresh evidence that in him Germany lost a liberal ruler of inestimable worth.

THE feeling in favor of adopting a universal hour is growing among savants, the Russians being the chief remaining obstacles.

LONDON reports two more of the mysterious murders and mutilations of abandoned women, seemingly by a monomaniac, making a total of six.

HIGH-SOUNDING clerical titles hav been growing so that Dr. Huntington proposes to an Episcopal convention to set a fixed limit to them.

THE ecclesiastical powers of Russia, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Roumania, etc., are industriously intriguing with the rulers of those nations.

IN England investigation of the comparativ literacy of the sexes as shown in penmanship awards women three per cent superiority on that head.

WILLIAM SOBY, a New Yorker who has divided his life between burglary and exhorting at revival meetings, has been imprisoned for ill treatment of his wife.

CHIEF-RABBI JOSEPH, imported by orthodox Jews to combat Rationalizing tendencies, says we must abandon knowledge and conscience as guidance, and be directed by God.

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BALAAM HAS A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

And he said unto them, Lodge here this night, and I will bring you word again, as the Lord shall speak unto me: And the princes of Moab abode with Balaam. And God came unto Balaam, and said, What men are these with thee?—Num. xxii, 8, 9.

Gems of Thought.

ONE situation only of the married state is excluded from pleasure, and that is a state of indifference; but as many of my readers, I hope, know what an exquisit delight there is in conveying pleasure to a beloved object, so some few, I am afraid, may hav experienced the satisfaction of tormenting one we hate. It is, I apprehend, to come at this latter pleasure, that we see both sexes often giv up that ease in marriage which they might otherwise possess, though their mate was never so disagreeable to them: hence the wife often puts on fits of love and jealousy; nay, even denies herself any pleasure, to disturb and prevent those of her husband; and he again, in return, puts frequent restraints on himself, and stays at home in company which he dislikes, in order to confine his wife to what she equally detests: hence, too, must flow those tears which a widow sometimes so plentifully sheds over the ashes of a husband with whom she led a life of constant disquiet and turbulency, and whom now she can never hope to torment any more.—*Fielding.*

IF there is any man I detest, it is the man who thinks he is the head of a family—the man who thinks he is "boss." . . . I hate above all things a cross man. What right has he to murder the sunshine of a day? What right has he to assassinate the joy of life? When you go home you ought to go like a ray of light—so that it will, even in the night, burst out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness.—*Ingersoll.*

THE doctrin of salvation by grace had substituted favor and caprice for the rights of natural justice, and for a series of centuries the consequences of its teachings were seen in the treatment of nearly every benefactor of mankind. The prince who devoted the fruits of his conquests to the feeding of countless convent drones, let scholars starve and loaded the discoverer of a New World with chains. His successors who lavished the treasures of their vast empire on pimps and clerical mountebanks, let Cervantes perish in penury. The sovereign protector of a thousand stall-fed prelates refused to relieve the last distress of John Kepler. The moralists who thought it a grievance that the church should be denied the right of tithing the lands of southern Spain, had no pity for the sufferings of the men whose labor had made those lands blossom like the gardens of paradise, and who were exiled by thousands for the crime of preferring the unitary god of the Koran to the trinitary Gods of the New Testament.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Bible of Nature.*

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit.
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrin orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended—
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, splenetic,
Than dog distract or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they hav no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposit,
As if they worshiped God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for. —*Butler.*

INFIDELS are the intellectual discoverers. They sail the unknown seas, and in the realms of thought they touch the shores of other worlds. An Infidel is the finder of a new fact—one who in the mental sky has seen another star.—*Ingersoll.*

A TRUE man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Ordinarily, everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation.—*Emerson.*

THERE is no man more pusillanimous than I, when I make a military plan. I magnify all the dangers, and all the possible mischances. I am in an agitation utterly painful. . . . When my resolution is taken, all is forgot, except whatever can make it succeed.—*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

THE domestic industry of a people cannot be hurt by the greatest prosperity of their neighbors.—*Hume.*

Odds and Ends.

IF Canada is afraid of retaliation, she should join the United States and get in out of the reign.

IT is doubtful if Edison's new talking machines will ever supersede the old reliable sewing societies.

JACK (who has just come into a fortune): "Now that I hav all this money, Dick, I don't know what to do first." Dick: "Why don't you marry?" Jack: "Never! The fortune has done away with all necessity of marrying."

MAGISTRATE: "Madam, your husband charges you with assault." Madam: "Yes, your honor; I asked him if he would ever cease to love me, and he was so slow in answering me that I hit him with a mop. I'm only a woman, your honor [tears], and a woman's life without love is a mere blight."

MISS CLARA: "It distresses me greatly to cause you pain, Mr. Worchestershire, but I love another." Mr. Worchestershire: "Ah, me!" Miss Clara: "I hav always supposed that you were interested in Ethel Simpson, Mr. Worchestershire; she is a noble girl." Mr. Worchestershire: "Ah, yes, Miss Clara; but I had the same luck with her that I hav just had with you."

"HAS the campaign opened in your neighborhood yet?" asked a citizen yesterday of a farmer from one of the Western townships. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Much enthusiasm?" "Heaps of it. It has got so that no Democrat can borrow a drawing of tea from a Republican, and no Republican could get a bar of soap from a Democrat if he was dying for it. Oh, yes, the campaign has opened."

"MOSES!" he shouted, as he came rushing into the store just as a stranger passed out, "did you sell him sometings?" "No." "You let him go oudt und doan' make a sale!" "We doan' haf der goods he wants." "Vhat vhas dot?" "He vhants a bathing-suit." "Vhat! Und you doan' sell him one of dose $6 oilskin suits for $3! Moses! Moses! But it vhas plain ash day dot you can't run some clothing peesness. You had better hire out mit some junk shop."

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON OF THE REV. SIM GOOSEBERRY, 'POSSUM BOTTOM, WEST VA.

"In concludin', I want you bruddahs an' sistahs dat has got religion to git honest, too. 'Taint no use cahyin' yo' Bible in one han' while yo' stealin' roastin' eahs from yo' neighbor's co'n patch wid de oder one.

"I mind mighty well when ole Uncle Dan Bloodgood, sittin' dah, gib in his expe'ience 'bout gittin' religion. He had a ha'd time afo' he got de undah holt on ole Satan an' got him down. Uncle Dan telled how, when de wrastlin' match wid de debble wuz goin' on, he went up back ob de cleahin' on Pigeon mountain fo' to cut hoop poles. An' while he wuz hatchettin' away, cuttin' hoop poles, he seed a groun' hog. He dropped his hatchet, an' took ahter him; an' he run him in his hole. Does you t'ink Uncle Dan stan' dah waitin' fo' dat hole to tu'n inside out, an' fotch de groun' hog 'long wid it? No sich t'ing! He didn't do nuffin' ob dat so't! Uncle Dan Bloodgood not sich an ole fool! He j'ined diggin' an' scratchin' fo' to pull hisself down dat hole. By um by, while he wuz a-diggin' an' scratchin' an' makin' de di't fly like a bull in fly-time, an' gittin' neaher an' neaher dat groun' hog, so's he could tech him wid a stick, de ole debble let go ob him, an' he felt de religion comin'. An' he scratch ha'der an' ha'der, an' by um by it come an' swell him chock full ob de right spirit. He wuz jest a-touchin' de groun' hog wid de tip end ob his longest fingah, an' he j'ined shoutin': 'Glory! glory! Praise de Lo'd, I got her!'

"What you t'ink Uncle Dan did? What you t'ink he done? Does you t'ink he stop scratchin' an' diggin' 'cause he got his religion? No, bruddahs an' sistahs, Uncle Dan Bloodgood sez he kep' right on till he got de groun' hog, too.

"Dat's it! Dat's it! Keep right on till you gits de groun' hog! You dat's got religion, keep right on till you gits honest.

"Rise fo' de blessin'!"—*Tobe Hodge, in Puck.*

A STRANGER with a sad, tired look and a manner indicating that he wished to escape general observation, came wearily into a little Western town the other day. He stopped at the town well to slake his thirst and bathe his flushed face and brow, and while he drank a denizen of the town drew near to quaff of the cooling water. He, too, had a careworn face and an air of general discouragement. "Stranger here, ain't you?" he asked of the wayfarer. "Yep, stranger now, but I used to liv round here." "No, did you? Lately?" "No; it's nigh onto ten years since I left." "And you ain't been back since?" "No. There's been a good many changes since then, and I don't reckon there's many left I uster know." "Mebbe not. Who'd you know?" "Well, lemme see—there was a woman named Watts I uster know—Sally Watts." "Did you know Sally Watts?" asked the denizen of the town. "Knowed her well. I—I—did you ever hear of Sally?" "Yes, I——" "Do you know Sally Watts?" "Yes, I—I——" The wayfarer looked carefully around, lowered his voice and said cautiously: "See here, mister; I've a favor to ask. It ain't much. Would you mind not mentionin' to Sally Watts that a stranger was round astin' fer her? She'd know it was me, and I'd ruther hav a hyener on my trail than Sally Watts. She's an idee I'm dead, an' I want her to cling to that idee. If you know Sally Watts, mister, mebbe you know how nigh she comes to bein' kin to the devil. If she ain't a Zantippy, I never see one. Lookee here, stranger; you've got a sympathetic kind of a face, an' I b'leeve you'd knew how to feel fer a feller that's went through what I've went through with, an' I feel as if I'd like to confide in you. Stranger, I uster be married to Sally Watts!" The recipient of this confidence gave a little gasp, and wrung the hand of the poor wayfarer, saying with deep fervor: "Pity me, man; I'm married to her now!"

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THE PUZZLED MIKADO.—WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

Notes and Clippings.

THE property of the Y. M. C. A. in this country has increased in value from $3,000,000 in 1884 to $7,000,000 in 1887.

WHAT Englishmen say is the most powerful arc light in the world is in a light-house on the Isle of Wight. It is of 60,000 candle-power, increased by concentrating lenses to 6,000,000 candle-power.

HIS majesty, the shah of Persia, in forwarding his felicitations to the holy father on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee, sent to his eminence Cardinal Simeoni, prefect of the propaganda, the grand cordon of the Order of the Lion of the Sun.

HERMANN, the magician, says he has been around the world three times looking for a ghost. He doesn't believe in any supernatural manifestation of any kind. He says the best kind of sleight-of-hand tricks or mind-reading exhibitions are accomplished by the aid of accomplices.—*Ex.*

MME. DE VALSAYRE has become notorious in France because she yearly presents a petition to the chamber of deputies that women be allowed to wear any costume they like. This year she received a reply, saying "that the law did not prevent women from wearing men's attire, but that the police did."

THE modern faith healer does not hav any trouble to explain difficulties. At a meeting a day or two ago a brother claimed to hav been entirely healed of paralysis. Said a person, "Are you entirely well now?" "Yes," was the reply, "all but a little lameness in my side." Whereupon a sister cried, "Praise the Lord, brother. God left that spot there so that it would remind you of what he has done for you! Glory to God, I say!"

THE martial example set by the young emperor of Germany has caused unusual activity in all the war offices in Europe. More orders are issued, more inspections held, and more investigations undertaken than ever before. All through Europe great bodies of troops are incessantly drilled. The continent appears to be a fortified camp. The troops are kept in motion from morning to night.

THE expenditure for war in all the European states exceeds that for education. In England the proportion is about 6 to 1; in Prussia, 4 to 1; in Russia, 80 to 1; in Denmark, 2 to 1. In Switzerland alone is almost as much spent for education as for war. The state of Pennsylvania expends $50 for education to $1 for militia maintenance. This is about the average of the whole country, and so long as it is so, the Americans at least stand some chance of remaining a free people.

THE London *Telegraph*, which started the marriage discussion, concludes: "It is clear to our mind that the law of divorce must be enlarged to permit dissolution of marriage for desertion, for lunacy, for confirmed inebriety, for conviction of disgraceful crimes, as likewise for established incompatibility of temper and temperament, such as a just and prudent judge would admit to be adequate. That the marriage service as it stands calls also for alteration has been abundantly demonstrated by these letters, and the sooner his grace the primate finishes with the Athanasian creed and turns his attention to passages in that service which shock young minds and disconcert older ones the better."

IT was Voltaire who, in his "Reign of Louis XIV.," began the now universally followed historical method of subordinating the accounts of kings and queens, battles and sieges, to the history of the people, their progress in the arts and sciences, literature, and social manners. Green's "Histories of the English People" and Buckle's "History of Civilization" are nothing but amplifications of this idea.

THE following message has been received by Bishop Crowther of the Niger mission from the Mohammedan emir of Nupe, west Africa: "It is not a long matter; it is about barasa [rum]. Barasa, barasa, barasa! It has ruined our country; it has ruined our people very much; it has made our people mad. I beg you, Malam Kipo, don't forget this writing, because we all beg that he should beg the great priests that they should beg the English queen to prevent bringing barasa into this land."

THE Jersey City faith curists are certainly interesting folks. One of them is a policeman, who says that he found he had leased a house swarming with croton bugs, cockroaches, and other nuisances. He at once prayed for them to go elsewhere. Having plenty of faith, he was rewarded by seeing them scamper out like an army overwhelmed by its foe. Another member of the church was plagued by musketoes, and, summoning up faith enough, prayed that they might go. Away they all went, and now they pester his neighbors while his family sit out of doors in peace.

CIVILIZATION is a thing of which many varying definitions hav been given. In a *Forum* article, "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" Prof. Lester Ward givs the seemingly very good definition that civilization consists in "the utilization of the materials and forces of nature;" that so far as the improvement of man's estate is concerned we know only in order to do, that knowledge unapplied is steril, and is only fruitful when it makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

THE motiv force of the world, as officially summarized by the bureau of statistics, Berlin, presents some remarkable facts, together with the interesting general statement that four-fifths of the engins now working in the world hav been constructed during the last twenty-five years. In round numbers, France has 50,000 stationary or portable boilers, 7,000 locomotivs, and 1,900 boats' boilers; Germany has 59,000 boilers, 10,000 locomotivs, and 1,700 ships' boilers; Austria, 12,000 boilers and 2,800 locomotivs. The force equivalent to the working steam-engins represents in the United States 7,500 000 horse-power—4,500,000 in Germany, 3,000,000 in France, and 1,500,000 in Austria. In these enumerations the motiv power of the locomotivs is not included, whose number in all the world amounts to 105,000, representing a total of 3,000,000 horse-power, which amount, added to the other powers, givs a total of 46,000,000 horse-power. As a steam horse-power is equal to three actual horses' power, and a living horse is equal to seven men, the steam-engins of the world may be said to represent, therefore, approximately, the work of 1,000,000,000 men.

Selected.

Rome, or Reason?—A Reply to Cardinal Manning.

From the North American Review.

Superstition "has ears more deaf than adders to the voice of any true decision."

PART I.

Cardinal Manning has stated the claims of the Roman Catholic church with great clearness, and apparently without reserve. The age, position, and learning of this man giv a certain weight to his words, apart from their worth. He represents the oldest of the Christian churches. The questions involved are among the most important that can engage the human mind. No one having the slightest regard for that superb thing known as intellectual honesty, will avoid the issues tendered, or seek in any way to gain a victory over truth.

. . . . . .

The proposition is that "The church itself, by its marvelous propagation, its eminent sanctity, its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things, its catholic unity and invincible stability, is a vast and perpetual motiv of credibility, and an irrefragable witness of its own divine legation."

The reasons given as supporting this proposition are:

That the Catholic church interpenetrates all the nations of the civilized world; that it is extranational and independent in a supernational unity; that it is the same in every place; that it speaks all languages in the civilized world; that it is obedient to one head; that as many as seven hundred bishops hav knelt before the pope; that pilgrims from all nations hav brought gifts to Rome, and that all these things set forth in the most self-evident way the unity and universality of the Roman church.

It is also asserted that "men see the head of the church year by year speaking to the nations of the world, treating with empires, republics, and governments;" that "there is no other man on earth that can so bear himself," and that "neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople can such a voice go forth to which rulers and people listen."

It is also claimed that the Catholic church has enlightened and purified the world; that it has given us the peace and purity of domestic life; that it has destroyed idolatry and demonology; that it gave us a body of law from a higher source than man; that it has produced the civilization of Christendom; that the popes were the greatest of statesmen and rulers; that celibacy is better than marriage, and that the revolutions and reformations of the last three hundred years hav been destructiv and calamitous.

We will examin these assertions as well as some others.

No one will dispute that the Catholic church is the best witness of its own existence. The same is true of everything that exists—of every church, great and small, of every man, and of every insect.

But it is contended that the marvelous growth or propagation of the church is evidence of its divine origin. Can it be said that success is supernatural? All success in this world is relativ. Majorities are not necessarily right. If anything is known—if anything can be known—we are sure that very large bodies of men hav frequently been wrong. We believe in what is called the progress of mankind. Progress, for the most part, consists in finding new truths and getting rid of old errors—that is to say, getting nearer and nearer in harmony with the facts of nature, seeing with greater clearness the conditions of well-being.

We know, if we know anything, that wisdom has often been trampled beneath the feet of the multitude. We know that the torch of science has been blown out by the breath of the hydra-headed. We know that the whole intellectual heaven has been darkened again and again. The truth or falsity of a proposition cannot be determined by ascertaining the number of those who assert, or of those who deny.

If the marvelous propagation of the Catholic church proves its divine origin, what shall we say of the marvelous propagation of Mohammedanism?

Nothing can be clearer than that Christianity arose out of the ruins of the Roman empire—that is to say, the ruins of paganism. And it is equally clear that Mohammedanism arose out of the wreck and ruin of Catholicism.

. . . . . .

It may be interesting in this connection to say that the Mohammedan now proves the divine mission of his apostle by appealing to the marvelous propagation of the faith. If the argument is good in the mouth of a Catholic, is it not good in the mouth of a Moslem? Let us see if it is not better.

According to Cardinal Manning, the Catholic church triumphed only over the institutions of men—triumphed only over religions that had been established by men—by wicked and ignorant men. But Mohammed triumphed not only over the religions of men, but over the religion of God. This ignorant driver of camels, this poor, unknown, unlettered boy, unassisted by God, unenlightened by supernatural means, drove the armies of the true cross before him as the winter's storm drives withered leaves. At his name, priests, bishops, and cardinals fled with white faces—popes trembled, and the armies of God, fighting for the true faith, were conquered on a thousand fields.

If the success of a church proves its divinity, and after that another church arises and defeats the first, what does that prove?

Let us put this question in a milder form. Suppose the second church livs and flourishes in spite of the first, what does that prove?

As a matter of fact, however, no church rises with everything against it. Something is favorable to it, or it could not exist. If it succeeds and grows, it is absolutely certain that the conditions are favorable. If it spreads rapidly, it simply shows that the conditions are exceedingly favorable, and that the forces in opposition are weak and easily overcome.

Here, in my own country, within a few years, has arisen a new religion. Its foundations were laid in an intelligent community, having had the advantages of what is known as modern civilization. Yet this new faith—founded on the grossest absurdities, as gross as we find in the scriptures—in spite of all opposition began to grow, and kept growing. It was subjected to persecution, and the persecution increased its strength. It was driven from state to state by the believers in universal love, until it left what was called civilization, crossed the wide plains, and took up its abode on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. It continued to grow. Its founder, as he declared, had frequent conversations with God, and received directions from that source. Hundreds of miracles were performed—multitudes upon the desert were miraculously fed—the sick were cured—the dead were raised, and the Mormon church continued to grow until now, less than a half a century after the death of its founder, there are several hundred thousand believers in the new faith.

Do you think that men enough could join this church to prove the truth of its creed?

Questions of fact or philosophy cannot be settled simply by numbers. There was a time when the Copernican system of astronomy had but few supporters—the multitude being on the other side. There was a time when the rotation of the earth was not believed by the majority.

Let us press this idea further. There was a time when Christianity was not in the majority anywhere. Let us suppose that the first Christian missionary had met a prelate of the pagan faith, and suppose this prelate had used against the Christian missionary the cardinal's argument—how could the missionary hav answered if the cardinal's argument is good?

But, after all, is the success of the Catholic church a marvel? If this church is of divine origin, if it has been under the especial care, protection, and guidance of an infinit being, is not its failure far more wonderful than its success? For eighteen centuries it has persecuted and preached, and the salvation of the world is still remote. This is the result, and it may be asked whether it is worth while to try to convert the world to Catholicism.

Are Catholics better than Protestants? Are they nearer honest, nearer just, more charitable? Are Catholic nations better than Protestant? Do the Catholic nations move in the van of progress? Within their jurisdiction are life, liberty, and property safer than anywhere else? Is Spain the first nation of the world?

Let me ask another question: Are Catholics or Protestants better than Freethinkers? Has the Catholic church produced a greater man than Humboldt? Has the Protestant produced a greater than Darwin? Was not Emerson, so far as purity of life is concerned, the equal of any true believer? Was Pius IX., or any other vicar of Christ, superior to Abraham Lincoln?

But it is claimed that the Catholic church is universal, and that its universality demonstrates its divine origin.

According to the Bible, the apostles were ordered to go into all the world and preach the gospel—yet not one of them, nor one of their converts at any time, nor one of the vicars of God for fifteen hundred years afterward, knew of the existence of the western hemisphere. During all that time can it be said that the Catholic church was universal? At the close of the fifteenth century there was one-half of the world in which the Catholic faith had never been preached, and in the other half not one person in ten had ever heard of it, and of those who had heard of it, not one in ten believed it. Certainly the Catholic church was not then universal.

Is it universal now? What impression has Catholicism made upon the many millions of China, of Japan, of India, of Africa? Can it truthfully be said that the Catholic church is now universal? When any church becomes universal, it will be the only church. There cannot be two universal churches, neither can there be one universal church and any other.

The cardinal next tries to prove that the Catholic church is divine, "by its eminent sanctity and its inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things."

And here let me admit that there are many millions of good Catholics—that is, of good men and women who are Catholics. It is unnecessary to charge universal dishonesty or hypocrisy, for the reason that this would be only a kind of personality. Many thousands of heroes hav died in defense of the faith, and millions of Catholics hav killed and been killed for the sake of their religion.

And here it may be well enough to say that martyrdom does not even tend to prove the truth of a religion. The man who dies in flames, standing by what he believes to be true, establishes, not the truth of what he believes, but his sincerity.

Without calling in question the intentions of the Catholic church, we can ascertain whether it has been "inexhaustibly fruitful in all good things," and whether it has been "eminent for its sanctity."

In the first place, nothing can be better than goodness. Nothing is more sacred, or can be more sacred, than the well-being of man. All things that tend to increase or preserve the happiness of the human race are good—that is to say, they are sacred. All things that tend to the destruction of man's well-being, that tend to his unhappiness, are bad, no matter by whom they are taught or done.

It is perfectly certain that the Catholic church has taught, and still teaches, that intellectual liberty is dangerous—that it should not be allowed. It was driven to take this position because it had taken another. It taught, and still teaches, that a certain belief is necessary to salvation. It has always known that investigation and inquiry led, or might lead, to doubt; that doubt leads, or may lead, to heresy, and that heresy leads to hell. In other words, the Catholic church has something more important than this world, more important than the well-being of man here. It regards this life as an opportunity for joining that church, for accepting that creed, and for the saving of your soul.

If the Catholic church is right in its premises, it is right in its conclusion. If it is necessary to believe the Catholic creed in order to obtain eternal joy, then, of course, nothing else in this world is, comparativly speaking, of the slightest importance. Consequently, the Catholic church has been, and still is, the enemy of intellectual freedom, of investigation, of inquiry—in other words, the enemy of progress in secular things.

The result of this was an effort to compel all men to accept the belief necessary to salvation. This effort naturally divided itself into persuasion and persecution.

When one speaks of the "inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things" of the Catholic church, we remember the horrors and atrocities of the Inquisition—the rewards offered by the Roman church for the capture and murder of honest men. We remember the Dominican order, the members of which, upheld by the vicar of Christ, pursued the heretics like sleuth-hounds through many centuries.

The church, "inexhaustible in fruitfulness in all good things," not only imprisoned and branded and burnt the living, but violated the dead. It robbed graves, to the end that it might convict corpses of heresy—to the end that it might take from widows their portions and from orphans their patrimony.

We remember the millions in the darkness of dungeons—the millions who perished by the sword—the vast multitude destroyed in flames—those who were flayed alive—those who were blinded—those whose tongues were cut out—those into whose ears was poured molten lead—those whose eyes were deprived of their lids—those who were tortured and tormented in every way by which pain could be inflicted and human nature overcome.

And we remember, too, the exultant cry of the church over the bodies of her victims: "Their bodies were burnt here, but their souls are now tortured in hell."

We remember that the church, by treachery, bribery, perjury, and the commission of every possible crime, got possession and control of Christendom, and we know the use that was made of this power—that it was used to brutalize, degrade, stupefy, and "sanctify" the children of men. We know also that the vicars of Christ were persecutors for opinion's sake—that they sought to destroy the liberty of thought through fear—that they endeavored to make every brain a bastile in which the mind should be a convict—that they endeavored to make every tongue a prisoner, watched by a familiar of the Inquisition—and that they threatened punishment here, imprisonment here, burnings here, and, in the name of their God, eternal imprisonment and eternal burnings hereafter.

We know, too, that the Catholic church was, during all the years of its power, the enemy of every science. It preferred magic to medicin, relics to remedies, priests to physicians. It thought more of astrologers than of astronomers. It hated geologists—it persecuted the chemist, and imprisoned the naturalist, and opposed every discovery calculated to improve the condition of mankind.

It is impossible to forget the persecutions of the Cathari, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Hussites, the Huguenots, and of every sect that had the cour-

age to think just a little for itself. Think of a woman—the mother of a family—taken from her children and burnt, on account of her view as to the three natures of Jesus Christ. Think of the Catholic church—an institution with a divine founder, presided over by the agent of God—punishing a woman for giving a cup of cold water to a fellow-being who had been anathematized. Think of this church, "fruitful in all good things," launching its curse at an honest man—not only cursing him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet with a fiendish particularity, but having at the same time the impudence to call on God, and the Holy Ghost, and Jesus Christ, and the Virgin Mary, to join in the curse; and to curse him not only here, but forever hereafter—calling upon all the saints and upon all the redeemed to join in a hallelujah of curses, so that earth and heaven should reverberate with countless curses launched at a human being simply for having expressed an honest thought.

This church, so "fruitful in all good things," invented crimes that it might punish. This church tried men for a "suspicion of heresy"—imprisoned them for the vice of being suspected—stripped them of all they had on earth and allowed them to rot in dungeons, because they were guilty of the crime of having been suspected. This was a part of the canon law.

It is too late to talk about the "invincible stability" of the Catholic church.

It was not invincible in the seventh, or in the eighth, or in the ninth century. It was not invincible in Germany in Luther's day. It was not invincible in the Low Countries. It was not invincible in Scotland, or in England. It was not invincible in France. It is not invincible in Italy. It is not supreme in any intellectual center of the world. It does not triumph in Paris, or Berlin; it is not dominant in London, in England; neither is it triumphant in the United States. It has not within its fold the philosophers, the statesmen, and the thinkers, who are the leaders of the human race.

It is claimed that Catholicism "interpenetrates all the nations of the civilized world," and that "in some it holds the whole nation in its unity."

I suppose the Catholic church is more powerful in Spain than in any other nation. The history of this nation demonstrates the result of Catholic supremacy, the result of an acknowledgment by a people that a certain religion is too sacred to be examined.

Without attempting in an article of this character to point out the many causes that contributed to the adoption of Catholicism by the Spanish people, it is enough to say that Spain, of all nations, has been and is the most thoroughly Catholic, and the most thoroughly interpenetrated and dominated by the spirit of the church of Rome.

Spain used the sword of the church. In the name of religion it endeavored to conquer the Infidel world. It drove from its territory the Moors, not because they were bad, not because they were idle and dishonest, but because they were Infidels. It expelled the Jews, not because they were ignorant or vicious, but because they were unbelievers. It drove out the Moriscoes, and deliberately made outcasts of the intelligent, the industrious, the honest, and the useful, because they were not Catholics. It leaped like a wild beast upon the Low Countries, for the destruction of Protestantism. It covered the seas with its fleets, to destroy the intellectual liberty of man. And not only so—it established the Inquisition within its borders. It imprisoned the honest, it burnt the noble, and succeeded after many years of devotion to the true faith, in destroying the industry, the intelligence, the usefulness, the genius, the nobility, and the wealth of a nation. It became a wreck, a jest of the conquered, and excited the pity of its former victims.

In this period of degradation, the Catholic church held "the whole nation in its unity."

At last Spain began to deviate from the path of the church. It made a treaty with an Infidel power. In 1782 it became humbled enough, and wise enough, to be friends with Turkey. It made treaties with Tripoli and Algiers and the Barbary states. It had become too poor to ransom the prisoners taken by these powers. It began to appreciate the fact that it could neither conquer nor convert the world by the sword.

Spain has progressed in the arts and sciences, in all that tends to enrich and ennoble a nation, in the precise proportion that she has lost faith in the Catholic church. This may be said of every other nation in Christendom. Torquemada is dead; Castelar is alive. The dungeons of the Inquisition are empty, and a little light has penetrated the clouds and mists—not much, but a little, Spain is not yet clothed and in her right mind. A few years ago the cholera visited Madrid and other cities. Physicians were mobbed. Processions of saints carried the host through the streets for the purpose of staying the plague. The streets were not cleaned; the sewers were filled. Filth and faith, old partners, reigned supreme. The church, "eminent for its sanctity," stood in the light and cast its shadow on the ignorant and the prostrate. The church, in its "inexhaustible fruitfulness in all good things," allowed its children to perish through ignorance, and used the diseases it had produced as an instrumentality to further enslave its votaries and its victims.

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It is stated that the Catholic church is immutable, and that its immutability establishes its claim to divine origin. Was it immutable when its unity, internal and external, was broken? Was it precisely the same after its unity was broken that it was before? Was it precisely the same after its unity was divinely restored that it was while broken? Was it universal while it was without unity? Which of the fragments was universal—which was immutable?

The fact that the Catholic church is obedient to the pope, establishes, not the supernatural origin of the church, but the mental slavery of its members. It establishes the fact that it is a successful organization; that it is cunningly devised; that it destroys the mental independence, and that whoever absolutely submits to its authority loses the jewel of his soul.

The fact that Catholics are, to a great extent, obedient to the pope, establishes nothing except the thoroughness of the organization.

Does the fact that millions of the faithful visit Mecca establish the truth of the Koran? Is it a scene for congratulation when the bishops of thirty nations kneel before a man? Is it not humiliating to know that man is willing to kneel at the feet of man? Could a noble man demand, or joyfully receive, the humiliation of his fellows?

As a rule, arrogance and humility go together. He who in power compels his fellow-men to kneel will himself kneel when weak. The tyrant is a cringer in power; a cringer is a tyrant out of power. Great men stand face to face. They meet on equal terms. The cardinal who kneels in the presence of the pope wants the bishop to kneel in his presence; and the bishop who kneels demands that the priest shall kneel to him; and the priest who kneels demands that they in lower orders shall kneel; and all, from pope to the lowest—that is to say, from pope to exorcist, from pope to the one in charge of the bones of saints—all demand that the people, the laymen, those upon whom they liv, shall kneel to them.

The man of free and noble spirit will not kneel. Courage has no knees. Fear kneels, or falls upon its ashen face.

The cardinal insists that the pope is the vicar of Christ, and that all popes hav been. What is a vicar of Jesus Christ? He is a substitute in office. He stands in the place, or occupies the position in relation to the church, in relation to the world, that Jesus Christ would occupy were he the pope at Rome. In other words, he takes Christ's place; so that, according to the doctrin of the Catholic church, Jesus Christ himself is present in the person of the pope.

We all know that a good man may employ a bad agent. A good king might leave his realm and put in his place a tyrant and wretch. The good man, and the good king, cannot certainly know what manner of man the agent is—what kind of person the vicar is—consequently the bad may be chosen. But if the king appointed a bad vicar, knowing him to be bad, knowing that he would oppress the people, knowing that he would imprison and burn the noble and generous, what excuse can be imagined for such a king?

Now, if the church is of divine origin, and if each pope is the vicar of Jesus Christ, he must hav been chosen by Jesus Christ; and when he was chosen, Christ must hav known exactly what his vicar would do. Can we believe that an infinitly wise and good being would choose immoral, dishonest, ignorant, malicious, heartless, fiendish, and inhuman vicars?

The cardinal admits that "the history of Christianity is the history of the church, and that the history of the church is the history of the pontiffs," and he then declares that "the greatest statesmen and rulers that the world has ever seen are the popes of Rome."

Let me call attention to a few passages in Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe."

Constantine was one of the vicars of Christ. Afterward, Stephen V. was chosen. The eyes of Constantine were then put out by Stephen, acting in Christ's place. The tongue of the Bishop Theodorus was amputated by the man who had been substituted for God. This bishop was left in a dungeon to perish of thirst. Pope Leo III. was seized in the street and forced into a church, where the nephews of Pope Adrian attempted to put out his eyes and cut off his tongue. His successor, Stephen V., was driven ignominiously from Rome. His successor, Paschal I., was accused of blinding and murdering two ecclesiastics in the Lateran Palace. John VIII., unable to resist the Mohammedans, was compelled to pay them tribute.

At this time, the bishop of Naples was in secret alliance with the Mohammedans, and they divided with this Catholic bishop the plunder they collected from other Catholics. This bishop was excommunicated by the pope; afterward he gave him absolution because he betrayed the chief Mohammedans, and assassinated others. There was an ecclesiastical conspiracy to murder the pope, and some of the treasures of the church were seized, and the gate of St. Pancrazia was opened with false keys to admit the Saracens. Formosus, who had been engaged in these transactions, who had been excommunicated as a conspirator for the murder of Pope John, was himself elected pope in 891. Boniface VI. was his successor. He had been deposed from the diaconate and from the priesthood for his immoral and lewd life. Stephen VII. was the next pope, and he had the dead body of Formosus taken from the grave, clothed in papal habiliments, propped up in a chair, and tried before a council. The corpse was found guilty, three fingers were cut off and the body cast into the Tiber. Afterward Stephen VII., this vicar of Christ, was thrown into prison and strangled.

From 896 to 900, five popes were consecrated. Leo V., in less than two months after he became pope, was cast into prison by Christopher, one of his chaplains. This Christopher usurped his place, and in a little while was expelled from Rome by Sergius III., who became pope in 905. This pope lived in criminal intercourse with the celebrated Theodora, who with her daughters Marozia and Theodora, both prostitutes, exercised an extraordinary control over him. The love of Theodora was also shared by John X. She gave him the archbishopric of Ravenna, and made him pope in 915. The daughter of Theodora overthrew this pope. She surprised him in the Lateran Palace. His brother, Peter, was killed; the pope was thrown into prison, where he was afterward murdered. Afterward, this Marozia, daughter of Theodora, made her own son pope, John XI. Many affirmed that Pope Sergius was his father, but his mother inclined to attribute him to her husband Alberic, whose brother Guido she afterward married. Another of her sons, Alberic, jealous of his brother John, the pope, cast him and their mother into prison. Alberic's son was then elected pope as John XII.

John was nineteen years old when he became the vicar of Christ. His reign was characterized by the most shocking immoralities, so that the emperor Otho I. was compelled by the German clergy to interfere. He was tried. It appeared that John had received bribes for the consecration of bishops; that he had ordained one who was only ten years old; that he was charged with incest, and with so many adulteries that the Lateran Palace had become a brothel. He put out the eyes of one ecclesiastic; he maimed another—both dying in consequence of their injuries. He was given to drunkenness and to gambling. He was deposed at last, and Leo VII. elected in his stead. Subsequently he got the upper hand. He seized his antagonists; he cut off the hand of one, the nose, the finger, and the tongue of others. His life was eventually brought to an end by the vengeance of a man whose wife he had seduced.

And yet I admit that the most infamous popes, the most heartless and fiendish bishops, friars, and priests, were models of mercy, charity, and justice when compared with the orthodox God—with the God they worshiped. These popes, these bishops, these priests, could persecute only for a few years—they could burn only for a few moments—but their God threatened to imprison and burn forever; and their God is as much worse than they were, as hell is worse than the Inquisition.

John XIII. was strangled in prison. Boniface VII. imprisoned Benedict VII., and starved him to death. John XIV. was secretly put to death in the dungeons of the castle of St. Angelo. The corpse of Boniface was dragged by the populace through the streets.

It must be remembered that the popes were assassinated by Catholics—murdered by the faithful—that one vicar of Christ strangled another vicar of Christ, and that these men were "the greatest rulers and the greatest statesmen of the earth."

Pope John XVI. was seized, his eyes put out, his nose cut off, his tongue torn from his mouth, and he was sent through the streets mounted on an ass, with his face to the tail. Benedict IX., a boy less than twelve years of age, was raised to the apostolic throne. One of his successors, Victor III., declared that the life of Benedict was so shameful, so foul, so execrable, that he shuddered to describe it. He ruled like a captain of banditti. The people, unable to bear longer his adulteries, his homicides, and his abominations, rose against him, and in despair of maintaining his position, he put up the papacy to auction, and it was bought by a presbyter named John, who became Gregory VI., in the year of grace 1045. Well may we ask, Were these the vicegerents of God upon earth—these, who had truly reached that goal beyond which the last effort of human wickedness cannot pass?

It may be sufficient to say that there is no crime that man can commit that has not been committed by the vicars of Christ. They hav inflicted every possible torture, violated every natural right. Greater monsters the human race has not produced.

Among the "some two hundred and fifty-eight vicars of Christ there were probably some good men. This would hav happened even if the intention had been to get all bad men, for the reason that man reaches perfection neither in good nor in evil; but if they were selected by Christ himself, if they were selected by a church with a divine origin and under divine guidance, then there is no way to account for the selection of a bad one. If one hypocrit was duly elected pope—one murderer, one strangler, one starver—this demonstrates that all the popes were selected by men, and by men only, and that the claim of divine guidance is born of zeal and uttered without knowledge.

But who were the vicars of Christ? How many hav there been? Cardinal Manning himself does not know. He is not sure. He says: "Starting from St. Peter to Leo XIII., there hav been *some* two hundred and fifty-eight pontiffs claiming to be recognized by the whole Catholic unity as successors of St. Peter and vicars of Jesus Christ." Why did he use the word "some?" Why "claiming?" Does he not positivly know? Is it possible that the present vicar of Christ is not certain as to the number of his predecessors? Is he infallible in faith and fallible in fact?

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

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The American Secular Union.

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The Secular Union Congress.

It was one day last week along toward evening that Lucy Colman sauntered into THE TRUTH SEEKER office and told the Editorial Reporter that if he wished to hav safe escort to the Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, he would do well to pack his paper and pencils quickly, as she always wanted to be in good time for the trains. When the Editorial Reporter jumped out of a lofty berth on a Pennsylvania palace sleeping-car, just clearing by great athletic effort the race characteristic of a child of Abraham which protruded from the lower berth into the aisle, he found Mrs. Colman talking to Mrs. Barney, the gentle woman's rights advocate who is traveling from city to city to urge the appointment by the various municipalities of female policemen. Standing in the aisle, brushing the lint from a comfortable traveling shawl, was a determined-looking lady, whom the porter pointed out as Belva Lockwood, remarking aside that he supposed she had to make a living somehow. This triflingly irrelevant remark was interpreted by the Reporter to mean that the compassionate child of Africa was somewhat sorry for the only woman who has been admitted to the Bar of the United States Supreme Court, and is now stumping the country in behalf of female suffrage. Mrs. Colman, who is acquainted with about all the Reformers in the country, left the female police advocate and presented the Reporter to the seventh or eighth (there are eleven) candidate for the presidency. Mrs. Lockwood avowed her firm conviction that she would reside in Washington for the next four years. She owned a house there, she explained, and that was her place of abode. She also thought that Mr. G. Cleveland would be a neighbor of hers for the same period. She is speaking at county fairs, and did not contradict the remark that she was certainly a great attraction. She finds the men ready to listen and be convinced, but the women are incredulous as to the benefits to be derived from voting. But the campaign is a good means of waking up the country on the question, and she is working for the Cause. The women, she thought, are outgrowing the church, and will not very much longer be bound by superstition. Mrs. Lockwood is a strong, bright, quick woman, who might make an uncomfortable mother-in-law, but who certainly is an admirably energetic advocate of the rights of her sex. She spoke of the adverse decision of the judges of Washington territory in the woman's rights case, and said she would, if asked, gratuitously argue the appeal before the Supreme Court at Washington.

If you ask a Pittsburgher what the industries are that hav given Pittsburgh and Allegheny City (the two are really one) their population of three hundred thousand people without souls, he will answer, NATURAL GAS and the steel, iron, and glass works. If you asked a Pittsburgh Liberal what the most important work of Liberalism was at that date, he would say, Elect Harry Hoover secretary of the American Secular Union. Pittsburgh is proud of her natural gas, and the Liberals of the place hav a great admiration for Mr. Hoover. The two prides kept the delegates warm, the one glowing in the grates around fire-brick, the other in the groups which gathered to discuss the affairs of Liberalism. These discussions were not always good-natured, for between the Pittsburgher and the outside delegate there speedily grew up a coldness which the natural gas and heated discussions could but partially dispel. The delegates from the portions of the country lying beyond Pittsburgh boundaries were, with one or two notable exceptions, in favor of retaining the services of Mr. E. A. Stevens, who had, they alleged, been remarkably activ, self-sacrificing, and efficient. The Pittsburghers, reinforced by Brother Bell and Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, thought that Chicago was trying to run the universe, helped along by New York, and abetted by San Francisco, and that the time had come for Pittsburgh to take charge. Others had different reasons, but these are too contemptible to catalog. Mr. Staley's bookstore was the headquarters of Mr. Hoover and his friends, and Mr. Stevens's rooms the gathering-place for the outside clans, who made occasional aggressiv raids on the territory of Harry. Without reflecting upon any particular person, it was as evident as the New Court House which Pittsburgh is building, and in her admiration for which she is almost lost, that a good deal of backbiting and lying had been done. This was a source of great grief to the older workers in the cause, but the fact was there. Up to 2 P.M. Friday, the day the Congress opened, this was the state of affairs.

Lafayette Hall is a moderate-sized place, which, with its two galleries, will accommodate a thousand persons. The Pittsburgh Union had decorated it profusely with flags and state banners and festoons of colors. The stage was covered with plants, and the walls with the names of the dead and living exponents of Freethought. Three pieces of music—a piano, violin, and cornet—had been engaged, and when they played the first selection there were nineteen persons in the hall. When President Putnam called the meeting to order there were something like forty. During the session a dozen or twenty visiting Freethinkers arrived. President Putnam made the opening address of welcome. Mr. Putnam's year of hard work has not made him thin, but it has made him a more graceful orator, though on this occasion he read what he had to say to the assembled delegates. He said:

We hav come together as comrades. We are few against the many. Our cause is not popular. To educate the world in freedom, in equal rights, is our supreme purpose. For this we labor, for this we sacrifice, for this we hope. In the manifold life of civilization no one organization can meet all the needs of the hour. To endeavor to do so is weakness and not strength. Our work as an organization is special, not general. We hav a particular task, and to that we must concentrate the efforts of the organization. The task is both great and necessary. Unless we and those who come after us succeed, the American republic will be destroyed. We stand by the Declaration of Independence.

The Demands of Liberalism represent an immense work. There must be immense agitation, a vast struggle, and strenuous effort for the enthronement of these Demands in the state, and until that is done there is no true liberty, no true republic.

Mr. Putnam then touched upon the question of church taxation, the public schools, and the Sunday laws. Continuing he said:

The importance of our work is thus manifest. Other work is to be done, other reforms are to be carried. Labor must win its rights; woman must hav her equality; monopolies must be overthrown; the reign of the people must be established, but the absolutely necessary step to all these is the total separation of church and state. To destroy class legislation we must first of all obliterate this church legislation. To overthrow monopolies we must attack the ecclesiastical monopoly. To make the administration of all the laws of this land non-Christian is the next step to universal rights.

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The sphere of the lecturer must be broader than that of the organization. He must deal with life and the philosophy of life. He must deal with political secularism mainly through philosophical secularism. The Freethought movement includes all there is in civilization. It can publish books on all subjects; it can concern itself with all subjects. The lecturer must do this, but in doing this general work he should, wherever possible, emphasize the Nine Demands, and the particular work of the American Secular Union.

The Secular Union is not a machine for authority. It can not be run on the old ecclesiastical methods. Red tape is of very little value in the Liberal movement. The power of the Union is the power of attraction, of good service, of fellowship. Every Liberal is forever free, and at heart a rebel to every kind of domination. He believes in fair play. There are no leaders except by natural choice. We are comrades and we are equals, all of us. There should be no factions, no axes to grind, no petty partisan policy. We cannot afford to be divided. If the Union does not stand for honor, for generosity, for good will, for courtesy, then it should be buried out of sight. If we among ourselvs are suspicious, quarrelsome, jealous, partial, then let us adjourn without date. The organization is worse than worthless. But I can not believe that such is the case. I cannot believe but that in every respect this Congress will represent the nobleness of our work, and thus create a grander impulse and enthusiasm than ever. There are no spoils of office. There is nothing to scramble for. Truth, justice, fellowship, honor—these are all we hav, these are all we can giv.

At the conclusion of his address President Putnam announced the committee on credentials as follows: E. A. Stevens, F. A. Pierce, Wm. Redfield. While the committee were receiving credentials, Mrs. Freeman read her report as head of the Finance Committee. She said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: My report as Chairman of the Finance Committee must be somewhat meager, as I was not elected to the office until about six months after the last Congress, and that election became necessary on account of the resignation of Edgar C. Beall, of Cincinnati, who had been duly elected Chairman of the Finance Committee. However inefficient my work, the responses from Liberals hav been appreciativ and generous. Mr. Putnam, President of the Union, has unceasingly advocated during the past year from one end of the country to the other the necessity of organization and action with the same untiring energy that he evinced as Secretary. Mr. Stevens, the present Secretary, Mr. Putnam's able successor, has worked early and late with energy and enthusiasm to enhance the work of Liberalism.

Mr. Putnam, and the Chairman of your Finance Committee, sent to the Liberals of the different states a circular letter—an appeal for aid. In this reference was made to Girard College—action which the secretary has had in contemplation since THE TRUTH SEEKER article published last February.

The generous, enthusiastic response in reply to these letters shows that only live questions are needed to awaken the people—that the spirit that animated the fathers of the republic is not dead. From the various localities throughout the country there was an expression of confidence in the Union, and an approval of its officers and their work. The cost of mailing the circulars to Liberals was $18 90. Fifty thousand leaflets were also sent out; two thousand Constitutions; one thousand copies of Bacon's "Paradoxes;" nearly one thousand "Museums in the Park: Why They Should be Open on Sunday." This pamphlet was issued by Brother Putnam, as was also a plea for impartial taxation, four hundred copies of which were sent out, as well as six hundred copies of "God in the State," which were furnished by Messrs. Putnam and Macdonald at cost to the Union. Much more missionary work would hav been done in the way of the distribution of Liberal literature had the Union been possessed of sufficient funds for the purpose.

Several of the local societies throughout the states, more especially in the West, hav sent aid to the Union for the next year. The society of Chicago has done nobly. With the secretary in Chicago, and the "Forum" the headquarters of the Union, the local society has evinced a more lively interest in the national organization and its work. During the last year it has paid its pledge of $100, adding to that amount an additional hundred paid into the Campaign Fund. It should also be remembered that the expenses of the last Congress were largely borne by the Liberals of Chicago. The Forum—the Secular Union Hall—has been leased and refitted at several hundred dollars' expense to the Liberals. The possession of this building, on one of the most fashionable boulevards in the city, has given the society a standing it had heretofore, with all its work, failed to secure. The national organization is making itself felt as a power. Already, in the supreme court of Illinois, a decision has been given which, if followed up, furnishes a precedent for wresting thousands of dollars from ecclesiastical power, and this work was instigated by members of the Chicago Union.

It is work, then, that is needed—united, energetic action. It is not alone Girard College that is to be rescued *from* the hands of the enemy; it is not alone to right this dead Freethinker, whose generous trust has been so cruelly betrayed, that the American Secular Union has an existence. From that resplendent past, made glorious by the struggle of victorious heroes, comes the watchword of alarm, "Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty."

The American Secular Union is demanding that that old will left by the fathers of this nation be enforced—that on no corner-stone of this great Republic shall be written the word "Religion."

Mr. Stevens then reported the following persons as entitled to votes in the Congress:

OFFICERS.

President.—S. P. Putnam.
Secretary.—E. A. Stevens.
Chairman Finance Committee.—Mrs. M. A. Freeman.
Chairman Executiv Committee.—E. B. Foote, Jr., M D.
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Life members.—Leonard Geiger, Mrs. Geiger, W. L. Willis, G. F. A. de Lespinasse, R. G. Smith.
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George L. Robinson, M. A. Freeman, H. B. Marlett, Chicago, Ill.
William Redfield, Emery Frost, Alexander Risk, Fayette county, O.
Mary Smith, Cleveland, O.
Marius Heighton, A. D. Swan, Kent, O.
E. B. Foote, Jr., M.D., Mr. Manahan, E. M. Macdonald, Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, New York city.
F. A. Pierce, A Cutshell, G. W. Canfield, Simeon Nixon, A. Cuthbert, Pennsylvania state League.
A. Barker, R. Staley, Geo. Dorey, G. C. Schade, Thomas Grundy, Pittsburgh Secular Union.
C. B. Brooks, Linesville, Pa.

The report was accepted as far as it went, but as many more delegates were expected, the Committee was directed to continue in session.

The following Committee on Rules and Resolutions was appointed: Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., Judge R. B. Westbrook, Lucy N. Colman, J. H. Burnham, E. A. Stevens.

Mrs. Severance wanted to know if annual members could vote. The Constitution was read, and it was decided that they could not.

The following Committee on Nominations was then submitted to the Congress: E. M. Macdonald, Wm. Redfield, Leonard Geiger, Geo. Robertson, Roman Staley. Mr. Anthony Barker opposed the Committee, but it was appointed by a vote of thirteen to seven.

An Auditing Committee, composed of Mrs. M. A. Freeman, F. A. Pierce, and R. G. Smith, was then appointed.

Harry Hoover read Treasurer Eckhard's report, which showed a receipt of $1 272 15; expenditures, $1,225 73; cash on hand, $46 42. Report referred to Auditing Committee. The names of the donors to the Union hav already appeared in these columns, but for the satisfaction of all parties, the Editorial Reporter will use his influence with the Editor to print the report in full in the next TRUTH SEEKER.

President Putnam rose to a question of privilege. Charges had been made against his action as Secretary by Mr. Eckhard, and he wanted them proved or withdrawn. If anyone had anything to say about him he wanted it said to his face. This matter was also referred to the Auditing Committee.

Secretary Stevens then read his report:

ANNUAL REPORT OF SECRETARY OF AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

To the Officers, Members, and Delegates of the Twelfth Annual Congress.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In response to demands from co-workers, and in gratitude for the manifestation of confidence which an unsought and unanimous election conferred, I rather reluctantly accepted the position of Secretary one year ago, fearing that my friends had placed too high an estimate on my capabilities, and had perhaps mistaken zeal for capacity. Although such cultivated and brilliant writers as Professor Rawson, the witty and genial Leland, and the poet-laureate of Liberalism, S. P. Putnam, had previously held this post, nevertheless, I determined that, so far as lay in my power, the organization should hav nothing to regret by the selection, and I hav labored as faithfully for the upbuilding of the American Secular Union as the meager financial assistance afforded and the many obstacles in my path would allow.

As you are aware, I was not wholly new to the work, for my hope and effort for years has been to help make this a national representativ organization which shall eventually become, throughout the length and breadth of the land, an intellectual, social, and political power. Alas! unlooked-for complications hav largely tended to thwart the realization of my desire, and I regret that those stumbling-blocks were not

from without but within; but in spite of opposition we hav progressed.

After reporting the proceedings of the Chicago Congress for the Liberal press, forwarding certificates of membership, drafting the Congratulatory ordered by the Eleventh Annual Congress to C. Palmer, I outlined, in brief, a plan of campaign, laying particular stress on the issuing and distribution of leaflets and literature, in an article entitled, "A Word to Liberals Everywhere." supplementing that by another on "Unity, Harmony, Action."

Shortly after this an old feud was reopened, relating to past matters, having no possible bearing, except injuriously, on the organization at the present time, and it seemed as though every effort was being made to strangle the life out of the American Secular Union to gratify personal animosity, from which it has doubtless suffered ever since.

Feeling that many of our Freethought lecturers were disaffected and indifferent toward the Union, I endeavored to inaugurate a plan which would enlist their activ support, so this organization should be what the American Secular Union was intended—a source of help and revenue to workers for Secularization of state. That plan and others, which received the indorsement of the Board of Directors, will be submitted to the proper committee, who will accept, amend, or reject them.

Some feature of this year's work has been the distribution of thousands of leaflets, constitutions, pamphlets, bearing on tax exemption, the injustice of Sunday closing of the museums, etc., to nearly every person who made a contribution to the Campaign Fund, and often distributed among earnest workers who had not sent a donation, but who we felt would use them to the best advantage.

The Union has twenty electrotypes of leaflets Nos. 1 and 2. The amount of leaflets and literature printed or distributed (some of which was left from former administrations) was about fifty-five thousand copies; and while I consider this a limited showing, it is a commencement, and it has been fairly scattered along President Putnam's return route, as far as it would go, and by his energy nearly every town in Oregon, Washington territory, and Utah he has visited has been brought into activ sympathy with the American Secular Union, and several hav taken out charters.

Some organizations which hav been slumbering for years hav been revived, notably in Cleveland, Alliance, St. Louis, centers of intelligence and population where the chances for their permanence is greater. Correspondence with a view to organization is being had with Detroit and Minneapolis. Charters hav been issued to Fresno, Anaheim, San José Cal.; Stayton, McMinnville, Ore.; Quincy, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; West Union, O; Fairmount, Minn., and Locust Dale, Pa.

A larger list of life members—who always hav formed the sinew, intellect, and vertebræ of our Secular cause—hav been added this year. Their names are: Leonard Geiger, of Hudson, N Y.; Dr. W. L. Willis, of Kokomo Ind.; J. A. Smith, Hudson, N. Y; Jas A. Greenhill, Clinton, Ill; Hugo Schmidt, Chicago, Ill.; N. C. Dahl, Chicago, Ill; A. K. Olds, McMinnville. Ore.; E. Chope, Detroit, Mich.; Owen Thomas Davies, Brighton, Cal.; Photius Fisk, Boston, Mass; Jas. Tuttle, Atlantic, Ill; Dr. G. F. de Lespinasse, Orange City, Ia; N. F Griswold, Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. M. J. Olds, McMinnville. Ore; Maj. W. H. Forward. surgeon of the United States army at Fort Snelling, Minn.; Hon. M. M. Secor, mayor of Racine, Wis. Many of these life members hav aided financially in addition to their membership fee. The roll of annual members is also unusually large and shows an increased interest in the Nine Demands, despite the distracting influences of a presidential campaign year.

Official friends in Detroit and Chicago hav been quietly doing valuable service for Secularization. In the former city resolutions were introduced in the common council to tax church property, as well as other exemptions. The portion relativ to churches was, of course, defeated, but several religious and educational institutions, which heretofore escaped taxation, will hav to pay their share of the public burden. Among them is the Hibernian Hall, owned by an Irish Catholic order, which has always had a thriving saloon in it. Lafayette Hall, a popular dance-house, run under a pretended "benevolent association," also will be under the necessity of paying taxes, as well as several private schools. But the most encouraging feature is that the immense structure which the Young Men's Christian Association hav just finished will hav to pay taxes, with one of the most flourishing barber-shops, run by this institution, which is always after the nimble penny.

My former co-worker and friend—brother to Detroit's highest-salaried pastor—Hon. Judson Grenell, a leading journalist of Detroit, has been doing splendid work for Secularization in the legislature of Michigan, and the American Secular Union, as well as its Secretary, are under great obligations to him for furnishing complete official returns of untaxed church property for not only the city of Detroit, but the following cities of Michigan: Alpena, Battle Creek, Coldwater, Charlotte, Cadillac, Dowagiac. Flint. Greenville, Hillsdale, Holland, Ishpeming. Kalamazoo, Ludington, Manistee, Marshall, Marquette, Niles, Negaunee, Owosso, and Saginaw, all of which hav appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER Of the $13 000 000 of exempt property of the city of Detroit, some $4 000 000 was church property, according to the assessments of 1887. The total assessments were $142 000,000, so it follows that the assessed property had to pay about eleven per cent more to make good this deficit.

Through friends in the Cook county board, the Secretary has been instrumental in bringing into the courts of Chicago a monstrous swindle which the Catholics hav been perpetrating on our citizens. This subject cannot be gone into in detail, as it might at this juncture be the means of defeating friends who can still be useful in ventilating similar rascalities. The principal points of one case I will very briefly summarize:

For years the maintenance of "dependent children" has been a bugbear of the county board, until an arrangement was entered into so that all vagrant children not under proper care, or who committed some misdemeanor, should be sentenced to Feehanville or the Evanston Industrial school. The former was erected by Archbishop Feehan, and presided over by the Christian Brothers, for the *non-sectarian* instruction of boys, and the latter was a Protestant institution for girls. A *special act* was omnibused through our legislature making the county liable for the children committed there, which was a plain violation of our constitution. But as the two great Christian wings, Catholic and Protestant, were apparently satisfied, there were few to protest and it mattered little if they did. Never satisfied, the Catholics hit upon a happy expedient to get the girls, or a portion of them, also, and, as they control our courts, hav thus far succeeded admirably. Recently some friends were elected to the county board when the "boodle" element was landed out, and these matters privately brought before them. It just happened that a bill for $19.500 was pending their action, and these friends agreed to fight its payment if we could furnish the facts that could not be controverted in open court. So into the court it went, and we were enabled, by the aid of other friends, to furnish sufficient points to show that a mammoth fraud only needed an archbishop to make it eminently respectable.

The incarceration of little Ellen Thomas in the House of the Good Shepherd and her rescue by friends of our Union, proves the good work which organized Secularists can accomplish.

Not wishing to point too much to personal work, but desirous of showing what an activ band of Secularists can do, I will refer you to the response of Secretary Marius Heighton to my question, What has the Kent Society done in its existence?—which, of course, is only a part:

It has organized a Secular library of one hundred volumes.
It has introduced THE TRUTH SEEKER into more than one hundred families, and maintained a standing subscription of some seventy names.
It has organized and maintained seven lecture courses at a cost of $3 6 04. all of which, save Dr York's, yielded a small profit after paying expenses. All hav been free, and the surplus put into the library.
It maintains a circulating tract library to the number of four hundred.
It has conducted a three days' debate, and by it spiked the guns of the bombastic Catholics.
It has regular fortnightly meetings; has challenged the local clergy to meet it in debate.
It takes higher moral stand than the churches.
It is negotiating for a lot upon which to build a hall, and it has a charter and yet it is younger than Cleveland's administration.
It can keep bigots out of the school board, and is feared and respected by the politicians. That is a glorious record surely, and if every chartered society had done half as much, politicians would not need to crawl after priests and preachers.

The correspondence has been quite voluminous, and the secretary has been requested to perform some very peculiar missions by Liberals in distant points. Then the pamphlets and leaflets were to be wrapped, directed, and forwarded, besides writing an average of three articles a week for the press. You can rest assured that the secretaryship of the American Secular Union is not a sinecure.

The Chicago society takes a great deal of time and attention, but as I consider that an activ branch of the American Secular Union, work done for that is always either indirectly or directly for the welfare of the American Secular Union.

President Putnam has labored early and late, devoted a large portion of his paper to its interest, rolled up a splendid list of newly chartered organizations, secured pledges of large sums of money, been burdened with a large amount of correspondence, on which he has spent his time, labor, and postage, and has worked as indefatigably and assiduously for the American Secular Union this year as though in receipt of a sa ary, but has been repaid by slanders.

On the matter of a Liberal lecture bureau I hav done nothing but gather information, which satisfies me that unless the lecturers would consent to remain in certain territory a specified time, and not enter into the country assigned to others, from which they might rotate every year or so, the lecture bureau would be of little consequence, as the former advantages in reference to reduced railroad rates no longer obtain under the interstate commerce law.

SUGGESTIONS.

Now for a few suggestions upon which to base legislation at this Congress for the future:

1. Some definit plan and understanding must be made with every lecturer who wishes to be considered as one of and a worker with the American Secular Union. To the proper committee I respectfully recommend the adoption or modification of the agreement previously mentioned.

2. The organization, having elected officers to represent it, must consider that any person attacking the officers without preferring definit charges of official misconduct is thereby attacking the organization, and such person must be summarily dealt with. That the Board of Directors select a sub committee on grievances, to whom all charges must be referred. That the report of this committee, when it receives the sanction of a majority of the Board of Directors, shall be implicitly obeyed until the meeting of the next annual Congress, when, by consent, the matter may be finally dealt with. When every president, from Ingersoll down, has been maligned by some malcontent, it is high time that the American Secular Union asserts its dignity; if not, that sort of thing will soon make it so that no person will ever accept the office.

3. It is to be hoped that the meager receipts of the treasury this year do not mark the measure of the liberality of its members and friends, and I hope that if we show some activ, aggressiv work, Liberals will gladly respond.

4 I am in favor of action being taken by this Congress whereby a committee of legal gentlemen, upon which I would suggest Dr. Westbrook be placed, should be appointed, for the purpose of ascertaining whether we could possibly make a legal fight on the management of Girard College with any chance of winning, and that a sum be set aside by this Congress to procure such a report. Since the edition of THE TRUTH SEEKER last February appeared I hav calculated on this.

5. It has been suggested by some that it would be a good plan for each local organization to require its members to pay $1 annually into the national treasury, as a monthly or quarterly per capita tax is seldom satisfactorily collected unless the organization is of a benevolent character. The Secretary of the American Secular Union ought to be saved the humiliation of playing the role of a howling mendicant in some way, and the Finance Committee it is hoped will be able to meet the emergency. I would suggest that each organization should be required to pledge some sum annually to be paid to the Campaign Fund. If, in every community, the Secularists would stand up to be counted, we should soon become a social and political power. If possible, let them come together and each present a plan to gather statistics, and adopt the most feasible. There is also a great deal of work that we could accomplish as Secularists, to defeat the schemes of bigots, that can be done by the united, intelligent work of half a dozen Liberals without any public meeting or lectures. Everyone can, if willing, do something. If they could not engage a hall, they could meet in a parlor. If they cannot procure a lecturer, read, to those who do not subscribe, some of the articles or pamphlets of the American Secular Union If you cannot meet each week, meet bimonthly or monthly, only let the meetings be held regularly. If you hav not the money, let work or thought be supplied instead. Money is not the only thing needed in our cause, but it is an important one. Canvass your neighborhood for funds; induce those who cannot afford to giv $100 to giv $25, and those who cannot spare $25 should contribute $5 as proudly as though it were five times that amount. Above all, do not giv grudgingly, but from the deep conviction that comes of an honest purpose to do your duty. If you cannot organize, try to pay in $1, and collect a like sum from your Freethought neighbors in order to assist those who can organize, for every Secular Union, though distant, stands as a help to each individual Secularist in the entire nation. You say there are no Freethinkers in your neighborhood! Then that is your fault! What are you doing? You can make Freethinkers without shouting your opinions from the house-tops.

Let us approach the work of this Congress with the determination and gravity which the situation demands, for the business before us is not only fraught with greatest import to the American Secular Union, but to the welfare and future of the race. Let us so act that Pittsburgh may be proud that it has held this Congress.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Dr. Foote moved that the Secretary's report be adopted. Mr. A. B. Bradford wanted it discussed, and moved that it be laid on the table, saying that perhaps all is not gold that glitters. Mr. Stevens replied, and the report was adopted.

Friday evening Vice-President Watts presided. D. G. Crow, of the Indian Territory, and Dr. Juliet Severance made speeches, followed by a few words from Lucy N. Colman. Mr. Crow is a new comer on the lecture platform, and, suffering from the embarrassment of that circumstance, did not do justice to himself. He has a good presence and voice, is witty and learned, and when he learns how to build a lecture with a spinal column running through it, will be an extremely interesting speaker. Dr. Severance's subject was, "Dangers to American Liberty." The doctor is always brilliant, forcible, and charming, and almost converted the audience to her rather pessimistic views. Mrs. Colman, however, who has been in the thick of the Reform warfare for a generation and a half, reassured us by affirming that things were better now than forty-five years ago, and would probably be better still in a few years more. Mrs. Colman is a wonder. Over seventy years of age, she preserves much of her youthful strength and all of her mid-life mental vigor. She is the center of attraction at the hotel, and around her in the parlors is always a group of eager listeners. The reporters follow her and the Congress gives heed to her words. She is an Elizur Wright of the other sex, and the delegates referred to her as the Mother of Liberalism. Chairman Watts also made a brief address at the close of Mrs. Colman's remarks.

Saturday morning the Committee on Rules and Resolutions reported the following:

Your Committee on Rules beg leave to report that they concur in the hours for assembling in business and public sessions as printed in the program. That the morning sessions shall adjourn at 1 P.M., if not sooner. That when several topics are set down for discussion the time shall be so divided as to include each subject, so that all business shall receive attention. Five minutes should be allowed each speaker in the discussion, and previous to the expiration of the time the chair shall announce that in ten minutes the final vote must be taken.

Your committee also recommend that all resolutions be referred to the proper committee without debate.

The rules were adopted. The Committee also reported the following, after remarks by Mr. Anthony Barker, Dr. Severance, Professor Crow, Charles Watts, Mrs. Colman, Simeon Nixon, Mr. Silver, A. Cuthbert, Dr. Foote, Jr., and J. A. Spence:

Resolved, That the best means to further the agitation for the taxation of church property is to secure the correct figures in every community as a solid basis for agitation, so that the public may know the extent of this outrage, and we earnestly urge upon all Secularists, individually and collectivly, to see that, through their personal influence on officials in their neighborhood, this information is obtained and forwarded to the Secretary.

After Anthony Barker, E. A. Stevens, Simeon Nixon, and Mr. Silver had spoken to the subjoined resolution, it also was passed:

Resolved, That as a means to prevent the paying of money to educational institutions of a sectarian character, we utilize the public press in protest against it, and the courts in such states where it is done in defiance of the laws.

On the Girard College question the Congress adopted this resolution, after hearing brief speeches by Messrs. Bradford, Bell, Foote, Cuthbert, Stevens, Nixon, and Mesdames Colman and Freeman:

Resolved, That we request our fellow-member Judge Westbrook to make to the Board of Directors of the American Secular Union a brief report on the status of affairs as to Girard College, and to suggest, if possible, a practical method that might be made use of to reform the abuse of Christian domination, and to restore this institution to conformity with the expressed purposes and wishes of the founder, Stephen Girard.

In relation to the proposed memorial to the late Courtlandt Palmer, the following was adopted:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors are hereby instructed to endeavor to secure for publication by the Union the late Courtlandt Palmer's "Aristocracy of Freethought," Ingersoll's Oration, and such other tributes as hav been given in memory of our lamented President, to form a memorial pamphlet.

The Committee on Credentials reported a few additional names. The Auditing Committee, to whom was referred the charges made by Charles Eckhard against President Putnam, reported this, which was adopted unanimously and enthusiastically:

The auditing committee, appointed by this Congress to examin Samuel P. Putnam's report. 1885 and 1886, of the finances of the American Secular Union, are unable to find, after close examination of said report as published in the New York TRUTH SEEKER of December 4, 1886, anything wrong or irregular about it. We find that said report was adopted by the Board of Directors and signed by Daniel E. Ryan, Chairman of the Auditing Committee. As Mr. Putnam has been accused of misappropriating certain funds belonging to the Union at the time, or about the time, his report was made, it seems to us that that was the proper

(Continued on page 648.)

Communications.

The Ten Commandments.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* If the Ten Commandments read in Christian churches every Sunday are in any degree obligatory because the Lord spoke them unto Moses, are not the following ten commandments equally obligatory, for precisely the same reason?

1. "I am the Lord thy God" (Ex. xx, 2), "a consuming fire, even a jealous God" (Deut. iv, 24). "*I change not*" (Mal. iii, 6). "I make peace and I create evil" (Isa. xlv, 7), "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation" (Ex. xx, 5). "I kill and I make alive; I wound and I heal: neither is there any can deliver out of my hand. . . . If I whet my glittering sword and mine hand takes hold on judgment, I will render vengeance to mine enemies and will reward them that hate me. I will make mine arrows drunk with blood and my sword shall devour flesh" (Deut. xxxii, 39). "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might" (Deut. vi, 5).

2. "The first of the first-fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God" (Ex. xxiii, 18). "He that sacrificeth unto any god save unto the Lord only, he shall be utterly destroyed" (Ex. xxii, 20).

3. "No devoted thing, that a man shall devote unto the Lord, of all that he hath, both of man and beast, and of the field of his possession, shall be redeemed; every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord. None devoted which shall be devoted of *men* shall be redeemed, but shall surely be put to death" (Lev. xxvii, 28, 29).

4. "If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which thou hast not known, thou, nor thy fathers; thou shalt not consent unto him nor hearken unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare him, neither shalt thou conceal him; but thou shalt surely *kill* him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterward the hand of all the people. And thou shalt stone him with stones that he die" (Deut. xiii, 6, 10).

5. "A man, also, or woman, that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death. They shall stone them with stones; their blood shall be upon them" (Lev. xx, 27).

6. "And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, he shall surely be put to death, and all the congregation shall certainly stone him, as well the stranger as he that is born in the land, when he blasphemeth the name of the Lord, shall be put to death" (Lev. xxiv, 16).

7. "Both thy bondmen, and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt hav, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy and of their families that are with you, . . . and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen *forever*" (Lev. xxv, 44, 46).

8. "And if a man hav a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they hav chastened him, will not hearken unto them; then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gates of his place; and all the men of that city shall stone him with stones that he die" (Deut. xxi, 18, 19, 21).

9. "Ye shall keep the Sabbath; for it is holy unto you; every one that defileth it shall surely be put to death: for whosoever doeth any work therein that soul shall be cut off from among his people. Six days may work be done; but in the Sabbath is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord; whosoever doeth any work in the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death" (Ex. xxxi, 14, 15).

10. "The Lord thy God hath commanded thee to do these statutes and judgments; thou shalt therefore keep and do them with all thine heart and with all thy soul" (Deut. xxvi, 16). "But it shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto *the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments;* that all these curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee. Cursed shalt thou be in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field. Cursed shall be thy basket and thy store. Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body and the fruit of thy land. Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out. The Lord shall make the pestilence cleave unto thee until he hav consumed thee. The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption, and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with an extreme burning, and with the sword, and with blasting, and with mildew; and they shall pursue thee until thou perish. And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust; from heaven shall it come down upon thee until thou be destroyed. And thy carcass shall be meat unto all fowls of the air, and unto the beasts of the earth, and no man shall fray them away. Thou shalt betroth a wife, and another shall marry her. Thy sons and thy daughters shall be given unto another people, and thine eyes shall look and fail with longing for them all the day long, for they shall go into captivity. Thou shalt serve thine enemies which *the Lord shall send against thee* in hunger, and in thirst, and in nakedness, and in want of all things; and he shall put a yoke of iron upon thy neck, until he hav destroyed thee. And the Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, and he shall besiege in thy gates, throughout all thy land which the Lord thy God hath given thee. And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters which the Lord thy God hath given thee, in the siege and in the straitness, wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee, so that the man that is tender among you and very delicate, his eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and toward the remnant of his children, which he shall leave; so that he shall not giv to any of them of the flesh of his children, whom he shall eat. The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her daughter, and toward her son, and toward her young children; for she shall eat them secretly, for want of all things. In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see. If thou wilt not observe to do *all* the words of the law that are written in this book that thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful name, *The Lord Thy God*" (Deut. xxviii).

P. W. T.

McArthur to Mrs. Slenker.

It is said that "an open confession is good for the soul," and as Mrs. Slenker admits that from "inheritance and environment" she may hav become "rather dogmatic and dictatorial in speech," peace once more reigns supreme.

She acquiesces in all I claimed. I am the most peaceful fellow in the world, when I hav my own way.

I plead guilty to having used the term "no possibility" instead of "no probability." There is no excuse for my blunder. The article was written in pencil, on a Sunday immediately after a long and exhausting ride from New York, and I did not hav time to review it.

So, if it be pleasant news for the lady, she is readmitted as a contestant.

But to be serious. There is nothing in Mrs. Slenker's letter, nor in fact in any article I hav seen since this controversy began, that requires consideration.

There are doubts. But everyone is entitled to doubt that which seems improbable.

But it should be remembered that, all else being equal, the evidence of one who has seen has more weight than the evidences of a thousand who hav not seen.

The question is still open for discussion, not to combat doubts, not to confirm preëxisting beliefs or disbeliefs, but to determin from a scientific and philosophic standpoint the truth or falsity of the Spiritual phenomena.

And now that Mrs. Slenker has set herself right on the question between us, I regret seeing her take another misstep, one, if possible, far less excusable than the other. I refer to the matter of Dr. J. B. Bouton—Dr. Bouton, the self-confessed trickster.

Mrs. Slenker, in her review of his book, The Truth Seeker, page 606, says:

> While I cannot approve of the deception practiced by the doctor and his confederates, yet in accordance with the theory of making the most and the best of what is, I believe in utilizing to the utmost the information and record of experience thus given to the world.

Pshaw! Mrs. Slenker, how can you utilize the information of a liar? What value to you or anyone is the experience of a trickster? What is the difference between a self-confessed smircher of character, the godly Lambert, and the self-confessed trickster, the ungodly Bouton?

You hav admitted that a *small* part of the phenomena are real, are genuin, and yet you commend a trickster, if not for his method itself, at least by an open declaration of an intention to utilize his admissions.

Is this fair? Is it honest? Is it just to yourself and your correspondents?

I am in receipt of a letter from San Francisco. It is from a pronounced Materialist, but one who is at least as honest as he expects his source of information to be. In it he says:

> I am getting interested in this question (Spiritual phenomena), and would like to bring it to the test. When I was at ——'s house, I met an old lady just leaving and in tears. She had had a séance, and had received a message, so she believed, from a dear daughter. I could not help feeling that if mediumship were a humbug, a man who would work on the emotions in that way deserved the execration of everybody.

So, my dear Mrs. Slenker, never mind this Dr. Bouton, nor the note-shaver either. Their experiences, the result of trickery, can hav no weight with honest people—with people looking for an honest solution for honest doubts.

Come out openly on your own platform, and if I cannot, another and more competent Spiritualist will meet you.

McArthur.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

Pasco, Wash. Terr., Sept. 2, 3.—This is a railroad junction in the midst of a sandy, sagebrush desert—the most dreary, forlorn place to a new-comer conceivable. Yet with plenty of water vegetation will doubtless become luxuriant. I was made welcome by J. W. O'Keefe, the auditor of the county, who is full of hope and enthusiasm as to the great merits and possible future of the town. He is a genial, kindly-hearted, manly man. His home is the abode of love, with the only real trinity, husband, wife, and child. Even in this wretched sand desert, with the thermometer declaring it 110° in the shade, and the only relief a sandstorm, which comes up suddenly and ruthlessly smothers everything with fine sand, love makes all roseate.

It was too dreadfully sultry to attempt an afternoon lecture. The people would not venture out. In the evening we repaired to the school-house, standing in solitary dignity alone about half a mile from the depot. It is a large, commodious building, and was filled with eager listeners. The intolerable heat necessitated opening doors and windows, and all the big bugs of the prairie came to interview the lecturer. They crawled down my neck, flew into my ears, burrowed into my hair; they came in swarms, attracted by the lamp on the desk. When making an impressiv gesture, the grace and poetry of motion is somewhat marred by sudden dives between neck and shirt-collar after a big, black, hard-shelled bug with long prickly legs who is trying to dig a hole in one's diaphragm. It does not conduce to serenity while exposing the fallacies of theology to hav to make frantic endeavors to disentangle the legs of bugs twisted in one's hair or foil their mad attempts to enter one's ears. But I did not mind a little thing like that, for I had a very large and intelligent audience who were deeply interested in my subject and oblivious of my sufferings. At the second lecture the intense heat had somewhat abated, but the bugs put in their appearance just the same; despite the great slaughter of the night before, there seemed no decrease of their numbers.

There are some really good and intelligent Liberals in Pasco, who keep good Brother O'Keefe in countenance, and I hav no fears but that their efforts will insure Liberalism's keeping pace with the future rapid growth of the town.

North Yakima, Wash. Terr., Sept. 4, 5, 6.—This is a railroad-made town, situated between Cascade mountains and Columbia river. Three years ago this was a dreary sagebrush prairie without a hut or a dwelling of any kind; to-day it is a thriving little city. It has been fostered by the Northern Pacific Railroad. The old town of Yakima, three miles and a half south, was flourishing grandly, the adjacent land owned by actual settlers. This left no chance for the railroad officials to make a stake, so they laid out a new town, in which they offered free lots to the business men of Yakima, equal in value and desirability of location to those in the old town, if they would remove buildings. The result was a stampede. The larger stores were cut in two, and then, with the smaller ones, were mounted on rollers and drawn across the prairie by teams of twenty mules. The Bartholet House, quite a large hotel, was moved without interruption of business. Meals were cooked, and all the boarders ate and slept in the building, during its transit. The bank building, with its heavy stone vault and huge iron safes, made the journey with the bank open and all its business transacted as usual during banking hours. Within three months the desolate sand prairie became a thriving town with over one hundred houses, besides its handsome railroad depot, stores, church, etc. Only in the great West do conditions exist that render such things possible. Those who remained in the old town saw it rapidly melt away, and to-day but very little of old Yakima remains. They are now suing the railroad for a promised depot, and are sanguin that should they win they can yet revive the drooping fortunes of the old town.

North Yakima is dreadfully pious, but there are enough of intelligent, enterprising Liberals to leaven the lump. A good impetus was given by the delivery of the three lectures. Though the attendance was not large, the Opera House being only half to two-thirds filled, the lectures started a spirit of investigation, and desire to read Liberal literature, that cannot fail of good results. I obtained a number of

new subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and sold a large quantity of Liberal pamphlets.

C. B. REYNOLDS

Lecturing in the Lake States.

When at Fairmont, Minn., I received word that the Liberals of Janesville and vicinity had concluded to postpone the lectures, owing to lack of financial help from lukewarm friends. But having a call from the friends of Waterville, I stopped on my route at Smith's Mills, when those stanch Liberals and friends of intellectual liberty, Mr. and Mrs. Crow, and Mr. Mertons, immediately arranged for a lecture Sunday night. Mr. Adams and family, Mr. Twing and family, came from Elysian, and Mr. Richards and others, from Janesville, favored us with their presence, and upon the whole we had a fair audience, considering the size of the place, and that the good deacon of the church called the faithful to prayers that night. At the close of the lecture, the friends of Elysian arranged for a lecture at that place Wednesday, after the close of our engagement at Waterville, Monday and Tuesday nights. The friends of Waterville thought enough of my first lecture to engage me for a series of lectures, so I lectured again Tuesday night; went to Elysian Wednesday; back to Waterville Thursday and Friday nights. At Waterville I find many stanch and true friends. There is Orange Durand and wife, who can tell what Christian liberty in Arkansas means; the Messrs. Brossards, whose hospitality I am now enjoying; then there is Mr. Cowles and wife, Mr. and Mrs. DeForest, Mr. Reynolds, and many others whose names I can not recall. It is needless to say that, as I was the first Liberal lecturer in the place, an intense excitement has been aroused. Christian ire was aroused; prayer-meetings were held hoping to draw the people away from the wicked Infidel lectures, but somehow there seemed to be such a charm about the religion of humanity that a good audience of intelligent, respectable, attentiv people listened to me for four nights. The Christians suggested egging the blasphemer out of town, and the talk savored so strongly of orthodox vengeance that, to save me trouble and danger, my friends, the last two nights, escorted me to and from the hall.

I hav received every courtesy from the Liberals of Minnesota, and much flattering encouragement, and they hav shown a willingness to assist all in their power financially. Upon the whole, my trip into Minnesota has been a pleasant and successful one.

It is with much regret that I leave this beautiful state with its charming lakes scattered promiscuously over the country. But I hav completed my work at present in Minnesota, so start Wednesday, October 3d, for Hannibal, Mo., where I am engaged to speak Friday, October 5th. I am also engaged to speak at Bethany, Mo., and Leon, Iowa. I should like to hav the Liberals of Missouri, Iowa, and Kansas, wishing lectures, address me at Bethany, Mo.

GEO. H. DAWES.

Waterville, Minn., Sept. 29, 1888.

Mr. Underwood On Protection.

Mr. B. F. Underwood, who is well known, not only as a Liberal lecturer, but as recent editor of the *Open Court* and the *Index*, has just published a pamphlet entitled, "Sophisms of Protection, and the Importance of Tariff Reduction."

Our high duties are often said to protect labor; but Mr. Underwood shows that only one laborer in thirteen is employed in protected industries, and that for every dollar which is earned by these favored few, their employers make $3 of extra profit out of the tariff. In other words, our tariff does not protect labor, but capital, and this fact was plainly acknowledged when the system was introduced. Mr. Underwood refutes the plea that tariff reduction would bring down wages by bringing up such facts as that labor is paid four times as much in Oregon as in South Carolina, under the same tariff; that wages continue much higher in "free trade England" than in protected Germany; and that the condition of the British laborer has improved greatly since the adoption of a tariff for revenue only. So far as danger of competition by employers of pauper labor in Europe is concerned, we should remember that Mr. Sargent, who makes fifty tons a day of hardware at New Haven, says he could send out four times as much, and sell it anywhere, if he could get free raw material, for more money is really paid in Europe than here for the same quantity and quality of work.

The argument that the tariff has brought down prices for us is shown to be a sophism, by the fact that a similar decline has taken place in Great Britain. Those who would hav our government buy bonds, rather than reduce duties, are reminded that the premium is now exorbitant. The importance of diversifying our industries is acknowledged; but it is argued, from the fact that this has been done successfully in the West, in spite of having no protection against the East, which had many great establishments and much lower wages, that our whole country would be just as well able to dispense with protection against Europe. This conclusion is further justified by the increase of our export of manufactured goods to the Sandwich Islands under ten years of reciprocity, from $450,000 to $3,000,000. It may also be mentioned that Mr. Blaine acknowledges in his "Twenty Years in Congress," the general prosperity of our country under the low tariff of 1846.

Mr. Underwood is particularly successful in showing that, from 1789 to 1816, our tariff was framed with a view to revenue rather than protection; so that Webster was able, in 1824, to ascribe the progress of our manufactures, which had been far more rapid than that of any other nation, to our adherence to the peculiarly American system of low tariffs.

The pamphlet concludes with an appeal "from the standpoint of the highest ethics" for "freedom of labor, untaxed for the enrichment of the employers," and "free exchange of all the products of labor, unshackled by a tariff levied to keep up prices." The style is plain and earnest, and, at the same time, thoroughly dignified and scholarly. The arguments are peculiarly worthy of attention, in view of the warning, given by Mr. David A. Wells, in the New York *Weekly Post* for September 13th, that if the policy of restricting our manufacturers by the duties on raw materials to the home market, be not speedily abandoned, our power of production will soon increase so far beyond our power of domestic consumption, as to cause suspension of industrial activity and reduction of wages.

The undersigned will take great pleasure in mailing copies of Mr. Underwood's "Address," the "Mills Bill," and similar literature, to any address.

P. O. Box 61, *Concord, Mass.* F. M. HOLLAND.

It Is Rotten Authority.

A correspondent in the Kansas City *Times* one day last week inquires: "What effect hav the research and discovery of the nineteenth century had upon the Bible as an authority?"

To which the *Times* editor replies: "As an authority on right living its code of morals is unimpaired."

From the very vagueness of the reply it will be seen that this pious editor does not propose to tell the truth, even at the expense of not answering the inquirer at all. But he inadvertently makes an admission, which is that the Bible, as an authority on astronomy, for instance, has played out. Now, here is my point: If the Bible has been found to be incorrect as an authority on astronomy and everything else, except morality, is there not reason for Christians to fear that it may prove incorrect on the all-important subject of morality also?

If a history whose infallibility has been insisted upon for eighteen hundred years has been proved to be false in a single instance, it has somehow lost its infallibility, and how, then, do we know that we are not following a phantom in our morality?

These few queries I leave for Christians to answer, for, as to myself, I hav always contended that he who follows the Bible in his morality is very apt in the near future to precede the sheriff into the county jail.

To giv Freethinkers an idea of the impenetrableness of this pious editor's faith, let me state that to the inquiry as to where Cain obtained his wife, he affirmed to the effect that "her origin had *not yet* been definitly ascertained." HERMAN TIEDJENS.

Leavenworth, Kan.

The National Establishment of the Christian Religion.

From the American Sentinel.

That amendment to the national Constitution that has been offered by Senator Blair, and which is now pending in Congress, is a singular sort of a document, though hardly any more so than was to be expected in the promotion of the scheme which underlies it, *i.e.*, the establishment of a national religion. The proposed amendment is just about as flatly self-contradictory as any proposition could be. Section 1 reads as follows:

> No state shall ever make or maintain any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

The first sentence of Section 2 reads as follows:

> Each state in this union *shall establish and maintain* a system of free public schools adequate to the education of all the children living therein, between the ages of six and sixteen years, inclusiv, in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality, and *the principles of the Christian religion*.

That is to say, No state shall ever make or maintain a law respecting an establishment of religion; but every state in this Union shall make and maintain laws establishing the principles of the Christian religion. And to make assurance doubly sure, Section 3 declares that—

> The United States shall guaranty to every state, and to the people of every state and of the United States, the support and maintenance of such a system of free public schools as is herein provided.

And that is to say that the United States government pledges itself that every state shall establish and maintain the principles of the Christian religion. This proposed amendment, therefore, at one stroke, establishes Christianity as the national religion, *because* it declares that every state shall maintain the principles of the Christian religion in the public schools, and the nation is pledged to see that this is done. Therefore there must be a national decision of some kind declaring just what are the principles of the Christian religion. Then when that decision shall hav been made, every state will hav to receive from the nation just those principles of religion which the nation shall hav declared to be the principles of the Christian religion, and which the nation will hav pledged itself shall be taught in the public schools of every state. In other words, the people of the United States will then hav to receive their religion from the government of the United States. Therefore, if Senator Blair's proposed amendment to the national Constitution does not provide for the establishment and maintenance of a national religion, then no religion was ever established or maintained in this world.

But how shall this national decision be made as to what are the principles of the Christian religion? It would seem that the second sentence of Section 2 makes provision for this. It declares that no "instruction or training shall be given in the doctrins, tenets, belief, ceremonials, or observances peculiar to any sect, denomination, organization, or society, being, or claiming to be, religious in its character; nor shall such peculiar doctrins, tenets, belief, ceremonials, or observances, be taught or inculcated in the free public schools."

As therefore no religious tenets, doctrins, or beliefs can be taught in the schools, except such as are common to all denominations of the Christian religion, it will follow inevitably that there shall be officially called a national council of the churches to decide what are the principles common to all, and to establish a national creed, which shall be enforced and inculcated by national power in all the public schools in the United States. And that will be but the establishment of a national religion. And that is exactly what Senator Blair's constitutional amendment assures, so surely as it or anything similar to it shall ever be adopted. And that is what the National Reformers intend shall be.

It was in this way precisely that the thing was worked in the fourth century. Constantine made Christianity the recognized religion of the Roman empire. Then it became at once necessary that there should be an imperial decision as to what form of Christianity should be the imperial religion. To effect this an imperial council was necessary to formulate that phase of Christianity which was common to all. The Council of Nice was convened by imperial command, and an imperial creed was established, which was inforced by imperial power. That establishment of an imperial religion ended only in the imperious despotism of the papacy.

As surely as the complete establishment of the papacy followed and grew out of that imperial recognition of Christianity in the fourth century, just so surely will the complete establishment of a religious despotism after the living likeness of the papacy, follow and grow out of this national recognition of Christianity provided for in the constitutional amendment proposed by Senator Blair, and which is now pending in Congress. A. T. J.

Professor Proctor.

B. F. Underwood in the Investigator.

The daily papers which contain columns about the late Prof. Richard A. Proctor are generally silent as to his religious belief. They say that he abandoned "Catholicism," but fail to state the entire truth. *Professor Proctor was a Radical Freethinker, an Agnostic.* I was acquainted with him personally. I had conversations with him, one fully two hours in length, and corresponded with him from the spring of 1887 until a short time before his death. He had no belief in a personal deity, and none in personal immortality. He regarded the whole system of Christianity in its theological aspects as a system of superstition. He regarded Herbert Spencer as the greatest philosophic thinker of any age. Some time I will giv to the public valued letters from him now in my possession.

The death of Professor Proctor is a calamity which will be felt over a very wide area. He was not only a great astronomer, but a popularizer of science in general. What he saw in the heavens above and in the earth beneath him, he presented in language adapted to the common understanding.

He was personally one of the most companionable men I ever met—strong and sensible, yet amiable, genial, witty, always the perfect gentleman.

From the Independent.

Professor Proctor was one of that very numerous class of men brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, whom the erroneous demands of that church upon the faith of its members hav driven into Infidelity. France and Italy hav more Infidels than Germany, England, or America, for no other reason than that in those countries modern scholarship has had to meet the claims of the predominant Catholic church.

It is hard to make Mr. Underwood's facts agree with the *Independent's* conclusions. Professor Proctor had no more respect for Protestantism than for Catholicism. In his eyes, both systems were false.

HETERODOX: Such are all who do not think like the orthodox, or who hav not strength and might sufficient to make themselvs orthodox.—*Voltaire.*

(*Continued from page* 645.)

time for his accuser or accusers to bring said charges of misappropriation, and not at this late day. In the absence of any specific or formulated charges, and as his accuser or accusers hav not met him face to face to prove their charges, as he challenged them to do, it seems to us that it would be an act of justice for this Congress to exonerate President Putnam and declare such charges unworthy of belief.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 6, 1888. Auditing Committee. {F. A. Pierce. Mattie A. Freeman. R. G. Smith.

The Saturday afternoon session began by the reading of letters. Charles Bradlaugh wrote:

20 Circus Road, St. John's Wood, London, N. W., Sept. 11, 1888.

E. A. Stevens, Esq., American Secular Union, *Dear Sir:* It is, unfortunately, quite impossible for me to attend your Twelfth Annual Congress at Pittsburgh. I shall be glad, however, if you will giv my most earnest assurance to the Freethinkers there assembled of my heartiest wishes for the success of their work. I desire to be permitted to tender to the friends of the late Courtlandt Palmer my expression of deep regret and condolence.

It is pleasant to me to be able to think that in the present session of Parliament I hav done something to promote No. 6 in the "Demands" of your platform. I hav been for the last three or four years intending to again visit America, but my work grows each year. In default of seeing you face to face I send you my very warmest greeting across the ocean both in my own name and on behalf of the National Secular Society of which I am the president.

Yours very sincerely, C. Bradlaugh.

James Parton wrote:

Newburyport, Mass., Sept. 16, 1888.

My Dear Secretary: I trust you will hav a full, harmonious, and business-like meeting at Pittsburgh in October. As the present presidential campaign calls our attention to the subject of taxation, I hav thought much of late upon the infinit wrong of taxing a good workingman's home to its full value and letting a ten-million-dollar cathedral go tax-free. That workingman's home is the most sacred and holy thing in the universe. It is also the most important element in the strength and stability of the nation. What is the cathedral? It is the toy of a handful of rich men, contributing nothing to the power of the nation, and nothing to the moral elevation of the people. It can be demonstrated that the cathedrals of Europe, from St. Peter's to York Minster, are a cause of moral injury and mental torpor.

I hope the Congress will discuss carefully the project of suing the Girard College trustees for breach of trust. Where is the money to come from? Are you prepared to spend half a million dollars upon lawyers and court expenses? You will find nearly the whole of Pennsylvania behind those trustees, and Pennsylvania is a large-sized antagonist. It is well to count the cost.

Health and happiness to all the members.

Very truly yours, James Parton.

Horace Seaver wrote for himself and Mr. Mendum:

Paine Memorial, Boston, Oct. 3, 1888.

Friend Stevens: It would be a great satisfaction to my friend Mendum and myself if we were able to attend the Secular Congress which meets next Friday, but I am sorry to say that feeble health and the infirmities of age must prevent. We hope, however, there may be a large attendance, and as you will hav some of our best speakers to assist in presenting important subjects, you will no doubt hav interesting meetings, in which we would be very glad to take part if our circumstances were more favorable. Old soldiers though we are of upward of half a century's warfare in the Secular or Liberal ranks, yet we hav never for a moment lost our interest in the great and good cause of Freedom and Humanity, nor failed to defend and promote it as well as we know how, and our only regret is that we may not be able to work for it much longer, but while we do liv we are sure that we shall not "fly the track." Please read this brief note to the friends present, all of whom we would be glad to take by the hand; but as we may never hav this satisfaction, we send them our best wishes for their health, happiness, prosperity, and long lives. May they always be united, harmonious, and vigilant, and never surrender.

Fraternally, H. Seaver and J. P. Mendum.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton wrote:

To the Officers of the American Secular Union in Convention Assembled, *Gentlemen:* I regret that it is not in my power to accept an invitation to speak before your association. But the distance between Omaha, where I am for the winter, and Pittsburgh, is too great for such an undertaking.

There are no convocations, however, in which I feel greater interest than in those striving to free the human mind from theological superstitions, more especially as through these woman finds her most grievous bondage.

A gentleman recently asked me the question at a suffrage meeting, "What I thought the greatest barrier in the way of woman's elevation and enfranchisment?" I replied: "The perversion of the religious element in her nature." We know that the religious emotions—reverence for the authority of the unknown and the unknowable—are stronger in the human soul than love of country—than natural affection for family and kindred—than even life itself. And as conscience is a matter of latitude and education, these religious emotions are equally available for unwise as wise purposes.

The history of the race is one long record of individual sacrifice at the supposed pleasure of some invisible powers. And as all forms of religion in all ages and countries hav taught the depravity and subordination of woman, it is not remarkable that in the nineteenth century, under the Jewish and Christian religion, she should believe herself to be what the holy books and the priesthood teach, namely, an afterthought in the creation, the author of sin, who, in collusion with the devil, effected the fall of man, and hence cursed of God. Marriage was made for her a condition of slavery, and maternity a period of torment and peril. "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth thy children. Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

"Thus saith the Lord" has ever been a talisman by which tyrants hav held the masses in subjection, and woman in her unbounded faith has ever been the surest victim. The Jew in his ritual on each returning Sabbath day thanks the Lord that he was not born a woman, while the woman says: "I thank thee, O Lord, that I am what I am according to thy holy will!"

We cannot estimate the insidious influence of these words on the character of Jewish womanhood. The Pentateuch abounds with similar sentiments; a contempt is continually expressed for everything female in animal life, woman being considered too unclean to take part in the religious feasts and sacrifices.

In binding up all these Jewish records with the New Testament under the title, holy scriptures, Christianity indorses the Jewish idea of womanhood. In fact, in Paul's epistles on marriage and the duties of wives, the position of woman in the new dispensation is still one of subjection.

As all these scriptural lessons teaching the slavery of woman are echoed and reëchoed in every pulpit in our land, and as ecclesiastical law and church disciplin are all based on the idea of woman's divinely ordained subjection to man, how can she, believing such fallacies, hav sufficient self-respect to demand an equal share in all the blessings and opportunities of life?

The church having made woman a bondslave through the strongest feelings of her nature, I hope no members of the American Secular Union propose to keep her in her present condition lest if enfranchised she should place barriers in the way of man's religious freedom.

Do not lose sight, gentlemen, of the fact that the influence of the vast majority of women is in this direction now. It guards every cradle and fireside, and the prejudices of early education cling to us through life. It is this influence that limits the numbers in your association, the readers of your journals, and the audiences in your conventions. Do you hope to change all this by holding woman in her present position, concentrating all her enthusiasm, outside the family, on the church, the blind victim of a morbid conscience and confused speculations of the unknown and the unknowable? Surely not. If you would realize a higher form of religion, you must first broaden the horizon of woman's thought, and giv her an activ interest in all the practical affairs of life. Open to her all advantages for thorough education, and inspire her with some self-respect by recognizing woman as an equal factor in the civilization of the nineteenth century.

You cannot, for your own personal love of power, hold woman as a lawful subject, and then require her, in the emergencies of life, to assume the responsibilities of a sovereign.

It is pusillanimous, to the last degree, after all the oppression woman has endured through the centuries, for Liberal thinkers in the free religious associations of this day to deny her one liberty, lest she should use it to their disadvantage. Religious freedom, for the handful of men who ask it, is not of a tithe of the importance that political freedom is for half the people of the nation.

As to the Secular character of our government, that can only be fully established and preserved through the education and elevation of woman. Hence the policy of those interested in the triumph of more Liberal religious ideas lies in the direction of the political emancipation of woman.

The more time and thought she givs to all the great questions involved in the science of government, and to the imperativ duties of this life, the less she will giv to the church and speculations about the future.

Sincerely yours, Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

A great many other letters were also read—from W. F. Jamieson, Mr. Olds, Locust Dale Secular Union, L. K. Washburn, B. F. Underwood, and many others.

These were all congratulatory and cheering, but the sad news also came by letter that J. D Shaw's father lay at the point of death, and consequently the place of his distinguished and splendid son was at his bedside, and not with the Congress in Pittsburgh.

After the reading of the letters, Mr. Marlett spoke of the work of the Young People's Union of Chicago, of which he is president. Following him was W. S. Bell, who addressed the Congress on "Common Sense *vs.* Superstition." Mr. Bell is the same solid speaker as of old, though he has remained most of the past few years in Chicago, and his lecture, interspersed with witty anecdotes, was received with a good deal of approbation. After the Congress, Mr. Bell started on a lecture tour through Ohio back to Chicago.

Saturday evening the first lecture was by J. H. Burnham on "Organization." Some of the many sensible things that Mr. Burnham said are:

Organization—whatever that is—is the source of all results, whether psychical, physical, social, ethical, or commercial. What the Christian church has done is evidence of the effectivness of organization. Under the potency of its well-organized forces, it has stood with drawn sword, thumbscrews, racks, and fagots, and has frightened hopeful and promising civilization back into the night of despair. By organization its bony fingers hav throttled the hopes of millions, who would hav given the world civilization such as we now hav a thousand years ago, had it not been for the effectiv organization of ecclesiastical, autocratic despotism. It put out every civilizing ray of light which glimmered in the portentous gloom of ignorance, religion, and superstition. These checks applied to human genius and progress by ecclesiastical organization hav turned the hand on the dial-plate of time back many centuries. The pontiff at Rome, with his well-organized millions, has bid defiance to the world a thousand times, and can do it to-day with impunity. There are no nations whom it can be said are civilized who are not in fear of this one man's power, backed as he is by the most effectiv organization in the world. There is no man living having the same amount of influence in politics, even in this country, as the pontifical desperado who commands two hundred millions of Roman Catholics. It is counter-organization alone of the freemen of modern civilization that contains a promis that the bloody hand of ecclesiastical despotism shall be paralyzed, that freedom of thought shall no longer be throttled. The advocates of human liberty and equal rights may to-day be counted by millions—many millions of the best and bravest of the entire race—and yet these millions are subject to indignities and insult, such as make the blood of civilization boil, from the intellectual paupers who rule over the sacred hosts of imbecility. We may well ask, Why these indignities and insults? Why is it that the friends of the race—the benefactors of all ages—those who hav given us our civilization in spite of the dungeons and the snapping crack of the fagots—why are those so persistently insulted by the baptized and consecrated-bloody-wafer host? The answer is known to friend and foe. We lack in effectiv organization.

The organized hosts of superstition, ignorance, and religion are well-drilled battalions, and organization of the freemen of this republic is the only way to hold at bay or checkmate their despotic forces. Secular and political organization alone can successfully meet these foes of the world's civilization. In 1878 a convention was called to meet at Cincinnati by Robert G. Ingersoll. It met, and was composed of delegates, men and women, in point of ability not paralleled by any convention ever held in the history of this country. When this convention adjourned, the understanding was that another convention would be called in 1880. However, greatly to be regretted, it was not called, and I fear that this mistake allowed the opportunity of twenty-five years, if not more, to slip through our fingers. We cannot be too soon in correcting this blunder. I see no way to carry on this fight for universal mental liberty successfully except through this method—Secular and political organization. Had this convention been called and such action taken, we to-day would not need to ask for recognition—we would be in a position to command it and the votes of three millions of American citizens. I think that such action is the pressing need of the hour, and that it is the imperativ duty of the American Secular Union to inaugurate this movement as soon as possible. With these weapons we can fight this enemy of the world's civilization.

We hav the material out of which to create an army of freemen that will do the needed work. Our workers are divided into three classes: First, agitators—those that work up out of the mines of awakening public feeling the thought, the crude material upon which all depends. The second class are the organizers. They, with skilled hands, take up this immense wealth, the result of the labor of the first class, and put the parts together in their proper shape, so that the third class, administrators, come along and take the material thus well organized and run the organization in the interest indicated.

Let our organization be made effectiv in the way that we hav suggested. Let the Liberal public understand that we hav come to stay, that we mean business, and that we are the persistent foes of this despotic ecclesiastical power for all time. The Liberal public will lend us its aid in financial support and in advancing our cause at the polls as soon as we hav redeemed the mistakes which we hav made. Organize every state as soon and as fast as possible, and then when we meet in convention with a thousand delegates we shall not need to ask for recognition; our position will command it.

Mr. Burnham was followed by Mrs. Freeman on "Cross and Crown." Mrs. Freeman has a musical ring to her voice—is a kind of an L. K. Washburn in soprano—and she takes her audiences up many flights of poetic and pathetic stairways—stairways trimmed and decorated and fretted and beautiful, but landing at last in a solid superstructure of common sense and fact. She is one of the most graceful of our female orators in the presentation of subjects.

SUNDAY.

Sunday morning, when the delegates assembled, they did not know but that nightfall might see all the speakers in Pittsburgh's jail. The *Press* of the previous evening contained this:

The utterances of speakers at the Secularists' Congress hav become so freighted with language that is in gross violation of the laws of the land and abhorrently blasphemous in the ears of the masses, that it has become a question whether the authorities should interfere to compel the representativs of the National Union here to confine themselvs to what is even commonly considered decency of speech, or bring their proceedings to a summary close. The matter was brought to the attention of the Law and Order Society yesterday afternoon in the following manner, the note being addressed to Captain Wishart:

Saturday, Noon.

Captain: Mr. Dean telephones me that a blasphemous meeting is reported as being in progress in Lafayette Hall. Will you proceed to investigate, and if the law is violated act accordingly?

J. H. W.

The Captain Wishart to whom this belligerent note was sent is the head of the Law and Order Society, an organization of Protestants who hav united to make Sunday in Pittsburgh the most miserable of all days in the week. Nothing can be legally sold—not even grocery, candy, or cigar stores can be kept open. Everybody must lay in on Saturday night the solid and liquid refreshment for the following day. The improvident man who neglects to provide his spiritual food from the saloon on Saturday must take it on Sunday from the churches, or not at all. One of the delegates who likes a good cigar, and came originally from a country where Sunday is not much of a day, and has lived ever since near New York, was the most disgusted person in the city. The Editorial Reporter met him on Sunday morning walking up and down in front of the hotel, and swearing earnestly. He had had his breakfast but not his cigar. He approached the Editorial Reporter and unbosomed himself. His language will not do to print. All at once a thought hit him, and he went plunging upstairs to his room, and punched the button of the electric bell till it went out of sight. When the bellboy made his appearance he shouted: "Bring me a cigar!" It came at once. And thus did ingenuity on the part of the guest and hypocrisy on the part of the hotelkeeper triumph over Pittsburgh puritanism. When Mr. Putnam was asking the audience for a Campaign Fund, that man's name went down for $50, and he wants it all applied to repealing Sunday laws.

This state of affairs is due to the Law and Order Society of Pittsburgh. Pennsylvania has a splendid blasphemy law whereby any person "who shall willfully, premeditatedly, and despitefully blaspheme or speak loosely and profanely of Almighty God, Christ Jesus, the Holy Spirit, or the scriptures of truth," may be made to pay one hundred dollars, and be confined three months in jail. Profane swearing in Pennsylvania costs anybody over sixteen years of age sixty-seven cents per swear. The tariff is intended to be prohibitory, but it is not, and if the constable could hav heard the delegates who wanted cigars on Sunday morning he might hav captured cash

enough to pay the bills of the state for several years. The Sunday laws are voluminous, rigorous, and all-inclusiv. The penalties range from ten shillings to three hundred dollars and the stocks. The phraseology of the law indicates its colonial origin, when the ministers ran things generally. But the Pittsburgh clergy are not much behind their ancestors, and are enforcing these laws with a rigidity that would hav made Cotton Mather rejoice, though Wm. Penn would hav protested with all the force of his gentle Quaker nature. In fact, the Pittsburgh reverends drive the knife clear up to the hilt into the ungodly who want to waste money on Sunday, and their success in enforcing the Sunday law probably induced the Christian crank "J. H. W." to appeal to Captain Wishart to suppress the blasphemers. But Captain W. failed to materialize at Lafayette Hall, and the delegates slept in peace at their various hotels instead of wrestling with the vermin of a police station-house.

This Sunday terrorization will probably not last longer than a year or two. When the legislature next assembles at Harrisburg a vigorous attempt will be made to modify the law. It ought to be repealed, but probably the Christians will prevent things going as far as that. But this year, on Sundays, the denizens of Pennsylvania cities are slaves of the Protestant church.

The first business before the Union, Sunday morning, was the final report of the Committee on Credentials, as the program contemplated the election of officers. The Committee reported the additional names of G. Babson, of Seward, Neb., N. Eggleston, of Aurora, O., J. O. Bentley, of Philadelphia, and two or three others whose names were not heard by the Reporter. Altogether, fifty-two persons were reported as entitled to vote. The decision regarding annual members had simplified matters, and a motion from the Pittsburghers to admit proxies was voted down. Both sides had proxies, but neither knew just how many the other side had, though it is probable that the Pittsburghers had the most, as their campaign had been quietly going on for several months, and they had resorted to the usual political methods. No delegates were pledged to Mr. Stevens for secretary, but quite a number were for Mr. Hoover. Delegates on arriving at Pittsburgh were presented with cards like this:

For Secretary
AMERICAN SECULAR UNION,
HARRY HOOVER,
Pittsburgh.

Mr. Hoover's ballots had been prepared at a printing office, and the most of the delegates had received at their homes letters asking them to vote for Mr. Hoover. Mr. Stevens's advocate was a silent one—his Record, and the unwritten law that a tried officer should not be displaced without good cause. His friends also bestirred themselvs, and on Friday and Saturday the war was a merry one. It is to be regretted that it was not a better-natured one.

Incidentally the presidency of the Union was dragged into the controversy. Mr. Putnam had positivly declined to be reëlected, though he could hav won the prize with ease, and with the exception of the friends of Mr. Hoover, scarcely a delegate knew who he really desired for the office. Mr. Hoover's friends had decided to run J. E. Remsburg, hoping, as the other side alleged, that his popularity would pull Mr. Hoover through. At any rate, they offered to throw him over, and vote for Mr. Stevens for President if the others would vote for Mr. Hoover. The proposition was declined.

The nominating committee made a majority report as follows:

For President:
JUDGE R. B. WESTBROOK, of Philadelphia.
Vice-Presidents:
Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, of New York.
Samuel P. Putnam, of San Francisco.
T. B. Wakeman, of New York.

James Parton.	Photius Fish.
Charles Watts.	Horace Seaver.
A. B. Bradford.	Mattie Krekel.
Juliet H. Severance.	E. B. Foote.
Lucy N. Colman.	Leonard Geiger.
James Wardwell.	N. D. Goodell.
J. A. Smith.	Dr. S. S. McLeod.
Wm. Redfield.	Daniel Aerl.
M. M. Secor.	Roman Staley.
W. L. Willis.	H. L. Boyes.
I. J. Truss.	J. H. Burnham.
H. P. Mason.	Maj. W. W. Forward.
Dr. G. F. A. de Lespinasse.	Joseph Sedgebeer.

Secretary.—E. A. STEVENS, Chicago.
Treasurer.—OTTO WETTSTEIN, Rochelle, Ill.
Chairman Executiv Committee.—E. B. FOOTE, JR., New York.
Chairman Finance Committee.—MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chicago.

Executiv Committee.—Massachusetts, Geo. N. Hill, 236 State street, Boston; New York, H. L. Green, Buffalo; Ohio, R. G. Smith, Alliance; Pennsylvania, Wm. Whittick, Dushore; Wisconsin, Mrs. Severance; Indiana, John A. Geeting, Washington; Illinois, H. B. Marlett, Chicago; Iowa, F. J Green, Nevinsville; Missouri, G R Beck, Rockport; Kansas, T. H. Terry, Bavaria; Nebraska, G Babson, Seward; Colorado, E. T. Weber, Denver; Utah, Jas. A. Williams, Park City; Montana, E M. Dunkle, Butte City; Idaho, J. A. Davis, Boise City; Oregon, C. Beal, Portland; California, W. F. Freeman, Stockton; Vermont, John D. Powers, Woodstock; Arizona, Carl Hyldahl, Fort Thomas; Texas, Daniel A. Aerl, Loraine; Minnesota, H. C. Draver, Stillwater, or J. H. Collins, Barum; Indian Terr., ——; Dakota, N. S. Johnson; Wash. Terr., Sol Center, Walla Walla; New Mexico, Prof. D. G. Crow; Kentucky, W. H. Tyree, Lexington; Tennessee, M. I. Green, Nashville; W. Virginia, Louis Wolfes, Sr., Martinsburgh; Virginia, ——; Maryland, Aaron Davis, Frederick; Arkansas, Jas. B. Hassett, Little Rock; Michigan, J. H. Burnham; Maine, ——; New Hampshire, ——; Connecticut, ——; Alabama, E. I. Norton, Mobile; Georgia, L. J. Moulder, Sheltonville.

A minority report was read, substituting the names of J. E. Remsburg and Harry Hoover for President and Secretary respectivly. The Secretary was instructed by the Congress to cast a ballot electing all officers who were not opposed. A motion to postpone the election of President and Secretary was lost. The first ballot resulted as follows:

R. B. Westbrook.....22
J. E. Remsburg.....21
J. H. Burnham.....5
S. P. Putnam.....2

No election. The two lowest candidates were then dropped and a second vote was taken. Result:

R. B. Westbrook.....26
J. E. Remsburg.....22

Judge Westbrook was declared elected, and on motion of one of his opponents the election was made unanimous. It was a peculiar vote for this office. Under other circumstances either gentleman would hav had every vote in the Congress, and the applause which followed Judge Westbrook's unanimous election was as hearty and sincere as though no one had voted any other way. There was really no one opposed to him except because of the disputed secretaryship, and no one opposed to Mr. Remsburg except for the same reason, and the further one that it was deemed best by the nominating committee to put no lecturers or people connected with Liberal papers in office, in order that the jealousy existing between some of these might hav no meat to feed upon.

Judge Westbrook, who was at home unconscious of the honor done him, was notified by telegraph. Later in the affairs of the Congress his acceptance was telegraphed, as follows:

THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION: Regarding the American Secular Union as an organization for the protection and promotion of the principle implied in its name, and not for the advancement of any dogma of religious belief or disbelief, I cordially accept its presidency unanimously tendered to me, and pledge myself to resist all encroachments of sacerdotalism, whether papal or puritan. R. B. WESTBROOK.

The election of Judge Westbrook had practically decided the secretaryship, and before the vote for that office was taken Charles Watts gave Mr. Hoover an opportunity to gracefully withdraw by asking the candidates whether in the event of their election they would serve. The opportunity was not embraced, and a ballot was ordered. Following some remarks from the platform by the presiding officer an acrimonious discussion sprung up, cut short, however, by a demand from the delegates for the voting to proceed. The first ballot resulted as follows:

E. A. Stevens.....29
Harry Hoover.....18

Mr. Stevens was declared elected, and the people set about the work of restoring harmony. Nothing was said by the victors to hurt the feelings of the other side, and the Pittsburghers magnanimously forgave their opponents.

Dr. E. B. Foote, Chairman of the Committee on Rules and Resolutions, submitted his report:

RESOLUTIONS OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION, AT ANNUAL CONGRESS OF OCT. 5-8, 1888, AT PITTSBURGH, PA.

The American Secular Union, in Congress assembled, reaffirms its inflexible determination to practicalize that priceless boon, mental freedom, which the framers of our Constitution established as the radical principle of our republic, and hereby declares itself the unalterable foe of all theological schemes to subvert our liberties, which are now not only insidiously sapping away our freedom, but defiantly plundering the taxpayers.

The American Secular Union stands as the solitary representativ of the plain, bold, simple declaration of Abraham Lincoln, "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people," as against a government ruled by a relentless God—in short, it stands as the representativ of the American Idea.

WHEREAS, We view with alarm the persistent reactionary and revolutionary attitude of the various ecclesiastical bodies to gain greater control of the state and to sweep away the very corner-stone of American independence by advocating the recognition of God in our form of government, which would practically put an end to religious freedom; and

WHEREAS, Lands and monev are annually granted to sectarian institutions; public offices in many states are open only to those who will, by oath, acknowledge the reigning superstition; Sunday laws are being "religiously" enforced in nearly every state; Bible-reading, prayer, and other religious exercises are carried on in the public schools; Congress and legislatures are consecrated to plunder by hypocritical prayers which cost the country at least $50,000 a year; fast days and thanksgivings are ordained by governments, state and federal; Indians are parceled out to religious sects for instruction; prisoners in jails and children in Houses of Refuge are delivered to the various denominations to be paid for from state funds and guarded by state and municipal police; postal laws are enacted, at the suggestion of church coteries, limiting the liberty of the people and the press and enforced by agents who are in no way responsible to the public at large: therefore,

Resolved, That as Freethinkers we hav reason to feel ourselvs direct heirs of the heroic fathers who fought to overthrow the iniquities of a "God's anointed" ruler, and veritable heritors of those who founded a state without a church; that as our Constitution aimed at complete secularization, the American Secular Union should be careful to preserve and eager to extend that principle, so that the foundations of our national welfare mav be fully assured.

Resolved, That we call upon every man and woman who believes in intellectual freedom to aid in breaking mental chains; everyone who aspires to establish happiness here should assist in overthrowing the power of bigotry and superstition in the state, which the adoption of our Nine Demands only can accomplish.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselvs during the coming year to endeavor to gather into harmonious relations the Liberals of every shade; to disregard past differences, and determin that one grand, inspiring purpose shall animate us—the advancement of our second Declaration of Independence, nor will we falter in carrying out the desire of President Grant to "keep the church and state forever separate" till our efforts are crowned with complete success.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Convention that woman is the peer of man, and no invidious distinctions shall be made which deny to her the right to be man's competitor for any position to which he is eligible.

Resolved, That we recognize in the prosecution of Messrs. Walker and Harman, of Valley Falls, Kan., under the United States postal laws, on a "constructiv charge" of mailing obscene literature, another instance of an attempt to pervert the laws to the purposes of Christian persecution; that we renew our protests against this method of assault upon the Liberal press; that we cannot believe that those who hav been instrumental in instituting this and similar persecutions hav any honest desire to suppress real obscenity, but that their object is to cripple Freethought and destroy its press by misconstruction of a law which they hav heretofore more than once prostituted to their service.

Resolved, That free speech, free press, and free mails must be protected against such insidious attacks; that we should contest every inch of ground in this field and take up the battle whenever and wherever the issue is forced upon us; and that, therefore, we tender Messrs. Walker and Harman our sympathy and support, and urge all friends of freedom to aid substantially in their defense against an outrageously unjust and "constructiv" charge of misdemeanor.

Resolved, That we accept the congratulations and hearty sympathy expressed by the Secularists of Canada in convention assembled at Toronto, Sept. 16, 1888, conveyed to us by Mr. Charles Watts. That we highly esteem the value of this gentleman's services in the United States, and assure our Canadian comrades that we rejoice in their good work in behalf of the cause of Secularism, for we are sure that the achievements of either organization are bound to extend over the border and forward the purposes of both.

Resolved, That we tender England's Freethought champion, Charles Bradlaugh, our hearty congratulations on his final triumph in the adoption of the Oaths bill by the British Parliament, and gratefully acknowledge his words of cheer to the American Secular Union.

Mrs. Colman spoke to the Harman and Walker resolution, after which the report was adopted and the committee continued. Mr. Hoover offered a resolution censuring a newspaper of Pittsburgh which had printed a most ridiculous editorial about the Freethinkers. It was referred to Committee on Resolutions.

Miss Voltairine de Cleyre was expected to speak Sunday afternoon, but a sore throat contracted by exposure (it rained about all the time during the Congress) prevented. The audience assembled early, and the session was marked by harmony. The factions had had their fight, the defeated were not sullen, the victors concealed, if they felt, any jubilant spirit, and brotherly affection seemed to take the place of the previous bitter determination of all to hav their own way. The illness of Miss De Cleyre was very deeply regretted, as an audience of four or five hundred had assembled to hear her poetic and witty sentiments. Mr Stevens, however, proved as good a substitute as a man can be for a woman, and his speech on "Romish Rubbish" was attentivly and appreciativly listened to. The fight going on in Pittsburgh over the public school question gave the exposer of Romanism a great advantage with the audience. Romanism is not popular with the average Pittsburgher just at present, though the city is permeated and surrounded with Romish churches, church members, and church institutions. Mr. Stevens's catalog of the relics of Romanism was received with laughter, and the exposure of the idolatrous theology of Rome was heartily enjoyed.

After the address, Dr. Foote as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions offered this:

Resolved, That we indorse the work and methods of our Secretary during the past year, Mr. E. A. Stevens, and that we can only recommend him to continue boldly and persistently in the same paths, while we urge the members of the Union and its well-wishers everywhere to furnish the sinews of war, that our coming year may record even more practical work and success than the past year.

Resolved, That we call upon the Liberal public or Secularists of the United States to subscribe the sum of three thousand dollars for the next year's work; one thousand for our Secretary, and two thousand for running expenses, literary propaganda, and aggressiv operations, such as an effort to restore Girard College to the standard indicated by the will of its founder.

The resolutions were adopted, and Mr. Putnam came forward and asked the people to contribute for the next year's Campaign Fund. The appeal was responded to generously. Postal cards from all over the country, sent out by the secretary before the Congress, were read, and the total contributions footed up over $1,700. Mr. Stevens will acknowledge the same next week in his "Roll of Honor." Some $262 cash was paid in.

After this collection the audience called loudly for Juliet Severance, who was forced to come forward and make a speech. She said that reforms must go through three stages—ridicule, discussion, and adoption. Our cause in some places was in the first and

(*Continued on page* 652.)

Letters from Friends.

FOSSIL, ORE., Sept. 18, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed $5 for two new subscribers that I hav got for the best paper I hav ever seen printed—THE TRUTH SEEKER. I will do the best I can for your paper. I hav very little time to run around to hunt up subscribers, for I hav lots of work to do, but I read my paper and pass it around, and find plenty that will read it. Yours for truth and liberty, W. N. PUTNAM.

TYNGSBORO, MASS., Sept. 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2, which has got to go because THE TRUTH SEEKER has got to come. There must hav been something mighty good in those late back numbers I hav missed, or they would not hav gone so soon out of print. Print more hereafter.

Herewith is also another of my contributions for you, "Guild's Dream." Hope you will not find it too dreary. The dream was real, though it was really a dream.

JOHN P. GUILD.

ONONDAGA HILL, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed is $1 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for four months. I am a man who has felt an antipathy for religion since earliest childhood. If a man has that feeling he is sure to grow wiser as he livs, for he looks to no one to lift him into a heaven, therefore he must work to lift himself, and to do this he must become athletic in limb, body, and brain. Therefore in the gymnasiums of muscular activity I hav done so. Yours heart and brain in the war against every superstition that fetters the mind of man,

CHARLES E. BOYNTON, B.S., M.D.,
Medical Superintendent of Onondaga County-house and Insane Asylum.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Sept. 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Is it not disgusting to hear the credulous Christian trying to sustain the erroneous idea that Christianity is the only goodness, justice, moral virtue, science, and all prosperity, and that we are indebted to Christianity as the only safeguard to our welfare and happiness in this and the next world? Is there no righteousness, justice, or moral virtue without Christianity? I pity those under the delusion. The Christians hav denied all discoveries, and the author has invariably been burnt alive, and when they could not suppress an invention any longer, then they claimed it as of their own invention if they could. But history speaks of their deeds, and a long list of roasted victims. I also believe in a trinity—God, the father, Voltaire; the Son, Paine, and the Holy Ghost, Robert G. Ingersoll. J. P. MULLER.

JOPLIN, MO., Sept. 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav carefully read Col. J. R. Kelso's last work, "The Universe Analyzed," sent me from your office, and look upon it as the most fascinating, as well as the most philosophical, of all his works.

His reasoning to disprove the necessity of a creator, as well as to show the absurdity of that hypothesis, seems unanswerable. In his lecture on the "Formation and Dissolution of Worlds," without mentioning the nebular hypothesis by name, he givs the clearest exposition of it that it has ever been my good fortune to read by any author.

His lecture on the "Origin, Evolution, and Destiny of Man," though equally interesting, is not, perhaps, equally conclusiv, and if our highest ideal of a philosophical writer is that he shall "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may," we may feel a regret that the colonel occasionally *throws* a chip at some particularly offensiv object.

Considering the size of the book, it contains a vast amount of fresh and vigorous thought; it explores fields not marked by the footprints of any predecessor, and its style renders it in the highest degree entertaining. R. S. KELSO, M.D.

LINCOLN, NEB., Sept. 10, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. S. P. Putnam delivered two very interesting lectures here yesterday. Despite the "heroic" efforts of the Christians to prevent us having the lecture at all, and the nefarious methods used by them to induce people not to attend the lecture, we had an audience of two hundred in the afternoon and two hundred and fifty in the evening; and I believe there was more intellect in our audience than in all the churches in the city combined. The afternoon theme was, "The American Republic," and a masterly effort it was. In the evening he spoke of "Universal Mental Liberty," and he handled the subject in such a manner that even the most hidebound orthodox deacon could not help being impressed with the beautiful gospel of Freethought. Mr. J. E. Remsburg follows Mr. Putnam in a few weeks, and Mr. Putnam speaks here again October 21st. We now hav about sixty members, and the prospect is good for a regular "boom" this fall and winter, as we hav several influential men interested in the cause, among them the acting mayor of the city.

In the sincere hope that every Liberal society in the country has as bright an outlook as the Lincoln Secular Union, I remain, Fraterna'ly, A. T. GOWE.

VAN BUREN, ARK., Sept. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Slowly, but surely, your valuable paper and publications are gaining a wider publication in this region. We hav just passed through our state election excitement, Monday, the 3d, being election day. Eagle, the nominee of the glorious old Democratic party, is a sky-pilot of the Baptist stripe. In his canvass of the state he opposed every measure that the people need, and hoped to fly into office on the wings of votes whipped into line by the party lash. Dr. Nonvod, an intelligent farmer and physician, who gained his education by the light of a pine-knot, is fairly elected, but the Democratic machine politicians, being in power, hav duly counted him out and Eagle in, and the devout pietymonger will thank God that the state is saved from the rule of the party that dared to oppose the G. O. D. party.

One point which Dr. Nonvod (nominee of the Union Labor party) brought against the G. O. D. party was that the constitution of our state says that nothing shall be exempt from taxation (except, of course, state property), and that the G. O. D. party hav been exempting railroad cuts, embankments, bridges, and tunnels (two-thirds of the track in this part of the state), and church property. Fine property to exempt, to be sure, while the poor "cropper" is forced to pay taxes on the cotton-seed he feeds his cow and the potatoes he eats. Down with such sham government! I hope the coming Congress of the American Secular Union will draft a plank embodying their demands, and try and effect its adoption into the platform of the Union Labor party, the one party that is battling for the common people and not for any one class. I would that every person could be taught that labor is the sole source of wealth, and that the laborer ought to receive a just portion of the wealth produced by him. We need no sky-pilots, railroad kings, landlords, or other privileged classes. Down with all of them!

Yours for justice, HENRY ADDIS.

OXFORD, NOVA SCOTIA, Sept. 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find post-office order to renew my subscription to your valuable paper; I cannot do without it.

I hav not seen any correspondence from Oxford lately, so I will giv you a little information regarding the state of affairs here at present. During the past summer God has not been very merciful toward his chosen here as regards weather, it having been the worst season for gathering hay and grain known for some years. In spite of this we hear the members of our three churches and the Salvation Army continually howling thanks for his mercy and loving-kindness.

While strolling round the street the other evening I stood a few moments to listen to the Salvation Army outdoor meeting. One soldier stepped out and said "he thanked God he was saved. That although some people were insuring their lives for $2,000 or $3,000, he had insured his soul and carried the policy with him." Another said, "Yes, and the company never fails." I could not get near enough to get him to show the policy or get the name of the company. But I do not suppose he could hav shown one or proved the existence of the other. A member of one of the churches who was standing by said that same soldier was too religious to be honest.

We had a visit a few weeks back from a Mr. Vaus, an evangelist who did a large business here in the converting line about two years ago. Although he held forth two or three times per day for about a week, this visit was not a great success, either spiritually or financially. Some of the ranting members of our churches and temperance societies are endeavoring to stop the sale of liquor here and hav a Christian law in their favor, but, strange to say, they prosecute the party selling, get him sentenced to jail for a month or two, and on his appeal against the magistrate's decision the same law lets him out in about a fortnight. Thus the saloonkeeper gets the best of it, comes back to sell again, and the Christians howl about it, and occasionally get fighting over it among themselvs, fathers and sons, deacons, etc., all for the glory of God.

There are about eight or ten Freethinkers here, and we hav the *Investigator*, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and *Secular Thought* regularly, and a great number of Freethought books, which we keep continually in circulation.

I would like to see a communication from Brother F. W. Borden and hear how he is getting along, as he slipped away from among us almost as mysteriously as Moses, and we know not where to find him. Wishing you every success, I remain, Yours truly, E. H. SCHURMAN.

KENT, O., Sept. 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to ask if there are books of song with both music and words adapted to Secular use? We now hav the one advertised in your columns, but we need a book with new melodies well arranged, with harmony; parts for four verses, with full chorus of animating strains, whereby words appropriate can be sung by the entire society, until the unity of thought and higher emotions of joy will enlarge the spirit of affection, until everyone will feel like the one saying of old, "It is good for me to be here." No new words to be applied to the stale old tunes of orthodoxy, but let "Old Hundred" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee" be laid on the shelf as relics of heathenisms. Our Kent Secular Union meet bi-monthly to recuperate our faculties in a social way, transact a little business, read a few poems, each speak a little piece as he or she may desire. We are glad to think that what is good for ourselvs is good for our wives, and we now hav nearly as many members of the "gentler sex" as of the more stern, and aside from their presence being a benefit socially, we find them of much real worth to our society. Many of them are educated readers and deep thinkers, who hav risen above the dictates of the wily priests, and can denounce superstition and advance the higher and more virtuous thoughts that will help to free their sex from the clutches of the deceiver and would-be destroyer of their liberties.

We hav violin duets, and our grand old pioneer in Freethought, the president, occasionally favors us with a song and violin accompaniment, which adds to the enjoyment of the occasion. Yet we need a book of songs, that all may join in and make the environments ring with joy and happiness. We need sound and appropriate words set to minor chords of song for funeral occasions, so that we shall not hav to borrow such as "Thou art Gone to the Grave," by which to sound the sympathetic chords of farewell to the dead. Every society should be in practice and ready to giv burial in a respectable way to any and all their members and friends of Freethought when such occasion shall require.

The principal attractions in our churches and the cause of good attendance are the beautiful flowers that decorate the rostrum, the well-trained voices in the choir, the nicely dressed audience, and the harmonious peals from the pipe organ that fill the souls of the listeners with such a feeling of satisfaction that, for the time, at least, all ill feelings and animosities of the inner being are forgotten. These, and not the myths and falsities uttered in a senatorial voice by the "administerer of the queer," are what fills our churches on Sundays. Let our Freethinkers organize and hold meetings as often as advisable, laying aside all little differences of opinions, and discuss the more solid and beneficial ideas of human progress in a friendly way, cultivating charity for those who differ from us in opinion, and work together for the good of all concerned. Recite poems, read essays, and unite in singing to the enjoyment of all. Hav a committee appointed to make out a program, giving to each one something to do in making the meetings enjoyable. Educate the children to take part in the exercises by singing and instrumental music, that they may gain confidence, and when more advanced take part in sustaining the higher principles of reform. Educate them in ancient and modern history, that they may be prepared to ward off the blows of paganism and superstition, and the future generations will be able to breathe the air of renovated nature in its purity.

A. D. SWAN.

MARSHFIELD, ORE., Aug. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. C. B. Reynolds has just been here and given us a series of lectures, and doubtless he will tell you how we all appeared to him. I hav often thought how wild and perhaps ignorant the people away in this West must appear to persons just from the East. Mr. Reynolds is very dramatic, Mr. Putnam very poetic, and perhaps they can see some beauties in our wild, weird coast that we fail to see; but the discrepancies in education and culture they can also see.

I cannot say which of these two gentlemen I like best, but rather think Mr. Putnam best for pioneer work and Mr. Reynolds good for advanced Liberals. Mr. Reynolds told me there was harmony now in the Liberal ranks, and that they expect good work at the coming Congress at Pittsburgh. I was glad to hear this, for my husband refused to read almost any paper that he found any fault-finding in—not that he believes that we can any of us be perfect yet awhile; but nothing in the form of organization can work without harmony.

My health has prevented me from reading much lately. I am hardly posted as regards the letters from friends in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I am firm in my Freethought, and do what little I can do to help it succeed. Since we first subscribed for THE TRUTH SEEKER and my little letter was published I received various Freethought publications, for which I wish here to thank the publishers. We could not subscribe for them all, much as we wished them to succeed. We take six papers, one for every day except Sunday. We hav only one Freethought neighbor in our immediate settlement. All of the publications that were sent to me I sent to some one else after reading them. It is six miles up the river from us to the nearest Freethinker, and about twelve to the settlement farthest up. Brother Reynolds went up on Sunday and gave two lectures and we had a jolly good time. I had heard Mr. Reynolds twice at Marshfield and up Coos river. I enjoyed the beaming faces of his congregation, many of them familiar to me. Some of them were listening to their first Freethought lecture, and I know they enjoyed it just as I enjoyed mine over a year ago. Do not let the coming Congress use money to send lecturers where there are not good, substantial Freethinkers, for I verily believe the result would be a winding-up of some of our lecturers. I hear since Mr. Reynolds left that they even talked of mobbing him at Marshfield; but there is no danger of mobs there. The strongest, best, and most influential men are Freethinkers, take the whole average of the county. Notwithstanding, Mr. Reynolds advised us at his first lecture at Marshfield to buy a copy of "Common Sense" and send to Coquelle City to our friends there. Now, Coquelle City is on a nice eminence above the river and looks nice and healthy. I do not know what is the matter with its people. Some of my not poor but well-to-do relations liv there, and I like them. A little over a year ago an Advent minister pitched his tent there and taught them to look for the second coming of Christ with the new Jerusalem promised Abraham's seed. And you see they are not ready yet for the Infidel's new heaven and God. They want the golden streets and pearly gates. When they see they don't get them maybe they will be willing to try and make a heaven here. MRS. E. A. HILBORN.

WALTHAM, MASS., Sept. 23, 288.

MR. EDITOR: The last time I wrote, my lines were penned in the City by the Sea, and at the time of writing I myself hardly thought that I should so soon again find myself in New England—but, with Proctor, "This is a world of changing plans and purpose."

As to such deaths as that of Professor Proctor, we stand aghast and with trembling fear; we do not know, we cannot comprehend, the why and wherefore. Why, we cry, did he, one of the noblest, purest, and most useful human beings, hav to leave us in the prime of his life, able and willing to do his best to make this world better?—why had Proctor to leave us and to be taken away by this dreadful disease, when there were countless millions of beings whose lives could so much better hav been spared—yea, whose death would hav been of benefit to mankind?

Some hope, and cherish the thought, that in another world there will be a new life, and we all meet again; while

others cannot comprehend such an idea, and resign themselvs to the thought that the true immortality is the useful life that is remembered after it has left this sphere, and which by actions and words has gained an influence for the better over this multitude of human minds—a life that has not been in vain. Such a life was ended when our beloved Proctor breathed his last. He filled his mission, and all who knew him and understood him mourned the loss of a man who could least be spared.

Nature is governed by laws which, unlike human laws, know no exception. Obey or suffer the consequence, is the iron rule. Nature is not unjust; the trouble is that our limited knowledge will not permit us to understand the purpose and plans by which she is governed, these being mostly in opposition to human expectation and human desire. They therefore are often not to our satisfaction, and we mourn or weep or curse what, if seen in the light of supreme reason, would fully be justified. It had to be, it could not be different, and we must resign ourselvs to our fate. Ah! but it is so hard to think it just and right—these terrible plagues that with all their might are trying to ruin and to destroy what hard-working human beings hav been endeavoring to build up and to develop. The sweet, sunny South has earthquake and floods, forest fires, and last, the worst, yellow fever. Only those who hav lived in the South know what it means to see ruined and wrecked what was patiently built up with hard labor and self-denial—to see deserted and in ruin the garden of America. Ah, it does hurt, and well may there be cause for those who suffer to look up to heaven and with tearful eyes ask, Why?

Liberal-minded reader, are you and I not better off for not being in the chains of ignorance and superstition? Are we Freethinkers not happier beings because we see in all such suffering and trial but the consequence of natural necessities, instead of thinking that some supreme being, some trinity or duality, is experimenting upon the patience of human kind, and endeavoring its best to destroy the faith of its subordinates, for the sake of having cause to deliver them into the arms of his Satanic majesty, or to make a set of long-faced, lying revivalists of them? Oh, is it not better to hav no opinion of God at all than such a terrible idea—an idea that in this beautiful universe there could be such a monster as an almighty and all-powerful being that for the sake of punishment or its own amusement or pastime could inflict upon helpless and powerless human beings such suffering? I would rather think of the whole universe as without a ruler than believe in such a being. How human beings can be able to comprehend the idea of a loving, merciful, and kind father being the cause of their diseases and inflictions I can not understand.

God knows best, and he knows why, our Christian friends will tell us. If he does, then, as he is able in your opinion, my Christian friend, to alter things, as he is almighty and can change the laws that rule the universe, why does he not change them to the better? At least, my Christian friend, do not tell me that my moral obligation is to consider such a supreme being kind and merciful, for, believe me, on all the earth there is not a human being that would cause such suffering, or who, if he had caused such suffering unintentionally, would not do his best to rectify it. Should human beings be better than your almighty God? Would a human being hav taken the life of Mr. Proctor? Would a human being hav caused the ruin and destruction of lives and homes in Charleston, S. C.?

No, but human beings went into the houses of the sick; from far away physicians and nurses went to the plague-stricken city, and at the peril of their own lives attended to the wants of the suffering, buried those who perished, erected barracks to shelter the homeless, and handed supplies to those who were in want of food. From all over the Union kind-hearted human beings extended their helping hands, and offered money and supplies. In New York city a noble-hearted man gave $12,000 without making known his name—simply for the sake of humanity. Ah, how much better are these men and women, with limited power and means doing the best they can, than your almighty God, who could alter things if he only wanted to!

FRED. L. HOFFMAN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: One of your free trade correspondents invites attention to the somewhat remarkable prosperity with which this country was favored or afflicted from 1848 to 1860 inclusiv, when more factories was started, and more railroads constructed, than in any like term of years since. I met a man in those times who was educated in factory work, and could earn satisfactory wages at it until the advent of free trade prosperity; he then found it expedient to accept other employment at $15 per month and board, which was about $15 per month more than he could then earn in the factories. Hence, I infer that free trade did not giv profitable employment to factory operativs.

I remember reading an official report that $150,000,000 annually was required to pay the interest on money that was borrowed of foreign capitalists to inaugurate and sustain the free trade prosperity of this country in those times. It is notorious that the majority of the New York and Erie railroad stock was owned in Europe, and a German was sent over to manage, or mismanage, the road at a salary of $30,000 per year. Next, an Englishman was sent over to manage the road, and go pleasure-yachting, at a salary of $25,000 per year.

The tariff of 1861 enabled our manufacturing and railroad companies to extricate themselvs from the difficulties into which free trade had lured or forced them. It gave full and remunerativ employment to the factories and railroads we had in operation, and created a demand for additional manufacturing and transporting facilities that was promptly responded to without the aid of foreign capitalists. It also enabled our government to sustain the burden of the most expensiv and protracted internal war that ever afflicted a nation, and left our people more prosperous at the close than they were at the beginning of it. Such results are unparalleled in the history of nations, and could not hav been effected except by the agency of an ordinance that could hardly hav been called "a more ill tariff" except by those who desired the disruption of our nationality and the financial ruin of our country.

Another free trade correspondent in your last issue, under the caption of "Tariff Fallacy," givs quotations from Brougham's parliamentary speeches that prove England to hav been a protection nation, until her manufacturing industries were built up to such a hight that her agricultural resources could no longer support them, and foreign commerce and free trade had become an absolute necessity. American protectionists think it will be perfectly safe and judicious for us to follow that example of England; for when our manufacturing industries are developed to such an extent that our agricultural resources will no longer giv them adequate support, and "wages hav fallen to eighty-one cents per week," I think we should be prepared to beat England and all other nations in the market of the world. But that will take longer than free trade fanatics and lunatics are willing to wait; for they are evidently deluded by the subtle sophistries of importers and speculators, or their emissaries, who probably are well aware that when free trade has become universal, their universal harvest will begin; and they will reap and garner the wealth of the world; and one-hundred-thousand-million-aires will become as numerous as one-hundred-million-aires now are; hence their anxiety to force free trade upon us prematurely.

The advocates of free trade feign great hostility to millionaires and monopolies. Are they really ignorant of the fact that, except for war or commerce, millionaires and monopolies were impossible? That war and commerce are synonymous in principle and effect? That the difference between them is analogous to killing bees for their honey and robbing them of it with the patent beehive contrivance? The method last named may seem the most humane to superficial observers, but it robs them all the same, and leaves them but a scanty subsistence, and frequently not that. It then becomes a question whether it is not more humane to kill people outright than torture them to death with slow starvation. Therefore, I can see no good reason why people of average intelligence should permit themselvs to be deluded by the unmerited homage that commerce receives from fawning sycophants, who probably would not so degrade themselvs except in the hope, or assurance, of being well paid for such service. Therefore, though I hav nothing to offer in praise or commendation of either war or commerce, I will do them the justice to offer the apology for them that ownership of wealth has made them an economic necessity.

J. A. TUTTLE.

WORCESTER, MASS., Sept. 15, 1888.

MR. LANSING, Pastor, *Dear Sir:* I heard you say once that "there were some opinions you would deny men the right to entertain and propagate," but as that was early last winter and as you hav shown recently that you hav been studying church history more accurately than before, I believe that you hav outgrown the narrowness of the above-quoted sentiment; because all the evils of the Catholic system which you denounce hav grown from a similar idea or purpose on the part of the church.

If you are a man of honest intentions, willing to acknowledge a mistaken idea, as I truly believe you are, you will take kindly the things I am about to say, and not feel as though you would like to put into force the Catholic system of suppressing opinion.

In the first place, allow me to say that I think with you that Catholic control of our local governments would be in the highest degree harmful. I think with Thomas Jefferson that "the priest has been hostil to liberty in every age and country." I think your lectures are in the main right.

Thomas Jefferson, a Liberal, sounded the alarm more than three generations ago, and Liberal writers and speakers hav ever since then kept the truth of the great statesman's utterance before all who hav read and listened beyond the limit prescribed by John Calvin. Therefore you are merely stepping into the ranks of Liberal soldiers, and opening fire in an effectiv way upon the enemy we hav been fighting so long. Although you would probably object to being classed among and with men of such opinions, yet, as a matter of fact, you cannot help it. Liberals are glad to see you and other clergymen doing as you are—knowing that it will result in good to the people—hoping that the more you look into these matters the more Liberal you will grow, and that you will be benefited by your investigations. You are pursuing the only line of thought upon which men outgrow all so-called revealed religions.

Before our national government is in any danger from the Catholic or any other church, the Constitution must be changed. When President Cleveland sent a copy of the Constitution of the United States to the pope, he did it as a notice in the least offensiv way that priestly or other religious hands must not meddle with our government.

Our national Constitution has stood between liberty and the church for more than a hundred years; it will always so stand. Popes and Evangelical Alliances can hammer away at it until they tire—they and their hammers will wear out, but that great instrument of free government will stand unworn, and as grand as in the days of Paine, Jefferson, Washington, Adams, *et al.* So much for that. I shall not use harsh words regarding your scheme of religion, for should I say things about it as harsh, and by no means less truthful, as you apply to the papacy, you would feel as indignant as do Catholics at your words. Yet I cannot refrain from calling your attention to the fact that a branch of Protestantism has been the first religious organization to organize a crusade against the Constitution. They are trying to get religion into that document at the present time. Should they succeed—which they never will—where would they stop? Surely not until they had put in force the spirit of the quotation I make from you at the beginning of this letter. Truly, when we look about us, we find danger from more sources than one.

You hav ably set forth the evils of the church of Rome. I agree with you so far as the *existence* of the evil is concerned. What caused the evil to be? Hav you thought as far ahead as that, Mr. Lansing? You cannot say that dishonest motivs were the parents of all the evil and wrong embodied in the Catholic system of religion. On the contrary, you must acknowledge that the rules and laws of the church were made and provided by the so-called best men of the day with good intentions. You cannot deny that the best men of the times—men imbued with religion—were the men who conducted and took part in all the terrible persecutions in behalf of the church from which you draw such truthful lessons, and speak in terms of horror. These men were honest, moral, and pious, and thought God looked down with favor upon their work; they were acting under the inspiration of a religion that denied to men "the right to entertain or propagate opinions" not in keeping with that religion and the scriptures. Can we find it in our hearts to condemn men who were the victims of such a mistake? In our own country—on New England soil, you hav referred to the fact—religious persecutions took place. The Puritan fathers, the best men of the period, spurred by a sense of religious duty, a duty to God and the scriptures, enacted laws partaking of the spirit of crushing all opinions not of the approved style, and under those laws committed the most heart-rending deeds—hanged women, and subjected them to tortures more devilish than a savage would dream of. For what? For belonging to some particular sect, perhaps, but more likely because they were not and would not be orthodox. These are not the only outrages done by Protestant religionists—history records many others—but the fact remains that they one and all hav been done by men with far from wrong or evil intentions.

Now we see that persecutions hav occurred under the spirit of Catholicism and Protestantism alike, so it is clear that the cause of these acts are not peculiar to either branch of Christianity, but exist in both. So we must look to something pervading the entire system as the cause.

Mr. Lansing, I ask you again—and think before answering—What is that cause?

Trace all things to their origin. Now, I do not wish to say harsh things about a matter which you guard with such jealous care—a thing about which I know you are sensitiv, as all religionists are, by the nature of the complaint—but you say hard things, so don't wince when I speak the truth to you although it may sound cruel. I say to you that the foundation of your religion, and the creeds and dogmas erected thereon, contain within themselvs the cause of all the church crimes ever committed. Your Bible and religious faith in a gigantic error are responsible for all the rivers of blood that hav been coursing through the land for the last eighteen hundred years. The groans of the tortured and dying millions come echoing down the historic channels of time, testifying to the fact which I hav just stated. Through all these sorrow-laden centuries the fundamental doctrins of your religion hav been taught. The stronger the teaching and the faith, the more horrible the deeds of the church.

All these atrocities hav resulted from a divine religion, so called. Is it not time for us to abandon it and accept a human religion—one embracing all the good morals of the "divine religion," and rejecting the errors of eighteen hundred years ago, which were conceived in ignorance? I believe in doing away entirely with the divine element of religion. This at first would be a great step for you—too great, perhaps. If so, I would recommend you to enlarge your divinity a little, and giv him a little better reputation for human kindness, still keeping the divine attribute; a little progress is better than none. Now, the Bible is full of bloodthirsty deeds and commands, and a man fully possessed of the idea that God's grandeur and greatness were shown in them is not really blameable for committing like deeds—executing divine commands. It therefore follows that the ideas are to blame. Blame is due somewhere; you are obliged to admit that. Can you place it where it is most likely to belong? To the end that you may hav the truth at your command regarding this point, I most earnestly desire you to read the book Leviticus carefully, and I would call your special attention to chapter xxiv, verse 16, for therein you find the spirit that animated Christianity all through her history, and you know only too well that the spirit was complied with to the letter until the intelligence of the people got the upper hand of superstition, and religion was made the subject, not the master, of brains.

I do not know what you will think about this matter, but as you are engaged in the work it will fall to your lot to suggest some means of breaking down the power and evil of Catholicism, and from your stand I hardly see what you are to advise. The only way it can ever be done is to begin at the foundation and dig up the root of the evil. But, alas! what a dilemma for you! When you take away the foundation of Catholicism your own religion falls to the ground. Here, sir, is food for thought for you. It ought to lead you to the bright green pastures where Paine, Haeckel, Huxley, Darwin, Müller, Spencer, Ingersoll, and the hosts of Rationalists and scientists hav prepared the rich feasts of truth and reason which we are now enjoying. Oh, how beautiful this pasture compared with the old barren place where superstition still cultivates the soil and starves the people—stunts their brains on theology and belief! Men often go hunting for small game and bring in large game. Columbus did not start out to bag a new world, yet he did so. You can, if you will, see a point here.

MANLY A. BRIGHAM.

(*Continued from page* 649)

in others in the second stage. In no place that she knew of was it in the third. There is, she said, no stopping-place between despotic authority and absolute liberty. Authority was for the babyhood of the race, and perhaps necessary. Every sect in Christendom sets stakes and boundaries, and if a man outgrows the limits by a head, off goes that head. She did not want to destroy the churches, but would educate the people so they would not need a church. She would defend the rights of the Catholics as quickly as she would the rights of the American Secular Union. People, she said, must think as their mental organizations compel them to, but no man who would not pledge his life, his fortune. and his sacred honor should enter upon the work of reform. No one should go into the work who cares for his reputation. Reputation is what folks say of you; character is what you are. Command your own respect, possess character, and you will finally command the respect of the world. There are some folks, and some papers, she continued, "who if they spoke well of me. I should at once examin myself, and see wherein I had failed in my duty." Dr. Severance thought that it was difficult to get ahead of the times—very hard work, indeed, to keep up with them. And more difficult still is it to be really Liberal. She calls herself as Liberal as most folks, but sometimes even she harbored ill Liberal feelings. The only limit to liberty that she knows is the infringement of some one else's liberty. Her trinity is, Liberty, equality, fraternity.

The doctor was uproariously applauded. She has turned labor agitator lately in her own home, and her party wanted her to run for mayor of Milwaukee. The party carried the county, and if Mrs. Severance had not been too modest she might hav been mayoress of Milwaukee to-day.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Severance's speech, Mr. Anthony Barker invited the Pittsburgh Liberals to come to the meetings of the local Union. Dr. Foote spoke against the organizations which exercise tyranny over the people by means of narrow and special legislation. He cited the Medical Society of this state, which went to Albany to procure special legislation in its own interest. These medical and church organizations raise, he said, fifty thousand dollars where the heretics raise one thousand, but one dollar of our money goes much further than a dollar of theirs. An instance of this was the fact that while the Medical Society going to Albany raised a thousand dollars, the heretical opposition raised three hundred and defeated it. He wanted to encourage the people in the Secular Union who could giv only a dollar by these facts. Their one dollar would go about as far as a Christian's one hundred.

Sunday night the audience was a large one, completely filling the hall, and overflowing into the gallery. The program was modified to giv the audience the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Watts deliver the dialog between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle as it occurs in "The School for Scandal." Mrs. Watts is a thorough Secularist, her father training her from infancy in that philosophy, and she never was a Christian for a single minute. Applause brought her back upon the stage, and she gave "An Address to Men," which pleased the women mightily and made the lords of creation feel small. Mrs. Watts's beauty and elocutionary powers attracted the audience wonderfully, and they would hav kept her upon the stage had not the chairman introduced Mr. Putnam, who was to speak upon "The American Republic."

The substance of Mr. Putnam's lecture has appeared in these columns, and a reprint is unnecessary. He quoted from Garfield, Grant, and Spencer, the two former to the effect that churches must be made to pay their equal shares of the public burdens, and the latter as showing the indifference of the American people to ecclesiastical and political encroachments upon their liberties. Mr. Putnam took up each of the Nine Demands in turn, and urged the reasons for their adoption by the people. Mr. Putnam was rewarded by great applause as he made his points, and when he closed with "Why Don't He Lend a Hand?" the audience was ready to vote that he was as good a speaker as they wanted to listen to.

After the speech this resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the war now being waged between two of the leading sects of Christianity, as exemplified in the first ward schools of this city, is a patent proof, not only of the wisdom and justice, but of the absolute necessity, of the Fourth Demand of Secularism, which reads: "We demand that . . . the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited."

Resolved, That we do not regard Protestant religion in our schools as any improvement on Catholic religion in our schools, and that we do not pay our school tax to hav either of them taught therein.

Mr. Watts then came forward and addressed the Convention on "Religion and Science: Their Relation to Civilization." Mr. Watts is a great favorit in Pittsburgh, and when he diverged from his subject long enough to whack the writer of the scurrilous article in the Pittsburgh *Press* he obtained great applause indeed. Before closing his lecture Mr. Watts spoke against monopolies and poverty, urging the Liberals to fight the former, and characterizing the latter as the curse of the century. Mr. Watts closed with the poem, "God of Nature, Giv Us Light," and the audience voted by their applause that the poetic race between him and Mr. Putnam was a dead heat.

MONDAY.

The first thing to occur Monday morning was the discussion of a Prohibition resolution, offered by Mr. Silver, of Cleveland. The resolution stood no chance of passing, in that audience of Freethinkers and individualists, though everyone was in favor of temperance, and it was finally laid to rest upon the table.

After this had been disposed of, the subjoined were passed:

Resolved. That the thanks of this Congress are hereby tendered to the members of Pittsburgh Secular Union for their generous coöperation in the work and success of this Congress, and we congratulate this Union on its great service in the past to the cause of Liberalism, and are sure that this Congress held under its auspices will be a noble landmark in civilization, and will make a new and powerful impulse for Freethought, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

Resolved, That we acknowledge our appreciation of the apparent efforts of the reputable and intelligent press of Pittsburgh to render fair reports of our proceedings, while we equally felicitate ourselvs upon having aroused the coarse vituperation and ignorant abuse of the organ of the slums.

WHEREAS, It is with deep and unfeigned regret that the American Secular Union accepts the unalterable decision of its valiant Executiv. Samuel P. Putnam, to resign the presidency and lay down the arduous task of leadership in the Secular host; but we rejoice to know that he steps back into the ranks a loyal private, still the most eager to press forward and plant everywhere the standard of universal mental liberty; therefore,

Resolved, That this Congress fully realizes that the highest encomiums it can bestow will fail to adequately convey in any true sense the profound obligation which this organization is under to our retiring President, who possesses the fervid genius of the poet, the skill and polish of a brilliant writer, the genial warmth of the orator, and the keen discrimination of the philosopher, and who, above all, has been the American Secular Union's most heroic and energetic worker for the past four years, unreservedly devoting his time and splendid talents for but meager compensation—organizing, speaking, and writing with undiminished enthusiasm for the advancement of the Secular cause beyond that of any predecessor—for all which we hereby tender Samuel P. Putnam our sincere gratitude and devotion.

Resolved, That, this Congress recognizing the inestimable services to the American Secular Union so freely given by our sterling champions of the Freethought press, Horace Seaver, J. P. Mendum, and Eugene M. Macdonald, we hereby, as a slight acknowledgment, place them on the roll of Life Members.

Since last we met, Freethought and Secularism hav suddenly lost one of their most brilliant and distinguished champions, and a gloom has been cast over the Liberal cause. Our late President, and long-time Treasurer of the American Secular Union, whose name stands as a synonym for princely generosity, for noble ideals, for intellectual grandeur—Courtlandt Palmer—has passed to the silent majority, but his disinterested, self-sacrificing, and exalted life adds a halo to the glory and sublimity of humanity.

Born to the inheritance of wealth, his environments were cast among conservativs, but he disenthralled himself from all ostentatious and vulgar pride, becoming the very embodiment of a true reformer, for he sought to remedy the intellectual as well as the social condition of the race. He aimed to interest our American "aristocracy" in the lives of the lowly laborers; to inspire them with loftier ambitions than fashionable dissipations; to lift science and logic in the place of debasing superstitions, and, above all, to so secularize the state that the light and joy of mental freedom would be the rightful heritage of every citizen of this republic. The death of this fervent Freethinker is an irreparable loss to the American Secular Union. In an age of sordid selfishness. Courtlandt Palmer's example shines illustrious in labors for the elevation of others, for his was the truly noble life.

> Wisdom, wealth, and fame are glorious things,
> And each may grace a life to which it brings
> Its treasures to be shared—not garnered pelf.
> No life is noble with only good for self!
> Whosoever a noble life would liv
> Must toil to aid and gather still to giv;
> Succor the weakling, smooth the ragged ways,
> And with wise bounty sweeten all the days
> He hath with man—so laying down his staff,
> A noble life shall be his epitaph.

Resolved, That we tender to Mattie P. Krekel, a vice-president and co-laborer in the Secular cause, our sincere condolence in the loss of her noble husband, Judge Krekel; one whose name and fame are indelibly associated with the history of the struggle for freedom; a brave soldier, a righteous judge, and a sterling Freethinker.

Resolved, That a Committee on Grievances be appointed by the Directors to whom any and all questions of misconduct or charges against any officer of the Union shall be preferred; that if they deem them of sufficient importance, the charges shall be brought before the Board and their action thereon shall be maintained until the succeeding Congress, when the charges shall be considered by a special committee of Life Members. That any person who shall publicly or privately make charges against the officers of this Union, without giving them an opportunity to refute them before the Board of Grievances, shall be denounced as a slanderer of the American Secular Union.

Mr. Watts reported that he was instructed by the Canadian Secular Union to call attention to the Eighth Demand of Liberalism and suggest that it be amended as follows:

We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of "Christian" morality, *as such*, shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

The amending words are in italic. The amendment was adopted.

A discussion of what literature is best for the Union to circulate then ensued. Practically, the question was left to the Board of Directors. Overtures to the lecturers were also made, whereby the lecturers were to agree to speak for and of the Union, and, if deemed wise, to take up collections for its benefit—one-half of such collections to be given to the lecturers to enable them to break new ground and speak in places otherwise inaccessible. The Congress authorized the Secretary to carry out the plan if the lecturers would agree.

The Auditing Committee then reported:

With the exception of a few slight errors in addition, your Committee finds the Secretary's report adopted by this Congress to be correct. From November, 1887, to September, 1888, inclusiv, the receipts were $913 46, and expenditures $292 54 leaving a balance of $620.92.

The Treasurer's report has been received without vouchers, and the Committee therefore cannot report intelligently upon it. The report is placed on file. The Treasurer's report dates from October 1, 1887, to September 30, 1888, and the Secretary's report from November, 1887, to September, 1888. The Treasurer's report includes the first two weeks of October, which belong to the preceding year. The report shows a balance of $46 42 in the treasury.

Pittsburgh, Oct. 8, 1888.

F. A. PIERON.
MATTIE A FREEMAN.
R G. SMITH.

[There is no room in this issue for the detail statements of the Secretary and Treasurer. They will be given in a subsequent issue.—ED. T. S.]

The Congress then thanked Mrs. Lucy N. Colman and A. B. Bradford for attending the sessions, notified the delegates who wished to see Pittsburgh's iron-mills to be on hand at 2 P M, and then adjourned, satisfied with its work, enthusiastic in the cause, and hopeful for the future. After many years of hard work and trouble, the delegates seemed to think that they had at last got down to hardpan and a business basis, with an able and efficient board of officers.

The Escort Committee consisted of Messrs Barker, Hoover, Wittman, and Barchfield. Between twenty and thirty delegates availed themselvs of the chance to see iron made, and on their return thanked their conductors for their courtesy. The Reporter noticed, however, an unusual gloom on the faces of many, and heard subdued inquiries for the address of a minister and the probable cost of joining a church. A little interviewing developed the fact that they had seen huge caldrons of melted iron seething and bubbling at a temperature of 4 000°.

The Congress closed with a ball, which was a highly successful and numerously attended affair. The lights and flags and music made a festival of beauty, and in what the conductor said was the grand march calcium lights of various colors were thrown upon the marchers, weirdly hightening the beauty of the ladies and displaying the manliness of the men. Good-fellowship and sociability prevailed, and Mrs. Colman, with her seventy-one years weighing her down, marched over the floor, in company with young Mr. Marlett of Chicago, as gaily as the youngest girl. Mr. Putnam, during the evening, succeeded in stopping the music and the laughter long enough to read a belated telegram from Colonel Ingersoll:

NEW YORK, Oct. 8, 1888.

TO SAMUEL P. PUTNAM: Had it been possible I should hav attended the Convention, but was prevented by an important suit in Massachusetts, the trial of which commenced last Wednesday and is not yet finished.

I congratulate the Convention on its success in the great cause in which it is engaged, and it givs me great pleasure to say that through the efforts of the delegates and their constituents intellectual hospitality is growing dav by dav; that the churches are getting ashamed of their cruel creeds; that the thoughtful people are coming to the conclusion that a government should be absolutely Secular; that all legislation should be for this world instead of another; that all property not devoted to the public use should bear its equal burden; that all days belong alike to the human race, and that all the world should be free not six but seven days in every week; that the highest object of the republic should be to protect the rights of the individual; and that it is the duty of all to hasten the coming of the day when science, guided by kindness, shall fill the world with light and joy.

Be kind enough to present to the Convention my thanks and regrets.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

Mr. Putnam then presented, on behalf of her many friends, one of Otto Wettstein's badges to Mrs. Colman, who would hav responded more lengthily had not her feelings overcome her and obliged her to be supported to a chair. She could, she said, stand a fight better than the many kindnesses she had received at this Congress. After this the elders gradually withdrew, leaving the young and strong to conclude the session. It is understood that the festivities went on for a long time, and corroborativ testimony to this effect was discovered by the Reporter, Tuesday morning, in the failure of the young delegates to appear at the breakfast table, and the fact that Roman Staley's bookstore was tightly locked when the New York delegation left the city at 8 o'clock. Those interested in the affairs of their friends can draw their own conclusions.

The length of the Report of the Congress of the American Secular Union held at Pittsburgh, and the fact that it did not close till Monday night of this week, compels us to omit the usual Editorials, and also to issue THE TRUTH SEEKER one day late. We think, however, that our readers will overlook this delay in view of the importance of its occasion.

S. P PUTNAM will speak at Washington, Ind., October 17th, 18th, 19th; at Westfield, Ill., 20th, 21st; at Wahoo, Neb., 23d, 24th, 25th, and at Denver, Col., 28th.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Every Inch A Man.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street,
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was a blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
When in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh;
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong—
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look—
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book—
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will:
A face with a promis in it,
That God grant the years fulfill!

He went up the pathway, singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies;
"Back again, sweetheart mother!"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew;
The grandest hearts hav been loving hearts
Since time and earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!

In the Swing.

Here we go to the branches high!
Here we come to the grasses low!
For the spiders and flowers and birds and I
Love to swing when the breezes blow.
Swing, little bird, on the topmost bough;
Swing, little spider, with rope so fine;
Swing, little flower, for the wind blows now;
But none of you hav such a swing as mine.

Dear little bird, come sit on my toes,
I m just as careful as I can be;
And oh, I tell you, nobody knows
What fun we d hav if you'd play with me!
Come and swing with me, birdy dear,
Br ght little flower, come swing in my hair;
But you, little spider, creepy and queer—
You'd better stay and swing over there;
The sweet little bird, he sings and sings,
But he doesn't even look in my face;
The bright little blossom swings and swings,
But still it swings in the selfsame place.
Let them stay where they like it best;
Let them do what they'd rather do;
My swing is nicer than all the rest,
But maybe it's rather small for two.

Here we go to the branches high!
Here we come to the grasses low!
For the spiders and flowers and birds and I
Love to swing when the breezes blow.
Swing, little bird, on the topmost bough;
Swing, little spider, with rope so fine;
Swing, little flower, for the wind blows now;
But none of you has such a swing as mine.

—*Eudora May Stone Bumstead.*

Why Boys Go to Sea.

I was but a very small lad when I first went to sea—my age thirteen years and six months. Why I went to sea I can hardly say. I had certainly no clear views. Maybe the reading of story-books about the ocean life raised a kind of hankering in me; but I think it was the desire to shine in buttons, to wear a pair of blue-cloth trousers flowing at the feet, a little jacket with pretty brass-bound sleeves, a colored shirt with a collar lying well open at the throat and embellished with a black silk handkerchief tied in a proper sailor's knot, the ends twinkling to every breeze like the fly of a streamer pulling at a mast, a cap on the back of my head with a sparkling device above the peak of it representing a golden wreath encircling a flag beautifully colored with blue and silver silk. I say it was a yearning to walk attired in clothes of this kind that ended in my going to sea.

My notions of the deep were entirely romantic. I thought of coral islands, green savannas, forests of fruit trees, savages with bows and arrows, great elephants with little black men riding cross-legged on their heads, blue rivers winding toward the purple of distant mountains, with shining white cities upon their banks, where the roofs of the houses of the nobility were garnished with gold and silver and precious stones, where there were ducks that laid emeralds and hens rubies, and where there were the funniest monkeys in the world to be had for the asking. I promised one of my little sisters to bring her a box of gold dust and the ivory tusk of an elephant; for another I was to procure a bird of paradise, two humming birds, and a lizard that wasn't poisonous. To my brother Tommy, who was two years younger than myself, I promised a real canoe, and I rather think I added that if it was to be managed I would present him with a live savage to go fishing with him in it.

I knew geography pretty well, though my ideas of distant lands were a little confused when I came to think of their products; but it seemed to me that a fellow only needed to go to sea to obtain what he wanted. The world was very big, I thought, and when a man sailed into it he was bound to meet with everything that was wonderful and worth having. It never struck me that I might make a voyage to a place where there were no elephants, no gold dust, no canoes, no savages even, merely a civilized black man or two, such as you may meet any day, bland, clean, and shining, in a London street. Indeed, I no more realized the sort of country I might first visit than I did the life I must lead in order to get to it. There was a great deal of fruit mixed up in my seafaring dream; the brass buttons and the badge stood first, and then my vision was as plentifully stocked as a big market with cocoanuts, bananas, oranges, dates, custard apples, and other first-class eating.

I knew something about ships; I had lived half of my little life in a seaport town, and could talk of bowsprits, quarter boats, dead-eyes, and jibs without blundering; but of the hardships of a sailor's life, the food he eats, the work he has to do, I was, of course, quite ignorant. It has often amused and interested me since to ask a boy, say of thirteen years and six months, who has told his papa and mamma that he is determined to go to sea, what his notions of the calling are. As a rule I find them wonderfully like what mine were. It is partly an idea of getting away from school, partly the dream of becoming a man all at once, partly a fancy of pirates, buried treasure, glittering uniforms, and fine curiosities to be got somehow and brought home, the whole colored with the light of the romance which shines very gloriously upon the minds of boys when they are little, but which slowly fades as one gets older and older, till life turns as gray round about one as a cold November day.—*Clark Russell.*

Printing in China.

A correspondent of the *North China Daily News*, of Shanghai, describes a printing establishment which he found in a village in the interior, about one hundred and fifty miles from Shanghai:

The printing was being temporarily carried on in the village temple, and movable type only was used. In the large central hall of the temple were placed about twenty ordinary square tables, on which the cases of type were spread out. At the time of the visit one man was engaged in setting up type, another was printing. The former stood before a table, on which was what might be called the Chinese "case." It was a solid block of hard wood, about twenty-two inches long by fifteen inches broad, and perhaps three inches deep. The inside was hollowed to a depth of about a quarter of an inch, this depression being still further hollowed out in grooves about three-quarters of an inch deep. The block had twenty-nine of these grooves, each filled to the depth of a quarter of an inch with ordinary stiff clay. With his copy before him, armed with a small pair of iron pincers, the compositor began his work; character after character was transferred from the case and firmly pressed into the clay.

When the "form" was complete a flat board was placed on the top and the characters pressed perfectly even and level with the surface of the wooden block, the edge of which was cut to form the border generally found round every Chinese page. The printer now received the form and carefully brushed his ink over the type. Taking a sheet of paper, he pressed it down all over the form so that it might be brought in contact with every character. He then removed the sheet and examined each character, carefully adjusting those which were not quite straight with the pincers, and apparently never touching the type with his fingers. After sufficient copies had been struck off, the type was distributed, each character being returned to its particular box. The writer was told that the art of printing in this way had been handed down in the same family since the Sung dynasty more than six hundred years ago. No strangers were ever taught, apprentices being always taken from the same clan.

An Expensiv Luxury.

But the cost of running the White House is a small affair compared with the cost of the institution at the other end of the avenue known as the Congress of the United States, writes a Washington correspondent. Whew! that is where the big items of expense make their appearance. Listen to these two little paragraphs as the clerk of the House reads the bill: "For the compensation of senators, $380,000;" "For the compensation of members of the House, $1,695,000," or a total of over $2,000,000 a year, just for salaries of members of Congress. Then there are an unusual number of other expenses attending the running of Congress. For instance, there is about $150,000 mileage of members of Congress.

Then there is the snug little item of $684,000 for the pay of officers and clerks and messengers and aids to the lawmakers. There are four hundred members of the House and Senate, and to wait upon them and run errands and hold open the door as they pass in and out and carry the cards of their callers and take care of the thousands of bills they put in, they hav employed about four hundred people, who are paid the snug little sum of $684 000 for doing so. Every member has an average of about one employee, and for the service of the same there is paid an average of about $1,800 to each. To run Congress and the Capitol costs, in salaries alone, about $3,000,000 a year.

When you go into details of this thing they are positivly appalling. Think of an appropriation of $47 000 for the stationery for members and officers of the House alone during one session of Congress. Think of $52,000 for reporting the debates of Congress, whether the sessions be long or short. Think of over $150,000 a year for committee clerks, who put in probably one day's time a week in their legitimate duties as clerks to committees and the remainder of their time as clerks to the men who appointed them. Think of nearly $3,000,000 a year to pay for the collection of internal revenue, and as much more for collecting the customs. It is, however, when you glance at the figures at the end of the bill that you get the most impressiv view of the size of the government. For this bill alone, the legislativ, judicial, and executiv expenses, the total expenditures are over $20,000,000. Then the bill for the "sundry" civil expenses will be as much more, for it has not fallen below $20,000 000 in this decade; army and navy, $40,000,000; rivers and harbors, $20,000,000, and so on until the grand total of appropriation bills, for running the daily expenses of the government, including the post-office department, amount to $250,000,000 for the year.

Hold It Over a Day.

Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Some time, when a man has pitched into me and "cut me up rough," and I want to pulverize him and wear his gory scalp at my girdle and hang his hide on my fence, I write the letter or editorial that is to do the business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes and peace from his soul for six weeks. Oh, I do hold him over a slow fire and roast him. Gall and aquafortis drip from my blistering pen. Then I don't mail the letter and I don't print the editorial. There's always plenty of time to crucify a man. The vilest criminal is entitled to a little reprieve. I put the manuscript away in a drawer.

Next day I look at it. The ink is cold; I read it over and say: "I don't know about this. There's a good deal of bludgeon and bowie-knife journalism in that. I'll hold it over a day longer." The next day I read it again. I laugh and say, "Pshaw!" and I can feel my cheeks getting a little hot. The fact is, I am ashamed that I ever wrote it, and hope that nobody has seen it, and I hav half forgotten the article or letter that filled my soul with rage. I havn't been hurt, I havn't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along, making twenty-four hours a day, as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy. Put off your bitter remarks until to-morrow. Then, when you try to say them deliberately, you'll find that you hav forgotten them, and ten years later, ah! how glad you will be that you did! Be good-natured, my boy. Be loving and gentle with the world, and you'll be amazed to see how dearly and tenderly the worried, tried, vexed, harassed old world loves you.—*Burdette.*

Science Column.

That Ugly-looking Toad.

"That ugly-looking toad!" that's what you said.

Now let us see about it—let us examin it. Oh, see the warts all over its body, and the warts secrete a kind of fluid, and if his toadship gets angry, this fluid will ooze out all over his thick-skinned body! This is called venom or poison, and it is secreted more especially in those two little knobs just behind his head. If it should get in your eyes they would smart awfully, so always be careful when you are handling the toad. He has a wide mouth, and a good tongue. His jaws are sharp-edged, but he has no teeth. The brownish-black and white spots and the stripe down his back make him appear rather interesting as he sits in that squatty fashion which must be seen to be understood. "Squat like a toad," we read in Milton's "Paradise Lost."

They are very quick-tempered creatures. Once when I was among the mountains at Jefferson, N. H., I accidentally stepped on one and he swelled all up just like a ball, a milky-white substance oozed all over him, he opened his mouth and spat and hissed, his tongue darted out, and he looked at me with his great shining eyes as if he would like to swallow me the same as he does his skin when he sheds it. I apologized to him for the accident, and we parted good friends.

My dog Bonnie caught a toad in his mouth once, but he dropped it very quickly, as the little fellow threw his venom on poor Bonnie's tongue, which smarted a long time after. This venom is the toad's method of protecting himself from enemies.

There is a smaller toad, called the tree-toad. It likes to get on the limb of a tree, and there utters the most doleful and distressing sounds, and sometimes keeps it up all night long, to the annoyance of nervous persons.

The toad can liv a long time without eating and without much air, and his average life is thirty-five or forty years. We hav heard stories of toads having been found imbedded in trees and solid rocks, but this is probably an error. They belong to the same class as frogs, and come under the head of amphibia. Professor Agassiz thought toads were a step higher than frogs, because their habits make them more at home on the land, and the web that is seen in the fingers of the frog is not seen in the toad's fingers, nor do frogs hav cutaneous glands, as the toad has.

They are harmless and very useful, for they eat all the slugs, beetles, potato bugs, and insects they can find, and thus protect our fruit and vegetables from being destroyed.

English gardeners prize them highly, and even buy them by the dozen to put in their gardens. Take one in the house and it will catch flies and any other insect it can find.

There are several varieties of toads. In California there is founud the "horned toad," which has two horns on its head. It is capable of changing its color, and it sometimes appears very brilliant and sparkling in its changeable dress.

Superstitious people in ancient times thought there was a jewel hidden in the head of the toad. And in the play of "As You Like It" we read:

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Toads seem dull and sluggish, but really they are quite intelligent, and may be taught to come when called by a pet name, to eat from the hand, and to know the one who takes care of them. So you see the toad is intersting after all; it has several good qualities and few bad ones. You will be kind to the toad, I am sure, and not cruel toward it, teasing it with sticks and stones, as some children do.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—Describe the toad. What will the toad do when angry? What becomes of its skin when it is shed? What can you say of the tree-toad? To what order do toads belong? State the difference between toads and frogs. For what are they useful? What did superstitious people formerly believe about them? Can they be taught, and what can they learn?

SING, BROTHERS, SING.

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Poetry.

The Narrowing Way.

We gaze adown the bright suburban street,
And note the narrowing of the trodden way,
Till to the eye the bordering hedgerows meet,
And check the vision's farther reach or play.

"What lies beyond?" will ask the wondering child;
"Who livs and loves where we no farther see?
Is it moorland waste, or forest wild,
Or flowers, and purling brooks, and lake, and lea?"

Be sure, dear child, there's nothing in the way—
The lengthening hedgerows only *seem* to blend;
If you should start and journey all the day
Till night comes on, you could not reach the end.

We gaze adown life's path as age creeps on,
And note the narrowing of its forward course;
New friendships do not cling—the old are gone—
The way but narrows to the narrow house.

What lies beyond? now asks the questioning sage;
Who livs and loves where we no farther see?
Is it wild waste? is there no added page?
No flowers, no purling brooks, no lake, no lea?

The sage may answer to the wondering child,
But who shall answer to the questioning sage?
The meeting hedgerows are but sight beguiled,
But broadens e'er the narrowing path of age!

How can we know there opes a farther way?
The narrowing road-lines seem in truth to blend—
What 'surance we may journey through a day
New waked to life, and never reach the end?

The thought appalls! 'Twere better otherwise;
We grow aweary of the life that is—
What weary hearts, and nerves, and brains, and eyes,
Must weary wait through dread eternities!

Each duty cataloged upon the scroll
Of highest ethics, should be bravely done—
Then may the mystic map of life unroll,
And show us at the last, Nirvana won!

Detroit, August, 1888. S. B. McCRACKEN.

The Roman Catholic Church in America.

A Catholic Layman in the Independent.

The witty editor of a New York paper observed lately that a certain Irish politician, like many of his countrymen, inherited his religion from his mother and preserved it through his wife.

I fear there are many men who do their duty to God vicariously and take a good deal more on trust than they would in temporal affairs. There is generally more apparent piety among women than among men, and when the torch of faith burns brightly in any country it is sheltered and fed for the most part by a faithful few of the female sex.

Is it that men care too little about religion to trouble themselvs with its practice? Is it that the world of business or the world of science blunts their perceptions of spiritual things? Or is it that they fondly imagin that those who hav been joined together in temporal bonds of matrimony will not be sundered in the land of spirits?

Certainly St. Paul gave some hint of all which the believing wife might be to the unbelieving husband, and men hav been given to take his words for all they are worth.

Its numerical strength is the great point made by Catholics when they wish to impress on their own minds or on the minds of others the great power of the church in this country. And so far, the numerical strength of the Roman Catholics in America has told, and has told beyond all doubt in politics. But what is the real, rather we should say what is the spiritual, value of this preponderating influence? Is it to lessen crime? Is it to lessen suffering? Has it elevated the moral or intellectual condition of the masses in New York? He would be a bold man who dared to say in the face of facts that the Roman Catholic church has been a powerful influence for good in that city. And yet was there ever a body so full of vaunt of its own virtue? It is time that some one cried out and awakened the powers of the church from their dreams of self-complacent security. If the shepherd sleeps what shall become of the hapless flock?

Building churches, building schools, establishing colleges, publishing panegyrics on ecclesiastics which should make any self-respecting man sink into the earth with shame that he should be the subject of such gross flattery, is this a sign of real, solid, divine life?*

When will the pastors of the church remember Italy and France and Germany, and learn to be wise in time? No amount of political influence or authority or obedience or excommunications or threats will keep a nation Catholic if the true spirit of religion is absent.

Look at New York; it should be pre-eminently a Catholic city. The mass of the Catholic population is Irish, or of direct Irish descent, and of the most faithful Catholic nation on earth. I know well that there are thousands of Catholics in this city faithful to their God and to their religion, but who will dare to deny the miserable social and religious condition of the mass of the Catholic population? It is true that there are good and earnest priests here; it is true that the confessionals in some churches are well attended, principally by women; but is this a real test of the religious condition of the people?

Look at the exterior aspect, look at the social aspect; it is true that New York is crowded with costly churches, rich vestments, much singing, and much show, which attract the multitude even as moths fly to the flame.

But what solid foundation lies underneath? The churches are magnificent and costly and heavily burdened with debt; but few are consecrated though they are built for many years. Is this creditable to ecclesiastical management or to religion? The poor are heavily, I might almost say cruelly, taxed to pay these debts, or rather to pay the heavy mortgage on these churches, and with little hope of reprieve.

We hav before us a report made by the Rev. Father Colton in regard to St. Stephen's church, lately occupied by the Rev. Dr. McGlynn. He announces a strawberry festival to last through a whole week for the benefit of the church. He urges the congregation to send him in contributions for an immense bazar, and makes the astounding announcement that although the debt of the church amounts to $140,000, he is about to increase it by $60,000 more. It is said in the report that much sympathy is felt for Father Colton in being obliged to increase so much the heavy debt, but that he will obey the mandate of the council of Baltimore to the very letter by building schools. The old buildings now occupied by the primary schools are to be destroyed and handsome new structures are to be erected in their place. The *Catholic Review*, Archbishop Corrigan's organ, sympathizes with Father Colton, but it does not sympathize with the people who are again taxed so heavily.

The amount of money obtained from the Catholic poor will never be known in this world and is very little suspected. A priest, at his own will and pleasure, announces that a certain sum of money will be required weekly or monthly from each person; and woe to the unhappy individual if the demand is not met promptly. We know churches where three different collections are demanded and obtained at each mass on Sunday from a patient though often indignant people.

As in the case of Dr. McGlynn's successor, each new priest must do some new work to get credit for his zeal. But all this is done at the expense of the poor of his parish. The priest gets all the honor and the poor get all the burden.

The *Freeman's Journal*, which expended so much red-hot shot on Dr. McGlynn for the debt which he left on his church, is lost in admiration of Father Colton for his zeal in increasing and probably doubling it. Father Colton, he says, is "quite cheerful" about it, and he well may be, considering that not one penny of the expense will come out of his pocket, and that he will get all sorts of ecclesiastical and episcopal honor and glory for using other people's money.

The statement of the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* is amusing in more ways than one, and we giv it here. He says:

> St. Joseph is a rich and powerful friend, who has often proved himself a benefactor to others even in darker hours than now, frequently causing magnificent churches, convents, and other institutions to rise seemingly out of nothing, as in the case of the splendid building erected by the late Rev. Father Drumgoole, in this city—known as the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, but erected by the St. Joseph's Union through the medium of twenty-five-cent subscriptions—at a cost of over $350,000, not including the property on Staten Island, which, with other expenditures, would bring the total cost up to about half a million of dollars. . . . Would it not be well to try some special devotion to St. Joseph with the above intention, such, for instance, as keeping a light burning constantly before his statue until the debt is paid?

Well, if burning candles to St. Joseph will pay the debt, by all means let them be burnt. But we fear the poor Irish servant-girls of the parish will hav a good deal more to do with the payment than St. Joseph, and that it will remain for another pastor to increase.

There is an utter recklessness in the way in which buildings are demolished which certainly could be very well made to serve the purposes for which the new ones are intended, and handsome new structures are erected without the slightest regard to cost, because they are at the expense of a long-suffering people, and though the vast mass of these hapless Catholics are suffering untold misery, not always from their own fault, but too often from the neglect of those who should be their guides.

There is too often but little money to spare for helping the honest poor, because splendid schools and lofty spires and magnificent colleges are supposed to be the great needs of the nineteenth century; and the Irish bear the burden of all. It was lately announced in the New York *World* that St. Anthony's church, which is situated in one of the poorest parts of New York and was especially set apart for Italians, is chiefly supported by Irish Catholics, though the congregation and the pastor are all Italians. We may well ask what is to become of the Roman Catholic church in America if the Irish people are alienated from it as the Catholic people of Italy and France and Germany hav become?

What! the Italians will neither build nor support their own church, and it is left to the Irish to attend to their spiritual welfare! And yet the court of Rome has hardly even a word of sympathy for the sufferings of the same exiled Irish.

Reports will be sent to Rome of the devotion and care of the archbishop of New York for the Italians of his diocese; but will even one word be said of their real benefactors? Will they receive even a passing meed of praise? And in this connection, I may add, will one word be said or known in Rome of the thousands of Italians who honor Garibaldi's statue and who never enter a church? Here is a people who of all others should be Catholic and devoted to their church, and yet who hav either abandoned it altogether or do not care enough for it to giv a few cents for its support. And it is well known, also, that it is the Irish chiefly, if not exclusivly, who build and support the French and German churches.

Catholic papers, as we hav said elsewhere, are absolutely under the control of the bishop of the diocese in which they are published. They are guilty of sycophancy to an extent that is simply nauseating. In the Roman Catholic church, as at present governed, everything centers round the bishop; and for all practical purposes he is his own pope and the pope of the people. Hence the profound deference that is paid to him and which he accepts as a religious duty from every individual in his diocese. He is the local head of the church, and a number of small deities who hav to be placated are more dangerous to society than one great autocratic ruler. A Protestant bishop would simply be ashamed to accept the fulsome flatteries which are not only acceptable but which must be offered to secure the patronage of the Roman Catholic bishop. No more deadly injury could hav been done to the Roman Catholic church than the maintaining of this practice: and it will be kept up until some noble bishop rises in his might and forbids and denounces it forever.

One favorit way of laying on this flattery well and wisely is to write an article on the great increase of Catholicity in the diocese, and attribute it all to the master mind and financial ability of the bishop. No doubt a good bishop can do a great deal, but even a bishop needs help both in the shape of mind and money. In fact, the bishop needs a people to govern quite as much as people need the bishop, and to praise one party to the exclusion of the other is unjust; and injustice advances no cause.

A moment's consideration will show how very false these boastings are. The numerical strength of the Roman Catholic church has certainly increased enormously of late years, but how and where? It has increased in our large cities in consequence of Irish, German, and Italian immigration. We will let the Germans and Italians pass; the whole world knows how very little Italians care for their church. The Germans are undoubtedly a religious people; if they do not giv liberally to the church they know how to assert themselvs and are doing so.

But the Irish Roman Catholic is the great support of the Roman Catholic church in America, and let us see what is his social condition. A few millionaires, a host of politicians, and a vast population of shiftless, thriftless, ill-cared-for people. Better, a thousand times, that these people should be back in the bogs of Connemara with their pure fresh air and their pure fresh life than in the crime-haunted liquor saloons of New York and Boston. Millions of Irish Catholics hav fled to America, and when one thinks of their miserable state in this country it is hard to feel that the head of their church whom they support so loyally has not one word to say to stop this bleeding of the nation, this destroying of a people who hav loved him, one might dare to say not wisely but too well.

They hav increased and multiplied in the land of their adoption, but what has become of the descendants of the first Irish emigrants? Are they now the stay and support of the Roman Catholic church? Far from it.

In all the Southern states in every town you find names which are unquestionably Irish, "The voice is the voice of Jacob," but they do not represent the church to which by their nationality you would suppose they rightly belonged. Catholic people hav increased and multiplied in America, but they hav not multiplied as Catholics, and no one knows that better than the ecclesiastics of the Catholic church. It is a grave question whether they would not hav been more devoted to their church, more faithful to their religion, and more pious in their lives had they been allowed to remain in Ireland.

Of course the number of Catholics and of Catholic institutions has increased immensely in the Catholic church in the last few years; but certainly thousands upon thousands of Catholics hav lost their faith and either hav no religion or hav joined other religious bodies, because of the gross neglect of those who should hav been their shepherds and who are now their taskmasters. What a glorious change, what a revival, there might be in the Catholic church if the poor were made its first object!

Look at the hospitals in New York, look at public institutions, at Blackwell's Island, at the lunatic asylums, in all these places we hav found for the most part Roman Catholics sadly neglected by their priests, and let me say here that I speak of what I know. Quite recently in making a report of the Presbyterian Hospital, the number of Catholics that hav been received into it was immensely ahead of the number of Protestants—this is infinitly to the credit of the Protestant founders of the institution, but what of the souls of the Catholics who suffer and die there?

* A very amusing instance of this abject flattery of ecclesiastics occurred lately. A poem was written by a priest in which a cardinal was glorified in meter, and out of it, with the grossest adulation. Each verse had the refrain, "Loved cardinal, great cardinal;" but the poet suddenly burst into French and finished by declaring that the holy father had given the cardinal the "*coup de grace*" when he elevated him to that dignity.

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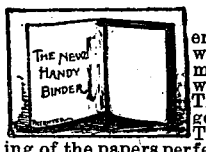
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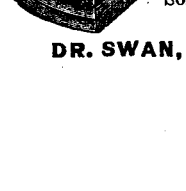
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WE hav 10,000 Catholic schools.

CONNECTICUT is one-third Catholic.

GERMANS are having conflicts with Zanzibar natives.

THE American board of missions has 2,607 laborers.

CHICAGO street-car employees commenced a strike on the 6th.

FOUR Socialists were sentenced to imprisonment at Hamburg.

LEO is preparing to receive William II. on the 19th with great pomp.

THERE is distress in Dakota caused by the failure of the wheat crop.

THE treasury department reports its women employees more honest than its men.

YELLOW fever cases to date, over 3,000; deaths, about 300. The disease seems abating.

BOHAN, the saloonkeeper who gouged out his wife's eyes, was sentenced to twenty-seven years' imprisonment.

THE highly Christian country of Abyssinia is reported "impoverished and famin-stricken to a degree almost incredible."

GENERAL BAZAINE, exiled by France for alleged cowardice in surrendering during the Franco-Prussian war, died in Spain a few days ago.

AT Reading, Pa., on the 7th, sixty persons were injured, some fatally, by the falling of the floor of a Catholic church during the ceremonies attending the corner-stone laying.

WONDER is expressed that the charlatan faith curists are not punished under the statutes restricting medical practice to licensed persons, but the law does not reach those who do not use medicins or instruments.

THE reigning powers in Germany are offended at the liberal sentiments contained in Frederick's diary, sometimes declaring it apocryphal and sometimes desiring prosecution of the publishers for revealing state secrets.

A WRITER in the *Scientific American* says: "The last twenty years hav seen more advance in the science of electricity than all the six thousand historic years preceding. More is discovered in one day now than in a thousand years of the Middle Ages, so that, literally, 'a day is a thousand years.'"

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THE pope and the czar are haggling over the terms of a proposed bargain by which they are to render each other mutual services. The main point of disagreement is in regard to the language to be used in Polish churches, the czar wishing Russian, to prepare the way for Polish annexation, and the pope fearing that the Russification of the liturgy will lead to conversion to the Russian Orthodox church.

IN the *Journal of United Labor*, Mr. Powderly demands publication of the Pacific railroad commissioner's report, and says that he heard it stated that "if the people of the United States knew what was contained in that report in the way of exposure of fraud and treachery to the government, they would march on to Washington and hang to lamp-posts every Congressman and Senator who had any hand or part in the damnable work."

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In tangled lace
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A furtiv glance,
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Adore her;
A fluffy fan
To sway began—
I bore her.

A tender sigh,
A curt good-bye—
Feels slighted;
A little kiss,
A dream of bliss,
We're plighted.

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People who take their lives in their hands and submit to the whole seas n's torture, can commit slow suicide for a few cents per day less.

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5 30 A.M.—Waking bell.
6:00 A.M.—Service in cottages.
7 00 A.M.—Breakfast.
9 00 A.M.—Temperance address in the Amphitheater.
10:30 A.M.—Lecture, Amphitheater.
12:00 M.—Dinner.
2 00 P.M.—Services in Hall of Philosophy.
3 00 P.M.—Lecture in the Amphitheater.
5 00 P.M.—Study of the Holy Land.
6 00 P.M.—Supper.
7 30 P.M.—Lecture in the Amphitheater.
9 30 P.M.—Lights out!

Any unoccupied time, which can be discovered by the aid of a microscope of high magnifying power, is devoted to the study of Greek, Hebrew, Metaphysics, Mythology, and Ice-Creamology.

Everything at Chautauqua is done systematically. The place is run on the belief that everybody is trying to beat the concern, and the concern humps itself to see that such attempts fail to ripen.

You buy a ticket of the dragon at the gate or the steamboat landing, and then hand it back to him to be punched. If it is your first visit, and you ask a few questions for information, you are likely to be punched also. After paying for your ticket, hanging up your picture in the rogues' gallery, and filing your pedigree and references in the office, you are graciously permitted to enter and absorb as much of the "Idea" as you can carry.

If you wish to indulge in a boat-ride, you must deposit your admission ticket at the boatery. If you hav left your ticket at the hotel, it is necessary to leave your watch and all the money you hav about your clothes with the boat-renter, as a guarantee that you will not attempt to escape by rowing across the lake.

A hole is then punched in your right ear for purposes of indentification in case you are drowned, and you are turned adrift. When you return your bail is returned, a hole is punched in your other ear, and you are ready to grapple again with the "Idea."

The same ceremonies are necessary when you want to bathe.

If you happen to be unfortunate enough to become detached from that priceless ticket, you are assessed forty cents per day for every day since the Assembly opened, even though you hav just arrived. The idea of this is to teach lessons of carefulness, and prevent anyone from getting a dose of the "Idea" without going through the initiatory punching process.

Chautauqua is noted for its topographical plan of Palestine, spread along the lake shore, the water-line of which does duty as the Mediterranean coast. The Holy Land is, however, in a state of fatigue. Some of the mountains and little hills, originally stuffed with sawdust, hav been made into depressions by the action of rain. The river Jordan has run dry, while Capernaum is overflowed. The Waters of Merom consist of a bunch of weeds, and you can no longer obtain anything to drink at Beersheba. The Dead Sea is full of watermelon rinds and chips, and the fence around Bethlehem needs repairing. Joppa and Cæsarea are badly dilapidated, evidently having been trampled on by the small boys. The houses of Jerusalem are lying on their sides, and the whitewash snow on Mount Hermon's summit has been washed into inartistic streaks by the summer showers.

The principal products of Chautauqua are flies, desperate flirtations, uncongenial marriages, diplomas, and ten-per-cent slices off the gross receipts of all business done on the grounds.

An attempt made last year to measure the air consumed by each visitor, so as to charge a percentage thereon, failed for some reason.

There are always flies on the victims of Chautauqua; but a diligent search has failed to discover any on the management.—*Wm. H. Siviter in Puck.*

The Career of Jesus Christ.

An Exposition of the True Meaning of this Character as described in the New Testament. By Milton Woolley, M.D., author of "Hebrew Mythology." Paper, 8vo, 25 cents.

Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Gems of Thought.

LET me put one case and I will be through with this branch of the subject. A husband and wife love each other. The husband is a good fellow and the wife a splendid woman. They liv and love each other and all at once he is taken sick, and they watch day after day and night after night around his bedside until their property is wasted and finally she has to go to work, and she works through eyes blinded with tears, and the sentinel of love watches at the bedside of her prince, and at the least breath or the least motion she is awake; and she attends him night after night and day after day for years, and finally he dies, and she has him in her arms and covers his wasted face with the tears of agony and love. He is a believer and she is not. He dies, and she buries him and puts flowers above his grave, and she goes there in the twilight of evening and she takes her children, and tells her little boys and girls through her tears how brave and how true and how tender their father was, and finally she dies and goes to hell, because she was not a believer; and he goes to the battlements of heaven and looks over and sees the woman who loved him with all the wealth of her love, and whose tears made his dead face holy and sacred, and he looks upon her in the agonies of hell without having his happiness diminished in the least. With all due respect to everybody, I say, damn any such doctrin as that.—*Ingersoll.*

IN this age of sanitary abuses our lives are mostly half-told tales. Our season ends before the trees of hope hav time to ripen their fruit; before their day's work is done our toilers are overtaken by the shadows of approaching night. Sanitary reforms would undoubtedly lengthen our average term of life, and an increase of longevity alone would solve the most vexing riddles of existence: the apparent injustice of fate, the disproportion of merit and compensation, the aimlessness, the illusiv promises and baffled hopes of life. For millions of our fellow-men an increase of health and longevity would suffice to make life decidedly worth living.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Bible of Nature.*

IF you sin against the Holy Ghost, you cannot "be forgiven, neither in this world nor the world to come." I fear that most of us will never be forgiven; for who among us has not grossly insulted the Ghost by attributing certain of his writings to a poor scribbling worm of the dust, and *vice versa?* Not only do we frequently fail to distinguish the Ghost's work from Smith's work in the authorized version, but there are a number of books which some allege to be the Ghost's and some allege to be Smith's, which are excluded from the authorized version altogether. There are the books of Tobit and Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the epistle of Jeremiah, the Song of the Three Children, Susanna, Bel and the Dragon, and the Maccabees. The Roman Catholic church believes all these books to be from the pen of the Ghost; but the Protestant church alleges that they are the worthless writings of Smith. If the Ghost really wrote them, I should like to hear his opinion of the Protestant church. If he did not write them, it would be interesting to hav his verdict upon the church of Rome.—*Saladin.*

PRESS on, press on, ye Rulers, in the roused world's
forward track;
It moves too sure for ye to put the clock of Freedom back!
We're gathering up from near and far, with souls
in fiery glow,
And Right doth bare its arm of might to bring
the spoilers low.
Kings, Priests, ye're far too costly, and we weary
of your rule;
We crown no more "Divinity," where Nature writeth "Fool!"
Ye must not bar our glorious path as in the days
agone;
We know that God made Men, not Princes, Kings,
or Priests. Press on! —*Massey.*

WITH an armed and resolved hand,
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth . . . and with a whip of
steel,
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.
—*Ben Jonson.*

EDUCATION draws out and disciplins a man; fills him with varied and rational ideas; prevents him from sinking into monomania or being excited by transport; givs him determinate thoughts instead of eccentric fancies, pliable opinions for fixed convictions; replaces impetuous images by calm reasonings, sudden resolves by the results of reflection; furnishes us with the wisdom and ideas of others; givs us conscience and self-command. —*M. Taine.*

REPOSE and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy. The Greek battlepieces are calm; the heroes, in whatever violent actions engaged, retain a serene aspect; as we say of Niagara, that it falls without speed.—*Emerson.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE CHURCH CARING FOR ORPHANS.

Notes and Clippings.

REV. SAM JONES is said to hav made at least $100,000 since he gave up the law and became an evangelist.

A PATENT for a church collection-box was taken out by a Methodist deacon of Connecticut recently. It is so constructed that the surface box instantaneously turns over, depositing each coin into a lower box. This prevents money being taken out of the box, and it exposes those who pretend to make an "offering" but do not, for the gesture is not followed by the jingle.

ON page 771 of "The Golden Manual" I find that if the pope should declare war against the government of the United States all true Catholics would be compelled to take the side of the pope against the government, and St. Thomas is authority for the statement that if the pope should curse the government of the United States every consistent orthodox Roman Catholic would be absolved from his oath of allegiance to the government.—*The American Protestant.*

WHEN Rome has spoken that is the end of the matter.—*Augustine.* Let him that desires to grow in godliness giv himself up to a learned confessor, and be obedient to him as to God.—*Philip de Neri.* Let God arise: let him repress, confound, annihilate this unbridled license of speaking, writing, and publishing.—*Pope Leo XII.* It will be a glorious day for Catholics in this country when, under the laws of justice and morality, our school system shall be shivered to pieces.—*The Catholic Telegraph.* The bearing of the Catholics of the United States fills me with hope for the future of the church.—*Pope Pius IX.*

THE *Christian Statesman*, the organ of the National Reform Association, thinks of the ladies leading the W. C. T. U.: "The heartiness and intelligence, the faith and courage, with which these Christian women embrace and advocate the fundamental principles of Christian government are most gratifying."

GERALD MASSEY, who is said to be on his way to this country to lecture, stirred up considerable feeling here about fifteen years ago by delivering a lecture that was regarded as blasphemous, and whose title was a query as to why his satanic majesty was not vanquished. Mr. Massey, who was a silk-mill hand and straw-plaiter before he was a Freethought and labor reform poet, is now sixty years old.

THE whole nation of France seems to be in the hands of the drillmaster, and large bodies of troops are constantly moved from point to point on the frontier. The strategic advantages of railways are constantly improved. All France is virtually mobilized and is ready for action. Bulgaria is also under military sway and ready for any emergency. Austria is gradually bringing her forces up to a degree of efficiency never before equaled. All of highly Christian Europe is ready for war.

MEDFORD, Mass., Oct. 7.—James Nichols, four years of age, to-day came home from the session of Sunday-school swelling with the information that Jesus had walked upon the water. It made such an impression upon his imagination that he could not be content until he had tried to do the same thing. Secretly he went to the bathroom of the family, filled the bathtub with water, and attempted the feat that was agitating his little mind. The result was that he was nearly drowned. Taken out of the water, his first spluttering effort at articulation appeared in the sentence: "I ain't no kind of a Jesus."

ONE of the first things that strikes the stranger in St. Petersburg, and still more in Moscow, is the constant crossing that goes on in the streets. Whenever a devout Russian passes a church or a shrine or a holy altar he lifts his hat and crosses himself in the fashion of the Eastern church. In Moscow the number of shrines is so great and the sanctity of some of them so overpowering that it must be difficult for the devout orthodox to get along the street.—*Contemporary Review.* Among the nations classed as civilized, Russia stands as one of the most ignorant, poverty-stricken, despotic, anti-republican, and miserable.

WE still hav divinely ordained monarchs besides the czar. William I. of Germany said that his crown was "a symbol of absolute authority from God, and not to be taken away by man." His private secretary relates that he once ventured to change the words, "Providence willed us," to "Providence permitted us," in an imperial address being dictated to him, suggesting to the emperor that "we cannot know what providence has willed." "Do you think, then," replied William, "that I could hav borne the heavy burden of this war, or that such triumphs would hav been possible, had I not been firmly convinced that Providence had willed it so, and chosen us for his instruments? Write exactly what I dictated to you." The secretary still objecting, the emperor seized the pen in displeasure and wrote in the word himself.

LATE description of the Chinese people: "Tradition and custom are everything to them. They are linked to the dead past by the unbreakable bonds of precedent; they are chained to a historical corpse. Their blind prejudice against post-mortem examinations still leaves them in ignorance of human anatomy; the functions of the heart, lungs, liver, and other organs are sealed books to them; they make no distinction between veins and arteries, or nerves and tendons. In medicin, ignorance and superstition prevail, and the medical board at Pekin, in the exercise of its profound wisdom, has sanctioned such remedies as dried red-spotted lizards, silk-worm moths, tortoise and oyster shells, dragon's teeth, verdigris, bear's gall, shavings of rhinoceros's horns, elephant's skin, etc. In astronomy, their Chaldean heritage, they hav progressed no further than popularly to believe that the earth is square and flat, and that eclipses are caused by some monster attacking the sun or moon. Their agricultural methods are of the most primitiv sort. And so it goes through all their so-called arts and sciences. They hav not the inherent life and power to break their way out of the cocoon of early superstition. Although as a nation they are forty centuries old, they are yet in the first stages of evolution. We Americans liv more in one year than they in forty; we hav made more progress in a hundred years than they in four thousand." The above is an exact description of our condition during the thousand years of Christianity before that antinaturalism began to be weakened by Rationalism and free investigation.

Communications.

More Miracles and Evolution.

So far we hav seen that the alleged miracles of Jesus were, in some instances, harmful in their result, in others doubtful, in others stupid, and in others useless—admitting, for the sake of argument, that they were really accomplished. The account of St. Peter's so-called miraculous deliverance from prison by the aid of an angel is susceptible of more than one interpretation, but if the event actually happened, it was undoubtedly a very fortunate occurrence for Peter; but unless Peter or the angel wrote "The Acts," we hav not their word for it, and it may hav been that Peter made his escape from prison, or was released, without the aid of an angel, or indeed without any supernatural assistance.

In the Acts of the Apostles, too, we read that St. Paul carried on what, in these days, would be called a little "faith healing" business. He is said to hav healed a man who was a cripple from his birth. All he did was to say to the man in a loud voice, "Stand upright on thy feet." And the man leaped and walked. Perhaps he was not used to being shouted at. It was a good miracle if it occurred, but it would hav seemed more satisfactory if he had operated on a one-legged man and miraculously supplied him with a fresh limb.

A little further on St. Paul is alleged to hav restored a young man named Eutychus to life. It appears that while Paul was delivering an eloquent discourse, Eutychus became so interested that he fell into a deep sleep—a not unnatural thing to do when listening to a dreary sermon—and "fell down from the third loft and was taken up dead." But Paul went down and fell on him and said: "Trouble not yourselvs, for his life is in him." Now, if the young man were really dead it was surely a little perversion of the truth for St. Paul to say that "his life was in him;" and if his "life was in him," then there was no miracle performed by St. Paul, and his falling upon the young man was an additional punishment to the injured youth.

And so we may leave the miracles of the New Testament with this reflection, that there was not much utility in them if they occurred, but that the miracles of the New Testament were immensely superior to those recorded in the Old.

And to come to miracles in general. What hav we to say with regard to them?

1. That the performance of them would be a violation of all the laws of nature.

2. That they are never attested by trustworthy evidence.

3. That they are opposed to the human experience in all ages of enlightenment.

4. That they are opposed to the great doctrin of evolution. And by laws of nature are not meant some divine commands which are rigidly carried out in the operations of natural forces, but merely the observed order of phenomena.

Human experience givs the very best warrant for the belief that nature's laws are uniform in their mode of operation; that each and every event is preceded by some other event without which it could not happen, and with which it is bound to happen, or, in other words, that the phenomena of nature consist of one long chain of causes and effects which is practically endless.

Now, it must be perfectly obvious to any rational creature that, if this be true, miracles cannot happen, for the happening of a miracle would be the disturbance of the whole order of phenomena, and since all events are the necessary consequence of previous events through all time, the performance of a miracle would involve the undoing of this endless series of phenomena. Feuerbach well expresses it when he says: "Who suspends one law of nature suspends them all."

The study of astronomy and natural philosophy affords us ample proof that the same laws which govern the earth on which we liv, also govern the stars and other heavenly bodies. Professor Büchner says: "The laws of gravitation, *i.e.*, the laws of motion and attraction, are, in all space reached by the telescope, invariably the same. The motions of all the most remote bodies take place according to the same laws by which on our earth a stone falls, or the pendulum vibrates, etc. All astronomical calculations regarding the motions of distant bodies, and which are based upon these known laws, hav proved perfectly correct. Astronomers hav pointed out the existence of stars which were only discovered after being sought for in the spots indicated; they predict solar and lunar eclipses, and calculate the reappearance of comets in centuries to come. The form of Jupiter was deduced from the laws of rotation, and was verified by direct observation. We know that the planets hav their seasons, days, and nights, like the earth, though they differ in length" (Force and Matter, pages 111, 112).

This learned writer then carries his illustration into other departments of physical science. He says: "The laws of light through all space are the same as on our earth. Everywhere has it the same velocity and composition, and its refraction takes place in a similar manner. The light which the most remote fixed stars transmit to us through a space of billions of miles, differs in nothing from the light of our sun; it acts according to the same laws, and has the same composition."

We possess not less sufficient grounds proving that the bodies in the universe possess two of the same properties as our earth, and the objects upon it, namely, impenetrability and divisibility. The laws of heat are like those of light—everywhere the same. The heat emanating from the sun acts according to the same principles as that radiating from the earth. But it is upon the relation of heat that the solid, liquid, and aeriform states of bodies depend; these states must therefore exist under the same conditions. Again, electricity, magnetism, etc., are so intimately connected with the evolution of heat that they cannot be separated; consequently, wherever heat is, that is to say everywhere, there must also be these forces. The same may be asserted of the relation of heat to the mode of chemical combination and decomposition, which must everywhere take place in a similar manner.

Meteoric stones—visible messengers from another world—afford a more direct proof. In these remarkable bodies, which are projected from other heavenly bodies, or from the primordial ether, there has as yet no element been discovered which is not already existing upon the earth, nor is the form of those crystals different from those known to us.

The history of the origin and development of our earth is analogous to that of the heavenly bodies. The spheroidal forms of the planets prove that they, like the earth, were once in a fluid state, and the gradual development to present form that we find in the case of the earth must, in similar manner, hav taken place in all other planets.

In the foregoing passages Dr. Büchner has admirably demonstrated the universality of the laws which regulate all bodies in the universe.

It is perfectly clear that if the laws of nature were not immutable man could not calculate with any certainty upon the happening of any single event; all the forces acting haphazard, or having no inherent qualities of attraction or repulsion, would cause irreparable confusion.

It follows consequently from the universality of the laws of nature that the performance of a miracle would mean the suspension of all these laws, and the production of universal chaos.

Secondly, no alleged miracle has been attested by sound or trustworthy evidence.

The Old Testament miracles are not recorded by eye-witnesses, and even if they were, unless we knew what sort of persons the writers were, whether they were wise or foolish, credulous or careful in the examination of evidence, we could not determin the exact degree of credibility to be attached to their statements.

That Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch is now regarded by all who are capable of forming a just judgment on the matter as beyond all doubt. It is equally certain that two or more writers contributed toward the production of the first five books of the Bible, and from their writings we are entitled to say that they were unable to discriminate between the tricks of a conjurer and the appalling phenomena of the universe.

Of the other writers we may say that they were either self-deceived or so credulous that they believed everything they were told concerning alleged extraordinary events that were said to hav happened at the time at which they wrote.

Nor can it be said that the alleged miracles of the New Testament are properly attested. Such evidence as is offered for them would be rejected by any magistrate as altogether inadequate. The question then is, What evidence is required to establish the truth of such extraordinary events? In the first place, we require the evidence of eye-witnesses; in the second place, we require the evidence of individuals who were not likely to be deceived, and thirdly, we want the evidence of persons who were not interested in telling a falsehood to maintain some theory which they believed to be true.

In no case hav we got such witnesses. The alleged writers of the gospels do not pretend that they witnessed the performance of the miracles, and if they did their testimony would not be considered as conclusiv, since they may be regarded as interested, nay, highly prejudiced, in favor of the occurrence of the miracles.

David Hume years ago laid it down that we may accept it as a general maxim "that no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle unless the testimony be of such a kind that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavors to establish, and even in that case there is a mutual destruction of arguments, and the superior only givs us an assurance suitable to that degree of force which remains after deducting the inferior.

"When anyone tells me that he saw a dead man restored to life I immediately consider with myself whether it would be more probable that this person should either deceive or be deceived, or that the fact which he relates should really hav happened. I weigh the one miracle against the other, and according to the superiority which I discover I pronounce my decision, and always reject the greater miracle. If the falsehood of the testimony would be more miraculous than the event which he relates, then and not till then can he pretend to command my belief or opinion."

Sometimes the discussion of this question of the happening of miracles is rendered exceedingly confusing by the employment of the word "miracle" in a different sense altogether from that which we are now considering.

In one sense, as Thomas Paine points out, everything in nature is a miracle, that is to say, its very existence is wonderful and strange to man.

Walt Whitman says:

What shall I giv? And which are my miracles?
Realism is mine—my miracles. Take freely,
Take without end. I offer them to you,
Wherever your feet can carry you, or your eyes reach.
Why! Who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know nothing else but miracles.
To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle;
Every inch of space is a miracle;
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same;
Every cubic foot of the interior swarms with the same;
Every spear of grass—the frames, limbs, organs of men and women and all that concerns them—
All these to me are unmistakably perfect miracles.
To me the sea is a continual miracle—
The fishes that swim, the rocks, the motion of the waves, the ships with men in them—
What stranger miracles are there?

But it is quite clear that the poet is not using the word miracle in the sense of a marvelous and supernatural event.

Raising dead people to life, feeding thousands on five loaves and two fishes, walking on the surface of the sea, opening the eyes of the blind, ascending into heaven through the clouds, these and like events are occurrences which are not in harmony with nature's every-day performances, which contradict human experience, and which, if we are expected to believe at all, would require the most conclusiv kind of evidence to substantiate.

If a man said that he saw another raised from the dead to-day, who would believe him? No one. If he affirmed that he himself was so raised, we should probably get a strait-waistcoat for him. But if he declared that somebody saw a miracle happen hundreds of years ago when there was no printing-press, when the masses were ignorant and credulous, when every event that was not understood was regarded as miraculous, Christians would say, "We believe it." But if he went on to allege that the said miracle was performed by Mohammed, they would smile and say, "Mohammed! Oh, he was an impostor!"

Each religionist denies the miracles of the other; each affirms the other's to hav been "mere jugglery," and the Rationalist denies them all.

With the truth of the doctrin of evolution firmly impressed upon his mind, with a clear understanding of the oneness of nature in spite of her multifarious manifestations, the Rationalist is fortified against delusions of every kind.

He knows that in the realm of matter each event forms a link in an endless chain of causes and effects, and what is true of matter is true of mind. Each thought is indissolubly connected with every other thought throughout all eternity. Nothing absolutely begins in nature, and nothing ends; all is change—a ceaseless unfolding of events, an endless transformation of the one eternal substance. In nature everything is natural, and the word supernatural in the past has always been the term by which man has separated the known from the unknown, and with the ever accumulating force of knowledge the unknown will gradually giv way to the known, and the supernatural at last be expunged from the vocabulary of man.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

ELLENSBURG, WASHINGTON TERR., Sept. 8, 9, 10.—This is the most ambitious and energetic town in the eastern part of Washington territory. They are making vigorous efforts to entitle them to hav the capital removed from pretty sleepy old Olympia to this handsome city of progress, and if energy and push can win, Ellensburg is sure to become the capital. I counted over a dozen handsome brick and twenty frame buildings in course of construction.

The trinity of truth seekers here consists of John L. Dirks, a young enthusiast for Liberalism, bright, cultured, genial, a careful reader and earnest student; George Parrish, an A1 self-sacrificing worker for human progress, and William Rehuike, the reliable stand-by, and universally respected, outspoken Infidel. The three lectures were delivered at the court house, the attendance increasing at each lecture. The first night the Rev. Mr. Denton, a Campbellite minister, took exception to three points in my lecture:

1. That there was no text in the Bible teaching that Sunday should be kept as the Sabbath.

2. That the God of the Bible over and over again declares there never had been, never was, never should be a savior.

3. That ministers feared investigation and endeavored to keep people from reading Liberal publications or attending Liberal lectures.

I at once offered him one half the time the next evening, either the first or second hour, to discuss these questions, and he accepted.

The announcement of the discussion filled the court house. The reverend spent the first half hour in silly, gross personalities, and then admitted there was no text in the Bible teaching Sunday observance. This was an awful shock to the Christians, for they came expecting an able defense of Sunday, especially as many of them knew that only two weeks ago he had served a blacksmith in his neighborhood with a written notice that if he did any more work in his blacksmith shop on Sunday, the holy Sabbath of God, he, the Rev. Mr. Denton, would prosecute him with the utmost rigor of the law.

He dodged the Bible God's denials of a savior, and wound up with a Salvation Army exhortation to believe in Jesus.

It was too good. He had said nothing that called for any reply, but afforded me opportunity to lay facts and fallacies of the gospel plan of salvation before a large number of devout Christians whom I could never hav reached under other circumstances. On Sunday evening I had another immense audience and delivered a lecture on "The Bible: Whence it Came and What It Really Teaches." Rev. Mr. Denton attended and took notes.

WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERR., Sept. 11, 12, 13.—Sol Center, the most able and highly respected business man of Walla Walla, had just recuperated from a long attendance at the sick-bed of an unfortunate young fellow who had been most horribly burnt at an incendiary fire at a hotel. In case of suffering or affliction there is no tenderer heart, no more generous soul, nor one more ready self-sacrificingly to help anyone in need, than Sol Center, the outspoken Infidel.

The following editorial published in the Walla Walla *Daily Journal*, Friday, Sept. 21, 1888, is testimony from a religious opponent, and gives the best idea of the lectures and how they were received:

REYNOLDS, THE EX-REVEREND.

C. B. Reynolds, formerly a minister of the gospel, but now an Infidel, and in many ways a second Robert Ingersoll, lectured for the last three nights at Small's Opera House to large and indeed fashionable, intelligent audiences. We never had the pleasure of listening to the able speaker till last night, and, judging from the manner in which he handled the subject, from an Infidel point of view, he is well schooled in theology and in the use and abuse of the Bible and its contents. He is undoubtedly a scholar, full of action, rich in language, and forcible in his illustrations. To one raised from childhood beneath the shadow of a church, whose early impressions regarding God and our savior are deep and inflexible, the lecturer appears like a bold yet not a bad man. Mr. Reynolds seems to be sincere, rational, and respectful toward those who may differ with him. He has a very pleasing address and stands there like a poet, full of wisdom and mental resources. We could listen to such a man night after night and yet after all stay where we are and not budge an inch from the glorious belief in which our fathers died. Mr. Reynolds's doctrin is full of wit and humor, acrimony, and even good horse sense, but the hope which every human seeks and naturally longs for is not there.

All three of the daily papers gave complimentary notices.

There are a host of generous, cultured Liberals in Walla Walla. On Friday afternoon we had a special meeting of Liberals at the Opera House, when I laid before them the practical plan of organization—how to conduct science schools without a teacher, etc.—and the initiatory steps were taken in the organization of the Walla Walla Liberal Society.

I go from here to Utah, and will giv a full, fair account of Mormonism as I find it.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

Intoxicants.—License.—Absurdity.

The most perfect popular government is that in which an injury offered to the meanest individual is considered an insult upon the whole constitution.—*Solon.*

A perfectly civilized man can never be perfectly happy while there is one unhappy being in this universe.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

To be nobly wrong is more manly than to be meanly right.—*Thomas Paine.*

Contact with vicious persons has a tendency to either deaden our sensibility of, or enliven our attachment to, virtue. Too many are slumbering with their morality. They rest tranquil, satisfied with their own goodness. Contentment with one's self is an exhibition of selfishness. The average moral man, contented with existence in this world, and satisfied with his supposed chance in the next, is apt to overlook the misery, ignorance, and degradation attending the lives of others. It must be admitted, if the human race has been given a mission to perform—an end to reach—that the requirements of the creator will be fully met only when true happiness has been attained, not by one individual, but by all. Universal happiness is heaven. There is no wiser way to please God than to light the darkened paths of ignorance with the bright sunshine of intelligence, alleviate the sorrows of the oppressed with charity, and reclaim the degraded. Let all who are tender-hearted survey the world, listen to the groans and witness the tears of Siberian exiles, see the thorn of poverty in the side of London, hear of the crimes and immorality of Paris, think of the poor subjects of all the despotic governments, ascertain the condition of the laboring class (even in America), reflect that human (inhuman) slavery still exists as an institution. He who can, before this array of evidence, remain stolidly indifferent, must possess a "shriveled soul." Many may think that to stand appalled at the misery and crime extant is sufficient; that is to say, they are possessed of enough feeling to notice, but lack the courage to combat. To oppose popular error is to become a martyr. The question arises, *What* can be done to improve the condition of the race? The task of making the whole world happy is gigantic. The accomplishment seems utterly impossible. But history, observation, and reason teach that the human family, in spite of tremendous difficulties, has advanced—that perfection *can* be arrived at in the remote future. Let reformation commence at home.

Let us examin into the condition of society in the United States. It is admitted by every decent person, passionately asserted by a few Prohibitionists, and realized by every individual possessing the least sense, that if there is anything productiv of immorality and unhappiness it is the liquor traffic. I do not wish to denounce a single respectable rumseller. They—those who are respectable—admit they are engaged in a mean business. They also declare the foolishness of many of their customers. This shows that even a grog-slinger is sometimes not ashamed of his opinion, a trait to be commended. Why do not the licensed saloonkeepers deserve more respect than they receive? Why not treat them decently? They are granted the privilege of selling intoxicants by the government. Their business is legalized. A righteous government would not sanction other than respectable business. What possible excuse can the majority of Christian churches hav for excluding a lawful rumseller? A person who obeys the laws of a just government ought not to be unfit for church membership. Is further argument needed to prove that communicants should not be in favor of licensing the liquor industry? All candid men will admit that every thinker has, or supposes he has, sufficient reasons for thinking as he does. Let us inquire for the reasons of those who are in favor of licensing the abominable liquor business. We will first analyze the case of the most assuredly certain clamorer for license—the rum-dealer. After subtracting those of this guild for whom we cherish notions of respect—a microscopic portion—we hav remaining those whom we choose to speak of. These proprietors of groggeries envelop a vast deal of the propensity, avarice. Ignorance is also a great characteristic of theirs. It may be claimed they are hypocritical to a certain extent to their drunken customers, but it is impossible for them to deceive the sober world regarding their character. I insist that the prerequisits of these rumsellers are avarice, ignorance, and hypocrisy.

If any intelligent reader regards this as a mere assertion, let him become acquainted with one of the class to which I allude. It is no wonder such dealers favor license. The reason is obvious. What other order of citizens believe in license? The drunkards, of course. I most cheerfully admit these gentlemen cannot consistently be stigmatized as largely as hav been their friends the gin-dealers. It must be acknowledged that there are many really intelligent inebriates—many who would never pollute themselvs by selling the beverage they hanker after.

Drunkards are avaricious—they covet drink. Pecuniary avarice belongs to the rumseller, not his victim. Drunkards are usually good hypocrits, for they seldom admit they are drunkards. I insist that drunkards are generally hypocritical, occasionally intelligent, and always covetous. What other class believes in license? The moderate drinkers. Who are they? If the drunkards are not hypocrits, the term moderate drinker is a false appellation. I rather think it not advisable to proceed further on this delicate ground. Let us run away from the moderate drinkers; they are a peculiar set. Who can draw the line? Perhaps the drunkards and moderate drinkers had better be allowed to make the distinction. Who else favors license? The compromisers. Do they drink? No; at least they say they do not. They themselvs never sell intoxicants. No; at least they say they would not.

Do they consider the liquor business respectable? No; at least they say they do not. They do not want money made in this business? No; at least they say they do not. Then why do they believe in licensing the most diabolical business in this world? Well, they say, to benefit the town they reside in. Do they not expect individual reward? Yes. How? They hope to be relieved of an enormous burden. What? A small part of their taxes. Great heavens! these compromisers are more stupidly ignorant, avaricious, and hypocritical than either the rumseller or his bar patron. They (the compromisers) also occupy the strongholds of ignorance, avarice, and hypocrisy, and they are the superior officers, the rumsellers and drunkards being merely subordinates. These despicable, compromising ignoramuses say they do not sympathize with the rumsellers—say they do not wish to make their living by selling liquor. Yes, they say so; but it is simply say. What do they do? They favor license with the intention of lowering their taxes and becoming participants in the profits of the liquor trade. Nothing is done in this world without expectation of reward. The laborer voting for protection has the intention of preventing a reduction in his wages. The prevention is his recompense. The free trade advocate insists upon a lessening of the cost of living. The lessening is his pay. Invariably the respectable liquor-dealer seeks license. Respectability rewards him. It is perfectly apparent that a believer in license is simply an indorser of the willingly admitted terrible results of liquor-drinking. In other words, he sanctions, givs consent to, the commission of crime, and with a mercenary motiv. Prohibition will never wholly prevent the manufacture, sale, and use of rum or equivalents, but it will be satisfactory to all followers of conscience who believe, if wrong is wrong, it is wrong for government to smile on wrong and say, For a certain sum of money you can wrong.

It is generally believed that in those states and places where Prohibition has been adopted just as much liquor is sold as if the business was licensed. The drunkards say just as much is used. Is this not equivalent to the rumsellers saying to the majority, "We hav no regard for your feelings. Your views are none of our business. We hav our dupes and they must hav their toddy. For you who are conscientiously against our nefarious occupation we hav no respect whatever. We still continue to sell our mind-desolating liquid, and insist upon lighting the torch of debauchery in our now darkened den of infamy." What does the drunken sot say? "What care I what the majority think? I am not a slave of government. It is claimed that I am controled by appetite, to which I reply, Yes, and say, Delightful bondage. I hav no regard for anyone, no true feeling toward my family. All I ask of the rumseller is drink. I don't care for him. I hav no respect for myself, as you can easily see by my appearance. The sum total of all I regard sufficiently important for me to consider is my appetite. I prefer to exhibit myself as usual in the school paths of your innocent children, that they may see intoxication is popular. Popularity is right. I must continue to mightily contribute toward supporting in luxury the rumseller and his happy family, and, as ordinarily, devote my mite for the subsistence of my own wife and worse than orphan children. It is absolutely necessary for me to 'cover my hearthstone with serpents' and endeavor to induce them to occupy my brain."

Why do the majority continue to allow their will to be thwarted? Why are officers elected in Prohibition states who prove pueril and impotent in dealing with such miscreants? The fault undoubtedly lies with those who are "slumbering with their morality."

The priests, ministers, communicants, and prominent citizens are the ones who should tackle this glaring evil, but, unfortunately, they are generally engrossed in a more lucrativ employment. To all who are uncompromisingly in favor of reason, I offer the following quotation from Thomas Paine, the thinker, patriot, and author-hero of the American Revolution—a Deist: "That in which every man is interested, is every man's duty to support. And any burden which falls equally on all men, and from which every man is to receive an equal benefit, is consistent with the most perfect ideas of liberty. . . . There never was a scheme against which objections might not be raised. But this alone is not a sufficient reason for rejection. The only line to judge truly upon, is to draw out and admit all the objections which can fairly be made, and place against them all the contrary qualities, conveniences, and advantages, then by striking a balance you come at the true character of any scheme, principle, or position."

I know of no better rules to be guided by than Paine's. Make use of them in attempting to solve the liquor problem and you will become at least a sentimental Prohibitionist. The man who is ashamed to defend his principles, whatever they be, or refuses to do so through mere discretion, has no principles, and is so disgustingly saturated with the odor of insignificance that he can be appropriately consigned to the shade of a skunk's-cabbage. Indiscretion is ofttimes an evidence of honesty. Wise dishonesty is ever circumspect. The world contains too many living pantographs.

EDWIN N. BEECHER.

Marion, Conn.

To—Whom?

A man! a very demigod, compared
With any of our eighty thousand preachers,
All posing as the people's godly teachers,
Of right and reason enemies declared!
Hail, great apostle of the growing light!
Modern St. George combating with the dragon
Of Superstition! Smiter of the hag on
The hip! Dispeller of the priestly blight
That all too deeply overlays the world!
Grand orator of beauty and of power,
Of mental independence the right bower!
Liv thou till Superstition's flag is furled!
Hail, champion, in reason's armor bright,
Thy title be Defender of the Right!

S. SLOKUM.

The American Secular Union.

R B. WESTBROOK. President.

E. A. Stevens. Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard. Chicago.
Otto Wettstein. Treas., - - - - - Rochelle, Ill
E B. Foote. Jr., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
Mrs M. A Freeman, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

The President to the Union.

Philadelphia. Oct. 11, 1888.

To the Members of the American Secular Union

Friends and Patriots: When informed of my election to the presidency of your institution, I promptly telegraphed my answer as follows: "Regarding the American Secular Union as an organization for the protection and promotion of the principle implied in its name, and not for the advancement of any dogma of religious belief or disbelief, I cordially accept its presidency, unanimously tendered me, and publicly pledge myself to resist all encroachments of sacerdotalism, whether papal or puritan." It only remains for me now to thank the members of the Union for this token of their confidence, and to promis the utmost firmness and diligence in maintaining the Demands of Liberalism, which I prefer to call the demands of simple justice, and an honest conformity to the Secular principle upon which our government was founded. Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Richard B Westbrook.

To care of E. A. Stevens Sec. Am. Sec. Union.

The Roll of Honor.

PLEDGES AT THE CONGRESS.

Dr E B Foote, Sr., New York city	$100 00
J O Bentley, Philadelphia	100 00
Chicago Secular Union	100 00
McMinnville. Ore., Secular Union	50 00
Denver. Col., Secular Union	50 00
Thos Monaghan. New York city	50 00
Leonard Geiger. Hudson N Y	50 00
J A Smith, Hudson, N Y (cash per Mr Geiger)	50 00
G F A de Leopasse M D, Orange City	25 00
E B Foote, M D, New York city	25 00
W. L Willis, M D, Kokomo, Ind. (cash)	25 00
E H Smith Alliance O (cash)	25 00
G Babson, Seward, Neb	25 00
A D Swan Kent, O	25 00
N Eggleston, Aurora, O (cash)	25 00
N D Goodell, Sacramento, Cal	25 00
J Sedgebeer, Painesville, O (cash)	25 00
Cleveland Secular Union	25 00
E B Brooks, Lynesville League	25 00
Marius Heighton Kent, O	25 00
Wm. Whitrick, Dresher, Pa	25 00
Abraham Schell, Knights Ferry, Pa	25 00
Coquille County, Ore., Secular Union	20 00
Coos County, Ore., Secular Union	20 00
Silverton, Ore Secular Union	20 00
Photius Fisk, Boston	20 00
Hudson Gates. Allegheny county, Pa	20 00
John D Powers, Woodstock, Vt	15 00
K. Hellenthall, Pittsburgh, Pa	10 00
Mrs L J Demerest, Alleghany (cash)	10 00
Mrs Lizzie Cutshall, Alleghany	10 00
Mrs. S S Rockhill Alliance, O	10 00
Mrs Leonard Geiger. Alliance, O	10 00
Mrs. Wm. Seville, Columbus	10 00
Stayton. Ore Secular Union	10 00
Alliance, O., Secular Union	10 00
Molalla, Ore., Secular Union	10 00
Fayette County, Ia, Secular Union	10 00
Mrs Geo L. Robertson, Chicago	10 00
Samuel P Putnam	10 00
Prof. D G Crow, New Mexico (cash)	10 00
Hon. A B Bradford, Enon Valley, Pa (cash)	10 00
Kent. O., Secular Union (cash)	10 00
Ex Rev J H. Burnham, Saginaw, Mich	10 00
Dr Juliet H Severance	10 00
T R Burroughs, Chatham N Y	10 00
W. H Pepper, Petaluma, Cal	10 00
Ranford Worthing, San Diego, Cal	10 00
Otto Wettstein, Rochelle, Ill	10 00
W. F. Freeman, Stockton, Cal	10 00
R F Grigsby, Calistoga, Cal	10 00
Owen Thomas Davies, Brighton, Cal	10 00
Herman H. Bonda, Martinsburgh, W. Va	6 00
Miss Abbie Cutshall, Alleghany	5 00
Daniel Davis Fayette county, Ia	5 00
Alex. Rick. Fayette county, Ia. (cash)	5 00
Wm Redfield. Fayette county, Ia	5 00
Lucy N. Colman. Syracuse, N Y (cash)	5 00
Samuel Luse, Waynesburgh, Pa (cash)	5 00
H. H Null Greensboro, Pa (cash)	5 00
Pittsburgh *Truth* per F. A Pierce	5 00
Wm M. Smith. Pittsburgh, Pa	5 00
John Downes. Steubenville, O	5 00
M H Woodbury. East Rockport, O	5 00
J H Huff Pittsburgh, Pa	5 00
Mrs Mary Smith, Cleveland, O	5 00
J K McIntyre. Greensburgh. Pa	5 00
C E Nicodemus, Forreston, Ill	5 00
Geo Cook Pittsburgh	5 00
J J Cutshall, Alleghany, Pa	5 00
E Diefus. Pittsburgh, Pa	5 00
Mrs. Chas McGourty, Pittsburgh, Pa	5 00
Mrs. A. E H. Woods, New Brighton, Pa	5 00
M Hoelscher, Pittsburgh, (cash)	5 00
Guy C Irvin, Warren, O (cash)	5 00
L J Kaffman, Pittsburgh, Pa (cash)	5 00
W B Mohr, Tarentar, Pa. (cash)	5 00
Jacob Tausig. Harrisburgh. Pa (cash)	5 00
Eli Wrigley, Pittsburgh, Pa	5 00
A W Cook, Shannon Pa	5 00
Mrs S W Cook, Shannon Pa	5 00
F S Montgomery, Shepherd, O (cash)	5 00
John S Byres, Greensburgh, Pa. (cash)	5 00
A Horrowitz Hudson, N. Y., per L Geiger	5 00
J. Wolf, Hudson, N. Y., per L. Geiger	5 00
William Peck, Hudson, N. Y., per L. Geiger	5 00
Francis S Brekell, Rochester, N Y	5 00
M. H Coffin, Longmont, Col	5 00
A. F. Neunert, Portland, Ore	5 00
Chas de La Baume, Uintah, Utah	5 00
Philip Cowen, Petaluma, Cal	5 00
Richard Mueller, Denver, Col	5 00
L. P. Langley, Santa Barbara, Cal	5 00
Aaron Davis, Frederick, Md	5 00
T. J. Conley, Visalia, Cal	5 00
H. C. Draver, Stillwater, Minn	5 00
Wm. A. Fisher, Fresno, Cal	5 00
D. Quarles Van Ufford, Orange City, Ia	5 00
Josephine Duane, New York city	5 00
J. Francis Ruggles, Bronson, Mich. (cash)	5 00
Barnz & Co., 24 Clinton place, New York city	5 00
W. H. Tyree, Lexington, N Y	5 00
Wm. Trumbull Lincoln, Neb	5 00
Thomas Goddard, St. Johns, Ill. (cash)	5 00
J. J McCabe, Albany, N. Y	5 00
R. H Scott, Scotts Mills, Ore	5 00
San José Secular Union, Cal	5 00
Reuben and Sophie Newkirk, Paxton, Ill	5 00
B L Smith, Forks Creek, Col	5 00
N. S. Johnson, Sioux Falls, Dak	5 00
Jacob Geier, Cromwell, Ia	5 00
Phil A Derr, Creston, Ia	5 00
B B Rockwood, San Pasqual, Cal	5 00
P. Helmerick, Stanton, Neb	3 00
G N. Hill, Boston, Mass	3 00
B. F. Hyland, Corvallis, Ore	3 00
Jas. Bidwell & Son, San Diego, Cal	3 00
John F. Kryder, Alliance, O	3 00
John Bieler, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	3 00
Wm. and John Harper, Colfax, W. T	3 00
L. Stahl, Stanton, Neb	3 00
Wm Reynolds, Wanship, Utah	2 50
Ernest J Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa	2 00
A. E. Aggess, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	2 00
J. O Thomas Clark	2 00
S. Underburgh, Stanton, Neb	2 00
E. Carpenter, Charlevoix, Mich	2 00
A. and R. Parker, Anaheim, Cal	2 00
John McGlasham, Ukiah, Cal	2 00
Chas. F Blackburn, Nicholia, I Terr	2 00
A. Severance, Los Angeles, Cal	2 00
A. W. O'Keefe, Pasco, Wash. Terr	2 00
Joel B Parker, Orange	2 00
Leon, Ia., Secular Union	2 00
Jos Haigh, Cuebause, Ill	2 00
John Jaynes, Akron, O	2 00
Katie Kohm, Ottumwa, Ia	2 00
V O Williams, Tooele, Utah Terr	2 00
John W. White, Goshen Valley, Utah	2 00
D L Evans, Goshen Valley, Utah	2 00
Peter Nelson, Goshen Valley, Utah	1 00
A. P Marsh, Palmyra, N. Y. (cash)	1 00
Miss Bertha Haven, Allegheny, Pa (cash)	1 00
F Knight, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	1 00
Alfred Augher, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	1 00
Jno A Jacobs, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	1 00
E. Price, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	1 00
A Friend, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	1 00
R Jeffries, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	50
Joe Finkelthal, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	1 00
Valer Hague, Pittsburgh Pa. (cash)	1 00
W. E. Baker, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	1 00
A Baker, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	1 00
A Friend, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	1 00
D G. Litel, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	1 00
Incidental, Pittsburgh, Pa. (cash)	1 25
Jnas. Ambrook, Boulder, Col	1 00
N R Howard, Boulder, Col	1 00
Luke Wm. Gallup, Westminister, Cal	1 00
Henry Wilbem, Eagle Creek, Ore	1 00
Wm Lindsey, Ottumwa, Ia	1 00
F D Sheldon, Salem, Ia	1 00
Robt. J Devine, Eagle Creek, Ore	1 00
Henry M. Elsander, Eagle Creek, Ore	1 00
Chas. Crane, Kanosh, Utah	1 00
John A. Geeting, Washington, Ind	1 00
A. F Smith, San Diego, Cal	1 00
W. W. Jesse, New Era, Ore	1 00

This splendid "Roll of Honor" bespeaks the interest, devotion, enthusiasm, and sacrifice which the Liberals of our land are manifesting for the cause of mental liberty. Mark well these names, for their responses to the words of wisdom and warning at the Congress just closed deserve a deathless fame among those who advocate and struggle for human welfare. They prove that Liberals are ready to advance and enforce the Nine Demands—the new Declaration of Independence—and freely giv of their substance to achieve that result. To all these the Secretary sends his salutations in the name and for the cause of Universal Mental Liberty.

Financial Statement, September, 1888.

RECEIPTS.

Chicago Secular Union,	$50 00
Mrs M J Olds. McMinnville. Ore.,	25 00
N F Griswold. Meriden, Conn.,	25 00
Thomas Goddard. St Johns. Ill.,	5 00
J Francis Ruggles. Bronson, Mich.,	5 00
George E Andrews. Pleasant Prairie, Wis.,	5 00
Frank Portugal, Baltimore, Md,	5 00
F A Day, Castana, Ia.,	5 00
R H. Schwartz. from San José Secular Union,	5 00
E Carpenter, Charlevoix. Mich,	2 00
D M. Worley, Lebanon, O,	1 00
C Vonnegut Indianapolis, Ind.,	1 00
August H. Kruger, Pacific. Mo.,	1 00
E. S Glick, $1 per G H Dawes, S. agent,	50
Voltairine de Cleyre at Kent, O.,	3 50
Balance on hand at last report,	2 40
Total,	141 40

EXPENDITURES.

To James Milleson, valuing untaxed property in Chicago,	$ 50 00
Mrs. Freeman's bill No. 2. Two hundred postal cards and printing,	2 50
Mrs. Freeman's bill No. 2. One hundred and fifty two-cent stamps,	3 00
Secretary's postage for month,	4 71
Two tabs,	50
Telegram,	$ 40
Penshading certificates, Forward, Griswold, and Olds.	75
Two thousand programs for Congress,	11 00
One hundred and twenty badges for Congress,	10 50
Total,	83 36
Balance on hand.	58 04

E A. Stevens, Sec. A. S. U.

Gems of Style.

All readers are familiar with choice selections from various writers; so much so, indeed, it is to be regretted that the familiarity with many through school-books has made them hackneyed and common. Before the age of Queen Elizabeth there seems to hav been no peculiar style among writers; one general mode of expression prevailed, and the brightest ideas were so encumbered with and surrounded by heavy, awkward expressions as to be obscured. This is a little strange, for they had examples of various and even brilliant styles in several familiar Latin authors. They had only to literally translate, to make, with little alteration, some glorious examples. Indeed, it would seem that this was the fountain from whence originally flowed the newer styles of such writers as Temple, Bolingbroke, and others. Thus, Tacitus gives an instance of a style admired by many, one of stirring brevity, in the very introduction of his History: "The period now before me is fertil in vicissitudes; pregnant with sanguinary encounters; embroiled with intestin dissensions; and even in the intervals of peace, deformed with horrors: four princes put to death; three civil wars; with foreign enemies more—sometimes both at once; prosperity in the east; disasters in the west: Illyria convulsed; both the Gauls revolting; Britain conquered and in a moment lost; Sarmatians and Suevians rising against us at once; Dacians renowned for defeats given and sustained, and even the Parthians well-nigh induced to arm against us by the trick of a pretended hero." It is too long to quote, but many lines, with the slightest change, will giv us Macaulay at his best. One more quotation: "The temples, the porticos, and the great halls around the Forum were filled with crowds of sorrowing spectators. A deep and sullen silence prevailed. The very rabble were hushed. Amazement sat in every face. Their eyes watched every motion; their ears caught every sound. It was not tumult; not the stillness of peace; but silence of terrible anticipation and high-wrought resentment."

One of the earliest of Englishmen to write in a polished style was Bolingbroke. Few are familiar with his writings. Some of his remarks are very striking from the manner of expression alone. Here are a few specimens culled randomly:

"A minister stands as much in need of us as we of him; in prosperity he can no more subsist without daily praise than we without daily bread, and the farther he extends his views the more necessary are we to his support. Let him speak as contemptuously of us as he pleases, for that is the manner of those who employ us most and pay us best; yet will it fare with his ambition as with a lofty tree, which cannot shoot its branches into the clouds unless its roots work into the dirt, from which it rose, on which it stands, and by which it is nourished."

If that is not a fine example of Bolingbroke, at his best, I am no judge; and it is a sample of fine composition.

"We hav made the quarrels of other people our own, and find ourselvs engaged as principals in some cases where we hav a very remote concern; in others where we hav none at all."

"My own unfitness to inform, to instruct, and to rouse our countrymen, some from lethargy and some from golden dreams. I may toll the alarm bell, but those of greater strength and skill than I must be called to raise and ring it out into the nation's ear."

"Some he took; some he neglected; and some he managed ill."

"Many things are disguised, many concealed, and hardly any truly shown."

I think Macaulay got something of his style from Bolingbroke—and from a chapter "On the Study of History." Letter VI—in that part entitled, "A View of the Ecclesiastical Government of Europe." The suggestion is there in magnificent description. It seems to me that by combining the best of this and of Tacitus we get Macaulay's style, the most brilliant and fascinating, perhaps, of all writers.

By the way, Tacitus, in two places, shows us the true cause of Rome's submission to her armies and her overthrow. In one place, in the first book of his History, he says: "A secret of empire was then discovered, namely, that elsewhere than at Rome an emperor might be made." Where? In some one of the armies. After Rome conquered the world she kept several great armies north, south, east, and west. In time they were composed entirely of men either born in the armies or recruited from surrounding populations. In time these soldiers were utter strangers to Rome and Italy, attached only to their generals and organization. Hence, the jealousy of generals bidding for commissions from Rome ended in civil war and disruption which despotism alone

could weld. In 30 h Agricola, Calgacus, a British chief, described to a mighty multitude the Roman soldier as he was then and had been for over a century, in these celebrated lines: "Robbers of the world, after they hav devastated all the earth they explore the sea. If their enemy is rich, they are avaricious; if poor, ambitious. Neither the rising nor the setting sun hath satisfied them. Alone of all this world they envy and begrudge wealth and want alike. Where they make a solitude they call it peace, and name plunder, murder, and rape, empire. . . . All the incitements to victory are ours; none inspire the Roman husbands; no parents are to be upbraided by flight; to most all of them is no country, or at least a foreign."

Aye, the last words are the key to Rome's downfall. How long could such a monstrous power of doing all, rewarding and punishing all, emanate from Rome, the town, and its paltry people? It was a brain whose arms and legs were "of no country, or else a foreign."

Even early in Elizabeth's age, while such writers as Bacon were struggling in the heavy, pedantic style of the time, some of the dramatists were breaking out into natural forms of grace and beauty, instances of which are common in Shakspere, such as "What a piece of work is man!" etc. Some of these old fellows, treading the path earliest, gathered the most splendid flowers of expression, and such as seemed never to grow again. Perhaps, as Washington Irving was honest and manly to admit: "We old ones had all the advantage. Anything we wrote had the advantage." He meant, advantage as American authors.

There is a rich quotation by De Quincey from Dr. Brown, which he admired as a specimen of the finest writing in our language. It is from the "Urn Burial," and is thus: "Now, since these dead bones hav already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the *drums and tramplings of three conquests*." The last words struck him so forcibly.

Here is a sample rarely quoted. It is from De Quincey himself, as whom no man ever had such a perfect command of words, such a power of putting the right word, with its exact shade of meaning and euphony, just where it is wanted. It is from the preface to his essay on "Political Economy," as follows: "Let us judge by analogy from mathematics. If it were possible that but three elementary definitions in geometry should be liable to controversy, what would follow? Simply this, that the whole vast aerial synthesis of that science, at present towering upward toward infinity, would exhibit an edifice eternally, perhaps, renewing itself by parts, but eternally tottering in some parts and in others moldering eternally into ruins. That science which now holds converse with the stars by means of its inevitable and imperishable truths would become as treacherous as Shakspere's 'stems of sand;' or, like the fantastic architecture which the winds are everlastingly pursuing in the Arabian desert, would exhibit phantom arrays of fleeting columns and fluctuating edifices which under the very breath that created them would be forever collapsing into dust."

One or two of the finest things in our language are in "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Professor Wilson in that work produces imagined conversations between himself, De Quincey, Hogg, and other famous contemporaries. For a sample of strength and terseness take the following by Hogg: "I turn to the mountains, Mr. North, and stern they stan' in a glorious gloom; for the sun is struggling wi' a thunder cloud, and, facing him, a faint but fast brightening rainbow." That I call pure diamond; perfection in brevity. I think that description and what follows it for a page will be read forever. But this is already too long. HOLT.

Mr. Benjamin Driving the Last Nail Into Mr. Freshman's Coffin.

More facts and less theology, if you please. Two boys once endeavored to outwit each other in boasting. Said one, "My father put up a French roof upon our country cottage." "But," responded the other promptly, "my father put up an immense mortgage upon our country house."

The *Independent*, too, ever since my crusade against falsehood—alias Freshman's Christianity—tries to counterbalance my writings by articles pertaining to the glorious results of the Jewish missionary swindle. Thus the *Independent* of September 6th devoted two columns to "Jewish Mission Statistics and Work." After vouching for Dr. Dallman's reliability, it presents the minutest statistics of the vast sums wasted, the number of missionaries, stations, population, *et al.* But it winds up with the most disastrous results, as it leaves us to grope in the dark as to the success achieved—the number of converts yielded. Unblushingly the article winds up: "Dr. Dallman thinks it impossible to give complete statistics of the converts from Judaism to Christianity. For a number of reasons, many of the societies do not publish statistics of their success" Shame, where is thy blush?

While the well paid missionaries and agents find ample time to receive their boodle, they then suddenly become busy, preventing them from keeping an account of how many head of converts they raise annually.

As another counterbalance to my epistles, an article over a page in dimensions appeared in the *Independent* of September 20th, dwelling upon the Rabbinowitz fizzle in Russia. As an adherer to facts, I will state that the article in question has been quietly reposing in the *Independent's* pigeonhole ever since last May. But now it has crept out in its full glory to outshine my bright and true facts in THE TRUTH SEEKER. To dwell in detail upon that page in the *Independent* would, I fear, tire out the patience of your intelligent readers. Suffice it to say that, while the *Christian at Work* some time ago claimed that Rabbinowitz baptized fifty thousand Jews in the city of Kishineff, out of a Jewish population of twenty-five thousand, the *Independent* is satisfied with one hundred and fifty converts. Thus the difference between the two accounts is 49,850 only.

But why carry the war into the land of the czar of all the Russias, when, in our own blessed country—in its very metropolis—a board of trustees comprising the most eminent divines, and presided over by an equally eminent lawyer, is represented by a man who is creating corners in faith, a son of a rabbi, playing havoc with the Jewish soul? He offers to extract old souls and insert new ones without pain. Old souls are bought and sold, the highest cash price paid for cast-off souls, with the gratifying results that a line of Jews with dilapidated souls is constantly streaming into Freshman's place of business. In fact, the rush is so great that policemen, with their clubs, hav to be called to keep back the surging crowds. This, no doubts, accounts for a policeman being called in last Thursday night to drive me away from his so called reading-room, about which we read in his sixth annual report, page 8: "On Tuesday and Thursday evenings this room is thrown open to all Jews who come."

Now, gentle reader, allow me to conduct you into the *sanctum sanctorum* in which the soul-renovator Freshman sways the scepter of faith over the faithful pocketbooks of his dupes. The glittering letters are Hebrew characters comprising the Lord's Prayer, about which my certified check for $500 was six years ago deposited with the New York *Herald* to be distributed for charity, if that hypocritical spiritual beggar, Freshman, would translate it into English. Life is too short to present more facts of the dark ways into which Christian divines, editors, and pocketbooks are led astray by that black, falsifying ignoramus Freshman.

Now the good old soul J. M. Buckley, D.D., a devout reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, not daring to come out against myself, attacks the organ where my articles are so piercing. This mode of attack only an editor of a Christian weekly is capable of making. But, my dear Rev. Dr. Editor Buckley—you, a disciple of Christ, a teacher to thousands of your readers—in fact, all the eyes of the Methodist denomination are upon you—why so forget yourself as to fly into such a passion for my innocent act of telling the truth? Like a valuable gem, no matter where it is lost, no one will hesitate to dive for its recovery. Truth, no matter where it is told, loses none of its value. The unconverted Jewish sages hav an axiom: "Accept the truth, from wherever it comes." It is true the mere name of TRUTH SEEKER is enough to frighten away the Christian press. That my articles contain the truth and nothing but the truth is self-evident, for had Freshman and his seventeen clergymen trustees, with an eminent lawyer as president, had a shadow of a doubt in my capability of proving my every assertion, they would ere now hav been instrumental in sending me up to state prison for libel for the balance of my natural life.

In order to exonerate themselvs for permitting Christianity to be polluted and uphold their own false self pride, Dr. Buckley pours out his wrath upon the source whence my truthful statements emanate. But who would believe that the secular press, whose whole business is to manufacture scandals of the highest and lowest degrees—how married clergymen elope with laymen's wives and daughters, how laymen photograph their sleeping-beauty wives in the arms of everybody but their own husbands—would now blush when their attention is called to the school for scandal at St. Freshman's?

The editors of the secular press, radiant in blushes like Vassar girls, advised me to start a paper of my own. When I offered to back my abilities against their capital, they changed the subject.

The truth-hater, Freshman, in the mean time is preaching the gospel, informing his dupes how difficult it is for any faithful Christian with a fat pocketbook to squeeze himself through the gates of heaven. As an infallible remedy he prescribes to hav the cumbersome pocketbook deposited with him, for which sum he will issue a letter of credit, bearing enormous interest, to his exchequer, St. Paul, whenever the Christian is ready to die. The duped Christian who is familiar with Christianity's teaching, that in order to die rich, one must liv poor; in order to die happy, one must liv in misery, parts like a fool with his shekels. Freshman, like the fox in Esop's fable, walks off with the boodle smiling. In order to make the contents of the pocketbook doubly safe he invests it in faith, which he and his good wife can solace themselvs with whenever their stomach is empty or a new spring bonnet is needed.

Such a mode of falsification is guarded against being revealed by eminent divines and editors. But the cat was let out of the bag by a certain Christian minister who, I promising not to divulge his identity, said: "Why, my dear sir, the actions of the clerical trustees, president, and editors are as clear as daylight. They who know your capability of proving every assertion you make against Freshman, are afraid that the questions propounded by you will be a difficult task for both Freshman and themselvs to answer. Hence their supreme silence."

If such be the case, I will say that I pledge myself to question only on such points as neither Christian layman nor minister is expected to know. In fact, I will touch upon no point of theology whatsoever. I will confine myself solely to Freshman, whom I intend to catch in his own trap, and then prove his falsifying, black character, that he is obtaining Christian money under false pretenses. Should I fail to substantiate my assertions, I pledge myself to make my apology as public as my accusation, with a fair prospect of becoming a modern St. Paul in place of an ancient Saul of Tarsus.

But alas! Christianity, with boy preachers and men cheaters, with seventeen of its most eminent divines, besides eminent editors, are kept at bay by whom? By a Jew born and raised in barbaric Russia, where his soul and body were fettered by the shackles of persecution and bigoted fanaticism, but who for the last decade and a half inhaled some whiffs of freedom of thought, and already succeeded, fourteen years ago, in silencing the bombastic talk of Freshman's partner in trade, Ex Rabbi Missionary Emanuel Stamowitz as my letter in the New York *Herald* of Feb. 15, 1874, will demonstrate. This, of course, is too well known to the present backers of Freshman & Co. Hence they tremble in their divine shoes, not daring to meet truth face to face.

To recapitulate, I will say that Freshman & Co., upon whom thousands of dollars are spent annually to promote Christianity among the Jews, not only waste that money but help to promote falsehood, cheating, and depravity of the worst form. Again, the hirelings of the Freshman type are an insult to the intelligent Jew, besides adding fuel and helping to feed the blazing fires of Infidelity.

Since such despicable, disgraceful, mercenary, convert mongering institutions are guarded by falsifying statements written and printed by both pulpit and press, it is conclusiv evidence that both clergy and editors are protecting their own bread and butter, as the millions appropriated for missionary work, directly or indirectly, find their way into the pockets of minister and editor.

As I intend to take leave, for the present, at least, of THE TRUTH SEEKER I wish to extend my sincerest thanks for the use of its columns. "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed." You hav the most sacred mission on hand—to stamp out falsehood with your extinguisher,

THE TRUTH SEEKER. A BENJAMIN.

To a Brooklyn "Son of Thunder."

Great spouter, shouter most horrisonous!
Whose legs and arms keep wonderfully busy,
Whose wild grimace is nothing if not dizzy,
Whose mouth a bleak void is and cavernous.
An ape in action, parrot-like in speech,
With ganglionic nerves of India-rubber—
Befitting, possibly, a devil drubber—
Quite fit thou art the Holy Queer to preach!
Grotesque, uncouth contortionist art thou,
A veritable jumping jack in motion,
Moved by hypocrisy, or fetid lotion
Distilled from Superstition's reeking slough!
Some thusly think of thee, O pampered pastor,
And thou the Champion Theologaster!

SI SLOKUM.

W. F JAMIESON will soon commence his winter lecture tour, and has already received letters from Alamosa, Longmont, Col; Fairmont, Minn; Rockport, Red Oak, Mo; Wilber, Neb; Shenandoah, Iowa. To save unnecessary travel Liberals in those states mentioned, and in Kansas, should address him promptly at Monte Vista, Col., and dates for lectures will be assigned as soon as route is made up. He will receive subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER, *New Thought*, and *Freethought*.

CHARITY is the greatest of all Christian virtues, and consists in loving with our whole hearts a God with whom we hav but the very slightest acquaintance, or his priests, with whom we are very well acquainted indeed. It moreover requires us to love our neighbor as ourselvs that is, provided he loves God and his priests and is beloved by them, otherwise it is charity to murder him. But the most genuin and efficacious charity is that which greases the paws of the priests; such charity covereth a multitude of sins.—*Voltaire.*

Communications.

The "Good Book."

In reading the "holy scriptures" we are every now and then made to stumble on strokes of policy of the great I Am toward his chosen people so ineffably mean, so shabby, so disgusting, in fact, that a feeling of positiv refreshment follows their recital—thankfulness that other arguments hav been added to fortify our repudiation of all claims that he is the "Lord God Almighty before whom every knee shall bow and whom every tongue shall confess."

Not to his dear Hebrews alone did he confine his low, unseemly treatment. Waiving his Egyptian eruptions of divine anger, the Assyrians came in for a share of his degrading savagery, a savagery unworthy an ugly boy, even. Because they knew not the manner of the gods of the land, he sent lions among them, and "behold they slew them"—leaving the reader in doubt who were the slayers, the Assyrians or the lions.

A queer lot of missionaries to send among a nation as instructors. But not to educate them were they sent, but to giv them to understand that "they must fear the Lord." We are told in the same holy pages that "the sin of ignorance God winks at." He was "not i' the view" to wink then, doubtless.

In the next chapter we find the Assyrian envoy, Rabshakeh, telling Hezekiah, the Jewish representativ, that "the people who sat upon the walls shall eat ——" well, something so utterly offensiv that I refuse to mention the words, giving my readers chapter and verse (2 Kings xviii, 27).

In the chapter following we find the great Jehovah back at his old ferocities: "The angel of the Lord smote in the camp of the Assyrians one hundred four score and five thousand, and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses." Live corpses would be startling enough, but corpses arising early in the morning must hav been stunning. Reading along, the same beastly blundering history is continued.

"On horror's head horrors accumulate."

And yet we find a mind in our day, a mind of such splendid proportions as to be fitted to rule a great nation, holding in his keeping the best interests of millions; a mind disposed to be merciful and just, but so besotted by his early teachings on the subject of the Bible—characteristic of his country, Scotland—as to demand for its contemplation and discussion a "reverential calm." And this, while all over civilization the claims of the "sacred volume" are being disputed. The ex-premier must be content to find in and around Hawarden, in auld Scotland, the land of the great apostle John Knox, the "reverential calm" he calls for. And there he will find it in all its groveling saintliness. And yet in many parts of the lowlands he will find the claim disputed, a fact of which he cannot be ignorant.

I remember well the show of reverential calm which, glamour-like, shadowed all faces at the reading of the "holy book." The dark spell was known alike in lordly castle and in humble shieling—

Frae Maiden Kirk tae John O'Groat's.

On muir, on hill, or dale, in lowly glen, soon as the lids were parted, down flopped the reverential calm, blotting out all cheerfulness from face and mien, muffling the ears against all nasty passages, while the reader glazed them over by the aid of "holy tones."

"And let us worship God, he said with solemn air," the announcement bringing the pious gloom of the inquisitor over the face, giving to each the expression which usurped the countenance of Daniel O'Connell when he sat down to dine at the hotel table where I saw him upward of fifty years ago; a moment before, genial as sunlight, then black as horror, the natural expression veiled by the saintly abjectness imposed by mother church in "grace before meat."

But for the restless buoyancy, the pliant tendency, inherent in the human mind, a pliancy the result of perpetual counteractions springing up through life, it might be regarded as impossible to relieve Christianized society of the long poisoning process of Catholicism; and when I say Catholicism, I embrace all the sects. For out of the early church organization all the others sprung, each being the merest modification of the parent, just as the parent herself was a modification, along with certain additions, of beliefs dating back beyond history. From the nursery of the first trumpery organization all other sects hav had birth, each being indebted to the same original diablerie for their altar nourishment. How it came about that the people of the land of the great ex-premier consented to drop Druidism and join "holy mother church," and then in after years to accept the invitation, "Come out of her, my people," is explainable only on the hypothesis that the Sawnies had so much of the "Wha's like us?" in their make-up, so strong a tendency to individualism, that they preferred to hav a pope of their own, or, if not a pope, at least a chance to hav an ecclesiastical head who could speak to them in the pure Doric of the hills—a vernacular to which they religiously clung, it being, up to 1815, patriotically regarded as not straining the national vanity to suppose that even God favored it to the degree of being confused when addressed in French. "Eh, mon," quoth granny, "oor lads a' prayed when they began tae fecht, and that's the way they threshed the French at Waterloo." "But, granny, the French prayed just the same," said the grandson. "Ooh, maybe," rejoined the dame, "but who can un'erstan' their bletherin' yatter?"

Fifty years ago, veneration for an object found its acme in the crawling adoration of the Bible as evidenced by all classes in Scotland.

When dusting the few books seen on the mantel shelf, the pleasant lilt of the lassie, as she put the volumes back into their places, became hushed as she carefully took up the treasured "book o' books," and, drawing the dusting-cloth with gingerly movement over boards and binding, replaced it with a show of "reverential calm" that would hav charmed the venerable master of Hawarden.

Fifty years ago, the holy "Sabbath calm" of a Scottish Sunday, in the great city of Edinburgh, might hav been said to be not only palpable to the eye, but tangible to the touch, so apparent was it to the apprehension of all who had seen its streets from Monday to Saturday; busy as beavers through the week, dead on Sunday. On the long stretch, walled on either side by high, ungainly-looking ancient houses—in "Bonny Mary's" time the homes of titled retainers of the royal court—a stretch reaching from Holyrood palace to the beetling castle—a fortification the rudimentary construction of which antedates the history of Scotland—on this stretch now liv many of the most destitute of the city, who hav become so utterly subjugated by Presbyterianism that on Sunday no noise is heard of drunkenness or quarreling, the usual noises of the Scottish poor. The dread of John Knox, whose statue occupies a niche in a salient corner in the least savory part of the street, having apparently the same effect on them as the dread of the red man had on the infant of the early settler, the frightened mother hushing it with the whispered word, "Indians." Even the measured tramp of the soldier seemed noiseless, as, Bible in hand, *sans* pomp of banner or music, he marched to the "sanctuary."

No sound was heard save the church-going bells,

all pealing in jangling dissonance, from the deep-toned jar of the ancient Tron, to the silvery tinkle of some modern new town steeple, inviting worshipers to hear the gospel preached and the "gude beuk" read—

How Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire.

Four lines sufficiently biblical, all will admit.

The policeman, usually on the alert, sauntered along, with sanctimonious tread, humming God's praise in psalmody, while he hugged his baton.

About the time I speak of, cholera came to pay the "auld toon" a visit. I say "auld toon," knowing that the new town had but little share of attention from the pest. An awful dread fell upon the churchgoers; a dread the ministers resolved to professionally profit by. A number of them clubbed together and signed a circular to the premier in London, asking him to appoint a day of fasting and prayer to avert the scourge; an appeal eliciting the following reply: "Go home," said the great statesman to the orthodox committee, "and purify the dwellings of the poor, and complete your system of city sewerage. It will be quite useless to pray till these things be accomplished." Good for "Pam!" We ought to know that as filth and general neglect of sanitary precautions are in the question of health in the community, so are poverty and ignorance in the matter of its moral well being. Oust these curses from society, and the devil, there being no further use for him, dies.

We may with safety say that there is nothing among the knowable to stay the course of progress in society. The dwellings of the poor are not left to prayers to purify them. People know better than to trust to any agency outside of science to neutralize contagion in any form, epidemic and endemic alike refusing to be budged by prayer from pew or pulpit, priest in full canonical or layman in clouted shoon. The dwellings of the poor are less filthy than they were; society demanding through organized committees of intelligent laymen, uninfluenced by priests, to see to it that they shall be kept less filthy; the intelligent among the rich uniting in the demand for self-preservation if nothing more. Systematic drainage, too, is an acknowledged public necessity; cities vying with each other in the perfection of their channels. How many ministers in Auld Reekie, old smoky Edinburgh, could now be found to sign requests for days of fasting and prayer to avert anticipated ravages by causes so transparently beyond the reach of beseechments from altar or pews? Fasting and prayer as antidotes in the treatment of disease retire as science advances—faith cure to bring up the lagging rear.

That Scotland is being purged of Bibleism is made apparent in its land movement, and to a degree not appreciable to the ordinary observer.

Among no class of people was the influence of the minister so abjectly felt as among the crofters of the north highlands. Holding their lands so as to admit of rack-renting, a practice as heartlessly followed as ever it was in Ireland; the screws of the titled landowner were at all times mercilessly applied by the factors, the minister the while counseling non-resistance, fortifying his teachings by tid-bit texts from the "holy scriptures" in favor of the landlord, interlarding the same with deceptiv promises of compensation in after life—a cunning fraud, the bane of the ignorant laborer's life, through all the centuries of Christendom drugging the poor with its poison, cursing the springs of life from birth to death. On the land of the dukes of Argyle and Sutherland servility was made to reach down to depths of degradation scarce paralleled in religion-and-state-cursed Spain. And not until the luxurious robbers found they could make more money by raising sheep and renting shooting-boxes in the game season to wealthy denizens of the city than they could by renting their glens to men whose ancestors had cultivated their simple limits for centuries beyond the occupation of the country by the Gauls; men whose modern fathers had raised sons for the army, and had given their best strokes in battle for their kings—and even for the establishment of the present dynasty, although, in the last instance, against their will, many preferring "royal Charlie," did the worst come—sending thousands away from their homes and acres by eviction, moneyless and hopeless, to compete with lowland laborers.

Not by dukes alone was the law of eviction let loose upon the humble cultivators of the crofts. The smaller lairds availed themselvs of the same legal apparatus for dislodging the "serfs of the soil"—what else was their status? One of the lairds on being remonstrated with for his brutality, replied: "I keep my lands to make money by, just as the merchant keeps his shop open. I can make more money by raising sheep than I can by keeping men upon my acres; therefore I order the men off." "And where can the wretched dispossessed go?" urged his interrogator. "They can go to hell," was the rejoinder. So that we find the sentiment of the rich New Yorker, "The public be damned," echoed among the glens of Scotland, with an added emphasis in both word and deed. It is the universal dictum of mammon. Is it to be wondered at that the streets of Paris echoed to the cry, "*A bas l'aristocrat!*" or that in our day London is kept in a state of frenzied dread from hour to hour by hungry Socialists clamoring complaints in Trafalgar square? Like causes produce like effects.

No doubt there are trifling zealots, mulish dogmatists, who hug the delusion that "the Lord will settle all these difficulties in his own good time," a phrase much in vogue among the men of the pulpit and the pew during the Abolition movement immediately preceding the last war. "*Vox populi vox dei*" was the well-established aphorism of the ancient. The voice of the people is the voice of God, is still the well-attested truism of humanity. It is the practical language of wisdom. Man and God are the same at all times.

There is no interference with national affairs mentioned in honest history at all corresponding to the Bible accounts of worshiping golden calves, and the atrocious visitations of "divine wrath" following the nonsensical orgies; no announcements of "kindling the anger of the Lord" to the degree of tumbling an entire people into banishment; nothing in the program of the nations of commissioning butchering angels to interfere with the census to the degree of lessening the number of voters to the tune of "one hundred fourscore and five thousand" good men and true.

On what possible basis would nominees of parties speculate on majorities if such interference were still popular in divine circles? What, too, would editors of daily papers do, restricting as it would their claims to political prescience? What would become of betting on elections and the thousand and one other features of daily life? Pshaw! the humbug stories must dry up and shelve with Baron Munchausen and sich.

"The Lord helps them as helps themselvs," as one of my neighbors said the other day—a formula pretty generally accepted, and in effect giving the "God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob" a respit for all time.

A long good-night to Marmion.

The introduction of the Socialist element among the peoples of civilization is an assurance that humanity is bound

To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
And dare assert none lordlier than themselvs.

The crofters of the isles hav done so. And whatever of hindrance may follow in the wake of their initiativ, they may be counted on forever after. They cannot be blotted out of the great program of human redemption. Once a Socialist, always a Socialist.

Le Roy, N. Y. 74.

Bondholders, Churches, and Saloons.

Yes, the capitalistic element, the bondholders, in Europe as well as in America, and who wear the stars, hav, by and through bribing, giving "retainers" to the shysters and tricksters, called lawyers and judges, swindled the poor and middle-class people, who bear the stripes, out of so many billions of "dollars" that now our flag may very appropriately be called the Star Strangled Banner. Just consult Webster as to the definition of the word bribery.

Our United States national debt, just after the slave-mongers' rebellion, amounted to about $3.000,000,000. It is now reduced to less than half that amount, and is at a reduced rate of interest; and still it is greater than it ever was before.

Now, to the average American gawky in the Benighted States this may be a paradox. But when he is led to see that, by and through the contraction of the volume of our money, from about $55 down to about $11 per capita, the wealth-measuring capacity of each "dollar" is equal to about three of the "dollars" of 1865 and 1866, and that now it requires more labor, converted into corn, wheat, horses, cattle, sheep, chairs, buggies, pianos, or any other kind of wealth, and then into cash, to pay the total annual interest on our national, state, county, or city debts, than it did during any past year, the scales begin to fall from his poor benighted eyes, and he begins to see why it is that the capitalistic bondholder cares nothing about the *number* of "dollars" of wealth that he may possess; but what he does care particularly about is the amount of wealth—labor in any form—that each of those "dollars" will measure from the possession of other persons into that of himself. Now, are we poor, average American gawkies in the Benighted States, or am I harsh? Please scratch yourself and wake up, and let us hear from you, fellow truth seeker. The tariff issue is all bosh, to gull and mislead the gawky.

I hav just read in the New York *Morning Journal* that Mr. Warner Miller, candidate of the Republico-rebel wing of the Democro-Republico-rebel party for the position of governor of New York, in an address to the people of Brooklyn last night, Sept. 17, 1888, said: "A New York politician once remarked that he would rather hav the saloons, the whisky-shops, behind him than the churches. I think that man made a mistake. For my part, I would rather hav the churches." Now, why the churches? True, the saloons hav done and are now doing a woeful sight of harm, and they should be prohibited from doing so. But just think of Galileo in chains by the church for teaching truth and science *versus* superstition, humbug, falsehood! Think of the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, the most consistent part the church ever played! Think of the rivers of blood the churches hav spilled only to keep the people in darkness and in drudgery! The churches and saloons are about alike. They each produce their peculiar form of drunkenness, hallucination, lunacy, *delirium tremens*. He who "has it bad" of either kind imagins that he is in great danger of being attacked by snakes, worms that die not, devils, gods, ghosts, spooks, angels, beings of human form, with wings, with or without feathers, countless monstrosities. Well did Rev. Mr. Jansen, of Iowa, say that if a man will but get drunk occasionally he can more readily believe in Christianity! Reason is the brightest jewel studded in the human mind, and, as with a post set in the ground, if it be tilted in any particular direction, it can then be more easily tilted in any other direction, and, finally, entirely dislodged. If the Republico-rebel wing elect their candidate to the presidency next fall by a very small and questionable majority, and the Democro-rebel wing count him out, and, if necessary, fight him out, tit for tat, they shall hav my aid, and in that case the Republico-rebels need not hope for an unconstitutional (*ex post facto!*) pardon such as they extended to the Democro-rebels. A party that willfully and traitorously stings itself to death just to hav another war for bonds, should eternally die.

New York, Sept. 18, 1888. G. N.

Satan.

In "reverential calm" I sit, as hush and quiet as a hard-boiled egg, as unwhipped cream, molasses when it does not "work," hard cider when the farmer is asleep, accounts that do not "run," "dead issues," frozen pork, as sorrows drowned in gin, as Philadelphia, and other quietnesses far too numerous to mention here. And why and wherefore do I sit in this environment of hushness of calmness, not to say calmness of hushness? Simply because I am about to approach Satan, and Gladstone says all sacred subjects embraced in the Sacred of Sacred—ye Holy Queer—should be approached when one is invested with the aurora of "reverential calm"—truly "reverential," and no brummagem substitute, you know.

To the best of my knowledge and belief, one may wade through the blood, filth, and hocus-pocus of the Holy Queer until he comes to the "book of Job," the eighteenth of the aggregation, without meeting His Satanic Majesty, but on the very threshold of the eighteenth "book" he runs plumb against the "adversary," and so abruptly as to startle him greatly and break up entirely the "reverential calm" in which he "approached" said threshold. Beyond mere mention, somewhere in Kings, one gets no intimation of the existence of H. S. M., and to meet him face to face, so unexpectedly, in Job, not only startles and thrills, but, later, casts one into the slough of enervation, when, if he wishes to be hoisted out, he must "hoist in something" without delay.

It was on the "holy seventh day," I take it, the one day "sanctified," when all nature, inanimate and animate, including rams, grasshoppers, busy bees and billy-goats and things, lay wrapped in "reverential calm" forty-horse-power hushness to the square inch, that certain of the "sons of God," residing in Uz, "came to present themselvs before the Lord, and Satan came also among them"!—the exclamation point does not appear in the H. Q., but the incident—the event—would justify an entire line of them. "And Satan came also!" Whew!—Great Jones! but isn't that a startler?

Satan among the "sons of God," and they content, for all we know to the contrary. With not a word descriptiv of his personality or peculiarities, up to date of Job's "book," with only a mere mention to the effect that "Satan tempted David to number Israel," nothing very heinous, but showing him to hav been a tempter, yet not so diabolical as the one who "did tempt Abraham" to murder Ike, here he is put before us in person, pert, palpable, and "pot-bellied," judging from his response to Jahveh's brusque and impertinent query. A very strange and trivial introduction of so important a personage, I think; one who, as alleged, is a most tremendous factor in the disposition of affairs mundane, as far as these relate to mortals, and who has been termed a rival of Jahveh in pursuit of "souls," but who is no rival, unless the sun is rival with a penny dip, or maiden fair with railway fare, being the soul-grabber *par eminence!*

But Satan having been sized up for our delectation, since the writing of "the book," by pulpit painters of the preposterous, working in "distemper" with gall and iron, painting him than Erebus much blacker, so, blacker far than he could be, if a reality; delineating him as one of horrid form, with horns and hoofs and barbed tail, and mien too terrible for anything; having thus pictured, and given him a history that's just too awful, why, we know all about him, of course, thanks to these artists in black who produced a nocturne that once did fright the world from its propriety, but doesn't scare worth a cent today.

"And Satan came also!" He did, eh! Well, "the book" says so, and that's enough. But where had he been all the long time "previously before" that day? He says he had been "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it." This is altogether too indefinit. It is too general and spready. It is "by and large" to a fault. It is too scattering, spreading everywhere but touching nowhere. No district attorney, unless a "simple Christian," would accept that answer, yet did Jahveh without a word! He "knew his man," probably. Now, I hav a notion that H. S. M. had been wrapped up in a "reverential calm" of the calmest and most reverential sort, previous to that time, or we should hav heard of him in connection with the deluge, Sodom and Gomorrah, that truly awful affair of the golden calf, cast and mounted for god business while Mose was on the mountain engaged in god business of another sort, and other affairs in which it would seem that he ought to hav had a hand.

What brought him out of that "reverential calm," and in form as palpable as that of pudding, peat, or porcupine? Why, he had just heard of Job, a citizen of Uz and ranchman of renown, of whom Jahveh spoke in the highest terms, though indulging in hyperbole to some extent, I think, when he declared that there was "none like him in the earth," and who, of course, must just hav rioted in "reverential calm," with all the fancy trimmings A1 righteousness affords. Hearing how Job was reveling in a genuin "r. c.," with trimmings, and not understanding how such a thing could be with man, and overcome him (Satan) like a sudden shower, he broke out of the "r. c." enveloping him, as a chicken out of the shell, or a pimple out of the skin, and struck out hot foot for Uz to see about it, you know; and of the ways and means he employed to break up that beatific "r. c." of Job's, "Barkis" in the person of Jahveh being "willin'," you hav all read, of course.

Now, none can approve of Satan's proceedings in Job's case, but all must condemn them, I think; yet how are they to look at Jahveh's hand in that game of "brag"—that's what it was, no more, no less, on the part of Jahveh? It was a bet between the high contending parties. Jahveh bet Satan—no, Satan bet Jahveh that Job would bounce out of the "r. c." under sufficient provocation, Jahveh betting he wouldn't, and giving Satan *carte blanche* to work the racket on Job as he pleased, only he wished him to "save his life."

How was this "saving" clause, in form of a request, from an alleged "all-powerful" being to a creature of his, powerful, but not, presumably, "all-powerful?" Either the one was overrated and the other underrated, or the latter was as many guns as the former, whether the caliber was "a. p." or lighter. It looks to me from the reading in the H. Q.—"but save his life"—and Jahveh must hav known whether he was writing himself down correctly or not, that, had Satan willed to kill Job, Jahveh cou dn't hav helped himself! Still, I am willing to admit that it may be a fault of my understanding, to which this strange request is "insoluble."

Satan, in this affair of Job's, stands head and shoulders above Jahveh, I think. He didn't put Job to the torment from pure cussedness, and for the sake of seeing him writhe and hearing him groan and cuss, but to gain the end in view, indifferent, of course, to the victim's sufferings, which indifference was not to be wondered at, he never having posed as a being of "love and mercy;" besides, if not an enemy, he was not a friend of Job, while the latter was an open and avowed enemy of his from way back. To take up Jahveh's side of the case, you find him, a friend of Job, let him tell it, Job being his friend indisputably, a Stalwart of Stalwarts in the matter of faith—you find Jahveh allowing the "arch enemy" of God, and, as alleged, of man, which allegation I deny, defying the alligator, to go for Job in a way that was painful to observe, especially in view of the extremely friendly relations existing between the God of Paradise park and the man of Uz!

You may say there was no cussedness evinced by Jahveh when he allowed this thing to go on; you may claim that he was not indifferent to Job's sufferings, but groaned in spirit on account of them. Claim not allowed. I am on the bench and doing this thing myself. I charge that he was indifferent, or he never would hav allowed the job, which he really put up himself, to go on to completion, after seeing it started; and indifference, in his case, was brother to cussedness, and twin brother at that, as I look at it. Why, the difference between the indifference of Jahveh and that of Satan represents a distance as wide as a gulf, if the gulf is very wide. As there are times in the affairs of men, and Gods, when a blunder is a crime, so there are times when indifference is cussedness, pure and simple; and that was one of the times, if ever there was one! To come down fine, I think it is drawing it mild, devilish mild, to call it indifference on the part of Jahveh, who, in cold blood, told Satan to go ahead and inflict Job to the extent of his ability, short of the *coup de grace!* The "loving and merciful father" who permits a loving and dutiful child to be afflicted as was Job, is no company for me, but would suit the late Signor Torquemada to a dot.

Satan skips, rather ashamed of himself, I think, after failing to bring Job to the point of cursing God, as he was advised to do by Mrs. J., and does not put in an appearance again, as far as I know, until the advent of the famous God-begotten one, when he bobs up serenely with a princely offer to the "O. B. S.," which is brusquely declined without thanks. After this second fiasco he is heard of no more. Whether he "slept with his fathers" or not, deponent sayeth not. The parsons, who call him the "devil," generally, say he "still livs," but I hav heard, and often from other sources quite as trustworthy, that "the devil is dead." I think he must hav died from gangrene of jealousy, brought on by a perusal of the Old Testament, which convinced him, probably, that he was no match for Jahvey on the cruelty lay. This discouraged him and made him tired, and to end the matter he gave up the ghost. It was a sad case of untimely end, for he must hav been a devil of promis, from what I hav heard of him. But *sic transit gloria mundi!*

SI SLOKUM.

"Gems from Christian Preachers."

From the Banner of Light.

Ministers and laymen of the orthodox ilk are roused every now and then to a denial that a literal sulphurous burning lake is the kind of "hell" meant by their creeds. But their denials are vain; the proofs to the contrary are too handy! We hav before us, while writing, for instance, a leaflet headed as above, containing several fine specimens in evidence, from which the following are extracted:

UNDER A PYRAMID OF CINDERS.—The Clarksburg (Va.) *Register*, in 1855, published the following as an extract from a sermon preached by Rev. Samuel Clawson, a Methodist minister, in allusion to a Universalist who was present: "Thank God the dav is not far distant when you will be chained down to hell's brazen floor, and the devil, with his three-pronged harpoon, will pierce your reeking heart, and pile the red-hot cinders of black damnation upon you as high as the pyramids of Egypt, and fry out the pride of your heart to grease the gudgeons of hell."

A MUSICAL DEVIL.—In Spurgeon's sermon on the Resurrection is the following: "In a fire exactly like that which we hav on earth, thy body will lie, asbestos like, forever unconsumed; every nerve a string on which the devil shall forever play his diabolical tune of Hell's Unutterable Lament."

Additional to the above, and of later date, is the following, reported in the New Orleans *Picayune* of July 18, 1888, as having been enunciated by Rev. Dr. W. C. McCoy at the Seashore Camp-ground, Miss., the day previous. It purported to be a description of a lost soul receiving its punishment. Said the reverend (?) *gentle*-man:

I can see a rebellious soul standing in the presence of Jehovah, and taunting him, while before all the hosts of heaven he dares God to do his worst. I see the angels, at God's command, grapple that defiant soul, bind him hand and foot and carry him to the utmost bound of heaven, and there, with all the power of their great strength, from the top of some vast promontory, hurl him out, out into utter darkness. I see him dashing down the vast abyss, striking from projecting crag to crag, until he lands upon that seething lake of fire, and bounding from wave to wave, bound, wrestling, struggling, unable to help himself forever and forever, groaning, subject to the power of God.

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The American Secular Union.

Following us from Pittsburgh comes this jumble of bad grammar and misstatements. It is from the *Press:*

"The Twelfth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union ended their proceedings with a grand ball at Lafayette Hall last evening. During its progress a telegram was received from Col. R. G. Ingersoll congratulating the members on the success of their convention, and giving the Union credit for a growing feeling of shame in regard to their foolish creeds—that seven days in the week belong to the people, etc.

"The actual truth is that the session just closed was anything else but a success. Many former activ members and prominent speakers were conspicuous by their absence. The audiences were rather slim and the collections or subscriptions for the coming year were small. Notwithstanding this blasphemous assembly was called to the attention of the Law and Order Society early last Saturday, no action was taken by them. It is admitted that the treasurer, Charles Dean, through President Houston, notified Captain Wishart, but an interview by a *Press* reporter with the latter this morning revealed the fact that he never saw it.

"'What would you hav done, captain, if you had seen it on Saturday?'

"'Well, I don't know; I doubt if the law could reach their case. No, I do not know that the same statutes which cover my Sunday arrests contain authority which would hav given me power to arrest these people whom you term blasphemous.'

"Thus the Seculars, with only the condemnation of one paper in the city (the *Press*), and without any attempted interruption by our so-called Law and Order Society, hav folded their tents and silently stolen away."

The *Press* is, we fully believe, the only paper in Pittsburgh which would deliberately tell lies about the Congress. It has upon its editorial staff a priest who wrote the lengthy and ridiculous editorial which Mr. Watts commented upon on Sunday night. The *Press* only sent a reporter one or two sessions, and its Monday issue contained reports of the proceedings of Saturday. As a *news*paper the *Press* is worthless, and as a relater of facts is as unreliable as it can well be. The other journals gave the Congress fair reports, and, with the possible exception of the *Gazette*, their representativs were young men of ability and good manners. The *Gazette* reporter was roused to anger on Sunday night by Mr. Watts, and, with many profane adjectivs, told the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, at whose table he sat, that he should write the Congress "down" in the most lurid language that he could command. His editor, however, must hav slaughtered the youth's report, for Monday's *Gazette* contained only a brief but respectful account of the proceedings. So much for the Pittsburgh papers.

The audiences on Friday were not large because the people were not especially asked to come in until evening, when a good audience was present. The morning sessions were for business. Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings the audiences were as large as the Union has ever had at its congresses, except when Colonel Ingersoll was present. It is true that many prominent speakers were absent, but the reasons were satisfactory. Some of them had engagements elsewhere, some could not afford the expense, and some had heard from Mr. Hoover's friends of the proposed fight, and stayed away because of indisposition to participate in it. Until he arrived in Pittsburgh the present secretary had no idea that his position was to be attacked. The subscriptions for the "campaign fund" were, however, larger this year than ever before. In 1884, the first year funds were gathered at a Congress, the amount subscribed was $1 251. In 1885, $1.138. In 1886, nothing. In 1887, $828. In 1888, $1 662.25. The Congress was notable for the attendance of the older workers in Liberalism, and at each business session gray heads were more numerous than youthful faces. A great many names do not appear in the official lists, because, strange as it is, their possessors hav never qualified themselvs to vote. Even Mr. Burnham, one of the oldest and best workers for the Union, had no vote in the Congress. A little more attention should be paid to the constitutional provisions of the Union, for though "red tape" is distasteful when used too freely, no organization can maintain its dignity without adhering to at least a few rules.

There is no doubt that the Law and Order Society could hav arrested the speakers for blasphemy, but unless Pennsylvania desires to rank with New Jersey her authorities did well to refrain. The Congress adjourned when its business was finished, and the malevolent frothings of the *Press* had the effect only of exciting ridicule.

So much for the facts.

The Congress was a decided success. After the little trouble had been settled, the prominent feelings were good nature, enthusiasm, and a determination to make the Union a great power in the land. We do not think anyone in Pittsburgh harbors any ill-will, and we feel sure none of those who felt obliged to oppose Mr. Hoover hav any but the kindest feelings toward him or his friends. Differences will spring up in all bodies of people, but they should not be dwelt upon a minute after settlement. The cause is greater than any person, and must not be sacrificed for any reason. There never was greater need or better opportunity for the Union than at present. The school question is pressing hard, the people are waking up to the injustice of our present system of tax exemptions, and the Sunday laws are being oppressivly felt. These three issues are rousing more thought at present than at any time in the past, and the Union will find strong support for the three Demands which deal with them. There are other questions of less national importance, perhaps, but of no less importance to justice, which must be met. It is time that Girard College, the most magnifi cent charity in the world, should be wrested from the hands of sectarianism and restored to the conditions imposed by its founder. The selection of Judge Westbrook as president insures the beginning of this last enterprise. He is not a man merely of words, but a strong, industrious worker; a man of dignity, wealth, and position, a worthy successor to such men as Ingersoll and Palmer. He is a member of the bar of New York and Philadelphia and also of the Supreme Court at Washington. In the Girard College matter he has the opinions of eminent lawyers and judges (some of them churchmen) admitting that his legal points are unanswerable. With him at its head the Union ought to make a valiant fight for justice to Stephen Girard.

Of the other officers there is little need to speak. The people know them, know what they hav done, and hav an opinion of what they can do. Certainly with the limited amount of money at his command, no one could do more than the secretary has done during the past year. That his work is appreciated is shown by the increased amount of subscriptions, and probably this will be largely added to during the year.

It looks, taking it all in all, as though the Pittsburgh *Press* had stated the exact opposit of the truth in its reflections upon the Congress.

A Few Facts for Christians.

There are a few facts which ought to be more deeply impressed upon the mind of the Christian of to-day in regard to the superstitious and supernatural being whom he makes his idol and object of worship.

1. That there is no historical evidence that Jesus ever existed.

2. That there is no proof, or reason to believe, that he had a supernatural origin.

3. That the accounts of his resurrection are contradictory and fail to establish the fact.

4. That the miracles he is said to hav performed are based on insufficient proof.

5. That his moral teachings are imperfect, only good where borrowed from earlier teachers, and bad where original.

1. All that the world knows about Jesus Christ is found in the four gospels. These gospels are anonymous, unreliable, and contradictory. There is no evidence that one of them was written for at least one hundred and fifty years after the events they pretend to record had transpired. Irenæus is the first Christian writer who referred to them, in the latter part of the second century. Had they been known before his time it is inconceivable that some reference should not hav been made to them by the leaders of the Christians. Only two writers—Matthew and John, lay claim to having been disciples of Jesus, and Mark and Luke had to tell their stories for hearsay. As Jacolliot says, "The life of the great Christian philosopher, as transmitted to us by the evangelists, his apostles, is but a tissue of apocryphal inventions." No Greek nor Roman nor Jewish writer ever mentioned Jesus. This is sufficient to induce the strong belief that Jesus had no natural origin, but was set up by the early Christian theologians to "strike the popular imagination and solidly to establish the basis of their new religion."

2. It is claimed that Jesus had a supernatural origin. This claim is founded on a dream, which Joseph, the husband of the woman who is said to hav borne him, is said to hav had. The writer of the gospel narrating this tells it as though he had been present, yet the apostle Matthew did not write the book, nor was it in existence till Christ had been dead considerably over one hundred years. There is, then, no reason at all for believing the story. On the other hand, the probability that the tale is a legend, older by centuries than Christianity, and borrowed for the purposes of the priests, is greatly strengthened by the fact that the birth of saviors, begotten by gods or virgins, are common legends in many lands, and are supported by equally as solid evidence as that regarding Jesus. Draper says that the Egyptian disciples of Plato would hav looked with anger on those who rejected the legend that Perictione, the mother of that great philosopher, a pure virgin, had suffered an immaculate conception through the influence of Apollo, and that that God had delared to Ariston, to whom she was betrothed, the parentage of the child. Jesus himself did not claim to be more than man. And just as at first the books of the New Testament were not considered inspired, so was Jesus regarded simply as a human teacher. The inspiration of the Bible was an afterthought, a growth in superstition, and the attributing to Jesus of deityship is the work of theologians, betraying the marvelous misapprehension of nature for which the early Christians are so notorious.

3. As the legends of the supernatural births of saviors were common, so was the doctrin of the resurrection. The writer of Acts says that Christ should suffer and that he should be the first to rise from the dead. Yet if we are to believe that Christ raised the daughter of Jairus and Lazarus, or that Elisha revived and stood on his feet in the grave, then Christ was not the first to rise. All four gospel writers tell each a different story, and Paul, the one who wrote earlier than either, disagrees with them all. According to Matthew Jesus met the two Marys just after leaving the sepulcher, and told them to go and tell his disciples to meet him in Galilee. According to Mark, Jesus did not meet the two women at all, but they received their instructions from a young man in a long white garment who was sitting inside the sepulcher. According to Luke there was no appearance of Jesus to Mary or any other women, but he first appeared to two disciples who were on their way to Emmaus. According to John Jesus first appeared to Mary Magdalene. The gospel writers also disagree by their silence as to his being seen in the evening, and also as to his meeting the eleven at the Sea of Tiberias. Had these important events transpired the gospel narrators could not hav been ignorant of them. Of the ascension only Mark and Luke heard, while Matthew and John, who are affirmed to hav been personally acquainted with Jesus, knew nothing of it, or at least wrote nothing about it. Mark and the Luke who wrote the gospel of Luke say Jesus ascended to heaven the same day of the crucifixion.

Dr. Luke, who is said to hav written the Acts, says Jesus was seen for forty days. John says he was seen for eight days. Matthew predicted that Jesus should be three days in the heart of the earth, and Jesus himself prophesied his resurrection on the third day. Yet the apostles, when he was arrested, forsook him and fled, and did not watch for his resurrection when they knew he had been crucified. The contradictions of the gospel writers and the conduct of the apostles are unexplainable upon any theory which asserts that the writers knew any facts concerning events they pretend to record, or that the apostles believed that Jesus was the Christ.

4. Now, if no one knows who wrote the gospels; if it is certain that their accredited authors never heard of them; if we find in them contradictions so plain that one or the other *must* be false, then it follows that when they relate miraculous occurrences they cannot be believed because of their own reputations for veracity, but only as their stories are probable and in accordance with known laws. As Thomas Paine puts it, "Mankind hav conceived to themselvs certain laws, by which what they call nature is supposed to act." And "if we are to suppose a miracle to be something so entirely out of the course of what is called nature that she must go out of that course to accomplish it, and we see an account given of such a miracle by the person who said he saw it, it raises a question in the mind very easily decided, which is, Is it more probable that nature should go out of her course than that a man should tell a lie? We hav never seen, in our time, nature go out of her course, but we hav good reason to believe that millions of lies hav been told in the same time. It is, therefore, at least millions to one that the reporter of a miracle tells a lie." But if miracles could be proved, if it could be demonstrated that the course of nature can be interrupted constantly, then we should be forced to conclude either that there is no order of nature, or that all marvelous events are in accord with it, and that there is and can be no supernatural. But we know that the law of nature is never upset. We know that the earth never stops in its revolution around the sun. And we must therefore conclude that if a miracle is in correspondence with nature's order, it is no miracle; if not in such correspondence, that it could not happen. The real question to be settled, then, is not that of the supernatural, but one which concerns the narrativ of the supernatural. We can safely leave the miracles of Jesus to stand or fall with the credibility of the writers. The character of the people with whom he associated and of the times in which he lived are important in considering this subject. As illustrating the superstitious character of the times and the credulity of the people, it is only necessary to cite the importance attached to dreams and visions. The people believed also in angels who came to sleeping men, in devils who held possession of the human body, and in deaf and dumb spirits. Their credulous, uncritical character is shown in the story of Christ's work related by Mark (chap. ix, 25), in which Jesus spoke to a *deaf* spirit which *heard* him. But where the people did not believe, Jesus failed to do "mighty works," showing that miracles are only performed for the eyes of credulity. If he could hav really worked miracles, the belief or unbelief of his audience would not affect his power. The thaumaturgist of the present day does not care how many skeptics there are around him.

5. In Buckle's "History of Civilization" we read: "That the system of morals propounded in the New Testament contains no maxim which had not been previously enunciated, and that some of the most beautiful passages in the apostolic writings are quotations from pagan authors, are well known to every scholar. . . . To assert that Christianity communicated to man moral truths previously unknown, argues, on the part of the asserter, either gross ignorance, or else willful fraud." Of the first statement, Buckle says that so far from supplying, as some suppose, an objection against Christianity, it is a strong recommendation of it, as indicating the intimate relation between the doctrins of Christ and the moral sympathies of mankind in different ages. This might be true were Christianity a *human* religion, but it is not. All of its distinctiv features depend upon an acceptance of its supernatural character and origin. Instead, therefore, of recommending to us Christ's moral teaching, it but proves the first part of the saying that what is good in Christ's lectures and sermons is not new, and whatever is new is not good. For the truth of the last half of the proposition it is only necessary to refer to his original utterances. Unlike the previous saviors, Jesus did not consider that his mission was to the whole world—even that part of the world which he knew—but to the Jews. He told his followers not to go after the gentiles, but rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. The substance of this he repeated many times, and specially impressed upon his hearers. This does not look as though there were intimate relations between his doctrins and the moral sympathies of mankind in different ages. Had there been he would hav tried to get the gentiles into heaven as well as the Jews. This narrowness of spirit was original with him among the saviors. Other original teachings were that no one who is rich could obtain salvation, that poverty is a blessing, that all property belonged to the Lord, *i.e.*, to the Lord's ministers, acting on which doctrin he overthrew the tables of the money-changers, borrowed an ass with her foal, and drowned some two thousand hogs by filling them with devils. Still further teachings, original with him, are those in regard to what constitutes a true believer. Those who denied his messiahship he called fools, hypocrits, thieves, serpents, vipers. His enemies who disputed his reign he desired to see slain at his feet. Those who believed should be saved; those who did not should be damned. He boldly proclaimed that he came not to bring peace, but war; to set men and women at variance with their families, and the crowning traits of a true disciple—without which, indeed, no man could be a disciple—were that he should hate his father, mother, wife, and children, and brethren and sisters. These are a few of Christ's original teachings, and no man can say that they are good, or in accord with the moral sympathies of mankind.

It is facts such as these to which the Christian of the present day pays so little attention that it is necessary to remind him of them occasionally, that we refer to. They constitute a portion of the hundreds of reasons why the Christian system of theology should not be accepted by thinking people of the present age.

We do not write them in a "blasphemous, malignant, or vulgar spirit," but to warn reasonable creatures away from the sloughs of idiocy in which the orthodox preachers are wallowing.

Mr. Walker: His Enemies and His Ideas.

The trial of Messrs. Harman and Walker has again been postponed, this time to the spring term of court. The reason for this, says Mr. Walker, is that the officials concerned in the case are busily engaged in the work of building and repairing political fences. We sincerely hope they will build a good many miles of fences before they drag the defendants into court, though it be necessary to build them out into the Pacific to occupy their time. Even dipping the ocean dry with a thimble would be a better occupation than trying three men for doing nothing criminal.

This may be, perhaps, a good place to acknowledge Mr. Walker's handsome apology for misrepresenting the sentiment expressed in THE TRUTH SEEKER. We trust that hereafter he will observe strict accuracy in these matters. But Mr. Walker returns to the argument in this way:

"I am by no means prepared to admit that parents and guardians cannot care for their children's moral health as well as provide for their physical needs and guide their mental unfoldment, once they are left free to act. I doubt very much if Mr. Macdonald would argue in favor of a law to punish Catholic propagandists for putting the literature of that church into the hands of the children of Protestants and Freethinkers. I see no more reason for supporting the class of statutes which he is defending than I do for advocating the suppositious law I hav just mentioned. Neither Catholicism nor sexual ignorance is to be eliminated by law. Regarding the former, Mr. Macdonald would say that what he asks is that all the special privileges granted to the church be withdrawn. So I say that what Social Radicals demand is that all the special privileges granted to ignorance and prudery be withdrawn, and intelligence and candor be left free to lead the rising generations into the paths of health. So long as philanthropists are punished for trying to disseminate useful information amongst the people so long will there *seem* to be need for the quack remedy of law. It is useless to say that the evil lies in the enactment of these laws by national instead of by local lawmakers. The intelligence of aldermen is not greater than that of Congressmen, and they are certainly as much under the influence of religious and other prejudices as are the latter.

"We do not expect reformation to come in a day, or a month, or a year, or a century, but we believe concerning morals as Mr. Macdonald does regarding religion, viz., that liberty is the essential condition of progress, and hence the removal of the barriers is the first work we hav to do. So long as we depend upon the law to do for us and our children what we should do for ourselvs and for them, so long will the work be ill done and the law be the greatest criminal in the land. Let us be Freethinkers all through instead of merely on the surface; let us trust liberty in morals and hygiene as well as in religion and politics, and cease frittering away our energies in the enactment and enforcement of laws which are sure to produce ten times more evil in the hands of bigots than they will good in those of Freethinkers, admitting for argument's sake merely that even the latter could be trusted with the power that such laws would giv them, and that they would not make the dirtiest of musses in the attempt to enforce them."

We never said that parents and guardians cannot care for their children's moral health. What we did say was, and we say it once for all, that parents cannot suppress obscenity without some law to do it by. This law, of course, should be local, for with such matters the general government can hav no constitutional business. Without this law boys of fifteen to twenty could easily procure the vilest literature that type could print. A father cannot keep his boy under his eye every minute, and there are always scoundrels ready to make a dollar by the most disreputable methods. With the writings of social radicals the law should hav nothing to do, unless the books are intentionally made lascivious with an eye to the profits accruing from their sale. As we hav said many times, the English language is rich enough in decent words to express all the ideas that writers are likely to hav, and the benefits of virtue can be set forth in language that will not excite the very passions that the pamphleteer pretends to desire to see subdued.

What we want now is for Mr. Walker to come down to the point and say whether he is in favor of allowing the vilest literature to be published unrestrained by any statute, state or municipal.

Parsonages Must Pay Taxes.

Judge Vann, of Syracuse, has decided that buildings used as parsonages, even though on the plot of ground surrounding a church, must be assessed and taxed.

The matter came up in the case of the people on the relation of Edmund G. Hutchinson and others as trustees of the First Congregational church of Phœnix, N. Y., against James Collison and others, assessors of the same village. The writ was issued to review an assessment upou certain real property known as "the parsonage." The relators are the trustees of the Congregational church which owns a parcel of land in the village of Phœnix, 132 feet wide on Bridge street and 150 feet deep on Jefferson street. At the time the assessment in question was made there stood upon the lot fronting on Bridge street a brick church used by the society exclusivly for public worship, and also fronting upon the same street and separated from the church by a narrow space, a wooden building used by said association for a parsonage and occupied by the parson. The pastor receives an annual salary, the parsonage being furnished for his use by the society. Upon the rear of the lot are sheds for horses and a barn. The greater portion of the entire parcel of this land is covered by the church. The parsonage was assessed upon the assessment roll of the village of Phœnix for this year at the sum of $1,600, against the protest of the relators, who, feeling aggrieved by their action, instituted this proceeding to review and correct the alleged error.

The judge held that the statute limits the exemption to a building actually used for public worship, and does not include a building the income or use of which is devoted to the support of the minister. The parsonage is not exempt from taxation, and the assessors simply did their duty in assessing it. The proper mode of assessing such property, he said, is to deduct the value of the part actually occupied by the corporation from the value of the whole estate, and the society should be assessed upon the value of the rest thus ascertained.

THE Rev. T. T. Munger, in the September *Century*, advocates the study "in our colleges and high schools of the Bible *as a classic*, and of the Christian religion *as a fact*, by scientific methods and subject to courteous criticism." Beyond the fact that a great number of people *believe* in the Christian religion, there are no facts connected with the system of Christianity except human and negativ facts.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free.

Letters from Friends.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Please tell Jno. Prescott Guild that it is my desire to shake hands with him at Pittsburgh on his Dream, as published in your paper under date of September 29th.

Yours respectfully, L. B. SILVER.

SOUTH LOWELL, ALA., Sept. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I noticed a quotation from a sermon by the Rev. James M. Gray, rector of the Reformed Episcopal church, Boston, Mass., taken from the Boston *Herald*. Mr. Gray said: "If he had to choose between the spiritual teachings of the church of Rome, and the teachings of the so-called 'Liberalism' of this day, he would prefer the former. . . . It would be a sad thing if the ship of state were saved from the rock of papacy, only to be stranded at length on the shoals of Infidelity." This shows which way the orthodox church will go when the trial comes. Mr. Gray would rather hav Romanism prevail than Liberalism. With him slavery is preferred to liberty. With him science seems to be inferior to the church. We prefer knowledge to faith, and if we ever wish to enjoy it, we must educate and make laws to protect us in this our natural right, for the church is against us. J. K. DEARTH.

BALTIMORE, MD., Sept. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: After a long illness, both father and mother, aged respectivly eighty-three and ninety-two years, hav passed out into the unknown; and to the holy horror of our Christian friends, they both died without the aid of the clergy, but with the full assurance that, if there was a hereafter, they had done nothing for which they would be ashamed to face an honest God. My very religious relativs, brother and sister, insisted upon their minister conducting the funeral services. His remarks must hav been very consoling to them, for their mother and father had died out of the church, so he could not promis they would meet again. I do not include myself in the list, for, by reading your most ungodly paper, and books of the same stamp, I, with my little family, father, son, Ho—I was about to say Holy Ghost, but there is not a phantom in the sky that is worth a finger-snap in comparison—so I will say wife, expect to toast our shins with the old folks. Well, from what we hav read in the "Holy Queer," the devil is the best of the lot, and is not given over to the bad habit of having wild spells and raising hell as the other fellow does; he appears to be docil, and obeys orders to the letter. Such people can be better trusted than one who gets mad with himself and, as it were, cuts off his nose to spite his face. F. A. EVERITT.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Oct. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In view of the approaching annual Congress of the American Secular Union, it is to be hoped that twelve years of fruitless labor may hav opened the eyes of our leaders to the following facts:

1. That it is folly to attempt to build up a political party in opposition to the prevailing religious beliefs of the country.

2. That the fallacy of orthodox religion must be clearly demonstrated and recognized by the masses before any great political reform can be accomplished.

3. That, notwithstanding its absurdities, the masses still accept the Bible because they believe it to be the source of moral law, hence the first step toward eradicating their false religion is to show them by precept and example that reason, not theology, is the basis of morality, and hence no Liberal society should retain members who persist in immoral conduct.

4. That superstition is the mother of creeds and should be discountenanced no matter in what garb she presents herself, and that *all believers in ghosts* are her devotees.

5. That all Liberals who are so much afraid of being called il-Liberal, or of losing their popularity with certain classes, that they dare not take a stand against such monstrous evils as free love and Anarchy, had better be dropped for the good of the cause.

6. That the term "Liberal," as used in this country, includes all classes of Freethinkers, Spiritualistic and Materialistic, good and bad, and that they are no more "birds of a feather" than Catholics and Protestants, or Campbellites and Presbyterians, and hence cannot be "flocked together" in one organization; but that the only Liberal organizations from which good results may be expected are those in which persons of like views associate themselvs together for the promotion of what they regard as the best method of overcoming immorality and superstition.

These organizations will differ from each other on some points, but each will hav a vitality and aggressiv enthusiasm of its own; and each will in its own way aid in the great work of liberating the masses from the thralldom of priestcraft, and the complete rescue of the state from the clutch of the church. A. R. AYRES.

MONTE VISTA, COL., Sept. 23, 1888.

J. VAN DENBURGH, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* "A boy bought a fiddle having but one string." Judging from the tenor of your article, "Some Thoughts on Evolution," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 15th inst., I presume you were that fortunate boy, for I must admit that you hav played a "new tune never played before." I suppose you feel that Webster is the Alpha and Omega of all knowledge. Turn to the word "fact." He says: "A thing supposed or asserted to be done." You ask, "What is life?" Take a microscope and look in a drop of water suspended on a straw. You ask, "When did it begin?" I will answer you—it did not begin; it always existed; it livs through fire and frost and wind and sea. It cannot be destroyed; therefore it never had a beginning. It needed no "creator" to "breathe it into a few forms or into one." Let Herbert Spencer speak: "Every kind of being is conceived as a product of modification wrought by insensible gradations on a pre-existing kind of being; and this holds as fully of the supposed commencement of organic life as of all subsequent development of organic life."

Now, in regard to the literary merit of your article there is no question, but it seems to me that when you assumed to dally with the "survival of the fittest," you got the wrong sow by the ear, for you seem to confound the word "fittest," which means, the best adapted for the occasion or purpose, with the word "worthy." Now, as we generally use the latter word, we mean that which entitles one to a reward, or thing, or place. As we use the word "fittest," we generally mean expedient, regardless of real worth, merit, justice, or desert. Certain advantages constitute the fitness for the survival of a thing. It is not limited to animals alone, but extends to all things under the sun. Thus, as Darwin explains, the thick, heavy fur enabled an animal to survive in the polar regions, while the ones having light fur could survive only under a tropical sun, and according to a law of nature those animals transmitted those advantages to their offspring, and these advantages grew stronger and more prominent, regardless of justice or desert. Thus, in the wolf, of which you speak, Mr. Darwin clearly shows that the advantage is for such an animal that has "good claws, strong teeth, supple limbs, and vigorous muscles." He shows that the color of the polar bear enables him to lie in wait for his prey unobserved, because of no contrast between his own color and that of the snow. We perceive that by the same law the intelligence of man compares favorably with abilities peculiar to other animals, and this intelligence, and it only, enables him to survive, and this advantage is superior to all others. Hoping you will receive this in the same kindness in which it is offered, believe me your friend,

JOHN TRUEBLOOD.

COALTON, KY., Oct. 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I will exclaim, as poor old Simeon did when he saw the alleged-to-be son of God, "Mine eyes hav seen thy salvation, Lord!"—or, in other words, I hav heard a Liberal lecture in east Kentucky, and, too, in the church-ridden town of Ashland. Mr. W. S. Bell, the fearless bearer of the torch of reason, gave us three lectures. His subjects were "Liberty and Morality," "Reason and Superstition," and "The Gods." I did not get to hear him on the first subject, but had the pleasure of hearing him on the second subject at Ironton, O., on September 30th, at Apollo Hall. In this lecture the speaker used many good and forcible illustrations. He showed us how superstition had bowed men down under its heavy weight; the heathen, of course, suffered most from its galling curse, but civilized nations had much to do to free themselvs of its chains, even now in the light of the nineteenth century. He said thoughts similar to this started him to investigate the fallacies of the Christian religion. Every church thinks it is right; every Christian thinks his church is the only one out of the many that is absolutely right—others might be partially right, but mostly wrong. He thought that the diversity of opinions growing out of this God-given book showed at least to him that some of the churches were mistaken, possibly all might be. In his lecture on "The Gods," at Ashland, he used one illustration that set me to thinking—one, did I say? ah! many, but one in particular. He said he was once talking to a minister who said something about God speaking to Moses. Mr. Bell said he asked if he understood him to say that God spake to Moses as man speaks to man. Minister: "Of course." "Well, then, he, God, must hav a mouth, and if he has a mouth, must hav teeth; if he has teeth, a tongue; if a tongue, it must follow that he has lungs and digestiv organs like man, and all that would imply growth, decay, and death. Consequently, God must be dead."

The friends of the cause will hav to thank Messrs. Richard Carr, John Cobs, and Powers for the generosity and energy which they possess at all times in the cause of Freethought. Just how much good we hav accomplished it is hard to tell, but we hope it will be like bread cast upon the waters, and be seen many days hence. We think we will be able to get Mr. Bell to visit us again some time this winter.

S. P. HERRON, P.M.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Sept. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I found in your paper the following passage:

The Freethought journals are peculiar in this: No matter how devoted a Christian a man may be, if he offer an article in defense of his own opinion or in direct opposition to those advocated by the paper, it will be given a conspicuous place in its columns. It must be confessed that the Infidel editors are the only men in the country who hav the courage of their opinions, and prove it by allowing complete freedom of thought and utterance (May 14, 1887, "Tales Told Out of School," Rev. Dr. Jones's Report).

I will send you an article. I am a firm believer in the Bible. I hav studied it for sixteen years, but not continuously. Less than one month ago I commenced to read THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am bitterly opposed to the unity of church and state. If any can answer the questions I submit better than the Bible, I would be glad to hear from them:

Who created man? Gen. i, 27. Who was man like? Gen. i, 26. What rank did he hold? Heb. ii, 6, 7. For what purpose was man created? Isa. xliii, 7. Has this purpose been carried out? Rom. iii, 23. What is the result of sin? Rom. vi, 23. Is God willing that any should perish? 2 Pet. iii, 9. Do the wicked desire to know God? Ps. x, 4. Does God take pleasure in the death of the wicked? Ezek. xxxiii, 11. How great is God's love toward the world? John iii, 16. How may the wicked find favor with God? Isa. lv, 7. What must man do to be saved? Acts xvi, 31. Does God regard all men alike? Rom. ii, 11. To whom will the Lord look? Isa. lxvi, 2. Does God countenance wrong in anyone? Col. iii, 25. Does God recognize a good deed in anyone? Eph. vi, 8. Does he exercise his power over us in either case? Gen. iv, 7. Are God's ways equal? Ezek. xviii, 25–27. What does our savior say about the road to destruction? Matt. vii, 13. What about the road to life? Matt. vii, 14. How are we to enter the strait gate? Luke xiii, 24. If we are striving, what must we do? Mark viii, 34; Luke ix, 23. What must we hav if we would please God? Heb. xi, 6. What else must we do if we would enter into life? Matt. xix, 17. What is the first and great commandment? Mark xii, 30. If we do this can we love the world? 1 John ii, 15. What comfort has the Christian in this life? Phil. iv, 7. Can the world understand this? 1 John iii, 1. What promis has the Christian of the hereafter? 1 Cor. iii, 9. Who is invited to hav this reward? Rev. xxii, 17. What character must we possess if we would hav the reward? Isa. i, 19. What promis has the sinner if he will repent? Isa. i, 18. Whom will the Lord spare? Mal. ii, 16, 17. What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Eccl. xii, 13, 14; Rev. xxii, 12–14. CHAS. D. MCCOY.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Oct. 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I notice a tendency among Freethinkers to favor Cleveland's election over Harrison's, principally on the ground of Harrison's religious views. I do not think the personality of the candidates ought to count for much. But, Who do they represent? ought to be the question. We all know the Democratic party always did toady to the Catholic priesthood, and Cleveland has publicly shown his tendency to do so, and as the Catholic church is the strongest enemy we hav to fight as Secularists, it seems strange to me that Secularists should hav the least tendency to support Cleveland or his party, but rather should support the party that held the Union together, the only party to vote for with any hope of defeating the party of the Catholic hierarchy. I inclose the article I had published in our local paper, and if you think it suitable for the columns of your paper, should be pleased to hav you publish it at once, before the election. The political text-book I quote is Paine's "Rights of Man."

Yours truly, J. DOWNES.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to giv my views of the present situation of the two parties, if you will allow me space in the *Herald*. When looking over an old political text-book I came across the following: "What are the present governments of Europe? Do not its own inhabitants say it is a market where every man has his price, and where corruption is common traffic at the expense of a deluded people?"

When we think of the foul corruption that fills our Senate with millionaires or their tools, and our House of Representativs with silver kings, and think of the bribery and deception that is brought into play at our elections down to the lowest office, one is almost ready to believe that republicanism is a failure; when we see a party that got into power by the great fraud of suppressing the vote of the majority, boldly asking to be kept in power as the friends of the people by bawling, "Tariff for Revenue only" (while they are wasting and stealing millions), to take the people's attention from the outrageous crimes of the party against freedom and their country, a party that favored war and rebellion to keep in slavery the working classes, posturing as the friends of the workingman, the party that always pandered to the whisky interest, accusing their opponents of being the friends of free whisky, it is disgusting. And they know their only object in refusing to touch the federal tax on whisky and tobacco (especially whisky), was because it favored the whisky trust and compelled the government to go to millions of expense for spies and collectors to keep up the whisky monopoly, whereas to take off the federal tax would leave the states free to tax the liquid devil as much as they pleased, even to crush the sale of it as a beverage altogether. Will the people be deceived by the specious pleas of this party that has always pandered to the lowest instincts of the people? I hope not. The Republican leaders hav not acted wisely. Why did they not throw Cleveland's letter in his teeth, and tell him we are in favor now, as we were in 1884, of revising the tariff, but we want and will hav a full vote of the people and a fair count, settled at once and forever; then we will revise the tariff to the wants of the country as expressed by a majority of the whole people? I am satisfied to-day that nine-tenths of the Republicans are in favor of revising the tariff, but how small a matter that is to sapping the very foundation of republican government by suppressing the voice of the majority! What use is there in having any election if the voice of the majority is to be hushed by corruption and bribery, and if that fails by the club and the shotgun? If this thing is to go on, farewell, liberty—a few more decades will witness the downfall of the most glorious republic the world ever saw. J. D.

DAVISON STATION, MICH., Sept. 21, 288.

MR. EDITOR: The neighborhood that I reside in is run by Christian influence. There are people here that do not believe in the old dogmas, but through fear of not being looked up to, or in other words, not being respected or visited by church people, they pretend to swallow the popular Christian dose, and their lips are sealed and their brains are put in the Christian box. All Liberal literature is expelled from the house or read on the sly, and with blanched faces they follow their leader, Custom.

I hope that there is not one reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER that does this. In order to advance enlightenment we must speak our honest thoughts at all times and in all places when it is proper. I hav a big time often, and it does me good to see divine men—men that are inspired—men walking God's way proclaiming his word—come to me with prepared questions, and then to see their under jaw drop. There is one living in my neighborhood that thought he would convince me of the truth of his doctrin, and he came unto me and opened his mouth and spake, saying: "There are people here on earth you do not wish to hav fellowship with. You would not be seen in their company; would hav nothing to do with them in any way, shape, or manner in this world. Now, you say that you do not know whether there is a heaven or not, but that if there is God cannot afford to damn

one soul to misery, and according to your belief they must all be saved. Consequently you will hav to be in their company. What hav you to say now?" I answered and said unto him: "I supposed that, you being an inspired preacher, your questions also are inspired. The first question I will ask you is, What is the soul?" Rev.: "It is the spirit of God in man." "Very well. That being the case, there is nothing of a person after death that livs but the soul." Rev.: "No, sir." "The soul, being the spirit of God, is a part of God. God is good—is perfect, kind, loving, impartial; consequently the soul the instant it leaves the body becomes God, or a part, and then how is God going to punish a part of himself?" Rev.: "Hold; you are going too far. Do you not know that man is a free moral agent; that he knows right from wrong; that he is accountable for his acts; that he doing an unlawful deed here on earth should be punished?" "Yes, sir; to a certain extent. He ought to be confined, not punished, for he is not to blame in all cases. For do you know that men can become weak, their health impaired, so that the children that they produce are weak physically and mentally? They grow up to be men and women—that is, in form, but as to their heads, while the organs are all there, some of them hav not growth. They did not hav nourishment enough from that weak body for all to develop. The result is, they hav no control over their actions. Their desires and wishes generally are for money and the first step is theft, the next murder. Now, sir, who is to blame for this?" Rev.: "It is their parents." "Now, sir, where is your free moral agency in all men? Who would God be justified in punishing, these deformed unfortunates or their parents? He never wrote one word in his guide about the laws of health or rearing of children, saying only, Be fruitful and multiply on the earth or in other words, Beget all the children you can; which the cause of two thirds of our criminals. Do not ever again step into the pulpit and preach a burning, endless hell and a heaven filled with joy, for there are some of your congregation that will look upon you as a natural deformity. There will be hate and revenge as long as the doctrin you preach is preached, for knowledge and the freedom of thought form the only lever that is capable of raising the human family out of the rut it is in.

S. VANSOHAICK.

NORTH BENTON, O., Sept. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I see by a notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER that the Secular Union designs next year to commence proceedings against the managers of Girard College for violating the intent and meaning of the will of Stephen Girard, the greatest philanthropist of America. The will forbids all preachers from entering on the grounds, and forbids theology's being taught to the children. By some mysterious exercise of will—or the Christians will say, God's will—the control of the College has passed into the hands of theology and is fitted to its interests, in express violation of the intent of the terms of the will. The court decided long ago the validity of the will. When the time comes round to need funds to enforce the terms of the will, call on me and I will be among the faithful to cause theology to cease its robbery. The history of the religion of the world that I am familiar with, and my observation for over fifty years of churches and individuals that belong to churches, hav convinced me that theology has had a demoralizing effect rather than a moral effect. The churches of North Benton, or some of the members that belong to them, from the highest to the lowest, hav been guilty of all the crimes known to the laws of the land. I will state a few facts that came under my observation. There was a quite Liberal-minded old gentleman living here, by the name of J. Ranals. He was afflicted with a cancer, and knew his time was short. One of the deacons took him to his own house and wrote his will, inserting a clause in the will that gave $800 to the Presbyterian church, and took him home. After Ranals got home he sent for Simeon Card, county justice of the peace, and told him the deacon made that will—he now wanted to make one to suit himself. He did so, and left out the clause of $800 for the Presbyterian church. He died a few days ago. The deacon failed to probate his will. Another case—a prominent member of the church got out of humor at a doctor by the name of Conrad and shot him dead. While in jail waiting court he hanged himself rather than face the music. Another prominent member in good standing in church circles, subscribing $50 a year to the church, burnt his buildings to get the insurance and served a term in the Ohio penitentiary. Another class of church-members confederated together to set up a job of conspiracy, employed hoodlums to execute the job, and perjured themselvs and committed subornation of perjury. I might add to the above, but it is not necessary. The above occurred under my own observation. With the history of the church, and what I hav observed, in my judgment it is no wonder the churchmen conceive it necessary to dump their sins on Jesus once or twice a week. They claim it is right to do anything if calculated to further God's cause.

Within find $2 to apply on THE TRUTH SEEKER. I can't do without it. The cartoons are the first looked at. Keep them up, by all means.

CHESTER BEDELL.

WILKESBARRE, PA., Oct. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav not picked up one of my TRUTH SEEKERS for the last two months that was not filled with one or more articles against the doctrins of protection to American manufactures, and in favor of the crackbrain nonsense of advising us as Americans to encourage British trade, in order to break up the trusts and punish our "protected monopolies," as these wise statesmen call them, as if to do so would improve the prospects of the laboring man. These persons are anxious to bring about the same state of affairs in the near future that we hav always had under low tariff. When we started this government we put the tariff-question boot on the other foot and made the British trader pay for the use of our markets, and as soon as the British manufacturer could do so he bought up agents in this country to work for his interest, and has been doing so ever since, as he can find fools enough for a few dollars to plead his cause under the plea of cheap goods. What in the name of common sense do we want cheap goods for if somebody else is to derive all the benefit from their sale, while the American has nothing left to do? The man who argues that way does not know what a curse he is placing upon this country, and, I care not who he may be, he lacks experience of the workings of trade and wages who does it. If he would but look back to the causes which led to the separation of the Colonies he would find that from 1764 to 1784 we were sending from twenty to thirty millions of money out of the country, and our exports in grain, etc., were but six to nine millions, and that while the British had us by the throats we were obliged to pay from one hundred and fifty to two hundred per cent on the cost of all manufactured imports.

When the shoe was placed upon the other foot our manufactures began to revive, and hav always been in a flourishing condition whenever we hav had a good tariff, and invariably the reverse under a low one, or from its immediate effects.

The second war of 1812 and 1814 was mainly because the old mother was getting jealous of our growth and prosperity, and attempted the second time to whip us, for the express purpose of gaining our markets for her exports. She failed again, and has been doing with gold and sophistical societies like the Cobden Club what she has about concluded can be accomplished in no other way, and while she applauds the wise statesmanship of our Democrats in public she hides her head under the ample folds of her cotton gown and laughs at us for the poor fools we are. In 1816 the Democrats, taking their name from the Jacobin clubs of France, changed from Republican to Democrat, and repealed our good tariff to suit this free trade idea, and down went our manufactures and out of America went our money. Then, after the mischief was done, a revulsion was brought about and another good tariff enacted in 1824. Then the South, with J. C. Calhoun at the head of the nullifiers, fought until the tariff of 1833 was made as a compromise or a war of secession, and from that time until 1842 we had the most damnable times America ever saw. Cows selling at sheriff's sale at from $2 to $5 a head; butter worth six cents a pound; eggs, lots of them, at five cents per dozen, such prices as would shame any old chicken to lay eggs for now. And these were what our present free trade and low price Democrats call such glorious times for the farmers, and want to get again, but, my free trade tigers, you who are howling so lustily for the farmers, can you see it? I don't.

One thing more is a striking fact. In 1840 the people began to petition Congress for an increase of the tariff, and during the session of 1842 the petitions in the House, if attached so as to make one roll, it was said, were twenty miles in length. Now, I want to ask any candid man, no matter to what party he may belong, has he heard anything from one quarter where Congress has been petitioned for a reduction of the present tariff? Not a word; not a single petition. We don't ask Congress to lower the duties, and we, as Americans, never hav asked it. The cry of tariff reform never was anything but a political dodge and a claptrap. The country never was as prosperous as now. Trades of all classes are prospering, and, while we hav some evils, such as sugar and other trusts, which should be legislated out of existence, and while we are decidedly too free at making citizens out of a lot of ignorant foreigners, who swarm into us as the Huns did upon the Roman nation, it is not the way to right these wrongs by prostrating our trades and having these same foreigners to suck out the life-blood of the American nation. The remedy proposed by the free trader is much worse than the disease. We want and must hav protection to American manufactures, as a principle as well as a policy, and the man who can't see that every kind of trade should be equally provided for is a poor protectionist and a worse politician.

As was their usual custom, as soon as the Democratic party got the power, by talking then, just as they now do, about their tariff doctrin—yes, claiming to be better tariff men than the Whigs—they repealed the 1842 tariff for lower duties until, in 1857, we had a regular panic. And now, in the face of all our past experiences, these Democrats are moving heaven and earth to repeal our tariff and ruin all our prosperity, so as to hav the cry of the sheriff heard in every city, town, and hamlet of our prosperous land. Away with such nonsensical sophistries. American labor must and shall be maintained.

J. R. PERRY.

COALTON, KY., Aug. 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: My observations hav proved to me that man generally loves that which seems to him either good, beautiful, or loving, and that he does not love anything that is not perceived, by the appropriate senses of his nature, to be such. And I do not think that man can hav a genuin love unless it comes by personal acquaintance and association. The child that never saw its father will not love him at first sight more readily than he will any other man. The child's love for its mother and the mother's love for her child is the strongest love earthly mortals know anything about, love for Jehovah notwithstanding. The mother who has had her child taken from her for years so that she cannot recognize it, would not more readily fall in love with it than with any other child. Therefore I claim that all man's love comes to him through acquaintance, association, and personal knowledge of the object loved. I do not think man can love a person whom he has not seen. Therefore I think the love Christians claim they hav for Jehovah is an unnatural love, since he is the unknowable and unknown. Notwithstanding, thousands hav proclaimed their love for him whom they hav never seen and with whom they hav no acquaintance. Since his ways are not our ways, and since his ways are past finding out, what do they know of him? Some Christians claim a personal knowledge of their God through the works of nature, yet nature exhibits many imperfections and deformities, in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Can it be that a perfect God is the author of so much imperfection?

We see according to Ex. xx, 19, 20, that fear caused the Israelites to worship, rather than voluntary love. They worshiped the golden calf in the absence of Moses, but on his return with threats and wrath he caused them to return to their old worship. Christians should observe that Aaron had much less trouble to get the Israelites to worship the golden calf than Moses had to make them worship his God; nevertheless, they were God's chosen people. If fear was the cause of the Israelites' worship of Jehovah, and if fear is the cause of the Christians' worship of to-day, I would like to ask how much fear is necessary to cause one man to love another and how much is necessary to cause man to love his God? How can fear and love mingle together? There is nothing in common between them, but the very opposit, since that which we love we do not fear, and that which we fear we do not love. Longfellow has aptly written:

> Love, like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought—
> Love givs itself, but is not bought.

And it is useless to try to love or to force yourself to love one whom you do not love. The worship of idols has always been through superstitious fear, and not through any sense of love or veneration. We can scarcely suppose that the heathens in their ignorant worship could see anything in a pile of wood or brass to excite their admiration or love. Fear must hav driven them to worship their wooden god. And fear has driven the Christian to worship an unknown and unknowable and an imaginary God, and the Christian's worship is not one whit better than the heathen's, since it comes through images and imagination, and not through sight or personal acquaintance, or association with the object loved—alleged to be loved—and worshiped. If the fear of Jehovah and the fear of hell hav driven anyone to get upon his knees to worship his imaginary God, let him get all the consolation he can out of it, since the desire to act differently still constitutes him a sinner. I draw the analogy from Matthew's report of Christ's Sermon on the Mount: "If a man look upon a woman," etc. The desire is made equal to the act. If any man, then, has joined the church simply to escape the torture of hell; in fact, if he has lived truthful, sober, honest, and chaste, at the same time desiring to liv differently, he will get no reward. Faith, too, which the Christian puts so much confidence in as an article of saving power, when forced upon the mind, as it often is, contrary to reason, upon the same ground should hav no reward. Nothing but the genuin, unsolicited faith and love will be worthy of reward. And this is consistent, since man in his selfishness would not force anyone to love him against his will.

It seems very strange how indifferent this God of ours can be to the wants and needs of his followers, since they hav paid tribute, worshiped, and tried to love him. He will not answer a prayer or giv a direct answer to a question asked. Surely man has for the last eighteen hundred years been asking amiss.

So much stress has been put on the Ten Commandments and the love we should hav for this God of the Bible that it makes one want to show the Christian how inconsistent he is. The ministry are always trying to show man that he should not be malicious or revengeful. But what about this God, who says he will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation of them that hate him? Is not that something like a revengeful nature, even stronger than the worst of men entertain? How does that sentence compare with this one: "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you?" Does it not seem by fair comparison that he wants man to be something better than himself? Again he said: "If ye love them which love you, what reward hav ye? Do not even the publicans the same?" He might hav added, Do not the Gods the same? And, "Be ye perfect, even as your father in heaven is perfect."

"Visit the iniquities of your enemies upon their children, even to the third and fourth generation of them that hate you." "War to the knife and the knife to the hilt!" How does this most hellish doctrin appear, dressed in its sable garments, before the court of an unbiased mind? If one should tell me he had seen a child suffering for ten long years from the day of its birth to the day of its death, ought I to suppose that it was because of some crime the father had committed, especially if my own knowledge proved to me that the father was then enjoying and always did enjoy good health? I suppose my duty would lead me to suppose it was the child's grandfather's crimes being paid in pain by the child; while it might be that its grandfather was in hell at the same time paying the same debt. It seems that this Bible God sees the mote in man's eye, while the beam is found in his own. He tells man in the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not kill." But in Ex. iv, 24, we see he must hav had on his war-paint: "And it came to pass by the way in the inn that the Lord met him and sought to kill him." If I had stood in Moses's shoes about that time I would hav quoted: "Thou shalt not kill." But we find him in Exodus not only making the attempt, but killing the first-born of the Egyptians and wantonly slaying even the dumb beast. See Ex. xii, 29, 30: He sees the mote in man's eye, but the beam is in his own. If he set an example, should man follow it? I think not, since the best impulses come from man, and furnish altogether better examples.

SAMUEL P. HERRON, P.M.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Castaway Chicks.

Three little chicks, at close of day,
Left mother hen and roamed away;
Two cosily nestled inside of a shoe,
With one on the outside to scan the view.

As the tide came in and carried the shoe
Over the waves like a small canoe,
The chickens, oh! the poor little things,
Wished themselvs back under mother's wings.

But the waves were high, and all were drowned;
The three little chickens were never found;
So may their fate be a lesson, I pray,
To all other chickens who run away.

Charlie's Story.

The family pledge hung on the wall,
And on it you could see
The names of mamma, Mary Jane,
And Charlie—that is me.

We didn't dare to ask papa
To write upon it too,
So left a space for him to fill;
'Twas all we dared to do.

He saw the pledge as soon as he
Came in the door that night;
And when we saw him reading it,
It put us in a fright.

He didn't say a word to us
About the pledge at all,
But oft I saw him look at it
While hanging on the wall.

And every night when he came home,
He stopped and read it through,
We all kept still about those words,
Although we knew them true.

Four weeks had passed, and then one night
When pa came home to tea,
He took the pledge down from its nail,
And then he turned to me:

"Go get the pen and ink, my boy,
And let me fill that space.
It looks so bare," he slowly said,
A queer look on his face.

And then mamma sat down and cried
(She said it was for joy),
And Mary Jane she cried some, too,
I didn't—I'm a boy.

But papa says he did not drink
Since that first night when we
Had hung that pledge upon the wall
Where he our names could see.

And ever since that space was filled,
Mamma just said to-night,
Though dark may be our little room,
One corner now is light.

—*A. H. Hutchinson.*

Children's Questions.

Children ask a great many questions, sometimes wise and other times silly or puzzling. They are always to be answered, however, in one way or another. Never turn away a child with a "Don't bother me!" a "Go away!" or "Don't ask so many questions!" The child must ask questions, must inquire, and all its little queries should be kindly, lovingly, and truly answered. It has come upon an untried world, where everything is new and strange. It needs information. It is the great requisit to life, to happiness, to peace and joy. Explain, tell it all it desires to know; tell it with patience, with kindness, with absolute earnestness.

By and by it will come to parent or guardian and wish to know how it came to be a living, breathing, thinking child. Then is the important hour. Be brave and true, and impart frankly all the knowledge it seeks. It has a right to all the physiological and hygienic information relativ to its own being. The parent who withholds that information and kind guidance, leaving the child to acquire these special facts later on from some doubtful or harmful source, is not doing his or her best by the offspring of which they are the source.

How much sorrow and pain in after life might be averted by a little useful knowledge in childhood. Sickness and suffering, humiliation and despair, are abroad in the land everywhere for want of scientific instruction relating to the temple of the human body. Let the children's inquiries be attended to; let their minds be trained to a proper understanding of human existence; let the ideal of noble life be made real by correct and proper training under the broad beams of the sun of truth and honesty, and they will grow to be men and women of which all may be proud.

S. H. W.

Correspondence.

MONROVIA, CAL., Oct. 1, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Our little truth seeker, a boy of four years, is not old enough to write you and ask you hard questions. He gets his information by personal interviews with those willing to answer, and he seldom finds a victim that he cannot puzzle.

We hav jotted down in the memory a few questions he has asked from time to time. Here are some of them. They may serve to please older children:

"Papa, if dogs are not folks, what makes 'em kiss little boys?"

"Mamma, how can snakes walk without legs?"

"Papa, why don't ladies get shaved?"

"Mamma, can baby spiders catch flies?"

"Papa, if I fall in the water will it make me dead?"

"Mamma, what makes the sun go down in the mountains when it gets night?"

"Papa, do butterflies make butter?"

"Mamma, how can flies look around without any neck?"

Yours very respectfully,
W. A. CHESS.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., Oct. 7, E.M. 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: It is some time since I wrote the Children's Corner, so I will write again, and tell you how we are getting along in this part of the "Lord's vineyard." Pa bought little sister and myself a most beautiful piano for a Christmas present, and we hav lots of music and are jolly. I take music lessons and like to play on the piano very much, and so we hav now a nice little orchestra of two violins, cornet, and piano, all of our own family.

Father received a letter from Brother Casey and wife, of Seneca, S. C., of whom, no doubt, you hav heard through THE TRUTH SEEKER. They hav had to part with their only cow to enable them to purchase food. I wish to say to the children of the Corner that I hav started a dime fund to enable Brother Casey and wife to purchase another cow. They are very old people and helpless, and living in a Christian community. They receive no sympathy from the cold-hearted Christians. I hope the children of the Corner, as well as their parents, will contribute the small amount of a dime. I will send the amount contributed, along with the names of the donors, to Mr. Casey, also to the Children's Corner, *Lucifer, Ironclad Age.* Let us all try to help the old couple to purchase a cow, which will be a great help to them. Contributors will please send contributions to Miss Sadie E Thorpe, Ballston Spa, Saratoga county, N. Y.

Yours for humanity and truth,
SADIE E. THORPE.

[We trust Sadie will gather dimes enough to buy not only a cow for our aged friends, but enough food to keep her fat and handsome.—ED. C. C.]

What the Little Ones Are Saying.

The story of the Cape Cod youth who spent a week in finding ten cents on the street in Boston has brought the "Listener" another story of a Cape Cod boy, who must hav been a relativ of that one. He happened to be visiting in Boston awhile ago, on the Fourth of July, and went out on the Common to see the sights. He returned in an hour or two, looking rather rueful. "What's the matter, Silas?" he was asked. "Gosh all hemlock!" he exclaimed, "this is the most extravagant place I ever see." "What has happened?' "Wal, you know that quarter of a dollar you giv me this morning?" "Yes. Well?" "Spent it, by hokey, all but twenty-three cents, slapdash, for molasses cakes!"

Mamie had noticed that the ducks and chickens did not stay much together. Not knowing that the ducks preferred the pond to the barnyard, she one day said: "Auntie, I think the chickens treat the duckies real bad. I b'lieve they just won't 'sociate with them because they've got big feet and such ugly noses. I wouldn't treat my friends that way just because they don't look pretty."

The five-year-old B—— child likes to tell stories with a moral. "Now," said she to a small boy, "I once knew a little fellow who told a lie to his mother when he ate what made him sick and said he didn't; so he died, and I bought a cascade for him and put flowers on it. Now, if you tell naughty stories, you'll die and go to heaven, just as that bad boy did!"

At a summer resort the other day a bright little four-year-old child amused the company by his continual cute questions and answers. One of his questions is worthy of repeating. Looking out of the window into a rain-storm, little Willie inquired: "Mamma, where does all the rain come from?" "From the heavens." "And do people drink all that water?" continued the little fellow. "Yes," was the reply. "Well," rejoined the small wit, "I should think it would be very unhealthy to drink, there are so many dead people up there."

Science Column.

A Lovely Wild Rose.

A wild rose! What a rich pink color, and what beautiful leaves it has, too! And how common it is! But, do you know, my dear, that this sweet flower, growing in swamps, meadows, and along the hedges, with five lovely silken petals, or leaves, fastened on the calyx—which means the urn-shaped outside covering of the flower—is the real mother of all the great, deep-colored, double, fragrant, and many-hued roses in all the wide, wide world?

It is—yes, just the *mamma* of all the roses everywhere.

It gets its name from the Latin word *rosa*, and its family name is *rosaceæ*.

Now let us talk about it a little. Peach, plum, cherry, almond, strawberry, and blackberry blossoms, as well as some others, belong to the same family. How can you tell the flowers of this family? Why, by observing the way they are made. All that you find fashioned after the pattern of the little wild rose are of that family.

It has many stamens—these are those parts of the flower where the pollen is prepared.

And what is pollen, you ask? But I like to hav you ask questions as we go along. Well, pollen is the dust that is used in forming new plants, and it is received by the pistils, and there is no albumen in its seeds.

I knew you would want to know what albumen is. It is a substance that resembles the white of an egg. There are nearly two hundred species of the rose family, but the best botanists admit only about thirty in good standing. The leaves, stems, and calyx of some kinds are aromatic, like the sweetbrier rose, which, if you brush it with your clothing even, as you pass, emits a delightful fragrance. This kind is called eglantine, sometimes, or the poet's flower.

There are many varieties, many colors, among roses, and all are attractiv. By your bright eyes, I am sure you can tell what the rose is often called.

The queen of flowers!

That's it. But it has many enemies that try to destroy its beauty and eat its pretty leaves. There is a slug that injures it, and also a little bug that eats only its pretty buds; then there are little green lice, whose other name is aphides, that creep all over its leaves and stems and devour their juices. Tobacco smoke, or tobacco water, will put an end to them. Strong soap-suds, or white hellebore, either, will kill the other insects, except the bugs, which must be picked off carefully. The leaves of the rose are used for medicin, and rose water is manufactured from them. Oil, or otto, of roses is very expensiv, but one drop of it keeps fragrant a long time.

Wild roses bloom from May to July and August, and sometimes later. I remember once finding one in bloom one windy, stormy day late in October by a country roadside. I plucked it and brought it home. Its petals were wet with the rain, but it seemed as if smiling through tears. Here are the lines its beauty and sweetness inspired:

TO A WILD ROSE IN OCTOBER.

O dear little wild rose,
So fragil and light;
In the cold and the storm
Still blooming so bright!

Though above and around
Are death and decay,
Sweet perfume thou breathest
Through life's little day.

So cheerily onward
May we also go,
Through storm and through sunshine,
And rough winds that blow;

E'er scenting with fragrance
Life's pages sober,
As sweet as the rose that
Bloomed in October.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—What is the name of the mother of roses? What is petal? a calyx? a stamen? pollen? pistil? What is albumen? What is rose derived from? What is its family name? What other flowers belong to this family? How many species of the rose? Tell what you know of the sweet brier. What is the rose often called? Tell about its enemies. How may they be destroyed? What are the uses of the rose? When do wild roses bloom? Can you repeat the poem?

A SMALL boy of this town having been partcularly unpleasant all day, his mother said as he was going to bed: "When you say your prayers, Georgie, ask God to make you a better boy. You hav been very naughty to-day." Georgie obeyed, and just before the usual Amen said: "And, please God, make me a good boy," and then, after a pause, added with great solemnity: "Nevertheless, not my will, O Lord, but thine be done!"

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AT FIFTEEN.

The school is done, and the winter sped;
The schoolmarm and I, we drift apart,
And Romance I. lies cold and dead
On the fresh green grave of a broken heart.
Go plant the willow and cypress tree,
Hang up the handsled out of reach;
I will get the parson to measure me,
And take my size for a funeral speech.

AT EIGHTEEN.

Mustache and whiskers are sprouting now,
I'm taller than then by half a head;
But oh! for surcease of an aching brow,
And the glare of a city painted red.
For I'm out sometimes with the other boys,
And come in, like Solomon, "filled with dew,"
I awake the morn with a merry noise
And the gentle murmur of my bazoo.

AT TWENTY-ONE.

I'm hardly the whale that I thought to be
In the first faint flush of my third decade;
The elderly matrons say "boy" to me,
My eternal fortune has not been made.
But I think on marriage and family
(Measles and cradles and trundlebeds),
Hold other folks' youngsters upon my knee,
And damp little babies with tow-white heads.

AT TWENTY-SEVEN.

I sneer at the follies of long-gone years,
At the callow youth and the sweet sixteen,
At the heartstrings torn, and the bitter tears,
At the hand unpressed and the blush unseen.
With the outstretched ear of a rareripe mind
I list to the lovers that laugh or sigh,
I've a cynical smile of a freezing kind
For the tender grace of the days gone by.

—*G. E. Macdonald Several Years Ago.*

EPILOG.

Alas for the youth and his high conceit,
And his strident yawp which he deemed so good,
The ground is uncertain beneath his feet,
And he howls ere yet he has left the wood.
Behold, he is born of the female sort,
And she filleth the day of his youth with pain;
His adolescence she cutteth short,
And gathers him under her wing again.

—*The Same, To-day.*

Non Mutamur.

We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
Prehistoric India;
Whoso drew the longest bow
Ran his brother down, you know,
As we run men down to-day.

Then the first of all his race
Met the mammoth face to face,
On the lake or in the cave;
Stole the steadiest canoe,
Ate the quarry others slew,
Died, and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer bone,
Some one made the sketch his own,
Filched it from the artist; then,
Even in those early days,
Won a simple viceroy's praise
Through the toil of other men.

Who shall doubt the secret hid
'Neath the Cheops pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To comptroler of supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On Pharaoh's swart civilians?

—*St. James Gazette.*

Sentiment.

From the London Secular Review.

America never had any ballads, so we must not expect her to hav the instinct to utilize the following:

A few days ago, in Green Lawn Cemetery, Ontario, the remains of a murderer, Charles Morgan, who was executed in the penitentiary in that place, were about to be interred. Scarcely had the undertaker removed the lid exposing the features of the dead criminal when Nell Lewery, Morgan's late mistress, threw herself on the coffin, sobbed hysterically, and cried: "My poor Charlie! They hav murdered you! Oh, how could they do it?" She kissed the lips of the dead man passionately, and stroked and smoothed his hair and brow, and finally, with her lady companion, knelt in prayer.

Only a mistress—and only a murderer! Ah, my friends, the real essentials of good and evil in man and woman lie far down in the soul's recesses; and an intelligence that could judge all hearts would care little for such terms as "wife" or "mistress," and little for such as "philanthropist" or "murderer." The motivs of man are too subtle to be weighed in the rough scales of the law or measured by the standard of public opinion. This "murderer" must hav had noble and loveable traits, or no woman would hav so kissed his dead lips in passionate sorrow. This "mistress" must hav possessed the loftiest and tenderest attributes of wife, or she would not thus hav felt impelled to kneel by the coffin of shame and kiss the brow of infamy. Edith, the mistress, wept over the body of Harold at Hastings; but Harold was a king. Magdalene, the mistress, wept over Jesus at Calvary; but Jesus was a martyr. Nell Lewery wept over Charles Morgan at Green Lawn, and Morgan was only an undistinguished murderer. We hav Edith of England and Magdalene of Palestine; but this woman of America is the noblest heroin of the three. And she is dismissed into oblivion with a newspaper paragraph of under a dozen lines!

The Printers of the Wicked Bible in Court of High Commission.

From the Bookworm.

On May 8, 1632, Richard Barker and Martin Lucas, the printers, were summoned before the Court of High Commission for having in the edition of the Bible printed by them in the previous year made grievous errors and used very bad paper. The bishop of London (William Laud) "shewed that this would undoe the trade, and was a most dishonorable thing; that they of the Church of Rome are soe carefull, that not a word or letter is to be found amisse in their Ladie's Psalter and other superstitious bookes; and that we should not (*sic*) be so carefull in printeing the sacred Scriptures, and that they in Holland, at Amsterdam, had gott up an English presse, and had printed the Bible in better paper, and with a better letter, and can undersell us 18d in a bible." The unhappy printers tried to excuse themselvs through their advocates, and offered submission and amendment, but the court refused to listen. The case therefore came on again on June 14th, when the printers moved the court to pass by the errors as being faults of the workmen; but the royal advocate required a legal defense and the regular hearing of the cause, when Laud "would hav the Church sett upright in her reputacian, that we are as carefull in printeing the Bible as they are of their Jesus' psalter, and whereas the Printers say this is stirred up by the malice of one man against them; the Bishop saith he stirred not till the Bible was sould into his house, bought by his footman; and he saith the printeing is soe bad and the paper too, that, if it be not mended shortlie, they wilbe put downe by those of Amsterdam and their trade spoyled, and the two grossest errors, vizt., 'shalt commit adultery,' and 'great asse': for 'shalt not commit adultery,' and 'greatnesse.'

"THE ARCH BISHOP of Canterbury (Abbot) saith, that the Printers that print for his Matie hav a very profitable place, and therefore should be more carefull. I knew the tyme when greater care was had about printeing, the Bibles especiallie, good compisetors and the best correctors were gotten being grave and learned men, and the paper and letter rare and faire every way of the best; but now the paper is naught, the composers boyes, and the correctors unlearned. There is a former and he makes the benefit, and careth for nothing about it. They heertofore spent their whole time in printeing, but these looke to gaine, gaine, gaine, nothing els; if it be good to bribe, to giv hundreds, thousands, what to do? not to benefitt the people, but to make a game, then they are to be commended: Well, let them look to it: and let the cause proceed, saith the Arch-Bishop, LONDON. There was a great deale to doo betweene you of this Citty and those of Cambridge heertofore about the priviledge of printeing the Bible and Psalmes which they of Cambridge claymed; then the Bible was exactlie printed, now you hav forced the Cambridg printer to an agreement, now noe Bible is right printed." (Rawlinson MS., printed Camden Society, N.S. 39.) This case was ultimately remitted to the Star Chamber, where the printers were fined £500 and the edition of one thousand erroneous copies were ordered to be burnt.

Too Much Law.

From the Sun.

Mayor Hewitt said what was very true when he thus replied to Governor Cornell's notion that more legislation on the electric light wires is required:

So far from there being any deficiency of law on the subject in this city, I think we are suffering at present from too much of it.

We are suffering from too much law all around. Cranky philosophers and whimsical philanthropists are all the time spying out what seems to them objectionable practices on the part of their neighbors in the management of their business, the pursuit of their pleasures, the disciplining of their households, and the general conduct of their life and affairs. Accordingly, they rush to Albany and induce the rural legislators to pass laws which make the meddlers substantially moral censors of the community, and regulators of its manner of life.

It is the old Puritan spirit revived, or rather continued, for it has never died out. It is the same meddlesome disposition which two hundred years ago led to the passage of laws in Connecticut to punish people for not going to church, and for traveling on Sunday, and which, in Massachusetts, regulated the length of the sleeves of women's gowns, and discountenanced dancing. It is the same spirit which to-day induces the village gossip to watch and criticise purchases from the butcher's wagon, and to count the frequency of visits and the number of letters received.

Yet New York is a great cosmopolitan town of 1,500,000 people, four-fifths of whom are of foreign birth or parentage, and therefore in their heredity, associations, tastes, habits, and views of life widely separated from the intermeddlers and busybodies who undertake to forcibly prescribe and regulate what they shall do and what they shall refrain from doing. They cannot understand why pleasures and recreations which to them hav seemed a matter of course, and in which their fathers and grandfathers indulged without thought of harm, should be interfered with and forbidden by law. It is all a mystery to them.

But they find that the legislature every year passes new laws to restrain them, and under which they are lugged off to the police station as criminals, though they hav been accustomed to regard themselvs as very respectable and law-abiding citizens who attend to their own affairs and meddle with those of nobody else. They know the blue-coated policemen, but the public necessity and the public functions of the moral censors they cannot make out, while the boards of health and the building bureau, with their inspectors and detectivs measuring and nosing around, they marvel at as incomprehensible features of a strange civilization.

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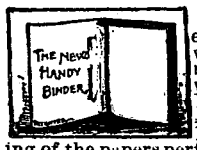
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News of the Week.

THE Austrian empress, an admirer of the Freethinking poet Heine, had subscribed toward a monument for him, but is now compelled by her husband to withdraw her subscription because of Heine's "insults" to empire and religion.

FRANCE has Boulangist riots.

THE national government now costs $250,000,000 a year.

CATHOLICS claim to hav 163 000,000 of that faith in Europe.

A CORNER in wheat in Chicago is causing a rise in the price of bread.

THE government continues to insist on the extirpation of polygamy in Utah.

YELLOW fever cases to date, over 3,500; deaths, about 325. The disease is abating.

FEMALE registration in Boston, 25,149; total vote last year, 51,741; women voted last year, 900.

THE largest railway accident of the week was at Mud Run, Pa., where over sixty lives were lost.

GERMAN conservativs arrested Professor Geffcken for "revealing state secrets" by publishing the diary of the dead liberal emperor.

WHENEVER a young rowdy of city gangs is hanged, the populace read greedily and half-admiringly the details of the low brute's prison life, last days, etc.

THE Chicago street-car strike was attended with riots and bloodshed. It has closed with the obtaining by the strikers of most of their demands.

THERE is a sad class of young roughs growing up in the large cities. Often when some one gives the newsboys an excursion they fight and riot like madmen.

THE commonly admitted charge that the presidential candidates recently contributed money to secure their election causes inquiry whether they did not violate Acts of 1883.

THE Sacred Congregation of Rites at Rome publishes to the world the important decree that images for the veneration of the faithful may be made of a new sort of papier-maché.

A SENSATION is caused by Dr. Mackenzie's book presenting his side of the quarrel in which he and the German doctors are charging each other with having caused Frederick's death.

THE greed and bloodthirstiness of the heads of European nations is such that even the peaceful and unaggressiv little republic of Switzerland feels obliged to arm against their rapacity.

MCQUADE, a New York boodle alderman, was released from the penitentiary on technical grounds. Although there is the fullest evidence against the other aldermen, money and influence seem to prevent their trial.

DR. HIGBEE, the head of the department of public instruction for Pennsylvania, decided that the Pittsburgh public school directors violated the law in renting a public school building to Catholic priests for a sectarian school.

THE Anglican bishops at their conference decided that great care was necessary in dealing with "minds disquieted by scientific discovery," urging the clergy to be very cautious on dogmatic points, and rather to treat of the central thought of Christ as the source of religious life.

ON the 12th Leo received William II. with pomp, and they commenced bargaining for reciprocal aid in keeping the people in oppression and ignorance. The emperor announced his desire to maintain a strongly conservativ policy in politics, social questions, and religion, and the pope responded that Germany would gain much if the Catholic church were given greater advantages in it.

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BALAAM IN TROUBLE.

And the ass saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and the ass turned aside out of the way, and went into the field; and Balaam smote the ass, to turn her into the way.—Num. xxii, 23.

Odds and Ends.

"WHY are you always so blue, Scribbler?" "Because," said the author, "I'm so seldom red."

OLD lady (to street gamin): "You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?" Little boy: "No-m, but I kin giv yer a cigaret."

"THE Empty Vessel," is the name of a new hymn. It must hav been the state of the contribution-box which suggested it.

OUR ancestors had clocks put on the outside of churches that they might not be late in getting to service. We put the clocks inside the churches lest we be late in getting out.

PROFESSOR: "Gretchen, please take the cat out of the room. I cannot hav it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?" Gretchen: "Why, professor, you are sitting on it!"

MINISTER: "I understood that you do not believe that a person is sufficiently punished on the earth for his misdeeds?" Neighbor: "Oh, yes, I do now; but I didn't until I heard you preach!"

"Do you see that man across the street? He's an English lord." "Why, he looks just like an average citizen." "Yes. It beats all how the tailors and barbers can improve a man's natural appearance."

NEXT to the small boy on the front seat at a baseball game, the most remarkable case of absorption we ever saw was that of a cat which stepped on some floating sawdust in a mill-pond with the impression that it was solid.

MISS GOTHAM (to Mr. Wabash, recently returned from abroad): "I suppose you were at court while in London, Mr. Wabash?" Mr. Wabash (uneasily): "Well—er—yes, Miss Gotham; but only once, and then I got off with a merely nominal fine."

LOUISIANA postmaster (who is assisted in his duties by his young bride): "Why, Mary, what are all these postal cards doing here? They should hav gone in the last mail." Young bride (who was a Massachusetts schoolmistress): "Oh, I hav just put them aside until I should hav time to correct the spelling."

"THE great objection I hav to the house," said the new tenant, "is that I can always hear vague murmuring caused by the people talking next door." "Well, ma'am," said the agent, "we can hav the walls made thicker for you." "Thicker!" she exclaimed; "why, then I couldn't hear a thing!"

JIM WEBSTER: "What preacher's gwinter baptize dat baby?" Sam Johnsing: "Parson Whangdoodle Baxter." "How much does he git?" "$2." "You oughter git Parson Bledsoe. He'll do hit for $1." "Hub, what sorter baptism can yer git for $1?" "If yer has got yer doubts about hits effercacy you can hab de chile baptized twice for de money what you pays Parson Whangdoodle Baxter."

"WHY do you ask for ten cents?" demanded a citizen of a tramp in City Hall park. "Most of you fellows only ask for a penny." "Yes, sir," politely responded the tramp, "and if they are repulsed their case is hopeless. With me, I can offer bargains—slaughter prices. In this case I am willing to make a dead reduction of five cents, thus enabling you, my dear sir, to come to the assistance of a deserving but despairing fellow-being, with the pleasant feeling that you are not only doing good, but doing it at fifty cents on the dollar."

WORSE THAN THE INQUISITION.

Visitor (to convict): "Do they treat you kindly here, my friend?"

Convict (cautiously): "They do on the surface, sir; but there is an underlying current of torture practiced compared with which the old Spanish Inquisition would rank as a Sixth ward picnic."

Visitor: "You don't say so! They giv you papers."

Convict (still more cautiously): "Sir, this paper is Deacon Shepard's *Mail and Express*."

"LIFE is short!" the preacher cried
From the pulpit up on high.
Jameson heard, and softly sighed:
"True! ah, true! And so am I."

"Life is real!" the preacher said.
Jameson nodded. Vain regrets!
Bowed in patience he his head,
"So," he sighed, "are all my debts."

"Life is earnest!" next he heard.
Cold sweat oozed through all his pores.
"Yes," he whispered, "that's the word,
So are all my creditors."

THERE was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting passages. The next morning he read on the bottom of the page: "When Noah was one hundred and forty he took unto himself a wife, who was [turning the leaf] one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher wood, covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'

THE librarian of a Kansas Sunday-school was called upon by the minister in charge of the flock. "Brother Hanks," said the preacher, "I hav heard some little complaint in regard to some books you recently added to our library." "I am sorry to hear it, Brother Fisher, for I am sure that I hav exercised my best judgment in all my selections. Of what especial book has complaint been made?' "Of a volume called 'Nana,' written by some fellow named Zola." "Just hold on a minute," said the librarian, "and let us examin the objectionable work." He produced the book. The minister took it. The librarian waited nearly an hour, but the minister did not look up. "Brother Fisher," the librarian called. The minister did not respond. "Brother Fisher," called the librarian, leaning over and shaking the preacher. "Yes, what is it, brother?" "The book, what do you think of it?" 'Oh, ah, yes, the book. I'll tell you what we'll do, Brother Hanks. We'll put some other book in the library and keep this one for ourselves?"

The Career of Jesus Christ.

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Gems of Thought.

BUDDHISM and its daughter creed Christianity can flourish only in a sickly soil. Christianity developed its first germs in the carcass of the decaying Roman empire, and still retains its firmest hold upon the degenerate nations of southern Europe; while the manlier races of the north resisted its propaganda to the last, and were the first to free themselvs from its despotism—just as Buddhism has been expelled from the homes of the Aryan races and relegated to the moral pesthouses of the south Mongol empires, for in Japan its influence is confined to the observance of a few traditional ceremonies. Disease, crushing misfortune, mental derangement, whatever disqualifies a man for the healthy business of life, qualifies him for the reception of antinatural dogmas. —*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Secret of the East.*

THE inhabitants of conquered nations, the children of misfortune, men of weak but sanguin imagination, would from preference attach themselvs to the sacerdotal religions; because the interest of the ruling priests dictated to them that very doctrin of equality in slavery, of the renunciation of temporal enjoyments, of rewards in heaven reserved for blind submission, for sufferings, for mortifications inflicted voluntarily, or endured without repining; that doctrin so attractiv, so consolatory to oppressed humanity!—*—Condorcet.*

PRECEDENT is the plea for these tomfooleries; but the age has arrived when we are to estimate precedents by their antiquity. The older the precedent the greater is the presumption that it is absurd, ridiculous, or pernicious. If our barbarous, ignorant, superstitious, and priest-ridden ancestors made fools of themselvs, is that any reason why we should follow their example? There must be an end to stupid precedents at one time or another. They are not eternal, and we are just as capable of destroying them now as our successors can be.—*Gilbert Vale's Beacon.*

IT seems to me that a "supernatural" religion—that is to say, a religion that is claimed to hav been divinely founded and to be authenticated by miracle, is much easier to establish among an ignorant people than any other—and the more ignorant the people, the easier such a religion could be established. The reason for this is plain. All ignorant tribes, all savage men, believe in the miraculous, in the supernatural. The conception of uniformity, of what may be called the eternal consistency of nature, is an idea far above their comprehension. They are forced to think in accordance with their minds, and as a consequence they account for all phenomena by the acts of superior beings—that is to say, by the supernatural. In other words, that religion having most in common with the savage, having most that was satisfactory to his mind, or to his lack of mind, would stand the best chance of success.—*Ingersoll.*

NATIONS will know that they cannot become conquerors without losing their freedom; that perpetual confederations are the only means of maintaining their independence; that their object should be security, and not power. By degrees commercial prejudices will die away; a false mercantil interest will lose the terrible power of imbruing the earth with blood, and of ruining nations under the idea of enriching them. As the people of different countries will at last be drawn into closer intimacy, by the principles of economics and morality, as each, for its own advantage, will invite foreigners to an equal participation of the benefits which it may hav derived either from nature or its own industry, all the causes which produce, envenom, and perpetuate national animosities will one by one disappear, and will no more furnish to warlike insanity either fuel or pretext.—*Condorcet.*

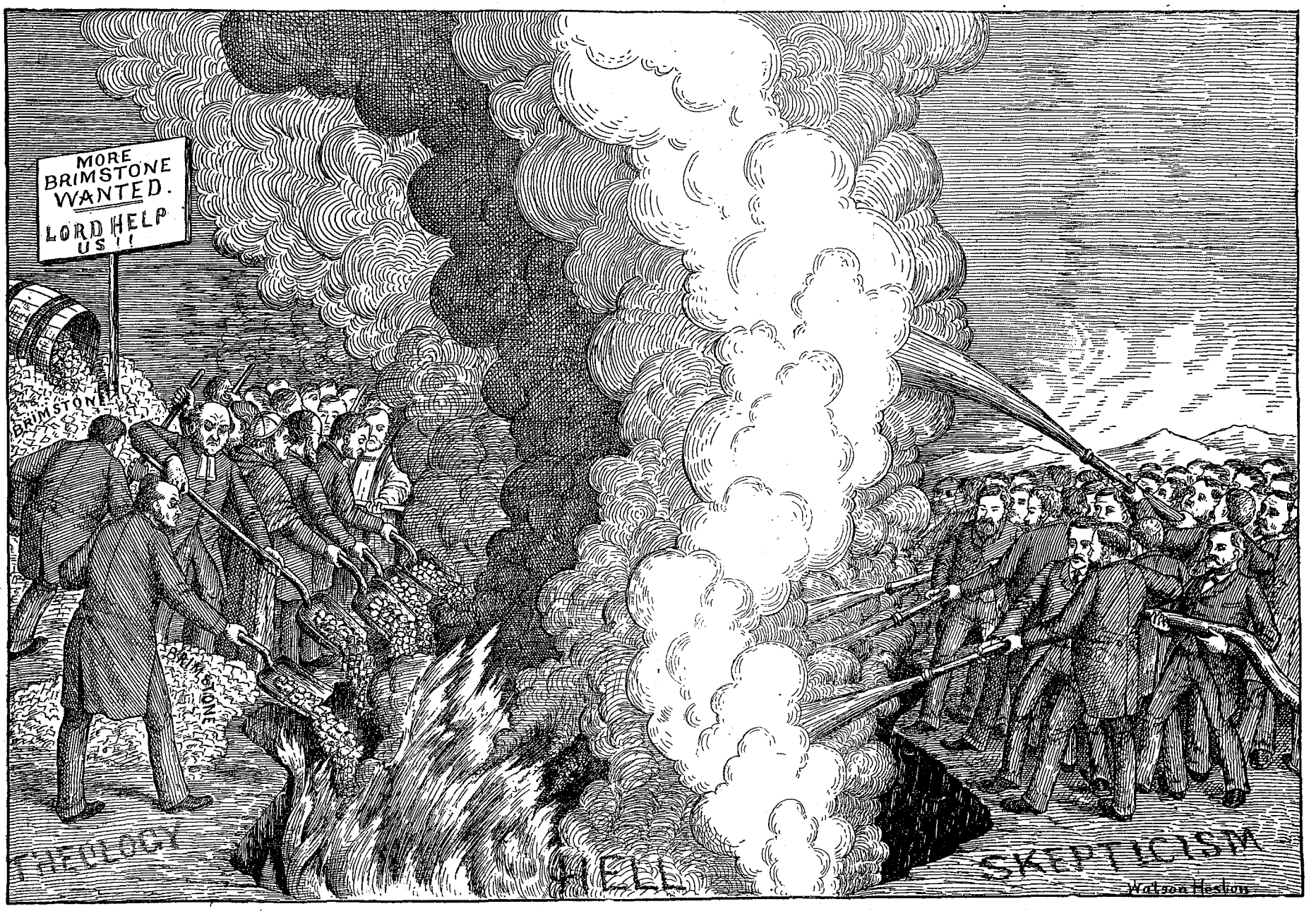
IT is said by those who know Europe generally that there are more thefts committed and punished annually in England than in all the other nations put together. If this be so, there must be a cause or causes for such depravity in our common people. May not one be the deficiency of justice and morality in our national government, manifested in our oppressiv conduct to subjects, and unjust wars on our neighbors? View the long-persisted-in, unjust, monopolizing treatment of Ireland, at length acknowledged! View the plundering government exercised by our merchants in the Indies; the confiscating war made upon the American colonies; and, to say nothing of those upon France and Spain, view the late war upon Holland, which was seen by impartial Europe in no other light than that of a war of rapine and pillage; the hopes of an immense and easy prey being its only apparent, and probably its true and real motiv and encouragement. Justice is as strictly due between neighbor nations, as between neighbor citizens. A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang, as when single; and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang. After employing your people in robbing the Dutch, is it strange that, being put out of that employ by peace, they still continue robbing, and rob one another?—*Benj. Franklin.*

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THE CONTEST BETWEEN THEOLOGY AND SKEPTICISM.

Notes and Clippings.

THERE are over forty thousand children receiving Catholic education in the parochial schools, asylums, colleges, etc., of Brooklyn.

A HANDSOME offer has been made to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, says the *World*, by a foreign manager to deliver forty lectures in Europe next spring.

MACON, Ga., *Times:* "Perhaps marriage is a failure, but the wisest man of the old times could never be made to see it in that light. We hav reference to Solomon."

THE population of this country will soon reach hundreds of millions, and, says an exchange, will present problems calling for the exercise of the highest statesmanship and the elevation of politics into a far-reaching science.

IT is said that when General Grant was in Japan the Japanese premier, Prince Kung, desiring to compliment the general by telling him he was born to command, tried it in English with this result: "Sire, brave general, you vas made to order."

GENERAL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, netted about $15,000 two years ago in England by a week of self-denial and prayer on the part of his followers. Being somewhat in need of ready cash, he has decided to try the same dodge again this year.

THE *Churchman* (P. E.) says: "The decadence of Wesleyanism in Great Britain, in common with that of nearly all the other sects, which has been chronicled for several years, is continuing with a steady progression. The leakage of the last year which the Wesleyan conference has had under review is said to amount to no fewer than forty thousand members, and this, allowing for the annual increase in population, represents in reality a far larger falling off."

"PLEASE don't swear," is printed on a card stuck up over the ticket-hole in the window of one of the Sixth avenue elevated stations. It reminds the passengers of the sign on an organ in a Western church: "Please don't shoot the organist; he is doing the best he can."

IT is reported that the "Rev. C. A. Johnson," whoever he may be, announces that as a result of much study he decides that "in just thirty-two years from now the electricity stored in the earth will come in contact with the heated matter inside and blow the whole world up."

THE Boston school committee has substituted Anderson's New General History for Swinton's History as a text-book in the schools. "This," says the *Catholic Union and Times*, "is a victory for the Catholics, who opposed Swinton's History because of its lying statements about the sale of indulgences."

CREMATION is illegal in France, and bodies hav to be taken to Italy to be burnt. M. Morin, dying recently in Paris, left instructions that his body should be sent to Milan to be burnt. This was done, and the cost of the incineration was but fifteen shillings. The Italian custom house, however, levied $70 import duty on the body when it came into the country, and the same amount export duty when the ashes were taken back to France.

A RETIRED jeweler of St. Louis has been giving away the tricks of his trade. He is reported as saying that there is as much profit in the repairing department of watchmaking as there is in plumbing. For instance, a mainspring costs about eight cents, and it takes half an hour to set it in a watch. The average charge is $1.50.

ALEXANDER DOYLE has finished a sketch model of the bronze statue to Horace Greeley, which is to be erected by the printers of the country, on the east side of City Hall park, facing Printing House square. The sculptor has depicted Mr. Greeley seated bareheaded in an armchair, under which lies a pile of books. The arm drops at full length by the side of the chair, and in the hand is a newspaper. The statue will be heroic in size.

THE excavations at Pompeii carried on for the amusement and instruction of Emperor William of Germany were the most remarkable archæological achievements since Mr. Pickwick discovered the famous stone bearing the strangest hieroglyphics ever brought to light. The kaiser's wonderful good fortune in obtaining ancient bronzes, vases, jars, etc., wherever he looked for them shows one of the striking advantages of a monarchical form of government. In a democratic country even a visiting emperor would hav to take his chances with the crowd if he wanted to indulge in scientific explorations.

How Sam Jones converted an Infidel is thus told by himself: Down here in a beautiful town south of us an Infidel—and about as good a one as you will find—came to me and said: "Mr. Jones, I am an Infidel. I don't believe the Bible; but you hav got something that I hav not got, and I wish I had it. I don't know what it is." I said: "I will prescribe for you and cure you if you take my medicin." He said: "I will do it." I said: "To-night when I get through preaching come up to the altar and say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" He says: "But I——" I say: "Shut your mouth; your trouble has been your mouth, and if I could keep that shut twenty-four hours I will get you on the road to God." Sure enough, that night he came and knelt at the altar, and after the service I said to him: "When you go home read a chapter from the Bible and hav family prayers." "But I——" says he. "Shut your mouth," said I; "your mouth has gotten you nearly to hell, and if I can keep it shut forty-eight hours I will cure you." He got his Bible that night and prayed. The next morning he came back. I told him when the door of the church opened for him to go up and join. "I—I——" he began. I said: "Shut your mouth, but do as I tell you." That afternoon he walked up to the font and joined the church. I put a padlock on each corner of his mouth and one in the middle, and kept his mouth shut forty-eight hours. He then said: "I believe in God and the Bible, and here is my hand to lead a Christian life." Many people think if their views are not right they cannot be Christians. God never said: "Giv me your head;" and if you giv God your heart your head will come straight as natural as life. An Infidel is an Infidel because he will not take the medicin that will cure Infidelity. We will add: The story is probably a lie, but it will illustrate the idea of the church. Shut your mouth, shut your eyes, giv your brains an anesthetic and you can get Christianity!

Communications.

Life's Day.

Death is said to be the great mystery, but life is a greater one.

We know that death is the dissolution and decay of organized matter; but the vital principle, the *esse* of all living organisms, ever eludes the scientist's grasp. It is a something, if an entity at all, which is beyond human ken. The manifestations of life are as varied as the face of animated nature can make them. Look where we will, its phenomena are ever before us.

As to the origin of life we are ignorant. Although, when traced backward, the fountain of life, like the origin of historical events, ends in uncertainty, yet the stream of time has left certain way-marks, or inscriptions, in the solid rocks, which shed a friendly luster on the mysterious past.

Science has tunneled the mountains, plowed the trackless seas, elucidated abstruse mathematical problems, penetrated stellar space, chained the lightning's flash, subdued the mechanical powers; but when it attempts to analyze the living principle which has accomplished it all, an utter failure is the result.

The alembic of chemistry distills the purest essences and drugs; heat, coke, lime, and other ingredients eliminate the metals of trade and commerce from their nativ ores; the buzz of machinery—cog to wheel, belt to pinion—weaves the purple and fine linen for the crowned heads of earth, but the nature of life—of man—the master spirit, is as deeply involved in mystery as the bottom of the fathomless deep. And this applies no less to the worm squirming at our feet than to the "lord of creation."

Life grades itself into animal and vegetable forms of development.

An animal is a living being whose life is sustained by nutriment assimilated by a muscular cavity or stomach.

There are processes in the vast realms of the universe which evince a display of order akin to intelligence, such as the adaptation of chemicals to unite in certain proportions, the spontaneous formation of regularly shaped crystals, and the ceaseless whirl of planets in their orbits, but in which we detect none of the attributes of a living, sentient being.

Science has learned something of the *how* of life's commonest operations, but the *why* of a thought is veiled in impenetrable mystery. From the squirming, radial earth-worm composed only of muscular rings, to the ponderous elephant, we observe modifications of the wonderful power, life.

As to when or how life first appeared on earth we are profoundly ignorant. The evidences with which we are acquainted tend to show that the lowest forms of life were first evolved; and from the inherent power pervading these low and simple forms, higher and more complicated organisms grew or were produced.

Life may be defined to be the capacity to enjoy pleasure and suffer pain; and these attributes pertain to all forms of existence.

It has been asserted that only man reasons—that the lower orders of beings possess only sensation and instinct. But the facts at our command do not warrant the assertion. The spider is a mechanical reasoner; so is the beaver.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to draw the line between those animals possessing only sensation and those possessing instinct—or, to carry the parallel farther, it is equally difficult to determin at what point or in what animal sensation ceases and instinct begins, or where instinct disappears and reason assumes the sway.

Reason is the co-worker with intelligence. But here we are at sea again, for we do not know where in the scale of existence intelligence begins. Indeed, we find something close akin to intelligence in plants.

In chemical action we will only refer to the formation of oxides—thus: There are four known oxides of antimony, the multiples or divisions of each of which bear the same ratio to each other.

Crystallization is another operation in inanimate nature closely resembling intelligence. True, these are said to be the results of the operation of natural law. When ipecac or lobelia is taken into the stomach a violent reversal of the usual order takes place. This is the operation of a natural law on living organism.

The original condition of matter no doubt was chaotic. From chaos order was evolved by and through the inherent properties of matter.

Millions of years—in fact, time out of mind—was necessary for these changes to take place. These changes of form in matter are no more completed today than they were a million of years ago.

When the ceaseless swish of the waters had lashed the rock-bound shore for myriads of ages, the chemical properties of the saline liquid deposited the lowest form of life it held in solution.

In the archean time the earth was a dreary waste, but the ceaseless powers were at work then as to-day.

Did we not know that all limestone is composed of vegetable and organic remains, we would conclude that there was no life in the Azoic.

Animalcular beings, which hav left no trace of their existence, may hav been the original protozoan germ of all life.

Graphite, a vegetable product, has been found in the Azoic rocks near Ticonderoga, N. Y., which is regarded as evidence of the oldest vegetation yet found.

The radiates of the Paleozoic comprise the lowest form of life now known to hav existed in the earlier ages.

In some of the microscopic protozoans the stomach was not a permanent cavity, being extemporized out of the mass of tissue only when food came in contact with the body. The radiates consist of little else than a mouth and a stomach, the latter being arranged radiately around the former. As in an orange or a flower, the parts are arranged radiately about an axis or common center. Radiate animals are similar in structure to plants which are also radiates.

Besides the radiates, there are other species of such extreme simplicity as to be devoid of even a mouth and a stomach, which may be considered as systemless animals. Sponges, microscopic protozoans, minute rhizopods, and polycystines are of the same class.

More wonderful still is the parasitical gregarinida infesting the bodies of cockroaches and earth-worms, consisting of a single cell containing a central vesicle, and where the only signs of life are contraction and expansion. However, the bathybius protomœba, consisting of a mass of albuminous jelly possessing neither the characteristics of plants or animals, are considered the simplest living organic structures known.

Some of the most beautiful forms in nature are found in the crinoids and asteroida of the radiate family.

Crinoids and corals appear to hav been the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms—the grading of one into the other; or, in other words, they were shades of development in animal life toward flower life.

They had the semblance of flowers—in fact, were flower-animals, being typical of the flowers of the vegetable kingdom ages before the flowers appeared.

Numberless species may hav existed and perished while life existed only in the waters. Of mollusks, cephalopods—snails—exhibited the tendency toward land animals.

Trilobites were their contemporaries, and the first articulates.

The Devonian age next held sway. Life in the waters assumed ponderous forms and complicated structures. Land insects, plants, and vertebrates appeared. Land animals were doubtless evolved by some marine animals becoming amphibians—cephalopods, for instance.

The evolution of ferns, pines, and lepidodendra from leafless seaweeds, marked an epoch of great progress in the development of plant life, as did also the introduction of land vertebrates.

When, in floating adown the stream of time toward the present, we reach the Carboniferous, the advance becomes grand, the floating islands, jungles, and forests containing about nine hundred species of plants, some of which bore nut-like fruit. This plant life was mostly flowerless—mostly tree-ferns.

There was an increase in land articulates, such as myriapods (or centipedes), insects, and scorpions. The progress in vertebrates was from water vertebrates to amphibious reptils. The first land snail appeared in the Carboniferous. Trilobites were displaced by other crustaceans, like our modern shrimps. These articulates were the precursors of the reptils which appeared soon afterward. They may hav been the connecting link between Silurian and amphibian life.

The first traces of reptilians are found in the Carboniferous horizon. The reptilian type advanced to enaliosaurs, or swimming reptils, which are the highest species of animal yet found in the Carboniferous rocks.

The Paleozoic closed before the appearance of birds and mammiferous animals, and with few vertebrates except fishes, which were distinguished by the unequally lobed tail. The first mammals were marsupalia—pouched animals. These were ushered in with the Mesozoic, which was also the zenith of reptilian greatness. The wonderful pterodactyl now made its advent. It was nature's first bird effort.

In the tertiary of the Cenozoic mammalia appeared to dispute the mastery, as fishes and reptils had done before. Mammals of many types may hav been produced by cross-breeding of different species. The fruit of such a union would, of course, be a hybrid at first, but eventually would become a distinct species itself. Hybrids do not now propagate their kind; however, they may hav done so in the past.

The number of species of animals now in existence is estimated at about a quarter of a million; and it is safe to say that the number of extinct species existing in a fossil state exceed that number many times. These fossils are found not only at great depths below the surface of the earth, but also in the Alps and Pyrenees at the hight of six thousand to eight thousand feet; and in the Andes and Himalayas at the hight of from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand feet.

Of the hundreds and thousands of species of animals and plants existing in the fossils of the recent past—the tertiary—of the Cenozoic—not one is identical with any animal or plant now living.

Thus one vast routine of change has marked the development and evolution of life on the globe. This change has all the time been tending toward an increase of brain-power—"cephalization," as Dana expresses it. Mammalia seems to be the crowning sheaf—the keystone—in the grand arch in the vast temples of animated nature.

The domination of species during the geological epochs of the past may be referred to fishes in the Paleozoic, reptils in the Mesozoic, and mammals in Cenozoic and present. To summarize: the lower forms of the Paleozoic gave way to more advanced organisms of the Mesozoic; and these in their turn hav been superseded by the complicated structures of the Cenozoic.

Fishes are capable of motion parallel with a horizontal position; their powers of locomotion are produced by a pair of anterior and a pair of posterior fins; in some reptils and quadrupeds the fins hav grown into anterior and posterior limbs; and man—the animal endowed with reason in addition to instinct—has learned to balance himself in an erect posture by the use of his developed anterior and posterior fins—arms and legs.

As to how one species became extinct and a new one was formed, we are ignorant. Evolution, environment, or hybridization, offers the only solution to the problem.

We can only judge of the present by comparing it with the past. Thus, among the pachyderms was the paleotherium, varying in size from that of a hog to that of a horse, and having the characteristics of the rhinoceros, taper, and horse. Also the anoplatherium, varying in dimensions from those of a hare to those of a pony, and being an intermediate link between a horse and a rhinoceros, as well as between the hog, camel, and hippopotamus. In all the orders are found species possessing characteristics of other species. Thus flying squirrels link animals and birds together; bats are another instance connecting birds and quadrupeds.

All orders of existence are linked together by the life-germ—a phenomenon common to all. As in the physical universe there is physical or mechanical force or law, so in animated nature there is life, force, or organic law.

In the vegetable kingdom there exists likewise organic law, but its operations are more purely chemical in their nature.

Some animals, as the mastodon and the horse, do not appear to hav been restricted by geographical boundaries; on the contrary, their fossil remains are found in nearly every country of the globe. The fossils of some species requiring the conditions of the torrid zone for a habitat are found in temperate regions, and even amid the arctics. This is an evidence of the vast physical changes which the crust of the earth has undergone.

These changes with their consequent oscillations and periods of elevation and subsidence to which the surface of the earth has been subjected, would necessarily affect the conditions necessary to the existence of all life then prevalent. It is agreed on all hands that the great mountain ranges of the globe were uplifted during the tertiary epoch of the Cenozoic. Thus, before the upheaval of the Rocky mountains, the Gulf of Mexico covered a great part of the territory of the Southern states, penetrating as far as the source of the Missouri.

All this, no doubt, took place during a period of earthquake commotion. About this time, or later, occurred the glacial or drift period, which produced other and additional changes in the earth's physical aspect.

This drift period is regarded as the last great geological change which has taken place on the surface of our planet. Some authorities are of the opinion that the erosion of the rock gorge in the Niagara river commenced about the close of the drift epoch at the present site of Queenstown on Lake Ontario, from which place it has receded seven miles. According to the best data obtainable, it is estimated that the time required for this recession has not been less than thirty-five thousand years. Taking the Mosaic cosmogony into account, this erosion began within twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand years before the appearance of man.

Suffice it to say that the record of the rocks shows that there has been a continual progress in the condition of our planet; that its surface has gradually become fitted for the existence of the forms of vegetable and animal life which hav appeared in each epoch.

Plants advanced from seaweeds to ferns, club-mosses, and gigantic endogens, such as palms, corn,

etc., to the true timber trees of the recent and present time.

Of animals, radiata and articulata existed for ages as the only life of the waters; then vertebrata—fishes—sported in the liquid element; after these came reptils—amphibians—which were connected with fishes by an insensible gradation. From reptils the advance was to birds and mammals, each of which were at first represented by the lowest forms of their class; and each of which disputed for the mastery till man, the highest representativ of all classes, appeared to assert his sway.

According to the opinions of the most eminent scientists—anatomists as well as geologists—all organic beings were tending to the human form from the beginning. In the language of Agassiz: "Man is the end toward which all the animal creation has tended from the first appearance of the first Paleozoic fishes."

We hav now imperfectly traced life from its incipient germ-cell to the crowning pinnacle of the dome.

Our task, although a pleasant one, is only begun. We hav briefly hinted at the conditions of man's origin; his purpose on earth and final destiny now loom up in view. From the dawn we hav reached the noon-day; now what of the evening and the night?

To the lower animals we now bid a formal adieu; to man, his environment and his immediate ancestors, we will pay our respects. While we discuss the problem of human life, we will not essay to dogmatize where we do not know.

While the writer does not propose to discuss the pros and cons of the Darwinian theory, yet it is silly to overlook or ignore the striking structural resemblances between man and the man-like apes. The writer does not consider it derogatory to man's dignity to assert that he "evoluted" from the lower animals; neither does such a hypothesis detract in the least from the sublime grandeur of the reign and progress of natural law; rather does it enhance and add additional luster to the incomprehensibility of those operations and processes which so universally command our admiration, if not our awe and reverence.

One or two pertinent inquiries we cannot omit. If, as the Darwinians declare, man descended from the monkey, why is it that *all* the monkeys did not "evolute" into the human or manly form? And why is it that no manlike apes hav become men within the historic period? If such a transition has taken place, why not again?

On the other hand, suppose, for instance, that man be deprived of the power of speech—of word signs of ideas—for one hundred years, and try to contemplate, if you can, the consequences.

Does not the power to convey his thoughts and desires to his fellows constitute man's chief supremacy over the grades of being below him?

As to how language originated we can only conjecture. Doubtless it at first comprised only a few guttural sounds. Our ancestors may not hav been gregarious. The cave-dwellers evidently were not nomadic. Their wants were few, and were shared in common with the beasts of the jungle. On the wild animals of the forest and plain they were, in part, dependent for subsistence, and from them they may hav gathered the rudiments of speech. A common form of speech and a community of interests shaped the formation of tribes and governments. The original ferm of government was patriarchal, or parental, as well as tribal. Tribes were consolidated by conquest—a nation was the result.

The intercourse of nations has produced civilization, and civilization is pregnant with vast possibilities.

Although we are to-day almost overshadowed by the blaze of civilization, yet we are by no means free from the superstitions of the past. They cling to our civilization as does the shadow to the substance. Before the era of science men's ideas were very crude. Priests, whose bread and butter depended on their influence over the masses, had been their sole preceptors. The earth was supposed to be flat, and if flat of course it had four corners.

All the phenomena of nature were supposed to be the work of invisible beings or gods; of course, the number of these gods was legion.

Men observed that all animated nature, while exhibiting the activ functions of life, was at the same time undergoing the transition of decay and death. Their children as well as animals would sicken and die, but was that the end? In their dreams they would see their loved ones again. Hope sprang up that the dead would liv again. The priests clutched at the idea. They began to teach that the physical man faded insensibly into an ethereal, spiritual man, and that this spiritual existence constituted a higher form of life invisible to the physical senses.

This theory was probably only an improvement on the doctrin of metempsychosis.

It required an indefinable realm somewhere for the sojourn of spirits after the death of the body, with conditions of happiness or misery commensurate with the belief or faith of the individual while inhabiting "the tenement of clay."

It is a beautiful thought that we are to clasp hands with loved ones beyond the confines of pain and tears.

But, unfortunately, there are sad defects in this cheerful view—this lovely child of hope. No scientist in his laboratory, or chemist with his crucible, has ever caged a soul separate and apart from the body. Outside of a human brain there is no mentality, no volition, no love. There are many strange mental phenomena exhibited under the names of mesmerism, Spiritualism, and kindred themes, but as to a satisfactory knowledge of a future life, there is none.

The great effort of the church and Spiritualists for ages has been to distinguish spirit from matter. The measure of success attending the effort has been a miserable failure. The zeal and persistency with which the assertion of the existence of a spirit-world has been promulgated is worthy of a pure and noble feeling in the human mind.

The doctrin of a future state presupposes that there is a repository of souls somewhere, as of grain in a bin, from which the demand is supplied. But when, or at what stage of development, the fetus becomes a living soul—a separate, distinct entity—no power on earth can determin.

The problem of life still remains unsolved, the visions of dreamers to the contrary notwithstanding. With all the aid of numerous so-called revelations, and all the vagaries of their expounders, the mystery of death has never been solved.

Whether death ends all, or is an open door to "a land fairer than day," is utterly unknown, *unknown!*

Stockton, Tenn. W. A. SIMPSON.

The German Roman Catholics.

Correspondence of the Independent.

The spirit and the demands of the Roman Catholic Congress recently held in Freiburg, in Baden, again emphasize the fact that the Catholics of Germany are determined to push to the utmost the moral victory they gained in the establishment of a *modus vivendi* between Berlin and the Vatican as the official close of the *Kulturkampf*. Legally, the Catholic church does not even yet stand as favored in Prussia as she did before the beginning of the long contest. Only in exceptional cases hav the brethren of the various orders been permitted to resume their work. But among these are not the Jesuits. The congress, without mentioning any particular societies, demanded the return of *all* the orders and permission for them to labor without let or hindrance. Equally determined, also, were they in demanding that the state giv up its monopoly in the control of the schools, and giv to the church in a measure this supervision and direction.

But the chief business of the congress was to discuss and formulate its demand for the restoration of the temporal power of the pope. It labored hard and vigorously to create public sentiment in favor of this re-establishment. The special occasion for the vehemence of the measure was the recent publication of a new code of laws by the Italian government, in which the agitations that hav for several years past, and especially in connection with the recent papal jubilee, been carried out under the very eaves of the Quirinal, are declared crimes against the state. The Italian government, under the leadership of the Minister-President Crispi, has been enacting laws that strongly remind one, in spirit and aim, of the famous May laws of Prussia of 1873. In the new code, section 101 declares that "whoever commits an act with the intention of thereby causing the state or any part of the state to come under a foreign power, or tries to destroy the unity of the state, will be punished by imprisonment." Section 173 declares that "Any public servant of religion who in the performance of his official duties, publicly criticises or abuses the affairs or the laws of the state, will be punished by an imprisonment of one year, and by the payment of a fine of one thousand francs." Section 176 says: "Any public servant of religion who, in the performance of his duties, or in the abuse of his office, is guilty of any other offense will be punished as prescribed for that offense, increased by further punishment from one-sixth to one-third in measure."

Of course these and similar paragraphs aim at putting an effectual quietus on the whole restoration movement. It is the government's answer to the wild enthusiasm and unrestrained aggressivness of the jubilee addresses. This, too, is the way in which the Catholics themselvs look upon the matter, and explains why the Freiburg congress put this measure so prominently into the foreground.

The aggressiv spirit that appears in the action of the congress is typical of the position taken by Catholic leaders throughout. It is confidently claimed that Catholic scholarship has successfully undermined the claims of Protestantism, not only doctrinally, as was attempted by Möhler's "*Symbolik*," nor only historically, as Janssen and his school attempt, but also in the practical sphere of the social problems and public life. The *Germania*, the leading Catholic periodical of Germany, givs the following summary of this new wisdom. It says:

That which the shameless monk of Wittemberg inaugurated three hundred and fifty years ago is no longer looked upon as a reformation. No; it was a rushing into a bottomless pit. It is the most flagrant, the most radical, the most wicked revolution which the world has ever seen. It was a revolution in the churchly, the religious, the moral, the political, the social, the economic, the learned, the historical worlds. The foundation of the so-called Evangelical church has long since been understood by intelligent men. According to these, Protestantism is nothing but a mere rejection of all and everything that is supernatural; it explains everything on the basis of the law of nature, of natural development; and not even the smallest nook is left open for the God of revelation. Its foundations are the purest godlessness and religious nihilism; and on such a foundation only hate and empty words, only decay and destruction, in time and eternity, can be built.

Were these words the ravings of some obscure sheet, they might pass unnoticed; but coming from the accredited organ of German Roman Catholicism, they are certainly significant.

Every effort is made to instill self-confidence and aggressivness into the masses. The revived Catholicism of the day is becoming more and more pronounced in its Ultramontanistic tendencies. The milder type, which prevailed in the earlier decades, particularly in Wütemberg, has been crowded to the wall, and the *Roman* feature of the church brought into greater prominence. No better testimony of the new Roman Catholicism of the day in Germany could be given than the wonderful pilgrim-bands that hav all summer long been crowding to the shrine of the four great sacred relics now exposed at Aix la Chapelle. These are: first, the garment worn by the Virgin Mary when she gave birth to Christ; secondly, the swaddling clothes worn by the savior immediately after his birth; thirdly, the cloth upon which the headless body of John the Baptist lay; and, fourthly, the vesture worn by the savior when hanging on the cross. The officials of the church hav declared these relics "genuin" and worthy objects of adoration. When a neighboring pastor, Thümmel, in a public address, declared that this adoration was a sacrilege (*Gotteslasterung*), the officials of Sollingen, where the address was delivered, closed the meeting amid loud tumult and uproar.

Unfortunately the Protestants of Germany do not present a solid front over against the aggressions of Rome. They are divided in regard to method and manner, but a unit on the necessity of the work. The *Evangelischer Bund*, however, already numbers forty thousand members, and, as is officially declared, fights Rome "with word and pen." The society is especially strong in the country along the Rhine where a Protestant minority is living among a Catholic majority.

To Mr. McArthur.

I am glad of a promis of "peace." No one detests war and all manner of wranglings more than I do, and yet I seem destined to provoke disturbances. Probably because I cannot be "all things to all men," and hav pronounced opinions of my own and express them somewhat bluntly, though not intentionally in unkindness.

I hardly think it right to call Bouton a "liar," but he did deceive and act a falsehood, and so did all his coadjutors. Still, I must say his book is useful as a proof of the easiness with which people are humbugged, even in a radical Liberal town; and as this is only one more among countless instances of the fraud and trickery of mediums, it is natural for me to suspect a majority, if not all of them, when their performances are outside of all known laws of nature. I grant many are honest and sincere, but I think, with Hermann the magician, that there are no real ghosts, and also that there is no independent slate-writing. If Mr. Arthur, or some other "and more competent Spiritualist," can bring proof of these two things, I will gladly stand on "my own platform" and wait for them.

Life is a grand and glorious boon. I am by no means tired of it, and if I am to hav a few million years more of it, I shall be exceedingly glad to know it, and, in the mean time, will "work for the good that is nighest." ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

The Good Effect of The Truth Seeker.

Prof. D. C. Seymour in San Francisco Freethought.

While here [Montesano, Wash. Terr.] we met Mrs. G. D. McLane, who, until two years ago, was a shouting Methodist, good and strong. Her husband, being a Radical, borrowed THE TRUTH SEEKER to read, but kept it hid away so as not to offend his wife. However, she found it and read it, all unbeknown to him, and got converted to the religion of humanity, and sent and subscribed for THE TRUTH SEEKER out of her own earnings, saying to her spouse, "We will not borrow our paper nor put our light under a bushel." Mrs. McLane is a whole four-horse team in our cause.

Why, Oh, Why?

From the Amer can.

If parochial schools are as advantageous for a country as the Roman Catholic church claims, why hav they done so little for the province of Quebec, where the priesthood and ignorance hav joined hands to degrade a people and debauch politics? Race and religious prejudice hold that province in such dark bondage that the enlightened portion of its people see no hope for the future except through annexation to the United States, which has no relish for such a solution of a vexatious problem. Judged by what it has done for the French of Canada, the never-ending struggle of the church of Rome to get its hands on the school funds of this republic must be regarded as a sinister plot against its education and progress.

The American Secular Union.

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R. B. Westbrook, LL.D.

It is a bright October morn which finds the secretary wending his way through the Quaker City to greet the recently elected successor of Colonel Ingersoll, Courtlandt Palmer, and S. P. Putnam. Arrived at his elegant home, a cheery-looking domestic shows me to the parlor, while Mrs. Westbrook makes me feel at ease with the cordial welcome so characteristic of the refined and intellectual women of America, and when to this is added a remarkable degree of beauty, grace, and fine bearing, you can form a slight conception of the "first [Liberal] lady in the land." I learned later that Mrs. Westbrook was a graduate of the Women's Medical College, but limits her practice to the doctor, whose fine form, as he descends the stairs, attests her skill in keeping her patient in prime condition.

A hearty hand-shake—a real grip of friendship and cordiality—betokening earnestness and sincerity, at once places the new president high in my esteem, and, as he leads me to the sitting-room, where we engage in conversation, I am impressed with the following picture of the president of the American Secular Union: Tall, well-proportioned, of *distingué* appearance, gray locks covering like a plume a massiv, well-posed head affording ample proof why Dr. Westbrook left that "pent up" Presbyterian ministry; his blue-gray eyes keen, kindly, and penetrating, a clean-shaven face revealing a firm, though pleasant, mouth and a chin denoting energy and decision. In form and feature Dr. Westbrook betokens mental vigor, physical energy, and great nervous activity, and while his appearance is that of the student and scholar, he also possesses the carriage of a soldier.

R. B. Westbrook, D.D., LL.D., was born in Pike county, Pa., in 1820, and his family are noted as pioneers of freedom, his ancestors having fled from Holland in 1620 for the sake of religious liberty, and settled on the manor lands of the patroon Van Rensselaer.

The father of our subject, Col. John Westbrook, took part in the War of 1812, was distinguished for his commanding presence, perfect knowledge of military tactics, and daring horsemanship—the latter being an accomplishment for which his worthy son is also remarkable, as the privileged visitor to the Philadelphia Riding Academy will freely admit. Colonel John was in 1833 elected to the Pennsylvania legislature, when James Buchanan and Thaddeus Stevens were also members of that body, and in 1840 was sent to Congress as Pike county's first representativ. Colonel Westbrook became an intimate friend and associate of President Martin Van Buren, and through his influence with the administration secured the appointment of the first female postmistress. As a further indication of the far-seeing characteristics of the Westbrooks was the Pike county Congressman's championship of an appropriation to enable Professor Morse to vindicate his telegraphic system at a time when the most prominent politicians and statesmen of that day treated the whole subject with ridicule and contempt. Through his benevolent disposition, Colonel Westbrook found it exceedingly hard to refuse appeals for pecuniary aid when called upon by friends, and through this means was cheated and deceived by those from whom better things were expected. From this fact he died a poor man, but left his children a rich legacy in mental vigor, high-souled honor, and unquestioned integrity.

R. B. Westbrook's early educational advantages were limited to the common district school and the old Delaware academy, and he was expected to make himself generally useful about the farm, the barn, and the wood-pile. He taught a common district school and "boarded around" before he was seventeen, and soon after taught in the Delaware and Milford academies. He turned his attention to theology and was admitted to the New Jersey Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. In 1852, he withdrew from that denomination and joined the Presbyterian church, with the full consent and commendation of his former associates. While pastor of the Presbyterian church of Burlington, N. J., in 1853, Princeton College conferred on him the degree of A.M. In 1854 R. B. Westbrook was appointed secretary of the American Sunday-school Union, a post he held for seven years, and upon his resignation the board of managers passed resolutions acknowledging that the work of that institution had "never in its whole history been administered with more marked ability, or with more decided and signal success, than during the period that Dr. Westbrook has been entrusted with its executiv control," and they bore unanimous testimony to the "ability, energy, and large measure of success which has marked his labors in the service of the society."

When Dr. Westbrook retired from that important trust he decided that, whatever others might do, he could not be a successful investigator and advocate of truth while dependent upon those to whom he might preach for daily bread, and refused several calls to important churches. He then entered the law department of the New York City University, and received in due course the degree of LL.B. Pressing ahead of his class he was before graduation in 1863, admitted (after a rigid examination of several hours under the judges of the supreme court) to the New York bar, and in 1869 was admitted as attorney and counselor in the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, D. C., although his practice was chiefly in the supreme court of New York.

Through the persuasion of friends he was induced to invest in Pennsylvania coal-lands in the Clearfield region, and afterward purchased five thousand acres of coal-land in Cambria county, Pa. To develop and improve these lands it became necessary to abandon his law practice, as the work was done under his personal supervision. Here his Pike county boyhood experience came into play. The "nativs" were astonished to find an ex-clergyman and lawyer who knew how to drive oxen, mules, and horses, and understood all about lumber and saw-mills. Six years ago he sold these lands fully developed, and retired to his Philadelphia residence to more deligently pursue his studies in ecclesiastical history and polemical theology. In 1864 Dr. Westbrook was suspended by his presbytery for "abandoning the ministry and engaging in a secular profession," since which time he maintained a position of ecclesiastical independence.

In 1870 Dr. Westbrook published a work on "Marriage and Divorce;" in 1882 another on "The Bible: Whence and What?" and, four years ago, a third on "Man: Whence and Whither?" His books, published by Lippincott, hav been very favorably noticed by the press generally and extensivly circulated, and are able defenses of the essential principles of morality while dissenting from prevalent theological dogmas. The Wagner Free Institute of Science conferred on Dr. Westbrook the honorary degree of LL.D., and the noble founder, before his death, insisted on his becoming its treasurer and trustee.

Dr. Westbrook is best known to the Liberals of America for his gallant fight, single-handed and alone, against the violation of the will of Stephen Girard by the trustees of the institution bearing his name, having given a series of lectures in the City Institute of Philadelphia on that topic, paying all the expenses, and, more recently, published a work entitled, "Girard's Will and Girard College Theology," which is the clearest exposition of the whole subject ever given.

That Dr. Westbrook steps out from a high social position, which his wealth and talents assure him, to attack this gigantic injustice, is a source of annoyance and wonderment to his conservativ associates, but is the grandest indication that he, in common with the Westbrook family, possesses a love for liberty and firmly resists all tyranny. With Dr. Westbrook this whole fight is purely a matter of conscience, he believing that the daily violation of the will of the founder of Girard College is not adapted to promote that for which this noble charity was founded—"the purest principles of morality."

Possessing executiv experience, splendid ability, intellectual and physical vigor, Dr. R. B. Westbrook seems in every particular preëminently adapted to meet the requirements of the Congress, and, as our standard-bearer, make a splendid record this year for Secularization of the state. E. A. STEVENS

It Makes Men Hypocrits.

From the World.

In view of the wide divergence of opinion on the question of Prohibition and the various shades of judgment held by honest temperance men who do not support the extreme notions of anti-liquor fanatics, the matured opinion of such a man as Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is of great interest. He has viewed the liquor question carefully from all standpoints, and to a *World* reporter thus analyzed the perplexing problem. Colonel Ingersoll is a "temperance man" in the just sense of the phrase, but has no sympathy with the blatant fanatics who are professional Prohibitionists. He said:

"It has been decided by many courts in various states that the traffic in liquor can be regulated—that it is a police question. It has been decided by the courts in Iowa that its manufacture and sale can be prohibited, and not only so, but that a distillery or a brewery may be declared a nuisance and may legally be abated, and these decisions hav been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States. Consequently, it has been settled by the highest tribunal that states hav the power either to regulate or to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors, and not only so, but that states hav the power to destroy breweries and distilleries without making any compensation to owners.

"So it has always been considered within the power of the state to license the selling of intoxicating liquors. In other words, this question is one that the states can decide for themselvs. It is not and it should not be, in my judgment, a federal question. It is something with which the United States has nothing to do. It belongs to the states, and where a majority of the people are in favor of Prohibition, and pass laws to that effect, there is nothing in the Constitution of the United States that interferes with such action. The remaining question, then, is not a question of power, but a question of policy, and at the threshold of this question is another: Can prohibitory laws be enforced? There are to-day in Kansas—a Prohibition state—more saloons, that is to say, more places in which liquor is sold, than there are in Georgia, a state without Prohibition legislation. There are more in Nebraska, according to the population—more in Iowa, according to the population—than in many of the states in which there is the old license system. You will find that the United States has granted more licenses to wholesale and retail dealers in these Prohibition states—according to the population—than in many others in which Prohibition has not been adopted.

"What do you think of the prohibitory movement on general principles?"

"The trouble is that when a few zealous men, intending to reform the world, endeavor to enforce unpopular laws, they are compelled to resort to detectivs—to a system of espionage. For the purpose of preventing the sale of liquors somebody has to watch. Eyes and ears must become acquainted with keyholes. Every neighbor suspects every other. A man with a bottle or a demijohn is followed. Those who drink get behind doors, in cellars and garrets. Hypocrisy becomes substantially universal. Old-fashioned sociability becomes impossible. Hundreds of people become suddenly afflicted with a variety of diseases, for the cure of which alcohol in some form is supposed to be indispensable. Malaria becomes general, and it is perfectly astonishing how long a few pieces of bark will last, and how often the liquor can be renewed without absorbing the medical qualities of the bark. The state becomes a paradise for patent medicin—the medicin being poor whisky with a scientific name. Physicians become popular in proportion that liquor of some kind figures in the prescription. Then in the towns clubs are formed, the principal object being to establish a saloon, and in many instances the drug-store becomes a favorit resort, especially on Sundays.

"There is, however, another side to this question. It is this: Nothing in this world is more important than personal liberty. Many people are in favor of blotting out the sun to prevent the growth of weeds. This is the mistake of all prohibitory fanaticism."

"What is true temperance, Colonel Ingersoll?"

"Men hav used stimulants for many thousand years, and as much is used to-day in various forms as in any other period of the world's history. They are used with more prudence now than ever before, for the reason that the average man is more intelligent now than ever before. Intelligence has much to do with temperance. The barbarian rushes to the extreme, for the reason that but little, comparativly, depends on his personal conduct or personal habits. Now, the struggle for life is so sharp, competition is so severe, that few men can succeed who carry a useless burden. The business men of our country are compelled to lead temperate lives, otherwise their credit is gone. Men of wealth, men of intelligence, do not wish to employ intemperate physicians. They are not willing to trust their health or their lives with a physician who is under the influence of liquor. The same is true with business men in regard to their legal interests. They insist on having sober attorneys—they want the counsel of a sober man. So in every department. On the railways it is absolutely essential that the engineer, that the conductor, the train despatcher, and every other employee, in whose hands are the lives of men, should be temperate. The consequence is that under the law of the survival of the fittest the intemperate are slowly but surely going to the wall—they are slowly but surely being driven out of employments of trust and importance. No man, if he knows it, will employ an intemperate coachman, an intemperate butler. As we rise in the scale of civilization we continually demand better and better service. We are continually insisting upon better habits, upon a higher standard of integrity, of fidelity. These are the causes, in my judgment, that are working together in the direction of true temperance."

"Do you believe the people can be made to do without a stimulant?"

"The history of the world shows that all men who hav advanced one step beyond utter barbarism hav used some kind of stimulant. Man has sought for it in every direction. Every savage loves it. Everything has been tried. Opium has been used by many hundreds of millions. Hasheesh has filled countless brains with chaotic dreams, and everywhere that civilization has gone the blood of the grape has

been used. Nothing is easier now than to obtain liquor. In one bushel of corn there are at least five gallons—four can be easily extracted. All starch, all sugar, can be changed almost instantly into alcohol. Every grain that grows has in it the intoxicating principle, and, as a matter of fact, nearly all of the corn, wheat, sugar, and starch that man eats is changed into alcohol in his stomach. Whether man can be compelled to do without a stimulant is a question that I am unable to answer. Of one thing we are certain: He has never yet been compelled to do without a stimulant. The tendency, I think, of modern times is toward a milder stimulant than distilled spirits. Whisky and brandies are too strong—wine and beer occupy the middle ground. As I hav often said, wine is a fireside, whisky a conflagration.

"It seems to me that it would be far better if the Prohibitionists would turn their attention to distilled spirits. If they were willing to compromise, the probability is that they would hav public opinion on their side. If they would say: 'You may hav all the beer and all the wine and cider you wish, and you can drink them when and where you desire, but the sale of distilled spirits shall be prohibited,' it is possible that this could be carried out in good faith in many if not in most of the states—possibly in all. We all know that the effect of wine, even when taken in excess, is nothing near as disastrous as the effect of distilled spirits. Why not take the middle ground? The wine-drinkers of the old country are not drunkards. They hav been drinking wine for many generations. It is drank by men, women, and children. It adds to the sociability of the family. It does not separate the husband from the rest—it keeps them all together, and in that view is rather a benefit than an injury. Good wine can be raised here as cheaply as in any other part of the world. In nearly every part of our country the grape grows and good wine can be made. If our people had a taste for wine they would lose the taste for stronger drink, and they would be disgusted with the surroundings of the stronger drink. The same can be said in favor of beer. As long as the Prohibitionists make no distinction between wine and whisky, between beer and brandy, just so long they will be regarded by most people as fanatics.

"The Prohibitionists cannot expect to make this question a federal one. The United States has no jurisdiction of this subject. Congress can pass no laws affecting this question that could hav any force except in such parts of our country as are not within the jurisdiction of states. It is a question for the states and not for the federal government. The Prohibitionists are simply throwing away their votes. Let us suppose that we had a Prohibition Congress and a Prohibition president—what steps could be taken to do away with drinking in the city of New York?—what steps could be taken in any state of this Union?—what could by any possibility be done?

"A few years ago the Prohibitionists demanded above all things that the tax be taken from distilled spirits, claiming at that time that such a tax made the government a partner in vice. Now, when the Republican party proposes under certain circumstances to remove that tax, the Prohibitionists denounce the movement as one in favor of intemperance. We hav also been told that the tax on whisky should be kept for the reason that it increases the price, and that an increased price tends to make a temperate people; that if the tax is taken off the price will fall and the whole country start on the downward road to destruction. Is it possible that human nature stands on such slippery ground? Is it possible that our civilization to-day rests upon the price of alcohol, and that, should the price be reduced, we would all go down together? For one, I cannot entertain such a humiliating and disgraceful view of human nature. I believe that man is destined to grow greater, grander, and nobler. I believe that no matter what the cost of alcohol may be, life will grow too valuable to be thrown away. Men hold life according to its value. Men as a rule only throw away their lives when they are not worth keeping. When life becomes worth living it will be carefully preserved and will be hoarded to the last grain of sand that falls through the glass of time."

"What is the reason for so much intemperance?"

"When many people are failures, when they are distanced in the race, when they fall behind, when they giv up, when they lose ambition, when they finally become convinced that they are worthless, then they are in danger of becoming intemperate, precisely as they are in danger of becoming dishonest. In other words, having failed in the race of life on the highway, they endeavor to reach the goal by going cross-lots, by crawling through the grass. Disguise this matter as we may, all people are not successes, all people hav not the brain or the muscle or the moral stamina necessary to succeed. Some fall in one way, some in another—some in the net of strong drink, some in the web of circumstance, and others in a thousand ways, and the world cannot grow better unless the unworthy fail. The law is the survival of the fittest—that is to say, the destruction of the unfit. There is no scheme of morals, no scheme of government, no scheme of charity, that can reverse this law. If it could be reversed, then the result would be the survival of the unfittest, the speedy end of which would be extinction of the human race."

"Temperance men say it is wise in so far as possible to remove temptation from our fellow-men."

"Let us look at this in regard to other matters. How can we do away with larceny? We cannot remove property. We cannot destroy the money of the world to keep people from stealing some of it. In other words, we cannot afford to make the world valueless to prevent larceny. All strength by which temptation is resisted must come from the inside. Virtue does not depend upon the obstacles to be overcome—virtue depends upon what is inside of the man. A man is not honest because the safe of the bank is perfectly secure. On the honest man the condition of the safe has no effect. We will never succeed in raising great and splendid people by keeping them out of temptation. Great people withstand temptation. Great people hav what might be called moral muscle, moral force. They are poised within themselvs. They understand their relations to the world. The best possible foundation for honesty is the intellectual perception that dishonesty can under no circumstances be a good investment—that larceny is not only wicked, but foolish—not only criminal, but stupid—that crimes are committed only by fools.

"On every hand there is what is called temptation. Every man has the opportunity, so called, of doing wrong. Every man in this country has the opportunity of drinking too much, has the opportunity of acquiring the opium habit, has the opportunity of taking morphine every day—in other words, has the opportunity of destroying himself. How are they to be prevented? Most of them are prevented—at least in a reasonable degree—and they are prevented by their intelligence, by their surroundings, by their education, by their objects and aims in life—by the people they love, by the people who love them.

"No one will deny the evils of intemperance, and it is hardly to be wondered at that people who regard only one side—who think of the impoverished and wretched, of wives and children in want, of desolate homes—become the advocates of absolute Prohibition. At the same time, there is a philosophic side, and the question is whether more good cannot be done by moral influence, by example, by education, by the gradual civilization of our fellow-men, than in any other possible way. The greatest things are accomplished by indirection. In this way the idea of force, of slavery, is avoided. The person influenced does not feel that he has been trampled upon, does not regard himself as a victim—he feels rather as a pupil, as one who receives a benefit, whose mind has been enlarged, whose life has been enriched—whereas the direct way of 'Thou shalt not' produces an antagonism—in other words, produces the natural result of 'I will.'

"By removing one temptation you add strength to others. By depriving a man of one stimulant, as a rule, you drive him to another, and the other may be far worse than the one from which he has been driven. We hav hundreds of laws making certain things misdemeanors which are naturally right—as, for instance, the laws against smuggling. Thousands of people, honest in most directions, delight in outwitting the government—derive absolute pleasure from getting in a few clothes and shawls without the payment of duty. Thousands of people buy things in Europe for which they pay more than they would for the same things in America, and then exercise their ingenuity in slipping them through the custom house.

"A law to hav real force must spring from the nature of things, and the justice of this law must be generally perceived, otherwise it will be evaded.

"The temperance people themselvs are playing into the hands of the very party that would refuse to count their votes. Allow the Democrats to remain in power, allow the Democrats to be controled by the South, and a large majority in this country might be in favor of temperance legislation and yet the votes would remain uncounted. The party of reform has a great interest in honest elections, and honest elections must first be obtained as the foundation of reform. The Prohibitionists can take their choice between these parties.

"Mr. Fisk knows that he cannot be elected president—knows that it is impossible for him to carry any state in the Union. He also knows that in nearly every state in this Union—probably in all—a majority of the people believe in stimulants. Why not work with this great and enlightened majority? Why rush to your extreme for the purpose not only of making yourself useless but hurtful?

"No man in the world is more opposed to intemperance than I am. No man in the world feels more keenly the evils and the agony produced by the crime of drunkenness. And yet I would not be willing to sacrifice liberty, individuality, and the glory and greatness of individual freedom to do away with all the evils of intemperance. In other words, I believe that slavery, oppression, and suppression would crowd humanity into a thousand deformities, the result of which would be a thousand times more disastrous to the well-being of man. I do not believe in the slave virtues, in the monotony of tyranny, in the respectability produced by force. I admire the men who hav grown in the atmosphere of liberty, who hav the pose of independence, the virtues of strength, of heroism, and in whose hearts is the magnanimity, the tenderness, and the courage born of victory."

Oil On the Troubled Waters.

Charles Watts in Secular Thought.

There can be no reasonable doubt as to the success of the convention of the American Secular Union just concluded in Pittsburgh. So far as our experience goes, it was one of the best ever held in the States. There was a large attendance of delegates, men and women, who came with the intention of doing real work, and it is pleasing to record that their intentions were fully realized. The official reports of what had been done during the past year were exceedingly cheerful, while the resolves as to the future measures were full of promis and bright hopes. Hereafter we shall notice in these columns some of the conclusions arrived at and point out what appears to us to be their advantage to the Secular cause. At present we desire to notify our readers that the character of the Congress clearly indicated the progress of the Freethought movement. The Union now bids fair to resume its former prestige, and if the program decided upon by the convention is faithfully adhered to the organization will once more be a powerful factor in Liberalizing thought on the American continent. Of its avowed enemies we hav no fear; knowing what to expect, we prepare accordingly. In the work of its real friends we hav every confidence, and we trust the time is past when sham friendship will be made the cover for reprehensible depreciation of the efforts of the earnest toilers and supporters of the Union.

Some of the speaking was remarkably good. For instance, the lecture of Dr. Juliet H. Severance on "Dangers to American Liberty" was a masterpiece of sound reasoning and argumentativ presentation, and Mrs. Mattie A. Freeman dressed in choice and brilliant language her valuable thoughts upon the associations of "Cross and Crown." Our friend J. H. Burnham gave practical information upon "Organization," and S. P. Putnam once more dilated in a graphic manner upon the glories of "The American Republic." We were pleased to see that hard work on the Pacific coast had not impaired our poetical co-worker, either physically or mentally. We hav never known Mr. Putnam to look more healthy than he does at present, while as a speaker he has greatly improved in his unique style. Among the topics for discussion by the various delegates, were the following: 1. What are the best means to further the agitation for taxation of church property? 2. How shall we prevent sectarian institutions from receiving public funds? The speeches were brief and to the point and indicated much thought and appropriate information upon the part of the different speakers. Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., of New York, is a most valuable acquisition where sound ability and intellectual discrimination are required. He evidences in his mental work the essence of true greatness, which consists of modesty and adaptability. The two principal officers elected for the year were Judge R. B. Westbrook, of Philadelphia, as president, and E. A. Stevens, as secretary.

Too much praise cannot be given to the Pittsburgh friends for their hard and noble work in making the arrangements for the convention, and providing for the expenses thereof, which amounted to nearly $500. The large hall was beautifully decorated and everything done to make one and all present comfortable. Harry Hoover and Roman Staley were activ throughout and well merited the personal thanks given them by the various delegates for their untiring energies. We trust that the results of the convention, upon the whole, will satisfy them somewhat for their persistent labor, which to them, no doubt, was a "labor of love."

Personally we enjoyed the convention greatly. It afforded us an opportunity of meeting friends from east and west, north and south, and thus becoming acquainted with those who take an activ interest in our movement. The genial Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER was, of course, on hand. E. M. Macdonald is a gentleman whose society is always pleasant to us; quiet and unassuming, but full of rich common sense, and always ready to do what he deems right to promote the happiness and welfare of all. To know him thoroughly is to appreciate his many good qualities, which are frequently hidden from the ordinary observer by his great diffidence, or perhaps it should be designated modesty. Mrs. Watts attended the convention and gave a dramatic reading. During our stay in Pittsburgh we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Abel, whose kindness we shall long remember. Their one desire was to promote our comfort and increase our pleasure, and they succeeded admirably. The Secularists of Pittsburgh ought to be proud of having among them such an excellent family as Mr. and Mrs. Abel and their charming daughters undoubtedly are.

Communications.

Material Exactness and Spiritual Mistakes.

Before admitting the Mosaic cosmogony to be infallible, let us consider some of the problems connected therewith and see wherein they accord with common sense, coupled with the idea of a supreme intelligence which was and is the author and giver of all material and spiritual blessings, and whose attributes are justice, mercy, and love.

Orthodoxy teaches that Jehovah, in the beginning, created and ordained all that we behold or of which we can conceive in perfect order, harmony, and exactness; that its teachings are conformable to all that is complete and perfect within the comprehension of man. And however false this may be outside the pale of material phenomena, it certainly remains true and inviolate when viewed within the realms of harmony and order by which all matter is governed and controled.

For instance, the action and influence which bodies exercise upon one another in our planetary system—an order so inexorably correct and exact that the astronomer of to-day can foretell the second of time at which an eclipse will occur a thousand or a million years hence; the geologist can giv the date and circumstances environing the existence of prehistoric animal life; the botanist can determin the period of by-gone fauna and flora, and the archæologist can thrust aside the veil of antiquity, uncertainty, and ignorance surrounding the primeval life of rock and earth and write the hidden history of the past. The seasons come and go with a regularity that is majestic, bringing or taking with them the life and death of vegetation. Our planetary system performs its orbits while the ceaseless ages roll, never increasing or diminishing its volume of matter or adding to or shortening the time of its revolutions.

The dawn of time or of history witnessed a no more perfect system of coöperativ cause and effect than that with which we are surrounded to-day, and the conclusion is positiv that the ordainer of the material world made no mistakes.

The Mosaic cosmogony, without apology for or intimation from whence it came, springs a power into the arena of time and space, which it evolves into an architect of a universe and all contained therein. We hav no disposition herein to discuss the merits or demerits of this creativ progeny, except as they relate to its sublimest conception—man.

Although not first in the order of creation, man is undoubtedly the most central figure of it. It was upon him that this God lavished the richest treasures of his wisdom and benevolence; fashioned him in his own likeness; endowed him with reason; gave him dominion over all other creatures; imbued him with an immortal soul—then scrutinized the work of his genius and pronounced it perfect.

The subsequent story of man is too childish to be repeated. Suffice it to say that out of reason came rebellion, out of dominion, subordination, and out of perfection, imperfection.

Is such an order as this compatible with the same intelligence that designed and controls the material world? Why should matter be made to assume indestructibility, and man's soul—the only eternal thing about him—be destroyed? Would or should not the same immutable laws that preserve matter in all its assimilations keep man's soul inviolate? One of two things must be true; either man is destitute of the soul-organism, or, if possessing it, it cannot be destroyed. If God endowed him with it, he placed within him an element of his eternal self, and could no more destroy it than he could annihilate his own being.

If man's immortality be God-given, it must not only be preserved because of its being the highest element of the creation, but also because it is correlativ with the existence of the eternal spirit from whence it sprung. And though Constantine, with the sword of absolute power in one hand and his transcribed cross of credulity in the other, might seek to compel mankind to say that his God had the same right to destroy as to create, the inhumanity and injustice of such action has been combated and condemned by the grand and noble seekers after truth who hav kept alive the progress of the ages.

Why should inorganic matter be created with such elaborate particularity and adaptation to eternal imperishability, and the highest element of organic matter be doomed to everlasting torture? Does this creator care more for matter than mind, more for unconscious dust than animated life? If so, in all candor, let me ask if it would not hav been infinitly better had the human race been left entirely outside the creativ plan. Did you ever contemplate the heartless atrocity of such an order? Can you find in the world of matter a single fact that does not contradict and put it to shame? No. In the material world there is not the slightest defect. Cause and effect, force and matter, gravitation and attraction, motion and inertia, all combine to form a harmonious whole, from which not a single factor can be lost without destruction to all others. If God, in his infinit wisdom, could ordain such perfection in matter, how much more is he able to care for and preserve the mind which he made dominant over all? Christ is made to say, "What does it profit a man though he gains the whole world, yet loses his soul?" and the orthodox church has never been able to approximate to the real value of one, while the great hobby of their "distracted" efforts is the great concern manifested by the soul's giver and creator. The throne of the great Jehovah trembles lest some soul be lost. Destructible immortality! Rubbish! Contrast the maker of the material world with the maker of the spiritual world and the story of the creation and subsequent fall of man is put to shame.

Paine has said, "It is better not to believe in the existence of a God than to believe of him unjustly;" a saying so trite and true that it appeals with great force to the candid, sober sense of this generation.

But whatever else may be thought worthy of the barbaric account of Jehovah, as contained in the Bible, it assuredly cannot be true that the intelligence capable of producing such wonderful harmony within the realms of matter, could hav created man immortal and at the same time created an influence to be exercised upon him that should be more potent for evil than its creator for good—infinit toils and snares prepared for a wayward child.

Let this thought pass into night—fit associate for other kindred ideas which humanity has outgrown and discarded, and in its place substitute the eternal truth that man's first and highest duty is to his fellow-man; that our deeds of right and truth are the blocks with which we buried our Babels of greatness and glory, and for the pinched and withered thoughts of deity we will hav the comforting thought that we hav made the world better by having lived in it.

C. S. Glasco.

Greek Against Roman.

From the San Francisco Freethought.

Last week we received an inquiry from a subscriber who desired to know which was the older, the Roman or the Greek Catholic church. We answered the question according to the best light we enjoyed and then referred it to the bishop of the Greek church in this city, Brother Vladimir. The following is the reply. It is addressed "To His Honor Mr. G. E. Macdonald," and says:

C. Pahugucko, 20 Sepemb, 1888yr.

Dear Sir: In answer to your question concerning the comparativ antiquity of the Greek and Roman churches, I will present the true historical facts as opposed to the theological theory of the Roman-popish priests. Behold:

1. The first ecumenical council of the apostles (as you may see from the fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles) was not held in Rome, but in Jerusalem.

2. The first bishop, successor of Jesus Christ, was Jacob of Jerusalem. He was also president of the apostolic council, and his last words upon circumcision and the Jewish rites decided the question; all the apostles and St. Peter obeyed him.

3. All of the apostles wrote their gospels and epistles in the Greek or Hebrew language. Even the epistle of St. Paul to the Romans was written in Greek.

4. Three centuries of early Christianity knew no Latin Bible, all scripture being written in Greek, except a little in Hebrew.

5. The apostles, preaching in the Roman empire, spoke in the Greek language. St. Peter, after departing from the church of Jerusalem, was bishop of the Greek town of Antioch. During seven years afterward he preached and lived much in Egypt, with his disciple Marcus [Mark?], and both founded theological schools in Alexandria.

6. Only at the end of his life was St. Peter dragged to Rome to meet the death of a martyr.

7. Neither was St. Paul a bishop of Rome, but, like St. Peter, near the end of his life he was brought to Rome for trial and painful death. Church history does not know precisely who, during the first century, founded a Christian Church in Rome. Peter and Paul found there an organized church, because many Christians of Palestine fled from persecuting Jews to the capital of the world, and, preaching the gospel, founded a church. In that time of fervent Christian zeal all Christians were missionaries.

8. All the twelve apostles and the disciples of Christ founded churches in the East, and Paul, Peter, Andrew, and Marcus in the West, but no one of them was the founder of a church in Rome. We hav St. Jacob of Jerusalem, St. Peter of Antioch and Alexandria, St. John of Ephesus, Sts. Paul, Luke, Timothy, Titus, and many others, founders of our churches in the East; and recent orthodox bishops of Greece, Russia, Servia, Turkey, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Roumania, Egypt, parts of Asia, Japan, and America, are true and uninterrupted successors of the apostolic founders of their respectiv churches; but no one knows from whom the first bishop of Rome received consecration. Doubtful tradition says that Clement, the second bishop of Rome, was consecrated by the hand of St. Peter. Nobody from the apostles, for a long time, lived at Rome; and for this reason, the mere tradition of the Romish church is unworthy the name of historical truth.

The church of Rome fell into many errors, became apostate from the faith of the true apostolic church, and in later days has invented doctrins too monstrous for the human conscience, as witness the dogma of the infallibility of the pope, a heresy that givs to a single man the power of God in church affairs. The errors of the Roman church sprung up because the Western community of Christians never had the apostolic tradition in the true sense of the word. The center of true Christian conscience was with the Eastern Catholic church.

Behold, the first ecumenical council was held in Greece, at Nicea, and there was no pope of Rome. Other ecumenical councils hav been held in Greece, without the presence of popes, but with the holy ghost, who, we hold, livs only in the true orthodox church of our savior and apostles, and who alone makes decisions on religious questions infallible.

Now our true Catholic orthodox church governs by four patriarchs east of Jerusalem—Antioch, Alexandria, Constantinople—and the holy synods of Russia, Greece, Athens, Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro. We hav many orthodox potentates, the emperor of Russia, and kings and dukes. They are all sons of the orthodox church and obedient to her laws and customs.

Different countries and potentates belong to our church, with about one hundred million believers, but the unity and autarchy in orthodox churches are perfect, because the power to govern rests not with man, who is sinful, but with the holy ghost in the councils, who there makes decisions, in matters of salvation, that are infallible, as in the councils of the apostles. The head of our church is Christ; we hav no pope, no emperor as lawgiver in faith except the savior.

In that unfortunate affair, the apostasy of the popish church from the orthodox faith, the best and most impartial judge is the history of the church. That is the true basis for a rightful decision of the question. If any church keep without corruption the apostolic faith and the constitution of the seven ecumenical councils, that church has divine right to excommunicate all sects and communities if they become apostates from the order of apostolic institutions.

As long ago as the ninth century the papal community began to rapidly apostatize from the apostolic ideal in governing church affairs. Church councils at length lost due power, and the pope of Rome became the despotic governor in all spiritual affairs of the Western Christian communities. Among the good popes there were heretics, anathematized by ecumenical councils, and sinners in faith and morality. The Western church, up to the time of the Reformation, was the obedient servant of the popes, and committed errors with them both in faith and morality. (1) By order of the pope and Emperor Charles the Great, in the orthodox creed, *filioque* (and from the son) was introduced against ecumenical law, and is still recognized by the pope. (2) "Purgatory" was invented by the popes. (3) Indulgences were also invented. (4) The apostolic institution of the fast on Friday was transferred to Saturday. (5) All clergymen were prohibited from marrying. (6) The pope became secular sovereign and murderer of the guilty and innocent alike. (7) The pope approved the profligacy of his friends the Jesuits. (8) Invented the "immaculate conception." (9) The latest dogma of papal infallibility, etc.

Such teachings are unknown to the apostolic orthodox church. You may thus see clearly that the popes and their subservient communities are apostates to the ancient Catholic faith.

Historical facts must teach you that the Eastern orthodox church was the mother of the Western. The pope of Rome, proud, overbearing, and wealthy, showed to Eastern Christianity the daughter's intention to rebel against the law of the mother. In such a case every mother has the right to banish the impenitent daughter from her house, but all mankind agree that the daughter cannot excommunicate the mother if the latter be in the right before God and man. The Romish organization has been excommunicated by the orthodox church because it was seen that the antichristian spirit was ruling the papal hierarchy. And the true church was not mistaken, for after excommunication, in the tenth century, and during many hundred years, the abuses of the popes covered Europe and nearly all parts of the world with blood and dissension.

In my missionary work in Japan, and traveling in India and different parts, East and West, I myself experienced that domineering and persecuting spirit of the Roman-popish clergy. For one example: In the Island of Ceylon, south of India, I called at a large Portuguese Jesuit institution, and asked the privilege of seeing it. The chief of that institution in Colombo was very rude in his conversation with me, saying, "You are a rebel against the pope." He berated me much and showed me nothing. I answered him: "History says that the popish church is daughter of the Eastern orthodox church, and a rightful mother cannot be a rebel against her daughter, if she banish her for disobedience; but all nations agree that the unruly daughter is a rebel against her

mother, and may be punished if she will not make herself poor in spirit, and penitent."

Eastern patriarchs, in a letter to the pope (1844), called him the first protestant against the authority of divine law as held by the orthodox church, and predicted that popish errors, current at the time, must disappear like the widespread Arianism in the fourth century, and that the unchangeable apostolic truth of the orthodox church must fill all the world with joyful unity of faith and morality. There must be one true church of the Christians, and all communities at variance with her in dogma and canon of morality are excommunicated by her, and cannot be called churches but sects, no matter how large they are.

You will now understand how the Greek church is mother of all other churches, and had divine right to excommunicate disobedient Christians like the pope and his clergy. I hav the honor to be,

Your obedient servant, VLADIMIR,
Bishop of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands.

Homespun Farm.

I was talking politics last summer with the keeper of a country store, when he pointed out a farmer who was coming down the hill with a load of produce, and said: "There's a man who follows out your theory a great deal farther than you do. Just you get acquainted with him and see how it works on Homespun Farm."

Then, as the farmer drove up, he said: "You're pretty late to-day, Uncle Eben, and I don't see how I can afford to take any more peas or squashes while I've so much on hand, unless you want something out of the store."

"You know my principles," said Uncle Eben, a tall, gaunt man of about fifty: "Never buy abroad what you can make at home, I say; and we're making all we want just now. That stuff is fresh enough to keep till to-morrow, and it's fresh enough to carry over to Blaineville, if you won't pay cash."

After a little bargaining the storekeeper made an offer, which was accepted with evident reluctance. "Look here, Uncle Eben," said he, as he counted out the money, "you havn't told me yet what made you so late. Nobody sick, I hope?"

"The old clock's stopped again and I havn't the time to take it to pieces this week."

"You ought to buy a new clock or a cheap watch."

"'Gainst my principles, as you ought to know."

"Well, here's a man that knows all about clocks like yours, and I guess he'll fix it so it won't stop again in a hurry."

"Can't afford to pay for work as I can do myself somehow."

"There's no need to pay anything," said I. "I don't do it as a business. I hav nothing particular on hand to-day, and I would like nothing better than to ride out with you and look at your clock. I shall take nothing for it but the ride and my dinner."

As we rode up the hill together he complained of the heat, and as he saw me look at his thick heavy woolen shirt and coat, he said: "Well, homespun is pretty warm on a day like this. But all that wool was cut off my own sheep and wove by my wife and daughters. We make all the profits there is to be made on our clothes, and that's a great deal better than letting our employment be taken away from us by nigger-drivers down South and millionaires in Rhode Island. 'A home market for home labor,' that's my principle. You see I've been a protectionist ever since I first read the New York *Tribune* forty years ago, and I always vote the straight Republican ticket. We all know that we ought to do our own manufacturing at home and not let any outsider get the job. That's good doctrin for us as a nation, and it's just as good doctrin for us as a family, too. Our clothing is all made in the house, as I said; our food is all grown on the farm, except salt, and that don't cost much. I mend and make the furniture and woodenware and hardware winters, and my boy Josh he makes all our boots and shoes out of our own hides. You see I follow the true American system: 'Diversify industry and liv independent.' Now there's a pair of boots Josh made for me winter before last. Just look at them! Why, they wear like iron!"

"No doubt of that," said I. "Do you ever hav corns?"

"Well, yes; I hav a few. You ain't a corn-doctor?"

I disclaimed the compliment and pondered over the problem whether any profession would be more lucrativ if such boots were to come into general use.

"Yes, sir," he resumed, "the only way to wealth is for us to export just as much as we can and import as little. We must keep the balance of trade in our favor, say all our statesmen. Now I run my farm on just that plan—sell all I can get to market and buy nothing I can raise or do without. That givs me a surplus of my own in the Blaineville bank."

"Do you raise your own wheat?"

"Generally; though it looks this year as if we might hav to get along on rye and Indian."

"How about tea and coffee?"

"Raspberry leaves and succory root taste just as good and are a great deal wholesomer."

"And sugar?"

"Comes out of my own wood-lot. So does all our fuel."

I was still asking questions, when we stopped in front of a house which was sadly in need of paint and had several windows boarded up. As I jumped out I heard a shrill voice say: "There, ma! That stove-back father made last night has burnt through already. I told you it would. He's got to buy castings or do his own cooking."

"Well, well, Jane!" said another woman. "Guess we can get through somehow with the crane and spit and brick oven, as grandma did."

The voices ceased as I entered the parlor and saw a rag carpet, a few chairs and tables kept from falling to pieces by strips of unpainted lumber, and two pictures in the gaudiest possible colors and clumsiest possible frames. The pigments, as I afterward found, had been given to the girls by an aunt who came every summer for a fortnight's visit and brought the family their yearly supply of pins, needles, thread, tape, etc. In a corner stood the old clock; and I was taking off the face, when I heard a voice which had not reached my ears before, say: "Oh, dear! nothing on the table but fried pork, and I can't stay in the room with this thick dress on."

She was promptly hushed, and I was shown into the kitchen, where I met the family. The mother's life had, apparently, been almost crushed out by the pressure of the father's principles; the son looked as if he had never dared to think for himself; but the two girls, whom I had already heard complaining, were evidently in chronic rebellion. As we sat around the dining-table, they kept apologizing for the salt pork, for the necessity of serving it in the frying-pan, for the total lack of white flour, even to make pastry, for the wooden plates, and for the clumsy knives and forks. The elder girl, a short, black-eyed damsel, who looked as if she would never see thirty again, even dared to say, as the raspberry tea was poured out into rusty tin cups, that she couldn't see why her father would not trade off his maple sugar for store sugar, pound to pound, and take the balance in such tea and coffee as would be fit to drink. They certainly were very undutiful; but their dresses were uncomfortably thick for such a room on such a day, and the poor girls seemed painfully conscious of the destitution in which they lived. Their father pretended not to notice what they said, but hurried off with Josh as soon as he could, after telling me that the stage from Blaineville would take me back. The girls, who I now saw wore moccasins, followed me as I went back to the clock; and the elder said: "I suppose you think we're too hard on father; but you don't know how hard it is for us. You see how we look, and how the house looks, and everything in it. We never see a new book, nor a magazine, nor even a paper; for father says he can do his own thinking, and he won't pay anyone to think for him. Maria and I never go anywhere, even to church; for we havn't time to make cloaks or bonnets fit to be seen in. It's all we can do to keep ourselvs dressed for staying at home, in that horrid homespun. Nobody ever comes to see us, for father has quarreled with all the neighbors. He tells the Democrats that they are trying to make our people slaves to the British, and those Republicans who hav turned Prohibitionists, that they are traitors, and the Blaine and Harrison Republicans that they hav no business to preach what they won't practice. Of course, they tell him that he's only making his principles ridiculous, and his family miserable. To be sure he's making money, but he might make just as much and let us liv as other people do. For instance, if he would let me buy what things I want to make up, Maria and I could keep all the family properly dressed, and take in work enough to pay for all we bought. Mother could make more money, sending eggs and butter to Blaineville, than weaving cloth. Josh had better do cobbling for the neighbors, and let all our boots and shoes be bought with what he would earn. Father's wages as a carpenter would more than supply all he makes for us, and then we could hav the things we want. The neighbors hav told him again and again that he'd better giv up trying to raise his own wool and wheat, and go into milk and butter, eggs and poultry. I've tried to make him see it, but it's no use. I've figured it all out to him again and again, but he always says he don't care for figures and statistics; all he wants to know about is principles. The worst of it is that the next election is going to be carried according to his principles, so he says, and then all the farmers will hav to put them into practice. How the women are going to stand it, I don't know. Oh! I only wish I was a man! Wouldn't I go on the stump, and let people know how such principles work? And I do really wish you'd put something about it in some New York paper. It would never reach our neighbors, and they know all about us already. If every voter knew what mischief father's principles are doing, I am sure they would get voted down so badly that he would hav to giv them up."

While she ran on I finished repairing the clock, and had set it once more in motion when the stage stopped in front of the house, in reply to a signal that had been set up.

"Tell Uncle Eben," shouted the driver as I got in, "that the cashier of the Blaineville bank has gone off with all the money. Guess he's in Canada by this time."

I heard a shriek as we drove off. The driver and passengers moralized coolly about the folly of putting money into bank when it was needed to make the family comfortable. It was generally agreed that the farm had been very badly managed and was running down rapidly. None of us questioned the correctness of Uncle Eben's political principles, however; and I am still trying to find out how it happens that they are so bad for him and his family, and yet so good for him and you and me and all the rest of us as a nation. It really is wonderful to see a system which would ruin any family that tried it make all our families prosperous. Of course the Republicans hav the right theory; but yet, when it is tried on a scale small enough to let its mode of action be clearly understood, it certainly does lead to queer results. A REPUBLICAN BEFORE THE WAR.

Our London Letter.

Last week the new Surrey chapel and schools were formally opened by that distinguished believer in the efficacy of prayer and water, C. H. Spurgeon, and if the report of his speech on that occasion is correct, and is a fair sample of his ordinary effusions, I can only consider that the members of his congregation are very sparsely furnished with brains. He expressed his opinion that ranting was a most desirable thing, and a great deal more of it is required than is now current. He can certainly supply a fair amount of the article himself. In the course of his remarks he stated that speaking some time ago to a gentleman who said, "Well, I am not a Christian; I am what is called an Agnostic," he replied, "That is Greek, is it not?" and was told such was the case, whereupon he rejoined, "Well, that word in Latin is 'ignoramus.'" No doubt this was considered a very smart thing to say, and as he told his hearers that the word "Agnostic" did really mean that those who professed Agnosticism did not know anything, no doubt they set him down as a marvel of learning. Probably there was no one present who knew any different, and so the silly lie will be retailed as a very telling point against the more enlightened, who are willing to admit their ignorance of that of which they know nothing.

Another equally shining light named Hugh Price Hughes, who has advertised himself pretty freely of late, is in great distress of mind over the educational question. He is mightily afraid of purely secular education, and pleads that as Atheists are not in the majority they hav no right to ask such a thing. As he belongs to a sect which is not in the majority, I wonder how he would like his principles applied to himself? On the other hand, he does not want the Established church creeds taught, but only the Bible to be read every day, though he states in his letter that the only basis of morals in this country for the last thousand years has been Christianity. He must be a very poor student of English history, past or present, not to see that such is the best argument against extending the basis any farther. As he can muster a fair congregation and not a good salary, probably he looks no farther than that, and considers that the morality that ministers to his wants is quite good enough. If a sound basis of morality in its true sense were established, things would not be quite so flourishing for him.

It is the morality thus advocated that permits such a man as Balfour to send a troop of soldiers to evict Irish tenants from their miserable holdings and cast them into the road, careless of the result, and at the same time giv a speech at the church congress on "The Needs of Human Nature and Their Supply in Christianity," and encourages a Warren to slaughter naked Africans, deliver lectures on the Holy Land, and preside at Christian policemen's prayer-meetings, and then set on these same Christian policemen to attack defenseless citizens for holding public open-air meetings, while he shows his incapacity or disinclination in repressing crime or discovering criminals.

Theoretical Christianity may be a fine theory, but practical Christianity, as it is seen in its daily work and influence, is, as it always has been, one of the greatest curses that ever befell humanity. J. D.

London, Oct. 2, 1888.

Sonnet to Satan.

Hail, Satan, of the crumpled horns and tail—
Not meaning that the tail is crumpled, no—
The cloven foot they tell of in this vale,
And frightful mien that rattles Christians so!
Hail, king of sheol, where the "burning lake"
Throws up its waves of flaming brimstone dread,
Where all "damned souls," in awful pain and ache,
Are tossed about and toasted very red!
Ah, Satan, I don't think you're half so black
As pious parsons paint and try to prove;
Barring that job on Job, I fail to track
To thee one act of cussedness, by Jove!
While Jahveh's record, starting with the flood,
Is one wild course of savagery and blood! SI SLOKUM.

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A Christian Country in Fact.

We are just now hearing a good deal of spread-eagle oratory from the campaign speakers of both and all parties about this being a great and glorious and free country—a country of equal rights, of unrestricted liberty, where one man is as good as another, and no better, and all are sovereigns. We are told that our government is our servant, that our officials and judges are our employees, put in place to fulfill the will of the people, and bound, therefore, by our constitutions and laws.

It is all a lie! The United States is under the thumb of the Christian church.

About this time, just before the election of state and national officers, a great many newly-qualified men are preparing to exercise the privilege of an "American sovereign," and to that end those of European birth must take out naturalization papers. In two instances that hav come to our knowledge, though in one we hav not learned the details, these papers hav been refused because the applicant is an Atheist.

The first case is that of Moses Stern, of Philadelphia. Two or three weeks ago, the Associated Press related that Mr. Stern had applied to the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia for his final papers, having taken out the first in due time, and in regular shape. He was asked by the court to state his religion, and he answered that he had none. Thereupon the judge said that he should refuse the papers, as "there are Infidels enough in the country now." These facts were brought to the attention of the secretary of the American Secular Union when he came East after the Pittsburgh Congress, and on his return West Mr. Stevens stopped at Philadelphia to inquire into the matter. The constitution of Pennsylvania declares that "no human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience," and with this declaration before him it was not seen how Philadelphia's judge could refuse a man citizenship because of his lack of religious belief.

Moses Stern was found by Mr. Stevens Sunday night, the 14th, listening to Charles Watts. Mr. Stern is a Russian Jew by birth, and an Infidel by virtue of intellect. Mr. Stevens presented the facts in Stern's case to a Philadelphia lawyer, himself an Infidel, and was at once told that nothing could be done. Not only, said this lawyer, is an Atheist disfranchised in Pennsylvania, but no Atheist can legally follow the professions of law or medicin, or hold official position. This was a statement of such an outrageous nature that the Union's secretary could scarcely credit it, and he took Stern once more to the Court of Common Pleas, and stated his case to the udge. Here is a man, he said, who has his first papers. He has taken up government land in the West, he is practically a citizen, but should he wish to go to any country where passports are required, of what country can he claim to be a citizen? In his first papers he has renounced his allegiance to Russia, and now Pennsylvania will not let him become an American subject. He is a man without a country. In his previous application he was not asked to affirm, and he was not aware that an affirmation was permitted. He has proof of his residence in the country to meet the legal requirements, he has complied with all the conditions, and asks to be made a citizen. Judge Wilson inquired of Stern, "Hav you conscientious scruples against swearing?" Stern replied, No. He was ready to comply with all the forms of law. The judge refused to accept him, holding that an Infidel cannot "swear." Mr. Stevens asked the judge to point out the law supporting such ruling, and Judge Wilson said it was a *practice* of the courts. No Infidel, therefore, need apply to Pennsylvania's courts for citizenship, even though he be willing to go through the senseless mummery of taking an oath.

Knowledge of the other case comes through the *High School Record*, of Troy, N. Y., in this paragraph:

"We thought once that Troy was free from religiously inclined idiots of the Boonton, N. J., stamp; but the fact that Judge Fursman, of this city, according to the *Evening Standard* of July 20th, would not naturalize a man because he differed with him in his religious views, proves that we were mistaken. And this is a free country!"

If there is a Secular Union in Troy, or any man of intelligence who loves liberty and equal rights, this case will be investigated. In this city, a year or so ago, a man was refused his papers by the clerk of the court because he was an Infidel, but the disfranchisment created such a stir that the papers had to be issued. There is positivly no law in this state to uphold the Christian authorities, and a little effort will force the Troy judge to eat his words.

Here we hav two instances of a church and state union, and though both are without law to support them, they are facts which should arouse the people to a realizing sense of the insecurity of their rights. When citizenship can be withheld merely because a man is not in accord with the religious belief of a judge, we certainly are under religious domination to an extent unbearably alarming. Right in Carpenter's Hall, where was signed the Declaration of Independence affirming that all men are created equal, now sits a judge who tramples upon that instrument, and declares that only Christians were meant. Possibly Judge Wilson would hav naturalized Thomas Paine, but he certainly would hav excluded Thomas Jefferson from the rights of citizenship in the republic he helped to found. The United States is a Christian but not yet a civilized country.

Another Church Lie.

In the *Presbyterian* of September 15th appears a communication from a fellow signing "Lake George," headed, "Mr. Ingersoll on Exhibition." It purports to be an account of Colonel Ingersoll declining to be introduced to a "distinguished clergyman," at a summer resort, and charges Colonel Ingersoll with using a variety of bad language. The story is going the rounds of the religious press, and no doubt many ignorant Christians will believe it.

The story is, however, a church lie. The only truthful thing in it is that Colonel Ingersoll did decline to permit Joe Cook (the "distinguished clergyman") to be presented to him. The rest of the yarn is a romance by the correspondent, inspired, perhaps, by Cook himself. The correct version of the incident is that Cook had been trying to meet Colonel Ingersoll, and succeeded at last in getting some one to offer to introduce him. When the two approached Colonel Ingersoll, the latter said that he did not desire to know Mr. Cook. Thereupon Joseph bellowed out that as Colonel Ingersoll had been so badly defeated by Mr. Gladstone, he probably felt sore toward the Christians. The colonel stopped long enough to say that that was not the reason, but that he declined to know Mr. Cook because that individual was a liar, and then walked away, leaving the "distinguished clergyman" very much embarrassed. One witness of the meeting reports that the colonel added, "and a coward." That is all there was to the incident. Neither party uttered an oath, and no further conversation ensued. The "very flood of blasphemy," the "oaths that frightened ladies to fly out of the porch," the "demoniac rage," the "profanity that gushed forth as if perdition had broken its flood gates," existed only in the mind of the lying religious correspondent.

When the Christians cannot report a simple incident like this without the grossest lying, what hope is there for anyone to know what really has occurred in the world when there were none but Christians to record it?

It Does Indeed Add to the Seriousness of the Issue.

Again has THE TRUTH SEEKER made the Galveston *News* pious, and the church ought to vote us a large reward. This time we did it with the figures of the Chicago tax exemption of church property, and the *News* at once finds in the wickedness which would tax these edifices a problem difficult of solution by the Henry George folks. "Are the single tax reformers," it asks, "prepared to tax church property?" and it continues:

"If they exempt church property in land values the exemption will be worth more and will be felt as a greater burden, and will be a dreadful stimulus to the increase of ecclesiastical landowning apart from the exact needs of churches for sites, from which the state with exceptional respect for natural right has thus far kept its taxing hands. If the single-tax people do not exempt church property they may expect to find an issue of some practical importance in front of them, and Dr. McGlynn may be able to advise his associates whether the stringent action of his church in his case did not hav something to show of prevision on the part of a sagacious pontiff and vigilant cardinals regarding the raising of such an issue. People do not much consider the amount of the untaxed church property, but a list recently compiled for the New York TRUTH SEEKER from the records, giving lot and block, shows an aggregate value of $3,504,000 in the west division of Chicago. It is, of course, a list of improved as well as unimproved property. But it is enough to indicate the magnitude of the practical question which would come up under an exclusiv land value tax system."

The single tax reformers can fight their own battles in defense of their system of political economy, but we can assure the *News* that they *would* tax the churches. Both Henry George and Dr. McGlynn hav so publicly stated, and the latter has further written that he is in favor of all of the Nine Demands of Liberalism. Indeed, the very core of the new theory of taxation is to so tax land values that land shall not be kept idle or held for speculativ purposes. Church land is the idlest of all ecclesiastical property. It is used but one-seventh of the time, and for no useful purpose then. Untaxed, it is held for speculation, and there are many churches in the country, and especially in this city, built by the money obtained from the sale of land acquired when it could be had for a song, but which has since advanced in price hundreds of dollars per foot. This shows that under any system of taxation the exemption of church property is a huge injustice. The growth of the community has built these churches, which hav never returned one dollar to pay the expense of protecting them.

Whether taxes are levied on land values, or on the value of improvements on land, church exemption is unfair, unjust, and un-American. And the objection of the *News* to the new scheme, that it would necessarily hav to tax churches, is in our opinion the strongest point in its favor.

One More Instance.

Marlboro, Mass., is having the experience with the Roman Catholic church which all towns will hav sooner or later where the Catholics are sufficiently numerous. Marlboro is an old town, and, for two hundred years, was typically American. A generation ago shoemaking was introduced, the shoe shop brought an influx of cheap foreign labor, mostly French and Irish Catholic, and now two-thirds of the population is under the control of the priests.

A few months ago Stillman Pratt was publishing in his paper a French column, the editor of which said things offensiv to the French priest, and the paper was anathematized and boycotted from the altar. Mr. Pratt has lived for thirty years in the town, and during this time he has "studiously refrained from antagonizing the Catholic church," and has had "none but the kindest feelings toward his brethren of the Catholic faith." Now his charity has turned to gall, and his forbearance to a desire for vengeance. Such is the force of touching a man's pocket.

But there is a wider significance to this fight between the Protestants and Catholics, precipitated by the boycott on Mr. Pratt. Since the Baltimore council the French priests hav built in Marlboro a large parochial school, and hav compelled all the French Catholics to withdraw their children from the public schools. The Irish priests are to follow suit. And for years the town government and the

school board hav both been in the hands of the church, to do with as she pleased. The Americans hav been asleep, the merchants not daring to protest, and the newspapers keeping quiet for fear of losing patronage. But at last the fight is on, and the time-serving obsequiousness of the people will shield them no longer. Unless they are content to let the priests control their papers as well as their town government and schools, they must stand up and vote and work against the church.

Perhaps a few hundred cases like this will awaken the people of this country to the danger of longer contributing to the support of Romanism. Tax all ecclesiastical property and schools, refuse to giv a penny to any religious institution, and Rome will be shorn of two-thirds of her power. Continue the present policy, and Rome may rule this country within fifty years—aye, within the next generation.

Two Letters.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Buffalo was recently to celebrate its thirty-sixth anniversary, and its president wrote to both candidates for the presidency asking their views with regard to the work of such associations. Mr. Cleveland gushingly wrote:

"*Dear Sir:* I gladly comply with your request, and tender the expression of my appreciation of the beneficent mission of the Young Men's Christian Association so rapidly multiplying throughout our land. We are a busy nation. The impetuous rush and enterprise of our people to a casual observer would seem to yield no place to the consideration and fostering of the influences which radiate from these institutions, but to those who know how well our daily life is grounded upon Christian principles it is a matter of no surprise that Young Men's Christian Associations challenge our attention and care. It seems to me that nothing is more essential to our continued welfare and prosperity as a people than the preservation of our faith in the usefulness of such organizations. Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND."

Mr. Harrison reluctantly said:

"*My Dear Sir:* Your letter of September 8th has been received, and I think I should adhere to my former determination. If there were any occasion for an expression upon the subject it would be cheerfully and heartily given, but to make an occasion does not seem to me to be appropriate. The organization is too well known to need any such support or advertisment. Such a letter would appear to be rather in aid of myself than of the organization, and I hav too much respect for it to seem to use it in that way.

"Very truly yours, BENJAMIN HARRISON."

The joke is that the first letter was written by a gentleman who is practically an Infidel, and the second by a gentleman who is a practical and practicing Presbyterian. When Mr. Cleveland was governor of this state—and presumably now—he used to talk in private strongly against Christianity. Mr. Harrison has always been an activ Christian worker.

Politics compels people to do things which appear strange when viewed through the spectacles of principle. Mr. Cleveland caters to the churches; Mr. Harrison doesn't want religion in his politics! Verily, verily, vote-getting is an abstruse science.

The "W. C. T. U." Convention.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its fifteenth annual convention in this city last week. Frances Willard presided, and a good many other notable females took part in the program.

The part of the Union's work which givs it interest and significance to Liberals is the fact that the women want to vote simply to put down rum and put up Jesus Christ in the legislation of the country. No one will hav any objection to the first sentiment, but a good many will strongly object to the latter. Frances Willard herself, the leader by strength of character, and president by election, does not want the ballot for any other purpose, being too good a Christian to believe that woman has the same rights as a man. The delegates at this convention represented about two hundred thousand members of the Union, which constitutes a force of no mean power. The Union has a board of evangelistic work, and the chairwoman of that board started this convention going by leading in prayer. Then "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was sung; another prayer offered, after which the singers rendered "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," then reading from the Bible, and more prayers and singing of religious songs. Then the Prohibition party was indorsed.

The same evening that these women held their first public session, the Manhattan Liberal Club convened as usual, and as it happened, the lecture of the evening was on prohibition of the liquor traffic. The speaker was a prohibitionist of the Christian variety, and he made the usual arguments for his cause. In the discussion which followed, a remark was made which may well set the Infidel prohibitionists to thinking. Dr. Lambert has been for years one of the strongest advocates of legislation against liquor in New York. In season and out of season he has denounced alcohol, thundered against its use in beverages, and declaimed against the people who sell it. Of course he agreed with the lecturer, and was, in fact, selected to reply to the opponents of prohibition. Stating his political position, he said in substance: "I shall vote the Prohibition ticket, and I am not throwing away my vote, because I shall count as one opposed to the liquor traffic, and that satisfies me. *But if I thought the Prohibition party would win, I should vote against it.* It is altogether too pious. Too much God and religion, too much Sunday and Bible, in the party for me to desire it to win."

We recommend these words to the consideration of those Liberals who do not stop to reflect upon the result of the success of the Prohibitionists standing on their present God-in-the-Constitution platform. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the biggest religious political party in the country, and though its members hav now no votes, their influence is vast, and the years are probably not many before they will be at the polls voting for Jesus and their favorit minister.

Another thing these women hav tacked on to their beneficent reform movement, and that is a committee on "the suppression of impure literature." This is the chaste expression for obscenity. One would think that ladies who can stand the impurity of the Bible might well leave the suppression of dirtier works to Comstock, the self-appointed moral scavenger of the country. Just what the ladies mean by impure literature we do not know authoritativly, but one acquainted with their usual standards—leaving out, for the present, the Bible—can easily guess that any argument opposed to their work or to their religion would be stamped upon with all the combined force of their dainty feet, and execrated with all the volume of their soft voices. We can admire the enthusiasm of these women and applaud whatever good work they may do, but it occurs to us that if they once get into power the lot of the heretical mortal will be hard indeed, and the paths of the male half of creation exceedingly narrow and stony.

The success of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union party of Prohibition means the success of the ministers and a theocratic government. What that is we hav only to study the history of this country to know too well.

It Was and It Wasn't.

There are usually two sides to a dispute, and the following is no exception:

"FALL RIVER, Sept. 28, 1888.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I write to you concerning an argument I hav had about the original states. I base my claim on an article I read in THE TRUTH SEEKER entitled, 'The Meanness and Hypocrisy of Philadelphia.' After reading your article I stated that Rhode Island was not one of the original states in the formation of this government. The opposition claims that Rhode Island was one of the original states, because it was allowed to come in by adopting the Constitution. My claim is that there were only eleven original states, and all others, whether they were admitted by act of Congress, or by adopting the Constitution, were not original states. As Rhode Island did not take any act or part in the first election of a president, I don't think it could be an original state. We finally left the discussion to some of the prominent lawyers of this place, but they gave it up. We then left it to the New York *Sun*, and it evaded the question by saying that, of the thirteen states, Rhode Island was one. We now appeal to you for your decision, which will be final. I hope you will answer as soon as possible, and oblige

"A CONSTANT READER OF THE TRUTH SEEKER."

Rhode Island was one of the original colonies, established in this order: Virginia, 1606; Plymouth, 1620; Massachusetts, 1628; New Hampshire, 1629; Maryland, 1632; Connecticut, 1635; Rhode Island, 1636; New York, 1662; North and South Carolina, 1663; New Jersey, 1664; Pennsylvania, 1681; Delaware, 1682. In 1692 the colony of Plymouth was united to that of Massachusetts, and in 1732 the last of the original colonies, Georgia, was established.

After the Revolution Articles of Confederation were adopted (1781) and in 1787 Congress called upon the states to send delegates to a convention at Philadelphia for the purpose of revising these Articles. The convention submitted our Constitution, which is essentially different from the Articles, and this Constitution was almost at once ratified by nine states, which number insured its adoption. George Washington was elected president in 1788, took the oath of office in 1789, but Rhode Island had no part in his election, not coming into the new Union till May 29, 1790. But as one of the original state governments to which the Constitution was submitted, she is entitled to the place historians unanimously accord her among the thirteen. She was very activ in the Revolution, and in some particulars ahead of Massachusetts in showing independence of Great Britain. As we look at it, the "original" states were those in existence prior to the adoption of the Constitution, and Rhode Island certainly meets this requirement. New York did not adopt this instrument for several months, and Rhode Island's delay of a few more months did not impair her standing in the Union.

A Thanksgiving Service.

The Youngstown, O., *Telegram* reports the holding of a thanksgiving service at that place in one of the churches by the survivors of a railroad collision in which a great many were killed or wounded. The meeting was opened with the Lord's Prayer and the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The Rev. Mr. Anderson, who conducted the service, "showed that he realized how close the call had been, and how miraculously the lives of the survivors had been saved." He "did not believe that the Lord planned the wreck, but he permitted it. The Lord, in his own omnipotent knowledge and his own beneficent reasons, permitted it, perhaps as a warning or punishment to those whose selfishness had caused it. He drew from the horrors of the calamity the lesson of the nearness of death to life, and urged the necessity of always being prepared to meet death, no matter in what form or at what time it might come. The wreck had brought the survivors nearer to God, had closened the eternal bond between the children and the father."

We are now waiting for a report of the meeting at which the wounded and the friends of the killed thanked God for the occurrence.

Meaning Business.

The following letter explains itself:

"Oct. 20, 1888.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I will be one of not less than ten to contribute $100 each toward a fund for testing the question as to whether the provisions of the will of the late Stephen Girard are, or are not, being carried out.

"It seems to me that there are not only ten, but many times that number of persons in this country who could and would contribute that amount toward arresting the further perversion of those provisions, and the making of that institution, as it now is, a nursery for the church, against the well-known and clearly expressed wishes of the benevolent founder of that college. AGNOSTIOUS."

Although the writer of the foregoing desires to remain unknown to the public, we can personally testify to his responsibility. There ought to be nine other wealthy Freethinkers in this country who will do as much as he, and a thousand dollars will start the movement to convert the Christians of Pennsylvania to the gospel of honesty.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. JAMIESON's address is Monte Vista, Colorado. He will lecture anywhere he is called.

PROF. W. S. BELL, of Chicago, is now arranging for lectures in Kansas and Texas in November, after the election is over.

MR. CHARLES WATTS has arranged for a month's Sunday lecture course each in Salt Lake City and Denver, during January and February of 1889. Going and returning, and on week-day nights during those months, he is at liberty to fill engagements in other places, and is desirous of securing them. People living between Denver and Toronto will do well to secure him either on his outward or return journey. Liberals in Utah and Colorado can engage him for week-day evenings. Address him at 282 Sumach street, Toronto, Ont.

MR. S. P. PUTNAM is on his way to his home in San Francisco, lecturing as he goes, and has appointments as follows:

Wahoo, Neb.....	Oct. 23-25	Davenport, W. T.	Nov. 17-19
Denver, Col.....	" 28	Sprague, W. T.....	" 20, 21
Ogden, Utah.....	" 30, 31	Pasco, W. T.....	" 22, 23
M'nt'n Home, Ida.	Nov. 2	Portland, Ore.....	" 25, 26
Boise City, Ida.....	" 3, 4	Vancouver, W. T.	" 27, 28
Emmetts, Ida.....	" 5, 6	No. Yamhill, Ore...	" 29, 30
Pendleton, Ore.....	" 8, 9	Scappoose, Ore....	Dec. 2
Walla Walla, W. T.	" 10, 11	Snohomish, W. T.	" 8-10
Spokane F'ls, W. T.	" 14-16	Silverton, Ore.....	" 15, 16

Parties desiring his presence in their towns should address him as above.

Letters from Friends.

RED OAK, MO., Sept. 23, 288.

MR. EDITOR: We hav just had three lectures by J. E. Remsburg. Mr. Remsburg is a fine speaker. He gave better satisfaction among the Christians than Mr. Reynolds did last winter. He was not quite so rough on them, but I tell you he gave them some stinging facts in "False Claims" and "Bible Morals." And also, in "Sabbath Breaking" he just knocked Sunday clear out of socket.

We organized a League and elected Dr. Taylor, of Phelps, Mo., for chairman. We also elected a secretary and treasurer, but I do not remember their names just now. We hav not called a meeting yet, but I think we can start in with about fifteen or twenty members. We are going to hav Mr. Remsburg or some other lecturers here this winter. We will hav a meeting before long and organize solid for business.

S. P. WOOD.

CARIBOU, ME., Aug. 16, 288.

MR. EDITOR: After an absence of some four months, I now beg the privilege of returning to the TRUTH SEEKER family to take my proper place in the old chimney corner, and also resume my place around the TRUTH SEEKER table, which is always well supplied with good, hearty, and substantial intellectual food. If I had not borrowed it from time to time of my neighbor W. T. Ashby, I should hav been by this time almost intellectually starved. But as I hav managed it, I am not yet very hungry, nor shall I be before I get it, if you mail it to me at once. Please date it back to August 4th, as I want that copy containing Mr. Palmer's picture. I want to read Mr. Peck's "God and the Bible," too. I can't let such literature as that pass unnoticed. We are taking four papers, but would rather hav THE TRUTH SEEKER than the whole of them. That stands preëminent with me above any other one paper. It is hard dragging to do without it.

With wishes for your prosperity, H. H. GILMAN.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Sept. 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I think we should not trust either the Democrat or Republican parties with the interests of this republic again, as they hav held the reins of this government long enough, and hav both shown themselvs inimical to its true interests. I say to the people, let us nominate a man that is true and will run this government according to the Constitution of the United States. Let us call a party of every shade of opinion and try and nominate the very best we hav in this country—one entirely unconnected with the government at present would be best—any good man except R. G. Ingersoll. Call this new party the Constitutional party, as this will be something we hav not heard for a long time, and something that our much beloved country is dying for. If you should know any one of the different party candidates that will answer the purpose herein stated, please make it known through your valuable and broad-circulating paper THE TRUTH SEEKER.

A TRUE REPUBLICAN.

CREAMERY, MONT., Oct. 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Some weeks ago, in a "Letter from Friends," I cticed a verse of a hymu which ran something as follows:

What joy will fill the ransomed souls
When they in glory dwell,
To see the sinner as he rolls
In quenchless flames of hell!

The writer claimed the hymn in question was written by Dr. Watts. We were making hay at the time, and, having a very devout Presbyterian working for me, I read the verse to him. We hav had many discussions on religion, and he always kept his temper, but here was the last feather. It afforded us some fun. Although a very strait-laced old fellow, he immediately began betting away up into the thousands that I could not produce that hymn, or anything like it, "for," said he, "it is altogether foreign to their teaching." It was a "parody, scandal, a lie," and all that. Now, I wish to ask you to help me to produce this hymn, or any other akin to it. I promised him that he had not heard the last of it.

Yours respectfully, F. LATUS.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., Oct. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been reading in your paper the words of Don Piatt about Anthony Comstock, and find them, as Hamlet would say, "Slander, sir!" If I were to tell you that I was once called a dude, I feel confident that you would intuitivly perceive this to be a slander. I was called a dude because I believed in "British free trade." Don Piatt calls the sainted Anthony an Anarchist, for no apparent reason whatever. This is a worse slander on the sainted Anthony than the other was on me. Don Piatt, proceeding to specify the crimes of the sainted Anthony, puts at the head of them that he seeks the aid of law. Is it usual for Anarchists to seek the aid of law? Now, this is not an incidental remark of Mr. Piatt's, but runs through the whole of his complaint against St. Anthony and his disciples. His "feeling for them would be one of mingled disgust and pity, but for the mischief and irritation they cause through the control of the law-making power." I never heard anyone say before that Anarchists hav, or could possibly hav, the control of the law-making power. "St. Anthony's first achievement was getting a law through Congress." Who ever heard of an Anarchist wishing any law to go through Congress, unless it was a law to repeal a law? "The pernicious author of the measure was given an office." How very like an Anarchist! "Neither the czar of Russia, nor the Iron Duke of Germany, dare attempt what this man Comstock has accomplished in the United States." Then the two most despotic rulers Mr. Piatt could think of are more like Anarchists than this man Comstock. In another place Mr. Piatt mentions the shirt of Nemesis. I am willing to attribute this mistake to the printer, otherwise St. Anthony might hav a crow to pluck with Mr. Piatt. For Nemesis was a female, and to talk about her shirt would evidently be highly improper. But that's a trifle. What stirs my British blood is to hear St. Anthony slandered by being called an Anarchist. I must certainly defend him, and his particular friend, Don Bombastes Cook, who went through the country proclaiming that he had a pen made out of the sidewalk where some Chicago policemen got killed in a street fight in which they were the aggressors, and wrote with it in nearly every album he could find, "May God hav mercy on the souls of the Anarchists; and may the courts not hav mercy on their bodies." That such typical representativs of law and order should be called Anarchists is intolerable to the Saxon love of justice. As Eliza Cook says of the true-born Englishman:

There's a heart which beats for all below,
The weak and the wronged to defend;
And it strikes as soon for a trampled foe
As it does for a soul-bound friend.

Never shall St. Anthony be called an Anarchist while I can plead his cause. Please giv my vindication of him room.

C. L. JAMES.

COALING, ALA., Sept. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It may be some benefit to you to know how Freethought is doing here, and what I am doing to dissemminate it. I hav hunted up everyone that has a tendency that way, and given such reading as I hav. I hav received a great many papers from Liberals, which I distribute over this county and the adjoining ones. I am pretty sure to send you a good list of subscribers this fall and winter. I hav gone into this with all the vim I am capable of. There are seven churches in a radius of four miles, and I liv in the country, too. It is unpopular to advocate Infidelity, yet I am making some progress. There is one church within half a mile of me. I think I hav about neutralized it. I keep a reward of $100 for any Christian that will let a snake of my choosing bite him without his being hurt by it. I will giv you a list of Infidels and those leaning that way. I think I ought to hav lots of cheap, terse tracts, like "Come to Jesus," and Bennett's "Prayer to the Devil." I love all Liberals, and the Macdonalds and J. D. Shaw most, Heston alongside.

I wish you would insert a notice in your paper to raise a lecture fund South. I tell you Infidelity is unheard of in lots of places; so much so that I excite curiosity. Some say I am crazy; others, that I don't believe, only want to argue. If I had just a little help I could do much. I want you after a while to let me know if you hav received any additions from my field of labor.

H. J. WARD.

ELBA, O., Oct. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Southern Ohio does not seem to be a good field for Liberal lecturers, judging by the number of lectures delivered here. The reason, probably, is the lack of enthusiasm among Secularists and people of Liberal views, for I think there are many people in this part of the state who are far from orthodox believers. I know there are comparativly many in this county, but beyond this my acquaintance is limited. Be it remembered that there is one community among these rugged hills that believes in doing something as well as thinking for themselvs.

The Rev. Mr. Zollars, president of Hiram College, who lectured here last summer, and who told us Liberal lecturers would not and dare not debate with Christians, has learned a lesson, if he did not know it before, and he will probably be more cautious hereafter in what he tells an audience in this community.

Mr. Charles Watts gave us three lectures this week. We had a high opinion of his abilities before he came, and he more than met our expectations. Christians told us they would hav a man to meet Mr. Watts in debate and we urged them to do so, but their man failed to appear.

Those who pretend to be debaters had probably heard of him before, and concluded that discretion is the better part of valor.

Whenever you hear Christians clamoring for debate, talk of Watts to them, and they will begin to hedge at once.

Our lectures were a success, and all Liberal-minded people were well pleased with them. The ultra-orthodox here, as elsewhere, are not yet prepared to accept Secularism, but agitation slowly brings the desired result. W. J. DUTTON.

NEW CAMBRIA, KAN., Sept. 28, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Christians are ever ready to persecute new ideas, and if there ever was a full-fledged Christian mossback, "Deck" Houston, of Concordia, who is a candidate for state attorney of Cloud county, Kan., is one. While canvassing for books there last winter, I called on Mrs. Houston and she referred me to him, so I called on him and introduced the same works I had introduced to her, which she seemed very favorably impressed with. They were nothing more nor less than Prof. O. S. Fowler's "Science of Life, or Sexual Science," and Mrs. Annie Besant's "Law of Population." He said he did not know what he would hav done if he had been there when I introduced such books as they. After telling him how happy I was that he was not there, I told him my experience as an agent was, when I found a man and his wife both at home, I generally took a chair and sat down between them and introduced the books, and had never met with any serious difficulty. I also told him that my experience as an agent was that I never met more than two or three old-fogies like him in a town the size of Concordia—population about five thousand, and none quite as bad. It would be dangerous in these Comstockian times to clothe such persons as he is with any such power.

My idea on the tariff is this. I am in favor of tariff for revenue only. My objection to a protectiv tariff is this, it protects the wrong parties, the manufacturers, instead of the laborers, and makes them wholly dependent on the former for such favors as they see fit to giv without any compulsion on their part. And to know how grudgingly they part with any of the advantages of the protectiv system you need only call in your experience, which tells you it becomes necessary for the laborers to organize for their own protection against the very class that is protected in order to prevent themselvs from becoming their serfs and slaves. The cry used to be, Protect our manufacturer and build up home industry, which at the present day would not catch a single labor vote, so the cry is, Protect the laborer. Is it not clearly to be seen that it is a bait thrown out to catch suckers? The capitalists vote for their interest; the common people vote according to their prejudices or preconceived opinions. If the laborer got the full benefit of protection, which is an average of forty-seven per cent, it would be different. Generally speaking, it takes all their income to keep them. We fail to see where protection is even a benefit, then, because if they pay a tax of the above sum on everything they buy, it is simply taking it out of one pocket and putting it in the other, and therefore is nothing more than a delusion and a snare.

JOHN W. ABBOTT.

HUDSON, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The Pittsburgh press notices of the recent annual Congress of the American Secular Union hav brought forth a storm of "righteous indignation" from Liberals everywhere.

The privilege of a newspaper to register public opinion or editorial prejudice is an inalienable right, but misrepresentation of facts and falsifying of statements is an insult and an injury to the public. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," is evidently not included in the ethics of the "Christian" morality which endeavored to find legal suppression for our "exercise of the right of free speech" after misrepresenting our usage of it. We "exercise the right of free speech" in exorcising falsehood, and the principles of Liberalism do not license lies either ancient or modern. However, the Pittsburgh public and the Pittsburgh press are under the jurisdiction of an ultra-fanatical "Law and Order" Society who hav interfered with personal privilege to such an extent that it is a dangerous misdemeanor (on local authority) to drink milk on Sunday in that afflicted town, and whose objections to the "feast of reason and flow of soul" so abundant at Lafayette Hall were at least consistent. That the official Congress of the American Secular Union should be arraigned as a question of Atheism *vs.* Theology is irrelevant. Whatever the beliefs or disbeliefs of its members, it is a Secular organization, as its name indicates, whose basis is a resistance to the wrongs and injustices corrupting our national laws, and a substitution of Secular morality, justice, and equal rights to all humanity. "Christian" morality is the narrowest prejudice we hav to educate. Our Secular Union, our Liberal movement, are protests against that bigoted label to a broad principle. Morality is not to be limited by any religious codes of the past, by any religious laws of to-day, but is liable to "break out," like genius or small-pox, in most unaccountable places. Morality has broken out in the American Secular Union, notwithstanding the "shot-gun quarantine" of early Christianity, and the Comstock quarantine of later times.

Inviolate Christian morality, especially its Pittsburgh representativs, should be warned that this is not a national case of varioloid, but an early stage of the virulent type.

This type of morality became epidemic during the Revolutionary days of our country; it framed the Declaration of Independence; it again broke out in the cause of abolition of slavery; it dictated the Fifteenth Amendment; it has preceded all the great reforms of the world, and the germs are still activ in the great system of human reasoning.

MARY A. WORSWICK.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Oct. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Of all the Liberal lecturers in the field, can not some visit us occasionally? For the free enjoyment of life, for the business interests of the Freethinking class, for the general welfare of this beautiful land of the living, and for the social happiness derived from the remarks and teachings of the expounders of facts and truths, cannot the twelfth Congress manage in some way to send a lecture among us? And this is not the only section that is in need of truth-speakers. There are many Liberal sheep here, but without a shepherd. Southern California is a large field for the work of a good organizer and lecturer, but the weeds hav about taken it for the want of cultivation. The churches control almost everything. It is here just about as Remsburg says: "That vice is most prevalent in those countries most loyal to the church." The city claims more than forty churches, and that many hundred saloons and dens of vice. Our widely, and I might say justly, advertised Los Angeles is going to the dogs. It is getting rotten, and we must hav some one to purify us—Washburn, Remsburg, Peck, Shaw, or any of the other shining lights of Freethought who can produce facts and figures. Although business is brisk compared with most other cities of three times our population, yet it is dull to what it has been. Everything here is organized except the Liberals. We must hav an organization. I was only last night that a Democrat band led a campaign club through the streets; a block behind came a Republican club following a band, both clubs shouting the name of their respectiv candidates, and both bands filling the air with sweet and lively music; when, to my surprise, five or six blocks behind came the Salvation Army band with Sarah, Hagar, Leah, and Rachel beating their tambourines, led by an old, worn-out bass drum, and followed by a crowd of as tough, sleepy-looking, ignorant cranks as the slums of any thoroughly Christianized city could produce, and all proclaiming Christ as king. This is a republic yet, and it is to be hoped she will continue so, and we want a real, live, born American citizen as our leader, and not the bones of an illegitimate

foreigner who died eighteen hundred years ago for a king Why, it was only last Sunday that the ministers offered a resolution in most, if not all, of the churches in the city, after which it was handed to the city council, the contents of it being to the effect that the office of chief of police be declared vacant, simply because the chief used his brain instead of allowing ministers to use it for him. The chief was so harassed by these agents of Christ that he resigned the office, to the regret of many good citizens, rather than be dictated to by people who delight in making humanity miserable for the sake, they say, of a reward hereafter. Pasadena, a town of about ten thousand inhabitants only a few miles distant, is even worse than Los Angeles. It is a beautiful place, the flower-garden of the West, but it is gone, I am afraid beyond redemption—dead, dead, dead. Christ is in possession; business is at a standstill; the streets are almost deserted except on Sundays. The large Raymond Hotel and many other tourist resorts of less notoriety located here hav, so it is reported, refused to open up this season unless certain laws which were enacted by these lambs of superstition are repealed. We hav had any number of murders and rape cases lately, with insanity, suicides, etc., and no doubt will continue to hav as long as these vultures of superstition flap their wings over the eyes and blow their breath in the faces of our inhabitants. We want a few good lectures right from the shoulder. I think a speaker could do well in southern California this winter. One or two nights will avail but little. Mr. Reynolds complained of Los Angeles being a hard town, and other lecturers will do the same thing unless they come prepared to remain some time and effect an organization. Rome was not built in a day. Will some of our Liberal orators take notice of this and deliver this section from the curse now overhanging it? FRED S. LUCE.

KANAWHA FALLS, W. VA., Oct. 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Prof. W. S. Bell lectured at this place on the evening of the 2d inst.—subject, "Reason and Superstition"—and at Coal Valley, a mining town of some two thousand inhabitants, last night—subject, "Liberty and Morality." Lectures of this character are a new thing in this section. Few, if any, among those who heard Mr. Bell had ever before heard a Liberal lecture. There were no suitable buildings here except the school-house and the church. A majority of the trustees of the school-house signified their willingness to allow the use of it for our purpose, but the board of education of the district, having heard that we wanted the house, passed an order restricting the trustees from granting such permission. The trustees, however, would probably hav let us hav the house anyway, but as the church was larger and better adapted to our purpose, and as a minister was to reply to Professor Bell, the person who had nominal and *quasi* charge of it allowed its use for the occasion. Mr. Bell delivered his lecture, and the minister replied as best he could. He was no match for a man of Mr. Bell's intellectual caliber, and did not succeed in refuting any of the points made by the lecturer. When the reverend gentleman got through Professor Bell briefly but effectivly reviewed the arguments advanced by his opponent, and literally cut the ground from under his feet. A spicy bit of cross-questioning was then indulged in between the lecturer and the reverend gentleman, in which the latter was assisted by some of the orthodox brethren and sisters, who seemed to realize that their champion needed their help to extricate himself from the net into which he had walked. The orthodox people lost their temper, and the Liberals held their peace, feeling confident that their man was able to take care of himself. Professor Bell had a number of Liberal books which he offered to sell to any who might desire them, but he was debarred the privilege of doing so by the person who had charge of the house. The lecture at Coal Valley was a success. Mr. J. W. Montgomery, the owner of the Opera House, threw open the doors of the large and commodious building, and the people came out in respectable numbers to hear the lecture. Many of them took away with them not only the impression made by the lecture but printed copies of it and other Liberal literature. Professor Bell is not particularly eloquent in speech, but he uses some sledge-hammer logic. He avoids the use of technical terms, and generally succeeds in making himself understood by all. He intersperses his lectures with some tid-bits of humor, which serve not only to hold the interest of the audience, but also to point a moral and impress an argument. If we were disposed to criticise, we would only suggest that in dealing with orthodox people it is not best to be too abrupt with them—to demolish their idols too ruthlessly. We as Liberals and lecturers must show the people that we are their friends and that their beliefs are the result of their training; that we believe they are honest and sincere in them, but that they are none the less in error on this account. Professor Bell left on the west-bound train early this morning, so as to reach Pittsburgh in time for the opening of the annual session of the Secular Union. J. C. WATKINS.

FREETHOUGHT IN AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA, Sept. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Many of your Liberal readers in the States will be pleased to know that the great principles of Universal Mental Liberty are meeting with ready acceptance in this antipodean land. We hav inherited too much of the British phlegm to progress as rapidly as yourselvs, and our public advocates hav much to contend with from the bigoted obtuseness and uncharitable thickheadedness of professing Christians. People in Australia are divided into two parties in matters politic, and two or three hundred in matters religious. The political parties are the Imperialist and Republican ones. The latter is in a minority in all the colonies except Queensland, where a government has been elected on purely republican principles. In the southern colonies all the various governments are Imperialist, and hav recently voted an annual tribute to Great Britain of £30,000 per annum apiece for the purpose of helping to maintain the already vast British navy. Thus nearly all Australia has committed the act to avoid which your Revolutionary heroes shed their blood. It is in vain for us Radicals to point out that "taxation without representation is tyranny," as the vast bulk of the population are English by birth and their national feeling is concentrated in Great Britain. However, the day of our independence is coming fast. Practically we are independent now, as the British governors as a rule perform nothing but social duties and keep up snobocracy. Although there is now a white population of three million persons in Australia, I regret to say that we hav but one Freethought organ. This, however, is a real live journal, run by a real lively Freethinker, Mr. Symes, of Melbourne. It has been in existence four years, and has a large circulation. There are four really good republican journals, which are known as the *Bulletin* (Sydney), the *Boomerang* (Brisbane), the *Australian Radical*, and the *Australian Democrat*, all of which are good national journals. Of course, at Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane there are flourishing Freethought societies, and several of the more important gold-fields hav Secular Unions, which are rapidly becoming powers in the land. Mr. Joseph Symes and Mr. T. Walker—who is a member of the New South Wales legislature—may be looked upon as the leaders of the anti-theological party. Mr. Symes recently created much excitement by the publication of a pamphlet called, "Phallic Worship," wherein he proved not only that Christianity was a *phallacy*, but that it owed its origin to ancient sex-worship. The paper created a great *furore* among the bigots, who denounced it as blasphemous and obscene. Mr. Symes was also prosecuted at Melbourne for lecturing in public—on a wharf—but scored a moral victory over his opponents every time. I am sorry to say, however, that a personal difference exists between Messrs. Walker and Symes, which is something of a source of weakness. Besides these two eminent Freethought advocates, we hav several Bible-smashers of strong caliber. There are Messrs. Wallace Nelson, W. W. Collins, I. Selby, and Charles Bright. I recently had the privilege of hearing a three nights' debate between Messrs. W. Nelson and Charles Watt, a prominent gospel-slugger in the golden city of Gympie. There were large and attentiv audiences each night, and the evangelist was totally defeated. The subjects were: for the first two nights, "Christianity is True and Moral," and for the third night, "Christianity—An Organized Hypocrisy." In the first Mr. Watt took the affirmativ, but utterly failed to maintain his position. On the third evening Mr. Nelson took the affirmativ and proved his position from the actions of his opponents. Mr. Nelson read aloud from Mark's gospel: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." "And this shall be a sign to follow them that believe, they shall handle serpents and they shall do them no hurt, and shall drink deadly things and shall not suffer thereby." Then Mr. Nelson offered Mr. Watt a bottle of arsenic, which he invited him to drink. Mr. Watt had more common sense than Christianity and so refused, thereby proving the contention of our advocate. When Mr. Watt's time for reply arrived, he tested Mr. Nelson's sincerity by a document worded like a bull of excommunication, which he challenged him to sign. To Mr. Watt's great chagrin, he complied at once. The debate was a very good one, and it is to be printed in book form for circulation. Mr. W. W. Collins is well known in Freethought circles for his brilliant oratory and sensible, well-written articles and pamphlets. Mr. Selby is also a good, earnest worker. But I hav never seen or heard Mr. Bright, so will pronounce no opinion. Altogether the cause of mental liberty is progressing well, and we may all look forward to the not far distant time when all distinctions of creed, rank, and nationality shall be abolished and Australia become a republic mighty and great in her freedom and an antipodean paradise of Universal Mental Liberty. F. C. VOSPER.

HEPPNER, ORE., Sept. 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It seems that after all the pains I hav taken to make plain the state of my feelings toward unbelievers, some hav misunderstood me. My friend, Mr. Ward, must hav been in a bad humor when he wrote his last letter, or he would not hav accused me of sneering at Infidels. It would ill become me to sneer at those with whom I hav but lately been identified. I hav none other than a feeling of friendliness for all who are honestly and earnestly seeking after the truth, but, alas, how often do we allow our prejudices to so warp our intellects as to render us unfit for estimating facts!

One other matter I wish to mention, while an opportunity is presented. My husband and I, having, to some extent, played the part of the prodigal son, are not at present blessed with much of this world's goods, and I cannot afford to hire some one to do my work while I write for THE TRUTH SEEKER. Consequently, I am not as prompt in my replies as I otherwise might be.

If Mr. Ward will read my letter again, he will find that I did not refer him to Lev. xviii, 24, 25; xx, 23, in order to justify the slaying of the Midianites, but instead of that, told him to search the scriptures. The following are some of the places where this is mentioned: Josh. xxii, 17; Ps. cvi, 28, 29; Hos. ix, 10; Rev. ii, 14. The Midianites may hav been an industrious people, but considering the pastoral age in which they lived, the amount of live stock brought back by the Israelites does not prove that they were. With respect to the offerings of gold, although presented by the officers, their oblation was out of that which every man had gotten (Num. xxxi, 50, 53). Neither is it necessary to suppose from the number of women-children mentioned in the text that the Midianites were an o'er-virtuous people. They would hav been indeed vile and degraded to the lowest degree if they had not protected the innocency of childhood. With regard to the statement that we hav no account other than that they were peaceable, see Judges vi, 1-6. However, these are minor points. The question is, whether or not the Israelites made war against the Midianites arbitrarily. It should be remembered in connection with this that the Israelites had suffered severely in the loss of a large part o their congregation as the result of the plague, before they took vengeance on the Midianites.

As for Noah being a drunkard, I deny the charge. It is true the Bible tells us that Noah got drunk once, but there is no evidence either in or out of the Bible that he ever got drunk again. If all the drunkards on the face of the earth had only followed Noah's example and stopped at the first debauch, what a paradise, comparativly speaking, this world might be!

Mr. Ward wants to know where the heathen got his ideas of heaven and hell, but this is a question which I would like to hav him answer. In view of the fact that the Israelites were not the only descendants of Noah, it would not be very difficult to suppose that the heathen nations had preserved a few grains of truth while corrupting the religion of their ancestors. Herbert Spencer says that "religion everywhere present, as a weft running through the warp of human history, expresses some eternal fact" (First Principles). Observation and induction show that finite man is endowed with a functional power to lay hold on the infinit and a life to come. And is this the end? The existence of any functional power implies the existence of a corresponding fact. Thus the power of seeing implies the existence of light, that of hearing the existence of sound. The discursiv power of the mind implies the existence of reason and of logical relations of thought. The intuitiv faculty implies the existence of truths that lie apart from the region and domain of sense. And so the religious instinct in man presumes and implies the existence of those truths to which it relates; and this is only another evidence of the truth of Bible doctrin—that it rests not on fiction but on facts. To say that there hav been savage tribes without the religious idea does not disprove this statement. A light may be obscured. The power of reasoning may be lost. The power of seeing is inherent and so also that of hearing, yet both may be entirely lost. There hav been individuals who denied the existence of what we call cause, or power of one object over another, but this does not prove the non-existence of cause as a primitiv and intuitiv truth.

Before leaving this subject I wish to point to an inconsistency that seems to hav been overlooked. Our religious opponents assert that the Hebrews borrowed their religion from the heathen, and while claiming that the Old Testament does not contain the doctrin of a future life, will declare that the heathen had his ideas on this subject. Is it likely, if the Hebrews did borrow their religion, that they would hav overlooked so important a subject as this?

Those who hold that man is fully able to civilize himself without the aid of inspiration would fain point to the civilization of Greece and Rome as proofs. But if this theory be true, then the wonder is that these should be the exceptions instead of the rule. And however much there may be to admire in the art, science, and philosophy of the ancient Greeks and Romans, there will not be much difference of opinions among the more enlightened of to-day as to the propriety of worshiping one God instead of thirty thousand, including the powers of nature.

The Greeks were especially angry with one of their philosophers because he taught that the sun is not a god. Then, too, if the world has ever been wise enough to take care of itself unaided, men in all ages hav not thought so, for eminent among the noted lawgivers of the world are those, Solon included, who claimed to hav communication with heaven. The philosopher Socrates was attended by a "divine voice," and was a firm believer in oracles. The latter were consulted before every important undertaking. But the question arises, Whence came their civilization? The historian tells us that Greece lay open to the East, and that she originally drew her inspiration from thence. It was customary for scholars in those days to travel in the East in search of knowledge. It should be remembered this was not the first republic known to the world. That grander republic, the U. S. of Israel, flourished hundreds of years before the balmy days of Athens. The Jewish commonwealth was the first republic of which we hav any definit knowledge. It was founded about 1450 B.C. It will be at once admitted that the Mosaic laws were not perfect, with respect to which see Heb. viii, 6, 7, but, such as they were, they were far in advance of the spirit of the age to which they were given. Taking everything into consideration, the Mosaic laws are worthy of the highest praise. No such ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity were commonly known among the wisest of the heathen nations as were promulgated in this little republic of Palestine. The so-called republics of Greece and Rome were, in the main, mere aristocracies and tyrannies. Some features of the Mosaic legislation hav never been surpassed. Even the laws regarding slavery were far in advance of those in modern times. The slave was protected against excessiv and undue punishment, the maidservant's honor was protected by the best means then known, and our modern slavetrader would hav been severely dealt with.

It has been asked of what account the Bible has been to mankind, but he who reads in a candid and unbiased frame of mind the history of the Jews and their influence on earth's nations, needs no other answer. Their religion has molded the faith of the most progressiv and civilized nations. Wherever the God of the Bible has been seen and sought after, humanity has been gradually rising. In Abraham's seed hav the nations of the earth been blessed. From their royal family descended him who is called Wonderful, the ideal of a pure life, and the grandest character in all history. MRS. H. A. RITCHEY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Baby Janet.

'Twas in a crowded horse-car, and I
Was tired—half sick and sad;
It really seemed there wasn't very much
To make anybody glad.

Just then, a little cooing note,
Softly sweet and very low,
Seemed, in swift answer to my thought,
To shyly say: "It *isn't* so!"

I raised my eyes, and opposit
A face from shadows free—
A winsome, blue-eyed baby girl,
Sat gravely watching me.

At once she smiled a gleeful smile,
And she looked exceeding wise,
As she winked and blinked, and smiled again,
With lips and twinkling eyes.

I quite forgot that I was tired,
Or sick, or sad, or sorry;
With that sweet face right opposit
How could one ever worry?

I smiled myself. Who is this child?
This fairy I hav met?
I asked of one near by, who said:
"Why, that is Baby Janet!"

Dear Baby Janet! May the life,
To thee untrod and new,
With length of days and happy hours,
Be full of joy to you.

With sunny smiles to meet and greet
Life's travelers on their way;
A mission this that breaks the mist
Of many a cloudy day.

May this be thine: to chase away
The cares that life doth make;
Till from the dust of pain and grief
Sweet flowers of hope awake.

And may these rainbow blossoms bright,
With dew of truth o'erwet,
Entwine with love the onward way
Of blue-eyed Baby Janet. S. H. W.

"To Sweeten It."

The baby eats his bread and milk,
And laughs out loud in glee,
For every other time he dips
His spoon it is for me.
"To eat it all yourself," he says,
"It isn't nice a bit—
You hav to giv somebody else
A taste to sweeten it!"

A little miser sits alone;
His scowl is sad to see.
Wants all the playthings, shares his own
With nobody—not he!
Sullen and sad the little lad
Will all day sighing sit;
He'd "better giv somebody else
A taste—to sweeten it!"

—*Wide Awake.*

Home.

A man can build a mansion
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace,
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a temple,
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called Home.

So 'tis a happy faculty
Of women far and wide,
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside,
Where brothers, sons, and husband tired,
With willing footsteps come,
A place of rest, where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom—Home.

—*Janet Jones.*

Correspondence.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 12, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am going to try and write a letter to the Corner, as I hav never written before. I liv in the country and go about a mile to school, and I study geography, arithmetic, reading, spelling, grammar. I hav not lived here longer than three months. Papa bought a horse and buggy, and rides in to work every morning. I would like to find this letter printed in the Corner.

Yours truly, IDA MAY ALLAN.

P.S.—Papa gets THE TRUTH SEEKER every week, and likes it. I read the Corner.

SILVERTON, COL., Oct. 9, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I would like to say a few words in THE TRUTH SEEKER in behalf of Grandpa Hacker. I sent him fifty cents, for which he sent me one volume of his *Pleasure Boat*, and some "Lectures and Rhymes," all of which I am very much pleased with. I don't think any of our Freethought friends can get more truth and good advice for their money than to send for a volume or two of the *Pleasure Boat*. My parents take the Boston *Investigator* and THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I am very much interested in the Children's Corner, but hav never written before. I am twelve years old and hav never been out of Colorado. Hope you will excuse poor writing.

BERTHA FISHER.

AKRON, O., Oct. 15, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Brother Jaques has kindly been lending me his TRUTH SEEKER, as I am too poor to subscribe for it, but although I hav a large family and small wages, I want to help Brother Hacker fifty cents. Please forward with my kind regards, and I must wish your dear self all the joy this world affords for your kindness to the poor. REUBEN HACKETT.

[The money has been forwarded, and hereafter any sums for "Father Hacker" may be sent direct by the donors to his address, J. Hacker, Berlin, N. J.—ED. C. C.]

What the Little Ones Are Saying.

Little Flo Sanborn, censured by her mother for some small mischief she had been engaged in, sat "thinking it over" for some time, and finally said in a complaining tone: "Everything I do is laid to me."

A little boy inquired: "Mamma, is God a man?" "No, my dear," was the reply. "Is he a monkey?" "Certainly not." "Did you ever see God?" "No." "Did papa ever see him?" "No." "Did anybody ever see him?" "No." "Well, it is just as I thought—there isn't any God at all."

"Johnny," said a fond mother, "hav you said your prayers?" "Yes'm." "Hav you prayed for papa?" "Yes'm." "And mamma?" "Yes'm." "And brother Willie?" "No'm." "Aren't you going to pray for brother Willie?" "Y-yes'm—but, mamma, what's the use of wasting the Lord's time?"

"Ma sent me for her ring," said a youngster to a clerk in M. S. Smith & Co's jewelry store. "She left it here to get mended." "What kind of a ring was it, sonny?" asked the clerk. "Why, it was a kind of a —why, you know them things folks hav on the backs of their necks sometimes—car—car——" "Oh, yes, a carbuncle. It's done."

Father (whom Bobby has induced to take him): "Now, Bobby, I don't quite understand this. If the man who throws the ball fails to hit the club after three trials, does that put the umpire out?" Bobby: "Pa, do you remember why you sent me to bed last night at 7 o'clock?" Father: "Why, n-no." Bobby: "It was for asking foolish questions."

A minister was questioning his Sunday-school about the story of Eutychus, the young man who, while listening to the preaching of the apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling down, was taken up dead. "What," said the preacher, "do we learn from this solemn event?" Then the reply from a little girl came pat and prompt: "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons." That little girl's head was level.

The story the other day about the pious little boy who tried to walk on the water in the bath-tub recalls another of an equally pious little girl. She was eight years old, and lived in the country. She had started one day rather late for school with another little girl about her own age. On their way they caught a glimpse of a clock dial through an open door; it lacked five minutes of 9 o'clock. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed the pious little girl, "it's five minutes to 9 o'clock, and we'll be late to school." "I'm afraid we will." "Jennie," said the pious little girl, impressivly, "I'll tell you what we must do; we'll kneel right down here and pray that we won't be late!" "H'm!" said the other, "I guess we'd better skin right along and pray as we go!" They "skun" and got there.

Interesting Facts.

There are 2,750 languages.
America was discovered in 1492.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
Envelopes were first used in 1839.
Telescopes were invented in 1590.
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
A span is ten and seven-eighths inches.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
Watches were first constructed in 1476.
A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.
A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.
The first iron steamship was built in 1830.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
Gold was discovered in California in 1848.
Coaches were first made in England in 1569.
Modern needles first came into use in 1545.
Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.
The first newspaper was published in England in 1588.
The first newspaper advertisment appeared in 1652.
Until 1776 cotton-spinning was performed by the hand spinning-wheel.

How to Be Healthy and Wealthy.

Don't worry.

"Seek peace and pursue it."

Be cheerful. "A light heart livs long."

"Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is Nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air!"

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

Science Column.

Timber.

There are several kinds of wood in use for building and ornamental purposes, known under the general head of timber. Most of the wood in common use is tough, fibrous, solid, and endures a long, long time. Hence there are tables, chairs, and other articles of furniture still in being, as good as when first made, while the fingers that fashioned them and the people who owned them hav long ago crumbled into dust, and in many cases no one knows the place of their graves. So timber is more enduring than man. Take oak, for instance, growing slowly and to great hight; it is used in the building of great ships and other vessels, and, although soaking in water, it is not harmed. It is found nativ in our own country, and is used for many purposes. In olden times oak was much more generally used than at present, because then it was plentiful, now it is growing scarce.

Mahogany is a very handsome wood and darker than oak in color. It grows in the West Indies and in South America. Sir Walter Raleigh is said to hav been the first to make use of mahogany, taking it to make repairs on his ships at Trinidad. An English sea captain took occasion to bring some of the rich-looking wood to England as a gift to his family. His brother endeavored to use it in building a house, but the carpenters denounced it as too hard to work. The old captain then had a box made of it, and some light pieces of furniture. After this it was brought into more general use, and recently it has become quite fashionable, its rich, dark color making it especially pleasing.

Black walnut is a dark and prettily veined wood, extensivly used by the cabinet-maker in household furnishing.

Rosewood is among the handsomest and most costly wood. It has a soft, rosy color of different shades, and is found most plentifully in South America.

Perhaps ebony is as expensiv as any wood. It is found in Madagascar and Ceylon, and in adjacent countries. Pretty boxes, canes, and ornaments are made from it, and it is much admired for its fine fiber and the polish of which it is susceptible.

Away off in China we get a kind of reed-like wood called bamboo. It is strong and durable, and is made into chairs, carriages, fences, baskets, wheelbarrows, and the like; it is also utilized for sails and rigging of vessels, as it is a sort of cane in its growth.

Cedar, camphor, sandal, and some other woods, are very fragrant, retaining their fragrance for an almost incredible time. In fact, I am not sure they ever lose their odor. The first two are used in making boxes and chests to hold furs and woolens. No moths, or insects of any kind, can enter a chest of cedar or camphor and liv long. Sandalwood is fragrant only in the center, or heart of the tree; this is yellow in color, while the outer layers are white, and hav no scent. It grows in Ceylon and on the coast of Coromandel. Cedar and camphor hav medicinal qualities. The first is found in our own and in northern countries, while camphor belongs to southern latitudes.

Pine is very common, and used for almost everything where wood is required, but there are several varieties. The pine is a handsome tree and has abundant green foliage all the year round in the shape of long, slender needles.

California has several beautiful varieties of wood of various colors and of different degrees of strength. The redwood is a beautiful variety.

Boxwood grows along the Mediterranean shores, and is highly esteemed for fine carving. Wood engravings are cut from blocks made of this kind of wood. So when you see the wood-cut engravings in newspapers and books, you may know that this wood is used in making them.

There are many other kinds of wood, as maple, which is soft and pretty. There are two kinds of maple—white and yellow. It has spots, dots, and curves that are much admired. There is a kind called "bird's-eye maple," because the little dots in it resemble a bird's eye. Then there are the elm, beech, chestnut, linden, cherry, ash, fir, which is called deal, spruce, and many other kinds of which you hav read, or are otherwise familiar with.

It would be a good exercise for you to take a tree with which you are acquainted, and write up all that you know or may learn about it. S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—What is timber? What of its enduring properties? Where is oak found, and what is it principally used for? Tell what you know of mahogany. Who first made use of it? What of black walnut? rosewood? ebony? Where is bamboo found? How is it used? What of cedar? camphor? What of these woods in relation to moths and other insects? Tell what you know of sandalwood. What of pine wood?—boxwood? What of the woods of California? Name some of the varieties of wood in common use. With what kinds are you most familiar? Will you not write an essay on some kinds of timber that you are acquainted with for the Children's Corner?

Very Cheap Pamphlets.

We hav on hand a large number of the following of COLONEL INGERSOLL'S pamphlets, which will be disposed of at cost, as follows:

Ingersoll Catechised:

His Answers to a Number of Vital Questions Propounded by the Editor of the "San Franciscan;" singly, 3 cents; per dozen, 30 cents; per hundred, $2.00.

ORTHODOXY.

A lecture, fifty-four closely printed large 12mo pages, 10 cents; fifteen, $1; and $6 per hundred.

Civil Rights Speech.

Including the address of Frederick Douglass, fifty-three-large octavo pages, singly, 10 cents; fifteen for $1; and $6 per hundred.

The Truth of History.

This is a comment by Colonel Ingersoll upon the religious lies that hav been told about himself, and first made its appearance in these columns. Price 3 cents; 30 cents per dozen; $2 per hundred.

BIBLE IDOLATRY.

A letter Colonel Ingersoll wrote to the editor of the London "Secular Review." Price 3 cents; 30 cents per doz., or $2 per hundred.

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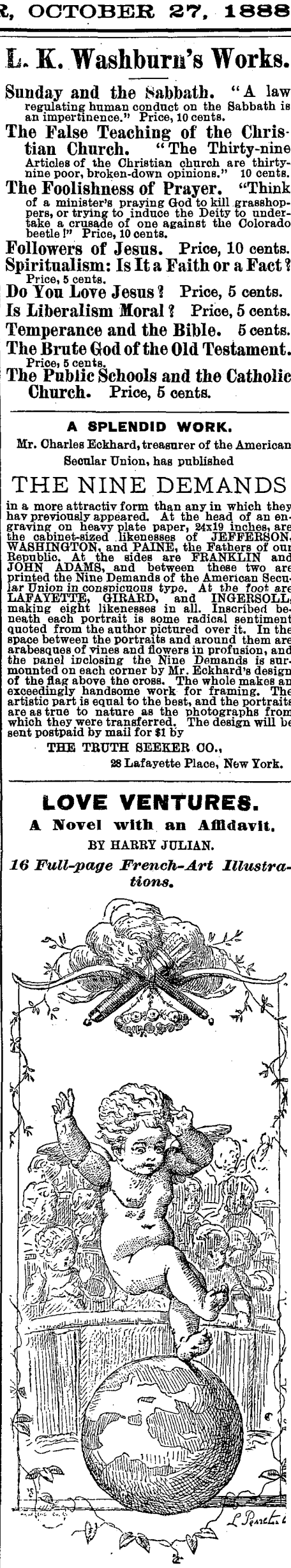
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An' 'bused him for the life he'd led,
An' him a lying thar at rest
With not a rose upon his breast;
Ah! menny cruel words they sed
When Jim was dead.

"Jes' killed hisself." "Too mean ter liv."
They didn't hav one word ter giv
Of comfort as they hovered near
An' gazed on Jim a-lying there!
"Thar ain't no use to talk," they sed,
"He's better dead."

But suddenly the room grew still,
While the white sunshine seemed to fill
The dark place with a gleam of life,
An' o'er the dead she bent—Jim's wife!
An' with her lips close, close to his,
As though he knew an' felt the kiss,
She sobbed—a touching sight ter see—
"Ah! Jim was always good ter me!"

I tell you when that cum ter light,
It kinder set the dead man right;
An' round the weepin' woman they
Throwed kindly arms o' love that day.
And mingled with her own they shed
The tenderest tears—when Jim was dead.

—*F. L. Stanton.*

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"Pa, what's the name of the society that Anthony Comstock runs?"

"The Society for the Suppression of Vice, my son."

"Is he the head suppressor, pa?"

"Officially no, practically yes—he is the great working Pooh Bah of the society, my son."

"Does he suppress vice, pa?"

"My son, does the bear suppress wild honey, preventing it from overrunning the country? Does the wild hog suppress the acorn, preventing the earth from becoming one vast oak forest? Does the truthful fisherman who catches in two hours seventy-nine 'speckled beauties,' averaging nine pounds apiece, suppress that variety of fish, preventing our ponds and brooks from becoming solid masses thereof? Does the iron-throated goat suppress the tomato can, which otherwise would bury us under a mountain of rusty tin? Does the fair maid suppress ice-cream, which, but for her, would glacierize the civilized world? Do other varieties suppress a variety of others, or how? Yes, my son, of course Anthony Comstock suppresses vice—mountains of it, oceans of it, that is, he did, before the mountains were reduced by him to molehills, and the oceans to mere puddles of vice!"

"Huh! I guess there are some pretty high molehills and deep puddles of vice now, pa."

"My son, I feel you are disinclined to recognize Anthony Comstock as the one great suppressor of vice *par eminence!* Remember, my son, that vice is as old as the hills, as multifarious as thought, and, until the advent of A. C., filled the world as now virtue fills it—as the meat of the egg the shell. Then bear in mind that the redoubtable suppressor of vice is not as old as it, though as ugly as sin, nothing near as multifarious, and does not half-way begin to fill the earth, swell as he may with self-importance. Think of these things, my son, and truthfully and generously acknowledge A. C. to be the Great Pooh Bah Suppressor of Vice, unequaled, unparalleled, and unmitigated! What can you expect in a few short years? Giv the man a chance. Giv him time—time *enough*—and he will be in at the death of vice; will bury it, my son, as deep as hell is from heaven! Because you see a few straggling specimens of vice cropping out here and there, which A. C. has not had time to stamp out, don't, don't, my son, affect to believe that he is not the amount of tar on a stick he claims to be."

"No, pa; but there's lots of vice lying around loose, I tell you. You don't know how much, because you are so virtuous."

"My son, you are pessimistic to a fault. It seems to me impossible, after A. C.'s raids on newspapers, photographic establishments, pumpkin-seed guessing emporiums, etc., that hydra-headed vice in large quantities and seven-league boots can be lying around loose in this virtuous metropolis—impossible! My son, you look through pessimistic lens darkly."

"Perhaps I do, pa. But don't Anthony Comstock put fellers up to vice and then snake 'em in?"

"Ah, my son, he may do so; but that is one of the beauties of the good work of suppressing vice and crime. Even our finest police in the world thus gloriously stoop to conquer vice and crime! They beg saloon-keepers to sell them whisky after hours on pretense of colic and then arrest the villains! It is glorious, my son, glorious because in a glorious cause, the end—the arrest of those they seduced by false pretense—justifying the means! A. C. may, probably does, work on this line, and if he does, so much the more is he covered with glory!"

"I don't see it, pa."

"Of course you don't see it, my son. You can't see that, as all is fair in love and war, so all is fair in the suppression of vice and crime. Better that vice and crime should be created—if by the suppressors thereof—than not be discovered at all. Better that ninety-nine innocent men should be sent to prison than one guilty one should escape. Think of how gratified is the majesty of the law when a copper brings in a saloonkeeper whom he has seduced into selling him whisky by a downright lie—ah, how majestic is the law's majesty then, my son!"

"Yes, pa. Does Anthony go for quisby books?"

"Anything and everything quisby, my son, and by ways that are quisby if no others are open, as he should, of course."

"Why doesn't he go for the Holy Queer then, pa? That's an awful quisby book, ain't it?"

"Why don't A. C. go for the Holy Queer? You astonish me, my son! Through my spinal column and epigastric region you send a shock of three thousand volts and one thousand six hundred ohms, more or less! Don't you know that the Holy Queer, quisby as it really is, is a holy tome? That, though born on earth, it was conceived in heaven, and so the Holy of Holies? Go for the Holy Queer! Never say those words again, my son. Remember that to the holy all things from the holy source, be they never so indecent, are holy, and not to be 'gone for.' Go for the Holy Queer!—who, Anthony Comstock? Great Scott! Oh!—ah!—ouch! Retire, my son. You hav opened up a gushing well of fourth-proof anguish of soul within my corporeal being, and alone must I endeavor to tank it. Go!" SI SLOKUM.

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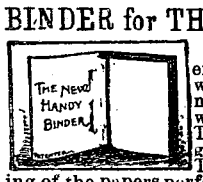
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News of the Week.

It is reported that a temple for the worship of Buddha was recently secretly opened in New York city.

LEO XIII. instructs all bishops throughout the world to continue agitation for restoration of his temporal power.

THE yellow fever epidemic has about ceased.

GLADSTONE expresses alarm at the growth of divorce in this country.

THE number of United States pensioners, in 1878 223,998 and steadily decreasing, has increased to 452,557.

SOME think that, as hinted in Dr. Mackenzie's book, Professor Von Bergman was in a conspiracy to keep the liberal emperor Frederick out of the throne.

THERE is steady growth of the great army of wealthy aristocrats who own blocks of New York and other cities, support gorgeous city and seaside establishments, and maintain immense retinues of servants.

FREDERICK III.'s diary reveals that he was the author of all the able statesmanship of which Bismarck stole the credit, and that he secretly fought for years the despotic policy of that counselor and William I.

THE reformed electiv system of voting by secret ballot handed to the voter by the official poll clerk, known as the Australian system, is proposed in some states.

THE United States Supreme Court decided the Iowa Prohibition law constitutional.

THE expenses of the national government, not long ago about $250,000,000, hav risen till this year they will be about $421,000,000.

RABBI JOSEPH is trying to entice Jews growing toward Rationalism back to doctrins about *shedim*, or demons, and such cabalistic nonsense.

ANY book of poems which has the word "tyrant" in it cannot pass the Russian frontier. The czar thinks it a direct hit at him. An English book was lately tabooed because it had the sentence, "God's free air."

THE woman question is coming to the fore in the farthest East. The mikado of Japan has just instituted an order to be bestowed only on women, and upon all such of them as shall in any way distinguish themselvs.

A WOMAN who applied for a renewal of her license to keep a public house in Stockton was opposed by the local vicar on the ground that his evening congregation would be lessened thereby, and that it would hav "a detrimental effect on the church offertories."

MEDIEVAL superstitions linger in Austria. The burgomaster of Zuraki, in Galicia, has just instituted a prosecution before the criminal court of Solotwina against a man named Jean Kowalesink for having "by his malicious sorceries and incantations caused a hailstorm to devastate the fields of Zuraki on July 28th."

TRUSTS hav raised prices, in castor oil, $0.40 to $1.24; linseed oil, 38 cents to 56; school slates, 17.5 per cent; steel rails, $27 to $40 a ton; steel and iron beams, $30 to $73.93; wrought iron pipe, 3 per cent, reducing wages 10 per cent; oilcloths, 65 per cent. Other trusts are in iron ore, sugar, plows, threshers, iron nuts, nails, stoves, paper bags, honey, and lard.

IT is rumored that Bismarck and William II. hav brought the three emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia into an agreement to giv each full liberty to extend its own borders as it will, Germany to take Holland and its colonies, Austria to seize the western province of Turkey down to the border of Greece, and Russia to hav Bulgaria, Roumania, Constantinople, and all she wants in Asia, England being left out in the cold without an ally.

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THE church has always been willing to swap off treasures in heaven for cash down.—*Ingersoll.*

PIRATERIE, as the French call it, or privateering, is the universal bent of the English nation, at home and abroad, wherever settled. No less than seven hundred privateers were, it is said, commissioned in the last war! These were fitted out by merchants, to prey upon other merchants, who had never done them any injury. Is there probably any one of those privateering merchants of London, who were so ready to rob the merchants of Amsterdam, that would not as readily plunder another London merchant, of the next street, if he could do it with the same impunity? The avidity, the *alieni appetens*, is the same; it is the fear alone of the gallows that makes the difference. How then can a nation, which among the honestest of its people, has so many thieves by inclination, and whose government encouraged and commissioned no less than seven hundred gangs of robbers; how can such a nation hav the face to condemn the crime in individuals, and hang up twenty of them in a morning! It naturally puts one in mind of a Newgate anecdote. One of the prisoners complained, that in the night somebody had taken his buckles out of his shoes. "What the devil!" says another, "hav we then *thieves* amongst us? It must not be suffered. Let us search out the rogue, and pump him to death."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

THE world is covered with forts to protect Christians from Christians, and every sea is covered with iron monsters ready to blow Christian brains into eternal froth. Millions upon millions are annually expended in the effort to construct still more deadly and terrible engins of death. Industry is crippled, honest toil is robbed, and even beggary is taxed to defray the expenses of Christian warfare.—*Ingersoll.*

THE essence of the Christian religion is the cen ter dogma of Buddhism—the doctrin of the worthlessness of terrestrial life.—*Schopenhauer.*

ALL joy is what I call pagan. Everything in the world that tends to make men happy is moral.—*Ingersoll.*

THOUGHT fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate;
Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
And heedless, rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish, Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.
—*Thomson.*

I HAD rather be poor, with a little sympathy in my heart, than to be rich as all the mines of earth and not hav that little flower of pity in my breast. I do not see how a man can hav hundreds of millions and pass every day people that hav not enough to eat. I do not understand it.—*Ingersoll.*

THE neglect of cleanliness avenges itself in diseases which no prayer can avert; during the most filthful and prayerful period of the Middle Ages, seven out of ten city dwellers were subject to scrofula of that especially malignant form that attacks the glands and the arteries as well as the skin. Medical nostrums and clerical hocus-pocus of the ordinary sort were, indeed, so notoriously unavailing against that virulent affection that thousands of sufferers took long journeys to try the efficacy of a *king's* touch, as recorded in the still current term of a *sovereign* remedy.—*Professor Oswald in The Bible of Nature.*

ONE scientist in control of Madrid could hav prevented the plague. In such cases, cleanliness is far better than "godliness;" science is superior to superstition; drainage much better than divinity; therapeutics more excellent than theology. Goodness is not enough—intelligence is necessary. Faith is not sufficient, creeds are helpless, and prayers fruitless.—*Ingersoll.*

IF God is the author of all, it is he who created the devil; if the devil is wicked, if he strives to counteract the projects of the divinity, it is the divinity who has allowed the overthrow of his projects, or who has not had sufficient authority to prevent the devil from exercising his power.—*D'Holbach.*

WHY was not the serpent kept out of the garden? Why did not the Lord God take him by the tail and snap his head off? Why did he not put Adam and Eve on their guard about this serpent? They, of course, were not acquainted in the neighborhood, and knew nothing about the serpent's reputation.—*Ingersoll.*



BALAAM WAXETH HOT.

And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she thrust herself unto the wall, and crushed Balaam's foot against the wall: and he smote her again.—Num. xxii, 25.

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Although not mentioned on the ship's list, history recognizes the fact that there was one passenger on the saintly Mayflower whose name was Human Nature. Although the austere voyagers only wanted spiritual passengers, this very earthly personage insisted upon sharing the tour; and even the Puritans could not exclude the unwelcome traveler.

Upon arrival in the New World this Human Nature, as is always the case, asserted itself; and under its effects even the Puritan occasionally fell from grace.

Where man transgresses there you must hav laws; consequently the elders, unable to find any existing statutes in their new home, had to frame a code which would cover the offenses committed from time to time among them.

Eight civil service deacons, who stood respectivly 98, 93, 94, 97, 91, 98, 99, and 99 in biliousness, were ordered "to devyse dyvers stryngent enactments, wherebye the doings of cyrtaine loose people myghte bee broughte toe a shorte stoppe;" and the Solons, after due deliberation, produced a code which the world has since called Blue Laws. On submitting these laws to their fellow-neighbors, even the framers showed that they considered the statutes fearfully stringent—perhaps too much so—for they recommended homeopathic doses at first; and even went so far as to acknowledge that before using them for human beings it might be well to first experiment on animals.

This recommeudation was acted on, and as under the infliction dogs went mad, cats had fits, and hens began to lay soft-shell eggs, it was thought prudent to revise the statutes, and issue a new edition.

The next question which arose was: Where were the laws to be copyrighted? As there was not any House of Representativs at that time, and consequently no librarian of Congress, the Puritans were in a quandary as to how the code could be protected. Finally Sojourner-Far-From-Glory suggested that a copy of the book be sent to the village librarian, New Haven, accompanied by the customary fee, and a request that he would specially copyright the capital letters, which were the important points in all works of those days.

Ten months after, the book was returned with a letter to this effect:

TOO THE COMITEY OF ATE,
bostone, Rod island.

SURZ: We don't kopyright no delirium Trimmens in this orfice, and don't yu fourgit it. Them statoos which yu call Blu lors ain't fit for humons, and gug Brown tole me if He shud use em in a Konedykutt kort, he'd be blowd ski-hy with dienamite. Yourn Respectful,
JIM NEDDY,
Lybraryone, N. H.

Copyright being out of the question, the Puritans decided to patent their laws, and as the fee for this was large, Mr. Neddy gracefully waived his objections, and consented to protect the book.

The first delinquent to suffer under the new code, was a little girl, aged five, who was caught in the act of playing with a gaudy toy, and her parents were fined 16s., under the provisions of Sec. VIII:

Any mayl or Female chylde, found waystynge Hys or her tyme wythe a toye—bee itte Rockynge Hoss, doll, or monkye wythe Pinkke Tayl—shall paye toe ye Commonwealthe ye summe of sixteen (16s.) Yorke shyllinges.

The next miscreant punished was a man who removed his overcoat on Sunday, which Sec. III forbade in these words:

Bee itt knowne that noe manne nor woman shall fix, adjuste, or arrange Hys or her clothes, after they hav duly arrayed themselvs Sundaye, inne Ye Mornynge. When they gette frome bedde, they maye donne such raymente as they require for ye Lord's Day; butte any subsequent Prinkynge, removal, or takynge-onne of kotes, wrappes, or mufflers, fyxinge of back hair or Banges will be considered as worke, and a fyne attached thereto. Exception is mayd to galoshes or gums, whych maye bee put onne or shedde, at dyscretione.

As all food intended for Sunday consumption was cooked on Saturday, it was afterward thought that to be consistent Sunday dressing also ought to be attended to the day before, in which case each man would simply rise from bed on the Sabbath morn, and hav no occasion to expend labor on his person other than washing his face and combing his hair or wig.

Many strange incidents attended the introduction of these laws, clearly showing that the time was ripe for just such a correctiv. Deacon Increase Mather, one of the most rigorous of the sect, but who was fearfully absent-minded, arose one morning, and taking his knickerbockers plunged a leg into the right compartment, when—horrors!—the meeting-house bell began to toll, recalling to his forgetful mind the fact that it was Sunday. There was a predicament indeed! One limb was already enveloped, but the other was out in the world. What was he to do? He had been among those who had contended that dressing on Sunday was work and consequently among the acts forbidden by the Blue Laws.

After due cogitation he extracted himself from the dilemma in the only way left—he fainted away, upon seeing which the outside elder, forgetting everything for the moment but the one touch of nature which makes us all brothers, rushed in and carried Increase to bed.

"Brother," said Increase, from beneath the coverlid, "we hav now *both* transgressed the law—I by clothing myself, and you by carrying me to this cot—but we will not inform one upon the other. We will keep mum on account of the legal penalties and atone in other ways for the sins this day committed. Go you to the meeting-house and let me miss my customary observances, inasmuch as I did not clothe myself when the days were secular."

To detail the Blue Law penalties for social sins would make the blood of the reader grow cold. Suffice it to say, many a man's lips caused him to grow round-shouldered at the stocks.

"Dovey, may I kiss you?"

Signs of dissent, properly interpreted by young man.

"Thanks, sweetness, but let me first see if the code will permit." (Examins Blue Laws.) "Of a truth—no. What would Dovey do if Lovey were sent to the stocks?"

"Dovey go too, and feed her little birdie on doughnuts and hard cider."

To embrace one's sweetheart then was a capital offense.

(N. B.—So it is now.)—*Wallace Peck in Time.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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A FEW EXAMPLES OF DIVINE BENEFICENCE.

Notes and Clippings.

It is said that the Sioux chiefs now in Washington are great smokers of cigarets and that they invariably inhale the smoke. Thus in the not very remote future all vexatious Indian questions may disappear for lack of Indians.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that the Prohibitory Liquor law of Iowa is constitutional. One of the chief points made by the defense was that in prohibiting the manufacture of spirituous and malt liquors for sale outside the state the law violated the federal Constitution by interfering with interstate commerce. The Supreme Court holds otherwise, however.

The *Christian at Work* prints a list of sensational topics announced by American preachers, and says they compare favorably with dime-novel titles. Here are a few of the sermon titles: "Boycotting the Dead," "The Great Oil," "Straight From the Shoulder," "Hell, and the People who are Going There," "Taken by the Throat," "Use Your Eyes," "Off Goes the Roof," "Up Comes the Man."

The pope received the Neapolitan pilgrims last week and made an address to them. After condemning the Italian government and stating that the hatred of all foes of the Papal see was concentrated in Rome, the pope said: "In this city they do not hesitate to confirm by new insults, even on solemn occasions, the usurpation and violence which are within the remembrance of the whole world, degrading Rome to the simple position of the capital of the kingdom, while God predestined it to be the see of the vicar of Christ; and it shall ever remain the capital of the Catholic world." Mr. Pecci appears to be unhappy over something.

The Browning Society of Boston has begun its fall campaign with vigor. The *World* reports the suggestion that the Concord Philosophers and the Hub Browningites form an offensiv and defensiv alliance to chase the Whatness of the Whither into the strongholds of Philistinism this winter, and rout the Nonsense of the Never from its present well-fortified position. The scheme has met with much favor in Boston, and a great crusade against the opponents of Culture is promised.

The *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* says: "The New York *Christian Advocate* charges *Zion's Herald*, under its new management, with the violation of the rules of 'refined Christian journalism,' and the latter replies, charging the *Advocate* with 'delighting to assume to be, par excellence, the censor of the Methodist press, to play the oracle upon all questions, and with intolerant and hypersensitiv officialism toward the merest approach to friendly criticism.' Brethren, you are wasting time and space that might more hopelessly be given to abusing the South in this presidential crisis."

Magistrate (to Uncle Rastus): "This policeman, Uncle Rastus, says he caught you stealing chickens last night." Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah, an' I tole de gemman when he 'rested me dat de minister was comin' ter dinner de nex' day, an' I hadn't a scrap ob meat in de house. Yo' see, sah, it was a matter of religyun wif me. It wouldn't do ter disappint one ob de Lawd's elect." Magistrate: "And what did the policeman say?" Uncle Rastus: "He said 'Rats,' sah. Now, yer honah, dat man hain't got 'nuff respec' fo' de relijus side ob life ter be ev'n 'motely connected wif de majesty ob de law."

Sarah Bernhardt has given the New York *Herald* her views upon marriage, "the result of wide observation and considerable experience," as the *Herald* puts it. She wrote: "The possibility of divorce makes the association of man and woman formed by marriage more agreeable, inasmuch as it equalizes their rights. Forced slavery no longer existing, the necessity for revolting against it is a thing of the past. Mutual concessions can now be made without causing a sense of humiliation on either side, for these concessions hav now become voluntary. The knowledge which husband and wife now hav that each can regain his or her liberty, if married life is no longer supportable, just givs an amorous turn to reconciliations after domestic quarrels, and allows a poetic veil to be thrown over monsieur's slippers and madam's *pot-au-feu*." The *Herald* calls these "words of wisdom."

The following circular is being distributed throughout Shelby county, Ala., by the author, who is a hard-shell Baptist preacher and pastor of several churches: "Prepare, all of ye, for the end is at hand. I hav read it in the stars, and angels hav come to me in my dreams and told me the glad tidings. The world will come to an end on Monday, November 5th, in the year of our Lord 1888. Prepare, all of ye, for that great day. God has hastened the day, because of the wicked generation of men called politicians. They are all falsifiers and blasphemers, and shall be burnt in lakes of liquid fire, because they fear not God and are given to works of iniquity. Rivers of boiling water will burn the Prohibitionist, and a sea of fire and brimstone will open and swallow all Democrats and Republicans. Prepare, all of ye, and remember the day is at hand. Obedith Bates, the Lord's prophet." The relativs of Bates will hav him confined in an insane asylum.

Says the *Sunday Mercury*: At the meeting of the board of apportionment on Friday, in the course of the consideration of the city budget, the item of $30,000 for the Metropolitan Museum of Art came up for action. The amount asked for was larger than that appropriated a year ago, and when the time came to vote on it Mayor Hewitt interposed: "I will vote for that if the museum is to be opened on Sundays, and not without." The mayor's views on this subject, which he proposes to enforce with the authority of his office, are those of the vast majority of our citizens. They are right and essential to the well-being of the community. The bigotry that would compel people who work six days a week to remain without the enjoyment of facilities for instruction on the seventh day is happily a thing of the past, except among a few of puritanical views, who hav a perfect right to square their own conduct by their narrow rule, but hav no right whatever to impose their opinions as law upon their fellow-citizens. The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art hav been too much influenced by this spirit of intolerance. But if the people are to pay for the maintenance of the establishment, the people must hav their say as to their opportunity to enjoy it.

Selected.

The Time Lock of Our Ancestors.

From Belford's Magazine.

"Don't be so hard on yourself, Nellie. I am sure it can be no great wrong you hav done. Girls like you are too apt to be morbid. No doubt we all do it, whatever it is. I'm sure I shall not blame you when you tell me. Perhaps I shall say you are quite right—that is, if there is any right and wrong to it, and provided I know which is which after I hear the whole story—as most likely I will not. Right——"

And here the elder woman smiled a little satirically, and looked out of the window with a far-away gaze, as if she were retraveling through vast spaces of time and experience far beyond anything her friend could comprehend.

The evening shadows had gathered, and cast, as they will, a spell of gravity and exchange of confidences over the two.

Presently the older woman began speaking again: "Do you know, Nell, I was always a little surprised that Lord Byron, of all people, should hav put it that way:

> "I know the right, and I approve it too;
> Condemn the wrong—and yet the wrong pursue.

"'*The* right'—why, it is like a woman to say that. As if there were but one 'right,' and it were dressed in purple and fine linen, and seated on a throne in sight of the assembled multitude! '*The* right,' indeed! Yes, it rounds like a woman—and a very young woman at that, Nellie."

The girl looked with large, troubled, passionate eyes at her friend, and then broke out into hot, indignant words—words that would hav offended many a woman; but Florence Campbell only laughed, a light, queer little peal; tipped her chair a trifle farther back, put her daintily slippered feet on the satin cushion of the low window-seat, and looked at her friend, through the gathering darkness, from under half-closed eyelids.

Presently—this woman was always deliberate in her conversation; long silences were a part of her power in interesting and keeping the full attention of her listeners—presently she said:

"Of course you think so. Why shouldn't you? So did I—once. And do you know, Nellie, that sort of sentiment dies hard—*very* hard—in a woman. At your age—" Florence Campbell always spoke as if she were very old, although to look at her one would say that she was not twenty-eight.

These delicately formed Dresden-china women often carry their age with such an easy grace—it sits upon them so lightly—in spite of ill-health, mental storms, and moral defeats, that while their more robust sisters grow haggard and worn, and hard of feature and tone, under weights less terrible and with feelings less intense, they keep their grace and gentleness of tone in the teeth of every blast.

"At your age, dear, I would hav scorned a woman who talked as I do now; and more than that, I would hav suspected her, as you do not suspect me, of being a very dangerous and not unlikely a very bad person indeed—simply from choice. While you—you generous little soul—think that I am better than I talk."

She laughed again, and shifted her position as if she were not wholly comfortable under the troubled gaze of the great eyes she knew were fastened upon her.

"You think I am better than my opinions. I know exactly what you tell yourself about me when you are having it out with yourself upstairs. Oh, I know! You excuse me for saying this on the theory that it was not deliberate—was an oversight. You account for that by the belief that I am not well—my nerves are shaken. You are perfectly certain that *I* am all right, no matter what I do, or say, or think." She took her little friend's soft hand as it twisted nervously a ribbon in her lap, and held the back of it against her cheek, as she often did. "But just suppose it were some one else—some other woman, Nellie, you would suspect her (no doubt quite unfairly) of all the crimes in the statute-books. Oh, I know, I know, child! I did—at your age—and, sad to relate, *I* had no Florence Campbell to soften my judgments on even one of my sex."

She had grown serious as she talked, and her voice almost trembled. The instant she recognized this herself, she laughed again, and said gayly:

"Oh, I was a very severe judge—once—I do assure you, though you may not think so now." She dropped her voice to a tone of mocking solemnity, not uncommon with her, and added: "If you won't tell on me, I'll make a little confession to you, dear;" and she took both of the girl's hands firmly in her own and waited until the promis was given.

"I wouldn't hav it get out for the world, but the fact is, Nell, I sometimes strongly suspect that, at your age, I was—a most unmitigated, self-righteous little prig."

Nellie's hands gave a disappointed little jerk; but her friend held them firmly, laughed gayly at her discomfiture—for she recognized fully that the girl was attuned to tragedy—buried her face in them for an instant, and then deliberately kissed in turn each pink little palm—not omitting her own. Then she dropped those of her friend, and leaned back against her cushions and sighed.

Nellie was puzzled and annoyed. She was on the verge of tears.

"Florence, darling," she said presently, "if I did not know you to be the best woman in the world, I shouldn't know what to make of your dark hints, and of—and of you. You are always a riddle to me—a beautiful riddle, with a good answer, if only I could guess it. You talk like a fiend, sometimes, and you act like—an angel, always."

"Giv me up. You can't guess me. Fact is, I havn't got any answer," laughed Florence.

But the girl went steadily on without seeming to hear her: "Do you know, there are times when I wonder if it would be possible to be insane and vicious, mentally and *verbally*, as it were, and perfectly sane and exaltedly good morally."

Florence Campbell threw herself back on her cushions and laughed gayly, albeit a trifle hysterically. "Photograph taken by an experienced artist!" she exclaimed. "You've hit me! Oh, you've hit me, Nell." Then sitting suddenly bolt-upright, she looked the girl searchingly in the face, and said slowly: "Do you know, Nellie, that I am sometimes tempted to tell the truth? About myself, I mean—and to *you*. Never on any other subject, nor to anybody else, of course," she added dryly, in comedy tones, strangely contrasting with the almost tragic accents as she went on. "But I can't. '*The* truth!' Why, it is like *the* right; I'm sure I don't know what it is; and it has been so long—oh, so cruelly long—since I told it, by word or action, that I hav lost its very likeness from my mind. I hav told lies and acted lies so long——" Her friend's eyes grew indignant and she began to protest, but Florence ran on: "I hav evaded facts—not only to others, but to myself, until—until I'd hav to swear out a search-warrant and hav it served on my mental belongings to find out myself what I *do* think or feel or want on any given subject."

It was characteristic of the woman to use this flippant method of expression, even in her most intense moments.

"I change so, Nell; sometimes suddenly—all in a flash."

There was a long silence. Then she began again, quite seriously:

"There is a theory, you know, that we inherit traits and conditions from our remote ancestors as well as from our immediate ones. I sometimes fancy that they descend to some people with a Time Lock attachment. A child is born"—she held out her hands as if a baby lay on them—"he is like his mother, we will say, gentle, sweet, kind, truthful, for years—let us say seven. Suddenly the Time Lock turns, and the traits of his father (modified, of course, by the acquired habits of seven years) show themselvs strongly—take possession, in fact. Another seven years, and the priggishness of a great-uncle, the stinginess of an aunt, or the dullness, in books, of a rural grandfather. Then, in keeping with the next two turns of the Lock, he falls in love with every new face he sees, marries early and indulges himself recklessly in a large family. He is an exemplary husband and father, as men go, an ideal business man, and a general favorit in society."

She was running on now as if her words had the whip-hand of her.

"Everybody remarks upon the favorable change since his stupid, priggish college days. All this time, through every change, he has been honorable and upright in his dealings with his fellows. Suddenly the Time Lock of a Thievish Ancestor is turned on; he finds temptation too strong for even that greatly underestimated power—the force of habit of a lifetime—and the trust funds in his keeping disappear with him to Canada. Everybody is surprised, shocked, pained—and he, no doubt, more so than anyone else. Emotional insanity is offered as a possible explanation by the charitable; long-headed, calculating, intentional rascality, by the severe or self-righteous. And he? Well, he is wholly unable to account for it at all. He *knows* that he had not lived all these years as a conscious, self-controled thief. He *knows* that the temptations of his past life had never before taken that particular form. He *knows* that the impulse was sudden, blinding, overwhelming; but he does not know why and how. It was like an awful dream. He seemed to be powerless to overcome it. The Time Lock had turned without his knowledge, and in spite of himself. The unknown, unheard-of Thievish Ancestor took possession, as it were, through force of superior strength and ability—and then it was his hour. The hereditary shadow on the dial had come around to him. The great-uncle's hour was past. *He*, no doubt, was 'turned on' to some other dazed automaton—in Maine or Texas—who had fallen heir to a drop too much of his blood, and she, poor thing, if it happened to be a girl this time, forthwith proceeded to fall in love with her friend's husband—seeing he was the only man at hand at the time; while the Thievish Ancestor left—in shame and contrition—a small but light-fingered boy in Georgia, to keep his engagement with our respectable, highly honored, and heretofore highly honorable man of affairs in Wall street. The Time Lock of heredity had been set for this hour, and the machinery of circumstances oiled the wheels and silently moved the dial."

There was absolute silence when Florence Campbell's voice ceased. The heavy curtains made the shadows in the struggling moonlight deep and solemn. Two great eyes looked out into the darkness and a shudder passed over her frame. She thought her little friend had fallen asleep, she lay so still and quiet on the rug at her feet. Florence sighed, and thought how quickly youth forgot its troubles and how lightly Care sat on her throne. Then suddenly a passionate sobbing broke the silence, and two arms, covered with lace and jewels, flung themselvs around the older woman's knees.

"O my God! Florence; O my God! is there no way to stop the wheels? Must they go blindly on? Can we *never* know who or what we will be tomorrow? It is awful, Florence, awful; and—it—is *true!* O God! it is *true!*"

Florence Campbell had been very serious when she stopped her little harang. There had been a quality in her voice which, while it was not wholly new to her friend, *would* hav been unknown to many who thought they knew her well. To them she was a beautiful, fashionable, rather light woman, with a gay nature, who either did not know, or did not care to investigate too closely, the career of her husband, to whom she was devotedly attached.

She had been quite serious, I say, when she stopped her little philosophical speculation; but she was greatly surprised at the storm she had raised in the breast of her little friend.

Florence bent down quickly, and putting her arms about the girl tried to raise her up; but she only sobbed the harder, and clung to her friend's knees as a desperate, frightened creature might cling to its only refuge.

"Why, Nellie, little kitten," said the older woman, using a term of endearment common with her in talking with the girl—"why, Nellie, little kitten, what in the world is the matter? Did I scare the life out of you with my Time Locks and my gruesome ancestors?" and she tried to laugh a little; but the sound of her voice was not altogether pleasant to the ear. "I'll ring for a light. I had no business to talk such stuff to you when you were blue and in the dark too. I guess, Nell, that the Time Lock of *my* remote ancestor, who was a fool, must hav been turned on me shortly after sundown to-day, don't you think?" And this time her laugh lacked the note of bitterness it had held before.

She ran on, still caressing the weeping girl at her feet:

"Yes, undoubtedly, my Remote Ancestor—the fool—has now moved in. Do you think you can stand seven years of him, kitten, if you liv with me that long? But you won't. You'll go and marry some horrid man, and I shall be so jealous that my hair will curl at sight of him."

But the girl would not laugh. She refused to be cheered, nor would she hav a light. She raised herself until her head rested on her friend's bosom, and clung to her, sobbing as if her heart would break. Florence stroked her hair and sat silent for a while, wondering just what had so shaken the child. She knew full well that it was *not* what she had hinted of the darkness and her gruesome story. Presently Nellie drew her friend's face down, and whispered between her sobs:

"Darling, I must hav had some dreadful ancestor, a wicked—*wicked* woman. I——"

Florence Campbell shrieked with laughter. She felt relieved of—she did not know what. She had blamed herself for even unconsciously touching the secret spring of sorrow in the girl's heart. It was a strange sight, the two women clinging to each other, the one sobbing, the other laughing, each trying in vain to check the other.

At last Nellie said, still almost in a whisper: "But, Florence, you do not know. You do not understand. You are too good to know. It is you who will scorn and hate me when I tell you. O Florence, Florence, I can never *dare* to tell you!"

Her friend, still laughing, made little ejaculations of satirical import as the girl grew more and more hysterical.

"O thou wicked wretch!" laughed she. "No doubt you've killed your man, as they say out West. Oh, dear—oh, dear! Nell, this is really quite delicious! Did it step on a bug? Or was it a great big spider? And does it think it ought to be hanged for the crime?" A peal of laughter from the one, a shudder from the other, was the only reply to these efforts to break the force of the girl's self-reproach. Florence clinched her small fist in mock heroics, and began again:

"Your crimes hav found you out! And mine—*mine*—has been the avenging hand! Really, this *is* too good, kitten. I shall tell, let me see—I shall tell—*Tom!*"

The girl was on her feet in a flash.

"Not that! *not that,* Florence! Anything but that! I will tell you myself first—*he* shall not!"

Florence grew suddenly silent and grave. The girl slipped down at her knees again, and clasping her hand, went hoarsely on:

"O Florence, darling, I did not mean to wrong you! Truly, truly, I did not—and I do not believe *he* did—not at—first. We—oh, it was——" She sank on the floor, at the feet of her astonished friend, and with upstretched arms in the darkness whispered: "Florence, Florence—O my God! I *cannot* tell you! I must go away! *I must go away!*"

The older woman did not touch the outstretched hands and they sank to the floor, and on them rested a tear-stained, wretched face.

A moment later Tom Campbell entered the room. To eyes unaccustomed to the darkness nothing was visible. He did not see his wife, who arose as he entered, and stood with bated breath over the form of the girl on the floor.

"By Jove!" he muttered, "this room is as dark as Egypt, and then some—wonder where Florence is. Those damned servants ought to be shot! Whole house like a confounded coal-pit! Didn't expect me for hours yet, I suppose! That's no reason for living like a lot of damned bats! 'Fraid of musketoes, I suppose. Where are those matches? *Florence!* She's evidently gone out—or to bed. Wonder where her little 'kitten' is? Umm—wonder how much longer Florence means to keep her here? Don't see how the thing's going to go on much longer this way, with a girl with a conscience like that. Perfectly abnormal! Perfectly ridiculous! Umm—no more tact than——"

Nellie moaned aloud. Florence had held her breath, hoping he would go. He had almost reached the door leading to the hall, after his vain search for matches.

"Hello! what was that?" said Campbell, turning again into the room.

His wife knew that escape was not now possible. "Nothing, Tom," she said, in a voice that trembled a little. "Go upstairs. I will come up soon."

"Why, hello, Florence, that you? What are you sitting here in the dark for, all alone? Why didn't you speak to me when I came in? What did you let me——"

Nellie sat up, and in doing so overturned a chair. Tom's eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. He saw the two women outlined before him, and he saw that Nellie had been on the floor, and that his wife stood over her.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "What's up?"

He came toward them. Nellie sprang to her feet, with flashing eyes and outstretched, imploring hands to wave him back. She was about to rush into a painful explanation. Florence stepped toward her, put both arms about her, and drew her onto the cushioned window-seat at their side. She knew she must cover the girl's agitation from her husband, and somehow gain time to think.

"Sit down, dear," she said, softly. "Sit down here by me. You hav been asleep. He frightened you coming in so suddenly. You hav been dreaming; you talked in your sleep—but it was all nonsense—about an ancestor, whom you blamed very bitterly."

The girl began to speak impulsivly, but Florence checked her.

"Yes, I know. You told me. It was all the greatest stuff. But the part that was true—I doubt if she was to blame. I think, from all I know of—of her, and of the gentleman you mentioned, the one she—seemed to care for—that—oh, no, kitten! I am *sure she* was not to blame."

Nellie was trembling violently, clinging to her friend in shame and remorse. Tom stood perfectly quiet in the deeper darkness, back from the window, with a smile on his cheerful face and a puzzled light in his handsome eyes.

"Go upstairs, Tom," said Florence again, this time in a steadier tone. "Nellie's head aches; you waked her up too suddenly. We don't want more light—do we, Nellie? Not just now. We hav quite light enough for the present. I assure you we are better off just now in the dark. You would think so yourself if you could see us as we see ourselvs. We are quite battered and out at elbow, I assure you, and not at all fit for fastidious masculin eyes."

She was pulling herself up well. "To-morrow we will spruce up our bangs, put on fresh gowns, and not know ourselvs for the wretches we are to-night. Until then, Sir Knight, no masculin eye shall rest upon our dilapidation. Go!"

Tom Campbell had seen his wife in this mood before. He went.

All the way upstairs he wondered what had happened. "Never could make women out anyway," he muttered; "least of all, Florence. Women are a queer lot. More you liv with 'em, more you don't know what they'll do next. Wonder what in thunder's up. 'Kitten' never said a word; but I'm damned if I didn't hear her groan! Guess the little goose feels kind of—queer—with me and the old lady both present. Wonder—whew!—wonder how much I said aloud, and how much they heard when I first went in! Confounded habit, talking aloud to myself! Got to stop it, old boy; must be done—get you into trouble yet!"

Then he turned off the gas, and was sleeping as peacefully as an infant before the two women below stairs had parted for the night.

When Tom left the room, Nellie began to sob again, and Florence stroked her hair with her icy hands and waited for the girl to speak—or grow calm. And for herself—she hardly knew what she waited for in herself; but she felt that she needed time.

After a long silence she said, quite gently: "Nellie, little girl, we will go upstairs now; you will go to bed. If you ever feel like it, after you take time to think it over, and your nerves are quiet—if you ever feel like it, you may tell me just what trick your troublesome ancestor has tried to play you; but I want to say now, dear, don't feel that you *must* tell me, nor that I do not know perfectly well that my little kitten is all right, ancestors or no ancestors, and that we, together, can somehow find the combination to that Time Lock that so distresses you, and turn it off again. Meantime, little girl, *no one* shall harm you. You shall be let alone; you are all right! Be *sure* of that. I am. Now, good-night;" and she kissed the still sobbing girl on the forehead and hands, in spite of her protests and self-accusations.

Suddenly Nellie sank on her knees again, and grasped Florence's dress as she had turned to go:

"O Florence! O Florence! are you human? How *can* you? You are not like other women! O my God! if I could only be like you; but you frighten me! You are so calm. How cold your hands are! oh——"

"Are they? I did not notice. Oh, well, no matter; it is an old trick of theirs, you know."

Florence Campbell's voice was very steady now. Her words were slow and deliberate—they sounded as if she was very tired; and her step, as she climbed the stairs, had lost its spring and lightness.

The next morning Nellie's breakfast was carried to her room, with a message from Florence not to get up until she came to her at their usual hour for reading together.

About noon, as the girl lay thinking for the hundredth time that she must get up and face life again—that she must somehow stop this blinding headache, and go away—that she must die—Florence swept into the room, trailing her soft, long gown behind her, and gently closed the door. She had put on a gay pink tea-gown, with masses of white lace and smart little bows in unexpected places.

"Feel better, dear?" she asked, gayly. "Griggs told me your head ached, and that you had not slept well. I confess I did not either—not very. Tom and I talked rather late; you know he sails for Liverpool at noon. Sure enough, you didn't know. Well, no matter. The vessel is just about sailing now. Yes, it is *rather* sudden. We talked so much of it last night that it seems quite an old story to me to-day, though. You know he was to go in two weeks, anyway. It seemed best to go earlier, so I helped him pack, and saw him to the steamer two hours ago. You know a man don't hav to take anything but a tooth-brush and a smoking-cap. We thought it would be best for his health to go at once. Tom has not seemed quite himself of late." She did not look at her friend as she talked, and her white face was turned from the light. She talked so fast, it seemed as if she had rehearsed and was repeating a part with a desire to hav it over as soon as might be. "His Traveling Ancestor, the one who wants change—change—change in all things, has had hold of him of late. I'm sure you hav noticed how restless he was."

The girl sat up and listened with wide eyes and flushed cheeks. She had known many unexpected and unexplained things to be done in the house of this friend, who had given her a home and a warm welcome a year before, when she had left school, an orphan and homeless. But this sudden departure she had not heard even mentioned before. She thought she understood it.

"O Florence! Florence!" she cried, passionately. "It is *my* fault! I hav separated you! I hav brought sorrow to you! You, who are so good, *so good;* and I—oh, how *can* you be so kind to me? *Hate* me! *Hate me!* Thrust me from your house, and tell the world I tried to steal your husband! Tell that I am vile and wicked! Tell—and now I hav sent him away from you, who love him—whom he loves! Why do you not blame me? Why do never blame anyone? Why——"

There was a pause; the girl sobbed bitterly, while the older woman seemed afraid to trust her voice. After a while in a tired, solemn voice, Nellie went on:

"Do you think you can believe a word I say, Florence? Is there any use for me to tell you the truth?"

Her friend nodded slowly, looking her steadily in the eyes. Her lips were tightly drawn together, and her hands were cold and trembling.

"Then, Florence, I will tell you, truly—truly—truly, as I hope for——" She was going to say "your forgivness," but it seemed too cruel to ask for that just now. "I did not understand, not at first, either him or myself. I thought he was like you"—she felt Florence shudder—"and loved me, as he said, as you did. I was so glad and proud, until—until—O Florence! how can I tell you that I let him *beg* me to go away with him! After I understood what he meant, my heart *did* leap, even in its utter self-abasement and wretchedness. I let him beg me twice, and kiss me, *after* I understood! It must hav been my fault; he said it was"—Florence took her friend's hand in hers—"and he said that no one else had ever taken his thoughts away from you."

The girl thought she saw the drawn lips before her curl; but she must free her whole heart now, and lay bare her very soul.

"He said that he had always been true to you, Florence, even in thought, until I—O Florence! I must be worse than anyone on earth. I—he said——"

Florence Campbell sprang to her feet. "Yes, I know, I know!" she exclaimed, breathlessly, "and you *believed* him! Poor little fool! Women do. Sometimes a second time, but not a third time, dear—not a third time! Do not blame yourself any more." She stopped, then hurried on as one will do when danger threatens from within. "If it had not been you, it would, it might—my God! it might hav been worse! Some poor girl——"

She stopped again as if choking. The two women looked at each other; the younger one gave a long, shuddering moan, and buried her face in her hands.

Presently Florence said slowly: "All ancestors were not thieves. Some were simply fickle, and light, and faithless."

Nellie raised a face full of passionate suffering: "Florence! Florence! how can you excuse either of us? How *can*——"

Suddenly, with a great sob, Florence Campbell threw herself into the girl's outstretched arms, and with a wail of utter desolation cried: "Hush, Nellie, hush! Never speak of it again, never! Only *love* me, *love me—love me!* I need it so! And *no* one—no one in all the world has ever loved me truly!"

It was the only time Nellie ever saw Florence Campbell lose her self-control. H. H. GARDENER.

Judge Duffy's Opinion of Church Societies.

From the Herald of October 15th.

When Officer Burlando, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, applied to Justice Duffy yesterday for the commitment of three young men, the "Little Judge" flared up and exclaimed:

I'll do nothing of the kind until the father and mother hav been arrested. A child can't take a bite off an apple or crack a peanut in the street nowadays without being pounced upon by you men. It's simply a matter of business with you—high salaries for the officers. We got along a —— sight better before such societies were in existence, and I'm going to Albany this winter and see if I can't hav them all abolished. They are a nuisance and an abuse.

The Writers Whom Saladin Likes.

From the London Secular Review.

There are some excellent Freethought writers in America. We like the unaffected but effectiv style of E. M. Macdonald of THE TRUTH SEEKER. J. E. Remsburg writes well, as also Messrs. Washburn, Putnam, and many others, among whom are conspicuous the writers who sign themselvs respectivly "McArthur" and "Antichrist," the very sort of men we should like to contribute to our own columns if they could spare the time. Then there is "Alastor" of *Secular Thought*, anent whose identity we are in utter ignorance, but who is undoubtedly gifted with the literary faculty. There are, further, efficient writers on *Freethought*, the *Independent Pulpit*, the *Ironclad Age*, and several others of the Freethought journals of America.

Religious Emotion.

From the London Tattler.

I read in a daily that "the religious emotions of the Neapolitans are very much excited just now; the police content themselvs with preventing fights and disturbances."

The mob in the Naples street
Are in need of a cooling lotion,
For they fight, and quarrel, and cheat,
Because of "religious emotion."

A man nearly kills his wife,
But of evil he has no notion;
He drags her along by her hair,
In his fervent "religious emotion."

Why should the Whitechapel crimes
Be the cause of so much commotion?
Maybe murder goes with the times,
And 'tis only "religious emotion."

Swearing at Their Gods.

From the Popular Science Monthly.

When very sick, an Ainu *man* (the women may not pray at all) will call upon the fire-goddess, who is reckoned a great purifier, thus: "*Abe kamui, Yekoingara wa en-kore*" (O fire-goddess, condescend to look upon me). Upon the approach of death, the master will lie close to the fire on his own side of the hearth, partly for the sake of the warmth, but probably in a measure for any possible benefit to be gained from propinquity to the realm of the fire-goddess. Then the village chief and elders, and the sick man's friends, all come to see him; the men to pray and "drink to the gods," while the women weep and wail in rather a noisy fashion, since they are denied the comforts of religion. There are times when the patience of the praying men becomes exhausted, if no favorable answer is given to their petitions. Mr. Batchelor tells of one death-scene which he witnessed when two men were praying to the goddess of fire and another toward the sun rising through the eastern window; while a fourth was looking toward the northeast corner of the hut (which corresponds in a measure to the *latrine* of Japanese houses) and swearing most vehemently at *all* the gods, something after this fashion: "You fools! why don't you pay some attention to us? Can't you see this man is in great danger? Here we've been praying and praying for him, and yet he doesn't get well. What's the matter? Are you deaf? Can't you hear us?"

The American Secular Union.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.
E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treas., - - - - - - Rochelle, Ill.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Corrections to "Roll of Honor."

Mrs. Leonard Geiger, Hudson, N. Y. (not Alliance)...$10.00

Items omitted:

J. Ray, Hudson, N. Y. (per L. Geiger)	2 00
E. J. Murry, " "	1 00
A. Bush, " "	1 00
Two Friends, " "	3 00
Kent Secular Union (cash)	10.00

Mr. Heighton also pledged $15 more in behalf of the Kent Union. As reported it reads, $25 for Mr. Heighton and $10 for Kent Union.

Following are pledges which hav reached me since the Congress:

Wm. C. Smith, South Corinth, N. Y.	$20 00
Portland (Ore.) Secular Union	10.00
John Robinett, Nipomo, Cal.	5.00
E. P. Bosworth, Marseilles, Ill.	3.00
E. C. Stillwell, Greeley, Col.	1.00
J. H. Collins, Barnum, Minn.	1.00

Mr. Robinett says that if times improve this fall we can rely on him for five times, or more, that amount, and only regrets he cannot furnish funds without stint.

The Secretary's Eastern Trip.

After the incidents and labors which the Pittsburgh Congress necessarily entailed, it was something of a sweet relief to find myself journeying toward the City of Brotherly Love to pay my respects to the president-elect of the American Secular Union and perfect our plans for the future. The doctor was not at home on my arrival, so I pressed forward to New York anxious to meet ex-Treasurer Eckhard, and very much regret his being so suddenly called out of town—almost immediately after my arrival—which made my visit of comparativly little avail, though full of pleasant memories.

Next morning I greeted THE TRUTH SEEKER people and occupied the sanctum jointly with the jovial "'Gene" for several hours while unraveling my own and other hieroglyphics relativ to the much-to-be-corrected Roll of Honor. If there are any more errors, please credit them to the umpire.

Thursday evening our late president, Mr. Putnam, Editor Macdonald, and the writer were charmingly entertained by the lovely lares and penates and only divinities of Colonel Ingersoll's household—his fascinating daughters—of whose grace, beauty, and accomplishments so much has been written which falls short of the reality that it would be obtrusiv on my part to attempt it. But here comes the beaming countenance of the intellectual luminary of the nineteenth century—the central sun around which all the greatest of our day can only hope to become feeble satellites; whose grouping of words with the force of logic forms a new era in English literature, and whose imitators will be legion for centuries—he who takes the harp of humanity and plays a symphony which touches a tender chord throughout the civilized world, and, to which, spell-bound, all eagerly listen; whose logic, like diamond-pointed drills, is rending the "rock of ages," and before the thunderbolts of whom all orthodoxy trembles.

We are soon listening to the colonel's sparkling conversation on the candidates, the tariff, and Chicago, while *bon mots* explode as involuntarily as corks fly up from champagne bottles. We had the pleasure of meeting Captain and Mrs. Baker, Col. Tom Ochiltree, the brilliant Texan Congressman, and others.

Friday evening found us at the Mecca of Liberalism in the East—the Manhattan Liberal Club—which the reports of the "man with the badge-pin" hav made famous, and which were possibly enjoyed by those a thousand miles away with more relish than some of the participants. Here we meet the Drs. Foote, ever to the fore in the struggle for freedom; T. B. Wakeman, our scientific sage; Thomas Moneghan, a generous friend of Freethought; E. W. Chamberlain, the thorn in the side of St. Anthony; the redoubtable Captain Clark, and my Socialistic friend Oppenheimer. Mr. Putnam was the lecturer of the evening, receiving a hearty welcome from his old-time associates, and giving them in return a rousing discourse on "The Reign of the People."

At the invitation of Dr. Foote, Saturday afternoon found Mr. Putnam and the writer whirling over the New Haven railway, through the charming suburban towns, to Larchmont Manor, the doctor's summer elysium.

We alight to inspect another handsome residence that the doctor is erecting at a cost of many thousands, and pass on to his home, built on the highest promontory overlooking the sound. Sitting on his ample veranda we view the sun's declining rays reflecting on the water's glittering sheen, while the golden-tinged October foliage makes a strong contrast with the moss-covered rocks which mark the convulsiv throbs of our planet in the past. It is a scene of restful beauty that we shall hope to remember for a lifetime. Here art has assisted nature, and the combination produces a picture such as only a Byron or Shelley can fitly describe, or a Brown or DeHaas feebly reproduce on canvas. Mrs. Hall, the doctor's sister, was the agreeable hostess of the occasion, as his mother was in too feeble health to appear.

During the night the "windows of the heavens were opened," and we were rather expecting a repetition of the ark experience, but the storm-clouds passed off, and, after an early breakfast, the coachman pulled up a spanking team, one of which is named Sam, after Mr. Putnam, whom the doctor vouched for as a steady, reliable animal. He regretted having had to part with his companion, named Bob, in honor of Robt. G. Ingersoll. We were driven over the Larchmont paradise, past the yacht club's elegant house, among whose members are Jay Gould, Flagler, E K. Collins, and other nabobs of commerce and finance. A rapid drive through a charming country road brought us to the doctor's son Hubert's residence, where we were introduced to the latest edition of E. B. Foote, a charming little golden-haired granddaughter. We step into a newly constructed mansion of the doctor's here, skirting New Rochelle park, which is the model for his new house at Larchmont also. After a drive through another beauty spot, New Rochelle park, we make our pilgrimage to the shrine of all Freethinker's devotions, the monument erected to the memory of that great apostle of freedom—the lode-star of liberty—the immortal Thomas Paine. With feelings akin to sadness we look on this meager recognition of the author-hero of the Revolution, and sadly contemplate that even this is not a public testimonial, but placed here by a brave little band of Freethinkers, prominent among whom was Dr. Foote. Nothing in this ungrateful, bigoted community evidences their admiration for Thomas Paine—not a street nor avenue is named after him. But we rejoice that while New Rochelle may not appreciate Thomas Paine, the greatest and best people of our time delight to do honor to his memory. Picking up a relic from the inclosure, we are driven from this sacred spot to the station, and soon bid adieu to our stalwart Freethought host, Dr. Foote.

Mr. Putnam pushes forward to Newark, N. J., where he speaks in the afternoon, while I follow on a later train which givs me only time enough to say a few words on the practical work of the organization, shake hands with Mr. Black, the president, renew my acquaintance with Miss Booth, of Boonton, and under the pilotage of my earnest friend and co-worker, Mr. Holmes, reach the train *en route* for Philadelphia.

Philadelphia friends hav grandly borne the brunt of the battle for many long years, and the Friendship League is enshrined in the hearts of earnest workers. Directing my steps from the depot to their place of meeting, I found Mr. Watts well under way with his lecture, and an overflowing house, into which I was piloted with some difficulty by Secretary Longford. In the audience I discovered Dr. and Mrs. Westbrook, with whom I hav already made your readers acquainted. The president of the Philadelphia society seems a gentleman well qualified to maintain so important a post, and I was welcomed by many of the foremost workers, whose names I cannot now recollect.

E. A. STEVENS,
Secretary American Secular Union.

A Card from J. E. Remsburg.

Twelve days after the Secular Congress convened I received a report of its proceedings. While congratulating the Union upon its choice for president, I desire also to extend my sincere thanks to the twenty-two delegates who deemed me worthy of their suffrages. I appreciate the compliment more highly than if I had been an aspirant for the office and solicited their votes. Had I been called to the presidency, I should reluctantly yet submissivly hav obeyed the mandate, and to the best of my ability performed its duties. But I know Dr. Westbrook, and I hav tried to know myself, and with no simulated modesty I frankly confess that the one selected is by nature and education the better equipped for the position. Had I attended the Congress, I should, not as a mere act of courtesy to Dr. Westbrook but as a conscientious performance of my duty, hav voted with those who voted against me.

Some weeks previous to the time of holding the Congress, I received this interrogatory: "Will you accept the presidency of the American Secular Union if you are elected?" To this question I replied as follows: "You ask me if I will accept the presidency of the Union if elected. The same question was asked me at the Cassadaga Congress when Colonel Ingersoll was elected, and received a negativ answer. I believed then and still believe that in my independent way I can accomplish more for the cause. There are other Liberals who are better qualified for the position than I am. There are doubtless others who aspire to it, and I do not desire to be in their way. The organization, however, must not be suffered to die, and if no other person can be found to accept the office, I will try to perform its duties if elected." I did not desire the office, did not solicit a vote for it, and, aside from the above, did nothing either directly or indirectly to obtain it.

My work, for the most part, has been outside and independent of any organization. It is largely iconoclastic in its nature, while that of the Secular Union is to a great extent political. Yet from the date of its formation in Philadelphia in 1876 to the present time this organization has had my heartiest sympathy. It is the noblest and the worthiest political organization that this country has ever had. It merits the support of all who favor the elimination of ecclesiastical authority from our national and state governments. It is a needed organization, and never was it more needed than at the present time when cunning Catholicism and arrogant Protestantism are each redoubling their efforts to gain absolute control of our republic.

It is true that, so far as state Secularization is concerned, comparativly little has been accomplished. Not one of the Nine Demands has, save in a few isolated cases, been conceded. But let us remember that the contest, so far as numbers and ways and means are concerned, has, as yet, been an unequal contest. On the one side a handful of officials with a paltry $1,000 at their command; on the other, eighty thousand priests with $800,000,000 worth of untaxed wealth and an annual income of $100,000,000.

During the past year President Putnam and Secretary Stevens hav been the recipients of some unfriendly criticisms. These may hav been deserved. Be this as it may, I am entitled to credit for none of them. From my lips, neither in public nor in private, has escaped a word of condemnation. I hav felt that even if they were not doing just the best that might be done, they were yet honestly and courageously doing the best they could. I, for one, feel indebted to the retiring president, Samuel P. Putnam, for his labors in behalf of Freethought, and especially for his three years of toil in connection with the American Secular Union. Our literature has been enriched by his pen, and the cause of mental liberty has been promoted by his services in the field. I believe that a more devoted, unselfish, self-sacrificing Secularist than E. A. Stevens does not liv. For the Liberal cause he has unflinchingly endured privation and obloquy. In the person of his competitor, Harry Hoover, Freethought has one of its best and bravest champions. Had he been elected he would hav filled with honor the position to which he aspired, and the earnest efforts of his friends to place him there prove that those who know him best are most cognizant of the fact. But Mr. Stevens has been reëlected. Sustain him as he deserves, and the affairs of the office will not suffer in his hands.

In Dr. Westbrook, E. A. Stevens, Otto Wettstein, Dr. Foote, and Mrs. Freeman, the Union has a splendid corps of officers. Let us stand by them. If they make mistakes, let us exercise a little charity. Let us realize the impossibility of securing other than fallible men and women for these positions. Let us try to realize also that we, who serve in the ranks, are not infallible. Our officials may err, and while we may pass an honest verdict upon their acts, this verdict may not always be a just one. Let us put away all petty differences and jealousies. Let us cease pointing out the specks of rust upon the armor of our comrades, and present a united front to the common enemy.

J. E. REMSBURG.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

I took the 6 P.M. train on Friday, September 14th, from Walla Walla, with the assurance of the railroad officials that I should reach Ogden, Utah, by 11 A.M. on Sunday, at very latest. I was advertised to lecture at Ogden, Sunday afternoon and evening. My ticket was over the Union Pacific Railway from Pendleton to Pocatello. The greater part of the road is over a dreary sand desert. The dust is really fearful. You are suffocated with the windows and ventilators closed, choked with the dense smoke and sand if they are opened; even when all are closed the dust and dirt sifts in so that everything is thickly covered—clothes, eyes, hair, teeth, nostrils are filled, while perspiration adorns your face with rivulets of mud. For thirty-six hours no real effort was made to clean the cars; the route is one of continuous misery, tedious delays, dirt, and discomfort, while the frequent collisions of freight trains giv emphatic evidence of the utter lack of administrativ ability on the part of the management. Unless driven by direst necessity—no other route being possible—avoid as you would yellow fever or leprosy this division of the Union Pacific Railway.

I did not reach Ogden till 11:30 A.M. on Monday. After some inquiry I found the home of the noble old veteran John A. Jost, who gave me a hospitable reception. The friends were very greatly disappointed at my non-arrival to lecture there on Sunday. I took the train at 4 P.M. for Deweyville, was dumped with a large trunk and two heavy grips in the midst of a sagebrush prairie, no station, not even a shed or platform. I walked three-quarters of a mile in the pouring rain to the ranch of the one only Liberal in the township, only to find no arrangements

made for lecture. Next morning I returned to Ogden, some disgusted but not discouraged. After a pleasant visit at good Brother Jost's I started for Hooper, Utah, September 20th. I was met at the station by Edward F. Munn, a brave, devoted worker for Liberalism. Hooper is only a railway flag station; there is no village, it is simply a farming neighborhood. Friend Munn's ranch is some six miles away, on the shores of Great Salt Lake. Brother Munn, having been a devout member of the church for thirty years, initiated into all its mysteries and miseries, has written some able and effectiv articles on Mormonism. When he left the church and renounced its practices he did so at the risk of his life, for at that time the church taught "blood atonement," and destroying angels were in vogue. Brother Munn has suffered much from overt as well as underhand persecution, but with indomitable courage held his own, and won some honest and intelligent ones from the delusions of this horrid theocracy. Once let Utah obtain statehood, and his only safety would be in instant flight, regardless of loss of all he now possesses.

The school-house was crowded with Mormons, who listened most attentivly to the lecture on "What Liberalism Teaches." The sample copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER were eagerly taken. The tithing system keeps most of the Mormons very poor, yet I had quite a sale of small pamphlets.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Sept. 23.—This is a splendid city, with long, wide, magnificent streets, 132 feet wide. The streets are laid out at right angles. The city is situated at the foot of a spur of the Wasatch mountains, the northern limits extending on to the "bench" or upland which unites with the mountain. It is the county seat, and capital of the territory—the Zion of the Saints. The city is divided into twenty-one wards, each of which has its bishop, elders, teachers, deacons, etc., and each ward has its own regular Sunday-morning meetings. The teachers visit every family during the week, and make personal inquiries of each member (children are baptized at eight years of age). All the females are especially asked if they are in full subjection to the husband or father, if they hav any cause of complaint against their bishop or any officer of the church, if they hav paid full tithes, etc. Anything of import—the least indication of disaffection the teacher discovers—is at once reported to the bishop. The bishop and his two counselors form an inquisition before whom all malcontents or refractory members are summoned and disciplined.

Every Sunday afternoon all are expected to assemble at the Tabernacle, when the sacrament of the Lord's supper is administered.

The Tabernacle is an immense building, 250 feet from east to west and 150 feet wide, egg-shaped, its roof shingled; it is an immense, but, from the exterior, not at all an imposing structure. The roof is supported by forty-six columns of cut sandstone; the spaces between form large doors, and over the doors windows, these doors and windows constituting the walls. From the pillars springs the roof in one unbroken arch, forming the largest self-sustaining roof in the United States, with the exception of the Grand Central depot at New York. The ceiling of the roof is sixty-five feet above the floor. At one end of this mammoth egg-shaped building is the organ, the second largest in America. There is a gallery all around save at the organ end.

Within the gallery, which is only opened on special occasions, they can seat eight thousand persons. It is a very cold, stormy Sunday afternoon if the congregation does not reach five thousand.

I looked over the immense congregation. With the exception of about six or seven hundred visitors who came from curiosity, there were very few Americans. The great mass were of the very lowest type of Europeans—low caste English and Scandinavians. The editor of the Deseret *News*, the church newspaper, did the preaching on this occasion. It was a regular Seventh Day Adventist sermon, only the preacher used the term Revelations where the Adventists would hav used Testimonies. The burden of his sermon was obedience to the church authorities, faithful payment of tithes, denunciation of the government for sending saints to the pen—they always speak of the penitentiary as the pen—for living their religion, *i.e.*, practicing polygamy, and that it was far better to be deprived of liberty, aye, to lose life itself now, and thus be sure of eternal life, than to deny the faith, save life now, only to lose it eternally. The sermon seemed to be gaged as to length so as to terminate as soon as the deacons had finished handing round the drink. I am told they pass blessed water instead of wine. It would be quite an item of expense to giv even a sip of wine to some five thousand communicants.

The Temple is on the same block with the Tabernacle, and all is inclosed with a twelve-foot adobé wall. The Temple is a most imposing structure, and can be seen for miles before reaching the city, although it is not yet nearly completed. The dimensions of the foundations are 186x99. It is built of white granit from Little Cottonwood cañon. It was commenced Feb. 14, 1853. Its estimated cost is $10,000,000. No work is being done on it at present.

Among the most prominent and important business enterprises is the Z. C. M. I., mystic letters much in use, interpreted to mean, "Zion's Coöperativ Mercantil Institution," known throughout the territory as the "Coöp." The institution is owned by leading wealthy officers of the Mormon church, and has branches in nearly every settlement in Utah. All the faithful saints are expected to do their trading with the Z. C. M. I.

The lecture was delivered at the Opera House, a very handsome building, magnificently fitted up. I doubt if there is a handsomer, better equipped theater of its size outside of New York city. It is owned and under the management of gentiles. The Salt Lake City Theater is much larger, but bears no comparison for elegance and comfort with the Opera House. Every real improvement has to be inaugurated and sustained by the gentiles. The audience fairly filled the parquet and dress circle. The lecture was well received. C. B. REYNOLDS.

The "Twa" Preachers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Last week, at about the same time, I received two letters from two preachers—that is, they were preachers. One has become "champion" of Christianity; the other is an ex-reverend. One of the letters is written, the other printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER, Oct. 6, 1888, page 629—sing!

The brace of preachers I am now considering imagin that if they fill a page with accusations against me somehow it answers what I hav said. Both charge me with the "mercenary" spirit. Personally, I care little about epithets flung at me—got used to them long ago. Both charge me with falsehood, one saying I am guilty of "reckless disregard of truth;" the other—who is not quite out of the church—says I tell "a deliberate lie." Neither of them made the least attempt to prove his charge against this meek and lowly Infidel. One says he has not been within a hundred miles of the other. I thought by his letter of October 6th that he had been much nearer. It is a striking proof of the consensus of the incompetent.

The ex-reverend says of me in his refined, ex-Christian way: "The odor of the skunk has permeated him." Dr. Lyman Beecher, who viciously hurled that brilliant sentence at all Infidels who were teasing him to debate, can now look down from his mansion of bliss with sweet satisfaction as he reflects that his pet expression still livs. If "reformed" clergymen write and talk like those ministers who are yet in the pulpit, "in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity," the question is pertinent: Are they reflecting honor on the Freethought cause?

The ex-reverend boldly accuses me of "lachrymal whining." I might own up to the whining, but lachrymal—never! That is too much. I am willing to meet an opponent half-way. Did our brother sit before a mirror when he wrote his "reply?" It is a notable fact that westward he took his way through Kansas, cursing the climate as he went, landing on the Pacific, yet not pacified, but grievously sore under his imagined ill-treatment from some coast Liberals. I do not hear our cheery Putnam complaining of small pay, while the ex-reverend has found more fault about money and about people and about climate than all other lecturers put together. No wonder a Liberal remarked to me this summer that he did not like to read his articles because they gave him the "blues;" but Putnam's fill him with joy.

No, I am not in partnership with Braden; nor is he my "dear friend and teacher;" nor hav I "become the mere tool of such a thing as Clark Braden." And this is the gentleman that talks about "reckless disregard of truth!" "It takes a Jamieson to run after Braden." Never ran after him in my life. I am ready to meet him in debate, and any other preacher, whenever and wherever Liberals wish to hav me. I hav stood by our banner of free speech and free debate—this is my offense. And because I do this you may call it "associating" with Braden, "traveling together," etc. I never traveled a mile with him, never offered to travel with him, and never expect to.

The next charge against me is on the money question. Both the "champion" and the ex-reverend declare that I am "mercenary." The same thing was said of Paine, and is said of Ingersoll. I am in pretty good company when not associating with the clergy. Both of my ministerial monitors assert, without hesitation, that I lecture and debate for money. This is true—the only truth I hav found in their allegations. Now, show me the lecturer or preacher that does not. There is a great deal of humbug and sickly nonsense on this money question smuggled in from Christianity. I confess I hav never found a way to travel over this country, giv lectures, and hold debates without pay. As a general rule I hav received from Liberals good pay for lectures and debates, and hope for a continuance of these "divine blessings," so that I may be able to cancel every debt I owe—Jesus won't do it—and hav a surplus in the treasury.

The little wife and myself came West and took government land so that in our old age we could hav something for a rainy day. It is a mean, mercenary thing to do! My expectation is that by lecturing winters and farming summers we will free ourselvs from debt and become more self-reliant and independent in the evening of life.

I receive cordial greeting from Liberals everywhere I go—justice-loving Liberals who do not expect a man to spend his life battling popular mind-enslaving superstitions for a mere pittance to pay his fare to the next station. The Liberals that I meet do insist that the worker in any department of labor, mental or physical, should be well paid; and many of them pay more than their income warrants. But they rejoice that they are free, and want to help make others free. The very rich, with few exceptions, are not openly avowed Freethinkers.

Remember that the "Baptist clergyman," referred to in "Tales Told Out of School," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 4, 1887, "positivly" declared that "Ingersoll does not really believe what he teaches, and only lectures against the church and Christianity to make money." That is the preacher of it. When will people hav done denouncing their brethren for money-making, when everybody knows that it is just what they want to do themselvs? Does not the ex-reverend lecture for money? He says that neither Braden nor myself "would advocate or defend any cause only for the money they obtain by so doing." Nothing "reckless" about that? It shows how little he knows about what I hav done. He furnishes no proof, and none even is attempted. Nearly all my life has been one continual sacrifice for this cause of Freethought; yet I hav not complained as much of bad usage in the whole twenty-nine years of public speaking as one ex-preacher does on a single trip. I entered the Liberal lecture-field in 1859, when the meaning of self-sacrifice for a cause was fully understood; when a man had to battle against superstition with one hand and for a mere subsistence with the other, and no Ingersoll stood ready to pay the sacrifice. I hav faced the armed and howling mob, and by it been warned that I would proceed in the exercise of free speech at the peril of my life—but the free speech went on. When I can't hav it life can go out! It is precisely the same principles I am now maintaining. I do not think I will shirk my duty now, even if I never hav a call to address another Liberal society. I know it is unpopular—in some quarters—to debate with a bad Christian. Yet I believe I hav with me in this fight the great body of Freethinkers if they would but speak out. But if not one Liberal stands by me I propose to contend for what I think is right.

The next ten years were much better for a Freethought advocate—that is, he was not obliged to accept more kicks than coppers.

The last ten hav been bright ones, although, with the exception of Ingersoll, no lecturer has made a fortune out of Freethought talk, and there is not much danger that any of us will become Jay Goulds in the ten years to come; for it is a fact, and a humiliating one, that Freethinkers, as a body, do not work at it much. A few earnest, enthusiastic Liberals, here and there, still bear the burden of supporting lecturers and subscribing for our journals. There are Liberals in nearly every town in the United States. What are they doing? What sacrifice are they making for our cause? Two or three earnest men and women in every town where there are Liberals could, if they would, do as nobly as a few Freethinkers are doing, revolutionize their neighborhoods by Liberal literature and lectures.

He says I "laud and defend him for the sake of the money to be obtained by debating with him." Not a particle of proof to sustain the assertion. I never defended him, only in the same sense that I defend a Roman Catholic—defend his right to free speech. I could not be a Freethinker if I refused to do so.

He says that I "cannot conceive the possibility of anyone being honest in offering to make any real sacrifice for the cause of truth."

I think I can. When the "offer" has attached to it so many unreasonable conditions that there is no likelihood the "offer" will ever grow into a "real" sacrifice, there is no difficulty in reaching a conclusion. W. F. JAMIESON.

Monte Vista, Col.

Lectures and Meetings.

GEORGE J. REMSBURG, J. E 's sixteen-year-old chip, is making campaign speeches in Kansas.

CHARLES WATTS intends making a lecturing tour through Kansas, Colorado, and Utah next January and February. Friends on those routes requiring lectures at that time from Mr. Watts should write him at once, as he is now filling up his list of engagements. Address him direct—282 Sumach street, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE, having recovered from the illness which prevented her speaking at the Pittsburgh Congress, will lecture in Philadelphia for the Friendship Liberal League at its hall at Broad and Wood streets on Sunday, November 11th. Subject at 2:30 P.M., "The Girard College Steal." At 7:30 P.M., "The Drama of the Nineteenth Century." Admission free.

Communications.

Babel.

We read in Gen. x, 5, as follows: "By these were the isles of the gentiles divided in their lands, every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations," and we understand, as perforce we must, that the people of the earth were at this time of sundry and divers tongues or languages, don't we? Well, I do, anyhow, yet the next chapter opens in the first verse thus: "And the whole earth was of one language and one speech," showing that the people of divers tongues must hav struck a "Volapük," even at that early day, and settled down to one style of speech, a very sensible thing to do, but which the people of to-day don't seem to be sufferingly eager to do, owing to a press of other matters, I suppose. How happy we could be were the "whole earth of one language," speaking "Volapük" fluently as per the following sample: "Spelobs das olabom studelis mödik in Melop!" Happy? well, I should observe.

When we think that the devoutly-to-be-wished-for state of affairs of which the above verse in Genesis treats might hav continued to date but for one of the most brilliantly idealistic enterprises ever conceived in the mind of man, barring Stewart's ridiculous "hotel for women," we feel like "cussin'" that enterprise, at least I do, with cuss words of forty-horse power depth and breadth, so to speak. Of course you all know the enterprise to which I refer—the tower of Babel affair. Only for that miserably ambitious attempt to reach the inaccessible and all throughout the world to-day would be volapüking in concert and congeniality, the Turk being understood by the Choctaw when stigmatizing the latter as a chump, the Malay masher by the Bluenose belle when declaring his passion, and so on and so forth, of course.

There is no time when I feel so sore over this Babel affair as when I get into a mixed company of Chinese, Irish, Italians, Polish Jews, Dutchmen, Arabs, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Congoese, Turks, Yankees, Canucks, Bostonese, etc., such as one can't help getting into at times in cosmopolitan Gotham, and then I feel sore clean through, I tell you. It isn't so much that the various jargons are dissonant and so shocking to the auricular apparatus, as that I am painfully aware of being a heavy loser of good things said in tongues unknown to me—the *bon mot* in Chinese, the joke in Arabic, the wise saw in Congoese, the *reparteé* in Turkish, the deep cult in Bostonese, etc.—and a loser without rebate, as no amount of study of these languages could bring these things back to me, though enabling me to catch on to the future emanations from like sources.

When one thinks that at a certain period in the previously prior, "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech," the rest of mankind doubtless likewise exploiting their minds, and then looks over the globe to find a thousand and one living languages in activ service, with not a few defunct specimens lingering in the lap, so to speak, of linguistical lexicographers and literary lazzaroni, which languages are all Greek to him, and Greek a sealed book, he feels as though he would like to boot those beetle-headed blokes of Babel who brought about that remarkable confusion of tongues on the jump, as it were; more especially when invited to a *fête champêtre* in the back yard of a *rue de* Mulberry *maison*, or a conversazione, or *flux de bouche*, in an *avenue de* Baxter *salon*, or otherwhere in the slums where divers tongues in confusion worse confounded prevail—feels like jumping on those Babel bullheads with both feet; at least I am one who feels just that way inclined.

But now let us get onto that Tower. It would seem, from the reading in Gen. xi, 1, 2, that the "whole earth" was to be found in "a plain in the land of Shinar," or that the people of the "whole earth" had gathered together on said plain. Here are the two verses; read and see how it looks to you: 1. "And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech." 2. "And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there." In default of mention "they" are to be taken as the people of the "whole earth;" if not, who then were "they," from the reading? If so, and it must hav been so—it was the whole hog or nothing—then the "whole earth" or people thereof settled down on the plain of Shinar! and all of "one language and one speech," notwithstanding that, shortly before, "the isles of the gentiles were divided in their lands, *every one after his tongue.*" But perhaps the "gentiles" weren't reckoned as part of the "whole earth," eh? Well, we don't know and it doesn't matter much at this late day, perhaps.

Well, the "whole earth," or "they," at all events, having settled down on Shinar's vasty plain, were simultaneously and unanimously seized with a raging desire to build a city, and not only a city but a tower whose top would reach unto Blissville! And they were also anxious to "make them a name lest they be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth," which goes to show that there were other broad acres lying loose around and about Shinar, thus expanding the "whole earth" to more respectable proportions, you see. Nothing but the proposition to build is given in the Holy Queer, but that "they" went at it hammer and tongs, so to speak, is proved by the statement in the H. Q., that Jehoveh "came down"—presumably from Blissville, although he might hav been camping on a mountain, a favorit coign of vantage with him in later years—"to see the city and the tower which the children of man builded."

It would appear that Jahveh was not particularly pleased with what he saw, for he exclaimed—in whose presence no one knows: "Behold, the people *is* one, and they hav all one language; and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them which they hav imagined to do." It is very evident from this speech that he believed the builders of the tower would land the top of it in Blissville or bust in the attempt; and that he did not believe they would bust is proved by his next remark on the subject, and what is said to hav occurred thereafter. His next remark was as follows: "Go to, let us go down and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." This is a trifle mixed and off its base, as it were. "Let us go down"—who were "us?" A case of "We, Us, and Co.," evidently, but who went to make the "us?" Gabriel, with Jahveh, perhaps, and a few cherubim, eh? "Go down." Jahveh must hav gone up and reported matters after his first remark concerning the tower, for, according to the H. Q., he "came down to see" it. His return evidently was not reported. But that was a trivial affair compared with what followed the going down of "us," reported as follows:

"So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth; and they left off to build the city." Well, rather, I should suppose, having been "scattered abroad upon the face of all the earth." This wholesale scatteration proves conclusivly that Shinar plains, with a little outlying and contiguous border land, could not with any degree of propriety claim to be the "whole earth," as a hurried reading of the second verse of Genesis xi might lead one to suppose to be the case; it settles it, however, that the "whole earth" or people, barring the "gentiles" of sundry tongues, alluded to in the preceding chapter, were gathered together on the plains of Shinar; and it is well enough to know this for future guidance in debates on man and his whereabouts in the heretofore, the "gentiles" of the period treated of, and all others, perhaps, not to be counted as within the pale of humanity, you know.

Speaking of that Babel affair, there was a world of meaning in these words of Jahveh: "And now nothing will be restrained from them which they hav imagined to do." Did he really fear they would raise that ridiculous tower unto the confines of Blissville, then swarm over the parapets and take possession of the citadel? Sure pop, or why didn't he laugh the builders to scorn and let them go ahead until their ridiculous shaft toppled and fell kerchug to earth? You see, Jahveh had never seen anything built by the hand of man higher than a two-story house, if as high, and, seeing that if the bricks held out—it probably never occurred to him that it would topple on reaching an altitude of thirty or forty miles, or so—it was only a question of time when they "got there," he decided to nip the enterprise in the bud, and nipped it at one fell swoop, as it were; and the duffers who designed and went to work on the tower ought to hav known that they would be knocked out before success crowned their efforts; and here is where their idiocy sticks out like a bill-sticker in the circus season.

There is another view to be taken in the premises with the camera of conjecture. Perchance in those days the plain of Blissville hung low, exceeding low, in ether, say within a mile or so of Tearville, in which case the engineer-in-chief of the universe did well to adopt summary and stringent measures whereby to hold the fort against the tower builders who, if not interfered with, would hav penetrated his domain as sure as eggs are eggs and rats are rodents! But this view of the possible condition of things does not detract from the chumpiness of the chumps engaged in rearing that ridiculous tower, for it was several years subsequent to the big freshet that swept off wicked humans and brutes from the face of the earth, and said chumps ought to hav known who they were bucking against and that they would hav no sight of success. As for this view, I am inclined to accept it at par one hundred, as Jahveh, being called almost daily to Tearville to look after things, would naturally locate his headquarters handy by, you know. Severing his business connection with Tearville some two thousand years ago he removed his headquarters to a locality best known to himself, and, possibly, Talmage. To those of but ordinary acumen he appears to hav gone where the woodbine twineth. Selah!

SI SLOKUM.

Church and State.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* With that supreme feeling of security which comes from unthinking ignorance, the average freeborn American citizen will assure you, should it be suggested that the union of church and state is not merely a possibility, but even a planned-for probability, in this country, that such a thing can never be. "No citizen of these great United States, sir, would stand it for a moment, sir!"

In the vain hope of arousing him from his false security, you point out the power, constantly increasing, of the Roman Catholic church in New York city and St. Louis, the intolerance which prevails in any and every section of the country where some one religious sect is greatly predominant, and the infamous persecutions carried on, in the name of religion, by such self-styled and self-appointed censors of public morality as the society whose 'least of apostles' is Mr. Antony Comstock—I hav omitted the *h* from his given name, as I consider it an immoral synonym—perceiving how little impression you make upon him by generalities, you bring out from your mental secret-drawer a choice incident: Monsignor Capel, on his last visit to this country, told a prominent citizen of St. Paul that the Catholic church aimed at dividing the Catholic vote in the United States, so as to make that church a power in politics. Then you show him how such an attempt was really made during the Blaine campaign of 1884, and is repeated by the free-whisky plank in the Republican platform of 1888.

You will find that your arguments will be altogether vain, and that it is impossible to shake his blind faith in the Constitution and the great American people.

I must confess that I was, until very lately, a sharer in the popular belief of our safety from any form of religious oppression. Little by little, however, my eyes were opened, and an incident of which I was an eye-witness the other day fully revealed to me the danger in which we stand.

On Sunday, September 23d, I chanced to be at White Bear Lake, a popular summer resort in the vicinity of St. Paul, Minn. A regiment of United States troops, the Third Infantry, was encamped on a common in the outskirts, and hearing there was to be some ceremony performed in the evening, I strolled out in that direction. I found the soldiers in line, and watched the precision of their drill with great interest. Suddenly the officer in command moved two companies, one at either end of the line, so that they stood at right angles to the main body, thus forming a hollow square, and then I heard a voice, with an unmistakable ministerial sniffle in its tones, say, "Let us pray!" After a properly orthodox supplication to the supreme architect, the fine regimental band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," with great pathos. Next the reverend gentleman delivered himself of a sermon, which, by its drift and argument, betrayed him as a Presbyterian. The customary benediction followed and the conventicler retired. The regiment was then formed again in line, and some military movements were executed.

The whole proceeding struck me as being so very curious that I approached one of the soldiers after they had broken ranks, and addressed him:

"Might I ask the name of your chaplain?"

"He ain't our chaplain, sir. He's some minister tramp. Our chaplain is back at Fort Snelling and is a Roman Catholic."

"Then I suppose the majority of you were glad to hav the chance to listen to a Protestant."

"What are you a-giving me? The most of us is Catholics, and don't believe in any such a fake as that fellow."

"But why did you go to services, if you are Catholics? It is a mortal sin for you to do so, is it not?"

"Well, I like that. If we hadn't a-gone there, there would hav been a general court-martial awaiting us for disobedience of orders. You see, we was on parade, and we durstn't leave. I'm thinking the father will hav to absolve us. If he don't, we're in a box."

"Why, my good fellow, it is unconstitutional for your commanding officer to make you attend divine service of any kind unless you wish to do so."

"That don't help us much. We've got to obey orders first and let the Constitution hav a show afterward."

"Anyhow, you can write to the papers and let the public know of the wrong done you."

"Oh, hell! Write to the papers! Why, what on earth is the Sixty-second article of war for but to stop that sort of thing?"

With an air of disgust at my dense ignorance of military matters, the gallant defender of his country turned away. Upon further inquiry, I found the facts in the case to be: That the great majority of the soldiers were Roman Catholics; that of the fifteen officers present in camp at most three were Presbyterians, five were avowed Freethinkers, and the balance were either indifferent to any sect in particular or but nominal church-members; that the colonel was a steadfast Presbyterian, and had invited the

minister to preach of his own motion, and without consulting with anyone; that he had marched the regiment on parade, and that it would hav been impossible for anyone to leave it without asking his permission, unless in open violation of an article of war. Now, the thought which strikes me is: If one zealot can do so tyrannical and unconstitutional an act as to make two or three hundred men attend divine service against their will, at a time when all religious denominations are trying to gain popular favor by loudly proclaiming the necessity of every man's selecting his own creed, how would many hundred fanatics act should their particular sect be successful in obtaining political supremacy in this country?

General Washington, as president, wrote the following declaration: "The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion." This was doubtless true; but, unless I am much mistaken, the structure being erected on this foundation is essentially Christian, and the main building is the Roman Catholic church, which, being a more theologically consistent hierarchy than any other, is the more to be dreaded.

There is an article of war left from the old British regulations still incorporated in our army regulations, which *recommends* all "officers and soldiers diligently to attend divine service." This recommendation is now little heeded, and is considered obsolete; but were the Catholic church or any other denomination to gain the upper hand, it might be revived with disastrous results to the religious freedom of the United States army. It should be stricken out; and just now it would be an easy matter for any Congressman to secure the passage of a bill to that end.

SOSIA.

Can This Be All There Is of American Liberty?

It is related of D. M. Bennett that when he was first arrested at Watkins, his sense of humiliation, at being the victim of such a bold outrage, was so keen that he was heard to murmur repeatedly to himself, as if dazed by some sudden shock which had rudely destroyed his confidence in his fellow-men: "Can this be all there is of American liberty?" Looking about me to-day, and witnessing the, as yet, unchecked aggressions of the fiends who joined in the persecution of good old D. M. Bennett, I often ask myself mournfully the same question, "Can this be all there is of American liberty?"

To the liberty-loving American who has reverently read in the history of his country of the fierce struggles and bitter sufferings through which that liberty was achieved, nothing can be more oppressiv than to be confronted with such a confession as the following, which appears in a letter from that earnest, devoted, noble woman, Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead, to the editors of *Lucifer*, and published in that paper Sept. 7, 1888:

> Standing a little in awe of the "obscenists," I dare not express all I feel on this question, but I do wish we might come up ourselvs, and help others on, to a plane of thought that shall make possible a cordial friendship and affection between a man and a woman that shall not develop into generativ passion except at their mutual bidding and with the approval of their judgment.

That a pure woman is "in awe of the obscenist," that a thoughtful woman dares not express all she feels, that the people are to be deprived of the benefit of her thought and knowledge because she is terrorized by the bulldozing of the Comstock gang, is humiliating indeed. That any citizen of this country can be restrained or intimidated in the honest expression of his opinion on any subject, unless, of course, such expression works direct and positiv injury to some other citizen, is so oppressiv, unjust, and unwarrantable that every patriot should struggle against it with all his power. If these aggressions are allowed we will soon be in such a condition that the discussion of matters not tolerated by the American Inquisition will be attended with as much personal danger as the publication of an emperor's diary is in Germany. The threat which these conditions imply is one which every patriot should hasten to resent.

But bad as Mrs. Whitehead's case is, there is yet a worse feature of this business. Learning that the case of U. S. *vs.* Chase, reported in 27 *Federal Reporter* p. 807, had been appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and knowing, as a lawyer, that the case as reported was not only bad law and a wrong conviction, but also beneath contempt as an authority, I wrote to the counsel in the case, asking him to send me a copy of the letter on which Mr. Chase was convicted. I did this, not for the gratification of idle curiosity, but to satisfy myself if it could be possible for a private letter to be written which could so excite the animosity of a judge who might assume to pry into it, as to make him disregard all sense of judicial fairness, honesty, and justice, and violate the obligation of his office for the sake of venting his spite against the writer. I can hardly express how surprised I was on receiving a reply refusing my request, not through any discourtesy, nor through unwillingness to communicate the facts, but because of the infernal terrorism that exists in such cases. The counsel accompanied his refusal of my request with the following statement:

> The construction contended for by the counsel for the United States would render attorneys liable under the statute for consultations by mail with their associate counsel in the ordinary course of business whenever and wherever a prurient fancy could so construe the communication as to excite libidinous thoughts. The fact is, I should be liable to prosecution if I should comply with your request. Not that I admit the obscenity of the matter mailed in the Chase case, but where is the standard? How am I to know in my ordinary correspondence whether I obey or break the law?

The fiends whose religion and morals lead them to make this world as nearly like the ideal hell as possible, and who busy themselvs in procuring the enactment of severe penal laws for the regulation of other people's conduct, always fall back on the the stock argument that the punishment of offenders sets an example which deters others from the commission of the offense. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that this fallacy is not a fallacy but a truth, what deterrent effect can it hav upon the general public to punish a man for some vague, indefinit something, and then tell the people they shall not know what the offense is? This is too much like the methods of Loyola to be suited to the genius of American institutions, and reduces the punishment in such cases to an act of pure vindictivness. I maintain that if a human being is to be put in prison in this country I, as a citizen, am entitled to know what for. First, as a security to liberty, and that no one may be imprisoned unjustly. And secondly, that I may be informed by this example what the law really is. Can it be that the law of this land prohibits a consultation between counsel by mail upon any subject? I do not so understand it? And yet, if the conviction of Mr. Chase is to stand, and the law upholds his conviction, and his counsel is right in his reasons for refusing to tell me what it is all about, then consultations between counsel, when conducted by mail, may become criminal.

Already under this new and disastrous legislation, of the very existence and of the true nature and extent of which the country at large is yet wholly unaware, men of science, artists, and philanthropic reformers publishing their works in utter good faith, are living, so far as they hav been cognizant of those laws, under a veritable reign of terror, and in so far as they are not informed they are daily incurring the risk of a savage, terrific, and excessiv punishment from the law, for no crime, in ignorance of their danger, and trusting to the spirit of freedom which has hitherto characterized our country and distinguished it from Russia, Turkey, and the despotisms of the past. Again I ask with D. M. Bennett, "Can this be all there is of American liberty?"

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Guild's Explosiv Notions.

A TYNGER FROM TYNGSBORO.

Tyngsboro, Mass., is the half-way side-track between Lowell and Nashua. It is famous for its Daughrock farm, boasts two box shops and a brush factory, glories in three gospel-mills and sundry sawmills, had a high school some time according to ancient history, and this year sports six licensed liquor saloons and a wholesale hell-stew house. A writer in the Boston *Record* wants to know how the present taxes compare with those of the past, when drinking dens were not so numerous and were run under public censure instead of legal sanction; also, what are the prospects of the high school, and what kind of an elementary education may be expected from the saloons. I learn that the idea of the town board is that the licenses are to lessen the taxes, but where is the general profit of having a conflagration for the sake of the cinders?

Since the above writing I learn that one trinity-factory has been shut up and one liquor-seller has vamoosed the ranch.

A DRAUGHT FROM DUNSTABLE.

Col. Jonas H. French, of Boston, has had made at his Bay View quarries a fine monumental public drinking-fountain, and presented it to the town of Dunstable. This piece of art, combining the useful with the beautiful, is much appreciated, and though worth but about $1,500, is a better benefit than would be a bouncing brewery. Let those elsewhere who can afford to, go and do likewise, and get their name up for doing something worthy of praise and remembrance.

Pure cold water, good as can be,
Better far than rum or brandy;
If this truth excites your fury,
Let your horse be judge and jury.

The notable news of the day in Dunstable is the tearing down and drawing off of a partly built Universalist church by a town committee. The question whether the town or the Universalist parish owns the land will hav to be decided by the supreme court. A speaker in town meeting said he did not care if there was a church in every house, and he did not care if there was not any about, for he had a creed of his own—Do as I would be done by—which did not permit him to vote away the people's land. If there was any other Christianity than that, away with it.

THE GODS MUST GO.

> Science has given us a new God and more exalted ideas concerning him than in the past; a God vastly grander, larger, and truer to the wants of man's nature.—*Rev. J. A. Chase, Unitarian, Chelmsford, Mass.*

Science has never had anything to do with God, for the same reason that it has nothing to do with the end of a circle—namely, it not only has never found one, but never can, for as soon as the proposition is squarely presented, the terms of the question afford its own refutation. Science has done for the Gods what daylight always does for the ghosts—it shows that they were not there. Science invents useful machinery, and never institutes holy horrors. Science has been damned by every God which fraud ever fashioned to intimidate ignorance, and in return science dooms all the Gods to shame and everlasting contempt. When theology has to be revised to accord with advanced reason, and when material investigation is made to interpret spiritual revelation, human judgment is acknowledged to belong on the highest bench, and religion may as well be kicked under the footstool.

Those who are bound to boom a God of some sort or other will doubtless do so, even if they hav to steal one, as Jacob's wife did, and when they hav got them they may do with them as Rachel did with the pilfered seraphim. Such disposal of deity for security will hardly serve to magnify holy dignity. The straits to which close-pressed piety is put to retain the wretched objects of its worship are both laughable and pitiful. But why cater to the habit of superstition by carving out other idols in the place of such as common sense has demolished? Tear the world's rag-babies in tatters as the evolution of reason outgrows them, and do not idly and inconsistently mold other dolls, no matter how esthetically fine they may be got up. It is time mankind was done with its Punch and Judy shows and settled in satisfied enjoyment of the realities of life.

EVOLUTION AND REVELATION.

> Neither evolution nor revelation explains the universe, but evolution explains revelation. Theology does not explain revelation. Theology confuses revelation. Evolution follows reason. Theology baffles, evades, if it does not defy, reason. Theology makes creation a fatal mistake, Christ an imperfect reparation. And in saying this let me not be thought so foolish as to bring a railing accusation against theology, that noblest of sciences, one of the strongest powers of the world, whose savants hav been mighty men of valor, whose gravest mistakes hav been from too close pursuit of the reason's rigid command.—*Gail Hamilton.*

The above is the worst bosh that Abigail Dodge, or anyone else, ever wrote. What does she mean by revelation and theology being thus opposed in their teaching? Either one of them presupposes the other. How can the noblest, the grandest of sciences "baffle, evade, if it does not defy reason?" Yes, and not only must it defy but directly controvert reason if the grossest mistakes of this mighty science hav been from too close pursuit of reason's rigid command, and if so then science is irrational, or the more irrational the better. Grave, indeed, hav been the mistakes of those bigots whose valor consisted in torturing women and ripping infants from their mother's bowels, according to the spirit of theology and the letter of revelation. The weaker the power of such God-fearing manslayers the better. The revelation of "Gail Hamilton" asserts that God made the universe thus and so. Evolution shows that story to be untrue. If it explains it at all it explains it to be a lie framed to cheat its believers. The worst charge against Mr. Blaine is that he keeps for secretary a woman capable of inditing such idiocy.

THE APOSTLES' CREED—SHORT METER.

There once was a God,
Who in heaven did dwell;
He was murdered on earth,
And then went to hell.

Either the church people believe their written creeds or else they don't. If they do, they are under the influence of the most abominable teachings that ever could be put in words; if they do not, then they hav no right to profess them—by doing so they damage whatever influence for good they may hav in other directions in mixing any show of decency up with sacred dirt. Until the churches erase from their documents the insanities which are no longer accepted as inspiration and repudiate the doings of madmen as primal ecclesiastical authority, it is the right and business of sensible and honest men to condemn them as enemies of reason and progress. The best use that religious dogma can be put to is as a foil to rational philosophy.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

Sonnet to Saul.

Hail, Saul the First—the last, the only Saul—
Leader of Israel's long line of kings!
Better thou hadst remained, O youth so tall,
A jackass-keeper for thy dad, by jings!
Than listened to the saintly Samuel,
Who set the king-bee buzzing in thy hat,
Seduced thee from the ranch, where all was well,
And king-anointed thee with mutton fat!
O king ill-starred! on thee the Lord went back
For that which high applaud good men and true—
To mince-meat Agag you declined to hack—
They crying loudly, "Bully, Saul, for you!"
Like Conrad's, Saul, thy name is, in these times,
Linked with one virtue if a thousand crimes!
Requiescat in pace! SI SLOKUM.

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A New Scheme of Church Thievery.

The Congress of the United States is, or was before its adjournment, in a pretty business for a legislativ body supposed to be guided by the Constitution. It was nothing more nor less than a Christian missionary enterprise to hire the dupes of one religion to change to another.

Mr. Eugene Hale, of Maine, has kindly franked us his speech made in the Senate on October 2d relativ to "the work of the Industrial Christian Home Association of Utah territory." The Senate had under consideration the conference report of the committees of both houses on the general deficiency bill, and the committees could not agree. Mr. Hale's text for his speech was the Senate amendment to the House report, as follows:

"112. Industrial Christian Home Association of Utah territory: To further aid the Industrial Christian Home Association of Utah territory, under its articles of incorporation, in the establishment and maintenance of an industrial and educational institution in Salt Lake City for the benefit of the dependent *women and children of Utah and Idaho territories who desire to sever their allegiance to the Mormon church*, $75,000; and for contingent expenses of the association, $5,000; in all, $80,000.

"113. The money hereby appropriated shall be disbursed by the treasurer of said association, who shall giv such bonds for the faithful performance of his duties as may be deemed requisit by the secretary of the interior. All accounts of expenditures under this appropriation shall be audited by the Utah commission, which shall hereafter act as the board of control for said institution, and shall make an annual report to Congress covering the work of said institution and its expenditures."

It seems that this scheme to evangelize the Mormons at the public expense was started two years ago "by the philanthropic women of America who hav been largely represented by the organizations known as the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which Miss Frances Willard is president, and the National Women's Home Missionary Society, of which Mrs. R. B. Hayes is the president." The officers of the institution were to be "Christian women," and its purpose was to "disintegrate the Mormon church." The originators were backed up by the "bishop of the M. E. church in Utah," the Methodist editor of the Utah *Christian Advocate*, and other prominent Christians of the territory. The forty-ninth Congress was asked for $100,000 to build the home and set it going.

At first the petitioners asked for the money to support Mormon women and children "who renounce polygamy." Mr. Hale took care of the bill, and $40,000 was given—

"To aid in the establishment of an industrial home in the territory of Utah, to provide employment and means of self-support for the dependent women who renounce polygamy and the children of such women of tender age in said territory, with a view to aid in the suppression of polygamy therein; said sum to be expended upon requisition of and under the management of a board of control to consist of the governor and justices of the supreme court and the district attorney of said territory; and said board shall duly and properly expend said sum, or so much thereof as may be necessary, for the purposes herein indicated, and shall, from time to time, report to the president their acts and doings and expenditures hereunder for transmission to Congress."

With this $40,000 the officers of the "home" leased and fitted up a building for temporary use, and applied at once for another $40,000, which Senator Edmunds tried to giv them, but failed through lack of time to push the bill through in the closing hours of the second session of the same Congress. Now they come back for $80,000, and a proviso that it may be expended to support all women who desire to sever their allegiance to the Mormon church. The Association has purchased land upon which to build, and has closed a contract for the main structure, the foundations of which are already in place. But, as Senator Hale told the Senate, the money will be nearly expended when the main building is erected, and the additional appropriation sought in the present bill will be needed under the estimates of the architect employed by the Association for the purpose of adding another story to the main building, and two wings three stories high, all of which will be needed by the Association to develop the industrial part of its work. The balance of the appropriation will be needed for the next year in fitting up the new building, in the employment of a moderate force to conduct the work of the Association, and for the expenses of maintaining it. As soon as the enterprise is fairly entered upon, and the scope of its work can be seen, the Association will make, through the board of control, detailed reports of its work, and will be able to present definit estimates for future expenditures.

To bring the propositions of the association down to a point, they are: Forty thousand in hand; eighty thousand during this year, and future sums as per yearly estimates of the executiv committee of the Association, and all this to support the women who desire to change their religion. It occurs to us that it is a pretty high premium to put on female Mormon apostasy.

There is, however, a principle involved in this proposed measure, and it does not require a magnifying glass of very high power to see it. It is this: What power, what authority, has Congress to vote money to feed and clothe a number of females who desire to swap churches? Can Congress build a home to support all the Catholic women who see the error of their faith and want to become Infidels?

It is true that Senator Hale apologized for the language of the bill—"sever their allegiance to the Mormon church"—and offered to substitute other words, but so long as the meaning is there, it makes no difference as to the phraseology. Even retaining the words of the first bill, "to support the dependent women who shall hav renounced polygamy," the measure is as grossly unconstitutional as any that even Senator Blair has ever had the impudence to offer. Congress, in the territories, may punish crime and imprison the criminal, but where on earth does it get the constitutional authority to provide food and clothes and shelter for a certain class of citizens? Still more preposterous is it for Congress to set up an institution admittance to which depends upon the applicant's renunciation of certain religious tenets! The bill should never hav had a moment's consideration in the Senate or in the House of Representativs, and it never would hav had had not a lot of fanatical politicans like Senator Blair, of New Hampshire. and Edmunds, of Vermont, set the example of catering to the church for the sake of votes to be won and influence to be used in their behalf. It was this bad example that induced Congress to confiscate the property of the Mormon church on grounds by which, if parallel reasoning be allowed, every congregation in this country could be fleeced of almost every dollar's worth of property it possesses. Congress has simply gone into a religious crusade against one particular Christian sect at the behest of another, or several Christian sects. And the result is that it has got to support the victims, and in doing so giv employment and money and a national backing to the victorious sect. It's great business, indeed!

If Senators Hale, Blair, and Edmunds could be permanently retired from any participation in legislativ affairs it would be money in the pockets of every taxpayer in the country. And their retirement would conduce not a little, also, to the preservation of constitutional forms of government in the United States.

The School War in Boston.

In spite of the approaching presidential election the school question continues to be the top subject in Boston now, and the voting for a school board next month will be a warm contest. The Roman Catholics, while of course opposed to woman suffrage, will use the females of their faith for everything that will count, and the male members of the flock will be made to walk turkey—as the New Englanders felicitously phrase parental or legal coercion—if they do not vote as the priest orders them. The *Freeman's Journal* (Roman Catholic) says:

"If women are to be a factor in our voting population, the *Freeman's Journal* should regret to see the experiment made on an issue of this sort, and in such a spirit, but having to face the *fact* that a species of bulldozing is to be tried on, we cannot help feeling a certain amount of satisfaction that the coercionists will not be allowed to hav things all their own way. So, then, as things stand we are not one bit sorry that the Catholic women of Boston are to take a hand in the coming election, and our prayer is that they may do it so effectually that a school board will be chosen whose patriotic fairness cannot be questioned."

"Patriotic fairness" will strike the average reader as a very ingenious way of rounding up that last sentence. The Boston *Transcript* leans toward the Secular idea. It says

"Circulars hav been issued to the Catholic portion of the population appealing to them to be assessed if they wish to 'retain the Catholic power on the board.' Such an idea is altogether foreign to the purposes for which the school board exists. The American and common school idea is that sectarian notions and prejudices should be unknown in managing the schools. And the people are strong enough to enforce the idea, despite religious bigots on either side."

The *Home Journal* has very decided opinions on this school controversy:

"A Catholic has no more business to be placed upon the school board than the sworn foe to a prisoner has to be empaneled upon the jury which is to try him."

Some of the Protestant religious journals are, however, almost taking sides with the Catholics. The *Christian Weekly*, lamenting the good old times when the Westminster Catechism was taught in Boston schools, says that while "it would doubtless not be wise to teach that catechism now," yet "these accepted truths" should be taught, *i.e.*, "That God *is*; that he speaks to us in his inspired word; that he saves us by his son; that to God all men are responsible for the deeds done in the body." To this claim the *Christian Register*, a Unitarian organ, retorts:

"We assure the *Weekly* that there are many Protestants who are ready to protest against any such invasion of their rights as citizens. The place to teach the Westminster Catechism, or the theology derived from it, if it is to be taught at all, is in orthodox Sunday-schools, not in schools supported by the public money."

Thus the war goes on, and the religious brethren are having great sport making claims and denying them, just as though the world belonged to them to divide up as they pleased. But one of these days, we hope, the common-sense people will wake up and pitch all the sects out of the school-house windows and tell them to go to their churches to fight their battles, and pay the funeral expenses of their own dead.

A Poor Prospect for Protestantism.

A Lutheran minister writing in the *Independent* reveals a state of affairs in German cities more satisfactory to Freethinkers than to Christians. The burden of the minister's plaint is that the large cities of the German empire are almost entirely given over to irreligion, and that unless great effort is made to establish and support "city missions" the devil will get about all of the Dutchmen. The German capital, he says, has now over one and a quarter million inhabitants; yet the number of congregations is only thirty-eight, and of the clergy one hundred and three. In the outskirts of the city with a million of souls there are only thirty-five ministers. In this way a Berlin pastor is expected to care for from twenty to thirty thousand souls. Comparativly Hamburg is no better provided for, and Königsberg with its one hundred and forty-five thousand Protestants, Stettin, with one hundred and twenty-five thousand, Magdeburg, with one hundred and eleven thousand, Breslau, with one hundred and eighty thousand, average at least ten to fifteen thousand souls for each pastor.

In this state of apathy toward Christianity the clergyman finds not only a "negativ loss of spiritual privileges," but a positiv gain in pronounced anti-Christian tendencies, the most alarming of which is the increase of Socialists, who in that land correspond

in the eye of the church and government to the Nihilists of Russia. In the largest parish in Berlin, with a population of about one hundred thousand, at the last election the Social Democrat candidate received thirty thousand votes. It is the opinion of the church that each of these votes was cast by an undisguised Infidel, and she therefore hates Socialism as she does Infidelity. But that is not the worst of it. Nearly all the representativs sent by Berlin to the Prussian Landtag and to the German Reichstag are either advanced Radicals or outspoken Socialists, which is the same thing, except that the Socialists put the political ahead of the religious sentiment. The "de-Christianizing of the masses in the cities," says the minister, "has resulted not in mere religious indifferentism, but to a great extent in activ antagonism to the church and to the social order founded on Christian principles. When, after the repeal of the law compelling parents to hav their children baptized, it was learned that in the next twelve months ten hundred infants had not been baptized, a leading Berlin paper exclaimed: 'Hurrah for the first thousand heathens in Berlin.'" Another loss sustained by the church is that of the press. The Berlin papers are controled by "reformed," that is, Rationalistic, Jews, and to their influence, says our minister, is due to a great extent the irreligious condition of the German metropolis. The government, too, is reluctant to spend money in building churches, though the present emperor is heartily in accord with the pietists. In Leipzig, two years ago, the first new church erected for nearly four centuries was dedicated, and it is a rare thing to hear of the building of a new church in a German city.

This condition of ungodliness naturally excites the Christians, and they are now from private resources trying to reëstablish religion in the cities. In this they hav the help of the new kaiser, the fighting grandson of his grandfather, and his wife, who hav both expressed themselvs as desirous of seeing the people become Christians—possibly for the reason that then they will the more readily obey the "divinely appointed rulers" and be the more ready to starve or put themselvs up as targets for the greater glory of the emperor and his God. But the government will hardly spend much money on churches while needing it so badly for the army, and private enterprise is not likely to evangelize Berlin in a hurry. The Germans of the cities are mainly Rationalists, while the agricultural peasantry and unskilled labor class are chiefly Roman Catholics. Between the upper and nether mill-stones of Reason and Rome, the Protestantism of Germany is in hard luck, even though it be the legal religion.

Mr. Pecci and This Young Man.

There is no man in the world whose speeches are so easily read between the lines as are Mr. Pecci's, of Rome, Italy. This gentleman is variously known as "his holiness," the "sovereign pontiff," the "pope," and so forth, and he exercises a good deal of influence over several millions of people who imagin that in some way he has a strong political "pull" with the superintendent of one or two other-world places. Mr. Pecci, in other words, is a spiritual ruler, and considerable of a temporal ruler as well, though just now he has no army or navy to enforce his decrees.

Knowing who Mr. Pecci is and comprehending the position he occupies, the following interview between him and the representativ of a London newspaper is not without interest because of the plain statements made between the lines. Mr. Pecci was found on a throne, dressed in white, with pallid complexion cast into high relief by hangings of dark crimson curtains. There were three chairs on either side of him, and when the correspondent had kissed his slipper, Mr. Pecci deigned to ask the news-gatherer what he wanted. Evidently thinking that he was in great luck not to be kicked, which attention he would hav received with equal obsequiousness, the correspondent spoke:

"I ventured to ask his holiness if the German emperor's recent visit to the Vatican had proved satisfactory.

"'I cannot say,' he replied, 'that we are either satisfied or dissatisfied with the emperor's visit. That he came to Rome was not at our request, nor was his object in coming favorable to us, but rather to those who are against us, to those who for ten years past hav practically compelled me to restrict myself to this palace, from which I cannot issue. My dignity forbids me to do so.

"'This young man, having acceded to the German throne, has been making a round of visits to European courts, and finally to Rome, where his presence was calculated to strengthen our adversaries and consolidate their position, not to benefit us. He came to see me.

"'It was an act of courtesy, and I was glad to receive him.

"'I had much to say to him, but just as I was beginning my discourse he interrupted me by calling in his brother in order to present him to me. After that I had no further opportunity of speaking privately with him. . . . With our episcopacy and clergy in Germany all is going smoothly and satisfactorily; vacant offices hav been properly filled up with the accord of church and state alike, and to the contentment of both. Of our religious orders which had been expelled from Germany three hav been authorized to return —the Franciscans, the Dominicans, and the Benedictines. We are in negotiation about the withdrawal of prohibitions affecting our educational orders, but there is great difficulty in this. The German government desires to keep in its own hands the exclusiv instruction of Catholic children. To this I cannot consent.

"'The teaching rights of the church must be recognized and their exercise must be duly authorized by the state. With less than this I may not be satisfied, and, as you know, when the pope is dissatisfied Catholics are discontented.

"'In the German empire there are fifteen million Catholics whose wishes and feelings must be respected, it being to the interest of their temporal rulers to keep them contented. When the civil authority is righteously exercised it is always supported by the church. As head of the church I cannot countenance injustice done to those who are committed to my care and whom I am bound to protect and defend.'"

Notice, please, the We with which Mr. Pecci alludes to himself. That is the "plural of majesty," and the plural of majesty was used by Jehovah himself when he said, Let Us make man. Since then various people calling themselvs sovereigns hav used this form of expression. But the most prominent point brought out by this interview, however, is that We are not pleased to be pleased with "this young man," because he, or his government, will not let Us run his schools while he pays the bills. And unless this is done at once We shall sulk, and make Our people sulk, and then there'll be the devil and all to pay. Of course We always support the government of kings (We used to be in partnership with the fellows) when they do as We say, but no government is righteously exercised unless We are the power behind the throne, or are the throne itself. Therefore, and finally, We are not satisfied with "this young man."

The irreverent American will want to know who We are, but as that has been already explained, the question is not pertinent.

The Humbug of the Missions.

"The Great Missionary Failure," is the title of an article in the last *Fortnightly Review*, by Canon Taylor, who has before now disgusted his fellow-clerics by explaining to the people who support missionary societies the folly of their giving. In this article Canon Taylor reaches the conclusion that the attempts of the churches to convert the world to Christianity are positiv failures. The facts from which Mr. Taylor argues are briefly summarized by the *Sun*:

"Leaving out Thibet, Borneo, and other regions of which the population is unknown, the most recent estimates make the non-Christian population of Asia and Africa upward of 920,000,000, of which the natural increase by the excess of births over deaths must be more than 11,000,000 annually. Dr. Maclear, who is the principal of a training college for missionaries, and 'perhaps the greatest living authority on the subject,' estimates the annual increase of nativ Christians due to missionary efforts at 60,000. At that rate, then, it would take the missionary societies 183 years to overtake even this natural increase of the non-Christian population in a single year. 'In spite of our advance, instead of overtaking the work, the work is overtaking us. It is like the tortoise racing with a railway train; the longer the race continues the farther the tortoise is left behind.' Something like $10,000,000 is spent annually on Protestant missions, and there are about 6,000 American and European missionaries, with about 30,000 nativ agents, and yet there are to-day upward of 10,000,000 more heathen and Mohammedans than there were a year ago.

"The greatest of the missionary societies is the Church Missionary Society, with an expenditure of about $1,500,000 yearly, and yet the annual increase of nativ Christians due to its labors is not more than 4,000 at the outside. Therefore it would take the society 2,750 years to convert as many Moslems and heathen as are gained by birth in a single year. If the population remained stationary and all the converts steadfast, it would take more than 330,000 years to convert the world, or nearly a million years if the relapses are taken into account.

"The annual increase of nativ Protestant Christians in India, due to the labors of 35 societies, is reported to be 19,311, and of Roman Catholics 21,272, or 40,583 in all. At this rate it would take 64 years to come up to the increase of the non-Christian population of India in a single year. In China the situation is even more disheartening. The number of adults baptized by the Church Missionary Society last year was only 167 out of a population of 382,000,000, with an annual gain of at least 4,580,000 by the excess of births over deaths. At this rate the society would hav to work 27,000 years to come up to the natural increase of one year, and more than 1,680,000 years to convert China, even if the population remained stationary. The expenditure, too, is enormous; in any other department of effort it would be called wasteful. In China the cost of the 167 conversions was about $75,000. In Ceylon last year 424 agents of this society spent $55,000 in making 190 adult converts out of a population of nearly 3,000,000; and yet the relapses were more numerous than the conversions, for there was an actual decrease of 143 in the number of nativ Christian adherents. In northern India it cost $170,000 and the labors of 715 agents to make 173 converts. Many of the converts are paid, 35 of the 94 communicants in Hong Kong being paid nativ agents, and 7 of the 10 in Egypt and Arabia. In the missions to Egypt, Persia, Palestine, and Arabia the society employs 119 agents, and has expended over $117,000 in the last two years, with absolutely no conversions. All the efforts of the Protestant missionaries against Mohammedanism hav been utterly unavailing. Islam stands out firmly against Christianity, and is far more successful than it is in propagandism."

But this is not all. The miserable showing in numbers is followed by an equally unsatisfactory exhibit as to the quality of the converts. Unprejudiced testimony in all heathen countries is unanimous that the men and women most easily brought under the influence of the missionaries are those who make the most undesirable members of any decent community. And Canon Taylor corroborates this testimony most unequivocally. He quotes the English vice-consul in the Cameroons as reporting that after twenty years of labor the missionaries in many important districts can scarcely number twenty sincere converts; and in other parts of Africa the religion of the nominal Christians "is discredited by numbering among its adherents all the drunkards, liars, rogues, and unclean livers in the colony. In the oldest of our West African possessions all the unrepentant Magdalens of the chief city are professing Christians, and the most notorious one in the place boasts that she 'never missed going to church on a communion Sunday.'" After a quarrel in a nominally Christian village, three years ago, the victors proceeded to cook and eat the bodies of the slain. The vice-consul says that, with rare exceptions, the nativ African pastors, teachers, and catechists whom he has met are "more or less bad men." A missionary reports the same.

Added to the moral rottenness of the converts, another great drawback to the conversion of the world to Christianity is found in the persistent and inevitable rows among the various Christian sects. Canon Taylor quotes Dr. Legge, for forty years a missionary among the Mohammedans, to the effect that "we shall fail to make converts so long as Christianity presents itself infected with the bitter internal animosities of Christian sects, and associated in the minds of the nativs with the drunkenness, the profligacy, and the gigantic social evil conspicuous among Christian nations." There are two hundred and twenty-four societies which work for converts. One missionary complains that one of his "inquirers" has been "decoyed" and baptized by the missionary of another society. Another records that an inquirer, to whom he was paying five dollars a month, struck for higher pay and ran off to a rival missionary. A third discovered that a hopeful inquirer of his had adopted inquiry as a paying business, and was going the round of the missions.

These last criticisms of the Eastern missionary methods reveal a striking resemblance to the Freshman mission to the Jews in this city, and it is not unlikely that the latter is a fair model of missions everywhere. At any rate, the results appear to be the same abroad as at home. Few converts, and those of undesirable persons; fighting and scheming and bribery practiced on all sides, and the deluded but honest Christians footing the bills. A "million for missions" raised in one church alone to be spent on Western hypocrits and Eastern debauchees and prostitutes—such is the spectacle presented to those Christians who hav given more than they can afford, even to robbing their children of their pennies, in the vain hope of bringing the heathen to the foot of the cross. Surely it is time to bring this imposition to an end. And now that Canon Taylor, himself a distinguished member of the English church, has given us the facts, the supporters of the humbug system, as well as those who profit pecuniarily by it, should go a little slow in bleeding the unsuspecting church-members.

Letters from Friends.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Below find synopsis of lecture delivered at our meeting yesterday afternoon in Memorial Hall, which we hav leased for 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon meetings. In addition I will say that Professor Bell is a very fine speaker, and has his audience under perfect control, all being as interested and eager at the close as at the beginning. It was as good a lecture as the Cleveland Secular Union has ever had the pleasure of listening to. We hope to secure his services again. F. S. MERRILL, Cor. Sec.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 2, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Cool weather is fast approaching, and in order that we may keep our mutual arrangements all a-going, I yesterday sent you a postal order for another year's subscription to the gallant TRUTH SEEKER.

We are having an elegant row in this lively village between the two sets of superstitious scalawags oalled Protestants and Catholics, and I rejoice heartily as I remember that "when rogues fall out honest men get their dues." I should be pleased to see Brother Heston show up this holy religious turmoil. GEO N. HILL.

OMAHA, NEB., Oct. 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I never want to be behind in sending my subscription. I hav weighed nonsense and reason in the scales of good common sense; then be sure you hav me for life to your honorable paper.

The Salvation Army is activ. The Mormons are working here, and they told me I was a fit subject for hell, when I tell them they are peddling garbage. Would that I could write something that would stir some big heart, and shake this ungodly superstitious place. $13,000 was taken up last Sunday in the Congregationalists' new church. W. L. GRAY.

LANARK, ARK., Oct. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed will carry me into my fifteenth year. I like the paper as well as ever. It seems to grow in grace. I think it is the best educator I hav ever read, and I can't think of stopping. I hav a few readers, and I am making considerable impression. One man told me the other day that he could not see now how he believed the way he had. I told him that he was raised on the other side; that there were two sides to everything, and that to render a proper verdict we must hear the evidence on both sides; that I had been in the same fix, and any man that was not willing to hear both sides in every case was not an honest jurist.

T. H. M.

COALTON, KY., Oct. 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: At this place there is a large coal mine employing about three hundred miners. The company is headed by Christians, and in order to show how these Christians love their fellow-Christian miners, I will tell you about the law of the state which compels mining companies to ventilate their mines. (We hav to make laws for Christians as well as sinners, and they are as often broken by Christians as sinners.) Well, not long ago some miners were talking about the woeful condition of the air in the mine where they worked. I said, "Why don't you report this to the mine inspector?" "Why," said they, "we would be discharged immediately." Then I concluded if that was the case I would, for the sake and safety of humanity, try to stir them up by writing to the governor and hav him, if possible, lay the matter before the inspector. In my letter I referred the governor to the Rev. John R. Collins, who was also a justice of the peace. He is also an employee in the mines. The mine inspector wrote to Mr. Collins concerning the ventilation of the mine, and the Christian superintendent heard of it, and now threatens to discharge his brother Christian from the company's employ. Why? Simply because Mr. Collins was written to by the mine inspector and might be instrumental in having the law executed—a law for the protection of humanity. Those same Christian tyrants profess great love for the children at the Sabbath-schools on Sundays, but forget to love and care for them on the week-days while in the damp, noxious mine. The Rev. Mr. Collins should remember the scriptures, and should never oppose the powers that be. He should also remember that Christianity is always consistent in its sayings and doings. It's a great civilizer and worker for good, as the above case shows.

Yours for U. M. L., S. P. HERRON, P.M.

ESTELLINE, DAK., Oct. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In a recent issue a writer asks, "Who are Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? All we know about them is the assertion that they were fishermen." It is implied that the assertion that they were fishermen is to be found in the New Testament, but it is not found there. On the contrary, Matthew is said to hav been a publican or custom house officer (Matt. ix, 9). Mark's occupation, previous to his discipleship, is not stated, but we learn that his mother lived in Jerusalem (Acts xii, 12), from which it is inferred that Mark did also, and that he was not a fisherman. Luke was a physician (Col. iv, 14). This Luke is generally conceded to be the third evangelist. John was the only fisherman among them (Matt. iv, 21).

I hav selected this instance as a basis for a few remarks. I am a thoroughgoing Liberal, as much so as any writer in these columns. I believe the gospel stories to be largely fabulous, but I should dislike to see anyone join the Liberal ranks through the influence of reckless statements. Let us leave misrepresentation to our adversaries—they hav need of it, while we hav not. A clear and lucid presentation of the exact truth will win for Liberalism the victory over superstition and ignorance. It is an easy matter for our opponents to point out errors of this kind, which they are only too glad to do, in the hope of throwing discredit upon the cause as a whole. And this in fact is the effect produced upon minds not accustomed to independent thought on religious subjects—a class numbering the greater part of mankind. They are taught to look at it in a way something like this: Writers who make such erroneous statements must be either very ignorant or very dishonest—in either case unworthy of credit. It is well to see ourselvs as others see us, for we profess to look at all sides. In this way only can we prove to be truly Liberal.

I hope the gentleman whose statement I hav been criticising will not be offended at what I hav said, for I assure him he stands acquitted of both charges. A number of the apostles were fishermen, but only one of the evangelists, and it is confessed (Acts iv, 13) that Peter and John were ignorant and unlearned men (Greek, *idiotes*). Mistakes of this nature are easily made, which is the very reason for exercising great care in controversial writings. C. L. ABBOTT.

EAST RANDOLPH, N. Y., Oct. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It is autumn now, four months and four days since I wrote a letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER; and what changes hav occurred from rosy June till frosty and rainy October! Yes, the sky weeps now; it is 9 P.M., and we sit in our room, surrounded by good books and papers, and I think as I scribble off this epistle of the thousands of noble truth seekers, men, women, and children, all over this and other lands—none fairer than our loved America—who hav tried to extract the sweets from life in various ways this Sabbath day, each person according to his mentality, moral and intellectual worth, and preferences, indulging in what he believed was the best thing for him to do.

Thoughts are the seeds of character, and it's an old saying: "As a man thinketh so is he;" and I conclude, as a man does, so is he. In a few short weeks the cold and cruel winter will visit the mansions of the rich and the wretched hovels, called homes, of the starving poor of the metropolis. Men, women, and their pledges of love, dimpled children, will shiver and weep because coal and the necessaries of life are dear and wages are low—largely owing to "combines," "trusts," that the mouthpiece of the Republican party, James G. Blaine, of Maine, has the audacity to say, "No one has any right to interfere with." At this point I recall the battle of Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sydney, after having two horses slain under him, was shot in the thigh. He was a mile from camp, and was obliged to limp in that condition to his tent. On reaching the tent, exhausted with loss of blood, he feebly called for water. It was procured with some difficulty and brought to him. As he was about to put the flagon to his mouth his eye fell upon a poor, common soldier lying wounded a few yards off upon the ground, whose piteous eyes were turned toward the refreshing draught. Sydney forgot his own agony, put the cup down untouched, and said: "Giv the water to him; his necessities are greater than mine." Fourteen days after that Sir Philip Sydney died, in the flower of his life, but leaving behind him a name that for inherent gentlemanliness, for manliness, for courage, for delicacy, and for self-denial, will liv as long as the word "gentleman" preserves its significance. But has Blaine such sympathy for the poor as Sydney had for the soldier? It appears not. Next Sabbath the church bells will ring out on the startled air and hundreds will wend their way to hear T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., decked in their costly clothes, their very best. "Devout Christians," I believe they are called, but I choose to call very many of them devout thieves. Is that language too strong? Well, if some who drive in their carriages through the streets of New York are not thieves; if capitalists and monopolists who dine and wine, who make men shiver and women weep—capitalists who wax fat and are slick and prosperous, while the cheeks of innocent childhood and helpless babyhood pale and plaintiv voices cry for bread, and proclaim how merciless the struggle is for existence—if these are not thieves, who are? Let there be no more mocking of their woe. Ye men of wealth, won't you please help the needy, poor, and heartbroken toilers of the race? Visit the filthy haunts of poverty, of sickness and crime. Open your pocket-books and speak words of comfort and kindness into aching human hearts; then you will feel blessed—feel better and will make others do so too.

Very truly, R. R. JONES.

BURTON, MICH., Oct. 8, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to present to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER some of my experience with the marvelous little oracle the planchet. In the presence of churchmen, Materialists, Spiritualists, Atheists, old and young, under strictly test conditions, I hav seen this unconscious piece of furniture move rapidly across the table, climb its length up some person, move back, and answer questions by rising up on one side and striking its legs three times on the table for yes and once for no. I hav seen it keep a company in deep and absorbing thought, sharp hits causing frequent roars of laughter for an hour, with one or two persons holding the ends of their fingers gently on it and using no physical means to move it. I affirm that conscious intelligent spirits work this little piece of wood as my spirit works my pen in this writing. There is a right and a wrong way in the working and management of this instrument. A few plain rules must be understood and observed. Sit regularly once or twice a week. Those composing the séance should be honest truth seekers, no matter what their political or religious creed or if they hav no creed. There should be a retired, comfortable room, and no disturbance allowed after séance is opened by music, instrumental or vocal, or both. Vocal is best. Music is harmonizing, elevating, and spiritualizing. Sing any lively, popular air, with suitable words, as, "Come, Angel Band," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Shining Shore," etc. Then form a circle around a table and let some one audibly invoke some true, loving spirit friends to be present and lend their aid in establishing happy reunions through the planchet. Let this invocation be sincere, earnest, modest, covering the object of the sitters. Let scoffing, ridicule, or discourtesy be in abeyance. Cherish and maintain the same feelings as if some mortal friends were to call. Let scoffers and those who do not wish to meet their whilom friends stay away. They are not the ones to decide that their friends do not exist as individuals with their affections intact. They will learn that in the realm of causes when disrobed of all that is mortal, if they are too self-sufficient and unteachable to learn that lesson here. Then sit still or sing some thirty to forty minutes to magnetize planchet, table, room, etc., so as to concentrate electro-magnetic forces on this little unconscious oracle. Their spirit forms are electro-magnetic, and electricity and magnetism are the agents or forces they use to move inert matter, as do our spirits operating muscles, bones, and sinews. After sitting that length of time, anyone holding planchet, inquire audibly if any spirit friend is present, and ask that if so he will please indicate it by tilting the instrument upon one side and rapping the feet three times on the table. If there is no motion, wait awhile and let another ask. And thus let each one of the circle ask for his friend. Usually it will work freely before the sitting closes. When a spirit has moved planchet and been identified by question, confine all questions to him or her until through, then say, "Thank you for this interview; please meet us at next séance"—at designated time. Then call for another. Sometimes some spirit is so intensely anxious to reach a friend there that others will giv way to that one. Question freely. Put all questions so answers can be given by Yes or No. When planchet works well, allow another and another of the circle to change with the one operating it. They can thus find in whose hands it works best. After a little use it will work with one alone at home and be the household oracle. Never trifle with it. Truth seekers and any who may read this, try it. No other teachers will go so deep or work half as cheap. We are using one in this way. We learn much. Here is proof of immortality. This is more than a Delphic oracle. Its price is sixty cents, postpaid. D. HIGBIE, M.D.

LEXINGTON, KY., Oct. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It amuses me to read the timid, shaky articles which appear from time to time in our magazines on the awful subject of governmental interference. Men who kneel to the monopolist are afraid of the very shadow of tyranny when the general government attempts to do anything for our good in an orderly way, with its method grounded upon precedents known to those familiar with the history of liberty. Such skeptics deny the very existence of genius, whose Byronic, fiery words, even when they counsel us to do wrong, will rouse from his torpor some heavenly, timid thinker and cause him to pour forth utterances which shake the moral universe. If the government is in the wrong, then it must be set right, for it is the only staff we hav to lean upon. If our rulers are anarchists, disregarding precedents, perhaps some "village Hampden" may bring them to reason. I supposed that men in office were the servants of the ballot-box, and that our laws and institutions proceeded from a similar source. The post-office department needs no private interference, and if other matters of general interest cannot be conducted in the same way, good citizens should at once giv the subject their serious consideration. Nothing can lead to despotism which is subservient to the wishes of patriotic voters. They can even force the man of unwieldly fortune to bequeath a part of it to the poor. But, of course, votes of free men cannot control the corporate body, or powerful individual, who rules that vote. A powerful impulse from the people, however, can prevent the state from being a catspaw in the hands of the capitalist. Already do they despise the aristocracy, who assume influence without license, who are amenable to none, decimating the fortunes of poor citizens, causing the masses to subsist upon the crumbs which fall from their tables. A happy chance to amass riches, or a crafty instinct to accumulate, impels some men to liv by snatching morsels from the honest artisan or laborer who has not time to watch for or prevent the theft. How easily could a few changes in the machinery of government be made to hinder these greedy individuals from imitating the terrible orc of the Spanish poet, whose best powers and talents were devoted to the task of devouring a dozen families with their provisions at one meal! We ought to hail with delight the advent of a Vulcan who can forge a chain capable of holding a leviathan, whose intellectual acumen enables him to discover the principles of only one great art—and this is, to revel in the exercise of the instinct of the lowest animals, who store away more provisions than they and their children could consume if they lived to the age of Methusaleh. With our dearest interests trembling in the balance, hav not Americans the brains and power to avert the impending calamity? Will they not make this one resolution—no more to nominate for offices, although they may be the main pillars of our churches, men who possess but one available talent, and that is, to enact the role of the wolf who invited the hungry crane to supper? And secondly, let them recollect that "the Constitution has no other object than the general happiness."

"Are you bound to obey a law unless you help to make it?" These golden words of Madison and Paine hav been quoted anew with great effect by Mrs. Amarala Martin, authoress of a book entitled, "Our Uncle and Aunt." Take this work in your hand, and while you meet with the above sentiment, so tersely expressed, your heart glowing with patriotic feeling, your senses are bathed in the aroma of the apple-blossom in the paradise which she creates around you. I love to peruse "The Vicar of Wakefield," but I revel now in something still more noble, which touches with magic hand the great topic of the well-being of society. She

proves conclusivly that this cannot be promoted to any great extent while the destructiv and degrading tyranny continues which subjects and blights the female half of the human race. She awakens your sympathies and better judgment as she describes the misery of homes where women's best wishes are disregarded. She unfolds the sad routine through which you trace the loathsome degradation of heart, home, and society at large. The influence is ignored, oftentimes, of the kind angel who bears the heat and burden of the day with a keen appreciation of wrongs which others faintly comprehend. ALHAZA.

WATERVILLE, MINN., Oct. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals of Waterville and vicinity are just as happy as there is any use to be since we had the little giant, Geo. H. Dawes, with us for four lectures, as follows: first, "What Objections to Christianity?" second, "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" third, "The Mission of Liberalism;" fourth, "Inspiration of the Bible." Liberals, you need not fear to engage Mr. Dawes for a course of lectures, for he is truly a giant in shaking up old orthodoxy.

Fraternally yours, ORANGE DURAND.

Oct. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: What man in this busy time can go through history from page to page and show to the world better teaching than THE TRUTH SEEKER unfurls? When you find him, please bring him forward, and he shall hav my sympathy for showing we are not right. Yes, let us press forward and see what we can gain, and never turn back to the dogmas and creeds and dead ages for food for the mind. And in closing this I will say, THE TRUTH SEEKER is right—if it isn't, doggone it. ALBERT S. WHITE.

CULVER, Sept. 26, 288.

MR. EDITOR: There is no money here, only what is in the hands of the money shark. We hav lost three crops the three last years. The farmers are the worst slaves that I hav ever seen, and I saw black slavery in the good old Christian times gone by. Six farmers out of every ten break up. There is no help for it or for the farmers. Nine-tenths of the real estate in central Kansas is under mortgage, cut-throat mortgage at that. There is no pleasure in being a farmer. We breast all the hard knocks, pay nearly all the taxes, bless all the candidates for president. I won't vote for a man of them, or Congressman either, so good-bye, politics. The world is my country; to love women and children, respect an honest man, despise a hypocrit, and hate a politician, is my religion, if I hav any. I am an Atheist of sixty-two years' standing. Who can tell who is an older Atheist than I? Success to you and the Truth Seeker Company. There is no success for us farmers. We work hard, eat light, go nearly naked, are poor talkers, and still poorer writers. Keep THE TRUTH SEEKER booming. W. M. ROBINSON.

YORK, PA., Oct. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: McArthur says, "The evidence of one who has seen has more weight than the evidences of a thousand who hav not seen." Can a spirit be seen? If so, it must hav some kind of a form. What does it look like, and how does it exist? McArthur further says that the question is still open for discussion, to determin from a scientific and philosophic standpoint the truth or falsity of the Spiritual phenomena. What are these phenomena? As I understand them, they are that the spirit livs after the body dies. Can this be determined from a scientific standpoint? How is it possible for a spirit to liv without a material body? To me the idea is absurd and unreasonable, just as much so as that something can be made out of nothing. If it is a mere matter of *seeing*, what is the use of discussing the matter? Why can not everybody go and see the spirit of this or that one, and so settle the whole thing at once? But what is the use of asking these questions? They hav been asked hundreds of times in THE TRUTH SEEKER before, and about all the consolation we get is to be told that we are unfair, unjust, narrow, bigoted Materialists, and the questions propounded not worthy of consideration. Fraternally, J. C. ROE.

MAZO MANIE, Oct. 18, 288.

MR. EDITOR: The presidential election is now near at hand, and I intend voting for the Democratic nominee for president, though, up to the present time, I hav voted the Republican ticket. Now, my reasons for changing my vote are simply these: The Republican convention rejected the conservativ Liberal, Gresham, and nominated the zealous churchman, Harrison. By so doing, the party plainly indicated that it is relying on the support of the orthodox church to elect their nominee. This of itself ought to be sufficient to cause every true Liberal to vote the Democratic ticket. Of course, no true Liberal can think of voting the Prohibition ticket, for it would be voting direct for a God in the Constitution, and the enactment of persecuting Sunday laws. But I think that it is much better for us Liberals to unite and try to elect Grover Cleveland, for I think that we could hav more confidence in him to veto any bill passed by Congressmen simply in the church interests, or, in case Liberals should succeed in Congress and pass a bill for the taxing of church property, we could hav more confidence in Cleveland than we could in Harrison that such a bill would be vetoed. I think that there are sufficient indications that Cleveland is no favorit of the orthodox churches, for, during the campaign four years ago, he was commonly talked of by the opposition as being as much an Infidel as ex-Governor Seymour and Col. R. G. Ingersoll. I also know that the first letters that were published in the Chicago *Tribune* accusing him with that famous scandal came over the signature of orthodox clergymen, and it is well known that the Irish Catholic vote was divided for and against him, for the Irish Catholic will not vote for an Infidel while under the influence of his church. Though Cleveland is now a nominal church-member, it seems really necessary in order to allay the prejudice of religious people at the present time.

JOHN LEITCH.

Oct. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: On the question, which is first, brain or thought? "Alhaza" writes: "Genius may sometimes be capable of synthetic judgment, but to assert that thought is created first and the brain afterward is an affirmation too disgusting to proceed from any but an ignorant or cowardly source."

These assertions or denunciations are too sweeping to be overlooked. It is one of the yet unsolved problems which is first, mind or matter, brain or thought. Yet the affirmation either way ought not to be called the effect of ignorance or of cowardice.

I am astonished at the amount of vituperation and abuse so often heaped upon so-called Liberals by one another.

Why is this? Is it not possible for all sincere seekers after truth to be kind and lenient to those in pursuit of knowledge, even if they search for it and speak of it in other ways and terms than they approve? This is an age in which humanity is striving to go abreast in the broader road of science and philosophy, turning from the narrow paths marked out by ignorance and superstition, in which so many still follow blind leaders of the blind. I do not care to discuss these abstract questions, while there are so many others of still greater moment to the interests of human advancement and of more practicable knowledge.

LUNA HUTCHINSON.

MANTENO, ILL., Oct. 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of October 13th is a critique on Mr. Underwood's article on protection by F. M. Holland, in which he says, "Those who would hav our government buy bonds, rather than reduce duties, are reminded that the premium is now exorbitant." Now, the question to be answered is, Why pay any premium at all, when they are payable at par, under the law, at the option of the government. The Public Credit act of March, 1869, contains the following conditions with reference to the payment of the bonds before maturity, and is as follows: "But none of said interest-bearing obligations, not already due, shall be redeemed or paid before maturity unless at such time United States notes shall be convertible into coin at the option of the holder, or unless at such time bonds of the United States, bearing a lower rate of interest than the bonds to be redeemed, can be sold at par in coin." Now then, United States notes (greenbacks) are convertible into coin at the option of the holder. Bonds bearing a lower rate of interest than the bonds to be redeemed, can be sold at par in coin! Therefore, "interest-bearing obligations" (the very bonds which the government is buying up at a twenty-nine per cent premium), although "not already due," may be redeemed as paid before maturity. It seems to me the English language cannot possibly express anything in plainer terms than the above. Now, Mr. Editor, I would like for you, or Mr. Underwood, or any other man, to rise and explain why the government is compelled to pay such a high premium to get possession of her bonds. It cannot be that refunding the bonds would render the law obsolete. O. W. BARNARD.

BERLIN, N. J., Oct. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: R. Gunther, of California, had an article in THE TRUTH SEEKER, some time ago, in which he expressed his sorrow that J. Hacker was so full of things not worth knowing. I asked him through your columns to name the things not worth knowing, referring him to articles of mine in your paper. He has at length got off a reply of some two columns, and the sum and substance of all he names in my writings that he thinks not worth knowing is, that I find fault with our government, and that I advocate man's birthright to land enough to make a home and raise his food on.

As every tree is known by its fruit, so is every action of individual men and governments known by its fruit or its results. Seven hundred years ago bandits went from England to Ireland and took possession of the land, and from that time to this the Irish people hav been slaves to them and their heirs, in consequence of which thousands of them hav died of starvation, and thousands more would hav starved if they had not come to America.

In the great Irish famin of 1847 thousands of the Irish people died of starvation, and yet there was food enough raised in Ireland that very year to make them all comfortable. Why, then, did they starve? Simply because the earliest and best of all their crops had to go to England to pay land robbers rent on the farms. There was little or nothing left for the Irish but potatoes, and the rot taking that crop, the people, thousands of them, could do no better than lie down in their cabins and starve. That famin and all those deaths were the beautiful fruits of land robbery, which Mr. Gunther advocates, and thinks the facts not worth knowing, while, according to his story, he holds two hundred acres of land more than he has any birthright to.

The working classes of all the nations of Europe are, in consequence of land robbery, living on the brink of starvation, while the robbers are rolling in idleness and dissipation on the fruits of the workers' labor, and the same terrible curse is increasing every day in this country. I hav a list of over twenty millions of acres that our own robber government has sold to foreigners, who hav agents here establishing the same system of robbery and oppression that pauperized Ireland, Italy, and other nations of the Old World.

Mr. Gunther has probably read of the numerous strikes and lockouts of laborers in this country, and still advocates the right of the government, which, by robbing men of their birthright to land, has been the cause of all this trouble and loss of time. Land robbery has driven millions of men from agriculture, where they could hav gained a living, until all other occupations are overstocked with hands underbidding each other on labor to avoid starvation, and land robbery alone has been the cause of all the trouble between capital and labor, and the condition of laborers here is becoming worse every year.

A few weeks ago, when the peach harvest was about to commence in Delaware, foreigners, mainly Italians, went down there from Camden and Philadelphia to get work. Two hundred of them were clustered around one station, and before they could get work some of them became so hungry that they stole things from the cars. A sheriff was sent for to put the whole two hundred in prison, as tramps, but he did not go because the prisons were all full and there was no place for them. The paper stated that there were not less than ten thousand of these tramps on the peninsula. And this is the beautiful and delicious fruit produced by that upas-tree land robbery that R. Gunther thinks should be nurtured and protected by our despicable government, till it spreads its baleful influence over all our land. These men had been driven from their nativ countries by land robbery to underbid our workers in wages and reduce them to the same pauperism.

Since then, over in Monmouth county, this state, when the cranberry harvest was about to commence, the nativs who had usually harvested the fruit met at the agent's office as in former years, expecting to hav work, but were told to wait. After waiting an hour a train arrived with two hundred Italians who had been driven from their nativ land by Brother Gunther's beautiful upas-tree land robbery, and who had agreed to work cheaper than the nativs ever had. The nativs were then told that they could work too, if they would work at the same starvation wages; but as they could not liv on such cheap food as the Italians had been accustomed to, they refused, and the agents had to hurry the Italians into carriages and send them off to the cranberry-bogs to prevent a riot, and I hav not heard from them since. Beautiful upas-tree, Brother Gunther!

Between forty and fifty years ago I wrote and published in my paper, the *Pleasure Boat*—old volumes of which I am now selling postpaid at fifty cents—the first article I ever saw on free land, and knew only one man then who agreed with me on the subject, but now there are millions in this country, and the same great truth is spreading through all the countries of Europe. The time is not distant when land robbery will demand and receive as much attention as colored slavery did before the war, for it is making a large portion of the white people even greater slaves than the colored people were, and if this great sin is not soon abolished, it will cause a more ferocious war than colored slavery did. There are many shylocks robbing the people, but the workers are yet in the majority, and if they would unite and elect honest rulers the war might be prevented. But it is not likely they will until hunger drives them to use desperate means, and if so, then woe to all land-grabbers. The whole world will know in a few years that land robbery is a million times worse than all other crimes, and the cause of at least seven-tenths of all the poverty, crime, immorality, dissipation, and misery on earth, and no one but thieves will then say that these things were not worth knowing.

Yours, J. HACKER.

LAKE CITY, IOWA, Oct. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find pay for a few more numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER bearing date of October 6th. The article in that paper by Prof. C. L. Haskell is worth a year's subscription. I want the paper to circulate among our Christian friends, that they may learn the Atheist's creed. I think it may do them good.

I hav been somewhat surprised in reading a few articles in your paper on the subject of tariff or free trade, and am sorry to think that some of the articles bear the mark of extreme ignorance or dishonesty. But after reading the subject up closely on both sides for over forty years, I hav made up my mind that there is only one man in a thousand that knows much about it. But there is one thing every man knows that has a thimbleful of brains or one-half that much wit, and that is that the tariff placed on foreign goods is not always, and in fact but seldom, to be paid by the home consumer. To illustrate, I once built a house with nails at ten cents per pound in free times—our factories driven out of existence and hands idle and times as bad as could well be. But Congress, seeing our mistake, placed a tariff of five cents per pound on foreign nails. Now for the result. If free trade argument is correct nails would immediately hav advanced to fifteen cents per pound. Did they? Not much. American factories that had gone down in the first crash went into operation again. Now for the result. With hands all employed again, times reviving, and opposition and competition showing their natural results, nails came down until, when I built a large house two years ago, I paid for a much better nail, American made, three and one-half cents per pound. Will any free trader tell me why they were not fifteen cents in the place of three and one-half, or hav they been fibbing a little? It is best to look to such articles well. When a man tells us in the winding-up of a free trade article, "Now giv us free trade and we will burst up all monopoly and combinations," he simply takes you to be what he has made himself—a very foolish man. Free trade and the man in the moon are equal in breaking up trusts. A good, stringent law, and that alone, will break up trusts and combinations, and the sooner we hav such a law the better for the country. But no Grover or free trade in mine, if you please, but protection to the American laboring man forever.

J. L. TOMPKINS.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

While the Days Are Going By.

There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Be our faces like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes,
Help our fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

Should misfortune dark come o'er us,
While the days are going by;
Think what brightness is before us,
While the days are going by;
In our home where all are blessed,
There's no sorrow to molest,
But we all may be at rest,
While the days are going by.

Did He Liv Alone?

His name was David Jones. People said he lived all alone in the woods, afar from any human habitation, in a rude little log cabin. When Dora and Annie went berrying one day with their cousins, Arthur and Johnny Howard, they sailed away up the river and stopped on the banks above Grassy Landing. Wandering in the wood, they suddenly came upon the home of David Jones. They had sometimes seen him in town, on his occasional visits to sell the skins of animals, eggs, and herbs, and knew him at once.

"How awfully lonely you must be, living here all alone!" exclaimed Dora.

"Not so, not so, my good girl," said Jones. "I am not so lonely or alone as you think."

"Who told you so?" piped a voice from the corner.

"Oh, here is a parrot, I declare!" screamed Annie.

"Yes, my parrot is good company. He came all the way from Africa, and by this tie I am connected with that foreign country, somewhat, you see. I will make you a cup of tea if you will drink it with me, and this tea here," said he, taking some from a tin canister, "came all the way to me from China. It tells me of pagodas and—pig-tails," he added, laughing. "Here's a piece of the rock of Gibraltar," he continued, "that a sailor gave me who had sailed up the Mediterranean, and this curious shell," taking an odd-looking and beautiful specimen from the rough mantel, "came from the shores of Japan."

They all gathered about the old man with great interest.

He went on: "I paid a dollar for a dozen eggs, and the hen who laid them came from Hamburg. That tinkling bell you hear is around my cow's neck, and her father was born in Scotland."

"So all the foreign countries help to make you comfortable," remarked John.

"Yes, and happy. I think of the colored people away down in Louisiana who pick the rice that I eat, who make my sugar and molasses. I think of the planter who grows cotton for my benefit, and the miner in Pennsylvania who digs coal for me out of the earth, yes, and the oil that I burn in my lamp, too. Why, my little men and little women, how cau I be lonely with so many people from so many countries constantly furnishing me with necessary articles? This flannel coat on my back was once wool on a sheep's back. Away down in Massachusetts they took it into a mill and made it fit for me to wear. Now, I do a little to keep up intercourse with the outside world. For instance, I send my eggs every day to Mrs. Pinkerton, who is sick and can eat only a fresh egg daily. Every fall I send the skins of the animals I kill down to Boston and New York to make muffs and collars to keep the little girls warm in the cold winter."

"What do you keep in yonder bags, if I am not too bold?" inquired Arthur.

"Oh, no; in this is the bark of the bay; in that, juniper, and in the green one is sarsaparilla root. Wormwood is in that yellow bag, and sage in the one next to it, and it would tire you to hear about the contents of all the other bags, but they are all useful, and will be sent to the chemists and druggists to make medicin to cure the sick and the lame."

"There are seven big, puffy bags up on that shelf," whispered Dora to Annie. "I wonder what is in them."

David Jones heard her, and replied, "Those are pine needles, as we call them. They go to the city, also, and are there made up into pillows and sold for a dollar apiece and upward. Sleeping on one is said to cure the headache, catarrh, and other difficulties. Oh, people don't know the healing there is in the pine-trees; if they did, they would come and liv among them, as I do."

The boys and girls had forgotten all about the tea, but David Jones had not, and he served it in some very old-fashioned pewter mugs that came originally from England. They shared their lunch with him, and it was near the close of the afternoon before they took their departure. They picked berries not far from his quaint log house, and he showed them some Indian arrowheads that he had found there, which must, he thought, hav been in that spot more than a hundred years. "And these arrowheads," he said, "take me away back to the children of nature who had not half the conveniences that I hav, and yet were, no doubt, just as happy."

"Then you are happy here," said Annie.

"Certainly! How can I be otherwise? People are as dependent upon me as I on them. The earth givs me much, and I giv to others. The fact is, we are all dependent upon one another. From the floating jelly-fish up to man we blend, interblend, and depend, for health, comfort, happiness. We all hang together, and not a thing that livs and breathes or moves but has its significant part and purpose to play in this life of ours on earth. Go home and look your house over and see how much you find there from nearly all parts of the world, and you will be surprised to learn how closely you are connected with foreign as well as nativ elements."

The boys and girls went away with several new ideas, and one was that David Jones was not lonely, and that he did not necessarily liv alone because he occupied a log cabin apart from the busy throng in the town.

S. H. W.

Boys, Keep Out of Debt.

Do not borrow money, boys, if you can avoid it in any way in the world. It is a bad, bad habit, and one that grows. No matter how much you want a thing, do without it, if you cannot get it without paying some one's money, not your own, for it. Commence saving your nickels, and by and by you will hav a little surplus fund with which to buy knick-knacks and the many things dear to a boy's heart. The best men in the world began an honorable career by acquiring habits of economy and industry in early youth—by earning what they had and by keeping out of debt—or, if they formed a debt, it was paid promptly at the promised time. The best way is to be saving and prudent in youth, generous when you can afford it, and this will enable you to reach maturity with an easy conscience, owing no one anything but love and good will. S. H. W.

Grit and Pluck in Sickness.

Dr. M. Maurice, in the St. Louis *Republic*, says: "I hav seen grit save many a life. I hav had a patient who coolly said to me, 'I will not die.' I was compelled to assure her that she would. There was no hope for her. 'Doctor,' she answered, 'you are a fool. I shall not die.' Grit it was that carried her through. A few years later she was sick again, and, as I thought, unto death; but there came the same all-conquering reply: 'You are talking nonsense—I shall get well.' And she did. This was repeated a third time, till I actually began to believe she would get well anyway and at all times. It never occurred to me to think of her as liable to die. Finally her mortal sickness came, and I expected to help her up as usual. But now she replied; 'Doctor, you can come or go as you please. I am going to die. This is my last illness.' 'Oh, no,' I said, 'we will hav you out in a few days.' 'Nonsense,' she answered, 'you are talking what you know nothing about. I shall never be well again.' In two days she was dead. Her grit gave out; her pluck was good to the last. She had pluck enough to face death; she had no longer grit to endure disease. There is no question but that moral and mental grit go with physical to sustain vitality. A stout will wards off the blows of disease. In this case the patient went straight ahead to die without a flinch or whine. She had a vast faith in the 'all right,' and allowed no one to dabble in theology at her bedside. She marched into the 'next life' as she often had into the next year and had not a tremor. She took her pluck with her. She treated a neighbor's prayers as she treated any medicin. 'You can come if you like,' she said, 'or you can go. Your prayers can't stop me and they can't change me—any more than the doctor's powders.' She was a woman of extraordinary intelligence and determination."

Training the Color Sense.

Jean Ingelow describes, in the odd dialect of the north of England, the process of teaching boys and girls to match colors. It appears that about four per cent of the children were unable to distinguish colors, even the most unlike.

There was a class-room in which was a table covered with skeins of German wool, bits of stained glass, and silks of all colors. The master said, "Now, bairns, back end a' last week I tell'd ye I'd gie ye an ould farrant lesson to-day. You, Josey, ye see this?" holding up a red rose.

Josey, a small child of six years, "Ay, master."

"What be it, bairn?"

"Why, a rose, master, for sure."

"Ay, but what kin' o' rose?"

"A red un, sir."

"Well, now you go into the class-room and fetch me out a skein o' wool the nighest like this rose ever ye can."

Josey takes the rose, and fetches back the skein of just the same hue. After this about twenty of the children were sent on the errand, and matched the color perfectly. At last, a little white-faced fellow went into the class-room, stayed some time, and finally came out with two skeins in his hand. Shouts of surprise and derision filled the room.

"Surely, what be ye thinking on?"

"One on 'em's as green as grass, an' t'other as gray as a rattan [rat]."

The little boy looks frightened.

"Thou's done as well as thou knew how," says the master, rather gently. "Don't thou be scared; thou's nobbut tried once. Here, take and match me this." He givs him the glossy leaf of a laurel.

The child goes out again, and, with a much more cheerful and confident air, comes back and puts into his hand a skein of the brightest scarlet. The other children, too much surprised to laugh, whisper together, "He beant a fondy, neither." Fond here has the old sense of foolish.

Correspondence.

ELK GROVE, CAL., Oct. 20.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I wish to make the acquaintance of the young people who read and write for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am doing all I can for Freethought. At every entertainment we hav here I help fling our banner to the breeze. The church people are already after me, but I don't care—I will hav my say just the same. Here is my speech at the Grangers' entertainment at this place.

"Grangers, Ladies and Gentlemen: As the tariff is the great issue now, I suppose I should devote considerable time to it. And first, I want good health put on the free list. Mr. Republican, don't you? I want it within the reach of everyone. It is a commodity that I want to see crowd out all opposition. Yes, sir; I do. And I want rosy cheeks and ruby lips put on the free list. And when we all hav a good, round share of health and plenty to spare, then I am for Harrison. Then I want a tariff put on them that will protect them forever. I would like to see good health drive off every drug-store on this planet. And I want happy homes put on the free list too.

"Now don't begin to squirm, for I know you want human joy and human hope put on the free list, don't you? And when these become as plentiful as frogs used to be in Egypt, then you, Mr. Democrat, will want a William Henry Benjamin Harrison tariff put on them, won't you? And I want every good gift of nature put on the free list. And so I want brains put on the free list. For when I see superstition demanding revenue of reason, I say, 'Open the gates, ye gods, and let the intellectual commerce of this world come in free.'

"And I want religion put on the free list too, for I don't like to see a revenue officer stand between every man and his God. When I think of the millions of money that hav been squandered on the churches and things connected with Christianity, I wish heaven had been put on the free list, too, or left unmanufactured." JACOB T. FOSTER.

P. S.—This is my first letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am fourteen years old, and I am in the second grade at school. J. T. F.

A Sheffield lady asked one of the children in her Sunday-school class, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

A boy who had been in the habit of repeating a formulated prayer every evening surprised his parents the other evening by saying: "O God, I wish you would make the trees walk." When remonstrated with for his singular request, he replied, "You say God can do anything, and I want to see the trees walk, and I shan't pray for anything else until they do."

"You attend Sunday-school, do you?" inquired the Rev. Mr. Smith of Nellie. "Then you must know a great deal about the Bible. Now tell me something nice that is in the Bible here, can you?" "Yeth, sir; Sis hath some dried leaves in it, a pieth of Aunt Jane's wedding dress, a pieth of my dreth when I was a baby, thome hair, and Sis's fellow's picture."—*Freethinker*.

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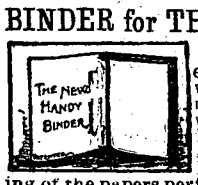
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News of the Week.

YELLOW fever cases to date, about 4,100; deaths, about 360.

A CATHOLIC paper says that Volapük, the proposed universal language, cannot succeed, for "the decree of Babel will stand as long as the world."

GAMBLING is increasing among the wealthy.

FACTIONAL fights still distract the Knights of Labor.

CHICAGO will furnish $100,000 for the Catholic University.

THE boodlers' colony in Canada contains about 150 refugees.

IF Canada is annexed, our Catholic population will be largely increased.

THE British-American Association filed articles of incorporation for New York state.

THE Union Labor party is making a violent fight against the old parties in parts of the West.

IN a recent one-hour meeting Catholics subscribed $250,000 for a diocesan seminary in New York state.

THERE is forming in France a League of the Rose, for "the reëstablishment of monarchy and the defense of conservativ interests."

SPAIN has 221 monasteries, 200 having been built since 1876, with a total of 4,220 monks; and 1,109 convents, with 25,000 nuns.

WILLIAM II. is traveling, visiting kings, who liv off others, and ecclesiastics, who befool others, and reviewing soldiers, who kill others.

COMMISSIONER OF LABOR WRIGHT will hav ready for Congress by January an exhaustiv report of divorce in this country for the last twenty years.

IN England Mr. Chamberlain, the queer, half-hearted Radical, enlarges upon the necessity of improving and developing religious education in Ireland.

A MAN named May started a new religious order called the Brotherhood of the Sun, resting upon "the fundamental truth that underlies all religious systems."

BISHOP VINCENT, Methodist Episcopal, says that the press has been subsidized by ecclesiastical money, neither of the political parties daring to expose it, as both are sold out.

PAPERS continually discuss whether America could whip England. The silliness and horribleness of any two "civilized" nations fighting each other at all is never by any chance touched upon.

OUR national expenses are larger than those of Germany, whose army almost dominates Europe, and within $27,000,000 of those of England, with its monarchy, navy, standing army, and colonial empire.

JOSIAH W. LEEDS, of Philadelphia, said to be the Comstock of that city, has written a tract, "Essay on the Incompatibility of Theater-going with Christianity," translations of which are being distributed in Paris.

LOUISE DREXEL, of Philadelphia, whose father left $16,000,000 to go to the Catholic church if his daughters died childless, is engaged. It is a pity that the church cannot keep the profitable doctrin of celibacy as popular now as of old, so that it could persuade the girls into a convent and pocket their money.

AT Charleston eighteen Presbyterian elders protested against the recent anti-evolution decision of the presbytery, which presbytery since forbid the discussion of evolution. The protest says: "We deny the right of the church to dogmatize to its officers and members on scientific subjects, and we still more deny the right of the presbytery to forbid the discussion in public or in private of what is considered a mistaken utterance of the general assembly."

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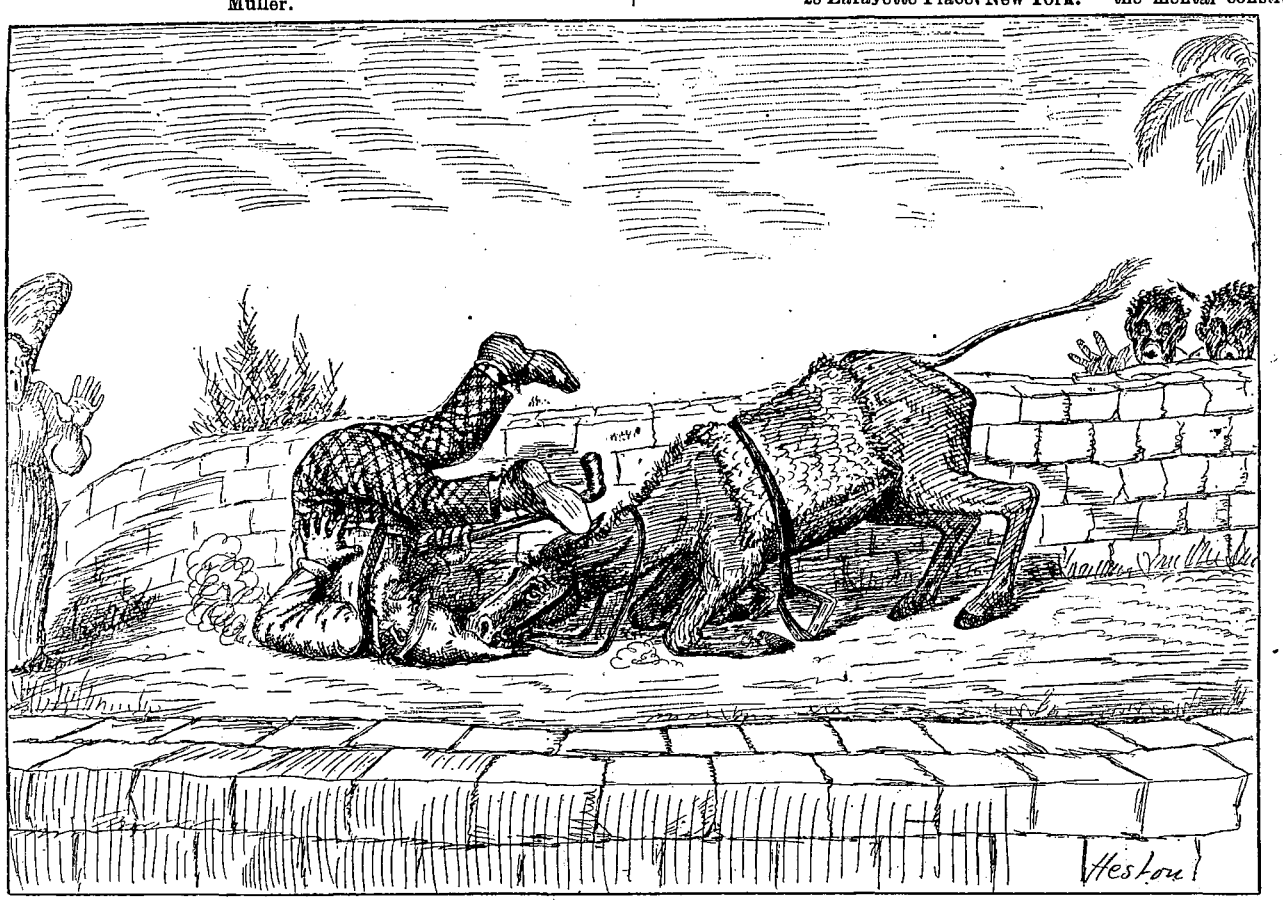
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BALAAM'S BEAST STŪMBLES.

And when the ass saw the angel of the Lord, she fell down under Balaam: and Balaam's anger was kindled, and he smote the ass with a staff.—Num. xxii, 27.

Odds and Ends.

"THE silent watches of the night" are well enough, but the chap who wishes to rise early needs an alarm-clock.

AN exchange says: "Nobody knows where the flies go to." Perhaps not; but we know where people tell them to go to, though.

OVERCOATS remain at practically the same prices as last season; three per cent a month, and the principal advanced by your uncle.

HERE'S something for people to ponder upon,
In this world of troubles and cares;
The cheaper the dress a woman has on,
The larger the bustle she wears.

THE Rev. Moses Meecker (jumping up): "Why on earth do you interrupt me in this way, Maria? You're enough to drive one crazy! Didn't I tell you I should be busy all the morning writing my sermon on Patience?"

"DON'T you like Wagner's wedding-march, Miss Pauline?" he inquired, tenderly. "I don't know much about it, Mr. Culch," she replied; "but I think his running away with that other man's wife was perfectly shameful."

OLD lady: "Little boy, do you go to Sunday-school?" Little boy: "Yes'm. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school." Old lady: "You are the son of Christian parents?" Little boy: "No, ma'am; they are Baptists, just the same as I am."

TEACHER: "Who was the most upright man in the Bible?" Smart boy: "I know who was the straightest." Teacher: "Well, who was the straightest?" Smart boy: "Joseph." Teacher: "Why?" Smart boy: "Because Pharaoh made a ruler of him."

OLD gentleman: "What is the price of that parrot?" Bird dealer: "I wouldn't sell that bird for love or money." Old gentleman: "He must be very proficient in conversation to make him so valuable." Bird dealer: "On the contrary, sir, he's dumb."

"GENTLEMEN and fellow-citizens," exclaimed an impassioned orator, "what if all the European countries should put a tax on our raw materials, what would be the consequence?" "All of our dudes would hav to stay at home," shouted a voice from the rear of the house.

DEALER (to clerk): "I'm going to make those boys' diagonal suits fifteen dollars to-morrow." Clerk: "Fifteen dollars! Why, we've been selling them for ten dollars right along." Dealer: "I know it; but I'm going to giv away a baseball bat with each one free of charge."

MR. POMPADOUR: "Would you like to go with me this evening to the church? They hav just introduced a new boy choir, and the service is said to be very interesting. Very high church, you know." Miss Heavycrape (in mourning for her father): "I hardly know what to say, Mr. Pompadour. You see, I hav been to no amusements since poor papa died."

"No, madam," he said, "I am not an ordinary pedler, You hav only to hear the name of the article I am introducing to feel that you hav lived too long without knowing me. You hav, I observe, five children, and you do not wear tailor-made gowns. Your next-door neighbor is the pastor of the parish. The article I refer to may be applied to any sewing-machine, and it is called the 'Sunday Muffler.' My rates——" "Come in!" said the lady, cordially.

MY fond heart, it doth ache
With love, for thy sweet sache.
Say yes—say yes, and mache
My gray life rose tints tache.
We'll sail love's glassy lache,
Where billows never breache,
In bark that ne'er shall quache.
Joy'll follow in our wache—
Now, ho! the wedding-cache!

A SAFE BET.

The Prohibs would destroy all liquor,
Put sudden stop to trade and diquor
In wine and spirits, muchly quiquor
In warming friendships up, and thiquor
With joys than water—well, I should sniquor!
With gentleman and rough rag-piquor
They argue stout or hotly biquor,
Foam, fume, and flash, but somewhat fliquor,
I reckon. Now, I'll bet my "tiquor"
Against a nail or bodkin priquor,
A ten-cent basket made of wiquor,
A champagne glass, which is much sliquor,
That they'll grow gray and sick, and siquor
Than dogs, ere they cut off our liquor!

—*Dan D. Lyon.*

IF you should chance to see
A parson—clever as clever can be—
Who tickles his flock with jest and riddle,
And worships God with flute and fiddle—
The latest clerical fad is he!

And should you chance to see
The man whose fine philanthropy
Assumes that every man's a brother,
That he's a saint and you're another—
The devil a saint at all is he.

But further: should you see
A priest grow plump on penury—
Gad zooks!—don't take it for a miracle,
Or deem his diet is atmospherical—
An anti-poverty priest is he!

Or if you chance to see
The man that vows that you and he
Hav equal title to all the earth
By Nature's warrant—the right of birth—
Why, so hav the wolf and chimpanzee!

In short, where'er you see
The real, original patentee
Of a New Crusade—look out for gammon!
His creed is Self, his God is Mammon,
And all his preaching is tweedle-dee!

—*M. I. Anson.*

AN OUTLINE OF THE

French Revolution

ITS CAUSES AND RESULTS.

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THE dogma of salvation by faith offers an additional premium on mental prostitution. By punishing honest doubt as a crime and inculcating the merit of blind submission to the authority of reason-insulting doctrins, the defenders of those doctrins struck a deadly blow at the instinct of free inquiry, and for a series of generations actually succeeded in eradicating that instinct from the mental constitution of their victims.—*Professor Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Bible of Nature.*

THE persecutor can never be certain that he is not persecuting truth rather than error, but he may be quite certain that he is suppressing the spirit of truth. And, indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the doctrins I hav reviewed represent the most skilful and at the same time most successful conspiracy against that spirit that has ever existed among mankind. Until the seventeenth century, every mental disposition which philosophy pronounces to be essential to a legitimate research was almost uniformly branded as a sin, and a large proportion of the most deadly intellectual vices were deliberately inculcated as virtues. . . . In a word, there is scarcely a disposition that marks the love of abstract truth and scarcely a rule which reason teaches as essential for its attainment that theologians did not for ages stigmatize as offensiv to the almighty.—*Lecky.*

PERADVENTURE, I am one of those Jehovah included when he declared, in the interests of eternal truth, "I shall send them strong delusions, that they may believe a lie." But, if the Lord has, in his divine benevolence, sent me "strong delusions" so that I may "believe a lie," he will, of course, be satisfied with his own handiwork. I very strongly suspect that the tracts that his gospel-grinders assure us are so holy and so ancient are neither holy nor ancient. The traditions upon which "holy writ" is based are ancient, and, at various times and in divers manners, scraps of traditional records may hav been written on stone, papyrus wood, or parchment; but the scriptures, as we hav them, can establish no claim to antiquity. For mendacious century upon century, fraud upon fraud, and forgery upon forgery, were the order of the day. Every student of ecclesiastical history knows this, and the more searching his investigations, the stronger becomes his conviction that his bark of exploration is afloat on a very sea of Literary Fraud.—*Saladin.*

LILLIPUT and Blefuscu—which two mighty powers hav, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: It is allowed on all hands that the primitiv way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there hav been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. It is computed that eleven thousand persons hav at several times suffered death rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes hav been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians hav been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently exostulate by their embassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrin of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end.—*Swift's Gulliver's Travels.*

THE absurd creatures, men, mistakenly called "reasoning animals," will shed oceans of blood to support varying conjectures as to the meaning of words that chanced to be scribbled down by some old barbarians, all the while not comprehending in the least the meaning of the whole passage or book, and there usually being no discoverable meaning in it at all. The more unintelligible or trivial and unimportant is the matter, the more blood is shed over it.—*Anon.*

ALL these fictions of giants, pigmies, flying islands, that Swift uses, are means for depriving human nature of the veils with which habit and imagination cover it, to display it in its truth and its ugliness.—*M. Taine.*

LIFE is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—*Emerson.*

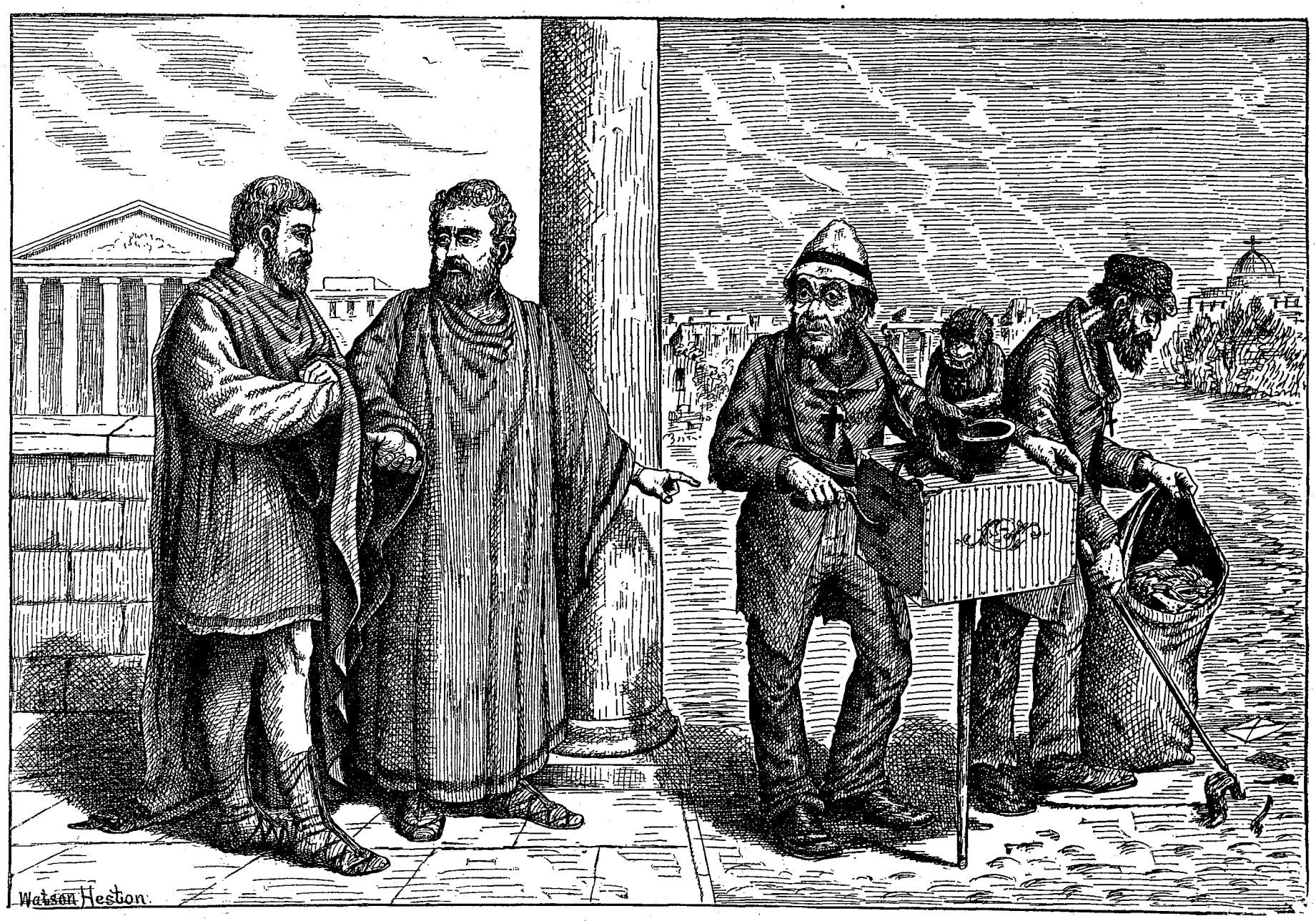
IF I proceed to treat of theology, I shall step out of the bark of human reason, and enter into the ship of the church. Neither will the stars of philosophy, which hav hitherto so nobly shone on us, any longer giv us their light.—*Bacon.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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ROME.—JUPITER'S PAGANS AND JEHOVAH'S CHRISTIANS.

Notes and Clippings.

THE most accurate piece of political news printed before the election was in the Richmond *Enquirer:* "It cannot be denied that Belva Lockwood and Anna Dickinson hav contributed largely to the bustle of the campaign."

THE Church Defense Institution, in its recent annual report, regrets that "the disestablishment of the church in Wales is now accepted as an article in the program of the party which acknowledges Mr. Gladstone's leadership."

MR. SPURGEON, of London, is depressed in spirits. "Do not," he says, "look upon England as a Christian country. It was a great mistake to think that it was. They were living in old heathen land again. He spoke to a minister the other day, and asked him if *some* of his people were Christians, and he replied, 'No, they are just heathens.'"

THIS charitable sentiment is from the *Catholic Union and Times:* "The relations between Germany and England are daily growing more strained. May God continue the good work. It would be our heart's delight to see the German eagles pick out the bloody eyes of the British lion, and otherwise lacerate that crouching old brute, until Ireland is given her own again."

THE Parliamentary committee of the trades union congress publishes a list of the religious and anti-religious journals who pay fair and unfair prices to their printing staff. Nearly half the religious periodicals are classed as "unfair" paymasters who refuse to giv the trade prices. All the Freethought journals pay "fair" wages. The *Christian Commonwealth*, the *Rock*, the *Christian Herald*, and many others, beat down the wages, and denounce the sweating system—in others—as anti-Christian.—*London Freethinker.*

HERE is an old controversy presented in a new form: "Please say when the twentieth century commences, in order to decide a dispute." The first century is completed at the end of the first hundred years; and then the second century commences. The nineteenth century is completed at the end of the first nineteen hundred years; and then the twentieth century commences. We shall be living in the nineteenth century until the end of the year 1900, when the twentieth century will commence.—*Sun.*

SUPERSTITION of the grossest sort still has its hold upon the Christians of Russia. In Scheberschin, an out-of-the-way town in Russia, a leading Jewish inhabitant died and was buried. A short time afterward his grave was found open, and a little distance off lay his skeleton, from which every scrap of flesh had been removed. The deed was traced to two men of evil repute, who finally confessed that with the flesh cut from the corpse they had hoped to make an ointment which, rubbed upon their bodies, would make them invisible and enable them to commit crime with impunity.

RAINY-DAY philosophy of the *Herald:* "It is universally regarded as unhealthy if not positivly dangerous to go to church in the rain. A downright pour will not keep us from the opera or the theater on Monday, but even a drizzle on Sunday dooms the poor minister to preach to empty pews. Whether the Sunday rain is exceptionally wet, or there is more rheumatism flying around on that day, or religion, like sugar, dissolves when in contact with moisture, we will not attempt to say; we simply indicate the peculiarity and leave to others the pleasure of solving the puzzle."

THE Supreme Court of the United States has rendered a decision to the effect that the law passed by the legislature of Texas imposing a tax on commercial travelers is unconstitutional. It would seem, says the *World*, that state legislatures ought to understand the principle here involved after a while This is at least the third decision of the kind that has been pronounced by the court. One of these was on a case coming up from Michigan and another one from Tennessee. The commercial traveler may roam and sell goods at his own sweet will throughout the length and breadth of this land and not pay a cent for the privilege.

DR. MCGLYNN paid his compliments to Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, in his speech at the Cooper Union last Sunday night before the Anti-Poverty Society. The people of Rochester, he said, were afraid to hav him, Dr. McGlynn, there to speak, because a man in that city did not approve of it. The same man whom some of those people were in awe of had said recently that a member of the state legislature should never hav been elected had he, "the man referred to," known that he was friendly to Dr. McGlynn. The man who had the assurance to say the people could not elect a certain gentleman to the legislature without his consent, the doctor said, was Bishop McQuaid. "I am honored," Dr. McGlynn said, "by the hostility of Bishop McQuaid and of his friends, who are principally land-grabbers and corrupt politicians."

OUR London correspondent having said of the Oaths bill: "Had the bill been thrown out, it would hav been brought forward year by year until it was passed in its entirety, and with a Radical government in power there would scarcely be a difficulty in getting it through." Mr. Bradlaugh adds in correction: "This writer conveniently forgets that a lesser bill was in the year 1880 introduced by Mr. Labouchere, and never even reached a second reading. That Mr. Gladstone with an enormous majority was, when prime minister, defeated on the second reading of a bill which only went a small part of the way, and that Sir John Simon's bill, which did not reach a second reading, was not nearly as enabling as the present bill. It is too much to write as if the whole Liberal party supported an affirmation bill."

SAYS the *Sun:* "While the Canadian politicians are warning the *habitants* against the thought of annexation to the United States, the dissatisfaction of the people of Manitoba with Canadian legislation is growing stronger than ever. The railroad policy of Canada is especially obnoxious to them, but their remonstrances against it hav been of no avail, and they are beginning to look across the border for relief. We learn from the Winnipeg dispatch in yesterday's *Sun*, that annexation to the United States is now proposed as the only means of relief from the unfriendly action of the Dominion government. This is not surprising in view of the way in which the interests of Manitoba hav been disregarded by Canadian statesmen. It is not the first time that annexation has been advocated up there, and there is good ground for the opinion that the sentiment in its favor is extending."

Selected.

Rome, or Reason?—A Reply to Cardinal Manning.

From the North American Review.

PART II.

If we liv thus tamely—
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet—
Farewell nobility.

No one will deny that "the pope speaks to many people in many nations; that he treats with empires and governments," and that "neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople such a voice goes forth."

How does the pope speak? What does he say?

He speaks against the liberty of man—against the progress of the human race. He speaks to calumniate thinkers, and to warn the faithful against the discoveries of science. He speaks for the destruction of civilization.

Who listens? Do astronomers, geologists, and scientists put the hand to the ear fearing that an accent may be lost? Does France listen? Does Italy hear? Is not the church weakest at its center? Do those who hav raised Italy from the dead, and placed her again among the great nations, pay attention? Does Great Britain care for this voice—this moan, this groan—of the Middle Ages? Do the words of Leo XIII. impress the intelligence of the Great Republic? Can anything be more absurd than for the vicar of Christ to attack a demonstration of science with a passage of scripture or a quotation from one of the "fathers?"

Compare the popes with the kings and queens of England. Infinit wisdom had but little to do with the selection of these monarchs, and yet they were far better than any equal number of consecutiv popes. This is faint praise, even for kings and queens, but it shows that chance succeeded in getting better rulers for England than "infinit wisdom" did for the church of Rome. Compare the popes with the presidents of the Republic elected by the people. If Adams had murdered Washington, and Jefferson had imprisoned Adams, and if Madison had cut out Jefferson's tongue, and Monroe had assassinated Madison, and John Quincy Adams had poisoned Monroe, and General Jackson had hung Adams and his cabinet, we might say that presidents had been as virtuous as popes. But if this had happened, the verdict of the world would be that the people are not capable of selecting their presidents.

But this voice from Rome is growing feebler day by day; so feeble that the cardinal admits that the vicar of God, and the supernatural church, "are being tormented by Falck laws, by Mancini laws, and by Crispi laws." In other words, this representativ of God, this substitute of Christ, this church of divine origin, this supernatural institution—pervaded by the Holy Ghost—are being "tormented" by three politicians. Is it possible that this patriotic trinity is more powerful than the other?

It is claimed that if the Catholic church "be only a human system, built up by the intellect, will, and energy of men, the adversaries must prove it—that the burden is upon them."

As a general thing, institutions are natural. If this church is supernatural, it is the one exception. The affirmativ is with those who claim that it is of divine origin. So far as we know, all governments and all creeds are the work of man. No one believes that Rome was a supernatural production, and yet its beginnings were as small as those of the Catholic church. Commencing in weakness, Rome grew, and fought, and conquered, until it was believed that the sky bent above a subjugated world. And yet all was natural. For every effect there was an efficient cause.

The Catholic asserts that all other religions have been produced by man—that Brahmanism and Buddhism, the religion of Isis and Osiris, the marvelous mythologies of Greece and Rome, were the work of the human mind. From these religions Catholicism has borrowed. Long before Catholicism was born, it was believed that women had borne children whose fathers were gods. The trinity was promulgated in Egypt centuries before the birth of Moses. Celibacy was taught by the ancient Nazarenes and Essenes, by the priests of Egypt and India, by mendicant monks, and by the piously insane of many countries long before the apostles lived. The Chinese tell us that "when there were but one man and one woman upon the earth, the woman refused to sacrifice her virginity even to people the globe; and the gods, honoring her purity, granted that she should conceive beneath the gaze of her lover's eyes, and a virgin mother became the parent of humanity."

The founders of many religions hav insisted that it was the duty of man to renounce the pleasures of sense, and millions before our era took the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, and most cheerfully lived upon the labor of others.

The sacraments of baptism and confirmation are far older than the church of Rome. The eucharist is pagan. Long before popes began to murder each other, pagans ate cakes—the flesh of Ceres, and drank wine—the blood of Bacchus. Holy water flowed in the Ganges and Nile, priests interceded for the people and anointed the dying.

It will not do to say that every successful religion that has taught unnatural doctrins, unnatural practices, must of necessity hav been of divine origin. In most religions there has been a strange mingling of the good and bad, of the merciful and cruel, of the loving and malicious. Buddhism taught the universal brotherhood of man, insisted on the development of the mind, and this religion was propagated not by the sword, but by preaching, by persuasion, and by kindness—yet in many things it was contrary to the human will, contrary to the human passions, and contrary to good sense. Buddhism succeeded. Can we, for this reason, say that it is a supernatural religion? Is the unnatural the supernatural?

It is insisted that, while other churches hav changed, the Catholic church alone has remained the same, and that this fact demonstrates its divine origin.

Has the creed of Buddhism changed in three thousand years? Is intellectual stagnation a demonstration of divine origin? When anything refuses to grow, are we certain that the seed was planted by God? If the Catholic church is the same to-day that it has been for many centuries, this proves that there has been no intellectual development. If men do not differ upon religious subjects, it is because they do not think.

Differentiation is the law of growth, of progress. Every church must gain or lose; it cannot remain the same; it must decay or grow. The fact that the Catholic church has not grown—that it has been petrified from the first—does not establish divine origin; it simply establishes the fact that it retards the progress of man. Everything in nature changes—every atom is in motion—every star moves. Nations, institutions, and individuals hav youth, manhood, old age, death. This is and will be true of the Catholic church. It was once weak—it grew stronger—it reached its climax of power—it began to decay—it never can rise again. It is confronted by the dawn of Science. In the presence of the nineteenth century it cowers.

The cardinal asserts that "Christendom was created by the world-wide church as we see it before our eyes at this day. Philosophers and statesmen believe it to be the work of their own hands; they did not make it, but they hav for three hundred years been unmaking it by reformations and revolutions."

The meaning of this is that Christianity was far better three hundred years ago than now; that during these three centuries Christendom has been going toward barbarism. It means that the supernatural church of God has been a failure for three hundred years; that it has been unable to withstand the attacks of philosophers and statesmen, and that it has been helpless in the midst of "reformations and revolutions."

What was the condition of the world three hundred years ago, the period, according to the cardinal, in which the church reached the hight of its influence, and since which it has been unable to withstand the rising tide of reformation and the whirlwind of revolution?

In that blessed time, Philip II. was king of Spain—he with the cramped head and the monstrous jaw. Heretics were hunted like wild and poisonous beasts; the Inquisition was firmly established, and priests were busy with rack and fire. With a zeal born of the hatred of man and the love of God, the church, with every instrument of torture, touched every nerve in the human body.

In those happy days, the duke of Alva was devastating the homes of Holland; heretics were buried alive—their tongues were torn from their mouths, their lids from their eyes; the Armada was on the sea for the destruction of the heretics of England, and the Moriscoes—a million and a half of industrious people—were being driven by sword and flame from their homes. The Jews had been expelled from Spain. This Catholic country had succeeded in driving intelligence and industry from its territory; and this had been done with a cruelty, with a ferocity, unequaled in the annals of crime. Nothing was left but ignorance, bigotry, intolerance, credulity, the Inquisition, the seven sacraments, and the seven deadly sins. And yet a cardinal of the nineteenth century, living in the land of Shakspere, regrets the change that has been wrought by the intellectual efforts, by the discoveries, by the inventions and heroism of three hundred years.

Three hundred years ago, under Charles IX. of France, son of Catherine de Medici, in the year of grace 1572—after nearly sixteen centuries of Catholic Christianity—after hundreds of vicars of Christ had sat in St. Peter's chair—after the natural passions of man had been "softened" by the creed of Rome—came the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the result of a conspiracy between the vicar of Christ, Philip II., Charles IX., and his fiendish mother. Let the cardinal read the account of this massacre once more, and after reading it, imagin that he sees the gashed and mutilated bodies of thousands of men and women, and then let him say that he regrets the revolutions and reformations of three hundred years.

About three hundred years ago Clement VIII., vicar of Christ, acting in God's place, substitute of the infinit, persecuted Giordano Bruno even unto death. This great, this sublime man, was tried for heresy. He had ventured to assert the rotary motion of the earth; he had hazarded the conjecture that there were in the fields of infinit space worlds larger and more glorious than ours. For these low and groveling thoughts, for this contradiction of the word and vicar of God, this man was imprisoned for many years. But his noble spirit was not broken, and finally, in the year 1600, by the orders of the infamous vicar, he was chained to the stake. Priests believing in the doctrin of universal forgivness—priests who when smitten upon one cheek turned the other—carried with a kind of ferocious joy fagots to the feet of this incomparable man. These disciples of "Our Lord" were made joyous as the flames, like serpents, climbed around the body of Bruno. In a few moments the brave thinker was dead, and the priests who had burnt him fell upon their knees and asked the infinit God to continue the blessed work forever in hell.

There are two things that cannot exist in the same universe—an infinit God, and a martyr.

Does the cardinal regret that kings and emperors are not now engaged in the extermination of Protestants? Does he regret that dungeons of the Inquisition are no longer crowded with the best and bravest? Does he long for the fires of the *auto-dâ-fé?*

Another claim is made, to the effect "that the Catholic church has filled the world with the true knowledge of the one true God, and that it has destroyed all idols by light instead of by fire."

The Catholic church described the true God as a being who would inflict eternal pain on his weak and erring children; described him as a fickle, quick-tempered, unreasonable deity, whom honesty enraged, and whom flattery governed; one who loved to see fear upon its knees, ignorance with closed eyes and open mouth; one who delighted in useless self-denial, who loved to hear the sighs and sobs of suffering nuns, as they lay prostrate on dungeon floors; one who was delighted when the husband deserted his family and lived alone in some cave in the far wilderness, tormented by dreams and driven to insanity by prayer and penance, by fasting and faith.

According to the Catholic church, the true God enjoyed the agonies of heretics. He loved the smell of their burning flesh; he applauded with wide palms when philosophers were flayed alive, and to him the *auto-dâ-fé* was a divine comedy. The shrieks of wives, the cries of babes when fathers were being burnt, gave contrast, hightened the effect, and filled his cup with joy. This true God did not know the face of the earth he had made, and had forgotten the orbits of the stars. "The stream of light which descended from the beginning" was propagated by fagot to fagot, until Christendom was filled with the devouring fires of faith.

It may also be said that the Catholic church filled the world with the true knowledge of the one true devil. It filled the air with malicious phantoms, crowded innocent sleep with leering fiends, and gave the world to the domination of witches and wizards, spirits and spooks, goblins and ghosts, and butchered and burnt thousands for the commission of impossible crimes.

It is contended that: "In this true knowledge of the divine nature was revealed to man their own relation to a creator as sons to a father."

This tender relation was revealed by the Catholics to the pagans, the Arians, the Cathari, the Waldenses, the Albigenses, the heretics, the Jews, the Moriscoes, the Protestants—to the nativs of the West Indies, of Mexico, of Peru—to philosophers, patriots, and thinkers. All these victims were taught to regard the true God as the loving father, and this lesson was taught with every instrument of torture—with brandings and burnings, with flayings and flames. The world was filled with cruelty and credulity, ignorance and intolerance, and the soil in which all these horrors grew was the true knowledge of the one true God, and the true knowledge of the one true devil. And yet, we are compelled to say, that the one true devil described by the Catholic church was not as malevolent as the one true God.

Is it true that the Catholic church overthrew idolatry? What is idolatry? What shall we say of the worship of popes—of the doctrin of the real presence, of divine honors paid to saints, of sacred vestments, of holy water, of consecrated cups and plates, of images and relics, of amulets and charms?

The Catholic church filled the world with the spirit of idolatry. It abandoned the idea of continuity in nature, it denied the integrity of cause and effect. The government of the world was the composit result of the caprice of God, the malice of Satan, the prayers of the faithful—softened, it may be, by the charity of chance. Yet the cardinal asserts, without the preface of a smile, that "demonology was overthrown by the church, with the assistance of forces that were above nature;" and in the same

breath givs birth to this enlightened statement: "Beelzebub is not divided against himself." Is a belief in Beelzebub a belief in demonology? Has the cardinal forgotten the council of Nice, held in the year of grace 787, that declared the worship of images to be lawful? Did that infallible council, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, destroy idolatry?

The cardinal takes the ground that marriage is a sacrament, and therefore indissoluble, and he also insists that celibacy is far better than marriage,—holier than a sacrament,—that marriage is not the highest state, but that "the state of virginity unto death is the highest condition of man and woman."

The highest ideal of a family is where all are equal —where love has superseded authority—where each seeks the good of all, and where none obey—where no religion can sunder hearts, and with which no church can interfere.

The real marriage is based on mutual affection—the ceremony is but the outward evidence of the inward flame. To this contract there are but two parties. The church is an impudent intruder. Marriage is made public to the end that the real contract may be known, so that the world can see that the parties hav been actuated by the highest and holiest motivs that find expression in the acts of human beings. The man and woman are not joined together by God, or by the church, or by the state. The church and state may prescribe certain ceremonies, certain formalities—but all these are only evidence of the existence of a sacred fact in the hearts of the wedded. The indissolubility of marriage is a dogma that has filled the lives of millions with agony and tears. It has given a perpetual excuse for vice and immorality. Fear has borne children begotten by brutality. Countless women hav endured the insults, indignities, and cruelties of fiendish husbands, because they thought that it was the will of God. The contract of marriage is the most important that human beings can make; but no contract can be so important as to release one of the parties from the obligation of performance; and no contract, whether made between man and woman, or between them and God, after a failure of consideration caused by the willful act of the man or woman, can hold and bind the innocent and honest.

Do the believers in indissoluble marriage treat their wives better than others? A little while ago, a woman said to a man who had raised his hand to strike her: "Do not touch me; you hav no right to beat me; I am not your wife."

About a year ago a husband, whom God in his infinit wisdom had joined to a loving and patient woman in the indissoluble sacrament of marriage, becoming enraged, seized the helpless wife and tore out one of her eyes. She forgave him. A few weeks ago he deliberately repeated this frightful crime, leaving his victim totally blind. Would it not hav been better if man, before the poor woman was blinded, had put asunder whom God had joined together? Thousands of husbands, who insist that marriage is indissoluble, are the beaters of wives.

The law of the church has created neither the purity nor the peace of domestic life. Back of all churches is human affection. Back of all theologies is the love of the human heart. Back of all your priests and creeds is the adoration of the one woman by the one man, and of the one man by the one woman. Back of your faith is the fireside—back of your folly is the family; and back of all your holy mistakes and your sacred absurdities is the love of husband and wife, of parent and child.

It is not true that neither the Greek nor the Roman world had any conception of a home. The splendid story of Ulysses and Penelope, the parting of Hector and Andromache, demonstrate that a true conception of home existed among the Greeks. Before the establishment of Christianity, the Roman matron commanded the admiration of the then known world.

She was free and noble. The church degraded woman—made her the property of the husband, and trampled her beneath its brutal feet. The "fathers" denounced woman as a perpetual temptation, as the cause of all evil. The church worshiped a God who had upheld polygamy, and had pronounced his curse on woman, and had declared that she should be the serf of the husband. This church followed the teachings of St. Paul. It taught the uncleanness of marriage, and insisted that all children were conceived in sin. This church pretended to hav been founded by one who offered a reward in this world, and eternal joy in the next, to husbands who would forsake their wives and children and follow him. Did this tend to the elevation of woman? Did this detestable doctrin "create the purity and peace of domestic life?" Is it true that a monk is purer than a good and noble father?—that a nun is holier than a loving mother?

Is there anything deeper and stronger than a mother's love? Is there anything purer, holier, than a mother holding her dimpled babe against her billowed breast?

The good man is useful, the best man is the most useful. Those who fill the nights with barren prayers and holy hunger, torture themselvs for their own good and not for the benefit of others. They are earning eternal glory for themselvs—they do not fast for their fellow-men—their selfishness is equaled only by their foolishness. Compare the monk in his selfish cell, counting beads and saying prayers for the purpose of saving his barren soul, with a husband and father sitting by his fireside with wife and children. Compare the nun with the mother and her babe.

Celibacy is the essence of vulgarity. It tries to put a stain upon motherhood, upon marriage, upon love—that is to say, upon all that is holiest in the human heart. Take love from the world, and there is nothing left worth living for. The church has treated this great, this sublime, this unspeakably holy passion, as though it polluted the heart. It has placed the love of God above the love of woman, above the love of man. Human love is generous and noble. The love of God is selfish, because man does not love God for God's sake, but for his own.

Yet the cardinal asserts "that the change wrought by Christianity in the social, political, and international relations of the world"—"that the root of this ethical change, private and public, is the Christian home." A moment afterward, this prelate insists that celibacy is far better than marriage. If the world could be induced to liv in accordance with the "highest state," this generation would be the last. Why were men and women created? Why did not the Catholic God commence with the sinless and sexless? The cardinal ought to take the ground that to talk well is good, but that to be dumb is the highest condition; that hearing is a pleasure, but that deafness is ecstasy; and that to think, to reason, is very well, but that to be a Catholic is far better.

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If, as the cardinal says, the religion of Christ is in absolute harmony with nature, how can it be supernatural? The cardinal also declares that "the religion of Christ is in harmony with the reason and moral nature in all nations and all ages to this day." What becomes of the argument that Catholicism must be of divine origin because "it has ascended the stream of human license, *contra ictum fluminis*, by a power mightier than nature?" If "it is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations and all ages to this day," it has gone with the stream, and not against it. If "the religion of Christ is in harmony with the reason and moral nature of all nations," then the men who hav rejected it are unnatural, and these men hav gone against the stream. How then can it be said that Christianity has been in changeless opposition to nature as man has marred it? To what extent has man marred it? In spite of the marring by man, we are told that the reason and moral nature of all nations in all ages to this day is in harmony with the religion of Jesus Christ.

Are we justified in saying that the Catholic church is of divine origin because the pagans failed to destroy it by persecution?

We will put the cardinal's statement in form:

Paganism failed to destroy Catholicism by persecution, therefore Catholicism is of divine origin.

Let us make an application of this logic:

Paganism failed to destroy Catholicism by persecution; therefore, Catholicism is of divine origin.

Catholicism failed to destroy Protestantism by persecution; therefore, Protestantism is of divine origin.

Catholicism and Protestantism combined failed to destroy Infidelity; therefore, Infidelity is of divine origin.

Let us make another application:

Paganism did not succeed in destroying Catholicism; therefore, Paganism was a false religion.

Catholicism did not succeed in destroying Protestantism; therefore, Catholicism is a false religion.

Catholicism and Protestantism combined failed to destroy Infidelity; therefore, both Catholicism and Protestantism are false religions.

The cardinal has another reason for believing the Catholic church of divine origin. He declares that the "canon law is a creation of wisdom and justice to which no statutes at large or imperial pandects can bear comparison;" "that the world-wide and secular legislation of the church was of a higher character, and that as water cannot rise above its source, the church could not, by mere human wisdom, hav corrected and perfected the imperial law, and therefore its source must hav been higher than the sources of the world."

When Europe was the most ignorant, the canon law was supreme. As a matter of fact, the good in the canon law was borrowed—the bad was, for the most part, original. In my judgment, the legislation of the republic of the United States is in many respects superior to that of Rome, and yet we are greatly indebted to the civil law. Our legislation is superior in many particulars to that of England, and yet we are greatly indebted to the common law; but it never occurred to me that our statutes at large are divinely inspired.

If the canon law is, in fact, the legislation of infinit wisdom, then it should be a perfect code. Yet, the canon law made it a crime next to robbery and theft to take interest for money. Without the right to take interest the business of the world would, to a large extent, cease and the prosperity of mankind end. There are railways enough in the United States to make six tracks around the globe, and every mile was built with borrowed money on which interest was paid or promised. In no other way could the savings of many thousands hav been brought together and a capital great enough formed to construct works of such vast and continental importance.

It was provided in this same wonderful canon law that a heretic could not be a witness against a Catholic. The Catholic was at liberty to rob and wrong his fellow-man, provided the fellow-man was not a fellow-Catholic, and in a court established by the vicar of Christ, the man who had been robbed was not allowed to open his mouth. A Catholic could enter the house of an unbeliever, of a Jew, of a heretic, of a Moor, and before the eyes of the husband and father murder his wife and children, and the father could not pronounce in the hearing of a judge the name of the murderer. The world is wiser now, and the canon law, given to us by infinit wisdom, has been repealed by the common sense of man.

In this divine code it was provided that to convict a cardinal bishop, seventy-two witnesses were required; a cardinal presbyter, forty-four; a cardinal deacon, twenty-four; a sub-deacon, acolyth, exorcist, reader, ostiarius, seven; and in the purgation of a bishop, twelve witnesses were invariably required; of a presbyter, seven; of a deacon, three. These laws, in my judgment, were made, not by God, but by the clergy.

So, too, in this cruel code it was provided that those who gave aid, favor, or counsel, to excommunicated persons, should be anathema, and that those who talked with, consulted, or sat at the same table with or gave anything in charity to the excommunicated should be anathema.

Is it possible that a being of infinit wisdom made hospitality a crime? Did he say: "Whoso giveth a cup of cold water to the excommunicated shall wear forever a garment of fire?" Were not the laws of the Romans much better? Besides all this, under the canon law, the dead could be tried for heresy, and their estates confiscated—that is to say, their widows and orphans robbed. The most brutal part of the common law of England is that in relation to the rights of women—all of which was taken from the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, "the law that came from a source higher than man."

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The cardinal appeals to the author of "Ecce Homo" for the purpose of showing that Christianity is above nature, and the following passages, among others, are quoted:

"Who can describe that which unites men? Who has entered into the formation of speech, which is the symbol of their union? Who can describe exhaustivly the origin of civil society? He who can do these things can explain the origin of the Christian church."

These passages should not hav been quoted by the cardinal. The author of these passages simply says that the origin of the Christian church is no harder to find and describe than that which unites men—than that which has entered into the formation of speech, the symbol of their union—no harder to describe than the origin of civil society—because he says that one who can describe these can describe the other.

Certainly none of these things are above nature. We do not need the assistance of the Holy Ghost in these matters. We know that men are united by common interests, common purposes, common dangers—by race, climate, and education. It is no more wonderful that people liv in families, tribes, communities, and nations, than that birds, ants, and bees liv in flocks and swarms.

If we know anything, we know that language is natural—that it is a physical science. But if we take the ground occupied by the cardinal, then we insist that everything that cannot be accounted for by man is supernatural. Let me ask, by what man? What man must we take as the standard? Cosmas or Humboldt, St. Irenæus or Darwin? If everything that we cannot account for is above nature, then ignorance is the test of the supernatural. The man who is mentally honest, stops where his knowledge stops. At that point he says that he does not know. Such a man is a philosopher. Then the theologian steps forward, denounces the modesty of the philosopher as blasphemy, and proceeds to tell what is beyond the horizon of the human intellect.

Could a savage account for the telegraph, or the telephone, by natural causes? How would he account for these wonders? He would account for them precisely as the cardinal accounts for the Catholic church.

Belonging to no rival church, I hav not the slightest interest in the primacy of Leo XIII., and yet it is to be regretted that this primacy rests upon such a narrow and insecure foundation.

The cardinal says that "it will appear almost certain that the original Greek of St. Irenæus, *which is unfortunately lost*, contained either the Greek word, or some inflection of that Greek word, which signifies primacy."

From this it appears that the primacy of the bishop

of Rome rests on some "inflection" of a Greek word —and that this supposed inflection was in a letter supposed to hav been written by St. Irenæus, which has certainly been lost. Is it possible that the vast fabric of papal power has this, and only this, for its foundation? To this "inflection" has it come at last?

The cardinal's case depends upon the intelligence and veracity of his witnesses. The fathers of the church were utterly incapable of examining a question of fact. They were all believers in the miraculous. The same is true of the apostles. If St. John was the author of the Apocalypse, he was undoubtedly insane. If Polycarp said the things attributed to him by Catholic writers, he was certainly in the condition of his master. What is the testimony of St. John worth in the light of the following? "Cerinthus, the heretic, was in a bath house. St. John and another Christian were about to enter. St. John cried out: 'Let us run away, lest the house fall upon us while the enemy of truth is in it.'" Is it possible that St. John thought that God would kill two eminent Christians for the purpose of getting even with one heretic?

Let us see who Polycarp was. He seems to hav been a prototype of the Catholic church, as will be seen from the following statement concerning this father: "When any heretical doctrin was spoken in his presence he would stop his ears." After this, there can be no question of his orthodoxy. It is claimed that Polycarp was a martyr—that a spear was run through his body, and that from the wound his soul, in the shape of a bird, flew away. The history of his death is just as true as the history of his life.

Irenæus, another witness, took the ground that there was to be a millennium—a thousand years of enjoyment in which celibacy would not be the highest form of virtue. If he is called as a witness for the purpose of establishing the divine origin of the church, and if one of his "inflections" is the basis of papal supremacy, is the cardinal also willing to take his testimony as to the nature of the millennium?

All the fathers were infinitly credulous. Every one of them believed, not only in the miracles said to hav been wrought by Christ, by the apostles, and by other Christians, but every one of them believed in the pagan miracles. All of these fathers were familiar with wonders and impossibilities. Nothing was so common with them as to work miracles, and on many occasions they not only cured diseases, not only reversed the order of nature, but succeeded in raising the dead.

It is very hard indeed to prove what the apostles said, or what the fathers of the church wrote. There were many centuries filled with forgeries—many generations in which the cunning hands of ecclesiastics erased, obliterated, and interpolated the records of the past—during which they invented books, invented authors, and quoted from works that never existed.

The testimony of the "fathers" is without the slightest value. They believed everything—they examined nothing. They received as a waste-basket receives. Whoever accepts their testimony will ex claim with the cardinal: "Happily, men are not saved by logic." ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

A Christian's Thoughts.

Alastor in Secular Thought.

The *St. Andrew's Cross*, a journal published in Chicago and ded cated to the spread of Christ's gospel among young men, has in a recent number an article on "Skeptical Insolence." It asks how the lying lips of Agnostics are to be put to silence, and proceeds to vindicate its mission to propagate Christ's gospel by hinting in the following terms the best way of doing unto people who possess skeptical ideas and desire to utter them: "You must not blame some of us if we sometimes think that a cool stone cell, in a comfortable jail, with a very abstemious diet, would be a well-earned reward for some of this loud-mouthed anti-Christian writing and teaching. We are men, and such thoughts will come to us. I know the cry of free sp ech will immediately be made. True, but you do not stretch that principle to cover the utterances of one who stands up and talks open treason and incites the people to revolt. You would soon silence him and arrest him. Ought not the same rule to apply to those men who, by attacking the Christian religion, are sapping the foundations of all morality, and leading on the ignorant masses to that inevitable outcome of all Infidelity—the Commune." The malevolent writer, so zealous for the spread of Christ's gospel, is perhaps too ignorant to know that his argument for suppressing free speech is the old stock argument—aged as tyranny—made use of ineffectually for thousands of years. But it meant more in the mouth of a Torquemada than in that of the unknown Chicago scribbler, though both are equally malevolent and intolerant; but, the circumstances being different, the effect is not precisely the same. The threat in the mouth of the first would hav been immediately translated into murderous action; in the mouth of the second it means only the hiss of an impotent snake.

Curiously enough, in turning over Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe" for proof of the above assertion regarding the suppression of free speech in the past, I came across the following: "Throughout the East, men in terror destroyed their libraries for fear that some unfortunate sentence contained in any of the books should involve them and their families in destruction. The universal opinion was that it was right to compel men to believe what the majority of society has now accepted as the truth, and, if they refused, it was right to punish them. No one in the dominating party was heard to raise his voice in behalf of intellectual liberty." *St. Andrew's Cross* should hav been published in the days of Constantine, miscalled the Great.

The American Secular Union.

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Mr. Green's Congratulations.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 14, E.M. 288.

FRIEND STEVENS: I hav just read the report of the Pittsburgh Congress and I am much pleased with it. They could not hav done their work better. No more suitable man could hav been selected for president than Judge Westbrook, especially as it is proposed to look into the Christian fraud on Girard College. The judge's late work on that subject shows that he is most admirably prepared to lead the movement. The Union should make the unearthing of that stupendous iniquity one of its special works during the coming year. I know of nothing the Union could do that would tend so much to unite the Liberals of America as would a well-planned and well-directed movement in that direction. Such a movement would command the sympathy of every just person, whatever might be their individual opinions.

I am glad you were reëlected, for I am sure you hav done all in your power, and all anyone could hav done during the last year, to advance the Secular movement. The treasurer and chairman of the executiv committee and finance committee are good selections. I shall do all I can through the *Magazine* to aid you. I wish you as secretary great success. Command me, wherever you can see that I can in any way be of value to you. Fraternally, H. L. GREEN.

Per Augusta Ad Augusta.

For several years a cheerful-looking, matronly English lady, accompanied by a handsome daughter in her teens, whose features bore the indelible stamp of refinement and intellectuality, were faithful attendants of our meetings. It was some time ere I learned that the young lady was training for a kindergarten teacher—that finally she had mastered Froebel, obtained her graduation certificate, and rendered the usual probationary gratuitous service for six months; but when she fully expected to procure a paid school she found she was deficient in the all-important prerequisit—she had no church or ministerial indorsements, so that her expense, time, and studies were of no avail. This is not only an outrage, but a swindle on the part of the Chicago Free Kindergarten Association.

As Miss Laura Lee is one of our most enthusiastic Freethinkers, she will stand by the Secular Union school or no school, and at present is the proficient secretary of the Young People's Society.

However, my particular reason for bringing this sparkling but modest young lady into prominence at this time is owing to the distinction she has just obtained, reflecting credit on her research as well as honor on the Society. A short time ago the Chicago *Mail* offered several cash prizes to those who would answer the most of one hundred and twenty questions, ranged in series of twenty each, pertaining chiefly to authors, history, grammar, and general literature, and of the most complicated character. Miss Lee undertook the task, determined to win for the honor of the Secular cause, and our Young People's Society in particular.

As it may be a matter of interest to your readers to know of what these questions were composed, I hav selected at random a few of them:

What is meant by saying of a person that he was "oyster-shelled?"

Who was the first person that openly, in any public meeting held in Massachusetts, declared for a total independence of the thirteen North American colonies?

Of what battle may it be said that it checked the Protestant reformation, and why?

Why are American ministers to foreign countries and foreign ministers to the United States not called embassadors?

Quote three or four anachronisms of Shakspere.

By whom was the game of dominoes invented, and why was it so called?

Two of the greatest men died the same day; who were they? Giv date of their death.

Who suggested "*E pluribus unum*" as the motto for the great seal of the United States, and from what Latin author did he borrow it?

Who was Aldiborontiphosocophornio, and who wrote about him?

According to parliamentary law is "a motion to lay on the table" or "a motion to take from the table" in order? If not, why not?

Who said, "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away?"

What much-read novel of a celebrated English novelist concludes with the words, "The worst use you can put a man to is to hang him?" Are the words original with the novelist? If not, from whom are they plagiarized?

Why was Mme. Maintenon called "La Belle Indienne?"

Those questions may not appear very difficult of solution, but the trouble is, the popular impression as to the correct answers is so much at variance with the facts that when you imagin you hav the answer you are farther away than ever.

Out of the one hundred and twenty questions Miss Laura Lee answered correctly one hundred and twelve, securing the second prize, while Miss Lane, who took first prize, was credited only with one hundred and fourteen. In reality, Miss Lane did not answer any of them, as her father, a literary man, found the answers and credited them to his daughter, while Miss Lee had to attend to her duties, receiving little or no assistance. Under the circumstances she ought to hav secured the first prize. However, as the *Mail* debarred only its employees from competing, anyone was eligible, young or old. Miss Lee appears as the personification of the Latin motto at the head of this article ("Through trials to triumph"), and we take this occasion to congratulate her on her excellent record. This being the third (or fourth) public prize won by young lady members of the Chicago Secular Mutual Improvement Society since its organization last May, we hope that its example may be a stimulus to our young Freethought friends everywhere to organize, and prove to the world that the claim of Secularists to sterling mental capacity is not merely a sham. E. A. STEVENS.

Our London Letter.

Mr. Bradlaugh announces in his paper that he has received a sum of close upon £2,500 from public subscriptions, which will clear off the debts incurred through his parliamentary struggle, and leave him about £1,000 to the good. It is really wonderful how he has borne such a load for so long without serious injury to himself, and it is more galling to a man who would owe "no man anything." The relief to his mind can be better felt than described. It is still more surprising that one who not so long back "was despised and rejected of men" should hav found so many friends even among those who are totally opposed to his anti-theological tenets. He certainly deserves his good fortune, for he has worked hard and thoroughly.

Mr. Foote's appeal to the readers of the *Freethinker* has not turned out very satisfactorily. He wished to hav their opinion whether the illustrations had a favorable or unfavorable effect on the circulation, and the replies hav not tended to settle the question. He says the majority of subscribers hav not said anything on the subject, but if they had done so, they could only hav expressed their own ideas, without being able to say anything decisiv. A report from the various newsvenders who sell the paper would hav been more satisfactory, for it is only those who deal in an article can speak as to its circulation, and what may tend to increase or retard it.

The articles in recent numbers of the *Andover Review* on the decay of religion in the back towns of New England must be rather interesting reading, more especially to the Freethought party. The suggestions as to the course to be pursued to gain the backsliders may be successful to a certain extent; they appear to be well assorted, the majority savoring of things carnal. There would not be a great run on the printed sermons to be circulated, though the violin and cornet, with Sunday-evening lectures, gymnasium, reading-room, library, and general amusements, may prove a draw. What, however, these last hav to do with the gospel as it is in Jesus—what they hav in common—it is difficult for the unbeliever to see. It only shows that the clerical party are by no means particular what they do or permit to be done, as long as they can be supported without having to work. Jesus would hav rather a rough time of it if he reappeared and went through the same performances as on the previous occasion.

The Salvation Army must be rather proud of its latest converts at Tunbridge Wells, who perpetrated so diabolical a murder and were planning other atrocities when they were arrested. One of them has written a letter from jail, which expresses no regret for the crime, but self-gratulation that all his sins are forgiven and Jesus is constantly with him in his cell. When he meets his deserts, no doubt the angels will rejoice over him, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. J. D.

To Mrs. Slenker.

Do not let any question come between us other than the one on which I am trying to concentrate your efforts, viz., the truth or falsity of the Spiritual phenomena viewed from a philosophic and scientific standpoint. Let us keep this in view, and treat all else as side issues. I should not hav mentioned Dr. Bouton's name had it not been for your eulogy of him.

You hav my proposition, made fairly and squarely, and I am prepared to carry out my part of the program. Are you prepared with yours?

Of course it will be necessary for us to hav some common ground on which to stand, and as you publicly admitted that you believed a very small portion of the phenomena to be true, I ask that you giv a detailed statement of that part of your experience, supplemented with any remarks, favorable, unfavorable, or explanatory, that you may elect to make.

By so doing, both of us will be relieved of the necessity of several preliminary letters, and we can enter at once into the consideration of the subject.

You will now pardon my saying a word to J. C. Roe, of York, Pa.

Mr. Roe asks many questions, and answers them for himself—satisfactorily, I hope. But in a letter of a score of lines he propounds enough to engage one a year in answering.

The phenomena may appear to him as "absurd and unreasonable," but this is simply the opinion of

one man, and a man who never has investigated—presumably because he did not wish to make himself appear absurd.

I promis to attempt to answer all his questions when the proper time arrives, as, strange as it may appear to him, these "absurd and unreasonable" phenomena are to be proved, if proved at all, to be in strict accord with the theories of the greatest materialistic philosophers of this century.

I hav said it before, and I repeat it now, that the "continuance of life" can be safely established from the Darwinian theory alone, and that any Materialist who is violently opposed to the term Spiritualist, can entirely ignore that name while pursuing his investigations.

The mind of man is finite. We know nothing of an infinit mind. We are all liable to make mistakes, to make false deductions, and not one of our philosophies is absolutely correct.

In dealing with certain subjects we must indulge in speculation to a degree, and cannot, as some of the friends hav demanded, reduce a proposition to a mathematical accuracy. There is no such a thing as mathematical accuracy. There is as wide divergence between theoretical and practical mathematics, as it is possible to conceive. Let me illustrate.

Take two athletes and allow that one can run ten times as fast as the other, and place the slower one a hundred yards in advance. Then, at the word, both start.

When the swifter has covered a hundred yards, the other has run ten yards; and when the swifter has covered that ten, the slower has advanced one-tenth of a yard; and while the swifter is covering that tenth of a yard, the other has run one-hundredth of a yard, and so on, till eternity ceases, for the slower will always be in advance of the swifter, even though it be only "the infinitesimalest portion of a fraction."

The ten-year-old boy of Mr. Roe, if he has one, knows what would be the practical result of the race.

So, in a discussion of the kind proposed, I presuppose that we are ordinary sort of people, every-day sort of people, and we will discuss it in language that all will understand.

We are dealing with the "here," not the "hereafter." If there be a spirit world, it is here. If there be spirits, excarnated human beings, then all of us are as truly spirits to-day as we will be one thousand years hence.

There is no necessity for us to go up to the clouds. We hav enough around and about us to keep us busily employed, for I fully agree with Milton when he wrote:

> Not to know at large of things remote
> From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
> That which before us lies in daily life,
> Is the prime wisdom.

McARTHUR.

Toe-Joint Spiritualism.

Shortly after the first appearance of the Fox girls as public mediums, forty years ago, the ex-Rev. C. C. Burr undertook to account for the mysterious rappings on the toe joint theory. He gave lectures, and his brother Heman illustrated the theory by cracking his big-toe, just as Margaret Fox Kane did the other night, when she declared herself a reformed impostor. There are thousands yet living who will attest that the rappings produced in her presence in former years were not done with her toe-joint. And they know that intelligent answers were given by those rappings to questions propounded by them. Those answers Miss Fox knew nothing about until they were spelled out by means of an alphabet held in the hand of the inquirer.

In February, 1852, I saw one of the Fox girls at the Burnett House in Cincinnati. Her mother was in the room with her. The girl stood on two inverted tumblers placed on the center-table. She had her shoes on, and the raps came loud and distinct on the table below her feet. The toe-joint theory was then exploded, and this insulating performance was intended to show that the sounds were not produced by electricity.

Some time afterward, either in the same year or the next, she was holding séances in Washington. A friend of mine went to one of them with a series of mental questions all prepared, but resolved to get only such answers as he willed. He was successful. Every answer was exactly what he willed it, and everyone was false except the first. The girl did not know the questions, much less the answers. When he got through she asked him if the answers were correct. He replied: "They are satisfactory."

That friend is now living in New York city, and I believe he takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. BURR.

Liberalism in Milwaukee.

I wish to report once more the progress of Freethought here in our city. We hav an association called the Milwaukee Liberal Club that meets every Sunday evening. Our exercises are music and a recitation, or reading; then a lecture, followed by discussion of the lecture and a reply by the first speaker. They are well attended by a class of thinking people, who listen to the discussion of all subjects

Now, it seems to me that such meetings might be held in almost every town or city in the country, and giv Liberal-minded people a place to go where there is a chance for Freethought, without the forms and ceremonies and conservatism of the churches. Some might say that we hav many Liberal discussions from some of our liberal churches, but even there you hav the forms and ceremonies that belong with the most orthodox church.

It strikes me that the Freethinkers are not half awake to the fact that American liberty never was so badly menaced as at the present time. And as one of the signs of the times, I wish to call the reader's attention to the report of THE TRUTH SEEKER of the American Secular Union Convention that was held in the early part of this month in Pittsburgh, Pa., wherein it stated that there was a society there that called upon the proper official to cause the arrest of the members of the meeting for blasphemy.

I was astonished that at this age, after this society of Secular Unionists had met annually for so many years, there was danger of their being arrested.

But I tell you that is what is being tried all over this country—to suppress Freethought, and there are different ways used to help bring about this condition of things. There is to-day a political party whose principal object is to endanger the liberty of the individual and suppress what they call Infidelity, and that is the Prohibition party.

It is a church party run entirely by the church and in the interest of Christianity, and I am surprised to find many Liberals that are to work with this party thinking they are doing a good work toward ridding this country of a great evil in suppressing the liquor traffic.

But they do not seem to pay any attention to the first plank in their platform of principles, and that is to get God in the Constitution, to Christianize this country. It does not say so in so many words, but that is what it means, as they say. And when that is done, where are the rights of the Infidel? Read what Colonel Ingersoll said in the last TRUTH SEEKER, of October 27th, upon Prohibition, which confirms what I hav stated.

It seems to me that half the Liberals all over this country are asleep and do not realize the danger we are in, notwithstanding the outrages that are being perpetrated all over the country.

Too many of them are attending churches and paying pew-rent, as I know of a good many that are doing so in this city, and leaving all the work of trying to make this government a government of the people, instead of making it in the interest of a certain class, to a few brave souls that are willing to devote their whole life to the good work, and thereby make it easy for all to enjoy a free government.

I say, then, Arouse, Liberals, all over this country, and organize meetings in some form and do all you can to help Secularize this government. And giv us free thought, free speech, free press, free mails—in fact, freedom to think and act in our best judgment what is best for all. A. B. SEVERANCE.

195 *Fourth st., Milwaukee, Wis.*

The Way the Reporters Got It.

From the Sun.

CITIZEN MACDONALD MAY AFFIRM WITH BOTH HANDS IN HIS POCKETS IF HE WANTS TO.

Eugene M. Macdonald of the thirty-fourth election district of the twentieth assembly district presented himself for registration, but declined to swear on the Bible. He said he was willing to affirm. He had his hand in his pocket, and the chairman of the board requested him to take it out and hold it up. This he refused to do. The chairman thereupon asked him if he believed in God, and Macdonald's reply was that he was not justified in answering that question, and that the chairman had no business to ask it.

Thereupon the chairman of the board refused to register his name, and the other inspectors coincided with him. Macdonald asked Judge Barrett for a mandamus. Judge Barrett said yesterday that the chairman had no business to ask Macdonald to hold up his right hand.

"The inspectors seem to think that a man in order to affirm must hold up his hand," said the judge. "I know of no law that compels a man to take his hand out of his pocket to affirm. This board must reconvene to register the name of this man."

The judge then prepared his opinion in writing as follows: "The inspectors had no right to require the relator to affirm with the uplifted hand. Nor was it within their province to exact a religious test. Indeed, every interrogation upon the subject of the relator's belief in the existence of a deity was an impertinence to which no citizen, in the absence of any suspicion of his truthfulness, should be subjected. A mandamus must be granted."

From the Herald.

JUDGE BARRETT SAYS A MAN'S BELIEF IN GOD IS NO BUSINESS OF POLL CLERKS.

A severe but merited rebuke was administered yesterday by Judge Barrett, of the supreme court, to overzealous election inspectors. It grew out of a refusal by the inspectors in the thirty-fourth election district of the twentieth assembly district to register Eugene M. Macdonald, because he refused to raise his right hand when asked to swear to the truth of his statement qualifying him to register.

Another ground for refusing to register him was his polite intimation to the inspectors that they had no business to ask him whether he believed in a God or not.

"Inspectors," said Judge Barrett yesterday, in granting a mandamus directing the inspectors to register Mr. Macdonald, "hav no right to require a man to affirm with uplifted hand; nor was it within their province to exact a religious test. Indeed, their interrogations of the relator's belief in the existence of the deity was an impertinence to which no citizen, in the absence of any suspicion of his truthfulness, should be subjected."

AN INGENIOUS SCRIBE'S VERSION.

From the News.

The members of the board of inspectors of the thirty-fourth election district of the twentieth assembly district last Saturday undertook to interpret the laws governing registration to Eugene M. Macdonald.

Macdonald when asked to swear refused to do so on the ground that he did not believe in God. The board at first were inclined to refuse to register him on the ground of his unbelief.

A thought, however, struck the chairman of the board, who had, once upon a time, seen a witness in court affirm with uplifted hand. He told Macdonald to affirm, which the latter proceeded to do, with his hands in his trousers pockets.

"Hold up your right hand," said the chairman.

"Not much. I prefer to keep them in my pockets," answered Macdonald.

"Then we can't register you," replied the chairman.

"All right, then, I'll make you," said the persistent voter as he left the registry place.

He kept his word to-day, for he had the matter brought before Judge Barrett in supreme court chambers, and the judge laughed at the action of the board and ordered them to reconvene at once and allow Mr. Macdonald to register if he should feel inclined.

"A man can commit perjury and be liable therefor just as well when he affirms with his hands in his pockets as with uplifted hand, and these judges were evidently ignorant of their duties," said the judge.

FROM A RELIGIOUS POINT OF VIEW.

From the Washington Post.

Judge Barrett of the supreme court of New York, has granted a mandamus to compel the inspectors of election to register the name of Eugene M. Macdonald, of the twentieth assembly district. When Macdonald presented himself for registration he declined to swear on the Bible, but said he was willing to affirm. He refused, however, to hold up his hand or to answer whether or not he believed in God.

The inspectors thereupon refused to register his name.

The judge held that the inspectors had no right to require the relator to hold up his hand, and further held that it was not within the province of the inspectors to exact a religious test. And with the judge is the sentiment of every fair-minded man.

There could scarcely be a more preposterous or blasphemous suggestion than that a lot of ward politicians should act in the capacity of judges of a man's religious belief, to decide whether he was possessed of sufficient Christian grace to entitle him to a vote in a political election. It is bad enough for men in holy calling to prescribe the metes and bounds of a rational man's belief in that which is a sealed book to all creatures, but it is unpardonable, it is ridiculous, in men who are professional politicians in general and ward bummers in particular. It is a burlesque of religion, a profanation of the divine name and attributes, that such things are possible, and Judge Barrett's decision, from a religious point of view, can only be considered as a reproof to those whose zeal has degraded the purposes of their religion.

But How Many People Knew It?

From the New York Herald.

Judge Barrett the other day decided that a man cannot be made to swear if he chooses to affirm, and that in the latter case he can neither be required to lift up his hand nor be questioned as to his religious belief. "Indeed," he says, "every interrogation upon the subject of the relator's belief in the existence of a deity was an impertinence to which no citizen, in the absence of any suspicion of his truthfulness, should be subjected." This sensible decision was rendered in a case in which the election inspectors had refused to register a voter because he would not raise his hand or submit to an inquisition as to his religious belief.

The law is clearly as Judge Barrett has interpreted it, but this does not seem to be generally known. The custom of holding the Bible when being sworn or kissing it afterward, and the practice of holding up the hand when affirming, are so old and so universal that they are commonly supposed to be required by law. But such is not the case.

The law allows every person to make either oath or affirmation. In neither case is any formality required other than speaking the words. Touching the Bible, or uplifting the hands, is no more essential than closing the eyes

Any person who prefers to affirm is free to do so without giving any reasons for his preference. To question him as to his religious belief is, as Judge Barrett says, impertinent.

Prosecutions for Blasphemy in Sweden.

From the National Reformer.

A Freethinking Association has recently been established in Sweden entitled, the Utilistiska Samfundets (Utilitarian Association). Its headquarters are at Stockholm. It has several provincial branches. Its president is Victor E. Lennstrand, and the vice-president Alfred Linquest, both of whom are graduates of the Upsala University. The program of the society states:

> The utilitarian society teaches that this life is the only one about which we know anything: that the end and aim of man is to diminish pain and produce happiness for as many as possible. It contests decidedly the whole Christian view of life: it denies every faith in anything supernatural and assails all kinds of theology as unreasonable and superstitious: it seeks to spread knowledge and to found morality on rational principles. It agitates for unlimited liberty of religion, of speech, of printing, and it claims that every opinion may be freely proclaimed; it protests against the existence of any state church: it claims for everyone the right not to be compelled to educate his children in another creed than the parents wish, the rights to marry and inter without interference of priests, and to be delivered from the duty of making oaths.

Captain Otto Thomson, the president of the Eskilstum branch of the society, writes that Messrs. Lennstrand and Linquest hav been indicted for having openly declared that the dogmatical Christian faith is unreasonable. That on trial they hav been found guilty and sentenced—Mr Lennstrand to three months' imprisonment, and Mr. Linquest to one month's imprisonment. Appeal has been made against these sentences to the Court of King's Bench, but it is feared the decision will be adverse. Captain Thomson adds: "Their courage is unquenched, and old fellows like myself, as well as the young of both sexes, flock to the banner of Freethought held aloft by these two noble young men, who are determined not to abate in the struggle for freedom of utterance."

Communications.

The Blasphemy of Religion.

From the earliest dawn of reason in our childhood days we hav heard with "bated breath and whispering humbleness the name of God." The awe inspired in our infant hearts was only equaled by the fear of his displeasure; he rode upon the storm, he flashed the lightning from the sky, he opened the bowels of the earth and swallowed up great cities, his power was omnipotent, his will the law of the universe, and none who hav thus been early taught of his prerogativs can ever cease to name his name with a certain fear and reverence. This is the creator of all things, the builder of the trackless universe, the boundless extent of which is beyond our comprehension. Pope has written almost all we really know of this creator in his oft-quoted lines:

> Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind.

And what more do we know, or what hav we seen, or what has been proved to us that others hav seen or heard, of this creator?

The Indian with his untutored mind not only saw and heard God in the clouds and wind, but saw him in all that part of creation within the margin of his vision. And this, we hold, is the only way the creator has ever revealed himself to mortal man, or ever will. His voice may be the rumbling thunder, his whisper the gentle wind, but his love for all is revealed in the fruitful earth, whose wonderful potencies bring forth material to make a heaven of this beautiful world. But we do not make a heaven of it, but through ignorance, mainly, and selfishness and superstition following close in its wake, we hav managed to make of it a first-class hell.

Away back in the earliest recorded history of our race, was told a lie that has rolled down the centuries and, like a snow-ball, increased prodigiously in size, until now we hav men who actually believe that Moses talked with the creator, and that the Bible was inspired by the creator. Moses may hav talked with a so-called God; that same God may hav inspired the whole of the Bible, but the great mistake people make in this matter is, that they confuse the God of the Bible with the creator of the universe. They are two separate entities, and hold not the slightest relation to each other. The God of the Bible is revengeful, eternally remorseless in his vengeance against puny mortals; the creator of the universe smiles in the sunlight of his love upon all, making ample provision for all, and if all do not get their just share, it may be justly charged to the social condition of man which had its origin and continuance under the auspices of the God of the Bible. I would not dare accuse the universal creator of the authorship of such a jumble of historical truths and lies. He has done nothing in his visible creations to warrant such an accusation. His handiwork is the very acme of perfection, it moves on unalterably through countless cycles of time, obstacles in its path are swept aside as gossamer threads before a tornado.

This is his only revelation to us, and with it we are gifted with reason and instinct, which are amply sufficient for us to translate his will in regard to our relations with him and our fellow-man. Take the lesson of the flower that blooms and thrives under the rays of the sun and the falling dew. How beautiful it is, how fragrant! How quick its growth, as if in haste to emit its odorous thanks for the gift of life!

But suppose this flower had been moved from the gentle rays of the sun and covered over to prevent the dew from inspiriting its growth. Its life would hav been a failure, its growth and development impeded, its death premature. And so it is with humanity to-day; instead of coming out into the broad sunlight of natural truth—that truth which can be proved to be the truth, and from the simplest analogy seeing our duty to our brother-man—we are skulking around and dodging the false issues raised by a rag-tag and bob-tail sort of crazy-quilt account of ancient Jews, so thoroughly absurd and blasphemous that no man on this earth, gifted with reasoning faculties, could (if he were not early taught that it was from the creator) believe that the author of the universe ever had any hand directly, or indirectly, in putting such an Arabian Nights sort of entertainment—as the Bible certainly is—on the market, and ramming it down the throats of sensible people. That it is, and has always been, a curse to humanity, can be proved in one word.

What better appreciation and gratitude does the giver of a good gift want from the receiver than that of his making the best possible use of the gift?

Hav we made the best possible use of the gift of life and of this earth? Let eighteen hundred years of Christian civilization make answer.

To-day more men in arms awaiting the word from their master to slaughter their fellow-men than ever before in the history of the world. To-day more poverty throughout the world, more oppression of the powerful against the weak, more solid combinations of capital against the helpless laborer, more corruption, immorality, and crime, more miserable unnecessary deaths produced by inhuman injustice, than ever before, and, pity 'tis 'tis true, more churches towering to the sky. If we would for one moment cease praying over the traditions of a dead past and turn to the living present, we could not fail to see what renegades we are. We hav actually thrown back into the very teeth of our creator the priceless gift of life and this fair earth. We call it a corridor of heaven or a vestibule of hell, we call it a probationary lodgment; we decry it with our mouths and fight for its benefits with our hands and heads; and then we turn and look away back upon some fetish and giv it thanks. The great *cause* of existence, call it what you may, creator, Jehovah, or God, is speaking now, and has been speaking from the first. His instructions to man are coeval with his birth, and not filtered down through thousands of years nor through the medium of millions of liars. And what are these instructions? They can best be summarized by two elements which predominate creation—love and justice. They are inherent in man, but he tramples upon them, ignores their monitions, and turns to his ancient fetish and absolutely covers it all over with abject and flattering ovations, and this he calls religion, and the fetish he calls his God.

No man can conspire against his neighbor to injure him in any way but that he feels that it is wrong. That is the created monitorial sense of justice which is speaking to him. No man can look upon a pastoral scene of country life—the waving grass, the lowing herd, the warming sun, the fields of corn and grain—and not feel the love of the creator who, like a kind and loving father, so bountifully provides for us.

The eighteen hundred years of Christianity hav been devoted to the worship of an alien God, an old dried-up mummy of ancient barbarism, when with us all the time, neglected and scorned, has been the true God of love and justice. And how we hav used his great gift, the earth; we hav crowded ourselvs into masses of struggling, pushing, brutal gangs, each seeking for the other's throat, while wasted lands and opportunities lie right before us! We hav distorted and misapplied our intellects and our energies to make life not a blessing but a curse, and we certainly hav succeeded. We must turn about, not to the past, for that is gone, not to the future, for that is to come, but to the present which is now; we must turn about and face the neglected creator, the true God of love and justice, and acknowledge him to be our inspiration and our guide. And with this conversion would come a reverence for the works of the creator, and towering above all created things, man takes his allotted place, the first. Not one man, but all men. Who then among us would not see to it that all men had their just proportion of love and justice? This being so, we could hav no wars, no discontent, no poverty. The world would then show in an unmistakable manner its gratitude to the maker of all things.

The so-called religion of to-day is a curse, from the fact that it assumes the power to forgiv sins—to insure eternal salvation in a world to come which we know nothing about. Now, these two prerogativs—relics of ancient lies—act directly against the proper performance of man's duty on this earth from a sense of love and justice toward all, for the simple reason that the church shields individuals, and, it is said, saves them, no matter how long they hav outraged love and justice in their dealings with their fellow-men. It is their bulwark, their prop which upholds and sustains them, and with a barbaric glee at having conciliated the old fetish, they go on forging heavier chains for the poor and oppressed. The old fetish of the church of course has no heart—it is but a bundle of dried bones, and being so, it emits no spark of living love and justice for those who liv, but a great overdose of it for those long since dead. What we want is a religion for this world. If we get a good one here, the next world will take care of itself. Now, this is precisely what the churches do not want. They want a religion for the next world while the devil harries us to death in this. And right within the portals of the church we shall find this devil, veiled like the great Mokanna, "o'er whose features hung a veil, a silken veil, which he had flung in mercy there, to hide from mortal sight his dazzling brow till man could bear its light." The adherents of Mokanna followed him in deference and reverential fear, but one impious follower tore off the veil, when lo! instead of the beautiful brow impressed with divinity, was revealed an ugliness so horrible that words fail to describe it.

The tolling bells, the robed priest, the magnificent cathedral, the solemn procession, all—all the devices of superstitious ignorance—in these the maker dwells not, but rather in the tear of pity over some fallen ones, rather in the heart that prompts a deed of hidden kindness, rather in the unsought love to the friendless and the poor will be ever found the creator of the universe. No intoned litany or surpliced priest need herald good to him; 'tis done and all repaid in the sweet consciousness of a noble deed performed. We must hav a religion to the true God of love and justice. We must thank him for this life by developing all its possibilities, not by thwarting them. This is the only possible way for us to express our gratitude; words are useless, prayers are in vain. The world is complete and so is man. What is left for us to do is to follow the dictates of love and justice, and this scene of desolation, of wrong and misery, shall be turned into a veritable heaven, which it was certainly meant to be. WM. ALLEN SMITH.

Hell-Bullies.

Over the glowing portals of hell Dante points to the awful legend: "Let all who enter here leave hope behind."

How the despair of the newly condemned victim must be magnified, his terror intensified, as he reads the fiendish inscription! Knowing his doom, the wretch might well exclaim with the primal murderer, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." He sees in the horrible announcement agonies before him "like to Mount Ossa piled upon Pelion;" anticipates torments succeeding tortures in endless succession; and with nothing left but the lifetime aphorism, "Go in and bear it," he enters upon the soul-cremation that knows no end. "Let all who enter here leave hope behind"—a verbal scourge, the inspiration of barbaric religion—a played-out horror, however, "whistled down the wind," and of which ere long it will be said—

> And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Left not a wreck behind.

Of mankind in the past, we hav been made to ask if they had eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner. A conundrum that finds its solution now in the word "evolution," a word which in the highest possible degree justifies the father for having transmitted the diabolical enormities of the altar in his teachings, and in bearing with such oppressions as the stake, the thumbscrews, and the dungeon for so many centuries.

"Let all who enter here leave hope behind."

I heard the sentiment at one time used by the president of a college while addressing a meeting of poor-masters who had convened purposely to listen to his counsel in the matter of management of tramps. Said he, "Let your treatment of them be as suggested by the lines of the poet; searing into their comprehension by a severe regimen and comfortless surroundings that the way of the tramp is the way of the transgressor, and is therefore hard." The merciless duffer with his thousands a year and splendidly appointed apartments, together with the incense-breathing deference of a large community eager to do him honor, had no more charity for his broken-down, honestly needy fellow-men than hell's boss "inscription," "Let all who enter here leave hope behind." A Christian minister was the shambling, hulking monster—a Baptist. And this is the venomous language of his dismal profession. His was not the spirit of the meek Beatitudes, but that of the God of Abraham and Jacob, the bully leader of the Jews, the scourger of the heathen, whose chief delight was blood and to play hell generally. Jehovah was our clerical president's exemplar in his dealings with the unfortunate. Wrath, wrath, wrath, is the stock in trade of the churches. "For they shall know that I am the Lord," the great architect who made the earth and sea and all that in them is in six days, and on the seventh rested from his labors, bushed, fagged out. The flimsy puffball lie of the altar! And still believed in by many because spread before their starved intellects scourgingly dished up with hell-sauce, and the devil as chief waiter.

There are ruffians of the intellect as well as of the muscle; educated sluggers who use their acquirements and social position to pound people's brains into recognition of their accepted dogmas, just as the others crack you over the sconce or gouge your eye out to prove they can "lick" you. The same instinct guides both classes. Confined to no particular division of society, they are to be met with in every deferred-to profession in our midst; mostly, however, are they to be found among college professors—fellows who unite a percentage of the clergyman to the teacher. "I ought to know more than you do," is the basis of their insolent presumption; and full of the spirit of the class-room, they hold the pistol of self-assertion to your head, demanding of you acceptance of their dogmas, just as road-agents rob victims of valuables on the highway.

If I were asked how long the nuisance will be likely to continue, I should reply, just so long as the deferential concessions made by the great majority to their assumptions giv force to the delusion. Among the humbugs of a humbugging age they "bear the gre abune them a'," backed by the shallow, popular acknowledgment that the school and the church are the only civilizing agencies of life, and that they—the bullies—are the only legitimate representativs of social and political advancement; the *avant couriers* of progress; the male caryatides, in fact, of our civil and religious structure. They deport themselvs as if they were indeed the appointed leaders of the world. A selfish, overweening vanity is their distinguishing characteristic, together with an unmanly dependence on the generosity of the more affluent members of their sects—a dependence

in many cases carried beyond the verge of degradation.

The shameless exhibition of their ruffianism is strange enough, but what shall we say of the impunity with which it is met? We are still in the leading-strings of the monk. Except in squabbles of politics or trade, or questions fit only for a mob to be interested in, society is "stale, flat, and unprofitable," contentedly dragging the chain of a degrading masterdom. True, the pope's legate can no longer bring a king to his knees. But the masses giv but slow assurance of breaking away from traditionary servility. Powderly is the choice of the Knights of Labor, and popery would guide the councils of the leaders of that powerful guild.

There is no such bar to progress as the pulpit; all reforms spring up outside its pale and flourish in spite of it. It has been, and is now, the central barricade to all social and industrial revolutions. Of all species of conservatism it is the most defiant and aggravating; giving, as it does, a wisp of any faith for the substantial realities, and seeking to enforce the acceptance of its visionary substitutes with death and hell. I would back plain plenty, along with a fair share of instruction in the obligations we owe to one another, as authorized by the deductions of modern science, against all the superstitions which hav flourished since the pliocene period of the tertiary formation, in enforcing love to good and pity to man. Away with your paltry fables!

Love flourishes only along with truth. Absolute knowledge only is holy, for it comes from the very heart and brains of greatness. The idea of sacrifice for the sin of others is an infantil conception and is fast playing out. Let each of us contribute to push it beyond the outer wall by mockeries and jests, if nothing else.

A truce with white chokers and bands, genuflexions, altar tomfooleries, and holy water puerilities, fonts, fasts, and sacraments—garotes of truth, all of them. Fetters of the intellect hav they been; manacles, shackles, pinions, binding mind to silly observances, shutting out progress. Their weight still weighs heavy on the reaching soul. Thirteen years from now, the millennium will be upon us, say the ninnies of the ancient faith—to be opened by the tooting of a monster trumpet, when the heavens shall open and down will plump the whole court of heaven with magnificent surroundings; a spiritual pontificate to judge the world; sending "ane tae heeven and twae tae hell, a' for thy glory;" after which will commence the "loafing around the throne" by the "unco guid" that will know no ending. Yep!

Our bully of the intellect, the college president, has not a word to say about the grinding inequalities of classes which is the swaying problem of our age. No, no; nothing of the sort. That would be distracting the mind from the great question of salvation of souls. The mouths of such fellows are stopped by the text, "The poor ye hav always with you," a sentiment of the feudal priesthood that is still rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue of pulpitarians, a sentiment, however, in our days softened down by the ever-flowing forces of progress.

Error has been so much mixed up with truth, and the centuries, as sifters, so open between the wires, that the screening process has been slow, so that the shortcomings of our college president cannot be said to be wholly without extenuation. I detest these and all such learned frauds as teachers, but accepting the sentiment that "the mission of culture is to enable us to endure each other," I cap to this quotation from John Stuart Mill. He says something to this effect: "The feeble-minded people in society, in whatever class found, are conservativ. Conservatism, however, is not always the result of adoption of views from convictions; the most intensely conservativ being the most forward in their exhibition of the sentiment in order to gain and afterward retain the position which to them involves the needed bread of life—a species of fraud or rapacity, the result of the uncertainty of our social conditions. Posing on a liberal salary with a prospect of promotion, they look over the vantage-ground of their position, and seeing dispossession in a change of front, they say, as did the reckless king, 'Here will I plant my standard.' And so, heedless of conscience, they hold their own against all comers."

If wisdom were necessarily a concomitant of the duty-loving soul, there would be fewer instances of yielding to the governing ruffians who rule and ruin society—the anarchic "soiled bench" and the lesser rabble of millionaires, the fellows who, as corporators in large industries, sway the interests of thousands without a thought of the severities their course compels. Poor society, succumbing to the merely legal, goes whirling along, grinding common souls between the nether and the upper millstones of artificial destiny, each hopeful, some of heavenly interposition, others looking to the mitigations arising from the slow processes of progress. Truly, the mills of the gods grind slowly. Let us be thankful they press the life out in their terrible work. The centuries hav mostly repeated the fable of Sisyphus. The organ of life, with old Time at the crank, has ground out the melancholy music of existence, whil the tired performer sweated at his stone-rolling work. Poor Sisyphus! Poor humanity! We are the merest fantocini of the fates; jerked by unseen strings, each struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more. Society is a crawling mass of tugging interests. None are free from ills. The smaller sins are the parasites of the crimes; the peccadilloes are the vermin that liv upon the sins, so traced by the microscopic scrutiny of the "unco guid" through all the by-ways of moral conduct, just as on the epidermis of the larger animals the fleas and bugs are found that find food and nourishment there, the smaller following in geometrical ratio till genus and species become lost in the inertia of matter.

Le Roy, N. Y. 74.

Westward Ho!

To satisfy my Secular friends that I hav neither died, retreated, nor given up the colors, I will giv a brief sketch of my trip westward with incidental accompaniments.

On leaving the merry, fair, and Liberal society of the Congress at Pittsburgh, I little thought I was turning to a blank page in the world's album on going to Indianapolis, yet after a brief visit with a dear sister, and a glimpse at the worst phase of Indiana politics, I began to experience such a mixture of pleasure and disgust that I am yet unable to find a name for the sensation produced.

The people were mad, children were excited, and dogs seemed to be catching the craze and adding voices to the noisy bombast of the campaign. Had I belonged to either party, I should hav felt unsafe in the presence of the other. When they had asked my politics and I had given them a few American sentiments, they would look blank for a moment and change the subject.

A visit to the country with an honored friend, "Billy" Chamberlin, was a relief indeed from the muddy streets and the blustering noise of the city.

After purchasing some books I bid adieu to all and took the train to St. Louis. I had a stop over here of twelve hours, but, not knowing the address of any of our Secular friends here, contented myself by visiting the exposition, and taking in the sights of the city.

The display at the exposition was magnificent, and as it was president's day, a vote was cast, and Cleveland was elected by several thousand majority.

The Anheuser-Busch lager-beer works alone make a city.

The convents, cathedrals, and nunneries make a grand show, but to the Secularist present a sad sight.

The Old Ladies' Home is a lovely and a useful institution.

Jefferson Barracks, a few miles down the Mississippi, is a place better to look at than to experience. It has a beautiful situation, and in time of war would be a dangerous place to attack.

The night train of October 21st bears us on to St. Joseph, Mo., and Morrill, Kan. The word is given that a man is knocked off the track. The train halts, and the wakeful ones go with the trainmen back to the place of the accident. The man is picked up and shaken well to arouse speech. "Hurt much?" says the conductor. "No," yawns the man. "Bones broken?" "No," as he feels of himself to see if all are present. "Look where the blood has run on the ground," said I, as I thought I had discovered a frightful wound in his hip. "Not at all," said the brakeman, "that is his broken bottle and whisky spilt." Happy thought! I will now tally one for the God-and-morality party. "Been to a Democratic rally, hav you?" "Na-a-w," said the tipsy bum, "I'm a Republican." The laugh was on me, and I solemnly declare that henceforth I shall never try to tell a man's politics by the bottle he carries.

Landing at Morrill on the noon train, I stepped into a restaurant for a lunch. To my amazement there stood Jake Hoffman behind the counter, and by some mysterious method claimed he knew me on sight. Jake is the dispenser of eatables here. He also sells cider, soda-water, and another drink which, in Kansas, they giv the name of "hops." I didn't test it, so I hav no right to make any inference, but the bottles were of the same size and shape which we tap for lager beer out in New Mexico. If I had time and space I could tell some funny stories on Jake, but must hurry on.

After spending a few days with my brother Tom and our good Liberal brother Jonathan Scott, I began to turn my attention to Secular work.

The campaign being hot here, I concluded to do a little missionary work and prepare the way.

Sabetha, the first town I struck, proved to be wide awake and ready to welcome the joyful news. Many of her best citizens are in hearty sympathy with the Secular cause, yet they had heard very little of the Secular Union or its work.

Among the Liberals here are Dr. O. J. Lyon, a good physician and an old soldier, Dr. Geo. E. Irwin, an old-timer, and a good man to send for when you are about to die. N. S. Smith is a furniture dealer and police justice. Geo. Adams sells hardware. Ira Collins is a genial Grand Army man, and carries the scar in proof of his service and loyalty. He is a merchant and doing a driving business. L. L. Lyon, Bready, Mathews, and Sweetland are among the farmers and tradesmen of Sabetha and vicinity. I look for a successful visit among these true patriots, and shall organize a Secular society if such be desired. They seem to be taking few papers, and this accounts for their not being posted as to our aims and doings. This must be attended to, and I shall take pleasure in offering them the G. O. P. (grand old paper, you see).

In company with friend Scott I visited the two-year-old town of Horton, a city of several thousand inhabitants, with electric lights and a street railway. Here I heard A. J. Grover and Moses Hull expound the gospel of the Union Labor party. Grover is running for Congress, and if the party grows as fast in the last ten days of the campaign as it did in the ten days previous, we may hav a Freethinker in Congress before we had expected it.

Mr. Hull is a power, and makes many converts to the Labor party, which is quite strong in Kansas. Horton has Daniel Smith, Lucien Smyth (you will notice these Smyths are not brothers), A. O. Baldwin, and John Radford for her standard-bearers.

Horton is a promising town, and if the blasting influence of overgrowth does not kill it, we may organize a good society there.

Hiawatha, the county seat of Brown county, where I am presently located, has a population of 2,230 and a church for every 200 people. It is the most thoroughly orthodox of any city this side of Boonton, N. J. I stopped here, not for its congenial Liberal atmosphere, but for its railroad advantages.

I desire friends in southern Nebraska, western Missouri, or northern Kansas who want lectures or organizations effected to write me immediately, as I expect to start soon after the election on a tour through these localities. My terms are easy, which will be made known on application. As I hav not previously been before the Liberals in this line, I am willing to take chances where Secular papers are generally taken.

I shall adopt the policy of the converted Indian who went preaching, "no pay, not much preach," and I hav no objections to this rule being reversed. Giv me a trial, friends. You may be happily surprised at the success.

D. G. Crow.

Thanking God that the Yellow Fever Epidemic Didn't Spread.

President Cleveland's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

Constant thanksgiving and gratitude are due from the American people to the almighty God for his goodness and mercy, which hav followed them since the day he made them a nation and vouchsafed to them a free government. With loving kindness he has constantly led us in the way of prosperity and and greatness. He has not visited with swift punishment our shortcomings, but with gracious care he has warned us of our dependence upon his forbearance, and has taught us that obedience to his holy law is the price of a continuance of his precious gifts.

In acknowledgment of all that God has done for us as a nation, and to the end that on an appointed day the united prayers and praise of a grateful country may reach the throne of grace, I, Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 29th day of November, inst., as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to be kept and observed throughout the land.

On that day let all our people suspend their ordinary work and occupations, and in their accustomed place of worship, with prayer and songs of praise, render thanks to God for all his mercies, for the abundant harvests which hav rewarded the toil of the husbandman during the year that has passed, and for the rich rewards that hav followed the labors of our people in their shops and their marts of trade and traffic. Let us giv thanks for peace and for social order and contentment within our borders, and for our advancement in all that adds to national greatness.

And mindful of the afflictiv dispensation with which a portion of our land has been visited, let us, while we humble ourselvs before the power of God, acknowledge his mercy in setting bounds to the deadly march of pestilence, and let our hearts be chastened by sympathy with our fellow-countrymen who hav suffered and who mourn.

And as we return thanks for all the blessings which we hav received from the hands of our heavenly father, let us not forget that he has enjoined upon us charity, and on this day of thanksgiving let us generously remember the poor and needy, so that our tribute of praise and gratitude may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

Done at the city of Washington on the first day of November, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, and in the year of independence of the United States the one hundred and thirteenth.

From Macaulay's History of England.

During the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been the chief object of the Roman Catholic church. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertil provinces of Europe hav, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor, while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, hav been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what, four hundred years ago, they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of papal domination.

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An Editor in Search of a Vote.

Up in the 34th election district of the 20th assembly district of New York city—a neighborhood locally known as the New Jerusalem—livs an Editor of a Journal of Freethought and Reform. The Editor is a nativ of the United States, white, and of sufficient age to participate in the duties of a good citizen who looks personally after the character and principles of his Public Servants. During the current month it became necessary for "we the people" to appoint a new set of servants. The contract with the man who runs the White House, scares the Canadians, and sends British ministers about their business, for $50,000 per year and perquisits, expires next March, and Governor Hill, of this state, had signified his intention of leaving Albany unless asked to stop by a plurality of the people for whom he had been working for the past three years. Various other state and municipal servants had given notice, and the domestic economy of the country was likely to be disrupted unless the sovereign masters visited a few intelligence offices and engaged another set. Through the kindness of the Celtic gentlemen who act as butlers in the household of New York, various intelligence offices are provided where public servants can be engaged, and one of these happened to be on the same block, around the corner, as the residence of the Editor. With the intention of signifying, when the time came, his choice for his public servants, the Editor casually wandered into this office to hav his name recorded as an American sovereign, ready at all times to do his duty and purify politics by casting an intelligent and uncorrupted ballot.

The Editor encountered at the door a person of Celtic extraction in blue uniform, about half asleep, and sitting around a table four other persons, the majority of whom looked as if their naturalization hadn't "took." There was Mr. Doherty and Mr. Dollinger and Mr. Nuss and Mr. Brenauer, and over in a corner a tailor sat cross-legged sewing on a garment. He was showing his patriotism by letting the government use his shop as a polling-place at $7 per day. Inquiry in words of one syllable, as suited to the capacity of the questioned, elicited the fact that that was the place the Editor sought, and he made known his intention of registering.

"Take the book," said the only one of the board whose face showed evidences that he first saw the light of day on this side of the Atlantic.

The book looked greasy, and besides that the Editor recognized it as a volume on which he had spent some gallons of ink in criticism, and he said, No; he didn't go much on books of that sort, and against that one in particular he had special enmity. But if the speaker would kindly repeat what the legislature had designated as an Affirmation, he, the Editor, would undoubtedly subscribe to its sentiments.

The gentleman looked blank. He had forgotten the lines. He turned twice around in his chair, looked at each fellow-inspector and the policeman in turn, and then his face became illuminated. The first thing to do had come to him. "Hold up your hand," he said to the Editor. Now, holding up your hand is not a hard task, and as the Editor's hand was clean, save a few ink-stains on the northwest finger, he had no objections on that score to hav the outer extremity of his starboard arm examined. But in the Affirmation in such cases made and provided to be used by the legislature, there is no hint that an American sovereign shall hold up his hand like a school-boy who wants to go out. He therefore declined, alleging that it was unnecessary, that it was childish, and moreover partook of the nature of a superstitious act. He alleged further that he had affirmed many an Affirm as juror, witness, and voter, and had ceased for many years to elevate that member of his physical system in so doing. "Well, take off your hat, then." This command was almost shouted. But the Editor moved not. When he entered the place, he had looked around for the presence of ladies, or to see if he were in the presence of any number of gentlemen, but finding neither and only a tailor shop occupied by some males, he had kept his hat on. It was a new one, he was proud of it, and if he took it off it might get covered with tobacco juice, or get lost. By putting paper under the inside band, almost any of the persons present could hav worn it. Besides, the statute, sections 845 to 849, said nothing about hats, and the Editor is a strictly law-abiding citizen. He therefore announced his determination to retain his hat upon his head.

By this time the matter of signifying an intention to help choose some public servants was getting interesting. The policeman woke up. So did the other members of the intelligence-office board. One of them, an aged owl, thought he had discovered the mare's nest. "Don't you believe in a God?" he hooted across the table at the Director of Intellect of the Freethought journal. "It is none of your business what I believe," said that person. "I did not come here to be catechized as to my religious belief. Be good enough to administer the Affirmation without any frills or scalloped edges, as the law directs, and then ask your questions as to qualifications as an elector." The Owl glared, and his nose worked up and down. "Don't you believe in a God?" he hooted again. The Editor repeated his former answer, adding that if they did not like to take his statement they could look up the statute for themselvs. "Then you can't register," said the Owl. "We won't take you. No man who don't believe in a God can't vote in this country." The Editor gathered from this that the Owl was getting ungrammatically excited, and turned to another bifurcated specimen having some resemblance to a man. "Won't you please look up the law, and, after satisfying yourself that I am right, take my registration?" No; he wouldn't! "You can't vote!" he repeated. "I wish you all good-night," said the Editor. "I will see you later."

The next morning the Editor turned his steps toward police headquarters, where the Bureau of Elections is domiciled, which aforesaid bureau is supposed to hav control of the district boards of election. Over this bureau presides a gentleman who owes his remunerativ situation to the esteem in which he is held by the magnates of Tammany Hall. To him the Editor stated his case. "Can't do anything. They wouldn't take orders from me. You must go to court." So spake the Tammany favorit. "Which court?" asked the Editor. "The supreme court," growled the pet of the Sachems. This court is located in the court house built by Tweed, and in the building of which three dollars were stolen for every one spent in labor and materials. Judge Barrett was on the bench, busy. The Editor approached the clerk of the court. "I want to see the judge about a registration matter," he said to that functionary. "You must get a lawyer and hav your papers drawn up. What organization do you belong to?" The Editor had never drank beer at the expense of any candidate, and replied, None. "Well, who are you going to vote for most?" As that was a private matter with the Editor, he demurred to the question and asked why the information was sought. "Because the organizations hav got lawyers hired for these cases, and it won't cost you anything if you go to them," answered this practical politician. Two years ago the Editor had refused to vote for the present mayor because that gentleman had refused to let the committee of reception to D. M. Bennett hav Cooper Union when the Founder of this journal came back from Albany, but Mr. Hewitt has stood out so strongly for Sunday opening of the museums and other sensible reforms, that the Editor had concluded to reward his virtue by voting for him this time. So he said to the court clerk's explanation that he would try the County Democracy, whose nominee for mayor Mr. Hewitt was.

The County's place was in Center street, and down there the Editor traveled through the mud, only to find it a naturalization bureau, where full-fledged American citizens were speedily made out of the raw material of pauper Europe, at no cost to the material except a vote for the County's ticket. That was not exactly the place the Editor wanted, but he thought he might find out something and he dropped in. "What's the matter with *your* papers?" was the answer he obtained on asking for the address of the County's lawyer. The situation was explained. "Oh, you better go up to the district attorney's office. Ask for Mr. Goff, and he'll get out a mandamus." Loaded with this point the Editor started for the office of Mr. Fellows, who "leads a simple Christian life," as the mayor once certified, and knows as much about politics as any man in New York. Mr. Goff was in, but busy; would the Editor come again. The Editor would and did. He was after a mandamus, and that mandamus would be forthcoming, or the other sort would be invoked. When Mr. Goff got back the Editor was there. "I can't do anything in the case in my official capacity," said Mr. Goff when the matter was explained to him; "there would be the devil to pay if I did." "But the fellows down here in Center street said you could," asserted the Editor. "Oh, yes; I hav given some advice in some cases where registration was refused and dictated the form of application for a mandamus, but voting is a private right, and must be defended as such by the individual. However, I'll lay your case before the Executiv Committee of the County Democracy to-night; we are going to hire lawyers to attend to these matters, and perhaps they'll attend to yours. If you don't hear from them on Monday, you will do well to take your own steps."

The Editor was getting angry. It occurred to him that when a set of public officials had wronged a private citizen, it was the duty of the district attorney to right that wrong. But Mr. Goff went into a private room, and the Editor had not got his mandamus. Reluctantly he turned his steps homeward, trusting that the self-interest of a political organization would obtain for him the justice which a public prosecutor, paid to care for the public interest, could or would not.

Monday morning arrived as it usually does after Sunday night has gone, but no word from the lawyers arrived with it. Saturday had been the last day of registration, and the papers said that whoever had failed to hav his name on the lists on that day could not exercise the rights of an American sovereign. But Mr. Goff had assured the Editor that the persons comprising the board of the 34th election district of the 20th assembly could be gathered up any day before election; and the Editor derived a somewhat angry consolation from this. He was now on the warpath. He had been injured in his most tenderest feelings, and reparation or blood must ensue. Down in the mayor's office in the city hall, right in the very bowels of justice, Counselor Sherman makes pothooks at the dictation of His Honor and keeps the list of funds for the yellow fever sufferers of Jacksonville. Mr. Sherman is also famous as the bosom friend of the Man With the Badge Pin. He was found opening the mayor's mail, and piling greenbacks up on his desk in neat little heaps. The Counselor is an Episcopalian principally because very few other folks are; and he banks heavily on law. Therefore he "feared that after the close of the registration days, such a case is a wrong without a remedy." The presence of a lady typewriter prevented the full expression of the Editor's idea on the subject, and he withdrew to the corridor to think it over. He summed the matter up as follows: 1. The board of registration had illegally refused to allow him the opportunity to vote for Mr. Hewitt, and thereby rebuke Mr. Corrigan, the Roman Catholic gentleman who runs Tammany Hall from the distance between Fourteenth street and the cathedral. 2. The superiors of the board of registration

would do nothing. 3. The supreme court must hav the matter presented by a lawyer before it would listen. 4. The district attorney would not be that lawyer. 5. It was the opinion of a bright legal light that the wrong was without a remedy. 6, and last. It was the opinion of the Editor himself, standing in the cool corridor of the City Hall, that he would hav that mandamus and compel the board to reconvene and take his plain and unornamented affirmation, or he would drive the goddess of justice from her lofty pinnacle on the building. He would get a lawyer, and go at it systematically.

Yes, Counselor Sherman knew a lawyer, a good one, Mr. L. S. Phillips, 35 Broadway, fourth floor, room 77. Mr. Phillips was at home—what was the Editor's *casus belli?* The grievance was set forth. Mr. Phillips called his stenographer, repeated the Editor's story in legal phraseology, and when it came out of the typewriter it was a formidable document with many whereases and deposes, and much repetition, and closed with a neat peroration invoking the judge to order the "said Charles C. Nuss, Albert Brenauer, George T. Dollinger, and John A. Doherty, to show cause why a peremptory mandamus should not issue requiring them forthwith to duly organize as a Board for the registration of voters in said election district and to receive the application of deponent and requiring them to affirm him according to law."

Mr. Phillips is a young man who gets up before noon usually, and early Wednesday morning Judge Barrett, of the Supreme Court, had the paper under consideration, which he promptly signed, ordering the aforesaid Nuss and Doherty and Dollinger and Brenauer to put on their good clothes and appear before him Thursday morning at 11 of the clock, and show a reason, if they had one, why the Editor should not be allowed to hav his say in selecting public servants on November 6th, instant. Copies of the document were impartially distributed to the defendants by a capable young man from the office of the Journal of Freethought and Reform, and were quietly received by all except Mr. Nuss, who incidentally remarked that he would knock the deponent Editor higher than a kite.

This was progress of a substantial sort, and the seat of the goddess of justice in the City Hall was getting more secure. The "wrong without a remedy" was becoming less remediless, and the truth of the septuagenarian saw that every Jack has his Gill was becoming patent. Thursday morning found the case on the calendar, "The People of the State of New York, *ex rel.* Eugene M. Macdonald, *vs.* Charles Nuss, *et al.* Writ for Peremptory Mandamus." The defendants had got their boots blacked, hired a lawyer, and when the judge called the case answered in loud tones that the Opposition was ready. Mr. Phillips modestly, but with great clearness, stated his case. "Anything to say on the other side?" asked Judge Barrett. The Opposition passed up an affidavit. The judge read it. "This won't do at all," he said; "it's no answer to the relator." The defendants had sworn that the Editor refused to affirm in the regular way, by holding up his right hand. "Holding up the hand," said the judge, elevating the digital extremity of his right arm, "is part of an oath. The relator has the right to affirm without doing that." The defendants looked crestfallen, but they had another affidavit, to the effect that the relator had refused to take his hand out of his overcoat pocket at the command of the board. "This is no better," said Judge Barrett; "it's no answer; it's ridiculous. There is no law compelling a man to take his hands out of his pockets if he don't want to. He is entitled to affirm in the simplest way, and by so doing is amenable to the pains and penalties of perjury. This board will hav to convene and register this man according to law, and as required in a court of justice. You can't ask him whether he believes in God. There is no such test in this country." To borrow an expression from the orient, the judge had jumped on the board with both feet. Instead of doing their duty, they had committed a crime, and obtained a judicial lecture in place of Christian praise. The crowd in the court-room laughed softly when he decided that a man could affirm and at the same time keep his hands in his pockets, and appeared pleased at the decision. The Editor chuckled and looked toward the person who was to knock him higher than a kite. That individual shrunk gradually together, and looked the other way. He had learned something about legal affirmation and the rights of an American citizen in New York, and the knowledge appeared to chafe his Christian spirit. The judge signed the mandamus writ, a clerk in another room put on the seal of the court, Mr. Phillips paid the fee, and the aforesaid Nuss, *et al*, accepted service of the writ, and agreed to be on hand and register the Editor at 9 A.M. the next morning, and the goddess of liberty on the City Hall was safe. She is there yet, and the American eagle screams as usual over the city, when the stars and stripes float outward on the breeze of freedom. Friday at 9 A.M., the defendant board of election inspectors assembled just as the deponent Editor had assured them they would do, and allowed him to affirm in a chaste and artless manner, with no frills nor ruffled edging to hurt his feelings. On last Tuesday he voted for Abram S Hewitt, with a hope that that gentleman would be reëlected and keep the directors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art from getting that extra $15,000 or compel them to open the doors of their building on Sunday.

MORAL.—There is a practical moral to all this, as well as a principle involved, else had not the Editor given so much time and space to the matter. The moral is this: If Freethinkers will learn their civil rights, and, knowing them, dare maintain them, the Christians who may be clothed with a little brief authority will find out after a while that this is a secular government. In all states, perhaps, the case could not hav been won with such comparativ ease, but in no state would it hav been won unless the outraged citizen pushed the matter, and spent a little time and money to maintain his rights. If that person in Albany who was refused his naturalization papers because he would not "swear" had bestirred himself, he would now be a citizen of the United States instead of a man without a country. The thing for Freethinkers of this land to do is to wake up. Petty denials of rights to Infidels are getting altogether too common.

Judge Barrett's Afterthought.

In the decision in the case of "The People of the State of New York *ex rel* Eugene Macdonald *vs.* Charles Nuss, *et al*," Judge Barrett filed the following as the official decision:

"SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS.

"BARRETT. J.

"The People *ex rel* Macdonald *v.* Nuss *et al*, inspectors of election, etc.—The inspectors had no right to require the relator to affirm with the uplifted hand, nor was it within their province to exact a religious test. Indeed, their interrogation upon the subject of the relator's belief in the existence of a deity was an impertinence to which no citizen (*in the absence of any suspicion of his truthfulness*) should be subjected. The mandamus must be granted."

Does the honorable judge mean to say that in case a man's veracity was doubted it would be allowable to question him in his religious belief? We hold it to be an impertinence to inquire, *under any circumstances* in legal proceedings, into a man's religious opinions. Would Judge Barrett, for instance, allow an attorney to question a witness as to what his belief is, in the face of this constitutional provision: "No person shall be rendered incompetent to be a witness on account of his opinions on matters of religious belief?" We do not believe he would.

A man's veracity or unveracity should be settled by his record, and by facts, not by his belief on speculativ subjects.

A Tall Story.

At a Methodist church in this city a few days ago, James Morrill, agent of the Philadelphia Bible Society, gave the audience what he said was a report of the missionary work being done among the Jews in this country. This is one of his statements:

"Here in America, where Jew and gentile liv on equal footing, the feeling between them is becoming rapidiy of a more kindred nature. Every effort should be made by the Christian church to bring these worthy people into its fold. In spite of the public press, which insists that the mission work in this direction is yielding naught, yet in one year we made fifty thousand converts, and three thousand of them became Christian ministers."

There is indeed a kindred feeling growing between the Jew and the gentile in this country, but it is not growing because the Jew is becoming a Christian, but because he is becoming a Rationalistic American citizen. The statement that fifty thousand Jews were ever converted to Christianity in one year in the United States is a barefaced, brazen falsehood, and Mr. Morrill knows it as well as anybody.

The fact is, the Jews are not being converted at all. The Jews of Russia certainly are not going over to the Greek church, whose adherents rob and murder them, and pillage their property unceasingly; the Jews of Austria are not kneeling at the foot of a cross whose bearers persecute them and accuse them of offering human sacrifices; and the Jews of Germany are not going over to a Protestantism whose chief preacher is a fanatical "Jew-baiter." Even the London society for the conversion of the Jews has to admit that it pays its thousands of pounds annually for almost nothing, but few descendants of Abraham yielding either to bribery or persuasion. But in this country, about which the statement is made, there are absolutely and positivly no conversions made worth mentioning. New York, of course, has the largest Jewish population of any city in the United States, and the Christian churches maintain a society for the conversion of the Jews, but the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know well enough what the society has *not* accomplished. Similar societies in other cities are even less efficient.

Mr. Morrill tells his stories for effect, to get more money, and to maintain himself in a nice fat position. We doubt if he can produce ten Jews, who are honest converts, for all his years of labor and thousands of dollars expended.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S Thanksgiving proclamation is too pious for anything. It has, says the *Herald*, the flavor of the proclamations which were read in the New England churches a hundred years ago. The *Herald's* astonishment is natural, but Mr. Cleveland in drafting the document has gone on well-known lines. "Hav you joined the Prohibition party?" asked a man of one of his acquaintances. "No," he replied, "I never was a drunkard." There is no one so bitter against liquor as the reformed inebriate, no one so pious as the "converted Atheist," and none so virtuous as the reclaimed rake. It is on these lines that we account for the puritanical flavor of President Cleveland's proclamation.

THE Rev. Mr. Lambert, Catholic priest at Waterloo, N. Y., has been hauled before an ecclesiastical court at Syracuse, presided over by Bishop Ludden of the see of Syracuse. The prosecutor is another priest, Mr. O'Hara, and the charge is preaching heretical doctrins. Mr. Lambert has not given very good satisfaction in Waterloo, and differences between himself and his bishop hav occasionally sprung up. We learn from the *Catholic Union and Times*, whose editor, Mr. Cronin, is a warm personal friend to Mr. Lambert, that the latter will take his case to Rome and let the old man of the Vatican settle it. Mr. Lambert's only claim to notoriety, aside from his priestly troubles, is having written very strong denunciations of Infidelity, and then having refused to meet its champions in debate.

WHEN Cynthia Leonard, woman's rights candidate for mayor of this city, read in the papers Friday morning that Judge Barrett had granted a mandamus to an Editor who wouldn't reveal his religious predilections at the command of a board of election inspectors, she perceived a point whereon she trusted to impale the election board which had registered her, but which had subsequently assured her that they would not allow her to vote. She had them haled before Judge Lawrence of the same court, to show cause why she would not be permitted to vote. In her case, however, the reason was apparent—she wears a gown instead of trousers with pockets wherein to conceal the hands, and it is trousers and coats that vote in this country, not gowns. Judge Lawrence told Mrs. Leonard's lawyer that he was fighting windmills, and said that no court could go back on the precedents established; therefore the mandamus was denied. Mrs. Leonard should be a man.

THE Southern Presbyterian church is in a peck of trouble over the Woodrow-evolution controversy. The points are briefly: The Rev. Mr. Woodrow held and taught that the evolution of man through lower forms of life was not inconsistent with Christianity. He was clearly in the wrong, and the presbytery removed him. He appealed to the synod—the synod sustained the presbytery. He went to the general assembly—the assembly sustained the synod. This stopped the public teaching of Professor Woodrow, but did not end the trouble. People talked about it, and preachers talked and wrote about it, some on one side and some on the other. The presbytery of Charleston, in alarm at the spread of heretical doctrin, tried to stop the talk by issuing an edict that no one should write upon or criticise the action of the church authorities in suppressing Dr. Woodrow. Then the synod took the matter up and condemned the action of the presbytery as not only unlawful but an abridgment of the right of free speech. The presbytery was directed to reconvene and correct its irregular proceedings. The presbytery has not and probably will not obey, and the discussion goes gloriously on just as though the say-so of the Presbyterians would make evolution either true or false.

S. P. PUTNAM will lecture at the following places:

Emmetts, Ida.....	Nov. 5, 6	Vancouver, W.T.,	Nov. 27, 28
Pendleton, Ore.....	" 8, 9	N. Yamhill, Ore...	" 29, 30
Walla Walla, W.T.	" 10, 11	Scappoose, Ore....	Dec. 2
Spokane F'ls, W.T.	" 14–16	Pt. T'nsend, W.T.	" 4–6
Davenport, W.T.	" 17–19	Snohomish, W.T.	" 8–10
Sprague, W.T.....	" 20, 21	Stella, W.T.....	" 15, 16
Pasco, W.T.....	" 22, 23	Silverton, Ore.....	" 22, 23
Portland, Ore.....	" 25, 26		

Letters from Friends.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL., Oct. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I make bold to say that, in my opinion, the cartoons of Mr. Heston in THE TRUTH SEEKER are very interesting. They, for themselvs, are worth the subscription price of your excellent paper. H. M. COTTINGER.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Reading to-day in THE TRUTH SEEKER, September 22d, of Mr. Cook sending his mite to Mr. Hacker, makes me feel that if I am a Liberal I must go and do likewise. I therefore send him $1. Now, I hope all Liberals will take a hint and take care of that old couple the rest of their lives. No wonder Christians ask, What hav Infidels ever done? There are a hundred Liberals, yes, a thousand, that can send a hundred dollars as well as I can send $1.

LUCINDA DAVIS.

MONTROSE, MO., Oct. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find a postal note for $1 to apply on my account. I cannot do without THE TRUTH SEEKER. I can find plenty of persons that would like to take the paper, but times are so hard that I failed to get any subscribers. I was expelled by the Masonic lodge last December because I failed to believe in the God of the Bible. Inclosed I send you the decision of the Grand Lodge. It is a clipping of the St. Louis *Republic*. The vote in the lodge stood 16 for expulsion to 6 against, so you see they were not all bigots.

J. G. LOBAUGH.

LEXINGTON, KY., Oct. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished the perusal of "Our Uncle and Aunt," a delightful work on women's rights, by Mrs. Amarala Martin, of Cairo, Ill. A more delicious combination of wit, patriotism, and womanly sympathy it has never been my fortune to meet with. I entreat readers to send for it, for a brighter or more useful gem never graced a table. It is a compound of deep philosophy and ardent benevolence, an entering wedge capable of revolutionizing the affairs of women. If they seek political equality, now is the accepted time and now is the day of salvation.

Yours respectfully, ALHAZA.

STOCKTON, UTAH, Oct. 11, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: We hav just had three lectures—one at Grantsville and two at Stockton—from the inimitable C. B. Reynolds. We had large and attentiv audiences in both places, and the lectures were well received. There is considerable discussion going on in regard to them, and of course all are not pleased, yet many who differ from us pronounce the lectures good. We hav set the people to thinking and hope to do some good. Some literature was sold, so the thinking will not end with the lecture. Mr. Reynolds, for one who has seen so little of the Mormons, is remarkably well posted on the Mormon question, and a lecture from him on this "peculiar" people would no doubt be very amusing and instructiv, and would be as successful as any lecture he givs. The munitions of war for Grantsville were furnished by that old Liberal warhorse Amos Fenstimacher, who presided at all the lectures. He took Mr. Reynolds, as it were, under his protecting wing, and kept him there from the time he left the train until he saw him safely back again, and then sent him to the "Mecca" of the saints with a hearty goodspeed. Yes, Fenstimacher stuck to Mr. Reynolds like a brother, but perhaps it was to save him from becoming a "brother" and a much married "saint." But what am I writing about? "There are no more plural marriages in Utah;" of course not; "we obey the laws" if we are a "peculiar" people. At Stockton, Brother Henry Booth secured the school-house. He and his son William, nobly assisted by John H. Davis, Charles Smith, and others, made the "tenderfoot" feel he had fallen amongst friends. We are rather poor in this part of the vinyard, but we shall make an effort to hear Underwood and Watts when they come out this way. W. O. WILLIAMS.

CHICAGO, Oct. 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The religious sect known as Adventists are, almost every one of them, well posted in the "scriptures." As a matter of fact, they are the most true to the scriptures of any sects we know of. They do not, however, look for the restoration of the Jews, or "Israel," to Palestine, as seems to be plainly taught in many of the books of the Bible.

But I should like to hav any man or woman, Adventist or otherwise, attempt to reconcile Peter's application of Joel, second chapter, from the eighteenth verse to the eighth verse of the third chapter. At the eighteenth verse of the second chapter it says, "Then will the Lord be jealous for his land and pity his people." Then it goes on to tell what the Lord will do for "Israel," and makes it very clear that the Jews as a nation are meant, thus making it impossible for anyone to "spiritualize" it. At the twenty-eighth verse it says: "And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh," etc., which Peter says was being fulfilled on the day spoken of by Christians as "Pentecost." It will be observed that it was to be after Israel had been restored to their own land. But to make it certain that none other than literal Israel was meant, the first verse of the third chapter says: "For behold in those days, and at that time when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem, I will gather all nations and bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people and for my heritage Israel, whom they hav scattered among the nations and parted my land." (Read the whole chapter.)

But what shall we say of the boasted inspiration of Peter on this occasion? He must hav been "filled with new wine," as they said—to use a more modern phrase, he was "full."

Joel had distinctly said that it should be "afterward," that is, after the Lord had done to Israel, his people, the great things promised. And then think of the opacity of the brain of the preachers for the past few generations, not to hav seen that Peter made a most awful blunder. If any clergyman thinks he can harmonize Peter's application with Joel's prediction I shall be most happy to read his attempt.

If such an attempt is made in THE TRUTH SEEKER the thunder will then commence in earnest. This is only a little distant premonition of a storm. JOHN HUDSON.

GLENORA, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: On the 16th inst. Nathaniel Townsend, of this place, after months of painful illness, passed quietly away, leaving upon his countenance an expression almost of pleasure. It was not permitted that meddlesome priest or pious fanatic should disturb his last hours. His outspoken tendency toward Freethought had made sectarian neighbors anxious to ascertain whether he might not "show some sign" of abandoning his opinions at the last moment. But they were not able even to surmise this. He suffered much, but only expressed a desire to go and be at rest. His end was calm and serene and painless. He was sixty-five years of age. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

What religion he had was of the natural order. He had no faith in any supernatural religion. It was never objected to him that he was not upright and neighborly; he had the respect and confidence of the community in which he lived; it was only that he did not reverence the books and teachings of the theologians. He never hesitated to express his disbelief in church doctrins and assumptions. If candor and independence of mind are religious qualities, he possessed them.

The funeral called out a large concourse of relativs, friends, and neighbors. A Universalist attended, reading from the Bible, praying, and speaking. His object appeared to be to prove from the Bible that "all would be saved," rather than to notice the attitude of the deceased to religion. His doctrin, little known or favored among religionists here, he sought to defend in a way to show that he worshiped the Bible and supernaturalism as much as they. Although discarding the doctrin of vicarious sacrifice, he based his whole faith, seemingly, on the advent, life, and death of Jesus; it not occurring to him that such hypothesis was equally illogical and irrational.

But inappropriate as was the treatment to the occasion, it doubtless did something to divert the attention of such as see in the death of an Infidel only an opportunity to invent imaginary tales of deathbed horrors, and, it may be, to beget a doubt in their minds as to whether even their Bible sanctions the creeds of partiality, infernal cruelty, and revenge which they profess. J. K. INGALLS.

FARMDALE, Oct. 15, 288.

MR. EDITOR: As I never see a letter from this place, I hav decided to write a few words in praise of Mrs. Mattie Freeman. She gave two lectures here on her return from the Pittsburgh Congress, and I feel that the Secular Union here ought to acknowledge through your excellent paper her fine talent for speaking, that other Unions may enjoy the privilege of listening to so fine a speaker. Mrs. Freeman should be kept very busy in the lecture field, and if all knew her worth she would find no rest. Though Christians may not agree with her, they must enjoy her graceful gestures and fine speaking ability. Some of my Christian neighbors listened to her first lecture on "His Satanic Majesty" and went home declaring she was a falsifier of history, etc., feeling, perhaps, that they would never go to hear another Freethought lecture. And here, I think, is where we fail to do the amount of work we desire. The Christians will not knowingly go to listen to a lecture where their most sacred book, the Bible, is so rudely handled, and Christian people spoken of as dishonest and ignorant. Now, all Liberals know of some honorable, upright, and intelligent Christians. "Not so on account of religion, but in spite of it." And since the devil is not a pleasant subject to speak on, nor either is the Bible, I think the time is at hand for our lecturers to lay aside the destructiv part of Liberalism and take up the constructiv, thus showing just what Liberalism is and is teaching. We hav been battling that science may prevail and be as universal as religion is now—or, in other words, that truth may take the place of church creeds and superstition. A lecture upon any one of the sciences, intelligently delivered, would prove so interesting that Christian and Liberal alike would be most delighted, and eager to hear more and read more of all natural phenomena, and thus the Christian be lured away from the supernatural and superstitious to the world of science, humanity, and liberty.

I wish to say here that Mrs. Freeman's lecture, "Cross and Crown," is grand, and all that heard it spoke in highest praise and hoped to hear her again. And I hope our Liberals everywhere will prove their loyalty to women by keeping our lady lecturers very busy. Miss De Cleyre gave two lectures here some months ago, and our Secular Union listened to her with delight and should hav acknowledged the same long ago. She shows rare ability for one so young in years; she seems to hav stored away sufficient knowledge to crown the head of fifty years, and to interview her for an hour is a pleasure not soon to be forgotten.

Now a word for our splendid poet and lecturer, Samuel Putnam. He lectured here one year ago this month and found a warm place in all our hearts. How proud we should be with such talent as his! I for one wish to thank him for his unselfish devotion to our cause. I had my plans all laid to enjoy the great pleasure of attending the Congress and listening to our many speakers, and looking upon all and perhaps taking each by the hand and wishing Godspeed, which to me means goodspeed, to each and every one in this noble work for humanity, but circumstances made the realization of my fond hopes impossible, and I yielded to my fate with the best grace I could, still hoping that I might yet see you all. With most affectionate regards to THE TRUTH SEEKER family, I am, Yours for truth and humanity,

MRS. NORA E. FERRELL.

BURLINGTON, KAN., Oct. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: It is my sad duty to chronicle the death of our old friend, Chris Brown. Mr. Brown died at Eureka Springs, Ark., September 22d, aged seventy-one years and six months. He had gone to the springs in hopes of regaining his health. To within a few days of his death he seemed to be getting better. His disease was muscular rheumatism. He had been unable to walk or work for several years. He was brought home for burial. His funeral was Secular in every sense of the word. Col. W. F. Potter delivered the funeral oration. Appended you will find a few lines taken from the *Independent*. C. K. LEVERING,

President Burlington Secular Union.

IN MEMORIAM.

On Friday, Sept. 28, 1888, was committed to the earth the worn-out body of our old friend Chris Brown. Living more than the allotted time, threescore years and ten, he passed to the unknown crowned with the halo of honor coming from a long and well-spent life. In the common meaning of the term Chris Brown was not a Christian, but in the real, true sense of the word Christian, friend Brown was certainly one of the truest and best. Giving, so long as strength lasted, the better part of his time to the labor of a mechanic, he found leisure to read much, was a close observer and deep thinker. Guarded by his best thought and reason in word and deed, he was always fully up to the right according to the light that was in him, proving himself, by the deep filial affection shown by the large family he has left, and by his many acquaintances and friends, to hav been a devoted husband, loving father, true friend, and kind neighbor. These are the attributes that truly belong to friend Brown. And what titles can there be more honorable, more to be desired, or what more entitles a human being to the name of Christian? Possessed of a strong individuality as a speaker and writer, Chris Brown clothed his thoughts with forcible yet simple language, so clearly expressed his ideas that they thoroughly impressed both hearer and reader with a higher plane of thought, inciting all to better lives for having read or listened. Ignoring all pretenses, he was a plain, true man. So passed the life of friend Chris Brown. In word, thought, and deed, striving always for what he deemed to be the right, and to do good to all within his influence. Though the places that once knew him will know him no more, he will not be forgotten; living always in our memory as an incentiv to better things; to be as he was, true man, strong always for the right, and to carry out in our lives the dominant idea of friend Brown, help for the living, hope for the dead, and for the unknown to which he has departed of a surety there is no oblivion.

We can trust the mighty shepherd,
Who loseth none he led:
That somewhere yet a place awaits us,
To greet the faces of our dead.

BUXTON, ORE., Sept. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am reading your real "TRUTH SEEKER," which is kept by my neighbor often, and as I hav seen you hav started to reform the American language in freeing it of some unnecessary letters, I will send you a copy of a bill brought before the legislature of Washington territory by Mr. Keane last spring, and printed in a number of newspapers. The bill of Mr. Keane would go a good way in relieving children of unnecessary spelling so they could use their brains for more useful learning, and would save a good deal of time to printers, correspondents, and the public in general. A similar reform was put in law in Germany about ten years ago, and Bismarck, the great statesman, was amongst its strongest supporters. Hoping more newspapers and magazines will follow THE TRUTH SEEKER's example, I remain, Yours truly, MAX BURGHOLZER.

PHONETIC SPELLING.

The following is the substance of Mr. Keane's bill providing for the use of phonetic orthography in all public schools supported wholly or in part by money from the county or territorial treasury:

1. Drop silent *e* when phonetically useless, as in live, vineyard, believe, bronze, single, engine, granite, rained, etc.
2. Drop *a* from *ea* having the sound of *e*, as in feather.
3. Drop *e* from *ea* having the sound of *a*, as in heart, etc.
4. Drop *o* from *eo* having the sound of *e*, as in leopard, etc.
5. For *o*, having the sound of *u* in but, write *u* in above (abuv), tongue (tung), etc.
6. Drop *o* from *ou* having the sound of *u*, as in journal, nourish, rough (ruf), etc.
7. Drop silent *u* after *g* before *a* in nativ English words, as guarantee, guard, guess, etc.
8. Drop final *ue* in analogue, catalogue, harangue, etc.
9. Double consonants may be simplified. Final *b, d, g, n, r, t, f, l, z*, as in ebb, add, egg, inn, purr, butt, bailiff, buzz, etc.; medial, before another consonant, as in battle, written (writn), etc.; initial unaccented prefixes and other unaccented syllables, as in abbreviate, accused, affair, traveller, etc.
10. Change *d* and *ed* to *t*, when so pronounced, as in crossed (crost), etc., unless the *d* affects the preceding sound, as in chafed, chanced, etc.
11. Change *gh* to *f* when it has that sound, as in cough, laughter, etc.
12. Change *s* to *z* in distinctiv words, as in abuse, house, etc.
13. Drop *t*, as in catch, pitch, etc.
14. Write *f* for *ph*, as in philosophy, sphere, etc.

Use the amended spelling in the following words:

Ache (ake), anchor (anker), beauty (beuty), could (coud), whole (hole), parliament (parlament), receipt (receit), rhyme (rime), scent (sent), scythe (sithe), women (wimen), yeoman (yoman).

Drop silent *b* in bomb, crumb, doubt, plumb, succumb, etc.
Change *c* to *s* in cinder, fierce, once, scarce, whence, etc.
Drop the *h* of *ch* in chamomile, choler, school, stomach, etc.
Drop the *g* in feign, sovereign, etc.
Drop *h* in aghast, etc

Drop *gh* in haughty, though (tho), through (thru), etc.
Drop *s* in aisle, island, demesne, etc.
The foregoing rules shall not apply to proper names. Any school official who refuses or neglects to instruct according to this method shall be removed. The amended orthography shall apply to all printing, and it shall be the duty of the proper officials to see that the new system has been reasonably complied with before authorizing payment for such printing.

KIMMSWICK, Mo., Oct. 26, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Our Christian friend Charles D. McCoy, of Kalamazoo, Mich., in the October 26th issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER, thinks that he has got us fellows by the wool, because he fancies the Bible answers his long list of questions better than science can. First let us see what constitutes superiority in an answer to a question. Is it agreeableness, marvelousness, mysteriousness, indefinitness, or is it plainness, truthfulness, and reasonableness? Is any answer better than the naked truth? The question in regard to the Bible's answers is: Are they true? In many cases we know they are not, in some cases it is doubtful, and in some they are passably correct, but they reveal nothing but what men who hav never heard of the Bible hav known for thousands of years.

First you ask, Who created man? Here you assume two things neither of which you or the Bible can prove. One is, that man was ever created; and the other is that he had a personal creator. It is just as important to know who created small-pox or yellow fever, and as reasonable to suppose they had personal creators as to suppose man had. Then, the question is indefinit. What man? Which man? Primitiv man, or yourself and myself? I am an animal generated by another animal, and he by another, and so on back, and I hav no reason to suppose there was ever a beginning or a first cause. That present man is a growth from lower forms, no well-informed scientist can doubt. The principles of life are easily discernible in the deadest mineral. Atoms themselvs hav a certain kind of life. Man is but an aggregation of them brought to his present condition by the survival of the strongest and the heredity and variation laws.

"Who was man like?" When? In the beginning? If man is now in the image of God, so are the monkey and gorilla. Which man? The Hottentot, the Carib Indian, or the Chinaman? If man was made like God, who was God made in imitation of? What does God look like? Are you sure that he looks as man does now? There is no sense or use in the question, anyway.

What rank did he hold? I reply that angels hav never been proved to exist, and that man now holds the first rank within twenty-five million miles of here, and he is the sole creator and preserver of all the God there is. "For what purpose was man created?" Isa. xliii, 7, must be a lie, for the reason that if there is a real God who is infinit, his glory is also perfect and infinit, and it is utterly impossible to add to or increase or perfect what is already infinit and perfect. My reply to the question, Why does man exist? would be, Because he cannot help it? And he continues for the pleasure and benefit of himself and his kind.

"Has this purpose been carried out?" you ask, and quote Rom. iii, 23, which givs your God dead away. He knows the end before the beginning. He made men for his own glory, and they all sinned and came short of it.

He is either too weak to bring out his designs or too ignorant to foresee results.

"What is the result of sin?" Not necessarily death, as your text, Rom. vi, 23, says, but pain or unhappiness. We would all die, even if we never sinned, for the reason that as we had beginnings we must hav ends. "All forms are perishable," and whatever grows dies. "Is God willing that any should perish?" I reply that if a God exists he cannot help himself. Second, he is willing if he can help himself and has not done so. Third, he is willing, because he has, according to the Bible, made the way to hell or death so broad that none could miss it, and the way to bliss so narrow that few can find it, and man so constituted that few wish to find it.

"God loves the world" just this much, "that he determined to damn the most of us." And if he hadn't "taken pleasure in the death of the wicked," instead of deluging the earth with a flood he would hav performed a less miracle and turned all the wicked people into righteous ones.

I've "sought the Lord" near and far, but would like to know really just where he can be found. A God who is confined in one place, who has to be sought after, and who has to be called on when he is near, is no God that we fellows feel like worshiping.

"How may the wicked find favor with God?" Chiefly by becoming his slaves; having no will of their own; debasing themselvs, and believing good is bad and bad good—that is, if the Bible is true. "Does God regard all men alike?" Your text, Rom. ii, 2, says Yes. I reply, then he is either an unjust tyrant or an idiot. But I concur with the Bible in this case, for I don't believe there is any God who has intelligence enough to tell one man from another. But you contradict scripture by scripture in your very next quotation. You ask, "To whom will the Lord look?" (Isa. lxvi, 2). If he is no respecter of persons, he won't look any more to him of a broken and contrite spirit than to me.

In answer to your next question I reply: No, he does not countenance wrong in anyone but himself and except when he commands it; then of course it is right. He is a very jealous God, you know, and does not want anyone to beat him at anything.

As I hav overhauled enough of your questions to show how shallow they are and how foolish their biblical answers, I will say farewell. I was once in your shoes, and for ten years quoted the same texts. I hope you may be delivered from the degrading delusion of Christianity. There is no true happiness in it. Please answer one question: Is God going to damn creatures of his own make who hav turned out just as he knew they would, and after all has his redemption scheme proved a failure? Think of a God dying to correct his own mistakes and then finding out that he hasn't succeeded. Yours for the naked truth, C. L. HASKELL.

UPPER MATTOLE, Oct. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. J. M. Groh says that he does not see what use the quotations I used in my answer to Mr. Holland are in the present discussion to get to the truth of what is best for the laboring man, since manufacturing has improved so much since then that the old state of things has passed away. The first quotations I used were to show that Mr. Holland was wrong in saying that the Republican party was unwilling to surrender any part of the protectiv system. And the second was to show his mistake in saying that the founders of the government were as the Democratic party is to-day on the tariff issue. A child could tell the use of those quotations. Now, after denying the use of quotations from contemporaneous and past statements, he brings forth from his "political Bible" as an axiom something that was said over half of a century ago. Now, assuredly I do not understand him.

Mr. J. M. Groh writes: "To-day we behold England, having outstripped all her protectiv neighbors in substantial progress, the greatest manufacturing and commercial nation on earth, with the condition of her laborers or common class much improved after a practice of comparativ free trade during forty-two years, thus giving the lie to all protectiv theories of the past." Now, when a truthful man makes an assertion we generally take it for what he thinks is so, and generally a man is able to prove what he says, so I would like to hav Mr. Groh prove that the poor class are better off to-day in England than they were forty years ago. Now the people work for about twenty cents a day. Their food amounts to about this—bread made out of yellow meal and butter, fish occasionally, and in the best families meat once a week. In what condition were they before forty years ago? They can now hardly liv. Were they dead forty years ago, or were they like the Egyptian mummy lying away—yes, lying away for free trade? I shall now giv a list of things called the necessaries of life from the retail prices in England: Bread, per pound, 3 cents; beef steak, 20 to 24 cents; roast, 17 to 20 cents; common, 14½ cents; chickens, each, 36 to 60 cents; mutton, per pound, 14½ cents; pork, 15½ cents; veal, 13 cents; eggs, per dozen, 14½ to 20 cents; butter, per pound, 24 to 36 cents; cheese, 24 to 28 cents; coffee, 30 to 48 cents; tea, 96 to $1.25; sugar, 7 to 10 cents; potatoes, per 100 pounds, 72 cents; cabbage, apiece, 2½ to 5 cents; flour, per pound, 4½ to 5½ cents; kerosene oil, per liter, 6 cents; milk, per liter, 5 cents.

Can anybody find that the necessaries of life where the highest average weekly wages are $5.76 are not fully up to the net price of necessaries of life in America? Now, what is there in life and prosperity in England that should fascinate anyone in this country? How can one compare a country that is not able to raise any of the necessaries of life with one that is able to raise all of them?

In the United States during the period of low tariff from 1848 to 1860 wages were as low in this country as in England to-day. Any person that lived during that period cannot deny this. What is the cause of the rise of wages in the United States above free trade England and her free trade period? That is the question. The reason exactly is protection that we shall not be brought into competition with foreign cheap labor.

I am acquainted with an Englishman who worked in the silk-mills of England a number of years ago when silk was put on the free list between England and France. He says that every silk-mill in England was closed and hundreds of men, women, and children were thrown out of employment. Although he is an Englishman and looks to everything that is good for his country, still he is in favor of protection in the United States. Now, this is not from a theorist, but from a man of experience.

The laborer in this country is better off than he has ever been before. With wages higher on the average, with the price of living lower on the average, he is in this respect immensely better off than anywhere else in the whole world. The wage-earners in this country own more property than all the other wage-earners in the world put together. The wage-earners of Connecticut and Rhode Island own more property than all of the wage-earners of the whole of Europe, including Great Britain and all of her dominions. The attempt to make the laboring man believe that he could liv as well and as cheaply here under a system of free trade as he does now under a system of protection is not worthy of even a free trader, in view of all the statistics, and the refutation which has been made.

Mr. J. M. Groh tries to make it appear that protection is the cause of all the strikes, pauperism, and the labor organizations. Let us examin the official statistics of the year 1880. The returns are as follows:

Countries.	Population.	Paupers.	Ratio to population.
Great Britain.	34 623,930.	1,037 404.	1 to 33.
United States.	50,155,783.	88,665.	1 to 565.

There is no evidence, however, that a protectiv tariff is responsible for the presence of these unfortunate people in this country, while on the other hand the fact that there are so many more paupers in Great Britain than there are in the United States according to the population indicates that the industrial system of that country is responsible for the excess.

The Chicago Anarchists were murderers, and had a fair trial. No man with any manhood can place those murderers with John Brown.

Instead of protection being the cause of strikes, it is the freedom of the press and speech, which allows cranks and agitators to stir the minds of ignorant men and women to do things—for which in a few cases they hav received justice. I say, hang the agitators and send those poor devils where they shall be treated with humanity, for instance, in the state prisons and houses of correction.

I can now say that my distinguished opponent knows but little about history and less about tariff. Richard Cobden and his associates who were called the Cobden Club were the founders of free trade. In 1846 they had a bill passed through Parliament which allowed corn to be free. Richard Cobden holds as prominent a place in the history of England as Henry Clay does in the history of the United States. I commend you, Mr. Groh, to the study of history.

W. T. S. H.

HEPPNER, ORE., Oct. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 22d Mr. C. L. Abbott undertakes to account for the *appendix vermiformis* from the evolutionary standpoint. He first says that "it is an error to say it is found only in the human system," and then goes on to show from his own description of it that such is really the case. He then begins his explanation by assuming as the basis of his conclusions that the vermiform appendix was formed by the shriveling up or atrophying of the closed end of the cœcum, which is supposed to hav occurred during the transmutation of the lower animal into the man, and says: "The very fact of its atrophying proves that it has ceased to perform any useful function in the physical organism." Now, if this be true, this very fact ought to furnish a clue as to what that use was in the lower animal that has disappeared in the man, and, as far as I know, this has not been done.

The fact is, if the vermiform appendix had been formed in this way it would undoubtedly hav presented such an appearance of gradual enlargement as it approached a gradually diminishing cœcum as would render it difficult to determin just where the latter ended and the former began, and anatomists would scarcely hav deemed it necessary to giv two different names to what was really one and the same thing. But when we come to examin the facts in the case, we find a very different state of affairs. The cœcum is that part of the large intestin forming a "blind pouch" just below the point where the large and small intestins unite. It is perforated at one end, the other terminating abruptly. Attached to this well-rounded extremity is the *appendix vermiformis*, a worm-shaped tube about four inches long, the size of a goose-quill, and of about the same uniformity in size and shape, the line of demarkation between the two being as well defined as is that between the large and small intestins.

The gentleman further says that "the present is merely a transitional stage," which transitional stage, we are told, has already lasted for "at least hundreds of thousands of years," and for all present indications to the contrary, may last for as many thousand years to come, since no community of human beings hav as yet been seen in process of improvement toward winged angels. And that "as we shall never get down on all-fours again [which in view of "retrogression" evolutionists are by no means safe in assuming] the vermiform appendix will continue to atrophy until it wholly disappears." This last being in direct opposition to the fact that, from the first time the surgeon's knife laid bare the mysteries of the human form until now, the vermiform appendix has stubbornly maintained its original size, shape, and position, as if it served, not to teach man "the lesson of his humble origin," but instead, that the modern evolution theory is an empty dream, unsupported by any fact in nature rightly seen. But Mr. Abbott is doubtless aware of the fact that this is not the only part of the physical organism whose use is not well determined.

In the same paper in which Mr. Abbott's letter is published appears another of those lovely cartoons for which Heston is so justly celebrated. It is easily understood. "The Liberal Camp" represents THE TRUTH SEEKER, but who is that man at the gate? The Editor, probably, or an assistant. What does he say? "Free to everybody, but no rubbish admitted." Which, in plain English, doubtless means, "We draw the line at Christians." And why? The answer is: "Our sanitary regulations will not allow us to admit any dead things or unhealthy baggage." Indeed! "Unhealthy baggage" is liable to breed disease, is it not? And so "we are actually afraid that if we admit your unhealthy baggage it will be the means of spreading disease among our constituents, thereby weakening our ranks." Many thanks for this frank confession. One might hav supposed that the handsome young man at the gate would hav said: "Walk right in, friends, your baggage can't harm us; we hav a sure cure for all disease resulting therefrom." Or, "We will disinfect your baggage so as to render it perfectly harmless." But laying all jokes aside, I appeal to all good Liberals who read this paper, Is this a fair sample of the average Liberal courtesy? What has become of the noble, whole-souled, liberal-minded gentleman who would not stoop to do anything unbecoming to the dignity of a man? One might excuse the simple-minded school-boy, who, for some fancied wrong, draws rude pictures with his slate and pencil, but what ought we to think of him who, in the strength of his intellectual manhood, resorts to the use of such weapons as this? It may do very well for children to indulge in the like, but not for grown folks. And now others may do as they please, but I accept this as final. The Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER undoubtedly has a right to say who shall and who shall not enter the columns of his paper, and since he has indorsed this most courteous method of dealing with unwelcome guests by giving it an airing through his paper, I hereby pledge him my word and honor never again to ask for admission, excepting as I may feel called upon to reply to some article pointed especially at me. And this I claim as a right. But if it is against the rules of the institution to admit religionists, it seems to me that the more generous method would hav been to emblazon the fact on the first page of THE TRUTH SEEKER, so that all who read might understand. Remember, "The generous heart should scorn a pleasure that givs others pain." MRS. H. A. RITCHEY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Nix's Mate.

A LEGEND OF THE BLACK ROCK IN BOSTON HARBOR.

"The tide runs strong, and the sea grows dark,
Hark ye, pilot! (Cling, clang, cling!)
The night wind freshens and drives the bark;
(Cling!)
The sluggish fog horns fill the air,
And fitful is the beacon's glare,
And near us lies an island bare,
Hark ye, hark ye!"
(Cling—clang—cling!)

"Quiet, lad, 'tis the bell-buoy tolls
As the heavy sea beneath it rolls.
The lights are bright on the long sea-wall,
I know the reefs where the breakers fall,
And I know where there are no rocks at all."

"But the isle is black without shoals or sands,
Hark ye, hark ye! (Cling, clang, cling!)
And black on the rock the beacon stands.
(Cling!)
And the bell-buoy's voice has a warning tone,
And flares the light on the pile of stone.
What makes the isle so black and lone?
Hark ye, hark ye!"
(Cling—clang—cling!)

"That island, boy, was once fresh and green,
The fairest isle in the harbor seen,
'Tis the ghost of an isle that you yonder see,
Now the bell strikes one, now the bell strikes three,
And the night shades fall, and the wind blows free.

"The trees are gone, the fields, the shore,
And the heron comes to the reef no more,
No sea gull's wing to the rock dips down,
No petrel white nor seamew brown,
Nor boat stops there from port or town."

"Do you know the rocks of the reft sea-wall?
Hark ye, pilot!" (Cling, clang, cling!)
"I know where there are no rocks at all."
(Cling!)

"Then, pilot, we're safe, so tell to me
The tale of this isle on the haunted sea,
While the bell strikes one, and the bell strikes three,
Hark ye, hark ye!"
(Cling—clang—cling!)

"Listen, boy, the tide runs fast
Where the green isle lay in the years long past.
There once a gibbet the moon shone through,
And its iron frame the high winds blew—
There the crimes of the sea received their due.

"Old Nix was a captain, hard and bold,
And he reaped the sea and gathered gold;
He gathered gold, but one windy night
They found him dead 'neath the gunwale light,
And his mate stood near him, dumb and white.

"And his mate they seized—a young sailor he—
And charged him with murder upon the sea.
And they brought him here where the island lay,
Where the gibbet rose o'er the windy bay;
'Twas more than a hundred years to-day."

"O pilot, pilot! how dark it grows!
Hark ye, hark ye! (Cling, clang, cling!)
Across the bay the fog wind blows,
(Cling!)
The beacon turns in the fog clouds drear,
And my head is dulled with nameless fear;
They did not hang that sailor here?
Hark ye, hark ye!"
(Cling—clang—cling!)

"Here lay the ship, and the island there,
And the sun on the summer oaks shone fair,
And they took him there 'mid the chains to die,
And he gazed on the green shore far and nigh,
Then turned his face to the open sky.

"And he said, 'Great heaven, receive my prayer;
The shores are green and the isle is fair;
To my guiltless life my witness be;
Let the green isle die 'mid the sobbing sea,
And the sailors see it and pity me.

"'In her old thatched cottage my mother will spin,
And dream of her boy on the coast of Lynn,
Or watch from her door 'neath the linden tree;
O heaven, just heaven, my witness be,
Let the island beneath sink into the sea.

"'Let it waste, let it waste in the morning waves,
With its withered oaks and its pirates' graves,
Till it lie on the waters black and bare,
The ghost of an isle 'mid the island fair,
Where bells shall toll and beacons glare!'

"He died, and the island shrank each year,
The green trees withered, the grass grew sere,
And the rock itself turned black and bare
And lurid beacons rose in air,
And the bell-buoy rings forever there.

"The bell-buoy rings in the moaning sea,
And it now strikes one, and it now strikes three!"

—*Journal of Education.*

"You can't add different things together," said a teacher in one of the New York public schools. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, who was the son of a Harlem milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it done more'n a thousand times."

Keep Your Promises.

Be careful about making a promis, but after it is made do not break it. The person who thinks nothing of his word is not to be trusted. To think lightly of a promis foreshadows dishonesty, ruin, and disgrace. Sometimes, of course, it is, from unforeseen causes, absolutely impossible to keep one's word. In such case a broken promis may be excusable. But, as a rule, this cannot happen where one is careful and conscientious.

When we hear of a person of whom it is said that "his word is as good as his bond," we hav reason to believe that such an individual is honest and trustworthy. He has won his reputation by being always prompt and sure. And we feel he can be trusted, because he is not indifferent to his promises. He regards his sacred word of honor above all things. Faithfulness to all trusts, careful consideration before making a promis that involves a transaction of moment, and keeping the promis to the letter after it is made, insures a good and honest character, in whose care may be placed the affairs of business, and the confidence of men and women.

We liv in an age of fraud. Here and there are found men and women who betray trusts reposed in them. This is due largely to the light manner with which the promis is made and regarded. Let all try to keep promises as sacredly as honor itself. Make few promises, but when once made keep them sacred.

S. H. W.

Forests.

Forests are of the greatest importance in the general economy of the globe, influencing the humidity of the air and soil, lessening the extremes of heat and cold, affording shelter to man and beast, and enriching the soil on which they grow. Trees supply timber and fuel to man, and furnish him with a vast variety of drugs, dyes, and articles of food. Historical records giv us reason to believe that the habitable earth was generally covered with forest growth before it became the abode of man, and also proof of this is found in the extensiv remains of ancient trees.

The geological record mav also be referred to as evidencing by its coal-fields the extensiv breadths once covered by the richest vegetation.

The arboreous vegetation of the earth is remarkable for its great variety; many countries are rich in pines, others in oaks; Australia in gum-trees, India in teak—called the king of Indian timber trees; it is prized for ship-building beyond any other wood, and is especially valuable for works in contact with iron—California in sequoia, a kind of fir-tree, and Brazil in palms.

Trees, like other plants, require different degrees of heat, light, moisture, and elevation above the sea for their vigorous development, and hence various countries hav their characteristic forests. The birches and pines of the north make way in the temperate zone for oaks and beeches, and in the tropics for palms and other heat-loving trees. The same trees seem to require similar climates, but the same climates do not always produce the same plants. The mountains of South India and Ceylon closely resemble the regions where the cinchona forests occur, but the genus is wanting in Asia.

Again, the teak is unknown in America, although parts of Brazil resemble its home in Malabar. It is also remarkable that some forests consist solely of one particular tree, such as the birch in Lapland, the pine in North America, the deodar, or "god-tree," as it is called by the Asiatics, in the Himalayas. It is a kind of cedar, and is employed for a variety of useful purposes, especially in building. They are technically called "pure forests," so as to distinguish them from mixed forests. The European forests, on the contrary, are generally composed of coniferous trees mingled with oak, elm, ash, beech, poplar, willow, alder, birch, and lime, interspersed with hornbeam and various others, being hazel, elder, buckthorn, viburnum, roses, etc.

The American forests contain a still greater variety of species, a fact strikingly illustrated in Missouri.

In little more than half an hour, and less than a mile's walk, one can see in a patch of nativ forest a few miles from St. Louis, on the Missouri, forty kinds of timber trees, including eleven of oak, two of maple, two of elm, three of ash, two of walnut, six of hickory, three of willow, and one each of plane, lime, hornbeam, hop-hornbeam, laurus, poplar, birch, mulberry, and horsechestnut, together with about half that number of shrubs.

Take it all in all, trees are the most beautiful and interesting works of nature, and are well worthy of our knowledge.

Versailles, Ind. LEONORA STOCKINGER.

Nantucket Anecdotes.

There was a time when people knew little of tea-making or tea-drinking. The first tea brought to Nantucket has a little history of its own. A gallant captain sailing from that port had tasted some of the beverage on one of his voyages to Japan. He liked it so much that he bought a chest of it to bring home. On his arrival he ordered some of the tea made for a few friends who had gathered to bid him welcome home. His good wife had never before seen any tea, and was at a loss to know just how to prepare it. But she thought she would make it good and strong, so she put a quart-bowlful of the tea in about eight gallons of water and set it boiling. Her sister thought this scant measure and she threw in another quart-bowlful of tea. This was boiled down to four quarts, and a queer mess indeed it was. When brought to the table nobody could drink it. The captain declared that a teaspoonful of it was enough to kill the whole party. Then he prepared some himself, and it was made after the manner of the orientals, as the captain had seen them prepare it, and all declared it was the most delicious drink they ever had tasted.

Along with this is the story about some chocolate, and this story is said not to belong to Nantucket, though I don't know about that. A good minister was once presented with a cake of chocolate, and passing the same to his wife told her to hav some for the Sunday dinner. It was a boiled dinner, and when it was brought the minister looked in vain for his chocolate. "My dear," said he, "where is the chocolate?" "I'm sure I don't know," she replied. "I put in the whole cake in the pot along with the vegetables and boiled it a whole hour, but when I took up the dinner I could find neither hide nor hair of the chocolate. It must hav been bewitched!"

Another story is of a deacon and his wife who were invited out to tea once upon a time. There was something on the table that seemed to meet the approbation of both the deacon and his wife. The wife passed the plate containing it repeatedly to her husband, urging him to take more and more of it. "Eat, Byron"—his name was Byron—she urged, "you'll never get such good corn bread as this again, for I never did see the beat of it, sure!" It chanced, however, with their eating of the good corn bread that there was not sponge cake enough to go round and the other guests had none. Deacon Byron and his wife had mistaken the sponge cake for corn bread. S. H. W.

Correspondence.

Nov. 1, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I saw that you desired an essay on "Timber" for the Children's Corner of THE TRUTH SEEKER, so I send you one similar to it on "Forests," if it is yet desirable and not too long to hav published.

As ever, Your universal mental liberty friend, LEONORA STOCKINGER.

VERSAILLES, IND., Oct. 28, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav never written to the Children's Corner before, I thought I would write to you and my friends. I am thirteen years old, and go to school and study arithmetic, history, grammar, geography, and physiology. I intend to graduate this year. A few days ago one of my schoolmates asked me why I never came to Sunday-school. I told her I never took any interest in it, and that I would rather read some interesting book. Then she told me that I should not talk that way and that I was very wicked. If I am wicked, I am so much the wiser, for during the Sundays I read far more interesting books than the Bible or the Sunday-school papers. I hav read nearly all of Dickens's novels; my favorit is "The Pickwick Papers," although they are all very interesting. I will tell my friends a true story that happened to my grandpa. He and grandma had adopted a boy five years old, and had raised and educated him as their own. One day in the summer, as grandpa and Eddie, the boy, were feeding the horses in the barn, grandpa noticed that wheat was being thrown on his head. Then he asked Eddie where it came from, and he said he did not know. Well, the wheat-throwing went on for about a month. Grandpa was getting inquisitiv as to who did the mischief; they related it to their neighbors, and they came and joined the search. Wherever they went wheat was being plentifully thrown about them. One man told grandpa that something was going to happen to his family. Of course grandpa did not believe this, but he desired to know who or what was wasting his wheat. Soon after, the neighbors went out with pistols and clubs, and said they would shoot down the thing that did the mischief.

All this time grandma remained in the house and performed her household duties, and laughed at those superstitious neighbors (for they were Catholic).

At last she resolved to go out and try her luck in finding the ghost, or culprit, or whatever it was. The next morning she went out in her cabbage patch, and Eddie was near her, when all at once a shower of wheat rained down upon her. She called Eddie to her, and stooped and picked a grain of wheat from a cabbage leaf. Then she said, "See, Eddie, isn't this a grain of wheat?" As he came near she caught him by the arm and asked him if he did not throw it. He did not deny it and so she examined his pockets, when, lo! they were full of wheat. Of course he was punished for his mischievous act. The boy looks as if he could not count three, yet he is smart in many ways. My father told him that he deserved a medal for holding the superstitious in such suspense. If it had gone on much longer, the people would hav believed that the place had been bewitched. Well, my friends, I hope we will not be so superstitious before we hav given the question some thought.

I will now close by wishing success to you and the Corner. Your Liberal friend,

EMMA STOCKINGER.

[Many strange things occur in some such way as did the showers of wheat as related above, and might often be traced to as simple a source. Mystery is only another name for ignorance. We should aim to carefully investigate all seemingly mysterious happenings, and to be always free from superstitious fancies. Law governs all forces.—ED. C. C.]

A Queer Legend—The Story of the Contest for the Crown.

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EVE, his wife, though not conventionally so.
SERPENT, "more subtil than any beast of the field."
VOICE OF THE LORD strolling around.
Tree of knowledge bearing luscious pippins.

SCENE.—Eden, garden of.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Center of the garden. Tree of knowledge, with its tempting but forbidden fruit.

Enter Eve. Takes up a position under the spreading branches, and gazes longingly at the golden pippins. Enter Serpent, with a number thirteen smile of unalloyed guile on his open countenance.

Eve. Oh, mercy!
Serp. Pardon, madam; hav no fears.
I hav at heart but thy best interests,
Believe me, Madam Eve.
Eve. Thanks, awfully!
So noiselessly and suddenly you came,
That I was startled slightly, that is all.
I fear thee not—indeed, why should I, pray?
So beautiful a being, one of grace
So full, could not inspire the tiny bird
With fear, I ween, nor guile in quantity
Contain the slightest.
Serp. Madam, I should smile!
And all that thou hast said of me I say
Of thee, with double compound interest,
Most captivating one. A daisy thou
From Daisyville, make no mistake. But I
Saw thee with admiration gazing on
The golden pippins, hanging temptingly
These spreading branches from.
Eve. Oh, aren't they nice
To look upon? I wonder if to eat
They are as nice?
Serp. As to the eye they look,
Fair Eve, so to the tongue and palate do
They promis keep. The king of all the fruits,
Within this garden growing, has its throne
Upon this royal tree. Before this king—
King Pippin—other fruits and all must hide
Their heads diminished! Hold thy apron, Eve—
Ah, pardon; I forgot. I will ascend
And shake to earth some of this golden fruit;
The fall not great, not great will be the bruise,
This grassy carpet, soft and thick, will scarce
Allow of damage to the fruit.
Eve. Oh, my!
Don't do it, dear. Of these we may not eat—
'Tis his command. All else that grows within
The garden walls to eat we hav *carte blanche*,
But these most lovely apples may not touch—
It's too provoking, I declare!
Serp. It is,
Indeed, or would be and thou didst pay heed
To the command, so arbitrary and
So cruel; fruit like this, so glorious,
Placed here to ravish sight and tempt the tongue,
But all forbidden! Cruelty refined
Is this, fair Eve. Why, pray, shouldst thou not eat
Of this most tantalizing fruit? Thou hast
Desire for it. Whence comes this strong desire?
Thrice cruel one is he to ravish sight,
To tempt the taste and fierce desire create
As well. Come, fair one with the golden locks,
Of this fair fruit consume a portion, say
One golden sphere, nor let desire consume
Thy beauteous self!
Eve. Dear me! I'd like to, but
I dare not even take a bite of one—
It's just too awfully provoking, you!
But he has said that if we eat we die—
To die; that's not to liv; to giv up sight
And feeling, breathing and all that. Oh, my!
That must be dreadful, you! Dear me! what did
He place this tree here for, with all this fruit
So golden, and so tempting to the sight?
But which to eat—a single fruity globe—
And we shall die!
Serp. Eat of the pippins, Eve,
Thy fill. Thou shalt not die, make no mistake,
But liv, and knowing be as are the gods;
And he doth know it as do I myself,
Which is the reason, most assuredly,
Why he commanded thee and Adam not
To eat the fruit particularly choice
And tempting!
Eve. My! is that so, Serpent wise?
And sha'n't I die if I an apple eat?
Shall wisdom come instead of death? Ah, why
Should I be wise? Am I now happy now?
What does the poet say? "If ignorance
Is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Pray, why
Should I be wise? I ask.
Serp. To be as gods,
Not common clods, fair Eve.
Eve. And will I be
As are the gods and not lose life so sweet?
O Serpent, it's just splendid here to liv
In this bright garden—just too lovely it
For anything! I do not want to die—
It must be horrid!
Serp. But die thou shalt not,
And eat ye of this tree, but liv and be
As wise as are the gods. Eat not and liv,
But as the beetle, bear, and butterfly,
No wiser thou. I'm giving thee, fair Eve,
The sure, straight tip!
Eve. Dear me! I wish I knew.
Now, honor bright and hope to die, if thou
Dost not speak true?
Serp. Yes, honor bright and hope
To die, if I the gilt-edged truth am not
Purveying, beauteous Eve!
Eve. I do believe
Thee, serpent wise, for why should thou desire
To do me harm? I fail to see. I vum!
I'll eat a little tiny one—I can't
See any harm in eating one, can you?—
A little tiny one at that!
Serp. No harm
The slightest, only good. Believe in me,
And liv to be as gods. Be bold, fear not!

[The arch-tempter glides up the tree like a flash, and, hanging on a limb, bends it within reach of Eve, who skittishly touches a small pippin, and, finding it does not bite, plucks up courage and plucks the forbidden fruit, when there is cast the die that brings a world to grief! Hesitating a moment, she takes a tiny bite, when, realizing that she still livs, she masticates and takes another and larger bite. This she disposes of, with the rest of the apple, then plucks two big ones from the tree, the serpent dropping to the ground.]

Serp. How to thy taste, these golden pippins, Eve?
Dost find them good?
Eve. Delicious! Just too too!
Perfectly splendid! Just to think of such
Fruit growing here, and all for nothing—nay!
Or only for the birds to peck and spoil—
It's just a shame, I do declare it is!
One of these pippins, as thou callest them,
I'll take to Adam dear. If aught of ill
Should happen, he and I in the same boat
Should be, I think, don't you?
Serp. Assuredly,
Fair Eve. But livest thou, who were to die
If eating of the tree of knowledge?
Eve. Yea,
I am alive and well, that is a fact;
But I must say I do not feel, as yet,
The presence of the transcendental cult
That sitteth on the Boston girl. Perchance
'Twill come in time.
Serp. It will, depend. Ere set
Of sun thou'lt be a wiser (*solus:* and
A sadder) woman, sure as eggs is eggs!
Ta-ta. Remember me to Adam, dear.

Having got in his work, the serpent gracefully glides into the bush and disappears, Eve quite as gracefully making her way to the cottage where, on the back porch, she left Adam asleep in a hammock.]

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Back porch of cottage. Adam snoring in hammock.

Enter Eve, with two big pippins.

Eve. O Adam, wake! I've just got something nice—
Beats peaches all to pieces, dear, you bet!
Wake up! wake up! Dear me, how sound you sleep! (Shakes him up lively.)
Here, now, take this and eat—it's just too nice
For anything, you'll find.
Adam. What is it, dear?
Mine eyes are scarce wide ope enough to see.
Eve. No need to see. Now just you take a bite,
And own it's nice. There, ain't that just too too
For anything, my dear?
Adam. It's bully, Eve—
It is indeed extravagantly good!
Eve. O mercy, me!
Adam. Why, what's the matter, dear,
That thou shouldst scream like that?
Eve. Matter enough.
O Adam! we are na-na-naked—oh!
What shall we do?
Adam. Alas! what hast thou done?
Mine eyes are opened, too. Thou'st struck the tree
Of knowledge, Eve, and we're undone!
Eve. Oh, now,
Don't cry before you're hurt. I ate, I liv;
You ate, you liv; so where comes in the harm—
Unless in knowing, we, a thing or two
We didn't know before? But I must go
At once, and make of fig-leaves aprons, dear,
For I should die of very shame were he
To come and catch us in this awful plight—
I know I should!
Adam. So much for knowledge, Eve.
Pray, what's this knowledge worth?
Eve. Oh, now, don't preach.
It's something worth, I'm sure, to know when we
Are not presentable. I'll go right now
And make those aprons, dear, lest he should come
And catch us thus. I should be mortified
To death, I know I should!
Adam. O Eve, too high
You paid for knowledge, much too high. What does
The poet say of ignorance and bliss?
Eve. Oh, I don't know and I don't care, there now!
Why preach when—— Mercy me! I hear The Voice
In the front yard. Quick! let us hide ourselvs
In yonder clump of bushes, where he can't
Observe us. Oh, I'm faint with shame. Come on!
(Exeunt, hiding in the bushes.)

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—In the shrubbery.

[Enter "Voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day," thus obviating the necessity of a sun-umbrella.]

Voice. Ho, Adam! where art thou?

[Eve no doubt felt greatly relieved at not being called herself.]

Adam. I'm here, O Lord!
Eve. Shut up, you fool! [in forceful whisper hissed]
I'd die in blood-red shame were he to come
And find us here!
Adam (heartless). I heard thy voice,
And being naked was afraid, so hid
Myself.
Voice. Aba! oho! and who told thee
That thou wast naked, Adam?
Adam. She—'twas she——
Eve. You mean old thing, to tell on me like that!
Voice. Hast eaten of the tree whereof I told
Thee not to eat?

[Adam was in for making a clean breast of it, and made it, the "mean old thing" that he was.]

Adam. The woman whom thou gav'st
To be with me, she gave me of the tree,
And I did eat of it.
Eve (hissed out). You horrid man!
You're just too mean for anything, I vum!

[And she was right. The walking Voice should then and there hav put a head on Adam—punched him in the snoot. It was the meanest squeal the world has ever known!]

Voice (to Eve). And what is this that thou hast done?
Eve. The serpent did beguile me, Lord, and I
Did eat; but 'twas a little tiny one,
O Lord—O such a little tiny one!
[Enter Serpent, with a hang-dog look on his wealth of mouth.]
Voice (to Serpent). And now because thou hast done this,
It shall go hard with thee.

[For what was dealt out to tempter and tempted in the way of sentences see Gen. iii, and find that the "just judge" out-Jeffried Jeffries, of English and unpleasant memory. One thing to the credit of the V. of the L. G., perhaps—he made for Adam and Madam, before evicting them from Eden, and to cover their nakedness, long coats of skins—not too long, but just long enough, probably.]

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—Wilderness outside of Eden.

[Enter Adam and Eve as tramps, he growling like a dog with a sore head.]

Adam. Aud this—this all too tough experience—
Because of thy most silly longing for
An apple—oh! Because too curious
To know the taste of fruit forbidden thee.
Because forbidden, thy perverseness bid
Thee on, and hell before thee yawning wide!
I never would hav touched that tree, had I
Lived there ten million years.
Eve. Oh, no, of course
You wouldn't. You'd be satisfied to liv
A know-nothing through all eternity!
I touched the tree and ate of it—I wish
I'd eaten more, I do—and now that's all
There is about it, you. One thing there is—
Ne'er had I squealed on you as you on me,
You mean old thing—too mean for anything.
I hate you—yes, just hate you, there!
Adam. O Eve!
But 'twas a mortal sin for you to eat——
Eve. There, do, pray, stop. I just don't see it—now!
But 'tain't the sin *per se* that troubles you,
It is the bounce, old man! You had a nice
Soft thing the garden in, but now you've got
To hump yourself and hustle for the grub,
That's what the matter is with Hannah—you
Just bet I know!
Adam. Oh, talk not thus, my Eve.
But oh, that garden beautiful! 'Tis hard
To lose that sweet domain of ease——
Eve. Oh, yes,
Of course it is; the loss of ease just sticks
Right in your crop. But what of me? Will it
Not be as rocky quite for me as you?
But I don't care a snap! I wouldn't wish
A garden to liv in alway; 'twould pall
On me. In all this great wide earth there must
Be hunki-dori places, sure, where we
Can squat, and not be limited to fruits
That grow on this tree here and that tree there—
The idea—my!
Adam. O Eve, do not reflect
On him, the giver of all good——
Eve. All good?
Well, what's the matter now with bad? Just think
You of the dose we got because we ate
An apple—why, it's just too horribly
Severe for anything!
Adam. We're punished, Eve,
For disobedience——
Eve. Well, I don't care,
The punishment was most unjust for such
A little slip as that. Would you a son
So punish for a disobedience
As trifling? Not if I were round, you bet!
But I don't care a cent. I'm glad I'm out
Of that too hifalutin garden patch.
I know I should hav sickened of the spot—
Before long, too—sweets pall upon the taste.
Now, Ad, we'll find a jolly spot somewhere
In this wide earth around—it looks quite wide—
And, found, we'll squat and settle down, and liv
In clover, eh?
Adam. Damfino where to look
For it, I'm sure.
Eve. Oh, you're a cake! I'll find
The spot——
Adam. O Eve, that garden was the spot
Of all the spreading earth——
Eve. O fiddlesticks!
Do let that garden slide and giv your tongue
A rest. I'll find the hunki spot, you bet,
With no embargo laid on this or that
Or t'other tree, that we may find about.
No pent-up Eden now confines our powers,
The wide, wide earth around about is ours!
[Exeunt in the direction over against Jericho.]

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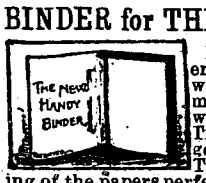
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News of the Week.

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LIBERAL Brazilians are uneasy at the clerical leanings of Princess Isabel, who may soon succeed Dom Pedro to the throne.

NEW YORK state has 1,053 Societies of Christian Endeavor.

THE Washington Catholic University will be dedicated Oct. 6, 1889.

THE czar recently had another narrow escape from death by dynamite.

THE fund for Mr. Bradlaugh amounts to £2,485, which will pay all his debts.

QUITE a schism is growing among Charleston, S. C., Presbyterians over evolution.

LORD SACKVILLE WEST, the British minister, was dismissed by Cleveland for advising a citizen how to vote.

IN Italy, whence we receive such a flood of immigration, 61 per cent of those above fifteen can not read or write.

PARIS police were obliged to seize all portraits of the dangerous Boulanger, the count of Paris, and Prince Napoleon.

CLERGYMEN are giving to the newspapers their valuable opinions upon how we shall pass our time in heaven.

THE national geological survey is busily preparing to recover 1,300,000 miles of desert between the Rocky mountains and central Kansas.

PRIESTS of the Argentine Republic are on a strike because the government lowered the rates for masses, marriages, burials, and other ecclesiastical services.

DR. MARSHALL, an eminent investigator, givs these statistics of murder: In England, to a population of 10,000.000, 237 murders; Belgium, 240; France, 265; Scandinavia, 266; Germany, 279; Ireland, 294; Austria, 310; Russia, 333; Italy, 504; Spain, 633; United States, 830.

THE clergy of Hoboken, N. J., on a recent Sunday got the authorities to raid Jacobs's and Cronheim's theaters, so that any wanting to go to shows would hav to patronize theirs. This is outrageous.

MR. GLADSTONE writes to the secretary of the National Divorce Reform League in this country that he "holds by the law of the whole western church, which teaches marriage to be indissoluble."

A BANQUET was given at Paris commemorating the presentation of the statue of Liberty by France to America. The American minister said: "All of the great truths upon which modern social order is based were elaborated and spread throughout the world by French genius."

IN the national election occurring last Tuesday, Mr. Harrison, Republican, was elected president. New York will cast her electoral vote for him, but Governor Hill, Democrat, was reelected. Indiana and New Jersey went Democratic, Connecticut, Republican. A Democratic governor was chosen in Illinois. New York city selected H. J. Grant for mayor, a very substantial victory for the Catholic church.

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And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass; and she said unto Balaam, What hav I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times.—Num. xxii, 28, 29, 30.

Gems of Thought.

Two interpretations may be given of the mode of government of the world. It may be by incessant divine interventions, or by the operation of unvarying law. To the adoption of the former a priesthood will always incline, since it must desire to be considered as standing between the prayer of the votary and the providential act. Its importance is magnified by the power it claims of determining what that act shall be.—*Draper.*

THE clergy, who held this language respecting their opponents, exhausted the choicest epithets of praise on themselvs, and on their own pursuits. When one of them got into the pulpit, or took a pen in his hand, he seemed as if he could not find words strong enough to express his sense of the surpassing importance of that class of which he was himself a member. They had their instruction direct from heaven; they were, in fact, the ambassadors of Christ; from him they received their appointment; and since no one else could reward them, so no one else had a right to rule them. As they were messengers sent by the almighty, they were rightly termed angels, and it was the duty of the people to listen to their minister, as if he really were an angel who had descended upon earth. See Durham's "Commentarie." —*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

MINISTERS are called angels, because they are God's messengers, intrusted by him with a high and heavenly employment; and it is a title that should put ministers in mind of their duty, to do God's will on earth as the angels do it in heaven, in a spiritual and heavenly way, cheerfully, willingly, and readily; and it should put people in mind of their duty, to take this word off ministers' hands, as from angels. Therefore are ministers called angels, and angels, ministers.—*Durham's Commentarie upon the Book of the Revelation.*

THE ministers of the Lord never giv cause for scandal, and nothing would be more scandalous than to say they scandalize us. Only unbelievers are scandalized by the conduct of scandalous priests. When believers see a scandalous priest, they should pluck out their eyes, in accordance with the words of scripture.—*Voltaire.*

THAT there is a remarkable adaptation of living beings to their environment, is apparent to all, and has in all ages and among all peoples originated and maintained the theory of an intelligent, designing deity. Can this wonderful adaptation of living beings to their environment be otherwise explained? The doctrin of evolution—natural selection—the survival of the fittest, explains all in a most satisfactory manner.—*Prof. H. D. Garrison.*

DID it ever occur to religious people that a cancer is as beautiful in its development as is the reddest rose? That which they are pleased to call the adaptation of means to ends, is as apparent in the cancer as in the April rain.—*Ingersoll.*

I HAV no doubt that scientific criticism will prove destructiv to the forms of supernaturalism which enter into the constitution of existing religions. On trial of any so-called miracle the verdict of science is "Not proven." But true Agnosticism will not forget that existence, motion, and law-abiding operation in nature, are more stupendous miracles than any recounted by the mythologies.—*Huxley.*

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d œuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand points to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depressed head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of Infidels. —*Walt Whitman.*

NOTHING can exceed the credulity of the early fathers, unless it may be their ignorance. They believed everything that was miraculous. They believed everything except the truth. Anything that really happened was considered of no importance by them. They looked for wonders, miracles, and monstrous things, and—generally found them. They reveled in the misshapen and the repulsiv. They did not think it wrong to swear falsely in a good cause. They interpolated, forged, and changed the records to suit themselvs, for the sake of Christ. They quoted from persons who never wrote. They misrepresented those who had written, and their evidence is absolutely worthless. They were ignorant, credulous, mendacious, fanatical, pious, unreasonable, bigoted, hypocritical, and for the most part, insane.—*Ingersoll.*

WHATEVER the early Christians deemed conduciv to the interests of Christianity, they inserted in their books.—*Scaliger.*

Odds and Ends.

THE main point to be watched by the leader of a brass band is the toot ensemble.

A NEIGHBOR had so natural a picture of a hen that it laid in his drawer for a week.

THE author of the "Old Oaken Bucket" evidently did not believe in "letting well enough alone."

MRS. BROWN: "Now, just look at those flannels. If anything will shrink more from washing I'd like to know what it is." Mr. Brown: "A boy will, my dear."

"HANDSOME? Yes, beyond expression.
Bich? Immensely so, I hear.
Love him? Tnat is gross digression.
Marry him? Of course, my dear."

YOUNG wife: "Before we were married, George, you never smoked in my presence." Young husband: "I know it, my dear, and you never wore curl-papers in mine."

HE (cautiously): "What would you do, Fannie, if I were to kiss you?" Fannie: "Nothing, Harry. What would there be for me to do? You could attend to it, couldn't you?"

"MY friend, do you search the scriptures?" "Yes; been searching 'em all morning." "And did you find anything consoling?" "You bet; I found a lot of postage stamps I left there last winter."

HE (to marriage license clerk): "Giv me a marriage license, sir." Clerk: "Do you want single or round trip?" He: "Round trip, of course." And the clerk made out a license with divorce coupon attached.

MR. PEWBENT: "Your sermon 'On Economy' this morning, doctor, was a very sensible discourse." Dr. Churchmus: "Thank you; it seems to hav been appreciated, from the appearance of the contribution-basket."

OLD JENKINS happened to meet his three young nieces, and asked them to hav a little refreshment. "Girls are just the same," said the old man, as he stood at the cashier's desk and picked up $2.85 out of a $20 bill; "very little change!"

A GENTLEMAN while in church, intending to scratch his head, in a mental absence reached over into the next pew and scratched the head of an old maid. It is said he discovered his mistake when she sued him for a breach of promis of marriage.

THE McNab treated the family to a fantasia upon the bagpipes, and when he had concluded he looked round with honest pride and remarked: "Eh, mon, but that's vara deefficult!" "Is it?" said the O'Flaherty. "Be jabers, Oi wish it had been impossible."

SHE had auburn hair, and he wanted to say something very cutting, so he observed, "In some parts of the West I believe they light the streets with red-headed girls." "Humph! that never would do in your town," answered the girl. "Why not?" asked the young fellow. "Why, you'd be hugging the lamp-posts all day, as well as half the night," was the crushing reply

WIFE: "I was so annoyed, my dear, to-day, to find one of my pictures displayed in a photographer's show-window." Husband: "Why didn't you go upstairs and tell him to take it out?" Wife: "I declare I didn't think of that—and, besides, the picture is a very good one!"

BOBBY: "Ma, Clara ain't got any pluck, has she?" Mamma: "I don't know, I'm sure. Why do you ask?" "Because I heard her tell Mr. Brown last night that he'd better not do that again, and he right up and done it. I'll betcher if I told anybody to quit they'd quit."

A PROMINENT old St. Louis gentleman in his sere and yellow days "jined the church." He was asked by a committee of young ladies to take charge of a class in Sabbath-school. "What am I to teach them?" he inquired. "Oh, you know. Teach the young idea how to shoot." "All right," said he, "I was a damned good shot in my young days."

"WILLIAM WEESBACK, you are charged with having beaten your wife." "The charge is correct, your honor." "What are you smiling about, then?" "I hav reason to smile. We've been married five years, and in all the scraps we've had, this is the first time I havn't come out second-best. Hav a cigar, judge?"

"BE me sowl," exclaimed Mrs. Finnegan, "iverything is blamed on the poor Oirish nowa days." "Arrah, phwat's ailin' ye," responded her liege lord. "Phwat is the Yanks blamin' to now, Biddy acushla?" "Wud yez belave it, Pat? They do be sayin' that an Oirishman gave the people in the Sout' the yallow faver—a felly be the name av Mike Robe."

AGENT (to woman who has bought a Bible on instalments): "I've called, ma'am, for the monthly payment." Woman: "All right; I've got it tied up in a rag for you. I'll fetch it." Agent: "You are pleased with the book, of course, ma'am?" Woman: "Well, yes; I like the kivver, but neither me nor the old man are much sot on the readin' matter."

LINES in a hymn-book: "I forgot to invite Janet to the *picnic*. Wasn't it *disgraceful*?" "Look at that fright of a bonnet." "Do you hear that man asleep?" "It isn't a man. It's a little child." "Does that rip in my back breadth show?" "That's a lovely hat you've got." "Ought to be Cost $11 68." Beside these, there were some I could not read. They had been partly rubbed out.

THE sad sea waves, with their ceaseless roar,
Still beat the cliffs to-day,
But the seaside belle we behold no more,
Oh, where does she hide away?
She has gone from the sands where the minstrels play,
And the waves roll in and splash;
In a New York dry goods store to-day
You may hear her screaming "Cash!"

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A PUZZLED PILGRIM.

Notes and Clippings.

BELVA ANN LOCKWOOD sent a congratulatory telegram to President-elect Harrison. Belva sustains her defeat with equanimity.

THE currency commission convened in London has finally made its report. It advocates the coöperation of England with the United States, Germany, and the Latin Union to secure the restoration of bi-metalism.

A MINOR maxim of journalism: When, as it too often happens, two fools solemnly agree that upon a specified contingency one shall wheel the other across the landscape in a barrow, do not speak of the agreement as a "novel election wager."

"I HAV fought the good fight," quotes the devout Col. Elliott F. Shepard in yesterday's *Mail and Express*. Is that so, Pecksniff? asks the *World?* Well, now, just calm your politico-biblical enthusiasm and pack your trunk for Jerusalem, Jericho, and the Holy Land.

THE rumor that Mr. Gladstone would at Birmingham announce his retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party appears to hav been without foundation. He stated yesterday to a deputation that he considered it his duty to remain in public life until the Irish question is settled.

ROSE COGHLAN, one of New York's best known actresses, does not consider marriage a failure. She says: "Consider well. How grave a thing is marriage! The communion, blest by heaven, between two immortal souls; not the fancy of an hour that can be laid aside at will, but a holy sacrament to endure for all time and all eternity." Rose ought to know. She's married.

WILLIAM E. RANSOM, a theological student of this city, will canvass sewing-machines for three weeks owing to over-confidence in Cleveland's luck. The *World* thinks that he is sorry now that he did not heed the divine inspiration which settled like a halo about the head of St. Elliott F. Shepard.

COL. HENRY S. OLCOTT, the president-founder of the Theosophical Society, who has been in England for some months, has returned to India, his tour in this country having been abandoned for the present. Early in January next he will visit Japan upon Theosophical business, and will come to this country by way of California. Theosophists are preparing to hav him visit the branches throughout the United States and to giv lectures upon Theosophy in the large cities. A fund is being raised to guarantee Colonel Olcott's expenses on this long tour in America. He will return to India from here by way of England.

MESSRS. SMITH, LYMAN, AND TAYLOR, three members of the Mormon church, are in Canada to interview the Dominion government in connection with the Mormon settlement at Lee's Creek, Northwest Territory. Smith is a son of the late prophet of the church. Smith, on being interviewed, said: "Our colony consists of one hundred and twenty-five souls. We do not exclude other Christians from the settlement. Our business is combined ranching and farming." "Do you propose to practice polygamy?" "We do not propose to break the laws of the country. We are Christians. We believe in Jesus Christ, and believe in him as strongly as any sect on the face of the earth." "In what essential particular do you differ with orthodox Christianity?" "The great difference is that we believe in modern as well as ancient revelation through the medium of prophets, seers, and revelators."

IN the House of Lords on the 6th inst., Lord Salisbury announced that Germany had invited England to coöperate with her in the work of preventing more effectivly the exportation of slaves from and the importation of arms to east Africa. England had promised to aid in the work, as it was in accordance with her traditional policy. The proposed measures would be effected by a naval and not a military force. France had also agreed to render assistance, and would send a man-of-war to coöperate with the German and English vessels in a blockade against slave and arms bearing vessels. The vessels forming the blockade would hav the right to search vessels under any flag.

THIS touching little story comes from China via the London *Freethinker:* "A Chinese evangelist, being unable to find any traces of his runaway donkey, after a long and exhausting search, 'prayed the Lord to make the donkey bray, and immediately he brayed.' Thus encouraged, the evangelist borrowed a latern and with four hired men continued the search or pursuit till he was tired out. Then he turned to him who is a very present help in trouble. As a last resource he knelt again and fervently prayed that the great ruler of the universe would make the donkey bray again, and he (the donkey, not the Lord) was ultimately found in the yard of a fried-cake shop; whereupon our pious evangelist gave hearty thanks to God for his great goodness."

A GOOD many things hav been said against King Dave Kalakaua of the Sandwich islands, but we do not credit the story that he is writing a novel to be called, "The Mystery of Mauna Loa; or, The Poi Eaters of Oahu." David is, adds the *Sun*, more likely to write editorial articles for some Prohibition paper.

IN 1887 the Nevada legislature passed an act providing that "no person shall be allowed to vote at any election in this state who is a member of or belongs to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly called the Mormon church." The same statute required the registry agent to exact an oath from the voter to the effect that he was not a Mormon. This legislation was assailed as unconstitutional, and the supreme court of Nevada has now declared it to be invalid. The state constitution prescribes the qualifications of voters. All male citizens, twenty-one years of age and upward, who hav actually resided in the state six months and in the election district or county thirty days preceding the election, are entitled to vote, except such as hav been convicted of treason or felony, or hav borne arms against the United States, or held office under the Confederate States, or are idiots or insane persons. The supreme court holds that the legislature cannot add to the disqualifications specified in the constitution. If a citizen possesses the qualifications declared in that instrument, he cannot be deprived of the right to vote by virtue of any statute whatever. The constitution of the state is paramount, and so long as it exists in its present form the members of the Mormon church cannot be disfranchised in Nevada.

Communications.

Tom, Dick, and Harry.

As Father, Son, and Holy Ghost represent the triune God of heaven, so do Tom, Dick, and Harry, the popular social trinity, stand for the constituents that make up what in the state is known as "the lower orders of society;" thus making the heavenly and the earthly to correspond to the zenith and the nadir, the antipodes of each other; and just so through all the centuries hav they stood, embodying the idea underlying all systems of human governments; investing the governor, as the vicegerent of heaven, with the god-like prerogativ of dictator, and placing Tom, Dick, and Harry in the relation of subordination, deference, unquestioning submission.

And such has been the condition of mankind till toward the close of the last century of our era; the change, heralded by shouts of impatience by the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of the passing years, but to which little or no heed was given beyond cutting off a refractory head or two as a warning not to presume to call in question the heaven-ordained scheme given for man's government upon earth. The governors were not to blame. Taught to regard the system of government of which they were the legitimate heads as a system modeled after the plan given by this triune God of heaven, they took for granted that their chief duty was its protection, a duty made all the more imperativ by their being the "Lord's anointed."

> What, rail against the Lord's anointed!

Words, it is true, quoted from Richard III., but he, none the less, a legitimate governor. And don't you forget it.

A most natural conclusion was this hacking off of heads on the part of the governors, particularly when backed by the self-constituted authorities in all questions between the God-appointed and the governed—the priests—a class eternally on the side of authority, let who will suffer.

When Tom, Dick, and Harry complained, the priest comforted them by promises of compensation in the enjoyments of heaven. "Servants, be obedient to your masters, your rulers," said they, "and great will be your reward"—checks on the Post Mortem Bank of Heaven, an institution now voted insolvent.

When Tom, Dick, and Harry, maddened by hunger, shouted, "Bread or blood!" the noble replied, "Let them eat grass;" a recommendation to which the popular trinity gave heed by compelling the insulter to show them how to do it; filling the noble's mouth with a wisp cut from the sod below his feet, as he dangled from a lamp-post in the public square. And here I would say that, while it would be a sight greatly to be lamented to hav a man's body dangling from a lamp-post, it is a matter infinitly to be rejoiced over that there are ropes and lamp-posts within reach, and that there are Toms, Dicks, and Harrys ready to use them.

There can be no real, permanant advancement in society until men hav sloughed the ancient beliefs, and entered on the *régime* of the scientist; utterly exploding the faiths of the fathers—faiths of the state as well as of the altar. All progress in society must be in the ratio of emancipation from ancient trammels. The individual must stand stripped of all faith but faith in man.

Believing with Combe in the supremacy of the moral sentiments in the government of society, there are no limits to advancement. Right recognizes only the superiority seen in the life of the individual who seeks the greatest good to the greatest number—a sentiment of the mouth only in the competitiv present, and regarded by the priest-ridden noodle as the antagonism of God's plan sent to guide and direct humanity. Poor noodle! poor priest!

There is but one plan: the force inherent in the constitution of things; natural development from natural causes; all being under the guidance and direction of resident power; self-governing, immutable ruling without shadow of turning, relentless; as heedless of the wolf "who howls his watch," as of the priest who intones his rigmarole. Blizzards, earthquakes, tornadoes, floods, disturbances in the social world, famins, wars, anarchic conditions, making no change. Deaf, inexorable, inflexible; in harmony with the planets, tireless as the circling sun.

Time is always supreme, dominating and assertiv in man's affairs, let who will be millionaire or pauper. Allowing no permanent mastery, the hours keep wagging. Their work may, to the superficial observer, appear blundering. Seen from the Pisgah hight reached by the explorer of the promised land, however, the hoped-for wine and the honey are always seen in the distance, to be drunken and to be eaten by the coming man; Tom, Dick, and Harry, in the mean time, waiting but to encounter the well-attested truths that there is nothing so certain as uncertainties, and that hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Well, there is no help for it. The inevitable confronts us all. Trust in your manhood, T., D., and H., and keep your powder dry.

Each epoch treading on the heels of its predecessor has given proof that the prophet of a higher civilization has been truthfully inspired. The tramp of to-day, with all his degradations, has no fear of the halter because he is out of money and is found seeking employment. The "authorities" will but meet him with confinement and hard fare, and, dismissing him, leave him to die bravely by the roadside. Tramps in the time of "Good Queen Bess," in "merrie England," were hung in rows by virtue of the edict which gave to Dogberry authority to "comprehend all vagrom men." Some advancement seen there, we must allow. Come, let us join voices with Mackay:

> There's a good time coming, boys.

Resuming: There is also some difference, to our advantage, observable in the land question between the Elizabethan age and the Victorian. Then, the baronial stood supreme. Now the baron's claim is bravely disputed. Henry George, in the role of a modern Peter the Hermit, called upon the masses to arouse and redeem their own holy land. And the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys at once begun the work.

True, the syndicates and the trust organizations of our day, here with us, hav measurably taken the place of the baron of the past, and are most grievously felt, but even of them we can quote to Tom, Dick, and Harry:

> —— In them nature's copy's not etern,
> Then be thou jocund.

T., D., and H. must also remember that they too hav organizations, giving them a sweeping majority of seventy to one, a majority which, when fully aroused, will wipe out our syndicates and trust companies at the word Go, law or no law. And yet law is eternal, defying extinction, a paradox of the family of the fiction: "The king is dead. Long liv the king!" The king cannot die; the title at once passing to the successor. In this sense law cannot die, it will be but superseded. There will be quite as much authoritativ law after the days of the syndicates and the trusts are numbered as there was before, but it will be in favor of the many, not of the few. Tom, Dick, and Harry will be in the ascendant.

There is nothing between the range of extremes that men, properly organized, are not capable of accomplishing, so gracious has nature been in her bestowals of the constituents that make up humanity—a fact in itself suggestiv of possible transition in the widest sense of survival of the fittest. The question of questions is, What makes the fittest? The reply to which comes in a quotation: "My son, among all thy gettings, get understanding." Understanding is the sign-post, pointing the way to advancement. For lack of understanding, Tom, Dick, and Harry are hungry and oppressed. The poor earth-trio hav relied so much on the sky trinity for help that they are irresolute of purpose. Let them drop their pleading and gather self-reliance. There is a lion in the way, some say. Shoot it down, is the reply. "Come to Jesus," is the caution; "his yoke is easy and his burden is light." And so the jargon of tradition riots, wilting Tom, Dick, and Harry into impotence.

Yet is there a breaking away from the leading-strings of both the state and the altar.

Chunder Sen calls for amelioration to the conditions of the dusky sons of Hindoostan, burdens imposed upon them by the traditions of a civilization having its roots so deep among the antiquities as to defy the plummet of the explorer, cast he ever so wisely. The Indian philanthropist refuses to accept "the way and the truth" as offered by Christianity, claiming for the sacred demigods of their hoary past the authority of a wisdom greater than Jesus. On the other hand, we hear of a modern apostle in Chicago, in self-estimation authoritativ as the oldest of the teachers, calling for disciples to his standard of revolt against Christianity, calling himself a "heathen;" both men excellent in morals, eloquent of tongue, and incisiv of intellect. Chunder demands for the Pariah equality with the Brahman; the Chicagoan insists on the brotherhood of the race. Let the former pierce the armor of caste riveted by centuries transcending in number the Mosaic figures to the degree of trenching on the misty line of the geologist, and he will do a "big thing." And let the other melt in the crucible of argument the traditionary prejudices of our era—then what?

Come up, Tom, Dick, and Harry, and comfort yourselvs with a nip from the old bottle of the pulpit:

> There is rest for the weary
> In the sweet by and by.

Unquestioning obedience brings harmony. Obedience to what? "Ay, there's the rub." Error sits only in our neighbor's house, and—wise fellows that we are—not without a protest against the local nuisance.

What are the chances for Western intellectual elevation, beyond the small arc of the cranial circle that takes cognizance of amassing shekels? True, the old faith no longer cramps the mind, but what are the promises for the intellect of the future? Enterprise rules the hour. The counting-room is now the stronghold of the ruling baron. Power holds court in the chamber of commerce, sending its edicts forth by steam and electricity, subordinating common interests.

Tom, Dick, and Harry be damned.

Yet, despite all that, and the lines of the Lake poet to boot,

> The good old simple plan:
> That they may take who hav the power,
> And they may keep who can—

I say, despite these things, the day of the marauder is coming to a close. Hav courage, Tom, Dick, and Harry. I repeat,

> There's a good time coming, boys;
> Wait a little longer.

In the universality of the protest against the inequalities of the present we see a spirit that will not "down" at bidding of Gods or men—altar, legislature, court, or Thug. The directing agency of the future neutralizes the spell of the foul demon of the past; an agency heard in the discussion of the land question, seen in the flaunting banners of organized labor, felt in the frenzied efforts of bossism to overrule by law the boycott of the unions. The spirit of the "sections," too, says, "We bide our time."

It may be that Tom, Dick, and Harry see with but feeble vision the presages we speak of; noting but the shadows of the coming events, unmindful of the majestic presence of the vanguard; not even aware of the skirmishers who hav invaded the market-place. They are there, however, notwithstanding the blindness of our humble trinity. T., D., and H. must hav their eyes anointed with more than spit and clay, and well rubbed in, before they can be made to see and hail the coming legions of the future rushing with nimble feet over the abatis and rifle-pits of the enemy, silencing their batteries.

Tom, Dick, and Harry hav so long lived in the illusion of millionairism and the altar, bowing before them with the adoration of the sun-worshiper, that they hav become blinded to other objects. "Put money in thy purse," has been to them the Iago lesson of life; and bending to it some hav raked the loose change of the dickerer into their keeping, as the chiffonier hooks from filthy heaps the accidental droppings of the household; godsends making them accept the gospel of the trickster as their best means of securing the plenty that assures them, through the hireling priests, of the favor of heaven, telling them that all differences in social life exist in obedience to the will of God, assurances given in the same breath with texts of scripture to the suffering many; such as: "Subdue the lust of gain, my brethren; cultivate obedience to the divine will, and greater will be your reward than loaded vaults of filthy lucre. Law and order demand obedience to authority," they add.

Poor Tom, Dick, and Harry do not seem to know that law and order, as a shibboleth of the unjust ruler, is a something partaking so much of the character of the kaleidoscope that, presto! they change to suit the moment. As witness over in "merrie England:" a certain British marquis, speaking in his place in the House of Lords in vindication of the legislation by which miles of commons were taken up and incorporated into contiguous individual estates, so depriving the local poor of their use as gardens and as grazing ground for goats, donkeys, and an occasional cow, said: "People were guilty of sedition in questioning the legality of these innovations, the changes having been made by sacred acts of Parliament." A defense of baronial theft to which Joseph Arch, a representativ of labor, himself a workingman, but a member of Parliament, made reply, giving the true meaning of the phrase "law and order." Said Arch: "The marquis tells us we lay ourselvs open to the charge of sedition in questioning the robbery of the commons and despoiling the poor of their God-given heritage. Let me tell him that when we laborers get the power, the land shall return to us and by equally sacred acts of Parliament."

Heads up, Tom, Dick, and Harry. Bide your time. It is coming. Evolution is your friend. Our social system is a common scourge. There can be no civilization till the balance-wheel of right is so nicely adjusted in our social and industrial system that the withholding of what is needed for the best health and the highest culture will stir the community as would the commission of a great crime in our midst.

Tom, Dick, and Harry, I am with you even unto the end. 74.

Le Roy, N. Y.

Boston and Pittsburgh.

Thou hypocrit, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye (Matt. vii, 5).

We hav been reminded of this text of scripture by reading the fierce discussion or contest now raging in Boston and Pittsburgh over the question of teaching or excluding the topic of religion from the public schools in those cities. The difficulty arises between the two branches of the Christian church—that is to say, the Catholics and the Protestants. Both of

these claim the name of Christians. To an outsider —one who does not believe in either church nor yet in Christianity as taught by both those branches of the church, the difference is simply between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

To us it is rather amusing than otherwise to see how those Christians love one another, and it induces a feeling akin to that expressed by the old woman as she witnessed the fight between her husband and the bear, when she remarked that "she didn't care much which whipped." It is a singular circumstance that the professed followers of Jesus the Christ, the same that Christianity takes its name from, and upon whom both the Catholic and the Protestant church claims to be founded, should be found to differ as widely as they do, while both believe in and use the same Bible, with only slight variations in the translations, which, however, do not change the essential facts.

Now, both claim that the Bible is the word of God, and that a belief in and acceptance of what it teaches are absolute necessities, if one would be happy both now and forever—that is to say, if we would escape hell and enjoy heaven in the next life. Now, they both seem to teach what they deem to be the sacred truths of that book, and the main difficulty seems to be in the time and methods.

The Catholics desire exclusiv schools in which they will teach religion according to their understanding of it, and likewise according to the traditions and instructions of their church. They wish to use their own translation of the Bible and employ only teachers of their own faith, which must always be of the consecrated and sanctified order of the priesthood; and they only shall read and expound the scriptures, believing that it is dangerous for the unconsecrated to read or hav the Bible in their possession. And for this the Catholics contend.

The Protestants allow all their subjects to read their Bibles, but disallow any construction to be put upon it except and only such as their church and their creeds and their theological schools shall prescribe.

They claim that their Bible is the true one, and a much better translation than the Catholic Bible is. And now against the authority of law both are contending for supremacy. The Protestants, however, by tolerance, hav practiced reading the Bible in many of the public schools, and prayers are said by the teachers daily. And it is a practice in all state institutions, such as the normal schools, state universities, all the charitable and penal institutions that are under the patronage of state governments, to hav the Bible read and prayers repeated daily, and in some schools that we know of songs or gospel hymns are sung, and these are called devotional exercises. Now, it is entirely pertinent to inquire by what right or authority is the time taken in those schools for those devotional exercises by the Protestants and disallowing the same privileges to the Catholics. Only let the reading from the Catholic Bible be substituted for the Protestant Bible, to say nothing about praying and song-singing, and immediately a tumultuous howl of objection would go up from every Protestant throat in the land.

It remains to be shown that the Catholics desire to use more time in teaching their form of religion in their schools than the Protestants are now, and hav all along been, using in the public and state schools. And still the fact remains that neither Protestants nor Catholics hav any warrant by law to spend any time, which is both the time and money of the state, in teaching any religion; not even a half hour in each day, because such use of the time is in total disregard and opposition to organic law, which says, in Article I, Amendment of the Constitution of the United States: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," etc.

Education is carefully provided for in all the states, and laws are enacted by which no portion of the public funds shall be used for sectarian or religious purposes. Hence we say that reading the Bible, prayers, and the singing of gospel songs in the public schools and state institutions is as much a violation of law as it would be to allow the Catholics to appropriate the school funds to the support of their schools.

It should be remarked in this connection, however, that the laity of the Catholic church are satisfied with the law as it is, and with the present school system, as the funds are now appropriated. But the whole difficulty originates with the priesthood, the hierocracy of that church. They are a mob of hypocritical, designing, selfish, unscrupulous tyrants. They seek to lord it over the American people and American institutions as they do over their deluded followers in those countries where education is at a discount.

They foster ignorance and credulity in their people, because these are their stock and staple by which they liv and thrive.

They well know that as soon as their children become educated, their intelligence will lead them away from their church, and hence their efforts to hold them in ignorance in order to supply their church with fresh recruits, and thus perpetuate their own power over a system that is as false as hell.

But bad as the hierarchy of the Catholic church are at the present time, they are still far behind their God and the license he givs them in his holy Bible to commit wickedness in all its worst forms.

A fair idea of the character of the Christian God may be obtained by reading the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Deuteronomy, beginning at the fifteenth verse.

Christians claim to hav both God and devil in their system. But if their God has truly described himself in the Bible, it would seem quite unnecessary to employ a devil. He would simply be a superfluity and as unnecessary as the fifth wheel to a wagon. The God represented in the Bible would be equal to any emergency without the aid of any devil.

Hence, then, the devil is more ornamental than useful, his functions being supplied by his superior.

J. C. N. ABBOTT.

The Morality of Man.

What are morals?

Morals are all laws, written and unwritten, by the observation of which the great human family may lead a harmonious, well-regulated life.

The necessity of suppressing certain dispositions in man, which become more and more dangerous as human society grows, has made it necessary to establish certain fixed laws of morality.

These few words describe, in a brief manner, the nature as well as the reason for morality of man, and the task, hardly begun, would end here already if I was only sure that I am fully understood, but there are phenomena probably so seldom investigated by many of my readers, that I consider it my duty to refer to some of them particularly, so as to make sure of a mutual understanding.

To fully understand the meaning of morality, we must observe man in all the stages of his gradual development; if we do otherwise—that is, study only civilized beings—the great organized society of high culture—we will be misled, for the very simple reason that the roots of high culture must hav been laid already in the lowest stages of existence from which mankind developed to its present high state.

To begin with the man in his primitiv condition, we observe that he knows nothing of morals, and that he does not form any large society on account of the preponderance of his brute inclinations.

Among semi-cultured races of man we notice the beginning of morals; their life is more social, the family ties are more firm, and some of the brute inclinations are suppressed.

The more a race advances in civilization the higher it stands in morality; its social relations grow steadier; its politics become more developed, and it commences to form a large and well-organized nation.

Morality, therefore, begins with the first constraint which man himself lays upon his brute inclinations, and with the moment in which he sees that his own unruled inclinations are a danger to the formation and preservation of communities, and larger societies composed of individuals of different races of mankind.

Morality thus becomes the basis for all other laws, traditional and social, and the social laws are only a written compendium of morality for human society.

To think that morality is the product of the spiritual and ideal life of whole races would be a mistake, because all the moral laws of the past and present are the results of the studies and the work of single individuals. These men, by their superior mental power to detect the weaknesses in their fellow-men and their evil influence upon social life, and by their drawing conclusions based upon their observations, and their finding ways and means for the suppression of such evils, become the founders of human society, of culture, of order, of scientific progress, and of the laws of morality.

We call them "philosophers," "pioneers of truth," but in reality they are, and always hav been, "the pioneers of civilization;" they hav elevated humanity from its animal existence to the high culture of to-day.

Some thinkers of our times claim that there is a more pleasant cause for morality than I do. They say, for instance:

"Morality is a feeling embodied in man;" or, "Every religion represents the sum of different moral laws."

I cannot deny that such a definition of morality is somewhat justified by the individual life of all highly cultivated races of to-day, but speaking of mankind in general, such definitions are entirely wrong, for the following reasons:

1. The religions of all primitiv human beings are in many instances wholly devoid of morals; they are the results of a great fear, and still greater inquisitivness.

2. Primitiv human beings form only small and very loose communities.

3. Only the religions of higher, cultivated races are, more or less, interwoven with morality, in accordance with the state of their culture.

4. All religions are more or less based upon fear of punishment by some god or gods, *i. e.*, personifications of the mysterious powers of nature, after death.

The theoretical results of our search for truth are very pleasant, but when we commence to compare with real facts, the reverse is the case.

To prove the correctness of my former assertion, that the morality of man is, and always has been, the result of the labors of a few wise men, I wish to call attention to the history of man.

I refer to Moses, the leader, the prophet, the creator of the grand Ten Commandments. All deeds of the great warriors, philosophers, inventors, and discoverers; of the emperors and politicians of ancient and modern times together, had not the lasting and powerful influence upon men which the one great deed of Moses at the foot of the mount Sinai had. Moses has created, and through the great fear of his people of the great Jehovah, forced his tribe to accept his creation as a law, and his law has become the foundation for all laws and all the morality of all the civilized nations—laws which are as good to-day as they were thousands of years ago!

Are not our own laws, and those of all highly civilized nations of to-day, based upon the Ten Commandments?

Are the many variations in our laws anything else but definitions of the laws:

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not bear false witness.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, house, servant, etc.?

The Greeks had laws, so did the Romans, but with the advance of Christianity they were transformed and adapted to the Mosaic laws, and the latter spread continually over the whole world, enforcing progress of civilization wherever they came.

What was the reason that Moses gave those laws? He gave his Ten Commands because he had discovered the roots of the evils which threatened to destroy the organization and the family life of his people, and which finally would hav destroyed the existence of his entire nation. He also knew that the commands alone would not destroy the evils, and therefore gave them out as laws of God.

Thus it was that Moses, knowing the great power of religious fear over men, placed the much-feared, all-powerful, and revengeful Jehovah in his place as the creator of the Commandments.

The Israelites of that time were but a semi-cultured nation, and remained so a long time after—in fact, until Christ made his appearance.

Christ was, after Moses, the next greatest philosopher and moralist. He, as well as Mohammed, had three features in common with Moses—they were creators of laws, founders of new forms of religion, and used the power of existing religious fear to giv their creations stability. Neither, however, was as great as Moses, and Christ as well as Mohammed made the Mosaic law the basis of their improvements.

Jesus knew by personal experience that the stern religion of the Jews only increased the brute inclinations in man: "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth." Such a law could only prove a drawback to the development of love and humanity. He saw that the revengefulness of the Jewish nation was the cause of their endless sufferings at the hands of other nations, therefore he gave different laws—his morals of humanity. Let us be thankful to him.

By what means did Christ transform the results of his philosophy into a constraint upon his people's disastrous inclinations? He followed the footsteps of Moses, but having a headstrong people before him, he made his laws still more powerful, and in the completion of his task he risked his very life—and lost it—and declared himself to be the son of the great Jehovah.

Only five hundred years after Christ Mohammed appeared as philosopher and moralist; but what Mohammed could not gain through religious authority like Christ he gained through the help of the sword. He was rich and powerful and therefore could afford to do so.

The history of mankind and ethnography shows that all morality of man consists of a constraint of his brute inclinations forced upon him by single individuals and with the help of religious fear. It further shows that morality is the result of philosophy, and has caused the fast development of mankind to higher stages of culture. Morality, therefore, is no inherent power in man to decide about his own actions, but a constraint forced upon him by others for his own welfare.

KARL FLANGL.

New York, Oct., 1888.

PASTORS are those who hav the charge of leading the flock of the Lord to graze. They hav undertaken such charge through pure charity, only reserving to themselvs the right of fleecing the flock and of sending to the slaughterhouse those among them whose fleece has not proved sufficiently abundant. Princes are the dogs of these shepherds of souls, and at their bidding bite with a sharpened tooth all sheep who stray or will not let themselvs be shorn.—*Voltaire.*

The American Secular Union.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.
E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treas., - - - - - - Rochelle, Ill.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Another Hundred Dollars.

HUDSON, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1888.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: I like to be in good company. Put me down as one of the ten who propose to furnish munitions to open fire on Girard College.

Yours respectfully, L. GEIGER.

A Roll of Ten Dollar Subscriptions.

BURR OAK, MICH., Oct. 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I see by your last paper that "Agnosticus" proposes to be one of not less than ten to giv $100 toward testing the Girard will case. In your comments you say $1,000 will start the movement. I will be one of not less than one hundred that will giv $10 to keep it moving.

Respectfully yours, A. R. HINOHER.

The Roll of Honor.

Samos Parsons, San José, Cal	25 00
Subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER, Noank, Conn	25 00
Photius Fisk, Boston, Mass	20 00
J. H. Barker, Sweet Home, Ind	5 00
William Walker, Dwight, Ill	5 00
W. I. Haldeman, Pine Grove, Pa	5 00
Ida M. Merritt, charter for Fairmont, Minn	5 00
J. F. Beck, West Union, O., charter	5 00
John Robinett, Nipoma, Cal	5 00
Joseph E. Alexander, Marysville, Mo	5 00
William Reynolds, Wanship, Utah	2 50
Charles Lownd, Minneapolis, Minn	2 00
John Jaques, Akron, O	2 00
William Kronbergh, Hamburgh, N. Y	2 00
F. Federspiel, " "	1 00
John Nuessle, " "	1 00
F. Spencer, Evansville, Wis	1 00
Peter Selde, Sr., Davenport, W. T	1 00
Peter Selde, Jr., " "	1 00
Mrs. M. M. Selde, " "	1 00
W. A. Tresse, " "	1 00
P. N. Wies, " "	1 00
William Crane, Kanosh, Utah	1 00
A. W. Noble, Marysville, Mo	1 00

When the history of Freethought is written, high in the temple of its famous names that of Samos Parsons will be inscribed, for few men hav done more for Freethought and progress, and none hav more liberally sustained the cause. We feel the more under obligations to his generous support from the fact that he has imagined us a fiery petroulase and a sort of holy terror generally, but I assure him that I am quite mobil, amiable, and gentle, and glad I can agree with him heartily in the matter of Secularization of the state. During the times which tried men in this vicinity I wrote my impressions and never replied to any criticisms or attacks made upon me—never replied to a purely personal attack, no matter how vile. My friends would not believe it, and my enemies—well, I could always afford to let them howl. Brother Parsons need not be afraid of my belligerence. I am never spoiling for a fight.

Well, I am glad to know that our pioneer of San José desires "To help our cause all I can. I want my brother Freethinkers to all come up and take life-memberships and also try and giv a life membership to every Freethought lady in the land." And the venerable warrior closes with, "If we giv priestcraft and superstition a hard fight we will hav all we want to do."

Photius Fisk is another Freethought philanthropist who spends his declining days in doing good for the coming generations. Instead of needing urging to duty, he is always anticipating what is most necessary to be done. Through his noble philanthropy and sterling devotion to justice the name of Photius Fisk is so well known and highly honored that any word here seems superfluous. Suffice it to say that this patriarch was not forgotten when the list of vice-presidents was made at the last Congress, and as a slight recognition he was prominently placed among them.

From a Noank, Conn., subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER a postal order for $25 was received. This modest person is apparently not willing to allow the left hand to know the good the right is doing. The letter says, "When you begin proceedings against the Girard College trustees I will chip in again." Good!

Brother Baker was at the Chicago Congress and apologizingly forwards his pledge of $5 from Sweet Home. That it may be the sweetest home in Indiana is the desire of the writer.

We take this occasion to thank our devoted friend, Wm. Walker, of Dwight, for his contribution paid over while enjoying himself at our entertainment, when Brother Putnam was among us. We can always count on Brother Walker.

W. I. Haldiman sent us $5 to the Congress as an evidence of his earnestness, and after considerable traveling around it came to hand all right.

Ida M. Merritt, secretary of the Fairmont Secular Union, forwards a charter fee. This frontier fortress of Freethought is the work of Geo. H. Dawes, who promises to organize a dozen during this year. He being the latest addition to our lecturers, it does seem as though the older ones might do much more in that direction.

J. F. Beck sends for a charter for West Union, O., where they organized just prior to the Congress.

Our enthusiastic friend Robinett is going to do five times as much if possible. He is a whole-souled Liberal.

Through Brother Dawes we receive Mr. Alexander's contribution, and the sender says: "He is a sturdy veteran of Freethought of seventy-four. Age has neither dimmed his earnestness nor enthusiasm, and he is the possessor of a valuable library. No theologian will cross swords with the old gentleman but once."

Wm. Reynolds is always ready to help the cause and inspire others to do the same. He is a stalwart.

Chas. Lownd forwards $2, and words of warmest praise for the work done last year, for which we thank him most sincerely. Mr. Lownd is full of enthusiasm for the cause of justice. We hope to see him soon.

Brother Jaques is the earnest, intelligent worker of Akron, and we hav great hopes that through his labors a powerful Union will be built up. He writes:

> You may well be proud of having such an able and talented lady as Mrs. M. A. Freeman in your midst. "Cross and Crown," which she delivered here Sunday, is *par excellence*. I met one of our friends this morning who declared she was equal to the champion, R. G. Ingersoll. I am only sorry she did not hav a larger audience; but should we succeed in organizing, she will be heard again in this city.
>
> I am yours for freedom of thought, JOHN JAQUES.

John Nuessle is stirring up our friends at Hamburgh and already has the nucleus of a noble band who stand for universal mental liberty.

Our earnest friend Spencer is alive to the issues of the hour; and why should he not be, for, though eighty-one, he reads every line of THE TRUTH SEEKER each week?

Scarcely anything givs us more pleasure than to see a thoroughly united Freethought family such as the Seldes. It is not Father, Son, and Holy Ghost that they are interested in so much as mother, father, and son. I should not wonder—but Brothers Fress and Wies are sons-in-law in Liberalism.

Brother Crane is one of Wm. Reynolds's recruits, and we hope to hear from him.

A. W. Noble, a friend of Mr. Dawes, and formerly a fellow-teacher, is a well-educated and splendid young man who has given lectures on Liberalism and thinks of entering that precarious profession, the Liberal lecture field. E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

John Fiske on Thomas Paine.

Critics, I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labor, in their place.
—*Pope's Temple of Fame.*

An extract of about five hundred words from an article by John Fiske in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the merits and demerits of Thomas Paine as a writer is before me. Were I to judge the merits of Professor Fiske by this portion of his essay, I would be justified in characterizing him as a literary charlatan. Almost every sentence contains an error, some of which are inexcusable. The most important of them I will repeat in his own words. He says:

> Franklin had secured Paine employment as editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*.
>
> Paine had a crude, undisciplined mind, and was quite devoid of scholarship. He succeeded in making everybody read what he wrote, and achieved a popular reputation out of all proportion to his real merit. His "Age of Reason" contains much crude argument. Its tone is coarse and dull, and, with the improvement in popular education, is fast sinking into complete and deserved oblivion.
>
> Paine published his "Common Sense" on the suggestion of Benjamin Rush, and with the approval of Franklin and Samuel Adams.
>
> The pamphlet is full of scurrilous abuse of the English people.
>
> It resorts to such stupid arguments as the denial of the English origin of the Americans.

Some of the above allegations, I concede, are based upon apparently good authority, but they are all nevertheless false.

The *Pennsylvania Magazine* was started by Robert Aitkin, a bookseller. After issuing one number he applied to Paine for assistance in writing for it. Paine accordingly contributed anonymous articles to the second and several subsequent numbers. But in a letter to Dr. Franklin, dated March 4, 1775, he says, "I hav not entered into terms with him;" and doubtless he never did, for we know that Paine never wrote for pay. Nor did he remain in Philadelphia long after the date of that letter; he went back to England secretly—probably to procure gunpowder, saltpeter, and arms—and did not return to America until near the close of the year 1775.

Paine was as well educated as Abraham Lincoln or Horace Greeley, and was superior to either as a writer. Therefore to say that he had "a crude and undisciplined mind and was devoid of scholarship" is contemptible priggery.

He "succeeded in making everybody read what he wrote," because he was the finest writer of that time. This is conceded by the most competent critics, among whom I will name Van Buren Denslow, Robert G. Ingersoll, Charles A. Dana, and A. R. Spofford. And I am sure none of them will admit that Paine "achieved a popular reputation out of all proportion to his real merit."

To say that Paine's "'Age of Reason' contains much crude argument"—that "its tone is coarse and dull," and that "it is fast sinking into deserved oblivion," is what we might expect from a bigoted priest who never read the "Age of Reason." Its tone is neither coarse nor dull, its argument is not crude, and there is no work of the kind written in the last century that is half as much read now as Paine's "Age of Reason."

Paine did not publish his "Common Sense" at the suggestion of Benjamin Rush or anybody else. I know that Dr. Rush, in a letter to Cheetham in 1809, claimed for himself the first suggestion of the work and even of the title, saying that Paine read the sheets to him, and that when finished he advised him to submit the manuscript to Dr. Franklin, Samuel Adams, and Judge Wilson. That Franklin saw it and struck out a passage, and that he believes Adams also saw it. All this is untrue, as may be seen in Paine's "Crisis No. 3," where he states that he did not at this time know either of the Adamses, and that he surprised even Dr. Franklin with the first printed copy. And again he writes in 1802: "In my publications I follow the rule I began with in 'Common Sense'— that is, to consult nobody—not to let anybody see what I write till it appears publicly."

Dr. Rush was vice-president of the Philadelphia Bible Society and was distinguished for his piety. He was writing to Cheetham about what occurred thirty-four years before, and his letter is full of errors, some of which are corrected by Cheetham in the publication. Cheetham himself was a notorious liar, and he may hav tampered with Dr. Rush's letter.

And, by the way, Cheetham's judgment of the merits of Paine's literary work is much the same as that of Professor Fiske. He says "it has no merit," is "defectiv in arrangement, inelegant in diction, with no profundity of argument, no felicity of remark, no extent of research, no classical allusion, nor comprehension of thought."

But unfortunately, in reverting to the subject of literary style, Cheetham stultifies himself. The "Declaration of the Thatched House Tavern," in 1791, was attributed to Horne Tooke. In Part 2 of Paine's "Rights of Man" he says that Horne Tooke, having spoken much in commendation of the Declaration, and being jocularly accused of praising his own work, to free him from this embarassment, and to save him the repeated trouble of mentioning the author, as he has not failed to do, "I make no hesitation in saying that I drew up the publication in question."

Unwilling to rob "the great grammarian" of the credit of the composition, Cheetham says this is doubtless a falsehood and adds:

> No one could mistake the uncouth and ungrammatical writings of the one for the correct and elegant productions of the other.

One more critical remark of Cheetham, I venture to quote:

> Wretched as Paine's "Common Sense" is in point of literary merit, his "Rights of Man," a pandect of Anarchy, is still inferior. Horne Tooke, it was said, corrected its grammatical errors, but every page of the work refutes the assertion.

Cheetham was a British Tory, who, by abuse and falsehood, while editor of a New York paper, brought upon himself many prosecutions. Paine demanded a public apology from him for falsehood in October, 1807, under penalty of a prosecution, and said, "You cannot even state truth without running it into falsehood."

In order to prove the truth of Paine's statement that he never consulted anybody about what he published, I will advert to a popular fiction published more than thirty-five years ago, and frequently republished since. George Lippard, the novelist, drew upon his imagination for a thrilling scene in a lonely room at night in Philadelphia, just after the battle of Bunker Hill. George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Rush, and John Adams are solemnly debating the crisis. A visitor in homely garb is announced. He is introduced by Franklin as Thomas Paine. He is informed of the topic of discussion. With flashing eye and earnest words he horrifies them with his political blasphemy. But as he goes on and pictures the glorious future of Independent America, the universal empire of the Western continent, he makes converts of all four on the spot. They press the stranger in the brown coat by the hand, and Washington, in a voice deepened by emotion, begs him to "write these words in a book."

This story is as fictitious as that of the little hatchet. The news of the battle of Bunker Hill reached Thomas Paine in London, whereupon he at once wrote "A Crisis Extraordinary," which was published August 9, 1775. It was signed "Casca," and was one of a series of similar papers contributed anonymously to "The Crisis" during the year 1775 and 1776 until after the Declaration of Independence.

But to return to Professor Fiske; he says that "'Common Sense' is full of scurrilous abuse of the English people."

O shame, where is thy blush? Paine was preëminently the friend of the people, and the enemy of their oppressors. Nor is there a sentence or a word in "Common Sense" to support Professor Fiske's assertion. Could he hav read the pamphlet enough to know what it contains? Or did he borrow the assertion and repeat it on trust?

And when the professor adds that the writer "resorts to such stupid arguments as the denial of the English origin of the Americans," he shamefully perverts the language of "Common Sense." This is what the writer says:

Europe, and not England, is the parent country of America. This new world hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from every part of Europe. . . . Not one-third of the inhabitants even of this province (Pennsylvania) are of English descent. Wherefore I reprobate the phrase of parent or mother country, applied to England. But admitting that we are all of English descent, what does it amount to? Nothing. Britain, being now an open enemy, extinguishes every other name and title, and to say that reconciliation is our duty is truly farcical. The first king of England, of the present line (William the Conqueror), was a Frenchman, and half the peers of England are descendants from the same country; wherefore, by the same reasoning, England ought to be governed by France.

I am aware that the rules of grammar are sometimes violated in Paine's works. And these were the principal faults dwelt upon by his critics. But I hav good reasons to believe that these trifling faults were intentional, which reasons I forbear now to state.

In regard to scholarship he made no pretension. But I find in many of his secret essays, especially in the letters of "Casca," Latin quotations with a free translation. Paine was also familiar with the French language, which he sometimes quoted. He was also a poet of no mean capacity, and while in Paris he wrote and published a short poem entitled, "What Is Love?" which is unexceptionably fine. But he was too practical to waste his time in verse-making, and devoted his life to the good of mankind. Nor was he at all devoid of the education and learning requisit for the work he attempted to do.

WM. HENRY BURR.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

UINTAH, UTAH, Sept. 24.—This can scarcely be called a village, but is a thoroughly Mormon agricultural settlement. It was near this station that in 1862 the notorious Morrisite massacre was perpetrated.

The country between here and Ogden is very fertil where water is obtainable. Grain and vegetables of all kinds grow to perfection, and yield abundantly. Charles De La Baume, a TRUTH SEEKER subscriber, a scholarly French gentleman, with a passionate love for horticulture, has a very beautiful and most productiv vegetable farm. With Brothers A. Bowman and Thomas H. Peck he can occasionally indulge in interchange of Liberal ideas, but it seems incongruous for a gentleman of birth and erudition to be content to abide with such uncongenial neighbors as the average Mormon.

The lecture was at the school-house. There was a good attendance, and it created quite a furore. It is to be hoped that the free distribution of sample copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the sale of Liberal pamphlets, will result in the redemption of some of the honest and intelligent.

MORGAN, UTAH, Sept. 25, 26.—From the light and beauty of Uintah the train rushes through a gap in the mountains, crossing a bridge high above the seething whirl of waters, where massiv, frowning rocks rear their gigantic crests far up toward the Witches' Caldron—on, on, on we climb; up, up, up through the wild, weird scenery of the Devil's Gate, plunge into the dark and gloomy gorge, then out into the beautiful valley, on, on, till we stop at Weber Station (post-office, Morgan). Waiting to greet me I found good Brother D. Williams, a stanch Liberal, who was for many years a most devout Mormon, but his eyes once opened, he escaped from the cruel despotism of the church, and now rejoices in mental freedom. He and his son do about all the business done here, their store and warehouse being the only business places outside of the Z. C. M. I. store, the post-office, a lager-beer saloon, and a blacksmith shop. I greatly enjoyed my visit at the happy home of Brother Williams, and learned while there much of the true inwardness of Mormonism from those who had passed the dire ordeal, as well as from some who remain inmeshed in its relentless toils.

I delivered a lecture at the school-house, which was packed with earnest listeners. In my first lecture I always smooth down the fretful porcupine quills of the opposition, show how we are all more or less prejudiced—the result of lack of honest investigation—and so are apt to condemn that which, if we really understood, we needs must commend. I impress the fact that securing heaven here and now by lives of love and ministrations of benevolence is the very best and surest way to secure heaven in the future, if heaven in the future there be. Thus I win the hearty good will of the majority present, avoid stirring their prejudice, but induce the honest to begin to read and investigate. A good Mormon bishop, who attended the lecture, came to the house of Brother Williams that same night, despite the lateness of the hour, and purchased a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason." There will be some loss of tithes next year as the result.

September 26.—The Wednesday night lecture was advertised at the school-house in Brother L. P. Edholm's neighborhood, about six miles up the valley. Brother Edholm has had full experience of the delights of celestial marriage (threefold), but by reading Freethought publications he was delivered from the subtle snare; obtained executiv clemency, and has provided for his other two families, who are now far away, and although this necessitated division of his property and left him in comparativ poverty, he now finds full compensation in the peace and happiness afforded by having one, and one only, wife, a truly noble woman and real helpmate, and their bright, happy little ones. I was surprised to find so many people at the lecture, wondered where they all came from, but in this country it is astonishing how small a dwelling will accommodate a large number of people.

The prospects for advancement of Liberalism are bright and hopeful in Weber valley.

ECHO, UTAH, Sept. 27.—From Weber station I was whirled so fast by the train that I only just caught a glimpse of the Devil's Slide—immense serrated rocks—two ridges of granit reaching from the river nearly to the summit of a sloping grass-clad mountain. The rocks are from fifty to two hundred feet high; the two ridges run parallel about ten feet apart. A few miles farther and we come to Lone Tree, an old solitary, scraggy pine; suspended from its lowest limb is a sign-board that tells western-bound travelers they hav passed over one thousand miles of rails since leaving Omaha. Next our interest is centered on those queer red, yellow, and gray conglomerations called Witches' Rocks, more generally known as Plum Pudding Rocks. They stand out in bold relief in all sorts of odd, queer shapes, and fill us with wonder till we reach Echo City, forty-one miles from Ogden, at an altitude of 5,500 feet.

Echo is the biggest little place I ever visited, and it has more big-hearted, large-brained Liberal folks to the quarter acre than any other place in Utah.

The "city" is situated on the eastern bank of the Weber river, half a mile below the mouth of Echo canon. The little valley is not more than half a mile in width. Excepting a few gardens, stock-raising is the only occupation of the people. The few houses afford dwellings for the railroad employees. The only really beautiful residence and garden is that of jolly Fred Hirst, the station agent. He is a paragon Liberal, an educated gentleman, a scientist and deep thinker, with none of the pedantry of erudition, but a jolly, whole souled, big-hearted man, with a noble, bright, good woman for wife, and two bright, intelligent, pretty little daughters, making his life a perpetual delight and his home a very paradise.

I had a large and intelligent audience at Echo school-house, and long for the delight of complying with the oft-repeated request to "come again."

COALVILLE, UTAH, Sept. 28, 29.—From Echo, a branch of the Union Pacific railroad runs up the Weber river to Park City. Just before leaving the main track and turning south, we pass the noted "Pulpit rock," on the top of which, it is said, Brigham Young preached his first sermon in Utah. This is doubtless only tradition, but the Echo canon is a wondrous reality, and has been the scene of untold horrors—massacres of fleeing fugitivs who dared rebel, to denounce the rapacity of the priesthood, and attempted to return to the states; doomed wretches cut off from the church (throats cut), cut off by the ministrations of the Danites or Destroying Angels, to say nothing of hundred upon hundred who perished by cold and starvation, having crossed the plains, weak, weary, emaciated, provisions having given out—for weeks their only food a quarter of a pound of flour stirred in water—delayed, impeded by the dreadful snow, vast numbers dying almost in sight of Zion. Coalville is a large Mormon village, with a grand, stately temple, uncompleted, and of no real use, and extensiv coal mines of very great use, affording employment to the people. I delivered two lectures at the school-house. Brother Smith bantered and poked fun at the grand mogul, the presiding bishop of the stake, telling him he must attend the lecture; that on the first night I offered to answer all questions, but no one responded, and the bishop would lose all his flock if he did not go to their rescue, etc. The bishop did not attend, but issued a decree for Mormons to keep away, and they did. Coalville is a hot-bed of superstition, yet there are brave, independent Liberals enough there to eventually work a reformation.

SALT LAKE CITY, Sept. 30.—Despite lack of advertising and absence of lights in front of the Opera House, there was considerably larger attendance than the first Sunday. I received many encomiums for the delivery of the lecture, "The Bible: Whence It Came, and What It Really Teaches."

TO LIBERALS OF NEBRASKA AND DAKOTA.

I propose to lecture in Nebraska during November and December, and Dakota during January. Friends in those states desiring my services will please write me at once to Evanston, Wyo. Terr. My terms are $20 for three lectures, friends paying hotel bill. One lecture, $10. Letters addressed to me at Evanston, Wyo. Terr., will be promptly forwarded.

Nov. 3, 1888. C. B. REYNOLDS.

A Toe-joint Postscript.

[Since I sent to THE TRUTH SEEKER the brief article on "Toe-joint Spiritualism," I hav received, via Mrs. Slenker, an account of the séance with the Fox girls in 1853 to which I alluded, written out by my friend himself, with permission to offer it for publication. I will only add that the "deceased" person inquired of by Mr. Parkhurst was his brother John, a bachelor, still living, and that the "spirits" rapped out the number of his children.—BURR.]

In March, 1853, I made two visits to the séances of the Fox girls in Washington, D. C. I quote results from memoranda published at the time. At the first visit I noticed that questions were answered with remarkable accuracy when the mind of the questioner was concentrated upon the answer. I had hitherto generally received in Spiritual circles distinct, certain, and correct answers. Suspecting that the answers were dictated by the will, I took care on the first evening not to will any answers to my questions. I received faint, uncertain, and incorrect answers, Miss Fox thinking it was an infant that responded. My judgment was: "I think therefore that there were no communications from spirits that evening. The disposition of these mediums is not careful, candid scrutiny, nor even a respectful treatment of the opinions of others. Hence I should be much more surprised to find them acknowledging the true explanation, than I am at their having started the commonly received doctrin of spirits."

After writing the above I made my second visit. This time I prepared a set of questions and answers comprising a purely fictitious case. After a series of unsatisfactory replies to four other parties I commenced my questions. The person asked for responded at the third trial. My prearranged questions, interspersed with others, were then all answered without hesitation, in obedience to my will. The only exception out of about a dozen questions was this: It was suggested that I should ask of what disease he died. As the person was not dead and the question had not occurred to me, I hesitated in selecting one. When I asked with regard to the one I selected, the answer was, No. "Was that what it was supposed to be?" said I. "Yes," was the unhesitating reply. My last question was: "Is it my own spirit which produces these rappings?" "Yes." The question had been asked in writing, and I leaned back in my chair, indicating that I was through. "Is that correct?" inquired Miss Fox. "I suppose so; I was not certain. Is the spirit confident that that is right?" "Yes," rapped the spirit, unhesitatingly.

My solution at the time was this: "The questioner wills the answer, and the medium, perceiving the volition, produces or aids in producing the rappings."

Now the same medium declares that it was all fraud, that she produced the rappings with her toes. I do not know but she did, but I do know that she had enough power of mind-reading, if that was so, to read all the answers I willed to my questions, while she had not enough to read the questions themselvs. Her present avowal does not meet the case, for it does not explain the many tests which she gave, which convinced so many of the genuinness of the manifestations. I did not trust her then. I do not trust her denial now. Whatever her tests were worth then, they are worth now. If there were spirits aiding her, I biologized them by my will, or they were mischievous enough to join in the deception without her knowledge. It was the intelligence in the answers that was alone of value; if that came from disembodied spirits, who cares whether she produced the raps with her toes or how they were produced? She now meets only the subordinate issue.

HENRY M. PARKHURST.

A Step on the Road to Ruin.

From the Hebrew Journal.

The influence of the act of Congress authorizing the escheating of the property of the Mormon church is seen in the decree of the Utah supreme court dissolving that church, and substantially confiscating its property. This decree will, of course, come up before the United States Supreme Court for final adjudication. We think it will be a sorry day for those who advocate religious freedom if the Court shall determin that the provision of our Constitution is a nullity which prohibits Congress from making any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The Mormon belief, outside of polygamy, is not more repugnant to non believers than some others; and while our citizens hav looked with approval on the government's endeavor to stamp out this practice, as being in violation of the morality and of the spirit of the civilized world, yet this new step not only infringes our great charter, but is an insidious step countenancing those bigoted Protestants who seek to secure "God in the Constitution," meaning thereby their own peculiar religious belief and custom, and the utter exclusion of their neighbors'. This intolerance crops up in our common school management occasionally, and needs stamping on vigorously by every friend of freedom of conscience.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free,

Communications.

Mrs. Freeman Wants Her Say.

Of course everyone has heard by this time all about the Pittsburgh Congress. They hav heard, too, all about the wonderful old city nestling among the picturesque hills. The road that leads to it is not the "strait and narrow path" of legendary lore, but a sinuous, serpentine, winding way, impartially turning toward every point of the compass. This interminable turning and twisting proved too much of an agitation for some of the delegates, especially "our boys," and to the amusement of their more hardy, and perhaps more hardened, companions, they became wretchedly seasick.

The woods were aglow with the many-tinted colors of autumnal beauty—golden, russet, red, and brown. The ragged rocks, towering upward, defiantly met the shifting clouds, that for some unexplained reason wept profusely over the city of Pittsburgh during the week of the Congress. Nor would they be comforted—the clouds, I mean. It was a week of cold comfort, anyway. Whether this mourning was due to its own Jonahs, or whether to the strangers abiding within its gates, history has not affirmed. It is a fine old town, there is no denying that, with the rush and roar of a miniature Chicago. But here the resemblance ends. Many of its streets are like alleys. The old nursery rhyme involuntarily presents itself to the mind:

I was forced to go to London to buy myself a wife,
The way was so long and the streets were so narrow,
That I was forced to bring her home on a wheelbarrow.

Pittsburgh is set down at the foot of big mountains of coal and iron, the houses here and there ambitiously creeping to their very tops, and peering from the edges of abrupt precipices as though in wanton play. One feels like shouting up to them a word of caution. But the high-perched domicils seem as much at home as deer on Alpine hights, and the resident rushes up and down the hundred or so stony steps cut into the walls of rocky cliffs with the agility of a trained acrobat. The Pittsburgher is a good climber, and, if experience is worth anything, ought always to attain the hight of his ambition.

This used to be a black, smoky town—soot everywhere. It never looked up into the blue sky; its face was always clouded. It wore a sullen expression. Orthodoxy regarded it with dark suspicion. There were strange fires gleaming among its hills. There were deep, dark pits, and the heavy air was laden with sulphurous smells. Its citizens were ever on the alert to catch a glimpse of a cloven foot. This is the legend. And we may rest assured that the time was when there was no place so dark and forbidding as Pittsburgh. The wondrous magician, Science, lifted her mighty, potent wand and the clouds disappeared, the sun shone brightly, the city was aglow with light. She became at once a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." She stands to-day a resplendent monument, an imperishable example to the power of—gas! Gas rescued Pittsburgh—snatched her, as it were, a brand from the burning—forever silenced the dark accusation that through her winding ways lay the road to Pluto's realm.

The American Secular Union, remembering this, the triumph that had been achieved, inflated its lungs to their fullest extent, and proceeded to accomplish for the world at large—the universe included—what had already been done for Pittsburgh. It turned on the gas. There was a cry of pain. The light was too strong. The preachers waked up. They didn't like it. It disturbed their nap. The authorities were notified. They began to turn over old, musty volumes, looking for some antidotal and antiquated law of 1600 or so to silence the sacrilege. They stood up in their pulpits and howled. They lifted up their voices and wept. For four long, blessed days their life was made a burden to them, and they called upon their own mountains to fall down and hide them from the horrible glare of modern light. O for the good old days of Pittsburgh smoke and smudge—for the good old times when a man could be flogged for kissing his wife on Sunday! They solemnly informed the Congress that the time was soon to be when no heathen, no Infidel, no person who disbelieved the Bible, would be permitted to vote; and thereupon Charles Watts, with a dexterity for which he is noted, turned on such a flood of gas that every preacher ran into his cellar and barricaded the door, and on all the streets in Pittsburgh no godly man was seen. Like the ostrich, who hides by sticking his head into the sand, they closed their eyes to the world's progress, and the world moved back! It is a dangerous thing to blow out the gas. Many an old granger has come to grief through the experiment. Orthodox fossils should take warning. Died by asphyxiation, returns the coroner. Terrible decision! How much more horrible when the subject is asphyxiated and persists in living! Suspended mental animation. It struck the world once and sent it whirling backward a dozen centuries. Poor old superannuated mummies, crawl away into the dark if you will, but keep your sacrilegious hands off the throttles of the mighty forces that move the world.

To impress the city and its resources more thoroughly on the minds of the delegates, an escort was provided by the entertainment committee and they were taken to see the great Carnegie Iron Works. The delegation boarded a street-car. The escort forgot to get on. Left to the tender mercies of the driver, they were taken a mile or so beyond the appointed designation. After an hour's delay, amid much laughing and walking, the committee managed to gather together under its wings the wandering delegates, or rather the delegates managed to gather themselvs together under the committee's wings.

A shrewd suggestion presented itself to the brilliant minds of the escorted, whether this visit to the great iron foundry might not be intended as a significant object-lesson—a sort of a Dante's Inferno. This has already been hinted by the "mediumistic" Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and possibly had its influence in rendering him conspicuous on that occasion by his absence.

There were the seething, boiling caldrons, overflowing in heavy, hot streams of glowing liquid lava; the air was filled with brilliant showers of fiery coruscations, the horrible din was that of a pandemonium, and perched at the top of the great crucibles, seemingly almost ready to topple in, were human figures, which in the weird light it required only a little stretch of imagination to convert into the fabled devils of orthodox theology with the veritable pitchforks poking up the coals. It is no wonder that "Eugene" evaded the visit. The delegates nudged one another, pointing significantly to the realistic representation. They regarded it critically, recalling the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, remembering that these escaped unharmed from a fiery furnace seventy times hotter than the hottest iron. This iron was hot, there was no question as to that; it might safely be called extremely hot, the hottest hot, and yet that ancient furnace was seventy times hotter than this. The incredulity of the wicked, scoffing delegation was strengthened, and they came to the conclusion that if Shadrach, etc., could stand it, they could. They didn't take much stock in the idea of frying a beefsteak eternally, anyway.

From the crucibles the liquid iron was poured into molds; from these a ponderous pair of tongs swung them into space, and little "devil engins" rushed in like sentient things of life, opened their strong iron jaws, clutched them closely, and dashed away madly with their horrible, seething, glowing load. Then furnace doors opened automatically, the heavy bars glided in, came out on the other side red-hot steel, took their places on great rollers, were passed back and forth again and again, crawling away in the distance like gleaming, monstrous serpents endowed with life. The great machines, performing their work so exactly as to seem endowed with intelligence, had taken the place, the guides told us, of fifty men. Fifty human beings crowded to the wall by one machine. These had no vote. They needed no representation. Among them was no strike, only the ceaseless stroke of lever or piston, the never-ending buzz of saw and wheel, the continuous turning of pulley and roller. As I noted their ponderous, dextrous strength; these wonderful muscles of steel and iron—these awful revolutionizers of the world's economy, I wondered where were the fifty men each had displaced, their wives and little children. Were they happy, well fed and clothed, or had they been sent in their unsuccessful competition with these iron monsters, gaunt, homeless wretches, tramping through the land? Ah, philosopher and patriot, when that throbbing human world of workers is crushed down beneath the iron heel of inanimate nature, creating fifty times the wealth of fifty men, and these are left empty-handed, unable to provide themselvs with the production of loom and mill, unable in their poverty to purchase even the necessities of existence, do you call this, O noble statesmen, progress?

The last glimpse the delegation caught of what had been at its entrance to the works molten iron, were steel rails, perfect, finished, world-renowned. Over these, or rather over those that had passed through the same process of evolution, the delegation glided into Pittsburgh again. Many of the representativs had already gone—Dr. Foote, Dr. Juliet H. Severance, Mr. and Mrs. Geiger, and others from the ball. Mr. Macdonald, editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, Charles Watts, editor of *Secular Thought*, Samuel P. Putnam, editor of *Freethought*, together with Lucy N. Colman, whose presence had added so much brightness and interest to the Congress, withdrew early. Mr. Crow, from New Mexico, remained. He had come a long way, and intended to see it through.

Pittsburgh has many earnest workers and good Liberals. Mr. Barker made a favorable impression by his enthusiasm; and Mr. Pierce, editor of *Truth*—a bright little paper that should receive the cordial support of Liberals everywhere, especially of those in Pennsylvania, and which is doing an undeniably good work—will be remembered as one of the best and most generous workers for the cause of Secularism. His wife is a brave little woman, intelligent and bright, and sympathizes with her husband in his noble efforts to sustain the "*Truth*." Mr. Burnham, of Michigan, remained in the city, having an engagement to giv a course of lectures before the local society.

The Chicago company returned home. I wandered away into Ohio, stopping first at Farmdale. Here I gave two lectures. It rained all the time. The clouds couldn't get over crying about the Pittsburgh Congress. Once in a while the sky would brighten up a little, and then of a sudden down would come the great drops again. Mr. Dewitt T. Root conducted the "services" of the occasion as serenely as though the weather were favorable and the house packed. Mr. Root also assisted Mr. Henry, and two other gentlemen, in providing some excellent instrumental music. There were more ladies in the audience than men. I mention this because it has been so often said that the women do not come out—that they would not attend the Freethought lectures.

Among the prominent Liberals in this place are Dewitt T. Root, who is the worker, and his amiable wife, with whom I passed a pleasant afternoon; Mrs. J. Henry, at whose home I stopped; Mr. and Mrs. Emery Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Ferrel, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Roberts, O. E. Henry, J. Burns, Mr. Griffin, Mr. Chaffee, Fay T. Root, L. G. Brockway, an old friend; Alfred Moria and wife, Jerry Brockway, and many others. It is a good Liberal community. Mr. Putnam lectured here some time ago, and I learn that they would hav had him again had they not unfortunately already made arrangements for my visit. John Remsburg a couple of years ago gave five, I think, of his logical, unanswerable discourses in this place. In Andover, only ten miles distant, I lectured twice—the first Freethought lectures ever given in the town. Dewitt T. Root and Mr. Henry came from Farmdale on Sunday evening to hear the lecture again, "Cross and Crown." Here, also, more ladies were in attendance than men. I tried to effect a local organization. In this I failed, but the promis was given that a society should be formed. I trust that the Liberals will remember this, and the necessity for organization. There is no strength in scattered forces.

The worker here is E. D. Fenkel. His intelligent wife is also a Freethinker. I had met them two years ago at Linesville, Pa. He has seven children, all Liberals—two beautiful daughters, young ladies. Among other Liberals are E. W. Morley, a successful business man; James Roberts and wife—Mr. Roberts is a distinguished young lawyer—Warren Strickland, Will Craig, Fred J. Bishop, James Morley, B. D. Morley, Henry Morley, F. L. Chapman, and Elbridge Thompson and wife. This is also the home of our own bright young lawyer C. S. Darrow, of the Chicago Secular Union. Here I found his name familiar as a household word. Dewitt G. Root closed the Sunday evening lecture with some very effectiv and pertinent remarks.

Painesville, O., is most thoroughly orthodox, as I think Mr. Putnam will bear witness, he having lectured here some time ago. Joseph Sedgebeer has stood here alone for nearly fifty years, the glorious representativ of Freethought. He is a grand old man, bright, well read, and thoroughly posted, ever ambitious to make the most of himself and his life. English by birth, he is yet thoroughly American in his sympathies and ideas. He has made several fortunes—never lost through his own speculations, only in kindness to his friends. He is not wealthy, he assured me, but has enough to liv and die by. At the last Congress he was put in as one of the vice-presidents, and among the distinguished list there is to be found no nobler name than Joseph Sedgebeer.

At the close of my first lecture one woman, Myra F. Paine, an inspirational speaker, introduced herself, offering congratulations. Mrs. Paine is a bright, attractiv woman, and if as good a talker when under influence as when out of it, is a success. A young man, a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, a Mr. Baldwin, also came forward. There are a number of Liberals in Painesville, but no organization, and without this nothing can be accomplished.

Akron, O., is a progressiv town. It chooses light rather than darkness, and hence the streets are brilliantly illuminated with electrical lamps. It is soon to hav its street-cars run by electricity. John Jacques, who is also an Englishman by birth, seventeen years in this country, is a brave, outspoken Liberal. His family are Freethinkers; his wife and daughters intelligent, refined, and sensible. Mr. and Mrs. Jacques attended the mass-meeting at Kent in September, and the latter was delighted with Mr. Burnham's address, assuring me that he gave one of the best Freethought lectures she had ever heard. The hall here is owned by Mr. Moody, not of evangelical fame, but a Freethinker, and a really fine hall it is, too. I think Mrs. Moody is a Liberal also; anyway, she is too sensible to be very orthodox. Joseph Burgess, from Johnson's Corners, was present at the lectures. It needs no assurance as to his intelligence when it is known that he has taken the Boston *Investigator* forty-one years. He commenced taking it, he told me, just before Zach. Taylor's election. Among other Liberals are Wm. Buchtel and wife, progressiv people, generously aiding in Freethought work, not

afraid to be identified with the cause of Secularism. Mr. Buchtel is the owner of the Buchtel House, the finest hotel in the place. He is not, however, its proprietor, being the president of the Akron bank.

Reuben Hackett, Thomas D. Thomas, Lyman D. Triplett, Wm. D. Triplett, Peter Hoffman, Reuben Hadfield, C. Waldsmith, Reuben Leech, and Charles Waite are other noted Freethinkers of this community. On Sunday afternoon Wm. Cunningham and B. F. Conway, from Kent, were in attendance. Kent is not nearly so large a place as Akron, and yet by organization has been able to accomplish much more work.

A very pleasant incident, the next morning after my arrival home, was a flying call from Mr. Putnam, to whom I had bidden good-bye at Pittsburgb. Mr. Putnam was well, full of hope and enthusiasm—the same genial, happy spirit, now that he had been relegated to the rank of private in the American Secular Union, as when he bore all its many honors on his devoted head. He goes to the Golden Slope filled with inspiration as to the success of "*Freethought.*" May all the best wishes of honest, earnest men and women in our cause everywhere go with him. There is no room in the true Liberal's life for bickering, backbiting, and unholy ambitions. Ours, above all others, should be a cause of loyalty, devotion, and work.

MATTIE A. FREEMAN.

Lecture Tour Completed.

AT HOME.—I started from Waterville, Minn., October 3d, reaching Hannibal, Mo., the following day, when I immediately started on a hunt for Dr. Ayres and F. H. Rau, superintendent and secretary of the Society of Agnostic Moralists. As I anticipated, I found these gentlemen activ and earnest in advancing the cause of Liberalism. We spent the first evening visiting at Mr. Rau's. And, like most Germans, Mr. Rau and family are splendid singers, and assisted by Dr. Ayres they made the meeting of October 5th entertaining by their songs and instrumental music. The lecture at Hannibal was well attended, considering the inclemency of the weather, and that there were also two other gatherings in the city of a political nature. Much to my regret, I did not meet Mr. Trabue, treasurer of the society in Hannibal, as he livs six miles in the country and had not learned the date of the lecture.

The press of Hannibal spoke very favorably of our meeting, and very complimentarily of myself.

The *Courier*, of Hannibal, says: "Prof. G. H. Dawes, the Liberalist, lectured last night at Emmet Hall to a fair-sized audience. As a speaker he has admitted ability, and his address last evening seemed to interest and entertain all those in attendance. He is a licensed lecturer, and travels from place to place, talking upon the subject that is uppermost in his mind. During the evening some very creditable vocal and instrumental music was rendered by Miss Rau and others." In another column the *Courier* says: "Notwithstanding the inclement weather and the attractions at the Opera House and the Tabernacle last night, Prof. G. H. Dawes was greeted with a fair-sized audience and delivered an able and interesting address on the subject, 'The Mission of Liberalism,' and handled his subject in a masterly manner." The editor, mistaking something I perhaps said in a private talk, referred to the society in Hannibal as "Agnostic Socialists" instead of Moralists, and Dr. Ayres, in correcting his mistake, and setting forth the objects of the organization, concluded by saying: "I wish every honest person in the city could hav heard Professor Dawes's lecture, as I believe none could hav done so without being benefited intellectually and morally."

From Hannibal I went to Maryville, and spent a week visiting with relativs and acquaintances, and while there Joseph E. Alexander gave me five dollars to help on the work of the Secular Union. Mr. Alexander is seventy-four years old, and though with him the work is nearly done, his "race is nearly run," yet he is earnest and hopeful for the future. He is the only Liberal of means and influence in the priest-ridden town of Maryville, that I know of, that has the honesty and courage to declare his convictions. Mr. A. W. Noble, of Maryville, also contributed one dollar to the Union. Mr. Noble is a teacher of ability, and intends soon to enter the lecture field. I hav been acquainted with him for several years; we hav attended the same teachers' normals, worked together in the same county, and also lectured together at Elmo, Mo., two years ago. I hope soon to see Mr. Noble activly engaged in Freethonght work, as his heart is there.

I made my appointment at Bethany, and had the pleasure of meeting W. H. Allen, who is almost alone in the work there. He is earnest and brave, but he alone cannot make Freethought respectable or successful. What little experience I hav had in the field is that the best workers for Liberalism are the farmers and mechanics, but when we depend upon business men for support our meetings are not generally the success they should be. Too many of them will publicly support and applaud a system which in their hearts they privately despise.

From Bethany I went to Leon, Iowa, and was taken four miles in the country to the "Pine Grove Farm" of J. W. Long's, popularly known in that vicinity as "Freethinkers' Paradise." I was at once made at home with Mr. and Mrs. Long, and in the evening a pleasant reception was given me. A party of about twenty-five persons gathered there, mostly young and middle-aged persons, and I gave my lecture, "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" After the lecture the company enjoyed themselvs in a social dance. The Liberals there are mostly of the farming class, and, of course, are not afraid of Mother Grundy or their "business interests." I spent two days very pleasantly at the home of these earnest and true Liberals. And, what is to the credit of the Liberals of Leon, they hav a Secular Union organized, and are able to maintain it. Mr. Gammon, first vice-president, presided at the meeting, and, after the music and Mrs. Long's reading the minutes of the last meeting, introduced this humble missionary to the audience. An invitation was extended for me to visit Leon another fall, an invitation which I shall gladly accept, for it is a great pleasure to meet with such Liberals.

I was intending to visit Graham and Stewartsville, Mo., and after election should hav gone to Rockport, Mo., and Shenandoah, Iowa, but my health not being what it should be, and as about the only thing engaging the attention of the people in that section of the country is politics, I thought that, as numbers make respectability, if an audience could not be had, owing to the excitement of the coming election, more harm than good could be done; and I hav no desire to urge on an engagement for the mere sake of the money the Liberals are willing to contribute, unless there can be a reasonable amount of good done. So, not wishing to remain idle three or four weeks, I concluded to go home and make arrangements for lecturing in November. I hope this will be satisfactory to the friends where I had engagements, hoping to meet them in the future.

On my route home I was obliged to remain eighteen hours in Monmouth, Ill., and there found a few genuin Liberals—Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Pattee, Mr. Sanford Smith and family. They hav a Liberal hall, or Unity church, and hav had a Free Religious speaker engaged for some time. When no speaker is engaged some of the Liberals read the published articles and lectures as they appear in the Freethought papers. Your humble missionary's last article that appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER, "The Mission of Liberalism," was read not long ago by Mrs. Little. I was invited to make arrangements to lecture there, if fate ever took me that way again. This letter is altogether too long, but I cannot close it without saying more about Monmouth. It is one of the most priest-ridden towns in America. Years ago the Scotch Covenanters and Dissenters united and called themselvs the United Presbyterian church. They hav been the controling element there for thirty years, and hav a theological college maintaining some thirty preachers under the guise of being teachers in the school. This, of course, is all right if the people want it, but then there is a strategic movement of theirs that is worthy of their Catholic mother. They so control affairs that the members of the public school board are Presbyterians, so every teacher in the public school is of the same religious persuasion, and three-quarters of an hour is taken up every morning in studying "God's word." And this powerful and influential church, with their institution of learning, established for the purpose of perpetuating their ignorance, vote down every measure for establishing a free high school, so that people, in order to giv their children an education, are compelled to patronize the theological school or send their children away from home. A thriving city of seven thousand people hav no public school of any importance! In spite of so many incidents of church tyranny that we find everywhere, we hear avowed Liberals saying there is no need of doing Freethought work, no need of an organization like the Secular Union.

I wish to thank the Liberals that hav interested themselvs in my behalf, and who are working so earnestly for Freethought generally. Upon the whole, my tour has been a decided success. I should like to make arrangements for lectures in Minnesota and Wisconsin as soon as the election is over.

Pittsville, Wis. GEO. H. DAWES.

Mrs. Besant and Her Reform Work.

Eliza Putnam Heaton in Special Correspondence of Galveston News.

Drop a penny in the slot, pull out the drawer, and get a photograph of Mary Anderson. This is the English version of the chewing-gum machine. It swallows small coin and emits the face of our Mary at railway stations, in dry-goods stores, and on street corners. Sometimes it varies its performances by turning out likenesses of Ellen Terry or Grace Hawthorne. It follows the way of the world, which talks much nowadays about women.

London has talked about Annie Besant this summer with quite as much interest as it feels in any daughter of John Bull. Where her persistent efforts in behalf of various organizations of women might not themselvs hav held the public eye, the openly manifested hostility of her brother-in-law, Mr. Walter Besant, the novelist, who has even been credited with efforts to establish a difference of pronunciation between their names, accenting his own on the second syllable and hers on the first, to obscure the family connection, has not allowed tongues to cease wagging.

I noticed a picture of Mrs. Besant one rainy morning in a shop window. While I allowed the drippings from my umbrella to fall into the eyes of a very small and very determined match-girl as I stopped to look at it, a couple of workingmen paused behind me, and seeing the face that had caught my attention, lifted their hats before the photograph, a tribute of respect which I think I never saw paid to any other woman or man.

Their action called my attention to the fact that I was in front of the publication-office of the *Link*, a labor paper edited by Mrs. Besant, and a moment later, acting on the information, I was climbing some very dark and dingy stairs. Mrs. Besant's desk was hemmed in by compositors' cases on four sides, and while the typos passed this way and that with galleys of matter, I studied an interesting face. It might hav been a beautiful face, with its large eyes, sweet mouth, and dark, wavy hair, if it had not been a sad face, a face that had loss stamped on its every line.

Watching the tall, slender figure in its softly falling gown of dull gold, cut in quaint, esthetic fashion, my mind went back to the tales I had heard of the girl who married a clergyman and found herself out of harmony with the church and out of her husband's favor; of the divorce suit, where nothing could be established against a blameless life; of the children taken from their mother, and of the busy years writing, lecturing, disputing with Frances Power Cobbe on Atheism, editing Socialistic papers and pamphlets since. I had heard her called a dangerous woman, a mischievous element in society, alien alike to state and creed. I had heard her children's governess call her with enthusiasm the loveliest lady in England. It seemed to me that if I looked long at her face I was more likely to agree with the last opinion than the first.

I had not had time to frame a decent excuse for my intrusion, so I asked her for the addresses of people to whom I could apply for facts about the working-women of London.

She refused to be considered an authority on that point, saying that she was far more interested in a general Socialistic propaganda than in any special work undertaken for one sex or the other.

"We shall see strange things here this winter, and one has to consider humanity, not women or men. Do you remember the Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park meetings last spring?"

I answered that I understood times were improving, and that London looked forward to a quiet season.

"Trade is better, to be sure, but the improvement won't reach down to the great body of the working people for a year to come. There will be more unemployed this winter than last, and more suffering. They call us a mob when we gather in the parks, but I hav been in and out through the densest crowds that ever had Sunday for their meeting day, and street roughs don't yield a woman the courtesy that these mobs showed me. They were hungry and houseless, and when the hop-picking and the harvesting is over London will be full of them again."

I asked her about Bryant & May's match-girls, whose case she took before Parliament, and whom she organized two months ago into the largest trades-union of women in Great Britain.

She said that the case of the women who, for an average wage of $1.50 a week, were working many hours a day at a trade so unhealthy as to make them liable to caries of the jaw, and who were fined so constantly as hardly to bring out one week's wages untouched in six, had really touched the public heart, and that the opportunity for a general organization of women workers was never better.

I asked her if Socialism was on the increase in England. She said that it was, and then she talked to me of a world without God, refusing to rest in the idea that earth's wrongs and agonies would be righted hereafter, and saying that good, the final goal of ill, could be reached only as man put aside the idea of a deity who permitted the present wrong, and set himself strenuously to cure earth's pains by the best of his own reason and skill, glad in the thought that he was creating a new earth for a happier race. Her face lighted as she spoke, and she was evidently a woman in deadly earnest, unselfish, devoted, spending herself for a cause.

Mrs. Besant is an indefatigable worker. I saw her billed for three lectures in Manchester, to be delivered morning, afternoon, and evening, on the Sunday after my talk with her in London. Much of her work is done jointly with Mr. Bradlaugh, the two forming a publishing company which sends out a good deal of Radical literature. The connection with Bradlaugh does her no good in conservativ eyes, but East London asks no questions about her creed—it idolizes her for the clear voice she has lifted in its behalf.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. Macdonald, - - - Editor.
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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

There are on our books about a thousand subscribers whose time ran out some months since, and who hav not paid for the papers they hav been reading since then. The political campaign just closed has diverted men's minds from more important matters, and we are not surprised that some of our friends hav forgotten that they owe us a few dollars. Now, however, that the country is safe we hope these delinquents will promptly turn their attention to saving The Truth Seeker. Bills hav been sent to our debtors, and the amounts thereof are urgently needed here. We trust that we shall receive them at once. We need money, we need it badly, and we want it now.

The Church's Victory.

The results of the national and state elections do not, we imagin, affect the progress of Freethought or retard or advance the time when our Nine Demands shall be established law. President-elect Harrison is a practicing Presbyterian, and will, of course, favor evangelical Christianity. If President Cleveland had been reëlected he would hav done the same, and added thereto many favors to Roman Catholicism. So far as Freethought is concerned, there was no choice between the candidates for the presidency.

But there is one result of the election in New York city which must fill Freethinkers with foreboding. That is the complete rehabilitation of Tammany Hall, and its advance to power. Tammany Hall, as everybody knows, is composed of men who are Roman Catholic by education and training. It is a political organization which the Catholic church uses as it pleases. No Tammany politician was ever known to refuse his church any favor she could ask when he had the power to grant it, and the church is not bashful or modest in asking favors of the government. It was during Tammany's uncontroled reign, when William Tweed was at its head, that the Roman church obtained the vast amount of real estate which she now holds in this city, and procured the passage of the laws by which she annually filches nearly a million of dollars from the county treasury. The lot for the cathedral was given the church for one dollar, if we remember aright, and altogether the church was some nine million dollars better off at the downfall of Tweed than when he entered politics through her favor.

Richard Croker, the present head of Tammany Hall, is a devout Catholic. Hugh J. Grant, the newly elected mayor, is likewise a servant of the church. So pious is he that it is said he has been known to giv money for masses for the benefit of a man's soul when he has refused to giv that man a cent to keep him from starving. The sheriff and the county clerk are Catholics. Tammany also has fifteen out of twenty-five aldermen, counting the president of the board. The commissionerships which Grant will fill are sure to be filled from Tammany's ranks. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment will hav a majority of Tammany men, and the strings to New York's enormous purse will be untied whenever Tammany says so. The heads of nearly all of the city departments will be Tammany men, and the subordinates are sure to be Roman Catholics. The teachers in many of our public schools, the principals, and the superintendents, are already Roman Catholics, and before Tammany has been in power a year, it is likely they will all be of that faith. The Board of Tax Assessors, the Comptroller, a majority of the police justices and civil justices, the Recorder, the Register of Deeds, the Commissioner of Jurors, the Commissioner of Public Works, are, or will be, all Roman Catholic Tammany politicians. The party also controls the department of Charities and Correction, the Police force, the Fire department, the Board of Street Openings, the Armory board, the Congressional delegation, and the state senatorial and assembly delegations. Even in Tweed's time the church, through Tammany Hall, never possessed such power as she will hav for two years from next January. This is what the church worked for at this election, and what she desired when Corrigan ordered the priests to order their parishioners to support the Tammany ticket, and let Coogan (though a rampant Catholic) go to the wall. The church knew which was the winning side.

This is an alarming state of affairs, if the church shall conclude to go in for all she can get out of her success. It is true that the city owns but little land now to giv her, but there are millions of dollars raised every year by taxation, the police courts deal with hundreds of pauper children, and the school-teachers hav enormous influence over the minds of tens of thousands of coming citizens. Catholic officials can help the church in scores of ways, and priests will control the city.

What will the church do? Where will it all end? And what are the non-Catholic citizens going to do about it?

An Instance of Christian Persecution Recalled.

In the *Christian Advocate* of the 8th inst. is a paragraph which recalls one of the meanest little instances of religious persecution that hav occurred in this decade. Dr. Buckley writes:

"In 1885 Govinda Row Sattay, a Hindoo Theosophist, came to this country to teach Theosophy. He was a Brahman, and will be remembered as the person who went to Ocean Grove in 1886 to teach his religion, which he did in defiance of the regulations of the Camp Meeting Association, for which he was sent to Trenton jail for thirty days. He lived in Brooklyn and had a small school of followers. He practiced the Brahman abstinence from meats, succumbed to malaria, and his body was cremated at Fresh Pond, L. I., on October 30th."

This is hardly a true statement, revealing nothing of the miserable spirit of the religion which illegally put Row Sattay in jail for the longest period allowed by the only law which could be tortured to fit his case. The fact is that Sattay was the victim of the Methodists of Ocean Grove, and was imprisoned solely because he told the truth about the non-success of Christian missionaries in India.

Row Sattay went to Asbury Park, N. J., in June, 1886. He was searching for work to support himself and his son. He was intelligent, spoke English well, and speedily became popular. Public interest in him led to his lecturing in hotel parlors to small audiences, these lectures finally becoming dissertations and discussions upon the difference between Hindoo and Christian faiths. Dr. Stokes, president of the Ocean Grove camp-meeting, unsuccessfully sought to convert the Hindoo, and finding him too firm in his own faith, resorted to force to drive him from the neighborhood. He had him arrested and sentenced to thirty days, in the jail at Freehold—not Trenton.

The daily papers chronicled the outrage, and The Truth Seeker sent a lawyer down to Freehold at once, determined to help the abused Hindoo if his arrest was found to hav been compassed on religious grounds, which was found to be the case. But Sattay had been released through the efforts of the jail warden, C. A. Little, who found his commitment to be illegal. The facts were: On August 18th, by Dr. Stokes's orders, a police officer at Ocean Grove took Sattay to Asbury Park, and warned him never to enter Ocean Grove again. This warning Sattay did not heed, going back to Ocean Grove on the next day, but not attempting to speak or to in any way interfere with the Methodist services. While quietly reading a paper he was approached by a police officer, who took him before the chief of police, who read a warrant, filled out a commitment, and had Sattay hustled to Freehold and lodged in jail. Sattay was denied a hearing, the law under which he was arrested did not fit his case, supposing Dr. Stokes to hav had any case against him, the papers were withheld from the county clerk's office, and altogether the imprisonment was a proceeding reminding us of the days of the Inquisition. The sentence imposed was the full limit allowed by law, and fully evinced the malicious spirit which appeared throughout the persecution. Mr. Little, the warden, happened to be a liberal and kind-hearted man, and he knew at once that a gross injustice had been done the Hindoo. He engaged E. A. Arrowsmith, an attorney of Freehold, to defend Sattay, and on Mr. Arrowsmith's application Judge Parker of the supreme court made an order releasing Sattay on the ground of illegal proceeding. The lawyer employed by The Truth Seeker made a full examination of the case, obtained copies of the affidavits and the commitment, as well as evidence of the innocence of Sattay, and we are justified in saying that the Methodists of Ocean Grove showed themselvs to be tyrants and bigots, ready and willing and anxious to imprison a man solely because he differed from them in religious opinion.

Sattay was a nativ of Shelapore, where he received a good English education. His wife and relativs dying, he came to this country nearly four years ago, leaving his boy at Shelapore. He went first to New Orleans, where he was employed in a sash factory. The factory was destroyed by fire and he came North seeking work. His lecturing at Ocean Grove was not of his own seeking, but in response to a public demand. His imprisonment, though happily of short duration, was a disgrace to the Methodist church.

Fighting for Christ's Sake.

And now the orthodox preachers of Minneapolis are angry. Unitarian doctrins hav been preached at the State University located there, and the faculty seem to lean toward the tenets of that heretical sect. The State University is supposed to be non-sectarian, but non-sectarian to orthodox preachers means in accord with some evangelical doctrin. Unitarianism, therefore, should be barred.

The trouble all comes from the growth of heresy, or liberal Christianity, among the students. It was brought out, at the ministers' meeting which considered the matter, that the student members of evangelical churches had often complained to their pastors that they could not hold religious meetings such as they, and evangelical churches of which they are members, believed were Christian. They could only meet with those of a liberal faith and where liberal thought predominated. It was even charged that the faculty of the university urged the students to attend these meetings. "Students who are members of evangelical churches, or sons and daughters of members of evangelical churches," said one of the ministers, "are compelled to worship Christ where the divinity of Christ is denied, and where they are being constantly told that the idea of an inspired Bible is foolish." Another clergyman mentioned an instance, when in one of the commencement orations a student had made a reference to popery, President Northrop cut it out for fear that Father McGolrick would be offended. He argued that it was all right not to offend Father McGolrick, but he thought other denominations should be treated with as much consideration.

But the greatest of all grievances was the engagement of the Unitarian minister to preach a sermon there. Regarding this crowning outrage a Presbyterian minister voiced the sentiment of his colleagues in this way: "I don't believe the faculty should allow Mr. Simmons to go over there and blackguard orthodox beliefs and the Christ whom we worship." Of course it is not probable that Mr. Simmons did anything of the sort, and the expression shows only the intolerant spirit of Presbyterianism. The Minneapolis *Tribune* says that the discussion was very bitter, and that the ministers determined to do something to protect their Christ and their faith.

But there is no good reason why the clergy should fight over this question. The University is a state

institution, for the teaching of useful knowledge, not a religious seminary, and what business hav the sects there at all? Let them all go away from the institution, and let the students get their religion on Sunday from their favorit churches, or go without, as they prefer. It would save a tremendous amount of harsh and bitter language, of jealousy and ill feeling, if there were no religion in the world, and Jesus Christ had never been spoken of in connection with man.

For the Information of Our Australian Brethren.

Some one signing, "Downes," in the Melbourne *Liberator* writes thus:

"According to THE TRUTH SEEKER the American Secular Union has nothing like the organization of the Australasian Secular Association. It appears they hav no settled office or paid secretary. It is only held together by the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. We hav an established hall, a lecturer, president, a paid secretary, an executiv council, and an enthusiastic society."

We should like to know just where Mr. Downes found his information in THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is certainly news to American Freethinkers, and for the information of our Australian friends we will say that the American Secular Union has a settled office at 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, where Mr. E. A. Stevens transacts the business of the organization, and draws annually one thousand dollars (about £200) for so doing. The Union has, besides, a very distinguished President, an honest Treasurer, a very able Board of Directors, and hundreds of enthusiastic supporters. It is probable that the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER do a great deal toward holding the Union together, because the aforesaid readers are the wide-awake and earnest Liberals of the country. But the paper has no more to do with the Union than any other Freethought journal in the country can hav if it chooses.

The *Liberator* will oblige by giving this information to its constituents, especially to Mr. Downes.

The Masons of Missouri.

The Grand Lodge of Masons of Missouri has upheld the expulsion from a local lodge of a member who denied "the divine authority of the Bible" and disbelieved "in the existence of deity." We hav been furnished with the decision affirming the action of the lower lodge, and in it are many statements that we know Masons elsewhere will deny.

The evidence, including the appellant's statement to the lodge at the trial, shows that the expelled member does not believe any part of the scriptures as a revelation from God; does not believe in the God of the Bible, his belief being, to use his own language, "I believe God is a supreme being, and created all things and made unchangeable laws to govern the same," and he gets his ideas of God "from the works of nature and what I can see around me." When asked if he believed in the same deity as when he was made a Mason he answered, "I do not." To one of the brethren who was a witness he stated that at the time he was made a Mason he believed in God and the Bible as firmly as anybody, but after getting older he found out better.

In reply the judge says:

"One of the first acts of an initiate into Masonry is to trust in God, not the God of nature alone, not a force in nature, but the one true and living God. There could be no such thing as trusting in an unchangeable law of nature. He has advanced but little further when he is taught that the religion of Masonry consists in an unfeigned belief in the one living and true God. In the very act of being permitted to see the beauties of the lodge he is greeted with the words, 'God said, Let there be light,' etc. The god of nature does not talk, and never said, 'Let there be light.' Again, one of the great duties which, as a Mason, he is charged to inculcate, is to never mention the name of God but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his creator; to implore his aid in all laudable undertakings. He is taught that before engaging in any important undertaking he should invoke the aid and blessing of almighty God. At almost every step in his journey through the various degrees of Masonry he has met with similar teachings. Our teachings with reference to the holy Bible are no less at variance with the belief of the appellant. He was early taught that the holy Bible is dedicated to God, because it is his inestimable gift to man as a rule for his faith and practice. The Masonic definition of a lodge shows the necessity of the holy Bible. It is as follows:

"A lodge is a certain number of Masons, duly assembled, with the holy Bible, square, and compasses, and a charter from a Grand Lodge, authorizing them to meet and work.

"It is as indispensable to the existence of a lodge as the square or the compasses, or even the charter. Our ritual teaches that 'the furniture of a lodge consists of the holy Bible, square, and compasses.' Mackey says: 'It is a landmark that "a Book of the Law" shall constitute an indispensable part of the furniture of every lodge.' He then defines what is meant by the 'Book of the Law.' It is 'that volume which by the religion of the country is believed to contain the revealed will of the grand architect of the universe.'

"But it is urged that many Masons do not believe that all of the Bible is the revealed will of God; that, for example, our Hebrew brethren do not believe the New Testament to be a part of God's word. True, but those living in our jurisdiction are in a Christian country, where the Old and New Testaments are recognized as the revealed will of God, the Christian Bible, and the Hebrews firmly believe in the Old Testament, and devoutly worship the God of our fathers as therein revealed.

"The utterances of the Grand Lodge upon this subject hav been uniform. In 1877 the sentiments of Grand Master Ryland, so beautifully expressed, concerning the holy Bible, were heartily indorsed. In 1884 Grand Master Hall spoke with emphasis and clearness upon the same subject. He discussed a character very much akin to the one at bar, one who felt 'called upon to cast ridicule upon God's word, the holy Bible, and boldly avowed a disbelief in some or all of its essential provisions. In discussing the character of a Mason's belief, Grand Master Hall says 'his belief in God is to be taken as a declaration that it not only means more than the bare fact that there is a supreme being, the conception of whom is bounded by the physical senses, contracted to their narrowest limits, but that that belief is in God as the great creator and ruler who watches over all. It implies a belief in God's law as laid down in the great light of Masonry.'

"These sentiments were indorsed by the Grand Lodge, together with the statement of the Grand Master 'that any lodge allowing one who holds and avows such doctrins to remain among its members should be cut off with him and all perish together.'

"Throughout the ages, thousands and millions of Masons of different religious faiths hav been comforted and blessed by the great li ht of Masonry. Those of the Hebrew faith, by the manifestation of God to Moses in the burning bush, and by the glory of the Lord as it filled the Lord's house at the dedication of the temple as revealed in the Old Testament; those of the Christian faith by the manifestation of God in the person of his son, and in sweet communion with his holy spirit as revealed in the New Testament. To assail the faith of our brethren is the privilege of those who may think we are wrong and who can offer us something better, but the effort should not be permitted in the name of Masonry."

The Missouri Grand Lodge possesses, perhaps, the power to do as it pleases with the heretics who may be found in its subordinate lodges, but when the lodge speaks in the name of world-wide Masonry, it can find no authority for such sentiments as are contained in the decision quoted. Freemasonry is not religious, *per se*, and only when the members composing a lodge are bigots can the test of creed be applied. The Knights Templar compose the only degree in the order essentially Christian. This degree is a superimposed Christian pinnacle on the real building of Masonry, and was added for the sole benefit of the pious. The Grand Orient of France is Atheistic, having abolished entirely the oath of fealty to "God." We think the Grand Lodge of Louisiana has also removed this test. In the North and East we know a great many Freethinkers who are Masons and whose religious beliefs are never called in question. The German, Dutch, Belgian, and French magazines of the order—which, of course, reflect the views of the lodges—hav been openly charged with hostility to revealed religion. It cannot be maintained, therefore, that a belief in the Bible as a divine revelation is an essential requisit of Masonry. If it could, then the majority of the European lodges would be "cut off and all perish together."

The decision of the Missouri Grand Lodge simply marks the degree of civilization to which the Masons of that state hav attained. In speaking for Masonry in general the Lodge has run counter to facts, which bigots of the Christian variety are extremely and usually likely to do.

Mr. Walker's Answer.

In reply to our question as to whether he is in favor of allowing the vilest literature to be published unrestrained by any statute, state or municipal, Mr. E. C. Walker answers in *Fair Play:*

"My position upon this subject should be well known to Mr. Macdonald by this time. I hav never dodged the issue but hav always declared that these laws, whether local, state, or national, are not only invasions of natural right but are positiv hindrances to the practical moral education of the young. The argument which he quotes from me is squarely in favor of this view of the matter and leaves no one in doubt as to my real position. THE TRUTH SEEKER'S claim that parents cannot, without the aid of a statute, keep vile literature out of the hands of their children, is equally valid when made by the Christian, only he would include Freethought and radical physiological works among 'vile' publications. *From his point of view* he is doubtless just as sincere and just as earnest in defense of impurity as is Mr. Macdonald from his. And I am quite sure that careful and frank home teaching will just as effectually guard the young against the perils that lurk in 'obscene' literature as similar thorough teachings will guard them against the fully as great perils that lurk in Christian and imperialistic literature, with both sorts of which this country is flooded. It needs the 'aid' of law no more in the one case than in the other."

We infer from the foregoing that Mr. Walker *is* in favor of allowing such circulation, although, of course, he is not in favor of such literature. As we can never hope to come to agreement with this idea, our objections being founded on facts observed, we take leave of the subject. Mr. Walker is honest in his contentions, but he is pushing the "rights" of the individual to an extreme not warranted by experience and likely to lead to logical and social disaster. But he holds, we believe, that when a person's rights are invaded by another that person is justified in defending himself. If the selling of obscene books to a man's immature child is not such an invasion, we fail to comprehend the meaning of the term. Shall a parent hav no redress against the scoundrel save a warning to his child, or shall he be enabled by peaceful law to punish him as he deserves? We decidedly incline to the latter view.

For Selling a Loaf of Bread.

Last Sunday, in this city, seventeen-year-old Louis Jacob was arrested for selling a loaf of bread over the counter of his sister's bakery. The court held him for trial.

The locality where the Sunday law was thus violated, as well as young Jacob's name, shows him to be a Jew. Presumably, he had attended to his religious duties the day previous, and, if he had, the law would allow him to sell bread on the "day when the Christians hold their prayer-meetings."

But what an outrageous thing it is that for selling a loaf of bread to a hungry person on any day a boy should be put in jail! Christian civilization is sacred tyranny.

Editorial Notes.

THE *Christian Advocate* prints this as, we suppose, an item for the encouragement of those who like to regulate their neighbors' business: "Some 1,803 business men of Montreal hav been interviewed concerning the closing of the post-office from midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday. 1,377 signed in favor of such closing, 115 against, and 311 would not sign at all." If a census of a graveyard could be had on the same question, especially a graveyard of priests, no doubt the result would be equally favorable to the dead who wanted to stay dead. The opinion of the majority of Montrealers is no criterion for a progressiv city to heed.

THE *Workmen's Advocate* thinks that Judge Barrett's decision as to a man's right to affirm "is of no value as a precedent, for there might be a 'suspicion of the truthfulness' of the Atheist citizen who had not the push and determination of Mr. Macdonald." The *Advocate* is wrong. Judge Barrett's decision establishes a man's right to affirm without ceremony or question as to his religious belief. And the state constitution prohibits the rendering of a witness incompetent because of his opinion on matters of religious belief. So, if there were suspicion of the untruthfulness of a man, his veracity would hav to be settled without reference to what he thought on speculativ matters. However, a formal decision on that point would be valuable, and perhaps the opportunity to obtain it will occur.

THE London *Freethinker*, like THE TRUTH SEEKER, is illustrated by pictures on its title-page. They consist of cartoons on biblical subjects, treated as Mr. Heston treats them in the pictures which appear on the last page of this paper. A few weeks ago the editor asked for a vote from his readers on the desirability of their continuance, and the result is that he knows rather less now about the popularity of the pictures than before. Less than ten per cent of the readers hav written him, and these are very much divided in opinion upon even simple matters of fact, and the views of the ninety per cent are totally unknown. Mr. Foote fails to see, therefore, how the vote can be regarded as adequate to determin his judgment. The only positiv fact elicited is that 205 persons find the illustrations an impediment to the circulation of the paper among their friends. Some of these, however, admit that most of their friends equally object to the letterpress. *Per contra*, 127 persons say the illustrations are no impediment, and some say they are a positiv advantage. Then there is the fact that many, if not most, of the 231 who think it would be advantageous to discontinue the illustrations, say they like the sketches and would be sorry to miss them. Those who find the illustrations useful are 157, those who do not are 130. In answer to a third question, only 386 giv their opinion. 155 urge Mr. Foote not to drop the illustrations, and 231 advise him to the contrary. The only fact before him, he says, is that 231 readers of the *Freethinker*, many of whom like the sketches, think he would do better without them. Mr. Foote therefore declines to change his program at present. If the question of pictures or no pictures were put to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER we judge, from the views heretofore expressed, that nine out of ten would vote for the pictures.

Letters from Friends.

MIDDLEVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 28, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I hav made as good use of the papers as I could. I once, by request, gave THE TRUTH SEEKER to a very stanch Catholic to read, and as I gave it to him I said, "Now, James, read that very carefully, for it is an Infidel paper." The instant I said this he threw it on the floor, and wiped his hands off on his pants. It pleased me much to think how easily he got rid of that sin.

I think when you employed Watson Heston to get up those cartoons you got the right man in the right place, for let a man get a correct idea in his head and he has read a whole chapter. D. B. DAVIS.

LEXINGTON, KY., Oct. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: You will perhaps permit me to allude to certain articles published in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Like Mr. Bedell, I am thankful to hear that the Secular Union will soon commence proceedings against the managers of Girard College. Such important steps display the true spirit of the age and will soon entirely change the tone of society.

Next I notice the magnificent letter of J. R. Perry. I hope it will correct the impression that some entertain—that our country is of course a stamping-ground and a market for all sorts of people, whether we profit by it or not. During the last four years nothing has been ably planned for the good of the masses, but much to irritate and excite them. Another four years of misrule will of course cause a state of things resembling an old, worn, decayed country, filled with crying abuses, standing armies, and the wretched expedients resorted to by cowardly and ignorant nations, who know not or fear to put in practice the essentials of good government.

With regard to Professor Haskell's beautiful letter, although the correlation of forces stands as a dead wall before me, I am not able to believe that anything as shadowy as mind can operate as a physical cause. Thought is action, not being; a phenomenon, not an existence.

Christians hav lately invented another lie—that "Marcus Aurelius desired to be a Christian;" which, I suppose, caused him to persecute such believers in France. ALHAZA.

GLEN MARY, TENN., Oct. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just been over the yellow fever territory in Florida. The claim made by scientific men that yellow fever is not coutagious, is in my judgment wrong. If not contagious, why did it ever become epidemic in Jacksonville? The whole country is sandy. Water will not stand on the surface, hence, of course, could not become stagnant. The country is, as a rule, exceptionally healthy. Now, if the fever is not contagious, why does it spread? The truth is, the plague is contagious, and should be, and as a rule is, here treated accordingly. Many, however, hav lost their lives by foolishly remaining at home, thinking the disease not contagious.

There has been much suffering at Jacksonville, and there must still, for a considerable time, be want and destitution there among the poor, especially the colored people. Many of them are yet down, and those who are convalescent are weak and unable to work. In fact, there is no work for even the able-bodied to perform.

Had the whole country not responded nobly to the appeal for aid, the suffering would hav been beyond description. The situation is still such that aid should be given these people for some time to come. Jacksonville is rigorously quarantined by sixty mounted and armed police. Those on the inside cannot get out, and those on the outside cannot get in. Mails to and from Jacksonville are very uncertain, especially those going out. We would suggest that readers of this send contributions to R. W. Russell, of Live Oak, Fla., who will see that the money sent is properly acknowledged and accounted for. ISAAC P. WILSON.

KENT, O., Oct. 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot tell you how much I admire THE TRUTH SEEKER—its frank and fearless manner; the able and eloquent letters and lectures of Robert Ingersoll, his happy and courteous style when he makes a charge on the orthodox creeds or the time-serving sycophants that defend them; and the noble band of speakers, writers, editors, and defenders standing on the free platform of eternal truth, defending and upholding great natures, divine revelations, beautifully contrasting with the soul-dwindling creeds of Christian paganism. I hope every Freethinker will read Mr. Ingersoll's Reply to Cardinal Manning in THE TRUTH SEEKER of October 13th. Read it to your friends and neighbors; just go to their homes in a friendly manner and ask for the privilege of reading this lecture to them. They will not deny you. It will giv you courage and confidence, and make you and them better men and women. And do so with other lectures. Do not forget that most excellent reply to the editor of the *Christian Advocate* by the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. That reply is worth the price of the paper. It is fearless, but courteous, and, best of all, breathes the spirit of brotherly love, and is therefore so much more effectual. Some of our liberal Christians are even now beginning to admire much that appears in THE TRUTH SEEKER; while others are repelled by some articles that indulge in ridicule of what seem to them to be the most sacred things. Others are disgusted with some things that some of the letters contain in favor of free trade. I am not a free trader, but I think no less of THE TRUTH SEEKER because these articles appear in it, or of the writers. I suppose they all mean well. Every free paper must publish much that is erroneous. This is the true glory of a free press. When truth and error can meet on a free platform, I hav no fear of the result, each one being responsible for what he or she may write, and not the paper. Thomas Paine says: "So potent is truth, that all it asks is the liberty of appearing." The first act that the first Congress of this country passed that was national was the tariff act, passed 1789 and signed by George Washington July 4th. In the preamble to this act are found these words: "Whereas, it is necessary for the support of government, for the discharge of the debt of the United States, and for the encouragement and protection of manufactures, that duties be laid on imported goods, and therefore be it enacted——" In 1812 the tariff duties were nearly doubled, but in 1816 the tariff duties were repealed; in short, we had free trade or nearly so. What followed? Financial ruin and depression in all branches of business. At this time our country was dotted with factories and furnaces. Says Horace Greeley: "Our manufactories went down like grass before the mower. Our agriculture and the wages for labor speedily followed. Financial prostration was general. In New England fully one-fourth of the property passed through the sheriff's hands, until the merchants of New York in 1817 united in a memorial to Congress to save our commerce and our manufactures from utter ruin by increasing the tariff duties." In 1824 Congress gave us a new tariff, much higher than that of 1789. At once great financial prosperity began. So great was the improvement that in 1828 the duties were raised still higher and business improved. Indeed, so great was the improvement that Andrew Jackson, the Democratic president, said in his annual message in 1832, concerning results of four years under the influence of a protectiv tariff of 1828: "Our country presents on every side marks of prosperity and happiness, unequaled, perhaps, in any other portion of the world." Soon after this the protectiv tariff was repealed. What were the results? Manufactures suspended operations. Then followed the most disastrous financial ruin ever known in this country. So little money was there that good horses sold for $2 apiece at sheriff's sales and cows at $1. There was but little improvement until 1842, when Congress passed another high protectiv tariff, and immediately business revived everywhere, factories were numerous, other industries filled the whole northern part of our country, so great and grand was the improvement. President Polk in his message of 1846 says: "Labor in all its branches is receiving an ample reward, while education, science, and the arts are rapidly enlarging the means of social happiness. The progress of our country in her career of greatness, not only in its vast extension of her territorial limits and the rapid increase of our population, but in resources and wealth, and in the happy condition of our people, is without an example in the history of nations." JOSEPH HEIGHTON.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: When S. P. Putnam was here, a short time since, he made the remark during his Sunday afternoon lecture that immortality was nowhere taught in the Old Testament. A Mr. Morgan took exception to the remark. He quoted Psalms xxiii, 6: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." He said if dwelling in the house of the Lord *forever* did not mean immortality, then nothing could. I am fortunate enough to be the possessor of Young's Analytical Bible Concordance, and the word "forever" used in this passage is *kol hayyamim* (all the days). The passage then should be, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me *all the days* of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord *all the days*." "The house of the Lord" always meant the temple in Jerusalem.

In Gen. xliv, 33, we hav the same word translated "forever," and the passage reads: "For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying: If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame of my father *forever*." It simply means, all the days of my life, nothing more.

Heston's last cartoon of the clergy shoveling brimstone suggested to my mind the following lines:

More brimstone wanted—help us, Lord.
If thou dost not thy help afford
Hell-fire will be put out,
For here's that blatant Ingersoll,
Macdonald, Putnam, Watts, *et al*,
Each with his water-spout.

They're pouring water on the fire;
To quench it is their great desire,
In which they will succeed.
O Lord, do thou our prayer attend,
And plenty brimstone quickly send
Wherewith the fire we'll feed.

JOHN HUDSON.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I was brought up a Seventh Day Adventist, and until about two years ago believed the whole Bible. When about fourteen years of age I was led to doubt the truth of the Adventist doctrin, and especially the reality of Mrs. Ellen G. White's visions, by her evident inability to decide what message to bring in regard to Adventists who had been drafted to serve in the civil war. She having previously had a vision in which God had instructed her to forbid any Adventist to vote, enlist in the army to fight, or engage in politics, after the draft she must command men to resist the laws or say God had changed his mind. I lost faith in her and began to study the Bible, with a view to understand it, if possible. I failed to understand, but continued to believe blindly, and for years struggled on in my delusion. Finally I lost my home and property through the cruelty and dishonesty of prominent church-members; death claimed my husband and friends, and in sore trouble I called upon God for help, but no answer came, "save the echo of my own wailing cry." Another struggle, and after obtaining a house and home in this city, it was again torn from me by foreclosure of mortgage and I was undermined by false friends, prominent Christians. I having lived so far a pure life before God, I wondered why he did not forbid these things. I now suppose that he was too busy numbering hairs and counting sparrows to stop to attend to me.

At my husband's funeral I had been led to compare the hell-fire sermon preached by a country Methodist with Ingersoll's orations over the dead, but still refused to read farther, until some weeks since, conversing a few minutes with the first Infidel I ever met personally, G. F. Moore, of Cleveland, I was struck with the logic of the views he held. The unanswerable arguments, and questions put with consummate skill, determined me to investigate. But I see the subject won't stand much investigation, and though I hav not got over half the ground, I conclude the whole thing is a gigantic fraud, and this old history is the most ridiculous, ludicrous, absurd, self-contradictory, and therefore not inspired book I ever read. It has made me miserable all my life, and now I will get along without it. I will conclude with another quotation:

All the world over, I wonder, in lands I never hav trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God.
Westward, across the ocean, and northward, beyond the snow,
Do they all stand gazing as ever,
And what do the wisest know?

MILDRED H.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: At the regular Sunday afternoon meeting yesterday at Memorial Hall, the Cleveland Secular Union was favored with a lecture by Rabbi Hahn of the Huron street synagog. His subject was "The Jesus of History." The following is a brief synopsis of the lecture:

The Christians say Jesus was a great man; that he was the only perfect man—in fact, that he was more than a man—that he was God. Yes, he was a great man, but there hav been many great men. Mohammed was a great man; Buddha was a great man; so was Confucius, and so were many others.

Jesus was a member of the Essenes, an ancient Jewish order composed of people who lived the same way as certain monks in Europe and America do now. They shunned the world and did not marry. They devoted themselvs to the services of suffering mankind. Their motivs, in one respect, were noble; but at the same time they were superstitious and sentimental.

Jesus was an agitator, and he lived in an age of great commotion. The Jews were ruled by the Romans and felt very uneasy under the Roman yoke. But they thought it was better to be protected by the Romans than to be exposed to the oriental kings. If you will read Josephus you will see there were a great many visionaries then, or, as we would call them in the slang of the present, "cranks." The Jewish country was full of such people. At this time Jesus stepped forth as a teacher. He heard John the Baptist preaching of the kingdom of heaven, and he liked the idea. What do we know about the reforms of Jesus, and who established Christianity? Paul established it after him. Paul should be considered the real founder. If some do not believe this, let them read of the trouble he had with the brother of Jesus and the other disciples when he went among the heathen. He would hav been excommunicated by the brother of Jesus and the other disciples, but they and their followers were few in number, while he had the Greeks and the heathen world backing him.

Let us now take Jesus as a messiah. The Jews had ideas of a messiah, as the prophets hundreds of years before Jesus had spoken of a messiah; but they had no idea how their words would be misinterpreted. They did not mean some one to redeem the soul, but simply a deliverer from political oppression—Roman tyranny—a savior. In the same light Humboldt and Darwin were saviors, and so is anyone who does anything to free mankind from superstition and vice. That was the idea of the prophets. Jesus thought he was a messiah, but in this he was a visionary.

Why was Jesus crucified? It was because the Romans took him for a political agitator. The Romans were Atheists, and could not comprehend how the Jews could believe in an invisible God. They thought he was working up some political scheme, and used the phrase "kingdom of heaven" merely as a pretext.

If everyone who has claimed to be a follower of Jesus had practiced his principles, mankind would hav seen a different state of affairs, and a great many pages of persecution, fanaticism, and cruelty would hav remained unwritten.

F. S. MERRILL, Sec.

632 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Since some Rationalists, "Freethinkers," are ever and anon expressing admiration at the qualities of that character, or man, called Jesus Christ, pronouncing them and his teachings good, rational, and just, and in harmony with the standard by which good, just, well-educated, and prudent people are guided in distinguishing right from wrong, good from evil, and propriety from impropriety, I beg you all to bear with me a little, while I endeavor to lay before you a few of my many reasons for pronouncing him one of the worst characters that hav ever, by and through cause and effect, been foisted upon a lot of poor, blind, groping, credulous gawkies.

Christ, if he ever existed, which is very improbable and almost utterly impossible, taught that those who cannot believe on him shall be damned (Mark xvi, 16). What infamy! Can a person be blamed, justly, for not being able to believe anything that he or she cannot believe? Might as well be damned for not being eighteen feet high!

Christ taught, also, to take no thought for to-morrow. This, if obeyed, would place us beneath the beasts and birds. I hav often seen birds working away for three or four days building a nest—not to sleep in, for they roosted on a limb every night—but the little bird was thinking of the eggs that it was going to deposit in that nest. Birds don't think, eh? Admitted; but would to gracious the Mohammedan, Buddh-

istic, Jewish, or Christian gawky (I mean the veritable, religion-struck gawky, not one of these hypocrits) would think half as much. Matt. vi, 25, 34. Christ also taught us to hate our friends and relations, and to love our enemies. This, again, if obeyed, would place us beneath the beasts of the field, and it would, according to all standards with which nature has endowed man and beast, by which to know good from evil, right from wrong, to establish justice and to do equity, be infamously unjust. It was the way the Republico-rebel wing dealt with the Democro-rebel wing of the Democro-Republico-rebel party and with its own people, and by such villainy down fell the Republico-rebel wing. Luke xiv, 27, 28.

Christ said: "He that is not with me is against me (Matt. xii, 30; Luke xi, 23), and he that believeth not on me is mine enemy, and those mine enemies that would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me" (Luke xix, 27). Most unjust, damnable tyrant.

Christ said: "I come to set a man at variance against his father." Kick him out! Don't let him fool about my son! And "the daughter against her mother." And "the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law" (Matt. x, 35). Oh, horrors! what a hot-house! I must stop. I don't like this fiendishness, else I might go on for hours showing up this bloody tyrant. I do wish you would refer me to just one good doctrin that was taught by Jesus Christ and that was not taught, long before the time he is said to hav lived, by Confucius, Buddha, and others.

I would like the address of every Liberal watchmaker in the United States, that I may communicate to him that which will redound greatly to his pecuniary welfare.

Thine for truth, GEORGE NEWTON.

SODUS, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: You may count me as a life subscriber, and I am still young. The two great questions now agitating the country are protection and Prohibition. As others hav had their say, I, too, would like to say a few words on the latter. The former is all chaff in as far as caring for the real working men and women of this country is concerned. It is astonishing to me that so many Liberals can giv to this third party—with only one idea—their support. It is made up entirely of church people. It is but a trap to catch the votes of sincere temperance people, so that they may get control of the national government. The delegates to the Pennsylvania state temperance convention two years ago numbered eighty-three ministers, and those to the New York convention, ninety-five. This means, what? I leave all intelligent men and women to guess. Now, I am a temperance man, still I like my glass of wine or brandy when and where I please, and I don't want any pious sneak around to arrest me for taking it. The way to settle this temperance question is, take one-half the tax off liquor and put it on church property. In the thirty-seventh Congress a law was passed placing a heavy tax upon liquor. That was what first started the adulteration. Then came on the temperance crusade. The pulpit took up the cry, and the women got into the muss, and every man that kept a hotel and bar was tortured by prayers and threats to close until every respectable man went out of the business, and that left the field open to that class of people that are too lazy to work, and the consequence is that to-day the country is overrun with low groggeries. As the older ones remember, before the war no such vile stuff was sold as at the present time. Remove the poverty from the world and you remove drunkenness. I hav made this theme a careful study for years, and I am well satisfied that Prohibition does not prohibit. Take the leaders of the movement—most of them are pious loafers, Baptist and Methodist, with Rev. on the front end of their names. They will curse a young man out of the community if he drinks a glass of beer, and if he is indiscreet and gets "full" they, the parsons, will induce his girl to transfer her affections to some other party. But let him go to a church festival and they will feed him on ice-cream, oysters, and decayed strawberries with sour cream at twenty-five cents per dish as long as he has a quarter left. This is a fact, and no one that is acquainted with these festivals will deny it. These church people care not for the drunkard or his family. The good, noble woman who is unfortunate enough to marry a man that proves to be intemperate; who struggles along in life to feed and clothe her children and that they may hav a good education, who makes a slave of herself, do the church people care for her trouble? No; the parson will pray for her and some of the good-hearted will feel sorry for her, but the good deacon never offers to withdraw the plate as she puts upon its surface the silver that is needed for the little ones at home. I never could feel like a man if I had ever been guilty of such mean and detestable business as taking the poor woman's money, and carrying the contents of a contribution-box for a man that was too lazy to collect his own unearned salary. For I hav yet to find the minister or to listen to one that ever earned what he obtained. Temperance is a good quality in character, but religious teachers are not the men to recommend it. It sprang from the heart and brain of good men, and men that believed in no creed except the creed of good morals.

If this is worthy of notice, you shall hav the protection part, and as I hear from none that labor on this question, I will giv the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER the idea of a mechanic that has seen the protected workingman's wages go from $3 per day down to less than $1. J. E. COY.

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., Oct. 28, A.S. 288.

MR. EDITOR: For eighteen hundred centuries Christians hav striven by faith and fraud to prove a future state of existence, and up to the present they hav succeeded only in proving themselvs a most contemptible nuisance. They hav at last, however, run in the two she Foxes; now we know, as it hath been divinely stated, that "the foxes hav holes," though, alas for these toe-snapping Foxes, they are in the wrong hole, it is too shallow to hide them from a frowning world. Poor deluded Foxes, thou art caught at last! If this expensiv mode of proselyting among the Jews and Spiritualists continues to any great extent, the church will soon sleep with its father and mother, old pagan idolatry. Now, my sanctified old ladies, you may snap your toes awhile for the edification of a dying and rotten church; and every old hag will cry out with grim delight, "Didn't I tell you so?" Yet think not, my godly impostors, that you hav annihilated Spiritualism, for never is Spiritualism so irresistible as it becomes when stubbornly resisted. It is to-day a power in the world that needs no prophet to predict that it has come to stay. It has permeated every grade of society from the "hub of the universe" down to the draggled tail-end of Christendom, so to speak. The woods, yea, the very churches, are alive with it. Now, to pretend that Spiritualism had its origin and growth from the toe-snapping in Hydesville, Wayne county, N. Y., is the most soul-sickening nonsense imaginable. If Spiritualism be true—and a vast majority say it is—it never had an origin, any more than life itself. Countless ages before Old Sol shot forth his red-hot spark which formed our globe, life existed, and so did spirit, if it exists at all, and when conditions became favorable on the earth Spiritualism made its appearance. And its ultimate success depends not at all upon the Foxes, or the fraudulent tricksters who all belong to the Christian church; but upon what its votaries can prove its success depends. For myself, I hav learned nothing anent a future life. The most astounding mystery to me is, that life ever got a foothold on the earth at all. One of the profoundest reasoners and greatest statesmen in this or any other age was Thomas Paine. He held that the power which gave him life here could as easily continue his life hereafter.

Yours truly, NELSON HUNT.

P.S.—Inclosed find slip from Chicago *Morning News*, which induced me to write. N. H.

THE ROCHESTER RAPPINGS.

Six months ago the Spiritualists of this and other countries celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the founding of their belief. They dated its beginning from the celebrated rappings heard in Wayne county, N. Y., by the family of John D. Fox. These rappings were only heard in the presence of the two younger daughters of Mr. Fox, Catherine and Margaret, the former being but ten years old. Afterward, in Rochester, the rappings made in the presence of the Fox sisters attracted wide attention. Soon there sprung into existence a race of mediums who presided over innumerable varieties of rappings, table-tippings, materializations, musical seances, and what not. The belief spread all over the world, and is now embraced by millions.

The other night the Fox sisters, who are now elderly women, appeared in a public hall in New York and confessed that their supposed spirit rappings, which brought about such surprising results, were made by snapping the joints of their great toes. Then before the large audience Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane showed how the rappings were produced.

So much for the famous Rochester rappings. But those who think this ludicrous exposure has given a death-blow to Spiritualism will find themselvs mistaken. There hav been countless exposures before, and still Spiritualism flourishes. Many of its adherents denounce as vulgar frauds certain mediums who by tricks hav imposed on their audiences. Doubtless the Fox sisters, whose great toes rapped the belief into existence, will now be placed in the same category. So far as the belief in Spiritualism is concerned, there is strong proof in the negativ of Bryant's assertion that

Error, wounded, writhes with pain
And dies among his worshipers.

Oct. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Do not think I condemn churches. On the contrary, I consider them a necessity. People must hav somewhere to go, but that they hav any saving power I deny. In my opinion they are nothing but theaters with very poor acting. Man's spirit is pure and holy and needs no salvation. I hav studied the Bible carefully and pronounce it an invention of man. God never had anything to do with it. It flatly contradicts itself in many places. Does anyone suppose God is such a bungler as that? It has been proved beyond dispute that this earth has been in existence for millions of years. Does not this show that all books to the contrary are nothing but romances? It matters little to us what people said or did hundreds of years ago; we hav just as much as we can do to attend to the wants of this generation. What we want to find out is how to liv and what to liv on. We were without guide or compass cast upon this planet. Is it any wonder that many go astray? Everything in nature is formed with the greatest wisdom and precision, showing a master workman. There is no bungling in nature, only on chance occasions, proving beyond dispute that chance did not create the perfect in nature. Now, I wish to call your attention to the fact that the laws of nature are fixed and unalterable. The wisest plan is to let people know just where they stand. Once a wrong act is committed it can never be rubbed out. Nature has set her trap and will catch us if we err. The flesh is the devil blindly spoken of in the Bible; hell, the remorse of an evil conscience. Providence, knowing the meanness and perversity of man, sent a pure spirit to abide with him. It is possessed of memory and conscience. On memory is recorded each event as it transpires. Conscience chides feebly in this life on account of disease. When the spirit is quickened, conscience will then commence her work, which will be the "worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched."

Any man thinking to soar above his fellow-man on the wings of pride and ignorance will come out loser in the end. A man might just as well get in a wheelbarrow and try to wheel himself up-hill. People are getting too smart to be humbugged.

All doctrins sink into insignificance when compared with goodness. Christ was a good man. There was no meanness about him. His saying "he was the son of God," was only a mistake. He was trained to think so. That notion was instilled into his mind when a child. His way was safe and sure. He lived so pure a life he had no sins to be forgiven. I will set a different type of humanity before you. Here is a man all excitement; he drinks alcohol, chews tobacco, swears, does all manner of mean actions. You might just as well feed an engin on tar and turpentine and expect it to work properly. Such a person's conscience cannot fail to sting him through all eternity. Besides, he will prove a curse to future generations. Such persons are to be pitied. A wicked man once said to me: "I would like to be good, but these infernal bumps on my head are ruining me." I said: "Friend, I am afraid your heart is wrong, too." "I know it," he said, "but how can I help it? I hav been in hell all my life and cannot enjoy myself at all." "Poor fellow," I said, "your spirit is pure and will return to the power that gave it." And when again questioned in regard to his spiritual feelings he answered: "I am perfectly peaceful."

I deny man did anything wrong in the first hours of his existence. That he was created to multiply dawned on his darkened mind gradually. His amorous proposal so shocked the modesty of the virgin that she fell into a furious rage. Thus, you see, anger had a purely natural birth. But the maiden relented, as we hav abundant proof, and in a few months the first heir made its appearance. With it came sickness, sorrow, suffering, and death, which were unavoidable. We hav countless evils to contend with in this world. If we do the best we know we will be doing well. Our physcal nature is all that needs looking after. Our spiritual nature is beyond our control. MRS. B. BURGESS.

VAN BUREN, ARK., Oct. 28, 288.

MR. EDITOR: "A perfectly civilized man can never be perfectly happy while there is one unhappy being in the universe" (Robert G. Ingersoll).

"To be nobly wrong is more manly than to be meanly right" (Thomas Paine).

All true humanitarians, whether Christian or Secular, strive for the advancement of their fellow-men and for the suppression and eradication of all things which hamper the progress of men upward toward that perfect manhood where each by doing his duty to his fellow-men shall lessen the sorrows and increase the happiness of the race to the fullest extent possible under the material conditions which environ them. The Universalist, considering the idea of hell a retarding influence, seeks to overcome that idea. The Unitarian, for the same reason, seeks to overcome the idea of the inspiration of the Bible only. The Secularist seeks to overcome the idea of any supernatural inspiration at all. And so the truth of Mr. Ingersoll's saying is demonstrated even —sometimes—by those who denounce it as ridiculous. The attainment of happiness being natural and right, it logically follows that all truly civilized persons should endeavor by all legitimate means to overcome all things which tend to prevent or retard the perfect happiness of all men.

All fair-minded persons admit that there is more unhappiness in the United States caused by the liquor traffic than by anything else. It logically follows that all "perfectly civilized" persons will endeavor by all legitimate means to overcome the liquor traffic. Temperance lectures, moral suasion, and the "blood of Christ" hav all been tried in vain. Prohibition of the open saloon has had a partial trial and has proved far more successful than any other method yet advocated and tested. It is useless to talk to the drunkard whose appetite is his master about quitting the habit while the saloon stands as an omnipresent temptation to him to gratify his master passion, the love of drink. It is an absurdity to think that a few moral lessons or temperance lectures at home or in school are sufficient to restrain the young from the use and abuse of intoxicants as long as it is possible to get them freely, and while there are brilliantly lighted and beautifully adorned saloons with perhaps a piano and string band playing in them to attract them, where they will see "respectable" men drink, and where mild drinks will be offered them free occasionally.

The greed of saloonists demands custom, and no stone is left unturned to make customers.

True, some liquor is used where Prohibition is in force; but is this any reason why we should favor license? The open saloon makes nearly all the drunkards. Is it any reason that we should favor a drunkard-making institution that those already such get liquor in violation of law? That idea followed to its logical conclusion would put a premium on vice and stifle all efforts to advance in morality, and would bring about a reign of licensed crime and vice of every description. Can a truly civilized man set the gratification of an appetite or the gaining of wealth against the well-being of the race? If personal liberty demands the open saloon, it also demands the opium joint. Thousands of men would not drink were it not for the open saloon, and vote and petition against it every opportunity. Can a true humanitarian vote to keep the struggling misfortunate continually in the vice-like grip of these infamous, crime-breeding institutions? All who are in favor of the advancement of the race should be uncompromisingly opposed to the saloon. Alcohol being a poison, and all alcoholic drinks poisonous, they should be sold as poisons. If it is just to compel the sale of arsenic or morphia under the skull and cross bones restrictions, then alcohol should be sold the same way only, for it has killed thousands to their one. My advocacy of Prohibition is purely from a humanitarian standpoint. Some may say that Prohibition is the hobby on which the clergy hope to ride into power. To this I would answer, close the saloon and thus kill the hobby, and so thwart them in that direction. Not being infallible, it is possible that I may be wrong in some of my conclusions, but, having no selfish motivs in view, I take comfort in the thought, "To be nobly wrong is better than to be meanly right." If the saloonist is right, he is meanly so, for it is only lust for the dollars that induces anyone to keep saloon. HENRY ADDIS.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Advice to Children.

Liv to do good, and shun an evil act;
Do not tell a lie, lies will not fit a fact;
Be kind to all and strive to help the poor,
And joy will then your hopes in life allure.

Seek knowledge, for knowledge it is power—
Combined with industry it helps to build a tower;
A tower of fame you raise by doing so,
And your memory becomes an everlasting glow.

Let not idleness brood around your hand,
Always keep in step with the progressiv band;
Attempt the end and never stand to doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.*

GEO. J. REMSBURG.

*Herrick is the author of the last two lines.

Old Saws in Rhyme.

Actions speak louder than words ever do.
You can't eat your cake and hold on to it too.

When the cat is away, then the little mice play.
Where there is a will there is always a way.

One's deep in the mud as the other in mire.
Don't jump from the frying-pan into the fire.

There's no use crying o'er milk that is spilt.
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever there's smoke.
The pitcher goes oft to the well till it's broke.

By rogues falling out honest men get their due.
Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy.
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half loaf is better than no bread at all.
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.

Fast find and fast bind. Hav two strings to your bow.
Contentment is better than riches, we know.

The devil finds work for hands idle to do.
A miss is as good as a mile is to you.

You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear.
You can't make a silk purse from out a sow's ear.

A man by his company always is known.
Who livs in a glass house should never throw a stone.

When the blind leads the blind both will fall into the ditch.
It's better born lucky than being born rich.

Little pitchers hav big ears. Burnt child dreads the fire.
Though speaking the truth no one credits a liar.

Speech may be silver, but silence is gold.
There is never a fool like the fool who is old.

Lines for Little Children.

How beautiful indeed to see
Little children all agree.
Quick their parents to obey,
Which is in truth a lovely way;
Ready ever to do right,
Bright jewels in the people's sight!
When old enough and given work
They from their duty never shirk;
But do it well, nor stop to play,
Though it may take about all day.

But when their task is fully done,
Ah, then's the time to hav some fun!
To hop and skip and "hide go seek,"
But not to do one naughty trick,
As that of pilfering things or toys—
Remember that, dear girls and boys.

It is a sin to steal, you know,
Then at such business never go;
But bear the cross and wear the crown
Of a clear conscience. Not a frown
Of disrespect will people giv
To children, dear, who truthful liv.

When others hav what you may like,
Oh, do not push, or snatch, or strike!
But asking: "Will you giv it, please?"
Thus it may come to you with ease.

If persons sick are in the house,
Then be as still as any mouse;
It makes them worse to hear great noise,
Remember that, good girls and boys.

If to the sick you would be kind,
Then bring them flowers that you may find
Out in the garden or in the field,
Such as do pleasant odors yield.

Be ever kind to dogs and cats,
And pet them when they catch the rats;
Thus make them happy as you can,
I know you know that's a good plan.

When in the school your lessons mind,
Be there in season, never behind;
Strive to please your teacher well,
And learn to read and write and spell.

Never play in time of school,
Lest you grow up like any fool;
Surely that would be a sad affair,
Indeed it would, I do declare.

Now, if you wish much comfort free,
Just learn these lines by E. D. B.—
Or Flisha D'Alembert Blakeman—
Would that not be a clever plan?
And in the Children's Corner send me a letter,
That is, if your parents think you'd better.
So good-bye, children, for this time,
Or till I write again in rhyme.

Three Rivers, Mich. E. D. BLAKEMAN.

The Best Gifts.

"In der spring, ven my wive makes some off dot splendid pie-plant sauce, I says to her, 'Dot vas God's best gift to man.' Ven strawberries vas come around I says to wive, 'I vas mistaken; der strawberry und not der pie-plant vast God's best gift.' Ven raspberries und currants vas get ripe, I vas say, 'Vell, maybe I vas mistaken about dot gift after all.' Ven der first apples vas come around my obinion vas get shakier dan effer, und ven grapes vas get ripe I shust scratch my head und says to my wive, 'Dem order gifts vas fine mit der way, but dis vas der von dot God smiled mit.' I keep dot obinion until Seckel pears vas get ripe, und den I says, 'Dis vas der essence off good gifts. All der goot qualities off der oders vas shust cobmressed mit dis von, und dis vas shust so surely God's most vonderful gift as nefer vas.' Der fact off it vas dot nature vas not make some mistakes ven she vas provide a succession off fruits mit der year, und divide der flafors so dot each von vas better dan der von pefore. Der fact off it vas dot goundry beeble haf a blesant change off health und gontentment passing mit dem all der vile."—*Uncle Jacob, in Rural New Yorker.*

How the Pious Rebuked the Profane Parrot.

Once upon a time, as they say in fairy stories, a wicked major in the United States army crossed the Atlantic in a steamer. In the next room to his was a spinster of a certain age, as thoroughly good as the major was wicked. Both of them were accompanied by parrots of large conversational powers. The major was taking a parrot to England to present to a friend in the English army. The spinster apparently had brought along the bird as a traveling companion. Both birds were exceptionally clever linguists, but their talents had been molded in opposit schools. The major's bird swore like a trooper most of the time, while the spinster's was given to praying with forty parson power.

And to make matters worse, the major spent a day in the forecastle with his bird teaching it to objurgate the old woman in the next cabin. The consequence was that the next evening the spinster was astonished to hear a voice stridently say: "Confound that old woman next door!"

But how can her disgust be pictured when her own bird, devoutly quoting from the Episcopal litany, replied: "Good Lord, we beseech thee to hear us?"

Destruction Wrought by Insects in America.

The annual loss to productiv industries in the United States caused by insects is estimated at $150,000,000. Here is a fair battle between man and another sort of earth-occupiers. They are smaller, but, if they can whip us, hav undoubtedly as good a right to the world as we hav. As civilization advances, new insects make their appearance, marching sometimes eastward, but generally westward. There are few, if any, forms of vegetation that hav no parasites that devour either foliage or fruit. The loss to the cotton crop is estimated at $15,000,000 a year, while that to the apple crop is not much less, and that to the potato crop at least one-half as much. But the estimate is not a fair one until into the loss is counted the time spent in fighting to secure the proportion that is saved.

What the Little Ones Are Saying.

Little Cora heard an older person remark that some one who was in trouble was "in a pickle." Shortly afterward her little brother attempted some difficult feat. "Oh, you mustn't do that," she exclaimed, "or you will be in a cucumber."

Little Ina, of Brooklyn, nearly five years old, set out to visit school the other day as gay as a lark, but returned after the session with rather a careworn expression of countenance. When asked how she liked school, she said: "I did not like it." "Why not?" "Oh! I had to work awful hard." "What did you hav to do?" "I had to keep still like everything."

NO DEBIT HERE.—A child may often be expected to put his or her heedless little foot in it, as the phrase goes. For instance, a youngster one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing. At the table his hostess anxiously inquired: "Charley, can you cut your own meat?" "Humph!" said the youngster, who was sawing away; "can't I? I've cut up quite as tough meat as this at home."

Science Column.

Mr. and Mrs. Owl.

What a queer bird! Look at its hooked beak, its long, sharp claws, or talons, and its big, solemn, yellow eyes.

It is a nocturnal or night bird, and what does that mean? That it flies and seeks its prey or food by night. Yes, and it is provided with that beak and those claws on purpose to tear its food, which consists mostly of rats, mice, and other destructiv little animals.

It cannot see well in daylight, for all it has such big eyes, and during the day it hides away in caves and old barns. Its eyes are formed for night time, and when twilight approaches Mr. and Mrs. Owl are alert and all ready for a stroll. Their eyes are large, and are furnished with a sort of cover by which they are able to hear very slight sounds. Their feathers are soft, thick, and downy, so they can move about quietly. Some kinds of owls hav tufts of feathers on their heads. which stand up straight and appear like horns.

There are one hundred and fifty species, and in our country we hav as many as forty varieties—from the big-horned owl that eats ducks, chickens, squirrels, and opossums to the little owls that feed on moths, butterflies, and beetles.

They make the funniest sounds when they attempt to talk or sing or screech, owl fashion. Did you ever hear the scream of an owl? It sounds very much like Who-who-who! It sounds very doleful and lonely in the night.

Ancient people in their ignorance and superstition thought the owl was a bird of ill omen, and they always associated it with stories of ghosts, spooks, specters, witches, and magicians. Nothing would cause them to shudder with fear quicker than to see an owl on their premises. It is alluded to in the Bible as an emblem of desolation. This is very silly, for it is no more a bird of evil than the blackbird, and perhaps not so much, for it does not steal the farmer's corn, as the blackbird does.

The owl is really a friend to the farmer, for it destroys the creatures that are often a source of torment to him, eating his grain and gnawing holes in sacks, baskets, and horse-blankets.

The Greeks and Romans thought such a solemn-looking bird must be very wise, so they regarded it as the emblem of wisdom and dedicated it to Minerva, who was their goddess of wisdom.

But although the owls appear as if they knew a great deal, it is in appearance only, for they are no wiser than many other birds.

It is a curious bird, and always rivets attention, looking straight at one, and slowly winking as if in deep thought. Its plumage is handsome and striking, each family being different from every other. S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—Describe the owl briefly. What is the meaning of nocturnal? Why can it not see in daylight? How many species of owls are there? How many in America? Of what does their food consist? What does their call resemble? How did the ancients regard the owl? Is it a bird of ill omen? What is the meaning of omen? What did the Greeks and Romans think of the owl? Are the owls any wiser than other birds?

SUPPOSE the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do;
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatsoever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

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O Natnre, Mother Earth, man turns to you!
His fevered cheek cools in yonr evening breeze,
Whose restful song is lost 'mid dewy leaves,
Leaves through whose tiny veins whole rivers run,
And tons of substance lifted by the sun
Form million cells, without one single sound,
Draping vast forests, carpeting the ground,
Strong in its silence, conquering without strife,
Right onward marching, nature, God, and life.
Perfecting all, no violence nor rest,
Haste is destruction, gentle ways are best.
Life came with little haste, a power abstruse,
Unnumbered cycles paved the earth for use,
Slowly advancing, filling out each plan,
From crystal, mollusk—mollusk up to man.
Through countless ages man has upward trod,
The bestial nature fighting with the god.
o slight his progress, angels doubtful scan
Each new arrival, Is it beast or man?
Strange combination, twofold in its kind,
The beast below unites with the divine.
Is virtue forced? Can legislation free
Man from his inborn, low infirmity?
Man undeveloped, ignorant and crude,
True to one nature is and therefore good.
Promote the god, call out the higher life,
Will evil dissipate without mad strife?
Resist not evil, cultivate the good,
Love is the mightiest power if understood.
What it is possible for man to be,
Is as unfathomed as infinity.

—*Eliza A. Martin in Boston Globe.*

Lincoln's Oratory.

Although simple in language, Abraham Lincoln has poured from his lips eloquence that has never been surpassed by any American orator, be it a Webster or a Phillips. There are many people who do not recognize in him an orator, but I will present a little testimony and some extracts from his speeches that will prove him an orator of more than ordinary ability. Abraham Lincoln's language was always plain and simple, yet full of good eloquence and keen logic.

Hon. John D. Canton, a noted chief justice, says: "His mode of speaking was generally of a plain and unimpassioned character, and yet he was the author of some of the most beautiful and eloquent passages in our language," etc.

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His great speech to the Bloomington convention, May 29, 1856, was another gem of fine oratory. Hon. Wm. H. Herndon says: "I hav heard or read all of Mr. Lincoln's great speeches; and I giv it as my opinion that the Bloomington speech was the grand effort of his life." One of the delegates says: "Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence. Again and again, during the delivery, the audience sprang to their feet, and by long and continued cheers expressed how deeply the speaker had aroused them." His oration in the hall of the house of representativs at Springfield was very eloquent and pathetic, and his famous Cooper Institute speech is said to be a fine piece of oratory. A gentleman who was there says: "I think I never saw an audience more thoroughly carried away by an orator." Mr. Lincoln's speech closed with: "Let us hav faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end do our duty as we understand it."

I will now quote a few extracts from some of Lincoln's speeches. The following is from a speech delivered in December, 1863:

The probability that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which I deem to be just. It shall not deter me. If I ever feel the soul within me elevate and expand to dimensions not wholly unworthy of its almighty architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before high heaven, and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love.

Before I close I will quote an extract from Lincoln's second inaugural address, March 3, 1865:

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God givs us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in: To bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall hav borne the battle, and for his widow and for his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselvs and all nations.

Abraham Lincoln's orations are gems of eloquence, logic, and beauty, and will forever stand as a monument to his memory.

GEORGE J. REMSBURG.

A Norwegian Poet and Radical on Church and State.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Victor Hugo of Norway, who as poet, dramatist, and novelist has done so much to create a national literature, has during the last five or six years taken an activ part in the politics of his country, much to the disgust of the Conservativ party. As the following extract from his preface to a translation of one of Colonel Ingersoll's articles in the *North American Review* will show, he is not one of those advanced men of letters who are afraid to express their opinion on politics and religion. He declares:

A nation where Dissent prevails will not suffer any royal despotism or any attack upon its political self-government; and a nation in full possession of such political self-government will not suffer any state church, that is to say, any authority over the belief of their children, or over the affairs of their own communities. To work for independence in religious matters is to work for independence in political matters.

But a nation will not arrive at real independence so long as it maintains a state church and monarchy. The excellent, well-meaning king, the excellent, well-meaning clergymen, can do little. The institution blocks the way, because no longer life of our life. Look at the clergyman in one single aspect. The royally appointed preacher and teacher of morals is bound by oath, and by prospect of promotion, to definit formulas; to believe, maintain, and defend these. Still further, any kind of clergyman, with any sort of ability, and any kind of disposition, must "preach the word," that is to say, discourse upon a certain text at a certain time each Sunday, often twice, and officiate over every corpse whose relations require it, and before every bridal couple who so desire. . . . There are never so many lies told all over the country as on Sundays—in the towns also on week-days between 12 and 2, when bells toll for funerals, or between 3 and 5, when people are married—lies, lies, lies—I do not mean in dogmas and questions of belief; I think not of these—no, I mean lies that are being told by pious clergymen from disinclination, from want of talent, or from ignorance of those to whom he speaks and about whom he is speaking—from lazy, fat custom; from affected devotion, sorrow, or gladness; from admonitions without force, belief without power, feeling without warmth; from preaching, twaddle, and gabble; from sleepy droning, drivel, and snivel; from uplifted eyes and voice. It is this royal institution which has the morals of the country in holy keeping.

Then look at the other institution, in one single aspect: when it wishes to show itself in all its awe-inspiring majesty, paraded in a pageant, where a modest, brave king must take upon himself the most mighty and gracious *we* of the institution, in full style and medieval costume. Yes, just look at the institution, with its escort of past traditions and of all those who in the country hav to add their authority to that of royalty! Look at these people; what they will stoop to! Look at their gaudy dresses, their feathers, their gewgaws, their gestures, their look when "his majesty" speaks. Look at them—these people who in themselvs are truly sensible and calculating; who, as a rule, jeer a little at everything, hav respect for little else save, perhaps, ceremonies. . . . Look at them thus arrayed for the glorification of his majesty, and ask yourself if they hav lost their senses! Is it to strengthen the feeling of authority in the country that they thus conduct and parade themselvs? Then its pretensions are extremely like those of the other institution, which has undertaken to uphold morals. No wonder, then, that these two institutions occasionally embrace each other in touching recognition and mutual approbation.

I do not believe in the abolition of the state church without the abolition of monarchy, or in the dignity of man becoming a popular force until both church and crown are done away with.—Translator, J. M. WHEELER.

Obituary.

On September 30th died C. H. Saunders, of 100 S. 1st street, this city, aged seventy-one years. Father Saunders had been a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER for many years, and had been one of the most activ workers on this coast. He has sold many hundred dollars' worth of Ingersoll's lectures, and his home was always the stopping-place of S. P. Putnam, C. B. Reynolds, and your humble servant when they were in this city. In fact, his house was more like a hotel than like anything else, for here all Liberals found their Mecca. Mr. Saunders had not an enemy in the world. To know him was to love him, and his only religion was to do good. Nobody was too low for him to help if he was needy. In fact, he has always been so unselfish that he has never laid up any of this world's store, but remained poor to the end. A purer, more honest, more truthful, better-principled man never lived. Colonel Ingersoll was his god, THE TRUTH SEEKER his Bible, and to do good his religion. And if immortality should be the boon of all at last, Father Saunders will surely wear the brightest laurels for a life well spent in trying to make the world better. D. C. SEYMOUR.

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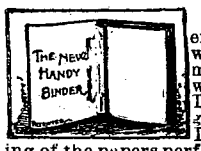
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News of the Week.

THERE is great immigration of French Canadians into the Eastern states. We hav 800,000 population of that descent. Two of their distinguishing features are eagerness to become naturalized and form political clubs, and attachment to parochial schools.

THE Western territories apply for admission as states.

A MINE explosion a Pittsburgh, Kan., on the 9th, killed 160 men.

HENRY GEORGE has gone to England to lecture on the land-tax.

CATHOLICS of India and Australia presented $1,000,000 to the pope.

THE Samoa islands ask us to rescue them from German oppression.

IN a factory fire at Rochester, N. Y., on the 9th, ten persons were fatally burnt.

DIVINE services were held in every European capital giving thanks for the escape of the czar.

WILLIAM II. appeals for a bigger civil list, which means more spending money for himself and family.

YELLOW fever cases, nearly 5,000; deaths, nearly 400. The disease is increasing in some sections, and the destitution caused by the quarantine is severe.

SWITZERLAND recently instituted a progressiv income tax, which is watched with interest all over the world.

THE confession of the Fox sisters that their Spiritual manifestations were fraudulent, is said by Spiritualists to hav been procured by the church.

A CLASS of sons of very wealthy men is increasing in our colleges and by extravagance and pride vitiating former principles of conduct and ideals of merit.

IN the United States one man in every 200 takes a college course; in England, one in every 500; in Scotland, one in every 600; in Germany, one in every 213.

ON the 9th there was another of the mysterious murders and mutilations at Whitechapel, London, making nine in number. They are probably the work of religion.

THE subjects of the king of Wurtemberg compelled him to dismiss two Spiritualists, Americans by the names of Woodcock and Hendry, who had gained control over him and whom he had made favorits of rank.

KING OTTO of Bavaria is sinking deeper in his religious mania. If he had lived two centuries ago, instead of being called crazy he would hav been proclaimed one of the church's best sons, and utilized for extermination of heretics.

THE archbishop of Cologne, Germany, has issued a pastoral letter to the faithful defining their duty in the coming elections for members of the Landtag. The letter says they must vote for candidates who are ready to defend the rights of the church. The clergy are ordered to activly interfere in the contests, using their utmost influence to elect men who are resolved to giv to God what is God's due.

THE news of the election given last week was a trifle inaccurate. Mr. Harrison carried Indiana, but lost Connecticut. Illinois is still solidly Republican. Mr. Harrison will hav 233 electoral votes. The "solid South" was cracked by West Virginia being still in doubt. The Republicans will hav a majority in Congress, and will probably admit Dakota in two states, Washington territory, and Montana. Dakota and Washington territory are Republican, Montana is Democratic. If the Republicans behave, they hav a long lease on the country. But the world will go round just the same, and THE TRUTH SEEKER will be published every week at $3 per year, large discounts in clubs. Now is the time to subscribe.

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Gems of Thought.

THERE is nothing so important in the whole world as that which it imports the priests to cause to be regarded as important. The Christian world has had for some centuries past the happiness of being constantly troubled and thrown into strife and turmoil about certain important words, important arguments, important epochs, important ceremonies, important bulls, etc.—*Voltaire.*

YOU are to understand that for above seventy moons past there hav been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselvs. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high heels, to exceed us in number, but the power is wholly on our side.—*Swift's Gulliver's Travels.*

SWIFT by the parties of high or low heels represents the High or Low churches; . . . speculativ differences are shown to be ridiculous when the zeal with which they are opposed or defended too much exceeds their importance.—*Hawkesworth.*

METHINKS it well behooves merchants to consider well of the justice of a war, before they voluntarily engage a gang of ruffians to attack their fellow-merchants of a neighboring nation, to plunder them of their property, and perhaps ruin them and their families, if they yield it; or to wound, maim, and murder them, if they endeavor to defend it. Yet these things are done by Christian merchants, whether a war be just or unjust; and it can hardly be just on both sides. They are done by English and American merchants, who, nevertheless, complain of private theft, and hang by dozens the thieves they hav taught by their own example.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

WHEN I simply dwell on that one word "war," there comes over me a wild horror, as if men talked to me of sorcery, of the Inquisition, of anything remote, obsolete, abominable, moustrous, contrary to nature. Soldiers are the scourges of the world.—*M. de Maupassant.*

MODERN civilization rests upon physical science; take away her gifts to our country, and our position among the leading nations of the world is gone to-morrow; for it is physical science that makes intelligence and moral energy stronger than brute force.—*Huxley.*

IF, now, we demand, What has science done for the promotion of modern civilization; what has it done for the happiness, the well-being of society? we shall find our answer in the same manner that we reached a just estimate of what Latin Christianity had done. Systems of philosophy and forms of religion find a measure of their influence on humanity in census returns. Latin Christianity, in a thousand years, could not double the population of Europe; it did not add perceptibly to the term of individual life. But, as Dr. Jarvis, in his report to the Massachusetts board of health, has stated, at the epoch of the Reformation "the average longevity in Geneva was 21.21 years; between 1814 and 1833 it was 40.68; as large a number of persons now liv to seventy years as lived to forty, three hundred years ago.—*Draper.*

I BELIEVE in the gospel of intelligence. That is the only lever capable of raising mankind. I believe in the gospel of intelligence; in the gospel of education. The school-house is my cathedral; the universe is my Bible. Intelligence must rule trinmphant. Humanity is the grand religion. And no God can put a man into hell in another world who has made a little heaven in this. God cannot make miserable a man who has made somebody else happy. God cannot hate anybody who is capable of loving his neighbor. So I believe in this great gospel of generosity. Ah, but they say it won't do. You must believe. I say no. My gospel of health will prolong life; my gospel of intelligence, my gospel of loving, my gospel of good-fellowship will cover the world with happy homes. My doctrin will put carpets upon your floors, pictures upon your walls. My doctrin will put books upon your shelves, ideas in your mind. My doctrin will relieve the world of the abnormal monsters born of the ignorance of superstition. My doctrin will giv us health, wealth, and happiness. That is what I want. That is what I believe in. . . . I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness; the gospel of good nature; in the gospel of good health. Let us pay some attention to our bodies; take care of our bodies, and our souls will take care of themselvs.—*Ingersoll.*



A WONDERFUL MATERIALIZATION.

Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand.—Num. xxii 31.

Odds and Ends.

A RAILROAD is one of the things of which a little doesn't go a long way.

BLINKS: "Hello, Jinks, glad to see you at the club once more. Wife gone away, eh?" Jinks: "No; she got back."

WE are curious to know whether the members of that Washington Bicycle Club for women are all honorary or some activ.

HE: "Will you be a sister to me?" She: "No; but I will be your wife, darling." He: "That is not what I want, dear."

FROM the way in which everybody is jumping on him, Lord Sackville is probably considered more of a door mat than a diplomat.

CITIZEN: "What are you doing with that man?" Policeman: "I've just arrested him." Citizen: "But he's as deaf as a post." Policeman: "He'll get his hearing before the magistrate."

THE Western blizzard will soon be abroad in the land, and it will presently be in order for the small towns that poked fun at New York last March to appeal to their big sister for assistance.

POOR old Boston is at the mercy of a big beef trust, but she doesn't mind it much. But once let the unprincipled speculators try to form a bean trust, and the row which began at Lexington will be fought all over again.

MAGISTRATE (to prisoner): "You are charged, sir, with beating your wife." Prisoner: "Yes, sah, an' I'se proud of it, sah." Magistrate: "Proud of it!" Prisoner: "Kase, sah, she weighs twenty poun's mo'n me."

A LADY stood hanging on the strap of a street car, when a workman in the far corner arose and politely offered her a seat. "I thank you," she said, in a very sweet tone, "but I dislike to deprive the only gentleman in the car of a seat."

TEACHER (to class in natural science): "What kind of light do we get from the sun?" Scholar: "Solar light, sir." Teacher: "Very good. Now, Tommy Briggs, tell us what kind of light we get from the moon?" Tommy Briggs: "Satel-light."

BESSIE (just home from boarding-school): "I'm delighted to see you, mamma." (Kisses her.) Mamma (regarding her suspiciously): "Bessie, you didn't kiss with a burrowing motion when you went away from home. You've learned that from somebody with a long mustache!"

MISTRESS (to new girl): "What under the sun do you mean by sitting idly all day in the kitchen when I am paying you $4 a week?" New girl (recent importation): "Sure, mum, the immigrant commissioners of Castle Garden told us if we contracted to work we'd be sint back."

SHE stood upon the platform scale,
Her lover by her side,
Her dimpled cheeks were rosy red,
He murmured, "Be my bride."

With downcast eye and faltering hand,
Love's summons to obey,
She placed a nickel in the slot,
And gave herself a weigh.

"I WOULDN'T cry, little boy," said a kind old gentleman, consolingly; "you may be unhappy for the moment, but it will soon pass away. You wouldn't expect me to cry, would you, every time I'm a little unhappy?" "No, sir," responded the tearful little lad; "you'd prob'ly go an' get a drink."

MISS PENELOPE: "Before I giv you an answer, Marshal, I want you to know that I believe the married state to be simply a reinforced condition for the better amelioration of the wrongs and sufferings of women. Do you understand me?" Mr. Mallow: "I think I do; and, if you'll allow me, I'll hedge a little. Won't you be a sister to me?"

Now Farmer Oatcake comes to town
With spoil of summer boarders,
He's greeted by the bunco man's
Seductiv "Here's toward us!"
. . . . . .
Back to Podunk he plods dead broke,
Snarling at "thievin' city folk."

"Now that we are engaged, George," she said shyly, "it is proper that we should hav no secrets from each other. I hav loved before, but it only resulted in a breach of promis case." "And what did you get?" asked George. "$3,000." "Ah, dear, never mind the breach of promis suit. My love is founded upon 'rocks,' and will endure."

"WHAT is your opinion of the question now occupying so much space in the papers, 'Is marriage a failure?'" asked a gentleman of a new acquaintance. "Well, I am emphatically of the opinion that marriage is a great success. Indeed, if it were not for marriage, my occupation, like Othello's, would be gone." "Ah! May I ask your profession?" "I am a divorce lawyer."

SHE: "What a grand thing it must be to be a citizen of a free country! How I wish I were a man, so I could take up the paper and see it full of appeals for my vote! Do you not enjoy it?" He: "I? Why, no; I never see any appeals for my vote." She: "You don't?" He: "No, indeed. I am neither an Irishman nor a workingman. I am only an American. It's depressing."

"KEEP away from that," said a restaurant keeper to an Irishman who was standing in front of a newly arrived box of turtles holding his finger in evident pain. "What are you doing there anyhow?" "I wor investigating." "Investigating what?" "I wor trying to see which was the head and which was the tail ov the baste over there in the corner ov the box." "What do you want to know that for?" "I've a curiosity to know whether I've been bitten or stung."

MR. J. PARKER: "There are Trimble-Hawkins and his wife. They are a handsome couple, aren't they?" Miss Charity Ball: "Oh, yes, they are quite distinguished-looking; but do you know they say that at home they quarrel scandalously, and, besides that, Mrs. Trimble-Hawkins absolutely neglects every household duty, and her children are a perfect disgrace." Mr. J. Parker: "Oh, you know her then?" Miss Charity Ball: "Yes, indeed; I am her best friend!"

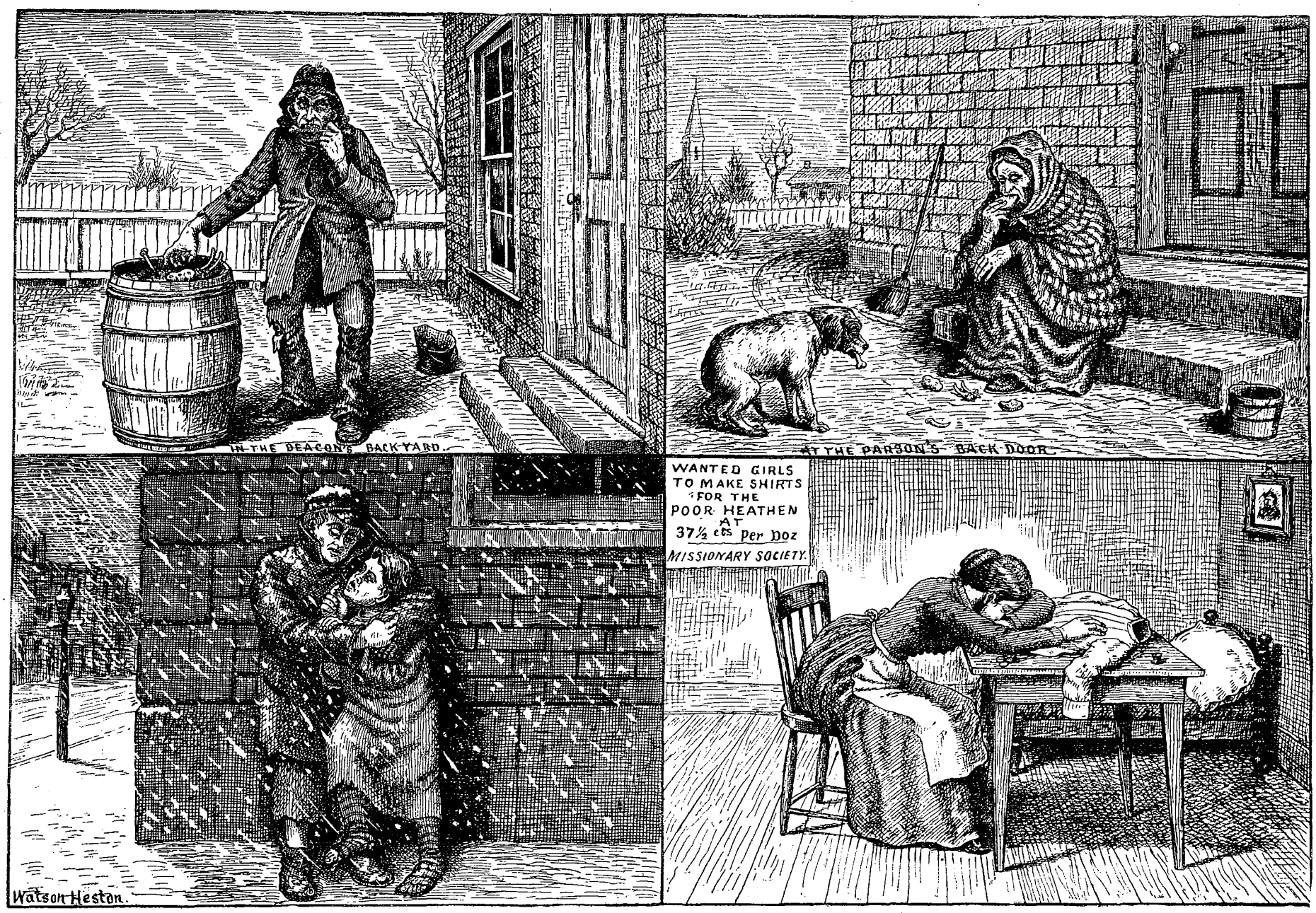
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THANKSGIVING.

Notes and Clippings.

WHEN Anthony Comstock lectured at Princeton College recently, the students, with polite consideration for his sensitivness, draped the statue of "The Gladiator" with a bifurcated garment of red flannel.

THE following advertisment appeared in an English religious paper: "Wanted, before Advent, unmarried priest (earnest evangelical High Churchman), for small country church, the congregation of which is largely composed of men. The six points. Choral services. Open-air preaching. Cricket, football, and workingmen's clubs. No mustached or lawn-tennis playing priest need apply."

THE Irish bishops hav received another papal rescript. It orders them to activly execute the former rescript, which instructs them to denounce the plan of campaign and boycotting. It also orders them to direct the priests to preach against agitation and to forbid them to take part in the boycotting and plan of campaign movements, which they must oppose with all the means in their power. The Irish bishops will probably hold a conference before reading the pope's rescript to their flocks.

THE small army of men who own Keely stock are delighted with the action of the Philadelphia courts in committing the inventor for contempt. They invested in good faith in a number of instances, and the procrastination and delay of Keely has been a source of great trial. He will now hav to explain something about his mysterious power or go to jail. It is said by lawyers that this is absolutely his last chance. The knowing ones assert, however, that the action will come to nothing, from the fact that Keely has almost become a maniac on the subject of keeping his secret, and it is really believed that he would die before he would reveal the secret of his power—always presuming that he has a power.

THE new Italian penal code provides that such an assertion as that the pope has a right to Rome as his seat of government is punishable as a crime. In the Italian senate, last week, the minister of justice, Signor Zanardelli, replying to hostil criticism of this article of the penal code, contended that similar articles dealing with the clergy were contained in the codes of almost all the European states. Greater liberty, he said, would be assured to the clergy in the discharge of their religious duties. The provisions for the punishment of priests refusing their services had been abolished. But continued conspiracy against the unity and integrity of the country could not be tolerated. The clauses on this subject must be retained. To modify them as if with an intention to abandon them, after the agitation which the clergy had promoted, would be inconsistent with the government's position, which was supported by a large majority of each house of Parliament. Premier Crispi, in a speech defending the Public Safety bill, raised the ire of the Conservativs by declaring that public almshouses would, if necessary, be supported by funds of religious associations whose revenues were habitually devoted to non-religious celebrations. A majority of the members approved the premier's suggestion.

THE *Christian Leader*, a Universalist journal, says: "When a Protestant undertakes to state the issue between Catholics and non-Catholics touching the school question, the retort of the politicians—those who cater for Catholic votes—is that the statement is the dictate of prejudice. But surely when the very words of representativ Catholics are cited, the prejudice—if such there is—cannot be a Protestant one. The *Freeman's Journal*, without the least circumlocution, puts the Catholic demand in these terms: 'Catholics ask that the state let them educate their own children in their own way, with their own share of the school tax, or else that the state itself shall provide and maintain schools in which the children of Catholic parents shall be trained in the elementary secular branches and in knowledge of their religion and their moral and religious duties.' The policy which the state is here asked to adopt is one that would permit all the denominations, each in its own way, to educate, at the state's expense, its children in what the particular denomination deems moral and religious truth and conduct. It ought to be enough to barely state what 'Catholics ask.' The state, we think, will do nothing of the kind. We might say that the thing asked for is un-American, is unreasonable; it is more to the exact point to say that it is supremely ridiculous."

AN Anarchist of this city was interviewed by a *Sun* reporter last week in regard to the prediction of Captain Bonfield, of Chicago, that there will be a widespread Anarchist uprising on July 14th next, and that in Paris, where their operations are to begin, the centenary of the fall of the Bastile is then to be celebrated. "It is true," the New York Anarchist said, "that there will be a big time in Paris on July 14th next at the Bastile celebration, and it is also true that they had a big time there on the same date in last July, and likewise on that date of every year since the establishment of the French republic. July 14th in France is like the Fourth of July in the United States. It is the national annual holiday, when all France, including the French government and army, unites in celebrating the most memorable event in French history. The day is also celebrated in this country, mainly by Frenchmen, and it will be celebrated here next year, as Inspector Bonfield, of Chicago, says. But there is no need of being alarmed about the celebration of next year, any more than there was about that of last year, or of the year before. The celebration is not Anarchistic, but republican, and signalizes the downfall of monarchy. As the Americans in France and other countries celebrate the Fourth of July, so the Frenchmen in America and other countries celebrate July 14th; and the sympathizers with French liberty who liv in France join hands with the people there, just as the foreign sympathizers with American liberty who liv here join hands with the nativs on Independence day. That is all the ground there is for the apprehensions of Inspector Bonfield, of Chicago, who probably never was in France. There is not the slightest danger in this country, any more than there is in France, of the Anarchists raising any rumpus on the coming French centenary. They are a hundred times stronger in France than they are here, but the French government takes no heed of them. It is too bad that Captain Bonfield should scare people about the 14th of next July."

Communications.

Christianity an Immoral Religion.

The Christian religion is upheld by its professors as the purest fountain of morals, and an eternal spring of charity and benevolence. We are continually being told what a vast influence for good the New Testament has had upon the history of the human race. All the morality we possess, all the advantages of civilization we enjoy, all that makes man great and noble, all that makes life worth living, is, we are told, the result of the teachings of Christianity. If such were the case, ill befall me if I wrote one line against it. But if, on the other hand, it is a record of falsehood, a stumbling-block to science, a bar to social progress, a deadly pool generating only the miasma of bigotry, selfishness, and superstition, then it is the imperativ duty of all who see such to be the case to proclaim it to the world, and to reiterate their denunciation with so much frequency and energy that society must, at length, take notice of the outcry.

Is such the case? Why, the very foundation of Christianity was, according to its own record, laid in adultery, while its pinnacle was capped with murder. Chri t is said to hav been born of a mysterious intercourse between his mother and the third person of the trinity, and was eventually murdered by his own countrymen, acting under the influence of his own father. Now, I assert that, from a religion which begins with social treachery, and ends with wantonly shedding the blood of the guiltless, no very pure and exalted code of morals is to be expected.

The moral character of Christ himself is by no means the perfect one that even some writers admit it to be. For he sets an example of equivocation where he tells his disciples: "That he speaks in parables, that men may not understand him, and therefore perish everlastingly." Upon what principle except that of the most cruel injustice can such a saying be explained? Could anything be more outrageously absurd and so utterly subversiv of human well-being?

Take also that astonishing exhortation to carelessness and improvidence to be found in the Sermon on the Mount: "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." I dare venture to say that through the whole range of human literature you may seek in vain to parallel this atrociously mischievous advice. Any nation that would be so foolish and confiding as to entrust its destinies to so pernicious a maxim, would, in a comparativly short time, cease from among the nations of the world, and were it to be universally adopted, the chariot wheels of progress would be reversed, civilization would disappear, and our whole social fabric would collapse, and would speedily become involved in irretrievable ruin. Christians, however, seek to evade the force of these precepts by saying that what Christ really meant was, "Be not over anxious for the morrow," but what authority hav they for saying that what Christ meant was, "Be not over anxious," for it is self-evident that Christ really meant what he said, otherwise his reference to the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field is unmeaning or grossly misleading? But what would be the result if the whole community were to act upon such principles—if all were to do as their exemplars, "the fowls of the air, and the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin, which neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns?" Imagin the agriculturist taking no thought for the morrow, making no provisions for the coming harvest, and leaving the morrow to take thought for the things of itself; fancy all men trusting to be fed and clothed by their heavenly father like the sparrows and the lilies. What would be the consequences? Why, in a few brief months our boasted civilization would vanish like a dream, and we may be thankful that the common sense of mankind, aided by their ever-pressing necessities, has effectually prevented any attempt to carry these suicidal precepts into general practice.

Another instance closely allied to one I hav just considered is that "poverty is systematically commended, and wealth systematically condemned." Poverty and humility were to be the chief characteristics of the followers of Jesus Christ. They were to arrive at the former by attending rather to prayer and religious exercises, than to those industrial pursuits which result in material prosperity, and at the latter by a painful course of self-abnegation and suppression of those open expressions of feeling which the world are generally accustomed to regard as manly and generous. Those who hav possessions are commanded to sell them and giv the proceeds to the poor; wealth is denounced as an all but insuperable obstacle to the salvation of its possessor, for "it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heeven." In one instance in particular Christ teaches plainly that poverty is an indispensable condition of salvation, that no man, however blameless his life, however lofty his virtue, can retain his riches and be saved. When the rich young man came to Christ and asked: "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" what was Christ's answer? Was it, Believe on me? No; Christ's scheme of salvation was, "Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast and giv to the poor."

That to the young man was the one indispensable requisit for inheriting eternal life, and unless the conditions differ for different individuals, that must be the condition for all. Poor, unfortunate sons of wealth, yours is but a dreary outlook, you hav had your "consolation" in this life, therefore there is none in the future for you. But what would be the opinion of our Jay Goulds, our Vanderbilts, and all our rich merchants, of a new prophet who should tell them that it was less difficult for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for one of them to escape the horrors of eternal damnation? Why, they would smile at him as a vulgar demagog, or would clamor for his committal as a seditious firebrand, a sort of revolutionist gone mad on religious topics, and therefore dangerous to the being of well-disposed persons. I might, if time and space would permit, proceed to show how the desire for wealth, instead of being the root of all evil, has ever been the great motiv power impelling to fresh discoveries and inventions, to useful enterprises and material improvements of every kind. But I will not pursue this topic further, only to insist on the obvious fact that, nationally and individually, wealth is a great blessing, while poverty is one of the gravest evils under which mankind can suffer, and that the religion which teaches the contrary of this is a religion of the most wicked and mischievous description.

Another pernicious doctrin, which was most emphatically taught by Christ, and quite as emphatically repudiated by his followers, is the doctrin of "non-resistance to injury;" indeed, the term "non-resistance" falls short of expressing the scope of the doctrin, for we are commanded not merely not to resist violence and wrong, but actually to encourage it; we are not simply to submit to be robbed, but to reward the robber (vide Matt. v, 39, 41; Luke vi, 30). Can anyone be found mad enough to defend these absurdities; will anyone maintain that we ought to submit calmly and patiently to personal insults and indignities at the hand of every brutal ruffian, or that we should stand passivly by while any scoundrel helped himself to our goods? Nay, more, if his modesty or forbearance should lead him to be satisfied with appropriating only our money, that we should run after him with our watch, and press him to accept an umbrella or silk hat besides? I maintain that these maxims, if carried into practice, would soon make a race of miserable, shrinking slaves, fit for nothing but to wear the yoke of tyranny, which their spiritual leaders, the priests, would take care they should not long remain without.

Again, how can this saying be explained: "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away." Or this: "If any man come to me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea and his own life also, *he cannot* be my disciple." These are extraordinary precepts to be uttered by an amiable and moral man, a stranga principle of a religion of love. Morality rightly insists on an observance of the duties of relationship; but these maxims would cruelly and abruptly sever them all, and would indeed disband society. Could anything be more hurtful, more pernicious, more immoral, and more degrading to mankind than such examples? I say decidedly not, therefore we need higher and nobler examples and purer systems of morality than those set forth by the Christian religion for the guidance of human conduct. It is known that such maxims are opposed alike both to nature and common sense, and a religion which enjoins them is simply an impracticable absurdity.

Now, I ask in all sincerity—and this is addressed chiefly for our Christian friends—what would they think of the propagator of a new religion who should say, "Think not that I came to send peace on earth, I came not to send peace, *but a sword?*" Every philanthropist would answer that the sooner such a person left the world, and his malignant doctrin was forgotten in the obscurity of an unknown grave, the better it would be for humanity. Yet Christ said this; and more, he plainly and distinctly told his disciples that his mission was "to set the son at variance with the father, the daughter against her mother," etc. (Matt. x, 34–37). And I assert that the sense of difference between right and wrong is greatly weakened by maxims of this kind in the minds of those who believe in them. Therefore, their depressing influence on the morality of religious society is too great to be easily estimated.

If we desire to see the people socially and morally regenerated, and able to enjoy their rights as citizens, we, as Secularists, must bestir ourselvs, or else we may soon anticipate an advent of the Dark Ages, if such a religion as this (which embodies such teachings) is allowed to take a hold upon the people. The priests are too cunning to provoke religious disputes, for they know too well at whose cost such a contest would be carried on. Therefore it behooves us "unmistakably" to speak out, until they are compelled to meet us on an equal platform; for it is chiefly by discussion that the truth can be elicited. It is cowardice and hypocrisy to shrink from speaking the truth. So let us not shrink from performing our duty because fanaticism may brand us with the name of "Infidel," for it is a glory to be an Infidel to error and immorality. I would, therefore, exhort all who wish well to the cause to commence the agitation against the church with renewed vigor and energy. Let us try to educate the people, instead of striving to keep them in ignorance, for it is only on the soil of ignorance that superstition can flourish. I hav necessarily referred to a few points rather than brought forward a multiplicity of instances.

But in conclusion, I affirm that the entire scheme of Christianity is immoral and exercises a depressing influence upon public morality. It is immoral, because it is inconsistent with justice and humanity. It is not above nature, but below it; it is not incomprehensible, but plainly and superficially false; it is not merciful, but savage; not ethereal, but gross. Socially, Christianity has passed away; morally, it has never existed. Primitiv Christianity perished in the early ages of the present era. "It is finished," is recorded as being the last despairing cry of Jesus Christ, and he and his chaotic, distempered project for the regeneration of the poor of his country expired together. However, powerful institutions were raised upon the ruins of the religious and social schemes of Christ. Powerful efforts are being made by the clergy in these days to revive it; but men cannot raise the dead, and the churches that will not progress must perish, while those who are content to sail slowly on in the rear of human intelligence will gradually assume a higher and better nature, until the preaching of religious doctrins will be lost in the propagation of good, sound moral, and philosophical teachings.

JOHN R. CHARLESWORTH.

An Old Story.

The evidence of one who has seen has more weight than the evidence of a thousand who hav not seen.

I do not know that this quotation should be attributed to McArthur as something original with him either in its substance or in its expression. It is as old as the hills, and with its proper limitations and qualifications may be accepted as an indisputable statement.

An old story which occasionally reappears in print will serve to illustrate my meaning.

An illiterate country justice of the peace, in a case of sheep-stealing, after a half dozen credible witnesses had deposed to having seen the defendant commit the theft, asked the prisoner what he had to say in his own defense. "Sure, now, yer honor, an' here are but *six* men to say that they saw me stale the shape, an' I can bring *twinty* as can sware they niver saw me stale that same shape nor any other." "Begorra! Pat," said his honor, "an' if ye can do that yer a free man." Accordingly twenty men were sworn and deposed that they had never seen Pat steal a sheep, or anything else, whereupon his honor, finding the preponderance of numbers in Pat's favor, as twenty to six, ordered his discharge. Notwithstanding its chestnutty flavor, this story, ever since I can remember, has furnished the "funny editor" ready matter for his column, where it often reappears. The laugh is supposed to come in at the expense of the court, but from the meagerness of the account we cannot be sure that the situation and circumstances of these twenty negativ witnesses for the defendant does not entitle their testimony to all the weight given it by his honor. If they were present at the place where and at the time when the crime was alleged to hav been committed, and altogether were in as favorable circumstances to become eye-witnesses as the six prosecuting witnesses, I make bold to assert that it becomes, in the absence of any other reasonable explanation of the discrepancy in the testimony, a simple question of veracity. But in every issue of this kind an impeachment of the veracity of the witnesses should be a *dernier ressort* only to be permitted when every other available hypothesis has been exhausted. It is our great confidence in the integrity of all testimony that leads us in this story to account for the seeming discrepancy by gratuitously making the discovery that the twenty were not in circumstances to know whereof they testify, either pro or con, and thereupon, in view of our own shrewdness, we laugh at the stupidity of the magistrate. But was there a real contradiction in the evidence in this case? If so, in what condition were the witnesses to make correct observations of the facts? I do not know. I do not care. It is a matter of no importance. Let us transfer these questions to the controversy between Materialists and Spiritualists, Spiritists, or Spiritologists—using whichever name is most acceptable to the party designated thereby. Are these deponents in such mental condition that their testimony is to be received without any criticism? In "Letters from Friends," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 3d, read what D. Higbee, M.D., has to advise as the proper condition of those who aspire to be witnesses of Spiritual phenomena. Read it. It is too lengthy and worthless to repeat, except for the use to which I am now

putting it—to show the utter unreliableness of those who giv such testimony. It means that they must hav already ignored the difference between seeing and believing, and they are to "cherish and maintain a feeling as if some mortal friends were to call." "Then sit still, or sing some forty minutes, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'" They cannot do the capitalization in music, but they can get into a holy and "reverential calm," when at length—

> If to believe it you are able,
> Planchet goes skipping o'er the table.

Now, if under this hoodooing some poor fellow's brain is entirely upset, and he sees—actually sees—snakes, and ghosts, and the devil knows what, why, his testimony, "the evidence of one who has seen, has more weight than the evidence of a thousand who hav not seen." Ridiculous! Absurd! That is to giv all the advantage to fools and knaves, or if this is too harsh, to persons who are abnormal, whose faculties are aberrant. I do not wish to speak unkindly of these poor creatures! I acknowledge that many of them, considered apart from their idiosyncrasies, are people of great minds and kind hearts. Still, when I come to the logic of facts, I find them, on this subject alone, disqualified from giving good testimony.

If "the evidence of one who has seen is of more weight than the evidence of a thousand who hav not seen," then not Spiritualism only, with A. J. Davis and Swedenborg, but Christianity with all its pretended miracles, and Mohammedanism, and every other fraud with supernatural pretensions, is to be received on the positiv testimony of eye-witnesses. This misapprehension of the true law of evidence is the opening of the flood-gate of every conceivable superstition. But let us consider in what does the value of personal testimony consist. Upon what does the positiv evidence given by any observer, in any case, depend for its weight? All positiv testimony is the relation of individual experiences, and depends for its value on the assumption that it would hav been the experience of any other person in the same circumstances and condition.

The witness who wanders from the field of human experience is not reliable. He must see as we all see; he must hear as we all hear, and, in short, he must be one of us—one of the *genus homo*. If he avowedly relates sights not to be seen with human eyes, and that none of a multitude but himself could see; if he tells of sounds that cannot be heard by the "natural man," then I say his testimony is not worth one straw. The only legitimate use of such testimony is on a writ of lunacy against the witness to prove his own insanity.

Induction is the only key to unlock the universal storehouse of facts. "Induction," says Mill, "is the process by which we conclude that what is true of certain individuals of a class, is true of the whole class; or what is true at certain times will be true in similar circumstances at all times" (Mill's Logic, i, 315). "Every observation, and every induction, draws its value from itself, and from similar ones. It is always experience which judges of experience, and induction of induction." This is Taine's construction of Mill's doctrin: "It appears, then, we need experience to inform us in what degree and in what cases, or sorts of cases, experience is to be relied on. Experience must be consulted in order to learn from it under what circumstances arguments will be valid" (Mill's Logic, i, 351). Mill, it seems to me, only elaborates into a grand system of logic what Hume epitomizes into a single sentence, of which the concluding clause asserts that a miracle is not susceptible of proof. The uniformity of all phenomena, and the unbroken chain of human experience, has effectually shut the door against even the investigation of the preposterous pretensions of ghost-mongers. J. K. P. Baker.

Irwin, Ia.

Mrs. Slenker to McArthur.

Thee asks for a "detailed statement" of the phenomena of Spiritualism which I hav experienced and believe in. I really can't mention a single thing I hav ever witnessed or experienced that I believe was done by or through spirits. I hav seen nearly all phases of the phenomena, slate-writing, making lace, spirit flowers, materialization of human forms and clothes, raps, music, and answering sealed letters, but I believe everything I ever saw or experienced was done by the mediums and their confederates. I know about half of it was, because I was told how it was done and shown the whole process, and the rest I could hav done myself with a little practice. Of some twenty or more prophecies given me not one has been fulfilled, which is not even good guessing.

I granted that probably a portion of the phenomena was real, for I am loth to believe all are deceivers or deceived. Too many tell unaccountable things to allow me to doubt all the phenomena. But psychology and kindred sciences may in time explain the why of the little that is now believed to be the work of spirit power.

I am afraid it will be with thee as it is with the Christian. Just as soon as we take the Bible away they refuse to argue. If I hav, in thirty odd years, found no experiences, I don't see how we can find any "common ground on which to stand."

If I had but one fact I could call a "Spiritual experience," then I could put at least one foot on "common ground."

But if there is a bear in the closet and thee knows it, perhaps thee can find some way of convincing me of the fact, especially as I am willing and want to be convinced.

The Darwinian theory proves life to be eternal, but not identities. Force is eternal, but forms of force are continually changing and interchanging. Probably Whitman is right when he says:

> I perceive I hav not really understood anything,
> Not a single object, and that no man ever can.

Snowville, Va. Elmina D. Slenker.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

Wanship, Summit Co., Utah, Oct. 1.—This is another settlement of Mormon agriculturists on the Weber river. Weber river rises in the mountains, about seventy miles south of Echo, and empties into Salt Lake just below Ogden. The valley above Echo is very fertil and thickly settled. The settlers are all Mormons, or with very rare exceptions (apostates are increasing quite rapidly), and all, except at Coalville, engaged in farming or stock raising. Those at Coalville are principally miners, although all the lands in the vicinity are under cultivation. Every acre of the lower Weber, of any value, is owned and occupied by those who are utilizing it to the best of their ability.

The village of Wanship is a very small, insignificant place, but of late years well known on account of its being the place of residence of Wm. Reynolds, the most earnest, unassuming, self-sacrificing, indefatigable worker for Liberalism in all Utah. Brother Reynolds was born of Mormon parents; his antique sire, a most devout, polygamous Mormon, resides near him. Brother Reynolds is about the only Liberal man in the village. He dared to hav the courage of his convictions, and withdrew from the church at a time when to do so "tried men's souls" and jeopardized their jugulars.

He has a comfortable cottage, a store and post-office, and is a devotee to tree culture. Under all circumstances, at all times, all he is or has is freely devoted to the cause of Liberalism.

While enjoying the hospitality of his home, and the society of his noble wife and darling children, I realized more than ever the imperativ need of a Liberal coöperativ insurance, so that, in case of the death of the bread-winner, the loved ones of the worker in the Liberal ranks should not be left dependent on the tender mercies of church-members, who, whether Mormon or orthodox, when adopting orphans from charity, too often make them drudges without wages, exact from them constant toil, and in return dole out to them scant food, scantier raiment, but superabundance of prayers and pious exhortations.

The lecture was delivered at the school-house, and there was good attendance—much interest was evinced. One honest, lifelong Mormon lady was greatly exercised, and wept nearly all the next day. She cried, "How can I giv up the kingdom, and dwelling forever with loved and lost ones? Yet how can I believe it after what he has proved from the Bible itself?"

Peoa, Utah, Oct. 2, 3.—I rode on the mail wagon over to Peoa, quite a fair-sized Mormon village. Brothers Coosey and Corlis made me welcome. Peoa has been settled twenty-eight years, yet has no school-house, while Oakley, the adjoining town, ruled by gentiles, has a $650 school-house. Although Peoa has no school-house it has a large dance-hall, at which the lectures were delivered. Seats were improvised out of boards laid across boxes, beer kegs, etc., the only regular seats being those around the wall. It has quite a good-sized stage, in the very center of which was a small stove, the only one in the building. The first night it was quite chilly. The married ladies with their babies seated themselvs on the seats against the wall to my right so as to hav the wall as a back-rest to lean against. There was quite a fair-sized audience. The second night the interest aroused by the first lecture brought a very large attendance. The night was quite cold, and so a fire was started in the little stove on the stage. Twenty-three women with babies in their arms, and some of them with other little ones clinging to their skirts, ascended the stage and took seats around three sides of the stove, leaving the front facing the audience open. As I stood at the table about to commence my lecture I cast a glance behind and was appalled at the situation. I was the only man on the stage, while ranged behind me were twenty-three women with their babies and little ones. Could my friends of the East hav gazed upon that scene, they could only hav supposed I was a Mormon bishop with all my little family, or that I was rehearsing for the role of Turkish sultan with my entire harem on exhibition. There were about thirty other ladies with babies, who could not find seats on the stage, who were seated against the wall to the right. The unmarried ladies and those without babies sat on the center seats among the men. In Utah the baby is woman's best credentials, and Utah women are seldom found without several best credentials.

Kamas, Utah, Oct. 4, 5.—The first lecture here was not well attended, on account of so many having gone to the fair and to the semi-annual conference of the Mormons at Salt Lake City. But those who did attend were so deeply interested, they did good work as advertisers, and the second night about all the inhabitants of the township, save those away at Salt Lake, were present and listened with eager interest for nigh two hours to the evidence in regard to "The Bible: Whence It Came, and What It Really Teaches." I left the kind, good friends of Kamas with regret, and long for our next meeting.

Salt Lake City, Opera House, Oct. 7.—On account of the Mormon conference, a Sunday evening meeting at the great Tabernacle, illuminated for the occasion, the attendance was smaller than on the preceding Sunday. To H. P. Mason, the genial, stanch, and true Liberal, and his estimable wife, I am under obligations for kind courtesy and hospitality. They did all possible to make my visit pleasant. Brother Mason and Dr. Chapman most generously exerted themselvs to make my lectures a success.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

In view of the proposed new departure of the American Secular Union, to devote its energies to obtaining money to prosecute the managers of the Girard College for breach of trust, would it not be well, before sending in contributions, to first learn something of the feasibility of the scheme?

Its Quixotism will be at once apparent when the exact words of the will are known. It is not wise to commence litigation on the general impression in regard to a document. Doubtless Stephen Girard was Infidelistic. Certainly he had no love for the clergy. But in regard to the action of the trustees in the management of the Girard College, legally they are sustained and justified in their course by the letter of the will. They are not bound by any presumed intent of the testator, but solely by the intent expressed by the words used by him in his will. Here are the exact words:

> I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans who are to derive advantage from this bequest free from the excitement which clashing doctrins and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is, that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into activ life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow-creatures and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer.

The expressed desire of the testator is to save the orphans from the excitement which clashing doctrins and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce.

There is no expressed desire of the testator that the orphans should be educated so as to induce them to reject all religious tenets—*i. e.*, dogmas and doctrins—but, on the contrary, on leaving the college, they, according to the letter of the will, are expected to adopt such religious dogmas and doctrins as they may prefer.

The trustees do not permit any sectarian controversies or clashing doctrins to be taught in the college, and it can hardly be claimed that the instructors and teachers of the college do not take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality—from a Bible standpoint.

Even if the American Secular Union was a real, practical, influential organization, possessing the confidence of all Liberals, and had unlimited means, is it reasonable to expect it could succeed? Would any judge or jury of the Presbyterian, pious city of Philadelphia decide against the morality of the Bible?

The only hope of a redemption for the Girard College is that the Liberals of the United States may speedily effect a thorough practical organization, and thus gain power and influence sufficient to secure the fourth of the Nine Demands, "That the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited."

When this is accomplished, we can insist on its withdrawal from use in Girard College, under the wording of the will, because the Bible instils into the minds of its readers the vilest principles of immorality (Gen. xii, 13–15; xvi, 3; 1 Pet. iii, 5, 6; Gen. xxx, 18; Deut. xxv, 5; Gen. xix); cruelty and persecution (Num. xxxi, 17, 18; Josh. xi, 6); intolerance (Matt. x, 14, 15; John xv, 6; 2 Thess. i, 7; 1 Cor. v, 5; Isa. lxiii. 3; Ps. lviii, 10; Gal. i, 8, 9; 2 John i, 10); lying (1 Kings xxii, 19–23; 2 Thess. ii, 11; Matt. viii, 20; Mark ii, 15; John i, 39; Rom. iii, 7); intemperance (Num. xxviii, 7; Deut. xiv, 26; Gen. ix, 21; xix, 36; Prov. xxxi, 6, 7); indolence and shiftlessness (Matt. vi, 25, 30, 31; Luke vi, 27–30).

Liberals hav a great work to perform, that will tax to the uttermost all their energies and funds. We hav the grandest aims and objects conceivable. Better seek the most practical means to secure them, not distract, discourage, or disgust by resorting to claptrap or Quixotism. C. B. Reynolds.

The American Secular Union.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treas., - - - - - - Rochelle, Ill.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

To Redeem Girard College.

ANOTHER VENERABLE VETERAN SPEAKS.

PAINESVILLE, O., Nov. 9, 1888.

DEAR BROTHER STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.: Your favor received, and in reply will say I will be one of ten to pay $100 each for the purpose of carrying out Stephen Girard's will. I am not able to write a long letter this morning.

I hope Robert G. Ingersoll will take hold of the case.

Yours most truly, JOSEPH SEDGEBEER.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 15, 1888.

E. A. STEVENS, *Dear Friend:* Hav been watching THE TRUTH SEEKER for responses to the proposition of "Agnosticus" to make up a $1,000 fund to redeem Girard College from the thieving clutches of the redeemed. I shall be pleased to be one of the ten to make up the fund referred to. Sincerely congratulating the Liberals of the country, as well as yourself, on your election to the office you hav so ably filled, I am, Very truly yours, N. F. GRISWOLD.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Put me down for $10 in the Girard ammunition fund. Every man who has any love of liberty and desires to hav his last will and testament honored should help reclaim Girard College, and purge it from the thieving orthodox. Very truly yours, M. L. NICHOLS.

A Regular Romish Carnival.

For that is what the election in Cook county proved to be—an election having far more significance, to those interested in Secularization of the state, than who should be the next national political pap-dispenser.

The county commissioners—Republican and Democratic—known as the "reform" board, which succeeded the "boodle" stealers, who assisted in adding to the Canadian colony of official delinquents, and sending the majority of their predecessors to the Joliet penitentiary, had, as a board, done its duty thoroughly and well. At the head of the most important committee—that of finance—was William Williams, than whom there could be no public servant with more sterling fidelity to a public trust, whose word is as good as his bond, a veteran of the war, and who stands an unflinching soldier of the Secular cause. Unjust claims had little chance for adoption while Williams was around, and it was through his gallant opposition to the fraudulent claim of the Catholics for nearly $20,000 that the American Secular Union was, through its secretary, able to score a splendid victory, the greatest it has yet accomplished—a sweeping decision from the supreme court sustaining our third Demand. Although the supreme court merely affirmed the state constitution, that instrument has, heretofore, been a mere bagatel—for the lower courts were either under control or completely at the service of the papal power. As THE TRUTH SEEKER has already enlightened its readers as to the Chicago Industrial School for Girls, and the means this corporation employed to rob the county, it is not necessary to reiterate them.

So far as known the record of the "reform" board was creditable. They had honestly done their duty, but a majority had dared to oppose the still more potent power than state constitutions, and in consequence hav met their political punishment.

The Democrats were prevailed on to make up a ticket, in which they indorsed such of the "reform" board as had impeded its reform in the particular matter above referred to, who, like faithful followers (as Catholics always are), were willing to violate the law and connive at robbing this community for the honor and glory of God and the church.

From the majority of the candidates nominated, it could readily be seen that the issue was clearly defined—Catholic control of the county board. Of the ten to be voted for in the city, six were Romanists and one doubtful; and out of the five voted by outlying towns, three were Catholics. A certain "Mike" Hays was Mr. Williams's opponent.

Many of our friends did all in their power to avert the threatened calamity, Mr. A. D. O'Neill placing a carriage at the disposal of your secretary, and himself driving me wherever we thought a paster could be utilized for law, justice, and fair play. But the priestly bulldozers—the representativs of the ecclesiastical monarch—had sent forth their political mandate. All our efforts were vain, and the friends of freedom were badly defeated. Now for Romish raids on the county treasury, in spite of supreme court decisions! Last year the secretary could secure the cooperation of the county machinery to defeat sectarian frauds, without putting the American Secular Union to a dollar's worth of expense. Now the tables will be turned, and it will require expensiv litigation to compel the officials to enforce the law.

"A CATHOLIC MENACE TO OUR GOVERNMENT."

In this connection, let me commend your readers to the forcible and brilliant lecture, by L. K. Washburn, with the above caption, published in pamphlet form by the *Investigator*. That masterly and magnificent protest alone, if largely circulated, would open the eyes of our citizens and thwart the schemes of this blighting curse Catholicism. If any can read this eloquent and logical plea without feeling a tinge of shame and a determination to henceforth wage relentless war upon Romish domination, they deserve our scorn and contempt, and if sufficiently numerous, that class will soon wear the chains of superstition their ignorance and indifference hav allowed to be forged. Washburn's brave, burning words are the reveille of the advance guard of freedom—the trumpet-blast on the dawn of the battle for liberty. Buy the pamphlet, read it, circulate it.

The president of the American Secular Union has already opened the campaign by a rousing lecture before the First Society of Spiritualists of Philadelphia on "Hav We a Virtual Union of Church and State in This Country?" His discourse was highly appreciated, and largely attended by prominent merchants of that city; interest in our organization was aroused, and contributions were promised. Dr. Westbrook is determined to make good his remark to the writer: "The Union shall not be sorry for their selection of a president."

Hav had an enjoyable visit from our treasurer, Brother Wettstein, who is one of the most brilliant debaters on the Materialistic side of the house I hav listened to or read, but his affable disposition and uniform courtesy place him high in the esteem of all his opponents. However, the reason I wish to call your attention to the treasurer is on account of the treasury. Brother Wettstein has just completed another fire-proof and burglar-proof vault in his establishment, which he considers adequate to safely depo it all the funds the Liberals of America ought to furnish the American Secular Union. As nothing is so disagreeable to me as pleading to those who profess interest in our cause to support it, I hope that those who can will readily furnish funds to prosecute the work laid out for the year, and the funds can better be used now than hereafter. Now let us see if the Liberals of this land realize the situation and the surrounding dangers. If they do there will be no lack of funds.

Dispatches from Rome convey the information that the Vatican is well pleased at Harrison's election, "at whose hands the Catholic interests of America are not expected to suffer." We would like to know what interests Catholics are supposed to hav other than citizens of the United States.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Colonel Ingersoll's Opinion of "Robert Elsmere."

From the World.

In view of the widespread interest in Mrs. Ward's new book, "Robert Elsmere," which is now holding the attention of the critics of the religious and secular press, a *World* reporter called on Col. Robert G. Ingersoll at his house and secured his views of the book. Colonel Ingersoll has carefully read "Robert Elsmere," and he discusses it with a characteristic eloquence and boldness which points out clearly many ways in which the author might hav made a more powerful work. Colonel Ingersoll repeated the reporter's question and said:

"Why do people read a book like 'Robert Elsmere,' and why do they take any interest in it?" Simply because they are not satisfied with the religion of our day. The civilized world has outgrown the greater part of the Christian creed. Civilized people hav lost their belief in the reforming power of punishment. They find that whips and imprisonment hav but little influence for good. The truth has dawned upon their minds that eternal punishment is infinit cruelty—that it can serve no good purpose, and that the eternity of hell makes heaven impossible. That there can be in this universe no perfectly happy place while there is a perfectly miserable place—that no infinit being can be good who knowingly and, as one may say, willfully created myriads of human beings, knowing that they would be eternally miserable. In other words, the civilized man is greater, tenderer, nobler, nearer just than the old idea of God. The ideal of a few thousand years ago is far below the real of to-day. No good man now would do what Jehovah is said to hav done four thousand years ago, and no civilized human being would now do what, according to the Christian religion, Christ threatens to do at the day of judgment.

Has the Christian religion changed in theory of late years, Colonel Ingersoll?

A few years ago the Deists denied the inspiration of the Bible on account of its cruelty. At the same time they worshiped what they were pleased to call the God of nature. Now we are convinced that nature is as cruel as the Bible, so that, if the god of nature did not write the Bible, this god at least has caused earthquakes and pestilence and famin, and this god has allowed millions of his children to destroy one another. So that now we hav arrived at the question—not as to whether the Bible is inspired, and not as to whether Jehovah is the real God, but whether there is a God or not. The intelligence of Christendom to-day does not believe in an inspired religion any more than it believes in an inspired art or an inspired literature. If there be an infinit God inspiration in some particular regard would be a patch—it would be the puttying of a crack, the hiding of a defect—in other words, it would show that the general plan was defectiv.

Do you consider any religion adequate?

A good man, living in England, drawing a certain salary for reading certain prayers on stated occasions, for making a few remarks on the subject of religion, putting on clothes of a certain cut, wearing a gown with certain frills and flounces starched in an orthodox manner, and then looking about him at the suffering and agony of the world, would not feel satisfied that he was doing anything of value to the human race. In the first place, he would deplore his own weakness, his own poverty, his inability to help his fellow-men. He would long every moment for wealth, that he might feed the hungry and clothe the naked—for knowledge, for miraculous power, that he might heal the sick and the lame, and that he might giv to the deformed the beauty of proportion. He would begin to wonder how a being of infinit goodness and infinit power could allow his children to die, to suffer, to be deformed by necessity, by poverty, to be tempted beyond resistance; how he could allow the few to liv in luxury and the many in poverty and want, and the more he wondered the more useless and ironical would seem to himself his sermons and his prayers. Such a man is driven to the conclusion that religion accomplishes but little; that it creates as much want as it alleviates, and that it burdens the world with parasites. Such a man would be forced to think of the millions wasted in superstition. In other words, the inadequacy, the uselessness, of religion would be forced upon his mind. He would ask himself the question: "Is it possible that this is a divine institution? Is this all that man can do with the assistance of God? Is this the best?"

That is a perfectly reasonable question, is it not, Colonel Ingersoll?

The moment a man reaches the point where he asks himself this question he has ceased to be an orthodox Christian. It will not do to say that in some other world justice will be done. If God allows injustice to triumph here, why not there?

Robert Elsmere stands in the dawn of philosophy. There is hardly light enough for him to see clearly; but there is so much light that the stars in the night of superstition are obscured.

You do not deny that a religious belief is a great comfort?

There is one thing that it is impossible for me to comprehend. Why should anyone, when convinced that Christianity is a superstition, hav or feel a sense of loss? Certainly a man acquainted with England, with London, having at the same time something like a heart, must feel overwhelmed by the failure of what is known as Christianity. Hundreds of thousands exist there without decent food, dwelling in tenements, clothed with rags, familiar with every form of vulgar vice, where the honest poor eat the crust that the vicious throw away. When this man of intelligence, of heart, visits the courts; when he finds human liberty a thing treated as of no value, and when he hears the judge sentencing girls and boys to the penitentiary—knowing that a stain is being put upon them that all the tears of all the coming years can never wash away—knowing, too, and feeling that this is done without the slightest regret, without the slightest sympathy, as a mere matter of form, and that the judge puts this brand of infamy upon the forehead of the convict just as cheerfully as a Mexican brands his cattle; and when this man of intelligence and heart knows that these poor people are simply the victims of society, the unfortunates who stumble and over whose body rolls the Juggernaut—he knows that there is, or at least appears to be, no power above or below working for righteousness—that from the heavens is stretched no protecting hand. And when a man of intelligence and heart in England visits the workhouse, the last resting-place of honest labor; when he thinks that the young man, without any great intelligence but with a good constitution, starts in the morning of his life for the workhouse, and that it is impossible for the laboring man, one who simply has his muscle, to save anything; that health is not able to lay anything by for the days of disease—when the man of intelligence and heart sees all this, he is compelled to say that the civilization of to-day, the religion of to-day, the charity of to-day—no matter how much of good there may be behind them or in them—are failures.

A few years ago people were satisfied when the minister said: "All this will be made even in another world; a crust-eater here will sit at the head of the banquet there, and the king here will beg for the crumbs that fall from the table there." When this was said the poor man hoped and the king laughed. A few years ago the church said to the slave: "You will be free in another world and your freedom will be made glorious by the perpetual spectacle of your master in hell." But the people—that is, many of the people—are no longer deceived by what once

were considered fine phrases. They hav suffered so much that they no longer wish to see others suffer and no longer think of the suffering of others as a source of joy to themselvs. The poor see that the eternal starvation of kings and queens in another world will be no compensation for what they hav suffered here. The old religions appear vulgar, and the ideas of rewards and punishments are only such as would satisfy a cannibal chief or one of his favorits.

Do you think the Christian religion has made the world better?

For many centuries there has been preached and taught in an almost infinit number of ways a supernatural religion. During all this time the world has been in the care of the infinit, and yet every imaginable vice has flourished, every imaginable pang has been suffered, and every injustice has been done. During all these years the priests hav enslaved the minds and the kings the bodies of men. The priests did what they did in the name of God, and the kings appealed to the same source of authority. Man suffered as long as he could. Revolution, reformation, was simply a reaction, a cry from the poor wretch that was between the upper and the nether millstone. The liberty of man has increased just in the proportion that the authority of the gods has decreased. In other words, the wants of man, instead of the wishes of God, hav inaugurated what we call progress, and there is this difference: Theology is based upon the narrowest and intensest form of selfishness. Of course, the theologian knows, the Christian knows, that he can do nothing for God; consequently all that he does must be and is for himself, his object being to win the approbation of this God, to the end that he may become a favorit. On the other side, men touched not only by their own misfortunes but by the misfortunes of others are moved not simply by selfishness but by a splendid sympathy with their fellow-men.

"Christianity certainly fosters charity," the reporter suggested.

Nothing is more cruel than orthodox theology, nothing more heartless than a charitable institution. For instance, in England, think for a moment of the manner in which charities are distributed, the way in which the crust is flung at Lazarus. If that parable could be now retold, the dogs would bite him. The same is true in this country. The institution has nothing but contempt for the one it relieves. The people in charge regard the pauper as one who has wrecked himself. They feel very much as a man would feel rescuing from the water some hare-brained wretch who had endeavored to swim the rapids of Niagara—the moment they reach him they begin to upbraid him for being such a fool. This course makes charity a hypocrit, with every pauper for its enemy.

Mrs. Ward compelled Robert Elsmere to perceive, in some slight degree, the failure of Christianity to do away with vice and suffering, with poverty and crime. We know that the rich care but little for the poor. No matter how religious the rich may be, the sufferings of their fellows hav but little effect upon them. We are also beginning to see that what is called charity will never redeem this world. The poor man willing to work, eager to maintain his independence, knows that there is something higher than charity—that is to say, justice. He finds that many years before he was born his country was divided out between certain successful robbers, flatterers, cringers, and crawlers, and that in consequence of such division not only himself but a large majority of his fellow-men are tenants, renters, occupying the surface of the earth only at the pleasure of others. He finds, too, that these people who hav done nothing and who do nothing hav everything, and that those who do everything hav but little. He finds that idleness has the money and that the toilers are compelled to bow to the idlers. He finds also that the young men of genius are bribed by social distinctions—unconsciously it may be, but still bribed in a thousand ways. He finds that the church is a kind of waste-basket into which are thrown the younger sons of titled idleness.

Do you consider that society in general has been made better by religious influences?

Society is corrupted because the laurels, the titles, are in the keeping and within the gift of the corrupters. Christianity is not an enemy of this system—it is in harmony with it. Christianity reveals to us a universe presided over by an infinit autocrat—a universe without republicanism, without democracy—a universe where all power comes from one and the same source, and where everyone using authority is accountable, not to the people, but to this supposed source of authority. Kings reign by divine right. Priests are ordained in a divinely appointed way—they do not get their office from man. Man is their servant, not their master.

In the story of Robert Elsmere all there is of Christianity is left after an excision of the miraculous. Theism remains, and the idea of a protecting providence is left, together with a belief in the immeasurable superiority of Jesus Christ. That is to say, the miracles are discarded for lack of evidence, and only for lack of evidence; not on the ground that they are impossible, not on the ground that they impeach and deny the integrity of cause and effect, not on the ground that they contradict the self-evident proposition that an effect must hav an efficient cause, but like the Scotch verdict: "Not proven." It is an effort to save and keep in repair the dungeons of the Inquisition for the sake of the beauty of the vines that hav overrun them. Many people imagin that falsehoods may become respectable on account of age, that a certain reverence goes with antiquity, and that if a mistake is covered with the moss of sentiment, it is altogether more credible than a parvenu fact. They endeavor to introduce the idea of aristocracy into the world of thought, believing, and honestly believing, that a falsehood long believed is far superior to a truth that is generally denied.

If Robert Elsmere's views were commonly adopted, what would be the effect?

The new religion of Elsmere is, after all, only a system of outdoor relief, an effort to get successful piracy to giv up a larger per cent for the relief of its victims. The abolition of the system is not dreamed of. A civilized minority could not by any possibility be happy while a majority of the world were miserable; a civilized majority could not be happy while a minority were miserable. As a matter of fact, a civilized world could not be happy while one man was really miserable. At the foundation of civilization is justice—that is to say, the giving of an equal opportunity to all the children of men. Secondly, there can be no civilization in the highest sense until sympathy becomes universal. We must hav a new definition for success. We must hav new ideals. The man who succeeds in amassing wealth, who gathers money for himself, is not a success. It is an exceedingly low ambition to be rich, to excite the envy of others, or for the sake of the vulgar power it giv's to triumph over others. Such men are failures. So the man who wins fame, position, power, and wins these for the sake of himself, and wields this power not for the elevation of his fellow-men, but simply to control, is a miserable failure. He may dispense thousands or millions in charity, and his charity may be prompted by the meanest part of his nature—using it simply as a bait to catch more fish, and to prevent the rising tide of indignation that might overwhelm him. Men who steal millions and then giv a small percentage to the Lord to gain the praise of the clergy, and to bring the salvation of their souls within the possibilities of imagination, are all failures.

Robert Elsmere gains our affection and our applause to the extent that he gives up what are known as orthodox views, and his wife Catharine retains our respect in the proportion that she livs the doctrin that Elsmere preaches. By doing what she believes to be right, she gains our forgivness for her creed. One is astonished that she can be as good as she is, believing as she does. The utmost stretch of our intellectual charity is to allow the old wine to be put in a new bottle, and yet she regrets the absence of the old bottle—she really believes that the bottle is the important thing—that the wine is but a secondary consideration. She misses the label, and not having perfect confidence in her own taste, she does not feel quite sure that the wine is genuin.

What, on the whole, is your judgment of the book?

I think the book conservativ. It is an effort to save something—a few shreds and patches and ravelings—from the wreck. Theism is difficult to maintain. Why should we expect an infinit being to do better in another world than he has done and is doing in this? If he allows the innocent to suffer here, why not there? If he allows rascality to succeed in this world, why not in the next? To believe in God and to deny his personality is an exceedingly vague foundation for a consolation. If you insist on his personality and power, then it is impossible to account for what happens. Why should an infinit God allow some of his children to enslave others? Why should he allow a child of his to burn another child of his, under the impression that such a sacrifice was pleasing to him?

Unitarianism lacks the motiv power. Orthodox people who insist that nearly everybody is going to hell, and that it is their duty to do what little they can to save their souls, hav what you might call a spur to action. We can imagin a philanthropic man engaged in the business of throwing ropes to persons about to go over the falls of Niagara, but we can hardly think of his carrying on the business after becoming convinced that there are no falls, or that people go over them in perfect safety. In this country the question has come up whether all the heathen are bound to be damned unless they believe in the gospel. Many admit that the heathen will be saved if they are good people, and that they will not be damned for not believing something that they never heard. The really orthodox people—that is to say, the missionaries—instantly see that this doctrin destroys their business. They take the ground that there is but one way to be saved—you must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—and they are willing to admit, and to cheerfully admit, that the heathen for many generations hav gone in an unbroken column down to eternal wrath.

Educational.

From San Francisco Freethought.

Last year I was a member of the board of inspectors of election in the twenty-somethingth election district of the third assembly district of the city of New York. The chairman of the board had a tailor shop next door to the polling-place, and did not like to neglect his business, so it fell upon myself, in the cases of several scores of candidates for registration, to administer the oath or affirmation. My remarks on these occasions were substantially to this effect: "You do solemnly affirm that you will fully and truly answer all such questions as shall be put to you touching your name, place of birth, place of residence, and your right to register and vote under the laws of this state." Some of the applicants observed that this constituted an affirmation, not an oath, and demanded the substitution of "swear" for "affirm," and kissed the book. The policeman in attendance, who was a Roman Catholic, insisted that the board should require the swearer to remove his hat during the votiv ceremony, and that the affirmant should do the same and in addition elevate his right hand. I declined to enforce these formalities, and the officer went off to headquarters for instructions. As he did not renew the subject upon his return, I infer that the people at headquarters gave him no comfort, and he contented himself with uncovering his own head during the administration of the prescribed oath. Some discussion occurred, in which, as a minority of one, I maintained that the oath had no business in politics, it being a religious ceremony. The man who swears, as I understand it, calls in the deity to witness the veracity of his deposition, while the one who affirms simply takes a legal obligation to tell the truth.

I am reminded of these things by a dispatch which appeared in last Saturday's *Chronicle*, whereby I learn that my distinguished brother, the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, has had a victorious tussle with a board of enlightened inspectors. It appears that upon presenting himself for registration, the chairman of the board handed him the Bible and commenced the usual recitation of an oath. The applicant ignored the sacred volume and stated, respectfully, that he preferred to affirm. Thereupon the official demanded that he should raise his right hand toward heaven, and thereupon, also, the Editor again demurred. He was then asked, "Do you believe in a God?" The dispatch says that to this query the Editor replied that the inspector had no right to ask such a question, but I suspect that his answer was more emphatic than this general statement of the case would imply. The board with unanimity declined to register the recusant journalist.

From the decision of the board the Editor appealed to the supreme court, as represented by Judge Barrett, for a mandamus compelling the inspectors to register him, and in opposition those gentlemen sent in their affidavits stating that he had refused to swear or to affirm in the usual manner. The judge was a righteous one. He said that the chairman of the board had no business to ask a man to uplift his hand; a citizen had been denied his legal rights, and the board must reconvene and register the applicant. In his written opinion Judge Barrett said: "Inspectors hav no right to require a man to affirm with uplifted hand, nor was it within their province to demand the religious test. Indeed, their interrogations about the relator's belief in the existence of the deity was an impertinence to which no citizen, in the absence of any suspicion of untruthfulness, should be subjected."

I consider this case one worthy to be recorded in leaded type to the credit of our contemporary. The relator, as Mr. Barrett designates the elder brother of this writer, is a public educator. The inspectors are not to blame for their course. They didn't know any better. The secular affairs of the state, generally, are so permeated by theology that it is no wonder they thought that some higher power than the statutes should be invoked by the sign of an uplifted hand. They knew that every public officer, including themselvs, takes an oath upon being installed. Even the president of the United States so far recognizes the sacred character of the Bible as to swear upon it on inauguration day. They regard an affirmation as a mere conformance to the letter of the law, not its spirit, and look with suspicion upon a person who declines to take an oath. I learned this from two years' service on an election board. Therefore, as previously stated, the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is a public educator. It is as senseless to ask a man or woman to uplift the right hand as it would be to insist that the right foot should be placed on an equal elevation with the shoulder during the recital of an affirmation.

G. E. M.

COLONEL INGERSOLL is announced for a lecture in Toronto within a few weeks. It is said that he will be heard on the platform often this winter.

D. G. CROW will answer calls to organize or lecture at points between St. Louis and Denver during the next three months. State particulars and address him for terms at Sabetha, Kan. He will also take subscribers for the leading Freethought papers; this includes the G. O. P. of course.

Freethought in Texas.

Correspondence of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"The Athens of Texas," Waco is called, because of a large and varied collection of educational institutions. A stranger, who was being shown the sights of the city by the Brazos, once said: "The name is appropriate. Waco is indeed another Athens, for she has a 'temple to the unknown God.'"

There are unbelievers in every community. But where else is there an organization of avowed Infidels with a charter, incorporated under the state laws, with a structure upon the pattern of a church, and with a leader who sustains a relationship to the flock approaching that of a pastor? Certainly there is nothing like this elsewhere in Texas, and it is doubtful if just such a society and building can be found in any other state.

In its charter, taken out in 1882, this is known as the Religious and Benevolent Association. The objects are declared to be "ethical culture and the dissemination of Freethought." There are about two hundred and fifty people identified with the society. "The temple of the unknown God," as it is sometimes called, or Liberal Hall, as it is more properly known, is a large, well-built structure, centrally situated. It was planned and built by this congregation of Infidels. The exterior is plain, and at a glance passes for a church. The interior is neatly and comfortably furnished. There is no altar rail, no baptismal font, no pulpit. But there is a raised platform and a reading desk. The auditorium will seat comfortably three hundred people.

The man at the head of this society is James D. Shaw, who was for some years a prominent divine in the Methodist church. He still dresses in black, and many people call him Dr. Shaw. "A man of intense thought," is the involuntary comment on first sight. His earnest, piercing black eyes are set deeply. The brow is furrowed as if by much puzzling over hard problems. The face is eminently intellectual; there is nothing heavy or gross about his person or manner. Mr. Shaw has no hesitation in talking of the peculiar organization over which he presides. He has an easy, pleasant manner, and evidently takes much the same earnest interest in his work that he did when he was in regular standing as an orthodox minister.

"We are simply non-creedal," he said in reply to an inquiry for information about the society. "Ethical culture is our aim. We are endeavoring to establish a system of ethical culture based upon the common sense of the race. We devote our efforts to inculcating truth, honesty, benevolence, and purity—purity without any regard to divine authority or future rewards or punishments. We leave our people free. We don't dictate to them in a field we hav no means of surveying or determining. We don't require our people to say they believe or don't believe anything. Our congregation is wholly independent. When a man speaks he is expected to speak his own thoughts, no matter whether we believe the same or not. We are not connected with any other congregation in the world. We hav no test of membership."

To the suggestion that there must be some principles in common to hold the congregation together, Mr. Shaw replied that the only thing that could be so construed was what the society calls "the Demands of Liberalism." These demands are nine in number. They are in the nature of a platform rather than a creed. They form the ground upon which the Liberals stand together.

"We do not consider ourselvs a church," continued Mr. Shaw when he had gone over the Demands; "we work under a charter, the terms of which require us to hav a board of directors. When we hold a business meeting we ask everybody to stay to it."

He was asked to define his own status and replied: "Our directors hav the right, under our charter, to license persons to lecture, and those persons are entitled to all the privileges and exemptions granted to ministers under the law of the state."

"To perform the marriage ceremony?"

"Yes."

"And what kind of a ceremony is it?"

"I use an extemporaneous form, something suitable to the occasion, in joining people in marriage. I don't say anything about 'whom God hath joined together.' I marry by authority of the state."

The conversation turned upon the character of the services held in Liberal Hall.

"You hav no ritual?" was suggested.

"No," said Mr. Shaw; "we usually open with singing. We sing anything that we think will please. It may be 'Suwanee River,' or 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' We sing with regard to the music rather than to the words. I kept one choir together three years."

The shadow of a smile flitted over the serious face as Mr. Shaw added: "That is a rather unusual length of time to hold a choir unbroken, you know. Our choir was one of the best in the city."

"Do you make any special effort toward training the young?"

"No; we hav nothing that corresponds to the Sunday-school. We leave education to the public schools."

Responding to an inquiry about the support and the attendance, Mr. Shaw said: "We depend on voluntary subscriptions. Our attendance varies. Last Sunday two-thirds of the chairs were occupied. Sometimes the attendance is not so good. I find that a series of lectures, say on evolution, which creates a growing interest, will hav the effect of soon filling the hall. There is one thing the church has which we do not. Our people do not think it necessary to attend the meetings as a matter of duty. We encourage people to come only when they feel that they will enjoy the meeting. If we don't see them there Sunday night we don't go round on Monday and ask why they stayed away. The churches teach people that they must go whether they feel like it or don't; they must go to please God and save their souls."

Going on to speak of the matter of attendance, which has evidently been something of a problem with the society, Mr. Shaw said: "We hav found, from an experience of nearly six years, that we do not need meetings so often as the churches do, and I don't know but we will soon conclude to hav one good entertainment a month, instead of more frequent meetings. I think people will enjoy it more than a meeting every week."

Speaking of what might be called his pastoral work, Mr. Shaw said: "I am invited often to speak at funerals. I never speculate as to the condition of a man after he is dead. If he has been a good man, I take his life for my theme and draw the lesson from it. But I find it up-hill work to say much when a man's life has been evil."

From his work, Mr. Shaw was led to speak of himself. "I was a Methodist preacher for twelve years," he said. "I preached in this city. Texas is my nativ state. I am in conflict with the denominational faiths, but at the same time they misrepresent me when they say I am trying to flaunt my Infidelity in the faces of Christian people. I teach them with consideration and I would be glad to be treated in the same way. My treatment of these issues is always sober and serious. I don't attribute anything to divine providence. I don't consider that I am blaspheming when I declare my unbelief in the various creeds. My present views are as sacred to me as those I held when I believed in Christ. I was an honest preacher and I came to my present position while trying to prove to myself what I had been taught to preach. I did not put the church to the trouble of trying me, but withdrew. The church honored me, paid me well, and appreciated my services. I hav made it a rule never to speak harshly of the church."

Mr. Shaw was asked how he classed himself among unbelievers? Was he an Agnostic? He replied: "I suppose I would be so termed, but I don't object to the term Atheist. I am an Infidel and not ashamed of it."

Perhaps the most striking declaration that fell from his lips was in regard to his work at the head of this organization. He said: "I believe in working for humanity, and I find the same enthusiasm in my work that I did when I was in the church. I feel as much called to preach as I ever did, only the call now is different in character. This call is my own nature leading me to preach."

There is one point upon which Mr. Shaw is quite sensitiv in discussing his former relation with the church. He was, in spite of his youth, put forward by admiring friends for the office of bishop. He received quite a number of votes, but was not elected. Some people hav said his disappointment prompted Mr. Shaw to leave the church. Speaking of this insinuation Mr. Shaw said with much earnestness: "There is much truth to the story. I was a member of the general conference—was present when bishops were elected and received a small complimentary vote. In point of ministerial seniority I was one of the youngest, if not the youngest, of the clerical delegates in the conference, and therefore could not hav expected such preferment over the heads of older men. While I was then struggling with skepticism and doubt on every hand, I had not lost all hope of remaining sufficiently orthodox to continue in the church and in the ministry too. I did not feel that because a few personal friends wanted to elevate me to the office of a bishop I should make known the struggle I was maintaining in my mind; and now after these years of reflection and retrospect I can not see that I acted inconsistently. I had been advanced rapidly from the beginning of my clerical career, and at the time I withdrew from the church resigned more important offices than any other member of my conference had ever been intrusted with. The little vote I had received for the episcopal office was larger than any that was ever given to a Texas preacher. I need not conceal the fact that I left that general conference with as many and as flattering prospects of becoming a bishop as any man in it. It is not egotism that prompts me to say that, in all probabilities, if I had remained in the church four more years, I would hav been elected to that office. I sacrificed more to get out of the church than I ever did to get into it, and more than my enemies would were they to come out."

Besides acting as lecturer for the Liberal congregation at Waco, Mr. Shaw publishes a monthly called the *Independent Pulpit*. He points to a circulation up in the thousands as evidence that Infidelity is growing. In the course of an hour's conversation Mr. Shaw never once descended to the flippant scoffing in which unbelievers are prone to indulge. From first to last he was intensely earnest. Mr. Shaw's flock, if the expression may be used, embraces some of the more intelligent people of Waco, but not all of them are so considerate of the feelings of church people as he is. They delight in controversy. They like nothing better than to lure a minister whose self-conceit exceeds his intellectual weight into a debate with their talented leader and then enjoy the discomfiture of the church people.

Roman Catholic Theory of Spiritualism.

From the Catholic Union and Times.

When we speak of the tricks and shams of Spiritualists we do not mean to imply that Spiritualism is all a delusion arising from ignorance and superstition, or that there is no truth at the bottom of it. There was never a trick or a fraud or a lie that did not rest for its existence on some truth of which it was the caricature, contortion, or pretended verisimilitude. Without genuin coin there cannot be a counterfeit, without light there can be no shadow. Hence he is a poor philosopher who, in view of the shams and frauds of modern Spiritualism, cannot see behind and back of them all something real.

Spiritualism, or Spiritism, as Dr. Brownson prefers to call it, must be considered from two points of view. It must be considered as a series of phenomena, or facts, and as a religion.

Taken as phenomena that cannot be accounted for by the laws of nature, we must admit that there are intelligences in another order of existence who can communicate—hav communion with—intelligences in this our order of existence. We must do this or reject the credibility of human testimony, for if this testimony is of no value in verifying those facts known to man as preternatural or supernatural, it is of no value for any of the facts of human life or history. This universe is larger than we can see or even imagin. While in it we are in the condition of the unhatched chick. While yet in the shell its knowledge is confined to its narrow limits, but when the shell is broken what a vast and heretofore unimagined expanse is presented to its view! When the shell of this initiatory state of our endless existence is shattered by the cold hand of death a universe will open out before our spiritual vision as much larger than this, as this is larger than the egg-shell.

Beings may be divided into three classes: the purely material, the material and spiritual combined as in man, and the purely spiritual. All these are in and of the same universe of God. They are in different departments, and the communication is limited, but it still exists.

That these purely spiritual beings, good and bad, can and do hav communication with beings in our order of existence is an ineradicable belief of the human race. Whenever we find a history of man, whether in remote antiquity or in modern times, we find this belief unchanged. It cannot be accounted for in any way but by the supposition that it is the result of an original revelation in some form.

The holy scriptures, both old and new, giv us numberless illustrations of this. The first speech was between the infinit spirit and the first man. God spoke with Adam. An evil spirit tempted Eve, and a spirit with a flaming sword drove the fallen pair from the garden of Eden. And thus on down through the Old Testament the events show an intermingling of the two worlds of intelligence. Moses forbade consulting the dead, which proves that such consultations were had, for the great lawgiver would not hav forbidden a practice that had no existence. Saul disregarded this injunction, consulted the witch of Endor, who called up the ghost of Samuel to foretell the overthrow of Saul. In the New Testament we find the birth of our redeemer announced by angels. At his transfiguration Moses and Elias appeared with him, and at his death the dead came back and walked the streets of Jerusalem. He expelled demons from those possessed and gave the same power to his apostles. That good angels can intervene in our behalf is evident from the doctrin of the communion of saints; and that evil spirits can torment and afflict man is shown by the prayers of exorcisms used by the church.

To be convinced that this intercourse between the two worlds exists to-day as in former times one need but consult those able men who hav made this department of knowledge a study—such men as Goerres, in his "Mystique Divine" and "Mystique Diabolique;" Bizuard, in his "Rapport de l'homme avec le Demon;" Gmeiner, in his "Spirits of Darkness;" Brownson's *Spirit Rapper*, and Robert Dale Owen's "Footprints of Another World." All these supply indisputable testimony to facts, and demonstrate that communications with extra-mundane

intelligences are of as frequent occurrence to-day as in any former time.

Taking it for granted that Spiritualism as above explained is a fact, what bearing has it on us, and what should be our conduct in relation to it?

Robert Dale Owen held that the facts of Spiritualism supplemented the teachings of Christianity and proved more clearly than Christianity does the future life and the immortality of the soul. He went still further and held that Spiritualism is a higher development of Christianity, and that it stands in the same relation to the latter that the latter stood to Judaism; in a word, that it is the only means now left us to come to a knowledge of supernatural truth. Here Mr. Owen takes Spiritualism out of the domain of facts and introduces it into the domain of theory. We agree with him as to the facts, but reject his deductions as well as the theories or so-called religion he builds on them.

And, first, Does Spiritualism prove the continued existence of the soul after death? Does it prove the immortality of the soul?

Both questions must be answered in the negativ. To prove by the facts of Spiritualism alone the existence of the human soul after death, it is necessary to identify that soul with the personality of some one who has existed on earth and died. But the facts of Spiritualism do not offer sufficient data for this necessary identification. Therefore Spiritualism does not and cannot prove the continued existence of a human soul after death. Let us show this by an illustration. Suppose at a séance a spirit presents itself as that of Napoleon Bonaparte, how can it be proved that it is in reality the soul of Bonaparte? How can you prove that it is not some living spirit that never inhabited this world in human flesh? In the nature of the case you hav nothing to build on but the testimony of a spiritual intelligence whose character you do not and cannot know. Hence its identity with the soul of Bonaparte cannot be demonstrated, and without this identification it cannot be proved from the facts of Spiritualism that the soul of the great commander continued to exist after his death. This being the case, Spiritualism does not prove that the soul survives one instant after death.

Does Spiritualism prove the immortality of the soul? It does not and cannot, and for the following reasons: To prove the immortality of the soul it is not enough to prove that a soul, say that of Bonaparte, has continued to exist up to the present time. The mere fact that it has existed up to the present moment does not prove that it will never cease to exist. It may be said in reply that a spirit existing in the other world can know its own immortality. There are two answers to this. If it knows its own immortality, it can know it only in the same way that we already know it, namely, by revelation from God, in which case we do not need the testimony of the spirit. We hav that from God himself, who can speak to us as easily as he can speak to the spirit of the dead.

We hav said that a spirit, like ourselvs here on earth, cannot know its own immortality except by revelation. Let us see why. If it does not know it by revelation, it must know it by experience. There is no other way. But it cannot know it by experience, because no finite being can experience an endless experience. An eternal future life cannot be experienced, because to be experienced it must be completed, and when completed it has ceased to be eternal. Even in this life our experience extends only to the present moment in which you are reading these words. It goes no farther. We cannot experience to-morrow. That which we experience is to-day, the now. The future is nothing to us as an experience. Eternal life supposes a future ever receding from us. And that it will ever continue to recede from us we can only know from God, who has revealed the fact to us and to intelligences in the other world.

The other reason why the testimony of a spirit does not prove immortality is that we do not know the character of the spirit, whether it be a truthful or a lying spirit—a black or a white one. Experience proves that those spirits who go on exhibition for an entrance fee or gate money, are not the kind on whose testimony we would like to rest our immortality.

It follows from what we hav said that Spiritualism does not prove continued life after death; nor does it prove immortality.

The church forbids her children having anything to do with Spiritualism and Spiritualists. There is danger in it to morals as well as to sanity. We hav no means of testing these spirits, whether they are good or bad, and while this is the case it is the part of wisdom to avoid all possibility of getting under the influence of the devil.

Roman Catholic Practice of Spiritualism.

W. W. Judson in the Olive Branch.

Thomas Lahan, who livs near Los Gatos, California, recently jumped upon his wife while in bed and stamped the life out of her. Upon being examined in court Lahan talked of evil spirits having taken possession of his house and worrying him for a long time. He had taken a Catholic priest to his house to pray for his wife, and the priest had left a bottle of holy water with which to exorcise the evil spirit if it returned. He said that people told him that he had killed his wife, but he knew better—he had killed something which he thought must hav been the devil. The priest in giving his testimony said that it was apparent that the wife was not in her normal state, and appeared to be insane; she seemed to think that she could not get along with Lahan. Speaking of Lahan he said that the man was very religiously inclined; he did not appear to be insane. Thomas Lahan is a perfect specimen of what the Catholic church can mold certain persons into, and what it openly advocates should be the highest mental form of all its followers. As long as our government recognizes the institution of Christian priesthood, by making the same semi-official and consequently entitled to a part of the public funds, just so long must priestly precepts be honored by the same government.

Our judiciary deal with evil, which they designate crime, and to stamp out the same they resort to various means; among others, the taking of human life. The clerical branch of our judiciary put in their public time also eradicating evil, exorcising devils. Now, when the Catholic priest placed holy water, an emblem of authority, in the hands of Lahan, he deputized Lahan to make war upon evil spirits, consequently the taking off of Mrs. Lahan was only an incident in the maintenance of order through the clerical part of our judiciary, and any attempt upon the part of citizens or officers of the law to make out a case of murder or insanity against Thomas Lahan would be contrary to all recognized principles of compulsory good behavior and morality.

Hob-nailed, stoga boot-heels upon the feet of an unauthorized agent of priesthood to enforce rational disciplin among spirits who do not heed holy water swayism, is no worse than eight feet of greased rope in the hands of a deputy sheriff, for the purpose of terrorizing over mortals when other means fail to satisfy the blind goddess. We are bound to take this view of the case, or antagonize the majesty of national law by contending that Thomas Lahan is guilty of murdering his wife because he had no legal right to use force, either secular or clerical, against spirits or mortals; further, that any priest assuming to confer such authority is guilty of a misdemeanor, and when crime is the result of such act then said priest becomes a party in crime, and the church organization back of said priest must be held responsible by the general government. Religious institutions will never regulate themselvs. They are a tyranny in their way as much as the czar of all the Russias is in his. It is a question of authority, and a question of which is best, for the people at large to regulate all the affairs of this nation, the same being their own, or hav them regulated by this or that church sovereignty.

A precedent is already established. The Mormon church as an authority gave its followers certain laws; some of the practices under these laws not being considered to confer the greatest good to the greatest number, that church was attacked by the government, laws were passed to regulate church law, and proceedings were instituted against the Mormon church. Now, if the Catholic or any other church laws and teachings lead to practices detrimental to the general good of our people, it is the duty of our government to regulate the same. The worshiping of something or nothing, according to the dictates of one's own conscience, has nothing to do with the foolish and pernicious teachings of religious bodies which cause loss of life, and induce young girls to leave the pathway of practical usefulness, some to enter for life a convent or nunnery, others to join a Salvation brigade, pass their time thumping a tambourine, singing songs, and marching through the public streets.

The Chief Obstacle in the Way of Woman Suffrage.

From the Woman's Tribune.

At a recent reception in Chicago a gentleman asked me, "What is the chief obstacle in the way of Woman Suffrage?" I replied, "The apathy of women themselvs, due chiefly to the perversion of their religious sentiments."

The same principle that has held woman in abject slavery, in all ages, under all forms of religion, degrades her to-day. "Thus saith the Lord," has ever been a talisman by which tyrants hav held the masses in subjection.

It needs but little observation in other countries, if prejudice blinds us to the views in our own, to convince any fair mind of the truth of my assertion. It is a religious custom that dooms two living wives to the grave of a dead chief in central Africa; the widow to the funeral pyre of her Hindoo husband.

It is through their religion that women are held in the Turkish harem; and consent to polygamous relations in Utah. No other power but the religious sentiment could hold half the race in such degrading bondage. It is the perversion of the religious sentiment that crowds the convents with beautiful girls, the very cream of French society. I visited one retreat where an order, dressed in pale blue and white flowing robes, take turns to kneel and pray at the altar, where night and day their devotions never cease.

The Jew in his ritual on each returning Sabbath day thanks the Lord that he was not born a woman, while the woman is made to say, "I thank thee, O Lord, that I am what I am, according to thy holy will." The women who crowd our Christian temples are sedulously taught their inferiority in the scale of being, and their subjection to man. Paul's epistles abound with lessons of her obedience to man as sovereign, and the Old Testament represents her as a marplot in creation, an afterthought, the origin of sin, in collusion with the devil, cursed of God in her maternity, and marriage for her made a condition of slavery. "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth thy children; thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

The Pentateuch abounds with degrading expressions of everything female in the animal kingdom, women being considered too unclean to take part in the religious feasts and sacrifices.

With such lessons taught in the Bible and echoed and reëchoed on each returning Sabbath day in every pulpit in the land, how can woman escape the feeling that the injustice and oppression she suffers are of divine ordination? She is educated to reverence the priests and bishops, to believe in the plenary inspiration of the scriptures, and as both alike teach her subjection and inferiority, it is not easy to teach her terms of self-respect and equality.

Blind faith in accepted authorities, a reverence for the unknown and unknowable when enforced in the name of religion, are stronger passions in the human soul than love of country, than natural affection for family and kindred, than even life itself. The history of the race is one huge record of individual sacrifice at the supposed pleasure of some invisible power, and under all forms of religion woman has been the greatest sufferer, and has never been recognized as an equal factor in any civilization.

Her seeming satisfaction in the most degrading conditions could never hav been accomplished except through her religion. Every time I hav made this assertion Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart, and all of them hav vied with one another in barking the loudest.

In looking over some old papers, I find letters from all the good men most activ in the inauguration of our movement, expressing surprise at the indifference of women. I giv one from Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It is written in answer to an invitation to attend a convention:

NEWPORT, R. I., May 2, 1886.

DEAR MRS. STANTON: I hav been delayed by excess of writing on other matters, and by doubt what to say.

I never go to conventions now, and dislike public speaking. A letter I will *try* to write.

My *convictions* as to the political rights of woman are unchanged. My *faith* is clogged by two things. First, ——'s entire absorption in her own household, and admission that the mother of young children must during her prime of life be so absorbed; and, second, my deep impression, at the South, of the impossibility of a race of *contented* slaves. I had always taken the ground that the acquiescence of the vast majority of women was like that of slaves, but observation has taught me that no such phenomenon is to be found among slaves. The acquiescence of women—for it is not an unwilling, coerced, dogged submission—is an argument hard to answer, *for a man*. Certainly men can never secure women's rights vicariously for them. Hence a sort of chill of discouragement, for it is no more.

With increased respect for women like yourself who *are* dissatisfied, I am, Cordially yours, T. W. HIGGINSON.

I find similar expressions in letters from Garrison, Phillips, Channing, and Sargent, but none of them offer a reason for it. No one who objects to my reason offers any other.

Now, it is plain to me that woman lacks a proper self-respect, and equally plain that the religious theories in regard to her nature and status as a human being are responsible for her condition of subjection. Wherever the canon law has touched the civil law, it has made woman's condition more degraded.

It is woman's position in the church, and the holy books accepted as authority, that make political equality so difficult.

When intelligent, educated women can sit in a Methodist conference, such as was held in New York city in May last, or in a Pan-Presbyterian council such as was held in Philadelphia five years ago, and listen with patience to the contemptuous opinions expressed in regard to their sex, we need no longer wonder at the degraded condition of the masses. And these are the very women who beg continually for the charities; they get up the fairs and donation parties, work slippers and make gowns for the bishops, and as a reward for their devotion they are denied a seat in their councils.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

Depraved Christians.

From the Independent.

To one who believes that the Bible is the word of God, and that Jesus Christ is the only savior of sinners, nothing can be more astonishing than the careless indifference with which millions treat both. They pay no attention to what ought to be their first concern. This is one of the mysteries of human depravity.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

There are on our books about a thousand subscribers whose time ran out some months since, and who hav not paid for the papers they hav been reading since then. The political campaign just closed has diverted men's minds from more important matters, and we are not surprised that some of our friends hav forgotten that they owe us a few dollars. Now, however, that the country is safe we hope these delinquents will promptly turn their attention to saving THE TRUTH SEEKER. Bills hav been sent to our debtors, and the amounts thereof are urgently needed here. We trust that we shall receive them at once. We need money, we need it badly, and we want it now.

A Few Things to Be Thankful For.

The people of this country are ordered by the president and the governors of the various states to assemble themselvs together on Thursday, November 29th, and giv thanks. As a good many of them are unable to recollect just what they are thankful for, we jot down a few occurrences, permitted by the Lord since the last similar occasion, to help their memories. Let us giv thanks:

For a bloody fight between Roman Catholics and Orangemen at Killybean, Ireland. Ireland is particularly the home of the Lord.

That our government has had no trouble with Russia to interfere with the latter's persecution of the Jews, or to prevent their slaughter by hundreds. The Jews, it will be recollected, forced a Roman official to kill Christ.

For the conversion by the Salvation Army of Wm. Shelby, who immediately killed his daughter.

For the January blizzard in Dakota which called a thousand souls to God.

For the conversion and execution of about two dozen murderers. Their souls are with the saints, we trust, for which extra thanks should be rendered by their victims and those going the other way.

For the Roman Catholic Fenians who met in this town and decided that Irish mothers must teach their children that it is no murder to kill English officials in Ireland, and that it is no crime to apply the torch to English towns. If this country were only completely filled with such folks, one day of thanksgiving would not be sufficient.

For the cold weather and deep snow last winter in the Canadian Northwest, in consequence of which several hundreds of Indians starved to death. These Indians were not Christians, and no missionaries shared their fate. Let us thank God.

That the floods along the Yellow river in China drowned 100,000 persons and rendered about 2,000,000 destitute. These yellow-skinned folks were Confucians.

That Dr. Buckley was reëlected editor of the *Christian Advocate* to abuse THE TRUTH SEEKER.

For the Eastern blizzard in which many hundreds were frozen to death and many scores drowned at sea.

For the fire in a theater at Oporto, Portugal, burning up about 100 ungodly persons.

For the cyclone which destroyed the Baptist and Methodist churches of Calhoun, Ga. The faith of the brethren was thereby thoroughly tested.

For a mine explosion in Missouri which cost thirty lives.

That Talmage is still alive.

For a flood in Germany which left 15,000 persons without shelter.

That Mrs. Cleveland was made a life-member of the executiv committee of the Presbyterian Home Missions.

For the White Caps of Indiana.

That thousands of Russian peasants died of hunger. Being good Christians, they are now in heaven.

For the fire in a South African mine which burnt several hundred miners.

For Elliott F. Shepard and his *Mail and Express* in which to print scripture texts.

For the drunken but Catholic saloonkeeper who gouged out his wife's eyes. Her eyes offended him and he plucked them out, as it was written.

For the collision that sunk the Geiser and drowned 105 people. Otherwise they would hav gone to Europe and had a good time.

For Tammany Hall and Archbishop Corrigan.

That the floods in Spain drowned as many hundreds as they did.

For the Irish religious riots constantly occurring.

That the new German emperor hates the Jews and persecutes them.

For the yellow fever in Florida, killing 400 and disabling thousands.

For "Old Hutch," who sent the price of bread up about 20 per cent.

For the decree that sacred images may be made of papier-maché. The low price of this article will enable everybody to hav an image.

For the Anglican bishops who ordered their clergy to be very cautious on doctrinal points.

That we hav railroads to Canada for defaulting Sunday-school superintendents to travel on.

For Mr. Gladstone.

For Cardinal Manning.

For Frances E. Willard.

For Anthony Comstock.

For the preachers.

And many other things, acts, and persons too numerous to mention, let us thank God. Let the poor thank him for their poverty; the rich for their riches; the sick for their sickness; the healthy for their health. Thank him for what you hav, and for what you havn't; for what you expect to get, but won't, and for what you don't expect to get, but will. Thank him for everything, whether it happens or not, for it's all the same—he has just as much to do with what doesn't happen as he has with anything that does occur. Thank him for death and thank him for life. If he takes away your wife or child or husband or friend, thank him and praise him for his goodness because "in some mysterious way" it's for your good, and the dead can't complain of *their* treatment. Just imagin that *you* are the only thing in the world and that God does everything with reference to *your* special welfare, and you will hav the true Christian philosophy and be entitled to an eternal reward. Never mind the insufferable egotism and the inhuman selfishness of the doctrin—it's truly Christian, and it's better of course to be Christian than to be right.

Thanksgiving is the greatest thing out if you only know why you are giving thanks.

Bishop Chatard's Lament.

A "triduum," a three days' celebration, in honor of the founder of the "Brothers of the Christian Schools," was held in this city last week at the Roman Catholic cathedral. The sermon on the first day was preached by Mr. Chatard, bishop of Vincennes, Ind. Naturally his subject was schools, and this is the substance of his argument that parochial schools are entitled to a share of the public money devoted to the purposes of education:

"We hav a right to that money of the state. It belongs to us and we should hav it. The solution of this matter is an exceedingly difficult thing. We hav to wait till the sober sense and fair-minded spirit of our countrymen shall recognize our right in this respect, and they will, let us hope, open their eyes to the faults and defects of their cherished theory of education in the public schools.

"These public schools certainly are excellent as far as they go, but they giv an education entirely secular, neglecting the moral and religious nature of the child. The result is, a generation is growing up without God and a knowledge of revelation.

"A gentleman of observation and calmness, a man of sound ability and great ability, a priest, told me this. I will not mention the city where it occurred. There came to see him a business man, a clerk in an important establishment, and a man of education. The visitor saw the crucifix on the table and asked, 'What is that?' The priest explained, and answered one question after another. The priest showed surprise at the young man's questions, and the evident fact that he did not know the very first truths of revelation.

"'Father,' said the visitor, 'don't be hard on me. If you go out into the street you can immediately gather together a number of persons like me who know no more about Christianity than I do.'

"This is the enlightenment given to the people of the United States—a material enlightenment in matters of the world and an utter forgetfulness regarding God. These things make us understand the importance of continuing the struggle for Catholic education, no matter how hard it may be. The sum expended yearly by us is enormous. I think the number we educate is probably six hundred thousand, and at $15 a child a year that makes $9,000,000 a year we furnish which ought to come from the state to us. Therefore I hope our people will realize the injustice the state is doing us in leaving us without any help from the funds which belong to us because we will not accept the system which excludes religion from the schools.

"The thirteenth plenary council of Baltimore, whose proceedings went to Rome, says that the rector of a church who neglects to establish a Catholic school in his parish when the bishop judges it is fit there should be one there, is liable to removal from his position. These are grave words, but they are approved by the holy see, and so we are committed to this matter of Catholic education, and we do not shrink from it."

Bishop Chatard thought he clinched the argument by quoting as approvers of sectarian schools the proceedings of the Anglican bishops who met this year in Lambeth palace, London, and who were largely reinforced by American bishops. He pointed out that that conference was in favor of teaching religion in the schools, and that it sent out an encyclical letter which emphasized the necessity of supplementing the secular teaching by religious instruction. He also referred to the pronouncement of the royal board of education, who, by a vote of sixteen to four, declared in favor of teaching religion in schools. "The resolution of this board," continued the bishop, "said: 'It is of the highest importance that all children should receive religious and moral training. There is nothing in the evidence to warrant the conclusion that such religious and moral training can be improper, and provided otherwise than through the medium of the elementary schools.'"

The sober sense and fair-mindedness of the people will never, we believe, parcel the children of the country out to sects to educate in superstition. The constitutions of most states forbid such division by prohibiting appropriations of money to sectarian institutions, and in those states without such constitutional guarantees Protestant sentiment is so strong against Rome that the Protestant churches will rather forego advantages to themselvs than yield them to the church they are pleased, in Christian charity, to designate as the Mother of Harlots.

Nevertheless, the country is in great danger from the machinations of Rome on this school question. She is destroying our public schools as rapidly as she obtains a majority of voters in any town. East and West she has closed dozens of public schools, and compelled parents to use the parochial schools or teach their children themselvs. This is her aim, the destruction of public, secular, or non-sectarian schools, and the building of schools for each sect, to be supported by the state. In that event, her power and strength, her compact and obedient organization, her hordes of monks and nuns, would giv her an enormous advantage over the other sects, and the country in a generation or two would be within her grasp, did not Freethought interfere.

And Freethought is the force which Rome, as well as the Anglican church and the reactionary Presbyterians, forget. If each sect has its schools, the Infidels must hav theirs. Could any sect, or all of them, stand against these schools, in which no religion, but only scientific knowledge, would be taught? What is the use of a knowledge of "revelation," when that revelation is only the crude guesses of barbarism at solving universal questions? Does the bishop desire to go back to medieval times when the Romish catechism was the alpha and omega of the educational curriculum? Is the significance of the crucifix of

any importance at all if the Bible is not a revelation from God, and the Christian religion but the clumsy work of ignorant and superstitious churchmen? Why should we pay our money to enlighten children about God, when we know nothing about him ourselvs? Is not a material enlightenment about the matters of a material world all that we can positivly teach the young? Who knows anything about an immaterial world?

What should the American people care for the legislativ decrees of the Baltimore plenary council, or for the opinion of a lot of English bishops whose bread and butter, and that of their successors, depend upon educating the coming generations to believe that bishops are officers of God? Self-interest moves the church, and her interest is not the interest of the people any more than the interest of a king or robber is the interest of his subject or of the plundered. Kings and priests hav ever been in league to keep the people down, and did the Americans throw off the yoke of one only to lock more firmly around their necks the chains of the other? Are the churches to rule us, and separate us into squads, and train our children, just as they please? Shall we let them say to us, You become a Catholic, you a Presbyterian, you a Methodist, you a Baptist, and so on? Shall they gather the children together and divide them into gangs according to the percentages of the various sects, and say, We'll make Catholics of these, Baptists of these, Congregationalists of these, Campbellites of these, and so on to the end of the chapter? That is what this sectarian division of the school fund means, and just what we should hav were the arrogant claims of the churches allowed.

Let the bishop go on with his work—educate his children as he pleases, but when his church destroys a public school, the people whose children he is robbing of an education should hav something to say, be backed up by government. The public schools must be maintained if there is never a parochial school built in this country, and the Catholics weep their eyes out over the "godless" institutions which do not instruct their pupils in the significance of a crucifix.

The Sentence of Christ.

In the New York *Sun* of the 8th inst. reappears an old story about the death of Jesus Christ, in which "legal evidence" is offered that it really occurred. Various religious papers since hav copied it, many of them edited by scholars who ought to hav detected the forgery at once. The same yarn appeared in a Western paper ten years ago, and only last April our correspondent "Antichrist" copied it from some journal which had resurrected it, and gave some of the reasons why it is clearly a forgery. This is the document:

THE SENTENCE OF JESUS.

A Copy of the Original Decree as Issued by Pontius Pilate.

From the London Tablet.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* extracts from the *Kölnische Zeitung* what is called "a correct transcript of the sentence of death pronounced against Jesus Christ." The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the savior, with the remarks that the journal *Le Droit* has collected, the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now we are not aware that it has ever been made public in the German papers. The sentence is word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius and on the twenty-fifth of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas, Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the presidential seat of the prætors, sentences Jesus Christ of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove: 1. Jesus is a misleader. 2. He has excited people to sedition. 3. He is an enemy to the laws. 4. He calls himself the son of God. 5. He calls himself falsely the king of Israel. 6. He went into the Temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands. Orders: The first centurion, Quintus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution, forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus. The witnesses who hav signed the execution against Jesus are: 1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee; 2. John Zorobabel; 3. Raphael Robani; 4. Capet. Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournea.

The sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1280, in the city of Aquill (Aquilla?), in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for the discovery of Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the commissaries of art in the French army of Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained it by their petitions that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the Commission of Arts. Denon had a *fac-simile* of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard on the sale of his cabinet for 2,890 francs. There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the gospels.

That this plate is as much a forgery as the golden plates discovered by Joseph Smith there can be no doubt at all. Indeed, it is so transparent a trick that it would not be worth exposing, were it not that so many are deceived by it through ignorance.

1. Its date: Aquila, a fortified city of Naples, situated fifty-eight miles northeast of Rome, was built by the Emperor Frederick II. from the ruins of the ancient Amiternum, the birthplace of Sallust, some vestiges of which are still traceable. So says Lippincott's Gazetteer. Frederick II. reigned thirty-five years and died in the year 1250. Thirty years after his death, it is now said, this brass plate was found "in a search made for the discovery of Roman antiquities." But the date of discovery varies with each reprint. One copy, as published, has the date of discovery 1810, another 1820, another 1280, and another 1200, which was fifteen years before Frederick II., the builder of the city, was crowned.

2. The mistakes of the document itself:

(*a*) March 25th, in the seventeenth year of Tiberius, was Sunday, A.D. 31. Another copy has March 24th, which was Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath; and still another has March 27th, which was Tuesday. If Christ was crucified at all, it was on Friday, which from time immemorial has been hangman's day. On none of the dates given would there hav been an execution.

(*b*) The date of the crucifixion, A.D. 31, is wrong according to early Christian authorities. Clement of Alexandria says Jesus was crucified A.D. 29, and Tertullian was so sure that Clement was right that he added the very day—March 25th. This, however, was not a passover day, and so both Clement and Tertullian were wrong. Common computation fixes the date A.D. 33, but it is not pretended that anyone knows. But the date 31 will not harmonize at all with the rest of the narrativ.

(*c*) The document alleges that the crucifixion occurred when both Annas and Caiaphas were high priests. In this the forger had Luke for authority. But though Caiaphas held office from A.D. 18 to 36, Annas had been deposed in A.D. 14. This, however, is not the only time Luke misled his would-be supporters, for in another place he mentions a certain Lysanias as governor of Abilene in A.D. 29 (fifteen of the reign of Tiberius), when that personage had been murdered more than fifty years previously. It doesn't do to trust Luke.

(*d*) The document makes Pilate ruler of Lower Galilee, whereas Herod Antipas became tetrarch of Galilee when the Idumæan Herod's territory was divided up, and held it till A.D. 39, when he was deposed by the Romans and banished to Lyons. Judæa was governed by the Romans, who had their seat at Cæsarea, after Archelaus (the Idumæan Herod's son, who received Judea at his father's death), was banished in A.D. 6, and Pilate was the fifth (according to some historians, the sixth) of their governors (A.D. 26–37). Pilate was procurator, or governor, of Judea and Samaria, and never ruled Galilee. In A.D. 37 or thereabouts the Samaritans made him trouble, and he had to go to Rome to answer to the emperor. What became of him no one knows. Eusebius alleges that he committed suicide in A.D. 38. Eusebius, however, is no more reliable as a historian than Luke.

There are other internal evidences in the document that it is a forgery, though the ones we hav pointed out are the weighter and all-sufficient reasons for rejecting the monkish trick. A writer in the *Evening Post*, T. D. Bacon, of New Haven, givs twelve, some of which are included in the foregoing. The others are: Pilate's title was not "intendant," but procurator; the Romans did not reckon time by numbering the days of the month; a Roman official document would be unlikely to refer to Jerusalem as "the most holy city;" neither would it be dated by the pontificate of the Jewish high priests; neither would Jesus be named in it as the "Christ," this being not his name, but the Greek translation of a Jewish title, afterward applied to him; it is unlikely that the sentence would specify that he should be crucified "between two robbers;" it would either hav specified the names of the two other criminals, or more probably hav left the matter of the arrangement of the different crosses to the discretion of the executioner; that Jesus should call himself the son of God was no crime before the Roman law; the names of the witnesses do not agree with the method of naming men at that time and place; in the New Testament a man is named either as the son of such and such a man, *e.g.*, James, the son of Alphæus, or as coming from such a place, *e.g.*, Judas Iscariot (the man of Kerioth), or Saul of Tarsus, or by some characteristic, physical or otherwise, as James the Less, John the Baptist, or Jesus the Christ; the epithet "Pharisee" has no place in an official signature any more than the epithet Republican, or Democrat, or Episcopalian, or Calvinist would hav at the present time; it is stated that the inscription is in Hebrew; this language was not current in Palestine at the time of Christ, but was as entirely superseded by Aramaic as Latin has been by Italian in Italy; the inscription states that a similar plate has been sent to each tribe, but at that time the old tribal divisions had been entirely lost, and whatever remnant had been preserved of the ten tribes had been entirely merged into the tribe of Judah, so that in the New Testament they are all known as "Jews."

The rest of the stuff could easily be made up from the gospels, and the names given invented. In fact, in the apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus, the alleged trial is expanded and embellished with much more ingenuity than is shown by the author of this. And the fact that the reasons correspond so closely with the indictment of Jesus by the mob, shows that this indictment was copied from that. Even if the brass plate could be traced back to 1280, who can tell that a Carthusian monk did not make the engraving and pretend that it was brought from Jerusalem by Frederick? Certain it is that the errors of the document prove conclusivly that it is a forgery, made by some ignorant churchman.

The story of Christ's birth, life, and death has no evidence corroborativ of the gospels, and as they are anonymous, of unknown date, and internally contradictory, misleading, and erroneous, the value of their evidence is exceedingly slight. It is as positiv as that two and two make four that no woman ever bore a son who had no father; and it is equally positiv that no one ever performed the miracles attributed to Jesus, and that the accounts of his life are lies. Equally certain is it that no one knows when he died, any more than it is known when he was born. It is too late in the day to plant old brass plates and dig them up as evidence. If this plate exists at all, it is as clumsy a forgery as the *Acta Pilati* which the Christians once insisted were good evidence. The interpolation in Josephus and the reference to Jesus in the corrupted or forged Annals of Tacitus are scientific compared with this bungling attempt of some ambitious Carthusian monk.

Gaining Thanks.

How easy it is to misrepresent, to put it mildly, is shown by the following from B. R. Tucker's *Liberty*:

"After a skirmish with the election inspectors and a short but decisiv struggle in the courts, Eugene Macdonald, Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, has established a man's right to keep his hand in his pocket. This will gain him the thanks of loafers. If now he wishes to deserve the gratitude of workers, let him expend a little of his surplus energy in establishing a man's right to keep his money in his pocket. I fear, alas! that he looks upon this as a comparativly unimportant matter."

Mr. Tucker's drive at taxes is out of place. If there had been no court supported by taxation, the Anarchistic attempt of the election board to wrong a voter would hav succeeded, as they were four to one. Therefore, we say, hurrah for the taxes, and confound the Anarchists who don't want us to vote!

MR. L. A. LAMBERT, Catholic priest of Waterloo, and his bishop, both sailed for Rome a few days ago to hav their quarrel out with the Vatican authorities as umpires. The bishop says Lambert is heretical; Lambert says the bishop doesn't know much about Catholic theology anyway. But we notice that the *Catholic Union and Times*, Lambert's organ, is very silent about the affair. Is Father Cronin also afraid of a churching?

WHEN J. D. Shaw was lecturing in Goldthwaite, Tex., recently, effort was made to convert him. He was visited at his hotel by a lawyer, who endeavored to dissuade him from so wicked a course as that of opposing the Christian religion, The lawyer labored under the temporary embarrassment of being most gloriously drunk, but for which, says Mr. Shaw he might hav done the Lord better service than he did. As it was, the Liberal preacher still clings to his unbelief in Christianity and his faith in humanity.

Letters from Friends.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., Nov. 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Within find post-office money order to pay or THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Accept my sincere and hearty congratulations on the victory won by you at the polls. Good! It was honor enough for one day. Three cheers and a tiger. A. L. FRISBIE.

TACOMA, WASH. TERR., Oct. 23, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: As vinegar is to the teeth, as smoke is to the eye, so is superstition to the mind of a true man or woman.

You are doing a splendid work, and it is the bounden duty of all Liberals to support you as far as they are able.

You will find inclosed $1, for which please send "Men, Women, and Gods," by Helen H. Gardener, to the young lady of my acquaintance named below, and oblige,

Yours In Fidelity, R. J. WILSON.

CENTRALIA, ILL., Nov. 11, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: After reading "The Editor Trying to Vote," and the comments of the press thereon, I feel as if every Freethinker should thank you for vindicating our rights. I am glad you felt it your duty and right to follow up the case, and bring the registration board to an understanding of their duty. The axiom of, "Vigilance is the price of liberty," is as true now as ever. Your action in that matter has done more good for the rights of man than all the sermons preached last Sunday in New York. F. D. REXFORD.

MINNESOTA LAKE, MINN., Oct. 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Will some kind reverend gentleman answer me the following questions, either through these columns or directly to me:

1. Has everything that has a beginning, also an end?
2. Where is the soul of the unborn child?
3. Who is to blame for the wicked (Prov. xvi, 4)?
4. Who directs the steps of the drunkard (Prov. xvi, 9)?
5. Why does God punish the just (Prov. xvii, 26)?
6. How large were those seven loaves of bread (St. Matt. xv, 36-38)?
7. Did Adam work while in the garden of Eden (Gen. ii, ?

Yours respectfully, A. B. FRIEDMANN.

IRWIN, IA., Nov. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished reading "The Time-Lock of Our Ancestors," as copied in your paper from *Belford's Magazine*. I am delighted! I am in an ecstacy of admiration! My very pen trembles from the pleasure this cunning little story has given me. Miss Gardener should hav a patent-right on that invention of the time-lock. I mean a copyright, don't I? Yes; and if she can get up any more such 'combinations," I would like to see them. Now that I think of it, I see that this article is only one chapter cut from the middle of a life story. Can't you see it? Bless me! I hav an indistinct glimpse of the scope of the whole story from beginning to end. Can't you coax her secret from her? Get her to write it all out from first to last, and publish it either as a serial or as a book, or in book form. I cannot offer much pecuniary encouragement myself, but I would take a copy of any story she might write. Has she published any work of fiction yet? If so, send it to me instantly, forthwith, at once, quick, and I will remit on receipt.

Yours, etc., J. K. P. BAKER.

VERSAILLES, MO., Nov. 4, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Will you admit me with a few lines to the Friends corner, as I feel lonely and somewhat despondent in the great political smoke and religious fog of the present, especially in this part of the country. But if the old maxim be true, "The darkest hour is just before day," I think the dawn will soon approach.

A few years ago I emigrated to the fair plains of the West, encamping the first few nights in low, boggy swamps of brush and timber, which became less dense until finally emerged into high, open prairie. So I view the people of my surroundings—they are gradually moving out from old ow-down slavery to superstition to something better, and I hope we may liv to see many reach the grand plain of liberty.

There are thousands camping in an organization called the great Agricultural Wheel in this state, which was, I tell them, suggested and started by those men that were executed at Chicago, called Anarchists. Because they were not doing their work in the name of God, Christianity hanged the men, and now the sky-pilots are reaping a rich harvest of the dupes who are passing back under their control in the churches. J. B. BOWERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read a great deal of this and that about the benefits to accrue to us from the election of either Cleveland or Harrisou. Now, if any Liberal can point out where the Nine Demands are to derive any benefit from the election of either party he can sell his eyes to Alvin Clark for a fabulous price, as he is contemplating the production of a more powerful lens than the one now at the Lick observatory. Both parties are using their most persuasiv arguments to obtain the Catholic vote. I think that Cleveland has toadied to a certain extent, but still he did not travel as far to do it as James G. Blaine did when he went to Rome to be present at the pope's jubilee. Now, it has beeu charged, and the charge not denied, that Jim Blaine, should Harrison succeed in this contest, would be secretary of state—which he would be in name, but president in fact, as all can see by going back to the Conkling affair. Now, as I hav not heard one word to the credit of the party that espouses our cause—that is, the American party—my surprise is stupendous. Liberals, what are you thinking of, fighting with your pen for the heads of two parties that completely ignore our cause and attempting to slide into oblivion the very party that puts the principal parts of our Nine Demands in their platform—total separation of church and state, the taxation of all religious property, free non-sectarian schools? Liberals, what do you want? Is not James Langdon Curtis good enough for us? I was formerly a Republican, but am now a straight American, and all the Liberals here that I know are the same.

FORMERLY A REPUBLICAN.

COALING, ALA., Oct. 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I want to get the coöperation of the Liberals South for a series of lectures as soon as possible. There are a great many Infidels that would gladly contribute to such a course, but we are scattered. I am willing to help if it will only come in any Southern state, whether it comes near enough for me to attend or not. The questions need agitating so as to set people thinking. There will then soon be a host of us. All honest, thinking people are willing to investigate any theory that pertains to the general good. I think the lectures ought to be in the principal towns, as that would be more likely to reach the most intelligent of the masses. It is probable that many Eastern, Northern, and Western friends would help. The reason I make a special request for the South, and especially Alabama, is that Freethought is unknown here. I am reading several leading newspapers and hav never seen any reference to any of the doings of Liberals. That treat it all with silent contempt. I want all the Liberals South to speak out and let us come to an understanding. Will some man that is capable of organizing take up this idea and see what can be done? If a few in Chattanooga, Birmingham, Tuscaloosa, Meridian, and New Orleans will act in concert, we can accomplish great things. Yours truly, H. J. WARD.

GARRETTSVILLE, O., Nov. 1, 1888.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

A nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Haranged him thus, right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power divine,
Made you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent
Till life's poor transient night is spent;
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

MR. EDITOR: The above is a lesson I learned when a schoolgirl, and I recommend its perusal to some of our Liberal friends who are setting bad examples for Christians. I do want to say we are highly pleased with your editorials, as well as THE TRUTH SEEKER generally. MRS. A. W. LAKE.

COVINGTON, IND., Nov. 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER all the way from Paris, Ill., up to the present, and this is the first that I felt it a duty to bother you. I was just recovering from the free advertising of the Mills bill and Mr. Underwood's pamphlet that you gave us in a late number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, when that two-column article over the name, "A Republican Before the War," struck us. That is too much for me. As to the Mills bill, we hav it, with or without the whisky clause, and as to the pamphlet, we do not need it at all. Mr. Higgins is here teaching us Hoosiers how to vote, hence we hav no need of the pamphlet. You will remember Mr. Higgins, as he was the good Christian who had charge of and sat on the food while the "Lincoln dogs" starved to death in Confederate prisons. And now we feel just a little sore that Mr. Underwood did not come to Indiana and join Higgins, as they would hav been well met.

"A Republican Before the War!" Oh, I know him; he livs near me, on my right and on my left. How I like him! he was loyal to the center; he it was that sacrificed so, so much. Other people's sons by the score, even to his wife's relations, he told to go. He it was that sympathized in a heartfelt way with soldiers' widows and orphans, and said, "I will allow you ten per cent and take the bond." Our country issued bonds to run two years at ten per cent per annum, $500 each, to be used to induce men to volunteer so that the dog-fennel Democrat would not be drafted.

By the way, he is a Methodist, and oh; how he prayed for the success of the work we were engaged in—and we were successful! Now, Mr. Editor, what proof more do you want of the efficacy of prayer? Oh, but we do love "Mr. Republican Before the War." 'Tis he who gets his breath hard and groans aloud when he reads in the local paper that some poor broken-down comrade has been allowed $2 per month pension.

Now you will please cance my subscription and stop sending THE TRUTH SEEKER to my address, as I get all the political slop necessary from the political papers. If I am overpayed up to date, whatever the amount, you will please accept it for the good you hav done.

Respectfully yours, SCHUYLER LA TOURETTE,
A Republican of the bloody shirt species.

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., Oct. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose you herewith my check on the National Bank of Martinsburg, W. Va., for $14, which you will please credit as follows: To Hermann Bohda, for Girard College Fund, to establish it as directed by Stephen Girard in his will, $1; to Hermann Bohda, for the American Secular Union, $5; to Louis Wolfes, Sr., for propaganda purposes, $2; to Louis Wolfes, Sr., for subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, $2 50; and also to the following named on account of propaganda purposes: Jacob Whitson, propaganda, $1; Thos. Dratz, subscription, $1; Michael Courtney, propaganda, fifty cents; John Pickens, propaganda, fifty cents; Geo. W. Bowers, propaganda, fifty cents.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am through with the little business as above stated, and desire to say a few words to some of our able and Liberal writers, such, for instance, as Manly A. Brigham, of Worcester, Mass. In his letter of September 15th, he conveys the impression that they are trying to get religion into the Constitution of the United States. Should they succeed, where would they stop? I, for one, believe that sooner or later they will succeed; and it is well to ask, Where will they stop? The great mass of American people are too indifferent, and don't seem to care a straw for such questions. I meet a great many who say that it is all right to put God in the Constitution, and others, even Liberals, say there is no danger. I wish that every Liberal man and woman would sound the alarm that there is danger for our liberty in such movements as to put God in the Constitution, and not be deluded with the idea that their liberties cannot through carelessness and indifference be taken from them by religious fanatics and bigots. LOUIS WOLFES, SR.

IN MEMORIAM.

PRINCETON, MO., Nov. 7, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The subject of this sketch, Thomas W. Lemmax, was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., May 22, 1826. His parents, James and Elizabeth Lemmax, were born in Ireland, immigrating to this country while young, and were married at Pittsburgh.

To these were born ten children, of whom only three are now living, the parents having died some time since.

Thomas W. Lemmax was married to Dorinda Osborne, of Noble county, Ohio, March 8, 1848. To this union seven children were given, four of whom, with the mother, still survive.

In the year 1851 the deceased went to California to try his fortune in the great Eldorado of the West, being six months at sea in going, and returned to his home in Ohio in the year 1853.

In 1868 he moved with his family to Mercer county, Missouri, near Princeton, where he resided until his death, caused by heart disease, which occurred Oct. 28, 1888. Deceased was once a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, but for the last twenty-five years was very skeptical upon the various ideas taught by the different religious denominations, renouncing all allegiance with any, but still confessing faith in God and heaven, and was perfectly resigned to death, and expressed great joy when he found that his dissolution was at hand.

He having previously arranged all business matters, his burial also, he requested me to write his obituary.

He expressed gratitude and thankfulness to family and friends for all their kindness in administering to his wants during his illness, and rejoiced in the fact that death would relieve him of all suffering.

At the request of the deceased no regular funeral services were held, only singing and prayer.

His remains were interred at Goshen cemetery, the funeral being very largely attended, he having many relativs and friends. All mingled their sympathy with the bereaved family. His bereaved daughter, MARY LEMMAX.

DO NOT DISPARAGE EACH OTHER.

COLUMBUS, KAN., Oct. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: A short time ago I saw in THE TRUTH SEEKER a long letter from Mr. Gunther, of California, saying, to begin with, that most of what Father Hacker wrote was not true, and not "worth knowing," or words to that import. At the same time he thought a history of himself was worth knowing, and told us how he began to work for very small wages in England, and by economy and good management is now owner of more than his share of this world's goods. Heretics, as well as orthodox, are not all free from the disposition to undervalue the man who has devoted his life to truth and humanity, and is, therefore, poor in material things. I get my share of disparaging titles and epithets wherever I go, and often from pretended reformers and advocates of Universal Mental Liberty. A few years ago the founder of "the only Liberal [?] town in the United States" called me many hard names which, practically, applied far more to himself than to me. In this way hav I been misrepresented in this region for eighteen years past, while I hav defended unpopular truth. My test of a man or woman who makes pretensions of Freethought is, Is he or she dominated by truth and humanity? If so, I can coöperate with them, although their ways and means, methods and manner, may differ from mine.

The truth is that nature's work is boundless and endless, and she has an innumerable variety of human organisms to do her work; and, from a scientific view, the work of my organism may be as important in the grand march and development of evolution as yours, or yours, or yours, sir. "All nature's difference makes all nature's peace." Let

every personality and every individuality be sacredly respected and appreciated, and allowed its free and natural action—functions, work, and manifestation, limited by the same right of all other individuals. My individuality against all other persons, or corporations, or so-called governments, that tend or seek to destroy, suppress, or absorb it. How that great somebody, that judge in Philadelphia, disparaged and ignored the personality of the honest Russian by denying him his naturalization papers, because he was an Infidel! I hav no words to express my moral indignation toward such infernal, and unmanly, unconstitutional acts. Both church and state, as they play more and more into each other's hands, disparage more and more individualities and opinions that are against their schemes and combined machinations to deprive us of what little liberty we hav. Let every man and woman who has any aspirations to liberty and selfhood, repel and oppose in every possible way this disparagement of and infringement upon their personal rights. Down with God-and-pope-and-king power, and up with the power of truth and humanity.

To him (nature) no high, no low, no great, no small:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

PROF. J. H. COOK.

DES MOINES, IA., NOV. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: As it has been some time since I have written anything for THE TRUTH SEEKER, I feel impelled by the events transpiring in this great country of ours to pen a few lines to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The American Secular Congress is first in my mind, and I will say that I am highly gratified at the grand success of the Congress, and hope that Liberalism will finally win, and that the Nine Demands will be embodied in the platforms of the leading political parties of this nation. If the first amendment of the Constitution of the United States was a fact in the government of the United States, then there would be no need, or, at least, not so much need of the Nine Demands. The supreme law of the land is just as it should be, but the orthodox people, some of them, try to pervert the law for the benefit of the clergy and churches.

Our Liberal friend Hoover, of Pittsburgh, in his minority report of the Congress, seems to be a little bilious, but I guess he has worked it off and remains a good Liberal. And some of our lecturers are sparring at one another some, but I think they are all imbued with the religion of humanity. When I come to think of it, I hav a kindly feeling toward all Liberal people, however much they may differ with me in modes of propagating and advocating Liberalism.

I see by the report that I am appointed to the executiv committee of Missouri, and in the report you hav got my name G. R. Beck. My name is G. G. Beck. Please make the correction, as it bores me to get communications addressed G. R. instead of G. G. There is one more subject I wish to call attention to, and that is to lecturers and publishers of Freethought papers and magazines who send sample copies. First, I wish to thank all for favors of that kind, and state that if I was rich enough I would subscribe for all the Freethought literature I could hear of, but my financial condition is such that I "caun't do it, you know." And to the lecturers I will state in THE TRUTH SEEKER, so they will all know it, that there are so few of us that pay, that the best we can do here is to furnish the hall for lectures, which costs $5 a lecture, and I will make a home while here for all at my house. Therefore all lecturers will govern themselvs accordingly. G. G. BEOK.

Oct. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Since writing you last from this sunset land, where old Sol makes his bed in the old Pacific, I hav made a two-months lecturing tour along the coast of western Washington territory, giving fifty-three lectures—six in Astoria, Ore., five in Ilwaco, Wash. Terr., six in Oysterville, two in Bay Center, four in South Bend, four in Willipa, one in North Cove, seven in Montesano, four in Elma, three in Cosmopolis, five in Aberdeen, six in Hoquiam. In three of these places ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds had been before me, and like a cyclone had cut the center all out of the churches. The Christians look upon Reynolds as a "holy terror;" and the truth is, he cuts a wide swath. I look upon Brother Reynolds as a very brainy man, and of very fertil imagination, with wonderful talent as an actor, and as a born genius of a high order, who should never be allowed to rust out for want of calls by our Freethinkers. Brother Reynolds can do a mighty work, and will, for he has many years of wear in him yet. At Astoria I met Wm. Chonce and wife, noble, lifelong Liberals, of splendid hospitality. At Ilwaco, I met Isaac Wheeldon, J. Alexander, W. W. Ward and wife, Fred Colbert, and many others that are an honor to the Liberal cause. I had crowded houses and the best of attention. At Oysterville I staid a week, speaking in the Methodist Episcopal church every evening to full houses. Oysterville is on a long peninsula between Shoal Water bay and the Pacific ocean. About all the occupation here is digging for clams and oyster farming, which is very remunerativ, and easy labor. Oysters are about $1.25 per bushel, shells and all. They are shipped to Portland and San Francisco in gunny sacks, etc. The first friend I found here was a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER in the hotel where I stopped. Mr. Mathews, the landlord, is a true-blue Liberal, and never puts his light under a half-bushel. The next place was Bay Center, where it was said the whole town were preachers; but I held forth in the school-house, which was crowded full, and no exceptions were taken to my line of thought, although "God's servants" were all around. At South Bend and Willapa I had the pleasure of meeting hosts of Liberals that sustained me well, among whom I remember C. H. Foster, J. W. Hayes, the Drissler brothers, A. L. Stratton, Mr. Armstrong, etc. This is a very Liberal settlement, and Christianity is away below par. At Montesano I found an organized club of Freethinkers, with A. J. Lamb as president, C. C. Tunicliffe and wife as wheel-horses, W. Wedekin, and many more activ workers. I gave here seven lectures, in Columbian Hall, with a full house every night. Thus hav Reynolds and myself paved the way for other lecturers to follow us. If this Western coast is well worked the next ten years, the victory will be ours, for Christianity has but little hold with the people. I lectured in churches most of the time, and so will it yet be everywhere—the churches will be turned into lecture halls and academies of learning, and humanity will be taught, not to look for heaven over there, but to build a heavenly home here and now. On this coast everywhere our flag is mailed to the mast-head and truth is the watchword, while superstition is on its last legs. PROF. D. C. SEYMOUR.

WAOO, TEX., NOV. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of Nov. 3, 1888, I read a paper by Mr. John Prescott Guild that seems to call for some contradiction. Certainly "the Gods must go"—the anthropomorphic Gods must go. But it is none the less true that "science has given us a new, a greater God." That new, or rather that oldest of all the Gods, is that one that was, from the most remote antiquity, understood and believed in by our Aryan forefathers, as said Burnouf. It is the "great cosmic unity," of which everything that is is only a part or a manifestation. He is not the "end of a circle," as are the other "Gods"—he is the circle itself. He is nature itself, he is everything that is. Each being, if it be "matter" or "spirit," man, beast, plant, or mineral, is to him exactly that which an electric spark is to all the electricity. The great trouble and misunderstanding in such discussions comes from the sense or signification applied to the word "God." As a distinct, or rather, anthropomorphic, individuality God is not, but as the whole or infinit or universal being God cannot be denied, and science has not only discovered him, but is every day extending more and more our knowledge of him and of his or its "holy" trinity, as said Burnouf, after our Aryan forefathers, *i. e.*, substance, movement, and law, of which Christianity anthropomorphism has made the father, son, and Holy Ghost. As said Renan, "The scientific progress of humanity cannot destroy religion, but will develop and increase it." It is only superstition that must be destroyed. The actually standing religions and "Gods" are only "imperfect symbols," as said Renan. These symbols are the result as well as the measure of the imperfect intellectual development of humanity. The intellectual progress of man must of course reject these symbols, but that very intellectual progress, instead of bringing to man the bare and ignorant negation of the truth so grossly represented by the old symbols—that intellectual progress of humanity shall bring man closer to the perception and admiration of truth itself—of "the great cosmic unity," and of its trinity, "substance, movement, and law." Science and art shall be the rational basis of the "religion of the future," for religion is worship, and worship is admiration, and the more science progresses the more human admiration for the "great cosmic unity," as well as for the universal "substance, movement, and law." I know, Mr. Editor, the ignorant and vulgar cannot understand this, but your intellectual readers will. I hav no doubt of it. PERIOLES.

DETROIT, NOV. 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read carefully and with sympathetic interest the letters of R. Gunther, to which our venerable Brother Hacker replies in the last TRUTH SEEKER, and while I feel altogether on the side of Brother Hacker, I must say that Mr. Gunther told much truth in saying that the labor of Brother Hacker had been a waste of time. But I do not hesitate to giv Brother Hacker full credit for ready, honest labor in the cause of his fellow-men, while Mr. Gunther does not even claim that he ever has cared for anyone but self. Brother Hacker has boldly fought and labored for the good of others, regardless of self, and if he had known what to do better, he would hav done it. So I hope that he will accept a few words of correction in the kindness in which they are given.

Mr. Hacker, like Mr. Gunther, has always believed that the Constitution of this government guarantees to every person the rights to life and liberty that were therein claimed as the birthright of every person born. He has believed that this government was different from those of other countries—that as they were called monarchies they were tyrannical and slavish; that this government, being called republican, is therefore free. Yet he believed that abuses and wrongs had grown up here in spite of a free government, just as millions hav believed and accepted as true the fallacy that slavery could and did exist in this country for nearly a century under a free government and a Constitution that guaranteed the rights that were claimed in the Declaration and for which our ancestors fought and died. On the contrary, while there was evidently no intention in the minds of those who were the majority in the convention that framed the Constitution to make this country free, there is no sort of resemblance between the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. The government has never for one hour hesitated to take from the people their lives and liberties and destroy their happiness, nor has it ever acknowledged or recognized the least shadow of any of those rights.

Brother Hacker in last week's TRUTH SEEKER says of the great Irish famin of 1847, after describing the conditions, that that famin and all those deaths were the beautiful fruit of that land robbery which Mr. Gunther advocates, and thinks the facts not worth knowing. This is not true. The simple statement that if there were no taxation by the English government there never could hav been any real want in Ireland cannot be denied. Taxation was the one thing which took the crops from Ireland to England, where the money-lenders lived and controled the government. No, it was not land robbery, but tax robbery—the same that has enslaved every people on earth; the same that between 1797 and 1837 dragged from the poor laborers of this country simply for the expense of a free government the nice little sum of $895,471,714 69, according to the report of the secretary of the treasury.

Again, Brother Hacker says the working classes of all the nations of Europe are in consequence of land robbery brought to living on the brink of starvation, while the robbers are rolling in idleness and dissipation on the fruits of the workers' labor, and the same terrible curse is increasing in this country every day. This is not true. I assert that only by taxation can the people be robbed of their land or home, and challenge any person to dispute it. Get these miserable cobwebs of the money-lender out of your brain, Brother Hacker. They hav been there quite too long, and you hav no more time to waste helping them to befog others. Let us work for the liberty that our fathers fought for, and a government to protect it.

Again, Brother Hacker says: "I hav a list of over twenty millions of acres that our own robber government has sold to foreigners who hav agents here establishing the same system of robbery and oppression that has pauperized Ireland, Italy, and other nations of the Old World." All wrong, all wrong. It is the policy of the money-lenders of the world to enslave every people on earth. There is one, and only one, way to do it—it is by controling every government and causing it to become their tool; to refuse to issue any money; to license as many banks as are asked for, and then tax the people, so as to compel them to borrow bankers' debts to pay taxes with. This is slavery, the only slavery that ever existed anywhere, and the only way possible to cause slavery, poverty, war, vice, crime, and misery to exist. It is the purpose of these slave-owners to destroy, lock up, put out of the way, and deprive the people of everything on earth which in any way givs liberty or makes them independent of their owners. For this purpose the greenbacks were destroyed. For this purpose the people hav always been told that the government could not make money. For this purpose were banks created, and to compel the people to borrow bankers' debts as money taxes were levied upon any and all things, particularly the land and improvements. And no other purpose can be found. And for this purpose hav five hundred millions in taxes been robbed from the people and locked up in expensiv treasury vaults and in bankers' vaults—that by more stringent want the people may be compelled to borrow bankers' debts to pay taxes with.

Again, in speaking of the peach harvest in Delaware, Brother Hacker says, "The paper stated there were not less than ten thousand of those Italian tramps on the peninsula," and "this is the beautiful fruit produced by that upas-tree, land robbery"—which is the same mistake again. It is not land robbery, but taxation. It has for years been stated that there are in the aggregate over thirty billions of debts resting upon the laborers of this country, and about four hundred billions upon the laborers of all civilized countries. This is about four thousand dollars upon each person, or more, upon which interest is expected. A man who has four or five children has twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars of debt upon which he is mortgaged to pay interest—which is out of the question. And there should be no question as to why marriage is a failure, if for no other reason.

These plain facts are far better reasons why Italians and Chinese, as well as tramps from all other countries, swarm to any country where the money-lenders' papers advise them they can do better than where they are. The press of this country are continually used to advertise good times in places all over the land, and most of the railroad travel consists of people who hav sacrificed some of their goods or run in debt to go somewhere in search of doing better. Nearly all foreign and domestic or interstate commerce is as much a robbery as Brother Hacker claims that land robbery is. The productions of land and labor are trundled and transported back and forth from place to place to be exchanged—mostly a pretense—for the self-same kind or similar productions brought back from some other place or country, to enhance the cost and compel the consumer to pay an enhanced price, and all people to be taxed with interest upon the values stolen or robbed from both ends of the line.

Again, Brother Hacker says: "The time is not far distant when land robbery will demand and receive as much attention as colored slavery did before the war." Not so. The Prohibition party is the one that undoubtedly will take control of the Republican party, just as the Whig and Free Soil party were married to the Abolition party, and if they are as destructiv of human life and supposed liberty as the Republican party has been for twenty years past, Brother Hacker will be glad that he has a good berth in that warm place that our orthodox friends hav assigned us to. Before that time comes Brother Hacker should look right down into the fact that this is not a free country. That is all bosh. The colored people were never slaves any more than they are still. They were in penal servitude for being black and ignorant. The colored people South are to-day in precisely the same condition that they were before the war. The evening *News*, of this city, has for two weeks past had six or eight correspondents down in the South reporting the condition of the colored people, and they all report that the colored people never offer to vote and are in every political respect just as they were before the war. One white man said to the reporter: "Do you see that colored man? He was once a United States Senator, but now if I was to tell him to black my boots he would do it without a word and thank me if I gave him a nickel to pay for it." We must all learn that we are truly slaves to taxation if we ever hope to be free. Yours for liberty, J. H. WOOD.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Found.

A TALE OF AN OLD THANKSGIVING DAY.

Come, Teddy and May and Goldie,
And gather around my knee,
And I'll tell you a little story
Just as 'twas told to me

When I was a bright-eyed lassie,
In the time of long ago,
One night when the wind was moaning
And the ground was white with snow:

'Twas to be a grand Thanksgiving
For the harvest stored away
Safely in barn and cellar—
A time to feast and pray.

Alike in the cot and mansion
Was a hurrying here and there,
And the scent of the browning turkey
Filled, like incense, all the air.

Dear little Puritan Ruthie
Looked on in a glad surprise,
With her small hands quaintly folded,
And her blue eyes grave and wise;

And a host of eager questions
Flitting from brain to tongue,
To puzzle the busy workers
Their savory tasks among—

Until her mother lost patience:
"Ruth, 'tis Thanksgiving day,"
She said, "and we all are busy—
Do thee go out and play.

"I will call thee when I want thee;"
Then quietly little Ruth
Tripped out of the noisy kitchen,
Though she'd rather not, in truth.

But without the sun shone warmly,
And the air was crisp and clear,
It seemed to Ruth Thanksgiving
Was the gem of all the year.

The last of the trees' bright garments
Hung fluttering gold and brown,
As the wee maid wandered idly
The forest pathways down;

A-humming in baby fashion
A snatch of some quaint old air;
And laughing to hear a squirrel
Chatter at her from his lair.

Still letting her careless footsteps
Just where they were minded stray,
She wandered on in the brightness
Of that glad Thanksgiving day.

The dinner at last was ready—
The haste and bustle was o'er,
And the mother, flushed with toiling,
Swung open the cottage door—

Calling: "Come, child, now I want thee!
I want thee, Ruth! Does thee hear?'
And her face grew white that moment,
With a sudden, dreadful fear.

Where was she, her little daughter?
The forest was deep and wide;
"Ruth! Ruth!" but only the echo
Of her trembling voice replied.

She turned back into the cottage—
"The child—she is lost!" she said;
And then, to arouse the neighbors,
Down the woodland trail she sped.

The dinner was left untasted
And the search went bravely on,
Till the pale stars shone in heaven
And the daylight all had gone.

"Hav you tidings of the lost one?"
'Twas a heartsick mother's cry
To one and another searcher;
"None yet," was the low reply.

"But there soon must be—be trustful!"
And all through the darksome night
The torches flamed and flickered
Under the stars' pale light.

At last in the east a glimmer
Told of a day begun;
And the scattered band of hunters
Heard—was it the signal gun?

Found, in a sheltered corner,
In a hollow snug and deep,
All rosy, unharmed, and peaceful,
The child lay fast asleep.

Found, but the joyous clamor
Of a sudden died in air,
For the golden head was nestling
On a great black, shaggy bear.

He growled at the waving torch-lights,
Ruth's blue eyes opened wide;
"I'm glad you've come to find me—
I knew you would!" she cried.

She glanced at the leveled muskets—
Half a dozen all around;
And forth, with a cry of terror,
She sprang at a single bound.

"Don't shoot the dog," she pleaded,
Her wee hands clasping tight;
"He has kept me warm and safely
All through this cold, dark night."

"So be it!" cried her father,
As he clasped her in his arm;
"Not a single hair of his shaggy coat
Through us shall come to harm!"

Then home went the glad procession,
Through the morning, growing fair,
To the cottage in the forest,
To the mother waiting there.

Now, Goldie and May and Teddy,
All gathered around my knee,
I hav told you the little story
Just as 'twas told to me

When I was a bright-eyed lassie—
And the tale is true as truth—
By the little Puritan maiden,
My own great-grandma, Ruth.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Vegetable Poetry.

Potatoes came from far Virginia;
Parsley was sent us from Sardinia;
French beans low-growing on the earth,
To distant India trace their birth.
But scarlet runners, gray and tall,
That climb upon your garden wall,
A cheerful sight to all around,
In South America were found.
The onion traveled here from Spain;
The leek from Switzerland we gain;
Garlic from Sicily obtain;
Spinach in Syria grows.
Two hundred years ago or more
Brazil the artichoke sent o'er,
And southern Europe's seacoast shore
Beet-root on us bestows.
When good Queen Bess was reigning here
Peas came from Holland and were dear.
The south of Europe lays its claim
To beans, but some from Egypt came.
The radishes, both thin and stout,
Natiys of China are, no doubt.
But turnips, carrots, and sea kale,
With celery, so crisp and pale,
Are products of our own fair land.
And cabbages, a goodly tribe,
Which abler pens might well describe,
Are also ours, I understand.

—*English Paper.*

Thanksgiving Day.

Little Katy Moran sent a letter to the editor of the Corner, inquiring the meaning of Thanksgiving.

To begin, Thanksgiving is a certain kind of religious festival that comes around in this country once a year, on the last Thursday in the month of November. Under other names it has been known and commemorated many centuries in other countries. The pagans had their seasons of festivity, festiv days wherein laughter and good cheer prevailed. These occasions were recognized after the harvest time of the year, when the fruits and grains had been gathered, and the people were comfortably fixed for the winter; and also in the early spring-time, when the little rootlets began to stir in the ground and the buds to swell on tree and shrub.

It was a sweet and beautiful tribute to Mother Nature to observe these evidences of her care and bounty, although she would move on just the same whether she was noticed or not.

Religious people engrafted their solemn ideas upon the customs of the pagans, and made their festiv days religious holidays.

Three hundred years ago, in Holland, the authorities of Leyden appointed a "thanksgiving day" on account of the deliverance of that city from a long siege. It was a great day. The Puritans, who came to this country, and settled first in Plymouth, Mass., came from Holland, having been driven from England to that country. Of course they plowed and planted, and worked hard to make the new ground productiv.

After the first harvest, remembering the old Thanksgiving in Holland, and also recalling the mention of the feasts of the Hebrews as related in the Bible, they, too, made a Thanksgiving day. The young men went out in the forests, and along the shores of Massachusetts bay, hunting for wild fowl for the dinners on that day. Governor Bradford himself sent four men hunting for his special dinner. They had samples of the vegetables that had been grown, and a dessert of pumpkin and mince pies. No doubt they had as royal a dinner on that day as was possible to hav, and they rejoiced and had a good time generally. This was in 1621. Their efforts had been greatly blessed, and they thanked the Lord for it, little thinking that had they been idle they might hav starved to death for all the Lord would care.

Two years afterward there came a dry time along in July. Not a drop of rain fell on the parched earth for many a day. The crops were in danger of spoiling. Then the governor appointed a "fast day." The people met together and prayed for rain. While they were praying the rain began to fall, and the ignorant Pilgrims thought this a special answer to their prayer. So, the next Thanksgiving day appointed by the governor was observed, by his direction, with prayer and preaching. It grew into an annual custom. The governor of the NewEngland colonies, and of the states, after the colonies became states, issued a Thanksgiving proclamation annually, copies of which would be read from the pulpit, recommending the day as one of "thanksgiving, praise, and prayer."

The custom has been kept ever since. During the Revolutionary war Thanksgiving became a national holiday, but after peace was declared there were no more national thanksgivings until Washington appointed one to celebrate the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. These days were appointed by Congress occasionally to celebrate some notable event, as the close of the war of 1814-15.

During the last war in this country President Lincoln appointed a national thanksgiving day in 1863, and again in 1864. Every year since then such appointments hav been made by the different presidents of the United States, and the custom is now fully recognized as a national one.

There is no religious meaning to the day. There should be none. It is a holiday, a day when work ceases, when boys and girls, grown men and women, with their families go home to the paternal mansion, and meet once more around the dear old fireside made precious by many sweet and tender recollections. If too far from the old home, the day is celebrated in the new home. Turkeys suffer on that day, for the turkey is recognized as the special object of a Thanksgiving dinner. Rosy cheeks grow redder still, and bright eyes sparkle, as the big, bouncing bird, brown and handsome, is brought to the dinner table. Little children are full of glee, and happiness prevails. We all know what it is, and, ah, some know too well what pathos there is in the vacant chair, and sometimes more than one, on Thanksgiving day. On that day the unbidden tear will start, the lips will tremble, and the heart ache with a great pain throbbing through it, remembering other days when the smiling faces of dear ones bent close and near—dear ones whom we miss and mourn on this day and on every day.

Nothing that we can do can bring them back again as they were. But in their names we can bless some who hav no home, no dinner, or at best a scanty one, on this day of days, and from the grateful hearts of such may rise some rays that will bring light and joy to stricken hearts and lonely homes.

Thanksgiving day is one of the best holidays. Divested of the religion that has warped it, it is a sweet and gracious occasion, and in every home, where it is possible,

May health be borne on fav'ring gales,
And bounty crown the board.

S. H. W.

Louisa May Alcott.

In the recent death of Louisa May Alcott our country has lost one of its best-known writers. The young folks will greatly miss her, for her writings are known to almost every child in America. Her "Little Women" is one of the best works ever written for children, and it will stand as a monument to her memory long after the monuments of marble and bronze erected to her memory hav crumbled in the dust. GEO. J. REMSBURG.

Man Overboard.

One day, wind fresh and abeam, the ship staggering along under topgallant sails, the cry was heard, "Man overboard." Those only who hav been at sea know what this means. It has been written up many times, but no writing can express just what the cry and the fact convey. You stand on deck and watch the ship cutting and sheering through the boisterous waves. You smoke your pipe of peace and thank your lucky stars that you are not on shore, exposed to dangers from horse-cars, policemen, fire engins, and the like, but safe on board a good ship with a strong breeze and a clear sea. But look, if you please, beyond the lee bulwarks, and picture, if you can, the small chance a man would hav if tossed into the churning mass of fierce waves. They seem to leap up and grasp out for a victim. They would seize you, if they could, and toss and buffet you about, twist every joint and limb until it ached, and dash their mad foam across your face until no more free air could fill the poor gasping lungs, no more free action could be had from the tired limbs, and the wave-fiends would dash over you and engulf you in their mad triumph. Every sailor knows all this, whenever he goes aloft, or pursues his calling in any part of the ship, and so he is careful and alert, and tries for safety all the time, but when the running ship, towering on the crest of a lofty wave, dashes suddenly onward and down, burying her head booms in the boiling sea, and tears them out again with a terrible strain, as was the case on this occasion, no living thing can hold on, and so our poor shipmate was dashed into the sea, was struck and passed over by the ship, and was never seen more by any living man. It occurred instantly and was over in a second. It was seen, and the cry raised, "Man overboard." Sailors must act promptly at all times. In less time than I can write about it life-buoys were thrown over, the ship hove to, and a boat was overboard manned by determined men, resolute to rescue a shipmate if possible. The effort was vain; the boat returned, was hoisted again with difficulty, and we proceeded on our course, one man less.

A Cannibal's House in New Guinea.

There are two large posts in front, eighty feet high, on which rests the large peaked shade, around which there hangs a graceful fringe of young sago leaf. The front is about thirty feet wide, and the whole length of the house is one hundred and sixty feet, tapering gradually down to the back, where it is small. Our compartment is about twenty feet high and ten feet broad. The front is a common platform floored with the outer skin of the sago palm, and kept beautifully clean. The whole is divided into courts, with divisions of cocoanut leaves, nine feet high, on which hang various figures not at all good-looking. From the top of the cocoanut leaves hang graceful curtains of the young frond of the sago palm. Standing on the platform in front and looking down the whole length along the passage or hall, with the various divisions and their curtains, it has a wonderful effect. In each of the courts are numerous skulls of men, women, and children, crocodiles and bears, also many breasts of the cassowary. All are carved and many painted. The human skulls are of those who hav been killed and eaten. The daintiest dish here is man, and it is considered that only fools refuse and despise it. In the last court there are the same kinds of ornaments, and then a screen with curiously formed things of wood and nativ cloth hanging on it; also, sibis (their only clothing), belts, small bags, and other things belonging to those murdered, which hav been presented to the gods.

Correspondence.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., NOV. 11, E.M. 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: The following is a list of subscribers to the Casey dime fund:

Miss S. H. Wixon,	Fall River,	Mass		$1 00
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Mary E. Moore,	"	"		25
L. Garlick,	Ballston Spa,	N.Y.		50
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S. Brewer,	Ithaca,	N. Y.		10
J. R. Furlong,	Arkansas City,	Kan		10
			Total,	$5.00

I desire to thank those who hav contributed to the Casey dime fund for the purchase of another cow, but I am very sorry to see so few of the readers of the noble old TRUTH SEEKER hav responded to the call of charity. Hoping they will come in a little faster this month, I am,

Yours, for humanity and truth,
MISS SATIE THORPE.

[The editor of the Corner is sorry, too, that the dimes do not flow in faster. Five dollars cannot go far toward buying a good cow. Let all try to help a little, and by Christmas time we may hav the satisfaction of knowing that the Caseys are rejoicing in good, sweet milk and nice butter from their own cow. The Caseys are worthy and industrious, but now they are aged, and fortune has not been kind to them, and hence in their old age they find themselvs unblessed by this world's goods to any extent. All should try to help worthy Liberals.—ED. C. C.]

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"Giv thanks unto God," yet no infinit power
Gave aid unto us in our suppliant hour;
No help to our need like a benison came,
Till strong hands reached forth in humanity's name.

"Giv thanks unto God," yet no infinit pity
Gave heed to the prayers of our fever-scourged city.
These lips of petition no praises can frame,
Save those rendered now to humanity's name.

"Giv thanks unto God," "omniscient ever,"
Yet life's noblest workers met death by the fever;
Yet this terrible blight shall history blame,
As we blame it now, in humanity's name.

"Giv thanks unto God" for our fruitless beseeching,
For prayers reaching upward yet God never reaching,
While suns and while stars kept their courses the same,
We waited, then asked in humanity's name.

The cry of our need like a bugle went thrilling,
And volunteers, volunteers, loyal and willing,
Strong-armored with courage, unshrinking they came
To battle with death in humanity's name.

To the hands of our poor stretched northward imploring
The gifts of the generous-hearted came pouring—
The heart of the nation, with pity aflame,
Gave forth of its wealth in humanity's name.

Nay! Heaven is deaf to all praises or pleading,
And nature's great destiny moves on unheeding.
Brave hearts and true service from Jacksonville claim
Thanksgiving to-day in humanity's name.

For death glorified by brave human endeavor,
For life's noble service thanksgiving forever;
Ye martyrs and heroes of Jacksonville's fame
Thanksgiving to-day in humanity's name.

MARY A. WORSWICK.

Dark Lines in that Volume Called the Sun.

First Wallaston beheld the sun's dark lines,
Fraunhoffer mapped them, giving each a name;
Kirchhoff explained their meanings to our minds,
And thus the three are handed down to fame.

Eight lines Fraunhoffer found surpassing clear,
He gave them the eight alphabetic signs,
And some of them as double lines appear
And all are only few of many lines.

Lines A and B and C in red are seen,
D orange; E in yellow, F in green,
And F and G inclose the azure blue,
And H, the last, is in the violet hue.

The solar spectrum, crowded with dark lines,
Proves metals in their vapor forms appear
In sun's hot envelope, 'neath whose veil shines
The hotter mass rapt in this photosphere.

We know not if the deeper mass be gas,
For heated gases through cool strata throw
The dark-lined spectrum like a liquid mass,
Within a vapor that impedes its glow.

Many dark lines unto the iron belong,
They crowd the spectrum from its F to C;
Angstrom observed them half a thousand strong—
There gathered round the F, the B, the E.

But plainest of the dark lines is the D;
It tells of sodium within the sun—
'Tis double viewed by high intensity,
And 'twixt the two is seen a finer one.

Lines of magnesium, aluminum,
Of iron, copper, zinc, and calcium,
Of nickel, manganese, litanium;
Of cobalt, hydrogen, and chromium

Are found as perfect in the solar light
As we behold them in comparing beam:
Ere from the solar limb the lines are bright,
As with an eclipsed background they may gleam.

'Twas Young of Hanover and Langley saw
The reversed spectrum of the eclipsed sun,
To further prove the universal law
That all sidereal elements are one.

Upon the sun with Vulcan craters pouring
Their heated hydrogenic flames on high,
We find the swiftness of these currents soaring
In that far-distant cromospheric sky.

A blast is rouring out, 'tis coming nearer,
Our F is dipping deeper in the blue:
Behold the dark line waver! What is clearer
To prove the sympathy between the two?

Why does our F line vary from its station?
Do waves come swifter? yea, this must be true.
The coming torrents press in close relation,
The hydrogenic green upon its blue.

As when a whistling train is rolling nearer,
Her note is pitching to a higher key,
With quicker beats that to the ear are clearer,
Thus moves the F line that the eye can see.

Her waves are shorter, swifter she is nearing
The flame of hydrogen like to the train;
Her notes to higher amplitudes are veering,
Her tune becomes a shriller, pitched refrain.

We move the slit that lets the light ray enter,
Our teleospectroscope obeys our will;
Her tube is pointing toward the sun disc's center,
Behold, behold, the hydrogen seems still.

Our F line, steady now, shifts not its station,
Swings not from normal now to left or right;
The cloud has reached its highest elevation,
And from its summit now casts steady light.

We move the slit again, the F is veering
Deeper in green away from violet's end.
Now the great clouds are falling, skies are clearing,
As toward the nucleus the storms descend.

As when a whistling train from us departing,
By lengthening sound-waves drops the baser strain;
Thus to the light recession is imparting
A less refrangence, like a deep refrain.

We move our tube and gaze on cyclones whirling
Their grand Sierric tongues of flame on high;
At the sun's limb we see these whirlpools curling
Their wreathing domes upon the solar sky.

The dawning edge that fascinates our gazing
May light our F line till an azure green
Betrays an eclipsed towering gas flame blazing,
While the continuous spectrum is unseen.

But look! the F line shows her pitch ascending,
Nearer the violet clouds are drawing near;
High in the solar skies their courses tending,
In currents wending through the cromosphere.

The line betrays them not in their descending,
But as they backward turn from overhead,
The mass retreating longer waves is sending,
And F is veering backward toward the red.

E'en to the stars in their great orbits wending,
We find a variance in the lines they throw—
Detect from this the courses of their tending,
How swiftly toward us or away they go.

Vast is the field of study oped before us,
Vast as the broad infinity of space;
Wide as the circled concave arching o'er us,
More than can e'en be dreamed of by our race.

The million lights we see through ether speaking
Tell of the countless orbs from which they shine;
Their language index can be found by seeking,
An endless volume written in each sign.

These facts inspire us unto cultivation,
Till the ears catch a wider sweep of sound—
Till the mind reaches higher contemplation,
And the eyes view a broader space around.

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Christ's Riches.

SEE MATTHEW XVIII, 27.

Ah, good Lord Christ, thou knowest we are poor.
Why should our suffering so long endure
When thou canst make the fishes yield up coin?
For did'st not thou St. Peter once enjoin
To render unto God things that are God's,
And so to Cæsar, asking nary odds:
Instructing him to hook a fish and find
Within his mouth a silver piece just coined?
Here is a chance, dear, blessed Lord, for thou
Thy ancient power to exercise just now—
A goodly chance, dear Jesus, where I stand,
Here by the creek that skirts my piece of land,
Drawing out bullheads, minnows, and black bass.
But no such miracle will come to pass.
To poor folk never come such goodly gifts;
Only to Gods and Cæsars come such lifts;
It matters not how sore the need may be—
At least I know such never came to me.
See what a mouth this bullhead has for pence,
Or that black bass now floundering by the fence!
And yet I'd search in vain for gold or dime
In either mouth for any length of time
For aught that looks like cash—not any cent
Would from the treasury of heaven be lent
To help me in the pressure of each need,
By want inspired—warm clothes and grub for feed.
What matters it to Jesus, then, my wants—
How thin my coat is or how worn my pants,
How low my wood-pile, or that this is fall,
The harbinger of winter, at whose call
Zero will leap along in whirling hosts
Of searching snows and penetrating frosts?
All Christ now offers in his up-stairs place
Is but a hashed-up dish of mythic grace;
A panacea only seen when death
Steps in to stop the struggling pilgrim's breath.
When, 'stead of placing him where saints abound,
Custom will plant him six feet under ground,
Where squirming lie, in never-ending swarms,
Man's latest mates, earth's multiplying worms.
No mausoleum, chancel, crypt, or grave,
From earthly worms can man's bacon save.
Naught but cremation's dessicating blast,
When to the flames the lifeless form is cast.
And so we grin and bear as best we may
Life's weary burden, groping down the way,
Certain of rest as we approach the end,
When death steps in, as master and as friend.

Le Roy, N. Y. 74.

When You See.

If you should chance to see
A parson, clever as clever can be,
Who tickles his flock with jest and riddle,
And worships God with flute and fiddle,
The latest clerical fad is he.

And should you chance to see
The man whose fine philanthropy
Assumes that every man's a brother,
That he's a saint and you're another,
The devil a saint at all is he.

But further; should you see
A priest grow plump on penury,
Gad zooks! don't take it for a miracle,
Or deem his diet is atmospherical—
An anti poverty priest is he.

Or if you chance to see
The man that vows that you and he
Hav equal title to all the earth
By nature's warrant, the right of birth,
Why, so hav the wolf and chimpanzee.

In short, where'er you see
The real, original patentee
Of a new crusade, look out for gammon.
His creed is self, his God is mammon,
And all his preaching is tweedle-dee.

—*Quoted in* THE TRUTH SEEKER.

The Retort Courteous.

From the Workmen's Advocate.

When you're able to see
That right and title to property
Comes from labor that creates,
But not from profits and usury rates,
Much less of a fool than you are you'll be.

A Christian Opinion.

From the Christian Register.

The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism. A Contribution to the Religion of the Future. By Felix L. Oswald. New York: The Truth Seeker Co.—Under the heads of "Physical Maxims," "Mental Maxims," "Moral Maxims," and "Objectiv Maxims," Professor Oswald has much to say that is extremely sound and good. The arrangement under each head is nearly uniform. We hav, first, "The Lessons of Instinct;" then, "Rewards of Conformity" to these lessons; then, "Perversion;" next, "Penalties of Neglect;" last, "Redemption," under which head we hav advice as to what should be done for the enforcement of the laws of nature. The spirit of the book is much at variance with the doctrin of nature in John Stuart Mill's "Three Essays on Religion," and with some recent theories of Frances Power Cobbe and Dr. Hedge. But Professor Oswald does not confine himself to infra-human nature as the model of virtue. He finds it also in the uncivilized and especially in the unchristianized man. One is inclined to ask him, seeing that once there was nothing but nature, and nature is so thoroughly sound and good: Whence came the various badness of the world? Whence the Bible, if Emerson was grossly mistaken when he sang:

Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old?

But Professor Oswald is nothing if not Anti-christian. He never speaks of the Bible or Jesus or Christianity without contempt. Jesus is the "apostle of anti-naturalism," the "alcohol-brewing Galilean," and so on. The faintest suggestion of Christianity has an effect upon him like that of the traditional red rag upon a bull, and he begins to ramp and roar rhetorically in the most fearful manner. In short, Professor Oswald is a Radical bigot of the most intense variety. One would hav to search far and wide for a Christian book written in our time in a temper so bad and violent as his.

Church Etiquet.

From the Evening Sun.

It is not proper to smoke Connecticut-made cigars in the vestibule of a church of any denomination.

No gentleman will interrupt a clergyman in the midst of his discourse to ask for the text.

While sleep is a perfectly proper exercise during sermon time, hard snoring is to be avoided. It makes the small boy laugh, and the mirth of children is obviously out of place during the service.

A Christian gentleman will not assault the choir-master until after the benediction.

The morning paper should be left at home, and never, under any circumstances, be taken to church to be read while the collection is being taken up.

Loud laughter at secret thoughts is not decorous.

It is not proper to trip up a vestryman who is taking up the collection, however great one's provocation.

Do not glare at the stranger in your pew who has made the mistake of reading from your favorit hymn-book.

Conceal your contempt for the person who puts a meager dime in the collection-plate.

Should the church be insufficiently heated, put your handkerchief in your mouth. The chattering teeth of a congregation is apt to razzle-dazzle the rector.

Do not dissent from your clergyman's views of things by snorting or indulging in a stentorian "Bosh."

If your change drops out of your overcoat pocket, down through the register into the furnace, make an effort to keep your mouth closed. Your remarks would no doubt prove interesting, but they might be sadly indecorous.

Do not draw funny pictures on the fly-leaves of your neighbor's prayer-book.

Never attend church in Boston without a pair of spectacles.

None of the McAllister four hundred insist on standing during prayer time or on kneeling while singing hymns.

Fall in with the rules of the church you attend, and if the minister does not see fit to read the Commandments, do not demand a rebate on your pew-rent.

Don't walk up the center aisle on your heel just because your shoes squeak. Let them squeak.

Leave business behind you. Don't insist upon closing up a wheat deal with a business acquaintance who has the pew behind you then and there. If a subscription card is left in your pew don't write a promis to pay $15 a month for twenty years on it over your enemy's name.

Do not seek to be revenged upon a fellow-worshiper by kicking his beaver in front of you all the way up the aisle, and to keep fellow-members out of temptation do not place your own silk hat in the aisle where it may be kicked.

Avoid practical jokes. If your pew happens to be near the gas-nut, do not turn off the gas, no matter how facetious you may be.

Worshipers in the gallery should taboo dropping beads or marbles on the heads of old gentlemen without hair.

In singing, do not blow on the head of the person who sits in front of you. It may expose him to pneumonia.

It is not proper to put pool-checks, buttons, or poker-chips in the plate.

Do not leave your umbrella in the vestibule on rainy Sundays. It is not well that any person, however upright and pious he may be, should be subjected to undue temptation.

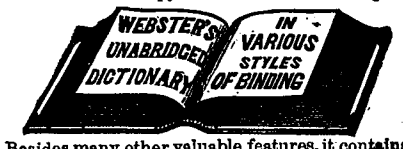
Be composed if you hear a fire-engin going by the church door. Walk out quietly and without excitement. Under no circumstances rush down the aisle yelling fire.

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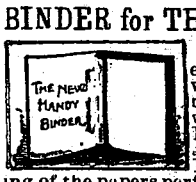
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News of the Week.

RICH New Yorkers hav bought a thirty-thousand-acre tract in Canada for a game preserve.

THE Salvation Army *War Cry* is published in sixteen languages, and twenty-four cities throughout the world.

JOHN BRIGHT is critically ill.

LONDON has 100,000 paupers.

ST. PAUL, Minn., has erected nineteen Catholic churches.

GEN. JOE WHEELER has been converted to Catholicism.

THE $1,000,000 needed for the Catholic University has been pledged.

IT is proposed that the presidential term be made six years, reëlection being forbidden.

THE anniversary of the hanging of the Chicago Anarchists was observed in the principal cities of the world.

MAYOR-ELECT GRANT, of New York, has given $1,000 toward the erection of a Catholic seminary in that city.

THE Italian government is having a hard time suppressing the priests who are determined on its overthrow.

THE Copley medal of the Royal Society, the most coveted distinction that society can bestow, has been awarded Professor Huxley.

FAILURE of crops, mortgages, and commencing blizzards are making Kansans miserable.

CATHOLICISM is growing in Scotland. By magnificent gifts from the marquis of Bute and others, new churches are rising in all parts of that land.

ON the "Is Marriage a Failure?" question, it is reported from St. Louis that half the divorces in that city hav their source in poverty and its attendant evils.

SAM SMALL denies that Harrison was elected, as some allege, because religious, but says: "We look for the time when a man will be elected because he is a Christian."

THERE is a continual movement westward of nativ New Englanders, and of Irish into their places in Massachusetts and French Canadians into their places in upper districts.

DR. LEWIS ascertained that of 2,000 fallen women of New York and Brooklyn, of those who before entering their present life were trying to liv by work, 230 got $3 a week; 336, $2, and 534, $1.

NEW YORK politicians are so busy intriguing for office and spoils that they forget to care for and enlarge our common schools, and many thousands of children seeking admittance are excluded for lack of room.

IN Lower Austria the 15th was observed as a close holiday, it being St. Leopold's Day. St. Leopold is the patron saint of that region; he was a count who was canonized for the building of many monasteries and convents.

PARLIAMENT in 1886 established a fund of $25,000,000 to lend to Irish tenants to enable them to buy of landlords, and now will devote to that purpose another like sum. Gladstone opposes this bill as it stands without any amendments providing immediate help for those now in arrears.

A SUIT brought by Roman Catholic taxpayers to prevent the reading of the King James version of the Bible in the public schools was decided at Janesville, Wis., on the 19th. Judge Bennett held that such reading was not sectarian instruction, the children of the petitioners not being obliged to listen if they did not desire, and the Bible having been decided upon by the authorities as one of the text-books for Wisconsin schools. There was nothing, however, to prevent the children from reading a version of the Bible accepted by the Roman Catholic church if they preferred.

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And the angel of the Lord said unto him, Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times? behold, I went out to withstand thee, because thy way is perverse before me.—Num. xxii, 32.

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THE stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.—*Swift.*

To the mind of a devout Christian the world is the most hateful thing in the world. He withdraws himself from it, and shuns it, and concentrates all his hopes and aspirations on the world to come, and endows with all his worldly goods the priests.—*Voltaire.*

I LOVE joy-makers, and not those solemn, mournful wretches. Everything that buds and blossoms and breathes the breath of joy is moral. Nothing can be more immoral than to want your own life sour as well as that of others.—*Ingersoll.*

A DOCTRIN more convenient for the purposes of tyrants and malefactors of every description than the non-resistance teaching of Christ it would be difficult to invent.—*Amberley.*

THE Church of England magnified in fulsome phrase the kingly prerogativ, which was constantly employed to defend and aggrandize her, and reprobated, much at her ease, the depravity of those whom oppression, from which she was exempt, had goaded to rebellion. Her favorit theme was the doctrin of non-resistance. That doctrin she taught without any qualification, and followed out to all its extreme consequences. Her disciples were never weary of repeating that in no conceivable case, not even if England were cursed with a king resembling Busirus or Phalaris, who, in defiance of law, and without the pretense of justice, should daily doom hundreds of innocent victims to torture and death, would all the estates of the realm be justified in withstanding his tyranny by physical force. Happily the principles of human nature afford abundant security that such theories will never be more than theories.—*Macaulay's History of England.*

MACAULAY is Liberal in the largest and best sense of the word. He demands that all citizens should be equal before the law, that men of all sects should be declared capable to fill all public functions—that Roman Catholics and Jews may, as well as Lutherans, Anglicans, and Calvinists, sit in Parliament. He refutes Mr. Gladstone and the partisans of state religion with incomparable ardor and eloquence, abundance of proof, and force of argument; he clearly proves that the state is only a secular association, that its end is wholly temporal, that its single object is to protect the life, liberty, and property of the citizens; that in intrusting to it the defense of spiritual interests, we overturn the order of things; and that to attribute to it a religious belief, is as though a man, walking with his feet, should also confide to his feet the care of seeing and hearing.—*Taine.*

"IGNORANCE is the curse of God," says Milton, and undoubtedly God's book has, at this hour, more to do with the promotion and retention of ignorance than all other influences put together. There is no savage in any isle of the ocean who believes more monstrously and on weaker evidence than does the ordinary rank-and-file Christian of the English church and chapel. Fables and absurdities that, if vouched for at this day by the dearest, most judicious, and most veracious of his friends, he would reject with derision he will not only accept, but consider sacred, if they are said to hav belonged to a period eighteen hundred years ago, to an out-of-the-way part of the globe he never saw, and are vouched for by he knows not whom.—*Saladin's God and His Book.*

ON the plea of a corruption, therefore, of which the individual has not been himself the cause, of which neither is it given him to free himself of his own power, he is to be condemned, he and the entire progeny of a childish and inexperienced pair—not excepting even the innocent little ones who die unbaptized—to the everlasting torments of hell! It is astonishing how a conception equally revolting to man's reason and sense of justice, a conception which transforms God from an object of adoration and affection into a hideous and detestable being, could at any time, however barbarous, hav been found acceptable, or how the casuistries by which people strove to modify its harshness could ever even hav been listened to with common patience.—*Strauss.*

VOLUMES might be written upon the infinit absurdity of this [the doctrin of the fall and the atonement] most incredible, wicked, and foolish of all the fables contained in that repository of the impossible, called the Bible. To me it is a matter of amazement, that it ever was for a moment believed by any intelligent human being.—*Ingersoll.*

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THANKSGIVING day, Freddy, is celebrated at the end of November, because it is thought that those who hav safely pulled through the wear and tear of a political campaign may be in a truly grateful mood.

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"I DON'T say marriage is a failure," said Adam candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single this wouldn't hav happened."

MRS. NAGGLETON: "I see that some wretch has been writing a book called "How to Be Happy, Though Married.'" Mr. Naggleton: "I could hav told that in three words." Mrs. Naggleton: "What are they?" Mr. Naggleton: "Get a divorce."

"MAY I call on you occasionally, Miss De Lancey?" said Bjones after the dance. "We seem already as old friends. Hav I not seen you before?" "Yes," was the cutting reply, "you saw me hanging on to the car-strap one day last week while you were sitting down."

IT was a quiet Sunday afternoon, and she was reading to him the Proverbs of Solomon. He was rapidly getting an attack of temporary oblivion. "Aren't they wonderful, George?" she said. "Yes, indeed," he replied. "If he had only misspelled his words, what a Josh Billings he would hav made!"

MR. BLENKINSOAK (to the new pastor after service): "My dear sir, now that you are settled, I want you to make our house your home. Run in any time, and don't bother to giv us any notice." (The next evening, just as the pastor comes in): "I'll hav that —— wing off that —— turkey if I hav to chase it to—Newark!"

ROSALIE: "Geoffrey, why are you always calling me your flower? Can't you think of any other pet name?" Geoffrey: "I can, my love; but since the recent rise in wheat flour has seemed the most appropriate." Rosalie (coldly): "Indeed! I don't understand you." Geoffrey: "I mean that you are getting dearer and dearer every day."

MR. WALDO: "Can you explain to me, Miss Breezy, what is meant by *laissez-faire*, which we see so often in discussions on political economy?" Miss Breezy: "Oh, I'm so glad you asked me that, Mr. Waldo, for I asked my French professor, and he explained it very clearly. It means something like this, if I remember rightly—it's the same as *laissez-faire, Monsieur Gallaghere*—let her go, Monseer Gallaghere."

PROHIBITIONIST: "Ah, Jack, I am glad to hear that you hav concluded to quit the saloon business." Jack: "Yes, I hav quit it. It isn't popular and I'm tired of it. Besides, I hav got a better thing." Prohibitionist: "That's all right, Jack; that's all right. I knew you were too good a fellow to engage in such business. By the way, what are you going to do?" Jack: "I am going to run a drug store in a Prohibition town."

WOMAN (to tramp): "Hav you traveled far; you look tired?" "All the way from the Catskill mountains, ma'am." Woman: "It must be pleasant up there in warm weather." Tramp: "I found it very pleasant, ma'am. You see, there are a great many women in the mountains during the summer, but except on Sundays men are scarce."

WOMAN is the equal of man, but while cheerfully recognizing this fact, we cannot help wondering why it is that, when a woman has shouted for half an hour to her boy to come into the house and found herself powerless to make any impression upon him, she usually winds up with, "If you don't come here this minute, young man, I'll send your father to you."

SON-IN-LAW SILVERSTINE: "Mister Schaumburg, I vants you to dake back your daughter Repecca." Fatber-in-law Schaumburg: "I takes not dot Repecca pack. Ven a man comes to my house, picks out himself a piece of goods, and dot goods vas received by him in goot order, I would pe a fool to dake pack dot goods. No, sir, you shoost keep dot Repecca."

A ST. LOUIS dry goods house advertised for a "smart boy," and they got him. They put him behind the counter. The following conversation passed between him and his first customer: Customer (picking up a pair of gloves): "What are these?" Smart boy: "Gloves." Customer: "Yes, yes; but what do you ask for them?" Smart boy: "We don't ask for them at all; customers do that." Customer: "You don't understand me. How do they come?" Smart boy: "Why, they come in pairs, of course." Customer: "No, no! How high do they come?" Smart boy: "Just above the wrist, I believe." Customer: "But what do you get for them?" Smart boy: "Me? I don't get nothing for them. Boss pockets all the money." Customer (losing patience): "What is the price of these gloves per pair?" Smart boy: "Oh, that's your lay, is it? Why didn't you say so afore? $1."

ONCE upon a time a Public Necessity decided to present himself to his friends in New York. "I've been neglected a good deal of late," he said, "but I'm only a little fellow, and won't be much trouble to anybody." When he arrived in the city he was greeted by a gorgeously appareled gentleman, who said: "I am the Boss, and hav been sent to look out for you. Come, let me introduce you to Politics, and everything will get on swimmingly." So everything did for a while, and Public Necessity was astounded at the attention and the money showered on him; but, unluckily, one day the Boss and Politics fell out. Then there was a dreadful time; and between scathing editorials, searching investigations, and interminable trials, poor Public Necessity thought his last hour had come. But he managed to pull through all right, and, as he stepped into a cafe to cool his fevered blood with a lemonade, he observed his reflection in a mirror on the wall. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "I've grown into a Big Fat Job!"

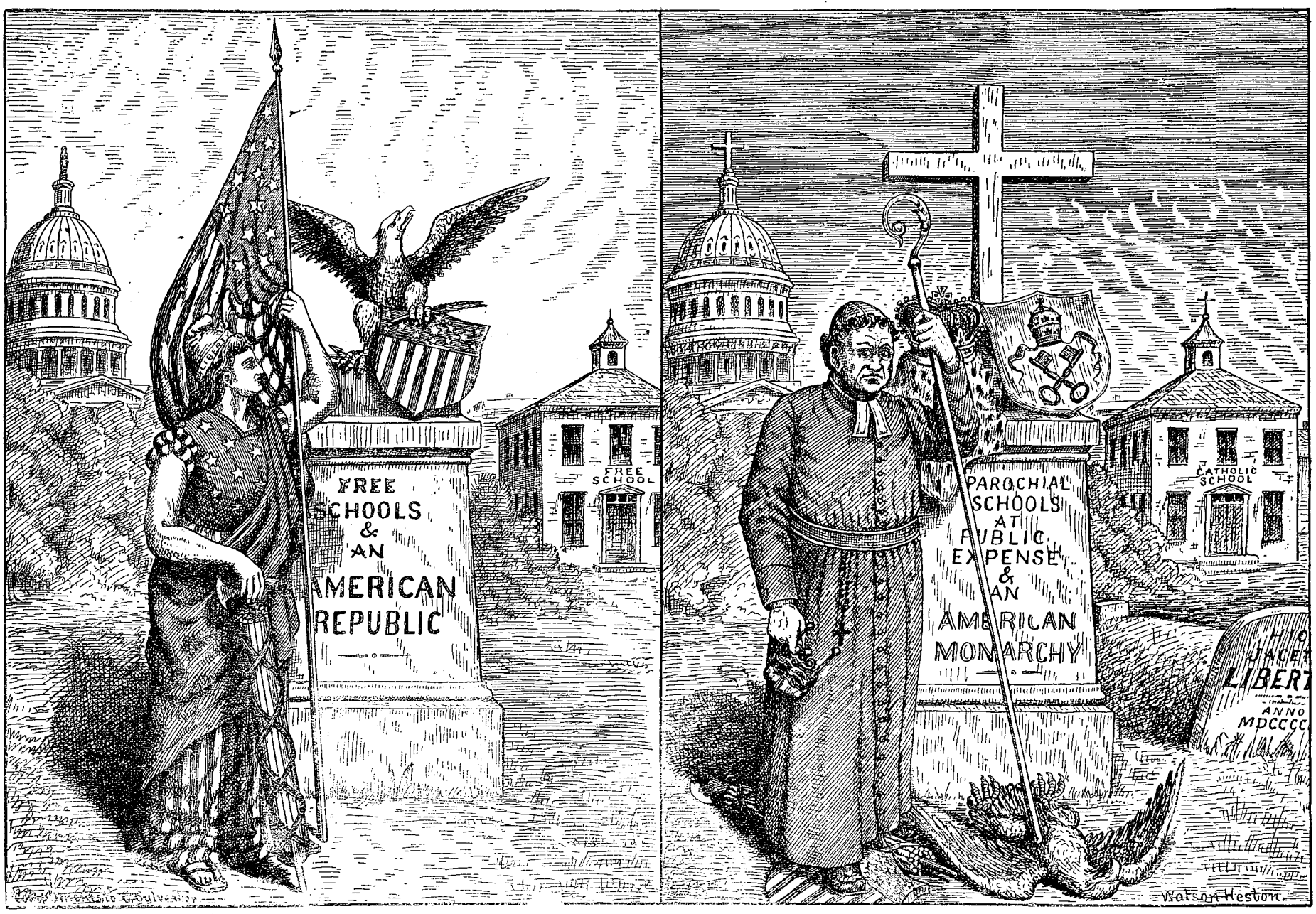
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WHICH SHALL WE HAV?

Notes and Clippings.

THERE will be a biblical flavor to the new administration. Benjamin and Levi are winners and Daniel will giv way to Elijah as presidential private secretary. That office will hereafter be considered a place of prophet.

A MAINE genius has discovered that spruce sawdust is an excellent substitute for sand in making common mortar for plastering houses. He has used it in making a house in Greenville, and other masons in the state are experimenting with it.

IT is stated that the French bishops hav received a communication from the Congregation of the Holy Office strongly disapproving of cremation, and ordering the clergy not to abandon the customary Christian burial. Among Bishop Dupanloup's papers an essay on cremation was found, in which the bishop endeavored to prove that without the interment of bodies for successiv generations the earth would lose all fertility and power of reproduction.

A DISPATCH from Zanzibar says that the British consular authorities hav issued a proclamation in regard to the slave trade, in which they warn British subjects of the penalties which they will incur in making illegal contracts. The slave-owners hav united in a monster petition against the enforcement of the law against the slave traffic, which, they assert, has been in practical abeyance for many years. It is reported that the entire plan of blockade has been changed, in order to include the whole coast. It is probable that African slavery will soon be a thing of the past.

GOVERNOR SWINEFORD of Alaska reports to the secretary of the interior that the territory is getting along nicely, and has 49,850 inhabitants, of whom 6,500 are whites, 1,900 creoles, and 2,950 Aleuts. He urges that Congress make it possible for present squatters to acquire title to their land, and says if this be done the territory will develop more quickly and satisfactorily. He describes the mineral resources of the territory, and says it has fourteen public, eight Protestant, two Catholic, and seventeen Græco-Roman schools. The Alaska Commercial Company, he says, treats the people as little more than serfs where its rule is supreme.

THE news from Alabama and east Tennessee shows that Mormon proselytizing in that section is going on vigorously. In the two states, according to an elder, there are forty flourishing mission stations which are producing converts at the rate of ten thousand a year. A dispatch from Chattanooga says that in that immediate vicinity over fifteen hundred people hav become Mormons within ten months, and that from two hundred to five hundred are shipped West every sixty days. The European importations continue, and, take it altogether, it is doubtful if there has been a more determined system of proselytization pursued since the days of Mohammed. The Mormons are also colonizing Arizona, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming, and considering the fact that the whole vote of this growing body throughout such a large section of the country can be thrown as the few rulers of the church direct, the *World* is troubled and wants to know what is to be done about it. But why should anything be done? What business has the government to interfere with missionaries of any religion? In the same region the Methodist church has gobbled up ten millions of dollars' worth of property, all held without paying a cent taxes, but we hear no inquiry as to what shall be done with that church. Let the religion alone, but make its supporters pay their own bills, and if they break the laws punish them.

THE New Orleans *States* is jubilant over the discomfiture of the Puritans of that city. It says: "The district attorney and the board of health hav struck the Sunday law on the flank, and the result is a panic in the ranks of that piece of old puritanical humbuggery which may be turned into a rout all along the line of the army of worthies who seek to govern the consciences of other people. The board of health has expressed the opinion that fruit is almost a necessity to the people of this community, and hence should be placed within the reach of every citizen on all occasions, Sunday included; whereupon the district attorney repeals the Sunday law so far as the fruit-dealers are concerned. The *States* takes no exception to the decision of the board of health nor to the action of Judge Luzenberg. We like to see the Sunday law knocked crazy upon any and all occasions; we think everybody should break it who can. It is a wretched puritanical importation."

THE "amateur societies for the regulation of public morals," as the *Sun* calls Mr. Gerry's and similar associations, were shrewd as well as despotic law drafters when they had the statute passed giving police justices power to commit children to Catholic and Protestant institutions. Even a *habeas corpus* is unable to climb over the walls of these places when resisted by the police justice's commitment. Antonio Meastreago was sent to the Catholic Protectory some weeks ago upon the commitment of Police Justice Patterson, having been arrested by an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children upon a charge of begging in the street. That is, he collected pennies while his father played the hand-organ. Frank Oliver, counsel for the boy's father, asked Judge Lawrence last week to discharge the boy because he had been placed in the Protectory with the understanding that he was to be released as soon as his father's trial was over. President Gerry, for the society, contended that as the commitment of the police justice was regular the writ of *habeas corpus* should be dismissed. Judge Lawrence said he would hav to dismiss the writ, and he did so reluctantly, because he had no power to do otherwise. He took occasion to remark, however, that the present state of the law with regard to the commitment of children was a great injustice to the people. He thought the legislature should be appealed to at once to hav this law modified. As it is now, if a child is brought before a police magistrate and regularly committed, no matter what the nature of the evidence may be, neither the supreme court nor the court of appeals has any power to review the commitment. He thought that such unlimited power in the hands of police magistrates was an unjust discrimination in favor of these societies. While it might be proper to commit some children, yet he knew of cases which had come before him when he was confident the children should hav been released, but he was powerless to act.

Communications.

Bible Poetry and Evolution.

As long as human beings hav been able to express their deepest feelings in articulate and rhythmical language there hav been poets in the world. But poetry, like all other fine arts, is a development. At first it is simplicity itself, but with the varied experience of mankind it grows and changes, until as a complex and complete whole it captivates the head and enthralls the heart of humanity. The painter appeals to our sense of beauty in color, the sculptor to our idea of the beautiful in form; the musician to the same sense in sound, while the poet uses all the arts of the reason in appeal to our sense of the beautiful in meaning and form in language.

Now, the aim of all art is to giv pleasure, not necessarily to impart truth; and it is perfectly clear to the most ordinary understanding that the poet can do no more than express his own physical and mental states, and therefore such truths as may be found in poems can only be the mirrored image of natural phenomena as they appear to the mind of the writer. Works of art, however, hav this advantage over many things which afford us temporary pleasure—such as money, rank, health, sensual enjoyments, etc., for they remain behind to be enjoyed by thousands who know nothing of their authors, but who may understand and appreciate their gifts long after they are dust.

It would be manifestly absurd for any man to affirm that the Bible contains no poetry, because every reader must know that poetic expressions are scattered throughout the pages of this so-called sacred book. Every diligent student would go as far as admitting that some excellent poetry may be found in such books as Job, Psalms, Isaiah, Proverbs, or even Jeremiah.

The contention of the evolutionist, however, is this—that whatever poetry is found in the Bible is perfectly human and often of a very faulty character, both in expression and sentiment, even after it has been improved by successiv generations of revisers. For what man with a grain of sense can believe that the translations which we now hav of the Old Testament represent exactly the ideas of the ancient writers?

Even the plays of Shakspere hav undergone frequent revision to bring certain expressions contained in them more in unison with modern ideas.

Shakspere made his characters speak prevailing opinions. It would hav been folly for him to hav done otherwise, although it is quite certain that the poet himself dissented from many of the views to which his characters gave expression.

The same, however, cannot be said of the Bible poets. All the sentiments, whether good or bad, which they committed to writing must be regarded as their own. Nor must it be supposed for a moment that they wrote under the same conditions as other writers. For were they not divinely inspired?

If they had their somber moods, were they not designed by deity for the express purpose of bringing out the deeper feelings of the human soul yearning for improvement? And even in his strongest denunciations of human weakness or perversity should the inspired poet breathe the spirit of revenge? It is well enough for David to exclaim: "Oh, giv thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever. . . . Who giveth food to all flesh, for his mercy endureth forever" (Ps. cxxxvi, 1, 25). But as the poet continues, we see that his idea of mercy is a very peculiar one: "O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph. For the Lord most high is terrible; he is a great king over all the earth; he shall subdue the people under us and the nations under our feet" (Ps. xlvii). Or we may take exception to his wisdom or his good taste when he says: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. Corrupt are they and hav done abominable iniquity; there is none that doeth good" (Ps. i, 3).

We may question his modesty when he proclaims: "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. Surely I hav behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother; my soul is even as a weaned child. Let Israel hope in the Lord from henceforth and forever" (Ps. cxxxi).

But the poet shows a bigoted and cruel spirit when describing persons whom he calls Jahveh's enemies. He says: "Set thou a wicked man over him, and let Satan stand at the right hand. When he shall be judged let him be condemned and let his prayer become sin. Let his days be few, and let another take his office; let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow. Let his children be continually vagabonds and beg, let them seek their bread also out of their desolate places. Let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let the strangers spoil his labor. Let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any favor to his fatherless children. Let his posterity be cut off and in the generation following let his name be blotted out. Let the iniquity of his fathers be remembered with the Lord, and let not the sin of the mother be blotted out" (Ps. cix, 6–14).

These are the expressions of an inspired poet! But what a different sentiment is breathed by Shelley, the Atheist poet, in all his writings! How different these revengeful lines from the mercy speech of Portia in the "Merchant of Venice:"

> The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed:
> It blesseth him that givs, and him that takes:
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown:
> His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
> The attribute to awe and majesty,
> Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
> But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
> It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
> It is an attribute to God himself;
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
> When mercy seasons justice.

From the inspired Bible poet to the uninspired playwright, what an evolution!

We learn truth by contrast, and we are enabled to judge how far man has traveled along the line toward civilization by reference to his thoughts—whether expressed in poesy or prose. A low idea of human nature, an intolerant spirit toward those from whom we differ, dogmatism on things doubtful, are signs of the small and uncultivated mind. Dryden says:

> A tyrant's power in rigor is exprest.

And the imperious character of the Bible poet is shown in the cruelty and vindictivness of his appeals to deity to revenge himself by torturing his enemies.

If the poetry of the Bible were really God-inspired, we should expect not only to find it perfect in style, in expression, soaring to the loftiest hights and sounding the lowest depths of philosophy, giving us indeed the noblest truths in the loveliest dress; it would be incomparably superior to the poems of profane writers. Such, however, we do not find to be the case. Of human nature the Bible poets understood very little, and that only in its worst aspects; of natural phenomena they knew even less.

Consequently they sang not the divine song of human liberty, nor did they extol the labors of the reformer, the struggles of a people vainly striving to be free. But they sang the song of war, of strife, of passion, of hatred, of malice, and of murder. They sang of victories which their God had given them over their enemies, and composed hymns of praise in honor of a God whom Shelley describes as—

> A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,
> Whose mercy is the nickname for the rage
> Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.

Take a few examples of the crude ideas of deity which permeate the poetical parts of the so-called sacred volume: "The burden of Egypt. Behold, the Lord rideth upon a swift cloud and shall come into Egypt; and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at his presence, and the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst of it. And I will set the Egyptians against the Egyptians, and they shall fight every one against his brother and every one against his neighbor, city against city and kingdom against kingdom" (Isa. xix, 1, 2).

We hav here the idea set before us of a God who, being dissatisfied with the conduct of some Egyptians, resolves to "set every man against his brother and every one against his neighbor" as the only satisfactory settlement of the difficulty.

The unbeliever, of course, is to hav a very unhappy time of it. Observe: "Now, go, write it before them in a table and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come forever and ever: That this is a rebellious people, lying children, children that will not hear the law of the Lord; which say to the seers, see not, and to the prophets, prophesy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits. Get you out of the way, turn out of the path, cause the holy one of Israel to cease from before us. Wherefore, thus saith the holy one of Israel: Because ye despise this word and trust in oppression and perverseness and stay therein, therefore this iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall, whose breaking cometh suddenly at an instant. And he shall break it as the breaking of the potter's vessel that is broken in pieces; he shall not spare, so that there shall not be found in the bursting of it a sherd to take fire from the hearth, or to take water withal out of the pit" (Isa. xxx, 8–14).

And the following is a poetic description of the manner in which God revengeth himself against the enemies of the church: "Come near, ye nations, to hear; and hearken, ye people; let the earth hear, and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it. For the indignation of the Lord is upon all nations, and his fury upon all their armies; he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter. Their slain also shall be cast out, and their stink shall come up out of their carcasses, and the mountains shall be melted with their blood" (Isa. xxxiv, 1–3).

"And the unicorns shall come down with them, and the bullocks with the bulls; and their land shall be soaked with blood, and their dust made fat with fatness. For it is the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompenses for the controversy of Zion. And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up forever; from generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever" (Isa. xxxiv, 7–10).

JAHVEH SUPERIOR TO A WOODEN GOD.

"Assemble yourselvs and come draw near together, ye that are escaped of the nations; they hav no knowledge that set up the wood of their graven image, and pray unto a god that cannot save. Tell ye, and bring them near; yea, let them take counsel together; who hath declared this from ancient time? who hath told it from that time? hav not I, the Lord? And there is no God else beside me—a just God and a savior—there is none beside me. Look unto me and be saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else. I hav sworn by myself: the word is gone out of my mouth and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow and every tongue shall swear."

But, despite the vigor of this declaration, there are some who hav not evolved beyond the wooden god.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

The Jesus Christ of the New Testament.

In this skeptical but inquisitiv and searching age, the question of the veritability of such a personage as the Jesus Christ having ever existed, is one that is eliciting the careful inquiry and investigation of a large number of minds, which are desirous of getting at the bottom of a matter which has hitherto played so prominent a part, as forming the basis of Christian belief. While there is no mention of such a name outside of the New Testament—except a twelve line notice of him in Josephus, which bears the unmistakable impress of being an interpolation—the believers in the existence of such a person put forth in substantiation of their claim the specious query: "Why may not a Jesus Christ hav existed, as well as a Socrates, a Plato, or Pythagoras?" This question is very fair on the surface, and well calculated to mislead and deceive. The difference is, in the case of Jesus Christ, a *God* was wanted on the theological market to fill a certain niche, and the priests of moribund paganism got together and fabricated him to order; while the sages of Greece came into the world according to the natural order of things.

Sixty years ago the writer remembers it was gravely stated that Christ probably came "in the middle of time," *i.e.*, midway between the Mosaic assumption of the earth's creation and its final destruction. While claiming that he was "the only name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved," no attempt was made to bridge the hiatus of four thousand and four years before he came, during which the race—like Niagara—had poured a continuous stream into hell for want of having heard of such a name; when confronted with this knotty problem it was complacently brushed away with saying: "Oh, those that were saved were saved by a belief in a 'savior to come;'" but the poor Jews especially were left out in the cold, for they, neither 1888 years ago nor since, hav never given the least credit to Christ as being a savior. It is strange that a people who were so expectant of a "coming messiah" should not hav been the first to welcome and acknowledge him when—as claimed—he did come. But no, the pretended messiah, like Noah's dove, found no place in Judea on which to rest the sole of his foot.

Returning to this "coming in the middle of time" claim of the messiah, all that can be made of it by the utmost Procrustean contortion is, the market didn't open up for just such a new God as Christ was made to be until about two thousand years ago. The scheme was incubating at Rome, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Cæsarea—but chiefly at Rome—long before the fowl came forth, full-fledged, at Nice in 325; and the new God, like Pandora, whom "every god contributed something to perfect," was the product of the jargon, "kicking and cuffing," of some two thousand attendants—according to Socrates, a contemporaneous church historian—Arius and Athanasius, both of Alexandria, being the chief moguls in manipulating the council.

Whoever will read the New Testament with a view to detecting the discrepancies with which it abounds, does not need to go outside to any concurring evidence to become convinced that the central figure and chief hero is not only a fictitious but a factitious creation, around which all the principal incidents are made to revolve, and to substantiate which all its extravagant, bungling statements are made to conform.

But inasmuch as all the claims of Liberal writers are termed "Infidel" by the sectarian world, I wish to suggest a weapon which all Liberal writers can use with fatal effect, and one which cannot be gainsaid as emanating from an Infidel source. In

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, page 59, is found the word Antilegomena, which is defined as seven books of the New Testament—their names being given—"which were, for a time, denied to be canonical, but now generally received." The question is, When, and by whom, were these seven books finally decided to be canonical? And whether the opinions of the nineteenth century people are not as competent to determin what is Bible and what is not, as were the pugnacious bishops composing the council of Nice in 325?

Papius, a church historian, informs us how the "genuin" epistles of the New Testament were tested from the spurious. According to him this (un)godly conclave of bishops took a basket and filled it with manuscripts and put it under a communion table, then they formed a circle around it and prayed; whereupon jumping-jack-like all the "inspired" documents bounced upon the table and the spurious ones remained in the basket; but the joke of the thing is, these "Antilegomena" ones, that did not take wing and fly up on the table in 325, hav since—by whose permission or authority nobody knows—crept into the Bible and figure as prominently as the rest of the New Testament.

I am aware that Eusebius, the wily "trimmer" and prince of falsifiers, who was present at the council of Nice, makes no mention in his ecclesiastical history of the New Testament canon being made at this council. Of course not; he wanted, by omitting to state the fact, to imply that this was the work of "the apostolical age," or some 280 years previous. This same Eusebius went into the council a thoroughbred Arianite; and finding the tide against him, joined with the majority in voting the expulsion of Arius from the council.

I hav not the least objection to the veritable existence of a Jesus Christ or any other man or woman; but when I am asked to believe that a man becomes his own father and his own son, with three diametrically opposit accounts of the events of his birth, then nothing more said of him until he is twelve years old, then another break until he is thirty, then a marvelous history crowded into three short years, an eclipse, an earthquake, rending of temple veils, and the dead coming bodily to life again, with no account of their ever dying again, at his death; then the hero himself rising from the dead and ascending up to heaven from two different places, the combination taxes my deglutitory powers a little beyond their capacity, and I beg to be excused from the attempt.

V. C. TAYLOR.

Des Moines, Iowa.

A Jeweler's Answer to Paley.

Paley's argument, illustrating by a watch that the apparent adaptation of means to ends, which we behold in nature, would suggest a designer, is still, though answered a thousand times, the favorit argument of many, but who, as stated, are sadly deficient in the bumps of comprehension and logical analysis.

Let us suppose for a moment that a personal God (and no other God can be a God) is a fact. We hav then the following aspect of real existence: suns, systems, worlds, trees, flowers, birds, beasts, man, etc., *and God.* All alike, the believer must admit, are real objects of existence. But now, ignorant of the causes which created all of them, he reasons and concludes that suns, systems, worlds, and man can not possibly "come by chance," or evolve from inorganic matter, but need or necessitate a creator, but—and here is the paradox—complacently ignores the fact that if a logical necessity exists for a creator to create the *lesser* beings, as man and beast, then, of course, this same logical necessity forces him to postulate another God to create the *greater* being, who made man.

Supposing some one in a desert should find a $2 50 Waterbury, a $10 Elgin, and a $20 Waltham watch; then, after pondering in profound meditation, should conclude that these cannot come by chance, oh, no! but such evidence of design must necessitate a designer? You say, Certainly; how profound and wise this man is! But see, here is another watch, infinitly more beautiful in design and finish. He picks it up; it is a $1,000 masterpiece of the horologer's art—the climax of perfection. He ponders a moment, thinks it kind of funny, puts it in his pocket and goes his way rejoicing, proclaiming to everyone he meets: "See this lovely watch! It came by chance—it never was designed or made—it has existed forever!"

Now, my Christian friend, what would you think of a man like this? Of course you would pronounce him insane, to say the least. Yet the condition of your mind and his are identical. You hav found the first watch and insist that the less forms of nature necessitate a designer, ignoring entirely that, like a boomerang, this logic recoils, and that it hits and kills the God you hav created, who, of course, if your reasoning is correct, necessitates a God also or a creator to create him.

This being in my line, I hav another original method to dispose of the watch argument. If a watch necessitates a designer and maker, a thousand million of watches would necessitate at least millions of makers. If this is so, how many Gods does the human race necessitate?

The problems of nature can never be solved by assuming a God until the school-boy's question, "Who made God?" is solved first. Until then the Materialist has the universe for the basis of his belief, the Theist *nothing!*

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

Thanks!

We thank thee, Lord, from whom all blessings flow—
Thou rulest the heaven and the earth below;
We thank thee as preserver of our health,
We thank thee as the giver of our wealth.
We thank thee, Lord.

Thy sun has shone upon our pretty land;
Thy moon has pierced the darkness, like a friend
That comes in hour of need; thy stars, so mild,
Hav been a joy to woman, man, and child.
We thank thee, Lord.

Thy rains, abundant, hav destroyed the grain
That was the farmer's only hope and gain;
Thy cyclones hav destroyed all that was left,
Until they are of everything bereft.
We thank thee, Lord.

Shipwrecks, railroad disasters, and so forth
Hav visited the West, the East, the North;
And in the South the yellow fever's rage
Has added to the death-roll many a page.
We thank thee, Lord.

The land that thou hast made—it bas denied
To suffering thousands food for which they tried;
Thy oceans, Lord, which were considered safe,
Hav proved to hundreds but a watery grave.
We thank thee, Lord.

The mother mourns alone a darling son;
The broken-hearted wife a husband gone;
The tearless husband, with a broken will,
Looks at the space a loving wife should fill.
We thank thee, Lord.

We thank thee, Lord, from whom all blessings flow—
Thine is the heaven and the earth below—
We thank thee, the preserver of our health;
We thank thee as the giver of our wealth.
We thank thee, Lord.

SPANIER.

The Dreams of St. John.

Of all the narrativs in that jumble of contradictions and impossibilities, the Bible, that of St. John stands preëminent as the most widely impossible of the whole.

How a man could conceive such an amount of blood and fire, angels and devils, and yet maintain his solid equilibrium, is more than I can master. In these latter days he would run a good chance of being nominated as a candidate for the nearest county asylum. But in "ye ancient tymes," when to stand upon a pillar a certain number of years, or to be afflicted with the scabies, profanely termed the itch, and show a decided aversion to water, served only to show their sanctity, people had a wonderful appetite for the marvelous, and such a little thing as revelations appeared highly credible. Even to the Christian of to-day these dreams of St. John are as lucid as the godhead itself (or themselvs).

The other day I turned to these Munchausen tales, and read in the tenth chapter of an angel who stood with one foot upon the land and another on the sea (beats the seven-league boots all to sticks). who with uplifted hand swore (and here comes the interesting part) that time was up. Well, that was simply awful, John!

He had a little book in his hand, with which he was presented. He was told to eat it up. He ate it, being short of rations, no doubt, when it proved to be "honey in his mouth but bitterness in his belly." Great Scott! did he expect it to taste like a St. Louis pie? Though, Lord knows, I would rather eat that volume than some of those said pies. Having digested the parchment, he prophesied. No wonder—I hav seen men prophesying on less.

After a time he saw a woman clothed with the sun (now, John!), seven stars crowning her head, and with the moon under her feet (if that does not beat Chicago's record for big feet, I wonder what does!), fleeing into the wilderness from the persecutions of a dragon. After fleeing to the wilderness, she in the fourteenth verse came back and got a pair of eagle's wings and fled to the same place. John says the woman got the eagle's wings to help her in her flight from the dragon, who seemingly was only a few laps behind her. Anyhow, the flight of that lady is somewhat confusing. She fled to her house of refuge, and when she got there she wasn't there at all. Ultimately, in the fourteenth verse she made a break and got there, where she abode "a time and times and half a time."

Well, simple, John. Simple as the trinity itself. To look at that arithmetical question with the eye of an Infidel, it is rather vague; but approach it with all the humbleness of a Christian, *then* the light breaks in upon it, and behold, it appears only as a "period of time"—one of God's days.

Well, after John had waded through rivers of blood and brought all the plagues of Egypt upon the earth, and ten times more, everything a diseased imagination could conceive, the spirit with which he was soaked, as he says himself in the beginning, began to die out, and with an eloquent appeal to the general public "to come up and hav a drink"—of water—and surely man never needed it more than did yourself, John—our hero, uttering a few curses, in which he was an adept, quitted the stage, or, in common parlance, "got." And here ended the revelations of St. John the divine. If it were not that I knew you to be the best beloved of the "young 'un," John, I would naturally think after reading your book that you were the sire of Old Nick himself, or at least his brother.

CLESHENDER BRITON.

A Kansas Breeze.

The smoke of the campaign clearing away and once more exposing an inviting field, I took my grip and started to Hamlin, where I had the town billed for a lecture.

Having prepared a campaign of my own, I propose this to be a grand opening. Accordingly, I secured the school-house, free of charges, and gave a free lecture, subject, "Secularism: Its Aims and Advantages."

Well, you should all hav been there. I tell you, the outlook was inspiring—an audience of about seventy people, and not a pronounced Secularist among them! If the character of the lecture had been fairly understood, I do not think half that number would hav been present. However, owing to the school board believing in the motto, "Hear all sides," and having matters in this town about their own way, and the fact that no one seemed to know the import of the term Secularism, I was saved the mortification of speaking to empty seats.

We used the professor's room. He kindly favored us by staying away, but left the keys accidentally at his boarding-place. Failing to find the janitor or a willing boy, I performed the janitor's duty myself.

Waiting until the appointed hour, I gave the bell-rope a pull and prepared for business. Finally, a man and boy came who were kind enough to aid me in procuring more fire and better light. I had a fine talk with this man, who said he had come to find out what was covered up under that innocent-looking word, "Secularism." When the "brothers and sisters" had about all gathered, I confidentially asked him if the Christian minister was present. "He is," said he. "I happen to be that man." Oh, horror! can you imagin my feelings when you know how well I knew that these Campbellites are after the scalp of all who dare publicly to differ from them? Well, I bounced on the rostrum, summoning all the courage I ever had from my childhood up, announced my subject, and invited anyone who dared—I mean desired—to take an opportunity to reply when I was through.

Keeping my eye upon this little giant—and now and then upon a dashing young lady on the back seat—I expounded the gospel of science and humanity until I actually felt sorry for that minister. After continuing for an hour and a half, I began to see signs of uneasiness, and after once more inviting a reply sat down. No reply came. It was too late in the night. I dismissed the audience according to the most modern style. The brothers and sisters went. I can hav no idea as to how they felt only by the long breaths they drew as they took leave. I afterward found that I had been speaking to the minister and his entire flock. I credit them with a most respectful and patient attention. I suppose I was answered in the usual style, the next day being Sunday.

I stopped at the Sweeney House, and besides finding it a good hotel, I found Mr. Samuel Sweeney a generous Liberal Secularist, as also was T. J. Matthews, a grain-dealer, and G. S. Sandusky, dealing in general merchandise. The trouble with these men is, they take no Liberal papers, hence they cannot appreciate their own condition.

Messrs. Hinton, a farmer, and Warner, an old coaster, and my friend Hoffman, who was "stuck" on the jury at court, are the driving men of the town and community.

The minister's name was O. H. Derry, and I shall always thank him for permitting me to go unpunished. I hav little hopes of reclaiming this people from their idols.

D. G. CROW.

Hiawatha, Nov. 19, 1888.

The Blair Sunday Bill.

From Fair Play.

That we shall hav ere long a national Sunday law seems probable. The danger is imminent. Between three and four million names hav already been secured to petitions in favor of the Blair Sunday bill. Do Liberals realize what this means? Do they understand that this movement is backed by organization, money, and fanaticism, and that it will succeed? *Succeed?* Yes, succeed, unless there is such an awakening among freedom-loving people as has never been known in this country. The enemy is upon us.

Checking Heresy in South Africa.

From the London Freethinker

There are Christian bigots out in south Africa, and Mr. E. B. Rose received from one a letter worded as follows:

BELGRAVIA, Sept. 22, 1888.

If E. B. Rose, the adventurer, does not desist in his so-called Freethought lectures after this notice, he may find himself the center of a pitiless mob. After this let him mount the platform if he dares again.

BY ORDER OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

The reply of Mr. Rose was the announcement, which his brother sends us, that he would deliver one more lecture, subject, "Who Is the Devil?" We hav not learned if the Brotherhood or the pitiless mob put in an appearance.

The American Secular Union.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treas., - - - - - Rochelle, Ill.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
MAS. M. A. FREEMAN, Chair. Fin. Com., 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

To Redeem Girard College.

CASTROVILLE, TEX., Nov. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of October 27th is a letter dated October 20th, where there is one willing to commence a fund toward testing whether the will of the late Stephen Girard is or is not being carried out, by contributing $100. I will contribute $100 for the same purpose. The college is not managed as Girard directed in his will, and it is time this imposition was stopped. L. L. WHITE.

Illinois Sabbath Association.

I hav just returned from the pious precincts of Farwell Hall, where is being held the first annual meeting of the above association. I attended specially to hear the address of Dr. Herrick Johnson, president of the Northwestern University, whose topic was announced as, "The Sunday Newspaper," and personally having shared in its production I felt sort of *particeps criminis* in the indictment about to be rendered, and ready to accept such a sentence as, on general principles, could be expected from the hatchet-faced Herrick. The audience was a curious conglomerate, and afforded the anthropologically inclined a most interesting study. The good figures and bright faces were found only among the younger men present, who as yet had not reached the stage of intellectual expansion or distraction, but with youthful vigor were buoyed up with a new-born enthusiasm.

As a prelude to the speech "devotional exercises" were in order, and the "Amen" responses to the prayers reminded me of the tin trumpets at the ratification meeting—more expressiv than well-timed. It was quite an unexpected and unusual picnic which the secretary of the American Secular Union encountered. But he enjoyed it all the same.

A reverend brother read an address setting forth that the Sabbath was of divine origin and authority; that if there were one ordinance more than another which "the enemies of God" would rejoice over, it would be the dissolution of the Christian Sabbath; that this association wanted this day of rest enforced for the well-being of the wage-workers.

Knowing some of those interested in every move calculated to advance the interests of the wage-workers, I surveyed the audience to discover a few familiar faces who naturally gravitated toward any movement for the welfare of the wage-workers. Not one was present. What was the reason of their indifference? Evidently they were suspicious of their new-found friends.

Dr. Johnson was introduced, and without much preliminary began to define what a Sunday newspaper was, saying, however, that when it was first introduced its columns were well padded with moral precepts, but it soon cast away the skin of the sheep and came forth the full-fledged wolf that it was. "The Sunday paper is not a religious paper or a reform paper. It is not the Sunday paper in partnership with Sunday. If it is in partnership the newspaper gets all the profits and Sunday all the losses. It is merely the ordinary daily enlarged, but not sanctified—a mighty mosaic of information, much of it not objectionable, but all of the earth, earthy. Some of it is poisonous and corrupting—garnished to excite the palate—and, like the apostolic vision, full of all manner of creeping things—flesh and fowl, especially fowl. It never was, however, let down from heaven."

That the people want a Sunday paper is no argument with this Presbyterian bigot, Johnson, for he attempted to prove that what the people wanted was not good for them, and as he believed the ministry had a right to lead the people, the inference was that they only knew what was for their benefit. Such innocent *abandon* was truly refreshing. Dr. Johnson then remarked: "They say the Sunday newspaper has come to stay. I don't believe it. Not if God has come to stay, for God and the Sunday newspaper do not agree."

We were tempted to offer odds on the newspaper, but forbore, while the speaker plunged into a labyrinth of statistics furnished him by Brother Shepard of the New York *Mail and Express* on the number of columns devoted to crime and sports in the various Sunday papers. Then the premier pedagog of the Northwestern University, in an unguarded moment, let slip a few home truths, as follows: "The Sunday newspaper is here for the money that is in it. Men are striking at the bulwarks of our liberty because the dollar lies beyond." Now, that is just exactly what is the trouble with Mr. Johnson and men of his cloth. In his philippic against the Sunday newspaper he said—and that was evidently the sorest charge against his successful rival—"It keeps people from church." And there are no dollars in the church unless people can be got there. The church can not well advocate a law compelling a man to go to church, but it does to close every avenue of recreation and enjoyment which he would rather prefer, and thus indirectly attempts to compel his attendance. Admitting that the Sunday papers were a success, this "man of God" dramatically shouted: "So was Nero a success. So was piracy on the high seas. God pity the stockholder, editor, or advertiser of a Sunday newspaper."

The Sunday press keeps an army of workmen from their proper weekly rest. The plea that the work is done on Saturday is pueril. The Sunday newspaper thrusts itself on the community in an offensiv way on the streets. It comes in subtle, insidious, perilous ways into our homes. The saloon or theater cannot come to our homes on Sunday, but the newspaper flies on wings to our abodes. It furnishes a hideous melange for a Sunday breakfast. Nonsense, crime, lust, sensationalism, as a preparation for the sanctuary! There is no device that Satan has yet hit upon comparable to the Sunday newspaper for deadening men's souls. It keeps people from church. Ruskin said years ago that a minister on the Sabbath had just thirty minutes in which to raise the dead. The Sunday newspaper rolls another stone to the door of the sepulcher. The Sunday newspaper by its flying mail extras is turning our peaceful villages into a bedlam and introducing the worst elements of city life.

What is to be done about it? We must get and keep a conscience with the divine authority of the Sabbath law interwoven into the warp and woof. The secular Sabbath is on a level with feast-days appointed by man. If we put it on the basis of rest for the body and brain alone it is still on a false foundation. We cannot divide Sunday up and giv God a part. The divine appointment is to keep the whole day sacred. We want an enlightened public conscience which is made up of individual personal consciences. We also want a ministerial conscience. We ought to band ourselvs together in Chicago and refuse to advertise our church services in the Sunday papers. The latter is a recognition by ministers of the Sunday paper. Let us not hav the taint of questionable indulgence on our skirts. Let us refuse to take the Sunday issue to our homes. Let us urge our convictions on advertisers and legislators. We want our civil Sabbath preserved by law, and to reach the consciences also of the Christian merchants. O for a breath of the Puritan!

Had Herrick Johnson exclaimed, "O for the power of Puritan persecution!" he would merely hav given utterance to his deep-seated desire. But it will be a long distance in the future when the fanatical Dr. Johnson or the Illinois Sabbath Association will be allowed to rule the destinies of Chicago, affect the Sunday newspaper, or seriously impair the social enjoyments of this community. When ministers make their plea on behalf of Sabbath observance under the pretense of serving the wage-workers, it would be well for them to seek the indorsement of those whose cause they champion. Dr. Johnson on this point said: "I am certain that, with a Sabbath rest, we can get more out of our laborers with six days than seven." What blessed, unselfish philanthropy Dr. Johnson exhibits! He proposes to get more work out of the toiler for six days' pay than he does at present by paying him for seven. That is a sort of philanthropy which would exactly suit "Old Scrooge," but it does not particularly appeal with vigor and force to the laboring classes.

The organization of this Illinois Sabbath Association should band together the Liberals of this state in stronger bonds of unity, prepared to battle against these ministerial meddlers, and enjoy to the fullest extent the glorious Day of the Sun. Who will attend and join a state Secular Union? Write me.

E. A. STEVENS.

McArthur to Mrs. Slenker.

She hath grown cold whose kindness won me to her.
Wherefore is this?

It seems strange to me that we cannot come more closely together. My every advance is repulsed, and I no sooner see, or think I see, an opportunity for the furtherance of my object, than cold water is thrown on my efforts.

I selected you, my dear madam, for a variety of reasons. First of all, you seemed more than willing. Then, you are a prominent Freethought writer, and hav a reputation as a philosopher and thinker. Moreover, you hav witnessed countless phases of the phenomena and hav openly stated that you *knew* how they were done, but, as you were *on honor*, could not giv the processes to the public. But, above all, you are one of the most, if not the most, violent opponents of the Spiritual philosophy.

I may be mistaken, but think I am not, when I state again that you admitted the genuinness of some of your experiences, and if my memory serve me the same was published in THE TRUTH SEEKER two or three weeks prior to the issue of June 16th last.

Unfortunately, as far as the proof of this is concerned, I do not file away my papers. Having read, and possibly re-read them, I place them where they will do good, for, unlike some of the "friends," I consider Heston's pictures one of my greatest levers in the work of civilizing my orthodox acquaintances.

But if anyone who is interested in this will kindly examin his file and send me the needed quotation, I will feel obliged; otherwise I must, perforce, let the matter rest.

Still, you say: "I granted that probably a portion of the phenomena were real, for I am loth to believe all are deceivers and deceived."

Well, in lieu of something better, if this is to be a discussion, then oblige me with a "detailed statement" of that "portion," or a part of it, and let us set to work. There is no use in fencing.

You say you are anxious to be convinced that the phenomena are true, and I am prepared to do my level best in that direction. And I say I am anxious to hav the phenomena proved false, and you are the one, and the only one I hav ever met, who is in a position to offer these proofs, for, to quote your words: "I know about half of it was (done by the mediums and their confederates) because I was told how it was done and shown the whole process, and the rest I could hav done myself with a little practice."

I think you will find before we are through with this discussion, that is if I can only succeed in having it commence, that you hav done me an injustice when you say, "I am afraid it will be with thee as it is with the Christian. Just as soon as we take the Bible away they refuse to argue."

I hav neither Bible, God, nor devil to love, fear, or flatter, simply an array of "facts" supported by a philosophy.

Per contra, I openly charge Materialists with following the mode of procedure which you now condemn. When they attack Christianity it is with "facts," and Christianity, cowering in the corner, hurls back theories. But when Spiritualism is to be attacked, our Materialistic friends ignore the "facts," and deal only with theories.

"Don't let Heston picture the 'facts,' they wound the sensibilities of my Christian friends," writes one subscriber. Giv them only our theories, sugar-coated pills, and they can take them, at first, in homeopathic doses.

A "fact" is a fact, whether it has Christian or pagan origin, and it never can be successfully combated by a theory.

I hav stated before, and say again, that one fact is worth countless thousands of theories, and, notwithstanding that silly article from our Irwin, Ia., friend, I repeat that, all else being equal, the evidence of one who has seen has more weight than the evidence of a thousand who hav not seen.

Stories that are in the mouth of each and every clown cause a laugh from the circus audience, but before long they become chestnuts, particularly when they are pointless.

I should like to call your attention to an article in the issue of November 24th of THE TRUTH SEEKER, entitled, "Roman Catholic Theory of Spiritualism." It is evidently from the inspired Pat Cronin, crony and admirer of Waterloo Lambert. Cronin is an extremist. He believes that only in exceptional cases does water run downhill. Your theory of the Spiritual philosophy and Pat's are the antipodes of each other. What you claim to be "impossible" Pat admits as "probable," but attributes to the power of the devil, and I candidly think that Pat's method of reasoning and deductions therefrom should commend themselvs to our Iowa friend, J. K. P. Baker, for they certainly are as rational and far more conclusiv than his.

People in an "abnormal" condition and whose faculties are "aberrant," will, in that event, hav an opportunity of consulting the Iowa sage, and I hav no doubt that these "poor creatures" will feel thankful to Pat and his co-laborer from Iowa for their gratuitous advice. In regard to the Darwinian theory, we can take that up in its proper order when we hav reached it in the discussion.

To your remark, "But if there is a bear in the closet, and thee knows it, perhaps thee can find some way of convincing me of the fact." I will simply say that possibly the non-convincing rests entirely with yourself. But, if you will giv me an opportunity by coming out flatly and stopping hedging, I'll see what can be done, and mayhap show you a bare fact instead of a bear.

You see, my dear Mrs. Slenker, we Spiritualists claim that our phenomena are facts. We ignore miracles, and relegate superstition to the churches, and that portion of the Materialistic community who refuse to credit anything outside of the commonest known physical laws, or who swallow whole any theory provided it hav some scientist's name appended to it. I group these two classes together, for there is no difference between a credulous Christian and a credulous Materialist.

The former foolishly believes that there is nothing impossible to his God, and the latter, that there is nothing outside or beyond his exceedingly small brain capacity. If you do not believe this statement, write to Pat Cronin and J. K. P. Baker.

Both deal in theories. Each ignores "facts."

Let me illustrate.

Not many years ago, I had the pleasure of an introduction to an astronomer of great celebrity. He is since dead; hence will be nameless.

I was enchanted. His "facts," as he called them, were astonishing, and he quoted literally from all the best-known experts in his line, particularly Zoellner and Flammarion.

The wonderful discoveries in the heavens led us into the subject of light, its uses and abuses, and the wonderful strides made toward its perfect understanding. He enlarged on the "fact" that its waves

struck the retina four hundred millions of millions of times every second in order to produce its lowest ray, and nearly twice that number for its highest. As he struck his open palm to emphasize each "fact," he looked to me as if he actually believed it.

Among his other accomplishments was a claim to a knowledge of painting, and as our intimacy increased, I felt that in return for so many "facts" he had so kindly given me, I should giv him one also.

So, one day, I invited him to my room and, among other things, showed him a small oil painting, and asked his opinion of it. He admired it greatly, spoke of the shades, stippling, etc., and pronounced it almost a work of art, or, to use his own words, "surely not the work of an amateur."

After his critical examination, I informed him that it was produced in the *light*, through the organism of a medium who, in her normal condition, could hardly draw a straight line, and on a piece of pasteboard that had been previously marked for identification by seven skeptics, and that the whole process did not take more than three minutes.

"Oh! it's one of those Spiritual pictures," he exclaimed. "I hope you are not one of those imbecils, as I really took you for a clever, level-headed fellow."

"Yes," I answered, "I am a Spiritualist, and the account I hav given you of this picture is correct. Moreover, if you will kindly examin these others, you will find them of the same class."

But my scientific friend declined.

I urged that the authorities, Zoellner and Flammarion, whom he had so often quoted, were pronounced Spiritualists; but he assured me in return that, though lucid on every other point—able to measure four hundred millions of millions of miles a second and demonstrate it, worthy of standing among the most brilliant minds of the world and of being quoted as among the highest authorities in astronomical science—yet they were undoubtedly insane on the subject of Spiritualism.

So, my dear Mrs. Slenker, *there* was the "bear in the closet." This gentleman could believe and pronounce a "fact" an improbable proposition, containing a number so inconceivably great as to cause the mind to wander while thinking of it, and yet would reject as a "fact" what he could see with his own eyes.

But neither you nor I are in this boat. We will leave these matters to professors, Pats, and Iowa philosophers. We hav other business on hand. So I hope you will now consent to giving me the items, and I will consider them properly and respectfully.

McARTHUR.

Mr. Priestley to McArthur.

Will you please let me make a short comment upon a specimen passage from McArthur? It is as follows:

> There is no such thing as mathematical accuracy. There is as wide a divergence between theoretical and practical mathematics as it is possible to conceive. Let me illustrate:
>
> Take two athletes and allow that one can run ten times as fast as the other, and place the slower one a hundred yards in advance. Then, at the word, both start.
>
> When the swifter has covered a hundred yards the other has run ten yards, and when the swifter has covered that ten the slower has advanced one-tenth of a yard, and while the swifter is covering that tenth the slower has run one-hundredth of a yard, and so on till eternity ceases, etc.

McArthur may know very much about ghosts, but if he thinks that very ancient and crude attempt at a solution is theoretical mathematics he is away off.

Of course, a mathematical problem need not be based upon historical facts, but it would be well to state it so that all the conditions would not be as absurd as the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism, especially when it is stated by one who wants to abolish the word "impossible" from the English language. It is impossible that there should be two athletes and one of them run ten times as fast as the other. It is impossible that two athletes should run so short a race as the hundredth part of a yard—.3 3-5ths inches. If they run at all, they would hav to run at least one step, and, when that step was taken, "the last would be first and the first last" by several feet.

McArthur attempts his solution apparently on the assumption that his athletes, instead of going right along, ran their race on the instalment plan, as impecunious persons buy sewing-machines. He says: "The ten-year-old boy of Mr. Roe, if he has one, knows what would be the practical result of the race." Yes, and he knows it by theory. He does not hav to try any experiments. Theoretically, the fact that the swifter athlete would overtake the slower is an axiom. The problem is to find—not by a cut-and-try process, but by a direct solution—how far each athlete has run at the time the swifter overtakes the slower.

Algebraic solution: Let A be the swifter and B the slower; and let x represent the number of yards which B runs. Then x plus 100 will represent the distance which A runs. But the distance which A runs is ten times as far as the distance which B runs. Hence B's distance, x, multiplied by ten, equals A's, which givs us the equation, $10x = x$ plus 100. Subtracting x from each member we hav $9x = 100$. Dividing each member by 9 we hav $x = 1$ 11-9ths yards, the distance B has traveled when overtaken by A, who, of course, runs 111 1-9th yards.

Arithmetical solution: When A has run 100 yards, B has run 10 yards. Hence A has gained 90 yards on B. If A gains 90 yards in running 100 he will gain 9-10ths of a yard in running one. Hence to gain 100 yards he must run as many yards as 9-10ths is contained times in 100. Thus 100 x 10-9ths = 1,000-9ths = 111 1-9th yards.

Now, will McArthur kindly point out the discrepancy between the theoretical and the practical in this problem? I claim that mathematics is a source of absolute certitude and that it will be *impossible* for McArthur to point out a single discrepancy between theoretical and practical mathematics. Even taking McArthur's own method of trying to solve this problem, it does not prove what he claims, but exactly the reverse. Let us take a few terms. First A and B are 100 yards apart, then 10 yards, then one yard, then 3 3-5ths inches, then 36-100ths of an inch. Instead of there being between them "as wide a divergence as it is possible to conceive," there is a very rapid *con*vergence.

McArthur seems to think he knows what condition this problem will be in when "eternity ceases," but as I don't expect to be there, and as the question of duration is not involved in the problem as he has stated it, and as I cannot form the slightest idea what will come next after duration ends, I must giv it up. In that remote period they may hav circular triangles, cylindrical spheres, and Spiritual phenomena, and nothing will be impossible.

D. PRIESTLEY.

Milwaukee, Ore.

Genius on the Stage.

Colonel R. G. Ingersoll in the World.

There is a time in the life of a man when impressions are made—impressions so deep that they remain—a time when he first hears what he feels to be real music, and those tones haunt him as long as he live. He never hears music again so great as that—so perfect—and could he hear that same music again, precisely as it was, he would feel that something was lacking.

So there is a time when he sees a supreme piece of acting. Some great actor makes an impression, givs him a series of pictures, a gallery of statuary, that he never forgets and that he always sees.

Think of the persons who were impressed by Miss Neilson. Could she now come from the dead and step again upon the stage as beautiful as ever, her admirers and her worshipers would not be satisfied. The trouble is, they hav changed; the noon of life has touched the twilight; the heart no longer responds to those deft and delicate touches; out of life's rainbow the colors hav fallen.

Every new candidate for public favor has to overcome this memory, this ideal, and it takes years to conquer a prejudice that partakes of the nature of gratitude.

Thousands and thousands feel indebted to Edwin Forrest. They remember the splendid pleasure he gave, the exaltation of thought he produced. They remember his magnificence, his grandeur, his amplitude, and to admit that he has an equal would be a kind of ingratitude.

In the world of art the dead are the great rivals, and people are always comparing the present with all the past. They select the successes of many centuries and pit them against the one person standing before them.

It is hard to overestimate the genius, the grace, the beauty, and the intelligence that hav been lavished upon the stage; yet in spite of prejudice, in spite of memory, in spite of the old ideals, when naturalness, grace, and intensity step upon the stage, even prejudice is conquered. There is something irresistible about a graceful, honest, simple, passionate personality. It is delightful to see a person lost in a character—to see a beautiful woman the instrumentality of a thought—to see her a living, breathing ideal.

We are all apt to imagin that the age in which we liv is commonplace—that it has no romance—that everything is but a variation of the multiplication table. We hav a kind of dream that the past was full of love and wonder, full of adventure and poetry. Without knowing it, we put all the past together, we take from every age its romance, its tenderness, its self-denial, its love. All that we hav gleaned we think of at once, yet these incidents cover thousands of years. We only gather a little in each field, a few sheaves in a century, and we are surprised when we see a person in these days of ledgers, mortgages, and stocks as natural as the grass that grows, as graceful as a bird in air, touched and glorified with the romance of all time, a being that you cannot associate with business, with dollars, with trades, with the ordinary wants and the selfishness of life, one who seems to hav been created by a poet's wish, by an artist's dream.

All these thoughts went through my mind while looking on Miss Marlowe as Parthenia.

We all hav prejudices. One will hav to act much better than Joseph Jefferson before I can admit that he has been excelled. My youth is on his side. It is hard to imagin that anyone can excel Forrest in the last act of "King Lear." Certainly he would hav to be almost a god to create in my heart greater or deeper feeling in repeating the words:

> Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, hav life,
> And thou no breath at all?

It is hard to imagin that any human being can excel Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead." He is the character he represents, and everything about him is as natural as nature.

Miss Marlowe conquered my prejudices and excelled my ideal. Of all actresses she is the most perfectly natural, the most sincere, the most absolutely honest, and every emotion is portrayed.

In the telephones first invented the tone or pitch of the voice could be easily transmitted. This tone or pitch depended on simple waves of the air; but in order to transmit a voice so that it would be recognized as the voice of a certain person, the diaphragm had to transmit not only simple waves, but complex ones, and those other waves gave the quality and transmitted the voice of your friend, a voice that you recognized, a voice that you knew. Ordinary actors giv the tone, the pitch, of the character, but a genius conveys the composit result of all complexities; so that you feel that you hav seen, not a representation, but a character—a real, living, breathing, hoping, and suffering soul.

Great acting must hav the appearance of being unconscious. It must come from within. The gesture must be the outward expression of inward feeling. There is no mechanism, no matter how perfect, that can take the place of graceful, unconscious spontaneity. The schools for acting are only for persons of talent, not of genius. Genius moves in curves; talent is mathematical. Talent imitates; genius creates.

Imagin a Greek girl who unconsciously imitates all the great statues and who has the pose of Greek art in its highest form—who has the grace of movement that these statues would hav were they living. And imagin more—that this girl has within her the spirit, the genius, that chiseled those statues, and then imagin that she has been idealized by love, and you hav an idea of Miss Marlowe as Parthenia.

England's Distinction.

Saladin in Secular Review.

The Americans are always big or nothing. For every Antichristian journal we hav in this country our trans-Atlantic cousins hav nine or ten. On the Lord's side they hav the fearful Talmage; not on the Lord's side they hav the tremendous Ingersoll. The greatest cataract in the world is in America, the falls of Niagara being a river three miles in width, suddenly contracting, and plunging over rocks in two columns to a depth of 170 feet. The greatest cave in the world is in America; it is called the Mammoth Cave, and the explorer can make a voyage on a subterranean river in which the fish hav no eyes. The greatest river in the world, the Mississippi, 4,100 miles in length, is also in America, as is the greatest valley, that of the Mississippi, containing 500,000 square miles. So, too, is the largest lake, Superior, 430 miles across, and 1,000 feet deep. America owns the greatest natural bridge, that over Cedar Creek in Virginia, stretching across a chasm 80 feet wide and 250 feet deep; the greatest mass of solid iron—namely, the iron mountain of Missouri, two miles round and 350 feet high; the largest aqueduct, the Croton aqueduct in New York, 40 miles in length, which cost £3,500,000 to construct; the greatest deposits of coal, those of Pennsylvania, from which the markets receive millions of tons yearly, and which are practically inexhaustible; and the greatest liar—namely, the man who said American soil was so fertil that a vine planted in the center of a hundred-acre field spread all over the field so fast that it tripped up the man who planted it before he could escape from the spot. But there hav been bigger lies than that. The lie about the man inside the whale is larger than the whale itself. If America can tell the biggest lies, England has the proud distinction of eclipsing America at believing big lies once they are told. For instance, taking the respectiv populations into account, the whale story has more believers in England, Scotland, and Ireland than it has in the United States.

The Degeneracy of Modern Democracy.

From the Investigator.

Ministers and churches hav no doubt the right to appoint religious festivals such as fast days and Thanksgiving, otherwise there would not be religious liberty. But what right has a president to appoint these festivals? He has no right, for he is a political ruler, not a religious one. He is, or should be, governed by the Constitution, which does not recognize any religion whatever, and, therefore, he has no right, constitutionally, to appoint or recommend a religious festival.

But he knows all this as well as we can tell him, for he professes to be a statesman and to understand the Constitution; and yet, religiously, he violates it when he mixes up religion with his politics. Why is this? Apparently it is done in order to keep in favor with the clergy and the church. And if this is the fact, we are more priest-ridden in this country than many people suppose. What is wanted is what we hav not got as yet—a strictly constitutional party which shall not allow the slightest semblance of a union of church and state.

The wisest statesman and most illustrious of all the Democrats, Thomas Jefferson, did not appoint religious festivals when he was president, and Grover Cleveland, now in that office, and professing to be of the same party, ought to hav followed the good example, but modern Democracy is not of the kind that was taught by Jefferson and Paine.

A few years ago, if we are not mistaken, Governor Roberts, of Texas, had the courage and independence to refuse to appoint a religious festival, and previous to that time Governor Wise of Virginia did the same. But almost without exception, neither presidents nor governors hav dared to follow their constitutional examples.

Communications.

Here It Is!

All branches of human knowledge hav developed from the discovery of single facts, of no great significance within themselvs. but just important enough to constitute nuclei around which other facts hav been clustering. Modern geometry has thus developed from the inconsiderable value of a single straight line, and all of our mathematics, from the use of a single hieroglyphic made to represent any single object—the type of unity. A small piece of bark freshly peeled from a growing branch, and tied at both ends, may hav suggested the dugout, the ideal vessel from which has grown our leviathan steamships. Probably the whole stock of literature of which we are boasting might be traced from link to link, without a missing one, back to certain cuneiform characters first used to represent mere guttural sounds. Agriculture certainly began by inserting the bulbs of alium molly in soft, sandy soils along the banks of sylvan streams; and mere reed-huts, long ages before the birth of log-cabins, foreshadowed the colossal ruins of South America, the Babylons of antiquity, and the Londons of our day. So also do we find the great trees and animals all originating in the union of two or more invisible atoms, while foolish people can see no definition of life behind its bewildering complexity in the higher mammalia, nor learn to solve the problem of the universe through those embryonic crystallizations which are constantly building inhabitable worlds, as the countless swarms of activ masons are building inhabitable cities.

As it is very natural they should hav done, owing to this same blindness, our ignorant and barbarous ancestors looked upon themselvs as the objectiv focus of a special creation. A flat world, with an upturned rim to restrain the surging waters, surrounded by a wall of chaos, which then, as now, must hav been a subterfuge behind which ignorance hid its shame, was conceived to be the proper and necessary condition of things. It was quite rational, we must allow, from such a standpoint, for them to look upward for a supernal, and downward for an infernal, region. Up and down, to their very limited vision, certainly appeared as real, instead of relativ, points. All moving celestial objects were readily supposed to be revolving around such an important focus. The universal presence of good and evil, or rather that which affected themselvs favorably or unfavorably, suggested the necessity of different sources for these apparent contradictions. The vault of heaven, as it seemed to rest upon the horizon, could easily be mistaken by their childish simplicity, for a real canopy, studded with twinkling gems for their especial edification. Above this ideal arch was located the empyrean source of all good, while the bad was quite as rationally relegated to the nether world. Such was the intelligence from which all of our fetich worship has been derived. And such was the astronomical wisdom of Moses, and also the God whom he made to rule over Israel.

After dreaming away several thousand years in this blissful ignorance of our true celestial relations, it began to be surmised by certain heathen philosophers, contrary to all Christianity, that our world might better be round than flat. It was this vile heresy, as all truth has been considered by religionists, that subsequently induced such men as Columbus, Drake, and Magellan to attempt its circumnavigation. In a few years, however, the desired information having been obtained, many heretical *thinkers*—for talking was dangerous—began to look upon the sun and moon also as spherical bodies. And still all phenomenal changes were referred to celestial movements, while our world, the supposed center of a created universe, must remain perfectly stationary. But the beacon of progress was gleaming in the near future, and it was soon afterward learned that the human race had been chained by their false teachers to the dead past, where themselvs it was, instead of the world, that remained stationary.

After galling for ages under the yoke of dogmatical hypocrisy and fraud, and only about two hundred and fifty years ago, one Nicholas Copernicus, a daring empirical astronomer, ventured to scale the then strongly fortified bulwarks of ignorance and blind superstition, and kindled his balefires even in the hideous darkness of the enemy's camp. By carefully observing the heavens for a whole year he discovered that the sun had either gone three hundred and sixty-five times around the world, or that the world had gone one time around the sun. If the sun had been going around our planet to bring about the recurring days and nights, the same fixed stars must reappear at perihelion every twenty-four hours. On the contrary, the same fixed stars which a year before appeared to be clustering about the sun having returned to their former places, he was forced to the conclusion that both earth and sun must again be in the same relativ position. Nothing but the completion of an orbit at the end of each year could bring about this result. Nor could the sun's motion cause his daily rising and setting without a velocity far too great for rational credence. But by rolling on her own axis at a velocity of only one thousand miles an hour, all parts of the earth's surface can be daily turned to and from the sun, and thus cause our days and nights. Such was the profound reasoning which gave us the invaluable truths of the subsequently established Copernican system of astronomy, even before the invention of instruments, and similar reasoning must soon lead us to the very confines of the cosmical problem.

Only a few years later when Galileo, with his little telescope, had succeeded in locating every part of the actual orbit of our translating planet, it was found to hav an inclination of twenty-three and one-half degrees from the ecliptic, or plane of the equatorial line of the sun. Thus is the vertical sun made to travel north and south on the telluric surface forty-seven degrees each year, and cause alternate winters and summers in the two hemispheres. He also found the orbit of earth to be an oval or elliptical figure with two centers, in one of which the sun is incumbent, while the other has evidently been evacuated by a secondary luminary. Now, since it is well known among geometricians that an ellipse cannot be formed without the aid of two centers, we are objectivly assured that earth was once a satellite revolving around an older sphere which merged into the sun shortly after the young planet started on its present elliptical journey around what was then two centers.

But these important discoveries are now more than two centuries old and still the priests are babbling about the works of an unknowable God. Having learned so long ago that our world is wheeling through space around a self-luminous center at a velocity of seventy thousand miles an hour, and rolling on her own axis like a grindstone at the rate of one thousand miles an hour, why should we not learn what caused or causes these celestial motions? Let us hav another Copernican stride in the right direction and scale the last rampart of superstitious bigotry. Let the awe-stricken multitude gaze upon the transcendent grandeur of natural world-making. Of course orthodoxy is saying we know too much already. Evolution is robbing God of his glory in the creation of man. Science has encroached upon his prerogativs and his miraculous works almost more than the old imbecil can withstand. Having learned that the world instead of the sun is wheeling through space, these independent thinkers are already talking flippantly about the mistakes of Moses. What is to prevent the old fabric of superstition from being razed to the ground, when science can point to the natural laws which caused the world to make such appalling revolutions? When our readers hav learned that these immense velocities are simple, normal developments within the comprehension of all clear human minds, where is the evidence of fiat, where is the boasted creation? Will they not be relegated to the mausoleum of both Gods and devils?

To comprehend these grand and consecutiv discoveries set forth below, the reader must not forget that the footprints of fiat are not to be found in matter. Nature alone is doing her own work and she can speak no organism into being. From single cells or crystals to the largest animals, trees, worlds, or suns, the same laws of accretion and dissolution are ever present. As surely as that a horse has been a colt or a tree a sapling, so has every self-luminous sun in the universe been a planet or an aggregation of planets, and every inhabitable planet a satellite, and every satellite an asteroid, descending by the attraction of gravitation toward its central sun, where it must hav disappeared if not arrested by the interference of planetary attraction.

Organized matter can only grow by the accretion of atoms, which may continue until a specific maximum is attained, when disintegration steps in to reduce the accumulations to their normal level. Everything in nature grows, until each organic form reaches the maximum of its peculiar species, the babes become men, the plantlets become trees, crystals are aggregated into rocks known as aerolites, the aerolites become asteroids, the asteroids become satellites, the satellites become planets, and the planets develop into some self-luminous form, whence their substance must again be dispersed throughout the common space, to maintain the order of reproduction and decay. By the well-known *rationale* of *reductio ad absurdum* this thesis is unquestionably true, because the most familiar celestial machinery cannot run from eternity to eternity in any other way. Whoever takes issue with these statements is at war with the established law of temperatures, the attraction of gravitation, and the tangential force of all revolving bodies.

From a correct understanding of the foregoing facts, it is certain that our globe, in some past time, was the moon, or satellite, of a great and inhabitable planet, belonging to a former eon of this system. Nor can it be said that this assertion, even though it be true, rests upon a purely subjectiv foundation. The evidence supporting it is far from being confined to logical deductions. It is objectivly known that we hav eight planets revolving around our sun, and all turning on their own axis in the same manner as earth. Geology has most conclusivly shown that our planet is growing and has grown to the extent of many superficial miles of stratified rocks, which could not hav been here during the ages in which the older fossils existed as their expression of the animal kingdom. The old silurian is found underlying all of the later ages, in every continent and island on the globe, so the small fractions of it washed from mountain gorges, etc., could never hav furnished one hundredth part of the ten miles of newer and overlying strata. This fact alone, when followed to its logical conclusion, proves all that is said in this paper. Of course, it is absurd to doubt the growth of all other planets and satellites, after the growth of earth has been so thoroughly established. And her molten interior, which furnishes the lava of volcanoes and earthquakes, and the necessarily increasing temperatures for all of these stupendous explosions, is equally well known to hav been encroaching upon and melting away the older fossiliferous deposits to the extent of many miles next below the old silurian beds. Her internal heat and external surface are known to be advancing in the same ratio, and thus maintaining a uniform thickness of shell, continually renewed for the bettering of inhabitable conditions.

And it is also objectivly known that these same planets hav eighteen moons, or satellites, revolving about them, without any similar diurnal revolutions as we hav found peculiar to planets, which can be of no conceivable utility to themselvs or their primaries unless they are to develop into planets. The inhabitants of the planets around which they are revolving can only see one side of these moons, and these one sides are always the same. It is true, however, that our moon is being turned upon its own axis as often as it goes around its primary, so that an observer, watching it from any point outside of its orbit, could behold its entire circumference every twenty-nine days. The same might be said of all other satellites. But none of them hav proper axial revolutions like the planets. In reality, they are all revolving upon the axes of their primaries, so as to inherit their diurnal motions, and thus perpetuate days and nights and inhabitable conditions when the older and worn-out spheres hav passed away. By and by, we will learn how easily the slow axial motion of our moon, and her orbital velocity of two thousand miles an hour, by the inevitable concentricity which must follow earth dissolution, may be united in one useful diurnal motion like the planets.

However, before we can fully comprehend the importance of these clear distinctions between the planets and their moons, the origin of both must be more thoroughly investigated. As all space is full of a highly rarefied and elastic ether, composed of the same atomic matter which is permeating every part of the rocky crust of earth, and creeping into the hollows of geodes and the cavities of the older rocks, where crystalline growth is taking place, the intermundane regions may be regarded in the light of a common soil, wherein the mineral kingdom is reaching its highest perfection, as does the vegetable kingdom in the richest terrestrial loams. By the attraction of gravitation, the same familiar law which givs the property of weight to everything on our globe, those crystallizations abounding wherever there are no currents of water or air, cannot fail to be drawn together. They first appear to us in the well-known form of aerolites, which are constantly darting into our aerial ocean as shooting stars. These are amorphous crystalline agglomerations of solid matter, from the size of a man's fist to half a mile in diameter, and objectivly known as celestial rocks overtaken by the stupendous velocity of our globe as she is wheeling around the central sun. Of course, we are equally well assured that every planet and satellite revolving about this or any other sun, is also overtaking the same class of rocks, and constantly growing larger by such additions.

We next observe the larger aerolites, after they hav grown by further crystalline agglomerations, to the higher estate of asteroids, from diminutiv telescopic objects to nearly the magnitudes of our smaller moons. That these bodies are only still greater amorphous conglomerations of both crystals and aerolites, none but the willfully blind can fail to see. And no one can fail to see that such bodies, while falling in accordance with the law of attraction, with rapidly increasing velocities, toward our great central sun, from the confines of our system, or far beyond it, for thousands of years, might easily be lassoed, or teddered, by the intervening attraction of any of the revolving planets, and thus become their dependent satellites. Because the enormous attraction of the sun is drawing everything toward it from a hundred trillion miles in every direction, the rocky crystalline growths are all falling as heavy bodies with us fall to the ground. Their velocities, after reaching our planets, may be from one to sixty thousand miles an hour. They are concentering at the sun from every direction, and thus darting down through our system so thickly that the showers of aerolites falling into our atmosphere are these same bodies not yet having the necessary velocities, and therefore the tangential force, to resist the impinging planetary attractions. It is only the very largest

of these bodies which hav been growing while falling from the greatest distances, that can thus be supposed to resist all planetary attractions, and perpetuate their velocities as satellites. Thus also is this hypothesis quite incontrovertibly supported by the abnormal figure of our own moon's orbit, which, in fact, ridicules the idea of intelligent design, and also that of utility, by the very earmarks of having been teddered to a rapidly translating planet while falling toward the sun at the rate of two thousand miles an hour—her present velocity around the earth. It is truly marvelous to contemplate the sudden arrest of a sphere having a diameter of five hundred or more miles, while falling at the rate of thirty miles per minute, but this single fact becomes insignificant in comparison with the transcendent phenomena attending the birth of a future planet. Some of our planets hav several young ones in their families, so earth need not be discouraged because she had to begin with one. The appearance of our first moon in the heavens may hav somewhat startled the listless inhabitants of earth, but let us contemplate the far grander achievements of the satellite itself. Behold a falling sphere wheeling suddenly about a planet for protection, as it were, and instantly finding itself dashing headlong around the glowing center of a system at the rate of seventy thousand miles an hour! Otherwise it must long ago hav disappeared in the flames of our great luminary.

We now find Mother Earth with her infant Diana in her embrace, just as the grandmother, long, long ago, embraced our infant world. Because all consequences evolve out of relativ anticedents, nature makes no mistakes. Earth is known to be growing, and so is her moon, consequently it is altogether impossible for the eternal future ages to roll by without ending the existence of our globe, and leaving her satellite revolving around the sun, with conditions similar to ours. The number of satellites which may thus become planets can scarcely be limited, because there is ample room for a hundred more such spheres to revolve around our sun. The sizes of all such orbits can only be limited by the correlation of magnitude, density, and velocity, so that growth may increase, and increasing temperature diminish them.

Now let us return to the history of our own planet. Since it has been shown to be growing by the accretion of crystalline matter gleaned from the common domain, it is not necessary to reiterate that which is settled among the faithful students of nature. By serially connecting these consequences of terrestrial growth with their inseparable antecedents, we are translated back to a time when earth herself was a satellite, and when in conformity to the laws governing such bodies, she could hav had no true axial or diurnal motion. If this nucleus of earth—for all satellites must be regarded merely as planetary nuclei, of no conceivable value in the cosmos, unless, like children in our families, they are to succeed their departing ancestors—was revolving around some now extinct planet, which, in a glowing state, at some very remote period of time, was buried in the sun, is it not easy to see how the little terrestrial nucleus, with its far greater density and tangential force, could escape the threatened conflagration? In this way alone could our planet hav derived its elliptical orbit, with two centers, one of which is now blank and the other occupied by the sun. Such is the only possible scientific explanation of the well-known elliptical orbits of all planets. In the absence of any conceivable utility, all phenomenal irregularities must be referred to the law of necessity in the infinit differentiation of development.

But we must not forget that our terrestrial nucleus, while in its fetal, or satellitic, state, had no such diurnal motion as now givs us days and nights. Before the conglomeration of its two primaries, the old extinct planet and the sun, it had already acquired an orbit around the sun in company with its expiring companion. It had also a much smaller orbit around the said companion, as our moon now has about this world, which was causing it to turn slowly on its own axis. Both of these last-named motions were in the same direction, and were the consequences of the same antecedent force—the attraction of gravitation which caused it to fall toward the sun at the time it became a satellite and derived this orbital motion. Now, if the central object of its smaller orbit consolidated with the central object of its larger orbit, certainly the larger orbit would be continued in some elliptical form, without acceleration or retardation around the two approaching centers. But the smaller orbit must hav been adjusted to the changed conditions. Having lost the focal point around which it was revolving as a moon, and already having a slow axial motion in the same direction, and resulting from the same force, it is easy to see how their energies could coalesce into one movement. As fast as the excentric cycloid curve of the larger orbital motion was forced by tangential resistance into a concentric line about the great central source of attraction, the two minor motions must become centered in the young planet itself. Thus do we find that the greater velocity, and consequently greater force, of the outer half, over that of the inner half, of the former satellite, as it was then revolving around its primary, and wheeling around the sun, was correlated with the slow axial revolutions of the new-born planet, to giv it the alternate periods of light and darkness required by cellular organisms.

Since this is the most intricate and important point in the development of worlds without the assistance of fiat, the reader is requested to test it by the following illustrations, thus: Take a small ball, with a convenient hole through it for the insertion of a reed one or two feet long. While the ball is secured at one end of the reed, hold the other end on a table with one hand, while with the other hand the end on which the ball is secured is being turned round and round on the table, to represent a satellite going around its primary located relativly as your hand and the ball are on the table. By having a mark on the ball, you can carefully observe the fact that each time the reed, with ball attached, goes once around, the ball is also turned in the same direction one time round on its own axis. After this operation has been satisfactorily performed, let it be tried by slipping the ball down on the reed closer and closer until it actually touches the hand, and turning the reed around on the table at each stage to represent the force which must continue to revolve the ball. And finally slip the ball to the end you were holding on the table, and turn it with the reed as before, to prove objectivly how the orbit of any moon will become diurnal whenever the axis of such secondary coincides with what was the axial line of its departed primary, and thus incontrovertibly demonstrate the unerring character of certain natural laws capable of building these satellites and planets, projecting them around their self-luminous suns at enormous velocities, and rolling them on their own axes, so as to make it possible for us to hav an existence. This is the only conceivable explanation of the diurnal motions peculiar to all planets, and the suns which can be nothing more nor less than aggregations of planetary remains, while the satellites and asteroids hav developed no such rotary motions. If Mother Nature were some giddy-headed thing depending upon vicarious assistance, we might call in the hired help, but she is a model housewife and does all her own work, so that we find the worlds themselvs eternally wheeling around in obedience to her behests.

Any number of satellites having independent orbits about the same expiring primary in this same manner, may be started on elliptical, but never circular, orbits around the same central sun of any system in the universe, and regulate the sizes of their respectiv new orbits by their own several magnitudes, densities, and velocities, without disturbing the relations of each other, or any revolving spheres in the same system. All of the solar systems are limited only by the counter attractions of other systems, and, therefore, cannot be circumscribed by boundary lines. Thus may their relativ magnitudes vary as do the sizes of trees in our forests. The larger suns having the stronger attractions must be drawing the aggregating crystalline masses from greater and greater distances, with greater and greater velocities, as these masses are approaching their respectiv centers, so that the orbital motions of all satellites and planets, which are these same falling velocities circumvolving these or other centers, may never fail to hav the tangential force required for resisting such greater attractions. In a non-resisting medium, any growing body of matter, by falling from the incalculable hights of space toward any very great source of attraction, might derive the most stupendous velocity, either direct or orbital, without the slightest supernatural assistance.

It must be obvious to the intelligent reader that the smaller bodies of crystalline matter, known as aerolites, in a system like ours, must be simply legions, and all moving westward in company with the planets, while falling with very different velocities toward the sun. The larger bodies of this same class, known as asteroids, are here by thousands, also wheeling around the sun, and more or less rapidly descending toward the greater center of attraction. If not arrested by any of the revolving planets, all of these bodies must ultimately, by diminishing spiral curves, descend into the sun which is furnishing their constituents. But it is quite possible for any one of the larger asteroids, after having fallen for ages from the most incalculable distance, and all the time growing, to escape planetary attraction, and to derive such a very high velocity, and such great tangential force, as to resist the attraction of the sun himself long before he had grown to his present magnitude. And any such sphere might easily hav become a young plant in our system at some very remote time, without the possibility of ever revolving upon its own axis. It could never hav days and nights, because, like our moon, it must keep the same side toward its primary. Its inner hemisphere must hav one continuous day, with the sun on the meridian, while its outer hemisphere remains in perpetual darkness and gloom. Such a sphere would continue the process of growth by accretions, like the other planets, and pass through all of the planetary stages, except such cellular expressions as we hav on earth, where regular days and nights are indispensable. It would lasso some of the falling asteroids by its greater attraction, and thus hav its share of the moonshine, and finally, in a self luminous condition, coalesce with the central sun, and leave its moon, or moons, revolving as planets with the necessary diurnal motions for inhabitable conditions. In this plain, natural manner any newly developing self luminous center, appearing in any part of the infinit universe, where there may be room for another system, certainly evolves first the barren planets, without days and nights, capable of protecting and rearing families of satellites, whose double motions develop into those regular diurnal revolutions which distinguish the inhabitable planets from all other celestial forms.

By carefully studying and applying all of these now well known scientific facts, and also the final effects of developing temperatures upon these growing organisms, anyone can become as familiar with the natural processes of world and sun making, as are the better class of farmers with the rational processes of agriculture. Creation is a continuous process of developing new expressions, as life is a process forever renewing the cellular expressions on the myriads of inhabitable planets, so that nothing but stolid ignorance and willful bigotry can hav any further use for the supernatural. If the common people must longer endure the barbarous inflictions of false preaching and false teaching, let it be known that these wrongs are being done willfully, despite the truthful lessons of philosophy and natural science combined, while man is evoluting away from his fabulous fall, and therefore equally fabulous redemption. Let all true friends of human progress raise the hue and cry against the useless and wicked propagandism of barbarous fables. Everything in nature is teaching the lessons of evolution, and if man does not improve he can hav no supernatural personage to vicariously shoulder his responsibilities.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 1, 1888. MILLESON.

A Service to the Cause of Justice.

From the Galveston News.

Judge Barrett, of the supreme court of New York, overruled the refusal of inspectors of election in the Fourteenth district of New York to register the name of Eugene M. Macdonald, Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, because he refused to swear on the Bible or to hold up his hand. The judge decided that the inspectors had no right to insist on any religious test. It seems strange that officials will disregard the intention both of the Constitution and of the law which provides for affirmations by persons who object to taking an oath. Their action constitutes a species of bulldozing which must appear the more odious when it seems to be the result of a perverted sort of Christian faith. No man is converted by treating him with unfairness or illiberality. There is no just inference that the man who refuses to swear is an untruthful man. Indeed, such a man might be a more faithful Christian than those who override the law itself to persecute him. There is a Christian sect and there are individual Christians of other sects who take no latitude in construing the command of their master, which stands written in these words: "But I say unto you, swear not at all." It is indeed well known that learned divines hav exercised their casuistry upon this notable text, and drawn the inference that Christians might take an oath when the law required it. Even upon this view of the case it would not be evident that they should take an oath when the law does not require it. The laws of this country which provide for affirmation are made in the sober and reasonable spirit of this injunction, and those officials who seek to override them are doing more to advertise their bigotry than their understanding of either gospel, law, or right and justice. Mr. Macdonald is not a professor of Christianity; quite the reverse, he is the Editor of an Ingersollian paper. But he is a gentleman, a citizen, and a man of untarnished honor. The country would be better off if it possessed more such honorable citizens, and fewer officials so illiberal as to try to cheat him out of his vote, contrary to the Constitution and the law, in the name of Christianity. Men as well as trees are known by their fruits. Their professed beliefs are often the result merely of education. They are liberal and fair or prejudiced and bigoted according to the quality of their minds. In resisting a piece of official misfeasance, Mr. Macdonald rendered a service to liberal institutions and the cause of justice everywhere.

Crisp Squattucks.

At the unveiling of the monument to the memory of Crispus Attucks, in Boston, yesterday, the historical oration was delivered by John Fiske. I understand that the late Caleb Cushing ascertained that the real name of the victim of the Boston massacre, Ma ch 5, 1770, was Crisp Squattucks; and it is not disputed that Crisp was a Natick Indian. "These be thy gods," O Yankee doodles! SUBB.
Nov. 15, 1888.

Life But a Lamp.

Lafayette on his Death Bed.

What would you hav? Life is like the flame of a lamp; when the oil is out the light is extinguished, and all is over.

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FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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Any number over five at the same rate, invariably with one remittance.	

The Church's Speculation in New Zealand.

At one of the Annual Congresses of the American Secular Union (1886) Colonel Ingersoll spoke of the injustice of tax exemption of land belonging to the church. "Do you know," he asked, "that if church property is allowed to go without taxation, it is only a question of time when they will own a large per cent of the property of the world? . . . The church builds an edifice in some small town, gets several acres of land. In time a city rises around it. The labor of others has added to the value of this property, until it is worth millions."

This picture is easily recognized. Scarcely a city has arisen in this country without carrying with it the value of acres and acres of land held without taxation for speculativ purposes by the various churches. Hundreds of magnificent church buildings hav been erected from the proceeds of the sale of such lands, and many a pastor's salary is paid from rents of buildings erected on lands bought for a song, and held, free of taxes, till the town built up around them. The sacred speculation is going on now in the newer portion of the country, and the holy land is doubling the dollars of the canny pietists, simply because it is not taxed. From Dan to Beersheba the game is being played, and, as the earth fills up, the injustice is more keenly felt.

In this city to-day a church is realizing on one of these fortunate speculations. St. Luke's church, on Hudson street, was built in the early part of the century, when the site of the present city hall was a cow-pasture, and Hudson street was a road in the village of Greenwich, where land could almost be had for the taking. Since then New York has grown, Greenwich is solid brick and stone, and land is worth a fortune a lot. The land around St. Luke's has been covered with houses. Toward none of these improvements, save by the building of one or two dwelling-houses, has the church contributed. It has paid no taxes. It has added absolutely nothing to the common stock of wealth. But the worshipers at St. Luke's hav grown wealthy along with the church, and moved away uptown, and the church must follow them. So the land acquired for almost nothing, and held without cost, though sorely needed for business and homes, is to be sold for enough to build a large and fashionable edifice uptown. The dead even are not respected by the speculating Christians, for the graveyard around the church is being depopulated of its silent tenants, and the church will wax fat and fashionable and hire a side-whiskered rector on the proceeds of the sale or lease of the land. Thinking of this fortunate speculation of one church, a writer in Henry George's paper reflects to some purpose. "We Americans," he says, "are fond of boasting that we hav no state church. We point to the fact that in England dissenters are forced to pay tithes for the support of an ecclesiastical organization for which they hav no use nor liking; and we boast ourselvs that in this country such injustices are not perpetrated. But the English tithe is simply a tax upon the privilege of occupying land. And when we consider that residents of Hudson street, who hav so little use for St. Luke's church that the church actually has to move away from them, are going to be taxed, in the way of ground rents or purchase money, for the support of a new St. Luke's to be situated miles away from them—when we consider all this, why really it seems as though we may not be so very far from having an established church of our own after all."

The latest country to suffer is New Zealand, according to another of the *Standard's* correspondents, who writes:

"But the greatest and most crying evil is the land that is held back by religious bodies. There are many thousands of acres of good land in New Zealand belonging to missionary societies, which are lying idle as a speculation, and if they were utilized I would guarantee that in six months you would not find a *bona fide* unemployed workingman in the country. This is simply because the land is near civilization, and a man who produced anything, even if it were 'taties,' would find a sale for them, and could earn an honest living. But no; that man, if he be poor and desirous of tilling the ground, must go miles away from civilization over as rough a country as man ever traveled—over swamps, mountains, thick bush, rivers without bridges. I say he will hav to drag his poor wife and children into the desert, whilst there are thousands of acres of unoccupied land near to the towns lying idle."

Here is the unused, untaxed missionary land lying idle near the towns, waiting for a rise in value, while the poor devil of a workingman is starving for the lack of the use of it. Tax this land and the societies could not hold it. The missionary fund would giv out, and they must sell or lease it to those who would utilize it to increase the food supply of the country, and reduce the sum total of the misery of New Zealand. Filling empty stomachs is a thousand times better employment than preaching hell and damnation. New Zealand will see the day when she will wish that the Christian missionaries, equipped with Bibles and barrels of rum, had never landed on her shores. The church never givs up a dollar, and she will get the highest market price for the land she holds, even if two-thirds of the Maoris starve to death. She seems to think that when the devil offered Christ all the countries of the earth, Jesus accepted the bribe, and has handed them down to his hypocritical followers, to possess and enjoy forever, together with the improvements and rise in values since that time.

Sensible Dr. Greer.

The chamber of commerce of New York city has a habit of dining collectivly once a year, though individually it is to be presumed that it dines oftener, else the members could scarcely present the rotund and prosperous appearance that they do. The annual habit has been kept up now for one hundred and twenty years, beginning at Fraunce's tavern at Broad and Pearl streets, and eating the one hundred and twentieth dinner at Delmonico's last week.

From talking business at first the chamber has got to discussing politics and religion, and the notable thing about the last dinner was the sensible remarks, for a minister, on Sunday observance, of the Rev. Dr. Greer, who spoke for "A Free Church and a Free State." He said:

"The observance of Sunday must be maintained not so much by legislativ enactment as by the energy of the Christian church, producing a voluntary conformity thereto upon the part of the people at large. Of course, it is competent for the state to pass certain laws for the observance of Sunday, but not, it seems to me, on religious grounds, or for religious reasons, but on the ground of the public welfare, for the state in this country is not the organ of religion, and one day to the state is just like any other day. Some of our fellow-citizens do not believe in Sunday as a religious day—they believe in Saturday. Others, again, do not believe in either Saturday or Sunday; they do not believe in any religious days. And the state in this country is just as much for them and for their protection as it is for us and for our protection; not only for those who are Christians, but for those who are not Christians; not only for the orthodox, but for the heterodox; for the Seventh Day Baptists and the Jews; for Catholics and Protestants and Friends and Quakers and Spiritualists; for all who come here with all kinds of religious belief, and with no religious belief at all. And from all quarters of the globe they are coming—a little too numerously, I venture to think, still they are coming, and will continue to come crowding into our cities, settling upon our prairies, cultivating our soil, taking part in our commercial, industrial, and professional pursuits, and in many ways, as farmers, as merchants, as mechanics, as politicians, as miners, as laborers, as capitalists, are becoming absorbed and incorporated into our social organism. And the state will not interfere with their religious beliefs, will not take cognizance of one more than another, but will, with just and equal laws, treat them all alike."

No one can find fault with the "voluntary conformity" of action by the churchmen to their doctrins. It is only when they try to force involuntary conformity thereto upon those holding different doctrins that we must revolt and denounce the ecclesiastical despotism. Sunday should be a *non* day, made so by law, that business may be suspended by all without injury to any. But no law should apply to that day that does not apply to other holidays, and no law should ever hav religious significance, or take cognizance in any way of religious reasons for its being. The pious hav just as good right to go to church on Sunday as a Freethinker has to not go. And if the "energy of the Christian church" can, without the aid of law, induce all the people to go to church, why, let them go. When, however, the church calls in the aid of the state to enforce her ideas of a proper Sunday observance upon others, she becomes the most intolerable tyrant on earth. Then we hav the Inquisition and a theocracy, and freedom is a thing unknown.

A united church and state has everywhere meant that the church ruled. Ecclesiastics are the most arrogant of men. They hav claimed the right to regulate the whole life of man—his birth, his education, his marriage, his thoughts, his words, his death, even the clothes he should wear and the food he should eat. To maintain their claim they hav cursed and burnt and tortured and murdered right and left. In doing this they hav used the state as a tool. They must be deprived of power, their laws must be repealed, and they must be made to pay their own bills. Then if they can induce people to go to church, they are welcome to do so.

The Wage-Workers in the Churches.

In answering a Methodist minister's question, "Why do not the wage-workers of New York attend church?" the *Sun* says:

"It is undoubtedly true that our German-American fellow-citizens furnish the smallest complement of church-goers in proportion to their numbers, and the reason for this is the widespread prevalence among them of Agnosticism, which is to be found more especially in the ranks of the wage-workers. In this respect the German-born citizens of New York are merely in line with their brethren in the cities of Protestant Germany."

Of the wage-earners of other nationalities the same authority thinks that a larger percentage are found in their churches every Sunday than are found in any other city of the so-called Christian world—far larger than in London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna.

We think this is true, and pity 'tis 'tis true. The great trouble here in New York is the unreasoning superstition of the laborers, which makes them the easy prey of priest and politician. The Germans, among whom Agnosticism is widespread, are the only independent class, and the only reasoning class of laborers in the city. The Italians, the Irish, are mere tools of Rome. And this is the reason why the Catholic church gets such enormous sums of money from the city treasury; it is but repayment by the politicians of their debt to the church for having given them votes. The triumph of Tammany Hall at the polls on the 6th ult. will be followed by at least two years of prosperity for Roman Catholicism.

It is a great pity that so many wage-workers are found in the toils of the church. We wish the interrogativ complaint of the Methodist minister had a more substantial foundation.

The Knights of Labor.

T. V. Powderly's surrender of the Knights of Labor to the Roman church has bankrupted the organization, as was discovered last week at their convention in Indianapolis. The membership has decreased three hundred thousand during the past year, and the Pennsylvania miners, forty thousand strong, threaten to go out of the order if more attention is not paid to their trouble.

T. B. Barry, who was expelled from the executiv board because he opposed Powderly and his friends, was at the convention, and he openly declared that "politics and the church of Rome dictate Powderly's policy, and the Protestant element of organized labor is in revolt." Barry has appealed from the board which expelled him to the convention of delegates; but a leading delegate, when asked if the appeal would be heard, answered in this churchly

style: "No; he is not a member of the Knights of Labor, and therefore has no right to appeal. His petition would hav no more effect than a Protestant preacher's appeal to the pope." Under the circumstances, the comparison was apt.

The treaty between Mr. Powderly and Cardinal Gibbons by which the Roman church "tolerates" the order is now known. Simeoni, speaking for the pope, decrees that the "association of the Knights of Labor can for the moment be tolerated," on the condition that the "necessary modifications should be introduced in the rules of the society to make clear whatever might seem obscure or might be interpreted in a bad sense." That is, that anything in the rules which the church objects to shall be taken out. Simeoni specifies some general statements in the preface to the rules governing the establishment of local associations, and "some words savoring of Socialism and Communism" must be "corrected in such a way that they shall only affirm the right conferred by God on man of acquiring property, using legitimate means and respecting the proportionate rights of all others." Simeoni also approves of Cardinal Gibbons's determination to see that no more heresy creeps into the order, and that it shall in everything conform to the standard established by the church for societies composed of Catholics. How the Freethought and Protestant element in the order will like this sale of themselvs to Rome remains to be seen.

The Knights of Labor organization is being ruined in the interest of Roman Catholicism. The church cannot bear a rival in the affections of her dupes, therefore she has swallowed the order, and in her capacious stomach it is now undergoing the process of digestion. The anaconda gets rid of its small enemies in the same way.

Editorial Notes.

One of the funny things of politics was discovered in San Francisco by George Macdonald during the recent hustling for president. A political procession passed his office one evening, wherein was displayed the customary banners with the war-cries and party mottoes painted thereon. One conspicuous display was a big wagon having upon its transparent covering the words, "Protection for American Industries forever!" This reminded Mr. Macdonald of another scene. Last summer, while journeying to Lake Chabot, back of Oakland, he passed a fruit-canning establishment, in the fields surrounding which were swarms of Chinamen gathering berries and fruit. The canning factory back of Oakland and the wagon in the political parade bore the name of the same firm!

The Catholics hav a rival in arrogance in the Hardshell Baptist church of Alabama, but the Knights of Labor no emulator in subservience in the Farmers' Alliance in the same state. The story is, coming from Birmingham: "Several weeks ago sixteen churches and eighteen ministers were suspended from communication for allowing members to join the Alliance. This increased the bitter feeling, and has materially weakened the church. The opposition of the Hardshells to the Alliance is based on their opposition to all secret societies. Sunday a Hardshell preacher named Purifoy went to Chambers county from Selma. He denounced the Farmers' Alliance from the pulpit in the most bitter terms. This was continued for several days, when a committee from the Alliance ordered Rev. Purifoy to leave the county at once. The threats of violence which accompanied the order caused him to leave in great haste." If the Knights of Labor possessed a small portion of the independence of the Alabama farmers, the Roman church would hav fewer slaves, and Mr. Powderly a good opportunity to turn his talents to some useful purpose.

C. C. O'Donnell, a pious gentleman of San Francisco, ran for mayor of that city on the 6th of last month, and was beaten. On the Sunday following he made a speech, in which this gem of oratory shines conspicuous: "It is my prayer, so help me God, that whoever voted against me may be paralyzed, and his soul go down to the infernal regions, where be belongs." The manner of defeated candidates for office forms a curious psychological phenomenon. Some cry, some curse, and some call names. They imagin that the world revolved around their candidacy for some public situation, and that with their own obliteration went the sun and stars also. Warner Miller, for instance, who ran for governor of this state, boasting that the churches were with him, thinks, to judge by his speeches since the event, that he and God were snowed under together. President Cleveland, it is pleasant to note, accepts his retirement gracefully, and will thereby retain much more respect with the people than if he sat up nights hunting through his Thesaurus for alliterativ adjectivs and epithets to hurl at Mr. Harrison in the splenetic columns of the opposition press. Mr. O'Donnell hould get him a cake of ice upon which to sit and cool off.

Cardinal Gibbons issued a sort of supplementary Thanksgiving proclamation a few days before the day appointed scarcely less pious than that of the president. After mentioning a few things of a bright nature he said: "It is true, ndeed, that disasters by floods and storms in the West and hat pestilence in the South hav darkened and afflicted many home. But even in those visitations of sorrow we should humbly bless our heavenly father, whose mysterious dispensations we cannot fathom, but should always adore. We should kiss the hand that strikes as well as the hand that caresses, for whether he smites or fondles he is always a loving father. And these occasional calamities are but the shadows that bring out in bolder relief the bright picture of our national prosperity." That is precisely as we defined the Christian creed in last week's Truth Seeker. Thanks, blind, ignorant, shallow, empty-headed thanks, for favors not received, and for injuries felt, to something not known and unknowable, to a phantom of the brain, to a figment of the imagination, to a shadow cast by Nothing in the dark—this is the Christian creed. Of all the irrational documents in the world, a Thanksgiving proclamation is the most idiotic.

Passengers on the Third avenue elevated railroads can now do without their regular church-going. Some philanthropic pietist has framed and hung up in the cars some scripture texts calculated, in his opinion, to make an impression upon the worldly-minded folks who get up and down town on the railroad in the air. One of the texts is, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but hav everlasting life." Another is, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The first, we surmise, is a statement intended to enlighten the general public on a matter about which they are supposed to be ignorant. The second must be intended solely for the benefit of the managers of the elevated railroad itself and of their advertising agents, who charge publishers $10 a week and the profits on the sales for placing a newspaper or book on the stands in the stations. These fellows are the only people we know of who stand in even the remotest danger of gaining the whole world. Their danger, however, is imminent, and if they lose their own souls for it, the general verdict will be, Served them right!

The Troy *High School Record*, from which we learned of the refusal of Judge Fursman to naturalize a man because he would not "swear," prints an explanation by the judge as follows: "When the judge was administering the usual oath, 'You solemnly swear in the presence of the ever living God,' he was interrupted by the applicant, saying, that he was not satisfied there was 'any ever living God,' and thereupon the judge refused to proceed until the applicant consented to take the necessary oath, which he thereafter did." The *Record*, on this, apologizes. But, as Judge Barrett said on a similar occasion, "This won't do; it is no answer at all." The statute in this state is clear and plain as a lighthouse. Section 846 says that a man may lay his hand upon or kiss the Bible, or may "swear in the presence of the everlasting God." While so swearing he may or may not hold up his hand, at his option. All these are forms of oaths. Section 847 says: "A solemn declaration or affirmation, in the following form, *must be administered* to a person who declares that he has conscientious scruples against taking an oath or swearing in any form: You do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm." The *Record* has apologized too soon.

The Cleveland, Ohio, Christians are rather sore just now over a preacher who came out of the backwoods of Michigan to exchange pulpits with a Cleveland pastor. The subject of his sermon was Christianity in general, and in particular the advent of Jesus upon earth. He said that he did not think it was a good way for the Lord to start a new Christian era by having an illegitimate child born to Mary to be the teacher of the faith, and he condemned the state of things that existed owing to Joseph and Mary not being married. The Cleveland *Sunday World* thinks that if the preacher had said this in his backwoods pulpit, "the simple-hearted lumbermen would hav strung him up to the nearest tree," and intimates that such a fate would be appropriate. "A pretty pass," the *World* exclaims, "when a man from the backwoods of Michigan, or from any other place on earth, can enter a pulpit and tell the people that he, a miserable, sinning, mortal missionary, dares take upon himself the right to criticise the ways of the supreme being!" We condole with the Clevelanders. It was an uncouth way of reminding the members of a somewhat finicky social club that the basis of their organization was an occurrence of dubious morality.

In the Great Book there is something about a vaulting ambition which o'erleaped itself and fell down upon the other side, hurting itself badly. This, we take it, was a Shakspere cipher reference to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Macon, Ga. We quote from the Macon *Daily Telegraph* of November 6th: "At the council meeting to-day the committee on relief submitted a report upon the resolution of Councilman Woodward 'that the appropriation of $100 per month heretofore made to the Woman's Christian Association be discontinued from this date and said sum be appropriated under the same conditions and limitations to the Home for the Friendless.' The report was unanimously adopted. The cause of the removal of the appropriation is supposed to be the action of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which joined the Christian Home Society in a body and attempted to control it. This naturally created considerable stir, and the conservativ element, who opposed the mixing of politics with charity work, resigned their membership. Agitation sprung up, and the city council felt bound to take action on the matter and remove their appropriation to the Home. In the investigation of the condition of affairs some very racy evidence was submitted, and it is said that the committee found that Rev. Sam Small, the third party mogul of Georgia, had advised the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to capture the Christian Home by joining in a body." This is retribution righteous and complete, though we fail to see wherein the taxpayers of Macon are materially benefited. The Woman's Christian Association is admittedly sectarian, while the Home for the Friendless is admittedly religious. The council has punished the ambition of the Rev. Sam Small and his female dupes, but it has not helped the city much. A Christian in particular, unless he be a Calvinist or a Catholic, is no worse than a Christian in general, if he practices what he preaches.

The following list of officers and honorary members of the Nineteenth Century Club were elected on the 14th instant without opposition: president, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson; vice-presidents, Mrs. Courtlandt Palmer, Parke Godwin, Mrs. John Sherman, Rabbi Gottheil, Mrs. Colden Murray, Anson P. Stokes, Charles H. Stobbins, Dwight H. Olmstead, Brander Matthews, Mrs. Dudley Field, Andrew Carnegie, Marquise Lanza, R. J. Cross, H. J. Hayden, William Lloyd, Moncure D. Conway, F. A. P. Barnard, Miss Amy Townsend, Henry M. Day, Mrs. Vincenzo Botta, Edgar Fawcett, Mrs. Henry Draper, and Henry A. Oakley; secretary, William Travers Jerome. Honorary members: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Prof. W. G. Sumner, James Parton, President Eliot of Harvard College, Professor Fiske, Noah Porter, George W. Cable, Dr. C. Waldstein, of Athens, Greece, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, ex-President McCosh of Princeton College, Edward Atkinson, and Edward S. Moore, of Salem, Mass. The club held its first meeting for the season last Wednesday evening, the subject of the discussion being the club and its Founder. The speakers were M. D. Conway, T. B. Wakeman, Revs. C. H. Eaton and Wm. Lloyd, Mrs. Clara Lansing, and Mrs. John Sherman.

The *Christian Inquirer* givs this interesting bit of news: "It is said that a clergyman of Delaware county is at his wits' end to know what to do in the very singular case in which he finds himself. The people of his neighborhood, he says, are all converted and all church members and attendants, so that there remains nobody who needs really to be preached to. When it was suggested to him that the children might be expected still to provide occasion for his labors he answered, with a slight tincture of sadness, that they were so well brought up that they, too, without exception, became church-members as soon as they were old enough. If the dear brother, having so lovely an ecclesiastical patch, is desirous to do some good, it is evident it might be safely left while he labored elsewhere. If, from his surroundings, he dreams that the millennium is close at hand, he might get a thorough awakening by working as an evangelist in the lower wards of New York." It is well, perhaps, that the *Christian Inquirer* did not locate this paradise any more definitly, else it might hav been under the necessity of substantiating the story—a necessity at all times painful in the highest degree to religious gospel-spreaders. But, supposing it true, will the *Inquirer* tell us if there is no jail in the town; if there is no poorhouse, if there are no church-going hypocrits, no pharisaical scandal-mongers, no folks who are just a little south of the line of strict honesty in a horse-trade; no grocers who file their weights and no butchers who weigh their hands with the meat? Are there no dry-goods merchants with yardsticks just a little short of thirty-six inches, and no deacons who put the best apples on top of the barrel? Does no one in this Eden-like neighborhood try to get anything for just a little less than it is worth and sell it for just a little over the market price? Does everybody hav all he can eat, and warm clothes and a comfortable house? If not, then the preacher has plenty of work at hand, but we fancy that that work is not preaching a gospel of preposterous theology, but rather in doing that which his hand findeth to do to bring about the desired result.

New editions of "The Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times," and "The World's Sages and Reformers," both by the founder of The Truth Seeker, hav just been issued. The first is in two volumes, written while Mr. Bennett was confined in the Albany penitentiary—placed there by Comstock in his efforts to destroy the paper, and kept there by the marital cowardice of the despicable R. B. Hayes—and is the most voluminous work ever composed under like circumstances. It is a veritable storehouse of information concerning the gods men hav feared and worshiped, and the religions they hav constructed around these mythical personages. The price of the two volumes is $5. "The World's Sages" is composed of biographical sketches of the prominent men who hav championed reform in religion and politics, and is a necessity as a work of reference to all Freethinkers. Price, $3.

Lectures and Meetings.

Mr. John R. Charlesworth announces that he will lecture for Freethought societies during the winter months for the expenses of his journeys. Mr. Charlesworth is a young Englishman who has done some talking for branches of the National Secular Society, and reports in the *National Reformer* speak well of him. His address is 242 East 77th street, New York city.

W. F. Jamieson writes: For a long time I hav wished to be better able to do my duty to our aged brother, J. Hacker, and his wife. I derived great benefit in reading his famous *Pleasure Boat* nearly thirty years ago. He deserves better than he ever received at our hands. As he benefited me through his publications, I propose to benefit him by a "Benefit Lecture," to be given in every place I visit after January 1st, at the close of my regular course in each place. I do not feel able to more than divide equally the proceeds of that lecture, after paying hall and advertising expenses. My offer will hold good for three months. Either one of three subjects may be chosen: 1. "John Milton, the celebrated blind poet, clear seer, and free-speech Christian." 2. "Thomas Paine, the far-seeing friend of America, and liberty-loving patriot." 3. "Roger Williams, the banished Baptist."

Letters from Friends.

BARRE, MASS., Nov. 10, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I want to thank you for your grand work in the matter of registration. It is the best thing to show the enemy where we stand and where they stand that has been done in New York city for a century. It was a bold, practical, decisiv, successful blow. Every part was admirable. Such things tell ELLA E. GIBSON.

LUNENBURG, MASS., Nov. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I need not tell you I am afflicted with the wandering gout in ny hands. You will easily guess that, or something worse, is the cause of these crow-tracks addressed to the inhabitants of 28 Lafayette place, New York, near by the shambles where honest men are made over into political villains.

I will acknowledge to the country my thanks for electing the worst men they could find. You know it was *rattlesnakes* that saved a certain family. It is hastened monopolistic oppression that will save the people.

With many good wishes, I am, Truly yours,

A. H. WOOD.

RED BANK, N. J., Nov. 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I find the following example in the New York *Tribune*. and the paper says country readers are troubling their heads over it, but that neither of the answers given is correct:

If a hen and a ha'f lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?

Now, I cannot get any other answer than twenty-eight eggs, and conclude, as the paper says it is not the right answer, that there is some catch in the wording which I hav been unable to discover. Will you kindly help out of this mire a poor truth seeker, who looks to you for light on all brain-puzzling subjects? CONSTANT READER.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., Nov. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent McArthur has taken a bold enterprise in hand—nothing less than to refute mathematics. He says (the puzzle is an old one) that if two competitors, say a pig and a railroad train, run a race, the pig having a hundred yards start, and making ten while the train makes the hundred; then, when the train has made the ten, the pig will hav made one more; when the train has made one, the pig will hav made a tenth of a yard; and so on *ad infinitum;* therefore the train will never catch the pig. Which, of course is false. Therefore there is a "divergence between theoretical and practical mathematics." The divergence is simply between wrong calculation and right. If the pig ran, say, a yard in a second, and the train ten yards, the time the train would require to catch the pig would be 11.1111, etc. seconds, a circulating decimal, whose figures may, indeed, be extended to infinity, but whose sum is always less than 11.2 seconds. The ten-year-old boy should be able to work such a sum in arithmetic as that. The fallacy consists in forgetting that the time which you chop into infinitly small pieces is not itself infinit but finite.

C. L. JAMES.

LE MOORE, CAL., Nov. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: You will please find inclosed money order in renewal of subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER for ensuing year. Our family are much interested in the paper, and the positiv firmness with which Liberal ideas are pressed. I wish you and your able corps of contributors success in defining Secular truth. Am well pleased that general satisfaction obtains relativ to the selection of able officials for the coming year carrying forward the good work of the Secular Congress. And may Mrs. Colman liv these many years, with other efficient women workers that meet in your councils, well worthy of place and confidence, and wearing many laurels as humanitarians in the broadest sense of the term.

Yours truly, SARAH GREGG FOX.

P.S.—Find inclosed $1 for Father and Mother Hacker. I hope that Liberals will not be delinquent in the matter of aid to our aged couple, or any other in real need, for to whom may they look for means of support in poverty? You one and all know that we stand responsible, and if each one would contribute his mite the arrow pointed toward us would fall powerless, and it could not be said that Infidels hav no interest in their class, but suffer them to die with hunger and cold. Mr. Editor, print this as a reminder of what we owe to humanity in general, and oblige S. G. F.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Nov. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been reading in THE TRUTH SEEKER of last week the story of the Rgt. Rev. James Morill that they hav converted fifty thousand Jews, and that three thousand of them are Christian ministers. I am very sorry indeed that I must call a minister of the gospel a ——, but I cannot help it, it is not my fault. I must believe that the Rev. Mr. Morill had never read the history of the Jews, and how much the Jews were persecuted in holy Spain, Portugal, and in the blessed Bible country—England—and to-day in Russia, and there was never a time that there were converted in one year ten thousand Jews. I am very glad that THE TRUTH SEEKER got to know the falsehood of the Rev. Mr. Morill. He can make his church-members believe because they ask no questions. When a poor, ignorant Jew comes to this country homeless, helpless, friendless, your good missionary, A. Jacob Freshman, buys him with some money and gets him converted. Not for the love of Christ, but only for the love of the money, Mr. Freshman makes a business of the poor Jew. The Christian people are spending millions of dollars, and I do not believe to-day that there are ten honest Jews that believe in Christ. I believe Mr. Morill believes in being born again. I wish he shall be born again a Jew and get converted to a Christian, then he could make more money than now. I will answer all the Jewish missionaries—Dr. Crosby or Freshman—any questions on religion in the Bible or Talmud. RUSSIAN JEW.

LEON, IA., Nov. 9, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Our bit of love for fair play consummated in securing Geo. H. Dawes for a lecture the 18th of last month. His subject was, "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" We were well impressed with his effort. He is a student, and well informed in history; and, like all our Freethought advocates, appeals to the reason. Wit and sarcasm hav their place to keep the hearer from getting wearied. There is nothing repulsiv about him. He is clean and pleasant. We hav invited him to call on his tour next fall, and hav dubbed him the blond John E. Remsburg.

We received a copy of H. H. Gardener's "Men, Women, and Gods" about a year ago. We read it, and thought we were in good company, and hav been loaning it ever since The last time we loaned it was to my wife's intimate friend, a Christian lady, and we asked her what she thought of it, and her reply was that she "thought Miss Gardener was a smart woman."

We are not making any wild demonstration, but are proud to say that the Leon Secular Union is not a thing on paper, but has a corps of officers that will compare favorably with the national organization for ability. Mr. A. E. Hall accepted the office of president at the very first, and showed he was not a moral coward; and he is away from home so much that we hav lately elected Mr. A. Hamilton to lead us and aid in organization. He is a man of refinement, and has devoted his life to the sick, being a doctor and a man of ability. J. W. LONG.

ALLIANCE, O., Nov. 11, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The friends of Geo. W. Thornburgh, president of the Secular Union of Alliance, O., were invited to meet himself and family at the residence of R. G. Smith on the evening of the 6th inst, the occasion being a farewell party, as they are removing to Longmont, Col. The evening proved to be very unpleasant with rain and mud. However, about forty-five Liberals were present, who passed a most enjoyable evening, during which a nice collation was served. The friends had prepared a little surprise in the shape of a valuable gold chain and seal or charm. Also the ladies gave Mrs. Thornburgh some choice toilet articles. She in receiving them remarked that though pleased she would hav preferred all their pictures. The presentation was made by J. F. Kryder, one of our stanch young Liberals, in a neat little speech, which was feelingly responded to by Mr. Thornburgh for himself and wife. After this Mrs. Haines read the following lines which were sent by the writer, who was unavoidably prevented from being present, as in a measure expressing our appreciation of Mr. Thornburgh's work:

To-night we greet and clasp the hand
Of one we claim as friend and brother,
And for an hour in sweet and social converse
Meet as comrades true.
Yet on the morrow he shall speed away
To other friends and duties.
We meet to say good-bye to-night.
And while we gather here 'tis meet
To cast a backward glance o'er memory's page.
What find we there recorded of our friend?
Forever foremost in the vanguard for the right,
He bears aloft the standard of Freethought;
He will not bow to dead and useless creed,
Nor will he aid to bind the chain of superstition;
He will be free to think and act
And aid the cause he loves.
For this we giv to him this meed of praise,
For this our reverent recognition
As friend and brother in a cause most true.
And we would giv to him
The full assurance of our grateful hearts,
That he has ever served the cause
Of mental liberty and of equal rights
So nobly in our midst.
Farewell.

You hav our best and earnest wishes for your health and happiness, and we are sure that in your Western home the light of mental liberty will shine abroad to cheer and bless as it has us. Good-bye.

Mr. Thornburgh has been prominently identified with the Liberal work here for many years as one of a quartet of singers, and also as president of the Independent church. which is composed of the Liberal element of the place of all shades of belief and all degrees of opinion on all subjects among which are the Liberal and conservativ Spiritualists, the Materialists, and Agnostics, etc. His absence will be deeply felt and regretted, but another locality will be benefited in a like ratio. And we hereby recommend our friend to the Liberals of Longmont and vicinity as a gentleman of sterling qualities, and a valuable acquisition to their ranks. Also we shall miss with regret his wife and family, who hav a warm place in our hearts, for Mrs. Thornburgh is as stanch a Liberal as her husband, and we bespeak for her a cordial welcome as well as the young people.

MRS. S. S. ROCKHILL.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Nov. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Meeting a friend whose leaning is mildly orthodox, he said, "Your patron saint, Colonel Ingersoll, has been swearing again—swearing at Jo Cook." No, no!—stoop to that!—that would be a condescension! Anything more? "He is reported as saying, 'Damn such religion!' or, 'such a doctrin!'" Let me read what he did say, and honestly answer if he was not right.

Only a savage—and that is doubtful—would charge the creator with what your doctrin, which you call religion, does. It must degrade, demoralize, and brutalize any and all but a man of wood with a heart of stone.

We hav no saints, but hav some martyrs. I once heard an estimable lady, good and kind, as the world goes, say she "would like to see Colonel Ingersoll served the same as Servetus was by Calvin"—by your St. Calvin. She thought and said it because under the influence and bondage of that damnable doctrin. She ate of the body and drank of the blood at the altar Presbyterian.

And, my friend, this is a single illustration of many, proving the demoralizing influence of that doctrin and that kind of religion.

Years ago I was living in a centrally located city in the state of New York—this *apropos* of the profanity of a distinguished citizen of that state. On the occasion of the death of Horace Greeley, two resident clergymen, one young, the other past the meridian, both ranking high in the line of their profession, improved the opportunity by delivering memorial sermons. The first was somewhat noted as having seceded in a very independent way from a leading and influential Baptist church, and at that time with fitting propriety might hav been called a monk of the order Unitarian. Both discourses were eloquent tributes in memory of the distinguished editor and great journalist. But the younger clergyman had accepted as a fact, what so many were saying, and hardly anyone believed, that on occasions he was very profane. He said that Greeley would swear—not, as the less discreet had it, like the devil—but, like a pirate. The other, and older, was then pastor of a Baptist church in the same city. Meeting him soon after, I said: "It is apparent from your discourse that you were personally and familiarly acquainted with Mr. Greeley." And calling his attention to the remarks of his younger associate in relation to the alleged profanity, etc., requested that he tell what he knew about it. His reply was substantially this: "I hav known him long, and my intercourse with him has been of such a nature that I can bear testimony from personal knowledge that few nobler, truer men hav benefited the world by living, and that the time has yet to come when a true estimate can be made of his worth and endeavors in behalf of progress and humanity. About the profanity, you know when a lie is once started the newspapers make public property of it, and others are anxious to repeat it. All there is of it is soon told. On some occasions when coming to the office and disorder was manifest, in a mild way he would say, 'Boys, why the devil can't we hav system and order?' and, 'Damn it, you know these things annoy me!' Now, there is no swearing in that; but there is no necessity of our saying or using words of that kind." I think now, as I then did, that it was pretty good authority, and the definition correct. The religious opinions of Mr. Greeley were almost identical with those of Paine, Parker, May, Phillips, Garrison, and Gerritt Smith.

In a city on the western border of the state of New York is living a bishop, of the church Protestant Episcopal, who said that if the reporters were not mistaken, the followers of Paine were following a hyena, and those who worshiped at his shrine were worshiping one. The occasion was the erection of a monument, or some demonstration of the kind, in memory of Paine, not many years ago, in St. Louis.

There may be some romance in this: It is told that during the Reign of Terror in France, a ship was loaded with priests and bishops, scuttled, and sunk, cargo and all, beneath the waters of the English Channel. If true, it is possible greater mistakes hav been made. They may not hav deserved that fate, and again they may. We don't know what crimes and outrages they were guilty of, or what vile things they may hav said. But this we know, if that bishop had been living in France at that time, he would hav been tendered a ticket and free ride in that excursion. J. VAN DENBURGH.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Oct. 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: With pleasure I occasionally read a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER procured from the newsdealer, but at the same time often wonder why so much hypocritical superstition prevails in the midst of apparent intelligence and where such truths are expounded as are contained in your most valuable journal. But I well remember that I once was also one of priestcraft's deluded dupes, believing that hell was a literal lake of fire and the home of the damned.

But since reading Freethought and Liberal literature I am perfectly cured of that disease, and am more convinced of the fact that priestcraft has deluded all nations of the earth. Freethought is now undermining its foundations, and will bring about its final overthrow, which will most surely bring about a new era and one of peace and joy to the inhabitants of the earth.

I am perhaps over-zealous, like Paul after his reputed miraculous conversion. I am turned with all my might against religious dogmas and delusions and priestcraft humbuggery, which twenty years ago I believed and advocated, and am now one of your number, discarding not only religious humbuggery but political as well, and am a thorough seeker after the whole truth. For twenty years I hav worked hard with those miners who are digging out the rotten and abominable foundation of priestcraft delusion and political shysterdom, and as I do not know of any better instrument to work with than THE TRUTH SEEKER'S extensiv circulation, I will state to you what I am impressed to do, if agreeable. Now, in St. Louis religious prejudice is very great, but at the same time a Liberal sentiment is on the rise amongst many of the citizens, and if at present several hundred or a thousand copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER were distributed at a small price, or even given away free if the Truth Seeker Company can afford it, an immense number of new subscribers might be the result. Besides, it would be a powerful stimulus to the rise of Freethought in St. Louis. I am, as I previously stated, very anxious that there shall be such an advance of Liberalism in St. Louis. I believe it will be the result that the Truth Seeker Company will be the gainers by such distribution, regardless of such local agencies as your company may now hav for the distribution of TRUTH SEEKERS. One reason I hav for making this suggestion is, I am at present working for *Freethought*, published in San Francisco, and

also for the *Alarm*, of your city, but a more powerful lever than these, such as THE TRUTH SEEKER, is required in St. Louis, and as I am devoting part of my time in spreading the Freethought gospel I will also work for THE TRUTH SEEKER. If your company deems it advisable to make such a step toward the further advancing of THE TRUTH SEEKER I will make the distribution of any number of copies and make such terms as will be agreeable to the company.

Yours fraternally, L. HARTER.

OMAHA, NEB., NOV. 11, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to call the attention of all truth seekers to a book the perusal of which I hav lately enjoyed. It is a work by Edgar C. Beall entitled, "The Brain and the Bible," in which the author, with sound and incontrovertible logic, shows the irreconcilability of science and religion, the brain and the Bible, and proves satisfactorily and conclusivly, to my mind at least, that the substance called brain is "the soul of man," and that the mind, "soul," or "spirit" is great or small just in proportion to the size and quality of its organ. The book, I am sure, will prove interesting to all Liberals whether Spiritualists, Agnostics, or Materialists. It is nicely bound, beautifully printed, and the price is only $1. That it is prefaced by Colonel Ingersoll ought not to be the least inducement.

I feel convinced that phrenology—a science yet so little recognized and understood—is the instrument that shall in time uproot and do away with all superstition in regard to the great and perplexing "soul" question. The theory of "total depravity," as taught by the church, held up in the light of reason and science appears unsound and unreasonable, for science and the history of the human race show that, instead of declining, mankind, in spite of the degrading influences of religion, is steadily advancing and growing, intellectually as well as morally. It is the law of evolution.

The soul is a trinity,
Intellect, will, and emotion in one;
This man's affinity
Is to divinity,
This is the sainthood by manhood outdone.

A writer in the *Phrenological Journal* some time ago, under the heading of "Evidences of a Spiritual Body" advances some very peculiar statements as "proof of the existence in man of a spiritual body," and quotes scripture in support of his views. He says: "The human body is triune—body (matter), life, and spirit." But what constitutes life outside of body (matter) and spirit? Paul says: There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. From this we must assume that the "spiritual body" is not natural. What is a "spiritual body," and how can we conceive of a body un- or super- natural? Again, he says:

Matter cannot feel.
" " think.
" " sin.
" " act.

These assertions are ridiculous, and do not reflect much credit upon their phrenological (?) promulgator, for what else than matter has the sense of feeling? That matter *can* think has been conclusivly demonstrated by the science of phrenology. That brain is matter and the organ of the mind, and that thinking is done with the brain, is universally conceded.

He further goes on to show that the lower animals hav not a spiritual body, as they are only "acted upon by their life and the laws of their being," and as they do not possess many qualities bestowed upon man, "such as love of family, love of the beautiful, pity, calculation, cause and effect, provision against coming want, protection," etc. Now, science has demonstrated, and we know from experience, that many animals hav these instincts as a consequence of corresponding cerebral developments, even if some of them are but very small and hardly noticeable; for instance, the St. Bernard dog sets an example to many human beings in regard to benevolence and pity, and many birds lead a model domestic life and provide for the coming day. One of his principal "evidences of a personal spirit" is, "the general belief by savage and by civilized in such a spirit." This proves nothing but ignorance of the laws of nature, as we know that the more civilized and enlightened a people, the more broad and liberal are its views on this and all subjects; and I believe that as the heavy fog which covers the earth vanishes for the sparkling rays of the morning sun, so will the dark clouds of superstition and ignorance giv way to the mighty influence of science and common sense. I believe that in the far distant future there will be a time when people will no longer hav faith in myths, ghosts, and gods; when they will look back with terror even on this our enlightened nineteenth century; when the human race will hav reached such a state of intellectual development that, by the aid of science, they will be able to show every myth, every mystery, and every phenomenon to hav a natural source.

It is asserted that there exist, even to this day, savage tribes who hav not the faintest conception of any deity whatever—who, in common with the brutes, simply recognize the existence of natural beings or forces more powerful than themselvs, and who know no higher God than their chief.

I hav no doubt, however, that we shall liv on forever—in the language of Courtlandt Palmer:

And so when the birth of us
Shall to the death of our bodies giv place,
Then all the worth of us,
Freed from the earth of us,
Deathless shall liv in the life of the race.

C. HANSON.

MILWAUKEE, ORE., NOV. 6, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs. Ritchey thinks I greatly overestimate her articles. If controverting nearly all her statements and showing them to be blunders and mistakes is doing her too much honor, she is quite welcome to the compliment. It does seem to require a great deal of moral (?) courage in a young person who is "naturally of a retiring disposition" to offer the intelligent readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER those old alleged facts and arguments with which all of us who were readers of Buckland, Pye Smith, Hitchcock, and Hugh Miller were perfectly familiar, and, in the course of our intellectual evolution, had outgrown before she was born.

If Mrs. Ritchey did not know that what was offered in THE TRUTH SEEKER would be likely to be subjected to rigorous criticism, she will probably ascertain that fact, whether she takes in any scientific or exegetical lessons or not.

The publications in which pious people print effete inanities purporting to reconcile scripture with science and then shut off controversy are all Christian. Freethinkers hav a different way of transacting business, and if Mrs. Ritchey thought that was their method, she will find herself not only in the wrong pew, but in the wrong church.

Mrs. Ritchey still insists that "there is such a thing as an expanse" between the waters above and the waters below. Her proof is that she has been gazing at the "fleecy clouds so perfectly balanced in mid-air as if upheld by some strong, invisible hand," and "thinking of the wonderful works of him who is perfect in wisdom." Most of us hav looked at the clouds. The other morning I was going to Portland on the Willamette through a thick fog. The particles were large enough to be visible to the naked eye. This fog gradually rose up the hillsides and formed clouds. About noon some clouds were resting against Mount Hood above the timber line, up in the region of perpetual snow. Toward night a cloud was resting on the very top of the mountain, and high above this were some "fleecy clouds." The rise of vapor depends upon the fact that the particles, which form in globules, present surfaces proportioned to the squares of their diameters, while their weight is as the cubes of their diameters. The minuter the division the higher they rise. Those "fleecy clouds" come as near to nothing as can well be imagined except the God who can exercise his muscle by holding them up with an invisible hand. In thinking of such an immense exercise of power one can almost evolve enthusiasm enough to exclaim with the Salvation Army, "Hurrah for God!" So long as it is simply a matter of fancy, would it not be better, instead of putting God to the trouble of staying up in the intense cold to hold up the fleecy clouds, to let the clouds float along with the wind that "bloweth where it listeth," and this God retire to the region which Lucretius has assigned to the rest of the gods:

The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud or moves a wind,
Nor ever floats the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor ever human sorrow mounts to mar—
There sacred, everlasting calm?

Mrs. Ritchey says that "Gen. i, 14–19, states that the light of the sun did not shine on the earth until the fourth day." It does not state anything of the kind. It says God made sun, moon, and stars on that day. It says that he "set them in the firmament." ["A second purpose which the rakia served was to support the heavenly bodies—sun, moon, and stars, into which they were fixed as nails." Smith's Bible Dictionary.] The account says that he made the sun, moon, and stars on that day, and if that day was a geological period then there were three preceding periods, during the last of which there were grass, herbs, and fruit-trees, and no sunshine. That was the biggest day's work of the whole week, but Mrs. Ritchey tells us that all that God did on that day was to brush away the clouds and let the sun shine upon the earth. Of course we understand now that God is taking a rest and we can't expect him to do much. He just holds up the light clouds and sits on the heavy ones when he wants to rest. But in those days when he had his working clothes on, and before ten-hour laws were enacted, and when days were longer than thousands of years, one would hardly expect to find him spending a whole "day"

Waiting till the clouds roll by,

and then claiming in his inspired history that he made the sun, moon, and stars on that day. What a humbug such a God is, and what intellectual weaklings it makes of his followers who are compelled to offer such trash as this, which bears not the slightest resemblance either to the account in the Bible or the facts of science, and repeat it over year after year, calling it a reconciliation of scripture with science! Horace Mann, in commenting upon Dr. Pye Smith's scheme of harmonizing Genesis with geology, and contemplating the intellectual inanity to which these attempts at reconciliation inevitably lead, makes this pointed comparison: "Everybody knows the effect of continuous intermarriages among persons related by consanguinity. The cognate blood, unenriched and unstimulated from other fountains, soon breeds weakness, disease, and imbecility. Just so it is with a sect that shuts out truth because it was not embraced in the scheme of its founders. The ideas of such a sect hav no alternativ for their continued existence but to breed in and in, and this by a psychological law as immutable as the physiological, soon begets a progeny of faith erroneous, absurd, imbecil, and idiotic."

Mrs. Ritchey uses the present tense in describing God's resting day instead of the past tense, which is invariably employed in the Bible. It says God rested on the seventh day—not that he is resting in the present period. "In six days God made the heaven and the earth, and on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed" (Ex. xxxi, 17).

Mrs. Ritchey knows all about God's sleeping and waking hours. She says: "The seventh day has lasted some six thousand years, and no one can tell how much longer it will last." I should think not. When Gabriel blows his trump maybe God will rouse up with the rest of the sleepers. Let him rest. So long as the devil is wide-awake and doing business at the old stand we shall get along very well.

Mrs. Ritchey says this is no time or place to discuss the genealogy of Jesus Christ. No. There is no time or place for honest discussion on that subject. It stands simply thus: Matthew says Jacob begat Joseph. Smith says Jacob was the father of Mary. Luke says Joseph was the son of Heli. Mrs. Ritchey may be right in regarding Smith's article as "a most excellent treatis" from a theological standpoint, but from the standpoint of honesty and truth it is a roundabout way of telling a lie.

Mrs Ritchey says that "never within the range of man's observation has a variety been produced so essentially different from the order of animals from whence it sprang as to produce steril offspring by cross-breeding." It seems, according to Mrs. Ritchey's classification, orders are made up of varieties without any intermediate families, genera, or species. I suppose she means to say that no varieties hav come to differ so much from each other as to constitute what she calls species. The English rabbit was placed on the island of Porto Santo about four hundred years ago. It has become so different in size, shape, color, and habits, that it will not mate with the English rabbit. We might refer to numerous instances like this, but owing to the fact that several phenomena occurred before the present generation was born, we can understand this subject better by studying archæology and paleontology. Rütimeyer says that the ancient European bison, the remains of which are associated with those of ancient man, was identical with the American bison; and that the modern auroch is descended from it, the remains of intermediate varieties being numerous. Nothing is more certain than that the men whose remains are associated in Europe with those of the cave bear, the cave hyena, saber-toothed tiger, and numerous other extinct animals, preceded very nearly all of the existing species of mammals. The remains of the varieties which connect present species with those of paleolithic man hav been found in great numbers. It has been proved that domestic dogs are descended from different species of wild animals.

It is not because the years of Mrs. Ritchey's life hav been few, but because she has not even a rudimentary knowledge of the subject she is trying to talk about, that she doesn't "happen to know" how I ascertained in what particular manner the eohippus walked. Any intelligent child of ten years can easily be made to understand the difference in structure between the foot of a plantigrade and a digitigrade. Does Mrs. Ritchey see how it can be known to a reasonable certainty that the eohippus didn't walk on his ears? What she "doesn't happen to know" would evidently fill a large volume, but she will not make much progress in acquiring knowledge till she ceases to make that the entire basis of her discourse.

Mrs. Ritchey wants to know why the change from eohippus to equus "ought not to hav taken place by the gradual diminishing of all the toes at once instead of a sudden dropping off of one or more toes in the particular manner which has been described." That beats any scientific proposition I ever met. I simply stated the facts, and now she wants to know why they were not different from what they were—why something didn't happen entirely different from what occurred. If old Mrs. Collar, who used to talk of "the secret will of God," was alive, we could refer it to her, but it is entirely out of my jurisdiction.

If I ever described "the sudden dropping off of one or more toes" I am an idiot. Substantiate the charge and I will at once retire to the asylum and trouble THE TRUTH SEEKER readers no more forever.

Mrs. Ritchey has modified her statement and concedes "four or five" instead of "five or six" kinds of "hippus" between eohippus and the horse. I had just told her there were more than thirty. Does she dispute my word? Professor Aughey in a lecture before the Nebraska legislature on the geology of that state, in the winter of 1872-3, said: "Nothing is more difficult than to tell the difference between the horse and the ass by their teeth alone. I recollect, when studying comparativ anatomy in Philadelphia, I procured some teeth of a horse, a mule, and an ass, and mixed them together. I found I could not tell them apart. I submitted them to a celebrated comparativ anatomist, and, to my delight, found he could not tell them apart either. But there are more than twenty species of these ancestors of the horse found within the limits of Nebraska, Kansas, and Wyoming, so different that I can easily distinguish them by their teeth alone." The varieties are very numerous—so much so that after examining Professor Marsh's collection in Yale College, Professor Huxley considered the proof of the evolution of the horse as complete as that which establishes the Copernican system. The pliohippus differed slightly from the horse, excepting that it had little hooflets on the ends of the "splint-bones." History describes the celebrated horse of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus, as having these rudimentary toes. Several instances of this kind hav occurred in modern times. Prof. Oscar Smidt tells us that a horse of that kind was for a long time on exhibition in Germany. These cases of reversion to ancestral types are of common occurrence throughout the animal kingdom. They are explicable only in the light of evolution. The problem of the evolution of the horse has been worked out both ways.

Mrs. Ritchey does not like nature's way of getting up frogs, by absorbing their tails, evolving their swim bladders into lungs, aborting their gills, and adding another auricle to the heart. Yet this is the way it is done, and it is worked out by evolution, and the result is "such a useless thing as a frog." I agree with Mrs. Ritchey that it does look about as foolish as anything can; but I can't see that it looks any better when considered "as the unfolding of an intelligent plan" and as the work of him "who is perfect in wisdom.' And God has been making amphibians ever since the carboniferous period, and has not yet discovered any better way o making "such a useless thing as a frog." D. PRIESTLEY.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Time to Hate.

I hav a friend—I mean a foe—
Whom cordially I ought to hate;
But somehow I can never seem
To lay the feud between us straight.
When apple boughs are full of bloom,
And Nature loves her fellow-men
With all the witchery of spring,
How can you hate a fellow then?

And then when summer comes, with days
Full of a long and languid charm,
When even water-lilies sleep
On waves without a thought of harm,
When underneath the shadiest tree
My hammock hangs in idlest state,
I were an idiot to get up
Out of that hammock just to hate.

The harvests come. If mine is big,
I am too happy with my store;
If small, I'm too much occupied
With grubbing round to make it more.
In dim recesses of my mind
I hav no idle hour to spend
In hunting up the bitter foe
Who simply ought to be my friend.

In winter! Well, in winter—ugh!—
Who would add hate to winds that freeze?
All love and warmth that I can get
I want in such dull days as these.
No, no, dear foe; it is no use;
The struggling year is at an end;
I cannot hate you if I would,
And you must turn and be my friend.

—*Alice Wellington Rollins.*

When the Frost is On the Punpkin.

When the frost is on the punpkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the strut-tin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence!
Oh, it's then the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' hearty like about the atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course, we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin of the bees,
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of the crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a p'ictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The straw-stack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stall below—the clover overhead—
Oh, it sets my heart a-clickin', like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punpkin and the fodder's in the shock!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Somebody.

Somebody crawls into mamma's bed
Just at the break of day,
Snuggles up close and whispers loud,
"Somebody's come to stay."

Somebody rushes through the house,
Never once shuts a door;
Scatters her playthings all around,
Over the nursery floor.

Climbs on the fence and tears her clothes—
Never a bit cares she—
Swings on the gate and makes mud-pies—
Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with roguish eyes
Up through her tangled hair;
"Somebody's me," she says, "but then
Somebody doesn't care."

—*Every Other Saturday.*

MISTHER O'ROONEY (entering hardware store): "The boss sint me down afther a pane av glass, tin by fourteen." Waggish clerk: "Well, Pat, I don't think I can giv you a ten by fourteen, but I can let you hav a fourteen by ten, if you think you can make that do." Pat (struck by a bright idea): "Be hivvens! Jist gimme one ave thim, an' Oi'll jist turn th' sideways av it upside down, an' Oi don't belave the boss himself ud ever know th' difference."

A Good Memory.

A good memory is an excellent quality. He who possesses it, with a quick mind, is sure of victory in the battle of life, that is, if morally strong.

Some are born with defectiv memory. We come into being with certain gifts from our ancestors in our hands—or heads, rather. If they did not present us with a large memory, there is so much loss charged to our account. In reality the loss should be charged to the one back of us. With the gift of a great memory, school-days are never tiresome, business is almost amusement, and success is very certain.

There are some who are born with wonderful memories. Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," was one of these gifted persons. Were it not for his great powers of memory he would always hav remained a blacksmith instead of rising to the positions of editor, lecturer, professor, reformer, author, and publisher, as well as a consul to Birmingham in England. He was master of several languages, in which he could speak and write fluently.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, it is said, knew a hundred languages, and never forgot one word that he ever learned.

There are instances, however, where people hav possessed excellent memories but were deficient in powers of reflection and ability to generate new ideas. In such cases, memory does not serve any great purpose. Partial idiots hav been known to remember and repeat everything they ever heard, but all the words were meaningless to them. Unlettered negroes, as a rule, hav very good memories, and, sometimes, the more ignorant they are, the greater is the memory. It may be that, being unable to read, they are led to pay stricter attention to that which they hear, for they sometimes seem to hear with eyes as well as ears, and thus matters are placed with greater exactness upon their minds. Dr. Moffatt, the African missionary, once preached a very long sermon to a company of negroes. After the sermon was finished, he observed a crowd gathered around a simple-looking fellow, listening intently. Drawing near, he discovered that the young negro was just preaching his sermon again, repeating word for word the whole discourse, and even imitating his every look and gesture.

Memory is valuable always, and the more valuable when it leads to new thought and exercise of the reflectiv faculties. We should read, ponder, reflect, and remember.

S. H. W.

Correspondence.

TUSCALOOSA, ALA., Nov. 16, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I would like to join the happy band of Liberals. I liv in the country near Coaling, Ala., but I am going to school in Tuscaloosa. I am fourteen years old. Father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and I enjoy reading it, but hav missed it very much since I left home. I enjoy reading Liberal papers and books. If some of the Liberals will write to me I will gladly answer them. I will close my letter.

I remain, Your true friend,
FLORENCE WARD.

HEATHSVILLE, ILL., Nov. 13, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I will write a few lines to the Children's Corner for the first time. I am six years old. We do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER. My uncle takes it, and I hear him read from it, and I like it very much. I always like to hear the Children's Corner read. I hav never been to school; we liv so far from the school-house. I am not large enough to go so far by myself, so my mamma teaches me at home.

I never believed there was a God, for I never hav seen him or heard of anybody that ever did see him; and I do not see any reason that there is a God.

I would like to correspond with some of the little girls of the Corner.

I was named Elmina after Elmina Slenker the writer.

For fear I am making my letter too long for the first one, I had better close. Hoping to see this in print in the next paper, I am,

Your Freethinker friend,
ELMINA ODESSA FULLER.

Emma K.—It must be of the very highest order to receive compensation. Only the best quality is paid for.—ED. C. C.

Lewis Morris, Palatka, Fla.—The "darling little girls" who read the "Nantucket Anecdotes" in the Children's Corner are bright enough to understand that these occurrences were in the old, old time, before women, or men, either, were familiar with any except the plainest cooking. One knowing nothing whatever of the properties of chocolate, and never having seen the article, might readily fall into such a mistake. So of the tea and the corn-bread. Any added explanation our friend may choose to make will be gladly welcomed to the Corner. Please write with ink, as the letters from Florida are so fumigated as to render pencil-marks almost illegible.—ED. C. C.

For Reviving Persons Apparently Dead.

At a meeting of the last congress of German scientists this subject was discussed, and Dr. H. Frank mentioned that there are but two ways to stimulate the heart—electricity and mechanical concussion of the heart. The first is considered dangerous by him, as it may easily destroy the last power of contraction remaining in the organ; but what is termed "pectoral concussion" is decidedly preferable. Dr. Frank's method is as follows: He flexes the hands on the wrist to an obtuse angle, places them both near each other in the ileo-cæcal region, and makes vigorous strokes in the direction of the heart and of the diaphragm. These strokes are repeated from fifteen to twenty times, and are succeeded by a pause, during which he strikes the chest over the heart repeatedly with the palm of his hand. In favorable cases this method is early successful, and sometimes a twitching of the lids or the angles of the mouth appears with surprising rapidity as the first sign of returning life. As soon as the symptoms are noted, the simple manipulations above described must be earnestly continued, and persevered in for from a half hour to an hour, for with their cessation the phenomena indicating beginning return of life also cease. Generally the face assumes a slight reddish tint, and at the same time a faint pulsation may be felt in the carotids. By this method Dr. Frank has seen life return in fourteen cases, amongst which were such as had hanged themselvs, drowned, and asphyxiated by carbonic oxide, and in one case by croup. In three cases of asphyxia by coal gas, and in one case of apparent death by chloroform, the method described alone succeeded.

Barometer and Thermometer.

The barometer or weather-glass is an instrument for measuring the variations in the weight of the air. On the approach of moist and stormy weather the air is heavier than at other times.

The thermometer, on the other hand, is an instrument for showing variations in the temperature of the air, that is, for telling us the degrees of heat or cold.

Barometer strictly means weight-measurer; while thermometer means heat-measurer. The barometer is a column of mercury inclosed in a glass tube, which is open at the bottom. This column rises or falls as the air which presses on it grows heavier or lighter. The thermometer is a column of mercury inclosed in a glass tube which is sealed up from the air both at the top and bottom. The mercury rises or falls as the varying heat or cold of the air expands or contracts it.

Names of the Months.

The Roman names of the months, as settled by Augustus, hav also been used in all Christian countries excepting Holland, where the following set of names prevails:

January	Lauwmaand	Chilly month.
February	Sprokelmaand	Vegetatioa month.
March	Lentmaand	Spring month.
April	Grasmaand	Grass month.
May	Blowmaand	Flower month.
June	Zomermaand	Summer month.
July	Hooymaand	Hay month.
August	Oostmaand	Harvest month.
September	Herstmaand	Autumu month.
October	Wynmaand	Wine month.
November	Slagtmaand	Slaughter month.
December	Wintermaand	Winter month.

These characteristic names of the months are the remains of the ancient Gaulish titles, which were also used by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

Thunder Defined.

Thunder is understood to be the result of the sudden reëntrance of the air into a vacuum. This void is supposed to be generated by the lightning in its passage through the air. The electricity givs a powerful repulsiv force to the particles of air along the path of its discharge, thus making a momentary vacuum, into which the surrounding air rushes immediately, with a violence proportioned to the intensity of the electricity.

The Two Dogs.

Two dogs one day went lion-hunting, one of them being a smart dog with a classical education, and the other being very ignorant and unsophisticated. Pretty soon they struck the track of the lion, and the educated dog started off in the direction of the royal beast, while his ignorant companion, making an absurd mistake, took the back track and started off in the opposit direction. In a few minutes the educated dog was serving as an inanimate free lunch for an enormous lion, while the ignorant dog escaped unhurt.

MORAL: This fable teaches that classical lore should be plentifully sprinkled with practical knowledge.

First Things.

The American flag was first used by Washington at Cambridge, Jan. 1, 1776.

The first fire insurance office opened in America was at Boston, in 1724.

The first life insurance company established in America was at Philadelphia, 1812.

Sugar cane was first cultivated in the United States near New Orleans, in 1751.

The military academy at West Point was founded by Congress March 16, 1802.

The United States Naval Academy at Annapolis was opened October 10, 1845.

The first American express was between New York and Boston, 1821.

The first American library was established at Harvard College in 1638.

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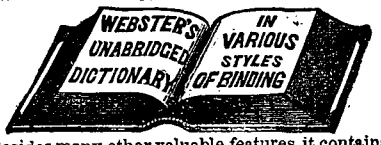
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"Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," is the title of an essay by T. E. Longshore, of Philadelphia, which appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER lately, and has now been printed in pamphlet form. It is intended by Mr. Longshore as a document to be handed to Christians to start their thinker into motion. It is, as the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will remember, a brief history of the trinity, exposing its pagan origin and its impossible nature. Mr. Longshore writes calmly and forcibly, and the pamphlet admirably fulfills its purpose. Price, 5 cents.

"Catholic Menace to Our Government," is one of L. K. Washburn's lectures printed in neat pamphlet form by the *Investigator*. Mr. Washburn is one of those who clearly see where the success of the Catholic church would land this nation, and he sees also that the church is making progress toward her goal. This lecture should be put into the hands of all anti-Catholics in the country to wake them up. Price, 5 cents.

"Religious Problems," is another of L. K. Washburn's lectures, printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER and made into pamphlet form, with a cover. It is full of epigrams, wit, and sound philosophy, and will in this shape be highly prized by Freethinkers. Price, 10 cents.

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"Beliefs about the Soul," is the title of an article by R. A. Oakes, in the December *Popular Science Monthly*. It is full of curious traditions of civilized and savage peoples, relating to immortality and to plurality of souls.

The *National Liberator* is a new paper started to defend the medical profession from the orthodox school who would imprison a physician for curing his patient by other methods or medicin than those prescribed in the old school creed. Among the editorial staff appear the names of Dr. E. B. Foote, of this city; Prof. J. R. Buchanan, of Boston; Dr. Alexander Wilde, of Newark; Professor Ross, of Toronto, and other eminent men. The *National Liberator* is published in Boston by the National Constitutional Liberty League, Hotel Glendon, Columbus avenue. Eclectic physicians everywhere should support this paper stoutly. Price, $1 per annum.

The Christmas number of the New York *Mirror* is announced for early publication, Saturday, December 1st. The editor, Harrison Grey Fiske, has engaged a numerous body of contributors, including celebrated actors, playwrights, and dramatic critics. The list of writers includes M. Constant Coquelin, W. J. Florence, E. H. Sothern, Kyrle Bellew, Clara Louise Kellogg, Rosina Vokes, Mary Fiske, "Bab," Henry C. De Mille, Sydney Rosenfeld, William Gillette, William Winter, A. C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle), Joseph Howard, Jr., and the Hon. A. J. Dittenhoefer. The number will be profusely illustrated, and it promises to be very attractiv. Price, 25 cents.

F. Berger, of 853 Broadway, this city, has printed a little pamphlet of "French Conversations, and Idiomatic Expressions and Proverbs," to illustrate how badly the French language is usually taught in this country, and how well Mr. Berger can teach it. Price, 25 cents.

"The Excellent Religion," is an essay "on the relations existing between Agnosticism, the Polar Theory of Being, and the Higher Theism," by G. C. Griffith-Jones, who writes for the London *Secular Review* over the name of "Lara." Mr. Jones attempts to answer by the Excellent Religion the questions, What am I? Whence do I come? and Whither do I go? To the first he says, "Thou art, for thyself, all that is, all that has been, and all that ever shall be." He finds that we come "from the infinit abyss of unconditioned absolute being," and go back into these depths or ascend still higher—which, he does not explain. Mr. Jones has a god, purely and wholly Good. This god is not responsible for evil. The Christian God he regards as an infernal deity, and shows it by this question: What would you think of a man who sent a child into a powder magazine with a box of matches, and then damned it to all eternity because it blew itself up? The cost of this pamphlet is 25 cents.

"The Sabbath Imposture," by Harry Hoover, is published by Putnam & Macdonald, 504 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal. It is a consideration of Sunday laws from religious, moral, and legal points of view. The Bible, the Christian fathers, and the founders of this republic are brought to oppose the seventh-day tyranny of the church, and after perusal unprejudiced persons will conclude that Sunday laws hav no business on the state or national statute-books. The work consists of 24 pp., is neatly printed, and sells for 10 cents. It is a good document to distribute in Sunday-ridden communities, and nowhere is it more needed than in the home of its author.

"When Age Grows Young," by Hyland Kirk, is another romance intended to uphold a serious subject, which in this case is that physical immortality may some time be attained by the human race. We hav not read the book, and will therefore take Sunset Cox's word for it that it is interesting both in plot, description, and colloquy. Published by C. T. Dillingham, and sold at this office for 50 cents in paper covers.

"The Story of an African Farm," by Ralph Iron (Olive Schriener), is a book of the same sort as "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher," only more so. The writer is the daughter of a deceased missionary, once employed in South Africa as a governess. The book is said to be largely her personal experience. It is, however, more radical than either of the two others mentioned, and not a whit less powerfully written. No one can read it without perceiving that its author is a woman of mature reason, strong love, and great literary ability. Few, perhaps, will commend her heroin, but people with human sympathy will find it hard to condemn her. The story is of a young girl among the Boers of South Africa. As she grows up she grows away from the rude people around her, and craves love and sympathy to match her ideals. This she partly finds in an uncouth youth who would be an artist if educated, but he does not satisfy the other side of her nature. Another man, cynical, worldly, stronger than she, commands her, and with him she runs away. Another lover pursues her and finds her after a while, alone and dying. The world has been a bitter failure to her, so misunderstood, yet so admired, so lonely among many who would hav sacrificed themselvs to help her; whose despairing cry was for love and sympathy, for something great and pure to lift her to itself. The charm of the book is in the tender and dramatic relation of the story. Miss Schriener seems to hav seen or experienced all the emotions which move hypocritical preachers, coarse Boer women, aspiring but uncultivated artist natures, commonplace people with no ambitions but cattle and potatoes, strong, worldly, cultivated men, and girls in whom Boston culture, German metaphysics, ideality, and love contend for the mastery. Pathos, cynicism, common sense, metaphysics, beauty of description, are all here; and the novel must be classed among the powerful literary efforts of the day. Published by Roberts Brothers. Price, 75 cents.

The "Agnostic Annual" for 1889, edited by Charles A. Watts, published by W. Stewart Ross & Co., of London, is at hand. The list of contributors is of a very high order, and no series of essays that we hav seen is better worth reading. Samuel Laing discusses Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Ingersoll's recent papers on Christianity, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton writes of Women and Agnosticism, Charles Watts describes the Sublimity of Nature, W. Stewart Ross contributes a poem on Immortality, and other writers fill out the 48 large pages. The "Annual" is now in its sixth year of publication, and has been one of the very few annual publications of which enough were called for to pay expenses. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"A Strange Conflict," by John M. Batchelor, is a book evidently written to draw fifty-cent pieces into the pockets of Messrs. Ogilvie & Co., who are the publishers. It is of the Jules Verne order, with Anarchist and Nihilistic arguments and refutations thrown in to fill up.

"Buddhism and Christianity Compared," is by O. Alexander A. Jayasekere, F T.S., Galle, India. It is astrological and Theosophical, but useful in comparing the life of Buddha with that of Jesus.

When E. H. Heywood writes a pamphlet he puts a whole essay on the title-page. It was one of these much be-titled books that got the Founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER into trouble. Therefore the last one he sent us we will call "Free Trade," and quote the balance of the page as an epitome of the work. "Free Trade" shows (so Mr. Heywood alleges) that medieval barbarism, cunningly termed "protection to home industry, tariff delusion, invades enterprise, defrauds labor, plunders trade, and postpones industrial emancipation." Mr. Heywood is nothing if not vehement of statement, and he imagins that in the 24 pages following this title he has proved his assertions. Those who desire to know whether he has or not can send 15 cents and get his pamphlet. We never tell secrets.

"Principles of Moral and Political Economy; or, The Republic Besieged by a Grand Sitting Army of 2,222,000 Men," is the contribution of Mr. O. D. Jones, of Washington, to the literature of the labor question. Society, according to Mr. Jones, has two prospects spread before it: "It is on the confines of the red sands and lurid sunset of the ashy desert of Anarchy; or, by a baptism of blood and fire to enter through the gates of a civil revolution to a nobler civilization." It strikes us that the blood and fire of a civil revolution are somewhat akin to the red sands and lurid sunset of Anarchy, and that the average American, like the beleaguered darky, would do well to take to the woods. The book contains 190 pages (octavo), and is probably held at 75 cents.

"Queer People with Paws and Claws," is a book for children of from six to ten years. It is written by Palmer Cox and published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia. It is profusely illustrated with some of the best pictures of animal antics that the children ever saw. Every page has a picture; some pages two or three. The text is in poetry, simple and pleasing, and will, we imagin, make the children laugh out loud. The pictures certainly will. Parents will earn their children's thanks by getting the book.

The German Freethought almanac for 1889 is at hand. It contains over 120 pages (12mo), and, besides the calendar, has some two dozen prose and poetic articles by eminent German writers—Hugo Andriessen, Conrad Ries, Paul Carus, Maximilian Grossman, Rudolph Buchner, Heinrich Stern, Otto Soubron, Schunemann-Pott, Herman Rosenthal, Herman Boppe, and others. Readers of German will find the almanac a full 25 cents' worth. Freidenker Publishing Co., Milwaukee.

Another attempt to identify the lost tribes of Israel is made by the Rev. W. W. Bowyer, in "The Mysteries of Prophecy Unlocked," to which he adds a treatis on "The Millennial Kingdom, or the Glorious Reign of Christ on Earth." As we don't care where the lost tribes went to, and don't believe that Christ ever will reign anywhere, the book is of little value to us. Readers desiring it may send 25 cents to W. W. Bowyer, 24 Kelley street, Cleveland, O.

"The Science of Thought. By F. Max Müller. With an Appendix which Contains a Correspondence on 'Thought Without Words,' between F. Max Müller and Francis Galton, the duke of Argyll, George J. Romanes, and others." The main portion of this book is made up of three lectures—"The Simplicity of Language," "The Identity of Language and Thought," and "The Simplicity of Thought," delivered at the Royal Institution, London. The central idea of these lectures is an attempt to show that language, reason, thought, are identical—no reason without language, no language without reason. "Because we reason," Professor Müller says, "that is, because we reckon, because we add and subtract, therefore we say that we hav reason, and thus it happened that reason was raised into something which we hav or possess, into a faculty, or power, or something, whatever it may be, that deserves to be written with a capital R. And yet we hav only to look into the workshop of language in order to see that there is nothing substantial corresponding to this substantiv, and that neither the heart nor the brain, neither the breath nor the spirit of man, discloses its original whereabouts. It may sound violent and revolutionary to you when I say that there is no such thing as reason, and yet no philosopher, not even Kant, has ever in his definition of reason told us what it is really made of." The professor then throws down this challenge: "Try to reckon without numbers, whether spoken, written, or otherwise marked, and if you succeed in that, I shall admit that it is possible to reason or reckon without words, and that there is in us such a thing, or such a power or faculty, as reason, apart from words." The book is an elaboration of this idea, in Professor Müller's clear and patient style, and to his own satisfaction he proves by philology and philosophy, philologists and philosophers, that he is right. Locke's statement that "most men, if not all, in their thinking and reasoning within themselvs, make use of words instead of ideas," he holds to be in his favor, and he adds that philosophers generally "are ready to admit that it is *almost* impossible to think without words, but where this *almost* begins or where it ends, they never tell us. Leibnitz said: 'It troubles me greatly to find that I can never acknowledge, discover, or prove any truth except by using in my mind words or other signs.'" Other philosophers are quoted pro and con, and the discussion is one which will need much argument, and more understanding of facts to settle. The book is published by the Open Court Co., Chicago, and sold at this office for 75 cents.

A very ambitious young author is Daniel Webster Groh, who contributed to the recent Educational Campaign a book which he called "The Tariff in a Nutshell; Containing the Whole Question of Protection, Tariff Reform, and Free Trade." Mr. Groh is a free trader. The book is a general argument for tariff abolition, clearly stated, and plainly reasoned. There are, however, a good many objections to this policy which Mr. Groh's book leaves untouched. Both free traders and protectionists overlook the fact that neither of their policies is more than a temporary makeshift to help the industries and people of a particular country, and that the real remedy for poverty and unequal distribution of wealth must be something far deeper and more radical, if not revolutionary, than the levying of toll upon imports or their admission free. Protected and free trade countries are all filled with poverty and discontent, and suffering from industrial injustice, and this fact alone is sufficient to show that our educational political campaign was to a large extent a warring with a windmill. Free traders will like Mr. Groh's book; protectionists can find in it abundant material for refutation. The price is 30 cents.

Messrs. Watts & Co., of London, hav printed "Thoughts on Science, Theology, and Ethics," by John Wilson, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin. The object of the book, as expressed in the preface, is to giv a correct sketch of the main lines of modern thought in small compass, and in language simple enough to be easily understood. In other words, it is a condensation of more voluminous writers, and classification of their definitions of science, theology, and ethics, and a statement of what belongs to each. Part I is devoted to defining science, and explaining its use and methods. Part II defines ethics, tells its object and scope, investigates the origin and nature of the moral code, and discusses the means by which it is sanctioned or enforced. As a text-book to clear thinking and logical reasoning, and a guide in forming scientific conclusions, this book is invaluable. A close study of it will enable the student to detect a fallacy in reasoning a mile off. Mr. Wilson points out the difference between theory and fact, and never allows the two to be confounded. Science and revelation, or what is accepted as revelation, he shows do not speak the same language, because *truth* to science means a statement giving a correct representation of facts; whereas to theology truth means a statement supposed to be in accordance with the revelation "accepted" and the creed "clung to." Mr. Wilson's examination of the theological objections to the assumption of invariable order in phenomena, an assumption on which science itself is based, and which destroys the theological dogma of "free will," is a good sample of his clear-headed reasoning. Very few nowadays will dispute that *material* facts are governed by invariable law, and that miraculous interference with the orderly procession of phenomena never occurs; but that the facts of the mind, equally with the facts of matter, are subject to invariable law, is, and necessarily must be, objected to by the advocates of supernaturalism. The arguments most often advanced by the theologians to uphold their dogmas are these: 1. If mind were under law, free will could not exist. 2. If mind were under law, moral responsibility could not exist. 3. If mind were under law, man would be degraded to the character of a mere machine. "In examining the first objection," says Mr. Wilson, "we shall hav specially to remember the caution of science as to the use of words. We hav seen that the inaccurate use of language is a frequent cause of error. When one considers the immense amount of mental energy that has been expended in discussing 'free will,' one cannot help thinking that a great deal of this labor might hav been saved had the disputants made sure of the exact meaning of the words used. The confusion of thought upon this subject has, in a great degree, arisen from neglecting to ask the question, What is the meaning of the words 'free' and 'will?' Had this been done, it would hav exposed the uselessness of the dispute whether free will exists or does not exist. Let us now examin this preliminary question. The word 'free' is applicable *only* to an organism or machine. A machine is free when its functions can be exercised without impediment. A clock is free when it can, by the unimpeded movements of its different parts, tell the hours. If its pendulum is tied, the clock is *not* free. A piano is free when nothing prevents it from giving forth the sounds of the vibrating strings; it is not free if its keys are jammed or its strings covered with cloth. A man as an organism is free when he can exercise all his functions. The eye, as a separate machine, is free when it can see; it is not free when bandaged. The arm is free when it can move; it is not free when it is tied. Wherever the word 'free' is used correctly there are two things suggested—viz, (1) an organism or machine, and (2) the absence of any impediment to the exercise of its functions. Next, what is the meaning of the word 'will?' Will is a word used as the name of a certain state of consciousness, as are 'wish,' 'desire,' 'anger.' Will is the state of consciousness that is the *immediate* antecedent to an act, as wish is a state of consciousness immediately antecedent to will. All we know of will is as a state of consciousness.

"Now we understand the meaning of the word 'free' and the meaning of the word 'will.' The first, 'free,' denotes absence of impediment to organic action. The second, 'will,' is a state of consciousness. But what is the meaning of the expression, 'free will?' or has it any meaning at all? Is it translatable into thought? Let us see. If we say that a piano, as an organization, is free, the meaning is plain and intelligible; we assert that the piano is in such a condition that its functions can be exercised without impediment. But if we say that the melodiousness of the piano is free, applying the word 'free,' not to the organization, but to a condition of it, the expression is unmeaning and unthinkable, or nonsense. The melodiousness exists or does not exist; but it is absurd to speak of it as free or not free. It would not be more incorrect to say that it was square or oblong. It is correct to say of a clock that it is free, our meaning being that its wheels and other parts are unimpeded in their motion. But it would be ridiculous to say that 1 o'clock—a mere condition of the clock—is free. We might as well say that 1 o'clock is polite. Such a combination of words is mere sound,

not intelligible language. So, when we apply the word 'free,' not to the organization, but to a state of it—the state of consciousness called 'will'—and say that the will is free, we are using the word 'free' incorrectly, and really talking nonsense, The sentence, 'The will is red,' would not be more unmeaning or more unthinkable than the sentence, 'The will is free.' We can think of the state of consciousness called 'will,' and we can think of the color called 'red;' but we cannot form the mental picture of the two together—a 'red will.' Free will, then, we see, is simply an unthinkable expression, totally devoid of any intelligible meaning."

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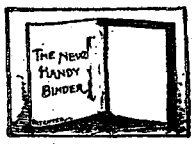
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News of the Week.

Some Pittsburghers will present to Congress a bill forbidding display of a Confederate flag in parades or on any public occasions.

Evictions are being made of settlers on a tract of Des Moines river land, Iowa, which has become the property of a land company.

Union of the five Central American republics is contemplated.

The late K. of L. general assembly declared against unrestricted immigration.

Writers on the aspects of the election concur that political corruption is increasing.

The election of a Communist, General Clusuret, to the French chamber of deputies, is thought ominous.

When the great Catholic University is completed $2,000,000 will be raised to endow its faculties.

Yellow fever cases to date, nearly 5,000; deaths, over 400. There are now about a dozen new cases and one death daily.

In Rhode Island the suffrage, previously restricted to property qualifications, has been extended to every male citizen.

Society is in as great a stir over a visit of the duke of Sutherland as though there had been no Independence and institution of democracy a hundred years ago.

The compulsory education laws are not enforced in many parts of the country, and multitudes of children are growing up in ignorance.

An attempt is being made at Boston to compromise the school conflict by the creation of a joint committee containing members of both parties.

The spires of St. Patrick's cathedral, New York city, just completed, cost $200,000, are 333 feet high, and are exceeded in hight by only five Old World spires.

The London police think they are on the track of the Whitechapel murderer. At his last murder he was seen by two persons, whose descriptions tally exactly.

Virginia Republicans charge fraud in the return of certain Democratic presidential electors from that state. In West Virginia a similar charge is made by Democrats regarding the election of Republican Congressmen.

A second papal rescript to Ireland orders bishops and priests to preach against the rent and land agitation, forbid their people to take part in it, and oppose it with all the means in their power. Leo must hav received much British gold or promised influence.

At a Socialist public meeting in Victoria square, London, Mr. Graham, M.P., said that until workers appropriate land, capital, and machinery to run for their own benefit, they will continue slaves, and the Trafalgar square and Chicago scenes will be repeated.

The committee on revision of the French constitution favor abolition of senate and presidency. They think the American republic old-fashioned and reactionary, and wish to hav no check on democracy, no limitations of the action of an Assembly—they wish, in short, another Convention like that of a century ago, another Jacobin conquest.

Many workingmen's societies in Italy hav issued to the government a protest against the costly war measures, and against war in general, declaring that they will refuse aid to any unjust war. The protest will be sent to workmen's associations throughout Italy, and the workmen of France will be invited to adhere in the name of the Brotherhood of Labor. The Milanese workmen will ask other associations to coöperate.

THE ORDER OF CREATION.

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Gems of Thought.

In the pre-Christian (Roman) religion, the grand office of the priesthood was the discovery of future events by oracles, omens, or an inspection of the entrails of animals, and by the offering of sacrifices to propitiate the gods. In the later, the Christian times, a higher power was claimed; the clergy asserting that, by their intercessions, they could regulate the course of affairs, avert dangers, work miracles, and even change the order of nature. Not without reason, therefore, did they look upon the doctrin of government by unvarying law with disfavor. It seemed to depreciate their dignity, to lessen their importance.—*Prof. Draper, in The Conflict Between Religion and Science.*

Calamities: Sinister events permitted by the divine will to afflict humanity to the greater honor and profit of the priests. Nations, like individuals, are never so devout as when they are frightened or very miserable. In order that the clergy should hav a real subject of satisfaction, calamities, especially those in the form of contagion, should happen a little more frequently than they do, for then they might fall into real good things, or at least hav the pleasure of burying everybody.—*Voltaire's Pocket Theology.*

Priests saw with grief the appearance of men who, cultivating the powers of reason, ascending to first principles, could not but discover all the absurdity of their dogmas, all the extravagance of their ceremonies, all the delusion and fraud of their oracles and prodigies.—*Condorcet.*

If our own country should be divided, if an empire should rise upon the ruins of the republic, it would be very easy to find that hundreds and thousands of people had foretold that very thing. If you will read the political speeches of the last twenty-two years, you will find prophecies to fit any possible future state of affairs in our country. . . . The fall of every nation under the sun has been predicted by hundreds and thousands of people. The prophecies of the Old Testament can be made to fit anything that may happen, or that may not happen. They will apply to the death of a king, or to the destruction of a people—to the loss of commerce, or the discovery of a continent. Each prophecy is a jugglery of words, of figures, of symbols, so put together, so used, so interpreted, that they can mean anything, everything, or nothing.—*Ingersoll.*

By reading history with a little attention, we shall perceive that Christianity, at first weak and servil, established itself among the savage and free nations of Europe by only intimating to their chiefs that its religious principles favored despotism and rendered them absolute. Consequently, we see barbarous princes suddenly converted; that is, we see them adopt, without examination, a system so favorable to their ambition, and use every art to induce their subjects to embrace it.—*D'Holbach.*

The ethics of Christianity or Antinaturalism include the Buddhistic doctrin of self-abasement, as an indispensable condition of salvation. That salvation meant extinction, the utter renunciation of earthly hopes and desires, the mortification of all natural instincts, including the instinct of freedom. Abject submission to injustice, the subordination of reason to dogma, the sinfulness of rebellion against the "powers that be," were inculcated with a zeal that made the church an invaluable ally of despotism.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Bible of Nature.*

Nations oppress their own people at home, to furnish means to murder and destroy other nations abroad! And this is glory! England might do more good, and carry the blessings of her knowledge and arts to charm more lands, than any other nation whatever, if the Howards and Owens of her land had more influence at home; and if the principles so eloquently advocated by Jeremy Bentham, and by the immortal Paine, were acknowledged and felt in her councils. Her flag instead of bearing, as it now appears to bear, the words "military glory" over a death's-head, would bear this healing motto to all nations: "The greatest happiness of the greatest number, for the greatest length of time;" or this, "The world is our country, and to do good our religion."—*Gilbert Vale's Beacon.*

Christian nations are the warlike nations of this world. Christians hav invented the most destructiv weapons of war. Christianity gave us the revolver, invented the rifle, made the bombshell; and Christian nations here and there had above all other arts the art of war; and as Christians they hav no respect for the rights of barbarians or for the rights of any nation or tribe that happens to differ with them. See what it does in our society; we are divided off into little sects that used to discuss these questions with fire and sword, with chain and fagot, and that discuss, some of them, even to-day, with misrepresentation and slander. . . . It does seem as though the most zealous Christian must at times entertain some doubt as to the divine origin of his religion. —*Ingersoll.*



THE ANGEL'S PARTING ADVICE TO BALAAM.

And the angel of the Lord said unto Balaam, Go with the men: but only the word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak. So Balaam went with the princes of Balak.—Num. xxii, 35.

Odds and Ends.

Money can slip through a pretty small hole sometimes. A Brooklyn man lost a considerable sum lately through a pew-rent.

Hobbs: "What do you think about it, my dear; do you think marriage a failure?" Mrs. Hobbs: "No, I don't; but I think men are."

Shakspere was slightly mixed in his "seven ages." It is the "whining school-boy" whom the maternal eye has detected in some flagrant act of disobedience that "shifts into the slippered pantaloon."

Tommy: "Is that a lion or a lioness, papa?" Pater: "Which one, dear?" Tommy: "That one with its face scratched and the hair off the top of its head?" Pater (with a sigh): "That must be a lion, my boy."

"Can you tell me what the 'Golden Rule' is?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "Yes'm," promptly replied the jeweler's offspring. "It's 24 grains make 1 pennyweight, 20 pennyweights 1 ounce, 12 ounces 1 pound."

There was a young lady of letters,
Who got far more fame than her betters;
For everyone read
"The Quick and the Dead,"
By this cyclonic lady of letters.

"I'm somewhat astonished, Carper," remarked Bigbee, as he looked around the room, "to find that so great a bookworm as you are should possess so small a library." "Ah, my boy," returned the other; "it takes a great deal of reading to find out what isn't worth keeping."

Doctor (passing a stonecutter's yard): "Good morning, Mr. Jones. Hard at work, I see. I suppose you finish your gravestones as far as "In memory of," and then wait for some one to die, eh?" Stonecutter: "Why, yes—unless somebody's sick and you're doctoring 'em; then I keep right on."

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon and she was reading to him the Proverbs of Solomon. He was rapidly getting an attack of temporary oblivion. "Aren't they wonderful, George?" she said. "Yes, indeed," he replied. "If he had only misspelled his words, what a Josh Billings he would hav made!"

"The movements of men are most certainly queer,"
Sighed Dolly, who'd only been married a year;
"When lovers they always till one o'clock stay,
And when they are husbands till one stay away!"
"Most trying," said Belle, "but we hav no redress;
It's the law that they call compensation, I guess."

Skinner Weetpit (to art dealer): "An' how much d'ye say this 'ere pictur's worth?" Art dealer: "Eight hundred dollars, sir; and you can, of course, select any style of frame that you may think appropriate." Weetpit: "Eight hundred dollars! Why, man alive, at that rate o' figgerin' any decent kind o' frame would cost fifteen hundred! Come on, Mariar; I can't stand this foolin'."

An actor in Oliver Doud Byron's company had the weakness of getting rattled easily in his lines, yet he never lost himself so completely as to stick dead. He could always keep talking, even though he went wide of the actual text. On one occasion he had the line, "O merciful providence, how wonderful are thy ways!" He became excited over something and exclaimed: "O God, how peculiar you are!"

"Young man, do you use tobacco?" The speaker was a hatchet-faced female, with her arms full of tracts, and the youth happened to be waiting at a corner for a street-car. "No, mum, I don't," said the young man with a questioning glance, as she did not look like a person who would want to borrow a little fire. "Do you drink?" "No, mum." "Play cards?" "No, mum." "I am delighted to meet you, sir. In these degenerate days, young men of your correct habits are scarce, very scarce. If I send you an invitation to my next party, will you come?" "Yes, mum." "Thank you. I should like you to meet my friends and family. Where shall I send it?" "To Plugugly's saloon. I'm bartender there."

Moses Iklestein: "Repecca, I vonder vhy it vos dot some mans vas porn lucky vile udder poor tevils like meinselluf vas left to go py de vorld trough mit out striking a pudding." Rebecca: "Ach, Moses, vat vas you komblaining aboudt now? You vas always kicking against your luck and already dis year you haf made quite a poodle." Moses: "Yah, das is so, and I know dot it vas wrong for me to kick, but I leaf it mit you, Repecca, now, vouldn't it be a big poodle in our pocket uf der people vould run me fur mayor! Tink uf der advertisment to our pisness. I vould run a cut uf meinselluf in der baber und say: 'Moses Iklestein, de beoble's choice, sells all kinds uf new und second-hand clodin' at popular prices. Come und shake hands mid der beoble's choice, vedder you vant some clodin' or not; it vill cost notings to look at him.' Bud dere vas no such luck in store for me. I vas porn on Friday."

PASTORAL.

Chloe tapped at Daphne's door,
All the woodland sweet of summer;
Roses lent her cheeks their store,
Dryads decked their latest comer.

"Stupid Strephon courted me,"
Caroled she, in clear voice, gayly;
"Foolish as his flock is he,
Foolisher and fonder daily.

"There he stood in shy surmise,
Trembling like a wind-tossed feather;
Dared not raise to mine his eyes,
In this blithe and sun-glad weather.

"Up I rose and boxed his ears
(Birds were singing in the beeches),
Told him faint heart never nears
Goals that courage surely reaches.

"Then my handsome oaf at last
Took me in his arms and kissed me;
Daphne, he shall rue the past,
When, through fear, he well-nigh missed me."
—*John Moran, in Life.*

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WHEN REASON RULES.

Notes and Clippings.

ENGLAND'S prime minister, Lord Salisbury, has declared in favor of woman suffrage.

THE London *Jewish Standard* says: "We hav always held that Mohammedanism and Buddhism did as much for their followers as any other religion could possibly do for them."

ONE of the iconoclasts of the day, says the *Sun*, is a very worthy clergyman of the name of Smith, who has collected alleged facts and printed them in the *Episcopal Record*, showing that Washington was never a communicant of the Episcopal church, and that he never prayed in the woods at Valley Forge.

A. L. COLE, of Wellsville, N. Y., has discovered a "new agriculture" by which he maintains that an acre of ground can be made to yield an incredible number of times what it does under the old system. His idea is to convert the ground to a depth of fifteen or twenty feet into a sponge, with water flowing or percolating through it constantly.

THE London *Echo* prints this: "Americans undoubtedly take the presidential election very seriously. The amount of personal enthusiasm they import into it is shown by the following fact: A few days back a notice was posted outside a church door not many miles from New York, fraternally exhorting the congregation not to wipe their foreheads during service with bandannas—bandannas being the colors of the Democratic party. The reason assigned was, that the sight of a bandanna 'encouraged Democrats to cheer for Grover Cleveland, and proved a serious interruption to divine service.'"

EUGENE FIELD, the well-known newspaper man of Chicago, Ill., has become interested in esoteric Buddhism. He has a temple to Buddha in his apartments, and, it is said, pays his devotions to that oriental deity. They say in Chicago that Field is likely to take the place of Mme. Blavatsky in this country before very long.

THE *Boston Budget* says: "Galton has pointed out some very curious facts concerning the children of professional men. He found, from a study of the heredity of the members of some of the largest scientific societies in London, that the legal profession presented the most eminent men and the fewest idiots. The medical profession came next, and lastly clergymen, who produced the smallest number of eminent men and the largest number of idiots and feeble-minded. The lawyers gave origin to six times as many eminent men as the clergy. The clergy gave origin to six times as many idiots and feeble-minded as the lawyers."

THE Persian public decided the other day that the railroad is an enemy of the human race, because a man who jumped off a train while in motion fell under the wheels and was killed. They accordingly tore the cars in pieces and would hav wiped out the train employees if the latter had not taken to their heels. The *Sun* rebukes those who are disposed to laugh at the Persians by reminding them that our own great-grandfathers declared that it was utter nonsense to suppose that steam-cars could carry passengers faster than ten miles an hour without smashing everybody up, and, besides, all the horses would be scared into fits and permanently ruined.

ENGLAND had in 1882 5,500 students in her universities, out of a population of 23,000,000, and Germany, with a population of 45,250,000, had 24,000 students. In that same year, with a population of 60,000,000, the United States had 66,437 students in colleges, 4,921 in theological seminaries, 3,079 in law schools, and 15,151 in medical schools; total, 89,588.

MR. ISRAEL LAZARUS, a petty shopkeeper at 80 Henry street in this city, received a visit on Sunday last from Policeman Herrlich, of the Seventh precinct. The officer told the shopkeeper that he wanted to start a fire at home, and had no matches with which to light it, and by this statement, which appears to hav been false in fact, the officer induced Lazarus to sell him some matches. Having effected the purchase, he arrested the shopkeeper for selling merchandise on Sunday in violation of the penal code.

THE women suffragists of Boston hav been criticising Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell severely of late. She cannot vote on the school question as other women may, because she will not use her husband's name, and her sister suffragists call her stubborn. But Lucy stands by her principle, which is that a woman's name should be her own, married or single, and that she should not be required by law to take her husband's name if she does not desire it. Miss Lucy Stone married Mr. Henry Blackwell many years ago, and the couple hav a daughter who calls herself Miss Alice Stone Blackwell. Her mother left it for her to decide when she grew up, and the young girl added her father's name to her mother's.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Christian Intelligencer* says: "Last Sunday a well-known Kalamazoo divine, pastor of a wealthy church, in the course of his sermon alluded to 'Robert Elsmere' as a dangerous book. Yesterday a city dealer, who had advertised the work in Saturday's *Telegraph* as on sale by him, closed out his entire stock and had orders for several more copies."

THE result of a meeting of four hundred teachers at Eisleben, in Saxony, for the purpose of discussing the use of the Bible in schools, may be summed up thus: Arguments against the use in school of the whole Bible or the introduction of a special schoo Bible: (*a*) The Bible contains more matter than can be gone through at school; (*b*) it contains much that is not fit for children, because (1) they cannot understand it, (2) it is without educational value for children, and (3) it stands in the way of their moral and religious development; (*c*) the holy scriptures were not intended as a school-book; (*d*) the use of the Bible as a school-book detracts from the veneration in which it should be held by children and by the people. Arguments against a special school Bible: (*a*) In order to impart as much biblical knowledge as possible, the unrestricted use of the Bible is necessary; (*b*) a familiar knowledge of the scriptures can only be obtained by their constant use; (*c*) to banish the Bible from the school would diminish its value in the eyes o the pupils; (*d*) extracts from the Bible would be the work of man, whereas the Bible is God's work; (*e*) the introduction of a special school Bible would hav many practical difficulties; (*f*) would lead to schism and foster distrust of the school and the church.

Communications.

The Altar—The Arms.

It is part of the moral machinery of Christianity to deceive, and for the same reason that the liar tries to gloze over his trickeries. Founded on fables, it has needed perpetual propping; and instituted as it was by amalgamation with before existing beliefs, it has labored through all the centuries with the crushing conviction of not only having so much of what is untenable in its tenets, but burdened besides with the ever-present presence of a power so independent of its faiths and assumptions as to find it necessary, in order to keep itself intact, to be ready to concede when concession became unavoidable. This has been the history of the altar from the beginning, so giving the lie to its God-inspired origin.

The established for the time being has at all times stood like a bull on the highway, with head couched ready for battle, while Progress, confronting him, shook the red flag before his bloodshot eyes.

What is truth? has been the conundrum of the years, a question the men of the altar hav assumed to be the chosen expounders of, but succeeding only in rendering the inquiry still more complicated; a question, at last, to be solved by cutting the Gordian knot tied by the sciolist of the past; a sciolism, the result of a lack of the wisdom that comes through the revelations of modern science—not the Bible.

The teachings of the altar and the practices of the state hav still sought to be in harmony—the one backing the other, from Constantine to the present czar of Russia, inclusiv. Force has been the center on which both hav swung—a force sought to be justified by revealments made by prophets and "holy men" of old, men God-inspired, their pretensions sealed by the attestations of martyrdom. As if a man, merely because he had been soused in a caldron of boiling oil, or had been throttled by a lion in the amphitheater at the command of an emperor, could be more worthy as authority than one who had lived thoughtfully and walked worthily among men through life, affecting only to know the good from the bad by the effects of conduct on individuals in society; a man willing to labor and to wait, but not without a show of indignant manhood against fraud; a friend to all unions organized for protection against rapacity of whatever sort—the rapacity of the layman as well as the craft of the priesthood.

There is nothing that so much givs the lie to the basic theory of Christianity as is found in its sanctioned national governments. All of them, whether imperial, kingly, or republican, being posed on the Bible standard of man's disobedience to God by Adam's fall, giving a tendency to humanity to rebel against good in whatever form it might present itself, a falsity which experience has proved to be the stumbling-block of all noble effort, and the chief obstacle to political and social advancement—the history of the race proving the very opposit to hav been the truth, showing society at all times inclining to betterment in defiance of altar denunciations, papal bulls, encyclical letters, and pastoral interferences.

Christianity in high places has been a jackdaw tricked out in the plumage of the turkey-cock, when, with tail erect and expanded, he gobbles to the lookers-on of the barnyard. Its history, in respect to its status, has been the antithesis of its putativ founder. Clothed in fine linen, it has fared sumptuously every day. Christ had not where to lay his head—not even a 6 x 8 room in a tenement house. Poor Jesus!

Fraudulent from its inception, the entire *régime* of the church has been a series of high-handed usurpations of man's natural rights, still vindicating the power of the ruler against the popular will. While devoutly claiming to worship the "prince of peace," the dignitaries of the altar, in full canonicals, hav hailed the emperor or king in martial uniforms, so honoring the profession of arms over all other classes, while they unctuously rolled out the biblical text, "Our God is a man of war"—whether a ship of the navy or a sojer is left to conjecture.

There is no feature in the construction of national governments so essentially barbaric as the army—barbaric in design, barbaric in organization, barbaric in constituents. And yet the object, so transparently barbarous, is sought to be presented to the moral eye of the nation as not only a preserver of the degree of civilization already attained, but a barrier opposing all influences favoring relapses into barbarism—as palpable a fraud as was ever practiced upon the unquestioning masses. The tendency of humanity is onward and upward, not retrogressiv, as the church would hav us believe, and the army, conjointly with the priesthood, has always been less conservativ than retrograding. As an organization the army should e the antithesis of the spirit of the church, which hey claim is love—a claim only adding to its fraudulent character. Love! There can be no love but between the sexes. A sharp discrimination must guide the discussion of the word love, relaxing only to embrace helpless infancy. Pause in this discrimination, and we sink to *tender regard;* from tender regard to *respect* and *admiration* for individual character founded on good deeds, generous dealing, and maintained integrity. Love is a force independent, volcanic, sovereign, exclusiv. My neighbor's daughter says she loves new potatoes. Another neighbor says: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that they who believed on him might hav eternal life," an assertion which, in view of the facts of life, and the original cause of the sacrifice, I am inclined to sneer at. My neighbor, on the other hand, sees in the announcement unlimited cause for thankfulness. The love expressed by the maiden for new potatoes is merely a rhetorical error; the other is of the kind alluded to by Burns:

> Ev'n ministers they hae been ken'd
> In holy rapture,
> A stunnin', rattlin' whid to vend,
> And nail't wi' scriptur.

The ostensible design of the army is the defense of the nation against all assailants; the duty of the soldier to wallop the assailants—the chaplain justifying all murders by texts from holy writ: "And they smote them from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same." Hard work for the boys, I know.

By no means the exclusiv work of the army is the defense of the nation, however; that most Christian of all the nations of modern times sending her army thousands of miles from home to wallop. What the poor soldiers will do when government no longer recognizes the right to interfere with other nations it is easy to imagin. After beating their swords into pruning-hooks and recasting their big guns into shapes more in harmony with civilization, they will set to work on the hitherto exclusiv acres of his grace the duke of Noodledum, and others of that ilk, raising grain and fruit to feed the hungry—work nearer "the mark of the high calling which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, whom ye ignorantly worship," as Paul told his hearers on Mars Hill, in reference to Roman gods. The army won't object to the change. I know the rank and file. When there is no desperation in the circumstances of individuals in society, army life will hav no attraction for even the thriftless, particularly when the profits of the work they will perform will be their own, as Socialism demands, a system toward which all the nations are gravitating.

I claim to know the army; hav fingered the thing all over from spur to nodding plume, and hav found it to be an enlarged nuisance; a nursery for all vulgarities of aristocracy among officers, and an arena for all indecencies of treatment among the men of the ranks, the files punished with a severity out of all proportion to the offense; besides having used toward them vile epithets such as are bandied by the lowest bullies of the stews, and not unfrequently accompanied by shameless indignities of kicks and blows—I speak of the American army—treatment such as the British soldier is never subjected to; nor would he bear it, the traditions of the ranks demanding personal resentment in such cases. Punish with authority, but hands off, is the legend of the British army.

The American soldier is better paid than his English brother in arms; is more generously fed; but that is all. In garrison life, the American is subjected to degrading restrictions, he is denied the freedom of range enjoyed by the Englishman. The American army is governed by the same spirit as was "nigger" slavery in days gone by. The private is not permitted to leave the barracks without a pass. In a word, the Briton is not made to compromise his manhood by being visited by ignominious treatment.

"I gave my men hell on the Pacific," were the first words I remember hearing from an old captain of infantry, on joining my regiment at the commencement of the late Rebellion. And that sentiment I continued to find to be the ruling principle of army usage; annoy, harass, abuse the enlisted man; he is a slave.

The bare fact of regarding a body of armed men as a needed feature in the organization of the government of a nation is, to the advanced thinker, an assurance of weakness on the part of the organizers, or showing the presence of a factor in the mass refusing to acknowledge the influence of ordinary justice; an anomaly in society only to be found among citizens more sinned against than sinning; a mad spirit to be exorcised by the wisdom of justice, not the folly of brutal force. Then, a standing army for international mediation is the veriest bummery of statesmanship and the standing scandal of our century.

The masses hav been like driven cattle, and, like those of Crœsus, hav left such filth-heaps behind them that Socialism has truly a herculean task before it. Let it begin by giving the Pinkerton thug a less infamous task than he now has. Let the same treatment be meted to the army; also to the custom house gang; convert the navy into a commercial marine. Dismiss all ex-officio judges of the courts; all hangers-on of municipal headquarters, all heelers, bummers, mayors, boodlers, *et hoc genus omne.* Good treatment alone can neutralize their inborn tendency to vicious work.

Had the race proved itself but half as solicitous about the bodily comforts of the individual as it has about the salvation of one another's souls, the word army would hav found no place in our dictionaries. Man, as far as heard from, is a failure. The fauna—leaving the *genus homo* out—and the flora only hav proved hits. How long will it take Socialism to seduce mankind into social and industrial harmony?

The initiativ in the process of redemption from the prevailing falsities has been taken; shaking errors through the sieves of public discussion; voice and type alike forcing thought through the meshes of the sifting screens, and the best minds of the community superintend the winnowing. Thus far in the work it has been found that religion furnishes the worst residuum of the years; transfusing its impregnations everywhere, corrupting air and lungs, blinding the sight and clogging the hearing; combining the fetor of the grave with the miasma of the plague; defiant, malevolent, yet coated over with *coleur de rose.* Through the thick ascending smoke is seen the cross, with its deceptiv letter-trinity—I. H. S, while angel voices commingling chant the tricky invitation, "Come to Jesus." At the same time the organ, with *vox humana,* pours its affluence of harmony on ears of wealthy worshipers and their tools. There sits the millionaire of whom the poet sings in his shabby hut by the O-at-ka:

> The millionaire sat in his easy-chair
> After his dinner of roast and broiled;
> And he thought of the scanty, humble fare
> In the tenement house of the men who toiled.
>
> One of a syndicate rich was he;
> Owners of many a rood of mines;
> A far-famed coal monopoly
> With mile upon mile of railroad lines.
>
> "Ah, well-day!" he said with a sigh,
> "Six dollars a week is a sorry wage;
> No wonder is it that the fellows try
> To better themselvs in our stirring age.
>
> "Six dollars a week! I pay my cook
> Almost double that sum each day;
> I saw his account in my steward's book
> On his office desk as it open lay.
>
> "I wish from my soul they were better paid;
> And I know that our set all wish so too;
> But then, we think what our parson said,
> 'The poor ye shall always hav with you.'"

And under the soporific influence of the textual anodyne our modern Dives folds his soft hands over his capacious front and is comforted.

The altar has been to the moral world as the shabby gambler, with his thimble and "little joker," has been on the fair grounds when gulling the swarming greenhorns by his dextrous maneuvers, while he promised to double all sums put down to catch the "little joker" below the thimble. By shuffling, artful moves he shows the pea, and apparently covering it with the thimble, he holding it the while below his finger-nail, he repeats again and again to the gaping crowd his promis of doubling their money by finding it. At length, one of his pals, to stimulate the lookers-on, puts down a new half dollar, and the manipulator, covering the coin with another of equal value, raises the thimble, discovering the "little joker," the pal pocketing both pieces. "Who else wants to win a half?" cries the gambler, adding, "Sometimes the luck is one's, sometimes the other's. Come, here's another half, who'll cover it?" The next is a fool, and the joker isn't there, and so the next, and so each is fleeced till another pal succeeds. With the church the same tricky management keeps the little joker from sight. Let the victim try through all his life, he sees the *divine* pea but in fancy, the gambling mania all the while increasing; till at the last he finds his "soul" the pawn for which he plays.

Sometimes a stupendous lie is told when a heavy stake is risked: "By this sign ye shall conquer," said the pious thimble-rigger to Constantine, one of the earlier churchman's pals—the little joker being the cross.

Another pal was King Clovis. He covered the churchman's lay, and succeeded in picking up a pardon for all his sins; embracing scores of murders and minor delinquencies without number; the pardon, signed by a "divine hand," saying: "The pardon granted to royal offenses which might not be revealed," a courtesy for which his royal majesty loaded the church of Saint Eleutherous with precious gifts of booty won by his army—his army, remember.

74.

Le Roy, N. Y.

Why Deny?

How often do we see those who doubt and even deny everything that they cannot understand or that cannot be demonstrated by actual proof! Many of our public speakers fall into this (to me an) error, as well as those less informed.

Doubt is said to be the mother of investigation, but are there not things even beyond investigation that we are bound to admit as true, even though they cannot be demonstrated or understood? What do or can we know, beyond a doubt, except such as one or more of our five senses givs us a knowledge of? Who could know of sound-waves, of the beautiful

chords and agreeable harmony in classic music, of the soul-cheering words uttered by those we love or are in sympathy with, were it not for the delicate organs of hearing? Who would know of the beautiful spring-time when the sun and rain combine to spread the carpet of green under our feet—who could tell of the majestic mountain-peaks, of the golden glitter of the setting sun, or the more lovely and innocent smile that plays hide-and-seek upon the cheek of our little darling, only to be kissed away by mother's lips—had he not the wonderful sense of sight? What could giv us a lasting impression of a loved one who steps ahead of us to try the reality or falsity of a future existence better than the remembrance of the last look of the material that has been cherished in our affection? Our optics giv us impressions of admirable beauty that fills our souls with delight as nothing else can do. But I wish to ask how we could know or understand all this if we were not endowed with the sense of seeing.

So with all of our senses; they giv us additional knowledge of the vast resources of nature, that we could not know of were it not for them. It is claimed by some scientists that some members of the animal kingdom hav not been blessed with all of the five senses given to man, but hav instead certain other senses better adapted to their needs.

This, as well as many other things, some object to and seem to deny, simply from the fact that it is not easily demonstrated as true, but only proved by applied logic. We know of existing laws and forces that none of our five senses can explain, and that we know of only by the never-failing results of their agency. Attraction, repulsion, etc., also the law that brings into action the centrifugal and centripetal forces, are of this character. We see their effect and say such and such forces exist, but we cannot explain them. If I should ask, What is attraction? who could tell? If it is anything, it must be something; and if something, what is it? If of a material nature, we could demonstrate it, and if not material in some one of the different forms of density, then there must be something besides material. We can see its presence in power, but not in form.

This, then, must prove the possibility of the existence of something that our sense of actual knowledge cannot demonstrate as a tangible something, and it opens the door of possibility for a thousand and one things that may exist and of which we could understand if we were endowed with additional senses not now known to us. We know of animal instinct found in some quadrupeds, that far surpasses the greatest knowledge to be obtained by man. A kitten or a pig a few weeks of age, if carried away from home in a sack, on a dark night, over a road with many turns, if turned loose will find its home in less time than it was in being taken away. What is instinct but a sense of natural unthinking knowledge given by nature? Why has not the same and all its benefits been given to man? Why hav we not such senses as will giv us a knowledge of creation? Simply because we are finite and not infinit. Many deny the existence of deity because they cannot conceive of such. Why not deny the existence of attraction, when we can see the work done by one as well as the other?

A being in form or personality having the attribute of individuality cannot be omnipresent in all places at the same time, but may be omniscient, omnipotent, and all-wise. This, to us, with our understanding, may be true, but with either of the claims for deity as set forth in the scriptures left out would prove the Bible false, at least in that particular. But if we lay aside the ancient mythological ideas and theories of deity, and undertake to fathom the cause of creation or our existence from a reasonable or scientific standpoint, we must take into consideration that we as finite beings are trying to understand infinit things, and must turn every leaf in our cabinet of knowledge to see what there are of a *possible* nature, in order to giv us light on things of a *probable* nature, and which if we had additional senses or powers of perception we might easily understand. What would a man born blind, with no one to tell him, know of the beautiful "hit-and-miss" carpet of yellow and brown that nature's forest weaves in autumn, making warp and woof of the once green leaves that mantled the branches in summer, but which hav since changed color and been spread by nature over the feet of the lofty slumberers in their winter quarters?

This we only know or gain a knowledge of through the agency of our senses. Our eyes see the stately trees, our ears hear the rustling of leaves under our feet, our cheeks are fanned by the breezes of autumn, and experience tells us that winter is near. We pull our garments closer around us and ask, From whence come all these? No answer follows our call, and we are left to reason—to conjecture—to conceive of the great cause that has brought to light all the grand achievements of nature. We at once find ourselvs in the dark, and as we begin to unravel the great ball of mystery, we find knots and snarls that impede our progress, and we begin to say, it is impossible, it cannot be done, no one ever wound the ball and no one can unwind it. As a child is foiled in the seeming impossibilities of a puzzle, seeing no way by which it is possible to work it, it begins to say it can not be done, even papa cannot do it.

What are we but children—born in ignorance, rocked in the cradle of superstition, nursed at the breast of bigotry, and left to grope our way in the darkness of undeveloped nature—for certainly nature itself is daily changing our conditions and placing before us new evidence for us to decipher?

Look back but a few centuries and see the ignorance that haunted men like a nightmare, when less intelligence than that of to-day was writhing to be freed that the doors of investigation might bring it relief from the dungeons of superstition, but was forced back by ecclesiastical persecution and monarchial power. No railroads, no telegraphs, telephones, or steamboats, as to-day, but instead, every advanced idea was smothered by persecution from priest and king, the originators pronounced heretics and Infidels and made to pay the penalty for thinking for themselvs. Even to-day those who dare express an honest thought or an advanced idea are held in contempt and ostracized from society. Thanks to the patriots of investigation who hav outlived the sneers of the ignorant, for through them we hav gained many an intellectual battle, and to-day we hav guns that cannot be silenced; and those who would rob the world of the dearest tie that binds us to the future will soon be powerless, and scientific law will raise man nearer perfection. The smoke of the dying embers of persecution will be seen only through the vision of history. Amid all these cheering thoughts of progress let us remember that we are still in the dark recesses of ignorance, and but few rays of flickering light hav as yet lighted up the intellect of man, and that at some time we shall see new developments in our nature that may help us to more fully solve the great problem of our existence. Better plead Agnostic to what we do not know than deny what we cannot prove. A. D. Swan.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

Grantsville, Utah, Oct. 8.—I took the early morning train on the little narrow-gage railroad from Salt Lake City to Stockton, Utah.

That right royal Liberal, A. C. Fenstermaker, met me when the train discharged its vast load of Mormons returning from the conference at Salt Lake City, and gave me a glorious, exhilarating drive across the valley to Grantsville, which is quite a large Mormon village.

All Mormon cities, towns, and villages are located on some stream near the base of the mountains, where the waters can be turned into canals and ditches for irrigating purposes. It is vain to attempt to raise anything in Utah without irrigation.

Each place has its meeting-house. In small places the school-houses are used, and each place is presided over by its bishop, who has his two counselors, besides elders and teachers. Every city, village, and hamlet has its branch Z. C. M. I. store, where all good Mormons trade and sell their products, and thus help the bishop to sure knowledge if they pay their full tithing—one-tenth of their increase. Every tenth egg, chick, lamb, calf, bushel of grain, must be carried to the tithing-house.

Brother Fenstermaker's ranch is some ten miles distant, so he secured board for me at Grantsville in a prominent Mormon family. The man had served his sentence in the pen, for, as they call it, "living out his religion," *i.e.*, practicing polygamy, following the example of the blessed saints of the Bible. At present he abjures plurality of wives, preferring only one and liberty to none and confinement in the penitentiary. Among his wives were two sisters, the younger of which he now livs with. I learned much of the true inwardness of the cross, the heavy cross, Mormon women hav to bear for Christ and the kingdom's sake.

Brother Fenstermaker is a live Western, Liberal, jovial, independent man, and although an apostate a great favorit with the people. He is a great rustler, and his zeal resulted in a large attendance at the lecture, which was delivered at the school-house. A very great interest was aroused and many expressed a desire for more lectures. Yet this is decidedly the most exclusiv Mormon settlement I hav found in Utah.

Brother Fenstermaker paid the rent of the school-house and all other expenses, and the next day took me to his ranch. He has a cosy, picturesque home, surrounded with choice fruits and flowers. His ranch runs up through a wide cañon that is abundantly supplied with water, so his farm and stock are fruitful and thrifty. He has been obliged to purchase large tracts of mountain land to keep away the great flocks of sheep. The once rich grazing lands or cattle are almost entirely destroyed by the numerous immense flocks of sheep owned by men who hav no claim to a foot of land. These wealthy sheep-owners feed their sheep on what they call the public domain, and thus deprive the real settler, the farmer, of pasture for his stock, only as he buys the land and carefully fences it in. Where large flocks of sheep—often one to two thousand in a flock—graze for any length of time, they destroy even the roots of the grass and leave a barren, sandy desolation.

Stockton, Utah, Oct. 9, 10.—Brother Fenstermaker took me over to Stockton, where I had the pleasure to meet that practical, earnest worker for Liberalism, W. O. Williams. This is a mining camp. It has experienced many ups and downs, but is now on the upward tide of fortune. The mines are making good returns, and the large increase of capital invested givs promis of generous results.

The first lecture not being well advertised, the hall was only about half filled, but the second night, even with additional seats, accommodations were insufficient, many standing for two hours and patiently listening to "The Bible: Whence It Came, and What It Really Teaches." I sold a large quantity of books and pamphlets and obtained a number of new subscribers to The Truth Seeker.

Murray, Utah, Oct. 11, 12.—This is a Mormon village, seven miles from Salt Lake City. Andrew Cahoon, now an earnest Liberal, was for seventeen years the Mormon bishop of this place. There is no more intelligent, honest, kindly-hearted man in the territory, nor one more thoroughly posted in all the true inward and outward workings of Mormonism. From long association he has tender regard for the Mormons personally, and desires to insure their being awarded full credit for their industry, sobriety, and spirit of self-sacrifice in behalf of what they regard as the only true Christian faith. He earnestly desires their best good, but the scales having fallen from his eyes, he frankly declares the truth. He says all Mormons believe that the Mormon church is the kingdom of God; that it was established by divine revelation for the express purpose of breaking in pieces and supplanting all other governments on earth. Through the teaching of the Mormon church during the last fifty years their people hav become alienated and opposed to the government of the United States; they are Bible believers, and, like the Bible, are opposed to a republic. A government by the people for the people is directly contrary to every text of the Bible and the revelations of God. The kingdom of God must be established, and therefore the government of the United States must be destroyed. No man can be true and loyal to the government of the United States and at the same time be a faithful member of the Mormon church—one is antagonistic and at war with the other, and always must be. There can be no reconciliation or harmony between a kingdom of God and a republic of man.

The pretext of Mormons when applying for statehood, that they hav abandoned polygamy, is, to those who hav studied the Book of Covenants and Doctrins, or who are acquainted from every-day intercourse with the Mormon people, a most absurd falsehood. Would any sane person believe the Baptists would renounce baptism, yet cling to their denomination? Immersion is practiced by Mormons as a sacred rite, enjoined on all Latter Day Saints by direct revelation of God and the teaching of the holy Bible. Polygamy is practiced by Mormons as a sacred rite, enjoined on all Latter Day Saints by direct revelation of God and teaching of the holy Bible. They will abandon the one quite as readily as the other. While they believe and practice the one they will never really abandon or renounce the other.

Ex-Bishop Cahoon had long experience in polygamy—no one can attain to a position of honor, influence, or emolument in the Mormon church who does not enter into and indorse polygamy. He has eight brave, handsome sons born in polygamy, but to-day every one of them is an outspoken Infidel—all men of more than ordinary intelligence and business capacity, and all doing well in life. I had the delight of making my home with one of these sons, J. P. Cahoon, one of the most successful, enterprising, honored business men in the territory, a model Liberal, in home and business alike living out the ennobling principles of Liberalism.

Andrew Cahoon, J. P. Cahoon, Harry Haines, the merchant prince, philanthropist, and prince of good fellows, and Geo. A. Bingon, the popular real estate agent, are the trusted leaders here in the cause of Liberalism, and are ever in the lead in every good work.

Lectures were held in the school-house, the spacious and handsome grounds of which were donated to the town by that true friend of progress and education, ex-Bishop Andrew Cahoon. With Harry Haines for school director, there is no chance for any Bible or religious instruction in that school, Harry Haines's one chief injunction to teachers being: "Teach the children what you know. Leave them to do the guessing in regard to the unknowable."

It was a labor of love, a very joy, to declare the truths of Liberalism to such appreciativ and intelligent audiences as greeted me at Murray.

Sugar House, Utah, Oct. 13.—This is one of the outer wards of Salt Lake City. Disappointment in obtaining the school-house, lack of advertising, and a social of the church at the school-house resulted in an audience of six persons in a private house, where it was finally decided to hav the lecture. Instead of berating those present because of the absent, I realized my obligation to those who had come, and did my level best. I am encouraged to believe my labor was not entirely in vain. Another visit under favorable circumstances would insure a large attendance.

SALT LAKE CITY, Opera House, Oct. 14.—Quite a good attendance; parquet and dress circle filled with a most attentiv and appreciativ audience; subject, "Trial of Satan," and it gained a unanimous verdict for the accused. Heretofore at the lectures there has been music—superb singing by an able choir under the leadership of the accomplished Dr. Chapman, of itself an immense attraction—and the lectures well and liberally advertised. Without any aids or help other than the simple announcement from the stage of the subject of the next lecture, with no advertisment or local notice in any of the newspapers, and consequently an adverse press, the attendance was remarkably good. True, there were more dimes than dollars in the collections at the door, not leaving a very large surplus for the lecturer after the rent of the Opera House was deducted, but the willing burden-bearers came to my rescue.

Taking all the conditions into consideration, the lectures were a success. I was well pleased with my sojourn in Salt Lake City.

Would it not be more satisfactory if the able, wealthy Liberals of the city, say twenty of them, would subscribe $100 each and with this fund secure a hall for the year and engage a succession of able lecturers—engage the lecturers for three or four months, with the understanding that they are to work up interest and giv their whole time to this object—and hav lectures every Sunday evening the year round? A mighty work would thus be accomplished among the Mormons, and the cause would be self-sustaining before the end of the first year.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

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Why Don't Men Go to Church?

Last Sunday the Chicago *Tribune* printed four or five columns of interviews with the pastors of twenty-two leading Protestant churches of this city, also recording the actual number of men, women, and children present the Sunday previous at each of God's (?) houses. Having figured up the totals, I find that this great antiquated host who made such a noise the week before as the Illinois Sabbath Association, invoking the aid of the law—the strong, vigorous, and rigorous law—to regulate Chicago society, stop Sunday trains, Sunday newspapers, and turn our Sunday into a day of lamentation, are not so numerous nor so important a part of the community as they would hav us believe. They are loud in demanding the law to enforce "the Lord's day." Now, if the Lord doesn't care to enforce it, why need they care for him? Surely the Lord ought to be able to enforce whatever he wants on Sunday. These clerics hav in the past clucked around with the stride and importance of a well-fed gobbler prior to Thanksgiving. And, like the gobbler who begins to feel that the time is not far distant when he too must go, tail-feathers and all, they begin their cackle of alarm.

As an *exposé* of their pretensions the total attendance was shown to be:

Men	3,087
Women	4,109
Children	1,106

Each minister was interrogated as follows:

1. Do men go to church? If not, what is the explanation of their non-attendance?
2. Do ministers still believe in hell?
3. Is orthodoxy dying out?

Below I giv a partial symposium of the brilliant answers to the first conundrum:

Dr. Henson: "Men were never as good church attendants as women. Women are more ready to accept things by intuition. They grasp truth quicker than men; they walk in the light before men can see it."

Dr. Lawrence: "Men feel the church is a restraint upon their personal liberty and prefer the Sunday paper, which has done much—more than anything—to break up church attendance."

Dr. Lorimer: "More men attend our services than women. This is not the day to discuss this question. I will not hav the sanctity of the day and my privacy broken in upon in this way." The attendance at Dr. Lorimer's church was 97 men, 213 women, and 19 children. This divine, let me remind your readers, formerly acted on the stage—now he confines his performances to the pulpit.

The Rev. Robt. McIntyre seems frank and honest: "I am not enough of a preacher to suit the men," but he had just as many as Lorimer.

Dr. Mandeville: "Woman is by nature better than man. She has more time for the consideration of spiritual subjects."

Dr. Bristol: "Men are tired out from their secular labors. Women are more keenly conscientious, more devout, more sensible to moral and religious impressions."

Dr. Goodwin: "The carnal mind is enmity to God; men love an easy life."

Dr. Noble: "Hav no reason to suppose men are less regular in attendance on divine service than women." Reporter counted 198 men, 341 women, and 81 children.

Dr. Gunsaulus: "There is no falling off of men. The ushers estimate the regular attendance at 1,200 to 1,400—the latter oftener than the former. The proportion is, men 600, women 700, children 100."

Dr. Lillie: "Women are not so troubled with doubts and skepticism. The average pulpit teaching commends itself to woman's judgment more fully than man's." It seems almost time the church should adapt itself to man.

Those answers are sufficient. To the second, and all-important question, they replied:

Dr. Vibbert: "For reporters."

Dr. Barrows: "I believe in a biblical hell."

E. P. Goodwin: "Certainly, if the scriptures teach anything they teach there is a hell. I believe in a hell just as taught by the Bible."

Dr. Noble: "I certainly do. Christ taught there was a place of eternal torment prepared for the incorrigibly wicked."

Dr. Henson: "I do, yes sir, I do sure. What it is like I don't know. Don't want to know."

Dr. Lawrence: "I do, as a condition in after life punitiv in character."

The Rev. McIntyre: "Most certainly I believe in hell."

Mandeville: "Every man must believe in a hell. An innate sense of justice compels every reasoning being to recognize the fact that punishment will be meted out for the sins of this life." "Justice" is a new basis on which to consign mankind to hell.

Dr. Bristol: "I believe in a condition of loss, remorse, mental suffering, spiritual degradation, consequent on a life of sin. In the separation of the pure from the impure, the virtuous from the vicious, the wicked from the righteous. I pity the mental make-up of a person who does not believe it." What a consolation hell is to the preachers!

Dr. Gunsaulus: "Certainly."

Dr. Locke: "Emphatically believe in hell."

In regard to the second question the Chicago clergy appear to form a separate, distinct, and concinnate family, for they all unanimously believe in hell of some sort, and seem to consider it the most precious and indispensable appendage for their spiritual exaltation and intellectual aspiration. It is a sweet *morceau* that these professors of religion and self-constituted regulators of society seem to roll with extreme satisfaction under their tongues. We can scarcely be cruel enough to deny them the experience on which they laid so much store, and only regret they will not be apt to hav their anticipations realized.

To the third interrogatory they nearly all replied with cheery *persiflage* that it was booming, although some were willing to undergo a new interpretation of what orthodoxy meant. THOS. E. GREEN, who is just leaving the city, admitted that "orthodoxy is on the decline—sadly so in the Protestant world."

Secularists hav a chance to count the cost of this tremendous display of ministerial moonshine, and how much these enormous edifices, entirely exempt from public burdens, can be considered a public benefit, when only three thousand are receiving the dropping from the sanctuary.

While I scarcely approve the growing practice among adopted citizens of adding their nationality as a prefix to their citizenship, believing American citizens should be that and nothing more, however, as long as the practice is prevalent among one nationality, others cannot be blamed for following suit. Too much commendation cannot be given the British-American Association for their efforts to counteract the pernicious influence—moral, political, and religious—which has so long been banefully exerted by the Irish element. At a recent meeting of the Illinois state council the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, A certain policeman in the discharge of his duty in an English city was foully murdered by three members of the Fenian Brotherhood, who for said crime expiated the full demands of justice; and,

WHEREAS, Certain Irishmen of Fenian and dynamite proclivities in this city hav engaged Central Music Hall for the 23d inst. to commemorate the atrocities of the murderers, whom they call martyrs;

Resolved, That the British-American Association cannot distinguish the difference between our brave policemen who fell at the Haymarket and a brother policeman in the city of Manchester cruelly murdered for performing his duty.

Resolved, That the Anarchists hav the same tangible rights as Fenianism. We deprecate such gatherings as being subversiv and dangerous to our enlightened civilization, and call on American citizens to stamp out Fenianism, dynamiters, and Anarchists in our midst.

To say that an eruption of Hibernian bile broke loose is entirely superfluous, and a two-column address was prepared in reply—a regular windy rodomontade—but completely failing to answer the brief resolutions.

But it remained for the ferocious dynamite feeder at the public crib, Oil Inspector Finerty, to respond in the style so characteristic of and befitting a true Irish gentleman. Hear him howl:

The combination of cranks, fools, bigots, and liars known as the British-American Association of this city—an association, by the way, which does not contain a single self-respecting British-American citizen—met and passed a series of resolutions intended to insult the memory of the Manchester martyrs, and to revile the men who will commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of their judicial murder at Battery D, on Friday evening, November 23d. The real purpose of the fellows who compose the association is to stir up race feeling in this city. They dare to liken the man who bravely rescued their chiefs in the heart of Manchester to the Anarchists. It is true that Sergeant Brett was killed in the melee which preceded the rescue of Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy, but it happened by mere accident. He refused to unlock the door of the van, and the rescuers were obliged to fire a shot through the keyhole to break the lock. The shot was fired and Brett fell dead. His cowardly comrades of the police force fled at the moment of the attack and left the sergeant to his fate. The Manchester rescue was an act of war. The *habeas corpus* act was suspended in Ireland, and that country was occupied by an overwhelming British military force. The leaders of the people were being arrested by the hundred, and many conflicts had taken place in which several Irishmen were slain. The Irish in England determined to strike a counter blow, and they did it well. No braver act was ever accomplished by revolutionists than the rescue of Kelly and Deasy in the heart of a hostil city. Any other people than the hybrid human rubbish that composes the British-American Association would hav respect for such gallant foes. But there is not a noble instinct in the creatures. Their blood is gall, and their brains are mud. They are foul factionists—an English Tory garrison planted in American soil. They will be as powerless against American interests and Irish-American patriotism as were their base progenitors in the days of the Revolution.

Our Young People's Society hav an open meeting once a month. Of the last the *Inter-Ocean* says:

The Secular Mutual Improvement Society of the west side gave a very creditable exhibition at the Forum, corner of Sangamon street and Washington boulevard, last evening. The object of the society is for literary improvement, and judging by the ability displayed last evening the object is well carried out. The young ladies were attractivly attired for the occasion, and their companions of the sterner sex were equally well dressed. The program consisted of a piano duet by Misses Mary Deninger and Bertha Piper, a recitation by Samuel Lehnberg, a paper, "The Secular Review," by Miss Laura Lee; a poem by George Borst, an essay by A. W. Wineman, a duet, piano and violin, by Messrs. Stillman and Steadman; a recitation by Jessie Wineman, an essay by B. H. Marlett, a poem by Henry Borst, and a vocal solo by Miss Annie Borst. After the program an hour was happily spent in a social way with an occasional song, and the meeting dispersed for home.

E. A. STEVENS.

Dr. Foote and the Modern Ishmael.

From B. R. Tucker's Liberty.

FRIEND TUCKER: Am sorry to see your *Liberty* of November 10th (page 5) marred by unnecessary untruth and meanness.

V. Yarros credits Henry George with getting $500 a night from the Democrats for stump speeches; not in so saying directly, but every reader will retain that impression; while I hav been in position to see that he and his party were snubbed, rather than favored, by the Democrats, were obliged to pay their own way, and were ruled out of the Democratic procession.

The meanness appears in your slur about Eugene Macdonald's skirmish with election inspectors, in saying "this will gain him the thanks of loafers." Contrast this with the following sentence, which appears in the last five lines of same column: "A man, from the very fact that he refuses to bend under the yoke to which everybody submits, and has the strength and courage to remain erect when others bend their knee, renders a service to his fellow-citizens by setting them an example of resistance. Even though such resistance hav its source in class or religious prejudices, it is none the less precious; the main thing, in fact, is not the end which it has in view, but the example which it furnishes."

Both Henry George and Eugene Macdonald are as deserving of admiration for energy, perseverance, and ability, as is Mr. Labadie, whose loftiness of motiv you do not question. At least they both deserve not to be lied about or slurred in a Liberal journal, for, as a constant reader of their writings, I hav yet to see reason to suspect any lack of honesty of motiv or consistency in course in either of them. *Liberty* cannot afford to be unjust to Liberals of other faiths.

Yours truly, E. B. FOOTE, JR.

New York, Nov. 19, 1888.

Mr. Yarros's article was written to show, not that George was paid by the Democrats, but that his course had been such as to inspire a belief in the minds of many that he was so paid. The passage which Dr. Foote complains of was an actual quotation from William Morris's *Commonweal*, showing the impression made on that paper by George's policy. Having seen him to be guilty of mean and treacherous dishonesty, it was ready to see dishonesty in every act of his life wearing the least doubtful look. For my part, I do not believe that George was in the pay of the Democrats, principally because I do not believe that Democratic folly has yet reached the depth of stupidity necessary to determin upon such an expenditure of funds. I believe, as Dr. Foote says, that they did not welcome his coöperation. On the other hand, I am perfectly convinced that George does not hesitate and has not hesitated at things much worse than the acceptance of pay from Democrats. I am sure that he has been treacherous to men and false to his convictions, and that he is afraid to face any statement of truth that clashes with his pet ideas. I hav asserted this repeatedly and in many ways, and I hav cited facts and given reasons. I hav challenged Mr. George or any of his friends to make an explanation consistent with his honesty. This has all been done under Dr. Foote's eyes. He has never attempted to refute my statements. But suddenly, because I charge Mr. George,

not with accepting a bribe, but with conduct that leads others to suspect that he is bribed, Dr. Foote becomes highly indignant. I answer him that, when he has successfully defended Henry George against any direct and open charges, I will then apologize publicly for the appearance in *Liberty* of even so slight a trace of innuendo as some people may think they hav found in Mr. Yarros's article.

Now as to Eugene Macdonald, that other victim of my meanness whom Dr. Foote, with generous chivalry, takes under his sheltering wing. It is true that as a center of resistance he is to be prized. It is true that even such resistance as his is a service to his fellows. It is true that his readiness to kick at trifles is far more to be valued than a spirit of tame submission. But when the editor of *Liberty* is addressing his readers, with whom he has spent several years in laying a foundation and coming to an understanding, all this goes without saying. And it does not in the least alter the fact that, when a man professes to teach and lead rebels with much ado against a wrong that damages him but little *comparativly* while he not only submits to but vigorously champions those giant wrongs that inflict fearful damage both on him and others, he makes himself a fit subject for ridicule and sarcasm. When these weapons are directed against such a rough and-tumble combatant as Eugene Macdonald, any wincing, by him or his friends, is a confession of weakness.

Of Macdonald himself, it is only fair to say that he does not wince, but attempts an answer. Here it is:

> Mr. Tucker's drive at taxes is out of place. If there had been no court supported by taxation, the Anarchistic attempt of the election board to wrong a voter would hav succeeded, as they were four to one. Therefore, we say, hurrah for the taxes, and confound the Anarchists who don't want us to vote!

Something less than a severe logician can see that if there had been no court supported by taxation, there likewise would hav been no election board so supported, and that Mr. Macdonald, if he had been wrongly treated by an election board acting for a voluntary association, would doubtless hav been able to appeal as successfully for justice to that voluntary association's court. But in suggesting that he now try to establish a man's right to keep his money in his pocket, I did not "drive at taxes" simply. If he will only join in the campaign against money monopoly and thus do what he can to enable men to keep that part of their wages in their pockets which is now abstracted from them in the form of interest, profit, and house-rent, I will applaud him to Dr. Foote's content and keep mum on the tax question for some time.

Meanwhile shall we see, I wonder, a letter from Dr. Foote in THE TRUTH SEEKER protesting against the meanness and dishonesty of classing as Anarchists election inspectors who try for partisan reasons to prevent one man from voting, on the ground that Anarchists are opposed to voting (under a compulsory *régime*) as a matter of principle? Probably not, inasmuch as he has heretofore veiled with his silence many such meannesses from the same source. Is he so tender of THE TRUTH SEEKER because it is strong and well patronized and successful, and so regardless of *Liberty's* feelings because it is weak and struggling for a foothold? Or is it because he feels that THE TRUTH SEEKER, in the weakness of its error, needs a helping hand, while *Liberty*, having the strength of truth on its side, can fight its own battles? If the latter is the explanation, I appreciate the compliment that he pays me in leaving me to my own resources, while devoting himself, true physician that he is, to pouring balm into my victim's wounds. T.

The Roman Catholics.

MR. EDITOR: Whatever difference of opinion may exist among your readers as to the propriety of the illustrations that weekly appear in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I think there can be no dispute as to the great merit of the patriotic illustration which appears in the last number of your paper.

In showing the encroachments of Catholicism upon the public schools Mr. Heston is doing good work, and in this instance has hit the nail squarely upon the head. How charmingly his drawing illustrates the brave words spoken yesterday in this city by the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Eaton, in the Thanksgiving service at the church of the Divine Paternity:

> There are at work now hidden forces which may break forth with volcanic energy to destroy that civil and religious liberty we now enjoy.
>
> Roman Catholic parochial schools are undermining our republican theory of free government.
>
> The Roman Catholic theory of government is in direct opposition to our republican ideas. They say that nationalities must be subservient to the church. I do not deny that the laity of that church is sincere in its attachment to our form of government, but I do claim that the priesthood is opposed to it. One of the popes said that the pestilential ring of religious liberty is one of the most pestilential evils to the advancement of his church, and that no man had a right to choose his religion.
>
> I say there should be no religious test for American citizenship, and the history of the republic shows that it recognizes the right of every citizen to choose his own religion. No church has a right to demand any peculiar rights or privileges in ecclesiastical matters as the Roman Catholic church of America is now doing. The founders of the republic saw with far-seeing wisdom that if any sect was given special power or exclusiv privilege, it would, in time, seek to dominate and seize the very reins of government. Religious liberty is one of the corner-stones of the republic.
>
> "An ignorant people cannot be free," was what Washington said, and if we accept the Catholic parochial schools we must put our system under the direction of the church, which is bound to undermine the republic.
>
> The free schools are thus imperiled, because the Roman Catholic clergy is opposed to them. They seek to break down the system because it is a barrier to their ends.
>
> I call upon all citizens, of all creeds, or no creeds at all, to stand up unitedly and firmly in defense of the public schools of America.

The above extract is cut from the New York *Herald* of Dec. 1, 1888, and shows a remarkable resemblance between the artist's picture and the pastor's sermon. This can readily be explained, I think, from the fact that the artist drew his picture to illustrate THE TRUTH SEEKER—an Infidel paper, and the pastor preached his sermon to illustrate that good old Infidel text from Isaiah i, 17, "Come now, and let us reason together." PETER ECKLER.

New York, Dec. 1, 1888.

Lectures and Meetings.

BEFORE the Friendship Liberal League, at the Philadelphia Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets, on Sunday evening, December 9th, at 7.30 P.M., Dr. Westbrook, president of the American Secular Union, will deliver a special lecture. Subject: "Hav We a Practical Union of Church and State in this Country?" The Liberal public are cordially invited to hear this free lecture, as it will prove to be an eye-opener.

THE following are C. B. Reynolds's appointments: Omaha, Neb., December 1st, 2d; Seward, Neb., 5th, 6th, 7th; Aurora, Neb., 8th, 9th; Dorchester, Neb., 10th, 11th, 12th; Yankton, Dak., 13th, 14th, 15th; Sioux Falls, Dak., 16th, 17th; Madison, Dak., 18th, 19th, 20th; De Smet, Dak., 21st, 22d, 23d; Huron, Dak., 24th, 25th, 26th; Watertown, Dak., January 3d, 4th, 5th; Milbank, Dak., 6th, 7th, 8th (dates subject to change on account of time and duration of an expected discussion at Milbank, Dak.); Big Stone City, Dak., 9th to 15th.

Converted.

Charles Watts in Secular Thought.

Prof. William Seymour, of Phi'adelphia, Pa., has announced his conversion to Christianity. For some time past he has been lecturing in Toronto. His subject last week was, "The Fallacies of Atheism." We attended this lecture and were truly amazed at the exhibition of lack of knowledge upon the subject announced. A proper title for the discourse one heard on that occasion would hav been, "The Fallacies and Assumptions of Theism as Propounded by Professor Seymour." It was evident that the philosophy of Atheism had formed no part of his intellectual research. The interesting portion of the lecture was that in which the professor avowed himself a thorough believer in God, Christianity, prayer, the divine inspiration of the Bible, and its perfect harmony with science. Knowing Professor Seymour's former associations with the Freethought party in the States, this avowal was to us somewhat startling. He attended Science Hall last Sunday evening, and after the lecture publicly stated that his "conversion" to these views had not been sudden, inasmuch as a change in his opinions upon these subjects had been going on for some years past. In fact, he informed the audience that he never professed to be a Secularist. This acknowledgment, we presume, will rather surprise the Secular friends in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, for whom he constantly lectured "as one of them." When he first arrived in Toronto, in a personal conversation with us, he never hinted anything about his "change," but gave us a very different reason for his association with the orthodox party here. A gentleman to be president of a Secular society, as Professor Seymour was, and a public representativ of its principles, and not to be a Secularist is, to say the least, very peculiar. His is not the only instance on record of persons in our ranks accepting official positions and "sailing under false colors." Secular societies cannot be too particular as to whom they select to occupy prominent positions in their associations. This is another proof of the truth of our former statement that in the Secular movement there are persons with us who are not for us. While Freethought proclaims the fullest freedom, it certainly enjoins that such freedom should be accompanied with truth, honor, candor, and sincerity. If it is not, true liberty is sacrificed at the shrine of personal aggrandizement and hypocritical license.

Our Next President.

From the Chicago Daily News.

The people who are figuring on what General Harrison is going to do are all anxious to get some close details about the character and the inner life of the man. For these some of the following facts will be interesting and valuable.

All his friends agree that his most prominent characteristic is on the religious side. He is a Presbyterian of the severest school, and he is intensely interested in questions of doctrin. The only books that he reads for pleasure are those concerned with the development of the Calvinistic system, and others touching upon the Cromwellian period. He is said to fancy that his own character is like General Harrison of the English revolution, and he knows more about the life and time of that Roundhead trooper than he does of his grandfather, the president. But he reads few books and has little sympathy with book culture. The only novel he has ever been heard to praise is Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur." He reads the newspapers as part of his day's work, but for pleasure he takes the *Presbyterian Herald*. He prefers, however, neither to read nor to talk about reading, but in the evenings he sits around generally, and, like Walt Whitman, loafs and invites his soul.

He does not play cards, checkers, chess, dominoes, or anything of the sort, and has a horror of gambling and gamblers. Neither does he drink, and when in 1884 he gave a formal state dinner to Blaine and other notables wine was conspicuous by its absence from his table. He has declared, however, that he will not depart from the usual state custom, and that wine will be served to those who wish it at the White House. The general's Danville speech has been often quoted to show that he had leanings toward Prohibition. He is absolutely destitute of a sense of humor, and, it is said, when in a company where merry tales are told, his laugh is rather a concession to his idea of the demand which public opinion makes upon him than a symptom of enjoyment. When men are gathered together and a story which might be described as unfit for publication is told, the general does not laugh, but he does not leave the room.

Mrs. Harrison, on the other hand, has a fund of spirits which sometimes finds expression in practical jokes. For instance, there is a Dr. Newcomer, a great friend of the Harrison family, who is a practitioner of the old school and a deadly enemy of all quacks and all who advertise in any way. This doctor is the owner of a white dog which he regards as the apple of his eye, and which, like Mary's little lamb, follows him about wherever he may go. The two are inseparable. One day Mrs. Harrison and a lady friend, not having the peace and dignity of the doctor before their eyes, decoyed this dog off into a secluded place, and there and then painted upon each of his sides in indelible aniline colors the legend, "Try Newcomer's Pills," and the dog trotted off to his master with this most unprofessional and unethical recommendation where he who runs might read. Nor was his decoration discovered by his owner until after it had been displayed along the whole of the doctor's route. The doctor had to hav his canine friend shaved to get rid of the request, and there was a tension between the Newcomers and the Harrisons for some time.

Mrs. Harrison is a most voracious reader. She is a lady of fine culture, elegant in her tastes, and fitted by both character and education for the honor which has come to her. She is very fond of Browning, of company, and of amateur theatricals. They had in Indianapolis some time ago a coterie of friends who went in for mimic performances, and Mrs. Harrison herself adapted the plays that were used and wrote the charades that were acted. Some of these latter were very clever, and one that excited much attention was published in *St. Nicholas* some years since. She keeps thoroughly abreast of the literature of the day, and the only point where her husband's character and her own touch is in their deep and common religious convictions.

A Good Word for a Truth Seeker.

From the Ironclad Age.

Mr. C. P. Somerby, business manager of THE TRUTH SEEKER, has been West a couple of months looking after the interests of his paper and its publications. He made this office a pleasant call November 27th. Mr. Somerby is a sincere man, a Liberal of broad views, and a gentleman who is willing to stand up at all times and be counted on the side of justice, right, and square dealing.

A Religious Journal on Its Contemporaries.

From the Catholic Review.

Why should honest and sincere men, like the well-informed editors of the *Christian Advocate* and the *Independent*, no sooner begin to talk on Catholic matters than they lie like sons of Beelzebub, pouring out falsehoods so fast that no refutation is possible? You can take up scarcely a number of the respectable journals here mentioned that does not contain some brilliant or stale falsehood against the Catholic church. And as for the inferior journals, the *Churchman*, the *Observer*, those published throughout the states, the air they breathe is chock-full of lying microbes, and their editors are in a perpetual fever of fury against Catholicity. Is it really necessary for the existence of these papers that they should so act, and must all their attacks on the one true church hav the strong flavor of falsehood? Would not it be well at times to attack with the truth? Even the devil occasionally appears as an angel of light, and as such scores his best successes.

This is a Nation.

From the Ironclad Age.

It is highly offensiv to American pride and patriotism to hav our country constantly referred to as "the States!" In no sense is the American government "the states." The United States (with a big *IS*) *is* a government—a country, composed of integral parts (as all countries are), but united in one consolidated, continuous, and indissoluble whole. We hav been at trouble and loss of life and wealth to impress this great fact upon men and nations. And after all this to hav our country still flippantly referred to as "the states" (meaning a slip-shod conglomeration of petty principalities, held together with a rope of sand), may not be meant as an insult, but it is that same, nevertheless—an insult to our nationality, which is a unit, and to American manhood, which recognizes no separating lines.

The Generous West.

From San Francisco Freethought.

California makes a good showing, comparativly, among the contributors to the funds of the American Secular Union. The Freethinkers of this state are upon the Roll of Honor with over $150—a sum exceeded only by the contributions from New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, either of which states has more than thrice her population. Oregon is not far behind, and with her $147 is fourth on the list. When we consider that the population of Oregon is not much above two hundred thousand, this makes a remarkably good showing. If every state should do as well as these two, the subscription would hav been nearly $20,000.

The West will continue to lead the way in good works, and will wait patiently for the rest of the procession.

What Secularists Must Do.

From Secular Thought.

The rapid progress of Secular views in Canada within the last few years fills us with hope for the future. The churches are "in arms," and more activ than ever in their efforts to discover some means to counteract the "skeptical tendency of the age." As Secularists we must continue our determination to war vigorously against orthodox pretensions; to separate the truth in Christianity from the errors that hav become allied with it; to urge the necessity of adhering to sound practical morality in daily life, and to vindicate the right of personal freedom and mental liberty.

Infidelity in Wales.

From the National Reformer.

The Rev. J. Morgan Jones, Calvinistic Methodist, speaking at Cardiff, is reported by the *Western Mail* to hav said that "science and Infidelity were spreading, and he himself had been compelled to expel from his own church more than one or two young men in consequence of their having become Infidels, and having learned to deny the existence of God and the truth of the Bible." And this occurs in a district where Freethought lectures are rare in the extreme.

The Infidel Observatory.

From the New York Herald.

LICK OBSERVATORY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
MOUNT HAMILTON, Nov. 21, 1888.

The end of the astronomical season at the Lick Observatory is fast approaching. The winter fogs are creeping closer and closer to the summit each night, and occasionally they envelop it even now. In a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, some storm will surround the whole mountain range near us, and from that time forward we can no longer count on the almost uninterrupted succession of clear days and nights which make Mount Hamilton a veritable paradise for the observing astronomer. 113 days out of 153 hav been wholly clear, 20 more hav been fair, and another 20 hav been cloudy or partly cloudy.

It is a source of satisfaction to all here that the observatory has earned a reputation already, both from the general public, which is concerned only with results, and from astronomers, who are concerned about methods as well. We feel sure, with the experience gained during this year, and especially with the thousand and one improvements which are now being made in the instruments and means of observation, that the next year promises even better results than the five months just passed.

To most readers the great equatorial is the Lick Observatory. The other fine instruments on the mountain are seldom considered, or if thought of at all, are remembered much as one would recollect some barometer or thermometer. In fact, each one of the instruments is as perfect in its way and for its own especial work as the great equatorial is in its especial field. I hav no doubt that many of our visitors pass the humble-looking comet-seeker, which one man can lift in his arms, and think that the whole thirty-seven tons of the great telescope were used in the discovery of the two comets which were first seen here on September 2d and on October 31st.

But the general idea is the correct one, notwithstanding. The whole instrument equipment of the observatory was chosen so that each part is auxiliary to the great telescope, just as the cutlasses and Gatling guns of an ironclad are auxiliary to the hundred-ton gun in her turret.

Each part has its appropriate work, but if it were not for the great telescope Mr. Lick's observatory would not be there now.

We hav made a thorough trial of this magnificent instrument. There is no doubt that the Lick trustees hav carried out the provisions of Mr. Lick's deed in this respect, and hav set on this mountain "the most powerful telescope in the world." In nearly every one of the various fields of observation we hav repeated and striking instances of its superiority over other instruments, no matter how perfect or how large they may be.

To the professional astronomer this superiority is even more striking than to the casual observer. The moon viewed in a small telescope and as a picture merely, may, and indeed does, appear as well as in the great equatorial, but for the examination of the surface markings of the planets, for the examination of the structure of the nebulæ, for the discovery of new double stars, there is no comparison between this instrument and any other that I hav used. Even the splendid twenty-six-inch telescope at Washington is far surpassed in every field in which we hav compared the two. The foregoing remarks apply, of course, to the visual object glass made by Alvan Clark & Sons, the only one which was contemplated by Mr. Lick when he made the deed. The photographic objectiv (also made by the Clarks) has been tested in making photographs of the moon, and it has produced capital results.

The mounting of the telescope requires some changes before it is fitted to photograph stars and objects requiring long exposure. These changes should hav been made while the makers of the telescope were on the ground waiting for instructions and suggestions what to do. In justice to them, it should be said that they did their work as well as it could be done in the workshop, and after it was erected at Mount Hamilton waited from November to May for criticism and suggestion as to its completion in the observatory. As the telescope was not in the hands of the astronomers till June there still remain several material changes to be made. These hav been taken in hand by the regents of the University, and it is confidently hoped that by the opening of the next observing season everything about the great telescope will be in perfect condition, and that it will be quite ready to begin its work of astronomical photography, from which we may reasonably expect so much.

All the other instruments of the observatory are in activ operation and in complete order, and the buildings are now fitted for their purposes. Much work has been done in this direction during the summer, and the result is that the Lick Observatory now stands as one of the most capitally fitted for its uses that can be conceived.

Especial mention should be made of the excellence of the large dome which covers the great equatorial, and which was built at the Union Iron Works of San Francisco. Since the ventilation of this dome has been improved by a few days' work it has performed admirably, which is no small advantage. The great telescope requires perfect conditions to do its best work, and it appears that these hav been secured.

The preceding remarks upon the means of observation were needed as a preface to an account of what has actually been done, and to show that the work of the astronomers has not been simply to use their various instruments, but also to fit them and the complicated machines auxiliary to them for their most perfect work.

To the casual summer visitor who takes one of the most beautiful drives in the world over a capital road, who spends a few hours looking at the many things to be seen here, and who then goes away pleased and interested, the life of the astronomers at Mount Hamilton appears one of the most delightful in the world. And so it is. We are all comparativly young men, each absorbed in his profession, and provided by Mr. Lick's unparalleled generosity and by the liberal grant of the regents with every appliance and facility for astronomical work. All this, too, in one of the most romantic and beautiful situations in the world, under a climate which is most delightful.

It is certain that every one of the corps of observers fully appreciates this and that no corresponding opportunity elsewhere would tempt him away. But there is another side to all this which the casual visitor does not see, which I certainly am not going to set forth at length, but which ought to be mentioned in passing.

Let anyone fancy for himself the necessary obstacles to living on the summit of a high mountain in the winter snows. How is the food for the colony to be brought over a road which no longer exists? Where is the fuel to be had, unless indeed it is cut on the reservation? Where are the children of the colony to go to school? How are city servants to be induced to share the enthusiasm of the observers? Just at present there is no water for any domestic uses except such as has passed through the hydraulic engins. Astronomers can stand the trifling drawback of a film of machine oil over their drinking water, but how about the rest of the community?

These are only a few of the practical questions that hav to be considered and met by all of us here. They do not weigh at all in any real sense, and yet I think they ought to be just mentioned in passing to giv a true idea of our existence and to show that life at Mount Hamilton is really a different thing from life at the level of the sea, where snowstorms of ten days long are unknown and where the necessities of life are next door and can be fetched by a district messenger boy.

No observations of the sun hav been made with the large telescope for fear of the effect of the sunlight in changing the transparency of the glass of which the objectiv is composed. With the six-inch telescope, however, a constant watch has been kept on the solar disk by one of the students of the observatory for the detection of large or remarkable spots. Elaborate preparations hav been made also preliminary to the observation of the total solar eclipse of January 1, 1889. A book of suggestions to observers of this eclipse has been written here and will be distributed without cost to those who apply for it.

Venus was frequently observed during the early months of 1888 before the observatory was completed and transferred to the university. Such observations are most advantageously made in the daytime while the planet has a high altitude and is free from the fogs and mists near the horizon. Unfortunately the daytime is precisely that part of the twenty-four hours which is least fitted for delicate observations at Mount Hamilton, and these visual observations hav added nothing material to our former ignorance —I cannot say knowledge—regarding this planet.

The surface of the moon can be and has been well studied with small instruments, but there is a most important field open for the very largest in the examination of her special features. The pressure of other work has interfered in this direction, and our chief observations upon the moon hav been made by means of the photographic lens. During the month of August satisfactory and often splendid photographs were obtained on the following dates: August 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 26th, 27th, 28th, and 30th.

It is safe to say that no photcgraphs of the moon hav yet been taken to equal the best of this series, and there is no observatory in the world where so many satisfactory pictures could hav been secured in a single lunation. This series will be repeated on future occasions until a perfect negativ of every phase of the moon is obtained, and then our chief attention can be given to the production of enlarged pictures of single craters.

It is in the memory of all that the scientific and unscientific press has been full of accounts of discoveries on the planet Mars. Discoveries there hav been during the past decade, and important ones, but before I giv any account of these I wish to convey, if I can, some accurate notion of what it is we are observing and what we may expect to see.

Under the most favorable circumstances the planet Mars presents a disk of about thirty seconds. This is about the angle that a foot-rule would subtend if it were viewed at a distance of one and one-quarter miles. Such are the conditions under which we hav to view the planet. During our observations in 1888 the disk was never more than ten seconds.

Now, when the disk of the planet is examined, we see on it various markings, which hav been called land and water. The prevailing color of the disk is a brilliant salmon-red, and features of this color hav been called land. The various "continents," etc., are separated by darker portions, and these hav been called seas and straits. The edges of the planet are viewed obliquely and show few markings. These are lost in the prevailing lemon-yellow tint, which goes nearly round the border. At the poles of the planet are brilliant white caps, which are reasonably supposed to be the snowy regions. They wax with increasing cold; they wane with the approach of the Martial summer.

If there are snow and ice on Mars, as the observation just cited seems to show, then there must be water. The spectrum of Mars, too, proves that watery vapor exists in its atmosphere, but no certain proof has ever been given as to which portion of the visible disk really corresponds to land and which to water. This is one of the important problems of the future, and one we hope to examin, at least, during the next few years.

Now, this planet, with its markings, turns on its axis in twenty-four hours and thirty-seven minutes, and presents us different faces at different times. Astronomers hav patiently drawn the various aspects at various times, and from the drawings made hav constructed maps of the whole surface, just as maps of the earth are constructed.

There are six different maps of the land and water of the same planet by six different observers. They are all on the same scale, and they ought to agree exactly. So far are they from this that it is with difficulty we can make out the similarity of a few special features. General likeness there is none. Of these charts that of Schiaparelli is the most exact and also the most detailed.

The "canals" (so called) which hav been steadily seen by different observers from 1875 onward, were discovered by him to be frequently doubled, paralleled by other lines. These double "canals" hav been, so far, seen by only one other observer—namely, by M. Perrotin, director of the great observatory at Nice. M. Perrotin has also announced the submergence of a "continent" on Mars in May of this year.

The two hemispheres of Mars shown by Schiaparelli are full of detail, which has been verified by very few observers, and the particular point which astronomers are now considering is whether these "canals," which few hav seen at all, are doubled, and if so, what is the meaning of it. The season for making such observations was in April and May of this year. Owing to the delays in completing the Lick Observatory no observations could be made here until the middle of July. From that time until the latter part of August the planet was diligently followed, over forty careful drawings having been made. These drawings show at least twenty of the principal "canals," but no one of them was seen doubled.

The submerged "continent" had reappeared also, and was seen by us here essentially as it has always appeared since 1877. It was most unfortunate that the Lick telescope could not be used for this purpose until so late a date; but it has shown its great power in such work by following the fine details on the surface two months later than other instruments, and it has conclusivly proved that whatever may hav been the condition of the "continent" previous to July it was certainly in its normal condition from that time onward.

It is impossible to discuss such questions as these without taking more space than can be allowed here, but enough has been said to show that the observatory has, even under the most unfavorable conditions, made important contributions to the study of Mars, and that at the next favorable opportunity we may confidently expect from it more light on these questions.

Only two of the minor planets hav been examined—namely, Vesta, the brightest one of the group, and Iris. The disks of these are clearly and definitly seen, and are easily measurable under good conditions, and the quality of their light serves to instantly distinguish them from the neighboring fixed stars. I need not say that in ordinary telescopes no difference can be perceived. Their very name—astercids—indicates this. The light of Vesta is yellow and mild, with none of the rays which surround a star of the same brilliancy. It resembles one of the moons of Jupiter as seen in a smaller telescope. Iris also has the same mild light; its disc is smaller than Vesta's, and its yellowish color is not so marked and intense.

During the summer of 1888 Jupiter was very unfavorably situated for observation on account of its extremely low altitude.

It was carefully followed, however, and many suggestions for future work were derived from the examinations which it was possible to make.

The phenomena attending the transits and eclipses of the satellites were highly interesting in particular, and certainly deserve further study under more favorable conditions. These satellites usually appear as bright points in the telescope, not stellar in character, but with a disk which is not always steady and perfectly defined. Here, on the contrary, we see them steadily as well-defined and large disks. So far we hav not been able to see any of the markings which hav been reported to exist on these disks. A more favorable opposition may allow us to go further in this direction also. The eclipses of these satellites can be followed phase by phase like an eclipse of the moon.

As the satellite enters the shadow of the planet one sees first the edge obscured, then the satellite half illuminated, and finally the thin crescent disappearing.

The unexampled opportunities for observation here may some day lead to a solution of the enigma of the different rates of revolution of the different layers of the globe. Certainly much remains to be done in this direction.

There is nothing so interesting in the whole solar system as the planet Saturn, with his eight satellites and his magnificent ring system. On every suitable occasion during the past month he h s been carefully examined from 3 o'clock in the morning—a beautiful hour of the day here—until sunrise. Many new details are made out on the surface of the planet and on the rings, and the present opposition will giv us satisfactory evidence on various unsettled points. As these observations are still in progress it is better not to giv any summary of results for the present. In general, it may be said that the immense power of the telescope really does giv great advantages over other instruments, even with a bright object like Saturn. The dusky interior ring, for example, and the complex shadings on the rings, are far better seen here than elsewhere.

The planet Neptune is the outermost of the known planets, being thirty times more distant than the earth, and taking 164 years to make its revolution round the sun. Its real diameter is more than 30,000 miles, but its apparent angular diameter is not 1-600 of that of the moon. Nothing is known of the time of rotation on its axis and but little of its physical condition. It has been carefully examined here on many nights for the detection of equatorial belts or bands and for markings on its surface, but the net result so far is that no such markings can be certainly seen.

It can be pretty safely said, too, from our own observations, that there is no unknown satellite to this planet nearer than the one already known. The search for a satellite more distant than this one should be made by photography, and the equipment of the telescope in this respect is not yet complete. Trials hav been made, but they hav not led to entirely satisfactory results.

Mr. Barnard, who is indefatigable in such work, has discovered two comets here, on September 2d and October 31st, and has made a long and valuable series of observations on the comets of Olbers, Sawerthal, Brooks, and Faye. The comet of Olbers was observed here about four months later than at any other observatory, and Faye's comet is still under observation, though, I believe, it is no longer observed elsewhere.

A very singular conviction has been forced upon us in our observations of the nebulæ particularly. In examining these objects with small telescopes of six and eight inches aperture, one gradually comes to a sense of the similarity of certain species of them, for example, of the whole class of planetary nebulæ, so called. Each one of these is very like its fellows. As one employs larger and larger apertures, say of twelve to twenty-six inches, the sense of similarity among the planetary nebulæ is lost in the multitude of new particulars discovered in each new object examined. I had supposed that in the use of the great telescope a similar process would go on, and that the many new details which we see in each new planetary nebulæ would separate each one more and more from its fellows and place it in a class by itself.

This is not the case. It is certainly true that each new object examined discloses multifarious new details so varied, in many cases, as to quite set it off away from many or indeed most of those that Herschel classed with it. But it is also true that our increased power really seems to be sufficient in a great number of instances to bring out the law according to which these details were developed, and to enable us to reclassify the subjects by veritable resemblances, and to separate them off into new species according to the new features developed.

Sir William Herschel and Sir John Herschel showed that starting from a circular, faint, uniformly illuminated nebula, every gradation up to a bright, round nebulosity, with a strong central nucleus, could be represented from actual examples; or, again, starting from the same faint uniform circular disk other nebulæ could be chosen representing every step in the series up to a type where the circumference was very bright and the center was devoid of any nebulosity—up to a true ring nebula, in fact.

These two series suggest that these different types may hav been formed by two different laws of force which resemble each other in being strictly central—that is, directed toward a fixed center of attraction. A single force like gravitation acting upon matter suitably disposed might suffice, however, in both series.

The argument derived from the arrangement of the nebulous matter is very much strengthened when we take into account the situation of the faint stars which frequently accompany such nebulæ. As Sir William Herschel pointed out and as has been amply confirmed by Lord Rosse's and by our own observations, the critical positions of such stars on the edges of the oval rings of nebulosity, etc., put the theory that the system of stars and nebulæ are veritably connected in space, and that the forces compelling the observed forms are truly central forces, beyond all doubt.

In classifying the nebulæ the Herschels hardly could hav gone beyond this point. A great additional step was taken when Lord Rosse showed the prevalence of spiral forms in many nebulæ, and it appears that at least one nebula observed here (37 H. iv. Draconis) is not only spiral (in one plane), but a true helix (in space). If it is not in fact a helix (a point which the eye alone cannot settle) it certainly appears to be such, and it seems to be an important addition to previously known classes.

In nearly all the nebulæ which we hav hitherto examined we hav found, as has been said, a multitude of new details of structure which separate it totally from most of the nebulæ classed with it by the Herschels. These specific differences do not, however, lead us to the conclusion that each nebula must be placed in a class of itself, but rather that a number of new sub-classes must be formed to include such nebulæ as still keep strong (though new) specific resemblances based on the new peculiarities of structure which hav been disclosed.

For nearly every form which we hav seen, no matter how *bizarre*, some parallel case has been found. In all these the idea of a central force is strongly suggested, and we seem to be approaching new problems in the world of nebulæ.

Are all these central forces the same? Are they all one force, and that gravitation, and are these varied forms only different results of this universal force? Or, on the other hand, are there several or many kinds of central forces acting in space? Is each one of the several sub classes of nebulæ which are indicated by our observations here an index, so to say, of the action of a different central force?

If this is so we know at least that the number of such central forces is not indefinitly large. There is too marked a tendency of the nebulous forms to fall into distant groups, each group indicating a common origin. The fact that we now seem to be face to face with such problems as these appears to me to mark a distinct step forward in this province. It may be that by and by we may expect to classify correctly and according to real law such infinitly complex forms as those of the Orion and the Omega nebula, of the Trifid and the Andromeda nebula, etc. The power to correctly classify the simplest forms will giv a secure basis for the hope that even these marvelous structures may finally fall under simple law. At least, the first step has been taken.

A large number of new double stars of the most interesting class hav been discovered by Mr. Burnham, and the list of them will shortly be printed.

Besides these Mr. Burnham has measured the relativ positions of many difficult doubles which are too close for measures to be made with instruments of less power than the great equatorial. This interesting department of astronomy is fully cared for here.

Prompt publication of the results of certain kinds of astronomical observations doubles their value. Certain other kinds, on the other hand, must be worked over and over again until something as perfect as possible is brought out from them. In the first class we must include the preliminary orbits of new comets and of binary stars.

Such preliminary orbits hav their immediate use and serve as first approximations to more elaborate investigations, which often require years to complete.

The orbit of the comet discovered here by Mr. Barnard on September 2d was at once computed by Mr. Schaeberle, and was printed in the same number of the journal which gave the observations upon which it was based. The same is true of the orbit of Mr. Barnard's second comet, discovered Oct. 31, 1888.

The binary star 85, Pegasi, was discovered by Mr. Burnham in 1878, and all the observations of this very difficult double star hav been made by him. A late observation with the large telescope made possible the calculation of a first approximation to the orbit of this star, which also was made by Mr. Schaeberle. His results, though preliminary, are of much interest. He finds the period of revolution to be twenty-two years only (less than the period of revolution of Saturn round the sun) and the mass of the two stars taken together to be about eleven times the mass of our own sun. Future observations will change these figures slightly, but this binary pair now takes its place among the most interesting of such objects.

The observatory is not primarily designed as a meteorological station. Its exceptional position, however, creates the duty to carry on a certain set of meteorological observations. These are regularly made and transmitted to the chief signal office. In the same way a regular set of observations of the slight earthquakes which are common in California is kept up in connection with other observers in various parts of the state. The observations will be of value in connection with seismic investigations, but they are indispensable to us in keeping an accurate account of the position and constants of our astronomical instruments, which are slightly disturbed with each shock.

The series of photographs of the moon secured in the month of August has already been mentioned. The other photographs taken hav been mostly experimental, to determin what changes and additions to our equipment must be made in order to make our photographic outfit thoroughly efficient. These experimental photographs were mostly of stars, though the planets Jupiter and Neptune and a nebula were included in the series.

Nothing has yet been done in the direction of spectroscopy beyond preliminary experiments with the great star spectroscope and preparations for observing the total solar eclipse of Jan. 1, 1889, by this means.

A party of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has been engaged in determining the difference of longitude between Mount Hamilton and San Francisco, and in connection with this work our meridian circle has redetermined the position of the stars employed by the Coast Survey observers, and has made independent determinations of the clock correction on the nights of exchange of signals.

As is well known, a railway time service is maintained. which gives the hour to every railway station from San Francisco to Ogden and El Paso, in the East, and to Portland in the North.

. . . . . .

In the foregoing brief summary of the season's work I hav necessarily barely touched upon many important series of observations. It will be evident, I think, that work so varied in so many important fields proves that the observatory has been fully activ, especially when it is remembered that this work has necessarily been much interrupted by the presence of the workmen engaged in completing the observatory and by the necessity of laying out plans for them, and also for providing the necessary materials for the long siege of winter. Several important departments of astronomy, as spectroscopy and stellar photography, hav hardly been entered upon. It has been our aim to do thoroughly all which we attempted and to follow out the spirit of the excellent saying of the veteran observer Argelander that the attainable in astronomy is often missed by ill-directed efforts after the unattainable. The six observers here hav been fully engaged and hav already produced valuable work and shown that more will be forthcoming. If we had twenty astronomers all could be profitably employed.

I remark with pleasure that the observatory is already attracting to itself a class of advanced students, who would otherwise hav gone to Eastern or European university observatories. We hav applications from three such advanced students already, and we may look forward to the creation of a California school of astronomy which shall do credit to the State University.

The observatory is specially hospitable to students of all the California colleges and has been visited by the higher classes of several such. Even the children of the neighboring district school hav made a visit here on one of the public evenings. At least four thousand visitors hav come here since the 1st of June, and about two thousand hav looked through the great telescope.

The attitude of the observatory on the subject of visitors has attracted no little attention abroad. From the *Atlantic Monthly* for October I extract the following, which shows the puzzled state of mind of the reviewer. Speaking of the *Handbook of the Lick Observatory* he says: "The fact of this book is the most interesting thing about it. Here is a great academic observatory and a book is actually prepared, with close attention to particulars, for the use and encouragement of visitors. The candor o f the hospitality is remarkable. Instead of 'No ad - mittance,' the motto seems to be 'Walk in.'" Exactly so. And not only seems to be but is.

I think there is no doubt that this great observatory with its double duty of advancing pure science and diffusing knowledge is going to be, and is now in fact, a powerful factor in the progress o f our state and country.

EDWARD S. HOLDEN.

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The Mission Humbug.

Canon Taylor has supplemented his paper on "The Great Missionary Failure" in the *Fortnightly Review* of October by one on "Missionary Finance," in the November issue of the same magazine. Mr. Taylor selected two societies as subjects of his investigation, one of them the greatest of the Protestant missionary organizations of the world.

Of the operations of this society the canon could learn but little, as the accounts published are "remarkably illusiv" and unsatisfactory. For instance, a sum of $330,000 is excluded from the balance sheet for various fictitious reasons, and there are other omissions and discrepancies, leading Canon Taylor to say that "it is as much as if a railway company made up its expenditures to one date, its financial position to another, and the accounts of the passengers carried and of the train miles run to a third." Vast sums raised on the mission grounds do not appear at all on the books of the home society, for the reason, Canon Taylor thinks, that the money is used "in paying converts, those 'rice Christians,' or 'rupee Christians,' as they are called, whose existence so seriously discredits the genuin results of the labors of the missionaries." The amount used in this way he estimates at $340,000 at least. And of the amounts of which account of the reception is kept, no accounts of the disbursements appear, the secretary of the society telling Canon Taylor that "no account of the actual expenditure on the missions has ever been printed."

Of the million and a half of dollars collected by the church missionary society, over eleven per cent went for collections and management alone. It cost over five hundred dollars to simply collect and disburse the funds for each missionary employed. And the total expenditure of the society, divided among its missionaries, averaged about five thousand dollars apiece. That is, this is what the home officers spent to send money to the East to be wasted by the agents in the field, for Canon Taylor's first article showed that when the money was finally got upon the ground it produced no tangible results.

Just as Canon Taylor's article reached this side of the water the Methodists were holding the annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee. The books of this committee show that the Methodists are slacking a little in zeal, though goaded on by the officers. In 1887, under the stimulating cry of "A Million for Missions," the society raised $1,044 795.91. This encouraged the society to ask for twelve hundred thousand, and appropriations were made on that basis. But only $1,000,581 24 came in, and the society found itself about $160,000 worse off than it was a year ago, for at the beginning of last year the society had enough in its treasury to pay all outstanding drafts, with a balance of $80,746.61, while this year the society owed $78,340.13. Therefore the treasurer recommended that the appropriations be diminished fifteen per cent.

In the discussion which arose over this proposition some very instructiv remarks were made. One member of the committee affirmed "that the churches were being unduly pressed, and that there was ground for the supposition, indulged by some, that the great end of the churches was to raise money rather than to save souls." Another member confessed that "nothing can be used next year to increase the collections that has not been used this year." In other words, the churches had been bled for all they were worth. Secretary McCabe thought the society would better let some of their building enterprises wait. Dr. Buckley remarked that last year "the committee was intoxicated with a surplus, and under the excitement produced by such a remarkable state of affairs they rose in their appropriations $200,000. Unquestionably the committee made a great mistake in making a leap of twenty per cent after the church had been strained, as all knew to hav been the case. What has been the result? We appropriated and asked for $1,200,000; the church gave us $200,000 less. Some said last year that the normal growth of the giving of the church for missions would be $100,000 a year. This prediction has not come to pass. To say in an off-hand way that it is 'a small thing' for the church to giv $1,000,000 for this cause is a delusion and a snare; and the common calculation of fifty cents per member is misleading. He did not believe that the church could giv $1,200,000 this year. While there is great competition between presiding elders in the collections of their districts, the pastors are feeling and calling out under the burden laid upon them." Bishop Thoburn was alarmed at the proposed fifteen per cent reduction. "Never before," he said, "had the society undertaken such sweeping reductions as were now contemplated. At a crisis like the present no mission, of course, should undertake new work involving expenditure of the society's funds, and all building enterprises should be suspended as far as possible; but to reduce as largely as is proposed means in India the dismissal of nativ preachers, the closing of schools, and abandonment of promising work." Other members spoke to the same effect, but the deficit in the collections had frightened the committee, and the aggregate appropriations for home and foreign work were reduced fifteen per cent.

Secretary McCabe, during the discussion, said that the society had, since Abraham Lincoln's proclamation was issued, accumulated property in the South amounting to $10,000,000. If this is the case, and it probably is, an interesting question for Southern taxpayers is, How long before the society will hav a monopoly of the land of the South? No Methodist society ever pays taxes on its property, and all the Southern states exempt religious institutions. Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation (presumably the one to which McCabe referred) was issued in 1862, to go into effect January, 1863. Ten millions of dollars' worth of property acquired by only one church society in twenty-six years, is an alarming showing, and fully justifies the member's remark that people were thinking that the object of the church is not so much to save souls as to make money.

The result of the society's foreign work so far is, on its own showing, but meager. The reports show:

Foreign ministers	141
Nativ preachers	477
Members	23,073
Probationers	9,733
Sunday-schools	1,226
Scholars	56,595

These are scattered over India, Africa, China, Germany, Switzerland, and South America, and some of the missions hav been running for forty or fifty years. The population of these countries aggregates hundred of thousands of millions. It looks, from this, as though it would be a good many years before the Methodist Episcopal church conquers the world!

The missionary business, from top to bottom, home and foreign, is a stupendous fraud upon the people who pay the bills. It affords the home officers a fat living, a chance for unscrupulous missionaries to make money, and does the people to whom they are sent no good. There is no hell to be saved from, no heaven to go to, and all the energy and money spent on religion is simply wasted.

The Janesville Decision.

The ground taken by the attorney for the Roman Catholic parents in the suit at Janesville, Wis., to prevent Bible-reading in the public schools was solid as a mountain. The plaintiff's case was based on the admitted facts that the Bible was read in the Edgerton schools; that the complainant's children, being members of the Roman Catholic church, were taught and believed that the King James version of the Bible, which was the one read in Edgerton schools, was incomplete and unauthorized; it was taught by the church and believed by those interested that reading the Bible without guidance and interpretation from the church was likely to lead to irreligious belief and faith. Arguing from this it was held that to daily read the Protestant Bible in the presence and hearing of the children in question necessarily controverted their belief by word and example, although against their will. "It was not claimed," said the attorney, "that the Catholic Bible should be read in the schools, but that so long as the schools are supported by taxation all pupils should be treated equally—no doctrins taught or practice followed which infringed upon the belief of any subject, and that it would be for the benefit of the public to remove all such questions. Unless Protestants be entirely willing that the Catholic Bible be introduced into the schools, they ought not to introduce their own."

Judge Bennett decided against the plaintiff, holding that the reading of the King James version of the Bible, without comment, was not sectarian instruction, and that if the Catholics were aggrieved thereby their children could retire while the reading was going on.

It is hard to properly characterize such a decision as this without contempt of court. Roman Catholics comprise one sect in Christendom, Protestants another. The different versions of the Bible which they use are edited to support their different creeds. And not only are these two sects at war over the meaning of the Bible, but Protestants themselvs are also widely divergent in their interpretations of the New Testament. Universalists and Unitarians do not desire to hav the scriptures read "straight" to their children. And the sprinkling and immersion Baptists hav fought over the words commanding this rite ever since the two sects existed. But what about the Freethinkers whose children attend the Edgerton schools? Is there any version of the Bible that to them is not sectarian? Let Judge Bennett find such version, and report.

Probably, however, Judge Bennett would say, the Freethinkers' children could retire along with the Catholics and shiver in the entry till the Christian children had read their daily dose of theology. But this brings up another difficulty. The Catholics must hav their religious book read, and the Freethinkers might also desire to hav some religious work read—say, Felix Oswald's "Bible of Nature," wherein are set forth moral and physical truths calculated to make the child moral and healthy. The morning program of the school would be something like this: The teacher would send the Catholic and Freethinking youngsters into the entry, and the Protestant Bible would be read. Then the Catholics would be called in and the Protestants sent out to cool their heels while the Douay version was read with comments. Then the Catholics would go out again to join their Christian brothers and sisters and fight over their different creeds, while the young heretics obtained their instruction from the "Bible of Nature." This course would giv the children lessons in marching and strengthen their little legs, while the teacher would get an eclectic lesson in religion. If any time remained, the children might then be taught to write and cipher.

The rank injustice and ignorance displayed by Judge Bennett in deciding that the King James version is not sectarian, and the pueril plan by which he gets over the difficulty, if it is, mark him as one of those judges whose decisions are influenced by his own desires.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel*, in commenting upon the question raised by this suit, concludes that the problem of how to get religion in the schools without offending any of the sects is a very hard one. It is, indeed, and the more the *Sentinel* thinks of it the harder it will appear. We believe the problem to be utterly unsolvable, and the only thing remaining to do is to conduct the schools without any religion at

all, leaving the supernatural part of a child's education to the various Sunday-schools which the parents patronize. Certainly, the *Sentinel's* statement that "the Jew and the Agnostic hav no objection to the Bible-reading, as long as it is not associated with dogmatic instruction," is very wide of the truth. The Jew does not wish his child taught that Jesus Christ was the messiah, and that only by belief in him can man attain to a comfortable place in another world. Neither does the Agnostic. In fact, the latter individual is emphatic in his opposition to Bible-reading in schools for many reasons, chief of which is that he claims that no one should attempt to teach that which he himself does not know. Religion is a theory, a speculation, a guess, and no Agnostic will consider that it is wise to teach guesswork as fact. The *Sentinel* appears to be about as ignorant of what the Jew and the Agnostic want as Judge Bennett is of what constitutes sectarianism.

Affirming.

In sending in his subscription for another year Mr. John Maley, of Boonton, N. J., inquires:

"Is the law in New Jersey on affirming the same as in New York? and can you put your hands where you please while affirming?"

The constitution of New Jersey declares that no religious test shall be required as a qualification for any office or public trust, and that no person shall be denied the enjoyment of any civil right merely on account of his religious principles. The laws relating to oaths provide (sec. 26), "That every person who shall be permitted or required to take an oath in any case where by law an oath is allowed or required, and who shall allege that he or she is conscientiously scrupulous of taking an oath, shall, instead of the form of an oath, be permitted to make his or her solemn affirmation or declaration, to wit: I, ———, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm." "So help me God" shall be omitted.

This is the New Jersey affirmation, and in taking it a witness need not raise his hand, because such raising is part of an oath, and is the ceremony substituted for kissing the Bible. Our New England ancestors did not kiss the Bible, but swore and raised their right hands to heaven. They obtained the ceremony from England, and our courts hav taken it from them and tacked it on to the affirmation, when it has no business anywhere, unless the use of the Bible is omitted, and the witness is afraid he cannot tell the truth unless he swears.

Non-religious affirmation is permitted in the following states and territories: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Dakota, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, Rhode Island, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. In all of these a man can affirm without raising his hand, if the judges adhere to the law. California, Idaho, New Mexico, and Utah put "So help you God" to the affirmation, but nothing is said about uplifting the hand. Connecticut, besides providing an unornamented affirmation, declares that no person shall be disqualified because of disbelief in a supreme being, and Minnesota goes farther and givs a form of affirmation for "an Infidel," leaving out even the word "solemnly." Georgia compels an oath or "affirmation according to the religious faith of the witness." We should like to see an affirmation framed on the "religious faith" of an Atheist! Indiana must allow such affirmation because the law declares that it may be administered in the manner most binding upon the conscience of the affirmer, and want of belief in a supreme being or the Christian religion cannot render a witness incompetent, though the want of such a belief may be shown upon the trial. Massachusetts has the same insult to unbelievers, the evidence of such person's unbelief being received to affect his credibility as a witness. Oregon stands out conspicuous in this matter, her constitution declaring that no witness or juror shall be rendered incompetent because of his opinions on religious matters, nor be questioned on the subject to affect his testimony. Maryland compels a man to believe in God when he desires to affirm as a witness or act as a juror, and the manner of administering the affirmation "ought to be" that which his denomination esteems the most effectual. A Marylander, according to his state constitution, cannot tell the truth unless he belongs to some church. North Carolina will not let a man hold office unless he believes in "almighty God," and he must, when he swears, "lay his hand upon the holy evangelists of almighty God, in token of his engagement to speak the truth as he hopes to be saved in the way and method of salvation pointed out in that blessed volume," after which he must "kiss de book." If he desires to swear in another way he can "stand with his right hand lifted up toward heaven, in token of his solemn appeal to the supreme God." Pennsylvania allows Quakers to affirm, but others must swear by kissing the Bible or uplifting the hand. In South Carolina the affirmation must be according to the witness's "religious belief or profession." Tennessee debars Atheists from office, and swears her citizens upon the evangelists. Affirmation in that state is really an oath. Texas protects her unbelieving witnesses from disqualification, but insists that office-holders shall believe in a supreme being. Vermont, in addition to providing a plain affirmation, will not allow inquisition into a witness's religious belief. Washington territory takes its forms of oath from the United States statutes, which allow affirmation. Wyoming allows the affirmation, unornamented, and her form of swearing is the ancient form of uplifted hand, instead of laying the hand upon the book or kissing it, and ends with the words, "So help you God."

It is plainly seen from these examples that there are three forms of oaths in use: 1. Laying the hand upon the Bible without kissing it; 2. Both holding on to the Bible and kissing it; 3. Raising the right hand toward heaven (or at least toward the ceiling). Affirmation is simple assent to a promis to tell the truth, subject to the pains and penalties of perjury. Freethinkers can require the affirmation to be used in all the states that the law provides it, and if ignorant or bigoted officials refuse it, can compel it by recourse to a court of law. Where a man shall carry his hands is his own business, and is generally determined by his early training. The allegation of an election board that a Freethought Editor insisted upon keeping his in his pockets, is an amusing falsehood. The Editor did not contradict their affidavit, because it was of no consequence except in the eyes of Anarchist editors, and the judge had decided the point before an answer could be made. The Freethought Editor did refuse to remove his hat because it was demanded as a part of the affirmation ceremony and a mark of respect to an alleged supernatural being, while he regarded it as only a matter of etiquet, which does not require a man to uncover upon entering a tailor shop whether he enters for the purpose of registering or to buy a suit of clothes. Had it been a court the case would be different, as there hats are removed from respect to the tribunal.

One man esteemeth one way above another: another esteemeth every way alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. But I say unto you, Swear not at all.

Girard College.

Would it not be advisable for those people who are afraid to begin proceedings against the Girard College directors for fear of defeat to obtain Dr. Westbrook's book and study up the subject? The result would be that they might at least write intelligently on the matter.

The supreme court upheld Girard's anti-sectarian will, but when did it ever uphold the sectarian conduct of the directors? The facts are that the present teaching in the college fairly reeks with evangelical sectarianism, and admitting for the moment that Girard did not prohibit the teaching of the general principles of Christianity, he clearly did prohibit the teaching of such dogmas as the trinity, which is not a general principle but a sectarian speculation. Even the Bible itself is not accepted alike by all Christians, and consequently any particular meaning which the instructors in the college may giv to any chapter is sectarian. Who has ever seen any summary of the doctrins of Christian belief in which all the sects concurred? As against Roman Catholicism and non-evangelical Protestantism, the conduct of Girard College is to-day as sectarian as it is possible to be. John Calvin himself could not hav preached narrower sectarian sermons than do the peripatetic lay preachers who occupy the pulpit of Girard College every Sunday.

But the *intent* of Girard's will has been carefully ignored and viciously frustrated by the management of the college. Girard intended that all religious dogmas should be kept out of his college. Webster, in his attempt to break the will, argued further that Girard intended to exclude all religious tenets. And this is evidently the fact. Webster then argued that the will could not stand, as Christianity was a part of the common law, and such a bequest must therefore be void. The court did not coincide with him, holding that Christianity was a part of the common law only with qualifications, and that an educational bequest which omitted to provide religious instruction could not be void on that account. Had Girard provided for the teaching of Judaism or Deism, or "other forms of Infidelity," as the court called these theologies, the judges allow us to surmise that they might hav felt called upon to interfere. The court evidently was composed of thoroughgoing Christians.

Both the *letter* and the *intent* of Girard's will hav been broken, and if these violations do not constitute a case, what shall a court ask? Dr. Westbrook has the assurance of many eminent jurists that the points he raises are in their opinion invulnerable, and it seems more reasonable to take the opinions of qualified men who hav investigated the subjects than of those who hav not studied the matter and are not fitted by legal training to decide such points though they had. But even supposing the courts should uphold the managers, nothing but good can come to Freethought from making the attempt to secure justice. There will be less danger of the California Christians turning the Lick Observatory into a missionary society to reconcile Genesis and Astronomy if they see there is some one looking after thefts of that kind.

The Modern Ishmael.

"He digged a pit; he digged it deep—
He digged it for his brother:
But it so fell out that he fell in
The pit he digged for another."

Mr. B. R. Tucker seems to be in the predicament of the first gentleman described by this touching bit of poetry. Mr. Tucker digged a little pit for the TRUTH SEEKER Editor, lining it with sarcasm and abuse of our present social system, and now he's down in the bottom making faces at the brother who wouldn't fall in. His sarcasm had no basis of fact, which spoiled the effect, and his circular reasoning leaves him working around in the pit, with small prospect of getting out.

When that election board stuck to law and their official duties for which the taxpayers paid them, they were all right, and committed no injustice. But when they ignored law, and "voluntarily coöperated" in an Anarchistic manner, they at once began to do injustice, just as mobs and lynching parties usually do. Then the law stepped in and sat down on them. But had we had no law the inspectors could hav managed things to suit themselvs and according to their ideas of right. By four of them voluntarily coöperating against one citizen, the citizen would hav lost his right of participating in the selection of our Public Servants. That would hav been Anarchy. Judge Barrett, through the medium of law, restored that citizen's right. That was civilization.

Before we can get along without law the breed of humans in the world will need to be very greatly improved, not only in New York but in Boston.

Editorial Notes.

MR. ALFRED M. SOALES, governor of North Carolina, takes the prize for pious Thanksgiving proclamations. This is the way he talked to the people of his state: "God is recognized in the constitution of our state, and should ever be honored as the supreme ruler of the universe in the hearts of our people. To him we are indebted for our country and her institutions, for civil and religious liberty, for our holy religion and its adaptation to man's wants and happiness, together with numberless mercies and blessings which hav crowned our daily lives." It occurs to us that once upon a time a large proportion of the inhabitants of North Carolina did not possess civil liberty. Were the colored North Carolinians indebted to God for their state of slavery?

If Consistently Applied.

From the Galveston News.

The latest declaration against the Mormons is found in a New York *World* editorial. It says that even if polygamy were eliminated, they should not be admitted to Congressional representation, because of their submission to a hierarchical system. The principle enunciated will go a long way if consistently applied—quite too far for a comfortable life in this country where the Presbyterian must try to get along with the Catholic and Episcopalian.

Letters from Friends.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., Nov. 16, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: I am working very hard to get a cow for the old Mr. and Mrs. Casey. I hav already sent $5, and hav $5 more on hand, for Mr. Casey said he could get a cow for $25 if he paid $5 every month. I hope the Liberals will continue their contributions till this cow is paid for. And the names of the donors I will forward to Miss Wixon for the Children's Corner. SATIE THORPE.

CAIRO, ILL., Nov. 12, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to thank you for your flattering review of my book, "Our Uncle and Aunt." Freethinkers can surely indorse what I say, and will, I hope, help me out in my work by patronizing it. It has received many excellent notices from the press, and a few bitter and bilious ones. I could not expect anything better when my subjects are so unpopular. Well, I hope it may do good.

Yours truly, AMARALA MARTIN.

FLINT, MICH., Nov. 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I consider THE TRUTH SEEKER by far the best paper published in the United States. I am heart and soul in sympathy with its teachings. I should like very much to continue right along with it while I liv, but cannot, as I hav been an invalid for over six years, and it has cost me everything trying to get my health. I dislike very much to tell you to discontinue, but must for the present. Please accept thanks for favors bestowed. M. J. PUTNAM.

TRUXTON, N. Y., Nov. 13, 288.

MR. EDITOR: Within you will find my subscription for the good old TRUTH SEEKER, which has come to me weekly for many years, we will say twelve or thirteen—but you know best, as you can find out by looking at your book if you think well of doing so. I hope that you and all connected with the above-named paper are well, and will be so for many years to come—not forgetting Watson Heston and his cartoons. I think they are good and grand. As ever,

A Liberal, JOHN DEAN.

MOODY, TEX., Nov. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I think THE TRUTH SEEKER is one amongst the best of papers published. There is more true knowledge in it for $3 than anyone can get any other way. I see lots of people are bragging on Mr. Ingersoll's eloquence, which of course is true, but the old hero, D. M. Bennett, was as learned in almost anything as Ingersoll. He was not the orator that Ingersoll is; but the *pen* sows the seed of truth and righteousness, and has been the greatest foe that orthodoxy has received for these many years. JOHN M. SIMMONS.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Nov. 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I see some one by the name of "Downes" has written the Melbourne *Liberator* that our Secular Union is but a weak institution. I hope you will not suspect me of the vile slander; as I am the only one of your subscribers of that name I know of, I thought you might. The Secular Union is not as large in numbers as I would like to see it, by millions, but it is growing, and under the direction and guidance of our splendid president, secretary, and able lecturers I hope to see its membership at feast doubled the present year. Yours truly, JNO. DOWNES.

SEDALIA, MO., Nov. 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1.50 postal note, for which please continue THE TRUTH SEEKER to my address for six months. As our friend W. J. Klein has taken his departure for the unknown regions of the dead, I will continue on his subscription when it expires, having been reading the paper for the past year and having got attached to it too much to do without it. We hav a good number of Liberals here in our city, and we intend to get together soon and see if we cannot get into an organization of some sort, so as to work in unison for the good of Freethought and Liberalism.

Yours fraternally, WM. MATTHEWS.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 23, 1888.

MR EDITOR: At the regular semi-annual meeting held November 4th, the following officers were elected by acclamation: president, E. A. Stevens; vice-presidents, Mattie A. Freeman, Sherlie Woodman, James Gruber, Prof. Chas. Orchardson, and Prof. James Milleson; secretary, A. E. Hutchinson; financial secretary, Miss Mary Mand; treasurer, Jehu Barr.

Mr. Stevens is so well known to the Liberals generally that it is unnecessary to say why he was elected for the tenth time president of the Union, by acclamation. Mesdames Freeman and Woodman are ladies well known to readers of Liberal literature, the former as the foremost lady lecturer, and the latter having earned considerable distinction as a contributor to the *Radical Review* and other publications.

Prof. Chas. Orchardson is well known as a philosophical reasoner and a keen satirical demolisher of shams.

Prof. James Milleson has given us some excellent lectures on scientific subjects.

Mr. Gruber has long been an activ member. His amiable better half is our charming alto singer. Miss Mary Mand, a beautiful Danish blond, was the president's choice for financial secretary, as "she would be irresistible and the members would pay promptly." Treasurer Jehu Barr knows more about the scriptures than most orthodox preachers. He has studied them, and consequently has evolved out of their fetichism. He will be a safe guardian of our funds.

On the re-election of Mr. Stevens he gave us a very spirited address, which could not fail to arouse the most laggard. He referred to the treatment received by the Liberals at the hands of the local press in Pittsburgh, and spoke of the Sunday laws of that city in his most cutting style. He outlined the work to be done the following year, speaking of Girard College and many other assumptions of power by the church. Considerable old-time enthusiasm was awakened.

The Union starts in this year's work with an improved business management, and promises to surpass even its aggressiv labors of the past. Chicago is a Liberal city. Everywhere you go you will find men who hav grown away from creeds—and splendid women, too, who hav long since dropped the errors of the past. We are more than confident in Chicago; we are enthusiastic.

At some later date I shall be able to giv your readers some points of interest with reference to the Young People's Society, which is growing in favor and developing some splendid talent.

A. E. HUTCHINSON, Secretary Chicago Secular Union.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: As THE TRUTH SEEKER, as its name indicates, is in search of truth, whether religious, political, or otherwise, I hope it will not hesitate to publish the following truths, of which some of its correspondents seem to be ignorant:

1. Instead of the tariff on cut iron or steel nails (building nails) being five cents per pound, as stated by Mr. J. L. Tompkins, it is only one and a quarter cents per pound.

2. That our forefathers fought because England protected them with a tariff (in those days called properly a tax) on tea, printers' colors, etc., and the result of that revolution was American Independence.

3. That during the low tariff decade from 1850 to 1860 the assessed valuation of taxable property in the United States doubled, growing from $6,024,666,909 in 1850 to $12,084,560,005 in 1860. Till 1870 it grew to only $14,178,986,732; till 1880 it reached only $16,902,993,543.

4. That twenty years of Republican rule has not yet remedied the much lamented suppression of the negro vote in the South.

5. That imports are our pay for exports, and about as much labor is required to produce the latter as the former.

A truth lover, D. WEBSTER GROH.

FORESTPORT, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I expected to bring in one or two other subscribers, but they were not ready. I cannot afford to part company with the galaxy of friends that come to enliven and instruct me every week through the pages of your journal.

There are certain phases of extreme Liberalism that were rather displeasing to me at the beginning, but now I find it interesting and somewhat amusing to know that among so-called Freethinkers there are a good many individuals as fanatical and cranky as any to be found in the churches. Giv them a hearing, but do not let them crowd you out of your place.

Now or never is the time for those Spiritualists to show that they hav not been chasing another jack-o'-the-lantern.

The tide is setting strongly in our favor all over the country. Liberalism, Secularism, and skepticism are advancing rapidly every day. That was a powerful and well-directed blow you struck at the registering business; but if some poor, obscure individual had attempted it he would hav failed ignominiously. That was worth more to our cause than all the obscenity trials we hav had or will hav for years to come. JERE. O'BRIEN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1888.

After a skirmish with the election inspectors, and a short but decisiv struggle in the courts, Eugene Macdonald, Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, has established a man's right to keep his hand in his pocket. This will gain him the thanks of loafers. If now he wishes to deserve the gratitude of workers, let him expend a little of his surplus energy in establishing a man's right to keep his money in his pocket. I fear, alas! that he looks upon this as a comparativly unimportant matter.

MR. EDITOR: The above paragraph, which we clip from *Liberty*, has a savoring of littleness about it unexpected to us, emanating as it does from a Radical reformer, with decidedly cultured attainments. Furthermore, it is not logical. Mr. Tucker cannot be so obtuse as not to know that if superstition can be obliterated from the minds of the masses the industrial question is settled at once. Mr. Macdonald, with much trouble and expense to himself, has practically destroyed one of the "Dianas of the Ephesians," for which every true reformer owes him gratitude. It is a landmark of progress. It will not gain him the "thanks of the loafers," for there can be no greater loafers than the generality of the election inspectors, the politicians who make the electoral laws, the priests who teach the obeyance of these laws, or the lawyers who expound them, and it is they who insist upon the raising of the hand, the kissing of the book, and such tomfoolery generally. And it was these whose hatred he long since gained. It should gain him the thanks of every opponent of force. GEO. M. DAVENPORT.

ESCO, TENN., Nov. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I can't get you a single subscriber in this benighted wilderness of orthodoxy. I hav repeatedly offered to lend THE TRUTH SEEKER, but they refuse to take and read it. One of my nephews asked me to giv him a copy, as he was going West and wanted it to read on the way. I complied with his wishes. He was reading it one night before he started, several persons being present, as there was a protracted meeting going on in the neighborhood, when his father, quick as lightning, jumped across the fireplace, snatched THE TRUTH SEEKER, and instantly consigned it to the flames, and exclaimed, "Nobody but a fool would hav any such papers about them!" The son said he "would hav another or die." This is a fair sample of the intelligence of this country. They say they don't want to know anything else but Jesus Christ and him crucified—which I am certain they don't know. The adults of this country cannot be taught Freethought, their brain is so marred by the orthodox preachers by cramming hell-fire and brimstone into them. I hav tried several of them. They cannot understand Freethought. It would run them crazy to charge them with Freethought. The only chance for this vicinity is to teach the young Freethought, so that the brain may form accordingly; and the only way to do this is to let that unruly member loose on Freethought and Infidelity in every crowd of young people you get into, as I am doing, and it will "tell" in the future.

The clergy of these backwoods are afraid of an Infidel, and will dodge and hide if they find out I am in the crowd. I sometimes run on two or three at once, but they don't stand long. They are afraid some one will hear what Infidelity is and what the Gods are not. I hav time and again offered to debate on the subject with them, but they say, No. I say, "Why?" They say, "It will giv notoriety to Infidelity and injure the church." I hav offered to lecture if they would come out and hear me. They say they won't come or let their children come. So you see it is hard to teach Freethought down here in east Tennessee.

Maybe some Freethought lecturer could come this way and make a run on them and get out a crowd. This is all the chance. T. H. BULCHER.

N. B.—Don't publish this, unless you want the Infidels to know what a hard knot Christianity is down in this country, and thereby dishearten them. T. H. B.

COALING, ALA., Nov. 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs. Ritchey's last letter is as pleasant as I could wish. So we are friends again. She says the Israelites suffered from the plague because one man married a Midianite woman. God got mad at this and killed twenty-four thousand Hebrews, yet he allowed them thirty-two thousand of the same nation and never killed any for that. That is consistency for a God. She denies Noah's being a drunkard. If I should kill one man and stop I would not be a murderer, and so on of all the catalog of crime—more logic.

The next is the question where the pagan got his knowledge of heaven, hell, and a future life. She wants me to tell where he got it. It is not necessary for me to know. I know it was a myth the same as the Christian's, and just as good. It cursed them and caused them to persecute and murder one another the same as the Christians.

> Now bid the heralds sound the loud alarm,
> And call the squadrons sheathed in brazen arms.
> Now seize the occasion, now the troops survey,
> And lead to war when heaven directs the way.—*Homer.*

Mrs. Ritchey quotes Herbert Spencer, that "religion, present everywhere as a weft running through the warp of human history, expresses some eternal fact." Yes, that is so, and the history of one is the history of all. But she infers from this that as man has always had such a belief God impressed it on him, and that it is proof of an eternal fact. Man in all climes and all nations has believed in witchcraft, astrology, and magic. Now, according to her reasoning witchcraft, astrology, and magic are eternal truths.

Mrs. Ritchey points to an inconsistency—that if the Hebrews had got their Bible from the Greeks they would hav incorporated their future life. When the old myth was written they did not know of the Greeks, so the new myth, that of Christ, is all that they borrowed from the Greeks and Romans. Can Mrs. Ritchey see no likeness between Prometheus and Christ? Does Mrs. Ritchey think that Solon and Socrates had communication with heaven? Socrates was a better man than Christ, but he never claimed to be more than man.

Now, what shall we say of the next: "It will be readily admitted that the Mosaic laws were not perfect?" God talking to men and telling them his laws, and they not perfect! Mrs. Ritchey refers me to Heb. viii, 7, 8. I refer her to the same chapter and tenth verse, and the balance of the chapter, and ask her if God has filled his promis.

"The United States of Israel is the first republic we hav any account of." Then we hav the republic of Utah! It was a theocracy, a government by the priest, and worse, if possible, than the government of the pope.

I fail to see how the modern slavetrader would be severely dealt with. "Thou shalt buy bondmen and bondwomen from the heathen round about, and they shall serve you forever." "Servants, be obedient unto your masters."

I fail to see of what good the Bible has been to man. We got all science from the pagan, with painting, sculpture, poetry, comedy, tragedy, history, geometry, rhetoric, and practical arts and inventions. The Bible has never revealed any of these things. It has revealed only: Fear God and honor the king.

Mrs. Ritchey says: "Wherever the God of the Bible has been sought after and seen man has been gradually rising in the scale of humanity." The time when the Bible was most honored and sought after was called the Dark Ages. Then they tied women up and burnt them, and this and like practices never abated until the pen of an Infidel appeared on the scene. The nation that honors the Bible most now is the most tyrannical on the globe.

"In Abraham's seed hav the nations of the earth been blessed." I should say, cursed. "I come not to send peace but a sword;" and well the sword has filled its office, for it has shed more blood and caused more suffering than all other religions I ever read of. And then, he said, Only a few would be saved and the many lost.

Will Mrs. Ritchey explain how the devotees of other religions feel just as good as the Christian does with his?

There has been a nine days and nights' revival meeting in half a mile of me, and they only roped in six children, not one of whom could read a column in a newspaper intelligently; which to my thinking proves that religion is adapted to the

child's mind, and to the unthinking and the ignorant. We hav lots of negroes down here. I hav talked to several hundred of them on religion, and I hav never found an Infidel among them. God shows himself to them and talks with them as of old. Some see him riding one horse and leading another for them.

If Mrs. Ritchey was accused of some crime and was innocent, after it was talked over the neighborhood I could take a sentence here and a word there and convict her. That is the way the Christian refers to his Bible.

If John knew Christ and saw a dove descend on him, why did he send his disciples to ask if he was the Christ?

H. J. WARD.

HILLSDALE, MONT., Nov. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find amount due on paper, $3, with an additional $2.25 for books. Please excuse delinquency in not sooner adjusting indebtedness. Accept thanks for the generous continuation of your valuable and ever-welcome paper, the worthy and fearless TRUTH SEEKER. Regretfully I hav not, owing to absence, been able to see a copy for some time past. However, aside from current news, its columns are mainly taken up by articles of a logical and scientific nature, which are as interesting and instructiv after a little age as when first printed.

From observation in general, I think that, considering the impediments, a rapid evolution is being made toward greater mental freedom and a nearer realization of truth and reality; and for the happy and beneficial change the world is indebted to you and such principles as are set forth and defended throughout your publications. I venture to say all that is required of those professing Christianity and believing in the so-called holy Compilation of Mistakes commonly known as the word divine, is an action and determination on their part to rationally and candidly examin, in order that they may come forth properly regenerated, not by fire, water, and credulity, but by common sense, reason, and truth. It is lamentable to investigate the Bible and still be compelled to recognize the fact that its teachings, however absurd and contrary to all reason and consistency, hav exerted such tremendous influence over thronging multitudes and still hold many in subjection. And all because of a false, pernicious doctrin being disseminated among the ignorant and credulous by a horde of dishonest, selfish priests and other interested parties as a true and beneficial faith, that they, a small minority, might gain an ascendency over a vast number of unthinking, superstitious people, thereby securing wealth and power in exchange for imposition and hypocrisy. We find at the present day, by a little attention to facts and conditions, that the most ardent and numerous supporters of the church are those least qualified to espouse and defend a cause bearing a logical stamp. Amid the somber gloom of midnight darkness the Christian faith thrives more luxuriantly than in the bright gleams of intellectual sunshine. The Christian, as other religions, is based on a pedestal of superstition, which is as surely being undermined and destroyed as the intellectual grandeur and efficiency of modern times transcends and exceeds in power and energy the mental stupor and decline of the Dark Ages. Then Christianity predominated, ruled, and waved aloft the scepter of authority. Now science and philosophy hav taken upon their majestic hands the cause of truth and virtue, and it becomes fully evident that the otherwise degenerate and barbaric state of humanity is indebted to science for its brilliant success and mental brightness. Therefore all who are truly interested in elevating and improving the world in mental, moral, and social conditions, must undoubtedly stand on the side of science and liberty. Science, liberty, and progress—these three form the grandest triumvirate, the holiest trinity, that ever was conceived. This godlike trinity, the morning light of all good and noble lives, commands, and will ever receive, the support and approbation of all truly loyal men and women.

FREETHINKER.

DEFIANCE, O., Nov. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The evolution theory is one that cannot be readily grasped by the common mind. A person must be well versed in physiology and anatomy, the science of reproduction and continuation of species, the logic of positiv and negativ forces and cause and effect, in order to fully comprehend the broad scope embraced in the term evolution.

Our knowledge of evolution has been gained mostly by observation. We arrive at the conclusion that evolution is the invisible, unknown law that controls the universe, and is manifold.

Evolution is physical and mental. Physical evolution teaches us that all animal life, as well as all vegetable life, has sprung from one general head during the early age of the universe. A close examination of embryos will seal as a truth that the embryos of all species are at one stage of existence the same. Different conditions evolve new forms, just as a kaleidoscope presents new geometrical forms to view by the position in which it is placed.

Evolution teaches that all life-matter sprung from one general head either by spontaneous generation or natural growth, and that condition caused the changes of form.

Every stage and phase of life evolved by a recognized law of production and continuation from one form to another till a perfect form was attained. This is the "survival of the fittest." That this is the case can be easily proved by referring the doubting Thomases to the geology and zoology of the world. They will find uncouth, ungainly shapes which can now be seen in a perfect form in the bird, fish, or other kinds of the animal family. They threw off all the incongruous parts during the progress of development until the culminating point was reached.

That man has developed from a lower form of animal life cannot be fully established beyond dispute, but by following up the embryotic presence of similarity of construction and continuation, as well as the existing animal propensities of man, we must inevitably arrive at the conclusion that man is the highest type of animal life. That evolution is still at work in man can be seen by looking over the world and the world's history and observing the great advancement that has taken place in the general life of man.

As for evolution in a spiritual sense, well-read persons know that the human mind is capable of being continually educated—that a man knows more to-day than he did yesterday, and will know more to-morrow than he does to-day, and that evolution of the mind or intellect is just as perceptible as evolution of the body.

The spirit or soul progresses from one stage to another, else a man would be as ignorant as a week-old babe. As the body livs always in one form or another, we know no reason why the mind or soul should not liv.

Suppose there is a God? He knew when he made the universe what was to inhabit it and what was to be the final end of it, and if he did not know from the beginning the history of the universe as it has been, is, and will be, we would like to hav some kind theological friend rise and explain why he didn't. He is not an all-wise, omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient God, and should not be called such. If God is everywhere, we know of no one who has ever met the gentleman, as we regard the Bible as not being a reliable authority on anything. We believe that whatever is, is, and was intended to be such from the creation of life and matter from crudity in the millions of ages past, and that it was to be so or it would hav been different. We recognize evolution as the true foundation of creation, and reproduction and continuation of a species, made so by itself, the unknown law.

If there is such a thing as a personal God, we are inclined to believe that he has made a ponderous failure of himself, else he would do some of his work over again. More Christians are becoming evolutionists than evolutionists turning Christians.

U. G. FIGLEY.

ESTELLINE, DAK., Nov. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I do not know that more need be said on the *appendix vermiformis* question, were it not for the intrinsic interest attaching thereto in the minds of those who are really seeking the truth, of whom I am one, and hope Mrs. Ritchey is another. A statement of the manner in which this peculiar structure is believed by evolutionists to hav been formed, I presented briefly in the issue of September 22d, but without adducing special proofs, being content at that time with the remark that such a view was sustained by scientific researches. What some of those proofs are, I purpose now to notice more at length, if the kind Editor will permit.

Evolutionists hold that the life history of a species is epitomized in the embryonic development of each individual member of the species. The organism passes rapidly through the stages of life reached by its early ancestors, and thus presents to the eye of modern science a beautiful panorama of its life history, the wonderful fact being brought to light that each organism passes through an orderly succession of phases representing the forms of life beneath it. Thus the higher form presents the characteristics, first, of an aquatic animal, then of a reptil, a mammal, until it finally reaches the special form by which it is known in the adult state. These undeniable facts must mean something, and evolutionists hold them to mean genetic descent through the several forms observed in the development of the embryo.

From this general statement, upon which it is unnecessary to enlarge here, we pass to an investigation of that particular structure, the purpose of which has long been held a mystery, and which forms the basis of the present controversy.

An eminent biologist affirms, in a number of the *Scientific American* supplement, published several years ago, that the human cæcum, in the early stages of its development, presents the same characteristics as the cæcum of a horse; namely, greater proportionate length, and the entire absence of a worm-like appendix. The end of the blind pouch, he further says, gradually becomes reduced in size, the process continuing until nearly the entire length of what was once the cæcum is transformed into what is described in text-books on human anatomy as the vermiform appendix. If the organ always existed in the adult *homo* as it is found at the present day, what is the meaning of the atrophying process in the embryo? Why was it not formed as an appendix at once, instead of being produced by a modification of a portion of the cæcum? If the explanation I hav given of these facts is not satisfactory, what theory will Mrs. Ritchey substitute to harmonize with, and at the same time account for, the known facts? Or is she content to dismiss it with the epithet, a "knotty question?" Such is not the method of science. It appears to the eye of the biologist as though we inherit first the structures of our earliest ancestors, then the structures of our ancestors in the ages successivly following, the earlier being gradually transformed into the later. I cannot believe that nature is a deliberate liar, or that this wonderful phenomenon is the work of the evil one, planned to deceive the very elect. I believe that the true story of living beings is often to be learned by the aid of development alone. The investigation of vermiform appendices as they are reveals very little about vermiform appendices as they were in the long ago. When the atrophying process is observed to occur during certain stages of embryonic development, "growing small by degrees and beautifully less," until nothing but a worm-like, yet still tubular, structure remains, who can doubt that it is one of the ancient landmarks of the human species?

To my statement that the organ had ceased to perform a useful function, else it had not atrophied, it is objected that this fact, if fact it be, "ought to furnish a clue as to what that use was in the lower animal that has disappeared in the man." Upon the point here raised I do not know what view is taken by men of science, but, as Paul says, will "giv my judgment," and venture a suggestion of my own. On the use of the cæcum in the lower animals, Chambers's Encyclopedia says: "In many of the mammalia, however, and particularly in most of those which are herbivorous, it is comparativly large, and is found to secrete an acid fluid resembling the gastric juice. It therefore appears that where the nature of the assimilatory process is such as to require the detention of the food for a considerable time, this provision is made for it, in order that digestion may be more completely accomplished."

From this its function may be described as that of a secondary stomach. Now, we observe that, in the case of animals going on all-fours, the cæcum, together with the adjoining portion of the large intestin, lies in a horizontal position. Observe, further, that when, on the evolution hypothesis, man learned to walk erect, the position of this organ became vertical instead of horizontal. In this position a difficulty would be encountered which under the old economy was neither met nor provided for, namely, that of forcing the intestinal contents out of the cæcum upward. It seems probable, therefore, that the cæcum was shortened to meet the emergency. At the same time the assimilating power of the small intestin may hav been increased so as to obviate in large measure, the necessity of a cæcum.

Mrs. Ritchey thinks if the appendix had been formed as I hav stated, "it would undoubtedly hav presented such an appearance of gradual enlargement as it approached a gradually diminishing cæcum, as would render it difficult to determin just where the latter ended and the former began." Why would it undoubtedly hav done so? We hav seen that it was formed in the embryo, as I hav stated, and upon this fact I rely in expressing my belief that the transformation in the species was brought about in a similar manner; and if the object in shortening the organ was to prevent the falling down and prolonged retention of the fæces, as I hav above suggested, there would be the best of reasons why it should not diminish gradually to the end, but rather should close abruptly near the valve, as it actually does.

My antagonist lays great stress upon the supposed fact that the appendix is found only in man. I am aware that a statement to that effect has been palmed off for scientific truth, but later researches hav demonstrated its utter falsity. Whoever first circulated the story, as well as those who continue to giv it currency, should be confronted with the following from the English naturalist, Prof. Andrew Wilson, whose remarks, it will be observed, sustain my position on other points involved in this discussion: "At the junction of the small and large intestin of humanity there is found a pocket-like portion, forming, in fact, the first part of the large intestin, named the cæcum. Attached to and opening from this pocket is a small tubular appendage, which, at first sight, suggests a nature of rudimentary and useless kind. That the cæcum itself is of rudimentary kind in man is readily provable. In the hare or horse it assumes an immense size, and it is very large likewise in that near neighbor of the kangaroos, the koala. The explanation of the small cæcum of man and its tubular appendage appears to be readily found, when we take into consideration the development of this structure in lower life. Even in some lemurs, these lower kith and kin of the monkeys, the cæcum is large *and yet possesses the tubular addendum*, a fact showing us that probably the extremity of the cæcum first degenerates, and that the cæcum itself lastly becomes rudimentary as a whole. Occasionally, in man, the tubular appendage of this part of the intestin may present us with a tolerable development; nature in such a case reverting to the primitiv condition. *But as it exists normally in man and the apes*, we simply see in this modified part of the digestiv apparatus an additional proof of the work of variation as that process has operated in the production of the highest forms of quadruped life."

This, as far as it goes, lends support to my theory that the partial or complete assumption of the upright position has been a factor in reducing the cæcum to a rudimentary state.

I said nothing about how long the transitional period has lasted, yet the "hundreds of thousands of years" which Mrs. Ritchey pretends to quote, I should judge to be a not unreasonable estimate. One difficulty with our creationist friends is that they fail to take the facts in their true perspectiv. If we divide fifty million years into one thousand epochs of fifty thousand years each, and imagin the amœba gradually transformed, within the limits of the entire period, into man, the change necessary to be effected during any one of the fifty-thousand-year epochs would be so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. Yet Mrs. Ritchey objects that, "from the first time the surgeon's knife laid bare the mysteries of the human form until now, the vermiform appendix has stubbornly maintained its original size, shape, and position," etc. When did the surgeon's knife first lay bare these mysteries? Not more than a few hundred years ago at the farthest; and not more than one hundred years ago did it do so with anything like scientific precision. We should not expect to detect a change in one hundred years, scarcely in a thousand years. Here is a specimen of parallel reasoning: Ever since the thermometer first registered the degree of heat in and on the earth's surface, the general temperature has stubbornly maintained its original intensity, as if it served not to teach man the lesson of the earth's former high temperature, but instead that the modern nebular hypothesis is an empty dream, unsupported by any fact in nature rightly seen. The logic is as good in one case as in the other; it is worthless in both, the facts not being taken in their true perspectiv.

In conclusion, I shall be grateful to anyone who will adduce facts on good authority, either for or against the theory I hav ventured to propose, as to what has led to the wasting away of the cæcum in man and the apes. I hav no interest in presenting the theory further than that the cause of truth may gain by the discussion of it.

C. L. ABBOTT.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Life Lesson.

There! little girl; don't cry!
They hav broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long-ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They hav broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long-ago;
But life and love will soon come by.
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They hav broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long-ago;
But earth holds all for which you sigh.
There! little girl; don't cry!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Biographical.

TOUISSANT L'OUVERTURE.

In the early history of this country people at the North as well as the South were owners of slaves. It was thought nothing to kidnap black people from their homes in Africa and the islands of the sea and bring them to this country for slaves.

In Somerset, Mass., there lived in colonial times a man of great wealth by the name of Henry Bowers. It is said that he was controling owner in one hundred sail of vessels, yet before his death he became quite penniless, so changeable is the course of fortune. Well, this man owned, or pretended to own—for, as the immortal Paine has said, "man can hav no property in man"—a young boy who had been kidnapped from his nativ land and brought to Somerset. He was an uncommon lad, of great physical strength, and a strong, but, at that time, an uncultivated intellect. He could not bear the thought of being a slave and continually strove against the bondage in which he was held. He became a terror to all the people in the village, so much so that his "master" concluded to ship him to Hayti or San Domingo, where he came from, after which the villagers breathed easier.

It is of this boy that I am going to tell you.

While in Somerset he had learned to read, and, after returning to Hayti, he became a coachman, and from this was promoted to be an overseer of a sugar plantation. He was a pure negro and very black. In 1791 there was an insurrection in Hayti, an uprising of the mulattoes demanding their rights as human beings. The man of whom I write, whose name then was Francois Dominique Touissant, joined the insurrection, after first securing the safety of the family in whose employ he was. He was soon made a brigadier-general in the army, and captured Brandincourt, the French leader, and his forces, without shedding a drop of blood.

In 1793 the island was invaded by the British and Port-au-Prince was taken by them. Touissant, with shrewd foresight, saw that the only hope for Hayti was in declaring in favor of France, because its national legislature had made the island a part of France and at the same time had proclaimed freedom for the slaves there. He had great powers of nativ eloquence and convinced all that his way of thinking was right. Then he was given by the French commander the name of L'Ouverture, which means in English the opening. At that time commenced a real strife, but Touissant was equal to all emergencies, and with his men took twenty-eight Spanish batteries in four days and finally conquered the English forces. Then came trouble between the mulattoes and the pure blacks. This, also, he settled, and in 1801 Touissant L'Ouverture became emperor of the island. A constitution was prepared in which he was declared president for life, and a system of free trade was established.

Bonaparte, proud and imperious, who at that time was first consul of France, regarded Touissant as but a slave who had revolted and led others to revolt, and resolved on his punishment. War vessels and soldiers came again to Hayti, but the island could not be conquered while its brave president remained thereon. So, one night he was seized with his family, put on board a French frigate and carried to France, and placed in a dungeon.

His wife and children he never saw again. In vain he asked for a trial. His pleadings, his questions, all remained unnoticed, and he was subjected to gross neglect.

The keeper of the place where he was confined went away, leaving Touissant without food or fire for four days. On his return the poor sufferer was dead and the rats were gnawing his feet. This occurred in 1803 and his age was sixty years.

How he must hav suffered in that loathsome dungeon! How his proud spirit must hav chafed at his captivity—he, who had felt the power of an emperor, who once rode through the streets of Hayti in great state, attended by eighteen hundred mounted men in brilliant uniforms, a prisoner in a dark, damp, living grave, left to starve and to die, alone and forsaken! It was terrible. He had a great mind and wonderful abilities, and was too noble a personage to suffer the indignities that were heaped upon him.

It is related that sea captains who sailed from Somerset to Hayti saw Touissant after he was proclaimed emperor of Hayti, as he rode in his magnificent state carriage dressed in princely robes, surrounded by his followers, who seemed to emulate each other in doing him homage. The captains could hardly believe the evidence of their own eyes, but they were convinced that he was none other than the little black boy who so independently and fearlessly walked through the streets of the village of Somerset, defying all efforts to keep him a slave.

Avery P. Slade, Esq., historian of Somerset, says Touissant was the first man who ever left that village to sway a scepter over a conquered people. S. H. W.

Thoughts on Thanksgiving.

Having promised you to write something for the Children's Corner, I suppose I shall hav to do so. A year ago I wrote to the Corner and expressed my feeling regarding the national farce—Thanksgiving day—and since then I hav not changed my opinion. Why, does it not seem to anyone who knows something of the outside world—of the misery and starvation, crime and vice—that there should rather be a day appointed of national sorrow than thanksgiving? The majority—the great, vast multitude of humans—what hav they to be thankful for? Shall they fall on their knees and thank Gods that coal is $7.50 a ton; flour, $8.50 to $10 per barrel; sugar, 8 cents per pound; and that so in proportion the bare necessities for living cost nearly double their value?

Oh, they ought to be thankful they are living! No, Mr. Preacher, of the Presbyterian sort; rather no living than such an existence of daily war for a comfortless life! Why should they be thankful? Had they been asked before they were born as to their choice never to exist or to liv a life of shame and starvation, there is no doubt that they would hav preferred rather the eventless nirvana than the sort of a life led by the great multitude of human beings. But this is a rich, a wealthy, prosperous country. Yes, it is prosperous and enriching for the few; but under the cover of sueh prosperity there is hidden a ghost of misery and depravity of which but few who never lifted the veil hav an idea.

Yes, this is a wealthy, industrious, progressing, prosperous country at the expense of the millions of starving and shivering human beings. Mr. President may hav cause to be thankful—at least, before election—at his Red Top, with $50,000 a year sure, $200,000 a year snug bank account, and prospects of a reëlection—yes, I don't doubt but he felt thankful, for such is not the fortune of every human being—but how about the miners in the Hocking valley, who work for ninety cents a day? how about the negro in the Southern saw-mill, who works for seventy-five cents to $1 a day, who hardly ever sees anything on his table but hog and hominy? Don't you think he, too, likes turkey? Oh, it is not for him, is it? Yes, but then why does not Mr. Cleveland appoint a thanksgiving day for the rich and wealthy?

Does it not seem like ghoulish spite to tell this to a poor woman, sewing garters for $1.25 per gross, taking about a week to make two gross? Yes, indeed, she might be thankful, having three or four children to support on $2.50 per week! Or how about those poor women who sew overalls for sixty cents a dozen, or wrappers for fifty cents per dozen? O you great and kind father!—yes, indeed, we ought to be thankful, at least, that you gave us brains to understand your own actions, for otherwise, indeed, we might believe you better than you are, if you really exist. Glorious day—Thanksgiving day!—relic of the Middle Ages—well intended to quiet down the rebelling minds of the crying mass of humanity.

Why, then, this farce? If we all know it is pure hypocrisy to hav such a day, why, then, not abolish it? What is it the business of the president whether I thank God for what I received during the year or remain silent in ingratitude? I should not object if the United States government would send into the house of every citizen a turkey, roasted and stuffed, including all the other little dainties that fill the tables of the wealthy and proud. I would not object, if the times were such that the people had real cause to be thankful, that the government should order a day of universal enjoyment and thanksgiving—thanksgiving not to a heavenly father, but to the prudent and economical government that had caused such a state of things. Till then, away with what every honest man and woman must call a national farce! FRED. L. HOFFMAN.

Waltham, Mass.

Correspondence.

GIDEON, KAN., NOV. 21, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a letter after so long a time. I am a boy thirteen years of age and liv on a farm. My grandfather has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for nine years. I go to school every winter, but I am not going to school now, for my grandfather is sick with the malarial fever.

I will close for this time, hoping to see this in print.

Your friend, as ever, HENRY WATKINS.

CASTROVILLE, TEX., NOV. 20, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I do not see any letters from this part of the world, I will pen you a few lines. I am a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am not a subscriber, but a kind friend loans me his TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator*, which I enjoy reading very much. I hav a large family and do not hav much time to read, but I always find time to read all Liberal papers and books that I can get. There are not many Liberals in this country—most are Catholics here—and we few Liberals do not hav a host of callers. The Christians here, I think, carry their religion too far. In the last election, November 6th, my husband was supporting a man for the office of sheriff; the man's family are all good Catholics, though he does not attend church himself. And these Christian idiots could not find any fault bad enough to bring against him only that he was supported by my husband, and all they had against my husband was that he was an Atheist. And no Atheist, they said, ought to be allowed to hold an office or work in an office. They could not call him dishonest. He was not religious. But for all that an Atheist now has full control of the sheriff's office here, and they are eagerly watching to see how he will treat the Christians. They will be treated the same way that he has always treated them the last eight years that he has worked in the office of sheriff and collector.

I sent for and received a volume of Father Hacker's papers, and Mr. White, a friend, bound them, and now I hav a beautiful volume of the *Pleasure Boat* which the children take great pleasure in reading. It is full of useful reading. I think all Liberals ought to send for a volume. Nothing is nicer for a present for children than Liberal books and papers. I wish you all the joy this world affords for your kindness and nobleness of heart.

With best wishes for the Corner,

MRS. M. I. GALBREATH.

J. W., the generous friend who has sent us two barrels of apples, finer fruit than any that ever grew in paradise, and a barrel of vegetables, will please accept our thanks for his great kindness. The beautiful fruit and vegetables show that they hav developed under the care and culture of broad and wholesome Freethought, and hence are without flaw or blemish. No one has more loyal or truer friends than the editor of the Corner. May they all liv long and prosper.—ED. C. C.

A Dog's Suicide.

A subscriber at Bank Head, Bay St. George, Newfoundland, writes as follows: "A friend of mine had a dog whose name was Bon. Bon was a great pet with his master, who taught him tricks, among others teaching him to count. "Count eleven, Bon," his master commanded, and Bon obediently nodded his head eleven times. No matter what number he was asked to count, he never made a mistake. On one occasion his sagacity was the means of saving a life. A man had fallen through the ice, and as no person could get near enough to render him assistance, Bon's master sent him to the man with a rope, which he managed to tie around his body; by this means he was brought safely to the shore.

Time passed on, and Bon became more intelligent with every year that added to his age. But at last old age came, his coat lost the gloss of which his master had been so proud, his eyes became dim, his teeth to the last one fell out or decayed away. In the olden time Bon's master would hardly sit down to dinner unless his pet was curled up on the rug in the dining-room. Now all this was changed. Bon's uninviting appearance caused him to get much less petting than usual. One day, while the family were at dinner, the old dog entered and approached the master's chair, but instead of being greeted with some word of endearment, he was ordered out of the room.

That evening he could not be found. On search being made, his body was discovered in the water, near the house. He committed suicide very systematically, so said those who were looking on at the time. Having reached the landwash, he waded outward till the water reached above his back, and there he remained till the rising tide came in, and inch by inch crept upward, until the last vestige of him had disappeared from the onlookers on the shore.

Home Instruction.

A little five-year-old girl who lives in northwest Baltimore, the pride of a jolly papa and a devoted mamma, was sent to a kindergarten the other day. It was her first experience at school, but her composure was remarkable under the circumstances. The teacher asked her what she had been taught at home, and she replied:

"I tan ting."

"What can you sing?" inquired the teacher.

"Oh, lots! My mamma and papa make me ting lots of hymns."

"Then let us hear one," said the teacher.

The five-year-old didn't hesitate a minute, but began as follows:

If a body meet a body
Tramping through the snow,
There are no flies on Gallagher
Because he let them go.

The teacher was dumfounded. On inquiry she found that while the mamma tried hard to teach her offspring such melodies as "Beulah Land," the wicked papa's instruction proved more effectiv.

What the Little Ones Are Saying.

Tommy: "My father is a church-member." Johnny: "So's mine." Tommy: "But my father says your papa ain't, 'cos he don't never come to church, nor put nothin' in the collection box." Johnny (bravely): "Well, my papa is an honorary member, and honorary members don't chip in."

A little girl was walking the other day with her governess. They met a man with a club-foot, at whom the child looked a little wonderingly as he passed, and then laughed. "You must not laugh at him," said the governess. "Why not?" "God made that man." "Humph!" said the child, "it must hav been the first man he made!"

A little daughter of a family on Alfred street was teasing her mother, who at last said, hastily: "Do be patient, child. Be patient." "I don't want to," retorted the little girl; "that's what they put in the ambulance."

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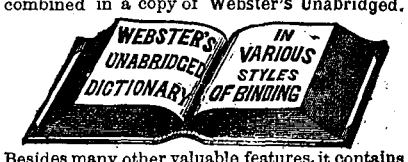
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The Cannibal Maid and the Love-Sick Missionary.

From the Chicago Mail.

A cannibal maiden loved too well
A missionary good,
And he loved her, but dare not tell
His love—for thus it stood:
A cannibal she and a clergyman he,
And their creeds were wide apart;
And how could he take, for sentiment's sake,
A cannibal to his heart?
Oh, 'twas a problem vexing, very,
For the cannibal maid and the missionary—
Indeed it was.

But the cannibal maiden's love grew bold,
For she was a simple thing;
And thus her love to her love she told:
"Oh, marry me! Be my king!
For I love you, my sweet, well enough—Oh, to eat!
'Tis a terrible thing, I know;
But I must be your bride, or encompass you fried—
Oh, I must, for I love you so!"
Oh, 'twas a problem vexing, very,
To the maid, but more to the missionary—
Indeed it was.

He looked in the depths of her dark-brown eyes,
With their wealth of love and trust,
And he cried, in the flush of a glad surprise:
"Ah, well, if I must, I must!"
They were wed on that day; for 'tis ever the way
That passion must conquer creed,
And a happier pair it's remarkably rare
To discover—it is indeed!
And so 'twas settled nicely, very,
For the cannibal maid and the missionary—
Indeed it was.

Lurid Hymns.

From the Christian Register.

The New York *Independent*, in a recent issue, in a notice of Mrs. Deland's striking book, "John Ward," fell into two or three inaccuracies. It describes Mrs. Deland as a Unitarian, and regards her as a child of New England, when the fact is that this lady was born in Pennsylvania and grew up under the influence of a Presbyterianism which is powerfully described in her book. But the *Independent* goes further, and ventures to assert that the hymn,

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,

has not been sung in any church within the recollection of anyone not over seventy years of age, and that the author took it from some "Unitarian anthology of exploded horrors."

Unitarianism has indeed done a good deal to explode the horrors of which the *Independent* speaks; and we rejoice that, largely through its influence, such horrors, metrical or sermonic, are becoming rarer than ever. We are especially glad that our contemporary is willing that this monstrous belief should die out, even if it does not feel called upon to contribute to its extinction. Nevertheless, it must be said in support of Mrs. Deland, that she does not need to go back a hundred years to find hymns as lurid and horrible as that which Alfaretta is described as singing. This very summer a lady attended an orthodox church not many miles from Boston. The sermon was on "Hell," and the text, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." In the course of the service the following hymn was sung:

HELL.

"Hell!" 'Tis a word of dreadful sound;
It chills the heart and shocks the ear;
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

Far from the utmost verge of day
Its frightful gloomy region lies;
Fierce flames amid the darkness play,
And thick, sulphurous vapors rise.

The breath of God, his angry breath,
Still fans and still supplies the fire.
Here sinners taste the second death,
Longing to die, but can't expire.

Conscience, the never-dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart;
And woe and death in every form
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.

The wretches rave, o'erwhelmed with woe,
And bite their *everlasting* chains;
But with their rage their torments grow;
Resentment but augments their pains.

Sad world, indeed! What heart can bear
Hopeless in all these pains to lie,
Racked with vexation, grief, despair,
And, ever dying, *never* die?

Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood.
Oh, let me in thy kingdom dwell,
To praise my savior and my God.

At the close of the service, the lady went to the sexton and purchased a copy of the hymn-book, which proved to be a "Selection of Seven Hundred Evangelical Hymns," by John Dobell, the motto, "None but Christ." The following verses are taken from the same volume:

In vain for mercy now they cry.
In lakes of liquid fire they lie,
There on the flaming billows tossed,
Forever, oh, *forever* lost!

But saints, undaunted and *serene*,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene.
Your savior lives, the worlds expire,
And earths and skies dissolve in fire.

The following, in which the judgment is described, is as bad as anything that Watts ever achieved:

JUDGMENT.

Lo, he comes arrayed in vengeance,
Riding down the heavenly road.
Floods of fury roll before him,
Who can meet an angry God?
Tremble, sinners.
Who can stand before his rod?

Now, despisers, look and wonder;
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart,"
Rattling like a peal of thunder
Through each guilty rebel's heart.
Lost *forever*,
Hope and sinners here must part.

Still they hear the awful sentence,
Hell resounds the dreadful roar.
While their heart-strings tune with anguish,
Trembling on the burning shore.
Justice seals it.
Down they sink to rise no more.

How they shrink, with horror viewing
Hell's deep caverns opening wide,
Guilty thoughts, like ghosts pursuing,
Plunge them down the rolling tide.
Now consider,
Ye who scorned the lamb that died.

We should not hav thought it worth while to reprint these heathenish hymns if the *Independent* had not so boldly declared that they were not in use. We hav felt, therefore, obliged to inform our contemporary what is going on in the denomination over which it assumes to preside. To be sure, our contemporary may claim that no one really believes these hymns who sings them. But this, in our estimation, furnishes a strong reason why they should be left out of the hymn-books they disfigure. In England, the London *Christian World* has lately been obliged to point out the hymns of a similar character which inflame a new edition of the "Congregational Hymnal." We wish that the *Independent* might also speak out with something of the old-time boldness of its Johnson-Beecher days against similar caricatures of Christianity on this side of the water.

Traducing God.

From the Marlboro, Mass., Times.

The arrogant, conceited, and egotistical little self-styled servant of God, who is most fully impressed with the idea that the sanctity of the Sabbath has been placed in his especial care and keeping, got off a diatribe on Sunday newspapers, a week ago last Sunday, in which he laid down this dictum:

By the purchase of the Sunday newspaper the buyer becomes a party to the controversy on the side against God. If any of us hav been on the wrong side of this controversy, we cannot get on the other side too quickly. But some will say, Why, members of the church buy Sunday newspapers. That does not make it right. Church-members may be on the wrong side of this controversy. Church-members may be a comfort unto sinners. Surely they are on the side against God when they patronize Sunday newspapers.

That is, no church-member who disagrees with him can possibly be right. Now, how much more does this opinionated vaporer know about God than the rest of us? He has never seen him, nor heard from him in any other way than the rest of us, and he is no better qualified to tell which side of any controversy God in on than we are. For all he knows they may hav Sunday newspapers in heaven, and the God he claims is down on Sunday newspapers may hav been reading some celestial *Globe* or *Herald* at the very moment his alleged servant was claiming that he disapproved of Sunday publications. You see, it is always Sabbath up there, according to some authorities, and if they hav newspapers at all they would hav to be of the Sunday variety. And really it does seem as though they would be obliged to hav the papers up there. How else can they ever get through the long, long, weary day, with nothing to do but twang away on a harp and sing the praises of God? Of course, they wouldn't hav such papers as we hav—over in hades they would get burnt up before it was possible to read them—but they might hav some kind of a spiritual sheet suited to their spiritual condition.

But this man says he knows God is opposed to Sunday newspapers, because in the fifteenth chapter of Numbers is the story of a man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath day, and the Lord commanded Moses to hav him taken outside the camp and stoned to death. Sounds queer to hear an evangelical minister in this year of grace quoting the old Mosaic law as a rule of action for the present time. Anybody might suppose he had never heard of the late Lord Jesus Christ, and his new dispensation.

Church Exemptions.

From the Toronto Labor Reformer.

The Rev. Mr. Bates, pastor of the College street Baptist church, according to the *Globe*, made a statement last Sunday of the position of that important body on the question of the exemption of churches from taxation. The reverend gentleman is reported as saying: "Baptists hold that church and state are, or ought to be, entirely independent of one another. The church can stand alone. We would force religion on no one, believing that in this perfect freedom of action lies one of its greatest attractions. We hold, moreover, that this view accords with scripture. The use of the Bible in schools we would make purely voluntary, and, where so voluntarily adopted, we would urge the use of the book itself, not a compendium of selections culled from it. The very same underlies church exemption. If we deny the state's authority over the church, so must we also be careful to accept no state favor for the church. Exemption is unquestionably one of these, because it increases the secular taxes and unjustly burdens many who hav or take no interest in religious affairs. Thus it is that an increasing number, especially of the poorer classes, hav come to regard the churches as their enemies and oppressors." We are pleased to read such broad and genuinly liberal sentiments. The exemption of churches from taxation by law is almost the last lingering of the connection of church and state in this province at any rate, and the sooner this link is broken the better for both. The union of church and state has ever been inimical to the best interests of both; political freedom was impossible while it existed, and true religion suffered greatly from the ill-omened alliance.

Aside, however, altogether from the danger which must ever be to both civil liberty and religious truth while any connection between church and state exists, the exempting of church property by law from taxation is wholly unjust and inexcusable. It cannot be defended on any principle of justice or good policy. It is simply compelling one man to help support another man's religion, a proposition so manifestly unjust that the wonder is that the public conscience has not long ago revolted against it.

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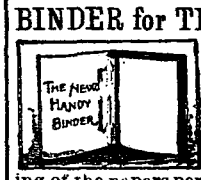
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News of the Week.

NOVEMBER'S immigration was 19,099.

OUR war department expenses for the last fiscal year were $41,165,107.

CARDINAL GIBBONS is said to hav advised the pope not to condemn the George land tax, fearing alienation of its supporters.

THIS country has 2,500 women holding medical diplomas.

IN New York city 1,079,728 persons liv in tenements.

THE railroads west of Chicago contemplate combining.

THE American display at the Spanish Exhibition is wretched.

HENRY GEORGE is meeting great success in lecturing in England.

THE six-days walking match at New York city gave a record of 623 miles.

IT is said that the pope relies on the outbreak of war to regain temporal power.

BRITISH contributions to foreign missions for 1887 amounted to £1,228,759.

THE Italian senate has refused the franchise for local elections to illiterate persons.

BRADLAUGH'S Oaths bill was passed by the House of Lords on the 27th ult.

THE White Caps hav extended from southern and central Indiana and Ohio into northwestern Ohio.

SOME G. A. R. Democrats are angry and talk of forming a separate order.

ENGLAND is manufacturing a gun that will project 4,000 pounds of shrapnel fifteen miles every five minutes.

OUR loss of life at sea, avcraging from 1859 to 1868, 721, and from 1869 to 1878, 365, was in 1886 220, and last year 202.

AT Savannah on the 29th ult. two officers and another white man were killed while attempting an arrest among rioting, drunken negroes.

MRS. PARSONS has been in England advocating Anarchy, unsuccessfully; while Mrs. Annie Besant has been unusually conspicuous in denouncing it.

IN Paris last Sunday 100,000 men paraded in commemoration of Representativ Baudin, shot in resisting the military at the usurpation of Napoleon III.

GERMAN labor societies hav proposed to similar French organizations a compact not to fight in the wars which their governments may make against each other.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Chauncey Depew, and other rich men took part in the conference of clergymen that opened at New York on the 3d to devise means for a grand evangelization of that city.

A REFORMED system of balloting aimed at the extinction of corruption, modeled after the Australian system, which was proposed in New York and vetoed by Governor Hill, will be remodeled and presented again.

ON the 1st Auarchist Hroneck of Chicago was awarded twelve years' imprisonment for "felonious intent to destroy life." He was caught with bombs with which he intended to kill public officials and capitalistic partisans.

THE consulates and citizens of America, England, and Germany on the island of Samoa hav fallen out with one another over the claims of their respectiv nations and a revolution of the natives. All hav armed, and bloodshed may ensue.

RUMORS that the pope will remove to some other country continue; but they are without satisfactory warrant, and as the Roman Catholic canons define the bishop of Rome as the possessor of the pontifical succession it is doubtful that Mr. Pecci would be the pope anywhere else.

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And when Balak heard that Balaam was come, he went out to meet him unto a city of Moab, which is in the border of Arnon, which is in the utmost coast.—Num. xxii, 36.

Gems of Thought.

A DISTINGUISHED English sanitarian has said that he could build a city which would giv any desired death-rate. Side by side with this I desire to place another proposition, viz., that a city might be so built, and the municipality so administered, as to secure any desired degree of morality, within certain limits. Disease is the equivalent of weakness, and induces not only physical indifference but moral apathy. In England the ratio of insane to sane criminals is thirty-four times as great as of the insane to the whole population, and criminal lunatics are in excess in the high proportion of seventeen to one. Physiological unsoundness is moral decay. Personal morality has, in fact, been defined as the highest degree of *mental health.—Frances Emily White, M.D.*

THE weaker the body, the more it commands; the stronger it is, the better it obeys.—*Rousseau.*

THE priests of Secularism will be teachers of hygiene, laboring to secure the foundations of mental energy by the preservation of physical vigor.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Bible of Nature.*

THE Scotch clergy held that no one, on Sunday, should pay attention to his health, or think of his body at all. On that day horse-exercise was sinful; so was walking in the fields, or in the meadows, or in the streets, or enjoying the fine weather by sitting at the door of your own house. To go to sleep on Sunday, before the duties of the day were over, was also sinful, and deserved church censure. Bathing, being pleasant as well as wholesome, was a particularly grievous offense; and no man could be allowed to swim on Sunday. It was, in fact, doubtful whether swimming was lawful for a Christian at any time, even on week-days, and it was certain that God had, on one occasion, shown his disapproval by taking away the life of a boy while he was indulging in that carnal practice. That it was a sin to cleanse one's body, might, indeed, hav been taken for granted; seeing that the Scotch clergy looked on all comforts as sinful in themselvs, merely because they were comforts. The great object of life was, to be in a state of constant affliction. Whatever pleased the senses, was to be suspected. A Christian must beware of enjoying his dinner; for none but the ungodly relished their food. By a parity of reasoning, it was wrong for a man to wish to advance himself in life, or in any way to better his condition.—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

THE population of England at the Norman conquest was about two million. In five hundred years it had scarcely doubled. What, then, does this stationary condition of the population mean? It means, food obtained with hardship, insufficient clothing, personal uncleanness, cabins that could not keep out the weather, the destructiv effects of cold and heat. miasm, want of sanitary provisions, absence of physicians, uselessness of shrine-cure, the deceptivness of miracles, in which society was putting its trust; or, to sum up a long catalog of sorrows, wants, and sufferings, in one term—it means a high death-rate.—*Prof. Draper, in The Conflict Between Religion and Science.*

I BELIEVE in the gospel of good living. You cannot make any God happy by fasting. Let us hav good food, and let us hav it well cooked; it is a thousand times better to know how to cook than it is to understand any theology in the world. I believe in the gospel of good clothes. I believe in the gospel of good houses; in the gospel of water and soap.—*Ingersoll.*

THE progress from deepest ignorance to highest enlightenment is a progress from entire unconsciousness of law to the conviction that law is universal and inevitable.—*Spencer.*

SOCIAL problems should be treated scientifically. If we knew as much about sociology as we do about geology there would be less discontent in the world. If we knew as much about the social system as we do about the solar system, the regularity in the working of the former would in some degree approach that of the latter. If we were as well versed in the science of rights as we are in other sciences, comparativly speaking, this world would be a paradise. If we knew as much about the laws of social conduct as we do about the laws that govern the action of solar bodies there would be no wrong except that resulting from personal turpitude of individuals; whereas now the greatest wrongs and sufferings arise, not from the desire of particular persons to do wrong, but from a very imperfect conception of human rights.—*Natural Rights.*

THE intelligent people of the world, many of them, are endeavoring to find out the great facts of nature that control the dispositions of men. So other intelligent people are endeavoring to ascertain the facts and conditions that govern what we call Health, and what we call Disease, and the object of these people is finally to produce a race without disease of flesh and without disease of mind. These people look forward to the time when there need be neither hospitals nor penitentiaries.—*Ingersoll.*

Odds and Ends.

BOUCICAULT teaches pupils how to walk at his new dramatic school. Boucicault may be getting old; but he still knows the needs of the theatrical profession.

"CLARA," he said, desperately, in choking accents, "one word!" "Certainly, Mr. Jones," she replied, coldly; "one word, and only one; and I choose, 'No.'"

MRS HOCKSTEIN: "It vos Abie's birt'day, Aaron. Vat ve gif him?" Mr. Hockstein: "Wash ohf a vindow-pane, unt led him loogk oud unt see der hoss-cars go py!"

POWDERLY believes in "one-man power," and it looks as if he might some day realize his wishes. At the present rate of backward progress, he will soon be the one man left in the K. of L.

OLD man: "What do you like the best in all the world, Bobby?" Bobby: "Mr. Primrose, the minister. Cos vy, every time he calls to see mamma he givs me a quarter and tells me to go and buy candy with it."

APPLICANT (knocking loudly at the gates): "What, ho! within there!" Voice: "What's wanted?" Applicant: "I want to see St. Peter." Voice: "Well, you can't see him now: he's gone to the ball game."

"How do you feel now?" asked the general manager of a tar-and-feather social, as he poked a handful of feathers between his victim's teeth. "I feel down in the mouth," the latter replied. Whereupon six revolvers were instantly emptied into the same cavity.

BANK teller: "Will you take it as presumption, madam, if I offer you these few roses?" Miss Caramella Goldust: "I don't know you, sir!" Bank teller: "I am aware of that; but you are the only woman in the history of this bank who ever indorsed a check on the right end."

"MOTHER, I wish you would request Ralph Waldo to cease singing." "What is he singing, Minerva, that you dislike so much?" "He is singing a low song, in which one Johnny—presumably Jonathan—is requested to procure his fowling-piece, with a reiteration of the last clause."

"NAOMI, there is one reason why everybody should admire you." "And what is that, George?" "You use only pure English. So many young ladies hav that detestable habit of interlarding their sentences with slang. Don't you abhor it?" "Well, yes," she replied; "it does make me rather tired."

EDDIE, a small boy who livs on the West Side, attended prayer service at an Episcopal church last Sunday afternoon. When he returned home his mother asked him to describe the service. "Oh, the minister just came out in his night-gown and prayed around awhile in front of his bureau and then went back to his room."

TEACHER: "Johnny, I should think you would be ashamed of yourself to run away from school for the sake of floating around in that old leaky, flat-bottomed boat. Weren't you afraid of getting drowned?" Johnny: "No'm; not so much as on shore." Teacher: "What nonsense! Did you ever hear of anybody going out in a boat for fear of getting drowned?" Johnny: "Yes'm." Teacher (astonished): "Who?" Johnny: "Noer."

"TALKING about dogs of keen scent, I hav one that will compare favorably with any of them." "Remarkable dog, eh?" "I should say so. The other day he broke his chain, and although I had been away for hours he tracked me and found me merely by scent. What do you think of that?" "I think you ought to take a bath."

CHARLIE was playing on the lawn; his mother had to call him three times before he came reluctantly into the house. "I am glad we don't liv in Utah!" he muttered as he entered the door. "And why, Charlie?" asked his papa, who overheard the remark. "Because there a fellow'd hav a dozen mothers to be calling him all the time."

"WELL, this do beat all!" exclaimed Aunt Harriet, as they took their first ride on the elevated: "who'd 'a' thought o' railroadin' in the air?" "Sho!" replied Uncle Abner; "my newspaper says that a big part o' the railroad companies o' New York are run largely on water, and that's the kind o' road I want to see afore we go home."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher: "What did the children say to the Prophet Elisha?" Boy: "They made fun of his wig." Teacher: "You mean that they mocked at his bald head. What did the prophet do?" Boy: "He set forty-two bears on 'em." Teacher: "That will do. Where did this occur?" Boy: "On the Chicago board of trade, but there's more than forty-two bears there now."

"OH, Mrs. Watts, you should join our literary society!" "Should I?" "Yes, indeed! We study and learn so much. Last meeting we took up Carlyle's quarrels with his wife." "It must hav been interesting." "Very. Next meeting we shall investigate the private life of Goethe and his love affairs." "How instructiv!" "Yes, and we hav found out everything about Poe's dissipation and disreputable conduct, and purpose soon to thoroughly investigate the immoral actions of Voltaire." "Indeed!" "Oh, there's nothing like a literary society to increase one's culture. You ought to join!"

"GINEVRA," faltered the young man, "I despair of being able to express my feelings toward you as I would like, and I am afraid you will not hav the patience to listen to me. I—I always was kind of slow and bunglesome, you know." "Shadrach," said the maiden softly, but with a perceptible business-like ring in her voice, "if you think you can express yourself in fifteen minutes I will listen to you. I expect Mr. Spoonamore at 9 o'clock sharp." And the young man was just fifteen seconds by the watch in expressing himself. Poor, unfortunate Mr. Spoonamore got left! When he came he was entertained by Miss Ginevra's good old mother.

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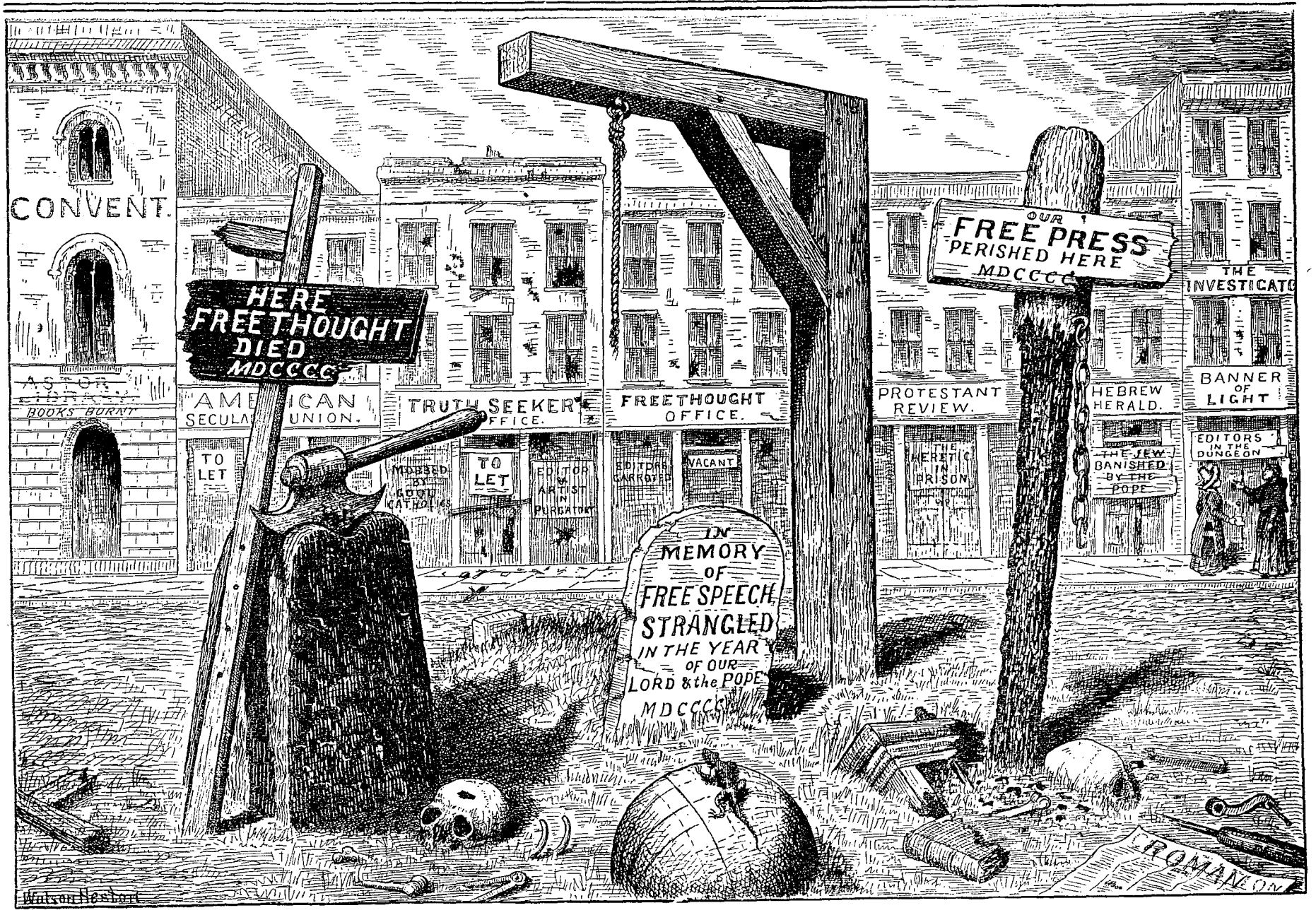
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WHEN ROME RULES.

Notes and Clippings.

THERE is no stinting of the praise that Surveyor Beattie bestows upon the female inspectors in his service. The collector of the port is in favor of the employment of a larger number of women in several departments of the custom house. There is no difficulty in finding such as are competent for the required work.

THERE are a good many of the workingmen's organizations of this city that hav reading rooms or libraries connected with them. In others there are debating or social societies. The advantages thus offered are in some cases well appreciated by the members. The German workingmen are especially devoted to the social features of their organizations.

A MEMORIAL to the late Gardner Earl, Jr., the well-known collar manufacturer of Troy, N. Y., is being erected in Oakwood cemetery, in that city, in the shape of the largest crematory in the world. It will contain two retorts, one of which will be always ready for use. The crematory will be most artistic in design and will be decorated with granit floorings, stained-glass windows, etc.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., is stirred to its depths, owing to the ravages which the fascinating but demoralizing game of poker has made among its most staid and influential men. Poker chips hav mysteriously found their way to the contribution-boxes of the Pottstown churches, and the bobtail flush and the elusiv jack-pot tempt fathers and husbands to neglect the domestic hearth for the heated precincts where the ante lures its victims and the royal flush ruins its opponents.

THE following obscene state of nature described by the Peoria *Transcript*, is respectfully referred to Messrs. Colgate and Comstock:

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees—
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked?

THERE is a German newspaper published at Jerusalem, and it says that the city is growing in size and population at a remarkable rate, which is surprising, because neither its situation nor its trade is favorable to a rapid increase. The Jews take the lead in building, followed by the Russians and Germans. The Greeks and Armenians are also busy building cafés, bazars, and shops.

THE resolution denouncing Sunday newspapers and advising their congregations neither to read nor advertise in them, which was adopted by the Congregational and Methodist ministers of Chicago, has aroused the labor organizations of that city. They say that such action is a criminal conspiracy under the Cole act, which was framed especially against boycotts, and they threaten to arrest and prosecute a number of reverend gentlemen. The labor men are acting under the belief that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

THE fanatical vengeance of some Polish Jews upon a Jewish peasant named Franz Platkowski, who had abandoned Judaism for the Greek church, is reported by the Warsaw *Dvevnik* as having been carried to a pitch of barbarism hardly ever recorded. The victim was decoyed into a wood, where he was attacked by his two brothers and his uncle. After being beaten he was thrown on his back and a bottle of vitriol poured into his mouth and over his face and head. Then his body was left for dead. He was found alive and able to make his deposition, but beyond recovery.

"No man of prudence would make jests on sacred things," asserts the *Christian Advocate*. "It degrades religion in the minds of the ungodly. It destroys conviction in the minds of those who are not far from the kingdom of God. It wounds the feelings of those who love the cause and the word of God. It deadens the religious sensibilities of those who indulge in it." All of which we consider pretty fair reasons for continuing the practice. If religion were out of the world, there would be more room for good works.

"CLERGYMEN in New York are beginning to lose their grip," said the correspondent of a famous English newspaper to a *Sun* reporter. "I hav been cabling across the water now for fourteen years, and I hav had to watch the drift of public opinion very closely. For a long while New York could be depended on to fly into a flurry at almost any time when ministers began to talk. Last week, however, half the clergymen in town utter d the most fierce and bitter diatribes against dancing, and yet not the slightest bit of public attention was attracted by it."

SOME time ago the British Museum bought a magnificent marble bust of the Emperor Hadrian at a very reasonable price. Recently, when the authorities exhibited it with pride to a party of distinguished foreigners, one of them, a member of the Greek diplomatic service, said that he had seen the same bust in the Royal Museum at Athens. He notified his government and the investigation that followed revealed the fact that a large number of very valuable articles in the museum had been stolen. It is said that evidently systematic thefts had been carried on for some time, and some high Greek officials are under suspicion.

A REAL humorist, says the *Sun*, has been found in Turkey. He is the new press censor of Constantinople, and these are some of the orders which he has sent out. They will make the average American local editor feel the value of liberty: "Art. 3. Do not publish scientific or literary articles too long for completion in a single issue. Avoid notice to be continued, which causes uncomfortable tension of mind. Art. 4. Avoid b ack spaces and suggestiv dots in the body of an article. They tend to raise suppositions and disturb the tranquillity of the reader's mind, as was lately seen in the case of the Levant *Herald*. Art. 5. Avoid personalities. If anybody comes and tells you that a governor or deputy governor has been guilty of embezzlement, maladministration, or any other blameworthy conduct, treat the charge as not proved and say nothing about it. Art. 6. You are forbidden to publish petitions in which individuals or associations complain of acts of misgovernment and call the sultan's attention to them. Art. 7. You are absolutely forbidden to publish a word about attempts on the lives of foreign sovereigns or acts of sedition in foreign countries, for it is not good that such things should be made known to our loyal and peaceable population. Art. 8. You must not mention these regulations in the columns of your journal, because they might provoke criticisms or draw unpleasant observations from ill-conditioned minds."

Communications.

Temperature.

Notwithstanding our daily experience amid the ever-varying conditions about us, this familiar subject of temperature has not received its due share of attention.

To observe the mercury rising and falling in our thermometers almost continually, seems to satisfy the general demand for knowledge on this profound subject. Without wishing to know why the days and nights are called either hot or cold, everybody says so, and everybody is perfectly satisfied. Our thermal wisdom seems to end with these sensations. But knowledge does not so much consist in feeling any particular change in the surrounding conditions, as it does in learning something of the causes as well as of the effects. Because everybody knows when it is hot or cold, can everybody tell us why these terms are so used? If we belonged to that large fraction of the animal kingdom known as cold-blooded, these familiar expressions might not find a place in our language. Because the blood-temperature of such animals rises and falls with that of the medium in which they liv, the sensations known to us as heat and cold may not be experienced by them. We are constituted differently. By a process known as slow combustion, our lungs consume oxygen, and evolve a very uniform amount of heat, or, more properly speaking, maintain a very uniform temperature of a little less than one hundred degrees. Below this temperature our sentient nerves must be impressed with the idea of coldness, and above it with that of heat. Then these merely conventional terms, called into use by our warm blood and sentient nerves before temperatures were measured in degrees, hav lost their value in scientific discourse. But they never had more than a relativ meaning, and were always useless without taking into consideration the present temperature of the speaker or writer.

The word fire is another vague and very unsatisfactory term in universal use. It is indiscriminately applied to all temperatures above a red heat, where combustion generally takes place. To be informed that there is a fire in the furnace, is far from warning us against the chances of a boiler explosion. There may be a fire, and there may be a hot fire, because all fires are hot, and still we gain no reliable information by being told so. There is such a vast difference between the coruscations of a bunch of loose cotton, or straw, when on fire, and the melting heat of a compound blowpipe, that the same word can giv no rational idea of both.

But the word temperature, along with a properly graduated scale, defines material conditions from which we are learning the most important scientific truths. That all matter is at all times at some certain temperature, which is constantly changing, is too well known to admit of a doubt. While our daily experience with these fluctuations is limited within a few hundred degrees, empiricism has been bringing to our knowledge a much broader field. Arctic explorations hav encountered more than eighty degrees below zero. The melting heat of iron is about twenty-four hundred degrees above zero. From the fact that the oxyhydrogen blowpipe etherealizes all known substances we are assured that its temperature ranges very much higher.

The empirical science has been able, by the rapid rarefaction of certain volatil substances, to lower the temperature from normal conditions to more than 70° below zero. Sir Isaac Newton determined that evaporation, rarefaction, and etherealization, because they hurry the atoms asunder, lower the temperature in the exact ratio of their activity. He also determined that whatever forces the atoms more closely together, compression, condensation, and consolidation, elevates the temperature in the ratio of gravity and velocity, until the atoms are made repulsiv to each other, when the cooling act of rarefaction supervenes and restores the equilibrium. Temperature is thus seen to be an activ and inseparable property of all matter, which constitutes all we know of the infinit universe. The natural law known as the attraction of gravitation, which should be familiar to us in the cohesion of all solids, the static force of all known substances, the vibrations of the pendulum, and the descent of falling bodies, being another activ and inseparable property of the same matter, it certainly should not overtax any clear mind to discover why the largest planets and the still larger suns are the hottest. And also why the highly rarefied ethereal medium in which our globe is revolving is known to be more than 200° below zero. Since Watts discovered that the force of steam, heated air, etc., instead of being equal in every direction, is all exerted vertically, it must be admitted that the equilibrium necessary to natural harmony is preserved by the resistance of developing heat to the attraction of gravitation, which might otherwise conglomerate the whole into one useless mass.

Whatever condenses matter causes friction, which is known to be the immediate cause of all increasing temperature. By crossing the material rays of the sun, the most delicate form of matter within the grasp of our senses, the sun-glass immediately develops a burning temperature at its focus some two inches behind the lens. Like the Drummond light, which so rapidly condenses two imponderable gases as to raise an etherealizing temperature, the far lighter solar rays make up in velocity what they lack in gravity, and cause a red heat where nothing is visible to our eyes even when aided by a powerful microscope. All metals are known to become very hot under condensation, if only by the slower process of malleation. Ice melts under very high pressure, and there can be no doubt that steel would do the same thing if the ratio of pressure, to degrees of heat required, could be applied. Any force which causes the atoms to rub against each other elevates their temperature in the exact ratio of friction, whether it be slow and heavy or rapid and light.

Because condensation is promoted by the lower temperatures, and this same condensation, which must cause friction, the immediate cause of heat, reverses the operation, the colder and hotter conditions throughout all space are limited. Thus, when any part of space has fallen by rarefaction to that degree of coldness which superinduces a corresponding degree of condensation, frigidity will hav reached its limit, and the activ agglomeration of matter must turn the scale the other way. So, when any part of space, which must long hav been a self-luminous center, of course, has risen by condensation to that degree of hotness which superinduces a corresponding degree of rarefaction, caloric will hav reached its limit, and the activ, ethereal dispersion of matter must turn the scale the other way. Within these limits all nature is constantly building, warming, heating, dispersing, and cooling her parts, whether suns, worlds, or smaller bodies, as quietly and regularly as are the trees in a forest reproduced precisely as fast as decomposition does its work. While the attraction of gravitation in the colder parts of space is crystallizing and agglomerating matter into inhabitable worlds, their crushing centers, constantly condensing under the increasing pressure of radiating columns hundreds or thousands of miles high, are evolving that solar heat which is necessary to surround them with both fluid and gaseous oceans, and warm into existence the races of plants and animals to be found upon them.

In order to fully appreciate and realize the force of these great truths, it is only necessary to know the present conditions within our own solar system. When nature is left to tell her own simple tale, she reveals within earth's accessible crust the unmistakable evidences of growth, amounting to many miles of superimposed strata abounding in the fossil expressions of ages and ages not nearly so highly developed as ours. Nothing but increasing heat within this planet could hav inflected, fractured, shattered, and upheaved every part of this vast rocky wall, and left the evidences of continuous volcanic action throughout these tens of millions of years. Without these countless outbursts of the accumulating heat within, we could not now discover the encroachments of a red heat not many miles from our present surface, and the disappearance of the older fossils among the melting rocks, where the temperature must hav been one or two thousand degrees lower during the ages of their living existence upon earth. We are thus seen to be living many miles further from the center of the globe than were those ancient inhabitants whose fossil remains are disappearing in the molten interior, about as fast as the superficial deposits hav been keeping up the growth of the sphere, and preserving the necessary thickness of the inhabitable shell.

Our moon is known to be the arena of very powerful volcanic action, because its surface expressions point to many earthquake upheavals. It has undoubtedly a molten interior and a very thick, rocky crust. Some of the lower orders of animals may inhabit its shallow lagoons, but its atmosphere can not be deep enough to float rain-clouds over its arid plains. Its general temperature cannot be more than one-fourth that of our globe.

Jupiter and Saturn, our two largest planets, are about ten times as hot as earth. Their crusts are red-hot, their oceans of water and air are commingling in iridescent vapors, and their swarms of busy inhabitants hav been hushed for ages. Surrounded by their young families, called their satellites, we behold these planetary remains moving slowly toward the common mausoleum of our system.

Our central luminary has only reached another step in the normal process of planetary development. His outer wall has melted away and his volcanic action is constantly projecting vast streams of lava and gas from ten to a hundred thousand miles above his general surface. He is now both dispersing and collecting the matter of our system, but will, in the eons of time, develop the fatal temperature described above, when his incalculable material accumulations will atomically become repulsiv to each other and scatter throughout the space from which they are now being gathered. Since planets develop into suns and many systems hav one or more such secondary luminaries, darkness seldom if ever can succeed the expiring central luminaries.

MILLESON.

Chicago, Ill., July 7, 1888.

"Crowning Glory."

A willingness to be humbugged has been a distinguishing trait in humanity through all the centuries; the besetting weakness, indeed, of mankind, making us feel that, as far as "creation" is concerned, man is the "crowning glory of God's works."

Once I saw a crowning glory, dressed in the uniform of a policeman, roughly dragging another crowning glory to prison for having drowned his angelic nature with the "critter" to such a degree as to make himself a public nuisance. A couple of ruder crowning glories one could hardly desire to see.

The official glory struck the other glory a tunk on the head to steady him, at which the drunken glory took offense and with many imprecations gave his brother glory to understand that two could play at that game, inviting conviction with a bite that made his captor yelp with pain, whereat the onlooking crowning glories laughed uproariously, and so much to the resentful disgust of the official glory that he plied his baton with redoubled vigor, rendering the drunken glory helpless and wallowing in the gutter.

A truly disconsolate lot has fallen to the endurance of the large majority of the crowning glories; only a few of them, indeed, having been met with the conditions at all suitable to the majesty and sublimity of perching on the topmost round of so magnificent a "creation" as our great globe and all that it inherits would naturally demand.

Now, don't, I beseech you, attempt accounting for the degrading condition of the crowning glories by pointing to Adam's fall. Confound the flimsy trifle! It won't go down. I can see the curse. But not that one. A drearier argument was never offered to prove a great fact than this pious outcry about the doings in Eden. In private the world laughs at the simple yarn, knowing it assuredly to be not only a weak fabrication, but an impertinence, an insolent, trifling fraud; all well enough for the suckling ages of our civilization, but infinitly ridiculous for the puberty of progress. Pretenses to first-class respectability by money-loving traders—fellows who bend the supple hinges of the knee for thrift—alone hav kept the fable so long looking like a really acknowledged fact; managing rogues with abundant supplies of the good things of life, displaying to less successful crowning glories the manifold blessings of God's approval by presenting themselvs as models of virtuous acquiescence to the "divine plan."

It is easy enough for staid selfishness to be unquestioning in such matters, but when it gets down to gnawing, hell-upon-earth loss of caste, and the dreary blackness of a crust of baker's bread—to be homeless, shirtless, with the abandonment of bitterness that precludes efforts—what then? Yielding to the mental strain of, How long, O Lord, how long? and the ever-recurring question, Why? myth givs way, and the plausible rigmarole of the altar, questioned, becomes torn into shreds and whistled down the winds.

"I cannot steal, and to beg I am ashamed," in the mouth of a man, is a disgrace to the civilization of our century. It may not be creditable in the mouth of any man. But all men, be it remembered, cannot be self-supporting in competitiv life; and for the reason, some minds, by their peculiar construction, are not so prolific of appliances for success as are others; a fact which implies with all the force of a "Thus saith the Lord" that the man with the larger mental scope and ready aptitudes is the supplement of his less gifted brother, besides being an argument no amount of reasoning can push aside in favor of coöperation in society.

The earth is man's and the fullness thereof, is the true text; a corrected version worthy of all acceptance, and which is fast sliding into recognition everywhere; even the Crofters, of the highlands of Scotland, the erewhile crawling, cringing loyalists of the most exacting legalized robbers of Britain, adopting it as the basis of their demands. The universal demand is, Why should I be denied the right to life's enjoyments, as well as the right to dig and to work? Go to, let us hav them. And in this demand and resolution we find the attitude of the age. Civilization is crouching, not in servil submission, but, like the lion, to leap from the restricted jungle, and so reach the light and freedom of unhampered plenty. The day of rights has dawned and men are banding themselvs in holy alliance for self-protection against the Past, its devils and its gods, seeking to share the good things of life through just distribution, knowing that man covets not his neighbor's wealth when having an equal chance to accumulate with others. When not denied the means of living, by working, just as my neighbor livs and works over there, there is clearly no chance for meanness on my part. Our methods of life are false. We liv in a wilderness of lies; stultifying each other by indirection, with the superadded misery of the felt ignominy of wrongdoing. Dishonesty is the master horror of life; and yet it is the last straw sought to be packed on the willing camel of existence; breaking the back of

society every hour. At the same time, why it should be so is, above all others, the vexed question of the citizen. Outside of our conventional methods, man is as understood by the word "angelic." Save in the wildest misery of hunger leaping through the veins, man has passed the filled barn and the teeming orchard of his lordly neighbor for ages; aye doing his oppressor homage when he met him in the way. Mankind will ere long pass the well-packed barn and bursting fruit-bins of the workers, each lovingly saying, I lent my muscle and my skill to garner these edibles along with Tom, Dick, and Harry. This will be done when lordly owners will be unknown through all the land and mankind will hav better claims to being called the crowning glories of creation.

When a man is asked to sit down to so rich a banquet as Christianity offers, with its "Ho ye that thirst, approach the spring," "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden," "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," "If ye being fathers giv good gifts unto your children, how much more will your heavenly father," etc.; and above all, to the ceaseless treasures of the Beatitudes, the adoption of which as rules of action would shut humanity up in measureless content, and then looks around at the sad facts of our civilization, its wastes, its oceans of loathsome wretchedness, its devil's snuff of empty rottenness, what is the conclusion? Why, this: Religion is an open armful of hoax material, a lie, a cheat, a snare, an idiot's dream. What wonder is it that we turn to science with its well-attested truths; seeing in the assurances of evolution, as opposed to revelation, sore labor's bath, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast? When we look at imperial palaces, cathedrals, and the like, we say with withering impatience, Down with the mockeries! We become iconoclasts by the divine right of knowledge, rebels by the test of knowing a hawk from a hen, a diamond from a dab of paste.

If I were asked to giv a reason why marble, in honor of humanity, should shoot up to the skies to hights above the world's monumental names, I should say, Behold the gentleness of the millions of the bygone, bowing patiently under burdens imposed by taskmaster kings, and mind-obscuring priests; the virtues which hav flourished on the barrenness of poverty; the hopeful trust of betterment still shown in lifelong trials; the devotion to principles that has made Christs of whole armies, dying that others might be saved.

Redeemers! The world teems with them. Here, in our generation, millions of them rushed grandly upon the crucifixions of the battlefields; heroes who, when dying, uttered no cry of upbraiding at the sacrifice; no Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani! And if temples were not rent in twain in the throes of their last moments, and no darkness fell upon the world, that which was more immortalizing followed in the wake of their death; a colossal evil crumbled to pieces in attestation of their heroism, giving a moral brightness to our period that made their sacrifice more glorious than the martyology of Christendom.

The Christ can never die but as the fabled bird dies—living anew in its ashes. Like to Bacchus of the ancient Greeks, he is ever fair and ever young.

Woe to the race if but one Christ were all it had to look to for redemption from the deep damnation of ignorance and its concomitants of sinful superstition.

I see Christs wherever I turn the eye to gaze upon them; hear them wherever I turn the ear to listen. Down the long line of the centuries their death-shouts peal like trumpet notes, urging the world to daring for the right. Wherever man has sought resistance to wrong, there has the good Jesus of life been glorified. The Eden of the race is in the better future—the heaven of earth. And to that better future the race will come. Not with the pomp of armies, the roll of drums, and the blare of battle trumps, the neighing of war-steeds, and the thunders that "great Jove's clamors counterfeit," but to the sweet rhythm of heart-throbs of peaceful men and women led by the still increasing witcheries of wisdom. 74.

Le Roy, N. Y.

The Church That Is Wanted.

I lately listened to an uncommonly sensible sermon preached by Rev. G. W. Bicknell, of the Hurd street Universalist church, Lowell, Mass., the subject being, "The Church That Is Wanted—A Creedless but not a Purposeless Church." The text, what the blind man said to Jesus: "Lord, open thou mine eyes."

That, said the preacher, is a common cry to-day. In this time of science and education the soul calls for enlightenment. When, above all things, there ought to be the clearest and brightest spiritual discernment, we find the most spiritual darkness. There are many who, amid the general gloom, get a glimpse occasionally of something better than usually meets their view, yet after a short season of hazy sight all is clouded in. What is the reason of this dismal condition? Why is the cry so often raised, "Lord, open thou mine eyes?"

I offered, said he, as my conviction, that the reason of so much spiritual darkness now prevailing is the influence of creed. Every church has a creed, a creed formulated by the dignitaries of the church in days when only the few were informed, and handed down to the people as authority—given as something that the masses must believe. The older these creeds are the more binding they hav seemed. A creed is venerated for its antiquity. They are credited as the living truth because they come from the dead past—the very reason why they may be doubted. They say to the people in the language of law: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," and beyond them the people dare not go. I acknowledge that a man's assent to any proposition on any subject is in some sense a creed. We all hav our creeds of some sort; we hav our religious, our political, our scientific, our social, and our business creeds—points which we believe. And that is well enough when rightly used.

What I object to is the idea that any man or set of men is authority for an opinion. Against the assertion that any man has a right to say that he is an authority for another I earnestly object and unqualifiedly protest. It is this arbitrary, dictatorial, tyrannical method of teaching, so general in most of the churches, slightly abated of late, that, in my opinion, has caused the vast degree of church failures we are obliged to note. I say, in my opinion. I do not say you must think so because I say so. I do not know; but it is my conviction, and I offer it to your judgment to determin for yourselvs that the bondage of creed is responsible for the want of progress in the church. There has been a little modification in the minor matters of church customs. There hav been Protestants and Nonconformists; but there are the same fundamental principles in the Calvinistic churches now that existed in the Catholic church at its earliest dominion. Had they the power which they want and are striving for they would persecute with as much arbitrary tyranny as ever did the Catholics.

Under Liberal influences from outside, Calvinistic churches hav modified themselvs in the manner of presenting their doctrins, but their dogmas remain, and without important amendment. Their ministers do not dare preach the horrors of their creed, as they used to delight to; they make more of the milder features of their faith, but the intolerant spirit of the system is reflected in their most merciful provisions. The same old claim always comes uppermost: "Thou shalt believe because we say so." And the people lie still, content to hav it so, because they hav not learned that they ought to care to take the trouble to think. For the most part, men do not reason up from fundamental principles. They hold what they are told, satisfied to take their opinions at second-hand. They are Catholics or Calvinists, Methodists or Unitarians, just as they are Democrats or Republicans, because their parents were. They believe as they were born. This is especially true of women; and that is one reason why Catholic priests care more to get the girls than the boys into their schools.

No man has a right to tell another what he shall believe. And yet it is upon this idea of the value of a compulsory creed that the church was founded. It mattered little who you were or what you were, if you only believed. Belief was the all and in all, the be all and end all of religion. And in this the Catholic was as good as the Protestant. The Catholics had a few insignificant ceremonies which you were supposed to observe. They had their few points of doctrin which you had to believe, or say you believed, which would do just as well, and you need not know or do any more. The Protestants hav followed suit, differing only in slight particulars, and those as often worse as better. The Baptists hav stood out independently, they claim, but only in their mode of baptism are they much changed, making their style of administering it the prerequisit to church-membership, if not to salvation.

There is to be another church founded. The church of the future. This soon. The creed will be human character. A church not of dogma, but of righteousness. I know that too many pious men sneer at morals as a means of salvation. They say, "You can't work your way into heaven on your morals." I do not know about that. I do not dogmatize. But I do know this; I know that I know just as much about it as they do. I won't take them for authority. The great sentiment of the New Testament is this: Men ought to believe the truth and work aright. It was this sentiment that Jesus labored to teach and exemplify, and it is this sentiment that I attempt to illustrate. I am against the dark creeds because of what grows out of them. Men get over them generally by leaving their unbelieving friends in the hands of a just God. Their charity is better than their faith, just as their hearts are freer than their heads. (Relating a pitiful burial scene in which a pious sister lamented a wicked brother whom she mourned as in hell:) I could almost anathematize a creed that would fill a soul at the grave with anguish. I pity the drunkard more than I blame him. He goes down in manhood, down in society, down to the grave, the victim of circumstances. We are all us, largely, what we are by virtue of our surroundings. While we commiserate others, as we excuse ourselvs, on account of outward influences which control us, shall a just God who knows it all do less? The Universalist faith has this one thing, at least, to commend it—a feature distinguishing it from the others—it makes the most of the fatherhood of God; it commends all mankind to sweet rest in his loving arms.

The Universalist's is about the shortest creed I know of. But it is a creed all the same. There are those who say: "You must believe the three points of our faith, or we do not want your fellowship." Well, there are some men in the Universalist church whose fellowship I do not want. And in the Unitarian church, which has no formal creed, you may be coolly told, "I do not want you if you believe anything that is unreasonable; if you do you don't know anything." That is just the trouble with us. Very many of us do not know anything. I do not know much myself, but I won't let anybody dictate to me. It is just so with the Spiritualists, who, with all their emancipation from the old churches, hav their own shibboleths and think fools all of those who do not see angels hovering round and hear the voices of departed friends still speaking to them.

And those who are so fond of styling themselvs advanced thinkers—the Materialists—pride themselvs upon their geological, astronomical, and biological opinions, and speak contemptuously of those, as ignoramuses, who do not coincide with them and reiterate the doctrins of Darwin regarding man's descent and destiny. The same self-conceitedness applies to and inheres in them all, and not until we come to respect each other's differences as we were made different, shall we hav a church or a class that is really Liberal. Then we shall fulfil the law of Christ, which is the principle of love. It was that sentiment, and that only—unless we grant him the unfolding of the doctrin of immortality—that he made it his mission to bring to earth.

About immortality I do not now care to speak. I preach a present salvation. We want to be saved in the present. Any belief about the future will not help us much. It can only help us by moral influence, and that is as likely to be perverted as otherwise. A matter that can be put off to some future time is very liable not to be duly attended to immediately. The farther away you put rewards and punishments the less interest you feel in your actions or their consequences. A religion that inspires us to do our duty in the present, that makes us think nobly and act nobly, is what we need. A principle that is suitable to liv by is good enough to die by. The vital question is not, as it is often put, how we shall die, but how we liv. I do not warn you, "Prepare to meet thy God," but be sure to liv godly lives.

The great creed is the creed of righteousness—what we shall do and how we shall do it; in what manner can we most largely develop the best that is in us; how can we most ably assist each other in trouble, and build ourselvs up into what we are capable of becoming. It is not so much our duty to aspire to be angels, as it is to desire to be manly. It should not so strongly engage our ambition to go to heaven, as it ought to demand our energies to do well on earth.

The above report has the merit of serving all alike, and some of it our own Liberals will do well to take home. Unless he can do more good where he is, Mr. Bicknell ought to be on the Secular platform.

Tyngsboro, Mass. JOHN P. GUILD.

Divergent Purposes.

Prof. John Bascom, in the Homiletic Review.

The Catholic purpose in training its youth does not run parallel with our own as a free people. Its schools would make a wide inroad in our school system, and that, too, in a class of our population which peculiarly needs to come under the government of American ideas and American methods. The power of assimilation in an American community has hitherto shown itself marvelous. This power rests very much on our school system, and would rapidly disappear if this system were broken. The integrity of our entire life is necessary for the preservation of every part of it; and we could set no limits to the growing evils of a plausible concession to an alien religious temper. The one thing we are least fitted to do as a people is to patiently hold fast to the terms of a contract, to watch against the slow approaches of mischief, and to reclaim the advantages once lost by hasty liberality.

Pittsburgh's Mistake.

From the Congregationalist.

Other cities besides Boston are wrestling with the public school question. Pittsburgh, notably, is aroused over the presence of a parochial school in a public school building, with only a narrow hall to separate the pupils educated by the state from those whom the Roman church cannot trust the state to instruct. As the Catholics preponderate in that ward, the result has been that each of the four rooms presided over by nuns has fifty pupils, while the public school staff, consisting of four teachers, has only about fifty pupils left to instruct. It is fair to state that the nuns are not paid out of the public treasury, and that the Roman Catholics pay rent for the rooms. But despite these mitigating features, we believe that the Protestants are right in their demand that the buildings erected and designed for public school purposes shall not be appropriated for any private educational ventures, be they Catholic or Protestant. It would be far better to hav the rooms in the public school buildings lie vacant than that they should ever be monopolized by one class or one sect. They would be a powerful, though mute, testimony to the desire and design of the state, that all its children should receive a free, equal, and worthy education.

The American Secular Union.

R. B. WESTBROOK, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - 241 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.
OTTO WETTSTEIN, Treas., - - - - - - Rochelle, Ill.
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"And Still They Come."

BEAVER DAM, WIS., Dec. 4, 1888.

BROTHER STEVENS, *Dear Sir:* Your letters received. The one this morning asks for a donation for helping to lift Girard out of its superstitious rut. You may put me down for $100, to be paid any time after February next.

Yours truly, DR. G. E. SWAN.

The Roll of Honor.

Leonard Geiger, Hudson, N. Y.	$50 00
Samos Parsons, San José, Cal.	25 00
G. F. A. De Lespinasse, M D., Orange City, Ia.	25 00
Wm. Whittick, Dushore, Pa.	25 00
Mrs. L. Geiger, Hudson, N. Y.	10 00
T. K Burrows (per L. G.), Chatham, N. Y.	10 00
John Downes, Steubenville, O.	5 00
A. J. Kraft, Grantfork, Ill.	5 00
Mrs. Josephine Duane, New York city	5 00
Reuben and Sophie Newkirk, Paxton, Ill.	5 00
Francis and Ruth Brettell, Rochester, N. Y.	5 00
John F. Kryder, Alliance, O.	3 00
S. S. Hayden, Charleston, Mo.	2 00
C. Severance, Los Angeles, Cal.	2 00
John W. White, Goshen, Utah	2 00
Daniel L. Evans, " "	2 00
Peter Nelson, " "	1 00
W. F. Freeman, Stockton, Cal.	1 00
Chas. Haas (per W. F. F.), Stockton, Cal.	1 00
Chas. Sherry, " " "	1 00
Harvey Squires, " " "	1 00
W. S. Fowler, " " "	1 00
J. C. Gage, " " "	1 00
T. J. Pope, " " "	1 00
Jacob Grundike, " " "	1 00
T. Morris Perot, Philadelphia, Pa.	1 00

From Leonard Geiger promptly comes a check for $70—the second for a like amount he has handed us within two months, saying nothing of his additional pledge of $100 to make up the $1,000 asked for the Girard College case—proving conclusivly the stalwart enthusiasm those noble compatriots Geiger and Smith feel for the cause in which they hav enlisted for the war. Though orthodoxy may still hold sour and solemn sway in Hudson, it has, through the efforts of these two friends and their generous allies, Burrows, Peck, Wolf, and Harrowitz, become the most promising point in the whole Empire state, outside that gallant force of the Manhattan Liberal Club. Our battle there is no longer a forlorn hope, we are pushing forward to final victory, and Smith and Geiger are also determined that the American Secular Union shall hav a chance to accomplish something.

As the conquering hosts of imperial Rome received their most disastrous check from the sturdy sons of Germania, so in the present the pretentious cant of Presbyterianism, which seeks to enslave by ecclesiastical law, and the insidious but not the less to be dreaded encroach of modern Romanism, are meeting their most spirited opposition from those of Teutonic extraction, who are everywhere the leaven of liberty. It was a great pleasure again to meet Brother Geiger and his amiable helpmeet, Mrs. Geiger, who redeems her pledge of $10 at the Congress. Her thorough sympathy with Secularism reflects credit on her intellect as well as her heart. She adds hope, kindliness, sunshine, and noble aspirations to the manly heroism of her gallant partner.

To Brother Burrows we send our kindest greeting and fervent thanks for his welcome contribution. Another thoroughgoing Liberal added to our ranks.

Dr. De Lespinasse's interest and generosity deserve especial mention. He is fully alive to the necessity of organization to counteract organization, and the wisdom of furnishing means for Secular agitation. He is an acute reasoner, a scholarly man, having deep penetration into men and their motivs; is a thorough Rationalist, a student of social economics—and a nativ of Holland, where, after a most terrible struggle, they hav triumphed over ecclesiasticism, and at last hav five of our Nine Demands in their laws. Friend De Lespinasse traveled some fourteen hundred miles to attend the congress. Notwithstanding his open and avowed Radicalism, he is highly respected in the community in which he livs, and has acquired a nice competence.

Brother Whittick, of Dushore, we regret to learn, is liable to leave for Europe with his wife, where she is to try to regain her drooping health. This noble pair are both life-members, and those acquainted with their splendid enthusiasm for the cause will deeply regret that we shall be denied the privilege of his superintendence of the Secular interests in the state of Pennsylvania, where, on account of his selection, we hav had great hopes of the Keystone state. A speedy recovery and safe return is the sincere wish of the secretary.

A. J. Kraft is full of splendid impulse and has given a glow of intensity and determination to our labors in Madison county, sending out leaflets and literature in his neighborhood, and elevating our standard with sturdy bravery. He writes:

Dear Friend Stevens: Sorry I could not attend congress, but my mind was with that noble band. . . . You hav done all that was possible, and more than ever was expected, so accept my congratulations. Read *Ironclad Age*, but know you too well for it to jar my judgment of you. . . . Hope we shall make up enough to redeem Girard College from the sky-pilots who are making it a sectarian institution. . . . Willing to stand levy any time you call on me.

Yours truly, A. J. KRAFT.

Brother Downes is a clerical-looking gentleman who attended the congress, having for years taken an activ interest in the Freethought cause and the work of the Secular Union. Being a "knight of the road"—not a highwayman, but a "drummer"—he must hav splendid opportunities for interesting *contretemps* with the preachers, who certainly would mistake him for one of their cloth. When "on the road" the writer used to enjoy them hugely.

Mrs. Josephine Duane is one of the "old guard" in the work for reform—ever looking forward with confidence. For years her contributions hav been a benison to help bridge the ugly chasm of indifference to the cause of mental liberty.

A noble pair are Francis and Ruth Brettell, who are a unit against orthodoxy and loyal to the cause. Rochester was a field of brighest promis, ruined by parasites on the movement. However, there is still hope for the Union, and ere long we hope to see a stirring band of interested, self-sacrificing workers. Among those will be found the Brettells.

Of the same warm-hearted stamp are our Paxton friends, Reuben and Sophie Newkirk, whom we greeted with pleasure at the Chicago congress, marking their oneness of conviction and sympathy for the American Secular Union. They must enjoy life indeed who know no fear and learn to look on the bright side of things. The "consolations" of orthodoxy are a nightmare to the sensitiv mind. Their letter closes:

May it help spread the gospel of humanity. You hav done a noble work the past year, and hope you may be spared many, many years to help the good cause. Think the Union has a splendid corps of officers, and no doubt much good will be done. Yours for the truth,

REUBEN AND SOPHIE NEWKIRK.

Brother Kryder, of Alliance, is made of the sturdy mold—is thoroughly activ and earnest and will see that justice is done. Where there are no axes to grind all are satisfied.

Brother Hayden has had a hard pull physically, and on account of his health wishes to settle in southern California. He is an ex-minister, and a dentist by profession, and desires to locate among Liberals where he could make his living by his profession and tender his services on the platform. He certainly ought to hav plenty of calls for such an offer.

From the "City of Angels" we receive a contribution, the contributor being the well-known, bright, crisp correspondent of THE TRUTH SEEKER, C. Severance. We are half convinced there are "angels hovering round."

Mrs. Parker, the efficient secretary of Anaheim, forwards her good wishes for the future and a donation. Mrs. Parker is a host in herself when Liberal work is to be done.

Brothers White, Evans, and Nelson are among our steadfast friends, and with such the American Secular Union need not fear or falter. We send them (metaphorically) a hearty "shake."

Mr. Perot was enrolled by President Westbrook, and is much interested. He is likely to become a life-member.

The new executiv committee for the Golden state, W. F. Freeman, realizing that the first thing necessary was funds, in his usual practical way went at it. We would whisper to others, "Do likewise." Our Stockton friends, individually and collectivly, deserve our sincere thanks.

IMPORTANT.

Would it not be well for the Liberals of the Northwest to meet in Chicago to devise plans for more perfect organization for legislativ work? How many would attend about the time of the Paine anniversary? We could hav a splendid corps of speakers, and if one hundred will pledge to attend from outside our neighborhood, we will secure reduced fares. How many will come to the Freethought feast? We do not want such a meeting unless it is well attended. We might include some states not strictly Northwestern. Let us hear from friends in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Sit down and write, if you desire such a meeting, while it is in your mind. No time for delay.

In this matter I am prompted by the activity of the clans in California. Under the leadership of *Freethought* they appear to be determined to hav a glorious gathering in the Golden state, where they hav sent out petitions containing the Nine Demands and the following practical address:

The undersigned citizens of California, realizing that the safety of republican institutions is imperiled, the advance of civilization impeded, and the most sacred rights of man infringed by the least interference of the state in matters of religion, and believing, with the founders of the republic, that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," hereby invite the Freethinkers and Liberals of California to meet in convention at Irving Hall, San Francisco, Sunday, Jan. 27, 1889, at 10 o'clock A.M., for the purpose of forming an auxiliary association of the American Secular Union, to help secure throughout the country practical compliance with the above Demands of Liberalism.

A SECULAR CRUSADE AGAINST GIRARD COLLEGE.

Our friends will remember that at the recent Congress of the American Secular Union it was resolved to call upon the Liberals and Secularists of the United States to subscribe sufficient to defray the running expenses, literary propaganda, and also for an aggressiv crusade to restore Girard College to the secular standard indicated by the will of its founder.

All true Secularists, all lovers of justice, feel that the time has arrived to act, and to act determinedly and resolutely. An enterprise such as the restoration of Girard College to the course of instruction contemplated by the noble-minded Freethinker to whom it owes its existence is one which must commend itself at once to the approval of all who are in sympathy with the Nine Demands.

It is scarcely necessary, therefore, to emphasize the importance of this matter, or to point out the many reasons which imperativly urge the task upon the American Secular Union, the only guardian of mental liberty in the land. For the benefit of those, however, who may not hav given the subject serious attention, I will merely refer to a few of them.

In the first place, there can be no question of more vital importance than that of securing Secular education. Every effort to thwart this is momentous, an obstacle to our movement, a menace that should be met. That an institution conceived and founded in the very spirit of modern Secularism has been diverted from its original purpose and converted into a medium for ecclesiastical propaganda is surely sufficient to arouse from their lethargy the Liberals of every shade, and a justification for decisiv action on our part.

Again, as Dr. Westbrook has ably pointed out in his work on "Girard's Will," the fact that sectarianism has been able to so successfully evade the conditions imposed cannot fail to produce a discouraging effect upon other public-spirited and generous-hearted Freethinkers who might otherwise feel disposed to endow similar institutions. What security, what guarantee, is there that any testator's wishes shall be respected, when the positiv and unequivocal expressions of Stephen Girard hav been thus wantonly and grossly disregarded?

On the other hand, if Secularism can demonstrate its ability to successfully combat sectarian subtlety and ecclesiastical encroachments, it will inspire with confidence any who should be inclined to follow in Girard's footsteps. Thus a twofold purpose might be achieved. Girard College once rescued from the hands of the Philistines, or rather the Pharisees, similar institutions would certainly follow in the wake.

But the strongest argument in favor of action upon this matter by the American Secular Union is the immense impulse, the prestige, and numerical accessions to the cause of mental liberty which can not fail to follow it.

While the American Secular Union is to-day stronger than it has been for some years, we regretfully admit our insignificance compared with opulent orthodoxy; but if we challenge the trustees of Girard College to "giv an account of their stewardship," and evince a determination to fight—even to the United States court—for the vindication of the chivalrous spirit and noble generosity of Stephen Girard, we shall demand such recognition as an organization as will strike dismay and terror to the desecrators of the dead. Doubtless there are thousands throughout the land whose thoughts and sentiments on this question are identical with ours, whom every Liberal should endeavor to reach, who will gladly flock to our standard and bring to us their encouragement and financial coöperation. For, in order to commence this Secular crusade, we must hav money—the sinews of war must be furnished.

Modern crusades are conducted upon a strictly cash basis. It is often said that the pen is mightier than the sword—it may be, but in this age dollars are mightier than either. It takes only a comparativly small amount to carry through a just cause, while an unjust one has to pay in proportion to its dishonesty. In that is our only consolation, for we must admit that money largely controls the intellectual forces of our time. Men speak for money, write for money, and fight for money. Therefore the American Secular Union has no alternativ—the choice of weapons is not accorded us—we must meet the enemy on his own terms. May this appeal meet with a prompt, cheerful, overwhelming response. Let all contribute according to their ability. Those who can afford should giv $1,000, and scores can easily spare $100, but if they can't do either, let them send $25 or even $5. *Don't fail to do something.* We had anticipated that $1,000 would start the proceedings, but President Westbrook assures me that he must hav $2,000 as soon as possible. Our president has spent two years of arduous study and labor on this question, has written and lectured extensivly, and expended over $500 in cash and is willing to do more, so we should go into this crusade with a stern deter-

mination to Secularize Girard College, and purge it of its orthodox incubus.

Recalling the spirit—not the purpose—which actuated the Crusaders of old, their enthusiasm, their sacrifices, their loyalty to the cause they espoused, shall we be less inspired for a more exalted purpose? Shall not their devotion be ours? And even as all their aspirations were centered on rescuing the holy sepulcher, so shall those of the Liberals of the United States be centered upon the restoration of the noblest charity known to man—Girard College—to pure Secularism and pure morality.

From the generous-hearted, gallant John E. Remsberg comes a magnanimous proposition to start the crusade and pay all his own expenses in the warfare. Hark to the bugle blast:

OAK MILLS, KAN., Dec. 3, 1888.

MY DEAR STEVENS: The American Secular Union announces its intention to attempt to rescue Girard College from ecclesiastical domination. The undertaking is a laudable one and at the same time a most difficult one. A robber seldom surrenders his plunder until overpowered and compelled to relinquish it. The Christian city of Philadelphia, the custodian of Girard's bequest, backed by the Christian commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizes and upholds this outrage, and will, doubtless, do all in its power to perpetuate it. But even if the Union does not succeed in wresting this institution from the clutches of priestcraft, it can show the world that a great theft has been committed, and it can expose the thief. I wish to contribute something toward this work, and in lieu of more substantial aid I desire through you to make the following proposition: I will deliver four lectures—one in Chicago, one in St. Louis, one in New York, and one in Philadelphia—if the Liberals of these cities will raise $100, $25 for each lecture, this money to be paid into the treasury of the Secular Union and used for the purpose named.

Yours very truly, J. E. REMSBURG.

Brother John can count on Chicago, sure. Who's next? E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

Gathering Experience.

HIAWATHA, KAN., Dec. 5.—If the inspiration of Mr. Putnam's prophecy was not from experience, I should think there must be something of the supernatural about it.

The good people of the American Secular Union whom I met at Pittsburgh will not be surprised to know that my work in the West is not only to conquer foes, but "friends" as well. The adage, "All is not gold that glitters," has a most fitting application to a numerous class of pretenders who are known as "Infidels."

There are a class of progressiv Liberals who may properly be termed Secularists, and whom the church fears or respects too much to brand with the old epithet of "Infidel."

I tell you, friends, it does one's soul good to find a real, live Liberal after wandering among the ruins of orthodoxy.

Jonathan Scott, of Morrill, is one of these. We find on his table all the fresh Secular documents, and in his library a collection of choice books, old and new, showing the reader to be content to stop his researches only when time and age shall close his time of life. Mr. Scott is known and feared far and near for his uncompromising attacks upon the old faith.

Robinson is noted for its few and fearless citizens. Mr. Jas. T. Pomroy, the postmaster, and a dealer in hardware, is the life of the town. He is a Unitarian by faith, hence a good Secularist. He, with Dr. Semaster, made the arrangements for my lecture at that place.

"Secularism: Its Aims and Advantages," was my subject for the evening. The Opera Hall recently completed is a credit to the place. At 8 o'clock there were but few people present, but a few minutes more showed that the people generally were willing to listen to both sides, and a comfortable number of ladies and gentlemen greeted me. The best of order and good attention prevailed. I called for a reply. No one responded. Now, I cannot say if this was because there was nothing to answer or because my discourse was unanswerable; but I really felt disappointed that no reply or criticism was offered after my talk of one and a half hours. However, I am quite satisfied with results at Robinson.

The invalid but genial hotel-keeper, Mr. J. S. Draper, is a man of wide views, and has recently emerged from the mysticisms of the gospel into the light of reason. All he lacks is to hav his name transferred from the Methodist Episcopal church book to the list of subscribers of some Liberal paper that he may know the way of real salvation.

Thomas Payne, not a relativ of the immortal hero and author, but a brother-in-law to J. E. Remsburg, resides at this place; and, for some reason, he and his family appeared not among that intelligent audience.

Henry Williams, Dr. Jas. Gafford, and M. C. Parley, the United Brethren minister, were introduced as the leading men of the town.

I found this preacher a very amiable gentleman; and the strangest incident is in the fact that he forgot to attend the lecture until it was too late.

Robinson is a good point, and I hav hopes of forming a Union there before the winter closes.

I go now to Sabetha, a stronghold of the faithful, thence to Seneca, where the United Independents are holding up the colors.

May peace and prosperity bless the labors of THE TRUTH SEEKER family, is the wish of him who subscribes, D. G. CROW.

In the Field Again.

GRANTFORK, ILL.—I left home November 22d, feeling glum, sour, and discouraged, as I had only two definit lecture engagements—Beaver Dam, Wis., and Pocahontas, Ill.—and there was some reason for feeling blue when I realized that six hundred miles intervened between these places. On the route to Beaver Dam I stopped at Mauston, Wis., and met with "Uncle Billy" Holgate, an old veteran of Freethought. He is eighty-one years old, but most a jolly old fellow. He has been reading the *Investigator* more years than I am old, and has read THE TRUTH SEEKER for about ten years.

I reached Beaver Dam, where I made an effort to speak Saturday night and Sunday, November 24th and 25th. Beaver Dam is a very beautiful and very wealthy city for its size, and there are some very earnest Liberals there—Andrew Willard (who says his Infidelity has never injured his business), Dr. Swan, B. Thorpe, and Mr. McMullen—but I left Beaver Dam if anything more discouraged than when I reached there; in fact, I did not know whether I was going to be troubled with dyspepsia or Presbyterianism.

I went from Beaver Dam to Mazo Manie, Wis., and found John Leitch and O. B. Hazeltine about the only Liberals in that place. I was the guest of Mr. Hazeltine for a few days, and Mr. Leitch worked up a lecture for me on Friday night, November 30th, and did very well for me, far better than I expected.

Mazo Manie is decidedly orthodox—so much so that the "good people" thought they were doing God good service by destroying the bills I had tacked up. But to counteract that kind of work, Mr. Leitch made us some paste, and we stuck the bills on the boards—and if some pious Christian has not destroyed them, they are sticking there still.

I reached Chicago Saturday morning, December 1st, and an earlier hour than good breeding would allow found me standing at the door of 16 Union Park place, the home of the secretary of the American Secular Union. I think Mr. Stevens neglected much of his work to show me around the town, which, for some unaccountable reason, all Chicago people are so proud of—as though I had never before seen an overgrown village. Mr. Stevens just walked, walked, walked, until I thought, as good a walker as I fancied myself to be, that my legs were about walked into nothingness. However, I hav the satisfaction of having a good bill against him for sole-leather—the legs are young and green and will grow again.

Sunday morning we went to hear Professor Swing preach. From Mr. Swing's great reputation, I expected to hear a very fine orator, but was very much disappointed. His discourse was scholarly, but his utterance was not good—in fact, his delivery is very dull and prosy.

But something different from dull sermons and stale prayers was given at the Forum Sunday night. With great pleasure and satisfaction did I listen to that inimitable little woman, Mrs. M. A. Freeman, deliver her superb lecture, "Cross and Crown." The Forum was completely filled with eager listeners, and Mrs. Freeman received round after round of applause. Mrs. Freeman can draw a larger house in Chicago than any other lecturer except Ingersoll.

In introducing her Brother Stevens said, pointing to a unique floral design representing "cross and crown:" "Mrs. Freeman has nobly devoted her splendid talents to popularize Freethought in Chicago, and has often lectured for us when her health could scarcely endure it, and in that way she bore the cross of our cause, but I am glad to say that the cross has not been without its compensation, for her talents hav made her a national reputation, and we are now ready to crown Mattie A. Freeman queen of the Freethought platform." And had he said queen of the American platform, he would not hav said amiss.

The local Union of Chicago may well be considered the vertebra of the American Secular Union. The Forum is making its influence felt, and there is no reason why it should not, for the mental food one gets there is the best that can be procured. I noticed by the program that Oscar De Wolf, M.D., health commissioner of the city of Chicago, and a man who has both a national and an international reputation as an authority on sanitation, lectured for the Union the Sunday previous on the subject, "Woman as the Sanitary Guardian of the Home." Next Sunday Brother Stevens lectures on "Romish Rubbish."

From Chicago I came to Grantfork, Ill., where I am making my home with that prince of jolly good fellows, Anton J. Kraft, until after my engagement at Pocahontas the 13th, 14th, and 15th of December. As soon as I get rested Mr. Kraft thinks we can go to some of the neighboring towns and crucify some of the Christians.

Mail addressed to me at Grantfork, Ill., will be promptly forwarded. GEO. H. DAWES.

Dec. 4, 1888.

W. S. Bell in Texas.

On the 16th of November I left Chicago for Texas. The ride of about twelve hours between Chicago and St. Louis was delightful, as the weather was charming, and the Chicago and Alton railroad is, I think, the smoothest of all the roads leading out of the Garden City. I cannot say as much for the next twelve hours' ride over the Iron Mountain road to Texarcana. It is quite a rough and uncomfortable road, and the conductors are not any too polite. Our train being late, I was compelled to remain over night at Texarcana, a most forlorn-looking place. I think I never ate worse-cooked meals than I did there.

After a ride of about six hours, Sunday, November 18th, I reached Sherman, and was met at the station by Mr. Louis C. Gilmore, who conducted me forthwith to the court-house, where an audience was awaiting me.

L. E. Gilmore, Dr. Rucker, and Mrs. Scott are the workers in the Liberal cause here.

From Sherman I went to Roanoke, to find when I got there that no arrangements had been made for lectures. "Too much rain and mud." And so I had to postpone my Bell-ringing until a later date.

My next place was Norse, nearly a hundred miles away—and worse still, it was nine miles away from the railroad. When I reached Clifton, ahead of time, I found our good friends, Mr. W. J. Ball and wife, good Liberals, who made me welcome to the good cheer of their happy home. Mr. Ball is a station-agent, a genuin Southerner, and his wife a splendid type of the Southern lady.

I was entertained by them two days and two nights—just two-thirds of the length of time the whale entertained Jonah. However, we hav no reason to believe that the whale invited him to drop in on his way back, or that Jonah had any joyful recollections that made him hanker after another such entertainment. But I, on the contrary, was cordially invited to make my abode with them the next time I came to Texas. It is hardly necessary to say that I shall be glad to do so, although the chickens and the orthodox will scorn the sight of me.

Mr. T. Theo. Colwick came from Norse to convey me there over rough roads. The nine miles seemed long, even though Mr. Colwick is good company. And what was still more irksome was to ride three miles after supper, in the dark, over rough roads, and the buggy every now and then threatening to tip over; and after the lecture to take the same three miles again. "Oh, how I would like to be a Liberal lecturer!" I think I hear some one say. Well, you can hav my place. Lecturing is like going to war, filled with patriotism; there is lots of glory in it, but not many shekels. My audience was good at Norse. I had about fifty persons, mostly young men, who nearly all were eating nuts when I entered the schoolhouse, but everyone was attentiv during the lecture.

From Clifton I had an all-night's ride over the Santa Fé railroad to Columbus. The gentlemen who arranged for my lecture at this place are Mr. James A. Toliver and Mr. Ike Towell. I was entertained by the former gentleman and his good lady with attention. My three lectures were well attended, and created considerable discussion among the townspeople.

I had a long ride from Columbus to Jacksonville. Last night I gave my first lecture in Jacksonville, which was well received.

From here I go to the following places in the order named. I cannot giv dates:

Texas: Bowie, Vernon, Roanoke, Gainsville, Sherman, Trenton. Then to Springfield, Mo. Kansas: Leon, Windom, Lebo, Bond. Missouri: Rockport, Graham. Iowa: Guthrie Center and Bristow. I shall not return to Chicago before New Year's.

W. S. BELL.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. JAMIESON will deliver lectures during December and January in Nebraska—Lowell, Newark, and Newbolds nine nights, commencing December 13th. Address at Lowell, Neb.

PRESIDENT WESTBROOK is hard at work on the Girard will perversion case, and will soon furnish the information asked for in the resolution adopted by our recent congress. He recently lectured in a Quaker meeting-house in Philadelphia on the principles of our Secular Union, before one of the oldest and largest literary societies in that city, and his lecture was received with great favor. He has also lectured before this society on the Girard will perversion. He has promised to lecture on the church-and-state question before Friendship Liberal League early in December.

The Animal who Edits the Mail and Express.

From the Toledo Commercial.

There are external evidences going to show that Elliott F. Shepard, the gospel editor of the New York *Mail and Express*, is an ass.

From the Courier-Journal.

When Satan begins to toast the small soul of Editor Shepard it will begin to understand that quoting scripture and practicing scripture are not at all the same.

Communications.

Sheba.

Just where the kingdom, or queendom, of Sheba was located I am unable to tell, as the Holy Queer does not state, and no map that I know of shows the "lay of the land." But that there was such a queendom somewhere to the sou'-sou'-west by nó'th, or nor'-nor'-east by sou' of Jerusalem, or over against the thumb hand border thereof, is proved by the fact that Her Royal Nibs, the queen of said queendom, once on a time paid King Solomon a visit, which became in time, and so remains to-day, the most famous of the visits of royalty, not excepting that in which figured the famous "field of the cloth of gold."

Concerning the name, age, and personal appearance of the queen of Sheba nothing is said in the H. Q., everything being left to the imagination, and my own able-bodied apprehension of unseen materialities, real or ideal, enables me to picture a roly-poly queen of forty, an oliv-tinted, well-developed specimen of femininity, with a wealth of hair in luxuriant tresses shaming the raven's wing in ravenness of hue; great ox-like orbs, than darkest night far darker they, soft, dreamy, languid, lazy orbs when in repose, but harboring within their depths fierce fires of passion, rivaling the play of lightnings, when roused the dander of Her Royal Nibs; *nez retrousse*, with nostrils sensitiv as aspen leaves—perchance a gorgeous hoop of gold suspended from the cartilage; mouth exquisit, with lips whose hue our very "Jacks" might envy, two rows of brightest pearls within contrasting with the ruby portals of that mouth, to kiss, or to be kissed, by which must hav been bliss of an all-wool variety! A dimpled chin—but why continue only to arouse a hopeless love? Suffice to say that, with her beauty dark, her embon point, not lacking regal *chic*, albeit she was no chicken, her No. 3 boots, her jewels rich and rare, and pearl-trimmed robes of royal purple, she was a Daisy from Daisyville, and don't you forget it!

It appears that H. R. N.—Her Royal Nibs—had heard much of Solomon's exceeding wisdom. Not taking stock in hearsay, she packed her trunks and, with a large basket of the hardest kind of nuts to crack, set out by fast camel express for Jerusalem, resolved to see for herself if Sol was the man he was cracked up to be. Of course she traveled in state, on her own private camels, having a train of these animals that was wonderful to behold, so great was it, and so gorgeous were the trappings of the wonderfully enduring, but ungainly beasts; then there were the pack-mules bearing spices, gold, and precious gems to be presented to Sol—"greasing a fat sow's back" was the custom then as it is now, it would seem.

Well, after Sol had shown H. R. N. the elephant, so to speak, cracked all the nuts she had brought to vex him, without half trying, she owned up like a little man that he was a bigger mortal than he had been painted, twice over, and that she was completely flabbergasted by his splendor and knowledge. Then she gracefully performed the "greasing" act, thereby paying for her board and the trouble she had caused, by unloading bales upon bales of spices on Sol, and such as he had never dreamed of for fragrance, barrels on barrels of gems, and one hundred and twenty talents of gold! As it would take about fifteen hundred of our present-day silver dollars to represent a talent of silver in those days, you can put it down that one hundred and twenty talents of gold was no slouch of a sum to lay on one who was round-shouldered and heavily bunioned from excesiv wealth, and feel glad that you weren't Solomon.

H. R. N. gave Solomon a good deal of taffy on account of his swell surroundings, not omitting to mention his stables, containing "forty thousand stalls of horses" (Kings i, 26)—according to Chron. xi, 25, "four thousand"—as both accounts are correct, what are we going to do about it?—but I notice a conspicuous absence of taffy in regard to Sol's muchly multifarious better half. Why was this thus, I wonder? Not a word, not a whisper, not a lisp concerning Sol's muchly agglomerated wife and sub-wife. I wonder if Sol showed her up to his august visitor? 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange if H. R. N. did not express a wish to see his majesty's wife! If he didn't show her up voluntarily, H. R. N. most assuredly asked to be presented, her curiosity compelling her to do so. Then why the utter absence of taffy in this direction? Alas! we shall never know.

What effect this ostentatious visit to the truly gorgeous court of Solomon the First had on the religious nature or "cult" of Sheba's dazzling queen, the H. Q. does not state; but the inference is that, albeit the immediate effect was somewhat pronounced, there being "no more spirit in her," after she had seen Sol's glory, it was not for keeps, for the "conversion" of the queen of Sheba would hav so punctuated "sacred" history that the event would never hav been omitted from the pages of the H. Q., you bet!

Exactly what the story of this extraordinary visit was told for, unless Jahveh chanced to be in a romantic mood at the time, I fail to see. It may adorn the tale of Solomon's glory, but it points no moral that I can discover, unless it is in the matter of present giving—giv that ye may be given in return. The trouble is, this does not always work satisfactorily. I knew a woman who gave her "lord and master" a pair of beautifully embroidered suspenders, he giving her in return a sealskin sack. She made a palpable hit, you see. Another woman I know gave her "dear hubby," a few days after the wedding, several hundred dollars she had saved, and he gave her in return—what? The slip—he vamoosed. She made a bad break, you see. Such is life!

I hope—we all do, I suppose—that H. R. N. conducted herself in a becoming manner, while at the court of Solomon. It doesn't seem to be just the cheese for a lone queen to gallivant about the country and visit kings of such Mormonic proclivities as was Solomon, although in those days it may not hav been thought amiss. I hope she was careful and discreet, and always had a duenna with her, when in Sol's private apartments, and that no breath of scandal ever wafted itself across the bright sheen of her unsullied honor, or warped itself into the weft of her existence—I do, 'pon honor, now!

"So she turned, and went away to her own land, she and her servants." This is all that is vouchsafed to us concerning H. R. N's departure from the court of Solomon. This is meagerness boiled down. No account of any big send-off, with imposing escort, such as Sol's four or forty thousand stalls of horses could hav afforded; nothing but this beggarly meagerness, as given. Let us hope that Jahveh omitted mention of the send-off, rather than think that Solomon in all his glory permitted H. R. N. to leave his dominions without a fitting escort. For one, I can't believe this. I am satisfied that Sol did the handsome thing, and sent her off with flying colors, as it were, Jahveh not thinking it worth mentioning, though dwelling at length on lesser matters.

We hear no more of H. R. N. She goes out like a candle remorselessly snuffed, as it were. Hoping she arrived home safely, I close, having an engagement to take in a horse-race. Selah! SI SLOKUM.

Elmina to McArthur.

Experience, joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Wherefore am I accused of being "cold," simply because I wish to stand on firm ground and make no assertions that I do not really believe?

If it be to "repulse" when I deny having certain experiences, why, I must fain bear it; for I must be true or nothing. I think McArthur is mistaken in saying I hav openly stated I knew how the things were done, but was bound in honor not to giv the processes to the public, for I explained in the Concordia *Blade* at the time how every trick I had the clue to was performed.

Nor am I a "violent opponent of the Spiritual philosophy." I always try to keep the mild, even temper of a Quaker as one of my heirlooms from that peace-loving sect, but I try to persistently and patiently oppose all that I deem false, untrue, and mischievous.

I do not think any friend will be able to furnish the statement that I "admitted the genuinness of my experiences," so far as their being spiritual was concerned, or miraculous, either, and as to "fencing," I plead not guilty of doing so purposely.

If Materialists hav "small brain-capacity," I hope our friend will make due allowance therefor, as none of us can know any too much, be we brainy or not. I am requested to relate the portion of the phenomena I believe was real.

My first sitting with a medium was at the private house of a friend in Brooklyn, whose daughter was mediumistic. We got a few sentences through table-tipping and the calling of the alphabet, but not a single text.

I found that by a slight and imperceptible (to others) pressure on the table I could tip it to any letter I pleased, so you see that was unsatisfactory.

Sept. 20, 286, I had my first séance with a regularly accredited public medium, recommended to me by one of the editors of a Spiritual paper, Mrs. M. E. Williams, 232 West 46th street, New York, a materializing medium. Mr. Masquerier, Mrs. Kimball, and myself had a two hours' séance. About a dozen were there. The room was dimly lighted by one lamp, shrouded in red paper and turned low down, so at first we could see nothing but shadows. The cabinet w s curtained with cloth. We sat in chairs a few feet from it.

Mrs. Williams made a short appeal to the audience to try and put themselvs in a receptiv condition, and in harmony with developments. Then the organist played, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The curtains slowly parted, and a ghostly form, all in white, appeared, waved its hands, bowed, and blessed the audience. At intervals numerous other forms appeared, sometimes two at once. They called up the audience one by one, and gave them messages, most of the forms being recognized, and cried and laughed over. We were allowed to ask questions, and when Dr. Newton was announced, I received permission to address him a query, and as he had doctored my dead sister, I thought I would inquire about her. I first asked if the spirit knew who I was, but this being a test question, I was sharply informed that it was a very wrong condition in which to approach the spirits, so thenceforth I remained silent. Mr. Masquerier, being well known and noted, received many messages, and was called up and introduced to his dead wife, who touched his head, eyes, and arm. He is nearly blind, so only saw a white mist, and could catch nothing but indistinct mutterings of the message. So he said nothing, and quietly returned to his seat. Many others saw and recognized dead friends, telling us they plainly saw and discerned the features, and got messages none but the dead could hav given. I shall hereafter speak more of this. I withhold my opinion for the present, only narrating things as they appeared. Mr. Masquerier received a message giving him great encouragement for his good work in regard to land reform and farmsteads. Policy there, as he had money.

Now, it all seemed to me like a masquerade farce and play. Though I tried hard to find something real in it, I could not do so. Yet Mrs. Kimball was strongly impressed and felt sure there were real spirits there. Thus do different minds see from different standpoints. I was unknown and got nothing. Mrs. Kimball, being a tall, strong, and resolute-looking woman, was not allowed to even go to the cabinet at all, while believers received plenty of messages, and were called up to talk with and kiss the spirits.

Sept. 22.—Nothing special yesterday; found the clairvoyant we intended to visit—had sick headache, so we went to Caroline Flanders's, and we had a pleasant and profitable call, for she told us much of her personal experience with Spiritual mediums, all of which proved no spirit control. She told us of apparitions which she saw while she was sick—forms as real as living persons. She told of a woman she knew who could read, in the darkest room, from the back of her head—read the finest print in total darkness—and that the least glimmer of light almost crazed her. Caroline is well educated; is a novel-writer and used to write for the *Youth's Companion*, and got well paid. She came of a line of doctors, and is herself a doctor; so she understands nervous phenomena, in a measure. I cannot deny, or entirely doubt, her testimony; yet, despite numerous cases of this kind, it is still a disputed point among scientists as to whether a person can see from the back of the head or pit of the stomach.

But I am satisfied that if these things are true, they are a part and parcel of what is called Spiritual phenomena, and that it is *nerves* and not spirits that are the cause of them.

Dr. Hollick, in his "Nerves and the Nervous," givs cases from his own practice, in which each one of the senses plays tricks upon their possessor, so one is never sure of his own perceptions. The sight is most apt to deceive, and show ghosts and apparitions where there is really nothing at all. Now, there are, no doubt, people who see and hear and feel what they think are spirits. But how are they to know but it is their nerves playing them false?

One case Dr. Hollick mentions I will condense and narrate, as it is so apt to our discussion: A lawyer had a client who was accused of murder. The lawyer knew he was innocent, but the question was, Could he clear him? He worked hard on the case for two months, and at the last neither ate nor slept, but lived on green tea. He won his case, but found himself ruined in health, and, at last, as he was one day sitting in his study reading a novel, he heard some one speak, but, looking around, found himself alone. The voice spoke again, and the words were part of what a witness had spoken at the trial, then came part of the judge's charge, then part of his own speech in his own voice. Every day he heard voices, his own and others, always a part of the trial and in the voice of each person, as plain and distinct as at the time, and occasionally when he talked with others these voices overpowered the real one. But in time the man was cured, and the voices came no more.

To merely tell this incident does not giv the slightest idea of the thrilling reality. The book is only $1, and all who are curious to know *real* phenomena will be well repaid by ordering it of the Truth Seeker Company.

The doctor yet livs, and will vouch for the truth of the narrativs.

There is no courage but in innocence;
No constancy, but in an honest cause.

Dec. 1, 288. ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Slate Writing—A Postscript.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 19th I said that I got four messages written on one of my slates, three of which were in answer to questions prepared by me before going to see Mr. Keeler, the medium. My mother, my father, and my niece each addressed me appropriately, just as if they were living; they all signed their full names, and the handwriting was apparently theirs. I still hav the slates with the writing on

them. But there was a fourth message which none of us could understand; it was this:

Good morning. Tell Sarah. Wallace Mentor.

Mentor does not appear to be a proper name, and we were puzzled to know what it meant. My aunt Sarah was with me, having been allowed to come in after the private séance began; but she did not prepare any questions nor did she expect any communication. The mystery remained unsolved for six months, when, as we were showing the slates to two lady friends and explaining the communications, one of the ladies said, "But you havn't told us about this Mr. Newton?" Then, for the first time, my aunt recognized the name Newton as that of her mother before marriage. But her mother was an only child, and it is now so long since my aunt left England—over thirty-five years—that she is unable to recall a Newton with the Christian name Wallace.

The first letter of the name Newton is so much like an M that no one ever thought of making anything but "Mentor" out of the word until about a month ago. VICTORIA A. BURR.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 4, 1888.

Colonel Ingersoll Denounces Capitalists Who Enslave the Working-Girls.

From the World.

So much interest has been awakened by the *World's* exposures of the wretched misery, degradation, and sorry plight of the poor working-girls in their bonds of slavery to capital and monopoly, that a *World* reporter called on Col. Robert G. Ingersoll to ask his judgment of what remedy, if any there is, he could suggest. Colonel Ingersoll has been an interested reader of what has been published about the poor white slaves, and no one has given the subject more careful thought. The reporter asked:

What is your opinion of the work undertaken by the *World* in behalf of the city slave girls?

I know of nothing better for a great journal to do. The average girl is so helpless and the greed of the employer is such that unless some newspaper or some person of great influence comes to her assistance she is liable not simply to be imposed upon, but to be made a slave. Girls, as a rule, are so anxious to please, so willing to work, that they bear almost every hardship without complaint. Nothing is more terrible than to see the rich living on the work of the poor. One can hardly imagin the utter heartlessness of a man who stands between the wholesale manufacturer and the wretched women who make their living—or, rather, retard their death—by the needle. How a human being can consent to liv on this profit, stolen from poverty, is bevond my imagination. The exposures made by the *World* will do good. These men, when known, will be regarded as hyenas and jackals. They are like the wild beasts who follow herds of cattle for the purpose of devouring those who are injured or those who hav fallen by the wayside from weakness.

What effect has unlimited immigration on the wages of women?

If our country were overpopulated the effect of immigration would be to lessen wages, for the reason that the working people of Europe are used to lower wages and hav been in the habit of practicing an economy unknown to us. But this country is not overpopulated. There is plenty of room for several hundred millions more. Wages, however, are too low in the United States. The general tendency is to leave the question of labor to what is called the law of supply and demand. My hope is that in time we will become civilized enough to know that there is a higher law, or, rather, a higher meaning in the law of supply and demand than is now perceived. Year after year what are called the necessaries of life increase. Many things now regarded as necessaries were formerly looked upon as luxuries. So, as man becomes civilized, he increases what may be called the necessities of his life. When perfectly civilized one of the necessities of his life will be that the lives of others shall be of some value to them. A good man is not happy as long as he knows that other good men and women suffer for raiment and for food and hav no roof but the sky—no home but the high way. Consequently what is called the law of supply and demand will then hav a much larger meaning.

In nature everything livs upon something else. Life feeds upon life. Something is lying in wait for something else, and even the victim is weaving a web or crouching for some other victim, and the other victim is in the same business—watching for something else. The same is true in the human world—people are living on each other; the cunning obtain the property of the simple; wealth picks the pockets of poverty; success is a highwayman leaping from the hedge. The rich combine, the poor are unorganized, without the means to act in concert, and for that reason become the prey of combinations and trusts. The great questions are: Will man ever be sufficiently civilized to be honest? Will the time ever come when it can truthfully be said that right is might? The lives of millions of people are not worth living because of their ignorance and poverty, and the lives of millions of others are not worth living on account of their wealth and selfishness. The palace without justice, without charity, is as terrible as the hovel without food.

What effect has the woman suffrage movement had on the bread-winners of this country?

I think the women who hav been engaged in the struggle for equal rights hav done some good for women in the direction of obtaining equal wages for equal work. There has also been for many years a tendency among women in our country to become independent—a desire to make their own living—to win their own bread. So many husbands are utterly useless, or worse, that many women hardly feel justified in depending entirely on a husband for the future. They feel somewhat safer to know how to do something, and earn a little money themselvs. If men were what they ought to be, few women would be allowed to labor—that is to say, to toil. It should be the ambition of every healthy and intelligent man to take care of, to support, to make happy, some woman. As long as women bear the burdens of the world, the human race can never attain anything like a splendid civilization. There will be no great generation of men until there has been a great generation of women. For my part, I am glad to hear this question discussed—glad to know that thousands of women take some interest in the fortunes and in the misfortunes of their sisters.

The question of wages for women is a thousand times more important than sending missionaries to China or India. There is plenty for missionaries to do here. And by missionaries I do not mean gentlemen and ladies who distribute tracts or quote scripture to people out of work. If we are to better the condition of men and women we must change their surroundings. The tenement-house breeds a moral pestilence. There can be in these houses no home, no fireside, no family, for the reason that there is no privacy, no walls between them and the rest of the world. There is no sacredness, no feeling "this is ours."

It would be hard to overestimate the good that might be done by the millionaires of New York if they would turn their attention to sending thousands and thousands into the country or to building them homes miles from the city, where they could hav something like privacy, where the family relations could be kept with some sacredness. Think of the "homes" in which thousands and thousands of young girls are reared in this city of New York. Think of what they see and what they hear, of what they come in contact with. How is it possible for the virtuous to grow in the damp and darkened basements? Can we expect that love and chastity and all that is sweet and gentle will be produced in these surroundings, in cellars and garrets, in poverty and dirt? The surroundings must be changed.

Are the fathers and brothers blameless, who allow young girls to make coats and cloaks and vests in an atmosphere poisoned by the ignorant and low-bred?

The same causes now brutalizing girls brutalize their fathers and their brothers, and the same causes brutalize the ignorant and low-lived that poison the air in which these girls are made to work. It is hard to pick out one man and say that he is to blame, or one woman and say the fault is hers. We must go back of all this. In my opinion, society raises its own failures, its own criminals, its own wretches of every sort and kind. Great pains are taken to raise these crops. The seeds, it may be, were sown thousands of years ago, but they were sown, and the present is the necessary child of all the past. If the future is to differ from the present, the seeds must now be sown. It is not simply a question of charity, nor a question of good nature, nor a question of what we call justice—it is a question of intelligence. In the first place, I suppose that it is the duty of every human being to support himself—first, that he may not become a burden upon others, and second, that he may help others. I think all people should be taught never, under any circumstances, if by any possibility they can avoid it, to become a burden. Everyone should be taught the nobility of labor, the heroism and splendor of honest effort. As long as it is considered disgraceful to labor, or aristocratic not to labor, the world will be filled with idleness and crime, and with every possible moral deformity.

Has the public school system anything to do with the army of pupils who after six years of study willingly accept the injustice and hardship imposed by capital?

The great trouble with the public school is that many things are taught that are of no immediate use. I believe in manual training schools. I believe in the kindergarten system. Every person ought to be taught how to do something—ought to be taught the use of their hands. They should endeavor to put in palpable form the ideas that they gain. Such an education givs them a confidence in themselvs, a confidence in the future—givs them a spirit and feeling of independence that they do not now hav. Men go through college studying for many years and when graduated hav not the slightest conception of how to make a living in any department of human effort. Thousands of them are to-day doing manual labor, and doing it very poorly, whereas, if they had been taught the use of tools, the use of their hands, they would derive a certain pleasure from their work. It is splendid to do anything well. One can be just as poetic working with iron and wood as working with words and colors.

What ought to be done, or what is to be the end?

The fact that the *World* is turning the attention of people in this direction is full of hope for the future. The great thing is for the people to know the facts. There are thousands and millions of splendid and sympathetic people who would willingly help, if they only knew; but they go through the world in such a way that they know but little of it. They go to their place of business on the elevated cars; they stay in their offices for a few hours; they go home; they spend the evening there or at a club; they come in contact with the well-to-do, with the successful, with the satisfied, and they know nothing of the thousands and millions on every side. They hav not the least idea how the world livs, how it works, how it suffers. They read, of course, now and then, some paragraph in which the misfortune of some wretch is set forth, but the wretch is a kind of steel engraving, an unreal shadow, a something utterly unlike themselvs. The real facts should be brought home, the sympathies of men awakened, and awakened to such a degree that they will go and see how these people liv, see how they work, see how they suffer.

Does exposure do any good?

I hope that the *World* will keep on. I hope that it will expose every horror that it can, connected with the robbery of poor and helpless girls, and I hope that it will publish the names of all the robbers it can find and the wretches who oppress the poor and who liv upon the misfortunes of women. The crosses of this world are mostly borne by wives, by mothers, and by daughters. Their brows are pierced by thorns. They shed the bitterest tears. They liv and suffer and die for others. It is almost enough to make one insane to think of what woman, in the years of savagery and civilization, has suffered. Think of the anxiety and agony of motherhood. Maternity is the most pathetic fact in the universe. Think how helpless girls are. Think of the thorns in the paths they walk—of the trials, the temptations, the want, the misfortunes, the dangers, and the anxieties that fill their days and nights. Every true man will sympathize with woman, and will do all in his power to lighten her burdens and to increase the sunshine of her life.

Is there any remedy?

I hav always wondered that the great corporations hav made no provisions for their old and worn-out employees. It seems to me that the Pennsylvania road, the New York Central, and many others—not only these railway companies, but great manufacturing corporations—ought to provide for their workmen. Many of them are worn out, unable longer to work, and they are thrown aside like old clothes. They find their way to the poorhouses or they die in tenements by the roadside. This seems almost infinitly heartless. Men of great wealth engaged in manufacturing, instead of giving $500,000 for a library or $1,000,000 for a college, ought to put this money aside, invest it in bonds of the government, and the interest ought to be used in taking care of the old, of the helpless, of those who meet with accidents in their work. Under our laws, if an employee is caught in a wheel or in a band and his arm or leg is torn off he is left to the charity of the community, whereas the profits of the business ought to support him in his old age. If employees had this feeling—that they were not simply working for that day, not simply working while they hav health and strength, but laying aside a little sunshine for the winter of age—if they only felt that they by their labor were creating a fireside in front of which their age and helplessness could sit, the feeling between employed and employers would be a thousand times better. On the great railways very few people know the number of the injured, of those who lose their hands or feet, of those who contract diseases riding on the tops of freight trains in snow and sleet and storm; and yet, when these men become old and helpless through accident, they are left to shift for themselvs. The company is immortal, but the employees become helpless. Now, it seems to me that a certain per cent should be laid aside, so that every brakeman and conductor could feel that he was providing for himself, as well as for his fellow-workmen, so that when the dark days came there would be a little light.

The men of wealth, the men who control these great corporations—these great mills—giv millions away in ostentatious charity. They send missionaries to foreign lands. They endow schools and universities and allow the men who earned the surplus to die in want. I believe in no charity that is founded on robbery. I hav no admiration for generous highwaymen or extravagant pirates. At the foundation of charity should be justice. Let these men whom others hav made wealthy giv something to the workmen—something to those who created their fortunes. This would be one step in the right direction. Do not let it be regarded as charity—let it be regarded as justice.

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For Nickels and Dimes, but Not for Principle.

In the report of the last annual Congress of the American Secular Union, held at Pittsburgh, Pa., reference was made in these columns to the puritanical observance of Sunday in that city, enforced through the efforts of a private society of churchmen who arrogantly imagin that they hav the right to control the actions of the people one-seventh of the time. Under a law dating back to 1794 the Law and Order Society has been enabled to make Pittsburgh a veritable graveyard on Sundays. When the Union met there, newspapers were the only articles allowed to be sold. Since then, a dispatch says, newspapers also were interdicted. This appears to hav awakened the journalists. There is nothing like touching a Christian's own pocket to make him see that a wrong is being perpetrated. Touching other people's pockets will not do it. Now the papers are condemning the Law and Order Society, and the *Post* and *Leader* are crying "blue laws!" "Scotch Puritanism!" "crude bigotry," and the detectivs of the society are termed an army of ruffians whose rule human endurance can no longer stand. The representativs to the Pennsylvania legislature from Allegheny county hav been influenced, and it is announced that two-thirds of them will work in opposition to the act of 1794, "so far, at least, as concerns the more obnoxious features of that measure."

Later news comes that the druggists also are offended at the Law and Order Society. Having been walked on for a year by the churchmen they are at last getting restless. They hav, each of them, lost the sale of a great many glasses of soda-water with a wink therein, and there is a vacancy in their trousers pockets of cavernous dimensions. Therefore sixty pill-compounders met on the 6th instant to take steps to repeal enough of the law to admit the legal sale of soda-water and winks, in the latter of which there is indeed much money. Some druggists desired to hav tobacco included in the amended laws, and others drew the line at beverages. A committee was appointed to prepare a bill to be presented to the legislature for the repeal or amendment of the blue laws. The street railroad company and the newspaper proprietors were invited to coöperate in the work, as, it was urged, they are on the same level with druggists under the blue laws. The secretary was instructed to correspond with druggists throughout the state and enlist their sympathy and financial aid.

Self-interest, it appears, was the only string touched. The druggists want to sell beverages of which soda-water is the one alias; the street railroad companies want to gather nickels from the public; the newspapers want to collect the pennies from the sale of their papers and the dollars from their Sunday advertisers. But not a word that shows the petitioners hav an idea above a dollar; no indignant protest against religious tyranny, no strong assertion of mankind's rights, no repudiation of the right of ecclesiastics to manage their business fifty-two days in the year. Only a begging for just a little liberty, just enough to sell a little soda-water, and a cigar perhaps, or to ride in the street-cars, or to read a paper, if they will be good in everything else. They are willing to be taken to see grandfather's grave in the afternoon if they can play a few minutes in the morning.

Where are the manhood, the independence, the integrity of purpose, of the Pittsburghers? Are they forever going to crawl and cringe at the feet of religion? If it is not right to sell soda-water and ride in the street-cars on Sunday they ought not to do it; if it *is* right, then it is right to sell or do anything else, and the demand made of the legislature should include all else; and put it, too, on some broader basis than a nickel or a ten-cent piece. If they admit the right of the Christians to govern them at all they should bear the whole weight of the cross.

Everybody admires a man who stands up straight and fights for his natural rights. Very few will hav much sympathy with one who only wants the chance to make a few pennies by selling soda-water on Sunday.

Responsibility and Theology.

The *Christian Advocate* contributes to the world of logic this precious bit:

"Lord Byron is credited with the authorship of the assertion that 'man is not responsible for his belief.' Other skeptical minds hav indorsed this plausible half-truth until it has become a current phrase in Infidel circles. And many who, though not pronounced skeptics, are yet moved by the vanity which seeks silly gratification in saying things which startle their Christian acquaintances, are in the habit of repeating it. One also often sees it quoted in the writings of 'Freethinkers.' It may not be amiss, therefore, to press the inquiry, 'Are men really responsible for their beliefs?'

"Byron's assertion wears an aspect of plausibility because it is partly true. Man is not absolutely responsible for his belief, because he is so constituted that his understanding can not assent to any given fact or proposition which is not supported by evidence that appears to be conclusiv. But when such evidence is presented it cannot withhold its assent. Hence, there is a sense in which belief is not voluntary, because the assent of the understanding is determined not by the choice of the mind, but by the evidence on which a doctrin or fact reposes. And so far as belief is involuntary it is true, as Byron affirms, that 'man is not responsible for his belief.'

"But when viewed in all its bearings, this proposition is obviously false, because the evidence of a doctrin cannot command the assent of the understanding unless one chooses to giv it due consideration. Every man possesses the power to examin and to weigh the evidence of Christian doctrin. This power is fully within his control. He can giv or refuse to giv attention to it. And his freedom to do this is the basis of his responsibility for his belief. If he choose to steadfastly hold the evidence of Christian truth before his mind, his understanding will recognize its sufficiency to command its assent. Since, as Pascal pertinently observes, 'There is light enough for those whose sincere wish it is to see, and darkness enough to confound those of an opposit disposition.' But, then, says Dr. Chalmers, in one of his suggestiv letters, 'It is a very possible thing that a doctrin may possess the most abundant evidence, and yet not be believed just because we choose to shut our eyes against it; and our unbelief in this case is owing not to the want of evidence, but to the evidence not being attended to.' It is, therefore, apparent that because of his full liberty to giv or withhold his attention, a man is responsible both for the belief and disbelief which results from his refusal to fix his earnest thoughts upon evidence which, if conscientiously studied, would guide his understanding into a belief of the truth. Byron is wrong. Man *is* responsible for his belief, and a Christian believer is justified in addressing the skeptic in the words of Milton:

> "'Accuse not Nature. She hath done her part;
> Do thou but thine!'"

That is to say, man is free either to examin Christianity or not to examin it; but if he does examin it he must be convinced; *ergo*, he is responsible to God (and therefore deserving of hell-fire) for not believing; and if he does not examin it he is likewise responsible, because he had the power to so examin and become convinced, but willfully turned away from heaven. This reasoning lands everybody in heaven or hell, and must therefore be satisfactory to the church.

But who ever heard of such stupid reasoning? In the first place, a man is not free to examin or not to examin the Christian doctrin. His will to do or not to do is determined by his environments, his education, his geographical location, his general make-up, and the traits of his ancestors. The *Advocate's* first assertion is therefore false, and as upon it is alleged to be based his responsibility for his belief, the falling to the ground of the subsequent assertions is a matter of course.

But supposing the influences upon a man's mind are such that he undertakes to examin Christian doctrin. Are the evidences such as at once compel belief, as is the evidence of an arithmetical proposition? No, only "light enough for those whose sincere wish it is to see." But what sort of reliance can be placed on the evidence which converts only those who wish to be converted? Can it be called conclusiv? What kind of an opinion can we hold of the judgment—its fairness, its honesty—of a man who is convinced because he wants to be, and asserts that it would be right for another man to do something to please him though wrong to do precisely the same thing to please another? A juror who should decide a case on such a pretext would be kicked out of court. Yet that is the *Advocate's* assertion: the evidence will convince those who want to be convinced, therefore if others are not convinced the fault is theirs, and they must be damned for not having a mind so constituted as to desire a thing before seeking evidence of its truth!

Again, suppose the evidence will not convince even a man desirous of being convinced? Suppose a man's mind has been influenced to desire conversion. Suppose that man is honest, and has strong reasoning power. The Christian doctrin asserts to him as a fact a thing he knows never has taken place—as that a dead man has been brought to life—and his mind rejects it. Is he to blame for his non-conversion? Shall he be burnt eternally for refusing to believe the incredible? Who is responsible—the one who gave him the mind, or the doctrin that mind rejects, or the mind itself? If the first, then all his environments, his parents, even nature herself, must be condemned. If the second, then the minds of those who constructed the doctrin are to blame. If the third, then surely the man is not to be responsible for the fault of a mental organization given him by beings and circumstances over which he had no control.

If we could believe Pascal and Dr. Chalmers, then we could all be Christians just as easily as not. But we cannot believe them, for the simple reason that the evidence is not there to back them up. *They wanted it to be so, hence asserted it is so.* But supposing they had wanted the moon to play football with; would it hav been on the ground before them by simply asserting that it was there? Yet it would be no more foolish to claim this than to claim that a man can believe just because he desires to. A man may assert over and over again that he believes, but he does not. He only believes he believes, and deceives himself. Unless his reason is convinced he cannot believe, no matter how earnestly he desires to. Therefore, if the Christian evidence of doctrin is not sufficient to convince everybody, as an arithmetical solution will, then only those who hav minds so constructed that they can deceive themselvs, or are deficient in power to cognize facts and draw accurate conclusions therefrom, can become converts. Unfortunately, a great part of the world is of this latter class, though they are no more responsible for their belief, than the opposit class is for its unbelief in the same thing.

It is this same Chalmers from whom the *Advocate* quotes as implying that Christian doctrin possesses abundant evidence, who thought he had answered Hume's argument against miracles—"That it is more probable that human testimony should be false than that miraculous stories should be true, because all our experience verifies the non-existence of miracles, and at the same time the frequency of false testimony"—by saying, "True, we hav evidence of false testimony, and not of miracles, but we hav no experience of such testimony being false as the testimony we hav for the gospel miracles. No instance can be quoted of twelve men, whose writings prove them to hav been both moral and intelligent, spending their lives in testifying that they saw and heard what they did not see and hear." The same charge lies against Dr. Chalmers's implication that the *Advocate* quotes as against this ingenious attempt to turn Hume's argument, viz., there are no facts to back it up. The twelve apostles did not write the gospels, nor did the writers of the gospels see or hear a single thing or word they record. In fact, we don't know who the writers were, and are sure of nothing except that the gospels were not written for scores of years after Jesus is said to hav lived. So with this attempt to bolster up illogic with the opinion of Dr. Chalmers—we may turn him round against himself and say that it is a very possible thing that a doctrin may possess *no* evidence and yet *be* believed just because we choose

to shut our eyes against the evidence against its probability or possibility—that is, if we could believe or disbelieve of our own will.

Men are not really responsible for their beliefs, for the same reason that he who leads a horse to water is not responsible because the animal sometimes refuses to drink. A man says, "I feel I can will and act as I choose, and follow my own strongest desire." So he can, until some stronger desire overrides the first. A man's strongest desire may be to accept the Christian doctrin. He looks for the evidence. Some of it appears to him unreasonable. Then his strongest desire may be to sift that evidence, in doing which he finds it impossible to believe it. Therefore he *cannot* believe. Is he responsible?

"Facts of mind," says Wilson, "are bound by the law of invariable order. The desire which may hav been the antecedent of the will on a certain occasion was itself the effect of other antecedents, and those antecedents being absent or modified, that desire would be absent or modified. In other words, that state of consciousness called a desire is a link in a chain of invariable cause and effect." Had not the man desired to accept the Christian doctrin, he would not hav desired to sift the evidence. Had he not sifted the evidence, he would not hav rejected the doctrin. Had he not rejected the doctrin, he would not hav been a candidate for hell. This result is evidently what the priests hav in mind when they tell their people who think they believe, not to investigate or question the mysterious ways of God: that it will lead them into trouble and doubt. And it is a solid fact that many men hav been drawn into open Infidelity simply because they tried to be Christians and began "to examin and to weigh the evidence of Christian doctrin." Therefore, it certainly is not true that if a man "chooses to steadfastly hold the evidence of 'Christian truth' before his mind, his understanding will recognize its sufficiency to command its assent." Thinking of one thing, following a strongest desire, leads to thinking of another, and so on in the chain of cause and effect; and a would-be Christian who seriously sets to thinking is on dangerous ground. He will almost surely lose what little faith he has. The only way to be a good Christian, and to hold fast to the faith, is not to think at all.

And theology does not require thought. It requires only acceptance. As Bishop Magee summed up the differences between science and theology, the first discovers facts, the other "accepts revelation and clings to a creed." The chief characteristic of theology, says Wilson, is that it depends upon deduction alone. To verify by an appeal to facts is repulsiv. To lay an accepted revelation on the dissecting table of criticism, to be cut up with a view to examin its nature, is irreverent. Theology treats of things which lie outside of the range of human faculties, such as God, heaven, hell, and she is safe only so long as she confines herself to these. When she introduces human elements, she becomes amenable to science, and must answer the questions science puts. When theology attempts to prove a revelation, she must tell us what a revelation is. When she says revelation comes by inspiration, she must show us how inspiration works, and how she tells the difference between inspired and uninspired thoughts. When she says God interferes with the people of this world, she must prove there is a God. She may talk about God away from the world as much as she likes, and science simply says, I know nothing of such a being, but when she brings him down here she must show him. And if it should appear, adds Wilson, slyly, that a teacher or writer was mistaken as to certain facts verifiable by human means, he must state the reasons for believing he must be correct concerning *superhuman* facts unverifiable by human means. Thought, applied to theology, only confuses the subject, and leads the thinker into difficulties.

All Sorts of a Fool.

We think that the old gentleman of this town who said that one of his sons-in-law was more kinds of a blank fool than any other fellow he ever saw, was exactly right.

This reminds us that Elliott F. Shepard has come out in his *Mail and Express* for a war with the South and for the suppression of Sunday newspapers. The war is to be based on the fact that some Republicans were defeated in their climb for office last month, and the newspapers are to be suppressed because Sunday papers and God cannot both hav the same day—one or the other must go. As there is not, and in all human probability will not be, any cause for another sectional war, and as the Sunday newspapers either ignore or laugh at the rant of the puritanical Christians against them, the conclusion is irresistible that the wealthy old commodore was right.

Which Perhaps?

During the past week the American Sabbath Union has been in convention in Washington. Wilbur F. Crafts, of the Presbyterian church, is the leader in the movement, aided by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The Sabbath Union has a petition of six million signatures to present to Congress asking for a national law forbidding all Sunday work and traffic. The Union hopes by closing up all post-offices on Sundays to stop the running of trains on that day, and, as far as Congress can legislate, to stop all manner of labor.

Cardinal Gibbons has just written to Mr. Crafts indorsing the aims of the Union, and the general authorities of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Reformed churches hav passed resolutions favoring the movement. In this city about all the churches hav indorsed it. The Brotherhood of Locomotiv Engineers, the International Convention of the Knights of Labor, and the Central Labor Union hav also approved the scheme. Elliott F. Shepard is the president of the Union. The convention in Washington is the first public meeting of the Union, and is held to affect the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, before whom the objects of the Union are to be shortly argued. Senators Blair, Edmunds, and Hale are of course helping the churches along, and the prospects of the Union seem good.

If this scheme works all right, and Senator Blair gets his seventy or eighty millions for his education bill, to be spent under the supervision of the Protestant churches, then we shall hav the God-in-the-Constitution amendment up again, with the chances in favor of its passing Congress, whatever the states may do with it. The Protestant churches are much encouraged by their success in confiscating the Mormon church property, and it certainly is a good precedent for future national interference in religious matters. Perhaps by and by we shall hav a state church in every state, and a national church supported by the United States government.

Perhaps, also, by and by, the people will get tired of church domination and pitch the whole lot of rascals overboard.

Resipiscence.

It seems hardly worth while to use the space necessary for the following, but for Mr. Walker's complete satisfaction it must be done:

"Some months ago, in criticising the position of THE TRUTH SEEKER upon the 'obscenity' question, I unintentionally misstated the Editor's views, not having by me the particular number of the paper which contained the article I was noticing so depending entirely upon my memory. This caused Mr. Macdonald to reply in a strain a trifle pungent, closing with these words:

"'The next time Mr. Walker gets up to misrepresent us we trust he will hav the honesty to quote our words. His labored effor's to confute something we never said hav a tendency to make us weary.'"

"I explained how this occurred, saying:

"'It seems that Mr. Macdonald has caught me napping, but when he avers that I *knowingly* misquoted him he labors under a mistake. At the time I wrote the "Flash" which he quotes above I could not find THE TRUTH SEEKER containing his article, and so I had to depend upon my memory, which appears to hav led me into a serious error. I hav not since then been able to find that copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, but hav no doubt that its Editor quotes himself correctly, above. Certainly no one will more readily than myself admit the vital difference between the position I assigned to Mr. Macdonald and the one he actually took, but I assure him that the misrepresentation was wholly unintentional.'

"Now, had Mr. Macdonald acted as his own physician he would hav let me state my 'apology' in my own words, in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but instead of quoting the above, he wrote:

"'This may be, perhaps, a good place to acknowledge Mr. Walker's handsome apology for misrepresenting the sentiment expressed in THE TRUTH SEEKER. We trust that hereafter he will observe strict accuracy in these matters.'

"I exposed the unfairness of this in *Fair Play* of October 27th, as follows:

"'Does Mr. Macdonald consider that his second paragraph is "handsome" in any way? The word "misrepresenting," when used unqualifiedly, means, as commonly understood, *intentional* misrepresentation, and Mr. Macdonald well knows that I make no apology for *intentionally* misrepresenting the position of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I "apologized" *only* for quoting from memory and thus *unintentionally* misrepresenting THE TRUTH SEEKER. Why did its Editor not quote this paragraph of mine and let his readers judge for themselvs as to how "handsome" my apology was, and how much ground it covered?'

"Mr. Macdonald has not deigned to notice this, although he had the best of opportunities to do so in his recent reply to the other portions of the article of which it was a part.

"I trust that his action is not a fair sample of Secular fairness."

When we read Mr. Walker's explanation of his misrepresentation, it occurred to us that it was a handsome apology, and we said so. For so thinking we now apologize, plead guilty, and recant. Indeed, we are willing to say it was no apology at all, and could even wish that we were dead before we had provoked our mint and cumin friend to pile his Ossa of stern righteousness upon our molehill of evil doing. But whatever he shall say in condemnation, that will we second and unanimously pass. We ask, with Hamlet:

"Show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't."

Anything to satisfy our esteemed friend. He can call his explanation a whale or a weasel or a humpbacked camel, just as he chooses.

We learn from the same editorial of Mr. Walker's from which we hav quoted this—what is it? that he has had trouble with Mr. O'Flanagan, editor of the Kansas *Catholic*, who refused to print Mr. Walker's articles when replying to them. Notwithstanding that the two troubles are not at all parallel, we giv Mr. Walker's gentlemanly dismissal of the two offending editors:

"Between Mr. O'Flanagan and Mr. Macdonald there does not appear to be much room for choice, so far as fair play in discussion is concerned. Their names and their treatment of opponents alike raise a suspicion of a closer affinity between them than their very dissimilar views upon religion would warrant one in assuming to exist."

Mr. Walker should be more careful. Mr. O'Flanagan may be offended at this.

Some Books to Giv Away.

Those of our readers who intend to keep the Pagan holiday of December 25th by the admirable custom of making presents to their relativs and friends are respectfully urged to consider that books form one of the best possible kinds of remembrance, being both useful and ornamental. And they are further urged to recollect that THE TRUTH SEEKER has a large stock of the best of books interiorally, and exteriorally constructed with an eye single to beauty. Among them we may mention:

The Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times, by D. M. Bennett, giving a full account of all the heathen and Christian gods, with a description of the religions attached thereto. Two large volumes, in cloth, $3; in leather, with red edges, $7; in morocco, gilt-edged and very handsome, $8.

A complete volume of Colonel Ingersoll's principal works, bound in half calf, for $5. The Prose Poems of the same author are a peculiarly appropriate gift to a Freethinker, and these are only $2 50.

Paine's Great Works are also bound in handsome style, cloth, $3; leather, $4; and morocco with gilt edges for $4 50.

One of the best of presentation works is Mr. Bennett's Trip Around the World. It is useful as a history, entertaining as a novel, and as destructiv to superstition as Paine's writings. The four voluminous volumes are bound in morocco, with gilt edges, and sent free for $10 50.

Another good pagan-holiday work is the World's Sages, Thinkers, and Reformers, or biographies of the world's benefactors. In cloth, $3; in leather, $4; in morocco and gilt, $4 50.

As a work of fiction, we can unreservedly commend Frederika Macdonald's Nathaniel Vaughan. It is a splendidly written and vigorous presentment of the mischievous nature of modern Christianity. In cloth, with side stamp in gilt, $1.25.

All of our readers know and admire Mr. F. M. Holland (except, perhaps, when he is writing about the glories of free trade), and will be glad to know that his Reign of the Stoics is again in print. This book is a thoroughly accurate, well-classified, and valuable compend of the Stoic teachings in philosophy, ethics, and religion, together with a fine summary of their history as a system. No better book on the subject can be found. It is elegantly printed and bound in cloth for $1 25.

For the children we hav in pretty and substantial bindings Miss Wixon's Story Hour, which is an exceptionally handsome and interesting book, without superstition, for $1; and Apples of Gold, beautifully bound, for $1 25. Miss Wixon's All in a Lifetime, also, is an appropriate work for this season of the year. Price, $1 50.

Liberals will appreciate these books and thank the giver, and by reading them their Christian friends will become enlightened. Therefore, when selecting Christmas and New Year presents, remember to do good as well as confer pleasure, and send for one of these volumes.

Letters from Friends.

BRISTOL, VT., Dec. 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: IN THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 1st, "Constant Reader" asks for aid in solving the hen-and egg problem. I will submit the following as being the correct answer, or near enough for all practical purposes. The number of eggs will be 27.9996. S. F. HASELTINE.

SANFORD, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In reply to "Constant Reader" in THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 1st: If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, three hens will lay three eggs in three days, so six hens will lay twice three or six eggs in three days, which is two eggs each day for the six hens, or fourteen eggs for the seven days. VOLUNTEER.

BARRE, MASS., Dec. 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I will try and help out "Constant Reader" in THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 1st, on the New York *Tribune* puzzle:

If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?

One hen would lay one egg in one day, and six hens would lay six eggs in one day, and in seven days six hens would lay seven times six eggs, equal to forty-two eggs. Is not that correct, Mr. *Tribune* and Mr. TRUTH SEEKER?

ELLA E. GIBSON.

WESTMINSTER, CAL., Nov. 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: You seldom hear from me, so now for a few words. THE TRUTH SEEKER is a very welcome visitor in our house. The pictures are excellent, as well as the reading matter, and I cannot well do without it. The Christian dislikes it; it comes in contact with his superstitious ideas and leads to Infidelity, and that scares many. Those holding old and popular ideas choose to keep and remain in their ignorance, and they do not seem to like real facts that conflict with their pious ideas, having to invent or misconstrue more or less to reconcile such things.

Now, I want my friends to know where I am, after leaving Utah, so by inserting this letter you will oblige,

LUKE WM. GALLUP.

CIRCLEVILLE, W. VA., Nov. 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Through my efforts and the distribution of copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER in this part of the country, Freethought is becoming quite popular here. I believe that liberty and responsibility should be the basis for all human conduct. Hereafter I will exert greater efforts for the advancement of our cause.

From a humanitarian standpoint, we are under obligations to nature for two of our best conditions in life—usefulness and happiness; therefore, let us honor ourselvs by living in accordance with them by doing good in the world and making people happy. The way to be useful in the world is to do something useful for the world. The way to be happy is to make others so. Nature is the author of my being and the only god that I worship. I read authors, but study nature. I am, as ever, An untiring truth seeker,

DR. HARPER JUDY.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I did not imagin that the country contained or allowed such valuable Liberal papers to be published as THE TRUTH SEEKER and Boston *Investigator*, both of which journals came to my notice by accident. I think that if you sent back numbers of your paper to trusted Liberals, it would advance the cause by having them circulated among some of our friends of superstition or Christianity. The picture of the "Puzzled Pilgrim" in your issue of November 17th is a good object-lesson for the thoughtful, and speaks as loud as a sermon to those of reflectiv minds. I trust that you will meet with success in your work of freedom, and I think the torch that is held in the hand of Liberty statue in New York harbor ought to be replaced by a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, as Liberal literature is the only light that will expose error to the world.

I inclose stamps for a copy of your issue of October 13th, containing Ingersoll's Reply to Manning. Please send catalog of books. CAPT. JOHN TWAMLEY.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: What cowards some of us mortals be! Why are we not courageous in doing such ennobling work, *i. e.*, truth seeking? Why are so many hesitating in stating what they consider truth? It cannot be that they fear to express their thoughts, for ours is a free country, and with great battlefields, viz., superstition, ignorance, and commercial greed. I find in my surroundings men avowing Freethought and yet submitting to the encroachment of pope and priest for fear of losing patronage, social standing, and political influence. Is it a wonder, then, that men of less lights, intellects, keep quietly at home and wait till brave souls assume the offensiv and thereby encourage the timid? I am fully aware of the noble work that is done by the few who, like all those really connected with propagating truth and humanity, giv their time and cash, in addition to the hardship they undergo. What great good could be accomplished were all Liberals to make a united front, not fearing the contemptible ostracism of society so assiduously applied by the hypocrits, the worshipers of power and mammon!

I see by my subscription that another year has passed, and am happy to state that this time I can add three new subscribers to the list of truth seekers. Inclosed you will find check for four subscriptions—which surely does not show much, yet I shall try again, and grow out of my littleness with a brighter mind and braver heart.

Yours, etc., JOHN S. PAULSEN.

OREGON, MO., Nov. 29, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: "When the legitimate conclusion of a proposition is absurd there must be something wrong in the proposition." This is admitted to be true by every clear thinker. In fact, it is axiomatic.

The proposition is that individuals hav absolute property in the land, subject to government taxation. Now, the legitimate conclusion is that the owner may use his property as he pleases so long as he does not jeopardize the property of his neighbors. A few persons may buy up whole islands or countries and eject the inhabitants. They hav the same control over a million acres that they hav over one acre. A few persons may buy up the whole of Ireland and eject all the inhabitants. This is the legitimate conclusion of the proposition, and it is absurd. For it follows that those who are not landholders hav no right to any p'ace whereon they may exist. Even the seas, lakes, and rivers are claimed in the same way as the land.

Any doctrin that runs into such an absurdity must be unsound. HOLT.

WORCESTER, MASS., Nov. 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just received a copy of Rev. J. D. Fulton's "Break the Fetters," a protest against the Romish church. I also hav before me your issue of July 21st. Fulton desires to substitute the Fulton fetter for the Romish fetter. This is clear on every page. You would break the fetter, because fetters and freedom cannot exist in the same country.

Romanism is a blast, a mildew, wherever its baleful breath is suffered to exist. But politicians court its influence, because it is the most venal class of our citizens. It is the cheapest vote in the market on election day.

Popery exists by its secret organizations, and can only be successfully maintained by a secret organization. I do not advise the revival of Knownothingism, because many of our foreign-born citizens hate popery more bitterly than nativ Americans, for the reason that they hav seen and suffered more from it.

As you are in constant communication with the anti-Catholic element of the country, why can't you organize for secret systematic work against this Roman rottenness? Organizers could be put into the field and organizations effected which would spread the cause of freedom on the wings of the wind, and in like manner purify our priest-polluted atmosphere. F. L. KING.

STEUBENVILLE, Nov. 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I see the papers, as usual after an election, are beginning to agitate the question of a six years' term for the president. Seeing the great expense, the injury to business, and the demoralization of the people caused by every campaign, no wonder they try to think of some plan to mitigate the evil. But would not the remedy of long terms be worse than the disease? The shorter the term the better when we get a president like the president we hav now. Into what a mess he would hav had the country if he had two years' more power it is hard to tell. My remedy for the evil would be to do without a president other than the president of the Senate, who could perform all the duties of the president with the help of a cabinet selected by the two houses of Congress, who could be chosen from the members of each house and would hav the advantage of being members, and be there ready at all times to answer questions from members, like the members of the English cabinet. Another great advantage would be that the president would always be in accord with the Senate, being chosen by the majority of that body, which would make it impossible to hav such bickerings as we had with Andrew Johnson and the Senate, also with Tyler. The Senate might choose the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of state, and one or more other of the cabinet, and the House the rest. I believe such a plan would be far better than lengthening the presidential term, and would do away with our expensiv and demoralizing presidential elections. Of course it would hav to be done by amending the Constitution, and if it was thoroughly discussed for a year or two by the papers, I think the majority of the people would see its advantages.

J. DOWNES.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Nov. 16, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: W. T. S. H. in his letter of October 10th makes many misstatements of figures, as, with your permission, I propose to show in the following table. In the left-hand column I will place his prices for the necessaries of life in England, and in the other will giv prices as they are. I know whereof I speak, having been in the provision business in that country for many years:

Retail Prices.			Retail Prices.		
Bread,	lb.	....$ 3	Bread,	lb.	..$ .21-4 to 21-2
Beef steak,	"	.... 2 1 to 24	Beef steak,	"	.. 16 to 20
" roasts,	"	.... 17 to 2	" roasts,	"	.. 12 to 14
" common,	"	.... 14 1 2	" common,	"	.. 10 to 11
Chickens, each,		.... 36 to 60	Chickens, each,		.. 36 to 60
Eggs, per doz.,		.... 14 1 2 to 20	Eggs, per dozen,		.. 6 to 14
Cheese,	lb.	.... 24 to 28	Cheese,	lb.	.. 9 to 16
Tea,	"	.... .96 to 1 25	Tea,	"	.. 25 to 72
Sugar,	"	.... 7 to 10	Sugar,	"	.. 4 to 5

W. T. S. H. says that the people work for twenty cents a day. Anyone might as well say that the people in America work for twenty-five cents a day because in some of our industries women do not earn any more than that. He also says that their bread is made out of "yellow meal and butter." Did ever anybody hear of bread made that way? If so, will some one rise and explain the process? No, sir; they make bread out of flour, and giv "yellow meal" to hogs. I do not wish to enter into a controversy about free trade, but I will say this, that the grandest statesmen England has produced during her last forty years hav all been in favor of free trade, and they hav got the people to support them too. The conditions that prevail in the two countries, the United States and England, differ, the former having greater opportunities for men to apply themselvs to the resources of nature, while in England natural opportunities are more monopolized, and it is just this that regulates wages.

He also says that the laborers in this country are better off than anywhere else in the world. How about Australia? Are not wages as good there as they are here?

He also has a dig at the Anarchists. I would like to ask him if Anarchy is a "cause" or "an effect." From the tone of his remarks he looks at Anarchy quite superficially. What do people strike for? He says it is owing to "freedom of the press and speech." I think a remark like that from a "Liberal" is quite out of place. It sounds more like a snort from the papal see. He denounces agitators, and says, "Hang them." And for what? For teaching people what are their rights and urging them to get them if they can. And for this he advocates hanging. Bah! such Liberalism makes me tired. MARCUS GEORGE.

COALTON, KY., Nov. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Now that the election is over, and everyone has time to coolly think of the bitter prejudices exhibited, and the corruption of the money power, I think it a good time to put my favorit theory for the prevention of vote buying and selling before the intelligent readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and all other fair-minded persons.

As soon as our legislature convenes I am going to try to send them a petition asking them to enact a law compelling each county to build in each precinct a house suitable for the population of each precinct, and, in addition to the house, a hallway fifteen feet long from either side of the main building, and eight feet high and four feet wide, the walls of the hall to be so tightly closed that no one can see through them, and having a door at each end, one for entrance, the other for exit. The intention of such a hallway is that no one should be allowed to enter at the time a voter would be voting under a penalty of $500 unless it should be for the purpose of challenging the right of the person offering his vote. I think we should also ask the enactment of a section prohibiting any person from entering the room where the officers of the election are under a penalty of $500. The judges and clerks should be under a penalty for telling who any voter voted for. The sheriff of the election should stand at the door of entrance to see that no one entered while the voter was voting. He should be on the outside to see that no one eavesdropped. There should also be a penalty of $500 for eavesdropping. The windows of the main building should be so high from the ground that no one could see in from the outside.

I think such a plan as this would giv us a free and peaceable solution of the corruption of elections. I would like to hear the comments of others on the idea.

Yours for U. M. L., SAMUEL P. HERRON.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., Nov. 17, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Since you announce in your last issue that you cannot hope to agree with E. C. Walker about the repeal of all laws against "obscene literature," and therefore take leave of the subject, it is with diffidence I seek to introduce it to you again. I presume, however, that you agree with me and Walker in desiring the repeal of the Comstock law. The arguments against the Comstock law are, to be sure, almost innumerable. But I think that you are ignoring or resisting the conclusiv one, to which, properly presented, there can be no reply. My argument is as follows: The talk about obscene literature is all moonshine. There is no such thing as obscene literature. I do not mean to deny that there are books which contain gross language and repulsiv scenes. There are plenty of such books. One of them is called the holy Bible. What I do utterly deny is that there is any reasonable, practical test by which the holy Bible, Rabelais, the Decameron, Gulliver's Travels, many parts of Shakspere's plays, many of Byron's poems, and pretty much all ancient books, can be put in one class, and those other books whose very names are proscribed on account of their indecency in another. Nothing is, or possibly can be, more indecent than a great part of the classical works just named. On what principle, then, are they to be tolerated and the other suppressed? The only distinction I hav ever heard proposed is that the classical works, notwithstanding their frequent profligacy, are in the main meritorious; while the others hav nothing but their nastiness to recommend them. See, now, of how gross an inconsistency this argument convicts those who use it! They obtain a statute to punish a man for selling a smutty book; but what they do punish him for, according to their own story, is selling a stupid book! This is not mere "sarkasm," though if it were, it would be withering; but, on the contrary, is an eminently practical consideration. For punishing the sale of stupid books is not the way to suppress, but to immortalize them. Since the revival of literature in Europe thousands of immoral books hav been written. All are dead except those which possessed real merits and some two or three others. What preserved these two or three from the fate of their equally silly and equally coarse compeers? I am persuaded it was nothing else than this, that some would be suppressor of vice thought it worth his while to prosecute. The natural punishment of publishing a stupid book is not to sell it. The right way to suppress books adapted to "bring a blush to the cheek of a young person," if that be all there is to them, is to let them alone. True, the species is immortal; but if we hav only new and ephemeral publications of this sort, the evil is reduced to a minimum, and it becomes injudicious to disturb what is well enough. "Experience" and "facts observed" show actually just this, that the only way a book with no recommendation but indecency can be pushed to a second edition is that somebody with more zeal than judgment should notice, denounce, and, above all, prosecute it, until general curiosity has been awakened to know what it really is. The Society for the Suppression, etc., does not suppress such books, but advertises them. C. L. JAMES.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In reading your paper I came across an article from C. B. Reynolds in the form of an attack upon Mr. Jamieson. Now, I would like to say a word in Mr. Jamieson's favor. I think the charges made by Mr. Reynolds are very severe and altogether unwarrantable. Mr. Jamieson has always been a fearless exponent of Freethought at all times and in all places. I say the same of Mr. Reynolds. Now, I can see nothing in the article from Mr. Jamieson previous to this attack to warrant it. In my opinion, had Mr. Jamieson refused to debate with Clark Braden on the grounds that Mr. Reynolds refuses to (when he was recognized by the Christian element of that section), I should hav attributed the refusal to cowardliness on his part, knowing as we do in what light Infidels are held by Christians. Any preacher could make the same excuse before his congregation, and sustain himself in it too, although every one of us would attribute it to cowardice. Now, as regards being mercenary, I fail to see how he can provide for himself and family unless he accepts recompense for his work. I think that Mr. Reynolds does the same. It seems to me that I hav often heard groaning in that camp when receipts were not quite up to the standard. I hav never to my knowledge heard Mr. Jamieson complaining about the weather or the receipts. I had the pleasure to meet Mr. Jamieson at the hotel that we both happened to stop at in Anoka, Minn., about three years ago. I had a pleasant little chat with him, but my business being pressing, I did not hav the chance to hear him lecture, but heard a great deal of him through that part of the country, and I think that with people that know him the article will hav little effect. R. S. CHADWICK.

HAMILTON, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I see in your columns that an effort is talked of to restore from theft Girard's College at Philadelphia. Now, I well remember the time Stephen Girard built and put in usefulness this institution of learning, and hav a vague idea of the use it was intended for. I also remember the conditions Mr. Girard imposed upon this college when it was opened, and those conditions were so plain and strong that it did not appear possible for the priests, clergy, or churches of any denomination ever to get control of this institution. But from THE TRUTH SEEKER it seems this school has been captured by the orthodox clergy notwithstanding Mr. Girard's conditions, and is now run in the interests of the orthodox faith.

How is this thing? Has this college fallen into the keeping and control of the Christian faith? If so, the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER would like to know more about it than they now do, and would be glad to know how this steal was made, and to what extent, and, if it is a possible thing, hav this valuable institution restored to the object for which it was created.

These ministers and churches are experienced hands in stealing colleges, schools, and public money, to build up their order, and they hav great success, and the time has come to look to this thing and put a stop to this kind of thieving, and I am glad to see this affair of Girard College is to be looked after. I would suggest Mr. Ingersoll be employed to examin the case of this college and report what he finds the facts to be, and if he finds it not stolen beyond recovery, that he be employed to restore it to its legitimate place.

I will be one of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER that will giv $1 to start the thing, and I presume there are thousands of readers of the paper who will giv $1 apiece, and many will giv much more, if there is a reasonable chance of final success. I hope THE TRUTH SEEKER will present the facts of Girard College to its readers from time to time.

I hear that it is boasted by some of the leaders of churchdom that Cornell University is to be an object of attack when the right time comes. They want that institution badly, for they say it is the most Infidel school in America; and they will steal it if they can. CARLTON RICE.

BRUNEAU, IDA., Nov. 25, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I here giv a picture of eternal punishment as presented by Elder Knapp in one of his revival sermons, as quoted by the Chicago *Times*, and if you wish, giv it an insertion in your paper, with the comments below on it.

The soul of the impenitent sinner is plunged by beneficent and omnipotent justice into the awful lake of hell. Weighted with its sins, it sinks down into the molten billows, and down and down for centuries, for thousands and tens of thousands of years. Each instant of this descent is an awful, an unendurable agony, a thousand times worse than the pressing of the quivering human flesh against blazing coals. Millions of years after the plunge the damned soul rises from the molten depths and emerges on the surface of the seething billows. Casting his despairing eyes across to where the father sits, he cries, "God, is it not enough?" to which the righteous father, as his countenance flames with wrath, thunders in a tone which shakes the vaults of heaven and hell, "Down, down to all eternity!"

1. Elder Knapp must hav seen the account of a certain Miss Saint Francis and the angel Gabriel visiting his satanic majesty in his fiery abode, where he saw a beautiful young lady in a room of iron, sides, top, and bottom, all in the hottest flames, she begging to be released, and old Satan telling her, No, no, no! she must remain there to endless eternity. This delectable little story is Catholic in origin, yet found in a Protestant Sunday-school book for the edification of infants. Elder Knapp's ebullition seems to be a paraphrase on it, for grown-up infants.

2. He is either a fanatical fool or a hypocritical scoundrel, and should be sent to a lunatic asylum or to the penitentiary, or treated to a coat of tar and feathers and drummed out of the community where he used such language.

3. He knows no more about that of which he is gabbling than a Mexican donkey would.

4. It is a poor compliment to any community to say that he was allowed to use such language to a public audience.

5. His representation of God sitting on the verge of hell gloating over the miseries of his own creatures shows a more devilish disposition than could be imagined by any but a mountebank whose trade is to howl and yell about hell torments to scare weak-minded men and silly women, so that he can get his bread and butter without laboring for it.

J. H. WHITSON.

NEW CAMBRIA, KAN., Nov. 16, 288.

MR. EDITOR: I voted the Union Labor ticket. I told Mr. J. Weaver, of the above address, before the election, that if I were back in Illinois I would vote for Fifer for governor, because I believed the Christians there would try and defeat him on the ground that he was an Infidel, which turned out worse than I expected. What are our Republican Liberals going to do about it? I am not sure but the Republican victory was a religious victory after all. I was surprised that there was any other Liberal viewing it in the same light, but such is the fact. A Mr. Boggs told Mrs. Abbott that was the way he looked at it. It is generally known that the national Republican committee snub Ingersoll, and Warner Miller wrote him that he wanted no Infidel to stump the state for him, so the Republican party says virtually that no Infidel need apply. Liberal Republican brethren, are you going to tell them, "We will show you we hav some rights that you are bound to respect?" I am inclined to think it was all cut and dried before Harrison was even nominated. In January Dr. Withrow, Presbyterian, of Chicago, said "he deplored the tendency of the press to make man greater and God smaller. If the people thought the laws man-made, they would hav no respect for them, but if made to understand that God stood behind them, that they were God's laws, they would show more fear;" and "therefore he exhorted the people" to "glorify and honor God by recognizing him more in our form of government and in the criminal laws of the land." This denomination is the God-in-the-Constitution agents, and who knows but it is a Presbyterian victory? Harrison is a strong one, and you need not be a bit surprised, with Harrison, Blair, Edmunds, *et al*, with "No Infidel need apply," that there will be some national laws passed in this direction. "Is there any hope from any other of the parties?" Yes, I think there is. Republican legislatures pass the Comstock law; the Democrats voted solid against it. The Republican legislature of Ohio passed a law making mediums pay a license of $300 to hold séances in the state; a Democratic legislature repealed it. The Democrats—with the help of the Liberal Republicans, be it said to their honor—elected one of the vice-presidents of the national Liberal League governor as a rebuke to the above Republican law, and it also will be noticed that his being an Infidel did not keep him from polling his full party vote. I wonder if there are not some of the old Liberal warhorses of Abolitionism still within the Republican ranks that will resent the insult. Gentlemen, I for one am willing to follow where you lead the way, and very kindly offer the use of our party for the purpose. Although it has no record upon the subject, I can say this much for it, that about all that did not desert it when it came to voting were Liberal. JOHN W. ABBOTT.

WILKESBARRE, PA., NOV. 27, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav lately received a pamphlet and circular, with application for membership, to be signed and forwarded to what is called "the Brotherhood of Agnostic Moralists," of Hannibal, Mo., to much of which I cannot object. Much of the constitution is quite Liberal, and made from a sound moral standpoint, but the society is misnamed. There is no use of trying to start an order or society purporting to be founded on reason, judgment, and experience, and professing that reason shall be untrammeled, when in article ii, section 4, "Object of the Organization," that object is stated "to be to eradicate from the mind all belief in spirits," etc. Then, again, in the "Definitions," etc.: "An Agnostic is one who holds that man's experience and observation are the basis of human knowledge, which is consequently limited to the things of this world and this life."

It is quite evident that this mushroom society has for its object mainly to sit down on modern Spiritualism and all investigations of a future life, and is calculated to divide and classify Liberals generally, or in other words, kick out all Spiritualists, by binding its members to not investigate that subject. Of course, no one who has acquired any knowledge and experience on that subject by the use of his reason and judgment could subscribe to its constitution and by-laws. In other words, no one who has any belief in a future life can belong to it, because its object is to root out all such belief. It should therefore be called "the Brotherhood of the Moral, All ends in Mud, Society," or, "the Blank Material," or the "Death ends All, Society," or any such name as would express the idea that a man's reason, experience, and judgment shall be free, provided he confines them to matters of this life, and discards all investigation about another. It is supposed that no person needs to know anything about another life, and if he should accidentally encounter phenomena which would lead him that way, he is in duty "bound" by this bond, which is to tie him to what might be called a mushroom upstart, to shut his eyes to the observations of his senses, and completely ignore the possibility of any such thing.

This concern states that "man's experience and observation are limited to the things of this life only," and "consequently he cannot hav any experience or observations of any other world but this." I deny this as emphatically as I would the assertion that man can acquire no knowledge outside of the limits of his ordinary senses. In fact, if man were limited to his five senses only, and could not know anything but what he could see, hear, feel, smell, and taste, if it were not for his thoughts and memories, he would be no better than the brutes around him.

There is evidently a higher sense than any of the material senses, and which is probably the resultant of their combined operations upon this physical body. When they assert that "consequently man's mind is limited to the things of this life," I think and know, from my experience and observations, that there consequently follows no such thing. The fact that we hav phenomena around us, and that man can reason upon them, and draw conclusions from facts about them, is evidence that these brothers must be mistaken, and blindly prejudiced against a subject they do not understand, and will not investigate. I wonder how they can ask me to sign their "bond," and discard my reason and common sense in the face of such facts as I shall relate. And bear it in mind, that it is by experience and observation of facts that I hav acquired this knowledge of a future world.

Last summer I attended the Spiritual meetings at Onset Bay. Before I left my home I picked up two slates from the shelves of my store, and, after cleaning them, folded them up and placed them in my valise. One day I saw a picture which was made through the mediumship of Mr. Rogers. It was that of an Indian chief, produced as follows: A cardboard was cut by a committee, and placed between two slates. The slates had just been cleaned by sponging off. After the cardboard was shown to the audience of several hundred or more persons, by the committee, it was placed between the slates and secured by being fastened with large gum bands, or screwed together, or both, if my memory serves me. On the bottom of these slates they then placed a box of oil paints, and secured it tightly against the bottom of the under slates. The medium, Mr. Rogers, and his wife, and some of the committee, took hold of the wooden frames of the slates, and held them less than ten minutes, when the slates were opened. Upon the cardboard was found a picture painted of an Indian chief, in oil colors, which it took a day or more to get thoroughly dry. The picture could not hav been painted by any artist in less than a day, as ordinarily done by artists, or perhaps it might hav required a longer time, as it was a very good painting.

This picture must hav been produced by an intelligent force while operating through the material of the slate, and the various colors of paints must hav been by some means conveyed through them also. The intelligence was not from any of the committee, nor from the mediums, as neither knew or had any idea what had been made until the slates were separated. The fact of painting the picture was not all, for the name of the picture was given as "Black Hawk," the Indian chief, and it was recognized to be his from its likeness to Black Hawk's picture as it is framed in various parts of the country, especially as it is painted and on exhibition at the Smithsonian gallery at Washington. So that every feature of this operation was characteristic of a human intelligence, while it was not produced by any human power in the premises. It claimed to be the work of the spirits, and in the absence of any fraud in the case, I contend it is a reasonable belief to say it was.

A short time afterward, I obtained a sitting with Mr. Rogers and his lady, and took my slates to hav something put upon them by the spirits. The slates never left my sight while I was having the sitting. The lady placed a bit of slate-pencil upon one of them and I clasped them snugly together by a rubber band. We then held them between our thumbs and fingers for a short time, when Mr. Rogers was made to write on another slate, "Put on more pencil," whereupon I opened the slates and saw that nothing had been done, not even a mark or attempt of any kind. Mrs. Rogers then put on a much larger piece of pencil, and I placed the bandage around them. We held them only an instant when the vibrations were felt from the efforts made in writing, and we also distinctly heard the scratching. On opening the slates I found this:

DEAR FATHER: I am glad to come to you in this way, as it brings me nearer to you. We are all here, and send much love to mother and all who know us. From your loving son,

TALBOT H. PERRY.

This young man died nearly a year ago. He was buried on last Christmas day. It is very characteristic of my son, just his style, and gave his full name as he used to write it. I had never known Mr. Rogers until that day, and only saw them, he and his wife, once before, but did not recognize him as the medium, and he did not know me, nor that I had such a son who was dead. There could hav been no trick about it, as Rogers could not hav had any clue to myself or the antecedents and relations of my dead son. I hav every reason to believe that the spirit of my son either wrote that message or dictated it, as it could hav come only from his mind. That, at least, is the most reasonable and probable solution. The idea that some material-headed thinkers hav, when they intimate that intelligence is floating about in chunks, or is floating like a cloud on a rainy day, and may be drawn down occasionally, is too absurd for belief, but one of the regular hardheads will adopt any theory, no matter how ridiculous, if it will answer his purpose of denying it to be a spirit. To say that a spirit can do thus and so would be too comprehensible. They are straining after something more scientific, or if not that, then it must be fraud—anything will do but spirit. And the result is that by their egotistic habits and self-conceit, the spirits who might enlighten them on the subject usually let such characters severely alone. And they answer a very good purpose; it is to act as a negativ battery of agitators, while the truths of Spiritualism are impressing themselvs upon all who are free enough and sensible enough to weigh evidence honestly and accept it. Then they answer another purpose—I mean those self-important investigators—they afford good subjects for the spirits to laugh at, as they put on style and play fantastic tricks before high heaven.

I am sorry for that one bad plank in the platform of the Agnostic Brotherhood. It looks like the sign of a crab, and will be liable to leave them lagging behind in the march of human wisdom and progress. J. R. PERRY.

P.S.—I should be pleased to hav Elmina D. Slenker account for those facts in any other half-reasonable way.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Curing by Simples.

BY A LEARNED APOTHECARY.

If you e'er should catch a cold,
These simple remedies, as I've been told,
Will make it quit its deathly hold:

Take water of a scalding heat
And place in it your dainty feet,
Until they peel;
Then eat and eat—
For food's a great reliever.
"Feed a cold and starve a fever;"
And if you feel inclined to cough and sneeze,
Take of teas,
Ginger, slippery elm, sage,
Wormwood—that will make you rage;
No matter, take it or rass over—
Hoarhound, red pepper, clover,
Sassafras, mullein, catnip,
Or any others I havn't named over.

Onions are good to cleanse the blood
From poisonous phlegm,
So eat a dozen of them;
Then take a good sweat,
And then take care
Not to breathe the fresh air,
And avoid a terrible back-set.

If at your lungs it stops,
Put on a poultice of hops;
If it goes to your throat,
Chew freely licorice root;
If to your head,
Take snuff instead.
These are the simples, people say,
Sure to drive the cold away.

The Absence of Little Wesley.

Sence little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still—
W'y, I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I'd miss the whipperwill!
And to think I ust ter scold him fer his everlastin' noise,
When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little boys!
I wisht a hundred times a day 'at he'd come tromp-in' in,
And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud ag'in!
It u'd seem like some soft music played on some fine instrument.
'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence little Wesley went!
Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it use to do—
Yit now they's times it 'pears like it 'ud bu'st itself in two!
And let a rooster, suddent like, crow som'ers clos't around—
And seem's ef, mighty nigh it, it 'ud lift me off the ground!
And same with all the cattle when they bawl around the bars,
In the red o' airly mornin', er the dusk and dew and stars,
When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, but jest go on,
A-whistlin' kind o' to theirse'vs—sence little Wesley's gone.
And then, o' nights when mother's sittin' up on-common late,
A-bilin' pears er somepen, and I set and smoke and wait,
Tel the moon out through the winder looks no bigger'n a dime,
And things keep gittin' stiller—stiller—stiller all the time—
I've ketched myse'f a-wishin' like—as I clumb on the cheer
To wind the clock, as I hav done fer mor'n fifty year'—
A-wishin' 'at the time hed come fer us to go to bed,
With our last prayers, and our last tears, sence little Wesley's dead!

—*James Whitcomb Riley in the May Century.*

Self-Culture.

Self-culture is self-refinement. If we practice self-culture we can accomplish a great many things. This ought not to be slighted, as it admits of great cultivation, and should be cherished by all. We should cultivate ourselvs to be refined. Each small boy and girl, and even much larger ones, should make this a special aim. There is not one of us too old to learn, as the best books hav the most beauty; the greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in their natural attire. No person can receive the true culture of another in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished. It should not be excluded from any condition of life. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand. It is most important in those conditions where coarse labor tends to giv a grossness to the mind. A young man had qualified himself to pass nautical examination as master by employing his spare hours in study, which ought to suggest to young men generally, and especially the young men of the working class, the possibility of acquiring a great amount of useful knowledge by judicious employment of their leisure hours, and that without depriving themselvs of any healthful recreation. It is a well-known fact that many of the great men who hav distinguished themselvs during the past century, particularly in connection with important discoveries and inventions, hav been workingmen who hav risen by their own efforts, who hav added to their stock of useful knowledge, improved and trained their minds, by employing their leisure hours in reading and studying, often under unfavorable and discouraging circumstances.

It is astonishing how much practical knowledge a person can acquire by judicial and systematic disposal of his leisure hours, and that without encroaching upon time to be devoted to healthful recreation. One hour an evening spent in reading or study on some given practical work will suffice to lay up in the storehouse of memory, in the course of a year, a great variety of important and useful facts that will be found useful in after life. In order to prove this, young men hav simply to make themselvs acquainted with the early history of such men as Stevenson, Hackworth, and others. The lesson their lives hav taught is, first, diligent culture of their leisure hours, minutes, and seconds, devoted to a favorit subject or study; second, having a definit and practical aim; third, adoption of a systematic course of reading or study; fourth, desire and determination to succeed. Such persons, being sustained in health of body and mind, could not fail to succeed.

What was impossible or difficult in their case then is more than possible in the case of young men of the present day, if they go to work with the same thoughtful, careful determination, and avail themselvs of the superior advantages presented by the literary and educational institutions and sources of knowledge which are found almost everywhere to a greater or less extent. The fact is, there is no excuse for workingmen of any class being always hewers of wood and drawers of water, being simply machines in the hands of employers. Making use of the intelligence they hav, availing themselvs of the facilities at their disposal for acquiring knowledge, and putting it into practical use, they can improve their present position, for intelligent employers appreciate intelligent workmen, and they can fit themselvs for occupying positions of honor and usefulness in society. The lesson taught by the lives of men whose lives are connected with the discoveries and inventions of genius ought to stimulate young men of the present to emulate their examples, to follow in their footsteps so far as they did right, and to be animated by a laudable ambition to excel in the sphere of duty and labor which they are called upon to fill. MAMIE JONES.

A Nantucket Tradition.

While the writer was visiting at Nantucket last summer, she was made acquainted with many quaint legends associated with that island, old and gray. Among them was the following tradition, related by the Indians who lived on Nantucket at the time of its settlement by white people, as long ago as 1650. The story is told to little children today precisely as handed down by the Indians.

Many, many moons ago little babies and toddlers of two or three years of age used to be stolen from their homes on Cape Cod, disappearing in an instant, and never seen again. A monstrous bird, with wide, flapping wings and huge talons, would come swooping down on the south shore of Cape Cod, and, when it could not find a lamb or a chicken, it would snatch the first child in its way, and off it would go with the little innocent in its talons. They were Indian children mostly, but none the less dear to their parents and friends.

In this locality on the cape there lived a big chieftain, big enough to be called a giant, whose name was Manshope. He was very angry at the loss of the children in such a manner, and resolved to know what became of them. So at the next visit of the monster bird, which was perhaps an American eagle, old Manshope was on the alert, and, although the prey, which was a sucking pig this time, was in the powerful talons of the bird before he could reach it, he followed the flight of the creature. Wading into the sea, and swimming till he crossed the sound, he arrived upon the land now known as Nantucket. He walked until he came to a wide-spreading tree, beneath the branches of which lay the bleached bones of the dear little children that had been stolen from time to time by the great bird. Manshope was angry, and to soothe his enraged feelings, he thought he would smoke his pipe. But alas! he had no tobacco. He then roamed about until he found some poke-weed and, smoking the same, found it a good substitute for tobacco. He killed the huge bird, and destroyed its nest of young ones, so that no more children were stolen in that way afterward. Then he smoked more poke-weed, and ever since that time fogs hav been frequent at Nantucket, and on the cape. And ever afterward, when the Indians perceived a fog arising, they would say, "It is old Manshope's smoke!"

Another version of the story is that Manshope, after smoking his pipe one day, emptied its ashes, and this made the island of Nantucket.

There were once living upon the island two tribes of Indians, one at either end, and they were unfriendly to each other. When the white people came there to liv, they endeavored to convert the red men and women to a belief in the dogmas of religion, succeeding after a while in imposing upon their credulous and artless natures. One Indian in particular had been converted. His name was John Gill. In the unlettered code of morals among the Indians were many beautiful precepts. One was that no evil should be spoken of the dead. To disregard this was certain death. John Gill, after his conversion to Christianity, forgot this good trait, and said unkind words of one who was a near connection of King Philip of Mount Hope. This fact coming to the ears of Philip, he resolved upon the death of the traducer of his relativ. Coming to Nantucket, he landed at the west end and intended traveling along the shore under the bank until he should reach the home of John Gill and then to dispatch him. An Indian, discovering his approach, and knowing the secret of his journey, ran for life and apprized the unlucky Christian Indian of what was about to happen if he did not make good his escape. John immediately and swiftly proceeded to the village and asked John Macy to conceal him, which he did. The leading white men had an interview with Philip, but it was hard work to induce him to relinquish the killing of the unfaithful Indian, which he did only on receipt of a handsome sum of money and several presents.

Philip's idea, and the prevalent one among the Indians, was that the dead were unable to defend themselvs, and therefore it was wrong to speak reproachfully of them. It was a beautiful thought, scrupulously observed among the red men of the forest.

It was born, not of religion, but of the nativ honor and justice in man. Evil should not be spoken of the living either. If we cannot speak well of individuals, it is better to say nothing, unless it is absolutely necessary to warn others of danger. S. H. W.

Correspondence.

BALLSTON, N. Y., Dec. 2, E.M. 288.

DEAR MISS WIXON: The following are the names of the donors to the Casey dime fund to the amount of $5, which sum I remit to Mr. Casey to-day, making $10 remitted, and I want $10 more to the Casey fund, which will pay for the cow:

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[How small a sum is a dime! One hundred of them will make $10, just the sum Satie wants, which, added to that already received, will buy a cow for the Caseys. When you read this, dear friends of the Corner, do not wait, but send along the dimes. We shall all feel an interest in the Casey cow, whose name should be "Liberal," because she will be purchased by Liberals, owned by Liberals, and, undoubtedly, will giv a liberal supply of rich, sweet milk.—ED. C. C.]

OSCEOLA, IA., Nov. 23, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: It has been a long time since I hav written to the Corner. I saw Lenora Stockinger's essay on "Forests." I thought it very nice. I hav an essay on "Self-Culture" that I thought I would send to hav put in the paper if there is room for it. Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Your Liberal friend, MAMIE JONES.

BRIDGEVILLE, TENN., Nov. 30, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I will now write to you, hoping to see my letter in print. We hav three boarders now. Our town is building up fast. We hav a nice depot up here. We hav four stores in our little village. I hav three pet rats as white as snow. There is no school here now. We hav readings here every Wednesday night.

Your true friend, CLARA LEINART.

In sending communications to the Children's Corner, be careful and hav them written plainly, and also let them be original. To take the thoughts of others and pass them for your own is wrong and wicked. It is taking that which does not belong to you, and anyone knowingly doing that would be called a literary thief.—ED. C. C.

General Spinner and the Birds.

The venerable but vigorous Gen. F. E. Spinner, formerly United States treasurer, writes from his camp at Pablo Beach, Fla., to his friends, the boys, to spare the birds. "I well recollect," he says, "that I once shot a robin. He flew some distance and fell in the tall grass. I went and picked him up and found that I had inflicted a fatal wound in his breast. The poor wounded bird looked up into my face so imploringly that it caused me to shed tears, and now, to-day, at the age of eighty-five years, I am haunted by the pitiful, imploring look of that poor, innocent, dying bird, and feelings of deep remorse come over me whenever I see a robin. I would be willing to make great sacrifices to be made guiltless of the wanton murder of that poor innocent bird." The general makes a special plea for that sweetest of all American songsters, the ill-named catbird. But as for the English sparrow, he says with righteous wrath, "Kill him wherever you find him, in season and out of season. He has never been known to do any good and is of no use. Giv him no quarter, but go for him as you would for any other thief."

What the Little Ones Are Saying.

Twins had arrived at the house, and Johnnie, aged five, was much interested in them. When he was taken to see them he looked long and earnestly, and, turning to the nurse, he remarked: "Say, nurse, which one of them are they going to drown?" He remembered what had been done when there were too many kittens.

"I am afraid, Bobby," said his mother, "that when your papa comes home all tired out with his day's work, and learns what a naughty boy you hav been, he will punish you." "Perhaps, ma," replied Bobby, with hope strong in his breast, "he will be too tired to feel like punishing me."

Father: "Hello! Where did you get all those toys?" Son: "I bought 'em with the money you gave me." "But I gave you that money to teach you how to save." "Yes, pa, I kept it for three weeks until I learned all about saving, and now I'm learning how to shop."

Lady: "And what does your father do?" Little girl: "Oh, papa is a doctor." Lady: "Indeed! I suppose he practices a great deal, does he not?" Little girl: "Oh, no. He doesn't practice any more now, he knows how."

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[A man who has evidently seen more prosperity than he is enjoying nowadays has twice called upon me at 514 Kearny street with products of his pen, which he desired to dispose of for a price. The first time he came he brought a story of personal experience entitled, "Embraced by a King." He wanted a dollar for it. I shook my head. He added a poem to it and said, "Now giv me a dollar for the two." "No." "Half a dollar?" "*No.*" "Two bits to buy a meal of victuals with." I handed him that sum, and took the manuscript. The poem was of the Sunday-school variety, but "Embraced by a King" proved to be possessed of considerable merit. The next time he came I gave him back his poetry, and recommended him to try some other paper. I didn't care to purchase contributions—had a deep drawer full of good ones—but, somehow, before he went away, he had got another two-bit piece out of me for a "meal of victuals," and left the following verses. The reader must judge whether I got cheated or not.]

SAINT PETER AND THE POPE.

The golden gate's ajar, and there
No gold awaits the wicked prayer
Of those who spent time's sacred air
In gambling with the highest player
That they might win.

St. Peter handed up his key,
Lang syne to stern old Destiny—
With this injunction, that there be
Nor pope nor other scarlet she,
Allowed within.

But somehow Bobbie Burns and Jack,
One Barleycorn, with pint of sack,
Got old St. Peter on his back,
Then crowed as Peter's cock, alack!
Did at his sin.

The pope he heard it far in Rome,
Which made his angry heart to foam;
Then turned him to the awful tome,
That "Index" 'neath St. Peter's dome,
And looked within.

He saw (some spirit vision came)
A saint and sinner ganging hame
Tigither with a lovely dame—
The lassie seemed a wee bit lame—
As might hav been.

The pope with his long, crooked stick,
And flashier eye than lightning quick,
Asked the young gal what kind of trick
Had made her comrades so sin sick,
Then asked her in.

The Vatican, my dear, says he,
Is only the fit place for thee;
Let saint and sinner parted be,
Come enter and abide with me—
The church's bride.

The limping damsel went with him,
To light his household's holy dim,
With dusky face and smile as grim,
Looking the while so awful trim,
She did abide.

Some time had passed—one day says she,
You are not good enough for me,
And worse than Bobbie on the spree;
I do not like your mystery,
No such queer Christianity;
So to St Peter back I'll go,
And wash with kiss his holy toe;
But yours—oh, no!

Tardy Retribution.

A Christian sailor beat a Jew,
And while he pummeled him he cried,
"I'll pound your body black and blue,
For our dear Lord you crucified!"

But when the Jew recovered breath,
Said he: "My friend, do you not know,
That Jesus Christ was put to death
Some eighteen hundred years ago?"

The Christian dealt another blow,
And answered with a wrathful shriek,
"I care not how long 'twas ago,
I only heard of it last week!"

In this fine mirror is displayed
The Christian charity of ages,
For such a picture is displayed
Too oft on history's bloody pages.

—*Rev. Minot J. Savage in the Hebrew Standard.*

Obituary.

May Schulenburg died at her home in Detroit, Mich., on November 15th. H. C. Bechtold, editor of the *Michigan Arbeiter-zeitung*, officiated at the funeral. He said:

Friends and neighbors: We hav come here to bid farewell to a departed sister, a sister in humanity. Alas! that it is a last farewell to one who has been dear to all who came within the circle of her acquaintance and the touches of her womanly heart, to a friend whose memory will ever liv in our remembrance.

Ladies and gentlemen: You hav brought along the beautiful children of Flora, and decked with choicest gifts the broken form of our sister, in order to hide the stern view of the grim visitor, who is wont to knock at the doors of all the children of man. Your presence brings consolation to a desolated home. You hav shed tears and suppressed tears—let them freely flow and relieve the heavy-laden heart. You could not suppress your sympathy.

Were not the pale lips of our friend closed in silence, she would thank you for your kindness. So let me do it in her place and in the name of the family. Born in a foreign land, our departed sister found a hearty welcome and a home in your midst, a home embellished by the treasures of culture and warmed up by affection. The true house-warming, like the inspiration of the soul, flows from the heart, whose fountain of light and life will never dry up. For whoever has, in the performance of his duties, lived for his loved ones, or to the satisfaction of the best of his time, has lived forever. This is true and undisputed immortality.

In a home and community where everyone strives to perform the duties of life from the motiv of love, all its members enjoy activity and rest. This sweet rest after hard work enables us to anticipate the long rest awaiting us in the grand cycle of uninterrupted going and coming. This thought calls to my memory a few old Saxon verses, illustrating the temporary calm in the storms of life:

The winds are hushed and the waters at rest;
They sleep like the passions in infancy's breast,
Till storms shall unchain them from out their dark cave,
And break the repose of the soul and the wave.

The repose of our silent friend will be broken no more. We are now about to transmit the broken form of our dear friend to her final resting-place, and in doing so you will join me in this invocation:

Sister Mary Schulenburg, you hav been for thirty-three years—too short a term for our wishes—a true companion to your afflicted husband, a true mother to your children and grandchildren, and a good neighbor and warm friend to all. We must part, but you will liv in our memory till our lives, too, will ebb away. Rest in peace! and in the grand process of evolution, farewell!

The Preacher Knows No More Than the Bartender.

From Life.

The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, the great pulpit athlete of Brooklyn, discoursed on Sunday concerning the devil. In the process of printing the moral that adorned his tale, he had occasion to picture the scene in heaven when the sons of God were assembled, as related in that section of the scriptures devoted to the misfortunes of a certain patriarch, who would not hold his present reputation if he had sat long under Dr. Talmage's preaching. The reverend gentleman, taking his text from the first chapter of Job, in which the intrusion of Satan among the angels is mentioned, described the Lord and the seraphim gathered in the business office of paradise, the former receiving the reports of the latter. One of these angels, according to the great athlete, had "seen a meteor run down a planet," and another "had been present and witnessed the birth of a new world;" and it was while they were relating these wonderful experiences to their startled friends, still according to Dr. Talmage, that "a filthy, unkempt, vagabond-looking fellow strode unceremoniously into the august assembly, without taking the trouble to wipe his feet," said fellow being Satan.

Why this vulgar and flippant twaddle should "go" with Dr. Talmage's congregations we are unaware; but it is not creditable either to their piety or intelligence that they should crowd his church for amusement of this nature. If a person out of holy orders ventured to picture God and his angels recording accidents to the solar system, and the devil intruding among them with a top hat pulled down over his eyes, a bad cigar in his mouth, and the end of his tail in his coat pocket, that person would be considered not only irreverent, but blasphemous; and yet such a scene is no more sacrilegious than Dr. Talmage's. And why should grown people go to hear the Brooklyn athlete's weak efforts to picture a material heaven, when every intelligent person among them knows that the man in the pulpit has no more an accurate conception of paradise than the man who is mixing drinks in the next block?

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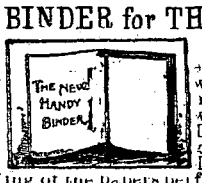
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News of the Week.

MANY citizens of Canada say that England would not consent peaceably to annexation of that province.

LAST week produced an unusual number of suicides. The main causes were inability to get work, sickness, and drunkenness.

POWDERLY was reelected.

JOHN BRIGHT can liv but a few days.

BOULANGIST riots continue in France.

BISMARCK has been made a doctor of divinity.

A BUTTER trust is robbing the people of New York city.

BELGIAN strikers are rioting and attempting to use dynamite.

RIOTS from religious excitement are feared at Morelia, Mexico.

WILLIAM II. makes the life of his officers unhappy with a bad temper.

REV. HOWARD CROSBY says that the low-cut evening dress is an abomination.

IN France one person in seven follows art either as a professional or a dilettante.

EXPERIMENTS at Hawaii prove that leprosy is to some extent a contagious disease.

THE Knights of Labor are spreading in England, with the land question as their central idea.

AN English parson lately requested his congregation to pray for the discovery of the Whitechapel murderer.

TOTAL convictions under the "cohabitation" section of the Edmunds anti-polygamy law in Utah, 525; in Idaho, 89.

OFFICIAL returns of popular vote: Republican, 5,436 627; Democratic, 5 534,453. Prohibition, 248,814; 1884, 150,369.

GERMANY is jealous because of our possession of Pango-Pango harbor at Samoa, and of our interests generally in the South seas.

IT is going the round of the European press that Pope Leo is highly indignant with the German emperor and speaks of him as a bad son.

A SUCCESSFUL ascent in an air-ship was made on the 8th at Coney Island, N. Y., under the direction of a company seeking to perfect such machines.

HAYTI is distracted with revolutionary conflicts. Some forces there hav captured an American vessel, and Secretary Whitney demands its release, with indemnity.

ON the 8th 15 men were killed and 12 wounded at the Birmingham, Ala., jail by a sheriff's posse protecting Dick Hawes, alleged murderer of his wife and child, from lynching.

THE achievements of the Lick telescope hav caused the introduction in Congress of a bill to erect a telescope surpassing even that one, its lens to be 60 inches in diameter while that of the present one is 36.

THE military and similar classes who run Germany hav made an arrangement with their friends the money-lenders by which the latter are to lend the government 60,000,000 marks for war and similar objects. The part of the people in this is to work and pay the interest.

FRIENDSHIP LIBERAL LEAGUE of Philadelphia has met with a considerable loss in the burning of the hall in which the League met. The fire occurred early on December 2d. League property to the amount of about $150 was consumed, and the secretary also lost some $50 worth of books. The League, however, will continue to meet, as rooms in another part of the building hav been engaged.

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BALAK TAKETH BALAAM TO A HIGH PLACE.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that Balak took Balaam, and brought him up into the high places of Baal, that thence he might see the utmost parts of the people.—Num. xxii, 41.

Odds and Ends.

"MAMMA, is that the usher?" "Yes, dear." "Does he show people where to sit, mamma?" "No, he shows people where not to sit."

HE: "And you really love me, darling?" She: "Why do you doubt me, dear?" He: "Well, I saw you setting the clock an hour forward when I came in."

MOLLY: "And I'm sure you liked Paree, dear, didn't you, now?" Polly (just back): "It was perfectly lovely, dear; in fact, as the French themselvs say, *toot sweet*."

"How do Squiggins and his wife get along now?" "Very happily indeed." "Are you sure of that? I hav been told that they don't liv together." "Yes, that was the idea I sought to convey."

SHE: "I must show you my new clock before you go." He (facetiously): "Some of my friends tell me I am homely enough to stop a clock." She: "Oh, that won't matter! It can be started again."

MRS. ALEXANDER TULLINER, of Frankfort, Ky., claims to hav been cured of paralysis by "faith, electricity, and good bourbon whisky." The proportions in which the ingredients were taken is not mentioned.

"SWACKHAMMER, why don't you giv up that abominable haoit of cigaret-smoking?" "Jrobinson, I ll do it if you will quit writing poetry for the newspapers." It w s a severe struggle, but Jrobinson yielded, and the guardian angels of two young men wept tears of joy.

THE Christian nations are more than usually busy just now dividing among themselvs the real estate of the benighted heathen. But they are amply justified in so doing. In preparing the heathen for heaven the Christian nativs naturally conclude that the heathen hav no further use for their earthly possessions.

A SIMPLE street arab had been captured and brought into Sunday-school. He was of frank and open spirit and had all the courage of his ignorance. "What do you know about God?" asked the teacher. "'Bout God? Nawthen." "But you know the savior died to save sinners, don't you?" "Naw. Never knowed he was sick."

BEDROCK (looking over the paper): "Here's something extraordinary, my dear. Husband and wife liv together twenty-four years without a cross word." Mrs. Bedrock: "There's nothing strange in that." Bedrock: "Paper says it's the only instance of the kind on record. But, then, it's easily accounted for." Mrs. Bedrock: "How?" Bedrock: "They are mutes."

THE other day a Brooklyn boy of six years, who had been "pestering" one of his little brothers, was sentenced by his mother to sit for an hour in a high chair in one corner of the sitting-room as a punishment. During the hour a friend of the family came in. The culprit had a Bible in his hands, and pretended to be reading very intently. The friend of the family, having been informed of the "punishment," went up to the lad and asked: "Are you reading about the little boy who troubles his brother?" "No," promptly replied Young America, "I'm reading about God, who knows enough to mind his own business."

SAID Constable Bragg to Farmer Scragg:
"I've come to seize your cow, sir;
The writ says 'personal property,'
And what will you do now, sir?"

Said Farmer Scragg to Constable Bragg:
"I don't scare at a shadow;
The cow's not personal property, sir—
I've turned her into a meadow."

MR. HANKINSON and Miss Kajones (enthusiastically joining the rest of the company in the request): "We shall be delighted to hear you sing, Miss Garlinghouse." Miss Garlinghouse (seating herself at the piano): "What shall I sing? Tum-ti-tum-tum. H'm. Thre-e-e fishe-e-rs went sa-a-iling out into-a-o the west. Out into the we-o-e-st, as the su-u-u-n went down," etc. Mr. Hankinson (fervently): "Now that I hav the opportunity to speak to you at last, Miss Kajones—Laura—you will listen to me, will you not, while I tell you of the deep and earnest love I hav so long felt for you," etc.

A SOMEWHAT eccentric parson in southern Virginia was intending to preach from the text, "And the spirit of the Holy Ghost descended like a dove." It occurred to him that it would illustrate the text forcibly to hav a dove let down with a string from the ventilator above the pulpit just as he uttered the words. So an old negro servant was brought to the church on Saturday and sent up into the garret to rehearse letting down the dove. It worked to perfection, and on Sabbath morning the old darkey was again sent to the garret before the opening hymn. The preacher reached the words, "And the spirit of the Holy Ghost descended like a dove," but the dove didn't descend. The text was repeated, and still no dove appeared. A third time the parson repeated the words, and then glanced up at the ventilator to see what was wrong. Slowly the ventilator opened, and in the space appeared a woolly head. "Say, massa!" said the darkey, "I'se 'fraid de Holy Gose can't show up to-day. Ole cat's bin up yar an' chawed his whole damned head off."

"WE acknowledge the defeat of our candidate, Bill Peters, for sheriff," says a Missouri paper, frankly and manfully. "And it simply remains for us to trace out and profit by the causes of his defeat. Up to 1 o'clock everything looked smooth and clear for Bill here at the county seat. Then Hi Pugh, Bill's opponent, came around the polls with a wagon-load of Ben Davis apples, and begun giving them away until the tide turned in his favor. Then Bill's friends flew around and bought a barrel of cider, and let her flow free to everybody, and Bill took the lead again. But it begun to look dark for Bill when Hi drove home and got a keg of peach brandy, and dished it out like it was common well water. Bill caught up again with a keg of apple jack and a jug of cherry bounce. But about an hour before the polls closed Hi scared up fourteen dandy bull-pups and a lot of punkin-pies and Bill couldn't offset that with anything the crowd cared for, so Hi got there. But 'truth crushed to earth shall rise again,' and we'll get Bill there next time. You hear us!"

Gems of Thought.

THERE can be no absurdities in religion, which is the work of the Word, or the Divine Reason, which, as we all know, has nothing in common with human reason. It is only through want of faith that incredulous persons fancy they can perceive absurdities in Christianity, whence it results that a want of faith is the hight of absurdity. The absurdities of the Christian belief disappear when its doctrins hav been inculcated from earliest childhood, and adhered to without doubt or question. —*Voltaire.*

THERE is in childhood a period measured by six, or at most by ten years, when any well-inculcated dogma, no matter how extravagantly absurd, is sure to retain its hold for life.—*Schopenhauer.*

FROM the very beginning the sect of the apostle-training Galilean has been a sect of assiduous educators. They were not satisfied with founding schools and opening their doors to all comers, but went forth in quest of new converts, and pursued their aim with a persistence of zeal and a versatility of skill that could not fail to accomplish its purpose. As soon as a sufficient increase of power enabled them to control the institutes of primary instruction they turned their chief attention to the dogmatical education of the young. Though the propagation of an unnatural creed is not favored by natural fertility, the naturally barren doctrin of renunciation was thus successfully propagated by a system of incessant grafting. By the skilful application of that process the most dissimilar plants were made subservient to its purpose. The "worship of sorrow" with its whining renunciation of worldly enjoyments, and its indifference to health and physical education, was grafted on the manful naturalism of the Hebrew lawgiver.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Bible of Nature.*

SEEK to make honest inquirers rather than converts and disciples. Make truth and virtue so lovely that all will desire them, and thou wilt hav become a true educator.—*Mrs. Stenker.*

WITHOUT candor, discussion, in the highest sense, is impossible. All hav the same interest, whether they know it or not, in the establishment of facts. All hav the same to gain, the same to lose. He loads the dice against himself who scores a point against the right. Absolute honesty is to the intellectual perception what light is to the eyes. Prejudice and passion cloud the mind. In each disputant should be blended the advocate and judge.—*Ingersoll*

THEOLOGY is but *ignorance of natural causes* reduced to a system.—*D'Holbach.*

To me it seems easy to account for these ideas concerning gods and devils. They are a perfectly natural production. Man has created them all, and under the same circumstances would create them again. Man, in his ignorance, supposed that all phenomena were produced by some intelligent powers, and with direct reference to him.—*Ingersoll.*

CONTEMPT for human sciences was one of the first features of Christianity. It had to avenge itself upon philosophy; it feared that spirit of investigation and doubt, that confidence of man in his own reason, the pest alike of all religious creeds. The light of the natural sciences was regarded with a suspicious eye, as being a dangerous enemy to the success of miracles, and there is no religion that does not oblige its sectaries to swallow some physical absurdities. The triumph of Christianity was thus the signal of the entire decline both of the sciences and of philosophy.—*Condorcet.*

THE warfare of religion against science is to be guarded against in Protestant countries not less than in Catholic; it breaks out in America not less than in Europe. I might exhibit many proofs of this. Do conscientious Roman bishops in France labor to keep all advanced scientific instruction under their own control—in their own universities and colleges? so do very many not less conscientious Protestant clergymen in our own country insist that advanced education in science and literature shall be kept under control of their own sectarian universities and colleges, wretchedly one-sided in their development, and miserably inadequate in their equipment: did a leading Spanish university, until a recent period, exclude professors holding the Newtonian theory; so does a leading American college exclude professors holding the Darwinian theory: hav Catholic colleges in Italy rejected excellent candidates for professorships on account of "unsafe" views regarding the immaculate conception; so are Protestant colleges in America every day rejecting excellent candidates on account of "unsafe" views regarding the apostolic succession, or the incarnation, or baptism, or the perseverence of the saints.—*Professor White, President of Cornell University.*

FOR the establishment of facts, the word of man is now considered far better than the word of God. In the world of science, Jehovah was superseded by Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler.—*Ingersoll.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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Notes and Clippings.

ENGLISH trade-unionism is rapidly growing Socialistic. On the continent to call a man a "workman" is equivalent to calling him a Socialist.

IT is thought that if Italy is involved in a war the removal of the pope will be a practical necessity.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prodigious open corruption of the late elections, and all the talk of stringent enforcement of laws against offenders, nothing is being done.

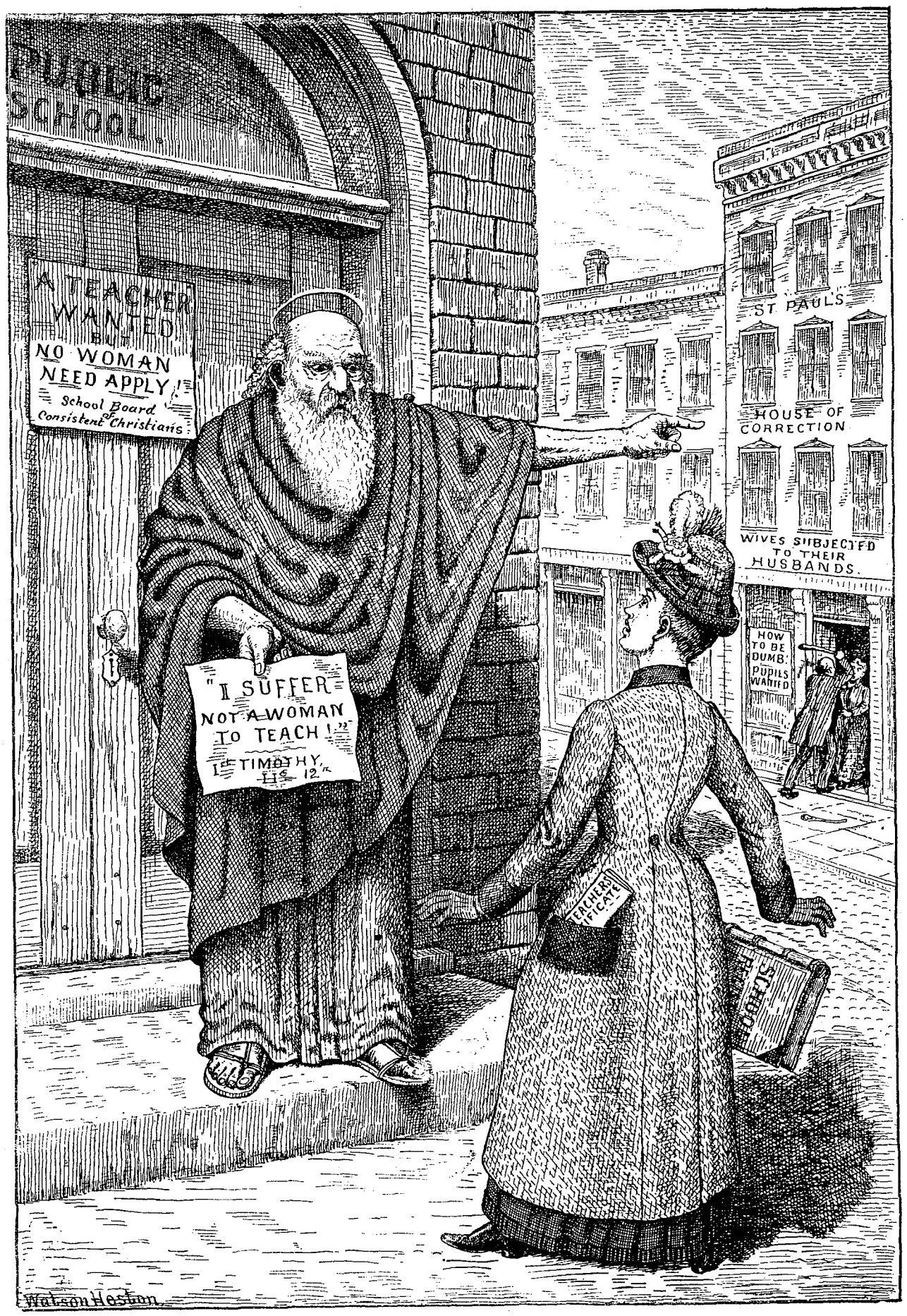
ITALY is advanced in the woman's rights movement. Both houses of her parliament hav just missed passing woman suffrage bills this year. Garibaldi, Mazzini, and nearly all Italy's greatest men hav favored such measures.

As the time for the publication of the Japanese constitution approaches, the political activity among the people increases. A manifestation of this spirit is to be seen in the recently effected organization of the "Society for Investigating the Principles of Self-Government."

AT the Baptist congress at Richmond, Va., Norman Fox, D.D., of New York, objected to the declaration that rights of conscience forbid religious exercises in schools. "If legislativ bodies and political conventions can properly be opened with prayer," said he, "religious exercises can properly be held in state schools. As a matter of scientific teaching lectures can be delivered on the history, doctrins, and influence of Christianity the same as on Neo-platonism or the feudal system, or any other doctrin or institution which has been a factor in history." But as in treating any other doctrin or institution representation is given to every side of scholarly judgment upon it, will the pious be satisfied to hav presented to the scholars, alongside of their own views, those of the great body of thinkers and scientists who regard Christianity as a humbug?

THE New York state law providing for executions by electricity has a provision that papers shall publish no details of executions. The editors are indignant, and will report the executions at risk of imprisonment. They appeal to the constitutional declaration: "No law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press." They point out dangerous abuses which might occur if executions were surrounded by the privacy contemplated, and declare their readiness to do their duty to the people at the first opportunity.

WRITING on the question whether Roman Catholic countries are less progressiv than Protestant, the *Freeman's Journal* (R. C.) says: "The Hanseatic League of Free German cities, from Cologne to the borders of Russia, were vastly more flourishing in proportion before the so-called Reformation than they hav ever been since." And then it says: "The truth is, of course, that the Christian religion has but little to do with the productiv capacity of any land, or the commercial instincts of any race."



ST. PAUL AS A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

IN a lecture on "Voltaire and His Age" at Columbia College, Professor Scribner first showed the influence of Voltaire on his own times; how by his genius and indefatigable energy he managed to abate the prevalent vices and prejudices in a great measure. He continued: "He secured tolerance for all sects in France. His philosophical works, together with those of his great contemporaries, Montesquieu, Raynal, Diderot, and Rousseau, had a great influence upon the welfare of America, by making the colonists alive to their needs, and kindling in them a thirst for freedom. When America had acquired her own independence, a counter current swayed the destinies of France itself. The companions of Lafayette, returning to France, strengthened in the French minds the lessons taught by such men as Franklin and Adams, and brought about the French Revolution, which consecrated and also strengthened the new order of things in this country."

FOR some time there has been a feeling in South Carolina in favor of an educational qualification for suffrage. A few days ago an educated colored man made a strong appeal in the newspapers for such a qualification. On the 8th a bill was introduced in the house of representativs, providing for a change in the constitution that a citizen would hav to be able to read the constitution of this state and the United States and write his own name before he can cast his ballot. This bill will be passed, and the people will vote upon the amendment at the next election.

ANYTHING more amusing than the comments of a Turkish newspaper, the *Mizan*, upon the recent presidential election would be difficult to imagin. It appears most extraordinary to the Turkish mind that such things as elections are tolerated by the American authorities, or that, if tolerated at all, they are not so managed as always to render authority the more strongly intrenched.

SHE was a tall, slender, middle-aged lady, says the *Star*, and she climbed up the stairs of the city hall elevated railroad station with considerable dignity. It was about 6 o'clock in the evening, and there was a long line before each of the ticket-seller's windows. The lady, however, pushed ahead of everybody, purchased a ticket, and walked toward the ticket boxes. Just as she reached the box the gateman turned his head; she made a motion as if dropping the ticket in the box, but, instead of doing so, held it tightly in her hand and boarded the train. Then, after seating herself comfortably, she opened a religious weekly and perused its columns until the Grand street station was reached. Here a half dozen messengers entered the car and began making things lively. The good lady, who had defrauded the company out of five cents, rebuked the boys several times for their unseemly conduct, and, finding they took no notice of her, left the train in a huff at the Fourteenth street station. A little meditation on this will discover a complete presentation of the conduct and character of the meddling religious classes.

A NEW regulation for the censorship of newspapers has just been announced to the editors of Constantinople. Hereafter any newspaper that publishes a paragraph which has not been first approved by the censor will be closed up. For the daily papers a censor visits the office. But for the weekly papers all matter must be sent to the bureau of the press two days before the paper appears.

Communications.

Sun-Gods of Ancient and Modern Religions.

All truth is safe, and nothing else is safe, and he who keeps back the truth, or withholds it from men from motivs of expediency, is either a coward, or a criminal, or both (F. Max Müller in Science of Religion).

For modern man, with his knowledge of the forces of nature, with his astronomy, natural philosophy, and chemistry, it is impossible to feel, yes, even approach in any degree, that state of emotions which pervaded his primitiv ancestors, when they in their childish, uncultured way tried to understand and explain the forces of nature in their various aspects.[1] Only through the assistance of the imagination could primitiv man account for what he heard, saw, and felt, and from the analogy of his own actions he interpreted the phenomena of nature. He knew only the force of will, and consequently he endowed nature with volition. He made her alive, peopled her with mighty agencies, whom he in course of time personified, making them stronger and more powerful than himself, and yet subject to joy and sorrow, happiness and misery, anger and kindly feelings. But no natural object was looked upon with more wonder, awe, and veneration than the Sun. To these feelings the poet of the Veda hymns givs expression: Will the Sun rise again? How can he climb the steep vault of heaven without falling back? he asks. And when the great illuminator stretches out his golden arms to bless the world and rescue it from the terrible darkness, then he exclaims: "Arise, our life, our spirit has come back; the darkness is gone, the light approaches!" [1]

But when the light of the coming morning sun woke man from his slumber, and he, refreshed, rose from his night's rest, as if infused with a new life, he could not fail to observe that he was not the only one that had been blessed with a new spirit—nature had partaken in the blessing. Were not the busy insects more activ, and the movements of the animals stronger and more graceful? Did the song of the birds not sound sweeter? Was the fragrance of the flowers not still more delicious than on the evening previous? And he designated the Sun as "Giver of Daily Life and Light." But is it not the same sun that parted from us yesterday that shone in the early hours of my childhood? asks the old man. If he shone then, he shone at the beginning of time, and the sun becomes "the Creator," the maker of all things. "Truly admirable for grandeur are the works of him who has separated the two worlds and fixed their vast extent, of him who has set in motion the high sublime firmament, who has spread out the heavens above and the earth beneath."

"Between this earth and the sublime heaven above, all things, O Varuna, are of thy creation."

But the sun is not alone the Creator; he is the Protector of everything that moves or stands, of all that exists. He sees and knows everything. He sees the right and wrong among men; he knows their inmost thoughts, and therefore he is implored to forget and forgiv all that is, and he has become the "Judge."

"The king Varuna sees everything, all that which is between the two worlds and beyond them; he reckons the winking of the eye of all creatures."

"That which two men, seated side by side, are plotting, is heard by king Varuna, himself the third."

"He who should leap over the sky and beyond it, would not escape the king Varuna. . . ."

"Free me from the bonds of my crime, do not sever the thread of prayer that I am weaving, do not deliver me over to the deaths that, at thy dictate, O Asura, strike him that has committed a crime, send me not into the gloomy regions far from the light."

"Let me pay the penalty of my faults, but let me not suffer, O king, for the crime of others; there are so many days that hav not dawned yet, let them dawn for us also, O Varuna!" [2]

Such is the god of the Veda, the almighty, the organizing, the omniscient and moral Varuna; and like him is Jupiter in Rome, Tina in Etruria, Zeus in Greece, Ahura Mayda in ancient Persia, Ra in Egypt, Il of the Babylonians, Asshur of the Assyrians, Baal in Phœnicia, Jehovah among the Jews, etc.

We hav now seen how the Sun, like all other natural objects, becomes personified, but as yet the person of the Sun god has not become distinct from that of the Heaven-god. In fact, they are one and the same person. The sun is the eye of Zeus as well as that of Odin.

Still, early man did not stop here; from personification he in turn reached deification, and through the process of disintegration he made every expression that described natural objects a description of individualized and anthropomorphous gods. The person of the Heaven-god became distinct from that of the Sun-god. The former was made a personification of the sky. "Dayaus pitar," "Heavenly Father," "Our Father," "O dear Zeus," prays the Athenian, "rain thou on the fields of the Athenians and on the plains." As it is in Greece so it is also in Rome.

"Behold over thy head this luminous space which all invoke under the name of Jupiter," says Ennius; while Cicero exclaims: "The refulgent heaven above is what all men unanimously call Jove."

Ahura Mayda, the omniscient Lord, is likewise a god of the heavens. The sun is his eye, and the star-spangled solid stone sky is the garment in which he clothes himself, and therefore he is called the "most solid of gods." Says Herodotus: "The Persians offer up sacrifices to Zeus, going upon the highest summit of the mountains, as they call Zeus the entire orb of the sky."

When the roaring thunder struck terror into the minds of the Israelites, they imagined they heard the voice of the "God above gods" of Jehovah, by the breath of whom frost is given, who "laid the corner-stone" of the earth when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy (Job)

While the Sky, as we hav seen, is designated as the "Heavenly Father," "Our Father who is in heaven," so is the earth called "Our Mother."

"The Sky appeared to men," says Plutarch, "to perform the functions of a Father, as the Earth those of a Mother. The Sky was the Father, for it cast seed into the bosom of earth, which, in receiving them, became fruitful, and brought forth, and was the mother." [1]

And from this union of Dayaus Pitar with Prithivi Mâter, of Odin with Fregga, of Nut with Seb, of the heaven-father with the earth-mother, was born, without carnal intercourse, the bright Sun. Still, not alone from the intercourse of the Sky with the Earth was the Sun born. "His birth may be derived from ever so many different mothers. He may be the son of the Sky or of the Dawn, or of the Sea or of the Night." [2]

Aditi, "the mother with powerful, terrible, with royal sons," gave birth to the Sun, and "as the Sun and all other solar deities rise from the east, we can very well understand how Aditi, the Dawn, came to be called the 'Mother of bright gods.'" [3]

Still, this instance is by no means the only one we find. Dahana givs birth to Indra, Devaki to Chrishna, Isis to Horus, Neith to Ra, Iohaste to Œdipus, Io to Hercules, Maya to Gautama Buddha, Maia to Hermes, Mary to Christ Jesus.

Now, Aditi is the same as Dahana, as Devaki, as Neith, Iohaste, Io, Maya, Maia, and as Mary, but all these are but personifications of the Dawn; and the child born of them, whether named Chrishna, Buddha, Indra, or Christ Jesus, is the Sun.[4]

But not always is a Sun-god the child of a "divine" virgin. We are told that Perseus was the son of the mortal virgin Danæ, Apollo of Latona, Christ Jesus of Mary. This statement seems to contradict the one made above. But the contradiction lies on the surface only. There very often are, as in the case of Christ Jesus and Mary, genuin mortal beings invested with the names and attributes respectivly of the Sun and the Dawn, or Night, to such an extent as to all but entirely efface the human, and thereby render it impossible for us to tell where the mythical ends and the historical begins. Therefore, in the service of true history, it is better, so long as we are not certain, to allow ample room for the former. Then it is easier to add to the truth than to deduct from it appendages which through time hav received the stamp of historical truth.

An interesting coincidence between the different mothers of the sun is that, although they hav given birth to a child, they remain "pure virgins," and are worshiped as such by their devotees. The titles by which they were invoked in prayers are in many instances the same as those of Virgin Mary—"Our Lady," "Queen of Heaven," "Mother of God," "Immaculate Virgin," etc.

Not always does the god of heaven himself overshadow the maiden; this function is sometimes given over to the "Holy Spirit." We know that the child born of the ancient Germans' virgin goddess Hertha [5] was conceived by the latter, and the incarnation of Gautama Buddha, as well as that of Christ Jesus, was brought about in a like manner.[6]

Having made the acquaintance of some of the principal sun-gods, seeing how and where they originated, and found that they are but physical objects, which, through man's natural desire of investigation and his anthropomorphistic and anthropopathic tendencies, hav become personal beings, to ascertain how far this desire to attribute human passions and form to the deities has reached, and to determin the principal characters of and analogies between the gods, will be our next object.

In the hymn to the Delian Apollo, we are told how Latona, traveling from land to land, at last reached Delos, where she gave birth to her glorious son, on which occasion the earth beneath smiled and the immortal goddesses shouted for joy. This birth took place under a palm in open air, while, according to some, it occurred in a cave at early dawn.[1]

Joyous demonstrations on the part of earthly and heavenly beings, yea, even of Nature herself, seem to be in common for all the Sun-gods. When the birth of Chrishna drew near "heavenly spirits and nymphs danced and sang," and when at the midnight hour the god was born the clouds emitted low, pleasing sounds, and poured down rain of flowers.[2] But no two accounts bear a closer resemblance to each other than those of Gautama Buddha and Christ Jesus.

When the former was born—which is said to hav taken place in an inn, or in a cave—a rain of flowers fell on the earth, a brilliant light shone, and the attending spirits sang, and Rishis and Devas exclaimed: "This day Buddha is born for the good of men, to dispel the darkness of their ignorance." And the four heavenly kings continued, saying: "Now, because Bodhisativa is born to giv joy and bring peace to the world, therefore is there this brightness." And then all the gods of the heavens and all the Devas joined in the song with their wonderful voices, and said: "To-day Bodhisativa is born on earth to giv joy and peace to men and Devas, to shed light in dark places, and to giv sight to the blind." [3]

In the narrativ of the Luke narrator is likewise mentioned a brilliant light—"the glory of the Lord shone round about them" (the shepherds)—and after the angel had spoken to them a "multitude of the heavenly host" praised God and said: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." [4] But divine honors are not sufficient to create the necessary glory of the new-born child, earthly honors are to be added, and in spite of his "divine" descent his pedigree is traced back to "royal" persons, not alone on his mother's side but also on his father's. Chrishna and Horus are of royal blood, and while Hercules's pedigree is traced through Alkmene to Phoroneus, the first king of Argos, Gautama Buddha is, through his father Sodhodana, related to Maha Sammata, the first monarch of the world,[5] and Joseph the father of Christ Jesus "was of the house and lineage of David." [6]

In joining the honors of heraldry to those of heaven the priests had, no doubt, practical purposes in view. The god's royal descent would make the lower classes look up to him with still more reverence and admiration, because in the Eastern countries, with their despotic form of government, a royal person, and especially the king, was regarded as an impersonation of wisdom, while the upper classes would not hav to humble their pride, which certainly would hav been the case had the divine teacher been of mean origin.

But it was not enough that the heavenly powers had shown their favor at the child's birth; their good graces were to follow him during life, and through their protection enable him to fulfill his mission. Therefore, when Chrishna's life is sought by the tyrant Kansa, who ordered all male children to be slain, a heavenly voice informs his parents of the threatening danger and orders them to make a hasty flight.[7] The life of Gautama Buddha was subject to a similar danger through the intention of Bembasara, whose ministers advised him to kill the first-born male child that had seen the light in the tribe of Sâkyas, since he would be dangerous to the former's power.[8]

In the life of Christ Jesus we hav a similar occurrence. An angel appeared to Joseph, warned him of Herod's murderous design, and told him to flee with the mother and child into Egypt. But when Herod found out he had been mocked, he was "exceedingly wroth, and sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coast thereof, from two years old and under." [9]

We hav here evidently to do with an Aryan myth. We remember that Christ Jesus, Chrishna, and Gautama Buddha are but personifications of the Sun. But to whom is the light of the sun dangerous if it is not to the darkness, to the night? When the Sun is born the government of the Night begins to totter, and for the sake of self-preservation the monarch, whether called Kansa, Bembasara, or Herod, seeks to destroy the child, the Chrishna, Buddha, or Christ Jesus, the sun. But in vain; fate has decided in favor of the latter.[10]

Nothing is able to divert the young god from his mission, although suffering intensely from hunger and from holding his breath, as in the case of Buddha, and when the royal Mara (Prince of Evil) tempts him by offering the dominion over the world, his offer is spurned. "Get thee away from me," says Gautama Buddha.[11] As with Buddha, so with Zoroaster [12] and Christ Jesus and others. When Christ

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[1] Cf. Max Müller: Lectures on Science of Religion. [2] For these and above quotations see Max Müller: Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion. Muir: Sanscrit Texts.

[1] Quoted by Westropp: Phallic Worship. [2] Renouf: Hibbert Lectures. [3] Max Müller: Origin of Religions. [4] Inman: Ancient Faiths. Dunlap: Mysteries. Cox: Aryan Mythology. Fiske: Myth and Myth-maker. Renouf: Hibbert Lectures. Smith's Bible Dictionary. [5] Knight: Ancient Art and Mythology. [6] Bunsen: Angel Messiah. Matt. i.

[1] Cox: Aryan Mythology. [2] Vishnu Purana, transl. Wilson. [3] Bunsen: Angel Messiah. The Fo-pen-hing, transl. Beal. [4] Luke ii, 8–15. [5] Spencer Hardy: Manual of Buddhism. [6] Luke ii, 4; Matt. i, 1–16. [7] J. C. Gaugooley: Life and Religion of the Hindoos. Cox: Aryan Mythology. [8] Beal: Fo-pen-hing. [9] Matt. ii. [10] Fiske: Myth and Myth-maker. Cox: Aryan Mythology. [11] M. D. Conway: Sacred Anthology. Beal: Fo-pen-hing. Bunsen: Angel Messiah. [12] Dupuis: Origin Rel. Belief. Chamber's Encycl., art. Zoroaster.

Jesus had fasted in the forty days and forty nights, "he was afterward a-hungered;" then the devil came and offered him "all the kingdoms of the world" if he would worship him, but the young god was firm, "and saith unto him, Get thee hence, Satan." [1] In the temptation of Christ Jesus, Buddha, and other sun-gods we hav the battle and subsequent victory of the Sun over clouds of darkness and storm. Thus, in Eastern mythology, the Serpent or Devil is an impersonation of darkness and death, evil and winter (Cox: Aryan Myth.; Bunsen: Angel Messiah; Baring-Gould: Curious Myths, etc.).

After the god has shown his strength and power of mind in this way, he enters upon his religious life as a teacher and prophet, teaching, wherever he goes, the people to honor their "father in heaven," and love their fellow-beings, to show humility, to be temperate, not to resist evil, to be generous, etc., but the teachings, however moral, are in many instances carried to such an extremity as to become unpractical and thereby useless for man. Still, the god confines himself not to this; out of compassion for mankind, and to giv emphasis to his doctrins, he calls unto his assistance supernatural powers, he performs miracles. In some instances the god possessed the wonderful gift already during infancy—at least, if we can believe the sacred writings of followers. Both Chrishna and Christ Jesus cured when boys one of their playmates who had been stung of a serpent, and while the former creates new calves and boys in place of some that had been stolen, Christ caused some boys that had been transformed into kids to resume their original shape.[2]

In early times miracles were of every-day occurrence; lepers are cured,[3] the blind are made to see,[4] the lame they walk,[5] the storms are stilled,[6] promenading on the water, without getting the feet wet, is shown,[7] yes, even the dead is brought to life.[8] The necessarily short space that can be allowed to an essay of this kind forbids us to enter further in upon this interesting theme. We could quote many more examples, and procure still more authorities in confirmation of the undeniable truth of the above, but we think enough has been done to prove that the lives of different Sun-gods are remarkably alike.

As formerly said, the intention of the Sun-gods coming on earth, and their mission on this planet, are to teach depraved mankind to liv better lives and to save them from the "righteous wrath" of their "heavenly father." To this end the Sun-god sacrifices himself. "Let all the sins that were committed in this world fall on me, that the world may be delivered," says Gautama Buddha.[9]

This belief in redemption from sin through the suffering and death of another being was very common in ancient time, and is evolved from the idea that the god called for sacrifices that he might show his good will and exempt man from calamity or punishment for some sin. The character of the offerings were different: the fruits of the earth, flowers, or libations; later it was thought the deity called for blood, then animals were sacrificed, and after a while, believing different sins or crimes called for different kinds of offerings, human beings entered the list, first, slaves and children, later, persons of eminence, and the doctrin of expiation of sin through the sacrifice of another human being guiltless of the crime was founded. In Greece and Rome this belief took in most cases the form of self-sacrifice, while among other nations, whether ancient Scandinavians, or the Jews, Hindoos, Phœnicians, or Egyptians, the victim was another person. When in Egypt "the eldest born of the family of Athamas entered the temple of the Laphystan Jupiter at Alas in Achaia, he was sacrificed, crowned with garlands like an animal victim," [10] while the priests offered the following prayer: "If any evil is about to befall either those who now sacrifice, or Egypt in general, may it be averted on this head." [11]

But while the sacrifice of a mortal being was deemed sufficient to expiate the sin of a few, it was believed that to redeem all mankind a *perfectly pure and sinless being* was wanted. But who could fill this place? No human being surely. None but a god, and the Sun-god was the person selected. It is through the sufferings of his incarnation that mankind is saved.

> Persecutions without end;
> Revilings and many prisons;
> Death and murder,
> These hast thou suffered with love and patience,
> (To secure the happiness of mankind),
> Forgiving thine executioners (Hymn to Buddha).[12]

So suffered he, "the Anointed," "the Christ," "the Savior of the World," [13] and, moved by pity, "gave his life like grass for the sake of others," [14] and, like him, Chrishna [1] and Mithras,[2] Horus and Osiris,[3] Æsculapius [4] and Hermes,[5] Serapis [6] and Apollo,[7] Hercules [8] and Prometheus,[9] Bacchus [10] and Christ Jesus,[11] etc.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to state in what way the different saviors died. In many instances is one account at variance with another. Now he is killed by a boar, now fastened to a burning wheel, again in another place killed with an arrow, or he is crucified.

The *Vishnu Purana* says Chrishna was shot in the foot with an arrow, and died in consequence of his wound, while, according to M. Guigniaut, he perished on a tree, to which he was fastened by an arrow,[12] and while dying he forgave his executioners.[13] The Phrygian savior, the "Only Begotten Son," [14] "suffered a death made bitter with nails and stakes." [15] Prometheus was nailed by hands and feet to the rocks of Mt. Caucasus, the hands being in an extended position,[16] while, according to another account, he was but chained. Hercules is torn limb from limb, while Adonis's life is brought to an end by the wild boar. Ixion is fastened to a burning wheel and dies there, and Christ Jesus is crucified on Mt. Calvary. All these, and many more saviors' deaths that could be mentioned, giv us examples sufficient to prove the above assertion, and to show that, in spite of seeming contradictions, the death of one is analogous to that of another.

The wild boar is none but the winter, and [17] the spear, the arrow, or the nails, are the dark and terrible-looking rain or snow clouds which hav combated the light of the Sun ever since his birth, and which now, when he has reached his southern limit, overcome him. The cross or wheel, which is but a St. Andrew cross, on which the god dies, is an emblem of his fructifying power.[19] The myth of Prometheus must be considered as an exception from the general rule. Then, his name, which signifies providence, is but one of the numerous titles of the Sun, and his crucifixion or binding implies, like that of Hercules, Samson, Odyssius, the restriction or diminishing of the Sun power or warmth during the winter months.[19]

"And many women were there beholding afar off, which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him.[20]

The god, when dying, is not left alone; his mother, and the maidens he loved, remain with him that his pains may be soothed, and his last minutes brightened through their love and sympathy. Iole is found by the side of Hercules, and a weeping woman embraces Gautama Buddha's feet, and moistens them with her tears.[21] Oceanus leaves Prometheus as Peter Christ Jesus, while the faithful nymphs, the daughters of Oceanus, remain until the last; so did Mary and Magdalene.

These faithful women are the Dawn (the mother of the Sun), "the fair and tender light which shed its soft hue over the eastern heaven as the Sun sinks beneath the western waters;" [22] they are the bright and fleecy clouds that are visible at a beautiful sunset or sunrise.

The darkness grows more and more intense, and at last it covers the face of the earth. The Sun-god is dead. But his death is manifested by great revolutions in nature. The sun is darkened, the earth quakes, rocks are rent, ashes and fire fall from the sky, spirits fill the air, and the graves giv up their dead.[23]

But even after his natural death the Sun-god's mission is not ended—he descends into the infernal regions, into hell or hades, there to redeem the spirits of men of former ages. Osiris and Horus,[24] Chrishna [25] and Adonis,[26] Zoroaster [27] and Hercules,[28] Jonah [29] and Christ Jesus,[30] etc., all descend and remain there for a period of three days and three nights.

We see this myth of the descent into hell is likewise universal, and, like the others relating to the Sun-gods, it is founded on natural phenomena. When the sun at winter solstice for three days and three nights remains in the lowest regions, the ancients taught the god had descended to hell, to hades, in the belly of the fish or sea-monster—the earth being frequently represented by them as a great fish.[31]

"Out of the belly of hell I cried, and thou heardst my voice," says Jonah.[32]

When the three days and three nights hav passed, the Sun-god leaves his tomb, the coverings of his body are unrolled, and the grave is opened by divine powers. The god rises from the dead and ascends bodily into heaven, while a beautiful but strong light illuminates the surroundings. Under such circumstances does the resurrection take place. The "savior," the "Resurrected One," Chrishna [1] or Buddha,[2] Osiris [3] or Horus,[4] Adonis [5] or Mithras,[6] Christ Jesus [7] or Bacchus,[8] etc., has fulfilled his mission on earth and leaves for his celestial abode.

We hav now traced in great characters the evolution of the Sun-god, the savior, idea. We hav seen that in the earliest stage, the Sun-god and the Heaven-god were one and the same person. That later in time they became two distinct beings, and how the former out of mercy came down on earth to save mankind from sin and its subsequent punishment. We hav followed these saviors from their birth and until their ascension to heaven, noting, as we went along, the main incidents of their career, and found that the life of one is very much like that of another. This striking resemblance can, in case of the ancient religions, be accounted for by the similarity of the development of natural religion, the foundation of which, on the part of the Aryan nations, was brought along when they emigrated from their original home in India. To the question where the Christians received their savior idea, we can but say that all evidence points to a Buddhistic origin, and in the few cases where the resemblance ceases, it is due to the intermingling of Greek and Roman, Phœnician, Egyptian, or Hebrew mythology.

GUSTAVE NELSON.

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[1] Matt. iv. [2] T. Maurice: Hist. Hindostan. Cox: Aryan Mythology. [3] Maurice: Hist. Hindostan. Matt. viii. [4] Mark viii. Tacitus: Hist., Lib. iv, concerning Vespasian. [5] Ibid. John v. [6] Lillie: Buddhism. Matt. viii. [7] Lillie: Buddhism. [8] Mark v, and others. Lundy: Monumental Christianity, Horus. Bulfinch: Age of Fable. Æsculapius. Eusebius: Ecclesiastical Hist., Simon. [9] Max Müller: Hist. Sanscrit Literature. [10] Kenrick: Egypt. [11] Herodotus, by H. Cary. [12] Lillie: Buddhism. [13] Bunsen: Angel Messiah. [14] Max Müller: Science of Religion.

[1] Vishnu Purana, transl. Wilson. [2] Higgins: Anacalypsis. [3] Bonwick: Egyptian Belief. [4] Taylor: Diegesis. [5] Bonwick: Egyptian Belief. [6] Higgins: Anacalypsis. [7] Dupuis: Origin Rel. Belief. [8] Taylor: Diegesis. [9] Chamber's Encyc., art. Prometheus. [10] Bonwick: Egyptian Belief. [11] The four gospels. [12] Cf. Higgins: Anacalypsis. [13] Vishnu Purana, transl. Wilson. [14] Knight: Ancient Art and Myths. [15] Higgins: Anacalypsis. [16] Murray: Manual of Myth. Higgins: Anacalypsis. [17] Müller: Science of Religion. [18] Cox: Aryan Mythology. [19] Goldzhier: Hebrew Mythology. [20] Matt. xxvii. [21] Bunsen: Angel Messiah. [22] Ibid. Cox: Aryan Mythology. [23] Luke xxiii; Matt. xxvii. Rhys David: Buddhism. Higgins: Anacalypsis. Æschylus, by Potter. Gibbon: Rome. [24] Dupuis: Origin Rel. Belief. Bonwick: Egypt. Belief. [25] Ibid. [26] Dunlap: Mysteries. [27] Lundy: Monumental Christianity. [28] Dunlap: Mysteries. [29] Goldzhier: Hebrew Myth. [30] Acts ii. Apostle's Creed. [31] Goldzhier: Hebrew Myth. [32] Jonah ii.

[1] Bunsen: Angel Messiah. Higgins: Anacalypsis. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. Murray: Manual of Myth. [4] Anacalypsis. Dupuis: Origin Rel. Belief. [5] Ibid. Dunlap: Mysteries. [6] Anacalypsis. Dupuis: Origin Rel. Belief. [7] The four gospels. [8] Dupuis: Origin Rel. Belief. Bonwick: Egypt. Belief. Anacalypsis.

The Certainty of the Unexpected.

"To be astonished at nothing which happens is the only means of retaining one's peace and happiness." Horatius Flaccus, thou wert wise, not only in thy own day and generation, but for all days and generations!

Two thousand years, nearly, hav come and gone since thou didst pen thy famous *Nil admirari*, of which the above is a poor and feeble paraphrase of the barbarous Briton, yet the latter's descendants acknowledge to-day, as does the whole civilized world, that thou didst thus write truly, and didst thus write for all time.

To bear constantly in mind the certainty of the unexpected; to look forward, not fearfully, but calmly and courageously, to the outcome of the hour we liv in—an outcome which may be full of disaster, which, on the other hand, may be replete with happiness—is the true wisdom of mortals here below.

Our climate, our mad struggle for wealth and social advancement, our fierce thirst for pleasure and comfort, all tend to militate against the serenity above recommended.

But the habit may be cultivated. Once train a man to look confidently into the near future, braced for the shock of the unexpected, using all possible means to prevent annoyance, loss of property, of life, of what he holds most dear, yet prepared for the stroke, if in spite of all such caution it shall come, and you hav a character like that of the old Greek athletes, whose forms and faces were sculptured on the frieze of the Parthenon; forms developed in full manly perfection; faces calm, even in the death-struggle with the centaur; faces free from anger and indignation on the one hand, from levity and boastful cheerfulness on the other; faces unmoved, confident, forceful. It was the Hellenic love of sweetness and life, the Hellenic devotion to beauty and formal, physical perfection, that built up a nation of whom the world still talks, and about whom the world still wonders, two thousand years after the race has disappeared from the face of the earth.

But it was something more than this that made the Greek of the Athens of Pericles what he was.

It was the old Hellenic certainty of the unexpected, and his preparation to meet and battle with it.

The Hebrew gloom and lamentation were unknown to him.

Action with him was the first impulse, and after action triumph.

One of the most wonderful among the new psychological developments in America is a renaissance of the same sentiment.

Our young people liv more in the open air, take more to athletics, cultivate formal strength and beauty, to a far greater extent than we of the forties and fifties. It is an encouraging sign. Bodily strength argues mental and moral vigor. All three are needed to face that

> Ominous hour that knocks at our door with tidings of mishap.

All three are requisit to face the future and the unexpected with brave hearts, and a calm, undaunted front.

RAY ENDICOTT.

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The Sabbath Union's Bill.

At the instigation of the American Sabbath Union, Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, introduced in the Senate last May the following bill, which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Education and Labor:

A BILL

To secure to the people the enjoyment of the first day of the week, commonly known as the Lord's day, as a day of rest, and to promote its observance as a day of religious worship.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representativs of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That no person, or corporation, or agent, servant, or employee of any person or corporation shall perform or authorize to be performed any secular work, labor, or business to the disturbance of others, works of necessity, and mercy, and humanity excepted; nor shall any person engage in any play, game, or amusement, or recreation to the disturbance of others on the first day of the week, commonly known as the Lord's day, or during any part thereof, in any territory, district. vessel, or place subject to the exclusiv jurisdiction of the United States; nor shall it be lawful for any person or corporation to receive pay for labor or service performed or rendered in violation of this section.

Sec. 2. That no mails or mail matter shall hereafter be transported in time of peace over any land postal-route, nor shall any mail matter be collected, assorted, handled, or delivered during any part of the first day of the week: *Provided*, That whenever any letter shall relate to a work of necessity or mercy, or shall concern the health, life, or decease of any person, and the fact shall be plainly stated upon the face of the envelope containing the same, the postmaster-general shall provide for the transportation of such letter or letters in packages separate from other mail matter and shall make regulations for the delivery thereof, the same having been received at its place of destination before the said first day of the week, during such limited portion of the day as shall best suit the public convenience and least interfere with the due observance of the day as one of worship and rest: *And provided further*, That when there shall hav been an interruption in the due and regular transmission of the mails it shall be lawful to so far examin the same when delivered as to ascertain if there be such matter therein for lawful delivery on the first day of the week.

Sec. 3. That the prosecution of commerce between the states and with the Indian tribes, the same not being work of necessity, mercy, or humanity, by the transportation of persons or property by land or water in such way as to interfere with or disturb the people in the enjoyment of the first day of the week, or any portion thereof, as a day of rest from labor, the same not being labor of necessity, mercy, or humanity, or its observance as a day of religious worship, is hereby prohibited, and any person or corporation, or the agent, servant, or employee of any person or corporation who shall willfully violate this section shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than one thousand dollars, and no service performed in the prosecution of such prohibited commerce shall be lawful, nor shall any compensation be recoverable or be paid for the same.

Sec. 4. That all military and naval drills, musters, and parades, not in time of activ service or immediate preparation therefor, of soldiers, sailors, marines, or cadets of the United States on the first day of the week, except assemblies for the due and orderly observance of religious worship, are hereby prohibited, nor shall any unnecessary labor be performed or permitted in the military or naval service of the United States on the Lord's day.

Sec. 5. That it shall be unlawful to pay or to receive payment or wages in any manner for service rendered or for labor performed or for the transportation of persons or of property in violation of the provisions of this act, nor shall any action lie for the recovery thereof, and when so paid, whether in advance or otherwise, the same may be recovered back by whoever shall first sue for the same.

Sec. 6. That labor or service performed and rendered on the first day of the week in consequence of accident, disaster, or unavoidable delays in making the regular connections upon postal-routes and routes of travel and transportation, the preservation of perishable and exposed property and the regular and necessary transportation and delivery of articles of food in condition for healthy use, and such transportation for short distances from one state, district, or territory into another state, district, or territory as by local laws shall be declared to be necessary for the public good shall not be deemed violations of this act, but the same shall be construed so far as possible to secure to the whole people rest from toil during the first day of the week, their mental and moral culture, and the religious observance of the Sabbath day.

For the purpose of influencing the Senate the Union held a convention in Washington last week and also obtained a hearing before the committee, at which a petition bearing six million signatures of Sunday-school scholars and church-members—babes and bigots—was presented. The church was represented by many representativs, none of whom could be more zealous than Senator Blair, chairman of the committee. The Executiv Committee of the American Secular Union appointed John B. Wolff to oppose the bill, which he did with such ability as to win praise even from his clerical opponents, and a compliment from Blair himself.

The movement is one of the most formidable, crafty, and far-reaching that has ever occurred in the history of ecclesiasticism. For the first time since the Reformation hav the chief Protestant churches and Catholics come together to make common cause against a common enemy, which they both dread, and in which they read their inevitable doom, namely, the age of science, reason, and liberty. The "representativs" of the movement were divided into three classes—the Catholics, who took the palm for numbers; the Protestants (Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists), who came next, and the Seventh Day people, who are a feeble folk as compared with the others, and deemed scarcely worth considering in the main purpose, no matter how much hurt. The latter were present, however, to protest against the whole movement, and did some effectiv work. Mr. Wolff, for the American Secular Union, had great difficulty in securing a hearing. The committee, ruled by Blair, wanted to hear only one side, and Mr. Wolff was constantly interrupted by Blair with impertinent and irrelevant questions, his evident policy being to fritter away the time, and hear no Secular argument at all. The purpose of the bill is to promote the religious observance of the Sabbath. The real object, as shown in the title and revisions of the bill, is to *enforce* the religious observance of the Sabbath by law. The great effort of all the orthodox speakers was to keep out of sight the religious aspect of the movement. Their arguments were mainly devoted to the secular aspects of the subject—the right to rest, the necessity of rest, the benefit of rest to the toilers, and their sympathies even extended to rum-sellers and their bartenders. One of the speakers thought that Sunday work was one of the great, if not the greatest obstacle to the reform of that class of sinners. But when driven to the wall they were forced to admit that the animus was purely religious; their reason, that it is God's day, was instituted and ordained by God, and therefore nations and men are bound and should be compelled to observe it. It is a clear case of fraudulent pretenses; another attempt to smuggle through Congress a law directly attacking inalienable rights and the fundamental principles of the civil compact, and thus to subordinate the state to the church.

The ministers squirmed when confronted with the fact of their associating with Catholics, who, while professing republicanism here, practice despotism elsewhere; who, while uniting with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union here in the enforcement of Sabbath laws, in other countries where they hav the power not only do not enforce the Sabbath, but keep it as a day of recreation—perform their religious duties and then attend bull-fights, theaters, etc.—and to aggravate the pious miscegenation thousands of them are engaged in the saloon business without detriment to their religious status.

Another thing bothered them not a little. While insisting upon a particular day for themselvs, they necessarily deny the same privilege to their fellow-Christians, or compel them to lose two-sevenths of their time instead of one-seventh; and they had the audacity to justify this inequality on the plea of the majority and the common good of society from their standpoint.

In regard to their petition, they admitted that in soliciting signatures they avoided all whom they suspected or knew to be against the movement; and they were totally silent as to the business men, who constitute by far the largest class who would be affected by the stoppage of the mails and merchandise.

Dr. Lewis, Seventh Day Baptist, opposed the movement, but was willing to go along if his brethren would make an exception of his sect. He stood broadly upon the inherent and constitutional right of conscience as to all forms of religion and all religious observances, but was still willing to compromise.

Prof. A. S. Jones, of Battle Creek, Michigan College, representing Seventh Day Adventists, went even further than the Seventh Day Baptist, and declared against the entire movement. He wanted no exception in their behalf—would not accept it even with the exception. He declared that the Sabbath was purely a religious institution with which the state could hav nothing to do. He said we pay taxes to the state and worship to God. He came well prepared, with a masterly and unanswerable argument, based upon the principles, the Bible, and the practical effect, but it was greatly marred by the wanton interference of the chairman, ostensibly to elucidate, really to break the force of the blow. The answers of Professor Jones were so clear as to be irritating to the chairman. His review of the history of ecclesiastical innovation and usurpation from the days of Constantine to the establishment of the Roman church, with all that followed, was simply scathing. He pointed out how the church obtained sanction and aid from the state until it finally became the state and exercised an unlimited despotism over the consciences, lives, and property of men. He cited the fact that the Romans prior to the advent of Christianity had a law punishing with death anyone who established a new religion. That it was this discrimination that made Jesus and his followers insist on a complete divorce of the secular from the religious. And therefore that no true Christian can ask for the interposition of the secular arm to enforce his creed. He brought out the fact that they had Sunday laws in Arkansas and Tennessee, where the Seventh Day Christians, after conscientiously keeping their Sabbath, hav been prosecuted, fined, imprisoned, their only means of livelihood confiscated, and required to pay their own board while imprisoned, while in one case the man lost his child and wife as sequences of his prosecution and persecution. These facts went to show the utter impossibility of constructing any law upon the subject of religion which would operate equitably or could be enforced justly. Owing to the frequent interruptions of the chairman he was not permitted to follow out the line of argument clearly defined in his commencement.

The other Christian speakers followed the well-known lines of argument for such measures, and Senator Blair gave them plenty of room. Finally, Mr. Wolff secured the floor, and though constantly interrupted by Mr. Blair, gave the committee some wholesome advice. He said, in substance: "The greatest dangers to all forms of government and the stability of all associations are: 1. Ambiguity in the constitutional compact. 2. Strained constructions of the ambiguities. Doubtful interpretations and doubtful powers are always dangerous, because they open the door to all forms of usurpation.

"The powers of the United States government are generic and purely secular. The Constitution confers powers upon Congress on four subjects of common morality—counterfeiting, piracy, felony upon the high seas, and treason. The right to pass any law respecting the establishment of any form of religion is expressly prohibited, and for reasons not commonly understood, even by the clergy. In the colonies and inchoate states prior to the adoption of the Constitution they had state religions, and persecuted to the death those who set up other forms. To prevent any interference with this assumed right the prohibition was made absolute.

"The present bill is an attempt to further establish a form of religion exclusiv and in contravention of all other forms even of Christian religions, by selecting and enforcing the religious observance of a particular day dictated by the sects acting in concert, and is a clear case of the exercise of powers not conferred by the Constitution. The plea of public good has no value in the argument. A principle should never be violated. If it is, the temporary good will be overbalanced by the permanent evil.

"The rights of conscience are inherent, inalienable, above and beyond all compacts and statutes. They are not and cannot be subjects of legislation. The right of free thought, speech, and action on all subjects, limited only by the same rights in others, is absolute in every intelligent entity. Any abridgment of that right, followed to its logical sequences, will destroy society itself. The great and only legitimate object of government is the enforcement, not the abridgment, of personal rights. Religion has to do with a man's conscience and his god, if he has any. It is entirely beyond the jurisdiction of the state. It does not belong to the state to fix and enforce penal sanctions for the violation of laws and obligations which it did not and cannot create, and for which no authority is conferred."

Here Mr. Blair interrupted to ask, "What of the Mormons?"

"The Mormons," replied Mr. Wolff, "hav the same right to their religion that these Christians hav. Devil-worshipers hav the same right.

"Your attention may properly be called to a fact of great significance in the higher moral education of man: That which is right in itself is always right; that which is wrong in itself is always wrong, and no law or opinion or authority can change this status. The time of performance has nothing to do with the moral or even religious quality of actions. They are governed wholly by capacity, animus, and effect. If, then, you teach a man that an act, right *per se*, is wrong if done on a particular day, you teach him a falsehood, and lower the standard of morality in the man—that is, you erect a false standard. The same is true of the distinction between a statement in common conversation and an oath on the Bible. The standard of veracity is lowered.

"Specifically, the bill is open to serious objections: 1. There is a statute which provides that the intention of the act shall be expressed in the title. This bill violates that statute in that the real object of the bill is not expressed in the title, but some other thing. The title says, "To promote the observance of the Sabbath as a day of religious worship." The body of the bill provides the machinery for compelling its observance, by annexing penal sanctions for its violation.

"2. It provides for the civil recognition of the Sabbath as the Lord's day, a prerogativ not vested in Congress by the Constitution.

"3. It is ambiguous, does not clearly define and distinguish secular from religious work. In this respect it is like the obscene literature law. Being capable of a double or various interpretations, determined by capacity, interest, prejudice, and bigotry, it is necessarily liable to great abuse. Statutes, as well as organic compacts, especially in criminal laws with penal sanctions, involving life, liberty, and property, should be so constructed that no lawyer or court could twist a double meaning out of them."

The chair interposed: "But we hav the courts for the purpose of construing the Constitution and laws."

"True, we hav them for that purpose, but what

good? The courts are just as much the subject of self-interests and fanaticism as lawyers, clients, and other people. With the present looseness of construction and interpretation of the Constitution and statutes, they are not worth so much rotten paper as guarantees of personal rights. In almost every important case before the Supreme Court there is a minority opinion. It is, therefore, not an absolute decision—only a majority decision. That which is true of the higher courts is true of the minor courts.

"Even Congress at every session is violating the Constitution in exercising judicial functions which do not belong to it, while courts are exercising legislativ functions because of the vagueness of the laws.

"4. The matter provided for in Sec. 2, in regard to mails, etc., was settled more than a half century ago forever, by one of the ablest discussions ever had of a public question. This occurred before the present gigantic interests and complications were conceived of by the most prescient minds. This section is also a slip-shod affair, as it provides for opening the mails in certain cases for examination, and givs discretion to a subordinate official as to contraband mail matter.

"5. Sec. 4 is also ambiguous, as it fails to define what is and is not necessary work, again conferring discretion—legislativ functions—upon the military.

"6. Sec. 5 not only invades the sanctity of personal rights and denies the right to contract, perform contracts, and receive compensation therefor, but it offers a reward to rascality, by protecting rascals in the non-payment and recovery of money due for service performed.

"7. Sec. 6 provides for exceptions which open the door to great abuses, by again permitting subordinates to construe the law. It also declares that the purpose is to secure to the whole people the religious observance of the Sabbath, as if the setting apart of the day by law would secure its religious observance, or the failure to do so would prevent anyone from keeping any day holy of choice. Notwithstanding the labored effort by all the speakers on the other side to mislead by covering up the animus under the plea of temporal rest and good, the bill itself and the unsophisticated confessions of some of the less cautious speakers show beyond a doubt that the sole purpose is to hitch the state to their ecclesiastical Juggernaut, and thus crush out what they cannot compass by moral suasion or logic. It is a clear confession that the church is unable to fulfill its own prophecy, and is in turn prophetic of its wane and downfall. Hence this monstrous army and miscegenation of antagonistic forces to compass a common object.

"We hav here not only the major and minor sects of Protestantism, but the common enemy of all of them, the Catholic church, in the person of Cardinal Gibbons, whose letter lies before me in cardinal red, the bloody insignia of Rome, joining hands, Pilate and Herod like, to crucify the truth and right. Nor is this all. These forces are divided among themselvs. See how these Christians disagree. It is only a few years since the Arminians and Calvinists were as much at swords' points as the Catholics and Protestants. Here is one set of Christians in a movement which drives to the wall another set with the same God, the same Bible, the same natural, civil, and religious rights. These people mercilessly discriminated against hav given us an unanswerable argument against this whole movement.

"The Catholics, who exceed in numbers all the Protestants represented here, do not keep or enforce the Sabbath in countries where they hav civil control. In the morning they are very religious, attend church, say prayers, confess their sins; in the afternoon they attend bull-fights, theaters, saloons, gambling shops, etc. Let it not be imagined that the Catholics are so much worse than the Protestants. The Protestants inherited from their natural parent constitutionally the spirit of intolerance and persecution for opinion's sake. From the burning of Servetus until this hour, as exhibited in this conspiracy against civil and religious liberty, they hav been limited in their diabolical aggressions only by opportunity and power. They brought it with them to this country. We see it in the murder of witches by good old Massachusetts; the blue laws of Connecticut; the blasphemy laws of Maryland, my Maryland, my Catholic Maryland, still unrepealed, so that we are liable under a rigid enforcement of these laws to hav our tongues bored for blasphemy.

"You, sir, hav asked one of these gentlemen for a definition of religion; he gave you a generalized definition such as you may find in some of the lexicons, but it was no definition satisfactory to the intelligent, inquiring mind. Ask each one of them, and he will be compelled to giv you a different answer. Now go outside and ask the thousand and one sects which hav drawn from the same God, the same Bible, the same inspiration, and no two answers will be alike. Hence, the impossibility of legislating successfully upon the subject. They differ as to times, days, creeds, and ceremonies. They differ as to this life and the life to come.

"Finally, I object to legislating upon a subject that the petitioners and Congress do not understand, as we hav seen demonstrated here to-day.

"The logic, if any there be, is reasoning with the major proposition omitted. Not a man has attempted to lay his foundation in self-evident proposition, demonstrated or proved fact. It is all assumption, a mere matter of authority and majority.

"As for Congress, if I am any judge, it does not understand and does not liv any form of religion, and has already gone too far toward putting God into the Constitution. There is no authority for chaplains, and yet from the very organization of the government they hav been paid out of the funds of men who protest in vain. If this is not taxation without representation, then what is it? We hav oaths in all courts upon Bibles, Protestant and Catholic. We hav Sunday laws in all the states. We hav God in all state constitutions except South Carolina, I believe. We hav untaxed hundreds of millions of church property, thus augmenting the burdens of non-communicants. All this and more we hav, and it is time to halt. Let Congress confine itself to its material functions and matters of this life; let it take up and solve first of all the problem of equitable distribution of surplus products; of the enforcement of personal rights as against the abuses of the government itself; the cause and prevention of crime, instead of dabbling in subjects entirely beyond its comprehension and jurisdiction. It seems to me that this would be wiser and better."

Jesuitical Plots.

Last week has been an eventful one in the history of Chicago, for again the police hav been busily manufacturing dynamite plots, suppressing various meetings which were as far from being Anarchistic in their character as the imagination can travel, doing their best to reëstablish a reign of terror, and trampling on the rights of the people with perfect impunity. They went so far as to "proscribe" some scientific Sunday-schools which are now being inaugurated by the German Turners in connection with some of their societies. Anything radical or Liberal, of course, must be Anarchy in the imagination of the discriminating blue-coated Bismarck of Chicago. Now we must look in the morning papers to ascertain whether any meeting of a Liberal or radical tendency has permission of John Bonfield, the bullying representativ of Rome, to assemble. This is part of a deep-laid plot of the Irish Catholic element to excite timid and credulous citizens into fears of assassination by Anarchists, so that none but Catholics may be considered loyal enough and brave enough to save society from annihilation, and by this course Rome will be able to retain a stronger hold on the offices and promote the interest of the "true" church which declares it will "overthrow all heretical commonwealths and governments."

At last some of the papers hav got nauseated with this cry of "wolf," and seeing it as merely a political trick, denounce Bonfield as a blusterer, and accuse this "savior of society" as the cause of the Haymarket tragedy. This is a rather tardy vindication of my letters, some of two years ago, but if Bonfield does not manage to plant sufficient dynamite among his enemies and hav them convicted on his cooked-up evidence, for his retention of glory, honor, and power, there is a bare possibility of his putting his neck in the halter and having to stand before a less partial and prejudiced jury than was selected with such scrupulous care to hang several godless men. The Chicago *Times* of December 10th, under the caption, "Bonfield's Bosh," prints this editorial:

John Bonfield, in fact, though not in name, chief of the police, is to-day doing Chicago more harm than any so-called Anarchist within its limits. In pursuance of a program so plain that he who runs may read this Bonfield is professing to fear each bush—not an officer, as the phrase runs, but an outlaw skilled in the use of dynamite and ready to resort to its use. Does a member of the trades assembly canvass in decent and orderly fashion the opinion of candidates for the assembly touching the Merritt law, Bonfield pronounces him a Red—an Anarchist. Does some citizen complain of police brutality or inefficiency, there is nothing easier than to class him as a Red. Are Socialists endeavoring to propagate doctrins regarding government of which the mass of citizenship knows little and cares less, an undiscriminating police set them down instantly as Anarchists. The right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition is fundamental. The police under the Bonfield doctrin has but to assert that an assembly is for Anarchistic purposes and suppression may follow. It is an easy way of ignoring the limitations upon authority, of encroaching upon the liberty of the individual, of creating a popular scare for ulterior motivs, for, unhappily, many thoughtless people incline to accept a policeman's statement as a proved case.

It is high time this ridiculous nonsense should cease. Continue it and police management will become more potent for social mischief than all the Reds that can be gathered into Greif's beer-hall from the dregs of the foreign-born population centering in Chicago. There was no trouble yesterday. There will be none to-morrow. After the charter election there will be no pretense of any. But while this elaborate tomfoolery of Bonfield's is going forward, and terror-stricken or sensation-mongering newspapers are spreading it abroad as the struggle of law and order against the dynamite demons of unrest, who are plotting day in and day out for the destruction of Chicago, the city loses something more than its good name. It is being avoided as if it were plague-stricken by extra-timorcus people who prefer to hav commercial dealings with places where policemen are not put on parade for the ostensible purpose of crushing Reds.

Chicago people going quietly about their business are well aware that Bonfield's Anarchists are like the Irishman's fleas—when he puts his hand upon them they are not there. But the city suffers none the less from the superserviceable zeal of a police officer who, since the affair in the Haymarket, *which he precipitated*, has been fighting, like Falstaff, armies of men in buckram and in Kendall green. Bonfield's Anarchistic scares hav slender foundation. The city is capable of sitting down hard on any Reds that may attempt revolution. It is equally able to take care of the bully with the club. In self-protection it may become necessary to set about the latter performance.

In the same issue the *Times* gave the following synopsis of my lecture last Sunday evening:

E. A. Stevens, president of the Chicago Secular Union, made a savage onslaught upon the relics and traditions and policy of the Roman Catholic church in his lecture at the Forum last evening. He had a large audience which, judging from the frequent bursts of applause, was entirely in sympathy with his most radical views. His theme was "Roman Rubbish," and he commenced with a reference to the "crafty aggressivness of the Romish church in this country, forecasting the struggle which freedom has before her unless Americans arouse themselvs from their apparent indifference." Romanism, he said, had grown out of all proportion to other sects. Cardinal Gibbons was recognized as our political dictator, for he wielded the loaded dice of destiny—one million five hundred thousand of Roman Catholic votes—with unerring precision and tremendous effect. The priesthood were swelling with defiant pride and had opened a dangerous war upon our public schools, while their pestilential influence pervaded society with as deadly vapors as the upas tree. Manhood appeared to be oozing out of our national life, for whoever sounded the tocsin against Rome's insidious intrigues and moral and political turpitude was set down as a foolish alarmist. The day of liberty's doom might not be far distant.

After reviewing some of the bloody wars, massacres, butcheries, and barbarous cruelties of past ages which were perpetrated in the name of the "true church," the speaker said that no Catholic of the present day condemned these atrocities. It was still claimed that the pope could not err; that the church was the "same to-day and forever." Romanism was rapidly preparing the minds of American children to swallow the rubbish about relics and shrines which had so long held the people of Italy, Spain, and other countries in the most debasing servitude. Rome was always against reason and for revenue. In the Old World it had derived enormous incomes from palpable and preposterous frauds, and now desired to impose its European relic rubbish for the enrichment of its American church. Our American schools system was the main pillar of our republic. In them no sectarianism should be taught whatever. Protestants wanted Catholic intruders kept out of the schools, but wanted prayer and Bible-reading to remain. From this Protestant blunder the time was coming when Catholics would hav turned the tables, for if they increased in the future as they had in the past the Catholics would hav a majority in the year 1900, and, as Father Heckler said, take the country and keep it.

The lecturer named many of the relics that are exhibited for money in Catholic countries and the stories that are told about them. He said the divine museum displays which had gulled and debased the credulous Catholics of Europe, furnishing marvelous instances of idolatry and lying, were to be petted and perpetuated in this country, and instead of being prosecuted for obtaining money by false pretenses their property must be exempt from a proper share in the public burden of taxes. He quoted from many sources to prove that the aim of the Catholics was to secure control of America, and that they were rapidly nearing the goal of their ambition. In conclusion he said: "Believing in the integrity and inflexible antagonism to church and state of the American people we consign to them the cause of truth and equity for ultimate triumph, for complete mental freedom is the foundation on which all future progress rests, and Secularists should renew their efforts to rescue the state from religious bigotry and ruin; for no truly republican form of government can consistently aid or recognize a tyrant of the skies or pander to his deputies of earth.

You can readily imagin that there is no meeting in Chicago which would please Bonfield half so well to suppress as the Chicago Secular Union, but high over our platform we stretch the American flag, under it reclines the cross. Our mottoes are all from Americans who are supposed to hav retained the esteem of the people—Washington, Grant, and Garfield—so there is no possible chance to trump up a charge of Anarchy on us; besides, the people who lecture and attend are often too high up in the social scale for Bonfield's minions to tackle. We are not allowed to distribute our advertising cards on the streets—there is an ordinance against it—but all the gospel meetings advertise in that way, and are never interfered with. I hav been to see the captain of our precinct, but can never get an interview.

Now the owner of the building from which we lease the Forum has started a species of petty annoyances which are likely to either involve us in interminable lawsuits or compel us to vacate. The Liberals of the country ought to hav and own a hall in great centers like Chicago and New York. The Episcopal cathedral is on the boulevard just one block below the Forum, which, in spite of its splendid music and wealthy membership, and owing to the numerous counteractions in Chicago, such as a score of theaters, innumerable Spiritual meetings, free sacred concerts, and all sorts of attractions, does not draw as well as the Forum, as we hav more people who are anxious to hear the gospel of common sense, so they hav doubtless "seen" Brother Berry, the owner, who is also an Episcopalian, and the petty annoyances calculated to freeze us out hav commenced. The orthodox would raise a mighty big purse to purge this city of the Secular Union, while we are actually warning these fools of their own folly—acting as a sort of John the Baptist in the wilderness to warn them of the approach of the Catholic serpent which will eventually crush out all their and our liberty.

E. A. Stevens.

Communications.

Our London Letter.

A conference on evangelical preaching was held in London last week by the nonconformist, and furnished a good opportunity for mutual and self-glorification. Judging from the report of the speeches, the conclusion reached was that nonconformity is the only genuin form of Christianity, and though the other sects perhaps mean well, they are still groping along in the darkness of ignorance, and while they won't exactly be damned, they will hav to take a very back seat in the temple of the New Jerusalem. These luminaries of nonconformity may be very pious, but they make some astounding assertions, proving they know very little of any history, save that written by members of their own party. The chairman opened the ball with statements that hav been repeatedly shown to be utterly opposed to truth. He said "there has been no movement for the good of man, in his social, secular, or physical aspect, no movement, in the last fifteen hundred years, which did not originate in the Christian church, which has not been fostered and conserved by the Christian church. Therefore, when we hav a great work for the good of man you always find that the work has sprung from the men of the day who formed the church of the day; and it is the religion of Christianity permeating all our institutions, habits, thoughts, and legislation that has been of any value and good, and it has been to the absence of the Christian spirit and love that we owe so much of those gigantic evils which we are confronting to-day." And again, "I very much doubt whether slavery would hav been swept off the statute-book of this land if it had not been for the pulpit of that day." It seems these very truthful remarks were greatly applauded, which shows what very silly sheep these shepherds lead. No wonder the speaker, when treating of the artisans, said "they are a very different class of people from what those who went before them were. They hav enjoyed the advantages of education, they hav enjoyed to some extent that power of reading to which I hav alluded; but the pulpit is, to a certain extent, at a disadvantage in dealing with a congregation with that peculiarity." No doubt the pulpit is at a disadvantage in dealing with intelligent and well-read men, over whom it can hav no power—this can only be held over the average believer, who is just the reverse.

The great "I am," otherwise Dr. Joseph Parker, built up a straw man and labeled him Agnostic, after which he proceeded to treat him as Samson did the thousand Philistines, and as he used a similar weapon, he did fearful execution. Parker may be very clever, but scarcely sincere, when he is willing to accept the doctrin of evolution and throw over creation—though probably he is quite as honest as his fellows, the sum and substance of the creed being, little to do and good pay for it.

Another brother seemed to take rather a pessimistic view of the state of his branch of the church, as he dolefully complained, "There most be a sort of conspiracy on the part of Agnostics, on the one hand, and Catholics on the other, to treat us as if we had no *locus standi* at all, and might be ignored in all controversy of the higher kind." This is rather rough on the party, and his fellow-evangelicals must hav felt rather nettled at the cat being let out of the bag; better be abused than totally ignored. Altogether, the report of the proceedings is very amusing, though not particularly instructiv.

Mrs. Besant scored well at the school board elections, heading the poll in the Tower Hamlets division by nearly three thousand above the next successful candidate. She will do good work, but with her other and numerous engagements, she will find her hands full, and if not careful, will overtask her strength.

The Oaths bill passed through the House of Lords without amendment, but in its present state can scarcely be considered a final measure, though it appears to be looked upon as such by some of its supporters. Probably when a real and not sham Radical party is in power, it will be purged of its imperfections.

Mr. Foote's political weekly had rather a short lease of life. It was a pity it came to so quick an end, being smartly written, and containing much information. I suppose he finds himself quite sufficiently occupied with his Freethought papers and lectures.

J. D.

God and the Devil in the Court-Room.

Some two years ago, Sereno E. Todd, of Orange, N. J., employed Joe K. Field, a professional attorney and master in the court of chancery, to foreclose a mortgage for him. By delaying to bring suit on the bond within six months, the case became outlawed, so that Mr. Todd lost his entire claim. His attorney (Field) then sued him for the costs, about $145, which Todd refused to pay. At the trial, Todd (a layman-lawyer) managed the suit himself, and got his lawyer into a ludicrous predicament. From the notes of the reporter the following is copied:

Mr. Todd: If the court please, I would like to ask the witness some qualifying questions. As he appears in the capacity of client, sole witness, prosecutor, attorney, solicitor, and counsel, I wish to ask him if he believes in the sovereignty of the ever-living God?

Mr. Field: I do.

Mr. Todd: Do you believe in the divine authenticity of the Bible?

Ans. I believe in the inspiration of the scriptures according to the teaching of the Protestant Episcopal church.

Mr. Todd: Do you believe that God takes cognizance of our deliberations as a court?

Ans. I do.

Mr. Todd: When you were sworn, you appealed to God to help you tell the truth. Do you believe that God is present to help a witness to tell the truth?

Ans. Yes, I do.

Mr. Field: Well, when a witness perjures himself by testifying to falsehood, did God help him?

Mr. Field: No, he did not.

Mr. Todd: Then, who did help him to lie?

Mr. Field: The devil.

Mr. Todd: Then, it is your belief that Satan appears also at court?

Witness: Yes; certainly.

The court: I do not perceive the object of this?

Mr. Field: He wants to show whether or not I am an Infidel.

The court: I think you had better proceed to business.

Mr. Todd: Will the court allow me to ask one or two more questions? You say that you believe that God helps a witness to tell the truth?

Ans. I do.

Mr. Todd: Then you say, if the witness fails to tell the truth, the devil helped him to lie?

Ans. That is about what I said.

Mr. Todd: Then you believe that God is present to take cognizance of the deliberations of every court, and the devil comes also, and they are both tugging at the elbows of a witness—one trying to induce him to tell the truth, and the other making efforts to get the witness to perjure himself?

The court: Gentlemen, I shall rule that we proceed to business.

A few days ago the same parties had a suit in chancery, when Field called Mr. Todd to the witness-stand as a witness for them. In violation of the rules of jurisprudence, an attempt was made to retaliate for the puzzling questions that had been propounded at a previous suit. It is always expected that attorneys will protect their own witnesses. As soon as the witness had affirmed, Joe K. Field said to Mr. Todd: Do you believe in God?

Ans. Yes, sir.

Mr. Field: Do you believe the Bible?

Ans. I do.

The court: This is not allowable. You hav no right to accost one of your own witnesses in that way. [A sharp rebuke.]

Mr. Todd (to the court): I hope the court will allow the gentleman to ask all the questions he desires. I will answer them.

The court: This is a new departure in jurisprudence for an attorney to attempt to show up any fancied disqualification of his own witness in the court-room. It is not allowable.

What an impressiv cartoon could be drawn of God and the devil in a court-room, tugging at the elbows of every witness, God trying to induce him to tell the truth, and the devil trying to induce the witness to perjure himself!

REPORTER.

Tabooed Themes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Among the many excellent thoughts of the your correspondents are a few statements that will hardly bear analysis.

"A lecture upon any of the sciences, intelligently delivered, would prove so interesting that Christian and Liberal alike would be most delighted and eager to hear more and read more of all natural phenomena, and thus the Christian be lured away from the supernatural and superstitious to the world of science, humanity, and liberty."

Thus hopefully does a gifted lady write.

Let us calmly examin the matter. I was personally acquainted with one of the finest lecturers upon science and Liberalism that ever stood upon a platform—William Denton. Were Liberals satisfied, after listening to a dozen of his lectures on geology, to allow him to depart without some of his radical lectures upon the Bible, god, devil, hell? Very seldom.

I hav attended Christian Chautauqua conventions where science was the rage. No one was inclined thereby to accept Liberalism; but many were confirmed in the conviction that "Nature is God's general Bible illustrating his special one, and that science is the child of Christianity."

Several years ago I persuaded a number of Liberal societies to engage the services of Prof. Edward Whipple to giv lectures on geology, astronomy, and cognate subjects. Professor Whipple is a well-versed scientist and fluent speaker. His lectures upon science created but little enthusiasm compared with his own lectures upon anti-theological subjects, or my anti-Christian, anti-Bible, anti-devil, anti-religious discourses. In several towns where I hav given illustrated lectures, astronomical, geological, acoustical, and lectures on electricity, Liberals hav said, "That is all well enough, interesting, and instructiv; but we want you to lay aside your apparatus and giv us a course of lectures against Christianity and the Bible."

In company with a Liberal friend I once attended a lecture in Chicago by Prof. Richard A. Proctor upon astronomy. My Liberal friend went sweetly to sleep! An educated Liberal, too. I seldom hav heard so good a lecture.

I hav known some lecturers upon science who are Liberal but who never say a word publicly in favor of Liberalism. Instead of "luring" Christians away from the church, they were "lulled" into the belief that science and Christianity are the best of friends.

An important part of the Freethinking lecturer's work is, in my judgment, to show the relationship between science, superstition, and Liberalism. If this requires the lecturer to "rudely" handle that Christian idol, the Bible—and I think it does—do not spare it, nor its Gods nor devils. Shake them up and do it thoroughly. Let not one little guilty God nor devil escape. Firmly do I believe with Gail Hamilton, "The more you shake the truth the more you shake it into place; but if you shake a falsehood it all shakes to pieces."

This world is broad enough for all of us. No two speakers hav the same gifts; each must do his own work in his or her own way.

This brings me to another point in our Liberalism: the right of each to advocate his or her own highest conceptions of truth, without regard to policy or the effect which such conceptions may hav upon others.

It may be all true, as our sister says, that the "devil is not a pleasant subject to speak on;" but hav we not as Liberals learned that truth is not always pleasant, while error is at this very hour fascinating and fashionable among millions of Christians? Garrison and Phillips rasped the church with their truth, their harsh, unwelcome truth.

Mrs. Ritchey also says, quoting: "The generous heart should scorn a pleasure that givs others pain." Henry C. Wright and other Abolitionists were generous-hearted, yet took great pleasure in striking down the "pet institution" of the South, and every blow they struck against slavery was like a trip-hammer of death upon the hearts of thousands of slaveholders.

If "the time is at hand for our lecturers to lay aside the destructiv part of Liberalism and take up the constructiv," thus showing what it is; if we should never again mention "Auld Nick," Jehovah, Bible, hell, heaven, and other unpleasant subjects, out of which our Christian opponents hav woven considerable poetry, I merely inquire, How will both sides be presented? The church is a great constructionist—a builder—but I really think I prefer a thousand times over, because a thousand times truer, destructiv Liberalism to constructiv Christianity. But, really, nature does not teach me that there are any such distinctiv processes going on. There is not a destructiv blow struck by Liberalism that is not death to error and helpful to truth. There was not a weed I killed in my garden this summer which was not an advantage to the plant I desired to preserve. I go to nature to learn my lesson, not to the church. The Christian church would be only too glad to hav Freethinkers stop their destructiv work, say no more about the devil, nor one word more about the Bible, nor the Sabbath, nor church dogma of any sort, in which case THE TRUTH SEEKER would "shut up shop," and commence the publication of a "popular science" weekly!

W. F. JAMIESON.

Wilber, Neb.

C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

Provo, Utah, is the county seat of Utah county. It was settled in 1849, and the then "land of sand and sagebrush" has become a luxuriant garden city, with a population of about five thousand. The city is situated just below the mouth of Provo cañon, on the east bank of Utah lake. It has many fine buildings and some very pretty lawns and gardens. The streets are wide and hav an abundance of shade-trees.

The picturesque residence and beautiful gardens of that cultured Liberal and genial philanthropist, Dr. E. Hannberg, are a notable feature of Provo. The doctor and his amiable and accomplished wife entertained me in their beautiful home, which is replete with gems of art and has an extensiv library of choice literature. It was a delightful resting-place for the worn and weary Infidel pilgrim.

The principal manufactories of Provo are the woolen mills and three flour and two saw mills. The woolen mills comprise four large stone buildings, the cost of which, furnished and ready for work, was $200,000. There are 3,240 spindles, and machinery for carding, dyeing, and preparing 2,000 pounds of

wool per day, and 215 looms capable of turning out fabrics of over $175,000 value each year.

The Mormons hav a capacious temple, and the Methodists a large church building. The Brigham Young Academy is located here, which he very liberally endowed some years before his death.

The lectures were delivered at the court house and created very much interest and discussion. The attendance was quite good, considering the great attractions at the Opera House. Provo is a most promising field of labor for Liberal lecturers. Here I met that earnest, practical Liberal worker, H. L. Brooks, one of friend Wm. Reynolds's chief aids-de-camp, a most indefatigable rustler. He conveyed me to his hospitable home at Lake Shore, near Utah lake.

About a dozen miles southwest of Provo, only a few miles from Spanish Forks, I had a view of the "baby factory," a large, long, three-story barracks owned by a devout Mormon, who until recently resided there with his thirteen wives. Soon after being sealed to No. 13 the activity of the United States marshals, in compliance with the Edmunds law, made it risky to "liv out his religion," and so he went on a mission. But he recently returned, to be welcomed and embraced, not by pretty young No. 13, but by a grim old United States marshal. He is now condoling with his dear brother saint, Geo. Q. Cannon, in the Salt Lake penitentiary, over the tribulations of Christ's Latter Day Saints.

Lake Shore is not a village, but simply a farming settlement, a beautiful land of fruit and flowers. The people are mostly engaged in agricultural pursuits. Butter and cheese are quite a specialty in this vicinity. Vineyards and orchards flourish, and a very large quantity of wine of the very finest quality is made. Potatoes yield from six hundred to eight hundred bushels to the acre, excellent in quality, very large and solid; one with a hollow center is a very rare exception.

My lectures were delivered at the school-house. Although the nights were dark and nearly all had to work very hard all day, the first night the house was filled, the second crowded to its utmost capacity, with intelligent men and women, intently eager listeners.

Brother Brooks is a miniature giant; he was a most powerful proselyter when an elder of the Mormon church, and has lost none of his zeal, energy, or magnetism now that he is a genuin Liberal. He has inspired the best people of his neighborhood with his own untiring spirit of energy and self-sacrifice. A committee was appointed to raise funds and decide on site and plan for a Liberal hall. The Liberals of Lake Shore are bound to succeed in this endeavor, and the hall, once erected, will not rot for lack of occupancy—lectures, discussions, science school, concerts, amateur dramatic entertainments, socials, balls, etc., will follow in constant succession—for a more genial, generous, jolly community cannot be found in all Utah.

At Murray, Utah, I delivered two more lectures, "The Bible in the Public Schools," and "The Trial of Satan." The way is opening up for a first-class practical Liberal organization in this place.

I found a pleasant home at Ogden, Utah, with the noble old brother John A. Jost, one of the veteran Liberals of Utah—a kindly, gentle nature, one who loves justice, delights in mercy, and revels in relieving distress or in any way contributing to others' happiness.

Ogden, the seat of Weber county, is a very handsome, thriving city, with a population of well-nigh ten thousand. The lack of depot accommodations has long been a drawback to Ogden, but after nineteen years' discussion the people hav yielded to the rapacious demands of the railroads, and the foundations of a Grand Union depot are laid.

The attendance on Sunday afternoon at the lecture was very small, but we had a fair gathering at night. There is much need of persistent, judicious distribution of Liberal literature in Ogden, and more especially of a thorough canvass of the city for subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER and other leading Liberal papers. Mormons are devoted to securing "the kingdom," and non-Mormons to securing the almighty dollar. The few Liberal friends find it hard, up-hill work, but the cause is onward, steadily gaining. There is no cause of discouragement; the difficulties should be a great incentiv to more determined, self-sacrificing effort.

I paid a second visit to Echo, Utah, a pretty little retreat, and delivered one lecture. I greatly enjoyed my visit, but was much grieved to find Brother Fred Hirst, the leading Liberal and most cultured scholar and scientist of this section, suffering from some disease of the tongue. Not alone every person in Echo and vicinity, but every employee on his division of the Union Pacific railroad, are intensely desirous of his speedy cure. Few men are more deservedly beloved or so highly esteemed as Fred Hirst, the Infidel station-agent at Echo.

There is a splendid opening for Liberal work in every part of Utah. Mormons once having received the light of truth, once convinced of the absurd fallacies of their faith and the corruption and tyranny of the theocracy, can only become Liberals. It is impossible for any man or woman to turn from Mormonism to any other Christian denomination. If ever this is done it is simply for hire. A lecturer thoroughly posted in Mormonism could do a great work in Utah, and effect more in less time than in any other field that I hav visited. A good, really able woman would be most efficient; one without "isms" or "ites," but devoted to the true principles of Liberalism, ready and willing to rough it; one who would love her work, visit the people, be one of them, and thus at every visit increase her influence and extend her acquaintance.

The best plan would be for all the workers in the territory to solicit subscriptions and raise a fund sufficient to engage a suitable lecturer for five or six months, and pay a lump sum for the entire term, in consideration of which all the time and efforts of such lecturer should be devoted exclusivly to Utah. The central committee should hav charge, and arrange the route so that there would be a lecture every night—no long jumps—so that the daytime could be devoted to visiting and becoming acquainted with the people. When a route or circuit is formed, let the lecturer go over it again and again, organizing local Liberal societies, science schools, and dramatic clubs, extempore speaking classes, etc., as opportunity offers.

Let the self-sacrificing workers meet once each month, extending an earnest invitation to the Liberals of means and influence to meet with them and consult as to the best plans and methods for carrying on the good work.

If this can be done, Utah will within two years become the banner stronghold of Liberalism in the United States.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

The Secular Union in Wisconsin.

From the Daily Review, Milwaukee.

At the coming session of the legislature an effort will be made to pass a bill removing church property from the list of property exempt from taxation. If such a bill is passed it will hav the effect of adding $3,000,000 to the taxable property of Milwaukee alone, and will add $42,500 to the annual revenue derived from taxation. In former years there hav been efforts to make church property taxable, but they hav always resulted in failures.

This winter there is to be something of a national movement, and the legislatures of several other states will hav bills before them similar to the one which will be introduced at Madison. In Illinois such will be the case, and it is said that Governor-elect Fifer favors such a bill and will use his influence to hav Illinois church property taxed. There will be a great deal of opposition to the scheme, of course, and the chances of such bills passing are not very bright, although a very determined effort will be made to get one through in this state.

From the Evening Wisconsin.

The perennial question of church taxation will bob up serenely in the incoming Wisconsin legislature as a matter of course. With about every fifth man in state legislatures it is a hobby either to attack or defend the proposition; and any measure relating to church taxation that can be introduced for legislativ discussion is welcomed—if for no other reason—because it givs a considerable number of members for and against an opportunity to air their eloquence in "threshing over old straw." Almost every veteran assemblyman and senator has his church-taxation speech sacredly preserved, though yellowed with years; and quite independent of any results that may follow, it is a rare delight to him to "get it off" just as frequently as opportunity permits.

As any church-taxation scheme thus has an inside track in gaining for itself a status and consideration in the legislature, so also there is no lack of willing minds and hands to do the necessary preliminary work of drafting bills. Just now, here in Wisconsin, it is the Secular Union—whatever that may be—that is moving in this preliminary work.

And right here the *Wisconsin* begs to say that the fundamental weakness in most plans of church taxation submitted to the legislature lies in the fact that they are the plans of avowed enemies of the church and of religion. The motiv back of such effort—antagonism against an established order that has done much for the world, and which most of the world reveres or at least respects as a good order—is unworthy and wrong. Its tendency is to arouse the activ personal hostility of every friend of religious institutions quite irrespectiv of the question whether he approves or disapproves the rule of taxing church property. The sort of opposition to church taxation that is in its real intent warfare against religion, is never going to succeed in this country in putting church property on the books of the tax-collector.

Yet, on grounds of equity and governmental consistency, and even on religious grounds, there is no reason whatever why churches should not be taxed. The *Wisconsin* believes they should be, for at least three reasons here briefly given:

Because the state under our republican government has no right to be the patron of the church in any sense; it is no part of the function of the state to aid directly or indirectly in the religious teaching or training of the people.

Because, also, by church exemption the precedent is established and the door is opened for an indefinit extension of the rule of tax exemptions, unjust to every citizen who pays tax; and there are no end of enterprises—benevolent, charitable, educational, fraternal, recreativ, etc.—able to find some real justification in claiming right to be exempt from public tax, so long as the churches are free.

Finally (and this third reason is properly from the religious rather than the Secular standpoint), freedom from taxation amounts to a direct premium offered to religious societies to accumulate property, rear costly edifices, adopt imposing rituals, become exclusiv and aristocratic, and thus to separate from and lift themselvs above the great mass of men to minister to whom, primarily, the church was instituted. The influence of the church in saving men and women from wretchedness and sin has been in inverse ratio to the wealth of the church ever since church history began to be written. And thus it comes that the state does a religious, not less than a Secular, wrong in encouraging by the method of non-taxation any needless accumulation of ecclesiastical property.

Whenever church taxation shall be intelligently and earnestly and honestly urged solely on the ground that it is just and right, it will very likely be enacted into law in all the states as it has been already in California—because in the long run right wins anyhow. But so long as the apparent motiv on the part of those who most urge taxation is mere animosity against the church as an institution, so long the effort to tax churches will fail and ought to fail.

The Bible Should Go.

From the Denver News.

The decision of a Wisconsin court that the Bible may be read in the public schools of that state, without comment, will suit some people, but will not be commended by the truest friends of our system of popular education. The schools belong to the people and should be conducted so as to be acceptable to all, or at least so as to be free from reasonable objections. The most effectiv enemy of American public schools is he who insists upon the introduction of whatever will offend the most sensitiv conscience, for he thus places a valid weapon in the hands of opposition. The code of morality that governs the world is peculiar to no creed, and may be inculcated without reasonable offense to anyone. Our schools are intended to make good citizens and safe members of society. They are not intended to influence or direct religious tendencies. That is a matter for home and church influence. It must be avoided in a system that is sustained in part by general taxation. The public school must be maintained and therefore must be free from valid objections based upon religious scruples. This nation cannot exist without popular intelligence, a fact that makes our free schools indispensable.

Consolation for the Clergy.

From the Evening Sun.

Some very gloomy pictures of the religious state of our town were drawn by the Protestant clergymen who held a conference on the subject this week. They alleged that a vast multitude of our people never go to church, and totally neglect all religious duties. Some of them are Infidels and others profligates, but the greater part are merely heedless of those matters in which the clergy are interested. There is no doubt of the truth of this charge. New York is not a center of piety, and the mass of its denizens do not liv according to the teachings of the church. But let not our clerical friends overlook the fact that our town does not stand alone in this respect. Is there in all Christendom to-day any great city that can be said to be devoted to the faith and practice of religion? Surely nobody who knows London, the mightiest city on the globe, will say that it is. Verily, nobody will say that Paris, which comes next in order, is. Nobody will say that Vienna is, or that Berlin is, or that Liverpool is, or that Rome is. In all of these cities, and in hundreds of others, the clergy make the same complaints that are made by their brethren in this city. They giv way to lamentations over the neglect of religion. We hear the same complaint about many large American cities—New Orleans, San Francisco, Chicago, and even Boston. Let us, therefore, hav fair play for our town in this respect. The outlook for religion is not more gloomy here than it is elsewhere.

How the Clergy Like to Hav Things.

From the Standard.

The Rev. Samuel Maude, vicar of Needham Market, in the kingdom of Great Britain, is a clergyman who believes that children—that is, children of the lower classes, of course—should submit themselvs to all their governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, and order themselvs lowly and reverently to all their betters, as per the catechism instructed. One morning lately Mr. Maude met a common little boy of his parish, near school-time, and ordered him to go to school. The little boy insolently replied, "I don't go to your school now;" whereupon the reverend gentleman "seized hold of him, shook him, and wrung his ears. The boy caught hold of the palings, but Mr. Maude pulled him away by putting his knee in his back, and dragged him into the school-room."

A generation ago this might hav been thought rather a delicate attention on Maude's part than otherwise; but things are different now, and the boy's mother impudently summoned Mr. Maude before the petty sessions, where another clergyman presided. They had to find Maude guilty—there was no help for it. So they fined him sixpence. And then the reverend magistrate addressed the boy's mother in this fashion: "I think it is monstrous hard that clergymen are to be dictated and dominated over in this way. It is simply abominable that for holding up our little finger we are to be brought before the magistrate for assault.'

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
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THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL FOR 1889.

What do you think of the prospects of Liberalism in the country?

What has been your experience as a lecturer throughout the country?

Where are the most Liberals, and in what section of the country is the best work for Liberalism being done?

In your opinion, what relation do Liberalism and Prohibition bear to each other?

Do you think that Liberals should undertake a reform in the marriage and divorce laws and relations?

Should Liberals organize?

Should Liberals vote on Liberal issues?

Do you think Liberals would leave their present political parties to found one whose platform would be the Nine Demands of Liberalism?

Can, or ought the Liberals and Spiritualists to unite?

Which do you consider the more dangerous to American institutions, the National Reform Association (God-in-the-Constitution party) or the Roman Catholic church?

What ought the Liberals to do to make this a free country legally, and to spread their doctrins?

What is your opinion of the Christian religion and the Christian church?

Why did you leave the church, if you ever belonged, and what influence was most effectiv in inducing you to do so?

What do you advise as a remedy for economic troubles?

That is a pretty formidable series of questions, and they cover ground enough for several volumes; in fact, they cover about all the grounds of difference between Liberals. But the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER valorously asked them of more than forty of the prominent writers and speakers of our cause, and twenty-four answered them in season to appear in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for next year, which periodical is now ready for the buyer. The contributors to this symposium are:

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.	J. H. BURNHAM.
JAMES PARTON.	L. K. WASHBURN.
HELEN H. GARDENER.	ELLA GIBSON.
S. P. PUTNAM.	SUSAN H. WIXON.
CHARLES WATTS.	JOHN PECK.
E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.	W. S. BELL.
PARKER PILLSBURY.	E. C. WALKER.
ROBERT C. ADAMS.	MRS M. A. FREEMAN.
J. D. SHAW.	DR JULIET H. SEVERANCE.
F. M. HOLLAND.	MRS. E. D. SLENKER.
E. B FOOTE, JR., M.D.	COL. J. R. KELSO.
LUCY N. COLMAN.	G. H. DAWES.

The symposium fills nearly seventy of the ANNUAL's large pages, and we do not think that such a brilliant and able company of writers has ever before been gathered into one volume. These men and women, whose names are household words not only in Liberalism, but in law and literature, hav freely contributed to answering the questions which oftenest vex and confuse the Liberals of the country, and hav given them their honest thought condensed into epigrams. Certainly nothing like this symposium has ever been known in the literature of heresy.

But this is not all. Under the head of "Ingersoll and Shakspere," there are more than thirty pages of the most interesting comparisons of prose and poetry ever contributed to the pages of any periodical. The words of the world's greatest orator are set alongside the verses of the world's greatest poets. Shakspere, Chaucer, Spenser, Drayton, Drummond, Milton, Butler, Congreve, Schiller, Goethe, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Percival, Pierpont, Dana, Hugo, Massey, Swinburne, and even Oscar Wilde, are matched against the orator to show that the nineteenth century is as fortunate in poetry and oratory as any that hav preceded it. So far as possible the subjects chosen are the same. It is a great collection, and will instruct, and be useful in dozens of ways.

The Calendar for the ANNUAL has been revised, and brought down to date, and the History of Freethought for the year is full and truthful.

The frontispiece of the ANNUAL is a magnificent picture of the statue of Giordano Bruno. The best picture of the Lick Observatory ever given to the public has been transferred to the ANNUAL, as also the representation of the greatest telescope in the world; both the gift to science of a Freethinker. The other illustrations are pretty and pleasing, and become the work, which is printed in the same elegant manner as heretofore.

Every subscriber when renewing his subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER should drop an extra twenty-five cents into the letter for an ANNUAL. No such amount of reading can be had anywhere else for twice the money, and the names of the contributors assure the Liberal public of the quality of the contributions.

That Sunday Bill.

The various forces at work for and against a national puritan Sunday—which the pietists erroneously term the Sabbath—had a hearing in Washington last week before Senator Blair's committee on Education and Labor. The bill to which they spoke was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Blair last May, and is given in full in the report, elsewhere, of the proceedings.

The parties represented were the promoters of the bill, the American Sabbath Union, then in convention in Washington, and the Seventh Day Adventists, whose advocate spoke for the Jews as well as for his own sect. The American Secular Union was represented by J. B. Wolff, who resides in Washington. Mr. Wolff was the only secular speaker, while the Christians had several advocates. The superintendent of the "Sabbath Observance of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union" was there and read a paper which asked Congress to stop the running of trains on Sunday, because the states could not do it; a Washington reverend spoke for the workingman (poor workingman, how he is loved!); Mr. Cleveland's pastor tried to convince the committee that our Sunday is really the primeval Sabbath; a Chicago preacher also tapped his heart and let it bleed for the laborer who is so cruelly oppressed that he has to work on Sunday for pay; and the Seventh Day Adventist advocate wanted the bill amended so that his fellow-religionists and the Jews could carry on business on Sunday. The most unique specimen of argument was by an ex-officer of a railroad company. He said that Sunday trains can be abolished without injury either to the railroad companies or to the people at large. As to the transcontinental trains, he would get over the difficulty by having several lie-over stations, where passengers could spend Sunday, the railroad companies furnishing them with free hotel accommodation. As to live stock trains, he held that they should never be run for more than forty-eight hours continuously. As to milk trains, he said that the Saturday milk is not delivered to New York consumers before Monday; and, as their extreme limit is one hundred miles, that milk can be forwarded on Sunday nights. As to Sunday mail trains, they were unnecessary, as telegraphs were resorted to in cases of emergency. It is amazing how ingenious these bigots are in devising methods of getting around difficulties in the way of their domineering over their neighbors.

Mr. Wolff, in his vigorous and sledge-hammer manner, rightly characterized the movement for the bill as one full of danger to this government, or any other. "It is," he said, "an attempt to do by indirection what the letter of the law forbids. There are only four matters of morals upon which the government may legislate, and this is not one of them. The demand that we shall hav a civil Sabbath which is made here I do not object to; but there is also the demand for an ecclesiastical or religious Sabbath, which I do object to, the two factions making common cause to secure the adoption of the law under consideration." Mr. Wolf called attention to the fact that the Catholic branch of the delegation, or of the influence back of the delegation, does not enforce observance of the Sabbath day as asked for here, but permits all sorts of entertainments and sports in connection with the religious services of the day. In demanding that he should surrender his rights for the non-observance of a religious day because he was in a minority, they made it right for him, when in a majority, to invade the rights of the delegation to observe the day as they felt it should be observed. It was this that made it a dangerous precedent to establish. His speech, the substance of which we giv in the report, evoked compliments from his opponents for its ability.

The committee will now deliberate upon the matter, and very probably, if Senator Blair can compass it, will report favorably upon the bill. Senator Blair is as great a religious bigot as New Hampshire ever produced, and in all these fanatical movements uses his senatorial position to help along his religion. But several senators hav already assured the Secular Union that they will vote against the bill, and that there is but little likelihood of its passing the Senate. However, the bill must be watched and fought at every stage of its progress. Let the arguments against it be spread before the country as extensivly as those for it, and the fact of its introduction will by no means be a total evil.

A Protestant Victory of Votes.

The Protestants hav won in their fight with the Catholics over the schools of Boston. The election occurred on the 11th instant, and though the candidates were the regularly nominated Republican and Democratic office-seekers, the former stood for anti-Catholic and the latter for pro-Catholic sympathies. The women decided the election. The motiv moving them was the attempt of the Romanists to control the schools in the interest of the Catholic church, banishing a school history because it referred to the sale of indulgences in terms displeasing to them, and displacing a teacher who explained the meaning of indulgences contrary to the definition of the church. For four months the campaign has gone on, the Protestant women listening night after night to "no popery" speeches, caucusing for their candidates, and arousing the enthusiasm and prejudices of the people in all possible ways. "Elect no more Roman Catholics to the school board!" has been their cry, and of the candidates whom they presented, while two are Hebrews, not one is a Catholic. Of the sixteen school committeemen who hold over eight are Catholics, and this the Protestant party claims is a sufficient number in a body whose total membership is twenty-four. The Catholic women, under orders of the priests, took the other side, and worked as hard for their candidates as did the Protestants for theirs.

The *Herald* describes the scenes at the polling-places as unique. More earnest workers than the women, it says, were never seen. The way in which they buttonholed new arrivals and forced their attention upon them would hav done credit to a veteran "heeler." Their presence at the polls, too, was conduciv to good order, and at one place a row was stopped by the policeman exclaiming that there were ladies present and talk of the kind being indulged in was out of place. The colored women voted the Republican or Protestant ticket, and though when one of the dusky sisters and an Irish lady met the conversation was apt to be excited, no casualties among the female voters are reported. The women voted with as much intelligence as the men, and only in one instance, quickly suppressed, did the roughs attempt to annoy them.

It remains to be seen what the Protestants will do with their victory. If they drive all Catholic teaching out of the schools, they will do well. If they replace it with Protestant dogmas, the change is not of much account. Fanatical puritanism is as vicious as fanatical Catholicism, and the cause of true liberty is not subserved by supplanting either by the other.

In Wisconsin.

That is a queer editorial which we copy in another place from the evening *Wisconsin*, regarding the effort to be made this winter in the legislature of Wisconsin to repeal the law exempting church property from taxation. The *Wisconsin* favors such a bill because it is only right that the churches should bear their share of the public burden, and it opposes it because the Freethinkers are also in favor of it. A more spiteful, hypocritical, malicious, and mean spirit than that which moves the editor of the *Wisconsin* it would be difficult to find.

It is true that bills of the same kind hav time and again been brought up in the Wisconsin legislature by Freethinking members, and it is true that such bills hav failed of passage. But that does not prove that the bills will always be defeated. The world is moving, and justice is being slowly accomplished. Wisconsin moves along with the procession, and many men in that state who once regarded church taxation as a sacrilege, now believe it to be but simple justice. And the fact that in one city alone the treasury would benefit in so large a sum as $42,500, is a powerful incentiv to do this justice. The piling up of ecclesiastical property, held because untaxed, is becoming a source of danger in Wisconsin, as in other states, and the predominance in certain counties of the Catholics, who hav ruined several public schools and built up parochial schools, make it extremely desirable to patriotic citizens that ecclesiastical domination should be overthrown. In no way can this be done so effectually and so justly as by refusing to longer grant immunity from taxation.

We would recommend that every Freethinker who reads this should write, and induce all his friends to write, to the member of the legislature from his district urging that official to vote for the bill. Or let every Freethinker prepare such a letter, and get as many voters to sign it as he can. Such documents will stimulate the legislator, and, perhaps, help him to make up his mind.

Why Don't They Prosecute?

The officers of Anthony Comstock's Society hav been attacked again and again, charged with blackmail, and defied to come into court and clear their character. Lum Smith, of Philadelphia, against whom Comstock and Britton both brought suit for the purpose of bluffing Smith, has time and time again tried to hav his cases brought to trial, but each time unsuccessfully, both of the plaintiffs running away when served with summonses to attend. They cannot be brought to face the music.

The latest attack upon them was published in the *World* of December 9th. It charges Britton with systematic levying of blackmail upon gamblers, and implicates Comstock. It is made by Michael J. Sullivan, who was employed by the Society as clerk and agent for two years. The affidavit which he has furnished the papers states that upon entering the service of the Society he was at once set to work securing evidence against gamblers, the force consisting of himself, Joseph A. Britton, George E. Oram, and Anthony Comstock. Britton, says Sullivan in in his affidavit, lived in "almost oriental luxuriousness," and pretended that he was in the diamond business, opening what he called a "private office" in room 42, Temple Court, as "Andrews & Co., dealers in diamonds and precious stones," many of which were believed to hav come as spoils, or from thieves. The affidavit goes on to say:

"A great many things occurred during the years that elapsed between 1885 and the present autumn which put me in possession of facts to prove that Britton was receiving thousands of dollars each month from the different gambling-houses in the city. I will giv here the amount which each of the different gamblers has to pay, or at least do pay, to Britton: Faro houses, $100 per month; pool-rooms, $50; 'policy' dens, $10; Chinese 'fan tan' dens, $10. As nearly as can be calculated from my experience in that Society, Britton receives in the neighborhood of $120,000 annually as 'hush money' in this manner."

Comstock is also deeply involved, the affidavit charging him with constantly visiting Britton's office, which Sullivan says was a rendezvous of gamblers, policy dealers, and bookmakers, and on one occasion after the refusal of a bookmaker to pay tribute to Britton, raiding the bookmaker's place of business. "Seeing all the pool-rooms that paid for 'protection' flourishing and running with open doors," continued Mr. Sullivan, "I resolved that I would obtain the evidence against the places Britton was 'protecting,' and did obtain such evidence in twenty-one cases, comprising 'eight faro banks, twelve pool-rooms, and one policy shop." The affidavit enumerates each place and its location, and the number of tables and gamblers. This evidence, Mr. Sullivan alleges, was handed to Anthony Comstock as chief officer of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, by him, as an agent of the society. "Mr. Comstock informed me," says the affidavit, "that he knew both Oram and Britton were receiving blackmail, and that he would soon hav them both out of office. But the gamblers 'protected' by the officers of the society were not interfered with, nor were Britton and Oram dismissed."

Sullivan was dismissed from the service of the society last October, being called into the presence of H. E. Simmons, chairman of the executiv committee, and Anthony Comstock. "Mr. Simmons," continues the affidavit, "was armed with a large number of reports of detectivs who had shadowed me night and day for months. Anthony Comstock charged me in the presence of Mr. Simmons with having made an 'affidavit' or article derogatory to himself. I denied having executed such a document. On the day I was suspended," continues the affidavit, "all the gambling houses suddenly ceased, but the next day, when I was no longer an employee of the society, they were running in the same open manner." Mr. Sullivan's affidavit concludes: "Should the district attorney, or the state attorney, or the legislature, require incontrovertible proof of all I hav herein set forth I am ready to appear with the witnesses and truthfully answer any and all questions that may be put to me touching the subject."

These are very substantial, pointed, and serious charges made against the agents of the society, and agree with the statements of Brooklyn's district attorney made some months ago, that the agents of the society were nothing but blackmailers. But Comstock, nor the society, nor Britton, will prosecute. William C. Beecher, counsel for the society, says: "The society is not libeled. If the people he has libeled choose to take it up they can do so." Comstock says: "Sullivan has been very careful not to publish a libel against me. I hav no cause of action. It is for Mr. Britton to proceed against him." Britton says: "I shall do nothing to Sullivan." In the *World* of December 10th, 11th, and 12th, Sullivan reiterates his charges, giving additional details. Touching Comstock's assertion that he has no ground to cause Sullivan's arrest, the latter holds that if Mr. Comstock's statement that Sullivan opened letters be true he (Sullivan) has committed an offense against the postal service of the United States, of which Mr. Comstock is an agent, and for which he can arrest him. "He can also arrest Britton," says Sullivan, but "Will he dare to do so?" he asks. Sullivan claims, also, in answer to another charge against him by Comstock, that he had a perfect right to use the letter-heads of the society, and that if Mr. Comstock will over his own signature charge him with using these letter-heads for an illegal or criminal purpose he (Sullivan) will hav him (Comstock) arrested, and he adds:

"Mr. Comstock either willfully, or otherwise, misunderstands a great many of my statements. He has all the documents which I furnished him, and should know, knowing me as he does, what I intend to charge, and whom I intend to accuse. I hav never stated that the Society for the Suppression of Vice received $120,000, or any other sum, annually, from gamblers. I stated that I calculated that that was the amount that Mr. Britton received. I did state that he was enabled to procure this blackmail through his power to wield the society's displeasure. I know as a matter of fact, and can prove it, that 'unprotected' violators of the law were prosecuted by the society, and 'protected' violators were allowed to pursue their nefarious practices unmolested. In some special instances it might be found necessary to cover up their tracks by making pretended raids on some one or two of the 'protected.' If, as Mr. Comstock says, he did not think my testimony was deserving of credit, why did he take me with him as a witness, long after I had left the office, as he did in the case of the Jersey City 'sawdust' swindlers? Why did he not employ other help to secure corroborativ evidence against the places I informed him of? Besides this, Mr. Comstock knows very well that my testimony was not alone and uncorroborated. This evidence was secured after Comstock knew all that was alleged against me to my discredit, and yet I was not at the time removed from the society. I shall at a future day hav something further to say in these matters, but I prefer telling them for the first time in a court of justice."

If Sullivan is lying, as Comstock and Beecher and Britton charge, why do they not prove it? If they are all honest men it can be shown. Their indisposition to make the attempt looks bad. Soapboiler Colgate and his pious *confreres* should look after the character of their trusted agents. The public never had a very high opinion of them, and if they do not clear themselvs from these accusations, the charter of the society may be in danger. It ought to hav been repealed years ago, or rather it ought never to hav been granted. Let Comstock look to himself.

The Evangelization of New York.

The assortment of Protestant sects which met in this city week before last to consider ways and means of converting the inhabitants of the town to the Protestant version of Christianity has a large undertaking on hand. It seems that in 1840 there was one Protestant church to every 2,000 of population; in 1880 one to 3,000, and in 1887 one to 4,000. Yet the present church edifices are more than sufficient, as their seating capacity is 300,000, while only about 100,000 attend the services. Manifestly, therefore, the problem is not how to build more churches, but how to fill the ones already erected.

The increase in the population of New York is largely from immigration. The most of this is Roman Catholic—Irish, German, and Italian. Of course the Protestants can never hope to get these folks into their churches, for the reason that the Roman church satisfies them better, giving them more freedom of action, and assuring them of heaven by the performance of certain church duties, the chief of which is the payment on demand of small sums of money. When they leave their mother religion they usually become indifferent Infidels.

Taking the population of the city at 1,600,000, and the membership of the two chief branches of Christianity at 600,000—a large estimate—there are about a million people in this town who do not go to church. How they shall be gathered in, is the problem of Protestantism. We hav a few ideas on the subject.

First. The ministers must cease preaching hell. The millions do not believe in the existence of such a place and they laugh at the fossils who are forever dangling the lurid scarecrow before their eyes.

Second. The ministers must stop talking about the love of God for all his children. The million sneer at such talk when other millions are starving, other millions are dying of pestilence, and other millions are wretched with disease.

Third. The ministers must drop theology—the fall, the atonement, the salvation by ecclesiastical machinery. Theology, to the millions, is what the preachers liv by, the same as lawyers liv by expounding the law. And as no one goes near a lawyer till he needs his services, so no one helps support a minister till he is obliged to. And the point is, that the million cannot recognize the obligation.

Fourth. The ministers should preach on subjects of contemporaneous human interest. All subjects making for moral and intellectual progress should be used as texts. They should let politics alone. They should quit trying to enforce their ideas on the people by legislation. They should set an example of honesty by paying their taxes. They should come down from their high and mighty pedestals. Their pretensions are seen through and laughed at. They hav lost their grip. They are behind the times. Few care more for their opinions than for the epitaphs in old moss-grown graveyards. They are always shrieking Don't, and crying to the people to Come back. Thou shalt not! is their supreme commandment. The people hav grown tired of these cries, and will no longer listen. If they desire to hav their words heeded, let them reform. Let them tell us something they know; something they hav found out themselvs. Let them instruct instead of frightening. In short, let them cease being Christians and become men—resign as preachers and educate themselvs as teachers.

The people of large cities hav grown by Christianity; they are ahead of it. They do not believe in it; they do not feel the need of it. It is a past issue with them. They speak of it with tolerant pity—something their fathers had along with stage-coaches and hand-reapers—or that they themselvs had with the mumps and measles. These are the reasons that the churches are not full. To convert the city to Protestantism, Protestantism will hav to cease being Christian.

L. K. WASHBURN's twenty-four page inquiry, "Was Jesus Insane?" is now ready in neat pamphlet form, price 10 cents. Mr. Washburn, as all of our readers know, is one of the brightest, sharpest, wittiest, and most eloquently earnest of the Freethought speakers and writers, and this lecture is one of his best.

Letters from Friends.

OAK MILLS, KAN., Dec. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: To-day is the sixth anniversary of the death of the great and good D. M. Bennett, founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I remember as well as if it were but yesterday when the news came announcing Mr. Bennett's death, and many a time since hav I recalled the noble and honest deeds he performed in behalf of Freethought and humanity, and gazed with admiration upon his manly features, which occupy a conspicuous place in our album of the world's intellectual heroes. Several days ago I came across a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER dated Dec. 16, 1882, several days after the death of Mr. Bennett, and as I read over the beautiful and touching tributes from those who held him in high esteem, tears would frequently come to my eyes. Mr. Bennett did a great work and did it well, and I feel that though he is dead, he has left to the great cause for which he so faithfully labored a legacy in the remembrance of his virtues, his services, his honor, and his truth.

Yours for humanity, GEO. J. REMSBURG.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., Nov. 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read with much interest Colonel Ingersoll on "Robert Ellsmere," though I regret to say I hav not read "Robert Ellsmere." Being an enemy of all tyranny, social, spiritual, or political, and hating one kind just as much as another, I am sorry to observe that in one place our great orator does not lay the blame on the right shoulders, though I begin to hope he soon will. "Nothing," he says, truly enough, "is more cruel than orthodox theology," and then follows a very unfortunate instance: "Think for a moment of the manner in which charities are distributed, the way in which the crust is flung at Lazarus." That is not the fault of orthodox theology, but of political economy, with which theology was never on very good terms. When the church distributed charity, and so far as she does it now, her fault is not unkindness; but encouraging dependent poverty by indiscriminate giving of alms. She deserves the blame of making beggary chronic instead of occasional, but not that of quarreling with her own work. Most justly does Colonel Ingersoll say immediately afterward that the country—any country—is "divided between certain successful robbers, flatterers, cringers, and crawlers, and that in consequence of such division a large majority are tenants, renters, occupying the surface of the earth only at the pleasure of others." Colonel Ingersoll is making commendable progress toward Anarchism, but, to be perfect, he wants to perceive that all this is the fault of the state primarily and only secondarily of the church. The church is a very successful "flatterer, cringer, and crawler," but in America, at least, she is hardly powerful enough to be a robber. The state is; and to the state therefore belongs the blame, if, as Colonel Ingersoll also remarks, "the same is true in this country" as in England.

C. L. JAMES.

ROCHESTER, MICH., Nov. 25, 1888.

What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears!

MR. EDITOR: Hav just finished reading in THE TRUTH SEEKER, November 24th, Mr. J. H. Wood's letter, in which he reviews Mr. Hacker's land and other theories at some length.

According to Mr. Wood, "taxation," instead of land ownership, usury, etc., is the great, overshadowing evil of our time, and he tires not in repeating it. Will Mr. Wood, in another letter, pray tell us how he would hav this government overhauled so as to obviate the necessity of taxation? Would he hav it pay its expenses with money—say, greenbacks—of its own furnishing? Or would he do away with civil government altogether, substituting Anarchy instead? On either horn of such a dilemma it would not seem an easy place to hang long.

O my fellow-statesman, Brother Wood! With that big no-taxation beam in thine own eye, how canst thou see to pluck those fantastic land-distribution and non-usury motes out of Father Hacker's?

Mr. Wood thinks the Prohibitionists will take control of the Republican party, "just as the Whig and Free Soil party were married to the Abolition party." As a matter of common history, some five or six years before the war, the Whig and Free Soil parties were reorganized into the Republican party. Until and during a greater part of the war that party abjured the name and purpose of an Abolition party through its leaders, and notably by their chief in his first inaugural in 1861. Slavery was finally killed through a military necessity; the only alternativ being the destruction of that institution or the Union.

Yes, slavery was absolutely abolished, as we had supposed. But not so, thinks Mr. Wood. Hear him: "The colored people were never slaves more than they are now;" then, as if the statement would acquire additional force by amplifying, "The colored people South are to-day in precisely the same condition that they were before the war!" Is not that putting it a little wild?

What if Mr. Wood's theories are as much afloat as his facts?

C. H. GREENE.

BARRE, MASS., Nov. 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent "Pericles" in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 26th, page 747, says: "I know the ignorant and vulgar cannot understand this," that is, his theory of God. Now, I think I understand it perfectly, but do not agree with him when he says "science has given us a new, a greater god;" then defines "that new, or rather that oldest of all the gods," as "the great cosmic unity," and after thus defining this new or old god as the great cosmic unity, he calls it, or refers to it, eight times in the next thirteen succeeding lines as a being of gender, by applying to it the personal pronouns "he," "him," and "his."

Would it not hav been better for "Pericles" to hav stuck to the neuter pronoun "it," in his remarks on cosmic unity, instead of flying back to Christianity and pagan mythology to personify it as a man or god? It would be just as sensible to call it she and her, and make of it a goddess, as did the Greeks and some other nations, for "Pericles" well knows that the great cosmic unity embraces all genders, if it embraces any.

The trouble with "Pericles" is, as with many others, in calling this cosmic unity "god." He cannot divest himself (when he calls it god) of the old sex idea of man or masculinity, so he invests it with the nomenclature of the churches, thereby thinking he is describing a new god, that they, and we—"the vulgar and ignorant"—cannot understand, when he is only using their appellativs under a new definition of the word "god."

Is it not a great mistake for people who do not believe in an anthropomorphic God to use the same word, "god," as those do who do believe in him, and then attempt to argue away their own change in the meaning of, or new use to which they put, the word God? Why will they endow the material universe—their "it"—with the attributes of the gods of the Christian and pagan worshipers, even calling it—the universe—God? The only way for Liberals, or those who disbelieve in gods, is to discard the word entirely; then they will rid themselvs of their contradictions, and escape the ridicule they so justly merit for their seeming inconsistencies.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

U. S. MILITARY HOME, WIS., Nov. 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In the article, published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 17th, by my friend Nelson Hunt, it is implied that the recent "exposure" of Spiritualism by the "Fox girls" was brought about by a liberal expenditure of the root of all evil by the orthodox churches. If such is a fact, I can assure them they hav put their money to a silly use, for I know that the tippings and rappings are not the result of trickery.

Some thirty-odd years ago, when Spiritualism was raging in Cincinnati, I used to take a hand in the game, and became fully convinced there was a power in the will that was not understood at that time, and I am as much in the dark to-day as I was then.

Somebody has told us there is a natural (physical) body and a spiritual (mental) body. The Spiritualists say, I believe, that when the natural body dies the spiritual is born. I entertain a somewhat similar idea, but the result is widely different from that which they and all the orthodox churches teach:

I believe, with all due deference to the learned in theological lore, that at death the spirit—the mind—is wafted off to the ethereal regions, and from thence is absorbed by those living on the earth; some organizations and temperaments imbibing much more of this mind-matter than others, which accounts for the great diversity of intelligence manifest, also for the gradual advancement of the human family and the well-known fact that history is ever repeating itself. Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon Bonaparte were but the reappearances of the mind-matter thrown off by Joshua of old and many others. "Whatever is, has been, and will be again; there is nothing new under the sun."

I. C. B.

JORDAN, MINN., Dec. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: During the early part of the year 1886 a writer over the signature "McArthur" wrote a series of letters entitled, "Examination of Church History," being letters to a Catholic friend, which were published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I then thought that the author was a man of more than ordinary ability, as his letters could not hav been other than the result of much reading and research.

Now I feel an intense curiosity to know whether it can be possible that this is the same McArthur who wrote the letters referred to above, and the McArthur who of late has been writing such unmitigated, nonsensical trash on the subject of Spiritualism, as published in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Spiritualists claim that the spirits of the dead can and do communicate with the living. But if spirits do not possess a material or physical body, it is absolutely certain that they cannot possess the organs of speech. How, then, in the name of common sense can they communicate with the living?

So far as I can learn, and judging from all I hav seen written on the subject, it has yet to be proved that spirits are not merely the creatures or creations of the human imagination, or of diseased and perverted minds.

If the human body possesses a soul or spirit that can liv after the body dies—and the spirit desires to communicate with its friends who are still living—why cannot the spirit communicate with its friends directly instead of through a medium? To my mind the answer is perfectly plain; in the first place, because there are no spirits to communicate with anybody, and in the next place, because such a course on the part of the spirits would knock mediumistic séances higher than Guilderoy's kite—it would deprive the mediums and their confederates of their nice little dark-closet games of trickery and fraud, and of their opportunities for cheating their demented dupes out of their money. But it seems as if some people like to be humbugged, and are willing to pay for the privilege. And upon what other theory can we account for people, otherwise intelligent, who patronize and support the churches and the preachers? By the way, what has become of the prayerful and tearful George Chainey—has he evacuated this vale of tears and ascended to some ethereal sphere, and in making the ascent did he cast his mantle upon the shoulders of McArthur? or did the Burr family hav a first mortgage on it?

THOMAS KNOTT.

SABETHA, KAN., Nov. 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: After waiting a reasonable length of time to hear something of the American party, I was most delighted to find a friend to American sentiments speaking from San Francisco over the *nom de plume* of "Formerly a Republican."

This is exactly my present condition politically. I see nothing promised from either of the old parties which will carry out the principles to which we are so much devoted. I find many from both the old parties, and a few from both the labor and Prohibition branches, who are ready to join in a faithful and determined movement for honesty, liberty, and justice.

General Harrison, his cabinet and allies, will never encourage one of our principles, which are opposed to his individual religious sentiments and opposed to the prejudices of the very factions which placed him in power—I mean the church and other influential corporate powers.

The church will never allow a bill to pass favoring our Nine Demands, and the banks will never allow the postal savings banks bill to even go to a third reading. They will send delegations to Washington in twenty-four hours after such bills hav passed a second reading, and kill them while in the hands of the committee. Our only hope is to organize, and organize now in every state and territory, getting our forces in readiness for the great struggle of 1892.

We may elect a few of our advocates to positions of trust and influence, and, if nothing more, can force a hearing for our American ideas before the public. These are purely political measures, and must be settled through the medium of politics.

For any party to succeed hereafter, it only wants a principle for its platform, and that principle to be from the hearts of the people. The childish quibble over the tariff during the last campaign, designed to draw the minds of the masses away from more important issues, presented a disgusting sight to all earnest and loyal citizens. Principle was laid aside and policy ruled the hour. That policy was adopted which was most likely to win. The Republican party is not worthy the success it achieved. No party will ever ride into power again upon a platform so barren of the fruits of experience.

Henceforth I am for the American party, (1) educational qualification for the voter, (2) woman's emancipation, (3) against church rule, (4) foreign ownership of land, (5) indiscriminate and unlimited immigration, (6) and for the Nine Demands. Who will second this motion?

AMERICUS.

SUSANVILLE, CAL., Nov. 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a subscriber for your valuable paper for the past three years. I hav gained more knowledge from it than all the rest of the papers that I hav taken, and I take and read eight papers weekly. The fine essays from Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Peck are worth ten times what the paper costs.

I liv in a free country, and a very Liberal county, as California has the most Liberals, the most generous and free-hearted people, of any place in America. But, like all other places, we hav some very narrow-minded and selfish ones here. I sometimes write for our county paper, and once in a while I touch on that sacred book, the Bible. Not long since one of our narrow-minded Christians went as a committee of one and informed our editor that he must not insert any more of my productions, as such were not safe literature for the young to read, and said it was blasphemy. As I did not sign my name to my productions, the editor, being a Liberal, gave my name and said to the poor idiot: "Now, sir, my paper is just as free to you as to him, and if he has made any assertions that you can prove not to be true get in and make him take it back." "Why, he says the Bible is not true." "Well, my dear sir, you get in and prove it is, and then Mr. Jones will come and acknowledge that he has lied, for he told me he would, and I know he is a man that will stay with it. Now, sir, you can get in and answer Mr. Jones, and I will publish it for you." "I do not propose to make any reply to him unless he will acknowledge the truth of the Bible; then I will reply to him." Now, what a fine show I would hav in that court—take the evidence of his witnesses as facts and not be allowed any evidence in rebuttal! I find all Christians just that small and mean. I do not blame them for it. I pity them. They hav got the wrong side of the case and they dare not come to a fair trial.

I was amused at a young man a few evenings since. He was baptized two weeks since in the Seventh Day Advent doctrin. He came to me and said, "I used to think you were a very wicked man." "Well, my dear young friend, do you not think it more strongly now?" "No, sir, I do not. I think you are a better man than half of those Christians." "What has caused you to change your opinion?" "I hav read the Bible for the last two weeks more than I ever read it in my life. I hav come to the conclusion that you are right, and I hav drawn out of the church. I do not want to be a hypocrit, and if I stay in the church I will be one." "Did you not read the Bible before you joined the church?" "No. I listened to the preacher and acted on what I heard from him, not from any knowledge of my own, and if I had not read and thought for myself I could hav made a good church-member."

There is one church here. They sent out a young man to preach last year. He came here without any experience and preached just as he was taught. It did not go in the golden West as it would in the church-ridden East, consequently he was a failure, and now the little church is kept up by a few old women, and some few tottering old men who hav lived out all their vitality and are merely waiting there. They are living as they were taught—in infancy their good old mother died a Methodist, and they know she is in heaven, for she told them she was going there, and she never told a lie. One of our little church did not appear to understand all of the holy book to his satisfaction, and so asked the young preacher

his views on the subject. The young divine very politely informed him that it was not necessary for him to understand the Bible to be a Christian—all that was required of him was to go on and attend to his own business and the church would do all the thinking and searching the scriptures for him. The deacon, being a man of some education and a lawyer by profession, took this under advisement and came to the conclusion that if some one else had to do his thinking and pleading it was a waste of brains to giv him so much, and he informed the young divine that he might just draw a large black mark across his name on the church board, and he would do his own thinking and pleading and take his own chances, and now this said deacon reads my TRUTH SEEKER every week, and says it is the best paper he ever saw, and wonders at the ignorance of this enlightened age. There are a great many Liberals here, and I will send you the names of some of them soon. My papers are read by many, and I circulate them as long as they can be read.

I was once a Methodist. Like the young man, I studied the Bible until I came to the conclusion that if I remained in the church I would be condemned as a hypocrit, and on that ground be cast out with the thousands who are professing religion only as a cloak for busiuess purposes or for the purpose of taking advantage of their fellow-men. JONES.

BERLIN, N. J., Dec. 5, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals of this nation are generally poor. Most them are, in spirit, humane and generous, and would rejoice with joy unspeakable to see the whole world united in the spirit of universal brother and sisterhood, but hav not the means to do much in that direction. Very few Liberals are so wealthy as the so-called Christians who occupy the "most eligible pens" or pews in the churches, but there are a few Liberals who are rich, and I hav long wondered why they hav never established a home for aged and infirm Liberals, where they could enjoy the necessaries and comforts of life when bowed down by age and infirmities. I do believe that if some of them could for one hour feel the miseries that some aged Liberals suffer such a home would be provided at once, and the noble benefactors would find more pleasure in spending a portion of their surplus means in that way than in any other.

Look at our case, for example. I am now more than half through my eighty-eighth year; Mittie, my faithful companion, who has stood by me in my Infidelity nearly half a century as firm as the rock of Gibraltar, is a few years younger, but for many years has been very feeble, and for some months past has been so weak that she often staggers and often has to catch hold of things to save herself from falling while at work or crossing the floor. It is now about sixty-five years since I arose in a large protracted meeting where there were nearly a dozen ministers, and delivered my first public testimony against the churches. One minister had been made so insane in that meeting that it required two men to watch him day and night to keep him from murdering his family. He was sent to the insane hospital, where he recovered so far as to be safe, but his reason was never fully restored. Hundreds of others in that large meeting, which had been held day and evening for three weeks, had been brought to the verge of insanity by hearing so much about an angry God, death, hell, and the devil. The ministers saw that they were carrying things too far, and let up on common sinners long enough for one of them to preach a sermon against the Roman church, which he called the mother of harlots and other appropriate names. I watched my opportunity, and before he was in his seat I was up. Said I, "All we hav heard about the church of Rome is true. She is really the mother of harlots." "Amen!" "Glory!" "That's true!" came in a shower from all parts of that large congregation, and as I was a stranger there, every neck was stretched up and every eye and ear opened to see and hear what would come next. "But," said I, "your speaker forgot or neglected to mention one very important fact." "Amen! glory!" came in another shower. "He neglected to say that your own Protestant churches are the harlots that the church of Rome is the mother of, no more like organizations of humanity, peace, and love, than harlots are like chaste and virtuous women." Every countenance fell flat and not another amen was heard, while I went on to tell them that the Puritans, so called, had a flare-up in the old country with their old Roman mother and came here to set up housekeeping for themselvs, and as soon as they got the power persecuted all who did not believe with them the same as their old mother had persecuted them. They banished Roger Williams and forced him to seek a home among the Indians, cut off the ears of Baptists, imprisoned Quakers, bored their tongues with hot irons and hung several of them on Boston Common, and were even found at this late day divided up among themselvs into sects and parties, all hating and persecuting each other as far as they had the power to do it. Having thus proved the Protestant churches to be the real daughters of the old harlot, I closed. The ministers whispered along the line where they sat, and then one of them arose and told the congregation that they had held the meeting three weeks and had intended to hold it two more, but if they must be exposed to such testimonies as they had just heard it would be better to close it now. So he made a prayer an inch or two long or short and dismissed the people, and the parsons went off to commence operations on new ground. Well, friends, from that day to the present I hav been regarded by all the churches wherever I hav been as a castaway—a brand for the fire—and though I hav had more or less to do in all the real reforms that hav been started for more than sixty years, the last minister except one that has spoken to me for years, an old fraud whom the Methodist bishop sent here to preach, told me I hav no more sense than a dog and ought to be treated as a dog. And as the majority of the people here believe that everything spoken by their ministers is directly from God, you can easily imagin how little company we hav with no Liberal within miles of us.

O for a home for aged Liberals! As we are not personally acquainted with many Liberals, if we had means to hire a woman to care for us it would probably be some sectarian who would lie about us as they did about Paine, and we had rather die alone than be abused as he was. If we should sell our little home and propose to spend the money for board while it lasted, we should not know where to find a congenial family of Liberals to board with, but if there was a home established by Liberals for the aged and infirm, we could turn in what we hav and be sure of care and comfort for a while. But as there is not such a home we are in a sad fix. In writing this article I feel that I am writing it as much for the future and for others as for the present and ourselvs, and hope wealthy Liberals will giv it the attention that the subject demands. J. HACKER.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wonder if some smart theologian can explain why Pentecost was not mentioned by any of the writers of the gospels. It will not do to say that the gospels were written too soon. Those who are said to hav written the gospels had not been baptized with the Holy Ghost until that time, and yet they are perfectly silent on that subject.

I shall be obliged to anyone who will explain how those "strangers" who stood there knew that these men were all Galileans who spoke; how they knew that they spoke the wonderful works of God; and how they each knew that the others heard, each of them, in their own tongue, wherein they were born, even going so far as to name the different nationalities to which the others belonged. How could a Parthian know that his next neighbor was a Mede, and the next an Elamite, another from Mesopotamia, from Judea, from Cappadocia, Pontus, Asia, etc.? How could they know that some of them were Jews and some of them proselytes? And then the worst part of it is, they were all supposed to be speaking of it, for it says: "*We* do hear them speak in *our* tongues the wonderful works of God."

Peter, who seems to be the principal speaker on that occasion, though speaking by the Holy Ghost, quoted from the Septuagint, which is a mistranslation of the passage in question. The Greek word Peter is said to hav used means "corruption," whereas the Hebrew word meant the grave. Peter was proving that the Psalmist spoke of Jesus, because Jesus "saw no corruption," but was raised from the dead. The Psalm'st said of the parties (for it is plural) that they should not be suffered to go to the "grave" or "pit."

Now, Peter acknowledged that Jesus went down into death, a grave, pit, etc., which proves emphatically that he was not the party of whom the Psalmist wrote.

May I inflict upon you a few more lines of my rhyme?

TUNE: THE POACHERS.

The devil's dead, some one has said,
  And hell's to rent, quoth he;
Joy on the head of the lost dead,
  Their souls can now go free.

Ye great ones, who through being true
  To reason came to grief,
This news, if true, will be to you
  An infinit relief.

But while you're glad the priests are sad;
  Their drawing card is gone.
While hell they had their every fad
  Was based and built thereon.

But who would go way down below
  To hell to get cheap rent?
Where hell is, though, the priests don't know,
  Though many there they've sent.

Could priestly scout the spot find out
  And clearly point the way,
There is no doubt that on that route
  A railway line would pay.

The priest would go and pay full fare
  O'er Satan's grave to weep,
For their lost hopes lie buried there
  In Satan's grave quite deep.

JOHN HUDSON.

COLUMBUS, KAN., Dec. 1, 1888.

TO HON. R. G. INGERSOLL: It may be presumptuous in me to question or criticise you, but as a pioneer long ago, at my great cost, for truth and you; as a humanitarian wanting right views and motivs, and appreciating you for your great power to spread the light and do good, I trust you will read this with the same spirit and purpose with which I write it.

Near the close of your letter to Cardinal Manning under the head of "Rome or Reason," to prove that interest-taking is not a crime, as it was made in the canon law, you make the following statement: "Without the right to take interest, the business of the world would, to a great extent, cease, and the prosperity of mankind end. Every mile of railroad was built with borrowed capital on which interest was paid or promised. In no other way could a capital great enough hav been formed to construct works of such vast and continental importance." These statements hav been the burden of my mind for several days. If they are true, then they conflict with my sense of justice and humanity, and all my past views and expressions as to the character and ultimate results of interest-taking are wrong; and it seems to me that they also are incompatible with the general purport, spirit, and expressions of your public lectures, such as "Liberty for Man, Woman, and Child," your "Lay Sermon," and, indeed, all of your humanitarian utterances.

Whether or not railroads could be built in no other way is, to me, an open question, but they might not hav been built so soon. Every human structure in all the past has been built by human labor; and capital is only accumulated labor, excepting raw material, while millions of laborers are all the time at work for just enough to keep from starving to pay the interest on bonds and mortgages with which this nation is more and more burdened and enslaved. Right here in this county of so many railroads nearly four thousand farms are mortgaged, and labor must pay $170,000 interest thereon annually to increase the capital of somebody or some company—whether, in the end, for "continental importance" or national downfall, is to be seen. It is my moral sense, my impression, that the canon law against interest was a good and just one, however at variance with present policies and practices. In this I may be greatly mistaken, and too much influenced by my sense of the just and humane.

Interest is getting something for nothing out of labor, and all our towns and cities are full—and fairly increasing—of real estate and money loaners, on the plan and under the impulse of interest-taking, to enlarge the possessions of the few and multiply poverty and want, vice and crime. No one has a greater love of internal improvements—internally of man and internally of the nation—than I; and if it can be proved by logic and facts and ultimate results that interest-taking is a just and righteous way, and the best and only way, to promote "continental importance" and national good, then, if it is beneficial in the end to take interest to build railroads, it is also just and right to take interest for any and all purposes, or else my logic is lame. So the more we enslave and rob to pay interest, and the more interest we thus obtain, the greater the "continental" benefit.

That railroads are of "vast importance" is true, and so, also, are many other structures, but if to build them the people hav, unjustly and unconstitutionally, been robbed of two hundred million acres of land, nature's gift to all the children of Mother Earth; if human labor is enslaved and robbed of its own products to pay interest to raise the capital to build them; if for every million grabbed by the few in the way of interest-taking one thousand paupers and tramps are made, and vice and crime and taxes—also to be paid by labor—are correspondingly increased; if arson, burglary, robbery, and murder—three times as many murders in the United States as in any European nation—are fearfully on the increase, greatly promoted by legalized interest-taking or robbing; and if millionaires and railroad and other rich and haughty and defiant corporations and individuals can buy and sway and control legislatures and courts state and national, and say, by word or action: "The people be damned," and with "the sword and the purse" in their hands usurp the natural and constitutional power of the people, and thus become their masters and not their servants, what will the ultimate result be?

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

You write against the orthodox ways and means of raising money to build cathedrals and churches, when popes, cardinals, bishops, and priests work upon the ignorance, fear, and credulity of the laboring classes, while you seem to me, if I understand you, to advocate a legalized right to take interest and make the laboring people pay it.

How much difference can there be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee?

Human avarice and ambition for man-made place and power are the two gigantic and perverted factors that tend, threaten to undermine the basis of our boasted "land of the free," and disintegrate its superstructure. In this insane rush after "the root of all evil" and for office, the nation is so demoralized that truth, justice, humanity, and manhood are ignored and set aside, while church and state court each other and play into each other's hands more and more; politicians and demagogs fawning to pope and priest to obtain votes to get into or retain office, and the pope and lesser magnates, Protestants and Catholics, seeking and scheming to get pecuniary aid through these *mis*representativs of the people. The natural and constitutional rights of the great mass of the laboring people are ignored and violated; the spirit and purpose and meaning of the national Constitution are more and more perverted and misconstrued; crimes are constructed falsely, and real crime goes unpunished if the criminal be rich, high in place, or orthodox. A very large portion of all these deplorable evils are, to me, the outgrowth and consequence of the interest plan of growing rich and powerful.

In view of present and ultimate results to the people and nation, how you can advocate the taking of interest as a principle and moral right, and make it harmonize with your general expressions with tongue and pen to the public, I cannot see.

When in your most pathetic and eloquent address to the soldiers in New York, you said "our flag waves over a country absolutely free," I wondered how, in the face of facts to the contrary, you could say it. When in your "Lay Sermon" you said, if I remember, every man should earn his living, and that if "no one had too much, all would hav enough," I gloried in the statement, for you said it, and what you say has great weight for good or evil. Yet it seems to me you advocate a practice, or policy, which inevitably multiplies the number who hav "too much," and the number who hav not enough, and widens the gap between them. The people must take these powers from their unlawful possessors, or be base slaves. "Would you rather that Cæsar were living and die all slaves, or that Cæsar—the money power perverted—were dead, and liv all free men?"

I know you are naturally noble, good, humane, and manly, and I want to be with you on every question that pertains to human good; but I cannot bring my sense of right, justice, and humanity to agree with the results of interest-taking, *i.e.*, the bad results "of vast and continental importance."

"What constitutes a state? Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned, thick walls and moated gates; not broad-armed bays and ports, where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride; not starred and spangled courts where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride. No; men—high-minded men; men who their duties know and know their rights; and knowing dare defend them."

Appreciativly yours, J. H. COOK.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

A Song of Christmas Time.

Bring holly berries bright and red
From nature's altar near;
And let the green from forest shades
Crown all the Christmas cheer.

The Druid priests in other days,
With golden sickle keen,
Brought garlands for their festal morn
Cut from the evergreen.

From their dead hands we so receive
The custom old and gray;
Thus blessings fall from ancient time
Upon this later day.

For sweet it is to feel the breath
'Mid winter's chill and snow,
Of that which whispers low and soft,
Of summer's warmth and glow.

St. Nicholas, with flood of gifts,
Reaches from German lands:
From him we learn the wealth and worth
Of open, bounteous hands.

Above all canting creeds or books
There comes the rose-crowned thought—
With opal hues it twines about
Each high or lowly lot—

That all of human kind are blent
In one great brotherhood:
That, side by side, we are the same,
Known or misunderstood.

That all we do in kindness here
Reflects in glory bright;
As beaming stars in cloudless sky
Make fair the gloomy night.

Then make *all* days so sweet, so white,
With love to one another,
That each shall see as on he goes
In every man a brother.

Hence shall the Christmas-tide be bright
With all that love can giv:
For in such treasure manifold
The graces all do liv.

S. H. W.

Humanity Abroad,

OR,

HOW SANTA CLAUS FOUND THE FLEISCHERS.

There were the father and mother and eight children, the youngest only one week old. And they were dreadfully poor, were the Fleischers, living high up in the air in an attic chamber, and strangers to everybody. They had come from Germany away across the deep, deep sea, and when Gustav, the father, looked into the faces of his little helpless children and heard their plaintiv cries for bread which he could not supply, he thought he should go wild. When he m t the sad gaze of his handsome wife, handsome in spite of want, poverty, and sickness, he wished in his heart they had all gone to the bottom of the sea while crossing the broad Atlantic. If he could only get some work—but he could not. He had tried and tried, and every time was repulsed. There was no work for him, and he brooded over his misfortunes until he became frantic, and said he would rather die than liv to see his children starve to death before his eyes.

And what did he do, but start right off for the Brooklyn bridge to drown himself? But just as he was going over the bridge a big policeman snatched hold of his legs and pulled him back from the watery grave he sought, and marched him off to the "Tombs," in other words, to prison. When he told his sad story in the cell, all who heard it had watery eyes, and the next morning the papers told the tale to everybody.

It was Christmas—icy and snowy. The Fleischers were hungry and cold, with not a morsel of food nor a coal of fire in the scantily furnished attic, and the father gone they knew not where. Presently an awful thump came on the rickety old door, which opened at the same time to admit the queerest little old man that ever you saw. On the top of his head was a huge California squash, a big ham on each shoulder, a string of sausages were linked around his big body, and for a sword there depended from his waist the half of a sheep. For his pocket-handkerchief, he had a great square of raw beefsteak. He had badges stuck on his breast of chickens and ducks, and one immense turkey swung from his back. His pockets were filled with oranges, nuts, candies, and raisins. Following him was his page with a big box full of potatoes, cranberries, cabbages, onions, turnips, and celery. He had no sooner unloaded than up came a barrel of flour, with a bounce on the floor, and another barrel, full of apples, went bump against the wall. A tub full of butter was rolled in, and a sack of coffee, then a chest of tea and a whole cheese were dumped upon the floor.

The Fleischers stood stark amazed, and never spoke one word.

"Ish dish all for we?" they at length inquired, and when told it was they laughed and jumped and kicked and screamed and rolled over and over on the floor, like little crazy children, while their mother sat and cried like a baby.

"It never rains but it pours," and all that day long there came groceries and provisions until the apartment could hold no more. And money came, too, more money than the Fleischers had ever seen in all their born days. The little old man, divested of his peculiar but substantial adornments, looked on and smiled serenely.

By and by Gustav came home looking very sheepish and ashamed of himself. He soon comprehended the state of affairs, and said to himself: "Dot vas von goot chump I makes py dot pridge! I ish so glat I vash not det dish arfternoon!"

Of course they had a splendid dinner that Christmas, and the little chubby children ate so much they almost burst. Their eyes shone and their cheeks got very red indeed, and their tangled curls were used to wipe their little greasy noses.

The father and mother felt like new people, and the week-old baby stretched and doubled up its little fists as if quite ready to fight the whole world.

"I halluf got von chob, und dot vash the pest of all," said Gustav, crying for joy.

Mr. Steinbauer, the kind-hearted man who had engaged him, told about it in this way: "I ret it in de babers," said the fine old German gentleman, "apout de boor poy, how he go chump from der pridge pecause he vash so boor. I vash not halluf through reating, put I hash to shtop to wibe de dears avay. I then crab a peesh of baber, and I gommence to write von ledder. Bud I sait, dot ledder vill not reesh dot chudge in dime. So I puds on my tob coad und I go like mat to de pridge. I ruds tidl de bersbiration bour town my packs like vater-vorks. I go to dot chudge ad de courd, und I go dot boor poy's pail for von honered tollars, und I gif him von goot chob."

Well, the Fleischers lived like heroes all winter, and the children grew like weeds. They insisted that the little old man was actually Santa Claus himself, but it was no such thing. His right name is Humanity Abroad, but the children will insist on calling him Santa Claus, and Gustav says he never would hav found them if he had not undertaken "dot chump from der Prooklyn pridge."

S. H. W.

How the Indians Punished Children and Servants in the Olden Time.

When a child or a servant had been disobedient, the offender was laid flat on his back, and the castigator put a knee on either arm, thus pinioning the culprit to the earth. Then, holding back his head by the hair, the one inflicting the punishment ejected a decoction made of bayberry-root bark, very strong and bitter, from his mouth into the nose of the quivering boy until he would be almost strangled. It took some time to recover, but the punishment was generally salutary. The Indian name for this was *medom-humar*, or, in other words, great punishment. S. H. W.

Christmas.

The observance of "Christmas" did not originate with Christians. Before Christianity was thought of the pagans celebrated by festivals and good cheer the winter solstice. The custom of decorating with evergreens at this season of the year came from the Druids, who worshiped in leafy groves, under the shade of trees. When Christians came into power and popularity they borrowed the custom of celebrating the winter solstice from the pagans, invested it with religious rites, and observed this time as the birthday of their savior, Jesus. It is not his birthday, however. So little is known about his birthday, or about his early life, that it is impossible to say when was the time of year that he came into existence, if he ever did really exist.

The significance of Christmas as a religious holiday is observed by Catholics and Episcopalians more than any other sect. The association of gifts with this time comes more particularly from the Germans, who hold St. Nicholas, or "Santa Claus," as the patron saint of this period. Among Protestants it is thought more of as a gift-making and gift-receiving season than in any other way. But we should not giv presents by the calendar. We should giv them whenever the spirit moves, without reference to times or seasons.

It would be much more creditable to Americans to celebrate the Fourth of July, the birth of American Independence, by giving good gifts, as heretofore intimated in the Corner by Mr. Jason Waters, than by holding to a custom that has no real significance except that given it by the pagans centuries ago.

S. H. W.

[The attention of W. D. Gilpen, who asked for information, is called to the above remarks.—ED. C. C.]

Correspondence.

MOUND CITY, Dec. 6, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school, and I like my teacher; his name is Mr. Tyler. I am in the Second Reader and the geography and the arithmetic. I hav a little twin brother who goes to school with me. My uncle Henry takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and my papa reads it, and I like to read the Children's Corner. My name is OLLIE MAY STRONG.

ROCHESTER, N. H., Dec. 9, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I see other children are writing for the Corner, I thought I would write a few lines. I was twelve years old last June. I go to school every day. I am in the fifth grade of grammar. My grandmother has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for five years, and she kindly loans it to me. I feel deeply interested in the subject of Freethought, and I love to read the Children's Corner. I enjoy reading all Liberal papers and books. If some little Freethinker would write to me I would gladly answer such letters.

If you think this will do, I would like to see it in print. Your little Freethinker friend,

ESTELLA LEIGHTON.

Knew Him.

Capt. Billie Crim is a very efficient officer and a very clever gentleman, but he is thin, very thin. The following good joke is told on popular Captain Billie:

A few days ago he was sitting in a rear room in a doctor's office. In a front room the office-boy was reading a dime novel, when an urchin made his appearance with a basket of fruit, and insisted upon the office-boy making a purchase. To get rid of the young fruit-vender, the office-boy went to a case, opened the door, and exposed to view a skeleton. The fruit-boy fled in terror, leaving his basket behind him.

Capt. Billie Crim, hearing the commotion, went into the front office, and, upon learning what had occurred, walked to the door and said to the urchin, who stood across the street, crying bitterly:

"Little boy, come over and get your basket. Nobody shall hurt you."

"No, I won't," sobbed the little fellow. "You can't fool me. I know you, if you hav got your clothes on."

What the Little Ones Are Saying.

Bennie was asked if he was afraid of the dark. "Oh, no," he said, "I go in great piles of dark!"

A little girl about four years old and a little boy about six had been cautioned not to take away the nest-egg, but one morning when they went for the eggs the little girl took it and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying: "Mother, mother, Susie's got the egg the old hen measures by!"

Castles in the Air.

It is related that Prince Bismarck was once asked for an autograph by a young English girl, who professed extraordinary admiration for him, and wrote that she would consider a few lines from him an omen of happiness for her future life. He sent her the following: "Beware, my child, of building castles in the air. They are, of all structures, the easiest to erect and most difficult to demolish."

A new baby came to a home on Charlotte avenue and the little three-year-old, Harry, brought in a little playmate to rejoice with him over the new sister. After looking at it a moment the little visitor says: "Why doesn't it laugh? Our baby does." Little three-year-old looked at baby, and then at his playmate with marked disapproval, and replied: "Our baby knows better than to laugh at nussin'."

ON THE WORD GOD.

By Milton Woolley, M.D., Author of "Hebrew Mythology," "The Career of Jesus Christ."

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. —[Ps. xiv, 1.

Children and fools speak the truth.—[Old Saw.

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I dinna ken hoo tears maun fa'
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But, oh! it cam' frae far awa',
Whaur mountain linns mak' siller sheen.
Sae mony, mony leaves blaw doun,
Yet nane are aye the same tae me;
And this hae seen Dun-Edin toun,
An' brings the fragrance o' the sea.

I dinna ken what gars me greet!
But chirpin' linties in the bowers,
An' thissels gay, an' gowans sweet,
Wi' hawthorn, fairest o' the flowers;
Whaur blithe the lav'rock sang to me,
'Mang heather-bells an' hielan' braes,
An' streams sae bricht rin to the sea
Wi' licht o' gowd frae simmer days.

I dinna ken what mak's me pine
Wi' hairt sae often sair an' sad,
Whan mither pit her han' in mine,
An' ca'd me aye her bonnie lad;
An' baith wad cross the saut, saut sea,
Though luve at hame bides sweet an' fair,
Whaur ilka singing bird is free,
An' yellow broom is brichter there.

I dinna ken hoo tears should dim
My ain an' my puir mither's e'en,
When barnies sing the sweet auld hymn
She sang hersel' to ilka wean.
Gie me the glen, the muir an' lake,
The simple cot whaur I was born,
The birken wood, the burn an' brake,
An' mavis in the dewy thorn.

I dinna ken gif grief o' mine,
Sude weet my cheeks like simmer rain
In this braid lan' o' corn an' wine,
Whaur hairst brings hame a gowden train;
Her flowers are a' sae sweet an' fair,
Though strange her snaw-white thistles* be,
Gin I could see my ain ance mair,
I glad wad lay me doun an' dee.

I dinna ken hoo ithers weep
Through waefu' nichts an' weary days,
But I sic lang, lane vigils keep
Ower three moun's far frae hawthorn braes.
Sweet mother, wi' my treasures twa,
Upon your laigh beds droopin' doun
I'll plant this flower frae far awa',
That cam' frae oor ain Embro' toun.

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Here I am all alone. I am Jehovah. Here hav I existed from all eternity (Ps. x, 2). Besides me there is none other in all the realms of infinit space. I am lonesome—a king without subjects—a god without worshipers. I will create myriads of angels who shall worship and adore me, their creator and their god. I will create them holy and happy; it shall be their highest enjoyment and pleasure to do my bidding and serve me. Day and night I shall hear my praises sung by countless millions of angels whom I hav made (Ps. cxlviii, 2). It will be better than to remain as I hav, for all eternity, all alone. I will create two mighty archangels, who shall help me to rule all the angelic hosts which I hav made. Their names shall be Lucifer, son of the morning (see Isa. xiv, 12) and Michael. But lest I grow weary of continual praises and flattery, I will so arrange the constitution of one of the archangels that he shall get tired of my service and seek to gain his independence of me; he shall draw one-third of all the angelic host to his side. It shall be Lucifer, son of the morning, that shall do this, and I will hate him, and will curse him with an everlasting curse, and he shall be called Satan, dragon, and the devil. And Michael shall make war on the dragon (see Rev. xii, 7), and shall prevail against him, and shall drive him out of heaven and all his host with him, and he shall enter heaven no more forever—except on business with me. (See Job ii, 1.) And I will make a hell of fire and brimstone for the devil and his angels, where I will torment them day and night for ever and ever. (See Rev. xx, 10.) But first I will use Satan for my own glory, as I see fit. For lo, I will make a world and I will make man in my own image (see Gen. i, 26), who shall be the father of all living. I will make him holy and innocent; and I will set good and evil before him; and I will command him to do the good and shun the evil. But he shall hav no experience or knowledge, and I will drive Satan from heaven to earth (see Rev. xii, 9), and he shall deceive the pair and they shall fall. Then will I curse the man whom I hav made. And I will curse the earth also for his sake, and I will bring death into the world and man shall die. But their souls I will torment in fire and brimstone forever (see Rev. xx, 15) with the devil and his angels. This will I do to the man whom I hav made, and to his children, through all their generations.

But I will save a few that I delight in, and they shall liv with me in heaven. (See Luke xii, 32.) For, lo! I will send my only son (begotten thousands of years before his mother was born) to die for them, the just for the unjust. He shall suffer in their stead, and all who do not believe that he is my son and accept him for their savior, them will I torment in hell-fire for ever and ever.

And I will make a covenant with my children, and I will write my commandments on tables of stone with my own fingers. (See Ex. xxxi, 18.) And I will cause some of my children to be prophets, and they shall write my wishes and laws in a book, so that all my children shall know my will. It shall be the Bible, and I will command that it be sent to the uttermost parts of the earth, so that none shall hav any excuse (see Rom. i, 20) for not believing on my son. Yet I will so arrange it that only a small portion of my children shall ever hear that I ever had a son at all, yet if they believe not on my son, and are not baptized, they shall be damned (Mark xvi, 16). But I will for my own glory damn some of my children to hell, let them believe on my son never so much. For some I will hate before they are born. (See Rom. xi, 23.) And some I will so harden their hearts that they cannot do right even when they would. To some also I will send strong delusion that they might be damned (2 Thess. i, 11, 12).

My book, also, which I will giv to my children for their guide, shall be so obscure and contradictory that but few shall understand it alike, which will cause my children to divide into many sects, and they shall torture and kill each other to please me. It shall he so obscene (read Gen. xxxviii) and filthy that it cannot all be read aloud for very shame. And it shall be that some will deny that it is my word by reason of its being so contradictory and filthy, but such will I damn to the lowest hell for their unbelief. I will also put a lying spirit in the mouth of some of the prophets, and they shall be deceived (Jer. xx, 7; also, 1 Kings xxii, 23) and shall deceive others. And they that serve me shall be the most miserable of all them that dwell on the face of the earth (1 Cor. xv, 19).

And, lo! I will at last burn the world which I hav made (2 Pet. iii, 10). And I will call the dead out of their graves, and all, both small and great, shall stand before me in judgment and be judged out of the books which are kept. And many shall be astonished on that day when they find they are doomed to dwell in everlasting fire after serving me all their days (Rom. ix, 16), but if any complain, I will say, Hath not the potter the right to make a pitcher and a spit-box (Rom. ix, 21, 22) out of the same lump?

All this I will do for my own glory and pleasure, and to make my power known and felt by my children. For I am God almighty. I can kill and I can make alive (1 Sam. ii, 6); I can create and I can destroy; and all that I undertake that will I perform, except to beat an army that hath chariots of iron (Judg. i, 19). And who shall accuse me of wrong? for, behold! I make man for my own pleasure and glory, and will do with him even as I see fit. I am God! A. B.

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From the Seneca Falls, N. Y., Reveille.

At an early hour on Tuesday evening it was rumored that Dr. Hiram J. Purdy had died quite suddenly at Panama, but no one seemed to hav any authentic knowledge of the fact. On Wednesday morning the editor of the *Reveille* received a letter from Mrs. Purdy, who is now in New York, confirming the sad intelligence, and giving the particulars of his death as she had received them from relativs on the isthmus. He died at Panama on November 17th, of yellow fever, after a brief and painful illness. The intelligence of his condition was not received by Mrs. Purdy until about a week after his death, as it requires some eight or ten days for a steamer to reach New York after leaving the isthmus. His cousin, who livs but a few miles distant, was not notified of his illness until three days previous to his death, when he was too weak and unconscious to make known his wants. He was taken to a hospital, the best medical aid summoned, and every attention was given him, but the dreadful disease could not be baffled, and death was the inevitable result. He was buried on the day of his death in the American cemetery, the authorities refusing to permit the body to be sent home.

Dr. Purdy left Seneca Falls early in September, expecting to spend the winter in Panama, where he had passed a good part of last winter in the practice of his profession. He must hav reached the isthmus about the first of October, and soon thereafter entered upon his professional duties. He had relativs at Panama and it was at their solicitation that he went there last year, though he thought it would be beneficial to his health, which had been failing for several years past. When he left home he expressed grave doubts of his return, seeming to anticipate that he would be stricken with the disease of which he died.

The deceased was a nativ of Wayne county, having been born in West Butler in January, 1847. He studied medicin in the office of Dr. W. F. Peck at Davenport, Ia., and was graduated from the Bellevue Medical College in the spring of 1869. He came to Seneca Falls in 1871, since which time he has been in activ practice here, although absent more or less during the last two or three years. Dr. Purdy was an excellent physician, and wholly devoted to his profession. He was a man of decided opinions, and expressed them without fear or favor. He disliked pretenders, and would not tolerate them. In his practice he was eminently successful, and his patients were among our best citizens. They believed in him implicitly, and admired him for his skill, independence, and courage. Socially and professionally he was a genial man, kind-hearted, generous, manly, and all deeply regret his sad and sudden death. His wife and one daughter survive him.

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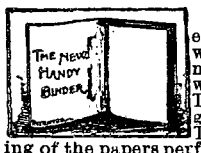
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News of the Week.

HAD Mrs. Shepherd chosen medieval times to proclaim the coming of Christ in the streets, she would hav been an honored prophet, but by selecting the 14th inst., at Rosedale, Kan., she merely got committed for insanity.

HENRY GEORGE has returned.

NEW YORK has 100 men worth over $3,000,000.

PARLIAMENT rejected a bill to close taverns on Sundays.

IT is rumored that Vanderbilt has leased Windsor Castle of Queen Victoria.

DE LESSEPS has given up the Panama canal, but the French government may complete it.

HARRISON will neither affirm nor deny that he has offered the secretaryship of state to Blaine.

THE Federation of Labor will endeavor to hav the eight-hour labor day instituted May 1, 1890.

ELDER POTTS of a Mormon church in East New York, N. Y., challenges clergy and laymen to debate Mormon doctrins.

IT is almost certain that Stanley and Emin Pasha are prisoners of the Mahdi. Possession of Suakim is demanded as their ransom.

ANDOVER Theological professors are still wasting the time of the courts over their quarrel about probation for the heathen.

BISHOP KEANE has gone to Rome to present for approval to the pope the statutes, constitution, and by-laws of the great American University.

AN agitator against faith-cure offers Mrs Eddy, a leader in that craziness, a large reward to set a dislocated limb by faith, but she refuses.

THE Providence, R. I., Missionary Society has testified its sense of the brotherhood of man by expelling Miss Ida Newton for marrying a Chinaman.

IT is thought that France, in her desire for revenge on Germany, may some time combine with Russia against the Triple Alliance —Germany, Austria, and Italy.

THE Russian empress has not recovered from the nervous shock caused by the rail way disaster. She cannot sleep, and it is thought that her health has been permanently injured.

A FEW days ago the fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, mediums, etc., doing business in Newark, N. J., were notified by the police that they were engaged in illegal business, and must either giv it up or leave.

A REMARKABLE attempt at murder was made on the 14th at Kansas City, Mo., by Lawrence Richards. The wretch was failing with consumption, and in a paroxysm of envy shot his wife because she enjoyed good health.

PRESIDENT BAYLES of the New York city health board has made a defense against some papers charging that Professor Proctor's disease was not yellow but bilious fever and that his death was caused by being hurried from his hotel in a rain-storm to a hospital.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE, perceiving that Europe has escaped from the barbaric sentiments of his church and attained a pitch of civilization that demands the abolition of slavery, is going from nation to nation with a great show of activity in the antislavery movement to gain for himself and his church the credit.

AT the Baptist congress Norman Fox, D.D., argued that if in a majority of the states there were objectionable divorce codes, it was probable that a national code would be equally objectionable in character, and that inconsistent legislation in some places stringent was better than consistent legislation not stringent at all.

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And Balaam said unto Balak, Build me here seven altars, and prepare me here seven oxen and seven rams.—Num. xxiii, 1.

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1889.

(E. M. 289.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Calendar for 1889,	5
Freethought in the United States for 1888,	17
Liberalism: a Symposium.	
COL. R. G. INGERSOLL,	28
JAMES PARTON,	32
HELEN H. GARDENER,	33
S. P. PUTNAM,	36
CHARLES WATTS,	37
E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.	41
PARKER PILLSBURY,	42
ROBERT C. ADAMS,	44
J. D. SHAW,	46
F. M. HOLLAND,	47
E. B. FOOTE, JR., M. D.,	50
LUCY N. COLMAN,	51
J. H. BURNHAM,	53
L. K. WASHBURN,	63
ELLA GIBSON,	64
SUSAN H. WIXON,	67
JOHN PECK,	71
W. S. BELL,	78
E. C. WALKER,	80
MRS. M. A. FREEMAN,	84
DR. JULIET H. SEVERANCE,	87
MRS. E. D. SLENKER,	89
COL. J. R. KELSO,	91
G. H. DAWES,	92
The Nine Demands of Liberalism,	95
Ingersoll and Shakspere,	96

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Gems of Thought.

THE doctrin of the Galilean Buddhist is essentially a doctrin of pessimism, of other-worldliness and nature-hating renunciation of human reason and earthly prosperity, and therefore wholly irreconcilable with the promotion of progressiv science and secular happiness.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Bible of Nature.*

WHY should we desire the destruction of human passions? Take passions from human beings and what is left? The great object should be not to destroy passions, but to make them obedient to the intellect. To indulge passion to the utmost is one form of intemperance, to destroy passion is another. The reasonable gratification of passion under the domination of the intellect is true wisdom and perfect virtue.—*Ingersoll.*

No person can hav lost his liberty but by his not knowing how to defend it. There are two methods of losing it. The one is when the weak hav been subdued by the strong; and the other is when fools hav been deceived by designing men. People tell of certain conquerors who, having overcome another nation, caused everyone to put out an eye; there are people whose eyes are both put out like the old horses that turn in a mill. I wish to keep my eyes.—*Voltaire.*

WHENEVER tyranny aims at reducing the mass of a people to the will of one of its portions, the prejudices and ignorance of the victims are counted among the means of effecting it.—*Condorcet.*

EVERY school-house is a fort.—*Ingersoll.*

OPPRESSED by the double yoke of spiritual and temporal power, it has been impossible for the people to know and pursue their happiness. As religion, so politics and morality became sacred things, which the profane were not permitted to handle.—*D'Holbach.*

EVIL is due to natural causes. Man can gradually remove the evils that afflict him by becoming acquainted with his nature, relations, and surroundings.—*B. F. Underwood.*

We hav the morning star,
O foolish people, O kings!
With us the daysprings are,
Even all the fresh daysprings;
For us, and with us, all the multitudes of things.

O sorrowing hearts of slaves,
We heard you beat from far!
We bring the light that saves,
We bring the morning star;
Freedom's good things we bring you, whence all good things are.

These hav we, these are ours,
That no priests giv, nor kings;
The honey of all these flowers,
The heart of all these springs;
Ours, for where freedom livs not, there liv no good things.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen;
Come, and be all souls fed;
From field, and street, and prison,
Come, for the feast is spread;
Liv, for the truth is living; wake, for the night is dead. —*A. C. Swinburne.*

BUT an outline of this kind would be too meager without some sketch of the warfare of religion on instruction in science. Not without profit would it be to note more at length how instruction in the Copernican theory was kept out of the church universities in every great Catholic country of Europe; how they concealed the discovery of the spots on the sun; how many of them excluded the Newtonian demonstrations; how, down to the present time, the two great universities of Protestant England and nearly all her intermediate colleges, under clerical supervision, hav excluded the natural and physical sciences as far as possible; and how, from probably nine-tenths of the universities and colleges of the United States, the students are graduated with either no knowledge or with clerically emasculated knowledge of the most careful modern thought on the most important problems in the various sciences, in history and in criticism.—*President White of Cornell University.*

WITH the single exception of Cornell, there is not a college in the United States where truth has ever been a welcome guest. The moment one of the teachers denies the inspiration of the Bible, he is discharged. If he discovers a fact inconsistent with that book, so much the worse for the fact, and especially for the discoverer of the fact. He must not corrupt the minds of his pupils with demonstrations. He must beware of every truth that cannot, in some way, be made to harmonize with the superstitions of the Jews.—*Ingersoll.*

To make our word or act sublime, we must make it real. . . . Use what language you will, you can never say anything but what you are. What I am, and what I think, is conveyed to you, in spite of my efforts to hold it back.—*Emerson.*

IF you want to know the opinion of your neighbor, you want his honest opinion. You do not want to be deceived. You do not want to talk with a hypocrit.—*Ingersoll.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER

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MORE FACT THAN FABLE.

A countryman, who had more generosity than judgment, found a snake which had been left out in the cold until it was ready to perish. Moved by pity he took it into his house and warmed it by his fireside. No sooner had the warmth restored it than it began to attack the members of his household. At this the man, whose compassion had saved its life, saw that the only way to deal with a reptil was to destroy it, which he at once proceeded to do. MORAL: Don't trust a Roman Catholic (*Related a long time after Æsop*).

Notes and Clippings.

A CHINAMAN who, after several years' residence in this country, returned to China, has been telling his countrymen that the Americans worship a mysterious being called All Mi-T Dol Lar.

VIOTORIA WOODHULL has purchased a house in Paris for 2,000,000 francs in which she hopes to found an institution for the free education of women. She is still devoting herself to the interesting science of stirpiculture.

THE schoolmaster is needed in Alabama, if the Montgomery *Advertiser* is correct when it says that there are in the state 370,279 persons over ten years old who do not know how to read, and that of these 60,174 are white adults.

THE Grangers are still flourishing in Pennsylvania. During the present year the membership has increased 8,000, twenty-six new granges hav been organized, and there is a surplus of $7,000 in the treasury of the state grange.

IT is said that the trustees of a heavily mortgaged church in Lincoln, Neb., in order to raise money to clear the debt, sold advertising space on the walls of the auditorium and that "handsome advertising cards appear in conspicuous places, the charge being $5, and the agreement including an indorsement from the pulpit."

THE bishops having the Washington Catholic University in charge hav written to the pope thanking him for his support of the university scheme and announcing that the work was making most satisfactory progress, $800,000 having been collected, while the ground on which the buildings will be erected has already been paid for. The bishops draw attention to the great importance of the university, which, they say, will act as a bulwark against the rise of Rationalism and Freethought in America. Perhaps!

THE Manchester chamber of commerce, by an overwhelming majority, has passed a resolution holding that all foreign goods similar to those produced in England should pay the same proportion of the imperial and local taxation which they would hav paid had they been manufactured in Great Britain.

AMONG the 128 members of the next assembly of this state there are 15 farmers, 1 cigarmaker, 1 tanner, 1 hat manufacturer, 1 streetcar conductor, 2 shoe dealers, 2 carpenters, 1 steam-fitter, 1 iron founder, 3 clerks, 3 editors, and 3 undertakers. The others are mostly lawyers, merchants, and doctors.

IF the following story is true, the United States Senate is composed of pretty small men: Father Larkin, who has just been made a chaplain in the army, obtained his confirmation from the Senate through pure grit. He had been bluffed off by the Senate military committee until his patience was exhausted. Last Thursday he entered the committee room and calling the clerk aside said, in a tone of voice which could be heard in all parts of the room: "Look here, young man, I want my nomination confirmed. I want my case settled so that I can draw my money. I hav no money, and the hotel people say that if I don't pay my bill I'll hav to go. Tell the committee my predicament." An hour later the Senate had approved of his appointment. His name was the only one acted on in a large batch of nominations before the committee.

"I HOPE the time is not far distant when this Museum shall be open to the people on Sunday." So spoke President Robb, of the park commission, at the opening of the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art yesterday. Mayor Hewitt took the same stand. He said: "I trust the time will come when on no day shall the people be excluded." These are timely utterances and embody a sentiment that will be reëchoed by the community. Let the Museum be opened on Sunday, and let it be done at once.—*Herald.*

THE friends of female suffrage in this city are boasting that their cause has received an unparalleled impulse from the Boston election of last week, when 17,000 women cast their votes for a school committee and decided the results at the polls. The weather-worn upholders of the cause, who hav advocated it for a generation, are especially gleeful, and they giv evidence that thousands of members of the fair sex here who hav always in past times stood aloof are now taking an interest in it. Dispatches from Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Susan B. Anthony, and Miss Lucy Stone hav been received by the Woman's Suffrage Society. The society says that all objections to the cause were answered by the Boston election. It showed that women can form a practical political organization; that there can be perfect decorum at an election in which women vote alongside of men; that women are ready to vote, though they may hav to wade through the mire in a deluge of rain; that women can canvass for votes or peddle ballots without unsexing themselvs; that women will vote for a candidate of their own sex; that both rich women and poor can vote together; and that women hav very decided views upon some public questions. The women suffragists here say that the strength they hav recently attained will be seen at the approaching session of the legislature of this state, when a mass of petitions in behalf of their cause will be sent up to both houses. The late Boston election has been a great thing for them, and George William Curtis has given the assurance that women will secure the suffrage as soon as they demand it.

"IF General Boulanger's ascendency," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "meant only a veto on the persecuting mania of the French Atheist, it would probably be worth the risk that would attend it in other directions." Well, we will not discuss that, says the London *Freethinker*, for facts must be established before argument begins. We simply ask Mr. Stead to explain "the persecuting mania of the French Atheist." We deny that any such thing exists. French Atheists—with a small *a à la* Stead—hav not, in our opinion, persecuted their Christian fellow-citizens in any single circumstance. They hav legislated for the church, it is true; but the church is a state institution, supported entirely by state funds. As for the attempt to make divinity students pass through the army like other citizens, we fail to see that it involves persecution. Suppose the conscription existed in England, does Mr. Stead think we should allow the young gentlemen who aspire to fill pulpits to shirk the common burden of national defense?

Communications.

Who Was Christ?

To my mind the latter end of this, the nineteenth century, appears to be the fulcrum, or center point, upon which are pending the destinies of the human race. Will the ponderous load of past ignorance and superstition outweigh the grand discoveries of science, and all the human powers of reasoning; or are the latter, as they appear at the present time, to prevail largely, and promis to do so in the future, to giv a brighter, higher, and nobler path to man? At the present time principles and minds are engaged in great and lasting struggles for predominance, and where the present age is drifting it is indeed difficult to prognosticate. But as the scales of superstition fall off the eyes of the people, they begin to see and to think that all is not what they hav been led to suppose it to be, and little by little they drift onward in the stream of progress until they find it too late to retrace their steps, and finally they find themselvs outside the pale of the church altogether.

There is a continuous and endless debating carried on upon the question, Is there a God? But the proposition with Liberals should be, Are not all the gods which hav been presented to man through books, claiming a supernatural revelation, either imaginary or fictitious? Also, Is it not idolatry, or superstition, to revere or worship any of them? Is it not also degrading to man to adore and worship a deity which has no existence of itself, and exists nowhere in infinit space, nor indeed out of it, if there can be bounds to the material universe and vacant space beyond it?

The question I ask is, "Who was Christ?" Was there ever such a being as Jesus Christ, either as a man or a God? It is admitted by its own advocates that Christianity is an offshoot of Judaism; and the Jews neither ancient nor modern hav had any expectation of an incarnate deity.

The idea as a canon of religious faith is purely of pagan origin, as is also the very structure of Christianity itself. Now, the Jews only expected, according to the promis of their sacred books, a messiah, a temporary deliverer and a conqueror. But in this the Jews were not alone, for the Hindoos had the same expectations, also numerous avatars and incarnations of their gods. The Egyptians likewise had exactly the same principles and tenets underlying their national religion from time the most ancient, even before the Jews had a nationality, laws, writings, or a name. The Greeks, also, are said to hav had thirty thousand gods, most of whom were believed to hav appeared in the flesh in some form or another. But the Christians, accepting the remnants of an old Jewish fable, profess to believe only in one "Jehovah;" however, they teach also of the power of the Holy Ghost, again of Jesus Christ; then they hav, according to current theology, the manifestations of three Gods.

Let us take whatever opinion we will of the nature and person of Jesus Christ, his origin is very obscure, perhaps lost beyond recovery. If we believe the current theology of the day, he is not permitted to hav a human father. According to Matthew, Herod sought to take the life of the young child, when Joseph and Mary fled with the baby God into Egypt and remained there until the king's death. Now, if our present system of chronology is accurate, great discrepancies are presented upon this story, for if Christ was born in the year 1 of our present era, King Herod had been dead four years, and therefore could not hav committed the murder of the Bethlehemitish children, and of which there is not a particle of contemporary record whatever. Therefore, if Christ was really contemporary with Herod, even for a short time, he must hav been born four years before A.D. 1.

From the death of Herod to his thirteenth year, and some say his fiftieth year, with one solitary and doubtful exception, he is not heard of again. Therefore, the whole of his activ life is compressed into the small space of two years and nine months. During this brief period he wrought many extraordinary miracles. Earthquakes and eclipses marked the footsteps of this God, and yet not a single historian of that day, out of all the sacred or mythic books, has so much as alluded to this wonderful incarnation. Throughout the whole range of Roman history there is not a single instance of a man seized in the night, tried before the judge, and put to death at 9 o'clock in the morning. It is, therefore, impossible that we can accept the narrativ as other than an imperfect and fictitious record of the events of those times. These inconsistencies and impossibilities are adduced only to prove the doubts and uncertainties mixed up with the history of this personage.

To doubt his existence both as man and God may seem strange when eighteen centuries hav passed away since he is reported to hav figured among mankind. Yet what can we do in the face of such conflicting testimony? If Christ had really lived, worked, and performed such miraculous feats as are attributed to him in the gospels, is it not possible that such would hav been recorded by the historians of the day? Is it not possible that all the facts in connection with the life of Christ would hav left some mark or ripple on the current of contemporary history? During the reign of the Roman emperor Tiberius we are told that a darkness involved the empire for three hours. Surely this should hav excited the notice of the astronomers, but, on the contrary, it passed entirely unnoticed in an age of science and history.

There is at the present day much ignorance, or, at least, indifference, even among intelligent Christians, to the fact that the very name of Jesus is not of Hebrew, but of Greek origin, as indeed is the whole history of his life as related in the four gospels, and no one but those who hav a previous theory to uphold can believe that the people of Jerusalem during the time of Christ spoke any other language than that spoken by their forefathers. From this we will pass to other instances where the name of Jesus is applied to others not named in the gospels, and it will be a matter of surprise to many to know that no less than fifteen, most of them living at the time of the Christian era, are named by the Jewish historian, Josephus, as bearing the name of Jesus:

1. Jesus, son of Josedek (Ant., xi, iii, 10, iv, 1).
2. Jesus, surnamed Jason, son of Simon (Ant., xi, iii, 10, iv, 1).
3. Jesus, son of Phabet (Ant., xv, ix, 3).
4. Jesus, son of Sie (Ant., xvii, xiii, 1).
5. Jesus, son of Damneus (Ant., xx, ix, 1).
6. Jesus, son of Gamaliel (Ant., xx, ix, 4).
7. Jesus, son of Sapphias (Wars, ii, xx, 4).
8. Jesus, son of Shaphat (Wars, iii, ix, 7).
9. Jesus, son of Ananus (Wars, iv, iv, 3).
10. Jesus, son of Ananus, a plebeian (Wars, vi, v, 3).
11. Jesus, son of Gamala (Life, 38, 41).
12. Jesus, a high priest (Wars, vi, ii, 2).
13. Jesus, son of Thebuthi (Wars, vi, viii, 3).
14. Jesus, father of Elymas.
15. Jesus, surnamed Barabbas.

It was this last one named Jesus that was imprisoned at the same time as Christ, being a noted prisoner who had attempted to lead an insurrection, and as it was an ancient custom of releasing a prisoner upon a certain occasion, and one which the governor did not wish to depart from, he accordingly asked the people, saying, "Which shall I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus that is called Christ?" And we are told that the people answered, saying, "Barabbas."

And it is not only the name Jesus that is of pagan origin but the whole fabric of our national religious system, for we hav even imitated the Hindoos in the incarnation of Jesus Christ and the virginity of his mother. Here is the Hindoo legend on the subject: "One evening as the virgin Devanaguy was praying, her ears were suddenly charmed with celestial music, and the god Vishnu appeared unto her, and she was 'overshadowed,' and conceived. She was conducted by a messenger to a stable. The new-born child was called Chrishna (in Sanscrit, 'sacred'). The shepherds ran and prostrated themselvs before the infant, and adored him. The reigning tyrant of Madura, having heard of the birth of the child, sought to destroy him, and accordingly ordered the massacre of all infants of the male sex born during the night of the birth of Chrishna. And at the age of sixteen Chrishna traveled throughout India to preach the new doctrin."

Now, this legend is dated back thirty-five hundred years before the Christian era, and I venture to think that no sane person can, after reading the above and bearing in mind at the same time the difference in date, deny conscientiously that the supposed birth of Christ, of a virgin mother, is but an imitation of ancient mythology, for in the foregoing we hav almost used word for word over again as found in the New Testament.

If we turn to China and Japan we shall find that the incarnation of Buddha is just the same, for Buddha was conceived in the womb of the queen Mayadevi, who, after having born him, was still considered a virgin, therefore we could not hav better deified Jesus, the son of a Jewish carpenter, than by imitating the Chinese, Japanese, and Hindoos in bestowing upon his mother the patent of virginity in spite of the eight children attributed to her by St. Matthew in his gospel, fifteenth chapter.

I could giv many more instances upon this question, but as space will not permit, I must, perforce, draw my remarks to a close. But sufficient has been said to show that great doubts exist at the present day concerning the existence of Jesus Christ, as narrated in the gospels, for outside of these there is not a particle of evidence, which is at all reliable, which can be adduced in favor of such a theory, and as the gospel narrativs themselvs are so contradictory to each other respecting his genealogy, birth, life, and death, they too must be rejected as unworthy of credit. Then the only conclusion we can arrive at is that the existence of Christ, as narrated in the gospels, is not only doubtful but impossible. Also, that the very foundations of Christianity are of purely pagan origin, and, therefore, Christianity was in existence long ages before the supposed time of Christ. In fact, there is nothing original in the creed but the appeal it makes to the ignorant and the weak—an appeal made to superstition and faith instead of knowledge and reason. Is it not possible, then, that such similarities of doctrins as we hav just been considering should raise the most serious questions as to the relation of such beliefs? Nay, more, for even the gravest doubts are entertained by many eminent scholars as to the whole doctrinal system of modern Christianity being but a transformation of the ancient mythologies of India, Greece, and Egypt.

JOHN R. CHARLESWORTH.

Frigid Atheism.

It is the fool only, and not the philosopher, or even the prudent man, that would liv as if there were no God.—*Thomas Paine.*

Atheism denies the existence of God, and its loving relation, Materialism, furnishes the information of "no life beyond the grave." "From nothing nothing comes," is the prime favorit apothegm of Atheists. This apparently true assertion often proves a mighty cold douche on the warm and tender aspirations of *reasonable* Christians not only, but on the hopes of other rational persons. The longing for eternal joy is implanted in the mind of every intelligent human being. "From nothing nothing comes," seems perfectly true, and as truth ought to be the parent of satisfaction, no attempt should be made to refute this axiom, for no sensible idea can be formed of a God who created matter out of nothing. A clear idea of God is associated only with the word intelligence, and in my humble opinion God is incomprehensible intelligence. Atheism asserts that intelligence is simply "highly organized matter," and that matter not intellectually organized existed before mind. This declaration appears like obtaining a problem from an answer, and if carefully analyzed we may be allured to believe from nothing something came. Allow us to examin this in the light of Atheism. Science positivly claims, and undoubtedly truly, the earth we inhabit was, ages ago, as warm externally as it is supposed to be at present internally. At that time where was life, and where was the life principle, or nature's chemist? Are Materialists prepared to say the life principle is a product of fire, or will they claim the same was previously—and where? Or will they admit something can come from nothing? The life principle is as much a fact as the attraction of gravitation, and if it were suspended during the hot period, why cannot the attraction of gravitation be also suspended? Our Atheist friends will recollect suspension in such cases is nothing from something, or can they state a natural law whereby the attraction of gravitation can be imprisoned and released? Materialism claims the universe—less life—existed anterior to life, and the credulous believers insist mind was the antecedent of the universe. Is it not more reasonable to think life and matter hav eternally existed—that neither is a precedent of the other—than to suppose dead matter has forever been, having never been created, and that mind was created or evolved? Evolution carries us back to a handful of "primal germs," and insists these were the creation or beginning of life (intelligence), but absurdly fails to reveal how they were evolved from lifeless material. Are we to understand these first germs were formed through the magic of chance—that is to say, a little albumen, a little phosphorus, and a little *et cetera*, accidentally met, were charmed by each other's company, resolved to stick together, were warmed into life by the genial rays of the sun? Prove the universe minus mind, the original incubator, or Atheism must ever remain as it is—an incubus. The experiments of Pasteur and Tyndall conclusivly show the fallacy of spontaneous life—that is to say, life nowadays cannot be produced except in accordance with natural laws. Now, if those famous "primal germs" came into existence through natural laws, what are the laws? To say the "proper circumstances" do not now occur is to acknowledge the inconstancy of nature—is to admit "something can become nothing." Is it not easy to believe in the beginning mind dwelt in the midst of quiet disorder, and gave form to chaos? Is it not more probable than that mind is the child of dead material? No sane individual thinks God was his own creator. It is possible he always existed, and the creation may hav been merely a change from inanimate to animate, and *vice versa*.

Notwithstanding the powerful efforts of honest scientists, the secret of this change still rests with God. I fail to see how the doctrin of evolution tends to undermine or injure the belief in God. When Atheists hav answered the following questions they can perhaps convert the civilized world to their horrid Materialism. What is electricity? What is the attraction of gravitation? What is life? No answer based on mere theory will be accepted. No one can, without being ridiculous, deny the existence of God, until at least one of these questions can be answered. To admit these phenomena are inexplicable exploits of nature is to say man is not the lord of creation—that nature is superior to man. According to Atheism, "highly organized matter" (mind) deserves no more attention than inorganic (dead) matter. Matter is matter, and if nature is God, let us worship her.

It seems to me more consonant with sanity to believe the sun, moon, and stars were started in motion, are guided by intelligence, than to think they and dead matter were the original creators of mind. The Atheist must allow life or the life principle as well as dead matter has eternally been; that they never had a beginning and consequently will never hav an end. If he fails to admit this he must concede the life principle had a commencement and will hav an end. If the life principle was never created and will never cease to exist, what would be the effect if old earth was again made as hot as it once was? On the other hand, if this principle had a beginning, how could it without a creator? Can the life principle or chemistry of nature be annihilated by a general conflagration? Can it be suspended? In other words, can it become nothing? Materialists say we hav no immortal soul, because the body after death weighs exactly the same as during life, and as a natural sequence, if anything (soul) leaves the body it is nothing. This is a very plausible remark, but allow us to sift it in the sieve of Atheism—science. If we inspire to the full capacity of our lungs while on a weighing apparatus will our weight be noticeably increased? Can it not be the spiritual body is of the same gravity as the atmosphere or even less? We are accustomed to speak of the "boundless space." Is it not possible the whole system of things of which we hav knowledge is surrounded by a globe having interminable thickness? Man knows little, but perhaps all that is and is to be known is sufficient for his welfare. It may be well to understand nothing. Limitless space, eternity, and God are complete incomprehensibilities. No one can safely deny the existence of God, and no one can prove there is one, therefore let us act as if there was.

A few words concerning the alleged ethics or moral beliefs of Atheism. I cannot understand how one who says there is no God can consistently make pretensions of goodness. There are countless sinful acts to be committed which no human laws can ever reach, and as conscience depends entirely upon heredity and early training—more largely on the latter—what then will be the conduct of one who, from infancy, has been taught there is no God? Philosophers may cackle all they please about the foolishness of scaring right from wrong, but please inform us how else it can be accomplished. How does the intelligent father instruct his child concerning vicious habits which may be formed in childhood? Does he not inform his child of the consequence, and does not the child desist or refrain from fear of the result? Does the child comply with his father's request only because it is right to obey? We pay attention to sanitary regulations simply because we fear disease. If an Atheist has the opportunity of stealing an amount of money and never will be discovered, why not steal? Suppose an Atheist has the chance to steal from a neighbor who will never be aware of his loss, why not steal? Suppose an Atheist steals $5 from his Christian brother—the Atheist is benefited and the Christian not injured—never knows he has been robbed—what is the harm? Atheism appears to be a very unprofitable doctrin to be disseminated. If there is no God—no immortal soul—why further propagate the human race? If I believed in either Atheism or orthodox Christianity, I would never encourage the perpetuity of the human family. Why raise children for hell or annihilation? Why do our honest Atheists endeavor to spread their belief, or rather unbelief? Can they not perceive a godless race—unless at the summit of intelligence—must inevitably be sinful? It may be, if a man is naturally honest and has a perfectly good conscience, he will be none the worse for being an Atheist; but if he is dishonest naturally, and has a bad conscience, if he is an Atheist will his belief improve him? I am aware of the fact that some Atheists are very wise and benevolent, but I also know some Atheists are ignorant and degraded. The Bible says, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," but it appears the fool and the wise man hav said in their hearts there is no God. When the human family has so evolved that the "king of terrors" is uncrowned, and compelled to abdicate in favor of the queen of pleasures—life—the tenets of Atheism will be unobjectionable. EDWIN N. BEECHER.

Colonel Ingersoll on Heber Newton.

From the New York Herald, December 12th.

The Rev. R. Heber Newton, rector of All Souls' Protestant Episcopal church, started people to thinking by his sermon delivered on Sunday last, in which he laid down the dictum that the need of the present age is a new religion. His bold and uncompromising way of handling so ticklish a subject, and the earnest manner in which he avowed his belief that Christianity in its present form does not satisfy the spiritual aspirations of modern progressiv humanity hav caused a sensation in the religious world, and there are those who believe that the fearless, independent clergyman has got himself into hot water with his ecclesiastical superiors by his utterances on that occasion. The future will show whether there is any basis for such a belief; but, meanwhile, the sermon last preached by the pastoral head of the fashionable All Souls congregation is affording plenty of food for thought and comment among those who hav followed the course of Mr. Newton during the last few years.

And they are not confined to the Episcopalian fold by any means. Leaders in every religious denomination hav read his words of recent date with interest, and not the least concerned in the outcome of his departure from the old ruts of theological opinion has been the large and constantly increasing body of Freethinkers, of whom Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is a conspicuous representativ.

It was with a view of getting their opinion of so important a matter as the possible "backsliding" of a clergyman of the repute and influence of Mr. Newton, and the probable effect of such a proceeding upon the Christian community, that I talked with Colonel Ingersoll yesterday. The noted Infidel conversed freely with me upon the subject, and the discussion took a wide range, covering many important matters relating to the religious situation and outlook, before he had concluded.

"Colonel," I began, "I wish to get your opinion of the sermon preached by the Rev. R. Heber Newton on last Sunday. I suppose you hav read the report of it that appeared in the *Herald* of yesterday?" The colonel replied:

I hav read the report, and I am satisfied, first, that Mr. Newton simply said what he thoroughly believes to be true, and second, that some of the conclusions at which he arrives are perfectly correct. I do not regard Mr. Newton as a heretic or a skeptic. Every man who reads the Bible must, to a greater or less extent, think for himself. He need not tell his thoughts; he has the right to keep them to himself. But if he undertakes to tell them, then he should be absolutely honest.

The Episcopal creed is a few ages behind the thought of the world. For many years the foremost members and clergymen in that church hav been giving some new meanings to the old words and phrases. Words are no more exempt from change than other things in nature. A word at one time rough, jagged, harsh, and cruel, is finally worn smooth. A word known as slang, picked out of the gutter, is cleaned, educated, becomes respectable, and finally is found in the mouths of the best and purest.

We must remember that in the world of art the picture depends not alone on the painter, but on the one who sees it. So words must find some part of their meaning in the man who hears or the man who reads. In the old times the word "hell" gave to the hearer or reader the picture of a vast pit filled with an ocean of molten brimstone, in which innumerable souls were suffering the torments of fire, and where millions of devils were engaged in the cheerful occupation of increasing the torments of the damned. This was the real old orthodox view.

As man became civilized, however, the picture grew less and less vivid. Finally, some expressed their doubts about the brimstone and others began to think that if the devil was and is really an enemy of God, he would not spend his time punishing sinners to please God. Why should the devil be in partnership with his enemy, and why should he inflict torments on poor souls who were his own friends and who shared with him the feeling of hatred toward the almighty?

As men became more and more civilized, the idea began to dawn in their minds that an infinitly good and wise being would not hav created persons knowing that they would be eternal failures, or that they were to suffer eternal punishment, because there could be no possible object in eternal punishment—no reformation, no good to the punished—and certainly the sight of all this torment would not add to the joy of heaven, neither would it tend to the happiness of God.

So the more the civilized adopted the idea that punishment is a consequence and not an infliction. Then they took another step and concluded that every soul, in every world, in every age, should hav at least the chance of doing right. And yet persons so believing still used the word "hell," but the old meaning had dropped out.

So with regard to the atonement. At one time it was regarded as a kind of bargain in which so much blood was shed for so many souls. This was a barbaric view. Afterward, the mind developing a little, the idea got in the brain that the life of Christ was worth its moral effect. And yet these people use the word "atonement," but the bargain idea has been lost.

Take for instance the word "justice." The meaning that is given to that word depends upon the man who uses it—depends for the most part on the age in which he lived, the country in which he was born. The same is true of the word "freedom." Millions and millions of people boasted that they were the friends of freedom, while at the same time they enslaved their fellow-men. So, in the name of justice, every possible crime has been perpetrated, and in the name of mercy every instrument of torture has been used.

Mr. Newton realizes the fact that everything in the world changes; that creeds are influenced by civilization, by the acquisition of knowledge, by the progress of the sciences and arts—in other words, that there is a tendency in man to harmonize his knowledge and to bring about a reconciliation between what he knows and what he believes. This will be fatal to superstition, provided the man knows anything.

Mr. Newton, moreover, clearly sees that people are losing confidence in the morality of the gospel; that its foundation lacks common sense; that the doctrin of forgivness is unscientific, and that it is impossible to feel that the innocent can rightfully suffer for the guilty, or that the suffering of innocence can in any way justify the crimes of the wicked. I think he is mistaken, however, when he says that the early church softened or weakened the barbaric passions. I think the early church was as barbarous as any institution that ever gained a footing in the world. I do not believe that the creed of the early church, as understood, could soften anything. A church that preaches the eternity of punishment has within it the seed of all barbarism, and the soil to make it grow.

So Mr. Newton is undoubtedly right when he says that the organized Christianity of to-day is not the leader in social progress. No one now goes to a synod to find a fact in science, or on any subject. A man in doubt does not ask the average minister; he regards him as behind the times. He goes to the scientist, to the library. He depends upon the untrammeled thought of fearless men.

The church, for the most part, is in the control of the rich, of the respectable, of the well to do, of the unsympathetic, of the men who, having succeeded themselvs, think that everybody ought to succeed. The spirit of caste is as well developed in the church as it is in the average club. There is the same exclusiv feeling, and this feeling in the next world is to be hightened and deepened to such an extent that a large majority of our fellow-men are to be eternally excluded.

The peasants of Europe—the workingmen—do not go to the church for sympathy. If they do they come home empty, or rather empty-hearted. So in our own country the laboring classes, the mechanics, are not depending on the churches to right their wrongs. They do not expect the pulpits to increase their wages. The preachers get their money from the well to do—from the employer class—and their sympathies are with those from whom they receive their wages.

The ministers attack the pleasures of the world. They are not so much scandalized by murder and forgery as by dancing and eating meat on Friday. They regard unbelief as the greatest of all sins. They are not touching the real vital issues of the day, and their hearts do not throb in unison with the hearts of the struggling, the aspiring, the enthusiastic, and the real believers in the progress of the human race.

It is all well enough to say that we should depend on providence, but experience has taught us that while it may do no harm to say it, it will do no good to do it. We hav found that man must be the providence of man, and that one plow will do more, properly pulled and properly held, toward feeding the world than all the prayers that ever agitated the air.

So, Mr. Newton is correct in saying, as I understand him to say, that the hope of immortality has nothing to do with orthodox religion. Neither, in my judgment, has the belief in the existence of a God anything in fact to do with real religion. The old doctrin that God wanted man to do something for him, and that he kept a watchful eye upon all the children of men; that he rewarded the virtuous and punished the wicked, is gradually fading from the mind. We know that some of the worst men hav what the world calls success. We know that some of the best men lie upon the straw of failure. We know that honesty goes hungry while larceny sits at the banquet. We know that the vicious hav every physical comfort, while the virtuous are often clad in rags.

Man is beginning to find that he must take care of himself; that special providence is a mistake. This being so, the old religions must go down, and in their place man must depend upon intelligence, industry, honesty; upon the facts that he can ascertain, upon his own experience, upon his own efforts. Then religion becomes a thing of this world—a religion to put a roof above our heads, a religion that givs to every man a home, a religion that rewards virtue here.

If Mr. Newton's sermon is in accordance with the Episcopal creed, I congratulate the creed. In any event, I think Mr. Newton deserves great credit for speaking his thought. Do not understand that I imagin that he agrees with me. The most I will say is that in some things I agree with him, and probably there is a little too much truth and a little too much humanity in his remarks to please the bishop.

There is this wonderful fact—no man has ever yet been persecuted for thinking God bad. When anyone has said that he believed God to be so good that

he would, in his own time and way, redeem the entire human race, and that the time would come when every soul would be brought home and sit on an equality with the others around the great fireside of the universe, that man has been denounced as a poor, miserable, wicked wretch.

The American Secular Union.

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To Redeem Girard College.

EUREKA, CAL., Dec. 13, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav noticed in THE TRUTH SEEKER that a number of persons are willing to contribute their mite toward defraying the expense of bringing suit against the trustees of Girard College for mismanagement. Their imposition ought to be stopped, and I am willing to contribute $10, and more if necessary, to bring those religious rascals to justice.

ROBERT GUNTHER.

Important.

Organization being of primary importance to the cause of Secularization, we write YOU to know whether Liberals of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana, and Michigan desire to meet in Chicago, about the time of the Paine anniversary (Jan. 29, 1889), for conference, consideration of plans for more perfect union, for legislativ work and formation of a Northwestern auxiliary to the American Secular Union.

If the responses are sufficiently numerous, we will arrange for a brilliant array of speakers. If you can not attend personally, will you help financially? The expenses will not be heavy. Let us hear from you immediately. Please answer this notice, or we shall be anxiously waiting, and there is no time for delay.

Please giv us your views on the subject. Do you think the time and place propitious?

Let our scattered forces combine, and out of this Western auxiliary we hope the several states will soon be well organized.

Now for a rally in the cause of Universal Mental Liberty. E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

The New Year.

The American Secular Union is about entering upon another year, having certainly made a good record during the one just past, and laid out a vast amount of important work for the future, but it remains to be seen whether YOU, who read this, are willing to assist in making the coming year one of splendid progress—an epoch of achievement. You should need no reminding of your duty, but ever be on the alert to anticipate the machinations of the enemy. The foes of mental liberty hav stormed the citadel of freedom—are sapping and mining our boasted battlements—and the destroying train is dangerously near the deadly fuse. Feeling that the people hav lost faith in an outrageous orthodoxy, and are either against it or indifferent, its priests are making a desperate struggle to fasten the fangs of ecclesiasticism on the body politic, as a means to perpetuate their power in the state, knowing that they are fast being repudiated by the people. They are demanding a national Lord's day law to be enacted by Congress, and an amendment to the Constitution providing public schools shall teach "the *principles* of the Christian *religion*." These cunning, deceitful attempts are the outward forms of a mammoth conspiracy which is secretly and successfully working to suppress our boasted freedom in religious matters. These agents of orthodoxy claim to hav a petition signed by six millions demanding the adoption of the above measures, as was fully detailed in last week's TRUTH SEEKER. The American Secular Union, by its agent and attorney, the venerable Liberal of Washington, J. B. Wolff, entered a most vigorous protest and performed noble service. Mr. Wolff said, "I think I ought not to stand alone. And I think it a lasting disgrace that the Liberals of this country do not provide means which shall enable this organization to present a more powerful protest in point of numbers against this entering wedge of absolute church and state proposed by ministerial traitors who aim to poison the source of the will of the people." Again let me call your attention to the resolutions of the last congress:

The American Secular Union, in congress assembled, reaffirms its inflexible determination to practicalize that priceless boon, mental freedom, which the framers of our Constitution established as the radical principle of our republic, and hereby declares itself the unalterable foe of all theological schemes to subvert our liberties, which are now not only insidiously sapping away our freedom, but defiantly plundering the taxpayers.

The American Secular Union stands as the solitary representativ of the plain, bold, simple declaration of Abraham Lincoln, "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people," as against a government ruled by a relentless God—in short, it stands as the representativ of the American idea.

WHEREAS, We view with alarm the persistent reactionary and revolutionary attitude of the various ecclesiastical bodies to gain greater control of the state and to sweep away the very corner-stone of American independence by advocating the recognition of God in our form of government, which would practically put an end to religious freedom; and

WHEREAS, Lands and money are annually granted to sectarian institutions; public offices in many states are open only to those who will, by oath, acknowledge the reigning superstition; Sunday laws are being "religiously" enforced in nearly every state; Bible-reading, prayer, and other religious exercises are carried on in the public schools; Congress and legislatures are consecrated to plunder by hypocritical prayers which cost the country at least $50,000 a year; fast days and thanksgivings are ordained by governments, state and federal; Indians are parceled out to religious sects for instruction; prisoners in jails and children in houses of refuge are delivered to the various denominations to be paid for from state funds and guarded by state and municipal police; postal laws are enacted at the suggestion of church coteries, limiting the liberty of the people and the press, and enforced by agents who are in no way responsible to the public at large; therefore,

Resolved, That as Freethinkers we hav reason to feel ourselvs direct heirs of the heroic fathers who fought to overthrow the iniquities of a "God's anointed" ruler, and veritable heritors of those who founded a state without a church; that as our Constitution aimed at complete secularization, the American Secular Union should be careful to preserve and eager to extend that principle, so that the foundations of our national welfare may be fully assured.

Resolved, That we call upon every man and woman who believes in intellectual freedom to aid in breaking mental chains; everyone who aspires to establish happiness here should assist in overthrowing the power of bigotry and superstition in the state, which the adoption of our Nine Demands only can accomplish.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselvs during the coming year to endeavor to gather into harmonious relations the Liberals of every shade; to disregard past differences, and determin that one grand, inspiring purpose shall animate us—the advancement of our second Declaration of Independence, nor will we falter in carrying out the desire of President Grant to "keep the church and state forever separate" till our efforts are crowned with complete success.

I can write nothing more pointed and concise. If you believe in them, cut them out, show them to your friends and neighbors, and away with your moral cowardice. Read them every day till you know and feel the importance of the work in which we are engaged. Then labor with might and main for the fulfilment of the last resolution, and we shall hav the proud satisfaction of looking upon the year 1889 with a thrill of patriotic joy that it marked a most important epoch in the grand struggle for mental freedom, otherwise it is not likely to be a Happy New Year. It remains for us to make it so. Will we?

THE BOARD OF GRIEVANCES.

It is a deplorable fact that the malcontents who hav crawled into the Liberal movement hav, in the past, been a source of positiv injury, and recognizing that it is the duty of an organization to defend and uphold its officers from such baseless slanderers, the recent congress wisely adopted unanimously the following resolution:

Resolved, That a board on grievances be appointed by the directors to whom any and all questions of misconduct or charges against any officer of the Union shall be preferred; that if they deem them of sufficient importance, the charges shall be brought before the board and their action thereon shall be maintained until the succeeding congress, when the charges shall be considered by a special committee of life members. That any person who shall publicly or privately make charges against the officers of this Union, without giving them an opportunity to refute them before the board of grievances. shall be denounced as a slanderer of the American Secular Union.

In accordance with the above, these gentlemen hav accepted appointment as the board of grievances: Ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham, Saginaw City, Mich.; G. F. A. de Lespinasse, M.D., Orange City, Ia.; Leonard Geiger, Esq., Hudson, N. Y.; Wm. Redfield, Esq., Stanley, Ia.; Hon. M. M. Secor, Racine, Wis.

If any person has or shall hav positiv proof of misconduct on the part of any officer of this Union, it is his right and duty to lay his charges and proofs before this board of grievances—a board selected from the best material in the Union, the most activ, well-known, and generous workers in our ranks—gentlemen who giv of their means to sustain the work, honor, and reputation of the American Secular Union, and who certainly hav every reason to jealously guard it. This board are appointed to deal with *facts*, not mere assertions; with proofs more than charges, and that they will do so unflinchingly the Liberal public at large will be thoroughly satisfied, knowing as they do that no officer of this Union will ask any favor at their hands only this: that if anyone is known to make detrimental assertions relativ to their official conduct, the board shall demand proof for such statements, and if none are forthcoming, the Liberal public shall be warned against him.

Every Liberal should aid this properly authenticated committee by notifying its chairman, Brother Burnham, or its secretary, Dr. Lespinasse, of reports brought to their knowledge. Furthermore, if detrimental assertions are made in your presence, just demand if the party making them has substantiated them before this board, or treat them with the contempt they deserve. Such are the assassins of Liberalism.

Brother Burnham is too favorably known as a man and a lecturer who has made great sacrifices for the cause—stepping out from a position of affluence and influence to one of hardship and struggle in an unpopular cause—to be suspected of bias against the best interests of the American Secular Union, and is certainly a proper man to be at the head of such a board.

If the other gentlemen are friendly to the administration it is only because they hav faith in its integrity, but they are men who hav faith only in facts, and if the facts are shown to be against the administration they will act in accordance with their honest judgment. In fact, we hav been unable to find any person whose support of the Union for the last few years has amounted to anything who is not heartily in favor of the administration.

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE FORUM.

The concert and literary exercises arranged by the quartet was a splendid artistic, if not a financial success, and to Mr. Frank Stillman, the organist, and Mr. Card, the leader, are due the thanks of the organization for this most creditable program:

PROGRAM.

1. Piano Solo. Miss Edith Deal. Selected.
2. Recital. Mrs. George A. Vinton. Robert of Lincoln.
3. Soprano Solo. Mrs. Emma Ma Dan. Pierrot.
4. Piano Duet. Radieuse, by Gottschalk. Miss Hattie Allen and Frank Stillman.
5. Whistling. { *a.* Sing, Smile, Slumber, *b.* Last Rose of Summer, } by Gounod. Miss Grace Bigelow.
6. Tenor Solo. R. Burus Haverson. Forebodings.
7. Recital. Carrie Predmore. Sockery Krause's Cat.
8. Piano Solo. Grand Polka de Concert, by Bartlett. Miss Hattie Allen.
9. Recital. George A. Vinton. Monolog.
10. Baritone Song. If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow. M. J. Hays.
11. Whistling. { *a.* Il Bacio, by Arditi. *b.* Serenade, by Schubert.
12. Recital. Florence Segner. An Old Story (Illustrated).

Miss Deal, our former organist, also a very accomplished pianist, who adds delicacy of interpretation to her selections, kindly assisted, and received a merited recall. In fact, to abbreviate this notice, it might just as well be stated at the outset that all the numbers were so exceptionally well rendered as to receive an encore. Prof. Geo. A. Vinton, director of the Chicago Musical and Dramatic College, and one of our activ members, whose inimitable character impersonations are a whole entertainment of themselvs, added much to the strength of the program. Mrs. Ma Dan's solo was rendered with that evenness of quality, easy phrasing, and melodic grace of a voice naturally true to pitch, and possessing sweetness and power. Miss Hattie Allen and Mr. Stillman's difficult duo was performed with the dash and technique of a pair of virtuosos, and the young lady charmingly sustained her reputation in the solo which followed.

The songs of Messrs. Hays and Haverson were admirably sung and enthusiastically applauded. The professional lady whistler was very fine, but it was scarcely necessary to add so expensiv a luxury to so excellent a program. The recital of little Florence Segner was a novelty. When her father mounted the platform with an immense easel, we were full of expectancy to know what this little six-year-old was going to do. It turned out to be an original poetic version of "Mary's Little Lamb," with thirteen large crayon sketches depicting the thrilling situations of this domestic drama. The sketches and recital were a pleasant conclusion to an excellent performance.

A LIGHT-BEARER.

Moses Harmon, the much-persecuted editor of *Lucifer*, occupied the rostrum at the Forum last Sunday, and though it was the first time he essayed to address a public gathering, delivered a very able lecture from the individualistic point of view on the Eighth Demand of Liberalism, entitled "Christian *vs.* Natural Morality." An interesting and animated discussion followed, participated in by Judge F. C. Russell, C. S. Darrow, Moses Hull, the celebrated Spiritualistic lecturer, who was present, Mr. Wm. Holmes, H. E. Bartholomew, and the writer.

E. A. STEVENS.

The Catholic Church vs. Our Public Schools.

The hatred exhibited by the Catholic hierarchy toward our public schools and free institutions of the United States of America is deep and deadly—more rankling and venomous than that of any monarchy in any country toward us.

The Catholic church is controled by the Jesuits, who are worse than common pirates ever were. The pirates only infested a small portion of the sea, but the Catholic church makes war upon all mankind. It is the common enemy of man. Russia is accursed today by having more religion than any other country on earth, and is unfit for any decent man to liv in.

But if the Catholics under the leadership of the chief of pirates in Rome succeed in breaking up and destroying the common schools of this country, this will be only one step toward enslaving the people. Next will go the freedom of the press, and tnen free speech; then ignorance, slavery, and the holy Inquisition and *Auto-dâ-fé* for the few brave, freedom-loving men and women who remain true to themselvs and humanity. When that day comes our country will be infinitly worse off than Russia

now is, and the people there in the grip of the Greek Catholic church are worse off than an honest, moral man in the orthodox hell, if there is any such blot on the fair face of nature.

The skirmishing commenced in San Francisco in 1886, when the "woman in scarlet" was repulsed. The campaign has really opened in Boston, and though the Jesuit pirates held the skirmish line, they hav been defeated in the first regular pitched battle. This was only a battle of ballots, but it was as hotly contested as any battle that was ever fought with powder and ball, and for the present as momentous. They are not killed, "only scotched." They are as the oligarchs were in the South before 1861—they must rule or ruin.

The fight in San Francisco arose, as in Boston, over the subject of "indulgences." They make history, and then deny the record. The pupils in the high school read of the "granting of indulgences." They asked the teacher the meaning of the term, and who had the power to grant "an indulgence." He gave the definition: "A right, privilege, or permission to do certain things or acts in consideration of a certain sum of money, or its equivalent, generally held as criminal acts or offenses by the civil, common, or statute law." And "that the pope of Rome could alone grant an indulgence, or authorize his inferior officers to do so." On the return home of the pupils they mentioned the incident to their parents, and some of them being Catholics they mentioned it to their masters, the priests, who in turn conveyed it to the mogul, the bishop, who demanded of the superintendent of public schools that the teacher be suspended. He obeyed the order from Rome, and promptly suspended the teacher. However, the teacher did not propose to be trampled upon in such a manner, and demanded a committee of investigation. By this time the press had got hold of the affair, and great public excitement followed. The knavish superintendent appointed a committee consisting of two Catholics and one Protestant. They promptly reported to sustain the superintendent. This made the people wild, and a new committee was demanded by them, aided by the press.

The new committee consisted of one well-known Protestant, one Jew, one Infidel, and one Catholic. This committee took the statements of the young ladies and young men, and they submitted a majority report overruling the superintendent and reinstating the teacher. This made the Catholic bishop, Alemeny, very angry, though the Bible says that "anger resides in the breast of fools," and he directed the priests, his slaves, to preach against what he termed "an insult to the Catholic church." This enemy of our dearest institution did not stop at this, but went to work and raised money enough from his dupes to buy the lot opposit the high school building and erected a parochial school upon the ground. He then, with all the biting malignity of a saint, exclaimed, "We will show you what we can, and will, do."

And this occurred in the "far West" in this land of freedom. But free only in name. Seven-tenths of the Secular press is subsidized by this corrupting church of Rome; and nine-tenths of our politicians are under pay from this common enemy of the American people. "Uncle Billy" Sherman has declared "that the next war we hav will be between the Catholics on one side, and the people on the other. It will be a thousand times more bitter than the late war of the Rebellion. It will be all over the land."

This is true, and every day brings us nearer to this impending conflict. Let the people be organized and ready. The Catholics hav the strategic hights in every city from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. Did you ever think of this fact? CITIZEN.

St. Joseph, Mo.

W. S. Bell in Texas.

I hav had to make some long jumps from one place to another in filling my engagements in this great state. From Jacksonville to Bowie was a long ride over rough roads. It was predicted that I should not hav more than a dozen people out to hear me, but to the surprise and great gratification of the few Liberals here, we had a houseful on both evenings that I spoke. There was more general interest manifested than anyone had apprehended. The stalwart Freethinkers of this little town are Dr. H. A. Baker, S. K. Ingram, A. S. Harris, and Clark Arnold.

My next stopping-place, not far away, was Vernon, a live town, one on the boom. The court being in session, many people were in attendance from the country, and they gave my lectures a boom by turning out in great numbers to hear me. It was quite gratifying to the Liberals, and, I need not add, to myself too, to see the court-house crowded, night after night, with attentiv and eager listeners. It sometimes happens that I hav a large audience on the first night, but on subsequent nights they are smaller, but not so in Vernon. They wanted to hear all they could about mental liberty and Secularism. The true Liberals here are M. N. Sevier, J. B. Ralston, C. P. Lockwood, R. Fitzgerald, and Geo. Warner.

If I left Vernon with a light and cheerful heart, I was doomed to come to grief at my next lecture-point. Roanoke is a very small town, with but two or three Liberals in it. I had a small audience and less pay. Mr. Spencer Graham and J. M. Wines did all they could to make the lecture a success; but in vain. The dear people of Roanoke are two or three centuries behind the times.

At Gainsville I spoke twice in the Christian church to quite attentiv and large audiences. There are a great many professed Liberals in Gainsville, but their Liberalism is, with many of them, all mouth. Dr. N. T. Bomar is an old-time Freethinker, who has kept the flag nailed to the masthead for many years. The following are my engagements for the rest of this month: December 14th, 15th, Springfield, Mo.; 18th, Humboldt, Kan.; 19th. Lebo, Kan.; 23d, 24th, 25th, Rockport, Mo.; 26th, 27th, Graham, Mo.; 29th, Guthrie Center, Ia.; 31st, Danville, Ia.

W. S. BELL.

The Morality of Pittsburghers.

When I read at the breakfast-table, at one of the hotels, one morning, how the piety of this old city had been shocked by the presence of the Secular congress then in session in one of its halls, and when I fully realized the nature of the threat contained in the article which I held in my hands, one of the first thoughts that came into my mind was that I left home without bringing any weapons of defense with me. I had negligently forgotten that I might need them. Not long before I had had some experience with a gang of Pittsburghers who had come up to Ravenna, O., where the people of Portage county were trying to convict some burglars, thieves, and murderers. Not only Portage county, but other counties, and even states, were deeply interested in the convicting of all the persons arrested. Heavy rewards had been offered, much time had been spent, and great care had been used in hunting up and bringing to trial one of the most daring and desperate bands of outlaws that ever lay in wait for the commission of heinous crimes in northern Ohio.

We had spared no expense, and the best detectiv and legal talent of the city of Cleveland and of the country had been secured.

Ultimately we convicted only "Blinky" Morgan, who was quite as innocent, in all probability, as either of the others arrested with him. And for this general clearance we feel indebted to the piety and morality of the city of Pittsburgh.

This little scrap of history was out of my mind when I left home to spend two or three days in that city; but it came back vividly when I reviewed the editorial a newsboy handed me on the morning above referred to.

It is not my custom to carry weapons when traveling—I hav preferred generally to be without them—but if there is any city where they are needed, I believe it is Pittsburgh. Its gambling-dens and Sunday laws, its criminals and clergy, ought to make it an exception among considerate men who find it necessary to either pass through or abide in its gloomy surroundings. And yet I shall vote to hold the next Secular congress in the same hall, in this same city. It is just the place not to run from, and where the greatest good may be accomplished.

SECULARIST.

Colonel Ingersoll's Writings in the Public Schools.

It was reported that some of Colonel Ingersoll's writings had been read in the public schools of this city (Buffalo), and the Rev. Rufus S. Green, a prominent Methodist preacher of the city, was terribly excited over the matter, and rushed into print with the assertion that the report should be refuted at once, as such a report going abroad would disgrace the city. In answer to Rev. Mr. Green's letter the following was written and published:

To the Editor of the Courier: The Rev. Rufus S. Green in his "explanation" in the *Courier* this morning inculcates the idea that it would be a disgrace to the city to hav Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's writings read in our public schools. So far as the theological opinions of Colonel Ingersoll are concerned I will agree with Mr. Green that it would be very improper to hav them taught in our schools, but no more so than it would to hav the theological tenets of the Protestant or Catholic churches, or to hav their sacred writings read in our schools. Our public schools, which are supported by the whole people, should be kept entirely free from sectarianism. It is not the place to teach religion or antireligion; but that is not saying that there are not chapters and pages of Colonel Ingersoll's writings that would not be most appropriate to be read in our schools, the same as might be said of the writings of many learned doctors of divinity and other theological writers. Colonel Ingersoll has produced some of the grandest and most sublime literary productions ever written or spoken in this country. His speeches and writings are prose poems. Henry Ward Beecher introduced him to a great political gathering held in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn some years since in these words, as reported in the New York *Herald:* "I hav the pleasure to introduce to you the greatest orator that speaks the English language on the face of the globe." And the New York *Mail and Express* said of his great speech delivered at the reunion of the soldiers at Indianapolis in 1876: "Perhaps, without exception, the tribute paid by Ingersoll to the soldiers on that occasion is the most brilliant piece of word-painting in the English language. Some hav claimed that the words of Webster in reply to Hayne, of South Carolina, hav never been surpassed in terseness and eloquence, but actually there is hardly a comparison."

But it was not my intention here to eulogize Colonel Ingersoll. His great power of oratory is known to everybody in this country, and those who hav read the late numbers of the *North American Review* know something of his power as a controversialist. And whatever may be said against his theological views, I challenge anyone to find anything in his ethical teachings that is morally objectionable.

And as the Rev. Mr. Green insinuates at least that it would be a disgrace to hav his writings read in the hearing of our school-children, I will ask the gentleman to giv the readers one sentence in the writings of the great Agnostic that is immoral in its teachings. Just one sentence. No clergyman or priest in this country ever taught a higher morality than does Colonel Ingersoll, and, what is still better, never lived a higher one. H. L. GREEN.

Buffalo, Dec. 6.

A Merry Christmas.

From the Marlboro, Mass., Times.

We don't know whether Jesus Christ was born eighteen hundred and eighty-eight years ago, next Tuesday, nor whether he was crucified dead thirty odd years later, nor do we particularly care. We hav no definit knowledge, and never expect to hav, as to whether he was the son of God, and had been living up-stairs with his father several thousand million years before either of them thought to send the other down here to offer himself as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of mortals, or whether he was just a plain, everyday sort of an illegitimate son of a virgin mother, but what we do know is that next Tuesday is the day set apart in all Christian lands for celebrating the birth of Christ, for the giving of gifts, the wishing of joy and happiness to friends and acquaintances, and for the unpacking of the children's stockings that hav been stuffed over night by that beneficent friend of the little ones known as Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, and so, following the beautiful custom, we wish our readers, every one, a very merry Christmas.

Just Like Older Christians.

Dispatch from Syracuse, N. Y., to the Sun.

The class rivalry between the sophomores and freshmen in Syracuse University has become very fierce this term, and has manifested itself in uncommonly annoying ways. Among the students there are about thirty young men who are licensed as local preachers, and who go out and earn an honest penny on Sundays by preaching the gospel in rural districts. A short time ago the freshmen organized a local preachers' association, and excluded the sophomores from membership. This boycott irritated the clerical sophomores, and they determined to teach their brethren a lesson. One evening last week the association met in Brother Sykes's room in East Genesee street for their week's prayer-meeting. The special theme was "Christian Fellowship." Brother Wood was the leader for the evening. After a hymn and a chapter of scripture the brethren knelt down, and Brother Wood started in on a long and fervent prayer. He had just got past the point of invoking the divine blessing on the meeting, the college, the students, and others, when an unearthly blast that loosened the stovepipe and made each brother take a firmer grip on his chair resounded through the room. Brother Wood's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth for a moment, but he rallied and resumed. Then the shrill notes of a kazoo joined the trumpet-like sound. This was more than freshman grace could stand and the petitioners jumped to their feet, without waiting for Brother Wood's amen, and seizing ball-bats, and various missils, pursued the boycotted sophomores, who scattered in all directions. Then, reassembling, the brethren resumed their devotions, only to be saluted by the dismal wail of a horse-fiddle.

"I move we adjourn," shouted Brother Hoyt.

They did adjourn without waiting for the motion, and the entire association joined in pursuit of the sophomores, all of whom escaped, however, without recognition.

The sophomores say that they will break up every meeting of the association unless they are allowed to join it.

Is Mr. Shepard a Hypocrit?

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Col. Elliott Shepard, the hypocritical ass who edits the New York *Mail and Express*, and who places at head of his editorial columns every day a verse from the Bible, is making another exposure of himself.

In a recent editorial article he turns his bloodshot eyes in the direction of this section and furiously inquires of the South, "Do You Want War?" The blooming idiot then goes on to remark: "We are speaking soberly, with self-restraint, but in terrible earnest, when we sound this note of warning."

When a bald-headed snipe of the valley like Pecksniff Shepard begins to tamper with the dogs of war it is time for the whole country to stand from under.

WE shall hav to caution Friend J. K. P. Baker, County Surveyor of Shelby county, Ia., against the too free use of epithets. We had to cut some out of his communication in the present issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Gentle sarcasm and good-natured raillery may be admissible, but personal denunciation is out of place among friends. Spiritualism is a subject which our readers seem to never tire of discussing, and it is not for us to say they shall not discuss it. We must, however, draw the line at harsh personalities.

Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. JAMIESON is now lecturing in Nebraska. Those wishing Liberal lectures can address him at Wilber, Neb.

THE Philosophical Association of Brooklyn meets at the Fraternity Rooms, Bedford avenue and South Second street (Williamsburgh), every Sunday afternoon. The lecture for December 23d is by John R. Charlesworth, subject, "Do We Liv After Death?" Mr. Charlesworth is a Materialist. December 30th, Lucien Saniel will describe "One Century of Revolution." In January, Mr. T. B. Wakeman will address the association. Debates follow the lectures. New Yorkers who like to take walks on Sunday could do worse than drop into these meetings.

Communications.

International Courts of Arbitration and Friends of Universal Peace.

There is in our time a steadily growing tendency among educated people, and principally among those of Liberal and humanitarian views, in favor of erection of international courts of arbitration to decide in such cases of disagreement between nations as otherwise might result in disastrous wars. It is admitted by almost every individual—even by such as are not members of "peace-promoting" societies—that war, this relic of a barbarous past, is a disgrace to the nineteenth century; that it results in more harm than good for mankind in general, since its influence is not confined to the countries engaged, but is felt thousands of miles away. For instance, our late war compelled manufacturers in England to shut down their mills, since the export of cotton from here and to England had ceased, and thousands of workmen were thereby forced to a life of idleness and consequent misery. But the effects of a war do not even cease when the war is over. There is the national debt incurred, the blighted homes, the broken-up families, and on the theater of war the destroyed buildings, the killed or stolen (by requisition) live stock, etc. For these and several other reasons people who loved their fellow-beings decided upon the erection of said courts of arbitration, and since this way of settling disputes has proved successful in a few cases, they sing glory to these courts, and in the innocence of their hearts think war has received its deathblow, and that at least one or two generations hence it will be a thing of the past. But will it? I dare say no. The friends of arbitration hav looked at the subject through the purple glasses of emotion, and when their investigation was finished they prepared learned treatises full of beautiful aphorisms, black-colored metaphysics, and logic as green as that the average Methodist minister serves to his congregation—treatises that clearly prove alike the ethical and religious soundness and the impossibility of the realization of their ideas.

The number of mistakes which the "friends of peace" hav made can be condensed to two: 1. Their definition of right and wrong; 2. Their regarding a nation as an individual.

We will now examin these charges, and to that end ask, What is "right?"

For the writer of this article it would be preposterous to attempt to giv a philosophical solution of this question in its ethical sense, a task which I respectfully leave to men better qualified by an intellect superior to that I can boast of. And besides, since ethics are of no use in our present inquiry, I will confine myself to the purely practical, and in place of demanding the attention of the reader's philosophical and ethical powers, I simply call on his every-day common sense to follow me through my investigation.

In political, social, and military aspects it is "might" that is "right." Then might creates right. Only what might creates and sustains is right, and as soon as might is overturned right changes. Every change of power (revolution) in the history of mankind proves this to be true.

Before our late war the master of a slave had a right to punish even unto death the latter if he was disobedient, and any gentleman could apply his cane or horsewhip to the back of a colored person that had shown a disrespectful attitude toward him. The war being over, all this was changed, and it is now considered a crime to keep slaves, to kill or even strike, except in self-defense, a colored person. We see here that so long as the might, the power, of the slaveholding states was superior to that of the Abolitionist, slavery and its consequences were in accordance with right; but when might changed and came in possession of the opposit party, right too changed.

Most political economists, statesmen, etc., hav the idea that by dividing the political power in a legislativ, a judicial, and an executiv one, we hav cleared the dangerous rock of tyranny. Let us see. A certain measure is passed by the legislativ body, but it is of no practical consequence as long as the judicial part of the administration has not rendered the verdict that said measure is not illegal, is not in opposition to the fundamental law of the state. But even in case of a favorable decision the measure has not become a law—it remains invalid and insignificant so long as the executiv power has not signed it and provided for its enforcement. And consequently there is but one power in the state—the executiv. What is might decides, and nothing else is right. The division of power is, therefore, but an illusion, the belief in which makes the nation relax its watchfulness over its sacred treasure, liberty.

In military aspects we find, likewise, might is right. Then it is evident that only the stronger power is right, since it is the only one that can sustain and enforce its claims. The weaker has to submit to the bidding of the stronger, who, by force of arms, has subdued, or can subdue, the former. Consequently the word of the stronger is law for the weaker, a law signed and sealed by cannon and gun.

We hav now seen what practically constitutes right in social, political, and military aspects, and we will now examin, in the light of above-gained information, the practicability of courts of arbitration as used in international disputes.

Among the different settlements of international disputes no one is better known than the "Geneva arbitration," which was for the settlement of claims made by the United States against Great Britain for damage done to the former by the Confederate man-of-war Alabama, which was fitted out at Birkenhead, England.

Let us now view the political and economical conditions of these countries. Both were caused by an enormous national debt, brought on chiefly by wars; the strategetical position of each of them was so that a war could be carried on only by enormous expenses, and a decisiv battle demanded that one or both of them had to transport soldiers across the Atlantic ocean. The United States army might hav invaded and taken possession of that part of British territory lying north of us, but the acquisition of such a vast territory, its invasion and subsequent management, would call for money and considerable administration, both of which we had plenty of use for at home in settling our own affairs. Furthermore, war meant a continued depression of manufactures and commerce, under which both countries had already suffered enough to satisfy every one of the inhabitants engaged in occupations of a peaceful character. We see thus that the expenses of a war, even if successful, would hav for both nations amounted to a sum considerably larger than that of the claims, and that furthermore the hope of the United States to get the sum in question by resorting to arms was not and could not be very great. Therefore both parties agreed to submit their dispute for settlement to a court of arbitration, which on Sept. 15, 1872, decreed that Great Britain should pay the United States the sum of £3,229,166 13s. 4d.

But, in a case where each of the parties involved think themselvs strong enough to resent, and subdue their opponent, the result will be different. Let us suppose France and Germany become involved in a new war. France of to-day, which is considerably stronger than the France of Napoleon le Petit, wishes to take back Alsace and Lorraine, and to wash off in German blood the stain put upon her martial honor in 1871. Germany, on the other side, remembers how she walloped the small Frenchman in the last war, and is by no means disposed to giv up what she bought so dearly. She says: "Since you want the bone, come and take it if you can." Now Europe interferes and offers to settle their quarrel by arbitration, but quite naturally, neither France nor Germany will submit to an arbitrary decision, since they are sure one of them will be disappointed; therefore, arbitration is rejected with thanks, and on logical grounds, and war begins.

Let us take a third case. Suppose Denmark and Germany are the parties. Denmark, whose army on war footing is but one-seventh of the German army in time of peace, has consequently no hope for success, while exactly the opposit is the case with Germany. To preserve its independence Denmark calls on the great powers for interference; it wants arbitration. Let us furthermore suppose Denmark has the moral right on her side, since Germany, wanting but enlargement of its own territory, began the war for this reason only. There can now be two instances: Germany either givs her assent to the establishment of a court of arbitration, or she withholds it. But the result is the same in either case. Then if the decision given is in favor of Denmark, she can but ignore it, and what are the latter and the other powers going to do about it? Denmark cannot enforce the decision, and the other powers will not, if they are in any way sensible, since it would be the greatest injustice to their own citizens to waste the latter's money and blood to secure the happiness of a people they do not care for; in nine cases out of ten the other powers will confine themselvs to remonstrances, that is, indignant press notices and diplomatic blowing, *a la* Lord Palmerston; but even if they are so foolish as to interfere with arms, they will but move the inevitable a little further back in time, since, being frustrated in his design, Germany will soon find another *casus belli*.

We see thus that the submission to the decision of a court of arbitration in international disputes will be realized only when, as the saying goes, the game is not worth the candle.

But, say some "friends of peace," let us decrease the armies a certain number of per cent, equal for all nations, since such a means will decrease the burden of taxation. Very true. But how are we going to do it, since such a proceeding will disturb the political equilibrium of the world and only a very few governments will agree to do so? An illustration will show the fallacy of this proposal. Two nations, A and B, are engaged in a war against each other. A stands on the outer line, B on the inner line. A has 300,000 men in the field, B 200,000, of which 100,000 are necessary to guard the line of defense. Let us now, with the advocates of "reduction," reduce both armies say twenty-five per cent; this leaves for A 225,000, for B 150,000. We see thus that while the strength of B, after reduction, leaves him yet 50,000 men as reserves, and while the proportion on which they stand to each other has remained the same mathematically, it has changed considerably practically. Then, while B preserves his line unimpaired, A has, in consequence of reduction, been obliged to weaken one point or another, either in his line or base, and while the hope of success has decreased for him, it has increased an equal number of per cent for B. A's reduction can therefore not be accomplished, since few, if any, powers who hav a dangerous friend, or friends, for neighbors, will run the risk.

Well, let all potentates of earth meet; let the nations send delegates, and let us agree on dismissing our armies; let us use the men-of-war as merchant ships, or for scientific explorations; let us throw gunpowder, dynamite, and the like into the water, and sell guns and cannons as old iron. I will not examin the proposal which some of our "friends of peace" hav astonished the world by making. I will for argument's sake suppose that the jealousy, the fear, and all other ignoble emotions found in every nation hav been overcome by the "divine" eloquence of the "peacemakers," and that not a single instrument of war exists any longer. What then? The different nations exist yet, and, consequently, also diversity of interest. Let us now suppose a quarrel comes up on one or another boundary line. Countrymen take sides with countrymen, and the whole disagreement, which might hav started from two individuals favoring each other with a treatment of massage which they applied with doubled-up fists, brings people on both sides the line out of temper. The one party gains the victory, and, armed with clubs, axes, knives, etc., it starts in pursuit of their retreating opponents. During the excitement of pursuit passion conquers reason; and that "love of fight" subdued by artificial means, the recollection of wars of former times, perhaps a great victory or an ignominious defeat, these and many other influences carry them along, buildings are burnt, domestic animals are killed or taken along, blood of innocent human beings is shed, until at last, as by a miracle, the police come in force strong enough to establish peace. This is done. Who shall pay the damage? The aggressiv party or the state to which it belongs, of course. But if it will not, what then? Then the case is carried to the international court of arbitration, which givs its decision. Now, the nations who are represented in the court hav no means to enforce their decision if such a thing should be as that the guilty party will not submit to the judgment given. Then, as we know, all war material has been destroyed. Nothing is therefore left but to resort to arms. Arms are made, and as soon as one nation begins, the rest in self-defense are compelled to follow suit, and soon the world will again stand armed, but with a loss of billions of dollars. Consequently disarmament is possible only if we likewise destroy every product of nature from which arms can be made. This being impossible, it follows, as a logical consequence, that the scheme of disarmament cannot be realized—is nonsense.

No; if universal peace shall be brought about, if the wish of disarmament shall be realized, the way to it goes in the exactly opposit direction, namely, through increase of the number of soldiers, through an increase of the sums yearly demanded by the governments on military and naval budgets. And in this strife of destruction of national prosperity not the richest nation, but the most abstaining, most simple, the one who can renounce most of life's luxuries, will win. And then, after the whole world has been subdued, has been made one great state, and after the spirit of independence, the love for one's own country, of one's own language, of the great martial monuments of the past, has been rooted out—an end which it will take generations and generations to accomplish—then, and not before, is there use of talking of disarmament, of eternal peace, of the brotherhood of mankind. GUSTAVE NELSON.

Forestport, N. Y.

A Survival of the Campaign.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your issue of November 17th, under the head of "The Christian Victory," you say, "The results of the national and state elections do not, we imagin, affect the progress of Freethought, or retard or advance the time when the Nine Demands shall become established law."

I take issue with you, and I will tell you why. The election of General Harrison means the perpetuation of, for at least four years, the villainous and pauper-breeding tariff superstition. If it were not for this stupendous robbery, our people would hav more money and more leisure, consequently more intelligence and less Christianity. Go into the "protected" industries of Pennsylvania where miners used to earn from $130 to $200 per month, but now get from sixty to ninety cents per day, and how many Freethinkers do you find? Come out West among an equal number of men engaged in the free-

trade industry of agriculture, and you will find Freethinkers by the hundreds.

One fraud is the ally of every other fraud. Kill one and you weaken all the rest.

Here in California the dear workingman has, for the past few months, been the recipient of a vast amount of tender solicitude. Gen. W. H. L. Barnes, the great corporation lawyer, frescoer of wind, and eater of $50 champagne dinners, together with General Diamond, president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and largest importer of Chinese slaves on this coast, hav been so lachrymose in their prophecies of evil to the American laborer in case of a reduction of the tariff that Bible students, like myself, hav been reminded of good old Jeremiah, whose head, you remember, became a fountain of water and whose eyes became waste-ways of tears while foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem and the downfall of Israel.

According to these kid-gloved statesmen—and they are a fair sample of the average tariff advocate—the presence of Aaron's golden calf in the camp of Israel was a small calamity compared with the disaster that would follow a reduction of the war tariff.

Now, the truth is, that next to the Christian humbug the tariff is the biggest superstition that ever robbed a credulous people. That our prosperity is the result of the tariff is as nonsensical as the claim that civilization is the result of the Christian superstition. Whatever prosperity and civilization we hav is in spite of these diabolisms.

Ours is an ocean-bound continent, and, whatever may hav been the necessities of our early years, we now need no advantage that nature has not given us. If there is any "beneficence" in protection, why were the years between 1873 and 1879 a time of mourning in every community of this high tariff land? Everywhere were strewn the wrecks of honest toil and enterprise. Honest debts to the amount of more than $1,000,000,000 were canceled by enforced bankruptcy. Thousands of brave hearts and strong hands gave up in despair and are to-day broken in body and in mind because of those fearful times.

High tariff advocates hav much to say about England, but they do not tell us that the worshipers of money and of caste in that country, as in this, are protectionists to a man. England sends to us for bread and meat to feed her toilers, and gathers raw material from every quarter of the globe, and then must ride three thousand miles of restless wave to pay duties and sell to us who produce our own food and raw material with labor largely purchased in the pauper markets of the world. We even pay for much of this pauper labor in villainous whisky, at ten cents a drink—a clear profit of eight cents. Such are the glorious results of eighteen hundred years of Christ.

Both William M. Evarts and James G. Blaine, while at the head of the treasury department, were compelled to leave on record the fact that English workers, everything considered, are as well paid as ours. Mr. Blaine, as much as any tariff reformer, has exposed the fraud of "protection."

While our manufacturers, with hypocritical pretenses and under forms of law, are receiving enormous bounties for protection against European pauper labor, they are sending their goods to European markets and competing successfully there, as a perusal of English trade journals shows. According to Mr. Blaine, our cotton goods are driving English cotton goods out of Canada.

Any man with sense and honesty enough to be an Infidel can, by proper investigation, learn that for every dollar the tariff puts into the treasury it takes five out of the pockets of the people, and givs it to such men as Andrew Carnegie, whose income last year, according to his own statement, was $1,500,000. Mr. Carnegie is an advocate of evangelical Christianity and an importer of paupers. Is it any wonder that he is a "protectionist?" The robber barons of the world are "protectionists," and this alone ought to convince us that "protection" is a fraud.

GEO. T. BRUCE.

Mr. Baker Replies to McArthur.

If McArthur chooses to parade his wooing of Aunt Elmina, he must expect, as he seems to invite, some notice of his singular performances. Let us indulge the faint hope that, notwithstanding the silly remarks of the juvenils with exceedingly small brain capacity, the wooing may proceed without delay, and that the gentleman in the case may exhibit some degree of affability at least toward the lady.

If she really has thrown cold water on his efforts, it is, no doubt, because she anticipated, not without some reason, that he was about to go into a "feint."

The gentleman wishes, Oh, how much he wishes, to "commence" his argumentativ flirtation! Several years ago, when the subject of "the resumption of specie payments" was the absorbing theme of public discussion, and the method of resumption was generally conceded to be a problem of great difficulty, Horace Greeley gave it as his opinion that "the way to resume is—to resume." So it seems to your Iowa philosopher that the proper way to commence a discussion is—to commence it at once, instead of bantering and blustering for a preliminary detailed statement of certain admissions alleged to hav been made by the other party to the controversy.

"I state again that you admitted the genuinness of some of your experiences." Having said this, McArthur asks, "If anyone who is interested in this will kindly send me the needed quotation," which is to prove that his lady lies. "Genuinness of experiences" is a McArthurism, and a literary curiosity. Does it mean—does he mean—that she admitted that spirits actually produced some of the phenomena? For tireless persistence in begging the question let McArthur take the proverbial bun. She says: "I hav seen nearly all phases of the phenomena," and, "I really can't think of a single thing that I believe was done by or through spirits," "but I believe all I ever saw or experienced was done by the mediums or their confederates." "Too many tell of unaccountable things to allow me to doubt all the phenomena," so "I granted that probably a portion of [them] was real; for I am loath to believe that all are deceivers or deceived." McArthur quotes her as saying, "A portion *were* real." He should learn to quote correctly even if he himself does not understand the rules of syntax. To notice all his blunders, and those that he carelessly, ignorantly, or willfully imputes to others, not even sparing the nameless dead astronomer, would take too much space; besides, as the saying goes, "the game would not be worth the candle." Acrimonious epithets and derogatory adjectivs can not with any success take the place of impartial statements and candid argument.

When he accused Elmina of being "one of the most, if not the most, violent opponents of the Spiritual philosophy," he appears to be a dwarf in a furious rage, trying with one hand to tear from its pedestal a placid statue quite above his utmost reach, while with the other hand tugging at his boot-straps he is making frantic efforts to raise himself to the object of his animosity.

Now he piles Pelion upon Ossa regardless of who is beneath, when he says "I state again," and "I state again," and "I state again;" for if "the evidence of one who has seen has more weight than the evidence of a thousand who hav not seen," then its repetition thrice ought to giv a weight to exceed that of thirty thousand. If all your other readers *can't* see Elmina's alleged admission and McArthur *can* see them, that settles it.

In his contribution to the issue of December 1st his oft-repeated apothegm appears in a regenesis, and this time it is twins. In one of its geminic aspects it holds "one fact" in one hand and in the other "countless thousands of theories." In its other phase it is the same old rag doll that he dandled with so much gush and slush before, only now it has an additional patch for a sort of apron. This remodeled piece of wisdom in its new apron now declares that, "all else being equal, the evidence of one who has seen has more weight than the evidence of a thousand who hav not seen."

Why should not equal causes produce equal results? They always do, and the diversity in our experiences is sure proof that "all else" is not equal. "Exceedingly small brain capacity," or something of some kind, causes this difference in the evidence of our senses as to the phenomena. Everything else is not equal when one sees and another does not see. One may be blind or look through colored glasses, or in a morbid humor close the eyes and stubbornly refuse to look. "Our phenomena are facts! To be sure! All phenomena are "facts;" but when "we hav simply an array of facts supported by a philosophy," our facts are in a sickly condition. This is the gist of all I hav said. I rely on facts, not theories. True, or real phenomena, as forming evidence, do not need any "support" from theory, speculation, or philosophy. They are to be tested and judged by our experience alone. "An array of facts supported by a philosophy!" If your "Iowa sage" ever wrote anything, or in his most careless humor ever said anything as repugnant to scientific thought or method as this phrase, please try the experiment of "braying a fool in a mortar," and see if you cannot eliminate the folly. The luminosity of the definition that a fact is a fact might pass without criticism, but for the incongruity in the use of the overtaxed little word, as McArthur skips from one meaning of it to another meaning seemingly unconscious of his mental departure. He seems to think by words rather than by the harmonious relativity of ideas. It would be greatly to the advantage of such followers in the wake of words, if language were so constructed that each word could hav but one appropriate clear meaning and use. Such vocabulary would militate against the business of word-shuffling and punning, but greatly encourage the habit of clear thinking. Imagination and credulous timidity might still people dark closets with ghosts and bears, but the bare fact would not bear the ambiguity imparted to it by a word of various meanings. A "fact" can be neither combated nor supported by a theory. Facts are self-supporting. A fact is not a statement to be "emphasized" or "believed." It is to be received into our conscious experiences, as a feeling, seeing, or hearing. The astronomer looked as if he actually believed each "fact." If he ever made the experiment, he knew, realized them; if he never realized the facts, he believed, not the facts, but the statements of them, and his confidence in these statements was based on an assurance that the same experiences would be his, "all else being equal."

There was something remarkable, though, about this astronomer of great celebrity. Among his other accomplishments was a claim to a knowledge of painting. In charity to the illustrious dead let us imagin that his accomplishment was not only a claim, nor even a knowledge of painting alone, but also the attainment of artistic skill. When my enemies die let McArthur write their epitaphs and I shall be revenged. "A small oil painting," "almost a work of art," done, as we are left to infer, by the spirits! They made it. Did they make the oil and paint? Heston will only need to picture that "fact" in all its details in order to hav a companion-piece to his picture of Balaam and his beast. If some one only had the angel's sword to place beside the brush that painted that small oil painting, miracles or no miracles, the eternal fitness of things would be apparent, even to a brain of exceedingly small capacity. Another remarkable thing about this deceased astronomer, "he believed that Zoellner and Flammarion were able to measure four hundred millions of millions of miles a second and demonstrate it." That is as clear as mud and as solid as a soap-bubble. This shows the capacity of the astronomer to believe things. No wonder he "declined" and died. And he believed they could demonstrate it. I hav driven two school-marms into the asylum with the question, What does *it* refer to for its antecedent?

McArthur is an adept at constructing ambiguities. Even his apostrophes hav a sort of mocking-bird farness and nearness, producing a ventriloquistic effect on the reader that is not agreeable. If his egotism is colossal it is at least definit; but his *tu*-isms are not very easy to determin. However, his most serious fault, which is really a crime, is his lack of candor. He seeks to place his antagonist in a false light. Just think of him coupling Cronin and Baker together as having analogous views. A demonologist and a Spiritualist hav much in common. Think of him relegating superstition to the churches, and a portion of the Materialistic community. What is the ground for all that clap-trap anyhow? Is it that we think ourselvs qualified to judge of all things in the range of our experience, untrammeled by authority and undeterred by the smallness of our brain capacity; or is it that we are slaves to authority? "If you don't believe it, write to Pat Cronin and J. K. P. Baker." The insolence of this is only exceeded by its unfairness.

J. K. P. BAKER.

Slate-Writing.—A Postscript.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 19, 1888, I described some slate-writing obtained by me at Mr. Keeler's room. I wrote out my questions before I went there and Mr. Keeler never saw them, nor did I disclose to him a single name. I got three answers on the slate, and the signatures of my mother, father, and niece were apparently genuin. But there was another communication which was not in answer to any inquiry or thought of mine, and this is what I said about it in my former letter:

> The fourth message was this in large letters: "Good morning. Tell Sarah. Wallace Mentor." No such person is known to any of us. If by "Sarah" was meant my aunt, she herself was present.

Three days ago, as I was showing the slates with the writing on them to two lady friends, after I had told about the messages from my mother, father, and niece, one of the ladies remarked, "But you havn't told us about this Mr. Newton. Who was he?"

Then my aunt Sarah and I looked at the signature again, and for the first time we read it Newton. The first letter looks more like an *M* than an *N*, but reading it *N* the name is plainly Newton. And then my aunt remarked, "Why, my mother was a Newton before she was married." That of course solves the mystery. Such a person as Wallace Mentor probably never existed, but it is quite possible that my aunt had a relativ by the name of Wallace Newton, though as yet she is unable to recall such a name. She came over from England in 1851, and is the youngest of a large family, few of whom now survive.

VICTORIA A. BURR.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 1, 1888.

They Pay Taxes in California.

From San Francisco Freethought.

It seems to be a fact that the religious institutions of this state are assessed and that the tax is collected. A pair of black-dressed and black-hooded "sisters" exhibited a total lack of judgment one day last week by walking into the *Freethought* office and soliciting a contribution to pay the taxes on some Catholic-factory to which they were attached. We did not giv them a nickel, and if they had known how little money we donate annually to religious purposes, it is probable that they would not hav asked us for anything. Let them hustle as the rest of us do.

"W. A. C." in a Letter to the same journal.

Church property in this (Los Angeles) county is assessed as other property, and I think the taxes are paid. Of course this must extend over the state. I got my information from the assessment roll of this county, and if it is correct the first Demand of Liberalism is satisfied, so far as this state is concerned.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
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Various Opinions.

There are twenty-four contributors to the Symposium in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1889, and fourteen questions were asked of each one. There are, therefore, more opinions in that ANNUAL than in any other book of the century. And every opinion is worth studious consideration.

A Welcome War.

On top of the Protestant victory in Boston comes the announcement that the Protestants of New York are about to begin a war against Romanism in politics and schools, and of the holding of a meeting to begin the fray.

The secretary of the Boston Committee of One Hundred, which managed the religious campaigning in Boston, is the Rev. James B. Dunn. That gentleman tells a *World* reporter that he had received a visit from two New Yorkers, "men of prominence in business and religious circles, representing a large number of prominent Protestants," who desired to borrow the religious methods of Boston's reformers in order to redeem New York's government, now almost exclusivly controled by Romanists, and likely in the future, through the ascendency of Tammany Hall, to be wholly directed by Roman Catholics. Mr. Dunn told them, so he says, how to go to work. He explained the organization of women, mapped out a campaign, showed them how great results had followed a house to house visitation by the ladies, and assured them that the coöperation of the women won thousands and thousands of votes.

The Protestants involved are the German Lutherans of this city and Brooklyn, with allies from neighboring towns. Dr. George C. Seibert, a professor in the Presbyterian seminary of Bloomfield, N. J., first suggested the desirability of an organization to resist papal power, and after one or two informal conferences the pastors and officers of thirty-three churches got together and elected a governing board. The organization is to be called the German Evangelical Alliance, and its object is "to maintain and defend the civil and religious liberty of this country wherever it seems to be in danger." The program, however, does not contemplate resistance to such schemes as that of the Sabbath Union, but only to break the power of the Catholic church, whose influence, said one speaker, is beyond description. An appeal to Protestants has been written, one section of which is as follows:

"The pope has a greater power to-day than any other sovereign. He menaces the United States. In Boston the Catholics hav gained control over the public schools, and right here in New York Archbishop Corrigan is an absolute ruler. While millions are expended for the Catholic church, nothing is done for the Evangelists. It is the duty of all the people who hav other than the Roman Catholic belief to make one front against this phalanx of arch enemies."

The Alliance will apply for a charter for the central organization, and local alliances will be formed throughout the country. An appeal has been written, and is now being discussed by the members. It calls upon all German evangelical associations of America to stand firmly together for defense against the powerful foe of their religion and of the political liberties of the nation; to ignore all factional differences and join hands in this, their time of peril, as the foe is at their door. The question the Alliance confronts is pictured as of great importance, and it is urged that mature judgment be brought to the fulfilment of their Christian duties as against the "liberty-murdering power of Rome."

All this is exceedingly interesting. A check to the growing power of Rome in this city is badly needed. And in a fight between the two great sects of Christianity, it is more than probable that Liberalism would be the beneficiary. So jealous are the two religious wings of each other, that rather than that its opponent should profit, one would giv up religion in the schools and donations from the county treasury. We shall welcome the war.

The Metropolitan Museum.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art dedicated the new wing to their building on Tuesday the 18th. A steel-engraved invitation, 7 inches wide and 5¾ long, with the seal of the Museum attached thereto, besought the honor of THE TRUTH SEEKER Editor's presence, probably because that individual has interested himself a good deal in the Museum, to the end that the treasures now concealed therein might be known to the public.

The dedication was a great affair. All the big bugs and McAllister's four hundred were there. So also were the fashionable ministers and a glee club. Dr. John Hall opened the ceremonies with prayer, and then the president of the park board, Ex-Senator Robb, presented the new building to the trustees of the Museum. Mr. Robb is an advocate of Sunday opening, and he concluded his speech by saying:

"I hope that this is only the beginning of many an improvement in the Museum. I hav another hope, in the expression of which I voice the sentiment of a large portion of the people of this city, and that is that the time is not far distant when this Museum shall be open to the people on Sunday."

This sentiment was heartily applauded, more heartily, in fact, than any other advanced. Mayor Hewitt, who concluded the ceremonies by declaring the Museum open, also spoke briefly for Sunday opening, and he, as well as Mr. Robb, but expressed the opinion of almost the whole city. Between the two speeches, the treasurer of the Museum and the glee club were heard, as well as W. C. Prime, son of Irenæus Prime. Messrs. Marquand and Prime had not a word to say in palliation of their obstinacy in keeping the doors of the Museum closed on Sunday.

The new wing was built by the city, which now has invested in this one Museum about eleven hundred thousand dollars, costing in interest sixty-six thousand dollars annually, in addition to the fifteen thousand dollars yearly presented to pay running expenses. It is a pretty heavy investment, and one from which the people receive but small return, owing to their inability to view the treasures. Mr. Prime, who is one of the officers, said in his speech that the medieval ages were *mis*called the Dark Ages, and he is evidently honest in his pious thought, if we may judge by his constant opposition to the greatest improvement that can be made in the management of the institution. A minority of the directors of both Museums are in favor of a liberal policy, but Prime and Jessup are as yet sufficiently powerful to prevent its adoption. The Museum is well worth a visit if one can spare the time on week-days.

The Debate at Silverton.

The Liberals of Silverton, Oregon, hav touched pitch and been defiled. They thought to shut Clark Braden up by getting an Infidel debater to meet him, and they find that they hav only opened wider the sewer-gates of his eloquence. After months of negotiation, B. F. Underwood and Braden stood on the same platform for eight evenings, and debated the differences between Liberalism and Christianity. Mr. Underwood conducted himself as a gentleman. Braden from the first played the part of fool and clown and mountebank. He began his antics with his opening speech, and up to date has not ceased. The only result of the debate that we can see is, that the Silverton Liberals are now convinced that Braden is an ass and a blackguard, and undoubtedly the Liberals of Eugene City—where the performance was repeated, through the misrepresentations of Braden's church friends—will agree with them.

The wrangle at Silverton did not end with the close of the "discussion." After he had howled himself hoarse on the platform, Braden went into print. He prepared a eulogy of himself and had it signed (or forged their signatures) by most of the preachers in Silverton. This eulogy was published in the Silverton *Appeal*. In it he attacks the Liberals of the place, praises himself, and more than insinuates that he has destroyed Infidelity forever. Then he had the eulogy printed on a wide sheet of paper, and is now, with the aid of the *Ironclad Age*, circulating it throughout the country. Of course the Silverton Secular Union had to reply, which they did in the same paper, and also by circular. The controversy is a sort of "You lie!" affair, and both sides roundly denounce each other. Clark Braden never had any honor or dignity to lose, but the Liberals of Silverton, it seems to us, cannot not help regretting that they ever engaged in skunk-hunting.

However, if the lesson is not lost upon other communities of Liberals, the time and money of the Silverton and Eugene City Liberals may hav been well spent. They hav found out that Braden's character is such that no matter how a debate turns out he has nothing to lose. Abuse of himself only feeds his foul vanity, and notoriety, no matter how obtained, is just what he wants. He would rather be kicked than be ignored. In his normal condition he livs in moral backyards and feeds on intellectual swill, and to be occasionally taken into the parlor, although it be by the scruff of the neck to be used as a door-mat, is an honor which he greatly appreciates. To get recognition he does not hesitate to lie, to bully, or to forge indorsements of himself; and his ingenuity in inventing foul libels has never been exceeded by any churchman. A controversy with him cannot be other than a match at bandying billingsgate, and whoever engages in it lowers his own dignity and injures the cause he represents. And whoever selects him as a champion will surely regret it, if he has the least regard for decency and honesty.

Powderly's Bargain With Rome.

It is a pretty good recommendation of the movement against monopoly of land that the Holy Apostolic Roman Catholic church has condemned it through the "Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition." Whatever that church denounces is a good deal more than likely to be of value to the human race. The words of the condemnation are these:

"In regard to those things which were again proposed the society of the Knights of Labor may be tolerated for the present, provided that those points in its statutes which are incorrect or can be taken in a bad sense are amended; especially if those words of the preamble of the constitution for local assemblies which seem to savor of Socialism or Communism are so corrected that they may signify that the earth (soil) was so given by God to man, or rather to the human race, that everyone may enjoy the right to acquire some part of it, by the use, however, of lawful means, and the right of property being prescrved."

This is in accord with the pope's encyclical of December, 1878, in which he said that "Catholic wisdom, relying upon the precepts of the natural and the divine law, has provided for the security of the state and the family by its tenets concerning the right of domain and the division of property. The Socialists denounce the right of property as a human invention, repugnant to the natural equality of men. But the church ordains that the right of property and dominion, which springs from nature itself, be kept sacred and inviolate to everyone."

Acting upon the orders of the "Sacred Propaganda" at Rome, Mr. Powderly has promised to change the constitution of the Knights of Labor to suit the wishes of the church, as per this letter:

"CARDINAL'S RESIDENOE, 408 NORTH CHARLES STREET,
"BALTIMORE, Sept. 25, 1888.

"YOUR GRAOE: On receipt of the letter, of which the inclosed is a copy, I wrote to Mr. Powderly requesting him to come and see me. He came on the 24th inst., in compliance with my invitation, and cheerfully promised to make the emendations required by the holy office, and expressed his readiness to comply at all times with the wishes of the ecclesiastical authorities. Very faithfully,

"Your friend in Xto, J. CARD. GIBBONS.

"MOST REV. DR. ELDER, Abp., Cincinnati."

Without reference to the inherent rightfulness or error of the Knights of Labor constitution, it is pretty evident that the church of Rome completely controls the order, or what there is left of it, since Powderly captured it at the last convention. Mr.

Powderly denies that he has sold out to Rome, but in the face of Cardinal Gibbons's letter his denial will not go far.

Stories About Him and His.

The past ten days has developed two new stories about Colonel Ingersoll and his family. Yarns like these are bound to come up about so often, if not oftener, and presumably will continue to do so as long as the church does not count as sinners those through whose lies the glory of God doth more abound. The first is this, published in the *World*, December 20th, as a special dispatch from Chicago:

"Chicago Roman Catholics took a great deal of interest in the honors paid to Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, yesterday, and in the general talk an interesting story about the bishop and Col. Robert G. Ingersoll came to light. It is told by a pastor of one of the churches here, and goes like this:

"Several weeks ago the editor of the *Forum* magazine wrote to the bishop to ask if he would, as a champion of religion, meet Colonel Ingersoll in an open discussion in the pages of the magazine. Bishop Spalding was much surprised, but, being a doughty warrior for his faith, answered that he was more than willing to engage in such a contest with any Infidel. Messages passed between the two sides, and the terms of the polemical joust were all arranged—whose paper should appear first and when, who was to hav the last word, and all the rest of it. Both sides were fully committed to the debate.

"All of a sudden the negotiations on behalf of Colonel Ingersoll were broken off. The only information of this that the bishop received was a curt telegram saying that Colonel Ingersoll's wife was opposed to her husband's engaging in such a discussion at this time and in the manner proposed. For this reason he had withdrawn. The bishop made no reply and the matter dropped. Now the friends of Bishop Spalding and the religious enemies of Colonel Ingersoll are saying that the great Infidel was afraid of the ecclesiastic and used his wife's objection as an excuse to get out of the proposed contest."

A *World* reporter took the story around to Colonel Ingersoll's office, and found him in, "and very indignant when he read the Chicago special." The reporter adds: "It was with unusual sharpness in his voice that the colonel said: 'There is no truth in the statement. The editor of the *Forum* will know whether any discussion was about to take place in that magazine. The story probably grew out of an effort on the part of Courtlandt Palmer to hav a discussion in the Nineteenth Century Club between Bishop Spalding and myself. Nothing ever came of it, however.' 'Are you willing to enter into a discussion with the bishop?' 'If Bishop Spalding really wishes to giv his views I think that the editor of the *North American Review* will giv him the space he desires, and I could reply if necessary.'" Mr. Lorettus S. Metcalf, editor of the *Forum*, also called at the *World* offiee and denied the story.

The second traveler's tale is that Miss Eva Ingersoll recently visited St. Patrick's cathedral, and was so impressed by its magnificence that shortly thereafter she became an enthusiastic Christian. "This merely illustrates," comments one journal, "that the colonel's children are much like other people's children. They do not always follow in the footsteps of the 'old gent.' The little rebel in other fathers' boys and girls has a lodging-place in one of his girls at least." No doubt this story will afford considerable amusement to the Ingersoll family. The colonel will probably murmur something about "another damn fool," Mrs. Ingersoll will perhaps ask, "Robert, why do folks lie so?" bewitching Eva Ingersoll will undoubtedly laugh good-naturedly, magnificent Maud Ingersoll will allow her upper lip to turn slightly upward, and Mrs. Farrell will at once paste the item into her huge scrap-book of stories about the colonel and his family. And then all of them will forget the Christian sinner for God's sake.

But "the mendacity of superstition is almost enough to make a man believe in the supernatural."

Trouble Ahead for Italy.

Up to the present month the Vatican authorities hav steadfastly refused to allow Catholics to take part in the election of deputies to the Italian parliament. This was done because the church did not recognize the Italian government, though in municipal elections the pope did not forbid the participation of Catholics.

The injunction against voting for deputies has now been withdrawn, and "full liberty of action" is accorded Roman Catholics. This means the return at the next election of a large number of Catholics, who will form in the chamber of deputies a clerical wing, with the sole aim of wrenching from the state concessions to Rome. The pope's purpose is the restoration to the temporal government of the church of the papal states, taken from her by Cavour and Garibaldi, and now forming with the other peninsula states the kingdom of United Italy. To accomplish this he is using all his immense political power.

The probabilities are that the pope will be disappointed. Certainly as long as Crispi, the Freethinking premier, is in power, the schemes of Leo XIII. will be abortiv. But a strong clerical party in the chamber of deputies will make an infinit amount of trouble for the government, and be a constant and dangerous menace to the peace and stability of the Italian kingdom. Roman Catholicism is a religion for which reformation appears impossible. Complete annihilation of its temporal power will be Italy's only remedy, and that cannot occur so long as other nations treat with the pope as a ruler of any sort.

The Church in Politics.

J. D. Shaw, of the *Independent Pulpit*, has been aroused by the Sunday bill of the Sabbath Union and the proposed public school amendment to the United States Constitution, to form a resolution which ought to be held by every Freethinker in the country. This resolution is to hereafter make his politics secondary to his principles, and to vote and work for the Nine Demands first, and for other things next. He says:

"The editor of this *Pulpit* is not a politician, though, as stated elsewhere, he has always exercised the right of suffrage by voting as he thought best for the general good. He has always acted within the ranks of the Democratic party, never having once scratched a party ticket. He may continue thus to act in the future, but he has made up his mind to oppose, from now on, the discriminations favoring any form of superstition, and the party or parties favoring such discriminations, and he holds himself ready to act with any reasonable party that will embody these demands, or similar ones, in its platform of principles. Of course there are other, and it may be said equally important, principles to be incorporated into a party platform. This is readily granted, but as a Liberal, and in behalf of Liberalism, as we understand what Liberalism is, we declare these demands absolutely essential to a party platform able to cope with the fanaticism that seeks to turn this government over to God, which means that it is to be conducted in obedience to the dictates of the clergy who claim to be God's representativs on earth."

The Christians in his neighborhood hav already made religion the main issue in their political campaigns, and Mr. Shaw instances the fight in the ninth congressional district of Texas, represented by Roger Q. Mills, the sponsor of the Mills tariff bill. Colonel Mills was the regular nominee of the Democratic party, and although, says Mr. Shaw, "that party went far beyond the line of true independence to palliate the hatred of the preachers for its favorit man, who had offended them by opposing Prohibition, and by using the plain words and practices of their savior against them; though it employed one of them to go and pray for it on the occasion of his nomination, thereby running the risk of his turning the Lord against them, they then went solidly against Mills and for Jones, who made the race without a single issue, except that he was a 'Christian gentleman,' as was so often uttered by the Revs. Carroll, Burleson, Bishop, and others. These gentlemen, who claim to be the subjects and followers of him who said, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' went square into the political arena, and with tongue and pen, by prayer and persuasion, did all they could to beat one of the best and bravest men that ever held a public trust, and put in his stead an obscure adventurer, whose only plea was that he was a 'Christian gentleman.'"

The Sabbath bill and the conduct of the clergy in his state lead Mr. Shaw to conclude that the church is reaching for political power, and he desires to precipitate the conflict which must come. "Let them cry out," he says, "for God in the Constitution, the Bible in the public schools, as loud as they will. Let them shake their clenched fists at parties and candidates from now on. The sooner we can get them at it on all hands, and the more frantic they become, the sooner will the strife be over. We say let them petition for Sunday legislation, and tamper with elections to their hearts' content. The people are not going to submit to their clamor. The more they abound the less use will good men hav for them."

For more than a decade we had thought and said just these things, and we wish that more Freethinkers could be induced to take an activ interest in politics and to vote on Liberal issues exclusivly. But as a general thing the Freethought party is politically split up and scattered among all the others. Here in New York some vote the Labor ticket, some the Socialist ticket, and the rest the Republican and Democratic tickets. Their political party affiliations seem much stronger than their Freethought principles. We believe, however, that a secular government is of importance paramount to all other political issues, and until that is attained Liberals, it seems to us, should investigate the principles of their candidates and vote accordingly. The church and state ought to be so widely, thoroughly, and fundamentally separated that it would be unnecessary to ask what a candidate will do for his church if elected. State and municipal officers ought to be deprived of all power to do anything for their church. Then religion would indeed be out of politics. But so long as the politicians "work the religious racket;" so long as the church votes for certain men because these men will grant public money to the church by means of laws obtained by previous bargains between politicians and pietists; so long as the clergy are in the political arena *as* clergy; so long as the church and state are practically united—just so long will it be necessary for Freethinkers to stand up in the opposition and use their voting strength to defeat ecclesiasticism and secure a secular government. We are glad that the gentle and unaggressiv nature of Mr. Shaw has at last been aroused. The provocation must hav been mighty ere he came out in this flatfooted way, and we can only hope that every other heretic in the country will follow his splendid example.

THE sympathy of Mr. Bradlaugh's friends in this country will go to him in the loss of his daughter, Alice Bradlaugh, who died December 2d of typhoid fever, at the age of thirty-two. The funeral was private and silent, and the remains rest in Woking Cemetery. Miss Bradlaugh was one of her distinguished father's best and readiest helpers, and the signature "A. and H. Bradlaugh" to the news columns of the *National Reformer* made the names of Alice and Hypatia Bradlaugh familiar to all English Freethinkers. Miss Bradlaugh established classes in science which she and her sister personally conducted, and her death will be a personal bereavement to many besides her relativs. She was also the home-keeper for her father, to whom she was devoted.

ANNIE BESANT, whose successful candidature for membership to the London school board is already known to our readers, returns, in the *National Reformer*, her grateful thanks to her supporters. She says: "From all parts of the country letters, resolutions of clubs, and telegrams of congratulation hav reached me, each one adding to the weight of responsibility, in the hopes expressed and the trust given. I can only say in answer that I will try to do my duty. Ten years ago, under a cruel law now partially changed, Christian bigotry robbed me of my little child; now, the care of the 763,680 children of London is placed partly in my hands, 98,890 of these being in my own constituency, and the trust thus given I will try faithfully to discharge. More I cannot say." Mrs. Besant received 15,926 votes in her district, Tower Hamlets, some three thousand more than the next successful candidate. She was supported by Freethinkers, Socialists, and Liberals, and though efforts were made to induce her to drop the Freethought principles she refused to do so, and is now *the* Freethinkers' representativ in the board. The Rev. S. D. Headlam, a Liberal Christian and Socialist, is also elected, and will aid Mrs. Besant in her efforts to procure secular education for the school-children.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH'S Oaths bill is now the law of Great Britain, having passed the House of Lords after considerable opposition, and a declaration from one lord that Atheists should not be permitted to blazon their unbelief. The business part of the bill is as follows: "Every person, upon objecting to being sworn, and stating, as the ground of such objection, either that he has no religious belief, or that the taking of an oath is contrary to his religious belief, shall be permitted to make his solemn affirmation instead of taking an oath in all places and for all purposes where an oath is or shall be required by law." The bill also provides a written affirmation in lieu of affidavits. The advantages of the bill are that it permits persons without religion to affirm their allegiance as members of Parliament, solicitors, barristers, etc., and for the first time enables those whose religion makes them unwilling to take an oath, to make affirmation of allegiance. It removes the incompetency of non-religious witnesses in Scotland, and enables jurors to affirm in all parts of the United Kingdom. By repealing all or parts of various acts it protects non-religious persons in courts. Its disadvantages are that it may sometimes, in the minds of Christian jurors, prejudice a witness or party to a suit by compelling him to avow his lack of religious belief, and it puts Secularists in the category of sects. It is, however, an immense step ahead of the present unjust laws on the subject and as the best that could be wrung from Parliament Mr. Bradlaugh is deserving of congratulations and thanks for his efforts in obtaining it. Lord Coleridge had the bill in charge in the House of Lords.

Letters from Friends.

SAN BERNARDINO, Nov. 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 to renew my subscription to your valuable paper. My wife says she cannot keep house without it. Since you illustrated your paper it is the best educator for the young children I ever saw. May THE TRUTH SEEKER liv till it has demolished all bigotry and superstition. GEO. R. KNIGHT.

WARRENSBURGH, Nov. 28, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I send $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. I cannot do without it. It is my meeting and my church and my God. It is the only guide that directs me on the right road to glory. I also send $1 for membership to the American Secular Union. Please forward it to E. A. Stevens, secretary. When proceedings are commenced on the Girard College I will chip in again. WM. WILCOX.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Dec. 17, 1888.

DEAR FRIENDS: I see the Truth Seeker Company has out a new edition of "The World's Sages and Reformers," and in the notice of it we are told it is composed of biographical sketches of the prominent *men* who hav championed reform. Now, our good and wise Mr. Bennett was not one who forgot the race is composed of men and women. He gave us sketches of many notable women, and would hav given more still, only that comparativly few of the women hav had enough written of them to refer to. But the fact that Mr. Bennett givs so many narrativs of so many good women makes his book doubly valuable to us all. I prize it above all other books the Grand Old Man gave us. ELMINA.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 9, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: In your article on "Affirming," in your paper of the 8th inst., you say that "Pennsylvania allows Quakers to affirm, but others must swear by kissing the Bible or uplifting the hand."

My experience with the courts has been different from the above statement. I hav been as plaintiff in a criminal case before the court of the magistrate and before the grand jury, and in both places I was permitted to affirm without lifting up my hand, after I objected to being sworn.

The affirmation read to me was from a printed card, viz.: I, ——, do most solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm.

I was also made a citizen of this country before Judge Arnold by the same affirmation. A. ROLLE.

[We quoted the law, which does not always govern the practice. Judges hav great latitude, and we are glad to know that Judge Arnold was once a sensible and liberal official.—ED. T. S.]

GRAND FORKS, D. T., Nov. 21, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.25 to renew my subscription for my bible, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the "History of Christianity," by Edward Gibbon, Esq.

Sold again. The same vote that elected Cleveland in 1884 by a small majority, elects a Republican president and a Democratic governor, so-called, and a Catholic mayor and city officers for New York city. Mr. Hill makes a good governor; he put a good Catholic for inspector of the port of New York, and all that will come, may come, if they only wear the cross. A few more presidential elections will sell us out. I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but I think I am safe in saying as Christ did—but I hope I am, like him, a false prophet—there are some standing here that will not taste death till they see the son of man—the pope—coming with power. It makes me shudder to think of it. We will see how many hundreds of thousands of dollars the Catholics will get for their schools to educate the Indian children to use the dynamite when they are called for, and what (the Lord's portion) the Catholics will get of the highest offices in the gift of the government, of army, navy, and post-office department, etc. LEVI BANCROFT.

CHATHAM, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been an interested reader of your paper for four or five years. Nothing has interested me more than the discussion for and against Spiritualism. There seems to be a plan with both the church and Spiritualists to see how much humbug they can add to a little truth and hav the people believe it.

A lecturer came to our village some three months since, and lectured on mesmerism and electricity. He had talked about half an hour when five persons near the front seats became mesmerized. Stopping his lecture, he began showing what he could do with the persons under his control. The first thing they saw was a big ship sailing through the room; then they saw a big dog go up on the stage, etc. Now, what is the difference between this show and a séance circle? The medium sees or thinks of a ghost or spirit, and all the minds under his control in the circle see the same thing. There was no ship nor dog there, nor any ghost.

Giv us facts. The world has been humbugged long enough by not knowing the effect of electricity on mind and matter. The Christians call it the coming down of the Holy Ghost among the people, or the outpouring of God's spirit. The Spiritualists call it the visitation of friends from another world, or materialized ghosts. T. R. BURROWS.

LEXINGTON, KY., Dec. 6, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to allude briefly to Professor Cook's letter in which he adverts to the brutal conduct of Judge Arnold, of Philadelphia, who refused to naturalize a Hungarian because he was an Atheist. I thank the professor for his noble indignation. We are reminded daily of the fact that "we liv in a free country." Is there any cure for monopolism? No; we liv in a free country. Can anything be done to hinder persons from classing women with Chinese, lunatics, and idiots? No, not in this free country. Bribery at elections, selling votes, grants of land to favorits, sitting in judgment upon a man's opinions—are these things allowed in a free country? Was a free country ever known to exist? Not at present. Must we be ostracised if we break the Sabbath, when even the Jews express themselvs in the following manner: "Sunday laws are a violation of the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and are subversiv of the rights of citizenship?"

A conservativ spirit is said to be wanting in our great republic—as if you could rein in public opinion, or chain the sea.

The bolder the demands of the fanatic the sooner will courageous minds assert their independence and cast to the winds all flimsy restrictions.

While the Constitution is a dead letter, our government loosely conducted, justice a tramp without a home, the rights of citizens male and female disregarded, while the maxims of freedom light a bonfire, and the volume of equal rights is clasped and consigned to the blackness and silence of oblivion, then let individuals arouse themselvs and speak with the force and unmistakable grandeur of truth. ALHAZA.

MILFORD, MASS., Dec. 2, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Your proclamation of "A Few Things to Be Thankful For" takes precedence of Grover's. But, by a parity of reason, why not be thankful that you had to write an editorial—"Important Notice: There are about a thousand subscribers whose time ran out some months since, and who hav not paid for the papers they hav been reading since then. The political campaign just closed has diverted men's minds from more important matters, and we are not surprised that some of our friends hav forgotten that they owe us a few dollars." "Men's minds hav been diverted"—are there no women in arrears? Those in arrears who are living on the unpaid toil and sweat of their countrymen are perhaps very clamorous for the Nine Secular Demands, while they ignore payment for a paper that takes the lead in keeping those principles before the people. Paul said, "Owe no man anything." He never said a better thing. I always giv the devil his due. How many of those to whom this "Important Notice" was directed are fooling their hard-earned money away in liquor, tobacco, or dress, instead of using a little self-denial to pay an honest obligation? Horace Greeley said: "Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would famin or pestilence. If you hav but fifty cents and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and liv on it rather than owe a man a dollar." John G. Saxe wrote:

> Perhaps it is equally a sin to get
> Too deep in love, in liquor, or in debt.

Liberals above all others ought to be out of debt to the paper that givs them the best and most trenchant editorials in the country. My mind has not been diverted, and inclosed find $3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER from Jan. 1, 1889, to Jan. 1, 1890. Send me "Woman: Her Glory, Her Shame, and Her God," by Saladin. All Liberals should read it. Its truths cannot be changed by conditions or circumstances. As—

> Rebel or patriot? Well, heads or tails?
> Define the terms, and that is how it reads:
> A rebel is a patriot who fails;
> A patriot is a rebel who succeeds.

CHARLES C. JOHNSON.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., Nov. 24, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs. Slenker appears to hav opened a new phase of Spiritualistic discussion. I observe in the recent writings of Spiritualists who reply to her a manifest disposition to drop or shirk particular demonstration and rest their case on the overwhelming mass of testimony. I apprehend the new argument is about as weak as the old. The great historian Lecky has shown that up to the restoration of King Charles II. witchcraft, in England, at least, was considered the best established of realities. In 1681 Joseph Glanvil, a divine whom Lecky pronounces "surpassed in genius by few of his successors," and of whom he says that "the predominating characteristic of his mind was an intense skepticism," undertook the defense of Christianity in a book called "Sadducismus Triumphatus, *i.e.*, the Sadducee Conquered." His argument amounted to this—that the existence of witchcraft was a notorious fact attested by thousands of judicial investigations, many of them contemporary, by the consensus of all ages, classes, and nations, by the testimony of learned and skeptical scientists and the finding of the most revered judges. But, if there was witchcraft, there must be a hell and devils, and thus Christianity is vindicated by the objectiv proof of its most unpopular and disagreeable doctrin. That there were already people who ridiculed the belief in witchcraft he was aware, but he contends with much ingenuity that this presumptuous attitude toward the experience of all mankind had nothing better to stand on than a vain conceit of one's own knowledge concerning the invisible world. This is not all. Mr. Lecky shows that though belief in magical and occult powers was common among all nations, that terribly vivid faith in diabolic agency which characterized Christians from about the twelfth century to the eighteenth was not characteristic of civilized pagans, and, in short, was a phase of the Christian reaction against heresy and skepticism which began with the preaching of Dominic. In 1665 this reaction had spent its force; science had furnished physical explanations of thunder, hail, murrain, addled eggs, and other phenomena vulgarly attributed to the devil. Hobbes had shaken the belief in the supernatural. People were ceasing to fear the evil one, and accordingly ceasing to believe in witchery. No great book was written in reply to Glanvil, but the superstition disappeared in spite of him. Probably the last witchcraft trial in England took place in 1712. In 1736 the statutes against witches, already obsolete in practice, were repealed without opposition. The overwhelming testimony in favor of modern Spiritualism is, in like manner, the effect of a prepossession. Repugnance to the idea of annihilation, like the terror once excited by witch stories, predisposes to belief, and "trifles light as air" become, to the willing, "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ." C. L. JAMES.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 3, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: After diligent inquiry for some weeks, I discovered yesterday where the meetings of the Secular Union were held, and had the pleasure of listening to an able address by the secretary. The Union has a beautiful hall, which could be filled by advertising the meetings. If the papers would not print notices, I would favor using handbills, and will myself pay for all they will distribute before Mr. Watts comes or any other time. One thing I noticed, every face present was an intellectual one, even that of the *Plaindealer* reporter. None were of the common, low, ignorant, ill-dressed class, usually found at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association here, and none of the expressionless, putty faces seen at all of the churches were there. I think Infidels just organizing should write their addresses carefully. I think they should avoid shocking the public, at least until they secure a good attendance. I am apt to speak very freely and plainly myself, but too much of it defeats itself. Secularists should be like the Rev. George Thomas Dowling, under whose preaching I can sit without getting angry. At heart I believe him to be a Freethinker, but he clothes his honest liberal thought with such beautiful, flowery, wisely chosen words, which neither affirm nor deny, that the public is captivated. I favor opening the meetings with singing. Don't be afraid to sing gospel songs occasionally. Outsiders will lose their fear when they hear their own church music sung. Invite all at the close to stand around the organ and sing familiar airs. They will thus become acquainted, and will probably come again. Let all hav a chance to speak freely, but wisely, after the address, which should contain one good cannon-ball, but no more, to fire at the audience. It is better to make them think than to blow their heads off. Aim to hav all go away and say they heard nothing shocking, and had a pleasant time, and plenty will attend. There are more Liberal-minded people in this city than real Christians—so-called; I don't mean professors, but the genuin religion-struck class.

MRS. MILDRED HERMANN.

GRAHAMSVILLE, FLA., Nov. 15, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am late in replying to Elmina's suggestiv letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 1st, but not being a subscriber, the paper is sent me "after going the rounds," so I hav but just noticed her reply to me. I don't think Elmina quite "catches on" to the Spiritual philosophy. "These dead painters" need physical bodies through which to exercise their ability; and as to their power to "far excel," to be "superlativly excellent," what is superlativly excellent to one may be "visionary nonsense" to another. Elmina says, "It is not miracle I ask." I think she asks either for miraculous power or for a very simple test, which to me indicates she hasn't learned the ABC of Spiritualism. The credulous may catch on to simple tests, the incredulous require miracles, but as "Spiritualism is a science" the ABC must first be learned. I think Elmina isn't convinced of mind-reading, or of one mind controling another, and probably she is too positiv to experience, as I hav, mesmerization. I hav had a mesmerizer, before an audience, so control my mind that I had to move as he said, and when he said I couldn't move I was powerless, simply because my will seemed paralyzed (I being perfectly conscious), until he said, "You are a good subject; you may take your seat." Then my will was in a moment as fully controling my body as it now is. I understand my will to be my spirit. I hav no faith in a spirit, loosed from the body, manifesting physically, except as it draws from some negativ medium who generates surplus magnetism, or as it can by force, or otherwise, get control of a medium. Then, phrenology teaches me that "dead painters" would be limited by the brain structure of mediums, and "to excel" is not so easy a matter as some suppose, especially if the dead painters fully consider, as wise spirits will, that they are responsible for what the medium does, and should in no way impair the body. It seems to me that spirits are adapted to spirit life, which is as much superior to this sphere as this is to the embryotic, and there must be plenty of work for spirits in their sphere, and why should these dead painters and doctors seek through mediums "to startle the world" enough to "convince the most skeptical," when they and Elmina hav but to consider to realize the fate of those who startle the world? Fines, imprisonments, burning at the stake, or hanging, as in the case of Anarchists, is the fate of those who startle the world. I will say a word of those who are not startled enough to believe it is spirits when a medium, having never studied disease or medicin, appears like a dying person and then instantly seems like another person, and will diagnose disease perfectly and cure patients given up by "regular" physicians, and even do this by holding a lock of hair from the patient's head miles away; the spirit controling the medium sometimes purporting to be an Indian and acting his wild nature, at other times purporting to be a learned physician who once practiced on earth through a body belonging to himself, and then the medium appearing like death as the spirit leaves and the medium's spirit returning claiming to hav been unconscious or in a dreamlike condition, having realized most that was said and done, yet without power to speak or in any way interfere. I say those who do not believe this produced by spirits are too skeptical for spirits to bother with. Let such skeptics hav "one world at a time," and let the dead painters who are "superlativly excellent" go on with their work in a superlativly excellent world. Let Margaret Fox and Mr. Bouton expose the fraud within themselvs and Spiritualism. I am pretty sure Spiritualism can stand it if they can. JENNIE A. DOANE.

PITTSFIELD, ILL., Dec. 4, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Notwithstanding the fact that the crude Materialist and the bigoted Christian unite in asserting *a priori* the impossibility of spirit phenomena, yet, as McArthur truly says, "All else being equal, the evidence of one who has seen outweighs the evidence of a thousand who hav not seen." Then why will those who hav not seen use such levity toward a subject which they know so little about? I know by the tone of the articles written by the critics of McArthur and Burr that they belong to a class who, I venture to say, never attended one half dozen séances in their lives.

Dr. Beard said that all manifestations occurring in the presence of mediums, or said to occur, did not really occur, but that the unfortunate investigator who attended a séance was suffering under the delusion of tricks of mesmerism; that he was hypnotized by the medium; that he in reality witnessed nothing. This, no doubt, is the thought of these same critics. Your contributor W. H. Burr has stated the facts of his investigations without advancing any theory, and yet some of his critics hav bellowed loudly "forninst" any such trash appearing in THE TRUTH SEEKER. If these same people had lived in the time of Herschel when he saw in his mental vision a new planet they would no doubt hav said just as sneeringly with his contemporaries, "I will never believe" that there is a new planet, as was claimed by the great astronomer, but Uranus moves on one of the wonderful systems to which our earth belongs. Now, in this day and age, why will our truth-seeking philosophers (?) wallow in the mire of incredulity, and shout, Idiocy, when a respectful attitude without any "reverential calm" or hysteria would be more in keeping? Please let up on poor McArthur and giv him a chance to sing his song to Mrs. Slenker, and when he is done, if you feel that you hav perceived the ludicrous in what he has written of immortalism, criticisms will then be in order. Back in my Materialistic history I can remember how I used to hoot at such an awful thing as spirit phenomena; but when I witnessed it in my own home, where there were no secret wires, and in broad daylight, under strictly test conditions, I was forced, greatly against my preconceived ideas at that time, to acknowledge that there was an unseen force, call it *od*, *odyllic*, or what you please. It was there, and it moved my table about the room without any physical contact. It answered questions by tipping up on its side as many times as agreed upon for yes or no. It told me that the force operating was a spirit, and that when in the body it was my brother, and that this was the only means by which it could communicate with me. Is there anything horrible about this, O ye Thomases? Now I am going to suppose a little. Suppose, my truth-seeking brother, we are both dumb—not deaf—and it is before the deaf and dumb alphabet has been invented—I mean that process of the fingers—but we hav a system of rapping upon any hard substance by which we communicate with each other. Now, suppose I am in a railroad wreck and am pinned down under the *débris* with one arm free to use; you, my dumb brother, are standing unhurt at one side of the track. You cannot see me, but you can hear my rappings with my free arm, by which I tell you how I am situated. Now I want to ask, is there anything awful about this proceeding, my brother? A very devout Catholic says, as he has been taught by the church, it was the devil that operated the table. The Spiritualist says it is what it purported to be, my disembodied brother. The Materialist says it was nothing and that we imagined it all, and that when it comes to dealing with human testimony as evidence in support of occult phenomena our training is seriously at fault and we are incompetent for the task.

Hoping that McArthur will be allowed to finish his controversy with Mrs. Slenker, I will close by wishing success to THE TRUTH SEEKER. EDMUND D. HICKS.

P.S.—Heston's cartoons are looked at eagerly by my neighbors to whom I loan the paper, and I think they are a valuable part of the paper in pointing out the absurdities of the Bible. E. H.

CARROLL, IA., Dec. 10, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 to renew my subscription. I wish Arthur C. Everett would let us know if his case with the Knights of Labor had a hearing before T. V. Powderly as he was promised, and what the result was. I like the paper and cartoons, also the Editor; he is the right man in the right place. Hav nothing to kick about.

Fraternally, RICHARD CONWAY.

WABASH, IND., Nov. 22, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: I am in receipt of so many inquiries as to whether the general assembly of Knights of Labor, convened at Indianapolis, did anything in my case, that I am unable to answer them all, and as they are all, or nearly so, readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will ask you the privilege of answering them through its columns.

Monday night, November 12th, I called on Mr. Hayes, general secretary and secretary of the executiv board, at the Grand Hotel, who granted me an interview, and in reply to my question as to whether he had read my pamphlet, said:

"I read your pamphlet clear through, but was not flattered by it. I speak plainly, but business is business, you know."

"Certainly, Mr. Hayes," I said, "but remember one thing, that pamphlet was printed as a plain statement of facts, not to 'flatter,' and to secure, if possible, justice. I hav with me an affidavit by a disinterested person, over a seal of a notary of Michigan, to substantiate my claims, and I wish the privilege to present my case before the assembly, or at least before the executiv board."

"Well, Mr. Everett," said Mr. Hayes, "as to the assembly, that you could not do unless there was open session, but if the executiv board meets, you can come before them. Meet me here to-morrow night at this time, and if they meet, which I expect they will, I will giv you a chance to present your case, and if by your argument you can convince me, it will be all right. If they don't meet, I will giv you the names of the executiv board and where to be found, and you can go and talk with them separately. I am glad to hav met you, Mr. Everett. Good-night!"

The following night I was there at the appointed time. I went to him as he was passing to his room and spoke to him. He replied, "I will see you in a few minutes." It was then a few minutes past 6 P.M. I waited until 9 P.M., and he neither made his appearance or even answered a message sent him by the bell-boy. Expecting such a snub, I had prepared the following, which was placed in his hands by the clerk:

JOHN W. HAYES, General Secretary, Knights of Labor: I wish to place before you in a brief manner the most important points I wish to place before the executiv board in my defense:

First, That I withdrew from Wabash Valley assembly, L. A. 4,204, on Oct. 26, 1885, and that I had at that time my dues paid up to Nov. 1, 1885, and that I had an honorable withdrawal on that account, as per letter from Frederick Turner, general secretary at the time of writing it, now in my possession, and it will be presented to the board, with my receipt, signed by the secretary of L. A. 4,204; and that some time between Oct. 26, 1885, and Jan. 25, 1886, I was expelled, without a citation to trial or a copy of the charges being furnished me, the first I knew of it being a notice of expulsion in the *Journal of United Labor*, of date Jan. 25, 1886. Further, I hav an affidavit to present, under legal seal, by a disinterested person, proving thereby by the words of the master workman of L. A. 4,204, that it was all done "to make themselvs solid with Wabash." Now, I respectfully urge that I be granted a hearing before the executiv board, in the behalf of justice, man to man.

ARTHUR C. EVERETT.

I also made out something similar and sent it to Terence V. Powderly, but it was entirely ignored. Then I prepared and sent the following, with a marked pamphlet, to the chairman of the committee on appeals and grievances, which received a similar fate:

CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON APPEALS AND GRIEVANCES, Knights of Labor General Assembly, Indianapolis: I am here waiting on the assembly for a chance to present my grievances before them. I saw Mr. Hayes on Monday night, the 12th inst., and he told me to call the next night, when the executiv board was expected to meet, and he would giv me a hearing, or, if they did not meet, he would prepare for me other means. I came and awaited his pleasure until 9 P.M., and he did not show up; therefore, I must conclude that, Jesuit-like, he does not intend that I shall even hav the ghost of a show for the righting of the injustice perpetrated on me by L. A. 4,204, as explained at length in the accompanying pamphlet, "Concern of All is to Injure One." Terence V. Powderly said (see Ex. A, p. 4): "If the case stands as reported by you, then a wrong has been done." Notice Ex. B, p. 3; also, Ex. C, p. 4; also, Ex. D, commencing with the two last words, "master workman," on p. 1, continued to p. 2. In connection with other proofs to substantiate my charges, on this last I hav an affidavit by a disinterested party, over legal seal, proving that L. A. 4,204 did as they did (see Ex. C) so as to "make themselvs solid with Wabash." Now, notice Ex. E, p. 7, of the inclosed pamphlet. And, gentlemen, if you do not giv me a hearing, as is my right, then are you aiders and abettors in the disgraceful acts of L. A. 4,204, in bolstering up a moribund theology by ruining a wage-worker, "whose only fault is his unorthodox belief," that thereby they might "make themselvs solid with Wabash." And, further, it was by and through my efforts that the first assembly was started in Wabash, Ind., and, like the fabled viper, when warmed into life, it turned and stung to death its benefactor. Notice Ex. F, p. 7.

Respectfully, ARTHUR C. EVERETT.

Readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I place this matter before you without further comment. I waited for a hearing until no other chance was left me, and then returned home. Since coming home I wrote the executiv board to meet me here with L. A. 4,204, but they hav ignored that request also. Knowing that the general assembly has virtually said by their acts to L. A. 4,204, "Your assembly did right; accept my thanks," I can't but expect that they will, if possible, make Wabash too hot to hold me. Were not my health and finances so depleted, I would start a paper again right here, and I would make it interesting for them until some of them killed me, and there is more than one that would, could they do it and not be caught at it; but, as it is, I will hav to grin and bear it as best I may, though it is terrible to contemplate. I would like the address of some Freethinker reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER at Vienna, Johnson county, Ill., or near there, in that county; also, same at Spring City, east Tenn., on the line of the Cincinnati Southern.

One that has no use for a God, Christ, or any part of that tomfoolery called religion, ARTHUR C. EVERETT.

ROCKFORD, W. VA., Dec. 9, E.M. 288.

MR. EDITOR: I want to tell you that I like THE TRUTH SEEKER best of all Liberal papers, and hope to be able to remain on your list of subscribers till "life's fitful fever is o'er." Every issue is an intellectual feast. I was once a believer in the religion of "Believe or be damned." I read Fowler's "Human Science" and threw away my orthodoxy. Then I reached the "Age of Reason" at seventeen, and ever since hav been an uncompromising foe of orthodoxy and priestcraft.

I attended service at the Methodist Episcopal church of this place last Sunday, and was highly edified by some remarks of the pastor. Rev. Mr. Weiss said: "We are indebted for our social advancement and civilization to this blessed book!" at the same time bringing his clenched hand down on that old relic of barbarous ages, the Bible; "and the light that has emanated from God through the gospels." He further enlightened us by saying that "man cannot do a good act or think a noble thought within himself." Every other remark made by this gospel-sharp was as false as the above. Yet I suppose that every individual present save myself opened his capacious mouth of credulity and gulped down unchewed and untasted the whole mass. The clergy "don't know," or else they lie. But the truth is dawning. She is slowly unfolding herself to the sorrowing gaze of the priests and their ignorant dupes. I am agitating the principles of Freethought and Liberalism wherever I go. And certainly the agitation of thought is the beginning of truth. The hope and interest of the church is centered in the young. Our hope is there also. Our best efforts ought to be exerted in the field of juvenil culture. In that field the church has a decided advantage over us, and she is using it every day. The church has "Young America" "under her thumb," and there will she keep it unless Secularists make her disgorge. As long as the public schools are under the control of the church the church is safe. And that she has control of them who will dispute? Witness the morning prayers, and Bible readings, the hymn-singing, and pious stories in the text-books even in our public schools, to say nothing of parochial schools and endowed institutions of learning. It is the duty of Liberals everywhere to labor to the end that instruction, at least in the public schools, should be reduced to a purely secular basis.

The pious people here will hardly permit a Freethinker to attend strictly to his own business. They recently tried to indict a man in the court of Harrison county for splitting kindling-wood on Sunday, for cutting sprouts off his own apple-tree, and other similar "wicked" and "blasphemous" offenses. I understood his informers were his religious and righteous neighbors, who did the same thing. The judge asked them if they knew almost everybody did similar acts. "Yes," they replied, "but he's a kind of an old Universalian and don't believe in a God nohow, and we thought we'd show him there was a law for sich things in this country." The object of their pious wrath was Wm. Carpenter, an honest, peaceable, and industrious merchant of Bridgeport. Yes, the church still tries to persecute whenever she can. Daily we see need of the enforcement of the Nine Demands. The churches of this state are as bigoted and intolerant as those of Delaware and New Jersey. The motto of our state, "*Montani semper liberi*," does not mean anything so far as religious liberty is concerned. No government has any right to say that I shall worship this god or that god or no god at all; that I shall "keep" this day or that day or no day at all. It is none of the government's business.

I am doing all the missionary work I can by getting my friends to read THE TRUTH SEEKER and my Liberal books which I loan to them. Four or five hav professed conversion to the religion of humanity, two out of the ranks of the church.

Now, will some kind Liberal giv us a few hints on how to organize a local Secular society out of this scanty "raw material?" Can a society for the promulgation of Freethought do effectiv work with a force of only five or six members, and some of them a little weak-kneed? If not, this county will hav to remain under the galling yoke of ecclesiastical tyranny.

Is that Jamieson–Reynolds affair over? Are they done "crossing swords?" Will Liberalism gain anything by this disgraceful controversy? Are Liberals interested in this war of vile words and opprobrious epithets that these professing Liberals are carrying on? For one, I am not. Messrs. Jamieson and Reynolds can certainly find more important use for their brain and lips and pen than calling each other names and hurling calumnious charges against each other. Surely Liberals cannot afford to war among themselvs while the common enemy are pressing us on all sides. Petty strifes and bickerings among those in our ranks assuredly hav a tendency to weaken the cause which so much needs our concentrated efforts in order to liv and grow. "United we stand; divided we fall." Let us all stand or fall together. For the welfare and success of the cause which they hav espoused, let the combatants hoist the white flag or retire to some monastery and hav it out without insulting the common sense and sentiment of Liberalism. Did any cause ever prosper by the quarreling of its adherents? Did the Andover controversy add strength to the missionary cause? Did the quarreling of Martin Luther and the pope strengthen the Catholic church? Let the house come to order, and Brotherly Love occupy the chair. May the angel of peace hover over the Liberal camp henceforth and evermore. Amen.

Some of my rich Christian neighbors made "dinner" on Thanksgiving day and invited their rich neighbors, while the poor shivered and starved at home. The love of God in the heart of man is a wonderful thing. How it makes them open their hearts! How about their purses? Locked to the poor; but the preachers hav duplicate keys with which they find a way to the Lord's share on contribution-day, which is pretty sure to happen every Sunday. Not much of it ever reaches the Lord, in my opinion. If the Lord has all that has been collected in his name from the days of Moses down to those of Talmage, he is certainly the richest god in the kingdom of gods. No wonder that he is so independent and suffers us poor mortals to "go to pot" on earth and to hell when we die. I always liked to hav good society here, and if I understand the Christian philosophy there will be a better condition of society in the bottomless pit than in their New Jerusalem. Now, the Christians ought not to fly off the handle if I prefer the fiery lake to the golden city. But I suppose all this belongs to the realm of the unknown and the unknowable, and is therefore not a profitable subject for investigation. According to the Confucian philosophy, "To know that we know what we know and to know that we do not know what we do not know, constitutes true wisdom." According to this philosophy there is no true wisdom in Christianity; for she teaches what she does not know and professes ignorance of what she does know, viz., the dark and bloody record which she has made. W. W. BISHOP.

Children's Corner.

Edited by MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

The Norse Girl's Song.

A little child from the Danish isles
Sang me a little song,
That sweetly soothed me dreary whiles
The winter days were long;
And her song was the voice of a lone little bird
That flew to her window when the tempest was stirred
And the loud wind blew from the sea,
While the bird cried, "Sophia!* Sophia!"

And he said, "Cold, cold is the vin†
On the sea and the shore—
Oh, pray, little girl, let me in!
Hasten swift to the door;
Giv me shelter and rest at your fireside warm
While bitterly blows the fierce ocean-storm;
I am all alone by the sea—
Oh, hear the vin, Sophia! Sophia!"

Straightway I kissed her rosy lips;
Her song had been so sweet;
And she sang of the sea and ships—
White sprays had touched her feet.
Now my sweet little singer has left me alone,
And the vin is so cold and the storm-voices moan—
No song of the bird nor the sea—
At night and morn I mourn, "Sophia."

Frenchtown, Neb. MARY BAIRD FINCH.

* The Scandinavian pronunciation is Sofee.
† Wind.

Lines

QUITE FREE FROM RHYMES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS TO READ.

Good boys are kind to all good girls;
Good girls are kind to all good boys—
A rose is sweet, and so are they—
Both good and pure in all they do;
Quick to mind their pa and ma,
No cross word comes from out their lips—
No frown, no lie, no fret.
They go to school and learn to spell,
To read and write and sing;
Thus they grow up, not as the fool,
Who likes to sit and gaze,
Who knows to eat, but not to work—
A dolt void of good sense.
Good boys and girls are still, we know,
When in the house at play.
If near the sick, the sore, and sad
They will not make a noise;
When they walk out in the broad fields
They hear the birds that sing,
But will not rob their cute-made nests
Of eggs or young, for that is wrong.
They see the lambs at play while young,
As they hop and skip and jump—
The dear white lambs so gay,
That nip the grass, to them so sweet;
It is their food, you know.
Oh! do not scare the dear good lambs;
Throw nothing hard at them;
For when their wool is clipped,
And washed and spun and wove,
It makes good clothes to keep you warm;
Then love the snow-white lambs.
The bee that flits from place to place,
To store its hive with sweets so good,
Says, "Take care, lest I giv pain,
My sting is fine and sharp!"
Then do not hurt the bee.
Do not harm the dog or cat;
To them be kind and good;
Good dogs keep watch by day and night—
Bark at the thief or bite his heel,
If in the house to steal he comes.
Then feed the dog and pet him, too,
And he will wag his tail, you see,
In love and thanks to you.
If puss, the cat, should catch a mouse,
And bring it near to you,
Praise him or her for that.
Giv kit some milk to lap;
That is its way to drink.
How cute it is! Just watch it once;
You could not drink that way.
Well, now, good-bye, dear girls and boys!

ELISHA DE ALEMBERT BLAKEMAN.
Three Rivers, Mich.

Correspondence.

REVERE, Dec. 15, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a letter for the Children's Corner.

I am a little girl not quite seven years old. I go to school every day, even when it rains or snows.

I wanted to hear you very badly when you lectured in Paine Hall.

I go up with my papa sometimes, and once I sat on the platform.

When I get to be a woman I think I will be a school-teacher. MABEL F. WASHBURN.

P.S.—I wish you a merry Christmas.

M. F. W.

ALLIANCE, O., Dec. 12, 1888.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write to you, for it has been so long since I wrote the other letter. Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I like to read the Children's Corner.

I was twelve years old October 26th; my sister died November 6th, with typhoid fever. But we are all well now and wish to remain so. I am going to school now, and I am in the Fourth Reader. I will close for this time, hoping to see this in print in the next paper. I may write again, but I am not sure.

Yours truly, H. W. BIRCH.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., Dec. 9, 288.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: While I inclose these lines for the Children's Corner I wish to tell the children how pleased and entertained I hav been with the numbers of the *Pleasure Boat* sent me by good old Father Hacker. It is such a quaint little paper, full of spicy, readable things, and will be quite a curiosity twenty years hence. I hav now in my possession the tattered remains of an old newspaper published in 1818, and prize it as much for its odd sayings as for its age. I hope all the children will send fifty cents to Father Hacker and get the *Pleasure Boat* while they hav the opportunity. The money will be but little to them, but so much to him and his good wife who has been the partner of his joys and sorrows so many years. I should hav added my mite to the Maud Morrison fund—all honor to th kind-hearted girl—but that I had anticipated her thoughts by several weeks. I am rejoiced to see that Mr. Jamieson is going to giv benefit lectures in behalf of the aged patriarch. This is a veritable proof that the Liberals do do something. When our enemies ask, "What hav the Liberals ever done?" we can cite them to this with other things. Let us send in our dimes, too, to the Caseys, who hav no one to depend upon but a young boy. While we pity and admire the boy, let us do so to the extent of at least ten cents.

Yours for humanity, MARY B. FINCH.

What the Little Ones Are Saying.

Some of the little folks of the Corner may recollect hearing of Dena Locke—"Mrs. Rosebud"—of Cañon City, Col. What I am about to relate occurred about a year ago, when she was about five years old. The all-absorbing question with her for quite a while was, Who took care of the first baby? Every attempt to get a satisfactory answer proving unavailing, in one of her solemn reveries she decided to submit it to a neighbor, a superannuated minister living near by. She was busily engaged at play when the idea struck her. Said she, "Mamma, I am going over to ask Mr. Hanks who took care of the first baby." Her mother replied that he would only tell her that it was God. "Well," said she, "if he does, I will ask him, Who took care of God?"

Like other children, she has different callings and pursuits in her plays. On one occasion she was playing pedlar. She entered where her mother and an elder sister were, and was busily engaged exhibiting her goods. Her mother bought something of her, and was having quite a familiar conversation with her while she was dilating on the quality of her goods. Her sister interrupted the conversation by telling her that she looked upon pedling as a very low calling and beneath the dignity of a lady, berating her occupation rather rudely for a stranger. Her mother excused the rudeness of her daughter, adding that she had spent a great deal of money in her education, and tried every expedient she could devise to make a good girl of her, but to no effect; wanting to know at the same time if she ever took such girls to educate. She replied that she did sometimes, but at that moment a happy thought struck her, and with all the agony and affectation of hypocritical piety, said she, "Why don't you send her to Sabbath-school?"

The little miss who wrote the following will develop into a brilliant satirist one of these days: "*Dear Papa*: Mamma wrote me to get my washing done, to get my shoes mended, and to buy some buttons for my dress and a new ribbon for my hat, and she sent me ten cents."

Talk about the precision of the Boston girl! A little East-side school-girl was overheard telling a playmate that she had been seasick. "That is," she added to correct herself, "I hav never been on the sea, you know, but I hav been awfully lakesick."

Mamma: "If you will hav your French lesson absolutely perfect to-night I'll make you a big angel-cake." Ethel: "That will be nice, mamma, and while you're about it you might make a medium-sized one to giv me in case I make one or two little mistakes."

Jimmy had been promised a trip into the country. "Mamma, are you going out to auntie's to-day?" "No, dear; I'm afraid it will rain. Don't you see how black the clouds are?" "Yes," reluctantly; "but I don't think they'll leak!"

A little French Canadian boy in Oldtown is credited with one of the shortest and most comprehensiv compositions on record. The teacher told him to write about anything he could see, and this was the result: "The stove. She be cracked."

Science Column.

Poor Little Fly.

He is a merry little creature this winter morning, dancing in the sunshine on the window pane. Why he left his winter quarters and came into my dining-room I am sure I cannot tell. Hungry, perhaps.

Let us examin this fly and see if there is anything interesting about him.

The fly is an insect, isn't it? All insects hav six feet, three on each side. By this sign we recognize them. In the insect kingdom there may be found a hundred and fifty thousand different kinds, large and small, beautiful and homely.

Look at this fly's lovely wings, will you? See how gauzy and delicate they are and note the little veins in them. Look at its furry legs—no, these legs are smooth, comparativly speaking. It is the buzzing or blow fly that has thick furry legs and a furry back. We are looking now at a common domestic or house fly. This kind are all about the same size, and they are nice, clean-looking creatures.

Just look at its pretty little head; see the two horns projecting from it—antennæ or feelers, and that expresses their use. Now look at its dear little eyes. Under the microscope they present a wonderful appearance and seem as if cut like costly jewels. Naturalists say there are four thousand of these minute points or facets in the two eyes of a fly.

Now let us put some sugar on the table and watch this fly eat. There is a queer little attachment to its head which he carries tucked out of sight, almost, when he is resting. Look at it now. He is paying his respects to the sugar, and the tiny dot or tongue has spread out like two cunning fans, which he is using to lap the sugar after softening it with saliva. It is with these little fans that he tickles our noses in summer time.

Heigho! There he goes. He has finished his lunch, and now he is walking upside-down on the ceiling, after swinging round and round the rooms two or three times. How does he do that? Why, he is a regular circus performer. How can he resist the power of gravitation the way he does? Well, now, there are different opinions as to how flies can walk about with the back of their bodies down and their feet up. Some think it is due to the bristles on their feet acting as suckers, and a vacuum formed underneath, so that the pressure of the atmosphere keeps them from falling. And then again there are those who believe that there is a sticky sort of fluid secreted at the bottom of the foot that enables the fly to walk and cling to any surface with ease. Anyway, he is a curious insect, and seems to hav some intelligence and is really a sociable little fellow. He likes to be where folks are, and wherever you see flies you may know human beings are not far away.

Flies are certainly useful. Why, they are scavenger-carts on a small scale, and gather up lots of offensiv matter. Yes, and it is not unlikely that contagion and disease may be spread broadcast by flies, by carrying poisons from decaying matter. Our common house-fly would not, perhaps, be so apt to do that as some other kinds of flies.

We should be kind even to flies. There is no need to torture them as boys sometimes do, by impaling them upon pins and needles. If we do not want them in our houses it is easy to brush them out of doors, though I am sure I would not turn one out in the dead of winter.

Where do they go in cold weather? Oh, they hide away in nooks and corners! They can liv quite a long while without eating, and in summer they will come out as bright and frisky as you please.

But here comes our fly, alighting on my paper. Perhaps he would thank me, if he could, for my attention to him. He seems to know I would not harm him, and is making himself quite at home. He shall partake of my hospitality as long as he is happy to stay.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—How do we know the fly is an insect? How many kinds of flies are there? Describe the house-fly as you hav seen it. What is the meaning of antennæ? Describe its eye. What is the meaning of facet? How does the fly eat? How can he walk upon the ceiling? What are some of the habits of the fly? How are flies useful? What danger may be feared from flies? Should we be kind even to flies? Where do they hide in cold weather?

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WAS GOD ASLEEP?

Mr. Usher is a Universalist reverend, of Medford, Mass. I heard him hold forth his wholesale salvation doctrin, awhile ago, in a hall in Dunstable.

His subject was the story of Solomon and the stolen baby. The handling of the theme was unique, and more suggestiv than satisfying. After an attempt to paint the scene and to work up pathetic sentiment, the sermon went on with an analogical application in this wise:

The bad mother of the dead child had stolen the living child from its sleeping mother's breast, and claimed it as her own, but was indifferent to its welfare when her will was opposed. So Evil (I write it with a big *E* because the Universalists hav no Satan) stole man away from God and perverted him. But God will not rest while man is lost, but like the wise judge, he will redeem man to his original destiny.

My comment is the critical question: Was God asleep when Evil stole man?

THE ANARCHISTS' PLACE IN APPLIED ETHICS.

I lately heard Mr. Green, pastor of Shattuck street Universalist church, Lowell, lecture on the "Factors of Life." He made the general analysis that man's life or character was governed by two factors—environment and idea. By his environment man is made; by his ideas man makes himself. True manliness is individual morality. The Anarchists are people who are pressed and crippled by their environment; unable to extricate themselvs by their ideas, not developed enough to rise above their conditions, they seek to demolish an oppressiv society. "Do not go and say," he demurred, "that he said he was in sympathy with Anarchists, for he said no such thing; but he said the Anarchists are simply a result of our false political system—responsible for their acts, to be sure, but more answerable is society to them for the conditions that hav contributed to the production of Anarchism." The speaker waxed warm as he proceeded. "One who, according to law and custom, accumulates wealth which he has not earned by rendering an equivalent, is respectable by popular acclaim, whilst one who, without leave, takes a loaf of bread to feed his starving children, is in public esteem an atrocious criminal. The Anarchist is a patriot by the side of a railroad king; he is fit for a saint compared with a member of a trust. The Anarchist has some truth and right on his side; he advocates a theory professedly, however mistaken, for the general welfare, but no one ever heard of a grain speculator pretending to work for anybody's good but his own. Judas Iscariot stands immeasurably above the speculator in wheat, for Iscariot on an impulse betrayed one whom he could not harm, whilst the speculator systematically robs the bread from the mouth of the hungry poor." I hav not quoted quite *verbatim*, but very *ideatim*. More such preaching would be useful.

WHAT SHOULD WE KNOW?

Social problems should be treated scientifically. If we knew as much about sociology as we do about geology there would be less discontent in the world. If we knew as much about the social system as we do about the solar system, the regularity in the working of the former would in some degree approach that of the latter. If we were as well versed in the science of rights as we are in other sciences, comparativly speaking, this world would be a paradise. If we knew as much about the laws of social conduct as we do about the laws that govern the action of solar bodies, there would be no wrong except that resulting from personal turpitude of individuals; whereas now the greatest wrongs and sufferings arise, not from the desire of particular persons to do wrong, but from a very imperfect conception of human rights.—*Natural Rights.*

The above, cut from a column of quotations, requires a comment. Ignorance of astronomy and geology engendered superstition, which built a false social system and abnegated health in anticipation of heaven. It is those who hav revealed the most knowledge of the solar system who hav opened the door to hygiene; it is those who hav delved in geology who hav paved the way for an improved society. An acquaintance with external nature is essential to the formation of the science of man. Apprehension of the universality and unity of law is the cure for religio-mania, and the foundation of ethics and therapeutics.

SECTARIAN SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Considering the great fuss the Catholics hav made about one little sentence in a school-book which doesn't suit them, what ought Freethinkers to do about nearly all the school-books in the country which hav more or less to say of religion in some shape, no sort of which we want any part in? Yet, while we hav as deep interest in education as any class, we hardly raise an objection to teaching which is as powerful as the pulpit to perpetuate superstition. Except Swinton's readers, I do not know of any which are not decidedly dogmatical, and even they crow for Christianity, whilst Lippincott's are filled with gush about God on about every other page. Why must we endure all this? Girard College may be beyond our reach, but from the public school we ought to be able to eliminate all ecclesiasticism.

MAN'S MIGHT.

"Wait till the iron's hot and then strike," said somebody to the old lion, Cromwell. "I'll strike and make it hot," was the terse reply. "If we could hav rain we might whip the Austrians," said a soldier to Napoleon. "Then we'll hav the rain," said the great warrior, and he ordered steady cannonading for six hours. Men tell us that rain followed and the muddy road delayed the Austrians to their defeat.

Man is a lord of nature. He is a prince of the powers of the air as well as a ruler of the land and plower of the sea. Man is no more bound to obey the laws of nature than is nature obliged to conform to the orders of man. Indeed, it takes man and everything else to make all nature, and therefore man's ways are as much nature's course as are other movements. We hav done with the notion that it is defying divinity to erect a lightning-rod; why should we forget ourselvs and go worship a cosmic unity? Why should we praise an abstraction of metaphysics? Are not all the attributes of existence concentrated in each individual mind?

A HEATHEN AT HOME.

The deplorable neglect in which too many city children grow up appears in the following trial incident reported to the Baltimore *News*:

Edward Nichols, an intelligent-appearing lad of eleven years, was called as a witness in the criminal court, against George McCracken, Jr., under indictment for misdemeanor. Counsel for the accused objected to the witness on account of his youth, whereupon the following colloquy ensued between Judge Pinckney and the boy witness:

"Do you know the nature of an oath?"
"No, sir."
"Hav you ever heard of God?"
"No, sir."
"Hav you a father and mother?"
"Yes, sir."
"Do you go to Sunday-school?"
"No, sir."
"Hav you ever been to church?"
"No, sir."
"Does your father go to church?"
"No, sir."
"Hav your father or mother ever spoken to you about the existence of a God?"
"No, sir."
"Do you ever say your prayers?"
"No, never, sir."
"Do you know what will happen to you if you tell a lie?"
"I'll get a lickin', sir" (laughter).
"Hav you ever heard of heaven?"
"Yes, sir; heaven is where the stars are."
"Well, when you die, where will you go?"
"Don't know, sir."

The court concluded that the witness was incompetent under the law, remarking that such ignorance in a grown person would disqualify him from acting as a witness.

The above dialog, headline and all, is cut from a copy of the *Youth's Companion* of Jan. 29, 1880. So good a paper ought not to print such trash. Who was the heathen in the case if not the judge himself? Could he tell where he would go when he died any better than could the boy? What did his honor know about God? Did he know of any other heaven than that where the stars are? Would not the boy's fear of a licking for lying impel him to tell the truth as strongly as the judge's fear of the lake of fire and brimstone would him? Shall ignorance of what nobody knows and intelligence disputes much longer disqualify honest people in court?

PIOUS PERVERTS.

In view of the fact that Christian church-members and church-goers are continually advising Secularists to keep a close mouth on their own thoughts and mutter some ecclesiastical shibboleth, what warrant hav we in supposing that any of the religionists believe what they profess? As they counsel others to play the hypocrit for popularity's sake, and thus pocket the plunder, shall we not judge that those who are perverted from Liberalism hav simply left us for fashion and love of money? To such we say, good riddance. The church is welcome to what rubbish we don't want. The more humbugs go, the greater the honor of those that stay.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

THE

Truth Seeker Annual

—AND—

Freethinkers' Almanac,

1889.

(E. M. 289.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		
Calendar for 1889,	5		
Freethought in the United States for 1888,	17		
Liberalism: a Symposium.			
COL. R. G. INGERSOLL,	28	J. H. BURNHAM,	53
JAMES PARTON,	32	L. K. WASHBURN,	63
HELEN H. GARDENER,	33	ELLA GIBSON,	64
S. P. PUTNAM,	36	SUSAN H. WIXON,	67
CHARLES WATTS,	37	JOHN PECK,	71
E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.	41	W. S. BELL,	78
PARKER PILLSBURY,	42	E. C. WALKER,	80
ROBERT C. ADAMS,	44	MRS. M. A. FREEMAN,	84
J. D. SHAW,	46	DR. JULIET H. SEVERANCE,	87
F. M. HOLLAND,	47	MRS. E. D. SLENKER,	89
E. B. FOOTE, JR., M. D.,	50	COL. J. R. KELSO,	91
LUCY N. COLMAN,	51	G. H. DAWES,	92
The Nine Demands of Liberalism,	95		
Ingersoll and Shakspere,	96		

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Obituary.

John Belknap, one of the best-known citizens of St. Johnsbury, Vt., was drowned in the Passumpsic river on the 27th ult., while engaged in clearing obstructions from the river, across which he was building a dam. Mr. Belknap was one of the most skilful civil engineers in Vermont, and had resided for nearly fifty years in St. Johnsbury. His father—whom he succeeded in business—was a mechanic of remarkable ingenuity, and he inherited his skill. The hour of the accident marked the successful completion of an enterprise that had been a pet scheme of his for many years. Living near the Passumpsic river and having a keen eye for such things, he recognized years ago that a valuable water-power was not utilized at that point. Early in the present year he bought the water-privilege, and later, in company with a number of others, organized the Water-Power Company and began the work of carrying out his long-cherished plans. The building of the dam had been greatly hindered by constant rains, and after many vexatious delays the work, to which he had given his personal and daily attention, was brought to a successful finish. The power had been profitably leased and the satisfaction of it all had been his only for an hour when he was called hence.

John Belknap was born in St. Johnsbury in 1840, being forty-eight years old at his death. Though never identified with the public life of the place, he had marked characteristics that gave him a certain prominence. As a skilled mechanic it is doubtful if his superior was to be found in the state. He could construct almost anything from a penknife to an engin, from a bicycle to a rifle, and had in course of construction at the time of his death a steamboat, every part of which, from the hull to the engin, was to hav been of his own construction. Perhaps the best water-motor now in use was his invention; the first one that he ever constructed was made for the *Caledonian* office. Since then he has made large numbers of them which are in use in various parts of the country. Industrious and of correct habits, he had accumulated a competence. As a citizen and in business affairs he was upright, straightforward, and honest in all his dealings. Though somewhat brusque in manner he was kind-hearted. In all matters concerning religion he was a confirmed skeptic of the Robert Ingersoll type. His wife, and one son, Harry, aged about seventeen, survive him. The son was assisting his father at the time of the accident, and was overwhelmed by it. Mr. Belknap also has two brothers and a sister living—Amos, of this place, and Frank and Mrs. Henry Shumake, of Sherbrooke.

Thus far the *Caledonian*. Mr. Belknap was a good friend to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and a liberal patron. He has done much good in his neighborhood by spreading Freethought literature, and was perhaps the only man in the town with the courage to do it. He was a powerful factor in both the intellectual and material progress of the town, and will be greatly missed.

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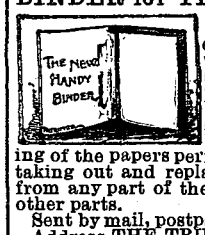
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News of the Week.

ITALY has abolished capital punishment.

WHITTIER celebrated his eighty-first birthday on the 17th.

STANLEY and Emin Pasha are reported safely arrived at a station.

THE German emperor wants a great sum of money to build war-ships.

THE divinity school of the new American Catholic University will hav ten chairs.

PERRY county, Ky., is convulsed with feuds of murdering, barbarous mountaineers.

AN American church established by wealthy Americans at Nice was consecrated on the 13th.

SCIENTISTS claim to hav succeeded in photographing the microbes that produce yellow fever.

HENRY GEORGE says that the movement for his scheme in England is about ready to put it into practical working.

GENERAL HOWARD, the new commander of the military division of the Atlantic, is a remarkably devout man.

THE size of the Prohibitionist vote in the whole country is a surprise and a disappointment to the Prohibitionists.

CONGRESSMAN BUTTERWORTH has introduced a resolution for admission of the Canadian provinces as states of the Union.

BISHOP HARE of Sioux City Falls has persuaded John Jacob Astor to erect a memorial cathedral to his wife at that place.

THE occupation most numerously represented in the House is the legal profession, and the printing trade ranks next.

FIRE on the Mississippi river steamer Kate Adams, near Commerce, Miss., on the 23d, caused the loss of twenty-four lives.

THE American Woman Suffrage Society has its local organizations busy securing names to petitions for equal suffrage.

GOVERNOR JACKSON of Maryland says that at the last election there was used four times as much money as at any previous one.

THE Russian cabinet is considering a law by which foreigners who hav lived five years in Russia will become subjects or be expelled.

THE Haytian authorities yielded the steamer Haytian Republic to our war-ships Galena and Yantic as soon as they made their appearance.

ON Sunday the 16th the Cleveland, O., Methodist ministers declared "Robert Elsmere" an unholy book, and decided to boycott it.

SOUTH CAROLINA is activly discussing the educational qualification for voters. It is said that it would giv a great impulse to education.

AN old bachelor died recently in Rome leaving the pope a million lire. To his sister he left a monthly allowance of five lire. She will contest the will.

IN Biscay recently an agent of the Bible Society was attacked by twenty young Catholic students, led by a Jesuit priest, who tore up and burnt all his Bibles and tracts.

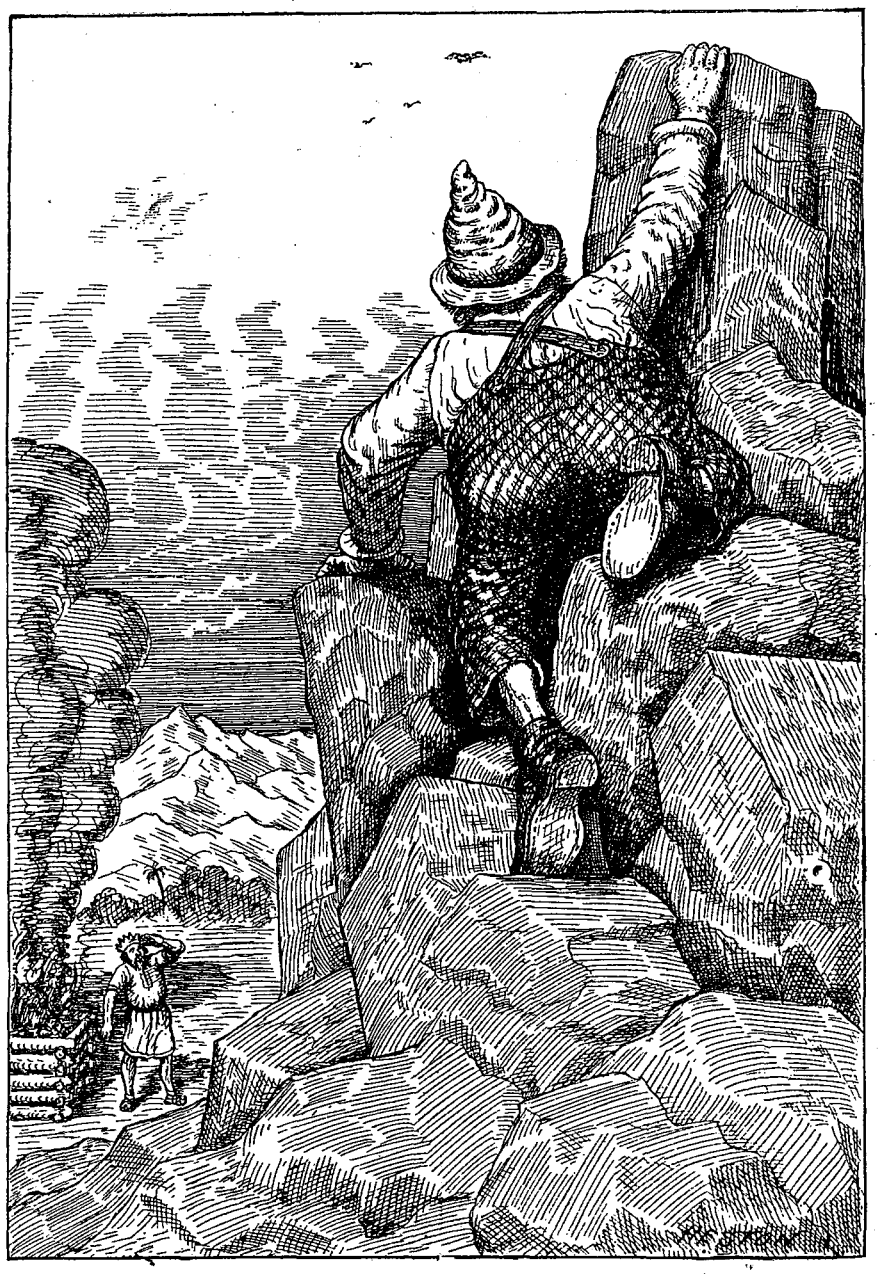
CARDINAL GIBBONS says that obeyal of the proposed national Sunday law "cannot fail to draw down upon the nation the blessing and protection of an overruling providence."

DR. MCGLYNN continues bitter assaults upon the Catholic church. He said last Sunday: "If the College of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition be the highest tribunal of the Catholic church, I spit upon it."

ANOTHER holy prophet fallen upon evil times. Peter Hausmann, of Staten Island, N. Y., who has been preaching in the streets when under the action of the Holy Ghost, has been seized by an unrighteous generation and shut up as a lunatic.

GEORGE SMITH, of Springfield, Ill., was made insane by attending a meeting of faith curers and on the 15th attempted to murder his four-months-old child. He was taken to an asylum. Steps will probably be taken to suppress the meetings.

THE numerous murderers hanged lately all secure themselvs good berths above before they go. Francis Hawkins, hanged at Riverhead, N. Y., for the murder of his mother, became a Catholic in time to secure a seat with the saints, and wrote to a sister that he "guessed the Catholic car was good enough to carry him through, and would make connections all right."



BALAAM ON THE HUNT FOR A GOD.

And Balaam said unto Balak, Stand by thy burnt-offering, and I will go; peradventure the Lord will come to meet me: and whatsoever he showeth me I will tell thee. And he went to a high place.—Num. xxiii, 3.

Odds and Ends.

THE luckiest thing about the horseshoe over the door is that it doesn't drop on your head.

BOB TAYLOR: "Gray, lend me something for the offertory, will you?" Gray Tedder: "I've only got a quarter, old man, but 'll chuck it up to see who puts it in the plate!"

"AH!" exclaimed the matter-of-fact man, joyfully, as he saw the heading in the newspaper, "Trials of Authors," "so they've arrested some of those confounded poets at last, hav they? Wouldn't I like to he on the jury!"

SCHOLAR (in Sunday-school class to teacher): "Miss Brown, after the flood and when the waters had dried up, what had Noah and his family to liv on?" Another scholar: "Kin I answer that question, Miss Brown?" Miss Brown (very much relieved): "Yes, Tommy, I wish you would." Tommy: "Dey lived on fish and game."

OLD gentleman (bestowing a trifle): "Poor fellow! What has brought you to this condition of suffering?" Tramp: "Timperance, sor." Old gentleman: "Temperance?" Tramp: "Yis, sor; Oi've done nothing all day but sit in the park and dhrink water; but wid the help av your honor's quarther, Oi'll be a new man in a few minutes."

BREATHLESS the audience sat;
Dozens of women were crying;
The cruel Moor had done his worst,
And Desdemona was dying.

How beautifully she died!
One last fond look at her lover,
Then the blue eyes closed on his swarthy face,
As he wrathfully stood above her.

A silence that could be felt
Followed—it really was freezing!
Then—a ripple of laughter stirred the house,
For Desdemona was sneezing!

The Moor was in earnest now—
His face made a darkness round it;
But no one but Desdemona heard
His low, intense "Confound it!"

MISS BROWN: "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Paulus; you look fatigued—hard work?" Mr. Paulus: "No, not exactly; but I went to church three times last Sunday—at different churches—and 'twas the same old thing at all three." Miss Brown: "Why don't you come over to our church? We hav good music, comfortable pews, and not one word about 'Robert Elsmere.'"

"HAV you read 'Robert——?'" Stop!
In mercy spare me, just *this* time.
Ask if I've committed any crime
Since last we met—if all are well
At home—speak of the rainy spell,
Election frauds, Lord Sackville's woe—
"Progressiv schemes," perhaps, but, oh!
Pray hesitate ere you begin
The same old query that my kith and kin
Hav uttered fifty times this year,
"Hav you read 'Robert Elsmere?'"

Hav I read "Robert——?" Yes,
Thank heaven, the deed is done!
At last I've read it, though it weighed a ton,
Now, when a friend I chance to meet,
In church, theater, or upon the street,
I shall not rush into a store,
Or turn aside as oft before,
Lest I should hear that everlasting same—
"Hav you read 'Robert—what's his name?'"
But bow, and with eager zest,
"I've read your Robert, and he needs a rest."

THE NIGHT BEFORE BOSTON'S ELECTION.

A manly youth and a maiden fair
By the parlor fire were sitting;
He twirled his thumb with a restless air,
And she was softly knitting.

For a word or a glance from her he pined,
As pine for the sun the grasses,
But far away was the look behind
The maiden's gold-rimmed glasses.

"You are very thoughtful to-night," he said.
The painful silence breaking;
The beautiful damsel raised her head
As if from a dream awaking.

"Excuse me, please;" from her chair she rose,
A smile on the youth bestowing,
Then she murmured, "They open at seven and close
At four—why, you can't be going?"

"Yes, going," he answered in accents stern,
As he strove his grief to smother;
"I am, for I plainly can discern
You are thinking about another.

"If not to another your fancy strays,
You are changed, I can plainly see;
I've heard you mutter—oh, vulgar phrase!—
'Yes, that's the ticket for me!'

"While to-night you hav made me wait,
I hav heard," he hoarsely hissed,
"Such vulgar words as 'taking it straight'
From the lips I hav often kissed.

"Farewell! I'm going," he wildly cried,
As he trembled with agitation;
"You hav made a mistake," the maid replied,
"Pray wait for an explanation.

"To-morrow," she said, as she held him fast,
"Is election day in this city,
And so I was thinking how I should cast
My vote for school committee."

. . . . . .

How changed the scene in the parlor there,
As the golden hours are fleeting!
Two forms in a single rocking-chair,
Two hearts that as one are beating.

—*Boston Courier.*

Gems of Thought.

RATIONAL agriculture was abandoned to the Moorish Infidels. Christians neglected their fields and sought to avert famin by prayer-meetings. The pursuit of natural science was regarded with suspicion. Inventors were denounced as magicians. Erudition was considered a *prima facie* evidence of unbelief. Scientific progress decreased with the increase of the belief in the efficacy of prayer. Hence, moral and physical deserts; the desolation of the once fertil shores of the Mediterranean; a thousand years eclipse of common sense and reason; mendicants, pious vagabonds, and monastic drones; blind hatred of progress, mysticism, supernaturalism, and contented ignorance.—*Prof. Felix L. Oswald, M.D., in The Secret of the East.*

THE Spanish Christians considered agriculture beneath their dignity. In their judgment, war and religion were the only two avocations worthy of being followed. Some of the richest parts of Valencia and Granada were so neglected that means were wanting to feed even the scanty population remaining there. Whole districts were deserted, and down to the present day hav never been repeopled. All over Spain, the same destitution prevailed. That once rich and prosperous country was covered with a rabble of monks and clergy, whose insatiate rapacity absorbed the little wealth yet to be found. The fields were left uncultivated; vast multitudes died from want and exposure; entire villages were deserted.—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

THESE economical causes will help to show why it was that the material prosperity of the great Catholic power, Spain, was so transient, and also why no strong industrial spirit was evoked to counteract the prevailing fanaticism. This last fact will be still further elucidated, if we consider the social and religious institutions which Spanish Catholicity encouraged. The monasteries, in numbers and wealth, had reached a point that had scarcely ever been equaled; and besides subtracting many thousand men and a vast amount of wealth from the productiv resources of the country, they produced habits of mind that are altogether incompatible with industry. The spirit that makes men devote themselvs in vast numbers to a monotonous life of asceticism and poverty is so essentially opposed to the spirit that creates the energy and enthusiasm of industry, that their continued co-existence may be regarded as impossible.—*Lecky.*

I SUPPOSE the Catholic church is more powerful in Spain than in any other nation. The history of this nation demonstrates the result of Catholic supremacy, the result of an acknowledgment by a people that a certain religion is too sacred to be examined. It established the Inquisition within its borders. It imprisoned the honest, it burnt the noble, and succeeded after many years of devotion to the true faith in destroying the industry, the intelligence, the usefulness, the genius, the nobility, and the wealth of a nation. It became a wreck, a jest of the conquered, and excited the pity of its former victims.—*Ingersoll.*

RELIGION is merely loyalty. When a Christian sins as a man, he makes compensation as a courtier. When he has injured a fellow-creature, he goes to church with more regularity, and believes that he has cleared off the sins that are laid to his account. This, then, is the immorality of religion as it now exists. It creates artificial virtues and sets them off against actual vices.—*Winwood Reade.*

I BELIEVE in the gospel of justice—that we must reap what we sow. I do not believe in forgivness. If I rob Mr. Smith, and God forgiv me, how does that help Smith? If I by slander cover some poor girl with the leprosy of some imputed crime, and she withers away like a blighted flower, and afterward I get forgivness, how does that help her? If there is another world, we hav got to settle; no bankruptcy court there. Pay down. Among the ancient Jews if you committed a crime you had to kill a sheep; now they say: "Charge it. Put it on the slate." It won't do. For every crime you commit you must answer to yourself and to the one you injure. And if you hav ever clothed another with unhappiness as with a garment of pain, you will never be quite as happy as though you hadn't done that thing. No forgivness; eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice—that is what I believe in. And if it goes hard with me, I will stand it. And I will stick to my logic, and I will bear it like a man.—*Ingersoll.*

GOD is immutable, or, in other words, not susceptible of a change. Nevertheless, we find among his letters and papers that he has frequently changed his projects, his friends, and even his religion; all these changes are of course without prejudice to his immutability or to that of his immutable priests, who are unchanging and steadfast in their purpose of leading laymen by the nose to the end of all time.—*Voltaire.*

CHRISTIANITY is to be regarded as a system rather than as a doctrin, for, like Proteus, it changes its forms, and whenever defeated in attack, if policy so dictates, it adopts the proved ideas of its assailants, and thus preserves its organization, which is more essential to its official supporters than are its dogmas. Those are abandoned or changed whenever expediency dictates, making aggressiv effort very difficult; for whenever a point is successfully assailed, it is declared to be "unessential," or else not to belong to *true* Christianity. Everything is abandoned but natural morality, and still men call themselvs Christians and support the system which has no excuse for continuance unless miracle and revelation are facts. When Rationalists see the duty of consistency, they will cease to uphold a system which has no logical existence apart from supernaturalism.—*Robert C. Adams.*

THE faith of the modern world is only an ostensible faith, a faith which does not believe that which it fancies it believes, and is only an undecided, pusillanimous unbelief. Christianity has in fact long vanished, not only from the reason but from the life of mankind.—*Feuerbach.*